

THE SAVIOR OF HUMANITY

by
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INT. MEDICAL LABORATORY - EVENING

As we pan across a large medical laboratory, we see a few people in white lab coats working among the scattered microscopes, test tubes and beakers. We finish on DR. NOAH ADAMS, a good looking, young doctor in his early thirties. He is talking into a recorder while shuffling some test tubes filled with liquid. In front of him is a mouse in a cage. The mouse is barely moving.

NOAH

(into recorder)

Serum numbers one, two and three show no change to the patients condition.

Noah separates the first three test tubes, leaving just numbers four and five. He holds number four in his hand.

NOAH (cont'd)

(into recorder)

Serum number four only briefly raised the metabolism rate of the patient before returning him to his near vegetative state. Needless to say, still no sign of an appetite.

Noah looks down at the barely alive mouse.

NOAH (cont'd)

(to the mouse)

One more test Mickey then you can finally go to sleep.

We see a live mouse poke his head over Noah's shoulder as we hear a high pitched voice.

MOUSE

He's not Mickey, I'm Mickey.

Noah turns his head and is briefly startled to see a mouse right next to his face. BYRON, Noah's friend/coworker stands up from behind him, holding the mouse. He smiles.

BYRON

Seriously, I don't know what's cheesier; the fact that you name your test patients or the fact that you named him Mickey.

NOAH

How about the fact that you called it cheesy? Where does that fall on your radar?

BYRON

A little below everything I just said about you. You almost ready to get out of here?

NOAH

Yeah. Give me two minutes.

BYRON

You know, if you want to carpool with me, you can't be staying late every day.

Byron heads out.

NOAH

(towards Byron)

If I want to carpool with you, I can't be staying late any day.

Noah fills a syringe with serum number five and injects it into the mouse. He then quickly wipes up the small spill that was caused when Byron scared him and walks out.

INT. NOAH'S HOME - NIGHT

Noah cheerfully enters his modest one story home. He's looking around as he winds his way through the hallway.

NOAH

(projecting it through the house)

Hello?! Where's my family?!

LIBBY (o.s.)

We're in here!

He gets to the living room where his young, pregnant wife is sitting on the couch. He leans down and gives her a kiss.

NOAH

And how's everybody feeling?

Libby rubs her belly.

LIBBY

We're all feeling fine. Although one of us is a little gassy...

Libby gives Noah an uncomfortable look.

LIBBY (cont'd)
I won't say who.

NOAH
That's another good thing about
having twins, honey; there'll
always be someone else to blame.

Noah gives her another quick kiss then smiles.

NOAH (cont'd)
But I'll know it was really you.

Libby laughs as Noah heads to the fridge and starts pulling
out some food for the two of them.

LIBBY
(giggling)
Stop it. How was work today?

NOAH
Work today was the same as work
everyday. It was *mostly* boring with
some occasional moments of very
boring.

Noah grabs the plate of food he's been preparing and sits
next to Libby.

LIBBY
(sympathetic)
Awwwww.

NOAH
Well you know my work. Nothing ever
changes. Although, I did spend my
lunch hour, with Byron, trying to
come up with a serum that would
help the Mets not suck.

LIBBY
(dismissive)
Please. You have a better chance of
curing cancer.

Noah nods in agreement as he sits on the couch and cuddles up
next to Libby.

EXT. MEDICAL LABORATORY - EARLY MORNING

The morning sun rises over the medical complex.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL LABORATORY, LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

Noah, dressed casually and drinking a cup of coffee, walks into the locker room. He takes his last sip, tosses the cup into the trash and opens his locker. Hanging inside is his white lab coat. Noah smiles as he sees what was left inside for him: a "Book Of Baby Names" with a note attached. The note reads, "I crossed out the name Mickey for you." - Byron"

Noah puts on his lab coat, closes the locker and heads out.

INT. MEDICAL LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

As Noah heads toward his work area, he stops when he notices something strange. Mickey, the half dead mouse, is running energetically on the wheel; looking as healthy as ever.

NOAH

Mickey?

Noah glances at the empty food dispenser. Looking confused, he grabs more food and refills it. Mickey immediately comes over and starts eating. Clearly still confused, Noah steps back and thinks for a moment before a smile begins to grow. He starts looking around, laughing.

NOAH (cont'd)

Ha! Byron, that was a good one!

Joaquin, another lab worker is looking at Noah.

JOAQUIN

You ok, Noah?

NOAH

Are you in on this too, Joaquin?

JOAQUIN

(very confused)

I have no idea what you're talking about. But...(hesitantly) I'm in?

NOAH

Wow. You really do have *no idea*
what I'm talking about.

Noah looks around the room again, smiling.

NOAH (cont'd)

Ha Ha Ha! That's a good one Byron!
Very nice.

Noah, smiling, takes serum number five and seemingly begins
more testing.

INT. MEDICAL LABORATORY, BREAK ROOM - AFTERNOON

Byron is flipping through a newspaper and drinking his coffee
when Noah pokes his head in the door.

NOAH

Byron, I assume that practical joke
was you.

BYRON

Jeez, ya think? I mean, it
literally had my name on it.

NOAH

(nodding)

Makes sense. I *didn't think* that I
just found the cure for cancer.

Noah leaves.

BYRON

Right.... Wait, what?!

Byron jumps up and rushes out of the room.

INT. MEDICAL LABORATORY - AFTERNOON

A handful of people are working in the lab as Noah approaches
his work station. Byron catches up to him.

BYRON

Wait, Noah, what did you just ask
me?

NOAH

I asked you about your joke this
morning.

BYRON
Yeah, the book of baby names.

NOAH
No, not that one. The one where you
switched my test patient.

BYRON
I didn't switch your test patient.

NOAH
(not believing him)
Riiiiight.

BYRON
No, honestly. I wish I did do it
cause it's a good joke. But someone
else must be playing with you.

NOAH
Yeah, really? And which one of
these guys looks like "the playful"
type to you?

They both look around the lab to see an assortment of geeks,
old guys and geeky old guys.

BYRON
Shit, maybe I *did* do it.

NOAH
That's what I thought.

Byron snaps back to reality.

BYRON
Seriously, Noah, what happened to
your test patient? Because I
didn't switch anything.

NOAH
(getting fed up)
Well, what happened was, I gave my
half dead mouse an injection of
this serum right here before I left
yesterday. And when I came back
today, he was cured. Not a little
healthier or getting better but
100% cured. As if he never had any
disease whatsoever.

BYRON
Are you telling me that...

Byron suddenly grabs Noah by the arm. Joaquin glances up from his work station to see Byron pulling Noah back to the break room.

INT. MEDICAL LABORATORY, BREAK ROOM

Byron yanks Noah back into the break room. He's about to continue his conversation when he notices a co-worker making coffee. Byron and Noah force on awkward smiles as they wait silently for their co-worker to pour the milk, finish stirring his coffee and then finally walk out of the room. As soon as the door closes...

BYRON
(suspicious)
Are you fucking with me?

NOAH
No. Are you fucking with me?

BYRON
(still suspicious)
No. Are you fucking with me?

NOAH
Stop asking me that!

BYRON
You just told me that you cured a cancer-ridden mouse in less than twenty four hours. What should I be asking you?

NOAH
You should be asking me who switched my test patient. Because I know which serum I injected him with last and I've already run a bunch of tests on it. There is no way it could do that.

BYRON
But you said it yourself. Nobody else here would play that kind of joke on you.

NOAH
I know. That's why I still kind of assume it's you.

BYRON

That hurts. But because you very well might be rich and famous one day, I'm going to overlook that.

Noah smiles.

BYRON (cont'd)

(suddenly serious)

But Noah, I swear to you, I did not switch your mouse. Is it possible that the syringe could've been contaminated?

NOAH

No. I took it out of the sterilized package myself...

Noah stops talking as he remembers back to the small spill that was caused, a day earlier, when Byron startled him with the mouse.

NOAH (cont'd)

Unless...

Noah turns and starts heading back to the lab. Byron follows.

BYRON

Hey maybe we should just keep this between you and I until we figure out what's going on.

NOAH

That's a good idea.

A determined Noah walks out.

BYRON

I have very good ideas. We should be partners.

Byron follows Noah out the door.

INT. MEDICAL LABORATORY

Byron follows Noah back toward his work station. Both men walk slowly with their hands crossed behind their backs in a poorly acted attempt to look like "everything is normal."

When they get back to the work station, they both attempt to "subtly" rearrange anything they can to help block the view of the rack of serums.

It's only the awkwardness of their constant rearranging that seems to draw the brief attention of some co-workers before Noah finally just lowers the rack into the deep sink to keep it out of view. There, he quickly takes some of serums four and five and puts them in one syringe.

CUT TO:

EXT. NOAH'S APT - NIGHT

Noah and Byron are in the middle of an enthusiastic conversation as they approach the entrance of the building.

NOAH

Before we go in, Byron, do me a favor. Until we get the results back tomorrow, this is all speculation. So please don't go in there and start getting my pregnant wife all excited about something that may turn out to...

BYRON

No, of course not. I'll let you tell her however you want to tell her.

Noah walks in.

INT. NOAH'S APT

Noah pokes his head inside before opening the door and allowing Byron to follow him in.

NOAH

(projecting it through the house)

Honey?! We have a visitor.

LIBBY (o.s.)

Hi, Byron!

BYRON

Wow, you must have no friends.

They both laugh as they turn the corner to the living room, where Libby is sitting. Noah gives her a kiss followed by Byron.

BYRON (cont'd)

Hey Libby.

LIBBY

Well, you guys certainly seem to be in a good mood.

NOAH

Well let's just say we may have had a very interesting day at work.

LIBBY

Yeah? Did you guys finally figure out a way to help the Mets not suck?

Libby and Byron smile. Noah stares at Libby.

NOAH

No. I'd have a better chance of curing cancer.

Libby is still smiling. Byron notices that Noah is staring at Libby. After a few seconds, Libby also notices Noah still staring at her. He hasn't blinked as he repeats himself slowly and clearly.

NOAH (cont'd)

I'd..have..a..better..chance..of..curing..cancer.

LIBBY

(confused)

Wait? What are you talking about?

NOAH

I may have just accidentally found the cure for cancer.

Libby "jumps up" in excitement.

LIBBY

You what?! You just found what?! You may have accidentally, what the hell are you talking about?!

BYRON

Way to keep her from getting excited.

Noah tries to help Libby sit back down.

NOAH

Honey please. Try to stay calm. It's still just speculation.

LIBBY

You can't tell me you may have just found the cure for cancer and then tell me to stay calm.

BYRON

(getting excited)

And it's not just the cure for cancer, either. We're talking about the ability to revert all diseased cells back to their pre-mutated state.

LIBBY

What does that mean?

BYRON

That means cancer...

NOAH

Cured.

BYRON

AIDS...

NOAH

Cured.

BYRON

Heart disease. Lung disease.

NOAH

(realizing the possibilities)

All of it, cured! And if we could figure out how to turn this into some sort of vaccination, even dying of old age would cease to exist as we know it.

BYRON

Life-spans would at least double. Maybe even triple.

NOAH

It'd be like a medical fountain of youth.

LIBBY

(shocked)

Holy shit.

BYRON

Yeah. We're talking about what could be the greatest medical discovery of all time.

(to Noah)

Noah, you should legally change your name to something cool so when they name something after you it won't sound so...Noah Adamsy.

LIBBY

Well I'm sure you reported this to Frank. What did he have to say about it?

NOAH

I didn't actually report it yet.

LIBBY

Oh honey, you need to report this right away. Byron's right, even if it's just to make sure that your name is attached to it.

Byron nods in agreement.

NOAH

Well the thing is, that I know what I injected into the patient the previous night and there is no way that it could've done all that by itself. However, I think it's possible that I accidentally mixed two compounds together when Byron poked his little mouse head over my shoulder.

LIBBY

God, I hope that's not a euphemism.

Byron nods no.

NOAH

So tomorrow morning, if our mouse is suddenly healthy, then I am immediately running my ass into Frank's office to let him know what's going on.

Everyone gives a hopeful smile.

NOAH (cont'd)
And if it's not, then I assume that
someone at the lab just pulled off
their first practical joke, ever.

After a moment of silence.

BYRON
And it would be a good one.

INT. NOAH'S APT-BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

A sleeping Libby rolls around in bed a little before sensing that her husband is awake. Noah is sitting up in bed with his reading light on. He looks to be in deep thought.

LIBBY
Oh, Noah. Are you still awake?

NOAH
I can't sleep. I'm too excited or
nervous or something. I actually
went online a couple of hours ago
because I was thinking of sending
Frank an office memo about this.

LIBBY
Well honey, at this point you might
as well wait till the morning and
see what you learn.

NOAH
Yeah, that's what I decided too.
But I did notice that Joaquin sent
Frank a memo asking if he was going
to be around after work.

LIBBY
Who's Joaquin?

NOAH
He's the guy that works right near
me in the lab. And I just started
wondering if he may have overheard
what Byron and I were talking about
yesterday.

LIBBY
Noah, you're being paranoid.

NOAH
I'm sure I am.

LIBBY

So please try to get some sleep and stop making such a big deal about this.

NOAH

I'll try.

Noah turns out his light and lays back down.

LIBBY

Because Byron is picking you up in less than three hours, so you can go to work and find out, if you are indeed, "The Savior of Humanity."

After a few seconds of silence.

NOAH

(sarcastic)

Seriously?

Libby starts laughing before Noah joins in. She cuddles up to him.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. NOAH'S APT-BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

The digital clock turns to 5:30am, followed immediately by that horrible noise known as the morning alarm. Noah, already awake and half dressed walks over and turns it off. He continues to get ready before he looks up and sees himself in the mirror. He stares at himself for a moment before grabbing his cell phone and turning out the light on his way out.

INT. NOAH'S APT - CONTINUOUS

Noah dials a number on his phone. It rings once before we hear Byron's voice on the other side.

BYRON (o.s.)

What's up?

NOAH

Hey Byron. Sorry for calling you this early but I'm a little anxious to get in to work this morning. So as soon as you can get here, I'm ready to go.

BYRON (o.s.)
I'm parked out front. I was going
to call you in five minutes.

Noah opens the door. Byron is parked right out front with his
window open.

BYRON (cont'd)
Man, I haven't been this excited to
get to work since...ever.

INT. BYRON'S CAR - MORNING

Byron is driving with Noah in the passenger seat. As they get
closer to work they're both trying to remain calm.

NOAH
So as soon as we get there, you
might as well just follow me to the
lab.

BYRON
That is the only reason why I'm
here this early.

They turn on to their block.

BYRON (cont'd)
Oh crap, are they doing
construction on our street now?

There are some orange signs and cones indicating that the
right lane is closed.

NOAH
Oh, this sucks.

A couple of fire trucks are parked up ahead. As they wait for
the traffic to slowly merge together, the thought doesn't
occur to either one of them until they're both able to see
the burned wreckage where their lab used to be.

BYRON
(stunned)
Holy shit, the lab's gone.

Noah and Byron stare in horror as they slowly roll by.

NOAH
Wow. What the... Hey, there's
Ginger.

GINGER, a middle-aged, heavy set woman from the office is standing outside talking to some people. Byron pulls over to park.

EXT. MEDICAL LABORATORY - EARLY MORNING

Noah and Byron come running up to Ginger, who is talking to some other people.

NOAH
Ginger, are you ok?

GINGER
(very sad)
Oh, Byron, Noah.

She hugs them both.

GINGER (cont'd)
Yeah I'm fine. I just got here like
an hour ago.

They all look at the mostly burned down building.

BYRON
What happened?

GINGER
They don't know yet but first guess
is a chemical fire.

NOAH
Was there anyone inside?

GINGER
They're still searching, obviously,
but so far the only known casualty
is somebody named umm...Joaquin
uhh...

Ginger turns to ask the other people Joaquin's last name. Noah shouts it out just as someone else answers with the name "Chopra".

NOAH
Chopra?

GINGER
(looking very sad)
Did you know him?

Noah looks stunned.

NOAH
(stunned)
He worked right next to me.

Ginger, feeling horrible for Noah, gives him a big hug.

GINGER
I am so sorry.

Noah, seemingly still in shock, barely reacts as Ginger finishes her hug.

BYRON
Ginger, can you do me a favor and
call me if you hear anything else?

Ginger looks at Noah, who still looks dazed.

GINGER
Of course. There's no reason for
you guys to hang around here. Go
home. I'll call you as soon as I
hear anything.

BYRON
Thanks, Ginger.

Byron and Noah head back to the car.

INT. BYRON'S CAR - MORNING

Byron and Noah are sitting silently in the car as they drive home.

BYRON
Wow. That is crazy.

Not much reaction from Noah.

BYRON (cont'd)
I don't want to seem insensitive
but... I assume that you have the
compound we were testing, saved
somewhere.

NOAH
Of course. It's on my computer.

Noah has his laptop by his feet. They return to silence for a few moments.

BYRON

Thank God at least it happened in the middle of the night when almost nobody was there. Except Joaquin, unfortunately.

NOAH

Yeah, unfortunately... Here's a strange question. Do you think there's any chance that Joaquin overheard us yesterday and that's why he was there so late last night?

BYRON

I don't think it matters but I guess that's possible. Why?

NOAH

It was probably unrelated but I saw last night that he sent Frank a memo asking to see him after work.

BYRON

So you think he might have been trying to steal your discovery?

NOAH

Well, I don't know if...

BYRON

Yeah, why not? I would do it.

NOAH

What?!

BYRON

Well not to you. But Noah, this could be a big freaking deal! If I could get on the computer and falsify a few things to make it look like I stumbled across it first? Sure.

Noah takes out his cell phone and hits a button. He's looking at Byron and shaking his head in disappointment.

NOAH

(sarcastic)

Nice.

(into the phone)

Hi honey. We're on our way back home...

NOAH(cont'd)

No, I don't know anything yet
because the lab burned down over
night...

CUT TO:

INT. NOAH'S APT - MORNING

Noah and Byron walk in the door. Libby, concerned, rushes
over to them.

LIBBY

Are you guys alright?

NOAH

Yeah, we're fine. The fire was out
by the time we got there. You may
want to hide the valuables around
this guy though.

BYRON

I said, "not to you!"

NOAH

And even if he did try to steal it,
you said it yourself. It doesn't
really matter now.

BYRON

Unless that's what got him killed.

LIBBY

What?! Who got killed?!

NOAH

So far, the only person they know
of who died in the fire is a guy
named Joaquin.

LIBBY

The guy that works next to you?

NOAH

Worked, Yeah.

Libby gives him a hug.

LIBBY

What did you mean, "unless that's
what got him killed?"

NOAH
Byron thinks he may have tried to
steal credit for my discovery.

LIBBY
I don't get it.
(looks at Noah)
Did you kill him?

NOAH
No.

LIBBY
Then why would anyone else want to
kill someone for making that
discovery?

BYRON
To steal credit for themselves?

NOAH
(thinking out loud)
To sell it... to the..
pharmaceutical companies.

Noah and Byron look at each other as if they both just
figured it out.

BYRON
What exactly was the wording in his
memo to Frank last night?

Noah rushes over to the computer.

NOAH
I will tell you in a minute.

LIBBY
Guys, I think you're getting a
little carried away. Are you really
talking about Frank here?

Noah and Byron look at each other. They're intensity
softens. Noah types in his password.

NOAH
It's gone!

LIBBY
What's gone?

NOAH
The memo! Somebody erased Joaquin's
memo to Frank.

BYRON
(to Libby)
Aha! Look who's getting carried
away now.

Libby looks at Byron, confused. Noah is still staring at the computer. Byron's phone rings. He walks across the room and then answers it.

LIBBY
Are you sure you didn't dream it?

NOAH
No! I wasn't even asleep yet.
Somebody erased it!

LIBBY
Well, who could do that?

NOAH
I can't.

LIBBY
Can Frank erase other people's
messages?

NOAH
I would assume so. Somebody
obviously did it!

Byron walks back over.

BYRON
Yeah well it definitely wasn't
Frank.

NOAH
What? How do you know that?

BYRON
Cause Frank's dead. That was Ginger
on the phone. They found Frank's
body burned in the lab.

Everyone sits quietly for a moment.

LIBBY
Then who erased that memo?

They all quietly think about it for a moment before Noah gets up and looks out the window. He stares suspiciously at a few cars parked out front. Are there people in them? He can't tell. He turns back around.

NOAH

I don't know. But if somebody did kill Frank and Joaquin, then it won't take them long to track it back to me.

LIBBY

(worried)

Oh shit, Noah. Really?

Noah, hiding behind the curtain, is peeking out the window.

NOAH

Let's not panic, yet. Hopefully, this is still just wild speculation.

BYRON

Yeah. The last time that you speculated; you cured cancer.

Noah notices a few well-dressed, middle-aged men heading towards the front of the building.

NOAH

I think it's time to go. Out the back! Out the back!

Noah grabs his laptop and rushes Libby and Byron towards the back door.

BYRON

Damn! You are the best speculator ever.

EXT. NOAH'S APT - MOMENTS LATER

Noah, Libby and Byron quietly rush down the steps and out the back door. They run across to the other side of the property where they hide in some bushes.

LIBBY

(whispering)

Look at that!

They all look up at Noah's window. They can see several men walking around in the apartment.

BYRON
Who are those guys?

Noah thinks for a second. He gets a determined look on his face and then turns to Libby.

NOAH
Libby, honey. I need you to do me a favor and go with Byron for a little while. Go some place safe. Go to your sisters.

Noah grabs a notebook out of his laptop bag. He flips through to a certain spot and then rips out the page and gives it to Byron.

NOAH (cont'd)
Byron, if something happens to me, this is what they are looking for.

BYRON
(looking at the paper)
Uh, thanks.

NOAH
Hey, you're my partner.

Byron smiles. Noah smiles.

NOAH (cont'd)
Make sure Libby gets to her sisters house safely.

BYRON
You got it.

LIBBY
(crying)
Noah, where are you going? I'm not leaving without you. Where are you...

NOAH
(grabs Libby's hand)
Libby, honey, listen to me.

Libby is crying.

NOAH (cont'd)
As far as I'm concerned, you are three people right now.

NOAH(cont'd)

And I need you to go somewhere
where you will all be safe. Believe
me, that'll help me more than you
realize.

BYRON

Noah!!!

They look up and notice the man in their apartment staring at them through the window. Libby screams! The men in the apartment start running toward the back stairs.

NOAH

Go! Now!

Noah kisses Libby's hand as Byron and Libby run off to the left. Noah watches for a second before grabbing his laptop and running off to the right.

EXT. PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Noah is trying to remain calm as he walks quickly down the street towards the public park on the corner. There are a handful of people there; a couple of people sitting on a blanket, a few mothers with their children in the playground.

Noah heads for a park bench and sits down. He takes out his laptop and turns it on. WHAT'S THAT? Noah's eyes dart from side to side, expecting to see something but not sure what. Everything looks normal. He types something on his keyboard and up pops a page with a large diagram of what we can only assume is "the cure." Underneath the diagram are what look like medical formulas and other notes pertaining to "the cure." Noah sits back and takes a deep breath in an attempt to stay calm... just as a man in a suit slowly approaches from behind and takes a seat on the bench.

Noah glances over at the man, who is looking right at him. Noah recognizes him as the man that was in his apartment. He looks back at his laptop.

NOAH

Are you here to kill me?

SUITED MAN

No, I don't do that.

Noah takes a breath.

SUITED MAN (cont'd)
One of the fifteen men that
currently have you in their sites
would do that. I'm just here to
talk to you.

Noah's eyes scan the park he but doesn't see anything
suspicious.

NOAH
Who the hell are you?

SUITED MAN
I need to know who else has this
information.

The man glances at Noah's laptop.

NOAH
Not counting me? Five people.

The man winces a little as he tries to contain his anger.

NOAH (cont'd)
I gave them all this exact page
with specific instructions to send
it to every possible media outlet,
and anyone else who might like it,
unless they hear from me first.

SUITED MAN
You're bluffing.

NOAH
If you believed that, you probably
would've killed me by now. Well,
not you, but one of the fifteen men
who currently have me in their
sites would've.

Noah is trying to act confident as the suited man stares at
him.

SUITED MAN
And how long do you really think it
will take us to pick up your wife
and your friend Byron?

NOAH
That's two out of five. Three more
to go.

Noah tries to stare him down.

NOAH (cont'd)

Cause you can silence me. But that cure is getting out.

SUITED MAN

You idiot! Do you have any idea what that'll do?

NOAH

Yeah! Save millions of people!

SUITED MAN

And kill **Billions** of them!

Noah's poker face cracks with a look of concern.

NOAH

What are you talking about?

SUITED MAN

Have you ever heard of a Malthusian Catastrophe?

Noah stares at him, silently.

SUITED MAN (cont'd)

It's what occurs when a population outgrows the resources that it needs to sustain itself. Inevitably resulting in mass chaos, famine, disease, wars...

NOAH

Don't give me that! We have those things now.

SUITED MAN

Yes, we do. And many people believe we may be on the brink of a catastrophe already. The world currently has seven billion people, Noah. It took us thousands and thousands of years to get to seven billion people. Scientists expect that number to double in the next 80 years. What do you think runs out first? Oil? Food? Clean water?

NOAH

That's why you're killing people? New technologies will be created. People will adapt. They always do.

SUITED MAN

At that rate? Maybe. But if you introduce what you have there... Imagine how much those numbers go up if nobody is dying.

Noah has a look of disgust on his face.

SUITED MAN (cont'd)

Don't look at me like that! You're a doctor, think about it! The consequences would be almost immediate, with people fighting to secure what's left of the world's remaining resources. Your kids would never know a world outside of the post-apocalyptic one that you created for them. That, Noah, will be your legacy.

Noah looks shaken. He's not sure what to say.

NOAH

How did you find me?

SUITED MAN

We've been tracking a Dr. Boon since his last shipment order.

NOAH

(mumbles)

Frank?

SUITED MAN

We actually thought your coworker was you last night but it turns out he didn't even have the correct formula. He was still missing half the compound.

Noah looks very confused.

NOAH

I don't understand. If he didn't have the right formula then how did you know...

The suited man hands Noah a thumb drive from his inside pocket. Noah is reluctant to take it.

SUITED MAN

Go ahead.

Noah takes the thumb drive and plugs in into his laptop. After a moment, up pops a folder labeled "RRX2".

SUITED MAN (cont'd)
Click on it.

Noah clicks on it and up pops a diagram identical to the one Noah had up earlier.

NOAH
(confused)
That's...the cure.

The suited man watches Noah as he tries to comprehend.

NOAH (cont'd)
RRX2? It has a name already?

SUITED MAN
Surely, you didn't think they would wait til the seventh person discovered it before they'd give it a name?

Noah scrolls down to reveal a list of names and dates. The first one is "R. R. Rife---1934." The seventh and last name on the list is "Dr. Noah Adams---2011."

NOAH
Who are you?

SUITED MAN
I work for a group that sometimes has to save the world from people who think they're saving the world.

NOAH
Is everyone on this list dead?

SUITED MAN
Everyone except you... And me.

Noah stares at the man, who stares right back. After a moment the man reaches over and pulls the thumb drive out of Noah's laptop. The laptop suddenly goes dead.

NOAH
Hey!

SUITED MAN

You see Noah, you're not the first person to have to make this decision. Don't be the first to make it incorrectly.

Noah doesn't know what to do. He looks back down at his dead laptop and then glances around the park. He focuses on a couple of loving grandparents watching their granddaughter play in the park. They wouldn't even be at their mid-life crisis yet if "the cure" gets out. Noah takes a deep breath as he seems to come to a conclusion. He turns to the suited man and says...CUT TO BLACK: