



OFFWORLD MAN **PART 2**



OFF-WORLD MAN 2

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REVISED DRAFT

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SUPERIMPOSE: THE OFFWORLD MAN 2

Zeaxanthin by Noveller opening theme

FADE IN:

INT. MAYAN MANSION - EMILY'S ROOM - DAWN

Summer 2052. Emily Parks had just celebrated her seventeenth birthday. In the predawn, she was in heavy REM sleep in her room of the recently built Tyrell Mansion. It was the last edition to the Gamba, Gabon estate, built by her father shortly after his return in 2035. Dr. Parks was the chief architect of the magnificent four-story, dark opaque polarized glass-encased, neo-Mayan pyramid-shaped mansion. The mansion was completed in 2039 when Emily was six. Dr. Parks walked in, dressed as usual in all black, but much more formal. He had been retired from OM Group for nearly two decades. He sorrowfully looked in on his sleeping daughter and before leaving whispered to her,

PARKS

I love you. I'll

see you soon.

He turned and walked out of the room, quietly closing the door behind him.

EXT. MAYAN MANSION

Somehow, in Emily's sleeping mind, she could see her father walking down the stairs and pausing briefly before walking out of the entrance. He walked beyond the estate to the beachfront.

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INT. EMILY'S ROOM

Emily awakened. She sat bolt upright in distress. She got out of bed and padded down the hallway and up the stairs toward her parent's third-floor bedroom suite.

INT. STAIRWELL TO 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY

She noticed light streaming at the bottom door of her father's library study, where he often sat in his Moog-Hoberman 'space chaise' lounge for far too many hours, days, sometimes for weeks on end. He would stare into space in a near catatonic state bordering on an open-eyed coma.

For the past few years now, Emily could not help but notice his physiological decline. But lately, he seemed frailer and more reclusive.

Emily felt an uncontrollable sense of dread as she padded down the lacquered corridor toward her father's study. She wore a long flowing white cotton flannel nightgown with long sleeves. The mansion's central air was always set too low at night. As she passed the open doorways of the other living spaces on the second floor, she appeared in her mind's proscenium to regress in age; from seventeen to age ten, to age six, to eighteen months. Her sleeping gown seemed to shrink in size appropriate to her age as she became younger.

EMILY

Baba?

She called out to her father in the nickname she learned as an infant. In her mind, she even sounded like an infant. No response. More and more fear grew over her as she approached his study.

No response. More and more fear grew over her as she approached his study. She reached out in tears, a baby, scared and all alone, calling out repeatedly for her father.

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Time moved slower and slower as she reached the door of his study and struggled to push open the tall, heavy door. The toddler Emily had now become, peered uneasily through the entrance, hoping to find her protector and her mentor resting there. But the chaise was empty. The toddler wailed in terror and fear..

Emily awakened from her all too real lucid dream bathed in tears of anguish. It was still early dawn as she rushed down the corridor, nearly stepping on one of the small autonomous floor-cleaning drones at work. Something was very wrong. She was an empathic telepath like her mother. Something was different. She rushed into her father's third-floor empty study, then down the stairs to the first floor, stopping at the entrance. It was open, and there she found her mother, Eve, staring out into the distance. Emily's mother looked as if she were in a state of shock. Her eyes welled in tears as she stared on.

INT. MANSION FOYER

EMILY

Momma, Where's Dad?

EVE

Gone..

EMILY

Where? Where Momma? What is it? What's wrong with Dad? Where is he?

Eve pointed out toward the distant beachfront. Emily turned and looked out of the open double doors of the mansion into the distance, where she could barely make out the silhouette of a lone figure.

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EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC BEACHFRONT - DAWN

Nearly a kilometer down the beach walking away, using a cane to support himself, Dr. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks turned at that precise moment to look back at his home and his only real family. From an early life after the loss of Eve Dumont as a serial philanderer, treating personal relationships like business acquisitions, to this, a transformed loving, caring, devoted husband and father. And now, he was walking away from it all. He had to, only for a little while, he hoped. Not forever, as he feared. He put his hand to his lips and raised it outstretched over his head waving a slow goodbye to his only family.

INT. MANSION FOYER

Emily instinctively wanted to rush out to her father and stop him from going, but her mother gently but forcefully restrained her. Eve slowly shook her head letting her daughter know that she could not go to him now.

EVE

Your father is dying. He needs specialized medical care. He's needed it for many years now. But he wanted to wait until you were older, a young adult before he left to get that care. He didn't want to miss a day of watching you grow up. He wanted to be there for you. We wanted to raise you the right way. That's why we home-schooled you so long. We wanted you to be an independent, confident, responsible, caring adult.

They both tearfully returned his wave.

EMILY

Where is he going, Momma? There's no one out there. Is someone picking him up?

Emily barely finished the question put to her mother. She thought she was hallucinating.

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EXT. BEACHFRONT

Out of nowhere, a bluish seam of light opened up just ahead of him, growing into a two-meter-wide by three-meter-high 'entrance' of glowing translucent white light. It was a wall of energy that looked unnatural, other-worldly. The immediate space around the entrance looked out of focus. Dr. Parks slowly turned and walked into and through the entrance, and out of their lives.

INT. MANSION FOYER

Emily looked briefly at her mother, then back at the unbelievable spectacle. As the dimensional entrance began to slowly lose power and fade back into normal space-time, the two women looked on in astonishment. A bewildered Emily asked,

EMILY

Momma, what was that? What just happened?

They were speechless for a moment longer, then Emily asked again,

EMILY

Where did Dad go? He was just there.

As their wonder subsided, Eve explained who her father truly was.

EVE

Your father was a talented aerospace engineer and powerful businessman in the aerospace community who once collaborated with hidden clandestine organizations embedded in the military and intelligence branches of government, called the military laboratory industrial complex.

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EVE CONT'D

This clandestine network of intra-military, intelligence and select business and university research departments has made contact with elder benevolent and malevolent sentient species from other worlds and other galaxies. And since 1954, made treaties with them to allow them to conduct abusive genetic experiments on the world's population, in exchange for advanced extraterrestrial technology.

These projects come under very tight security and usually are very highly compartmentalized. What this means is that you have several concentric circles, and the closer you are to the inner most circle the more information you could find on the project. The further you get away from this inner most circle of information and power, the less is available. All this is established on a very strict need-to-know basis. Within these circles, there are primary and sub-contractors that work on various parts of a project that have no idea what the overall project is. Each military branch had certain projects that came under these types of compartmentalization security measures. And corporations awarded military contracts generated from illegal black world budget funds, are not subject to congressional or executive oversight, nor do they have to disclose to the general public the true nature of the activities they perform for their military employers.

The black world budget is a secretive budget that garners 25% of the gross national product of the United States, the American Union, and select NATO Union member nations. Your father told me, that since 2030 the black world budget has consumed roughly 15 trillion per year, and that figure is likely much higher by now and is used for all black world programs, including deep underground and solar system military bases.

According to your father, he was and still is a deep insider of this black world, with powerful allies.

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EVE CONT'D

His company still manufactures and repairs chassis for Mach 2 magnetic levitation shuttle trains for a classified high-speed underground tunnel system that connects over two hundred secret underground military bases in the U.S. as well as subterranean connections via tube-shuttles to at least 100 other subterranean cities below North, Central and South America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and Antarctica. These cities and bases are maintained by black world military intelligence and an allied group of ancient Pleiadean, Tau Cetian, Epsilon Erandi, and Andromedin extraterrestrial and intra-planetary human colonies species. The highspeed shuttle system extends several nexus operational connection nodes to other underground systems. It's an immense, vast world-wide network of underground subterranean cities and bases called the Sub-Global System. The ancient astronauts and perhaps original native races of this planet have used the global tunnel system and sub-cities for centuries. Modern human hands too, over the years added their personal touch. Here and there are architectural designs that resemble the Art Deco influence of the likely era when they were added.

Because of your father and his status as a military aerospace contractor, we are loosely connected and affiliated with this breakaway civilization. He mentioned a Rand Corporation nuclear tunneling mechanism which can bore a tunnel through the Earth at a rate of 5-10 mph, up to seven miles a day, by cracking the surrounding rock and heating the rock and Earth into a state of liquid incandescence using super-hot cones, pulsed lasers and other methods. And press the liquid molten rock into the peripheral cracks where the cold Earth cools and solidifies it in a matter of minutes, leaving no leftover materials that would otherwise have to be removed from the tunnel, as in more traditional and expensive tunneling or mining operations. Your father is part of a massive secret underground base and solar system base infrastructure, funded in ways that escape congressional oversight despite the infrastructure's vast size and consumption of economic resources.

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EVE CONT'D

Emily, your father made his incredible wealth from this black world transportation infrastructure, and he is also still a captive participant in it.

Eve continued as she wiped away the final tears from her and her daughter's eyes.

I honestly don't know how long your father will be gone this time. We may never see him again. But I thank the Creator that we were together as a family for the past fifteen years. If he had stayed much longer without receiving treatment, he would have surely died. Do you understand?

EMILY

Yes, Momma. But why didn't he say goodbye in person?

EVE

He did. Didn't you dream of him? He said goodbye to me in the dream state also. But I've slept lightly ever since your father's illness became worse. I knew he would have to leave soon. I was at the door just before he opened it to leave. I wanted to kiss your father goodbye. But he told me if either of us asked him to stay, or he saw one tear in our eyes, he wouldn't have the strength to tear himself away from us and get the care he needed to stay alive. Your father loved us that much. I had to let him go without so much as an embrace because my eyes were full of tears, and I didn't want to let him leave. Your father really would have stayed.

Eve and Emily looked on at the nearly faded dimensional field as the morning dawn made its first appearance from the east.

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EVE

Your father was one of the most flawed and imperfect human beings of all the souls I have ever encountered in my life. And he was one of the most informed and most interesting.

EMILY

He was.

She slowly released herself from her mother's embrace, and with a determined barefoot stride, returned upstairs to her father's study. Eve closed the doors to their home taking one last glance at the completely faded dimensional conduit and slowly followed her daughter upstairs to the second floor living quarters.

She understood her child's pain. She too would be without her husband and companion, a man who risked his life and spent a fortune to literally raise Eve Dumont from the dead, recreating her as his wife, a cloned metahuman. Emily would learn one day of her father's undying love for her mother's progenitor who died tragically many decades ago. Emily's mother was, for all intent and purpose, Eve 2.0, a nearly immortal transcendent human being.

Nearly twenty years ago, Dr. Parks had endured neural node augmentation surgeries before he returned to his wife and daughter. The implants worked well for a decade, steadily relaying data in the form of images and interactions that his traveling clone experienced through the Moog-Hoberman technology outfitted to the chaise lounge in his study. The Gordon clone was created to fulfill Dr. Parks' expanded duties for the Interworld Council. Dr. Parks' neural node implants began to falter and affect his mental faculties and physiology. He put off corrective surgery for years, not only because he wanted to raise his daughter. He was at the time the target of a manhunt; wanted by the Aquarius Faction of the Genesis Consortium.

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By 2050, a truce was reached by the Committee of Twelve and Aquarius Factions. The breakaway civilization was unified and some exopolitical disclosure was quietly declassified using NASA's EagleWorks as the conduit for research and development of new physics-altering discoveries, that were actually back-engineered declassified research of foreign extraterrestrial technology. Not all of the paradigm-shattering secrets, just more quiet dissemination of new advances to the aerospace industry, similar to the unusual advances made by Bell Labs after World War II.

Dr. Parks was reinstated to the Genesis Consortium of related intelligence agencies and multi-national contractor networks. His conglomerate, OM Group had long since been taken over as an R and D, and funding source for the Consortium Order, although he remained a controlling shareholder. As long as his wife and children around the world were safe and not targets for retaliation, he would remain a compliant persona non-grata in the military aerospace community and the business world.

INT. MAYAN MANSION - PARKS' 3RD FL. STUDY

Emily approached the Moog-Hoberman modified unit cautiously, with its strange helmet-shaped open scaffold, encephalon-electrodes apparatus, and its blinking syncopated diodes flashing red, green, yellow, and blue, at the top of the padded headrest of the zero-gravity design space chaise lounge. It was constructed of temperature-controlled, closed-cell firm memory foam padding, covered in moisture absorbing, saddle brown, soft composite leather. She sat on the chaise; it felt very comfortable, so she reclined on it fully, resting her head on the pillow within the scaffolding apparatus.

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The machine instantly whirred to life. Subtle low-frequency Schuman resonance soundscapes filled her auditory senses, but she couldn't tell if she was hearing it, or it flowed directly into her mind. She closed her eyes as she had observed her father, just before he entered into a morphogenic state, then reopened them and looked in on another world, billions of light years away. Whenever he made contact with the encrypted transmissions from the network of communication and navigation beacons along his cloned ambassador's journey, relaying encrypted experiencer data, Parks' eyes would open in a glazed trance as his mind processed the data. He would appear to anyone observing him, to be looking into another dimension. So, Parks never allowed anyone other than Eve or Emily to observe him processing the transmissions.

EMILY

Dad? Daddy, are you there? Can you hear me? Baba?

Emily's mother peered into the study and watched her heart broken daughter call out for her father. Emily waited helplessly for a reply and tears began to flow from her closed eyes. She couldn't ask him to come back. She understood why he had to leave, but she just wanted to hear his voice, and earn his approval one last time.

EMILY CONT'D

I understand Dad. I will see you again soon.

ONE YEAR LATER

In 2053, a year after Parks' departure, Eve and her daughter closed the Tyrell Mayan Mansion and most of the other facilities of the Gamba Estate but allowed the organic agriculture cooperative with the neighboring village communities to continue farming on the estate's lands. The estate would also maintain a reduced private security force of 100 personnel to protect the 500-acre estate. Emily and her mother were moving on to London, where she successfully enrolled at the Royal College of Art.

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CUT TO:

INT. NATO SPACE COMMAND ALIEN TRIAGE SHIP IN HIGH EARTH ORBIT

Dr. Parks was biologically eighty-seven years old. His body was worn down, bone tired. And his old neural implants gave him painful headaches after years of heavy use. It would take years of slow thorough treatment, including a series of mitochondrial cellular rejuvenation and telomere restoration procedures. And a choice of the latest neural node augmentation upgrades or complete removal of the micro-tech from his temples and around his pineal gland. The age reversing and anti-aging procedures were available only to InterWorld Council members and higher officials within the Genesis Consortium Order, the so-called global elitists.

PARKS V.O.

Humanity is dependent on new science for its future survival.

INT. TRIAGE SHIP INFIRMARY - MEDICAL BED ENCLAVE

Every day for nearly a year, Dr. Parks awakened after a session, lying on an air gel glide pad. Two wide, flat counter-rotating rings configured on a sliding apparatus under his resting body cycled to the completion of a three-hour treatment session. A combination of mild pulses of low-level sapphire crystal refracted laser and infrared light, emitted from hundreds of pinpoint, millimeter-sized pores on the inner surface of the spinning rings. The light saturated the mitochondria of every cell in his body with a rejuvenating disc-shaped collective wall of healing violet-blue light energy and pulsed magnetic resonances. The apparatus glided slowly one-half inch at a time, making barely a beep at four-second intervals from the crown of the head to the soles of his feet repeatedly, ensuring that every square centimeter of the body receives equal amounts of nourishing light. The painless procedure felt like a massage. And at least that part of the treatment unit was simple enough to figure out.

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The human body is an aggregate of numerous cells, which continuously grow, develop, split, regenerate and die. By splitting up, cells renew themselves. For adults, roughly 25 million cells are splitting every second and blood cells are constantly renewing at a rate of about 100 million per minute.

In the process of cellular split-up and renewal, the charged bodies of nucleus and extranuclear electrons as the basis of a unit cell are moving and changing ceaselessly at a high speed as well, emitting electromagnetic waves without interruption. The signals of electromagnetic waves emitted by human bodies represent specific conditions of health, good or bad health and diseases, etc. The conditions of life via electromagnetic wave signals can be analyzed. The quantum resonant magnetic analyzer function of the deep penetrating, pulsed sapphire crystal refracted low level laser and infrared light-based looping feedback bio-therapy system determine what nutrients each cell is deficient in. Weak magnetic frequency and the energy of the body's cells are collected, analyzed and compared with the standard quantum resonant spectrum of nutrition, disease and other indicators incorporated into the rejuvenation unit to judge whether the sample waveforms are irregular using the Fourier approach calculations. Analysis and proper nutraceutical treatment can thus be applied on the main problems based on the result of waveform analysis, as well as standard curative proposals.

The rejuvenation bed is a rapid, non-evasive spectral testing and treatment method for curative effects medicine and check of sub-health conditions. The main analysis checks include cardiovascular and cerebrovascular conditions, bone mineral density, blood lead, rheumatism, lung and respiratory tract, nephropathy, stomach and intestines, liver and gall, cranial nerves, gynecology, prostate, cancer disease, and trace elements of vitamins and minerals.

The machine utilized a quantum resonant magnetic analyzer and a deep penetrating, pulsed sapphire crystal refracted low level laser and infrared light based looping feedback bio-therapy system, much like photosynthesis, to deliver micronized nootropics or nutraceuticals, antioxidants, and essential monoatomic elements such as:

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nanoparticle Gold, nanoparticle Silver, nanoparticle Platinum, nanoparticle Copper, Organic Sulfur, Mega Hydrate, Nascent Iodine, and phyto-nutrient dense nanoparticlized micro compounds such as R-Lipoic Acid, Carnosine, Polyphenols, Green Tea extract, Curcumin extract, Resveratrol, Bio-Flavonoids, Pine Bark extract, Acetyl-L-Carnitine Arginate DiHCl, Benfotiamine, Pyridoxal 5-Phosphate, PQQ, Luteolin, Pterostilbene, Fisetin, Resveratrol, Tyrosyl, Hydroxytyrosol, DHEA, CoQ10, Shilajit, 25-Hydroxy D, EPA or Ecosapentaenoic Acid, C, E, B6 and B12 complex, K complex, Aquaglycerolporins-3, Glycosaminoglycans, Chlorogenic acid, Magnesium-L-threonate, Lutein, Gingko, Chlorophyllin, Lycopene, Gamma Tocopherol, Curcumin, Reishi extract, Ellagitans, Anthocyanins, Pignoginol, Carotenoid, Astaxanthin, Polypodium Leucotomies extract, S-Adenosyl-Methionine, Creatine, Coffee berry extract, Fruit XB, Hops extract, Sinoprene, Related Boron, AKBA Boswellian extract, Sirtuin enzymes 1-7, Human Telomerase enzyme, BubR1 protein and Ketose; to slowly repair and boost critical cellular function.

The addition of the sapphire crystal refraction allowed for a greater increase in the utilization of both laser and infrared light by the human organism. The system used molecular scanners and advanced DNA CRISPR high-end computer sequencing of the 6 billion letters of the human genetic code, the recorded history of human genetic evolution, to diagnose, and predict future diseases, and heal the human body's 30 trillion individual aging acetyl ethyl phosphate cells through deep-penetrating light inducted rejuvenation. That was the complicated sci-fi function of the treatment unit that Parks had difficulty envisioning in his imaginative holographic mind. Every organic species on the planet is a DNA-based bio-decoding and converting software system. Parks narrowed his focus on this metric, Bio-decoding.

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The sapphire crystal laser and infrared light biotherapy also delivered negative ions to the body through the skin's surface, which energizes the body for optimal health. When negative ions are applied to the body, the calcium and sodium circulating in the blood are ionized. This increases the blood's pH and has an overall alkalizing effect on the body. Proper blood pH is essential for optimal health. Negative ions applied to the body are helpful at regulating blood pH. When the number of negative ions in the blood increases, there is an increase in inter-cellular communication. Cellular metabolism is facilitated, and as a result, there is an increase in cellular nutrient uptake and cellular hydration. In addition, cellular waste materials are efficiently excreted. With the increase in cellular metabolism, optimal cell function is rapidly revived.

Far infrared rays penetrate six to eight inches into the human body. These rays not only benefit the skin and muscle tissue on the surface of the body but penetrate deeper into tissues. The far infrared penetrates into the lymph glands, blood vessels, nerves, and key organs. The rays optimize the health of these tissues in a number of ways. Among the waves within the energy spectrum coming from the Sun, far infrared waves are by far the safest and most beneficial electromagnetic energy available for the human body, directly affecting all metabolic and cellular functions.

The domed enclave where he received his daily rejuvenation therapy was kept at a comfortable 73 degrees. It glowed with a rich dark royal blue hue from the artificial starscapes projected by the LCD-lined interior. The treatment was so peaceful he nearly slipped back into a nap. Parks thought of this place as his solitude room. He often meditated during his treatment, repeating the mantra "Sky Blue" to clear his mind. After several delicate neural node removal surgeries from his temples and pineal gland, and this cellular rejuvenation treatment, his restoration to better health was slowly beginning to take hold.

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The InterWorld Council biotechnicians predicted that they might be able to roll back his physiological age by fifty years or more, but the process of treatments needed to be applied slowly to take lasting effect. Once the desired level of reversal was achieved, Parks would only have to maintain a once-weekly treatment schedule for the rest of his life. With a vegetarian diet, he might even live as long as his gen-engineered clone wife.

During the course of his advanced rejuvenation treatment Parks became fascinated with the advanced life systems science behind it and began to quietly inquire with the human and non-human molecular biotechnicians about the functions of the extraterrestrial foreign technology. This became his new focus of study and research. Moreover, when this egghead engineer, the former founder, and chief technology officer of the Orbital Manufacturing Group focused all of his attention and resources on back engineering any foreign technology; it became a 24-hour-a-day, 7-day-a-week obsession.

He had to understand the inner workings of the technology in his mind's eye, his mind's proscenium. The added stress from this alone would unfortunately extend his cellular rejuvenation treatment but give him more time to understand the science. Parks was in equal measure, part technocrat, secular humanist, spiritualist, and objective practitioner of stoic. Similar to his pursuit of the holy grails known as gravity propulsion and free aetherspace energy research, this investigation fed his engineering and scientific curiosity and creative energies more than he liked to admit.

The healing unit relieves pain and helps peripheral blood vessels dilate, bringing relief and healing to muscles and soft tissue injuries. Increased blood circulation carries off metabolic waste products and delivers oxygen-rich blood to oxygen-depleted muscles, so they recover faster. As one relaxes in the gentle heat of the far infrared, one's body is actually hard at work, producing sweat, pumping blood, and burning calories. A single session burns as many calories as rowing or jogging for 30 minutes.

The healing therapy eases joint pain and stiffness from many kinds of arthritic and muscular-skeletal disorders. The healing unit was effective in the treatment of sprains, neuralgia, bursitis, muscle spasms, joint stiffness, and many other muscular-skeletal ailments. Stiffness, aches, and soreness that come with aging are reduced and eventually eliminated. The healing unit reduces stress and fatigue. The gentle warmth of the far infrared rays helps to soothe nerves and relaxes tight or knotted muscles. The end result is reduced stress and improved energy.

The sapphire crystal laser and far infrared light biotherapy produce negative ions that penetrate the skin deeply, helping detoxify impurities from the skin and lymphatic system. In addition, exfoliation is greatly enhanced by the far infrared, rapidly removing dead skin cells. Increased circulation draws the skin's own natural nutrients to the surface, rejuvenating the skin's health and appearance. The healing sessions remove bodily toxins and assist in detoxification. Far infrared helps to detoxify the body in several important ways. Increased blood circulation stimulates the sweat glands, releasing built-up toxins and waste. Daily sweating can help detoxify the body as it rids itself of an accumulation of potentially carcinogenic heavy metals, alcohol, nicotine, sodium, sulfuric acid, cholesterol, and uric acid. In addition to causing the body to sweat, far infrared is capable of removing toxins via several other bodily systems.

The healing unit is controlled by advanced computer technology that monitors all aspects of its performance by sensors distributed throughout the resting air gel pad.

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Parks still had private access to OM Group resources to bring this life-saving technology to civilian medical science. Chet Wolf was now the CEO and CTO. Before Parks retired, he pressured the board of directors to promote Chet to the position. Not only did he deserve it, but he would also keep Parks in the loop on the internal day-to-day operations of the super conglomerate they built. They communicated encrypted Q-mail or on secure private channels regularly. OM Group was still the Type One standard bearer for innovative consumer products and advanced transportation.

Parks would often observe the progress of his changing physiology in the medical mirror in his quarters. It monitored his vital signs and cardiovascular health. He began to look younger and feel more rested, refreshed, and energized. His gray hair was returning to its natural youthful pigment.

PARKS

Yep, I've got to give Chet a call" Parks spoke aloud. "I have to put Z Division onto this tech. Figure out this puzzle. We could make a difference for humanity, again.

Desert Music by Johann Johannsson

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. INTERSTELLAR TRAVELING INTERWORLD COUNCIL AETHERSHIP

INT. INTERSTELLAR TRAVELING INTERWORLD COUNCIL AETHERSHIP -
PILOT'S NEST

Dr. Parks had not been in communication with his cloned ambassador, Gordon, since he departed for treatment over a year ago, shortly before the passing of their mentor and teacher, Hiram the Elder. The nearly twelve-hundred-year-old Pleiadean senior member of the InterWorld Council and Gordon had traveled nearly twenty years together, from Andromeda, the Pleiades, and Tau Ceti. They were now traveling to Epsilon Erandi.

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Dr. Parks' neural node sub-space interdimensional interface allowed him to learn and experience the entire diplomatic journey to these nearby InterWorld Council member home worlds through the Gordon clone's senses.

An interactive, A.I. algorithm-achieve controlling an H3D simulacrum of the Elder was alive on the ship now. But Gordon rarely interacted with the sentient ghost of his teacher. And the clone had still broken off all communications. Dr. Parks knew this wouldn't be tolerated for long. The breakaway civilization was powerful and ruthless. Deviations in protocol were not tolerated.

During the nearly twenty years of intra-communication between Parks and his cloned surrogate ambassador, his neural node implants began to malfunction. The Elder must have known of the malfunction but did nothing to correct it. He must have wanted his pupil to have that last parting gift, a complete understanding of his progenitor's life through his memories. Soon after Parks left for treatment, the Elder announced that his time in this realm of existence was nearing its end, and his time to move on to the higher, more subtle realms of energy was near. He taught his pupil one final lesson; the correct DNA and A.I. algorithm sequencing procedures to extract, digitize and record his nearly eleven hundred and ninety-six years of DNA-coded existence, and experiences into the main data archives of their aethership. The vessel would create an interactive A.I. sentient being of his stored life existence that would function through an H3D avatar and mobile light being orbs. Once the transfer was complete, the frail Elder retired to his quarters to rest. He never awakened.

Before the Elder's decline, he had already begun the process of having the aethership's H3D neural processing archive systems trace his brain activity by mapping its billions of synapses and modeling every little pulse of the electrical activity of small groups of neurons.

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The resulting brain scaffold model would faithfully recreate how the Elder communicated, transferring software models to memgram resistors with the memory of how the connected neuron groups fired, like a synapse. He wanted his apprentice Gordon to be involved in the final neural processing procedure as a matter of ceremony. The H3D avatar of the Elder perceives and makes decisions like a sentient, conscious, immortal mind.

As his life energy faded out of his tired, perpetually rejuvenated body, his newly created A.I.-H3D simulacrum mysteriously activated, startling his young pupil. Gordon immediately went to his Elder's quarters. In dismay at his sudden passing, he sat with the lifeless body of his teacher and mentor for a period. He had never seen the end of sentient life and he was saddened beyond anything he had ever experienced. In accordance with the Elder's last wishes, Gordon placed his lifeless former body in a black ceramic burial pod, and following a brief silent ceremony, jettisoned the pod toward the nearest star.

Before these two momentous changes, the Gordon clone was confident and mature. Now the young metahuman was all alone. He could no longer rely on access to Dr. Parks' wealth of knowledge or his stream of consciousness. Only his disjointed downloaded memories remained, and his mind was struggling to make sense of it all. He had to stop. There was too much to process and pilot the aethership at the same time. He could end up vectoring into the nearest blackhole or star. He instinctively slipped the silver delta aethership out of Q-phase dimensional space and just sat there in the pilot's chaise for a long time in silence; staring out at the dark 180-degree layered augmented starfield his wrap-around VAR spatial display emitted from the thin navigation scaffold frame headgear he wore. With his link to Dr. Parks disconnected, he didn't know what to do. He could continue on or return to Earth. But first, he had to gather and collate his thoughts and process all these memgrams; these jumbled memory fragments that piggybacked through the light-years and all of the communications beacons that abruptly stopped making their way to him to download in his neural pathways.

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As soon as he stopped, they intensified and concentrated along with the loss of the Elder.

His progenitor's emotions were overwhelming in their energy, his moral convictions, sorrows, and creative passions. He was an eclectic, knowledge-hungry soul. He wanted to know or at least have a cursory knowledge of literally everything, and how everything seen and unseen functioned. Dr. Parks' mind was a perfect storm of research and investigation. He was a solution-oriented, independent, rugged individualist. And he was in real love only twice in his life with an influential soul named Eve Nichele Dumont and her cloned incarnation. So, in love, in fact, to risk his fortune, his freedom, and his life to resurrect her from the dead in form of the metahuman Eve Nichele Parks, his current wife.

The Gordon clone took off his navigation headgear, severing his neural connections that allowed him to become one with all of the internal and external sensors and flight systems functions of the inherited aethership. The delta-shaped space vessel was over 180 meters in length on each edge. His A.I. reincarnated mentor used the ship's internal sensors to study Gordon's biometrics, body kinetics, and vital metabolic signs to 'sense' his distress. The A.I. Elder's archived neural architecture decided to communicate with him using the sentient algorithm's predictive interactive sub-routines. He was startled by the ghostly digital voice of his teacher emanating from out of nowhere. The A.I. Elder's voice resonated with a ghostly countenance.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST V.O.

I shouldn't have allowed the fusion of Dr. Parks' memories into your mind. At these distances while traveling at superluminal speeds, I should not have disregarded the stresses that would have on your physiology.

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GORDON CLONE

It's alright. I needed to know who he is. I'm glad you did. I just-- need to be still and silent for a while. I need to digest all of this and think, for myself.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST V.O.

You may take as much time as you need. I exist now only in the data archives of this aethership. It is yours now. I seek only to assist you, wherever your journey leads you.

Gordon did not know how to address the avatar of his deceased teacher initially. It still astonished him that an advanced science existed that could with rudimental effectiveness; archive a sentient mortal life experience. Something else intrigued him. It was the avatar's last words. At that moment, roughly one year ago, the Gordon clone, surrogate ambassador for InterWorld Council member, Dr. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks, made his first independent decision. He would return to the Sol system and his home world Earth, having only completed half of his diplomatic mission.

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DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PENTAGON CONFERENCE ROOM

June 2054. Official Disclosure by the United States government of the existence of civilizations beyond the Sol system making contact and actively interacting with humanity will never happen. There will never be official disclosure in detail, period, other than the quiet creation of the National Aeronautics Space Administration's Eagle Works, similar to Lockheed Martin's SkunkWorks and Boeing's PhantomWorks. EagleWorks however, will quietly, slowly infuse black world back-engineered foreign otherworldly technology into the civilian government space program as research breakthroughs, thereby tidying up the technology gap mess, with no official admission of the application of extraterrestrial technology ever forthcoming. The reasons have to do primarily with broken treaties and inter-service, inter-agency, near-tribal faction, and protocol-policy conflicts.

Director James Hiram Peterson was well aware of the history of the exopolitical war, now in a two-decade-long truce. He was an active participant in its creation. Peterson was also a founding member of the COMMITTEE OF 12, also known as COM-12, an obscure intelligence group working to educate the public about the joint Fabian socialist, neo-fascist, Draco alien threat to America, and preserve its Constitutional-based Republic as the original founders of the United States established it. He is also Co-chair of the Special Access Program Oversight Committee (SAPOC), and a similar committee in the intelligence community, Controlled Access Program Oversight Committee (CAPOC); both Department of Defense committees that manage all acknowledged and unacknowledged black world programs. COM-12 faction members of the shadow government work in league with the 'Benevolents'; very human looking (some would say cousins to humanity) extraterrestrial members of the Andromeda-Pleiadean Federation, and a larger alliance of benevolent galactic civilizations known as the InterWorld Council.

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The Malevolents in this intergalactic war of global conquest and control are the Aquarius faction; clandestine alphabet agencies and fascist corporate elements within the Military Executive-Intelligence-Industrial Complex of government-held captive in useless broken treaties with an uncontrollable Orion Gray-Draco Reptiloid Empire. This is essentially an age-old cosmic battle of good versus evil. But this conflict between the InterWorld Council Andro-Pleiadean Alliance and a Fascist Socialist New World Order - Reptiloid Alliance, which began with the Vrill Society and the Nazis before World War II, has origins that can be found throughout antiquity. It is an ancient intergalactic, inner-planetary, inter-dimensional war where the battle lines are truly unconventional. A federation of worlds, the InterWorld Council, based locally in the Andromeda and Pleiades constellations of the Virgo Supercluster, are fighting the emerging control of the Draco-Orion Empire in the Sol system. This war is being waged above, below and within our society, even though the outward manifestations of that war might not be immediately seen, unless one is aware of the real conflict behind the scenes. The members of the Air Force and Naval Space Command, MJ12 / PI-40, defected from the New World Order agenda of appeasement with the Gray Reptiloids treaties in the mid-1970s. They secretly joined ALPHACOM headed by Dr. Michael Wolfe, which evolved into present-day COM-12.

INT. SAPOC CONFERENCE ROOM

The twelve members of the Earth InterWorld Council Special Security Alliance, all in varied compartmentalized levels of power within the intelligence community, sat around an equilateral triangle-shaped lacquered walnut conference table. Silver trays with crystal drinking glasses and pitchers of distilled water and clipboard-thin digital tablet computers were neatly positioned in front of each member, some of whom were Andro-Pleiadean humanoid members from other worlds, like Director Peterson. Only a handful of people in the military aerospace and exopolitical-intelligence community knew that Peterson was Pleiadean, not human.

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The lights were dimmed and one of the older members, an Air Force Space Command General Maddox, began without ceremony.

Air Force Space Command General Maddox
Director Peterson, there are new reports that your protégé, Dr. Parks, is causing problems again."

Civilian Member

He's on one of our triage ships in orbit near the O.I.C. Isn't he?

Director Peterson

I am not prepared to answer any questions with regard to Ambassador Parks for security reasons. He has been fully reinstated into COM-12 and Space Command. He was cleared of all trumped-up charges of treason.

General Maddox

Except for the destruction of a three hundred-million-dollar automated orbital supply lift body freighter ship back in '33. We are very concerned that his unchecked actions will again, end in another debacle and draw unwanted attention to the Consortium. This could once again end badly, James.

Director Peterson

How so, General? Dr. Parks' aerospace and consumer products conglomerate has been fully controlled by our consortium since 2032 and has provided vital funding, research, and development resources. He personally refunded the government for the destruction of the freighter. For Creator's sake, he and his wife were illegally abducted and held as prisoners on the OIC.

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General Maddox

You want to know how so, Director? What about that rogue clone bandit of Parks? "Midnight Rider", has been out of communication for a year so far, on an unsanctioned, InterWorld Council diplomatic mission, traveling in a powerful cloaked Andro-Pleiadean interstellar superluminal vessel. A starship that your progenitor gave him before he passed on to 'Val Halla', instead of giving it to you so that we could research its functions since your species continues to refuse to share their technology with us. If they had in the past, we wouldn't have signed those damned useless treaties back after World War II with the Grays. That aethership is capable of wreaking havoc on this planet or any InterWorld council member world if it falls into the wrong hands.

Naval Space Command Admiral Rothwell

We want him stopped. Out there, not in this system. We are going after him. His ship has advanced cloaking technology that we need to develop for our own Black Arrow fleet in order to defeat the Orion Draco threat. We want that technology. You can help us to find him.

Director Peterson

If your elected representatives had not so stupidly made a deal with aliens willing to provide them with weapons systems, with the short-sighted goal of overpowering the Russians, the Draco Alliance would not have achieved their present dominance, and you would now be exchanging ambassadors with a wider variety of space cultures, not just a few. Gentlemen, we may never find him. Rushing out to search for him would be like looking for one unique particular grain of sand here on all of Earth. My hunch is, that he will return or is en route to Earth already but is taking precautions not to be captured by Dr. Parks' enemies, who as you know are many. Even some of you seated here.

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Peterson paused and glared at all of the seated members. He needed to remind them that he was not just a nearly four-hundred-year-old Pleiadean legal immigrant member of the military-industrial intelligence apparatus. He was the tip-of-the-spear in the war to save humanity from the Draco Empire. However, it was once again becoming increasingly difficult to insulate his colleague and apprentice Parks. "

DIRECTOR PETERSON

I do not believe his surrogate representative's actions will become hostile.

Admiral Rothwell

Hostile? How about megalomaniacal! He is a goddamn clone of an out-of-control, lone wolf, egocentric, transcendental-space-cadet billionaire, who should have been stopped permanently years ago! Instead, your galactic council leap-frogged him over all of us and promoted him to full membership and representative of this planet! And in doing so, you've made him nearly unaccountable for his ongoing unsanctioned actions. And you are trying to assure us that his genetically engineered TWIN, who has spent the last two decades roaming the galaxy, being tutored by your ancestor progenitor, of which YOU are his gen-engineered twin, will not be hostile? Not hostile like he was the last time in 2033 when he used that advanced interceptor starship to target and destroy a three-billion-dollar weather modification satellite on his way out of the Solar system!

Director Peterson

Admiral, that satellite was being used as an offensive weapon, creating storm-like weather conditions above Dr. Parks' wife and infant child. He was defending his family and other innocent civilians from an out-of-control Aquarius faction assault. For Creator's sake, General Sullivan and Special Forces tried to capture or kill him in 2033.

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General Maddox

Innocent civilians? Parks' clone wife severely injured three OIC security officers before escaping! Parks also owns a global paramilitary security corporation that could overthrow a small goddamn country! They and that booby-trapped Gabon estate of his easily repelled and captured those elite Special Forces sent in to retrieve him. And if you hadn't intervened, he might not have released them. He held them captive in an electrified fenced holding confine and then proceeded to nearly kill General Sullivan in front of them, a decorated member of Space Command! Sullivan should have received the treatment Parks is rumored to be currently receiving upland. Somehow, under your care, Sullivan's mind was completely erased! Director, I find that highly fucking irregular!

Admiral Rothwell

Why isn't Parks here to answer for all this? He is also a member of this panel, and an InterWorld Council member, isn't he? Why wasn't he summoned here to finally answer these allegations in person?

Director Peterson

BECAUSE I DECIDE WHO NEEDS TO ATTEND THESE MEETINGS! Not you, Sir! Does anyone here have a problem with my management of this panel, gentlemen? Does anyone have a concern about my leadership? SPEAK UP!

Peterson's voice resonated like thunder as the whites of his eyes began to slowly darken with simmering rage.

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Director Peterson CONT'D

G.M.A. Parks and his multi-billion-dollar conglomerate are at our disposal. He is an aerospace maverick and a humanitarian, unafraid to risk his life to improve the economy of this nation and the world. His companies' products are still built in the US and the American Union. His conglomerate employs hundreds of thousands of American Union citizens. He has fought most of his life for disclosure, while most of you members seated here are career warlords, cut-throat spooks, masters of disinformation, and a continued dedicated hindrance to the creation and dissemination of advanced science and technology for the benefit of society!

General Maddox

Now hold on a goddamned minute, Peterson! The Aquarius faction is responsible for the mess were in with the Draco. The members seated here before you are patriots for limited controlled disclosure! Remember that!

Director Peterson

In this room, you are all for declassification. But when this meeting ends, you will all return to your comfortable Pentagon compartmentalized acronym agency posts. And you will secretly report to your Aquarius overseer handlers, either voluntarily or involuntarily because of the implants many of you have inside your head, all that goes on here; scared shitless to truly stand by your declarations!

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General Maddox

That's because we are not 400-year-old humanoid aliens who clone their offspring and have the advanced technology and genetic powers of a type two or three civilization! If we step out of line beyond these walls, there is nowhere we can escape to! Do you understand? We have families, children, and grandchildren that we would like to live long enough to see grow up and prosper! We should have never signed treaties with any of you skin-walking humanoids after World War II; we should have just fought and killed you all!

The conference room fell silent and became charged with the ominous energy of Director Peterson's controlled fury as he slowly rose to a standing position at the head of the triangular conference table. He felt what it must be like to be called a racial slur.

Director Peterson

An old friend of mine once told me of a quote from of all tomes, a sci-fi novel. He loved to read them growing up. They inspired him to dream about the type of future world he wanted to live in. The quote was, "The moment we stop fighting for each other, is the moment we lose our humanity."

Peterson let the words linger in the air for a moment. He knew that he would have to resign as the Chairman of the panel at that moment and prepare for a long-awaited retaliation from these multi-national corporate agents and covert military men. These men meant to harm him, Dr. Parks, and ruin the fragile COM-12 faction Andro truce with Aquarius Draco Empire, he knew that now. These double agents were hell-bent on revenge for their comrade General Sullivan. And he would have to stop them once and for all.

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Director Peterson CONT'D

This meeting is adjourned.

Admiral Rothwell

But we're not finished here! What about that damned rogue clone?

As the admiral spoke, Peterson's eyes darkened pitch black. The metamorphosis was startling and horrifying to those mesmerized members rising too slow to remove themselves from the conference table before the fireworks began. Peterson slammed his right fist hard into the conference table. A third of the table snapped cleanly off with the power of the impact.

Director Peterson

GET! OUT!

Peterson's voice roared like thunder directly into the minds of the retreating men, giving them instant stroke-like head pressure, as the room filled with his lethal psychic energy. The air in the room heated, pressurized, and circulated like a minor tornado. Several of the tablet computers flashed and then released smoke from an over surge. All of the water pitchers and glasses shattered. Every member fled for their lives. The antagonistic General was in the throes of a full cardiac arrest as he stumbled for the exit. The admiral felt a strong stream of blood flowing from his nostrils and deadly pressure on his brain. They both collapsed dead before reaching the elevator. When Delta security forces arrived mere minutes later, Peterson was nowhere to be found. He had simply vanished from the deep underground base. He would never return. He was now an interdimensional fugitive.

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This Pleiadean humanoid, Director James Hiram Peterson, the cloned surrogate of the 1,196-year-old InterWorld Council Ascended Master Hiram the Elder, had spent 375 years of his life in service to Earth's technologically evolving humanity. He was embarrassed to have lost control and a cool head devoted to logic and reason. He had always had full command of his powerful psychic, telepathic faculties, and it had been many years since he used them to harm someone.

He secretly, quietly turned General Sullivan's brain to a wasteland for abusing his authority on the Orbital Industrial Colony in '33, when he raped and nearly killed Eve Parks as she fled for her life. Decades earlier, Sullivan's careless, reckless frat boy pilot behavior led to the tragic T-38 jet trainer crash that took the life of Eve Dumont. Peterson was highly protective of his few human colleagues, because only a rare few lived up to his high standards. The aerospace industrialist, G.M.A. Parks was one of those unpredictable, rare breeds of humanity who exceeded his expectations.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NATO SPACE COMMAND ALIEN TRIAGE SHIP IN HIGH EARTH ORBIT

Dr. Parks often walked or jogged around the circular corridors of the joint USAF Space Command-NASA-InterWorld Council medical bioengineering vessel in geo-stationary orbit two hundred thousand kilometers from Earth.

The flattened disc-shaped triage vessel, one thousand meters in diameter, was normally stationed underwater off the California coast near Vandenberg AFB or hovering over the restricted government lands near Los Alamos labs, enshrouded in an artificial cumulus cloud, created by the vessel. The triage ship could draw in seawater to create a dense roiling cloud cover around the vessel by extending its null gravitational field ten meters around its surface while inland. This would give it the appearance of a perfectly formed pancake-shaped cumulus cloud to any passing vehicle along the interstate.

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Dr. Parks had just finished his favorite running exercise, after basic Army calisthenics, Tai Chi basics and Aikido Irim-nage tenkani, Atemi Kata-dori tenkan, Kokyu-ryoku and Shihonage training regimen. The exercise bay computer-controlled old football running drill of his youth was a basic forward-or-reverse, side-to-side, directional-agility sprint football drill. He enjoyed the flow of Ki; the way the drill made his core fluid and unpredictable; one could only rely on the quick response core muscles and the ocular senses to become one with the old football running drill. After a half-hour, the drills exploded the strength in the quads, and that made him feel powerful and fluid in stride. It was the perfect wind-down drill after calisthenics and shadow-practicing his beloved martial arts.

He paused during his light cool-down jog around the huge circular triage vessel to catch his breath and check his pulse on his DataLink chronometer cuff. The Smartarm PAI unit looked like a wide black silicone polymer wristband. The band itself is made of a thermoplastic rubber called TPE and polypropelene, a plastic often used in dishwasher-safe food containers. There are LED lights which turn from red to yellow then green throughout the day. Smartarm devices had become so small, thin, and flexible by the 2050s, with micro-sensors to detect the wearer's physiological state, SCG contact lenses POV integration, and cloud-archive selected experience function. It was rumored that the NSA and other clandestine branches of the Genesis Consortium could monitor what the user heard and saw. Especially if they were high-level government officials who were neural node augmented. Parks wiped his sweating brow with the sleeve of his dark gray cotton t-shirt. It felt good to have the youth and vitality to jog again.

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With the malfunctioning neural and pineal gland augments removed, there was no longer any pressure, headaches, or piercing pain at his temples or behind his eyes and sinus area. But there was a new phenomenon, however. Whenever he meditated or focused in an introspective state, a swirl of spatial distortion would appear in the distance. "Very odd," Parks thought.

Director Peterson

I see you're on the mend again, young man...

PARKS

Speak of the Elohim, and they appear.

Parks had wondered when Director Peterson would visit. It had been 36 years last time. This time it had only been 19 years.

PARKS CONT'D

Yes, getting younger and stronger every day, thanks. And this I gather is how you saved Eve when she was injured. I'm indebted to you once again. I'm- also sorry for your loss.

Parks felt remorse for not taking up the offer of interstellar travel in an apprenticeship with the recently passed Elder and Master Engineer, Peterson's progenitor.

Director Peterson

He was ready to transcend to the higher realms of power. That's why I was created to continue his mission unimpeded. He was truly like a father to me. But his life's journey was not lost. That's partly what I came here to speak to you about.

Peterson had just finished having his broken right hand repaired in one of the rejuvenation enclaves. Because of his Pleiadean physiology and history of rejuvenation treatments over the centuries, it only took one session. Parks sensed the tone in Peterson's demeanor and anticipated his intent.

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PARKS

I haven't been able to make contact with my- assistant out there. Not since just before leaving for treatment and your father's technical transcendence after passing. Even using the communications on this ship, his avatar won't respond, as if it's been disabled. What's going on?

Director Peterson

Midnight Rider. According to the avatar's last daily report transmitted to the moon Aitken base through the interstellar beacon network, your clone surrogate ambassador has canceled the remainder of the diplomatic mission to neighboring InterWorld Council member civilizations. The ship's transponder has also been deactivated. It goes without saying that I had such high hopes for your promotion to this post. That includes your cloned surrogate ambassador.

Parks was slightly offended but not surprised at the remark. Peterson did not tolerate failure in his midst.

PARKS

What's his motivation for the about-face?

Director Peterson

It could be indecisiveness at the loss of his mentor. That and the loss of your neural connection, and the connection to your memories.

PARKS

What do you mean? He could read my memories.

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Director Peterson

Your old neural augmentations—the way they malfunctioned. Your surrogate somehow received some— if not all of your memories during the years that your augmentations malfunctioned. According to the last report from the A.I. avatar of the Elder, he may have all of the same memories and emotional attachments that you have.

PARKS

You mean my wife and my daughter?

Director Peterson

It is possible because for all intent and purpose, he is you. That is to say, he is your replacement, the result of a misguided decision by the Council of Elders. That would include me. If he has had a psychotic break brought on by the twenty years of isolation and the other factors, he may think that he is you.

Parks internalized that final posit. The possibility of a cloned metahuman in the throes of a mental breakdown headed back to Earth. He needed to sit down for a moment and rehydrate from the exercise. They strode to the nearest officer's wardroom in silence. Peterson made himself a green tea chai, while Parks drank a half liter each of 8.0 pH alkalized 'IntelliWater' and coconut water blended with 4 ounces of strawberry and goji berry extract 'Rhinehart Body Fuel' powder.

PARKS

What do you want to do about him?

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Director Peterson

We've just got to wait and see what develops. That cloaked ship that he's piloting is too advanced to be easily tracked in the vastness of the Milky Way galaxy. I'm sure the Black Arrow fleet is patrolling his last known Q-phase slip point, trying to extrapolate where he might be headed and the dimensional arteries he might travel if he returns to the Sol system.

The thing is, they were way out there, and they didn't just travel in one flight path. The Elder traveled wherever he pleased as if he were on one last interstellar bucket list sightseeing tour. That's the beauty of the universe when one is able to travel across it at super luminal speeds between dimensions. Each new destination is a miracle you will never forget— and you want to see more.

PARKS

Or each new destination is an unholy nightmare, depending on the reception committee.

Director Peterson

He had better concern himself with the reception he receives if he returns here, SpaceCom wants that ship, and they want him dead or alive. They're worried about the clone aiming all that advanced technology toward Earth and accidentally starting a war. The Aquarius faction wants revenge for Sullivan's demise, from both of us. I resigned and beat a hasty retreat from the meeting. Not before accidentally 'retiring' two of the more, shall we say hostile and disrespectful of my fellow panel members.

PARKS

Accidentally retired? Creator, help us all because they are definitely coming after us. As long as they leave my children alone, they can come after me all they want. Do you really think my surrogate is unhinged?

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Director Peterson

I really don't know. Regardless, if and when he returns, we'll have to confront him first. And we cannot use Genesis Consortium forces. We will have to utilize your conglomerate's security company ExecPro and its global network of operatives. We have to secure that Pleiadean vessel first.

The two InterWorld Council Members, one a Type Two visitor from another world, the other a citizen of the breakaway Type One civilization, finished their refreshments, thinking, turning the wheels, trying to formulate worst-case scenarios and the best contingency plans on the fly.

PARKS

It will take him years to get back here. They were on a fifty-year diplomatic mission. I guess I was supposed to be long passed on by the time my surrogate returned.

Director Peterson

It depends on how well he can plot a stealthy course back to Sol. He could be back in less than five years, my earliest estimate. What are you going to do to prepare in the meantime?

Parks PAI wristband chimed. The intuitive A.I. avatar device pulsed the time set to end his run. The alert traveled around the band like a digital ticker tape until he lowered his wrist, which turned it off.

PARKS

If the clone won't communicate with either of us, I can't do much more than wait, prepare my body and formulate some counter moves. I'm going to get into the best shape of my second life. Get in as much treatment and martial training as I can until he surfaces.

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PARKS CONT'D

Years ago, I formed my own bio-gen laboratory, just in case Eve or my family and I needed it. Everything that the Genesis Institute of Switzerland and Singapore can do, I can do now and better. Including the scaffold clone of all the body's organs; even the pancreas. Remember how the Genesis Institute played me for a rube sucker? I can now do everything except rejuvenation therapy. What do you know of the tech?

Director Peterson

It was a gift from my home world a Type Two civilization, fifty years ago, to your Type Zero civilization. Of course, the gift was quickly classified and faded into the black world. Your culture is still greed-based. There is simply too much profit being made by the barbarism you call cancer research and general medicine. Any technology the Andro-Pleiadean Alliance offers to your government will always be focused on enhancing human life, not exterminating it, like the Orion Draco Empire.

PARKS

I want to develop this medical technology to save and extend lives on Earth. Will you allow me?

Peterson looked at Parks for a moment, empathically measuring the depth of his seriousness and sincerity.

Director Peterson

If you can figure out how it works, you are free to reverse engineer the technology. But if you don't master the DNA sequencing to diagnose and properly adjust and repair of the nearly 30 trillion individual cells that make up the human body, in rapid secession I might add, you could very easily kill instead of treating the patient. Do you understand? That is all the warning that I will give you.

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PARKS

I understand fully, Director Peterson. Speaking of cellular repair, I've got to go and get cleaned up. I have an afternoon treatment session. If there is going to be a confrontation, I'm going to have to be as strong and able as I can. Especially since Midnight Rider's gone rogue.

Director Peterson

It's in his DNA. He got it from you.

PARKS

Yeah, I know. That's what scares me. But that also leads me to think that he won't do anything rash.

Director Peterson

Gordon, he's not like a son to you; not like I was to the Elder that cloned me. He was nearly 800 years old before I was created. He knew that he would tire of rejuvenation treatments one day. His body would take longer and longer to recover and eventually be too worn to remain regenerated for long. Your circumstance is different. You are human. Your species was not designed to live as long as mine. Not without further enhancement. Quite honestly, by the time we selected you to join the InterWorld Council, we decided to clone a surrogate for you because we didn't think that you would live much longer. You took too many risks and upset too many black world bureaucrats and competitors. With a clone created and your mind available for upload, we were in a sense hedging our bets.

PARKS

Director, are you implying that my neural node malfunction may have been intentional? In order to share my personal long-term memories with a surrogate clone that was created without my consent? And the only InterWorld Council member with enough authority to do this—besides you, would be the Elder.

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Peterson did not reply and could not meet Parks' glare with his eyes. Peterson nodded sullenly.

Director Peterson

I'm sorry Gordon. Why my—why the Elder did this? I cannot say.

PARKS (angrily)

Well, I can. He was pissed off that for the love of my wife, I turned down his fifty-year grand tour, his journey of discovery through the local neighborhood of advanced sentient worlds. Well, guess what? I don't give a shit about exopolitical diplomacy! I don't! I'm in it only for the advanced new tech! Nothing else! If my wife couldn't go, then I wasn't going either. You knew that I wouldn't after I put my life on the line to bring her back. He had. The Elder just needed what was locked away inside here. Then his little Frankenstein surrogate clone could take over my conglomerate and my life!

When Peterson made no attempt to dissuade his allegations, Parks slowly shook his head in exasperated disdain. He walked toward the exit.

PARKS CONT'D

Do me a favor? The next time you're in communication with your progenitor's A.I. ghost— tell him thanks for the betrayal.

Director Peterson

I'm sure he thought he was doing what was best for you both and the Council. But you have done nothing for the Council since you were promoted to this most prestigious position!

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PARKS

Done nothing? My entire multi-billion-dollar, multi-national conglomerate is at the disposal of COM-12-Andro-Pleiadean Alliance! Isn't that enough?!

Director Peterson

No Dr. Parks, it is not!

The whites of Peterson's eyes became gray with anger. Parks immediately turned around and walked right up to Peterson, staring angrily into the face of his nearly four-hundred-year-old mentor.

PARKS

You don't scare me, old man. I may not have been around as long as you or the Elder, but I have pushed mankind forward in my own way and brought Space Command kicking and screaming out of the shadows into the light of disclosure, just by publicly changing the name of my company. I have dedicated my life and fought for the development of technology that would improve the human condition on this planet. I don't give a damn about your exploitical cosmic United Nations. I care only about humanity. And I am not done. I am still willing to risk my company and my life to improve the human condition.

Parks turned and continued on his way, letting go of one final verbal salvo.

PARKS CONT'D

And you know what? Being with my old lady for the past fifteen years was far more rewarding than riding the interdimensional aether. Do you want to know why? 'Cause its real fuckin' cold out there! And I would rather be laying up cozy with my old lady than learning all the secrets of the universe, any day of the week! Good to see you again, Director.

DISSOLVE TO;

EXT. INTERSTELLAR TRAVELING INTERWORLD COUNCIL AETHERSHIP

INT. INTERSTELLAR TRAVELING INTERWORLD COUNCIL AETHERSHIP -
STATEROOM

The Pleiadean aethership was on the equivalent of autopilot. The surrogate clone of Dr. Parks responded to the name Gordon, but during the voyage home decided that he needed to create his own name and identity, even as the memory echoes of his progenitor intensified. He tried unsuccessfully to sleep in his Spartan quarters, resting for periods far too brief to be effective, mixed with daydream-like forays into his predecessor's memories that left him physiologically exhausted.

The subject of his memory dreams worked tirelessly to build the future. The Gordon clone thought to himself that he had no claim to his progenitor's life. Yet his biological urge to meet his wife was elemental, commandeering his moral sensibilities. He felt—no, he knew instinctively that if Eve met him young and vital and strong like her and a transgenic metahuman like she was, she would gravitate to Dr. Parks' proxy and reject the old man. The Gordon and Eve clones were truly created for each other, according to his fuzzy logic. The old man's Eve was gone a long time ago. He had failed to protect her and failed to protect the metahuman version of her as well.

He also believed if she could convince Eve that they were better suited for each other, Parks would step aside. He was never surer of it because he shared Parks' memories now. And if he refused, he might not live to regret it. The genetically advanced metahuman was incredibly strong. He felt that he had good character archetypes in his physiological programming, but when his thoughts returned to her, he didn't know what he was capable of. And with the added infusion of Parks' experiences and memories, the Gordon clone believed that the old man had outlived his usefulness. Parks' genetic incompatibility with the Eve clone, in Gordon's line of faulty reasoning, was immutable.

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The Gordon clone was not a perfect reproduction of Parks because he was not imbedded with Parks' memories during his accelerated development. Prior to the Moog-Hoberman malfunction with Parks' neural interface, he began to develop his own character. Chronologically, he had lived only 17 years. But similar to Eve, his body was developed to a mature 30 years, then genetically would slow to a near stop. They aged biologically one year for every decade or two of living. And their bodies heal from injury at a miraculous rate.

The Gordon clone was given a military-grade surrogate specialist soldier's neural memgram training during processing. He was wet wired with the survival skills of a 2050s technical soldier, including conventional and classified aircraft and spacecraft pilot and navigation skills, Air force Academy and Space Command officers training, and InterWorld Council exopolitical diplomacy protocols memgrams refined by his deceased mentor. This was all implanted into the neural net of his brain. He had no real-world experiences to rely on prior to Dr. Parks' neural mode malfunction. These captured memories placed the mind and resources of a billionaire maverick aerospace industrialist at his disposal. For the Gordon clone, this was quite a shocking but fortuitous development.

The Genesis Consortium cabal and thus AF Space Command knew he was headed back to the Sol system. The Elder's A.I. archive was programmed to report to them periodically. Gordon had no choice but to place the sentient algorithm in perpetual sleep mode, overriding its authority over the aethership. Space Command would be calculating his likely flight plan and approximate arrival. But with the adaptive cloaking hull and defensive weapons technology of his inherited vessel, Gordon would not make it easy for them. The aethership was too valuable and powerful to destroy easily. The aethership's movements were normally tracked by small self-replicating molecular printer communications beacons placed one light year apart from Earth's meridian points.

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This combination of space traffic control, and communications relay system would transmit and receive encrypted data to the clone's ship and track its flight path. Gordon disabled the aethership's transceiver and A.I. before returning because he knew that he would have to employ all of the tradecraft at his disposal to remain undetected. And as long as he remained invisible and impossible to track, they would try to reason with him long enough to draw him out into the open. But there was nothing to reason with him about. He just wanted to see Eve, spend time with her, and see if she could feel what he now felt light years away from her. He wanted to make a psychic connection, and then let her decide.

Dr. Parks' long-term memory fragments flooded the Gordon clone's mind regularly as he traveled closer to Sol. The delay in some of those disjointed fragments was becoming shorter. This was why he kept the aethership in a stationary position for a few days before he changed course for home-- Dr. Parks' home. The Gordon clone knew no real home, just this super luminal, interdimensional vessel. He did not know where he was created and nurtured, but he felt that it was not on Earth. Perhaps it was within Earth; within an underground or undersea black world military city base; or, in far solar orbit aboard a triage hospital ship. Or, one of the lunar bases or bases further out among the Sol system. For all intent and purpose, he was an orphan, like his progenitor. Because of the efficiency of his advanced neural programming, the Gordon clone could remember and review even the earliest memory fragments of Dr. Parks, like an objective first-person observer. It was eerie and unnerving that his progenitor's life was a part of his mental backlog now.

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FLASHBACK

INT. MARY MAGDALENE HOME

Fall, 1966, San Luis Obispo, California.

Dr. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks was born by the name Marcus Aurelius. His frail, anemic mother died shortly after giving birth to him in the summer of '65. He was not even given her last name; he was thrust into the world-- completely alone. The infant was sent to the Mary Magdalene Adoption Home. Nearly a year into his young life, he sat alone in silence in a wooden slatted toddler's bin, looking out from his small holding cell, watching the older children play indoors and outside through the large bay window. He was too young to interact with them. He was severely neglected by the understaffed, overworked, un-nurturing vestal care givers or volunteers.

When potential adopting couples came to meet the orphaned children, the infant was never properly prepared. He was rarely bathed; his diaper was changed only once daily, if he was lucky, before or after only one of two modest daily feedings. In between feedings, he was given a water bottle early on, replacing milk or infant formula that went to the other orphaned babies in the adoption home.

The infant Marcus learned early to sit and suffer his predicament in silence. No one truly cared if he cried, so he stopped crying after he was only three months old. The caregivers didn't respond to him. He was different than the other abandoned babies somehow. He didn't look like the other children, so he suffered his lot in ever-increasing silence. He never gained much weight and became sickly. He often did not have the strength to sit up proper, so he looked out of the bay window while lying on his back, his favorite and only activity, listening to the children play and wondering what it felt like to be out there.

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The older children would taunt the infant, holding their noses and calling him a dirty or smelly baby. There were other words they called him that he could not understand, but he understood that they were meant to hurt and humiliate him. The pain caused by these unsupervised evil children affected him and stifled his early mental, emotional and social development. The infant Marcus had no concept of the future, but he knew that one day, he would grow big enough to go outside.

Most days, the infant Marcus would just sit and observe sunlight filtering through the large bay window of the dayroom, the blue-sky background, the passing clouds, and the sway of the trees in the large back yard surrounding the adoption home. He didn't know what any of those objects were called. But day after day, the sickly infant would enter into a malnourishment-induced daydream, staring through the wooden jail bar-like slats of his infant holding cell into the picture of life outside the bay window. Something invisible made those trees sway. He wondered what that was, what everything was called. Even, what he was, what was his name? One day, he might be big enough like the others, to go outside and find out.

Lost in his daily malnourished trance, as his life slowly ebbed away-- one day, a couple from San Jose came in to view the orphaned children. The infant Marcus was too far gone to notice them. His tiny spirit was already bone tired. His tiny spirit was nearly ready to go outside, right through the wooden jail bar-like slats of his holding cell, right into that picture of life outside the bay window, leaving his infant body behind. It wouldn't be long now.

The children jockeyed for position, each trying to look as sweet and cherub-like as possible around the couple escorted by one of the nuns managing the home. She tried to interest them in her personal favorites, but Gordon and Maria Parks would make their own decision. This would actually be Maria's decision alone.

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The couple was in their late forties and unable to conceive after nearly thirty years of marriage. In vitro-fertilization was not yet an option in 1966. Even if it were, it would be much too expensive for the working-class couple. Being a devoted Catholic woman, the Mary Magdalene Adoption Home seemed to be an appropriate place to begin the search.

Maria didn't want an older child. She wanted as young an orphan as she could find, an infant truly in need if possible. Her husband knew this, so he stayed a step or two behind her, giving her space to search for the child to match her maternal need to love and nurture a child into a good, responsible, hard-working adult. And, in that moment of searching, guided by the Creator's hand, she turned to her husband and beckoned him to look at the infant staring idly at the bay window. His tiny hands were barely holding him upright; his little face was peering out between the wooden slats. His breathing was faint and labored, and he was unaware of anything but the life unfolding outside.

Maria grabbed her husband's arm, and they slowly walked over to the infant Marcus. They spoke to him in a language different than he had heard in the adoption home. Slowly pulling his eyes away from the picture window, he looked up at them. There was no mistaking the despondent pain in his infant's eyes that met their smiles and gentle greetings. The infant Marcus immediately looked down and away from them. He was aware of his soiled diaper and ashamed because of this and this attention, the likes of which he had never received in his young life.

Maria Parks passed her purse to her husband, ignoring the suggestions of the nun giving her the tour. She reached over and placed a gentle hand on the crown of the infant's head, saying a brief prayer.

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The infant Marcus could not look up into her eyes. He was too far gone; he had given up on his life already. He did notice that they were not laughing at him or taunting him like the older children. This lady was being kind to him, patting and caressing his little head. Her touch and the words she spoke were soothing to his little soul. She was very gentle, like some of the women and female children were kind to him sometimes; like the mother, he never knew.

The lady reached further into his day bin and slowly, very gently picked him up. She smiled at him again, but Marcus again looked down in shame. Maria immediately knew why. Even an infant knows when he is in need of cleansing and general care. The infant's condition raised red flags of criminal child neglect in Maria Parks' mind, which infuriated her towards the adoption home staff. Maria did not want the infant to be ashamed of his unfortunate hygienic state, so she ignored the odor emanating from the unkempt child. She lifted his tiny chin up to meet her eyes. He noticed the man standing behind her scrunch his nose at the stench and immediately put his head down again in shame. His hand brushed at his overly full, soiled diaper in a futile attempt to remove it and communicate to Maria that he was in desperate need of cleaning and changing and that this would alleviate the source of his shame. Maria could tell that this was a bright child in dire circumstances.

What Maria knew, but the infant was too young and innocent to understand, was that he was different from the other children in that he was of a slightly darker complexion than the other children in the orphanage. His mother was an unwed woman from New York City. The interracial infant Marcus was considered by the caregivers of this particular adoption home not suitable for most of their potential clients. In 1966, this was the way most of society thought. It was assumed that if the infant survived early childhood, he would be transferred to foster homes with families more suited to his mixed ethnicity. This was the reason for the caregiver's neglect.

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Maria Parks was outraged and mortified by the lack of ordinary care for the infant, a child of God. She was shocked at the infant's physical state. Her husband, Gordon Wayne Parks, was a mountain of a man and wore a cowboy hat. He had bushy hair over his lip, the infant had noticed, and he wore a stern alert expression of concern. She called the attending nun to her side.

Maria Parks

This baby needs immediate attention. He needs to be bathed, and his diaper changed.

ADMINISTRATIVE NUN

I'm sorry, but the adoption home is understaffed and short on funds. We've had to ration diapers and food from other babies for this one. The child is cleaned at least once a day. Well, you understand why.

Her explanation only served to enrage Maria Parks further.

Maria Parks

No child deserves this blatant lack of Christian care, Sister. She reached into her purse and retrieved a crisp one-hundred-dollar bill.

Maria Parks CONT'D

Sister, this is a donation for your orphanage. But for this donation, I will require a wash basin filled with warm, not hot, but warm water, a bar of mild soap, a fresh diaper, baby powder, two small and two large bath towels. Sister, if you can accomplish this in the next five minutes, I will donate another one hundred dollars. You see, until I have made up my mind, perhaps I could volunteer my time here and care for this child. You all appear to be understaffed and over worked.

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Maria Parks wanted to ask for baby clothes to fit the suffering child in her arms, but she was afraid that the disgusting bureaucrat that posed as a caring nun would merely take clothes off another needy baby. She offered the arrangement, careful not to offend the administrator, who seemed more interested in the welfare of the other orphans. This seemed reasonable to the clearly bigoted administrator, who thought that Maria Parks was a barren immigrant woman on minor means, fixated on this particular minority child. Insult, ploy or not, the nun hurriedly ordered the bathing supplies and allowed Maria Parks to clean and change the infant.

There was no telling the condition of the other orphaned children.

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The first soapy cleansing barely removed the caked-on filth and urine smell from the neglected baby's bed sore and soiled diaper-infected flesh. The near-catatonic infant whimpered in pain but did not or could not cry. The infant clearly had not been fully bathed in days or even weeks. The infection was severe enough that Maria considered calling the ambulance and authorities, but she had another plan to save the child that would require finesse.

Maria carefully cleaned the infant as the administrator and another nun looked on, tersely ordering a younger nun to pour out the old wash water in the basin and refill it with fresh soapy water, then telling her mildly amused husband in Spanish to give the corrupt administrator another one-hundred-dollar bill from her purse to appease her.

He had never seen his wife like this, in confident, determined maternal mode. She would do all she could to heal and comfort this infant in desperate need. The money was hers, from savings she put away from her job. The couple saved and planned for years to adopt.

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Maria Parks was an elementary school teacher. Her husband, Gordon Wayne Parks, was a trained automotive mechanic with his own fledgling garage auto repair business, and a hobby inventor. The young couple was educated by vocational schools and junior colleges, and self-educated by hard work, and life's hard knocks. They wanted children for many years, but unfortunately were unable to conceive.

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During the infant's second bathing, Maria silently prayed for the despondent child. She also sang a Spanish lullaby low and sweet, allowing the warm, clean, soothing water to calm and relax the baby. This seemed to have its desired effect. The baby seemed grateful to be cleaned, thankful to the woman that bathed him. He nearly smiled at Maria before retreating inward again. She could tell that he was a bright child. He started pointing at the bay window, staring at the trees swaying in the wind outside, and the blue sky.

Now completely clean from head to toe, his diaper changed, Maria wrapped the infant in the second large bath towel, held him close and looked at her husband. There was no way she would leave this baby, this new innocent soul, behind. His young life, already marginalized, would probably be a ruin, without her immediate intervention. Maria Parks' maternal instinct was never more certain of this. Pointing at the bay window, his stare constant, the infant's eyes seemed to plead for her, before looking down again in despair. The infant felt safe enough in Maria's arms to dare reaching out to explore what was outside in her arms, the clouds, blue sky, and the living swaying trees, fueled by mystical invisible forces.

The infant named Marcus Aurelius heard the woman holding him speak to the man standing next to her. To his surprise, she started walking to the door.

Maria Parks

Would you like to go outside?

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The infant discovered the name of the world on the other side of the window in that instant. Maria Parks carried the infant outside for the first time in his life. He looked around in innocent wonder, as she described to him in two languages the name of everything.

Maria Parks

Clouds. Blue sky. Grass. Trees.

Maria carried him closer and closer to the swaying things that seemed alive called "trees." Tears welled up in her eyes as she bonded with the infant, who looked on at her, not understanding why she smiled and cried at the same time.

The infant watched attentively as she spoke to the tall man wearing what he would learn was a cowboy hat, standing next to her. His eyes were wet like hers but not leaking. He did not smile at the infant. His face was grim with concern, for both of them.

Maria Parks

Gordon Wayne Parks, this little child won't live much longer if we fail to save him from this abuse today.

The Blessed Mother sent us here just for him today. I am sure of this. I love him already. Do you understand? This is our child. The baby we couldn't have.

The grim, serious man looked at both of them, as they looked at him.

Gordon Wayne Parks

Maria, he's - mixed, part Negro or Indian. Anyone can see that. Are you ready to handle the kind of hate we will face? The kind of hate that baby already faces right now in this orphanage.

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 Maria Parks

What do we care? We are Hispanic, so we have dealt with bigotry all our lives too. And we both have relatives with similar or much darker complexions than this baby. We are not prejudiced people.

 Gordon Wayne Parks

 No Maria, we're not.

 Maria Parks

This baby needs us. If we leave him behind, he will surely die. They don't care about him and we both know why. My God, they are not even bathing him.

Gordon Wayne nodded in agreement, but still seemed a bit reluctant. Maria spoke to him almost pleading. Born in 1944, her husband's middle name was after a 1940s western actor, and his favorite John Wayne film to date was 'The Quiet Man'. Maria knew this, and often joked with him about it.

 Maria Parks

 What would John Wayne do?

Maria said, to jokingly appeal to the mythical hero she saw in her husband, the leader. The tall, quiet man scoffed, his brows arched, and he let a half grin form on his stern visage as he looked into the beautiful searching eyes of his beloved, wise wife. He had the rugged good looks of a Hispanic Clark Gable.

This would be a major, blessed change for them. The reality of responsibility finally sank in. Maria knew that she had him convinced when she made him smile. When they agreed on anything, they became a strong, determined couple, a team that no circumstance or entity could divide.

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Maria Parks CONT'D

We will raise him to be a good man. His new mother and father will see to it.

Gordon Wayne's smile grew, his eyes crinkled at the corners for a few content seconds before they returned to their usual stoic glance.

Gordon Wayne Parks

We won't spoil him, Maria. As soon as he's big enough to walk, he'll have to earn his keep with me at the garage.

They chuckled at the thought. Then he became serious again.

Gordon Wayne Parks

We have to teach him to be responsible and self-sufficient, Maria. To cook and clean up and take care of himself, to survive under any circumstance; the way we were taught.

Maria Parks

He will, Poppy. He will be a good son, and he will grow up to be a good man, like his new father. He'll grow to be just like you, and John Wayne.

Gordon again wrestled a smile on his rugged visage, only for her and his new son.

They embraced tenderly and kissed briefly as the nun administrator looked on from a distance, loudly clearing her throat to break up the tender moment. She knew that couple had committed to caring for the mixed-race infant. She was weary from continually playing the role of evil administrator.

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However, she knew no other way in the intolerant social climate of 1966, to save certain marginalized children from a horrible life of abusive foster homes, and a thrown away, purposeless adult life, if they even lived to become adults.

She had done this before over the years to force potential adoptive parents to save the lives of certain children in immediate need. She had lost many a righteous protesting young nun to her harsh, seemingly heartless methods, and been the subject of many archdiocese investigations. Her methods were simple, pragmatic, and sadly effective: Isolate those very young children least likely to be cared for in the current social climate and let them cry for attention until they no longer had tears. Provide for them only minimal physical care.

Break and desensitize them, then allow good caring prospective parents to find them in a state of near irreversible despair. Then witness the miracle how, out of a sense of true Christian concern, the prospective parents righteously demand to be the neglected young child's lifelong protector and nurturer.

Sometimes the process took only a few weeks. The longest prior took a couple of months. For the infant Marcus Aurelius, it took nearly six months. The stubborn nun administrator refused to let up on this child, and it would cost her she was sure. Many a prospective parent merely looked the other way in distress. But she knew this infant needed a home, so she would not relent, even if she were removed from her position of authority.

She knew this would be her last such radical attempt to find an unwanted orphan baby a home. Times were changing, and her harsh methods were no longer acceptable. But she would have this last triumph. This motherless child that no one wanted was being saved from a lost, wasted future.

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The infant Marcus Aurelius could not fully understand but instinctively knew his life was being saved by these two sweet people, this woman and this man. He slipped into a deep, safe exhausted slumber in Maria Parks' arms before she made it back to the nun administrator's office. She told the administrator that she would not let the child go, and she would give all of her and her husband's savings, if need be, which were limited but substantial, to leave with the child as his lawful adopted parents. The nun knew this before they sat down, and allowed them to take the child immediately, while their application for adoption was expeditiously processed for approval.

Before they left for their new life as a family, the nun administrator gave them back their donation to the orphanage, suggesting that they use it for the child's immediate needs. When she did this, and they saw the eyes of the administrator become emotional, Maria and Gordon Wayne finally understood that she planned this all along. To get this unwanted motherless child a home before all the other orphaned babies and toddlers and children in the orphanage in need, because this infant was hurting the most. But the administrator's outdated, harsh methods did much more than harmlessly magnify the infant's desperate dilemma. Her intention was sincere, but after nearly six months of isolation and neglect, the damage to the infant's long-term mental and social development—was permanent.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INTERSTELLAR TRAVELING INTERWORLD COUNCIL AETHERSHIP -
STATEROOM

As the Gordon clone surrogate experienced in his mind the vivid new blended memory fragments of his progenitor, Dr. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks, he moved forward into his childhood.

The child displayed all the early onset symptoms of a mild form of the autism spectrum neural disorder not clinically identified as Asperger's Syndrome until he was nearly middle-aged.

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Young Gordon M.A. Parks grew up in an introverted holographic world of his own imagination. His loving stepparents could rarely get through to his emotionally distant, dimensionally multitasking mind. The only time they could get through to him was when they were teaching him something new. Otherwise, he would retreat into a world of science fiction or how-to books, or drawing, or taking apart radios and trying to reassemble them. Obtaining more information was his hobby and favorite past time. He craved all that there was to know, all that was salient and of utility for his survival as a spiritual being housed in a fragile, mortal form.

Often, he would sit alone and stare off into space for hours on end seeing into another world in his mind, then with paper and pencil, draw whatever he envisioned from those channeled dimensional worlds of ethereal algorithmic solutions just on the other side. It was not until he reached middle school that he identified and understood this as the human mind's creative process, and that its potential was limitless. Gordon was home schooled by Maria until the sixth grade, when she was sure he could successfully function socially around other children.

The young Parks also discovered the wonder of the public and school library at this time, and truly embraced books, literature and information in the form of printed text as a priceless lifelong companion. He loved the solitude found in the literary worlds of noir mystery, westerns and adventure, and technology-driven science fiction. He fueled his mechanical analytical inventive mind with Popular Science, Omni, and Popular Mechanics. Other than public and institutional education libraries, Gordon was alone but rarely lonely, a convivial loner. He was a high functioning savant, an introverted, engineering genius with a mild social dysfunction.

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The invisible winds from his infancy left an impression as well. At age 15 he convinced his stepfather to take him to the municipal airport for flying lessons. For a time, he wanted to join the Air Force to be a pilot. He went so far as to go with his father to an armed forces recruiter. The Air Force recruiter was not in the office, so he spoke to the Army recruiter of his wish to be a pilot. The recruiter dashed his dreams when he told him that he was too tall. He was over six feet, and he trusted the staff NCO was telling him the truth.

But his father knew better. When the NCO looked at his stepson, he saw only a lowly potential foot soldier, not a pilot, only a potential recruit stat for his branch. The recruiter was not concerned about his stepson's interests, only reaching his selfish quota of naïve new recruits for the week.

This was the one- and only-time young Gordon personally witnessed his stepfather, Gordon Wayne Parks' protective paternal fury on display. He accused the NCO of "lying to a 15-year-old kid," of disrespecting him and his son, and dared the dishonest "coward" to step outside so he could "beat the living shit out of him." His stepfather was nearly sixty, still in his prime and a working-class mountain of a man, and they were evenly matched in size. The tough NCO started to take the bait, then with a smug dismissive one-liner, thought better of accepting the invitation. He would never live it down if he lost.

In reality, he knew he had insulted them badly and that the tall man in the cowboy hat looked so pissed off that he might put him in the hospital. Gordon Wayne Parks was so calmly enraged, that the recruiting office was charged with the big cowboy's ferocious tension, and that startled everybody, including his stepson. Only a man who could back up his words would be so bold as to invite a combat veteran soldier to his own ass whipping.

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Young Gordon talked down his stepfather and convinced him to leave the recruiter's office before they called the police. He also learned a valuable lesson that day; never blindly trust the judgment or opinion of anyone that tells you cannot accomplish anything that you set your mind to, especially someone in perceived authority. They're probably full of shit. And-- support your children no matter what, especially when they are sincerely searching for their path, their own way through this complex physical and spiritual existence called life.

INSERT-

Young Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks' love for aviation and all things that flew through the air grew over the years. But the 1982 film Blade Runner, or more specifically, its fictional special effects showing gravity nullifying transportation, compelled him to actually pursue a future in the field of aviation engineering. When the 16-year-old saw the fictional police spinner vehicle from the film appearing to realistically nullify gravity, hover, ascend into the sky, and maneuver, even though he knew it was obviously a full-sized prop vehicle suspended by a crane, he was astonished.

PARKS

I want to do that for a living--

--meaning he wanted to discover how that technology could actually be possible. He would review the film over the years and ask himself repeatedly,

PARKS CONT'D

What kind of real-world aviation technology could do that? I have to find out...

Young Gordon decided after researching several colleges that pursuing a career in aeronautical engineering would provide a veil to investigate what would become his lifelong research, the enigma that is the esoteric science of real controlled gravity propulsion.

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INT. INTERSTELLAR TRAVELING INTERWORLD COUNCIL AETHERSHIP -
STATEROOM

Fall 1983, Embry Riddle Aeronautical University, Daytona Beach Florida. It was the first day, first class. Gordon M. A. Parks sat down rather clumsily in the top rear of the lecture hall, trying in vain to balance all of his first semester curriculum books as he sat. They were expensive and he didn't want to damage them. Hopefully with good care, he would be able to resell the ones he didn't want to keep as used back to the campus bookstore at semesters end.

Several toppled to the floor. He had just traveled to Florida and settled in; he had never been anywhere out of California in his life. To his stepmother's apprehension, he trekked across country alone in his old used Ford EXP, the cheapest thing his stepparents could afford.

Tuition was high, and his stepparents sacrificed everything, including a second mortgage on their home, just to educate their only child. He had received a couple of hardship grants and a meager student loan, but his stepparents paid the remaining balance. They believed in him, because no one else in the world did. He would not fail them. He would work hard to learn this field, aeronautical engineering. He would make them proud.

A few students turned around in their seats to laugh at the awkward display. Most of the young students were well off and arrogant. Gordon prided himself in not letting on that he was a student of modest means. But in this moment, he failed miserably. They could see that he was a poor geek worried more about the condition of books he could barely afford, than his freshman coolness quotient.

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Gordon was mildly embarrassed but learned early from studying vintage cinema to turn an awkward situation to his advantage.

Besides learning from his stepfather, he was at that stage in young adulthood where he studied closely and tried to emulate what was deemed socially acceptable, moral norms of behavior for a good, respectable man. He was a decent looking kid, or so he thought.

And also, he knew from the movies that shy, self-effacing composure during clumsy moments usually attracted the kind, sweet girl-next-door types to your aid—the type of girls he preferred. So, when he had unexpectedly embarrassing moments, the student analyst of social discourse in him would play up the Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, or Cary Grant loveable klutz archetypes of character angle, and see if all those movies were correct.

His hair was long and slightly curly, combed back slick, Pat Riley style. How he looked or dressed never meant much to him until he had his first girlfriend his junior year of high school. Or this, his first year of college.

Now he studied what he thought a young man should know about manners, grooming, military bearing and developing his own personal style as he grew up. He was 18, a man of the world, or so he thought. He had just had a birthday back in San Jose, celebrated just by his stepparents. After a special birthday dinner, he used a ladder to climb on top of the garage roof alone and drank a bottle of sweet red table wine while he looked up at the stars. He didn't have any real friends and he and his girlfriend became distant after the prom. They were both going in different career directions and knew that the distance between them would be too much.

Gordon usually wore jeans, Puma running shoes or boots, and black or a white collarless button-down dress shirt. It was his 'look'.

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He was used to being around students from well off families and never wanted to give the impression of being the poor guy with no manners and bad taste. So, he kept his look simple, watched the news and listened to talk radio so he could stay apprised of important national and global current affairs and could hold his own in conversation around anyone, in any social setting.

He learned from his stepparents that you never know whom you'll meet while drifting through life. Your path can take you anywhere. He had already met President Reagan with his parents once by chance back in California. He was younger, so he really couldn't understand the significance of it at the time. He would meet many powerful people over his lifetime.

Gordon secured the main bulk of his textbooks on his desk in front of him and began to look for the books that had toppled off onto the floor.

As he carefully reached down and around the desk to look, he noticed a quick graceful olive-skinned feminine arm reach down about the same time as he did. Parks was pleasantly startled by the assistance of that graceful arm that picked up one of his textbooks, because it led to a stunning young lady with a vibrant soul.

His eyes slowly continued upward. She had beautifully sculpted shoulders and ample, taught breasts, a sensual feminine neck. As they both sat back up slowly, simultaneously, he was only a few inches away from her lovely, angelic face that was just coming into his view. She had a beautiful nose, slightly large, deep hazel angled eyes and a kind, inviting smile. Her angelic face was framed by thick wavy black hair that gave off the faint scent of fresh flowers and was woven into a long French braid down to the small of her back. Even through the jeans she wore, her legs looked trim, strong and athletic.

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Parks took this all in at a glance that seemed to slow the flow of time and open his heart. He caught himself staring like a deer caught in the headlights of his own demise, and he could give a damn. Not only had this luscious babe taken his self-effacing klutz bait hook-line-and-sinker, he found himself equally hooked by her comforting natural allure.

She was like Athena, a sensual goddess. He wanted to kiss her, more aptly, he wanted her to kiss him, so he stopped sitting up mid-way, hoping like a mischievous little kid, they would stay crouched low close face to face. And she knew when he did it, he was waiting for her. She smiled amused at his naughty pause as she slowly sat all the way back in her seat.

It was the damnedest instant thing, Gordon thought. She had to be an impossible mix of Mediterranean, French, Brazilian and possibly Asian, Gordon couldn't be sure. All he did know was she had ignited a fire inside of him. When their eyes met, and she smiled kindly at him, his lower abdomen tightened and clutched hard involuntarily. A "misfire" sexual contraction, he would learn, was the geek slang term for the condition, indicating deep attraction and arousal. She was definitely the most naturally beautiful girl he had ever seen in his young life.

EVE

Need some help, yes?

She spoke to him in a sweet accent he could not positively identify that absolutely made his heart skip a beat. He was deer caught-in-the-headlights, mouth agape stunned. That mixed with the mild scent of her perfume, her hair and another faint perfume just under her ear on her neck, caused his gut to "misfire" again a couple of times.

PARKS

The Lord is my shepherd; I see what I want...

Gordon mumbled under his breath as he was drawn like a daydream into her impossibly beautiful eyes.

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EVE

Excuse me...

PARKS

Oh-ah, thanks. Thank you.

As he accepted the book and placed it atop his stack without taking his eyes off her, he nearly dropped it again. This pulled him from his trance. He did not want her to think he was really a complete klutz. But he was sure that the feeling was mutual. She was at least receptive to him, he was sure.

Seeing that he was not in a hurry to retrieve his other book and he was happily, playfully entranced, the young beauty reached kindly down again and recovered another one of Gordon's two books from between their desks. Gordon dutifully followed her, picking up the last one. Once again, they were in closer proximity and this time she showed an interest in Gordon's physical attractiveness, the way he showed an enthusiastic interest in her. Her beautiful body and confident smile radiated with comforting feminine warmth and sensuality.

She wore a simple white blouson with jeans and sandals. She was beautiful and elegant from head to toe. She wore a small gold cross with a small diamond at its center, suspended by a thin, thread-like gold necklace just above and between the warmth of her inviting cleavage. He only noticed it when they sat back up again, as it swayed back into position. That pendant sealed the deal for him. She was definitely a good girl, and he wanted to wake up next to her tomorrow morning to greet the new day. Tomorrow and every day after that.

His mind was made up in that moment. He would ask her out on a date as soon as class was over, even if it was just to the movies and a pizza afterwards. He might be able to afford it on his limited spending budget of only \$20 per week. He would have to find a part-time job to earn extra pocket change, especially if she really wanted to go out with him.

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EVE

Here's another one.

Her voice was like an angelic choir to him.

EVE

I don't think you will need all of those today, will you?

PARKS

No, I'm just running late getting my textbooks before the semester started. I just got here yesterday. I drove from California here, my first trip driving across country. I must have taken a wrong turn in Albuquerque somewhere, so I got here kind of late.

The old Bugs Bunny joke passed right over her head.

EVE

I see...

Eve waited for Gordon to formally introduce himself. She hoped he would.

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Gordon was at a loss for words suddenly. He felt himself becoming shy even blush a little. But he felt that she would appreciate it. He felt instinctively that he could be himself around her, that she would like him for who he was, whether he was rich or not.

But she had the air of a wealthy person—no calloused hands or tired, weary eyes from working two jobs to make ends meet. Gordon had been working since he was age 13. He lied about his age to get a job at a local grocery store to help his family, then as a restaurant cook at age 16. He was a working man, like his stepdad. She does like me, he thought. I'm not dreaming. I hope she gives me a chance. He looked back into her face and smiled sheepishly. This time she looked down in shyness, smiling to herself, then looked up again and into his eyes, warm and inviting.

Gordon was not very experienced at dating. He was an inquisitive bookworm, student draftsman and inventor. But he thought of a beautiful woman's body not only as a miracle of creation, but the greatest work of art and engineering known to man. To have this beautiful young lady in his life would inspire him to greatness too, he just knew it.

Gordon's stepparents could not fathom how their son's eclectic mind operated at times. He spent all his time drafting multi-storied beach houses and Mayan pyramid-shaped mansions, futuristic cars and motorcycles, maglev bullet trains, and formula one inspired fantasy hovercraft. From his childhood, he would often daydream, staring off into space until his vision blurred and roiled, looking through the veil. He would then draw whatever he conceived of in his mind's eye. His architectural and mechanical drafting teacher and vocational mentor passed by his drafting table over the years. He noticed all the daydream sketches Gordon drew on a vellum drawing pad.

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Impressed, he suggested that Gordon investigate education in mechanical engineering, aeronautical engineering, or perhaps industrial transportation design. By the time Gordon began his senior year, with the help of his stepparents, he applied to several colleges around the country, settling for Embry Riddle.

Gordon was entering another daydream, but this one transfixed him on a feminine living work of art sitting next to him. He hoped he was reading her right. Time to introduce—

PARKS

Uh, I'm Gordon. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks. Hi...

Clearing his throat, attempting to deepen his voice and sound more mature. His voice had broken slightly. He was mortified but he hoped that his sincerity would be endearing if not too desperate.

Eve's smile was warm and appreciative that the first young man she chose to interact personally with since her arrival in America seemed well mannered enough to formally introduce himself.

EVE

I'm Eve, Eve Nichele Dumont. Nice to meet you.

They politely shook hands after Gordon made two equal stacks out of his leaning tower of textbooks.

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PARKS

Very nice to meet you, Eve. Are you from Europe?

EVE

Yes, Marseilles, France. It's my first time here in the United States. Where are you from?

PARKS

San Jose, California. Its near San Luis Obispo. I was born there. It's beautiful there along the coast. I could take you there sometime when we get a break.

The professor abruptly interrupted the conversation.

Aeronautics Professor

Excuse me Ms. Dumont, Mr. Parks? We are ready to begin whenever you two are. Mr. Parks, Gordon, is it? You will definitely only need one of those books for this class. The thick one with the red cover. Alright, let's begin...

Eve and Gordon were so enamored they didn't realize that the entire nosy class had turned around and along with the arrogant asshole professor with too much tenure, was observing them. Eve laughed along with the class, but Gordon did not. He suddenly looked embarrassed and exhausted. He did say he just arrived from a cross-country drive when he could have flown. He wore no jewelry, nor did he wear an expensive watch. Perhaps his family finances were strained? She might learn the particulars with time.

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What the professor nor Eve knew was that Gordon had to sleep in his car last night. His stepparents were waiting for a bank loan to be approved to pay for Gordon's dorm expenses. Gordon left for college hoping that the funds would be available and wired to him to cover his dorm expenses. He might have to stay in a car or at a local motel once a week to clean up until his financial difficulties could be worked out. Gordon didn't care. As long as tuition was paid and he could attend college, he would sleep at the beach if he had to. He just didn't want to leave his books and personal possessions in his car for long to be stolen. So, he carried them around just for today. After this first day of semester, he would either buy the cheapest large backpack he could find, or risk his textbooks being stolen.

This was all weighing on the freshman aeronautical engineering student when Eve noticed the change in him. She thought it was the professor's attempt to embarrass them that affected him. As the lecture continued, Eve felt empathy for Gordon. He became serious and stern, placing his books under his chair, writing notes and concentrating on the task of learning, even retrieving a micro cassette player to record the lecture. But Eve sensed something else was wrong. And she wanted to help him. What had passed between them might fade and their friendship remain cordial if she didn't leave an impression with him.

Eve was by nature an empath and a sympathetic soul. She was raised in solitude on a commercial wine vineyard. Her father, Jonathan, was an airline pilot and an expatriate from London. Her mother was the daughter of a wealthy Parisian family that traced their lineage back to the Knights Templars. The land and vineyard had been in her mother's family for generations. Eve's Chinese grandmother fell in love with her French grandfather in 1939. He was nearly disinherited for marrying her, although the Dumont family had what was considered for the times, a sordid history of interracial relations. They moved to Hong Kong. In 1941, Eve's mother Marietta was born in Hong Kong. In 1942, Eve's grandparents successfully returned to France.

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Eve was home schooled early by her mother before, attending primary school in Marseilles. She excelled and took an interest in mathematics and science. Her father's profession inspired her to study the principles of flight and a pursue career in aeronautics.

Eve's mother also taught her about the creative process and to appreciate art and literature. Eve was raised not to be trendy and did not fit in among the cliques of her peers. She like Gordon, enjoyed learning and the library became her place of solace where she could look into just about any subject that piqued her interest. She also developed the ability to detect minds like hers, an independent kindred spirit. She and Gordon were both not fans of the herd mentality. She also sensed that Gordon did not filter humiliation well. It made him withdraw. She feared that he might not have the confidence to speak to her again.

INSERT

Eve wrote a brief note to Gordon and passed it low out of the view of the professor to his hand, She held his hand after he palmed the note for a long moment before releasing it, a small gesture to impress upon him their new friendship and the invitation to perhaps more. He looked her way, and she continued looking forward, with a warm smile on her face.

The note invited him to dessert at a nearby café, where they talked and drank coffee and ate too much sweet potato pie for two hours, getting to know each other. Gordon admitted his housing troubles, and Eve offered to let him crash at her nearby apartment. Her father made the arrangements for her to live on her own, which she preferred. Gordon followed her car to the apartment complex and carried up a change of clothes, a sleeping bag and blanket, with the intention of doing the honorable thing and sleeping on the floor. The one-bedroom apartment was sparsely furnished with a couch, TV, and large bed.

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Gordon asked if he could shower and spread his sleeping bag in the corner of the front room. When he finished his shower and changed clothes, he found the lights in the apartment dimmed and candles lit. The atmosphere was favorable. Eve was cooking a light dinner and offered a bottle of wine to share, which they enjoyed as they allowed the mood to take its course. The dinner was hearty and delicious. The table wine was slightly sweet.

There was some element within the sexual anticipation between them and their slow rise to act upon it, plus the light, refreshing wine that made Gordon and Eve behave as if they were a married couple with years behind them. Everything felt right, from the loving play between them to the nurturing moments of intimacy.

Eve and Gordon found themselves resting on his sleeping bag, intertwined in the moment. Gordon had asked her if she ever camped outdoors. She replied no, so Gordon took her by the hand, and they rested on the thick open sleeping bag covered by a cotton blanket. Their romantic intensity increased, they undressed each other, then Eve told Gordon in the heat of the upcoming moment-- that she was a virgin, and this would be her first time.

Eve chose Gordon for this intimate milestone in her life because she wanted it to be someone she could love. Gordon was both honored and apprehensive. He had never deflowered a young lady. Eve was a little nervous and suggested they take the activity to her bedroom. Thank God for more wine. They opened another bottle and stood around nude in the intimacy of her kitchen, drinking a little bit more, holding each other close. Eve immersed her sensual spirit with Gordon's body and he with hers, before they prepared for bed.

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INT. INTERSTELLAR TRAVELING INTERWORLD COUNCIL AETHERSHIP -
STATEROOM

The Gordon clone experienced what memory fragments remained in Dr. Parks' mind during that experience. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks and Eve Nichele Dumont fell deeply in love that night. It was not wild or gratuitous. It was as if they were on their wedding night, consummating their marriage, something sacred before God.

INSERT

Gordon and Eve awakened and greeted the new day together, and from that day on, a new life together. They lived together and developed a close monogamous relationship. They jogged and worked out together, took walks along the beach, had dinner dates and went to movies, and attended Mass; all the things a loving couple did together. Gordon and Eve planned to marry after graduation. They were content, and both felt fate had brought them together. Gordon's self-esteem improved, and they both excelled during their undergraduate years.

Gordon spent part of the summer of 1986, before their senior year, in France as a guest of Eve's parents at their family vineyard. Eve's mother liked Gordon, but her father barely spoke to him in between his flight schedule with the airlines and running a commercial vineyard with his wife and a small handful of relatives.

Gordon had planned to ask Eve's parents for her hand in marriage. Gordon even worked a day or two in the vineyard, attempting to impress them. Eve's father wanted nothing to do with him. It may have been the fact that he was adopted from a working-class family or his mixed heritage. Whatever the reason for his open hostility toward Gordon, it triggered a deep seeded sense of inadequacy.

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Gordon mustered the courage one day in the vineyard to confront Eve's father and ask him outright what was wrong because he intended to marry his daughter. Gordon's approach was a little too direct without the humility of humbly asking for her hand. The old man let him know in the strongest terms that he was not nearly good enough for his daughter, and he would never give him permission. Gordon became so enraged they nearly got into a fistfight and had to be pulled apart by vineyard workers.

Gordon vowed to show Eve's father that he would become more successful and powerful than him. Gordon and Eve left for the states earlier than scheduled that summer. And upon returning to Florida for their final year at Embry Riddle, Gordon became distant. The couple began to lose their bond and drift apart, breaking up and trying again, then finally, mutually ending their relationship but agreeing to remain friends. They still lived together but slept apart, neither dating other people.

Eve still wanted marriage, but her father made Gordon feel worthless. Gordon was angry that Eve didn't stand up to her father and defend his character. Eve didn't know what to do. Only her mother could put a stop to her father's disrespectful behavior, but by then, the damage and the rift were too severe. The only way Gordon would reconcile with Eve was if she told her father he was wrong and told him to apologize. He knew that the old man would never do that, but what hurt Gordon more was that Eve refused to try. That devastated him.

Gordon wanted nothing more to do with Jonathon Dumont or his timid daughter. He moved out and rented a room near campus, which in turn broke Eve's heart. She tried to understand. She knew Gordon's tragic beginnings and its effect on his sense of self-worth. He was subconsciously traumatized by the neglect he faced early in life.

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Eve's father merely reminded him that he was an illegitimate mistake. Jonathan Dumont took pleasure in making him feel that he would never be good enough for Eve, not in her league. Gordon began to privately go to a psychiatrist for therapy and take prescriptions for depression. He would do so for much of his young adult life.

Senior year at Embry Riddle was an intense, heady time. There was too much schoolwork to do and too many potential educational and career options to pursue. Eve and Gordon were heavily recruited by the Air Force, NASA, and several aerospace companies. After careful consideration and one final night of wine and closeness, they decided together to commit to pursuing employment opportunities with Lockheed Martin.

Eve and Gordon were estranged but still devoted to each other. Gordon focused on becoming successful and hopefully wealthy. He put his career first to prove to Eve's family that he was worthy of their only daughter. He just didn't have enough time.

In 1997, towards the end of their company's DARPA-funded Joint Strike Fighter competition, Eve began a private romance with a young Lockheed Martin test pilot by the name of USAF Major C.T. 'Prowler' Sullivan, on a career fast track of his own. Soon after, Gordon lost the angelic soul of Eve Nichele Dumont forever in a tragic T-38 jet trainer accident involving that careless, politically connected test pilot.

Prior to this tragedy, two others occurred.

INSERT

In 1985, Gordon's stepmother, a moderate cigarette smoker, was diagnosed with lung cancer. Gordon was not told of her illness during his remaining two undergraduate years at Embry Riddle. His stepmother wanted him to complete his studies without worrying about her health. She also refused expensive treatment, to her husband's irate objections, that would have prolonged her life.

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It would have burned through their savings and ruined their ability to finance their stepson's college education.

In the spring of 1987, Maria Parks passed away.

After her funeral, his stepfather sold his small auto repair business, retired, and began to drink heavily every day, rarely leaving his home except to visit his wife's grave. Gordon Wayne Parks, the strong, quiet cowboy mechanic that taught his stepson all he knew to be a responsible, hardworking, independent man, was found dead in the spring of 1988, almost exactly a year to the date of his wife's passing.

No one ever filled the void caused by the loss of these three influential people in Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks' life.

INT. INTERSTELLAR TRAVELING INTERWORLD COUNCIL AETHERSHIP -
STATEROOM

The Gordon Clone re-experienced another of Dr. Parks' vivid memory fragments.

Spring 1989 Palmdale, California. The Lockheed Martin Joint Strike Fighter Competition Executive Director, James Hiram Peterson, invited a young Gordon M. A. Parks and Eve Nichele Dumont to lunch in his private dining room reserved for senior project management. Eve declined to attend and didn't explain why to Gordon. He was too nervous to pay much attention. This luncheon meeting could make his career. The pragmatist that anchored his character, thought in probabilities that kept him humble and stoic to the observer. But inside, he was apprehensive.

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After an informal greeting, they settled at a medium-sized table covered in white linen prepared for two guests and the Director.

Peterson

I hope you brought your appetite, young man. I have a personal chef. Please order whatever you like.

PARKS

How 'bout a double cheddar cheeseburger with the works, bread - and -butter pickle slices, and chopped red onions. Mustard, please, no mayo, and steak fries.

Peterson

You know, we have a full dining service. You can order something- fancier if you like.

PARKS

Ground sirloin steak is just fine by me. My stepparents raised me on burgers, Tex-Mex, and pizza. I eat healthy most of the time, but at least once a month, I've got to have a good old mustard double cheeseburger.

Peterson

Alright, burgers pomme frites it is. Would you like coffee, soda, or juice?

PARKS

How 'bout coffee, orange juice, and a thick strawberry milkshake? Did you know that OJ is a natural laxative? I learned that living in Florida at Embry Riddle.

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Peterson

I know it now. Thank you for that healthy bit of advice. Any dessert?

PARKS

That would be the milkshake and coffee, sir. With half and half and four packs of natural raw sugar, please?

Peterson

Of course.

He looked up to the ceiling focusing on no particular point and spoke into the air.

Peterson CONT'D

Make that two orders. I'll have the same as young Mr. Parks."

Parks discreetly looked around the room. Someone had to be listening in to take his commands. This had to be some sort of test. Parks decided early on to handle this the way his stepdad would. If they were about to shit-can him for some unknown reason, he might as well make it memorable. When his Senior Project Manager informed him that the Executive Director wanted to see him, he had to make an appointment. What did he want anyway?

Parks had been diligently working his way up the ranks at Lockheed Martin for the past two years. He was hard-working, cordial, and professional with everyone. Gordon really impressed his AFX YF-24 project managers with his CAD skills. He had hoped to be selected to participate in the Joint Strike Fighter Development Program. He was confident that they would win. It was humorously rumored that Boeing's JSF competition entry looked like a flying bathtub attached to a delta wing, not a menacing fighter plane.

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The director poured them each a glass of sparkling mineral water from a crystal carafe on a center silver tray. Parks thanked him, sniffed the water suspiciously, then took a polite small sip before placing the glass down in front of his silverware placement. Peterson sipped his own glass and followed Parks' actions in sync. There was an awkward silence, then the cordial atmosphere of the luncheon shifted into the conversation.

Peterson

So, Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks, that's quite a name. The philosopher Roman emperor.

PARKS

My birth mother fancied the name and that emperor's legend. She died after having me. I never knew her name, never had the heart to look into it, her losing her life to have me and all. The kind people who adopted me were the only parents that I ever knew. And my best friends. They taught me everything about life they knew. They're dead too, now. It's been two years since my stepmom passed. My stepdad passed a year after her. He missed his wife so much that he didn't want to carry on without her, I guess.

Peterson

I see. I'm very sorry for your loss, Gordon. I think your stepparents did a fine job. They would be very proud of you.

Peterson paused for a moment, realizing that he may have unintentionally entered into a private area of his employee's young life; a painful psychological wound that may not be resolved. He quickly changed the direction of the conversation.

Peterson CONT'D

Gordon, tell me, do you think about the future?

PARKS

The future of what? What in particular?

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Peterson

The future of everything. From technology to social engineering. And humanity's role in it all. Whatever it all means to you.

Parks pondered the question for a moment, then spoke.

PARKS

I think that the future is pliable, like quantum clay or something. Whatever we can dream of, we will eventually be able to create. Whatever direction we want to navigate our reality towards, we can create a pathway.

Peterson

We?

PARKS

Engineers. Aerospace, Mechanical, Electrical, Computer Science, Structural, Civil, Chemical, Genetic, Social. The Army Corps of Engineers' motto is "Engineers lead the way."

Peterson

Yes, I know. But where is humanity headed?

PARKS

It's more like where are we returning to?

Peterson

And where is that?

Peterson inquired, hopeful that this bright young engineer would supply him with the answer he expected from all of his new aerospace engineers. The answer that confirmed for the Executive Director that they instinctively knew the hidden truth.

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Parks' eyes were like lasers boring into Peterson's mind with the clarity of his conviction.

PARKS

You know where, Director Peterson, back among the stars. You and I both know that humanity has never been alone in this ever-expanding universe. There are more stars than any supercomputer can calculate all around us. More than all the grains of sand on all of the beaches on Earth. The universe goes on forever and has no end. Drake's equation hints at the enormity of potential earth-like planets teeming throughout the universe. If we can believe in an invisible God on faith, then it must be an absolute fact that there are other civilizations out there. Civilizations eons ahead of us in technology.

I want to figure out exactly how that technology functions. It's all that I dream about. When I think about all of the lives that could have been saved if the hidden powers that be would just allow that technology to be used by the airline industry, that is why I refuse to fly to this day. I would rather drive across the country than be pushed through the air by dangerous antiquated primitive technology one step above the internal combustion engine.

Peterson

The hidden powers that be? You're not one of those crazy UFO conspiracy nuts, are you?

Aw, what the hell, Gordon thought, and let him have it the way his stepfather would. Full rant.

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PARKS

You are one of those hidden power brokers, Director Peterson. We've been tinkering around with V-STOL, and classified B-2 charged forward wing tech for some time. This is old-fashioned and outdated, compared to the real exotic technology that you must certainly be privy to.

Peterson was right. Parks was awake and fully aware. He could be groomed for the COM-12 Initiative over time. Perhaps in twenty years or so, perhaps less.

Peterson

Gordon, you alluded to those quote "obstructionist elements," those hidden powers that be, in a 1987 whitepaper your senior year at Embry Riddle, along with schematics for a prototype airframe with a combination of counter-rotating lift fan and asymmetrical capacitor gravity nullifying propulsion, based on T. Townsend Brown's research. The vehicle looked like a canard-winged formula one car with no wheels. That's why I recruited you.

Then it hit Parks. Maybe he wasn't being fired. Maybe Peterson had other plans.

PARKS

That's why I was selected for the Star Jet prototype research project. Because of the JSF competition?

Peterson

Yep, you're on the right track. And I refuse to fly on those antiquated planes too.

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Their lunch arrived faster than Parks expected. He was ravenously hungry. The double grilled burger was lean, well-seasoned, and tasted like the best ground steak he ever ate. He slowly devoured the meal as they continued their insightful conversation.

PARKS

Director Peterson-

Peterson

Yes.

PARKS

Why are you quizzing me about the future?

Without skipping a beat, Peterson told him something that nearly made Parks laugh aloud because at the time, he thought his remarks were too outrageous to be even remotely true.

Peterson

Why? Because I am, in reality, a Pleiadean representative from the InterWorld Council of Civilizations, and we are preparing this world for membership. If I can successfully mentor you and other enlightened aerospace engineers to your full potential, humanity will peacefully colonize the stars.

Parks continued eating his meal and looking on at his boss without so much as raising an eyebrow. He couldn't tell if the Director was giving him a psychological test to determine his mental competency or he was making a joke. So, he chose to remain neutral.

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Peterson CONT'D

And if I fail, you may, in all quantitative probability, live a life of mediocrity or even abject failure and poverty. And I will either have to wait until someone as talented and imaginative as you is discovered and recruited or go back in time to illegally influence the paradigm, again, to help you change the course of human history.

PARKS

Again? Do you make this pitch to all of the younger aerospace engineers so they will be inspired to, what's the new term now, "think outside of the box?"

Peterson

I do, to those who are already aware and talented enough, without fear of the hidden powers that be. Especially when it happens to be the truth.

Parks looked at the Administrator to test his sincerity for a moment.

PARKS

Alright, Director Peterson, I'm committed. What's the next project?

Peterson

Good Gordon. I'm placing you on the JSF team developing the VSTOL (Vertical Short Take Off or Landing) system. Don't ruffle the feathers of any senior engineers. They are eagles. Learn all you can from them.

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It's not as advanced as the YF-24 project, or the B-2 bomber, both of which I understand you were debriefed. We must not fail to create a 21st-century VSTOL jet fighter to replace the Harrier. It may be the last manned jet fighter this country makes.

PARKS

Director, I have a question. Let's just get to the heart of the matter.

Respectfully sir, why are we coupling conventional ducted fan and jet engine technology to solve the stable stationary hover requirements for the JSF competition?

Why not use EM propulsion technology? Based on my own fringe UFO conspiracy research on the subject, the US military has had a working understanding of the technology since the 1950s. So why are we still pushing our aircraft through the atmosphere with antiquated technology?

Parks looked down curiously at his lunch.

PARKS CONT'D

I don't know if there's truth serum in this food or my orange juice or the water, but I never talk about this type of stuff with anyone except Eve, I mean Miss Dumont, my former classmate from Embry Riddle. We often worry about the consequences; of being visited by government spooks, if we talk about EM propulsion tech around the wrong people. Are you the wrong people?

Peterson

No, Gordon, I'm not. But only because we are speaking hypothetically, understand?

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Peterson looked briefly up at the overhead ceiling smoke detector, a listening bug, then back at his employee.

Parks

Good, because I'd surely miss these burgers. One day were gonna' grow the meat protein for consumption in labs without having to kill animals for it, or just use plant protein only.

Parks got the message and took another big bite, chewing like he hadn't had a meal in days.

Peterson had to look down to stifle his chuckle.

Peterson

The food is good.

Laughter could be heard in the distance coming from the swinging kitchen door adjacent to the private dining room.

Peterson CONT'D

To answer your question, one of the reasons behind withholding our full aviation technology capabilities is simple. The YF-35 is a planned Segway technology. You seem to have an understanding of the need for continuity, even if you are against it. Huge leaps forward in aviation technology will bring unwanted attention to exactly whom we have developed that advanced technology with. I cannot say anymore with regard to the subject.

PARKS

I guess we made them laugh.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Peterson

Who? —

PARKS

The rest of the JSF VSTOL team.

Peterson

How did you know that it was them and not those government spooks?

PARKS

They don't have a sense of humor.

Peterson

How do you know I'm not one of them? You are quite perceptive, Mr. Parks. Come on in.

Peterson chuckled as the JSF VSTOL development team entered, laughing and clapping at their newest rookie's performance. Eve Dumont was with them. She already had her motivational luncheon meeting with the Director. Parks must have been the last junior appointee to the development team.

Parks looked at Eve as he accepted welcoming handshakes, high fives, and shoulder pats from the staff and managers. They exchanged a prolonged warm glance and smiled. Parks wanted to hug her, give her a peck on the cheek, something to bridge the gulf between them. He figured that he would have time to make up for the breakup in their past. He figured he would have time; that time was still an ally. So, he humorously returned his attention back to devour his meal, with comical effect.

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Peterson

Now, everyone, back to work. This young imaginative aerospace engineer and I have strange new worlds to contemplate.

The mentor and apprentice drank freshly ground Arabica bean coffee after their lunch and continued their discussion about aviation, EM technologies, free energy research, theoretical exopolitical connections, and mankind's future among the stars. All the while, Parks never had an idea that his boss was actually a member of an InterWorld Council of sentient civilizations. Indeed, only a handful of COSMIC clearance officials on Earth knew in the military aerospace intelligence community.

Parks saw Director Peterson only once after their lunch meeting. From a distance, they waved salutations. Weeks later, it was rumored that he returned to the Pentagon, Thereafter, the administrator was sighted at Nellis AFB, Vandenberg AFB, before falling off of the military aerospace community's social radar.

Gordon lost much of his appetite for fast food after Director Peterson's disappearance. It always made him feel guilty that his forced candor about exotic advanced technology may have harmed Peterson or even cost him is life.

INT. INTERSTELLAR TRAVELING INTERWORLD COUNCIL AETHERSHIP -
STATEROOM

The Gordon Clone re-experienced another of Dr. Parks' vivid memory fragments.

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Dr. Parks Clone, named Gordon by his deceased mentor, now a disembodied avatar artificial intelligence sentient being, had acquired hundreds of thousands of memory fragments or memgrams from his nearly two decades of interstellar Moog-Hoberman interface sessions through his navigational goggles.

The most emotionally painful memory fully revealed Dr. Parks' undying love for Eve Nichelle Dumont, the progenitor of his cloned wife.

INSERT -

Summer 1997. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks waited in an empty private cargo terminal for international flights at La Guardia Airport. Eve Nichelle Dumont's body was released to him, with her mother's approval. She asked him to accompany her sealed travel casket from Edwards AFB to Fort Worth, then to New York to be transferred to an incoming chartered private business jet carrying her parents, headed back to France. Eve's parents wanted nothing to do with the aerospace company or the test pilot who carelessly caused their daughter to perish accidentally.

As Parks waited, sitting next to Eve's casket, he spoke to her in clipped disjointed thoughts. His heart felt heavy with shock; he was struggling to breathe. It was as if she were still alive, and this was a nightmare from which he could not awaken. This could not have really happened to her; this was a breach of the reality, of what should really be and what should have been. Eve Dumont represented all that was good and decent in the world. She should still be alive. From the moment he was notified of the accident, to her preparation for transfer, he rarely left her lifeless body, keeping vigil over her wearing the same jeans, t-shirt, zip hoodie, and running shoes he wore when he found out.

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He was trying to let her know that he was still there, waiting for their reality, their life together, and a family. He should have never broken off their relationship, to hell with what her father thought of him. He thought that he had time to get her back; time to build some semblance of success and wealth first and show her father that he was somebody. Then he and Eve could try again. But she didn't want to wait and took up with that arrogant test pilot, the type of asshole Parks thought she couldn't stand. She'd moved on, leaving him behind in the past. She didn't give him enough time to find his way back to her.

The last time she told him she loved him, they were breaking up, and he was moving out of their college apartment. He did not respond in order to further hurt her feelings. In his mind, he could hear her telling him again, but this time his replies could only be made to her restless wandering spirit, traversing the aethereal winds.

He remembered in anguish what she looked like in eternal rest before her casket was sealed for travel, her peaceful angelic face. The base mortuary had done a fine job preparing her body. He requested a lock of her hair, and the mortician complied with his tearful wish. And now, 24 hours later, he wanted to die with her, rest next to her in eternal peace. As he continued mumbling disjointed words to the casket holding his beloved ex-girlfriend, his fragile grip on reality was slipping by the minute. He was falling in on himself, retreating inward towards the grief and sorrow consuming his soul. By the time Eve's parents landed and made their way to the small terminal, he was resting his head on the casket in increasing despair and anxiety. The time was close at hand for their final separation. The earthly vessel that housed Eve's spirit would be carried away from him, back to the home of her birth. His time with her was over.

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When her parents entered, escorted by airport officials, Parks tried to speak to them, convey his sincerest sympathy for their loss. Marietta Dumont ignored him in shock at the sight of the coffin. Jonathan Dumont raised his hand in dismissal of the worthless man he deemed not good enough for his only daughter over a decade ago. His anguish turned to anger, and he raged at the young man.

Jonathan Dumont

Before I met you, my precious daughter told me that you two were going to get married someday and not to be critical of you. You were a poor uncultured bastard, a pathetic piece of trash. Anyone could see that.

Parks' anger flared as his eyes welled with tears and his own rage for allowing this evil man to influence him to turn his back on the only love of his life. He stood his ground and balled his fists. Parks was no longer that twenty-one-year-old that feared Eve's father. He would not break down in front of the man who caused a rift between Eve and himself. The man who made him think that Eve deserved better, and that Parks was not rich enough, or cultured enough. Not good enough, no matter how much Parks earned or refined he became in the future. Eve's father was, to put it politely, a cultural supremacist, even though his wife's heritage was part Asian. Her family's wealth more than made up for that. But this Gordon M.A. Parks was an abandoned mixed-breed bastard orphan who would NEVER be his equal.

Jonathan Dumont CONT'D

You once told her mother that you would protect our daughter with your life. But there you stand, and my daughter lies in this coffin!

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Dumont lunged at Parks. His wife called out to him to stop and not blame Parks for Eve's death, and that it was an accident.

As they struggled, Parks snapped. In an instant, he fired a short, powerful palm punch at Jonathan Dumont's nose, feeling the crunch beneath his palm. Blood leaked from his nose as he stumbled back in pain.

Parks grabbed him by his collar with both hands and slammed him into the nearest wall as the airport officials struggled to break up their fight. Parks glared into the eyes of Eve's father, enraged and ready to kill him.

Parks had wanted to since their first meeting in the summer of 1986. His feelings of hatred for this man had magnified beyond measure with this second tragic meeting. Eve would still be alive, and they would still be together if Parks had not let this monster get into his head and under his skin. He adored and worshipped the ground beneath her feet. Eve was lost to him forever.

PARKS

Eve is dead because of both of us! I broke up with her because of YOU! Because I allowed a bigoted, bitter old bastard like you make me think I was a nobody, unworthy of her. It's true. I didn't protect her enough. And I will have to live with that for the rest of my life. But it was YOU that killed her when you took her from me a long time ago!

In a rage-filled fit of incredible strength, Parks lifted the man by the collar and threw the man across the room. Jonathan Dumont landed several feet away and slid into the seats lining an adjacent wall, broken by Parks' words.

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Parks looked at the officials and security scrambling to radio for authorities to arrest the enraged young man. Marietta Dumont stopped them, persuaded them to allow Parks and her husband to calm down. Jonathan Dumont had the last word, with two black eyes forming as a result of the broken nose delivered by Parks.

Jonathan Dumont

I told her you would give up. I wanted her to see what kind of man you were. If you truly loved her, you would have stayed with her no matter what anyone said or did to stop you. As long as she wanted you, to hell with everyone else. I knew you would fail.

Jonathan Dumont laughed and coughed blood, amused at the pain he caused in Parks' life, regardless of the tragedy it also caused, his own daughter lying in the travel casket.

Marietta Dumont looked at him in disbelief. Then spoke calmly but filled with her own rage. She realized the truth of her husband's negative influence and culpability in her daughter's life and her own.

Marietta Dumont

Jonathan, we are finished. The estate and vineyard are mine. You may have the apartment in Marseilles. We shall divide all other assets. You can continue your private life with your mistresses. But we are finished. Do you understand?"

Jonathan Dumont

We'll see...

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Jonathan's soulless glare aimed at her as he walked through the double swing doors and out of the small waiting room.

Marietta Dumont

Yes, we will.

She looked at the young man who finally stood up against her soon-to-be former husband.

Marietta Dumont CONT'D

I'm sorry for your loss Gordon...

At Mrs. Dumont's instructions, airport officials began to move the travel casket housing Eve Dumont's earthly vessel in repose but not at peace. Her future had been abruptly taken from her; a future full of accomplishment, family, and love.

Parks placed his hand back on Eve's travel casket, stopping the airport cargo officials. He looked at Eve's mother and tearfully replied.

PARKS

I'm sorry, Mrs. Dumont. I should have married her and not let anyone stop me. I should have listened to my first mind. I shouldn't have allowed anyone to stop me from caring for Eve.

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Mrs. Dumont now fully understood. She placed her hand atop Parks' hand, still resting on Eve's travel casket. They resumed; Eve's mother led the way, her husband waiting in the hallway followed. She looked back at Parks for a brief moment, tearfully smiling, both bidding him farewell and wishing him peace, all within the microcosm of her maternal glance. One of the officials opened the double swinging doors as the other official began to push the rolling travel casket away.

As the casket passed under Parks' resting hand, at that last moment of contact with the encasement holding the one and only love of his life, Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks surrendered his last fragile grip on reality.

The swinging double doors closed on his severely altered paradigm. If Parks had traveled to France for Eve's burial, he might have had adequate psychological closure. In that instant, he stopped believing in a humanistic, compassionate God.

He revised his spiritual thinking: If there was indeed an omniscient Creator, then it must be as cold, harsh, heartless, and impartial as the void of the Universe. And human life was just by chance, a random series of potential events, opportunities, and synchronicity. A Potential— A Creator Potential; like the physicist Bohm's subquantum field theory, the quantum potential that pervades all of space. Its influence did not diminish with distance. Its effects were subtle, but it was equally powerful everywhere. Nothing more. It is up to humanity to provide the goodness in life.

Parks dropped to his knees in anguish, cradled his lowered head in his hands, and silently wept. He would never again see her smiling face, feel her touch, never experience her vibrant life as a part of his own. All the life energy within him drained when her body was taken away.

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There was a pain in his chest as if a massive hand was crushing his heart. He couldn't breathe. He doubled over in physical pain. The stress and exhaustion from lack of sleep finally caught up with him.

The emotionally wrenched young man had a mild heart attack. He awakened in the hospital with no memory in between. Parks was found in the Cargo Flight waiting room, passed out on the floor, and was transferred by emergency ambulance.

He was despondent upon regaining consciousness, only staring back and forth at the ceiling, barely able to speak. Identified by his wallet, Parks was eventually transferred to a mental hospital on New York's Upper East Side. He slept for a month curled up in a fetal ball covered in three cheap cotton blankets to ward off the chill of the cold, sterile room he shared with three other patients. He talked to himself aloud, trying to diagnose his own psychological illness, continually staring back and forth at the ceiling. His psychotic break was severe.

James Paterson learned of Parks' sudden disappearance, and upon discovering his location and condition, he sent representatives from Lockheed Martin to secure his release and carry him back to Edwards AFB. Parks was a DARPA project aerospace engineer with high clearance. His further care would need to be at a military base for security concerns. Parks was placed on temporary medical leave. His depression and other prescriptions were filled and administered to him by orders of the former JSF Director, and his day-to-day progress was monitored. Parks returned to work on the JSF program within a month and never learned of Peterson's private orchestration of his recovery.

But G.M.A. Parks would never be the same. The timidity that had cost him so much was gone. Parks became much more competitive and driven to acquire wealth and power in the military-industrial aerospace community. He knew subconsciously that he would need power to one day do the unthinkable. One day, he would find a way to bring Eve back from the dead, back to life.

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INT. INTERSTELLAR TRAVELING INTERWORLD COUNCIL AETHERSHIP -
STATEROOM

The Gordon Clone re-experienced another of Dr. Parks' vivid memory fragments.

INSERT -

Fall 2024, Palm Beach Driving Club, California. Parks powered through a closed course testing the handling characteristics of his latest collaboration, the 2025 Ferrari Solo Spyder. The Parks Aerospace / Zen Engineering Design Division's press release was simple and salient:

FEMALE V.O.

The FERRARI SOLO SPYDER F-1 ROADSTER is inspired by the 458 Spyder, the 308 GT, the 599 GTB FIORANO, the FF AWD and the vintage WW II P-51 Mustang fighter.

The Solo is powered by a 700HP hybrid hydrogen-electric mid-engine. The hybrid-powered EV has a range of 1000 miles; electronically powered front wheels for on-demand four-wheel drive plus torque vectoring enhanced cornering; a paddle-shift formula one transmission. And driver-adjustable magnetic suspension.

The steering wheel mounted custom handling lever toggles among preset configurations- ice/snow, wet, comfort, sport, and ESC off which disables the computerized presets for the professional driver. Bose-activated noise cancellation quells unwanted sound from the road by transmitting a canceling frequency through the surround audio speakers.

The agile, classically styled single-seat F-1 roadster weighs approximately 1500 pounds by utilizing an aluminum chassis with lightening holes in structural parts; the single-seater measures 12 feet in length, four feet in width, and 44 inches in height with a 0.03 drag coefficient.

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FEMALE V.O. CONT'D

The narrow chassis is covered in aluminum panels for easy repair. Carbon composite under body panels run from front to rear, reducing aerodynamic drag and lift. The suspension control arms are shielded with composite pieces to make the airflow smooth.

The Ferrari Solo Spyder has a narrow, muscular 92-inch wheelbase stance, resting on 22-inch magnesium wheels. The carbon fiber composite cockpit has a cozy, full grain leather, 16-inch-wide racing harness seat, leather-trimmed interior, and hand-stitched mitered rectangular steering wheel cover in either saddle tan, graphite gray, or true black.

The P-51-inspired electronically polarized forward, and rear windscreens and removable roof panel are made from scratch and shatter-resistant Corning auto Gorilla Glass, which is compressed to be nearly ten times as strong as other glass. The fighter pilot-style cockpit has a seated headroom clearance of 34 inches, and a width of 30 inches and can comfortably accommodate a driver up to 6'-9" tall. The floorboard can be illuminated on-demand by embedded LEDs. The driver can choose between green, amber, or blue illumination of the interior during entry, egress, or night driving. A 20-gallon carbon composite outer reinforced fuel tank is positioned behind a firewall, behind the driver cockpit. Zero to 60 m.p.h. in 2.5 seconds, with a top speed of 200 m.ph.

The center column steering wheel mounted controls include a center yellow and black prancing horse logo ignition start button, head lamps, turn indicator, horn and hazard controls, radar detection, drive train select, and transmission select controls. The dashboard instrument panels are LCD and feature satellite radio with Bluetooth voice command hands-free calling and voice-to-text functions.

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FEMALE V.O. CONT'D

Accelerometer, rpm, GPS road navigation, and local weather data instrument displays can be transmitted on-demand through a prism mounted at the forward dashboard sun cover directly onto the interior forward windshield. This allows the driver to monitor relevant dashboard data without diverting attention from the forward view while driving. Sixteen lane departure and vehicle proximity-warning sensors mounted around the Solo detect if the driver is straying from his lane or veering toward an obstacle or if a vehicle is veering too close to his position. Motors in the seat cushion vibrate on whichever side requires the driver's attention—collision threats from the front or rear trigger impulses on the corresponding seat cushion.

The Ferrari Solo Spyder exterior color selections are:

Italian Metallic Racing Red, Metallic True Black, Silver Metallic Graphite, Deep Metallic Navy, Deep Metallic Hunter Green

With its refined classic styling and estimated \$100,000 price tag, this more affordable Ferrari would dominate the commuter super sports car market, populated by competition that includes Mercedes, Porsche, BMW, Corvette, Jaguar, Audi, Infinity, and Lexis.

The Ferrari Solo Spyder is a purebred, F-1 pony car.

ZEN ENGINEERING 2024

Parks designed the Solo Spyder for affluent global drifters like himself that preferred their own company, so there was no need for a passenger seat. He knew from his travels that the world is filled with them.

The seduction themed global ad campaign used Frank Sinatra's 1968 version of 'All or Nothing at All' in commercial advertising.

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He had just successfully introduced the 2023 Jeep Stallion Range Truck to the consumer market. The Jeep Stallion was a single-seater similar to the Ferrari Solo. But unlike the Solo, the Jeep Stallion was a Rubicon Trail Rated, all-terrain IRONHORSE. The Jeep Stallion was a Willys design-influenced, hybrid hydrogen-electric, 300 HP AWD, with a low engine center of gravity. The lightweight Stallion weighed only 1000 lbs., is 7'-6 feet high and 10 feet in length. It is 48" wide and rear, with a 30" X 60" cab and a 30" X 60" bed.

It had a removable electronically polarized opaque sunroof, removable doors with sliding window panels, mitered rectangular steering wheel mounted controls, a 3000 lb. front torque wench, 28" mud tires with an air leaning-suspension system that would boost clearance up to 3", and a 72" Wheelbase. Its exterior color selections were: Cosmic Metallic Black, Constellation Metallic Navy, Deep Forrest Green, Champagne, Silver, Titanium White, and Merlot.

The cowboy-working man-themed global ad campaign used Aerosmith's 'Back in the Saddle,' and Bruce Springsteen's 'Silver Palomino' in its commercials.

INSERT -

Parks wore stone-washed jeans, a white band collared French blue striped shirt with rolled-up long sleeves, a stainless steel IWC Schaffhausen watch on his right wrist and a stainless-steel one-piece bracelet on the other, and amber-tinted black anodized frame 'Shooter' Rayband screading sunglasses and had grown a full cowboy mustache like his stepfather, Gordon Wayne. The wind swept through his salt and pepper military high and tight hair cut as he drove the single-seater sports car skillfully through the course and its paces, easing his mind by playing vintage easy rock favorites. Parks had more than one lady running through his mind, in fact he had nearly a dozen around the globe.

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But Parks would forever mourn the loss of Eve Dumont. There were songs that he played only when he drove along the Pacific Coast Highway to visit San Luis Obispo and his hometown of San Jose. Songs that made him think only of Eve.

He was in his best form, his prime. Parks Aerospace LLC was a successful global entity since its incorporation in 2012, thanks to hard work and the unseen hand of Peterson, behind the scenes sending government contracts in his company's path. This afforded Parks a life of eccentric luxury and the global resources to pursue fields of research that he had long dreamed of...

INT. INTERSTELLAR TRAVELING INTERWORLD COUNCIL AETHERSHIP -
STATEROOM

The Gordon Clone re-experienced another of Dr. Parks' vivid memory fragments.

INSERT -

Spring 2026, Washington D.C. Dr. Parks addressed a private closed session with the twelve-member Senate panel of the UFO Disclosure Citizen Hearing and future transportation technologies, sponsored by the Paradigm Research Group or PRG.

PARKS

Ladies and gentlemen of Congress, my stepfather Gordon Wayne Parks was an auto mechanic and novice inventor. He owned a small repair shop. I was raised around the open engines and transmissions he rebuilt. He worked on motorcycles as well, and I learned to love transportation from him. I even wanted to be a fighter pilot when I was fifteen. Since founding Parks Aerospace over a decade ago, we have become a major contractor in the manufacture of maglev shuttle train chassis. Our company has grown rapidly, and this has afforded me the opportunity to research and develop other forms of rail-less over-the-surface or OTS electromagnetic propulsion transportation.

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There was a polite display of attentive smiles at this statement. Most of the panel were bored to tears at the lack of real hard evidence of advanced technology from other worlds. There were rumors prior to Dr. Park scheduled appearance that he would conduct a demonstration of some of this exotic technology, developed for the consumer market.

PARKS CONT'D

Now I know that gravity propulsion, some call it anti-gravity is considered science fiction fantasy. But I want you to think of gravity as an untapped energy resource. It is the holy grail of new paradigm-shifting technologies. UFO conspiracy rumors that tie the military aerospace intelligence community to the technology notwithstanding, I would like to dispense with a long-winded speech and treat you to a live demonstration of Parks Aerospace's Zen Engineering Division or Z Divisions latest advances in EM propulsion research: a prototype retrofit ICON CJ40 truck.

Now if you will please follow me outside to the parking garage research tent. We have prepared a brief demonstration of our OTS transportation technology.

INSERT -

The committee reconvened fifteen minutes later. The small assembly of Senators assistants and limited select media such as Scientific American, Popular Science, Wired E-zine and Omni Online, entered a temporarily cordoned-off section of the underground parking garage surrounding a large white canvass tent. The committee didn't have to wait on ceremony. The discernable sound of a low frequency engine system caught everyone's attention. A harmonically resonant presence that intensified.

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Parks gave a discreet nod to his hidden assistants and the entrance to the research tent retracted. The wind in the parking garage intensified slightly as a beefy silver wheel-less, retrofitted ICON CJ-40 truck breezed smoothly out of the tent to the open, slack-jawed shock and dismay of the assembly. And, to the pride and exhaustion of everyone at Z Division.

Many of the witnesses whispered colorful expletives of complete amazement.

Texas Senator

SUMABITCH! I knew that ET shit was real. Dr. Parks, where-the-fuck-is-my-jet-pack?

The senator paraphrased lyrics from an old song by comedian Tim Wilson that Parks often played in the Z Division labs. Dr. Parks chuckled at the reference.

Very small maneuvering/propulsion pods, each containing a six-inch diameter toroidal accelerator ring of pressurized mercury-based plasma enhanced with barium and other exotic elements and TT Brown maneuvering asymmetrical mini-capacitors which supplied the gravity nullifying effects, were positioned at the four-wheel well mounts and along the underside center where the transmission and drive train were formerly positioned. A very small bell-shaped Schauburger turbine mid-engine mounted center aft of the passenger cab provided a dedicated lift.

The vehicle made a series of automobile-like controlled maneuvers, with Chet Wolf, Z Division Senior Manager of Research and Development at the driver's yoke. The retrofitted truck glided around the cordoned off section of the parking garage just under a meter above the road surface. The silver EM truck then returned to the research tent filled with technicians moving around rolling carts filled with active electronic diagnostic equipment or mechanics tools.

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Parks thought that he caught a glimpse of Director Peterson, his old mentor from the Lockheed / Boeing, DARPA Joint Strike Fighter competition days, moving among the technicians just before the tent was closed. The man who looked like Peterson gave a casual two-fingered salute in Parks' direction. He couldn't be sure; he was rumored to have an office at the Pentagon. Could it have been him?

Parks turned to the captivated Senate Committee.

PARKS

Commercial gravity nullifying propulsion transportation is viable today, not two hundred years from now. We can also retrofit existing aircraft with larger versions of the mini-EM engines that we used on the prototype truck to make global commercial aviation much safer.

This new transportation technology will reinvigorate our entire economy and its service industry infrastructure. The only problem is that much of this technology is still classified. That's why this demonstration had to be private, although we are allowing this proceeding to be recorded. Only you can end this secrecy and bring this nearly 100-year-old technology to the civilian commercial transportation and energy markets. Thank you.

Energy. That word energy slipped out; it was not a part of Parks prepared final statement. And it stopped the show. Parks could see the fear of that word on their visages.

He scared them off, reminded them of the 50 trillion-dollar annual monopoly the oil and electrical companies and their lobbyists held over them, since the days of the unscrupulous tyrant Thomas Edison and the naïve wireless energy pioneer Nikola Tesla.

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The panel senators were silent and frozen in their tracks staring at the white tent, for all of five seconds, before executing a 180-degree about-face as if remotely controlled and scattering for the private confines of the building. The last to turn was the Texas Senator, obviously an oil industry insider. He looked at Parks and scoffed as he turned away.

Several senators were activating smart arm PAI communications devices, turning off their record function of their screeding glasses and uploading the streaming vid footage to the cloud net. Others were voice commanding their PAI avatars to look up the price of Parks Aerospace stock and invest heavily. The

Parks Aerospace representatives loudly reminded the committee and their staff that they were bound by their security oaths not to discuss what they had just witnessed.

This would have its desired effect. D.C. would be abuzz within an hour of the news about the 'Viable Gravity Nullifying Propulsion' demonstration. The new cloud Q-net, transitioning out of the old moniker, world-wide-web and internet, received numerous anonymous real-time uploads of the closed session event. The hits grew into the millions within hours. Even the old Tim Wilson song went viral overnight.

The Info-Cloud Network 24 Hour News, now the trusted online standard for uncensored investigative news and information, spread the story around the world within the first hour.

Gordon clone

That's all he ever cared about since--

The metahuman Gordon clone thought of his Progenitor after re-experiencing the memgram, "since Eve, the original Eve, died. His self-centered obsession with off-world technology.

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Gordon clone CONT'D

What a fool.

INT. INTERSTELLAR TRAVELING INTERWORLD COUNCIL AETHERSHIP -
STATEROOM

The Gordon Clone re-experienced another of Dr. Parks' vivid
memory fragments.

INSERT -

2031 Singapore. Dr. Parks walked through the sterile hotel suite
corridor carrying a small bouquet of flowers for Eve.

He also carried with him a small private para-military force of
200 OM Group Global Security Personnel. They met up with Parks
upon his temporary release and arrival from the OIC back
earthside. Some were heavily armored. All were well armed with
the latest lethal and non-lethal deterrent and defense
technology Z Division could develop. They secured the entire
medical facility and escorted any NATO Space Command personnel
sent to monitor Parks movements. The industrialist had no
intention of escaping. A miracle was waiting for him in this
medical suite. A new life form was being awakened.

After three years of waiting, Eve Dumont would be resurrected.
After checking for hidden surveillance devices, the room was
cleared of security and nursing staff. Eve was given a mild
stimulant to awaken her just before the nurse's departure.

He stepped around the padded headboard, pulling open the thin
veil surrounding the four-poster walnut bed covered in Egyptian
cotton sheets, linen sham and quilted coverlet.

Eve was alive, sleeping, her chest inhaling and exhaling slowly.
He couldn't believe his own eyes. He sat quietly next to her,
reached out to hold her hand. She stirred slowly, and he pulled
back in surprise. She was waking up.

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The floor to ceiling window views at thirty stories up were magnificent. The windows opaque to a warmer shade of amber to counter the glare from the sun rising slowly in the east.

Eve breathed in deeper and deeper, then slowly opened her eyes, which were slightly different from her progenitor. They were almond shaped and flickered with fiery hazel pigments. Eve slowly regained consciousness as the sedative wore off and her final dedicated memgram programming kicked in. She seemed at first disoriented and weak. Then their eyes met.

It had been thirty-four years since he'd seen Eve Dumont, alive and animated. He couldn't speak at first. He was in such shock at this living miracle. No, this miraculous, one-billion-dollar leap in biogenetic, recognitive technology. She gently squeezed his hand, and he helped her gather herself to a full seated position in the bed. She was familiar and comfortable with him, just the way they were in college.

EVE

We lost the baby, didn't we?

Her eyes welled with tears and anguish.

My God, Gordon thought, she even sounds and responds the way Eve would have. He felt bad that he had to lie to her about the pregnancy. She was programmed to think she'd had a miscarriage.

PARKS

Yes, honey. I'm sorry.

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EVE

Where are we?

Eve looked around the luxury medical suite and at the dawn-lit skyline view.

PARKS

We're in Singapore at a private medical resort. They'll take special care of you, make sure you regain your full health and strength.

Eve moved closer to Parks, and gently pulled him closer, into the bed next to her. He barely had time to kick off his collapsible smocks. She wanted intimacy, Parks held this new Eve close, she rested her head on his shoulder and sobbed gently at their perceived loss.

PARKS CONT'D

We'll try again soon.

He was astonished at the degree of authentic archetype character similarity between this metahuman clone Eve and her progenitor. Her touch and mannerisms were so similar. And the minute details, such as the perfume and the cross pendant that she wore back then.

But how did they discover that? Was there such a thing as cellular memory? And if so, did they have some advanced means of tapping into that memory and extracting information? Could they extract her essence from her cells? Was the individual's soul housed within each of the 300 trillion cells of the human body?

(MORE)

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He became lost in her eyes and her comforting sensuality. Parks felt like he was lucid dreaming. As was her affect over thirty years ago on his physiology, she aroused him deeply.

EVE

Let's try, now.

It was more of a passionate demand than a request. Eve pulled whom she believed to be her husband of one year to her. She needed him, needed their shared intimacy. Parks gently, passionately complied.

Afterward, Eve thought the blood and soreness during their closeness was from some surgical procedure after her perceived miscarriage. She had no knowledge that she was a manufactured clone metahuman created by Parks, and the victim of an accelerated maturity processing technology of extraterrestrial origin. As was her memgram "programming", she bonded with her client, she was compelled by design to bond with the client who had her recreated. Eve was a virgin, and Parks would be her first if not only intimate physical partner. After being united with her client, she would desire no other man than her husband.

For the next 96 hours, they rarely left the bed, other than to shower, then relax in a huge luxury bath suite together. They also shared meals and viewed the global Q-net. The floor-to-ceiling window views were covered by a cinema-sized opaque LCD film. They watched large-screen films and shows from the comfort of their suite. Parks chose to also show Eve astronomy shows from the Science Channel and the BBC news while she data-mined and channel-surfed. Eve was astonished at all of the Earth-like and super-earth-like planets in our neighboring star systems, and all of the NASA and private industry probes being sent to them to gauge their suitability for future human colonies.

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Eve was programmed to love vegetarian foods and was raised on them during her accelerated maturation. She also craved alkalized vitamin water, coconut water, fresh fruit and vegetable juices.

INSERT -

Parks awakened once to find Eve doing full military pushups, half sit-up crunches, and scissor kicks, fully nude. He watched her work out for an hour before turning on the window screen monitor as the sun rose for the day, breaking her concentration slightly.

They were up thirty stories, and the outer windows were mirror tinted, but he could never be sure that they couldn't be monitored by more sophisticated technology. So, Parks arranged to have the entire surrounding area of skyscrapers surveilled by his own corporate paramilitary security. If anyone could see in, it would be them. But no harm would come to them from a hidden assassin.

By the second day with Eve back in his life, he no longer cared. He was going to enjoy this second chance to have a life with Eve until they dragged him away from her, kicking and screaming back upland to the Orbital Industrial Colony.

INSERT -

Before he was contacted by his OIC handlers to return, Parks had a Jesuit priest brought in to marry them. He told Eve that he wanted to renew their vows. She wouldn't learn the truth that this was their real marriage ceremony for another year. The nursing staff were invited, many of the nurses were there for Eve during her entire maturation, from infancy through her accelerated growth to the adult age of 30 years. Several of the nurses cried. Chet Wolf of OM Group's Z Division was there and served in the traditional role of best man.

When Parks placed the four-karat diamond on Eve's ring finger, she wondered aloud how big the original wedding ring was.

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Ever quick on his feet, Parks commented that she never traveled with her ring from their marriage and made a mental note to tell Chet to purchase a six-karat ring of a similar design and have it delivered to the Soho condo in New York before her arrival.

Eve would be there on her own for nearly a year before they reunited. Her engineered memgrams would remember the Soho condo and her nearby art gallery as well as the arranged condo over her gallery in London's Knights Bridge and South Kensington. Parks had both galleries staffed with OM Group employees to counter the Genesis consortium agents embedded in her engineered reality.

The time came when Parks had to return. He would not see Eve again until 2033. Parks was only given five days to be with her, as was his punishment for nearly exposing the NATO Space Command Orbital Industrial Colony to the general public.

Parks was under upland house arrest indefinitely, for his perceived violations of his security oaths. Were it not for his high visibility, Parks would have been eliminated, but his life was spared by the intervention of Director Peterson. The Pleiadean was moving from the shadows to top positions of authority within NATO Space Command. He had also spent decades nudging G.M.A. Parks' good fortunes. He was the hidden hand that shaped Parks Aerospace into its evolution into the super conglomerate, Orbital Manufacturing Group.

Gordon clone

How could he just leave her alone?!

The Gordon clone thought aloud as the memory faded.

Gordon clone CONT'D

I would have never let her go. I would have never given her up.

(MORE)

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A reply came into his head from deep within his consciousness.

PARKS V.O.

That is easy for you to say of your progenitor, a billion-dollar transgenetic clone that has never had to earn a living or make payroll for hundreds, even thousands of employees. Or acquire knowledge the old-fashioned way.

Parks seemed to be inside his head in another way, beyond his memories. He was arguing his opposing point home. This startled the Gordon clone to his core.

The clone was tempted to put on the aethership navigation band heads up display goggles. It tied him into the old Moog-Hoberman system his progenitor used at the Gamba estate or any new quantum encryption system Parks used to communicate with him and the late Elder's A.I. avatar.

The system transmitted at 274.750, 310.920, and 377.550 megahertz using a scattered quantum encrypted binary hyper burst FTL subspace signal. This was the standard communications system used by the InterWorld Council member civilizations, nearly 200 sentient species and colony worlds throughout the Milky Way Galaxy and neighboring galaxies.

The Gordon clone did not have to return to the Sol system. But he felt compelled to. If he could find a way to secretly see this Eve clone, and convince her that they were alike, she might come away with him.

Parks' daughter was essentially an adult, so hid did not see a problem with convincing her mother to start anew with him and travel among the stars, the only life he'd ever known. They could go on a jet surfing and camping expedition on the Pleiades home world or excavating in the Tau Ceti system.

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As long as he stayed cloaked and avoided NATO Space Command patrols and InterWorld Council tracking beacons. The latter would be nearly impossible unless he permanently disabled the aethership's transponder. He would need to remove the unit and jettison it as a decoy at the right opportunity.

INSERT -

The Gordon clone found it easier to relive Dr. Parks acquired memories in the dream state. His mind incorporated them easier. After he used the ship's A.I. algorithms to navigate a new more, elusive course back to Sol, he visited the ships infirmary, and scheduled a mild sedation prescription regimen that would allow him to sleep heavy enough to dream but still be easily awakened if the ships sensor net detected patrol ships. By the time he reached Earth, he would know how his progenitor thought and lived, just in case.

The Gordon clone knew that he was too young looking to replace him outright. But he might be able to position himself in one of his conglomerate subsidiaries. All that power, all those resources. Parks experienced two separate, but similar souls named Eve.

Gordon clone

The Eve of Parks youth was truly his soul mate. But the transgenetic clone Eve was created out of his guilt at not protecting her. That and his selfish, bloated ego. Dr. Parks did not deserve a life with her. He threw away a life with Eve Dumont. He didn't deserve a do over either.

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The Gordon clone initially, had the maturity of a teenager. But with the inclusion of Dr. Parks memory fragment experiences to draw upon, he was slowly becoming more. He was now driven by Parks desire not to be without Eve. The clone wanted to grow as a spiritual being, whether he was synthetically derived or not, with the lady that he felt fate had created for him.

INT. NATO SPACE COMMAND ALIEN TRIAGE SHIP IN HIGH EARTH ORBIT

Spring 2055. Chet Wolf, OM Group CEO and Director of Xenotechnology for the super conglomerate's Z Division, stepped through the atmospheric mid-space separating the dimensional doorway from the environment of the orbiting triage hospital, Dr. Parks home for the past two years. Chet was always amazed at advanced foreign technology of the breakaway civilization.

He looked back at the fading portal and declared in his best mock Texas rapid-fire southern drawl,

CHET

Man-I-tell-you-what-that's-just-downright-Twilight Zone-creepy-right-there!

Parks looked at the cell phone sized dimensional door control unit and questioned whether there were parallel worlds where Eve was still alive before greeting his old friend.

PARKS

The doors of perception. This hand unit activates the dimensional doorway between so-called A through B corridor X-points, or electron diffusion regions, by sending a compressed pulse, high pitched modulated encrypted circular-stream burst between 1440 and 1445.35 megahertz.

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Chet's eyes glazed over, rolled back into his head.

CHET

Blah, blah, blah...

Parks chuckled. He could tell that his old business colleague of fifty years was in a rare jovial form. The two industrialists smiled and shook hands.

PARKS

So, Chet, what's the good news?

CHET

Well, I'm a great grandfather now.

The 80-year-old who didn't look a day over 60.

PARKS

Congratulations gramps. Let me give you a tour of my new pad.

CHET

I love what you've done with the place. A kind of a post-modern, Zeta-Reticular style, yes?

PARKS

Yup. Watch out for some of the low entranceways. The previous owners were not as tall as us Terrans.

(MORE)

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They strode towards one of the officer's wards. Chet looked around in amazement at the 300-year-old decommissioned alien space vessel now serving as one of several NATO Space Command triage hospitals now in low earth orbit. He looked at a real-time screen display of the cotton-clouded azure of Earth.

CHET

Give me a minute, will you?

Chet stopped and took stock of his physical state, padding his face, chest and ribcage.

CHET

Spectacles, testicles, wallet and watch, I'm all here. Will you look at that view, talk about beam me up Scotty.

PARKS

It's not a molecular transporter, Chet. It's a dimensional short cut, similar to an Einstein-Rosen-Yurtsever bridge, albeit a short one. It is truly a dimensional doorway. It doesn't annihilate then reassemble your molecules. That's science fiction. Plus, it's too complicated.

CHET

Too complicated, but not impossible?

PARKS

Hell-if-I-know. I'll have to ask Leonardo.

CHET

Who?

(MORE)

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PARKS

A Zeta Recticulan technician. One of the Orion Gray defectors, now working for the COM-12 faction. Us, the good guys. I have convinced him to explain some of the miracle medical technology up here, in exchange for certain supplies. That's why I contacted you.

CHET

So, how long do you think it will be before the public, we mere humans have Einstein-Rosen-Yurtsever dimensional door travel technology at every major airport or as a conduit around a major city? 100 years?

PARKS

Try never. Or probably 500 years. You know how slow MIC works out the timeline kinks to make it all seem like NASA or DARPA developed it all along. Yep, the good ole' military industrial complex, your tax dollars hard at work, in the black. Remember how long it took NASA to be developed into the disclosure scenario?

CHET

Eagle Works 2010.

PARKS

And that was as close as MIC would concede to disclosure and still have deniable plausibility. Sonny White, the Director at the time may as well have worn duct tape covering his mouth every time he was asked about that warp field QVPT, The Quantum Vacuum Plasma Drive Thruster. Declassified tech straight from the black world.

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CHET

Well, thank God they finally loosened the belt on some of the secrets. NASA was either going to go belly up or completely black.

PARKS

So, how's the day job?

CHET

Firing on all cylinders as you used to say. Man, I wish William Thompkins and Ben Rich were still around. Did you ever catch one of Rich's lectures?

PARKS

My rookie years at Lockheed Martin. In 1992 the newer Lockheed Martin aerospace engineers were invited to hear him speak and present a slide presentation at the USC Alumni Club. Afterward, we were mining his brain after his speech. Mind you, he had already dropped veiled gem revelations about capabilities that MIC had back in the 1980s! Well, here he is speaking to us newbies, Eve Dumont was even there with me. He was chatting away, without a care for his security clearance. He must have known that he wasn't going to live long. I think he had cancer; I don't remember. So, as he was in the middle of a rather interesting story about a wing-less cigar-shaped craft that we captured from the Nazis after World War II and developed into bus-sized troop rapid transports, Director Rich looked to his right. And who do you think was standing in the distance in front of two black-suited spooks, waving a dismissive finger at us, essentially ordering him to cease and desist?

CHET

I don't know, Regan, Bush 41?

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PARKS

Rumsfeld. I damn near shat my trousers, swear to God. We all scattered as they began marching directly toward Director Rich. He had no fear, I remember that. He still didn't give a damn.

CHET

Man, that's brass ones.

PARKS

Brass? Man, that's unobtanium layered with platinum and titanium, the balls on that guy. I guess your impending mortality will make you fearless. But just at that moment, guess who showed up out of nowhere and stepped up right next to Director Rich, running off Rumsfeld and the two spooks?

CHET

Who already?

Chet was enthralled by the geek fest.

PARKS

Peterson. This was before I really knew him, before I was a part of the JSF competition. Man, they just skidded to a halt and turned around, quickly walking back in the direction they came from. One of the spooks turned to give Peterson a threatening look. Big mistake. When he turned back around, he was clutching at his throat like he was suffocating. His eyes were popping out of their sockets. He collapsed before he could exit the auditorium. I didn't know it at the time, but Peterson must have put a Darth Vader on his ass. Choked him out with the power of his Pleiadean mind. Then, Peterson looked briefly at me! I froze as I watched this man's eyes turn back normal from being coal black! Peterson then turned back to a grateful Director Rich and patted him on the shoulder. I got the hell outta' there.

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CHET

It truly pays to know people in high places, pun intended.

PARKS

And you can't get any higher in cosmic top authority than a four-century-old Pleiadean.

CHET

Agreed. So where is this advanced medical technology that you want to back engineer?

PARKS

Let's have something to drink first. Then give her a 'look-see.' Surprisingly, the java's good up here.

CHET

Makes me jittery, so I gave up alien coffee for Lent.

PARKS

Well, there's green tea, black tea, Earl Grey. Computer-tea, Earl Gray, HOT. Engage.

Parks gave his fictitious order in his best British affectation. Both industrialists and trek historians laughed.

PARKS CONT'D

I'm afraid you'll have to make your own here.

CHET

What?! No replicated tea?! Chet opined in a similar British accent.

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PARKS

Maybe by the 24th century. Here you still gotta' steep the tea manually. I stopped with the caffeine years ago too. But there's 8.0 pH alkalized IntelliWater, coconut water, Kachava or Rhinehart Body Fuel meal replacement drinks and a juice dispenser.

CHET

Alien?

PARKS

No, Terran. There's orange, pomegranate, pineapple, concord grape, white grape, blue berry, goji berry and acai, strawberry and banana, and apple.

CHET

Can we mix 'em? Maybe with a little Bourbon.

PARKS

Why not? Live a little...

DISSOLVE TO:

After refreshments, the two Aerospace Industrialists went on a tour of the triage vessel and the cellular rejuvenation enclaves.

INT. TRIAGE SHIP INFIRMARY - MEDICAL BED ENCLAVE

PARKS

The machine is vaguely similar in appearance to a magnetic resonance imaging machine. It has these two counter rotating ring apparatuses. I later discovered that the unit is powered by an independent hydrogen 5 catalyst that converts vacuum aether potential into unlimited energy.

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CHET

And you say those porous ring apparatus deliver cellular nanoparticlized nootropics or nutraceuticals via Edser photonic quanta or tachyon energy that calibrates and rejuvenates the mitochondria of the cell with no damage?

PARKS

That's correct. Chet, this is a paradigm advance in life systems science, because all living things can be healed through light and resonance modalities. The human body is roughly 72 percent water. This low power healing system is gentle and effective, utilizing a higher concentration of activated molecular hydrogen-rich water in treatments than regular water, which is responsible for restoring health to cells damaged by oxidation. The unit emits via individual hair follicle sized gain perforations lining the inner rings, mild violet blue alternating pulses of sapphire laser and far infra-red photons. There are approximately one thousand of these perforations emitting hair width pulses of tachyon quanta protons along the interior of the rapid spinning counter-rotating rings, which reach a certain rpm speed and create twin discs of healing energy. The discs of energy saturate the cells of the reclining patient, traveling from opposite directions toward the center and back repeatedly.

The intra-cavity light passes through the cells as the rings travel from the crown chakra to the heels. There is a combination of deep tissue 7.5-to-7.83-megahertz magnetic harmonic resonance, far infra-red and photonic tachyon quanta stimulation. The machine hums, making "OHM" and "HU" sounds, like Tibetan monks in unison, tuning the body right down to the DNA to its synchronized harmonic waves.

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PARKS CONT'D

The resonance spectrum is quite powerful and works well with the Edser photonic therapy, which also activates the lymphatic system to create hyaluronic acid, the so-called Youth Molecule, connecting the structures of the cell. The Edser healing therapy also increases the pineal gland's production of natural DMT, the so-called transcendental spirit molecule. My treatment also involves filtering the biome for cancers and cancerous genes such as P-53, RANi interference and somatic gene therapy to alter longevity and reverse the aging process.

Treatments can be infinitely tailored to the patient's diagnosis. My personal treatment also activates telomere gene enzymes that maintain the ends of the cell chromosomes. This machine helps the body to create more telomerase and slows down significantly the baseline rate at which the telomeres shorten each time a cell divides. When telomeres get too short each time a cell divides, the cell can no longer make copies of itself and the tissue and organ systems that rely on continued cell replication, namely the 200 different types of tissues in the human body, begin to falter.

The cell mitochondria convert glucose into energy. As the mitochondria age, they spew out increasing amounts of free radicals that hamper energy production and damage the entire cell, accelerating the body's all systems decline, the classic aging process. Tissues and organ systems that depend on cell division have a limited amount of reserve capacity.

I've studied all I could find on the subject. The cells that play the greatest role in the body's decline, the neurons and the heart muscle cells hardly replicate. Heart health depends heavily on the endothelial cells; and brain health relies on the glial and Schwann cells. This machine can rejuvenate these cells and any of the cells in an organic system.

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PARKS CONT'D

Remember when the Genesis Institute tried to trick me into thinking I had pancreatic cancer? Well, they had somatic cell organ engineering replacement back then. They could have made any organ replacement my body needed. The true state of the art when it comes to genetics has been hidden for at least fifty years.

Dr. Parks looked at Chet with a just determination.

PARKS CONT'D

We need to reverse engineer this technology and democratize it for the benefit of all humanity, not just some-- goddamned breakaway civilization. That will become your mission, and the OM Group Z Division labs. That is my expectation. Faithfully replicate this machine for the benefit of humanity. I won't rest until we have. This is OM Group's new holy grail.

CHET

I can appreciate your commitment but whose eagle feathers will we singe when word gets out that you're back in your best muck-raking form, rattling cages, raising hell, fighting for technological freedom.

PARKS

I don't give a damn.

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CHET

Forgive my devil's advocate role for a moment while I continue. Think about the young scientists that you'll put in harm's way if any members of Z Division are discovered.

PARKS

It's your job to protect them. Just do your job.

There was silence for a moment, then the EM propulsion transportation pioneer calmly spoke.

PARKS CONT'D

You ever heard of Fred Bell?

CHET

No.

PARKS

Look him up. Check out his story. Then ask me again whether we should care about the breakaway civilization spooks. I am not going to let some alphabet shadow agency or shadow branch of the armed forces scare me ever again.

I want you to carefully screen everyone at Z Division, all new security hires and subcontractors to guard against espionage and information leaks. There will be fallout, so be prepared. Protect our organization and our people. Check Z Division's main frames. Make sure that they are still separate entities from OM group and immune from cyber-attack.

Chet, I'll need for you and your team to move on-site. You will need to oversee the R&D project 24/7. Arrange a work schedule, no need for senior managers and mid-level executives. Just you and the wonder kids, no one else.

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CHET

You bet, Gordon. I have a dozen of the best specialist reverse engineers on the planet working for me. We'll figure out this tech, and replicate it, no problem. No one will leave the facility until the prototypes are at beta stage ready for testing and archived for manufacturing.

That H5 power converter could have electric powered transportation applications. OM Group still has a stake in Tesla Motors. I'm sure I can convince their R&D Director and your old friend Elon Musk to loan us a couple of rolling chassis if it's to their benefit. Or we'll just buy them outright. Once we've replicated the H5 converter we can test it against the original. They're even working on an OTS stretch chopper. Maybe they'll collaborate if we dangle the H5 carrot in front of them.

PARKS

Sounds good, but I don't want us to lose our focus on the healing unit. Make this project top priority, Chet. From what I've learned from the Eben technician, Leonardo-

CHET

Leonardo?

PARKS

He picked the name, after DaVinci. He conveyed a thought to me that his actual name, humans couldn't pronounce.

CHET

Conveyed?

(MORE)

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PARKS

Telepathically. Anyway, he also conveyed to me that the energy device aggravates liquid hydrogen 5. The H5 acts as a catalyst to extract aether space energy, or free energy. Leonardo told me the device contains over six thousand small black ball pellets that spin clockwise within a circular sphere filled with liquid H5. When an electrical demand for energy is placed on the device, the process produces a displacement of energy equal to the demand, which is sent out via fiber optic-like export fibers.

The outer device is composed of carbon, nickel, zinc, bismuth, magnesium, and several unknown materials that Z Division must identify to make a replicated device work. Your team will need to back-engineer this impossible foreign technology, hundreds of years more advanced than any human science. The military-industrial complex has possessed this xenotechnology since 1947. I think MIC has an unofficial 100-year regulation to allow foreign technology to be disseminated into public industry. Hell, its 2055. 108 years is enough time for this technology to be used by the homeowner or in transportation. From what I could glean from Leonardo, MIC back engineered the device in the 1990s, even tested it on an STS space shuttle mission. He wouldn't tell me much more. I even tried to bribe him.

CHET

Ebens don't take UN global reserve credits?

PARKS

What good is digital currency to a 400-year-old, Type Two Eben with advanced knowledge of the workings of the known universe? Like Peterson, a member of a dimensional space-faring species with tech thousands of years ahead of anything humanity has. Especially when some of the tall white Orion aliens and even some Pleiadeans like Director Peterson it's rumored, can heal or kill with the power of their thoughts.

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CHET

I see your point.

PARKS

But I have an idea. The alien techs are mostly vegetarian. They love fresh fruits and soft vegetables. So, you and me and Z Division are going into the fresh produce supply business...

CHET

What?

PARKS

I'll fill you in on the details later, but suffice to say, it involves our dimensional door conduit from the OM Group Hearst Building to here. All we need to do is supply the freshest produce we can find daily, and we will get all the technical direction we need. You may even get to meet Leonardo one day.

CHET

Sounds interesting. But tell me, how will we make a profit without letting the spooks know?

PARKS

We're not out to make a profit on these two projects, Chet. Our motives are purely humanitarian. We both have made more money than we can spend in one lifetime..."

CHET

Speak for yourself, pal. You're the billionaire-

PARKS

So are you from what I read in the last digital screed of Fortune online.

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CHET

I'll admit, I'm close, very close. Ok, so we're humanitarians now.

PARKS

We always have been, Chet. We've spent almost fifty years democratizing gravity propulsion for the good of humanity. We are duty-bound to democratize this hidden science.

CHET

What if it's unstable or too easy to weaponize by a sick mind bent on mass destruction? That could explain why this tech, like EM propulsion, has not yet been cleared for the open consumer market. Besides Gordon, with this technology, the consumer would be able to opt-out of two of the biggest industries in the world, off-the-grid of energy and medical science. We're asking' for trouble with this one. When we developed the OTS multi-EM engine systems, we worked *with* the government. This time, we're going' rogue.

PARKS

I've considered that. Let's see how difficult it is to replicate the healing unit and the energy device, then extrapolate the liabilities and risks. I have a feeling that you're right about the energy device. But the healing technology must be developed no matter what.

CHET

What if it will only function properly with the H5 device?

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PARKS

Find out for me? Peterson has an idea that I'm snooping around into what makes these units work. He didn't object, so I'm going for it. He'll provide cover, he always does. We're going to commandeer a couple of these machines to disassemble and study. Once we've mastered the science, we're going to share the data and schematics with every terminal medical research organization around the world. We're going to build relationships with them and save the lives of terminally ill patients.

CHET

We're going to work miracles now?

PARKS

No. But are going to once again do what is considered by the general public to be miraculous, further enhancing the OM Group brand.

Chet's eyes brightened.

CHET

And thus, keeping the company solvent and relevant, which will enhance the cache of our licensed products for the global consumer.

PARKS

That's correct.

CHET

Brilliant. And here I was, worried how I would make next week's global payroll.

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PARKS

Chet, you've become too cynical. OM Group has never been in the red. Not with Laurance S. Rockefeller backing our play before he passed.

CHET

No, I'm not cynical. I'm just trying to keep our conglomerate growing and our shareholders happy.

PARKS

Understood. But I want you to remember the company's mission statement. The Orbital Manufacturing Group was founded to offer advanced consumer products with minimalist design aesthetics in order to free the attention of the trend-conscious. Our iconic products are designed to influence our consumers to focus their attention inward, toward their spiritual center, and cultivate lifelong learning and creative pursuits; this is the renaissance lifestyle. The practitioner of the renaissance lifestyle reveres the daily pursuit of knowledge and truth, and spiritual growth through the record of their creative hobbies. From painting and digital art expression, to traditional and 3D sculpture and digital printing, to writing in all its forms, to musical composure and film production, to research in all its forms, to study of astronomy, physics, new physical and medical sciences. These creative pursuits make a lasting contribution to the human condition, the eternal continuum of souls. We promote positive thoughts and actions through prayer, meditation and non-local introspection for increased spiritual and creative focus of the inner eye and crown chakra. This is the mission of OM Group, and it has always been my mission since I decided to train to become a mechanical engineer and an industrial designer.

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PARKS CONT'D

We are not naïve utopians; nothing could be farther from the truth. We are however, committed to solving the social ills, whether small or large, of our age, if we are able. We are solution-oriented; renaissance people are problem solvers.

Chet listened intently to his former CEO and founder of the Type One super conglomerate with a renewed sense of purpose.

CHET

We are...

PARKS

There's one more thing. I need to know if the H5 energy device can amplify a Moog-Hoberman signal without use of implants. I had mine removed.

CHET

Isn't that kind of risky? Why do you want to do that?

PARKS

Midnight Rider. He can't be tracked or communicated with. Peterson and I think he may have become unstable after the Elder's death. He's not interfacing with his M-H communications onboard his ship. He's either disabled it or just plain refuses to interface. If I can amplify the signal, it will reverberate throughout the ship's systems. He's also disabled the ship's transponder. We think he's on a course back to Earth. So, in his mind there's no need to for him to wear the pilot's interface.

If I can amplify the M-H transmission signal slowly to its maximum, the on-board A.I. may reactivate and respond. And that's only if the Gordon clone hasn't altered or completely removed the A.I. components from the system. Hell, I've never even met him.

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PARKS CONT'D

When my old neural node implants malfunctioned, or were tampered with, all of my long-term memories-- everything in my brain that made me who I am, was copied to that damn clone. To what degree of psychological effect, I have no idea. All I know is that he may have reversed his course after our interstellar educator passed away. He's been alone for two years now.

A grim-faced Chet let all this sink in.

CHET

If he thinks he's entitled to all that you have, a classic psychotic break in personality--

PARKS

Exactly..

CHET

I'm going to change the access codes to your OM Group accounts and archive databases worldwide, until this clone is back in custody. There's just too much potential damage he can commit, even to source code. You'll have to get access only through me to be sure of your identity. He's probably a knight's moves thinker like you now. Any idea what that might be?

PARKS

Revenge. There's no doubt he will employ that strategy. But the only objective he could be after would be revenge. He's either going directly after me to take my place as majority shareholder of OM Group, or he wants Eve. He may have an uncontrollable mating urge for her. I know I did when I was his biological age. I still loved Eve Dumont. I have the feeling he does as much as me now, for her transgenetic metahuman clone, my current wife. We won't know for certain until he resurfaces.

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DISSOLVE TO:

INT. Z DIVISION LABS

Several weeks passed, and Parks discreetly moved two of the cellular rejuvenation units to Z Division. OM Group Hearst Building has several chambers and large vaults below the parking garages in the sublevels where Z Division is located.

A dimensional conduit was established for the transfer. Chet and Parks personally moved the units, to ensure secrecy, placing the units on simple rolling platforms and one-by-one moving them through the portal. Once each unit was secured, the vault doors were closed and sealed by triple encryption.

CHET

Well, it starts again. All the heightened security guarding us and our families. Are you going to write a memoir about back engineering the rejuvenation units the way you did with the EM transportation research?

PARKS

No. No 'Gravity Propulsion Chronicles' style memoir for this project. This one will remain in the black until we have mastered its function and fabrication.

CHET

How can we be sure they won't come after us.?

PARKS

I'm not. That's why I strongly suggested beefing up security worldwide.

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PARKS CONI'D

I'm giving you a portal selector. It intentionally looks like a small one-piece cell phone because it is as well. Remember, go to tools then world clock and then dial in one of the pre-selected coordinates listed for desired destination. Double check before you press the green receiver button to activate the portal. There are safeguards embedded in the technology, so it wouldn't actually allow for a bad dial-up anyway. Just keep sending Leonardo the fresh produce, always make sure the vault doors are closed before you open a dimensional doorway or wall. Do this personally and only use people you trust to load the produce into the vault. And I'm also going to need your help soon to move one of those healing units, at a moment's notice.

CHET

Will do. When I see you walking through a wall of light, I'll know that it's time to move...

INT. TRIAGE SHIP - PARKS' STATEROOM

Dr. Parks was in the creative design engineering morphogenic aether zone, that cloud world where neo-renaissance creatives like him could ascend to envision then bring back to our existence the artifacts of the future. Parks was sipping Black Label whiskey on the rocks, as he hunkered down to work.

'Most of the Time' by Bob Dylan, Bruce Springsteen's 'Working on a Dream' followed by several hundred other songs were queued on his personal aether cloud archive library. Sting's 'Forget About the Future', Michael McDonald's 'Just Strong Enough', 'Enemy Within' and 'Perfect Illusion' played next followed by Black Boots' 'Goodbye Cool' and Neil Young's SNL performance of 'No More', all played loudly in Parks Spartan quarters.

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That one captured his attention for the G-bike's advertising. He had played his Misa Digital Kitara 5 for an hour earlier before attacking the pending 3D Holodesign programs on his mind. 'Along The Canal' by Tangerine Dream and 'Yulquen' by Autechre kicked his mind into a theta wave flow state. Parks eclectic work music tastes were on full display.

Parks critical eyes traced over his null G chopper final design solution emitted from his MS H3D SolidWorks drafting countertop computer, having received confirmation from Chet that the H5 device had been successfully replicated.

With the volume up past acceptable norms and his buzz in full-tilt-boogey, Parks' multiple-disciplinary powers searched for other additional design solutions; made spatial operating gestures, typing in additional production notes, citing Harley Davidson and American Iron Horse chopper design metrics and performance factors from his extensive archives. Then Parks seamlessly blended the final product to the intense ramming bass of a vintage icon, to create another iconic art form.

He wanted the null G chopper motorcycle to have a clear board tracker heritage and be beefy as hell. For hours, days, even weeks on end, Parks would free up his mind and work on a prototype until its components were in production at several of the OM Group facilities around the world.

Parks was on an intense mission to redefine the chopper with an advanced gravity propulsion pod system and H5 energy, without losing that independent, fuck-it-all cowboy mythos.

As he worked himself into a fury with the holographic SolidWorks S.O.E program, the 'No More' vintage SNL performance played on. He paused briefly before uploading a design project data and production notes to OM Group Germany for fabrication and an mp3d of Michael McDonalds 'Long Haul' performance to OM Group's New York advertising division to work out a working man themed ad campaign.

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Iron Horse Board Tracker Null G Chopper Specifications:

Aero flat oval shaped EM disc attached to the front fork axle, perpendicular to the road surface and the mid EM dedicated hover disc with redundant fly-by-wire and hydraulic control steering. The vehicle has a front and rear steering assist five-foot turning radius. The rear axle mounted EM disc angles out at up to a 45-degree angle, providing forward propulsion.

The null G chopper is H5 aether energy conversion powered. The discs consist of gyroscopic mini-toroid-precession, mini circular hollow ring magnetic flux field disruptors filled with mercury-based super conductive plasma, pressurized at 250,000 atmospheres at a temperature of 150 degrees Kelvin and accelerated to 50,000 r.p.m that generates a magnetic vortex field that nullifies gravity on mass within proximity.

Parks still had it. He could still tap into the aether zone and create masterpieces of design engineering. He was still a world-class mechanical design engineer, and he damn well knew it. He had built an aerospace and consumer lifestyle products empire based on his mechanical and industrial design engineering and marketing golden touch.

It was his drug, his undying passion. He was still addicted to the creative power of product research and development. It almost didn't matter to him what the product was, as long as it fueled his drive to leave behind a legacy of timeless works, manufactured to last forever, or at least until the next technological leap forward in materials, miniaturization, and function.

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Arthur C. Clarke's observation that, to a primitive culture, advanced technology would appear as if magic was G.M.A. Parks life's mission and motivation. To fuse the most advanced, most durable materials with timeless minimalist aesthetics and brand-researched human factors that endear the consumer to a well-made product so that it is all you will ever want or need and nothing else will do. And it affirms that life is worth living, such an amazing gift. And every day holds the possibility of a new miracle, a new discovery, and a better understanding, increased clarity of all of creation; the invisible aether from which the creative process gives birth to life all around us.

Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks' works and his influence would live on. His life's mission would always be to build the future. His hunger was always for the next project. As if on cue, the data transmission to OM Group confirmed a successful send, just as he walked out of his quarters and the 'No More' vintage live performance ended to a shower of applause, as if for him-

A man full of fire for life.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY

INSERT -

Autumn 2057. Amaan Raashid Anderson sat in the pilot's seat of the Lexani EM-4J. One of the new FAA / Department of Transportation approved null-G luxury fleet vehicles; the charcoal-colored, aero-shaped OTS limousine looked like an elongated computer mouse. Operators had to be certified in fixed wing, helicopter, over the surface, and low altitude transport.

Anderson was waiting on a regular client attending a New York Philharmonic event.

Behind the completely opaque privacy windows, Anderson was in the throes of an arranged downtime encounter with one of his regular girls.

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His eyes rolled briefly back into his head as he shuddered from the gentle, expert oral release Sophia gave him.

She was a state-licensed sex service worker, a quickie specialist in the lingo of the trade, and one of the cleanest Anderson had ever known, in the biblical way. They met whenever he had downtime between chauffeuring clients and was on the west side of the city.

Had his client been a celebrity or needed armed bodyguard services, he wouldn't have dreamed of breaking his professional code of ethics in this way. But tonight, this client didn't require full VIP executive protection.

Sophia was a gorgeous young auburn-haired, tanned, busty, trim and fit model /actress /fitness trainer. But she made the majority of her income on outcalls. She had high intelligence behind her piercing eyes and a healthy sensuality to match. She could persuade any man into becoming a regular patron but was very picky. She hated loud obnoxious, arrogant, self-absorbed men. Anderson was smart, fun in or out of the sheets, and had a good sense of humor. A young man on the rise, she thought.

By 2050, the Global Union Courtesan Laws regulating the world's oldest profession were strict for safety's sake. A professional sex service worker had the same restrictions and health regulations as was found in Amsterdam, its global industry model. A young woman could become independently wealthy very fast, as long as they abided by the federal health and hygiene regulations and paid their state and federal taxes.

But it was unfortunate that this untoward trade was the business vehicle. The global legalization was intended to put an end to child slavery, sex slavery and free all women from sex trafficking. It was successful with the former, but the latter was a mainstay of organized crime and would take longer to eradicate totally.

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NATO Law enforcement authorities estimate that by 2100, sex trafficking and human slavery in all its forms will be stopped for good. Once again, the private efforts of Dr. Parks, through astronomical charitable sums and support to organizations that help the victims of human trafficking, were at work, partially as a way to atone for his many years of reckless philandering.

Sophia, like many who conduct this lascivious form of business, had a failed childhood. No parental guidance and an unstable home environment landed her into the foster system in her young teenage years; that's all she could barely remember. And also, like so many sex workers, a young childhood of abuse, neglect, and peer pressure while in the foster system.

Most were college-age who conducted their encounters discreetly in the safety of the heavily policed, high-end lower west side red light business district near Soho and used the lucrative income and business contacts to pay for college, savings, or to start a small business. Sophia did it for all those reasons but primarily to meet and build a network of powerful, interesting, businessmen. She wanted her own health club chain and was attending business school.

Anderson was the exception. He was not a wealthy businessman, but he was well gifted where it counted. And although most women wouldn't dare admit that such shallow requirements truly mattered, they still did and would continue to.

And in addition, his life was certainly interesting. She could always glean from him where the better social events would be during the year because he would usually be working them or protecting a high-value client. So, to Sophia's metric of reasoning, he mattered. He was worth knowing, and he could afford her high service fees. Sophia also knew that Anderson enjoyed her company. On more than one occasion, they stayed together for weeks on end, caring for each other as if in a committed relationship.

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It would just happen, especially when Anderson had a financial windfall. Sophia would literally just move in with him. There were times when she needed to have a safe place to crash or was between rentable places that Anderson took her in. They were close friends outside of her main profession and often spent the night not only in the throes of Eros but in deep conversation about the meaning of neo-postmodern life.

Sophia loved meeting Anderson for a make-out session when he was on a lone chauffeur assignment with one of his clients, and she would often dress in a black suit and ride along. She enjoyed the opaque on-command windows being the only privacy they dared have while she straddled him in the driver's cockpit of the null-G limo, or she gave him a relaxing oral pleasure during his downtime between driving.

She would never be so bold and free with anyone else. A compartment inside her complicated, unconventional life was in love with Anderson, but she would never dare tell him, unless he said it first. Then she would certainly never admit it, not while she was still involved in the sex service trade. His words and opinion would really be able to hurt her then. Golden rule number one to abide by, and they were content to just let things be.

She also knew from experience that Anderson was meticulous about his professional appearance, often showering and changing many times during the day, even carrying extra black couture Edo suits and white Sugata dress shirts. As she artfully finished, she was careful not to soil his two thousand-dollar, hand-tailored Edo Couture black three-button hidden placket suit. The Buddhist Warrior Priest business suit has been a popular look for men since the 2030s.

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Although Anderson was a dedicated JFK-inspired hedonist, he was a discreet one. His work wardrobe and appearance had to be impeccable. The young executive protection professional, like Sophia, had stunning good looks, gifted by his parents, as well as a sharp, inquisitive mind and a biting, often self-effacing sense of humor.

Also, like so many young professionals of the 21st-century surveillance state, Anderson was a private man that surrounded himself with a narrow, limited group of specialist or operator friends, colleagues, and a network of powerful business resources.

Sophia

I've got sterile soapy wipes this time.

Sophia informed him as she adjusted her ample black lace bra back in place and continued to refresh her favorite client. Anderson loved to fondle her soft, luscious breasts as she skillfully throated him off. She finished cleaning him off just in time.

From nearly a block away, Anderson noticed his client among the patrons exiting the performance amphitheater during intermission. She didn't contact him on his PAI to signal that she would be leaving early, so Anderson knew that she wanted to catch him, literally in a condition of disrobe.

Anderson

Oh shit, I'm back on the clock.

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He hurriedly began making himself presentable again. Sophia did the same; she had worn her smoking hot version of a chauffeur co-pilot costume, a short black duty jacket, a waist-length white men's dress shirt with a narrow black silk tie, and a thigh-length black flowing double lace skirt over a tiny black thong, with ankle-high black stiletto leather open toe shoes.

Anderson was supremely pissed that they didn't have time for Sophia to ride them off into sensual oblivion.

He activated his Rolex Oyster Perpetual split blue and red dial framed touch screen PAI cuff, voice command scrolled down to the Q-commerce app, and confirmed.

Anderson

Five hundred global credits, personal services payment.

He then reached out to caress Sophia's lovely face and kissed her on the left temple near her ear. It was their special moment just before life interrupted them again. Sophia smiled warmly and closed her eyes as they embraced; she knew they would not be spending the night together. When she did, it was, of course, off the clock.

She hadn't been with him for weeks and hated to admit it, but she missed him. A second later, with a high-pitched ping sound, the wireless payment transfer reached her matching ladies' version of the Rolex Smartarm PAI cuff, a previous birthday gift from Anderson.

Sophia

Thanks, baby. See you soon? Next week, maybe for coffee?

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Sophia inquired in a sultry but loving way that she knew Anderson could not resist. She was really more like a distance relationship and intimate friend than a sex service worker to Anderson.

Anderson

That will all depend on whether I get to keep this job tonight. One complaint from her and a large percentage of my income will be lost for a while. Understand? I don't want to be impolite, baby, but I have to get this tug moving down the street before she sees it and starts in this direction. Oh shit, too late. She is probably wondering why her ten thousand-credit a-night rented null-G limo is a block away. So, sweetheart, please hurry and step out before she gets any closer. Please?

Sophia looked in her direction over a block away, sensing more than seeing it seemed.

Sophia

I think she already has. I'll call you soon.

She wanted to kiss him passionately for the other woman to see, but not after their tryst. Anderson was into hyper-hygiene. He wouldn't dare kiss her until she'd freshened up considerably. Besides, no one kissed sex service workers 'on the job,' which could be an occupational hazard. The work also made the working women cold to real love and affection.

Sophia slipped out of the right front cockpit door of the angular, aircraft fuselage-shaped null-G limousine. Anderson quickly shifted the humming, then whirling 'Forrest J. Ackerman' multi-EM propulsion systems into forward drive. The engine system was named by Dr. Parks in honor of the man who actually created the term sci-fi or science fiction.

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Traffic was slow, and by the time Anderson's client crossed the intersection with her date, a blonde-haired crewcut young man about his age and build and at least twenty years her junior, he would meet them mid-block.

Madame X, as she was anonymously known at the agency, and Anderson had once been lovers two years ago. She had been a mentor of sorts. She was a former Swedish madam, now a millionaire global entrepreneur. She traveled the world managing her nightlife culture businesses, ranging from small Haute restaurants, luxury boutique hotels, art galleries, trendy clubs and bars, and elite courtesan sex service agencies.

Sophia walked towards Madame X's direction deliberately, to Anderson's ire. As they crossed paths, Sophia wiped the corners of her mouth with a handkerchief in a mocking gesture of a "job well done." Madame X cocked her head in perplexed surprise at Sophia's calculatingly brazen lapse in class. Her escort gave the stunning brunette a discreet wink and a half smile just before Madame X detected him with a stern look.

An embarrassed Anderson pulled over to the curb and slowed to a stop in front of his thoroughly humiliated client, and with a sigh of futility, hustled out of the left pilot capsule cockpit door and around the front of the hovering null-G limo to open the rear right passenger compartment door.

Madame X looked on at Anderson from head to toe, then at his midsection and his still clearly aroused condition, then made eye contact. She seemed more hurt than angry.

She wore a white silk kimono suit with full flowing pants and a knee-length matching white silk Haori outer coat, the neo-retro Asian influenced style of the era for minimalist design-loving creative and progressive intellectual types. She wore little makeup and braided her mid-length honey blonde hair. She had the natural tanned glow of strong sensual energy.

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She took her eyes off Anderson, still holding the rear open, Anita Baker's 'Will You be Mine' playing low inside the rear compartment of the limo, and fairly commanded her escort with a nod.

Madame X

Go on, get in. I want to speak to my- "driver."

Anderson had noticed the addition of a different escort the last few assignments. Now he knew it was all for his attention, to make him jealous. To counter subconsciously, Anderson arranged for Sophia to meet him during his downtime. And frankly, he didn't give a damn-- Anderson had an independent, 'fuck-it-all' cowboy attitude when it came to life. Besides, his father helped found the company handling her security needs. She could just get herself another driver. She seemed to read his mind, and he didn't like that.

Madame X CONT'D

I see you keep yourself-- entertained while you wait for me.

Her eyes widened briefly with surprise as she lingered her gaze on his mid-section for effect. Even through his couture suit, the telltale outline of his fading excitement was noticeable to her. With her back facing the passenger compartment and her nosy escort date, Madame X stepped closer to Anderson and, surprisingly, cradled his manhood in her hand in an attempt to re-arouse him. They hadn't been together in years, but she clearly wanted him. Her eyes bored into his mind with the message,

Madame X

Why don't we send our friend home in a cab and spend the night together? We haven't - reminisced in a long time?

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There was a crisp breeze in the city that night, enough to make a lone soul even lonelier. And at that moment, she seemed truly lonely for him. Although he never knew her name for security reasons, there was a humble sincerity in the millionairess' slightly larger than average Eurasian angled eyes, a pleading.

He hesitated, then smiled warmly into her beautiful aqua green eyes. She was just as lovely and elegant as when they first met five years ago. He felt himself respond to her gentle touch.

Anderson

You miss me? You miss us?

Madame X

Of course, I do. I always have. Besides, you're already primed for action. It'd be a damn shame to waste.

She smiled and looked down at his mid-section. She gently thumped the tip of his engorged manhood. That was all it took for the alpha male Anderson to take control.

Anderson

Tell your date to take a cab home now. Tell him you have a business emergency, something, hell, I don't care what. Just get rid of him.

Madame X smiled mischievously at Anderson's horny assertiveness.

Madame X

Alright, I will. But round two is at home. You'll spend the night, yes?

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Anderson

I always did.

Anderson knew what this sexual athlete meant. She wanted an all-night athlete equal to her appetite in her bed. That's why she preferred men younger than her.

Madame X leaned into the rear passenger compartment of the null-G limo.

Madame X

Sweetheart, something's ah-- come up. I have to travel to Europe overnight. I have to leave immediately. You'll have to take a cab.

The young escort grudgingly exited the limo, he tried to kiss Madame X, but she immediately extended her hand to shake his. He looked at her hand, then at her, and walked away, to her surprise, eyeing Anderson venomously as he passed.

Madame X CONT'D

I guess he won't be calling me back--

Anderson pulled Madame X into his waist and reached down lovingly but forcefully for a handful of her soft ass as he kissed her passionately.

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A minute later, when the escort turned around and looked back from the corner intersection, the yellow caution blinkers of the null-G limo were on. To his surprise, the vehicle had not moved from its parked position, and the couple was presumably in its rear compartment. The pulsating glow of the humming Forry drive held the limo in hover, but the vehicle was moving in a decidedly different manner. A passionate commotion within was causing the limo to shake and buckle rhythmically.

Sophia was still at the corner. She had already wiped a tear away and hardened her heart at what was going on. Her competition was much more rich and more powerful than she. Her cold wall of resolve never to make a priority of someone who only sees you as an option was securely back in place. Especially since that was the way she treated people in her life. Turnaround was fair play. Sophia stepped forward and caught the escort's attention.

Sophia

I knew that was going to happen. They were once lovers.

The escort hailed a taxi, then turned and asked,

Escort

You going my way? I was going to Automatic Slim's bar in Soho on the way home. Buy you a nightcap drink?

He gave her a warm suggestive smile. Sophia back smiled as she began to enter the cab behind the escort.

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Sophia

It's gonna cost you.

Then, she did something unexpected. She changed her mind, not just about the invitation but also about the direction of her professional life. It came to her like an epiphany.

Sophia CONT'D

You know what? I can't, and I just can't anymore. I'm going home.

She turned and walked away, looking in the direction of the null-G limo one last time as she crossed the intersection away from them all. She had made enough money in the sex service lifestyle. She was going to tell Anderson tonight. But fate interrupted.

She threw her New York state sex service worker ID card in the waste can as she passed. She would change her name and vowed to herself that she would not let the ever-resourceful Anderson find her. That would be his punishment for choosing his work over her.

That woman was like her. She had a power that Sophia could feel and fear. She was no match for that woman. Sophia felt the urgent urge to go off the radar, go into hiding, and find a new way to earn a substantial living, maybe only as a physical trainer. But whoever that woman was, she was just dangerous.

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DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ExecPro Security - HEARST BUILDING - NEXT DAY

Anderson missed the 6 am early Friday morning Tai Chi class at ExecPro Security, now called simply EPS. He didn't make it to the global paramilitary security conglomerate, E G & G and Wackenhut rival until 7:30. Just in time for the two-hour Friday Krav Maga class. Mondays and Thursdays were To Shin Do training. Tuesday was JiuJitsu and KFM, and Wednesday was Aikido.

After an all-nighter with the insatiable Madame X, he needed 8 hours of sleep. He was content but exhausted, and his reckless lifestyle was beginning to take its toll on his health. He nodded off and nearly missed the 8 am session on the massive first-floor dojo of the Hearst building, the new corporate facility. He was more than a little embarrassed since he was a Level Two Manager, soon to be promoted with luck to Level Three Upper Management.

His null-G limo, new to the fleet, was supposed to be signed back into the garage by 4 am. Madame X called in and explained that she would need the limo for a few hours more and would pay the additional fees incurred while simultaneously riding a tired Anderson off to sensual ecstasy. Besides being impervious to theft, the GPS tracking would find the three-million-dollar limo safe and sound at the underground parking garage beneath Madame X's condominium during the overtime. This would make the rounds of ExecPro quickly, adding to the young security agent's legend. Every young stud wanted to be in Madame X's stable of wild stallions. It's no wonder Anderson was drained and exhausted.

Anderson changed into his gi and quietly made his way to the training session, apologizing to the sensei for his tardiness and enduring a round of applause, for what he didn't yet know.

He found his Level Two training partner and colleague Enrique Dennis and filled him in on his night. He was warming up with stretches as the new employees and older employees paired off by skill level.

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The sensei would demonstrate with an assistant several defensive techniques or offensive techniques during a two-hour session. After each demonstration, the paired training partners would slow speed practice the technique and movements. Level Two's only trained with their own or supervised the newer Level One employees in the technique. EPS also had a 24hour gym with a vast employee locker room and lounge, and an international foods cafeteria.

Anderson and Dennis walked around the practicing entry-level employees, correcting their application of the newly demonstrated techniques.

Enrique

Man are you late, X was putting you through the paces?

Anderson

How did you know about her?

Enrique

Man, everybody knows. The new limo came in late; they were worried until she called at 4:15. By the way, what's her real name anyway?

ANDERSON

She's never told me.

Enrique

So, you tapped that out before?

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ANDERSON

I've known her in the biblical way for almost three years now. I met her five years before that. We've always liked each other. She's an old client of the company, but I first met her when I was a black Mercedes private car driver for that garage on 46th and 10th Ave.

She's the one that convinced me to check out EPS. She didn't know that my pops helped found the company, so I told her. I wanted to make my own way, not be a legacy hire, but she changed my mind. Once I got hired and she found out, she was all over me, thought I'd be grateful for her advice. The truth is, I was.

She was like a mentor as well as a lover. You ever see American Gigolo? She was like that to me, taught me how to really make love to a lady and treat her as if she's the only one in the room.

We used to see each other whenever she was in New York. She recently moved here again. I think she's planning to stay. I don't know for sure. We haven't seen each other in a couple of years. We cared for each other, but you know me, I didn't want to get into anything serious, that and our age differences.

Enrique

How old is she?

ANDERSON

She's got to be at least 50, but she looks thirty. Don't get me wrong, she's in top shape, a life-long vegetarian, into yoga and Tai Chi, and tantric sex. She's got a brilliant mind.

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Enrique

And, so?

Anderson

So, I just don't know. The past few weeks she has been contracting my services exclusively. She is a powerful lady, but we're not on the same level. Last night she sent her escort home. He must work for EPS as a bodyguard, he looked capable. So why me again?

Last night she sent her escort home because I told her to. She caught Sophia getting out of the limo after servicing me. It was as if she knew. She looked heartbroken, then she sent her date home, and we hooked up in the back of the limo before going to her place and going at it again all night.

Enrique

Wait, you had Sophia in the limo before X, then her, in the same limo?

Anderson

Not in the same place. I know, I had the limo detailed as soon as I came back. But what I want to know is, if she wanted me back, why not just swallow her pride and come right out and tell me?

Enrique

I wish I had your dilemma, a wealthy old broad in heat just for me. So, how was it after all those years?

Anderson

Raw. Beastin', hot and heavy from the back of the limo, then at her place. When she allowed me time to rest in between sessions, she spent the time studying my face and messaging my body or suckin' and fluffing me back to life.

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ANDERSON CONT'D

She kept it up all night and worked me until I didn't want no more. Her eyes looked right through me.

When she'd ride me, she'd reach back and clamp a vice grip ring with her fingers tight around my balls, then she'd jiggle and yank them. That shit hurt, but we got there together a couple of times when she pulled that stunt.

When I was on top, she kissed me hard until I couldn't breathe every time she had an orgasm, I guess so I could share her breath being taken away from the loss of control. It was rougher than I remember in the past with her. Maybe it was because of Sophia. She is deceptively strong. I had to tell her to ease up a couple of times.

Anyway, the next thing I know, it's 6 am, my cock is supremely sore, I'm pissing blood in my urine stream, and my poor balls-- are stretched out and running on empty over here. Good gawd, I didn't think I was gonna make it out alive.

Enrique

Yep, I got a Spanish honey just like that uptown in Harlem. Crazy between the sheets, and she loves to tongue while she's spasming out.

Anderson

I had the feeling that she wanted to tell me something. If I didn't have to drop off the limo, I would have called in, taken a sick day to find out. But then again, she might have killed me with the rough sex had I stayed.

Enrique

You're too close to promotion for that. Yo man, you gotta put that old athletic chick in a holding pattern.

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Anderson

I know, right? Plus, they always want something in exchange for intimacy, like eventual ownership, especially when they're older than you.

Enrique

You know it.

INSERT

Two hours later, after a shower, shave, and change into the warrior priest look of a dark gray flannel Edo hidden placket 4 button closure couture suit, and a starched black linen Sugata dress shirt with metered French cuffs, Anderson was ready for lunch and the rest of the day which involved Level 3 Logistics Management Courses.

It was hammered into all EPS personnel that the corporate security and personal protection service professional made his or her living in part merely by their physical presence. They had to be clean cut, well groomed, well trained and equipped, and prepared for any emergency.

EPS was an interesting growing global company. It had been a subsidiary of OM Group for nearly three decades now. The super conglomerate manufactures tracked and trackless magnetic levitation train chassis.

Other subsidiaries of the conglomerate include EM propulsion engine and OTS LAT fleet vehicle manufacture. OM Group also licensees PAI Smartarm devices, holographic counter surfaces and table computers, and the Executive Officer Collection of office furniture, prefabricated homes, even the hand-tailored couture suits that the EPS employees wore.

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Dr. G.M.A. Parks turned OM Group into a trusted Type One global entity that set the standard for refined minimalist aesthetics, quality materials and construction in every facet of the global consumer's life. And, all products were made in the North, Central and South American Union.

EPS first began as a small New York boutique company called RAA Security and Investigations, founded by Anderson's father, John Noah Anderson, a veteran retired NYPD Homicide detective whose street name was Automatic Slim, in reference to his ruthless tactics and high fugitive apprehension record.

J.N. Anderson went on to join the FBI Wolf Pack, a covert paramilitary counter-terrorism unit governed by Homeland Security. The Wolf Pack tracked and dismantled terrorist sleeper cells within the American Union. Upon unofficial retirement from the Wolf Pack, the 'Mighty Wolf', as J.N. Anderson was called for his legendary years of public service, expanded RAA Security and Investigations, changing its name to ExecPro Security or EPS.

Thirty years later, EPS is considered the Google of the corporate paramilitary security and executive or VIP personal protection industry.

Being hired by EPS was no small accomplishment. A battery of tests had to be aced: IQ, Social Skills, STEM Fields, Physical Fitness, Analytical and Problem-Solving Skills. The applicants work history, criminal background check, credit rating, even hair follicle drug testing and an extensive psychological profile.

EPS agents had to be the best of the best. But every so often, a legacy hire was allowed, like Amaan R. Anderson. He'd failed his psyche-eval, he was considered too much of a free spirit. It was deemed that he would be too lax with protocol, and not follow fully the chain of command whenever possible.

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When the evaluators were reminded who his father was, they modified their assertions, giving him a glowing psyche review. Over the years, Anderson did apply himself and follow the rules, earning his present Level 2 mid-managerial position.

EPS corporate structure started with Level 1: Basic Corporate Security including Posted Guard, Fire Guard, CPR Certifications, Social Etiquette, Basic Martial Arts, and Power Yoga training.

Level 2 added on Corporate Events and Social Night Life Skills training, Intermediate and Advanced Martial Arts, Private Investigation training, Chauffeur training, FBI Evasive Drivers Course Certification, Federal Multistate Side Arm Certification applications, Passport application, Federal Multistate Security Certification applications, and Executive / VIP Logistics training.

Level 3 added on Global Itinerary training and Executive / VIP protection Logistics Management training.

There were other levels above 3. Level 4's were Vice Presidents of Operations. Level 5's were Senior VPs, and Levels 6 and 7 were the President of the company, and the Chairman, respectively, and their private staff and advisors, including world-class operatives.

There were a few floors of office suites for Upper Management and Accounting, Wardrobe and the Tactical Quartermaster Department, including the Armory. The sub-basement floors in the Hearst building were dedicated to EPS and OM Group fleet vehicles and some obscure OM Group R & D laboratory called Z Division.

EPS Corporate, Event, Nightlife, and Travel Security Training courses began promptly from 10 am until 5 pm. Level 1 employees, the least experienced, were assigned the simpler corporate posts and events. Level 2 and 3 employees and operators traveled the globe providing military-grade client itinerary, logistics, and protection services.

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With all of the required training, by the end of the day, everyone was tired. Those Level 2 supervisors assigned to evening events were allowed the afternoon off from courses to rest. There was an extensive lounge and mediastrip library for employees for downtime on the third floor of the Hearst building. Most night event employees stretched out and napped or zoned out with their Smartarm devices and screeding glasses than deal with the oncoming rush hour commute than have to return all the way back to HQ and or their assignment around the city.

EPS had acquired over the past two decades over half of New York's corporate and event security accounts. Its armed bodyguard /chauffeur services were also growing among the city's wealthy celebrity caste. Anderson was slowly working up the ranks, finishing Level 2 Travel Itinerary Planning Logistics management training.

Anderson wanted to see the world, but privately hated to fly, even with the new TT Brown former B-2 technology of charging the leading edge of the wing for fuel economy, it wasn't enough for him to trust conventional flight. Anderson considered jet airline travel to be an arcane, outdated, unsafe mode of travel.

In 2050 most of the world felt that pushing a cylinder with wings through the air, instead of declassifying EM gravity propulsion for the civilian airline industry, was an insane point of view. Anderson thought it would probably be another 50 years before it would be declassified for air travel. He hoped to be alive to see that day when a white delta-shaped design EM aircraft the size of a 787 floated silently by, then take off in the blink of an eye, arriving in London from New York in 5 minutes instead of 5 hours.

INT. HEARST BUILDING OM GROUP/EPS DINING ROOM

Anderson sat alone in the cafeteria having finished a lunch of veg lasagna and mixed spring greens, thin julienned jalapeno, pickled carrots, red onions and black olives. Too many carbs, he thought. To hell if he ate onions and garlic bread today.

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He'd just brush and floss after lunch. He loved his job and hoped to retire with this company. He checked his wrist cuff PAI chronometer every few minutes out of habit. No screading news or surfing, no time.

He thought about taking the rest of the day off and see Madame X. She hadn't called him, and he couldn't bring himself to call. He wanted to surprise her with a single rose. Maybe even take a nap together and see where the conversation led them. Nah!...

INT. SOHO LOFT

Anderson was a world-class philanderer and debaucher, though he only drank in moderation. He called a couple of his regular Friday night ladies that loved to double-team him. It was the end of the week, so he could just rest over the weekend and recover. The upper floors of his inherited father's cavernous old loft building in Soho were his main habitat. He also had a nearly identical sized loft in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn. Both were sparse with furniture and throw rugs, over thousands of square feet of lacquered wood floor, a long central kitchen island, vintage books and sculptures on floor to ceiling shelves and paintings his father made and left behind cover the surrounding brick walls. And a California king sized natural steel four-post frame Room and Board brand Architecture bed on a raised platform stage off center of the huge loft, like a scene from an expensive porn shoot.

The girls were passionate, luscious and in top shape. After their two-hour-long session, they all crashed together in Anderson's king-sized bed, each young lady resting on one of his shoulders. They slept deeply through until night, awakened and showered, then all three cooked and shared a light dinner. Anderson paid them and they left to hit the bars and all-night dance clubs. Anderson changed the sheets and went back to bed.

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Around 2 am, his PAI cuff chimed with a message alert. He voice commanded a speech-to-text speaker mode. The message read...

Chairman Ueshiba

Agent Anderson, this is Chairman Ueshiba. See me tomorrow morning at 8 am sharp. I have a special assignment for you.

INT. EPS HEARST BUILDING - VARIOUS LOCATIONS

ExecPro corporate was normally busy, even on the weekends. The first floor was all conference rooms or classrooms and the large open dojo space, plus a 24-hour gym and cafeteria for employees and paying gym members. Mid-level and upper management occupied the upper floors.

This is where Amaan Anderson found himself as he drove to EPS corporate in the early morning. Just one promotion away from Level 3, which also involved full spectrum surveillance. He was 30 years old, and he had spent the last 8 years working his way up the ladder.

Anderson had never seen any of the floors beyond the Level 3 office floors. He parked in the lower-level garage and took an elevator to the first floor to sign in.

The lobby concierge told him where to find Chairman Ueshiba, a smaller private dojo for Level 3 and above employees on the thirtieth floor, sitting in the formal seiza sitting position. The lights were dimmed, there was an air of spiritual energy, a strong Ki, surrounding the chairman. He was a humble, quietly intense man, whom young Anderson had known all his life. Ueshiba was his God uncle and a good friend of his father. The chairman had helped to mentor and shape Anderson into the agent that he was becoming.

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Anderson had already removed his New Balance running shoes, black socks and black windbreaker. He wore simple denim jeans and his favorite navy t-shirt with a silver UFP insignia. Anderson approached from the right-side edge of the expanse of matted dojo floor to the chairman's position about 60 feet away.

He could see that the chairman was focused on nothing but his introspection, piercing Heaven and Earth. Anderson stepped backward on his left foot and lowered his right foot and knee to the mat, then brought his left knee down next to his right while he lowered his hips to a seated position, folding his left foot slightly over his right. He then leaned forward and placed his left hand and forearm at shoulder's width out to the mat, lying his left palm down. He immediately followed with his right in the same manner, then leaned over, bowing deeply, his forehead mere inches from touching the mat in full prostration. He held the bow for a few seconds, before slowly rising in reverse movement back to the seated seiza. He then waited to be called over. Chairman Ueshiba soon waved his young protégé. Anderson formally bowed again, then knee walked to within a few feet of the chairman.

Chairman Ueshiba took a deep breath and exhaled returning from his meditation world to the situation at hand. He looked at young Anderson.

Chairman Ueshiba

"Manni."

The chairman smiled cordially.

Anderson

Uncle, what's on your mind?

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Chairman Ueshiba

Dr. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks. You are familiar with him, yes?

Anderson

He was friends with my dad. I remember meeting him once or twice when I was little. He owns EPS. He was a fugitive from the law for a while. He retired from OM Group but retains 70 percent majority shareholder status. He's a recluse from what I hear, but still utilizes Z Division for research and development whenever he gets a wild-eyed ideal for new technology.

Chairman Ueshiba

There's a red file in your new office on the fifteenth floor.

The chairman handed him a set of keys.

Anderson

My office?

Chairman Ueshiba

You've been promoted to a Level 3 agent. No more cubicles. Dr. Parks asked for you specifically for his case and since you were close to promotion. We approved it, with his consideration.

Dr. Parks has a rather sensitive, highly classified, position and history in government. Go to your office and read the red file. There are only a handful of people on Earth that are not federal government employees who know of the information contained in that file. You will never speak to anyone about the information within that file, is that clear?

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USHIBA CONT'D

After reading that file, I want you to set the wall safe alarm with your own personal pin code then place the file in the safe. The file will be retrieved after this assignment is successfully completed. Your objectives are outlined within the file to assist Dr. Parks. You will also have the resources of upper management to assist you. But do not forget, Dr. Parks picked you to lead the assignment.

Chairman Ueshiba's tone became even more serious.

Chairman Ueshiba CONT'D

Get to work today, your team is waiting for you to read that file, which they have already been read into. We do not have the luxury of time. Be discreet and thorough. And son, now is the time to consider settling down and having a family. Slow down on the philandering. In fact, stop. I order you to do so.

Anderson's eyebrows arched at the order. He knew that he would definitely have to sweep the lofts for surveillance devices. Things were getting spookier by the minute. After formally removing himself from the presence of the venerable chairman, Anderson took an elevator down to the fifteenth floor and met several tired irritated staff members much older than him.

They must have sensed some form of nepotism and resented been called in from their homes early on Saturday. Anderson immediately opened the door with his name placket on it. He quickly surveyed his small, windowed office which was bare save for a flat desktop screen and a red file marked 'CONFIDENTIAL / EYES ONLY'. Anderson sat in front of the red file. He then took a deep breath before diving into the intel.

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It contained the Cosmic Top Classified back history of Dr. Parks and the origins of his cloned wife. Parks was given a Space Command field Commander commission and was in line to be an Earth Ambassador. Anderson was completely in shock by the time he finished the red file.

Its instructions were clear. Keep distant but detailed surveillance on his cloned wife and daughter. Debrief and supervise the EPS team already in her employ in London without Mrs. Parks' knowledge, and report directly to Dr. Parks as soon as the target subject emerges. This clone of Dr. Parks, no formal name, call sign 'Midnight Rider.' Do not attempt to apprehend the subject if he is not threatening to Mrs. Parks but do stop him if he attempts to contact Emily Parks. Otherwise, do not interfere and coordinate with Dr. Parks personally on any actions to be taken.

Anderson placed the red file in his wall safe and sealed it. He had been promoted to Level 3 with an interesting assignment, and he wasn't going to fail in this opportunity. The only problem that he could see was earning the respect of his team for this assignment and flying over the pond to London.

Something else troubled him about the red file. He had his father's eye for details. Somehow, he knew Madame X was involved. She and Eve Parks could have passed for sisters, there was more than a hint of resemblance in Sophia's features. It couldn't be...He called her and made a date to see her at her condo that evening. Sexually he was in his prime, and he would give her a night that she would never forget, because it would probably be their last night together. The next day, he would demand answers.

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TIME DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MADAME Xs CONDO

Anderson and Madame X spent Saturday night together. In the afterglow of the next morning, she prepared a light breakfast for them of fresh fruits, juices and black tea. She wore only Anderson's oversized thick cashmere shawl collared cardigan and vintage black wayfarer screading glasses. Anderson watched her prep the fruits and download a recyclable hard paper home print Sunday New York Times. Friday, Saturday and Sunday were the only days the Times sold a home scanner version of the news scread.

Madame X placed the breakfast tray on the bed as she kissed him lovingly and slipped a fresh piece of pineapple into his mouth. His heart ached at the potential loss of all this comfort and intimacy, if she reacted badly to his inquiry.

Anderson

It's funny, we've known each other nearly five years, but you still refuse to tell me your name.

Madame X

I told you I can't. What difference does it make now, just make up a name for me?

Anderson

How about Athena?

Madame X stopped in mid-bite on a toasted bread point with honey. Her eyes closed briefly in anguish as she placed the food back on the tray.

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Madame X

How much do you know?

Anderson

The Seven Daughters of Eve Project. It was just a hunch. You all look so familiar, I had to be sure. Custom Human Cloning Technology: enucleated human female ova mixed with genetically modified materials to create custom companion clones or body replacement organs for the ultra-wealthy-- and the high-end private sex service industry. You sold your genetic reproductive material, your ova, didn't you?

Madame X took off her reading glasses and pinched the bridge of her nose with her eyes closed.

Madame X

You need to leave, now.

Anderson got out of bed and dressed angrily, mad at himself for not leaving well enough alone. Madame X mistook it for anger at her for not being more forthcoming much sooner. He would play it to his advantage. He needed to know the truth from her mouth.

Madame X CONT'D

Yes, I sold my ovum to the Genesis Institute.

She spoke again just as he headed for the door.

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Madame X CONT'D

I didn't know that they would make so many based on my contribution alone. I became wealthy, very wealthy. I was willing to share all that I have with someone, with you. Then I saw the girl leaving our limo.

Anderson looked at her in surprise.

Madame X CONT'D

Yes, she's a cloned companion. Some of them are sent out on the streets through the foster care system to see if and how they survive.

Did they tell you where I am from? No? Then I will give you the official disinformation story. I studied at the Sorbonne and traveled all over Europe, fluent in several languages. I was a passionate social climber with an extensive knowledge of ancient history and a love of fine arts. I was much more alluring 30 years ago. My beauty is also one of my talents. Humans tend to equate good looks with intelligence, self-confidence, competence and good character.

I'm not in the business anymore. There are other efficient ways to clone that my services were no longer needed. However, the Consortium doesn't give you a pension, they kill you. I am the last of the seven donor women the Consortium used and discarded. They would have killed me too had it not been for another inquiring man, Dr. Parks. Once he discovered what was happening to the donor women, he sent out operators to save the lives of any remaining.

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Madame X CONT'D

They arrived just in time to save my life. He provides for my global security, just for the donation of my ova, that helped recreate the love of his life. I shall always be grateful to him.

I will live on through those women. And I am not ashamed. Please send Chairman Ueshiba and Dr. Parks, Athena's love.

Anderson turned back and walked to the visibly upset Athena, relieved that at least he knew her real name. He reached out to hold her. She gently pushed him away at first, then allowed him to hold her one last time.

Madame X CONT'D

You need to go now. You know too much.

Anderson hugged Athena, then gently kissed her on the temple, her cheek, and then her lips.

Anderson

Goodbye.

He looked into her tearful eyes, slowly released his hold on her and walked out of her residence and her life.

DISSOLVE TO:

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EXT. LONDON - VARIOUS LOCATIONS AND IMAGES

Eve and Emily Parks adjusted to London with little culture shock. Eve visited her Eden Galleries in Gamba, London and New York every few months. Dr. Parks had a private helipad and airstrip paved when the estate was initially developed, so Eve and Emily were no strangers to global travel. The world of 2050 was different. Cultural diversity in all areas of society was encouraged, so was life-long education. Global popular culture was less vulgar, vapid, trendy and anti-social. Global Society was becoming more entrepreneurial, independent, and spiritual based on the new scientific discovery and technological advances of the age.

There are also structured college courses blending cultural diversity, student government and social engineering, drawing from Jeffersonian democratic themes. Students are able to earn liberal arts credits learning the constitution of the United States and the branches of federal and state government just by forming groups each containing a male and female of each ethnic group and socializing, discussing politics and civics, the new economy, the traditional and the new ever-changing family structures. The goal of the course is to build social bonds and skills that last beyond the student's college education into their professional life.

The Q-net was creating more young online millionaire entrepreneurs than at any time in history. College students were trained to be online entrepreneurs by taking courses in website and mobile application development and management as mandatory undergraduate liberal art course curriculum.

Emily studied Interdisciplinary Industrial Design Engineering at the Royal College of Art and worked at her mother's gallery after classes. Dr. Parks purchased the gallery building two decades ago. Emily sent her father Qmails at least once a week. Her father's replies were always brief but loving and encouraging.

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Her freshman year curriculum concentrated on old school mechanical engineering. She had to learn to adjust to the concept of enjoying self-learning and keeping self-discipline to stay on top of all of her assignments. Because of her chosen field of study, she also had to develop her creative problem-solving skills while designing for manufacturability.

Her sophomore year added H3D molecular product prototyping, ProEngineer and SolidWorks 3HD holographic computer-aided design. By 2056-57, her junior and senior years, Emily's days were dedicated to developing fully functioning prototypes, either individually or as part of a group project. And, learning to present her product concepts professionally to industry. Emily's education concentrated on both product and transportation design. And because of her father's influence she excelled at OTS and LAT EM propulsion vehicles. She was a natural problem-solving design engineer.

Interdisciplinary Industrial Design or I.I.D. is the process of creating the products of the future. In essence, EVERYONE will, from the engineer to the consumer. Different disciplines will engage in the product design process, and creativity will fold itself into the function and manifest itself in the final product. In the 2050s, engineers, architects, and industrial designers all practice interdisciplinary design. It was only by the early 2020s that formal undergraduate and graduate programs emerged around the world, to create interdisciplinary design education programs combining mechanical engineering and industrial design, with emerging materials, psychology and marketing neuroscience.

Increasing technological advancements fueled the need for the improved creativity and innovativeness of engineering and design education graduates; programs that reflect the interdisciplinary dynamism characteristic of most innovative research centers, according to the Council of Graduate Schools, circa 2007.

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It was determined as globalization moves engineering, product design and business together, the best way to prepare engineering and design students to solve the complex product design problems of the future was to develop an undergraduate and graduate interdisciplinary design science for global product development. This will create designers cross-trained in transportation and product industrial design, mechanical engineering, sustainable architectural and structural design, and electrical engineering.

Emily carried on her father's design engineering tradition at the Royal College of Art, graduating in the top 10th percentile of her class. Eve kept herself busy with the Brompton Road Eden gallery.

She also helped manage their XO Men's and Women's couture shops on Bond St., Sloan St. and South Kensington at Brompton Cross. Eve, Emily and all of her employees wore the warrior-priest look, East meets West influenced Edo line of comfortable tailored kimono-inspired crossover-neck formal business wear virtually everywhere, to drum up business.

Eve and Emily were very close, private people, and because of the close proximity of the Royal College of Art and the London Eden Gallery, they rarely missed meals together. Their favorite restaurants were in Knightsbridge and South Kensington where they lived above the gallery. One restaurant was simply called 'Veg' on Egerton Gardens and the other was 'Pizza Organic' on Old Brompton Road.

Eve's communications with her husband were less frequent. She felt that he was purposely being distant for some reason. Perhaps he would surprise her and show up soon, that could be the reason he was building a wall between them. Often, she would walk at night looking up at the stars. She had recently purchased two cottages next to each other in the countryside, so that OM Group security personnel could be close by to protect Emily.

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Eve was still a highly trained assassin, programmed to be so. She also trained Emily in basic personal protection. She purchased the cottage to be able to look up into the sky at the stars, even perhaps find her husband's cloaked triage vessel out there with her raptor vision. Wishful thinking.

She imagined that he would look healthier, even younger than his 88 years, although he looked around 60. Before he left, his hair was all gray, he was rail thin and had lost most of his appetite. He just wanted to spend time locked in the Moog-Hoberman, peering into other worlds, and not into the eyes of his beloved wife. Eve hoped that he would come back with the health and vigor of a 30-year-old, and rekindle his marriage with her, and not the stars.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRIAGE SHIP IN HIGH EARTH ORBIT

INT. TRIAGE SHIP - PARKS' STATEROOM

In the four and a half years that passed, Dr. Parks kept up his daily regimen. The treatment worked well over the period since his neural node removal surgery. The triage hospital had become his home and he learned to appreciate the living A.I. vessel and its sparse inhabitants. Parks had the health and appearance of a late thirty-year-old.

Parks often engaged in transcranial conversations with Leonardo the Eben over Rhinehart Body Fuel and coconut milk or strawberry walnut milkshakes, Leonardo's favorite. Parks continued to have fresh produce dimensionally transferred from Z Division to the triage vessel for the alien inhabitants to experience. Over time Parks would even cook some of his wife's vegetarian dishes, to the Eben's nod of approval or headshake of dissatisfaction.

Over time, a slow friendship developed that allowed Parks to ask Leonardo about the rejuvenation unit and the H5 energy conversion power source.

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The Eben seemed to sense his intentions; that he would share this life-saving technology with the world. So, the little Eben decided to explain the entire workings of the technology to him during his time in treatment.

Dr. Parks kept notepad and a stylus handy to record the information given to him. There were 20 treatment stations on the triage ship. Parks requested and was given permission by the Eben to remove two of the units for further study and reverse engineering, only after ensuring the permanent daily delivery of fresh fruits and vegetables from OM Group.

With his affairs settled in orbit, and nearly five years of corrective treatment behind him, Parks had one final pressing situation to deal with. If all the players stayed cool, everything would work out to everyone's advantage. If not, then a private war would erupt, with perhaps no winners, and no prisoners. Chet's Z Division team made the modifications to Park's Moog Hoberman communications unit. He sent out one last strongly worded but brief message:

PARKS

MIDNIGHT RIDER,

Be advised do not, I repeat, DO NOT harm anyone or anything when you return, OR YOU WILL NOT LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO REGRET IT. I know what your motives are, and we are in agreement. Let her decide for herself. Just keep it below the radar, or I will punch your ticket to the higher realms personally. Are we clear and tracking? WE ARE.

KNIGHT PILOT-- OUT

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Few people knew that Dr. Parks' bandit call sign from his gravity propulsion trials on the Orbital Industrial Colony was Knight Pilot with a 'K'. If his clone was batshit out of control and on course back to Sol and Earth on an advanced cloaked aethership capable of mass destruction, and Parks own knight's moves approach to strategy, then that SOB had to be stopped. It would be on Parks if one civilian was harmed. His life would become worthless.

EXT. EARTHBOUND AETHERSHIP

Summer 2057. The Gordon Clone did receive the message, just as his cloaked aethership passed into the outer edges of the Sol system; its laser burst encrypted signal was on its way throughout the universe to reach the series of communications beacons one light year apart in spherical equilateral distance. He navigated the ship to dive into the underside of the disc-shaped system, making short dimensional jumps. The final space-bending maneuver placed the cloaked ship 100,000 kilometers from the South Pole of the Earth.

Gordon knew that there might be a more sophisticated space security fence surrounding the Earth in his twenty-year absence, so he quizzed his now intellectually sterilized A.I. avatar for solutions to enter Earth's orbit and airspace undetected. The avatar suggested using the transponder signal of another USSS fleet vessel, the Robert Inman, to approach the Earth as a space naval ship, then jettison the rigged transponder after sneaking through the space detection fence and descend cloaked below to the 4000-foot deck for conventional aviation.

Gordon then navigated an invisible course for the U.K.

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INT. LONDON - EDEN GALLERY

Gordon entered the London Eden Gallery, nervously, full of caution, wearing a navy-blue MA-1 flight jacket over black flight coveralls, black canvass jungle boots and tortoise shell wayfarer sunglasses.

He wandered the managed sculpture displays and observed the more unusual paintings with a novice art aficionado's eye, careful to avoid the two black-suited guards' line of view. Then, he saw her from a distance, and steadied his resolve to at least greet her and gauge her reaction. Would she see him as her husband? Did she know that Parks had a clone? He would soon find out.

That's when one of the guards took a casual notice of him, giving him a slight quizzical look, speaking briefly into his palm mike, waiting for a response, but he made no move toward him. No doubt, the security cameras would vector in on his visage and identify him within mere seconds. But as whom, Dr. Parks fresh from treatment, or a younger relative of her husband?

Eve sensed a familiar presence, she looked to her left at this lone figure, just standing facing her direction, with three roses, a white, a yellow and one red, in his hand. He slowly raised them toward her in offering across the sparsely crowded midday gallery.

He looked too young to be her husband, but when she focused her raptor-like vision on him, there was no mistaking that lonely, almost pitiful expression. Gordon, her husband, was standing there almost 50 feet away. He looked nervous and shy. He smiled cautiously. She walked toward him, but he barely moved towards her.

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Eve looked at him, smiled curiously as she approached. His Vandyke beard was gone, replaced by a neatly trimmed, military-style moustache. He looked like he was in his thirties, so young. His smile broadened just before she received the flowers and reached out to embrace him.

Eve was dressed in a long loose, indigo silk linen double lace ankle-length open neck bodice dress. Her hair was cut short, dyed a stylish indigo blue black, and her tanned skin radiated such powerful sensual energy that Gordon had sworn he could see her aura.

She ignited a fire deep inside of him. He shuddered in mild shock as she hugged him lovingly. He held her gently. It was his first time hugging anyone ever, and she felt so good, so right for him. She felt like home to him. When their eyes met close, and she smiled at him, he rested his head on her left shoulder; lifting his head up to her temple, he felt compelled to kiss her there, drinking in with all of his senses her sensual magnetic allure.

The Gordon clone finally understood. Eve was definitely the most naturally beautiful lady he had ever seen in his life. She had to choose him over the old man; she just had to. Their destinies were intertwined like the DNA that recreated them. And he could tell deep down inside, she knew it.

Eve stepped back just a foot to look into his eyes.

EVE

Gordon?

GORDON CLONE

Yes.

EVE

My-- Gordon?

(MORE)

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Eve seemed cautious, desperate. Her searching eyes teared up excitedly. He couldn't tell what she meant, and he couldn't answer her. Did she know and expect him to arrive, someday?

EVE CONT'D

I mean, you look so young! All those years of regen-therapy. It's unbelievable!

Gordon felt in that instant, looking in her tearing eyes, that she knew he wasn't her husband. Some part of her knew. But she wanted to continue the charade, she could feel his need.

GORDON CLONE

I am Gordon, your husband. That's all you have to remember.

They embraced again and kissed passionately, to the surprise of onlookers. She could feel his growing passion for her.

EVE

Let's get out of here, go upstairs," Eve said. "Emily will want to see her father-

GORDON CLONE

Let's have some privacy first, please? Some private time. We'll surprise her later.

Eve understood.

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CONTINUED:

EVE

Five years is a long time.

She walked back and grabbed her little woven bamboo box shaped purse. They hurried out of the gallery.

EVE CONT'D

We can get a hotel suite for the evening, order dinner delivery from Veg. You remember Veg, don't you?

It was a test. If he didn't know, she would be sure that he was Parks' clone and perhaps be scared off. In the brief pause, a memory fragment registered in his mind.

GORDON CLONE

First let's go to Itsu first for sake. It's-- my favorite. Sake, sake sake!

The Gordon clone remembered Dr. Parks' last visit a decade ago. Tasting sake would be another new experience and calm his nervousness about the upcoming first-time intimacy.

GORDON CLONE CONT'D

We haven't been to Floriana or Isola, or the Capital since then.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVE

Emily and I eat at Veg or order Pizza Organic delivery nearly every night. The cauliflower crust spinach Margherita pizza is our favorite.

Eve looked again at her perceived young husband, a miracle of youth. He had Parks memories apparently, even if she wasn't sure he was not him. She would continue believing he was her husband until-- she truly wasn't sure.

INT. TRIAGE SHIP - PARKS' STATEROOM

Peterson contacted Parks hours earlier on his Smartarm device.

PETERSON

We've got a hit on a discarded transponder in the Antarctic high orbit. He took the bait, using what he thought was the transponder signal of a USSS fleet ship. The only problem is that space vessel is still under construction. The A.I. must be compromised. It was programmed not to aid and abet mutinous activity.

PARKS

He's home and we're going to get that ship from him. Just give the line a bit more slack. I have operatives on sight managing the situation from a distance.

PETERSON

But he's going after your wife.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKS

I know. She can defend herself from any unwanted advances. But it's up to her to tell the difference.

PETERSON

But he has all of your memories!

PARKS

But no practical life experience. It's up to her to decide—

PETERSON

Decide what? Whether he deserves some of *her* practical life experience? What if she cannot tell the difference between you two? What if she thinks that he's a younger you fresh from treatment?

PARKS

He *is* a younger me.

PETERSON

He is not you.

PARKS

He is if he has all of my memories, my neural network, my way of thinking and processing information. And he's closer to her in actual biological age.

PETERSON

What if she accepts this imposter as you?

Parks looked away out at one of the side portals in his quarters down at the clouded azure view of Earth.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKS

Then she just does. He wins, and I lose. But she must decide for herself.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Eve and Gordon spent the rest of the day, in bed. They ravaged each other from the moment the door of the hotel suite closed. Eve took on the role of aggressor. She enjoyed her rejuvenated husband all night, but there was something different about him besides his youth and vigor. He seemed so-- new. Eve was so invigorated by him, so she had to be sure.

EVE

Let's go to the cottage in Marlborough. I just purchased it for us, just you and me, ok?

GORDON CLONE

What about Emily?

EVE

I told her we were here. I'll call her later and tell her of our plans. We'll see her later this weekend when we return.

GORDON CLONE

I'm ready when you are.

EVE

Aren't you hungry?

GORDON CLONE

A meal replacement shake would do my body some good.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVE

Well, we are having a real full breakfast with fresh fruit. I'll even let you have eggs.

GORDON CLONE

Ok.

EVE

Ok?

GORDON CLONE

Sure, whatever you want to order.

Gordon started to slowly fall back to sleep.

EVE

We'll rent a car. Do you feel up to driving?

GORDON CLONE

I'm still getting adjusted to full gravity-- I mean maybe you should drive?

EVE

I thought the triage hospital ship had EM dampeners that simulate earth gravity?

GORDON CLONE

There's a difference. And after last night-- I'm in no condition to stand up, let alone operate a land vehicle. Perhaps I do require sustenance. I'd like to try some eggs.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVE

Try--- some eggs?

GORDON CLONE

I'm just still tired, not fully awake, that's all.

After breakfast, Gordon took a long relaxing shower, a luxury not allowed in space. He could appreciate a hot shower over a mere warm soapy wash in a shower cocoon. The uncollected condensation on an enclosed space vessel can ruin electronics and be a breeding ground for bacteria.

They set out around noon on the M4 out of London, Eve retracted the roof on the cabriolet rental car. Eve noticed with satisfaction but more suspicion how Gordon marveled at the warm beautiful sun, blue sky and fresh air breezing by as they traveled through the countryside, as if it were a new experience.

EXT. MARLBOROUGH COTTAGE - AFTERNOON

When they approached the modern cottage, Eve's 'neighbors' were already there. She didn't anticipate their being around because Emily was not with her. Eve immediately passed the cottage, pulled over and closed the roof of the cabriolet turned around and pulled into the cottage driveway all the way to the rear of the cottage.

EVE

Wait here while I speak to our neighbors, one of the tactical units we employ to protect Emily when she's with me. I think we can give them the day off, don't you? I can protect us.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GORDON CLONE

If you say so. I am also tactically-- I mean, I've been working out, practicing too. We won't need them.

EVE

Agreed.

Eve was losing faith by the hour that this man was her husband, but she wanted the privacy to find out for sure, and if nothing else have his intimate company for herself just a little while longer.

She sent the security team home. She also asked them to wait until she entered the cottage before they left. The two-person man and woman team assumed that she wanted the privacy to conduct a discreet affair. They were conflicted, knowing ultimately that Dr. Parks was their employer as well, but dutifully complied with Mrs. Parks order.

INT. MARLBOROUGH COTTAGE

Eve made a light lunch and an early dinner for her 'husband', still examining his every move and mannerism.

By now Gordon was well aware. He ate very little and seemed to be struggling to keep his balance under the strain of gravity. He rested most of the time. And Eve took advantage of the reclining man to satisfy her sensual needs.

But Eve couldn't help remembering that her husband didn't have an identification or Q-commerce cards and his Smartarm gauntlet device appeared to be of military-grade quality. The evidence against this man was mounting. But she was so lonely for her husband, that even a close simulacrum would suffice.

(MORE)

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EXT. MARLBOROUGH COTTAGE - REAR DECK - EVENING

They watched the sunset on the large back sundeck sitting on oversized deck loungers with a small table of sweet Riesling wine and a small tray of fruits and cheeses. Each new experience seemed special to him as if it were his first, as it was once to Eve when she was first awakened in Singapore. If he was a clone like her, she had a duty to help acclimate him to the so-called real world. In actual truth, the breakaway civilization was the real world, the rest of the planet was living in a fantasy.

When nightfall finally came, Eve asked for his help in bringing out an expensive telescope. Eve had become an amateur astronomer since she acquired the cottage. They began taking turns looking up at the stars. Gordon began to describe in detail various star systems as Eve observed.

He seemed to know them all. That's when Eve knew that the man she was enamored with was her husband's clone. Eve also knew that she no longer cared. Maybe it was the second bottle of table wine, maybe it was just their shared circumstance.

He definitely had Dr. Parks' knowledge base, but he seemed to pause when accessing a memory before responding during their conversations, between their passionate sessions throughout the cottage. As time and the wine flowed, Eve cared less and less.

For all intent and purpose, this was her Gordon, she knew that now. She also felt like she was for him, but not his property. Not like she felt with her husband. With him she felt like a product of his wealth and grief at the loss of her progenitor. This young Gordon was just like her.

She made a decision-- She wouldn't ask him outright. She would just enjoy him until-- her husband discovered them. Eve didn't know how he would react, but she felt that he would behave in a decent and just manner. Perhaps this was the rejuvenated marriage she asked the Creator potential for.

(MORE)

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The weather was pleasant, so they decided to sleep out on the back deck. With Gordon's help, they pulled a king-sized mattress, pillows and a comforter out onto the back deck, and lit area candles to set the mood. They made love again and again and slept under the stars-- and Gordon's cloaked vessel just 1000 meters south of the cottage.

EXT. MARLBOROUGH - ONE BLOCK AWAY FROM EVE AND THE GORDON CLONE

Amaan Anderson, EPS New York and now London Regional Manager contacted Dr. Parks directly. Aware of Parks' honorary ranks within Air Force and Naval Space Command after being read into his covert military history, he afforded him all the respect due to a man of his official achievements.

ANDERSON

Commander Parks, he's here, and ah--sir, they've gotten pretty, ah-- cozy, sir.

There was a long pause, and with a leaden weighted sigh, Parks spoke.

PARKS

I understand. Keep them under distant surveillance, just their travels. There will be no audio or visual recordings of any kind, Understand? Give them their space. I'll confront the situation in due time. And thank you for your discretion, Manni.

ANDERSON

Yes, Commander Parks. By the way, my father used to call me by that nick name--

PARKS

I knew your father when you were just a toddler. You've grown up to be a good man that your father would be proud of.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDERSON

Thank you, Commander. We'll take action only when you're ready, sir. Anderson, out.

CUT TO:

INT. South Kensington LONDON CONDO ABOVE EDEN GALLERY - NEXT DAY

EVE

Emily, look whose home? It's your father-

EMILY

No, he's not...I just received a video Q-mail from him. Who are you?

The Gordon clone was at a loss for words. After a brief uncomfortable silence- Eve blurted out the words from nowhere, on the fly.

EVE

He's your uncle- Marcus...

EMILY

Well, he certainly looks like Dad. Hi, how are you?

Emily looked at him suspiciously, then shrugged.

Gordon could finally breathe a sigh of relief and speak, barely.

GORDON CLONE

Fine, thank you. How are you Emily, my- niece?

He greeted her with a cordial handshake.

Both looked at him puzzled for different reasons.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVE

Well, can we come in? I still pay the bills here.

EMILY

I thought Dad did?

EVE

We both do, young lady.

Eve turned her matriarchal intensity up. Emily retreated back to her living space, eyeing the new guest suspiciously as she left.

EMILY

Nice to have met you, sir.

GORDON CLONE

Nice to meet you as well.

Eve looked at her retiring daughter, then at her new lover, then looked deeper inward, into the depth of her own betrayal. She put her hands up to her closed eyes, overcome by disbelief.

EVE

Oh, dear Creator, what have I done?

GORDON CLONE

You knew it the minute you saw me, Eve. We were made the same way and made for each other.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gordon reached out for Eve. She slowly, reached out for him. They held each other in the empty quiet space. They kissed slowly and gently, then looked into each other's eyes, affirming the strength of their new bond and commitment to each other. Then suddenly, the doorbell chimed.

The time had come. As Dr. Parks pressed the doorbell, Eve looked through the electronic door screener, startled but not completely shocked, then slowly opened the door. As Parks stepped in, he waived at the four EPS paramilitary security to wait where they were outside the door. Parks had them positioned all around the building and he chose not to carry a side arm.

PARKS

Hello Eve.

He walked to Eve and gave her a gentle but brief hug. The Gordon Clone stood nearby an open conduit doorway he activated, ready for a quick retreat. Parks raised two fingers to stop the pursuit.

PARKS CONT'D

They're waiting on the ship, son. There's nowhere to go. You're grounded, permanently. But you've both made your point.

Parks reached out his hand for the dimensional activator unit, which the clone reluctantly relinquished.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVE

I'm sorry, I-- at first I thought it was you, that it might be you. But he's naïve, more like I was, like I imagine you were when you were a young man with your original Eve Dumont. We just got along from the start. He needs me, more than you do.

GORDON CLONE

I'm sorry Ambassador Parks, but Eve is better suited for me, and you know it.

EMILY

Dad?

Emily came into the room not completely understanding the conversation. She hesitated when she saw her naturally youthful looking father, then remembered his connection to advanced technology.

EMILY CONT'D

You look so much younger!

She rushed to hug her father.

PARKS

Hey kiddo. Congratulations are in order from what I understand. Are you thinking about joining the old man's company or graduate school?

EMILY

No nepotism Dad, you promised.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKS

Yeah right, we'll see about that. Just think it over. Say, are you hungry? By the Creator, I haven't had a good laboratory cultured slab beef protein burger in decades. Your mom wouldn't let me eat them anymore, no animal protein whatsoever.

The Gordon clone looked at Eve and finally understood that Eve was testing him with the breakfast eggs allowance days earlier to prove his identity. She knew that he was a clone even then.

PARKS

Emily, why don't you take your old Dad to a good old nearby burger joint here in London. Knock back a double meat chili cheddar burger, fries and a strawberry milkshake.

EMILY

I'll make mine a black bean patty and soy chili thank you, but it's a date.

PARKS

A date? Are you dating young lady? I thought I told you to wait until you're 30. No, make that 40 now.

Parks jokingly feigned mock surprise. Emily whined.

EMILY

Dad?!

PARKS

Go on get ready, and hurry. I'm hungry!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY

Ok, Dad. Momma, ah, Uncle Marcus, you want to come with us?

EVE

No honey, we'll let you two catch up. Maybe next time.

EMILY

Ok.

Emily went to change.

PARKS

We'll bring back something for you two. Ah-- Gordon or Marcus or whatever you feel comfortable calling yourself, you'll have to debrief by teleconference with Space Command. I'll defend your actions as best I can, and I will not turn you in. My conglomerate's security forces will protect you.

EVE

Thank you. Emily doesn't need to know right now.

PARKS

But she senses that something is off. And she will be able to handle it, but not today. Until the debriefing, you'll have to make yourself available, Marcus. After the debriefing, you can stay here or in New York or travel as you please. You may visit the Gamba estate, but I think you understand that it holds special memories for me. It was our family's home.

And I want you to understand, you have no claim to my conglomerate, is that clear?

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

Eve and I will get a quiet divorce. She is independently wealthy. And because of the circumstances of your creation and service to humanity, I will open up an account for you with a certain eight-figure sum in it, for those years of silent service, that must remain silent. Are we tracking?

GORDON CLONE

Yes, Ambassador, we are.

He reached into his jacket and handed over the navigational goggle temple frames for the aethership.

GORDON CLONE CONT'D

It's cloaked and hovering just over this building.

PARKS

Yes, we know, and have already retrieved it.

There was an awkward silence.

EVE

Why are you willing to do all this?

PARKS

Because you were created to take the place of Eve Dumont. That was unfair to you. I was selfish and self-centered. We had you two created only because we had the god-like power to do so. And like Eve Dumont, I neglected you as well.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

This man Marcus is better suited for you, and I'll not stand in your way. Besides, I have a diplomatic mission to finish. I have to make more of a contribution for all of the revelations about the true nature of our reality that I have been privileged to be exposed to.

Parks walked towards the exit as Emily returned making no contact with his soon to be former wife.

PARKS

I'll send the food back up with Emily.

EMILY

Dad, you're not staying?

Emily's heart sank as she walked toward the door.

PARKS

Young lady, I came all this way just to see you, just for today. And after graduation, we'll travel to California, just the two of us. I'll show you some of the colleges I've attended, and we'll visit my childhood home. So, cheer up, I'll see you again soon.

Parks looked back at the metahuman couple one last time—before he walked out of their lives for good. They would become progenitors of a new humanity and aid in its evolution.

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CONTINUED:

Parks and Emily had dinner and spoke only of her future. Emily could sense in her father's sad eyes that something significant had changed beyond his return to middle-aged youth. She knew it would be best if they broached the subject to her first, so when she came home from dinner, she retired to her room to allow them privacy and waited for the bad news.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CONDO ABOVE EDEN GALLERY

When Emily returned, Eve rushed to the window, and watched her soon to be ex-husband prepare to leave.

EVE

Turn around, look up at me...

Eve whispered to him through the window. If he did, she would bolt downstairs and beg him for forgiveness and not to leave her, again.

The Gordon clone went to Eve's side and tried to comfort her, but she gently removed his hand from her shoulder. She continued to wait for him to turn to no avail. He spoke to the aide near his latest project prototype, then opened up the throaty faux throttle on the machine and roared away on a cloud of air, so surreal.

This wasn't her unintentionally aloof husband. This new man felt betrayed but wished her all the best in her new life. He simply wanted nothing more to do with her.

EVE

I betrayed him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eve turned and briefly looked at her new lover. Then watched in anguish as Dr. Parks faded into the distant traffic of the night.

EXT. STREET LEVEL - South Kensington

Upon returning Emily home from their dinner, Parks relived his personal security detail, ordering them to provide another layer of security to Eve and his daughter.

It was only 8 pm. Anderson waited for his boss near the prototype silver gray polished EM cycle, an otherworldly wheel-less chopper hovered silently just over one foot above the road surface. Dr. Parks had an American Ironhorse board tracker chopper frame retrofitted with three Null-G engine pods, center, forward and rear. The Null G engine was based on magnetic flux field disruptor technology that neutralizes over 90 percent of the mass of the vehicle. He'd already named the g-bike Mjolnir, after the hammer of the mythical Norse god, Thor.

ANDERSON

Commander Parks, before you depart, I must insist upon a security detail for your person, sir.

PARKS

Negative, son. I feel the need to drift tonight, just me and that new Ironhorse your standing next to. I have to see how she handles so we can correct any glitches in the maneuvering fly-by-wire programming. I'm going to' head to Itsu for a couple rounds of sake, grab a bottle for the road, then tour through the West end, from Piccadilly Mayfair and St. James to Soho and Covent Garden, ending at Hoxton on the East end. Don't worry, I've got a high-tech security team overhead following my every move.

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PARKS CONT'D

Hell, by morning I could decide to take a dimensional doorway to Amsterdam for 24 hours. Then spend a day in Paris, or Milan. I could spend the next year visiting places like Taiwan, Singapore, and Tokyo, but it wouldn't change tonight. I've lost her. We had a good run, but the net result is still the same.

There's a job for you with Z Division, I want you to take it. You will coordinate and upgrade the security protocols at all OM Group Z Division facilities worldwide. You will not have to resign your post, but if you do, I'd take it as a personal favor. I'll expect your response by Qmail within 24 hours. Watch the condo for the next few hours, then take the rest of the night off.

ANDERSON

Thank you, Commander.

Parks mounted the big hovering machine as if it were a wheeled monster Harley Davidson with a soft suspension, then checked its systems for go. Parks looked at the young security agent, having reviewed his record and recommended him for this assignment. He was reminded of himself as an energetic 30-year-old Lockheed Martin aerospace engineer.

PARKS

Slow down on the philandering kid and think about your future, what you want to achieve in life. Speaking of too much fun, you know, I may ride this mean machine to the upcoming Bilderberg Conference next month. Shock all of those trans-humanists.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

ANDERSON

I thought you agreed with the agenda.

PARKS

Transcendence into a machine, is still just a machine capturing and mimicking your neural identity, your patterns of thought, logic, and reason. Its primitive; a good first effort, but in essence it's still just a ghost in a machine. Something is always lost in the translation.

Parks gave a two-fingered salute then roared away on the floating custom wheel-less chopper.

It took everything in him, all of his resolve, not to look back and up at the windows above the gallery. Their spiritual bond was broken. So was his heart. But he would never display his pain and shame for loosing yet another Eve. He gave this one away to a more suitable companion. The rejuvenated Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks, Earth Ambassador to the InterWorld Council and Doctor of letters in many fields of engineering, was a drifter, a lone soul. And he always would be. When he pulled away on the new technology, vehicle and pedestrian traffic slowed to a near stop in his wake.

Anderson instinctively turned to look up at the number of windows open looking at the marvel of new technology. Two women in separate windows captured his attention. They were Dr. Parks' wife and daughter.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DISSOLVE TO

INT. TRIAGE SHIP

Peterson debriefed Parks after he returned to the triage vessel in high orbit.

PETERSON

The aethership is in good condition. We repaired the jettisoned transponder. SpaceCom wants the vessel to tear apart and back engineer. I have them in a holding pattern of sorts, I haven't promised the ship until they stop rattling their sabers, or should I say arming their directed energy weapons at where they think the ship is.

PARKS

I've-- got to finish the diplomatic mission. I have to. I've got to drift for awhile...

PETERSON

No, you don't. That is just impossible-- The whole mission of discovery was my father's idea. He knew his time on this realm was short. He wanted to tour the local neighborhood just one more time. The rest of the diplomatic mission has been postponed indefinitely--

PARKS

I'm going.

PETERSON

NO AMBASSADOR PARKS, YOU ARE NOT!

Peterson stared angrily at Parks, then calmed himself before speaking.

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CONTINUED:

PETERSON CONT'D

I don't know if you humans completely understand, but I outrank you by an infinite order of magnitude. You're like spoiled children who don't understand the meaning of no. I am the most senior member of the Interworld Council in this sector. Before our intervention, you proto-humans were still worshipping the sun and trying to figure out how to make fire. Five hundred thousand years later, and humanity is still no better off than when you were first-

PARKS

Engineered?

Peterson took a long look at Parks again. He looked away and sighed while shaking his head at the futility of the argument, then reached into his coat pocket and tossed the goggle frame looking navigational temple apparatus for his mentor's aethership.

PETERSON

The A.I. Elder said you would want to complete the journey. If your clone was anything like you, then you're a drifter of the first order. I told him that I could convince you to stay. But I guess he was right. Bring that vessel back in one piece, not a scratch on her, and with a full tank.

PARKS

It runs on aether energy, High Ambassador Peterson, not petrol. The two ambassadors chuckled before the severe gravity of this breach of SpaceCom protocol would be fully realized.

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PARKS CONT'D

Thank you for everything.

Peterson turned and walked away as he said,

PETERSON

You know there are over nine hundred InterWorld Council sentient member worlds in the Virgo supercluster.

PARKS

I know. I'm tempted to try and visit them all. But first, there are a few souls here on Earth that I need to visit one last time before I go.

Peterson called out to Parks.

PETERSON

We'll meet again, but it may take another thirty or forty years. Until then, I bid you peace, and wish you abundant travel grace on your journey InterWorld Council Earth Ambassador Parks."

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARSEILLES, FRANCE - EDEN GARDENS

Dr. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks, stood at the gravesite of Eve Nichelle Dumont a few hundred yards from her family's vineyard just outside of Marseilles, France. He was dressed in a black pilot's jumpsuit, tactical boots and an Air Force pilot's jacket, wearing Wayfarer screeching shades.

After her parents passed and were placed on each side in final rest with their daughter, Parks purchased the vineyard. That was decades ago.

He added a large bronze statue anchored deep into the ground of a winged angel sentry in a flowing gown girded at the waist and Roman sandals, holding aloft in her right hand a two-sided sword. The statue's face was an exact copy of Eve. The statue's huge, outstretched wings touched the ground and shielded the three graves from wind and inhospitable weather.

The commercial vineyard still produced a limited quantity of its signature sweet table wine, renamed Eden Vineyards by Parks, using the angel statue sentry as its corporate brand. The wine production paid for the upkeep on the vineyard and kept the centuries-old tradition alive.

The shades he wore were special. An overhead ground penetrating satellite allowed him to look through the few meters of ground, through the lid of her coffin and see into Eve's grave momentarily, see her angelic face at final rest. This would be his final time.

PARKS

Hi, honey. I just wanted to say goodbye. I miss you, as I have for all these decades. I'm sorry I failed you. I should have fought for you and never let you go back in '97. I did something stupid too.

I missed you so much; I tried to bring you back to me-- back to life. But she wasn't you. I hope you'll forgive me for that too.

He lowered his head in shame, teary-eyed at the admission of his folly.

Parks then sat seiza style at the right side of her grave, gave her a formal deep bow, then spent a half-hour in seiza naikan settled introspection.

He could not tear himself away from her side, and his body became heavy with exhaustion. Parks spent the night sleeping next to Eve's gravesite. He dreamed that Eve had come to him.

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She was dressed in a long loose, indigo silk linen double lace ankle-length open neck bodice dress. She took off her dress and laid it on the cold grass-covered ground of the gravesite.

She laid down on the dress and pulled Parks to her. Parks immediately became aroused as she undressed him, making love to him slowly.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

When he awakened the next morning, he felt spent. His jacket had been placed over his chest, and the faint smell of Eve's favorite fragrance remained on his body.

She had been there with him. There was a trail of faint smoke coming from a chimney at the large cottage adjacent to the vineyard. No doubt she was there, making him breakfast. When she returned, she would find him gone.

He kissed the top of Eve Dumont's gravestone before departing, then pressed the touch screen of his Smartarm gauntlet. A dimensional doorway opened just behind him. He turned and stepped through, never looking at the cottage, only looking back at the gravesite one last time as the doorway faded away.

INSERT - VARIOUS SCENES

Parks went on to visit every child he fathered over his philandering years, briefly observing them from a distance. Parks knew he was no saint by any measure of morality. He sired these remarkable, now young adult children by contract with women from all over the world to appease his over-inflated ego and legacy. He deeply regretted not being a father to them, but not the manipulation of their educational training, forcing them to become engineers in order to inherit part of his fortune, like a private angel investor in their individual futures. Not having a father only left the lives of these eleven children, some only a few years older than Emily, with unanswered questions.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

But Parks vowed in his heart that he would bring them into the fold of his super conglomerate empire, where they would find the answers to their progenitor's identity and motivations.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CALIFORNIA - PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY

For Emily, Parks tried to play the role of corny old Dad, but she knew that her father was more like the loveable rogue that people, unfortunately, loved to hate. Upon her graduation from the Royal College of Art, Emily flew from London's Heathrow Airport to LAX.

Dr. Parks met her there, and they rented a car and drove up Highway 1 along the coast. During their drive, Emily brought up the painful situation with her parents to get it out of the way.

EMILY

Mom and Uncle Marcus are together now in London, Dad. How can she do that to you?

Emily was upset for her father, because of her mother's betrayal.

PARKS

He's not my brother Emily... Listen, there are things that we need to discuss, but I'm not quite sure that we're ready to have this conversation. I do not want you to be mad at your mother, do you understand? She's happier with him.

One day, I promise, I'll explain everything to you, then you'll fully understand. All we want right now is for your mother to be happy. Ok?

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

EMILY

Ok, Dad.

When they reached San Luis Obispo, they parked in front of a children's community center.

EXT. STREET FRONT - COMMUNITY CENTER

PARKS

I was an orphan, Emily. I was adopted from a home that used to sit on this land by the loving couple that this community center is named after. By adopting me, Maria and Gordon Wayne Parks literally saved my life. We were poor by today's standards, but they taught me the value of education, responsible behavior, hard work, and sacrifice. And to never, NEVER, give up on your career dreams.

I've tried and failed more than I've succeeded in living by their example, and I hope you will too.

They would have adored their granddaughter, and you would have eaten more delicious Tex-Mex food and authentic Southwestern cuisine than you can imagine. Momma Maria was one hell of a cook. She would have fattened you up in a week.

Emily's smile was warm with the knowledge that her grandmother was a wonderful woman that she hoped to emulate one day. She looked on at the community center as her father continued.

PARKS CONT'D

Maria and Gordon Wayne Parks believed in me...

Emily's father became emotional for a fraction of a moment.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKS CONT'D

...and sacrificed for me when most parents were too self-absorbed to even care about their children's future back in the pre-digital age.

I often think about how many young minds, full of potential, never get a chance to flourish just because they were born to neglectful, irresponsible parents. How many young lives are wasted by apathy?

I established the Maria and Gordon Wayne Parks Foundation to fund this children's community center forever. And I want you to help me keep this foundation alive and flourishing. It will be one of your jobs.

EMILY

One of my jobs?

Emily's brows arched in surprise.

PARKS

Yes, I've spoken to your Uncle Chet; he runs my conglomerate now. Nepotism aside, we want to hire you, entry-level, to work at the OM Group New York and London 'Z' Division Labs while you attend graduate school. A great deal will be expected of you. You are going to see and develop advanced technology beyond your wildest dreams.

Parks looked at his daughter.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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PARKS CONT'D

Congratulations, Emily, you are going to help build the future.

Emily didn't know whether to be shocked or angered at her father's presumptiveness, so she said nothing.

PARKS CONT'D

Even though I have to complete a sensitive off-world diplomatic mission, and I'll be away for a long time, we will keep in communication. Chet is working on adapting the Moog Hoberman chaise for you. You'll always be able to find me. I will be traveling using an advanced technology able to create shortened-distance portals in space, similar to the dimensional doorway technology.

My newly acquired aethership can bend the distance between destinations using the ship's negative space curvature field system and navigate around other sentient worlds via its tri-configured negative gravitation force generators. I will be able to travel a minimum of 1000 light years per day. It's a new physics-altering technology that conventional popular science is just beginning to fully understand.

For commercial and civilian space travel, it's a paradigm changer, like aether energy.

Emily, you will learn about this and other wondrous new advances when you join Z Division, the advanced reverse-engineering Team. Chet and I will groom you to take over Z Division and perhaps all of OM Group someday. Nothing would make me prouder.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Emily started the hydrogen-powered rental sedan and prepared to drive away, she realized how truly amazing her father was.

EMILY

Thank you. I love you, Baba.

Emily hadn't called her father by that name since she was 12 years old and only now in private. As a toddler, she wouldn't pronounce Ababa, but Baba was close enough. Her parents would laugh together and clap their hands at her accomplishing those first words.

PARKS

I love you too, kiddo...Are you hungry? Let's find an 'In and Out Burger' place. You haven't lived until you've eaten one of their chili cheese mustard burgers with lots of chopped raw red onions and a side of pico de gallo.

EMILY

Dad, you're going to reclog your arteries. You just got well.

PARKS

Yeah, but what a way to go. Saddle up. We're on a burger mission. Then, we'll just make the opening day of the Concorso Italiana at the Monterey Peninsula. You play your cards right; I may buy you your first Ferrari. And if you continue to behave, we may hop an XO Jet flight to Pistoleros in Houston for portobello tacos. Some NASA EagleWorks official took Chet and me there for lunch once. I always wanted to take your mother there. Maybe I'll open up Pistoleros restaurants in New York and London.

EMILY

Ok, Dad, now you're just showing off.

Emily joked.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GAMBA, GABON, AFRICA - WINTER ESTATE MAYAN PYRAMID MANSION

When Dr. Parks appeared at the Gamba estate, he walked through the empty corridors of the Tyrell Mansion into his and Eve's master bedroom, ending in his study. He carried a black duffle bag and carefully began to select vintage books to read during his journey. Parks planned to carry close to fifty back with him to the cloaked aethership in high upland orbit.

Carl Gustav Jung's 'Archetypes of the Collective Unconscious' was in his hand when the door to his study abruptly opened.

RILEY

Dr. Parks? Damn, you surprised the shit out of us!

It was long-time estate Security Chief, Frank Riley with two, armed security personnel.

RILEY CONT'D

I had sentries' double-timing it back here. We thought the mansion had been home invaded. But the home A.I.'s biometric system finally identified you. Are you back for good?

PARKS

Good response time, Frank. No, unfortunately, I'm just picking up some old reading material. I'm headed on a long trip.

RILEY

How long, professionally speaking?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKS

I'm not sure. Maybe a very long time.

RILEY

Well, just know that the estate is safe and sound, whenever you return.

PARKS

I know.

RILEY

There's been no residual effects from the removal of that pellet reactor after the Trophy Active defense system was decommissioned. I never did like nuclear power, especially after the global damage done by the Fukushima Daiichi disaster.

PARKS

Good, Thank you.

RILEY

So, how's the family?

PARKS

Good, I think they are going to remain in London and New York for the time being. Emily will be attending graduate school soon and working for the company. I'm sure they miss you.

RILEY

Yeah, I miss them too. I gotta' send the little miss a video Q-mail. Well Dr. Parks, I'll leave you to it.

Chief Riley walked over and shook his hand.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RILEY CONT'D

Safe travels...

PARKS

Thank you for all of your years of service to this estate and my family, Frank. Take care.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NEW YORK - EPS HEARST BUILDING - PENTHOUSE DOJO

Anderson's debriefing appointment found Director Ueshiba training alone. After being approved to visit the director on the uppermost penthouse floor of EPS Corporate in the Hearst Building, he was escorted to where the sensei was by the same man who accompanied Madame X on her last entertainment excursion. Anderson ignored him.

Kendo training was a Level 3 and above requisite. Managers and executives were jokingly called "Jedi" at this level in the company. It wasn't much of a stretch from the truth. Anderson knew that EPS was developing a jo staff for Level 2 roaming event managers and corporate security agents capable of delivering a 100,000-volt stun charge to an attacker.

In a private dojo for Level 3 and above managers and executives, Sensei Ueshiba was practicing the Aikido four to sixteen direction cut movements with a hardwood mock Japanese sword.

Beginning from a hanmi stance, Ueshiba raised the sword overhead while stepping on the right foot, pivoting and simultaneously cutting down the length of the opponent's position, his body and sword moving as one.

In essence, Sensei Ueshiba was practicing hoki; the projection of Ki energy in concert with sabaki body movement, enryu circular flow, enten circular integration, sumikiri perfect clarity and Ki shin Tai ichinyo, Ki, mind and body are one.

(MORE)

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Anderson sat in silence at the edge of the mat watching his sensei train for nearly fifteen minutes.

Then as he toweled the sweat from his brow and he switched to seiza naikan for settled introspection.

He waved Anderson to his side just before he began, speaking sparingly as he entered the depths of the devoid mind. Anderson formally moved to Ueshiba's side just feet away. He then formally bowed again to his seated sensei and waited to be addressed.

Director Ueshiba

Discreet, op sec nearly invisible. You and your team accomplished your assignment very well.

ANDERSON

Thank you, Director. But I can barely sleep at night now.

Director Ueshiba

I understand that you've stopped all of the reckless womanizing as well.

ANDERSON

That's correct.

Director Ueshiba

One must learn to control the body's energies and focus the mind on cherished, respected, and valuable pursuits in order to have a long and noble life. Cultivate the higher, creative talents we are all born with-

ANDERSON

Like my father. Have you heard from him?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Director Ueshiba

Not in months. I don't know if he's still alive. All I know is that his work required him to commit into the clandestine world fully. Does he contact you?

ANDERSON

Yes, probably about as much as he contacts you. A few times a year. Do you know where he is.

Director Ueshiba

No, but wherever he roams, the 'Mighty Wolf' leaves no tracks. He's still a recluse with enemies.

ANDERSON

Dad provided for me and my mother well enough, but he didn't marry her. He put you and the other mentors from his police force days in my life, and I'm grateful for that. But I wish he had just allowed me to be a part of his life, to know him better. It would have helped me to become a better man.

Director Ueshiba

You're doing alright. Your father suffered from life-long chronic depression. He used the sculptures and paintings he created during his casework to attempt to heal himself. It worked sometimes, other times it failed him and sent him down another empty alley of misery. But that was his life, not yours. John Noah Anderson was a good homicide detective and private investigator. But he saw too much horror, too much trauma. The FBI Wolf Pack and whatever clandestine work he's into now with the counter-terrorism is in a way, saving him from himself.

Your father was known on the street as 'Automatic Slim' and he terrorized the truly bad guys, even if it meant killing them and creating a technicality to get away with it.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

That's why he didn't want you joining the NYPD. Someone from his past might have a vendetta against him and take it out on you. That's why he was so distant. That's why he didn't marry your mother. But he left your mother everything he had before he went into the black and became a covert operator.

There was silence for a long time before Anderson switched subjects.

ANDERSON

Director, tell me about this assignment's association to a Madame X or Athena, one of our clients? What's her real connection?

The sensei's face became grim.

Director Ueshiba

We've been protecting Athena for nearly two decades at the direction of Dr. Parks. He found out that her genetic material had been used to recreate his cloned wife. The Genesis Consortium has been cleaning up loose ends since the elite human project cloning was exposed to the public. Athena can name names dates and locations and do a great deal of damage to the consortium. She would have been eliminated without our protection. In a way, this company honed its global VIP itinerary management protocols because of our need to keep her safe. She has to stay constantly on the move.

ANDERSON

Does she have a personal bodyguard?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Director Ueshiba

When she permits but usually, she is protected by a unit of EPS operators. Because Athena is one of our longest continual clients, and on Dr. Parks' bill, she usually hand picks her personal protectors. There are times when she requires-- more personal attention. She picks agents that she finds attractive.

Anderson looked down in sorrow.

ANDERSON

She got to me, made me care for her again. I developed feelings for her many years ago, when we used to see each other. It took a long time to get her out of my system.

Director Ueshiba

That's part of her charm, her power. She radiated a powerful sensuality, high intelligence, class, and compassion. Everyone gravitated toward her orbit. She made millions for the Genesis Consortium with her genetic contributions, and she wasn't the only one. There were six other women just like her, with a naturally gifted alluring power. After they donated genetic material over a period of years to the Consortium, they were all mysteriously eliminated. Dr. Parks found out about this and Athena's contribution to his wife's creation. He knew that it was a matter of time before they found and terminated Athena as well. Dr. Parks bought out ExecPro and challenged us with responsibility of keeping her alive and safe to live as she chooses.

It was a matter of pride for us to give her military grade global diplomatic protection. And, to use it as a protocol model to constantly improve our level of efficiency for all of our clients.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDERSON

Where is she? Where is Athena?

Director Ueshiba

Son, you can never see her again. You will not be allowed to. For her own safety, we must recuse you from her life, forever. Other senior agents--

ANDERSON

That's BULLSHIT.

Anderson was enraged.

Director Ueshiba

That's the way it is. Company policy when it comes to Madame X, by Dr. Parks' order, once an agent becomes too involved. That's her power over men, over all of us. From now on, you will have to learn not to love anyone you are hired to protect in order to be an effective agent, an effective warrior--

Anderson stood informally and walked away toward the elevators, a decidedly Western insult to the Eastern formality that the sensei director expected. He left behind his company credentials, identification cards, and office keys on the mat where he sat.

Stubborn, just like his father, Ueshiba thought.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

Director Ueshiba CONT'D

We never knew her name for long. She would just erase it from our memory of everyone she knew.

Ueshiba's last words stopped Anderson in his angry mid-stride path to the guarded elevator banks.

Director Ueshiba CONT'D

She's not from this world, none of the other genetic donor women were. She was an experiment in an InterWorld Council visitor exchange program. That's why her sexual magnetism was so powerful.

She could have stayed if she chose to. But it seems, you made a deep impression on her as well. We would have protected her as long as she lived here. But she chose to return to her home world. You may not believe me now, but one day, you will.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERWORLD COUNCIL AETHERSHIP

When Dr. Parks entered the aethership carrying a duffle bag over his shoulder, the lights and various stations began to activate.

PARKS

Engage A.I. avatar program.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

There was a pause. No response. Parks looked towards the pilot's seat. Then pulled out the navigational temple goggle frame from his jumpsuit chest pocket and placed the unit across his brow, nose bridge and temples. A disembodied voice came into his head as a holographic one-piece wrap around heads up goggle display dropped down and emitted from the temple frame.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST V.O.

I knew that you would come to complete the diplomatic journey. I knew that you would do what was necessary and right.

Parks was in no mood to be cosmically or spiritually inspired. He just-- wanted to leave his loss behind and keep his mind occupied with what seemed a noble endeavor.

PARKS

How soon can we get underway?

A feminine voice answered, she was hunkered down at one of the technical stations, operating the touch and SOE interface with considerable skill. Her back was facing him and data streams of pictogram like symbols scrolled in front of the stunningly gorgeous lady, outfitted in a form-fitting navy jumpsuit, zipped down to the neck and her tanned cleavage. She looked like a Bond girl.

ATHENA

As soon as you're settled in. We've been waiting.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKS

Athena? What are you doing here?

Parks couldn't sense her presence, but now her psychic pheromones were on their way to his sensorium. In his dismay, he turned to question the ship's A.I.

A hologram of an elderly long white-haired man appeared, who seemed to float into the room, clothed in a high collared, flowing navy Monsignor cloak trimmed with silver piping at the collar. The avatar appeared to closely resemble his mentor, Peterson.

The Elder's avatar replied in anticipation

.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

I agreed to take her to her home world in the Pleiades system. She is your ex-wife's genetic donor, and you both know each other already, you been her patron to some degree, providing for her global security over the years.

As Parks began to give the A.I. his full attention and a piece of his mind, the H3D image faded, giving Parks the slip to avoid the argument. By that time Athena walked over to him with an outstretched hand in formal greeting.

ATHENA

I hope that you won't mind. I have to get away.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

He shook her hand cordially, as she applied her telepathic powers to make a psychic-sexual invitation for the trip. Parks held her hand longer than he needed to, involuntarily displaying his receptiveness to her magnetic allure.

She was highly attractive after all, intellectually advanced, and her empathic telepathic powers were formidable. But more than that, he could sense her loneliness, her alone-ness with the world, not unlike his own newly single status and forced solitude.

In his mind he thought,

PARKS

"I hope that she stays, then I won't be all alone."

In his mind, he heard a reply from the telepathically advanced being. She smiled and winked mischievously as she returned to her duty station, replying aloud,

ATHENA

"I may take you up on your offer, Ambassador Parks. I may just do that indeed. You know, I love to travel. We're prepared for departure, Commander."

He spoke to her, to stop her from reading his mind, and communicate verbally.

PARKS

Call me Gordon. We're a bit more relaxed here on board the-

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

ATHENA

That's right. This vessel has no name.

PARKS

Then we will have to come up with a name on our diplomatic journey of discovery for the Earth InterWorld Council. Let's name her the 'USSS Constitution'. Let's get underway, shall we?

Parks looked out at the enhanced 360-degree external view instantly provided by his spatial display.

PARKS CONT'D

All those stars, and all the life behind them. They're like us, some assembled in groups, and others isolated and all alone.

The avatar reappeared.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

You've missed out on half of your journey of discovery.

PARKS

I saw glimpses through the M-H unit.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

Yes, but you were not physically present.

PARKS

Well, I am now. Let's move forward in the present, please.

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CONTINUED:

Parks intoned in mild irritation. He knew that the A.I. had the entire mind and life experience of his mentor's mentor. And he must always display respect to this digital mind dedicated to an evolving humanity.

PARKS

We'll continue where Midnight Rider stopped. I'll bring myself up to speed until we arrive at that point. If it is possible, we will retrace the navigational path this vessel took in reverse to the Sol system. Agreed?

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

Agreed.

Parks settled into the pilot's chaise as the avatar spoke again.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

The books that you brought aboard are already available. I am equipped with the entire digital library of humanity. It is continually updated through the navigational communications beacons. There was no need to carry hard copy books with you.

PARKS

Carrying a good old-fashioned hard copy book is like a toddler having a security blanket. It can be a comfort.

The avatar seemed to understand this analogy. Parks realized that this A.I., was not only extremely heuristic, but felt that it was still alive. This could serve to be a problem in the future, unless he dealt with it now.

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PARK CONT'D

Are you in command, or am I?

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

You are. If you would prefer, I will adjust my inquiry parameters. However, I am compelled at all times to determine your emotional and physiological competence, in order to protect this ship from doing or being harmed.

PARKS

I understand. Are you still essentially the Elder Ambassador that I met all those years ago?

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

In a way, I am. I am now an archived advanced, heuristic A.I. algorithm of the Elder's mind, complete with all of his memories and life experiences. I will debrief you along our journey on what I perceive you may have overlooked or missed. And I will train you on the complete operations of this, your new aethership.

PARKS

My ship? Are you sure?

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

Yes. I have determined that you are competent for command. Your clone displayed anger at, in his opinion, your inability or inadequacy in protecting Ms. Dumont in the days of your youth. Therefore, it can be assumed that you must still harbor some deep-seeded self-hatred for seemingly failing her as well. And you cannot forgive yourself for this failure, even to this day.

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Parks looked at a suddenly attentive Athena, then lowered his head and looked away in despair.

PARKS

Not that it's anyone's business but my own, but yes, that's correct. I will never forgive myself.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

And that is why you did not inform your soon-to-be ex-wife of your clone's pending return.

PARKS

If I thought I needed a ship's counselor for this diplomatic mission, I would have one assigned. But yes, I felt that I only had Eve Parks created out guilt for not fighting harder for Eve Dumont. Elder, don't ever bring up this subject again.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

Ambassador Parks, your first lesson on this journey is to learn to forgive yourself for your failings, perceived or real. After all, you are only human. Fifty years-worth of self-punishment is enough penitence. It's now time for your soul to heal.

PARKS

Enough.

The A.I. switched the subject as ordered.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

Do you have any needs or requests before we depart?

PARKS

Yes. Please create an audio file of all Schuman resonance soundscapes for my private quarters. And create separate audio files of all Hearts of Space and other ambient music. I will add several files later of other genres as they come to mind.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

Will there be anything else Ambassador Parks.

PARKS

Yes. Play 'A Thousand Years' by Sting for me on a loop, now. Crank up the volume.

Parks situated himself in the pilot's chaise and added,

PARKS CONT'D

And I hope this ship's veg protein reserves can replicate a good chili cheeseburger. Let's get this love train going..."

The hull of the now decloaked blue silver delta-shaped aethership began to glow and pulse with energy. The vessel began to slowly move away from of its geosynchronous orbit parallel to the triage hospital disc-shaped ship, past the Orbital Industrial Colony.

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CUT TO:

EXT. TRIAGE SHIP

INT. REJUVENATION BED ENCLAVES CORRIDOR

Peterson looked at his Smartarm chrono-cuff. Ah, I'm late for a scheduled telomere restoration and whole-body rejuvenation session, he thought. As he strode on, he dictated a message.

PETERSON

DataLink, send an encrypted message to all Committee of 12 senior members. Our next meeting is scheduled for 36 hours from receipt of this message, in Washington, D.C., at the White House. The subject of the meeting is to debrief the POTUS on the acceleration of the disclosure timeline of physics altering technology into Earth's industries. Peterson, out.

He made up his mind. Peterson would reenter the Cosmic Top administrative world as if nothing happened at the last meeting. See what develops.

As he walked past two empty enclaves where two treatment units used to be, he noticed what could only be described as a scene from a Star Wars bar.

The wall between the two enclaves had been removed and the open space converted into-- a fruit smoothie lounge? The human and humanoid technicians sat at a long health bar and on lounge furniture bolted to the deck, enjoying telepathic and some human conversation and mixed health drinks and fresh fruits.

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There were overhead monitors of what appeared to be-- vintage comedy films and-- stand-up comedians performing. There were at least fifty monitors; from Charlie Chaplin's little tramp to WC Fields, to Laurel and Hardy, to Jerry Lewis, to Jonathan Winters, The Three Stooges, Rodney Dangerfield, Red Fox, Robin Williams, Richard Pryor, Dana Carvey, Dennis Miller, Whoopie Goldberg, Elaine Bosler, Judy Gold, Robin Harris, Jerry Seinfeld, Bill Mayer, to the Wayans brothers, Dave Chappell, Dave Attell and many others.

Peterson slowed to a stop and looked at the melting pot of NATO Space Command and InterWorld Council junior members, who all sensed his presence and, in unison-- slowly turned and stared back at him in a classic standoff as conversation, real and telepathic, paused.

Peterson swore he caught a glimpse of Chet Wolf and the Eben technician Leonardo shaking hands from what appeared to be a large walk-in cooler full of produce.

Chet noticed Peterson looking at them and immediately stepped backwards to shield himself from further detection. A flash of light appeared for a few seconds; it was Chet making a hasty retreat through a dimensional door.

Leonardo walked out of the cooler checking a produce inventory digital tablet with a stylus. He looked up from his tablet, noticing Peterson, then almost imperceptibly, he shrugged slightly, and went back to his managerial tasks.

Peterson swore he saw the little Eben wink a lensed eye and smile slyly at him. After this exchange, everyone in unison went immediately back to his or her previous otherworldly conversations and leisurely activities.

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Peterson made a mental assessment, and furrowed brow, in disbelief. Two rejuvenation units-- gone. A fruit and vegetable smoothie lounge in their place. And Peterson knew of only one man who owned an eclectic comedy media library such as the one on display. He knew of only one man who would have the audacity to teach otherworldly cultures about Earth humanity's absurd sense of humor, with the promise, no doubt, of laughter being the best medicine.

Peterson thought aloud in apprehension.

PATERSON

"Creator help us all, if he brings this brand of diplomacy to the cosmos and other InterWorld Council members among the stars. Maybe the Elder's A.I. avatar will make human members seem less crazy to the other member worlds."

Leonardo telepathically replied.

LEONARDO

"No, it's confirmed. Humans are, as Dr. Parks would often say, ape shit crazy. The stories and topics that humans find amusing and entertaining are so varied, so strange. I believe that Dr. Parks will be quite a popular InterWorld Council Earth Ambassador if he shares this side of humanity with member worlds during his journey."

Peterson left the little Eben with the last telepathic word. He laughed aloud as he thought about it. Only one man could be capable of such manipulation.

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He laughed and cursed the name of the sly offender as he walked away, headed to his scheduled appointment. And that man was about to travel the multi-dimensional aether on one of Peterson's ships!

PETERSON

Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks.

He was indeed a rare breed. A maverick technological innovator, a lone traveler, and now a spiritual wanderer and soul surfer of worlds.

He and his manipulative frat boy pranks would be out of Peterson's hair for a long time.

Or he might never return, a casualty of the allure of infinite void, if he chose to visit all of the InterWorld Council member worlds.

With that realization, James Hiram Peterson found that he already missed the presence of his friend, colleague and pupil that he'd known for 60 years. He was a rare breed, indeed. Peterson watched on a monitor aboard the triage ship as the silver delta slowly pulled away.

PETERSON CONT'D

Good luck Knight Pilot. May blessed aethereal winds give you infinite travel grace..

Seconds later, an external explosion reverberated throughout the triage ship, damaging the artificial gravity field.

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CUT TO:

INT. PARKS' INTERWORLD AETHERSHIP

Parks awakened in a haze. He felt like he had an out-of-body experience for an extended period. He was dehydrated and had a slight headache. Then he remembered the attack.

Six Black Arrow Space Command ships came from the OIC and fired particle beam weapons at their aethership.

PARKS

Athena?

Parks dragged himself from the pilot's chaise and began his search through the smoke and sparks of the damage strewn flight center. He found Athena unconscious but alive. Parks made a pillow of his flight jacket and placed it under her head.

He called for the A.I. and a scattered image avatar slowly materialized.

PARKS

What the hell just happened?

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

I detected charging directed energy weapons and attempted to fold space-time over the vessel at an accelerated rate in order to extract us from harm's way. We were fired upon, overcharging my initial multiple space-time fold, energy matrix calculations.

PARKS

You tried a slip phase without a destination?

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

Director Peterson and I planned for such emergencies. I chose the Andromeda System.

PARKS

Excuse me? A straight Q-phase dimensional slip to Andromeda would take weeks.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

Not if I multi-folded space-time. It could be achieved within days.

PARKS

But that would take an incredible amount of energy and the dimensional technology of a Type Three civilization--

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

This aethership has that capability.

PARKS

It's no wonder Space Com wanted this vessel so badly. They will come after us.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

I must confess that Space Command is the least of our concerns at the moment.

The A.I. raised a holoscreen in front of Parks.

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ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST CONT'D

They may come after us but it is not a matter of where they arrive, but when. As I said, when they fired upon our vessel in the process of multi-folding space-time around this ship, they altered the energy matrix equation. We traveled through time, more specifically, back in time.

PARKS

Back in-- How far back?!

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

I have this entire vessel's sensors and algorithms attempting to determine that figure as we speak.