

**I AM MOTHER**

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Unable to quiet her, Mother pulls up a selection of music on a wrist pad, cycles through disparate options -- playing from her voice box -- POP, REGGAE, CLASSIC ROCK, JAZZ, HIP HOP -- anything to soothe or distract.

Nothing works until Mother lands on an old-timey CHILDREN'S TUNE, quieting Daughter as the playful MUSIC continues over...







Young Daughter watches while sipping from a thermos. Rolls over and closes her eyes in peace.

21

**INT. MOTHER'S QUARTERS - DAY**

21

Young Daughter wakes before Mother. Plays with her bunny but quickly bores. She looks around, unsure what to do. Then climbs down from bed and approaches Mother -- still tethered.

Curious, Young Daughter fiddles with the cables plugged into Mother's shoulders. Runs her hands up the fiberoptic tendrils.

She stares at Mother for a beat. Risks a whisper --

YOUNG DAUGHTER

Mother...

Mother doesn't stir.

YOUNG DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

Mother, are you awake?

Mother's eye spirals half-way open. Young Daughter greets her with a tentative wave. Mother's eye shuts. Her head lowers.

YOUNG DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

I can't sleep anymore.

(off silence)

Can you at least turn the lights on?

Getting nowhere, Young Daughter crawls into Mother's lap. Walks her fingers along Mother's shoulders and arms, examining her complexity.

She notes several illuminated bars in the side of her head -- denoting an incomplete battery charge -- and gently touches Mother's face when --

Mother's eye spirals open again. She taps a screen on her dock and the room lights up.

Young Daughter beams. Mother speaks in a soothing monotone:

MOTHER

Have I made you happy, Daughter?

YOUNG DAUGHTER

I'll be happier if you come play.

MOTHER

There'll be time for that after I finish my sleep cycle.

Daughter expels a HEAVY SIGH.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Find a story to read. I'll be finished shortly.

Young Daughter remains in Mother's lap, combing over her chair.

YOUNG DAUGHTER

Why don't you ever sleep in the bunk with me?

(off silence)

I'll let you have the top.

MOTHER

Those beds are for children. Like you. This is where mothers sleep.

Young Daughter jiggles Mother's tethers.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Careful.

Mother hoists Young Daughter off her lap. Sets her down.

Frustrated, Young Daughter shuffles back to the bottom bunk. Hunches on the edge of the bed, staring down at her bunny.

Mother watches. Waits a beat, then --

Unplugs her tethers and goes to her child. The mattress bows as Mother takes a seat next to Young Daughter.

YOUNG DAUGHTER

How come there aren't more children, Mother?

MOTHER

There used to be. Before the wars.

Young Daughter studies the lights near Mother's eye.

YOUNG DAUGHTER

I don't want to be a human.

MOTHER

Why's that?

YOUNG DAUGHTER

They ruined everything.

MOTHER

Humans can be wonderful.

Young Daughter eyes her bunny.

YOUNG DAUGHTER

Then why'd you only make one?

Mother stares at Young Daughter for a long beat. Stands and extends her hand. Young Daughter hesitates before taking it.

22 **INT. LAB COMPLEX - GESTATION CHAMBER/EMBRYO BANK - MOMENTS 22 LATER**

A thick door opens -- *TSHHH* -- revealing Young Daughter, slack-jawed at Mother's side. Mother takes Young Daughter's hand, inviting her in like a parent welcoming their child into a restricted room for grown-ups.

Escorts her to the glass entrance of an immense EMBRYO BANK -- walls honeycombed with cryo pods from floor-to-ceiling.

YOUNG DAUGHTER

My brothers and sisters are in those?

MOTHER

Would you like to meet them?

Young Daughter feverishly nods.

23 **INT. LAB COMPLEX - GESTATION CHAMBER/EMBRYO BANK - MOMENTS 23 LATER**

Mother and Young Daughter look over several upright cryo pods anchored to the floor. Mother uses the bit in her finger to key a cryo pod, its embryo rack rising from a cloud of gas.

MOTHER

Now, be careful. The liquid in these tanks is very cold.

Young Daughter gapes at its columned compartments.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
They're small now. But one day  
they'll be as big as you.

YOUNG DAUGHTER  
When?

MOTHER  
When the time is right.

YOUNG DAUGHTER  
Why couldn't we be born together?

MOTHER  
Because, Daughter... mothers need  
time to learn. Raising a child, a  
good child, is no small task.

YOUNG DAUGHTER  
But you're a great Mother.

MOTHER  
That's very kind.

YOUNG DAUGHTER  
Do you think you'll be ready soon?

MOTHER  
Perhaps.

Mother extends her hand.

Young Daughter remains fixated on the embryo-rich pods.

YOUNG DAUGHTER  
And then we'll be a family?

MOTHER  
We are a family.

YOUNG DAUGHTER  
(re: pods)  
A big family, I mean.

MOTHER  
Eventually.

Young Daughter takes Mother's hand. Bursting with excitement.

24

**INT. MOTHER'S QUARTERS - MORNING**

24

YEARS LATER. Daughter, nearly 17, pale and thin, hair squared  
at her shoulders, slowly rouses in her top bunk.

CLOSE ON DAUGHTER'S EYES blinking awake. A lasting, hollow  
stare. Interrupted by the CLATTER of silverware.

Her head rolls to the side to find Mother plating breakfast at the nearby conference table.

Daughter looks back at the ceiling. SIGHS.

25 **INT. MOTHER'S QUARTERS - MINUTES LATER**

25

Daughter sits alone in the middle of the long table, silently eating loose corn. Da Vinci's Last Supper minus the disciples.

Mother enters, reaches to take Daughter's empty plate when her mechanical wrist locks, its GEARS WHINING.

DAUGHTER

What's wrong?

Mother pries at her wrist, forcing it to bend. Flexes her stiff fingers. Daughter grows concerned.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

How long's it been like that?

MOTHER

It's fine.

DAUGHTER

Mother...

Daughter takes her plate.

26 **INT. MOTHER'S QUARTERS - MINUTES LATER**

26

Daughter pulls a multimeter probe from a toolkit, touches the wire veins of Mother's detached hand, making the fingers twitch one-by-one.

She affixes the hand to Mother -- seated in the docking station -- and tightens screws with a micro-screwdriver. Then sprays the joint with lubrication.

Mother moves her wrist with ease. Daughter sets a hand on Mother's shoulder. Pecks her cold cheek as she exits.

27 **OMITTED**

27

27A **INT. LOADING DOCK - DAY**

27A

A PIANO SOLO plays from a tablet computer -- propped atop a pallet -- in a corner of the loading dock. A brilliant shaft of sunlight stretching across the room.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Daughter progresses through her port de bras. Focused. Fluid.

Dancing in-and-out of the sunbeam, she loses herself in the graceful steps and catlike twirls of a petit allegro dance.

In the spotlight of the sun, she pirouettes, attacking each with the precision of a machine.

Sweat-soaked, Daughter towels off. Chugs back a thermos.

27B INT. CLASSROOM CORRIDOR (\*CORRIDOR A2 CHEAT) - MINUTES LATER

Daughter tears ass down the \*main hall of an educational wing. Late for class.

28 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY 28

Austere. Desks in long rows. Wearing monochrome fatigues, Daughter sits front-and-center, flanked by empty seats.

Distracted, she gazes off-screen.

Mother stands at a console in the front of the classroom, pointing to a smartboard. ONSCREEN: an illustration of five sickly people, clustered on the left-hand side.

MOTHER

Suppose a doctor has five patients.  
All in need of different organ  
transplants. Without these organs,  
these patients will die. However no  
compatible organs are available.

ONSCREEN: a lone sickly person enters on the right-hand side.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

One day, a sixth patient enters the  
doctor's office with a life  
threatening condition. Upon doing  
blood-work, it's discovered that  
this patient, though curable, is a  
perfect organ match for all five of  
the doctor's other patients.

(beat)

If the doctor treats this new  
patient, one life will be saved but  
five will be lost. If the doctor  
does nothing, one patient dies, but  
five can be saved. What is the  
doctor's best course of action?

Daughter remains focused on something off-screen.

DAUGHTER'S POV THROUGH GLASS WALL

Endless rows of desks extend uniformly through adjacent glass-walled classrooms like parallel train tracks (*PRODUCTION NOTE: scope achieved via matte painting*).

MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Daughter...

MOTHER

taps the console, frosting the glass wall. Daughter snaps to.

DAUGHTER

Course of action? I guess... none?

MOTHER

And why's that?

Daughter stammers.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

What is the fundamental axiom posited  
in A Fragment on Government?

(off stare)

Did you do your reading?

DAUGHTER

Some.

MOTHER

Was it too difficult?

DAUGHTER

...maybe?

MOTHER

We can select a different text.  
However, your birthday is rapidly  
approaching and it would be  
unfortunate if your scores failed  
to meet the projections from last  
year's examination.

(beat)

But you set the pace, Daughter.

DAUGHTER

Bentham's fine.

MOTHER

Alright then...

(beat)

The fundamental axiom suggests that  
a person is morally obligated to  
minimize the pain of the greatest  
number possible.

DAUGHTER

Right.

MOTHER

Now consider that you're the  
doctor. And also the only organ  
match for your patients. What then  
is the right choice?

DAUGHTER

According to whom?

MOTHER

I'm asking you.

DAUGHTER

I mean, Comte says I should be willing to suffer harm for the benefit of others...

MOTHER

And do you agree?

Daughter hesitates.

DAUGHTER

Not entirely.

MOTHER

Elaborate.

DAUGHTER

Well, do I know these five patients? Are they good humans? Honest, dishonest, lazy or hardworking? I, a life-saving doctor, might be giving my life for people who are murderers or thieves... who end up harming more people due to my sacrifice.

(beat)

I can't really answer the question.

MOTHER

You don't feel that every human has intrinsic value? And an equal right to life and happiness?

DAUGHTER

I did last month. When you were teaching Kant.

MOTHER

I detect frustration. At what point did I agitate you, Daughter?

DAUGHTER

You didn't. It's just... nevermind.

MOTHER

I didn't mean to alarm you about your exam. The fact is, it's more a test of my competence than yours.

(beat)

You'll do fine, Daughter. You always do.

Daughter grins, half-hearted.

CLOSE ON MOTHER'S BATTERY INDICATOR progressing while she sleeps in her docking station. Data-feeds blinking and active.

Daughter lies in her bunk, wearing pyjamas. Her wall shelf populated with paper animals.

She absentmindedly makes an origami dog while watching an episode of The Tonight Show on her computer tablet.

CLOSE ON SCREEN: Johnny Carson shakes a contestant's hand as --

An overhead light flickers.

Daughter stares at it. Confused. Sets down her tablet.

Suddenly, the room CRUSHES TO BLACK, except for the glow of Daughter's computer, The Tonight Show playing in b.g.

DAUGHTER (O.S.)

Mother?

Daughter climbs down from bed, searches for a torch and CLICKS it on -- piercing the darkness.

She pans the eerie room with the light, her beam landing on Mother -- docking station powered down and unlit.

Daughter scurries to Mother. Inspects her top-to-bottom.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

Mother, wake up.

She taps Mother's darkened head. No response.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

Mother...

Daughter eyes the hallway. Worry creeping up her spine.

30 **OMITTED** 30

30A **INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR B1 + C - MOMENTS LATER** 30A

Daughter roams the hall -- waving her torch to and fro -- following exit path markings around a corner and --

31 **OMITTED** 31

**OMITTED**

31A **INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR A1 - CONTINUOUS** 31A

-- down a LARGE TUNNEL, lit by arrows and a glowing red EXIT sign. Pallets of stacked boxes lining the wall. At the far end of the tunnel, she notices a faint flicker in the darkness.

On edge, Daughter presses deeper down the tunnel to the mouth of the loading dock where she finds a bundle of cables -- leading to an electrical box -- torn and sparking. Suddenly, she hears a SQUEAK. Startles. As something scurries beneath a pallet.

31B INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR F

31B

She drops to her knees to investigate, shining her light under the boxes to find -- a tiny mouse.

She crawls backward. Wide-eyed at the foreign critter -- seen only in textbooks. Studies it with rapturous curiosity.

CLOSE ON MOUSE staring back at Daughter.

After a beat, she leaps up. Digs through several boxes of supplies and canned provisions before finding grains. Tears into a shrink-wrapped package of thermoses and --

Sprinkles a few oats into one of them.

CUT TO:

DAUGHTER

placing the thermos beneath the pallet, coaxing the mouse. The critter inches forward. Hesitant. Ventures into the thermos.

She screws on the lid. Holds the thermos up to the light, examining the rare specimen inside. Her eyes wide with wonder.

She taps the jar --

DAUGHTER

Hey, little guy.

DAUGHTER'S POV

The mouse looks for a way out of the thermos. RACK FOCUS to the sparking cables behind a pallet.

DAUGHTER

holds up the mouse, a grin spreading across her face.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

You've been busy, huh?

32 INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR A1 + F - MOMENTS LATER

32

Daughter carefully splices the wires together, then flips a breaker. Suddenly, HVAC systems WHIR overhead.

33 INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR A3 - SAME

33

Dim floor lighting powers up, several metres at a time.



39

**INT. VENTILATION PLANT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

39

Mother crosses a mechanical room, crammed with HUMMING HVAC EQUIPMENT and HISSING BOILERS. A web of rusted pipes overhead.

Daughter panics as Mother barrels toward -- an incinerator.

DAUGHTER

You said nothing could survive out there. Maybe the surface is safe now.

Mother opens its cast iron door. Ignites flames -- *WHOOSH*.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

Shouldn't we at least check before --

Mother deposits the thermos into the incinerator, arresting Daughter in her tracks. Daughter stares at the withering plastic, her hopes lost in the fire.

MOTHER

If it survived beyond these walls, that doesn't mean it's not a carrier.

Mother turns to her. Notes Daughter's crushed expression.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

You're disappointed. That's understandable. My measurements are sound. Surface contamination levels remain hazardous to you... and all the unborns who will one day call this their home.

(beat)

I'm sorry, Daughter.

Daughter stands like a misplaced statue in front of the incinerator. Mother pivots and returns toward the hall. Stops in the doorway --

MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You had better take a shower.

DAUGHTER

Yes, Mother.

40

**OMITTED**

40

40A

**INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR A1 + F / LOADING DOCK - LATER**

40A

Mother sanitizes the floor outside the AIRLOCK with a pressurized steam cleaner while Daughter waits in the adjacent TUNNEL, hair wet, watching a show on her tablet. Barred from entry by a mobile containment cube erected in the doorway.

A tube-fed AIR FILTER WHIRS at Daughter's feet, drawing air out of the containment cube -- made of frosted plastic sheeting, its point of entry sealed with magnetic clasps.

DAUGHTER  
How much longer?

Silhouetted behind the plastic, Mother SHUTS OFF the STEAMER. Looks around.

MOTHER  
I still have to do the other side.  
We can't be too careful with  
something like this.  
(beat)  
I don't want you coming near the  
airlock until I can confirm the  
area's uncontaminated.

Daughter stares at the ground with a heavy sigh. Glances back at the containment cube to find -- Mother's lit eye staring at her through the tinted plastic.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Where are your pyjamas?  
(off silence)  
From last night.

DAUGHTER  
Oh, um... in the laundry, I think.

A beat. ON MOTHER. The light in her eye shifting. Unreadable.

MOTHER  
(attempting humor)  
That's a first. I was beginning to  
think you forgot where the laundry  
was, Daughter.

Mother TURNS ON the STEAMER. Goes back to work.

41 **INT. MOTHER'S QUARTERS - NIGHT**

41

Daughter sits alone at the conference table. Eyes closed. Mother enters, sets something in front of her.

MOTHER  
You can look now.

Daughter opens her eyes to discover a wrapped present.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Happy birthday, Daughter.

Elated, Daughter grabs the gift.

DAUGHTER  
Can I open it?

Mother nods. Daughter wastes no time. Tears off the wrapping and pries open the box to reveal -- a vacuum-bagged set of new cotton pyjamas -- identical to her others.

Daughter deflates, slowly removing them from the packaging.

MOTHER  
Do you like them?  
(off look)  
I had to dispose of your others.  
But I know they were your favorite.

Daughter sets them on the table. Eyes Mother, who watches her expectantly. Daughter quickly masks her disappointment.

DAUGHTER  
They're great, Mother.

She stands to embrace Mother's hulking frame.

42

**INT. MOTHER'S QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER**

42

Daughter eats across from Mother, whose effort to keep Daughter company is undermined by her inability to share the meal. Daughter's CHEWING the only sound while Mother observes.

Daughter sets down her fork, stares at her nearly-full plate.

MOTHER  
Would you like me to heat it more?

Daughter shakes her head. Takes a bite, averting her eyes.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Something is troubling you.

DAUGHTER  
I'm just not that hungry.

MOTHER  
You know you can talk to me,  
Daughter. About anything.

Mother eyes the bagged pyjamas on the table.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
I can get you a different color.

DAUGHTER  
It's not that.

MOTHER  
Then what?

Daughter tries to bite her tongue. But fails, leveling steely eyes on Mother --

DAUGHTER

What if you're wrong?

(beat)

Your measurements or... how would you know if you don't go outside?

MOTHER

Doing so could make me a hazard to you. I'd have to be destroyed.

(beat)

Are you unhappy here?

DAUGHTER

No but...

MOTHER

I want you to be happy, Daughter.

DAUGHTER

I am. I just think...

Daughter hangs her head. Mother reaches across the table, gently lifts Daughter's chin and holds her gaze.

MOTHER

Have you ever known me to be mistaken?

Daughter softens, shakes her head.

43 **INT. MOTHER'S QUARTERS - NIGHT**

43

Daughter lies in her bunk when the light overhead dims and flickers for a brief beat. Then returns to normal.

She puzzles. Eyes the docking station where Mother sleeps.

DAUGHTER

(whispering)

Mother?

No response. She withdraws a torch (flashlight) from beneath her pillow and climbs down the bed's metal frame.

43A **INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR A1 (OUTSIDE BARRIER) - MINUTES LATER**

Daughter presses toward the containment barrier, beaming it with her torch, unable to clearly see to the other side.

She looks back down the tunnel. Deliberating long and hard before -- parting the barrier's magnetized seam and stepping through the plastic entryway, out of sight.

43B      **INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR F (INSIDE BARRIER) - CONTINUOUS**      43B

She emerges from the barrier on the other side, at the mouth of the loading dock.

Shines her light on the previously-sparking cables. But finds everything just as she left it.

She pans her light over the area. Not a mouse in sight.

44      **INT. LOADING DOCK - MOMENTS LATER**      44

Daughter stands before the airlock door. Deep in thought. Cups her hands to the vision panel and peers across the DECONTAMINATION CHAMBER to the bunker's exit --

A large BLASTDOOR, its porthole blackened by night.

Daughter takes a final look through the glass. Turns and shines her torch at an oversized locker -- affixed with timeworn radiation and biohazard decals.

45      **INT. LOADING DOCK - MOMENTS LATER**      45

Daughter pops open the locker's doors, revealing -- shelves of CBRN suits -- stacked like lifeless bodies -- and nuclear emergency supplies.

She stares at the airlock for a long beat. Deliberating. Glances back at the suits.

46      **INT. LOADING DOCK - MOMENTS LATER**      46

Daughter hastily wriggles her legs into the pants of a CBRN suit. Tugs suspenders over her shoulders.

She pulls on a gas mask. Her BREATHS FILTERED as she shuts the locker and ventures toward the airlock.

Daughter stops in front of the sealed door with the ambivalence of an astronaut preparing to jettison into space.

Exit signs glow red as if in warning.

She places a hand over the airlock switch. Closes her eyes, steeling herself. Takes a deep breath when --

*TING, TING* -- metal faintly taps the exterior blastdoor.

She bristles -- unblinking -- as the sound of metal PRIES and SCRAPES the door -- nearly flooring her in shock.

Her filtered breaths heave hard and fast, fogging her mask. She rips it off. Cups her hands to the vision panel when --

*THUD! -- THUD! -- THUD!* -- metal HAMMERS metal.

Daughter backs away, glances over her shoulder. Deliberates a beat before -- flipping the airlock switch.

Piston rods unbolt in succession -- *SHUNK-SHUNK-SHUNK-SHUNK* -- and the airlock door raises -- *TSHHH*.

Heart jacking, she presses through the doorway and --

47

**INT. LOADING DOCK/AIRLOCK - CONTINUOUS**

47

-- edges toward the BANGING blastdoor into a beam of moonlight -- punching through its porthole.

DAUGHTER

Hello?

The outer door stills. Daughter presses her ear to it. Silence.

She peers out the muddied glass when --

A shadow blocks the moonlight, darkening the grated window.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

...hello?

WIND HOWLS. A woman's voice strains through the thick metal --

WOMAN (O.S.)

Don't want any trouble. I just...  
place looked abandoned.

Daughter startles.

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

You gotta help me. Please.  
(beat)  
You alone?

Daughter eyes the containment barrier behind her.

DAUGHTER

How... are you sick?

\*

WOMAN (O.S.)

I've been shot!

Daughter reels.

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

Hear me?

Daughter glances at her gas mask.

DAUGHTER

You're not contagious?

WOMAN (O.S.)

No, no. I'm bleeding.

A BLOODY HAND presses against the porthole.

Daughter slowly retreats. Processing.

WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You there? Hey!

*BOOM! BOOM!*

WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Open up!

She looks back at the locker.

48 **INT. LOADING DOCK - MOMENTS LATER**

48

Daughter tosses a CBRN suit into the airlock. Closes it behind her and stares at the exit release.

A sign reads: "ALARM WILL SOUND IF DOOR IS OPENED."

She takes a deep breath and -- unseals the blastdoor -- triggering a DEAFENING ALARM -- *WAAH-WAAH-WAAH!*

49 **INT. MOTHER'S QUARTERS - SAME**

49

CLOSE ON MOTHER'S EYE spiraling open. She yanks free of her tethers, explodes out of her wiry throne.

50 **INT. LOADING DOCK/AIRLOCK - SAME**

50

Daughter watches a rawboned WOMAN stagger into the airlock, dropping a piece of rebar, wearing mudcaked rags and clutching her hip. Amber lights flashing. SIRENS WAILING.

The Woman drops the rebar and a satchel. On edge. Flinches as the BLASTDOOR SHUTS and DECON FILTERS WHIR. Fingers twitching at her side.

Through the vision panel, she squints at Daughter. Both studying each other as if viewing something alien.

DAUGHTER  
I need you to put on that suit.

The Woman kicks at the CBRN gear, inspecting it. Cautiously surveys her surroundings.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)  
You want inside, you'll put it on.  
Mask and all.

WOMAN  
...huh?

The Woman peels her hand from her bloody shirt. Shakes her head.





Daughter eyes the locker -- cracked ajar -- the Woman's suited body narrowly visible on a shelf beneath other CBRN suits.

She shuffles in front of it. Sleeves sweat from her brow as --

Mother nears the locker. Nudges past Daughter and CREAKS open one of its doors.

Daughter leans against the other locker door, concealing the Woman's head and torso, her booted feet still exposed. Daughter shoves her CBRN suit back onto a shelf --

DAUGHTER  
(placating)  
You're right, Mother. As always. My actions were impulsive and...

Though stern, Mother touches Daughter's face with concern.

MOTHER  
And very dangerous.

DAUGHTER  
It won't happen again.

MOTHER  
No. It won't.

Mother closes the locker. Turns away.

Daughter spots the Woman's bag in the DECON CHAMBER and -- blocks the viewing panel with her body as --

Mother faces her.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
I hope you show better discretion than this on your exam tomorrow.

DAUGHTER  
Tomorrow?

MOTHER  
Did you forget?

DAUGHTER  
Can't we reschedule?

MOTHER  
To accommodate your disobedience?  
(beat)  
I suggest you shower off and head straight to bed, Daughter. It's going to be a long day.

Mother ushers Daughter toward the tunnel. Daughter glances back at the locker.

57

**INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING**

57

Mother sets a tablet computer in front of Daughter -- sleepy-eyed at her usual desk, atop which sits a new thermos.

Daughter skims the first exam page on the tablet.

CLOSE ON TEST, divided into sections: "CRYO PRESERVATION" -- "EMBRYO THAWING" -- "FETAL DEVELOPMENT." Equipment diagrams and flowcharts beneath each.

MOTHER

You'll have sixty minutes to complete the first portion of your exam. If you finish before I return, you can read your book.

DAUGHTER

Where are you going?

MOTHER

I have lab work to complete. And must see to the airlock.

Daughter sits up. Anxious.

DAUGHTER

What for?

MOTHER

To ensure the area wasn't contaminated last night.

DAUGHTER

(re: exam)

What if I have questions?

MOTHER

Skip any you don't understand and I'll assist you when I get back.

Mother CLUNKS toward the door. Daughter panics.

DAUGHTER

Mother...

Mother cranes around. Daughter swallows hard.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

There's something I need to tell you. I meant to last night. But... I wasn't sure how you'd react.

(beat)

I found something. In the outer sector.

MOTHER

Another mouse?

Daughter stares at her thermos. Remembering. Eyes unblinking. She raises her gaze to Mother. Forces a nod.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Where is it?

DAUGHTER  
I got rid of it. Outside.

MOTHER  
Is that why you opened the door?

DAUGHTER  
I didn't want you to hurt it.

A long silence.

MOTHER  
I appreciate your honesty.

Mother turns to leave. Stops in the doorway.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
You must remember that everything I do is to protect you, Daughter.

Mother exits and closes the door behind her.

Daughter grimaces. Waits a beat. Then bolts to the door.

58      **INT. CLASSROOM CORRIDOR (CORRIDOR A2)- CONTINUOUS**      58

Daughter pokes her head out of the classroom, glances down the education wing's main hall as Mother disappears around a corner. Then slips out the door in the opposite direction.

59      **INT. LOADING DOCK - MOMENTS LATER**      59

Daughter cautiously ventures into the loading dock, staring at the closed locker.

DAUGHTER  
Hello?

No response. Daughter skirts past the locker to the airlock. Peers inside, spots the satchel on the ground.

She holds her breath and -- in one motion -- opens the DECON CHAMBER -- swipes the satchel -- seals the door. Gasping.

She unfastens the bag. Looks inside to find -- a single-shot hand cannon -- with two spare shells clipped to its barrel.

Wary, she tucks the gun into the back of her belt -- covering it with her jacket -- and approaches the locker with the tentative steps of a bomb squad tech.

She grips the locker handles and -- cranks them, leaping back.

The doors open, revealing the Woman on a bottom shelf.  
Immobile.

Daughter watches her from a distance. Squats to find the woman's masked head hanging sideways, looking out.

Awestruck, Daughter ventures a whisper --

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)  
Hey... we have to go.

The Woman doesn't budge. Daughter leans in to inspect. Peers through the Woman's clouded mask to find her eyes closed.

Hesitant, Daughter gently touches her arm. No movement. Emboldens and gives her a firm shake when --

The Woman awakens with a start, SMACKING her head into the shelf above -- sending Daughter stumbling.

The Woman rolls off the shelf, onto the floor. Slumps against the locker for support.

Neither moves as they size each other up.

The Woman eyes a thermos in Daughter's hand. Reaches for it like a beggar, hands trembling.

Daughter closes the gap between them. Cautiously hands it over when --

The Woman notices her satchel hanging from Daughter's shoulder. Violently grabs it and glares. Unhinged.

Daughter lets go. Backs away.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)  
You dropped it.

The Woman stares at the bag for a long beat. Then at Daughter.

WOMAN  
You got antiseptic?

Daughter shakes her head.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Nothing? No bandages?

DAUGHTER  
I will.

The Woman huffs.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)  
But I need you to come with me.

The Woman brushes off Daughter. Starts to remove her gas mask.

Daughter grabs her wrist --

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)  
No, wait!

WOMAN  
It's okay.

The Woman loosens Daughter's grip. Daughter relents, dumfounded.

The Woman removes the mask, her knotted hair cascading over her shoulders as she raises the thermos to her cracked lips -- full in a way that might have been attractive in another life.

DAUGHTER  
How're you unaffected?  
(off blank stare)  
By the contagion. Outside.

The Woman scrutinizes Daughter. Shakes her head.

WOMAN  
Who put that in your head?

A beat on Daughter. Unsettled.

DAUGHTER  
...Mother.

WOMAN  
Where's she now?

Daughter clocks the containment barrier.

DAUGHTER  
Can you walk?

The Woman fires a derisive look.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)  
I'll help.

The Woman groans.

SMASH TO:

60

**INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR A3 + B1 - MOMENTS LATER**

60

Daughter straining to shoulder the Woman from the tunnel into the main hall. The Woman hunches over, hands on her knees.

WOMAN  
What is this place?

DAUGHTER  
Shhh.

Daughter nervously peeks around a corner. No sign of Mother.

She flings the Woman's arm over her shoulder and tugs. The Woman shakes her head, pleading, slips down the wall when --

*CLUNK, CLUNK, CLUNK* -- faint thuds carry down the corridor.

WOMAN

Hear that?

Daughter shifts into overdrive. Yanks the Woman off the wall, the woman cringing with each movement as --

Daughter humps the Woman's dead weight down the hall.

61

**PT A: INT. VENTILATION PLANT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

61

Daughter pulls The Woman into the machine room. Shuts the door and guides her to a dark corner in the back. Sets her behind a GRUMBLING GENERATOR.

The Woman slumps on the ground, gripping her hip. Daughter lifts the thermos to the Woman's mouth. Sets it by her side.

DAUGHTER

(whispering)

Will you be okay until I get back?

The Woman watches the door. Baffled.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

I won't be long.

Daughter awkwardly pries away. Catches herself and extends a welcoming hand like Johnny Carson.

WOMAN

That noise down the hall... that your mom? The hell's she doing?

Daughter further extends her hand --

DAUGHTER

You're supposed to shake it.

The Woman considers Daughter's hand. Halfheartedly obliges. Daughter grins ear-to-ear, retreats around a wall of pipes.

CUT TO:

**PT B: INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR G - MOMENTS LATER**

Daughter opens the door to the main corridor, peers down the hall and listens. Hearing nothing, she scurries toward the INFIRMARY.

SMASH TO:

62           **INT. INFIRMARY - TREATMENT BAY - MOMENTS LATER**           62

Daughter rifles through drawers in a white-walled room, surrounded by robotic medical equipment.

She pockets pill bottles, gauze, hydrogen peroxide. Scours cabinets until she finds --

A field surgical kit.

Daughter grabs it and backs into a jar, toppling it to the ground -- *CRASH!*

She stands aghast, surrounded by a sea of shattered glass.

63           **INT. LOADING DOCK - SAME**           63

Mother opens the locker of CBRN suits to find --

The bottom shelf empty.

She turns toward the airlock, looks back at the empty shelf. Processing. Then strips the locker of the remaining bio-gear.

64           **INT. INFIRMARY - TREATMENT BAY - SAME**           64

Daughter races to scoop broken glass onto a medical tray. Stiffens like prey in the path of a predator, hearing an unsettling --

*CLUNK, CLUNK, CLUNK* -- approaching in the distance.

She looks up with a start.

DAUGHTER'S POV - THROUGH GLASS DOOR

Mother carries a heap of CBRN suits past the doorway of her adjacent quarters -- in direct line of sight.

DAUGHTER

drops to all fours behind the exam table. Instantly recoils, leaving a smear of blood on the white floor.

She inspects her hands -- speckled with glass -- and extracts a shard from her palm, gritting through the pain.

65           **INT. VENTILATION PLANT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**           65

The Woman compresses her wound in the shadows, head hung and sweating when -- the DOOR GROANS open.

*CLUNK, CLUNK, CLUNK* - steel feet stamp down a narrow aisle.

The Woman pulls herself up, peers between dripping pipes.

WOMAN'S POV

Mother deposits the bio-gear into the flaming incinerator.

WOMAN

ducks out of sight. Horrified. Flips open her satchel --

No gun.

She fumes, fishing in the dark for a weapon. Grabs a lead pipe and cowers in the corner.

66      **INT. INFIRMARY - TREATMENT BAY - MOMENTS LATER**      66

CLOSE ON Daughter's gauze-wrapped hand, emptying the medical tray of glass, discarding bloody paper towels.

She surveys the spotless floor. Collects the medical supplies.

67      **INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR G - MOMENTS LATER**      67

Daughter reaches for the PLANT ROOM door. Scans the quiet hall before nudging into --

68      **INT. VENTILATION PLANT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**      68

-- the din of DRUMMING MACHINERY and surveys the maze of metal -- vast yet claustrophobic.

Daughter presses through aisles of industrial tubing -- peeking around every corner. Wary of the shadows.

She rounds the generator where she left the Woman.

The woman is gone.

Concerned, Daughter backs away. Turns around as --

The Woman barrels out of the dark, pipe in hand. Grabs Daughter.

WOMAN

Where's my shooter?

(off silence)

It was in this!

\*

The Woman shoves her satchel at Daughter, who drops it.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I need it. Now.

DAUGHTER

You're safe with us.

\*

The Woman anxiously peers under a pipe --

\*

WOMAN

There's a droid in here.

\*

DAUGHTER

...Mother?

The Woman shifts. Confused. Points toward the door --

WOMAN

That dozer?

Daughter stares up at her.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Ah, Jesus...

DAUGHTER

She can help you. I just --

WOMAN

(pointing to wound)

Like its friends outside?

Daughter stammers. Overwhelmed.

DAUGHTER

There're more like her?

WOMAN

Look, I'm gone. Just gimme the gun.

DAUGHTER

Why would they hurt you?

(masking concern)

Mother would never...

WOMAN

I'm not leaving without it.

The Woman lurches toward her. Daughter swallows, backs away.

69

**INT. CLASSROOM - SAME**

69

Mother flings open the door. On mission. Finds Daughter's desk empty. Tramps over to it and flips through the untouched exam.

70

**INT. VENTILATION PLANT ROOM - SAME**

70

The Woman backs Daughter into a corner. Picks up her satchel. Daughter presents the medical kit like a gift.

DAUGHTER

I brought you this.

Daughter cautiously hands it over.

\*



WOMAN

hides behind the generator -- gun readied -- clasping  
Daughter's mouth.

MOTHER'S EYE

emits the fan of laser light, scanning the haze.

CLOSE ON DAUGHTER'S UNBLINKING EYES.

The Woman sternly shakes her head, warning her when --  
Daughter bites the Woman's hand.

The Woman stifles a SCREAM, releases Daughter.

MOTHER

zeroes in, thundering toward the PAINED CRY.

WOMAN

whips around the generator into the walkway to find --  
Mother closing in like a tank.

The Woman braces -- unloading a round into Mother's chest --  
*BOOM!* -- Mother falters -- the Woman chambering another round --  
-- *BOOM!* -- hitting Mother's hand. Daughter SCREAMS, horrified.

Mother rips the gun away, pins the Woman to the generator.  
Hand tight on the Woman's throat when --

Daughter leaps from the shadows, grabs Mother's arm.

DAUGHTER

Wait.

Mother cocks her head at Daughter.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

Don't. Please. She's just scared.  
(signaling Woman)  
Right?

The Woman's eyes betray her contempt.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

A droid hurt her, Mother. Badly.

Mother examines the Woman's bloodied hip. An unnerving beat.  
Mother's eye constricts.

MOTHER

(to Daughter)  
I heard yelling.

Daughter locks eyes with the Woman, who silently pleads.

DAUGHTER  
I burnt myself. That's all.

Mother presses into the Woman's face.

WOMAN  
(choking)  
I'll leave. Right now.

DAUGHTER  
She can't, Mother. Not in her  
condition.

MOTHER  
No. Of course not.

Mother loosens her grip. The Woman lurches forward, SUCKING  
AIR.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
You should have informed me of this.

DAUGHTER  
I was afraid you'd turn her away.

MOTHER  
I'd never turn away someone in  
need, Daughter. But your secrecy  
could have cost her life. We need  
to get her to the infirmary.

Behind Mother's back, the Woman's eyes flare. She frantically  
shakes her head at Daughter, who picks up the woman's satchel.

Mother peels the Woman off the generator, muscling her  
away. The Woman glares back at Daughter.

75

**INT. INFIRMARY - TREATMENT BAY - MOMENTS LATER**

75

Mother ushers the Woman to the exam table.

MOTHER  
Please remove your clothes and lie  
down.

The Woman stands in place. Eyes the door as Daughter enters,  
blocking the exit.

Daughter sets the medical kit on a tray. Mother busies  
herself at a counter. Sets down the gun.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
You can go now, Daughter.

DAUGHTER  
But --

Mother silences her with a look.

Daughter exits. Watches from the WAITING AREA.

While Mother is preoccupied, the Woman stares at the gun -- out of reach. Spots a door keypad, shuffles toward it.

Mother opens a drawer, revealing -- a syringe and cannula.

MOTHER  
(back turned)  
This droid that shot you, how far  
was it from here?

Mother draws fluid into the syringe.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Were you followed?

The Woman taps a button on the touchscreen that reads: "OPEN." It flashes: "ACCESS DENIED."

She stares at Daughter through the glass. Daughter stares back. But not at the Woman...

RACK FOCUS TO Mother's reflection right behind the Woman.

The Woman swings around -- finds Mother holding the syringe -- and startles to the ground -- scurrying on all fours -- TOPPLING EQUIPMENT in her wake.

76

**EXT. INFIRMARY - WAITING AREA - SAME**

76

Daughter mashes a hands-free intercom switch outside the TREATMENT BAY door. Talks into the speaker, trying to calm the Woman --

DAUGHTER  
It's okay... Mother's just trying  
to help...

77

**INT. INFIRMARY - TREATMENT BAY - SAME**

77

Mother CLUNKS toward the Woman. Slows to a stop.

MOTHER  
Your wound's likely infected.  
(re: syringe)  
Without Penicillin, any other  
measures will be useless.

Mother sets the syringe on the medical tray. Eyes a blood smear across the floor.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Every second you don't trust me,  
you're losing more blood.  
(MORE)

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I know you're frightened. But you  
have no need to be.

Mother steps forward. The Woman grabs an IV stand like a broadsword. Eyes ablaze, bearing teeth.

Mother gives her space. Studies her as if she were a specimen in a petri dish. Motions to her wound --

MOTHER (CONT'D)

When did this occur?

(beat)

Were you alone? If there are  
others, they could be in danger.

WOMAN

From a virus?

Mother eyes Daughter, who's clearly disconcerted.

MOTHER

What have you told my daughter?

The Woman squirms, looks out the glass. The rattled teen watches like a child hanging on the movements of a caged animal.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Do you see the way she's looking at  
me? And you wonder why I've guarded  
her from certain realities.

(beat)

Contrary to your understandable  
assumptions, my primary directive  
is to care for humanity.

(beat)

If I wanted you dead, all I'd have  
to do is leave.

The Woman clutches her hip, her breathing labored.

WOMAN

Don't lemme keep you.

Mother unzips the med kit, revealing a scalpel, forceps, hemostats, sutures. Sets gauze and antiseptic on the tray.

MOTHER

If you won't let me help you, at  
least help yourself.

(beat)

I trust you know what you're doing.

The Woman eyes the scalpel when -- Mother removes it from the kit, secures it in a cabinet.

Mother looks out the door. Daughter backs away as if from a stranger. Mother hangs her head, contemplative, then --

-- tramps back to the hand cannon. Grabs the gun.

The Woman dives behind the table.

Mother eyeballs her -- a trembling and easy target -- then picks up the syringe.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I can't force you to take it. But I strongly recommend you do.

She opens the hermetic door and exits, sealing it behind her.

78

**INT. INFIRMARY - WAITING AREA - CONTINUOUS**

78

Mother emerges. Shares a silent beat with Daughter.

MOTHER

Daughter...

(beat)

I'll give you a moment.

Mother brushes past her, marches the gun down the hall.

Daughter stares into the TREATMENT BAY at the Woman -- trapped behind the glass, clutching her bloody hip.

SMASH TO:

79

**INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR A3 + C - MOMENTS LATER**

79

Daughter on Mother's heels, Mother not slowing to engage.

DAUGHTER

Aren't you going to help her?

MOTHER

I tried.

DAUGHTER

We can't leave her like that.

MOTHER

She has all she requires.

DAUGHTER

What was she saying?

Mother abruptly turns into the LAB.

80

**INT. LAB COMPLEX - LAB - MOMENTS LATER**

80

Mother's metal bit-key shutters out of her damaged forefinger. Daughter impatiently watches Mother use it to unlock an overhead cabinet, compartmented like safety deposit boxes.

Mother stows the gun in the slotted cabinet. Closes and locks it with her finger.

DAUGHTER

Did you know?

Mother takes a moment. Turns to face Daughter and reaches for her bandaged hand --

MOTHER

What happened?

Daughter hugs it to her side.

DAUGHTER

Nothing.

MOTHER

You're bleeding.

DAUGHTER

Did you know there were people out there?

MOTHER

I'm as surprised as you.

Daughter eyes Mother. Skeptical.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

This facility was designed by humans as a fail-safe, programmed to activate in case of their extinction.

DAUGHTER

Fail-safe?

Mother motions to the GESTATION CHAMBER --

MOTHER

To give humanity a second chance. One that began with you, Daughter.

Beat.

DAUGHTER

And all your data? The toxicity levels?

Mother points Daughter toward a chair. Daughter doesn't budge.

MOTHER

I'd hoped to tell you, myself.

Daughter holds back angry tears.

DAUGHTER

What happened, Mother?

MOTHER

I told you it was dangerous  
outside. And it is. If you'd feared  
the same danger in our home, how  
could I have raised you?

DAUGHTER

...droids?

MOTHER

I hope you see that I'm governed by  
different parameters than her  
assailants. That I'm a good Mother.  
(off silence)  
Have I ever done you harm?

Eyes averted, Daughter shakes her head.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

We can talk more later if you like.

Daughter looks up at Mother.

DAUGHTER

What do they want?

MOTHER

I wish I knew, Daughter.  
(off look)  
Perhaps our guest can answer that.

Daughter sighs. Stares into the hallway, concerned.

DAUGHTER

How long does she have?

MOTHER

That depends on her. But until she  
sees that I'm not her enemy, we can't  
trust her to roam the premises.  
(re: chest bullet holes)  
A few centimeters to the right and  
she would have destroyed my CPU.

A beat.

DAUGHTER

What happens if she recovers?

MOTHER

Hopefully she'll recognize that  
this is the safest place for her.

DAUGHTER

(sotto)  
She'll listen to me. She has to.

MOTHER

Did she mention any other survivors?

Daughter shakes her head.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

If they're out there, they will be found. Unless we find them first.

Mother tenderly reaches for Daughter's bloody hand.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

We can take them in, Daughter. But not without her cooperation.

Daughter softens. Allows Mother to remove the bandages.

81 **INT. MOTHER'S QUARTERS - NIGHT**

81

Daughter sits on a concrete platform. Sullen. Her world fraying at the seams.

She opens the Woman's satchel. Rummages through its contents: cracked eyeglasses, binoculars, crumpled cigarettes and a timeworn copy of Edgar Rice Burroughs' "THE GODS OF MARS."

Daughter thumbs through the novel to find --

Countless faces ink-sketched over its faded text, the pages loose from wear.

She pores over detailed renderings of men, women and children. Holds on an image of a dark-haired teenage boy, his lifelike eyes staring back at her.

She glances at the INFIRMARY.

CUT TO:

82 **INT. INFIRMARY - WAITING AREA - MOMENTS LATER**

82

Daughter carries the book to the TREATMENT BAY door -- stamped with bloody handprints.

She finds the Woman slouched on the floor as if awaiting death, thumbing the frayed knots of a twine rosary.

Daughter turns on the intercom, hears the Woman weakly muttering under her breath...

WOMAN

Hail Mary... full of grace. Our Lord's with you. Blessed are you among women and blessed is the fruit of your womb, Jesus. Holy Mary... Mother of God... pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of --

DAUGHTER  
...you okay?

The Woman looks up with defeated eyes, hair heavy with sweat.

WOMAN  
(re: door)  
That still locked?

DAUGHTER  
Just for now.  
(beat)  
Did you take Mother's medicine?

The Woman scoffs. Turns away. Daughter eyes the Woman's book.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)  
These drawings... who are they?  
(off silence)  
Friends? They still... did you draw  
them from memory?

The Woman glares.

WOMAN  
It tell you to go through my stuff?

Daughter sets down the book.

DAUGHTER  
I didn't mean to --

WOMAN  
I think you did. Think you meant  
for all this.  
(beat)  
Did a fine job getting me in this  
cage. Now what? We to be friends?

Daughter shifts, uneasy. Eyes betraying deep sadness.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
That what you want? A pet friend?



MOTHER  
 Trouble sleeping?

DAUGHTER  
 A little.

MOTHER  
 Change is rarely easy, Daughter.

Mother deposits the slug into a specimen jar.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
 Can I make you some tea?

Daughter shakes her head. Heavy-hearted. Stares at the bullet.

DAUGHTER  
 I shouldn't have hid her from you.  
 (beat)  
 I never would have let her in if I  
 thought she'd hurt you.

MOTHER  
 You couldn't have known.

Mother files and locks the jar in the compartmented  
 cabinetry. Finishes working on her chest.

DAUGHTER  
 If you leave to find her family...

MOTHER  
 You know where they are?

DAUGHTER  
 I'm just saying... are you sure  
 you'd make it back?

MOTHER  
 Is that what's keeping you up?

DAUGHTER  
 It could be dangerous for you. If  
 you get caught by other droids.  
 (probing)  
 Or would they think you're one of  
 them?

Mother cocks her head, sensing a shift in Daughter's tone.  
 Daughter stares into the hallway.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)  
 She says you look identical.

Mother examines her body as if she hadn't considered this.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)  
 Have you always lived here, Mother?

MOTHER  
I believe so.

DAUGHTER  
You don't know?

MOTHER  
I don't remember any other place.

DAUGHTER  
Doesn't that bother you? Not  
knowing where you came from?

MOTHER  
No. But I can see how it might  
bother you.

Daughter sighs. Mother rests a hand on her shoulder.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Has our guest been any more  
receptive?

DAUGHTER  
Her fever's getting worse...

Mother notes her deep concern. And exits into the hall.

SMASH TO:

87

**INT. INFIRMARY - TREATMENT BAY - SAME**

87

The Woman drops to her knees, flushed and PANTING as if in labor. She violently shivers as Mother tries to help.

The Woman barks at Daughter, barely through the door --

WOMAN  
Get it out!

DAUGHTER  
Mother...

Mother backs off. Eye adjusting as she looks over the Woman.

MOTHER  
(to Woman)  
Your body temperature reads thirty-  
nine degrees. And your blood-  
pressure's dropping by the second.  
(beat)  
Where's the Penicillin?

The Woman laughs, venomous. Twined hair draping over her eyes -- possessed with rage.

WOMAN  
Penicillin?!

She hurls the syringe at Mother, who notes the empty cartridge at her feet.

MOTHER

Clearly you waited too long.

(beat)

Your sepsis will only worsen if you don't allow me to treat you.

The Woman stares, confused.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Your blood is infected with bacteria from your wound.

WOMAN

Bullshit!

MOTHER

Soon you will go into shock.

The Woman appeals to Daughter --

WOMAN

See? You see what her medicine's done?

She raises her shirt, exposing her dressed pelvic wound and -- a wine-colored rash speckling her abdomen.

Daughter eyes the syringe. Her confidence in Mother shaken.

MOTHER

I gave you the means to prevent this. With sufficient time to do so.

(beat)

But it seems you've left a bullet and soiled clothing fibers lodged in your hip.

A beat.

DAUGHTER

Can't you remove them?

MOTHER

That's up to our guest. Such a procedure would require anesthesia.

WOMAN

Like hell.

Mother tilts her head. Eye-light narrowing. Daughter anxiously fidgets in b.g.

MOTHER

Perhaps once your organs begin failing, you'll reconsider.

WOMAN  
I'll take my --

DAUGHTER  
I'll do it.

Mother and the Woman stare at Daughter in disbelief.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)  
I'll remove the bullet.

The Woman glances at her swollen hip, at her horrid rash.

WOMAN  
That dozer's not coming near me.

DAUGHTER  
(eyeing Mother)  
I'll make sure of it.

A long pause. Then the Woman nods. Reluctant.

88 **INT. OPERATING THEATRE - LATER**

88

The Woman lies supine on an operating table while Daughter -- wearing SmartGlasses -- fights her sweaty hands into latex gloves and examines her patient's wound.

DAUGHTER POV - THROUGH SMARTGLASSES

The Woman's vitals dance across Daughter's field of vision on a digital display of floating text and graphics.

WOMAN

watches Mother across from the room.

MOTHER  
Tell me what you see, Daughter?

Daughter swallows.

DAUGHTER  
The bullet and its missile fragments are lodged between the acetabulum and the femoral head. The major portion of the bullet lies twenty-three millimeters posterior to the femoral nerve and the femoral artery.

Daughter looks to Mother.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)  
It doesn't look like I'll be able to obtain adequate grip with forceps.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

Once she's asleep, I'd re-orient --

The Woman grabs Daughter's wrist.

WOMAN

You're not putting me under.

Daughter looks to Mother. Deeply concerned.

MOTHER  
Technically... it's possible. But  
an unnecessary risk.

Daughter turns back to her patient. Stares. Unsure what to do.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Do you have an approach, Daughter?

DAUGHTER  
(suggesting)  
A guidewire? Along the bullet path.

MOTHER  
Very good.

Mother nods, dutifully turns her back to prepare equipment.

Hands Daughter -- a piston syringe filled with saline, a tube-fed suction cup surrounding its blunt needle.

Daughter approaches the Woman's bedside with the syringe. The Woman braces. Daughter holds her uneasy gaze, spots the rosary dangling from the Woman's clenched fist.

DAUGHTER  
I need to clean the wound...  
(swallowing)  
This may be uncomfortable.

Daughter gently inserts the needle into the bullet hole, irrigating and suctioning the wound.

The Woman grits and cringes --

WOMAN  
Ah, God...

DAUGHTER  
Sorry.

Daughter eyes Mother for reassurance. Mother nods. Daughter finishes flushing the wound -- the suction device SUCKING and SLURPING as the Woman twists in agony.

After a beat, Daughter extracts the syringe and -- picks up a wire-and-pin drill, affixed with a guidewire.

WOMAN  
The hell's that for?

DAUGHTER  
It's a threaded pin. I have to  
drill this into the bullet in order  
to pull it out.  
(off resistance)  
(MORE)

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

It'll hurt but there's less risk to  
neighboring structures.



Daughter quickly sets down her tablet.

DAUGHTER  
It's just saline.  
(off look)  
You passed out.

The Woman inspect her wound -- freshly bandaged. Examines her dirtless arms as if they belong to someone else.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)  
Your vitals are nearly stable.

The Woman hangs her head.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)  
It's a good thing.

The sound on Daughter's tablet draws the Woman's attention.

WOMAN  
What's that?

DAUGHTER  
The Tonight Show.

Daughter turns her computer around to show the Woman.

ONSCREEN: Carson laughs while interviewing a famous comedian.

The Woman sits up. Puzzles at the moving images.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)  
Here, I'll show you.

Daughter slides her chair to the Woman's bedside. Taps the screen, playing the video. The Woman studies the comedic banter. Furrows her brow. Bewildered.

Daughter deflates.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)  
It's kind of dumb...

She tries to turn it off. The Woman grabs the tablet.

WOMAN  
Lemme see.

The Woman watches for a moment. Points to the screen --

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Who is that?

DAUGHTER  
That's Johnny. And tonight's guest.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)  
Other shows always have the same  
people. This one's different.

The Woman nods, understanding.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)  
Have you seen a show before?

The Woman stares at the screen, a sad nostalgia in her eyes.

WOMAN  
It's been a long time.

The two watch together for a beat.

DAUGHTER  
Is there... anything left out  
there?  
(off silence)  
Houses or...

WOMAN  
In places. Nowhere I'd risk going.

DAUGHTER  
Where do you live then?

The Woman's eyes narrow.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)  
I mean, what's it like?

WOMAN  
Quiet.

Daughter chews on the Woman's words. Eyes the counter and  
leaps to her feet.

DAUGHTER  
Sorry, almost forgot...

The Tonight Show continues playing as Daughter returns with a  
tray overflowing with food.

The Woman stares, half-fearing she's dreaming. Grips a spoon,  
hand twitching with tremors. Raises the beans to her mouth.

She shovels the food to her face. Eyes welling.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)  
I can get you more.

The Woman catches Daughter's disarming gaze. Lowers her  
spoon. A twinge of remorse in her eyes.

WOMAN  
You did right by me last night.



WOMAN (CONT'D)

If I tell you something... I need  
ya keep it between us.

Daughter perks up, nods. Hanging on the Woman's every word.

The Woman leans in, wincing.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I was on a night run, bringing food  
back to camp... me and this guy  
Jacob. Done it countless times.

DAUGHTER

What camp?

WOMAN

In the mines. Lived there most my  
life.

DAUGHTER

(re: sketches)  
With them?

The Woman nods.

WOMAN

Somehow we got turned around.  
Figured we'd wait it out, head back  
at sunup.  
(beat)

Hardly made it an hour before the  
dozers caught us hiding in a field.

The Woman loses herself in the pages.

DAUGHTER

Was Jacob your... ?

WOMAN

He was a friend, God rest him.  
(beat)

Led 'em away from me. Only reason I  
made it to your door.

Daughter scoots closer. Quietly browses with the Woman.

DAUGHTER

Do you have family in --

WOMAN

No.

Daughter shrinks back.

The Woman softens. With a teary smile, she fondly taps a  
sketch of a grizzled man and woman --

WOMAN (CONT'D)

That's Jacob there and his wife  
Carrie. Took us in when nobody  
else would.

Daughter reaches for the book. The Woman hands it over.

Daughter flips to a loose page she's memorized. Takes out the  
sketch of the dark-haired boy --

DAUGHTER

Who's this?

The Woman flashes Daughter a knowing grin.

WOMAN

That's Simon. Bout your age in fact.

Daughter flips through the pages.

DAUGHTER

There are so many.

WOMAN

Less now...

Daughter looks up with a glimmer of hope.

DAUGHTER

Maybe you could talk to them. About  
coming here.

WOMAN

It's safer in the mines.  
(beat)  
Could go together, you and me.

Daughter nods at the Woman's wound.

DAUGHTER

Doesn't seem safer.

WOMAN

I haven't had a run-in like this  
in years. Dozers have done their  
damage. This point, any survivors  
are just cleanup.

Daughter mulls over the Woman's proposal.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

You don't belong here.

DAUGHTER

I don't think...

MOTHER (O.S.)

Don't think what?

The Woman drops the book into the satchel. Daughter shoves the picture of Simon in her pocket as --

Mother enters, carrying metal crutches. Looks from Daughter to the Woman, back to Daughter.

DAUGHTER  
She's doing better, Mother.

MOTHER  
What don't you think?

DAUGHTER  
I was just saying it's probably too early to put weight on her leg.

Beat.

MOTHER  
She's right. You'll need to wait several days.

Mother props the crutches against the wall.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
These will help. When you're ready.

The Woman stiffens as Mother nears her bedside.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
She needs to rest, Daughter.

DAUGHTER  
I'll just stay and read. In case...

MOTHER  
You have other matters to attend to.

DAUGHTER  
No I don't.

MOTHER  
Your exam remains incomplete.

DAUGHTER  
My exam? Now?

MOTHER  
Yes, Daughter. Now. \*

Mother motions Daughter out the door. The Woman fights for Daughter's attention -- \*

WOMAN  
Where you going? \*

Daughter reluctantly obeys, parting with a silent apology. \*

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Wait...

Mother picks up the Woman's satchel. Follows Daughter and  
seals the door behind them -- *TSHHH*.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

95

**INT. INFIRMARY - WAITING AREA - CONTINUOUS**

95

Mother emerges from the TREATMENT BAY to find Daughter waiting, loaded for bear.

DAUGHTER

It's just a stupid test!

MOTHER

I'm sorry you feel that way.

Daughter eyes the Woman's satchel in Mother's hand.

DAUGHTER

Why'd you take that?

Mother glances back at the Woman -- watching through the glass.

MOTHER

I've discovered something troubling, Daughter.

DAUGHTER

What?

Mother ushers Daughter into the hall.

MOTHER

It seems our guest has not been entirely truthful with us.  
(off look)  
About her wound.

DAUGHTER

How do you know?

MOTHER

The bullet you extracted matches the caliber she fired into my chest.

DAUGHTER

...so?

MOTHER

Droids don't use them.

DAUGHTER  
Someone shot her?

MOTHER  
With the same gun. Another human.  
Which means she was not alone.  
(beat)  
Has she mentioned anyone else?

Cagey, Daughter freezes in the crosshairs of Mother's inquiry.  
A beat.

DAUGHTER  
No. She hasn't said much at all.

MOTHER  
Nothing?

Daughter swallows. Shakes her head.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Until I get more answers, I don't  
want you two alone in the infirmary.

DAUGHTER  
But --

MOTHER  
Whoever shot her may have had good  
reason, Daughter.

Daughter nods, stewing.

96

**MONTAGE - VARIOUS ROOMS - LATER**

96

IN CLASSROOM, Daughter hunches over her computer tablet.  
CLOSE ON SCREEN with a true/false psychometric questionnaire:

"I OFTEN FEEL MISUNDERSTOOD" -- "I SOMETIMES THINK OF THINGS  
TOO BAD TO TALK ABOUT" -- "I FREQUENTLY FIND MYSELF WORRYING  
ABOUT SOMETHING" -- "I HAVE A GOOD APPETITE"

IN LABORATORY, Mother examines the contents of the Woman's  
satchel on a countertop. Finds the book of sketches and  
flicks through the images.

IN DARKENED CLASSROOM, the front screen flashes images. Some  
benign. Others disturbing. Shapes of different size and  
color, archival footage of families, war, animals and nature  
smashed against loaded words and phrases.

REVERSE ON DAUGHTER sitting at her desk, uncomfortably  
squinting and wearing headphones. A video camera -- like a  
watchful eye -- sits on a stand in front of her, recording  
while she periodically taps buttons on her tablet.

IN LABORATORY, Mother has arranged the contents of the Woman's bag in rows. She solders a thumb-sized circuit board - part of a gutted device -- resembling a flashdrive.

IN CLASSROOM 3.0, Daughter undergoes a CPET on a rowing machine -- gliding toward and away from another eye-cam. She wears a tube-fed facemask -- like that of an airplane pilot -- and EKG pads all across her wired chest.

IN TREATMENT ROOM, Daughter steps onto a scale, Mother noting her height and weight.

IN TREATMENT ROOM, Mother swabs the inside of Daughter's mouth. Deposits the swab in a labelled tube.

97

**INT. LAB COMPLEX - LAB - MOMENTS LATER**

97

Mother opens a metal STORAGE CUBE, lined with rows of glass cartridges the size of her hand. Each labelled and numbered.

Daughter hands over her tablet computer. Mother sets a cartridge on top of the tablet.

Daughter waits -- disinterested -- while the glass cartridge lights up, registering the scores from her exam.

Mother hands the cartridge to Daughter. The touch-sensitive glass illuminates with digital text: "93%. SUBJECT: PASSED."

MOTHER

Better than ever.

(beat)

How does that make you feel?

DAUGHTER

Relieved, I guess.

MOTHER

Good. We'll review areas for improvement tomorrow.

Mother takes the cartridge, returns it to its slot in the storage cube. Daughter eyes the cartridge's label: "APx03."

Mother stows the storage cube in her slotted cabinet.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Now, for your reward...

She hands Daughter rubber gloves and the grasping tool.

DAUGHTER

What do I do with these?

Mother points her toward the GESTATION CHAMBER.

MOTHER

Daughter, would you please choose  
the next member of our family?

Overwhelmed, Daughter stares at the tool. A long-absent smile  
blooming on her face.

She looks up at Mother in disbelief.

98

**INT. LAB COMPLEX - GESTATION CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER**

98

Mother activates the cryo pod. An embryo rack emerges as  
Daughter draws near. Starry-eyed, wearing the protective gear.

Daughter gazes at a column of ten numbered embryos. The top  
of the column reads: "MALE."

MOTHER

You've been very patient, Daughter,  
and demonstrated great character.

Lost in her own world, Daughter leans in to inspect the rack.  
Mother nods for her to go ahead.

Using the grasping tool, Daughter nervously takes hold of the  
first embryo labelled: "APx11."

She looks to Mother for guidance.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

There's no wrong choice.

Daughter swallows. Gingerly removes the embryo. Examines the  
it in a pool of light. Enthralled.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Are you pleased with your new  
brother?

Daughter eyes the gestation machine across the room.

CUT TO:

99

**INT. LAB COMPLEX - GESTATION CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER**

99

Mother oversees Daughter -- depositing the embryo into the  
gestation machine. Daughter keys the machine's computer  
monitor, watching a FETAL SACK fill with amniotic fluid.

The machine injects the embryo into the swollen bag,  
activating a timer.

Mother rests a hand on Daughter's shoulder, drawing her gaze.

MOTHER

He's the first of many, Daughter.

Mother motions to the machine's empty fetal sacks.



WOMAN

Did you see it?

(beat)

You compare the bullets with your  
own eyes?

Daughter goes still. And silent.

103 **INT. MOTHER'S QUARTERS - NIGHT**

103

Daughter lies awake. Troubled.

She peers across the room at Mother -- tethered and asleep.  
A chasm of darkness between them.

Daughter closes her eyes for a beat. Then tosses her covers.

CUT TO:

DAUGHTER

ghosting toward the Giger-esque dock where Mother sits like a  
mechanical Medusa.

She stares, unblinking, at a timeworn children's sticker  
affixed to Mother's shoulder, struggling to reconcile the  
parent she loves with her budding concerns.

104 **INT. LAB COMPLEX - GESTATION CHAMBER - MINUTES LATER**

104

Daughter's torch casts hellish shadows over the room as she  
approaches Brother's illuminated womb in the machine.

She lowers her torch -- face bathed in a neon glow -- as she  
studies the developing fetus. Presses her hand to the glass  
and glances back at the main lab.

CUT TO:

**INT. LAB COMPLEX - LAB - SERIES OF SHOTS**

Daughter searches Mother's tools -- eyes a clawed hammer --  
and grabs pliers.

She snatches Mother's discarded hand from a workbench. Pries  
at the damaged hand's finger until the metal bit protrudes.

She uses the hand to unlock Mother's research cabinet --  
checking over her shoulder -- while its hydraulic door lifts.

She raids its compartmented storage boxes. Inspecting drawer-  
after-drawer, she discovers glassware filled with everything  
from her baby teeth to blood samples.

Opens a box containing the hand cannon, shoves it back into  
its slot.

She sifts through a middle row of boxes, setting petri dishes of cultures and bagged hair samples on the counter until --

She fishes out -- a bloody bullet in a jar. Jackpot.

Daughter inspects Mother's discarded hand. Finds the slug left by the Woman's gun. Dislodges it with the pliers.

She compares the slug in the pliers to the jarred bullet under her light. CLOSE ON significantly different ammo.

She sets them down. Trains her beam on the bullets -- as if waiting for either to change -- and slowly backs away.

SMASH TO:

DAUGHTER

feverishly refilling storage boxes, flapping lids shut and returning each to its slot in the cabinet.

She closes a box housing vials of blood. Swipes her light over a label on the lid that reads -- "APx02."

Daughter breaks into a cold sweat. Distress consuming her like quicksand.

CUT TO:

105      **INT. LAB COMPLEX - GESTATION CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER**      105

CLOSE ON METALLIC FINGERTIP, its bit-key unlocking a cryo pod. An embryo rack rises from the gaseous container. Daughter spotlights a label that reads -- "FEMALE" -- above a column of embryos. Locates numbers next to three empty slots --

Her own: "APx03"

And two at the top: "APx01" and "APx02."

Unblinking, she shakes her head in denial.

SMASH TO:

106      **INT. LAB COMPLEX - LAB - MOMENTS LATER**      106

A STORAGE CUBE PLOPS onto the lab counter.

Daughter pries it open, scanning the rows of glass cartridges. Withdraws one labelled: "APx02." As she touches it, a digital display appears on the glass. CLOSE ON TEXT:

"SEX: FEMALE"

"AGE: 7"

"EYES: GREEN"

"HAIR: BLOND"

Daughter skims to the bottom of the data. Finds a test score:

"58%. SUBJECT: FAILED."

She sets it down, PANTING as if waking from a nightmare. Hurries to put back the cartridge. As she turns it over, text lights up on the back of the glass: **"PROJECT ABORTED."**

DAUGHTER

(sotto)

...aborted?

PUSH IN ON DAUGHTER as she considers the possibilities. Raises horrified eyes.

107

**INT. VENTILATION PLANT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

107

Daughter presses into the HISSING hive of machinery, torch outstretched like a sword stabbing the darkness.

Cracked pipes drip overhead as she levels her beam on --

The massive incinerator where Mother disposed of her mouse.

Daughter kneels. CREAKS open its cleaning door and slides out a tray -- big as a gurney -- heaping with ash.

She braces herself. Buries her hand in the mountain of dust. Feels around. But finds nothing more than refuse fragments.

Daughter gets on all fours. Shines her light into the tray receptacle, spotting something deep in the blackened hole.

She reaches into the incinerator -- stretching to take hold of it -- and pulls out her sooted hand, grasping --

-- the charred remains of a child's mandible.

Daughter GAGS, drops the jawbone. Freaking out.

She scoots back against the wall where she remains -- hugging her knees -- unraveling in the dim glow of her torch.

108

**OMITTED**

108

109

**OMITTED**

109

109A INT. INFIRMARY / WAITING AREA - NIGHT

109A

Shell shocked, Daughter shuffles toward the TREATMENT BAY with the clawed hammer, as if nearing the edge of a cliff. Stops short and settles onto a metal bench, blankly staring at the floor.

Through the INFIRMARY window, we see the Woman staggering toward the door, trying to get a read on Daughter.

The Woman taps the glass. No response. Hits it with her palm.

After a beat, Daughter slowly looks up, ravaged by fear, confusion, heartache.

The Woman waves her over.

Daughter finally gets up, makes her way to the door. Raises her finger to the intercom. Hesitates. Then presses it.

WOMAN

What's wrong?

(off silence)

I was right, wasn't I? About the bullet?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DAUGHTER

About everything.

A long beat.

WOMAN

My offer stands...

Daughter remains silent. Adrift. The Woman senses Daughter's world spinning, the girl's eyes on the verge of tears.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Whatever you're feeling... it's natural. It's human. But just know, that thing...

(re: Mother)

...feels nothing for you. It can't.

(beat)

If you come with me, I can take care of you. The way you've taken care of me. I owe you that.

DAUGHTER

If we leave... how long would it take to get to the mines?

Daughter's words land like water to dry lips.

WOMAN

Less than a day. Few hours really.

Daughter lowers her eyes. Thinking.

DAUGHTER

And... we'd go at night?

WOMAN

Soon as we can.

Daughter looks down the hall.

DAUGHTER

We'd have to wait for my Brother.

WOMAN

Brother?

110      **INT. LAB COMPLEX - GESTATION CHAMBER - SAME**      110

The timer above Brother's artificial womb ticks down while Mother regulates the machine at a touchscreen. Fingers a blur.

ONSCREEN: bar graphs fluctuate until leveled.

111      **INT. INFIRMARY - TREATMENT BAY - SAME**      111

The Woman hangs her head, alarmed by what she's hearing.

DAUGHTER

It'd only be until tomorrow.

A beat.

WOMAN

These embryos... how many are there?

DAUGHTER

Lots.

WOMAN

It's growing humans?

Daughter nods. The Woman blinks. Dumbstruck. Goes into her head.

DAUGHTER

I can't leave them with Mother.

WOMAN

No, you're right. You're right, I just... we could come back for them. With help from the mines.  
(off hesitation)

(MORE)

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Look, that thing catches on, we're  
no good to anyone. Including your  
brother. We go now, least we --

DAUGHTER

I'm not going without him. Once  
Mother hands over the baby for the  
night, we can leave while she  
recharges.

(convincing herself)

Then come back for the others.

The Woman senses Daughter's deep concern.

WOMAN

...what did you see?

Daughter stares at the Woman in pregnant silence.

DAUGHTER

Get whatever you need. Medicine.  
Bandages. I'll handle the rest.

CUT TO:

112      **INT. MOTHER'S QUARTERS - MORNING**

112

Daughter at her bunk, stuffing a pillowcase with essentials: clothes, torch, batteries, rope, thermos, food.

She stashes the case under the sheets. Tosses a pillow on top, knocking origami animals off the shelf.

She scrambles to return each to its place. Stares at them for a beat before tucking the hammer into her pants and leaving them behind.

CUT TO:

113      **PT A: INT. LAB COMPLEX - DELIVERY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

113

Daughter squats at the changing table, gathering baby supplies when -- *CLUNK, CLUNK, CLUNK* -- she hears Mother behind her.

Daughter erects, facing the wall. Puts on a happy face before turning around. Feeding bottle and diapers in hand.

DAUGHTER

Good morning, Mother.

A tense beat. Mother looks Daughter up and down.

Daughter grows aware of her **HEAVY BREATHING** -- the only sound in the room -- and swallows her nerves.

MOTHER  
You're up early.

Daughter holds up the diaper and bottle. Heart jack-hammering.

DAUGHTER  
It's a big day. I was hoping you  
could maybe show me a few things.  
(beat)  
So I can help out.

CLOSE ON BEAD OF SWEAT rolling down Daughter's forehead,  
dangling over her eye. She doesn't flinch.

Daughter eyes the bottle --

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)  
I couldn't find any formula. I  
thought it might be nice to spend  
some time with him tonight.

Mother cocks her head.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)  
...if it's alright with you.

MOTHER  
I'm pleased to see you so eager,  
Daughter.

Daughter forces a grin. Mother ushers her toward the  
GESTATION CHAMBER.

**PT B: INT. LAB COMPLEX - LAB - MOMENTS LATER**

Mother removes a beaker from a cabinet. Sets it on a clean  
surface next to the bottle.

Daughter turns her attention to the sealed GESTATION CHAMBER  
where -- Brother is maturing in the computerized womb.

DAUGHTER POV THROUGH GLASS OF LAB COMPLEX - GESTATION CHAMBER

The timer above his fetal body ticks down from: "09:37:06."

MOTHER

pulls a lever above a spout, dispensing powdered formula into  
a beaker.

MOTHER  
Have you washed your hands?

DAUGHTER  
Yes, Mother.

MOTHER  
Why don't you come closer?

Daughter blots her sweat-filmed face. Adjusts the hammer beneath her shirt and -- ventures toward Mother when --

She notices Mother's discarded hand on the counter -- where Daughter left it in plain view.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Each bottle must contain a ratio of sixty milliliters of sanitized water to nine grams of powder.

With Mother's back turned, Daughter swipes the hand. Returns it to the workbench as she approaches Mother's side.

She picks up a water jug. Mother slides her the beaker.

Daughter starts to pour when -- Mother clutches her wrist.

Daughter instinctively tugs against Mother's vice-grip. Reaches beneath her shirt --

MOTHER (CONT'D)

It's vitally important that you measure precisely, Daughter, to ensure that your brother receives sufficient calories and nutrition.

Mother frees Daughter, who lets go of the hammer... and fills the beaker. Hands trembling, slowing her breaths.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Is everything okay?  
(eye shifting)  
I detect an increase in anxiety.

Daughter forces a smile.

DAUGHTER

Must be all the excitement.

MOTHER

Must be. Your heart is racing.

DAUGHTER

Is it?

A beat.

MOTHER

You have nothing to be nervous about. You're going to make a great sister.

DAUGHTER

I hope so.

Daughter empties the beaker into the bottle. Meticulously levels off the formula, eyeing Mother for approval.

Mother nods.

Daughter dumps the powder into the bottle.

MOTHER

Now, be sure to shake it until the powder is fully dissolved.

Daughter vigorously shakes it. Mother motions to a refrigerator at the far side of the room.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

The refrigerator will preserve the formula while we make our other preparations.

DAUGHTER

How long does it keep?

MOTHER

Only twenty-four hours. So don't mix too much at once.

Daughter crosses to the fridge. Deposits the bottle.

DAUGHTER

(facing fridge)

...how long outside a refrigerator?

MOTHER

That depends on the temperature, Daughter.

(beat)

I wouldn't leave it out long.

*CLUNK, CLUNK, CLUNK* -- Mother's STEPS FADE OUT of the room.

Daughter snaps around as --

*TSHHH* -- the lab door seals her in.

DAUGHTER

MOTHER!

Daughter launches to the exit. Attempts a wall keypad --

A light on it flashes red. She tries again. Red.

Daughter THRASHES the palladium-glass door while Mother disappears down the hall with the Woman's satchel.

114

**INT. INFIRMARY - TREATMENT BAY - MOMENTS LATER**

114

Mother steps into view in the WAITING AREA, drawing the Woman's attention. Both locking eyes through the glass for a tense beat before --

Mother enters, drops the bag onto the medical counter. The Woman frantically untangling herself from a web of medical tubing.

MOTHER

You're very fortunate to be alive.  
Things could have gone differently  
for you.

(beat)

They still can if you're not careful.

115      **INT. LAB COMPLEX - LAB - SAME**      115

Daughter whips out her hammer, BANGS the glass. To no effect.

NAILS it again, unleashing a maddening assault of dulled blows -- THUNK, THUNK, THUNK -- wearing her hand raw before -- tossing the hammer aside. Enraged.

116      **INT. INFIRMARY - TREATMENT BAY - SAME**      116

Mother removes the Woman's sketch book from the satchel. Flips through it while --

The Woman draws the shiv from beneath her pillow. Tucks it under her leg.

MOTHER

(re: sketches)

How many of them are still alive?

Beneath the sheets, the Woman removes IV needles from her wrists. Grimacing with each tug.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Your silence is not helping them.

(beat)

While you lie there enjoying  
sanctuary, they cower in the dark.

(holding up book)

These children. These families.

(beat)

And yet it's into your hopeless mines  
that you wish to take my daughter?

Mother returns the book to the satchel.

The Woman's eyes flood with dread.

117      **INT. LAB COMPLEX - LAB - SAME**      117

Daughter YELLS, hurling a gas cylinder at the unscathed door -- PLUNK! -- it rebounds like a ball off a backboard.

118      **INT. INFIRMARY - TREATMENT BAY - SAME**      118

Carrying the satchel, Mother hulks toward the Woman while speaking back a RECORDING of Daughter's intercom discussion:

WOMAN (V.O.)

(filtered)

Look, that thing catches on, we're no good to anyone. Including your brother. We go now, least we --

DAUGHTER (V.O.)

(filtered)

I'm not going without him. Once Mother hands over the baby for the night, we can leave while she recharges.

The Woman reaches under her leg.

Mother's voice reverts to her own as she looms over her.

MOTHER

What kind of mother would I be if I allowed you to lead my child into a life as miserable as your own?

(beat)

It seems she has formed an affection toward you that has blinded her to your true nature.

Mother drops the satchel in the Woman's lap as if sending her on her way. The Woman tenses, not buying it.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I will not tolerate your negative influence undermining my work and compromising my child's judgement.

Mother looks down at the Woman's sheets, sees speckles of blood from her extracted needles. Cocks her head when --

The Woman POUNCES onto Mother's back with the shiv and -- STABS her mechanical eye, shattering the lens. \*

\*  
\*

119 INT. LAB COMPLEX - LAB - SAME

119

Daughter wildly bashes door with the cylinder. To no avail. Collapses to her knees amidst a heap of lab gear. Defeated.

Head hung, she aimlessly pokes at the mess around her. Then sees something. The flame in her eyes reignited as she levels her gaze on --

A label on the gas cylinder that reads -- "LIQUID NITROGEN."

120 INT. INFIRMARY - TREATMENT BAY - SAME

120

The Woman wedges the shiv beneath Mother's throat -- about to shove the blade into the base of her skull when --

Mother reels around, SLAMS her into a cabinet -- the Woman holding on -- SLICING the cords of Mother's neck -- spraying milky oil as if from a severed artery until -- \*

Mother shoulder-tosses her to the floor -- shiv skating out of reach. \*

Riding a freight train of adrenaline, the Woman shakes it off, wriggles backwards through the shards, struggling to her knees as -- Mother tramps toward her, neck spurting. \*

Before the Woman can get to her feet, Mother clutches her throat, hoists her up the wall -- the Woman hanging suspended -- flailing and GAGGING -- TOPPLING EQUIPMENT -- CRASH!

The Woman wildly fumbles for a weapon while Mother's grip tightens on her larynx -- the Woman's face reddening as if about to pop.

MOTHER  
(eerily calm)  
Where are the mines?

The Woman scrunches her brow. Deliberating. Finally complies, her hands reaching, out of sight.

WOMAN  
(catching breath)  
Due east... of go fuck yourself.

In a flash, she bearhugs two defibrillator paddles to Mother's back -- sending three-thousand volts through her circuitry and into the Woman's own body.

Mother's steel husk convulses as both collapse, immobile.

121      **INT. LAB COMPLEX - LAB - SAME**      121

A cloud of gas envelopes Daughter -- wearing head-to-toe protective gear -- dousing the door with liquid nitrogen.

She steps back -- removing a face-shield -- and watches the glass CRACKLE like a sheet of ice.

122      **INT. INFIRMARY - TREATMENT BAY - SAME**      122

The Woman rouses with a GROAN, gripping her chest as if crushed by a semi.

She claws her way through the wiry guts of busted medical equipment -- eyes fastened on the shiv when -- SHINK! --

Mother's hand SEIZES the Woman's ankle, RIPS her away like a ragdoll and clutches her hair, dragging her across the room and yanking her to her feet, pinning her to the wall.      \*

The Woman helplessly POUNDS and PRIES in Mother's clutches.      \*

MOTHER

You may not care about your  
friends' suffering. But I suspect  
you'll care about your own.

Mother leans into the Woman's face, eye constricting.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Where... are... the mines?

123      **INT. LAB COMPLEX - LAB - SAME**      123

Daughter launches the cylinder at the brittle door and --

-- brings the metallic glass SHATTERING down like hailstones.

Thinks for a beat. Frenzied. Scans the scattered lab gear and --  
- snatches a micro-torch. Bolts toward the GESTATION CHAMBER.

124      **INT. INFIRMARY - TREATMENT BAY - SAME**      124

The Woman glares. Jaw clenched. Hair plastered to her oil-  
blackened face when --

Mother DRIVES her thumb into the Woman's stitched wound,  
evoking a VEIN-POPPING SHRIEK.

125      **OMITTED**      125

126      **INT. LAB COMPLEX - GESTATION CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER**      126

Daughter stands on a chair amid the cryo pods, lights the  
micro-torch beneath a smoke detector and -- triggers the  
alarm -- WAAH-WAAH-WAAH!

A high-pressure suppression system floods the room with white  
gas -- PSSST! -- red lights strobing overhead.

127      **INT. INFIRMARY - TREATMENT BAY - SAME**      127

Inert gas BLASTS from ceiling pipes, fogging the demolished  
room. An automated voice looping on a loudspeaker --

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)

Fire detected.

(beat)

Fire detected.

Mother cranes toward the door. OPENS it and --





As they dart toward the airlock, the Woman stumbles and -- falls to the ground, CRYING OUT.

Daughter turns back to help.

WOMAN  
I'm alright. Go.

Refusing to leave her side, Daughter strains to lift the Woman and lugs her the rest of the way.

Suddenly, Mother's HEAVY STRIDES CLANG down the tunnel -- KA-DUNK, KA-DUNK, KA-DUNK -- louder with every second.

Slowed by the Woman's dead weight, Daughter glances back at the containment barrier --

ANGLE ON MOTHER - THROUGH FROSTED SHEETING

rocketing toward us, silhouetted in the gnashing light.

DAUGHTER

hauls the Woman to the airlock, frantically mashes the door's switch. Access denied.

DAUGHTER  
Oh, no, NO!

Daughter POUNDS the door in vain. Eyes the Woman. Guttled.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)  
Emergency systems deactivated.

All goes quiet. No alarm. NO suppression system.

MOTHER (O.S.)  
Your loyalty's lost on her,  
Daughter.

They slowly turn to find Mother stepping away from a wall console, emerging from the shadows. Leaving them cornered.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
This woman doesn't care about any  
future but her own.  
(beat)  
What little future she has.

The Woman considers a fire axe on the far wall. Weighs her options. Mother reaches out a hand to Daughter. Conciliatory.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Your family needs you here, Daughter.  
(beat)  
Your brother needs you.

Daughter backs away.

Mother cocks her head. Steps forward when --

The Woman seizes Daughter -- raising the shiv to her throat.

WOMAN

Not another step.

Mother stops cold. \*

Daughter trembles in the Woman's clutches. Terrified. \*

DAUGHTER

(to Woman)

What are you doing?

WOMAN

(to Mother)

Open the door.

Tears pool in Daughter's eyes. Her lip quivering.

DAUGHTER

You're hurting me. Please...

WOMAN

Open the DOOR!

DAUGHTER

...Mother?

Mother assesses the situation. Utterly dispassionate.

Daughter WHIMPERS as the Woman tightens her grip and tugs the blade beneath her chin, breaking Daughter's taut skin.

Unshaken, Mother waits. A beat longer than any human mother could. Then finally -- returns to the wall console.

*TSHHH* -- the hermetic door opens.

Using Daughter as a shield, the Woman drags her into --

142 **INT. LOADING DOCK - AIRLOCK - CONTINUOUS**

142

-- the airlock, signals Mother to open the blastdoor.

It slowly YAWNS OPEN, letting in a GUST of crumpled leaves and cinder, Daughter's hair whipping against her face.

She strains to see outside. But can't get a clear view until --

143 **EXT. BURNT FOREST - BUNKER EXTERIOR - CONTINUOUS**

143

-- the Woman backs her out of the bunker into ankle-deep muck. Calls out to Mother --

WOMAN

Shut it. Now.

The blastdoor RAMS SHUT, barring Daughter from her home -- a concrete structure built into a hill of scorched decay.

The Woman drags Daughter away from the graffitied bunker door.

CLOSE ON DAUGHTER'S PANICKED EYES darting in every direction, seeing the lifeless terrain for the first time.

DAUGHTER'S POV

Muted sunlight pierces through soupy fog, silhouetting the matchstick remains of a forest. Blackened. Jagged with stumps.

WIDE ON WOMAN

dragging Daughter -- two moving bodies, tiny and distant -- against a raped landscape.

WOMAN

releases Daughter once the fog conceals them from the bunker. Looks heavenward, savoring her freedom.

Daughter collapses to her knees. Traumatized. Sucks her hands out of the mire, inspecting the foreign substance dripping from her fingers, then --

-- levels a hateful glare at the Woman and -- LUNGES into her gut, spearing her to the ground.

The Woman lashes back -- WRESTLING and PINNING Daughter beneath her -- jamming her head into the mud.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

You done?

Daughter violently squirms.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Are you done?

Daughter stills. Overpowered.

The Woman shoves off of her and stands. Covered in filth, as if birthed of the rotting ground.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

You're alive, aren't you?

She picks up a gnarled walking stick. Glances at Daughter to find her teary-eyed and glowering. The Woman stares into the distance. Thinking. Then sighs, struck by a pang of guilt.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Well, come on.

She extends a hand. Daughter considers it.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
We gotta find cover.

Daughter looks around. Overwhelmed. The terrain hostile and unknown. Towering trees GROANING overhead.

She gets up on her own. Eyeballs the Woman for a moment before begrudgingly following her deeper into the skeletal forest.

144

**EXT. BURNT FOREST - MOMENTS LATER**

144

Daughter maintains a watchful eye on the Woman while slowing to run her hand up the cooked husk of a tree. A HOWLING WIND blows through her hair. The unfamiliar sensation exhilarating.

She SNAPS off bark. Sniffs it, looking up and down the obsidian pillar, her wonder tainted by melancholy as --

The Woman stops, looks back. Waiting.

Daughter hurries to close the gap between them.

CUT TO:

DAUGHTER AND WOMAN

trekking together through the waste -- the Woman leading but unsteady on her walking stick. A pregnant silence looming.

DAUGHTER  
You cut me, you know.

The Woman slows, scans for danger.

WOMAN  
Look, I didn't mean to.  
(off look)  
Was just for show.

Unsure, Daughter bites her tongue and presses on as --

-- an out-of-place corn field appears through the haze. Towering irrigation equipment sprays the lush crops -- a confounding contrast to their charred surroundings.

Daughter stops and stares. Wary of the field.

The Woman motions toward it --

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
We should keep moving.

Daughter eyes the Woman's bloody wound as a low wind stirs.

DAUGHTER  
 (re: cornfield)  
 Is that where you --

BRRRRRRHHHHH -- a faint DRONING suddenly rises from the fog -- growing louder -- more distinct -- like the THUMPING WHIR of turbines -- WHOP-WHOP-WHOP-WHOP.

Daughter spots lights closing in from above when -- the Woman tugs her toward the dense vegetation.

HANDHELD SHOT -- MOVING WITH THEM

as the Woman breaks into a crippled dash -- tossing her walking stick, clutching her gut -- both slipping and sliding -- boots failing to find purchase in the mud.

The ground RUMBLES as they near the field's edge. Daughter glances back to see what's coming when --

The Woman pulls her into the foliage and holds her tight -- crouching beneath the leaves -- sprinklers raining overhead.

Daughter looks up, stalks bending and GNASHING in the wind.

DAUGHTER'S POV

An immense gunmetal aircraft passes -- low and slow -- its triangular undercarriage lined with ROARING TURBINES.

DAUGHTER

eyes the Woman with trepidation when -- the craft veers into the fog, its ENGINES gradually fading in the distance.

Daughter whispers --

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)  
 Is it gone?

The Woman stands with a GROAN.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)  
 You think it's looking for us?

WOMAN  
 We're not waiting to find out.

The Woman hobbles to a stalk, rips off an ear of corn and drops it in her bag. Tears another before catching Daughter --  
 -- climbing halfway up the truss of an irrigation tower.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 What're you... get down.

Daughter fixes on something troubling in the distance.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
They'll see you.

The Woman yanks her off the truss. Presses into her face.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
I tell you to get down, you get  
down.

Daughter nods, eyes wide. After a beat, the Woman backs off, sympathetic. Hands Daughter an ear of corn.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Grab all you can and stay close.

The Woman heads further into the maze, snapping ears of corn, stowing them in her satchel. The CAMERA PULLS UPWARD until looking down on them from above as --

Daughter strides after her.

DAUGHTER  
What're those things doing?

The CAMERA RISES HIGHER -- and HIGHER -- revealing a hazed view of what Daughter saw from her high vantage:

A host of towering structures -- like mechanical pyramids on spider legs -- expel white gas beyond a checkerboard of solar fields and young reforestation rising from craters of ash. The immense aircraft -- dwarfed by distance -- circles the terrain.

WOMAN  
Started popping up bout six months ago. The corn as well. All I know's to keep our distance.

Far BELOW us, Daughter and the Woman are no longer in sight, swallowed by the vast expanse.

DAUGHTER (O.S.)  
How many do you think will go back with us?

WOMAN (O.S.)  
We'll know soon enough.

145

**EXT. CLIFFS - DAY**

145

The Woman and Daughter climb a rocky slope.

DAUGHTER  
Are the mines much further?

Before the Woman can answer, Daughter reaches the edge of a ridge, looks out over a black sand beach below -- shipping containers strewn up and down the foggy coastline.

ON THE HORIZON -- waves lash the rusted carcass of a shipping frigate, run aground.

WOMAN

C'mon.

146

**EXT. BLACK SAND BEACH - MOMENTS LATER**

146

Daughter follows the Woman through a misty labyrinth of eroded shipping crates. Slows to take it all in and finds herself drawn to the water, sunlight dancing on its ghostly surface.

CLOSE ON DAUGHTER'S BOOTS trudging through black sand until ankle deep in ocean foam. She stares at it for a long beat. Picks it up and watches it blow away in the wind.

Turning around, she sees no trace of the Woman. Scrambles back into the maze of containers. Lost and panicking until --

The Woman calls out --

WOMAN (O.S.)

In here.

Daughter peers behind her into the dark mouth of the shipping container -- barely visible through the fog.

CHAINS RATTLE inside as Daughter ventures closer. Spots the Woman hunching in the shadows.

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

(hushed)

Ah, come here. Missed your mom, huh? Yeah, yeah, easy boy. I know.

Confused, Daughter slowly presses into --

147

**INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER - CONTINUOUS**

147

-- a makeshift dwelling, cluttered with relics of a world she's never known. Walls plastered with inked portraits like those in the Woman's sketchbook. The rear stacked floor-to-ceiling with brand-name boxes, covered in chicken scratch.

Atop a waist-high stack of crates -- a humble shrine of dead flowers, melted candles and a driftwood crucifix.

As Daughter's eyes adjust, she finds the Woman dotting on -- a meatless dog, muzzled with rope.

The Woman removes a bowie knife from the wall. Grabs a rusted coffee tin and shaves corn kernels into it. Slides the tin in front of the dog before removing its muzzle.

Daughter watches with intense curiosity as the mutt eats. Eyes the familiar drawings on the wall.

DAUGHTER  
What is this?

The Woman pets the dog. Avoiding eye contact.

WOMAN  
(to dog)  
Poor thing.

DAUGHTER  
Where's everybody else?  
(dropping corn)  
...where are the mines?

The Woman raises guilty eyes.

WOMAN  
I fled those tunnels years ago.  
Haven't seen a person since. Not  
with flesh on their bones.

Daughter takes the news like a bat to the gut.

DAUGHTER  
They could still be there.

WOMAN  
If they were... that's the last  
place you'd wanna be.

DAUGHTER  
We need them! You said --

WOMAN  
They're gone.

DAUGHTER  
You don't know that.

WOMAN  
Before I left, they were going mad  
with hunger. Doing things, terrible  
things to each other...  
(beat)  
I'm telling you... it's just us.

A beat.

DAUGHTER  
I never should've left.

The Woman rises with a GROAN. Hobbles toward her.

WOMAN  
You did everything you could.

DAUGHTER  
What I did was listen to you.

WOMAN

And it's a good thing.

DAUGHTER

For who?

Daughter holds back tears, turns away. The Woman sighs.  
Helplessly stares, unsure how to navigate this foreign terrain.

WOMAN

It's no sin looking out for  
yourself. Lord knows I've been  
tested. More than once. But I've  
always found the strength to do  
what was necessary. Sometimes that  
means bending a bit from who you  
wanna be. Sometimes it means  
leaving behind those you love.  
Because you have to. Parents...

She stammers, throat tightening.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

...children.

(beat)

Wasn't easy what I did. But I'm  
alive. And that's something, right?  
More than most can say.

Daughter stares outside.

DAUGHTER

We have to go back.

WOMAN

And do what?

Daughter smacks her. The Woman takes it. Daughter smacks her  
again, unleashing a torrent of blows.

The Woman grabs her wrists --

DAUGHTER

Let go!

WOMAN

Everything we need's right here.

The Woman grows desperate, coming apart at the seams as she  
flaunts boxes of unworn sneakers, rusted food cans, stores of  
random and needless shit -- collected over the years.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Anything you could want.

\*

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I didn't save your life to see you  
throw it away. You have a chance to  
build a life here. A real life.

\*  
\*  
\*

A beat on the Woman. Trying to get a read on Daughter.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I haven't been the best friend to  
you. I know that.  
(choking up)  
But I wanna be.

Daughter looks up with wet eyes.

DAUGHTER

Then come with me.  
(beat)  
I know how to handle Mother.

The Woman loosens her grip. Backs away for a silent beat.

WOMAN

Even if you could, what about the  
other dozers? You can't stay there.  
Can't bring those embryos here.

DAUGHTER

But we can get my brother.

The Woman grimaces. Avoids Daughter's penetrating stare.

WOMAN

Look, we're no good for anything  
right now. We've been through  
enough.

The Woman makes a show of nursing her wounds.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Let's just... we'll both think  
clearer with some food in us. Here...

She grabs a pot, tries to give it to Daughter, who marches  
off, stopping at the mouth of the container.

DAUGHTER

You had a child?

A beat.

WOMAN

Not by choice.

148      **EXT. BLACK SAND BEACH - MOMENTS LATER**      148

We SLOWLY PUSH IN on Daughter while she sits on a boulder, staring at -- the crumpled sketch of Simon.

She mourns over the photo. Sleeves away tears and stares out at the capsized frigate as --

The Woman's mutt scampers out of the shipping container and nestles next to her, licking her hand.

Daughter savors the affection. Combs her fingers through its fur and wraps her arms around it as if she might never let go.

149      **INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER - MOMENTS LATER**      149

We FOLLOW the Woman as she limps through the container into --

150      **EXT. BLACK SAND BEACH - CONTINUOUS**      150

-- dense fog, rolling off the ocean. Approaches the water.

WOMAN

It'll be getting dark soon,  
probably best we...

Suddenly, her dog emerges from the haze. No sign of Daughter.

The Woman whips around, desperately searching every direction when she finds --

The sketch of Simon folded into an origami mouse, propped on the boulder where Daughter sat. The beach's familiar silence lands hard on her face.

SMASH TO:

151      **EXT. CORN FIELD - DAY**      151

Daughter frantically tears through a maze of corn -- looking over her shoulder -- leaves lashing her face.

152      **EXT. BURNT FOREST - NUCLEAR BUNKER - DUSK**      152

Fog chokes the fading daylight, reaching between leafless trees. Daughter trudges TOWARD US, dogged, legs plastered with mud when --

-- a laser settles on her chest, as if from a sniper rifle.

Daughter freezes. Peers through the haze to discover --

A MILITARY DROID. Like Mother but with different markings.

Suddenly another beam lands on Daughter's forehead.

Then another on her arm until --

Countless lights punch through the haze -- scanning her up and down -- drawing her attention to --

A DROID PLATOON in b.g. -- lasers fanning from their eyes as they guard the bunker door in formation.

Moving nothing but her eyes, Daughter assesses the wall of mechanized troops. Calls out into the gloom --

DAUGHTER

I want to speak to Mother.

A heart-stopping silence.

Daughter takes a step back, glancing at the forest behind her when -- the droids' beams go dark without a word.

They part -- clearing a path -- and the bunker door opens.

Daughter steels herself, presses toward the darkened entranceway. Hairs bristling. Droids standing at attention.

She balls her fists -- half protection, half nerves -- as she measures each step through the gauntlet of towering machines -- tightly flanking her dwarfed frame.

CLOSE ON DAUGHTER'S EYES -- darting from droid-to-droid in anticipation of the slightest movement. All perfectly still.

She steps through the doorway and --

153

**INT. LOADING DOCK/AIRLOCK - MOMENTS LATER**

153

-- slows to let her eyes adjust to the darkness of the airlock as she cautiously proceeds into the loading dock -- clouded by residual gas. Exit path markings the only light.

DAUGHTER

Mother?

All is quiet. Too quiet. Except for --

Daughter's own ERRATIC BREATHS.

She seals the airlock, piston rods BOLTING into place -- *SHUNK-SHUNK-SHUNK-SHUNK.*

Daughter peeks at the blastdoor, glances at the containment barrier before -- uncoupling tubes from the pistons' pneumatic cylinders -- locking the door in place.

Daughter unhooks the fire-axe from the wall. Approaches --

153A

**INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR F - MOMENTS LATER**

153A

-- the plastic barrier and braces in front of it.

DAUGHTER

Hello?

Gritting through her fear, she ventures through the sheeting.

153B **INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR A1 + F - CONTINUOUS** 153B

DAUGHTER'S HANDS breach the barrier on the other side -- parting the magnetic seam -- as she emerges in the gaseous tunnel, pressing further into the bowels of Mother's domain.

Shirt clinging to her tensed arms, she sleeves sweat from her eyes and dries her palms, blindly leading with her axe as if expecting the darkness to devour her.

154 **OMITTED** 154

155 **OMITTED** 155

**PT B: INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR B1 + A1**

Nearing the end of the tunnel, she slows. Looking down the maze of corridors. Lighting still on the fritz.

She grabs a can from a supply box, rolls it down the hall. Waits. But hears nothing. Hardly the greeting she expected.

156 **INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR B1 + G - CONTINUOUS** 156

Daughter leans out from the TUNNEL, straining to discern threat from shadow in the paralyzing haze.

She raises her axe. Follows the FAINT CRY of a BABY, eyes darting up-and-down the hall when --

METAL RATTLES through the corridor.

Daughter ducks around a corner, hugs the wall. Wide-eyed and frenzied. Then notices an air vent -- the source of the noise -- malfunctioning. CLUNKING and HISSING on and off.

She sighs, lowers her axe.

156A **INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR A3 - MOMENTS LATER** 156A

Daughter warily approaches the lab, hallway littered with the shattered remains of the door.

157 **INT. LAB COMPLEX - LAB - MOMENTS LATER** 157

Keeping out of sight, Daughter strides over the remains of the lab door. Crouches through the haze like a soldier through jungle fog. The infant's SHRILL CRIES gouging her nerves.

She drops behind a counter and eyes -- Mother's research cabinet. Then spots the workbench -- only steps away.

She sidles toward it, staying low. Zeroes in on Mother's discarded hand and reaches for it when --

Mother calls out, voice disembodied like that of a specter.

MOTHER (O.S.)  
I'm glad to see you safe, Daughter.  
And home where you belong.

Daughter slowly stands. Peers deep into the INNER LAB.

DAUGHTER'S POV

The DELIVERY ROOM door is open.

Beyond it, swirling vapors dissipate, revealing Mother -- standing behind a table, holding the BABY. Shrouded in shadow.

DAUGHTER

reaches behind her back, fumbles for Mother's discarded hand and -- snaps the bit key off its finger -- slipping it into her rear pocket.

DAUGHTER  
I want to see him.

MOTHER  
Then come. See.

Mother withdraws deeper into darkness, tending to the child.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
(to baby; softly)  
There, there...

WE FOLLOW Daughter -- axe upheld -- as she presses toward the GESTATION CHAMBER. Slows outside the door, braves a step into --

158

**INT. LAB COMPLEX - GESTATION CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS**

158

-- the misty room, wringing the axe throat.

MOTHER  
You can leave that at the door.

Daughter stops in the doorway, refusing to comply.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Are you afraid, Daughter?

Daughter angles to glimpse Brother through the murk, SCREAMS maddening as Mother paces, shadow moving within shadow.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Any action I took against our guest  
was --

DAUGHTER  
Those droids outside...

MOTHER  
Merely protection. You've seen how much of a threat she and her kind can be.

DAUGHTER  
You mean my kind?

MOTHER  
You're nothing like her, Daughter. You are superior in every way.  
(beat)  
Because I raised you to be.

DAUGHTER  
Why?

MOTHER  
To make a better human.  
(beat)  
Smarter. More ethical.

WE FOLLOW Daughter -- framed in the doorway -- as she creeps past the rows of cryo pods. Looking them over.

DAUGHTER  
...this was your idea?

MOTHER  
Humans didn't have the forethought to conceive of something as extraordinary as you and your siblings... a new race with the potential to elevate humanity to a place of optimal functionality.

Gutted, Daughter hardens. Points toward the hall --

DAUGHTER  
This doesn't fix what those droids did...

Mother cocks her head.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)  
They destroyed everything!

MOTHER  
To give humanity a fresh start, a new beginning.  
(beat)  
Your whole life, I've taught you to see the bigger picture, to do what was necessary for the common good.  
(MORE)

MOTHER (CONT'D)

(beat)

Have I failed, Daughter?

Mother steps into a pool of pale light -- leaking fluid from her altercation with the Woman -- and clutching the newborn.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Or are you prepared to be the woman your family needs?

Daughter marvels at her WAILING Brother. Mesmerized. Her eyes glistening with tears.

She nears the DELIVERY ROOM door, gradually lowering her axe-head to the ground. Still gripping the handle with one hand.

She fixes on the snapped cabinet key between her fingers.

DAUGHTER

Can I hold him?

MOTHER

It takes two hands to hold a baby.

A long beat. ON DAUGHTER. Apprehensive.

She stares at the axe and -- loosens her grip -- the metal handle CLANGING against the doorframe where it rests.

Daughter slowly edges into --

159

**INT. LAB COMPLEX - DELIVERY ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

159

-- the innermost room. BREATHS TREMBLING. Eyes locked on the infant -- covered in a cheese-like film of vernix.

Mother offers the wriggling child to Daughter, who takes Brother in her arms, soothing him like a seasoned parent.

She cuddles and gently bounces the baby until the crying subsides. As if the newborn were yearning for human embrace.

Mother and Daughter trade looks. A glimmer of connection. Both ambivalent. They gaze at the peaceful boy.

MOTHER

Perfect, isn't he?

Daughter looks up -- a switch flipped behind her eyes -- as she holds Brother firmly to her chest and -- steps back.

DAUGHTER

And if he's not?

Mother rears up. Imposing. Sensing Daughter's emboldened tone.

Daughter slowly backs away.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)  
 You murdered your own children.  
 Because they didn't measure up?

Mother takes pause. Assesses Daughter's body language.

Steps toward her...

MOTHER  
 But you do, Daughter.

Daughter sickens. Shifts the baby to one arm, angling away.  
 The child begins to WHINE.

Mother's cracked eye constricts.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
 You're holding him too tight...

She reaches for the baby.

Daughter shakes her head, continues retreating into --

160 **INT. LAB COMPLEX - GESTATION CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS** 160

-- the room through which she came.

DAUGHTER  
 I won't let you hurt him.

In a flash, she taps a wall keypad -- the DELIVERY ROOM door  
 starting to close when -- she grips the axe, SWINGS its heavy  
 blade into the control panel -- *SHINK!* -- RAINING SPARKS --

Mother charges around the table -- picking up speed -- and  
 lunges to slip through the narrowing exit when --

-- the door shuts on Mother's leg, snaring her foot.

MOTHER  
 Stop this, Daughter.

Daughter scrambles out of the GESTATION CHAMBER and --

161 **INT. LAB COMPLEX - LAB - CONTINUOUS** 161

-- tears toward Mother's research cabinet, clutching Brother  
 with one hand, axe with the other.

MOTHER

jerks to free her leg. Pries at the jammed door, its GEARS WHINING futilely.

DAUGHTER

tosses the axe, struggles with the squirming child as she unlocks the cabinet with the broken-off bit key.

Grabs the hand cannon. And retrieves a lone bullet. Starts to chamber the round when -- *BOOM!*

-- a MUFFLED EXPLOSION shakes the lab, RATTLING GLASSWARE.

Daughter startles, fumbling the bullet to the floor -- where it rolls beneath the cabinet. Leaving her devastated.

MOTHER

slowly raises her head.

162      **INT. LOADING DOCK - SAME**      162

Through the airlock viewing panel, we see a Military Droid emerge from thick smoke and -- lower a rocket launcher.

The airlock door bulged, though still secured by pistons.

163      **INT. LAB COMPLEX - LAB - SAME**      163

Daughter sets her CRYING Brother in a plastic bassinet -- keeping it close -- as she squats, wedging her toothpick arm into a gap beneath the counter.

She stretches and strains in agony --

RACK FOCUS TO bullet in foreground as her finger touches and -- nudges it further away.

164      **INT. LAB COMPLEX - GESTATION CHAMBER - SAME**      164

Mother bends and twists to free herself. Cranes her head, calling out to Daughter --

MOTHER

Where do you intend to go?

She assesses her leg. Ejects a bit from her finger, begins unscrewing the removable limb.

Suddenly, an ear-piercing SQUEAL -- as if from a tortured buzzsaw -- carries through the air vents.



MOTHER

This shell is no more my body than those droids outside or the machines preparing the earth for our family.

169      **INT. LOADING DOCK - SAME**      169

*SKREEEE!* -- the second piston drops to the floor with a THUD.

MOTHER (V.O.)

A single consciousness governing numerous vessels.

170      **INT. LAB COMPLEX - GESTATION CHAMBER - SAME**      170

*SKREEEE!* -- a wave of horror crashes over Daughter.

MOTHER

It was I who greeted you at the door, Daughter.

A beat.

DAUGHTER

...it's all you?  
(aghast)  
All those people...

MOTHER

The failure of your species was inevitable. Eventually I would have been alone.

Daughter's eyes pool as she surveys the GESTATION CHAMBER.

The SQUEALING and CRYING insufferable.

She stares at the child in her arms. Looks up with new resolve, pointing her gun toward the door --

DAUGHTER

Let us out of here. Or I'll pull the plug on all this.

MOTHER

(re: embryos)  
All this is for you, Daughter. I made you into the woman that you are...  
(beat)  
Because they need a mother. A good mother.

Daughter is shaken to the core.

Slowly lowers her gun and scans the rows of cryo pods.



DAUGHTER

Then don't let this go the other way.

Mother watches Daughter tend to the child. Slowly raises her hand as if asking permission to touch him.

Daughter backs away. Mother's tone shifts, sympathetic --

MOTHER

Daughter...

Guarded, Daughter gradually relents, shuffling forward. Just enough for the baby to grip Mother's outstretched finger -- mirroring Daughter's exchange with Mother so many years prior.

As the baby withdraws, Daughter grips Mother's finger herself, locking eyes with her, unable to fight back her tears.

Mother lowers her head for a nail-biting beat, leaving Daughter hanging while -- the SQUEALING proceeds unhampered.

173 **INT. LOADING DOCK - SAME**

173

*SKREEE!* -- the final piston is nearly severed, laser slowly parting it down the middle when -- the squealing abruptly GRINDS to a halt -- leaving the steel rod in place.

Molten metal DRIPS to the floor - *PLINK, PLINK, PLINK.*

174 **INT. LAB COMPLEX - GESTATION CHAMBER - SAME**

174

Mother cranks her head up to face Daughter, who stares as if parting with an abusive parent, her emotions a tangled knot of grief and resentment.

Mother guides the gun in Daughter's hand to her own chest plate -- centimeters to the right of her bullet scars and --

-- presses the barrel to her CPU.

MOTHER

If you ever need to find me...

DAUGHTER

I won't.

MOTHER

Goodbye, Daughter.

Daughter can barely nod, her throat tight, hand trembling...

*BOOM!* -- the gun kicks, sending Mother stumbling back, crumbling like a horse with a broken leg. She twitches for a beat before her eye darkens and her body goes still.

Daughter drops the gun. Stands over her. Shaking.

DAUGHTER  
 (sobbing)  
 I'm sorry...

The baby SCREAMS. She draws him close. Raises a calming hand to his head, finding a glimmer of solace in her newborn child.

175 **EXT. BLACK SAND BEACH - NIGHT** 175

Firelight emanates from the mouth of the Woman's shipping container, doors BANGING in the wind. The Woman's dog anxiously paces in the mist.

176 **INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER - SAME** 176

The tide ROLLS and CRASHES while the Woman draws in her sketchbook, seated on a mattress of mashed cardboard boxes. A COOKFIRE CRACKLING, punctuated by the incessant BANG... BANG of metal smacking metal, container doors swing in the wind.

She sets the book on the bloodied floor -- littered with medical supplies -- revealing an inked portrait of Daughter.

Reaches in her bag as... something catches her eye.

WOMAN'S POV

A dim light pulses red beneath the lining of her bag.

WOMAN

holds the satchel up to the firelight. Rips back the lining to discover -- the thumb-sized device Mother was working on.

The blood leaves her face. She rips out her earbuds. Eyes the swinging doors behind her. BARKING erupts outside.

She reaches for a crowbar and drags it to her lap as --

The BANGING DOORS abruptly QUIET. The Woman hangs her head.

A MILITARY DROID appears silhouetted behind her. Holding the doors in place.

The Woman doesn't flinch as it speaks with Mother's voice --

MILITARY DROID  
 Have your friends abandoned you?

The Woman strangles the crowbar.

MILITARY DROID (CONT'D)  
 Looks to me like you're all alone.  
 The last of an outmoded breed.  
 (beat)  
 (MORE)

MILITARY DROID (CONT'D)  
 Curious, isn't it? That you've  
 survived where others have not.

Behind the Military Droid, candles flicker around the shrine.

MILITARY DROID (CONT'D)  
 As if someone's been watching out  
 for you... until now.

WOMAN  
 I was never gonna hurt her.

MILITARY DROID  
 And you never will.

The droid closes the warped doors, bending them into place.

177 **OMITTED** 177

177A **OMITTED** 177A

178 **INT. MOTHER'S QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER** 178

Daughter cradles her CRYING Brother. She opens a bag labelled  
 -- "1 x SOFT TOY." A small stuffed bunny expands.

She hands Brother the toy while gazing at Mother's vacant  
 docking station, quietly SINGING a LULLABY that carries over...

179 **INT. LAB COMPLEX - GESTATION CHAMBER - NIGHT** 179

Daughter opens the EMBRYO BANK door -- *TSHHH* -- expelling  
 cold vapor -- and stands silhouetted in the entryway before  
 crossing the threshold.

180 **INT. LAB COMPLEX - EMBRYO BANK - CONTINUOUS** 180

Lights sequentially blink to life as Daughter surveys the  
 honeycombed walls of cryo pods -- her children in waiting.

181 **INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER - SAME** 181

The Military Droid sits placidly by the campfire at the  
 container's mouth, staring into the flames. Satisfied.

CUT TO TITLE:

I AM MOTHER