BELIEF IN DAWN

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FADE IN:

EXT. ZIGGURAT CITY - NIGHT

It’s the future, and Ziggurat’s the center of the world. Unreal skyline. Technology and greenery co-existing.

A video billboard advertises the Estrela Directive. Its slogan is below the logo: "Making a Better World."

ESTRELA HQ

An urban fortress of metal towers and efficient design.

TWO PEOPLE on a landing pad anxiously look around.

BALTHAZAR (40s), a mountain of a man clad in an Estrela Directive uniform, including a helmet that hides his head.

MARY RENÉE (15), a melancholy and unstable young woman.

A hovercraft appears and lands. Its doors open and NATALIA CHINUE (30s) steps out, a woman with a massive heart and an iron will.

CHINUE
Now or never, Balthazar!

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Sterile, uninviting, like a nightmarish hospital.

Mary is dragged, kicking and SCREAMING through the halls by REAPERS, Estrela’s private agents/secret police.

INTERROGATION ROOM

Two chairs, one door, zero hope. Balthazar comes to, dazed and beat up, face still hidden. He tries to move; no luck.

He looks up at his INTERROGATOR: MELCHIOR (30), a formidable woman in an Estrela uniform. She's cool, all business, and not to be messed with.

MELCHIOR
There’s a lot you’re going to tell me, Balthazar.
(cracks knuckles)
Start with: why.

EXT. TOWNSHIP CITY - DAY [FIVE YEARS LATER]

A small city that's still modern. There's a lot of green space here interwoven with futuristic technology.

HIGH SCHOOL SOCCER FIELD

Teenagers play soccer during PE period, including one BEATRIZ DAWN (17), BEA for short.

She's physically capable, intelligent, and introspective, but uncertain of herself.

Bea's goalkeeping. She leans on a goalpost, lost in thought.

Little action on her side thanks to two of her TEAMMATES, CLAYTON WALKER (17) and JOEY SMYTHE (16), friendly jock-types, the kind who are actually cool to be around.

The two move and pass with practiced precision, keeping possession and soon scoring. The other team looks pissed.

LEE and SPIKE (both 17), two jerk-offs from the other team, suddenly press the attack in an obvious offside play.

CLAYTON
Offside!

The PE TEACHER, WOLOWITZ (38), motions for play to go on.

Bea sees the incoming attack but isn’t in any terrible hurry to position herself.

Lee SHOOTS at the top-right corner of the net, a shot any normal keeper would have trouble stopping.

Bea then transitions from "spaced out" to "holy cow keeper of the year." She leaps and PUNCHES the ball away.

Spike picks up the rebound and KICKS it into the other side, but Bea sprints and SLIDES, blocking the shot.

Wolowitz blows his WHISTLE, ending the game.

WOLOWITZ
Wrap it up folks.

Clayton and Joey CHEER, then kiss. They’re a couple.

LEE
This is bull, man!

SPIKE
Can’t score if the *freak’s* on net.

JOEY
Somebody’s a sore loser. And ugly. Don’t forget ugly.

SPIKE
Yeah well, you’re... the ugly one.

JOEY
A cunning retort, Spike, really. No doubt from an equally cunning mind.

Bea joins her friends.

LEE
Mr. Wolowitz, Bea shouldn't get to play. She's Infused!

WOLOWITZ
You know the rules, Lee, everyone gets to participate.

Wolowitz looks at Bea with barely-disguised contempt.

WOLOWITZ (cont'd)
Everyone.

Clayton's about to speak up but Bea stops him.

BEA
Let it go, Clayton. It's okay.

Wolowitz and the other students start packing up. Clayton, Joey, and Bea stay together.

JOEY
It's not okay Bea, he's a teacher.

CLAYTON
Joey's right. Wolowitz already got reprimanded for this --

BEA
No more. Please.

A tense beat.

BEA (cont'd)
Just let it go -- Watch out!

A soccer ball flies at Clayton’s head! He swerves instinctively and Bea catches the ball.

Lee and Spike LAUGH, the obvious culprits.

Bea, right pissed, tosses the ball up, LEAPS high -- higher than any normal human -- and KICKS it hard. It SCREAMS at Lee's head: WHAP! Lee stumbles around, disoriented.

SPIKE
Stupid freak!

Spike takes a swing. SMACK; the punch hits Bea’s open palm.

Swiftly, precisely, like she practices this -- and she totally does -- Bea shoulder-tosses Spike to the ground.

Spike GROANS as Joey cockily saunters over and kneels.

JOEY
Can’t blame this on the Infusion, Spike. Bea works out. And you suck. Don't forget that part.

WOLOWITZ
Dawn! Principal’s office. Now.

Spike wobbles away, trying to play the whole thing off.

JOEY
Are you freaking kidding me?

WOLOWITZ
You too, Smythe.

CLAYTON
Might as well send me too, because you’re a stupid sack of --

CUT TO:

INT. PRINCIPAL’S OFFICE

Bea, Clayton, and Joey face PRINCIPAL INGRID (40s). She's tough, fair, and practical.

INGRID
Really shouldn’t have called him that, Mr. Walker.

CLAYTON
Going to respectfully disagree on that one Ms. Ingrid.

A digital calendar on the wall shows the date: "April 6, A.W. 55."

INGRID
I appreciate that, Mr. Walker, truly. But Wolowitz, unfortunately, has influential friends.

JOEY
Must be nice.

Ingrid scribbles something in a paper notebook, ignoring the data pad right beside it.

INGRID
Ms. Dawn, stay. Mr. Walker, Mr. Smythe, out. I'll decide your punishment later.

Joey and Clayton each give Bea a reassuring hand on her shoulder, then leave and shut the door.

INGRID (cont'd)
You have good friends, Ms. Dawn.

BEA
Yes ma'am.

INGRID
Any romantic prospects since we last spoke?

Bea SCOFFS.

BEA
All the nice girls are straight. The rest want nothing to do with me, nothing good anyway.

INGRID
How are things at home?

Bea's about to lie, then reconsiders.

BEA
Dad's still distant. He sets my training regimen, walks me through some of it, then does his own thing.

INGRID
That man, I swear.

Ingrid stands and walks over to a map. It's labeled "UAR: United African Republic." It looks like Africa, with a few land masses missing.

BEA
You still haven't told me how you know him.

INGRID
And I'm not going to, Ms. Dawn. We're old friends. That's all --

BEA
(interrupts, annoyed)
All I need to know, got it.

Ingrid SIGHS the kind of sigh that tells stories.

INGRID
Peace is a valuable thing, Ms. Dawn. In the UAR it's drilled into us from childhood. But we haven't forgotten the injustices we suffered before and during the war.

She points at the map, to a body of water where a country used to be.

INGRID (cont'd)
That didn't used to be ocean.

BEA
From what I can tell, a lot of places didn't used to be ocean.

INGRID
Indeed. And we, or at least *I*, have not forgotten.
(faces Bea)
Ms. Dawn, there's an inner fire in all of us. Save that inner fire for the moments that matter most.

A beat as the two women nod in understanding.

BEA
Thank you, Ms. Ingrid.

INGRID
Good. Now go, Ms. Dawn. I'll think of an appropriate punishment for you later.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

Bea, Clayton, and Joey on the subway. Nice cars, no ruckus; the nicest subway in existence.

JOEY
How does Infusion work anyway? I never understood it all.

CLAYTON
You have the E-Net, dingus, look it up. Or pay attention in science class.

The two BICKER in that inoffensive way that lovers do. Meanwhile Bea flicks her backpack's straps with her fingers as the tunnel's lights whiz by.

CLAYTON (cont'd)
Okay, so actually listen this time: EC -- Estrela Cells, in case you're having a hard time following --

JOEY
(sultry)
You're pushing it considering what I can do -- or not do -- for you.

CLAYTON
I've got porn.

Bea smirks a bit as Joey tries to kill Clayton with his eyes. It fails.

CLAYTON (cont'd)
EC Infusion is dangerous; cells are injected directly to the heart, liver, kidneys, and...
(to Bea)
Help me out here, Bea.

Bea answers while still staring at tunnel walls.

BEA
Lymph nodes.

CLAYTON
Right. Successful Infusion is rare; like less than a 1% chance. Try to remember it this time.

JOEY
Screw. You.

Bea steals a glance at her arguing friends.

She smiles, as these two mean much to her. But the smile soon disappears and grim thoughts take over.

BEA
I’m canceling tonight.

CLAYTON
How come? It’s pre-War movie night!

JOEY
You love pre-War movie night! You do love it, right?

BEA
Yeah. Just not feeling so hot is all. Next time, promise.

JOEY
Boo.

SUBWAY PLATFORM

Bea watches the train disappear into the tunnel.

CLAYTON (V.O.)
(frustration)
That girl sometimes.

Bea's face sours, mood dampening. Backpack on and hands in her pockets, she walks slowly towards the stairs.

JOEY (V.O.)
Give her space, Clayton.

The platform’s bare, save for her and a WOMAN reading the regional transit map. Bea walks past.

CLAYTON (V.O.)
We’ve been "giving her space" for three years now. I want the truth, Joey. In *her* own words.

Bea hears the woman MUMBLING to herself. Bea turns to look, then double takes: the woman is breathtaking!

MARY (20), still the image of sadness from five years ago, but something’s different. She’s not exactly stable.

Bea is mesmerized; Mary the most beautiful woman Bea's ever seen! She approaches and audibly CLEARS her throat.

BEA
Are you lost, ma'am?

Mary’s eyes stay on the map.

BEA (cont'd)
I know the regional transit system pretty well. Maybe I can help?

Mary gives Bea a quick glance, then goes back to the map.

MARY
You cannot. You lack capability. Everyone lacks.

Mary's way of speaking catches Bea off guard, but she's dealt with being so completely shot down by a beautiful woman before and takes the hint.

BEA
Sorry to bother you.

She walks away. Then Mary faces her and, out of nowhere:

MARY
Do you believe? In God?

Bea's face has "uh oh bible thumper" written all over it.

BEA
Can't say I do.

MARY
Why?

BEA
No proof.

MARY
Messenger of God: *me*. Sent to punish wayward children of God. What say you, to that?

BEA
I'd say, "I'm leaving now."

Bea, nervous, is about to leave, but then:

MARY
Infused. You're Infused.

Bea's interest is piqued.

BEA
Seems to be the topic of the day.

MARY
Days... have topics?

Is Mary flirting? Or just bonkers?

BEA
How did you know that I'm Infused?

MARY
Messenger of God: me.

BEA
(skeptical)
Right. Okay then: what's my name?

Mary shrugs.

BEA (cont'd)
Birthday? Favorite food? GPA?

Another shrug. Bea's growing less impressed each second.

BEA (cont'd)
How long have I been Infused?

Mary hesitates a moment, then closes her eyes and puts a hand on Bea's chest (not on the boob you perverts). Bea's surprised, but lets it happen.

MARY
Three years. Approximate.

She hit the figurative bullseye and Bea's face shows it.

BEA
Why did I need it?

MARY
You fell, very far. Hurt. Dying.

BEA
Spot on. Not bad, lady.

Mary opens her eyes. She looks past Bea and suddenly sees two REAPERS running down the steps to the subway platform!

MARY
Turn around now, good idea.

Bea hesitates a moment then does exactly that. She sees the Reapers, but before she can do anything --

REAPER
Freeze!

Mary produces a knife!

She grabs Bea and holds the knife to the teenager's throat.

MARY
Go away, or girl dies! Dead!

Bea’s more surprised than afraid.

BEA
This is new.
(to Mary)
What am I feeling right now?

MARY
Confusion. Anxiety... Arousal?

BEA
You're in the ball park.

The Reapers stop for a beat. One touches an earpiece, then nods to the other.

MARY
Not good.

Suddenly the Reapers draw their guns and OPEN FIRE!

Mary grabs and pulls Bea away from the Reapers, putting herself between Bea and the gunfire.

A surreal forcefield HUMS to life, enveloping Mary, DEFLECTING the bullets!

BEA
(disbelief)
This is also new.

MARY
Want to live, run! Fast!

BEA’S P.O.V.: she processes the situation. There are gunmen, a beautiful woman with a freaking *forcefield* urging Bea to run, and oh yeah the gunmen.

BEA
"Fast" it is.

As Bea and Mary flee, bullets WHIZ by them. One GRAZES Bea's arm! She flinches but keeps going.

Mary then leaps to the tracks.

BEA (cont'd)
Hey, you can’t --

MARY
Hurry up!

Bea follows, and the two race down the tunnel.

Mary abruptly stops and Bea nearly runs into her.

MARY (cont'd)
My hand, take.

Subway lights from down the tunnel. A TRAIN approaches fast!

BEA
Are you crazy? We have to --

MARY
No time. Trust me.

The lights shine behind Mary, giving her a saintly aura.

BEA
Maybe I'm the crazy one.

Their hands meet, then a flash of light -- not from the train -- floods the tunnel, and Bea and Mary vanish!

The train SCREAMS through, unimpeded.

INT. ESTRELA HQ - GASPAR'S OFFICE - DAY

A huge office full of monitors and gadgets.

GASPAR (60s) paces about. He's a refined old businessman, formally dressed. He speaks into a small headset.

GASPAR
She's getting better at it I'm afraid. An hour, two at most, and she'll be able to shift again.

On a table, labeled file folders are sprawled about: "Infusion Acceleration," "E-Net," and "Ruins of Montevideo."

GASPAR (cont'd)
Absolutely not, Melchior. We're too close to the Unveiling. Be subtle.

A beat.

GASPAR (cont'd)
Of course not. But too heavy a hand has led humanity's greatest civilizations to ruin. Make due.

A wall-mounted display reads: "Reckoning at 53.01%." Soon the counter jumps to "53.02%."

GASPAR (cont'd)
I know you will. Good luck.

Gaspar taps a button on the headset, ending the call. He sits, taking his time to get comfortable.

GASPAR (cont'd)
Computer: selections 18 through 37, if you would be so kind.

He leans back and closes his eyes as a MELANCHOLY TUNE fills the room, a beautiful and dire piece of portending doom.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

An empty alleyway between buildings.

Nothing special, until a flash of light swallows the scene.

Bea and Mary fall to the ground, THUD! Bea GROANS, looks around, and tries to piece together what just happened.

BEA
What the --

MARY
Off. Now.

Bea looks down at Mary and realizes she’s on top of her.

BEA
(embarrassed)
I'm sorry!

A flustered Bea jumps off of Mary, who stands and dusts herself off.

MARY
My line, I think.

Bea’s put off for a moment, then finds her spine.

BEA
What part are you sorry for: the one where you put a knife to my throat or the one where I got shot?

Bea’s arm bleeds from where the bullet grazed her. The wound is slowly healing on its own, because being an Infused has perks. Mary notices and takes a closer look.

MARY
Infusion, amazing, yes?

BEA
Yeah. But funny thing, I can’t put up forcefields. Or *teleport*.

A beat as Mary thinks of a lie.

MARY
My Infusion... experimental.

BEA
So when do I get superpowers?

MARY
Do not wish for this. A curse.

BEA
That "curse" just saved our lives. Thank you, by the way.

Bea extends her hand.

BEA (cont'd)
Name’s Beatriz. Bea for short.

Mary looks at Bea's hand coldly.

MARY
Me: nobody. You did not see.

BEA
But --

Mary's suddenly in Bea's face, angry and assertive!

MARY
You lucky not dead! No idea how lucky. No idea.

Mary walks past her, then stops a moment.

MARY (cont'd)
Sorry for hurting you, Beatriz -- Bea. Go home. You forget you saw.

Bea's hand is open. Beyond it, Mary walks away.

A beat, then Bea's hand CLENCHES tightly into a trembling, determined fist.

BEA
Wait.

Mary stops.

BEA (cont'd)
You want to know why I really don’t believe in God?

Bea walks up to Mary who doesn’t yet look back.

BEA (cont'd)
Because even if God exists, God doesn’t do anything.

Mary turns. They’re face-to-face.

BEA (cont'd)
That the answer you wanted?

Mary thinks long and hard.

MARY
Sufficient. But you... damaged.

Bea looks at her healed arm.

MARY (cont'd)
Not there.

Mary points at Bea's head, then her heart.

MARY (cont'd)
Here. And here.

BEA
Maybe a "damaged" friend is exactly what you need.

MARY
No. *You* think you need. Mistaken.

BEA
Maybe. But I’m offering anyway.

Mary walks around Bea, sizing the girl up.

MARY
Running from Estrela. Reapers, Estrela operatives and soldiers. Hate them, never go back.

BEA
"Reapers?" No way, that can't actually be what they're called.

MARY
Yes. Use guns called "Scythes."
Supposedly clever.

BEA
(sarcasm)
Genius.

Mary glares hard at Bea. Mary is as serious as serious gets.

MARY
You slow me, you left behind. Or
killed, by me. A promise.

Bea gives a determined nod, then offers her hand again.

BEA
Bea Dawn, at your service.

This time Mary shakes Bea's hand.

MARY
Mary Renée. Must reach Hyrem Ridge
City, Reapers not notice. Discrete.

BEA
Discrete. Got it.

INT. ESTRELA HOVERCRAFT - DAY

Reapers pilot the hovercraft, its innards akin to a mobile command center, with monitors that show video and data.

MELCHIOR (35) hasn’t changed, still Estrela’s loyal enforcer. She studies the monitors intently.

MELCHIOR
Be discrete, the old man says.

A Township City map is overlaid with the city’s subways and connections to the greater regional transit system, including Hyrem Ridge.

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
Wonder if Mary's thinking the same.

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARKS - DAY [FLASHBACK]

A beautiful, tree-filled riverside park network. Though verdant and vibrant there's still evidence of the futuristic tech present everywhere.

Foot and bicycle trails run throughout the park network, with electronic signs and waypoints guiding park goers.

INT. SOUVENIR SHOP

A cute kid, YOUNG BEA (9), looks longingly at toys she'd play with once and never touch again.

A heavy hand rests on her shoulder, belonging to Bea's father HARRISON DAWN (40s). He's a big man with a big heart.

HARRISON
Picked out your toy Bumble Bea?

YOUNG BEA
I want this one.

Young Bea points to a die cast toy car with the park's logo. Harrison picks it up.

In his other arm, he carries a green hoodie, the right size and shape for a teenager. He pays for and bags the goods.

YOUNG BEA (cont'd)
We should get mom something.

Harrison LAUGHS heartily.

HARRISON
You're a good kid. Don't worry, I've already taken care of it.

Father and daughter leave, the spitting image of happiness.

SOUVENIR SHOP [PRESENT]

Bea rummages through hoodies as Mary eyes various toys and trinkets, occasionally stealing a glance at Bea.

A poster advertises the Estrela Directive's "Unveiling," set to "change the world."

The date on the poster: "June 3, A.W. 55."

The Unveiling is just under two months away.

Bea finds a green hoodie and holds it up to Mary, roughly comparing its size to her torso before handing it to her.

MARY
Why hoodie?

BEA
For hiding that pretty face.

Mary shoots Bea a quizzical look.
Bea backpedals, realizing what she just said.

BEA (cont'd)
Hiding your face. Your *face*. Just "face." Not "pretty."

Mary puts a hand on her hip, amused.

BEA (cont'd)
I mean, it's pretty -- *you're* pretty -- Put the stupid thing on!

Mary puts the hoodie on. It's a perfect fit.

Bea goes to pay then sees a die cast car, like the one her dad bought years ago. She picks it up and examines it from every angle.

Bea's face is a mix of nostalgia and bitterness.

MARY
Something wrong? Car say something mean?

Bea snaps back to reality and puts the toy back.

BEA
Just remembering better times.

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARKS

Bea and Mary start along a trail. A COLD WIND blows and Mary's suddenly thankful for the hoodie.

BEA
Gets chilly late in the day. This area used to be tropical. Climate changed after the Tectonic War.

MARY
Already know. Not know: why here?

BEA
There are like seven paths from this park to Hyrem Ridge.

MARY
All go there?

BEA
Yup. Pretty clever huh?

Bea smiles like a dork. The lovable, irritating kind.

MARY
(sarcasm)
Genius.

They eventually reach a secluded trail. Lots of trees around. Mary looks around, taking in the scenery.

BEA
That thing you did in the subway tunnel, what was that?

MARY
Called "shifting." Shifts people. And things, like clothes; you notice, we not naked.

Bea smiles evilly, entertaining a perverted thought. She chases it off.

BEA
How often can you do it, this "shifting?"

MARY
Taxing. Once every hour, maybe. Approximate. Why?

BEA
In case we need it again.

They continue for a while longer, Bea guiding Mary through trails and shortcuts.

MARY
You speak of need. Need know something. Need confirm.

Mary stops walking and looks around for other people, prompting Bea to do the same.

Satisfied they’re alone, Mary takes off the hoodie.

MARY (cont'd)
Attack me.

Bea looks at Mary like she said *exactly* what she just said.

MARY (cont'd)
If you sidekick, need handle self.
Sidekicks fight, comics say so.

Mary hops around a little and assumes a fighting stance.

Bea is incredulous.

BEA
"Sidekick?"

Suddenly, Mary charges with surprising speed and perfect form! She’s hardened, confident, certain she’ll mop Bea up.

A beat, then Mary YELPS and she’s suddenly on the ground, on her back! Her face says "what just happened?"

Bea kneels beside her.

BEA (cont'd)
Okay, so what you did wrong there:
when you gave me your leg --

Mary stands quickly and goes all out!

She throws punches and kicks, and tries to grab; no good. Bea weaves around Mary’s attacks like a boss.

BEA (cont'd)
(playful)
Something the matter? I thought I was
the sidekick.

Mary backsteps and glares daggers at Bea.

MARY
That *not* Infusion. That *trained*!
Where you learn? Who teach?

BEA
My dad. He taught me everything I
know and makes me practice all the
time.

MARY
Your father: fighter?

BEA
Security consultant.

MARY
I see. His lessons, effective --

She lunges mid-sentence!

Mary's fist, close up, is like an inch from Bea’s face! There’s no way Mary can miss.

SLAM! She missed, on the ground again. Bea offers her hand.

BEA
Give up?

MARY
This not over, Bea Dawn.

Mary grabs the hand, stands, and attacks again! WHAM, back on the ground. It just isn’t her day.

BEA
(concern)
Yikes, sorry! Are you okay? Was that too hard?

MARY
Not serious. Only hurt pride. And ribs. Also ribs.

Bea helps Mary up, looking apologetic.

MARY (cont'd)
Infused, you recall? We heal fast.

Bea recovers Mary’s hoodie and tosses it to her.

BEA
Am I decent sidekick material?

MARY
Passable. May need costume.

They start on the trail again.

A short ways away, A WOMAN watches the pair walk. She's ADELLE (38), a savvy, resourceful bounty hunter in a longcoat. She’s got a playful viciousness about her and wears a perpetual smirk.

ADELLE
Jackpot.

A wicked smile as her left eye changes appearance from normal to something more machine-like. It’s artificial.

She moves out and we get a peek inside her coat: it’s loaded with all manner of weapons and gadgets.

EXT. TOWNSHIP BRIDGE - DUSK [FLASHBACK]

Sunset frames the quaint little bridge.

Balthazar looks down, his face hidden under his Estrela Directive helmet. Melchior's beside him, close. They're still friends; this is before Balthazar's betrayal.

MELCHIOR
(genuine)
I'm so sorry, B.

A quiet beat.

BALTHAZAR
(voice filtered by the helmet)
I'm lost, Mel.

MELCHIOR
You'll pull through. I believe in you. And I'm right here beside you.

She puts a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

TOWNSHIP BRIDGE - DAY [PRESENT]

Melchior leans on the railing of that same bridge.

MELCHIOR
You forgot your purpose, B, but I'll never forget mine.

She produces her data pad: Township's subways are mapped out. She scrolls towards Hyrem Ridge and sees the "Freedom Line" connecting Hyrem Ridge with Township.

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
I wonder just how clever your new friend is, Mary.
(to comm device)
I want security camera footage from all along the Freedom Line. And --

Melchior scrolls the map and sees the riverside park system.

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
Send two Reapers to the park. ... You heard me. Call it a hunch.

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARKS - DAY

Bea leads Mary through narrow dirt trails. The trees get thicker, less sunlight passing through. They emerge at a small clearing. It’s idyllic: green, flowery, soothing.

Bea steals a thoughtful glance at Mary's face, the runaway drinking in the simple beauty of the place.

BEA
I come here when I need time alone. It's not the greatest sight in the park but --

MARY
Don’t take for granted.

BEA
You know, I had a feeling you’d say something like that.

Mary's expression sours. She didn’t like what Bea just said.

BEA (cont'd)
Call it a hunch but... I know what it’s like, that feeling.

MARY
What feeling?

Bea’s surprised by Mary's tone.

BEA
Feeling, well, like a prisoner --

MARY
(angry)
No idea, Bea. No clue!

Mary's suddenly furious.

MARY (cont'd)
Real life, you live. Beautiful place, you come anytime you want. A father who loves you, teaches you self-defense!

Mary gets right in Bea’s face!

MARY (cont'd)
You understand? No. Not first thing, Bea!

Bea's about to say something, then stops.
Suddenly, they hear HEAVY RUSTLING from the trees.

They look and see Adelle staring right at them, holding a pistol in each hand.

ADELLE
Hey there kids. Don’t mind me.

Mary tackles Bea to the ground and puts up her forcefield just in time: Adelle starts shooting! The forcefield keeps them safe. Adelle advances with guns at the ready.

ADELLE (cont'd)
It’s been a while Mary.

Bea and Mary get up. Bea stays close.

BEA
The last time I was shot at this much was, well, *never* actually. Who’s she?

MARY
Christine Adelle. Ex-Nova agent.

BEA
What’s "Nova?"

MARY
Anti-Estrela activists. Adelle betrayed.

ADELLE
"Betrayed" implies I was on their side to begin with. They paid decently and gave me no shortage of interesting work. Didn't last.

MARY
Reapers on way, yes?

ADELLE
Didn’t call any. Figure Estrela will pay more if I nab you myself.

MARY
Cannot shoot us. You approach, outnumbered. Bad plan.

ADELLE
That’s why I came prepared.

Adelle pulls out a thick metal rod that very quickly expands into a much bigger gun! She points at Mary and FIRES.

An electrified net wraps around Mary's forcefield, disabling it. Mary shoves Bea away, then the net wraps around Mary, sending her flying with a SHOCK!

Mary is floored a ways away, entangled in the shocking net.

ADELLE (cont'd)
Estrela’s got all the cool and interesting tech.

Adelle’s smile grows wider and more sinister as she taps a button on the gun. It causes the net to tighten.

Mary’s field can’t do anything for her; she’s helpless.

Adelle aims at Bea, who rolls just in time to avoid a net.

She quickly grabs a stray rock and throws it at Adelle’s head. Adelle stops the rock, but it was a diversion.

Bea closes the distance! She expertly disarms Adelle, sending the net launcher CRASHING to the ground.

Bea goes on the attack but Adelle keeps up. She throws a smoke bomb down: BOOM! Dense smoke covers the scene.

In the cloud, Bea's COUGHING, her vision obscured.

ADELLE (O.S.)
Don’t know who trained you girlie, but they did a right proper job.

Bea emerges from the smoke just in time for Adelle to appear in front of her, brandishing a combat knife.

Adelle swings and SLASHES Bea’s torso! Bea CRIES OUT in pain and surprise, stumbling back, clutching the wound.

Bea sees blood on her hand as the smoke clears.

ADELLE
Infused or not, it don't matter. *That* gash won’t treat itself.

BEA’S P.O.V.: Her vision blurs from blood loss. Adelle’s sinister smile comes in and out of focus.

Bea looks around for options and sees the net launcher on the ground, several meters away. She makes a break for it.

Bea SLIDES, reaching for it as Adelle leaps atop her, knife out. Bea's ready this time: back to the ground, she parries the knife hand and DRIVES her foot into Adelle's gut.

Momentum works against Adelle as Bea kick-throws her away.

Working quickly but clumsily thanks to the wound, Bea picks up the net launcher, aims, and FIRES!

Adelle recovers just in time to see what's coming.

ADELLE (cont'd)
Well this sucks.

BEA'S P.O.V.: Blurriness, then the net launcher's controls come into focus. She taps the button to tighten the net.

Still her P.O.V., more blurriness. She makes out the button to free Mary, hits it, and then, darkness.

MARY (O.S.)
Bea! Beatriz, stay awake! BEA!

EXT. PARK RAVINE - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Three years ago, in one of the riverside park's ravines.

HARRISON (O.S.)
BEA. Beatriz! Stay with me Bea.

In the bush, far underneath a pedestrian bridge, Harrison kneels and tends to Bea who's MOANING and unable to move. She's lying in a near death state. There's a lot of blood.

HARRISON
(mortified)
What did you do, Bumble Bea? Why did you do this to yourself?

Harrison pulls out a cell phone and dials frantically. He holds the phone to his ear, hands trembling.

HARRISON (cont'd)
It's me. I need a favor. ...
(desperate)
Please! I'll do anything!

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARKS - DAY [PRESENT]

Bea comes to and sees a wonderful sight: Mary's face.

BEA
(groggy)
You're beautiful.

Mary goes from concern to relief.

MARY
Come, get up.

BEA
But I'm... injured?

Bea looks at the now closed wound on her torso. It's healed. Completely, totally healed. No scar tissue even.

MARY
We go now.
(grim)
After Adelle dealt with.

Bea's still not 100% but she's recovering quickly, enough to see Mary holding one of Adelle's guns.

She points it right at the still-trapped Adelle.

BEA
Mary, stop!

Bea runs at Mary, grabbing her arm and aiming the gun up!

Mary's face is *murderous* right now. Her gaze could kill.

Adelle's still smiling despite the danger she's in.

ADELLE
(chuckles)
Well isn't this interesting.

BEA
Mary, don't do this --

Mary suddenly PUNCHES Bea in the face! Bea stumbles, and when she recovers, she sees the gun now pointing at her.

Mary's tone is frightening, a vengeful growl.

MARY
You remember what I promise, Bea? If hindrance: left behind, or *killed*, by me.

BEA
Have you ever killed someone, Mary? Have you ever even used a gun?

Mary doesn't answer.

BEA (cont'd)
This isn't you, Mary. You're the same person that put herself between me and gunfire. Twice.

Mary's face contorts, anger gradually giving way to sorrow.

MARY
Shut up!

BEA
You're not a murderer.

Adelle starts LAUGHING. This is clearly a big joke to her.

BEA (cont'd)
(to Adelle)
Not helping, lady. I'm trying to save your life here.
(to Mary)
You're. Not. A murderer.

After a nervous beat, Mary drops the gun and clutches her head. She's messed up.

Cautiously, Bea walks over and nudges her along.

BEA (cont'd)
(to Adelle)
You owe me one.

Bea and Mary leave the clearing.

Adelle's still trapped. She STRUGGLES to no avail.

EXT. PARK ENTRANCE - DAY

Adelle sits on a park bench alone. Not for long though. Melchior silently joins her. Adelle is unfazed.

ADELLE
Now this is a treat, the Reaper Prime herself. How's life?

Melchior ignores the greeting, typing into a data pad.

MELCHIOR
Just tell me what you saw.

ADELLE
Suppose I'm wanting some compensation for that information?

MELCHIOR
Suppose I just tear out that eye?

ADELLE
Touché. Transmitting now.

Adelle's left eye goes from normal to machine-like, the iris shifting and changing. Then it goes back to normal.

Melchior taps the data pad, looking at a video of what Adelle just went through.

MELCHIOR
Friendly advice Adelle: let this go. I’m still looking for an excuse to make you disappear.

ADELLE
I collar your mark, your boss won’t let you touch me.

Melchior gets up and leaves. Behind her, Adelle stands, rotating her neck and shoulders before taking off.

Melchior turns her attention to the data pad which shows a video of Mary and Bea in the clearing.

Melchior taps the screen, pausing, zooming in on Bea's face.

MELCHIOR
Now why, young lady, do you look so uncannily familiar?

EXT. HYREM RIDGE - DAY

A big city, pretty much a larger version of Township. Like everywhere else we've seen on this future earth, it's a marriage of future tech and carefully planned greenery.

DOWNTOWN

At the top of a staircase leading up from the park, Mary looks around in awe. The sights and smells are all new to her. She takes it all in for a couple beats.

BEA
You were at the Estrela Directive headquarters, yes? I can't imagine Hyrem Ridge is more impressive than Ziggurat City.

MARY
Hyrem Ridge more impressive. Ziggurat oppressive. Also not see much.
(somber)
Thank you, Bea. Stopping me. Stopped big mistake.

Bea nods.

BEA
No worries. Thank *you* for whatever it is you did to heal me. What did you do, anyway?

MARY
More "superpowers." Why Estrela wants me. Needs me.

Bea pulls a bottle of name brand water out of her backpack and hands it to Mary, who takes a swig. Bea pulls another bottle out and does the same.

MARY (cont'd)
We get here, one piece. Good.

BEA
Better that than two, right?

Mary smiles at that.

MARY
You cute, Bea.

The proverbial cupid lands its arrow in Bea's heart and she's all flustered from the compliment.

Mary realizes what she just said, and is also flustered.

BEA
What's next?

MARY
Find Nova headquarters. But --

BEA
You have no clue where they are.

MARY
Some idea. In Hyrem Ridge. All I know. Realize it's not much.

Suddenly Bea's cell phone BUZZES. She pulls it out.

MARY (cont'd)
What is it?

Bea shows Mary the text message Bea just received:

Rebellious third. Overview. Concierge.

Mary suddenly SNATCHES the phone, anger and confusion written all over her.

MARY (cont'd)
Balthazar! He... call me?

BEA
Who's Balthazar?

MARY
Codename. Balthazar was Reaper Prime -- the leader. Gaspar subordinate. Balthazar special. Very close, me, him.

BEA
(disappointment)
I see.

MARY
Five years ago, attempt escape. Nova agents find us. Balthazar stay behind, cover escape. Then, Adelle betray us.

EXT. ESTRELA HQ - ROOFTOP [FLASHBACK]

Balthazar, head still hidden by his helmet, faces several Reapers. He approaches them fearlessly. They SHOOT.

A forcefield CRACKLES to life, stopping the bullets. It’s electrical, technological, not like Mary’s.

The Reapers stop firing and the shield fades.

BALTHAZAR
(voice filtered)
Energy shield. Guns won’t work. Stops anything faster than a speed I set. You want me? Close the gap.

He holds out his arms, daring the Reapers to act.

The Reapers charge. One gets close and aims point blank. Balthazar grabs the gun and BACKHANDS the Reaper's head. He then KICKS another Reaper while effortlessly dismantling the first one's gun.

The beating continues and it's no contest. Soon enough, one by one, Balthazar disarms and defeats them.

MELCHIOR
Enough.

The Reapers back away as Melchior arrives, ready to go.

BALTHAZAR
(voice filtered)
Too late, Mel. It's over.

MELCHIOR
You're not wrong.
(to comm device)
Bring her back.

The hovercraft comes back into view.

INT. HOVERCRAFT

Chinue and Mary are on the floor, drugged and incapacitated, but eyes still open and minds still aware.

Another WOMAN pilots the craft.
It's Adelle, betraying her allies for a buck.

ADELLE
(to comm device)
You got it.
(to Mary and Chinue)
Nothing personal.

Mary's eyes tear up as she sees Adelle sell them out.

INT. ESTRELA HQ - MARY'S CELL

Reapers forcefully strap Mary to a bed.

An INDIFFERENT DOCTOR professionally prepares a syringe.

Mary looks at it, eyes wide, cold sweat. She STRUGGLES harder, more desperate each second.

LATER

Mary in a corner, on the floor and huddled in a ball.
She stares into space, shivering and in tears.

EXT. HYREM RIDGE - DAY [PRESENT]

Bea and Mary sit on a public bench.

BEA
He sent this message to *my* phone. How does he know I'm with you?

Mary shakes her head.

BEA (cont'd)
We can't risk it.

MARY
Need see this through. Balthazar, Rebellious Third. I feel it.

BEA
Mary, this is a mistake. If we--

MARY
Please.

Mary's face asks Bea for faith. Bea's totally helpless.

BEA
Okay.

Bea opens the cell phone's battery compartment. She pulls out the battery and satellite chip.

MARY
What this?

BEA
"Overview" and "Concierge" point to the Overview Hotel. Hyrem Ridge wraps around the bay; the fastest way to the hotel is by ferry.

MARY
Phone, I meant.

BEA
Oh. Well, if this is a trap, I don't want whoever's setting it tracking us.

EXT. FERRY - DUSK

A posh, grand ferry boat. It doesn't so much cut through the water as it hovers over it. It is the future after all.

INT. FERRY

Multiple floors, shops, an on-board restaurant, etc.

This is all new and exciting to Mary.

MARY
Boat huge! How big?

Bea takes Mary's hand.

BEA
Come.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- The gift shop, with children begging parents for stuff. Mary seems enamored with the kids.

- The fancy on-board restaurant. Mary stares at dishes she's never seen before.

- The car level. Bea keeps Mary from looking under a car, then shrugs and lets it happen.

- The top level, where Bea takes Mary to a door leading to the outdoor deck.

BEA (cont'd)
This is the best part.

EXT. DECK

Bea takes Mary outside.

Mary takes her hood off, the wind blowing through her hair, taking in the sight of the ocean.

Darkened water is framed by the sunset sky. Mary grabs the guard rail, closing her eyes as she BREATHES it all in.

BEA (cont'd)
Figured you'd like this.

Bea drinks in the sight of Mary enjoying herself.
But soon Mary's wonder disappears and her mood darkens.

MARY
Messenger of God: *me*. Sent to punish wayward children of God. Not lie, not made up.

Her grip on the guard rail tightens.

MARY (cont'd)
After Infusion, Bea: happy?

Bea sits on top of a locked supply box.

BEA
Not one bit. I got this miraculous second chance I don’t deserve.

Mary sits beside her.

MARY
Why not deserve?

BEA
Because I squandered the last one.

An uncomfortable beat.

BEA (cont'd)
People look at me and they wonder, why *her*? Why Beatriz Dawn, and not the people *they* want saved?

Another beat.

MARY
Estrela Cells, come from me.

Bea's eyes go wide.

BEA
What?

MARY
EC, Estrela Cells, come from --

BEA
I heard, I heard. It was a rhetorical "what."

MARY
Gaspar found way, turn my blood to EC. "Make better world."

Mary hugs her knees.

MARY (cont'd)
Was okay with knowledge. Sent to punish, but helping, seemed better. Even if helping hurts. Experiments sometimes painful. Change me, despite healing. I know, way I speak, not normal. Way I *think*, not normal.
(MORE)

MARY (cont'd)
Can't help, even if understand others fine. Tell myself, all for greater good.

BEA
Everything Estrela’s done for the world, it’s all *you*.

Mary starts CRYING.

MARY
Don’t want to hurt anyone. Bea, please believe. But want be free. Selfish. Horrible.

Bea puts a hand on her shoulder.

MARY (cont'd)
Want *disappear*. Live normal life. Be instrument of God, of Gaspar: not want, at all.

BEA
Mary, you --

MARY
Sometimes... just... want die!

Bea grabs both Mary's shoulders, facing her.

BEA
Don’t ever say that again Mary!

Mary, face tear-stained, gives Bea her undivided attention.

BEA (cont'd)
You deserve your own life.

A tense beat.

BEA (cont'd)
You do not want to throw it all away. That path goes nowhere.

EXT. ESTRELA HQ - ROOFTOP - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

The hovercraft now piloted by Adelle returns, as Balthazar and Melchior fight on the roof.

They start off even but not for long. Balthazar takes a hit and reels back. Before he can recover he’s KICKED hard.

Melchior is absolutely relentless: any strike Balthazar stops is followed *immediately* by something that connects.

Every time Balthazar takes a HIT, all audible, he *feels* it. But Melchior counters his every move without fail.

This is a mismatch. He GASPS for air, hanging by a thread.

MELCHIOR
Only one way this ends, B.

She’s only mildly exerted.

Balthazar SCREAMS and tries one final attack. Melchior stops it and SMASHES him in the head.

He falls HARD. He's barely conscious on the ground.

The hovercraft flies by. Balthazar's helmeted head follows it, dismally eyeing it.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Melchior interrogates Balthazar, no longer helmeted but his face still hidden from our view. He's in bad shape and COUGHING blood. And yet he's LAUGHING despite the pain.

Melchior DRIVES her knee into his gut with a sickening THUD.

BALTHAZAR
(hoarse)
Won’t work, Mel.

MELCHIOR
Then let’s try something else.

She sits and leans back, chill as ice.

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
Chinue, the Nova operative in the hovercraft. Talk, or she’ll --

BALTHAZAR
Nice try; Gaspar won’t touch her. She’s a UAR national and they're already asking questions.

Balthazar LAUGHS, trying very hard to look like he’s got everything well in hand.

BALTHAZAR (cont'd)
That’s the problem with needing worldwide buy-in, Mel. Gaspar's bound to whims besides Estrela’s.

Melchior’s face twitches, just enough to see that, for a brief moment, Balthazar got to her.

It doesn’t last.

MELCHIOR
Mary’s got her hooks in you, but whose are stronger: hers... or your daughter's?

Balthazar has a horrific epiphany.

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
(compassion)
Cheryl, she was a beautiful woman. Funny, too. A perfect fit for you. I mourned her. That's the genuine truth.
(sinister)
And I’d hate it if the last promise you made her got... broken.

BALTHAZAR
There’s no way Gaspar authorized --

MELCHIOR
He did. And despite my very real reservations, I am willing.

A super tense beat.

BALTHAZAR
Don’t do this, Mel. Please.

Melchior's face tells all. She’s dead serious.

MELCHIOR
Nova’s numbers. Their leader. Their headquarters. Tell me everything.

BALTHAZAR
I don’t know!

MELCHIOR
You better.

BALTHAZAR
This is wrong, Mel. For the love of God, this is all wrong --

Melchior LEAPS out of her seat like lightning! She grabs Balthazar’s collar and pulls him close.

MELCHIOR
(enraged)
Talk, or your daughter dies!

EXT. FERRY - DECK - DUSK [PRESENT]

Mary has calmed down. She and Bea watch the water together.

BEA
Balthazar, you said he was close.
Boyfriend?

Mary’s sporting a sly smile, clued in to what Bea is asking.

MARY
Like older brother, or father figure.

Bea lets out a relieved SIGH.

MARY (cont'd)
Bea feel better?

BEA
Yeah.
(realization)
I mean no! I mean --

Mary LAUGHS. Bea stares.

MARY
What? Why you stare?

BEA
First time I heard you laugh.
(awkward)
It’s nice.

MARY
Bea, you... "hit" on me?

BEA
... Yes?

Mary LAUGHS again, harder this time.

BEA (cont'd)
Sure, just rain down blows on my
confidence wholesale, I don't mind.

This makes Mary LAUGH harder.

She eventually manages to compose herself.

MARY
Sorry, sorry. Funny, really. Not bad funny, good funny.

BEA
That’s awesome, maybe?

MARY
20, I am. Perhaps too old?

BEA
What do you mean? I’m 23!

Mary's face, her look says "uh-huh."

BEA (cont'd)
I *look* like I’m 23?

Mary's skepticism persists.

BEA (cont'd)
(defeated)
I know someone who looks 23.

Mary LAUGHS yet again. Bea looks happy regardless.

EXT. RIDGE OVERVIEW HOTEL - NIGHT

A modern palace, old-school elegance fused with contemporary architecture and beautiful lighting.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

Just as impressive. There are large communal areas with glorious couches and love seats.

Mary is, you guessed it, taking everything in. Bea heads to the concierge, looking back at Mary periodically.

Manning the concierge desk is NATALIA CHINUE (36). She's well-dressed. Hasn’t changed, at least not physically.

CHINUE
How may I help you, child?

BEA
Natalia, yes?

Bea points out the name tag that indeed says Natalia. Chinue nods at that, still waiting on Bea to reveal what she needs.

Bea checks around, ensuring nobody is listening in. She leans in as close as the concierge desk allows.

BEA (cont'd)
I need to know about the "Rebellious Third."

CHINUE
This is about Mary?

BEA
And you are?

CHINUE
A crazy woman doing her former friend a favor.

She opens a locked drawer and pulls out room keycards and a letter addressed to Mary.

CHINUE (cont'd)
Room 1998, two beds. Don’t attract attention. And you don’t be telling Mary about me, for your own safety. I am serious.

Bea takes the keycards and letter.

BEA
Thanks.
(low)
Do you know Balthazar?

Chinue gives Bea a dirty, but also concerned, look.

BEA (cont'd)
I'm just curious. You said you owed a friend a favor --

CHINUE
Don’t insult me, child. I owe Balthazar and that's the only reason I am doing this.

BEA
Doesn’t fill me with confidence.

CHINUE
A good thing to be sure. It means you are still among the sane.

Chinue suddenly grabs Bea’s arm and pulls her close.

CHINUE (cont'd)
Listen well, child: you have no idea what you are neck-deep in. Keep your wits about you.
(MORE)

CHINUE (cont'd)
(grim)
That woman is not worth your life.

With that, Chinue goes back to her duties.

Bea eyes the letter for Mary, then goes off to find her. She's fascinated by a large fountain.

BEA
Hey. Our room’s ready.

ELEVATOR

Mary and Bea alone inside.

BEA (cont'd)
Seems like Balthazar’s quite a few steps ahead. He left you this.

Bea gives Mary the letter.

She takes it and holds it for a beat, then returns it.

MARY
You read.

BEA
Could be private.

MARY
Not care. Earned trust back, he has not, yet. My trust, *yours*, Bea.

The elevator stops at the 19th floor.

ROOM 1998

Large and luxurious. Two beds, a big TV, the works.

Mary sprawls on one of the beds, clearly enjoying the feeling. Bea sits on the other.

BEA
Are you sure you want me to --

MARY
Yes. Please.

Bea hesitates a beat, then opens the letter and reads.

BEA
"Dearest Mary: Before anything else, I’m sorry."

Mary stares at the ceiling, emotions swirling within.

BEA (cont'd)
"Gaspar, he has something on me, some*one*, actually, that I can never give up. I chose her over you."
(to Mary)
Who did he choose, over you?

Mary sits up and hugs her knees.

MARY
Not know. Balthazar, say nothing about life beyond Estrela. Balthazar real name? Not even know.

BEA
Seems to me like he had a really tough call to make.

MARY
Continue.

BEA
"I hope you'll forgive me, for both that and my continued absence."

Bea steals a glance at Mary, her face now buried in her knees. Mary's not crying but Bea can't tell much else.

BEA (cont'd)
"7 AM tomorrow, a woman will knock on your door. She'll call your companion's name. Follow her instructions to the letter."
(to Mary)
That's it. We should get to sleep soon, then.

MARY
Good idea.

BEA
I never told my dad. If he calls my friends' place thinking I'm there, well we don't need him thinking I've gone missing.

MARY
Tell him. I shower.
(playful)
You peek, you try other dumb thing, creatively murder you with towels.

BEA
Wouldn't dream of it.

Bea goes to the phone.

She's about to pick it up, but before she can, Mary's arms gently wrap around Bea's torso from behind.

Mary rests her forehead on the back of Bea's neck.

BEA (cont'd)
(nervous)
Mary? You okay?

A silent beat.

MARY
Bea Dawn... you. You, you, you.
Best thing to happen, long time.
You *special* to me.

As fast as she came, Mary lets go and disappears into the bathroom. Bea is confused and delighted.

She picks up the phone and dials, her smile ear-to-ear.

CLAYTON (V.O.)
Hee-yello?

BEA
(happy)
Clayton, what's up?

CLAYTON (V.O.)
Not much Bea, chillin' with my favorite boy. How are you?

BEA
Good! Great even. Hey, if my dad calls, can you like, cover for me? Tell him I stayed over and can't come to the phone because I'm sleeping or something.

CLAYTON (V.O.)
Okay, but why though?

BEA
It's complicated.

CLAYTON (V.O.)
Does it have something to do with the Overview Hotel?

BEA
Forgot about Caller ID. Yeah. It involves a woman. Long story.

A beat.

BEA (cont'd)
Hello?

CLAYTON (V.O.)
You're serious?

BEA
You bet.

CLAYTON (V.O.)
Hang on a sec.

Approximately 1.75 seconds later, Joey's on the phone.

JOEY (V.O.)
Dude are you, like, at her place?

BEA
Hey Joey. No; the Overview.

Joey SQUEALS over the phone, loud enough to make Bea rear back in an attempt to save her eardrums.

JOEY (V.O.)
Wait, is she a prostitute?

BEA
No, she's a friend. Old friend. Older friend. It's complicated.

JOEY (V.O.)
Whatever. When you kiss, keep your mouth as closed as possible. You don't want to suck her face --

Bea hears RUSTLING, like Clayton and Joey are fighting over who gets the phone. Which is exactly what they're doing.

CLAYTON (V.O.)
I read somewhere that for girls, you draw the alphabet with your tongue -- Ow! Why'd you hit me?

JOEY (V.O.)
And for god's sake don't *bite*, like someone I know, *Clayton* --

Bea makes some unconvincing STATIC noises.

BEA
Uh-oh guys, I'm breaking up. Later. Remember to cover for me.

Bea hangs up, then lies on the bed, still happy.

BEA (cont'd)
(to herself)
Best thing to happen to you, huh?

She looks at the bathroom door.

BEA (cont'd)
You're the best thing to happen to me too, Mary.

EXT. BEA'S HOUSE - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Not the biggest house on the block, but one look and it's clear: the Dawns are well off.

INT. BEA'S LIVING ROOM

Bea, about three months younger and looking solemn, eats a microwave dinner while watching the news on TV.

ANCHOR
This marks the 11th day of protests. Estrela Directive President Martin Clandeski plans to address the --

The channel abruptly changes to a cartoon character having its mouth zippered shut by another toon.

Bea sees her father, HARRISON DAWN, holding the remote. He's not the warm man he was before. Distant. Cold.

HARRISON
Don't watch that trash.

BEA
It's the news.

HARRISON
It's garbage.

Harrison puts down the remote and removes his coat. Bea's face contorts as she struggles for words.

BEA
Didn't hear you come in.

HARRISON
Done your exercises?

BEA
Dad, I'd like to talk about something else for once.

HARRISON
Fine. Talk.

A tense beat.

BEA
How was your day?

HARRISON
(dismissive)
Good.

BEA
Just good? Nothing interesting happened? Work's fine?

HARRISON
Just good. You?

BEA
I totally had sex with Joey in the girl's bathroom. Laying bets on how Clayton's going to find out.

HARRISON
That's not funny.

BEA
Just making sure you're still listening, dad.
(venom)
It's hard to tell sometimes.

A silent and terribly awkward beat.

HARRISON
Good night.

Harrison goes upstairs without another word.

Bea tosses aside the plastic plate in quiet frustration.

BEA
Glad we had this talk.

She shuts the TV off.

On a shelf, the bottom half of a picture shows Young Bea smiling happily with her parents.

Beside it, a clock reads "21:45, January 4, A.W. 55."

BEA'S LIVING ROOM [PRESENT]

The same clock now reads: "21:45, April 6, A.W. 55."

Harrison sits at the kitchen table, phone in hand.

HARRISON
Hello Clayton.

Harrison's fingers drum the table.

HARRISON (cont'd)
No, don't wake her. Just checking.

More drumming, then he suddenly stops.

HARRISON (cont'd)
Things are fine. My regards to your mother and father. ... You too.

Harrison hangs up.

BEA (V.O.)
So Balthazar empathized with you?

MARY (V.O.)
Yes. A hero. My hero. Used to be.

Harrison grabs the phone and throws it at the wall. SMASH!

The phone shatters and its pieces fall to the kitchen floor.

MARY (V.O.) (cont'd)
Abandoned me. Like everyone.

BEA (V.O.)
Seems like he didn't have a choice.

Harrison BREATHES intensely as he fights back tears.

INT. ROOM 1998

The room's dark, Bea and Mary in their respective beds. They're on their sides and looking at each other.

MARY
Always choice. That lesson Balthazar teach: always choice.

BEA
Some choices aren’t exactly easy to follow through on.

MARY
Bea's father, what his choice? Think he abandon you?

BEA
Feels like he already has.

MARY
You say you feel like prisoner. Because father?

BEA
Yeah. ... No. ... I don’t know. The problem, it's both our faults.

Bea adjusts herself.

BEA (cont'd)
He and I, we used to be really close. Then mom died.

Mary’s quiet for a moment, afraid to ask her next question.

MARY
Losing mother, what feel like?

BEA
Horrible. My whole world changed. My dad changed. Our interactions became quiet and cold. Lifeless.

Mary’s eyes are getting heavy.

BEA (cont'd)
Isn’t all bad I suppose. My dad keeps me fed, gives me a place to live, taught me how to fend for myself. That certainly --

Bea looks over at Mary, who is sleeping soundly.

BEA (cont'd)
... came in handy.

Bea keeps her eyes on Mary for a while before nodding off.

INT. ROOM 1998 - MORNING

MARY
Bea! Wake up Bea!

Mary’s above Bea, scared to death.

MARY (cont'd)
Something wrong, have to go!

Still groggy, Bea slips the covers off.

BEA
It’s only six o'clock --

MARY
Bea, have to go. Something wrong!

Curious, Bea peeks out the window and sees Reapers all over the streets below.

BEA
Damn it, we’re surrounded.
Mary, how far can you shift?

Mary’s shaken.

MARY
Reaper Prime with them. I know!

BEA
Mary! How far?

MARY
Not enough, not enough.

Bea thinks a moment.

BEA
There’s an inactive subway station
below this hotel. It was never
activated on account of --

MARY
Whatever, good enough!

Mary suddenly grabs Bea and prepares to shift.

BEA
No wait --

A flash of light and the two are gone.

INT. INACTIVE SUBWAY STATION

The bare bones skeleton of a subway station, completed but never activated, meant to lead into the Overview Hotel.

Bea and Mary appear in a flash of light and fall to the ground. Mary’s still panicked.

MARY
Must go, must go --

BEA
Calm down. We need a plan.

MARY
No time for plan. Scary woman, Head Reaper, with them. Can't win fight: Head Reaper too strong. Must go!

BEA
Who’s the "scary woman?"

MARY
Melchior, Reaper Prime. Too strong. Outmatched. Must go, please!

BEA
Then we avoid her.
(ponderous)
From what I’ve read about this station there are two exits: one to the hotel, the other to the office building beside it.

Suddenly there's a familiar voice:

ADELLE
Too predictable.

Adelle emerges from behind one of the platform’s pillars.

ADELLE (cont'd)
Easy there kids. I ain't pointing guns at you yet.

BEA
Clarify "yet."

ADELLE
It’s like this: I’m still alive.
(to Bea)
Why.

Bea thinks on that a moment.

BEA
Didn't think I needed a reason.

MARY
Wasting time, must go! Melchior --

ADELLE
Melchior already knows.

A tense beat.

BEA
Which entrance is she coming from?

For the first time, Adelle is truly serious.

ADELLE
Answer me.

Bea CURSES, frustrated.

BEA
Because you're a human freaking being, that's why!
(forceful)
Which. Entrance.

ADELLE
Both. And through the tunnels.

Mary starts freaking out.

MARY
No no no!

BEA
Can you shift again?

Mary shakes her head no. She's frantic.

BEA (cont'd)
Okay, these subway platforms have overhangs people can tuck into if they ever fall in. Let's hide in --

BLAM! A gunshot!

Adelle looks at her bloodied torso: she's been shot!

Bea and Mary look on in horror. Adelle crumples; THUD.

BEA (cont'd)
No!

Melchior emerges from the tunnels, escorted by Reapers.

She's holding *Longinus*, the mother of all handguns. It's ridiculously oversized but still functional.

MELCHIOR
This bad boy’s called Longinus.
It’s a tool of many talents.

Bea and Mary huddle closer.

Mary’s face is one of fear and anger. Bea’s looking around for some way out, seeing Reapers at every exit.

Melchior suddenly points at Mary and FIRES. Mary’s forcefield appears but the bullet tears through it!

The bullet pierces Mary's hip. She SCREAMS and falls.

BEA
Mary!

Bea kneels, covering the wound with her hands.

BEA (cont'd)
We have to put pressure on it!

MARY
Beatriz... Dawn... thank you...

Mary's eyes close as she loses consciousness.

MELCHIOR
(to Bea)
She’ll be fine. *You* won’t, unless you leave. Now.

Bea's hand clenches into a fist. She stands.

BEA
What’s stopping me from ratting out your little human experiment?

MELCHIOR
Nothing.

Melchior puts away Longinus and approaches Bea.

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
But who would believe you?

BEA
Nova.

MELCHIOR
News flash kid: Nova doesn’t exist. Not anymore.

Bea swallows hard. She somehow knows that's the truth, and that she’s in deep, deep trouble.

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
Oh I’m sure Mary regaled you with tales of the great and mighty Balthazar, her "savior." What she didn’t tell you...

Melchior gets right in Bea’s face!

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
In fact, what she didn’t *know* is that he gave us everything we needed to know about Nova.

Melchior is unflinching, uncompromising.

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
And we wiped. Them. Out.

Melchior puts a hand on Bea's shoulder.

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
We at the Estrela Directive abhor unnecessary bloodshed. So leave.

Melchior turns and walks away, pointing to an exit.

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
While you still can.

Four Reapers approach Mary.

BEA
Get away from her!

Bea charges at the Reapers. Like a woman possessed, she JUMP KICKS one in the head, CRACK!

Another takes a swing. Bea catches the limb and BACKHANDS.

The third tries to draw his gun. Bea STAMPS his foot and CLAPS her hands on the Reaper’s ears. The Reaper crumples.

Bea stares down the fourth Reaper, who waits cautiously.

MELCHIOR
Stand down.

The Reaper backs away.

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
(to Bea)
That was very stupid.

Melchior CRACKS her neck, then her knuckles.

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
And impressive. Beatriz Dawn, yes?

Bea adopts a cautious stance, uncertain what to do next.

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
Tell you what, kid: I'm going to give you a fighting chance. Beat me, and I'll arrange something you'll find favorable.

BEA
You'll let Mary go?

MELCHIOR
No. But I'll make sure you get to see her once in a while. Lose and you'll never see her again. Or possibly *anything* again.

Bea first eyes Melchior's face, then looks at Longinus.

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
Little girl, if you manage to take this gun I will *deserve* to die.

BEA
Not my style.

MELCHIOR
Then you're lucky to still be alive.

A beat, then Bea runs at Melchior and takes a swing.

It's stopped easily. Bea strikes again; dodged. This continues for a bit and it's clear that Bea's outclassed.

BEA
How much EC did they have to pump into you to get this good?

Suddenly Melchior goes on the offensive!

Bea sees an obvious attack coming. She guards it...

But it blows through, STRIKING Bea like a semi-truck!

Bea reels, just barely keeping her balance.

MELCHIOR
Just garden variety Infusion, actually. I've been doing this since I was seven years old.

Melchior swoops in, repeatedly HITTING Bea fast and hard.

Bea stops a few attacks and fires back, but never lands a hit. This is a mismatch pure and simple.

Melchior DRIVES her fist into Bea's gut and the girl falls.

Bea's face: panic, full on. What in blazes does she do now?

BEA
So it's impossible then?

She struggles, trembling, fighting to get to her feet.

BEA (cont'd)
I'm stuck where I am? I'm powerless to define my own purpose?

MELCHIOR
Your "purpose?" Is that why you followed Mary on a whim?

Bea makes it to her feet, barely. Her eyes meet Melchior's.

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
I appreciate your despair, but nobody is powerless. That's why Estrela does what it does.

Bea struggles to stay on her feet. From her P.O.V., the Reaper Prime, Melchior, stands tall and unbreakable.

BEA
Power is dangerous.

MELCHIOR
Absolutely.

Bea's feet shift as she prepares to attack again!

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
I wouldn't.

Bea lunges and swings. Melchior evades, her elbow about to meet Bea's head.

But suddenly Bea shifts her head back, that vicious elbow grazing her face.

Then out of nowhere, Bea's foot STRIKES Melchior's ribs!

Melchior steps back, surprised. She did *not* expect that.

Bea presses her advantage, charging again and --

POW! Melchior brutally SMOKES Bea. A vicious blow.

As Bea falls, she sees Mary being tended to by Reapers. Bea's eyes turn to Adelle, lying on the ground one second...

And gone the next.

But before Bea can think about it, she hits the floor.

All goes dark as Bea slips into unconsciousness.

INT. ESTRELA HQ - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Two chairs, one door, zero hope.

Melchior's in one chair, in control. Bea's in the other.

MELCHIOR
This doesn't have to be unpleasant. I just want to talk.

BEA
Where's Mary?

MELCHIOR
Friendly advice: she's the least of your concerns right now.

Melchior moves her chair beside Bea's.

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
You're a good girl, to still be concerned for her well-being.

She adjusts Bea's top, dusting off the shoulders and straightening her collar.

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
You know what the problem with this world is, Bea?

BEA
Enlighten me.

MELCHIOR
It's people. They cast their lot in with tyrants and wealth, then have the gall to act surprised at the resulting atrocities.

BEA
So you keep Mary prisoner? To help those people you hate so much?

Melchior LAUGHS venomously.

MELCHIOR
What do you think would happen to her in the outside world, with her little healing touch?

Bea stays silent. Melchior grabs the girl's top, HARD.

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
Answer me.

BEA
She'd be hounded 24/7. No peace.

MELCHIOR
Wrong. Wrong wrong *wrong*.

Melchior lets go and stands up.

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
She'd be killed.
(venom)
Torn apart by fools that outnumber us by the millions. Before the war, it would have been billions.

BEA
Why is it *your* call to decide her fate? Or anyone's?

MELCHIOR
Because we have vision! We see what others don't. What others *won't*.

BEA
And the money you make off her?

MELCHIOR
Reinvested into humanitarian causes worldwide. All that propaganda about how we make a difference?

Melchior sits next to Bea again.

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
We actually do.

Melchior leans in close.

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
Poverty is virtually non-existent. Everybody, everywhere, *eats*. And we'll change *people* too, in time.

BEA
So the ends justify the means?

MELCHIOR
Absolutely.

BEA
What if it was you?

Melchior glares laser eyes at Bea.

BEA (cont'd)
What if you were the one barred from leaving this place, for your entire life, because your suffering means other people don't?

MELCHIOR
I'd do it. Gladly.

This time, it's Bea who LAUGHS.

BEA
After you just told me how much you despise people? Liar.
(resolute)
People are good. They'll do the right thing. They'll survive without your intervention, and they'll thrive. The only thing people who hate people can do is wallow in anger.

MELCHIOR
What you believe, Bea Dawn --

Melchior draws Longinus and points it at Bea's face with almost imperceptible speed!

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
... is wholly irrelevant. I'm not playing with you anymore.

Bea backs away, cold sweat, eyes fixed on Longinus.

HALLWAY

White, sterile, uninviting; the nightmarish hospital again.

Mary is, once again, forcibly dragged through the halls.

She fights back and it takes more Reapers to keep her restrained this time, but she can’t escape.

MARY
No. Please, not again!

Mary tries to shift but can't. When she tries, a metal collar around her neck lights up. It’s an inhibitor.

She’s forced into a room and strapped to a bed.

A DOCTOR, the same one from five years ago and still indifferent, professionally prepares a syringe.

Mary looks at it in horror, eyes wide, cold sweat.

MARY (cont'd)
Kill you! Promise, I will!

The doctor injects her. She SCREAMS and CRIES.

INTERROGATION ROOM

Bea shows bravado, but her face betrays her fear.

BEA
Get that out of my face.

A beat, then Melchior puts Longinus away.

MELCHIOR
Fine, have it your way. If you don’t value your own life, how about, oh, what were their names...
(sinister)
Clayton Walker and Joey Smythe?

Bea is shocked and enraged.

BEA
If you do anything to them, I swear to God I'll --

Melchior pounces at Bea like lightning, grabbing her hair!

MELCHIOR
You'll *what*? What do you *swear*, Beatriz Dawn? What do you *think* you can possibly do to me?

Melchior throws Bea to the ground.

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
Do you want me to kill those two boys? Ruthlessly? Painfully? Because I can and I will.

BEA
No!

An extraordinarily tense beat as Bea BREATHES hard.

BEA (cont'd)
Don’t hurt them. I’ll cooperate.

She stands up. Melchior regains her cool.

MELCHIOR
You're going to accept the very generous financial package Estrela has prepared for you, your reward for bringing back our *property*.

Bea's on the verge of crying.

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
And then: silence. Silence, to the grave. Understand?

Bea's shaking and sweating.

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
(growl)
That's a yes or a no, Beatriz Dawn.

INT. MARY’S CELL

Mary’s huddled in a ball, frightened and angry.

Melchior stands over her.

MELCHIOR
She's fine. But you’ll never see her again.

Mary buries her head and SOBS softly.

INT. BEA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bea's out under her bed sheets. Suddenly she JOLTS awake and looks around. Harrison's there and watching over her.

Bea sits up and clutches her head in pain.

HARRISON
Take it slow.

BEA
My room? How did I get --

HARRISON
Easy Bumble Bea, easy.

BEA
Mary. Dad, I have to --

HARRISON
Listen Bea: forget about Mary. There's nothing more you can do.

BEA
I have to! She’s counting on me --

HARRISON
You took money, Bea.

That sinks in, hitting her hard.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Five weeks later.

Bea, Clayton, and Joey await their judgment.

INGRID
I've decided a suitable punishment for your little stunt a while back.

The digital calendar on the wall shows the date: "May 20, A.W. 55."

INGRID (cont'd)
Mr. Walker and Mr. Smythe, you each owe me a 5000 word essay on the importance of not calling teachers sacks of, well, you know.

Clayton grins wickedly.

CLAYTON
I’m going to have fun with this.

JOEY
I never called him that.

INGRID
I do not care. Now go. I need to speak to Ms. Dawn one-on-one.

Ingrid gestures for the two boys to leave.

CLAYTON
(to Bea)
We'll see you outside.

They leave. Ingrid leans back in her chair.

INGRID
You have to do the same. But I want to discuss something else.

BEA
What is it?

INGRID
Do you remember what I told you last time you were here?

BEA
Yeah: "Save that inner fire for the moments that matter most."

INGRID
And?

BEA
It's good advice, ma'am. In fact I actually remembered it a couple times. Really helped me out.

INGRID
Good. It's important to know when to act, and when not to. Those decisions aren't easy to make.

Bea's hand rests on her leg, then clenches into a fist.

BEA
A valuable lesson.

INGRID
Indeed. So stop hiding the truth from your friends.

Bea's like a deer in headlights. Then she nods.

INT. BEA’S ROOM - NIGHT

At her computer, Bea checks her online banking.

The screen shows multiple deposits from "Clandeski Holdings" totaling a substantial amount of money.

Four new deposits catch her attention: "0.08," "0.05," "0.12," and "0.16", in that order.

Bea logs off. After a bit, her mind wanders to the numbers. She writes "8, 5, 12, 16" on a piece of paper.

BEA
Hey dad?

Harrison enters, sounding livelier and less disinterested than he has been in years.

HARRISON
What is it, Bumble Bea?

BEA
Are you any good at figuring out number patterns?

HARRISON
I can be. Shoot.

BEA
8, 5, 12, 16.

HARRISON
No real pattern. 8 less 5 is 3, times 4 is 12, plus 4 is 16. Doesn’t make sense. Unless --

He SNAPS his fingers.

HARRISON (cont'd)
Got it: basic alphanumeric. You number the letters in ascending order. This spells "help."

Bea's face: horror, as realization slowly sinks in.

BEA
No. ... No! NO!

Bea freaks out, BREATHING irregularly. It's a panic attack!

HARRISON
Bea, what’s wrong?

Harrison runs over and grabs her.

HARRISON (cont'd)
What is it? Tell me!

BEA
Why? Why does it have to be me? Oh God, I abandoned her! She counted on me and I abandoned her.
(sobs)
But they'll hurt Clayton and Joey! What am I supposed to do?

Bea’s a mess. Harrison holds his daughter.

HARRISON
I’m sorry Bumble Bea. This is my fault. This is all my fault!

Bea WEEPS. She’s a wreck.

LATER

Bea’s calmed down, drinking water. Harrison sits with her.

Silence for several beats. Then:

HARRISON (cont'd)
Full name: Mary Louise Renée. Despite what she may have told you, she's not "God's messenger" or whatever bull they fed her.

Bea looks at her father, flabbergasted.

HARRISON (cont'd)
For too many years it was my job to "protect" her, keep her from escaping Estrela’s custody.

Harrison SIGHS heavily.

HARRISON (cont'd)
They told me you found her.
(somber chuckle)
What an unreal coincidence. I asked them to give her a night, let her see the world. Then bring you home. And I promised myself, the absolutely terrible way I've been acting towards you would end.
(MORE)

HARRISON (cont'd)
I'd finally get over Cheryl, and be the father my little girl needs.

Bea pieces it all together.

BEA
It’s you. It was you the whole time: you’re *Balthazar*!

INT. BEA’S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

BEA
Why didn’t you ever tell me?

HARRISON/BALTHAZAR
I suppose saying "you never asked" would be wildly inappropriate.

BEA
Extraordinarily.

BALTHAZAR
Bea, you have to understand: I was under the employ of a very powerful and very dangerous man. I've done things I’m not proud of.

BEA
(bitter)
Let me guess: you did them for me?

BALTHAZAR
I did everything for you, Bea! I even... I even gave up saving Mary.

INT. ESTRELA HQ - INTERROGATION ROOM [FLASHBACK]

MELCHIOR
Nova’s numbers. Their leader. Their headquarters. Tell me everything.

BALTHAZAR
I don’t know!

MELCHIOR
You better.

BALTHAZAR
This is wrong, Mel. For the love of God, this is all wrong --

Melchior LEAPS out of her seat like lightning!
She grabs Balthazar’s collar and pulls him close.

MELCHIOR
(enraged)
Talk, or your daughter dies!

His face goes from defiance to defeat over several beats.

He grits his teeth and nods reluctantly.

BEA’S LIVING ROOM [PRESENT]

Bea just gawks at her father. It’s all so unreal.

BALTHAZAR
Like you I was paid for my "service."
Set up for life.

Bea shakes her head.

BEA
You picked me over her.

BALTHAZAR
Of course I did! Of course. There was
never a choice, Bea.

BEA
There's always a choice --

BALTHAZAR
Not to me!

Bea gets up and paces around, then leans on a counter,
processing everything. This is a lot to take in.

BEA
Why didn’t they just kill you? Or me?
Seems like they could, and cover it
all up with little effort.

BALTHAZAR
I honestly don’t know. Gaspar orders
death one minute, then shows mercy
the next.

Bea’s afraid to ask her next question.

BEA
Did you... Do you hate me? For
keeping you from her?

BALTHAZAR
I love that girl, but I love you more. You're my Bumble Bea. I know I haven't always shown it, and I'm truly sorry. But you are *never* second, not to Mary, not to *anyone*.

Bea's overwhelmed to know her dad cared this whole time, though she's still angry. She fights back tears. There will be time to sort through all of that later.

BEA
My Infusion. You asked Estrela for help. It's why it was approved, despite... what I did.

Balthazar says nothing.

BEA (cont'd)
They forced me to choose too. Between Mary and the boys.

Still nothing.

BEA (cont'd)
(defiant)
How many times will they get away with this? How many more years of misery and loneliness does Mary have to endure?

Bea stands tall, proud. Her inner fire burns.

BEA (cont'd)
Dad? I want to save her. I want to bring Estrela down.

BALTHAZAR
Noble. And foolish. Just how do you plan to do that?

BEA
I'm open to suggestions.

Balthazar looks at his daughter and buried pride finally becomes evident.

His inner fire starts to burn too.

BALTHAZAR
Follow me.

BEA’S BASEMENT

Your typical basement. Balthazar taps a seemingly ordinary wall to reveal a high-tech control panel.

He taps a few more buttons.

BALTHAZAR
First a little trickery.

BEA’S LIVING ROOM

Holograms of Bea and Balthazar appear. They do normal, everyday, living room-y stuff.

BEA’S BASEMENT

BALTHAZAR (cont'd)
Then, a great deal more trickery.

He taps another button, and suddenly, holy cow: the entire floor starts moving down. It’s a giant elevator!

After it lowers enough, another "floor" closes over it.

UNREAL BASEMENT ELEVATOR

Keeps moving down with Bea and Balthazar on it.

BALTHAZAR (cont'd)
Remnants of one of Nova’s backup HQs. Before I sold them out, we moved much of their main base here.

BEA
To our *basement*?

BALTHAZAR
Using tech derived from Mary’s shifting power. Would *you* expect this under the Reaper Prime’s house? Neither Gaspar nor Melchior do, to this day. I hope anyway.

As the elevator descends, the true scope of the giant, epic underground base becomes apparent.

INT. NOVA BACKUP HQ - DAY

The elevator is dwarfed by the base’s size. Like something out of a space opera. Super-stylized metal and glass.

Bea just stares in amazement at the hugeness of the place.

BEA
I still can’t believe it: you got all this under our house with --

BALTHAZAR
Try not to think about it too much.

PREP ROOM

Newscasts, bar graphs, old Estrela security videos, and a bunch of other important-looking stuff is on display.

BEA
How much power does this place use? And how do you hide it?

BALTHAZAR
Surprisingly little, and creative electricity diversion involving modified backup power systems.

BEA
You kept this all ready, all in working order, just in case --

BALTHAZAR
Just in case some daring fool convinced me to try another rescue.

Balthazar taps buttons, bringing up old news reports.

BALTHAZAR (cont'd)
I think it’s time you were briefed on who we’re dealing with.

They sit.

BALTHAZAR (cont'd)
What do you know about the Estrela Directive’s leader?

BEA
Supposedly it’s Martin Clandeski, but the real person running things is someone code-named "Gaspar."

BALTHAZAR
Both right: Gaspar and Clandeski are the same person.

BEA
Makes sense. The call signs don’t. Why the biblical aliases?

BALTHAZAR
Never found out. Gaspar’s a genius, but I suspect he’s not right in the head. He was a survivor of the war.

EXT. WAR-TORN RUINS - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Where once stood a great city now sits ruins.

Two children, MARTIN AND LINDA CLANDESKI, huddle for warmth.

Soon they’re walking towards the horizon, and the scope of the destruction becomes clear: total, vast, uncompromising.

LATER

Martin kneels beside Linda, who's on the ground, not moving.

She's dead, and Martin's face twists with rage.
He SCREAMS at God, at anyone and anything within earshot.

INT. NOVA BACKUP HQ - DAY [PRESENT]

BEA
But I thought --

BALTHAZAR
That nothing or no one could survive a tectonic bomb?
(somber)
Mary, that poor girl. Gaspar has her believing she’s some cursed messiah. The reality is --

BEA
He made her. She’s artificial.

Balthazar crosses his arms.

BALTHAZAR
That's right. She’s a genetic construct grown in a lab.

BEA
Do I have to ask?

BALTHAZAR
No. I helped create her.

BEA
Figures.

A beat, then Bea just comes out with it:

BEA (cont'd)
I love her.

Balthazar LAUGHS.

BEA (cont'd)
I haven't heard you laugh in a long time, dad. Especially at me.

BALTHAZAR
Sorry Bumble Bea. It's just, well we're not so different in the end.

Bea stands.

BEA
The time she and I spent together, it was short you know, but I love her. Even if she doesn't feel *that way* about me, I still want to save her.

BALTHAZAR
You're a good person Beatriz. And that's why we're going to succeed.

BEA
But how do we keep them from targeting Clayton and Joey?

BALTHAZAR
We have to deal Estrela a killing blow. There's no other way.

Bea looks at her father and nods, reassured.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Peaceful playground, empty except for Bea. She's sitting in a swing and lost in thought.

JOEY
What is it about swings that make grown-ass people so introspective?

Bea looks up and sees Clayton and Joey together, welcoming. She stands up.

BEA
I love you both. Thank you so much for being the best friends anyone could ever ask for.

JOEY
Whoa what’s with the melodrama?

CLAYTON
Yeah what gives?

Bea clenches her hands tightly.
This is one of the hardest things she'll ever have to do.

BEA
3 years ago, I tried to kill myself.

Clayton and Joey are both sad and understanding. They've always suspected.

BEA (cont'd)
So stupid. Mom died, dad changed, neither he nor I could be what the other needed. I didn't want to worry you and it all just boiled over.

Joey tears up. Clayton's close to doing the same.

BEA (cont'd)
There was no "accident."

Bea cries.

BEA (cont'd)
I'm so sorry I never told you. Can you ever forgive --

The boys hug Bea before she can finish.

The three friends stay like that for a while.

INT. ESTRELA HQ - MARY'S CELL - DUSK

Mary is in bed, under covers and perfectly still.

OUTSIDE MARY'S CELL

Guards and scientists observe Mary as Gaspar and Melchior stand a ways behind them.

MELCHIOR
I still think leaving Balthazar and his daughter alive is a mistake.

GASPAR
Duly noted Melchior. But fret not. It won't matter soon.

Melchior hides just the slightest bit of annoyance. Gaspar picks up on it.

GASPAR (cont'd)
Out with it, my Reaper Prime.

MELCHIOR
Forgive me, it's just, I don't like ambiguity. If I knew more of exactly what the Unveiling *was*, I could ensure better security.

GASPAR
I've no doubt your security will be top notch regardless.

A beat and then Gaspar puts a hand on Melchior's shoulder.

GASPAR (cont'd)
I have my reasons Melchior. Trust me as I have so often trusted in you. Everything we've done to get this far will be worth it, you'll see.

MELCHIOR
Very well. Then if you'll excuse me, there's still a lot of work to do.

Melchior nods and then leaves.

Gaspar turns his attention back to Mary's cell.

GASPAR
It will be worth it Mary. You will soon realize your destiny, and then finally... there will be *peace*.

Gaspar's gaze lingers for a bit, then he leaves too.

INT. BEA’S HOUSE - DUSK

The holograms are still doing their thing.

Balthazar goes over papers, notes, and gadgets.

The back door’s bell RINGS.

Cautiously he checks it out. Through the peephole, CHINUE waits, looking stern. He opens the door and invites her in.

EXT. SUBURB STREETS

Bea walks home alone. She stops when she sees none other than ADELLE alive, well, and leaning against a lamppost.

BEA
I have to admit, it's actually good to see you.

ADELLE
Hey kid. I’m glad I’m alive too.

Bea approaches, casual and cautious at the same time.

BEA
How’d you survive?

Adelle lifts her shirt, revealing fresh scar tissue laced with a rough gray substance.

ADELLE
Wonderful Estrela tech: turns out my artificial kidneys know how to patch me up from the inside out.

BEA
Wonderful tech is right. But there’s a price.

ADELLE
I don’t care about any of that. Think I’d like to try the "hero" thing. Less pay, more prestige.
(playful)
Be nice to get drunk off of prestige for a while. And I do owe you one, remember?

BEA
You'll understand if I'm just a tiny bit suspicious.

Adelle LAUGHS at that.

ADELLE
Probably wise. But tell you what: ask your dad, *Balthazar*.

INT. BEA’S HOUSE

BALTHAZAR
I thought you hated me.

CHINUE
Hate? No. Not even dislike. It's more like a type of disappointment --

BALTHAZAR
I get the point.

Chinue nurses a cup of tea.

CHINUE
Your daughter, trying valiantly to help that cursed woman, it made me think.

BALTHAZAR
Well your timing is impeccable. We're about to try something.

Balthazar's phone buzzes. He checks it.

BALTHAZAR (cont'd)
Unbelievable. Remember the traitor?

Chinue SCOFFS.

CHINUE
Do I ever.
(realization)
You cannot be serious!

EXT. SUBURB STREETS

Bea checks her phone, then looks at Adelle.

BEA
You've got history with my dad.

ADELLE
Long story involving a drinking game and the woman I didn't get.
(somber)
Cheryl Dawn has a nice ring to it. Too bad she was straight.

BEA
(disbelief)
You knew my mother. You.

ADELLE
Wanted to know her better. Hell if I knew you were Cheryl's kid I would've helped you from the start!

Bea LAUGHS.

BEA
Small world.

INT. BEA'S HOUSE

Chinue paces about.

CHINUE
You, me, Adelle, and your daughter.

BALTHAZAR
Yes.

CHINUE
Against the Estrela Directive, the world’s most powerful organization.

BALTHAZAR
That's right.

CHINUE
And you expect to succeed.

BALTHAZAR
Fully.

CHINUE
I hope you have some kind of ace.

BALTHAZAR
Oh I do, an ace I’ve been keeping up my sleeve for entirely too long.

INT. INGRID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ingrid's house is a nice place. It's adorned with fixtures and designs originating from cultures around the world, but with all the essentials one needs to live comfortably.

In a bathrobe and with the television muted, Ingrid looks at a data pad, shaking her head in disbelief.

INGRID
I hope you know what you are doing, my sister, casting your lot in with him again.

On a shelf there's a framed picture.

In it: Ingrid, Chinue, and Balthazar. They're at a bar or pub of some kind, enjoying drinks.

INGRID (cont'd)
That man, I swear.

EXT. ESTRELA HQ - DAY

It's June 3, A.W. 55: the day of the Unveiling. The Estrela Directive is going to make an important announcement to the entire world.

Groups of reporters, politicians, and other people of import await outside the Estrela HQ.

BALTHAZAR (V.O.)
I've been planning this since the day I left the Estrela Directive.

Among the media reps are Bea, Adelle, and Chinue, all disguised as reporters.

BALTHAZAR (V.O.) (cont'd)
Bea, get in and activate your scrambler once you get the signal.

INT. ESTRELA HQ - LOBBY

The lobby is a marvel, a seamless blend of modern decor and technology, even more than anywhere else we've seen so far.

Adelle and Chinue nod to each other and to Bea, who reaches into her pocket. Inside is a small device, its lights blinking a dull red.

Bea hits a button and the entire Estrela HQ's lights go out. Emergency lights turn on as confused people look around.

MARY'S CELL

Mary sits in a corner, drugged and dazed.

Melchior stands guard beside several other Reapers.

Suddenly the lights shut off, only to turn on moments later. Melchior talks into her comm device. We don't hear her.

BALTHAZAR (V.O.) (cont'd)
Leave the rest to us. At that point you worry about yourself. Do not draw anyone's attention. And if you see Melchior, run. I don't think she'll spare you a second time.

BEA (V.O.)
I understand.

BALTHAZAR (V.O.)
Everything goes well, Bumble Bea, and you *will* see Mary again.

EXT. ESTRELA HQ

A hovercraft approaches one of the HQ's towers. Suddenly on-board weaponry SHATTERS the windows!

Balthazar jumps into the building. He encounters Reapers but takes them out like they’re nothing. He will not be stopped, not again.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The hustle and bustle is interrupted when Adelle and Chinue break through the door. They disarm and disable Reapers with ease as tech staff stand aside in fear.

ADELLE
Okay listen up: you want to live, get your bellies on the floor and your hands behind your head.

The tech staff do as they're told.

Chinue types hurriedly into various terminals.

CHINUE
I am ready Adelle.

ADELLE
Music to my ears. Do it.

Chinue enters computer commands.

BEA (V.O.)
You mean, this entire time --

BALTHAZAR (V.O.)
Yup. Artificial eye and ear. Captures video and sound perfectly, on mental command.

ADELLE (V.O.)
Wonderful tech, I tell ya.

The terminals all display an image of a YOUNG MARY, drawing pictures with crayons.

BALTHAZAR (V.O.)
And Bea, I have a *lot* of incriminating evidence to show.

LOBBY

Huge displays show the image of young Mary. She's drawing a crude picture of a cat.

The video's SOUND kicks in.

YOUNG MARY
See Balthazar? It's a cat!

Balthazar's voice is in the video, but he isn't seen. *Because he's the one recording it.*

BALTHAZAR (O.S.)
(fatherly)
I see that Mary. Do you like cats?

YOUNG MARY
Yeah, they're adorable.
(sad)
But I wish I could get a real one. The cats on TV and the E-Net, they're so cute!

The video suddenly cuts to another scene: Gaspar in his office, working busily on several computers at once.

GASPAR
I understand your concerns Balthazar, but I have an entire world to think of.

BALTHAZAR (O.S.)
She's just a little girl, Martin --

GASPAR
Gaspar. It's Gaspar when we're talking business.

BALTHAZAR (O.S.)
I'm not saying we abandon our plans, but let's at least respect the fact that she's the reason we've accomplished so much.

EXT. ESTRELA HQ

Giant screens outside of Estrela HQ broadcast the video.

The media records the scene, sending the video and audio around the world, where millions see it live.

Back to the scene we see a younger Melchior.

MELCHIOR
B’s got a soft spot for the girl, sir. But I see his point: there’s no reason we can’t make sure she’s as comfortable as possible.

GASPAR
Fine, fine. Get her a stupid cat.

The scene cuts away, abruptly again.
Young Mary is crying her eyes out.

YOUNG MARY
Why did they take him away?

BALTHAZAR (O.S.)
You know you’re not allowed to leave the floor, Mary.

YOUNG MARY
Why not? On the TV and the E-Net, I see all these kids playing outside and having fun. Why can’t I?
(she stares intently)
Why not? Tell me!

BALTHAZAR (O.S.)
I’m sorry.

The scene shifts again. In Mary’s cell. She’s older now; this is a little before the failed rescue. She’s drawing.

BALTHAZAR (O.S.) (cont'd)
What are you working on?

MARY
What you care?

BALTHAZAR (O.S.)
I wouldn’t be asking if I didn’t.

MARY
(reluctant)
Picture.

BALTHAZAR (O.S.)
What kind of picture?

Though wary at first, Mary soon smiles.

MARY
Best picture ever!

Another scene shift. Gaspar’s office again.

BALTHAZAR (O.S.)
That’s monstrous!

GASPAR
I don’t see how. Look at all the good we’ve done already.

BALTHAZAR (O.S.)
We can’t earn peoples’ trust by ruling over them!

GASPAR
(angry)
Why not?

Gaspar SLAMS his hands on his desk.

GASPAR (cont'd)
Why not, Balthazar? Less than 60 years ago human beings nearly annihilated themselves. And they still haven’t learned!

BALTHAZAR (O.S.)
Have *you*? How many times have people toppled fascist regimes? Even if you did all the good in the world, they’d still destroy you.

Wheels turn in Gaspar's head, slowly going from determined to sorrowful to slightly, just *slightly* genocidal.

GASPAR
(deadly calm)
Yes I suppose they would.

BALTHAZAR
Martin --

GASPAR
(dismissive)
You have your orders Balthazar.

The video stops here and the media descends on Estrela staff like vultures.

HALLS

Balthazar races, neutralizing all opposition with practiced mastery. His purpose is clear.

GASPAR'S OFFICE

Gaspar is at a window, watching over Ziggurat City.

GASPAR
At last, a better world.
At last, absolution.

Suddenly he puts a gun to his head and pulls the trigger!

BLAM! He COLLAPSES lifeless.

Computer monitors show progress bars for a variety of purge operations.

One displays the Reckoning counter, counting up: "99.98%"... "99.99%"... "100.00%," BLINKING RED.

MARY'S CELL

Mary clutches her head and SCREAMS!

MARY
No, don't want to! Not want! Please
God, your children, no make me hurt!

Melchior kneels beside her.

MELCHIOR
What's wrong with you --

Mary's eyes widen and her pupils disappear.
She SCREAMS again and glows unbearably bright.

A SHOCKWAVE throws Melchior and the Reapers against a wall, really, really hard. SLAM!

MELCHIOR'S P.O.V.

She sees Mary's silhouette in the light.
Mary stands, purposeful, powerful, and *changed*.

She FLIES up through the ceiling. SMASH!

Melchior is dazed, bloodied, and GROANING.

With great difficulty she slowly stands up and leaves the room with Longinus in hand.

EXT. ESTRELA HQ

Mary ascends and ghostly wings materialize around her.

Clouds turn dark and spiral above Mary as lightning strikes and THUNDER overwhelms the ears. At ground level, people panic and flee the scene.

A hunk of land suddenly vanishes in a flash of light, and reappears in the distance, crumbling.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Around the world, weather goes haywire. Blizzards on tropical beaches, lightning storms in Arctic climates, etc.

- Crowds of people in coastal areas point out multiple massive waterspouts in the ocean.

- In other places, chunks of earth and parts of buildings disappear only to reappear close by and come crashing down.

- From space, multiple hurricanes form around the world, its continental layout making it clear this is not our current Earth. North America is gone, South America is broken and shifted, Africa's shape is unusual, etc.

EXT. ESTRELA HQ - DAY

Amid the swarms of frantic people, Bea runs outside and finds Adelle and Chinue.

BEA
What's going on?

CHINUE
It's Mary. Something is very wrong.

Adelle frantically taps a data pad.

ADELLE
Not just here folks, all over the world! It's like the whole planet's gone haywire.

BEA
(dire)
This was Gaspar's plan.

ADELLE
Come again?

BEA
Mary is his tool for revenge, for what happened in the Tectonic War!

CHINUE
Mary said she was God’s messenger, that she had to punish mankind --
(epiphany)
Oh no.

ADELLE
I sure hope you're wrong, because what you’re talking about sounds like the freaking Apocalypse!

BEA
The whole world is in danger.

Bea looks to the sky and sees Mary glowing eerily, ghostly wings pulsating.

BEA (cont'd)
I need to get up there.

ADELLE
No, you need to get as far away from "up there" as possible.

BEA
Unless you have a rocket ship there’s no place far enough. Apocalypse, remember?

CHINUE
This is madness, child!

BEA
(desperate)
She’ll listen to me! Please believe me, I can make her stop.

Adelle contemplates briefly, then nods.

ADELLE
If we survive this you owe me a dinner or something.

BEA
My treat, anywhere you want.

CHINUE
How are we going to reach her?

ADELLE
We need a hovercraft. Got a spare in a warehouse by the harbor.

Adelle's cybernetic eye glows and changes, then reverts.

ADELLE (cont'd)
It's on the way!

INT. STAIRWELL

Shaking from the ongoing chaos outside.

Melchior climbs with resolve. She's still hurt, but determined to make it to the roof. Nothing will stop her.

HALLS

Balthazar feels the trembling. He turns back but the roof CRUMBLES, blocking his path!

BALTHAZAR
Martin, you imbecile.

He tries various hallways and stairwells but is blocked at practically every turn by either debris or panicked people.

EXT. ROOFTOP - IMPENDING APOCALYPSE

Adelle's spare hovercraft ascends, closing on Mary.

The craft rocks back and forth in the violent WIND. Adelle pilots as Chinue and Bea stand by the door.

CHINUE
She will not hear you, child.

BEA
I have to try!

Bea opens the hovercraft door. She looks down at the tower rooftop, far enough below to make one freak oneself out.

Bea braves the chaos and CALLS as loud as she can.

BEA (cont'd)
Mary! It's me, it's Bea!

Mary seems to notice! The sky calms slightly.

BEA (cont'd)
That's it, Mary, that's it.

Suddenly a LIGHTNING BOLT strikes the hovercraft!

It swerves and Bea’s thrown back inside.

BEA (cont'd)
No!

Adelle lies unconscious, slumped back in the pilot seat. She took the brunt of the bolt.

Bea and Chinue race to the controls.

CHINUE
Brace yourself!

The hovercraft spirals and swerves, falling quickly!

Suddenly its ENGINES kick in, slowing the descent.
It doesn’t outright crash, but SKIDS on the rooftop.

The hovercraft soon comes to a stop, completely dead.
Inside, Bea checks on a GROANING Adelle.

BEA
You all right?

ADELLE
I’m fine kid. Hurry up and go. I want that meal.

Chinue nods to Bea and tends to Adelle.

The hovercraft door is bent and warped, and Bea is just barely able to squeeze out.

She surveys the chaotic scene as she fights the FIERCE WIND.

BEA
Mary, calm down! It’s me --

Bea then sees the injured Melchior pointing Longinus at Mary. She’s ready to end this.

BALTHAZAR (V.O.)
(in Bea's head)
And if you see Melchior, run. I don't think she'll spare you a second time.

BEA
Sorry dad.

Bea runs at Melchior full speed and TACKLES her to the ground! Longinus falls, skidding along the roof.

Before Bea can react, Melchior grabs Bea's leg, angry eyes piercing Bea like spears. Bea KICKS with her other leg and frees herself. She quickly gets to her feet.

Thunder ROARS from a nearby lightning bolt. CRASH!

Bea’s stunned just long enough for Melchior to catch up. She PUMMELS Bea to the ground mercilessly.

MELCHIOR
(rage)
Do you know what you’re doing, you stupid, stupid girl?

Bea guards her face, taking blows elsewhere.

BEA
Do *you*?

Suddenly Bea hits back, PUNCHING Melchior’s face several times! Bea follows by using her feet to push Melchior away.

Melchior tumbles back, teeth grit, bleeding at the mouth, murder on her face.

Bea picks up Longinus. She aims at Melchior, then stops, remembering what she told Mary in the park.

BEA (V.O.)
(in Bea's head)
You’re. Not. A murderer.

Bea tosses the gun away, Longinus SKIDDING along the ground again. She charges at Melchior, grabbing and viciously kneeing her in the stomach several times, and the Reaper Prime YELLS out in pain!

She’s not stunned long as a vicious HOOK sends Bea back.

MELCHIOR
Are you witnessing this, Beatriz Dawn? She’s the Angel of Death. I have to stop her, now!

BEA
She’s no angel damn it. Can’t you see who’s pulling the strings here?

MELCHIOR
(has had enough)
We are done talking.

Bea and Melchior fight intensely! Back and forth: strikes, parries, grabs. With Melchior injured, this is actually an even match.

Bea grabs Melchior’s collar, then leans back, DRIVES a foot into Melchior's gut, and kick-throws Melchior backward.

Bea stands, GASPS in the WIND, and CALLS out to Mary again.

BEA
Mary, it’s me! I love you. Stop this.
I love you Mary! Stop!

Melchior holds her side in pain, struggling to her feet.

She runs at Bea and attacks, but her strikes are too slow. Bea sees them all and counters!

This goes on for however long a climactic final fight scene between two capable melee combatants should go on in a film, though Bea gradually gains the upper hand.

But then Melchior catches Bea's arm.

MELCHIOR
You lose.

She BREAKS Bea's arm with a sick CRACK! Bea SCREAMS, but is cut off when Melchior's hand CLAMPS around Bea's neck!

No compassion on Melchior's face, no remorse. She wants Bea to suffocate right here and now, end of story.

Bea's face is turning red as she fights for air, GASPING.

Suddenly a huge BLAST OF WIND hammers the two and Melchior loses her grip on Bea.

Melchior combat rolls towards Longinus and grabs it.

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
This ends now.

She aims at Mary and FIRES several rounds.

The bullets fly true, Melchior's aim perfect.

But the bullets disintegrate just before reaching Mary.

Melchior FIRES again and again: same result.
She's shocked, helpless for the first time in her life.

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
I failed.

Melchior falls to her knees and resigns to her fate.

BEA
Melchior, I need your help.

Bea is barely on her feet, bloodied up and arm broken.

MELCHIOR
(venom)
What are you talking about?

BEA
She'll stop if I'm in danger.
Probably. Maybe. I hope.

MELCHIOR
That's one hell of a hunch.

BEA
It's all we've got.

Bea hobbles, kneeling in front of Melchior.

BEA (cont'd)
Trust me. Please.

Melchior looks at Bea with angry fascination.

MELCHIOR
How the hell have you lived this
long? Stupid, stupid girl.

A beat, then she lifts Longinus and FIRES.

The bullet cuts through Bea's chest, piercing her heart.

Bea crumples.

Motionless.

Dead.

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
Your kid deserved better, B.

However, the plan works, and this jolts Mary back to her senses.

She looks around at the calamity she inadvertently created, then at the rooftop and sees Bea lying dead on the ground.

MARY
(mortified)
Beatriz!

Mary flies down. She SOBS over Bea's body.

MARY (cont'd)
Came back. Bea Dawn, came back for me. She came back for me!

Mary looks around at the chaotic, mad sky.
She closes her eyes and puts her hands on Bea.

Melchior looks on dumbfounded at everything that’s happened, that’s *happening*.

Lightning bolts suddenly STRIKE Mary from every angle, energy pouring into her. She channels it into her hands.

From there, AN EXPLOSION OF LIGHT floods the rooftop as the energy pours into Bea’s body, reviving Bea and healing her injuries.

Melchior shields her eyes. A tense beat; silence, then Bea GASPS for air, COUGHING. She opens her eyes and sees Mary kneeling over her, smiling and crying.

BEA
(groggy)
You’re beautiful.

MARY
Never again, Beatriz Dawn. Or I really will kill you.

Bea gets up and they hug warmly.

Forehead to forehead, their lips move closer and eventually meet.
They KISS, gently, lovingly, savoring every bit of it.

The light disappears, the sky calms, and they separate.

BEA
That was amazing. You’re amazing.

MARY
I love you, I think. Maybe.

BEA
I love you too.

They kiss again, but pull apart when they see Melchior standing over them with Longinus trained on Mary’s head.

MARY
My powers, gone. Used up.

MELCHIOR
Doesn’t mean they won’t come back. You’re a threat.

BEA
Gaspar’s the threat.

Melchior is halfway towards an epiphany.

BEA (cont'd)
Open your eyes Melchior. Do you really think this was an accident?

Melchior looks at Mary again, then lowers the gun.

Without another word Melchior leaves.

LATER

Bea, Mary, Chinue, and Adelle on the roof.

Adelle and Mary look suspiciously at each other for a moment.
Then Adelle nods, a peace offering. Mary returns it.

Through a service door on the roof, Balthazar jumps out, and has relief written all over him upon seeing everyone.

Mary, tears streaming down her face, runs to Balthazar and embraces him.

Then, Bea and Balthazar hug warmly, united and victorious.

INT. GASPAR’S OFFICE

Melchior enters and finds the dead Gaspar.

She checks the computer terminals. All show: "37 PASS OVERWRITE COMPLETE"

Melchior looks around. Her career, her life’s work; all over. The Estrela Directive is finished.

MELCHIOR
Well played, B. Well played.

Melchior leaves the dead man's office.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Around the world, the calamity ceases.

- Rescue crews aid the survivors.

- News channel bylines and tickers prominently feature the "Estrela Incident" and Martin Clandeski’s apparent suicide.

- Construction crews rebuild.

- Homeless shelters are busy yet people are clothed and fed. There's optimism despite the tragedy.

- Bea, Balthazar, and Mary at the Dawn household having pleasant conversations over dinner.

- Government investigators at the Estrela Directive HQ, sorting through what few intact computer systems and files they can find.

- Bea, Mary, Clayton, and Joey hanging out.

- Balthazar, Chinue, Ingrid, and Adelle drinking at a bar, sharing stories. The hatchet’s buried.

- Bea and Mary at the park clearing, kissing.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY

Months later.

Bea’s alone, just reading a book. She stops when a woman sits at her table.

Bea looks up: it's Melchior, but she's not the same engine of cold efficiency. She’s relaxed and in casual attire.

MELCHIOR
I just want to talk.

BEA
Heard that before.

MELCHIOR
I’ll try to be more pleasant.

Bea relaxes slightly but not completely.

MELCHIOR (cont'd)
How’s your father?

BEA
Doing well. More alive than I've ever seen him.

MELCHIOR
Good. Mary?

BEA
Also doing well. She's living a normal life.

MELCHIOR
"Normal?"

BEA
Normal. No powers, benign, malevolent, or otherwise.
(awkward beat)
Hey since we have this relatively hostility-free conversation going, may I ask you a personal question?

Melchior gestures to go ahead.

BEA (cont'd)
Gaspar was Martin Clandeski, and Balthazar was Harrison Dawn. What’s your real name, Melchior?

MELCHIOR
Does it matter?

BEA
I'm just curious.

She looks unusually apprehensive. Shy, even.

MELCHIOR
Melody. My name is Melody Varga.

BEA
Melody? The elite super agent’s name is *Melody*?

Bea LAUGHS, trying to keep it low.

MELCHIOR
Suppose I deserve that, after all that’s happened.

BEA
It’s a nice name, really. Fitting.

MELCHIOR
I'll take your word for it.
(serious)
My turn to ask a question. Are you happy, Beatriz Dawn?

BEA
Absolutely. You?

Melchior is about to speak, then stops. She shakes her head.

MELCHIOR
Turns out I was loyal to a psychopath hell bent on the world's destruction. I am most certainly not happy. But I think I'll get there, someday.

BEA
And what will you do now? What's next for the elite super agent?

Melchior stands.

MELCHIOR
The Estrela Directive kept certain, let's call them "undesirables" in check. I'd rather they stay checked.

Melchior starts to leave, but then:

BEA
Stay in touch. Seriously.

Melchior nods. Bea watches her leave, then puts her book away and gathers her things.

Bea finds something foreign in her stuff: an envelope.

BEA (cont'd)
When did -- Don't ask, Bea. Elite super agent, remember?

She opens it, reads, ponders a moment, then smiles.

We don't know what it says.

But Bea knows.

FADE OUT.