

HUMAN ANIMALS

an original screenplay by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Two men mug a third in the street. Cars avoid the fight. Pedestrians hurry past it. The two finally flee as the third crawls wounded to the gutter.

CATO (20s, a handsome Filipino) watches from the doorway of a boarded-up storefront. Backpack on his back. A camp stool and tray table under his arm.

He flees down the street. Passes a shuttered bank. A burned political office. STUDENTS begging for food.

STUDENT

I got Fortnite V-bucks for a loaf of bread. A Subway sandwich?

Cato cuts across a park with untrimmed bushes and overflowing garbage cans. A xenophobic poster screams from a tree trunk.

He rejoins the sidewalk beside a Starbucks as a crowd of rich white kids exit. They notice Cato.

RICH WHITE KID

Check out the gook who thinks he deserves an education.

Cato escapes down an alley and loses himself amid the cardboard shacks of the homeless.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CHECKPOINT - DAY

Cato waits in line. A white police officer assesses him. Skeptical. Cato sticks his ID into the card reader. It dings gleefully but the cop grabs him. Shoves him against a wall. Cato submits to the man's groping search.

INT. STUDENT UNION - DAY

Cato enters the lobby. Every chair occupied. Every student on a phone or computer. An eerie silence blankets the room.

A white FRIEND greets Cato quietly, as if at a library.

FRIEND

You sure about that, that study thing?

CATO

Free money if you qualify.

Cato jogs up a set of stairs. His friend moves to a large bulletin board full of notices – "FORTNITE BATTLE ROYALE TOURNAMENT: KILL OR BE KILLED!" "FACTORY JOBS, 12-HOUR SHIFTS, \$8.00/HOUR." – among others.

He focuses on one: "EXPERIMENT SUBJECTS WANTED. PHOBIAS REQUIRED. FREE MEAL GUARANTEED." He grabs the last phone number tab from the flyer and rips it off.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

A garter snake stares from an aquarium. Flicks its tongue. Slithers over an iPhone on the bottom of the tank.

A gentle COMPUTER VOICE vocalizes a social media feed as a grungy FRAT BOY (19) in a team jersey fidgets in a chair.

COMPUTER VOICE

Dude, where are you? #Loser.

He stares at the iPhone – and the snake. Sweating.

KATHLEEN GUERRERO (30s), a no-nonsense Latina with an incisive gaze, studies Frat Boy's reactions. Scribbles notes on a clipboard. Raven hair knotted. Crisp lab coat.

Cato sits on the camp stool and monitors the feed on a laptop.

COMPUTER VOICE

We scored a pizza for cleaning those grease traps. MeatEaters, your favorite. The game is amaze-balls.

KATHLEEN

Thirteen minutes without social media. Our longest yet.

CATO

This won't end well.

COMPUTER VOICE

Damn, there's six points. #Theysuck.

FRAT BOY

Who scored? Who's winning? Shit!

He reaches into the aquarium. The snake moves. He retreats.

KATHLEEN

I upped the ante.

CATO

You what?

COMPUTER VOICE

Dude, you're girlfriend's here. Who's she with? #negro #WTF

FRAT BOY

No. No, no, no...

COMPUTER VOICE

They're going upstairs, bro. #notcool

The Frat Boy freaks. Shoves the aquarium off the table – it shatters against the tile floor.

KATHLEEN

CATO! THE SNAKE!

Frat Boy snatches up his iPhone. Cuts himself. Blood runs down his arm as he frantically accesses Facebook.

KATHLEEN

It's okay! She's not there.

FRAT BOY

NO! I, I gotta talk to...

KATHLEEN

-- It was faked to get a reaction. Just breath. Slowly. In and out.

She presses a towel to his cut. Hands him a wad of money.

KATHLEEN

And thank you. Better spend this quickly.

Someone urgently pounds on the bathroom door. A key clicks against a lock.

MAN (O.S.)

Miss Guerrero! I'm coming in!

A TWEED-SUITED MAN enters and gets an eyeful: Cato with the snake; the student with the wad of money; Kathleen with a bloody towel.

KATHLEEN

Well -- you won't give me a lab.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CHECKPOINT - DAY

Tweed-suited Man waits with Kathleen and Cato at the checkpoint. Cato carries the camp stool and tray table.

KATHLEEN

My study shows social media addiction is real. It even eclipses phobia.

MAN

You want that NSF grant. I get it.

KATHLEEN

I want to peel our young away from their devices and prepare them for the coming economic chaos.

MAN

It's valuable research. Your methods, however, border on torture.

The police officer checks their ID at the gate, his smile condescending and smug – especially for Cato.

MAN

Do it off campus, or your room and board vouchers are history.

EXT. PARKING LOT - UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

Kathleen and Cato push past student solicitations to a lot of run-down cars.

KATHLEEN

My father never had to deal with this crap.

CATO

Your father studied toads -- is that your car?

KATHLEEN

HEY! Get outta there!

A grimy STUDENT ransacks a tired sedan as Kathleen runs up.

KATHLEEN

What are you doing?

The student draws a gun. Points it in Kathleen's face. She quickly disarms him and drops him to the ground.

STUDENT

Easy! I was lookin' for food.

She checks for bullets and finds the gun empty. Helps the student to his feet. Shoves his gun back into his holster.

Pulls an apple from her coat and hands it to him. The student grabs it and scampers away.

CATO

Guns. Homelessness. A xenophobic police state. We are spiraling in.

Kathleen slams the car door shut. Kicks it.

CATO

Easy now. So your funding is shaky and your car is shit and some ass nearly shot you. City council will love your proposal.

KATHLEEN

It's just the constant fight of living, y'know? Maybe I just need something to eat.

CATO

You could always have Filipino...

KATHLEEN

I think I have leftovers.

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

Pools from the few working street lights barely cut the inky darkness. Weeds thrust from cracked sidewalks.

BABYLON FISK - (mid 50s), dapper in suit and vest - limps along the sidewalk on an ornate cane. Solidly built. Proud. Piercing eyes that miss nothing.

Two identical twins, NIALL and CONNELL (30s), shadow him. Strapping men with fiery red hair. Alert. Feral.

Babylon approaches MR. WEBER (40s, black) and joins him on a peeling park bench.

MR. WEBER
You took your sweet time.

BABYLON
Feds got eyes everywhere, y'know?

Babylon has a hick twang that belies his elegant appearance.

Niall stands in shadow behind the bench. Suddenly, the red light dot of a laser sight appears on Niall's back.

MR. WEBER
You got Bitcoin, right? None of that worthless paper shit?

The light dot drifts to Babylon's back. Niall sees it, but does nothing.

BABYLON
You think summer's comin' early?

The light dot targets Babylon's head.

MR. WEBER
The money, my friend. Do you have..?

Mr. Weber sees the light dot. Spooked.

BABYLON
I don't have nigger friends.

Mr. Weber turns. The laser dot pinpoints his forehead.

PPPSST!

A silenced bullet explodes through Mr. Weber's head, knocking him from the bench.

Niall grabs Babylon. Drags him into the darkness as Kevlar-protected AGENTS burst onto the scene.

AGENT #1
FBI! You're surrounded!

AGENT #2
Agent Weber is down! FISK..?

But Babylon is gone.

AGENT #1
Jesus... CALL AN AMBULANCE!

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

Outside a shabby government building. Weeds choke a bed around the rusting "CITY HALL" sign.

COUNCILMAN ABBOTT (O.S.)
Miss Guerrero presents a well-reasoned proposal. It could be the zoo's most intriguing environment.

INT. CITY COUNCIL CHAMBERS - DAY

The ethnically-diverse council members argue in a dingy room nearly devoid of SPECTATORS.

Babylon Fisk has the center seat. He studies the council members as if plotting their murders.

Kathleen white-knuckles a podium.

COUNCILWOMAN JONES (45, black, feisty) has the floor.

COUNCILWOMAN JONES
She's proposing a degrading, racist display.

COUNCILMAN ABBOTT (30s, white) is unimpressed.

COUNCILMAN ABBOTT
We are in a depression, councilwoman. The city is \$3 billion in debt, the zoo runs a deficit.

COUNCILWOMAN JONES
You want to balance the books by putting people in cages? She better put white people in there.

Babylon pounds his gavel.

BABYLON
Cut the race-baiting crap or this debate is over.

KATHLEEN

Ma'am, it's sixteen diverse students in a zoo enclosure for three months without Internet or iPads. I plan to quantify modern human existence in a social media age, and discover paths to self-sufficiency in the event of economic collapse.

COUNCILMAN ABBOTT

And it's university sanctioned?

KATHLEEN

Um, no. They couldn't fund it.

COUNCILWOMAN JONES

This gets better and better.

BABYLON

Put a sock in it, Councilwoman. Thank you, Miss Guerrero. Very intriguing.

Kathleen strides to Cato in the back of the room.

BABYLON (O.S.)

I need a vote, please.

KATHLEEN

Why is everything about race?

CATO

Said the Latina to the Asian-American.

Behind them, a free-for-all of accusations and grandstanding.

BABYLON (O.S.)

I want order! ORDER!

KATHLEEN

Do you think I convinced them?

CATO

If anyone could...

Babylon pounds his gavel, breaking it in two.

BABYLON

DAMN IT, life is too short for this time-wasting bullshit. Give me your vote, or by God your constituents will know why.

INT. CITY HALL - MAIN STAIRCASE - DAY

Kathleen paces. Cato holds her briefcase.

KATHLEEN

Idiots! My work will not be shut down by bickering political hacks.

CATO

But Babylon Fisk? He's...he's...

KATHLEEN

He's corrupt but connected. I have to take a chance.

Babylon Fisk bursts from the council chamber. Unwilling to bow to his bad leg, he heads toward the stairs.

He sees Kathleen. Tries to avoid her. She pursues Babylon up the stairs.

KATHLEEN

My experiment appeals to you. Intriguing, you said.

BABYLON

Ain't a chance in hell the city will fund that ethnic hot potato.

KATHLEEN

I hear you have private sources.

BABYLON

You're barking up a very thorny tree.

KATHLEEN

(loudly, publicly)

I thought the great Babylon Fisk could make anything happen?

BABYLON

(as publicly)

Anything I want to happen, happens.

OUTSIDE A CITY HALL BATHROOM - DAY

Babylon limps down the tiled hallway toward Connell. We see the long scar that bisects Connell's voice box.

Babylon pauses in front of Connell. He notes the "CLOSED FOR CLEANING" sign.

BABYLON

Nice touch. Your charming twin
completing our business in there?

Connell simply nods. He indicates Babylon's knee. Concerned.

BABYLON

I think it's gonna rain.

INSIDE THE BATHROOM

Babylon enters as Connell stands guard outside. Avoids a "Wet Floor" sign. Steps to a urinal.

Inside a stall, a struggle of legs and arms. A MAN screams. Niall presses for information.

NIALL (O.S.)

Who set up the FBI sting?

MICKEY JOHNSON (mid 20s, solid, lumberjack-handsome) exits another stall. Rubber gloves. Bottle of Tilex. Coveralls. A guy with potential who had the rug pulled from under him.

He sees Babylon. Removes his ratty baseball cap.

MICKEY

Jesus, sorry. Didn't get the memo.

BABYLON

No worries, Mick. I ain't the best
scheduler myself.

Babylon zips up. Moves to the sink. Washes his hands.

MICKEY

So, I got skinny on a construction
job. A word from you would...

BABYLON

I know cleanin' urinals is a job for
niggers, but you're my eyes and ears.

NIALL (O.S.)

I want a name.

The man scrambles to escape.

MAN (O.S.)

I don't know. I swear!

Babylon dries his hands.

BABYLON

I just heard the oddest idea. Odd,
and familiar somehow. You like brown
bitches? These latinass?

MICKEY

I've banged a couple.

BABYLON

Would ya date one?

MICKEY

I don't guess "felon" is a category
on OkCupid, sir.

Babylon shrugs. He has no idea.

MICKEY

Latrine ain't scrubbing itself.

Mickey enters the stall beside Niall. Angrily squirts the
toilet with Tilex. Glances beneath the partition.

Blood on the floor.

A struggling man pinned to the toilet by Niall's strong legs
and body. A man with handcuffs and a holstered gun.

A policeman.

NIALL (O.S.)

I want a name.

The policeman screams. A human tooth drops to the floor.

INT. KATHLEEN'S LOFT - NIGHT

A vast, murky space. Industrial. Glow lamps warm glass
aquarium tanks that divide the space into eerie rooms. Worn
furniture. Out-of-date kitchen.

CLOSE ON the inhabitants of the tanks: tarantulas, scorpions,
lizards, snakes.

Kathleen works out with a heavy bag.

KATHLEEN

Councilman Fisk invited me for a drink. I think I got through.

Cato wears a thick protective apron and gloves.

CATO

He's trouble, in all caps.

KATHLEEN

He's a means to an end.

CATO

Hopefully not your end.

KATHLEEN

You worry too much.

Cato delicately picks dead matter from a tank as a huge tarantula explores the space.

Kathleen delivers a punishing combination to the bag. Removes her gloves.

KATHLEEN

You feed Ebony yet?

CATO

Food's in that box.

Kathleen pulls a cage from the box. Retrieves a white mouse from the cage by its tail. Studies it.

KATHLEEN

I think I'll call you Babylon.

She carries the mouse to a glass tank. Reaches for the lid.

CATO

Jesus, wouldya look before prying that lid off? Black mamba's are skittery beasts.

KATHLEEN

Thank you, Mother Mendoza.

CATO

You're welcome. And eat your peas.

She checks the cage and then drops in the mouse. It looks around, unaware of its peril.

CATO

Would you live in a zoo cage for
three months?

KATHLEEN

Are you kidding? I'm not crazy.

INT. BABYLON'S ANTIQUE SHOP - NIGHT

A wood-beamed warehouse. War uniforms on mannequins. Weapons.
African trophy animals. Immaculately kept.

Babylon admits Kathleen. Gracious.

A pack of dogs bounds in. Kathleen offers her hand for sniffs,
then engages them with coos and baby talk.

BABYLON

You like dogs.

KATHLEEN

I love animals. Most days, I like
them more than people.

BABYLON

You can't have a martini with an
airedale.

Babylon clucks his cheek. The dogs leave immediately.

Niall appears dressed for service with a tray of cocktails.
Cool but courteous to Kathleen.

KATHLEEN

I've cut my proposal to the bone.

BABYLON

You like bourbon, right?

Uncomfortable that he knows that, she takes a glass.

They stroll through the store. Kathleen examines Native
American artifacts, an Indian headdress.

KATHLEEN

One million dollars would cover it.

BABYLON

You move fast. No foreplay?

KATHLEEN

I, um, I think people will flock to see humans in a cage. I would.

BABYLON

Perhaps a visit to the county jail...

KATHLEEN

-- Do you think that people bear more study, Mr. Fisk? Their motivations? Their foibles?

Babylon caresses a stuffed lion. Appreciates its strength.

BABYLON

Your motivation is learning and testing and "finding out" without caring if people are good or bad or red or blue. It's admirable, really. Your detachment. Even rapists and murderers could teach you somethin'.

KATHLEEN

That is a frightening thought.

BABYLON

So is investing \$1 million with a stranger.

A buzzer rings. Niall strides to the door.

KATHLEEN

You're expecting a customer?

BABYLON

No, a senator. I thought I'd kill two birds with one stone.

INT. BABYLON'S ANTIQUE SHOP - NIGHT

The business-suited SENATOR DEAN WILLIAMS (40s, heavy set) shares cocktails with Kathleen and Babylon amid trophy animal heads and British colonial uniforms.

Niall hands him another martini.

SENATOR WILLIAMS

It's audacious. A cage of students with no Internet? My kids would kill each other.

BABYLON

Or you, maybe. Irregardless, the knives will come out.

KATHLEEN

Doesn't that assume that all people are animals?

BABYLON

I assume nothing. I suspect YOU think folks aren't far from savages.

KATHLEEN

I don't assume either. I prod. I dissect. I hunt for answers. I expect they will find other avenues for their compulsions.

SENATOR WILLIAMS

It would be great theater.

BABYLON

I hate theater. Would it make money?

KATHLEEN

How could it not? People, in a cage?

SENATOR WILLIAMS

C'mon, Fisk. Finance her from your considerable largesse. Anonymously. Name your price.

BABYLON

City council would need to give up 25% of the gate. And pay in Bitcoin.

KATHLEEN

That doesn't sound legal.

SENATOR WILLIAMS

It's an ethical gray area.

BABYLON

Forgive the senator, Miss Guerrero. He's a government whore. He lives in the gray area.

Niall enters and nods to Babylon.

BABYLON

Sorry. Dean and I gotta talk turkey. You'll get your funding.

BABYLON

Bill it as a human safari or
somethin'. Just remember these three
letters: R.O.I.

Kathleen and Babylon size each other up. They shake hands.

KATHLEEN

Science thanks you. So do I.

The senator bids her adieu. Niall shows Kathleen out.

SENATOR WILLIAMS

Ambitious girl.

BABYLON

Yeah. A real hot tamale.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Cato gapes at Kathleen from the driver's seat.

CATO

Seriously? Just like that?

KATHLEEN

Well, he wants a cut of the profits.

CATO

He's going to hurt you.

KATHLEEN

A *senator* said it was audacious.
Okay, it's a gamble but it's also a
path to getting published, to getting
that grant. And Fisk is a businessman.
He gets it.

Cato stares mutely out the windshield. She pecks his cheek.

KATHLEEN

You're sweet to look out for me.
First drink's on me.

INT. BABYLON'S ANTIQUE SHOP - NIGHT

The raw din of fornication rises from behind a screen.

Babylon sips sparkling water in a dark wing-back chair.
A second chair and matching lamp sit beside him.

He toasts the senator's climactic groan as Niall sets a covered silver tray on a nearby table.

The senator appears from behind the screen. Disheveled. He slaps the butt of a black HOOKER as she scampers away.

SENATOR WILLIAMS

God damn! You're one helluva host.

He joins Babylon in the matching chair.

BABYLON

There's somethin' useful in her experiment, but I can't figure it.

Niall reveals lines of cocaine on the silver tray. Places it in front of the senator.

The senator quickly snorts a line. Then another.

BABYLON

The masses are restless and you're livin' high on the hog.

SENATOR WILLIAMS

We both know that the masses didn't elect me. Say, what are these chairs made of? Some kind of exotic hide?

BABYLON

Kind of. Dean, I believe in money. Power. Influence. As do you, I know, but I didn't learn from good people. I learned from thieves and rapists and murderers. And I don't trust "blue" politics -- my blood runs red, like all true Americans. Like the blood of my enemies.

(a beat)

I need your Senate seat.

Connell steps behind the surprised senator's chair.

BABYLON

You squealed to the FEDS. They set up a sting in a shitty-ass playground.

SENATOR WILLIAMS

I didn't. I swear.

BABYLON

Two cops and your fat black P.A. say
different. Finish your dessert.

The senator tries to stand but Connell forces him into his
seat. The senator snorts the last line with a shaky hand.

BABYLON

The chairs are late 19th century
from an English estate. Big hunter
had the lamp and chairs made from
native hides. It's pygmy.

SENATOR WILLIAMS

It's...HUMAN?!

BABYLON

It's pygmy.

Babylon loses interest in his guest.

BABYLON

Resign, senator, while your handsome
sons still have their handsome faces.

Connell pulls the senator from his chair. Stuffs him into
his suit coat. Manhandles him toward the door.

NIALL

I cut it with Ricin. He'll be dead
in a day.

BABYLON

It'll get that Democratic fuck off
my books. And make room for the
charming Kathleen Guerrero.

Babylon sets his water glass on the dusty tray.

BABYLON

Scrub this good. Mrs. Pierce is
pickin' it up in the morning.

EXT. ZOO HUMAN EXHIBIT - DAY

SUPER: SEVERAL MONTHS LATER

Two sawhorses and a piece of plywood create a table beneath
a nylon canopy.

Kathleen examines a blueprint with a FOREMAN.

Babylon looks down at the construction from the waist-high enclosure wall.

BABYLON

Using shippin' containers as living space. Huh. You could put hundreds of them together.

KATHLEEN

I only need sixteen. They're cheap. Plentiful. But look: the latrines are in the wrong place.

FOREMAN

It's muddy. The concrete is barely set. Someone's gonna get hurt.

BABYLON

I'll arrange food vouchers for each man if it's completed in three weeks.

FOREMAN

Three weeks? But -- we'll need to cut corners. Cheapen materials. What about the people in this cage?

KATHLEEN

Students are a hardy lot, and they need the money.

FOREMAN

Money's tight for everyone.

BABYLON

Your daughter graduates this year, doesn't she?

He hangs the question in the air.

FOREMAN

She likes Camaros.

INT. CITY HALL PRESS OFFICE - DAY

A shabby government office. Metal desks. Dirty windows. A row of indigents sit in chairs along one wall.

NIXON PORTER (28, a brawny affable man) chews a pen as he listens on his cell phone. He's neatly dressed in vest and tie, athletic, perhaps a college rugby player.

NIXON

That's our official position. Of course we mourn the man's death but we assume no liability since he wasn't a city employee...sure...sorry I couldn't give you more.

JOAN (50s, efficient) processes forms at her desk.

JOAN

One of our esteemed representatives?

NIXON

News 5. I don't deal with city council if I can possibly help it.

Mickey shoves a pail into the room. Begins to mop.

Nixon has a definite hard-on for Mickey and covertly checks him out before addressing the waiting indigents.

NIXON

I'm sorry, folks. It seems that...

Kathleen breezes in at that moment.

NIXON

...That the eagle has landed.

Nixon motions for Kathleen to join him at his desk.

Mickey mops. Listens.

NIXON

Nixon Porter, marketing and media relations. God, that construction worker that died? Terrible.

KATHLEEN

Awful. I sent his family a gift card. Is that too cold of me?

NIXON

The city was hardly generous.

KATHLEEN

So, what's with the rogue's gallery?

NIXON

They're subjects for your study.

KATHLEEN

But I'm using university students.

NIXON

City council's request. Ethnic diversity, all that.

KATHLEEN

What, nephews? Uncles? No, I've got to draw the line.

NIXON

Draw whatever you want to, but either you pick them or I will.

Mickey pauses beside Nixon, fully aware of his interest.

MICKEY

Anything I can do for ya, Mr. Porter?

NIXON

You do windows..?

KATHLEEN

-- Can't you see we're busy? Take your smelly pail somewhere else.

MICKEY

It's your party, Miss Guerrero.

KATHLEEN

Okay, which of these rogues do I need to take?

EXT. ZOO HUMAN EXHIBIT - ENTRANCE STAIRWAY - DAY

SUPER: THREE WEEKS LATER

An iron gate beside the enclosure wall bars a stairway that descends into the enclosure.

The sixteen experiment PARTICIPANTS - a diverse menagerie of students and societal misfits, split equally men and women - gather there. Tense. Wary.

Cato mingles to lighten the mood. Connell observes from a discreet distance.

Kathleen reviews notes. Detached from the activity. SHAYNA (30s, an angular woman) approaches her.

SHAYNA

Hi, I'm Shayna? I just wanted to make sure I'm getting vegan meals.

KATHLEEN

Oh, you're the one. Yes, green box, should stand right out -- COULD I HAVE THE TEST SUBJECTS OVER HERE?

STAIRWAY GATE

The participants jostle down the damp stairs. Cracks already spider-web the new concrete. Rust patinas the iron bars.

At the bottom, they step through a gate and onto a bridge over a watery moat. The enclosure wall towers behind them.

They face a foreboding thicket – the overgrown vegetation of the former animal enclosure.

JASON (20, black, hunky) strides into it. Others follow.

LIONEL (30s, an unkempt stoner) weaves on his feet.

LIONEL

Where they goin'?

SHAYNA

She said the living quarters were through there. Weren't you listening?

Lionel spits on the ground.

Shayna shoulders her pack. Heads to the right and blazes a trail along the moat.

GARRISON (30s, rugged) joins her. Introduces himself.

GARRISON

Didn't wanna choose a room?

SHAYNA

Nah. It's creepy in here, isn't it?

A camera focuses on them as they walk by.

LATRINES

Jason discovers a rusting shipping container in a clearing with the words "MEN" and "WOMEN" scrawled across it.

A shed clings to one end.

He opens the shed – revealing farming tools, baskets, seeds – then slams it shut and rejoins the trail.

SHIPPING CONTAINER STACK

Living quarters. Sixteen graffiti-covered containers stack in a 4x4 grid. Fire escapes access the upper "cubes."

JASON

I'm gettin' a room on top.

He mounts the stairs. Others quickly follow.

The stairway groans under their weight. A weld breaks. A catwalk swings loose, tossing two participants to the ground.

JASON

Jesus, ONE AT A TIME!

WEST GATE

Shayna and Garrison ford a stream that flows into the moat. Across the moat, an iron gate bars access to a corridor.

GARRISON

The schematic I saw showed four gates at the compass points. Once used for animal transit.

SHAYNA

This is west, then.

She squints anxiously into the disquieting corridor.

SHAYNA

When did you see a schematic?

SHIPPING CONTAINER STACK

Jason admires the view. Enters a container "cube."

Plexiglas covers each end – one with a doorway, the other a window. No curtains. Nothing to shut.

Spartan furnishings. A cot and sleeping bag. Small table and stool. Wall hooks.

Jason hangs his back pack on a wall hook. It snaps off.

JASON

Gonna be one shitty summer.

SWIMMING HOLE

Shayna and Garrison cross a grassy lawn on the south side of the enclosure.

GARRISON

Think the chica-in-charge will get anything outta this?

SHAYNA

How could she not? And the correct term is "latina".

GARRISON

Hey, I'm just in it for the coin.

They pass a fire pit. Pause at a swimming hole. A stream babbles from the swimming hole into the thicket.

Garrison tests the water.

GARRISON

Warm enough to skinny dip.

SHAYNA

That must flow out by that west gate. I guess it recirculates?

GARRISON

Food is delivered over there. C'mon.

He jogs across the lawn to the moat. She plods after him.

A narrow bridge (the "FOOD BRIDGE") extends across the moat to another barred gate. Above them, at the top of the wall, a SPECTATOR waves.

Garrison motions for Shayna to join him. She declines.

GARRISON

I don't bite. I sting a little.

He walks alone to the gate. Pulls, and it opens easily. A pallet of supplies sits there.

Another gate bars the dark corridor beyond.

GARRISON

So that's food. We got a fire pit. A pool. They even built a climbing wall. How bad can this be?

EXT. ZOO HUMAN EXHIBIT - DAY

Kathleen examines a sign that reads "THE HUMAN EXPERIMENT" in bold letters. Looks down into the enclosure.

Participants play Frisbee on the lawn. Jason sunbathes.

Kathleen snaps a photo with a 35mm camera.

KATHLEEN

Daddy, if you could see this.

A commotion draws her attention. Babylon leads Councilwoman Jones, REPORTERS and others.

BABYLON

...And it's gonna pay for itself with increased attendance. I mean, come on: people, in a cage!

They step to the railing. Expectant.

REPORTER #1

Looks like a city park. Where's the science in this?

KATHLEEN

The subjects can run, swim, there's a climbing wall. And we've provided opportunities for cultivation, creating -- anything they make or grow is theirs to keep or sell later. It's a controlled environment that will generate data over time.

COUNCILWOMAN JONES

Subjects. Data. From Selma to this. Unbelievable.

REPORTER #2

Would you elaborate?

COUNCILWOMAN JONES

The 1878 and 1889 Paris Expositions put negros on display as indigenous people. We have not come very far.

BABYLON

But we reused rusting shipping
containers, right? Pretty cool.

COUNCILWOMAN JONES

It debases the human soul. As someone
who grew up poor, Councilman Fisk
should know better.

A MOTHER and DAUGHTER step up. The politicians eavesdrop.

DAUGHTER

Are they building this?

MOTHER

No, it's an exhibit of real people.

DAUGHTER

It's boring. I can see this in a
park. Where are the tigers?

A reporter turns to Babylon for comment. Councilwoman Jones
loves his discomfort.

COUNCILWOMAN JONES

God willing, the fool who put up the
money will lose his shirt.

INT. KATHLEEN'S LOFT - DAY

Cato pops the cork on a bottle of cheap champagne.

KATHLEEN

Poor Fisk. You should have seen his
face! All that money and only a dozen
people check it out.

Cato hands her a full glass without comment.

KATHLEEN

You're not joining me?

CATO

I've got cages to clean.

KATHLEEN

Why are you peeing in my lemonade? I
got my experiment. I won.

CATO

You certainly did --

There is a strident knock on her door. Cato answers it. Babylon and Connell wait outside.

BABYLON
Sorry. This couldn't wait.

CATO
Yeah, no -- sure. Come in, please.

Babylon sees the champagne. Picks up the bottle.

BABYLON
Bubbly on a weekday. Nice. Why save it, right?

CATO
I'll get you a glass.

BABYLON
Water's fine, buddy. Thanks.

Babylon takes in the loft. Examines a large glass tank.

BABYLON
Quite a space. What's in here?

KATHLEEN
Dendroaspis polylepis, otherwise known as a black mamba. Its bite incapacitates a man in an hour.

Connell snaps open a briefcase.

BABYLON
An efficient killer.

Babylon accepts the water from Cato's shaky hand.

KATHLEEN
I take it this is not a social call.

BABYLON
We're bein' social.

Babylon extracts two origami animals from the briefcase: a rabbit and a wolf. Sets them on the kitchen counter.

BABYLON
Here's the thing: we need spectators.

KATHLEEN
Surely Nixon's marketing acumen...

BABYLON

-- I didn't grow up in a champagne kinda home, y'know? We wanted to celebrate, dad bought a case of Schlitz. Killed it. Then looked for something to hit. Usually momma. Their make-up sex became the evening entertainment.

KATHLEEN

Mr. Fisk, science is a process...

BABYLON

-- Your father was an upstanding guy, though: sangria in the fridge, Caddy in the driveway. You lived the good life until, what, your freshman year at ASU?

Kathleen clutches her champagne.

BABYLON

The country defaults on its debt, the dollar crashes. Daddy loses his job: herpetologist, Phoenix Zoo? Squanders the college fund.

CATO

Now, hold on a minute.

BABYLON

But he wants his daughter to be successful, so he takes momma for a drive off a mesa.

KATHLEEN

He had a heart attack.

Babylon picks up the origami rabbit.

BABYLON

So, the rabbit is a copy of his death certificate. Heart attack. Daddy had it forged so you could claim his life insurance.

Cato is thunderstruck.

BABYLON

The wolf is a copy of his actual certificate. Murder/suicide.

BABYLON

How you switched them is a mystery --
as is, why you kept the real one?

CATO

Kathy?

BABYLON

Now, my daddy was a drunk but even
he bought his Schlitz on sale. I
don't invest a million bucks unless
I get some return. So, you're gonna
spend the summer in the cage with
your subjects while marketing the
shit out of it with young Nixon.
Call it a front row seat on science.

KATHLEEN

You need to leave.

Babylon lights the origami rabbit on fire. Drops it into his
water glass.

BABYLON

I love rabbit, ma'am. Don't make me
eat you.

INT. NIXON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A tidy, stylish bachelor's pad. Mid-century aesthetic. A
vintage lamp casts eerie shadows around the dim room.

Outside, a key searches for a lock. A door opens.

NIXON (O.S.)

It's a decent neighborhood.

A door closes. Shoes drop.

A hot-to-trot LABORER (20s) maneuvers Nixon into the room.
Kisses him aggressively.

NIXON

You want a beer?

He shoves Nixon onto the couch. Straddles him. Yanks off his
own shirt before attacking Nixon's belt and zipper.

A light turns on. Niall stands in the doorway.

NIXON
Who the heck..?

NIALL
I'm a messenger. You. Go to the
bedroom. Shut the door.

Nixon's trick does not linger.

NIALL
Councilman Fisk sends his regards.

NIXON
I'll call the police.

NIALL
I'll call your parents.

The thought horrifies Nixon.

NIALL
Regarding Kathleen Guerrero. Keep
Mr. Fisk current on her zoo
experiment. Every conversation. Every
communication. Are we clear?

NIXON
Yes. Yes, sir. Totally.

Niall produces a large wad of cash. Stuffs it into Nixon's
briefs like he's a cheap go-go boy. Pats Nixon on the cheek.

And walks out the front door.

EXT. ZOO HUMAN EXHIBIT - ENTRANCE STAIRWAY - DAY

A khaki-dressed ZOOKEEPER unlocks the gate to the stairs
that descend into the enclosure.

KATHLEEN
I get the key.

He drops it into her outstretched hand.

Cato stuffs PowerBars into a duffel. Kathleen stuffs a wad
of money into his shirt pocket.

KATHLEEN
Find something - anything - I can
hold over Fisk.

CATO

I thought the school emptied your
research fund.

KATHLEEN

I emptied it first.

She stoops to assess her gear.

CATO

You know, we've worked closely for a
long time.

KATHLEEN

Cato, we've been over this...

CATO

-- Just hear me out --

KATHLEEN

-- I'm about to spend my entire summer
locked in a cage with God knows who,
so please spare me your soliloquy on
whatever you think we are.

Kathleen jerks her knapsack shut.

CATO

So, I'll watch the menagerie. Get
your mail...

He waits for some acknowledgement.

Kathleen opens a duffel to check it. She pulls out a box of
shower curtain hooks.

KATHLEEN

Cato, why the hell do I need..?

She looks for Cato, but he's long gone.

STAIRWAY GATE - DAY

Kathleen steps onto the bridge with her gear. The zookeeper
follows with a duffel.

She gazes up at the sheer walls. A SPECTATOR points at her.

SPECTATOR

New monkey in the cage.

KATHLEEN
(to the zookeeper)
Science with a cheering section.
Thank you.

The zookeeper drops her duffel. Slams the gate shut. Marches up the stairs.

Kathleen runs to the gate. Unlocks it. Relieved.

LIONEL (O.S.)
(distant)
C'mon, slow down.

She quickly hides behind some bushes.

Jason jogs past the bridge. A moment later, Lionel plods into view. Winded.

He sees Kathleen's gear. Checks that he's alone. Pockets her iPhone and Swiss Army knife. Then chases after Jason.

Kathleen can't believe it. She repacks. Gets her bearings. Shoulders her equipment and heads left along the moat.

EXT. KATHLEEN'S CAVE - DAY

Kathleen drops her gear at a wide-mouthed cave beside the moat. Once an animal shelter.

A half-eaten Popsicle lands beside her. She looks for the ass who threw it. Only one spectator looks down at her.

SPECTATOR
Hey! Do a trick or something.

INSIDE

Kathleen escapes into the cave - dim and barely six feet high but clean and dry.

She crouches in the empty space, a bit overwhelmed. She shakes it off, grabs her duffel bag and begins to unpack.

INT. KATHLEEN'S CAVE - DAY

Kathleen shoves aside a camouflage sheet - suspended from shower curtain hooks on a jerry-rigged line - that covers the cave mouth.

She nibbles a PowerBar. Sits on a camp stool at a collapsible writing desk. Logs into Skype on her laptop.

NIXON (O.S.)
Is your iPhone dead?

KATHLEEN
Stolen. So, marketing – I was thinking discount coupons. A school promotion. We'll attack the education segment. Teachers, kids, field trips.

NIXON (O.S.)
Hold on, someone stole your..?

KATHLEEN
-- We've got publicity shots, right?

EXT. SHIPPING CONTAINER STACK - DAY

Kathleen observes the participants from behind a bush, like a hunter peering from a blind. A few exercise. Some read. One tills a plot with a hoe. She takes notes on a pad.

KATHLEEN (V.O.)
I expect the subjects will soon indicate aggressive behavior. Or I'll die of, of boredom -- God-damned pen, will you...

She scratches the pen on her pad. No ink.

INT. CITY HALL PRESS OFFICE - DAY

Nixon faces his computer, his tie loosened. He shakes a bottle of Maalox.

NIXON
The coupons didn't move zoo attendance one iota. Nobody has any money. You need to blog your experiences.

KATHLEEN (O.S.)
Sorry. Data to crunch. Field work. You blog for me. I don't have time to put my life on line.

NIXON
Well, find time. We gotta increase the gate and on-line subscriptions.

NIXON
I'll set it up.

KATHLEEN (O.S.)
Nixon, I know you have a tough job,
but you're being a real prick.

Nixon cracks the bottle and takes a swig.

EXT. SWIMMING HOLE - DAY

Jason sunbathes. His sculpted body glistens. The shutter of a 35mm camera clicks.

There is a whine of a mosquito, followed by a slap.

KATHLEEN (O.S.)
God damn it.

Nearby Shayna weaves a basket from roots and grass.

CLICK. CLICK.

BUTCH (20s, a robust hipster) cannonballs into the swimming hole, splashing water onto Shayna and her weaving.

SHAYNA
HEY!

Shayna leaves the swimming hole in a huff.

BUTCH
C'mon! Live a little!

INT. KATHLEEN'S CAVE - NIGHT

NIXON (O.S.)
... Jesus, I said blog, not bore.
These are real people.

Kathleen dabs itch cream on her mosquito bites. Stares at the origami wolf beside her laptop.

KATHLEEN
They could be salamanders or Cecropia
moths for all I care. I'm a scientist!

NIXON (O.S.)
What part of "driving traffic to the
web site" is escaping you here?

KATHLEEN

Geez, OKAY! I'll blog a human angle.
I'll channel Dian friggin' Fossey...

NIXON (O.S.)

-- And I scheduled you a radio
interview. Can you attempt charming
for at least ten minutes?

KATHLEEN

Nixon, really? Geez...

FOOD BRIDGE - DAY

The participants jostle each other as several sort through
the food pallet.

TATIANA (late 30s, skinny, slutty) grabs a box from Lionel.

TATIANA

That's MINE. Hands off.

LIONEL

Calm the fuck down, wouldya?

INT. BABYLON'S ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

Babylon watches the argument in real time on his computer. A
bloody bowl of raw meat sits beside it.

TATIANA (O.S.)

Keep your grubby mitts off my shit!

BABYLON

Pickett!

JASON (O.S.)

Knock it off! There's a box for each
of us, so chill out.

Babylon reaches into the bowl. Extracts a chunk of meat.

BABYLON

Hampton!

The dogs come to him. Sit. Receive their meal and lick the
blood off of Babylon's fingers.

INT. CITY HALL PRESS OFFICE - DAY

Nixon yells into his computer - shirt untucked, beer in hand.

NIXON

-- And the radio host said, and I quote: "It may be science, but it's really boring entertainment."

KATHLEEN (O.S.)

You try giving answers off the top of your head!

NIXON

I do. ALL THE TIME! If I don't get butts to that exhibit, Fisk's goon is gonna give me an Irish enema.

KATHLEEN (O.S.)

Look, I'm sorry! Don't be such a drama queen.

NIXON

Oh, nice. Fuck you. If you're such a big man on campus, make something happen or...

INT. KATHLEEN'S CAVE - DAY

Kathleen slams her laptop closed. She sits and steams for a moment, then grabs her knapsack. Unzips a pocket deep inside. Pulls out a ZipLok bag of pills.

FOOD BRIDGE - NIGHT

Kathleen sneaks across the Food Bridge. She opens the gate and searches for a specific food box on the pallet.

She finds it and conceals the bag of pills inside.

SWIMMING HOLE - DAY

Garrison lazes with others, totally bored out of his mind.

Tatiana struts through the undergrowth like a flamingo. She sashays right to Garrison.

TATIANA

Shit, what a scene.

TATIANA

I found sumfin' to pep y'all up.

She waggles the bag of pills in front of them.

FIRE PIT - NIGHT

Jason holds his ear. Gesticulates wildly. A jovial group of rapt participants watch.

SHAYNA

Sounds like, um, rope. Lasso?

KATHLEEN (O.S.)

A snare?

BUTCH

Time's up.

JASON

It's a lariat. Lariat...Harriet...

KATHLEEN (O.S.)

Harriet Tubman.

BUTCH

Off with it, buddy.

Jason shucks his t-shirt and throws it on a pile of clothes as Lionel stands – in boxer shorts and clearly stoned.

LIONEL

Get ready ladies...

Kathleen sits alone in the dark. Wraps her arms around herself. Longs to join in.

KATHLEEN

Who uses the word "lariat" anymore?

She sees Garrison and Tatiana sneak from the campfire.

SWIMMING HOLE - NIGHT

Kathleen pauses in the woods. Squints into the darkness. Hears Garrison and Tatiana as they have drug-fueled sex in the tall grass.

She moves closer. Trips. Tumbles loudly to the ground.

GARRISON (O.S.)
Join in or fuck off, ya perv.

Kathleen slinks away into the woods.

INT. KATHLEEN'S CAVE - NIGHT

Kathleen stumbles in, winded. Frustrated.

Butch pokes his head in and spooks her.

BUTCH
Hey! You got wi-fi?

He enters. Hawaiian shirt unbuttoned. Certainly high. But looking damned handsome.

BUTCH
I know you're bein', y'know, Miss Incognito and all, but I've seen the warm glow of a laptop.

KATHLEEN
Butch, you signed a waiver. Being here risks the purity of my study.

BUTCH
I just, my wife was gettin' a pregnancy test? I gotta know, y'know?

KATHLEEN
Get out.

BUTCH
C'mon, one e-mail.

KATHLEEN
You'll compromise my data.

Butch presses the ceiling with his big hands. Nonchalant. Pecs, abs, v-line - all on display.

BUTCH
I'll do anything.

KATHLEEN
Meaning?

BUTCH
Meanin' I was super careful comin' over here.

BUTCH

And I seen you watchin' me. Takin' pictures and whatnot.

KATHLEEN

That was research. Data collection.

She peeks out the cave opening. Butch drops his shirt onto the floor.

BUTCH

Data strikes me as a lonely substitute for a warm body. Warm hands.

KATHLEEN

What about your wife?

BUTCH

She ain't gotta know, does she?

Kathleen considers Butch. She draws the curtain closed.

Behind her, a barely visible camera changes its focus.

INT. ZOO HUMAN EXHIBIT - DAY

Kathleen jogs along the moat. Pauses at the entrance stairs. No spectators look down at her.

She strides across the bridge. Inserts her key into the lock on the gate.

It doesn't budge. She yanks on it desperately.

INT. KATHLEEN'S CAVE - DAY

Kathleen dials a number on her laptop. Waits impatiently. A familiar face pops up.

NIALL

Yes.

KATHLEEN

Councilman Fisk, please.

NIALL

Unavailable.

KATHLEEN

The lock is changed.

Niall doesn't care.

KATHLEEN

May I have an audience with the
councilman. Please?

NIALL

There is a cairn near your cave.
Tonight. 9:30.

And the screen goes black.

EXT. CAIRN IN THE ENCLOSURE - NIGHT

A moonless sky. Grass rustles. Cicadas whine.

Kathleen shines her flashlight on the cairn - an eight foot
column of rock on a low rise.

She circles it. Her foot clangs on a hollow spot in the
ground. She brushes aside some dirt and discovers a metal
hatch cover.

She pulls on its handle. Nothing. Checks her watch and waits
a moment. Then, a mechanical click and the hatch opens.

Kathleen investigates. A deep pipe. An iron ladder. At the
bottom, a dimly-lit subterranean corridor.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Kathleen steps into the corridor. Heart racing.

Recessed lights brighten. A tunnel stretches in front of
her. Stone walls weep. Thick new electric cables cling to
the ceiling.

Above her, the hatch seals.

Kathleen moves forward. Passes metal doors. Gates barring
dark passages. Quiet as a tomb.

She reaches a new iron gate with a keypad lock. Beyond it, a
dark wing-back chair and a pitch dark corridor.

BABYLON (O.S.)

I poured you one.

Where gate meets wall, a small table. A crystal tumbler.

Babylon steps into the light from behind the chair.

KATHLEEN

Do prisoners get the good stuff or
the rot gut?

Babylon is not forthcoming. Kathleen retrieves the glass.
Sips. It's the good stuff.

KATHLEEN

This seems extravagant.

BABYLON

Much of it was already here. A big
ol' rabbit warren under the zoo. I
guess they used it to get animals
from cage to cage.

KATHLEEN

You're a hard man to trust.

BABYLON

Yet you're drinkin' my bourbon.

She raises her glass to him.

BABYLON

I'm removing you from the equation.

This surprises her.

BABYLON

You are a dramatic cuss. Nixon will
get the word out.

KATHLEEN

Then let me out. I'm not part of
this experiment.

BABYLON

Feelin' left out last night though?
Yeah, we saw you. And him. Every
glorious inch.

Kathleen feels his words like a punch.

KATHLEEN

I came to you in good faith.

BABYLON

Indeed, but I'm a businessman. And
I'm improvising. Enjoy your drink.

And he disappears into the dark.

EXT. SHIPPING CONTAINER STACK - DAY

Lionel paces the catwalk like a caged animal. Jason reads beneath a tree.

LIONEL
They know what I'm thinkin'.
What I'm doin'. You ever count
the cameras in here?

Jason ignores him.

LIONEL
Gotta be 200 of them - HEY!
I'm talkin' to you!

He is strung out and paranoid.

LIONEL
Fuck it.

Lionel stomps down the rickety stairs. Runs into the thicket.

STAIRWAY GATE - DAY

Lionel runs to the entrance steps. Rattles the locked gate.

LIONEL
FUCK!

He weighs his options.

He eyes a path. Up the gate. Drain pipe. A small ledge. A row of old wire. Some inward-facing rebar.

And he begins to climb. Gives the finger to a security camera. Monkeys up the drain pipe. Squats on the ledge.

The spectator railing is six feet above him and the wires look robust. He grabs a handful...

Sparks fly. Electricity arcs. Lionel screams as current blasts through his body. Hair and clothes ignite.

Now tangled in the wire, the flames roast him alive.

INT. CITY HALL PRESS OFFICE - DAY

Joan is captivated by an on-line video. And Lionel's screams.

A ragged Nixon plods in. Tense. He loosens his tie and unbuttons his vest. Then hears the horror show behind him.

NIXON

Jesus, shut that shit off! Honestly, it's on every computer in this place. What is it with people? A guy fries and everyone loses their minds.

Nixon finds a roll of antacids. Eats three.

JOAN

So, the press conference?

NIXON

Oh, it was great. One reporter referred to it as "Burning Man."

He picks a thick manila envelope from his desk.

NIXON

What's this?

JOAN

Some aide from Councilman Fisk's office dropped it off.

Nixon drops it like it's radioactive. Logs onto his computer. Scans a report. Then scans it again.

NIXON

Over 1,200 new subscriptions to the zoo web site.

JOAN

That's our best week yet.

NIXON

That was in the past hour.

JOAN

Ambulance chasers. You're gonna shut down the site, right?

NIXON

It'd be the right thing to do.

Nixon stares at the manila envelope. Rips it open. Pours a dozen Pay Day candy bars onto his desk.

STAIRWAY GATE - DAY

Kathleen gazes up at the enclosure wall. Spectators wave down at her. Babylon joins them, peering down at Kathleen.

BABYLON

Seems your subjects want out.

KATHLEEN

He must have been troubled. It's not an outcome I expected but...

She hates to ask.

KATHLEEN

I have a request.

BABYLON

You got zero leverage.

KATHLEEN

So you assume.

Babylon listens.

KATHLEEN

I'm restarting the experiment. But I need eight iPads. Minis at least.

BABYLON

I gotta think stickin' to mice in a maze would have been...

KATHLEEN

-- Trash my reputation and what does it get you? This exhibit - these people - need some motivation to keep going. I could make this the most boring zoo exhibit on the planet.

BABYLON

So you assume.

Babylon gazes out over the enclosure.

Niall strides down the stairs with a leather valise. A sturdy man follows him. Niall unlocks the bottom gate. Enters.

Mickey enters after him.

KATHLEEN

Thanks: we can scrub our own toilets.

BABYLON

He's the replacement for dear departed
Lionel, may he rest in peace.

KATHLEEN

I don't need him.

BABYLON

Sixteen spaces mean sixteen bodies.
A full sample set, right? I figured
you'd wanna give it another go.

Niall sets the valise beside her. Kathleen is skeptical.

BABYLON

Bourbon, chocolate, note pads. Nixon
threw in some pens and -- I'll get
the iPads. Why the hell not. Let's
just flush and start with a fresh
bowl, yeah?

Niall exits. Slams the gate behind him. Jogs up the stairs.

MICKEY

Your cave, or mine?

Kathleen grabs the valise and stalks into the thicket.

Mickey looks up at Babylon -- who gives him a friendly wave --
then grimly follows Kathleen.

OUTSIDE THE ENCLOSURE - DAY

Babylon limps on his cane. He takes Niall's arm for support.

BABYLON

Tell me.

NIALL

Current subscriptions net you \$10,000
per hour. Increasing exponentially.

BABYLON

Jesus, all that just to see "Burning
Man" fry?

Babylon makes some mental calculations.

BABYLON

Call our allies in Bad Axe, Bozeman
and Montgomery. Let them know the
pot is boiling.

INT. LIONEL'S CUBE - DAY

Kathleen and Mickey enter what is now Mickey's cube. It's a
mess: unmade bed, food boxes, clothes scattered about.

MICKEY

One flat screen short of a man cave.

Kathleen grabs an empty box as Mickey takes in the place. He
tests the table's sturdiness.

MICKEY

So, you seem the missionary type,
but we could try Iron Chef...

KATHLEEN

Help me collect stuff for his family.

MICKEY

I guess a nooner is out then?

Kathleen searches Lionel's table. Discovers several finely-
carved figurines. Appreciates them. Adds them to the box.

Mickey kicks something on the floor. Picks up Kathleen's
stolen iPhone. Activates it.

She sees Mickey with her phone and grabs it from him.

MICKEY

He didn't have family.

KATHLEEN

How could you know that?

She finds her Swiss Army knife and pockets it.

MICKEY

Newspaper?

Kathleen glares at Mickey.

KATHLEEN

You're a subject of this study like any other. Just watch yourself.

She storms out, Lionel's box under her arm.

EXT. FIRE PIT - DAY

The participants stand beside the fire pit. Unsettled. They assess Mickey. Some look up at the top of the enclosure wall – more people than before.

Mickey stands apart.

GARRISON

You know that Lionel guy?

MICKEY

I know he's dead.

Kathleen joins the group with a stack of iPad Minis.

KATHLEEN

Please divide into two groups.

JASON

What for?

KATHLEEN

Just do it – please.

They do as they're told.

SHAYNA

Can we leave if we want?

KATHLEEN

You need to honor your contracts. That group. Come over here.

Butch, Tatiana, Mickey and their group step toward Kathleen. She hands each of them an iPad.

KATHLEEN

It has Internet. No cellular.

Jason, Shayna and Garrison note their exclusion.

JASON

What's going on?

KATHLEEN

I'm restarting the experiment with just this added variable. Continue evolving in this space. Oh, and our investor doubled the payment pool to \$20,000 per person - in gold.

This gets their collective attention.

KATHLEEN

I'm only an observer. Don't interact with me if possible.

BUTCH

I bet the crowd is as interested in you as they are in us --

KATHLEEN

-- Jason, if you'd show Mickey the ropes.

MICKEY

Someone vote you top dog?

JASON

I volunteered to organize. We gotta distribute the food, clean up...

Mickey punches Jason to the ground. Urges him to stay there.

MICKEY

I got this. You take a powder.

Kathleen carefully removes herself from the situation as Mickey takes measure of the group. He points at Shayna.

MICKEY

You. Get me lunch.

INT. CITY HALL PRESS OFFICE - NIGHT

Nixon stands in front of his computer in a t-shirt damp from the heat. A day's growth of beard. Six-pack on his desk.

He faces a huge new command center. Feeds from cameras, Twitter and Facebook are available at his fingertips.

Nixon chews his fingernail anxiously. Clicks a video feed labeled "KATHLEEN'S CAVE" and gets nothing but the back of a yellow Post-It note.

NIXON

Look at the brains on you.

He sits down. Resolute.

NIXON

Okay, so, you're just "encouraging"
some activity. Free will and all
that. Drop a hint or two.

Nixon comments on some posts. Studies the videos. Squints at one in particular.

NIXON

Woof.

He clicks a video feed: Mickey, doing push-ups.

NIXON

Hello, Mr. Mop & Glo. Let's see if
you'll respond to BadKitten911.

In the feed, Mickey stretches. Picks up his iPad and reads a message on it. Realizes that he's being watched.

Mickey reads it again. Sets down his iPad. Pulls off his tank top. Shows his body to the camera.

Nixon unzips his pants.

NIXON

Yeah, stud. Give it to me.

SWIMMING HOLE - DAY

A hot day. Participants sunbathe. Shayna and Jason read. Bikini-clad Tatiana makes out with a brawny male STUDENT.

Kathleen documents their activities from behind some bushes.

Mickey strides from the woods, a towel under his arm. Jason gives him a deferential nod.

Mickey saunters to Tatiana. Kneels beside them. Flirts. Then walks back toward the container stack.

Tatiana and her paramour follow him.

SHIPPING CONTAINER STACK - DAY

Mickey leads them to the top catwalk.

He indicates the roof. Boosts the student up. The student pulls him up. Together, they lift Tatiana.

Mickey spreads a blanket. Opens suntan oil. Unlaces Tatiana's bikini and smooths oil over her body.

The student strips off Mickey's shirt. Oils his back and chest. Mickey guides the student's hand into his shorts. The threesome presses together like sardines in a can.

EXT. ZOO HUMAN EXHIBIT - DAY

Several spectators at the top of the enclosure wall notice. Some point. Others catcall. Cameras flash.

One yells so the world can hear him:

SPECTATOR

Hey! THREE-WAY IN THE HUMAN EXHIBIT!

NEAR THE SWIMMING HOLE - DAY

Kathleen hears cheers from the crowd above. Aims her camera at a line of enthusiastic spectators. CLICK. CLICK. Sees them pointing.

She shields her eyes. Looks where they point. Recognition.

KATHLEEN

You son-of-a-bitch.

SWIMMING HOLE - DAY

A glistening Mickey stoops to wash his face. He sees Kathleen's reflection in the water.

KATHLEEN

Nice performance.

MICKEY

I'm here all week.

KATHLEEN

Fisk put you here to screw with my subjects. I won't have it.

MICKEY

Are all lady scientists this frigid?

KATHLEEN

I'm the alpha dog here. I demand
your cooperation.

Mickey stands. Saunters to Kathleen. Looks her up and down.

MICKEY

Let's work on your O-mega, alpha...

Kathleen attacks. With three punches and a karate kick, Mickey
lies face-first in the mud.

KATHLEEN

Do we understand each other?

MICKEY

Sir, yes sir.

She leaves him. Mickey appreciates her as she stalks away.

INT. CITY COUNCIL CHAMBERS - DAY

City council members argue with a Roman Catholic BISHOP,
several MINISTERS, and school OFFICIALS.

Connell observes from a corner.

A door slams, silencing the cacophony. Babylon enters with a
rumpled Nixon. Nods to everyone. Refers to a report.

BABYLON

Nixon here just updated me. Over
100,000 subscribers on the web site
AND we broke the zoo's one-day
attendance record. Sex does sell.

BISHOP

My flock will shun that filth.

BABYLON

The cathedral could become condos.

He shoves the sheet of paper into the bishop's hand.

BABYLON

(aside to the bishop)
And your skeletons could become the
six o'clock news.

BISHOP

At least promise us it won't get worse. For the kids?

BABYLON

I'll do everything in my power to affect the outcomes. Now, if you would excuse me.

Connell clears a path for Babylon and Nixon, but Councilwoman Jones intercepts them.

COUNCILWOMAN JONES

Walk with me?

INT. CITY HALL - MAIN STAIRCASE - DAY

Babylon and Councilwoman Jones pause at the foot of the stairs. Councilman SANTOS joins them. Nixon listens in.

COUNCILWOMAN JONES

We are not animals, Mr. Fisk. That sociologist should be censured.

BABYLON

It's out of your hands.

COUNCILWOMAN JONES

Miss Guerrero's donor used a shadow corporation. I'm making a motion to identify its owner.

COUNCILMAN SANTOS

I'm behind her on this.

BABYLON

Is that a good idea?

COUNCILWOMAN JONES

We've got the votes.

NIXON

Councilman Fisk, the press...

Babylon watches them bound up the stairs. Steaming. Then turns, smiles for Nixon and follows him out.

INT. BABYLON'S ANTIQUE SHOP - NIGHT

The shop is dim, lit by Tiffany lamps and spotlights. Animal trophies and mannequins cast garish shadows on the walls.

Babylon pours two bourbons neat at a sideboard. He swirls one in the glass. Leaves the other.

Niall stands nearby.

BABYLON
That nacho cunt doin' the media call?

NIALL
Nixon set it up.

BABYLON
He's useful. For now.

Babylon appreciates the bourbon's aroma.

BABYLON
The worm is turning.

NIALL
Sir?

BABYLON
I consider you boys kin, you know that. Ever since I discovered you hustling. Gave you a home. Us, a home. You're my sons, really...

Niall squeezes Babylon's shoulder. Babylon pats his hand.

BABYLON
America will soon be pure again. It will be your country then.

Connell leads a uniformed white COP (30s) to Babylon, who hands the cop the second bourbon.

The cop slams it back quickly. Steeling himself.

BABYLON
Time to earn your money.

INT. PARTICIPANT CUBE - DAY

A cluttered space. An unmade cot. An indistinguishable man enters the cube.

His hands hold a glass mayonnaise jar. Several scorpions crawl around inside it.

He unscrews the top and rolls the jar beneath the cot.

INT. KATHLEEN'S CAVE - DAY

Kathleen faces her laptop.

KATHLEEN

So, in conclusion, sex is an outcome that we couldn't have predicted, but it falls within our expectations. Thanks for listening.

NIXON (O.S.)

Feel free to contact me. Thanks.

Kathleen signs off. Nixon's face enlarges on her screen. He looks like he hasn't slept in days.

KATHLEEN

I hate explaining myself.

NIXON

I think they bought it.

KATHLEEN

Nixon, you've been the best help.

NIXON

Well, I'm a swell guy...

KATHLEEN

-- Level with me. Does Fisk have something on you?

NIXON

I...no, nothing --

KATHLEEN

-- I mean --

NIXON

-- I know what you mean. I can't --

KATHLEEN

-- Just tell me you're not pulling
the strings for him?

NIXON

Look, I gotta go.

KATHLEEN

Tell me you're on my side. Please!

But he's gone. The origami wolf stares at her – as do Lionel's
hand-carved figurines.

ON TOP OF THE CLIMBING WALL - NIGHT

Butch eats a sandwich. Relishes the after-hours quiet.

He hears someone on the ladder behind him. Glances over his
shoulder.

BUTCH

Great night, eh? You manage to snag
any more of that Ecstasy..?

A loop of rope drops over Butch's head and tightens quickly.
His assailant forces him face-first into the platform. Presses
a knee into Butch's back for leverage.

Butch struggles, but has no chance. Vertebrae crack as his
assailant squeezes his life from him.

INT. NIXON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nixon drops carry-out and a six pack on the coffee table.
His flat is a mess of empty beer bottles and dirty clothes.

Tired. Disheveled. He wrestles off his shirt and tie. Clicks
on the TV. NEWS 5 blares the latest tragedies.

NEWS 5 (O.S.)

...And in Brightmoor, a house fire
has claimed the lives of a woman and
her young daughter.

Nixon grabs a beer. Twists off the top. Guzzles it.

NEWS 5 (O.S.)

We've just learned that the woman
was the daughter of Councilwoman
Jones, who rushed to the scene.

This news draws Nixon in.

COUNCILWOMAN JONES (O.S.)
The Devil did this! It's Hell on
Earth. MY BABY! MY ONLY CHILD!

NEWS 5 (O.S.)
We got comment from Councilman Fisk.

BABYLON (O.S.)
It's a damn tragedy. My heart just
bleeds for her.

The beer slips from Nixon's hand. His stomach heaves. He vomits violently onto the carpet.

NEWS 5 (O.S.)
Your thoughts on Councilman Santos'
resignation?

BABYLON (O.S.)
That disgusting pervert...

Nixon retches again and again.

EXT. KATHLEEN'S CAVE - DAY

Kathleen sits with a note pad. Writes the word "ALLIES" in all caps on the page. Taps the page with her pen.

She ponders this as a call rings in on her iPhone.

KATHLEEN
Hey, you! I was just --

CATO (O.S.)
-- I got something on the councilman.

KATHLEEN
So, how are you?

CATO (O.S.)
Can you believe Councilman Santos? I mean, photos of him and a teenage hustler? In a city park? Who digs that stuff up?

KATHLEEN
People like Babylon Fisk. And give Councilwoman Jones my sympathies.

CATO (O.S.)

Sounds like a set-up. You know he came from rough trade.

Kathleen sets the note pad and pen beside the iPhone.

KATHLEEN

Santos?

CATO (O.S.)

Babylon Fisk. I found a student, who knew a mechanic, who knew a bookie who knew a, um, a mobster willing to have a cappuccino off-the-record.

CLOSE ON the pen beside the iPhone.

CATO (O.S.)

Fisk and his brothers ran away to the city. His bros hustled and died in the process. Mr. Fisk took the business approach and muscled in on the sex racket: hookers, pimps, the works. A chain of actual brothels.

INT. BABYLON'S ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

A program records the conversation in real time on Babylon's computer screen.

KATHLEEN (O.S.)

You're amazing, Cato. I hate to ask.

CATO (O.S.)

I'll check one out, chase this thing. Strictly research...

A mapping program opens. It pinpoints Cato's location. Connell leans in to record it.

He snaps his fingers to alert Babylon, who sets a table for three nearby. Draws a finger across his throat, then motions questioningly.

BABYLON

No. Send someone to watch him. Let him have his fun.

Niall observes from the doorway.

NIALL

The governor is on board. And a
judicial majority.

BABYLON

Damn. It's real now, isn't it.

Babylon pulls silver flatware from a box. He fumbles a knife.

BABYLON

I thought a family meal, the three
of us. A full Irish breakfast - I
even bought black pudding.

Niall takes the silverware from him with a grin. Expertly
arranges it.

BABYLON

Tell me.

NIALL

Your take is over \$10 million so
far. Interest overseas is exploding.

BABYLON

That's it then. The governor appoints
our choice for senator. And our
esteemed Congress leads America to
slaughter.

He pulls a goblet from a hutch. Tings it with his finger.

BABYLON

Let slip the dogs of war.

EXT. SWIMMING HOLE - DAY

Deserted. Pastoral in the morning light.

Kathleen checks for others. Steps gingerly into the water.
Begins to rinse out some clothes.

Mickey watches from the woods. Moves silently to the pool.
Kathleen finally notices him, but holds her ground.

MICKEY

You need a washboard?

KATHLEEN

Don't be a jerk.

Mickey strips bare and enters the water. Lathers up slowly. He knows Kathleen is watching.

MICKEY

The tattoos are souvenirs of Camp Pendleton. Shoulda just bought the lousy t-shirt.

Kathleen smiles. Watches. Washes the same shirt again.

Mickey slips under the water and resurfaces near her.

KATHLEEN

You're quite the exhibitionist. And voyeur.

MICKEY

Oh, I never just watch.

Mickey takes the shirt from her. Holds it against himself. Fakes a couple of tango moves to get a smile. It works.

KATHLEEN

Isn't it confusing? How do you know who or what you want?

MICKEY

I want what I want. A woman, a dude. A date, a fuck, a commitment. Depends on the person. I find fulfillment in everyone. You don't find it in anyone. Who do you think is happier?

A scream cuts through the morning calm.

CLIMBING WALL - DAY

Kathleen and Mickey join other participants at the base of the climbing wall structure. They all look up.

A corpse hangs there, a rope twisted around his neck.

KATHLEEN

Butch?

Tatiana shivers on a nearby rock. Shayna tries to calm her.

GARRISON

She was walking by.

SHAYNA

She's in shock. Lay her down.
Keep her warm.

Jason calls down from the top.

JASON

He was eating dinner. There was a
struggle up here.

GARRISON

So, esteemed scientist - your study's
got a body count.

Kathleen quickly leaves the situation.

GARRISON

She coulda done this.

MICKEY

Cut him down.

INT. KATHLEEN'S CAVE - DAY

Kathleen paces. Scribbles notes on a pad.

Shayna throws open the camouflage screen and strides in.

SHAYNA

How long are you going to play this
charade?

KATHLEEN

What kind of scientist would I be?

SHAYNA

-- Butch is dead. That can't be just
a variable in your study --

KATHLEEN

-- Shayna, science is my life.

SAHYN

What about his life? Our lives? We
didn't do this for science, but for
money so we could live another day.
Did that enter your calculations?

It didn't. Shayna studies Kathleen for a moment.

SHAYNA

Here's a data point for you: the attorney general just waived all applicable laws in favor of your "scientific method." Our lives can be legally forfeit.

KATHLEEN

He suspended the rule of law?

Jason enters. He's been running.

JASON

We found another one.

INT. PARTICIPANT CUBE - DAY

A dead student lies contorted on her bunk. Wide-eyed.

Garrison, Jason and other participants watch as Kathleen and Shayna examine the girl.

KATHLEEN

Was it a seizure?

JASON

Turn her over.

Shayna rolls the corpse on its side.

A dead scorpion sticks to her back by its stinger. Kathleen prods it, shocked.

KATHLEEN

A fattail scorpion. Androctonus...

GARRISON

I thought you studied people.

KATHLEEN

I -- I never saw the people. How could I never see the people?

SHAYNA

Someone brought it in here.

JASON

Perhaps our newest addition?

GARRISON

Is this your Hunger Games, Madam Einstein? Studying who kills who? You brought in that ringer Mick to pick us off. He's the only felon in here.

KATHLEEN

This place. It was intended for another experiment entirely.

Shayna closes the corpse's eyes.

SHAYNA

Well, obviously. This place is a deathtrap.

INT. THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE KATHLEEN'S LOFT - DAY

Cato creeps toward the industrial sliding door. He holds his iPhone in front of him. Kathleen watches on FaceTime.

CATO

It's open.

KATHLEEN (O.S.)

Was it forced?

He picks up a crowbar.

CATO

Yup.

KATHLEEN (O.S.)

Call the police.

Cato slowly slides the door open.

INSIDE

Cato snaps on a light switch. Nothing seems out of order.

CATO

Everything looks fine.

KATHLEEN (O.S.)

What about the animals?

Cato squeaks across the old floorboards. Scrutinizes one tank. Then another.

CATO

Gone. They're all empty. No damage though. Kitchen is fine. Checking the bathroom.

KATHLEEN (O.S.)

Cato, get out of there...

The floor squeaks behind him.

Cato stuffs the iPhone into his pocket. Tightens his grip on the crowbar.

A wire garotte loops suddenly around Cato's neck. Cato drops the crowbar. Claws his neck. Tries to scream.

But Niall holds the garotte tight.

Connell steps in front of Cato. In one hand, a burlap sack. In the other, forceps holding a giant tarantula.

NIALL

Calmly, mate. I need you alive.

Connell drops the tarantula into the burlap sack. And pulls the sack over Cato's head.

EXT. CLIMBING WALL - DAY

Mickey scales the 40-foot climbing wall. Eight feet from the top. No safety gear.

He sets his footing. Reaches for a hand hold. Sees Kathleen watching him from the platform above.

MICKEY

You gonna kill me with kindness or something else?

KATHLEEN

What's your connection to Babylon Fisk?

MICKEY

Constituent.

KATHLEEN

Try again.

Mickey climbs, now a couple feet below Kathleen. Reaches for the next hand hold...

... And it comes off in his hand.

Mickey snatches at air before Kathleen steadies him.

MICKEY

I don't think this joint got the
Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval.

Kathleen hauls him up. Straining. A final pull and momentum carries them to the platform. Mickey, on top of her.

He lingers.

MICKEY

Your foreplay needs work.

Kathleen quickly rolls over so that she's on top of him.

KATHLEEN

Is everything a damn joke to you?

Mickey performs the same move, pinning her to the platform.

MICKEY

I'm laughing on the inside.

Mickey stands. Offers her a hand off the platform. Yanks her into his arms. Performs a quick, pseudo-dance spin...

... And shoves her to the edge of the platform – her life hanging in his hands.

Kathleen grabs at him, but she is at his mercy.

MICKEY

Babylon Fisk used a whore to frame
me for rape. I did his dirty work.

KATHLEEN

You killed for him?

MICKEY

No. Injured. Maimed. Never killed.
Not for him.

KATHLEEN

I'm sorry.

MICKEY

Me too.

He pulls her close. Spins with her 180° and releases her. Steps back to the edge of the platform and spreads his arms. Submitting.

Kathleen grabs his shirt, as if to shove him off.

KATHLEEN

Babylon Fisk stole the snakes and arachnids from my loft. Poisonous ones. I'm sure of it. Cato, my - assistant - discovered it before we were cut off.

MICKEY

Fisk's not in this for a Nobel Prize.

Kathleen pulls him eye to eye.

KATHLEEN

I see you. I see them, and we, us, the entire pack, need your help. I need your help.

Mickey admires her. Leans in as if to kiss her cheek. Whispers in her ear:

MICKEY

Mercenaries expect to be paid.

INT. CITY HALL - MAIN STAIRCASE - DAY

Reporters pursue Babylon to the top of the stairs.

REPORTER

Would you comment on the deaths in the zoo exhibit?

BABYLON

Kathleen Guerrero is a hack. Those deaths sit squarely on her shoulders.

REPORTER

What about the governor's pick to replace the senator? He has considerable alt-right views.

Babylon sees an out: Councilwoman Jones dressed in black. He hobbles down the stairs toward her.

BABYLON

Ms. Jones, did you get the flowers?

She nods as she passes him on the stairs.

BABYLON
How can I help you?

COUNCILWOMAN JONES
You've done enough, thank you.

Babylon eyes the reporter.

BABYLON
Profits from zoo attendance
should go toward city debt.
I need your vote.

Councilwoman Jones considers him from the top of the stairs.

COUNCILWOMAN JONES
You have me, councilman. By a noose,
by the neck. So hang me - before I
hang you.

EXT. ZOO HUMAN EXHIBIT - DAY

WORKMEN build wooden grandstands. A throng of spectators mob the railing, anticipating action below.

A zookeeper installs a sign nearby. It reads: "PLEASE DON'T FEED THE HUMANS."

INT. MICKEY'S CUBE - DAY

Kathleen stress-eats a PowerBar. Studies the construction as Mickey's fingers type on her laptop.

KATHLEEN
Can your Special Ops guys help us?

MICKEY
Ryan will help me.

An e-mail notification blares.

MICKEY
You've got mail.

KATHLEEN
Go ahead and open it.

He scans it. Clicks something. Voices moan from a video:

Kathleen reacts in disbelief.

KATHLEEN

Is that..?

MICKEY

That Butch was quite something.

EXT. SHIPPING CONTAINER STACK - DAY

Kathleen storms down the stairs. Mickey follows her.

Jason and Shayna read together. See Kathleen as she pulls out her Swiss Army knife – and opens it.

JASON

Hey, whoa!

Kathleen ignores them. Hacks down a dead sapling. Skins it into a six-foot staff.

Mickey remains alert, but does nothing to interfere.

KATHLEEN

I'm done being Miss Nice Guy.

LATRINES - DAY

Kathleen stalks into the clearing with Mickey, Jason and Shayna behind her. She pauses, scanning for:

A closed circuit camera. She points at it.

KATHLEEN

Babylon Fisk is a murderer and a
pimp. Anyone watching this puts BLOOD
MONEY INTO HIS POCKET!

She swings at it. Too high. She keeps swinging.

MICKEY

Hold on. Before you hurt yourself.

Mickey urges her to straddle his shoulders. He lifts her up. She swings and smashes the camera into pieces.

KATHLEEN

Watch me take a shit NOW, ass wipes!

Jason and Shayna exchange a look and follow Kathleen's lead. They destroy every camera they can find.

INT. BABYLON'S ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

Babylon dusts a Confederate cavalry uniform on a mannequin.

A bell rings. Connell rises from a nearby chair and admits a scruffy Nixon to the store.

Nixon avoids Connell's hulking form and beelines to Babylon.

NIXON

They destroyed half of the cameras. Ripped out circuits and wiring. We mounted new cameras in the stands, but there's dark spots like all of the, um, the living space...

His voice trails off.

BABYLON

I gotta make some changes.

NIXON

Do you? Do we? What, why..?

Connell urges Nixon to follow Babylon.

STOREROOM - DAY

A clean, windowless space. Antique desk and chair. Wardrobe. Double bed with a large trunk at the foot end.

Nixon's eyes dart around the room.

BABYLON

My bad. Bathroom's down the hall.

NIXON

Sir?

BABYLON

You think Connell's a stud, right?

NIXON

I, I think any woman would be lucky to have a fine man like Connell.

BABYLON
You, Nicky. I mean YOU.

NIXON
Sir, I, I...

Babylon rips Connell's shirt from his body. Slaps Nixon's hand against Connell's bare chest.

BABYLON
Like groping Mount Rushmore, right?
If I said so, you could corn-hole
Connell every day until Christmas.

Nixon moves a shaking hand over Connell's Aryan tattoos.

BABYLON
That's unflinchin' loyalty, Nicky.
It doesn't come cheap.

Connell spins Nixon around. Bends him roughly over the desk.

NIXON
No, please! I'll do ANYTHING!

BABYLON
I already own you.

Connell flings Nixon against the trunk. Nixon falls to the floor. Quickly scrambles around to face them.

BABYLON
Nice four-Hoffa trunk, eh? Open it.

NIXON
Jesus, sir, PLEASE.

BABYLON
OPEN. IT.

Nixon heaves open the lid. Inside: money - lots of money.

BABYLON
I hate fags, but I need you. Don't
spend it all in one place. The Feds
are fuckin' dicks about money.

Nixon extracts a wad of cash.

NIXON
This is \$10,000.

BABYLON

There's a hundred of those. Job well done, y'know? And for the inconvenience of movin' in here.

Nixon's cash-fueled euphoria evaporates.

NIXON

Here? I can't live here.

BABYLON

I need a press secretary.

NIXON

Living here? As a, a prisoner?

BABYLON

Trusted teammate. Connell is protection if you go out. Simple. Temporary. Make it your own.

Connell cracks his knuckles.

EXT. KATHLEEN'S CAVE - DAY

Kathleen watches the sun rise. Fingers the staff beside her. Pulls out her knife. Begins sharpening one end.

Something thrown from above plops beside her. She studies the empty stands, then picks up the object: a softball-sized Indian basket, perhaps Native American.

She shakes it. Opens it. Pulls out a rock with a note attached to it.

Mickey strides to her. Laptop under his arm.

MICKEY

I didn't risk my ass in Fallujah for this shit.

He opens the laptop. Hands it to Kathleen.

MICKEY

From my boys. Read.

NEARBY

An indistinguishable MAN crouches in shadow by the moat.

KATHLEEN (O.S.)
 (reading from e-mail)
 ...And the militias in twelve states
 have verifiable connections to white
 supremacy groups and the Nationalist
 Party...

AT KATHLEEN'S CAVE ENTRANCE

MICKEY
 -- Ryan connected Fisk to all of
 them. He followed the money.

KATHLEEN
 But why keep us?

MICKEY
 His militias are mobilizing.

KATHLEEN
 But twelve of them? Supported by
 hustlers and whores?

MICKEY
 He and the Nationalist Party want to
 make this some lily-white, xenophobic
 plantation society. I didn't fight
 for that. My mates didn't lose their
 legs for that. America doesn't deserve
 that. I'll kill Fisk myself before
 that happens.

Kathleen has a realization. Sends a quick text on her iPhone.

NEARBY

The man moves closer. Pulls an arrow from a quiver.

KATHLEEN (O.S.)
 On-line subscriptions. It's twenty
 bucks for access to the feed.

MICKEY (O.S.)
 There can't be 100,000 people. Max.

AT KATHLEEN'S CAVE ENTRANCE

KATHLEEN
 You underestimate the public.

KATHLEEN

Russian dash-cams, gore porn. Even Grumpy Cat has a million Facebook fans.

MICKEY

It's a fucking cat. Dogs, otters, cats. People watch the cute shit.

She gets an answer. It horrifies her.

KATHLEEN

Per Nixon: we just passed the ten million subscriber mark.

MICKEY

Jesus, that's - \$200 million? Enough to fund an army.

KATHLEEN

Or put a down-payment on America.

Mickey grabs the laptop. Shoves it in front of Kathleen. A handmade arrow glances off of it.

He urges Kathleen into the cave. Chases after the assailant.

CLIMBING WALL - DAY

The assailant hides behind the wall. Prepares another arrow. Fires it at Mickey.

It grazes Mickey's shoulder. He gives chase into the thicket.

THICKET - DAY

The assailant crouches in the undergrowth. Watches Mickey as he pauses on the footpath. Pulls another arrow from the quiver. Peeks over a bush.

Mickey is gone.

ASSAILANT

Shit.

The assailant creeps forward. Crouching. Listening.

A twig snaps to his right. He looks. Nothing but dense brambles. He slinks into the thicket. Another twig snaps. He retreats. Crosses the footpath. One stride. Two...

A snare grabs his ankle and whips him into the air. He dangles from a tree.

MICKEY

Garrison, buddy. How's it hangin'?

GARRISON

Cut the crap. We're both workin' for Fisk.

MICKEY

Are we?

Mickey head-butts Garrison into unconsciousness.

INT. KATHLEEN'S CAVE - DAY

Garrison lies on the floor. Hands and feet bound.

Kathleen throws a bucket of water over Garrison, shocking him awake.

GARRISON

The Mexican whore has teeth.

Mickey, his shoulder bandaged, hauls Garrison to his knees.

KATHLEEN

Don't manhandle him.

GARRISON

You got Three-way Thaddy helpin' now? What's he been tellin' ya?

MICKEY

He flirts with Fisk's ginger gorillas. He knows something.

GARRISON

Mr. Fisk's a patriot. Faggot like you ain't got a prayer in his mob.

KATHLEEN

A killer with brains wouldn't be tied up in a cave. What's Fisk's plan?

GARRISON

Go fuck yourself. I seen what those rangas can do.

Mickey smacks Garrison.

KATHLEEN

Hey, ease up on the mafia tactics.

MICKEY

We gotta know Fisk's end game.

Mickey grabs a pail. Throws it outside.

MICKEY

TATIANA! FILL THAT AND BRING IT HERE!

KATHLEEN

You can't torture him. You wouldn't.

MICKEY

If I learned one thing in the Marines?
Information is king. And you get it
any way you can.

KATHLEEN

Stop this. NOW. I WILL HURT YOU...

Mickey lifts Kathleen from the ground by the throat.

MICKEY

Stay and watch, or get the fuck out.

He hurls her away. She stumbles. Nearly crashes into Tatiana and her water pail. And scrambles from her cave.

EXT. KATHLEEN'S CAVE - DAY

Kathleen crouches at the entrance, facing the tense participants. Inside, Garrison weeps. She can't bear it.

Mickey appears at the cave entrance. Soaked. Shell-shocked.

The crowd of spectators in the stands above them quiet to hear Mickey.

MICKEY

This experiment. This cage...

Mickey struggles to vocalize his horror.

MICKEY

He saw concentration camps. Militias
rounding up undesirables. Confining
them in a, a struggle to the death.

MICKEY

Televised, government-mandated
extermination by the white minority.
Gays, blacks, latinos. Felons.

The spectators above titter at his assessment. Some are concerned, others disbelieving. Many are excited.

Mickey crouches at the moat. Scrubs himself vigorously.

Tatiana hauls Garrison from the cave.

TATIANA

So, do we KILL THE MESSENGER?

The spectators above murmur. Mickey gestures at them.

MICKEY

Give him to the high court. THEY
WANT BLOOD.

KATHLEEN

They'll tear him apart. We can set
up a trial. A jury.

MICKEY

Maybe he deserves to die.

KATHLEEN

Confine him to his cube.

SHAYNA

How? No doors, no windows.

TATIANA

Then let Mother Nature have him.

She and several other participants howl like a pack of animals. They drag Garrison to a tree beside the swimming hole. Bind him to it.

Kathleen tries to intercede, but two students hold her.

KATHLEEN

Stop it! Let go of me! Mickey, PLEASE!
You're better than this!

ABOVE THEM

The blood-thirsty majority roars. Spectators throw drink containers and tacky souvenirs at Garrison and Kathleen.

BABYLON (O.S.)
DON'T FEED THE HUMANS!

The crowd falls silent.

Babylon steps to the enclosure wall. Gazes down at Kathleen.
And gives her a thumbs down.

Another roar goes up from Babylon's supporters in the crowd.

Kathleen gives Babylon – and the crowd – the finger.

And Babylon laughs.

EXT. FOOD BRIDGE - NIGHT

A WORKER delivers the day's food rations – one green box.

FOOD BRIDGE - DAY

Tatiana gets in Kathleen's face.

TATIANA
This is your fault!

Other participants back her up. The green food box sits at
Kathleen's feet.

TATIANA
It's all part of your big game.

Spectators hoot and laugh from the enclosure wall above.

JASON
I won't starve in here.

KATHLEEN
I won't let you starve.

TATIANA
We could rush her.

Mickey takes a defensive stance beside Kathleen.

SPECTATORS (O.S.)
Blood. Blood. Blood.

KATHLEEN
Your giving Fisk the chaos he wants.
Our battle is with him.

Tatiana baits the spectators. The chants rises, frenzied.

~~SPECTATORS~~ (O.S.)
B00Dd!F00D0dF0B0D00D!

Kathleen screams a BANSHEE HOWL.

Utter silence follows.

Kathleen chants. Begins a Native American war dance. Thrusts her arms out to widen her circle.

Mickey takes up the chant. Mimics the dance.

Kathleen grabs a loaf of bread. Gives a chunk to Tatiana. Distributes pieces to the others.

Bodies sway. Soon everyone is eating and dancing.

She offers Mickey some bread. He refuses it.

KATHLEEN
Are you with me?

MICKEY
"With" is a strong word.

She forces the bread into his pocket. He grabs her arm.

MICKEY
They hit him today at five.

He spins away from her. Continues to dance.

EXT. BABYLON'S ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

PEDESTRIANS stroll the sidewalk. Window shop.

Babylon looks out. Flips the OPEN sign to "CLOSED." Across the street, a MAN makes a call.

INSIDE

Clocks tick. The store is quiet.

Babylon reviews invoices at his desk. Tallies receipts.

IN THE STOREROOM

Nixon at his computer array in a dirty t-shirt and boxers. Unkempt. A scruffy beard. Ear buds offer some respite.

He gnaws on a drumstick and mumbles quietly to the music.

A gloved hand covers his mouth with a cloth. Nixon droops, unconscious. A SPECIAL OPS SOLDIER lays Nixon on the floor.

RYAN (30s, intense) motions to his men.

RYAN

Get into position. Await my order.

INT. BABYLON'S ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

Four other soldiers fan out. Stuffed carnivores and mannequins in military uniforms are their only audience.

Babylon completes his work. Checks his watch. Exits and locks the door behind him.

The store is quiet once again.

RYAN

Okay. Scour the place.

Ryan and his associates spread out.

One soldier searches a desk, then surveys the room.

A sword suddenly bursts from his chest.

Connell - dressed as a British Red Coat - yanks out the sword. The soldier's corpse drops at his feet.

Ryan hears the body drop.

RYAN

James. Report.

A struggle to his right. A gagging sound. Dishes break to his left. Ryan ducks down and moves.

RYAN

Respond. Anyone!

Ryan stumbles over a body. He checks for a pulse. Sees the garotte around the man's neck.

RYAN

We've been made! Abort!

Two hands grab Ryan. Throw him across a table. He lands. Recovers. Pulls his gun.

Niall, dressed in Confederate grey, strides toward Ryan.

Ryan is trapped. Fires a shot into Niall's shoulder with little affect.

Niall beats Ryan unconscious.

BABYLON (O.S.)

Glad I invested in Kevlar.

Babylon checks Niall's wound. Niall winces. But no blood.

BABYLON

This is the best America has? We'll own the fuckin' country in a day.

Niall throws Ryan's limp body over his shoulder.

BABYLON

Take him and a bottle of scotch downstairs. You and Connell earned some fun.

INT. MICKEY'S CUBE - DAY

Birds chirp outside.

Kathleen whittles her staff to a point beside the window. Mickey does push-ups. Neither have slept.

A FaceTime call rings through to the laptop. Kathleen quickly sits facing it.

Nixon appears on the cracked screen. Disheveled. Grim.

NIXON

How could you be so arrogant?

KATHLEEN

Nixon, are you okay?

NIXON

You're so stupid. He's had access to your server for days. He knew you were coming.

Mickey tenses.

NIXON

He killed them all. The last one?
Mr. Fisk took his time with him and,
and made me watch. Bastard had a
real soft spot for you, Mickey.

Nixon reads a note card. His hand shakes.

NIXON

"Let the games begin. No food. No
Internet. And your computer will..."

The laptop whines. There's a snap. A puff of smoke.

KATHLEEN

My work!

MICKEY

Ryan. I shoulda had your back.

KATHLEEN

God, Mickey...

He rejects her attempts at comfort. Breaks into tears.

Kathleen tries to comfort him. Fights to get closer. Mickey
lashes out at her. Knocks her down.

MICKEY

Get out! Get the FUCK OUT!

Kathleen crawls away. Manages to reach the catwalk railing.
Grabs it for support. Tears run down her cheeks.

And then a man outside screams in agony.

The sounds of spectators – cheering, groaning, screaming –
drift to her. But she remains in her grief for a moment.

Mickey joins Kathleen. He doesn't look at her.

MICKEY

Something's different.

He checks the ground. Nothing. Jason and other participants
gather above and below them.

A woman screams in the forest.

JASON
That's Tatiana. At the latrine.

KATHLEEN
Follow me. And keep down.

She and Mickey creep down the catwalks to ground level.

WEST GATE - DAY

They follow the stream to the west gate. It's wide open.

MICKEY
Something got out.

Tatiana SCREAMS again.

LATRINES - DAY

Kathleen and Mickey creep within view of the latrines. A set of claw marks scars the latrine door.

MICKEY
Something definitely got out.

A FULL-GROWN TIGER walks into view.

Tatiana peers from a small window. The tiger attacks but can't get in. Tatiana screams.

MICKEY
It is way hungry.

KATHLEEN
It'll eat the easy prey first.

Kathleen and Mickey exchange a look.

SWIMMING HOLE - DAY

They reach Garrison but find only blood and gore. Throat torn out. Viscera pulled from the carcass.

MICKEY
Mother of God.

Kathleen quickly cuts the corpse loose.

KATHLEEN

It'll come back to feed.

MICKEY

Do I look like I'm hiding a shovel
on me? We need to lure it away.

Mickey throws the corpse over his shoulder like he's done it many times before.

WEST GATE - DAY

They slosh across the moat to the open gate.

Mickey lays Garrison's corpse on the floor. Closes its eyes and says a quick prayer. Strips to his underwear. Throws his clothing beside the corpse. Washes blood off his arms.

KATHLEEN

We need to seal this somehow.

IN A TREE - DAY

Kathleen and Mickey observe the partially open gate from their perch. A large rock rests in the water beside it.

MICKEY

I have better underwear.

The tiger emerges from the thicket. Sniffing. It plods down the embankment toward the gate.

Pauses. Looks. Sniffs. Then creeps toward their tree.

MICKEY

Do tigers climb trees?

KATHLEEN

Only when they're hungry.

Kathleen yanks her Swiss army knife from her pocket. Aims and throws it across the moat. It clangs against the gate.

The tiger bounds toward it. Sniffing. Looking. Then enters the corridor.

Kathleen and Mickey climb down. Slip into the water. Mickey stoops to the rock.

Kathleen counts down. Three fingers, two, one – and slams the gate shut.

The tiger charges.

Mickey heaves the stone in front of the gate. The tiger hits the gate. But it does not open.

INT. KATHLEEN'S CAVE - NIGHT

Kathleen scribbles a note. Places it in the Indian basket. Seals the lid tightly onto it.

BESIDE THE MOAT - DAY

Kathleen and Shayna pick through the trash beside the moat.

KATHLEEN

Look for pop bottles. Milk cartons.
Anything we can drink.

A brick smacks the ground just feet from them. Kathleen scans the stands.

SHAYNA

What's that?

Kathleen picks up the brick. Pulls an origami panda from beneath a rubber band.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN CORRIDOR - DAY

Babylon reads in the well-lit wing-back chair.

Kathleen plods cautiously up the unlit corridor toward Babylon. Stumbles over something.

BABYLON

Allow me.

Lights reveal the corpses of the dead soldiers. Ryan's severed head glares from the smooth concrete floor.

BABYLON

Look where your ego took you.

Kathleen stops, horrified. Struggles to regain her composure.

KATHLEEN

Starving people make good editorial
but lousy television.

BABYLON

Then we'll see how my theory works.

KATHLEEN

Your theory?

BABYLON

Hon, you've got plenty of food. It's
just still on the hoof.

KATHLEEN

That is not gonna happen.

BABYLON

I've got an insurance policy.

Connell pulls Cato into view — his face bruised and his hands
bound behind his back.

She runs to the gate.

KATHLEEN

CATO!

CATO

Alive and well.

He moves to her.

CATO

Some sociology project, huh? What do
you call it when the scientist become
the subject? Oh, I know -- totally
screwed.

He leans in, inches from Kathleen

CATO

A scientist could get totally screwed
on the 1200 block of E Street, too.

BABYLON

Enough...

CATO

-- And you're a bully and an asshole.
No wonder everyone hates you.

Babylon backhands him, knocking him to the floor.

KATHLEEN

STOP IT!

BABYLON

Insurance. Eat, or be eaten.

Babylon marches up the corridor. Connell follows with Cato in tow.

KATHLEEN

CATO! If you hurt him, you're DEAD.
YOU HEAR ME? DEAD!

EXT. CAIRN IN THE ENCLOSURE - DAY

The sun sets red as Kathleen stumbles from the passage. Sobbing in the humid air.

She hears laughing spectators and surveys the scene.

Several participants plead with the spectators for food. Tatiana wrestles with a student for an orange. Jason and Shayna share a hot dog.

JASON

Food's gone. Internet's shut down.
We're finished.

KATHLEEN

Like hell we are. We're not dying in
Fisk's fun house.

Kathleen pulls apart the two fighting participants.

KATHLEEN

Stop fighting like monkeys and gather
the pack. We're burning Babylon to
the ground.

FIRE PIT - NIGHT

The participants sit in a semicircle around Kathleen. Mickey faces Kathleen, apart from the others.

Restless spectators watch from above.

KATHLEEN

Babylon Fisk wants you to throw away your humanity. To feed on each other like jackals.

MICKEY

What do you want, a drum circle?

SPECTATOR

(from above)

I want action! I paid good money for some action!

KATHLEEN

You know shit about action. You stand there all day throwing Big Gulps and Cracker Jacks at us and expect us to jump through your hoops? Some of us do things. Discover new worlds, cure diseases, fight for your country. Your country – while you pad your butt with McMuffins and check in at Dairy Queen and tweet photos of your cat to your mother --

SPECTATOR

-- You can't talk to me like that --

KATHLEEN

-- Then drag your bleached white ass down here and stop me. I dare you to participate. Get your fat mug out of Facebook, turn off your fucking phone and join the human race because I've got a FOX Breaking News Alert for you: the party's over.

She advances on Mickey. He takes a step back.

KATHLEEN

What do I want? Science to solve problems, soldiers to defend just causes and people to like each other...

Grief floods into her, but she keeps herself together.

KATHLEEN

Be here at eight tomorrow morning. Tired, hungry – meet me here anyway. It's time we regained our dignity.

Then strides into the darkness.

EXT. CAIRN IN THE ENCLOSURE - DAY

Kathleen, Mickey and several others pry open the hatch to the underground tunnel. Kathleen descends with a torch.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN CORRIDOR - DAY

The others join Kathleen and they begin to dress the soldiers' bodies. Mickey places Ryan's head with his body. Says a prayer. Kathleen touches his shoulder, but says nothing.

FIRE PIT - NIGHT

The pack assembles around a pyre stacked with the soldier's bodies. Nearby, their dog tags hang from a tree branch.

Kathleen holds a torch.

KATHLEEN

My friends, with this act we mourn
our dead and purify ourselves.

She appreciates each pack member and surprises Mickey by handing him the torch. He lights the pyre.

The fire roars to life.

Kathleen divides the remaining food into equal portions.

KATHLEEN

(quietly)

Eat. Tomorrow, we go to war.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Babylon strolls toward his wing-back chair. Connell follows with a burlap sack. Nixon shuffles behind them.

Babylon leans against the gate. Smiles at someone on the other side. Sticks a protein bar between the bars.

BABYLON

You must be starving.

No answer. Babylon tosses it on the ground.

Connell enters a code into the keypad and the gate clicks open. Yanks Nixon toward him. Hands him the burlap bag.

Nixon steps through the gate. Sets the burlap sack at Mickey's feet. Hurries to leave.

MICKEY

Wait.

He picks up the protein bar. Slips the bar into the pocket of Nixon's rumpled shirt. Forces Nixon to look at him, to feel his empathy.

Nixon scampers to Babylon's side. Connell shuts the gate.

BABYLON

Miss Guerrero needs her snake back.
You're my delivery boy.

Mickey picks up the burlap sack. It writhes in his hand.

BABYLON

Why'd you save those thirty sand
niggers in Iraq?

MICKEY

I don't kill innocents. I don't kill
the wounded. I don't kill just because
they're black or brown or yellow or
white. You framed a vet with a Purple
Heart. Just because.

BABYLON

You were handy.

MICKEY

I want a guaranteed pardon.

BABYLON

I've got your pardon, signed by the
governor. When she's dead, you're
free as a bird.

EXT. KATHLEEN'S CAVE - DAY

Kathleen sits beside the moat. The Indian basket sits beside her. She checks her watch.

Someone casts a sudden shadow over her.

KATHLEEN

I figured you wanted some alone time
last night.

MICKEY

I needed a pedicure.

KATHLEEN

I need a walk. Coming?

EXT. STAIRWAY GATE - DAY

Kathleen leads Mickey to the entrance bridge.

MICKEY

You bring that basket in?

KATHLEEN

Nope.

She rattles some weight in the Indian basket. Then heaves it
over the enclosure wall in a graceful arc.

MICKEY

Secret admirer?

KATHLEEN

Someone with nothing to lose.

She squeezes his arm.

KATHLEEN

And I want a rock to tie my ship to.
Since you asked.

Mickey takes that in as Kathleen strides into the thicket.

ABOVE, AT THE ENTRANCE STAIRWAY - DAY

Councilwoman Jones picks up the Indian basket. Opens it.
Pulls out a rock and a note.

It fills her with grim determination.

INT. BABYLON'S ANTIQUE SHOP - NIGHT

A TV blares the news.

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)
...Marchers led by Councilwoman Jones
invaded several townhouses on E Street
which appear to have been brothels...

BABYLON
I WANT HER DEAD!

Niall and Connell remain impassive.

NIALL
She's gone to ground.

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)
Gang warfare has spiked in turf wars
around the city...

Babylon smashes the TV with his cane.

BABYLON
Tell me.

NIALL
75% of your brothels gutted. Lopez
moved on your Woodward rackets. He
and his family are dead. But LeShaun
made a play for your south side
dealers. Six pimps executed. Assets
are in play.

Niall grabs Babylon's elbow to focus him.

NIALL
You can't stay here, sir.

BABYLON
That wetback bitch ain't standin' in
the way of my victory! Get police
protection. Secure the building.

Babylon pounds a number into his phone.

BABYLON
Billy Ray. You have a "GO" on
Operation Liberate America. Release
the militias. Behead the city
government. I want ashes.

INT. MICKEY'S CUBE - DAY

Mickey examines a cache of hand-made weapons: bows and arrows, clubs, spears.

MICKEY
Cowboys and Indians.

KATHLEEN
We have these.

Kathleen presents a ZipLok of dead scorpions.

KATHLEEN
The underground gate is a problem.

MICKEY
Nixon may not be so far gone.

Mickey hands his iPad to a surprised Kathleen.

MICKEY
C'mon. Hacking a cell company is easier that ordering pizza.

KATHLEEN
I have nothing to give him.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A haggard Nixon stands at a hot dog cart. Connell watches him from ten feet away.

NIXON
Two sloppy dogs and a Coke. You want a schlong, Connell?

Connell is not amused.

NIXON
Didn't think so.

Nixon watches two MEN with side arms walk past. Jumps when his cell vibrates. Squints at the number. Answers.

NIXON
I can't talk.

KATHLEEN (O.S.)
Can you open the underground gate?

Nixon puts the cart between he and Connell.

NIXON

No. Yes, but...

KATHLEEN (O.S.)

Please, you must.

NIXON

Mr. Fisk would love that.

KATHLEEN (O.S.)

I'll pay you every penny I have.

NIXON

You have squat. You're finished professionally, and you'll never get out of there.

KATHLEEN (O.S.)

You're a good man, Nixon. I'll help you dig out of this.

NIXON

Like there's anything in this shitty world you could do for me.

CUT TO:

MICKEY'S CUBE - DAY

MICKEY

He can have me.

Kathleen registers her disbelief.

Mickey tugs off his shirt. Snaps a suggestive selfie on the iPad and sends it.

MICKEY

Whaddya say, Mr. BadKitten911? I'll bring the Windex.

INT. MICKEY'S CUBE - DAY

Kathleen focuses on the weapons.

MICKEY

You're jealous.

KATHLEEN

You sold yourself like a common whore.

MICKEY

I solved a problem.

She counts darts and arrows.

MICKEY

Those spectators that throw trash at
you? They throw condoms and dildos
at me like I need to make a choice.
I don't -- not unless I want to.

KATHLEEN

We're gonna need more arrows.

Mickey carefully pulls the burlap bag from beneath his cot.
Unties the top. Offers it to her.

MICKEY

I made you something.

KATHLEEN

You made *me* something?

MICKEY

It'll change your life.

Kathleen approaches, curious. Reaches in...

KATHLEEN

Ow! What the..?

MICKEY

Shit, bad idea. Sorry.

He maneuvers the bag. A wooden handle pokes from it.

Kathleen pulls out a hand-hewn club with metal spikes
protruding from the end.

MICKEY

Figured something tribal.

He runs his fingers along her cheekbone. Wants her.

KATHLEEN

You want what you want. I - I don't
think this is the time or place to
decide what I want.

He nods, not used to being rebuffed.

MICKEY

That's my alpha: direct and to the point. So, you got plans for those scorpions?

INT. KATHLEEN'S CAVE - NIGHT

Kathleen readies herself by candlelight. Assesses the cave. Picks up her knapsack, then decides against it.

She examines the origami wolf. Touches it to the candle's flame. Watches it burn to ashes.

EXT. CAIRN IN THE ENCLOSURE - NIGHT

A moonless night. Sirens and gunfire echo outside the zoo.

Kathleen and Mickey lead a motley tribe across the grass: painted faces, handmade weapons, padded shoes.

Kathleen carries her club and the pointed staff. Mickey carries a length of heavy chain.

The hatch to the tunnel yawns open like a toothless jaw.

She jabs her pointed staff into the ground and helps Mickey and Jason wedge rocks against the hatch door.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The gate stands wide open.

Nixon waits for them. Clean-shaven. Pressed shirt and tie. Kathleen gives him a big hug and means it.

Mickey pauses to adjust Nixon's tie. Smooths his shirt. Probably give Nixon a woodie.

MICKEY

We'll get to those windows soon, Mr. Porter.

Jason wedges the gate with the pygmy-upholstered, wing-back chair. And they advance up the corridor.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A TV camera's POV of an African-American REPORTER as she is filmed live on the street.

REPORTER

...the violent death of the mayor spurred a riot on the streets. Ethnic residents clash openly and violently with what appears to be white supremacist militias...

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)

We gotta move.

The footage jerks to a white Humvee emblazoned with a blood red swastika.

Several SUPREMACISTS jump from it.

SUPREMACIST

Hey! A nigger reporter!

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)

Run, Loretta. RUN!!

The camera POV rushes in toward a supremacist. Bashes him in the face. Buildings swirl. Gunfire blasts nearby.

The camera drops to the ground, its POV unmoving. It films broken glass on the asphalt. And an expanding pool of blood.

INT. BABYLON'S ANTIQUE SHOP - NIGHT

Protective iron screens with peepholes cover the windows. The store's immaculate interior glows beneath bright lights.

Mercenaries and police officers watch the street.

Babylon sits beside Connell at his desk. Niall confirms the positions of his men.

BABYLON

The animals are loose, gentlemen. No mercy. No quarter.

HALLWAY

A door eases open and Nixon looks out. Terrified. He shuts it when two mercenaries hurry past.

He checks again, then slips out. Kathleen follows with her pack. They carefully disperse into the store.

IN THE STORE

Nixon shuffles to Babylon. Connell tenses.

NIXON

Subscriptions peaked at 250 million worldwide. They're tailing off.

BABYLON

They sense revolution in the air. I've already moved my money to Singapore.

NIXON

\$1.5 billion.

BABYLON

And behold: a debt-free city. Just in time to burn it to the ground.

A police officer droops to the floor beside Babylon.

NIALL

BATTLE POSITIONS!

Connell shields Babylon. Takes an arrow in the shoulder.

He shoves Babylon under the desk. Breaks off the arrow. Yanks two huge knives from his belt.

Nixon seeks shelter behind a credenza.

A mercenary crumples beside Niall. He scans the chaos of the room, then looks up.

Tatiana and another participant decimate Babylon's troops with blow guns from the ceiling rafters.

NIALL

THE RAFTERS!

Niall throws a knife. Embeds it in the participant's eye and drops her from the rafters. Tatiana leaps to safety.

Kathleen attacks two cops amid Revolutionary war memorabilia. Kills one with her club. Finds the other a skilled boxer.

Nearby, Shayna struggles with a mercenary.

SHAYNA

Kathleen!

Kathleen grabs a musket. Runs the bayonet through Shayna's mercenary. Then pummels the cop to death.

Babylon limps toward an exterior fire door. Keys in hand.

Mickey smacks Babylon's hand with his chain. The keys fly.

MICKEY

Say hello to your worst customer.

Babylon yanks a knife from his cane and attacks. They destroy a dining room display as they battle. Tureens become missiles. Silver platters become shields.

Babylon parries Mickey's assault. Rakes Mickey across the ribs with the knife.

Mickey stumbles backward over a rack of quilts. Babylon pulls a bookcase full of glassware on top of him.

BABYLON

Good riddance, ya honorable fuck.

Niall gathers the remaining cops and mercenaries at the front door and prepares for a final assault.

KATHLEEN

PLAN BETA!

Kathleen's pack mates wiggle several mannequins, distracting Babylon's men. They open fire. Tear the mannequins apart.

Kathleen and Shayna flank Babylon's gathered forces and rain antiques down on them.

Jason, Tatiana and two other participants cut down Babylon's men with arrows and spears.

Connell attacks and guts Tatiana. Butchers her team.

Jason pounds Connell with his fists, focusing on Connell's arrow wound. Connell retreats, parries Jason's barrage and jams his knife into Jason's stomach.

Jason grabs an antique iron. Swings. Connects with Connell's temple. Then runs a spear through Connell's chest.

Connell crashes through a china cabinet. His last living sight is Nixon, staring at him from beneath a table.

Jason bleeds out beside Connell as Nixon retreats.

IN THE STOREROOM

Nixon quickly packs money into a knapsack.

BABYLON (O.S.)
You fuckin' TRAITOR!

Babylon plunges a knife into Nixon.

Nixon tries to ward off Babylon's attack, but Babylon strikes like a viper. Blood sprays everywhere.

Babylon backs Nixon onto the bed. Climbs onto him.

BABYLON
YOU WANT MY MONEY? DO YOU?

Babylon guts Nixon from chest to groin. Stuffs wads of money into Nixon's abdomen as Nixon's life drains out of him.

Sated, Babylon releases Nixon's corpse. It slides into a oozing crimson pile on the floor.

He wipes his knife on Nixon's tie. Replaces it in his cane. Straightens his own blood-soaked tie and vest.

HALLWAY

Niall waits for him. He kneels submissively.

NIALL
I failed you.

BABYLON
No, my son. You are my Aryan knight, shining on the hill. Help me down the stairs. Then burn it. All of it.

He puts his hand against Niall's blood-spattered face.

BABYLON

Then go. You are my future.

EXT. BABYLON'S ANTIQUE SHOP - NIGHT

Kathleen assembles Shayna and the surviving participants in the street. Chaos surrounds them, but the street is calm for the moment.

She conceals a police revolver at the small of her back as Mickey staggers from the building.

MICKEY

We're it. No sign of Fisk. He either went up or down.

KATHLEEN

Nixon?

Mickey shakes his head.

INSIDE THE STORE

Niall creeps into the store. Finds and lights a kerosene lamp. Discovers Connell's body. Pauses just a moment to close Connell's eyelids.

NIALL

Sit well at the hand of God, brother.

He smashes the lamp onto the floor.

OUTSIDE THE STORE

The explosion rattles the shop's window screens.

MICKEY

I would guess down. To the enclosure.

KATHLEEN

Go. Be safe, but get to your loved ones as soon as you can.

Kathleen's tears come freely as she gives her love to them. She hugs Shayna fiercely.

KATHLEEN

You made this all more bearable,
girl. Thank you. So much...

Shayna holds Kathleen tightly, then surprises Mickey with a hug. She leaves with a wave.

KATHLEEN

Fisk has Cato. I'm going after him.

MICKEY

He a boyfriend, or friend with
bennies, or..?

KATHLEEN

My assistant. You're staying here.

MICKEY

I'll assist with the assistant.

KATHLEEN

Mickey, I want you to go.

MICKEY

Jesus, he must really be employee of
the month.

KATHLEEN

Mickey, please...

MICKEY

-- It takes a certain kind of person
to put their life on the line for
just anyone, y'know?

Kathleen touches his chest, grateful. Discovers his wound.

KATHLEEN

You're hurt...

Mickey checks the street around them – protective of her –
as a roar rises from the zoo. Lights blaze in the coliseum.

MICKEY

The Babylon Fisk campaign rally.

Kathleen nods to a drugstore. Searches her pockets.

KATHLEEN

We need supplies. You need a bandage.
And somewhere I lost my damn iPhone.

EXT. CAIRN IN THE ENCLOSURE - NIGHT

Babylon limps into the enclosure. A cavalry saber hangs from his hip. He carries a messenger bag. Pulls a rope.

The spectators roar in the stands above him. Babylon acknowledges them.

Cato struggles at the end of the rope, his hands bound. He manages to stand, pulling himself erect.

BABYLON

COME!

One by one, Babylon's dogs climb the ladder and surround him. Excited and primed to attack.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Kathleen and Mickey follow the zoo fence, each carrying a shopping bag.

The swastika-marked Humvee blasts past them. Swerves over the curb. Plows through the zoo fence.

Armed white supremacists jump from it.

SUPREMACIST

What say we go on safari, bros. I'll take the lions...

A tranquilizer dart hits his chest. He falls over without another word. As do his buddies.

A zookeeper and her khaki-clad army surround the Humvee.

ZOOKEEPER

Not on my watch, you ain't.

She rallies her compatriots.

ZOOKEEPER

Surround the coliseum. Shoot anyone who tries to get near the animals.

Kathleen and Mickey use the distraction to reach a small cinder block building.

KATHLEEN

New electric service for the enclosure
came up right about here.

They check the door. Locked. Kathleen shoves her shopping
bag into Mickey's arms. Runs back to the Humvee.

She flashes her university ID to the man guarding it.

KATHLEEN

A.T.F. The keys still in there?

OUTSIDE THE CINDER BLOCK BUILDING - NIGHT

Mickey makes a Molotov cocktail from a vodka bottle. Light
suddenly illuminates him. The Humvee...

He dives aside. The Humvee barrels into the building, caving
in the door and a wall.

Kathleen climbs through the debris. She kills the main circuit
and the coliseum goes black.

SWIMMING HOLE - NIGHT

The lights die as Babylon binds Cato to a tree. The crowd
above in the stands murmurs uncomfortably.

Babylon pulls two flares from his messenger bag. Lights them.
Throws them into the grass. He adds trash, boxes, branches
to build a roaring fire.

ABOVE, BENEATH THE STANDS - NIGHT

Mickey uses pieces of his shirt to fashion more bombs.

KATHLEEN

You're a great mixologist.

MICKEY

You have no idea.

They gather their Molotov cocktails. Shoulder their way
through the spectators to the enclosure wall.

Kathleen lights a cocktail. Addresses the gathered spectators.

KATHLEEN

Move. Or fry.

The spectators stampede. She smashes the cocktail onto their wooden seats.

SWIMMING HOLE - NIGHT

A fireball blooms above Babylon. Then another. Chaos builds. Spectators flee as flames incinerate the stands.

Babylon pounds a stake into the ground with a mallet.

BESIDE THE BURNING STANDS - NIGHT

Kathleen scans the enclosure.

KATHLEEN

Cato.

MICKEY

I see him.

He peers over the edge. Gingerly lowers himself toward the electric cable running around the perimeter.

KATHLEEN

Mickey, DON'T!

He touches it with his toe. Dead. He yanks the cables loose.

MICKEY

Trust me?

She climbs onto his back and they jump. Swing Tarzan-like in an arc over the moat. Then plunge into the water.

SWIMMING HOLE - NIGHT

Babylon appeals to his fleeing audience in the stands.

BABYLON

WE'RE JUST GETTIN' TO THE GOOD STUFF!

He unsheathes his saber. Limpes to Cato. Pricks him.

Cato spits in his face.

BABYLON

You better scream, gook, or this'll be one painful fuckin' date.

CAIRN IN THE ENCLOSURE - NIGHT

Mickey quietly seals shut the hatch to the tunnel.

CATO (O.S.)
(in the distance)
Kathleen! Help me!

KATHLEEN
He's never asked for help in his
life. He must be okay. Sneak around
the climbing wall...

MICKEY
Full frontal is more my style.

Before Kathleen can object, he disappears into the darkness.

SWIMMING HOLE - NIGHT

Babylon adds fuel to the fire. The dry grass begins to burn.

Mickey studies the field from some bushes. Cato, some thirty
feet from the fire. Babylon, by himself.

He steps into the open.

Above them, a few diehard spectators point. One gasps. Babylon
appreciates the warning.

MICKEY
You're finished. You know that.

BABYLON
Maybe. PACK UP!

Seven dogs materialize from the woods. Form a ring around
Babylon. Anticipating a meal.

MICKEY
Let him go.

BABYLON
You have zero leverage.

Kathleen creeps up behind Cato. Babylon and his dogs focus
on Mickey.

BABYLON
You're a discarded veteran, Mick.

BABYLON

Your country wants you to disappear.

Kathleen keeps the tree between herself and Babylon. She reaches Cato. Quickly covers his mouth.

KATHLEEN

Don't say anything.

She pulls a nail file from her pocket. Saws at the rope.

CATO

Didn't I pack you a knife?

KATHLEEN

Yes. And a hundred other life-saving gadgets.

One of the dogs looks to Cato. It growls low.

MICKEY

(to the dog)

HEY! You're a beautiful animal. You deserve better...

Babylon pulls his saber and steps toward Mickey. The dogs follow, sensing a kill.

Mickey steps backward. Feels the fire behind him.

Babylon smiles. Steps forward again. Mickey retreats, ready for whatever attack comes.

CATO

STOP! HE BURIED...

... a bear trap snaps onto Mickey's ankle. He falls to the ground. Tries to escape, but the trap is staked too deeply.

Babylon leers at him. Saber poised. Dogs frenzied.

BABYLON

I like to watch this part.

Kathleen severs the rope around Cato. Pulls him free. And shoves him into the swimming hole.

Babylon turns on Cato's splash. Sees Kathleen. Points.

BABYLON

GO!

The dogs leap toward Kathleen.

Kathleen draws her revolver and empties it at the dogs. Takes down four. Races into the darkness with the remaining dogs in pursuit.

CAIRN IN THE ENCLOSURE - NIGHT

Kathleen reaches the cairn with the dogs just yards away from her.

She grabs the pointed staff that she had left there earlier. Yanks it from the ground. Bashes the nearest dog with it.

INT. SWIMMING HOLE - NIGHT

Wind fans the flames, spreading the fire toward Mickey as Kathleen's screams and the dogs' snarls cut the silence.

BABYLON

She woulda been a handful.

He stabs at Mickey with the saber. Mickey manages to duck his blade, but has nowhere left to go.

MICKEY

So her experiment became your final solution.

BABYLON

Serendipity meets natural selection.

A soaked Cato hits Babylon from behind, knocking him to the ground. Babylon loses the saber in the grass.

Babylon regains his feet quickly despite his bad knee. Cato attacks using fighting skills honed with Kathleen. Babylon proves a worthy opponent.

Mickey pries the trap off of his crushed ankle. Crawls toward the saber in the grass.

Cato misjudges an attack. Babylon knocks him out with a fist to the jaw.

Mickey - now mere feet from the fire - is just inches from the saber. He reaches for it.

Babylon's foot crushes Mickey's hand against the ground. He snatches up the saber. Sets it against Mickey's neck.

BABYLON

Your friend's head came off easily
with this.

Kathleen bashes Babylon with her staff, saving Mickey. Babylon
stumbles backward.

She faces him. Pointed staff in hand.

KATHLEEN

Get away from my pack.

He attacks Kathleen with the saber, but she parries with the
staff. They battle across the charred earth until she has
him defenseless and kneeling before her.

BABYLON

The Latina bitch has spunk.

Mickey uses Babylon's cane to hop painfully across the grass.

MICKEY

I'll tie him up. Stash him in your
cave for safekeeping.

INT. KATHLEEN'S CAVE - DAY

The first hints of sunrise stab into the cave. Kathleen shoves
Babylon down onto the camp stool. Binds his legs.

He makes no move to escape.

BABYLON

You think it ends here? In a cave,
like our less refined ancestors?

KATHLEEN

It ends for you. And me.

She steps to the cave entrance.

BABYLON

We are not savages, you and me.

KATHLEEN

Let someone else figure that out.

Kathleen strides out. Babylon contemplates her answer for a
moment. Then wriggles a hand free from his bonds.

EXT. SWIMMING HOLE - DAY

Mickey checks his watch. Pulls his iPad from a ZipLok bag in his cargo shorts. Accesses a phone number.

INT. KATHLEEN'S CAVE - DAY

Babylon sheds his ropes. A cell phone rings. He follows the ring tone to Kathleen's knapsack. Picks it up.

BABYLON

God is smilin'.

Babylon unzips the knapsack. Reaches into it.

BABYLON

What the -- AAAGH!

He drops the knapsack on the floor. The black mamba races out of it. Quickly strikes again and again.

Babylon stumbles to the floor. Tries to crawl away. But paralysis sets in immediately.

The black mamba slithers over his quivering body.

EXT. KATHLEEN'S CAVE - DAY

Kathleen surveys the enclosure. Smoke from the grass fires hangs in the air. Flames leap up the climbing wall.

She takes in the charred stands. A zookeeper stands at the railing. She waves and gives a thumbs up.

Kathleen waves back. Tears stream down her cheeks.

SWIMMING HOLE - DAY

Mickey, satisfied, snaps his iPad in two and tosses it into the swimming hole.

Cato groans. Mickey pulls himself across the charred earth. Lays Cato's head in his lap. Tends his wounds.

CATO

Who are you?

MICKEY

Welcoming committee.

Kathleen joins them. She warms at Mickey's tender care and Cato's affectionate smile.

KATHLEEN
Airlift is coming.

MICKEY
What's next, chief?

She turns her face to the sun rise.

KATHLEEN
Living. Just living.

EXT. FARM FIELD - DAY

SUPER: SOMEWHERE IN RURAL AMERICA

Heavy equipment scrapes the earth. A town SHERIFF watches as a big man steps to him. Red hair fiery in the sunlight.

NIALL
Status?

SHERIFF
Mostly graded. It'll have a 20-foot electric fence on the perimeter.

NIALL
Your lists?

SHERIFF
Got a list of faggots from HRC and AIDS charities. Niggers from the NAACP. The Internet is a hacker's paradise.

NIALL
Collection begins in a month.

A crane lifts a shipping container. Stacks it onto another one. A line of trucks with containers stretches up the road.

FADE OUT