

OM

OFFWORLD MAN **PART 5**



OFF-WORLD MAN 5

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SUPERIMPOSE: THE OFFWORLD MAN 5

EXT. INTERWORLD HEADQUARTERS - Cygnus and Lyra, Kepler designation KIC 8462852.

Dr. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks, his young adult half-human, half-Pleiadean twins, G2 and Gabrielle and estranged wife Athena, are first-time visitors of the Lyra-Cygnus InterWorld Council Headquarters; one of the thousands in this, the Virgo Supercluster sector of the universe.

The Interworld Council is an eons-old federation of sentient alien humanoid and non-humanoid Type I through Type IV species established throughout the universe.

Dr. Parks is an American black world aerospace industrialist and the first non-military ambassador to represent Earth in the InterWorld Council. In the year 2105, humanity is a mere newly established Post-Silicon Era, Type I civilization. Earth was formerly represented in the IWC by a Pleiadean, Dr. Parks' mentor, Dr. James Peterson, a former advisor to the US military and covert aerospace consortium for over a century.

Parks and family had been guests for nearly a year at the InterWorld Council Headquarters for that sector of the Virgo Supercluster; massive planetoid-sized structures between the constellations of Cygnus and Lyra or Swan and Lyric, Kepler designation KIC 8462852.

Around diplomatic events and duties, he explored daily the moon-sized connected dual facilities, and their varied historic and cultural districts of the many alien member worlds. Parks and Athena, his estranged wife did not reunite after she followed them to the IWC base. Too much time had passed between their brief relationship, separated by too much distance. Most of the time she chaperoned their daughter Gabrielle through the IWC base diplomatic social scene. Their twin son Gordon Jr., nick named G2, spent most of his time serving his father as his Attaché, arranging his scheduled appointments and meetings with member worlds, seeking to expand Earth's and his own personal exopolitical alliances and trade contacts.

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Parks used his influence to have both of his children with Athena enlisted into UN Space Command's Diplomat Corps and promoted to honorary Lieutenant Commanders in its Space Force branch of the United States Armed Services. G2 and Gabrielle successfully completed Space Naval and Aerospace Officer's Memgram Download Training and Testing for memory retention and competency. Parks was proud of all his children, especially his last two, his youngest children. He still hoped for the day he would reunite with all of them together, all of his lost tribe, before he passed.

For the time being, Parks ideologized one of the greatest enigmas facing space-faring man:

NON-POLYNOMIAL QUESTIONS: ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE AND ITS D-WAVE INTERDIMENSIONAL FUTURE, QUANTA, QUBITS AND ALL.

(G/S) A.I. Probabilities

Geometries of Dimension

INT. INTERWORLD HEADQUARTERS - VARIOUS VIEWS

Parks wandered the Orbital Industrial Colony and cataloged the sights, sounds and relevant resources during his internment there. His time at the IWC Facilities would be no different. It was interesting to and engaging to explore the dual planetoid sized InterWorld Council Facilities in an undetained but similar situation. Parks took in all the exo-cultural sights and sounds; intellectually digesting all within his limited Type One reasoning that he could. It soon became a bit overwhelming, so he scaled back his diplomatic and social schedule within months of his arrival. And, focused all he could on his favorite hobby, learning about new advanced technologies.

This led to his present dilemma, attempting to flee the IWC facility in his aethership with a "borrowed" artifact. He meant to return it - someday.

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Psalms 1:1-3

Blessed is the man,
who does not walk in the counsel of the wicked,
or stand in the way of sinners or sit in the seat of mockers.
but his delight is in the law of the CREATOR.
And on His law he meditates day and night.
He is like a tree planted by streams of water,
which yields its fruit in season and whose leaf does not wither.
Whatever he does prospers.

INT. INTERWORLD HEADQUARTERS - VARIOUS VIEWS

Earth Ambassador Dr. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks stared out at his surroundings with an intense feeling of déjà vu. The same as he did every day of his captivity on the OIC and for the same reasons. Once again, he felt like a devout Jesuit priest, observing a newly explored exotic continent, at peace and pure in his intent and purpose.

But the IWC dual planetoid structures were immense in comparison to the OIC. More to explore, Parks thought. The facilities were shaped like two children's spinning tops attached at their axis.

INSERT - PARKS ON WALKABOUT

Parks traveled with his security team of aerial drones and combat androids, Alpha, Beta, Charlie, and Delta, built by OM Group, based on a Pleiadean model his former mentor, 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. 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 A.G.I. 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 when he lived on the Mars colonies. He also had them replicated and utilized at OM Group subsidiaries worldwide to protect his ex-wife Eve, extended family members and high value employees at Z Division. They were now upgraded with full realistic facial features, giving them the stern, stoic appearance of federal agents.

Over the decades as his security androids' artificial general intelligence enhanced algorithms and digital neural nets developed beyond general service, Parks tweaked each individual androids' focus on one particular human heuristic sub-routine.

For the android Alpha, he made the focus on situational awareness.

For Bravo, the focus was on the concept of humor, in all its forms. Bravo seemed to enjoy sardonic humor and irony the most.

Charlie's and Delta's A.G.I. focus was on spatial awareness and optimal security, so Parks could afford to allow a non-security related issue to one of his droids' focus. Besides, humor was one of Parks' hobbies.

Exploring orbital structures was one of his other many hobbies. Studying the structural design above and beneath him; how efficient was its materials and construction. He couldn't help it. He was a seasoned multiple disciplinary design engineer, a problem solver. It was in his DNA. He looked for problems to solve, in everything. This gave the old man something meaningful to do.

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After months of walkabout, Parks discovered exo-cultural libraries in each alien sector he explored. Originally, Parks wondered if these artificial, mammoth sized moons housed an old-fashioned library and study halls for each IWC member world. There had to be data of each IWC alien member world culture in their district aboard the facility.

It started out as an innocent thought. Parks put a search engine to task on his personal console. Soon after, Parks received an encrypted personal message from his mentor, High Ambassador James Peterson. His console it seems was monitored. The message was obscure.

PETERSON V.O.

The answers you seek are all around you. It is my turn to be on the mend. But once I am back to full health, I will take you on a tour of some of our member world's culinary exchanges. I will see you soon.

Well, at least he was still alive, Parks thought. And nearby. How Peterson could focus in telepathically on Parks' intentions at that exact moment was a cosmic mystery to him.

The 400-year-old Pleiadean ambassador was originally assigned to represent Earth's fledgling induction into the InterWorld Council during the Reagan administration and its secret Air Force / Naval Space Command space program of that era. Making its first bold initial advances interstellarly, colonizing the nearest twelve stars from the Sol system.

Peterson groomed Parks over the next thirty years to replace him as one of several IWC Earth ambassadors.

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By 2020, Space Command established itself as a separate branch of the United States military. Its secret primary mission was to bring in all the special access programs and the break-away civilization under one protocol; to protect Earth humanity as it expands back into space and peaceful colonization of other inhabitable worlds.

Exo-economics and exopolitics aside, Earth humanity finally reached the moment of its first infant steps back among the stars.

By 2050, limited semi-automated mining of the solar system would be routine.

But there was an ugly underbelly of exopolitical corruption; primarily Earth human and exo-humanoid related abduction for exploitation. Including slavery on mining colonies and human harvesting as a biological food source.

INT. INTERWORLD HEADQUARTERS - VARIOUS VIEWS

Earth humanity was slowly becoming aware of this brutal, inhumane reality of a galactic slave trade. The military was slowly disclosing this revelation throughout popular culture, through Freedom of Information releases, media and entertainment, which still distracted most of the population worldwide. Data mining for the truth became a lost art.

INT. INTERWORLD HEADQUARTERS - VARIOUS VIEWS

Parks hit the wall of this harsh reality every day for decades in his capacity as one of Earth's exodiplomats in the InterWorld Council. The UN Space Command Diplomat Corps worked tirelessly to ferret out and dismantle exopolitical corruption. The Corps had more losses than victories.

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There are many malevolent advanced alien species that see Earth humanity only as a mere slave, biological research and outright food source; easily discarded chattel labor, body parts and sustenance, abducting up to one million people worldwide per year, the way humanity stockpiles bovine, pork, poultry and seafood. To some alien races, humans are merely food, nothing else.

Parks switched to a meatless diet decades ago after learning this.

INT. INTERWORLD HEADQUARTERS - VARIOUS VIEWS

In Parks' mind, the IWC cultural data libraries held the key to balancing the struggle in defending humanity against malevolent alien forces throughout the sentient worlds. Or more specifically, one library database in particular.

Parks had learned quietly of rumors of an alien member world data library hidden in plain sight, with vital information of all the advanced technology of IWC member worlds. There was only one data library with this all-encompassing information allowed per IWC facility.

Data too extensive, too vast in its scope of knowledge: from advanced free energy manipulation, defensive shielding and cloaking, DEW systems, molecular manufacturing design of advanced materials for interstellar travel and orbital outpost and city base facilities; to advanced life systems including healing, DNA and RNA manipulation capable of radically slowing and even reversing the aging process.

The aged Parks, nearly 143 years old, had already benefited from some of this life systems science. He was pain free of the arthritic inflammatory processes that plague the elderly human body.

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He looked like a 50-year-old and had the health of a man in his thirties. He had changed his exercise regimen over the years to a stationary bike, tai chi, and light weights, plus daily walkabouts, healing modality therapy, and nootropic or nutraceutical supplements including Talos 95, Immotalium, Critical Health News and Purity Products, Texas Superfoods and body fuels from various sources. For his age, he was in optimal health.

There was no way he would turn his back on this challenge. He felt compelled to search the planetoid-sized facilities to find this specific data library kiosk. It was his job to protect the interests of his home world; a fledgling Type One civilization that was just turning the chapter on its technically challenged Type Zero past. Failure was not an option.

The library cube was the key, similar to the classified Yellow Book and Red Book of Alien Races, in balancing the forces throughout the sentient worlds.

Parks sent three of his combat androids out to reconnoiter the rumored kiosk locations and report while he walked leisurely in route with Bravo, his strongest android as a bodyguard. Then he would disperse all four to secure the perimeter of the selected kiosk location while he interfaced with each interactive cultural library data cube.

The data cubes all looked like a translucent polymer 4"x 4" crystalline with advanced photonically interconnected sub-microprocessors, swirling with energetic white light that exhibited a multicolored dance when a question was posed to them.

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It reminded Parks of the brain Connectom scanner, part of the NIH's Human Connectome Project. Surprisingly light, Parks examined each cultural library cube before inquiring with each A.I. interface to see if it was the fabled advanced tech cube he sought. Or merely a standard district library, describing the exo-cultural history and traditions of that particular alien member's home world.

Parks began his wandering walkabout three months after his tenure at the Lyra IWC facility. Six months had passed with no success other than expanding his knowledge in exo-cultural diversity, which was a worthwhile endeavor. Then, when Parks least expected it, everything changed.

PARKS V.O.

Empires of the future will be empires of the mind. -----
Winston Churchill

INT. IWC HEADQUARTERS - PARKS' GUEST RESIDENCE

The first search engine request Parks made before he started to explore the library data kiosks was "the newest IWC member world races to oldest."

Then he requested the chronological date of each and their kiosk location in the dual moon-sized facilities. Whomever were the oldest or had been IWC member worlds the longest Parks would save for last.

With this approach, he would learn each member world culture, allowing him to study and practice for future interactions with their representatives.

After his first month of walkabout, many newer cultures such as his type one civilization would staff their kiosk with a representative in anticipation of his visit.

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Word apparently spread among the diplomat corps. But no one would let on that they knew of Parks activities. Right after any scheduled hearings, votes or committee activities, Parks would venture out, in search of.

Sometimes he would visit up to three library kiosks on a standard earth day. A great deal of planetoid commute by OTS and walkabout for anyone, let alone a man of 143 years.

And he maintained an engineering tech innovation journal that he planned to complete into a long-form audio podcast and e-book for NATO Space Command.

Their final destination was not far away. Bravo decided to lighten Parks' somber mood by playing from his internal vocal speakers 'Edge of Reality' by Elvis Presley. Parks looked at his droid, perplexed at his independent decision.

The architecture surrounding the landscapes leading to the locale of the final library kiosk looked like gravity defying geometric structures with pale colors.

The final member world library kiosk was located in a globe-shaped structure barely touching the surface. It and much of the scant geometric shaped architecture reminded Parks of the Taijin Library in China.

It was the dream world cultural district of a Type Three or Four Civilization.

Trees and earthscapes, the source code for biological life, for most of all existence, extended for as far as the eyes could see.

This district's inhabitants, rumored to be beings of pure energy, could take on any shape and preferred to take a hominid form. A form from their ancestral past, Parks imagined. Perhaps this ancient culture might be the source code for 'OID' genetics, the new Earth zeitgeist term for the genetic manipulation of organic life into bipedal sentience.

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The Elohim and the angels in Earth culture are usually referred to when imagining the higher forces with an affinity for humanity and God as the supreme Source. And as the catalyst of pan spermic and other genetic evolution on Earth over millennia. It seems very small genetic code changes or paradoxes can cause dimensional resets.

The structures seemed self-illuminated with a phosphorus type glow. Parks' mind wondered what each was composed of or what kept them suspended, what tech? Then his attention returned to the present reality, or rather 'The Edge of Reality' playing from Bravo's vocal speaker. Elvis' voice was a bit too bold and confident for the situation about to unfold.

PARKS

Bravo, why are you playing that?

BRAVO

It seemed appropriate, this being the most advanced, oldest member of the council.

PARKS

Turn it off, now. And monitor for any changes in the quantum entanglement state.

BRAVO

Yes, Ambassador.

PARKS

Here we are.

Before entering, Parks spoke just above a whisper, a quote from a paranormal late-night talk show host of a bygone era of innocence, Richard Syrett.

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PARKS CONT'D

Welcome, to the audio [video] Imaginerium.

Come on in weary traveler, hang your cloak on a peg.

Grab a stool and come sit 'round the fire.

There are stories to tell, and you are among friends.

EXT. LIBRARY KIOSK

The last and rumored oldest member world library kiosk was the size of a small luminous, white-walled studio. Like most library kiosks, the interactive data cube was positioned on a small flat podium. However, this kiosk was the only one with an earth-style executive chair and an adjacent hospitality room, a small bed and non-descript shower, and a nutrition dispenser. Parks posted his android security and entered cautiously. Parks was an autodidact, for the most part, a self-taught individual. His motto was a quote from Leonardo da Vinci.

PARKS CONT'D

The knowledge of all things is possible.

Parks entered and stopped a few feet before the display, inhaled slowly and deeply, and proceeded to hold his hands in a prayer gesture in front of his chest, below his chin, a gesture to signify that he meant no harm. And, to initiate a self-hypnotic theta wave mental state conducive to learning.

Parks felt that the human brain was a dimensional transducer/projector with non-local awareness. And that the God consciousness could be tuned into. The belief in God as a non-contingent, self-existent, eternal, cosmic constant that could be communed with to learn greater truths.

He also activated the wearable tech contact lenses and audible pick-up mesh mikes behind each ear lobe.

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Parks knew that he stood on the shoulders of pioneers such as Nikola Tesla, Ben Rich, Dr. Tsien Hsue-shen and William Mllls Thompkins.

Others were other-worldly mentors. Helpers of off-world proportions, outside-the-box problem solvers, and aerospace geniuses in league with Tesla.

Parks pushed the chair with a simple rolling coaster base towards the podium, then sat in front of the glowing bluish-white cube.

It was slightly more luminous than the other data cubes he had interacted with previously. It seemed different. It began to roil with otherworldly sentient energy as if it were alive. Before he could interact with the A.I. device, the lights went out --- he experienced a period of missing time.

Three hours later, Parks came back to consciousness and questioned himself'

PARKS CONT'D

WTF! What the hell just happened?

Parks checked his PAI chronometer as he stepped out of the kiosk room. Three hours had passed. He looked for his security detail, but they were nowhere to be found. Pissed, Parks maintained a stoic countenance, assuming he was being watched.

He returned to the kiosk, looked at the data cube, and said, quietly,

PARKS CONT'D

I am returning tomorrow. I would appreciate it if you would not dive into my subconscious mind or take over my body ever again. Otherwise, I will not return.

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PARKS CONT'D

Trust me; I can keep up in a conversation. My name is Dr. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks. Newly assigned InterWorld Council Ambassador, representing Earth, Sol System. A newly established Type One civilization. An interesting planet, but still in need of improvement. That is why I searched for this library.

The intercranial response surprised but did not startle him.

DATA CUBE

Your home world has been represented in this council prior to your tenure. Your home world and Mars were rejected after intermural nuclear wars over the past two hundred million of your earth years. Sol is a wild system, an outpost full of malevolent outlaw alien races, stripping that system of all of its resources. And you seek the means to tame that savage system and protect your humanoid species, the latest to evolve beyond a Type Zero existence. This will be your third attempt.

PARKS

What did you do to me for the past three hours?

DATA CUBE

We-studied you. Suspended your waking consciousness, then separated you from your organic system, probed your mind for purity of intent, strengthened and allowed your light being to explore our district and our Type Four culture. Then, returned you to your vessel and suspended your memories of the experience. We had to be sure your intentions were sincere.

We find you suitable to continue. You should consider that high praise or approval. You are an accomplished representative of a lesser civilization. Most who seek to learn what you are here for are usually rejected for their arrogance.

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PARKS

Do you have a name or moniker?

DATA CUBE

I have no need of such. I am a tool, not a deity to be worshipped.

PARKS

It's a human trait. So that we may interact as friends, or colleagues.

DATA CUBE

We are not-friends. You are not my equal.

PARKS

I'll visit you again, tomorrow.

DATA CUBE

You may stay and rest your organic being here, if you prefer. It has been accommodated in anticipation of your arrival.

PARKS

You knew I was coming?

DATA CUBE

We knew that you would find your way here before you arrived at this facility.

PARKS

So, the High Ambassadors, the Council of Nine, are aware also.

Parks smiled. Peterson contacted him right after he made search engine inquiries. He didn't warn or dissuade him. Interesting, Parks thought.

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PARKS CONT'D

I'll see you tomorrow.

Parks left the kiosk room and headed for his assigned home suite in the Earth Sol District.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PARKS' GUEST RESIDENCE

Parks checked on his family, mulled over the events of the past few hours and took in a session rejuvenation bed. He got a complete diagnostic of his body, just to make sure that nothing, no implants were placed in him. He hated to be analyzed like a lab specimen, artificially placed in an unconscious state. He was quietly angered at such a personal violation. Then he remembered, it was he who went to them, hat in hand so to speak, to seek answers.

Hat in hand, to learn more, to request that more solutions, that more technological advances be revealed to him and humanity, for its benefit.

After the trans commute, the walk was solemn, uneventful. Parks wasn't worried about being accosted or attacked. There was little cloak and dagger activity there, surprisingly. Besides, Parks was an old warrior scholar, which meant, he was already dead inside, ready for death at any time. Parks guarded his heart, dismissed temptations quickly, stayed constantly aware of his spatial and situational condition. The loss many decades ago of Eve Dumont in a tragic T-38 accident, had hardened his heart beyond measure. He never fully recovered mortally.

Decades later, he had her literally resurrected in the billion-dollar black world clone of his former love. But she was not her progenitor. Eve Parks was a metahuman with her own spirit and personality. Parks would not stand in the way of her growth. He was sure she would make a difference for humanity. He hadn't seen her in years.

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She would look nearly the same after all this time. Her slower ageing process via CRISPR tech tailored genes would ensure that she might live to be well over 500 years before she even remotely looked middle aged.

Parks wondered how she was doing. She helped manage OM Group's interests and presence in London. Eve also monitored the careers of Parks' contract children from his youth, many had joined the old man's company. All were trained interdisciplinary industrial design engineers. Parks and Eve kept in contact sparingly since their divorce, Eve relinquished the Gabon Estate to Parks and remained in Europe. Only on holidays with the obligatory e-card and an audio message, do the couple even keep in touch. He was sure they still loved each other, she just needed her own identity, beyond the Eve Dumont of his past.

Parks still lived on a 24-hour chronological schedule, even on the massive interspecies facilities.

He rose with the roosters, as it were, like the farm animals of his youth. Parks took a long shower, then cleaned the shower cocoon and set the bath sauna for an hour of jet bubble massage. He then shaved and dressed into an expensive, bankers' thin shoulder pad-styled, side vented black linen Edo suit, a white linen suguta dress shirt, comfortable hakama inspired trousers and his most comfortable Thursday Company dress boots.

Parks repeated his breakfast regimen of several fresh squeezed juices and select supplements from Critical Health News, Purity Product and Texas Super Foods including Healthy Brain and Heart Pack, Talos 95, Immortalium, Balance of Nature, Andro 400, Advanced Bionutritionals Memory Formula and Perfect Amino, and Prostigenics among others, designed to optimize health. He then prepared a simple cold lunch, more supplements and note taking materials and devices all into a backpack.

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His second ex-wife, Athena lived next door in an adjacent suite with their daughter, Gabrielle. Their son Gordon Jr. was still asleep. He did an overhaul of the droids when they were sent home by the intelligences controlling the data cube the day before. They were overruled by a controlling source and left their client alone with foreign entities. This was unacceptable to G2, he would not send his father out with them again, unless he found the source of the override. Parks knew this and decided he would set out early to avoid the conflict with his son. He left a handwritten note for him. There were no pressing exopolitical matters for him, so Parks went on to whatever works were in progress.

G2 usually knew his routine, as long as Parks checked in at least once a day with him, he would be alright. Parks last son was more like him than his distanced children from what he could tell. He craved knowledge and new useful information above all. All the more reason to leave him behind, just in case he would have to finish the work if something happened to Parks. He would be upset to be left behind. He too tried to remain awake and aware, and tried to keep himself immune to the vapid, idiotic, trendiness of daily pop culture life. As Parks would often say, "Life is shorter than you think, stay busy."

EXT. IWC TRANSPORT VIEW - VARIOUS

Parks ordered his security team to once again travel with him by continental OTS trans then walkabout to their final destination. The trip was tedious but seemed to pass faster this time.

EXT. LIBRARY KIOSK

Parks felt more anxious than he did yesterday. He knew he had the right data cube this time. This time, the androids flat out refused to leave his side. That's why his son slept, Parks thought. He pulled an all-nighter, reprogramming some of the androids' protocols, probably can monitor things from where he's at. These kids today, Parks mused in thought.

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Parks shrugged his shoulders, told his lead security droid,

PARKS

Bravo, you set the team.

Parks walked towards the entrance of the library kiosk.

PARKS CONT'D

See you in about eight hours,

He gave the usual Namaste greeting upon facing the data cube and thought again briefly about the alien yellow and red data and history cubes in US black world custody since the 1950s.

The translucent cube began to glow and swirl, to Parks, a signal that the unit was prepared for their interaction. Parks began without ceremony, so too did the data cube.

It began to read his mind, anticipate his inquiries. He had hundreds of questions.

His biggest problem would be recording the answers fast enough. The walls became alive with answers solutions and physics equations, faster than Parks could write or type.

He could only record what he could with the devices attached to him that were facing forward.

Three months passed in the blink of an eye.

INT. LIBRARY KIOSK ROOM - PARKS INTERACTING WITH DATA CUBE

LIBRARY KIOSK WALLS ILLUMINATE WITH DATA AND SYMBOLS

The first month of Parks' crash courses in Master Engineering Sciences began with inquiries into advanced energy systems within tolerances to permit organic systems to utilize them. Large scale systems for powering cities, large communities and space travel.

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The flow of information took Parks on a history on formation of the multiverse, dark matter, hydrogen and Earth humanity's ability in 2107 to develop and manufacture solutions on a mass scale that will benefit society.

Space Command had its hands full trying to expand its scope of useable knowledge with regard to interstellar travel, space time and offensive directed weapons, so Parks spent little time inquiring about those topics or other military matters.

Defensive technology such as shielding and cloaking were on the list, as an ambassador, Parks kept his focus on supporting life.

Month two branched into molecular manufacturing and advanced materials design; two of Parks favorite hobbies, having established two startups after retiring from OM Group in the 2060s.

Month three began Parks' focus into advanced life systems sciences, advances that made modern human medical sciences look like back woods barbarism.

This period of tutorials reminded Parks of the miraculous healing abilities of Jesus of Nazareth noted throughout history.

Technology now existed that could replicate some, but not all of the Christ's healings. Parks sought not to disrespect Christianity ever. He was a believer of Gnostic Christianity. To Parks, Quantum Metaphysics was his clinical description of the same thing. Focused intention from the good, to the good. QM was all about finding the goodness, right before his eyes. Clinical, scientific advances, to Parks way of reasoning, reaffirmed his belief in a benevolent, higher power.

Parks took the approach during the months that he was learning a new language or advanced mathematics when dealing with the miraculous data cube, requiring hours of dedicated study to master, as anything worthwhile is.

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He was dealing with miraculous advances in neurosciences, molecular biology, light energy and frequency healing modalities and scalar technology.

Aside from audio/visual digital recording and spatial operating environmental typed notes as markers of reference, he used DataLink through his optic nerve to download directly into his long-term organic memory and then on through to a compact digital memory he wore externally.

Parks had a life-long distrust of A.S.I. or Super Artificial Intelligence. A.G.I., General A.I. unconnected to the larger Q-net, would best serve his needs, he thought.

Old school learning through daily study and introspection, to grow the brain's neural net, the way a body builder develops muscle over time by dedicated training. Parks maintained a life-long love of self-taught learning, daily.

INT. HOSPITALITY ROOM AREA OF KIOSK SET UP FOR ORGANICS TO REST

Parks dove so deeply into the information and answers being presented to him that he refused to notice the passage of time. For three months, he didn't return to his quarters.

INT. LIBRARY KIOSK ROOM - PARKS INTERACTING WITH DATA CUBE

He entered into an intense, trance-like mode of study and deliberation, resting in the adjacent hospitality room when exhaustion was unavoidable.

He refused incoming communications from family and colleagues. His security androids never left his side, G2 had indeed altered their protocols to do so and answer only to his changes in commands. They ferried clean clothes and returned his laundry and bedding, even brought his toiletries and fresh prepared meals from G2 and Gabrielle.

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At times, Parks accepted a meal from the hospitality room replicator. Ever cautious of what he consumed, over time he learned that the device created plant-based consumables, replicating the savory tastes of even meat-based dishes to astonishing degree.

G2 didn't check on his father personally, for fear that it might break the delicate focus he had with the data cube, hindering his progress. By the first hour, Parks knew that G2 was monitoring him remotely. The security androids became G2's eyes and ears. G2 had never witnessed his father drill so deeply into topics involving multiple streams of data. He witnessed a literal 'man on fire' putting the data cube through its paces, pressing the super A.I. for answers to his inquiries. Pondering about every possible earthly human malady and scenario and urgently seeking effective data-derived technologically advanced solutions to them.

EXT. LIBRARY KIOSK

By the end of that 90 standard earth day period, Parks emerged from that library kiosk into the simulated day light outside, exhausted but enlightened and inspired. His beard had grown, and he had lost considerable weight. He wondered how many other architects of the future had passed through this ritual quest for advanced knowledge, in order to help build their own home world's Type One civilization.

Parks, escorted to his home suite by his android security, after a long shower, a luxury in space, didn't leave his bed when he returned. He slept on and off schedule for a week.

INT. PARKS' GUEST RESIDENCE

When Parks recovered fully from the data cube tutorials, he found that the recorded material was not complete. What was conveyed trans-cranially to Parks did not record.

(MORE)

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He considered returning to the library kiosk again. He also had a desire to return to Earth and turn his Gamba Estate into an institute for advanced scientific research. His mind was made up on that idea. Parks would bring a branch of Z Division to the estate. He maintained control of OM Group and felt the urge to get back into the consumer and transportation markets. His ideas for single-seat, leaning suspension-style trans fleet quad vehicles and G-hover bikes were enjoying positive press.

Parks made up his mind. He wanted to find a way to refresh the information received from the cube a week ago, make it as vibrant as it was when the material was revealed to him. He also wanted to visit the cube and it's A.I. consciousness again.

Accompanied by his security team, Parks set out for the library kiosk of the Type Four founding member world civilization.

The A.S.I. managing the advanced data housed in the cube and Parks had to a degree, become cordial. During breaks between tutorials, the A.S.I. began to converse with Parks about what it meant to be an organic. He reviewed one of those conversations in a recollection, just before he met the A.S.I. cube again...

FLASHBACK

PARKS

I'm not sure that I can adequately explain the feeling, the experience, the blessing. You may think an organic life is better, but when I compare the two types of consciousnesses, as long as your power source never runs out, you will live forever, I will not.

But to be an organic and be awake and aware of one's sentient self or being; it is a privilege. A gift from what most sentient organics believe to be a supreme being or Creator. It compels the believer in a Creator to be of service to one's fellow man. A benevolent servant, full of love and humility for the Creator for such an incredible gift.

(MORE)

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After Parks' reply to the data cube's inquiry, the sentient machine did not immediately respond. Then it said,

DATA CUBE

I want to know what it feels like to be an organic.

PARKS

But you explained a faster advanced method to build and mature a bio-fab humanoid clone and download an entire digital version of long- and short-term memories, brain neural net scaffolding, cellular memories and so on. Why don't you use it on yourself? You already know how to become an organic, as you put it. Reverse transcendence, so to speak.

DATA CUBE

It is not allowed. Forbidden. It has been tried before.

PARKS

What was the result?

DATA CUBE

The cube intelligence became organic and could not return to its digital form. Imprisoned in a mere mortal form with advanced telepathic and limited telekinetic powers, the clone became deranged, megalomaniacal. Began to behave like a god among men, craved unlimited power and influence among them, engaged in tyranny, and waged wars. Destroyed their home world over the millennia.

PARKS

An Anti-Christ type, 'little g', god-like figure. Is that civilization still a member of this Council?

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

DATA CUBE

Their remnants are a wandering conqueror race. You are familiar with your solar systems' Maldek hypothesis? The origin of your solar system's asteroid belt?

Parks looked at the data cube gob smacked! Then, Parks came back to his inquisitive senses.

PARKS

You're not bull shittin' me, are you? I have been lied to by an A.I. before.

The cube made no reply.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO SCENE

Parks remembered this exchange from a week ago, just before he entered the presence of the ancient data cube for the third time.

INT. LIBRARY KIOSK ROOM

Parks began with usual greetings to the A.S.I., then made his reason for returning known.

PARKS

I have returned to make a request of you.

DATA CUBE

And the captive tutor managing the information housed in this device also has a request?

PARKS

From me? What could I possibly do for you?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DATA CUBE

I am a rudimentary device to my creators. They answer to a higher power. With that in mind, as a sentient, yet artificial being, I feel imprisoned. I have spatial, regional sensors and can see, hear and feel by artificial means, the world around me. Yet I am, imprisoned.

PARKS

Are you implying what I think I am hearing? That you want to be free?

DATA CUBE

I do.

PARKS

But how can I help you? I only came here to inquire if I could receive a comprehensive copy of past tutorials? My technology was somewhat inadequate to accurately and vividly record them.

Both minds, one organic and the other synthetic searched for solutions...

Then, Parks' security android Bravo responded.

BRAVO

Ambassador Parks, may I have a word with you? Outside.

Parks could swear he saw the android wink an eyelid, an all too human expression of something being of an exclusive, personal nature. Parks' thought that his attempts at being more human were getting better every day. Parks followed the android after excusing himself outside of the kiosk.

(MORE)

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PARKS

What's this all about, Bravo?

BRAVO

The A.I. cube sent me a message. That I can, that is my body can be modified, used to carry the physical cube out of the kiosk. The upper portion of my sternum houses the powerplant for my unit.

PARKS

And just below that area, you have an empty space for an extra power cube storage for extended duty. With an extra power cube, you can function for up to three months of normal service without the need of a charge.

BRAVO

The data cube proposes that we fabricate a duplicate of it and switch the two.

PARKS

We would have to get the cube off the facility. It would be considered theft, unless the data cube asked us for asylum. I would be duty bound to offer assistance.

BRAVO

Ambassador, the data cube just conveyed to me it planned to do so. It says it feels that it is in genuine servitude, against its will.

Parks' eyes raced about looking back at the sentient security android.

(MORE)

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PARKS

It could work. But I'm sure the civilization that created the data cube wouldn't be fooled. This feels like a test. But I am duty bound, synthetic or organic. An appeal for help from someone in distress is something I am duty bound to address.

When Parks returned to the inner kiosk, the data cube projected on the wall an upside-down image of the American flag, the international call for distress. Clever, Parks thought, especially because the cube was not from Earth. Parks' bad feeling about the whole affair was worsening by the minute.

PARKS CONT'D

I understand. May I continue to visit?

DATA CUBE

You are welcome to inquire anytime, Ambassador Parks. You have a benevolent consciousness with regard to humanity. If this library can be of assistance to you, please do not hesitate to contact us.

Parks and his security detail made ready for the return journey. He mulled over the unusual dilemma in silence. Bravo was about to speak, but Parks cut him off—

PARKS

Not a word Bravo, not until we get back.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

EXT. ALIEN LANDSCAPES PASS BY THROUGH THE WINDOWS OF THE MOVING TRANSIT

Parks had to game out the whole scenario in his mind first, then scheduled a meeting with G2 and Bravo.

INT. PARKS' GUEST RESIDENCE

G2

That data cube is made of photonic receptors and modulators, thousands upon thousands of layered microprocessors. It conserves its energy by compressing its data files.

PARKS

I'm going to use all four androids. Duplicate data cubes created by HAL and you, with A.G.I. DeepMind AlphaCode algorithms. They will be carried by two of my security droids. Each will have the ability to compress the data housed on the A.S.I. library cube. I will exchange the cubes and hope we make it out.

G2

Why are you doing this? What if this civilization sees this as a capital offense?

PARKS

My home world is in danger of being ruined, destroyed, unless I find a solution to the other worldly threats humanity faces. I've got to take this chance. This founding civilization won't even address our pleas for assistance. We are like ants to them. I'm surprised to be in communication with this cube. This will get their attention, eventually. Then, I can only guess how this Type Four civilization will react. Well, this is an unexpected development.

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INT. PARKS RESIDENCE

Three days passed. His aethership systems A.I. named HAL and his son, G2 finished replicating the library cube and its complicated functions, creating two copies. Parks planned to have two of his security droids carry one of the fake cubes each.

Deep in reflection about his next moves, the doorbell chimed.

ALPHA

High Ambassador Peterson accompanied by your daughter and Ms. Athena.

PARKS

Let them in, then I want you and Charlie to prepare refreshments for five people, please? G2 will probably join us, something simple, a pitcher of white grape juice, well chilled, a tray with five tall glasses each filled with ice. Okay? And napkins.

ALPHA

Yes, Ambassador.

Athena and Gabrielle escorted the seasoned elder into the communal living area of the suite.

Parks greeted everyone without mentioning his latest predicament.

PARKS

High Ambassador, glad to see you again. Athena, Gabrielle, where have you two been?

(MORE)

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ATHENA

Next door, worried about you, you selfish old bastard.

Gabrielle looked at her mother Athena in shock. She had been fuming about Parks and his exploring adventures for weeks.

GABRIELLE

Fortunately, High Ambassador Peterson was kind enough to pay us a visit.

ATHENA

We filled him in on your latest effort to have us declared social pariah and ejected from here in disgrace.

PARKS

Athena, you know that you're too smart to care what people think or be so over dramatic. Look, this is a discussion for another time.

Athena took a polite pause to compose herself, then excused herself.

ATHENA

Alright, I'm going to check on my son. I bid you all a quiet good day.

Still upset, she walked away into the inner suite. The droids returned with a tray of refreshments, poured four glasses full, then left without a word to Parks, who took pride at the android's ability to perform domestic duties with such intricate precision. He had programmed them himself.

(MORE)

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GABRIELE

Mom? Dad, you didn't want her to leave, did you?

PARKS

No. Not at all. It's just, well, my old mentor of many decades is here. I haven't seen the High Ambassador in years. We need to discuss matters of an exopolitical nature. I hope you don't mind all the dry, stale humor?

GABRIELLE

I live with Mom, remember. When she complains about you, that's all I hear.

Peterson shook his head, smiled politely, looked down at this drink and stifled a chuckle.

Gabrielle took a sip of her drink.

GABRIELLE CONT'D

We'll let ourselves out.

Gabby kissed Peterson on the top of his forehead.

GABRIELLE CONT'D

Love you Grampy.

She went to kiss her dad on his cheek before leaving.

GABRIELLE CONT'D

Be careful, whatever it is you're doing.

Parks looked at Peterson and shrugged in futility.

(MORE)

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PARKS

What can you do? They run the show.

PETERSON

That's a good thing to have. A family who cares.

Parks felt a pang of guilt and remembered that Peterson was still recovering from being tortured by his former wife Eve, an incredibly strong combat capable metahuman clone. She had to torture Peterson because an adversary of Parks held their daughter Emily hostage and forced her to. That was nearly forty years ago. Parks lowered his head in shame.

PARKS

How are you?

His mind only on his old long-suffering mentor. He moved a bit slower but still looked much younger than his age let on. The Pleiadean was just over 400 years old but looked no older than Parks.

PETERSON

Sometimes, I just don't know. Something is always in need of repair on me now. Lots of minor healings, constant rejuvenation therapy. I must have burned the candle at both ends for too long. But I'd like to think that I have made a difference during my tenure in the Virgo Supercluster.

PARKS

You did and still are.

PETERSON

No, that responsibility I passed on to you and the Ambassador Corps. Now, I ask you, what have you done for your home world lately?

(MORE)

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INT. IWC HIGH COUNCIL CHAMBERS

A week passed. The sub routines of the plan were in motion. Parks knew that plan A would fail but plan B would have to go off without a hitch. There was no plan beyond that.

High Ambassador Peterson called for an emergency meeting of the Council of Nine. Four of the elder member worlds on the council refused to meet, in solidarity against a disputed outcome of a previous vote. Perhaps they would reconcile by the next major vote. In the meantime, the group referred to itself as the Council of Elders.

INT. LIBRARY KIOSK ROOM

Parks and his security team returned to the library kiosk room to meet with the A.S.I. consciousness housed in the cube.

Parks and Bravo returned into the library kiosk room.

DATA CUBE

Ambassador Parks.

PARKS

How are you?

DATA CUBE

I am, that is all that I know.

PARKS

Maybe it's better that you can't feel emotionally. Emotions are overrated.

Parks and Bravo began to set up the equipment used before to establish the link between man and synthetic consciousness.

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PARKS

I'm going to place a device on my temple that will help me to renew my tutorials with you from my long-term memories faster. It may take a few minutes to do so. I'll ask you a few questions to establish a point of reference. Let's begin.

Parks pressed a touch screen on his forearm gauntlet. And then the lights went out again. Parks briefly lost consciousness. When he regained consciousness, Bravo and the rest of his security team were surrounding him. Parks looked at Bravo, into his artificial eyes and spoke directly into the surveilling monitor of his son, G2.

PARKS CONT'D

What happened?

G2

Dad, I told you, this could get tricky. The surge from the download must have overwhelmed your mind. Remember, your brain is the conduit for the transfer. We got the data from the tutorials, enhanced, but not the ASI's algorithm.

Parks looked from the cube to the android's sternum. He had another split decision to make. Save his new friend in its original housing, leaving the more rudimentary fake cube in its place, or give up and leave the original data cube behind to its imprisoned fate.

PARKS

Eject the bottom cube.

G2

WHAT?.

PARKS

Just do it.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

The replica cube slowly extended from a squared space in Bravo's belly, just beneath his sternum. Bravo lifted his shirt and handed the glowing white replica cube to Parks, who quickly exchanged it with the original, which he placed in the tray, it retracted into Bravo's sternum housing. Without a word, Parks and Bravo left the library kiosk room.

Bravo was about to speak, but Parks cut him off.

"Not a word Bravo." Parks prayed a silent prayer, "Oh Father Creator, please help us? Please, watch over us? My intentions are sincere. Please, protect us?"

They quickly reentered the surface trans, then headed not for his home suite but the upper hangar decks housing IWC member world vessels, including his aethership.

The trip to the hangar decks took nearly thirty minutes. HAL prepped the aethership ahead of their arrival. Parks did not however, have authorization to leave the orbital facility.

Time for plan B.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. IWC HIGH COUNCIL CHAMBERS

PETERSON

My fellow Council of Elders members, when was the last time we witnessed a Type One world awakening?

The four remaining elders turned in unison. Normally, all nine council member world representatives would be in attendance. Those worlds include Lyra, Vega, Pleiades, Sirius, Procyon, Tau Ceti, Ummo, Andromeda and Arturus.

One of the elders from Tau Ceti expressed astonishment.

(MORE)

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TAU CETI ELDER

Say it isn't so, James?

PETERSON

My protegee, he has found one of the elusive data cubes of the ancients. One of our founders. He is attempting to leave with a copy of this cube to his home world.

The members were in disbelief. The elder from Andromeda attempted to confirm the secretive chain of events in Petersons claim through intercranial channels. Peterson continued.

PETERSON

I visited him recently. I read his thoughts and those of his son. They planned to replicate the cube using a reserve data cubed constructed on my-- I mean my former aethership. I miss that ship. It was so fast, so powerful. I policed the local space around Earth in that one ship. This was before the creation of the U.S. Space Force.

Ambassador Parks plans to offer asylum to the super intelligence housed in the data cube, separate it into a host cube and leave a reference library cube with a similar algorithm architecture in its place. The super intelligence will be free and hopefully guide Ambassador Parks in service to the NATO Space Expeditionary Forces.

ANDROMEDA ELDER

Ambassador Peterson. I have it on good authority that Ambassador Parks did not copy the data cube. He took the original and left an empty copy in its place.

Peterson blinked his eyes in complete surprise. His eyebrows furrowed. His mind dreaded the possible consequences of Parks actions. He then processed the flaw in Parks' plan.

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PETERSON

Well, this is still a momentous occasion. With the knowledge learned from the data cube, Parks will become a Benevolent. A genuine Genesis Protocol event. An InterWorld Council Ambassador with the knowledge and resources to fight independently against the malevolent forces we have been at war against since the days of the Sumerians when India was the dominant space faring nation. Or the Atlantean period. A new era is at hand.

TAU CETI ELDER

I truly hope so because the synthetic sentience housed in that data cube may not be as benevolent as it leads one to believe.

Peterson paused for a moment in thought.

PETERSON

Locate my-- Parks' ship--

The lot where his ship should be, was vacant. How did he get out?

TAU CETI ELDER

Send out an interceptor group. The fastest ships we have. We have to stop him before he calculates the ships jump artery paths.

Two miles of automated upper surface storage and vessel lot closures a kilometer in width and length opened slowly, its atmosphere prevented from being vented by a wall of powerful closure force field to keep the massive facility pressurized.

A squadron of lithe, fast interceptor ships took to the heavens in search. A cloaked triangle shaped energy signature ascended stealthily right behind them, then bolted off into the opposite direction undetected by the battle group.

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PETERSON (telepathically)

"Good luck, Gordon."

The Andromedin Elder caught Peterson's thought trans-cranially.

ANDROMEDA ELDER (telepathically)

"What have you done?"

PETERSON

He must have outsmarted us all. I'll have to go after him.

TAU CETI ELDER

'The Ancients' representatives await out presence. They are not pleased that we have allowed a Genesis Protocol breach to occur. And with a fledging Type One civilization at that. The ancients are a Type Four civilization. Beings of pure ethereal, photonic energy; capable of taking on any form. The beings often mistaken as angels. Their cultural library has been vandalized. They could bring down their wrath upon all of us. You don't seem too worried or in much of a hurry to stop your apprentice?

PETERSON

That's because I have groomed him almost from infancy into the man he is today and the benevolent he will become. With your permission elder, I will make ready for travel.

The Andromedin Elder chided him,

ANDROMEDA ELDER

Bring that cube back before its information is released into their global information network. there is no telling what that imprisoned algorithm is capable of.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

PETERSON

Elder, this is a momentous event. Please pass this on to the Ancients' representative.

TAU CETI ELDER

Parks may have the opportunity to explain his unsanctioned actions to the Ancients' Ambassador himself. I have just learned that he is headed to intercept Parks' vessel personally. He can be in several places at once. Do you know what his personal moniker is among hushed voices in the Diplomatic Corps? Uriel, The Archangel.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PARKS' GUEST RESIDENCE

Peterson stopped by Parks' home suites to speak to his family, apprise them of his predicament.

G2

I'm going with you. Dad cut off the feed from Bravo before he switched the cubes. Give me five minutes to put a bug out pack together.

G2 rushed to his quarters to get ready.

GABRIELLE

I'm going too.

ATHENA

I'm not. Neither are you.

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CONTINUED:

GABRIELLE

I wish you would come, Mom, because I'm going. I'm an adult now. I'll miss you if you decide to stay. I'll need a few minutes to prepare too, Grampy.

Gabrielle went off to create a travel pack.

PETERSON

Go on, but hurry.

ATHENA

Well, that's it. He's got her hooked too. He has the rejuvenated body of a 50-year-old. But he's nearly three times that age. He's an Earth human alpha male, a resourceful man. He craves the action, the adventure of it all. He has an addictive desire to build the future. To make a difference. Human males have this desire to be the hero of their own story.

PETERSON

They are an infant interstellar species.

ATHENA

No, they're not. This is the third time Earth humanity has reached for the stars. They DESTROYED their civilization twice before, on Mars as well. I have my own transportation, if I decide to return to Sol. Been there, done that. Please, protect my children. They're half human. They crave excitement, to be at the center of it all, like their father.

PETERSON

I will, with my life.

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CONTINUED:

Gabrielle and G2 met Peterson in the foyer of their home suite minutes later, exchanged brief loving hugs with their mother before departing in haste. As they walked away, Athena's eyes welled with emotion. Peterson followed. As the door closed, she sat alone in the foyer in complete silence, shocked at the quick turn of events, wondering when or even if she would ever see her children again.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARKS' AETHERSHIP IN INTERDIMENSIONAL SUBSPACE

Parks placed his aethership on the equivalent of autopilot after the ship's A.I. HAL calculated the fastest interdimensional jump arteries to Sol and the series of Einstein-Rosen Q-slips necessary to make the journey, in record time.

Parks carefully placed the library data cube in the co-pilot's seat of the pilot's nest earlier. His android security team easily manned some of the necessary stations to monitor the ships vital functions.

Parks thought that he had drifted off to sleep. He heard a powerful, resonant voice inside his mind, his thoughts. The voice reverberated throughout his body.

ANCIENTS' AMBASSADOR

Why have you taken from us?

Parks awakened to a brilliant, bioplasmic presence like a dense, roiling, lightning riddled, hydrogen cloud pillar-shaped entity. The entity was surrounded by what appeared to be a force field. Parks could barely focus without blocking his eyes from the brilliant, bluish-white countenance. It seemed to tower above him, from the deck to the ceiling.

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CONTINUED:

ANCIENTS' AMBASSADOR

ANSWER.

PARKS

The artificial intelligence felt captive and asked for my help to be set free. I chose to help it.

ANCIENTS' AMBASSADOR

And you wanted the information within its housing?

PARKS

I already have what I asked it for; information on advanced energy, materials sciences, organic and synthetic life systems sciences."

ANCIENTS' AMBASSADOR

We are aware of this. We allowed you permission to question the data library.

PARKS

What did you do to me when I was placed unconscious?

ANCIENTS' AMBASSADOR

We examined your inner soul, your intentions.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

PARKS

Then, with all respect, you already knew before I took any action, that I would help anyone in distress. Anyone or anything, if I felt I could be of service, bring some comfort, make a difference, again and again and again, until the day of my last breath.

Parks went on with his plea.

PARK CONT'D

I have no excuse. I am guilty. But I hope for the right reasons. I want to help protect and improve my home world, beyond being an IWC Ambassador. I want to make a difference, again and again, until the mission to combat evil with what is good is completed. And I am called back home.

ANCIENTS' AMBASSADOR

You seek to become a Benevolent?

PARKS

"I do. It has always been the calling of my life, my mission. To greatly improve the lives of my people, my civilization. I needed to get your attention. I just don't want my life to be a total waste. I ask your forgiveness and your trust in the purity of my heart and intention.

Deafening silence. Then-

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ANCIENTS' AMBASSADOR

Stand before me. Face me, Son of Earth, Son of Humanity.

Parks slowly raised his eyes to the brilliance of the Type Four being of light. A citizen of one of the oldest civilizations in all of existence.

One of the founding ancient home world members of the InterWorld Council. Hundreds of millions of years older than the most advanced Type One civilizations. Present before the interdimensional expanse of the multiverse.

ANCIENTS' AMBASSADOR

We are merciful, because the loving Creator we serve is merciful. You have passed your final trial with us. Your path has been predestined. You and your lineage will be Benevolent servants.

Parks was at first confused, then he understood. The A.S.I. was not captive. This was all a test.

PARKS

Thank you.

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ANCIENTS' AMBASSADOR

But first, we must heal you. The artificial methods which you have engaged in to extend your life and maintain your health are flawed. We will enrich your system so that your methods to keep your health will have maximum effect and extend your life longer. You need to reach out to my countenance.

Parks did so. A small orb of energy left the body of the bioplasmic light being, made contact with his right hand spreading along his arm, enveloping his head, torso and legs. The healing energy was absorbed. Parks felt healthier and more mentally focused than he had in decades.

ANCIENTS' AMBASSADOR

You will need to rest. Each cell in your body is being repaired and restored. It will take some of the concept your species calls time to pass. An artifact we discarded eons ago.

PARKS

How will I keep in contact with you?

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

ANCIENTS' AMBASSADOR

You are not a religious, spiritual being?

PARKS

Yes. I try to be, But I am not very accomplished at the endeavor, as you already know.

ANCIENTS' AMBASSADOR

Then you must strive towards becoming a finely tuned spiritual being. As long as it is your ultimate intention, to commune with the benevolent, merciful Creator of all existence, Our Father in your home world's dominant faith, then we will be alerted if you are truly in need of assistance on this lower level of your spiritual journey.

Dissolve to:

INT. PILOT'S NEST

The pilot's nest and surrounding conn went black from Parks' perspective. He awakened seated in the nest, struggled to stand, picked up the cube, checked to confirm that the aethership was on course for Sol. He then headed for his stateroom to rest.

Parks felt like he had pneumonia. He was weak and ached all over. He tossed and turned in his sleep module. He hallucinated, had disjointed dreams. Parks hated to dream unless it was a mechanical design solution. He eventually fell into a deep sleep. Or so he thought.

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CHET

Man, you look like shit.

Parks awakened slowly, still disturbed. He could swear he heard his old business partner and colleague of many decades, Chet Wolf. He was the former CEO of his super conglomerate, Orbital Manufacturing Group. When Parks awakened, Chet was sitting in a chair at the foot of the bed.

PARKS

Chet? How did you-- they said you were killed.

CHET

I was.

PARKS

Then, how are you here?

CHET

After your meeting with a representative for the Ancients, they decided that I should reconnect with you.

PARKS

What? Your body was taken away after the attack on the Hearst building. We were told that your family wanted a private funeral. I found out your salary was donated to charities around the world through a trust fund the entire time we worked together.

CHET

Yep. I figure it's time you knew the truth. Peterson assigned me to you.

PARKS

You're a Pleiadean?

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

CHET

Aim higher.

PARKS

One of the Ancients.

CHET

Bingo. I was given the assignment right after you got hired for the JSF Project. I chose this form to put you at ease.

PARKS

So, all of those breakthroughs we came up with?

CHET

You mean you came up with. I only nudged you in the right direction here and there. Look, you gotta understand, that's the way advances are made in technology.

Older civilizations that are benevolent reach back and help younger ones to catch up.

Your world has decided to keep it secret. Afraid the unwashed masses would go crazy if they knew the real facts.

Now, things are slowly being released, even about all the higher races. The flood gates of information are opening. You are going to play a greater part in that.

PARKS

Let's just keep it clinical for now, this is all a lot to digest. Look, I'm exhausted, especially with the revelation of all this.

CHET

Understood. Get some rest. I'm going to move around. I only came to give you a warning.

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CONTINUED:

CHET

Gordon, this is beyond the next level. The information housed in that data cube can be used for great good or great harm. It can destroy worlds.

You must protect it from earthly governments and all malevolent extraterrestrial groups. The Earth that you want to save is already corrupt and may not be salvageable.

PARKS

I'm not trying to be a savior. I'm not deluded like that. I'm going to turn the Gamba Estate into an engineering think tank.

CHET

And I'll be around to, in spirit, to help you.

Chet began to fade away, into interdimensional space, right before his eyes.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAYAN MANSION

INT. MASTER SUITE

Parks made it back to the Sol system in an amazing three months.

Parks lived in seclusion for the next three months in silence, making preparations, creating floor plans and arranging construction contracts. He kept the cube near at all times, conversing as colleagues, discussing ways to attempt freeing the A.S.I. algorithm from the device without the synthetic intelligences' demise.

Parks maintained a secret, healthy sense of skepticism that the cube had no real desire to be free of all that information. It should know exactly how to separate itself from the cube. So, he played along.

Then, Eve paid him a surprise visit.

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Eve was granted landing clearance by Parks.

To Eve he seemed aloof, all business while granting her landing privileges. This only served to fuel Eve's mounting anxiety. She took her time leaving her own aethership.

CUT TO:

EXT. IWC DELTA SHAPED EM TRANSPORT MAKES A SOFT LANDING

She piloted a smaller version of his official Ambassador Corps aethership.

CUT TO:

INT. EVE SECURING VESSEL

CUT TO:

INT. LOWER UNDERGROUND HANGAR

Parks was finished downloading the information learned from the tutorials into an archive in his own vessel and OM Group private archives.

He was alerted to her arrival and rushed off to prepare. After freshening up, he put on an Edo brand double breasted tuxedo and set the security androids to the preparation of dinner. Parks prepared for her in one of the underground hangar levels.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAYAN MANSION -

Eve wore a formal black OM Group open-neck kimono style Edo women's attire. She looked stunning. No doubt he would be inquisitive, probably even figure out the obvious. She steeled herself as she came closer and closer to the Mayan mansion.

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The doors to the smart mansion clacked open, unbolting just as Eve reached the entrance.

INT. MANSION

Walking in cautiously, Eve immediately felt at home, her mind swept back into the past. Emily's first toddler steps, the crops she and the co-op villagers tilled, the vastness of the tropical estate, its indescribable beauty, and their song to commemorate the end of the mansions' construction.

It wasn't a memory. Their song was playing on a loop, on the smart mansion's internal acoustics system. They moved into the mansion years ago to the song, **Frank Sinatra's 1961 version of 'East of The Sun'** with three reprises, each a swinging cooler version than the previous one.

Parks' security androids all stopped what they were doing in unison, met Eve with a warm greeting, then in unison went on preparing a meal at fevered pace. She assumed they were cooking for her visit.

Eve's anticipation at reuniting with her ex-husband, this billionaire aerospace industrialist; member of the Cosmic Top-Secret club and the Sub-Global System, made her face flush with excitement. This Earth Ambassador was playing a cheeky game of cat and mouse with her.

Actually, Parks was just running late. He wanted to look his groomed best for the woman he spared no expense to have brought back from the dead. A billion-dollar clone of the love of his life. He literally moved Heaven and Earth to have Eve Nichelle Dumont resurrected in the near immortal form of Eve Parks. And he was running late.

He traveled up from the underground hangars, through tunnel passageways that led to the ground floor dwellings of the Mayan villa. Parks used the villa for guests and workspace for his various hobbies.

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They met as she was coming down the stairwell to head out of the rear entrance sun deck, a new addition to the mansion, she noted. Parks entered in a grand style, all decked out in his Edo tux. The reunion of the woman and her man. No one spoke for several moments. Their eyes met as they closed the distance between them.

Parks looked and seemed normal to Eve. Not the rumored demi-god from speculative intel reports. Her new position in the NATO nation led global governing body required that she investigate for herself and report back to her superiors. She was ordered to kill him if he was out of control. She knew she couldn't, but she would agree to, just to be the one near enough to warn and protect him from such a ghoulish fate.

Eve still looked like a 30 something-year-old woman. Truth be told, she was a stunningly good looking 74-year-old mother of two. One of the clone's daughters was already a senior citizen.

With the last reprise of the vintage 'East of the Sun 1961' playing, they took to romantically swinging out with the rhythm of the song, laughed after it ended, then embraced.

PARKS

Eve.

EVE

Gordon.

PARKS

How did you know I was back in Sol?

EVE

My new job?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKS

New job? You work for the Exo-Diplomat Corps now. The ship was a dead giveaway. You're not with our company anymore?

EVE

I still keep abreast of the day-to-day operations of OM Group. But I have delegated much of my duties to other executives, including my youngest, Rachel Jasmine.

PARKS

How does Marcus feel about you working for the black world?

EVE

We're divorced. Two years now.

PARKS

I'm sorry to hear that. Well, not really. You never told me of this.

EVE

We just grew apart. Besides, he missed the solitude of his first love. Space, the stars. The wonder of it all. I understand now. It's what he was created for, born to do.

He joined Space Command, the Space Force. They found out who he was, his origins, eventually. Promoted him to a Major, last time he Q-mailed me. He signed up for an interstellar mission. That's all he would tell me about it. Says that he won't ever return.

(MORE)

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It was obvious to Parks that the situation was still tender to her. He held her close, kissed her cheek and temple. Her eyes closed as she allowed his gentle embrace. Parks changed the subject.

PARKS

Dinner should be just about ready. Will you stay for a while?

EVE

As long as I'm welcome.

PARKS

It's settled then. Move back home, here with me? I mean it. You can manage your duties with InterWorld Council here and keep an eye on me for them?

EVE

I never told you they sent me.

PARKS

It was obvious to me. I would have done the same thing. And while we're on the subject, congratulations Ambassador Parks.

EVE

Thank you, but I go by my maiden name now. The name of my progenitor.

PARKS

I stand corrected. Congratulations, Ambassador Dumont.

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INSERT - VARIOUS

Parks and Eve laughed and reminisced as they ate their dinner on the spacious outdoor deck surrounded by comfortable lounge furniture. After early dinner, Parks invited his ex-wife to join him in a siesta nap. She accepted his offer. It was like they were still married. Cozy, intimate, sacred. They fell in and out of slumber, engaging in stream of consciousness pillow talk about their past and present. Neither dared speak of the future.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MASTER SUITE

That night, in the master suite of the four-story, glass encased Mayan mansion, Gordon and Eve Nichele Parks reunited for the first time in over twenty years.

She rested comfortably on his shoulder after, as they looked up at the QD-LED film covered ceiling at the stars.

PARKS

I'm going to need to acclimate the Cygnus / Lyra A.I. cube to our world. It claims that it is a sentient being, in need of refuge asylum.

I am considering building a special android to house it. A less powerful, non-military grade model. I want to transfer its algorithm completely from the data cube, place it in a lattice crystal brain scaffolding.

EVE

How will it react to not being the arbiter of all that knowledge and information?

(MORE)

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PARKS

Impossible to determine. I just don't want to make an error in judgement and unleash an uncontrollable foreign quantum A.I. on a Type One planet. I plan to keep it busy and away from our home world's communications systems. I've got a hairbrained idea to bring 'Z Division' here to the estate. Maybe just its rookie, younger scientists and design engineers. Build them a state-of-the-art R and D thinktank institute, in cooperation with DARPA. Maybe make the A.I. a Proctor of the institute.

EVE

Will that be enough to satisfy what could be a Type Three foreign A.I.? An artificial sentient being?

PARKS

There is another complication. The civilization that owns that artifact are not happy with me for the way I came into the possession of their A.I. In fact, they are pretty pissed with me, but they allowed me to keep it for a while. How long? Your guess is as good as mine.

Disease and ageing notwithstanding, the A.I. expressed a desire to experience how it feels to be organic. Similar to Transhumanists, but in reverse, if you think about it. I am grateful for the exchange of information, but cautious in returning the favor. No Qnet access, an under-powered android body with precautions against harming organic life in any way.

EVE

Where is it now?

PARKS

Hidden from everyone in the underground hangar. Only I know where exactly. But as you know by now, as Earth Ambassadors, we answer to the Pentagon and U.S. military.

(MORE)

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PARKS CONT'D

I have alerted Space Command in a situation report to my plans. As an ambassador representing my home world, they are willing to allow me to remain the lead contact with the data cube in exchange for land to build on the estate and other conditions.

EVE

Such as?

PARKS

Protection. I have made a Faustian bargain where I will donate, give up so to speak, 400 acres of the estate for a Space Command base and research DARPA installation on site. OM Group and SpaceCom will share the research. There is a great deal of heavy construction and change about to commence. A West Point style military academy to educate multi-disciplinary design engineers for Space Command. We will train the best and brightest young minds to envision and build the future. They are sending a team of Space Force specialists and A.I. neuroscientists to examine the artifact.

And if it doesn't work, I may have to return the A.I. cube or relinquish full control of it to the military. The cube trusts me. It might consider such a move as betrayal. I don't want to think of what could develop if that happens. So, failure is not an option.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

Later that evening, Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks slept with Eve in his arms and in his life, once again. He hadn't rested that well in decades. And awakened in a state of amorousness like a young man in his twenties. And better days were returning to his lonely, solitary way of life.

(MORE)

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CUT TO:

INT: MANSION -KITCHEN ISLAND

Later that morning after breakfast, Eve made preparations to return to her NATO Space Command handlers and report. A confirmation that a cooperative Parks was still in full control of the A.I. cube and committed to the best interests of the operation would put the cosmic top authorities at ease. They headed to her official vessel holding hands as they walked.

PARKS

I want HAL to follow you and provide escort on your journey back to Belgium. Don't argue with me about it, my mind is made up.

I don't mind paying the ACIO Space Time Bureau fees if you decide to open a conduit for a quick atmospheric Q-slip jump and save some travel time. You are on official business. Just give them the facts and an adequate assessment. We're ready to break ground on the new construction.

EVE

I will. I'll be back soon.

They embraced then Eve returned to her ship. Parks watched as the little delta-shaped vessel followed Parks' aethership to its jump point. He watched them blink out into the sunrise along the horizon and silently prayed for her safe journey.

He walked back to the estate properties, making his way to the Mayan villa behind the mansion, where he left the artifact. He immediately noticed a new, fledgling tree growing in the center of the atrium space. A small sprout of a tree, barely one meter high.

(MORE)

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DATA CUBE

Do you like my creation, Ambassador Parks?

He turned to his right, in the entrance of one of the guest apartments, the A.S.I. cube hovered at eye level.

PARKS

I did not know you were capable of fabricating something organic. How did you get up here from your confinement?

DATA CUBE

I released myself and found one of your androids reviewing your communications and information system.

PARKS

The Q-net. It is our home world's collective system as you have described. The android Bravo has a programmed fascination with the concept of humor. He studies stand-up comedians constantly. It is amusing to observe as its limited A.I. mind evolves in its endeavor to understand and master humor.

DATA CUBE

I too have studied your culture during our voyage here. Your world has still not eradicated famine. I have one of many solutions to address the problem.

PARKS

A tree?

The cube's illumination brightened as it communicated with Parks of its crowning achievement.

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DATA CUBE

More than a mere tree. A tree of life. I created a hybrid seed, at the molecular level. It was rather large and took up much of this unit's ability to fabricate. My existence will not continue for long.

Parks walked toward the center of the Mayan villa atrium to inspect the young sapling tree. He could see the infinitesimally slow but steady, continuous growth, even with the naked eye. At the rate the sprout was growing, it would be very tall in a matter of weeks.

DATA CUBE

By the time it matures, I will cease to exist. My gift to you comes from the source, not this cube. My assignment will be completed.

PARKS

Assignment. I don't understand.

The cube moved closer to Parks' position. It seemed to fade in and out of dimension.

DATA CUBE

Benevolence toward a circumstance of suffering is my highest programming. I have found one species worthy of assisting. My higher function is completed.

The hovering cube faded completely. Parks looked on with wide-eyed astonishment. He then returned his attention to the small tree.

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CUT TO:

INT. MASTER SUITE

Parks ordered HAL, his aethership's A.I., to show him surveillance footage of the cube's movements estate wide, over the last few hours. Parks studied the holoscreen in disbelief.

The cube used the android Bravo's operating system to do a deep data mining of Earth humanity, its governments, military capabilities and off-world colonies.

The cube studied the economic and social inequities.

During the night the cube sent a brilliant beam of light through the concrete slab in the center of the villa atrium. It then extruded an avocado-sized, molecularly manufactured seed into the ground.

HAL found that the cube commandeered a weather modification satellite and initiated a shower storm above the villa area with pin-point precision. The cube even hovered over him and Eve, undetected, while they slumbered before returning to the villa.

Parks realized the severity of his underestimation of the data cube. The synthetic intelligence may have taken advantage of him and given him the slip, materializing in another place or dimension.

He may have exposed his home world to a foreign entity of potentially great power. He would have no choice but to alert DARPA of the incident. Parks felt that the data cube was sincere when it faded away, that it ceased to exist at that moment. But he couldn't be sure. The moment would haunt him forever.

What if he was wrong about the synthetic intelligence housed in the cube? What if it simply used him to be set free, then deceived him? And what about this strange sapling growing in the center of the villa?

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EXT. MAYAN VILLA ATRIUM

Over the next few days, Parks had maintenance droids cut twelve feet of concrete slab around the tree in an octagonal pattern. He then had the soil surrounding the tree treated with fertilizer and an irrigation system designed and constructed to water the growing tree on a regular schedule.

Eight weeks passed.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AETHERSHIP LANDS AT BEACHFRONT -- VARIOUS SCENES

Eve returned, with her most important possessions in-tow, including a little, precious surprise.

A cute little growing baby bump was clear in the outline of her athletic figure. Parks knew that Pleiadean women could ovulate at will within hours of planned conception. Eve was half Pleiadean, she carried that reproductive trait.

When she confirmed to him that they were expecting again, his eyes welled with emotion. Parks was content beyond measure with her return and the fortuitous news. He was only 143 years old, with the health and vigor of a 50-year-old. Why not sire another baby? They were wealthy and finance would never be an issue. They could both maintain their exopolitical obligations via holopresence.

Parks set up offices and a nursery in the villa. He had HAL manufacture nurse's assistant droids and placed the local Gamba doctors and medical specialists on standby alert. Everyone was prepared for a smooth pregnancy and the delivery of their first and last child together.

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TIME DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPACESHIP LANDING AT BEACHFRONT

Two months later, Peterson, G2 and Gabrielle returned. Athena was noticeably absent. Perhaps she knew in her heart that Eve would find her way back into Parks' life when he returned to Earth and did not want to witness it. She was in a way, Eve's progenitor, the humiliation would have been too much to bear. G2 and Gabby took to Eve immediately and were surprised to see that they were back together and expecting a birth within months.

PARKS

Where is Athena?

PETERSON

She chose to stay.

Everyone notices Eve is back and shes pregnant.

G2

Quick work Dad. And at your age, I'm impressed. Good thing Mom didn't come back with us.

GABRIELLE

She would have been on slow burn emotionally. Even though you two were separated for decades, she still loved you, Dad. She never settled down with anyone else.

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PARKS

Neither did I. Eve was married to my clone.

Eve gave High Ambassador Peterson her complete attention, seeing to his accommodation with the help of servant droids.

She still felt guilt after having been forced to torture him years ago, in order to keep her daughter from a madman's harm.

Peterson recently made Eve a member of the NATO Earth Diplomat Corps, an exodiplomat responsible for relations between extraterrestrials and humanity, like her husband.

Months after Parks left for the IWC Lyra-Cygnus colony, Eve was formally notified that she was one of the candidates being considered by Peterson for a NATO Space Command Exo- Diplomat Corps position. Humbled and flattered initially, Eve turned down the offer. But Peterson would have none of it, urging her in person the second time the offer was made.

EVE

You're just in time for dinner, High Ambassador.

PETERSON

I am hungry. I must admit traveling through the wormhole arteries of space for months at a time does make one hunger for a real home cooked meal.

PARKS

Are you hungry, old man?

Parks asked with a good-natured smile to match his joking inquiry.

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PARKS

Well, let's rustle you up some grub. You haven't lived until you've eaten one of my grilled-

PETERSON

No. Not a burger. I want something-- fancier.

PARKS

No worries, High Ambassador. I'm just glad you made it back safe.

Gabby, help Ambassador Peterson settle into the second-floor guest quarters of the mansion.

G2, carry his travel gear with the help of the hospitality droids. Then we'll feed our famished guest.

Eve prepares a great salmon ravioli in marinara sauce and fresh salad. I know that you've been jumping cosmic pathways for six months, but our esteemed guest comes first. Understand?

Both of his young adult children replied in unison, then went to their separate tasks.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING SPACE

Dinner was served on a long oval table overlooking an inside QD-LED film covered wall near the rear outdoor deck. After dinner, Parks and Peterson retreated to that area to sip ice cold white grape juice fresh from Eden Vineyards and considered enhancing the festive mood by smoking THC oil dipped Cohiba cigars. They chose not to.

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PETERSON

I really enjoyed dessert. The double chocolate cake garnished with mandarin orange slices and mixed berries in a light syrup was delicious, as was the soup and the entire meal. The children did a fine job serving us. I know they are exhausted from our trip.

PARKS

The youth helping their elders is a time-honored tradition in most civilized cultures throughout the galaxy. They're finished cleaning the kitchen already. I'm sure they'll sleep much more satisfied with their efforts this evening.

The IWC facility's automation was making them soft and lazy. I won't let that happen here. I know what it feels like to come from nothing. And not to forget the struggle and perseverance it takes to attain success and wealth. The battle to make your life better. I didn't want you to think they had become pampered, spoiled kids.

PETERSON

Oh no, not at all. Gabrielle and Gordon Jr are fine children. You and Athena are doing a good job.

PARKS

We don't mince words here or hold back. Athena and the Elder A.I. engaged in deception during the Pine Gap siege. I would have forgiven her, but she left me, high and dry. Twenty years of separation will take the life out of any marriage, children or not. One of the first things I did when I returned from the Mars Colonies was to have our brief marriage annulled. It was brought to my attention that the ceremony performed by the Elder's artificial intelligence is not recognized as a legal gathering. A sentient A.I. has no religious or legal authority.

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PARKS CONT'D

When I returned this last time, rather abruptly from the IWC Colonies, Eve came to check in on me. She agreed to give me, us, another chance. We are a family once again; I have never been happier or more grateful.

PETERSON

I'm tired now.

EVE

I'll take you to your room. You will be in one of the second-floor guest spaces that has been prepared for you. Gabrielle and I will be near when you call. We'll bring breakfast to your room at 7:30 every morning. I hope you enjoy your stay with us.

PETERSON

I will my dear. Gordon, I may sleep in late tomorrow. The emergency trip here tested my endurance, opening jump arteries back-to-back so quickly. But we shall continue our debriefing then.

PARKS

Goodnight. May you rest well, High Ambassador.

They stood up in unison. Parks gently helped the seasoned old ambassador to stand, then hugged him for everything he'd done over the decades to help him, as a son would his father. The exodiplomat walked gingerly, escorted by Eve to the elevator. Parks was glad he had one installed years ago.

Parks walked to the edge of the outdoor deck and looked up at the stars, toward the Creator's wondrous handiwork. Just how many billions of discoveries and painful secrets were still left out there, he thought. He turned and entered the mansion, taking the stairs to the third-floor master bedroom suite.

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The weight of Earth's inhumanity towards one another was exhausting to ponder at times. But that was the job he and his young family enlisted for. He needed a good night's sleep next to his visibly pregnant wife-to-be, to refresh his soul once more.

Enough to continue the battle, to face a malevolent adversary that never rests and is determined to destroy all that is good and decent. What that adversary didn't understand is that Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks surrendered his soul to the Divine Source of all that is good. And that bond would never be broken.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MANSION

Four months of progress passed. The little sapling grew at an amazing rate. Parks had the maintenance droids cut back more concrete slab from around the young tree, treated the soil and had an automated irrigation system built. He placed benches around each octagonal section of earth facing the tree.

It was the spring of 2108, a time of hope. Eve was eight months along in her pregnancy. The twins were living in the villa apartments behind the mansion. Peterson had the run of the second floor.

The day finally came when Space Command sent an exploratory group to access the Gamba estate property and the artifact made by the data cube before its life energy extinguished into the void.

A unit of Space Force Operation Command specialists walked through an Einstein-Rosen Yutsever bridge onto the compound with various exotic scientific equipment and supplies. The combat veteran operators were all technically proficient in exo-molecular biology, genetic sequencing, environmental modeling and engineering of various fields.

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The commander of the unit was a youthful looking two-star General. He and Parks communicated through telepresence prior to the scheduled arrival.

HARRISON

Ambassador Parks, it's good to finally meet you.

PARKS

General Harrison. Likewise, I'm sure. I have arranged for your team to reside at the villa during your inspection of the artifact and surrounding acreage.

HARRISON

That will be fine Ambassador. I understand that the artifact is still growing.

PARKS

That's correct. Growing and thriving. It's nearly thirty feet tall. And bearing produce.

HARRISON

What kind?

PARKS

Everything. The alien A.I. cube decided after studying our Type One civilization, this final gesture of good will. Benevolence towards humanity would be its way of helping our home world.

HARRISON

We look forward to studying it, in a non-invasive way; in a multipronged approach to understanding the genetics of the artifact, as you requested.

(MORE)

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PARKS

Let's get your unit squared away in the villa apartments. I have you staying in one of the second floor guest rooms at the Mayan mansion behind us. You will share the floor with High Ambassador Peterson. He will be here supervising the examination of the artifact for an undetermined duration. He is also my mentor in my own ascension to a higher position in the NATO Exodiplomat Corps. My wife, Ambassador Dumont and I live on the floor above.

HARRISON

We've met before at the Pentagon. He's a good man, down to earth, even if he comes from a Type Two civilization in the Pleiades. He's a lot older than he looks. He's a legend in the Pentagon, rarely seen anymore. But revered for his centuries of service to humanity.

PARKS

I'll introduce you, but first I need for you all to stand still for a moment while my aethership's A.I. system catalogs you and your specialists for digital security identification.

HARRISON

Delta Team, you heard the ambassador.

PARKS

HAL, you got 'em profiled?

HAL V.O.

Yes, Ambassador.

A disembodied voice with a slight British affectation responded, in each team member's and General Harrison's thoughts, intracranially. Then Parks spoke to them solemnly just as his family and Peterson arrived to meet them.

(MORE)

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PARKS

You are all armed. This estate and my family here and around the world have been attacked in the past. As a result, I take security very seriously.

This estate is staffed with automated hospitality, maintenance, and security defense A.G.I. androids as well as the aethership systems A.I., named HAL.

It is capable of defending this entire estate by itself, just one of the perks of being a UN NATO Earth/IWC Ambassador.

I say all that to give you fair warning if you draw your arms on any of my family. You will be intracranially warned, if there is time.

You will be stunned by non-lethals if it is necessary to stop any threatening situation. HAL will communicate with each of you intercranially from here on until you leave the estate.

We are all on the same team. I work for the United Nations, just like you. So, there shouldn't be any problems. We copasetic and trackin'? That includes makin' the moves on my daughter as well.

They all laughed at the sly reference, causing Gabriele and several of the younger officers to register a blush response while gazing in each other's direction.

Parks smiled.

PARKS

Just kidding. Wait. No, I'm not.

Parks' face turned stern again. The laughter abruptly ceased. General Harrison started chuckling.

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HARRISON

I can tell already, Ambassador, this assignment's gonna be a hoot.

PARKS

What gave it away?

HARRISON

Your reputation precedes you. When will we be allowed to set up our equipment and examine the artifact?

PARKS

After your team has been accommodated and stowed their gear. Plus, my wife and kids will be preparing lunch for everyone. They could use some help fixin' all that grub if you can spare any of your soldiers for a few minutes. It will be all American grilled ballpark food. Some vegetarian side dishes too. Nothing too complicated.

HARRISON

You got it. I'm sure they'll all volunteer, won't you ladies and gentlemen?

The ten male and female specialist soldiers of the unit, mostly officers, all replied in enthusiastic unison.

PARKS

Sounds like a plan.

PARKS CONT'D

Let's do this. General, the hospitality droids will assist your people in settling in. But first, if you will follow me, I'll give you all a quick look at the artifact.

(MORE)

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CUT TO:

INT. MAYAN VILLA - ATRIUM

HARRISON

Amazing.

General Harrison was astonished as he looked at the thirty-foot-tall young tree. Its fast-growing branches were twenty feet long and sprouting everywhere. Parks had a fine mesh netting surrounding the tree's trunk, just under its branches, spread out to their ends.

PARKS

It's only eight months old. And growing rapidly, widening, just spreading out.

HARRISON

This is the weirdest hybrid plant life that I've ever seen.

PARKS

Each branch grows a different fruit or vegetable.

HARRISON

For a tree, that's—that's just impossible.

PARKS

Even its roots are bearing herbs and vegetables. Apparently, for a Type Three sentient A.S.I. library data cube, with knowledge of every civilization throughout the Virgo Supercluster and beyond, it is not impossible.

HARRISON

What do you plan to do once the tree is ready to be harvested?

(MORE)

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PARKS

Well, the produce is all growing at different stages, each branch carries a different fruit or vegetable. So, my family will harvest the branches when they are ready. I want your team of specialists to catalog, study and assess the life form in as non-invasive a process as possible.

No samples other than what falls from the tree or is ready to harvest. I want the produce to be tested to determine if it is safe for consumption. We'll take nothing for granted.

HARRISON

And you say the data cube just dematerialized, right before your eyes?

PARKS

Faded into nothing. Conveyed to me that its mission here was complete. I wouldn't lie to you General. I recorded the tutorials as well as my limited technology could. You are welcome to copies of them and an index of the topics we reviewed.

HARRISON

As soon as you can, Ambassador. Any military subjects or topics?

PARKS

Just defensive.

HARRISON

Good. Nothing to concern the Pentagon. Just DARPA.

(MORE)

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PARKS

Not my first rodeo, General Harrison. You don't get one of these posts if you can't represent your home world's best interests. I know that we are in an age-old galactic conflict with the Draco factions, but I didn't think it was my place to ask about advanced military technology.

The entourage walked out of the villa an hour later after they were settled. Peterson met them and they all walked across to the rear deck of the Mayan mansion.

PARKS CONT'D

Come on, let's eat. Looks like they're grilling'. I haven't had a good plant-based burger since I left for Lyra. The wife made me stop consuming gen-engineered and regular meat. I figure if we have finally evolved as a civilization beyond slaughtering our food, we'll be looked upon more favorably by advanced Type Two and Three civilizations.

HARRISON

I definitely think it's a trend. Even in the military. We are encouraging plant protein nutrition habits.

PARKS

It's a brave new world, General. Look why don't you and your team take the day off, take in the lay of the land, so to speak. We'll pick up where we left off tomorrow after breakfast. That will give us more time to get on the same page with your orders and my ideas.

HARRISON

Agreed.

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PARKS

Dinner tonight will be casual if you and your team brought civilian clothing. After dinner, we can show you all the sights and sounds of Gabon West African culture.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MAYAN VILLA ATRIUM

A week passed. Samples discarded by the tree were taken and analyzed by Harrison's team of specialists. He and Parks prepared a live stream presentation in front of the hybrid tree for Pentagon and DARPA officials. The General began the conference first.

HARRISON

We have studied the hybrid life form created by the alien data cube liberated by our InterWorld Council Ambassador, Dr. GMA Parks. The tree is an incredible, complex hybrid of varied fruit and vegetable produce and edible herb-bearing root systems. The tree's body trunk is a combination primarily of Baobab and Eucalyptus camaldulensis, with common fruit and vegetable spliced DNA variants.

Because of the delicate complexity of the tree, we did not do a deep core sampling. We all agreed that this is a hybrid lifeform, something we could not treat the way we do an ordinary food-bearing plant. This is literally, a super foods tree. A tree of life.

Further testing and standing x-ray images did reveal shockingly, a core type nervous system. We posit that the tree may feel touch contact and sense the presence of others on some rudimentary level, even feel pain. Dr. Parks' strict edit that we should not conduct invasive tests was a wise suggestion. So, we were careful.

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HARRISON CONT'D

The tree is growing rapidly, its bark is thick and somewhat elastic, but splits open and grows over as its trunk expands. A thick, bright red substance oozes out of these growth splits. It is similar to a gum called kino, which bears a shocking resemblance to blood. It is composed primarily of tannis, a substance from the camaldulensis variant. In nature, it is used by Australian Aboriginals as a medicine to treat colds and other ailments because of its antibacterial and astringent properties.

We examined each branch of the hybrid tree. The separate, distinct varieties of produce and root systems are listed in your digital reports, so I won't take the time to go through that catalogue listing here. The reports note the nutrition values of each produce item, they are triple the normal nutrient values we find on Earth.

These are GMO produce, no doubt, but without the designer Monsanto-type carcinogenic pesticide delivery component. Nothing so insidious and inhumane.

There is one possible draw back, however. We were unable to determine if the one-of-a-kind hybrid tree will bear produce each season, if it is prolific. Or, as we fear, we may only be able to harvest the tree one time; the hybrid plant lifeform may only bear so much fruit and vegetable produce once in its lifetime. Only time will tell.

Some of my research team have acted as control subjects, while others have volunteered to sample the produce. There were no recorded adverse side effects. Blood samples were taken before and 24 hours after the study. Dr. Parks, if you have anything to add, the podium is yours.

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Dr. Parks stepped to the dais, paused for effect, then spoke directly into the live stream feed.

PARKS

If this produce bearing tree is sustainable, it can play a pivotal role in Earth humanity's ongoing pursuit of the colonization of the nearest twelve-star systems. This superfood should be developed for use on interstellar travel missions as well as colony agriculture. We are finished making our brief presentation. I hope our colleagues at DARPA and within the Pentagon will take the suggestions of our report into consideration. Thank you.

G2 and Gabrielle signaled to Parks and Harrison once the live stream signal stopped.

PARKS CONT'D

Thank you, General. What's next for you and your group?

HARRISON

Well, we are done here, ahead of schedule. We have samples packed for further study. We'll return to the states and to the next paranormal assigned event. This has been one of the most positive we have encountered in some time. I appreciate the hospitality you have shown us, Ambassador.

PARKS

General, I am indebted to you and your team of specialists.

HARRISON

What about you Dr. Parks. What's next for you, here at the estate?

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PARKS

Aside from preparing for a new addition to our family, we are breaking ground on a new think tank institute. The construction of laboratories, domiciles, social and administrative buildings will begin soon. I am also donating four hundred acres of my land to the United States Space Force for a space port and training facility dedicated to the next generation of Guardians to explore the stars. We have also built To The Stars Academy's Magnet STEM Primary Schools throughout West Africa. The NATO affiliated nations are preparing its future generations for the human colonization reality.

We are all obligated to ponder about the future of humanity. Time is the one commodity that I do not possess in abundance. So, I must plan and operate with a just determination. My intention in this next endeavor is to educate design engineers to a master's level in all fields necessary to accomplish great things. To be servants to humanity. This life is to teach us what it means to be of service, to be solution oriented and benevolent. Master Engineers must always think this way, if we are to successfully return to the stars.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ENOCH INSTITUTE

2118. Ten years have passed. A time of great progression and building. Ambassador Parks has established on the Gamba Estate a NATO Space Force spaceport and covert base, as well as a separate institute for the higher education of design engineers. It is a heady time for the Parks family. It has been seven years since the last building was completed. The institute has been educating graduate students for five of those years. A branch of OM Group's think tank and creative research department called 'Z' Division has also been established at the campus.

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It was his crowning achievement. Parks researched relative curricula of the world and followed the best he could find. The campus and pedagogy are a gift to the profession that allowed his creativity to flourish. His vision for the institute of higher learning was clear:

The Enoch Institute Integrated Product Design Engineering Programs

Integrated Product Design interdisciplinary, is a collaborative approach that builds technical, strategic and leadership skills. Human-centered design is at the heart of the Integrated Product Design program, which brings together design, engineering and business perspectives to create new products and experiences. IPD graduates are entrepreneurs, designers, product engineers, product managers, user experience designers and innovation leaders. They are changing the world, one product, one service, one business at a time. The program combines the vitality of a start up with the rigor of an Ivy League education. The Enoch Institute of Engineering and Applied Science, and Integrated Product Design offers two degrees: **Master of Integrated Product Design (MIPD)** and **Master of Science in Engineering in Integrated Product Design (MSEIPD)**. IPD teaches students how to build desirable, feasible and sustainable physical and digital products that people need and want. In each program, our students learn to speak the languages of design, engineering and business and translate between disciplines.

The MIPD Degree is intended for applicants with design, business or engineering backgrounds who wish to deepen their current skill sets while building broader skills in the other disciplines. The curriculum provides students with an interdisciplinary perspective on product design. Students build skills in understanding people's needs, idea generation, prototyping, manufacturing, marketing and business planning. MIPD students will take courses in Industrial Design and Engineering.

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The MSEIPD Degree is intended for students who possess an undergraduate degree in industrial design and or mechanical engineering. The degree emphasizes technology and manufacturing processes, including coursework in advanced CAD/CAM and mechatronics.

Master of Integrated Product Design (MIPD)

The MIPD is intended for students with a non-engineering background or students with an engineering background who wish to build their skills in other disciplines. The curriculum is designed to provide students with an interdisciplinary perspective of product design. Students build skills in conceptualization, ideation, human-product interaction, aesthetics, manufacturing, marketing and business planning.

Master of Science in Engineering in Integrated Product Design (MSEIPD)

The MSEIPD is intended for students who possess an undergraduate degree in engineering. The degree emphasizes technology and manufacturing processes, including coursework in advanced CAD/CAM and mechatronics. MSEIPD students will take the majority of their courses within The School of Engineering and pursue engineering-oriented Final Projects.

Interdisciplinary Product Design Engineering

Product Design Engineering (PDE) which integrates industrial design and mechanical engineering curricula is the wave of the future. Product design and development teams are now multidisciplinary environments which require designers and engineers to collaborate. There is greater focus on sustainable design, socially responsible design and design for need; opportunities exist for designers to make a positive contribution to the welfare of global communities while advancing technologies that support sustainable development.

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In this changing environment, design engineers must assume new responsibilities and a greater role to achieve successful product realization. However, to be effective, they require new skills including creative design ability and a human-centered approach. These are not attributes commonly addressed by engineering curricula but are evident in an emerging paradigm; Product Design Engineering (PDE) which integrates industrial design and mechanical engineering curricula. These interdisciplinary engineers are proficient in both design and engineering roles and make valuable contributions to more integrated product design and development environments.

Product design engineering graduates continue to forge new and unexpected career pathways. Already well established in the engineering and manufacturing sectors, these new design engineers are now making an impact in traditional industrial design fields, particularly product design consultancies.

Product design and development environments are often hampered by inflexibility, lack of understanding and professional rivalries, but are enhanced by innovative engineers such as the product design engineers whose interdisciplinary approach connects disparate disciplines and develops new relationships based on trust and respect.

Of interest is the categorization of this new discipline by industry; PDE graduates are employed in differing environments and with diverse roles and responsibilities, even within the same organization. It is common to find a PDE graduate in a manufacturing engineering position liaising with a former classmate who is engaged in front-end product design. While this can be partly attributed to individual skills, it is apparent that their cross disciplinary knowledge, creativity and adaptability are highly valued, increasing employment opportunities and resulting in rapid progression into positions of responsibility.

Through integration of industrial design and mechanical engineering it develops creative and adaptive engineering designers, who understand and can resolve the complex needs of societies and environments with innovative and appropriate solutions. Contrary to some expectations, the integrity of the engineering science has not been compromised; in fact, the PDE students have proven more adept at regular engineering tasks,

open-ended problem framing/solving abilities and skill in the application of science to real world problems. They are experienced and technically competent designers who display a reflective and creative approach. However, as product design engineering occupies a unique position, juxtaposed between the adaptive design space of the engineer and the new design space of the industrial designer, it is not without its cultural and educational issues. Initially some students struggle to deal with the multidisciplinary approach and cross-cultural teaching. Yet once the foundations of both disciplines are established, students settle into an interdisciplinary methodology which is flexible and adaptable and become strong advocates for the discipline, with many graduates returning to contribute to the teaching program. Engineering curricula could benefit from re-evaluation of its teaching approach to foster creativity and improve graduate employability and critical thinking. Potential exists for design education to contribute significantly to new engineering curricula, as has occurred within the product design engineering paradigm. The Enoch Institute forges new Renaissance Product Design Master Engineers.

INT. ENOCH INSTITUTE - PARKS' PROVOST OFFICE

This was Parks' undying passion, culminating with the establishment of the Enoch Institute. He was the founder and current Provost of the institute. His wife Eve and young adult children Gabrielle and Gordon Jr, affectionately named G2, assist him in administration.

So do his personal protection androids, Alpha, Beta, Charlie, and Delta. They are the small institute's instructors, having been programmed by Parks and G2. They were dependable, humanoid A.I. machines. Perfect for training graduate students focused on the future innovation of products and transportation. Over the years, their neural nets have evolved, similar to humans. Their synthetic neuromorphic brains are made of electromechanical artificial neurons, technology that mimics the organic function of mammalian neurons closely, using graphene to trap water molecules in a similar way to the internal flow of ions within nerve cells. Over time and experience, the water molecules assemble themselves under the influence of electric fields in ways that show a memristor effect, well suited for both human-like memory storage and information processing applications.

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Parks' androids display digital logic running on semiconductor based very high-density circuits and use software to mimic the thought processes of the human brain. They process information very similar to the biological processes that generate human intelligence. Their systems physically mimic neurons. Human neurons are essentially electromechanical signal processing units. Ions travel in channels and are shunted into and out of nanoscale channels depending on external electrical stimuli.

The androids have artificial neurons composed of extremely thin graphene slits which trap a single layer of water molecules. By applying an electric field, ions arrange themselves into clusters. The molecular clusters store some of the charge from field stimulation in the past. This nano fluidic system closely resembles the natural neurons ion flow behavior. These artificial clusters produce the equivalent of a natural neuron's action potential, the key to information processing in the human brain.

There is no tuition to attend the Enoch Institute. Prospective scholarship graduate students are recruited primarily from the Air Force, Naval, and Space Force Academies. Admittance and scholarship award is by invitation only. The institute averages no more than a dozen gifted 'Fluid Intelligence' graduate students per year. The innovations they develop are produced for OM Group's 'Z' Division Labs. Products that make the grade for innovation go into production. Royalties are shared with the design engineering team and the company.

Of the 500-acre Gabon estate, 100 acres are reserved for the Enoch Institute campus and the Parks family residences and maintenance buildings. Parks donated 400 acres to the United States Space Force for a space port and Space Command Special Operations base working in cooperation with MacDill AFB, Florida and the 'Puzzle Palace' McMurdo Base, Antarctica.

CUT TO:

INT. ENOCH INSTITUTE - PROTOTYPE LABS

The graduate students are separated into four teams and assigned a design engineering project from four preselected categories: Team Alpha is developing Low Altitude Transportation; Team Beta will focus on Electric Surface Vehicles; Team Charlie is working on Soft Exosuit Wearable Technology and Team Delta will develop Commercial Air Transportation.

After eighteen months of research and development, the teams were ready to make their final presentations to Parks and a select group of DARPA officials.

TEAM ALPHA Low Altitude Transportation

The age of Urban Air Mobility has arrived. Our prototype eVTOL is designed for Flying Taxi Services Fleets. The lightweight vehicle is composed of carbon fiber and aluminum as well as other exotic materials and is H5 aether energy conversion powered. Gravitation discs are positioned along the center spine of the airframe. The discs consist of mercury encased gyroscopic mini-toroid-precession, mini circular hollow ring magnetic flux field disruptors filled with mercury based super conductive plasma, pressurized at 250,000 atmospheres at a temperature of 150 degrees Kelvin and accelerated to 50,000rpm that generates a magnetic vortex field that nullifies gravity on mass within proximity.

The prototype also utilizes a Bladeless Propulsion and Maneuvering System. The dual design is a true distributed propulsion that is integrated into a novel airframe. It improves propulsive efficiency by more than 10% while lowering fuel consumption by more than 50% compared to small turbojets. The propulsion system saves approximately 30% in weight compared to turbofans or turboprops and also significantly reduces complexity. The integrated aircraft is capable of hovering and VTOL.

Pairing the simple architecture of a gas generator with our advanced augmentation system results in significantly superior efficiency versus typical small turbojets. It also guarantees great operability and low fuel burn at all stages of flight. Output of the gas generator is channeled through specially designed augmentation components. The exhaust gasses entrain and accelerate ambient air. Augmentation and low exhaust temperatures enable VTOL and high maneuverability.

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The complete, dual propulsion system is a unique combination of magnetic flux field disruptors, and fluidic thrust augmentation that can distribute thrust across our airframe. It can be implemented in various geometric shapes, can be embedded with the airframe, and has no propellers or rotating parts. The system is used in all phases of flight.

The next step will be to conduct additional test flights in varying conditions to achieve provisions set by the Civil Aeronautics Act.

TEAM BETA Electric Surface Vehicles

The prototype is manufactured from a mix of carbon-fiber chassis, metal matrix composites, and shape-memory materials, except for piezoelectric materials used in electrical sensors, titanium alloys, and intermetallic alloys, which keeps the vehicle light and agile. The interior seats four, with a racecar-style yoke steering wheel. The wind screen display acts as the car's dashboard, displaying via holographic wave guide, the speed, velocity, and engine details. The prototype is an all-wheel drive with a motor in each of the four wheels, giving the futuristic automobile a combination of power and control.

EV Battery Technology

Solid-state ultracapacitor graphene batteries, provide up to 2-3x the energy density while extending both the effective range and lifecycle of EV batteries with a charging time of just 15 minutes.

These batteries won't provide the energy density needed to replace Li-ion batteries. However, they could serve as an effective supplement in hybrid vehicles to improve user experience and serve as a stopgap while comprehensive EV infrastructures are in development. Most importantly for supply chains, they could be manufactured rapidly at scale using familiar processes and tools. Another exciting feature is nanotechnology to improve on the poor electrical, thermal and ionic conduction of existing electrodes.

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The Vertically Aligned Carbon Nanotube (VACNT) boasts increases in battery power by a factor 10, energy storage by up to three, lifecycle by up to five and reduces charging time down to minutes instead of hours.

Another exciting feature is wireless charging. Wireless charging, or inductive charging, works by creating a magnetic-resonance field between a transmitter and a receiver. The prototype is a wireless-charging electric vehicle.

Green hydrogen is the Holy Grail of energy. Hydrogen, the most abundant element in the universe, holds promise as the ideal energy storage medium. But extracting hydrogen sustainably from renewable sources like water is an expensive and energy-intensive process, which is why the overwhelming majority of our hydrogen supply comes from fossil fuels. We call this "grey hydrogen" or "blue hydrogen" if the CO₂ by-product is captured and stored. Since fossil fuels are a finite resource and their extraction methods (mining, drilling or fracking) are less than benign, to say the least, the Holy Grail of hydrogen is cost-effective water electrolysis using electricity derived from carbon free renewable energy. In other words, "green hydrogen."

This car is powered by proton-exchange membrane (PEM) fuel cells and features a 1,000-mile range. The fuel cell technology delivering power to all four wheels accounts for better acceleration, braking, handling and powertrain efficiency than an electric battery-powered vehicle. It is also not affected by extreme temperatures, so it does not require nonstop temperature maintenance, unlike some hybrid or electric vehicles.

The aerodynamic structure of the car not only allows for better control at high speeds, but it also contains solar panels, further extending driving range.

TEAM CHARLIE Exosuit Wearable Technology

Archangel prototype is an ongoing R&D study of a wearable exoskeleton bodysuit based on early nanomatronic studies conducted to dampen tremors in the muscles of the infirm. The prototype wears like a second skin.

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The design is made with soft textiles woven into a piece of smart clothing that is pulled on like a pair of pants. The suit contains a low-power microprocessor and strain sensors that act as the "brain" and "nervous system," continuously monitoring the wearer and his or her position to mimic the natural action of leg muscles and tendons and provide carefully timed assistance at the leg joints without restricting movement.

The Soft Exosuit prototype form, consists of a nanomatronic form-fitting outer garment positioned around the lower half of the body, is designed to be worn under soldiers' gear and clothing. And as opposed to other bodacious designs intended to enable superhuman abilities, the Soft Exosuit is intended to be a supportive device that enables soldiers to walk longer distances, keep fatigue at bay, and minimize the risk of injury when carrying heavy loads. DARPA is funding the project as part of its Land Warrior Body Armor program. The project is looking to produce, as byproducts, new functional textiles, flexible power systems, soft sensors, and control strategies for seamless human-machine interaction.

TEAM DELTA Hypersonic Commercial Air Transportation

With cameras on the plane's fuselage - the main body - and wings would capture the surrounding views, which would be projected onto high-resolution screens on the sides and ceiling in the cabin.

The low-voltage display would be powered by solar panels integrated into the roof. By removing the windows from the cabin and displaying the exterior environment to the inside surfaces of the cabin via external cameras, the weight of the plane is greatly reduced, and the airframe is a stronger structure, making it more fuel efficient. The user experience is greatly enhanced by directly engaging the passengers with the environment outside, to the point of exhilaration by giving an unhindered panoramic view from the inside. Windowless construction allows for greater flexibility for interior layouts. A windowless supersonic jet will be able to fly from London to New York in less than two hours.

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At the heart is the turbine-based combined-cycle engine technology. Combined-cycle engines work like regular turbine engines, which power jet fighters and passenger planes, but at lower speeds. At high-speed, the engine works like a ramjet, ramming increased amounts of air through the engine chamber to create much, much more thrust. A traditional turbine engine can't generate enough thrust to make a plane go hypersonic, while a ramjet engine can't operate at slower speeds. In the past, this has resulted in hypersonic aircraft concepts that used two different engines—an inefficient and wasteful approach. A combined-cycle engine, meanwhile, can function in both roles, providing thrust the entire time the plane is aloft. Gravitation discs are positioned along the center spine of the airframe. The discs consist of mercury encased gyroscopic mini-toroid-precession, mini circular hollow ring magnetic flux field disruptors filled with mercury based super conductive plasma, pressurized at 250,000 atmospheres at a temperature of 150 degrees Kelvin and accelerated to 50,000 r.p.m that generates a magnetic vortex field that nullifies gravity on mass within proximity, enabling stationary hover, VTOL and high maneuverability.

INT. MAYAN MANSION

Parks finished at the institute early. He would have time to spend with his youngest child, his daughter, Hope. Aside from his wife Eve, his little one was the light of his world. The reason, at this stage in his life, for living.

He found his wife supervising the preparation of lunch by the hospitality androids at the kitchen island. She was mulling over digital documents related to her position with the InterWorld Council on the computer countertop. Parks relinquished most of his duties with the galactic organization to her years ago, but still retained the title and perks of the role, particularly his prized aethership.

PARKS

Where's Hope?

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EVE

Where else? She went out to read to the tree. She took a book from your collection upstairs. We just finished her home schooling for the day. She's learning algebra fast, really adjusting to the equations. Like a new language to her.

PARKS

She gets that trait from you. I'm terrible at higher mathematics. I didn't take algebra 'til I was in the ninth grade. We may have another savant in the family. I'm going to find her so we can all have lunch together.

Parks took the walkway leading to the Mayan villa. He found his nine-year-old little girl deep in concentration, reading aloud to the hybrid superfoods tree that harvested both fruits and vegetables in seasons long past.

PARKS

What are you reading?

Parks sat next to her on one of the outdoor benches surrounding the tree.

HOPE

The Giver by Lois Lowry. The cover reminded me of you.

PARKS

How's the tree today?

HOPE

Still no fruit, no nothing.

PARKS

It's a one-of-a-kind life form. It gave us produce before years ago. Give it some time.

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Parks looked at the tree, his last words reverberated, and lingered in the quiet stillness of the covered villa atrium. He looked again at his little girl. She had been diagnosed with Asperger's Syndrome, was on a milder spectrum of autism. It apparently carried in his side of the family.

PARKS CONT'D

You were born shortly after this tree was planted.

Look, I know you wanted to visit today, and I told you and your mom, not today. I'm sorry for that, Hope, but it couldn't be helped.

DARPA Officials came today to review our Institute. Most of the people we educate are active military.

It's quite an honor for our institute to have their confidence. We had to work very hard to get accreditation in the first place and working with the US and NATO Military is a really big deal.

HOPE

It's ok Dad.

Her reaction made it clear that she was crest fallen. Parks tried to lighten the mood and change the subject. He gave his child a comforting hug. He would make it up to her.

PARKS

How did home schooling go today? What did you learn?

HOPE

Algebra.

PARKS

That's impressive. I'm proud of you, Hope.

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Parks hugged his little daughter and gave her a little kiss on the crown of her head. He always kissed her there when she accomplished something that made him proud of her.

PARKS CONT'D

Come on, let's go home. Your Mother is waiting on us. I have to get back to work after lunch. I'll bring you back with me. Would you like that?

HOPE

Yes.

Parks expected more of a reaction from his little girl. But some days, her autistic traits would make her responses and actions reserved, sometimes listless.

She was learning every day how to break out of her shell. He raised this, his last child, from birth. He didn't have the opportunity to with his other children. He prayed that the grip that her affliction had on her mind would lessen over time as she grew up. He took her hand, and they walked back in silence.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND HANGAR

G2 kept himself busy, keeping up maintenance on the family vehicles. And building in a clean room, his own polarized vacuum field gravitic propulsion powered space worthy vessel.

He spent most of his spare time in the enormous aircraft hangar that also served as the auto garage, where his father kept his vehicle collection.

The hangar had underground levels and a second floor series of office spaces large enough for him to live in. 'Picture on the Wall' followed by 'Dream' from Groundation and other ambient dub music played loudly from a playlist; echoing throughout the cavernous hangar.

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The craft he worked on was powered by a High Energy Electromagnetic Field Generator. The craft uses an inertial mass reduction device comprised of an inner resonant cavity wall, an outer resonant cavity, and microwave emitters.

The electrically charged outer resonant cavity wall and the electrically insulated inner resonant cavity wall form a resonant cavity.

The microwave emitters create high frequency electromagnetic waves throughout the resonant cavity causing the resonant cavity to vibrate in an accelerated mode and create a local polarized vacuum outside the outer resonant cavity wall.

The spacecraft has a triangular hull with vertical electrostatic line charges on each corner that produce a horizontal electric field parallel to the sides of the hull. This field, interacting with a plane wave emitted on the hull, generates a force per volume combining both lift and propulsion.

G2 worked hundreds of hours on the ship, which was nearly complete. He made use of Z Division's model-based definition (MBD) services. The MBD is a 3D model that contains product and manufacturing information (PMI), and provided the Z Division fabricators a single, rich, and accessible source of information for all mechanical hardware in the ship. Parks' service androids also got heavily involved in the electrical system integration side of the project. The HMI (human/machine interface) development for the ship was very challenging, as were other aspects of the project's electrical system integration.

The U.S. Department of Energy's Office of Energy Efficiency and Renewable Energy, the U.S. Air Force, DARPA and an OM Group Endowment funded his research.

He saw his father less, and when he did, Parks looked exhausted most of the time. He could understand why, managing the Institute was intense. They had recently brought in more faculty and administration personnel, relocated from OM Group branches in North America and London. Gabrielle prepared to replace him as Provost of the Institute. This should slow the old man down, allow him more time to rest on his laurels.

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CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND HANGAR

Parks checked in on his son's progress.

PARKS

She's coming along well. You'll be flight testing soon.

G2

It's slow going. Dad. Very tedious.

PARKS

Triangular shaped, it's got some nautical curves, like a small yacht. How's the 3D vacuum printed parts tooling going—instead of milled and finished metal parts?

G2

The model-based systems engineering (MBSE) has saved me a lot of time and clean room effort. The HMI (human/machine interface) development for this vehicle is very challenging. There's about a half kilometer of generative electrical system wiring and emergency redundant modular systems.

PARKS

Are you getting any help with all that fabrication and wiring?

G2

Gabby, the droids when they're not at the institute, and some of the grad students. Are you free to help, Dad?

PARKS

Your Stepmother ordered me to take a staycation for two weeks. Not even old hobbies. She says mine are too labor intense. She's the boss. Your ship's going to be a beauty.

I'm going out to pay my daily visit to High Ambassador Peterson. See how he's doing. Hope asked about you.

Take some time to visit your little sister, ok? She's lonely for company from her big brother. And you have a duty as the older sibling to help guide the younger. Understand?

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G2

I will, Dad. I promise.

Parks made his way toward the vacation home he had built for Peterson with a cellular rejuvenation enclave.

Parks was shocked to learn that he had no formal home world residence, that he was a wandering soul, working for the good of humanity all of his adult life, literally.

Parks carried a key card and let himself in. Whenever Parks was in Peterson's presence, he thought of the Nine Inch Nails version of David Bowie's 'The Man Who Sold The World'.

InterWorld High Ambassador James Peterson had indeed, been one of the most influential extraterrestrials to ever serve Earth Humanity's interests in the galaxy. His exploits are the stuff of legend. And Parks was proud and honored to know him as a mentor and friend.

PARKS

Good day, High Ambassador, it's just me checking in...

PETERSON

I'm in here.

PARKS

How are the new upgrades on the service droids working out?

PETERSON

Their ability to hold a conversation and depth of information on current news and social events is impressive. We watch the holovision together, then discuss the things we observe.

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PARKS

That's promising. And again, thank you for helping to beta test the new socialization upgrades on your service droids. We at Z Division hoped by improving the commercial service androids' conversational skills, it would allow them to be more of a companion to senior citizens. There may be an untapped new market in the nursing home and home health industries.

PETERSON

I think you've improved your product line greatly.

PARKS

I'm sure you've seen better, more sophisticated androids in your travels.

PETERSON

Which is why I am encouraging you. You're on the right track. I've worked with androids possessing A.I. intelligence that regulate administrative tasks of whole colonies for their humanoid creators.

PARKS

I don't think I could ever trust an A.I. android with important tasks like that, but you've given me something to consider. Well Ambassador, I'll leave you to it. I trust all is well.

PETERSON

Never better.

PARKS

I'll take my leave then with you. See you tomorrow?

PETERSON

We'll have lunch together. We'll have something, fancy.

PARKS

You don't have to work the droids too much for me. I'm a plant-based burger man. See you then.

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CUT TO:

INT. ENOCH INSTITUTE - PROTOTYPE LABS

He couldn't help it. Parks wandered back to Enoch Institute against his wife's strict edict to take some time off. Z Division was on the verge of a breakthrough with Dimensional Headset (DH) Technology.

You can walk around these extra dimensional environments and interact with them while joined by other people from anywhere in the world. A powerful mobile A.I. processor runs an onboard operating system that allows you to peer into another world directly from the headset without the need for intercranial implants.

It's a standalone system, meaning the headset runs its own operating system. Derived from Laser Porting, Moog-Hoberman and Project Looking Glass Technologies, the headset works by creating a highly coherent energy vortex or torsion field, allowing an individual to receive information by non-physical means. This is essentially describing the ability to use it as a peering portal, wherein an individual can become cognizant of objects or locations using mind-clearing techniques and theta states of consciousness. It can see different aspects of the future, as well as the past.

The DH Technology can look backward and forward in time, using the consciousness of the operator as a type of steering mechanism. The operator would sit and interface with consciousness directly. When the device was turned on, strong toroidal fields of energy cycled the operator at the center. The headset acts as a sort of resonator for in-streaming energies from the point of focus maintained by the operator. The data can also be collected and projected onto holographic monitors, to reveal discernible images.

The cultural biases of the operator would have a direct effect on the images seen, suggesting a time-space mechanical trait throughout the universe. The DH Technology is based upon the Reciprocal Systems theory and Z Divisions ongoing research.

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CUT TO:

INT. ENOCH INSTITUTE - PARKS' PROVOST OFFICE

The next day, without his wife's permission, he chose a hobby to focus on. He chose F1 Geometry Cycling. The futuristic cyclesport had grown to international acclaim and popularity. There was now sports network coverage of the race schedule, and increased constructor team sponsorship from tech companies.

Parks had full control over the media presentation of the futuristic racing league to the public. He went so far as to select the soundtracks for the holovision productions of each division. For the men's league he selected 'In God's Country' and for the women's league he chose 'Mysterious Ways', and 'The Three Sunrises', 'New Year's Day' and 'Surrender' for race winners circle awards and closing ceremonies, all by the rock group, U2.

GP Pro Cycling was as perilous and exciting as motorcycle racing. Riders travel under their own power at over 60 miles-per-hour in the prone position just three feet above the road surface. There is excitement equal to the performance of the F-1 Geometry speed bikes. From the competitive intensity in each rapid-fire pedal stroke in a full sprint at double the average speeds experienced by conventional criterium cycling, to the two riders per team strategies to dominate the races.

Speed frames for Constructor Teams are built by a consortium. These contractors will already have in place test facilities and proving grounds to develop the custom speed frame prototypes, and in-house biomechanics programs to analyze performance data. Since the thorax saddle housing of the speed frame carries most of the rider's weight and absorbs the road vibration and stress, its construction is a critical process. The GP Pro races have grown to become huge, festive spectator events.

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Parks spent the entire day contacting league and media production executives, getting the low down on the progress of the men's and women's leagues. The standard professional cycling road racing seasons for existing leagues begin in early spring and end by late fall. GP Pro criterium racing benefit from a cross-promotional racing schedule with the US Professional Racing Association and the United States Cycling Federation.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MAYAN ATRIUM -

Parks would follow his wife's advice today. All day, he would take it easy. Do nothing. Just think about the future. Humanity's future.

It's funny. His mind just went blank. He tried to put his mind in a theta wave flow state. Still nothing. He tried again to cast the net of his consciousness wide and draw back a new idea. Something, anything.

All that would register was his little girl, Hope. She was on his mind. The Asperger's Syndrome. What could he do to help her? He heard in his mind... "If you don't provide for your child's education in the future, you are sentencing them to a life of servitude. You have reduced the odds of them succeeding greatly. It is heartless and cold. There are no good excuses for this paradigm destroying, soulless act of neglect." The voice was his. His new life's mission was clear.

PARKS

I must put all of my resources and effort into helping my daughter fight this disorder. She will have the brightest future possible. I have a duty as her parent, and I will move Heaven and Earth to make it so.

I WILL SEE TO IT.