

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Scenery of your average post-nuclear Hell.

The wind blows smutty dust over the scourge of what was once Manhattan Island. Scorched skyscrapers, like disfigured paws, tear up the sky above a half-melted kindergarten playground. Empty sockets of ashen human SKULLS gaze from the rubble.

The most dulcet SONG, "May You Always" by the Lennon Sisters, wafts over the ravaged landscape.

LENNON SISTERS (O.S.)

May you always walk in sunshine  
 Slumber warm when night winds blow  
 May you always live with laughter  
 For a smile becomes you so.

TWO remarkably beautiful and IMMENSELY happy young women, AMBROSIA and MARISSA appear from behind the ruins, and joyfully join in the song.

AMBROSIA AND MARISSA

May good fortune find your doorway  
 May the bluebird sing your song  
 May no trouble travel your way  
 May no worry stay too long.

The music slowly fades out Marissa points a finger straight at the audience, gazing at the camera lens.

MARISSA

Forget the misery.

AMBROSIA

Abandon the pain.

MARISSA

Forsake the guilt.

AMBROSIA

Leave the depression behind and  
 toss the anxiety away.

MARISSA

Relish the rapture.

AMBROSIA

Embrace the blessings.

MARISSA

Enjoy the bliss.

The image freezes and WINSTON VARGA, a man in his perpetual thirties, a human equivalent of pure bliss dressed as "UNCLE SAM", briskly strides in and strikes the "I Want You" pose.

VARGA

The pursuit of happiness is  
embedded in the genes of our great  
nation.

He pulls a brilliantly packaged, red HAPPINESS PILL BOTTLE from his pocket and waves it in front of the camera. His smile widens, flashing impeccable titanium implants.

VARGA

Now you can have the happiness all  
for yourself. Call 1-800-JOY-BLISS  
and for just \$99.99 order your dose  
of eternal glee now.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MOMENTS LATER

A HUGE Happiness Pill bottle SOARS from the ashes while the gloomy images of ruins vanish in the background.

A THRONG of people, men and women, kids and grannies, jump into the scene followed by animated toons, cheerful BRAINS and singing AMYGDALAS.

Varga, Marissa and Ambrosia hold hands with the joyous crowd and toons, and dance around the Happiness Pill Bottle. The Lennon Sisters start singing again.

ALL TOGETHER

(singing)

May your heartaches be forgotten

(MORE)

ALL TOGETHER (cont'd)  
May no tears be spilled  
And may always be a dreamer  
May your wildest dream come true.

The music slowly fades out.

A BANNER, thick and red, scrolls over the screen: **15% Of All Your Purchases Goes To Our Fearless HEROES Fighting the EVIL Chinese Red Army in the Malacca Strait WAR.**

EXT. LE MONT ST. MICHEL CASTLE - SUNSET

The stupendous medieval settlement on the island, awash in crimson glimmer from the sinking sun.

On the top of the Castle a huge GOLD SIGN shines: "CRYONICS CORPORATION."

INT. LE MONT ST. MICHEL CASTLE - EVENING

ANDREAS DOUGLAS, a courtly man in his early forties, sits in an antique GOTHIC mahogany SOFA. Next to him; CORDELIA EINARSDÓTTIR, a beautiful young woman whose jade green eyes shine like emeralds. He points the remote at the TV and turns it off.

DOUGLAS  
That bloody cocksucker.

CORDELIA  
So what?

DOUGLAS  
He wants to zombify everyone and all you have to say is, 'so what'?

CORDELIA  
Fuck that blood-drinking, cock-sucking zombie-making bastard piece of shit.  
(beat)  
Better?

DOUGLAS

He might get too far.

CORDELIA

How are you going to stop him?

DOUGLAS

Would you mind taking a short trip  
with me to find out?

EXT. SERVE FOR AMERICAN FREEDOM, MILL #09, DENVER - MORNING

HUNDREDS of people dressed in identical BLUE uniforms slowly proceed towards the colossal building's gate. Men walk in left line, women in right.

AHEBBAN COREY, a timid looking-man in his mid twenties carries a RED ROSE and shyly glances at CAITLIN BRENNAN. She catches his glance, he casts his gaze down, but takes a deep breath and moves towards her.

JEREMIAH WASHINGTON, a gaunt, zealous servant-guard dressed in a RED uniform hastily nears him.

WASHINGTON

Servant Corey, go back to your  
line. It's our time to serve, not  
to play.

AHEBBAN

A rose makes work more enjoyable.

WASHINGTON

Serving is enjoyable enough when  
you serve to protect your country.

AHEBBAN

Yessir.

WASHINGTON

Servant Corey, I might lose my  
legendary patience.

AHEBBAN

Yessir, servant-guard Washington,  
sir.

WASHINGTON

I'm warning you.

He reaches for his BILLY-STICK.

INT. VARGA TV STUDIOS, NEW YORK - DAY

Hectic activity. Technicians scurry about carrying props. Varga leaves the stage. The DIRECTOR, a small, obsequious, bald man wearing bifocals, approaches Varga.

VARGA

Beat it.

The director flinches and makes himself scarce.

Varga removes his hat and blue tuxedo, throws them at JOYCE MODESTE (24), his meek assistant, and barks at her.

VARGA

Get me the puppet here.

MODESTE

You mean the President?

VARGA

No, I mean Pinocchio.

MODESTE

Excuse me?

VARGA

How long have you been working for me, not including tomorrow?

MODESTE

I'm sorry, what?

VARGA

Forget it. Just get me the puppet.