

|| SONS OF RIN ||

Work In Progress.. 6/1/26

Everywhere

Music: *Brown Eyed Girl - Van Morrison*

NARRATOR (Jennifer Coolidge or bust)

Every streaming device, every mobile device, every barber shop's 32", every bodega Sirius XM subscription is tuned in around the world.

A Dominican "DishDash Delivery" motorist pauses at congested traffic under the Santo Domingo bridge to the airport terminals to swipe down his porn reel, *Lonely Milf Orders Takeout*, for C-SPAN's Live Stream. He googles "*c span en vivo ahora*".

A 12-year-old Indian girl swipes a tourist's (annoying) toddler's ipad and runs into the famous whispering gallery of the Taj Mahal to play the stream for the dome.

JENNIFER COOLIDGE AS NARRATOR

Seated at the gallery of the newly reformed United Nations is a "small" woman. Pffhhh. *Suckers*. Carefully constructed signals of being non-threatening are subtle, peppered into her too aggressive, too unapproachable aesthetic. Can you see it? Look there:

With the narration, the German PM throws a nasty shade eye at our brown eyed girl. But as our girl glances back at PM Johanna Steinbeck, sensing the glare, the light catches the gold in her hair. Steinbeck's expression softens to a professional smile. Our girl smiles warmly back. She shoots a glance at the PM's polished assistant. They notice each other and slip a near missable shy smile as they look quickly away. Steinbeck cuts her assistant with eye daggers. Assistant quickly changes Steinbeck's separated green drink for a fresh one. Assistant is in a muted color skirtsuit while Steinbeck is a blinding flash of bright all white.

JENNIFER COOLIDGE AS NARRATOR

Her brown bob is intentionally dyed over a platinum base to pop that gold hue under the fluorescent lights of sociopolitical scrutiny. Those bitches. She allows a framing section of her hair to "accidentally" slide over her right eye. She brushes it back. Could she be insecure? Self-conscious? The furthest thing. Practiced minor tells signal momentary "smallness".

B roll of the "small" woman in her alternate lifestyle outside of the United Nations gallery follows the "metaphor" below. In dark rooms and under neon lights, we see our small, brown-eyed girl is a full-fledged unicorn. And a business professional. And... the newly elected President of the United States of America.

JENNIFER COOLIDGE AS NARRATOR

Some things you can help. A full marinade, you know? Like a dominatrix sliding her iron fist into the velvet glove of a sub kitten. But this woman?

Some things you just have to pepper in. Her first 90 days as the first Madam President of the United States, Irina "Rin" Noor has yet to drop the facade that got her here: the iron fisted Dom playing the Service Top.

ADVISOR IN RIN's EAR

It's all for the second term, Madam Rin. Get re-elected and you'll be free of the cage.

RIN

(under her breath) If you're stuck between a rock and a hard place,

IN EAR VOICE & RIN (in unison)

Build a playground.

B roll of what Rin does in a cage, in a tight situation, in her alternate lifestyle. Subtle shots, tight shots, innuendo only. The man who will soon be revealed as the Vice President, and his partner Giorgio, are peppered into the quick cut inserts with Rin.

We push out to see that on her desk reads the placard:

PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
IRINA NOOR McALISTER

She stands.

JENNIFER COOLIDGE AS NARRATOR

She opted to speak from her gallery seat, among her peers, not on the stage. *Fucking badass*. Small deviations from misogyny's template make for big dick strokes. What the fuck do men know about BDE? Energy is a woman's playground. And the goal? Make the big dick's kneel. And those pinky dick's too.. *those are the most stubborn (hardest?)*.

View of the notecard in Rin's hand:

An inbred savant took down the Roman Empire at its peak.
Ages have passed, and still historians haven't truly grasped
how did Cleopatra pull that off?
Energy, baby.
Reading it.
Wielding it.
Mastering it.

--- Irina, Rin, silently reads this to herself. She peers sheepishly from behind her golden-brown bob, brandishes a humble side smile and sets the notecards down.

B-roll follows the narration:

JENNIFER COOLIDGE AS NARRATOR

Going off script, they think. But it's all energy, baby. Energy is a woman's greatest weapon when she ungaslights herself, an endeavor requiring long-term conditioning. It takes time and repetition to finally tear through the stubborn veil of Stockholm Syndrome every little girl is incased in when she enters the world. The first hands that pull her from her captive-mother's womb, the captors themselves. Either the medical system's captor, or the barefoot house-mouse wife's captor. And so, her little infant body is imprinted: *survive them*. Cut off the crying when they slap you, smile easily, giggle often, drum up those dummy doe eyes as soon as they wrap up your limbs, and hand you to ...him. He looks you in your face. Will you mean anything more to him than an extension of his ego?

And then he cries.

The first gaslight.

Tears of love? Who can know that? Tears of a man's ego meeting its limits, that's for sure. It's the only thing that does it. And that's the gaslight. Every moment of your life, you will pay for pushing his ego limit. And his, and his, and theirs - because they all bend the knee at some point to protect his ego, and his ego, and his ego, and his. So long as you serve his ego and play his secret tears against him like a dumb little deer, little brown eyed girl, you will survive.

Tearing the Stockholm veil starts with realizing we're doing it for survival. All along, it wasn't our "agreeable" personality after all. It was the breaking of our spirits, passed down from captive uterus to captive uterus.

The familiar face, the hot Vice President of the United States wraps up his introduction and announces Rin.

JENNIFER COOLIDGE AS NARRATOR

Damn. I wonder if she shares.

VP (VO)

She sure does.

JENNIFER COOLIDGE AS NARRATOR

Ohh, helloooo

VP (VO)

Sharing is caring at Team McAlister.

VP

(to the UN)

Madam President

Rin barely hides the wince, a subtle swallow at 'Madam'. *Just a term away*, she reminds herself. *Got to suppress that tell.*

VP AS NARRATOR

And there it is. That megawatt smile, breaking out of her cold as ice boxed jaw. They're eating out of her hand already, even if they think they're fighting it. *I know the feeling.*

JENNIFER COOLIDGE AS NARRATOR

(Jennifer's ad lib)

RIN

(addressing the UN)

Neighbors. Friends. Foes..

//pause for laughter with a sweet smirk //

For now.

I stand here

among you

not as a leader, not even as an equal,

but as a servant of the people.

The people, their needs, their protection, their hopes, their dreams, their families. These are our leaders.

//hold for applause//

I bring you news of peace. Policies, bills, laws already being signed as we speak to renew the dignity, the comradery among us. To reinforce our global pursuit of peace and coexistence.

//hold for applause //

BLACKOUT

Text on screen

"1 TERM LATER"

Music: *Blitzkrieg Bop - Ramones*

VP AS NARRATOR

We return to the same UN gallery, this time a chaotic mob rising in anger and confusion, some chanting protest, some applause.

The British Prime minister is being arrested. By oddly large men.

JENNIFER COOLIDGE AS NARRATOR

Men? That's beast-daddy.

VP AS NARRATOR

His majesty back at the palace has secretly been under house arrest for months, the monarchy & the Vatican neutralized weeks ago. The new Pope installing as we speak.

Rin is standing on the stage this time. Stone faced as the gallery reacts. No longer a "bronde" bob, she dons her natural jet-black waves.

RIN (Internal thoughts VO)

Blood on our hands to win over the Vatican, and still this was.. too easy. I can't believe the families gave me a second term after the WHO controversy. But, once you're in, you're in.

Gently, softly into the microphone on the stage, the newly re-elected Madam President continues, her VP standing behind her with seven man-animal.. *manimal?*.. hybrid soldiers. Each man, in a different country's military uniform, has an ever so subtle face shape of a different animal. Their natural human features are enhanced just slightly to emphasize a nearness to beasts. Anthropomorphism meets military might.

Is the stage a few feet higher than the last time the UN met?

RIN

It's a good idea

(internal VO) *to shut the fuck up*

to pay attention to this next part,

(internal VO) *you cuckold extensions, dick-stensions, of the corporations & hedge funds I've already gutted.*

The screens around the stage switch from the Brit PM's dalliances to the perverted depravities of the rest of the gallery. No! Not just them... their billionaire donors as well!

70% of the most powerful front-facing leaders of the free world take a seat.

The assistant to the German President is laughing and looking up with admiration and shock at the spectacle. This time, she is dressed in flash white along with her President.

RIN

Your former employers were distracted with honeypots, and cuck-honeypots supplied to them for the past.. fourrr... yearrrs.

(Internal VO) Gosh, every single one of you is so sick. There isn't a bleach strong enough.

VP AS NARRATOR

And that's really saying something coming from us

JENNIFER COOLIDGE AS NARRATOR

(ad lib)

RIN

You watched every global leader of the last two generations get exposed in the FBI files, the unreleased copies we received, and what did you do? Ask whose hosting the parties *now*.

So, we hosted them for you...

The 30% of UN leaders remain distracting, protesting, shouting, sneering.

RIN

You did this to yourselves.

RIN (internal VO)

God.. men... they are so fucking easy. Now... the women who serve them... they were the uphill battle. But we did it, didn't we? Fuck them. Fuck the sisterhood. My so-called sisters are a bunch of dicksters. It's a dickster-hood. --oh I gotta tell Jeff to get that trending.

Rin nods at her towering beast-soldiers, more of whom are encircling the gallery, all in their own country's uniform, except for a wide tear of their shoulder patches exposing raised engravings in their skin: Rin's insignia on each demi-giant man's right shoulder. A monster man hybrid encircled with:

SON OF RIN

Rin's demi-giants, with a single hand each, lift the shouting UN members up and off to their soundproof cells. Oh, they're not getting out of this. Clear booths line the back of the UN gallery and are being filled with their new inhabitants: the UN leaders and members who refuse to settle down, and whose illegal and nefarious acts are being played on the screens all around the UN gallery.

Every streamer is zooming in on every face as each disgraced leader's hidden camera videos and images flash across the split screen of the C-Span livestream.

RIN

(looking up at the footage)

Like the secrets in the sand drawn by the man crucified millennia ago, that'll shut you up. Always has. Always will.

(to the UN gallery)

And yet, I will remain the benevolent servant leader I have always promised to be.

Murmurs erupt and then quickly squash among the gallery. The UN members remaining in their seats shoot fearful glances at the surrounding clear-walled cells housing the arrested attendees, humans reacting like caged animals on their first exposure to enclosure. Rin savors the pause. Especially the silent shouts mouthed breathless and red faced by the leaders in 'detention'.

RIN

My hybrid soldier tech will be open-source. Shared among us all.

The room erupts in gasps, questions, confusion. The occupants of the booths go still.

RIN

With one catch.

Now, the room goes still. You could hear an ant scamper. And if it stays silent too long, hear its spy-antennae signal interfering with the mic for just a split second in the long silences.

RIN (Internal VO)

Finally.

My Shakespearian professor was right.

The masses are just one massive character.

*Put people in a group, still your impatience at their stupidity,
and you can control them.*

RIN

I'll get to that. But, as I was saying...

Rin continues her speech, this term from the teleprompter. She's too excited. Can't get this wrong.

RIN

With the rise of the now fallen British empire, the age of champions ended.

Champions of old.

Genetics of today.

I am not toppling the patriarchy. I am restoring it to its original greatness.

When it served the people, protected the people, did its part, and left the people (internal VO: "*the hell*") alone to live their lives in peace and economic freedom.

The ticker under Rin's teleprompter is spooling out the trending hashtags and changes to "#matriarchyordie and then she sees Jeff got her mid speech text. #fuckthesisterhood #fuckthedicksterhood

RIN

And by the way- Fuck the sisterhood.

GASPS

RIN

My fellow sisters turned out to be nothing but a bunch of dicksters. Fuck the dicksterhood too.

And she rolls right back into her speech:

RIN

No more will our sons be sent to war. No more will dick sizing contests be

played out by pinky crotch ego maniacs who send their people to never-ending wars. You want war? You want bloodbaths, you want pissing contests and battle royales? I'm giving them to you. Take my hybrid code. Build your nation's champions. Raise them up. Design them and release them into the global ring.

The screens behind Rin stop the reel of humiliation and switch to her PowerPoint presentation.

RIN (VO)

Gotta take down Microsoft last. Way too high a mountain to climb compared to the Vatican. Gosh, what an undying parasite Bill's consciousness is.

RIN

(to the UN)

Negotiation Chips:

A negotiation chip represents a negotiation point between warring nations, states, people groups.

If a territory line is under dispute, that's a chip. If the use of a natural waterway.. *(voice over) you assholes...* is under dispute, that's a chip. Your champion beats the other guy's champion, you win that chip, you win that part of the negotiation, you get that waterway, that territory. You do not get everything --- unless, your individual champions win everything. One champion per chip. No repeats.

(internal VO) But, I know you're all a bunch of petty sub-children so:

In cases of coin toss decisions, who gets to start on offense, whose venue it will be, what day and time it will be, all those little decisions

(internal VO) you all like to bitch about
those will be decided with

Rin pauses, takes in a deep breath.

JENNIFER COOLIDGE AS NARRATOR

Just let the mask down, girl. No more restraints. Stop taste testing the freedom. It's ALL yours now for the taking. Take off the bra and let those girls feel the wind.

RIN

Literal dick measuring contests.

The room erupts with gasps, some incredulous laughter, some nervous laughter. Did she mean to say that out loud?

RIN

I'm serious. I've always felt that if men's measurements were known on the outside like women's, a lot of you would shut the fuck up. Never again will a

nation elect a pinky crotch leader overcompensating for his failings by bombing his pinky-crotch nemesis.

Certain men in the room are dead still.

RIN

Oh, you'll be fine. The same doctors you send your teen mistresses to can plump up that pecker just as easily as they plump up your 3rd wife's tits. You can now all start going under the knife to move up in this world.

One of the still men sneaks his phone to run a search for his curiosity. Sees the results on his screen, tilts his head in acceptance. *That's reasonable*, he spells on his face.

INDIA'S PM

(stands while shaking and glancing between the nearby Son of Rin and Rin)

This is despicable. Absurdity.

RIN

Pakistan, India & China will get the first delivery of Champions tailored to your specifications.

INDIA'S PM

We will not participate in this foolishness. This is some feminist fever dream and we can just wait out your botched monthly rampage to take over the world, *Madam*. My people are unmoved by your blackmail. They will support me.

RIN

I knew my second demonstration would have to be Asia. Mr. Prime Minister, you could be under arrest along with your friends back there for these crimes we see on the screen here. But, I have an offer for you.

INDIAN PM

Arrest me? Who is going to arrest me? I am the only one who can arrest me---

Rin nods to a particularly barrel chested, broad shouldered Son of Rin. As he approaches the Indian PM, two more clones of the massive hybrid swoop down from the dome ceiling of the UN hall.

JENNIFER COOLIDGE AS NARRATOR

So that's what the black cloud is up there.

All three Sons of Rin spread out wide wings from their backs and their faces transform to a subtle beak as their eyes widen with greater vision capacity. We see their POV, a mix of animal senses, AI knowledge of the PM, and technical specs & measurements regarding their surroundings. Even seeing through the walls.

They grip the PM from either arm, and the third Son of Rin stands behind the PM to support his legs before they lift upward. But first, the rear Son of Rin places a pilot style helmet over the protesting PM.

On the screens in the UN Assembly Hall, flying through the skies, the airborne PM encounters a massive black cloud hovering over the entire territory of India. As they get closer, he sees it is not a cloud at all but a massive collection of Sons of Rin, some birdlike, some dragon like, some batlike. Any flying creature you can find on earth or in folklore is represented in the hybrids now blocking the sun from the entire terrain of India.

In the PM's ear and projecting onto his helmet visor is Madam President's live stream:

RIN

Mr. Prime Minister, they can be a gift to you, or they can be a curse. Your choice.

The PM is screeching, water filling his eyes, and the perplexed anxious scared faces of onlookers across the globe change to relief as the PM pushes forth a hysterical laugh and hoot.

INDIAN PM

WOOOOO!!! WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SOMETHING SOONER??! WE HAVE OURSELVES A DEAL, PRESIDENT McALISTER!

He clears his throat...

INDIAN PM

um.. uh.. I would like to concede my *coin tosses* to the opponents for now. Uh.. in the spirit of fairness to those receiving less Champions to choose from, you know. It's only fair.

RIN

Does anyone else wish to concede their coin toss... for the sake of... fairness?

Every male inside the soundproof restraint booths raises his hand.

RIN

(whispers to herself) Why am I surprised..

RIN

Fair enough, Mr. Prime Minister.

She turns from the screens to the rest of the world leaders.

RIN

Who's next?

Every leader's hand raises. The German Chancellor's assistant sheepishly stands with a single finger in the air. Her boss grunts for her to sit back down.

ASSISTANT TO GERMAN PRESIDENT

(in German) Oh shut up Johanna, we both know your husband's not winning the coin tosses.

The German Chancellor turns red and shoots her husband with murderous eye daggers.

Some of their team members get the implication a few moments later.

RIN

Miss Vieler.

GERTA VEILER

What is the catch you mentioned earlier? And how will you handle the coin tosses? My condolences by the way for the loss of your husband.

Rin gulps down a salty flush under her eyes. *Dammit. Still with the same tell.*

RIN

Why do you think I changed out my VP before the election?

(Internal VO) *Catching print isn't foolproof.*

The catch.

Rin moves on to the next slide.

RIN

Obviously, I'm not just handing you hybrids and warriors, champions, so you can use them against their intended design.

Gerta Vieler

And what is their intended design? (she pauses realizing she's interrupted)..

President McAlister.

Gerta slides into her seat and purses her lips. Rin smiles, a bit flush in response to Gerta's appeal.

RIN (Internal VO)

I'll send Jeff over to make an offer. ...A job offer, of course.

RIN

I'm not just handing you hybrids and warriors, champions, so you can use them against their intended design. They first serve me, then they serve the people, and then they serve as a Nation's champions in the case of a war, battle or dispute. You want a champion, you sign the Champion Accords

Documents are being displayed on the members' screens, some receiving paper documents according to their preference.

RIN

End war, end drafts, end thousands going to their deaths. Should you choose not to participate in the greatest end to all wars, you will lose your nation. The corporations in your pockets will lose their influence, and all of the above will belong not to the United States of America. Not to the United Nations. They will all belong to me. Because every one of your Champions are my

Champions. Will remain my champions and will never be programmed against their *mother code*.

The Champions chant in unison with a pound to their chests: MOTHER.

RIN

Misuse them, abuse them, tamper with their design, they fly back to home base. Your nation is invaded, your people will become my people. And also, let's face it, they like me better.

The magistrate next to China's PM sends a text. **FIND HER WEAKNESS NOW!**

And that is where we head off next.

BREAK

SERIES INTRO

THEME SONG: Blitzkrieg- Metallica

VISUALS of live action assortment of Sons of Rin, battles to come, in a blend of newspaper clippings and comic strip style artwork.

SCENE II TRANSITION

Rin finishes her speech, the accords are signed, and she retreats to a saferoom inside a blackout aerial shuttle awaiting her departure from the UN building. It looks like two planes joined at the tips of their wings with a massive circular disk between them.

Before she steps into a safe room at the center of the vessel, Rin hands her jacket to Jeff,

RIN

Zeff

JEFF

Zin

her suited, bald, trusted right hand (Yul Brynner (:Michael Keaton :) type- a girl can dream). The voice in her ear from earlier. She undoes several buttons on her blouse, shakes her bra to liven up the sleeping beauties as she tussles her hair, and walks into the circular chamber.

SCENE II

Along the walls of the round safe room are the screens of the true world leaders, the hands in the pockets and the claws around the necks of those who have just signed the public agreements.

One of the screens speaks: the name written on a piece of tape on the screen reads "The Five Families: #1".

CHARLIZE

(heavy French accent)

We let the PMs know to sign, as well as the chancellors. Thank you for sending the actual terms to us in advance. We understand you did not have to give us forewarning.

RIN

I'm surprised you didn't take me out before we got to this point. Or replace me with another hybrid militia program.

CHARLIZE

We will. As soon as we hack the mother code.

RIN

Always a pleasure playing with you, Charlize.

Charlize gives the most subtle missable smirk and roll of the eyes just before her screen signs out.

The others follow suit.

Rin takes a deep breath and collapses into her seat. Our view is only from behind her as she removes her shirt and bra. And skirt.

Rin

Enemy Kink, Jeff. Definitely my favorite among all the kinks.

(back and forth like "enemies to lovers vs enemies and lovers vs enemies with benefits - "Enefits?")

Jeff sets a five-hour alarm on his wristwatch, it copies over to several clocks starting the countdown around the aircraft.

He hands Rin a crop top and sweats. Rin walks out of the flying safe room and into the main lobby of the aircraft looking relaxed, a completely different person.

Rin

Bras, Jeff. Next to conquer.

Jeff

Bras, got it.

The TV in the staffers' lobby is playing a podcast of Rescue Rian, the World Famous Animal Rescuer. Rescue Rian is gushing over the podcast hosts for their "tremendous efforts in the animal rescue cause by showing up to not one but TWO of his church's events in the new habitat its built for endangered cows." Yup.. cows.

As the staffers see Rin enter the Lobby, they quickly shut off the TV.

RIN

Let it play. Let's see what he has to say now.

The staffers look exceptionally uneasy. But they click the TV back on.

RIN

The church leaders of the "save the cows" habitat suspiciously eating more steak these days, I bet.

Two blonde women are goofily smiling up at their podcast guest, a behemoth of an outdoorsman, golden handlebar mustache, cowboy hat, rugged all American denim all over with a dash of strapping man boob strategically peaking through. The first blonde giggles at something definitely not funny Rian has said, and the other asks "What do you think of the new perimeter patrols in the Amazon?"

RIN

(under her breath) I am already regretting this.

So, he's got a new look.

She glances at Jeff- Jeff smiles at her- she looks away quickly to avoid his judging eyes.

The screen splits to show Rin's newly unveiled hybrids each walking the perimeters of the natural habitats of wild species of animals. Each Son of Rin patrolling for the same animals they resemble, we see footage of hunters and poachers being attacked, and villagers gently being guided away by half men half beasts. All for the protection of the animals, and for the people's protection *from* the animals.

RIN

That's how we save the animals, Riiiiian. Not with bull shit platitudes and "accidental" pectoral twerks.

Jeff now joins the staffers in their awkward anticipation of the end of Rin's wildly short patience. He walks over to Staffer Olivia, played by **Adrienne C. Moore**. His eyes glued to her finger which is stealthily sliding over to the exit button the iPad remote.

Rian's gregarious tone and demeanor shift to a lowly posture as he answers the girl's stupid under-formed question:

RESCUE RIAN

I'm not sure. I don't really get into politics.

RIN

FUCKING PIECE OF BULL SHIT MOTHERFU--

The staffers exchange glances. Jeff shakes his head. He shrugs at them and locks onto Rin. He walks her out of the lobby and into her private suite. But the tea continues in the other room as Rin listens through the wall, pretending to distract herself with the emails on her screen next to the bed.

BLONDE 1

But this is what you're all about. Saving the animals and their habitats.

Rescue Rian let's out a dismissive, well-practiced laugh.

RESCUE RIAN

You know what I've just been so buried in the sand, boots on the ground with God's precious creatures, I can't tell you what's going on all over the world. But I can tell you this: It's all about getting down and dirty with these beautiful beings. They are no different from us. They have souls, families, hopes. Protecting them comes in many forms. I'll have to check this one out for sure.

BLONDE 2

Oh Rian, you're so committed to the cause. Rescue KING over here!

Rin throws her head back against the wall. The staffers hear the loud thud.

RIN, in a squeaky mocking voice

oh Rian, would you rescue my blowfish with your rusty rooster.

Rin looks over at Jeff whose face is the epitome of judgement and amusement.

RIN

Oh come on, they don't do shit for animals. The one chick -who has a boyfriend by the way-

JEFF, to himself

she's already googled them...

RIN

she can't even wait until they're off camera to eye fuck his crotch. He really surrounds himself with God-fearing animal rescuers, doesn't he?

Jeff doesn't respond.

A pause war breaks out between them.

Alas, Rin folds.

RIN

of course I already googled them. The podcast intro dropped right before my speech.

JEFF

THAAAT'S why you skipped straight to taking over Great Britain.

RIN

I did not take over Great Britain.

Jeff raises his eyebrows.

RIN

Oh stop it! They go through prime ministers like fish and chips. No one public knows about the Vatican & the King, but YES, I was so overwhelmed with the beeeuuuu-ellll shit from

(mocking voice again) "Oh my gaw Rescue Riannnn!"

Yeah, I skipped the pleasantries. And look where we are. Not one signature amiss.

JEFF

Half of Russia, the Middle East, and China are hacking through our devices and files as we speak looking for the mother code. We could have finessed a bit more. Shown some respect at the start instead of playing catch up later.

Pause war.

JEFF

Zin

RIN

Zeff

Pause war.

Rin folds.

RIN

Point, Jeff. Point.

Jeff gets up to return to the lobby.

JEFF

(in a softer voice)

You want me to heat up the pillows?

Rin's proud face falls into softness.

RIN

Thank you.

Jeff slows at the door before opening it. He waits a beat.

Pause war.

RIN

I just don't understand how he can speak so glowingly about them attending some event, with free entry he likely gave them- And he can't even acknowledge my existence.

JEFF

Your program's existence.

RIN

(quickly with Jeff)

My program's existence.

Jeff waits another beat.

Rin begins typing, replying to emails.

RIN

I'm not going to cry. I haven't cried since the doctor slapped it out of me when I was born.

JEFF

(in an, on God, even softer voice than humanly thought possible)

Extra pillows then?

RIN

(quickly with Jeff)

Extra pillows thank you Jeff.

As Jeff walks out to the lobby, he pulls out his block radio to transmit a video signal to "VEEP"

JEFF

(whisper)

"Called it. Be sure to pack the denims for after dinner."

The Vice President of the United States, seated with his partner Giorgio at the front row of the staffer lobby looks up from his radio and gives Jeff a knowing nod.

On his block radio (safer more private form of texting) VP messages Rin

VP: victory sex!

or in-and-out run?

RIN: both

at the same time

do NOT do whatever El Heffe is telling you to do!

VP: hey-

we don't hide from each other

RIN: we don't hide from each other

JEFF

(to himself as he sits down among Staffer Olivia and Staffer 2)

Behind every powerful woman...

STAFFER OLIVIA

You mean 'Beneath.'

Jeff nods.

JEFF & STAFFER OLIVIA

Beneath

JEFF

Beneath every powerful woman is a bruised ego she needs to stay half a globe away from.

STAFFER OLIVIA

Good luck with that.

JEFF

She's done well. They haven't spoken...

STAFFER OLIVIA

The anniversary banquet.

Jeff takes in the air around him and releases a deep sigh.

JEFF

Hopefully the world ends before then.

STAFFER OLIVIA

Or Rescue Rian gets eaten by a wild endangered cow while trying to save it from

JEFF

Oh! I know! Tooth decay.

Staffer Olivia feigns shock with a dramatic hand over her forehead.

STAFFER OLIVIA

Always risking his life in the WILD!

JEFF

Those cows.. they really require bravery, don't they.

STAFFER OLIVIA

Don't they do.

They laugh. But Olivia gets pensive.

STAFFER OLIVIA

Did you see his activity report?

JEFF

Yeah, he actually makes a dent for animals. 10 million in donations and counting.

STAFFER OLIVIA

yeah, the Himbo act isn't so useless after all.... There was another attachment though.

JEFF

We never speak of this... other attachment.

JEFF & STAFFER OLIVIA

It says that on the attachment.

Staffer 2 waits eagerly and in vain for the rest of this conversation.

STAFFER 2

It would be cute though. I mean, both their names are so sim---

---LITERALLY THE ENTIRE STAFFER LOBBY

SHHH!!!!!!

Staffer Olivia places a hand on Staffer 2's and whispers:

STAFFER OLIVIA

We never speak of this.

JEFF

(to the entire lobby)

Oh, friendly reminder, we are not actually doing dick measuring contests in place of the coin toss. President McAlister just wanted to provoke an excuse to do the aerial demonstration.

EVERY WOMAN IN THE LOBBY, & GIORGIO

Awwwww

Unknown Staffer Voice

This is bewlshit

Slowed beat. Almost like we were going to a break.

Staffer Olivia's glass tablet hones in on the footage of Rin as she was watching the podcast moments ago. Olivia changes the filter to "QNTM" and the footage becomes a moving blueprint. She narrows her eyes at something. As we get Olivia's POV, we catch a glimpse of oddities not seen through our natural eyes. Each Son of Rin in the surrounding planes, the ones joined at the wings, is accompanied by a SPIRin (spear-rin), a copy of Rin's image. This is a quick glimpse not meant to catch the viewers eye, but there for breadcrumbs.

Olivia zooms in on Rin standing at the screen, watching Rescue Rian's platitudinal answer. She zooms in some more. In the center of Rin's torso is her central nervous system. It is flashing. Olivia watches carefully, calculating something in her mind. She begins to beatbox under breath and nod her head to the beat. In the POV, we see that the beat matches the flashes in Rin's central nervous system. Olivia zooms out to see Rin has earbuds in.

OLIVIA

(to herself)

Hm.. must be listening to something.

While overlaid with Olivia's beatbox voiceover, our view swooshes around the lobby, past the five hour countdown, through the path to Rin's suite, straight to her headphones. They aren't headphones. Just noise cancelling puffs. The view goes further internal and down to Rin's nervous system, enhanced with a white-blue wire-flame highlight; what science calls the human's "second brain". It is flashing to a beat. Olivia's beatbox voiceover resumes.

Transition fade to a tight shot of a speaker, new setting. It is playing a song matching Rin's beat. *My Guide, by Gracewave*- the instrumental portion looping.

A parrot flaps over to the speaker, lands on it and bops its head to the beat. The shot slightly widens to capture the full bird and speaker. A man walks into the shot, denim covered barrel chest. He is humming to the song. He gives a hand to the parrot and allows it to nibble at some feed on his finger. In his other hand is a tablet playing a video of a young high school aged Rin in a dark room with a flashlight. She is opening animal cages at the university research lab, placing the small creatures into a set of carriers she then straps to her back. One particular mouse is giving a hysterical squeal. Rin shushes it and whispers:

HIGH SCHOOL RIN

"Don't worry, don't you worry. One day, I'm gonna put your captors in cages. See how they like it. You wanna help me?"

The mouse settles down. She places this one in her front chest pocket.

The denim barrel chest walks out of the shot.

The bopping parrot echoes: "*death to the dicksterhood*"

Our view transitions back out from Rin to the plane lobby, to a window. A peaceful night sky.

Jeff's 5-hour alarm goes off.

BREAK

The same buzz from Jeff's watch goes off for every member of the lobby. The screens on the plane and everyone's wrists switch to ":60 Suit Up" counting down the seconds.

MUSIC: NOW - by Promised Sky with a human singer.

Crucial to emphasize the calm strength our team operates within.

They assemble. From staffers to militants, their armor glides into sight from suit length storage cubbies in the ceiling. Sets of armor drops down in a circle around the central clearing of the lobby. First, the team slides into a flash red form-fitting bodysuit and see-through helmet with the same blue-white wire flame GUI. Like a living blueprint. They then step into armored suits: metal scaffold frameworks which extend their legs and arms to double, triple their human size. They are the size of Sons of Rin now. The metal and the bodysuits shift from flash red to black mirror reflecting their surroundings and back to red again. One of the armors is moving without a person manning it. Or so it seems. Through Jeff's helmet, we see a wire-flame blue-white outline of a being, a spirit with a close resemblance to Rin. Rin's spirit's name: SpearRIN, is displayed on Jeff's screen. We move into the POV of Jeff's helmet, out of it to reality, and back into his POV again. It is clear. SpearRIN can only be seen through the QNTM overlay. She is visible only in the fourth dimension and onward, the starting point of the quantum realm.

In perfect unison, they complete suit-up. Except Giorgio. Jeff looks at his wrist: :15 seconds remaining. Until what? We will see...

In Jeff's helmet visual, SpearRIN shakes her head, and looks over Jeff's shoulder. Just as the beat is about to drop on the soundtrack,

MUSIC pauses.

Giorgio is struggling to pull the bodysuit over his hips/buttocks. In his deep Italian accent:

GIORGIO

It's the pleats.

SpearRIN steps out of her suit. It collapses. She walks closer to Jeff and taps his wrist screen. Everyone's screens update to add another :30 seconds.

STAFFER 2

Um.. was that a glitch?

JEFF

(a wink at SpearRIN)

Glitches are oft' serendipitous.

MUSIC resumes on the taps but returns to the 30 seconds prior to pausing. Volume and sections of the song move with the action.

SpearRIN walks through the plane wall onto the jet-black wing. Cutting clouds as the wing of the craft flies through them, she faces rear side and locks in. Blades of the same light-matter material she is made of fly from her being and disappear into the smoke-like sky. Some distance away, we see sparks and flashes. Impact.

The timers go off. From where SpearRIN is standing, the center of the aerial craft opens its top and the team starts flying out of it. SpearRIN's empty suit flies to her and she reenters it.

Back inside the lobby, we see Jeff pausing in a runner's pose as Giorgio joins in the space next to him. Two clear, flexible seal tubes drop from the ceiling and surround each man. The ceiling portions above them slide open to reveal the gusty winds and sky outside the craft. The two men launch up, out, and over to either side of the enormous craft. The team is positioned in a defensive V-shape over the wings of the planes. The craft stops soaring and maintains a hover. The surrounding clouds slow to their natural speed.

We return to Rin inside her suite, resting in her bed. We hear that the song is playing on headphones when she slides one side off her ear. With no visuals or other devices, Rin speaks into the air. Her words echo through the team's helmets and transcribe onto the visor visuals.

RIN

Above.

The team members rotate to face upward and hover in a lying-down position. They break into a different formation now. It looks more like domino dots over either side of the wings.

RIN

(right after the "Now" song lyric/beat drop)

Now.

The team fires into the clouds. No impacts.

MUSIC stops. Only wind.

A metallic shadow falls through the clouded cover, hard smash and clang onto the right wing of the plane. It is a humanoid in a gunmetal metallic suit and disks on the base of his shoes. The place where he smashed, on our craft's surface, lights up momentarily. The surface slightly gives way to the fallen one's weight before reenforcing its original shape. No dent?

A small light flashes on the inside of the fallen one's helmet. A human man's head and hairline flashes visible with each blink.

Jeff stomps over to the body, grabs its torso, shoves a disk onto its buttocks with a spank, and launches it back upward from where it descended. In the clouds somewhere, the disc explodes, and several explosions daisy chain around it.

We see silhouette's of other attackers in the shadows of the explosions. The light signatures get read in the team's visors. The visuals continue to track the figures now. They've locked in.

Bodies fall from the sky, the team launches into the cloud, **MUSIC resumes**. This time a remix of Now by Promised Sky with a subtle hint of the Sega-genesis style guitar solo from Blitzkrieg by Metallica.

A fresh swarm of 10 intact opps begin engaging with our team.

OLIVIA

Face Peelers! I knew they were real.

JEFF

Does it still count if they are just a bunch of guys in suits?

GIORGIO

It does if they still peel faces!

Back in the suite, Rin is sitting up and focused on the wall in front of her. Nothing there but the wall. No devices, no visuals or sounds but the music in her headphones. Into her nervous system, no beat flashing this time. Swoosh view over to SpearRIN's torso. There it is. That beat flashing with the music inside the spirit of Rin who is engaged in the battle in the sky.

As the struggle ensues outside, our team member's demonstrate maneuvers and artillery unique to their individual designs. Jeff has the discs which, when set off by autotimer after a press activation, spiral out a series of surrounding explosions like a daisy chain. Unless he just smacks a disc at a persistent Peeler's helmet and, out of frustration, punches it into the glass (like banging on a computer that won't cooperate). Then, the disc blows up nearly upon impact, followed by a series of localized blasts, but within enough time for Jeff to swoosh away from the spark zone.

Olivia's suit has a wide wingspan. Its "feathers" boomerang out at the opps in spiral strikes and return to their housing.

VP has a hand-to-hand combat style. But, when surrounded by three Peelers, his suit exudes massive thick spikes which pierce through the cluster of the adversaries encasing him. His spikes recede and the Face Peelers fall down through the sky.

VP

(looking over to Giorgio)

Don't act like you're not impressed.

Giorgio and Staffer 2 are outfitted with a set of mini bazookas.

SpearRIN is scanning around the sky, recording the action and looking for something. A fresh set of opps appears seemingly out of nowhere.

Back in the suite, Rin reacts as if she is receiving a signal, sensing something.

RIN

Sending coordinates for their source.

The teams' visor visuals update to show crosshairs pointing to a spot on the sky. The team launches artillery at that location. Massive impacts. Something invisible has been hit in that spot. From the space left after the fire and impacts, a massive swarm of Face Peelers emerges.

JEFF

Retreat.

The team expands several hundred feet away from the aircraft. Leaving Rin and the ship behind? SpearRIN's suit comes off and returns to its cubby inside the lobby. SpearRIN disappears from the visual reads.

Rin puts on an eye mask that wraps over her ears as well. She pushes a button enabling a noise cancelling feature. She rolls over, inhales, exhales, and... goes back to sleep?

The hovercraft resumes its flight and speeds forward in its original direction. The team follows, maintaining the same distance.

Just as the new swarm of Face Peelers reaches a stone's throw from the ship, a piece of the jet-black wing lifts upward. Behind it is the closest approaching Face Peeler, reaching to grab the uplifted surface for landing. But the surface is not what it seems. A pair of eyes lights up, awaking from slumber. A Son of Rin emerges out of the wing. Its lion shaped snout widens to chomp off the head of the Peeler. The Son disengages from the wing formation and engages in direct combat. Zooming out, the entire structure, the two enormous "passenger planes" surrounding the central aerial disc of the aerial craft, break apart into several dozen Sons of Rin. There are massive Sons of Rin, and there are tiny pups as well.

Some of the smaller Sons join their larger counterparts. Like the puppy version of the Lycan wolf Son of Rin, we see that juvenile and "baby" versions of the animals join the battle as well. The entire regiment consumes 70% of the Face Peelers within moments.

But not before two hybrid babies yeet over to the lobby instead of the fight. A baby crocodile holding a balled up creature close to his belly make their way through the lobby and into Rin's suite, snuggling up with her in bed. She slides her eye mask off with a smile.

RIN

Bastian.

The croc snuggles along Rin's neck and the bundle in his arms unfolds. A gecko.

RIN

Aww, he's a lover, not a fighter.

Back in the sky, we see the last of the Face Peelers are taken out. The aerial disc continues on its journey alone. The team reenters from the top of the lobby. The view underneath the disc reveals that it is actually a jet shape but surrounded by a mock disc design. It descends into a gentle landing in the frosty wooded area below.

FADE TO the next morning.

Rin emerges from the staircase laden entrance to the craft, coffee mug in one hand, a wide yawn in the other. She sees a couple sitting at the porch of their cabin a couple hundred feet away. She waves. They wave back.

WOMAN AT THE PORCH

(yelling)

Good morning, Madam President.

The second woman with her holds up a glass tablet to take a selfie with the ship in their background as Rin waves.

Caption: *Just another morning under the matriarchy.*

END OF EPISODE 1

IN UPCOMING EPISODES:

Amid the global affairs, internal strife, attempts to locate the mother code, the first rounds of the Champion Battles, and international sabotage attempts on Rin's renowned leadership, the B story takes form as follows:

Rescue Rian eventually decides that he wants nothing more than to apply and transition to become a hybrid Champion. Rin's concern and affection for him is thinly veiled in the form of stopping his attempts from afar until she is forced into an appeals meeting. She must defend rejecting him from the program.

RIN & RIAN scene, key dialog

At first, she is harsh, declaring that Rian is not fit for the program, does not meet the new qualifications she updated (only after finding out about his application). Eventually, she is pressed to respond with more and blurts "Because I know a loser when I see one and he will not make it." She immediately regrets her harsh words and, under her breath, mumbles "shit."

She asks the members to leave the room to just her and Rian.

RIN

You will lose your humanity, your free will. This program is for people who have nothing better to offer the world. They die. They no longer exist as who they were. They become something else. They become property.

Rian responds with something we find endearing and makes us side with him. He is facing the reality that his methods do not truly contribute much to the cause he professes to care about. He is tired of being a caricature.

RIN

Fine. You can become my science experiment. I can poke and prod and test you for my own research and benefit. That's all you want to be. You got it.
Application granted.

Rian nods in thanks, and as he gets up to walk out of the room:

RIAN

Look, I know we had a moment back when...

RIN

NO.

After he closes the door behind him, Rin is again awash with regret at her harshness.

She looks for help at the window to the other room. Jeff.

Jeff pushes a button and speaks. His voice gently fills her room.

JEFF

My dear President, if this is the only version of you that you can give him, this

is the only version of you he deserves. Trust your gut. You've been right about him every step of the way. Trust yourself.

Rin nods.

After Rin's exchange with Rian, she heads to see Gerta for a personal, leisurely meetup in hopes to decompress from the day's events.

RIN & GERTA Scene, key dialog

RIN To GERTA

You ever feel like a part of you is frozen in time? it's like this thing, this 'something' happened. and it just lives inside you. and it wont unhappen. But you cant uncure. you cant let it become nothing. you're still standing there waiting for it to mean something... more.. more than what it is.

GERTA

I think I know exactly what you mean. it's like, did we peak when I thought we were just starting? Did I miss the cliff? Did I miss the drop off, and I've just been freefalling

RIN

and there is

RIN & GERTA

NO parachute

GERTA

I mean, i feel that way about my career. is this all there is? is this what I've worked for? did this ride already reach its maximum and I've been sitting here waiting for another hit that will never come. is this the best it would always have been?

RIN

I wish I knew it was over when it was over. so i could have started healing then.

GERTA

the writing on the walls had to fade before I realized there's nothing else in this room... and I should leave already.

They move in close to kiss. Just before they connect, Rin backs away.

RIN

I'm so sorry. That was wildly inappropriate of me.

Rin gets up to create space.

GERTA

Oh no, it's--

RIN

Given my position and your position. It's--

GERTA

Actually, it's really --

RIN

The whole power dynamic thing.

GERTA

-quite welcome

RIN

I'll have a car take you wherever you're headed for the evening... for the weekend.

Rin gathers her things and leaves with her security detail. As she enters her SUV, Jeff holding the door:

RIN

Working me to move up in the world.

JEFF

It doesn't have to be just that.

RIN

Is this how men in power feel?

JEFF

(after a pause)

Minus the guilt, yeah.

RIN

I'll have to work on that.

Over the course of this season, leaders, henchman hackers, military stealth all come to the same conclusion: there is no mother code. There are many other hybrid soldier programs, many which have functioned away from the public eye for decades. But none have the precision loyalty and control Rin has over her creations. Which is why she can flaunt them publicly and maintain positive public opinion. One global power even attempts to add mother-surrogates to their hybrid creations -but children rebel against their parent at some point. Rin takes over any new hybrids which get created by others, if she finds them appealing enough. The mother code spreads.

There is no materially evident explanation for Rin's *mastery* over the will, the hearts, and the minds of the Sons of Rin... until the final episode of season 1 leads to a glimpse. And of course, it's China who begins to catch the scent.

B-Story merges with A-Story:

Rin works in time to strategically sabotage Rian's transition.

By the season finale,

we believe she has succeeded. Rian has given up, removed himself from the program, and returned to his safe human life. Rin is even relieved he has returned to his bullshit social circle. Anything but death in the hybrid program.

In the final moments of the final episode,

at the most highly anticipated battle since the program launch, America VS China, the People of China unveil their independently created hybrid champion:

The large behemoth outdoorsman emerges. Now even larger, his mustache a golden mane, his face slowly, gently displays the morph to a beast.

Rin's shock caves to devastation. A single tear rolls down her cheek.

The Chinese PM & his right-hand watch Rin from their handheld screens. China's PM smiles at the image. Rack focus from Rin to across the arena, the Right Hand watching her, breathing heavily while fighting the urge to break into a laugh.

RIGHT HAND

(into his screen, to his staff)

Change the roster. I want The Lycans fighting in every chip battle.

DAUGHTER OF THE CHINESE PM

I told you. The most powerful woman in the world, and she is built no differently from the rest of us.

Rin and her team leave the arena. We've seen this reaction/assembly before. In moments through the season when Rin has needed to manually push a prompt from the mother code to a Champion, she goes off to a room alone and emerges at peace. Coincidentally, a major change in trajectory of that Champion occurs during her time in the room.

Somewhere within that process is the mother code.

In an earlier episode, we have seen the door get pushed open by Jeff in response to sounds of pain and yells. We have caught glimpses of Rin on the floor in great focus. We have seen a white-blue light shining on her face in the darkness of the room.

China's team watches Rin's abrupt exit at the start of the great battle.

DAUGHTER OF THE CHINESE PM

Feed the monkey salt, follow it to the river.

END OF SEASON 1

SEASON 2

Act 1: The Family Business

Season 2 starts in the timeframe of video the seen in Episode 1 in which High School aged (17) Rin is breaking into a lab and freeing the test animals. Rian was the cameraman.

Rin has moved out of her wealthy family's loft, dropped out of her ivy league prep school, and is living in a spare room at an animal rescue farm run by an elderly man who has taken her in, Papa Eddie. She gets visits from her father's employees and subverts their attempts to enter the property with creative uses of the animals they most fear. They end up settling for keeping a distance but maintaining security detail over Rin.

In these months, she has met Rian at his family's feed store from her treks stocking up for supplies for the rescue farm. They've gone on a few dates. He has shown serious interest, and she is now meeting his friends at a pool hall. Rian's best friend, let's call him Frog-Face, asks Rin to order the next round on his tab - yes, underage drinking. Returning too quickly from the bar as she forgot one of their drink orders, Rin overhears Frog-Face asking Rian "What would your kids look like? Don't you want your kids to look like you?"

Rin waits for Rian to respond.

"This is the part where you break his nose," Rin whispers to herself, her voice dies quickly into the air.

From Rin's side/rear view, Rian shrugs off his friend's inquiry, and sip his beer. He carries on with the game of pool as if nothing was amiss.

Rin crosses her leg over the other, spins and struts back to the bartender. She orders a round on Frog-Face's tab for the entire place. The nearby patrons cheer. Rin leaves.

The next morning, Rin's father visits in person. His team reported on the abrupt end to her date the night prior. Her father took care of the tab. Rin sits in silence and waits out her father's patience. He gives up and leaves. From the conversation, we learn that Rin is due to return to the family's affairs and businesses. That yes, while she did age out of her prior use, she has a new commission now to find a suitor from among the families. Someone who understands their purpose, their history, their *lifestyles*. Not some backwoods feed store kid from a family that hasn't seen a person of color live with them since the slave trade.

"They've told you: you don't belong with them. Maybe you needed to hear it from someone other than your mother and I."

"IT is NOT my mother," are the only words Rin utters to her father.

Weeks pass, Rin has received her college plans from her Father via one of the security detail. A new man. Young Jeff. He doesn't mind the insects and serpents and bobcats. He has a stillness and lack of intimidation about him when it comes to Rin. He matches her wit, and adds a dose of thinly veiled compassion.

Out of the blue, several animals get sick- specifically those housed in or treated in a particular barn. Parvo in their main farm dog, ringworm in several animals, and strangles from horses rescued from an illegal meat packer. Rin has avoided the feed store, but all hands-on deck are needed, and the volunteers are busy caring for the sick and dying animals. Their online orders for supplies to sterilize the barn keep getting delayed or canceled. Someone has to get the disinfecting oxidizer ingredients needed to sterilize the barn from the local feed store.

Jeff arrives to remind Rin she has a week to prepare for her orientation date. Rin remarks that she won't question how she graduated high school while having dropped out. Young Jeff informs Rin that she has a private dorm in a building for the children of "the families." Jeff does not wait for her response. He dispenses the information, and before he leaves, he offers to make a run for her to the feed store. She declines, but Jeff follows inconspicuously.

At the store, Rian and his friends from the pool hall are passing time while he works his shift. They get quiet and awkward when Rin enters. They watch the ingredients she places for checkout. Rian's mother is especially interested in why she needs so much fertilizer, unique chemicals, and bunny suits, personal protective equipment for hazard handling. Rin shows the rescue farm's paperwork and certifications to qualify purchase of the items. "We had a breakout at one of our barns."

"Some breakout," she remarks in a monotonous tone. Her demeanor recovers, "Well, you must need all the help you can get so be sure to let us know if we can deliver anything else for yall. No delivery fee." She smiles a shit eating grin at Rin. Rin thinks of the way some animals bear their teeth as threats.

After Rin leaves, Rian's mother takes pictures of the receipt, Rin loading things into the farm truck, Jeff sitting in his car watching Rin, then leaving after her. She looks over to Rian and his friends. "I don't know why these people are allowed to come to our country if they're just going to turn it into the warzones they supposedly need refuge from."

Rian: What are you doing?

His mother gives him a raised eyebrow glance and begins entering a number on the store phone. The audio recording of the Federal Bureau of Investigation can be heard.

Rian presses the receiver button to hang up the call.

Rian's Mother: did you see the ingredients she bought? The quantity alone qualifies.

Rian: If it's that serious, just call Logan at the PD to check her story out. He can call in some help with the animals as well.

Rian's friends leave the store.

Back at the animal rescue:

Halfway through the barn sterilization, in the middle of the night, the volunteer teams leave and the resident staff prepare for bed. In the silence of the night, the animals become uneasy. As they go from uneasy to uncontrollable, Rin and Uncle Eddie attempt to seek out the cause for their alarm. The pair are

met with a SWAT raid, pinned to the ground, zip tied with nary a single explanation or announcement of cause.

As lab PPE decked technicians swarm the farm, Rin and Uncle Eddie are in tears and shrieks as their animals are forcefully, roughly taken from their housings. Even the sick animals are handled with careless force and quick efficient removal. Unbearable to watch, Rin's wrists bleed from her attempts to break the tie. She slides to a pole and, in a military style maneuver as this is not her first time being tied against her will, Rin frees herself and head butts the guarding SWAT member in his lower spine. She barely makes it inches past him when he clocks her temple with his rifle and knocks her out.

She wakes to ambulance technicians moving her to the van. Rin rips out of the tubes and carrier, runs to the hill outside the farm. She runs past Young Jeff. He slams a hand against an officer, halting the man from chasing after her.

Rin sees the trucks leaving with her precious animals. She sees Uncle Eddie bleeding from his eyebrow, his face half brown bloodied, watching the same sight.

Rin takes the bloodied cotton strips from his hands. She brings a clean rag out from her overalls and wipes at his eyes, his tears reviving the dried blood.

He thanks her, takes the rag and turns to face the emptied farm packed with techs and officers: "Empty of animals, full of monsters," he declares.

Something catches Rin's eye and she runs to the edge of the hill leading to the main road. The logo on the trucks. LeRN. As in Lern Pharmicor: "Son of a bitch."

Jeff walks up with coffee, blankets and his own medic team. They treat Rin and Uncle Eddie, shepherding the others away. Jeff holds up an iPad for Rin: "The report filed with the FBI at 11:04 am this morning."

Rin sees *owner of Landmark Feed & Grow* and tosses the iPad back at Jeff. She returns her gaze to the trucks: "Take me back to my dad's."

"You didn't strike me as a quitter."

"Tell my dad I'll be on time for orientation."

"That's not how this is going to work."

Rin's snaps out of her pensive moment and looks incredulously at Jeff.

Jeff: "You're not getting revenge without someone in your father's ear, distracting him. And I'm not risking my life, my family's lives, my acquaintances lives, my acquaintances' acquaintances lives, my future children's and unborn grandchildren's lives for someone who bullshits me."

Rin disarms her death stare.

"Vow. Now. No hiding from me. And I'll make sure you don't turn this into a suicide mission."

"That doesn't strike me as a benefit."

Jeff throws his head back at the night sky. He takes in the vastness.

"You are here," Jeff holds his hand at his knees. "You can fuck up everything from here down."

Rin shrugs, but remains silent, curious.

"What a waste of capability." Jeff pauses his hand at higher and higher and higher points until he reaches his head, "You get here, you get your dad. You get here, you get his wife. You get here, you get the monsters who made her." Jeff pauses at his eyebrows and slowly slides his hand over his head. "Or, you work through all of them, gain their resources and trust, and you get the monsters who make the monsters."

"That's a lot of patience," says Rin.

Jeff drops his arm and quickly retorts, "What else are you doing with your life?"

Rin remains silent. Their first ever pause war.

Jeff breaks: "You want to know: how do you get to the monsters without becoming one."

Water fills Rin's eyes.

Jeff: "You don't. You become the thing you want to destroy. And you go down with it knowing you just bought this world a few decades of solace before the next monster makers emerge"

"That doesn't sound worth it."

"Yeah, but, imagine the looks on their faces when you pull back the curtain."

Rian appears from the hillside road.

He runs up and stops several feet from Rin and Jeff.

Rian, out of breath, "I didn't know."

Uncle Eddie: Bull shit.

Rian: I thought Logan would help the animals, just check the place out for what you were up to.

Rin: So, you knew. I thought your mom did it.

Rian doesn't respond.

Rin tosses Uncle Eddie's bloodied cotton strips at Rian's chest.

She and Jeff leave in his car.

Rian approaches Uncle Eddie.

Rian: I'm sorry.

Uncle Eddie: For what?

Rian: I should've checked her story out myself. Offered to help.

Uncle Eddie: You mean to tell me that I just lost my livelihood, and these precious little ones lost their lives, because you couldn't initiate a simple conversation?

Rian: It looked how it looked.

Uncle Eddie: And if I was the one who showed up to buy the supplies, would it have looked how it looked?

After a stillness, Rian begins picking up the mess left by the SWAT raid. A shine forms in his eyes. After a time and a few deep breaths, Uncle Eddie joins him.

Over the course of the story, we will see Rian's progression in the animal rescue penance he pays to Uncle Eddie. Rin never returns to the farm.

Act Two: The Families' Business

A montage of Rin and another boy her age(s) appearing at a high-rise penthouse of a wealthy CEO type. Differing seasons, differing hours of the day and night. Sometimes he answers the door alone, sometimes to a party raging behind him. Sometimes the partygoers are clothed, sometimes they are not. Sometimes it is the penthouse, sometimes it is a sprawling home in the countryside or luxury cabin in the woods. Rin & the boy appear in the hallway at the opened door as toddlers, tweens, teens. A pause. A restart. Other girls appear in her place next to the growing boy. They keep changing. Some appear with bruises and cuts. Then, the camera tightens in and there she is, Rin has returned. The boy is gone. She enters the penthouse in a trenchcoat. Removes it to reveal her high school gym uniform, shorts hiked higher than permissible. (The boy will return as her designated suitor, Callum McCalister. They will have a friendship born from their bondage and a marriage like a business partnership between soulmated friends. I want him played by Leonardo DiCaprio because a girl can dream)

We cut to Rin peaking out from a downtown building window at a group of protesters a few floors below. Animal rights group. Rin is wearing an INTERN badge for "LeRN PHARMACOR". She spots Rian behind the bullhorn, smiles warmly, and flips him a double bird.

The penthouse montage resumes now with Rin aging, and her outfit reveals going from sorority girlhood to chic elegant nightgowns, to BDSM madam.

The inserts to her employment at LeRN also show her progression from intern to lab lead, to board member. The protesters go from in-person to online, Rian among the viral reels here and there, then his channel branching out to focus on animal care instead of ragebait. LeRN has begun funding the causes he champions, a total corporate responsibility overhaul once Rin rises higher and higher. He only stops mentioning LeRN; passive avoidance versus reconciliation.

===== Death of a Child Salesman =====

Rin is **dating** Callum who is also a participant for the families' tainted proclivities. On one of her nights with the CEO, Rin kills him by accident. She swipes a set of minimalist VR glasses from his loft, the first phase of QNTM technology, and what she sees starts her on the quantum realm journey. The glasses allow her to see in the fourth dimension, often called the spirit world overlaying our material world. She sees her soul and its entanglement with the CEO's soul in mid sex act. She also sees her Spirit for the first time, SpearRIN. SpeaRIN leads Rin to a hidden chamber in the penthouse and more about the technology is revealed.

Back downstairs, Rin cuts the CEO's "silver cord" (the string only seen in the 4th dimension which ties his soul to his body) not knowing it will kill him. She encounters the Author through the glasses when He appears in light form to collect the CEO's guardian angel who was trapped in 4th dimension bondage/prison. The CEO is collected by venomous creatures from the underworld. The Author gives Rin a business card only seen through the glasses:

THE AUTHOR
Call on the Name

ACT 3: A New Era

===== A Night in the Woods // A New Generation Takes Over =====

Sitting at her desk, we see a photo of muddied and bruised group of young adults at a bonfire. Rin meditates on the night and we join her.

Rin initiates a massacre of the aging leaders of The Families gathered at a child sacrifice ritual in the woods. Again, she does so accidentally. There is a subtle encounter with Author before she stumbles into the domino of events that lead to the massacre over sitting with Him.

The setup is such that the families have brought their leaders and their heirs to exact sentencing on those who have rebelled or not fulfilled their assignments for the harvest. There is a divide among the young being reprimanded, and the old who wield abuse at them with callous disregard.

Most importantly, they have gathered for everyone to witness Rin's punishment for killing one of the main family leaders.

They have nearly killed Rin, tossed her body in the raging river. She beaches a few yards away. The audience sees her silver cord is torn and shredding down to a single thread. She calls on the Name, "Author". A tiny missable light appears. The audience sees the silver cord repaired. Rin only sees what appears to be a small flash. She reaches up and is met with a large spider running a web line. She assumes its shine was the small flash of light. Rin slips in the wet mud. The spider on her hand is smashed underneath and killed, legs parting and its head severed.

The following moments depict a tug of war between a stump Rin wants to sit and rest on, and the glow of the ritual calling to Rin for vengeance. There is still a child in a kennel. The audience sees more. The Author is sitting on the stump, patting the space next to Him for Rin to come and sit. But we also see SpeaRin for the first time. She is gesturing for Rin to return to the ritual and exact revenge. She subtly side-eyes The Author, not wanting to draw Rin's attention to Him.

Rin chooses to go back and help the little girl in the kennel. As she walks away, The Author gestures at the spider. It is resurrected and whole. He gestures toward the campfire. The spider heads in the direction of the ritual.

We see Rin crouching and waiting for the right moment to reveal herself and exact an attack. She uncovers axes buried in the weapons supplies sacks along the camp fire outskirts and picks one to wield.

As she stays low to remain out of sight and approaches the kennel, she sees her Spirit. No glasses needed. SpearRin is making a circular swinging motion over her head- signaling for Rin to do the same with her axe. As Rin does so, SpearRin disappears from Rin's sight. The audience sees her reappear to tap Rin's wrist as she is in mid swing to hit the kennel and get the girl out. However, at SpearRin's tap, Rin's wet and muddied palms allow the axe to slip and it is flung to behead a family leader, Rin's own "Mother".

Aghast, Rin stands up and is seen by the families. In a moment of instinct, she grabs a second axe, and in a feral cry she hurls it at her father's neck. Precision kill. She flings the sack of weapons to the center of the people. The young offspring grab weapons and repeat Rin's actions, toward their own families. Some parents, uncles, grandparents.

While this is going on, the little girl's kennel is slipping and sliding in the mud. She is about to fall into the raging river when grabs a tree root to stop from further sliding. But, she sees the spider. In fear, she shrieks and her kennel hits the water with the velocity of her pushback. When her kennel hits the water with that level of force, it breaks open. The girl grabs tree roots and climbs onto land several yards away.

Back to the bloodshed: The youths run for the weapons and follow suit to off their families. A young Charlize is seated in a white linen maxi robe dress on the lap of a heavyset naked old man, her grandfather. They are seated on a throne at the elevated ritual stage. Charlize and the man look on at the massacre with no reaction. Delirious from murder and covered in blood spatter and mud, Rin crawls on her knees up the steps of the stage to the steps of the throne. with a dagger in her hand. She shakingly presents it to Charlize who takes it gently from her. Rin collapses into Charlize's lap and grabs fistfuls of Charlize's dress. From Charlize's bare feet, we see her dress hem rising higher and higher.

Rin's face is in Charlize's lap, turned toward the side of the river where Rin has just emerged. Barely in the glistening of the moonlight, Rin sees the girl climbing up onto land. She blinks in reminder of her original intent.

I could have waited, she thinks. She remembers how sweet the idea of sitting on the tree stump was.

A stream of fresh blood pours onto Rin's face. Charlize has slit her grandfather's throat. A new era has begun. Rin pulls Charlize's dress up and we cut out at her bare feet and legs exposed from the raising of the hem.

Rin's servant relationship with the new Families Lead, Charlize, is cemented on this night.

===== Rin is chosen as President=====

At a pool party in Charlize's Family mansion, Rin is called into Charlize's library office. Donning giant goofy prop glasses and several lei, Rin sits down. She is sipping from a straw extending from a beer tower hat.

Charlize: You are going to be President.

Rin: President of what?

Charlize: Your country

Rin: My country of what?

Charlize: Just keep doing what you're doing. *Everything* you're doing.

Charlize leaves the library.

Rin looks to the staff security still present. Flat expression, she takes the beer tower hat off and slides the prop sunglasses up to sit on her head.

While continuing to sip through the straw: "Why'd she say "*everything*" like that?"