

PROGENY Z
"Pilot"

written by

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Based on "Project ARK" by John B MacDonald & Lee E Frelich

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DOME - DAY (2031)

Total chaos. CITIZENS swarm the streets, shouting as they carry signs: "What about us?" "Tear down the fish bowl!" and "The Elites only want to save themselves!"

Across the street the issue becomes clear... a huge, shiny & new, glass dome stretches out over most of what was once the downtown area of Los Angeles.

SUPER: "Los Angeles, California, 2031"

In front of the main entrance, the shouting intensifies as CROWDS push and shove one another, most try to force their way in as NEW DOME RESIDENTS struggle to reach the front gates.

Fights breakout. A few DESPERATE SOULS rush the gate as SOLDIERS attempt to hold them back.

DESPERATE MAN swings his bat -- blood gushes from the nose of the SOLDIER before him.

GUNSHOTS. SCREAMS. CITIZENS hit the ground, heads covered.

A single voice pierces through the chaos.

CAPTAIN REYES (O.S.)

The next unauthorized individual
who attempts to pass through these
gates...

CAPTAIN ESTEBAN REYES, 30's, stands on the check-in table, his weapon aimed at the crowd below...

CAPTAIN REYES

...will be shot, dead, and no one
will enter -- regardless of his or
her approval status.

VICTOR COSTELLO, mid 40's, blue collar, his calloused hands and tough, wrinkled skin are contrasted by the gentleness in his eyes as he looks down at...

YOUNG CALE COSTELLO, 8, overwhelmed, clings tightly to his father's sweat-soaked shirt. Victor bends down before the boy and slides a backpack up over his son's shoulders.

VICTOR

It's time.

Tears stream down Young Cale's face.

YOUNG CALE

No! I don't want to go!

VICTOR
 Look at all these people, Cale.
 What they wouldn't give to have
 your spot. You earned this because
 of this...

Victor taps the side of Young Cale's head.

VICTOR
 You didn't win your spot in the
 lotto or buy your place in line
 like all the others. You earned
 it. Your mother and I are so
 proud. You belong in there.

He wipes the tears from Young Cale's face.

YOUNG CALE
 What's going to happen to everyone
 else?

VICTOR
 I don't know.

YOUNG CALE
 Will I ever see you again?

VICTOR
 You don't need to see us. Love is
 invisible, yet, you feel it -
 right? Seeing isn't so important.

Victor can't prolong any longer, he pushes up Young Cale's
 sleeve to reveal a barcode tattoo - freshly inked.

He lifts Cale high into his arms and holds is tattooed wrist up
 for all to see as he forces his way into the crowd.

VICTOR
 Authorized boy! Move out of the
 way... He's on the list! He's on
 list! Authorized boy!

Victor lands face to face with CAPTAIN REYES. He places Young
 Cale on the ground before him.

VICTOR
 My son is on the list.

CAPTAIN REYES
 Name?

VICTOR
 Costello. Cale Costello.

Captain Reyes grabs a flatscreen scanner from the table and holds it over the boy's tattoo. It beeps.

CAPTAIN REYES
Costello, Cale. Scholarship.

He looks down at Young Cale - not much to look at, scrawny and small for his age.

CAPTAIN REYES
Approved for entry!

The GATE GUARD presses a button and the outer gate slides open. Victor forces a smile as he takes Young Cale by the shoulders.

VICTOR
This is it. Go on. Go...

Young Cale throws his arms around Victor, clinging to him with every ounce of strength.

Captain Reyes steps forward, irritated by the delay. He yanks Young Cale from Victor's arms and forces him through the gate.

YOUNG CALE
Daddy! No, Daddy! Please...!

The outer gate seals around YOUNG CALE as the detox steam fills the chamber.

Young Cale's hands and nose press against the glass dome as he struggles to see outside. He watches Victor walk away through the crowded streets without a backward glance.

INT. FLIGHT DECK - DOME - DAWN (2059)

A child's hands press against the dome glass as the crowds, chaos, and 2031 Los Angeles fade away only to be replaced with an arid wasteland of abandoned concrete. Not a sole in sight.

SUPER: "The Los Angeles Dome, 2059"

Through the nearly thirty years of dirt built up on the outer dome walls, we see the sun break the skyline over the new waterline on Wilshire Blvd. The purple-green toxic ocean's waves crash against the half-submerged buildings.

LEILI (O.S.)
Cale!

The child's hands pull away from the glass dome to reveal ZITA COSTELLO, 10, precocious and uncomfortably intelligent, she turns to...

DR. CALE COSTELLO, now 36, loads supplies into the side of a small, electric plane - a smart car with wings and a cockpit.

LEILI (O.S.)
Cale! Wait!

Cale pokes his head out of the plane as LEILI, 30, competent with attitude, races toward him waving a tablet.

LEILI
You need to sign off on today's numbers before you go gallivanting around the globe.

He takes the tablet from her and scans through the data.

LEILI
What'd Shen think of your outing plans?

Cale scribbles his signature across the tablet and hands it back to Leili.

CALE
We'll be back this afternoon. No need to worry him.

LEILI
Noted. Stay clear of Shen until after lunch.

Cale grins then turns to Zita.

CALE
Yo! We doing this?

Zita beams as she bounces across the flight deck.

ZITA
Bye, Leili.

She scans her wrist tattoo across the black panel on the side of the plane then climbs inside.

ODIN COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Costello, Zita. Clear for exit.

Cale scans his tattoo then slides into the pilot seat.

ODIN COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Dr. Costello, Cale. Clear for exit.

He looks back at Leili.

CALE
Hold the fort down while I'm gone?

LEILI
Always do.

As Leili heads back across the deck, the cockpit slowly closes over Cale and Zita's heads.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Cale slips in his earpiece as the control panel lights up.

CALE
ECA-715 requesting approval for
departure.

OFFICIAL (V.O.)
(over radio)
ECA-715 you're clear for
departure. Have a good flight.

The plane lifts vertically into the air. The overhead airlock system slides open for the plane to lift through.

The small craft hovers as the lower gateway closes again before the outer dome opens to the outside world.

Just outside the dome, a projected holographic banner, distorted and blinking, reads: "Welcome to Los Angeles. Outside Temp: 130 Dome Temp: 96 Capacity: Full"

Zita, barely able to contain her excitement as she flips through the data on the tablet in her lap.

ZITA
About 350,000 species of plants
and seven million animal species.
That's a whole lot of DNA.

CALE
It sure is.

ZITA
How long do you think it will take
you to bring back the lungwort and
lobelia?

CALE
Three to four months.
(MORE)

CALE (CONT'D)

We'll work on several plant species right away, so we can mass produce multiple medicines as efficiently as possible.

ZITA

And what if I want a puppy?

CALE

A puppy? That will take longer. Much longer.

Cale ruffles Zita's hair playfully as the plane flies over the wastelands. Empty highways and abandoned concrete beneath a burnt orange sky.

EXT. WASTELANDS - SAN FERNANDO VALLEY - SAME

A hand blocks the harsh sunlight from his vision as ORLYN, 41, a Rapaces leader (Ra-pa-says), scavenger survivors, watches the little plane pass overhead.

Even with a thin, oxygen type mask known as a rebreather and large goggles covering half his face, Orlyn's dry leathery skin is still hard to miss.

In the distance... two TRANSPORT VEHICLES kick up dust as they speed down the empty road.

With the wave of his hand, Orlyn gives the signal.

Several RAPACES emerge from hiding among the concrete desert.

Orlyn watches the vehicles, as they near a corner, he gives the slightest nod and...

BOOM! An explosion lifts the front vehicle into the air. It flips over and slides across the road before slamming into the second vehicle.

Orlyn and the Rapaces move across the broken land as smoothly as wild animals in their native terrain.

They swiftly surround the vehicles. A wounded YOUNG SOLDIER crawls from the wreckage and pulls himself to his feet, weapon aimed.

Orlyn steps slowly toward the young Soldier, admiring his feeble efforts.

ORLYN

Well, look at you!

(MORE)

ORLYN (CONT'D)

I tell you what, you are one
dedicated soldier. You gonna shoot
me?

(to his team)

Boy's barely able to stand yet
still wants to fight.

The Rapaces stand in silence, watching as the Young Soldier
wobbles on his feet. His finger struggles for the trigger.

Orlyn shakes his head and DECLAN, 21, a strong and eager Rapaz,
side swipes the Young Soldier off his feet.

Before the Young Soldier's head hits the ground, Orlyn fires
his weapon... an electric bullet lands in the middle of the
Young Soldier's forehead.

Orlyn steps over the soldier's convulsing body then yanks open
the side door of the still upright vehicle.

TWO TECHNICIANS cower inside as the DRIVER lays unconscious
across the steering wheel.

Hands in the air, TECHNICIAN #1 overcome with fear, can't even
raise his head to look at Orlyn as he speaks.

TECHNICIAN #1

We're not transporting supplies.

Orlyn lifts his goggles up as he looks around at all the high
tech equipment. He climbs inside and slides his hand over a
flat black screen.

TECHNICIAN #2 almost reaches for his arm, but stops herself.

TECHNICIAN #2

Ah, I wouldn't play with that.
It's... uh...

Orlyn raises his brow -- waiting.

TECHNICIAN #2

It's a very... complicated piece
of equipment.

Orlyn taps on the screen and holographic data appears above it.
He slides the data around until he lands on an image of Dr.
Cale Costello. He swipes again...

TECHNICIAN #2

How did you...?

ORLYN
It's complicated.
(to his Rapaces)
Kill them.

As Orlyn steps out of the vehicle, over his shoulder we see a holographic image of Zita.

EXT. THE ARCTIC - SVALBARD - DAY

Once covered in deep snow and ice, the seed bank now sits in the middle of a dead savanna. The warm wind howls and the intense sun beats down on Cale and Zita as they make their way across the jagged, barren landscape. Both don rebreathers. The small plane sits parked on a flat surface behind them.

SUPER: "Svalbard Seed Bank, Norway"

Straight ahead, the battered, steel doorway, built into the mountain, with a handmade sign that reads: "Doomsday Vault."

INT. VAULT DEEP WITHIN THE MOUNTAIN - DAY

A disheveled mess, rusted racks on their sides lying in fetid pools of melted permafrost. Remains of drunken revelry litter the floors.

Cale yanks back fallen shelves to clear a pathway. He flips on his flashlight and turns back to Zita.

CALE
Watch your step. Here...

He lifts her up over the wreckage and sets her down again. Zita takes Cale's hand. They head down the long, dark corridor.

INT. VAULT - CORRIDOR - DAY

Cale and Zita stand before a huge, sealed door.

CALE
Moment of truth.

Flashlight between teeth, Cale taps his wrist device, a holographic code hovers over it. He punches the code into the wall keypad.

They wait with bated breath...

The ancient door slides open. Zita's eyes sparkle as she beams up at Cale. He gestures for her to enter.

CALE
Ladies first.

Her tiny body barely contains her enthusiasm. Zita steps in...

INT. VAULT - HIDDEN ROOM - DAY

Cale enters behind Zita. His smile crumbles.

Zita desperately shines her light around the dark room -- it's empty. Her eyes well as she shakes her head, devastated. She passes the flashlight over the room one more time, just to be sure.

ZITA
I don't understand. It's supposed
to be here.

Pale as a ghost and ready to burst, Cale races out the door.

INT. VAULT - CORRIDOR - DAY

Cale storms out through the open doorway. He yanks a large shelving unit down - it crashes to the floor.

As he reaches for the next unit--

ZITA
Dad.

Cale freezes, head down. He can't look at her, he just can't.

ZITA (CONT'D)
Dad!

Fear and pain wash across his face as he turns to face Zita.

CALE
I'm so sorry, baby.

With fierce determination, she steps forward and holds out her pinky finger. Cale glances at her pinky, then into her eyes.

CALE (CONT'D)
I don't know where else to look.

Zita holds her pinky higher, directly in front of his face.

ZITA
We'll find it. You pinky promised.
We never give up. No matter what.

Cale relents and wraps his pinky around hers.

CALE
No matter what.

He pulls her into a bear hug and squeezes like he won't be able to breathe if he ever lets go.

A loud BANG echos behind them.

Cale wheels around, alarmed, weapon drawn... A beer bottle rolls off the shelf and smashes onto the floor.

The surrounding shelves rattle. Several items crash to the ground as an EARTHQUAKE shakes the vault.

Cale holsters his weapon while the world around them quakes.

CALE (CONT'D)
Five point six.

ZITA
Five point four.

Cale glances at his wrist device. It reads: "5.4"

CALE
Come on, smarty-pants.

They head back down the corridor, hand in hand.

INT. VAULT - NEAR ENTRANCE - DAY

As Cale and Zita near the exit, NORWAY RAPACES appear from the shadows. Crude versions of re-breathers cover half their faces.

Cale freezes, he slowly guides Zita behind him. He raises his hands and counts heads. Shit... ten to one.

CALE
I have a child. Here...

Cale slips his satchel over his head. He holds it out in front of him then tosses it toward the LEADER. Silver food pouches and a water canteen slide out as it hits the floor.

Leader glances down at its contents. He looks up at Cale, taps on his own crude re-breather.

CALE (CONT'D)
Yeah, afraid we don't have any spares.

Leader nods to BIG RAPAZ. Big Rapaz strikes Cale in the stomach with his staff, dropping him to the floor.

ZITA

Daddy!

Cale holds his hand up toward Zita as he struggles to regain his breath. Leader reaches for Cale's re-breather.

Cale grabs his arm and bends it backward -- it snaps. In one swift move, Cale stands and sends a palm strike to Leader's nose, knocking him backward.

CALE

(to Zita)

Move!

Zita takes off in a sprint.

It's on. Norway Rapaces close in. Cale defends himself. He's quick. Each strike lands with precision as he targets key body points -- liver, kidneys, etc., disabling his attackers.

Zita searches for cover. She spots a large generator and quickly ducks behind it.

SHORT RAPAZ, knife fashioned from a broken piece of glass, stabs Cale in the side then pushes him backward.

Cale falls into a shelving unit. The whole thing crashes to the ground - Cale with it.

Big Rapaz steps up behind Zita and rips the re-breather from her face. Zita screams as he pushes her to the ground. Big Rapaz holds her re-breather high in the air, proud.

Norway Rapaces cheer.

Cale makes eye contact with Zita and gestures toward the exit. He nods his head then takes aim and fires his weapon--

Hit in the arm, Short Rapaz convulses as an electrical surge radiates through his body. He drops to his knees.

Cale scrambles to his feet as Zita bolts for the exit.

CALE (CONT'D)

(to Zita)

Hold your breath!

Short Rapaz's hand trembles as he struggles to pull the electric bullet from his arm. He clenches his jaw and pulls... the bullet falls to the ground. Toll taken, Short Rapaz collapses, unconscious.

Cale races after Zita.