



# OFFWORLD MAN **PART 4**



OFF-WORLD MAN 4

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REVISED DRAFT

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SUPERIMPOSE:

THE OFFWORLD MAN 4

FADE IN:

EXT. GAMBA, GABON AFRICA - MAYAN MANSION

INT. MAYAN MANSION KITCHEN

G2

I want to be a mechanical design engineer and product designer like you. I would like to start my own business or work for one of your companies. Will you help me?

Parks proudly put his hand on his son's shoulder.

PARKS

Of course, I will.

Gordon II, or G2, listened to his father intently, to every word of advice or praise, noticing every moment of thought. They stood around the Tyrell Mansion kitchen island, drinking soda.

PARKS CONT'D

I don't know if you have carbonated refreshments on your home world but sometimes, we drink this sugar free cold beverage on a hot day.

G2 sipped the soda and nodded in approval.

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G2

We have similar beverages, but fruit based. This is good. You do know that your breakaway civilization has colonies in the Pleiades system. I'm particular to Pepsi, and Powerade.

The ice broken; Parks went on to address G2's request for guidance.

PARKS

It would be better if you undertook an apprenticeship at OM Group, specifically the New York City Hearst building headquarters. I would love for you to experience graduate school at New York University, but the truth is your Pleiadean education is so advanced in comparison to Earth college education, you are already educated in aerospace, biomechanical and electrical and structural engineering.

You are educated at a higher level in your youth, than most professors teaching here. You just need to be trained in Earth H3D computer aided design programs, not nearly as advanced as Pleiadean design technology, and get practical experience at OM Group, to be a mechanical engineer, and industrial product designer here on Earth. I'll help you with that.

G2

That's no problem, I've studied Earth H3D CAD since I was a child. But Dad, without going to college, how will I meet Earth girls?

G2 let a smile emanate from his serious demeanor.

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PARKS

Dry humor? Yep. This randy kid is definitely my son.

Parks remembered G2's mother and her libertine appetites. Blushing at the memories, Parks returned the conversation back to a serious tone.

PARKS CONT'D

If I approve of your apprenticeship at OM Group, Z Division, you will have a great deal of responsibility for a young man. You will not have time to run the streets and party. Trust me, you aren't missing anything.

Even though we are blessed with wealth, it was earned. I want you to mature and become a responsible, self-sufficient adult, while here on Earth. I will help you in this task, one which you cannot fail. Do you understand? The only other thing I ask you to do, is obey your father. You are still young, you won't have a problem meeting young ladies, and that's who you should require in your life. Not party girls. We clear?

G2

Yes, Dad.

PARKS

Good. Just take your time, Earth girls truly are easy. Now let's get you settled in. Where's your mother?

G2

She's returning to our home world with my twin sister, Gabrielle. Mom doesn't want Gabrielle to ever visit Earth. Too primitive an uncivilized, she always said.

PARKS

What?!

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Parks leapt for the door, and out to the beachfront. G2 followed. He thought Athena was securing their ship. Gabrielle, he has a daughter.

Parks took a single seater range truck and rushed out to the beach, in time to see a silver delta aethership identical to his own but only a third its size, slowly ascend and slowly move away south toward Antarctica.

Parks and Athena were still married. He still loved her. But it was clear that time and the deceptive circumstances of their brief relationship, were factors in her decision not to see him.

Parks was hurt and furious that Athena was leaving without so much as an embrace or allowing him to see a daughter he didn't know he fathered. It was finished, when she left him with the Elder A.I. years ago.

G2

There's a platform vessel in orbit around Mars. She will rendezvous there and return.

He had sprinted behind Park's vehicle, soon catching up. Parks then realized that his son is probably a telepath and empath like his mother. He calmed his emotions and turned to see his son only yards behind him, devastated that she was leaving them, in such an uncaring way.

G2 CONT'D

I will miss her and Gabrielle too.

Parks realized that it was his time to nurture and raise his son. At that moment, he could see the child in him, in need of guidance and assurance. Athena and her extended family had done all they could. G2 needed his dad now. He needed guidance he could trust to navigate his path to confident, successful adulthood. Parks put on his best show of cavalier indifference.

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PARKS

It's their loss. Come on kid. Let's get you settled in and rustle you up some grub. You haven't lived until you've had my wood grilled, soy and steak-seasoning marinated, twelve-ounce lab-slab mixed Wagu, Angus and chorizo ground beef burgers; topped with spicy brown mustard, fresh pico de gallo with minced shallots and garlic, chopped red onion and jalapenos, diced tomatoes, chopped black and green olives, lime juice and plenty of cilantro; guacamole made with mild salsa and cream cheese; bread and butter pickle slices, thin sliced tomatoes seasoned with kosher salt and black pepper, and mixed shredded sharp cheddar, pepper jack and gouda cheeses.

You'll be my assistant chef in the kitchen.

Besides a good meal, you need a refreshing shower and a good night's sleep, your first night here on Earth. And the weekend along the beach to acclimate yourself. Monday, New York time, we start making holocalls to introduce you to department heads at OM Group to set you up with Z Division.

This lifted the young man's spirit.

G2

Thanks Dad.

Parks smiled at G2 with confidence enough for both of them, patting him on the shoulder. They turned and slowly walked back towards the compound.

PARKS

That's my job, son, however delayed by time and distance I may be. That's my job. Let's get you squared away.

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Parks set his son up in one of the four guest rooms on the second floor and gave him a brief tour of the Mayan pyramid-shaped mansion.

After a hearty dinner, Parks brought G2 up to the fourth-floor astronomy deck with a small bucket filled with six beers on ice. They sat on chaise lounges arranged around the deck, that Parks designed, had manufactured and sold through his super conglomerate.

Parks placed the ice bucket within reach between their chairs. They stared up at all the trillions of stars.

#### PARKS

I figure you're well up to speed on Earth culture. I don't know if you have ever had a beer, wine or alcohol. Leave the hard liquor and other stuff alone.

I figured as a rite of passage; you could have a beer with your old Dad. I haven't had a drink in a long time. Not that important to me. After this, no more alcoholic drinks will be consumed by you, understand?

The adult human brain is not fully matured until age 25, and your half human. Young adults are allowed to drink at age 21 in most of the world. You're close to that age. I really don't want you to drink at all but if you decide to consume in the future, just stick with sweet table wine with dinner.

Never consume alcohol during the day. It'll just slow you down. Never operate a vehicle under the influence, sober up first or get a ride from someone sober that you trust.

Parks passed a beer to his son. G2 thanked him.

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G2

No need to worry, Dad. Pleiadean technology cured all forms of addictions eons ago. Life itself gets me high. I won't get hooked on the stuff; it tastes awful.

PARKS

Good, that's good to know, son. Then I don't have to worry.

They clinked bottles in salute, took a pull, then looked up at the stars.

G2

Cold, refreshing, not bitter like some alcohol-based beverages are. Good beer.

PARKS

I microbrew my own. A man's got to have good, positive hobbies to stay sane and self-contained in this crazy, pop culture tainted world. Good hobbies and lots of them for a physically and psychologically healthy life, remember that.

A couple of security androids flew by, coming in from patrol, before the New Year's fireworks began.

PARKS CONT'D

Those are the latest versions of the Archangel rapid deployment null-g harness EM pack and flight suit. The proprietary polymer parasuit materials lose mass when an EM current is applied, up to 95 percent.

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Increase the electrical current and the suit repels gravity, causing propulsion. The helmet interface allows the user to mentally control direction and speed, to fly like the fictional character, Superman.

The Archangel system was designed at OM Group Z Division and first utilized in 2060 by US Special Forces, then declassified for use in 2075 for civilian law enforcement.

G2

You've been able to create whatever ideas came into your mind, sold them to the consumer, and made a fortune. You must feel good, having made a difference in your life, Dad.

PARKS

First, I had to come up with visionary concepts that filled a niche or a need. Then I used the most durable materials, so the products last a lifetime. Add minimalist design and muted neutral colors for a product that never goes out of style. That's my formula; visionary, necessary, functional, efficient.

ExecPro, one of my global security subsidiaries, produces lightweight, body armor-reinforced garments for the US military, law enforcement, and government employees.

We developed and manufacture molecularly aligned body armor fabric milled with the tensile strength of heavy Kevlar at a tenth of the weight. The garments are specifically designed to protect the vital arteries and the entire body. The US Army Land Warrior program uses our products.

Then Parks tried to shift the focus to his son.

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PARKS

Do you miss your home world, son?

G2

Not yet. It's good to finally meet you. I feel like I have two home worlds now.

PARKS

You do. This is not only humanity's world. It is the home world of several species who occupied this planet before humanity. Earth is like the wild west to them. They do whatever they want. Sometimes we can't keep up with them. Some are benevolent, some indifferent like we are lab experiments. Some are downright hostile.

G2

Have you met many non-human species in your capacity as InterWorld Council Ambassador?

PARKS

Of the thousands of known extraterrestrial civilizations that are members of the greater universe's InterWorld Council, I have met and negotiated with around 80 non-human, humanoid and other physical configuration organic and artificial species from across the local Virgo cosmological supercluster, including your species from the Pleiades.

G2

Which species is the most hostile? I'm sure I already know.

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PARKS

The giants, a cannibal species humanity has been dealing with since the days of the Bible, and the Drago Reptilians or Saurians, a violent race much older than the homo sapiens species. They creep me out, every time I have to deal with them. They are rumored to have been here on Earth before us. They all want full spectrum control over us. But let's not talk about that right now.

G2

Do you like your job?

PARKS

It's interesting, I'll say that much. You see, I have a need to know about everything. All the truths of this existence and the higher realms.

It started with my need to understand gravity and electromagnetics in my youth. This led me to the military-industrial aerospace complex, the mecca of cosmic secrets and revelations.

That is all I can say without compromising you and me from my secrecy oaths. Which brings us to a problem.

I still have dangerous enemies. You will need to be well protected at all times and travel with discretion. We call it flying under the radar. I have a private security company, established primarily to protect my family and OM Group's global subsidiaries.

I have considered giving you a series of identities to make your life easier and allow you to have options in times of threat or emergency. But you are my son, heir and I will get you legally documented as such.

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PARKS CONT'D

There's another thing. Simply put, a faction within the military-industrial complex had me cloned. He works for me at OM Group, London headquarters, and has a long-term relationship and a child, with my ex-wife. She was a clone of a woman that I loved dearly that died much too early. With my wealth and cosmic insider connections, I had her resurrected, so to speak.

Your mother's genetic material and your home world's advanced technology we're involved. That is how I discovered your mother. She was a volunteer in an alien exchange program. My global security company protected her from being harmed after her usefulness with the program was over. We fell in love after an attack on our lives.

G2 didn't even blink in surprise.

G2

I know about it all. Mom told me about it over and over as I grew up. She felt I had a need to know.

PARKS

It's all a bit complicated.

G2 agreed with a grin.

PARKS CONT'D

So, you have a few relatives, almost a dozen half-brothers, and sisters.

The two continued to look up at the sky, and Parks drank his second beer while G2 barely touched his first one. The fireworks had just begun to bring in the year 2100. As the beer buzz settled in, Parks became more intense.

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PARKS CONT'D

I didn't get a chance to raise you, nor did I raise any of my children except Emily. I failed them all in a sense because of that.

I was always too busy working on design engineering the future. At least, that was my excuse.

Egotistical, I know. But with OM Group, my company, and its talented employees around the world and the all-out pursuit of my God-given profession, my calling, we do just that.

We build the future every day, and my company will do so forever.

The Creator of the Universe gave us this gift. This challenge.

I was born blessed to be a mechanical and industrial design, transportation, and aerospace engineer and manufacturer.

I am the most blessed man alive. I have been blessed to practice a profession that blends emerging technologies into applicable products, tools, and machines that aid in humanity's advancement.

I have been given the privilege, in a minuscule way, to mimic the process of universal creation itself. I am a design engineering priest of sorts, grateful to see the emerging technological world through this spiritual lens and frequency.

G2

I would like to be a part of that calling, Dad?

PARKS

Then, you are going to have to endure the following words of advice from your father. It's time for the talk.

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G2

The talk? What talk?

PARKS

Every good caring, responsible parent is obligated to pass on all the wisdom they have learned in their life to all their children.

Conceiving them, giving them life is simply not good enough. Sadly, most parents are too selfish and self-centered, like I was, to do so, if they learned anything at all in their life journey.

And their children must make unnecessary, costly mistakes, through trial and error, to navigate their way through life, wasting precious time and resources. All because their parents didn't want to be bothered to be parents. It's disgraceful.

I'm going to give you the condensed version of the talk. I wrote it years ago. All you have to do is listen.

Parks pulled out a folded sheet of paper from his chest pocket, unfolded it, and began to read:

PARKS CONT'D

First, we here on Earth still live in a type zero civilization. That is to say, a primitive world. Even now, in the year 2100, we are struggling, scratching to reach a Type One existence, still. Life is precious. You must learn to defend it. You must become a warrior scholar.

I used to believe that progressivism or progressive socialism that cultivates theory, devoid of objective truth and balanced analysis, was harmless. And that the globalism that it promoted was necessary to usher in advanced technology to the marketplace. I was wrong.

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PARKS CONT'D

I am an Independent Conservative thinker now, have been since the government at the time gave money and military equipment to our enemies abroad to kill American servicemen and women. I knew that the Democrat Party was the largest enemy against this country. I know now that a Constitutional democratic Republic and the Truth cannot thrive in an Orwellian socialistic climate. There must be a balance between national sovereignty, compassion, hard work, and personal responsibility.

This is a savage world, a prison planet, filled with an uncivilized herd and hive mentality population enslaved by popular culture, unaware and uninterested in the real truths.

Never, ever follow the herd; think and research the facts for yourself.

Disclosure is a vague, veiled reality disseminated by popular cultures' fictional books and movies. Study the 9 Energy Bodies, the teachings of Jesus and Buddha, and the lost books of the Bible, before it was edited at the council of Nicaea. The wise advice of philosopher Emperor Marcus Aurelius can also be a comfort.

And don't let the bastards in life grind you down.

Next, live life in moderation. Always. Just trust me on that.

Personal survival and self-protection.

Words of the proper economy will open doors, close the deal or even save your life.

Speaking of your life, never let anyone get the drop on you.

Maintain optimal situational and spatial awareness at all times. It will save your life and the lives of your loved ones.

Study the fighting arts your entire life: To Shin Do, Ju Jitsu, Aikido, Krav Maga, Keysi fighting method.

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PARKS CONT'D

The most important fighting art is peace and diplomacy, based on strength. Learn humility through the martial arts. The benevolent warrior understands the true scope and priorities of warfare.

Learn that being powerful is the most loving thing we can do. Stay rational, don't let your emotions get in the way of rational behavior.

First, defend your family and close friends, then your country, then finally yourself. The levels of priority in defense are; avoid, confuse, hurt, injure, maim, and only as a last resort to save the lives of your family or yourself, kill.

Use only the level of lethality necessary. Learn to defend with unarmed lethality first. Your zone of defense is within ten feet of your body in all directions around you. You must be able to cover and defend this area at all times.

Learn to maintain your spatial and situational awareness at all times, even in your sleep.

If you are alone, never sleep deeply in an unsecured environment; learn to sleep lightly.

You must learn to rough it, to survive in any environment. Keep a bug-out bag and emergency disaster survival foods, fresh water, a medi-kit, and portable crank charge radio.

Camp outdoors and learn to build a field shelter, learn to hunt and fish, and field dress and preserve your catch for storage.

Learn which of Earth's wild plants, berries, and mushrooms are edible. There are several apps for that now, but not in my day.

Develop your survival skills. All you have is today.

Plan for the future but live for today.

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PARKS CONT'D

The future is pliable, like quantum clay. You can shape and reshape it using the scalar energy of your mind.

Practice prayer, focused mental intention, transcendental meditation, seated introspection, and the 9 Energy Bodies to maintain spiritual balance.

Social values and personal responsibility. When it comes to acquaintances, friendships, and personal relationships, never make anyone a priority in your life if you are not a priority in theirs.

There are benevolent souls, malevolent souls, and simply lost souls that you will encounter on your life's journey. Learn to discern those of good character and discard the rest. You will have to do this daily, and frequently throughout your life. You will save precious mental and emotional capital that can be better utilized on people who care about you, not people out to use and exploit you, your labor or your resources, and injure your spirit. It's better to be alone in peace and solitude to develop your technical skills and creative talents.

Cultivate your ambitions; you can dream, so dream out loud. Select the path that is right for your life and no one else.

When it comes to a lady friend or wife, you must find the kindest soul possible. I've found the ladies of New England, Amsterdam, London, Paris and Singapore to be the most lady like and kindest on Earth. Your wife must be your most staunch and loyal ally, and you hers. Someone you can always trust and count on. Always be faithful to her and share in the joy of raising your children together, especially around the dinner table. Share as many meals with your family as you can together. Impart your knowledge to them there every meal and share in their growth. Home school them if you can.

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PARKS CONT'D

And if you never find her-- learn to live all alone. Date and enjoy your life, but don't marry the wrong one. Maintain a life-long thirst for knowledge and truth.

It's best to work, relax and sleep to ambient music with no lyrics. It entrains or calibrates your soul. Never listen to music with lyrics for long. It's psy ops brain washing, trust me. Be independent but base your life decisions on family values. Then you will make the right choices for the future.

Have at least six months of savings. Never use credit, only in emergency situations and to establish a credit history, that's all. Never, ever gamble or wager.

Learn to survive with dignity even if you don't have a dime to your name.

Stay hydrated even if you are starving.

Think with an entrepreneurial mind. Greed is not good, but you must earn a good living, even if it takes two or more jobs. Especially, if you have a family. Ostentatious wealth is never the goal, a good comfortable life is.

The needs of your spirit will be drawn into your orbit. The laws of attraction.

Go to the library, if you can still find one. There's nothing like the feel of a good book. Read about the world and the universe. Knowledge and information really *is* power, along with gratitude and humility.

Learn to become a proficient researcher and a good person. A good citizen of the universe.

Life is a spiritual journey, one of many.

Become a finely tuned spiritual being.

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PARKS CONT'D

Well, that's it, kid. That's the talk, the condensed version. Here you keep this letter. I know Pleiadeans have an advanced photographic and audio graphic memory, so passing the talk along to your children will be easy, while adding fatherly insights of your own.

G2

Thanks, Dad.

PARKS

You're welcome, son.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. 2102 NEW YORK - OM GROUP HEADQUARTERS, HEARST BUILDING

INT. TRANSPORTATION DESIGN STUDIO SESSION

Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks II, or G2, stared intently at the SOE schematic of a future transportation design concept.

For the past two years, G2 worked his way up the ranks of industrial designers and mechanical engineers, collaborating on all forms of consumer products, transportation, architecture and environmental design. He was promoted to Assistant Director of Special Projects in OM Group's secretive 'Z' Division.

He and the other members of the project team sat at individual H3D drafting desks placed in a semi-circle around the SOE holo-platform, mulling over the figures for materials durability and stresses that lead to fractures and product failure.

INT. SECURITY COMMAND CONTROL ROOM

Outside of Z Division, Emily Parks, longtime CEO of OM Group, stared through a monitor at the young man from the Pleiades who looked so much like a young version of her father.

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She smiled and shook her head in amazement, when G2 suddenly looked up perplexed, then looked around the corners of the ceiling until he found the location of the hidden security camera surveying the work studio. G2 waved at the camera smiling, in complete awareness that he was being watched, by her.

Emily turned to her husband, OM Group Security Director Amaan Anderson, who also observed the subtle telepathic display.

ANDERSON

He's getting better every day. We're a dozen floors away, yet he can sense us.

EMILY

He looks happy, content. He's a good employee. Except for his episode at the last Worldwide Developers Conference. He couldn't stop laughing at how underdeveloped human product technology was in comparison to Pleiadean tech.

ANDERSON

He's his father's son.

They turned and headed out of the security office towards the elevators.

ANDERSON CONT'D

Does that bother you?

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EMILY

No, he's family. Mom and Dad forced me to take this job after Uncle Chet was killed. I had to learn quickly.

G2 has time to grow with the company. By the time he's ready, I'll be retired. I've spent thirty years of life in service to this monolith.

He may not want to be in such a visible public position. And since we no longer do much contractor work for the breakaway civilization, he may want to head up Logos or Zen Engineering, Dad's cutting-edge molecular manufacturing start-ups.

That's actually what I prefer, to go back to London and live in one of Mom's cottages in the country. I don't want my grandchildren to grow up near so many underground electrical currents.

ANDERSON

We should discuss it with her. In the meantime, I'll continue to keep a close tab on our prodigy from the Pleiades.

EMILY

You thought of that all on your own?

ANDERSON

Yep, pretty sharp.

EMILY

You're a real genius with the monikers.

ANDERSON

I think so.

Anderson gave his CEO wife a small kiss on the cheek before Emily entered the elevator headed toward her office suite.

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ANDERSON

See you later.

CUT TO:

INT. TRANSPORTATION DESIGN STUDIO SESSION

G2 walked over to the holo-platform with SOE gloves on pulling and shaping the rear pillar of the unibody cab of the transportation prototype design. His colleagues surrounded him.

G2

By sloping and reducing the thickness of the nano-composite rear pillar, we can strengthen the rear crumple zone by 80 percent with an 18 percent reduction in materials.

G2's design team nodded in acknowledgement at the improvement, then returned to their workstations to review his calculations on the new solution. One of his colleagues remained. She smiled at him and pointed at her wrist PAI chronometer. G2 nodded and returned her smile.

G2 and Christine Conner had been dating discreetly for over three months. They often met at work. She would arrive at one of the three Manhattan safe house condos G2 lived at, from Soho to mid-town to Central Park west, under the watchful eye of OM Group personal security.

She would always leave early morning by aerocab, and they would interact at work as if they were only professional colleagues, not lovers. Because of his other-worldly heritage, G2 was ordered by his father always to use contraception, and trust no one. In the passion of the moment, G2 did not always heed his father's advice.

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Anderson had a cursory knowledge of their liaisons, urging G2 not to reveal to Christine any of their security contingency plans in the event of a security breach or attack.

It was his impression the G2 was inexperienced in the ways of post-modern Earth women. He was worried the young man might be heart broken by fickle young women only interested in men with money.

G2 received self-defense and weapons training on his home world. Anderson required that he also take security operative training with ExecPro, which he just completed. The young Pleiadean was in top physical shape, 6"-3", 190 pounds lean with only 3 percent body fat. He was as strong as a Marine Combat android. So, Anderson had no worries that he couldn't defend and extract himself, in any situation.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE APARTMENT BUILDING

Christine insisted on meeting G2 at his lower eastside condo. The 20-story building was owned by OM Group and nearly empty except for security personnel.

When they met at 10 pm, G2's perception was the building seemed unusually devoid of life, not even a doorman. As the couple took his private elevator to the nineteenth floor, his residence encompassed the nineteenth and twentieth floors, G2 became more suspicious.

He looked in Christine's direction, attempting to peer into her thoughts, something he would never do otherwise. She sensed this and began to kiss him passionately. She all but pushed him into his living room to undress him and seduce him.

He was barely able to lock the entrance door. Christine broke her concentration on him just enough to notice this. And that set G2 into a higher level of suspicion. G2 recovered.

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G2

Slow down a little. Let's have dinner first.

CHRISTINE

I've already had mine. I'm ready for dessert.

She continued in her overtures.

G2

Let me use the bathroom first, wash up a little. I'll only be a minute.

G2 pulled himself away from Christine. His mind sensed a heightened alert of deception and impending aggression.

INSERT -INT. BATHROOM

He walked calmly to his bathroom, closed and locked the door and turned the water on in the sink.

What Christine did not know was the bathroom was also designed to be the secure saferoom in the residence. G2 activated the LCD monitors on the full-length mirror mounted to the bathroom door.

He waived his hand over the mirror and a battery of LCD screens came to life. Showing every security station in and around the building.

He tried to contact the building's EPS security teams.

At every post the security personnel were either shot dead or missing. Obviously, an inside job.

Paramilitary shadows were closing in on his position, climbing the stairs. Large unmarked black trucks were securing every corner surrounding the building, men were rushing to position.

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G2 quickly waved the monitor to display the view just outside the door. Christine was holding a side arm with a silencer in the barrel, unlocking the door to the condo, armed operators entered silently, some dressed in SWAT gear and assault weapons others in federal agency wind breakers and side arms. They moved silently toward the bathroom door.

G2 pressed the touch screen mirror and the clack of heavy magnetic locks, completely sealing him in. This sent them rushing to the door. They knew he was aware, and that made him dangerous.

Christine knocked forcefully on the door.

CHRISTINE

Honey come on out. What are you doing?

No response.

CHRISTINE CONT'D

Come on out honey? Gordon?

She nodded for two of the operatives to apply explosive putty around the entire door and detonation caps where the hinges and magnetic locks where in place. They stepped back a safe distance and handed Christine, the apparent op mission commander, the small black rectangular wireless detonator switch.

She pressed the button. The door frame disintegrated in flash bomb sparks and smoke as the door fell into the large bathroom. The assault team rushed in to find G2 gone. Christine looked out the bathroom window and spotted a black spelunking parachute carrying a dark figure descending to the street.

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CHRISTINE CONT'D

He's down on the street, a parafoil!

The assault team rushed out of the condo. Christine followed, then paused, turned back to the window. She looked out again, toward the street. She knew he was a telepath and empath; she willed their eyes to meet when he landed.

Assault team operatives on the street rushed toward the collapsing parachute, which landed as light as a feather, but G2 did not emerge as it collapsed to the street; the figure seemed to pass right through the street. Tear gas splayed from under the parachute.

EXT. STREET LEVEL

A hologram pack--

Christine cursed beneath her breath.

A small pebble landed on the top of her head, stinging her with its contact.

She immediately looked up over head toward the top floor and the roof, to find G2 stealthily climbing an outside ladder bolted to between the nineteenth and twentieth floors on toward the top of the building.

She tried to aim and fire on him, but he ascended to the top just in time before she could, never looking back. Too fast.

She imagined him laughing at her, dropping a pebble on her head and her feeble attempt at capturing him. He was trapped on the roof. We got him, where could he go?

But the approaching sirens of the NYPD caught her attention. Time to bail.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

EXT. CONDO ROOF

G2 reached the top of the condo building, angry at the loss of life and betrayal the humans seemed to relish in. How could he be so stupid as to not sense Christine's true motives.

G2 rushed to a 10' by 10' standing metal structure with no visible entry. He placed his open palm toward the wall of the structure, a square keypad-sized section of the wall shaped itself to the size of his hand. Once it identified his palm, a doorway sized entrance morphed open in the smart metal structure. After he entered, the opening sealed seamless behind him.

INSERT INT. ESCAPE POD ROOM

The ten-foot-tall, seven-foot-wide bugout vehicle within looked like a thick translucent white ceramic egg. The escape pod had a two-foot diameter center post running from end to end. The Alcubierre style EM drive with access panels housed within.

A two-foot-wide circular seat surrounded the post mid-way. A NATO royal blue pressure suit and helmet hung on the wall next to the pod. G2 quickly donned the suit and entered the pod in much the same manner as he entered the smart metal structure.

INT. EMERGENCY ESCAPE POD

There was no gravity inside the pod. G2 floated into position on the sparse air gel padded circular seat. Harness straps emerged from the post to secure its passenger. Not exactly a rocket strapped to your back, but close. G2's biometric signature accepted; the pod glowed as it came to life out of its slumber.

The flat roof of the smart metal structure split and retracted upward. Electrical energy began to be extracted from the building, also affecting the nearby residential buildings.

G2 checked the pod's systems and queued up a song to add a little mischief to his escape.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

'Voo Doo Child' by Jimmi Hendrix.

G2 not only amplified the volume in the small pod, but also amplified the external volume and gravitational metric of its harmonics outside the pod, its roaring hard rock vibrations thundered throughout the building and the neighborhood, enhancing the adrenaline rush of his escape.

G2 was pleasantly surprised to discover he was an adrenaline junkie, even if his very life was on the line.

EXT. STREET LEVEL

Cristine Conner identified herself as she and her team of agents and operatives collided with the New York police arriving first on the scene, informing them of their national security operation.

Her real name is actually, Christine Sullivan, NSA, great niece of General Conner Timothy Sullivan, former test pilot, Edwards AFB 1992-1996, Former Installation Commander of Peterson AFB 2008-2012, former Installation Commander of the U.S. Air Force Cheyenne Mountain Facility 2016-2024, former U.S. Air Force Military Advisor to the National Reconnaissance Office in Washington D.C. 2024-2032. Installation Commander of the U.S. Air Force Space Command Orbital Industrial Colony Operations 2032-2033.

Killed by InterWorld Council Ambassador Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks after kidnapping his wife and stepdaughter in a failed coup attempt to overthrow AF/Navel Space Command in 2058.

EXT. STEET LEVEL LOOKING UP TO TOP OF BUILDING

At that moment, loud rock music began to play. The music came from the top of G2's building. Everyone on the street froze and looked up to take in not only the extreme sound, but the thunderous reverberations underfoot. The ground was harmonically shaking, it could be felt in everything, bones, fillings. The street pavement and sidewalks fractured.

(MORE)

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Window lights in the surrounding buildings abruptly turned on and off, its elderly occupants furious to be awakened, interrupted from their early slumber, angrily staring out of their windows up into the night sky.

Lights began to flutter, an indeterminate amount of electromagnetic power seemed to be cycling up as the opening salvo of 'Voo Doo Child' reached its crescendo.

Everyone looked up in surprise, to see a brilliant blue-white orb ascend slowly, hover over the streets momentarily, then streak off from the top of the condo building into the night sky, the vibrational thunder of Voo Doo Child trailing off slowly.

Its 'shock and awe affect' would never go away.

EXT. GAMBA, GABON MANSION

INT. MASTER SUITE

Thousands of miles away at the Gamba, Gabon estate's Mayan pyramid shaped mansion of G2's father, Dr. Parks faced a deadly invasion at the same time as his son.

Armed android drone mercenaries, operated remotely from a safe site, rushed into the home office of his third-floor master suite, through to his bed, firing at him.

Parks dove out of bed, reaching for his matt black rose wood handled Kimber 1911, returning fire as he rushed for the security zone next to his bed.

PARKS

HAL, AlphaOmega! AlphaOmega!

Signaling emergency invasion defense protocols.

(MORE)

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A column of blue energy surrounded him, safe zone emergency generators positioned on both sides of the bed enveloped him in a forcefield powerful enough to deflect bullets and small explosives.

His aethership would be up and out of the underground hangar within seconds. The aethership executed an emergency Q-phase to reach the surface.

Multiple beams of lethal energy leapt from its forward array, through the third-floor walls of the mansion, striking each insurgent, stopping them dead.

PARKS

HAL, sweep each floor of the mansion, and every building on the estate. What happened to the android security sentries?

A disembodied British accented voice responded.

HAL

The mansion is clear. Your android security are experiencing a malware internal cyber-attack. I have deactivated them for repair.

PARKS

Establish a global security alert.

Contact my son.

HAL

Your son has been attacked as well but escaped. No other attacks on family or OM Group personnel or facilities have been detected or reported, Ambassador.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKS

Where is he?

HAL

Attempting to maneuver an emergency Alcubierre escape pod to a safe orbital altitude to be rescued, presumably by this ship, or to land here at the Gamba estate as the Earth rotates.

PARKS

I'm heading to the fourth-floor deck. Pick me up, and HAL, good shooting.

HAL

Overhead in 30 seconds, Ambassador.

EXT. MAYAN MANSION

The same energy that protected Parks in his home towed him up into the vessel, and once in the pilot's nest, like G2's escape pod, streaked off into the late night.

INT. PILOT'S NEST

HAL

Ambassador, you are injured, in the shoulder, you must get to the infirmary.

PARKS

Not until we have recovered my son, and he's safe." Parks stumbled into the pilot's nest.

HAL

Forgive me, Ambassador, but -I must take action so that you will be safe as well.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

Several small blue tow beams emitted from overhead of Parks position carrying an elongated clear bladder shaped medical triage unit towards Parks' shoulder wound. A three-foot-long flat, clear rectangular bladder, rounded at the corners, filled with clear liquid. It has suction cup-like closures at the ends and center, surrounded with data point ques and what appear to be LED lights.

PARKS

What's this?

HAL

A mobile triage field patch would be the best description, Ambassador. I will apply it to the wound, there will be some initial discomfort.

PARKS

Just don't let this thing sedate me, or drug me against the pain. I need to be alert in case G2 is in trouble. Understand?

HAL

Yes, Ambassador. I will adjust the unit. Please prepare for a small Q-phase slip. I am detecting an audio signal from G2 being transmitted to this ship. An emergency signal identified as vintage music/Jimmi Hendrix/Voo Doo Child. We are vectoring in on his signal.

Parks knew G2 was going through a vintage music history phase. He smiled at his son's choice.

(MORE)

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Before parks could respond, the aethership made dimensional course corrections in mere seconds. G2's pod was still ascending rapidly on slingshot inertia alone.

HAL

There he is, Ambassador.

PARKS

Contact him. Tell him to stop his ascent, we'll tow him in.

HAL

He is being followed sir. Unmanned military EM drone craft.

PARKS

Intercept them. Don't bother to identify, they're probably only on routine patrol. Shunt their energy, kill the power to their propulsion systems. Just long enough for them to fall to four thousand feet. Then, jump start them. We'll be long gone stealth by then, before they can triangulate our position with the local defense satellites.

G2's pod floated in a stationary position after the pursuit craft were scared off. He sat in a lotus position within the pod, meditating in the weightlessness within, his body glowing, emanating radiant energy as Parks' aethership tow-beamed the pod into the cargo bay.

CUT TO:

G2

Dad, you're hurt!

(MORE)

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When G2 entered the conn, he immediately noticed his father's injury. The medical patch was no longer clear, but dark red with blood. G2 walked over and studied the panel readings around the disc-shaped suction connections. He gently pressed a button on the panel, a bloody bullet extruded from the center on the panel and fell into his hand. Parks seemed medicated by the patch, and tired by the wound and the ordeal.

G2 CONT'D

You were right, Dad. They came after me, and after you too.

G2 helped Parks to recline in the pilot's chaise.

PARKS

They were trying to either abduct or kill you. No Pleiadean has ever been held captive, not even a half human one. They were simply going to kill me once and for all. Get us back to the estate, HAL. Best speed.

G2

We've got to get farther away, Dad.

PARKS

No, I'm not running to Mars or your home world and neither are you. We'll stand our ground for a while. I need time to assess this attack, who's behind this. You'll work through telepresence at OM Group from here on, in the villa, behind the mansion. You can live and work there.

G2

What if that's not what I want?

PARKS

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKS

Well, speak up. What do you want? It's the most secure alternative, or you can help me to establish my other two molecular manufacturing startups. You can work for all my companies from one secure central location. The next time, they might be successful. You can help me to make the estate impenetrable.

G2

We'll go over the estate security so that no one can ever harm you again, Dad. That is all I can promise now. Your right, Earth is just too primitive. It is right on the cusp of evolving into a Type One civilization, and yet humans seem to be in an unending loop of violent ruthlessness and backstabbing tribal behavior.

The masses are so dumbed down by their mindless trendy media. They are slaves to it. Everyone, even the poor, have portable devices tuned to nonsense, not having the sense to use them as learning tools. They are obsessed with Fakebook garbage or lowbrow nonsense. There has to be more to human culture than this.

PARKS

It's true, they've been brain washed by the big lie that is popular culture. You can blame the military industrial complex, the hidden hand of government and the breakaway civilization for the damage. Our taxpayer dollars at work since 1947.

G2

Let's get you back home, Dad. You don't look so good. You've lost a lot of blood, the patch is working, but that bullet must have been tipped with something. We need to analyze it.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

PARKS

I just need to rest. I'm 136 years old you know. Even so much as a cold can be deadly. My body just wasn't designed for longevity. I'm going to have a session with the onboard rejuvenation unit before we land.

HAL

Ambassador, there are multiple incoming messages.

PARKS

I'll answer them when we're back at the estate.

INT. MAYAN MANSION

PARKS

Security Director Anderson. CEO, Mrs. Parks-Anderson.

EMILY

Dad, are you alright?!

ANDERSON

Ambassador, we're so sorry for the breach and attempt on your life.

PARKS

Are you? This is the second major failure while under your supervision. I'll expect a thorough investigation into this lapse in security, followed by your resignation.

EMILY

Dad, it wasn't his fault.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

PARKS

The woman who attempted to abduct G2 was not properly vetted, that is a major lapse in your husband's department. G2 could have been killed. One more failure, too many.

ANDERSON

Yes, sir.

Anderson stood and walked away from the vid screen.

PARKS

As for you, Mrs. Parks-Anderson...

EMILY

Why are you being so formal? Just get it over with...

PARKS

Forgive me but being shot at can do that to some people. That woman G2 was seeing, that was somehow employed at my company, without proper vetting. I've seen the security vid footage from the condo as G2 fled for his life.

It took me minutes to run her image through an Alpha Command database. Recognition software identified her as Christine Sullivan, NSA agent, great niece of General Conner Timothy Sullivan. A seasoned killer, out for revenge.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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EMILY

Dad, she presented herself as a Design Engineering MA graduate from MIT. Her credentials cleared, she was vetted as well as we could.

PARKS

Not good enough! You allowed an enemy agent into my company, whereby she successfully learned the secrets of Z Division and breached the security of my home as well, nearly getting G2, and me, killed!

After a pause, Emily understood the depth of her failure.

EMILY

Yes, sir. I am the responsible officer in charge of all of the operations of this company.

PARKS

Then, an announcement of your retirement from OM Group will be released immediately. You want to spend more time with your family. We'll take care of the media, make no public statements. And tell Eve immediately so she can handle the company media in Europe.

EMILY

That's fine, I'm ready to retire. I never wanted this job anyway. You forced me to take it.

PARKS

Well, I'm sorry for that, Emily. Sorry to have burdened you. You've both compromised my company world-wide. I'm very disappointed. But Z Division will survive, and you're well off for the rest of your life. Now go and enjoy it. Parks out.

(MORE)

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EMILY

I'm sorry Da-

Parks cut the connection before she could finish her final apology.

G2 stood just out of view, in shock.

G2

Dad please don't do this to them? They'll hate me forever.

PARKS

It's too late. My minds made up. Security personnel lost their lives today.

HAL interrupted.

HAL

You have another incoming message, from Ms. Athena.

PARKS

Thank you, HAL. I'll take this one in private, Son.

G2

Please, let me stay? I'll be out of view.

PARKS

Ok. We'll get chewed out by your mom together.

(MORE)

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DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MAYAN MANSION

After several minutes of Athena's outrage, Parks responded.

PARKS

So, let me get this straight. You never left the Sol system. You've been staying at the Pleiadean Ganymede colonies all this time and you wouldn't contact either of us for the past two years, until now.

ATHENA

Don't try to change the subject! I knew there would be trouble soon. He's just like you, he lives for it! Gordon needs to come home, with me, now!

PARKS

You tell him. He's right here.

G2 stepped into view.

G2

I'm staying with Dad.

ATHENA

No, you're not. You're coming with me. This experiment is over.

G2

I said no, and I mean it. Don't you even care that your husband was nearly killed?

(MORE)

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Parks interjected.

PARKS

When can I meet my daughter.

ATHENA

Never!

At moment, Gabrielle popped her head into the view of the vid screen, smiling brightly.

GABRIELLE

Hi Daddy.

PARKS

Gabrielle?!

Parks was pleasantly surprised to see G2's maternal twin. A sweet young lady, she waved from behind her mother's head before leaving, to her mom's ire. Athena would have none of it.

ATHENA

Go back to your room young lady, now!

Parks now outraged, stood unsteadily. G2 had to help him up. The bloody med patch could be seen by Athena. She was speechless. He quietly walked out of the room.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

G2

Dad, wait? You abandoned him, and you abandoned me most of my life.

ATHENA

I had to be sure you would be a soldier and an engineer, like your father. You were sent to the best mentors and training our home world had. You were raised to be a warrior and a scholar. Gabrielle needed me, like you now needed your father.

G2

I thank you for that mother. But you missed out on us being a family. We'll keep in contact if you want to, but on our terms. Take care, Mom.

G2 went in search of his injured father. He found him on the fourth-floor observation deck.

G2

Dad, are you OK?

PARKS

Yes, thank you for that. I can honestly say that I loved your mother. I still do, but now, I'm done.

The two generations looked out into the expanse of the 500-acre estate.

PARKS

What will you do?

G2 looked out on the land, contemplating his future.

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CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK

Christine Sullivan walked out of the One Center Street, New York City Police Head Quarters. A sleek black aero limousine waited near the curb, left rear passenger door open.

As she entered, a wireless phone receiver chimed. She picked up before the third ring.

CHRISTINE

Yes, we were close...

Again, I will need full autonomy to hunt down this alien and bring him in dead or alive...

No, sir, I have absolutely no emotional impediments in dealing with Dr. Parks' son...

Yes, we were intimate on several occasions. It meant nothing...

Yes, I was successful in recovering reproductive DNA samples, on several occasions. They are stored, preserved and being analyzed at this time...

Thank you, sir. I will capture this specimen with all of the resources at my disposal... I am headed to West Africa from here, right now.

INT. MAYAN MANSION

PARKS

We'll determine over the next few months how to proceed.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

Surveillance satellites are electronically blocked from viewing the estate. There are perks to being a Cosmic Top Official with unlimited wealth, resources and black world allies. Aside from being a Citizen of the Cosmos, I'm also a Cosmic Dad.

Parks smiled at G2, they laughed at the moniker, breaking the tension.

G2

I loved working at Z Division. And working for your molecular engineering startups are promising. But right now, I want to explore. Particularly, Earth's civilizations that flourished prior to present day humanity. Particularly, Antarctica, Gobeckli Tepe in Turkey, Godon Pada Padand in Indonesia, and the Sinda Shelf at Nam Madol in Micronesia.

The sasquatch enigma fascinates me, the seeming ability to travel through time passages to evade detection or capture. Obviously, an extraterrestrial connection there. All of the hidden monolithic pyramids all over the world, from Alaska to China to Antarctica. The Urancha Papers are interesting, so is the early life of Jesus during his time with the Essenes in Egypt and his study of the 9 energy bodies in India.

PARKS

Son, you can do all of that research through hired operators and SOE telepresence. You don't need to walk away from your birthright to research anything that captures your interest away from the security of the estate. This is the wrong time to want to live the life of Indiana Jones.

G2

Who?

PARKS

Never mind.

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CONTINUED:

G2

Dad, I'm going to need to stay on the move. It's too dangerous not only for me, but for you to have me here. I know that now. I'll either keep moving or go off-world. But I can't go into self-imposed seclusion on the Mars or Ganymede colonies.

PARKS

It's true. Right now, if you stay here on Earth, you'll be hunted.

G2

Maybe Mom's right. I may return to my home world, but not today. Will you help me?

PARKS

I always will.

G2

Then I will need the aethership.

PARKS

What? Wait, you want to borrow your dad's ride? Nice try but the answer is no. That is an impossible request. The military industrial complex has been after that ship for decades. No doubt that they have acquired one from your home world by now. But still, it is only for InterWorld Council members. You'll have to be a member to use my ride, son. And if they were to capture both you and that ship, the world could change, my world certainly would. I'm sorry. The answer will always be no to that request."

There was a long silence as both men searched for solutions, then Parks spoke.

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PARKS

We must complete the improvements to the estate's security, beyond Earth Cosmic military grade. Once that is taken care of and I have fully recovered we will revisit your request to become an apprentice member of the InterWorld Council and my assistant. But tentatively, your request will be approved. Nepotism and all, you understand. You want to help your old Pops in his business dealings, which happen to be of a cosmic nature. Congratulations.

G2

But I made no such request.

PARKS

You want to borrow my aethership, you gotta get involved. Understand? And I am not going to allow you to travel alone. Your mother would kill me if I allowed anything else to happen to you. I'm going where you go. And I will protect you with all my global and cosmic resources, wherever the journey takes us.

G2 nodded in acknowledgment, then hugged his injured father.

G2

Thank you, Dad. Now, will you please go to the infirmary and take in a session on the rejuvenation bed? The medi-wound unit on your shoulder can only do so much.

As his son helped him to the infirmary, Parks reflected on his decision. His son's ambitions are well intentioned, but it would place them in even more danger. It would also be quite an adventure.

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PARKS

Our first stop will be the InterWorld Council Headquarters for this sector of the Virgo Supercluster; Massive Structures between the constellations of Cygnus and Lyra, swan and lyric, Kepler designation KIC 8462852.

I'm long overdue to meet my counterparts from this local sector of the universe. It should be quite a mind-blowing experience. Plus, we'll need to make new allies from Type Two and Three civilizations."

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

After his rejuvenation session, the mending Parks and G2 repaired and rebooted the operating systems of the estates military grade android security hardware and drones.

Over the next few weeks, the heavily guarded father and son would venture out in iron horse single seater all-terrain trucks, to survey the 500-acre estate's perimeter fences for damage.

After repair of any damage, the Tesla tech inspired, next generation perimeter force shield platform system, based on the old 'Trophy Active Protection System' was reactivated and the no-fly air space above dome was extended to 4000 feet.

Next, they prepped the aethership and began to stock it for extended prolonged interstellar travel.

The day before they left on their other-worldly journey, Parks took his beloved vintage custom single seater Ferrari Solo Spyder F-1 Roadster along the paved winding roads around and throughout his sprawling estate, just to feel the wind rush by and see his beloved land one last time.

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Later that night, Parks sat up on the fourth-floor deck of the Mayan mansion. G2 made his way up to the deck and sat in a tired heap on the chaise next to his dad. Parks handed him a crystal drink glass with an inch of single malt and soda on the rocks, similar to the three finger's worth he was drinking. G2 took a small sip before putting his drink down, careful not to offend his well-meaning father.

G2

The aethership is stocked up, ready to go. Wardrobes and personal effects are in their prospective quarters, the galley is stocked with a decade's worth of staple foods and ample supplements and nutritional supplies from Patriot Supply, Purity Products, Patriot Power Greens, Critical Health News Youngevity, Texas Super Foods, and emergency MREs. The lab slab protein units are producing beef protein stocks and poultry protein stocks at a promising four ounces each per day. Enough for a bit of protein with your lunch or dinner meals.

You're losing too much weight lately, Dad. We haven't even left yet.

PARKS

Not much of an appetite since the incident. My body took so long to heal. That happens when you get older, son.

G2 didn't respond. He noticed that rejuvenation treatments were not lasting as long. His father seemed to be dwindling away. The bullet wound seemed to put his rejuvenated body through too much trauma. G2 continued with the list.

G2

I also loaded the not so nutritional cases of vintage single malt Scotch, Bourbon, Cognac and the Microbrewery machine and supplies. And Merlot and sweet Riesling table wine from Eden Vineyards. And a small case of THC oil dipped Cohiba cigars.

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PARKS

Only for special occasions, son. We may have to pull out all the stops for potential allies.

Parks gave his son a half smile and a wink in jest.

G2

Yeah right, Dad. Allies. I've also stocked two medical triage tables and two rejuvenation beds, two tread mills and resistance exercise training equipment.

I was able to rig extra aqua sonic laundry and drying units and I stocked organic cleaning supplies that won't contaminate the water recycling system.

I loaded two hydrogen powered iron horse single seater all-terrain trucks. And your EM chopper. I've loaded some non-lethal hand weapons, just in case we need to fend off hostiles.

I've tweaked the estate's autonomous robotic farming mini tractors with global positioning and other sensors to increase their computer modeling yield efficiency while we are away. They and the harvesting drone systems will more accurately monitor nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium needs of the crops while removing weeds, without harmful chemicals; reducing redundant seeding or missed sections. Fresh crops will continue to be delivered to the local markets and community food pantries. Non-GMO seeds will be delivered regularly, according to the estate's on-going contracts.

I've used the android security to check the entire estate with RF detectors for covert electronic surveillance devices. I removed two off of the drone farming equipment. The estate is now clean. Security will now monitor all equipment as a part of their daily routine.

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PARKS

Well done. I'll contact the Office of Science and Technology and UNOOSA (United Nation Office of Outer Space Affairs) of our departure, after were two days gone.

The rest of the day is ours to rest and mentally prepare. Its 2102. Such a period of change for humanity. The increasing insurgence of world government, its strange mix of Democratic Republic and Socialism. Hard currency is nearly a thing of the past. And pseudo disclosure thanks to NASA Eagle Works being used to transition alien treaty derived energy and propulsion technology as human breakthrough technology.

It is a truly strange universe. The known Type One through Type Four extraterrestrial races throughout the known universe, close to 80 that you have dealt with in the Virgo super cluster alone. Strange indeed.

Life is truly precious, son. Defend it. All you have is today, live each day as if it is your last day. Plan for the future but live for today. There is something I need to tell you. Having lived much longer than the general population, thanks to my black world standing and connections, I have been contemplating my mortality lately.

G2

That's normal, Dad. You were nearly killed a month ago.

PARKS

No, this is more than that. I'm nearly 140 years old. Two lifetimes worth. The black world medical technology has extended my life, but not forever. So, I've made a decision while I was healing from the gunshot wound.

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PARKS CONT'D

I have been using the same neuroscience technology that the Elder used to model the interneural modeling of my brain scaffolding and uploaded my memories and neuromorphic processing patterns.

I have digitally replicated my brains billions of individual neural connections and synapses and completed the creation of an H3D neuromorphic software program based on my brain's individual regions. I use the Moog-Hoberman every evening to basically data dump whatever happened during the day that my short- and long-term memory recorded.

The aethership can upload and download my neuromorphing program in the same process as the Elder used.

G2

I'm familiar with the neuroscience, Dad. It's from my home world. But why? Why are you doing this?

PARKS

This last assault on our lives was too close. It happened too fast. I just met my last two children. I was never a good, attentive father. I just need more time to spend with you, and eventually Gabrielle someday. If something happens to me, I'll be around in a digital form to see you two grow up and have your own family. I want some part of me to see you grow and flourish, even if it's a ghost in the machine. If something happens to me, just activate the program. You can still chat with your old dad. Deal?

G2

Ok, it's a deal, Dad. Well, we're ready to depart when you are.

PARKS

Soon, son. Soon.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

They looked up at the stars, the infinite expanse on that clear night, in silence.

PARKS

One day in the future, I will leave all that I have to you. You are my last child. My last son. You will face more obstacles and challenges than any of my other children will ever have to face. If I were to abandon you, or if I fail to prepare you with all the guidance and resources you need to survive in this savage, hostile environment, here on Earth, and out there, off-world, then I will have failed all of my children and may jeopardize you from having any future at all.

You are my last, my youngest, my final son. You will face the most difficult technical future of all my children. You are my last hope. God help the family that fails to nurture and guide their final child. It is a soul crushing level of parental neglect and mental abuse. They will be cursed and doomed. Their lineage will wither on the vine and die.

We patch out this time tomorrow night, under cover of night. We'll whip out to Antarctica, and away into the expanse from the South pole. The stars beckon us, for a time.

They continued to look up at the stars, the infinite expanse.

PARKS CONT'D

There is a rumored quote from the Greek Orthodox Bible that translates--

In my Father's Cosmos, there are many worlds.

(MORE)

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TIME DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DEEP SPACE

After nearly six months of hyper-luminal interstellar travel, Parks aethership materialized out of the last of many multi-dimensional wormholes, artificially generated to navigate through space-time at the power of thought.

As the ship came to a stationary position, Parks and G2 sat up from their reclining positions in the pilot's nest. The holographic display, positioned between their pilot seats noted the scale size of the dual massive structures.

EXT. PLANETOID-SIZED SPACE COLONY

The aethership came out of sub-space within a half-million kilometers of the structures first identified by the universe curious Kepler array in 2016, identified as KIC 8462852. This is the InterWorld Council headquarters for the local sector of Virgo supercluster galaxies, representing Type One through Type Four civilizations. Their ambassadors meet there to network and lobby for one cause or another or work together to fight a common enemy.

INT. PILOT'S NEST

PARKS

I didn't think hyper-dimensional space travel could take us so far in such a short time. It's just beyond words.

G2

Especially if you play ambient music most of the way. We could have played a little vintage rock or dub music along the way.

PARKS

Son, when you are traveling through the mind and body of the Creator of the Universe, at scalar frequencies, it's wise to keep the musical vibrations ethereal and respectful.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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PARKS CONT'D

You are a citizen of two worlds. One of them is a Type Two. I am an ambassador of a Type Zero civilization that is on the cusp of being a Type One.

Such junior representation in the InterWorld Council is very rare, usually unwelcome and requires a Type Two representative to serve as a sponsor of the Type Zero Ambassador. Peterson was my sponsor and mentor.

Even though we have had the interstellar breakaway civilization and Space Command since the 1960s, Earth and humanity is still considered too primitive for membership."

G2

Do you expect an icy reception?

PARKS

No. Peterson is a Pleiadean, like you and your mother. A Type Two species on the verge of Type Three. His gravitas will ensure a suitable reception. It's up to me to make friends and allies.

The two generations stared into the distance at the dual planetoid artificial structures, decades perhaps even centuries in the making.

G2

Thanks for taking me along, Dad.

PARKS

You're welcome. I wouldn't have made the trip without you. Besides, we needed to get away from Earth for a period.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

The ship's A.I. interrupted. A gentle pull forward on the ship could be felt at that same moment.

HAL

Ambassador, the ship is being force tractor towed toward the structures, by means beyond my control. All magnetic stabilization and maneuvering functions are now being controlled by the larger structure.

This alarmed Parks slightly, he moved back to the pilot's nest console, as the ships A.I. continued.

HAL

Ambassador, the ship just received a communication that this is standard procedure. All visiting vessels are brought in remotely. We will be delivered into the heart of the main structure, where the ship will be checked for structural wear and repaired if necessary.

From there you will be formally introduced to the entire main council, after which you will be assigned a living suite with their equivalent of an office space to conduct your business and diplomatic affairs.

Scalar temporal neuro-linguistic communication or translated communication by instantaneous thought is the normal mode of communication here, Ambassador, and will begin once the ship has been secured. As a Type Zero into One species, you will be issued a device to assist in your ability to communicate with your colleagues.

You may contact and interact with any species willing to interact with you. Any trade agreements, treaties, political or military alliances formed must be announced to the entire council.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKS

Sounds fair. A bit cold and clinical. But I did wait over thirty years before making an appearance.

G2

I wonder how long it took to build.

The A.I. responded, but in a clipped human-like artificial digital machine voice, not the British affectation that Parks programmed. Clearly, the ship was in InterWorld Council control.

IWC AUTHORITATIVE V.O.

As our council grew over the eons, so too did this structure, and many millions all over the universe, in every supercluster of galaxies. Please prepare for formal introduction.

Parks and G2 looked at each other in astonishment.

PARKS

Acknowledged. Thank you.

We should freshen up, son, before we meet our superiors. We wear black formal Edo suits.

I must wear that long robe length royal blue outer vest with the small four-pointed NATO silver insignia on the top left side.

After we are introduced, we return to the ship and see what happens next. Until I am sure that the ship is secure, we stay with her. Were too far from home to be stranded. One of us stays with the ship at all times, staying in communication every half hour.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PLANETOID-SIZED SPACE COLONY

An hour later, the aethership passed through a magnetic force field and into a massive one kilometer wide by half kilometer-tall opening in the surface of the manufactured planetoid structure. The ship was towed ten kilometers in, descending towards the center, passing level after level of activity, from passing transports to repairs and new construction, to ships and massive transports of every configuration.

As the ship reached the center, its landing struts extended. The vessel was in the center of a large hangar surrounded by structures in the distance illuminated by translucent light.

Parks and G2 checked for outside atmospheric readings, which were perfect for the human and Pleiadean constitution. The ship was depressurized and unsealed.

Parks and G2 headed for the rear cargo bay. As they stepped down the cargo ramp, the walls and levels around them were alive with varied species of humanoid technicians with equipment, inspecting the hull of the ship.

They paid no attention to Parks and G2 as they exited the ship.

The surrounding structures, even the deck, glowed crystalline white, illuminating in all directions.

Parks looked at his son.

PARKS

So, when are you going to tell me what happened?

G2

What, what do you mean, Dad?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKS

I can't remember half of the trip, which should have taken three months in this ship, not six. Plus, I feel like I'm in the best shape of my life. I checked my wound, there isn't even a scar there anymore. Plus, you look exhausted and irritated, like you had to work the entire time we traveled. Like you had little time for rest. Well, tell me what happened?

G2 looked down in complete exhaustion. A long moment passed before he could speak.

G2

You died, Dad.

Parks was speechless.

G2 CONT'D

You just got sicker the farther we moved away from Earth.

PARKS

I remember that much. I slept a lot in the rejuvenation bed. I was so tired.

G2

I couldn't wake you at one point, so I contacted Mom.

PARKS

Your mother?

G2

Yeah, Dad. She was secretly following us anyway. She made me promise not to tell you. She was going to travel ahead of us and surprise you when we arrived here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ATHENA (telepathically)V.O.

"Gordon?"

Parks turned to see Athena approaching from behind their position, teary eyed, Gabrielle following in her footsteps.

PARKS

Gabrielle?

Parks was pleasantly surprised to finally meet his daughter.

G2

She gave you two pints of her blood. She was more of a match than me. It seemed to stabilize you for a time. Enough for us to figure out what to do.

Parks walked to meet Athena and Gabrielle. He embraced them together for a long period.

ATHENA

Did he tell you?

PARKS

Just now. Thank you both for helping me. Especially you, young lady. Look at you, my little girl, all grown up. I'm so proud of you. Both of you. I love you.

Gabrielle beamed with pride at her father's words.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GABRIELLE

I love you too, Dad.

Parks turned to G2 and asked them all,

PARKS

So, how did I survive? Please don't tell me you cloned me? Not again.

G2

No, Dad. But while you were in sedation, I activated your H3D neuromorphic program. And while activating it, I found another similar program in the data reserves. It was a copy of the Elder A.I.'s neuromorphic program.

PARKS

He left a copy of his simulacrum for me in the ship's archives systems. That's how I was able to build a program of my own H3D neuromorphic software program based on my brain's individual regions. I used the neuroscience technology that the Elder used to model my interneural brain scaffolding, digitally replicating my brains billions of individual neural connections and synapses and upload my memories and neuromorphic processing patterns.

G2

The Elder showed me a procedure that would save and enhance you using the rejuvenation bed.

PARKS

What did you do?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

G2

I had to activate all of your DNA, even your redundant or so-called junk DNA. What is considered junk DNA is actually genetic material of various species, from centuries of splicing and enhancing.

Some genes were turned off, some became redundant. In order to save you, we had to literally, reboot, splice, complete and activate all of your DNA.

We basically evolved your cellular system, from crown to heel, head to toe. It took nearly three months using the rejuvenation bed, 24 earth standard hours a day.

Your progress was up and down. You stopped breathing twice. Mom and Gabrielle were on the ship the whole time, their ship was beam tethered to ours.

Someone was with you around the clock. After a month as your DNA was transformed, you started to improve. When Mom was sure you were getting better, she erased your memory of the ordeal. I didn't want her to but, you know, she's Mom.

PARKS

You did fine, son. Thank you for saving my life. Thank you all.

G2

You may find that you have enhanced telekinetic and telepathic abilities, Dad. Only time will tell.

At that moment, an overhead spotlight illuminated their position. Parks and his family stood looking up at the countless levels of suites and onlookers of every member civilization of the InterWorld Council for the Virgo supercluster region. Too many to count.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A booming announcement registered loudly in many alien language translations, in both telepathic and audible registry.

V.O.

Welcome Ambassador Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks, representative of Earth in the Sol System, Milky Way Galaxy. A Type One Civilization.

The translated announcement trumpeted and echoed throughout the huge hangar, instantly translated at the speed of thought.

Parks stepped forward, away from his family. He began to feel the well wishes of his fellow members, their greetings of welcome. Parks had never made trade deals with many alien races before.

And he knew that members of Space Command had been there before him, negotiating treaties and trade deals with other alien races. But he was the first non-military Earth member of this cosmic governing body since the Regan Administration.

PARKS

I want to meet every one of them. I may be here for a while.

He took one look back at his family, then returned his attention to the assembly around him.

Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks closed his eyes and placed his hands together in a prayer posture, at his chest.

He bowed slightly, and sustained the bow for a period, in a universal gesture of greetings, and peace.

A Priest of Creation.