

MAYFLY

Written by

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A

JET

BLACK

PYRAMID

Seen through the front windshield of a moving car. The ungodly edifice blots the skyline -- a fortress forged in glass and steel.

SUPER: WASHINGTON 2048

The pyramid structure is as wide as the Pentagon -- tall as the Chrysler Building. The road leading there surrounded by lush forest.

A suspended monorail train rockets along an elevated track and zips into a tunnel below the edifice.

We are seeing all of this in subjective vision, through the eyes of RYAN NASH, mid 30's -- visible in the rear view mirror of his car as he drives down the road.

Ryan has a determined face -- the face of the smartest guy in the room -- the face of a hero for a new generation.

But he doesn't know that yet, right now he's simply driving to work.

Ryan passes a digital billboard showing a camouflage-colored octopus -- tentacles wrapped around the earth. A caption reads: Nowhere for the Axis to hide.

Ryan pulls into the parking lot -- steps out into...

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Still in a POV -- Ryan's 2044 Camry automatically locks with a CLICK followed by a pleasant digital CHIME.

INT. ENTRANCE - DAY

Inside, it's swarming with MILITARY MEN & decorated GENERALS.

The crowd is a pretty good indicator that somewhere in this vast building very important decisions are being made.

Ryan moves his hand across a security scanner like he's done it a million times before -- it flashes green.

A SECURITY GUARD, 50's, bright, jovial, waves hello from behind his desk.

SECURITY GUARD
How you doing, Mr. Nash?

RYAN
Can't complain, Carl, says so in my contract.

CARL
Wouldn't tell anyone if you did, they ain't paying me enough.

RYAN
Only people getting paid enough nowadays are working in defense.

CARL
I hear you want a piece of that pie.

RYAN
Wish me luck with that. I need it.

CARL
Don't forget about me when you grab that big brass ring, OK?

RYAN
How could I forget about you?

Ryan traverses the marble stone hallway. Elevator doors open with a WHISPER.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Inside NATE FINLEY, 20's is tucked into a corner. Nate's a skinny and immediately affable nerd.

Ryan squeezes up close to him as a group of PEOPLE file in -- elevator descends.

NATE
Two minutes late. Should I be concerned?

RYAN
Me and Abby were here till four in the morning.

NATE
That's nuts, you know that right?

The elevator doors SHUSH open revealing a massive food court and shopping area -- walls covered in morphing digital ads.

Everything is cast in blue light. The monorail train eases to a stop here, depositing commuters on a platform.

People in the elevator file out, leaving only Ryan and Nate. Ryan taps the button for the 5th floor: 'science & research.'

INT. LABORATORY - MOMENTS LATER

Elevator doors open on a medical facility. There isn't a lab coat in sight, strictly hoodies, t-shirts and jeans here.

Nate taps Ryan on the shoulder -- Ryan's POV spins around.

NATE

I wanna try something on you.

RYAN

Why am I worried?

NATE

You gotta close your eyes first.

RYAN

Nate?

NATE

C'mon, indulge me.

Eyelids shut -- everything goes dark.

NATE (CONT'D)

OK, hypothetical situation. You have a day left to live. What do you do?

Eyelids flutter open a little.

RYAN

Nate -- I don't know. We have the meeting, I've got to --

NATE

Answer the question, it'll be telling. What would you do if you had one day to live? Don't think, whatever pops into your head is the right choice.

Eyes shut -- a pensive pause. Ryan's eyes pop open.

RYAN

I can't die. I have too much left
to do and you can't do anything
important in one day.

Nate breaks into a broad smile.

NATE

See, told you it'd be telling. Say
morning to Abby for me.

Nate takes off -- Ryan ambles through the lab -- nodding to
Scientists -- he moves around a corner to see --

ABIGAIL FENWAY 30's -- dressed in sleek utilitarian garb.
Underneath, she's gaunt -- but don't mistake it as weakness,
Abigail carries herself with a hardened confidence.

She's working on a piece of high-tech machinery about the
size of a coffin, this is a NATIVITY UNIT.

A spiral staircase behind Abigail connects the Test Floor
with an Observation Deck above.

At first it appears as if Ryan is in the same space as
Abigail, but when his POV looks around, he sees --

A thick semicircle glass wall sequestering the Test Floor
from the main lab. Ryan moves around to the...

QUARANTINE ROOM

A disinfecting gas wafts from the ceiling.

Ryan fishes out a small translucent rectangle from his
pocket, a glowing blue Toyota logo inside: modern car keys.

He places them in a drawer along with his wallet. The timer
on the second door ticks down from ten seconds.

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Ryan blinks --

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Eyelids open -- Ryan lays in bed. The PITTER PATTERN of a
light shower can be heard through a window -- it's serene.

The cushion opposite Ryan has a small indent that slowly
puffs back to it's original form.

ABIGAIL (O.S.)
 Ryan... Ryan, you awake?

RYAN
 Mmmm. No.

Abigail jumps on top of Ryan, her hair speckled with rain.

ABIGAIL
 I'm not getting off unless you come
 outside.

RYAN
 You can stay there.

ABIGAIL
 Ryan! Come on! It's a matter of
 life and death.

INT. APARTMENT PARKING COMPLEX - NIGHT [FLASHBACK, CONT'D]

The walls weep rain. Distant thunderclaps BOOM.

Ryan trails Abigail past dew-spangled cars. She kneels to a puddle where dozens of snails have gathered in the driveway.

ABIGAIL
 They're gonna get run over when
 people start leaving.

Right on cue -- a HONK. Ryan spins to see a morning COMMUTER all but sleepwalking to his car.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
 Come on. Help me.

DREAMY MONTAGE:

Ryan and Abigail fill a bucket with snails - run through the rain - arrive at the wood's edge - place the snails under a tree - they're soaked, muddy, having the time of their lives.

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT [FLASHBACK, CONT'D]

The lovers fall into bed. They're dewy from a warm shower.

ABIGAIL
 We're their saviors now. King and
 Queen of the snails. They're gonna
 build a monument to us in the
 woods, you wait and see.

RYAN
What'll they make it out of?

ABIGAIL
Mud and twigs and leaves, maybe.

RYAN
It'll take them years.

They laugh. Abigail stares into Ryan's eyes like she could stare for a thousand years. Blink --

INT. TEST FLOOR - DAY

Ryan's eyes spark open -- bright floodlights flicker above.

He tilts his head to see he's sprawled out on a metal slab. It's eerily calm.

Ryan shifts his weight -- slips -- drops to the floor -- SMACKS on the ground.

END RESTRICTED POV SEQUENCE

Ryan Nash -- stark naked on the floor -- how did he get here? His eyes twitch, fists clench.

Ryan fights the seizure. Grabs the Nativity Unit's edge, hoists himself up.

Ryan's eyes go wide as he rises -- it's more than surprise: it's bone-chilling panic. That's because he's staring at --

Carl the Security Guard -- white shirt soaked red -- three bullet holes in his chest -- deader than disco.

BING

Ryan spins in the direction of the sound. Now he hears FOOTSTEPS coming from the Quarantine room.

Ryan presses himself against the nearest wall. The Footsteps get closer... even closer, and... stop.

Ryan risks a peek, when suddenly -- a pair of hands seize him. A BURLY SOLDIER, dressed in fatigues, hoists Ryan up --

RYAN
No, no, no. Wait!

The Soldier doesn't -- instead throws Ryan, sending him CLATTERING against a rack of equipment.

Ryan hits hard -- landing beside a captive bolt pistol -- *you've seen one of these, it's what they use to kill cows in a slaughterhouse.*

The Soldier reaches for his gun. Ryan springs up, presses the bolt pistol to the Soldier's throat -- both men freeze --

RYAN (CONT'D)
Where's Abigail?

The Burly Soldier just stares. Just then, they're distracted by the sounds of --

Dozens of boots, running. A troop of SOLDIERS charge towards them from the main laboratory area.

Ryan kicks the Burly Soldier in the chest -- sending him tripping back on the Test Floor's edge.

Ryan dashes for a keypad, hit's a button -- WHOOSH -- the semicircle glass wall shoots up -- securing the Test Floor. The charging Soldiers stop at the glass.

General STANLEY MCKENNA, 50's, moves through the Soldiers as if they're smoke -- he has stricken eyes that see only war.

Next to him is LAWRENCE BOYD, 30's, Mckenna's right-hand man: he's taken a bullet for his boss before and awaits the honor of doing it again.

Mckenna steps right up to Ryan. If it weren't for the glass, they'd be bumping foreheads.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Where is she?

MCKENNA
I'm sorry. There was a problem, we had to let her go.

Ryan backs away, trembling.

MCKENNA (CONT'D)
You run and they shoot.

RYAN
You'll kill me no matter what.

MCKENNA
Ryan... as far as I'm concerned, you're already as good as dead.

Ryan bolts -- Mckenna orders his army to;

MCKENNA (CONT'D)

Go around!

Ryan zips into the...

QUARANTINE ROOM

He charges past the first door, locks the second. Soldiers on the other side grit their teeth like dogs ogling meat.

One raises a rifle and -- CLACK CLACK -- the door's lock holds this time -- but it can't take much more.

Ryan pops the drawer, grabs his keys -- sprints out to the...

TEST FLOOR

Ryan dashes for the spiral staircase leading to the...

OBSERVATION DECK

Ryan blasts past rows of paper-thin computer stations. He slams open a door leading to...

OFFICES

Ryan grabs an executive desk -- drags it to the door. He raises another desk vertical -- barricading the entrance.

Ryan falls back against the desks, breathless -- he inspects the area -- figuring out his next move.

CLACK, CLACK -- two bullets burst through the desk on either side of his head. Ryan pushes himself off --

He sprints to the windows overlooking the parking lot -- it's bristling with Soldiers.

Ryan spots his Camry as -- CLACK CLACK CLACK -- the desks are torn apart in a hail of bullets -- the blockade withering.

Ryan thinks fast -- he spins around -- his eyebrows furrow and his head tilts. He's staring at --

A quadruped BigDog Robot in a corner cubicle. This thing resembles a Walker from *Empire Strikes Back*, only smaller: a hollow torso on four robotic legs.

Google "Bigdog Robot" if you want -- because a version of this thing exists in our present as well as this future.

The reason the BigDog is here will be explained later, but right now, Ryan eyes it like a ticket out of this nightmare.

Ryan grabs the attached remote control -- opens the BigDog's front hatch. Slides himself into the hollow center.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

KA-RAACK -- a window on the pyramid structure shatters, the BigDog spills out. What happens next isn't graceful --

The BigDog trips -- rolls, cracking windows on the way down the slanted edifice. It lands on the grass with a THUD.

Inside the main body, Ryan controls the BigDog. The robotic appendages spread out, rise -- rickety, like Bambi on ice.

Ryan jams the control into the forward position, aiming for his Camry. The BigDog strides forward.

The Soldiers fire -- CHINK CHINK -- sparks fly against the metal body. The BigDog is meters away from the Camry, when --

A SOLDIER rolls a grenade; *if he was bowling, this would be a strike*. The grenade comes to a stop between the BigDog's legs and -- BAM. Mechanical limbs go flying.

The BigDog's body rockets twenty feet in the air, flies over the Camry -- crashes down on the other side.

The Soldiers breathe a sigh of relief -- slowing their pace as they approach the smouldering wreckage.

Ryan spills out of the hatch, his naked body scraped. The Soldiers can't see him from their vantage point.

Ryan scuttles towards the Camry -- car key gripped tight, he's barely able to walk -- He opens the passenger side door.

The Soldiers spot him -- fumble for their weapons -- shoot.

Ryan shields himself from spewing shards -- the Toyota logo switches green -- he slams the gas -- spins the wheel.

Ryan SCREECHES 180° -- speeds off. The Soldiers unload their clips. The bumper detaches, SPARKING across the concrete.

INT. CAMRY/DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Ryan ducks and steers -- he SLAPS the steering wheel in jubilation -- *he's free*.

RYAN
Aaaahhhhhhaaa!

INT. OFFICES - DAY

Mckenna's hair blows in the wind. He watches from the hole where the BigDog broke through. He clicks his walkie talkie.

MCKENNA
Tell me someone there has him.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Glassy-eyed TECHNICIANS work at computer stations. There isn't an inch of this room that isn't a screen.

JIMMY SINCLAIR, mid 20's, has spent his entire life staring at screens -- so this room is like home to him.

JIMMY
I've got him... dead to rights.

The Camry is locked in the cross hairs on Jimmy's monitor.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Run, run, run fast as you can, you can't get away when I've got a drone.

EXT. DRONE ZEPPELIN - DAY

The Drone hovers above the clouds. Mounted guns adjust -- POP POP -- hundreds of bullets fire off in a second.

INT. CAMRY/DRIVING - DAY

The Camry's left-side hood disintegrates in a hail of bullets. The car veers off the main road into the woods.

Ryan tries to regain control -- but the Camry shudders. Up ahead the wooded area opens up to a cliff.

Ryan sees it -- his face -- etched in terror -- eyes race.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

On the screen: the Camry approaching the cliff -- Jimmy fires a second round of bullets -- pummeling the car till --

KA-BOOM -- a massive fireball -- the car flies off the cliff.

INT. OFFICES - DAY

Mckenna sees the rising explosion -- smiles -- pleased with these results. He trudges past the Soldiers, spins to Boyd.

MCKENNA
Get a team out there.

INT. TEST FLOOR - DAY

Mckenna saunters through the Test Floor into the...

STORAGE ROOM

Handcuffs bound Abigail to a shelf. Mascara paints her cheeks. She glances up to Mckenna -- hate fills her eyes.

MCKENNA (V.O.)
Let's start over here...

SNAP BLACK

SUPER: FOUR MONTHS EARLIER