

PSI FACTOR:
CHRONICLES OF THE PARANORMAL

"Night of the Setting Sun"

Written by James Nadler

Final production draft

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PSI FACTOR

THE NIGHT OF THE SETTING SUN

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: FRONT GATE - NIGHT

The entrance to an abandoned factory complex from the 1800s.

FRANCO, a punk in his early twenties, wearing shiny white running shoes, sniffs the cold night air. RATTLES the gate.

FRANCO

It's locked. It's been locked
forever.

With an apologetic smile, he turns to...

CLAUDIA VICKERS. Vickers is in her early thirties, fit and well put together in a Roots-style bomber jacket. She's too glamorous to be skulking around an old factory late at night.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Over here.

Franco walks away from the gate and along the high brick wall. Vickers follows.

VICKERS

What about security?

Franco tries to put her at ease.

FRANCO

Ms Vickers, I've been in and out of
here four, five times. I got you
covered.

Franco piles up discarded crates to form makeshift steps against the brick wall.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

That's why I was thinking, I know we
said six hundred. But really it
should be more like seven-fifty. To
be fair.

VICKERS

Franco, let's see if you found what
I'm looking for. Then we'll talk.

Franco and Vickers clamber to the top of the wall. They swing over and drop inside the complex.

CUT TO:

EXT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS - NIGHT

Vickers and Franco skulk along. Franco nods. This way.

POV THE WATCHER

Observes, unseen, as Vickers and Franco step into...

EXT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: COURTYARD - NIGHT

MOONLIGHT cuts through the clouds. Their FOOTSTEPS ECHO.

They look at each other. Vickers is starting to lose her nerve. But then Vickers spots something.

VICKERS

(excited)

There.

FRANCO

See. I told you.

Vickers unfolds a large square of light canvas from her jacket pocket. Holds it in front of herself.

POV THE QUARRY

As Vickers' canvas covers it and blocks out the light.

VICKERS (O.S.)

Got it.

CUT TO:

EXT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS - NIGHT

Vickers and Franco head to the gate. Franco carries a LIVING CREATURE wrapped inside the canvas. It squirms and SCREAMS.

FRANCO

Geez.

POV THE WATCHER

Something's coming at them. Fast.

BACK TO FRANCO AND VICKERS

As the unseen circles them. They run like thieves.

CUT TO:

EXT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: ALONG THE WALL - NIGHT

FROM THE OUTSIDE OF THE COMPLEX --

Vickers hauls herself to the top of the wall. Turns back.
Holds out her arms.

VICKERS
Give it to me! Now!

With a fearful backward glance, Franco hands Vickers the
package. It's SQUIRMING.

VICKERS (CONT'D)
Hurry!

Vickers jumps down to the ground. Turns. Looks for Franco.

Franco manages to get his shoulders and arms onto the top of
the wall. He muscles his torso up top. He's going to make
it. He swings his legs around. But...

Something pulls him back down.

FRANCO
Ms Vickers! Help me!

Franco clings to the wall's rim but he is losing the battle.

VICKERS
C'mon!

And Franco is gone.

FRANCO (O.S.)
(high-pitched, shriek)
Nooooooooo!

And then, worse - SILENCE. Beat.

VICKERS
Franco!

Something moves on the far side of the wall. Vickers runs
into the night carrying the squirming bundle.

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. MOBILE LAB - DAY

DAN AYKROYD draws us into the story...

DAN AYKROYD

Like many people, I have long been fascinated by cryptozoology, the study of rare and sometimes mythical animals. Normally these creatures live in remote areas, largely untouched by man. But could it be possible for a previous unknown creature to survive undetected in the center of a modern city?

CUT TO:

EXT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: FRONT GATE - DAY

Even in the daylight, the factory complex looks forbidding. Abandoned. Untouched since the 1880's.

MATT PRAEGER (late 30s, intense) trails after L.Q. COOPER.

Praeger is the Case Manager, the team leader of a group of scientific operatives who investigate the strange and paranormal for the Office of Scientific Investigation and Research (OSIR).

Cooper is the team cryptozoologist. He is an odd little man whose eyes swim behind his thick glasses.

COOPER

(simmering)

Vickers calls herself an ornithologist. But she's really just an animal smuggler.

PRAEGER

And Elsingher authorized how much?

COOPER

We paid \$74,000.

PRAEGER

(teasing Cooper)

That's good money for a rat with wings.

(off Cooper's look)

It's a pigeon.

COOPER

Matt, Vickers sold us a passenger pigeon. They've been extinct since 1914.

PRAEGER

Yup, In Search of...the Psi Pigeon.

Praeger considers the factory complex.

PRAEGER (CONT'D)

Coop, you sure this is the place?

COOPER

Vickers found it around here. It's possible that a roost of passengers survived this century in these old buildings.

PRAEGER

This is practically downtown.

(intrigued)

Why hasn't this land been developed?

COOPER

You can ask the owner.

PRAEGER

If he ever gets here.

COOPER

I don't understand why he's late. Mr. Stephenson was very cooperative on the phone.

A LATE MODEL SEDAN rumbles past them to a stop, about twenty feet away, next to the gate.

PRAEGER

Well, let's see a man about a pigeon.

Cooper and Praeger approach the car. They find...

STEPHENSON (early twenties, ashen, expensive clothes) slumped in the front seat. Praeger knocks on the window. Stephenson pulls himself upright, clinging to the steering wheel.

PRAEGER (CONT'D)

Mr. Stephenson?

Stephenson rouses himself.

STEPHENSON

Yeah, right.

He emerges from the car leaving the door open. Praeger shoots a glance towards Cooper and gently closes the car door for Stephenson.

COOPER

I'm L.Q. Cooper. This is Matt Praeger.

Stephenson lurches towards the front gate.

STEPHENSON

Don't know why no one ever called before. Don't know why. But...
(coughs)
I didn't even know about them until my father died.

PRAEGER

Who? The pigeons?

Stephenson flails about, distraught. Guilt ridden.

STEPHENSON

The *workmen*. I didn't know. But you knew about them, didn't you, Mr. Praeger? The workmen?

PRAEGER

Whoa, you're going too fast.

STEPHENSON

That's the real reason you called. I'll show you everything. It's the responsible thing to do. I'm a responsible boy.

He laughs until he dissolves into HACKING COUGHS.

PRAEGER

You okay?

STEPHENSON

Right as rain. Here we are.

Stephenson unlocks the front gate. He keels over. Crumples to the ground.

PRAEGER

Stephenson!

Cooper bends to examine him.

As blood bubbles from Stephenson's mouth --

CUT TO:

EXT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: FRONT GATE - DAY

The back door of an ambulance SLAMMING SHUT.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Cooper and Praeger watch the ambulance pull away.

PRAEGER (V.O.)

Case log update. We are attempting to determine the point of origin of a species of bird long thought to be extinct. Our investigation has been complicated by the sudden death of our contact, Neal Stephenson.

Praeger nods to DR. CLAIRE DAVISON (35, trim, efficient) as she gets into her OSIR vehicle.

PRAEGER (CONT'D)

Pathologist Claire Davison will conduct the autopsy. Praeger out.

Cooper and Praeger are joined by PETER AXON (28, well-dressed, a bit of a hot shot) and DR. ANTON HENDRICKS (60, scholarly). Axon carries techno-gak.

The others follow Praeger onto...

EXT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

A cobblestone street lined with eight old factories and stores. At the end of the street you can look up and see an elevated expressway. Hear the cars BUZZ by.

Cautiously, they move forward.

CUT TO:

INT. CORONER'S LAB - DAY

Davison circles Stephenson's corpse, dictating into an overhead mike as she goes. She is accompanied by a CORONER.

DAVISON

Neal Stephenson. Caucasian. Male. Twenty-four years old according to his driver's licence.

She circles the corpse.

DAVISON (CONT'D)

Feet discoloured. Almost black.

She pats down his chest.

DAVISON (CONT'D)

Good muscle tone. Something of a
looker, our Mr. Stephenson. If this
was myocardial infarction it must
have a congenital source. Those
present at the time of death report
he was coughing up a storm.

She leans down close to Stephenson's face.

DAVISON (CONT'D)

Mucous in the nostrils.
(surprised)
Crusted with blood.

She turns his head to the side. Opens his mouth. Blood
dribbles out. She looks inside.

DAVISON (CONT'D)

Blood in the mouth. He died so fast
he didn't even have time to swallow.
Could be respiratory failure.
(to the Coroner)
Let's slice and dice.

CUT TO:

EXT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: LANE WAY - DAY

A PIGEON promenades between two buildings. Hendricks and
Cooper watch it go.

HENDRICKS

Is that one?

COOPER

No, Anton. That is a common pigeon,
a rock dove.

HENDRICKS

All right. So what does a passenger
pigeon look like?

COOPER

You'll know it when you see it.

As they walk out of view:

COOPER (CONT'D)

It has a long pointy tail. Its eyes
and throat are rust. It's a beauty.

OFF Hendricks' amusement --

CUT TO:

INT. CORONER'S LAB - DAY

Davison spreads back Stephenson's ribs with a satisfying CRUNCH. The Coroner hands her a scalpel.

CORONER (O.S.)

Here you go.

DAVISON

Thanks.

(dictating)

His lungs are filled with a thin, bloody, frothy liquid. There appears to be gross pathological changes in the lung tissue.

(beat)

This is not good.

EXT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: THE WALL - DAY

Axon leads with the magnetoscope. Praeger flaps his cell phone closed.

AXON

When's Donner getting here?

PRAEGER

As soon as she finishes her background checks. Vickers has dropped out of sight. The world of exotic animal sales is shadier than I thought.

AXON

Don't get Cooper started.

PRAEGER

(re: their search)

How we doing here?

AXON

You see that?

PRAEGER

(over Axon's shoulder)

A magnetic pulse.

AXON

Yeah. In a big way.

PRAEGER

Let's try to track it to its source.

AXON

There is no single source. We're standing on the mother of all magnets.

AXON (CONT'D)
(waves his probe around)
Could be picking up be iron waste
dumped here before there were
environmental regs. Or maybe
magnetite.

Axon plunges a core sampler into the earth. While he works...

Praeger finds a WHITE RUNNING SHOE at the base of the
perimeter wall. He points out a discoloration on the shoe.

AXON (CONT'D)
Paint?

PRAEGER
Or blood.

Praeger's cell phone BUZZES.

PRAEGER (CONT'D)
Praeger.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CORONER'S LAB - DAY

Davison on the phone.

PRAEGER (O.S.)
(through phone)
What's up?

DAVISON
(shaken)
Stephenson died. The symptoms,
congealed lungs, blackened feet,
resemble Spanish Influenza.

PRAEGER (O.S.)
(through phone)
You better get down here right away.

DAVISON
Can't. I'm under quarantine. The
best I can do is forward materials
to the health authorities to help
develop a vaccine. Of course, that
won't help anyone who is already
infected. Like me.

OFF Davison's concern --

CUT TO:

EXT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: LANE WAY - DAY

Axon, Praeger and Hendricks confer. Praeger is answering Hendricks' question.

PRAEGER

Yes. She was quite specific. Spanish Influenza.

HENDRICKS

That's impossible. That strain hasn't been seen since 1919.

AXON

(bit nervous)

Anton, you're talking about the flu here. How bad could it be?

HENDRICKS

During the 1918 flu pandemic, millions perished. More people died from it than in the trenches of World War I.

AXON

So how did they stop it?

HENDRICKS

They didn't. Without explanation, the strain disappeared.

PRAEGER

Until today. And we were exposed to Stephenson.

AXON

And we were exposed to you. So we could all have it.

HENDRICKS

Not necessarily. In 1918 many hospital workers never picked up the infection at all. Or they survived thinking they'd just had a cold.

Axon sneezes. Everyone looks at Axon. Axon rolls his eyes.

HENDRICKS (CONT'D)

But its victims, predominately young men, often died within forty-eight hours.

AXON

Wonderful. What about antibiotics?

HENDRICKS

They won't work on a virus. We need a vaccine. And to find the source of the outbreak before it spreads.

AXON

Maybe we should turn ourselves in for quarantine.

That gives Praeger an idea.

PRAEGER

Maybe we should stay right here. This is pretty isolated.
(wry to Axon)
Here's your chance to get away from it all.

AXON

Great.

COOPER (O.S.)

Guys. Look at this! Look at this!

REVEAL Cooper, cradling a filthy pigeon.

OFF Cooper's joy --

CUT TO:

EXT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: MAIN STREET - LATER

Praeger is on his cell phone. He walks along the side of the OSIR mobile lab.

PRAEGER

(into phone)
Okay, Lindsay, what've you got?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LUMIERE BUILDING: LOBBY - DAY

LINDSAY DONNER (28, fiercely intelligent) on a cell phone.

DONNER

Neal Stephenson was the last surviving member of his family. I tracked down his executor: a Lisa Benning. She's also a director of the family company.

PRAEGER (O.S.)

(through phone)
When are you meeting her?

DONNER

Half an hour.
(off file)
Here's something odd.

PRAEGER (O.S.)

(through phone)
What?

DONNER

Well, H.L. Stephenson & Sons is really just a holding company. Except, according to their balance sheet, they still make some hand-crafted furniture for the high end market.

RESUME PRAEGER

PRAEGER

But this place looks deader than dead. Keep in contact.

DONNER (O.S.)

(through phone)
You too. Bye.

Praeger turns the corner of the mobile lab to find...

Axon installing the gangplank which leads into the mobile lab. As Axon locks the steps into place, Praeger walks up the ladder.

PRAEGER

Thanks, Pete.

AXON

(good natured)
I don't think this was in my job description.

And Praeger heads into...

INT. MOBILE LAB: SCIENCE POD - CONTINUOUS

...where Praeger finds Cooper observing the passenger pigeon in the "snake box".

PRAEGER

Seems lively for an extinct species.

COOPER

Columba ectopistes. In the 1800's they would flock in the billions.

COOPER (CONT'D)

But a well-organized team of men and boys could net 250,000 in a single day. Pack them in barrels and sell the meat. The last passenger died in a zoological garden in 1914.

PRAEGER

So how did a bird and a virus not seen in eighty years pop up here at the same time? Could the pigeon be a carrier of the virus?

COOPER

Possibly. One theory is that flu strains originate when avian flus and swine flus combine with human strains. It's called viral sex.

PRAEGER

Kinky.

COOPER

New flu strains usually start in migratory birds.

PRAEGER

Pigeons don't migrate.

COOPER

Passenger pigeons did.

Hendricks joins them. He carries four plastic bottles filled with a viscous orange liquid. He passes them out to Cooper and Praeger.

HENDRICKS

Drink this. It should help.
(off Praeger's dubious
look)

It's just orange juice with added glucose.

PRAEGER

What, no chicken soup?

HENDRICKS

Keep hydrated. And if you experience any back aches, coughs or other symptoms -- find me.

CUT TO:

INT. LUMIERE BUILDING: BENNING'S OFFICE - DAY

Donner talks with LISA BENNING, late 30s, stylish. In contrast, her office is a small and undistinguished.

Benning SNEEZES.

DONNER

Bless you.

BENNING

Ragweed. Every fall.

Donner hands her a card.

DONNER

This is the city health office. You should check in with them.

BENNING

(uneasy)

Thanks. I just saw Neal last week. He seemed fine.

DONNER

How well did you know him?

BENNING

Neal was a client I inherited from my dad. The fourth and last generation to guide H.L. Stephenson & Sons.

DONNER

Who takes over now, Ms Benning?

BENNING

I guess I do. His will creates a trust to preserve the factory complex as a private historical site.

DONNER

The OSIR could recommend historians to work with you on this project.

BENNING

Thank you, but we'll manage.

DONNER

Who are the trustees?

BENNING

There's only one. Josef Schullman. I believe he's a friend of Neal's.

DONNER

You believe...

BENNING

(abruptly)

I've never met him. Ms Donner, I want your colleagues to leave the factory. It's dangerous. The floorboards are rotted through. It's a firetrap.

DONNER

Really? Then why is it still producing furniture?

BENNING

Where did you hear that?

DONNER

Your annual report. Aren't company directors personally responsible for fire safety violations?

BENNING

What do you want?

DONNER

Just access for a few days.

With a sigh, Benning nods her agreement.

CUT TO:

EXT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: MAIN STREET - DAY

Cooper, Axon, and Praeger emerge from the mobile lab.

COOPER

I think we can find the pigeons' roost before dark.

PRAEGER

Don't leave town.

Cooper heads off. Axon and Praeger set off in the other direction. No signs of life. Axon admires the buildings.

AXON

Beautiful. You know, I think I would have loved to live in the 1890s. An age of new possibilities. Scientists were like rock stars...

PRAEGER

...who ate pigeon meat.

Axon listens to something in the distance.

AXON

You hear that?

They listen. In the distance, faint, is the SOUND of a skipping rope SLAPPING against stone. A reedy, little girl's voice drifts towards them:

GIRL (O.S.)

I had a little bird...and its name
was Enza...

The wind shifts and wipes away the sound.

PRAEGER

(calls out)

Hello!

AXON

Who's there?

No response.

CUT TO:

INT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: TANNERY - DAY

Cooper enters the vast room. Peers into the darkness.

On the floor he finds some DROPPINGS. Scrapes them up into a metal container.

Cooper hears a faint WHAMP. He stands up. Listens carefully.

Cooper caps the container. Behind him the floorboards CREAK and MOAN. Cooper wheels around.

There's no one there.

Cooper exhales. He cautiously makes his way further into the room. He spots...

AN OLD FASHIONED CHICKEN COOP

Inside, passenger pigeons COO.

COOPER

Wow.

Cooper reaches out to the pigeons.

CUT TO:

EXT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: MAIN STREET - DAY

Praeger shudders.

AXON

What is that -- you got a chill?

PRAEGER

I'm fine.

AXON

You heard what Anton said. If you've got the bug, you should head back to the mobile lab.

He moves close to Axon. Whispers in his ear.

PRAEGER

It's just my spidey sense going off. Someone is watching us.

They wait, watch and listen. In the distance, a DOOR BANGS.

They race towards the source of the noise. Turn a corner of a building to find --

A door BANGING in the wind. They dash through it and into...

INT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Steps ECHO ahead of them, CLATTERING up the stairs. Axon and Praeger charge up the stairs. They reach the...

INT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: WOODWORKING SHOP - CONTINUOUS

A large old fashioned workshop. Praeger feels the hackles rise on the back of his neck again. Are they being watched?

Pause. Quiet. They listen again. Nothing.

Axon pulls a drop cloth off of a pedal-powered lathe.

Praeger finds straight-backed chairs with round legs.

PRAEGER

Shaker style. Tongue and groove construction.

Axon joins him. Praeger pokes around a workbench.

PRAEGER (CONT'D)

Look at these nails. They don't look milled - they look like they were hand forged.

Another sound. The GROAN of machinery.

AXON
Freight elevator!

They race down the stairs to --

CUT TO:

INT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: GROUND FLOOR/ELEVATOR - DAY

The ground floor. The elevator SHUDDERS into position. The door opens. No one's there.

OFF Praeger's frustration --

CUT TO:

EXT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: MAIN STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

The sun is setting.

Cooper rejoins Praeger and Axon.

COOPER
You won't believe what I found.

AXON
Easy there, Coop.

They turn and see...

POV OSIR TEAM

Eight PEOPLE silhouetted against the sky. The men wear Irish-style caps. We can't make out their faces.

A sepulchral little girl, SOPHIE, dangles a skipping rope.

A tall man, JOSEF SCHULLMAN, steps forward. Josef is in his early forties, dressed in jeans and a working man's shirt.

Josef slides a shotgun shell into its chamber. Points the shotgun at Praeger, Cooper and Axon.

PRAEGER
This your discovery, Coop?

OFF Praeger and Axon's concern --

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: MAIN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Josef steps forward.

JOSEF

You must leave, Sirs. Before I must
make you leave.

COOPER

(quietly)

They must be the workmen Stephenson
was talking about.

PRAEGER

Good help is so hard to find.

(beat)

We have permission to be here. From
Mr Stephenson.

JOSEF

He sent you?

PRAEGER

Not exactly.

A woman from the group, ELENA SCHULLMAN, 20s, attractive,
steps forward. She points at Axon's juice bottle.

ELENA

(to Axon)

Sir. Is that juice?

AXON

Yes.

ELENA

Could I please have some for my
sister?

Praeger follows Elena's glance over to Sophie.

POV PRAEGER -- of the SCHULLMANS

They look gaunt, pale, haunted. They haven't eaten for days.

PRAEGER

We have supplies back in our trucks.

Axon steps forward and offers the bottle.

JOSEF

Stay right there!

ELENA

You never have faith in people,
Cousin. I told you Mr. Stephenson
would never let us down. He will be
here soon enough himself.

PRAEGER

Maybe this isn't the best time, but
about Mr. Stephenson...he's dead.

JOSEF

No.

PRAEGER

But please keep your distance. We
may be sick with influenza. It
killed Mr. Stephenson.

ELENA

We all had the grippe ages ago.
Poor Mr. Stephenson. He must have
caught it from us.

Praeger catches Axon's eye. Gives him the high sign. Axon
walks over to Sophie.

AXON

My name's Peter.

SOPHIE

I'm Sophie Schullman. Very pleased
to meet you, Sir.

ELENA

I'm Elena Schullman. That's my
cousin, Josef.

Josef lowers the shotgun.

Axon hands Sophie the juice.

SOPHIE

Thank you, Sir.

She drinks thirstily.

CUT TO:

INT. MOBILE LAB: CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The Schullmans sit around the table. They tear into OSIR
prepackaged rations and plates of sandwiches.

The Schullmans eat ravenously.

Juice dribbles over the chin of a COUSIN (male 20's).

The Cousin leans close over his plate and rips apart a chicken sandwich, eating only the meat.

Food slobbers out the side of Josef's mouth. He wipes it away with the back of his sleeve. He grabs a sandwich from the center of the table. His eyes lock with his Cousin's. The Cousin backs down. Josef takes the sandwich.

On the other side of the glass partition, Praeger and Hendricks watch them eat.

PRAEGER

Charming.

With a nod, Hendricks draws Praeger into...

INT. MOBILE LAB: COMMUNICATIONS POD - CONTINUOUS

HENDRICKS

They show all the early signs of malnutrition.

PRAEGER

They must have relied on Stephenson for their groceries.

Praeger finds Sophie's skipping rope on the counter.

PRAEGER (CONT'D)

That's interesting.

HENDRICKS

What?

PRAEGER

The handles are made out of wood not plastic. Look at the carving.

HENDRICKS

This is no toy. It's an antique.

Praeger considers this.

PRAEGER

I want to see what Cooper found.

CUT TO:

INT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: PIGEON COOP - NIGHT

Cooper and Praeger stand in front of an old-fashioned chicken wire set of coops. Pigeons COO. Sophie gives them the tour.

SOPHIE

That's Clara and that's Lillian.

PRAEGER

Lillian. Nice name for a pigeon.

SOPHIE

She's my favorite.

PRAEGER

Sophie do you mind waiting while Dr. Cooper and I talk?

SOPHIE

No. Are you a real doctor?

COOPER

I'm an animal doctor.

SOPHIE

Oh, you're a veterinarian.

She moves away and starts skipping in the background.

COOPER

It looks like the Schullmans bred these for generations.

PRAEGER

Why?

COOPER

For meat.

The FLAP FLAP FLAP of Sophie's skipping starts.

PRAEGER

If they're eating pigeons no wonder they're starving.

COOPER

Interesting. There's only sixteen birds in the flock. They kept the bare minimum to promote genetic variation.

Praeger glances over to Sophie.

PRAEGER

They don't look like geneticists to me.

Sophie chants as she skips:

SOPHIE

I had a little bird. And it's name was Enza. I opened the window. And in - flew - Enza.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

(faster, frenzied)

I had a little bird. And it's name was Enza. I opened the window. And --

CUT TO:

INT. MOBILE LAB: MEDICAL AREA - NIGHT

Where Hendricks draws blood from Josef. Josef sits in the med chair. Josef's shirt is off. Hendricks applies a cotton swab to the crook of Josef's elbow.

HENDRICKS

Just apply a little pressure there.

JOSEF

No one in my family has needed to see a physician for some time. Really Sir, I feel fine.

Praeger joins them.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

(to Praeger)

But you, Sir, look pale. You should work more in the sun.

Praeger steps behind the chair and examines Josef's shirt as they talk. And as they talk, Hendricks checks out Josef's lymph nodes.

PRAEGER

I should. Where exactly do you and your family live?

JOSEF

In the vicinity.

PRAEGER

Here, at the factory?

JOSEF

Yes.

PRAEGER

Where does your daughter go to school?

JOSEF

Sophie? She's my cousin. We teach her at home.

PRAEGER

Doesn't she miss having friends?

JOSEF

We have our work, our family, our beliefs, Sir.

PRAEGER

And privacy.

JOSEF

It is a good life.

Josef stands up. Praeger hands him his shirt.

CUT TO:

INT. MOBILE LAB: SCIENCE POD - NIGHT

Elena coos to the pigeon Cooper captured earlier.

ELENA

You found Barrymore. Sophie will be so pleased.

Axon attaches his laptop to a SPECTROMETER.

ELENA (CONT'D)

(re: the laptop)

That is a beautiful machine, Peter. Wonderfully crafted. Can you show me how it works?

AXON

Sure.

He picks up a core sample and empties some dirt into a Petri dish. He slides it under the spectrometer's aperture.

AXON (CONT'D)

I collected this soil sample this morning.

Axon fires up a program, hoping to impress her. Numerical data races across the screen. She presses closer to him, the better to see the screen.

AXON (CONT'D)

The machine, ah, bounces light off the dirt and then tells this machine what minerals are there.

ELENA

Wonderful.

AXON

And it tells me...you are living on top of magnetic rock. Iron ore, nickel, lead. Other heavy metals.

ELENA

And that is not good?

AXON

It's not exactly healthy. How long have you been here?

Elena changes the subject.

ELENA

Have you not done enough work for the day?

AXON

(with a smile)

You planning to get me into trouble?

ELENA

No, just out in the air. I would love a walk.

AXON

Sure. You can show me around.

ELENA

No. I mean outside the wall. Outside of here. You can escort me. The other girls on the promenade will be completely jealous.

Praeger and Josef come around the corner. Josef notices Elena's attention to Axon.

JOSEF

Elena, do not bother Mr. Axon. We should go.

With a regretful glance back to Axon, Elena steps to her cousin's side.

CUT TO:

INT. MOBILE LAB: CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Team meeting. Axon, Hendricks and Cooper are seated. Donner and Davison are on the big screen (split screens). Praeger considers the white running shoe in its evidence baggie.

DAVISON

(on screen)

We're making progress on the vaccine.
But it's slow going.

HENDRICKS

Any more reported cases?

DAVISON

(on screen)

Twelve. Three fatalities.

Praeger coughs. Axon and the others look concerned.

PRAEGER

I'm fine.

AXON

You don't look fine.

PRAEGER

Let's just say I'm waiting for the
other shoe to drop.

DAVISON

Take care of him. I'll check in
later.

She BLIPS off the screen to be replaced by an OSIR logo.

HENDRICKS

Matt, maybe we should get ourselves
to a better facility.

PRAEGER

Maybe we should figure out what's
going on first. Medical report.

HENDRICKS

All the Schullmans have influenza
antibodies in their blood but few
active cells. They are carriers.

PRAEGER

Background.

DONNER

(on screen)

No current records for Josef or Elena Schullman. They've never even paid income tax.

HENDRICKS

That could fit with their behaviour.
(to Praeger)

Have you noticed the close family structure, the emphasis on work and religious beliefs? These are people trying to shelter themselves from modern society.

PRAEGER

And taxes.

HENDRICKS

Perhaps Stephenson exploited their fears in return for cheap labour.

AXON

Why would the Schullmans agree to that?

PRAEGER

Every kind of shelter has its price. Lindsay, you said you had no current records.

DONNER

(on screen)

There was an immigration record of two Schullman families landing in Quebec City. In 1905.

PRAEGER

Maybe the Schullmans have been here for generations. Talk to the Stephenson lawyer again.

DONNER

(nods on screen)

I'll keep you posted.

She BLIPS off the screen to be replaced by an OSIR logo.

A small knock on the glass door. It's Sophie.

SOPHIE

Dr. Cooper. It's Lillian. She's sick.

COOPER
I'll be right back.

Cooper and Sophie leave.

PRAEGER
Clara. Lillian. Old-fashioned names.
For an old-fashioned girl.

AXON
And Barrymore?

PRAEGER
John Barrymore.

HENDRICKS
Clara Bow and Lillian Gish. She
named them after silent movie stars.

PRAEGER
From the turn of the century. Like
the birds and the virus.
(quotes Sophie)
"I knew a little bird and its name
was Enza...?"

HENDRICKS
"Ashes ashes we all fall down." That's
from the Great Plague. Children
often create rhymes to deal with
truly horrible events. Sophie's
doggerel dates from 1918.

PRAEGER
Have the Schullmans been here for
generations? Or have they...just
always been here?

CUT TO:

INT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: PIGEON COOP - DAY

Sophie hovers over Cooper as he works with Lillian the pigeon.
The bird is old and ill.

COOPER
(to pigeon)
Shh shh shh shh.

SOPHIE
(to herself)
I opened the window and in-flew-enza.

COOPER
Where did you learn that song?

SOPHIE

From a little boy who came through
the fence to play. That was a long
time ago.

COOPER

How long?

SOPHIE

It's hard to remember. I don't know.
Eighty years.

Off Cooper's amazement...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: FACTORY 2ND FLOOR - DAY

As Josef sharpens a knife on a wheel, Praeger questions him.

JOSEF

Eighty years? Sophie is a little girl...with a big imagination. You should only believe what you can turn over in your hands. And in the Almighty.

PRAEGER

How long have you been here?

JOSEF

Long enough.

PRAEGER

I'd like to bring in more people to meet you. Anthropologists. Historians.

JOSEF

Then we will not be here anymore.

PRAEGER

Where are you going?

JOSEF

Presume we stay. And that we are what you think we are. Your doctors and alienists will take away from us our, our special-ness. Sophie will start playing your games.

(re: a chair)

I will take the easy path, use electrical machines instead of my own muscles. We will be observed until we resemble the observers.

Josef's old-fashioned lathe breaks down. He throws a tool across the room in frustration. Praeger examines the lathe.

PRAEGER

The problem is you need more torque. I think I can fix this.

JOSEF

We do not need your help

CUT TO:

INT. LUMIERE BUILDING: BENNING'S OFFICE, RECEPTION - DAY

Donner and RAY DONAHUE (late 40s, former cop) KNOCK at the door.

RAY

Pretty sleepy office. Can't be too much money in wills and trusts.

DONNER

She said she'd be here. Any leads on Vickers?

RAY

Pigeon lady? Working on it.

DONNER

Ray, I know you have your trade secrets, but how do expect to find...

RAY

An international animal smuggler. I'll dangle a little cash, she'll surface soon enough.

(shrugs)

So my expense account will be high this month.

They hear A THUMP.

Donner swings open the door to the inner office and finds...

INT. LUMIERE BUILDING: BENNING'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Benning slumped behind her desk. They rush to her.

DONNER

Ms Benning.

Benning's in a bad way. She GASPS for breath.

Ray dials 911.

RAY

(into cell)

Hello. Yeah. We need an ambulance.

EXT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: MAIN STREET - DAY

Axon and Elena. They take their promenade.

AXON

You know the Japanese believe that magnets re-energize the iron in your blood and prevent aging. Maybe the magnetic soil here is the reason for your longevity.

ELENA

(flirting)

Do I really look one hundred and twenty years old?

AXON

Not a day over one ten.

ELENA

Thank you, Sir.

Elena's gaze is a little too intense for Axon so he steps a few steps away. She links her arm through his.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Have you been to Japan?

AXON

Yes. I stayed with a friend of mine. His apartment was so small, the fridge was in the living room. It was emerald green. All the refrigerators there are colourful because, well, they're in your living room. A fridge is like an...an ice box.

ELENA

I am not as sheltered as you think. I see the cars go by on the roadway. I used to go to the moving picture shows. Mr. Stephenson would bring me books.

AXON

Sounds like he was sweet on you.

ELENA

He was a boy. He wanted to keep the world away from us. I have my own ideas.

The attraction between them grows. Elena reaches over and gives him a kiss. Axon kisses her back.

Josef violently pulls Axon away from Elena. Josef's eyes glitter with anger. He has his shotgun.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Josef.

AXON

Take it easy.

JOSEF

Sir, you don't understand.

AXON

Oh, I think I understand fine. But
I'm not getting in the middle of
anything here.

Axon lunges forward, grabs the barrel. The two men struggle.

Axon bangs Josef against the building. And again. Josef
lets go of the shotgun. Slides down the side of the building
to the ground.

AXON (CONT'D)

Sorry.

Axon walks away from him. Hands the shotgun to Elena. Heads
towards Praeger who has been watching the action.

ELENA

Peter!

PRAEGER

(overlapping)

Axon!

Josef tackles Axon from behind. Axon goes down like a sack
of potatoes. They wrestle in the dirt.

WHAP. Axon takes one across the face. WHAP. Again.

Axon breaks free. Turns on Josef and clocks him.

AXON

(in pain)

Gah!

Axon nurses his right hand.

Josef advances and...

BLAM!

Elena fires the shotgun into the air.

ELENA

Enough!

The fight stops. Josef wheels and faces his cousin.

JOSEF

I don't like the game you are playing,
Cousin.

PRAEGER

Elena, why don't I hang on to that
for a while?

ELENA

As you wish.

She hands him the shotgun.

JOSEF

Call together everyone. Decisions
must be made.

ELENA

Josef.

JOSEF

Now.

Josef and Elena head into the factory building.

AXON

(proud of himself)
Not bad for a physics major.

PRAEGER

Can I see you for a moment?

CUT TO:

EXT. MOBILE LAB - CONTINUOUS

Axon and Praeger sit on the steps.

PRAEGER

What did that accomplish?

AXON

Matt, I was defending myself.

PRAEGER

But Pete, you put yourself in that
situation.

AXON

You're taking his side.

PRAEGER

There are no sides here.

AXON

They're lying to us. I don't know what they're hiding, but you're taking their side.

PRAEGER

We are guests here.

AXON

Of Stephenson.

PRAEGER

Of the Schullmans. This feels like their home.

AXON

Like they've been here for a century?

PRAEGER

We should step lightly. There are eight of them and four of us.

(re: shotgun)

And maybe Josef Schullman has another noise maker.

AXON

If you want me to roll over, I'll roll over.

PRAEGER

Just keep your mind on your work.

AXON

(tight)

Noted.

PRAEGER

Damn it, Pete.

Before things get out of hand, Cooper pops out and...

COOPER

There's a call for you, Matt.

PRAEGER

(re: Axon's hand)

You want Anton to look at that?

AXON

He'll just ice it down.

PRAEGER

We'll continue this later.

Praeger goes into the mobile lab. Axon and Cooper.

COOPER

I have to see Sophie.

Cooper steps down off the gangplank and heads towards the tannery. Axon follows Cooper.

AXON

What's up?

COOPER

I want to learn how the Schullmans managed to breed the passengers in captivity. All attempts at the turn of the century failed.

AXON

Why?

COOPER

The pigeons' migratory instincts were so strong that they threw themselves against aviary walls, killing themselves.

AXON

Hang on. That fits. Birds use the earth's magnetic pole as a beacon in their migrations. Maybe the magnetic pulses here countermanded the flock's need to migrate.

(beat)

How's Lillian doing?

COOPER

I just conducted the autopsy.

AXON

Ah. What killed her?

COOPER

Old age.

INT. MOBILE LAB: COMMUNICATIONS POD - DAY

Praeger talks with...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CORONER'S LAB - DAY

Donner on her cell phone.

DONNER

I have a lead on that running shoe you found.

PRAEGER (O.S.)
(through phone)
Great.

DONNER
Have you seen anyone on the property
by the name of Franco Berri?

PRAEGER
No. Why?

DONNER
Vickers left more behind than just a
shoe. Franco has been missing for
five days.

PRAEGER
Got you.

HENDRICKS (O.S.)
Matt!

PRAEGER
(into phone, to Donner)
I'll get back to you on that. Thanks.

Donner turns off her phone. Davison and Ray arrive.

RAY
I got us sprung.

DONNER
How did you manage to do that?

DAVISON
Neither of you two are symptomatic.
So, you are prime candidates to test
out whether the existing swine flu
vaccine will prevent the Spanish
version.

Davison pulls out a long needle.

RAY
What's that?

DAVISON
We think it may take.

RAY
You think it may take.

OFF Ray's discomfort --

CUT TO:

INT. MOBILE LAB: SCIENCE POD - CONTINUOUS

Praeger joins Hendricks over at the microscope.

PRAEGER

(to Hendricks)

What do you have?

HENDRICKS

Josef and Elena both possess extensive amounts of telomerase in their systems.

PRAEGER

I take it that's unusual.

HENDRICKS

Normally, you'd only find telomerase in cancer cells. It's the enzyme which helps protect the chromosomes and allows cells to keep reproducing.

PRAEGER

Anton, start from the top.

HENDRICKS

(beat)

Think of a cell like a shoelace.

PRAEGER

Okay.

HENDRICKS

Over time. Just from ordinary use, our cells lose their elasticity and start to fray. That's one theory as to why we age.

PRAEGER

And telomerase...

HENDRICKS

Builds the plastic tips which protect the ends of shoelaces. So long as you have that, your cells keep reproducing. Now, cancer cells have the unlimited capacity to keep going until their source of nutrition, the tissues they attack, is gone.

PRAEGER

So the Schullmans' entire system works like a cancer.

HENDRICKS

Yes. You know what this means? If we can replicate the Schullmans' biochemistry, we can stop all degenerative diseases associated with aging. We could live forever.

PRAEGER

But on what exactly?

CUT TO:

INT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: TANNERY - DAY

The sun is setting: its light barely cuts into the gloom. The room is empty. Axon turns on his flashlight.

COOPER

Where's Sophie?

AXON

Maybe she's at the Schullman town meeting. What's that?

He turns the beam around to...

THE STEEL FIRE DOOR

INT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: TANNERY, 2ND ROOM - NIGHT

The door SCREECHES open. Light shines inside, silhouetting Axon and Cooper. They move inside and find...

FRANCO

Almost dead. Ghastly pale. Hanging like a slab of meat, bound to rusted machinery. He wears only one shoe.

FRANCO

No.

PRAEGER

Hang on.

FRANCO

STAY AWAY! STAY AWAY!

(beat)

Don't bleed me again.

OFF Axon's horror --

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: TANNERY, 2ND ROOM - NIGHT

Cooper and Axon lay Franco down on the floor.

AXON

Take it easy. Take it easy.

FRANCO

They pulled me down off the wall
and...and she left me. With them.

Franco passes out again.

AXON

I'm getting Hendricks.

COOPER

What did they do to him?

He turns around and sees

SOPHIE IN THE DOORWAY

Her mouth is crusted with blood and gristle. In her hands,
the remains of a pigeon. She sinks her teeth into it.

AXON

(to Sophie)

What do you have there?

SOPHIE

I didn't want to do it, but I got
hungry.

AXON

(re: Franco)

We can carry him.

COOPER

Not a good idea until Hendricks checks
him out. I'll be okay with Sophie.
Sophie and I are friends, right?

Sophie stands silently, watching them.

AXON

Okay.

Axon carefully sidles by Sophie and is out the door.

Sophie takes a few steps closer to Cooper and...

CUT TO:

EXT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: TANNERY - NIGHT

Axon runs through the deserted complex towards the mobile lab. He thinks he HEARS SOMETHING over on his right.

He's grabbed from his left and pulled into the shadows...

AXON

No!

CUT TO:

INT. MOBILE LAB: SCIENCE POD - NIGHT

Praeger and Hendricks.

HENDRICKS

The Schullman cells replicate the way a cancer would. They would require massive amounts of iron to stay alive. Liver, other internal organs.

PRAEGER

I'm betting they order their steaks raw.

HENDRICKS

The Schullmans -- or people like them -- may actually be the factual basis for the vampire myth.

PRAEGER

So the Stephensons locked the gate not to keep the world out, but to keep something in.

With a BHHHHHHJH the lights dim down to emergency level.

HENDRICKS

What was that?

Praeger checks the machinery and control consoles.

PRAEGER

We're on auxiliary. Someone must have pulled out the cab's battery.

HENDRICKS

Who would do that?

PRAEGER

I don't know. Maybe the Schullmans.

Josef Schullman's eyes pierce through the semi-light.

JOSEF

Why not, Sir? Simply because I choose not to use electricity or modern conveniences does not mean I do not understand them or their use.

HENDRICKS

What do you want?

JOSEF

Our lives returned. But with Stephenson dead and you here that does not seem possible.

Josef steps into the light. He is flanked by two of his COUSINS. They are not armed.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

We will take what we need and be off. I cannot vouch for the behaviour of all my family.

PRAEGER

Who can?

HENDRICKS

We know how you survived this long.

In the background, the cousins empty out Hendricks' medical cabinets.

JOSEF

Do you? I really do not think so. You cannot know what it is like to be reviled and hunted. For never aging, for having hungers so acute that you need to slaughter animals for their blood alone. For being different.

Praeger grabs the shotgun.

Josef shakes his head sadly. Holds out in his hand the shotgun shells.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

She fired both barrels.

A THIRD COUSIN circles behind Praeger and Hendricks. They are boxed in.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

Then we came to the New World and
thought we would be left alone. But
it was the same.

The Third Cousin edges closer.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

Until the Stephensons offered us a
shelter of sorts.

The Third Cousin launches at Praeger. Praeger grabs a fire
extinguisher off the wall. Clouts the Third Cousin.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

NO!

The Third Cousin falls to his knees. Praeger sprays him
with the extinguisher.

PRAEGER

Get him under control.

JOSEF

Over here.

The Third Cousin, partially blinded, staggers past Hendricks
and Praeger to Josef.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

He wasn't thinking.

PRAEGER

Guess not. Why are you doing this?

JOSEF

Don't you think we deserve to survive?

PRAEGER

Not at any cost.

HENDRICKS

We can help you.

JOSEF

Maybe you can.

OFF Josef moving towards them --

CUT TO:

EXT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: TANNERY - NIGHT

Elena presses herself against Axon.

ELENA

You smell good.

AXON

There's a man in that building there.
He's been hurt.

ELENA

Josef wants us to leave, but I won't.
Not without you.

AXON

We have to get him help.

ELENA

You can come with us.

AXON

Are you listening to me?

ELENA

Yes.

AXON

I have to get a doctor.

ELENA

Don't you worry about him. He's
nothing - just a boy.

Axon pushes her away from him.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Come to me, Peter. Don't push me
away. Kiss me. Please.

CUT TO:

INT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: TANNERY, 2ND ROOM - NIGHT

Cooper stands with Franco.

SOPHIE

I'm hungry, Doctor Cooper. We're
going on a long trip. And I'm hungry.

Sophie approaches them. Franco whimpers.

COOPER

What will happen to the pigeons?

SOPHIE

We will have to eat them, I suppose.

COOPER

You know, I was thinking about Clara and the others. Maybe they would like to fly again. Maybe they want to be on their own. You could release them, Sophie. They would have a chance.

SOPHIE

But I'm so hungry.

Sophie stares at the pigeon coop.

Cooper takes the opportunity to gather Franco up.

OFF Cooper's fear --

CUT TO:

EXT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: TANNERY - NIGHT

Elena nuzzles into Axon.

RAY (O.S.)

Step away.

AXON

Ray?

RAY (O.S.)

You heard me.

AXON

It's fine.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Ray circling towards Elena and Axon, gun extended.

RAY

Ma'am, step away from him.

ELENA

(husky)

No.

Axon steps back two or three paces.

AXON

Put the gun down, Ray.

RAY

Shut up.

ELENA

Peter.

RAY

Damn you're dense.

ELENA

I need you! NOW!

With a guttural ROAR, Elena launches herself at Axon.

She has a knife. It glints in the moonlight.

BAM!

Elena is hit. She slides from Axon's arms.

AXON

What, what the hell did you do?

RAY

I did you a favour.

Ray turns Elena over and reveals to Axon that she had a knife in her hand.

AXON

We have to get her to a hospital.

RAY

Whatever.

Ray kicks the knife away.

Praeger, Hendricks and Josef arrive.

JOSEF

Elena.

Josef cradles her in his arms.

RAY

Matt, she was attacking Axon.

JOSEF

I tried to warn you.

RAY

We're getting out of here. Where's Cooper?

COOPER

Here.

JOSEF

Go. I won't be able to hold my family
back for long. They will hold you
responsible for this.

AXON

This way.

He picks up Elena.

AXON (CONT'D)

Let me try to get her help.

JOSEF

Yes, of course.
(bitter)
We must travel light.

PRAEGER

(to Josef)
Where are you going?

JOSEF

No. Leave me! You've done enough
for us already.

Off Praeger's deep regret...

CUT TO:

EXT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Axon carries Elena. Praeger and Hendricks carry Franco on
their shoulder. Ray's gun is out.

They pass beside the mobile lab and see the front gate in
front of them. They are retreating.

PRAEGER

Keep together.

They hear MOANS and RUSTLES in the dark around them.

HENDRICKS

(re: Franco)
I'm amazed he's still alive.

RAY

Just keep moving.

Hands come out of the darkness and grab at Cooper. Ray fires
a warning shot into the air.

Praeger pulls Cooper away from his assailant.

They race to the front gate and...

Cooper turns, looks around and sees...

A flock of pigeons take flight.

CUT TO:

INT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: TANNERY, PIGEON COOP - NIGHT

Sophie releases her last pigeon.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CORONER'S LAB - DAY

Davison dictates as she works on Elena's body.

DAVISON

Subject apparently died from a single
bullet wound. Entry from behind.
Between the sixth and seventh rib.
Subject is female. Caucasian. 48.9
kilograms. 1.6 metres. Age...
undetermined.

CUT TO:

INT. MOBILE LAB: CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Praeger records the following:

PRAEGER

Final case manager's log. With the
aid of the blood samples taken from
the Schullmans, authorities have
been able to create an effective
vaccine. Mass immunizations are
underway.

Praeger fidgets with Sophie's skipping rope. Praeger coughs.

PRAEGER (CONT'D)

Terrific.

CUT TO:

EXT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: MAIN STREET - DAY

Axon is in the middle of a buzz of activity from COPS and
OSIR TECHNICIANS. He scuffs his feet along the ground. His
heart isn't in it.

PRAEGER (V.O.)

(records again)

On our return to the site this morning, we were unable to locate any member of the Schullman family.

CUT TO:

INT. MOBILE LAB: MEDICAL AREA - DAY

THE PASSENGER PIGEON

Alone in its cage. Cooper feeds it.

PRAEGER (V.O.)

And with only one passenger pigeon still in captivity, Cooper observes that this may be a second extinction.

CUT TO:

EXT. H.L. STEPHENSON & SONS: FRONT GATE - DAY

A MAN watches the activity of police and OSIR technicians bustle around in the factory complex.

PRAEGER (V.O.)

It is sad to think that it is isolated, alone, the last of its kind. Praeger out.

The man turns to face the camera - it is Josef.

CUT TO:

INT. MOBILE LAB - DAY/NIGHT

DAN AYKROYD

There have been many claims, most notably in Soviet Georgia, indicating communities of people with remarkable longevity. Are these claims true, or merely a reflection of our own desires for a chance at immortality? For *Psi Factor*, I'm Dan Aykroyd.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

THE END