

THE FEMPIROR CHRONICLES

Episode 1x11

"Homecoming"

by

George Willson

TEASER

EXT. FEMPIROR CITY - DAY

The sunlight glistens through the deep blue water barely shedding any external light on the elegant city in the depths of the ocean.

INT. FEMPIROR CITY - SMITH HOUSE - DAY

ALEX SMITH enters his room looking completely worn out. He is dressed in Rastem garb. He strips off his sword and traveling coat and tosses them on his bed.

He flops down on his bed next to his coat and sword and heaves a deep sigh. CARLA SMITH, his 15 year old sister appears at the doorway.

CARLA
Everything go okay?

Alex nods.

ALEX
I'm just tired. We ran all over the place after that Mutation thing. Ever run down seven flights of stairs?

Carla shakes her head.

ALEX
Freakin' David won't even take the elevator.

Carla laughs.

CARLA
Get some sleep, but at least put your stuff away first.

Alex nods. Carla steps out. He tosses his coat and sword onto a nearby dresser completely knocking off everything there. Carla looks back in.

CARLA
That's not what I meant.

ALEX
I'll pick it up later.

Carla sighs. She walks in and picks some of it up. Alex looks at her and shakes his head.

ALEX
Fine, I'll do it now.

He picks up some of it with her. Among the items, he picks up a folded sheet of paper. He stops. He puts everything else on the dresser and sits on the bed looking at the piece of paper.

Carla looks up at him.

CARLA
What is it?

ALEX
The note from dad.

IMAGES: A MAN in his 30's looking out a window onto a burning landscape...from beneath a trap door, the man and a WOMAN in her late 20's on the outside of the trap closing the door to blackness...

IMAGES: Screams from outside...shuffling of feet...the trap door opens...WILLIAM AND KAREN SMITH, Alex and Carla's adopted Fempiror parents who were killed in 1x01, peer in.

CARLA
Alex?

ALEX
You ever wonder, Carla? I mean, who we really are? Where we really came from?

CARLA
Well, sure.

Alex stares at the note.

ALEX

Well, lately, I've been kind of remembering what happened back then. Or maybe it's just making sense now.

Alex looks at her.

ALEX

I'm going to find out who they are...or were. I want to find out where we are from. Something. Anything.

He looks back at the note.

ALEX

I want to know what happened... September twenty-third, nineteen eighty-nine...the date we lost everything we never knew we had.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. SUBURBAN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A typical high school sits on a suburban landscape surrounded by a grassy area with trees and a parking lot loaded with cars.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

A teacher stands at the front of the room, teaching. Among the student in this classroom is FRANCIS STUDEBAKER (a.k.a. JAMES BOND), an 18 year old boy with sharp grey eyes and short black hair.

He stares intently at an empty desk in the room. The teacher is MOS to him as he looks at the empty desk.

The teacher has stopped talking and stares directly at him. She mouths his name, but still no sound. She speaks again, and this time, it comes out.

TEACHER
Francis Studebaker!

James' head snaps towards her. She looks at him.

TEACHER
Well?

JAMES
Well what?

TEACHER
Can we take it from your blank stare that you weren't paying attention?

JAMES
That makes a lot of sense, yes.

TEACHER
Would you care to share with the class since you've disrupted the lesson?

JAMES

Yes, I would.

The teacher looks surprised.

TEACHER

You- What?

JAMES

Do you know where Isabel Fuentes is?

The teacher momentarily fumbles for words. She recovers "teacher mode."

TEACHER

Wherever she is is her personal business, I'm sure.

JAMES

I'm sure, too, but she hasn't been in in several days. Aren't you the least bit concerned?

TEACHER

Right now, what you need to be concerned about is the lesson.

She turns her back to him.

TEACHER

Let's continue. This time, without interruption.

JAMES

Don't you think this isn't like her? She hasn't missed a day this year, and she misses four in a row?

The teacher turns around.

TEACHER

If you continue to disrupt the class, Francis, you'll have detention.

James sits back in his chair.

JAMES

Please, call me James. I hate Francis.

TEACHER

Moving on...

JAMES

Look, I honestly don't care about detention, but isn't part of your job to ensure the well being of your students? Have her parents called in or anything?

She turns and walks to his desk.

TEACHER

Last warning...James.

JAMES

I want an answer.

TEACHER

(threatening)

Then maybe you can discuss it with Mr. Reynolds. I'm sure he's be very interested.

JAMES

Great idea. Thanks.

James gets up and walks out of the classroom. The teacher is frozen in the moment, unable to gather words as her threat clearly didn't work. She finally recovers her "teacher mode" again, and walks to the head of the room.

TEACHER

Anyway...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

YESENIA HERNANDEZ, a girl of 17, talks with a group of her friends in the hallway in Spanish. James walks down the hall towards her.

He stands a distance from them until they part company. James walks up to Yesenia.

JAMES

Hey, Yesenia.

YESENIA

Hi, James. Hear you ended up in the principal's office.

JAMES

Yeah, complete waste of time. Have-

YESENIA

You get detention?

JAMES

Yes, but that's not important. Have you heard anything from Isabel lately?

YESENIA

No, I haven't. Not since last week. I tried to call her a couple days ago, but her Papi said she was sleeping.

JAMES

How'd she look when you saw her?

YESENIA

Not good. Losing Alex has been hard on her, but she's been hanging around with this new guy all of a sudden. He's in college?

JAMES

Carey Junger. I've seen him.

YESENIA

Yeah. It must be nice to finally be eighteen and be able to date someone a little older.

JAMES

Well, I don't know about that.
So you don't know what's going on
with her?

YESENIA

Sorry. I've been thinking about
going over to her house, but
I've been busy.

JAMES

I'll go over there tonight.
Something's wrong. I know this
Carey guy a little, and I don't
entirely trust him. He's a little
too well informed about some
things, which worries me. I'll
let you know, ok?

James walks away from her.

YESENIA

Ok. If you do see her, tell her
to call me.

JAMES

(fading away)
All right.

INT. FEMPIROR CITY - SMITH HOUSE - DAY

Alex sits in front of a computer, looking well rested. He types
"September 23 1989" into a search engine and presses enter. A
slew of entries comes up.

He scrolls through the entries and shakes his head. He adds the
word "massacre" to his entry and presses enter. A fresh round of
entries comes up.

Alex scans the entries listed. One of them has a heading of
"Massacre at Werther." He clicks on the heading.

ON THE SCREEN

a simple web page loads with a long story and some pictures. The largest picture is of a small town with buildings blackened by the destruction.

ALEX

clicks on a link labeled more pictures.

ON THE SCREEN

a large number of pictures are tiled across the screen.

ALEX

watches each one of them.

ON THE SCREEN

a picture comes up of the town park and some kind of festival. There is a picture of a small family with a baby. The baby reaches for a group of balloons held by a clown.

ALEX

stares at the picture for a moment. His eyes widen.

IMAGE: The couple from the picture as viewed from inside the trap closes the trap door to blackness.

BACK TO SCENE

Alex shakes his head. The door opens in the background. Alex spins around and finds Carla entering the room. She sets her books down and looks at him.

CARLA

You're looking better.

ALEX

I found something.

Carla is instantly interested. Alex points to the picture.

ALEX

I think these are our parents.

CARLA

Why?

ALEX

I don't know. I've been seeing their faces. If they aren't then they were the ones who hid us in the house.

CARLA

Does it give names?

Alex looks back at the screen.

ON THE SCREEN

All of the pictures are just tiled one after another with no labels of any kind. The mouse hovers over the picture of the couple, but only the file name shows up.

ALEX

shakes his head.

ALEX

They're just pictures. Whoever put this up didn't add any captions.

CARLA

So where is it?

Alex clicks "Back" and the page returns to the story. Carla leans in.

CARLA

(reading)

When the sun rose on the morning of September twenty-fourth, the town of Werther, Virginia started picking up the pieces from easily one of the worst massacres in American history. Authorities are at a loss as to why anyone would have an interest in this town

(MORE)

CARLA (CONT'D)

which doesn't even feature on most maps. Survivors tell of a large group moving into the town on the night of September twenty-third and killing or destroying everything in their path. More than eighty percent of the town population of around five hundred are either missing or dead. Most of the buildings have been burned to the ground.

Carla stops. She looks at Alex. He sits back silently, staring at the screen.

ALEX

I guess we know what happened.

Beth's voice filters over the speakers.

BETH (V.O.)

David and Alex, please report to the Levi-Cart bay for blue sighting.

Alex sighs.

ALEX

Keep looking. We'll continue later.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The sun still sits fairly high in the sky as a tube emerges from the ocean. A Levi-Cart flies out of the opening. The tube descends back into the water.

INT. LEVI-CART - DAY

Alex stares out the window at the passing landscape. David drives.

DAVID

Only visible for a second. You know that means digging around nearby shops for whatever we can find.

Alex nods.

DAVID

Of course, it was in a big shopping center, so we might completely strike out. Could be an easy night.

Alex nods. David looks at him.

DAVID

All right, you've got to tell me what's on your mind. You're making me crazy with the whole silent thing.

Alex turns to him. He sighs.

ALEX

Ok, well, I decided to see if I could figure out where I came from. I had a date and I knew generally what happened, so I searched the net, and I think Carla and I are from Werther, Virginia.

David nods.

DAVID

Oh, I see.

ALEX

And you're not going to talk me out of-

DAVID

That's good.

ALEX

That's what?

DAVID

It's good. It only makes sense for you to want to find that out. I'd even say it's healthy.

Alex stares at him for a moment, speechless.

ALEX

So that's ok?

DAVID

Sure. If I can help you out in any way, feel free to ask.

ALEX

What about the whole-
(finger quotes)
-"no involvement" thing.

DAVID

This isn't the same as the Isabel issue.

ALEX

Oh.

DAVID

Yeah, you're looking into a town you haven't been to since you were removed from it...what?...
15 years ago?

ALEX

Something like that.

EXT. LEVI-CART - DAY

The Levi-Cart blasts over the landscape.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. FUENTES HOUSE - DAY

A 1989 Bentley Continental pulls up by the curb in front of a modest three bedroom home in a suburban neighborhood. James gets out of the car and walks to the door.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

The door opens to reveal MR. FUENTES, 50's and Isabel's father. He looks decidedly Mexican complete with darkened complexion and bushy mustache. He speaks with a heavy Spanish accent.

JAMES

Good evening, Señor Fuentes.
Is Isabel at home?

MR. FUENTES

You're James Bond, yes?

James chuckles.

JAMES

Yes, sir.

MR. FUENTES

Love your movies.

He laughs. James nods his heads and smiles.

JAMES

Thanks. Is she here?

MR. FUENTES

No, Isabel not here. Stayed in her room all day. Sneaked out about an hour ago, we thinks. I try to laugh so I don't cry. We're very worried.

JAMES

I am too. Do you have any idea where she went?

MR. FUENTES

If I knew, I would be going after her.

An older woman's voice murmurs from inside the house in rapid-fire Spanish. Mr. Fuentes turns in.

MR. FUENTES

(to woman)

Sí, yo sé, mamá.

(to James)

Are you going to look for her?

JAMES

Yes, I intend to. I just need a place to start.

James takes a deep breath.

JAMES

Would-

MR. FUENTES

I want to come with you.

JAMES

What?

MR. FUENTES

You are looking for my daughter. I want to come with you.

JAMES

I appreciate that, Señor, but some of my sources won't talk to me if I bring you along. Going alone is my best bet of finding her. I do have a favor to ask.

MR. FUENTES

Anything.

JAMES

Would you let me check out her room to see if that will give me anything to go on?

MR. FUENTES

Sí, claro. Come in.

James enters. Mr. Fuentes closes the door behind him.

INT. FEMPIROR CITY - SMITH HOUSE - DAY

Alex and David enter the dwelling. Carla sits at the computer. She turns to them at their entrance.

CARLA

Anything interesting?

DAVID

Whatever it was was long gone before we got there. Given that it's daytime, probably a Mutation, but no idea what happened to it.

ALEX

You find anything else out?

CARLA

A little.

She turns to the computer.

CARLA

I did some research on Werther, Virginia, and while I still couldn't find specifics on the massacre except that it happened, I did find that the town still exists, and has mostly recovered.

DAVID

We still have some daylight. We may be able to get a Levi-Cart out there in time to check some public records.

ALEX

Can we do that?

David takes out his communicator.

DAVID
Hey, Beth.

BETH (V.O.)
What's up, David?

DAVID
Any chance of getting a Cart out
to see if we can get to Alex
and Carla's hometown?

BETH (V.O.)
I don't see a problem with it.
Days are fairly slow, so Kaplin
should clear it. Go ahead and
head that way.

DAVID
All right.

He puts away the communicator and turns to Alex and Carla.

DAVID
Let's go.

CARLA
I can come too?

DAVID
Of course. This is your history
as much as his.

David exits followed by Alex and Carla.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The tube emerges above the ocean surface. A Levi-Cart blasts out
of it into the open air.

INT. FUENTES HOUSE - ISABEL'S ROOM - DAY

James opens the drawers of Isabel's desk. Mr. Fuentes stands at
her door, watching James.

MR. FUENTES

What you looking for?

JAMES

Anything that might tell me where she is. Any thoughts?

MR. FUENTES

Not really. She's been gone a lot lately. Been acting funny too.

James finds a planner in the desk. He looks through it as he talks.

JAMES

Funny? How?

MR. FUENTES

Isabel has always been open and honest with us, but lately, she is acting secretive. Coming in late. Sneaking in through her window.

JAMES

It's not the Isabel I know.

James stops at a page of the notebook. At the bottom of a list of other names, some crossed out, is the entry: "Carey 555-3845." James holds the book up.

JAMES

Sr. Fuentes, do you know who this Carey is?

Mr. Fuentes furrows his brow.

MR. FUENTES

Oh, sí, I know the name. He's not a good boy. I've warned Isabel to stay away from him. I get bad feelings around him.

JAMES

Yeah, I know him well enough to not trust him entirely. He's given me information before.

He taps his finger on the name.

JAMES

Too much for anyone on the outside to know, I thought. Friends or no friends.

James pulls out a trash can from under the desk. He carefully searches through it. He retrieves a syringe. He keeps it concealed from Mr. Fuentes.

MR. FUENTES

You find something?

JAMES

No. Nothing of consequence, anyway.

James puts the syringe in his pocket. He walks to the door.

JAMES

I have enough to start. Thank you. I'll let you know what I find.

MR. FUENTES

I just want her back home.

JAMES

I know. Me too.

INT. BENTLEY - DAY

James has a laptop on his lap. He types 555-3845 into a reverse phone number lookup tool and presses enter. The computer works for a moment before coming up with an address for "Carey Junger."

JAMES

That was too easy.

He starts the car and drives away from the curb.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. WERTHER, VA - DAY

The Levi-Cart drives down a stretch of road past what appears to be a housing addition in a state of stalled development. There are streets leading through a neighborhood of concrete slabs, but no houses.

Beyond this is a small town with a handful of shops and buildings surrounded by a small neighborhood of houses.

David pulls into a parking space in front of a building labeled "Werther City Hall."

INT. LEVI-CART - DAY

David turns to Alex, who is looking at the surroundings.

DAVID

Well? What do you think?

ALEX

It looks familiar. Like something out of a dream.

CARLA

Well, I'm out of luck on that front. I was a baby at the time, and can't remember anything.

DAVID

Let's see if they can tell us something. Alex, hood up.

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

David, Alex, and Carla exit the Levi-Cart. The two hooded figures standing with Carla in the sunlight draw a few curious glances. The three enter City Hall.

INT. CITY HALL - DAY

SERINA, a woman in her 20's, sits at a counter just inside the front door. She works a crossword puzzle. Three shadows cast over her. She looks up.

DAVID

Excuse me, but I was wondering
if you could help us?

She puts down her crossword and stands up. She looks between the three of them.

SERINA

Sure, what can I do for you?

David looks at Alex.

ALEX

We used to live here, and...
well, me and my sister were
actually...um...how long have
you been in this town?

SERINA

I came here when my dad was
hired to help rebuild a few
years ago.

ALEX

So you weren't here in eighty-
nine?

SERINA

Nope.

Alex looks at David.

DAVID

Is there somewhere that might
have records of those who died
or went missing back then?

SERINA

I think the records library
might have that if we have
anything.

DAVID
And where is that?

She points to a sign that reads: "Stairs".

SERINA
Take the stairs over there to
the basement.

DAVID
Thank you.

The three turn for the stairs.

SERINA
Hey.

They turn back to her.

SERINA
Are you looking for someone?

ALEX
Yeah. Ourselves.

They turn back to the stairs and enter the stairwell.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

James parks his Bentley by the curb and gets out. He runs through the door to the building.

INT. CAREY'S APARTMENT - DAY

CAREY JUNGER, a young man in his early twenties, wears sweat pants and a t-shirt and stands in his bedroom next to his bed.

ISABEL FUENTES lies unconscious on the bed, covered only by a sheet. She looks like she had passed out more than fallen asleep. Her arms show multiple needle marks, some still bleeding a little.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

James reaches the apartment door and knocks.

INT. CAREY'S APARTMENT - DAY

KNOCK, KNOCK.

Carey sighs. He looks at Isabel.

CAREY

We'll finish this in a moment.

Carey exits the bedroom. Next to Isabel on the bed are several syringes, both used and unused.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Carey walks toward the door.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

CAREY

Geez, I'm coming already.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

James stands impatiently outside the door. He takes a few steps back.

INT. CAREY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Carey reaches for the door knob.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

James rushes the door and delivers a swift kick to it causing it to fly open and crack the sheetrock behind where the knob hits the wall.

INT. CAREY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Carey opens the door. Two visitors stand in the doorway, clothed in shadow.

MALE VOICE

Is everything ready?

Carey sighs.

CAREY

Almost. Come on in.

INT. CAREY'S OTHER APARTMENT - DAY

James enters the empty one bedroom apartment and looks around. The place has a neat but disorganized feel to it with papers scattered all over the place, but in stacks.

It has two doors leading to a bedroom and bathroom as well as a small dining area and modest kitchen. He shuts the door behind him and scoots a chair in front of it to keep the door closed.

He walks to the coffee table and looks through some scattered papers. He glances around the room again.

JAMES

Yeah, that was too easy.

INT. CITY HALL - BASEMENT - DAY

David, Alex, and Carla enter a room labeled "Records Library." The room takes up the majority of the basement and consists of shelves and shelves of boxes and books.

They walk up to a counter separating a small waiting area from the endless racks of resources. David walks up to the counter and reaches out for a bell situated on the counter.

A hand whips up from under the counter and stops him from hitting the bell. A male voice sounds from behind the counter.

ARCHIVIST (O.S.)

I know you're here, don't I?

The hand disappears back behind the counter. David withdraws his hand and looks over the counter. The ARCHIVIST, a wiry man in his 60's, pops back up with a smile, nearly hitting Alex in the face with his head. He plops a box on the counter.

ARCHIVIST

People never put stuff back where it goes, do they? They always expect someone else to do it, don't they? Well, job security, right?

He takes the box and disappears into the towers of records. Moments later, he returns. He looks closely at David.

ARCHIVIST

You run a little cold, don't you?

DAVID

A little.

He steps back and looks at the three of them.

ARCHIVIST

So, you need something from me, don't you?

ALEX

We want to know about what happened on September twenty-third, nineteen eighty-nine.

The Archivist's smile disappears. He looks between them.

ARCHIVIST

Well, you don't beat around the bush, do you? Why would you want to know about that?

ALEX

My sister and I were born here. We lived here until that day when we were taken away, and the people who took us didn't tell us anything until recently when they died. We want to know who we are.

The Archivist cocks an eyebrow.

ARCHIVIST
Old enough to have been here, were
you? How old?

ALEX
Now?

ARCHIVIST
Then, yes?

ALEX
I was two, and she was six months.

The Archivist looks a little surprised for a moment, but he
recovers.

ARCHIVIST
Wait right here, won't you?

Without waiting for an answer, he shuffles off into the maze.

CARLA
Ok, he's weird.

ALEX
He seems to know what we're talking
about.

CARLA
He talks like Yoda.

ALEX
No he doesn't.

CARLA
Yes, he does.

ALEX

No, he's ending every sentence with a question. Yoda just talked that way.

(Yoda impression)

So certain are you. Your apprentice Skywalker is.

(back to normal)

Like that. This guy's asking rhetorical questions.

CARLA

It's still weird.

DAVID

I'll bet he was here.

ALEX

You think he lived here?

DAVID

Well, that and he was probably down here when it happened. Just seems like the type.

CARLA

It's not nice to stereotype people.

ALEX

You said he talks like Yoda.

CARLA

That's not stereotyping.

DAVID

I usually don't unless I'm sure.

CARLA

Still.

ARCHIVIST (O.S.)

Got something here, don't we?

They turn their attention to the Archivist emerging from the maze with a record book. He plops it on the counter. He flips through the pages.

ARCHIVIST

This is what we wrote down right after it happened, isn't it? Yes, we had to use a lot of records then, didn't we? Had to look up all manner of people, didn't we?

ALEX

Um, yes?

The Archivist snaps his head up to look at Alex.

ARCHIVIST

Give me a moment, would you?

Alex looks at the others and shrugs. The Archivist stops on a particular page, runs his finger down the list of names, and stops at a line. He looks back up.

ARCHIVIST

What are your names?

ALEX

Alex and Carla.

The Archivist glances up at him from the book without moving his head.

ARCHIVIST

You have last names, don't you?

ALEX

I imagine so, but we don't know them. Right now, it's Smith.

ARCHIVIST

Convenient, isn't it? You could be anyone, couldn't you?

ALEX

Is there an Alex and Carla there? Like I said, a boy of two and a girl of six months?

ARCHIVIST

Don't trust me, do you? I do know my job, don't I?

He flips the book around and points. There at the tip of his finger are two entries: "Alexander Reuben Jameson, July 30, 1987" and "Carla Raynette Jameson, April 17, 1989". Alex and Carla stare at the page for a long moment.

They look up to the Archivist, who has tears in his eyes.

ARCHIVIST

I didn't have to look those up,
did I?

Alex and Carla stare at him, silently. The Archivist walks around the counter and stands in front of them. He throws his arms around both of them and breaks down in tears.

ARCHIVIST

My God, I can't believe you're
both alive, can I?!

Alex and Carla gingerly pat the old man on the back. He leans up and looks at them, still teary-eyed. They look confused.

ARCHIVIST

Oh, I look silly, don't I? I'm
just so happy to see you, aren't
I?

ALEX

Who are you?

The Archivist looks at them with a smile.

ARCHIVIST

Alex. Little Alex.

He chuckles.

ARCHIVIST

I remember your first steps. Your
first words. I was there when both
of you were born.

He smiles.

ARCHIVIST

I'm Rutherford Jameson. I'm your
grandfather, aren't I?

They smile brightly and embrace Rutherford, the Archivist again. David stands back and smiles. Rutherford pats Alex on the shoulder and looks at him, concerned.

ARCHIVIST

Alex... You're awful cold, aren't
you?

ALEX

That's a long story.

ARCHIVIST

I think I can make time, can't I?

INT. CAREY'S OTHER APARTMENT - DAY

James rifles through a trash can in the kitchen area of the apartment. At the dining room table, mail is scattered all over. An address book lies open. A rough stack of papers sits off to one side. James stands up, flustered.

He glances at the items all over the table. He picks up the address book.

JAMES

Why would someone have an address
book with no-

He flings the address book across the room.

JAMES

-addresses! There's got to be
something.

He walks across the apartment

INTO THE BEDROOM

where he finds a stack of magazines next to the bed. He grimaces and kneels next to them. He looks at the address label on every one, and then stands back up.

JAMES

Something. Come on.

He looks on the bed where there is a catalog from an audio/video store. James picks it up and looks at it. He flips it over and looks at the address label. The name reads "Terry Parker," but it has a completely different address.

James smiles.

JAMES

Thank God for junk mail.

He keeps the catalog and runs out.

INT. CAREY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Carey leads the man who arrived into the bedroom where Isabel is passed out.

MALE VOICE

She looks nearly dead.

CAREY

Well, I had to get my payment out of her. You made me buy all that Empegen just to give to her.

The man slaps Carey upside the face, throwing him across the room.

MALE VOICE

You idiot. I said you could play with her, not rape her while she sleeps. I want this done tonight.

CAREY

Don't you want to-

The man turns to Carey. It is ERECH. MAURICIO, his Cortz Sufru, stands behind him.

ERECH

And go where you've gone? I do have my standards. Give her the Empegen.

CAREY

Why not just use your blood?

ERECH

Because I don't use my blood.

He points to Mauricio.

CAREY

Well, what about his? I want to sell some of this stuff.

ERECH

He is a Cortz Sufru. His blood is mine. Do as you're told and finish it!

Carey climbs to his feet and looks at them. He sighs and walks to the side of the bed where the Empegen syringes are. He picks one up and looks at Erech.

He takes hold of one of Isabel's arms. He taps the crook of her elbow and then injects her. He glances at Erech.

ERECH

Keep going until we hear her scream.

Carey picks up another syringe.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. WERTHER, VA - OLD NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The sun sits low on the horizon still casting light on the abandoned slabs of the neighborhood they'd passed earlier. The Levi-Cart pulls up next to the curb of one of the slabs. A late model sedan pulls up behind the cart.

David, Alex, and Carla exit the Cart. David and Alex wear the day travel cloaks. Rutherford, the Archivist, exits the sedan.

They all walk up a driveway to where a house once stood.

ALEX

So this is it?

RUTHERFORD

It was. This is where you lived before that day. It's where you came home to after you were born. Until that day, you'd never lived anywhere else.

ALEX

You're not asking questions anymore.

Rutherford laughs.

RUTHERFORD

I don't think I have any left.

He looks at Alex and Carla.

RUTHERFORD

We found the bodies of your parents: my son, Daniel and his wife Wendy, but you were gone. We searched for days before we just gave up.

Alex looks at the empty slab. He turns to Rutherford.

ALEX

In my dreams, I saw a trap door of some kind, but this is a slab. Why would I see that?

Rutherford laughs.

RUTHERFORD

I gave your parents a bench with a lid covering a chest of sorts. Your mother hated it. They indulged me and kept the bench next to a window and stored blankets in it. I would guess they tried hiding you in there.

Alex closes his eyes.

IMAGES: Approaching a bench...the lid opens...looks up to see Daniel and Wendy looking in as the lid closes.

Alex blinks.

ALEX

That's it. They hid us in that bench before...

RUTHERFORD

...before your new parents killed them and stole you away from us. I'm glad they're dead. They deserve it.

ALEX

They said they did. In his letter, William said he had done a lot of wrong in his life, and he knew he would pay for it. But when they saw us...

INT. JAMESON HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

William and Karen Smith stand next to the opened bench, the bodies of Daniel and Wendy on the floor beside them.

Inside are a two year old boy staring up at them with tears streaking down his face and a six month old girl who is pushed up on her hands, craning her head to look curiously at the strangers.

ALEX

...he said something inside them melted, and they just couldn't do it.

William lifts Alex and Karen lifts Carla out of the bench. Alex screams and tears stream down his face. He fights against William's hold. Words come out amidst the screams.

YOUNG ALEX

Mama! Daddy! Up! Daddy! Up!

Young Alex pushes away from William.

YOUNG ALEX

No! Don't want! Down! Down!

William and Karen glance at each other before they run towards the back door.

YOUNG ALEX

Mama! Daddy!

They disappear out the back door.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. JAMESON HOUSE SLAB - DAY

Alex stares at Rutherford.

ALEX

I don't know how to feel about them. They killed our parents, but if they weren't the ones who did it, we'd be dead too.

Rutherford nods.

RUTHERFORD

I remember that night. I was
working in the Records Library.

Alex darts a glance to David. David smiles and nods.

DAVID

(mouths to Alex MOS)

Told you.

RUTHERFORD

I heard all the commotion and came
out to find the town in flames.
I hid back down in the basement
and locked the door behind me. I
lived. There weren't that many of
us.

He turns to the empty neighborhood.

RUTHERFORD

This is still here, kind of as a
memorial to those we lost. Not
one single person who lived in
this neighborhood survived that
night. You are the first to ever
turn up. We decided if ever we
started to take our lives for
granted or ever started to forget
how lucky we are to have just one
more day, we could come out here
and look at what was left of all
the families we lost.

Alex and Carla stand by their grandfather and stare at the empty
neighborhood.

RUTHERFORD

Right now, I'm feeling mighty
lucky, aren't I?

INT. CAREY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Carey picks up a syringe and injects it into Isabel's arm. He
tosses it aside.

CAREY

Geez, how many is this supposed to take?

ERECH

How many has she had today?

CAREY

I don't know. I think eighty or ninety now. She'd only had thirty by the time she came in.

ERECH

Then you have several to go.

Carey sighs and picks up another one.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

Carey and Erech snap their heads towards the door.

ERECH

Get rid of them.

Carey gets up and walks to the door.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

CAREY

Geez, no one has any patience today.

Carey opens the door. James bursts in.

JAMES

Where is she?

CAREY

Hey James. What brings you here? Wait, how'd you know where I live?

JAMES

Where is Isabel?

CAREY

Isabel? I don't know who you mean.

James storms through the apartment, looking around. Carey follows him.

CAREY

Hang on a moment. You can't just charge in here like this.

James turns to Carey and grabs him by the collar.

JAMES

I can, and I did. I want to know where Isabel is. I know you know. I also know she's on Empegen, and I'd be willing to bet you're her supplier, so talk!

CAREY

Like hell.

Carey pushes away from James. He throws a punch, but James ducks the blow, delivering one of his own to Carey. The blow knocks Carey off his feet to the floor.

James walks to the bedroom and opens the door.

JAMES

Oh, my God!

James runs to the bedside. He checks Isabel's pulse. He looks at her arms. He lifts up the sheet, but closes his eyes and lowers it quickly.

CAREY

Oh that Isabel.

JAMES

What have you done?

CAREY

You know, girl comes crying about some guy wanting an escape, and I give it. It's what she wanted.

He turns Isabel's head to reveal a deep bruise on her opposite shoulder. He reaches across her and picks up one of the syringes. He puts it back down.

JAMES

I don't think she asked for this.

CAREY

You'd be surprised what some girls really want. Hey, what are you doing?

James tucks the sheet around her, preparing to pick her up.

JAMES

Come on, Isabel, we're getting out of here.

James lifts her off the bed. He turns to the door, but Carey stands in his way, this time with a gun. Standing against the wall are Erech and Mauricio, just staring at him. James' eyes dart between them.

JAMES

What is this?

CAREY

You're not going anywhere with her.

JAMES

Why do you care?

CAREY

Shut up. Put her back on the bed.

JAMES

No.

Carey cocks the gun.

CAREY

I mean it. She's not going anywhere.

Carey aims the gun at Isabel.

CAREY

You're going to put her back, or she dies.

James looks at Erech and Mauricio.

JAMES
Who are your friends?

CAREY
Nevermind that.

JAMES
You won't kill her. There's
clearly an interest here.

CAREY
I mean it.

Erech brings his hand across and swats Carey out of the way. Carey tumbles to the floor of the living room. Erech looks at James.

ERECH
You're very correct. We won't kill
her.

JAMES
Who are you?

ERECH
Someone to be reckoned with.

Erech draws his sword.

JAMES
If I'm going to die, she's going
with me.

James backs toward the wall.

ERECH
You think so.

JAMES
And if she is so valuable, you
do what it takes to not kill
her. What do you want her for?

ERECH

That is none of your concern.

JAMES

Everything is my concern.

James stops. His back against the wall.

ERECH

Give her up. You can't survive this.

JAMES

All right. I tried. You win.

James lowers Isabel's feet to the floor and holds her up with one arm. He reaches behind him and yanks the curtains off the rod. Sunlight floods the room from its low position in the sky.

Erech gasps and backs out of the light. James stays in front of the brightly-lit window.

JAMES

You're Fempiror.

ERECH

And you're well informed.

JAMES

Tepish, right?

ERECH

Again, I'm impressed. Then you probably know why we want her.

JAMES

I've got a pretty good idea.

He glances back.

Suddenly, Mauricio reaches into the light and jerks Isabel out of James' arms. James looks back with a gasp. Erech swings at him. James jumps backward through the window which shatters on impact.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

James flies out of the window. He falls back first, arcing toward the street where his car is parked.

He lands on his back on the roof of his car, severely denting the roof and cracking the windshield. James gasps, the wind completely knocked out of him.

He rolls off the car and hits the ground. He holds his ribs, wincing as he touches them. Bystanders walk to him. James stumbles to his feet.

He opens the door to his Bentley and climbs in.

INT. CAREY'S OTHER APARTMENT - DAY

Erech walks to Carey, lying on the living room floor.

ERECH

Fix the window. Finish the job.

Carey gets to his feet and walks into the bedroom. He glances out the window to see James' Bentley squeal away.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

James' Bentley flies down the road at high speed towards the coast.

INT. CAREY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Carey continues to inject Isabel. Isabel gasps awake.

ISABEL

Alex!

Erech stands near her head. Carey looks up for a moment.

ERECH

Keep going.

Erech strokes her hair.

ERECH

Relax, child. Alex isn't here.
Alex doesn't care about you
anymore.

Isabel shakes her head. A tear rolls down her face.

ISABEL

No.

ERECH

Yes. He's found another. One of
his own kind.

ISABEL

It's my fault. I betrayed him.

ERECH

He betrayed you first.

EXT. WERTHER, VA - OLD NEIGHBORHOOD - TWILIGHT

The sun rides low on the horizon. Alex and David have lowered
the hood of their cloaks. Alex and Carla are embracing
Rutherford. They break and he smiles at them.

RUTHERFORD

Don't stay away too long. I'm sure
we have a lot of catching up to
do.

ALEX

You're the only family we know
of. We have to come back.

RUTHERFORD

You have a big family, and I know
they'll all be excited to see you
again.

CARLA

I can't wait. Good-bye, Grandpa.

Rutherford smiles. A tear rolls down his cheek.

RUTHERFORD

Be careful, Carla. You too, Alex.

David walks over and shakes Rutherford's hand.

RUTHERFORD

Thank you.

DAVID

My pleasure.

RUTHERFORD

Take care of them.

DAVID

I will.

Alex and Carla get into the Levi-Cart. David opens his door. He looks at Rutherford.

DAVID

Stand back.

Rutherford walks to his car and watches. The Levi-Cart lifts off the ground and flies off into the night. Rutherford watches it go with wonder.

RUTHERFORD

Well, that's really something,
isn't it?

EXT. SKIES - TWILIGHT

The Levi-Cart flies towards the coast.

INT. LEVI-CART - TWILIGHT

Alex looks out the window and smiles.

ALEX

Thanks, David.

DAVID

Anytime, Alex.

CARLA

Thanks, David. I don't think I've ever felt as happy as I felt today.

DAVID

It's no problem. Whenever you want to go back, just let me or someone know, and we'll get you out there.

ALEX

You know, I think everything's going to be all right.

EXT. OCEANSIDE - NIGHT

The Bentley peels across the beach parking lot, screeching to a stop and crossing several parking spaces. James jumps out and runs across the beach towards a grouping of rocks jutting out towards the ocean.

INT. CAREY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Carey picks up another syringe and taps it. He injects the contents into Isabel's arm. Erech sits next to Isabel's head, stroking her hair and speaking gently. She responds hypnotically.

ERECH

You know he wronged you.

ISABEL

Why would he do that?

ERECH

Because he doesn't care.

Carey injects another. Isabel inhales deeply and then exhales very slowly as more of the drug hits her internally.

ISABEL

I loved him.

ERECH

He doesn't love you.

EXT. OCEANSIDE - NIGHT

James feels around on the jutting rocks until he finds one that is loose. This one hinges open to reveal a waterproof communicator tethered to the rock by a wire. He picks it up and speaks frantically.

JAMES

Hello, Fempiror City, can you hear me? This is James Bond.

BETH (V.O.)

This is Beth. What's going on?

JAMES

Oh God, we have a problem.

INT. CAREY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Carey injects Isabel with another syringe.

ERECH

Soon, you will be like him.

ISABEL

He betrayed me.

ERECH

You can hunt him down.

ISABEL

I will never forgive him.

Carey inject her with another.

ERECH

You can be part of us. We will love you.

ISABEL

You will lov-

Isabel inhales sharply. She grasps the side of the bed. Carey picks up another syringe, but stops. Isabel hyperventilates. Carey jumps off the bed and backs away.

CAREY

What the hell?

Erech smiles. Isabel emits a sharp scream. Carey covers his ears. She drops unconscious. He looks at Erech.

CAREY

What was that?

Erech walks over to Carey and stands in front of him.

ERECH

That is where your usefulness ends.

In a swift move, Erech draws his sword and swings it at Carey.

END OF ACT FOUR