

A project developed in
The Scribe Writers Room

THE INCUBATOR

Pilot Episode 101

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Roll. beat. Roll. beat. Roll. beat. (The rhythmic sound of fingers drumming in military precision repeat endlessly as we...)

FADE UP FROM BLACK

1 **INT. STORKS NEST FAMILY HOSPITAL, WAITING ROOM -- DAWN** 1

A picturesque panoramic view of Cape Town with the sea in the background, just before dawn.

Ships sleep in the harbour and a hint of orange light caresses the tops of the buildings in the foreground as light signals the coming of the sun.

The camera tracks back through a window framed in floral drapes, revealing a splendid medium sized room that looks like it belongs in the English countryside.

Comfortable seating adorned with soft blankets and decadent pillows fill the space. Soft muted tones of verdant greens, earthy browns, sky blues and flowery pinks engulf us.

One entire wall is covered in wallpaper that depicts an idyllic 18th century oil painting of an old English Country Landscape in Autumn.

As the camera settles, it reveals a rustic wooden fireplace with a small fire gently throwing dancing light onto a slightly hunched, grey haired figure, that is seated in front of it. This is ALBERT Stein (40), and he is responsible for the rhythmic sound. His fingers drum loudly on the ornate mahogany coffee table in front of him. Through the turtle shell framed "coke bottle" lenses in the pair of glasses on the table, his fingers look huge.

Suddenly he stops.

The gentle tick-tock of the Grandfather clock in the corner continues in perfect sync, but it is comparatively very quiet now.

The time is 4:30 AM.

There are no clues that this is a hospital waiting room, until the silence is broken by the door bursting open and a NURSE putting her head into the room.

Albert is startled.

NURSE

Not much longer till you hear the patter of tiny feet Dr Stein.

He snatches at his glasses and puts them on the end of his nose in one fluid movement as he turns towards the door...

but she's already gone - the open door the only proof that she was there at all.

He feels in his jacket pocket and extracts two large Cuban cigars and a jumbo box of Lion matches. He places them on the table aligning them neatly, squarely with the edge.

Once done, he picks up the match box and starts a new rhythm in time with the clock as he lifts and drops the box onto the table.

Drop. Drop. Drop - drop - drop!

Drop. Drop. Drop - drop - drop!

He stops and empties all the matches out onto the table in a pile. One by one he starts to align them all parallel to each other.

In a random order, he starts building shapes with the matchsticks.

Slowly the shapes start to depict an adult couple with a child between them.

The Nurse is back!

NURSE (CONT'D)

Mr Stein...

He turns - much quicker this time.

ALBERT

Yes nurse?

She milks the moment... smiling uncontrollably...

NURSE

You... have...

Albert is on tenterhooks and she milks it for all it's worth...

NURSE (CONT'D)

... a healthy son.

ALBERT

At fucking last!

2 EXT. NORTH POLE, TUNDRA -- DAY

2

Establishing shot of miles and miles and miles of white snow and ice. We can see the blustery wind driving across the open space.

As our eyes become accustomed to the white landscape, we see a small bright orange dot and it's moving...

3

EXT. NORTH POLE, TUNDRA, SMALL OUTCROP -- DAY

3

Despite the protection of a bulky bright orange parka jacket with a blue Biotech Logo, you can tell that MAGHIEL (49) is well built and fit. He watches as a slightly chubby ROBERNEY (56), who is past the peak fitness period of his life, is waist deep in a pool of water wading his way towards a floating "mini-rocket" labelled "Biotech III".

They are both decidedly cheerful under the circumstances. We can see the water vapour in their breath as they talk.

MAGHIEL

Your baby landed way off course.

ROBERNEY

Luckily we're undercover in the middle of no-where.

MAGHIEL

Anywhere else and this would have been a disaster!

ROBERNEY

At least we know that my new rocket propulsion system works.

Roberney reaches the rocket and attaches a rope to it and throws the other end to Maghiel who starts to pull it towards the shore.

MAGHIEL

It works so well that after only travelling through the exosphere it landed miles off target!

ROBERNEY

Not that far off for the first micro-rocket to make a quick 10 000km journey there and 10 000km's back!

MAGHIEL

That's nothing compared to what you have to achieve by the time we finish this little project of ours my... favourite little "Rocket Scientist"!

4

EXT. MOZAMBIQUE, MOUNT CHILUVU -- DAY

4

The Buzi river has overflowed and the place looks like a Tsunami has hit it... that's because one has!

90% of the Buzi village has been caught up in the recent mud-slide and is at the bottom of the mountain in a heap.

From above it looks like water is everywhere. Every rooftop is populated with tired, shivering and hungry people.

5 **EXT. MOZAMBIQUE, BUZI VILLAGE, DEMOLISHED HOUSE -- DAY** 5

It is still raining lightly.

Only two walls forming an L-shape are left of what was once a house. Snuggly in the corner of the L is a blue and white striped gazebo with a large Biotech logo.

At what was once a door, but is now only a door frame with a large red cross nailed to it, a cue of VILLAGERS wait patiently for treatment.

Protected from the rain, MUTSHIDZI (43), looks clumsy in her oversized green overall and Timberland boots, and it seems impossible that she can see anything through her dark sunglasses in the shade of the gazebo.

Next to her, AMERICANO (31), also in a green overall - but his rolled up sleeves show off arms that look like they belong to a boxer - is standing, waiting attentively, watching her every move.

She finishes giving her PATIENT, who is lying face-down on what looks like it was once a kitchen table, an injection in the gluteus maximus. The patient grimaces.

MUTSHIDZI

That wasn't so bad then. Was it?

She slaps him on the butt and chases him out with a curt...

MUTSHIDZI (CONT'D)

Next!

The Patient pulls up his trousers and hops off the table.

Americano jumps into action, his smile is infectious, and we hardly notice his chipped front tooth as he hurriedly escorts in the next patient in. It is an OLD MAN (65), happy to finally be out of the rain.

Using an already soaked towel he dries him down before presenting him to Mutt like a prize rose bush.

All this while the Old Man has been clinging onto a bucket that he won't relinquish.

AMERICANO

(Portuguese)

What's in the bucket Papa?

OLD MAN

(Portuguese)

My future.

Americano looks into the bucket.

AMERICANO
(Portuguese)
Looks like dirt to me.

MUTSHIDZI
Let me see...

She pulls both the bucket and the Old Man closer and looks into it.

It is half filled with deep red rich earth... and sprouting through the soil are a few new green leaves.

MUTSHIDZI (CONT'D)
(Portuguese)
Looks like a future way of life to me!

6 EXT. NORTH POLE, TUNDRA, SMALL OUTCROP -- DAY

6

Coming out of the sun we see the silhouette of a helicopter. This is a U.S. Military "Black Hawk". As it nears the surface of the ice we see ROBERNEY and MAGHIEL sitting on his Kayak, waiting...

As the Black Hawk touches down, TWO MARINES dash across to them, grab the Kayak and tie it to the landing skids.

MAGHIEL
Cheers. See you back at Biotech

Maghiel walks confidently upright towards the helicopter.

7 INT. NORTH POLE, TUNDRA, HELICOPTER -- DAY

7

MAGHIEL is sitting in the helicopter with GENERAL PATTON (64) who is wearing a full uniform, medals and all... with sunglasses.

GENERAL PATTON
So when do I get my boys?

MAGHIEL
Soon.

GENERAL PATTON
How soon?

MAGHIEL
Very soon.

GENERAL PATTON
Don't fuck me around.
(MORE)

GENERAL PATTON (CONT'D)

There's millions of dollars invested
in this project.

MAGHIEL

You know that I always deliver.
Don't worry about a thing. You'll
get your boys on time as promised.

GENERAL PATTON

Remember your balls are on the
line!

The General sits back.

GENERAL PATTON (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

...and mine!

MAGHIEL

This is far enough... thanks.

HELICOPTER PILOT

Yes Sir.

8 EXT. NORTH POLE, TUNDRA -- DAY

8

The helicopter drops towards the ice.

MAGHIEL jumps off, gives GENERAL PATTON a loose salute,
and unties his Kayak from the landing skids.

The helicopter takes off, leaving Maghie with his Kayak
in the middle of nowhere.

MAGHIEL

Now this is what I call putting my
balls on the line...

9 EXT. MOZAMBIQUE, BUZI VILLAGE, DEMOLISHED HOUSE -- DAY

9

The queue of VILLAGERS is longer than before.

AMERICANO arrives out of breath from pushing an OLD WOMAN
(85) in a wheelchair through the mud in the rain. The Old
Womans' head is covered in bandages and she has a cast on
both her lower legs.

MUTSHIDZI is giving a YOUNG GIRL (18) a Cholera vaccine
injection (in the arm).

AMERICANO

I've got bad news... more Cholera
cases have been reported outside
Beira, and in Buzi, Tica and
Nhamathanda.

MUTSHIDZI

We knew it was going to be a problem. Even though the chances of it spreading in the rural areas is smaller because people are more dispersed.

AMERICANO

It breaks out fast and it travels faster. But that's not the bad news!

MUTSHIDZI

What is?

AMERICANO

There's no more vaccine.

MUTSHIDZI

What! We're on our last box?

Americano nods in the affirmative.

MUTSHIDZI (CONT'D)

It's like a death sentence for these people.

The Old Woman and the Young Girl look at each other in horror, suddenly very interested in the conversation...

AMERICANO

Can't you make a plan?

MUTSHIDZI

Sure. I'll just pick a few more vaccines from the vaccine tree at the bottom of the hill!

AMERICANO

Seriously. Biotech have vaccine trees?

She laughs... and the Old Man and Young Girl join in.

MUTSHIDZI

No. But that's not your worst idea. Maybe we can use some of our cutting edge technology to print us as much vaccine as we need.

Americano is confused. The patients are lost.

AMERICANO

Wow. Now we print vaccines... what's next people?

MUTSHIDZI

Could be... it's possible.

AMERICANO

Yes, but that's pushing it a little far?

MUTSHIDZI

Why?

AMERICANO

It's a bit like playing God... and the human race is not ready to be God. We'll probably end up printing soldiers not doctors.

10 EXT. NORTH POLE, TUNDRA -- DAY

10

We are looking at a vast expanse of white ice. The surface is broken and floating. Between the white shards of ice there is water... where MAGHIEL is paddling furiously and propelling his kayak dangerously close to the blocks of ice.

He glances at his multi-purpose sports watch.

He starts paddling faster and the kayak picks up speed.

His face is contorting as he puts every ounce of effort into the paddling.

The kayak suddenly runs out of water and bounces onto the ice.

Maghiel, panting looks at his watch. He smiles...

MAGHIEL

Not bad.

Panting he disembarks and starts pulling the kayak towards the foot of an icy cliff.

He takes off his gloves as he leans on the cliff.

Unexpectedly the surface gives way beneath his feet and he disappears into the hole that has opened up...

11 EXT. NORTH POLE, TUNDRA, GREAT LAKE -- DAY

11

Maghiel and the kayak are falling...

MAGHIEL

Fuuuuck!

Terrified, he hits the water first, followed by his kayak and a large amount of snow which pushes him under.

He struggles his way back to the surface gasping for air...

He has fallen into a very large lake under the ice.

MAGHIEL (CONT'D)
What the fuck!

He looks around and there is steam coming off the surface of the water. He waves at the steam with the glove that he has miraculously managed to hold onto...

MAGHIEL (CONT'D)
(to himself)
This shouldn't be here.

... he realises that the water is warm...

MAGHIEL (CONT'D)
It's like a fucking jacuzzi!

12 EXT. CAPE TOWN, ENTRANCE TO BIOTECH LABS -- DAY

12

Biotech Laboratories is housed in a large five story building on the edge of the city centre. A high metal fence surrounds the building.

A throng of "Pro-Life" PROTESTERS carrying placards, dressed mostly in green & white, are gathered at the gates.

Some with faces covered in white surgical masks, some with makeshift green and white bandannas covering their noses - only their eyes show. This is both good for being anonymous and good for combating the effects of tear gas.

They all chant in unison and wave placards reading;
Murderers, Unborn Babies Are People, Don't Kill, A Foetus Is Alive, Africans For Life.

SECURITY GUARDS dressed in black riot gear, carrying plexiglass shields and wielding batons threateningly stand in a row between the protesters and an automatic metal gate.

PROTESTERS
(chanting)
Pro-life,
Choose life.
Who's the killer?
You're the killer!

13 EXT. CAPE TOWN, BIOTECH LABS, EXTERIOR PARKING LOT -- DAY 13

On the edge of the protest we see JERRY (the Pro-life spokesmen wearing his green & white bandanna loosely around his neck,) talking to a TV REPORTER.

The CAMERAMAN is positioned so that the building and protesters are in the background.

TV REPORTER

Sir, in the past, the members of your organisation have been known to become violent...

JERRY

We're not the violent ones! Biotech are killing babies. We, are a peaceful group of individuals trying to stop Biotech from knowingly committing murder.

TV REPORTER

They're not killing babies. They are harvesting stem cells from aborted foetuses..

JERRY

At 42 days foetuses have brain activity... and therefore they are alive! Biotech is harvesting stem cells from murdered babies!

14 INT. CAPE TOWN, BIOTECH LABS, EXTERIOR PARKING LOT -- DAY 14

In another area of the parking lot and a short distance from the protest outside Biotech, partially hidden from the GUARDS at the gate by cars, JOACHIM (40) talks to JOE, THEMBA and ZINZI. They are all carrying rucksacks and are dressed in black.

PRO-LIFER ONE & PRO-LIFER TWO join them.

JOACHIM

You keep them occupied here. When you see the signal let rip with the fireworks.

PRO-LIFER ONE

What's the signal?

JOACHIM

I'll flash my torch though the first floor window.

PRO-LIFER ONE

Got it.

The Pro-lifers re-join the protest.

The four dressed in black peel off and, with practised ease, innocently walk away from the protesters and down the side of the building.

15 EXT. CAPE TOWN, BIOTECH LABS, SIDE STREET -- DAY

15

JOACHIM, JOE, THEMBA and ZINZI are out of sight. They cover their faces with black balaclavas and start trotting towards a side gate.

The gate is secured by a padlock and chain. Joe takes a pair of bolt cutters from his bag and cuts through the chain.

16 EXT. CAPE TOWN, BIOTECH LABS, COURT YARD -- DAY

16

JOACHIM, JOE, THEMBA and ZINZI steal into the court yard and hurry across towards a door on the far side.

Zinzi produces a pick gun from her jacket and inserts it into the lock. In a few seconds the door opens.

They enter.

17 INT. CAPE TOWN, BIOTECH LABS, GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR -- DAY 17

JOACHIM quietly points up at the ceiling at a surveillance camera.

JOE, THEMBA and ZINZI follow him down the corridor towards a flight of stairs.

18 INT. CAPE TOWN, BIOTECH LABS, STAIRS -- DAY

18

JOACHIM, JOE, THEMBA and ZINZI run up the stairs.

19 INT. CAPE TOWN, BIOTECH LABS, FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR -- DAY 19

At the top of the stairs is a door labeled; SKIN CULTURE LAB.

JOACHIM

Joe keep watch...

JOACHIM opens the door and enters followed by THEMBA and ZINZI....

20 INT. CAPE TOWN, BIOTECH LABS, SKIN CULTURE LAB -- DAY

20

The laboratory is bathed in blue light that emanates from LED globes above row upon row of culture trays.

An array of test tubes and instruments line the edge of the room.

A row of the latest bespoke BIOTECH Portable 3D Printers are neatly lined up on a counter.

JOACHIM, THEMBA and ZINZI pause and look at equipment in awe. Themba takes out a Go-Pro camera and starts filming

21 INT. CAPE TOWN, BIOTECH LABS, FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR -- DAY 21

SECURITY GUARD ONE's heavy army boots walking down the corridor...

22 INT. CAPE TOWN, BIOTECH LABS, SKIN CULTURE LAB -- DAY 22

JOE
Hide ...Security!

JOACHIM, JOE, THEMBA and ZINZI take cover.

SECURITY GUARD ONE enters and flashes a torch beam around the lab.

The beam crosses both them and the window several times.

23 EXT. CAPE TOWN, ENTRANCE TO BIOTECH LABS -- DAY 23

The "Pro-Life" PROTESTERS at the gate continue to chant...

PROTESTERS
Pro-life,
Choose life.
Who's the killer?
You're the killer!

PRO-LIFER ONE and PRO-LIFER TWO are eagerly waiting for the signal when they see the guards' torch beam flashing across one of the first floor windows.

PRO-LIFE PROTESTER ONE
That's the signal... Go!

PRO-LIFE TWO lights a fuse...

PRO-LIFE PROTESTER ONE (CONT'D)
(Shouts)
Everyone down... now!

All the protesters drop down to the ground silently.

The SECURITY GUARDS are confused!

24 INT. CAPE TOWN, BIOTECH LABS, SKIN CULTURE LAB -- DAY 24

SECURITY GUARD ONES' torch beam flashes across the lab and settles on JOACHIMS' face.

JOACHIM
Fuck!

25 EXT. CAPE TOWN, ENTRANCE TO BIOTECH LABS -- DAY 25

The "Pro-Life" PROTESTERS at the gate continue to hug the ground silently.

All hell breaks loose as the fuse reaches a myriad of fireworks. Crackers, rockets, Catherine wheels, the full shebang go off all at once.

The row of SECURITY GUARDS break rank and they scatter in every direction...

26 **INT. CAPE TOWN, BIOTECH LABS, SKIN CULTURE LAB -- DAY** 26

SECURITY GUARD ONE turns and steps closer to the window to see what's happening.

JOACHIM grabs an oxygen canister, and in one swift move hits Security Guard One over the head dropping him instantly.

27 **EXT. CAPE TOWN, ENTRANCE TO BIOTECH LABS -- DAY** 27

At the gate pandemonium ensues as The "Pro-Life" PROTESTERS surge forward breaking open the gate.

28 **INT. BIOTECH LABORATORIES, SKIN CULTURE LABORATORIES -- DAY 28**

JOACHIM

Okay. Go, guys. Go.

In a controlled frenzy ZINZI starts hitting the printers with a hammer, glass flies and the sound of metal hitting metal is intermingled with the pandemonium outside.

JOACHIM makes a bee-line for the skin culture trays and starts turning them over, emptying the contents onto the floor.

JOE starts emptying all the fridges onto the floor and dancing on the smashed contents.

THEMBA is still filming with the Go-Pro camera.

29 **INT. MOZAMBIQUE, BUZI VILLAGE, B&B BEDROOM -- NIGHT** 29

The room is neat and clean but sparsely furnished; an old armchair, a single bed and a crate that serves as a bedside table.

A single tungsten bulb hangs from the low roof on a piece of twin-flex electrical cable and provides a pool of dim orange light.

MUTSHIDIZI (dressed in nothing but a skimpy T-shirt with a towel wrapped around her head) is busy arranging two more crates into a makeshift table in front of the armchair and directly under the bulb. She covers them with the towel from her head, (releasing her long wet hair) and places her laptop on it, which she opens and switches on.

The screen flashes: "Battery >5%" and switches off. She takes an adapter from the laptop bag... and with another towel removes the dangling bulb from its' fitting.

Darkness!

When the bulb burst back to life we see that she has placed an adapter between the fitting and the bulb. The bright red LED lights on the adapter add a red glow to the room and a cable dangles from it.

Mutshidizi plugs the cable into the laptop and switches it on. This time it splutters to life: "Charging".

She switches her cellphone to hotspot and arranges herself comfortably in the chair. She selects a "face time" speed-dial number for "Doll" the photo is one of Maghiel smiling broadly.

He answers and his image appears on the phone. He is topless and in bed.

MAGHIEL (O.S.)

Hiya Mutt? There's a lotta shit going down here. Be thankful you're only dealing with the aftermath of a Tsunami.

MUTSHIDZI

My day was exhausting but I'm fine thank you. How was your day?

MAGHIEL (O.S.)

We're deep in the shit! Pro-life protesters broke in and trashed Biotech destroying the lab and all our 3D printers.

MUTSHIDZI

What!?

MAGHIEL (O.S.)

We think we may still have one that's working.

Mutshidizi flops back into the chair...

MUTSHIDZI

Shit!

MAGHIEL (O.S.)

You OK?

MUTSHIDZI

Yeah.

(MORE)

MUTSHIDZI (CONT'D)

Just I was hoping that you could
send us a printer to help speed up
the delivery of our vaccine. We've
run out again and it's costing
lives.

MAGHIEL (O.S.)

No chance now doll - not until we
can repair the damage.

30 INT. CAPE TOWN, NEW ROAD, BIOTECH, MAGHIELS' OFFICE -- DAY 30

The room is a modern design using plenty of glass and metal.
There is lots of natural light and ergonomic bamboo
furniture.

MAGHIEL and ALBERT are silent and stressed. Maghiel is
pacing. Albert is playing with his matches on the glass
table-top. He breaks the silence.

ALBERT

So, how we gonna save this contract?

MAGHIEL

I have no idea. But if you don't come up
with something, we may as well close the
doors and go home.

Albert looks at him with contempt. Then he calmly and
methodically lines up his matches in three rows - like
soldiers in a squadron...

MAGHIEL (CONT'D)

The General wants his soldiers.
We need to meet the deadline. And
with only one printer we won't.

Albert builds another squadron...

ALBERT

Wait a minute...

He clears all the matches to one side...

ALBERT (CONT'D)

We're being stupid! Look here...

He places just one in the open space.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Why don't we print another printer,

He puts another match next to the first one...

ALBERT (CONT'D)

And then get the two printers to
print two more printers.

... he adds two more matches...

MAGHIEL

Yeah. Then we get the four printers
to print another four printers...

Albert adds four more matches... and then adds another row
of eight (clearly showing the exponential growth.)

ALBERT

And soon we'll be able to print
all his soldiers.

MAGHIEL

Of course! Well done!

He collapses into his chair.

MAGHIEL (CONT'D)

And ...you've just given me the
solution to my other problem. I'm
off to Mozambique.

31 EXT. MOZAMBIQUE, BUZI VILLAGE, DEMOLISHED HOUSE -- DAY

31

AMERICANO is slowly making his way up the hill with an
envelope in his hand.

There's no queue of people, only MUTSHIDZI rearranging and
tidying the area under the gazebo. The heat is unbearable
and she wipes the sweat from her face with a handkerchief.

When Americano arrives in the shade of the gazebo, he wipes
the sweat off his forehead with the envelope and then hands
it to Mutt.

MUTSHIDZI

What am I supposed to do with a
wet envelope?

AMERICANO

Oh, sorry. This heat is something
else!

She grabs a knife and opens the envelope. She looks at
the contents confused.

MUTSHIDZI

Maghiel you idiot!!!

AMERICANO

What is it?

MUTSHIDZI

I asked him for a house, and he
sent me the architectural drawings!

AMERICANO

Nice. You're getting a brand new
house.

MUTSHIDZI

This is ridiculous...

AMERICANO

No it's romantic.

MUTSHIDZI

It's not really a plan for a house... I
asked him to send us a 3D printer and he's
flippin' sent me a blueprint for one!
What the hell is he thinking... people are
dying here and he clearly wasn't listening
to me last night!

32 EXT. MOZAMBIQUE, TSUNAMI DAMAGED VILLAGE -- DAY

32

A helicopter flies over the aftermath of the Tsunami.
From the air the area is deserted, but the damage and
destruction is overwhelming.

33 EXT. MOZAMBIQUE, BUZI VILLAGE, DEMOLISHED HOUSE -- DAY

33

The Helicopter lands on a flat piece of ground next to the
gazebo. The down-draft lifts the gazebo and sends it
flying, along with most of the medical supplies that are
under it.

MUTSHIDZI and AMERICANO stand exposed and helpless where
the gazebo was.

As the blades start to wind down, MAGHIEL exits the
helicopter and walks towards Mutshidzi, who is already
storming towards him....

MUTSHIDZI

What the fuck are you doing? You
just destroyed our field hospital!

An unhappy Americano is blowing his nose into a bright red
handkerchief as he tries to rescue stuff from blowing away.

Two villagers rescue the gazebo and return it to where it
belongs.

MAGHIEL

Hey... I thought you'd be happy to
see me.

Mutt is still not impressed.

MAGHIEL (CONT'D)
I come bearing gifts.

AMERICANO
Did you bring more vaccine?

MAGHIEL
No better than that... I brought
you a 3D printer.

MUTSHIDZI
I love you!

She tries to kiss him and he turns his head away.

MAGHIEL
It's too late now...

MUTSHIDZI
Not for all the villagers that
we're going to save with this
printer!

34 EXT. MOZAMBIQUE, BUZI VILLAGE, SOLAR POWER STATION -- DAY 34

MAGHIEL is busy setting up the 3D Printer, and AMERICANO is running an extension cable to power it up.

MAGHIEL
Come... let me show you how it
works.

AMERICANO
No way. I'm not technical. I'll
screw it up and we wont have enough
vaccine to save everyone!

He moves to hide behind MUTSHIDZI who is standing watching them...

MUTSHIDZI
This looks like a domestic 3D
printer Maghiel... how much vaccine
will it be able to print?

MAGHIEL
It prints the vaccine in pill form.
And it will print as many as you
need, quicker than you can use
them.

He takes a bottle of liquid from one of the many boxes piled high next to the machine and pours it into the printer.

MAGHIEL (CONT'D)
I brought enough raw material to
service the whole country.
Americano are you watching?

AMERICANO
Aha... aha ..ah-tissue!

MUTSHIDZI
Bless you.

Americano puts his hands to his mouth and sneezes twice more.

MUTSHIDZI (CONT'D)
... and again.

AMERICANO
I'm watching.

MAGHIEL
See... It's easy!

Americano looks at Mutshidzi.

AMERICANO
You think I can do it?

Mutshidzi nods.

MUTSHIDZI
I'm sure you can.

The printer bursts to life noisily and starts placing drops of liquid on the surface below it. Maghie places a plastic tray under it and moves the tray so that each drop falls into a separate dent on the surface. By the time the third drop is deposited, the first one has solidified into a compact pill.

Mutt is amazed, and Maghieh hands the tray to Americano. The printer starts to drop liquid on the floor... and he has no option but to take over and hold the tray in place.

35 EXT. MOZAMBIQUE, BUZI VILLAGE, DEMOLISHED HOUSE -- DAY 35

MUTSHIDZI is trying to keep up with MAGHIEL as he walks purposefully towards the Helicopter.

They pass a line of PATIENTS waiting for a NURSE who is handing out medication.

MUTSHIDZI (CONT'D)
You could stay for one night.

MAGHIEL

... yes dear.

MUTSHIDZI

... or you could dress up as a
clown and throw cream pies!

MAGHIEL

... yes dear.

Mutt waves her hand in front of his face...

MUTSHIDZI

Earth to Maghie! What's wrong?

MAGHIEL

I can't present this paper on the
US soldiers to the conference in
Zurich.

MUTSHIDZI

Why? I thought everything was
going according to plan.

MAGHIEL

Patton's gonna go bananas when he
finds out I'm telling the world
how far 3D printing has advanced.

Mutt stops him, and calmly offers an alternative

MUTSHIDZI

Present the flooding and the cave
that you've found instead? Make
it about climate modeling and the
rise of sea level.

The Helicopter starts up.

MAGHIEL

That's why I love you!

He kisses her and runs off to board the helicopter.

36 INT. CAPE TOWN, CITY RESTAURANT -- DAY

36

It's busy, packed with a lunch-time crowd.

MAGHIEL and ALBERT are in the middle of lunch.

MAGHIEL

We need a solution for this Albert.

Maghie takes a French fry from Alberts' plate as he
hungrily bites into a juicy bacon-cheese burger.

Maghiel watches with a look of disdain as the sauce drips down Alberts' shirt.

ALBERT
(mouth full)
What? It's a great burger.

He wipes it and spreads the sauce...

MAGHIEL
Is that all you're going to give me?

ALBERT
I'm giving you nothing - you already stole my chip. Order your own burger!

MAGHIEL
I've got a shit load of self-righteous pro-lifers up my arse. We're standing still. It's costing us precious time & money... and all you're doing is stuffing your face with a burger!

ALBERT
Crowd control is not my department.

MAGHIEL
How about we find a different source for stem cells?

ALBERT
That would work.

MAGHIEL
How do we create our own stems cells?

37 EXT. ZURICH -- DAY

A scenic view of Zurich that ends on the iconic Zurich Hallenstadion

38 INT. ZURICH, HALLENSTADION -- DAY

The main auditorium is filled with over 2 000 delegates.

Branding is everywhere... the "End of Days" Congress has taken over the entire venue. On stage, the screen behind the speaker is filled with a large logo and the words "End of Days Congress".

At a podium YOUNG EINSTEIN (40) is finishing his introduction of the next speaker.

37

38

YOUNG EINSTEIN

Climate modeling has improved
enormously in the last 10 years...
and where predictions of catastrophe
are distinct we must take note.
So, safely back from his recent
trip to the Antarctic, please give
a warm round of applause to...
Maghiel van Dijk.

The screen behind the speaker changes to a photo of a Kayak
dwarfed by the white Antarctic landscape...

The crowd (including MUTSHIDZI) claps as MAGHIEL appears
from the wings and walks onto the stage... but there are
no niceties here, and he launches straight into it
enthusiastically...

MAGHIEL

We all know that the ocean is
getting hotter. It's more acidic
and less oxygenated.

AND we all know that if the ice
that currently exists as glaciers
and sheets melted... it would raise
the sea level by roughly 30
meters... or 216 feet.

The background photo changes to a graphic map of the world.

MAGHIEL (CONT'D)

This would cause unprecedented
change to the world as we know
it... threatened populations include
Shanghai, Hong Kong, Venice,
Amsterdam, Calcutta, Mumbai, Rio
de Janeiro, New York, London,
Alexandria, the Maldives,
Bangladesh, Miami, New Zealand,
Australia...

The geographic areas light-up as he runs through the list
of places...

MAGHIEL (CONT'D)

More than fifty percent of the
worlds population live near the
coast... but those of us who don't
will also feel the effects of the
melting ice. Until now, we've
believed that this will not take
place for a least 100 years, and
that although global warming is
(MORE)

MAGHIEL (CONT'D)
accelerating, we are not under any
immediate threat.

Well... we know shit!

The large slide changes to a closer shot that shows that the figure in the Kayak on the earlier photo is Maghie.

MAGHIEL (CONT'D)
My recent trip to the Antarctic has proven that the ice is melting much faster than we have anticipated, and it looks like we might all need a kayak sooner than we thought!

The slide changes to show the cavernous lake that Maghie fell into.

MAGHIEL (CONT'D)
Sometime soon... millions of tons of warm water will be unleashed into the ocean... and there is no longer anything we can do to stop it!

39 INT. ZURICH, HALLENSTADION, LOBBY -- NIGHT

39

The lobby is hosting a cocktail party. There are about 100 people drinking wine and eating savoury snacks as they chat, mingle and network.

The space is surrounded and dominated by very large photos of six keynote speakers, the photos each form a segment of a teepee like roof. The title of their paper is printed in large font below their name.

Below the photo of Maghie; "Our Sinking World".

Next to it is a photo of Rebecca Washakie and the words "The Origins of Life".

YOUNG EINSTEIN escorts REBECCA Washakie (35) through the crowd until he reaches MAGHIEL & MUTSHIDZI who are standing to one side of the crowd sipping wine.

YOUNG EINSTEIN
Maghie I have someone that I want
you to meet.

The two turn at the mention of his name.

Rebecca is naturally beautiful in a simple flowing dress influenced by traditional Native American style. She has a Yuuz tattoo of a deep red Peony flower with a snake entwined around it on her left arm.

YOUNG EINSTEIN (CONT'D)
Rebecca Washakie, this is Maghie
van Dijk and Mutshidzi Masindi...

REBECCA
Big fan.

MUTSHIDZI
How did you know?

Rebecca is caught off guard. Maghieal & Mutshidzi smile broadly...

REBECCA
No. I meant I'm a big fan of yours
Maghiel!

MAGHIEL

YOUNG EINSTEIN
I'll leave the mutual admiration
society together for a while...
see you later Becca.

REBECCA
Bye.

And he's off into the crowd.

Maghie is a little flirty

MAGHIEL
Before I get distracted, I have
fallen in love... with your single
cell orgaz...organisms.

Rebecca smiles at his enthusiasm... and the double entendre

MUTSHIDZI
Who knew that the conditions in
Yellowstone Park are that close to
those of early earth...

MAGHIEL ... or Mars?

REBECCA
It is exciting work. You should
visit us sometime. Come see the
little worms for yourself.

MAGHIEL I'd love to... MUTSHIDZI Maybe next time...

They look at each other, then back at Rebecca

MAGHIEL
We leave in the morning

MUTSHIDZI
We go back to South Africa
tomorrow

They all burst into laughter.

40 **INT. BIOTECH LABORATORIES, SKIN CULTURE LAB -- DAY** 40

The laboratory has been destroyed.

A GROUP OF TECHNICIANS are cleaning debris away, and new equipment is scattered around in boxes and plastic bags as the technicians make space for it.

An agitated ALBERT getting in the way as he tries to help.

His phone rings. It's Maghie on Facetime. Albert answers with a smile.

An excited, grinning MAGHIEL is in bed topless.

MAGHIEL
I found the solution to your
problem.

ALBERT
Great! Who're you sending to take
over supervising this mess? Look
at this...

He turns his phone around and waves it to show Maghie the mess in the lab.

INTERCUT WITH NEXT SCENE

41 **INT. WYOMING, TRUMP TOWERS, SUPER-LUXURY HOTEL SUITE -- DAY** 41

INTERCUT WITH PREVIOUS SCENE

MAGHIEL, is topless and sitting in a large double bed next to MUTT, who is wearing some very revealing sexy black lace lingerie. In her hand is a bottle of half finished tequila with a large worm in it. She takes a swig. On Maghie's lap is his laptop.

On the screen is a shaky shot of the Biotech Lab... which finally settles on ALBERTS face.

MAGHIEL
Looks like fun! Remember our
conversation about stem cells?

ALBERT
Yes. I knew you'd come up with a
solution.

Suddenly Mutt puts her face (and breasts) into the picture... with the bottle of tequila. She points at the worm.

MUTSHIDZI

I found the solution to your problem.

Maghiel wrestles her out of shot and turns the camera to face away... Albert is left with a broad smile on his face.

ALBERT

It's you guys who are having the fun...you're drunk!

MAGHIEL

It's worms.

ALBERT

Seriously! All good tequila has a worm in the bottle.

MUTSHIDZI (O.S.)

This is good tequila!

ALBERT

Well guys enjoy it. I've got work to do. Call me in the morning when you're sober.

MAGHIEL & MUTSHIDZI

But we are sober!

Albert kills the call.

42 EXT. MOZAMBIQUE, BUZI VILLAGE, OFFICE -- DAY

42

The 3D printer has printed the first batch of vaccine. The pills are stacked in packets on the table.

MUTSHIDZI opens a packet and gives a pill to AMERICANO.

MUTSHIDZI

Thanks for volunteering to be the guinea-pig.

AMERICANO

How do we know it's going to work?

He swallows the pill with a swig of water from a glass.

MUTSHIDZI

Because you live... and you don't start vomiting, get a headache, a fever, diarrhoea, nausea, joint
(MORE)

MUTSHIDZI (CONT'D)
pain, tingling feelings in your
skin...

AMERICANO
You telling me this now! It's a
bit late. I think I'm feeling
dizzy already - how soon does it
start?

MUTSHIDZI
Dizziness is not one of the
symptoms!

43 EXT. MOZAMBIQUE, BUZI VILLAGE, DEMOLISHED HOUSE -- DAY 43

AMERICANO comes bouncing up the pathway singing;

AMERICANO
There's a place,
where a kid without a cent,
Can grow up,
to be president.
Ah Yeah.
Americanos - Blue Jeans and Chinos,
Pepsi and Oreos...
Ah Yeah. Movies and heroes,
in the land of the free,
You can be what you wanna be.

As he reaches the gazebo MUTSHIDZI comes out to meet him...

MUTSHIDZI
You're alive!

AMERICANO
And I feel great!

MUTSHIDZI
Fantastic. Lets start administering
this vaccine.

First in the line is a GRANNY and and a 18 MONTH OLD CHILD
who take up a position in front of Mutt.

GRANNY
God bless you my child. Thank you
for saving our lives.

Mutt has a lump in her throat as she administers the first
injection...

44 EXT. MOZAMBIQUE, BUZI VILLAGE, TAVERN -- DAY 44

The Tavern is a temporary bamboo shelter, with a few roughly
nailed together tables and chairs.

In the one corner next to the bar is a really old television set. A few PATRONS are watching the news. The picture of the Journalist is slightly green, breaking up and dodgy, but the audio is clear.

45 EXT. MOZAMBIQUE, BUZI VILLAGE, DEMOLISHED HOUSE -- DAY 45

JOURNALIST (V.O.)

Many citizens of Mozambique have been waiting patiently in line for the arrival of new supplies of the vaccine. Biotech, a leading South African research and development company, finally came to the rescue with a fresh supply this morning. The community celebrated their vaccinations, in the knowledge that they would now be protected against the deadly disease.

NEWS FOOTAGE MONTAGE OVER THE ABOVE DIALOGUE

People lining up to get their vaccines.

Injections into flesh, with Biotech branding visible in the background.

Aerial view of flooding and devastation.

People sharing a laugh.

JOURNALIST (CONT'D)

The BioTech spokesman and field facilitator, Mutt Masindi told us about the cutting edge technology that made this all possible.

MUTT

Biotech has developed a 3D printer that allows us to manufacture vaccine on location. We will never run out of vaccine again. I'm proud to be part of a breakthrough that will revolutionise this kind of rescue mission in the future...

46 INT. CAPE TOWN, LONG STREET, CAT & DOG CAFE -- DAY 46

It is raining outside.

MAGHIEL, sits in the corner next to a window deep in thought, his double skinny caffe latte sits untouched on the table. Next to it, his open laptop shows his presentation from the "End of Days Conference". The presentation shows a Doomsday Clock counting down... time is running out.

Maghiel is looking out at...

47 EXT. CAPE TOWN, LONG STREET, CAT & DOG CAFE -- DAY 47

A MIELIE SELLER (40) sits under a large umbrella next to a brazier, roasting mielies.

Her two children - a BOY (8) and a GIRL (6) play in the rain with little boats made out of pieces of cardboard. Stick figures of animals are crudely drawn on the side. They put them into a little rivulet flowing towards a storm water drain.

They screech with laughter as the little boats storm down towards the drain and they run to catch them before they disappear.

48 INT. CAPE TOWN LONG STREET, MUTT AND DOG COFFEE - DAY 48

MAGHIEL smiles broadly at the children.

The sound of the BOY and GIRL playing outside permeate the room as MUTSHIDZI enters the cafe.

She sits down opposite him.

MUTSHIDZI

What was Mrs Noah's name?

Maghiel is jolted back to the present.

MAGHIEL

Naamah. The daughter of Lamech.

She indicates the Boy and Girl through the window...

MUTSHIDZI

Noah and Naamah building their boat, preparing for the end of the world!

MAGHIEL

Speaking about the end of the world, did you get a chance to think about the Doomsday presentations again?

Mutt nods no.

MUTSHIDZI

Humanity is doomed.

MAGHIEL

I've already ordered for you. Double Skinny latte?

MUTSHIDZI

Thanks. Just what I need.

The WAITRESS delivers a double skinny latte and Maghieal looks at the children pensively...

The sound of them playing outside permeates the room again as a PATRON opens the door and leaves.

MUTSHIDZI (CONT'D)

So what do you want to do about it?

MAGHIEL

Let's build an Ark. Or at least a life raft.

49 INT. MOZAMBIQUE, BUZI VILLAGE, OFFICE -- DAY

49

AMERICANA is injecting a deep orange liquid into an empty saline drip bag.

Not far away ALBERT is opening a bottle of Champagne, and MUTT along with a few members of the LOCAL SUPPORT TEAM.

Their celebrations are interrupted by Maghieal who is standing on a chair...

MAGHIEL

Attention please!

Everyone ignores him. He puts his fingers in his mouth and whistles loudly.

Now he's got everyones' attention.

MAGHIEL (CONT'D)

Good job everyone and well done. Over the last week this team has managed to print and administer 5000 vaccines at each clinic in the area. Saving many lives and bringing hope to the population of Mozambique.

Everybody claps.

MAGHIEL (CONT'D)

For the first time in history Biotech was able to print enough vaccines on site to cover the government shortage. This new use of technology will not only save lives and change the face of field hospitals in the future, but it's a game-changer for us.

Americano shouts out ...

AMERICANO
Who's ready for my Mango Phombe?

The crowd burst into a cheer and start to cue up at the row of orange saline bags.

Maghiel gives up and joins them.

American hands out medical beakers and the crowd fills them with the Phombe.

ALBERT
This is truly amazing. How'd you mix it?

AMERICANO
A little medical alcohol and some overripe mangos. Er... Maybe more than a little!

ALBERT
Where'd you find the mangoes?

AMERICANO
You don't wanna know! .

Americano suddenly feels dizzy and almost falls but he manages to hangs on the table.

ALBERT
Whoa buddy; are you okay?

Albert jumps in and helps him to sit in a chair.

AMERICANO
Yeah, I'm good.

Albert chuckles, grabs a waste-paper basket and places it between Americano's feet. American puts his head between his legs and hurls.

ALBERT
Must be all that sampling you did while you were mixing this stuff!

50 INT. CAPE TOWN, WATERFRONT FUN-FARE, THE BIG WHEEL -- DAY 50

MAGHIEL and MUTT are standing holding hands in the cue for the Big Wheel. They are eating ice cream cones.

MUTSHIDZI
No publicity is bad publicity. At least everyone now knows who Biotech is.

MAGHIEL

Ja.... But we have some high profile clients who might not be happy with the scrutiny we're attracting...

MUTSHIDZI

You really think the world cares about what's happening here at the tip of Africa?

MAGHIEL

Probably not...

They reach the front of the cue and Maghie is directed by the ATTENDANT to step into a bucket and sit. He drips some ice-cream onto his shirt as he does so, and pulls out a handkerchief to wipe away the mess.

The ATTENDANT pulls the steel bar locking them into place, and as the wheel starts turning Maghie reaches for Mutts' hand.

It's a rude awakening as his hand lands on a thick thigh.

He turns towards her only to find GENERAL PATTON in the seat beside him.

Maghie nearly jumps out the bucket in fright!

GENERAL PATTON

That was my reaction when I heard about all the publicity...

MAGHIEL

What did you do with Mutt? This is supposed to be a romantic, private moment!

GENERAL PATTON

The contract was supposed to be private.

MAGHIEL

Relax, General. No one knows we're working on your soldiers.

PATTON

It's only a fucking matter of time. Look at the attention this riot has created. If the piss-eyed protesters can get into your fucking so-called "secure" building, how am I supposed to believe that nobody knows about my soldiers?

MAGHIEL

It was only a low security area.

PATTON

... and what about the health and safety investigators?

MAGHIEL

Over-reacting will only draw attention where we don't want it. They'll find nothing. Let them do their job.

Their bucket has reached the top of the wheel and stopped.

PATTON

You do your fuckin' job... And make sure that they don't find anything. If they do, it's a fucking long way down.

Maghield looks down at Mutt standing next to the GENERALS ASSISTANT ... way down on the ground.

51 EXT. CAPE TOWN, NEW ROAD, BIOTECH LABS, BOARDROOM -- DAY 51

The walls are huge panes of glass, in one corner is a coffee machine. On the glass table next to it are mugs and glasses, with a dozen plastic bottles of biotech branded sparkling water in a glass-door mini fridge.

JERRY, JOACHIM, PRO-LIFER ONE and PRO-LIFER TWO are relaxing in the ergonomic bamboo chairs around the bamboo boardroom table.

JOACHIM

If he's not here in 5 minutes we're going!

Pro-lifer One gets up and goes across to the fridge...

PRO-LIFER ONE

Look at this. Pretentious bloody bamboo furniture and a fridge filled with toxic plastic!

JOACHIM

Typical corporate mentality...

MAGHIEL arrives and walks directly across to the fridge, takes a bottle of water for himself and...

MAGHIEL

Water any one?

MAGHIEL is met by a steely silence.

JOACHIM

Not from poisonous plastic. I
brought my own... in glass!

JOACHIM reaches into a ruck sack, extricates a glass bottle,
filled with water, opens it and takes a hearty swig.

JERRY

Let's dispense with the niceties
and deal with the matter at hand?
Did you read our letter?

MAGHIEL

No.

JERRY

Why not?

MAGHIEL

Because it's a waste of my time.

JOACHIM

I told you guys. Let's go!

JERRY

Wait. What do you mean ?

MAGHIEL

No, he's right. You should leave.
This whole meeting's a waste of
time. Mine and yours.

JOACHIM

Now listen here, you fuck...

JERRY

Come on guys, there's no need for
violence.

MAGHIEL

It's too late to say that now!
But I'll make this easy for you.
I accede.

He's taken the wind out of their sails!

MAGHIEL (CONT'D)

Now fuck off!

JOACHIM

Fucking coward!

JERRY

You accede to what?

MAGHIEL

We've found an alternative to
harvesting stem cells from a dead
foetus!

Maghiel deliberately places his bottle of water on the glass table and the clink of glass on glass cuts through the air.

52 INT. MOZAMBIQUE, BUZI VILLAGE, OFFICE -- DAY

52

AMERICANO is blowing his nose quietly into a wad of tissues behind the box that he is packing the last of the 3D printer parts into.

MUTSHIDIZI is sitting on a table chatting to him as he works.

MUTSHIDZI

You managed to vaccinate nearly 86 000 people and we ended up with just 743 people getting Cholera in this area.

Americano sneezes uncontrollably.

MUTSHIDZI (CONT'D)

Bless you.

AMERICANO

We broke the chain of the infections thanks to this 3D machine. Are you sure you can't leave it here?

MUTSHIDZI

Unfortunately not, but the way we handle this kind of emergency has changed forever.

AMERICANO

Thanks Mutt - you did a good thing.

MUTSHIDZI

You were a big part of it.

Americano wipes his nose again.

MUTSHIDZI (CONT'D)

Looks like the pressure of the last few weeks has caught up with you. Your immune system is stuffed. Make sure you get a flu-shot from the nurse this afternoon and go home and get some rest! You don't want to infect everyone with your flu.

AMERICANO coughs and nods.

53 INT. CAPE TOWN, COFFEE SHOP -- DAY

53

JERRY, ZINZI, JOACHIM, THEMBA, PRO-LIFER ONE and PRO-LIFER TWO are all sitting around the table.

JERRY

They're up to something. That was
too easy!

ZINZI

I'm not sure. Maybe we should
wait and see...

JOACHIM

I don't trust these mother-fuckers.
They'll make a mistake sooner or
later!

THEMBA

Let's both wait and watch. No
harm in doing some snooping around
while we wait.

The group considers the proposal...

JOACHIM

They think they've got us with
their 'surrender'. Let them think
we believe them and in the meantime
we'll quietly look around.

JERRY

Keep tabs on their movements.

ZINZI

Stake out the place.

THEMBA

Keep a record of everything.

JOACHIM

Do we still have a man on the inside
that can access their security
footage?

54 INT. CAPE TOWN, NEW ROAD, BIOTECH LABS, MAGHIEL'S OFFICE -- 54
DAY

At his desk and engrossed in a document, MAGHIEL is startled
by ROBERNEY who marches in excitedly without knocking.

ROBERNEY

You won't believe this.

Maghield continues to type...

MAGHIEL

Come right on in. Make yourself
at home!

ROBERNEY

You won't believe it.

Maghield stops typing and gives Roberney his full attention.

MAGHIEL

Try me?

ROBERNEY

The rocket won't fly far enough.

MAGHIEL

This we know. It's NOT a good thing?

ROBERNEY

Yes. I mean no. But it is good in
a way. There's a problem; that's
bad. We know what the problem is;
that's good.

MAGHIEL

And...?

ROBERNEY

Now we can start working on the
solution. We're half-way there!

MAGHIEL

So fifty percent of your solution
is identifying the problem.

ROBERNEY

Correct. The rocket needs too
much fuel.

MAGHIEL

Solution?

ROBERNEY

Use less fuel. Maybe. Or use
another type of fuel. Or ... we're
working on it.

Roberney breezes out of the office, leaving behind a
flummoxed Maghield.

55 **INT. BIOTECH LABORATORIES, SKIN CULTURE LAB -- NIGHT**

55

ALBERT is alone in the lab engrossed in his work. Earphones
cover his ears as he bops along to some music as he works.

He gets up and heads towards the walk-in fridge.

Seconds later he emerges carrying a test tube rack. We can read the label; "Stem Cells - Embryos".

He heads towards the Centrifuge machine and places the test tubes in it.

56 INT. CAPE TOWN, BIOTECH LABS, SECURITY OFFICE -- NIGHT 56

A bank of monitors fill one wall. SECURITY OFFICER ONE is sipping coffee and reading a book... glancing up occasionally.

On one of the screens we can see Albert as he switches the machine on and bops along to the music. In the corner of the screen is a flashing red dot with the word "Recording".

57 EXT. MOZAMBIQUE, BUZI VILLAGE, AMERICANOS' HUT -- DAY 57

One small hut amongst many in a crowded village. There is nothing special about it, except that the door is open.

58 INT. MOZAMBIQUE, BUZI VILLAGE, AMERICANOS' HUT -- DAY 58

Four rusted corrugated iron walls and a low roof. One door - no windows. Neat with a few clothes hanging on hangars in one corner. A plastic basin and a 25 litre plastic bottle of water on a box in another. At the base of the single bed a small table with a primus cooker, a small pot and a cooler box.

The door is open, allowing the light to spill onto GRANNY who is wiping the sweat from his forehead as AMERICANO lies on the bed shivering. Only a thin blanket covers him.

She reaches for a mug and pulling his head forward, tries to get him to drink some water...

GRANNY

You are burning up my boy. You must drink.

He is too weak and only wets his lips. She lets him lie back into the bed.

As he settles he breaths out and goes still... and she starts weeping.

59 INT. 19 THIRD STREET KILLARNEY, MUTSHIDZIS' BEDROOM -- NIGHT 59

MAGHIEL is in bed on his mobile phone. MUTSHIDZI is working on her I-Pad next to him.

MAGHIEL

Yes. Thank you for letting me
know. She's here with me.

Mutshidzi looks at him quizzically

MAGHIEL (CONT'D)

I'll tell her don't worry. I'm
really sorry to hear the news.

He finishes the call and puts the phone down.

Mutshidzi is waiting in anticipation...

MUTSHIDZI

What is it?

He gently takes the I-Pad from her, closes it and puts it down.

MUTSHIDZI (CONT'D)

What's going on?

MAGHIEL

Bad news.

MUTSHIDZI

What's happened?

MAGHIEL

Americano...

MUTSHIDZI

What about him?

Maghield looks at her, his eyes wander down and then he takes a deep breath...

MAGHIEL

He's dead.

MUTSHIDZI

No. There must be a mistake.

She can see in his face that there's no mistake.

MAGHIEL

No mistake.

MUTSHIDZI

Noooo!

Maghield takes her and holds her in his arms as she begins to sob uncontrollably.

60 INT. CAPE TOWN, NEW ROAD, BIOTECH LABS, MAGHIEL'S OFFICE -- 60
DAY

MUTSHIDZI

I'm going to Mozambique

MAGHIEL

Good idea.

MUTSHIDZI

I don't care what you say you can't
stop me!

MAGHIEL

I wont stop you.

She realises he's okay with it

MAGHIEL (CONT'D)

I want you to go

MUTSHIDZI

You do?

MAGHIEL

Yes.

MUTSHIDZI

Thank you.

She gives him a sustained hug and he whispers in her ear

MAGHIEL

... and while you're there I want
you to do something for me please.

She breaks physical contact, but he holds onto her firmly.

MAGHIEL (CONT'D)

You need to do a post-mortem.

She pulls away betrayed.

MAGHIEL (CONT'D)

If his death was anything to do
with our 3D vaccine we'll have a
catastrophe on our hands.

61 INT. CAPE TOWN, DODGY CITY PUB -- DAY

61

The place is dark, dingy and empty... except for MAGHIEL
on his I-pad in a booth towards the back.

A WAITRESS serves him a cup of coffee with a Croissant and
jam. She also delivers a glass with a double shot of
bourbon. He doesn't look up.

MAGHIEL

Thank you

She turns and leaves as an "out of uniform" GENERAL PATTON slips into the seat next to him. He puts his hand on Maghiels' leg and slides it up his thigh...

MAGHIEL (CONT'D)

What the F...!!?

As he looks up GENERAL PATTON's livid face is inches from his.

MAGHIEL instinctively drops the I-pad and jumps away from him as he starts his rant, backing up into the corner.

GENERAL PATON

What in Je-sus' fuck-ing arse is wrong with you van Dijk??!

MAGHIEL

What are you talking about?

GENERAL PATON

Idiots. I'm dealing with a fucking idiot!

General Patton downs the double bourbon as Maghield takes a moment to compose himself.

MAGHIEL

Come on General, if you just keep on calling me names I won't know what your problem is.

GENERAL PATON

It's your fucking problem! You and your useless fucking people. And those fucking protesters.

MAGHIEL

I spoke to them. That's been sorted.

GENERAL PATON

Like fuck! You've got your head up your own arsehole! It's all over the damn internet.

MAGHIEL

What?

He reaches for his I-Pad

GENERAL PATON

There are more fucking holes in
your security than there are in a
sieve! Fuckin' find out what's
going on in your own organisation!
And once you do, think about how
you're going persuade me not to
cancel this contract!!!

As MAGHIEL types the words "Biotech Laboratories" into Google News on the I-Pad, General Patton slides out and is gone as quietly as he arrived.

The top result reads; *"Proof that Biotech Murder More Babies"*, and below that is a string of similar headlines

MAGHIEL

(Under his breath)

Shit!

He takes a deep breath and clicks on the first story.

On his screen is interview footage of Joachim...

62 EXT. CAPE TOWN, BIOTECH LABS, EXTERIOR PARKING LOT -- DAY 62

EDITED VIDEO CLIP

JOACHIM

After promising that they would stop the abhorrent practice of harvesting stem cells from murdered babies, we have proof that they are lying. Again! The murder and rape of stem cells is still taking place!

The video clip cuts to overlay footage of the security camera capturing Albert in the Biotech Laboratory working with the test tubes of embryos, as his voice continues...

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

This footage was recorded early this morning inside Biotech Technologies. Dr Albert Stein, right hand man to CEO Maghieel van Dijk, is clearly harvesting stem cells from embryos!!!

63 INT. MOZAMBIQUE, BUZI VILLAGE, MORTUARY -- DAY 63

The small room has plastic sheeting on every wall, and in the centre is an aluminium table with the corpse of AMERICANO on it. He is mostly covered by a green linen sheet.

Standing next to the table, wearing a green apron, a face mask and gloves, are MUTSHIDZI and the MORTICIAN. The Mortician is holding two microscope slides, and Mutshidzi has her hands inside Americano' chest.

Mutshidzi carefully places a thin slice of flesh on one slide, and a large smear of blood on the other.

Together they walk across to a microscope on a table in the corner.

The Mortician adds a drop of purple Giemsa Stain to the blood smear from a small plastic bottle and places the slide into the microscope.

Mutshidzi leans in to look. She focusses the microscope.

We can see the slide. The malaria parasite is clearly visible in the purple cells.

She lifts her head and closes her eyes. Then she opens them and steps back...

MUTSHIDZI
What's that look like to you?

The Mortician looks at the slide.

MORTICIAN
Malaria.

MUTSHIDZI
To me too. Shit!

She is tearful.

MUTSHIDZI (CONT'D)
Of course it wasn't flu! How'd I miss it?

64 INT. CAPE TOWN, BIOTECH, ALBERTS' OFFICE - DAY

64

ALBERT is at his desk busy on his laptop.

MAGHIEL appears at the door.

MAGHIEL
Hey! We 're going to Yellowstone Park.

ALBERT
What?

MAGHIEL
Today. Go pack your bags... and don't forget your passport.

Maghield disappears down the corridor leaving Albert a little confused.

ALBERT
(shouts)
What for?

65 INT. MAGHIELS' JET, AIRBUS A318 ELITE -- DAY

65

The inside of the plane is plush. The lounge and dinning area is big enough to accommodate seven or eight people, and if you didn't know you were on a aeroplane you might think that you were in a luxury New York apartment.

On the one side of the aisle is a table and two chairs. The table is set, ready for a meal.

On the the other side of the aisle are two lazy boy type chairs with a desk between them. MAGHIEL is sitting in one, and a grumpy ALBERT in the other.

ALBERT
This better be worth it! I'm in
BIG poo with Elsa. Tonight was
date night!

MAGHIEL
We're looking for worms...

ALBERT
Great! A fishing trip!

An air-hostess, LIZ (23), serves them each a drink...

MAGHIEL
In a way. Thanks Liz. It's the
alternative to harvesting stem
cells.

Liz hands Albert a box of matches, which he empties on the table...

ALBERT
That's good. It'll get those bloody
pro-lifers off our back.

Albert starts to arrange the matches...

ALBERT (CONT'D)
So how are worms gonna help us?

MAGHIEL
These are no ordinary worms.
They're actually single cell
organisms...

Albert stops playing with the matches and looks up at Maghie... smiling...

ALBERT

So if we play with their DNA, they can be anything we want them to be...

66 INT. BOZEMAN YELLOWSTONE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, CUSTOMS -- 66 DAY

Customs looks like any other American customs entry hall at most USA airports, only a lot smaller than most, with more welcoming architecture and a lot of timber.

ALBERT and MAGHIEL are standing at a table with CUSTOMS OFFICIAL ONE and CUSTOMS OFFICIAL TWO.

Laid out in front of them are a few Petri dishes, some test tubes, a Jar of Nutrient Agar and two droppers. Next to these is a box labelled *Portable Battery Operated Incubator*.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL ONE

I don't care what you were told Sir. There's no way we can let you through with this scientific equipment.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL TWO

Without the correct paperwork we are forced to confiscate it Sir.

MAGHIEL

This is ridiculous. It's not like you don't have these in the US! We are scientists.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL ONE

Don't care if you're the Pope Sir. These are now officially ours.

Customs Official Two hands Maghie... and Albert their passports.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL TWO

Now that you can't do your science experiments anymore you'll have more time to enjoy the beauty of Yellowstone Park.

67 INT. BOZEMAN YELLOWSTONE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, COFFEE SHOP -- NIGHT 67

The coffeeshop is almost empty. MAGHIEL, ALBERT and COWBOY, are gathered around a table in the corner, looking at a

small portable incubator. LIZ and a PILOT are sitting at a table near them.

MAGHIEL

How the hell are we going to get this lot onto the plane Albert?

COWBOY

You boys better pay up now. I only agreed to deliver these critters to you. The transportation is your baby!

Maghiel hands him a fat brown envelope. He looks inside and then puts it into an inside jacket pocket.

COWBOY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna need to take the machine with me.

A WAITRESS arrives with two plastic cups of steaming hot coffee. Maghiel gives her some cash.

MAGHIEL

Keep the change.

ALBERT

(to Maghiel)

Don't drink it.

MAGHIEL

What? Why not?

Albert quickly fetches two empty used plastic coffee cups from Liz and the Pilot. They follow him over to the table.

He pours half the coffee into them and he now has four half cups of hot coffee.

The others watch him as he opens the incubator and pours the red slush into the hot coffee filling up all four cups

ALBERT

Okay. I see your plan.

COWBOY

Good luck there pardners!

Cowboy grabs the machine and leaves.

MAGHIEL

Okay we each carry a cup on board with us. Don't drink the stuff whatever you do.

LIZ

What if they stop us?

PILOT

It'll be a first. We always walk
through customs with a cup of
coffee.

LIZ

That's true. Just run it through
the machine with your bag.

68 INT. CAPE TOWN, NEW ROAD, BIOTECH LABS, SKIN CULTURE LAB -- 68
DAY

MAGHIEL, ALBERT and MUTSHIDZI are standing around an
assortment of Petri dishes that are carefully placed under
an array of red infra-red lamps.

The three look miserable and their energy levels are low...

MUTSHIDZI

They're all dying and I don't know
why.

MAGHIEL

We need an experienced someone
with a proper understanding of
doing high temperature biology
under lab conditions.

ALBERT

Maybe it's not the lab conditions.
Maybe we damaged them before we
got them here.

MUTSHIDZI

Why what happened on the way here?

MAGHIEL

We're not very good smugglers.

MUTSHIDZI

Did you keep the temperatures above
fifty degrees Celsius?

Maghield and Albert look at each other

MAGHIEL

We did our best

MUTSHIDZI

All the time?

ALBERT

It's possible that we let it drop
below that...

MAGHIEL

... but not for long.

MUTSHIDZI

Maghiel?

MAGHIEL

Well it wasn't easy without the
right equipment. We had to be
innovative.

MUTSHIDZI

Out with it!

ALBERT

We kept transferring the bloody
things from hot coffee to hot water
to keep the temperature up.

MAGHIEL

It was a 14 hour flight... the air-
hostess was suspicious.

ALBERT

It may have dropped below the
recommended level at some point

MUTSHIDZI

The constant change in temperature
could also have an effect.

MAGHIEL

It wasn't easy. This is never
going to work. We've gotta talk
to Rebecca. If we're going to do
this, we need to do it right.

Mutshidizi is not enthusiastic

MUTSHIDZI

Okay. Call her.

MAGHIEL

Now?

ALBERT

Maybe in a few hours Mutt. It's 2
AM over there now!

69 INT. CAPE TOWN, BO-KAAP, ALBERTS' APARTMENT -- DAY

69

An alarm clock shows 05h30. The cell phone next to it rings. A hand reaches out and a finger silences the ring by answering. The hand fumbles as it picks up the phone.

REBECCA puts it to her ear. We see the image of ALBERT.

REBECCA
(half-asleep)
This better bloody be important!

ALBERT
(face time)
We need your help, Rebecca.

REBECCA
Who are you?

ALBERT
(face time)
It's Albert Stein.

Rebecca rubs her eyes and looks at the screen properly. In the background of Alberts picture is the Biotech Logo on his office wall.

REBECCA
Albert Stein... from Biotech?

Rebecca sits up - awake now.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
I'm listening.

ALBERT
We need your help.

REBECCA
I can't get involved in abortion
theft.

ALBERT
What?

REBECCA
It's all over social media: "South
African company Biotech harvesting
stem cells"

ALBERT
That's not the full story!

REBECCA
Doesn't matter. Can't help! Sorry.

ALBERT

Please, Rebecca. You're the only
one that can help.

REBECCA

I can't get involved, but I'm sure
you'll figure it out. Good luck
though.

Rebecca hangs up, leaving Albert with nothing to go on
with.

70 EXT. YELLOWSTONE PARK, REBECCAS' APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY 70

MAGHIEL is walking towards the door as he looks down the
road and sees a figure coming towards him on a bicycle.
He pauses as he watches REBECCA get closer. She comes to a
stop outside the entrance to the building right next to
Maghiel.

REBECCA

Mike.

She's surprised but smiling.

MAGHIEL

Becca. Nice to see you. Can we
talk?

REBECCA

I've already gave my answer to
your friend Albert. I can't get
involved.

MAGHIEL

Whatever you heard it isn't even
the tip of the iceberg. I need
you...

She's not buying it.

MAGHIEL (CONT'D)

To help us save mankind.

Rebecca laughs.

REBECCA

You're saving mankind by harvesting
stem cells?

MAGHIEL

No. No aborted foetuses! I
understand how it looks. But it's
all half truths and social media
hype.

Rebecca looks at Maghield. Distrust in her eyes.

MAGHIEL (CONT'D)

You are the best chance we have
right now to do this without stem
cells.

She's curious

REBECCA

Do what?

MAGHIEL

We need some of your single cell
microbe worms...

Rebecca is still suspicious

MAGHIEL (CONT'D)

Please?

REBECCA

(reluctantly and
calculating)

Okay I'm intrigued. But I want
in. It's a package deal. Me and
the worms...

71 INT. YELLOWSTONE PARK, RESEARCH PERMIT OFFICE -- DAY

71

The open plan office has looked the same for 50 years.

The walls are covered in book shelves filled with books,
photos and drawings.

Papers are piled up on the desks scattered around the room
and uniformed rangers are moving around like busy worker
bees.

At one of the desks REBECCA is talking to SAM

REBECCA

Thanks for fast-tracking the
permits Sam.

SAM

I've added them to your list of
"approved" assistant researchers.
Their CV's are impressive. You
all have access to the springs for
the week starting tomorrow. Is
that long enough?

She hands Rebecca a printed permit and some pamphlets

REBECCA

Perfect thanks. In exchange for this personalised field trip and my "evolution of archaea" data, they've agreed to collaborate and sponsor all the lab time I need next year.

SAM

Another step towards world domination for you and the "Marsarchaeota" microbe.

Rebecca smiles.

72 EXT. YELLOWSTONE PARK, ROAD TO GIBBON CANYON -- DAY 72

The beauty of Yellowstone Park is breath-taking and abundant.

A pick-up truck travels along the road and turns at a sign that says "Norris Geyser Basin"

73 INT. YELLOWSTONE PARK, ROAD TO NORRIS GEYSER BASIN, PICK- 73
UP TRUCK -- DAY

REBECCA is driving, ALBERT and MAGHIEL are also in the front seat. Maghiel is reading a "Thermal Area Safety" pamphlet.

REBECCA

I'm taking you to Echinus, it's the largest acid water geyser in the world. Recently its' eruptions have been unpredictable and has been closed to the general public.

ALBERT

Why Echinus?

REBECCA

The geothermal microaerobic oxide mats here provide the perfect habitat for our single cell friends.

74 EXT. YELLOWSTONE PARK, ECHINUS GEYSER -- DAY 74

The geyser pool is impressive and colourful, surrounded by huge trees and a wooden public walkway.

REBECCA, ALBERT and MAGHIEL stand mesmerised as they watch the geyser pool. Rebecca hands them each a sandwich and soft drink, they open the wrappers and start eating.

MAGHIEL

So how long do we wait?

REBECCA
Till she blows.

ALBERT
How long is that?

REBECCA
How long is a piece of string?

Albert reaches into the cooler box and takes out a very large packet of salt. He tears open a corner and takes a pinch between two fingers which he sprinkles onto his sandwich.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Sorry 'bout that. Didn't have a salt cellar available.

He shares the salt with them.

Suddenly the liquid bubbles violently and shoots a geyser of steaming liquid into the air. Maghiel grabs his cellphone and starts taking video footage...

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Doesn't matter how many times I see it, it's still awesome!

The eruption is short lived, and Rebecca shoves the rest of her sandwich into her mouth...

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Eat up fellas we gotta go to work.

They wolf down the last of their sandwiches as Rebecca takes a metal scoop and a pot out of the cooler box. She hands them to Albert, and hands the wax paper from her sandwich to Maghiel.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Gather up all the trash, in fact everything except the Wonderbag, and put it into that trash can over there. Let's go Albert!

Maghiel starts to clean up as REBECCA ducks under the wooden railing next to a "Keep on the Pathway" sign.

Albert follows with the scoop and pot.

Maghiel watches them as they cautiously walk along the edge of the crust on the side of the bubbling, steaming green-red pool.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Step carefully. The ground here
is unstable and very fragile.

Rebecca stops at a particularly rusty red section of the liquid and turns to accept the scoop and pot from Albert.

She squats and quickly half fills the pot with liquid. This is followed by three generous helpings of the geothermal oxide microbial mat.

She hands the pot to Albert, who doesn't use the handles and burns his hands

ALBERT

Fuck!

REBECCA

Careful it's hot!

ALBERT

Bit late to tell me now thank you...

She smiles as he puts the lid on it.

REBECCA

Into the Wonderbag. Quick!

Albert rushes back and places the pot into the Wonderbag, covers it and closes the cooler box. Pleased with his work he has a satisfied grin on his face.

ALBERT

(softly to Maghie)

Now this is how you do it!

Rebecca is still making her way back slowly.

MAGHIEL

(softly to Albert)

We didn't have a clue last time,
did we?!

REBECCA

Last time?

They ignore her question.

Maghie dumps the left-overs and trash that he is still holding into the wire trash can. First in, is the large bag of salt, followed by the wax paper and cold drink cans.

No one notices as some of the salt spills out and onto the ground in a slow steady stream.

MAGHIEL

Let's go.

Albert bends over to pick up the cooler box and a box of matches falls out of his pocket - he doesn't notice. Rebecca does and picks them up.

REBECCA

Careful boys. This is how fires start!

She pockets the box as they start making their way down the walkway back towards the car park.