

AEON FLUX

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SERIES BIBLE

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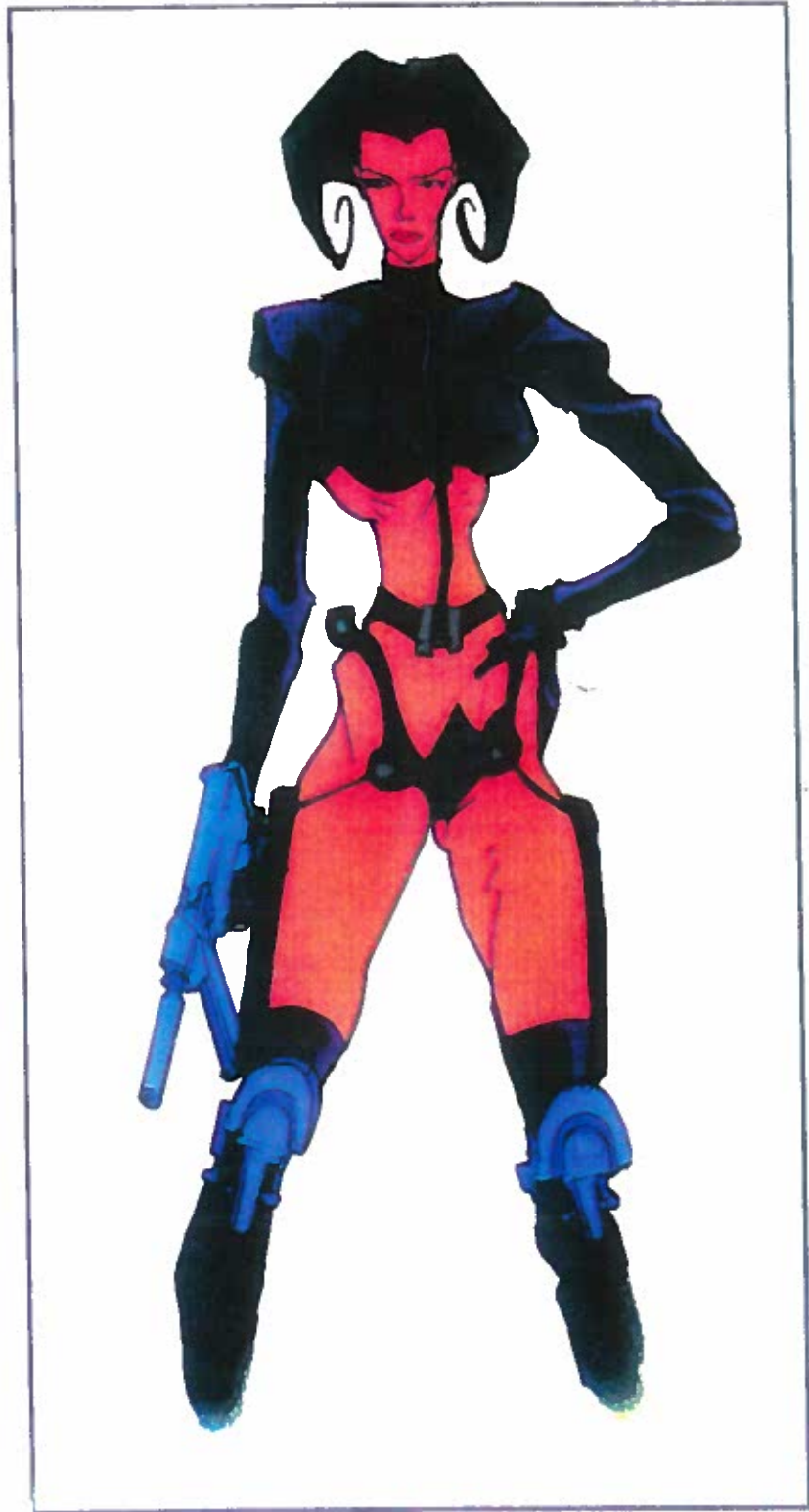
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AEON FLUX

Premise, Setting and Characters

Written By
Peter Chung



ÆON FLUX

AEON: n. 1. an immense time. 2. in Valentinian Gnosticism, one of the group of eternal beings that constitute the Supreme Being from whom they emanate and between whom and the world they are intermediaries.

FLUX: n. 1. a continuous succession of changes. 2. flowing

Life is flux. Things change. People turn out to be different from how they at first appear, and simple premises lead to unforeseen consequences. How to act decisively in a world of moral ambiguity? The powers that rule this world are as unstable as shifting sands, always ready to redefine the meaning of events, to set forth contradictory plans, to change yesterday's ally into today's enemy, and vice versa. So, too, with Aeon Flux.

The world of "Aeon Flux" is exotic, dangerous, unpredictable and very weird. The people are intense, passionate, sexually charged and sometimes violent. They aren't stereotypical heroes and villains; they don't personify simplistic extremes of innocence and evil. They are adult characters with complex psychologies open to the influence of events. Drama is the portrayal of character evolution. The stories in "Aeon Flux" affect character as much as they are driven by it.

Aeon Flux herself is our means for action in this complex world. She is active, not reactive: she does not fight crime, nor does she protect society against enterprising aggressors. She is an agent for change, not the status quo; a force for good to some, for bad to others.

She is a participant in the often dirty dealings of politics and business, impatient with the slow process of history, and eager to engage problems head-on. She is the embodiment of a paradoxical (and guilt-inducing) liberal fantasy: an unbridled enforcer who will use any means possible, including violence, to advance an anti-oppressive agenda.

Yet the idea that ideological disputes can be settled by a contest of force is absurd; that the winner in a violent conflict is therefore morally correct is irrational. The appearance of violence in "Aeon Flux" is inevitably followed by tragic consequences. Aeon's actions are fraught with the moral turmoil of classical drama.

Each episode will stand on its own as it is an independent story without reference to the rest of the series. Characters may take on sympathetic roles according to the specific needs of each episode, yet reappear the following week as antagonists. (Trevor may be Aeon's ally this time, but her enemy the next.)

Unpredictability and freedom from narrative constraints are hallmarks of the "Aeon Flux" series, and will keep viewers coming back for new surprises. The principal characters and settings remain constant to provide an anchor for loyal viewership.

The stylistic tone of each episode will range widely to accommodate a variety of thematic content. Suspenseful action, bizarre fantasy, political intrigue, off-beat sexuality, sardonic humor, surreal horror and metaphysical speculation are the ingredients which make "Aeon Flux" a unique and innovative half hour of television. All this, presented with hard-edged graphic styling, elegant characters, expressive animation, feature-quality music and sound design which for "Aeon Flux" is known.

Setting

A sleek, industrial, politically volatile region sometime in the near future.

Bregna and Monica are neighboring countries separated by a complex border spanning a bleak neutral zone. The border is so convoluted that corridors of Breen territory actually intertwine with structures deep within Monican cities. For example, a building may contain spaces of opposing nationalities interlaced like a three dimensional maze, each type governed by its own laws and customs, creating absurd juxtapositions of behavior. Contact between such spaces of close physical proximity is strictly regulated in theory, but disobedient citizens often cross the border secretly, while others observe the letter of the highly arbitrary law.

Characters

Aeon Flux is a Monican enforcer whose specialties include assassination, espionage, seduction/entrapment, and sabotage. She is independently minded rather than fanatically devoted to the Monican cause. She may at times struggle against her own faction if she disagrees with their tactics.

But Aeon is no hero to Monican eyes--or perhaps, to the viewer's. Aeon's strength of character lies in her skepticism; her actions are driven by a distrust in politics, and an aversion to mass mentality. She is a loner.

Aeon works in a moral vacuum--to be ignorant of the issues is to be innocent of corruption. For her, the ends are not justification for the means. Her actions are motivated by her inner drives, never by partisan loyalty or sentimental attachment. Emotional involvement would cloud her effectiveness. She is absolutely objective, able to turn on former allies without hesitation. For good or bad, she can act where others are paralyzed. She is without patriotism for her country. She may work on Trevor Goodchild's side as circumstances permit. Yet she won't be tied to him; she remains independent. Trevor, however, is tied to the demands of leadership. He can never join her. It is Aeon who controls the dynamics of their relationship.

She believes in no ideology, no objectivism vs. relativism, only in praxis. For Aeon, ideology is of no use without the means to enforce it.

In her spare time, she moonlights as a bondage fetish fashion model and dominatrix. She counts many important businessmen and women as her submissive clients.

Little is known of Aeon Flux's origins and personal history.

Trevor Goodchild is the highly eccentric Breen leader. Once a brilliant genetic engineer working for the secret Breen biological welfare division, he attained supreme power by destroying the previous corrupt regime with a virus of his own design. His timely "discovery" and distribution of the cure secured his place as a hero among his people.

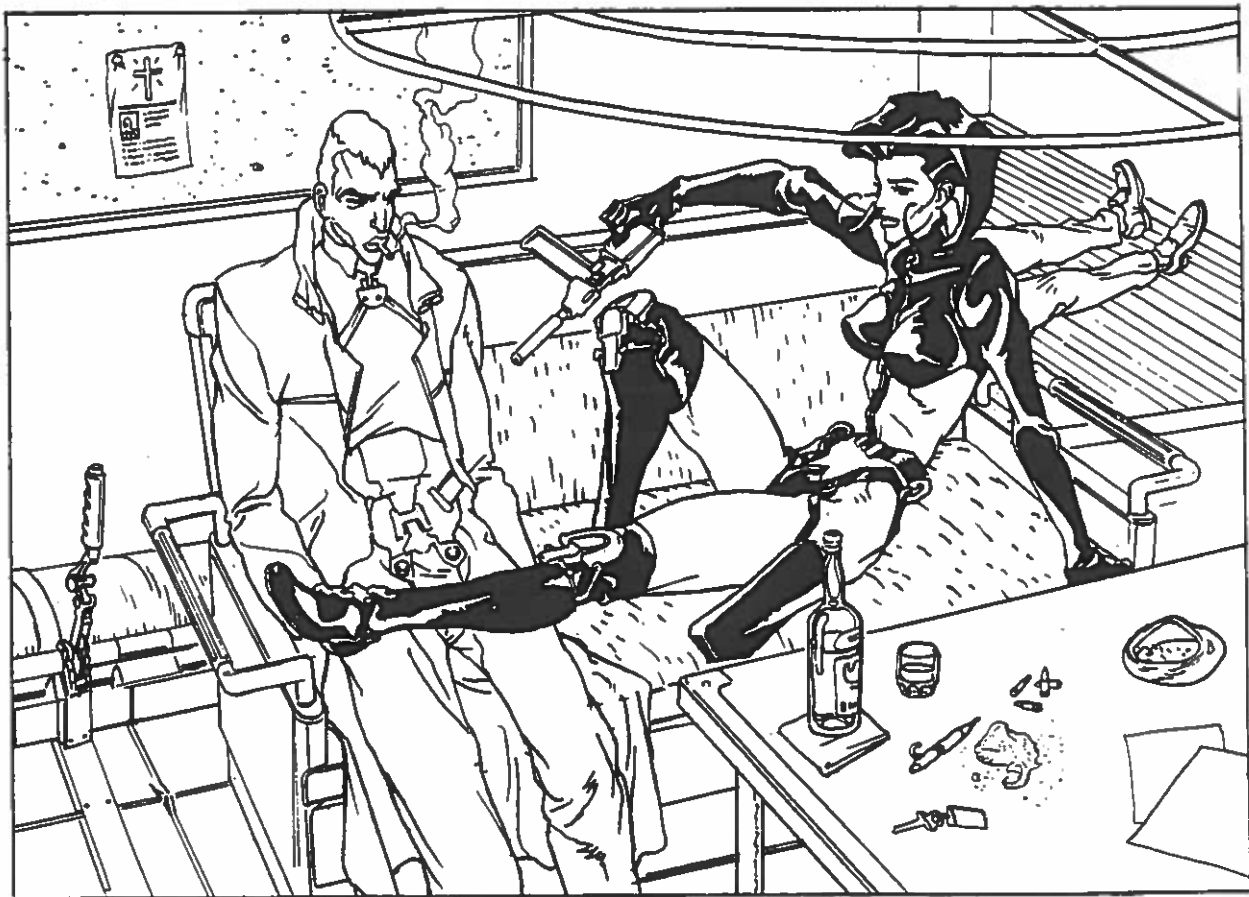
He is, however, less interested in statecraft than in the opportunity to use his position to conduct experiments in social engineering and genetic research, with his citizens as the unwitting subjects. In spite of his mishaps, resulting in the occasional plague or mass psychosis, he is ultimately working toward the improvement of humankind (though not always for the benefit of individual humans). He is never motivated by the lust for power or wealth that mark the common-variety tyrant; nor are his actions megalomaniacal in the manner which belies latent insecurity. His intentions are of the utmost sincerity; his enormous self-confidence is only commensurate with his considerable abilities.

He harbors a fascination with the idea of God, as if his aspirations to play God somehow endow him with insight into the divine realm. On at least one occasion, he attempts to give physical substance to his idea of God. Mostly, though, he is content to design exquisite beings for his own aesthetic or carnal pleasure.

Throughout our series, Trevor is never presented as the force of evil in Aeon's world. We empathize with Trevor and his outrageous attempts to change the world, though they are inevitably doomed to fail. His bizarre schemes keep us tuning in week after week.

Trevor and Aeon harbor a latent, but mad, passion for one another. Aeon possesses a kidnapped clone of Trevor (an imperfect remnant from an early experiment), and uses him as her willing sex slave.

The relationship between Trevor and Aeon closely mirrors the relationship between their two nations.



THE BORDER

There are intermittent gaps in the border between Bregna and Monica, both horizontal and vertical. The usually narrow doorways bear open metal frames with slots as if for sliding door panels to provide optional barriers. They in fact house razor-sharp steel blades which can cleave any person who attempts to cross them unauthorized. For humane reasons, these border traps are designed to first immobilize the offender by binding his body or extremity along the plane of the border threshold by means of a spiral of cables which converge instantaneously from the slots. A mechanical arm unfolds and injects an anesthetic into the region to be cut. The blade slices the victim, then clamps close the wound while a sewing machine stitches it into a tight longitudinal seam. The entire process is automatic and rapid.

MONICA

The only true Utopia is an anarchy. A perfect society will work only with the presence of perfect people.

Monica is a Utopian state with a highly restricted access from the outside. The absence of government is sustained by a responsible citizenry. For them, there is no use for legal, judicial, or political systems – no lawyers, no police, no bureaucracy. Each individual his social duties and has the will to fulfill them without being told. Behavior known to us as "victimless crimes" such as prostitution, gambling, sexual deviance, nudism, drug use (to the extent that such use doesn't interfere with public safety of efficiency) are freely practiced.

It is a state of complete freedom, yet one where the burden of personal responsibility weighs heavily. People police themselves – they never act out of deceitfulness, or uncontrolled greed. There are no attempts by anyone to violate or exploit others. Economic progress occurs through mutually beneficial cooperation.

At a time when pessimism about social harmony runs high, life in Monica provides a concrete model of a better future.

Nonetheless, disagreements arise out of differences of perception. Human communication and understanding being inherently imperfect, conflicts appear, mysteries linger, unresolvable disputes jam up the works. Sincere negotiation may breakdown – not out of distrust, but because of natural inability to predict absolute consequences. People are still capable of acting on delusions (they do so unmaliciously, though tenaciously).

A non-compliant individual or group is not penalized, but led to comply by persuasion. Plaintiffs don't demand surrender of a dissenting will; they much prefer convergence. There is no strong arm of the law to enforce compliance on a dissenting party. No moral absolutes means no authority on the part of the plaintiff to violate the dissenter's right to disagree, even if his reasons seem faulty to everyone. Such cases are rare, and usually too trivial to cause much dismay. But when they aren't, a little unrestrained intervention may be a welcome thing...

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"Enforcers" provide the edge in conflict resolution. They are free agents without company or party ties who take it on themselves to achieve agreement between parties in dispute. They are employed neither by the state nor by plaintiffs, nor do their operations receive any attention.

BREGNA

Technocracy. A large country; rich; technologically advanced. A powerful central government rules. The people are well looked after. Bregna's citizens, the Breens, are happy prosperous and patriotic. Under the vigorous leadership of Trevor Goodchild, master of science and metaphysics, they are subjected to ambitious policies of social engineering.

The physical landscape is dominated by widely spaced mega-structures which epitomize the effects of intervention and central planning by an eager, if not always conscientious, government.

Everyday life in Bregna is marked by diversity, abundance, the free availability of services; the citizens give much to the state, but are given much in return. They are guaranteed jobs, homes, plentiful food, some of which has been recycled from waste products.

They are closely watched by government monitors, as if they have all agreed to participate in some global experiment. They are accustomed to a lack of privacy. Deception in personal dealings is discouraged through the dissemination of the records of monitored acts. They have lost their fear of surveillance because, in a world where everyone's most private actions are an open book, people have grown apathetic to feelings of shame; in their common baseness, they are united.

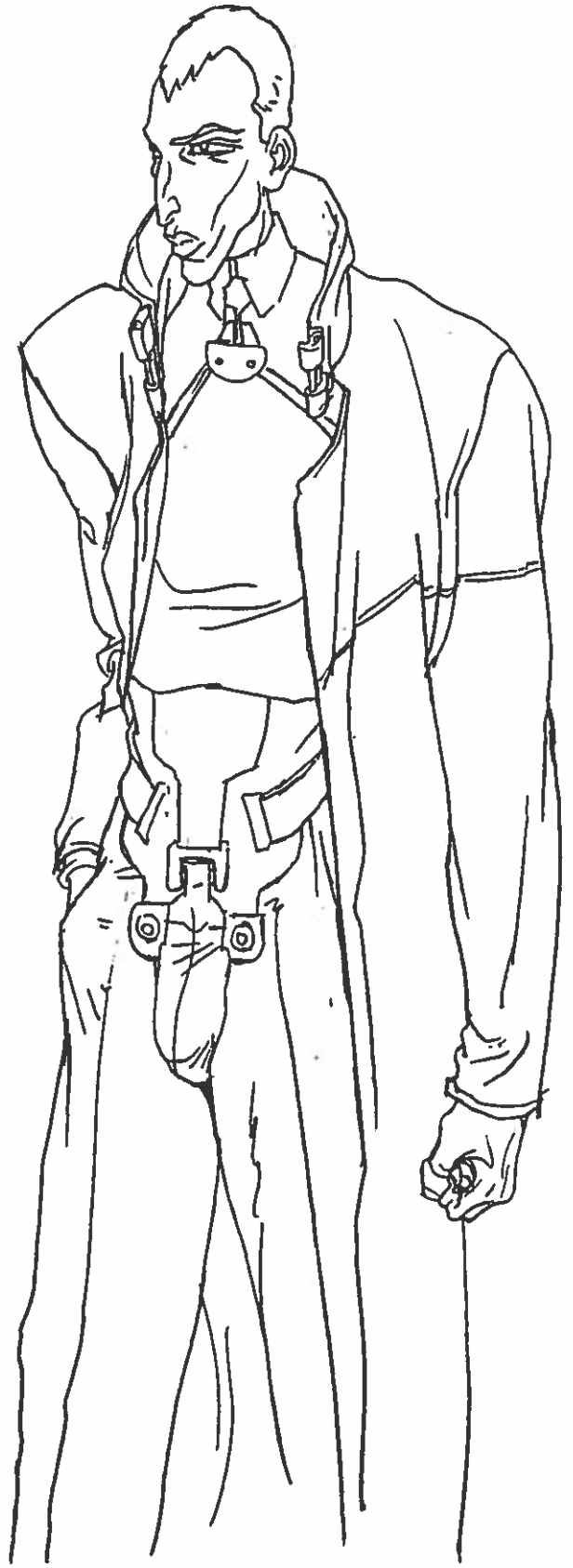
Their manner of speech reflects their extreme self-consciousness. The style of dialogue is a striking combination of clipped minimalism loaded with double-speak, double entendre, and innuendo. People rarely say outright what they are thinking: their speech is used as often to mislead as it is to inform.

It is Bregna's intention to unite with Monica for the common good. Monica's regime prefers its autonomy and shelters its people from Breen influence. Both sides of the debate seem to have merit, and depending on the moment, our sympathies may lean in favor of either Bregna or Monica. Occasionally, violence erupts between the two countries over violations perceived by either side. The threat of excessive damage checks any momentum toward war from building. They usually lead a peaceful co-existence. People are accustomed to the ever-present tension.

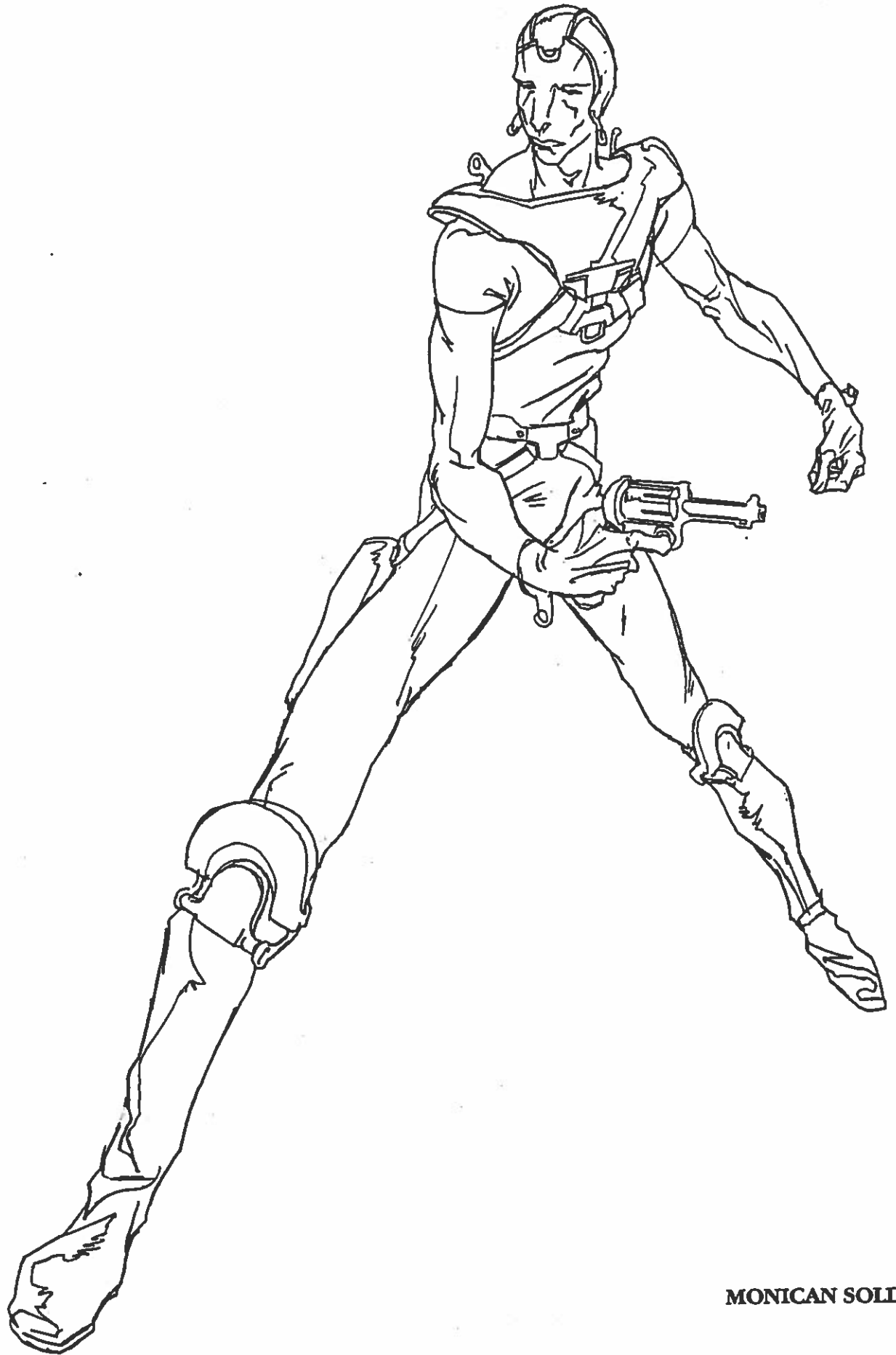




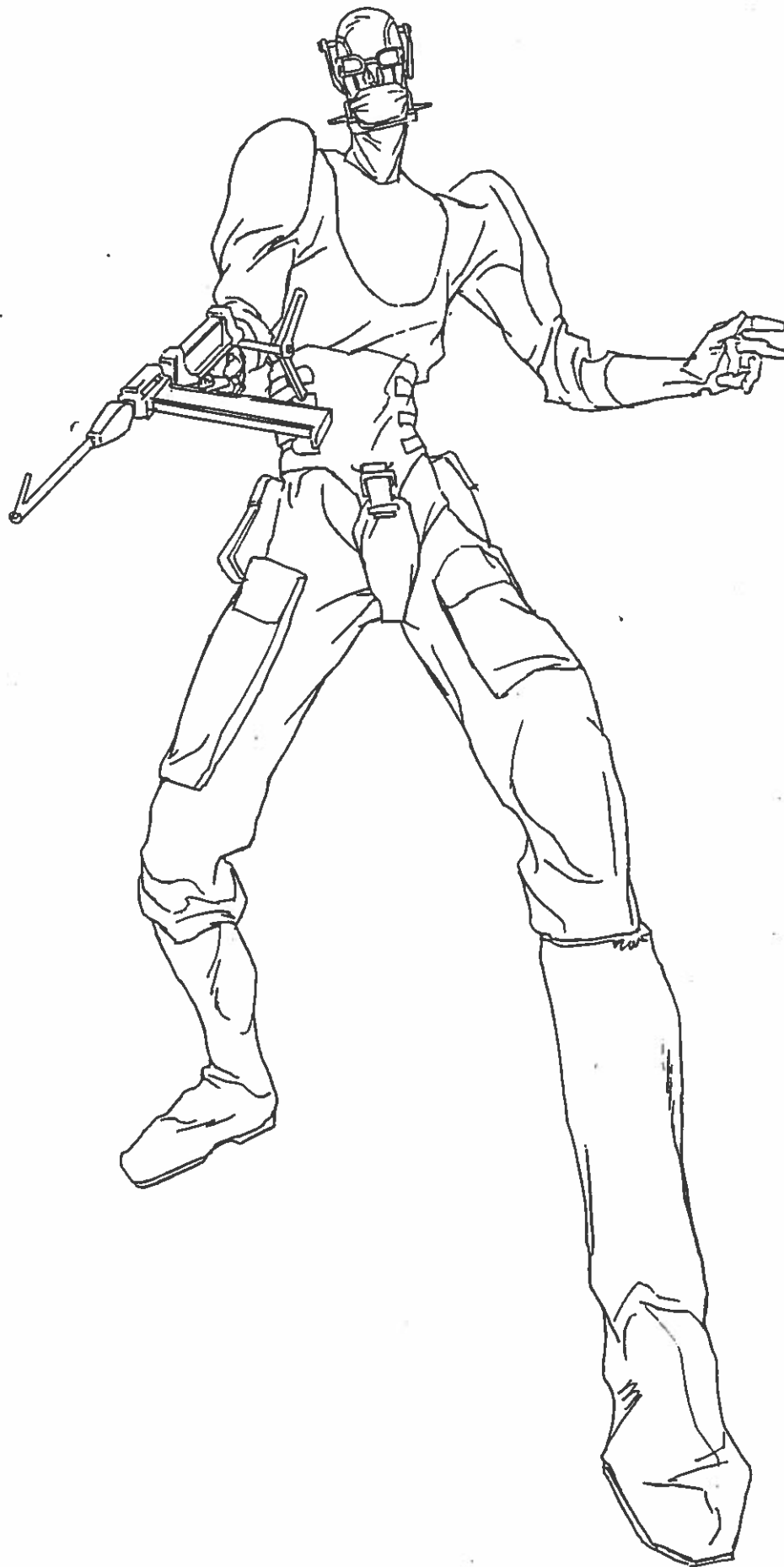
AEON FLUX



TREVOR GOODCHILD



MONICAN SOLDIER



BREEN SOLDIER

AEON FLUX

Episode One

"THE DEMIURGE"

Teleplay By
Steve De Jarnatt
and
Peter Chung

Story By
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ACT I

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAWN

Thick smoke hangs everywhere. Silhouetted against the crimson SUN we see angular skeletons of massive steel towers jutting from the ground. A whirlpool of vultures has gathered high above the scene.

PANNING OFF of a black Ultralight Craft that hangs upside down like a dead crow, broken, tangled in the powerlines of a massive energy feed...

Across other vignettes of the frozen horror of war. Two people who've strangled each other to death. A man who chases his shadow, firing pointlessly at it before dropping. A VOICE crying out, buried under a hill of carcasses. A young Female Soldier is yanking shrapnel from her leg and passing out.

Hundreds of DEAD are scattered and heaped everywhere. Clad in the uniforms of two opposing armies... the defending MONICANS in tight black leather; and the BREEN invaders in loose-fitting slate grey. Aftermath of an epic struggle.

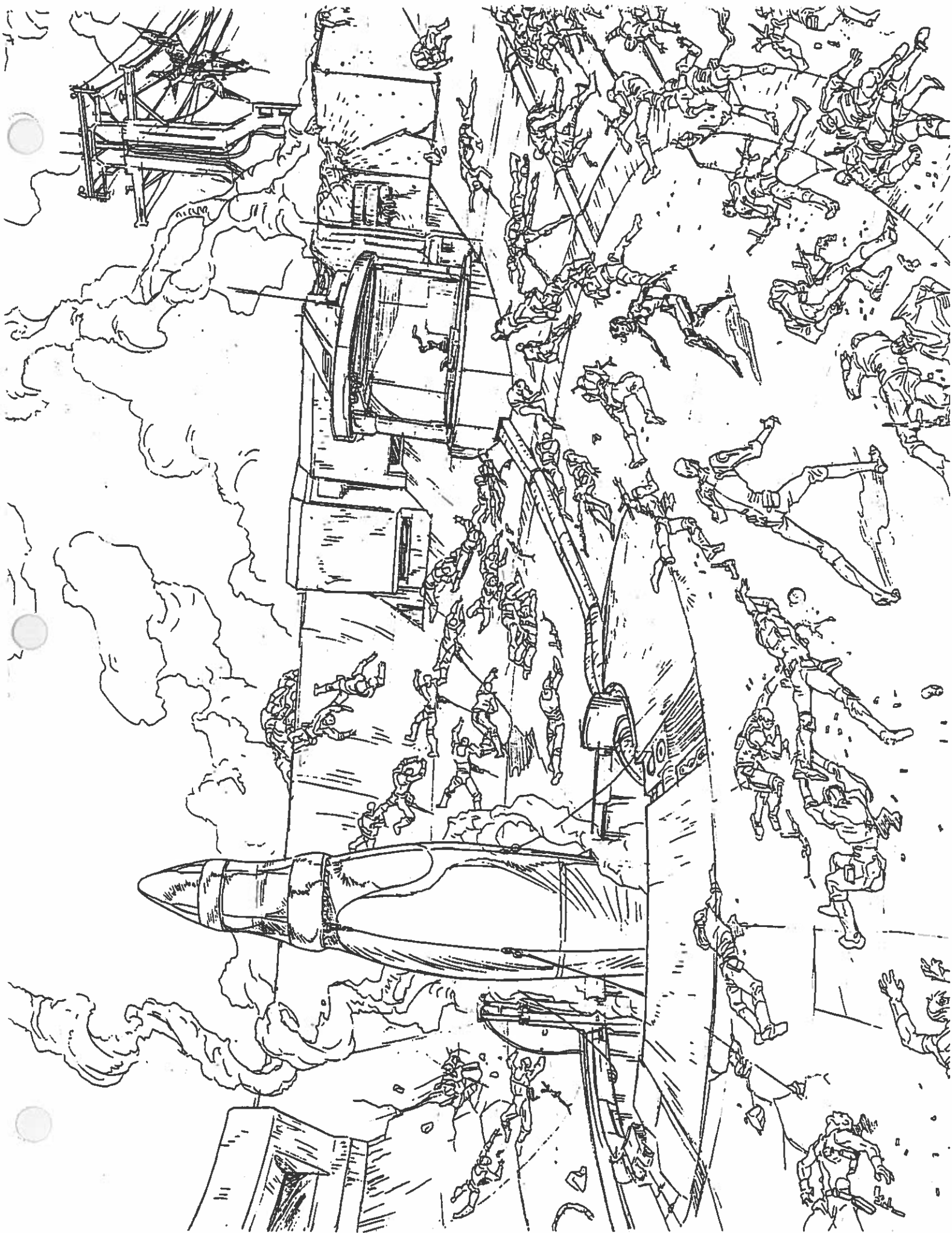
A small colony of concrete bunkers radiate away from the lip of a 200 meter wide CONCRETE CRATER. The conical tip of a large MISSILE protrudes from the circular hole at the center of the basin's smooth surface. The missile's tip glows red, as if heated from within. It seems to be the object of this clash.

VIEW FROM OVERHEAD... Directly above the scene. A very few people are all that's moving now in this landscape of death. All hiding from each other. Vultures spiral down into the foreground... lowering towards the carnage.

TREVOR GOODCHILD, leader of the BREENS, and a young masked WARRIOR sneak past a mountain of dead bodies. Both are disheveled and bruised. They split up.

AS THEY PASS... we notice AEON FLUX lying upside-down, camouflaged with the dead. CLOSER... Her pupils dilate ever so slightly.

Trevor stops, hears something back in Aeon's direction. A soft tat-tat-tat of footsteps? He turns back... nothing there. He looks up at the vultures. Takes out a small metallic TANK of some sort. Cryogenically cooled. Starts to turn a knob. His POV: the vultures circle. We hear a HISS and the view of the birds becomes obscured.



A dead BREEN MARKSMAN lays in the sunlight. His body emits a loud CRICK. Rigor mortis twitches his arm a centimeter. We see closer... his finger coiled near the trigger. The barrel aimed towards the missile. A thick CLOUD of smoke glides by, ominously.

Aeon searches an area... finds a large CAPSULE. A one-man safety Pod. Opens it. NADIR, a young Monican steps out. Spotlessly clean in contrast to everything around. Someone of importance whose safety has been a priority. He looks at the carnage, sniffs the air.

NADIR

Have we?

AEON

Not yet.

She pulls him to the ground suddenly and rolls him over so he's as filthy as everything else around. Picks him back up and hands him a gun.

AEON

I need you Nadir. The Switch... I'll make the run. Try to cover best you...

NADIR

No!

Aeon gives him a funny look. He's trying hard to be a soldier but is trembling a bit. Aeon scans the terrain.

NADIR

No... let me. I want... I want the chance. I know I can if you'll... please Aeon!

AEON

Sure? Very sure?

NADIR

(nods, but seems very unsure)
Tell her... if she asks, tell Celia. I was brave... I'm not scared you know... Not a bit.

Nadir takes out a packet, a photo of two people briefly slides up. It's out of focus... obscure. Only the two people would know what it means. He touches it tenderly: it slides back down. He conceals it as Aeon turns to him.

AEON

Doesn't matter how you feel! Do it or don't. A clock is ticking, that's the thing. The only thing. You go or I go... NOW!

NADIR

Cover me?

She nods. Pats him on the back. Smiles. Her approval means a lot to him. He dashes.

Nadir runs 75 yards towards the MISSILE. Scared to death but exhilarated at the same time.

AEON'S POV (through a scope): the cross hairs scan the horizon of death. Finding a feeble Breen ready to shoot. NAILS HIM.

AEON

Almost there...

Nadir runs. Three more dying Breens are dropped by Aeon's pinpoint sniping.

NEAR THE MISSILE... Nadir gets to the MASSIVE SWITCH. He throws it UP into launch mode... steam builds. Something rumbles deep below the earth. Countdown is on.

He looks up at the rim of the crater towards Aeon. Triumphant... mission accomplished.

JUST THEN... the Dead Breen squeezes his rigor mortis trigger.

HITS NADIR in the shoulder... spins him around... HE FALLS hitting his head on the switch. Aborting the countdown. Unconscious, he rolls away several yards from the missile.

UP ON THE RIM... from Aeon's POV, it looks like he's dead. She feels angry. Thought she had him covered.

Aeon realizes it is her mission alone now. She sneaks a peripheral peak behind her as the CLOUD advances. She smiles.

We see a glimpse of Trevor's vapor-shrouded smile. The Challenge is on.

Aeon pretends to TRIP... falling next to the still smoking FLAME THROWER... as the Cloud suddenly moves up behind her. She swivels around on the ground. BLASTING the cloud with a twenty foot torrent of fire. The heavy gas of the cloud burns away. Slower than you would expect. A glimpse of someone diving is seen by the viewer but not by Aeon (through her wall of fire POV).

Flame stops. No Trevor. Aeon rubs her eyes. Curious. Then she sees a ripple in a puddle of water. Then a tiny stream of bubbles.

Looking away from the pool, stepping a few feet over to look down at the NOSECONE (glowing more by the minute). She knows she must act soon. Another stream of bubbles.

Aeon throws the flame-thrower down and takes her first step down the incline of dead bodies towards the missile.

TREVOR BURSTS from the surface... charges and tackles her. They tumble together down the hillside. Rolling over and over. She knocks his gun away. Biting/scratching/flailing... garment caught in garment. Each advantage one starts to have is wiped out by the next tumble.

THEY STOP... perched precariously where a concrete bunker protrudes from the slope of bodies. Caught up in each others buckles and straps. Bound together with advantage to Trevor. Each catches a needed breath. (Both have half moon bite marks all over.)

NEAR BY... a dead Breen and a dead Monican are frozen in mortal combat, almost a mirror image of Trevor and Aeon's position. The pretense of war seems faraway for a moment. No one to defend, to betray. He whispers hypnotically in a seductive voice.

TREVOR

(nodding towards his
dead comrades)

Pelleas, Valentine... Scaphandra...

AEON

I don't want to know...

TREVOR

Only us now Aeon. Each an army of one.
Agenda's obsolete. Who would ever
know?

He traces a fingertip... comparing the fresh wound her teeth have made in his forearm to one his teeth have made in hers (very distinctive teeth marks). Aeon squirms. Excited despite herself.

TREVOR

We've both wished. Now here we are.
At last... long last.

She breaks a hand free and smashes his temple with a rock. He's dazed. She seems to regret it, they roll further on down the incline.

Scratching and flailing anew... but this time their struggle quickly turns SEXUAL. Crappling with an insane lust. Stretching out tongues... licking instead of biting. Both moan ecstatically (though in the midst of this... Trevor surreptitiously checks his watch a moment, then resumes passion again).

CUTAWAY... Somewhere Underground... a METALLIC TENTACLE with a spinning drill tip burrows through the ground towards them.

A QUICK CUT of a "school" of something swimming by...

A QUICK CUT... a bloodied eyelid opens.

NEAR THE MISSILE... Aeon and Trevor tumble down near it... Post-coital. Spent, heaving. The NOSECONE behind them glowing, throbbing even stronger. They bask in the blue light as if in a dream. Everything seems enchanted. Aeon lays her head on Trevor's chest. He continues his hypnotic rap.

TREVOR

This Peace... his vision... It's for you
Aeon. For us. Lust, trust... freedom.
What more do you...

Aeon puts a couple fingers in his mouth, halting his words.

AEON

I'm already free. Always been! Shiva In
A Can won't change that. Words can't
sway...

Trevor puts his thumb in her mouth, halting her words.

TREVOR

Angels Aeon. You and I can make
Angels. We will! One by one. Yes.
Kingdom Come. Why not? Don't have
to do a thing... That's the beauty... Not a
thing. Just... LET BE... lay back
and...LET...

More fingers in his mouth. A tear wells in her eye. He has reached her in a way she has never been reached. It's scary for her. She closes her eyes. Trembling ever so slightly.

JUST THEN... Nadir regains consciousness nearby... gets to his feet. Stumbles towards the SWITCH. Completion of his mission.

Trevor sees him, sits up. Calmly takes Aeon's gun. Examines it. Aeon smiles. Nadir sees Trevor and points his gun at him. A long moment. Stalemate. Aeon, still dreamy, is slow coming to notice the situation.

When she does, she feels horrible guilt. Lying there with Trevor's thumb in her mouth. The sight of her comrade slowly steels Aeon's warrior mind but, though she could easily knock the gun away, does nothing as he blasts Nadir straight through the forehead.

The Nosecone suddenly splits apart on longitudinal seams. Brilliant blue light streams out. The thick steel panels fall open to reveal a disembodied HEAD. Collared and chained to the payload capsule. The Head is exquisitely beautiful. Androgynous, blue, bejeweled and decorated like that of a Hindu god. We see the DEMIURGE. An artificially engineered Divine-Being that Trevor has created to help the Breens establish a new Theocracy. (The Monicans fearing its irresistibility are battling to exile it into space... to preserve their autonomy.)

Under the divine blue light... the whole battlefield scene loses the horror we experienced at first seeing it. Wet wounds glisten and sparkle. Hope replaces despair. Aeon and Trevor gaze in wonder. The WORLD IS SUDDENLY A DIFFERENT PLACE. Everything tinged with beauty. Somewhere to gladly spend eternity in.

The DEMIURGE surveys the battlefield, radiating serenity. Then looks down disapprovingly at Aeon and Trevor - like a stern father. Aeon feels it's presence... LOOKS UP. Gasps, grabs the gun from Trevor and hops to her feet.

The Demiurge converges all the energy into a single, narrow, brilliant beam of concentrated blue light down onto Nadir's body. Aeon steps back. She tries not to watch but can't help it. Entranced, particularly as a tiny LIZARD pokes its head up out of a hole next to Nadir, crawling up into his chest pocket.

The Lizard turns both of its eyes to look at her. As if it knows her. She frowns. The LIZARD is being transformed into a glowing beautiful blue reptile.

Trevor is in ecstasy as Nadir's body rises off the ground... floating in mid-air. The bullet is drawn out of the hole. It drops on the ground. Five times its previous size, glowing blue.

As the Lizard's gaze is broken by Nadir's body, Aeon is able to break free from her trance. She hurries away to the other side of the MISSILE.

Trevor cries tears of joy as Nadir's eyes open. Alive again. His wound miraculously heals. But a loud CLICK! is heard. Then the ROAR of the rocket. Trevor looks over to see Aeon standing by the launch switch.

AEON

Shoot the Breen, Nadir! Now!

This order is more for her benefit, showing that she's still battling. That she is not disloyal. Rather than expecting him to react.

TREVOR

NOOOOO!

The Rocket really rumbles now. Aeon dashes away on the other side. The missile vibrates briefly then shoots straight up into the dawn sky... carrying the Demiurge chained to the tip.

TREVOR

You have no idea! No idea what you've done!

AEON

If I could even think it... let alone DO it... then IT'S NOT!!! You know that! Not even close.

She laughs. Nadir floats there helplessly. Unharmed though his clothes are ripped by the thrust of the blast. His secret photo packet falls to the ground. He gazes up imploringly at the diminishing speck.

Trevor glares in rage at Aeon. He kicks angrily at the debris on the ground. Any hope he had of converting her or redeeming her is gone with the missile. He won't even waste his words on her. She invites him to come fight again.

Behind her... above the rim of the basin... a giant METALLIC TENTACLE looms up from a crack in the concrete.

Aeon turns to face the new threat, but quickly retreats as the tentacle TIP unfolds like the jaws of an attacking snake. Trevor grabs the enchanted body of Nadir, slings him over his shoulder and JETS OFF the ground on mini-thrusters built into his shoes.

Aeon chases after him, tries desperately to snatch Nadir back. She manages only to rip away a strip of his shirt. Trevor flies over Aeon's head and into the opening formed by the tentacle's tip. The jaws clamp shut around Trevor. The tentacle disappears into the ground as suddenly as it had appeared.

Aeon opens her hands and finds the LIZARD swaddled within the strip of Nadir's clothing. IT looks up at her with the same piercing blue gaze as Nadir's. She gasps. Almost tosses it down... BUT CANNOT. She places it in her backpack.

A couple of Monican WORKERS come up from the underground with BODYBAGS to begin cleaning up the battlefield. Separate the armies. Monicans are handled with great care; Breens tossed like rag dolls.

Aeon starts to walk through the bodies towards Monica. Seeing the glowing Blue Bullet, she stops, looks around. Almost picks it up...then kicks dirt over it and walks on. We hold close on the blue light filtering up from the dirt.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN

INT. TREVOR'S LABORATORY - DUSK

In the dark spartan laboratory... a HEADLESS BLUE BODY floats in a tank of life-sustaining fluid. The remains of the Demiurge Aeon blasted into space.

Trevor enters, guiding the floating NADIR with him.

With a shrug, Trevor disconnects the life support system for the headless Demiurge. His ASSISTANTS wheel the tank over near a window. As others wheel in an unusual horizontal tank contraption and begin to tether Nadir and pull him down towards it.

Trevor looks at a series of genetic/organic blueprints. Rolls them up. He examines the bite mark on his arm. Thinks about Aeon.

EXTREME TELESCOPIC VIEW... Looking in Trevor's window from a good mile away. The Headless body can be seen floating. In the background, an odd "hemisphere" pokes up from a hole cut in the middle of the horizontal tank. Then a glimpse of Trevor walking across the room with the plans. Stopping to touch the bite mark again.

CUT TO: The TOP OF A BUILDING in the Monican Section. The Penthouse has a MURAL painted on it.

CLOSER... In the eye of a woman in the mural is a small window from which a woman is watching Trevor with a high powered telescope. This is CELIA REGINA. A wealthy Monican industrialist who has financed Aeon's mission against Trevor and the Demiurge.

ABANDONED NEIGHBORHOOD

Aeon walks through near deserted streets. Very few people left in the low lying abodes of this land.

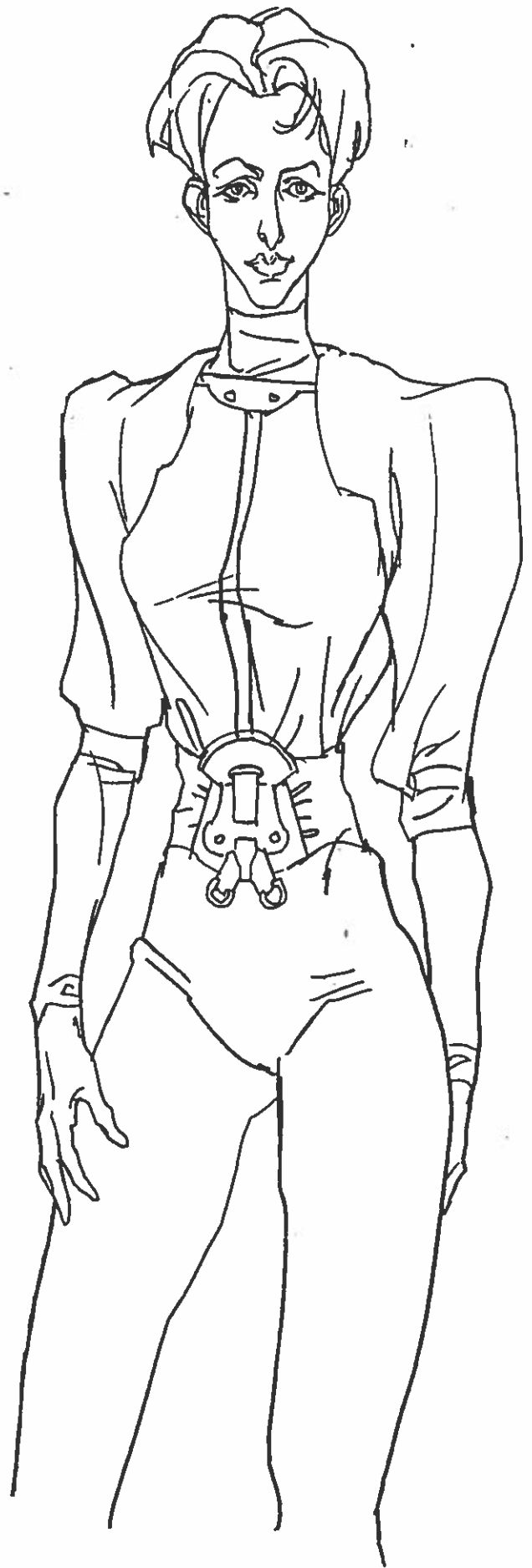
UP AHEAD... several SKYSCRAPERS. Each almost a vertical fortress. A futuristic return to feudalism in 40-story CITY STATES. She heads towards the one with the painting on top.

BASE OF CELIA'S BUILDING

Aeon looks up at the building. Squinting in the sun at the mural up top.

INT. PENTHOUSE LOBBY - DAY

Aeon gets off an elevator into a vast spartan lobby. A beautiful YOUNG WOMAN accompanies her walking towards a set of thirty foot high double doors.



CELIA

Aeon is self-conscious all of a sudden about her filthy action outfit. (Not to mention the bite marks from Trevor.) She hesitates entering. Grabs the sleeve of the loose fitting material the young woman wears and looks imploringly in her eyes. The woman understands. Pulls a string. The garment falls down around her ankles.

AT THE WINDOW Celia takes her eye from the telescope. She lifts up a sleeve. A large band-aid on her forearm. She peels it off. We see wrinkled translucent skin around a scar with Trevor's distinctive BITE MARKS on it.

A KNOCK at the door. The band-aid sticks to itself. Can't be re-applied. Aeon barges into the room, dressed in the loose fitting outfit over the action clothes. Celia is very distracted by the bite scar being exposed.

As Aeon strides across the huge room.

Celia quickly turns around and pulls out a make-up kit and dabs flesh-colored powder over the wound. Then pretends to apply some to her face as Aeon comes near. Celia presses a BUTTON and a loud sub-sonic gear sound is heard as a tremendous hydraulic system begins to lower her entire SUITE down towards the sub-basement.

Aeon and Celia sit across a low table from each other. A pause.

CELIA

Successful?

AEON

In the end, yes.

Aeon carefully dumps out the contents of the sack. Surprised to find only a dead husk of the unusual lizard. Shrugs. Notices another lump in the sack.

AEON

What we treasure, preserved. Yes.
Worthwhile.

Aeon reaches in and finds a spectacular blue EGG from inside the sack. Surprised.

CELIA

Trevor Goodchild?

AEON

Sorry. Skin of his teeth. Next time.

CELIA

(trying to be casual)
And Nadir. Zenneth Nadir?

AEON

He was brave. Best of us all. Hero till the very...

CELIA
(sighs)

Dead?

The egg begins to spider-crack almost imperceptibly.

AEON

Still a question. Trevor took him. Body anyway. Wouldn't swap or barter. Broke the rule. It'll rain corpses in Bregna tonight.

Visible fissures run all round the egg. Both Celia and Aeon glance to it. They try to pretend they don't notice.

CELIA

Secret's out then. But is it over? This Demiscourage... gone and forever?

AEON

What can Trevor do that I cannot undo?

The SHELL breaks open and an exquisite REPTILIAN DEITY, the PARACLETE floats up and hovers over Aeon's shoulder.

Aeon realizes... if the Demiurge can do this from impregnating a lizard... what will hatch from Nadir?

Lighting quick... she reaches out to grab it. The Paraclete zips out of the way... knocking into and spilling a bottle of water.

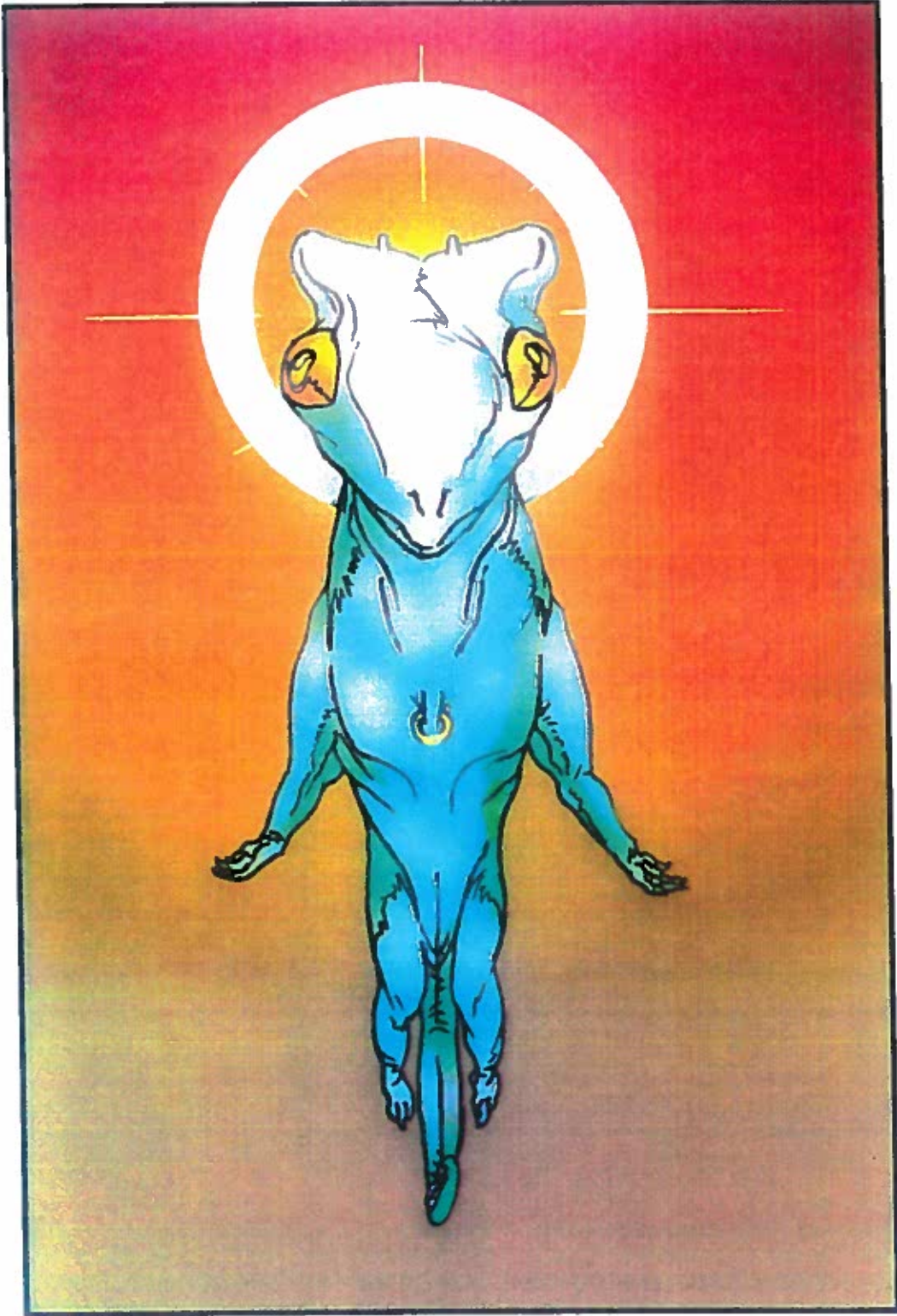
Celia reaches for it. In exactly the right place to get SPLASHED, the make-up covering the bite scar runs off.

Celia looks at it. Looks at Aeon who's staring at it. A glance between them. Aeon knows that bite and knows Celia and Trevor have had something together. Gone at it. Just like she did.

A mix of emotion. Celia's guilt. Shame.

They have arrived at the sub-basement. Head over to the giant doors.

The Paraclete hovers by Aeon who swings a fist at it... MISSES but tears her robe.



THE PARACLETE

Fresh BITE MARKS (exactly like the one's on Celia's arms) are revealed. Celia sees them.

BOTH KNOW. The Paraclete has engineered, through a simple incident, this double revelation.

WAREHOUSE

Celia and Aeon enter. The Paraclete continues to buzz around Aeon; she continues to ignore it. Celia is absolutely enchanted by the sight of it. A vision realized.

The Monican dead are being sorted, processed for burial. Weapons, gear, etc. are likewise being sifted through. Aeon collects some trophies, things she needs with Celia's approval. She takes a square AMMO CASE.

The Paraclete zips over and hovers above a stack of weapons, knocking it over. A blue light emanates from underneath. Celia reaches down, pulls something back... and sees the glowing blue BULLET which killed Nadir.

Aeon's gun barrel glows blue all of a sudden. She pulls her hand away... it glows blue as well. Celia gives her an accusing look.

The Paraclete hovers in front of Aeon's face. So close her eyes begin to cross. Something comes over her. A wave of truth. She hangs her head.

AEON

Nadir.

CELIA

Yes. What? Nadir what?

AEON

Let him down. His death. My fault. Failed to cover... failed him. Distracted. Trevor's spell. Could have... should have! Blankness... a moment lost... please?

CELIA

Celia forgives you.

Aeon is surprised at her reaction. Suddenly upset at herself for being so honest. The Paraclete hovers in front of Celia's face then leads her through the debris of battle.

CELIA

Trevor's spell... web of lies... I know... know this well...

Aeon stealthily picks up a metal Ammo case, takes out the contents, quietly. Follows behind Celia.

CELIA
Long time ago... before Zew... before...

The Paraclete hovers down near something. Celia reaches to grab it. It flits away but Nadir's photo packet is seen where the Paraclete just was. Celia gasps. Covers it with her foot and holds it there.

Aeon suddenly sweeps the open cube through the air. At the moment of capture... the Paraclete emits a blinding LIGHT. The cube is closed. Both Aeon and Celia are blinking and adjusting their eyes from the flash. DID IT GET AWAY? Aeon wants to open the BOX but if she does... it will escape... She shakes the box. Hears nothing. Both seem to have faith that it's in there.

Aeon holds it out to Celia.

AEON
A gift.

Celia would love nothing more than to possess it, but KNOWS she cannot.

CELIA
Your possession. Never mine.

Aeon is a bit miffed. Wants to get rid of this holy gadfly. She gets up and starts to leave. Parting is awkward between these two. Both regret revealing their secrets.

AEON
Some day soon... we'll wake together
and remember none of this!

Aeon heads out into the LOBBY, peeling off the gown as she goes, handing it to the naked assistant... and getting on an elevator. Going up.

Celia takes her foot off the photo packet. Examines it. Again, we see an obscure pornographic image of probably Celia and Nadir, but only they would know. She hurries to a wall. Presses a panel, revealing a safe. Spins a combo. Removes a tray with a couple dozen METAL CUBES. Strains under their weight (extremely dense molecular structure). Lugs them to the table and begins frantically opening the lid of each... pulling out sculpted metal ICONS of fantastic, mythical creatures. (Uncertain if they are religious artifacts or a toy collection from some alien child.) FINALLY... she finds the one she sought... an exact miniature of the PARACLETE. Perfect in every detail. She kisses it with trembling lips then looks over to the telescope...

THE TELESCOPIC VIEW... of the "dome" of Nadir's belly getting even larger.

CELIA
(voice over whisper)
Zenneth.

INT. AIRPLANE - DUSK

High above Bregna, looking down through BOMB BAY DOORS as they open.

One after another, DEAD BREENS encased in armor-like CHROME CASKETS are tossed out... chutes pulled automatically... floating down.

INT. TREVOR'S LIVING QUARTERS - DUSK

Trevor reclines in splendor. Sitting in a huge mechanical massage chair. The decor is lush, overdone. Some mad cross between Peter Greenaway and Siegfried and Roy.

A REMOTE SCREEN switches through a series of scientific visualizations of Nadir (infra-red, X-ray, MRI scan, etc.) monitoring the growth within him.

Trevor presses a button and a window within the screen displays a MONICAN BROADCAST about "The Battle." An Old Woman's voice gives an editorial. Heard dimly in the background. VOICE: "The perdition of dreams, the rights of youth fade like pale smoke and the embers doused by blood of loss, we ask for whom serves this vantage of hideous strength; to reap another harvest in the kingdom of pain!"

Trevor holds a scale model of some weapon of mass destruction ready for manufacture. In mid-discussion with a factory FOREMAN.

TREVOR
Semi-infinite blanking?

FOREMAN
At half the fixed norm, tops.
(he sneezes)
And no crossed apex fluctuation.

Trevor gives him a withering look, full of doubt.

FOREMAN
OK... but, well within acceptable parameters. First phase allocations are contingent upon notification of the treaty oversight committee...

Trevor isn't sure. Shaking his head. Loathing a decision.

There's a big hubbub from some people at the window. Trevor stops the chair

and gets up and strides over.

FRAMED IN THE RECTANGLE OF THE WINDOW. Trevor in silhouette watches the dozens and dozens of "neco-troopers" drifting down into view.

MINION

Invasion?

TREVOR

They're ours.

MINION

Breens?

TREVOR

Meant to shame me.

(pause)

I find nothing truly ignoble in their falling. There's a grace. Aesthetically pleasing.

(sighs)

But my people will cry blood and so in turn must I.

Angry murmurs rise up from the lower floors. The Bregna populace incensed at this treatment of warrior dead.

TREVOR

Rage is a burden. Power has me prisoner.

He looks to the screens that monitor the progress of the "DOME."

TREVOR

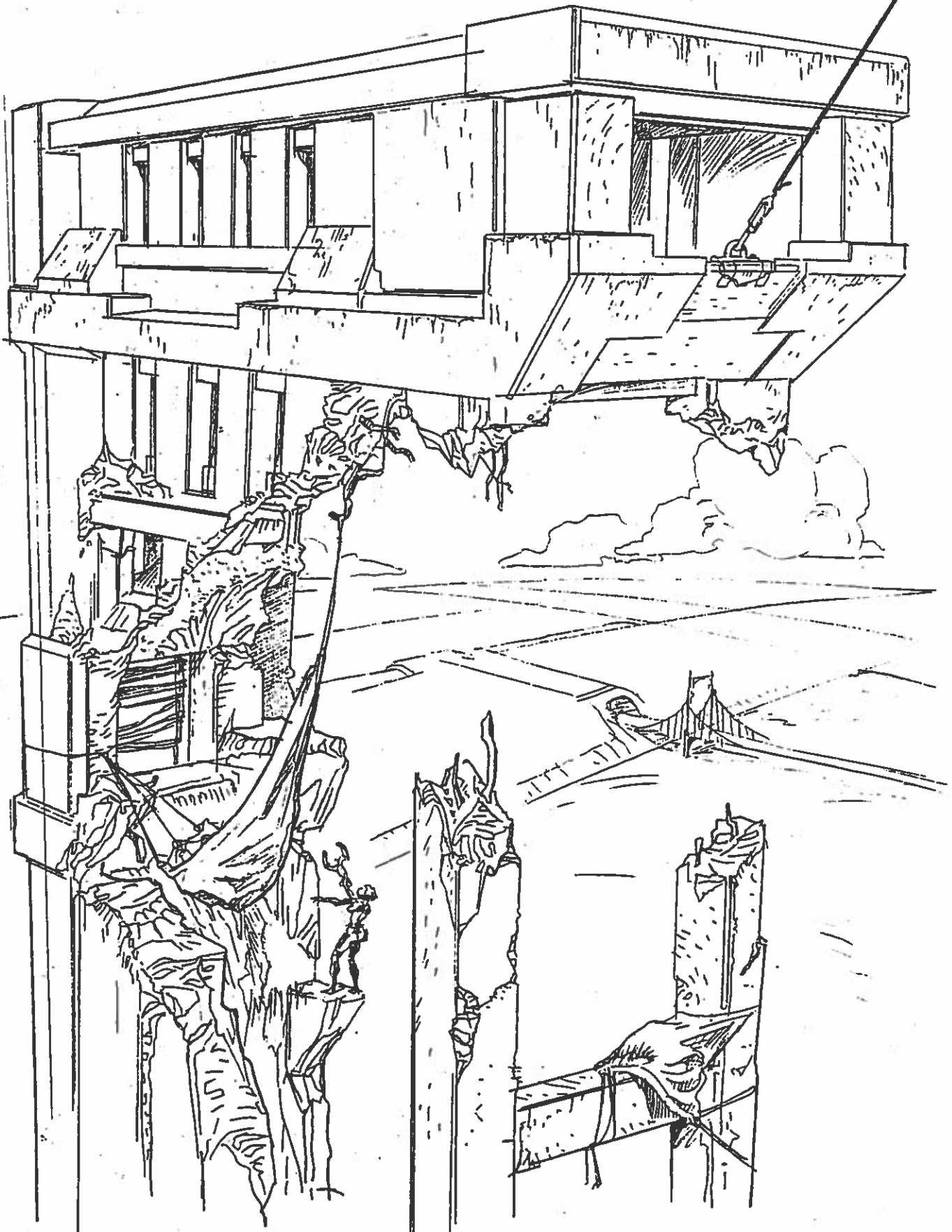
Set me free!

EXT. WIDE VISTA - DUSK

In the distance we see Trevor's lab and the last of the falling Breens. Celia's penthouse is a half mile away. But we focus on A STRANGE BUILDING in the foreground. Nearly as high as Celia's but half collapsed. Disintegrating into a pile of rubble on the ground. Cantilevered, held up by a cable that disappears into the low clouds.

DOWN AT THE GROUND

Aeon looks up at the building, her secret work space and present home. She assembles a device from a bag. A MECHANICAL CLAW. Utilizing it as she begins to ascend the rusty incline. Stepping from girder to girder using rivets as hold points, with all the dexterity of a Yosemite rock climber. Using the claw as



AEON'S PLACE

needed, in a pinch.

ON A HUGE TOWER ACROSS THE WAY... A WORKMAN watches her rise towards the top. Dressed in a jumpsuit, munching a sandwich. He looks up and follows the cable holding up her building to where it disappears into the low clouds... then connects to the TOWER he's working on. He follows Aeon, fascinated with what she's up to.

Aeon rises up through the puzzle of girders towards the penthouse. She STOPS near the top, checks a section of girders, hinged and specially reinforced. They only seem to be damaged. But may have some hidden purpose.

INT. AEON'S PLACE

Aeon enters from a trap door in the floor... goes over to a CLOSET. Opens it. Filled with "trophies." Mementos from dozens of skirmishes, missions, and liaisons. A secret place that gives her much personal pleasure. She adds her new stuff, hanging it on a peg on the wall. Starts to put the Paraclete inside, too, but then gets an ODD FEELING. The Trophies suddenly make her uncomfortable. Even guilty. She remembers only horror, no triumph. All pleasure is gone. She can't put the Paraclete inside. Extremely frustrated.

She sets down the BOX down on a table. She suddenly spins and tries to throw it out the window. BUT CAN'T. Her will refuses. She cannot consciously harm it. Impossible. She tries to throw it hard to the floor. Not even that action is permitted.

She sets it back on the table. Starts to check again to see if it's really in there. Cannot. Sets it back down. She seems exhausted. On the verge of tears. Notices a beam, ready to slip above the cube. Smiles.

She goes over to the window. PULLS two feet of yellow tape off a DISPENSER mounted on the sill. Yawns. Goes to where the CABLE comes down through the ROOF and attaches to the CEMENT FLOOR. The whole section is on the verge of coming loose around where the cable is hooked to a metal plate imbedded in the cement. Many strips of tape already there – fraying from the stress

She gets ready to tape a fresh X across the section, but is distracted by something... inadvertently leaves the tape stuck to a chair.

TOWER... The Workman has climbed to the top... follows the thick CABLE... down through a hole in the clouds to Aeon's building. Takes out binoculars and observes.

CLOSER... The hole in the roof gives him a view of the cable connection. He can see maybe one fifth of her space... observes the cement section on the verge of breaking. Worried for her.

Aeon starts to take off her outfit. Revealing her astounding body. A pattern of milk-white skin where her scanty outfit has kept the sun away. The Paraclete

makes her feel self-conscious. She throws another outfit on, covering most of herself.

The Workman has viewed a glimpse of her disrobing. His binoculars steam up.

She sets her G-STRING on a desk. A metal VIAL is removed from the gear inside her lower garment. She holds it to the light. A milky substance is seen in a tiny window.

The cement creaks. She almost goes over to tape it down but then is too enthralled by what's in the vial.

She inserts it into a DEVICE, half microscope... half futuristic arcade GAME. Puts her eyes to a screen. Focuses.

We see scads of Trevor's tadpoles wiggling their tails.

Aeon inserts a large object, round, egg-shaped. But it also somewhat resembles a GUN TURRET.

As the sperm senses its "eggness" and start to steamboat towards it... Aeon begins to blow them away, one by one with a tiny nanotech machine gun.

Aeon smiles. Jockeys a joystick and telegraphs rapidly her "fire" button, with expert precision.

AEON

He loves me... he loves me NOT! He
LOVES me... he loves me not..

She completely focuses on zapping Trevor's essence. Has forgotten (purposefully perhaps) about the cement patch and the precarious beam above the CUBE.

The cement lifts up a centimeter. The beam falls... nearly hitting the cube... knocks it off the table. Lands dangerously close to a hole in the floor.

She pulls her self out of the game. She notices the cube on the floor, in jeopardy of falling through the hole. Somehow very satisfied by this "test."

She looks back at the GAME SCREEN. Just as the last little sperm wiggles into the phony egg. She loses.

The CEMENT SECTION is on the verge of coming loose again. But Aeon packs a bag. Seems ready for a MISSION. Starts to leave. Spins... tries to fire at the BOX. CAN'T!

As she starts down the TRAP DOOR, the cable seems ready to break from the floor. She has forgotten about it (or made herself forget).

She throws the claw away and repels down a rope. As if never to return.

FROM THE WORKMAN'S VANTAGE... he sees her leaving. Then puts binoculars on a high magnification. The cement really begins to crumble. He hurries to her aid. Throws a rope and descends to the roof of her building.

DOWN BELOW... she gets in a car and drives away. The building slips behind her. She either does not notice or is ignoring it.

The Workman on the roof... slips through the hole in the ceiling... then as the building shifts... falls through the room... near miraculously straight through the HOLE in the floor. The cement patch is hooked precariously at the edge of the hole in the ceiling, quivering in the wind.

He falls... bouncing off girders... hurt badly then landing in a section of canvas. It wraps around him. He hangs there in a pouch in the middle of the building. Unconscious. No one knows he's there.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

FADE IN

EXT. BREGNA - NIGHT

Two SEARCHLIGHTS find the airplane as it has returned to dump another load of Breen dead.

ON THE GROUND... People gather up the falling corpses. Moaning... swearing vengeance.

One corpse however gets up and crawls down a manhole.

SEWER

We see it is AEON. Using the ruse as a way to enter enemy territory. She finds an access channel to Trevor's building and starts making her way up thirty stories of narrow ventilation shaft.

INT. TREVOR'S LAB

The room is brightly lit and painted in neon colors. Shelves line the walls bearing glass vials filled with various multi-colored fluids, strange specimens and organs injected with fluorescent dye.

Trevor is covered from head to toe in yellow vinyl. Only his eyes are visible. Then he covers them under heavy green and purple lenses.

Behind him, the FEMALE ASSISTANT NURSE, lays out an array of plastic instruments on a tray. She wears a plastic miniskirt, an enormous pink wig and yellow vinyl mask and gloves. Something in her eyes is familiar. Trevor seems to notice something odd in her, but then is preoccupied once again with the ritualistic operation at hand.

The instruments look like life-size versions of accessories for toy action figures, made grotesque by their incongruous bulk.

The TABLE before them is laden with an intricately arranged surreal VILLAGE in plastic miniature pieces. Toy cars, trees, houses, animals and people surround a large circular MOAT. At the center of the moat, a shiny pink DOME protrudes.

TREVOR
(to himself)

One Law.

At one side of the table, a real HUMAN FACE is vaguely visible, protruding also from a smaller moat in the table's surface. The Face is NADIR'S. The swollen dome is his pregnant belly.

TREVOR
(to himself)

Morality never again in doubt.

TREVOR'S BUILDING

Aeon slips out of a panel on the wall. Replaces it and sneaks down a hallway towards Trevor's Lab.

She passes a DOOR that is cracked open. Crying is heard inside. Though in a hurry to fulfill her mission, she can't help but step back and peer in the crack.

VIEW INTO THE APARTMENT... It is cluttered and stuffy. On the dining room table sit the remnants of a recent dinner.

In the NEXT ROOM... there are four elegantly dressed young adults. Two male and two female.

The First Woman lies face down in a crumpled heap on the carpet, sobbing.

The Second Woman, also in tears, kneels and caresses the First Woman's back, trying to console her.

First Man stands a few feet away, staring angrily at an object at his feet.

A WHITE CARDBOARD BOX, about a foot cubed with its top smashed as if struck violently. A small pool of blood has formed at its base.

The Second Man sits at the far side of the room in an armchair. His head down, forehead held in his hand, face hidden. He emits small guttural sounds. At first it seems like sobbing but then, no longer able to contain himself... HE BURSTS OUT LAUGHING.

Aeon wrinkles her brow, witnessing this enigmatic scene, then moves on.

BACK AT THE LAB

Trevor moves a small toy CANNON to the base of the dome. Aims carefully and FIRES a tiny harpoon over the top.

The harpoon crashes through a window of a toy house on the opposite side, trailing a thin thread which settles gently onto the skin of Nadir's belly. The thread dissolves with contact to the skin, leaving a red line etched across it.

Trevor signals his NURSE... she hits a switch. The lights in the room dim down.

Aeon can be seen, sneaking in as the room goes to shadow.

A PROJECTOR hanging above the table throws an IMAGE of a cartoon PUPPY face down onto the belly. Trevor marks off the distance along the red line which intersects with the puppy's nose. He picks up a scalpel and starts to bring in down on the mark.

Aeon from her hiding place, aims her gun at the mark on the belly in anticipation of what is going to emerge. The NURSE grabs Trevor's wrist and forces the scalpel away. They struggle on the floor.

Aeon rises up, annoyed by the interruption.

The Nurse's mask is ripped away... revealing it to be CELIA, in disguise. Trevor is shocked.

TREVOR

Celia?

CELIA

I will not let you hurt him anymore!

She sees Aeon approaching with a gun.

CELIA
(to Aeon)

DON'T!

TREVOR
(trying to hypnotize)
She cannot. Not this time. Beyond the
realm of her will!

Aeon comes closer. Not sure if she can or can't. Raises the gun.

Nadir comes to. Celia and he lock a stare. So do Trevor and Aeon. No one can move. Frozen as if in a dream. A multi-sonic, unearthly sound builds towards a crescendo.

JUST THEN... a tiny hole appears in Nadir's naval (right where the super-imposed puppy snout is projected). A mysterious vapor wafts up and fills a conical shape above the belly.

The animated puppy face PEELS back from the center point. Skin curling away to reveal another animated face. This one ten times more glorious. A host of herald angels hum somewhere.

Nadir's FLESH then rips delicately from that same point and an invisible volume rises up displacing the vapor.

Celia, Trevor and Aeon all look up in wonderment.

A SHAPE hovers there briefly. A human infant in a fetal position. Then, just as quickly, the vapor collapses and it's gone.

INT. HYPERCUBE

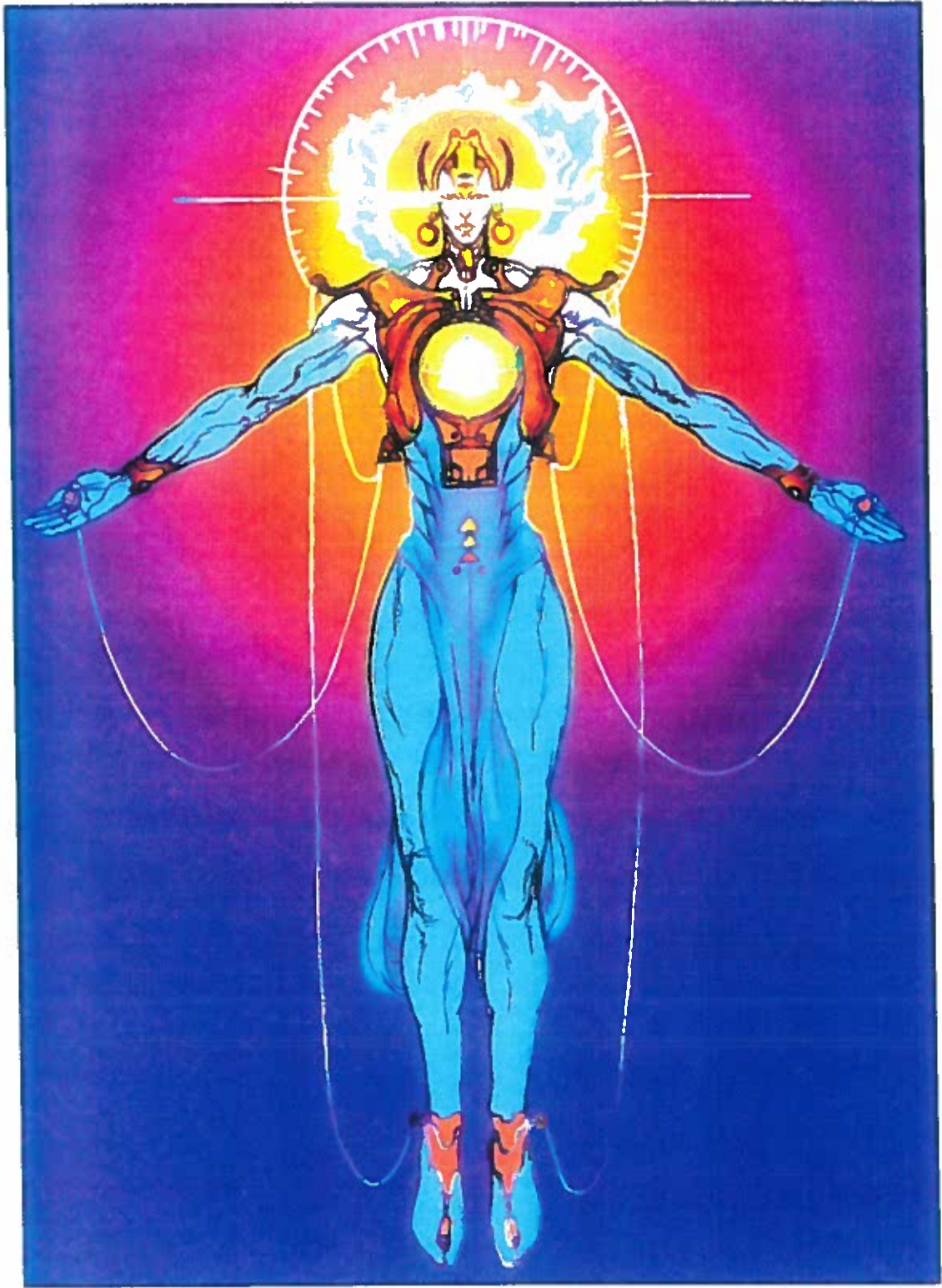
A cubical chamber in hyper space. Some higher dimension. The cube is minimally represented, luminescent with sparse furnishings of mysterious function.

The Infant begins to appear in the same fetal position we last saw it. As it materializes... it rises to upright position and grows to maturity before our eyes into a NEW DEMIURGE. It is not the SAME as the last one but SIMILAR. With a smart new hairstyle and a distinctly FEMININE air. It seems to be very sad to be in this world. Longing to leave as soon as it's been born. Emitting a haunting sound, like a heartbroken angel.

The HYPERCUBE exists in at least four dimensions. A semblance of it is seen... DISSOLVING in and out of various places... assuming various sizes. Everywhere and nowhere.

THE APARTMENT

Where moments before one man was laughing and others wept over something that had happened to a mysterious little BOX. The WORLD IS A DIFFERENT PLACE WITH THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.



THE DEMIURGE

The Laughing Man's carefree attitude turns to sudden doubt. He sees two angelic blue copulating WORMS at the bottom of the glass he's been drinking from. He shivers with a sudden horror... then starts sobbing uncontrollably. The Angry Man melts into forgiveness. The Two Women wipe away their tears. Devoid of emotion. Stoic. Cold.

BACK AT THE LAB

Our trio still standing there. They haven't moved a muscle though the Cosmos has just flipped its axis upside-down.

Trevor particularly seems distraught by the new world. He shakes his head. Can't believe it.

TREVOR

It isn't is it? Not the way we thought.
How could I... how could I not have
known!

Celia previously obsessed with Trevor could care less now. Unlike the other two, she seems ecstatic. Beaming a banal grin. She steps over and reaches her hand into the hole in Nadir's belly. Nadir's body bears an image of the cartoon puppy. We notice he has died, with a beatific smile. But the saintly glow fades. She kisses his cheek.

INSIDE THE MINIATURE HOUSE... A mechanical finger unfolds from the tip of the harpoon and pushes a button on a tiny television.

The screen lights up and an image of the Paraclete's face appears. We hear tiny mumbling. A GROUP OF CREATURES (living versions of the rest of Celia's Icon Collection) watch the Paraclete. One of them switches channels.

Nadir's soul can be seen rising toward heaven. SWITCH... Nadir's forehead wound reappears... SWITCH... a blood stain on the box of ammo housing the Paraclete... SWITCH... close-ups of the teeth marks on Aeon, Celia and Trevor... SWITCH... the falling "necro troopers."

BACK TO TREVOR AND AEON

Shadows of tiny falling bodies drift across their faces. Both horrified at the thought of them now.

CLOSE UP TREVOR... He exhales deeply then holds his hands over his ears in anticipation of a loud noise.

CLOSE UP AEON... Moving even closer. Tears well up and trickle down here cheeks. Lips unable to move. We hear her thoughts.

AEON
(voice over)
Far away... fast as I can...

She closes her eyes, rubs them hard. She pretends to yawn but the yawn becomes real, then her lips contort into a involuntary, piercing scream. She opens her eyes.

Trevor's face is inches away. He's filled with infinite terror.

Aeon drops her gun as if it were burning her hand.

Trevor whimpers and drops to his knees, grabbing Aeon's ankle. She's immensely troubled. She turns to flee. Dragging Trevor across the room. She walks right toward a MIRROR... meeting her image and CRASHING THROUGH the two-way glass of an Observation Room.

Leaving Trevor behind.

She dives through a tiny two foot square WINDOW on the other side of the observation room.

She lands on a narrow LEDGE outside. Almost falling over the edge and plummeting 50 stories. She squeezes her ankles and her shoes pop out roller skates. She skates over towards POWER LINES at the corner of the building.

Trevor's head pokes out. HE watches her flee. Then stares at the STORM CLOUDS gathering over Bregna.

Aeon deftly leaps on to a huge powerline CABLE. Then skates towards the horizon... CHASED BY STORM CLOUDS.

MOVING with her... As roiling apocalyptic clouds start to overtake her. She's afraid to even look back.

Nearing a tunnel... she barely makes it inside before a LIGHTNING BOLT strikes the opening, caving it in forever.

PITCH BLACKNESS... Her eyes adjust. A soft glow from a jewel on her belt casts light on herself but nothing else. There is nothingness all around her.

She squints above her. A small sliver of BLUE LIGHT is seen up there. She finds herself a foothold somehow and starts to climb.

As she rises... we see her make the exact same moves up the exact same route she climbed to her workplace in the half-collapsed, cantilevered building.

She finds the CLAW she had tossed away when she left. Has a little epiphany about finding it, realizing where she is.

AEON

Yes!

She uses the claw to bridge the gaps, knows the rest of the way by heart now.

As she approaches the blue slit, we can sense the outline of the hypercube somehow. Contained in the middle of the building in the puzzle of girders...

She climbs through the slit.

HYPERCUBE

She crawls up into the luminous chamber through a panel on the floor.

There is an opaque SCREEN directly in front of her. Aeon crouches behind it, then peers over to see the rest of the chamber.

The DEMIURGE stands where she stood before. Dwarfing Aeon, not seeming to notice that's she's there. Staring into space.

The Demiurge begins METAMORPHOSING into a myriad incarnations faster and faster... getting extremely "psychedelic."

Aeon stands to watch the light show.

Trevor appears, looking up through the panel on the floor. Aeon does not see him.

The WORKMAN is now seen, hanging down suspended in the middle of the cube. Still in the canvas pouch he fell into.

CUTAWAY

To the TAPE on the cement patch in her workplace above. Finally tears loose. The cement patch pulls out... The building creaks and groans and begins to collapse.

EXTERIOR VIEW... The building slowly crumples, imploding in on itself.

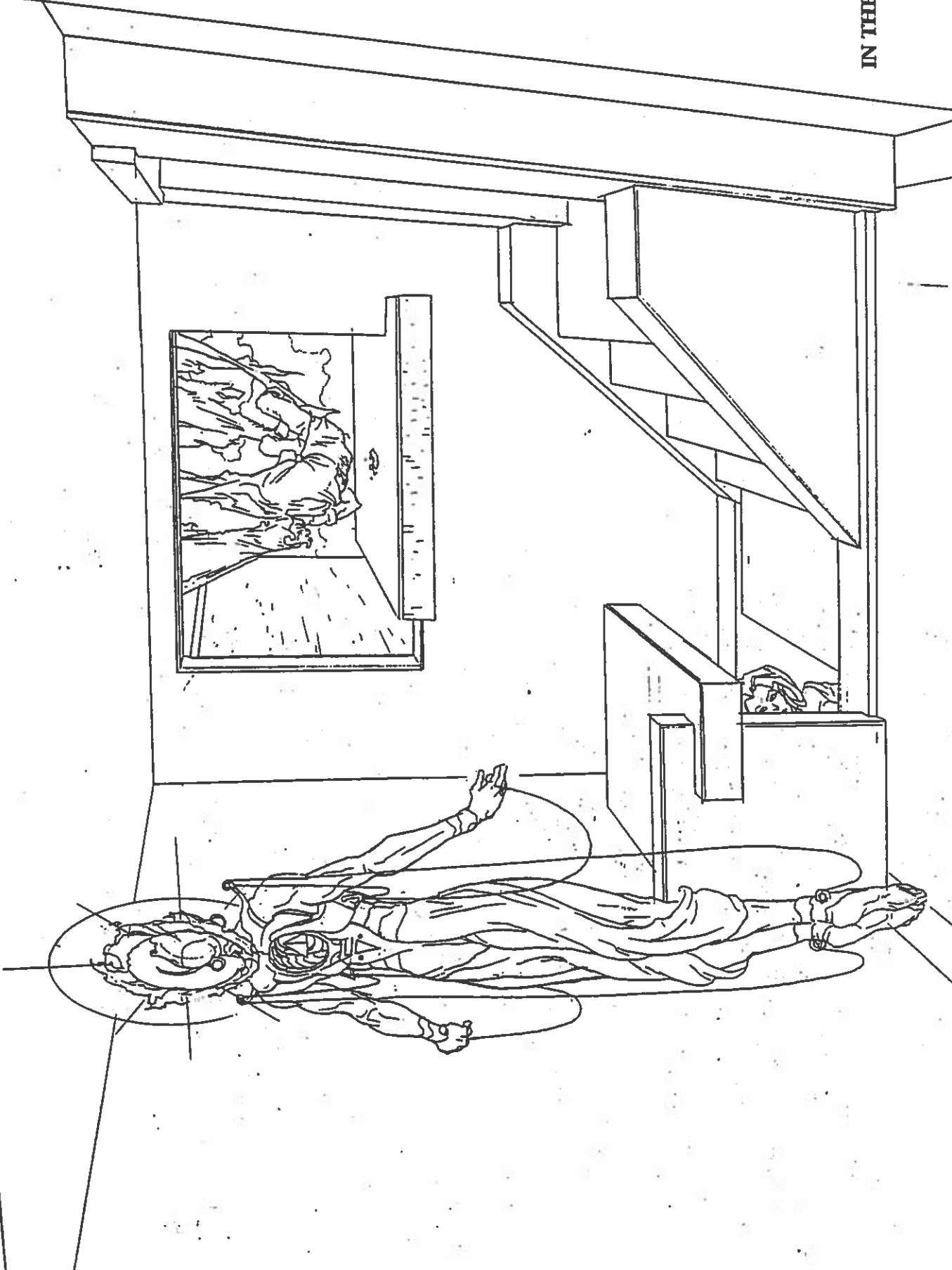
The HYPERCUBE caught right in the jaws of a collapsing TRAP of girders. Its power weakens.

Aeon suddenly smiles. Remembers.

AEON

The tape! Forgot to...

She looks up as her workplace penthouse starts to plummet down towards her. She looks on the floor for the CLAW. Sees Trevor's head poking up through the panel next to it. Surprised to see him, but also glad.



She hooks the claw to the Screen... dives through the panel grabbing Trevor on the way. They drop down the line to safety.

The Demiurge sighs. It views the penthouse heading down towards the Workman. In slow motion.

The Ammo box containing the Paraclete falls through the hole in the floor of the penthouse...

The Demiurge in a casual but supreme act of SACRIFICE... at the last second takes the Workman's place... PUSHING him out of the way and taking the full brunt of the blow. A girder DECAPITATES THE DEMIURGE. The only way it could die... taking its own life.

The building grinds to a static position. Dust settles.

Aeon and Trevor dangle from the end of a rope. Start to crawl

The Ammo box rests on a girder near the HYPERCUBE.

VIEW INSIDE THE AMMO BOX... The Paraclete pushes its head THROUGH the wall.

OUTSIDE... the head doesn't exist there.

BUT... INSIDE the HYPERCUBE... the head emerges just as the last glow of blue fades from the Demiurge.

ON TV SCREENS ALL OVER BREGNA AND MONICA... the Paraclete's head appears like the title card of a funny cartoon animal, enveloped in a glowing halo.

It grins aggressively, then begins to shake violently and sweat profusely.

Children everywhere are transfixed watching this.

The skin at the base of the neck (where it intersects the wall of the hypercube) rolls itself off the head's surface... Uncovering a gooey, organic, polka-dotted STUMP. The sheath of skin shrinks to a little BALL balanced on the tip of the Paraclete's nose. The ball of "shed divinity" drops from the nose and BOUNCES on the floor of the chamber like a piece of rubber. Its bounces increase in force, driving it higher and higher until it shoots off into HEAVEN after the spirit of the Demiurge.

The quivering naked stump slowly regains the vague form of a cartoon puppy.

Aeon and Trevor climb up to the level of the Hypercube. The walls of the hypercube turn brittle and break away into dust.

Aeon opens the Ammo case nearby. A common tiny lizard crawls out scampers down a girder to the floor below.

They look at the giant HEAD and the huge prone decapitated BODY of the Demiurge. It's now leathery, mummified. And very DEAD.

Both react to a horrible stench. Trevor looks to Aeon with hope. For them. For him. She looks haughty again, kicks at the head. Toe covered with rotting goo. Becoming convinced she's responsible for its death.

She raises her toe, fingers up some of the residue. A tear forms in her eye. She longs for the divinity again... now that it's gone.

Trevor is staring at her. Embarrassed by his actions before. When Aeon looks at him, he looks away.

AEON
(mumbles)

... harder they fall...

TREVOR

What?

He looks at her again. She looks away this time. He circles round trying to get her to look at him.

TREVOR

What did you say? You don't think...

She turns away again. He turns his back to her.

The goo is drying quickly, crumbling to dust.

Aeon kneels by the Ammo box. Trevor looks over with hope as she slowly opens the lid. BUT... the lizard has lost all its divinity. Just a common little reptile now. It darts away down a beam to the floor below.

Wind blows what's left of God's dust away. Trevor and Aeon are both devastated. The world feels more empty than it's ever been. They try to look at each other again... but can't.

Trevor pulls a ripcord. Lets a weight belt fall away from his waist. He rises up off the ground and floats away towards Bregna with a portable helium balloon attached to his backpack.

Aeon hears the hiss and turns.

AEON

You know I...

He's gone. She looks up. Sees him rising. A mix of emotions fills her. They can finally look at each other. From afar. Then she turns to flee.

His POV of her as she gets smaller and smaller. She descends back down the rope to the ground.

Their LOVE/HATE obsession is renewed. The Battle is on again.

The Lizard crawls up the Workman's chest as he wakes. Not aware of anything that's happened. He grabs it by the tail. It breaks free, leaving the tail between his fingers. Scampers away.

The Workman sees Aeon on the ground walking away then takes notice of where he is.

The tail in the hand (still connected somehow) twitches in the throes of death. Then it is still.

ON SOME DISTANT PLANET

The divine disembodied Blue head (from the opening Battle) sits atop its missile as if on a throne. Ruling over a strange race of alien people.

The End



AEON FLUX

Additional Episodes

Synopses
by Peter Chung

Episode 2: Thanatophobia

Onan and Sybil attempt to cross the border from Bregna to a better life in Monica; they are separated when a bullet in the spine stops Sybil and she is left behind. Sybil returns to work in a Breen government factory making machine components. Every night, Aeon enters Bregna through the secret passageway (it opens in the floor of her vehicle while it's in motion) and destroys the factory's output. Trevor is frustrated in his attempts to catch Aeon.

Sybil is Aeon's neighbor; their two homes are divided by an impenetrable barrier. A gap in the barrier enables them to see into each other's space; the gap is protected by a security system making contact between the two impossible. Aeon and Sybil never speak directly to each other. From her spying, Sybil knows that Aeon is the saboteur, but keeps the knowledge secret. She hopes to use Aeon as her means to escape from Monica. Aeon, meanwhile, by also spying into Sybil's home, learns of her desire to cross the border to be reunited with her lover, Onan. Sybil regularly practices maneuvers to overcome the border's security system. Aeon predicts disaster if Sybil ever tries to cross.

Aeon acts as an intermediary, trying to destroy the relationship between the two lovers for the sake of Sybil's safety. She seduces Onan knowing that Sybil would be watching. In return, Sybil seduces Trevor in front of Aeon. Trevor happily cooperates when he discovers the special sexual sensations he can arouse in Sybil by caressing her spinal cord through the strange scar in her back. Sybil grows to distrust Aeon, so when Aeon comes to Sybil to offer to carry her across the border, she refuses.

Aeon is kept from her nighttime raid when Onan uses Aeon's passageway, leaving Aeon stranded (he takes her vehicle into Bregna). Onan returns to Sybil, but in the end, it is no longer her love for Onan which motivates Sybil's desire to escape; Onan is back, but still she must go, because now it is a new need... she must learn the truth about Aeon and Onan; their secret lies behind a corner just out of view from Sybil's window. She locks Onan out; she is sure of her ability to cross the border. The security system, which works differently now from what Sybil had expected, traps Sybil during her attempt to cross, and amputates both her legs. Sybil is shocked to find that the mechanism is composed of machine parts she helped manufacture. Finally, Sybil sees behind the corner, and learns the terrible truth...

Episode 3: Isthmus Crypticus

Aeon concludes her mission by carrying away the briefcase of documents from Trevor's agent.

Una Lethe is a Monican student. Outside her window, she sees a young boy hit a bird in flight with a rock from his slingshot. The bird falls, wounded with a broken wing. Una rushes to it and finds a message attached to its leg. The message consists of a mysterious photograph of an unrecognizable yet exquisite place in which dwells a man of unearthly beauty. The carrier bird is also visible in the photo--indicating that the place depicted

must also be the bird's source. Not knowing the way from which it came, she must nurse the bird to health if she is to follow it back.

Una accepts an urgent assignment to translate a foreign document given her by Aeon. She settles at her desk for an all-night session. The bird takes a turn for the worse during the night. Una's time and energy are spent trying desperately to keep the bird alive. She succeeds, but morning comes and the text remains untranslated. To make matters worse, her boyfriend makes an unexpected stop on his way to work. Aeon comes to Una just as the boyfriend leaves her home. Despite Una's assurances that her friend did not spend the night with her, Aeon is angered and suspicious. The only chance now is to translate the text to Aeon over a live transmitter as she carries out her mission. Aeon arrives at a vast underground structure, inserts a miniature receiver in her ear, and follows Una's directions as they come over the air.

The text describes a complex set of directions by which one may infiltrate Trevor's inner sanctum. After a series of blunders due to Una's occasional linguistic lapses, Aeon arrives at the central chamber. The text describes this chamber in great detail, and as Una translates she soon realizes that it is none other than that mysterious place depicted in her cherished photograph. In a panic, she realizes that Aeon is on her way to destroy the exquisite being*--a successful product of Trevor's experiments in genetic mutation. (*or a Monican hostage who wishes to be killed. He's kept alive by Trevor as leverage.) Una now abandons the text and refers to the photo to lead Aeon onto a narrow ledge that connects the chamber wall to the central platform where the creature lives. She estimates Aeon's progress along the ledge: she jacks in the transmitter to her amplifier and cranks up a deafening tone. Aeon is knocked unconscious by the shock and falls to the chamber floor.

Episode 4: Utopia or Deuteronopia?

Frustrated by the inadequacies of subjective testimony in the investigation of crimes, Trevor installs an all-pervasive monitoring system to record all events everywhere in Bregna. The system is operated by a special class of "watchers" whose job it is to keep accounts of the complete daily activities of each citizen -- like technological guardian angels. The watchers retain objectivity by absolute isolation. They are allowed neither to influence nor be influenced by the events they observe. They live in an elaborate system of corridors interlacing the outside world: the Network.

The Network isn't secret, but access to it is limited to a select number of insiders, including Trevor himself. The Breens are accustomed to thinking that their public and private spaces contain this extra parallel dimension. As with the other utility networks that permeate their environment (water and sewage tunnels, electrical and gas lines), they ignore its presence.

Sybil acquires a pair of detachable mechanical limbs which she can use with as legs or as a second pair or arms. In private life, she prefers to relax as a double amputee. Every night, she struggles with her artificial limbs, she caresses the bruises on her stumps. Her twin thigh stumps bear longitudinal scars, the erotic appearance of which proves irresistible to her numerous admirers. The watcher assigned to her falls in love with her.

The Network is populated by people who enjoy living vicariously through the experience of others. At leisure in their own outdoor facilities, they gossip incessantly about the lives they observe. All their speech consists of sordid details of lives with which they have no connection, yet they are passionately interested, addicted to the unfolding dramas of the observed. They gamble on the outcome of situations.

Ultimately, the systems fails. Speech loses its meaning; Breens conspire to behave in indecipherable ways to disguise their true motives. Sybil commits a series of crimes under a cover of dense activity. Aeon is hired to act out diversionary rituals which have the appearance of immorality and decadence, but are ultimately harmless.

We observe the following:

A well dressed man enters Aeon's foyer. He performs a memorized ritual of a precise sequence of minute gestures (like punching in a security code) : he dispenses a cup of water from a fountain in the corner, dips his index finger in it, locates the fifth tile in the left hand wall, slides the tile aside, revealing a narrow hole, inserts the wet finger in the hole, withdraws the finger now coated with a purple powder, mixes the powder in the cup, pours the fluid gently over the stem of a plant set in an alcove, luring a slender worm to glide out from the stem's translucent skin; the worm emits a strong greenish glow in a rhythmic pulse. The man pulls a pen-like object from his jacket, uncaps it, places the worm in the hollow tube, which now directs the worm's light into a narrow beam. He aims the pulsing light at a small circular glass fixture in the ceiling. A panel in the ceiling slides open, a hook on a chain descends and latches onto a metal loop in the man's jacket, yanking him violently up into the open ceiling panel. The panel slides shut.

The man encounters Aeon in the secret compartment. She is dressed in a tight fitting crimson leather jumpsuit, sitting on a chaise longue, her bare feet in a basin of milky fluid. She is winding a wire around a disc-shaped spool. The man kneels at her feet. He gently lifts one foot out of the basin and sets it on the edge. On a low table beside the basin, various metal instruments lie splayed out neatly on a white square of terry cloth. The man picks up a tool with a smooth blunt tip on one end and a small blade on the other. He uses the blunt end to push the softened cuticle flesh of Aeon's big toe. Aeon moans quietly in delicious agony. The man uses his blade to carefully trim away the dense dead rind of cuticle tissue from the toe. He gingerly retrieves the crescent shaped excised skin, raises it to his face, slowly caresses it against his trembling lips, then finally slips it into this eager mouth. He sucks and chews the tender morsel as if it were his life's sustenance. As he proceeds to start on the next toe, Aeon pulls a switch built into the metal frame of her chair, which yanks the man away and up by the hook still attached to his jacket. He eludes the trap by slipping out of the jacket and dropping to the ground..

The events become compounded in ever denser layers of activity until their meaning becomes more and more unclear. As the pace of weirdness accelerates, fade to black.

Episode 5: Enantiodromia

Inman is the leader of a small Monican group of revolutionaries. In a meeting, Inman screens a smuggled piece of film showing a giant fish being used as a blimp in deadly military maneuvers. Inman has a plan to destroy the bunker where he believes Trevor stores the dangerous animal.

Gashner is Inman's right-hand man. He follows in his master's footsteps everywhere. Gashner seems unscrupulous, impulsive, peevish. Secretly, Gashner undoes Inman's work, sabotages his plans, spoils his relationships. Lenitsa, Inman's wife, is driven away; yet Inman remains warm to Gashner. He denies that Gashner is ever at fault, and defends him against all accusers. Inman sooner blames the faults of others than admit wrongdoing by Gashner. Eventually, Inman himself is accused of one of Gashner's deeds, the theft of money from one of the members. Inman somehow rationalizes Gashner's innocence and accepts the accusation.

At night, Inman meets with Aeon in Aeon's home. He requests her help in his problem; suddenly Inman physically attacks Aeon for no reason. He shoots at her, she shoots back, but only to keep him at bay. She deliberately aims away from Inman, but Inman rushes into the line of fire, making the bullets hit him. He dies. His suicide looks like murder.

Aeon takes Inman's body back to the revolutionary group. Aeon explains, "he jumped in the path of my bullet". No one believes her but Gashner, who expresses no regrets about Inman's death. Inman, the group's leader is gone; they expel Gashner. Gashner decides to carry out Inman's plan on his own. He makes an assault on the bunker where Trevor's giant fish is kept. Aeon, suspicious, follows him, Gashner demolishes the target bunker.

During the raid, in which Trevor's troops fail to defend the bunker, Aeon searches for signs of the giant fish; she is confused and captured by Trevor. There is no trace of the fish. It was annihilated or it never existed. She realizes she has made a mistake in following Gashner. She reconciles her differences with Trevor in the usual amorous way. He wants to keep her locked up. She makes a deal with him... she will crush the Monican group for her release.

Gashner returns to Monica, having accomplished Inman's mission. A Breen news broadcast announces that Trevor's new giant fish weapon has been destroyed by foreign spies -- a contrary account of the actual events we have witnessed.

Gashner's act of aggression is hailed as proof of his courage by the previously skeptical Monican group. Lenitsa feels remorse for having doubted her dead husband, and joins Gashner's group. Again, Gashner gives no hint of whether or not he knew the fish wasn't in the bunker.

Gashner, newly empowered, presents the next phase of Inman's master plan to the Monican group. He shows them another film depicting an even worse threat than the giant fish: a giant shrimp. In the film, the giant shrimp hovers over the city, causing mass

distraction. Before his death, Inman had left diagrams and instructions for building an army of mechanical men, the Monicans' only means to oppose the threat.

A few of the group members aren't convinced, and leave. Lenitsa and the remaining members take up the call to build. We see a montage of zealous workers making mechanical men – under Lenitsa's supervision. The workers are old men, women, children, all of whom toil night and day, pouring sweat and tears into their work. They go to great lengths to smuggle parts, etc. Rousing music throughout.

The construction of the mechanical men reaches completion. At dawn, Lenitsa sees a giant object rising from the horizon over Bregna and heading toward them. She mobilizes her new army. As the object approaches, backlit by the rising sun, she recognizes it as Trevor's giant fish – the weapon supposedly eliminated by Gashner; in that moment, Lenitsa realizes that she'd been tricked... the mechanical men are no good.

Aeon stands in the open mouth of the living, giant, helium-filled fish and fires down on Lenitsa's mediocre mechanical mannequins...

Lenitsa is shocked at how poorly they perform in actual combat. Her effort seems like a bad dream, an empty hope, an absurd show. How could she possibly have thought she'd win? Nowhere near good enough. Aeon easily decimates the clunky machines. Humiliated, Lenitsa surrenders, unwilling to send living troops into the massacre. Gashner is nowhere to be found.

Episode 6: Stray Plethora

Aeon becomes the unwitting subject of Trevor's latest experiment in asexual human reproduction. The method used is scissiparity, like the splitting of micro-organisms. Each Aeon is isolated in an artificial environment and subject to controlled situations like rats in a laboratory. (They do not encounter one another.) In the end, each one dies, each having experienced an identical life (that is, Aeon's life up until the point of division) but for their concluding hours, or days. Each version is allowed to give expression to innate impulses all belonging to the same personality: hedonism, suicide, spirituality, artistic creativity, intellectual investigation.

The event of passage from discontinuous (natural human) being to continuous (asexual division) is equivalent to the passage into death.

The original Aeon remains preserved in the lab, unaware that any of the preceding has occurred.

Aeon is stuck in a dilemma between absolute light and absolute darkness; one is as terrifying as the other. Innocuous objects become sources of disgust; the objects fade away; the mere memory of a texture ends up keeping her awake at night. In the absence of sensory input, she becomes sensitive to the slightest temptations, temptations at odds with our own desires as viewers. We are frustrated that she fails to make observations that seem only too obvious to us.

Episode 7: End Sinister

Trevor Goodchild departs on a trip into deep space, not to return to Earth for the next thousand years. Aeon discovers that he has planted the seeds for a specific cultural and physical evolution destined to change the course of history over the millennium of his absence. Aeon undergoes cryogenic hibernation in order to check the progress of Trevor's grand experiment and, ultimately, to rendez-vous with him upon his return. Aeon awakens at intervals corresponding to key points in Trevor's plan, thwarting his scheme, allowing civilization to pursue its "natural course". At the end of the thousand years, the world has changed drastically, but in none of the ways designed by Trevor.

Trevor disembarks from his space capsule, hardly older than when he left, thanks to the preservative effects of high-speed travel and suspended animation. Aeon is waiting on the ground to greet him. He is dismayed to find his plan unfulfilled -- he was to be master of this new world, but now, he is nobody. Trevor vents his anger against Aeon using strange weapons acquired from his space travels. A thrilling chase ensues in which peril is averted at every turn by omnipresent safety features that spring from the environment.

In the thirty-first century, there are no risks. All spaces are physically outfitted with mechanical "safety nets". Every contingency is foreseen and countermeasures installed to accommodate every danger. Because of the sophistication of safety features, physical activities are more, not less, adventurous. Accidental death or injury is impossible.

In the end, Aeon and Trevor reconcile themselves to the futility of conflict. They consummate their desires... but Aeon notices that something is not right... is this Trevor, or a sinister alien replica? If so, where is the real Trevor? Did he already die a thousand years ago?

