

BLACK SCREEN. SECURITY ALARM RINGS CONTINUOUSLY. BANGING AND CONTINUOUS SHOUTING.

FADE IN:

SUPER: HQ - COMMAND ROOM (HEAVEN) 1/APRIL/2200

INT. HQ - COMMAND ROOM - DAY

A curved room, futuristic technology is integrated with the metallic structure and features; remotely operated holographic machinery, VR interfaces, and levitation devices. A computer screen flashes the date 1 APRIL 2200

There are two large, metallic and glass, spaceship-like doors; one is marked 'EAST', the other 'WEST'. They are separated by two panoramic windows.

EAST DOOR - MONTAGE

1. A hydraulic door swooshes open.
2. A male's bloody hand reaches into the room and grips the door frame.
3. His debilitated figure, in combat gear and a mask, fights his own imminent death in a last, feeble attempt to stand up in the door opening. He shudders and pants.
4. He looks up with disorientated eyes to see, now in abnormally slow motion, a round, inner structure that consists of glass.

END MONTAGE

It has two openings and three desks, positioned around the room's core.

There is a solitary LITTLE GIRL (5), who wears angel wings. Her shaky legs are wet from her loss of control over her bladder. There is a steamy yellow puddle below her feet. She gasps and whoops hysterically from uncontrollable fear.

Beyond her, an enraged revolutionary army of heavily armed, scarred and fit combat veterans beat against a door, which is marked 'WEST'.

The little girl's eyes desperately fix on the masked man. Her lips form words, but no sound is heard.

LITTLE GIRL
(mouths)
Daddy? It's you, or...

The shouts and bangs from the revolutionaries interrupt her confused whisper.

LITTLE GIRL - P.O.V. - MASKED MAN

SECURITY ALARM. BANGING. SHOUTING

With his last, feeble strength he staggers towards a desk. The circles of his dripped blood weep behind him, as he half-crawls to his final destination.

LITTLE GIRL (cont'd)
(desperately)
Daddy?

He types, as if he creates invisible letters in the air. A wider angle shows his frenetic operation of a brilliantly lit, holographic device.

The hologram displays a question:

COMPLETE SYSTEM RESET? YES / NO

The little girl continues to belt out desperate wails.

The masked man selects 'YES' on the hologram's invisible deck. The hologram requests a password. 'DOGNUS MAI' flashes across the screen. The cursor flickers and awaits confirmation.

The little girl scrubs angrily at her eyes. She flails her arms out to the sides.

LITTLE GIRL (cont'd)
(frustrated)
DAD!..DAD!..DADDY?

EXT - HQ - WEST DOOR - SAME

The leader, ADDO(40), of the revolutionaries, sports heavy gold jewelry and embossed combat gear. He raises his fist triumphantly; the ragged combat veterans behind him calm down.

He signals the masked man to proceed with the hologram's sequence.

LITTLE GIRL - P.O.V.

The masked man staggers and is barely able to stand. Blood pools around his feet. He tears at his masks. His face is distorted with shattered images behind the projected hologram.

He pauses and circles his heart with a balled fist; he signals "sorry".

LITTLE GIRL
It IS you! Come!

Her two arms form hooks, with her entreating hands wide open.

The man in the mask signals to the young girl. He points to his heart and rubs it. He points to her and embraces his own shoulders.

MASKED MALE - P.O.V.

The hologram's cursor pulsates at the end of the already typed 'DOGNUS MAI', in sync with the dying man's heartbeat.

His outstretched hand presses enter. The synchronized heartbeat with the cursor slows and stops. Complete silence.

The little girl and the man slide dreamily and slowly to the floor.

She lies there on her side, eyes open but unseeing. A tear rolls from her eye, down her face.

The victorious rebels celebrate behind her. The masked man's lips barely form the words that are seen, but not completely heard.

DOGNUS MAI
Now we'll be together. Always.

There is one last thud of his heart and his eyes close.

EXT - HQ - WEST DOOR - SAME

ALARMS CONTINUE TO RING

The well-lit corridor which leads onto the large, metallic, glass door reflects the images of the crowd of men who parade around, in blood-soaked, lusty celebration.

Addo stands, poised in ceremonial silence. He lowers his head and presses his hand up against the glass door. The crowd of men around him fall silent, in awe. A tattoo on his hand reads "THE RISING".

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LIFELESS BARREN OUTLAND - DAY

SUPER: THE OUTLAND (EARTH) 2/APRIL/2175

The sun blazes in the distance. Heat ripples through the dry air as a drone POV flies over miles of red dirt and sporadic patches of green. No signs of wildlife appear anywhere.

A large fleet of heavily armored vehicles travels across a dusty terrain, in formation. At the center is featured a uniquely armored Artic lorry. At the head of the procession is a large truck with a cow catcher.

INT. COW CATCHER TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY

The wipers of the truck flick back and forth with ferocious speed. They knock the frames of the windscreen, which displays monotonous views of boundless, red landscape.

A sonar-type navigation device, mounted on the dashboard, pings as it picks something up. The device speaks in a ghostly, disembodied tone.

GPS (V.O.)
Destination alpha ahead, 500 yards.

EXT. LIFELESS BARREN OUTLAND - SAME

As they break formation, the vehicles begin to shudder in the rough terrain, slow and trail one another.

GPS (V.O.)
You have arrived at point alpha.

The vehicles quiver to a stop. Swirled red dust whistles, like banshees, around them.

Red dirt crashes against an invisible structure, and forms a wall of carmine at the foot of the nothingness.

INT. COW CATCHER TRUCK - SAME

A small opening in the invisible wall suddenly appears; it grows in height and width. Red dirt is sucked into the void of the wall.

The driver's parched mouth coughs into a radio device.

COW TRUCK DRIVER (O.S.)

(ADDO)

Lights on. And remember, make it to the neutral zone, or it's just you and Jesus. Copy?

VARIOUS VOICES (O.S.)

(various confirmations)

Copy. Right. Yess-ir.

EXT. LIFELESS BARREN OUTLAND - SAME

Drone POV, one-by-one, the vehicles drive into the void and disappear, as if by magic, into a shimmering force field.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

SUPER: DOWNTOWN

The convoy snaps into an altered landscape.

A ceiling of purple clouds pervades the skies. Overwhelming sounds of destruction and chaos dominate the environment of the built-up city area.

The top of a road sign reads DOWNTOWN; below that, the graffitied-over words, "TRADE CENTER". 2 MILES.

The fleet vehicles pass under the sign.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LANE - SAME

The cow truck bulldozes its way through the city streets, and crashes through a myriad of abandoned vehicles, like an apocalyptic vision of a frozen-in-time, hellish world, as it clears a path for the trailing vehicles.

COW TRUCK DRIVER (O.C.)

(ADDO)

Wooooo. Ha, ha, ha!

MONTAGE - FAST SERIES OF PROGRESSIVE SHOTS

1. In a rage, desperate locals throw objects at the marauding vehicles.

2. A small jeep at the tail end of the fleet is hit with a petrol bomb, which engulfs the windscreen.

3. The jeep hits a stationary vehicle in the road. It loses control and speeds towards a crowd of terrified people.

4. The members of the crowd run in all directions, like cornered rats.

5. An elegantly dressed woman, AVA (50), stands still and silent; she is fearless.

6. She looks down at her belly. She cradles her baby bump and smiles.

7. Her lab coat reads "PROF. AVA MAI".

END MONTAGE

CUT TO:

INT. HQ - COMMAND ROOM - NIGHT

FLASHBACK - BRILLIANT RED

WHITE NOISE

Two people, a younger, non-pregnant Ava, and DAVID (50), sit at desks around a holographic monitoring system in the room's center. The center of the system flashes the date - 6 JUNE 2175

DAVID
(frustrated)
Really, Ava! Can a women as young as yourself really think so primitively?

A scruffy-looking, elderly man encroaches Ava's desk. He wears corduroy pants, a tightly tucked t-shirt, and a long lab coat, comically, a size too big.

Ava sits back in her seat, draws either side of her lab coat over her chic attire, folds her arms and looks up at him.

AVA
Should a man as young as YOU... really look so prehistoric?

She smirks sarcastically.

DAVID
(annoyed)
Oh, grow up, Ava!

David is uncomfortable; he withdraws from the conversation towards another desk.

DAVID (cont'd)
Everyone knows, you're only as old as
you...

DAVID AVA
...Feel Feel...

AVA (cont'd)
Is that what you tell yourself every
morning?

Ava chuckles to herself.

A displeased David plonks himself into a seat.

AVA (cont'd)
It's a good thing anyway...

David ignores her.

DR MATTHEW CARSON (O.S.)
Whatsa good thing?

A casually dressed male, late 30's, wearing hippy-style jewellery, rolls in on his state-of-the-art wheelchair.

Ava chuckles to her thoughts.

DR MATTHEW CARSON (O.C.)
Oh, come on! The suspense is killing
me.

He pulls up behind a desk, and repositions himself to sit with his legs wide open.

Ava continues to chuckle. She tries and fails to compose herself. Her speech is interrupted with snorts of amusement.

AVA
David just said, you're only as young
as you feel.

An excited, slightly confused Matthew looks over at David, who returns a look of exasperation.

AVA (cont'd)
So I said, It's a good thing! Because
GOD knows, if it were based on
looks...

DAVID
 (angered)
 Your... "GOD"
 also knows that you wouldn't have
 achieved any of this paradise without
 me.

AVA
 Nor you, without me

A POP sound echoes from Matthew's direction. He holds a small packet, which crunches loudly in his fist; he is visibly amused.

DR MATTHEW CARSON
 Sorry, but this needs popcorn.

David slams his fists down on the desk with fury; he launches his body up out of his seat.

DAVID
 Grow up, Carson!

DR. MATTHEW CARSON
 (bitter, resigned)
 Oh, yeah.
 Pick on the cripple.
 How original!

Ava gets up from her desk and approaches David. She pushes her hands down, repeatedly, as she tries to defuse the situation.

The Dr. speaks in a mock, ghostly, Shakespearean tone.

DR MATTHEW CARSON
 Oh, mighty David, who slayeth
 Goliath!

DAVID
 You biblical junkies make me sick!

Ava subtly uses her body to block David's view of his victim.

AVA
 (to David)
 Hey! What's really going on in that
 insanely compulsive head of yours?

DR MATTHEW CARSON (O.S.)
 He's having another, mid-to-end life
 crisis love.

David peers over Ava's shoulder; he locks eyes with Matthew.

AVA
Ignore him.

David turns his attention to Ava.

DAVID
Ava, in the next board meeting...

AVA
(interrupts)
Wow, David. Really? This again?
That's what this is?

Ava flounces through a glass opening and stops by a mammoth, panoramic window. A disgruntled David stalks behind her.

Matthew speaks in his usual abbreviated, spat-out style of percussive syllables.

DR MATTHEW CARSON
Whaja call it again?
Oh, yes!
Bi-nano-technology!

Matthew smirks with malicious delight.

DAVID
No, you blithering idiot!
It's a synergistic combination of bio
and nano technology...Actually!

DR MATTHEW CARSON
Binanotechnology. That's pretty much
what I said.

Matthew parks his wheelchair under his desk. He places both of his arms on the surface, and puts down his head.

DR MATTHEW CARSON (cont'd)
Either way it's boring.

DAVID
(to Ava)
You don't know how it feels to watch
your entire life's work go to waste.

AVA
Go to waste? David, look around you!

Ava and David look down at the boundless landscape of Heaven, and the colorful night life, which consists of various types of moving vehicles that morph into different shapes and sizes.

INT. HQ - COMMAND ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) (CONT'D)

AVA
Because of you, we're suspended
hundreds of miles in the sky.

Matthew speaks in a mock, commercial announcer's tone of voice.

DR MATTHEW CARSON (O.S.)
BI-NANO-TECHNOLOGY

AVA
We have remotely operated carrier
vessels that transform into any
vehicle imaginable.

DR MATTHEW CARSON (O.S.)
(emphasis)
BI-NANO-TECHNOLOGY

AVA
And we live in these remotely
operated, interchangeable pods that
can relocate to any destination
desired, all completely interactive
and individually designed due to our
implants.

Ava inspects her hands. Front and back.

AVA (cont'd)
Which you designed.

DR MATTHEW CARSON (O.S.)	AVA
BI-NANO...	(irritated)
	Matty! Okay! We get it!
	BINANOTECHNOLOGY!

A surprised Matthew pops upright in his wheelchair.

DR MATTHEW CARSON
(to David)
Ha, ya'see. That's called effective
marketing.

DAVID
 (to Matthew)
 You really are a childish invalid.

Matthew returns a gesture that looks like a 'WWE Crotch Chop'.

DAVID (cont'd)
 Think what we can become, Ava.
 Imagine what we'll achieve with
 subtle upgrades.

A less enthusiastic Matthew slumps over his desk.

He speaks again in his bizarre "Matthew-speak".

DR MATTHEW CARSON
 I'm thinking...bionic. No!
 Cyborg. No!
 Yes. Defo, yes.
 One hundred percent yes.
 Extinct. Definitely extinct.

DAVID
 The only thing extinct is your
 imagination.

Ava abruptly interrupts.

AVA
 David, haven't you seen Earth?
 People and their idiotic need to
 improve on God's creations is why
 we're faced with extinction today.

David shakes his head with disappointment.

DAVID
 Why are your religious views holding
 us back?

AVA
 They're not. I'm just holding YOU
 back, David.

DAVID
 (shocked)
 Oh, REALLY! How uncompromising!

Again, Ava inspects her hands. She balls two fists.

AVA
 I've done enough compromising. It's
 your turn.

DAVID
Where did your trust go, Ava?

Ava turns her back on David.

The 'EAST' door is ahead of her.

AVA
No one fully trusts you, David. Not
even...yourself.

Matthew presses two fingers against his mouth, to avoid a chuckle. His cheeks are puffed out and his eyes bulge. A tiny bit of air escapes through his fingers.

AVA (cont'd)
That's why the BOARD made *me* Alpha
and *you* Beta.
And so long as I retain their trust,
I will always. Run. This. Ship.

Silence engulfs the room. Ava's heels echo as she strides towards the door; her shoes hammer a click-clack, click-clack.

Matthew waves his hand like an overeager school child. Ava motions to him like an annoyed teacher.

DR MATTHEW CARSON
Erm, does that make me the Omega?

Ava ignores his last comment and finishes her exit.

Awkwardly, Matthew draws one leg up and places it over the other, in an attempt to feel secure. He mutters to himself.

DR MATTHEW CARSON (cont'd)
Yep. Definitely Omega.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN LANE - NIGHT - LATER

A JEEP HORN SOUNDS CONTINUOUSLY. The streets, infested with people. They scavenge what they can from the crashed vehicle.

Ava lies on the ground. The purple sky is above her. Onlookers jeer and chant, sarcastically.

ONE VOICE (O.S.)
Welcome to Earth!

SECOND VOICE (O.S.)
Fell out of paradise into the
crapper!

THIRD VOICE (O.S.)
Not so comfy down here, is it love?

A scruffy TRAMP (75), withered and dirty-looking, approaches
Ava's body.

TRAMP
(sarcastically)
Oooh, girl. You be all messed up now,
huh. Well...welcome to Earth!

The man walks off with a wheezy cackle.

Another man, JAMES JACKSON (50), tall, lean, clean-shaven,
kneels besides Ava.

JAMES JACKSON
Don't worry, my dear. You're gonna be
just fine, ok?

He visually inspects her with a doctor's eyes. He moves
closer and gently palpates her back with his hand.

JAMES JACKSON (cont'd)
Can you feel that?

AVA
No.

JAMES JACKSON
And how about that?

AVA
No.

He draws back Ava's coat. He notices the baby bump.

JAMES JACKSON
Okay. So here's what we're gonna do.

James begins to unpack his medical bag.

JAMES JACKSON (cont'd)
My name is Dr. James Jackson. I'm a
certified neurosurgeon.

Ava interrupts.

AVA
(exhausted)
James? Please. Just save my child.

James nods with sympathy.

JAMES JACKSON
Just stay with me, and you'll even
get to see him.

Ava closes her eyes and smiles with relief.

JAMES JACKSON (cont'd)
Ava. You have quadriplegia, which is
both good and bad at this point.
You're not going to be running any
more marathons from now on, but you
won't feel any pain during the birth
either.

James turns Ava onto her back. He takes off his jacket and
his shirt, and forms a cradle with them inside his medical
bag.

He picks up a scalpel.

JAMES JACKSON (cont'd)
Ava? I'm starting now, ok? All you
have to do is relax and stay focused
on my voice.

James skillfully cuts into Ava's abdomen. Ava blanches, and
her eyes flicker weakly.

AVA
His name is Dognus.

JAMES JACKSON
Dognus? Oh, you mean Douglas.

AVA
No! Dognus. Dognus Mai.

JAMES JACKSON
Dognus Mai? It's unique, I guess.

Ava's mouth forms a private, secretive smile.

JAMES JACKSON (cont'd)
I hope you don't mind my asking, but
how does someone like you end up in
this garbage heap with us?

Ava jerks into a catatonic state; her eyelids become rigid as she sees everything in brilliant red.

FLASHBACK

INT. HQ - BOARDROOM - DAY - THREE DAYS EARLIER

Eight board members sit on a suspended floor. The room is abnormally dark.

Their images are ethereal and shapeless.

A miniature version of Ava and David stand on a podium in the room's center, next to a digital calendar that reads DATE - 2200 - HEAVEN'S SYSTEMS ALL GREEN.

AVA

I know how it looks. I just need the time to prove my innocence. That's all I ask.

THE BOARD

(unison, ethereal)

Proving your innocence doesn't change the law. You do understand?

AVA

I understand the law, but I must make sense of all this.

DAVID

Make sense of it? Oh, dear Ava. You became complacent and thought you were above all of us.

Ava is taken aback.

AVA

(to David)

I'm sorry. Is there something gnawing at your conscience?

DAVID

Unless you're the Virgin Mai. I mean, Mary, carrying the Son of God. Then it's obvious what has happened.

AVA

Since when do *you* reference the Bible? But more importantly, I've not opened these legs to anyone since my husband's death. Let that be clear.

DAVID
So you admit it?

AVA
Admit what exactly?

David smiles in a self-satisfied, narcissistic way.

DAVID
That you performed IVF using...

Ava bites off her bitter response.

AVA
Using what? Preserved semen? That thought alone makes me hurl. And I'm not sure what you're attempting to insinuate, but you're pathetic!

THE BOARD
(unison)
These are serious accusations. And without evidence.

David types away at the hologram.

DAVID
A report only takes one second. It will reveal whether my hunch is wrong, or...

The hologram projects an image of a file.

DAVID (cont'd)
Right.

The report reads:

-MISSING ITEM - SEMEN (HUMAN)
-BLOOD TYPE - 'O'
-DONOR - GODFREE MAI
-DATE - ...?
-TIME - ...?
-AUTHORISED BY - PROFESSOR AVA MAI

Ava looks at the board. She is unamused.

AVA
Really? Godfree, my DECEASED husband
is the father?

THE BOARD
(unison)
You deny these accusations?

AVA
Not only do I deny them.
(to David)
But that's impossible without the
command room flagging an alert.

DAVID
I doubt it's impossible for the
founder, Professor Ava Mai.

David loads some security footage. It confirms Ava's crimes.

THE BOARD
(unison)
We are disappointed. And you leave us
no choice...

Ava interrupts, furiously.

AVA
That's not ME! That's an artificial
alteration of the file.
Just think. Where are the reports on
my surgery? How was the command room
not alerted of major changes in my
vital signs?

She stamps her foot in rage.

AVA (cont'd)
This is clearly a fabrication.

DAVID
Fabrication?

AVA
Don't talk to me, you lying schemer!

DAVID
To me, it smells like desperation.
Godfree left. You were hurt. He died
and you felt guilty for choosing your
career over a family. It get it.

AVA

Oh, hell no! You're passing your place now, so I strongly suggest you stop talking, right now!

DAVID

I'm surprised. You really thought you could bring him back, didn't you?

AVA

Listen here, you narcissistic, power-hungry, shriveled-up, good-for-nothing devil!
Your major talent is your ability to spin the truth into a pile of dog crap. Now, stop talking. Before you step in it.

DAVID

(excited)

There it is. Your true colours, shining in all their glory. That's probably why Godfrey left.

Ava fires a 'Spartan kick' to David's chest. In abnormally slow motion, he seems to sail off the podium. He smirks in triumphant tranquillity as he floats through the sky.

Ava leaps off of the podium and towers over David. She balls up her fist.

Like lions, the members of the board bellow their disapproval.

THE BOARD

(unison)

AVA!!!

Ava hesitates and freezes. She turns and looks to the board.

AVA

He...I...

Ava's head sinks to her chest. Her hand covers her face in embarrassment at being caught in David's trap. She lets out one short, bitter laugh.

AVA (cont'd)

I accept my fate.

Ava looks down at David who lies across the floor, propped up on one elbow. He continues to smile in triumph, as she turns to address him.

AVA (cont'd)
 You made your move. Good on you. So
 that's CHECK. Correct?

David shrugs his shoulders in pretend confusion.

AVA (cont'd)
 Well, the next move is mine. The
 queen is the most important piece on
 the board. Let's take away your false
 face mask.

She speaks the last line in bitter, percussive triumph.

THE BOARD
 (unison)
 Do you have proof of a conspiracy?

Ava shakes her head negatively.

AVA
 No.

THE BOARD
 Then we have no choice. The law
 states...

Ava interrupts.

AVA
 I know the law. I helped you CREATE
 it. Remember?

THE BOARD
 (unison)
 Ava, you have 72 hours to say your
 goodbyes.
 You will be under 24hr surveillance
 until you descend to Earth. You are
 forbidden from doing the following...

FLASH FORWARD

BACK TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN LANE - NIGHT - CONTINUED

The jeep's horn continues to sound.

James holds Ava's baby over her open abdomen. He makes a
 short, deft surgical cut. The baby's face screws up as if he
 cries, but no sound is heard.

JAMES JACKSON

It's a boy!

James gently places the bloody baby in the manger formed by his unfolded jacket. The baby sinks into the bag.

James wipes the baby's head with his shirt and folds the jacket over. He zips the bag, so that only the baby's face can be seen.

A CRAZY WOMAN (30), comes out of nowhere. She is scruffy, edgy and places a knife at James's throat.

CRAZY WOMAN (O.S.)

Give me that food!

The crazy woman licks her lips as she looks at the baby.

CRAZY WOMAN

I said, give it to me! Give me my supper!

The knife digs deeper into James's neck. Blood trickles down his neck.

JAMES JACKSON

(calmly)

Please. The mother is dying.

The crazy woman stares at a motionless Ava with complete indifference.

JAMES JACKSON (cont'd)

Let her see the baby, at least.

The crazy woman has a mental battle with herself. Then she pushes the knife even deeper.

CRAZY WOMAN

(shouts)

I said...give it to me! Now!

A black woman, MRS. JACKSON (50), in a long dress and cardigan, stands in fear. She holds towels and a long coat.

MRS JACKSON (O.S.)

Please, James. Just give it to her.

James hesitates.

MRS JACKSON

(emphatically)

Please James. Please.

Reluctantly, he lets go of the bag. The crazy woman snatches it up, runs down a dark alley, and disappears.

JAMES JACKSON
(to Mrs Jackson)
Quickly! Bring me those towels!

Blood pumps out of Ava's stomach as James reaches into the incision.

JAMES JACKSON (cont'd)
There is...another child...inside of her.

Mrs Jackson opens a towel and places it on the Dr.'s lap.

JAMES JACKSON (cont'd)
Open the towels.
When I cut open the amniotic sack,
you must pick the child up with a
fresh towel.
Then you must wrap him up, carefully.
Okay, honey?

She nods.

MRS JACKSON
One of the local kids told me that
they saw you helping someone. I
brought a clip from a package of
bread to clamp the umbilical cord.

James smiles.

JAMES JACKSON
Inventive! You ready?

MRS JACKSON
Yes.

James pulls out the sack and places the second baby on his lap. The baby squirms with subtle movements.

James cuts open the sack and amniotic fluid spills out.

The baby screams as Mrs. Jackson picks it up.

JAMES JACKSON
Crying is a good sign.

James clamps the cord with the bread clip. Then severs it.

Mrs. Jackson wraps the new born in the bright white towels. She rhythmically hymns and rocks the baby gently, in an attempt to silence the cries.

James, snatches up a used towel from the ground, swiftly wipes off the bloody residue from his body and tosses the towel behind him.

JAMES JACKSON (cont'd)
Brrrrrr! Man it's cold.

MRS JACKSON
That's why you should wear a vest.

James is noticeably cold; covered with goosebumps. He swings his coat around his back onto his shoulders, pushes each hand through the arm sleeves and wraps either side of the coat over his naked chest.

Mrs Jackson continues to rock to an internal rhythm as she cradles the now silent baby. She is mesmerized.

MRS JACKSON (cont'd)
James. You really are amazing, do you know that?

James leans toward Mrs Jackson and kisses her on the forehead.

JAMES JACKSON
And you...are lucky to have me.

MRS JACKSON
Oh, get out of here.

The Jackson's chuckle together.

JAMES JACKSON
Crap! I didn't check the sex of the baby.

MRS JACKSON
It's a boy.

JAMES JACKSON
(relief)
Another boy? You sure?

Mrs Jackson raises one eyebrow.

MRS JACKSON
I've probably seen more male genitalia than YOU. So, yes! I'm certain.

James kneels beside Ava

JAMES JACKSON

Did you hear that, Ava? Its a boy.

Ava smiles gingerly. Her eyes flicker but don't open.

James looks up at Mrs Jackson. She kneels beside him, closer to Ava's head.

MRS JACKSON

Ava. I know you can hear me. So I promise. We will give him a good home. We will love him like our own, but he'll always know your face as mom. Okay?

A single tear rolls from one of Ava's eyes, over the bridge of her nose, and collects in the other.

JAMES JACKSON

And we're not going anywhere. We're staying right here until your ready.

MRS JACKSON

That's right. We're all staying with you, Ava. Me, James and little man.

James uses his elbow to gently nudge Mrs Jackson. With her attention now focused on him, he corrects her.

JAMES JACKSON

And little Dognus. Dognus Mai.