

ALIEN SAFARI

by

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FADE IN:

Shadows of unseen WILDLIFE dart behind a curtain of amber fog.

Text appears, glowing faintly through the amber mist.

SCREEN TEXT:

The year is 2222.

War is extinct. It's a time of peace and prosperity and has been so for nearly one hundred years. The military now explores the stars, using Space-Tunnels, wormhole-like gateways that bridge light-years in minutes.

With the galaxy open, trillionaire Dante Morales and General Richard Lennox created Interworld Safari, a hunting empire for the ultra-wealthy. The company is only one year old and increasing exponentially. Clients stalk alien beasts for one billion dollars per expedition, their kills instantly cloned and replaced to preserve ecosystems.

But not everyone sees it as progress. The Masked, an activist movement, fights to end the slaughter.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PLANET IGNIS FEN (PLANET 9) - MARSH - DAY

A sudden BLAST OF HEAT splits an opening in the fog, exposing an unearthly marsh bathed in an orange hue with pools of gelatinous fluid resembling blood. This is an ALIEN PLANET.

Floating over the marsh is a Hover-Tank. It resembles a Humvee. Printed on the hull is: "ACKLOYD'S ARMS & AMMUNITION."

HOVER-TANK

SCARLETT and AIDEN ACKLOYD (both 30) are standing on the observation deck. They're wearing amber camouflage.

SCARLETT

I can't see ANYTHING in this fog!

(beat)

I told you we should've picked that other planet. They've got those blue flamingo things. Imagine them in the solarium. Two would be perfect on either side, right?

AIDEN
 (to someone off-screen)
 Guide! Listen to me, this is not
 hunting weather. You need to fix this!

Sitting at the rear of the deck, also dressed in amber camouflage, is EDDIE WESSON (30s). He's contemplative-looking.

An embroidered patch on his camo suit reads: "EDDIE WESSON - GUIDE - INTERWORLD SAFARI." The logo, a Three-Horned Gazelle-like creature, has crosshairs locked on its face.

AIDEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Hey! Do you hear me? Guide!

Eddie's preoccupied face suggests he's elsewhere, maybe on another planet.

EDDIE'S POV - AR-LENSES

A VIRTUAL SCREEN hovers before Eddie, displaying a stereoscopic recording of him wrestling in the snow with a WHITE-HAIRED LEOPARD-LIKE ANIMAL with luminous blue eyes.

Eddie's white uniform and the Snow Leopard's bleached hide resemble two ghosts in a playful dance.

To the screen's right, thumbnails showcase extraterrestrial wildlife encounters, while READOUTS detail planets, species, age, and habitats.

These are AUGMENTED REALITY CONTACT LENSES.

BACK TO SCENE:

Eddie rises sluggishly as if weighed down by detachment. A modified FILM CAMERA hangs from his neck.

EDDIE'S POV - AR-LENSES

Eddie HAND GESTURES, and the screen and thumbnails are minimized into icons on a virtual dock.

Eddie HAND GESTURES again and a 3D TERRAIN APPEARS. The fog turns into a POINT-CLOUD of data-pixels - "Density Analysis."

3D MARKERS MATERIALIZE from the wireframe terrain, displaying ground PERIMETERS and HAZARDS.

Another hand gesture...

A MOTION GRAPHICS OVERLAY assesses the surroundings.

From behind the fog, the silhouette of a CREATURE the size of an overly-sized RHINO struts, unsuspecting of its hunters.

A wireframe swiftly wraps around the silhouette, defining it in three dimensions.

The following readout types on screen:

SCREEN TEXT:

FEMALE HERBIVORE - STARHIDE RHINOX - OPEX SPECIES

FOG DISSIPATES IN 16 MINUTES

BACK TO SCENE:

Eddie looks them dead in the eyes.

EDDIE

Fog dissipates in three hours.

SCARLETT

(outraged)

Fog dissipates in THREE hours?!

Eddie turns to address the couple.

EDDIE

Listen, going home empty-handed might be hanging over your head. I get it. You want something to show your friends at the Trophy Club. But it's nightfall soon, and we need to head back now or--

A sudden *GRUNTING* from behind the dense mist draws Eddie's attention away from the Ackloyds.

EDDIE'S POV - AR-LENSES

A rhino emerges from the fog, its head a triceratops-like plate. Its amber fleece blends seamlessly into its habitat.

BACK TO SCENE:

Scarlett spots the creature.

SCARLETT
 So you tried to hide it from us.
 (beat)
 Who are you? Are you a Guide or what?
 (beat)
 Never mind. You won't be a Guide after
 we get back. I'm telling Interworld.
 You can bank on it.

The couple eye each other and smile. A decision is made...

SCARLETT (CONT'D) AIDEN
 RIFLE! RIFLE!

Rifles WHIP INTO VIEW from BEHIND Scarlett and Aiden - they're attached to robotic arms extending from their backpacks.

The rifles LIGHT UP with an annoying BUZZ. TRANSPARENT AMMO-CASINGS reveal a dozen 30mm shells - all colored differently.

AIDEN (CONT'D)
 RIFLE, load heavy impact round 1.3!

A red shell sinks into the ammo-casing with a KA-CHINK.

EDDIE
 HOLD! That ammunition is prohibited for
 this species!

SCARLETT
 Great choice, Aiden. But I prefer my
 Nanos. RIFLE, load Nano-Bolts!

EDDIE
 I'm warning you, stand down, NOW!

A yellow shell LOADS.

Husband and wife lock eyes and smile.

SCARLETT AIDEN
 TROPHY TIME! TROPHY TIME!

EXT. MARSH - CONTINUOUS

Aiden fires first - a deafening WHANG hurls the female Starhide Rhinox back, splitting the mist. It crashes down, shaking the haze.

HOVER-TANK

Eddie grabs Aiden's rifle and forces it down. Scarlett backs off, holding hers tight. No one touches her guns.

An agonizing *WHINE* echoes through the marsh.

They turn to face the fog...

MARSH

The animal is on its feet already, staggering, dying. Its semi-circle plate is blown off and it's bleeding from the head.

Pitifully, the animal lurches forward to attack, but it collapses to the mud with a blood-chilling *SQUEAL*.

HOVER-TANK

Eddie's expression slumps to shame, followed by anger. He watches the Starhide Rhinox slowly sink into the swamp.

EDDIE

Hope it was worth it. Ammunition penalties are insane.

AIDEN

Just bag it!

Eddie shoots Aiden a look that forces the hunter to step back.

They drift over to the dead Starhide Rhinox. Scarlett's eyes go wide with joy as she admires the beauty of their trophy.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

Happy one-year anniversary, Scarlett.

Aiden pulls his wife close, and they kiss like newlyweds.

SCARLETT

I love hunting with you.

Eddie recoils, then leaps into the water, wading to the lifeless creature. Kneeling, he closes her vacant eyes, his breath shaky with sorrow. Scarlett notices his empathy.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

Oh...our Guide is going to cry now.

MARSH

Eddie looks at them with a mix of disgust and resignation.

EDDIE

Fred, activate.

The stern of the tank opens to reveal a humanoid Loader Robot holding a steel cable, FRED.

FRED

Yes, Mr. Wesson. Stupendous trophy.

Fred's silver, shifting skin rattles softly as it recalibrates. He wraps a cable around the Starhide Rhino's hooves and drags it aboard.

EXT. HOVER-TANK - LATER

The sun has started to set, causing a forest fire-like haze to settle on the marsh. But it's exceedingly wet here.

Scarlett and Aiden sit close, his arm around her shoulder.

A beat.

A *LOUD GRUNT* emanates from behind the dense mist- this one resonates with conviction.

A SECOND STARHIDE RHINOX appears, twice the size of the first.

EDDIE

HOLD!

The Starhide Rhino CHARGES! It CONNECTS!

MARSH

Four tons of alien muscle crumple the tank's stern and PUSH it into a bank of trees. The Ackloyds are THROWN FROM THE DECK and land in the red mud.

Their trophy tumbles out of the busted cargo hold, almost crushing Eddie.

The crumpled vessel - now jammed on a near-vertical axis - is spitting blood-like mud everywhere with its hover engines. Soaked in the red muck, Aiden flounders to his feet...

Aiden locates his gun - it's now detached from the robotic arm and sticking out of the marsh like a bloody spear.

INSERT: AMMO-CASING

A RED BEATLE the size of a golf ball is stuck inside the ammo-casing, trying to escape.

BACK TO SCENE:

Aiden grabs his rifle.

The Starhide Rhinox sniffs its dead mate. Confusion turns to sorrow with an *EAR-PIERCING WAIL*.

Scarlett urgently and awkwardly makes it to her feet, weighed down by the heavy mud.

AIDEN

You okay?

SCARLETT

Just look at my new hunting outfit!
It's ruined!

AIDEN

It's fine. When we get back, we'll get you a new one.

SCARLETT

But I love this one! Orange is my favorite color, you know that.

AIDEN

So, we'll get an orange one, sweetie.

EDDIE (O.S.)

HEY! Dipshits!

Eddie and the Ackloyds are separated by an embankment.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

HEAD FOR THE TREES! It's going to charge!

AIDEN

This isn't over 'til I say it is!

Aiden steadies his weapon and LOCKS ON.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

RIFLE, load Explo-Pierce 5.0. Six-foot penetration.

(excited)

No! Rifle! Load LIQUEFIER!

INSERT: AMMO-CASING

A blue LIQUEFIER round SINKS into the ammo-casing and butts up against the Beattle, causing an obstruction.

BACK TO SCENE:

Without hesitation, Eddie pulls out a GADGET from his utility belt. It resembles a car alarm clicker. He aims it at Aiden's rifle and *CLICKS...* Nothing. *CLICK.* Nothing.

EDDIE'S POV - AR-LENSES

Readouts appear above Aiden's rifle:

WEAPONS-BLOCK: DISABLED

TERMINATE HUNT IMMEDIATELY

BACK TO SCENE:

AIDEN

Sorry, Guide, your "Weapons-Block" is useless on our rifles.

SCARLETT

All weapons work at "Ackloyd's Arms and Ammunition." Otherwise, what good would our guns be?

Suddenly, a *SONIC YELP* emits from Aiden's rifle. He gives the barrel a whack and the noise is gone.

EDDIE

Don't do it.

The Starhide Rhinox lets out a *LOUD WHISTLE*. It kicks up its front legs, rearing at the trio.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Please go, NOW!

Aiden's weapon emits that annoying *SONIC YELP* again and it won't stop.

Instinctively, Scarlett REACHES OUT to stop it somehow, but SLIPS and FALLS INTO HER HUSBAND, sending both to the swamp. Aiden's rifle drops into the thick mud.

They quickly look at each other. *Is this it?*

Eddie takes a position, unable to help them.

The Starhide Rhinox CHARGES! It's speed is incredible.

Aiden makes one final attempt to retrieve the *YELPING* rifle. He snatches it and erratically lines up his target.

INSERT: AMMO-CASING

The red Beattle is pinned inside, preventing the Liquifier round from sinking into the gun chamber.

BACK TO SCENE:

Aiden FIRES!

Instantaneously, a SHOCKWAVE EXPLODES into a ball of blue flames.

A small ball of BLUE FLAMES forms inside the gun chamber.

The Ackloyds stare at the BUBBLING FIREBALL in shock.

AIDEN

Fuuuck...

Everything within a 10ft SPHERICAL RADIUS of the rifle, including the Ackloyds, LIQUEFIES, and EXPLODES like a giant water balloon.

The charging Starhide Rhinox hits the brakes but is sprayed with the Ackloyd's remains - just more mud to this animal.

It's confused by the disappearance of its prey.

The angered Starhide Rhinox GOES FOR EDDIE!

Eddie hits a button on his utility belt and RUNS FOR HIS LIFE!

As the Starhide Rhinox catches up with Eddie, Fred emerges from the drowning Hover-Tank. Covered in red mud, he looks like a skinless man.

The Starhide Rhinox TRAMPLES Fred. Sparks fly. Fred's reduced to a twisted human form as he sinks into the marsh.

The Hover-Tank EXPLODES. The blast throws Eddie to the ground.

EDDIE'S POV - AR-LENSES

An inferno outlines the Starhide Rhinox. It's heading straight for him - a sight from Hell itself.

BACK TO SCENE:

Eddie gets up and RUNS! THE STARHIDE RHINOX IS ON HIS TAIL.

EDDIE LEAPS, reaches out with both hands for...NOTHING.

Suddenly, the haze is split by a clear-blue HOLOGRAM LADDER. He manages to catch the last rung and it becomes SOLID. This is HARD-LIGHT TECH.

Eddie is lifted to safety as the ladder retracts into the belly of a compact Interworld Safari Shuttle.

The Starhide Rhinox whines furiously at its escaping prey. After a beat, it turns back, vanishing into the rolling fog.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPACE - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie's shuttle rips across the stars, leaving the foggy planet behind.

Eddie's shuttle approaches a large metallic TUNNEL suspended in space: An Interworld SPACE-TUNNEL.

Eddie's shuttle enters the mouth of the large tube.

INT. SPACE-TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Lights FLICKER ON, illuminating the tunnel's interior.

As the shuttle nears the end of the tunnel, a MIRROR IMAGE of its DESTINATION - light-years away - APPEARS against the blackness of space like a window reflection at night.

The shuttle vanishes into the mirror image...

CUT TO:

INT. MILITARY COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Massive HOLOGRAPHIC screens surround the command center, displaying Space-Tunnels, Astro-Coordinates, and spacecraft en route to hunting grounds. Alien landscapes exhibit hunters and prey on safari.

GENERAL RICHARD LENNOX (50s) enters the command hub, rugged in safari gear instead of formal military attire. His right arm, a SEMI-TRANSPARENT HARD-LIGHT PROSTHETIC, glows as electricity crackles within.

By his side is JOYCE LENNOX (40s), the General's wife - her snug safari outfit more suited for high society than a hunt. Stunning and aware of it, she commands attention effortlessly.

Lennox steps over a TECHNICIAN sitting at a workstation.

LENNOX

Excuse me.

The Technician rises, obeying the General's request, and steps aside. Lennox sits at the station, pulls up an alien terrain, and inspects it intently, looking for something.

CLOSE ON DISPLAY shows a field with half a dozen dead animals.

He taps the screen and GRAPHICS APPEAR over the deceased wildlife, indicating they are CLONES.

Without taking his eyes off the display, he speaks to his wife standing behind him.

LENNOX (CONT'D)

(to Joyce)

I need to talk with Morales when we return from this next safari. Something is going on with the clones. We may need to close the Space-Tunnels until the issue is resolved.

JOYCE'S POV - AR-LENSES

CLOSE ON LENNOX and the monitor with dead clones.

MATCH CUT TO:

MORALES'S POV - AR-LENSES

CLOSE ON LENNOX and the display of dead clones. Joyce's view is Morale's - her AR-Lenses are LINKED TO MORALES'S.

DANTE MORALES (O.S.)
Damn it, Lennox. Always gotta pry.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. INTERWORLD SAFARI TERMINAL - SPACE

A giant translucent sapphire sphere encases a cluster of space stations. A holographic sign slowly rotates: "WELCOME TO INTERWORLD SAFARI."

MULTIPLE DOCKING PLATFORMS are crowded with Interworld Shuttles and a small army of HUNTERS lugging their ARSENALS, some with OTHERWORLDLY TROPHIES.

This is the "Grand Central Station" of Interworld Safari.

A dozen space tunnels ring the sphere like wheel spokes. Eddie's craft emerges from one, gliding toward a large station before touching down on the roof.

INT. INTERWORLD SAFARI TERMINAL - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Caked in dried mud, appearing to be covered in dry blood, Eddie makes his way down an airport-like corridor. He draws the attention of some who look at Eddie with contempt.

Lining a stretch of the corridor are PROTESTORS wearing colorful MASKS that resemble ANIMAL FACES. Most are unrecognizable extraterrestrial animal faces.

A HOLOGRAPHIC BANNER hovers over their heads. It reads: "THE WILD WILL RISE."

Gun shops, restaurants, gift shops and bars line the corridor like Disneyland.

Interworld commercials depicting alien worlds, incredible wildlife, and heavily armed hunters play on suspended holographic screens throughout.

A graceful voiceover echoes in the passageway:

WOMAN (V.O.)
...Preserving every planet's ecosystem
is Interworld's NUMBER ONE priority.
Scouts and Guides uphold the highest
standards for safety and environmental
balance.

(MORE)

WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Our proprietary replication process allows Interworld customers to experience these wonders of the universe FIRSTHAND and GUILT FREE, all while retaining the inhabitants' native populations with Eco-Clones.

(upbeat)

Safaris are selling out FAST, so book yours today for a chance to bring home an OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD trophy!

The commercial concludes with a graphic of the company logo - the Three-Horned Gazelle and its tagline: "INTERWORLD SAFARI: EXTINCTION IS A THING OF THE PAST."

Eddie approaches his destination, "The Swill & Grill." A popular Guide Bar. The exterior façade is decorated with window displays featuring stuffed alien wildlife.

INT. THE SWILL & GRILL - MOMENTS LATER

A DOZEN SAFARI GUIDES, all wearing Interworld Safari gear, mingle about - swapping stories - each looking entirely different. Their camo colors range from jungle green to desert red, canary yellow, sky blue, reflective, and pitch black.

Eddie enters the crowded pub. A FEMALE PATRON immediately greets him in a hurry out the door.

FEMALE PATRON

Hey stranger, your sister's been waiting for you. I have to go, but next time, I want to see your pictures, too!

In an instant, the Female Patron is gone.

The tapered bar is made of glass and doubles as a holding tank for an indigo-blue-colored spider the size of a house cat.

Behind the transparent bar, EMILY WESSON (30s) - Eddie's spirited, light-footed sister hustles to pour drinks. Her face brightens the moment she sees him.

Eddie takes a seat and removes a THIN BLACK SQUARE the size of a drink coaster from his cargo jacket and drops it on the bar.

EMILY

It's great to see you, brother.

(smirking)

It's only been a month, you know.

EDDIE

Yeah, it's been pure madness at
Interworld. Non-stop. Sorry, Em.

Emily wipes her hands on a towel, her eyes not leaving her brother. She gently picks up the black square device and pinches a corner.

INSERT: BLACK SQUARE

Breathtaking pictures of Eddie's safaris flicker to life - vast landscapes, strange, and beautiful creatures, all captured with a stunning eye for detail.

We land on the SNOW LEOPARD. Its luminous blue eyes peer into the camera stoically.

BACK TO SCENE:

EMILY

Beautiful shots. Really, Eddie.
(curious)
How is she? Those eyes, wow...

EDDIE

(sarcastic)
Since the last time I saw her? Most
certainly, dead, and replicated.

A beat of silence hangs between them. Emily notices Eddie's distant, his gaze fixed on the shot glass.

EMILY

Eddie?

EDDIE

These two idiots...they were out of
their fucking minds.

EMILY

What happened? Can you go back to
Scouting? Studying wildlife?

EDDIE

(resigned)
Doesn't work like that. Scout contracts
are one year, and then you're a Guide.
It's fine, Em'.

EMILY

So why are you still doing this?

Eddie hesitates, considering, thinking. But he knows why.

Emily narrows her eyes, reading her brother like a book. She leans in, making sure he knows she's serious.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I think we both know your hang-up.

She holds up the black square, the image of the Snow Leopard still lingering, and waves it gently in front of him.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You love these animals.

Looking down, Eddie struggles with his emotions.

EDDIE

I spent a year with them as a Scout.

EMILY

I know. You've grown close to them. I understand.

She softens, trying to reach the heart of the matter.

EMILY (CONT'D)

But big brother, maybe you need to let go for your own sanity.

She reaches across the bar, taking his hand in both of hers, grounding him with her touch.

EMILY (CONT'D)

(wholeheartedly)

You can't save 'em, Eddie.

Eddie looks up at her, his eyes revealing the turmoil within.

EDDIE

I'm working on that.

Emily squeezes his hand, offering what comfort she can.

EMILY

(wholehearted)

I hate to see you like this. But you have to make peace with it. You have to find a way to move on.

She reaches under the bar, grabs two shot glasses, and places them in front of Eddie. She pours the shots slowly and deliberately, giving him time to process.

Eddie looks up from the shot glasses, not at his sister, but at a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH hanging behind her. Emily follows Eddie's eye-line to the photo.

INSERT: FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH

Dawn, outside an OLD-FASHIONED TENT, nestled in the bush of Kenya, East Africa.

Standing in front of the tent is a STOIC MAN with his arms around his two children, EDDIE (14) and EMILY (10). The trio wear safari attire. A five-year-old BEAGLE attentively sits by Eddie's side, MAX. A pride of their own. Happy.

BACK TO SCENE:

Eddie raises his shot glass, eyes still on the photo.

Emily raises her shot glass.

A sudden sadness on their faces as they look each other in the eyes and drink their shots in remembrance.

Emily pours another round.

Hearing "BREAKING NEWS," Eddie looks up.

INSERT: WIDESCREEN HOLO-ARRAY

A NEWS CORRESPONDENT stands among a CROWD of The Masked.

NEWS CORRESPONDENT

We are live outside Interworld Safari's headquarters in Santa Monica as hundreds of the so-called "MASKED" have gathered to protest the company's alleged "crimes against nature."

A redheaded woman with a MASK resembling a RED-STRIPED ZEBRA'S FACE steps up to the News Correspondent. Meet the leader of The Masked, RED ZEBRA (30s).

RED ZEBRA

"Extinction is a thing of the past" is a lie. In truth, these animals are hunted to oblivion, their numbers vanishing with every safari. The flawed cloning tech can't save them. Soon, only soulless replicas will remain. Cloning nature must end!

Red Zebra runs off to rejoin the herd.

RED ZEBRA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (chanting)
 The wild will rise!
 (chanting)
 The wild will rise!
 (chanting)
 The wild will rise!

BACK TO SCENE:

Eddie watches the broadcast intently.

A female NEWS ANCHOR is situated behind her desk. Emotionless, she shuffles through her cue sheets.

CUT TO:

An AERIAL CLIP OF DANTE MORALES stepping out of a hovering limousine and into his beachside mansion.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
 One year after the formation of Interworld Safari, Eco-Cloner Dante Morales, the third wealthiest man on the planet, still struggles to convince everyone that his safaris are based on the preservation of these ecosystems and their wildlife. However, Interworld has satisfied every bio-audit since its inception.

CUT TO:

Hundreds of The Masked march down Santa Monica Boulevard, heading for the INTERWORLD CLONEYARD - a colossal fusion of nature and technology. Its glass-paneled cloning silos rise like crystalline obelisks over the reinforced docks, exuding military precision and industrial elegance.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
 With the discovery of new planets increasing, it's hard to see Interworld slowing down anytime soon. Yet, the morality of hunting for sport on these new worlds is in question.

The News Anchor pauses to listen to her earpiece.

NEWS ANCHOR

Just in, weapon influencers Scarlett and Aiden Ackloyd of "Ackloyd's Arms & Ammunition" have died in a hunting accident on Ignis Fen and Interworld--

BACK TO SCENE:

A HAND lands on Eddie's shoulder with force. Standing behind him is NAOMI ORTIZ (30s). She has resting killer face. Naomi's wearing a black camo outfit with a rifle slung on her back and a holstered pistol.

Eddie turns. Naomi UPPERCUTS him - sending Eddie crashing into the glass bar. It *SHATTERS*. The blue spider tumbles free.

NAOMI

That's for the Ackloyds. They were REGULARS, fucknut. MY REGULARS! Now I'm out two hunters and their tips, which were fucking HUGE! Not that you would know. What pussy-ass Guide doesn't go off Territory--

Emily aims her fist at Naomi as a TRANSLUCENT SPHERE, the size of a golf ball, SPRINGS FROM A GAUNTLET around her wrist.

EMILY

Get the Hell--

All reflexes, Naomi instantly swings the rifle around her back and grips it.

NAOMI

Stunball, really?
(at Eddie)
Wesson, we don't replicate the hunters. Register that in your tiny brain, or I'll help punch it into your thick skull.

NAOMI'S BOOT crushes the life out of the oversized spider.

She leans into Eddie. He's bleeding from the lip. Naomi kicks the base molding of the bar - inches from Eddie's head - and scrapes the spider's blue remains off her boot.

Naomi surveys Eddie. An awkward moment.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

(in disbelief)
You're the one, huh?

EDDIE
 (confused)
 The one, what?

Naomi straightens herself. She let that comment skip, and it shows. She clears her throat.

NAOMI
 You're to report to Morales's residence
 in Malibu immediately.
 (perplexed)
 Why you? Well, that's a mystery to me.
 (callous)
 Listen, you're a GUIDE now, Wesson. Get
 with the program. We watch out for the
 "hunters," not the fucking prey.
 Hunting is an entirely different animal
 from Scouting.

Naomi swings her rifle around and vanishes into the crowd.

Emily lifts her bleeding brother up off the floor.

EDDIE
 And before you ask. NO, I did not sleep
 with her. Her hatred of me is strictly
 professional.

EMILY
 I do not doubt that--

EDDIE
 Hey! I got game.

EMILY
 The only game you got ends up hanging
 on a wall... Sorry, too soon?
 (softly)
 Seriously, think about what you're
 gonna do here. You need to make a
 decision...

Eddie reaches over the bar and hugs his sister goodbye. Their bond unbreakable.

EXT. MALIBU COASTLINE - HOVER-CRAFT - MORNING

A FRAME-FILLING blast of hot air obscures the Malibu coast sunrise as a Hover-Craft LOWERS INTO FRAME.

The flying craft darts over the ocean toward Malibu Beach. In the distance, an ULTRA-MODERN BEACHSIDE MANSION.

EXT. DANTE MORALES'S MANSION - ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

The craft comes to a halt and lands on the roof. Eddie jumps out and hits the landing platform. He stands on a square platform that reads: "LEVEL RISER."

Eddie LOWERS OUT OF FRAME and into the mansion.

INT. DANTE MORALES'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie lowers to a stop and steps out onto a marble foyer.

A luxurious AUTOMATON BUTLER greets him. The butler's body is tightly upholstered with red alien skin, contrasting wildly with the white room. He's a walking, talking leather couch.

BUTLER

Welcome. This way, Mr. Wesson.

The upholstered Butler escorts Eddie to a long, pearlescent hallway. This place is devoid of any warmth whatsoever.

STUDY

Ushering Eddie into the study, the Butler returns to his post.

DANTE MORALES (40s) stands with his back to Eddie, gazing out a ceiling-high bay window. At the sound of footsteps, he turns, revealing a sharp blue suit, black collared shirt, and impeccably styled hair—a man who values image and prestige.

DANTE MORALES

(Spanish accent)

Follow me, Eddie.

BALCONY

They arrive at a balcony with a vast Malibu coastline view.

DANTE MORALES

I realize it's a little odd we're meeting here instead of HQ, but as you know, things are currently slightly chaotic.

Eddie nods in agreement, knowing it's because of The Masked.

DANTE MORALES (O.S.) (CONT'D)

How about these protestors and their "colorful" masks?

Morales's second reference to The Masked forces Eddie to comment.

EDDIE

They're increasing in numbers.

DANTE MORALES

(defensive)

We keep each species intact. Simple, replicate, and replace. I don't know what they're protesting about. There's nothing wrong with my tech. Quite the opposite. It replicates genuine copies of the wildlife.

Eddie nods in recognition.

DANTE MORALES (CONT'D)

Keep this between us, but our Territory Regulations will be lifted next week for thirty-two new hunting grounds. Our growth will be exponential with each new species we discover and each new planet we open for hunting.

(beat)

Eddie, we're about to explode. You're on the ground floor.

EDDIE

Regarding the Ackloyds--

DANTE MORALES

Weapons-Block hack. We're already working on a patch.

(nonchalant)

Don't worry about it - Life Waivers.

Morale steps over to the balcony's railing and leans on it, staring at the crashing waves.

DANTE MORALES (CONT'D)

But on another note, I have a very special hunter for your next safari. The reason for this one-on-one.

(proud)

General Richard Lennox. The one and only.

EDDIE

Spearheaded Operation Space-Tunnel.

DANTE MORALES

That's him. Without the success of his Space-Tunnel project, we would not exist. I owe that man an immeasurable debt.

Morales turns back to face Eddie.

DANTE MORALES (CONT'D)

And...the General picked YOU to serve as his Guide on his next safari. That's after reviewing my entire Guide Roster.

EDDIE

Me? I thought Ulices was his Guide. He's about as seasoned as they come. Did something happen?

DANTE MORALES

He's dead. Hunting accident. The General was lucky to survive.

(reflecting)

He's always been lucky.

Eddie is shocked to hear this.

DANTE MORALES (CONT'D)

I like to give the General what he wants. He's a substantial shareholder, after all, and a friend. When he makes a request, I try to fulfill it.

(beat)

He didn't tell me why you, but I'm sure he has a good reason.

EDDIE

How is he on a hunt?

DANTE MORALES

He doesn't always follow the rules.

EDDIE

Lovely.

(curious)

Which planet?

DANTE MORALES

Planet 13. Brand new. Untamed. We discovered it two months ago. It's been under wraps.

EDDIE

And Scouting is finished already?

DANTE MORALES

Yes. Fast-tracked this beauty. It has a special place in my heart. It will be entirely exclusive. Wait till you see the wildlife, out of this world...

Morales walks over to Eddie and hands him a small case resembling an AirPods case. "13" is engraved on it - The AR-Lenses for this new planet.

Eddie removes the two lenses from the case and puts them on. He blinks a couple of times - still hating these things.

EDDIE'S POV - AR-LENSES

Kinetic typography reads:

INTERWORLD SAFARI - CONFIDENTIAL WILDLIFE REPORT - 12.23.2222

Eddie makes a hand gesture and a 3D terrain SPRINGS TO LIFE with indicators of where WILDLIFE hides within the landscape.

Another hand gesture.

A vast Rolodex of alien fauna flips by on the right while descriptions and DNA analysis scroll upward on the left - every animal is more incredible than the previous.

Eddie makes another hand gesture, and the lenses flicker off.

BACK TO SCENE:

Eddie removes the lenses and returns them to their case.

EDDIE

That's something else.

Morales looks at his watch.

DANTE MORALES

The universe is full of surprises. On that note, I've got a crisis meeting. My butler will show you out.

Before Eddie can respond, Morales disappears down a dark hallway as his Butler emerges from the shadows.

BUTLER

This way, Mr. Wesson.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. APARTMENT TOWERS - NIGHT

Not unlike a pitchfork, three distinct towers of an apartment complex prick the black Santa Monica sky.

INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The apartment is moonlit through a window that supplies a narrow view of the Santa Monica Pier. The old wooden structure is now caged between two hovering piers twice its size.

Eddie's interior is an alien greenhouse. Multi-colored plants appear to grow straight out of the walls. His habitat.

DARK ROOM

Eddie finishes developing a photograph, from actual celluloid, of the Starhide Rhinox emerging from the amber fog.

WORK STUDIO

Mounted on the walls are photos of many species frolicking in their natural habitats.

SERIES OF INSERTS: WALL-MOUNTED PHOTOGRAPHS

A CAT-LIKE ANIMAL with scales instead of fur laps from a pond.

A SIX-LEGGED BEAST emerges from under a waterfall.

A BLACK EAGLE-LIKE BIRD perched on a red tree branch.

The SNOW LEOPARD from earlier mid-hop in the snow.

An ELEPHANT resting under a Vachellia tree in East Africa.

BACK TO SCENE:

Wires connect an array of devices and displays snake around photography gear.

On a display is an ONLINE FORUM. The banner reads: "UNMASKED."

Eddie enters and sits at a workbench. A framed photograph is propped up on the workbench - the same as Emily's.

Eddie picks it up, pensive...sinking into the past...

FLASHBACK:**EXT. CAMPSITE - KENYA, EAST AFRICA - DAWN**

An OLD-FASHIONED TENT nestled among Vachellia trees, its interior aglow. A STEADFAST MAN steps out, lantern in hand, ready for the morning.

He looks out to the dawning horizon with enthusiasm. This is RICK WESSON (30s). He's fit and levelheaded. A man's man. Rick inhales the morning air.

Max, Eddie's Beagle, steps out of the tent and stands next to Rick, eagerly anticipating the day ahead.

FLASHBACK MONTAGE: THAT DAY

Montage shots synced to the increased beat of *POUNDING ELEPHANT FEET* transitioned by WHITE-HOT BLASTS OF LIGHT.

Rick wakes his two children, Eddie and Emily.

Sitting up in his cot is Rick's driver, ALHAADI. They pack up the tent and head out.

Alhaadi takes THE PICTURE of Rick with his children and Max.

Alhaadi hands the film camera back to a bright-eyed Eddie.

They climb into an all-terrain vehicle and depart. Soon after, they find a herd of elephants and quietly come to a stop.

Eddie snaps photos with his camera. They move on.

Snaking through the bush, they come upon POACHERS and stop. The poachers are on top of an elephant, REMOVING ITS TUSKS.

Rick JUMPS OUT of the vehicle and aims his rifle at them.

Terrified, Eddie and Emily crouch down and fearfully watch.

Max BARKS protectively at the Poachers.

The POACHERS PULL PISTOLS. Rick fires off a shot. Hits one. A GUNFIGHT ensues and Rick is SHOT IN THE HEAD.

Covering Emily's eyes, Eddie absorbs it all.

Alhaadi TAKES OFF but is also shot. The all-terrain vehicle CRASHES into a Vachellia tree.

Max is THROWN FROM THE VEHICLE. He immediately stands and bolts for the Poachers.

EDDIE

MAX!

The Poachers open fire on the small Beagle. He takes a few bullets and tumbles to a dead stop.

CLOSE ON EDDIE - fury in his eyes.

Emily grabs Eddie's hand and they LEAP OUT OF THE VEHICLE. The young Wessons make a RUN FOR IT into the dangerous bush. A BULLET WHIPS BY EDDIE'S HEAD.

Later, dusk. Eddie and Emily hide as a LIONESS hunts.

Dirty and soaked in sweat, the siblings find a village.

Eddie looks down at his camera hanging from his neck. The camera contains the last photo of his father and Max.

Overwhelmed with pain, the fourteen-year-old CLUTCHES THE CAMERA in anger.

END FLASHBACK

Eddie places the framed photo back on the workbench, facedown.

Suddenly, a HOLOGRAPHIC NOTIFICATION appears in front of his face. It reads:

NOVABAR. I WANT AN UPDATE.

Eddie stands and snatches a LEOPARD-MASK off the wall, places it in his backpack, and walks OUT OF FRAME. The mask resembles Eddie's Snow Leopard.

We are left with a perfect view of the WALL-MOUNTED ELEPHANT under the Vachellia tree.

EXT. APARTMENT TOWERS - ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Eddie steps out to the sidewalk. He surveys his surroundings meticulously and makes a quick left.

FIFTY-FEET ABOVE

Hovercrafts fly overhead in a well-coordinated pattern, showcasing future ingenuity by a more mature society.

Wearing an anti-gravity backpack, NAOMI HOVERS IN MID-AIR just below the traffic and fifty-feet above Eddie.

She keeps pace with him, silently gliding through the air.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Eddie makes a left into a quiet side street. He looks around. All clear. He puts the Leopard-Mask on.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Members of The Masked congregate. Their masks look eerie at night, lit merely by a flickering sign for "NOVABAR."

Eddie arrives and immediately enters.

FIFTY-FEET ABOVE

Naomi has seen all she needs. With a jolt of anti-gravity, she disappears into sky traffic.

INT. NOVABAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A dimly lit dive bar, packed with The Masked, their eclectic masks striking. No music - just the ambient sounds of a jungle. Above the liquor shelves, a Holo-Array displays wildlife from newly discovered planets.

Eddie enters. Eyes follow. He heads for the back booths.

BOOTH

Red Zebra is sitting alone as Eddie approaches. She motions for Eddie to take a seat, and he does.

RED ZEBRA

So, the Ackloyds... Any intel there?

EDDIE

No. Quite the opposite.

RED ZEBRA

Do you have anything new?

EDDIE

No.

RED ZEBRA

We're losing the fight here, White Leopard. Interworld is out of control, expanding quickly to new Territories across these planets.

EDDIE

You know I applied to Interworld for the cause. I had to get through that first year of Scouting, you know that. I was in the dark then. But now I'm in the nitty-gritty of it.

RED ZEBRA

So what's the plan?

Eddie leans in, his mask illuminated by a bulb overhead.

EDDIE

Lennox.

RED ZEBRA

General Lennox?

EDDIE

That's him. My next Hunter.

(beat)

We leave tomorrow for a new planet.

RED ZEBRA

If anyone knows anything, it's him.

Her mask conceals Red Zebra's face, but her excitement can be felt across the booth.

Eddie stands. Before vanishing into the herd, he turns back.

EDDIE

I joined Interworld to get this done.
I'll get it done.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INTERWORLD SAFARI TERMINAL - DOCKING PLATFORM - SPACE

A seaplane-like spacecraft with a steel hull sits docked, its nose marked: "THE HEMINGWAY" just above an algae watermark.

Eddie's Interworld Safari shuttle ascends and lands. He steps out in an official Interworld jacket, emblem displayed, camera hanging from his neck.

THE HEMINGWAY

A monolith of a man, MITCH GILLARD (40s), exits and advances toward Eddie. Gillard has a scarred upper lip and a bulldog face. He's dressed in military fatigues, a born soldier. His every movement, a calculation, always on the ready.

GILLARD
(Australian accent)
Gillard. Follow me, bloke.

INT. THE HEMINGWAY - ANTEROOM - CONTINUOUS

They enter. The walls are highly decorated in the finest colonial safari art. Very eccentric but hospitable.

TROPHY ROOM

The trophy room is a large rotunda that resembles a giant hollow gear.

Its outer walls are covered with MOUNTED ANIMAL HEADS ranging from African wildlife to alien creatures. An impressive collection of weaponry is placed amongst the trophy heads.

A dozen alien dioramas line the inner gears, each with HOLOGRAPHIC SETTINGS as skies shift from day to twilight. The creatures seem alive, except for an EMPTY CELL.

Gillard and Eddie enter.

GILLARD
General, your Guide is here.

Gillard stands at attention beside Eddie.

At the center of the trophy room, leather couches and antique tables surround a stunning centerpiece - the Interworld Safari mascot, a muscular bear-like frame with horse-like legs and a gazelle-like head crowned by three serrated horns.

On a couch, General Lennox lounges. Dressed in safari gear, cigar in hand, he's the king of his domain.

Beside him is his wife, Joyce.

EDDIE
General. Ma'am.

Lennox stands and shakes Eddie's hand.

CLOSE ON the firm handshake between the two men. The General's hard-Light hand glows with intensity.

LENNOX

Welcome aboard, Wesson.

EDDIE

I'm sorry to hear about Ulices.

LENNOX

He was an excellent Guide.

(reflecting)

And a great man.

EDDIE

That's what I hear.

Lennox raises his Hard-light arm and grins.

LENNOX

A constant reminder, but it does the job.

Lennox gently places his true hand on Joyce's shoulder. She places her hand tenderly on his and stands.

LENNOX (CONT'D)

(at Joyce)

Meet my wife, Joyce. My oh-so-charming good luck charm.

(back at Eddie)

And you've already met Gillard.

EDDIE

Nice to meet you, Mrs. Lennox.

(at Lennox)

Now, should I address you as General?

LENNOX

Don't mind, Gillard. Call me whatever you want, as long as it's to my face.

JOYCE

"Joyce" will do. Titles are for those who need them. I'm more interested in results. Welcome to "our" new world, Eddie, let's hope you can keep up.

GILLARD (O.S.)

General, Miss Duun has arrived. I'll get us underway.

ZOE DUUN (20s) hustles in, yanking off her Ray-Bans. Her coquettish face and breathtaking eyes demand attention. Dressed in a mismatched outfit, either careless or colorblind, she drags a rolling case of equipment. She's here to work.

ZOE

Sorry I'm late. Got caught up with security bullshit.

LENNOX

Zoe, this is Eddie Wesson, our new Guide.

Hearing the name "Wesson," Zoe perks up for some reason.

LENNOX (CONT'D)

Eddie, meet Zoe Duun. I have this lovely lady come along to document.

Zoe looks Eddie over. She points at the film camera hanging from his neck.

ZOE

That relic yours? Early 2000s?

EDDIE

2003.

ZOE

Nice. Rare. Is there film in there?

EDDIE

Doesn't work without it.

Zoe is surprised and curious about who this new Guide is.

ZOE

I'm impressed. I'd love to show you--

Lennox slaps Eddie's back.

LENNOX

Joyce, will you do the honors and show our guest around the old gal?

(with a smile)

That's The Hemingway, my ship. Built in the old Nova Naval Shipyard. Most of her is backed up with analog systems, no ani-matter bullshit.

Joyce steps forward and eyes Eddie with reservation - nobody can replace Ulices.

EXT. THE HEMINGWAY - INTERWORLD SAFARI TERMINAL - SAME TIME

The Hemingway ASCENDS and PIVOTS toward a Space-Tunnel.

INT. THE HEMINGWAY - TROPHY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eddie steps over to the Three-Horned Gazelle-like centerpiece.

EDDIE

Is that the one on the logo?

JOYCE

Yes, the first one. Richard's prized possession. A testament to his...to our legacy.

On a shelf, Eddie notices a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH.

INSERT: FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH

Morales and Lennox stand like proud brothers, with Joyce between them. Lennox wears jungle fatigues, while Joyce and Morales sport designer safari gear. Each rests a foot on the ribcage of the GAZELLE-LIKE MASCOT.

BACK TO SCENE:

JOYCE

We built this Interworld from the ground up, piece by piece. This is more than just a trophy; it's a symbol of what it means to discover, to have the universe at your fingertips.

Eddie can't hold back.

EDDIE

To me, it's just another dead animal.

Joyce gives Eddie a measured look, her confidence potent.

JOYCE

I hope you're ready to keep up, Eddie. Richard only surrounds himself with the best, and he'll expect nothing less.

INT. SPACE-TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

In the tunnel's darkness, The Hemingway approaches the exit - the mirror image of the DESTINATION FLICKERS INTO VIEW.

INT. THE HEMINGWAY - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The cockpit - enclosed in an opaque dome - resembles an old-fashioned helmsman's post.

Eddie and Joyce arrive.

Lennox signals Gillard, who hits a button. The dome goes CLEAR - offering a 360-degree view of the Space-Tunnel interior.

LENNOX

In a moment, we will be 1.2 light-years from Earth and humanity. Mother Nature awaits; she is the epitome of beauty or disorder if she chooses...

Lennox extinguishes his cigar on his Hard-Light palm.

Zoe presses a button on her jacket. A CHROME-PLATED CAMERA APPEARS over her shoulder. It moves in sync with her eye-line.

COCKPIT DOME POV

The stern appears to connect with the end of the tunnel, jumping through space - literally in two places at once.

The view of the destination tunnel is hazy, but as the cockpit passes the threshold, the view becomes clear. The Hemingway has arrived. The destination tunnel opens to reveal...

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

A PLANET and its TWO MOONS. The planet and one of its moons are mammoth in size, while the second moon is minuscule.

SMALL MOON

The small moon has a SATURN-LIKE RING OF ROCK circling its equator. The strange thing is that the ring intersects with the larger moon and has carved an age-old JAGGED GAP in it.

LARGE MOON

The ring of rock moves through the chasm, violently SCRAPING AVALANCHES OF MOON ROCK that float off into space.

MOON RING

What's even stranger is that these moon rocks are conductive. A WEB OF ELECTRICITY connects each one.

PLANET

A tremendous STORM moves about the planet - covering the entire north hemisphere. Lightning erupts in a radiant dance.

EXT. ATMOSPHERE - MOMENTS LATER

Cradled by blue flames, the ship lowers into the atmosphere and levels out, comfortably descending into the midnight sky toward a vast ocean. In the blackness, it's impossible to distinguish anything.

THE LIGHTNING STORM moves over the horizon and out of sight.

THE HEMINGWAY

A stabilizing fin MATERIALIZES from the hull and connects with the rough sea surface. The Hemingway settles.

DECK

The cockpit dome's glass casing retracts. It is lit in a red glow emanating from the floor.

Lennox pulls out shades from his pocket and puts them on. The lenses turn BRIGHT RED.

Lennox, in predator mode, scans the coast.

LENNOX'S POV - COASTLINE

Everything is RED. Details are precise as graphical wireframes enhance the environment. He immediately notices SOMETHING LARGE move across the beach.

It slips away - into a bordering JUNGLE.

BACK TO SCENE:

LENNOX

Life!

Joyce stands, watching her husband.

EDDIE

Why are we landing on the dark side of the planet?

JOYCE

Predators hunt at night. You should know that.

ZOE

And it makes for a grand reveal at sunrise.

LENNOX

I'd rather kill what can kill me.

JOYCE'S POV - AR-LENSES

CLOSE ON LENNOX.

JOYCE (O.S.)

Survival of the fittest.

MATCH CUT TO:

MORALES'S POV - AR-LENSES

CLOSE ON LENNOX. Joyce's AR-Lenses are LINKED TO MORALES'S.

DANTE MORALES (O.S.)

Survival of the fittest is right, my old friend.

Morales hand gestures and Lennox vanishes.

INT. DANTE MORALES'S MANSION - BALCONY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Standing on his balcony, Morales looks out at the blue ocean.

He hand gestures again.

MORALES'S POV - AR-LENSES

A suspended screen appears. It's a virtual call with Naomi.

DANTE MORALES
They've arrived.

NAOMI
So we are a go for "Extinction"?

DANTE MORALES
Yes. Tomorrow.

NAOMI
What about Wesson? That Masked a-hole.

DANTE MORALES
Yes, of course.

NAOMI
Can't wait! But...why are YOU going? Do you need to give your boyfriend a goodbye kiss?

DANTE MORALES
Watch yourself, Naomi. I've known the man for over twenty years. I need to say goodbye, face-to-face.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HEMINGWAY - HANGAR - NIGHT

The hangar, at The Hemingway's lower stern, features portholes revealing the ocean. Zoe films TRANSLUCENT FISH, their bodies pulsing with electric light.

A slick cargo vessel (RV-sized) sits before a khaki WWII Jeep as Gillard loads equipment.

Eddie eyes the old Jeep and gives a tire a kick.

EDDIE
We're going out in this antique?

GILLARD
Bloke, thank your lucky stars it has a bloody hover-engine. Last safari, the General had us on steeds.

EDDIE
Not an animal fan, are you?

GILLARD

Big fan! Bloody Hell. I like to hunt
'em, eat 'em, and stuff 'em.

Eddie walks away.

GILLARD (CONT'D)

Bloke.

Eddie turns. Gillard throws him a pair of goggles.

GILLARD (CONT'D)

Night hunt. Wear 'em.

EXT. THE HEMINGWAY - NIGHT

The nose of The Hemingway DISCONNECTS, forming a sea-transport vehicle. It LIFTS OFF the ocean and motors forward.

SEA-TRANSPORT

The sea-transport hovers to the beach and halts. Its face OPENS UP in World War II fashion. The Hover-Jeep and cargo-vessel spill out into mid-air above the breaking waves.

The SILENT convoy can only be identified by red dots emanating from the crew's goggles.

JUNGLE

They cruise over the jungle. Clusters of trees shake as large land-dwelling WILDLIFE flees the hovercraft's draft.

HOVER-JEEP

Lennox and Eddie are up front. Joyce and Zoe are sitting in the back seat. Lennox, looking wicked with his glowing red eyes and wide grin, turns to Eddie.

LENNOX

What do the lenses say about hunting at
night on this rock?

Eddie makes a few hand gestures.

EDDIE

Nocturnal fauna. There's a savanna
straight ahead. A good place to start.

EXT. SAVANNA - MOMENTS LATER

The savanna is a vast, grassy, rolling plain - invading the encompassing jungle. At night it resembles a polarized image.

The convoy DROPS INTO VIEW and lowers onto a patch of land, hiding behind a foothill.

FOOTHILL

The jeep's tires spring back as they land. They disembark.

CARGO-VESSEL

The cargo-vessel lowers to the ground and hovers above the swaying grass. Gillard opens the rear hatch and enters.

INT. CARGO-VESSEL - CONTINUOUS

The inside of the cargo-vessel is ready for a trophy. Chains and winches dangle from its ceiling.

Racks of WEAPONS, varying in size and color, take up an entire wall, while ammo cases are stacked on the floor.

The team enters.

EDDIE

Starting a war?

Lennox approaches a glass cabinet stocked with 20th-century revolvers and elephant rifles. He eyes a "SMITH & WESSON" REVOLVER and grabs it. It's a large, engraved .44 revolver with a beautiful ivory handle.

LENNOX

"Wesson."

EDDIE

Yeah. No relations, if that's what you were going to ask.

LENNOX

(smiles)

I was not. I knew your father.

He's got Eddie's full attention.

LENNOX (CONT'D)

It was quite some time ago, but I
recall him being a good man.

(sincere)

Understood the balance between nature
and man, AND, more importantly, the
nature of man.

Eddie is genuinely surprised and fights back any emotion.

Hearing Lennox mention Eddie's father, Zoe perks up.

LENNOX (CONT'D)

I spent some of 2202 in East Africa.
It's tragic what happened to your
family.

(with conviction)

I have no love for poachers.

Eddie eyes Lennox with regard but is unwilling to open up.

Lennox reaches into the cabinet. Pulls out a fistful of
something. Opens his hand to Eddie - a pile of BULLETS.

Eddie takes one. Examines it.

EDDIE

Never seen one up close. Chemically
propelled, right? These haven't been
around for over a hundred years.

LENNOX

Good old analog's always there when
digital fails. Keep it.

Eddie pockets the bullet.

EDDIE

Analog is human; digital is machine.

Lennox drops the bullets into a pocket of his hunting jacket,
twirls the "Smith & Wesson" and holsters it in a "DIRTY HARRY"
style UNDERARM HOLSTER - hidden from view.

GILLARD

Hey Bloke, that gun has no chips, no
electrons...good old-fashioned fury.

ZOE

He's hinting at the fact that your
Weapons-Block won't work on it.

EDDIE

I guess it's just for show, then.

LENNOX

Just for show. By the way, may I see it? Your Weapons-Block.

Eddie detaches the device from his belt and hands it to Lennox. The General inspects it. Drops the device to the ground and CRUSHES IT WITH HIS BOOT.

Zoe looks uncomfortably at Eddie.

Gillard continues to gear up, uncaring of the ongoing dispute between Hunter and Guide.

EDDIE

I see you have simple ways of solving your problems, General.

LENNOX

If only everything were that simple. Listen, my one safari rule is that no one shuts off my weapons. For pros, it's more dangerous than helpful. I'm surprised Morales didn't mention it.

Lennox slaps Eddie on the back.

LENNOX (CONT'D)

Listen, friend...you won't need it anyway. I just want this last safari to go off without a hitch.

Eddie is about to answer.

LENNOX (CONT'D)

No need for a comeback, kiddo.

EXT. SAVANNA - FOOTHILL - MOMENTS LATER

Above the savanna are two pale orbs in the night sky - the electric moons. The small moon's ring of rock and lightning continues to eat through the giant moon.

Lennox climbs the foothill and takes a sniper position--

LENNOX'S POV - INFRARED

He meticulously combs the terrain from left to right - a clear view of DOZENS OF DIFFERENT EXOTIC ANIMALS - most are sleeping, huddled together in herds.

BACK TO SCENE:

Film camera ready, Eddie lies down on the hill beside Lennox.

Eddie snaps shots with his camera.

EDDIE

Stationary herbivores; no predators.

LENNOX

The open field of nature, Eddie. Great explorers felt this hundreds of years ago on Earth. There's nothing like it.

Lennox notices something out of the corner of his eye.

LENNOX (CONT'D)

That's the one! Nine o'clock.

EDGE OF JUNGLE

Stepping into the moonlight: the vague outline of a large BIZARRE CREATURE. It trots into the savanna and eyes the terrain carefully as if exploring new territory.

The creature rises, TREETOP-HIGH, fully exposed to its predators. Its bear-like torso contrasts with hawk-like legs, and talons buried deep in the earth. Its elongated upper limbs still touch the ground, even upright.

Its monkey-like head features enormous eyes. Its most striking trait: THREE-FOOT CRESCENT HORNS jutting from its jaw.

PEAK OF FOOTHILL

Lennox jumps to his feet and turns to leave.

EDDIE

Let's mark it first - get an idea of what we're up against--

Lennox abruptly runs down the foothill to the group.

Eddie snaps a picture of the upright HORNED CREATURE as it *SNIFFS* the air and retreats back into the jungle.

EDDIE'S POV - AR-LENSES

Hundreds of 3D wireframes materialize and illustrate Eddie's entire field of view.

With a hand gesture, the jungle foliage goes TRANSPARENT. The creature is fully visible now. The beast stares back at Eddie.

BACK TO SCENE:

Zoe suddenly appears.

ZOE
What's up, Eddie Wesson?

EDDIE
Checking its DNA signature to see if
our General can hunt this one.

ZOE
Yeah, I figured. But I was just saying,
"What's up?" as in "Hi," "How's it
going?" You know, human stuff? Analog.

EDDIE
(apathetic)
It's going.

ZOE
Mind if I see it?

Eddie removes the camera and hands it to her. Zoe takes it, inspecting it with genuine curiosity.

EDDIE
(slightly amused)
You've never held one.

ZOE
(admiring the camera)
Nope, but it's fantastic...

Zoe lifts the camera, lining up a shot directly at Eddie. She looks through the viewfinder, her tone light but observant.

ZOE (CONT'D)
You're out of focus.

Eddie leans in, adjusting the lens with practiced precision.

EDDIE
Tell me when.

ZOE
(with certainty)
When.

With her fingers, Zoe finds the trigger and snaps a shot.

Lowering the camera, she continues to study it.

EDDIE'S POV - AR-LENSES

The data-scroll stops suddenly. FLASHING IN RED are the following results:

FEMALE CARNIVORE - SPECIES UNKNOWN

TERMINATE TRACKING IMMEDIATELY

BACK TO SCENE:

EDDIE
So, is this really Lennox's last
safari?

ZOE
Yeah. I need to start looking for
another job.

Gillard arrives. He's bothered by a MOSQUITO-TYPE INSECT.

GILLARD
Let's go, fruit loops!

Gillard slaps his cheek and pulls his hand away. He squashes the twitching bug between his beefy fingers.

GILLARD (CONT'D)
Oops, can this one be cloned?

Gillard smiles sadistically as he pulverizes what's left of the mosquito with his thumb.

A tiny SPARK of blue electricity springs FROM THE INSECT, shocking Gillard. Like a hurt child, he jumps back and flicks it to the ground.

Zoe can't help but let out a quiet chuckle.

EDDIE

See, you better watch what you kill.

Lennox and Joyce approach from the base of the foothill.

LENNOX

What's the verdict?

EDDIE

Off-limits until they send another Scout. Let's keep look--

LENNOX

Must be a glitch.

EDDIE

Not a glitch.

LENNOX

It's a glitch. We're going to track it and give it another try.

They grab their gear and head down the foothill. Eddie reluctantly takes the lead.

INT. JUNGLE - MOMENTS LATER

The team treks through the darkness.

EDDIE

Movement, ten o'clock.

They've caught up with their prey. The team freezes. The peaceful sound of a *STREAM* and the consistent flow of a *WATERFALL* are all that's heard.

The group quietly follows Eddie to a riverbed at the edge of the jungle. Upstream is a waterfall. Like a hunter aiming his rifle, Eddie carefully positions his camera--

EDDIE'S POV - FILM CAMERA

Moonlight exposes the Horned Creature. It's standing on the edge of the waterfall, catching fish. Eddie snaps a shot.

EDGE OF JUNGLE

The team quietly hides along the jungle's edge.

Gillard lays a WOODEN GUN CASE before Lennox. He opens it. Pulls out a 1920s safari rifle. Assembles the weapon and locks in a prominent magazine. Finally, he attaches a scope.

Gillard stands close - ready to aid Lennox with any request.

Zoe documents.

Eddie quietly approaches Lennox.

EDDIE

It's still a no-go.

LENNOX

Eddie, we're going to make an exception to the rule today. You won't get in trouble with the boss. Trust me.

EDDIE

You kill that creature, it goes against Interworld's number one directive. It can't be hunted if we can't replace it.

Lennox spots the Horned Creature moving closer to the waterfall's edge. Now, in a perfect line of sight.

Lennox steps up to Eddie.

LENNOX

You Guides and your Eco-Clones. Does Interworld really replace every trophy with a clone? That's the rumor, but who knows? Do they even live long enough for it to matter? Too much, too fast since I found that first planet. Not good. Typical.

Lennox nudges past Eddie. His sudden mention of Eco-Clones takes Eddie aback.

EDDIE

General...

Gillard nonchalantly aims a rifle at Eddie.

GILLARD

Bloke, you know what this is?

EDDIE

It's a threat?

GILLARD

That's correct, and I don't have the General's patience, so you'd better quit your bloody dribble.

TOP OF WATERFALL

Instinctively, the Horned Creature stands and looks toward its pursuers. A frozen moment. It resumes fishing.

EDGE OF JUNGLE

Lennox aims his rifle. Calibrates the scope.

Joyce steps back. Gillard motions everyone to be still.

LENNOX

Light.

GILLARD

Everyone, switch your sunnies to daylight.

Gillard lifts up his gun and takes aim at the night sky. He whispers to his gun.

GILLARD (CONT'D)

Gun. Load 2K dome-flare at 100ft altitude. White halogen. Stationary.

LENNOX'S POV - RIFLE SCOPE

The creature stands and looks straight into the scope as the POV switches from RED to NORMAL LIGHT. THEY'VE BEEN SPOTTED.

BACK TO SCENE:

LENNOX

Now, damn it! NOW!

Gillard FIRES.

The flare zips upward. It IGNITES just above the waterfall in a burst of white light and FORMS INTO THE CREST OF A DOME.

The Horned Creature gazes in awe as light beads from the dome-flare rain over its monkey-like face and horns.

For the first time, the truth is clear - this planet has NO COLOR. The trees, gravel, grass—everything is albino, like an overexposed black-and-white world.

Our team shields their eyes from the intense white-on-white surroundings.

CLOSE ON THE HORNED CREATURE, eyeing its predators.

Under the dome-flare, the creature's thick, TRANSLUCENT SKIN reveals its ghostly innards - muscles, veins, and organs shifting with each step.

Even with its monstrous mouth shut, its massive, orderly teeth loom beneath. Its ruby-red, crystalline horns match its probing eyes, glowing with eerie intensity.

The creature LEAPS off the waterfall, DIRECTLY TOWARDS LENNOX.

EDGE OF JUNGLE

Lennox is just as stunned as the others.

He FIRES!

We hear ANIMALS scatter from the DETONATION.

The round *RICOCHETS* off the Horned Creature's left horn and lands heavily on the riverbank - forty-yards from Lennox.

EDDIE

Damnit, now it's going to charge!

LENNOX

(pissed)

I know!

LENNOX'S POV - RIFLE SCOPE

Lennox easily ALIGNS his crosshairs with the creature's VISIBLE pounding heart.

BACK TO SCENE:

He FIRES!

The shot POPS a perfect hole in the Horned Creature's chest. LIGHTNING strands erupt from within the creature. It releases a *HORRIBLE SCREAM* and runs straight for them.

Zoe grabs Eddie by the arm and swings him behind her.

ZOE

GO!

EDDIE

What are you doing?! We gotta go!

ZOE

It's the perfect shot!

EDDIE

You're all fucking nuts--

LENNOX

QUIET!

Zoe pans from the creature to Lennox as he tries to follow it in his scope.

Lennox FIRES a rapid succession of shots. The rounds merely sink into the Horned Creature's jellyfish-like skin - igniting more lightning.

Lennox tries again, but empty *CLICKS* emit from his weapon. Gillard tosses Lennox his gun. The creature closes in. Lennox shoulders the weapon. Everyone falls back - except for Zoe.

LENNOX (CONT'D)

GUN! Load shock round!

Lennox carefully aims. FIRES!

The round impacts the Horned Creature's chest with a loud energy *DISCHARGE*. It stumbles back. *STRINGS OF LIGHTNING* race through its body. The creature *SHAKES* for a moment, shocked. It gets up to resume its advance - angered.

LENNOX (CONT'D)

Retreat! Everyone!

Lennox shoves Zoe back and takes one last look at the creature. It's almost on them.

The group flees from the edge of the Savanna into the JUNGLE.

EDDIE

Run General!

The creature lunges, crashing through foliage, swiping at Lennox. *MISSES*. He backpedals, scrambling for distance as the translucent beast pursues, slowed by the dense jungle.

An *ALIEN CACOPHONY* practically cheers for the Horned Creature.

The jungle recedes into DARKNESS as the flare dissipates.

Worried, Eddie tugs on Zoe's arm.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

ZOE

(genuinely scared)

What do we do?

EDDIE

Nyctalop. A night hunter. We're fucked
unless it dies. Now GO!

Eddie RUNS TOWARDS Lennox and the creature.

Lennox shoulders his gun. The Horned Creature rips trees out
of its way, its monstrous form silhouetted by the dying flare.

LENNOX

Gun, load incendiary round.

Lennox FIRES!

The projectile STRIKES the creature. Like a bursting water
balloon, the round SPLASHES the monster with a shower of
flames. But it shakes off the fire like a wet dog and
continues to press on, unharmed.

Lennox backs up, his every step a challenge. Steadies his aim.

LENNOX (CONT'D)

Gun load piercing round.

He FIRES! Another DETONATION. The creature lights up. Its
electric AURA illuminates the forest in a pale blue glow.

LENNOX (CONT'D)

Damn it. Gun! Load fragmentation round.

The frag-shell misses Eddie and showers the creature with
shrapnel. Hundreds of miniature STRANDS OF ELECTRICITY fire
about its internal organs, spiraling down its massive limbs.
BUT IT KEEPS GOING angrier than ever.

Eddie runs up to his side.

EDDIE

GUN LOAD HIGH LOW TEMP DUO!

CLOSE UP ON THE BARREL:

The gun loads two rounds, one right behind the other.

BACK ON SCENE:

Lennox gets it. He aims and FIRES, just as the creature goes for Eddie. The two rounds hit the beast with a fraction of a second delay between them. Two balloon-sized RED and BLUE spheres engulf the creature's torso - one sphere is RED-HOT, and the other is absolutely ZERO DEGREES.

Eddie and Lennox shield their faces, as the extreme heat difference coexists simultaneously in a QUANTUM ANOMALY that forms a SUBATOMIC BLACK HOLE.

Everything within a two-foot radius of the explosion DISAPPEARS, with a LOUD POP, even the air.

The beast COLLAPSES heavily to the ground with a giant HOLE in its chest. Inert.

The jungle goes silent.

LENNOX

Damn boy, that was...something else.

Eddie pulls a LIGHT STICK from his utility belt. Snaps it. The area brightens with an INTENSE ORANGE GLOW.

EDDIE

Yeah, quantum decoherence. I bet you didn't know about that trick.

LENNOX

We use QD for the tunnels--

Gillard arrives.

GILLARD

Are you wounded, General?

LENNOX

No.

GILLARD

That thing was as fit as a butcher's dog.

EDDIE

(intense)

WAIT!

Lennox spins around. The Horned Creature's upper body rises with one final GASP and drops to the jungle floor. A FLASH of electric light quickly CONSUMES its entire body as it exhales an electrically charged breath.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EDGE OF JUNGLE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

As they approach, *CRACK!* The Horned Creature implodes, its muscles contracting, pulverizing bone into a twisted heap.

The team eyes the smoking carcass. Shocked. Relieved. Lennox lifts the creature's ruby horns from its contorted skull and wipes the clear blood off them.

LENNOX

We head back to the jeep - set camp.

EDDIE

None of this makes sense.

Lennox nods yes -the two share a silent understanding.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The group camps in the savanna, their cargo vessel expanded into a tent-like base. Lennox feeds the bonfire as the others warm themselves in camping chairs.

Eddie stares into the flames.

ZOE

Eddie.

No answer. Zoe looks over to Eddie with concern.

ZOE (CONT'D)

What do you think daylight will hold for us? I don't like it when animals self-destruct.

GILLARD

And why are rounds as useless as a glass hammer?

Eddie rises to his feet.

EDDIE

Probably because this place took a fall from the evolutionary ugly tree and hit every branch on the way down.

JOYCE

Insightful.

EDDIE

These things are electrically-based, like us, but way different.

JOYCE

Thank you, Doctor Wesson, for that dazzling analysis.

EDDIE

When they're shot, they lose their charge, and since electricity seems to bind their cells, when they die, they--

GILLARD

Implode. Piece of piss, huh?

JOYCE

An aberration of nature.

EDDIE

All of the wildlife will most likely react the same way. Won't be able to trophy them.

GILLARD

No shit, genius.

EDDIE

We should leave this planet now. Morales sent you here for a reason, and I don't think it's a good one.

LENNOX

Wake up, kiddo. I hunt every world before anyone even sets foot on it. Sure, this one is a bit hostile, but we're here now, and I intend to return with my prey.

Joyce stands.

JOYCE

So we're not going home empty-handed.
That would be a first, and frankly,
it's beneath us. As for your presence,
it's just in case of a hunting audit...

LENNOX

So, now we hunt. Besides, I know how to
kill them now.

Eddie walks over to Lennox.

EDDIE

By using quantum anomalies? You know
how lucky we were that those rounds
didn't cause a massive gamma-surge?

LENNOX

Eddie, I don't think you realize who I
am. I made safaris possible for Dante.
I'm not your typical hunter.

EDDIE

I know who you are.

LENNOX

Without the military, Space-Tunnels,
Interworld would not exist.

EDDIE

(fed up)
So be it. You'll be judged by nature,
not me.

Eddie walks away from the flickering bonfire and vanishes into
the darkness. The group watches him disappear.

GILLARD

Finally...

Joyce, unfazed by Eddie's departure, remains composed.

JOYCE

(to the group)
I suppose someone has to be the voice
of dissent, even if it's poorly
articulated.

She pauses, adjusting her perfectly tailored jacket, then with
an air of casual superiority...

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Now, if you'll excuse me. Even queens
need to piss.

Joyce steps into the surrounding jungle.

INT. JUNGLE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Quickly, Joyce finds a secluded spot behind a tree. She settles and looks over her shoulder. All clear.

JOYCE'S PUPILS TURN RED. AUGMENTED REALITY CONTACT LENSES.

She makes a few hand gestures...

JOYCE'S POV - AR-LENSES

A SPACE-TUNNEL TRANSMISSION interface materializes. A three-dimensional rendering of the Space-Tunnel above their planet lights up and the following text types on.

CONNECTION SECURE. TRANSMIT WHEN READY, MRS. LENNOX.

EXT. BASE OF WATERFALL - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Under the fading dome-flare, a YOUNGER VERSION of the dead Horned Creature steps out from behind the pounding waterfall. Then, ANOTHER LARGER OFFSPRING emerges.

They sniff the air for a scent.

The older one releases a WAR CRY - its translucent skin fills with an angry lightning storm. The dome-flare finally fades out - leaving the orphaned siblings in the dark.

EXT. CAMPSITE - OUTSKIRTS - SAME TIME

Eddie sits alone at the edge of the fire's dimming light, typing on a Hard-Light keyboard. A suspended screen hovers, casting a blue glow across his face.

Zoe arrives and drops a rolled-up sleeping bag beside him.

ZOE

Whatcha doin'?

EDDIE

Report.

With a quick hand gesture, Eddie makes the screen and keyboard disappear as Zoe sits beside him.

ZOE

How diligent.

Eddie smiles, a hint of amusement softening his guardedness.

A comfortable silence between them. The fire crackles softly.

Eddie looks up from the fire and eyes Zoe.

EDDIE

You know, the best part of being a Scout was that you're there, living with them. A year in, you can't help but form a connection.

ZOE

Seems like you've grown pretty attached to the prey, Eddie. Not exactly ideal for a Guide, huh?

EDDIE

Yeah...it's an issue.

Eddie changes the subject, his tone shifting as he probes into something else.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

So, what happened on that last safari with Ulices? You were there, right?

Zoe's expression shifts, the memory clearly weighing on her.

ZOE

Unfortunately, yes, I was.

Zoe goes quiet, clearly wrestling with whether she wants to relive those moments. Eddie senses her hesitation.

EDDIE

It's okay, Zoe. Never--

ZOE

It was a windy day. We were on Drakos-Theta. You know the one. That grass...

EDDIE

(nods)

Yeah, it's the only habitable world in the Sirius Star System. I know the one.

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Sounds like you were on the outskirts
of Territory 9.

Zoe nods.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. PLANET 6 - SIRIUS STAR SYSTEM - GRASSY FIELD - NIGHT

A pink moon hangs in the black sky. Below, a vast field of five foot high iridescent grass shimmers in the moonlight. Whipping winds lash the surroundings.

Cut through the colorful grass is a DIRT THROUGHWAY.

A HOLO-ARRAY hovers over the wide path like a freeway sign. It reads:

TERRITORY 9 - PERIMETER ROUTE - PROCEED WITH CAUTION

Suddenly, SOMETHING BIG tramples through the grass with a lizard-like gait, heading straight for the road.

The sound of RACING HORSE HOOVES approaches.

THROUGHWAY - PERIMETER ROUTE

General Lennox and ULICES (30s) are riding side-by-side on HORSE-LIKE ANIMALS as fast as humanly possible.

Gillard and Zoe share a horse with the documentarian in the back filming. A Hard-Light gimbal steadies her shot.

The three Horse-like Animals huff from exhaustion, sprinting.

Suddenly, a black, KOMODO DRAGON-LIKE LIZARD, ten feet long, combat-ready, emerges from the colorful grass.

Ulices's horse REARS, TOSSING HIM to the ground unconscious. Lennox holds on, but Gillard's horse goes wild, tossing Zoe into the shimmering grass.

The lizard CHARGES Ulices as he stirs.

Lennox activates his gauntlet, and a Hard-Light bow materializes. He fires. Misses! The arrow explodes on impact.

Gillard fires. Misses! The beast is closing in too fast.

Lennox dismounts, raising his bow for a second shot. Too late.

Ulices locks eyes with Lennox one last time before the lizard tears him apart in seconds.

The large Komodo Dragon-Like Lizard eyes Lennox with Ulices's blood dripping from its jagged teeth.

LENNOX CHARGES, pulling out an arrow from his quiver.

The savage reptile CHARGES!

GILLARD (O.S.)
General!

GILLARD'S POV - RIFLE SCOPE

The General is in his line of sight. No shot.

BACK TO SCENE:

The Komodo Dragon-Like Lizard and Lennox COLLIDE and tumble to the ground. Man and lizard wrestle, but the General soon realizes he's no match for the sheer strength of this thing.

It chomps down on Lennox's arm, the one holding the arrow. The Lizard's head and the General's arm EXPLODE.

Gillard runs to the General and quickly applies a metal tourniquet that clamps into his bicep. The bleeding stops.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. CAMPSITE - OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS

ZOE
NEVER taking a perimeter route again.

EDDIE
Where was Joyce, his good luck charm?

ZOE
(rolling her eyes)
Met Gala. Where else? I'm surprised she's here. She's been MIA for weeks.

Zoe stands, stretching as she reflects on the day.

ZOE (CONT'D)
Ulices was like a son to the General...

She hesitates, wrestling with whether to steer the conversation into more personal territory. After a moment, she decides to go for it.

ZOE (CONT'D)

From what I can tell, your father and the General were friends.

There's a pause as she reflects.

ZOE (CONT'D)

I bet you remind him of your father.

I'm sure that's why you're here.

(sincere)

I'm sorry about your loss...

Eddie nods, his expression a mix of subdued gratitude and quiet acceptance.

EDDIE

That was a long time ago. Thank you.

Zoe leans down, reassuringly touching Eddie's shoulder, her touch comforting and grounding.

She vanishes into the darkness.

Eddie lies back, resting his head on the rolled-up sleeping bag, and stares at the electric moons above, their glow casting a soft light over his contemplative expression.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GUN RANGE - INTERWORLD SAFARI ARMORY - DAY

A HOLOGRAPHIC FOREST is enclosed in a LARGE CHAMBER. BOOTHS occupied by HUNTERS surround the chamber. Holographic DEER-LIKE animals dart between the trees.

BLAM! A Deer-like Animal is sent back 20ft from the impact.

BLAM! Another one drops.

BLAM! Another one.

The range goes quiet. All the Hunters lean out of their booths to see who the Hell is, killing all the prey single-handedly.

It's Naomi, her pistol smoking.

HUNTER (O.S.)
(Italian accent)
CHE CAZZO, PUTTANA!

Naomi leans out of her booth, wearing a biker's jacket adorned with patches from arms dealers.

Naomi points her gun at the Hunter. The Hunter and the others slink back into their booths.

DYLAN STONE (30s), a slender man with platinum hair, arrives and walks to Naomi's booth. He's attempting to roll a joint and not doing a good job of it.

A gleaming humanoid ROBOT stands beside Dylan like a bodyguard, TEK-2.

DYLAN
Making friends as usual, huh, Naomi?

NAOMI
Fuck off.

DYLAN
You know, there's a whole thing about playing nice with others.

NAOMI
Let's get on with it, fucknut.
(beat)
You got the masks, right?

DYLAN
Yeah.

NAOMI
Good boy.

EXT. NOVABAR - NIGHT

Two masked figures descend from the sky, moving like wraiths.

One wears the face of a MANDRILL, the other a WOLVERINE. They land without a sound.

ROOFTOP

The Wolverine locks eyes with the Mandrill - a silent nod. A signal. A pact.

The Mandrill gestures, and from thin air, a DISC MATERIALIZES, its edges humming with lethal energy.

The Wolverine tenses. Coiled. Ready.

With a flick of the wrist, the Mandrill hurls the disc. It arcs, lands, and instantly erupts into motion, spinning faster and faster.

The roof yields in seconds, metal and concrete dissolving into a six-foot yawning void, revealing Novabar below.

The Wolverine pounces - silent, precise, lethal. Mid-air, pistols snap from its gauntlets. The Mandrill follows.

INT. NOVABAR - CONTINUOUS

The masked duo lands amidst the chaos. The crowd of The Masked scrambles in terror, shoving toward the exit.

EXT. NOVABAR - CONTINUOUS

Across the street, Tek-2, perched on a rooftop, fires rapid laser bursts. The blasts cut down fleeing Masked, their bodies crumpling in the neon haze.

INT. NOVABAR

Behind the bar, a Baboon-masked BARTENDER reaches for a shotgun - too slow.

The Wolverine flicks a small device, a Weapons-Block. The shotgun dies in his hands.

A single gunshot. The Mandrill executes him, blood misting liquor bottles.

The Wolverine pivots, hot lasers ripping into the fleeing crowd. Bodies drop like hunted prey.

They step over the fallen, eyes scanning. Searching.

RED ZEBRA (O.S.)

HERE!

From beneath a booth, Red Zebra emerges, dimly outlined by moonlight through the gaping ceiling.

The Wolverine and Mandrill approach - slow, deliberate, weapons raised.

WOLVERINE

On your knees.

She complies, unfazed, unarmed.

The Mandrill levels his weapon at her head.

RED ZEBRA

Can't stop killing, can you? It's all
you people know. Well, that's coming to
an end. The wild will have its revenge.

The Wolverine crouches, gripping the mane of her mask.

WOLVERINE

It's over, Masked.

The Wolverine yanks the mask away. Before her face can be
seen, she dissipates into thin air. A Hard-Light transmission.

WOLVERINE (CONT'D)

Fuuuck!

EXT. DANTE MORALES'S MANSION - ROOFTOP - LATER

A Hover-Convertible DROPS INTO VIEW with Dylan at the wheel.
Ten-feet off the roof, Naomi hops out, hitting the surface
like a panther.

Tek-2 checks to see if she's okay. *Humans are fragile.*

Dylan lands beside a mean, shark-like craft, a NIGHT-ARROW.

Awaiting their arrival is Morales's red upholstered Butler.

INT. DANTE MORALES'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A sleek rotunda, its panoramic glass frames the stormy Malibu
Coast. Lightning flashes, casting dramatic shadows.

A couple, locked in a silhouetted kiss - Joyce and Morales. A
LIGHTNING STRIKE illuminates them. Morales breaks the kiss.

DANTE MORALES

(pensive)

I have to admit. I will miss him.

JOYCE

Darling, let's not waste time on
sentiment.

(MORE)

JOYCE (CONT'D)

I'm married to the man, but he's become an obstacle. He's a threat to everything we've built.

DANTE MORALES

How is Wesson?

JOYCE

A pain.

DANTE MORALES

(contemplative)

He's with The Masked.

JOYCE

Oh...I see now, so you're gonna blame the whole thing on him.

Morales, still mulling over the situation, gazes out at the storm. He seems to be weighing his next move carefully.

DANTE MORALES

(facetious)

To betray, or not to betray? Is that the question?

JOYCE

(confident, dismissive)

Betray is the only option.

The Butler escorts Dylan, Tek-2, and Naomi into the wide-open living room and comes to a dead stop, like a machine.

Joyce looks at them with an air of superiority, her gaze as contemptuous as it is cunning.

BUTLER

Mr. Morales. Your guests have arrived.

Morales and Joyce turn away from the window, facing the assassins as the Butler retreats into the shadows.

JOYCE

See you soon, killer.

JOYCE TURNS GLASS-LIKE and FLICKERS OUT - A HARD-LIGHT TRANSMISSION from the jungle of planet thirteen.

Morales turns away and stares at the approaching storm, watching his morals set sail.

EXT. DANTE MORALES'S MANSION - ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

ARMED TO THE TEETH, Morales, Naomi, Dylan, and Tek-2 board the shark-like craft. Moments later, it LIFTS OFF THE ROOF, ROTATES, and FIRES OFF into the upper atmosphere.

EXT. EXOSPHERE ABOVE EARTH - MOMENTS LATER

The Night-Arrow tears ACROSS FRAME, and in the distance, a SPACE-TUNNEL looms.

INT. SPACE-TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

As the Night-Arrow travels through the Space-Tunnel, the mirror reflection of the destination flickers into view: the Albino World with its violent moons.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - MORNING

The rays of the morning sun unveil the campground. The dwindling YELLOW bonfire flames are a bizarre contrast to this BLACK and WHITE WORLD.

Eddie is piecing together his crushed WEAPONS-BLOCK and doing a good job of keeping it concealed.

Lennox exits the tent. Wearing nothing more than his boxers, his skin contrasts dramatically with the white world around him. He's heavily scarred. He takes a deep breath and sings, "OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNIN" from "OKLAHOMA."

Sleepy-eyed, everyone else emerges from the tent. They're all speechless as they gawk at the surroundings.

LENNOX

Good morning, NEW WORLD!

Eddie's Weapons-Block releases a low beep as he snaps it back together. He discreetly pockets the gadget.

LENNOX (CONT'D)

Let's move out and explore.

GILLARD

What do we do about the Guide?

Eddie steps over to them.

EDDIE

General, we have to talk.

GILLARD

Stay back if you don't want me to beat seven shades of shit out of you.

LENNOX

We can talk later.

EDDIE

This isn't normal; animals are never this resilient. You know this--

GILLARD

Fuck, man, cut the bloody bio lesson. If you know how to kill these things without wrecking 'em, just spit it out.

Eddie shakes his head in frustration.

LENNOX

We don't need to kill them.

EDDIE

That's the first intelligent--

Lennox turns to Gillard.

LENNOX

Load me some vacuum rounds.

EDDIE

Wait? That's your plan? Suffocation?

Gillard bumps at Eddie.

GILLARD

Bloke, you'd better stay put. If I see you within a klick of the hunt, I'll consider you a "jaywalker."

EDDIE

You're a real earache, man.

Zoe eyes Eddie from afar. She switches on her shoulder-cam and hops in the jeep.

Eddie watches as the jeep lifts off the ground - the red horns from Lennox's kill are now mounted to the hood.

As the cargo-vessel rises, Eddie makes a run for it. JUMPS. Grabs the rear hatch. His camera dangles from his neck.

EXT. SAVANNA - MOMENTS LATER

The convoy moves over the WHITE SAVANNA one-hundred-feet off the ground. As far as the eye can see the landscape is devoid of color and PITTED WITH METEORITE CRATERS.

THE CRATERS vary drastically in size, like our moon. Some are eroded, and others are more recent, leaving gaping pits in the surrounding jungle.

CLOSE ON EDDIE struggling to hold onto the cargo-vessel.

HOVER-JEEP

Lennox spots something.

LENNOX

There!

He positions his binoculars--

LENNOX'S POV - BINOCULAR

A TRANSLUCENT LION-LIKE CREATURE bounds across the savanna, nearly invisible against the white terrain, except for its majestic white mane. Its head is a ghastly fusion of a bull's skull and a shark's brutal jaw.

SAVANNA

Unaware of its pursuers in the sky, the LION-SHARK stops on the rim of a crater that borders the white jungle. It prowls into the crater, out of view...hunting something.

HOVER-JEEP

Lennox lowers his binoculars.

LENNOX

We're not the only hunters this morning. Gillard, land on the outskirts of that crater.

The Cargo-Vessel descends. Ten-feet from landing, Eddie clutches his camera and DROPS.

CLOSE ON EDDIE as he hits the savanna floor and tumbles. He gets up and watches the convoy halt half a mile away.

Eddie spots something out of place on the ground.

EDDIE'S POV

Two pair of FOOTPRINTS in the grass. One is obviously a robot's. *But Scouts don't have robots...*

BACK TO SCENE:

A *SNORTING* startles him. He turns.

Half a dozen HIPPO-LIKE MAMMALS are eyeing him strangely. Their translucent skin is zebra-striped with opaque white bands - perfectly camouflaged.

EDDIE

Easy guys.

Eddie steals a quick snapshot.

They resume eating grass as Eddie makes his way to the crater.

Something in the sky catches his eye.

Eddie takes his camera and aims. ZOOMS IN--

EDDIE'S POV - CAMERA

In the distance, the Night-Arrow can be seen descending through the atmosphere.

BACK TO SCENE:

Eddie lowers his camera, puzzled.

EXT. CRATER OUTSKIRTS - MOMENTS LATER

The convoy has settled on the outskirts - concealing themselves from the Lion-Shark. Gillard emerges from the rear of the cargo-vessel holding a rifle. He hands Lennox the gun.

GILLARD

Locked and loaded, General.

LENNOX

Once we're done here, I want you to retrieve Wesson.

GILLARD

He'll just piss on our bonfire.

LENNOX

I don't want him to get hurt. He's here
because of me. Understood?

Like a good soldier, Gillard obeys the order.

GILLARD

Yes, sir. Consider it done.

CRATER

The crater is 200ft wide and 40ft deep.

The Lion-Shark cautiously moves toward a NEST the size of a swimming pool in the center of the crater. Four beautiful, crystal-clear, beach ball-sized EGGS are inside.

INSERT: EGGS

TWISTING EMBRYOS are clearly exposed as blue strands of electricity ricochet inside the embryonic fluid.

RIM OF CRATER

They lie down - in awe. Lennox steadies his aim and smiles.

LENNOX

Not this time, kitty.

Before Lennox can take a shot, SOMETHING DARTS past his POV.

CRATER NEST

A Cessna-sized, FOUR-WINGED PTERODACTYL-LIKE predator swoops down, spiraling toward its nest. Its glass-like feathers catch the sunlight, creating the illusion of a fireball in pursuit.

The Lion-Shark senses something from above and freezes, just as the Pterodactyl-Like Bird LANDS ON HIM, grasping its prey with massive talons.

RIM OF CRATER

Lennox holds his fire.

CRATER NEST

The big bird's dagger-like bill opens wide. It goes for the Lion-Shark's neck, but the mighty feline THRUSTS the giant bird off its back, sending it CRASHING into the nest. An EGG is knocked free and SHATTERS.

INSERT: EGG

A crystal-like BABY BIRD wobbles free of its eggshell and tries to walk, but to no avail.

BACK TO SCENE:

The Lion-Shark POUNCES on the baby bird, killing it instantly.

RIM OF CRATER

Lennox aims, waiting for a clean shot.

CRATER NEST

The mother Pterodactyl-like Bird DIVES for the Lion-Shark but misses the swift cat as it parries the bird's deadly bill.

The Lion-Shark SPRINGS FORWARD. It lands on top of the bird and tears through its thorny wings. Finally, the monstrous shark jaw finds its predator's thin neck and SEVERS IT.

The Pterodactyl-like Bird's ELECTRICAL DISCHARGE seems to be ABSORBED by the Lion-Shark. Strangely, at that moment, it TURNS OPAQUE with its natural color of YELLOW - looking beautiful against the black and white terrain.

The Lion-Shark drops the winged carcass just as its skeleton EXPLODES - grossly DEFORMING the dead bird.

The Lion-Shark turns its attention back to the eggs.

RIM OF CRATER

Lennox FIRES.

EXT. CRATER OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS

Running, Eddie hears the detonation. He freezes. Too late.

EXT. CRATER NEST - SAME TIME

A BLUE SPHERE instantaneously ENCOMPASSES the Lion-Shark's head. It tries to escape, but the sphere is locked-on like a helmet. Asphyxiated, it collapses.

EXT. RIM OF CRATER - CONTINUOUS

The group runs down the wall of the crater.

EXT. CAMPSITE - SAME TIME

Cold black ashes from the dead bonfire are blowing across the white grounds.

The TWO SIBLING HORNED CREATURES quietly step into view. Sprouting from their monkey-like faces are smaller ruby-red horns than their parent.

They sniff the campsite for their prey. Their horns fill with bouncing lightning.

EXT. CRATER NEST - MOMENTS LATER

Gillard steps over the bird's remains and kicks the Lion-Shark - checking for any sign of life.

GILLARD

One round, one kill. That's how it's done.

Zoe films away.

Gillard kneels beside the Lion-Shark and raises its massive head - showing it off to the General.

GILLARD (CONT'D)

This trophy's a real beaut'!

LENNOX

Gillard, check for vitals.

Gillard steps close to the creature.

Suddenly, the Lion-Shark's head JERKS TO LIFE. It CLAMPS DOWN on Gillard's head with its jaw, CRACKING IT. Gillard's red blood travels down the creature's translucent throat.

Before Lennox can take aim, the Lion-Shark flings Gillard's body through the air - hitting Lennox across the chest.

The creature jumps for Zoe.

OUT OF NOWHERE, Eddie LEAPS in front of the creature, knife in hand.

With its own momentum, the Lion-Shark is IMPALED.

An electrical SPARK fires into Eddie. He's tossed to the ground. The Lion-Shark lands on all fours - over Eddie. Eddie grabs onto the creature's mane, barely keeping its jaw away.

Lennox - covered in Gillard's blood - plants his weapon like a spear into the Lion-Shark's side.

LENNOX (CONT'D)

Load bolt round!

He pulls the trigger. Eddie lets go, shielding his eyes. The Lion-Shark ignites, glowing like a bulb on the verge of explosion. The gun turns red-hot, its Hard-Light handle SHORTS OUT and vanishes. Lennox drops it, his hand smoking.

The gun EXPLODES.

The Lion-Shark lets out a horrible MOAN. It TURNS BLACK - as if being burned from the inside out - and COLLAPSES.

The creature TWITCHES with an electric shock and DEFORMS, leaving a Picasso-esque carcass behind.

Zoe helps Eddie up.

Joyce steps over to Lennox.

JOYCE

Are you okay?

Lennox cringes in severe pain. His hand is badly burned.

LENNOX

No. I am not.

Disoriented, Lennox walks over to Gillard's body.

JOYCE

Gillard should have been more careful--

LENNOX

JOYCE! My...my best friend is DEAD.

Joyce backs off, letting Eddie step over to Lennox, still catching his breath.

EDDIE
 (huffing)
 We -- have -- visitors.
 (noticing Gillard)
 Fuck...

Without warning, Joyce shoves Eddie with surprising force, causing him to stumble backward.

JOYCE
 Back off, Guide!

EDDIE
 (whispering)
 Wait a second! I just saw a Night-Arrow descending.

JOYCE
 You're lying! No one knows of this planet but us.

Eddie takes a beat, confused as to how to convince them.

EDDIE
 Okay, it's simple people. You cannot kill anything here without a fucking...TANK.

Lennox stares at Eddie, his expression inscrutable, as if weighing the truth against his own instincts.

JOYCE
 (at Lennox)
 He's trying everything he can to sabotage your last safari.

She swivels back to Eddie, her gaze piercing.

LENNOX
 QUIET! BOTH OF YOU!

Despite his burned hand, Lennox grabs Eddie by the collar.

ZOE
 Let him go! He wants to help us.

Suddenly, a VOICE interrupts from off-screen.

DANTE MORALES(O.S.)
 OLD MAN!

Lennox, startled, turns towards the familiar voice, tension thick in the air as everyone braces for what's coming next.

EXT. RIM OF CRATER - CONTINUOUS

DYLAN, TEK-2, AND NAOMI STAND ON THE CRATER'S RIM. Naomi is aiming a Winchester rifle that's clearly two hundred years in the future, while Dylan and Tek-2 hold laser pistols.

Morales stands on the crater's edge. He tosses a VEST into the crater nest, landing it by Joyce.

LENNOX (O.S.)

What the fuck are you doing here?

In the BG, the Night-Arrow is parked in a recessed crater.

CRATER NEST

The tension is palpable as Joyce picks up the vest and presses a cold, calculated kiss to Lennox's cheek - her eyes glinting with the thrill of finally playing her hand.

LENNOX

Joyce?

JOYCE

Goodbye, Richard.

She straps on the vest casually as if this were merely another step in her well-orchestrated plan.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

It was fun while it lasted, but let's be honest -- you only care about one thing.

She pauses, letting the words sink in, a cruel smile curling on her lips.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

(disdainful)

And no, NOT your trophies, that would be way cliché. Despite all your faults, you've never been a shallow man.

Lennox's face contorts with betrayal and genuine heartbreak. This isn't just about power. It's personal.

LENNOX

Tell me then.

Joyce, with a cold smile, pushes a button on the vest. It HUMS ominously. The endgame has begun. Joyce hovers twenty-feet off the ground, the power she wields now undeniable.

JOYCE
(screaming)
FUCKING NATURE!

Lennox eyes Dante, standing on the edge of the crater.

Then back at Joyce.

LENNOX
So, you went ahead and told Dante I
knew about the clones?

RIM OF CRATER

Joyce's eyes gleam with triumph. She's been waiting for this moment, relishing every second. She lands by Morales.

Morales surveys Lennox like prey.

DANTE MORALES
You're not slowing us down, Richard.

Morales's expression goes cold as he signals his posse. He gives Naomi a deadpan look. The gun fanatic aims her Winchester at Lennox's head.

Dylan and Tek-2 aim their pistols at Eddie and Zoe.

DANTE MORALES (CONT'D)
(flat, but sincere)
I'm sorry it has come down to this. But
I know you. Once you get an idea in
your head, you're hellbent.

He sighs, almost regretfully, but his decision is firm.

DANTE MORALES (CONT'D)
(sincere)
I had no choice here, Rich.

CRATER NEST

Eddie and Zoe instinctively take a step back, sensing the moment's gravity.

EDDIE
(under his breath)
Get ready to run.

Eddie shows Zoe his Weapons-Block.

ZOE
Does it work?

EDDIE
Gonna find out.

RIM OF CRATER

Morales turns to Eddie.

DANTE MORALES
Masked. You're going to die like an
animal now. How fitting.

Morales pulls Eddie's Lion-Mask from Naomi's backpack and
throws it in the crater.

CRATER NEST

Lennox looks at Eddie with surprise.

EDDIE
You're just another poacher, Morales.
Killing for cash.

DANTE MORALES
Spoken like a true Masked.

Lennox looks at Morales - fire in his eyes.

LENNOX
You'll pay for this one, Dante.

JOYCE
I don't think he will.

ZOE
(at Joyce)
Never liked you.

Lennox calmly notices Eddie's hand and the Weapons-Block
Naomi, Dylan and Tek-2 are lined up like an execution squad.

Morales smiles at Lennox.

DANTE MORALES
This is simply survival of the fittest,
like you always rant about! Now, any
last words?

Dante looks at Joyce, still confused. Dylan laughs loudly. Naomi slaps his arm to shut him up.

LENNOX
(to Eddie)
NOW!

CRATER NEST

Like a gunslinger, Eddie pulls out his repaired Weapons-Block. Hits it. All of their weapons SHUT DOWN with high-pitched *DESCENDING BEEPS*.

Lennox draws his six-shooter from his hidden holster.

RIM OF CRATER

Naomi pulls her trigger. Nothing.

LENNOX (O.S.)
Drop your weapons!

Dylan and Tek-2 fire. Nothing. They look at Eddie in anger.

NAOMI
You think we're scared of that antique?
What does it fire again, pebbles?

CRATER NEST

Lennox FIRES.

RIM OF CRATER

Naomi takes the bullet in the CHEST. She *SCREAMS* and steps back, holding her chest.

NAOMI
Asshole! He just shot me in the TIT!

Naomi opens her jacket to reveal a bulletproof vest.

DYLAN
You got shot with a relic! That's
classic!

Lennox FIRES another round in Dylan's KNEE. He collapses to the ground, screaming.

LENNOX
HEY! DUMB ASSES!

CRATER NEST

Eddie is still aiming his Weapons-Block at them.

EDDIE
(whispering)
I'm not sure how long this thing's
gonna hold.

LENNOX
Drop 'em!

RIM OF CRATER

They reluctantly throw their weapons into the crater.

INSERT: WEAPONS-BLOCK

With a final squeak of electricity, the damaged device dies.

BACK TO SCENE:

Eddie drops the dead Weapons-Block and SNATCHES UP THE
WINCHESTER AND PISTOLS.

CRATER NEST

Suddenly, a *HORRIFYING CRY* echoes in the crater.

Eddie and Lennox turn.

EXT. OPPOSITE RIM OF CRATER - CONTINUOUS

Looking down from the ledge are the SIBLING HORNED CREATURES.

CRATER NEST

ZOE
Oh my God...

Lennox looks back up at the rim. Morales is gone.

EDDIE
Fuck... We've been tracked.

OPPOSITE RIM OF CRATER

The cubs jump into the crater.

CRATER NEST

LENNOX
RUN!

They race for the opposite side of the crater - adjacent to the jungle and quickly disappear into the underbrush.

EXT. RIM OF CRATER - CONTINUOUS

Morales and his cohorts have retreated away from the rim.

Dylan grabs a syringe-like tool from his jacket and holds it out to Naomi.

DYLAN
Jack me up.

Naomi grabs the device and presses it to his knee. He squints in pain. Waits. Sighs in relief.

Tek-2 kneels and places a metal hand on his wound.

CLOSE ON TEK-2'S HAND as he grips Dylan's knee. Hundreds of tiny toothpick-like strands that create his outer skin SPILL ON HIS KNEE like a colony of ants, supplying him with a flexible compression bandage.

BACK TO SCENE:

TEK-2
*Next time, move eighteen percent faster
in the opposite direction by a minimum
of thirty-eight degrees--*

Dylan shoves Tek-2 away. It doesn't react.

DYLAN
Shut it, robot.

NAOMI

What now, Dante?

(sarcastic)

Kinda hard to make this look like Eddie killed 'em and covered it up as a hunting accident when...I'm gonna have to riddle all of 'em with a LOT of holes, might even use a grenade or two.

DANTE MORALES

New plan. There's no doubt they will be heading for the Hemingway, so kill them all and get the bodies on that ship. I'll take care of the rest.

NAOMI

I'll wait for 'em at the beach.

(realization)

If those jellyfish-apes kill them first, I'm still getting paid. Got it?

DANTE MORALES

Give me bodies, and I'll give you whatever you want.

EXT. RIM OF CRATER - CONTINUOUS

A trio of alloy motorcycles - lacking wheels - hover nearby. The Hover-Cycle tanks are etched with the authentic Harley-Davidson emblem. Rifle holsters are on the sides of each seat.

Naomi, Trek-2 and Dylan each mount a bike.

NAOMI

You push 'em through the jungle. I'm taking the beach.

Naomi revs the throttle.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Let's hunt!

Naomi ZIPS OUT OF FRAME with a *HARLEY ROAR* as Joyce and Morales board the Night-Arrow.

INT. JUNGLE - MOMENTS LATER

Shuffling through the jagged, milky white jungle, Eddie can hear the roar of the bikes, but a thunderous *BANG* suddenly muffles them. He eyes the sky through the jungle foliage.

EDDIE'S POV

Through the dense foliage he spots an APPROACHING STORM. Dark clouds billow, creating a wall of blackness, contrasting greatly with the white surroundings.

Suddenly, a STRAY MOON ROCK with a tail of LIGHTNING breaks through the clouds. It energizes the already turbulent sky with violent electricity.

BACK TO SCENE:

The meteorite impacts a mile away with a *BOOM*.

EXT. JUNGLE'S EDGE - CONTINUOUS

Like two mad mountain gorillas, the HORNED CREATURES PUNCH TREES out of their way as they infiltrate the jungle.

SKY

Dylan and Tek-2 fly 50ft over the treetops. Electricity is in the air. They watch the creatures plow through the jungle.

DYLAN

Those things are gonna lead us straight
to 'em.

EXT. JUNGLE - SAME TIME

Eddie and Zoe are running for their lives. Zoe and Eddie, sprinting, panting. Lennox is out of sight.

SOUNDS of the JUNGLE BEING THRASHED close in.

ZOE

(looking back)
We're not losing them...

Eddie looks back.

EDDIE'S POV

ONE OF THE HORNED CREATURES is too close for comfort. Two-hundred-yards away.

BACK TO SCENE:

Eddie stops. Zoe stops.

ZOE
What are you doing?!

EDDIE
Trust me.

She grabs him by the arm.

ZOE
Come on!

The creature is fifty-yards away and closing.

EDDIE
We can't outrun it. I'll slow it down.

Eddie shoulders the Winchester. Aims.

It's now twenty-yards away.

Zoe paralyzed with uncertainty. Fight or flight?

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Get out of here! Please!

After one final look of fear, Zoe runs off.

EDDIE'S POV

He has a perfect shot of the Horned Creature. He FIRES. The creature instinctively DUCKS. The laser grazes its shoulder. It *CRIES OUT* in pain.

BACK TO SCENE:

Eddie aims again.

LENNOX (O.S.)
Give me the gun!

Eddie turns. Lennox grabs the gun and shoulders it.

LENNOX (CONT'D)
Never aim high on a biped. They duck.
Wait 'til it gets close

Ten-yards away.

EDDIE
Yeah, that's pretty close...

LENNOX
No--

LENNOX'S POV

THE HORNED CREATURE is literally on top of them.

BACK TO SCENE:

LENNOX
That's close enough.

Lennox FIRES. The laser tunnels right through the creature's leg. It *CRASHES* to the ground.

The creature moves erratically on the jungle floor. Its head is overrun by SPARKS.

A *LOUD CRASH*.

The other sibling is moving in on them fast.

Eddie and Lennox look at each other. They're fucked.

EDDIE
We have to lead them away from Zoe!

LENNOX
THIS WAY! I found a river. It'll take us to the beach.

They break into a sprint.

LENNOX (CONT'D)
We'll use the sea-transport to get us back to the ship.

CLOSE ON THE CREATURE. It comes to a halt, standing over its wounded sibling as it slowly rises, LIMPING with its entire left side sporadically paralyzed.

They resume their hunt.

DYLAN AND TEK-2 SWOOP INTO FRAME and maneuver their Hover-Cycles into the channel cleared by the charging cubs.

EXT. JUNGLE - SAME TIME

Eddie and Lennox race through the jungle, out of breath.

EXT. RIVERBED - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie and Lennox arrive at a dried-up riverbed. It's concealed by a canopy of foliage, forming a tunnel through the jungle.

Zoe is there, anxiously waiting, pacing back and forth.

LENNOX

We can move faster down this river, but those things won't stop.

ZOE

Even if we take care of them, we'll have to deal with Morales's goons--

EDDIE

Which are probably following those bloodhounds straight to us.

Lennox looks at them and smiles - he's got a plan. He pulls out Dylan's laser pistol.

LENNOX

Zoe, run down this river and stop before you reach the beach. I'm sure there's a welcome party waiting for us.

Zoe takes the gun.

ZOE

What are you gonna do?

Lennox smiles at Zoe and turns to Eddie.

LENNOX

Ever had a hunting dog?

EDDIE

Ah, you wanna flush 'em out.

Eddie grabs Lennox by his artificial arm.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

But before we go get ourselves killed, tell me what the Hell is going on. What about the clones?

LENNOX

You want to talk about this now? Do I have to remind you we got two half-ton monsters and two idiots on our tail?

Eddie stares him down.

LENNOX (CONT'D)

What I'll tell you right now is if Interworld isn't slowed the fuck down, all animals will go extinct.

EDDIE

What do you mean by "extinct"? That's what the clones are for.

Zoe claps. The men look at her.

ZOE

Guys! Let's go! I really need to get the fuck off this rock.

EXT. JUNGLE - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie and Lennox are running TOWARD THE TWO-HORNED CREATURES.

EDDIE

Remember, circle two hundred yards out, converging on their trail.

They run off. Eddie is to the left, Lennox is to the right.

THE CREATURES reach where they last spotted Eddie and Lennox and SPLIT UP, following their prey into the jungle.

EXT. FRESH CHANNEL - CONTINUOUS

Dylan and Tek-2 are riding their bikes down the channel made by the Horned Creature - wide enough to ride side by side.

Suddenly, a few hundred feet ahead, Lennox and Eddie simultaneously break out of the jungle on opposite sides.

Dylan goes wide-eyed.

DYLAN

SHIT!

He hits the gas - heading straight for them.

Tek-2 is left in the dust.

Eddie and Lennox stop in the middle of the channel.

Lennox looks at the incoming cycle.

LENNOX

Ready?

EDDIE

Yes! Let's go!

They turn and run away from the cycles, back down the channel.

Dylan and Tek-2 suddenly find themselves on a COLLISION COURSE with the two creatures as they EMERGE from Eddie and Lennox's exit points.

Dylan's cycle slams into the first Horned Creature, tearing it in half. Its disemboweled body twists mid-air before crashing down. Dylan's cycle spins out of control. He's thrown clear as the bike plummets and explodes.

CLOSE ON TEK-2 lagging, he only has time to swerve around the second creature, but it manages to SWAT TEK-2 OFF THE CYCLE.

Tek-2 crashes to the ground.

CLOSE ON DYLAN as he stumbles to his feet. Bloodied. Dazed.

He finds Tek-2.

DYLAN

Metal Head! Guard me!

CLOSE ON TEK-2 as he attempts to stand. Thousands of his toothpick-like elements pour out of his torn torso like blood.

Surprised to see its prey still alive, the Horned Creature pins Tek-2 with its foot. It grabs his metallic head and tries to rip it off rapidly.

Eddie and Lennox stop to eye the chaos.

EDDIE

This should keep everyone busy.

They head back into the jungle.

With the creature preoccupied with Tek-2, Dylan limps over to Tek-2's cycle.

He pulls out a weapon from the seat holster: A HEAVY DUTY SNIPER RIFLE with a strange scope.

The creature has finished ripping Tek-2 to pieces.

It turns to Dylan.

Dylan pulls a foot-long silver DART-LIKE round from the side of the rifle and inserts it into the gun chamber.

DYLAN
(at rifle)
Slow spin penetration, on impact.

He FIRES!

The Horned Creature takes the dart in the neck.

DYLAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
How do you like that, FREAK?!

The dart SPINS, SCREWING itself into the creature's neck. Confused and in severe pain, the creature *WHINES*. The dart, finished with its intrusion, *BEEPS*.

The Horned Creature goes for Dylan.

DYLAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
DETONATE!

A sharp blast vaporizes the creature's neck, and its severed head cracks into a twisted heap. The headless body remains standing, then violently contracts, warping hideously as its translucent innards spill out.

CLOSE ON DYLAN, watching this horrifying sight with a grin.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Nasty.

Dylan inserts another dart-round, eyes the scope, and re-aims toward our fleeing heroes.

RIFLE (V.O.)
Jungle-Dart inserted. Specify target.

DYLAN'S POV - SCOPE

DYLAN (O.S.)
Human. Running - for their lives.

DIRECTIONAL CROSS HAIRS APPEAR and aid Dylan.

RIFLE (V.O.)
 Target search, estimated distance: four
 hundred eleven meters. Four hundred
 twelve meters...

BACK TO SCENE:

DYLAN
 Acquire target, and fire!

The other WOUNDED SIBLING - minus its legs - uses its arms to raise itself off the jungle floor directly behind Dylan. With a final lunge, it SMACKS DYLAN'S HEAD CLEAN OFF HIS NECK.

CLOSE ON THE RIFLE as it topples to the ground.

RIFLE (V.O.)
 Target acquired.

With a *THUD*, the rifle FIRES.

CLOSE ON THE DART as it pierces EVERYTHING in its path.

EXT. RIVERBED - CONTINUOUS

Zoe sprints. She stops and turns around. Hesitates. Runs. Freezes in her tracks again.

CLOSE ON ZOE with an expression of impending doom as a *WHISTLING* CLOSSES IN. *THUD!*

Her natural beauty is all but gone as her face contorts in pain: the dart has found its specified target.

EXT. OCEAN - SAME TIME

The Night-Arrow SKIMS THE OCEAN and lands beside The Hemingway. Morales and Joyce get out and board Lennox's ship.

EXT. RIVERBED - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie and Lennox arrive at the dried-up riverbed.

EDDIE
 Where is she?

There's a trail of blood on the otherwise white ground.

Eddie tracks the blood trail. Just around the bend is Zoe. She's lying on her stomach. The dart is lodged in her back, sandwiched between two ribs. It's slowly TURNING CLOCKWISE.

Eddie and Lennox drop down beside her.

LENNOX

It's a Damocles Dart. It didn't get its final order. Hold her.

EDDIE

What's this thing supposed to do?

LENNOX

Explode on order if you attempt to remove it. Designed for dirty tactics.

Zoe lets out a CRY.

EDDIE

Hang in there, Zoe.

Zoe looks into Eddie's eyes. They share a moment of intense uncertainty. Will they live? Is this really it?

Eddie looks in his cargo jacket. He pulls out a small pen-like injection device - identical to Naomi's. Eddie injects Zoe.

LENNOX

Hold her.

With his Hard-Light hand, Lennox grips the dart.

ZOE

Do it!

Lennox pulls the dart out of her back. She *SCREAMS*. It EXPLODES. A ball of fire gobbles up Lennox's Hard-Light limb. The shock wave throws him onto Eddie.

INSERT: LENNOX'S HARD-LIGHT ARM

It's immediately glitches out of existence.

BACK TO SCENE:

Lennox forces the excruciating pain out of his mind.

LENNOX

FUUUUUUUCK!

Lennox sighs and lies on his back.

EDDIE

You...okay? That was something else.

LENNOX

Wait... Your Dad used to say that.

(beat)

How's my girl?

EDDIE

She fainted. The good news is I can't hear our pursuers anymore.

LENNOX

Let's stay put till nightfall, or we'll be sitting ducks on the beach.

Eddie leans back on a tree, watching Zoe lying beside him.

Lennox sits up and looks at Eddie.

LENNOX (CONT'D)

You want to know why this is happening, don't you? You want proof, right? For your little Masked club.

Lennox looks up at the violent moons through the foliage.

LENNOX (CONT'D)

For as long as we could throw a rock, hunting meant survival. It wasn't a sport, a pastime, or a fucking Safari.

(beat)

Eddie - real hunting is the only way to feel what our ancestors felt, face nature head-on, and feel part of the world again.

Lennox lowers his head - disturbed by an itching thought.

LENNOX (CONT'D)

Dante dressed it up, put a price tag on it, and called it the experience of a lifetime, and he didn't mind violating Mother Nature in the process.

EDDIE

(unwavering)

Is there something wrong with the clones?

Lennox looks Eddie dead in the eyes.

LENNOX

Something wrong with the clones? Yes.
They die.

EDDIE

The tech doesn't work?

LENNOX

Tech is fine. Eco-Clones are healthy,
perfect, down to their natural
instinct. But it doesn't matter.

(point-blank)

The Clones are killed by their OWN HERD
within days of being dispatched.
Extinction is NOT a thing of the past.

(beat)

Mother Nature knows a fake.

EDDIE

Fuck me...

LENNOX

"Replacement" is nothing more than a
catchphrase Morales made up to make us
feel good. But soon enough, one
generation, maybe, no one will care
about clones, they'll just wipe out
planet after planet.

Eddie is beside himself, speechless.

EDDIE

I'll take first watch. You get rest.

LENNOX

Don't mind if I do. I'm an old man.

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

The sounds of *BREAKING WAVES* fill the air.

Naomi is hiding behind a sand dune on the edge of the surf.

NAOMI

(into mic)

Come in, fucknut. I need intel here.

NAOMI'S POV

She tries to track HEAT SIGNATURES, but there's a lot of LIFE
in the jungle.

NAOMI (O.S.)
Morales, come in. I think Dylan's gone.
His cut is mine now.

INT. THE HEMINGWAY - CORRIDOR - DAY

Morales and Joyce walk down the ship's elaborate corridor.

DANTE MORALES
(into mic)
Stay on the beach, Naomi. I know the
man. He'll wait for nightfall to
attack. Ping me when you spot him.

NAOMI (V.O.)
I'll ping you when he's dead.

EXT. SAVANNA - SAME TIME

The storm has grown.

Black clouds wrestle each other as the dark mass moves over
the terrain. Lightning crawls across the storm's belly.
Pounding *SOUNDS of THUNDER* approach.

It POURS.

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

Naomi shields herself from the downpour with her jacket.

NAOMI
Damn it, Morales!

INT. THE HEMINGWAY - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Joyce looks at Morales - frightened for the first time.

DANTE MORALES
Wait for me in the Night-Arrow.

JOYCE
Dante, why don't we get the Hell out of
here and let them all rot on this dump?

DANTE MORALES
He's too resourceful for that. I need
to see him dead with my own eyes.

She turns away from him.

Morales grabs her arm and spins her around.

DANTE MORALES (CONT'D)

Come here.

He goes to kiss her, but she pushes him away and leaves.

EXT. RIVERBED - NIGHT

Eddie wakes up, having fallen asleep at his watch. Our trio is huddled beneath the forest canopy, shielded from the pouring rain. Lennox is fast asleep.

A single drop lands on Zoe's eye, stirring her awake. She finds herself beside Eddie, who hasn't moved from her side.

ZOE

(drowsy)

Eddie...

EDDIE

(reassuring)

You're going to be okay, Zoe. You got shot, and Lennox saved your life.

ZOE

(anxious)

Are we safe?

EDDIE

For now.

Zoe tries to sit up, but the pain forces her back down. She groans, resting her head on Eddie's lap.

ZOE

Come closer.

Eddie leans down and kisses Zoe.

After a pause, curiosity and apprehension mixed in her tone.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Can I ask you a personal question?

EDDIE

(knowing smile)

Sure.

Zoe hesitates, gathering her thoughts. After a tense beat, she finally speaks.

ZOE

So you're one of The Masked?

Eddie's expression tightens, and he breaks eye contact, confirming her suspicion.

EDDIE

Yes. It's the reason I'm here.

ZOE

What do you mean?

EDDIE

I needed proof.

Suddenly, a flash of LIGHTNING strikes too close for comfort, illuminating the forest. The boom shakes the ground, and Lennox stirs, approaching quickly.

LENNOX

(concerned)

Zoe, you good?

Zoe stands, wincing but determined. She looks at Eddie, something in his eyes finally making sense.

LENNOX (CONT'D)

(firm)

Zoe?

ZOE

Let's finish this and go home.

Lennox sighs and shakes his head.

The three of them, now stand together, the rain still falling as they prepare to face whatever comes next.

INT. THE HEMINGWAY - TROPHY ROOM - NIGHT

Morales is sitting in Lennox's trophy room. He grabs a shotgun off the wall.

EXT. RIVERBED - NIGHT

Constant bursts of lightning brightly illuminate the jungle despite the darkness.

Eddie and Lennox prop up Zoe as they walk down the riverbed.

LENNOX

What the Hell happened to this planet?

EDDIE

The meteorites, I think. They're from the moons, superconductive rocks pummeling this planet for millions of years. They must have altered the planet's electrical balance, inducing magnetic storms and mutating the entire ecosystem.

Immediately after a CRACK OF LIGHTNING, Zoe points to something on the river's edge.

Eddie and Lennox turn, trying to determine what she's pointing at. In disbelief, they spot it.

A MAN-MADE ROAD is parallel to the riverbed.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

We're not in Kansas anymore.

EXT. MAN-MADE ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The team is standing on the road, amazed.

ZOE

Does anyone smell that?

The stench is so foul that they cover their noses.

The road ends with a sudden drop-off to a giant crater punching a hole in the jungle.

EXT. ECO-CLONE GRAVEYARD - CONTINUOUS

The crater is the size of Dodger Stadium. Innumerable CARCASSES OF EXTRATERRESTRIAL WILDLIFE from across the universe fill it. Multicolored hides glisten in the rain.

The three are speechless.

Eddie suddenly recognizes one of the dead animals. Its hide is PURE WHITE, standing out from the rest. It's one of the SNOW LEOPARD species Eddie has grown close to. Its beautiful blue eyes are open, staring back at him, void of life.

LENNOX

That's your evidence right there...

Eddie fires off a series of shots from his camera. Proof. He climbs into the pit.

ZOE

Where are you going? You've got your proof now, Eddie.

Eddie smiles and grabs Zoe's hand.

EDDIE

Shortcut. Come on.

EXT. ECO-CLONE GRAVEYARD - MOMENTS LATER

They make their way over the carcasses and across the landfill, scaling the pile of dead animals to reach the jungle. The rain isn't making it any easier.

Suddenly, the dead ground MOVES. Zoe FALLS BACK. A mound of flesh BULGES between them. Eddie reaches for her, but it's too late. They're separated.

Zoe rolls over carcasses until she crashes right through a giant decomposing ribcage.

Directly in front of Eddie - from under the rising mass of flesh - a massive, TRANSPARENT COLUMN FILLED WITH TWISTING VERTEBRA erupts.

EDDIE

Don't move.

Slithering out of the carcasses is an endless TRANSPARENT SNAKE with the diameter of a tree trunk.

With its cobra-like head towering 20ft above Eddie and Lennox, it unveils its proper form: all its vertebrae UNFOLD OUTWARD, revealing dozens of LEGS. A CENTIPEDE-SNAKE.

Thunder resonates. The air fills with strands of electricity.

Like a lightning rod, the Centipede-Snake catches the static. Something awe-inspiring happens: it FLICKERS TO LIFE WITH ITS NATURAL COLOR OF CRIMSON. Electricity is the catalyst for this planet's hidden beauty.

LENNOX

Shoot it!

Eddie shoulders the Winchester. But hesitates.

The Centipede-Snake eyes Eddie.

EDDIE

Lennox, don't move.

Displaying almost human curiosity, it lowers its head close to Eddie's face. Eddie, frozen, stares back at it.

The serpent creature is close enough to touch. IT *EXHALES* A WET BREATH, SPRAYING EDDIE IN THE FACE.

EDDIE LUNGES FORWARD WITH A FORCEFUL, "BOO!"

The Centipede-Snake recoils in fear and SLINKS OUT OF SIGHT.

Lennox is flabbergasted.

LENNOX

Damn, Eddie, that's something else.

They run down to Zoe and pull her from the belly of a decaying ribcage. She's covered in guts. They help her out and begin trekking up the hill again.

EDGE OF GRAVEYARD

They enter the jungle.

EDDIE

So, what is with you and hunting?

Lennox attempts to answer, but Eddie's not done.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Don't you see these animals for what they are? Not prey, not trophies.

(beat)

They are ALIVE, just like us.

Lennox places a hand on Eddie's shoulder.

LENNOX

I have enough trophies.

EXT. BEACH - SAME TIME

Naomi continues to study the edge of the jungle with her scope. She spots three limping HEAT SIGNATURES.

NAOMI
(into mic)
Dylan, if you're alive, you ain't
gettin' shit!

She sloshes across the surf and plants herself behind a dune facing their position.

EXT. JUNGLE - MOMENTS LATER

Our trio reaches the jungle's edge and hides behind a tree.

Eddie looks at Zoe.

EDDIE
We'll be back.

ZOE
(sarcastic)
Just because I was shot in the back
doesn't make me useless, okay?

Lennox checks his "Smith & Wesson."

LENNOX
Cover me.

EDDIE
Got it.

Eddie looks at Zoe. Her eyes reveal concern about their plan.

Lennox suddenly turns to Eddie and grabs his shoulder.

LENNOX
You're a good man, Eddie...like your
father.

This lands on Eddie hard.

EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Lennox jumps into view. Naomi is in her sniper position.

NAOMI
There you are, fucknut!

Lennox runs in a zigzag formation across the beach.

Surprised, Naomi tries to lock on Lennox.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

You asshole, you shot me in the tit!

Catching her off guard, Eddie emerges from the jungle and FIRES at Naomi's dune. A LASER BEAM GRAZES HER FOREHEAD. Naomi stumbles back - holding her bloodied head.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

OUCH! FUCK!

She turns to fire at Eddie but at that instant, Lennox FIRES. Bullets whiz by Naomi.

Lennox dives. Rolls. Hops up. Jumps behind another white dune. This is his Normandy.

Eddie does the same - mirroring Lennox - hiding behind an adjacent dune. This is his boot camp.

Everyone is being pelted by rain as barking *THUNDER* rumbles.

Lennox is about to leap over his dune - a tiger ready to pounce. He looks over to Eddie.

LENNOX

(whispering)

When I make my move, cover me!

Eddie gives him an "okay" nod.

Naomi's bleeding badly from the head now. She aims her gun at Lennox's dune.

NAOMI

Wrong move.

Naomi FIRES FOUR HEAVY ROUNDS.

The lasers penetrate the sand, MELTING IT INSTANTANEOUSLY.

A *SCREAM* is heard from behind the dune. Lennox stands. His left side is covered with DROPLETS OF MOLTEN SAND that sizzle in the rain.

EDDIE

Christ! Get down!

He hurdles the dune and sprints for Naomi, a mad look on his face. His body is SMOKING - as if he's just bolted from Hell.

Naomi can't believe her eyes. She aims her rifle again.

Eddie jumps into view and runs for his ally while firing, causing Naomi to change positions frequently.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Lennox! Get down!

Racing for Naomi, Lennox aims his revolver...

NAOMI

DIE already!

They FIRE at the SAME TIME...

A bullet strikes Naomi in the forehead, BLOWING A HOLE IN HER BLOODY SKULL.

Her laser grazes Lennox's cheek, slashing his face.

Naomi falls backward into the *CRASHING WAVES* and is swallowed by the surf.

Lennox stumbles to his knees. Exhausted. In pain. His "Smith & Wesson" drops to the sand.

Eddie runs up to him, Winchester in hand. He looks at the General and checks to see if he's in one piece.

LENNOX

Nice work, soldier.

Eddie walks over to Naomi's Harley Hover-Cycle.

LENNOX (CONT'D)

Where you goin'?

Eddie hops on it and revs the throttle.

The Harley rips across the beach and races toward the violent ocean, where The Hemingway hovers.

CLOSE ON THE "SMITH & WESSON." The gun lays in the white sand. Lennox picks it up. Swings the cylinder open. EMPTY.

INT. THE HEMINGWAY - TROPHY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Morales sits on one of the leather couches in the decorative trophy room. A LASER SHOTGUN rests on the cushion beside him. He's drinking Lennox's finest LOUIS XIII cognac from the bottle and stares at a framed picture in his hands.

INSERT: FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH

Morales and Lennox are standing like two proud brothers. Squeezed between them is Joyce. Lennox is dressed in jungle fatigues. Joyce and Morales are wearing designer safari gear. Each has a foot on the ribcage of the GAZELLE-LIKE MASCOT.

BACK TO SCENE:

Morales hears something. He puts the framed picture down, takes a hefty sip of the cognac, and grabs the shotgun.

EDDIE APPEARS AT THE DOORWAY, his Winchester at the ready.

EDDIE

Put the shotgun on the floor. Slowly.

DANTE MORALES

Right on time, Wesson.

Morales points the shotgun at the coffee table, revealing a WEAPONS-BLOCK pointed at the entrance. It's FLASHING.

Eddie pulls the trigger. Nothing. He lowers the Winchester.

EDDIE

I've seen the graveyard. You do realize you're wiping out entire ecosystems?

Morales rises from the couch and cocks the shotgun.

DANTE MORALES

Eddie, there are plenty of ecosystems out there. The universe is full of life.

EDDIE

Catch!

Eddie throws the Winchester at Morales, who bats it away with his shotgun.

Eddie DODGES!

Morales FIRES. LASER PELLETS blaze from the barrel.

The nearest trophy diorama EXPLODES. The stuffed Creature topples out, peppered with smoking holes. Morales continues to fire. Shotgun blasts RIP APART each diorama as Eddie races to the ever-changing safety point.

As Eddie passes the one EMPTY TROPHY CELL, a laser pellet CATCHES HIM in the shoulder. He COLLAPSES through the glass, and into the cell...

TROPHY CELL

Morales approaches. Aims.

LENNOX (O.S.)
Step away, brother.

Morales spins around.

ON LENNOX

With his remaining arm, he stands in the doorway, aiming the empty "Smith & Wesson" at Joyce's head...

LENNOX
Drop it!

DANTE MORALES
Don't do it!

Desperately, Joyce turns to Morales.

JOYCE
Dante...

Morales aims his shotgun at Lennox. It's a standoff.

Eddie quietly gets up as Morales steps closer to Lennox and Joyce. He's bleeding badly from the broken glass.

Morales and Lennox evaluate one another. Predator? Prey?

DANTE MORALES
Killing Joyce? You're not that insane.
Close, but not quite that far gone.

LENNOX
(buying time)
So, what was the plan, stick our bodies
on my ship and short-out a Space-
Tunnel? Vaporize us to atoms?

DANTE MORALES
Lower your weapon, Richard and--

Before Morales can finish, Lennox jumps behind the door.

Morales FIRES. The blast vaporizes a chunk of the door frame.

Laughing, Morales FIRES, blasting holes everywhere.

Joyce is now on the ground, a small, smoking hole from a laser pellet above her eye. Dead.

DANTE MORALES (CONT'D)

JOYCE?!

Eddie dives for cover behind the Three-Horned Interworld Mascot and lands with a *CRASH*. Morales spins, *BLASTS*, decapitating the statue. It topples, pinning Eddie.

Lennox holsters his revolver, charges Morales, and grabs the shotgun barrel.

Morales, overpowering the one-handed General, *SLAMS THE SHOTGUN'S BUTT INTO HIS TEMPLE*, sending him crashing through a coffee table.

Eddie frees himself, locking eyes with Lennox. Separated by the fallen trophy, both are trapped under Morales's gun.

Eddie reaches into his pocket. Lennox notices.

The General slowly removes the "Smith & Wesson" from his holster and points it at Morales. The famed Eco-Cloner laughs.

Lennox quickly tosses the revolver to Eddie, *CYLINDER OPEN*.

Eddie catches the .44 in mid-air. Lennox's final *BULLET* (the one he gave him earlier) is in his free hand. He drops it into the chamber and snaps the cylinder shut.

Morales turns, confused.

Eddie FIRES!

INT. THE HEMINGWAY - CARGO BAY - LATER

Morales is roped to a chair. He's badly wounded and bleeding from multiple wounds. He stares at Lennox and Eddie with fury in his eyes. The two are in mid-conversation.

EDDIE

Now what?

Lennox thinks. Morales coughs up blood as he speaks.

DANTE MORALES

You're gonna have to kill me, that's what.

Morales coughs up more blood.

DANTE MORALES (CONT'D)

I will destroy you BOTH!

Morales squirms in the chair, a vain attempt to free himself from the ropes.

For a brief moment, there's a smirk on Lennox's face.

DANTE MORALES (CONT'D)

You'd never kill an unarmed man, Rich.
You don't think that I know you after
all these years?

(eyes Eddie)

And you, Wesson, you're no murderer.

LENNOX

WE'RE not going to kill you.

Lennox turns to Eddie and gives him the biggest grin yet - a rare sight on the General's face.

EDDIE

What are you thinking?

EXT. THE HEMINGWAY - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The Hemingway hovers 30ft over the clone graveyard. An ELECTRIC STORM IS HEADED THEIR WAY as rolling clouds spit lightning. The powerful wind is 40mph.

The sound of a *HYDRAULIC WHINE*...

The BOTTOM CARGO BAY DOORS open...

Below, the mound of dead wildlife is DIMLY LIT by The Hemingway's underside BLAST LIGHTS.

INT. THE HEMINGWAY - CARGO BAY - CONTINUOUS

Lennox is standing directly behind Morales. The wind is fierce, filling the cargo bay with its very own hurricane. Their hair blows wildly in the wind.

Through the bay doors, it looks like a steep drop.

EDDIE

I don't know how I feel about this.

LENNOX

He dug his own grave.

Morales takes a look at the drop.

DANTE MORALES

Go to Hell!

No word from Lennox and Eddie. Only the sound of whipping winds fills the cargo bay.

Morales's got no more tricks or words to set him free.

DANTE MORALES (CONT'D)

Well, let's get on with it then.

LENNOX

Yeah, let's.

Zoe enters and stops in her tracks. She knows what is about to happen and doesn't know how she feels about it either.

LENNOX (CONT'D)

You'll be judged by nature, not me.
(genuine)
Goodbye, old friend.

Lennox places his BOOT ON MORALES'S CHAIR and SHOVES.

EXT. ECO-CLONE GRAVEYARD - CONTINUOUS

The famed Bio-Replicator drops thirty feet through the air and lands on top of the mound of carcasses. The chair BREAKS APART, freeing Morales. He tumbles into the INNARDS of a creature the size of an ELEPHANT.

The cargo bay doors close and the ship blasts through the storm and vanishes.

The area is pelted with stinging rain.

LIGHTNING STRIKES. For the first time, Morales is scared.

The mound of deceased animals suddenly bulges as if something underneath has been disturbed. Clones topple over, making way for something big.

The CENTIPEDE-SNAKE from earlier slithers out from under the pile. It rises high in the air, expanding its many legs.

MORALES TRIES TO RUN, but in an instant, the Centipede-Snake swallows him whole. This thing is as fast as lightning.

Morales can be seen through the Centipede-Snake's translucent body as he screams and attempts to claw his way out.

Suddenly, ZAPPING STRANDS OF LIGHTNING inside the serpent DISINTEGRATES Morales. A beat later, it spits out his bones.

MORALES'S SKULL rolls and STOPS, eerily looking AT CAMERA.

INT. THE SWILL & GRILL - INTERWORLD TERMINAL - SPACE - LATER

SCREEN TEXT:

ONE WEEK LATER

Unlike the last time we were here, the place is empty. Eddie and Zoe are talking to his sister, Emily. Eddie is happy, unmindful of the scrapes on his face.

EMILY

Eddie, I got you something...

Emily disappears behind the bar.

ZOE

I love your sister, Eddie. Is it just the two of you?

EDDIE

Yes.

Emily returns with a carrying case the size of a dog carrier. She places it on the bar. It is a dog-carrying case, a puppy-carrying case. Emily opens it, beaming.

A YOUNG BEAGLE bursts out, runs across the bar, and jumps into Eddie's arms. Eddie can't contain his excitement, nearly welling up. With gratitude, he looks back at his sister.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

(softly)

Thank you...

Emily looks at her brother with eyes of happiness. Not another word needs to be spoken between the two.

ENTRANCE

Lennox enters, sporting a new Hard-Light arm. He's carrying something under his actual arm.

BAR

Emily lines up four shots.

EMILY
(re: Lennox)
Is that him?

Eddie glances at Lennox, his expression softening slightly—a stark contrast to the guarded man he once was.

EDDIE
(smiling)
That's him.

EMILY
I bet Dad liked him.

EDDIE
I bet he did.

Lennox reaches the bar and slaps Eddie on the back, his new arm humming softly against Eddie's shoulder. He sets a WOODEN BOX on the counter, sliding it towards Eddie with a grin.

INSERT: WOODEN BOX

Eddie opens the box carefully, revealing a vintage "Smith & Wesson" revolver nestled in black velvet. The craftsmanship is exquisite, a relic from a different time. Six indentations meant for bullets are empty.

BACK TO SCENE:

EDDIE
No bullets?

Lennox laughs heartily – his first genuine laugh since they met. The sound is infectious, and even Eddie can't help but chuckle.

Their moment is interrupted by the NEWS. Emily grabs the remote and raises the volume. All eyes shift to the Holo-Array above the bar.

INSERT: WIDESCREEN HOLO-ARRAY

A NEWS ANCHOR sits behind her desk, shuffling through cue sheets with practiced ease.

NEWS ANCHOR

It has been one week since Dante Morales, the CEO of the now-defunct Interworld Safari, was reported missing.

(beat)

Authorities have no leads as of the time of this broadcast.

(beat)

Now, let's go downtown, where a news conference is underway.

EXT. INTERWORLD SAFARI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

At a podium, RED ZEBRA stands tall, flanked by a dozen MASKED members. The crowd of SPECTATORS and REPORTERS presses closer. Red Zebra's presence is commanding and sincere.

RED ZEBRA

Today is a victory -- not just for us, but for the living universe. The wild has risen, and it has triumphed.

Red Zebra removes her mask, revealing a face embroiled with conviction and genuine happiness, like a boxer after winning a world championship.

RED ZEBRA (CONT'D)

(impassioned)

Nature doesn't exist for us to conquer, to cage, to replicate. It deserves to thrive, to breathe freely alongside us, not beneath us. True progress doesn't come at the cost of the wild -- it comes with it, in balance and respect.

INT. THE SWILL & GRILL - CONTINUOUS

Our team looks away from the display and at each other.

Emily pours four shots.

Zoe raises her glass, her eyes locking with Eddie's.

ZOE

To the wild, and those who protect it.

Eddie nods, lifting his glass in return. Lennox and Emily follow suit, the moment solidifying their shared bond.

EDDIE

To the wild!

LENNOX

To the wild!

EMILY

To the wild!

They down their shots as Eddie's Beagle barks happily - a moment of camaraderie, their bond unbreakable.

THE END

*