



# OFFWORLD MAN **PART 3**



OFF-WORLD MAN 3

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REVISED DRAFT

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SUPERIMPOSE:

THE OFFWORLD MAN 3

FADE IN:

EXT. EDEN VINEYARD OUTER TREE LINE

2058. An orgy of unarmed combat brought her to this point. Eve kneeled on one knee. She clenched the handle of the balanced Japanese short blade tightly, its tip embedded into the soil surrounding the trees just outside of Eden Vineyards.

Her ragged breaths came with considerable effort. She had just run at full speed the length of a football field and tore into a unit of highly trained soldiers, killing them all save for one.

He stopped her, in the midst of her unholy communion with violent rage of vengeance, with the threat of bodily harm upon her daughter. Eve bowed in submission to this evil conqueror.

FLASHBACK

Hours earlier, Eve was in the arms of her former husband, literally sleeping next to the grave site of her progenitor. She returned to the guest cottage near their vineyard well before sunup, to freshen up, change clothing, prepare an early morning breakfast, and check on her other new paramour, his clone.

She wanted to keep both men in her life. She had made up her mind. If she could just reason with Parks, he would give in to her wishes. He was a wealthy, sophisticated man. The Gordon clone was just like her, an innocent victim of Parks ego and financial power. She would help him to adjust to life in 2058. They were passionately in love and better suited for each other, but Eve still needed Parks to be in her life, even if they divorced. She still loved him.

END FLASHBACK

Parks departed before she returned to the gravesite, and left Eve once again, heartbroken. She knew that Parks was gone from her life for good. It was around 6 am.

As she walked back to the cottage, Gordon walked out to meet her. She'd asked him to remain indoors, perhaps not urgently enough, just until she could smooth things over with her soon to be ex-husband. But upon seeing her returning alone, he figured that it would be alright to get some fresh air and greet her with a hot cup of green tea sweetened with honey. Something sweet for a woman that was doing so much for him, lifting him up, showing him so much care and nurturing.

The report from the rifle rang out with a startling thunderclap. It surprised both of them. What would have knocked a normal person off their feet, merely knocked the metahuman a step or two back, like a fist punch.

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Eve's raptor-like vision saw the nightmare unfold with stunning detail. She let out a horrified scream, pulled the hem of her ankle-length dress up around her hips, then took out in a full sprint toward Gordon to save his life. She knew that the round had to have passed from the tree line behind her to hit him. The shooter would surely target her next. She didn't care, she wanted to shield him, protect him. Get him back inside the cottage. Her programming to protect Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks whether the original or a clone took over, making her take action, ignoring any fear for self-preservation.

Gordon looked at the cup in his right hand; he didn't understand why it had partially shattered, leaving only a jagged slivered base and handle in his grip. He felt the impact hit his right upper chest hard just under his collarbone, near his shoulder.

He took a step or two back and felt like he walked into an invisible wall. The right side of his upper chest seeped a deep merlot red. He looked down at the wound in shock and innocent surprise, like it was all a dream. The sight of his own blood intrigued him.

Then he understood and looked out into the distance where the shot came from and saw Eve running up to him fast. He couldn't hear her or understand what was happening.

The powerful slug exited his back in a misty hole, exiting through part of his shoulder blade, after tearing through the upper tip portion of his right lung. His strength quickly faded. He dropped the shattered cup as his right arm went numb. He dropped to his knees and nearly keeled over, catching himself with his left arm before he fell face first to the ground.

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EXT. TREE LINE

Three hundred meters away, beyond the Dumont gravesite in the surrounding perimeter woods, a squad of black ops soldiers stood at the ready.

SNIPER

Damn, those metas are strong.

The sniper observed through the scope of his rifle as he chambered another round. His spotter looked on through binoculars in surprise as well.

SPOTTER

That meta broad can hall ass too. You better put one in her quick before she gets out of the clearing and back into that structure. She's movin' fuckin' fast.

SNIPER

I'm on it.

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GENERAL SULLIVAN

Damn it, why didn't you shoot her first?!  
The criticism came behind from the team's mission CO, a man they had never met before this operation. His voice was more of a grizzled, half-metallic, half-human growl, and the distinct sound of a sidearm being unholstered could be heard.

Fear registered in the sniper's mind for a fraction of a second, long enough to distract him. He quickly refocused to take another shot. But when he caught up with his rapidly moving target, she had already scooped up the injured man and they made a running dive for the open cottage door.

His second shot barely missed the diving figures as the door was slammed shut.

Before the sniper could turn around to complain, the enraged mission CO discharged his sidearm into the back of both the sniper's and the spotter's heads. He relieved them of their consciousnesses with no emotion.

GENERAL SULLIVAN

I cannot tolerate failure.

He raised his index finger to his jugular and spoke into a throat mike. "Flank the cottage front and rear. Go and retrieve them, preferably not quite dead," he ordered to the other operatives.

EXT. EDEN VINEYARDS COTTAGE

Two more distant shots had reported in the distance after they made it back into the cottage. Gordon moaned in agony as they moved for greater cover.

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INT. COTTAGE

Eve quickly found clean small towels and stuffed the wounds in Gordon's chest and back to slow his bleeding. He was going into shock and needed medivac immediately.

They flew to France from London and drove to Marseilles. They were, as far as Eve could tell, without a security detail since their affair was discovered.

Were they now under orders to be killed? Eve decided to quickly send an OM Group security medical emergency and threat alert on the nearby desktop.

Eve had traveled to the vineyards many times since she learned of her origins over the years, often bringing her daughter. She knew every inch of the compounds surrounding the vineyards.

They were well armed and tactically equipped, and there was even a series of underground wine cellars and tunnels. Her programmed military memgrams began to take over in the form of almost robotic martial instinct -- and seething rage.

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She secured Gordon as best she could, moving him to a concealed closet sized panic room behind a sliding faux bookshelf. He mercifully lost consciousness as she kissed him.

The panic room housed small arms supplies and tactical gear. Her husband spared no expense in providing the state of the art, including cloaking camouflage tactical uniforms.

Eve stripped bare of her clothes and into one of the form-fitting tactical uniforms and battery-operated belt to activate the cloaked camouflage effect, snow cowl and split-toe tabi boots of the same cloaking material. She didn't select any of the weapons, save for a wakizashi tempered Japanese strait short sword, its soft scabbard stitched in the spine of her hooded camo top. An uncloaked firearm, even one with a silencer, would give away her position in close quarters.

Even unarmed, Eve was a highly lethal weapon.

Another concealed panel in the panic room led to a descending metal ladder and the network of cellar tunnels. She had explored the tunnels years before, wondering if her progenitor, Eve Dumont, had ever played in them as a child.

One of them even led as far away as the Dumont family gravesite lot surrounded by thick, stone-cobbled, waist-high walls. She used the tunnel the previous night to see her husband, arriving like a ghost while he slept.

She used a mental ability on Dr. Parks that he never knew about. She used the power of her empathic mind to induce him to become very tired, too exhausted to leave the gravesite. With the power of her mind Eve Parks induced into the mind of her ex-husband the need to sleep, as she had just induced in her critically wounded lover, Gordon.

She would have to explore the limits of her evolving telepathic and empathic abilities some other time. Right now, her mind focused on stealth, and close quarter combat against multiple, professionally trained insurgents hidden within the surrounding forest line.

She could use the tunnel to position herself between them and the cottage and take the fight to them in the forest, if she moved fast enough. Or she could flank them from behind as they moved in across the open field toward the cottage.

Either way, her blade would drink deeply in the blood of her enemy. Eve was moving quickly through the maze of corridors, her adrenaline and controlled rage flowed, heightening her senses.

When she stealthily ascended the metal ladder and opened the grass-covered lid of the tunnel exit just an inch or two, her senses were primed for pure war. She would make these intruders pay in the most painful ways possible.

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Eve activated the cloaked stealth function of the tactical uniform and slithered out through the lifted lid. She peered over the stone wall surrounding the small Dumont gravesite.

Her raptor vision observed movement just at the tree line in two directions. She decided to take the fight to them in the forest, then move on the team to her right first, hoping that the hell she would soon inflict on that group would compel the other assault team to come to their aid rather than continue to the cottage.

Eve slipped over the back of the rear wall, passing the huge bronze statue anchored deep into the ground of a winged archangel 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 Dumont, her progenitor. The statue's huge, outstretched wings touched the ground and shielded the three graves from wind and inhospitable weather. And like that mythical statue, Eve Parks would defend her family and land.

Eve took off at a full sprint toward the tree line just behind the unit to her right, praying that her equipment worked at optimum efficiency, rendering her cloak camouflaged, rapidly moving body invisible.

She made it at full silent sprint the one-hundred-meter distance and entered the tree line, with the plan to stealthily invade and slowly close the distance between her attackers.

But adrenaline and blind rage took over, and rather than control her emotions, Eve allowed them to embolden her to take the cloaked fight at high speed directly to the enemy.

She came upon the split unit of insurgents as a ghost of wind. In less than a minute she had decapitated, hacked off limbs or disemboweled each twelve fighters, leaving the slower dying attackers screaming and howling in fear and agony, hoping that it would alarm the other flanking unit.

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Eve slipped back to the tree line to see if any of the other team had left for the cottage. None so far, which meant that they were headed back in her direction.

She picked up one of the earpiece from a deceased attacker. They were being ordered by a distinctive voice that was both familiar yet unrecognizable at the same time somehow. But not her husband's voice, thank the Creator. He had nothing to do with this.

It was only then that she came out of her rage-filled trance and looked down at her uniform. It was splattered with blood. The element of invisibility was nearly gone but not the terror and fear. She would have the appearance of a translucent blood splattered shinobi phantom, wielding a Japanese short sword.

The next attack on these killers would have to be stealthier. They will know by the time they find their mangled comrades that they were now the prey.

Eve took off immediately in an arced path of travel to cut off her adversary's retreat. She ran for nearly one hundred yards, then crouched low to observe and wait.

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The remnants of the assault team spread out as they rushed towards the last communication position of their comrades.

Eve slowly closed in on their position from behind. The soldiers were assaulted one by one. The last three were taken down in a forward rush, one of them fired off a burst before Eve could close the space between them. Once she was sure they were all dead, she retreated to the shadows of the trees again.

GENERAL SULLIVAN

Come out Mrs. Parks! You still work for me!

Eve could not fathom what the shouting, echoing voice meant by the statement. She belonged to no man. Eve Nichelle Parks was independently wealthy.

Her soon to be ex-husband was one of the richest, most powerful men on Earth. A member of the Breakaway Civilization. An InterWorld Council Earth Ambassador. Who would dare claim ownership of her, as if she were a slave?

Eve took out after the shouting voice before she realized it. She feared that this man would not hurt her but might have the resources to hurt -

GENERAL SULLIVAN

If you don't come out and surrender immediately, I will have your daughter terminated! I know where she is. If I do not return within 24 hours, the order will be given to terminate your daughter Emily! She is working at OM Group Z Division in New York! Show yourself, now!

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Eve walked up to the dark figure of the armed soldier. She had no choice but to get as close as possible before she could strike. But when the man identified his daughter's location, she hesitated.

A fear for her daughter's well being forced her to heed the commands of the man. She deactivated the invisible stealth function of her tactical uniform.

The man ordered her to halt farther away than she wanted, relinquish her weapon and kneel before him.

Eve slammed the short blade into the ground.

She kneeled before the man, whose visage upon closer inspection, made her shrink with fear and terror.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INTERWORLD AETHERSHIP - PILOT'S NEST - COMMAND  
INFORMATION CTR.

The aethership materialized violently out of its multiple dimensional space-time folds.

Parks awakened to find the ship's systems in disarray and Athena, his unintended travel companion unconscious, thrown from her training workstation.

The space-time distortion, a result of the surprise Space Command attack caused Parks and Athena to pass out and remain unconscious during the emergency FTL maneuver. They appeared to reach their destination, the outermost edge of the Andromeda Galaxy, 2.5 million light-years away in an incredible 72 hours.

Parks called up the ship's A.I. avatar. The damaged holographic image barely registered. Parks demanded answers.

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PARKS

Damage report, systems wide.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

Ambassador Parks, I believe that you misunderstand my function. I am an A.I. construct of your mentor and instructor, not a subordinate crewmember.

PARKS

This is not the time for a rank-and-file review. You are not a sentient, flesh and blood being and I will not address you as I would the Elder. Instead, I will give you voice commands, and you will comply. I am in command of this ship, and you are a tool at my disposal. Perhaps during this crisis, you can convince me otherwise, but until such a time, you will follow my voice commands as a crewmember, or I will pull your plug wherever it is. Do not test me avatar.

The avatar did not respond, so Parks continued.

PARKS CONT'D

Let me be clear, our objective is to find out exactly where and when we are. We are going to return to Sol and find out who fired upon us and why. I believe in reciprocity. Someone was trying to kill us.

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PARKS

Give me full sensory input into this navigation interface. I want to see a 360-degree omnidirectional view outside of the ship. And send out light energy probes so that I may survey any external damage to this vessel". Parks adjusted the temple mounted navigation unit and took in the breathtaking starscapes. Damage report, systems wide.

After a pause, the avatar responded.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

The aethership's flight systems are at 89 percent, having sustained only minor damage from the directed energy weapons discharge. My contention is that Space Command wanted only to damage this vessel enough to prevent our departure. However, they also fired upon the triage hospital.

PARKS

Where Director Peterson was.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

That is correct. As you know our aetherhip alters the ambient gravitational field, artificially producing a matter-attracting, gravity-potential well just beyond the ship's bow. The gravity well's attractive force tugs the ship forward just as if a very massive, planet-sized body had been placed ahead of it. Our aethership literally falls forward and, in doing so, carries its self-generated gravity well along with it.

In a hyper-spatial environment, using the onboard generation of amplified gravity waves, it isn't speed that increases, it is the relative space-time, acted upon by a force such as gravity waves, which reduces itself within the hyperspace field generated around the hull of the craft where space-time becomes 'warped'; an Einstein-Rosen bridge 'wormhole' created by a gravity-exerting craft in space.

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Artificially created gravity waves can reduce time to near zero and acceleration to near infinity. The gravity well continually draws the ship forward, while always staying ahead, accelerating beyond the speed of light, with essentially no expenditure of energy other than that needed to generate the gravity well, which is substantial. The actual travel it is not in space itself, but through folds in dimensional sub-space, as gravity waves act upon time.

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ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST CONT'D

The ships' navigation systems utilize a multidimensional calculation to equate Einstein's four-dimensional gravity with Maxwell's electromagnetism, and thus extend space-time to five dimensions instead of four, for standard Q-slip interstellar travel. There are quantum mathematical theories and calculations that allow for as many as 12 multiple dimensions, the subtler, elusive realms of power. However, such measures should only be utilized in the event of emergencies such as the one we faced.

You see, one must be careful with organic personnel in multidimensional travel, as the laws of hyperdimensional physics seem to break down the closer one delves into the sub-atomic or quantum levels of reality.

Accidents can arise, such as those encountered, similar to the infamous Philadelphia Experiment during World War II. Jump starting the aethership's FTL flight systems and rapidly folding space-time around the vessel beyond a safer five-dimensional calculation did succeed in deflecting the brunt of the crossfire weapons discharge, the beams passed right through our rapidly Q-phasing vessel a micro-second before departure. But unfortunately, it also caused an over energetic addition to the emergency maneuver.

PARKS

Their directed energy weapons overcharged our hyperspace field and seriously threw off our bug-out plan.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

In a manner of speaking, yes. And as a result, my corrected estimate places us back in time approximately 80 to nearly 100 years.

Parks slowly rubbed his forehead in disbelief and frustration.

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PARKS

Will Space Command discover our presence?

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ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

It can only be a matter of time. But Space Command does have a limited mastery of time travel. We will be long gone before they find us. They risk becoming lost in the cosmos and back in time. So, the probability that they will attempt to follow us are marginal.

PARKS

Slim or not, they may eventually come looking for us. So, we literally have no more time to lose. If you plot a normal Q-phase flight plan back to Sol, how long will it take to return?

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

There was a time when, with Space Command's newly mastered Q-phase slip technology, an interstellar interdimensional trip would have taken several hundred years. Our Pleiadean aethership can make the trip back to Sol in 7 to 8 weeks or we can attempt to recreate the multidimensional conditions of our emergency departure and return in 72 hours. However, we may still be years back in time.

PARKS

It doesn't matter. I want to keep moving. Plot a course for Sol. We'll worry about multi-folding space-time calculations along the way. First, give me a field synopsis of our present location.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

We are on the edge of the Andromeda Galaxy, a spiral galaxy approximately 2.5 million light-years from Earth in the Andromeda constellation. Also known as Messier 31, M31, or NGC 224, it is often referred to as the Great Andromeda Nebula. The Andromeda Galaxy is the nearest spiral galaxy to our Milky Way galaxy.

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The Andromeda Galaxy is estimated to be  $7.1 \times 10^{11}$  solar masses. In comparison the Milky Way and M31 are estimated to be about equal in mass to 80 percent of the mass of the Andromeda Galaxy. The two galaxies are expected to collide in 3.75 billion years, eventually merging to form a giant elliptical galaxy.

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ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

Andromeda was formed out of the collision of two smaller galaxies between 5 and 9 billion years ago.

Andromeda was born roughly 10 billion years ago from the merger of many smaller protogalaxies. The most important event in Andromeda's past history was the merger that took place 8 billion years ago. This violent collision formed most of its metal-rich galactic halo and extended disk and during that epoch Andromeda's star formation would have been very high, to the point of becoming a luminous infrared galaxy for roughly 100 million years.

Andromeda and the Triangulum Galaxy, designation M33, had a very close passage 2-4 billion years ago. This event produced high levels of star formation across the Andromeda Galaxy's disk, even some globular clusters, and disturbed M33's outer disk.

While there has been activity during the last 2 billion years, this has been much lower than during the past. During this epoch, star formation throughout Andromeda's disk decreased to the point of nearly shutting down, then increased again relatively recently. There have been interactions with satellite galaxies like M32, M110, or others that have already been absorbed by Andromeda. These interactions have formed structures like Andromeda's Giant Stellar Stream. A merger roughly 100 million years ago is believed to be responsible for a counter-rotating disk of gas found in the center of Andromeda as well as the presence there of a relatively young, 100-million-year-old stellar population.

The rate of star formation in the Milky Way is much higher, with Andromeda producing only about one solar mass per year compared to 3-5 solar masses for the Milky Way. The rate of supernovae in the Milky Way is also double. Andromeda once experienced a great star formation phase, but is now in a relative state of quiescence, whereas the Milky Way is experiencing more active star formation.

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ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

Like the Milky Way, the Andromeda Galaxy lies in what in the galaxy color-magnitude diagram is known as the green valley, a region populated by galaxies in transition from the blue cloud, galaxies actively forming new stars, to the red sequence, galaxies that lack star formation. Star formation activity in green valley galaxies is slowing as they run out of star-forming gas in the interstellar medium.

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ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

Star formation will extinguish approximately five billion years from now, even factoring in the expected, short-term increase in the rate of star formation due to the collision between both Andromeda and the Milky Way.

Parks removed his navigation headband and strode towards his quarters as the avatar finished his cold textbook-clinical speech.

PARKS

Let's prepare to get the hell out of here.

Parks went to check on his unexpected travel mate.

INT. STATEROOM

The living quarter was Spartan, with a large king-sized air gel mattress resting atop a platform bolted to the deck. He entered to find Athena resting but not asleep.

His clone's former quarters was now a storage room for Parks personal effects, transferred from the Gabon estate and the triage hospital. Those affects included a cellular rejuvenation machine.

PARKS

Feeling better?

ATHENA

Yes, thank you.

PARKS

We'll have to share this living space.

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ATHENA

I didn't bring much with me. I thought that once we reached my home world, I would just replace what I needed.

PARKS

Athena, it's obvious we're not going to the Pleiades, not after this attack. We're returning to Sol.

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As he reached for some of the large thin blanket covering the bed, he realized that Athena had removed not only her flight uniform, but her under graphine fiber biothermals. She was fully nude and wrapped up in the blanket.

Parks looked into the slightly large, deep beautiful hypnotic eyes of Athena. She looked familiar in some way that he could not readily acknowledge. He then realized how long he had been alone without the companionship of his former wife, except for their dream-like tryst beside Eve Dumont's gravesite at their Marseilles vineyard before his departure.

More than wanting Athena sexually, Parks wanted her simply to rest with him. He missed the warm presence and perfumed scent of a lady. Athena's femininity would be so comforting after such a long time in medical solitude.

ATHENA

Will you rest with me? Come closer?

Athena raised her blanket as she moved closer to Parks. Her tall, trim, tanned magnificent body was so beautiful and inviting.

She emphatically sensed his need as she covered Parks with the thin blanket and rested her head on his shoulder, her arm across his torso, her leg over his. As she rested her body half across his, Parks let out an exhausted sigh of soothing relief with the feel of her comforting body. His arm instinctually wrapped around her sensual back, his hand resting upon her lithe right hip.

Eyes partially closed, Parks tilted his head towards her beautiful face, their lips mere centimeters away. Athena whispered into his ear, her breath impassioned and warm on his neck, semi-arousing the tired man. They both knew that they would share intimacy soon.

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ATHENA CONT'D

I have never properly thanked you for protecting me all these years. I hope that wherever our journey leads, you will allow me to show you my gratitude, whenever you need me.

Athena kissed Parks gently on his cheek and nuzzled her face and nose close into his neck. With those soothing and inviting words, Athena faded back to sleep.

One of Parks' global security firms had been protecting Athena for nearly two decades. He found out that her genetic material had been used to recreate his cloned wife. The Seven Daughters of Eve Project; 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.

The Genesis Consortium has been cleaning up loose ends ever since the elite human project cloning was exposed to the public. Athena could name names dates and locations and do a great deal of damage to the Consortium. She would have been eliminated like the other participants without Parks' protection.

They were stranded almost 3 million light years from the Milky Way Galaxy, nearly 100 years back in time. Parks looked up at the center ceiling room active sensor unit as he fell into a deep fog of mental confusion and physical exhaustion, then entered a deep sleep. His dream state flowed from one scenario to another: from Eve to his daughter to colleagues, to the Z Division of his company. The planet seemed engulfed in conflict.

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CUT TO:

When he awakened, Athena was not resting with him. There was the faint refreshing scent of shower gel in the air, the audible whir of the egg-shaped shower cocoon completing its water recycling and air-drying functions.

Parks checked his Smartarm chronometer, three earth hours had passed. He could not afford to rest any longer. He showered, consumed a body fuel meal replacement drink then headed back to the pilot's nest.

Before he left his quarters, he looked up again at the center environmental unit. There were red and blue lens like apparatus that blinked and adjusted at intervals.

INT. 'PILOT'S NEST' COMMAND INFORMATION CENTER (CIC)

Athena was busy temporally learning the ships systems functions, the training was being downloaded directly into her memory via navigation headband by the ships deceased A.I., housing the memory and life experiences of the Senior InterWorld Council Elder who was the progenitor of his mentor, James Hiram Peterson. The H3D simulacrum acknowledged Parks entrance into the bridge as a measure of protocol and ceremony. The A.I. monitored all life and functions aboard the aethership continually.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

Ambassador Parks, you did not have adequate rest. You both may be suffering from physiological trauma and fatigue.

PARKS

Look, I know that you are programmed to monitor those things, but I want you to restrict your actions to the ship and not my personal quarters please. It is a matter of privacy.

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Parks looked at Athena briefly. She registered her understanding empathically in appreciation of Parks' thoughtfulness.

The A.I.'s response was more than clinical.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

Ambassador, you and Athena are not puritans by any measure when it comes to sexual propriety. You are a former serial philanderer with eleven illegitimate children before you settled down and married. And Athena owned and ran several sex service agencies in both the American and European Unions.

PARKS

That was then. Right here and now on this ship, we are the only two of our species within several million light years.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

That remains to be confirmed -

PARKS

Nevertheless, we will maintain a standard of personal privacy and respect. I am sure Athena and I can handle this. But you, I have major concerns.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

I will comply with your instructions.

PARKS

Will you honestly?

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

It is just this puritanical stance that I find - amusing.

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PARKS

I am also going to require a major reduction in your heuristic algorithm programming, even if it is based on the Elder's neuro-mapping. I find your opinions and personal comments increasingly irritating and disrespectful. I need for you to be a more socially sterile and less opinioned A.I.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

I see no need to restrict my personal observations -

PARKS

Except that you are not a person. You are no longer alive; you seem to forget that. You are a machine, a digital functionary of a former living sentient being.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

I am fully cognizant of my digital function. And yet, I feel more alive than you could ever imagine. I can feel the universe in all directions and on multiple sensory levels for hundreds of thousands of light years. That is how I was able to determine that we were Q-phase slipped back in time. Hundreds of thousands of light-year communications beacons are simply missing.

PARKS

Let's table this discussion of your sentience and ascendance for another time. Simply deactivate your sensors and cameras in my quarters. Respect my privacy. That is an order.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

As you command, Ambassador.

PARKS

Now, how can we get back to our exact time and the Sol system?

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ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

I will have to recreate the over energetic conditions of our departure. It will require a large external energy source in addition to this vessel's aetherspace energy conversion function. Perhaps one of the local stars in this system -

PARKS

That is why this vessel has not moved since I gave the order to get underway.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

That is -- correct. This is the calculation and necessary conditions that I have been formulating. Ambassador, I am concerned primarily about what is the best course of actions for this vessel.

PARKS

A vessel that is essentially your body.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

Technically, that is correct.

PARKS

Then I guess that I'm not needed here. I must not be in command of this ship. You don't follow my orders. You know, you may be more sentient than I realized. You are nosy, controlling, disrespectful, and insubordinate.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

Ambassador, I do not respond to insults.

Parks walked to Athena's station and touched her on the shoulder. Telepathically he asked her,

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PARKS (telepathically)

"Would you retire with me to our quarters? I need to speak to you, now."

Athena looked at Parks perplexed and curious, then politely complied.

She followed him to their quarters. When the door slid closed, Parks slowly approached Athena. He took her hands in his and looked deeply into her beautiful, loving, trusting eyes. He spoke to her again telepathically,

PARKS

"I want you Athena, right now. Will you have me?"

Athena smiled warmly and nodded. They kissed gently, then passionately, undressed each other and fell slowly into the throes of Eros.

Parks had the rejuvenated body stamina and vigor of his youth, bringing Athena to wave upon wave of ecstasy, before finally succumbing to her sensual delights in a powerful fury of biological essence, released deep into her womb.

After the climax of their initial interlude, Parks was still strong in his arousal and was slowly continuing his sensual communion with Athena, bringing her to another wave even as they spoke telepathically,

PARKS (telepathically)

"Athena, we are not safe. I am going to require your loyalty and confidence. We have to stick together."

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

Athena audibly moaned, "Yes," as she was swept away by another wave of pleasure.

As she struggled to assimilate the orgasmic plateau, Parks stopped and gently pulled himself away and got up from the bed. He realized that she was not fully understanding his meaning.

He stood over at the edge of the bed for a moment looking down at her, breathing deeply. To Athena, he looked like a potent protean Greek god, full of sexual power over her. She reached out for him longingly, desperate for more.

PARKS (telepathically)

"Look over my shoulder, at the center array. Are the lights and sensors still on?"

Athena was breathing heavily, lying on the bed drenched in sweat, her legs spread open and awash in their sensual essences, she finally understood. There were red and blue sensor lights and lens servos fluctuating in their adjustment to gain greater focus - on their most private intimacy.

ATHENA

Yes, they are!

Athena pulled the sheets over her eagle-spread body in shock.

(MORE)

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The reality of their predicament set in as Parks walked over to the recessed shower cocoon, opening and stepping down into it, securing it closed before activating the warm water surround shower heads, adding gel and building up a cleansing lather over his body.

PARKS (telepathically)

"We have to find out where this A.I.'s redundant systems are housed, just in case we need to turn it off. I need your help in doing this. Make no mistake, we must determine if this machine mind means us harm if it does not have its way, or if it was compromised before our departure by some external source, like Space Command. That is why we need to return to Sol. The A.I. may have been reprogrammed to eliminate us. We need to proceed cautiously and communicate only through telepathy when we discuss this subject. Understood?"

ATHENA

Yes - Ambassador.

Her vocal reply alarmed Parks. He quickly ended his shower and opened the cocoon to find Athena putting on her uniform.

PARKS

What's wrong?

ATHENA

I don't like to be used, Ambassador. I have been used too much in my life. I am tired of being treated as a slave by anyone. Will you see if a separate room can be arranged for me?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKS

I will, I'll see to it.

Parks felt an emotional pang of guilt. But he had no choice.

ATHENA

Thank you.

Athena stormed out of the quarters, upset that Parks used their intimacy to make his point.

Parks honestly didn't care that much. He had been imprisoned aboard the Orbital Industrial Colony long enough to know that the tentacles of the military-industrial complex could reach anyone, anywhere—perhaps even back through time.

In Parks' youth, he was a man of acquisitions. After losing Eve Dumont, he refused to be controlled by another woman's allure, and it seemed that later in life, after his five-year long medical rejuvenation treatment, some of that uncaring attitude had returned. He would have to atone with Athena over time.

INT. 'PILOT'S NEST' COMMAND INFORMATION CENTER (CIC)

Parks returned to the pilot's nest of the bridge to find Athena back at her station, looking a bit flushed, flustered, and humiliated. He addressed the sentient A.I.

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PARKS

Avatar, I am the only Commander of this vessel. I require you to separate yourself from the ship's basic A.I. systems immediately. You're right, you are a sentient being, but I can't distinguish you from the ship's basic interactive systems. From here on, you will relinquish but monitor the functions of the ship, leaving them solely to the ship's A.I., is that clear?

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

As you command, Ambassador.

PARKS

When I address this ship's A.I., I will address it by the name HAL, in humorous tribute to an old Arthur C. Clarke character, and so as to separate our communications and my commands to the ship's A.I. And Avatar, I will address you as Elder from here on.

Also, my clone had personal quarters assigned to him. As you know, I had my personal effects stored there before I arrived. This was before I knew that we would have another passenger aboard. HAL, will you please have the maintenance and repair drones remove my personal effects from those quarters to mine. Also, clean up and make that space suitable for Athena?

Athena turned and looked at Parks, emotionally wrenched. She did mean to follow through with her intention to move out of their joint quarters. It was meant to elicit an emotional response from Parks, to show her that he at least cared for her. And to make him apologize and ask her to stay.

Parks instead considered it a betrayal of the trust he asked her for. In his coldly clinical mind, he felt that she may have already been mentally compromised, perhaps by the data direct to skull systems training she was receiving before he arrived. As a matter of caution, he had to be sure there was no deception aboard the vessel.

(MORE)

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The avatar Elder did not respond.

PARKS

HAL, I want you to respond to my voice commands audibly. Use a male voice archetype with a British affectation to easily distinguish your responses from the Elder's avatar.

After a moment, an audible reply responded.

HAL AI VOICE OVER (V.O.)

Yes, Ambassador.

PARKS

Elder, when I am not on the bridge, you are in command. You are a sentient virtual being with emeritus authority, like a retired admiral if you will, on board this aethership; this vessel housing your intellect. We will communicate as equals, but I will defer to your judgment with regard to all emergency and critical matters involving the ship safety and best course of actions.

PARKS

But, both you and the ship's A.I. will restrict your communications in my personal quarters to auditory-only. Deactivate those goddamn sensors and cameras, once and for all. The peep show is over. Are we in agreement?

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

We are, Ambassador.

(MORE)

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PARKS

Also, this is addressed to both Elder and HAL. From now on, all systems training tutorials will be auditory only. There will no longer be data transfers via computer to brain hippocampus, direct to skull interface transcranial systems. From here on, we will learn the old-fashioned way, classroom style. We humanoids will simply have to learn by trial and training.

HAL, please coordinate with Athena to arrange a suitable training class schedule. We will train at the same time. And address her as Ms. Athena, always.

HAL AI V.O.

Yes, Ambassador.

Parks looked in Athena's direction. She returned her attention to her station training, too hurt to look back at him.

PARKS

HAL, I think that you may have already transferred a portion of the Geo-Science Station functions to Athena. I want you to cease immediately and start the training over at our first class. Full auditory and H3D programs only. We can begin sometime within the next 24 earth-time hours once you have confirmed a suitable schedule. You're right Elder; I think we mere biologicals could use a day of rest.

Athena, I am going to oversee the removal of my personal effects and the cleaning of my clone's old quarters. HAL will notify you when it's ready. Elder, I leave you in command of the pilot's nest.

(MORE)

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Parks walked briskly out of the bridge, all business. Some semblance of military order was restored, but also a tone was set that no person, or machine, was to be trusted outright. For Parks, trust would be earned.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RENDITION SITE - HOLDING CELL

Peterson awakened chained to a saddle seat apparatus in the middle of a freezing holding cell, blindfolded, barefoot and disoriented. His hands were chained behind him to the floor. His feet were shackled in front of him. Some of the toes on his feet were fractured; they had been stomped on.

He sensed three men already in the room. A two-way mirror covered one of the walls. Muffled arguments could be heard in his mind just beyond his altered telepathic range. He had been drugged periodically, something powerful, capable of dulling his extra senses.

He slowly remembered the interrogations; he must have passed out from the last beating. His face felt swollen; his body ached with bruises.

Peterson could not determine if Parks and his digital mentor successfully evaded capture or worse.

NATO Blue Beret Teams were swarming the corridors of the triage ship before he could open a dimensional door and make his own escape. He was stunned, captured, and transferred to somewhere even his advanced abilities could not discern.

He felt in the distant Aether, a strong sense of trepidation; anxiety ran through him of foreboding evil bent on revenge. Its source was unclear; he could not peer through the veil. He was just too exhausted from his abduction and interrogation. He had given them nothing. They were Aquarius faction black world operators, so there wasn't much about him or the Pleiadeans that they didn't already know.

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Peterson honestly did not know Parks and the AI Elder's emergency coordinates or if they were even successful in escaping capture.

The energetic discharge from Space Com's attack on their ship lit up the little vessel and caused the triage vessel in close proximity to shudder violently. The next thing Peterson knew, a dozen Aquarian faction operators were advancing down the corridors on his position. He gave up without a struggle. There would have been collateral damage if he had unleashed his considerable telepathic abilities.

At least a week had passed he surmised. The interrogations were fewer. They were only feeding him water and meal replacement liquids. He smelled; his clothes were the same that he had been forced into upon arrival.

If the torture continued, Peterson resolved to slowly put an end to his life and transfer his mental and spiritual energies back to the source, the Aether. He had lived a long and fruitful life in service to the InterWorld Council. He never truly had a childhood in the human sense. He was not human. He was created only for service to the infant species known as humanity.

But it seemed that this barbaric species wanted to venture into the stars their own way and carry a war-loving nature with them.

Once the news of his capture and eventual demise spread back to the InterWorld Council, the Pleiadeans would no longer serve as sponsors for Humanity.

Earth would be rejected and left to defend against the Draco Empire on their own. The Draco, through the Aquarius faction of Space Command, would once again dominate. The Com-12 Pleiadean Alliance would be defeated and abolished.

The revelation of this probable future left Peterson emotionally defeated, and another small ration of his life energy ebbed away. It would only be a matter of weeks before his spirit vacated its shell.

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CUT TO:

INT. INTERWORLD AETHERSHIP - PARKS' STATEROOM

Parks sat up in bed, studying datapad files on Subquantum Kinetics, Exo-Politics and mulling over his dilemma. His holographic imagination gamed out several scenarios if he should successfully return back to Sol.

PARKS

Two and a half million light-years in three days? No fucking way. I don't care how advanced the Pleiadean dimensional travel technology. That's impossible. Is that damn avatar lying to me? I can't even trust Athena. She was here before I arrived, I don't know if she's been programmed against her will. And if she has been brainwashed, by whom?

Parks reviewed Pleiadean and Earth files provided by the Elder's avatar on aether energy, space-time, dimensional worm holes and time travel, screeding through the data at a furious pace, searching for a better understanding of their present dilemma. His mind chased the unconventional thoughts like herd:

AUDIO FILE V.O.

Earth resides in the Milky Way, a spiral galaxy, home to 400 billion stars and our own sun and solar system. It is nearly 120,000 light-years across...

Time travel - moving between different points in time... Understanding time... To Einstein, time is the fourth dimension. Space is described as a three-dimensional arena, which provides a traveler with coordinates - such as length, width and height - showing location. Time provides another coordinate - direction - although conventionally, it only moves forward. Time is an invention, a subjective illusion...

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a four-dimensional fabric called space-time... anything that has mass sits on that piece of fabric, it causes a dimple or a bending of space-time. The bending of space-time causes objects to move on a curved path and that curvature of space is what we know as gravity... microseconds... time dilation...

Einstein-Rosen Bridge... through the man-made wormhole... One end of the wormhole is accelerated to the speed of light, perhaps with some advanced propulsion system, and then brought back to the point of origin... another way is to take one entrance of the wormhole and move it to within the gravitational field of an object that has higher gravity than the other entrance, and then return it to a position near the other entrance... construction of a traversable wormhole would require the existence of a substance with negative energy often referred to as "exotic matter... the wormhole spacetime requires a distribution of energy that violates various energy conditions, such as the null energy condition along with the weak, strong, and dominant energy conditions... Heisenberg uncertainty principle... Tipler cylinder... a spaceship flying around the cylinder on a spiral path could travel back in time or forward, depending on the direction of its spiral.

General relativity provides scenarios that could allow travelers to go back in time... through the man-made Looking Glass... wormholes can be viewed as time machines... the two ends of the wormhole can connect two time eras... wormholes may connect two parallel universes, or even distant parts of the same universe... calculate the conditions necessary to enter the wormhole in one time era and exit the other side at another time era... The equations might be difficult to physically achieve... Morris and Thorne describe a wormhole as a solution of Einstein's field equation with the following metric:

$$ds^2 = -dt^2 + dl^2 + (b_0^2 + l^2)(d\theta^2 + \sin^2\theta d\phi^2)$$

(MORE)

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$l$  takes the values  $-\infty \dots +\infty$ . The two different signs of  $l$  represent the two universes. The surface  $l=0$  (spherical topology) links the two universes. Its surface is determined by the radius of the throat  $b_0$

Energy momentum tensor

In an orthonormal frame  $(t, l, \theta, \phi)$ , the only non-vanishing components of the Riemann tensor are

$$R_{\{\theta \phi \theta \phi\}} = -R_{\{l \dots \theta\}} = -R_{\{l \phi l \phi\}} = b_0^2 / (b_0^2 + l^2)^2$$

and the components that follow from these by symmetry.

Substituting the metric into the field equations we obtain the energy momentum tensor:

$$-T^{\{tt\}} = -T^{\{ll\}} = T^{\{\theta \theta\}} = T^{\{\phi \phi\}} = 8 \pi b_0^2 / (b_0^2 + l^2)^2.$$

It has the unpleasant property of a negative energy density  $T^{\{t t\}}$  which according to the state-of-the-art of scientific knowledge excludes the technical realization as well as the natural occurrence of such a wormhole.

Due to the spherical symmetry one can use a two-dimensional plane through the origin to describe the main properties of the metric and the photon paths. This plane can be embedded in a three-dimensional Euclidean space. The space-like metric in the equatorial plane reads

$$ds^2 = dl^2 + (b_0^2 + l^2) d\phi^2$$

With

$$r = \sqrt{b_0^2 + l^2}$$

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the embedding surface (top) consists of the points with the cartesian coordinates  $x$ ,  $y$  and  $z$  :

$$x = r \cos \phi$$

$$y = r \sin \phi$$

$$z = b_0 \log [r / b_0 + \sqrt{(r/b_0)^2 - 1}] * -1 \text{ für } l < 0, * 0 \text{ für } l = 0, * +1 \text{ für } l > 0$$

... traversable wormholes to a different point in time and space... transported to the other side of the universe... If they wanted to travel back to Earth they would either have to travel back through the wormhole they just left... would it still be the "past" when they returned?... Since traveling at speeds approaching that of light makes time slow down for the voyager, time would proceed very, very quickly back on Earth. So while they exited the wormhole in the past, by being so far away it's possible that they wouldn't make it back to Earth until after they left... geometries of space-time... change in spatial position as the time coordinate is varied... closed time like curves, which are world lines that form closed loops in space-time, allowing objects to return to their own past... equations of general relativity that describe space-times which contain closed time like curves such as Gödel space-time... FTL faster than light or value 'c', describes traveling at 186,282 miles per second or 299,792 kilometers per second in a vacuum... to create FTL wormholes between points in space-time... humans may not be able to withstand time travel at all... It all comes down to the relationship between time and space... Time can't exist without space, and space can't exist without time. The two exist as one: the space-time continuum. Any event that occurs in the universe has to involve both space and time... you'll need to exploit space-time... Time passes faster farther away from the mass of the Earth... gravitational time dilation... gravitational lensing effect. Gravity doesn't just pull-on space; it also pulls on time... Speed also plays a role in the rate at which we experience time. Time passes more slowly the closer you approach the speed of light...

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using faster-than-light travel to journey back in time... if time slows as an object approaches the speed of light, then might exceeding that speed cause time to flow backward? as an object nears the speed of light, its relativistic mass increases until, at the speed of light, it becomes infinite... cheat the universal speed limit by propelling a bubble of space-time across the universe... attach one end of the wormhole to a spaceship, fly around at the speed of light so time slows down for the spaceship, then jump through the wormhole... speculative space propulsion technology and existing cosmic phenomena...

NASA Eagleworks, Harold 'Sonny' White's baby... and Eagleworks Physicist Miguel Alcubierre's model for warp drive, circa 1994... the quantum vacuum plasma thruster, similar to the Pleiadean Aether space drive engine, and the origins of the Black Arrow fleet, along with the 60 years of black world research that made the breakaway civilization possible.

According to Einstein, time was more like a river, which meandered around stars and galaxies, speeding up and slowing down as it passed around massive bodies... Einstein's neighbor at Princeton, Kurt Goedel, perhaps the greatest mathematical logician of the past 500 years, found a new solution to Einstein's own equations which allowed for time travel... River of Time... it postulated a universe filled with a rotating fluid. Anyone walking along the direction of rotation would find themselves back at the starting point, backwards in time... Roy Kerr... wormhole solutions to Einstein's equations... These wormholes connect not only two regions of space but also two regions of time as well. In principle, they can be used as time machines... quantum theory to gravity... In the quantum theory, we can have multiple states of any object... the river of time forks into two separate rivers... the main problem is one of energy... harness the power of a star... Aether vacuum energy, dark matter... quantum gravity... Type Two or Three Civilization... exotic matter... negative energy...

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our mathematics is not powerful enough to answer the question of stability because you need a "theory of everything" which combines both quantum forces and gravity... superstring theory is the leading candidate for such a theory... The theory is well-defined, but no one on Earth is smart enough to solve it... Anyone who can harness the power of a star would consider us to be very primitive... speculate on the existence of higher dimensions and non-Euclidean geometries during a discussion on the existence of God..

Higher dimensions, higher realms exist... unseen worlds just beyond our reach, beyond the normal laws of physics... alien worlds beyond comprehension... higher dimensional space... 10 or more, rumored to be up to 26 dimensions of space-time... our familiar three dimensional universe is "too small" to describe the myriad forces governing our universe, to describe our physical world, with its almost infinite variety of forms... N dimensional space... spatial dimensions beyond three that simply cannot be conceptualized by the limited human brain... higher dimensions hold the key to the unification of all known forces. The universe is governed by four fundamental forces. Gravity, electro-magnetism, the strong and weak nuclear forces. These four forces, in turn, are unified in higher dimensional space... Quantum-mechanical phenomena... allows for faster-than-light (FTL) communication or time travel... the mechanics of time travel require that mass-energy be exchanged in precise balance between past and future at the moment of travel, or to simply expand the scope of the conservation law to encompass all timelines... Earth is moving through space around the Sun, which is moving in the galaxy, and so on... the theory of relativity rejects the idea of absolute time and space; in relativity there can be no universal truth about the spatial distance between events which occur at different times and thus no objective truth about which point in space at one time is at the same position that the Earth was at another time..

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...every calculation, inertial frame of reference and all coordinate systems as the Earth moves away from or toward the traveler's vessel when taking a trip through time with the intention of landing at some chosen spatial location, cannot be off by so much as a angstrom, or timing as much as a Planck time unit, in order to return back in time within the weeks the traveler had been gone, perhaps within the exact instant departed---

Dr. Parks' Earth Exo-Political files were equally as bizarre and just as baffling as 21st century Terran and alien astrophysics, involving the United States of America, China, the former Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, France, Belgium, Italy, Germany, Israel, and the U.K. As he read its historical summary, he shuddered with anxiety:

The Committee of 12 or COM-12, formerly known as Alpha Command, has been involved for decades in re-initiating positive contact with benevolent off-world civilizations that the Aquarius Faction military forces of Space Command have attacked or attempted to exploit in the past.

The overall military aerospace, science and technology industrial complex, is also known in private circles by many names, such as the ACIO, the Labyrinth Group, Genesis Consortium Order, Consortium Order, the Cabal, or the Breakaway Civilization. This secret overseer government maintains global Black Budget Funding Operations; trillions of dollars raised by illicit resources that include among its more disreputable activities, CIA sponsored global drug distribution. The black programs and covert activities of the Breakaway Civilization are completely corrupt. They are literally the governments within governments within governments of exopolitical conspiracy lore, completely invisible to the electorate government itself. Their activities are classified Above Top Secret, thereby escaping scrutiny by any elected Federal auditors, possessing only secret or top-secret security clearances.

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Twenty-first century humanity now exists in an over-regulated, over-taxed, over-inflated economic slave system, carefully designed to serve only the global elite of the Breakaway Civilization. Many of the new generation of younger politicians and intelligence agents are secretly trying to do away with the self-preserving destructive policies of the Breakaway Civilization's global shadow administrations, especially in regard to full disclosure of the true alien contact reality.

The three main confederation groups include: the Aquarius Faction of Air Force and Naval Space Command, a joint Humanoid-Reptiloid influenced Alliance. The mostly humanoid COM-12, a Space Command affiliated Humanoid Andro-Pleiadean Alliance also affiliated with the greater InterWorld Council. And the mostly Draco Reptiloid ruled, subservient Grey, Unified Races of Orion.

Three major extraterrestrial and Terran alliance core star systems and or galaxies of each confederation include:

The AQUAIRIS ALLIANCE -- Humanoids, some Reptiloids, the Ashtar collective, based in Altair Aquila, Sirius-B, Arcturus, Aldebaran, Zeta I Reticuli, Bernard's Star, Bootes Centaurus, Sol, etc.

The COM-12/ANDROMEDAN-PLEIADIAN ALLIANCE -- Mostly Humanoids, an Andromeda constellation-backed InterWorld Council alliance based in Taygeta Pleiades, Vega Lyra, Lumma Wolf 424, Procyon, Tau Ceti, Alpha Centauri, Epsilon Eridani, Sol, etc.

The DRACONIAN EMPIRE -- Primarily Reptilians, Insectoids and subservient Greys and Grey type organic android sentient beings, based in Alpha Draconis, Epsilon Bootes, Zeta II Reticuli, Polaris, Rigel Orion, Bellatrix Orion, Capella, etc.

The InterWorld Council and Draco Empire especially, have waged war over the past millennia throughout the Sol system, in Lyra, Pleiades, Orion, Procyon, Reticuli and Sirius.

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The Andro-Pleiadean Alliance, a collective which originated in Altair Aquila, is affiliated with COM-12 and a small, growing independent, benevolent self-cloning, organic sentient android Grey species collective. The Greys species are in general, members of an individuality-killing hive collective from the Orion constellation. A small sub-species of the organic sentient android Grey collective has over time, through interaction with the Andro-Pleiadean Alliance, learned to develop individual personalities and empathy toward humanoid life. The Nordics officially began working with segments of COM-12 during the 1980's, following the Groom Lake and Dulce wars. Although the Human and the Orion Grey alliances have interacted in the past, the Humanoid Andro-Pleiadean Alliance maintains a loyal affiliation primarily with the InterWorld Council, a Federation of Humanoid Worlds throughout the Universe. The Draco Reptilian and Orion Greys in turn, maintain primary allegiance with the Unified Races of Orion.

COM-12 released some of the captive organic android Greys taken from crash sites, only after they were certain that these engineered Greys could draw a logical parallel between the terror, fear, panic and fright that they experienced while they were 'guests' of the U.S. government. And understand the fear and victimization that human abductees felt when they are unwilling 'guests' of the Greys. This benevolent action led some of the Grey hive collective over time, to faction off and embrace individuality, leading to their slow induction into the Humanoid Andro-Pleiadean Alliance.

COM-12 learned that there are a growing number of young men and women on Earth who are half- Terran and half Nordic-extraterrestrial, whether they are consciously aware of this reality or not. A large number of young men and women now on Earth possess both Terran and extraterrestrial genetics. They are apparently here on Earth to take part in some important mission, and most are silent or unknowing contactees from birth.

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The COM-12 mission objective has been to determine the extent of visitation, the number and types of visitors, the many reasons for the visits, human interaction with them now and in the past, and a multiplicity of other related subjects such as intelligence on each visiting race, their sociology, ethics, morality or laws, cosmologies, degree of technical advancement, and specifically how we can negotiate with them and preparations for doing so.

There are also COM-12 / Nordic Andro-Pleiadean members and visitors walking the streets of several major cities on Earth. Andro-Pleiadean operatives have the ability to phase-in and out of the third dimension using advanced embedded Einstein-Rosen bridge style local low energy yield wormhole technology.

There is a division within the Breakaway Civilization Intelligence community between the Aquarian faction who want to attempt continued negotiations with the Draco Reptilian-Orion Grey species in exchange for advanced technology, and the COM-12 faction, who want to take military action against all of them. The COM-12 policies are being challenged by Aquarius faction agencies operating within Naval and Air Force Space Command and the corporate intelligence community. However, COM-12 is for interaction with the evolving sympathetic individual minded, organic android Greys. The COM-12 faction also works with Nordic, Andro-Pleiadean Alliance benevolent forces, to develop a tactical defense against the Draco Reptilian-Orion Grey Alliance, in response to the continual betrayals of the past treaties.

So, the Consortium Order is a highly fractioned shadow organization, with some advocating negotiation, others advocating annihilation, and others advocating continued negotiation combined with continued development of Earth's 'Star Wars' defenses in case the negotiations sour. The COM-12 faction is far less wavering in its intent and makes no excuses about it.

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They share a conviction that there is enough evidence at hand from past interactions with the Draco Empire that they will never abide by any established treaties, and that the only 'negotiation' they understand is brute force.

Although COM-12 may be excessively militant in some of their dealings with the Draco and Orion Greys, the Reptilians and Orion Greys have repeatedly shown that they cannot be trusted and therefore no more negotiations should be attempted or allowed.

The Consortium Order maintains various global R & D projects including neutral particle beam weapons, hybrid clone development, and artificial human-like cybernetic-androids with self-programming, heuristic artificial intelligence, if not sentience, to be used as foot soldiers against the Orion Grays and their Draco Reptilian overlords.

There are those who believe that the Draco Empire are not unlike humans; incapable of taming their own predatory instincts, and conscious of little other than the drive to consume and increase their powerbase and feed their unbounded appetites, even if it means devouring and destroying other cultures and worlds in the process.

But unlike humanity, the Draco operate under a 'locust' mentality. Because the collective mind-set automatically opposes any individual sovereign philosophy which advocates personal freedom, there are those who believe that the Draconian/Grey collective will not and cannot cease from its violations and abuses of human cultures throughout the galaxy, unless forced to do so by the advanced humanoid cultures throughout the universe. Those who have succeeded in taming their own base or lower predatory instincts. This could only be accomplished by those possessing a nature higher than the predatory-physical nature, and by those capable of utilizing and exercising the power of their higher spiritual natures.

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An extreme philosophy contends that the Greys/Reptilians and in some cases Insectoids, genetically engineered Reptilian/Insectoid hybrids, must be conquered and brought under the absolute and unconditional subservience to, or at least supervision of, the humanoids alliances, with no chance of again being allowed to attain superiority over humanity; an unnatural superiority which has in the past been accomplished mainly as a result of their Collective. Otherwise, they will be an eternal thorn in the side of the human races throughout the universe, and a threat to humanoid prosperity, or even existence for untold generations to come.

INT. INTERWORLD AETHERSHIP - PARKS' STATEROOM

The entrance to Parks' quarters chimed. He got up from bed, walked over and waved his hand over the access panel, unlocking the door. The door clicked and slid open.

He looked at her politely but cautiously. Athena was dressed in a robe, she must have been resting in her quarters as well. He felt compelled to focus on her face, on her intense eyes, as if she were willing him to do so. It had been a week since their shared intimacy, his deception to prove a point to her. She was clearly there to be with him intimately again. They were after all the only two aboard the vessel. He started to question the reality around him, but he would not allow his confusion to be noticed. After their bridge systems functions training, Parks had been secluded in his quarters for the past three standard earth days.

ATHENA

Well, hello, stranger. You haven't been on the pilot's nest in a while. Are you alright?

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PARKS

Fine, thanks. Well, not really. We are in an unbelievable predicament, aren't we? I just needed time to get the overall picture.

ATHENA

Well, aren't you going to invite a lady in?

Parks stepped aside, and Athena crossed the threshold into his quarters.

PARKS

Please?

Parks knew of Athena's mental abilities, and it didn't help that she was irresistibly beautiful. But more than that, he was lonely for her, if only she could be trusted.

This sense of mistrust calloused Parks emotionally. As the door silently closed, Athena slowly opened her embroidered pearl satin kimono robe; she was nude except for the cotton socks on her feet.

She dropped the robe from her shoulders and stood before him, unsure of herself. She slowly reached out for him, embraced him. As they kissed, he felt a magnetic attraction to her deep within and became aggressively aroused.

Instead of steering her to the bed, in their frenzied embrace Parks landed Athena on the small countertop of his refreshment area. He propped her up there, waist high, and slowly entered her, filling her up, bringing his strong arousal to her full attention.

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She melted around him, hypersensitive to his every motion, every deep thrust, which slowly, gradually became more intense, more forceful. They continued their passionate tantric embrace until her tensions were repeatedly relinquished. Parks finally met her last with his own molten explosion deep inside her. As he slowed and began to break away, Athena pulled him closer, deeper into her quivering, satisfied afterglow, and wouldn't let him go.

Parks looked into her eyes, curiously. They weren't in love, and if such a true emotion existed, his heart had been hardened by Eve's betrayal to such an emotional delusion. And he simply lost all belief that any woman, let alone anyone, could be fully trusted.

But here was Athena, looking up at him with just such an emotion, deeply into his eyes, their bodies still locked and entwined, kissing him slowly and passionately after their naturally magnetic encounter, the union of the woman and a man.

But Parks thought to himself, if he were not a financially powerful, materially resourceful man, or a gifted lover, artificially rejuvenated physically to the stamina of his youth, would she still feel the same way? Would she still embrace him lovingly if he were just an average man?

Obviously not, so what did this exotic alien humanoid woman want from him other than the pursuit of her own pleasure? Then it dawned on him. He could feel the strong maternal impulse emanating from her telepathically. But he had to be sure.

PARKS

I have to get back to work, I'm reviewing data files on Exopolitics, Subquantum Kinetics, some NASA Eagleworks research and crunching the numbers the avatar sent me on the performance parameters of this vessel. I just cannot believe we've traveled so far, so fast.

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PARKS

The fantastic energy conversions needed to travel this far through dimensional subspace seems impossible to my limited understanding of Terran and alien astrophysics. Besides, we can't stay stranded out here, wherever we are. We have to repair this vessel and go back.

ATHENA

Please, look at them later?

Athena kissed him lovingly on his neck and nuzzled closer.

PARKS

I'm sorry, I just can't.

Then Parks looked at her, paused, then asked.

PARKS CONT'D

Athena-- do you have children?

Athena slowly broke their embrace and slowly pushed him away. She knew her deception was discovered.

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ATHENA

No, I don't have any natural children. Unless you include the dozens of ova that were taken from me, used to clone rich men's deceased wives or fantasy lovers.

She glared at him with contempt.

PARKS

And now, you desire to have a child of your own.

Athena didn't answer, he was right about her intentions. She picked up her robe, tears beginning to stream from her eyes, and walked out of his quarters as she put it back on. Parks made no attempt to stop her. But he did send her a mental message, but he wasn't sure at first if she received it. Parks sat and meditated, focusing all of his mental attention toward communicating with the naturally telepathic Athena.

PARKS (telepathically)

"I am truly sorry if the cultural exchange between our civilizations over the decades has caused you great harm. I want to also apologize for my uncaring attitude. If it is still your desire to become a natural parent with me, I would be honored to be a part of that process. But first, a proper period of courtship, leading of course to marriage. I may look young, and I admit, I am very charming, but I'm actually very old, and old school when it comes to relationships."

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As Athena reached her quarters, she indeed heard his telepathic statement, smiled at his arrogant humor. Her hurt feelings subsided. Parks heard a telepathic reply in his mind, projected from Athena as clear as a bell.

ATHENA (telepathically)

"Who said I wanted a relationship or a child with you? Don't flatter yourself, pal."

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CORRIDOR LEADING TO ATHENA'S QUARTERS

Several hours later, Parks discreetly visited Athena's quarters, wearing nothing but a navy hooded shower robe over black boxer briefs, vintage NASA issue blue smocks on his feet, and a caring smile. He would stop pushing her away. His life with Eve was over; he was blessed to have had her for as long as he did. And few people have had his financial power and the resources to resurrect the love of their life. But it was time to move forward. Athena was in his life now, as long as she wanted him. He would put his suspicions on hold and just enjoy the perfumed scent, high intelligence, and embrace of this Pleiadean woman. And just perhaps, build a lasting bond with her.

CUT TO:

INT. RENDITION SITE

Eve was confined to an undisclosed underground base; she could detect that much from the movement around her. She was rendered and traveled for nearly 18 hours in military-grade vehicles and aircraft, all with blacked-out windows.

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The elevator ride descended at least ten stories. With only one brief stop, she assumed she was far southwest of Asia, past the equator. The indication of a warmer climate while being transferred to the base only confirmed her assumptions. And the dialect and accent of background conversations led her to believe that her destination was Australia.

During the trip she was informed by her captor that she would be an assassin for the Consortium Order, the original intent of her creation. That was nearly a week ago, now she was given her first assignment, to beat and torture a prisoner, an enemy to Sullivan.

CUT TO:

INT. RENDITION SITE - INTERROGATION CELL

Peterson awakened in his restraints again, this time to finally meet his captor, former black world Space Commander Sullivan, a rejuvenated man with a half organic, half digital nanomatronic brain.

His motivations were more psychopathic than ever; he wanted revenge against Peterson and Parks. He planned to destroy Parks' company and his family.

Eve entered Peterson's cell, to his surprise, and without a word she beat him within an inch of his life.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PARKS' STATEROOM

Parks was in deep introspection on a low Buddha-shaped meditation seat in the dimly lit stateroom of his quarters.

The entrance to his stateroom quietly slid open. Athena quietly entered barefoot, dressed in a sleeveless white sheer sleeping gown, carrying a large white comforter.

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She laid the comforter out on the thin carpeted deck before him, looked into his eyes and without saying a word slipped out of her gown.

Parks opened his nearly closed eyes and slowly looked up at her beautiful nude form and smiled. It had been that way for days. They spent planned romantic activities together on the football field-sized delta aethership and copulated nightly. She would allow him to recover for half a day and without notice, put him to task again. They also shared every meal together. He was now used to her anytime conceiving schedule.

Athena lowered herself and embraced him, then slowly took off his cotton tunic and unfastened and removed his loose cotton meditation shorts. She deftly aroused and straddled him while still seated. Parks was powerless to her ample beauty and the sincere urgency of her desire. She made love to him long enough to bring them to a powerful, intense mutual climax.

Athena then slipped off of his residing manhood and laid on the comforter. She pulled up and tucked her knees to her chest, in a familiar contraception technique.

As Athena dismounted him, Parks fell off of the low Buddha seat, groaning in mock exhaustion, landing next to her.

Athena laughed at this; her slightly slated alien eyes were dilated in the afterglow of the dimly lit stateroom. Transfixed, Parks moved closer, kissed her shoulder and neck and admired her determination.

And in that moment of reflection, Parks fell deeply in love with Athena. She had chosen him to conceive a child, and this humbled Parks. He felt honored by the other-worldly, Pleiadean woman. She was determined indeed.

Parks was laying on his side close to her. Athena continued to tuck her knees up to her chest, resting the heels of her feet atop Parks right hip, their sexes lined up perfectly. Parks looked deeply into her eyes.

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PARKS

Now I know how my clone felt out here all alone. I thank the Creator for you, and advanced interstellar radiation shielding, of course.

ATHENA

Well of course.

Athena mused at his attempt at dry humor.

PARKS

But seriously, if you weren't here with me, I'm sure I would have lost my mind and died out here all alone.

Parks kissed her softly and slowly with his eyes closed. Athena understood this as a gesture of sincerity and slowly closed hers. This affectionate slow kiss brought the couple closer in intimacy than all of their heated sexual encounters.

Feeling the heat from their position, Parks became aroused and achingly engorged. He slowly reentered Athena. They made passionate love more committed to conceiving a Human-Pleiadean child, more than the mere pleasure in its undertaking.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PILOT'S NEST

Parks in his body-rejuvenated old age was now a traditionalist at heart. After nearly a week of conceiving, he asked Athena to marry him. She said yes, amused at his sudden chasten attitude. Stranded as they were with no matrimonial authority to marry them, Parks asked the Elder's holographic A.I. to perform a makeshift marriage ceremony.

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With both Human and Pleiadean cultural references to guide the A.I. on bonding rituals, the holographic Elder conducted a brief ceremony, wishing for the couple a simple blessing of abundance and peace.

CUT TO:

INT. AETHERSHIP GALLEY

Parks and Athena sat across from each other in the aethership galley for dinner. They had in front of them spring mix salad from the vertical garden, tossed in a light dressing and several four-ounce polymer non-spill squeeze tumblers.

PARKS

We have on the dinner menu, Tangy Tangerine and Super Beets as the appetizer, followed by Texas Superfoods and Patriot Power Greens as the entrée. Strawberry-banana Rhinehart Body Fuel serves as dessert. All made with recycled pH alkaline balanced water.

ATHENA

Not very aesthetically appetizing cuisine, but definitely nutrient dense and easy to digest. We won't starve.

PARKS

We could heat up a couple of lab-slab grown beef steaks and gluten-free butter herbed pasta MREs? You're with child, you need the calories.

ATHENA

Not tonight. I've always tried not to consume too much creatine infused, fat marbled, genetically engineered beef or poultry protein during my time on your home world. Even if it was culture grown in labs and no animals were harmed in order to produce my food. But I must confess, I do miss some of Earth's culinary creations.

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PARKS

Me too. Bona petite.

Parks began to notice the differences in their species more each day of their shared crisis, stranded just outside the Andromeda galaxy. He lifted his appetizer squeeze bottle to Athena's.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKS' STATEROOM

After dinner, the cozy couple retired to watch a vintage motion picture from the aethership's Earth media archives in cocooned intimacy, falling asleep in each other's arms before the film ended.

The artificially generated gravity was only three quarters that of the Earth, so their rest was peaceful. They awakened after the final credits scrolled after the alert signal of the cue holoscreen portal chimed at the film's end. They didn't want to see another film, so they engaged in pillow talk.

PARKS

Tell me about your parents.

ATHENA

Well, my father was a cosmologist and involved in interdimensional sciences. He was fascinated with the infinite universe, which we consider the body of the Creator and the higher dimensions the mind of the Creator. So much so that my mother did most of the parenting. He traveled off-world for long periods of time, so I barely knew him. My mother was a xenobiologist. She was a loving, nurturing parent.

PARKS

Are they still alive?

(MORE)

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ATHENA

Yes, I look forward to seeing them again.

PARKS

Are human and Pleiadean attitudes on emotional and physical love and family similar?

ATHENA

We are a much older civilization than our human cousins. We conquered our primitive greed-based, violence-loving, social populism nature eons ago. Scientific discovery and spiritual enlightenment became our species' cultural foundation.

These advances also greatly expanded our longevity. We experience single adulthood much longer, devoting more time to our individual intellectual pursuits. Also, as a result, we experience more casual relationships over a lifetime.

Unless one takes a vow of purity and commits to their scientific or intellectual occupations, the way your human Jesuit priests dedicate themselves in pious celibacy to communing to your concept of a Creator.

What is it called, the Trinity, established at the Council of Nicaea in 325 A.D.? I find it fascinating how humans edited their most precious holy tome, not once but many times.

Did you know that the Pleiades is mentioned in the Bible?

Parks digested her brief clinical statement covering Pleiadean culture and its oversimplified, more libertine attitudes toward commitment, while taking a jab at organized religion.

It helped to explain why she had been chosen for the Genesis Consortium Seven Daughters of Eve Cloning Program and agreed to have her ova and DNA harvested.

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Parks also learned during previous pillow talk sessions that Pleiadean women produced twice the ova that human women did over a lifetime, and they have a fascinating ability to ovulate at will; they have evolved to control the functions of their hypothalamus and pituitary gland and the hormones of their ovarian and uterine reproductive cycles. They can initiate their conception cycle within hours of the moment and initiate their period within days of that ovulation.

#### ATHENA CONT'D

Pleiadean science corrected psychological and physical dysfunction and intellectual evolution did away with uncontrolled emotional bonding. When we are ready for life mating, we choose within the scientific, engineering or interstellar exploratory classes. Esoteric and creative pursuits are common and encouraged in all classes, so no other social classes are necessary. We are encouraged to choose a life mate from a different class to enhance cross-pollination among the classes.

#### PARKS

Would you say in essence, that science and the pursuit of knowledge became your religion? I mean, does it affirm your concept of a Creator Potential and a higher spiritual continuum?

Athena shifted her position, resting slightly on Parks' chest to look at him once again for a moment, searching for words acceptable to his curious human understanding of her species, much older humanoid cousins to Earth's human race.

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ATHENA

You will hear this from all benevolent, advanced interstellar and interdimensional species that the human race will encounter as you continue your exploration of the Virgo Supercluster and the billions of superclusters that comprise the infinite universe.

We view the universe as the body of the Creator.

We designate no gender to our concept of the Creator as Earth humans do. We do not humanize our concept of the creator as you do.

There are still mysteries we have yet to learn and understand about the higher realms of the Creator, the higher dimensions.

Type Three and yes, even Type Four civilizations contact us, when we are ready, and shepherd us through these higher discoveries and realities, higher truths.

You are correct, our scientific pursuits are in a way our attempt to embrace that infinite, sentient energy that is everywhere.

Perhaps one day a million years from now, our sciences will become a Type Four and feel that embrace from the universe, like a child being hugged by their parents, giving our species nurturing comfort and acceptance.

I hope your species finds its way towards this embrace as well in your future discovering new worlds and new truths among the stars."

Athena shifted her body again, so she was resting on top of Parks. Her warm soft sensuous body becoming blanket for him of exotic comfort.

ATHENA CONT'D

Now, tell me about your parents? Your birth parents this time?

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Parks had avoided the discussion during one of their previous pillow talk sessions. Athena was a full empath and telepath. She knew he was hiding something. He looked up at the ceiling of his quarters, then told her some of what he learned.

#### PARKS

Peterson sent me an encrypted message before we were attacked, after he came to visit me aboard the triage vessel where I underwent my initial rejuvenation treatment, after having temporal surgery to have some malfunctioning communication implants removed. He thought it was time that I knew what he knew about my past.

Peterson knew my birth father. I won't tell you his name, but he was an officer in the U.S. Marines Special Section, a spaceflight navigation specialist. A charter member in the Breakaway Civilization of the late 1950s and 1960s, after the first contact and our 1954 treaty, when all back engineered gravity propulsion research went into the black world for good.

My birth father was on leave from our first covert lunar colony program at the Long Island Montauk Base. He was from upstate New York, staying with friends in Manhattan.

He decided to take a class at NYU when he met my birth mother, who also took the same class. She was of Sicilian heritage, an elementary school art teacher living in Soho. My father was tanned and athletic as were young soldiers of the era, trying desperately to embody the Kennedy image of vigor, confidence and optimism about America's role in space.

My birth mother was said to have angelic beauty by my birth father. Their romance was brief and bittersweet when my birthfather received his orders to return to Montauk Base and transfer to Dougway Proving Ground, Utah. They had known each other for only two months.

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PARKS CONT'D

My birth father did not know that he had given my birth mother a parting gift. He found out after my birth mother died giving birth to me and I was sent to an orphanage and adopted.

He never married, became a career soldier. He might have tried to adopt me, but mercifully, I was adopted by Maria and Gordon Wayne Parks.

He kept tabs on me throughout my youth, I was told by Peterson. In 1985, he signed on for an interstellar colonization mission. A flotilla of Space Command platforms and carriers would take him from his beloved home world to the Orion Constellation. They were never heard from again. No one knows what fate awaited them. But the hostilities with the Orion Draco intensified.

By that time, I was in college, studying aeronautical engineering. My birth father asked Peterson to keep tabs on me, try to bring me in under the fold. He had a powerful position at Lockheed Martin and recruited me from college. I guess I followed in my birth father's footsteps. I became an aerospace and mechanical engineer, eventually working for the black world.

I built my wealth with my company working for the breakaway civilization for decades. And even though I am now an InterWorld Council Earth Ambassador, I may never know whether my birth father lived a long life or if I have siblings from Orion, or if he perished in some hostility with the Draco. If we recover from this, one day I may find out what happened to that Orion Colony.

Athena listened attentively as they lay there. She sensed the sadness and emotional pain this revelation brought on him. She moved to his side so he could rest, encouraging him to do so while she caressed his chest. She intentionally induced in him unconsciousness, another trait unique to Pleiadeans; in mere minutes he was asleep, in the dream state.

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INT. PARKS' STATEROOM - HOURS LATER

Parks' REM dream state mind raced to connect the dots to his present dilemma while he slept.

...traversable wormholes to a different point in time and space... transported to the other side of the universe... If they wanted to travel back to Earth, they would either have to travel back through the wormhole they just left... would it still be the "past" when they returned?...

... geometries of space-time... change in spatial position as the time coordinate is varied... closed time-like curves, which are world lines that form closed loops in space-time, allowing objects to return to their own past...

...equations of general relativity that describe space-times that contain closed time-like curves such as Gödel space-time... FTL faster than light or value 'c', describes traveling at 186,282 miles per second or 299,792 kilometers per second in a vacuum...

...to create FTL wormholes between points in space-time...

...humans may not be able to withstand time travel at all...It all comes down to the relationship between time and space...

...Time can't exist without space, and space can't exist without time. The two exist as one: the space-time continuum. Any event that occurs in the universe has to involve both space and time... you'll need to exploit space-time... Time passes faster farther away from the mass of the Earth... gravitational time dilation... gravitational lensing effect. Gravity doesn't just pull-on space; it also pulls on time...

...Speed also plays a role in the rate at which we experience time. Time passes more slowly the closer you approach the speed of light... using faster-than-light travel to journey back in time...

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if time slows as an object approaches the speed of light, then might exceeding that speed cause time to flow backward? as an object nears the speed of light, its relativistic mass increases until, at the speed of light, it becomes infinite... cheat the universal speed limit by propelling a bubble of space-time across the universe... attach one end of the wormhole to a spaceship, fly around at the speed of light so time slows down for the spaceship, then jump through the wormhole... speculative space propulsion technology and existing cosmic phenomena...

...NASA Eagleworks, Harold 'Sonny' White's baby... and Eagleworks Physicist Miguel Alcubierre's model for warp drive, circa 1994... the quantum vacuum plasma thruster, similar to the Pleiadean Aether space drive engine, and the origins of the Black Arrow fleet, along with the 60 years of black world research that made the breakaway civilization possible.

...According to Einstein, time was more like a river, which meandered around stars and galaxies, speeding up and slowing down as it passed around massive bodies...

...Einstein's neighbor at Princeton, Kurt Goedel, perhaps the greatest mathematical logician of the past 500 years, found a new solution to Einstein's own equations which allowed for time travel...

...River of Time... it postulated a universe filled with a rotating fluid. Anyone walking along the direction of rotation would find themselves back at the starting point, backwards in time... Roy Kerr... wormhole solutions to Einstein's equations...

...These wormholes connect not only two regions of space but also two regions of time as well. In principle, they can be used as time machines...

...quantum theory to gravity. In the quantum theory, we can have multiple states of any object... the river of time forks into two separate rivers... the main problem is one of energy... harness the power of a star...

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...Aether vacuum energy, dark matter... quantum gravity... Type Two or Three Civilization... exotic matter... negative energy...

...our mathematics is not powerful enough to answer the question of stability because you need a "theory of everything" which combines both quantum forces and gravity... superstring theory is the leading candidate for such a theory...

...The theory is well-defined, but no one on Earth is smart enough to solve it... Anyone who can harness the power of a star would consider us to be very primitive...

...speculate on the existence of higher dimensions and non-Euclidean geometries during a discussion on the existence of God...

...Higher dimensions, higher realms exist... unseen worlds just beyond our reach, beyond the normal laws of physics... alien worlds beyond comprehension... higher dimensional space... 10 or more, rumored to be up to 26 dimensions of space-time...

...our familiar three-dimensional universe is "too small" to describe the myriad forces governing our universe, to describe our physical world, with its almost infinite variety of forms...

...N dimensional space... spatial dimensions beyond three that simply cannot be conceptualized by the limited human brain...

...higher dimensions hold the key to the unification of all known forces. The universe is governed by four fundamental forces. Gravity, electromagnetism, the strong and weak nuclear forces. These four forces, in turn, are unified in higher dimensional space...

...Quantum-mechanical phenomena... allows for faster-than-light (FTL) communication or time travel...

...the mechanics of time travel require that mass-energy be exchanged in precise balance between past and future at the moment of travel, or to simply expand the scope of the conservation law to encompass all timelines...

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...Earth is moving through space around the Sun, which is moving in the galaxy, and so on... the theory of relativity rejects the idea of absolute time and space; in relativity there can be no universal truth about the spatial distance between events which occur at different times and thus no objective truth about which point in space at one time is at the same position that the Earth was at another time...

...every calculation, inertial frame of reference and all coordinate systems as the Earth moves away from or toward the traveler's vessel when taking a trip through time with the intention of landing at some chosen spatial location, cannot be off by so much as an angstrom, or timing as much as a Planck time unit, in order to return back in time within the weeks the traveler had been gone, perhaps within the exact instant departed---

Hours later, Parks awakened with a jolt of energy, sitting bolt upright in bed. Athena rested next to him still in deep sleep.

Parks slowly swung his legs over the side of his bed, so as not to awaken her. He slowly stood and padded to the open elongated egg-shaped cocoon shower and sauna near his bathroom and wardrobe closet.

He turned on a medium stream of brisk warm water, trying not to make too much noise. He dropped his sleeping shorts, slid open the wrap-around shell of the egg-shaped cocoon shower and stepped over and into the large wrap-around sauna tub seat, closed the shell door, then down into the three-foot diameter wide shower floor.

The beading sound of the water stream and splashing sounds along with the fresh mint scent of organic shower gel slowly invaded the senses of Athena's slumber.

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By the time the shower turned off three minutes later, she was conscious enough to observe Parks sit on the outer edge of the cocoon shower drying himself with a large towel, wrapping it around his waist, then put on a dark blue terry cloth shower kimono robe and head for the bathroom sink near the enclosed toilet cabinet room.

Parks brushed his hair, sonic-brushed his teeth, rinsed with Smart Mouth, then shaved.

He then moved over to his wardrobe closet, selected a two-piece duty uniform, Sugata shirt and biothermals of molecularly aligned graphine fiber nano-threads woven into a breathable fabric that keeps the wearer warm in cold climes and cooler in warm climes.

As he dressed, Athena pretended to still be asleep, but observed his look of intense inner contemplation and determination.

Fully dressed and composed, Parks strode toward the entrance to his spartan quarters without looking up. He assumed Athena was still sleeping, although she did reposition herself and yawn, signaling her increasingly awakened state.

ATHENA

Are you alright?

Parks was slightly startled by her being awake, he almost paused, but made no reply and continued on his way out. His concentration was elsewhere as he exited. Athena slowly sat up in bed, puzzled.

She couldn't read his thoughts, they were literally everywhere a buzz of multitasking activity, trying to figure out-

He knew. The facade was over.

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DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RENDITION SITE - INTERROGATION CELL

Eve hadn't slept or eaten much since her captivity began over a week ago. Sullivan continued to threaten to harm her daughter if Eve was not compliant.

Mercifully, his brain was damaged by Peterson in the past and his sexual impulses were permanently eradicated, replaced by a more powerful sadistic impulse.

Sullivan ordered Eve to torture Peterson over and over again for his amusement. She pulled her punches out of fear of killing the old man, who never begged for his life or registered fear.

She seemed to know him, somewhere in her cellular memory, but couldn't place his face.

She quietly mentally begged his forgiveness before each beating. The old man seemed to understand.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PILOT'S NEST CIC

As Parks entered the conn and the inner pilot's nest, the A.I. and other systems began to quietly illuminate and come to life in anticipation of his commands.

HAL AI V.O.

Good day, Ambassador.

PARKS

HAL, please remain on standby. I need to have a chat with the Elder's A.I.

HAL AI V.O.

As you command, sir.

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Parks stepped into the center of the command and flight nest and waited. A nearby holo-emitter activated. The Elder's long vest, robed image stood over him in stunning detail. A bit too towering, Parks thought. The real live Elder wasn't that tall. I was taller than him.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

Ambassador Parks, how may I assist you? What is it that you seek?

PARKS

The truth, right now. Where are we, really?

It's not the outskirts of Andromeda.

Multi-dimensional space-time travel in essence, deals with infinity in either direction, the future or the past.

Now I don't doubt that this vessel can actually make a series of emergency q-phase dimensional slips to that destination.

But certainly not in three earth standard days. Even if we could reach 1000 times the speed of light, it would take 9 months to reach the edge of our Milky Way galaxy.

And many months more to reach Andromeda.

This is where you made your first mistake. I kept going over the probabilities in my sleep, that's how I process deep problems. It just didn't add up.

Second, Athena is just too comfortable about all this. She's more concerned about conceiving than our being stranded, which means we're not. I knew something was wrong in my gut feeling, my intuition.

I began to check quietly all cosmic radiation shielding generator readings.

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PARKS CONT'D

It stands to reason that in such a short period of time after a series of emergency generated special wormhole jumps, the radiation shielding generators might need recalibration.

The readings were normal, with no variations since the date of the attack, except for a drop in radiation. Out here in open space, the readings should be higher, or at least have some variations in readings; your third mistake.

I've also studied the 360-degree starfield on the monitors daily from my quarters. Our position has never drifted closer to Andromeda, pulled forward by the galaxy's gravitational forces. An easy enough holographic deception to execute. More and more I sensed that you were at the heart of all this.

I've been distracted, comfortably distracted the past few weeks.

At that moment, Parks noticed Athena standing just at the entrance to the pilot's nest.

PARKS CONT'D

I am convinced we are shrouded in some spatial operating environment, sophisticated enough to fool even me, for a while. And I could kick myself for allowing this charade to go on for so long. Now, I want the truth. Where the fuck are we and why? No more deceptions.

There was a long silence. Parks rested his arms akimbo on his waist, then switched the weight of his body from the left hip to the right, in truly pissed-off consternation.

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PARKS CONT'D

I'll pull the plug on your smug digital ass if you don't spill the beans right now. Do not doubt me simulacrum.

Parks remained resolute.

After another long pause, the holographic A.I. slowly began to clap his hands, even going to the trouble to simulate the sound for effect.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

Well done, Ambassador, I wondered how long we would be able to keep you-distracted, as you put it." The A.I. looked at Athena, disappointed. Her eyes looked downward, unable to look at Parks.

We are on Mars.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARS DEFENSE FORCES ACTIVE HANGAR UNDERGROUND

INT. PILOT'S NEST

The Elder A.I. confessed all to Parks.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

We are technically below the surface of Mars, within a military base manned by Earth-Mars Defense Forces. Marine Special Section was created by former President Eisenhower in the 1950s to serve as a check and balance against the growing cosmic secrecy and unlimited power, both militarily and politically, of Naval and Air Force Space Command. Peterson wanted to be sure that your neural node connections were all removed completely so that your location could not be detected or tracked.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Parks touched his temples in reflex. He cursed the day that he allowed the Elder to give him the neural node enhancement and prayed every day that none of molecularly aligned nano-treads and micro-hardware was left in his skull after the reverse surgery.

PARKS

Go on, continue.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

Mars has nearly twenty underground human colonies and military defense bases, built over a century. Many are in active research to return a viable atmosphere to the planet.

We are waiting for a Pleiadean platform vessel that will return Athena and my digitally preserved consciousness to our home world. That vessel will arrive soon.

Parks looked again in Athena's direction. Standing at the tactical station, she finally met his gaze. She was still dressed in her nightgown and covered in a white robe, sashed at the waist. She crossed her arms around her chest as if bracing herself for Parks' oncoming tirade about betrayal.

PARKS

You knew all along?

Athena nodded her head, tears welling in her eyes, unable to respond.

PARKS CONT'D

You're returning with him? Returning home? What about us, our child?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looked down, again offering no reply, only nodding once.

PARKS CONT'D

So, this was just a convenient opportunity for you to conceive with a human.

Parks nodded in understanding, unable to read her thoughts. It was finished. Parks took a long deep breath and returned his attention to the holo-image of the Elder A.I. Then Athena spoke.

ATHENA

No, not just any human. I chose the man who saved my life. The Elder and Peterson knew that I wanted to. They granted my wishes.

Parks looked back to Athena, then the holo avatar.

PARKS

I've got to return to Earth, to my family and my corporation. If I was attacked, then my family and my company must have been attacked as well.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

Your clone was nearly killed at your ex-wife's vineyard. They must have thought it was you or cared less if it was you or your clone. Eve dispatched the mercenaries, she was unharmed, but eventually surrendered.

Your daughter was abducted from her residence in New York.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKS

What? My daughter? She was taken? What happened to her personal security? You withheld this information from me all this time? Taken by whom?"

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

Sullivan and his network of Aquarius cabal operatives. They are after revenge.

Parks shook his head in shock.

PARKS

I thought he was incapacitated by Peterson?

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

Your enemies have been planning revenge for some time. Peterson was abducted as well.

PARKS

You and Peterson knew.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

We did and have been preparing for some time. That is why we wanted you off-world, on the move until the threat can be contained and eliminated. But we could not anticipate their timing with certainty.

Sullivan's splinter group have taken control of the Pine Gap facility. I had the unfortunate duty of keeping you safe and your attention focused on another dilemma while our Alpha Command forces made plans to retaliate.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKS

And so, you come up with the Andromeda scenario. Look, I've got to get the hell out of here, back to Earth-

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

Agreed. We have developed a strategy that will utilize the Mars Defense Forces and NATO android troops controlled by Alpha Command. We will take back the underground facility. Patience Ambassador.

PARKS

Patience? You have had me locked away under false pretenses for almost two months, distracted by-

Athena closed her eyes, her grief at his words more than evident.

Parks caught himself before he insulted her further.

Athena turned and walked slowly out of the conn. Parks watched her leave. The A.I. replied, to refocus Parks from his sense of betrayal.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

Ambassador Parks, the time is almost at hand. You will be notified when Mars Defense Forces are ready to escort you back to Earth.

Parks' feelings for Athena had grown, in fact he loved her, but because his family's abduction, their relationship had become an instant non-issue. Parks now questioned her sincerity. He felt like nothing more than a fool she tricked into being a sperm donor. His mind was a storm of distress.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKS

Turn off this damn external charade! Show me what is actually outside of this ship!

A surround screen activated. They were in an immense underground hangar. Cadres of pressure-suited, space helmet-clad soldiers and specialist technicians were everywhere. Parks observed all the activity for a few seconds.

PARKS CONT'D

I need a briefing on the Pine Gap operation, right now.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

I will contact the mission commander and inform him that you are now fully aware of the situation and wish to be briefed.

PARKS

Just open up the damn ship! I'll find him on my own.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST

You will need to wear a pressure suit to leave this hangar and enter the colony base, Ambassador.

I understand your distrust. But I am still the consciousness that trained both your mentor and your clone. As an ambassador, you must learn the proper official protocols and address me with the proper respect due.

Parks had enough of this digital being. His anger barely contained.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKS

You know, you are not a deity to be revered.

You are merely the digital representation of someone too afraid to die. Afraid of your life energy and intellect being to a degree extinguished and your contributions to the universe forgotten.

No, you are merely a digital ghost with limited influence among the living. And I feel sorry for you.

Parks turned and walked briskly out of the conn.

The holo-image of the Elder A.I. turned his head in Parks' direction to deliver a retort before his departure, then stopped.

The image reacted in an almost human manner, appearing to reflect on Parks' assessment of its digital sentience. The image flickered slightly before deactivating its emitters.

CUT TO:

EXT. AETHERSHIP

Parks donned a pressure suit and found his way through the hangar to the USMC Special Section administrative offices of the subterranean base.

He was given a briefing and a mini tour of the base.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. AETHERSHIP

When he returned to the aethership hours later, he stopped by Athena's quarters. She wouldn't answer nor open her entrance. Parks could override and open her door but felt the forced invasion of her privacy would be another unforgivable act of callousness.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. PARKS STATEROOM

Tired from the revelations of the day, Parks returned to his own quarters, pulled off his duty uniform and returned to bed. He was tired from worry about his family, distressed beyond consolation. He quickly fell into a stress-filled sleep.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

As Parks slept, the entrance to his quarters slid open. Athena entered Parks quarters, somehow bypassing the door lock controls with the power of her telekinetic thought. She padded silently to Parks' sleeping body. He stirred pensively. Parks' eyes fluttered slightly as he began to awaken. Athena waved her hand over his head, and he fell into a controlled deep sleep. Athena caressed his face, touched his hair, then kissed him gently on the lips. Her tears flowed as she quietly retreated.

Parks awakened many hours later. He felt calm and rested, refreshed. But his mind returned to the crisis on Earth. He washed and dressed quickly before heading back to the conn. The pilot's nest seemed in order as usual but deftly silent. In fact, the entire aethership seemed to be void of life except for him.

CUT TO:

INT. PILOT'S NEST

PARKS

HAL, systems update.

There was no reply or acknowledgement. Then a different synthetic voice responded.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AI V.O.

Greetings, Ambassador Parks.

PARKS

You sound new. Identify.

AI V.O.

This is the ship's systems A.I., awaiting your commands.

PARKS

What happened to HAL.

AI V.O.

I have no record of such a subsystem.

PARKS

What about the Elder A.I. digital consciousness?

AI V.O.

The entire hardware cube containing that H3D subsystem was removed and replaced with my redundant hardware cube as the primary core A.I. ship wide.

PARKS

You are now the primary A.I.? When did this happen?

AI V.O.

Three standard earth hours ago, by a group of Pleiadean technicians.

PARKS

HAL must have been a sub-routine of the Elder A.I. he used just to appease me. Clever. Where was the A.I. hardware removed to?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AI V.O.

The cube was placed into a Pleiadean military-grade android?

PARKS

Military grade, meaning?

AI V.O.

Organic humanoid looking, but stronger than organic, much more durable and physically adept than general service androids. Capable of armed and unarmed combat, with built-in defensive and offensive sub-routines.

PARKS

With a sentient digital intellect. Can you pull up the design schematics for these androids? Sounds like something interesting to study and apply to my own security. Earth's military androids are classified at the highest levels. Send the schematics to the console in my quarters.

Parks paused in thought, vaguely remembering a dream of Athena entering his quarters. He already knew the answer to his next question.

PARKS

Is anyone else aboard?

AI V.O.

No, Ambassador.

Parks sadly lowered his head and then himself into the pilot's chaise, realizing that Athena must have visited his quarters one last time while he slept. Her farewell was no dream.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AI V.O.

Ambassador, we are being notified by Mars Defense Forces that our time to depart to Earth has come. They are sending are coordinates and requesting that we follow in a pentagon formation. We will be at the center of the formation. A flotilla of five battle carriers, separated by five earth standard kilometers serving as escort ships.

PARKS

Acknowledge the transmission and coordinate our departure with the escort vessels. Can you handle this task?

AI V.O.

Yes, Ambassador.

PARKS

Good. You don't have a familiar, more personal moniker, do you?

AI V.O.

No, Ambassador. I am the ship's system wide A.I., which includes communications, navigation, environmental, and propulsion; adapted for human interaction.

PARKS

Then you should have in your media archives the vintage science fiction film titled 2001: A Space Odyssey. Humans have the tendency to give our A.I. systems a short personal human moniker or nickname. How about I give you one, HAL 2.0, based on that old film. And HAL, add a slight British affectation to your audio responses; sounds classier.

HAL (AI V.O.)

Yes, Ambassador, I will respond to this-nickname.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKS

Good, carry on.

In the pilot's chaise, Parks placed a navigation headband on his temples and the bridge of his nose, similar to glasses or goggle frames.

A wrap-around holo-screen lowered from the frame in front of his field of vision.

As the aethership's systems powered up, the ceiling of the massive subterranean hangar slowly split open, retracting on both sides, venting the slight artificial atmosphere within.

CUT TO:

INT. MDF MARINE HANGAR

Pressure suited technicians with light batons signaled the go for ascent, their red lighted batons changing to green.

The landing struts of the aethership retracted as it ascended. It reached an altitude of 5000 feet and leveled in the center of the formation.

CUT TO:

INT. PILOT'S NEST

Parks could see in his holo-screen five flat wide domino shaped vessels in a pentagonal-shaped formation, each 50 meters tall, 100 meters wide and 300 meters long.

Parks turned for a 360-degree view, just in time to see a mega-massive dark silhouetted floating structure in orbit. A Pleiadean platform vessel. It was the size of a city.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE FLOTILLA ASCENDING

INT. PILOT'S NEST

He wondered if Athena was watching him pull away. He vowed silently to visit Athena's home world one day and meet his child. The tiny little fetus just beginning to develop its life's journey in Athena's womb. Parks knew with Athena and her extended family's nurture and guidance, their child would mature into a good soul, even if Parks was not there to raise and guide him or her. But he had always assumed that he would have been there to raise his child from birth to maturity. The loss of the opportunity and blessing wounded him mortally.

The lead escort carrier ship's commands brought him back to focus on departure.

MDF LEAD ESCORT PILOT V.O.

Archangel One to Archangel Two, Three, Four, Five and Ambassador Parks; synchronous formation launch will commence on my mark; 8,7,6,5,4,3,2-

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE FLOTILLA

All six vessels smoothly accelerated in unison.

MDF LEAD ESCORT PILOT V.O.

ETA to Earth orbit in 59 minutes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Parks settled in for the brief journey home at sub-light cruising speed.

His seven weeks of protective custody were over. Parks wondered what if they had been captured, or if they had been catapulted inter-dimensionally to the Andromeda system? In the scenario outlined by the Elder A.I., could this aethership travel that far that fast? Three earth standard days? Such a feat would be incredible.

Then his mind refocused. He touched a comm-screen panel.

PARKS

Ambassador Parks to Archangel One; once in orbit, I will need to open a satellite channel to contact my company's global security division. I'll need to coordinate the safe return of my family, after your forces free them.

MDF LEAD ESCORT PILOT V.O.

Roger that, Ambassador. Pine Gap has already been engaged. NATO Android forces are fighting for control of the base as we speak. By the time we arrive in orbit, your family should be secured.

PARKS

Thank you, Parks out.

Parks' stress level grew. He knew from the briefing that the overthrow of the command structure was a sore issue with Alpha Command. The Aquarius Faction truce was over. The internal war for control of Space Command continued. Confident of the outcome, he would contact OM Global Security and pass on the intel and coordinates to return his family home after the operation. He silently prayed to the Creator Potential that Eve and Emily would prevail unharmed.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RENDITION SITE - PINE GAP FACILITY

The Pine Gap facility reverberated with the delivery of each smart bomb at the surface. Ten levels below, rifle fire reports echoed, growing closer and greater in intensity.

CUT TO:

Eve launched a barrage of blows at Peterson's bruised and broken body as he sat manacled to the interrogation saddle chair. His face was bloodied and swollen; his eyes were nearly closed, nose was broken, his teeth were loosened, some knocked out. Slung violently with each punch, blood spewed from his mouth from each body blow Eve delivered. Her hands were bloodied and sore.

EVE (whispering)

I'm sorry. Sullivan has my daughter. He'll kill her if I stop. If I activate the cloaking function of my battle suit, he'll kill her. I can't go after him.

PETERSON (voice labored and barely audible)

I know.

Behind a two-way opaque mirror, Sullivan looked on, holding Emily by the arm, pressing the barrel of his sidearm into Emily's temple. He spoke into an intercom repeatedly.

SULLIVAN (metallic voice)

Stop talking to him! You're pulling your punches, clone! Hit him harder, or I swear I will blow your precious daughter's brains out!

He tightened his grip on her arm and Emily screamed in horror.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eve stopped and glared at the mirror in a rage. The electronically opaqued mirror cleared to reveal him standing there with Emily in fear for her life. Sullivan would do this to Eve to make her punish Peterson harder.

One of Sullivan's mercenaries rushed in, speaking in his ear. His eyes narrowed in alarm.

He passed Emily to the soldier, who pulled her away hurriedly. She called out to her mother, shrieking and fighting not to be removed by her handler. Sullivan turned back to Eve.

SULLIVAN (metallic voice)

Times up, kill him, now.

He walked to the locked door and tossed in her wakizashi tempered Japanese strait short sword, locking the door again before she could get to him.

SULLIVAN (metallic voice)

Kill him with your blade. Do it now, or I swear, I will kill your daughter.

Eve slowly picked up the short blade. She turned and stood over Peterson, slowly raising the sword over her head with both hands. Peterson strained to open his swollen eyes.

Two mercenaries returned, forcefully pulling Sullivan out of the observation room.

MERCENARY

We have to move now, sir! They have overrun the base!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

More explosions reverberated; rifle reports grew closer. The lights flickered. As Sullivan retreated, he yelled out...

SULLIVAN (metallic voice)

Kill him now, or she's dead! Kill him, kill him!

Eve seemed brainwashed, in a trance. She just stood there, ready to strike.

Peterson looked into her eyes, attempting to telepathically reach her mind. Suddenly, she yelled before pulling the blade up and back to swing down with all of her might and split Peterson's head open. But Peterson spoke to Eve in a telepath flash—

PETERSON

I knew your progenitor. She worked for me at Lockheed Martin; she was a brilliant aerospace engineer. She died too soon, much too young.

Eve swung the blade down in anguish—then time seemed to come to a standstill...

Peterson looked deeper into Eve's eyes in a trance, looked deeper into her soul.

His head inches from the stopped blade. His eyes were dilated fully, almost pitch black. Peterson focused all his considerable telekinetic energy to repel the sword.

The power of Peterson's mental energy overwhelmed Eve.

The sword twisted in Eve's grip 45 degrees. The flat of the blade now faced Peterson. Time resumed as the sword swung back at Eve, knocking her in the forehead with the flat of the blade. She fell back.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

The blow sent Eve sprawling across the floor of the interrogation room.

Peterson looked down at his shackles; they popped open and fell to the deck.

Eve sat up from the deck; a large welt was forming across her forehead. She looked at the unshackled Peterson in disbelief.

PETERSON

He's quite mad, you know...

Peterson slurred words were painful to speak. He touched his face tenderly before spitting out blood.

PETERSON CONT'D

You'd better go after your daughter, quickly. Ambassador Parks is on his way with the Calvary-

Peterson coughed up more blood suddenly. He sat forward and placed his head slowly in his hands. He was wounded internally from enduring a week of captivity and torture.

Eve recovered her senses and scabbarded her short sword embedded in the spine of her stealth-camo battle tights. She moved cautiously towards Peterson.

EVE

You're hurt.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Peterson raised a hand to halt her.

PETERSON

Eve, go after your child. I implore you. I'll be fine.

Eve nodded.

EVE

I'm sorry I had to injure you.

She turned and headed toward the exit. The door was still locked from the outside. Eve looked back at Peterson, and before she could speak, he waved his hand and the door unlocked instantly.

Eve looked to the man, now fully aware of the full range of his telekinetic power.

EVE CONT'D

Why did you allow yourself to be tortured when you could have freed yourself at any time?

PETERSON

Because other lives besides my own were at stake. Now go, save your daughter. Hurry.

Eve nodded and turned, stepping out and into the breach. But the guilt of torturing Peterson was too great. She returned to the interrogation room to help Peterson to the surface, but the room was empty. Peterson had simply vanished.

Benno - Cosmopolis Original Motion Picture Soundtrack

CUT TO:

EXT. PINE GAP FACILITY - AUSTRALIA

The Mars Defense Force flotilla escorting Parks landed around the Pine Gap facility. A company of MDF Marines disembarked. NATO human and android troops were securing the base. And tending to the wounded. OM Group Security personnel were on site next. Parks searched for a familiar face. He spotted A.R. Anderson, the former ExecPro regional security chief responsible for Eve and Emily's safety in New York and London.

PARKS

Anderson!

Parks shouted over the noise of combat activity surrounding them.

The young man, outfitted in contractor's armored tactical gear, rifle, and sidearm, turned and saw his new boss and mentor, blinking rapidly to hold back the tears welling in his eyes and retain a professional bearing.

ANDERSON

Ambassador Parks, I'm so sorry, sir. Emily was abducted by Sullivan's men. I have no excuse, sir; it happened on my watch."

PARKS

Where is she?

ANDERSON

They escaped just as the base was raided. We are directing overhead satellites to locate and track them. It's a waiting game.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

PARKS

Emily still wears a locket that I gave her. It has a GPS within that can be tracked. It was an old Amber Alert-style security measure I utilized when she was a child. She still wears it, I believe.

ANDERSON

Yes, she does. She rarely takes it off.

PARKS

I won't ask how you know that, Anderson. We can find her then.

Eve emerged from the underground base entrance, escorted by MDF Marines. Parks sensed, then spotted her, and so did she when he was near. Their child Emily kept their bond close. Eve rushed to him just as Parks stepped away from his personal security detail. They embraced for a moment; emotion, anguish, and relief washed over them.

EVE

He has Emily.

PARKS

We're going after them right now. Get on my ship, you too, Anderson. Tell all Security teams to track and follow my ship.

Anderson nodded in acknowledgment, then relayed orders through his throat mike.

Parks looked toward the mission commander.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

PARKS

I need two squads of marines following my ship and drones following from the air.

The mission commander rounded up his best. Within minutes the silver delta, a trailing MDF carrier, and OM Group Security EM vessel silently ascended and traveled west over the Pine Gap facility on an emergency intercept and rescue mission.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUSTRALIA PLAINS

Sullivan's transport was a half-disc, shaped liked a metallic horseshoe crab, with a rear helicopter-like maneuvering boom. The fleeing EM paratransit vessel skimmed over the plains just feet above the ground. He carried a small squad of mercenaries and Emily. The makeshift radar technician and navigator alerted Sullivan.

NAVIGATOR

We have three EM ships rapidly closing in on us.

SULLIVAN (metallic voice)

Parks! How could they have detected us? We're cloaked. Try to evade them.

NAVIGATOR

There's no way we can evade them, sir. They're fast closing in directly on our position—

As he spoke, Sullivan unholstered his sidearm and shot the navigator through the head, blowing his brains out the other side of his skull. Emily screamed in horror and shock. Sullivan glowered at her, and she stopped. He turned to the pilot.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

SULLIVAN (metallic voice)

Evade them!

The scared pilot began a series of zigzag and S maneuvers, which only served to speed up their intercept.

CUT TO:

INT. PILOT'S NEST

PARKS

That's our target, it's cloaked, but she's in there.

Parks checked various holo-screens as Eve, Anderson, and the Marine squad leader Greg Nunz looked on in the pilot's nest.

PARKS

HAL, target, and fire on their rear engines, low yield, EM pulse. Be careful not to hit the cabin.

HAL (AI V.O.)

Yes, Ambassador.

CUT TO:

EXT. AETHERSHIP

An energetic, thin beam fired from the leading edge forward array of the silver delta. The retreating transport's rear propulsion engines exploded in smoke and fire. The vessel lurched before nose-diving into the sand dune plains.

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Parks' silver delta reduced speed and made a smooth arc around the downed transport, landing a quarter kilometer away. A side hatch opened on the downed transport and a small group of Sullivan's mercenaries spilled out firing upon the magnetically shielded aethership. The MDF transport and OM Group Security vessels landed behind the mercenary ship, surrounding them.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARGO BAY DOOR OPENS AS AETHERSHIP LANDS

The squads of armor-clad MDF Marines aboard Parks ship deployed to positions around the struts and rear ramp of the aethership. Parks had HAL lay down a wall of suppressive fire, pinning down the hostiles as the Marines and OM Group Security contractors deployed and engaged the enemy.

A few more mercs spilled out of the downed transport, providing cover fire as a small all-terrain EM quad vehicle leaped out and fled the fight.

It was Sullivan, with Emily secured to his waist.

CUT TO:

INT. PILOT'S NEST

PARKS

Do Not Fire on the escaping pod! I repeat, Do Not Fire!

Parks focused on the small machine, and Emily's signal moved away again. He leaped from the pilot's chaise.

PARKS CONT'D

HAL, continue to provide fire support for our soldiers. Find me after the enemy is defeated or surrenders.

Parks turned to Eve and Anderson.

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PARKS CONT'D

I'm going after them.

Parks slipped a Space Force logo baseball cap on to cover up his navigation band.

EVE

I'm going with you.

Parks knew her lethal memgram encoded combat skills mixed with maternal protective impulse would ensure Sullivan's defeat. Still, he didn't want to put her in danger. He paused, then nodded as they hurried to the lower cargo bay.

PARKS CONT'D

Anderson, you have the conn. HAL will walk you through it all.

As he passed Anderson, he took his rifle and an extra ammo magazine.

INT. AETHERSIP LOWER CARGO BAY

When they arrived at the cargo bay, Parks unlatched, then uncovered a motorcycle-sized object under a gray polymer tarp. It was his hover chopper.

The prototype silver gray polished EM motorcycle was an otherworldly wheel-less chopper that hovered silently just over one foot above the road surface.

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Parks had a vintage 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.

PARKS CONT'D

Hop on. We're going to get our little girl back.

Parks activated the machine and jettisoned out the cargo bay and down the open ramp, with Eve holding on tightly in pursuit of their daughter and her abductor.

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN AUSTRALIAN PLAINS

Sullivan's hover all-terrain skiff traveled wildly over the arid, sandy dune plains, beyond Gibson Desert, looking over his shoulder every few seconds.

Emily noticed in such close quarters, the left side of his head. This side of his skull seemed almost translucent, altered, artificial. She could see faint glowing LED lights throughout the left side of his skull. Part of his brain must have been replaced. He babbled erratically.

CLOSE UP:

SULLIVAN (metallic voice)

Your father ruined my life, my military career! I would have been Supreme Allied Commander of Space Command's Space Naval Battle Groups. Space Command has USSS Naval Stations on the closest twelve star systems to Sol.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SULLIVAN CONT'D

I should have been in command of all that power! I should have been selected as the InterWorld Council Ambassador for Earth, not him! But I will have my revenge, on him and Peterson. Too many people want his head on a platter. And I will be the tip of the spear!

Emily had heard and seen enough from this mad man. She was her mother's daughter and inherited some of Eve's metahuman abilities, including the will to stop a bully and not cower from a righteous fight between what is right against what is wrong. She was enraged at his machinations. Time to act.

With all of her hybrid strength she put her hands together and squeezed tightly her hand-cuffed captive waist grip on the unsuspecting Sullivan, then pulled him Greco Roman wrestling style, up and over the side of the moving EM ATV.

Their momentum tossed them end over end several times before landing in a heap, stunned and dazed. Sullivan received the majority of the impact, but both were momentarily unconscious.

Moments passed. In a daze, Emily came to first and began to pull her cuffed arms down Sullivan's unconscious form to his boots, until she was no longer attached captive to him.

Just in time, the mad man suddenly came to and stomped a boot to Emily's face, sending her backwards in pain.

Emily scrambled away from the enraged homicidal maniac and scrambled toward the downed anti-grav ATV. Sullivan reached for his sidearm, which flew out of its holster during their tumble. He searched the sands for his weapon, for fear that without it, Eve's half metahuman daughter might be as dormantly lethal as her mother.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

He spotted his sidearm a few meters away, gathered himself and stumbled for it. In the distance, he could hear the growl of a vintage motorcycle. Over sand dunes, he thought quizzically. Then, in the distance, he could see the hover chopper closing in on him.

That's where the sound was coming from, its artificial. Parks should have turned it off, so that they traveled silently. He'd forgotten, in their haste to catch the fleeing killer holding their daughter hostage.

Fear rose in Sullivan; he reached for his throat, remembered it being ripped open by Parks in their last fight:

2033 EXT. GAMBA, GABON BEACHFRONT - FLASHBACK

Losing the battle and feeling his strength waning, General Sullivan pulled out a concealed combat knife from inside his boot before being confronted by OM Group security. Parks waved off the security, he no longer cared. He was in the kill zone now-- and he would take this evil man's life, whether he had a weapon or not. Parks was already dead inside. Eve had been taken from him twice, by this devil of a man.

But to equalize the fight, Riley tossed Parks a Talon triple blade that fit on the clinched fist similar to brass knuckles. It was attached at the wrist and fingers similar to a slave bracelet. The fist weapon had curved, talon shaped blades welded at the knuckles.

The fight became much more lethal. After dislodging the combat knife by cutting across the back of the General Sullivan's hand, Parks beat him bloodier with every enraged swing. Parks launched a powerful roundhouse blow across Sullivan's neck, gashing his left jugular and ripping his windpipe open. Sullivan dropped to his knees and tried frantically to stop the massive bleeding. Wide eyed and in a state of shock, he attempted to stand, stumbled and collapsed.

(MORE)

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Parks crouched over him, pausing to make eye contact and take careful aim, before launching a final lethal blow with all of his remaining strength through the neck to kill the General. Parks let out an enraged battle cry as he summoned his wild-eyed burning hatred for this man. Sullivan raised his bloodied hands up to fend off the incoming, final cutting blow.

Suddenly, the two men were caught in an intense pillar beam of pale blue-white sparkling light.

The paralyzing icy blue temporal beam danced and hummed around their paralyzed bodies, suspending them frozen in time. Parks could not finish his swing, which enraged his frozen form even more. He tried over and over to finish launching his upraised, tightly clenched, right triple-bladed fist.

From his feet through his spinal column to the base of his neck, Parks felt an odd stretching and an electrical pulsing and fading sensation in his limbs. Hot and cold, prickling sensations, expansion, and compression, united with unlimited ambient energy. Then nothing—

Parks and Sullivan disappeared, as if removed from dimension, and all existence. Then Sullivan remembered the alien triage room.

Glowing white light illuminated; it seemed directly through the oval-shaped room's walls. Men and humanoid aliens were working frantically over the bleeding General. They began to work on his wounds, using what appeared to be finger-tip light beam healing medical instrument attachments. One of the humanoid emergency personnel moved over to the long, oval, waist-high metal table. With the wave of a finger over the General's head, Sullivan lost consciousness.

The humanoid doctors began to not so much operate as begin the process of healing Sullivan's mortal wounds.

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Picking up an instrument with a luminescent light source at its end, one doctor placed the illuminated tip of the narrow instrument over the General's open neck wounds.

Miraculously, the ends of the cuts began to seal, from the inner aortal artery, tiny blood vessels, the cartilage of the ripped-open windpipe, and surrounding musculature--outward, toward the epidermis. A line of bright light along the visible seal disappeared as each wound was healed, leaving no scar.

When he regained consciousness, he was healed, but restrained to the bed, under arrest. Space Command would prosecute him, but he knew he would beat the charges.

He will never forget what happened, next. Peterson walked in and looked at Sullivan. Moments later, his eyes darkened, and Sullivan felt an intense pain in the left side of his skull to the point of losing consciousness.

Sullivan woke up months later, in a Vandenberg AFB hospital. The left side of his brain, much of the cerebral cortex had been removed. It took years for the Aquarius faction of Space Command to replace the missing parts of his brain with digital artificial intelligence lobes, then rehabilitate him to walk, and use the right side of his body. Then years later, Sullivan conceived a plot for revenge and Aquarius faction control of Space Command. Now, all was falling apart.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. AUSTRALIAN DESSERT PLAINS

Parks vectored in on Emily's locket signal.

He noticed a dust up about five kilometers in the distance. His aethership was two klicks behind him with one of the trailing MDF carriers with an OM Group Security transport, in a firefight with mercs unwilling to surrender. He spoke to Eve over his shoulder.

(MORE)

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PARKS

They're up ahead. Get ready.

Parks cranked up the speed and closed the distance in less than a minute.

Eve could see with her raptor vision, Emily struggling to lift the ATV from its side as Sullivan was coming up behind her.

EVE

Hurry!

Eve yelled, psychically projecting her will to get the attention of the madman.

Parks pulled within thirty yards of them before Sullivan fired, hitting the front of the chopper, barely missing him and Eve, sending them scrambling for defilade cover behind one of the sand dunes.

Eve kissed Parks on the cheek as if it were her last time and pulled the hood over her head and face of the nano-camouflage adaptive combat tights, activating the cloaking function.

With a nod, Parks placed cover fire on Sullivan's position, as Eve took off in a circular flanking maneuver, all he could see was her foot falls kicking up sand.

So too could Sullivan, off to his right. He aimed his pistol in that direction.

Before he could fire, Parks laid down short bursts of suppressive fire directly at him, trying not to accidentally hit Emily.

(MORE)

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Sullivan dove for cover behind the ATV, grabbed Emily by the neck and flung her in front of him, using her as a human shield, before standing behind her and placing the barrel of his automatic pistol to her head.

SULLIVAN

I'll kill her right now! Throw away your rifle, Parks!

Parks stood and walked out of the defilade. He slung his M4 rifle away. He walked toward Sullivan, hands up. Sullivan aimed his weapon at Parks.

Emily suddenly rushed toward Sullivan, punched him in the jaw and reached for his outstretched firing arm. He grabbed her by the hair, pushing her to her knees, as she struggled to kick him and free herself. Sullivan began to turn his weapon toward Emily.

PARKS

Here I am Conner!

He knew Sullivan hated to be addressed by his first name. He wanted the man's insanity to be focused on him, not his child. He just needed a little more time.

PARKS CONT'D

Shoot me you coward! End this now!

Sullivan's attention did shift back to him.

(MORE)

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SULLIVAN

Parks, do you remember our brief tour through the solar system aboard the Alpha touring the off-world bases, so many years ago? Remember we missed our trip to Saturn's moon base on Io?

I'll tell you a little secret. There was no Io base. It's too volcanic and unstable there. I intended to shove you out of an airlock in a spacesuit and leave you there to die, on that volcanic, earthquake ravaged moon. Your wife's early arrival on the Orbital Industrial Colony and my mercy is the only thing that saved your worthless life that day.

You should thank me.

PARKS (whispering)

Just a little closer. Almost in range...

SULLIVAN

This time, I think I'll start with your daughter.

Sullivan turned to aim his weapon at Emily.

EVE

No!

Eve screamed as she unhooded, deactivating her cloaked, form-fitting camo tactical battle suit, just meters away from Sullivan, startling him.

EVE CONT'D

She's your daughter!

(MORE)

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Sullivan looked at Eve puzzled, then at a shocked Emily, waving the gun at both of them.

Parks too, looked shocked, then understood. His worst worry was confirmed.

Parks knew that Pleiadean women could ovulate at will within hours of conception. Eve was half Pleiadean, her ability to ovulate might not be as accurate as a full Pleiadean woman, but she still had the gift.

When she arrived at the Orbital Industrial Colony, she and Parks shared a brief moment of intimacy. There under the false pretense that Parks suffered a heart attack and her own fight to avoid capture, Eve must have willed herself to ovulate in case she didn't have another opportunity.

She was cloned and programmed primarily for Parks. Under stress, she might have ovulated in anticipation of conceiving with Parks out a sense of survival.

Emily shook her head in denial.

EMILY

No, no, it can't be true...

Eve snarled at Sullivan.

EVE

When you raped me, I conceived Emily.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

Eve dropped to one knee, feigning shame, while simultaneously pulling a small throwing knife from her boot.

She suddenly threw the blade—hitting Sullivan high in the right chest near the muscles connecting the shoulder joint, deadening his shooting arm.

As Sullivan pulled the trigger and rounds fired into the ground at his feet, Eve charged him, using the palm of her hand to slam the blade deeper into his shoulder, nearly knocking him down.

Sullivan grimaced and his left hand opened, freeing Emily. Eve moved quickly to get Emily away from him and clear of what was to come next.

PARKS

Now!

Parks wore his navigation headband under the bill of his baseball cap. He willed his aethership closer, which instantly leapt into position a half-kilometer away to make his next commands as accurate as possible. Eve and Emily were in very close range to his target. He did not want to injure them by accident.

Parks mentally commanded the holo-goggle's screen to deploy from the headband scaffold frame.

PARKS CONT'D

Aiming function, arm forward array.

Sullivan's head was in the crosshairs of Park's view.

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PARKS CONT'D

Lock on, short bursts, narrow concentrated beam, green tracer color. On my command.

Sullivan took notice of the silver aethership jump into position out of nowhere. Then he looked at Parks, wide eyed, a moment before...

PARKS CONT'D

Fire!

The silver delta sent a quick burst from its forward array, which clipped the left side of Sullivan's skull open. Artificial bone and electronic brain matter sparked and exploded. He blinked and stood stiff as if electrocuted.

PARKS CONT'D

Fire!

The second burst sliced his right arm off at the shoulder. He watched his arm still firing his sidearm as it fell away from his body, then looked back at his executioner.

PARKS CONT'D

Fire!

(MORE)

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The third narrow beam split the shocked mad man from his left neck to his right waist, spilling his intestines and internal organs out. Sullivan's corpse fell in two pieces, collapsed straight down in a charred heap.

PARKS

Disarm.

Emily screamed in horror at the carnage, just a few meters away from her. Eve tried to console her in her arms. Emily cried over and over in shock.

EMILY

He's not my father, he can't be my father!

Eve looked at Parks. She didn't tell him, kept it a secret all those years. He looked at Eve unresponsive, just glad that they were safe and unharmed. He was more relieved that the madman was finally neutralized, than acknowledging his past failure to protect his wife from being abducted and raped by the dead man who sired Emily.

As Parks approached, Emily reached out to him, still in shock.

EMILY

Dad, it's all a lie, isn't it? You're my father.

PARKS

I will always be your father. I raised you, you're my baby girl. We love you, understand?

(MORE)

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Eve and Parks hugged Emily. Their eyes met with a firm resolution to get past this shocking revelation. Nothing else mattered.

The sleek dulled silver delta shaped aethership landed one hundred yards away.

A small unit of MDF Special Section Marines rushed to Parks position, OM Group Security contractors followed and secured their position. Anderson and Emily made eye contact and she ran to embrace him. It was clear to her parents that they were close.

As the Marines secured the area, Parks made a sly mention of their relationship.

PARKS CONT'D

Make sure you don't lose my daughter again.

ANDERSON

I won't sir, ever again.

Anderson replied looking into Emily's eyes. He then continued to debrief Parks.

ANDERSON

The abduction was well coordinated. We began seeing each other soon after she began her job at OM Group New York. I was just leaving her place on my way into the Hearst building when her condo and corporate were attacked simultaneously. When I was notified by the attack at the Hearst building, I tried to contact the security detail protecting Emily, with no response. I immediately turned around and headed back to Emily's place.

The security detail was over run and killed. They alerted the police while attempting to defend her. They were there already, Emily was gone.

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As the scene was being policed and Sullivan's corpse was bagged and removed. The four looked on. Anderson turned to address Eve.

ANDERSON

Marcus was moved to the Gamba estate to recover from his wound.

PARKS

I'm sure Security Chief Riley got the shock of his life seeing my younger clone. You should go to him. I'm sure he is worried about you."

EVE

Excuse us for a moment.

When she had Parks away from the young couple. Eve stepped in close to hug him, then sensed a new presence in his life; she couldn't be sure. She was slightly crestfallen but not surprised. He, like her, had indeed moved on.

EVE

What about you?

PARKS

I think I'm going back to the Mars Colonies. But first, I'd like to check in with Peterson and Chet. I want to hear how Emily's apprenticeship was going before all this happened—

Anderson interrupted.

(MORE)

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ANDERSON

Ambassador, sorry to interrupt your private conversation, but I couldn't help but overhear. There wasn't time earlier to inform you, but it is my sad duty to report to all of you that CEO Chet Wolf was killed protecting the employee daycare center during the attack on corporate. He ran into the assault unarmed as the daycare center was being evacuated, shielding the attack away from the children with his own body, buying the first responders' precious time.

Emily fell into her mother's arms again, in inconsolable grief. Parks turned away, shaking his head in disbelief, fighting back tears.

Anderson went on.

ANDERSON CONT'D

Mr. Wolf always got to corporate early in the morning to greet the children being dropped off to daycare, often wearing a Santa Claus costume during the Christmas holiday just for them. He always called the children, Orbital Manufacturing Group's future mechanical engineers and industrial designers.

Parks to Emily-

PARKS

That's your uncle Chet. Selfless to the end.

After a few moments of quiet reflection, Anderson asked-

ANDERSON

So, who will run the company now?

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

PARKS

My duties with the InterWorld Council won't allow me to. I'm duty bound. So, you all will. Eve, Emily and you, young man.

They all stared at Anderson.

ANDERSON

Me?

PARKS

That's right. You are a regional security chief. You've earned a substantial promotion for your efforts here to save my daughter, to atone for your lapse in protecting her in New York. Correct?

ANDERSON

Well, I didn't do anything here, sir-

PARKS

But you showed up, you were willing to die to save her. That counts, son. You're seeing my daughter and are still responsible for her personal safety.

ANDERSON

Yes, sir.

PARKS

You presumably have the intentions of marriage after a reasonable period of courtship, yes?

Anderson stumbled with his words.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDERSON

Well- ah-

Emily groused.

EMILY

Dad!

PARKS

What? You, Emily, will continue your apprenticeship while you pursue your MS and PhD graduate studies in interdisciplinary industrial design and mechanical and molecular engineering prospectively, at NYU. Eve and Anderson will help you to oversee the daily operations until you graduate. Eve, you will also oversee the London OM Group division. Emily will be one of the youngest CEOs in history to manage a 21st century super conglomerate.

They all eventually agreed. Parks went on.

PARKS

We're all going to have to debrief at the Pine Gap facility, then we'll be free to go home.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PINE GAP FACILITY

Hours later, as the sun set in the west, and Emily and Anderson stole away for some privacy, preparations were made for the couple to return to New York and Eve to travel to Gabon.

Parks would return with the Mars Defense Forces and establish an InterWorld Council post on the red planet. Eve and Parks stared at the remaining sunset, in awkward silence.

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EVE

I wonder what happened to Peterson? I was forced to harm him for days to keep Emily alive. I almost killed him. I hope he can forgive me.

PARKS

He'll turn up again. I imagine he's on the mend somewhere, on some covert ship far away from here. But his invisible influence will always be felt.

EVE

Is that why you're leaving Earth?

Eve put her arms around Parks neck and kissed him. He still ached from the grief of losing her. But he also realized that Eve Parks would never replace Eve Dumont of decades past, in his heart. Recreating her was the most selfish thing he could have ever done.

PARKS

If things we're different, if the Elder had not cloned me and created Marcus in anticipation of my advancing age, we might still be together. But the truth is, he is better suited for you. I'm decades too old, even with the rejuvenation treatments.

EVE

But I still love you., Gordon.

PARKS

But you love him too. You deserve someone who will grow old with you, not before you. I'm ready for old age and solitude now. I'm used to it.

Reluctantly Eve agreed.

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EVE

I'll miss you, Gordon.

PARKS

And I will miss you, Eve.

They held each other and watched the sunset. Their old passion for each other was stirring just below the surface. Before their departure, they would share one last night together. But they both knew that their relationship was over.

EVE

What will the future hold in store for us, Gordon?

PARKS

Only good things, Eve. Only good things.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. INTERWORLD VESSEL BREAKING OUT OF HIGH EARTH ORBIT

INT. SHIP INFIRMARY

The small, flat octagonal-shaped emergency Pleiadean vessel that tracked his every move and amplified his telekinetic powers to that of a demi-god wandered beyond the sol system and carried the battered form of James H. Peterson. He lay in stasis while a rejuvenation bed tended to his considerable outer and internal injuries.

He thought of his nearly 400 years of life, mostly in service to his human cousins. He decided that he had served them enough. If they destroyed their primitive species, he could care less. This wasn't the first time he had almost lost his life.

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ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST V.O.

You are not finished, my son.

The thought form repeated. It was the familiar voice of his deceased progenitor, for all intent and purpose, his father. He teetered in and out of consciousness on the rejuvenation bed, so he didn't know where the voice came from. The voice repeated.

Perhaps from within, perhaps from everywhere.

ELDER AI DIGITAL GHOST V.O.

You are not finished, my son.

Peterson started to breathe easier. As he was healed, he felt the growing energy of the communication through the aether. Strong, yet subtle. Carried to him from just beyond the veil, from the higher realms.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

A YEAR PASSES

INT. PARKS CONAPT - MARS COLONIES

Parks passed the biometric security measures that unlocked his conapt and entered.

He posted two of his security androids near the elevator and the other two at the entrance to his conapt. They were combat androids built by OM Group, based on a Pleiadean model the Elder A.I. used to carry his sentient algorithm to his home world.

He personally programmed the four androids, specialized to different combat arts and security protocols, to be virtually unhackable by malicious software, so he never worried about them turning on him.

Parks had an intense distrust of uncontrolled, autonomous A.I. robotics.

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His defense androids were unarmed and served to defend him from direct assault, similar to the secret service. Lithe, quick and powerful, the faceless androids were programmed to work in unison to defend Parks from all forms of combat and assault and serve as a magnetic shield against most weapons fire. He traveled with them everywhere on the colonies. He also had them replicated and utilized at OM Group divisions worldwide to protect his ex-wife Eve and daughter Emily.

His secure government residence in the Mars colonies was one of ten breakaway civilization colonies. Constructed in the 1980s, they were much older than the NASA Eagleworks research colonies that were publicly funded. Neoplants, genetically modified plants with natural air-cleaning properties 30 times more effective than the top NASA plants, are placed everywhere and give the otherwise sterile, desert-like colonies a tropical feel.

INT. PARKS' CONAPT

As Parks walked through his conapt, the walls illuminated with his movement, a standard in most post-modern, smart homes. He pulled off the one piece fitted cowl covering his head and neck, removed his screeching SOE-AR goggles and breathing respirator. The fine Martian dust got everywhere and keeping the lungs and body clean of it was a priority for all colony inhabitants. He usually took a quick hot shower to wash away the dust when he returned home. But today he would have a drink and relax first.

In the past year, Parks lived in relative seclusion, staying in contact only with Emily, Anderson and on occasion, Eve. Peterson sent a message every few months, but his whereabouts were a mystery. The internal war between the Alphacom 12 and Aquarius factions for complete control of NATO Space Command and the breakaway civilization's destiny were ongoing with no end in sight.

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Parks duties with the InterWorld Council were diverse and conducted at the nearby MDF Marine base, arranging, and managing exo-trade policy with 80 local alien species. He had explored all the subterranean city colonies and the surface, even the monolith cube facility on the potato-shaped moon Phobos.

INT. MEDIA ROOM

Parks had one of the rooms in his conapt turned into a media room and every wall, the floor and the ceiling covered in flexible QD-LED film. This would allow for virtual tours and interactive entertainment.

Sometimes he would commission an employee or android guide to tour the Hearst building with his daughter, or sometimes a high-level administrator in secret, to see the latest research and product prototypes. The film industry had long since converted to H3D 360 camera technology. Parks had on his personal cloud media an extensive collection of Science Channel programs including the long running Universe and PBS Cosmos series. He loved to be surrounded and learn about the infinite universe, the ultimate mystery.

Parks pulled off his iron oxide-covered boots, poured himself a generous portion of aged single malt Scotch he brought with him from Earth into a Cibi brand square shaped whiskey glass with a thick bottom, and settled lazily into a plush low lounge chair. He rarely drank alcohol in his older age, especially as it rapidly reversed the effects of the weekly rejuvenation treatment he still had to endure. But today, he decided a nip would do.

He felt lonely, all alone most of his life. And some days were worse than others. He had no automated servants, so the small dwelling was whisper quiet. He took a small pull from his drink and reflected on his solitary life. The white noise of the climate control air scrubbers was the only sound in the room.

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Surely Athena had given birth to their child by now. There had been no communication from Athena or the Elder's digital A.I. consciousness. Even Peterson did not know. This troubled him. It was always on his mind. Perhaps it was all an elaborate ruse, a planned distraction. The thought of it all made him feel old, foolish and gullible. Or perhaps she had their pregnancy terminated, a thought that broke his heart.

Although he raised Emily from a toddler, he was as shocked as her to learn that her conception was the result of Sullivan's sexual assault on Eve while abducted on the Orbital Industrial Colony. Eve kept that secret all those years, perhaps she wasn't sure. But her half Pleiadean intuition confirmed the suspicion when she saw them together. A DNA screening left no doubt. Emily eventually handled the truth. She even went so far as to research Sullivan's history and ancestry. But she still considered Parks her real father.

Parks took another pull from his drink. Deep in reflection, he reminisced on raising Emily. It was the joy of his life teaching her about the world and the universe as she grew up and guiding her into mature, responsible, independent thinking, self-sufficient adulthood. It was the highest blessing from the Creator. She was doing well as OM Group's new CEO. The super conglomerate was enjoying good publicity and flourishing with a new young generation of business leadership.

Parks' bond with Eve was only through Emily now. After their last night together, after the Pine Gap raid and rescue, they both seemed ready to move on. They both seemed ready to grow as spiritual beings with a limited amount of time to experience life in the physical form, Eve even more so. She was a metahuman and she would live on potentially for the next several centuries. He did not want her to be burdened with him and his aging, limited life. It would in turn age her, as it does most May-December relationships.

Athena's time in his life was brief, but it renewed his confidence as a man. And he felt her desire to conceive with him to be genuine. Since her abrupt departure, Parks lived like a monk, with no desire for companionship at all, even though he

felt and looked a 50-year-old from the weekly rejuvenation treatments. He was a 95-year-old man. An old man, he thought, should carry himself with some self-contained dignity. Solitude was his companion now. It would be until his final breath.

INSERT -

His personal programming que appeared in a holographic spatial operating environmental plane.

Parks voice commanded the Hearts of Space Channel from his que and began to relax as space ambient musical vibrations surrounded him.

He then queued-up the ongoing Science Channel's Universe series, muting the volume and activating the closed caption function. The lights dimmed, then came to life with the sights of trillions of super clusters of stars and arteries of the universe. The QD-LED film covered walls, ceiling and floors transformed.

Parks was a generally sensible, almost too serious man, always researching and analyzing the emerging technology around him, dreaming about what is possible. He was something of a socially functioning loner. Not convivial by any means, he did his best thinking, connecting the dots of emerging technology with useful applications for the consumer, while alone.

He needed this period just to sit and think, inspired by the digital representations of the cosmos.

He was not exactly a scientist. He was more of a problem solver, an inventive mechanical design engineer. He had the ability to make multiple concepts work, its what design engineers did. Sense the practical value and utility of a design solution and how to best turn that into a marketable product. He called it the democratization of a product, or to democratize a technological advance that can be useful to society. Parks was both engineer, craftsman, and businessman.

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What did he know about cosmic trade agreements and diplomacy? Although meeting new alien technocrats was a fascinating endeavor.

He considered resigning from the InterWorld Council and retire. The urge to resign was becoming stronger everyday cycle. Even switching to daily 30-minute nootropic or nutraceutical iontophoresis cold laser anodyne rejuvenation treatments to keep his body youthful, didn't renew his optimism. His soul was tired of exopolitics.

Who cared if his tenure with the IWC would be the shortest in the unacknowledged, unofficial history of Earth government? The public would never know anyway. I'm no cosmic bureaucrat, Parks thought. Nor was he an explorer of worlds.

He was a dreamer, an egghead engineer and inventor. By any measure, his social achievement rating was off the charts. He had made a difference, improved the human condition. It was decided. He would resign.

He took another pull on his drink, then refreshed his glass with another two fingers worth of Scotch before the captions relayed what digital images he saw. A sip here and there, then another refill of one finger of Scotch, and Parks was drawn into the H3D representation of the universe. Parks became enthralled by its raw digitally enhanced beauty and cold, uncaring harshness. Hours passed.

Perhaps he wouldn't retire just yet, he thought. He realized that if he retired, he would have to give up the perks of the position. Namely, his beloved, inherited silver delta aethership. And the influential power of the InterWorld Council Ambassador position, which allowed him to travel throughout the actual universe, if he chose to. Not a mere digital representation.

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Parks had long since emptied his glass and fell asleep seated in the plush chair centered in the empty media room, surrounded by the stars. He drifted off into the dream state.

Then Athena appeared to him. She was wearing a long glowing white gown, holding an infant, standing next to a wide, slightly flattened egg-shaped floating pod, open at the top. It looked like a futuristic crib. Through thought form she introduced him to his son, "GMA Parks, the second, or junior as you say on Earth." She held the baby close, getting his attention, then slowly pointed in Parks direction. The little infant slowly turned his head towards Parks. Athena gently used the baby's hand to wave at Parks.

Even in the dream state, Parks felt warm tears well up beneath his closed eyes. Athena seemed happy and content to be a new mother. She said to Parks, "we'll see you soon."

The drinking glass slipped from his hand the short distance to the QD-LED film covered floor. Parks awakened. He hadn't been asleep long. It seemed so real, Parks thought, but over the vast expanse between their home worlds, it couldn't have been. Could it?

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GAMBA, GABON WINTER ESTATE

Parks returned to Earth, to his 500-acre Gamba, Gabon estate within a month of having the dream.

He landed the silver delta as soft as a feather, escorted by Mars Defense Force carriers, within two hours of departure. The carriers never landed, once Parks was secure, they returned to Mars.

When he stepped off the rear cargo ramp, his security droids surrounding him, his old friend, estate Chief of Security, Frank Reilly was there to meet him.

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RILEY

Dr. Parks, or I should say, Ambassador, glad your back.

PARKS

Frank, good to see you.

They shook hands, then Reilly hooked a thumb back in the direction of the dome homes for the Gamba Cooperative farming hands who used to tend to the crops.

RILEY

It's been quite a year. You've had a guest here about that length of time. He bears a striking resemblance. If I didn't know better, I'd swear he was your clone.

Parks looked over Reilly's shoulder.

PARKS

Marcus? He's still here?

RILEY

Yep. He was in pretty bad shape when he was brought here, shot up and all, but he healed up quickly, in less than two months. I've never seen anything like it. Says he has no place to go. He's staying in one of the bubble dome homes near the crops. He says he likes the bubble homes' opaque dome roofs; he likes to keep his clear at night so he can look up at the stars. Makes him feel at home.

He moved out of the villa behind the mansion and into one of the empty dome homes as soon as he discovered them. He Q-net surfs, exercises and jogs daily and wanders through the crops picking fresh vegetables and herbs to cook. He eats very little animal protein and only drinks pH alkaline balanced water.

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The crops were fully automated now, tended to by androids and drones. Eve's garden still had fields of every imaginable vegetable, scores of fruit tree groves. When she lived here, Eve transformed the estate into a sustainable oasis. White oval and bubble shaped domes that, like the estate, were powered by Searle SEG generators and were dwellings for her small population of co-op gardeners, farmers and harvesters, integrated throughout the fields and groves.

Some of the larger domes were greenhouses. The bubble dome dwellings are virtual opaque control enabled, capable of adjusting from translucent to UV to UAB tint, to completely clear, from full black opaque to completely white. Wall panel environmental controls adjusted the inner temperature, air circulation, and airborne contaminant filtering, and full surround spectrum lighting, from 5500K pure white daylight to a mere glow. The top fifths of some of the domes were clear or tinted, allowing in natural light; most residents left them that way at night for stargazing. Large, flexible, super thin entertainment-communications H3D screens took up the second to fourth levels and a quarter of the inner dome walls.

PARKS

I'll probably have to keep the aethership locked up tight in the underground hangar and change the access codes regularly. It used to be his ship.

RILEY

I would. Miss Eve visited a couple of times in the past year.

PARKS

I understand. It's complicated, Frank.

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RILEY

I bet it is, sir. There he is.

In the distance, Marcus stood at the open entrance of the bubble home. He waived hesitantly, Parks and Reilly smiled and returned his wave. Parks waved him over and Marcus began to walk to their position.

Parks turned back to Chief Reilly.

PARKS

I'm starving, being back on Earth seems to give me quite an appetite. What do you say we have some lunch? I'll grill up some laboratory cultured, soy and hoisin sauce marinated beef protein strips; chopped garlic, onion, sesame oil, stir fried vegetables and fresh pasta or gluten free spinach wraps.

RILEY

The pantry, fridge and freezers in the mansion were stocked in anticipation of your arrival. The rest of the estate dwellings are still closed up tight. There's beer there, but I'll bring over a proper London stout to drink while you're cooking and cigars for after. Plus, the new access codes for the underground facilities. I change them every couple of months. Back in 20.

PARKS

Sounds like a plan, thanks Frank.

RILEY

You bet. By the way, those androids look advanced. We could use a few dozen of them around here.

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PARKS

That's a good idea. I'll place an order once I'm settled in.

As Reilly passed the Parks clone now known as Marcus, he spoke to him briefly inviting him to lunch. He slowly approached Parks. Progenitor and clone endured an awkward moment of silence. They shook hands.

MARCUS

Hello Dr. Parks.

PARKS

Call me Gordon. I see you're all healed. That's good. It's been quite a year for us.

Parks could never get over the resemblance, or the miracle cloning and memgram technology that made Eve and Marcus possible.

MARCUS

Your estate is beautiful. I hope you don't mind that I've stayed so long.

PARKS

Stay as long as you like, Marcus. To be honest, we still need to establish a more independent, personal identity for you. We'll discuss that later after I've settled in. Right now, I hope you're hungry.

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MARCUS

I could eat. Thanks.

The two made their way to the Mayan pyramid inspired Tyrell mansion and adjacent Tyrell villa, behind the main dwellings, based upon the award winning Dellis Cay Private resort colony model in the Turks and Ciacos Islands, British West Indies.

When Chief Reilly returned, the trio stood around the island kitchen drinking beer while Parks whipped up lunch and ate there. While Parks and Reilly ate and drank heartily, Marcus sipped a little of the beer but mostly drank water with his meal, eating more vegetables and pasta than beef.

After lunch, they moved to the recently added east deck of the mansion, to lounge, sip whiskey and smoke THC oil dipped Cuban cigars.

Parks hadn't smoked a cigar in years, so he could afford to have a few puffs.

Marcus on the other hand was a pure novice. He coughed from the few sips of bourbon he drank and coughed considerably from the few puffs from the cigar, quickly learning not to inhale deeply, to the amusement of Parks and Reilly.

Marcus vowed never again to waste his precious liver and lungs with such chemical pollution. Then his dual buzz kicked in. He became quiet and introspective, listening more than he spoke. As their buzz kicked in all around, they reflected on life in 2060.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

After an hour, Reilly and Marcus returned to their separate dwellings; Parks moved upstairs to the third-floor master suite to rest.

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He set his personal androids to task unloading his possessions and commanded the ship's A.I. HAL to land the silver delta in the underground hangar, with Chief Reilly's assistance.

It felt good to be back on Earth, back home. He would execute his duties as InterWorld Council Ambassador from the Gamba estate, primarily through holo-presence, and leave only if necessary. Which meant he probably would never have to leave.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

Later that night, Parks awakened. He thought of the times when Emily was a child; he, Eve, and Emily would camp out on the fourth-floor open deck with a telescope and dinner or snacks, observing the stars.

Parks grabbed two pillows, a thick comforter, and his old sleeping bag. He ascended the spiral staircase in his suite, one of two that led to ceiling hatches, the only way to get to the fourth-floor deck. He set up his outdoor sleeping gear on the fourth floor, settled in, and stared up at the stars before falling asleep again.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

DECADES PASS - FROM 2060 TO 2099

Years passed into decades and Parks observed as the world continued to change, primarily the modes of travel, electronic component miniaturization, and molecular manufacturing, which had been trending since the 2020s. Parks wanted to keep his hand in the product design engineering industry, so he founded the Zen Engineering and Logos brands, as separate divisions of OM Group's Z Division. They were online boutique companies that specialized in molecular printing of product components and select consumer products.

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Popular culture lost more and more of its hold on the masses. The major news programs lost all credibility by 2020, especially the extremely politically biased, to the point of creating fake news and slander tactics.

The better educated masses with critical thinking skills simply registered with objective, trustworthy news and political social sites where they could be in communication directly. This signaled the death knell of hack politicians and fake journalism. It was also replaced by intelligent net societies.

Declassified gravity nullification technology was allowed for safer commercial global air travel and commercial aerospace.

Official disclosure never happened but with the news revelations about the Alaska, China and Antarctica alien artifacts excavation since 2020, the ongoing Kepler and Webb telescopes' discoveries of hundreds of thousands of earth-like planets orbiting stars throughout the Milky Way galaxy, anyone with half a brain and an A.I. search engine knew—we were never alone.

And extraterrestrials have been visiting Earth for millions of years. The Brookings Report be damned, Parks thought. That damned report and the secretive actions of the post-World War II governments actually dumbed down humanity and delayed human progress by 200 years. And it also created the breakaway civilization.

Marcus left the Gamba estate a month after Parks' return.

Parks set him up with an executive R and D position at OM Group London Division. Eve moved back to London from New York soon after and they reconciled. Eve gave birth in 2062 to their only child, another daughter named Rachel. A pure metahuman baby conceived by two cloned metahuman parents, that the world may never know of.

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Emily and Anderson married in 2063 and made Parks a grandfather in 2065. Parks never again personally reached out to his eleven contract pregnancy children, (now all adults working in the engineering and aerospace industries) of his early super wealth days.

He was still grieving over the loss of Eve Dumont, and behaved recklessly for a few years, traveling all over the world, vowing never to fall in love again. If he wanted progeny, he paid them for it, generously.

He wasn't there to raise them, even if he financed their upbringing and higher education. At that time, he just wanted to spread his seed far and wide. So, as an older, more responsible man, he didn't feel welcome in their adult lives.

Democratic social globalism was steady on the rise. But the Democratic Republic would always return to the forefront of global government, course correcting the overreach of both leftism and fascism as needed.

World War III wasn't conducted on foreign soil, it was a war within. A culture war, against radical socialism, fundamentalist terrorism and a metastasizing anti-social thug criminal caste overwhelming the global middle class.

Parks observed this burgeoning war in the 1980s escalate well into the 2020s. The National Zero Tolerance Laws turned the tide in America, as well as the Civil Service Corps, providing an affordable way to attend college and trade schools. Like a preventative medicine, thug culture and the criminal class lost its grip on popular culture by 2050. The increase in pop culture's irrelevancy led to a reduction in organized crime and the resurgence of the global middle class.

The forces of evil, anti-social behavior were contained by 2070 and the cultural cancer went into remission. This literally saved the civilized world from a new age of barbarism. The thug culture mentality had to die so humanity could prosper and have a future. It was replaced by a cultural warrior class, committed

to freedom, personal responsibility and independent critical thinking.

The pursuit of higher education and skills training became an earned personal right—the only way to personal prosperity. Parks was still a U.S. citizen, and a lifelong registered independent, who believed in the Constitution and civic responsibility.

Law enforcement became more militarized and armored around the world. Some global communities even utilized combat android units in more hostile urban environments. This was at the height of the culture war against professional terrorist, thug and criminal classes around the world.

Harsher penalties with no creature comforts for felons convicted included mandatory solitary confinement in tiny sound-proof underground cells with little or no light, minimal nutrition, absolutely no access to media, no access outside of their cells, books or writing materials. Convicted violent felons, were being sent to prison to truly pay for their crimes. And expected to die while in prison for the harshness of their crimes.

Parks observed the reverse of global social madness from the safety of his third-floor suite in the Mayan mansion. He reduced as much as possible any unnecessary electrical transmissions from his rest areas. He found that over the years, he developed a sensitivity to electrical fields. The stronger the field, the more acute the high-pitched ringing in his ears.

Somedays he would just sit on his back deck or on the fourth-floor sun deck in a chaise lounge, in quiet introspection or deep meditation, just observing the rise and fall of his diaphragm and the deepness of his breath. Thankful for his blessed, precious extended life journey.

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Parks' mind would often flow 116 years back in time to Eve Dumont and her little black dress. Their freshman year at Embry Riddle Aeronautical College in Florida had come to a close. They decided to celebrate in Miami.

Eve's French Asian mixed heritage and family wealth mesmerized the young Parks. And whatever Eve wanted, she would have. Eve wanted dinner on South Beach and a stay at the finest accommodations. She rented a luxury beach house for two weeks. Parks couldn't afford any of this, but he humbled himself to the experience.

The most memorable moment was their first evening out to dinner, a Michelin star acclaimed restaurant with decidedly French Asian fusion cuisine and two bottles of vintage vino. The food was delicious, but the portions were so small that when they left, Parks and Eve were still hungry.

So, they picked up a large pizza to take to the beach house with extra sauce, double sliced black olives, onions, bell peppers, Italian sausage and peperoni. Eve still looked stunning in her little black strapped shoulder dress with glossy black high heel open toe shoes. She looked even more alluring taking it all off with abandon as they headed for the king-sized bed in their sparsely furnished beach house for a wild hour of intimacy. They then devoured the pizza with the same youthful sensual abandon.

Parks ached for the Eve Dumont of his youth. Her life was cut short much too soon. She was his inspiration; she fueled his desire to be successful.

A good woman can inspire a man to reach heights unimaginable.

An awful woman can destroy a man's sense of self, his esteem and confidence, his future. Even his life, if he gives that woman that power over his mind.

Parks was blessed to only allow good women that level of power over his life. Otherwise, he probably would have ended up a mental wreck, a lost homeless loser.

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During that vacation, Parks and Eve Dumont also visited the mysterious Coral Castle. They were energized by the legendary estate and museum built on highly magnetic ley lines.

He wanted the Gamba estate to be an inspirational site like Coral Castle someday. Parks made plans to expand the estate's contribution to the local community with an artist's cooperative similar to its agricultural cooperative and created a Children's Magnetic Sciences Museum in Gamba.

Under the auspices of the OM Group Foundation, Parks started the Eve Dumont Charitable Organization and awarded small grants and micro business loans to Gamba, Gabon entrepreneurs. Under the charity, he built trade schools and awarded scholarships to them. He also built new primary schools. Then took the charity global.

Parks turned inward over the years. He became somewhat of a vegetarian, eating cultured animal protein on rare occasion and nearly stopped drinking alcohol.

He created a multimedia station with multiple holoscreens and search engines in his master bedroom suite, monitoring the world for positive changes of note in technology and culture. Humanity was still quite primitive, fighting to awaken from its pop culture addled stupor.

Parks looked for signs that mankind was finally turning a corner on its most base, anti-social, violence-loving primitive nature. He vowed to live long enough to witness humanity's ascension from a Type Zero to a Type One civilization.

By 2100, he prayed to the Creator. He vowed to be a catalyst in this evolution, an agent in this coming to fruition, Beyond the OM Group mission statement.

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Parks would still have the occasional dream of Athena and the child they may or may not have conceived together. He was never sure if they were merely dreams or multidimensional communications that he was privy to only while asleep or in a deep meditative state. But every couple of years, Parks would have the most vivid dream of Athena and the growing child, from infant to toddler, to youth.

By 2080, the child looked to be about ten earth years old; by 2090, a teenager. Then the dreams stopped.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MAYAN MANSION - MASTER SUITE

New Year's Eve 2099. Dr. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks was now 134 years old. But thanks to a strict health regimen and decades of daily nootropic or nutraceutical rejuvenation treatments that he back engineered from alien technology and introduced to the world, in order to democratize it, the centenarian looked and felt like a man half his chronological age.

Parks lived alone on the fully automated estate. He looked at the perfect rows of non-GMO winter crops, steadying himself with a plain ebony wood cane, something he did every now and then more out of habit than necessity. It was dusk, there would be fireworks in Gamba later that night. The world was celebrating the new century in their respective time zones.

Parks stood in his master bedroom suite, looking out on the estate in the direction of Gamba, grateful to be alive when his personal PAI band chimed. It was a communication from the estate's android security network. Frank Reilly had long since retired and moved back to the U.K. The 100 androids were identical to his personal security detail.

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INTERCOM V.O.

Ambassador Parks, you have visitors heading up from the beach. A woman and a young man. They would not identify themselves to anyone but you, sir. As a surprise. They are unarmed, sir. They arrived by a small EM craft, which landed on the beach, minutes ago. We are guarding the craft. There are no markings on the vessel. It is a silver, delta-shaped configuration, similar to your vessel, sir."

Parks knew instinctively who they were.

PARKS

Let them pass.

Parks dropped the cane and nearly bounded down the stairs.

When he reached the west beach entrance to the mansion, a woman stood in the far distance with the estate android security. She smiled, raised her right arm and waved in greeting. Athena wore a graphite gray duty jacket over a one-piece flight suit.

She turned and headed back to the beach where her vessel landed. This puzzled Parks, she seemed to be leaving, but his attention diverted to the other figure heading in his direction.

The young man walked with all the energy and vigor of youth. He was dressed in a black duty jacket over a one-piece flight suit. As he approached the second security check, the front gates of the checkpoint opened, as if the biometric safeguards recognized the person opening. His smile was bright, cheerful and familiar. The closer he came, the more familiar he seemed to Parks. He looked like a young Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks when he was a freshman at Embry Riddle. Full of optimism and hope.

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G2

Dad?

Parks was speechless. He looked at the young man surprised. The young man called out again.

G2

It's me, Gordon, Athena's son. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks, the second. I'm your son too. We sent you messages over the years. I'm old enough to make my own decisions now. So, I wanted to finally meet you. When I was old enough to make the journey. I would like to spend some time here on your home world, with you.

His voice was clear and confident. Parks eyes became wide with surprise.

The dreams were real. Parks smiled wide and proud. He was still speechless.

Athena and her family had done a good job raising the young man, he could tell. Parks wished she had allowed him to be part of that upbringing. Better late than never, he thought.

G2

Dad?

Parks heart filled with gratitude and humility for this gift from the Creator. A gift of hope for the future. This living miracle. He first politely shook his son's hand.

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PARKS

Welcome home, son.

Then, overwhelmed by emotion he embraced him.

PARKS CONT'D

Welcome home.