

*Selected scenes from Neanderthal***Page 13 ...**

EXT. FARM ROAD, OUTSKIRTS OF YREKA, NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, DAY

A "Closed" sign tilts in the broken window of a dilapidated gas station. A broken-down gas pump rusts beside the driveway near a windmill whose barren spars CREAK in the wind.

JOE (V.O.)

How did we survive the Homo sapiens invasion?

Joe's pickup truck bursts out the doorway of a dilapidated barn, revealing no trace of the modern facility hidden inside.

An EAGLE, disturbed by the action, takes flight.

A streak of dust follows Joe's black truck as it drives along the dirt road past silos, orchards, barren fields, and aging farm buildings toward "I5" freeway signs in the hazy distance.

INT./EXT. JOE'S CAR, DAY

Joe smiles excitedly as he drives, staring ahead.

JOE (V.O., CONT.)

We hide.

Joe puts on his SUNGLASSES and his lips press thin.

INT. OFFICE, DAY

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

The title bar reads COMPOSE MESSAGE. In a text box:

Berkeley research team activated.
Psych profiles follow.

CLICK and a message blinks on-screen:

Encrypting ...

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EXT. DIABLO CANYON NUCLEAR POWER PLANT, SAN LUIS OBISPO, NIGHT

The night is dark under a sliver of new moon. Night sounds swell: GRASS IN THE BREEZE, the creak of CICADAS.

In the dim light, a quilt of grass and bush, texture and shadow, bends with the breeze.

Numbers flicker across the shrouded blue-lit display of a Global Positioning System (GPS) locator.

ADAM (O.S.)
(muffled)
We are on target.

The shadowy quilt of grass and bush parts to reveal Adam — completely hidden in a 'Gillie suit', a camouflage net of plant fibers and colors. He is invisible until he turns to Joe.

ADAM (CONT.)
Double check me.

A clump of grass nearby opens to reveal Joe, perfectly camouflaged in his Gillie suit. He takes the GPS locator from Adam, consults it for a moment, and crawls toward Adam.

JOE
Exactly ... here.

The twin fluted concrete cooling towers of the NUCLEAR REACTOR rise huge in the bluish darkness, a mile away, outlined by blinking red lights. White clouds of steam rise up.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Diablo Canyon Nuclear Reactor"

ADAM
Set up the binoc's.

Joe pulls up his dragbag and opens the camouflaged pack. He confidently pulls out HIGH TECH BINOCULARS, blue-tinted with angled lines. He plugs in the GPS locator, snaps open the tripod legs, and rocks it back and forth into the ground.

Adam produces a small black box, pulls a cable elastically out of its corner and plugs it into the digital binoculars. Immediately a red light begins blinking on the box.

Adam peers out of his Gillie suit to look curtly at Joe.

ADAM (CONT.)

Did you power on?

Joe presses a button on the binoculars. The blinking red light on the box switches to a steady green light.

The BINOCULARS CLICK AND WHIR as they zoom and traverse in precise increments, pinpointing windows in the distant facility.

Adam smiles and relaxes. He lies down under his Gillie suit.

ADAM (CONT.)

Make yourself comfortable.

Joe settles back and rests his head in the grass.

They peer at each other through their camouflage.

ADAM (CONT.)

This is just a routine plug-and-play run. Low level shit-work, but it's low-risk, so they use us.

ZZZZT - a dragonfly drones by. A bat SWOOPS after it.

JOE

How does it work?

ADAM

Listens through the windows. Uses lasers to detect vibrations on the glass. Turns the window into a microphone - amazing, huh! We can record voices from over a mile away.

Joe cradles his head in his arms and looks up wistfully at the stars. The sounds grow of CICADAS and the BREEZE.

JOE

Reminds me of Wilderness Camp.

ADAM

Got some juicy info about our mission.

Joe looks at Adam, interested.

ADAM (CONT.)

We've hidden so long, soon we step out of the shadows!

JOE

Yeah? When?

ADAM

Can't say. You don't need to know yet.

JOE

What! Aw, c'mon ...

Joe sputters. He rolls closer and stretches to punch Adam.

JOE (CONT.)

I found Sally Leblanc's phone number for you! I gave you the answers to the Chemistry final!

Adam shakes his head No.

ADAM

This is serious. I've got orders.

JOE

I lied for you when you burned that cheerleader's car!

Adam snickers and smiles devilishly.

ADAM

Okay, you'll find out soon anyway.

They both sit up and look at each other seriously.

ADAM (CONT.)

The Elders have reviewed the ancient texts. Global warming is worse than anyone realized! The only remedy is genocide - before the 'sapes' kill the planet! Our time frame has been moved up - our mission is a Go.

Joe's eyebrows rise.

Adam's eyes gleam.

ADAM (CONT.)

Our mission is the big one!

Adam leans closer.

ADAM (CONT.)

It's 'dirty rain', Joe! Bombs to spread radiation high in the atmosphere.

Joe's eyes widen.

Adam's eyes shine through the camouflage.

ADAM (CONT.)

I'm studying weather and geography
to plan where to explode each bomb
for maximum effect. You're
researching how much radioactive
material we need in each bomb.

Adam looks darkly toward the nuclear facility.

ADAM (CONT.)

Fuel rods in there'll be our source.

Joe's jaw drops.

ADAM (CONT.)

The radiation will scorch the
planet clean of 'sapes' once and
for all!

Adam cackles and lays back down on the grass.

Joe's eyes swell in horror. He looks down, appalled.

JOE

(to himself)

Apocalypse!

Joe pales.

Adam looks at Joe and smirks.

ADAM

Rebirth!

Adam's eyes shine maniacally.

Joe looks down reflectively with dawning horror. He pulls his
Gillie suit closed over his head and lays down, revealing the
twinkling red lights outlining the distant cooling towers.

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FLASHBACK: INT. VOLCANO, MOUNT ST. HELENS, BLACKNESS

HOT GAS jets from a fissure in the cavern wall. The MUSIC OF THE FLAMES rises slowly.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Mount St. Helens - May 18, 1980"

Lamplight cuts open the blackness to reveal a frozen flow of black lava. FOOTSTEPS and lights cascade in the volcanic tube.

THREE NEANDERTHAL COMMANDOS trudge closer in sweat-soaked khaki camouflage uniforms. They approach slowly, wearing yellow hard hats, military boots, packs, and side-arms.

A MAJOR leads them, Joe's Father. He wears a gold leaf pin; his demeanor commands. Heavy brow ridges keep sweat out of his eyes.

Two younger commandos jockey a SPOOL of cable between them. The SERGEANT looks around, alert and ready. The YOUNG COMMANDO follows sluggishly; he sports a full reddish beard.

They carefully unspool cable along the floor of the cavern. Monstrous shadows stretch from their headlamps along the walls.

Sweat drips down their faces. They stop laying cable when they reach two other cables coming from different directions.

The Young Commando shifts hold of his end of the cable spool to a sloppy angle with one hand, and takes off his hard hat with the other, blotting his forehead with his sleeve.

He mutters under his breath and eyes the Major darkly.

MAJOR

Bakka hai mi shob.

The commandos smile, set down the spool and huff with relief.

The Young Commando tosses his YELLOW HARD HAT down onto the rough ground. He laughs and claps his hands together.

YOUNG COMMANDO

Ka-boom!

The yellow hard hat bounces precariously and tumbles jaggedly downhill to roll to a stop against the Major's feet.

The Young Commando nervously watches the Major.

The Major looks sternly at the Young Commando, kneels down

to pick up the hard hat. He stands up and shoots the hard hat at the Young Commando with both hands, like a basketball.

The Young Commando barely catches it and loses his balance, falling over onto his butt.

The Sergeant TITTERS.

The Major looks at the Sergeant commandingly.

The Sergeant immediately stops laughing and stands at attention.

Young Commando sheepishly dusts himself off, glaring at the Major. He puts on his yellow hard hat, licks his lips nervously.

MAJOR

Akka bas.

They all take off their packs and crouch down around the intersection of the three cables.

The Major kneels down to the RADIO clipped to his pack. STATIC bursts. He turns away to speak into the radio.

MAJOR (CONT.)

Tango one.

The two other commandos unpack gear and handle cables.

MAJOR (CONT.)

(into radio)

Huk bal sop te. Shup ka nep.

The Major turns his attention back toward his men.

The Young Commando roots around in a pack, eyeing the Major. The Sergeant plugs cables into a metal box. Their CLIP-ON FLASHLIGHTS cast eerie shadows against the volcano wall.

The Major's attention is on the radio.

MAJOR (CONT.)

(into radio)

On track for extraction at Oh Nine
Hundred -

The Young Commando struggles to connect TWO CABLES.

The Major looks back and his eyes go wide with horror. He drops the radio, jumps up, YELLS and leaps at the Young Commando.

The Young Commando's hands connect the two cables.

MAJOR (CONT.)

No don't -

A microscopic blue SPARK leaps between metal terminals.

EXT. VOLCANO, MOUNT ST. HELENS, DAY - 8:32 A.M.

A bird SINGS. Smoke jets from the peak, neatly capped with snow. The MUSIC OF THE FLAMES surges.

A fiery, deafening EXPLOSION erupts from the mountain-peak. FLAMES AND LAVA SHOOT OUT. Fire and debris fill the sky.

ROARING FIRE and smoke vomit laterally from the jagged crater.

A yellow hard hat ROCKETS by.

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EXT. ABANDONED GUN EMPLACEMENT

The clouds darken. Crows CAW and scatter as Joe lands on the concrete platform. Adam looms above him. Red-gold spires of the Golden Gate Bridge frame the sky in the background.

Adam yells as he jumps down to the first tier.

ADAM

No! Don't go.

He stabilizes on the concrete floor, scowling at Joe.

ADAM (CONT.)

I'll hurt you, Joe, if you don't follow my orders!

Joe looks intensely at Adam. He advances, arm outstretched, to touch him on the shoulder.

JOE

Brother, you won't hurt me ...

Adam sweeps the air with his hand to grab and pull Joe's arm, shoving him against the wall.

ADAM

You're not leaving!

Joe's face registers shock and bewilderment, then anger.

ADAM (CONT.)

You're out of control! You've broken
our law! Your tongue is dangerous.

Adam's eyes sear into Joe.

ADAM (CONT.)

What've you told that 'sape' bitch?

Joe glares and growls at Adam.

ADAM (CONT.)

Swear silence!

Joe spits back one word.

JOE

No!

Anger rages across Adam's face. THUNDER splits the silence.

ADAM

Then die! I must protect the tribe!

As Adam's face darkens, Joe's face registers disbelief.

With deliberate motion, Adam shrugs off his jacket, tears off his shirt, plants his feet wide in a martial stance and puffs out his chest; he SMACKS his fist into his palm like a club.

Joe glares at him.

ADAM (CONT.)

Cha-na hocknay!

Joe answers with a SNARL. In a frantic burst, he strips off his jacket and shirt, and drops into a fighting stance.

JOE

Cha-na hocknay!

They spit and glare at each other, circling in primitive duel.

Rage distorts Joe's face.

Adam's face seethes with resentment and hate.

Both adopt an aggressive crouch, weight on the back foot, arms extended forward as talons. A HEARTBEAT fills the silence.

JOE AND ADAM (in unison)

Ah ug!

SCREAMING SAVAGELY, Adam and Joe bounce off each other's chest in a ritual opening and CLAP hands.

Joe lashes with his foot to hook Adam's leg, misses.

Adam slips into a karate 'natural' stance, fist cocked at hip.

Joe hops foot-to-foot in a Capoeira crouch, head low, arms up.

Adam SCREAMS and charges, grazing Joe's hip with a sharp front kick. Joe dodges and whirls around, clawing at Adam's neck.

They grapple, grunting, chests heaving, muscles glistening.

Adam connects with a scissor kick; both crash to the floor.

Joe claws and elbows Adam's face, grunting and huffing.

SCUFFLING as they both rise from the ground, Adam grabs Joe's forearm and pulls him off balance. The HEARTBEAT races.

Joe staggers. Adam thrust kicks him into the concrete wall.

Joe spreads his arms and slaps the wall to absorb the impact, in a position of crucifixion.

In one swift movement, Adam bounces down into a low crouch – draws his *Hak Ba* KNIFE from his boot and snaps it open – turns and erupts in a booming SHOUT as silver flashes.

The BLADE sings as he completes a clockwise arc, side-to-side with Joe, right arm outstretched, blade buried in Joe's ribs.

Joe shouts, his voice trails off in a moan. Blinking, Joe freezes, shocked. The sky drips a light rain.

The Eyes stare mutely as Joe crumples against the wall, arms outstretched. Joe's cries die down and the HEARTBEAT slows.

Joe's face pales. His ferocity relaxes to delirium.

JOE

Brother, how could you stab me?!
I'm ... dying!

ADAM

I won't let you betray us!

Joe starts to cry.

Adam struggles to withdraw the knife. Blood spurts.

Regret cracks Adam's face as he looks at his bloodied hand. He holds the knife away, disgustedly, blinking - drops it.

Adam looks with remorse into Joe's face.

ADAM (CONT.)

I'm ...

Rain trickles from the sky. Joe's arms slide down to his sides. Life bleeds redly from his wound. He raises his face.

JOE

I just wanted to fall in love.

Guilt and jealousy battle across Adam's face. The HEARTBEAT continues to slow.

ADAM

You forgot who you are!

Joe's BREATHING RASPS, his eyes close. He collapses against the wall and begins to slide. Adam grabs him and holds him up.

Joe looks drunk.

JOE

I remember the ritual when we were blood-paired ...

Joe smiles desperately. Their faces are close.

JOE (CONT.)

I remember learning to fireweave.

The HEARTBEAT slows further. Adam pulls Joe close and whispers intimately into his ear.

ADAM

I'll honor the sacred rites, my brother; I'll burn your bones under the full moon!

Joe closes his eyes and struggles to answer.

JOE

We don't fit anymore. Earth belongs to the new man.

Joe gurgles and coughs. The HEARTBEAT drums unsteadily.

Adam sneers his disagreement, holding Joe at arms length, propping him up against the concrete wall.

ADAM

Traitor! The dirty rain will fall!
The 'taler' nation will rule again!

Adam releases his hold on Joe, who topples to his knees, eyes closed. Slowly, Joe leans and falls toward Adam's feet.

Adam's lips quiver, his eyes close in grief. He wipes his hand down his face.

Joe's eyes blink open for a focused glance.

Joe's upper body totters and swerves. His right hand dips into his pants pocket. His right foot steps behind Adam.

Ornate inlay glints. Joe's hand FLICKS and amber gleams.

Joe SCREAMS and grimaces with pain and fury. His arm reaches.

The knife's stinging flight is direct and merciless. The amber blade SLICES into Adam's lower spine.

Adam wobbles forward and COUGHS. He blinks.

Adam collapses to the ground.

Silhouetted against the sky, Joe topples into blackness with a THUD. The HEARTBEAT STOPS. A bird flies across the sky.

The light rain makes the Eyes on the wall seem to cry.

Their blood mingles into a growing pool between them.