

EXTRAORDINARY

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EXT. PLAYGROUND - EVENING

Winter. VERA BURKE, 7, not dressed for the weather, ruddy cheeks and messy hair, holds her palms in front of her face. She looks down and breathes in through her nose, out through her mouth, steady.

The primary-colored jungle gym is covered in bright snow. The metal play structures glint in the sunlight. Vera faces a swing set made unusable by snow pile.

A gaggle of fascinated 7 year olds surround her in a semi-circle, but keep their distance. Their huge eyes peer out atop thick-bundled coats and scarves.

She raises her gaze to her hands and turns her palms out. We move through the window made by her outstretched hands.

Snow rises off of the swings and the supporting structure, ice breaks from the chains and hangs suspended in the air.

Vera smiles and lets out a soft, visible breath.

The swings tilt backward and the snow and ice begin a soft descent.

Just before they hit the ground an awful CRACK snaps the air. Vera lowers her hands in surprise and stares, transfixed, as the swings split in two and crumple inward. The jungle gym twists with wrenching metallic SCREECHES and POPS.

Childrens' SCREAMS mingle with the sound of the playground's collapse. They scramble through snow to get away from the scene. The heap of once-playground hits the ground with a final CRUNCH. It is a dark, monstrous tangle of steel and plastic in a white clearing.

Vera alone, stunned, sits cross-legged opposite her destruction. Footsteps fan out behind her hunched back.

Two figures, Sarah, 35, AND Kyle Burke, 38, Vera's parents, rush to their daughter's side. They envelop her in their arms.

Snow blows around the wreckage.

SARAH

Oh, honey, honey. It's okay, it's okay.

Vera cries in silence.

KYLE

You just need to practice. Remember
what we worked on?

Vera looks up at him, blinks back fresh tears.

KYLE (CONT'D)

If we use all our strength at once,
we use it up. Say it with me.

Vera shuts her eyes tight. When she opens them they are dry.
Her tears float off of her cheeks and out in front of her
face. They shimmer in the air and fall to the ground.

SARAH

Good.

KYLE

Say it with me.

VERA

Only extraordinary people -

KYLE

May wield extraordinary power

VERA

May wield extraordinary power

SARAH

Good.

He hoists Vera on her feet and the three huddle together.
They turn away from the wreckage.

We pull out to discover the world that surrounds the
destroyed playground. It is a rare open space among rows and
rows of thick grey angular homes. The low to the ground slabs
of homogenous buildings span for miles. Projections of
various facades, each one more detailed, more absurd than the
last are mapped to some of the structures. Uniqueness is
cheap here.

The buildings grow larger, the projections more dynamic and
frequent as we approach THE CITY: huge, all grey behind the
colorful projections.

One triangular black skyscraper - a sword in the stone city -
shoots from the grey toward the sky. Its icy smooth black
exterior and sheer scale more than compensate for a
noticeable lack of projections. A vibrant green AstroTurf
lawn wraps around its perimeter. This is the headquarters of
The Creative Agency for TeleoConcoctive Harmony (CATCH). We
push toward the structure.

INT. CATCH HEADQUARTERS MISSION CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Empty black leather seats set in rows in a square configuration. The small room is decorated in whites and greys, with dim fluorescent light that makes it look even smaller. A single window depicts an artificial daytime outdoors filled with lush greenery.

MAK, 30, thin, severe, in Rick Owens-esque loose layers of all black, sits in a raised seat at the center of a row. A holographic screen floats in front of him, its source unclear. Vera's destruction of the playground plays in loop, her name written across the bottom. He eyes her work with a smile, impressed.

A door SUCKS open, the screen evaporates. AGENT ZEL, 20, stocky, all muscle, in a more structured grey uniform, precedes a line of 15 or 20 young TRAINEES in simple white uniforms. The trainees file past the Agent and swarm into the seats that surround Mak. Some have physical ENHANCEMENTS: larger eyes, fuller lips, sharp jawlines: modern beauty standards exaggerated to an almost absurd degree. Once they are settled, Mak rises to his feet. Zel takes his place in the center of the rows, in front of Mak. Mak nods to him, he begins a routine speech.

ZEL

On behalf of our leader Mak, it is my honor to welcome you all to the Agent Training Program at the Creative Agency for TeleoConcoctive Harmony. Otherwise known as CATCH. Mak personally selected each of you to help us achieve this unity of the unique. Once...if...you complete our program, your mission is simple. Find, neutralize, collect the world's most powerful and dangerous known Singulars. Here we are devoted to the total enhancement, inside and out, of every member of the human race through the equal distribution of Singular abilities. We do not allow genetics to determine our fate. We do not allow awesome power to find its hosts through arbitrary methods. We choose the good, we train to be better, and our work ensures that we remain the best.

(MORE)

ZEL (CONT'D)

What we do here, what we can give you is something far beyond your silly enhancements, thin projections. If you fulfill your duty to CATCH, we will map greatness onto your DNA, inject it into your bones, and set you free to augment the world.

Zel raises his arms over the trainees. There is a BUZZING surge of energy and the veins in his arm light up with a metallic shine - his augmentation. A collective intake of breath from the recruits. They're an easy audience.

LEXI, 29, short hair and plain face devoid of enhancement, sucks in air, disturbed at this casual arrogance. Zel locks eyes with her and gives a small, derisive snort at her irreverence. He finishes his display.

ZEL (CONT'D)

Now, if you will join us, say 'I will.'

LEXI & TRAINEES

I will.

Mak touches Zel's arm. Zel nods.

ZEL

Mak wishes you a rapid journey toward augmentation. Your training begins tomorrow.

He goes to the door. The trainees file out. Zel gives a last nod to Mak, and shuffles out.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING - 9 YEARS LATER

The school is stark, industrial. Exposed pipes and concrete floors. Students wear solid-colored, simple outfits. The monochrome and structural expressionism tells us that we're not in our present.

Vera, 16 now, hair still messy albeit in a more intentional way, sits with her back against a row of lockers. She flits through tablet pages of a book with increasing speed. Students rush past.

Someone almost trips over her. She does not look up.

LYLE, 16, big, struts down the hallway with a small POSSE of ganglier boys.

SETH HAILEY, 16, scrappy, rounds the opposite corner and heads straight for Lyle, fists raised.

SETH

Lyle!

Lyle and Posse turn. Lyle laughs at his shrimpy challenger. Seth does his best to maintain composure.

LYLE

Careful.

Seth takes a wild step forward. POSSE MEMBER 1 stops him with a hand to the shoulder.

LYLE (CONT'D)

It's cool. If he was really a threat he would've shown us his super special powers by now.

Vera picks her head up from her book.

POSSE MEMBER 1 shoves Seth, hard. He stumbles, but resets his stance as fast as he can.

LYLE (CONT'D)

What's up, man? Got some Singular magic superpowers up your sleeve? Don't show them here or they'll take you like they took your -

Seth YELLS and lunges forward. Lyle raises a massive forearm and moves to swipe him aside. Seth lifts his hands to cover his face.

Vera drops her book, raises her arms. No one notices her preparations. She exhales and time slows way down.

Normal speed. Seth appears in control but Vera's powers provide the force, unbeknownst to all but her. Seth's palms connect with Lyle's arm and thrust him into the far set of lockers with a CRUNCH. Lyle clutches his arm and doubles over.

LYLE (CONT'D)

(groaning)

They should kidnap you too you sick fuck Singular.

Lyle's posse help him lope off down the hallway. Others clear out as fast as they can after some furtive, some awestruck glances at Seth, the source of the strange power.

Seth stands, dumbstruck, inspecting his palms for signs of an explanation for this newfound power. He realizes he is alone and shuffles to his knees. His hands shake and he fumbles with the lock on his locker.

Vera jumps to her feet and crouches beside him.

SETH

Uh, um, you may not want to come near me right now.

He gestures to the otherwise empty hallway.

Vera laughs. She passes a hand over the lock. It opens with a CLICK.

SETH (CONT'D)

Ah. Thanks...

VERA

Vera. Burke.

SETH

Seth Hailey. I'd shake your hand but I'm a little wary of touching anything right now.

She smiles. He scrambles to his feet.

VERA

People tend to avoid me in general so, it's cool.

She turns to walk down the hallway.

SETH

Wait!

She looks over her shoulder and motions for him to catch up.

VERA

You're supposed to follow.

He does.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

Monochromatic, steel construction. Vera and Seth wander on to the court. They are beacons of color in the utilitarian world.

Vera tosses a ball to Seth. He catches it. He passes it back to her. She stops it in midair, before her outstretched palms, and slides it back to him.

He closes his eyes and reaches. She flicks her wrist to take control and the ball is suspended in front of him. He looks at it, then her, in total awe. He thinks he has discovered a Singular power. Her trick is working.

SETH (V.O.)

My mom got taken for a lot less
than this.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - LATER

Seth and Vera face the chain-link fence, side by side. Two pebbles float above their palms. Vera's non-dominant hand is hidden behind her back. It mimics the movements of her other and Seth's hands, to control both of their pebbles.

VERA

Taken?

SETH

Your parents haven't told you this?

VERA

They don't tell me much. They prefer to just move me to a new city whenever I start asking questions or when I...explode something.

She pauses. Checks his reaction.

SETH

That happens a lot?

VERA

We've never lived in the same place for more than a year.

He takes this in, sizes her up, decides:

SETH

Awesome.

She hides her smile from him.

SETH (CONT'D)
 So, yeah, there's this organization, CATCH or something, they find Singulars...it's what they call them...people with powers. They find them and they fight them if they have to and they...take them.

VERA
 Why?

He shrugs.

SETH
 When they take you, call me up and let me know.

An uncomfortable laugh.

SETH (CONT'D)
 Sorry.

VERA
 Did your mom fight?

He nods. A beat.

Seth closes his fist around the pebble. Vera follows, and balls up her hidden hand, too.

VERA (CONT'D)
 My dad always tells me this thing...

SETH
 I thought they don't tell you much.

VERA
 They don't. But this is good. Whenever I mess up, or do something too big, or lose control -

SETH
 Or do otherwise awesome things...

VERA
 - he makes me repeat...um...only extraordinary people.

Pause. She urges him to continue.

SETH
Only extraordinary people.

VERA
May wield extraordinary power.

SETH
May wield extraordinary power.

He smiles at her. She looks away and opens her palm. He follows suit. There is just dust in place of the stones. Seth blows the powder off of Vera's palm and it forms a cloud, suspended in the air.

INT. SETH'S BEDROOM - DAY - A FEW MONTHS LATER

Blue and spartan, a little boy's room urgently stripped of little boy's things.

Seth is stretched across his bed on his stomach. He reaches his arms out for Vera, who stands already halfway out of his bedroom door. She fakes a stumble backwards every so often to let him think he's in control of her movement.

SETH
Stay, please! We'll have
adventures! We'll save things!

Vera rolls her eyes.

SETH (CONT'D)
Plus I'm not as good when you're
not around.

VERA
Oh yeah?

SETH
Yes.

VERA
You wanna save things...today?

SETH
Why not? Got anyone else begging
you for adventures?

VERA
No.

She turns to face him. He relaxes.

VERA (CONT'D)
You?

SETH
No.

VERA
I'll come over after school
tomorrow.

Seth resigns himself to her promise with a sigh.

She strides out of the room and SHUTS the door with a wave of her hand.

She stomps down the stairs and we follow her into the ENTRYWAY.

VERA (CONT'D)
Bye, Mr. Hailey!

MR. HAILEY (O.S.)
Bye, darling!

The front door SLAMS behind her.

EXT. VERA'S BACKYARD - LATER

Vera lies on her stomach in the grass, her hands hovered over a sparse patch of a tiny and boxy but otherwise lush backyard. She picks blades of grass from the ground, into the air, one by one.

BUZZ. Vera looks at a translucent screen that has appeared above her watch. Seth's name is displayed. She taps to open it.

SETH (TEXT)
SAVING. NOW.

Vera jumps to her feet and tears through the yard. She hops the metal gate and tumbles on to the sidewalk at a full sprint.

EXT. HAILEY HOUSE - EVENING

The end of a massive fire. Bright flames pour out of the windows that remain intact. Smoke spreads across the wreckage. Seth stands in front of the collapsing structure, palms outstretched, tears stream down his face.

He runs through the motions that should enable his telekinesis again and again. Sharp inhale, palms inward, sharp exhale, palms outward. The building falls apart piece by piece, CRASH by CRASH of rubble and glass as if to mock his failure.

ONLOOKERS huddle together at a safe distance. Vera rips through a line of them and runs to Seth.

She grabs his hands in hers and sets them down at his side. He resists her, wild, wounded.

SETH

My dad was...he's...he was in there...

She leans in close.

VERA

What were you planning to do?

SETH

(a growl)
Get away from me.

Vera tries again to comfort him. He stiffens.

VERA

It's okay.

He shoves away from her.

SETH

None of it was real, was it?

VERA

I'm...

SETH

Sorry? You're sorry. You're a monster.

Vera looks at her largest destruction yet. Small angry fires rage on in pockets of the rubble that was once the house. No one survived this. SIRENS wail from somewhere.

SETH (CONT'D)

Go destroy someone else's world.

Vera turns on her heel and runs.

EXT. VERA'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Vera hops the fence, her face covered in dried tears. Through the glass back door she can see her parents on the couch. They hold each other.

Zel, 29 now, towers over her parents on the couch. A thin, black firearm is visible in a holster around his thigh. Lexi, in a matching uniform, stands beside him.

Vera crouches low, just out of sight to hear their muffled words.

ZEL

She belongs with us now, where she can't cause any more damage.

SARAH

Have you thought of the damage taking her away from her parents would cause us? Would cause her?

LEXI

Ms. Burke this situation is much larger than you are equipped to handle. A life has been lost. You should not have to bear that burden.

KYLE

A burden? She's our daughter.

LEXI

A daughter you've had to migrate with from place to place beyond the city limits, just to keep her secret safe. Your daughter is exceptional. At CATCH she won't have to hide her gifts anymore.

Sarah looks at Kyle, searching. He opens his mouth to respond.

ZEL

Enough. You have failed to control her. She is a threat to the populace. We have been patient, but we are no longer asking your permission.

Kyle notices Vera in his peripheral vision. His eyes widen. He shakes his head.

Zel tracks where Kyle's attention is fixed and turns, menacing, to follow his gaze.

Vera is off and running for the edge of the yard, into the night.

ZEL (CONT'D)
Fucking Singulars.

Kyle rises to his feet. Lexi tries to ease the tension.

LEXI
I'll take care of it.

She separates from the group to step outside and follow Vera's path.

EXT. EMPTY PLAYGROUND - CONTINUOUS

An intact playground nestled between imposing, dark buildings. Vera, head hung, drags her feet through the gravel, toward a jungle gym. She looks into the sky and closes her eyes, remembering, channeling.

KYLE (V.O.)
Say it with me.

VERA (V.O.)
Only extraordinary people -

KYLE (V.O.)
May wield extraordinary power

VERA (V.O.)
May wield extraordinary power

SARAH (V.O.)
Good.

She focuses straight ahead, ready. Inhale, palms up, exhale, turned outward. The jungle gym vibrates, it builds. Vera's breath is measured. The vibration intensifies. A horrible CREAK and an abrupt halt in vibration. Vera's face falls, she's lost it. Monkey bars snap off and CLATTER to the ground. She lets out a sharp WAIL in frustration and drops to her knees.

Lexi approaches her with caution, gravel CRUNCHES beneath her feet. Vera looks up.

LEXI
Put the bars back in place.

VERA
I...

LEXI

You can.

Vera shakes her head, furious, but raises her hands. The bars shoot up into the sky and hover where they were.

VERA

(venom)

Now what?

Lexi holds out a hand. Her fingers tap against the air, playing invisible keys.

The ends of the bars glow red. A soft HISS as they weld back to the structure and return to their normal color.

VERA (CONT'D)

How come all I can do is destroy?

LEXI

You can do so much more. We can teach you.

VERA

My parents?

LEXI

They are not equipped to give you what you need. To be as great as you can be. You know that. This is your decision.

Zel speeds toward them, breaking the moment.

ZEL

Ready to go yet? Or have you decided to keep running for the rest of your life.

Vera is silent.

ZEL (CONT'D)

(to Lexi)

Why does Mak want this dumb brat so bad anyway?

VERA

I'm not dumb.

Zel sizes her up.

ZEL

Good. I'll call the copter.

EXT. VERA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lexi and Zel wave down an oval-shaped all-black helicopter. It swoops down toward the house. The DRONE of its metal wings grows louder and the swell of wind whips hair in front of Vera's face. She stands enveloped in her parents' arms, clutching a small duffel.

The copter touches down and she breaks through their embrace. The helicopter doors open into blackness. Zel disappears inside. Lexi offers out her hand. Vera marches forward and steps inside.

She turns as the doors close to see a sliver of the outside world. Sarah reaches for her, crying.

The helicopter lifts off of the ground. Sarah and Kyle grow smaller and smaller. The door shuts. Darkness.

EXT. HELICOPTER OVER CITY - DAWN

The black copter climbs in to the thick, grey air over the city. Colors below blur between the wings. It is swallowed in a cloud of smog.

We can hear Vera's ragged BREATHING.

The triangular apex of CATCH headquarters pierces the clouds. The copter approaches. The three sides of the building arc away from each other. The copter disappears inside and the gap closes.

INT. HELICOPTER IN HANGAR - 6 YEARS LATER

The helicopter does a lap around the perimeter of a circular hangar filled with similar aircraft, some much larger, to reduce its speed. The ceiling slopes upward, then angles to a point. There is a precipitous drop into nothing at the center of the hangar. The world inside Headquarters looks like nothing we've seen elsewhere.

A metal arm extends out and attaches to the helicopter. It comes to a halt and is lowered to the ground. The doors roll open and Vera, 22 now and on fire, in a white trainee jumpsuit, CATCH emblazoned on the front, stomps through the gap and jumps out into the hangar. She is trailed by two sheepish AGENTS in black, combat-ready uniforms.

An older Lexi, in a grey jumpsuit, moves to greet Vera. She brushes past.

VERA

It was empty. No Singulars at the location. I received incorrect intel.

LEXI

And?

VERA

And could not complete my assigned mission.

LEXI

You failed a test.

Vera comes to an abrupt halt. The Agents almost pile into her. She turns to Lexi.

VERA

These idiots got it wrong, or you did, I don't care, but I can't do my job if no one else does.

LEXI

It's not your job, Burke. Not yet. If this had been a real mission you would not be free to stomp your way through here. Don't forget that.

VERA

Don't forget that. Don't forget that I am the best trainee you've had since the Agency was founded.

Other AGENTS have gathered now, on the hangar floor, on observation decks to watch the exchange, disapproving.

Lexi lowers her voice.

LEXI

And if you keep this up that's all you'll ever be.

Lexi maintains an impenetrable calm. They stare each other down. Vera takes a deep inhale.

LEXI (CONT'D)

Vera...

Vera exhales into a sharp SCREAM and extends her arms toward the suspended helicopter. She wrenches the metal docking arm backward. The copter tilts with it until the arm snaps off with a CRACK.

The gathered Agents' disapproval turns to fear as they scatter as far from Vera and her tantrum as they can get. One narrowly misses the helicopter as it SLAMS into the ground and rolls toward the drop at the center of the hangar.

Vera is focused, her hands outstretched, in full control of the helicopter.

LEXI (CONT'D)

That's enough!

Vera glances over her shoulder. She softens, but does not break the copter's trajectory toward the edge.

VERA

You wanted to give me the chance to prove myself, Lex? Here I go.

LEXI

I didn't...

Beyond Lexi, on a platform above the hangar, stands Mak. His face inscrutable. Vera spots him.

VERA

Have I passed your test now? Just tell me when!

He turns on his heel and sets off into the building in a whirl of black.

Vera drops her hands. The helicopter comes to a stop, teetering on the lip of the opening. She runs past bewildered Agents and a furious Lexi, toward the spot where Mak disappeared.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Vera darts after Mak through a concrete corridor peppered with other Agents in the grey standard uniform. Bright red doors to unknown rooms flash by.

Mak's black frame is nowhere to be found. Vera's cheeks are pink and her face is hot. The endless faces of the Agents encroach. They are her colleagues but not her peers. She runs to escape their judgment.

INT. SKYBRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Vera finds herself on a bridge with a glass floor. She skids to a halt, shocked by the sudden change in environment.

ZEL

Didn't think you were so easily spooked.

Zel, older, leans against a handrail on one side of the bridge. Vera catches her breath and glares his way. She has to be more careful with him.

VERA

Where is he?

ZEL

Mak? You think you deserve to speak to him now? He doesn't have the time for this petulance.

VERA

Does he have time to give his best trainee a fair chance at passing the Final Test?

ZEL

Your chance was as fair as anyone's.

They look out past the handrail. Below the translucent floor and walls of the bridge is a massive circular room with a low, domed ceiling. The floors and walls are black, reflective glass.

Two TRAINEES in white spar in this TRAINING ARENA. One holds a cylindrical grey firearm, CATCH written on its side, with a trigger that looks like a grenade pin. This is a NANO-FELL. It launches a large black, almost liquid projectile at the other trainee. The UNARMED TRAINEE is hyper-fast, and dodges a blast, and another until they are caught off guard by the black liquid and thrown, unconscious into the opposite wall.

Zel speaks into a PA system embedded in the glass:

ZEL (CONT'D)

Good, Ronan. You'll advance.

He turns back to Vera.

VERA

I'm not anyone, Zel.

ZEL

No. You're a spoiled child with no respect for powers the rest of the Agency has devoted their entire lives to earning and perfecting.

VERA

I have more power than anyone in this building. More than you and your manufactured party tricks.

He raises his eyebrows. Does she want to test that?

ZEL

My manufactured party tricks are all you've got to learn from, little girl. You failed the t-.

VERA

-the test was rigged!

ZEL

You failed to collect the Singular specimen, and you will re-start Training Level 3 tomorrow morning. I'll see you in the Arena.

She huffs. He dares her to keep arguing.

ZEL (CONT'D)

You're dismissed.

She whirs off down the corridor.

Once she is out of sight, Mak appears and sweeps across the glass floor, toward Zel.

ZEL (CONT'D)

We should never have allowed her to become this strong, this willful.

Mak's eyes are closed. He listens.

ZEL (CONT'D)

We should have harvested her DNA, mined her for her powers when we had the chance, instead of raising her like our daughter - pet.

Mak is not a talkative one, and when he does speak he does so with great care and deliberation. Each word is heavy.

MAK

Her powers would never be as... incredible in one of us as they are in their natural host.

ZEL

If she is beyond our control it
won't matter how incredible she is.

MAK

She is our greatest weapon.

ZEL

I know this.

MAK

We will not defeat the Singular
resistance without her.

ZEL

I know.

MAK

Know that there is hope for her.

ZEL

And if she betrays us?

Mak nods.

MAK

Her betrayal would hurt you most of
all.

ZEL

We still cannot comprehend the full
extent of her powers. Her betrayal
could destroy us.

MAK

Well, in the wake of this
destruction you fear she is capable
of, if the Execution vault remains,
you can escort her there yourself.

INT. TRAINING ARENA - THE NEXT DAY

Vera, in her white uniform, enters the space through a door
with almost invisible seams. The wall SUCTIONS it shut behind
her. She sulks, not happy to be here, shoulders hunched.

Zel emerges from a door opposite her.

He rushes at her. The sudden start catches Vera by surprise.
She inhales, palms inward, exhales, turns them outward. Zel
loses his balance, stumbles. His veins flash silvery metal.

He regains his footing and barrels into Vera, knocking her sideways. His momentum takes him straight to the wall. Vera rolls up to standing.

VERA
I wasn't ready.

She faces Zel, inhales, prepares to recharge. Zel's hand connects with her sternum. She lands on her back.

Zel plants a foot on either side of her body and smiles down at her.

ZEL
How about now?

Vera grits her teeth, props herself up with her arms and brings her knees to her chest for a kick. Zel grabs her legs mid-strike.

His veins surge with metallic shock. Vera CRIES out. He twists her on to her stomach and drops to his knees. He grabs her hands with his and puts his mouth to her ear.

ZEL (CONT'D)
Next time, be better.

He releases her and stands. We stay with Vera, her cheek to the sleek black floor.

ZEL (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Thought you'd get off easy after
yesterday's tantrum, huh? On your
feet!

Vera closes her eyes, inhales. Her feet replace her face on the ground.

She tightens her jaw and sprints toward Zel. Inhale, exhale, she catches Zel off guard with her renewed intensity and tosses him to one side like a toy.

He coughs out a laugh and gets to his feet.

Closer now, she knocks him down before he can stand. He hits his head. Blood oozes from his temple. He is thrilled. This is Vera at her best, as he's trained her.

ZEL (CONT'D)
We're awake now!

INT. TRAINING ARENA - LATER

The end of the training day. Vera's uniform is covered in small rips and tears and her forehead shines with sweat.

Zel, NANO-FELL weapon in hand, fires blast after blast in her direction. She dodges and deflects. This is routine for her, but not easy.

She just misses the edge of a black, coagulated blast. It makes contact with the wall behind her, which implodes, forming a momentary black hole-like radius around the point of impact. The wall rebounds.

VERA

I can't do this forever!

ZEL

Then you're not doing it right.

He steps toward her, gun still aimed at her chest. He smirks and she realizes his dangerous intent.

VERA

No...

He fires point blank.

The blast hits her in the chest and a black liquid consumes her body, as if an extension of the Nano-Fell bullet.

The spot where she hovers becomes black, empty.

She re-materializes.

Zel's smirk falters. He's never seen this before. He fires again. At her head.

SLOW MOTION/ BULLET/ NANOMORPH TIME

The blast travels toward her, a small net of twisting black strands. The edges of her body blur as it approaches. It connects with the bridge of her nose. Her neck jolts back.

Black liquid tendrils from the point of impact flow outward and envelop the bullet and her head, down toward her torso, limbs.

The bullet is no longer separate from her. Her shape is no longer human.

The whole liquid object blinks into nothing, a black emptiness in her place.

Then she reappears, whole, full color, unscathed.

She runs her hands over her face to make sure it's all still there. It is. She smiles, huge.

VERA (CONT'D)
Was that better?

INT. SKYBRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Mak stands, looking out over the arena. He watches as Zel throws down the Nano-Fell and storms out of the arena. Vera squints upward to search for a sign of approval from the bridge.

Mak gives her a tiny nod. She scurries out of the arena, triumphant.

Zel storms in and stands next to Mak. Mak doesn't acknowledge him.

ZEL
What was that?

MAK
An impressive display. I thought you'd be proud of your work.

Zel scoffs.

MAK (CONT'D)
Advance her to final training.

ZEL
(incredulous)
Yesterday she obliterated an entire docking device because she was upset.

MAK
Today she absorbed a Nano-Fell blast at point blank range.

Lexi appears on the far edge of the bridge and walks toward them.

LEXI

As her supervisor, sir, I cannot in good conscience recommend her advancement so soon after her...outburst.

Zel nods his agreement.

LEXI (CONT'D)

I would also like to submit a formal complaint against Zel for endangering the life of a trainee.

ZEL

You want to punish me for scaring some respect out of your girl?

LEXI

She's yours too.

Mak observes the standoff, solemn.

MAK

Her capabilities speak for themselves, whomever they belong to. She will advance to final training. Tomorrow.

Lexi consents.

LEXI

I'll prepare her for combat.

She nods to Mak and sets off across the bridge.

INT. VERA'S BUNK - NIGHT

The grey and white decor is dim in low artificial light. The curtains are open. Stars are projected on the concrete wall visible through the window opening.

Vera is flopped across her bed in her grey fatigues, exhausted from the day.

SWOOSH. The door swings open to reveal Lexi. She holds a small cylinder that resembles a tape-measure.

LEXI

On your feet, now.

Vera groans.

VERA
You're still mad about yesterday.

LEXI
I just need you to listen to your
supervisor's commands. Stand up.

Vera rolls out of her bed to standing with as much exaggerated slowness as she can muster.

VERA
Can't you just celebrate with me
for a second, Lex?

LEXI
You're being a child.

VERA
Children don't nanomorph on
command.

Lexi pauses.

LEXI
No. They don't. Arms up.

The tape-measure contraption projects red numbers on Vera's extremities and records the data with a soft BEEP.

VERA
What's this about?

No answer.

VERA (CONT'D)
Oook then. Will you at least tell
me what they're saying about me?
Zel can't be too happy..

Lexi moves to measure Vera's legs.

VERA (CONT'D)
They're scared, huh?

Lexi pauses, rises to face her.

VERA (CONT'D)
But like, also a little impressed?

Lexi dismisses this returns to her work. She finishes and hooks the tape-measure device to her belt.

Vera searches for a clue in Lexi's stoic face.

VERA (CONT'D)

Maybe? Maybe someone could tell me good job...or *something* once in a while.

Lexi sighs.

LEXI

What modification would you like to request on your combat uniform?

Vera's jaw drops. She moves closer to Lexi.

VERA

The final test? This soon? Even after yesterday? A new uniform?

LEXI

I know you hated the last one.

Vera snorts.

LEXI (CONT'D)

I did not condone the decision.

VERA

So then *Mak* must have.... Lex, I'm ready to do it again. I promise you.

Lexi turns away from her.

VERA (CONT'D)

If I can do what I did today, and...I didn't even know I could...! Who knows what else I'm capable of, I mean...

Lexi sits on Vera's bed, abrupt, stiff. Vera shuts her mouth.

LEXI

If...when you become an Agent. I won't be able to...supervise you anymore.

Vera sits beside her. Lexi slouches, the first time we've seen her forsake posture.

LEXI (CONT'D)

I thought yesterday's destruction would keep you in training for at least a few more months.

Vera laughs.

VERA

There's nothing left for me to do
in this building with these people
so unlike me. Who don't like me!
You know that.

Vera lays back on the bed to stare up at her monochrome ceiling.

VERA (CONT'D)

Maybe out there I'll finally get to
create...something.

Lexi shakes her head to rinse out her trepidation. Vera throws her arms around her.

VERA (CONT'D)

Plus, you're right. I hated the
other uniform.

Lexi laughs.

INT. TRAINING ARENA - THE NEXT DAY

Vera, looking awesome in a black high-necked, ribbed jumpsuit, similar to ones we've seen on Agents but with details all her own, faces five masked AGENTS also in black uniforms, modified to their own degree. They surround her along the perimeter. Her opponents for Final Training.

Mak, Lexi, and Zel observe from the Skybridge above.

AGENT ONE pulls a Nano-Fell from behind her back. The others follow suit and FIRE.

Vera dodges four of the blasts. The fifth one she accepts to her stomach. She lets out a SCREAM that becomes the sound of SCRAPING metal. Her body contorts and twists and nanomorphs into the black, liquid substance, but this time it grows beyond her size. It pools on the ground beneath the Agents' feet. Liquid stalks rise from the puddle and snake their way up the Agents' legs.

AGENT TWO fires at random at the substance, which absorbs the blows and increases in size and speed with each one.

The black material curves upward in a wave and folds over the Agents' heads until they are no longer visible. Their YELLS are muffled behind the orb of black liquid.

The orb rises to float feet off of the ground. It spins.

ZEL (O.C.)

ENOUGH.

The orb drops to the ground and loses its shape. It spreads across the floor.

The Agents' bodies are flung from it across the arena. They are unconscious, but breathing. Their limbs jut out at strange angles and they are each covered in bruises.

The liquid joins together to re-form into the Vera we know.

She races out the door.

INT. ARENA ANTEROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vera skids into the room, a small white cylinder. The door suction shut behind her. She closes her eyes and leans her head against it to catch her breath, alone at last. She allows herself a smile.

A shadow passes over her. Her smile drops.

ZEL

Congratulations.

Startled, Vera readies for an attack. Zel snarls. She flexes her hands.

ZEL (CONT'D)

You're the first Singular freak
I've ever seen do something like
that.

VERA

You just wish you were capable of -

He is on her in a flash, his hand around her throat, his veins glint with metal.

ZEL

What is it you don't think I'm
capable of?

Her eyes bulge. He tightens his grip and leans close.

ZEL (CONT'D)

You may be exceptional. But you are
not indestructible.

He tosses her to the ground and lunges toward her. She rolls away from him.

Inhale, exhale she throws him against a far wall with a THUD and scrambles to her feet and through a far door into the:

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

She sprints past endless streams of faceless Agents in grey. She searches for safety. She spots a break in the monotonous concrete, a frosted glass door left open a crack. She slips through into:

INT. CENTER VAULTS INTAKE - CONTINUOUS

She slips inside and the air-locked door SUCTIONS shut behind her.

The room is a drab concrete square crossed with bright white SECURITY LASERS. Is she safe now? An AUTOMATED VOICE answers.

VOICE (V.O.)
Center Vaults. Authorized Access
Only. Proceed to Phases I, II, or
III.

Signs for the three Phases appear on the wall in glowing white. Vera picks Phase II, straight in front of her, and walks forward in a daze.

The concrete wall opens, unprompted, and she is swallowed up into the room beyond.

VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(behind door)
Welcome to Phase II - DNA Harvest

INT. CENTER VAULTS PHASE II - CONTINUOUS

The space is dim, only half its fluorescent turned on. Vera catches her breath. The room is shaped like a cross-section of a torus (donut) wrapped around the cylindrical core of the building. A curved mirror on the far wall reflects Vera, still catching up to the new surroundings.

Light reflects off of metal exam tables and steel surgical tools. Sleek scientific instruments cover every surface. A huge glass test-tube rack - at least 500 samples - is mounted to one wall and protected by sliding glass doors. Etched into the door - 'II. DNA HARVEST'

She walks toward the mirror, inspecting the sharper, more intimidating bits of equipment as she passes.

The test tube doors slide open with a PING. Vera wheels around.

VERA

Hello?

The doors shut. Vera faces back toward the mirror.

A shadow passes in a corner. Someone is here, but who? The lights turn on to full. Vera shields her eyes.

VERA (CONT'D)

He - hello?

When her eyes adjust she spots a RED LIGHT blinking on one side of the mirror. She approaches and reaches her hand toward a BUTTON below the light.

It stops blinking with her finger a centimeter from the button. Vera steps back, hands up. There is a loud SWOOSH sound and the mirror turns to transparent glass. Vera stumbles backward in horror.

On the other side of the glass are endless rows of small cells, separated by bars as transparent as the window. In each cell is a PRISONER. ONE hits their bars again and again in short bursts of strength. ANOTHER rubs their hands together and watches white sparks jump off their skin. Most of the others stare past their bars into the infinite cells that surround them, toward the empty cylinder at the building's core, where Vera almost destroyed the helicopter. These are SINGULARS, held captive by CATCH in conditions Vera never before let herself imagine.

SWOOSH. The glass is mirrored again. Mak stands beside Vera, his finger on the switch button. His reflection stares at her, inscrutable as always, with a hint of menace. She has never been this close to him in all her years at the Agency.

VERA (CONT'D)

Sir...I...I was...

MAK

The specimen cannot handle excess light exposure at this Phase.

VERA

Singulars.

He nods.

Vera stares into the mirror, where the faces used to be.

MAK

You are not supposed to be in here.

She looks at her feet, embarrassed.

MAK (CONT'D)

You were also never supposed to become a full-fledged Agent.

She meets his gaze.

MAK (CONT'D)

You will report for your first mission tomorrow.

VERA

No Final Test?

MAK

Your superiors have determined that your temperament is not conducive to the Agency's standard procedures. And I'd like to see your considerable skills tested in the field.

VERA

Thank you, sir.

He nods and strides to the door. Pauses.

MAK

If you are discovered in here again without permission, you will never leave.

The door SUCTIONS shut behind him.

EXT. ABOVE LAUNCH PAD - DAY

The three sides of the CATCH HQ skyscraper twist open to spit a black helicopter toward an oversaturated, smog-filled horizon.

It banks left and soars past skyscrapers, toward the dull, blocky suburbs of Vera's childhood.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Vera and Lexi sit side by side in black combat uniforms, backs curved against the hull in the dim light. Lexi's huge Nano-Fell is cradled in her arms.

Vera's eyes are narrowed at the opposite side where TWO AGENTS sit. Their faces are obscured by black HELMETS with tinted visors.

LEXI

They're just back-up.

She flexes her fingers. Lexi reaches a hand out to stop her fidgeting. She flinches away from Lexi's touch.

LEXI (CONT'D)

Nervous?

Vera shakes her head.

VERA

The Core at the center of Headquarters...it's for ventilation, right?

Lexi gives her a confused look.

VERA (CONT'D)

Wondering what I would've damaged if I had crashed that copter.

Lexi laughs. She buys it.

LEXI

Yes, it's mostly just pipes and exhaust fumes down there. And the occasional flight test.

Vera nods. Absorbs the lie.

VERA

Let's review the plan.

EXT. COPTER AT EDGE OF CITY - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter zooms toward a set of low concrete structures.

LEXI (O.S.)
 Specimen two-twenty was last
 spotted living in an abandoned
 building in the City's Third
 Quadrant. Her powers: Flight,
 agility. Your mission: Find.
 Neutralize. Collect.

VERA (O.S.)
 Find. Neutralize. Collect.

The copter dives downward toward one of the structures.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Altitude decreases. Building approaches. Vera is poised by
 the hatch opening.

The door begins to drop open.

PILOT'S VOICE (O.S.)
 We are go in 10. 9. 8.

Vera notices Lexi is still sitting.

PILOT'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 7. 6.

LEXI
 (off Vera's look)
 It's a one person mission.

PILOT'S VOICE (O.S.)
 5. 4.

She gestures to the Agents beside her.

LEXI
 We'll be here if you need us.

The door is open at full. The concrete roof of the target
 just a few yards below.

PILOT'S VOICE (O.S.)
 3. 2.

VERA
 I won't need you.

PILOT'S VOICE (O.S.)
 1.

Vera launches herself from the helicopter, palms to the ground to control her trajectory. We follow her through the sky.

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Vera lands on a grey rooftop drowned in haze. She whirls around. SPECIMEN 220, 25, torn-up grey jumpsuit and wild black hair, collides with Vera's chest feet first.

Vera hits the ground, dazed and winded.

VERA
(breathless)
Found.

From the ground, she watches 220 take a running jump, launch off the edge of the building and take flight, arms outstretched.

Inhale. Vera raises her palms. Exhale. She turns them outward. She jerks her hands back. 220 cartwheels through the air, backward. The momentum brings Vera back to her feet. She slams 220 into the concrete.

VERA (CONT'D)
Neutralized.

Vera brushes herself off. The helicopter hovers into view in a cloud of dust.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Lexi watches as Vera maneuvers an unconscious Specimen 220 through the open door. The other Agents grab the lifeless girl and take her into a back section of the copter.

Vera pulls herself up and inside and folds into her seat, exhausted.

Lexi smiles wide and taps the screen of a small, rectangular device - just known as a COM. She speaks into it.

LEXI
Specimen 220 is Collected. En route
to HQ.

She tucks the Com into her uniform and turns to Vera, excited.

LEXI (CONT'D)
Excellent work, Agent Burke.

INT. HANGAR - LATER

The helicopter, just landed, is docked and surrounded by a crowd of AGENTS. The door folds open and Vera emerges, triumphant. She floats Specimen 220 above her and pushes into the awed crowd followed by Lexi and the two back-up Agents. They make for a gruesome parade.

Two MEDICAL AGENTS in grey uniforms emblazoned with a red cross rush toward Vera. A stretcher HOVERS beside them.

She stops them in their tracks to cut them off before they can get a word out.

VERA
I'll take her to the Center Vaults myself.

The Agents share a look. How does she know about that? Lexi steps in.

LEXI
That's not your duty, Vera.

MEDICAL AGENT 2
Agent Burke, protocol dictates that-

VERA
(saccharine)
-I'm just trying to be helpful. Let me-

MEDICAL AGENT 1
-Sorry, can't. We've got it from here.

Lexi stares her down. The crowd closes in. Vera sets 220 down onto the gurney, gently.

VERA
Can I accompany you to the-

Medical Agent 1 shakes his head.

MEDICAL AGENT 2
Dr. H really doesn't like visitors.

And they're gone, trailed by the gurney, through the throngs and out into a corridor.

Vera's hands hang at her side, powerless. The crowd thins.

INT. MESS HALL - LATER

Agents, all in their grey uniforms, sit at long metal tables in a vast room curved inward with the slope of the building. One long window spans across the sloped wall. Through it we glimpse the City at night. Garish projections flicker over colorless buildings. Their light cuts through the heavy air in thick beams.

Vera, back in her standard grey, sits alone facing the window, her tray picked clean.

Lexi, beaming, swoops in beside her with a blue CUPCAKE with one candle. Her excitement is infectious. Vera indulges her with a reluctant smile.

VERA
Not my birthday.

LEXI
Your promotion day!
Congratulations. Always knew you'd
make it.

Vera raises her eyebrows.

LEXI (CONT'D)
Well not always.

She scoots onto the bench beside Vera.

VERA
Thank you.

LEXI
Welcome.

Vera blows out the candle. She watches the smoke curl into the air.

Lexi sighs, exasperated.

LEXI (CONT'D)
Will you stop moping and just eat
your cupcake. There was nothing you
could've done.
(MORE)

LEXI (CONT'D)

Who even knows why you wanted to go down to the Vaults in the first place...

VERA

So you admit it, they exist.

LEXI

Stop it. Eat your cupcake.

VERA

Just one question.

LEXI

No.

VERA

Who's Dr. H?

Lexi darkens.

LEXI

He's in charge of Specimen intake.

VERA

I know, but why-

Lexi purses her lips, warning her to stop talking.

ZEL sits down opposite the two. In his hand he holds a paper-sized tablet device - a FOLIO. Notices the cupcake.

ZEL

Congratulations, Agent. You did well, though I was underwhelmed by the damage report. You didn't nanomorph?

VERA

I didn't realize returning a Specimen in one piece was a bad thing.

He smirks.

ZEL

Your grotesque parade in the hangar more than made up for the lack of gore.

Vera turns red, ashamed.

LEXI

Zel-

She pleads with him to stop.

ZEL

Your next mission might require
more firepower.

Vera perks up, excited.

LEXI

This soon?

He holds the Folio out toward them. Lexi snatches it and flits through the pages of the Mission Brief.

Zel rises.

ZEL

Good luck.

He leaves them. Lexi pauses on a line and looks up at Vera, worried.

LEXI

I won't be coming with you on this
one.

VERA

Training wheels are off Lex. I'll
be fine.

LEXI

I'll still be able to brief you
over Com.

VERA

I'll be fine. I think I'm meant for
this mission thing.

INT. HANGAR - THE NEXT DAY

Vera, back in black and more confident than ever, strides into the hangar, two AGENTS and a PILOT at her back. She leads them toward a helicopter. She is James Bond on the job, ready for combat, in her element.

The group disappears inside the helicopter and it WHIRS to life. We move upward with it toward the three panels of the hangar as they twist open to reveal a grimy blue sky.

A shaft of brilliant sunlight spills into the hangar. The helicopter clears the edges of the building, into the sky.

The hangar portal mechanism retracts. It SHUTS with a dull CRUNCH. The natural light vanishes.

EXT. COPTER AT EDGE OF CITY - TWO MONTHS LATER

The helicopter zooms toward a break in the smog. Skyscrapers turn into two or three story homes. The houses are further apart, but still drab and uniform grey. Colorful projections blink off some of them, most are dark.

We hear Lexi brief Vera over a COM, some interference:

LEXI (O.S.)

Specimen two-thirty-two lives in a three story dwelling four miles past city's edge. Two secondaries. Powers: speed, dexterity. His specialty - projectiles. He is a top threat and scientific priority for CATCH. Drop down on the roof.

The copter dives downward toward a house not unlike the one Vera grew up in, or the one Seth burnt down.

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

Find. Neutralize. Collect.

The lights are on. They shine through small windows.

EXT. ROOF OF HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Vera lands, soft, on the roof. The copter pulls upward.

She runs and disappears over the edge of the roof.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Through the still open hatch we see the whole house. An entire window of the top floor is wrenched out of its place and SMASHED against the facade. Vera's dark shape shoots through the opening, into the house.

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is purple and covered in candy-colored posters of celebrities with exaggerated features and pictures of a LITTLE GIRL, 7. Wind whips through the hole where the window was. Vera stands, frozen in the strange environment.

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)

Why can't I see the helicopter,
Daddy?

SPECIMEN 230 (O.S.)

Stay downstairs with your brother,
baby. I'll be done up here soon.

Did he know she was coming? Vera has little time to react before SPECIMEN 232, 45, 5 o'clock shadow, boxers and a grey Dad sweatshirt, enters the room.

He shuts the door and faces Vera.

SPECIMEN 230 (CONT'D)

Why now?

Focused, Vera inhales and brushes her hands toward him. Every toy on the dresser hurtles at his face.

He dives fast in a visible blur of motion. Grabs two toys. Launches them back at her. She suspends them in the air, palms out.

SPECIMEN 232

Why won't you join our fight?

In answer she lets the objects fall, upends the bed, and flings it in his direction.

232 slides out of the way, then darts to an opposite corner.

VERA

What fight is that?

He pulls five large knives from his sweatshirt pocket. He chucks each one at Vera from a different corner of the room, moving fast from place to place. She halts them all in the air, but her control on them is tenuous.

232 charges and grabs her around her waist, tackling her to the ground. He gives her one good punch and grabs two fallen knives. He stands up, knives aimed at her, a foot on her rib cage. She is dazed.

SPECIMEN 232

It's your fight too. You're one of us.

She draws the backs of her hands inward toward her face. The blades of his knives fold over, parallel to the handles. They drop and pierce the shag-carpeted floor around her head.

VERA

Sorry, the other side's invite came first.

She kicks 232 in the stomach. He staggers backward.

She gets to her feet and punches him in the face, but he lands four hits for every one of hers. Her aim is messier.

She drops her hands to her side. Droplets of black liquid collect at the edges of her face. 232's punches continue but the sound is muffled, watery. Vera closes her eyes and grits her teeth.

The black nanomorph liquid takes over, her last resort. It swallows 232 up, feet, stomach, head, in rapid succession. Its mass shrinks as it constricts him. Vera cannot or does not want to relent.

The door knob turns. The Little Girl, in pajamas, bursts in and SCREAMS.

In response the black substance expands and sloughs off 232. He is bruised, battered, and unconscious. One of his arms sticks out at an odd angle. He crumples to the floor.

Vera reforms from the liquid exhausted, her hunched shoulders heave. She looks at the girl.

VERA (CONT'D)

(under her breath)

Find. Neutralize. Collect.

She inhales, palms inward, exhales, turns them outward. 232 rises off the ground. She steers him out through the window, into the waiting helicopter.

She turns back to the house and rights the girl's bed with one hand.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The hatch welcomes 232 in. Vera pounces off the windowsill and lands next to the body. She stares at the floor of the copter. Bruises form on her face.

INT. HELICOPTER IN HANGAR - LATER

The tint disappears from the windows as we look out into the hangar. The metal docking arm latches on and stalls the craft's motion.

Lexi's face floats into view just beyond the docking platform. The hatch opens and she rushes to Vera, who still sits beside 232, her face a mask.

LEXI

You didn't report back on Com. Is everything okay?

Lexi drops to her knees to inspect 232. Vera looks at her, skeptical, unsure.

VERA

Secondaries.

LEXI

Yes. Are they contained?

VERA

Children.

LEXI

Yes. Are you injured?

She turns her attention to Vera's bloodied face. She looks terrible.

VERA

So stupid, I got scared...I turned too fast...I could've kil-

LEXI

-You succeeded in retrieving an Advanced Difficulty Specimen. Alive.

Vera groans and grips her side.

LEXI (CONT'D)

And you need to go to the Med wing. Immediately.

The two Medical Agents approach the helicopter opening.

LEXI (CONT'D)

These two can deliver the Specimen.

VERA

I will do that myself.

LEXI

Out of the question, you know that.
You need immediate medical
attention ...

(quieter, to Vera)

I know you're upset...

The Medical Agents begin to lift 232 onto the stretcher. Vera rises to her full height, inhales as if about to cause some damage.

She exhales and raises 232 into the air. This Vera is different. The Agents stand back.

INT. CORRIDOR - LATER

Vera walks down the corridor, head held high, palm raised to the ceiling. Specimen 232 floats beside her, a few inches above her head.

AGENTS gape at her as she passes. She stares straight ahead to avoid the blur of faceless gazes.

She arrives at the frosted glass door labeled CENTER VAULTS.

INT. CENTER VAULTS INTAKE

The door SUCTIONS shut, leaving her and Specimen 232 alone amongst the harsh security lasers.

VOICE (V.O.)

Center Vaults. Authorized Access
Only. Proceed to Phases I, II, or
III.

Vera takes a step toward the concrete wall that reads PHASE I in glowing white.

BEEP. The AUTOMATED VOICE announces.

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

Agent Vera Burke. Unauthorized.

Vera takes another step forward. More security lasers shoot down from the ceiling to restrict her path.

VERA
Specimen 232! Delivery to intake!

BEEP.

VOICE (V.O.)
Agent Vera Burke. Unauthorized.

VERA
Fine.

She raises a palm and prepares to force her way in. Destruction, her preferred method.

She exhales. The concrete shudders.

The wall swings open after a moment, blackness beyond. Vera drops her hands, confused.

VOICE (V.O.)
Welcome to Phase I - Testing

She sends 232 through the door and follows the body into the space.

INT. CENTER VAULTS PHASE I - CONTINUOUS

The curved mirror on the far wall reflects Vera and her Specimen. This space is shaped the same as Phase II. Rows of metal slabs, gurneys, cover the room. There are twice as many test tubes nestled in racks on the wall, preserved in ice behind glass doors. PHASE I - TESTING is etched into the doors.

A familiar MALE VOICE greets her:

MALE VOICE
Didn't they tell you I don't like visitors?

She turns and releases 232 in shock. The body falls and SLAMS down onto a gurney.

SETH HAILEY, 22, worn but now handsome features, stands next to her in the standard grey uniform emblazoned with a red medical cross. He smiles at her.

SETH
Especially not when they try to
break down my door.

He peers at 232.

SETH (CONT'D)
Or further damage my Specimen.

He grabs a pair of rubber gloves and SNAPS them on.

VERA
Prisoners.

SETH
What?

VERA
Seth Hailey, not Dr. H. Children.
Not Secondaries. Prisoners,
Singulars. Not Specimen.

SETH
Careful, Vera.

He grabs a tray of syringes and a bag of fluids from a corner of the room. He wheels it to 232 and sets to work hooking him up to the substance.

SETH (CONT'D)
Guess it shouldn't surprise me that
you're still destroying everything
in your path.

VERA
What are you doing here?

SETH
Stabilizing the Specimen.

She watches Seth hook 232's deadweight up to the IV.

SETH (CONT'D)
Took me a little longer to find my
way home to CATCH than it took you.

Finished with the IV, he grabs a needle, tube, and vial and prepares to draw a blood sample from 232.

SETH (CONT'D)
After the incident...last time I
saw you...I was a bit
more...damaged.

Blood from 232 oozes into a vial.

He twists the filled vial off of the tubing.

SETH (CONT'D)

But eventually, in here, I found answers. Explanations. For all that happened. To my Mother, my Father, you.

He takes the filled vial and walks to the glass doors. The Automated Voice welcomes him:

VOICE (V.O.)

Senior Medical Agent, Doctor Seth Hailey. Access granted.

The doors SWISH open. A thin cloud of excess liquid nitrogen floats around him and out into the room. He places the blood sample into a space on the glass rack.

He searches for a particular sample on the rack.

SETH

It's all much simpler when I can see your DNA swirling around in my hands.

He snags the vial he's looking for and holds it up to the light.

SETH (CONT'D)

Your capacity to create a life, or destroy mine: just sets of letters in a row.

He sets the vial back in place. The doors SWOOSH shut behind him.

Vera gestures at 232, limp on the gurney.

VERA

So now you're okay with using human beings as lab rats. Just so you can feel secure about your place in the world.

Seth takes in 232's injuries.

SETH

I like to think they're better off in my hands than out there.

(MORE)

SETH (CONT'D)

Where they're fair game for people
like you.

He wraps one hand around 232's broken arm above the elbow,
and one hand below. He pulls and twists his hands. The bone
CRUNCHES into place.

Vera cringes.

VERA

I do my best.

He presses a button underneath the gurney. A small, white
screen pops up on the wall. The gurney glows with a faint
white light underneath 232's body. It scans for signs of
injury, then goes out.

SETH

That's a relief.

Seth watches a list in tiny black writing grow longer and
longer on the small white monitor on the wall.

He turns back to 232 and inspects him with his own eyes, head
to toe.

VERA

Why didn't you tell me you were
here.

SETH

Wasn't sure I wanted to speak to
you. Seemed to be doing fine on
your own based on the gossip.

He looks up at her from near 232's midsection.

SETH (CONT'D)

Ribs hurting you?

VERA

Yeah. I skipped the Med wing.

He nods. Moves to touch her abdomen. She winces.

SETH

One, maybe two broken.... Six of
his are crushed.

VERA

I completed my mission as directed.

SETH
I'm just trying to make you
understand the effect of your
actions.

 VERA
Why?

 SETH
I need to know you're still the
Vera I knew.

What is he hiding?

He gestures to a gurney. She lies down.

 VERA
The Vera you knew was a monster, if
I remember your word choice
correctly.

He readies a syringe and needle and approaches.

The needle pokes through her skin. She flinches.

 SETH
That'll speed up the healing. And
it'll hurt a little less.

She clenches her teeth and gets to her feet.

 VERA
Thanks.

He nods.

 SETH
Anything for our top Agent.

 VERA
No need to flatter.

She walks toward the door.

 SETH
Vera?

She turns, expectant.

 SETH (CONT'D)
Keep up the good work.

She looks sideways at him, confused.

SETH (CONT'D)
 (serious)
 It's more important than you know.

He turns back to 232 and prepares to take another sample.

Nothing left to say. Vera walks to the door. It SUCTIONS shut behind her.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Vera, dazed from the encounter, her face still caked in dried blood, wanders toward her Bunk.

Zel rounds a corner and barks at her.

 ZEL
 Agent Burke.

She wheels around.

 ZEL (CONT'D)
 You were expected in the Medical
 wing an hour ago.

 VERA
 I'm fine.

 ZEL
 That's not your call to make.

 VERA
 I completed the mission.

 ZEL
 Barely. Then disobeyed two direct
 orders from your Supervisor. Your
 reputation for insolence is getting
 out of hand.

He leans close and hisses in her ear.

 ZEL (CONT'D)
 You're not invincible. No matter
 how many missions you complete.

She takes a step back.

 ZEL (CONT'D)
 Report to the Skybridge tomorrow AM
 before your mission. Mak would like
 a word with his top Agent.

He turns and sweeps away down the corridor, leaving her frozen, confused, terrified.

INT. SKYBRIDGE - THE NEXT DAY

Vera, good as new and ready for battle with just a faint line of stitches above her brow to show for the previous day, walks onto the bridge, cautious.

Mak looks out over the training arena below.

VERA

You wanted to see me?

He looks her up and down. She shuffles her feet, awkward under his gaze.

MAK

Six years.

VERA

Sir?

MAK

Since they brought you to me.

VERA

Yes.

MAK

And now your powers far exceed those of anyone else's in this building.

If it walks and talks like a compliment, why doesn't it feel like one?

VERA

Thank you, sir.

MAK

Yet you display a consistent lack of...composure.

VERA

I'm working on it.

MAK

At the risk of sounding trite: work harder.

Beat.

MAK (CONT'D)

A Singular such as yourself can continue to be an Agent only if they continue to be the best.

Beat.

MAK (CONT'D)

Do you understand?

VERA

Yes...sir.

Mak laughs, strange and long.

MAK

I don't mean to frighten you. We're not so different. We both have power, but that's not what we want, is it?

VERA

What...what do we want?

MAK

I think you know.

She looks him in the eye, understands her distant boss for the first time.

VERA

Control.

Mak smiles at her, his favorite pupil.

MAK

Good luck on your mission, Agent Burke.

VERA

I will not disappoint.

MAK

You wouldn't, would you?

He turns to go.

MAK (CONT'D)

One more thing. There is such a thing as spending too much time with Dr. Hailey.

She nods, stunned. How much does he know?

He laughs to himself as he leaves down the corridor. She stands alone on the bridge.

INT. CENTER VAULTS PHASE I - AFTER THE DAY'S MISSION

Vera saunters through the doors, an unconscious SPECIMEN in tow. She smiles ear to ear: the mission went well.

Seth cleans his equipment with a small brush, ignores her as long as he can.

VERA

Thought I'd bring a personal
delivery to the mysterious Dr. H.

She sets the Specimen down on a gurney.

Seth walks over to her and sets to stabilizing the Specimen.

VERA (CONT'D)

This one's in much better shape
than the last, just for you.

He looks at her with mild disgust.

SETH

You shouldn't be here.

Not the response she was expecting.

VERA

I thought...we've got a lot to
catch up on...

SETH

You can't just come in here
whenever you please.

VERA

Why not?

He storms past her and through the glass doors. Pulls a vial from the racks and shoves it in her face.

It reads SPECIMEN 123. VERA BURKE. Her dark red blood swirls in the vial.

She blinks back tears, looks at him: Why is he showing her this?

SETH

No matter how many Singulars you collect, no matter how powerful you become, to them you're still just another Specimen in a test tube.

VERA

They would never...

SETH

If you continue to show no regard whatsoever for the rules of this Agency, they might.

Oh. She sits in a chair beside the gurney and lowers her head.

SETH (CONT'D)

We've been studying you, your power, trying to isolate the best usage for your body.

VERA

How long?

SETH

Since you arrived. That's the most recent sample.

VERA

Why not just kill me? I'm the most powerful Singular they've ever... captured.

SETH

With the most complex DNA strand we've ever seen. I tell Mak we're still working on figuring you out. He buys it and you get to continue being more valuable alive than dead.

VERA

But how long will that lie hold?

SETH

A while. If you get your shit together and show some restraint. You'd be surprised how much they don't know.

VERA

I don't need you to protect me.

SETH

Great. Then I'll just tell Mak to send you to Phase III.

VERA

Phase III?

SETH

You're so great at doing everything on your own, escaping from the Execution Vaults should be no different.

That's enough. She turns her palms outward to him. He jerks into the air, a few inches off the ground.

He laughs.

SETH (CONT'D)

Thank you for the demonstration, Specimen 123.

She raises him higher. His head knocks against the ceiling.

SETH (CONT'D)

You didn't know about Phase III, did you?

She knocks him against the ceiling again, harder.

SETH (CONT'D)

Incredible. Guess strength *and* smarts is too much to hope for.

She lets him fall and CRASH onto a gurney. He laughs through the pain.

She throws the vial at the wall. It SMASHES and her blood seeps into the concrete. Her chest heaves, she tries to calm herself.

Seth pushes up to sitting.

SETH (CONT'D)

Vera.

She looks at him, a distraught child.

SETH (CONT'D)

I came to this place to figure out how to destroy Singulars, how to destroy you.

(MORE)

SETH (CONT'D)

But since I got here I have spent every second making sure you stayed in one piece.

VERA

I didn't know. There's so much...

SETH

I know. All I ask is that you help me keep you alive. Just a little while longer.

VERA

Okay.

SETH

No more gloating, no more Singular delivery. A little more control, please.

She nods.

Seth, satisfied for now, returns to tending to the Specimen.

INT. VERA'S BUNK - LATER

Vera slips into her room and SLAMS the door closed to shut out the world. She leans against it and closes her eyes, breathing hard.

She registers that she is not as alone as she thought and jumps.

LEXI

Didn't mean to scare you! How'd today go?

Vera brushes past Lexi and sits on the bed, cold as ice.

VERA

I'm tired, Lex.

LEXI

Just...I know yesterday was...rough.

VERA

But completed. Like you said.

LEXI

Your missions won't be getting any easier.

VERA
I doubt it.

LEXI
So I asked Zel if I could go with
you next time.

VERA
Why?

Lexi struggles for the right words.

VERA (CONT'D)
I don't need anyone's help.

LEXI
Of course not...I thought maybe
you...

VERA
I don't want you with me.

Lexi looks at her. Something between them breaks.

LEXI
Okay.

She stands.

LEXI (CONT'D)
Well let me know how the mission
goes.

Lexi looks back at Vera, takes in the fresh scars on her
face.

LEXI (CONT'D)
Do good.

VERA
I will.

Lexi nods. That's all she can get right now. She leaves.

Vera falls back on her bed, alone with her thoughts at last.

INT. HELICOPTER - MORNING

Vera sits in the hold in shadow. The BACK-UP AGENTS faceless,
nearby.

She flips through the page of a FOLIO. The screen glows on her face and a voice relays the mission brief.

VOICE (V.O.)

Specimen two-thirty-five, last
known location: warehouse, Nano-
Fell residue suspected. Her powers:
Telekinesis. Heightened priority.
Your mission: Find. Neutralize.
Collect.

Vera switches off the device and prepares herself. This one won't be easy.

EXT. CONCRETE WAREHOUSE SHELL - CONTINUOUS

Vera lands on thick gravel with a CRUNCH and observes the wreckage of the building, searching for hiding places or tactical advantages. The multiple, hulking levels are gutted and graffitied. Malfunctioning projections blink against its facade.

Vera clears a pile of rubble out of her path with a wave of her hand and marches toward the building.

INT. WAREHOUSE SHELL - CONTINUOUS

Vera, on edge, rounds a corner and scans the derelict space from pillar to pillar. Sunlight pours in through the openings in the building's side and casts huge shadows on the dusty floor.

A GIRL, 8 or 9, steps out from behind a pillar and walks between shafts of light toward Vera.

Vera stops in her tracks.

The beams of light move in sync as the Girl walks by them, as if she controls them.

Is this child Specimen 235?

SOMEONE YELPS and Vera hits the ground, face first, beneath a scrawny mass of thick hair and brown rags. Her neck is yanked backward by her hair.

ATTACKER

Gotcha.

The Attacker SLAMS her head into the ground and yanks her back up.

Vera watches as six or seven pairs of feet in patched together shoes gather and fill her blurred line of vision.

MAN

Stop, Allegra. We have to introduce ourselves first.

ALLEGRA

Of course, Zachary.

She pulls Vera by her hair to sitting so Vera can face her foes.

The pairs of feet belong to a scrawny group of people with a deep anger in their dirty faces, all focused on Vera. They wear mismatched but functional, even fight-worthy rags decorated in bright red accessories arranged in distinct ways. They are unlike any people we've seen before. Among them are ZACHARY, 28, their leader, ALLEGRA, 35, her hair in wild dreadlocks, and the little Girl.

Allegra leans close.

ALLEGRA (CONT'D)

I'll go first. I'm Allegra, or Specimen Number 10 to your kind. One of your first.

Zachary crouches down. She jerks Vera's head to face him. We can see his eyes now - bright red irises to match his accessories.

ALLEGRA (CONT'D)

This is Zachary. Leader of the Singular Resistance. Specimen Number 9. We didn't much like it there at the Agency, though.

The others laugh, leer at Vera.

She takes an inhale as if to fight back but Allegra claps a hand over her mouth.

ALLEGRA (CONT'D)

Honey, you're surrounded by a pack of WILD Singulars. I wouldn't try anything if I were you.

Vera shakes her head out of Allegra's grasp.

VERA

You have no idea what I'm capable of.

ZACHARY

We know that you can fight and capture your own people and deliver them to their deaths without remorse. We know you would have attacked a child if Allegra here hadn't stopped you.

VERA

(a whisper)
You don't know that.

ALLEGRA

What was that, Hon?

VERA

I didn't know! I'm just doing what I was trained for!

ALLEGRA

Oh, poor little ignorant Singular bitch doesn't know what happens when she puts her own people behind bars!

Vera looks at the hostile faces.

VERA

You're not my people.

Allegra lunges at her.

ALLEGRA

TRAITOR!

She SLAMS Vera's head into the ground again, and again.

SLAM.

ZACHARY

Allegra...

Vera struggles to free her hands. She hovers her palms over the ground.

ALLEGRA

SOMEONE STOP HER.

A foot connects with Vera's abdomen. She folds into herself and loses concentration.

ZACHARY

ALLEGRA. NOW.

The Resistance groups together as Vera takes her chance.

She lets out a SCREAM and exhales but by the time she gets to her feet the warehouse is empty. She whips her head around to search for any traces.

Allegra lets out a CACKLE from somewhere that ECHOES through the space.

ALLEGRA

Say hi to Seth for us!

Blood trickles down Vera's face. She breathes hard, almost feral. No stopping her now.

Sharp inhale. She raises her hands. Exhale. She pulls the building toward her. It collapses inward. Pillars topple and the foundation crumbles in a cloud of dust.

She shoots upward and lands on the rubble as it settles. A wolf after a fresh kill.

The helicopter zooms into view. She disappears inside.

INT. CENTER VAULTS PHASE III - LATER

Vera forces her way through the doors. Her head is covered in fresh blood. The doors fold and crunch into themselves.

VOICE (V.O.)

Phase III - Execution. Please wear protective garme-

Vera twists her hand in the air. The PA system speaker PUTTERS out and falls to the floor in a pile of wires.

Seth turns to Vera. He stands in front of the curved window that looks out on the prisoners. The cells are different in this phase - smaller, and one-way mirrored on all sides. We can see Specimen 220 and 232. The rest of the space is bare.

SETH

You should get that looked at.

VERA

They knew we were coming.

SETH

They knew *you* were coming. It would seem there's a difference. You always get the fighters.

(MORE)

SETH (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. Most tend to pick flight. How's Zach doing?

VERA

What have you done?

SETH

Saved thousands. Of your own kind.

VERA

They're not my kind.

SETH

Then who is, Vera? You can't function on your own forever. Even now you don't. The least you could do is help some others.

VERA

You've sabotaged all that I've worked for.

SETH

Do you even know what that means Vera?

Seth presses his thumb to a panel on the right wall. It glows white. A thick, grey gas fills each of the cells until the occupants are no longer visible.

Seth presses his thumb to the panel again. It BEEPS. The glass flushes out. The cells are empty. This is execution. Vera is sobered.

SETH (CONT'D)

All I've done is try to prevent this from happening to more people. People like my Mother. Like you.

Vera moves closer to Seth, her head bowed.

VERA

Seth. Whether or not you were right, I...I've failed a mission, there's nothing stopping them from-

She pauses. Seth turns to look at her.

VERA (CONT'D)

I'll be killed.

He gazes past her, over her shoulder, then recoils.

SETH
No. But I will be.

Vera wheels around.

Mak steps through the mangled doorway and into the space.

MAK
Agent Burke, please escort Dr.
Hailey to Center Vaults Intake.

Seth is frozen. Vera looks back and forth between the men,
picking a side.

SETH
On what charge?

VERA
Treason.

Mak smiles.

SETH
I wasn't aware this Agency had
governmental authority.

He searches Vera's face for sympathy.

SETH (CONT'D)
Putting me down won't help either
of you sleep at night. Not while
this bloodshed continues under your
roof.

MAK
True for one of us. Agent Burke,
you'll serve as Dr. Hailey's
personal guard, night and day. That
should be suitable until we decide
on an official punishment for your
performance today.

Vera steps toward Mak in protest. He raises an eyebrow. Don't
test this.

VERA
It would be an honor.

Vera makes a wire from the destroyed PA system unravel and
wrap tight around Seth's wrists like handcuffs. He does not
resist.

INT. CENTER VAULTS INTAKE - LATER

A somewhat cleaned-up and grey-clad Vera escorts Seth, with clear handcuffs around his wrists, down a drab concrete corridor off the main Intake room. They reach the end and stand opposite a doorway crossed by more lines of horizontal white laser beams. This separates the Intake area from the translucent glass cells beyond.

A circle of white light appears on the ground below Seth's feet. Vera steps to the side.

The PA system boots up with STATIC. The voice sounds more automated than usual, as if the model the prisoners get is much older and less well-maintained.

VOICE (V.O.)

Welcome, Number 236, to Phase 0 - Intake. You will be treated with all available dignity and respect for the duration of your stay. Enjoy.

Seth lets out a YELL and makes a run for it, back down the corridor.

VERA

Seth!

She runs after him, and grabs his arm. He shakes her off and continues. She pounces and tackles him. He writhes against her grip.

VERA (CONT'D)

This is useless!

He bites down on her hand and bucks her off of him.

She rises and reaches out a hand. Under her control, he skids laterally along the floor until he reaches a wall. She slides him a few inches upward and stands before him.

SETH

Just kill me now. So I don't have to endure this shit.

VERA

This shit you've made so many endure. Don't you think it's time?

SETH

Only if you do, Agent Burke. Do you? Do you think it's time for me to die? What's one more anywa-

She slams him to the ground, face first. He lies there, prone, and YELLS wild, muffled yells into the ground.

VERA

Stop it!

He yells louder.

VERA (CONT'D)

Seth, stop it!

Louder.

She kicks him so he rolls on to his back. He laughs.

She hits him in the face. He doesn't stop.

SETH

I forgot. You love this kind of thing now.

She hits and kicks him until he is back on his stomach.

SETH (CONT'D)

Keep going. Just keep going until you feel like you've got control of me. Or yourself.

Tears roll down her cheeks while she kicks him one, two more times.

She stops and stumbles back, spent at last. He wheezes and laughs until he falls silent.

She uses her powers to lift him upright and hover him toward the doorway.

SETH (CONT'D)

I can do this part on my own.

She sets him on his feet in the circle of light and undoes his handcuffs.

He does not look at her as he steps into the doorway. The laser beams break across his body. A loud WHINE is heard as the beams grow brighter.

VOICE (V.O.)
Number 236, accepted.

The whine cuts off. The beams return to normal intensity.

Seth stumbles forward. The glass door to his cell closes with a deep CLANG and seals shut.

Seth's back to her, Vera watches his cell glide into place beside the others. A heavy door descends from the ceiling to hide the glass cells.

Seth does a half turn, but before he can complete it the door blocks him from view. It reaches the ground with BOOM that ECHOES in the empty space.

VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Intake procedure complete.

The circle of light on the floor before the doorway fades away.

INT. PHASE I CELLS - CONTINUOUS

Seth gets acquainted with his glass cell filled with garish blue and white light. PRISONERS surround him. The distant Core of the building is visible beyond the prism of cells. Some turn to look at him. One continues a hopeless battle to break down the walls with short bursts of strength. Seth faces the mirror that covers one side of the cell.

It turns to glass and he can see Vera beside the button on the other side. She turns away from him to assume her position as his guard.

INT. MESS HALL - ONE WEEK LATER

Vera sits alone at a table, her food untouched, and stares out the window at thick fog pierced by the occasional bright beam of light. She is thinner and looks like she hasn't slept at all since we last saw her.

Zel walks by in front of her table accompanied by an AGENT. Both all in black, combat-ready, her exact opposite.

ZEL
We miss you in the field, Vera.
Wish you weren't doing such
important work down in the vaults.

The Agent guffaws.

ZEL (CONT'D)

Though that is what traitors
deserve, I think, at the very
least.

She turns her head to follow their path. Pure hatred.

Lexi approaches, cautious, and sits down beside her.

Vera is still fixed on Zel.

VERA

What do you want?

LEXI

I can help you.

VERA

Can you get me a mission?

LEXI

No...

VERA

Then why are you here.

LEXI

If Seth-

VERA

236.

LEXI

I know how to prevent his
Execution, if it's ordered.

Lexi waits for a reaction. There is none.

LEXI (CONT'D)

I thought you'd be happier.

VERA

Why would I want to prevent that?

LEXI

Vera...

VERA

Leave me alone.

Lexi opens her mouth to speak.

VERA (CONT'D)

Now. Or I'll report you for
conspiring to free a prisoner.

Lexi sets her lips in a thin line. She's lost her. Who is this girl? She gets up and leaves Vera in silence.

INT. CENTER VAULTS PHASE I - LATER

Vera faces away from Seth's cell, with perfect agent posture, back on assignment. He sits with his back to hers against the wall of his cell.

INT. PHASE I CELLS - CONTINUOUS

Seth slumps to the ground. He turns over his shoulder.

SETH

Vera?

No response. He presses a hand to the glass.

INT. CENTER VAULTS PHASE I - CONTINUOUS

Vera senses the adjustment and turns to face him.

He waves. His mouth moves - maybe just a HI - but the sound does not travel. Vera gives him nothing.

He knocks against the glass, persistent. She shakes her head.

VERA

I can't hear you.

He slides to the opposite corner of his cell and stares at her. She stares back for a brief second, then composes herself again.

He smushes his cheek into the glass and continues to stare. She sees this out of the corner of her eye and gives him a slight reluctant smile, but turns away quick to stifle it.

He move back toward her until his face is right beside her ear. She looks back just as he blows a loud wet raspberry into the glass.

She laughs and puts her hand over the glass to cover his face. He sits back, satisfied.

She takes her hand away to look at him.

He mouths to her - I CAN HEAR YOU.

She smiles then reassumes Agent position, shoulders back, on guard.

A long beat, then she checks her surroundings and slides down the wall to sit, her knees pulled to her chest, eyes closed - a rare moment of rest.

She takes a breath, stares out at the room. Its emptiness imposes.

VERA (CONT'D)

Maybe this is the assignment I was made for. Can't destroy much in here. Can't hurt anyone. Just wait. With a boy I tried, and failed to love six years ago. For other people to make decisions for us. When I'm fighting though, when I'm morphing, god, I mean I'm my absolute favorite self. There's nothing like it. How could that become so terrible? How could I let that fall apart?

INT. PHASE I CELLS - CONTINUOUS

Seth listens, attentive to her every word, eyes on the back of her head. He all but reaches through the glass for her.

VERA

Maybe I deserve to be grounded forever.

He shakes his head.

VERA (CONT'D)

Only the extraordinary....

She half turns to him, buries her face in her shoulder.

VERA (CONT'D)

You know the rest. Much better than me.

INT. VERA'S BUNK - DAY

The door slides open. Lexi walks inside the empty room, sheepish.

She sits on the bed beside Vera's neatly folded black combat uniform.

She picks the thing up and lets it unfold to the floor. It's cleaner than its ever been. Hasn't had much use as of late.

Lexi clutches it to her chest.

A sharp KNOCK on the door. Lexi drops the uniform to her lap.

Another KNOCK.

ZEL (O.S.)

Lexi.

She sets the uniform aside and gets to her feet to peer out of the door.

ZEL (CONT'D)

What are you doing in here?

LEXI

Doesn't matter.

ZEL

She failed a mission and was caught-

LEXI

-I know.

Zel searches her face, but she gives nothing away.

ZEL

You're needed in Mission Control.
Resistance Offensive meeting.

LEXI

I'll be right there.

INT. MISSION CONTROL ROOM - LATER

The leaders of CATCH sit in the black leather chairs set in rows in a square configuration, Folios in stands before them. The lone window displays an artificial view - a bright and vast green field.

Mak is in the center of a row with Zel's empty seat to his right.

Lexi takes her seat on a different side beside a BEARDED MAN, a REGAL OLD WOMAN, and others, all in their grey uniforms, a simple BLACK INSIGNIA denotes their advanced rank.

Zel stands in the center of the square formed between the rows. Mak nods at him to begin.

ZEL

Doctor Hailey - Number 236 - was only the beginning of this Singular Resistance operation. His capture has only angered them more. We cannot withstand their attacks much longer. We have located their base and are prepared to engage as soon as we receive approval.

REGAL OLD WOMAN

The operation seems too large.

BEARDED MAN

And too unplanned!

They and others grumble under their breath. Zel pushes on.

ZEL

Among this group are Specimen who have previously evaded - or escaped from - capture. Every Singular who thinks they can live without pursuit from us is a direct threat.

MAK

No one disputes that.

All fall silent and turn to Mak.

LEXI

We'll need Vera.

Zel scoffs. Others grumble.

ZEL

We have a force of 100 Agents, the most enhanced army the world has ever seen.

LEXI

And not a single one of them can cause anywhere near as much damage as she can!

ZEL

Your little girl has caused enough damage.

(MORE)

ZEL (CONT'D)

Any other Agent would have been neutralized by now, but all she got was vacation time in the vaults with her boyfriend.

Lexi turns to Mak, pleading.

LEXI

Sir.

MAK

We won't get anywhere without Agent Burke in the field. One of them.

LEXI

The best.

Mak nods his assent.

ZEL

All in favor of sending us to war with a known traitor in our ranks?

A few hands shoot up, accompanied by PINGS from their Folios to corroborate their responses. The rest of the hands and PINGS follow. It's unanimous.

Zel grits his teeth.

ZEL (CONT'D)

Fine, then. But first we'll have to rid her of her current responsibility.

He smiles at Lexi. The floor drops out from under her. What has she done?

ZEL (CONT'D)

Then we strike.

INT. CENTER VAULTS PHASE I - CONTINUOUS

Vera is still on the floor where we left her, but she faces Seth now and laughs as he makes absurd faces in the glass. She is relaxed, happy.

The broken PA system gurgles to life in a BUZZ of static. Vera twists around to listen. The Voice pushes through the torn wires.

VOICE (V.O.)

Agent Burke.

She jumps to her feet, at attention.

VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Your immediate presence is
requested in Phase III - Execution.

Not good. She glances at Seth and struggles to maintain composure. There's nothing she can do.

His mouth sets in a firm line.

She marches to the door and disappears through it.

INT. CENTER VAULTS PHASE III - CONTINUOUS

Mak, Zel, Lexi and a few of the other members of LEADERSHIP stand facing the wall of cells. The entire ring of them rotates to the right - empty cells rotate out of sight while full ones from Phase II, then Phase I rotate in from the left.

Vera enters just as Seth comes into view, the last cell on the left.

The door SUCTIONS shut. The cells lock into place with a satisfying CLICK and are still.

Zel takes notice of Vera.

ZEL
Agent Burke. Would you do the
honors?

Lexi looks at Zel, horrified.

Mak watches Vera, daring her to protest.

ZEL (CONT'D)
I hope you didn't think that this
was a permanent position. We need
you elsewhere. Your considerable
talents will help us fix this
uprising your precious doctor
incited.

Vera searches for Lexi in the crowd, desperate for support. Lexi's head is down, though, as she moves toward the left side of the room.

ZEL (CONT'D)

You thought you had friends here? People who might fight for you, defend you in the final hour? This place is bigger than you'll ever be. Once you stop fighting, from misguided rebellion or old age, doesn't matter, either way we'll just boil you down and use you for glue. The glue that will hold our new society together as we enter a new stage of evolution, toward a heightened equality. Spare parts, that's all you've ever been. If you don't work, we don't need you.

Alone and out of options, Vera takes a step toward the panel on the right wall. She faces Zel.

VERA

You can never again question my loyalty after this. After this, I'm all yours.

She reaches the panel, raises her hand to finish the deed, and glances back one last time to lock eyes with Lexi, who fiddles with something on the wall next to the cells.

VOICE (V.O.)

Emergency shutdown procedure engaged.

The thick grey gas descends from above. Seth's face is turned upward, eyes closed. The other PRISONERS thrash against their cell walls. But the gas does not enter their cells. Instead, it fills in the thick window that separates them from the others. Once it reaches the bottom, the gas spills into the room in one thick stream from the seam between glass and concrete.

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

Please evacuate the Vaults in an orderly fashion. Initiate chemical containment.

Lexi smiles at Vera and nods. This is her doing. She hits another button.

The glass becomes a mirror. It reflects total panic as the gas encroaches. A loud ALARM sounds and red alert lights flash over the space.

Vera backs away from the scene, in shock. She holds Lexi's gaze as the gas swallows her up. It is at her neck, the edges of her body glow red hot - the death rattle of her enhancement. She mouths the word GO. The gas overtakes her.

INT. CENTER VAULTS INTAKE - CONTINUOUS

Vera stumbles into the space. The alarm SCREAMS even louder. Blinding red emergency lights blink in streaks across the walls in place of the white laser beams.

Survivors tumble out of Phase III in a cloud of gas. They wheeze and trip over each other toward the exit.

Zel shoves his way through the mass of them. He is at the ready, his veins flash metal.

ZEL
WHERE IS SHE?

Vera sees him bolts for the nearest door: PHASE II.

INT. CENTER VAULTS PHASE II - CONTINUOUS

Vera shuts the door with a wave of her hands and folds the molding around the edges to barricade herself inside.

A CRUNCH underneath her feet. She looks down - broken glass everywhere. The cells and their respective prisoners rotated back to Phase II. They jolt, ram, and scream against the bars of their cages as if they can sense a change in the air.

Seth's cell is a broken, jagged mess, smashed from the outside by brute, if supernatural, force. It is empty.

A GRUNT and Allegra comes out of nowhere to SLAM Vera against the wall. She holds her there.

VERA
What are-

ALLEGRA
-came to pick up my friend before
the battle starts. Seth?

Seth emerges from a corner and looks her over.

ALLEGRA (CONT'D)
What is she doing here?

He shrugs.

SETH
 Maybe she came to apologize for
 trying to kill fifty of her own
 kind. And me.

ALLEGRA
 Typical.

She throws Vera to the floor, on her back.

VERA
 Seth! You know I had no choice.

SETH
 No choice? Look at the choice Lexi
 made, then tell me again how hard
 things are for you.

Allegra is stunned.

ALLEGRA
 Lexi...?

Seth shakes his head.

ALLEGRA (CONT'D)
 Oh.

VERA
 She was one of you?

SETH
 No. But her actions in the past few
 weeks indicated that she'd be a
 friend to the Resistance when they
 arrived.

ALLEGRA
 And we have arrived.

She stands up, a foot on either side of Vera.

ALLEGRA (CONT'D)
 Let's go, Seth. Rejoin the others.
 Leave the traitor here to rot.
 (to Vera)
 I'll save a bullet for you when our
 army breaches the building.

There is a low BOOM and the wall behind them vibrates. Seth,
 and Allegra freeze.

ALLEGRA (CONT'D)
Maybe that'll be sooner than I
thought?

Vera gets to her feet.

VERA
No...

Another BOOM.

INT. CENTER VAULTS INTAKE - CONTINUOUS

Zel, metal veins engaged, in a cloud of gas just thin enough
for him to still be alive, THROWS himself against the door
once, twice, harder each time.

Panicked AGENTS scatter through the room and in the corridor
beyond him, readying for battle.

BOOM. The concrete CRACKS. He might break through.

ZEL
You can't hide in there forever!

INT. CENTER VAULTS PHASE II

Vera backs away from the door. The booms continue.

ALLEGRA
Now, Seth. Back through the vents.
I'll break out as many others as I
can.

VERA
The excess gas is getting out the
same way, you won't make it.

SETH
She's right.

VERA
We could take him. All three of us.

Another BOOM. A piece of concrete crumbles from the wall and
lands at their feet.

ALLEGRA
Yeah? And how about the other 150?

Vera looks to the cells. The Prisoners are wilder than ever. Their activity has some effect - another bar of glass jostles out of the wreckage of Seth's cell and SHATTERS on the ground. Vera has an idea.

VERA
Get in the cell.

ALLEGRA
Excuse me?

VERA
Get. In. The. Cell.

SETH
We're just supposed to trust you?

VERA
I know what you think I am. At this point I've heard it enough, you might even be right. But right now I'm just trying to get myself and 152 of my closest friends out of a skyscraper the best way I know how.

She stares Seth down, dares him to question her again. Another BOOM from Zel emphasizes her point.

SETH
Okay.

ALLEGRA
What!?

SETH
Allegra, come on.

Allegra HUFFS but follows Seth into the shattered cell.

VERA
Hold on.

To the rhythm of Zel's attempts to force his way into the room, Vera closes her eyes, extends her hands, palms inward, and takes a deep inhale. She widens her stance, exhales, palms outward, eyes open. The sound of CRUNCHING glass replaces the sound of the booms it and grows louder.

The cells jostle and crack at the seams as Vera twists them from their foundations - like unscrewing a Coke bottle. POP. The interior ring of the torus is free.

The Allegra, Seth, and the Prisoners pause, the floor beneath them suspended. The whole structure drops from view, plummets through the core, a gaping hole in it's place. Vera dives through and disappears past the rim.

INT. CORE - CONTINUOUS

Vera, in the center of the concrete cylinder, falls head first toward the ring of cells. She extends her hands. The cells rise, and rise. They spin upward, around and past her. Glass cascades from them in sparkling shards.

She rights herself and shoots up after them, toward the opening.

CRASH. At the uppermost part of the core the cells connect with a force-field. Vera absorbs the shock. The cells fall a few yards, past her body. The Occupants SCREAM as the glass bumps and skids against walls.

Vera looks to see the source of the hold-up - AGENTS above aim massive Nano-Fell weapons on them. The view is distorted through the force-field.

Vera regains control of the cells below her. She sends the cells spinning into the concrete walls with one motion of her hands. Concrete crumbles off in huge chunks and tumbles through the core. The Agents' mouths above are agape as she uses the cells like a frisbee to cut through the building toward fresh air. She shoots through the opening in a blur of color.

EXT. CATCH HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Vera holds the cells steady beside her with one hand and lowers down, toward the moat of neon green Astro turf that surrounds the spindly black building. Excess deadly gas rolls off of the glass and dissipates into the air, rendered inactive.

A mass of about 40 RESISTANCE FIGHTERS gaze upward from the turf below. They are poised in a V-formation at the entrance of the building. Vera scans their faces - all ages, genders, and races of roughed up Singulars, ready to fight. They've brought the battle to CATCH.

The top quarter of the building, above where Vera slit through it, collapses over the missing chunk in a CRUNCH of metal. It settles for a moment, then topples to one side and plummets toward the ground.

The top tendrils of the airplane hangar spiral outward and aircraft spill out of the opening. They jostle and CLANG against each other.

The mass of people scatters as the asteroid of debris connects and is strewn across the green expanse.

ANGLE ON SETH AND ALLEGRA

They CHEER and clap as much as they can while holding on for dear life. Wind whips through their empty cell. A Nano-Fell blast rockets from above and SLAMS into the wall of their cell. The structure drops a few inches. Seth and Allegra are thrown to the ground. Vera regains control. All are shaken, but unscathed.

She looks upward to seek out the source of the blast. One small dot is perched on the ragged edge of the Core, exposed to the elements where she sliced off the top of the building.

The figure comes into focus - Zel stands on the edge, weapon in hand.

Vera rises a few inches above the cells.

ZEL

Not that easy to leave home!

VERA

Why is it so hard for you to just kill me already?

ZEL

I have to start with all of your Singular friends first. Care to help do what you were trained for?

VERA

No, thanks.

ZEL

No worries. Mak thought we'd need you to finish that job, but thanks to Lexi's noble sacrifice he doesn't get to call the shots here anymore.

(voice amplified, to
command the armies below)

READY!

A row of AGENTS appears along an exterior ledge of the building. They each hold a massive Nano-Fell weapon, aimed at the people on the ground.

ZEL (CONT'D)

And, FIRE!

ANGLE ON THE BATTLE BELOW

It begins. The Resistance Fighters dodge the blasts as best they can. The full range of their powers is on display

TWO FIGHTERS launch themselves at Agents and WRENCH the guns from their hands, then pull them off the building and fall with them to the ground.

ANOTHER FIGHTER sends thick jets of water over her shoulders and out through her fingertips. The jets swirl and join into one cyclone that blasts into an oncoming stream of AGENTS from the entrance to the building. This stalls them, but they persist. They pour out of the building in an unending march of black. The Resistance came prepared, but not prepared enough.

ANGLE ON CENTER VAULTS

Vera lowers the cells closer toward the fray with caution. She searches for a place to make a clean landing. There is none.

A stray blast WHIZZES through the center of the cell structure, a narrow miss.

SETH

Set us down, Vera!

VERA

Where!?

ALLEGRA

Anywhere, as long as we bury some Agents underneath us.

Vera gets the idea. She guides the structure through the air, toward the building it came from until it hovers over the entrance.

The shadow of the thing overtakes the Agents below. They look up, but it is too late.

Vera lets it fall. The Agents are CRUSHED. The Resistance Fighters clear a path around the perimeter. She sets herself down in the green turf before her gruesome handiwork.

A beat, then the cell walls that remain intact at last separate from the structure and fall into the grass.

The freed Prisoners empty out onto the grass in a frenzy. They are thin and weak, but ready to fight for the cause.

ZEL (O.S.)
(amplified, from above)
FORWARD!

A fresh group of Agents flows out of the building to meet their new challengers, and the battle resumes with renewed intensity.

Vera watches, her back to the concrete, as the forces CLASH. She scans the huge sea of people in front of her for a familiar face.

A PRISONER SNARLS like a wolf and lunges at an AGENT who holds his malnourished attacker over his head and TOSSES HIM against the cells like a rag doll. The structure VIBRATES with the impact and Vera moves off of it, into the fray.

She spots the GIRL from the warehouse. She takes on two AGENTS at once, her hands a blur as she uses her telekinesis to move them off their paths and out of her way.

Vera dodges past other fighters. It's chaos. Someone grabs her shoulders but she SHRIEKS and throws them off of her.

ANGLE ON SETH

Trapped between two AGENTS who taunt him with their weapons.

SETH
I'm unarmed! And unmodified!

ANGLE ON VERA

Vera hears the familiar voice and emerges from the melee.

She raises her hands and rips the guns from the Agents' grips. She flips them around in the air and trains them on their former owners. They scatter.

Vera runs to Seth. The two somewhat neutral entities form a temporary oasis at the center of the battle. She shields him with an arm and runs with him toward the debris from the fallen parts of the building.

ANGLE ON BUILDING RUBBLE

They duck behind a larger concrete chunk. Seth rests against a rock. Vera is on edge, she keeps watch over the top of their trench. Temporary safety.

A strange, supernatural sonic BOOM pierces the air. Vera and Seth clutch their ears in pain.

Zachary, out of nowhere, launches over the pile of debris and into their midst, away from whatever enemy he was fighting. He jumps to his feet, ready for the next challenge.

SETH (CONT'D)

Zachary!

He runs to Seth, and crouches low behind the rubble, his eyes wild. His face is covered in fresh cuts and bruises.

ZACHARY

You won't be safe here for long.

SETH

I'll be fine.

VERA

I'll get him out.

Zachary notices her for the first time.

ZACHARY

No.

His firmness stuns Vera into silence.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)

We brought the fight to them, but it still wasn't enough. See for yourself.

Vera peers out at the battle.

We follow her gaze and rush toward the frenzy. Nano-Fell blasts inundate the Resistance. Small lack holes from their impact form countless craters in the ground where Singulars used to be.

ZEL (O.S.)

(amplified)

DESTROY THEM!

Things go from bad to worse. The black mass of the Agent force overtakes and scatters the brown rags and grey jumpsuits of the Resistance like ants. This could be the end.

Vera turns back to Zachary. Reality has set in for her.

ZACHARY

I've heard what you're capable of.
Fight with us.

VERA

I am not your warrior.

ZACHARY

Look, I know we got started on the
wrong foot last time. Some of our
families have fallen victim to your
powers, but today you've proven
which side you're on. We need you n-

VERA

-I am not. Your warrior.

ZACHARY

Then rejoin your precious Agency.
At least that way our deaths will
be quick.

VERA

This is not my fight.

SETH

Well right now it's the fight that
will kill you if you keep coming up
with these excuses. You don't
always get to choose the causes you
die for, but you can choose the
ones you fight for.

VERA

Why should that be this one? I've
been fighting for things I don't
understand, fighting, destroying
just to destroy since I was born.

ZACHARY

But this *has* been your fight. Since
the moment you were born a
Singular.

SETH

Which you reminded us all of when
you gutted HQ with your human cell
frisbee. So finish what you
started. What Lexi started. Finish
it now or watch more people die.
More Singulars. More mes. I know
you're invincible now and all, but
I don't need any more scars.

She looks away from him. Seth reaches across the gulf.

 SETH (CONT'D)
 Come on, V. I wanna save some
 things.

He's got her. She squares off toward the building.

 VERA
 Stand back.

Zachary and Seth give her room.

She closes her eyes. She takes a deep inhale and a long exhale. SCRAPING METAL sounds accompany her total transformation to the black liquid substance. It grows, beyond the scope of her body frame, and rises into the air. It spirals out toward the building.

ANGLE ON ZEL ON EDGE OF BUILDING

Zel looks out over the battle and at the incoming black force.

He GROWLS in rage.

 ZEL
 (amplified)
 STAY!

ANGLE ON LEDGE ON THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING

The Agents on the ledge ignore Zel's orders and race back inside the building.

The liquid PLUNGES through the side of the building with ease.

INT. CORE - CONTINUOUS

The liquid zooms upward. It expands - a fountain of black ooze - to fill the concrete core.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Liquid splashes out into a corridor, becomes a wave, rushes toward terrified Agents. It barrels over them and covers everything in blackness.

INT. CORE - CONTINUOUS

The liquid rises still then spills out into open air at the broken edge of the building.

Zel turns to meet his fate. The liquid swallows him up whole and spouts up over the side of the building

EXT. CATCH HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Tendrils of the liquid wrap around the building, tighter and tighter. Joints POP and concrete CRUNCHES as the structure is constricted.

ANGLE ON SETH AND ZACHARY

They look up in awe.

ANGLE ON BATTLE

Agents, Singulars, and Prisoners are frozen, their gazes turned upward.

Huge chunks, entire sections of the building, split off and topple to the ground. Awe turns to terror as a few miss Fighters and Prisoners by inches. Independent tendrils of the black liquid guide certain pieces to CRUSH Agents in their fall.

The debris settles and the liquid expands once again to enclose almost all of what is left of the building and the entire Agent force in its airtight grip. The liquid coffin vibrates and constricts further until it just - dissolves into the air.

Millions of dust particles float in the sky after the blackness disappears. The dust blocks the already dull sun, and drifts down to coat the earth and the ruins - including the hole where the building used to be - in a thin film.

ANGLE ON VERA

A lump beneath the dust just yards from the Resistance Fighters and Prisoners who's lives she saved. She is alive, but weak from her immense feat.

She rises to her feet with great effort. Each muscle movement requires complete focus. When she reaches her full height, the small crowd of survivors erupts in CHEERS. She gives a weak smile.

ANGLE ON RUBBLE

CRACK. A concrete chunk splits apart and Mak emerges from the ruins surrounded by a faint force-field - his enhancement.

GASPS and SCREAMS from the gathered Singulars.

He cradles a Nano-Fell in his arms and moves toward Vera. He takes his time. Inspects the ruins of his life's work.

MAK

This. This is more than I ever could have dreamed for you. I knew you were great the first time you ever lifted your hands up in front of your face but....

He reaches her. Vera faces this last foe with as much strength as she can muster.

MAK (CONT'D)

You have set me free, Vera.

(a whisper)

Thank you. I'd like to be able to do the same for you.

She looks at him, confused. He FIRES his weapon at her stomach, point blank. She has no time to react. The bullet strains against the inside of his force-field and bursts through. The shimmering, translucent threads knit back together in a second.

The blast barrels toward her. She absorbs it - the center of her body liquefies just enough in weak black streams and the bullet disappears. She shudders and falls to her knees.

Mak turns to the onlookers.

MAK (CONT'D)

You are the universe's greatest creations! You possess powers that no one could ever hope to understand or replicate! Join me, and together we will reclaim the world, for those who deserve it!

A black bullet pierces the force-field with ease and embeds itself in his shoulder. All is still for a moment. Mak looks in the direction the shot to find Allegra, a big smile on her face and the huge gun hoisted on her shoulder.

She shrugs.

ALLEGRA

That not what you meant?

The wound takes root. It grows and folds inward to suck Mak's body into the black hole. All that remains of him is a dark smear across the ground.

The crowd CHEERS, the ordeal over at last!

ANGLE ON VERA

She falls backward, her head flops to one side as she sprawls on the grass. She could be dead.

The cheers cut out. Allegra's smile falters.

The Resistance Fighter Girl steps forward and reaches out her palms. Exhale, she turns them outward and Vera rises off of the ground. The Girl lifts her above the crowd and they turn their faces upward.

She brings Vera toward them and lowers her down. The group parts to form an open circle. The Girl lets Vera rest at its center.

Seth crawls to her side. Allegra and Zachary come closer too, fearing the worst. The Girl rushes to Allegra and buries her face in her leg. Allegra ruffles her hair.

ALLEGRA (CONT'D)

You did good, honey.

Vera blinks open her eyes. Seth throws his arms over her.

VERA

Hey.

SETH

Hey.

VERA

So - and this is just based on this sudden display of affection - I'm guessing I saved some stuff?

ZACHARY

You did.

Seth disentangles from her. She sits up and looks at Allegra.

VERA

Would've been nice to have gotten to finish it too.

ALLEGRA

All I did was pick up a big gun and
press the trigger.

SETH

He wasn't just your enemy, V.

She looks past them into the grateful faces of the freed
Prisoners and Resistance Fighters that surround her on all
sides. This is so much bigger than her.

EXT. BUILDING RUINS - LATER

The SURVIVORS, Prisoners and Resistance, mingle and take care
of each other. Wounds are tended to, a hot substance in
copper mugs is passed around. Their makeshift community works
to fix itself.

The Girl weaves through the rubble and the crowd, a stack of
thick, woolen blankets folded in her arms. She wordlessly
offers them to each of her people, and floats them into the
air toward those in need.

ANGLE ON SETH AND VERA

They sit against the exposed foundation of the building,
separate from the group.

ANGLE ON GIRL

We follow her as she makes her way to the edge of the
Survivors and across the battered green turf to Seth and
Vera.

She approaches and holds out the blankets.

SETH

Yeah.

The Girl floats the top two into the air. Vera and Seth each
snatch one and wrap it over their shoulders.

They watch as the Girl moves back toward the others. Zachary
and Allegra emerge from the group and meet her halfway.
Allegra bends down to tell her something. Zachary continues
to approach.

They look up at him, expectant.

ZACHARY

This was a great victory, but there
are more battles still to fight.

(MORE)

ZACHARY (CONT'D)

You would be an invaluable member of the Singular Resistance Movement. We can offer you a place to test the limits of your powers, a community to grown in and learn from and defend when it comes time.

VERA

You don't need me.

ZACHARY

We would not have survived this without you.

Allegra comes up beside him. Vera nods to her.

VERA

Just keep recruiting fighters like that little girl and you'll be just fine.

ALLEGRA

She wants to be you when she grows up.

VERA

No she doesn't.

ALLEGRA

That's what I told her.

Vera laughs.

ALLEGRA (CONT'D)

Join us.

She shakes her head.

VERA

I'm sorry. Before I start following anyone again I need to figure out how to lead myself.

Seth takes this in, nods.

SETH

Okay.

ZACHARY

Seth.

SETH

Let her be.

Vera looks at Seth. Mouths a thank you.

Allegra puts her hands up in mock surrender.

ZACHARY

Well, there will always be a place
for you with us.

ALLEGRA

As long as you don't kill any more
of us.

VERA

Got it.

Allegra and Zachary walk back toward the Resistance.

EXT. BUILDING RUINS - SUNSET

Vera and Seth, still wrapped in their blankets, lean against the concrete and watch the sky change. Sunset streaks of gold and red are made thick and varied in the dust that still hovers above the rubble.

SETH

I'm gonna make one last attempt to-

VERA

-No, Seth. I need to be alone.

SETH

Yeah, you've said that, but I don't
believe you.

VERA

Which is why I need to be alone.
All this about testing my limits
and finding my strength, I can't do
any of that while others are
watching me, expecting, telling me
how to and how not to make my every
move. Not really. At least, I've
never been able to up until now.
Look where all my dutiful obedience
has gotten me.

SETH

Sure we're still talking about you?

She rolls her eyes.

VERA

I was so loyal I couldn't even tell how futile all my rebellion was. And I have to change that. To find out all that I'm capable of, and not have to rebel against an entire Organization just to do it. I have to know if I really am...maybe...ya know...

A beat.

She scans his face.

VERA (CONT'D)

Seth?

He meets her gaze.

VERA (CONT'D)

If anyone, you.

He considers this.

SETH

I'll take it.

She smiles and gets to her feet. He follows. They wrap each other in a long, deep hug. Seth closes his eyes. Vera stares straight out and takes a soft, sharp inhale. She breaks the embrace.

He pulls her blanket further over her shoulders. She thanks him with a nod and turns to walk away. The blanket billows out behind her, a shabby cape. She opens her fingers and lets it fly back. It billows into the sky. She turns her palms to the ground and hovers for a moment, then zooms off into the distance.

FADE TO:

TITLE CARD : EXTRAORDINARY