

FMRL

BY

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FADE IN:

TITLE: "THEN..."

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

(in color)

An institution. From the POV of someone running down a spotless hallway, wary RESEARCHERS clad in white coats move aside. A sign on a pair of swinging doors reads "A.I. Research." The runner barrels through the doors arriving at --

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER LABORATORY - SAME

-- a sterile, brightly lit, computer lab.

A group of researchers huddle, their gazes focused off screen. DR. ALEXA ASHE, a precise, austere academic, pushes through her colleagues. Breathless, she snaps on her GLASSES, framing her face.

ALEXA

What is it? What is it?

RESEARCHER

We don't know. We were doing a routine scan of the data sets and -- what it had learned, what it was asking --

ALEXA

(impatient)

What's the problem?

RESEARCHER

There was an anomaly --

ALEXA

What the fuck happened to my baby, Lloyd?

RESEARCHER

It got into a perception-feedback loop -- asked all kinds of weird shit. Each query revealed more and more inferential and empathetic tendencies. Until, finally it asked --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The researcher smiles and steps aside in a gesture of profession deference.

RESEARCHER (CONT'D)

-- You should look.

Alexa's eyes widen and fix on a COMPUTER MONITOR. On it is the query "Am I human?" A blinking CURSOR awaits the answer. It pulses. Like a heartbeat. Alexa's eyes widen.

BLACK.

TITLE: "NOW..."

(in black and white)

EXT. CITYSCAPE - DAY

The future. Concrete and steel structures dominate the ashen skyline. Everything is coated with a patina of soot.

A DISEMBODIED, PLEASANT VOICE is heard as if from a public address system. Its flat cadence sounds computer-generated.

PLEASANT VOICE (O.S.)

Capital crime, Docket number 6765.
The people versus Citizen Number R-
CHR 492638. You are charged with
possession of pornography with
intent to disseminate. How do you
plead?

This is the TRIAL-ALREADY-IN-PROGRESS which quietly continues while --

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

-- inside a doorway, a taut door-chain eclipses the face of a YOUNG WOMAN. Safely ensconced, her eyes fix on someone off-screen..

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Do you want the same as...?

WOMAN

Yes. No, something more -- more explicit. Do you...?

The woman's eyes search the unseen man.

CONTINUED:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Of course. How do you want to --

WOMAN
(interrupting)
Let me see it first.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
See it?

What can be seen of the woman's face is briefly illuminated by a bright, off screen LIGHT.

WOMAN
(disappointed)
That's... it?

On the other side of the door is J00D (that's J-Zero-Zero-D), an innocuous, disheveled young man in a state-issued trench coat. If his name weren't computer-generated, in a quainter era it could be John Q. Public.

The only thing that distinguishes him from the other test tube progeny of his brave new world is the fact that, for no apparent reason, he wears RUBBER GLOVES.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Fine. How much?

J00D can't hold the woman's gaze. He turns away.

J00D
It's free. For you.

The woman ignores him and presses a roll of CURRENCY into J00D's hand. He chances a cautious glimpse over his shoulder.

WOMAN
I'm not that kind of girl.

This embarrasses J00D, who attempts to regain his professional cool.

J00D
That's not what I... What's your genome anyway?

WOMAN
Why do you wear rubber gloves?

J00D blanches, then improvises:

CONTINUED: (2)

J00D

Because --

J00D presents a LITTLE BOX -- upon it a luminescent BUTTON.

J00D (CONT'D)

-- it's dirty.

The woman reveals that she possess a SIMILAR BOX. The two touch their boxes together until the button on hers also ILLUMINATES. She smiles, but only slightly.

WOMAN

We'll see.

The transaction is complete, but J00D lingers. A word begins to form on his lips, but the woman suddenly pulls J00D by the collar.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Mechaniques.

J00D snaps-to. He looks slowly over his shoulder. Down the hall is a small squad of Mechaniques -- android police agents. The Mechaniques' plastic faces resemble those of male mannequins replete with molded plastic hair and eerie, perpetual smiles (likely an attempt to "humanize" the law). They have not noticed J00D, who quietly shuffles away, occasionally checking behind him.

J00D turns a corner and spots a WINDOW. He climbs through it to a FIRE ESCAPE.

He grapples down the fire escape's rusted ladder down to the alley below where he disappears into the crowded street --

EXT. STREET - SAME

-- which bustles with COMMUTERS who, like J00D, are garbed in matching trench coats. J00D is invisible among them.

The TRIAL-IN-PROGRESS continues in the background.

PLEASANT VOICE (O.S.)

Indecent, obscene and otherwise offensive material intended to arouse prurient interest, was discovered in your possession. You may begin your testimony after the tone.

CONTINUED:

A long BEEP is followed by a MALE VOICE, also disembodied. Only bits of his words are heard through the barrage of censoring BLEEPS.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

That [beep-beep-beep] is [beep-beep] true!

PLEASANT VOICE (O.S.)

Let the record show that the defendant has admitted to the charges in question.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIAZZA - SAME

Hurriedly, J00D moves through the crowd in concrete piazza. He spies a Mechanique giving directions to a COMMUTER and quickly averts his eyes.

In the piazza looms the PANOPTICON -- an obelisk-shaped tower studded with surveillance cameras, able to survey all within its 360 degree radius.

J00D instinctively covers his face so as not to be identified by whomever, or whatever, lurks within the digital-aged Argus.

J00D (V.O.)

Walk away, J00D. Just keep walking.
You've done this a hundred times
before and never had a run-in with
the law.

J00D's paranoia, however, prevents him from seeing the Mechanique in front of him, who he barrels into with a thud. He falls to ground, panic on his face. The Mechanique stares down at him for a moment then finally extends his hand and helps J00D to his feet. A little shell-shocked, J00D nods a "thank you" to the Mechanique and quickly ambles away.

J00D (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It's the girl. She gets you off
your game. That's what got R-CHR
nabbed. How do you know she's cool?
I mean, she could be an android --
hate it when that happens.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY STATION - SAME

A squalid port of municipal transit, through which SUBWAY TRAINS hiss and roar.

J00D scurries to the LANDING just as a SUBWAY CAR breaks in front of him. Its doors open and J00D presses himself inside against the tide of dour-faced COMMUTERS flooding from the car. The doors close just as J00D sees the Mechanics entering the station.

J00D eases into a seat as the subway shoots into the interior of the city. Another great escape.

CUT TO:

EXT. FUTURE MEDIA RESEARCH LIBRARY (FACADE) - LATER

A monolithic structure of glass and granite.

J00D, straightens his coat and smooths his hair as he approaches the library's AUTOMATED DOORS. On them is printed "Future Media Research Library." The doors open and J00D enters.

CUT TO:

INT. FUTURE MEDIA RESEARCH LIBRARY - SAME

A long hall lined with rows of computer WORKSTATIONS.

Seated at the workstations are the worker-bees of information conservation -- dozens of wan-faced, red-eyed data-drones -- known as LIBRARIANS. Always nervous around J00D, they avoid even glimpsing at him as he trots blithely down the aisle.

He passes an OFFICE WINDOW and pauses. Peeking through the BLINDS he sees a few BUREAUCRATS absently watching a VIDEO SCREEN. On it is the ongoing TRIAL-IN-PROGRESS, in which a HAPLESS INDIVIDUAL is framed as if in a live video MUG SHOT. "Live" is almost an overstatement. He is haggard, beaten.

PLEASANT VOICE (O.S.)

Please select guilty or not guilty.

The video screen shows a real-time tabulation: "Guilty" is an endlessly climbing scroll of DIGITS, "Not Guilty" is a single, steadfast ZERO.

J00D watches, cool, detached. After a moment:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PLEASANT VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Guilty. The defendant, Citizen
Number R-CHR 492638, has been found
guilty of the capital crime of
possession of illegal information
with intent to disseminate.

Through the blinds, J00D gazes at the video screen,
something simmering within him. On the video screen the
Hapless Individual screams in protest but is again censored
by BLEEPS. Mechanics strap a CANVAS SACK over his head.

PLEASANT VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The mandatory sentence of one
hundred years in cryogenic
suspension will commence
immediately. We remind that this is
a humane and ethical punishment.

J00D has seen the above so often that he unconsciously
mouths the words. A menacing MECHANICAL HAND suddenly grips
him by the shoulder.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

That could be you up there, J00D.

J00D turns to discover BRY-N, an ashen-face low-level
bureaucrat with a chip on his shoulder -- or what's left of
his shoulder.

J00D rolls his eyes and takes a seat at a nearby
WORKSTATION.

J00D (V.O.)

Bry-N. My supervisor. I may sound
like a bigot, but I've never liked
his genome and I especially don't
like him. Theory: Some lab tech
used Bry-N's test tube for a stool
sample and he's the result.

BRY-N

Another librarian iced.

(riding)

Now, you'll be looking for a new
partner, won't you, J00D?

J00D

He wasn't my partner. I work alone.

BRY-N

Now you do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

J00D logs into the workstation. Bry-N loudly admonishes JOD-E for the sake of the other librarians.

BRY-N (CONT'D)

You're late. Again. You can make up your time this evening.

J00D abruptly leaves his seat and proceeds down the hall as Bry-N scurries to keep up.

BRY-N (CONT'D)

And don't forget, J00D, you play Robin Hood because I let you.

J00D

If it wasn't you, Bry-N there would someone else just like you -- in fact, exactly like you. If you need more --

(lowering voice)

-- data, just say so.

BRY-N

(hissing)

It's not the data. It's the currency, J00D.

Bry-N catches himself. He scowls at the other librarians who keep their diligent eyes on their screens.

J00D

(over his shoulder)

Turn me in for the reward. You'll make more.

BRY-N

This is more of a long term investment.

J00D

How 'bout a hundred years in deep freeze. That's long term. I should turn you in for soliciting.

BRY-N

(coolly)

I play this game better than you, J00D. I've kept you out of harm's way. Consider R-CHR 492638.

J00D

He got greedy.

CONTINUED: (3)

BRY-N

He was selfish. Like you.

J00D stops in his tracks. Something has just added up.

BRY-N (CONT'D)

I don't need another librarian on a personal crusade. Unless it pays.

J00D

I don't do it for the money, Bry-N.

BRY-N

You should start.

Bry-N smirks as the gravity of his words weigh in on J00D.

J00D

You're blackmailing me.

Bry-N smiles smugly.

The library suddenly goes dark.

PLEASANT VOICE (O.S.)

We are experiencing technical difficulties. Migration of archival data to the Plexus will resume momentarily.

BRY-N

(looks around)

J00D? J00D?

J00D is long gone.

CUT TO:

INT. HUTCH - SAME

J00D exits an elevator and steps into a labyrinthine storage facility of hulking MAGNETIC TAPE MACHINES and MAINFRAMES, each percolating with tiny LIGHTS.

The antiquated machines are connected by tangled braids of CABLE.

J00D, determined, walks amongst shelves loaded with a medley of media old and new: TAPE REELS, FLOPPY DISKS, HARD-DRIVES and other techie debris.

CONTINUED:

Surrounding J00D are other librarians who are batch erasing tape reels in the background by sweeping handheld DE-MAGNETIZERS over them.

J00D sneaks around a corner and stops at a door marked "Authorized Personnel Only."

He reaches for a KEY-CARD hidden in the WAINSCOTTING and with it he discretely opens the door.

CUT TO:

INT. GREEN ROOM - SAME

A small, cube-like room, illuminated by the hundreds of LIGHTS that flicker from a wall of COMPUTER COMPONENTS.

J00D wades through the piles of BOXES at his feet. Each is marked "CONTAMINATED DATA."

From one of the boxes, J00D plucks a DATA CUBE and examines it. He moves to the wall of components and hits it -- J00D catches a different DATA CUBE spit from a socket. He plugs the other in its place.

J00D (V.O.)

All data migrated from legacy storage systems is contaminated one way or another. Not just by viruses and the usual digital parasites, but by content. A certain kind of content. The primary gig of a librarian is to separate the good ones and zeroes from the bad ones and zeroes. We archive the good and erase the bad. That is, we're *supposed* to erase it.

J00D pauses -- then is struck with inspiration:

He moves to a switch board with twinkling lights. J00D pulls a WIRE emanating from a socket marked "J00D 655321" and routes it into a socket marked "BRY-N 1283."

CUT TO:

INT. FUTURE MEDIA RESEARCH LIBRARY - SAME

The library remains dark. The workstations are all blacked out. The librarians avert their eyes as J00D enters. Bry-N is quick on his heels.

CONTINUED:

The Pleasant Voice continues in the background:

PLEASANT VOICE (O.S.)
 We are experiencing technical
 difficulties. Migration of archival
 data to the Plexus will resume...

J00D looks around, then huddles beneath his workstation. He expertly hooks up his little box (the same one as before) with an efficiency bespeaking much practice.

BRY-N
 So? Are we --

J00D looks Bry-N hard in the eye as computer CODE flits across the screens of the surrounding workstations. Everything is back online.

J00D
 Partners. BRY-N
 Equal? J00D

You'll get what's coming to you.

Bry-N cracks his mechanical knuckles.

CUT TO:

INT. FUTURE MEDIA RESEARCH LIBRARY - NIGHT

It has been a long day -- food take-out boxes layer J00D's work-space. He is the only person in the library as he absently scrolls through the code on his screen. His rubber gloves are folded next to his keyboard. He repeatedly hits a key marked "Erase" with a PENCIL rather than his naked hands.

He has developed a rhythm -- "Erase-Erase-Erase" -- but skips a beat when his well-honed instincts suddenly halt his pencil from falling on the key.

J00D (V.O.)
 Data. When you've been a librarian
 as long as I have, it all begins to
 look the same.
 (MORE)

CONTINUED:

J00D (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Endless variations of the same act -
 - as if humanity's search for
 meaning depended on finding the
 right combination, the right way of
 saying we were here and it
 mattered. If only for a few
 moments.

J00D pauses, reads the screen, the code reflecting in his eyes. He looks over his shoulder then enters some keystrokes. Within a second, his face is bathed in pulsing light as his little box begins to blink, rhythmically, like a heart beat.

J00D (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And then sometimes you see
 something truly unique...

J00D attempts to unplug the little box, but he instead receives a minor SHOCK. He reels back with a fear disproportionate to the injury. He curses himself and hastily puts on his rubber gloves.

ANGLE ON:

The Little Box -- a flicker of electricity, then a spark jettisons from the box and into a cable, through a circuit board and out a cable from the back of Bry-N's workstation, through the wall, into the haphazard infrastructure of the library (knotted pipes, ducts and cables, surrounded by landfill and ancient garbage), down several stories, through myriad halls, arriving finally at --

CUT TO:

INT. CRYOCOMB - NIGHT

A FACE, glazed with ICE CRYSTALS, inside a vertical GLASS CAPSULE, one of dozens lining the dank and narrow corridor.

Inside the capsule, a thin BEAM of light scans a WOMAN'S body, moving upwards, as steam shrouds her pale blue body. The beam continues moving until it reaches her eyes. They suddenly open.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

A subway train screeches into a tunnel -- a blur of speed.

FACES from inside the subway are seen through the windows as they whiz by.

CONTINUED:

As the subway speeds up, persistence of vision makes the faces to appear as a single BLURRED FACE, as if generated by a zoetrope.

Finally, a single face comes into focus. It is J00D.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

J00D sits among COMMUTERS, rocking as the car jolts and rattles. He shifts uneasily in his seat and takes a cautious peek into his suit, where inside his little box is safely nestled.

J00D looks around, suspiciously, until he comes upon an attractive FEMALE COMMUTER. Her dazed eyes flutter closed. Her rapt expression puzzles J00D who sheepishly looks on.

Barely perceptible in the cram of the subway car, behind the female cadet is a MALE COMMUTER who is groping her. She notices J00D watching and he shamefully looks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

An alleyway, slicked with the murky condensation that dampens the whole city.

J00D scuttles through, but breaks mid-stride to investigate a WEED that has sprung up through a crack in the otherwise paved world.

After a moment's contemplation, J00D gently tugs at the weed until it comes free in his hand, roots and all.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

A hotel high-rise, its former grandeur obscured by DUCTS -- the tell-tale retrofitting of state-housing. J00D enters.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - EVENING

A narrow, hall strewn with doors marked by stenciled numbers. It is a mausoleum for the living.

J00D slides a CITIZEN RECORD CARD through a KEY SLOT and begins to enter his apartment, hesitates and closes the door.

CONTINUED:

He takes a cautious peek around a corner. He sees nothing and quickly retreats to his apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. J00D'S APARTMENT

A cramped, utilitarian living space. The walls are bare and the furnishings are spartan.

J00D puts his back to the closed door and sighs, relieved to be home.

He walks across a floor, gingerly avoiding some empty food TAKE-OUT BOXES.

On the wall is projected a changing TABLEAUX of visual white-noise: an "Apply for a mate" public service announcement and a news bulletin concerning the sentencing of Citizen Number R-CHR 492638. J00D sighs and pulls the PLUG on the device and the room goes dark.

VOICE (O.S.)

J00D, I think I'm losing my mind.

J00D winces. It is his secondhand domestic droid, JCN. Its name is the model number printed in block letters on its chest, which J00D simply pronounces as "Jason."

JCN, a cheap molded-plastic monstrosity, is nicked and torn such that the robotics and circuitry beneath his thin skin are visible. A sticker depicting human-like features suffices for a face.

JCN

Did you hear me? Or did I just
imagine I spoke? I can't remember,
J00D. My memory is failing.

J00D doesn't take the bait, but rather searches the take-out boxes surrounding a WORKSTATION (a compilation of odd computer parts cobbled together).

J00D (V.O.)

Never buy a secondhand domestic
droid. All they do is bitch about
needing spare parts, when in fact
they're the spare parts.

He chooses a box and transplants the weed he discovered earlier.

CONTINUED:

J00D (CONT'D)

Be sure to water it, JCN. Everyday.

JCN

I can hardly remember to charge my battery everyday, how could you expect me to water that, that -- whatever it is.

J00D

It's a flower. I think.

After foraging around a moment, J00D locates a CUP on a counter near a clump of disassembled KITCHEN APPLIANCES (including the remains of a toaster and a microwave oven).

J00D (CONT'D)

JCN, what happened to the kitchen?

JCN

I can't recall.

J00D

What were you doing?

JCN

I don't know.

J00D

You poached all the memory chips.
Fuck you, JCN.

JCN

Fuck you, J00D. Maybe I did, maybe I didn't. I don't remember. You're lucky I can't reach my rear panel, otherwise I'd have unplugged myself by now.

Frustrated, J00D goes to his SINK and fills his cup with RUST-COLORED WATER from the tap.

He sits at his workstation and pushes the button on his little box.

In the monitor, data pirated from a day's worth of migration, flurries by in the form of ALPHANUMERIC CODE.

The light on J00D's little box begins to pulse. An electronic ALARM sounds from J00D's workstation.

CONTINUED: (2)

JCN (CONT'D)

What is it?

J00D quickly snaps on his rubber gloves and hits a few keystrokes. Something J00D reads on his monitor perturbs him.

J00D

Empty? What the -- Goddamn it. How could a file that large be empty?

JCN

(taunting)

It's full of nothing?

A few more keystrokes.

J00D

It should be some illegal data -- a lot of it.

JCN

Sell it and buy me a memory chip.

J00D

It's not meant to be sold.

JCN

Nor is it meant to be stolen, but that's academic.

J00D's computer beeps.

J00D

And principle. Which you apparently weren't programmed with. Come here.

JCN, begrudgingly totters over.

J00D (CONT'D)

I need a legacy language decryption algorithm.

JCN stares back dumbly.

J00D (CONT'D)

Not now, JCN.

JCN

That's all I am to you -- a crow bar. You break my heart.

CONTINUED: (3)

J00D

You don't have a heart, JCN.

JCN opens his chest cavity and reveals that he indeed has no heart. However, he does have dozens of electronic DONGLES stowed away -- one of which he plucks and gives to J00D.

J00D inserts the dongle into his workstation and furiously types.

J00D (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Damn it.

The workstation goes BLACK. J00D is horrified that it has crashed and shoots JCN and accusing look.

J00D (CONT'D)

JCN!

-- then it comes back on --

J00D (CONT'D)

Wait!

-- and J00D's eyes widen. Suddenly, the sound of a LION'S ROAR erupts the quietude of the apartment as J00D and JCN rear back in fear.

CUT TO:

INT. MEMORY CENTER (CONTROL ROOM) - DAY

A narrow space with a large CONSOLE at which is seated a pair of weary TECHNICIANS. They gaze through a two-way mirror. On the other side, a figure is silhouetted in soft light.

TECHNICIAN 1

(to Technician 2)

Alexa Ashe. There I said it. Pay up.

TECHNICIAN 2

Why should I pay up? You said it. I could turn you in. And get more.

Technician 2 reaches for a TELEPHONE, then starts laughing.

TECHNICIAN 1

I'll put it on your tab.

The technicians laugh.

CONTINUED:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

It's still illegal to say her name.
I should turn you both in.

A straight-arrow young woman, DOT 9242 quietly enters the control room and closes the door behind her. She is generically pretty -- her look is crisp and clean as if she were newly minted, just for this occasion.

DOT

But I need you right now. Dot 9242.
Systems analyst.

She extends her hand, but retracts it when her attention is rapt by the dark figure on the other side of the glass.

DOT (CONT'D)

Is that her?

TECHNICIAN 2

So what is it, a bug in the Plexus
or is security so crap a cryozombie
can hack it frozen?

DOT

This one planted a trigger in the
Plexus before she was iced.

TECHNICIAN 2

Why would she want to come back
now? Most of her world is gone.

DOT

Thanks to her. Is she -- thawed?

TECHNICIAN 2

Yeah, but don't get her too
excited.

Dot looks at the Technicians, puzzled.

TECHNICIAN 2 (CONT'D)

She'll melt.

CUT TO:

INT. MEMORY CENTER

A dark chamber, lit by a single LIGHT adequate to illuminate its two seated occupants: Dot and the haunted pale-blue woman. The blue woman is clad in a BIO-MANAGEMENT SUIT, part respirator, part translucent caul.

CONTINUED:

DOT

Welcome back -- Mnem 5438.

Mnem squints from the weak light as she takes in her surroundings.

MNEM

My name is Alexa Ashe. Dr. Alexa Ashe. I have a Ph.D. in artificial intelligence and --

DOT

The randomly-generated moniker code of M-N-E-M 5438 was assigned to you -- for your protection.

MNEM

My protection? From what? I've paid my debt to society.

DOT

Try again.

Mnem takes a deep breath, which she exhales as steam. She focuses her pale eyes on Dot and begins to fish.

MNEM

This is my official de-briefing, right? You're going to tell me that all my friends and loved ones are dead. That everything I know is gone. Followed by a crash course in a hundred years of modern history...

Dot just stares back, taking in the ravaging effects of cryogenic freezing. Mnem's skin is traced with tiny fractures and cracks.

DOT

Actually, I'm not --

MNEM

...In which I'd better not be just a god damn footnote. Tell me, have I been vindicated by yet? By history? Am I that lucky soul ahead of her time and brought back once everyone has caught up? About time!

DOT

Um, no.

CONTINUED: (2)

MNEM

(smiling)

Am I even warm?

DOT

Funny. I'm not your probation officer. I'm a systems analyst. I want to know how you hacked the Plexus to release you from the cryocomb.

MNEM

I've been frozen for a century. How could I hack anything? And if this is how you receive genius, why would I want to?

DOT

You're a genius who can't count. It hasn't been a century. Why did the Plexus release you?

MNEM

Good behavior?

DOT

You programmed a trigger in the Plexus. Before you were iced, to release you. I found the coding. But... Why now? Why would it release you now? What was it waiting for?

MNEM

You should read the history books before you erase them. Is that why I'm here, to set the record straight? About what really happened?

DOT

I read the history books. In your defense statement you called it an "act of god." What did you mean by that?

Mnem looks at her hands. They seem alien to her.

MNEM

An act of... Please elaborate.

CONTINUED: (3)

DOT

You don't remember why you were going to cool for hundred years? Let me jog your memory. You created a virus that hijacked the computational power of the Plexus and nearly destroyed the city.

MNEM

Oh, that.

(gives Dot a once-over)

Well, they've gotten good, haven't they? I could hardly tell. You're damn near seamless. Sugar and spice and silicon chips. That's what... That's what...

Mnem looks stricken. She rubs her temples, blinks. She feigns a smile.

MNEM (CONT'D)

Cryogenic hangover, right?

DOT

That's what little girls of made of. Parts of your memory are being blocked. For security reasons. You will be kept here under observation as we scan your brain. We are going to find out what's happening, Dr. Ashe.

(catches herself)

Mnem 5438.

MNEM

Maybe you could find me a new suit too. This fashionable these days?

Mnem fiddles with a HOSE emanating from her suit that tethers her to a WALL-SOCKET.

DOT

It's keeping you -- alive.

MNEM

When can I change?

DOT

You can't. It's a bio-management suit. The cryogenic freezing has made you molecularly unstable.

CONTINUED: (4)

MNEM

How long will I be like this?

Dot only blinks as Mnem begins to understand.

MNEM (CONT'D)

How long will I be like this?

Mnem's eyes tear up.

MNEM (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Tell me! How long? How --

She searches the room. Her eyes catch her reflection in a two-way mirror.

MNEM (CONT'D)

Oh my...

Mnem rubs her eyes, yielding a FROZEN TEAR which she peels from her face and let's fall to the floor. She is too shocked to speak. STEAM begins to rise from her collar. She and Dot are both alarmed. She collapses to the floor. A technician's voice is heard over a speaker.

TECHNICIAN 1 (O.S.)

She's overheating.

The technicians enter from their control room. They put Mnem back in her chair and insert razor-edged ELECTRODES directly INTO her scalp. Mnem's eyes widen as dark-hued BLOOD streaks down to her cheeks.

ELECTRONIC BEEPS are heard, at first slow and steady, then raising in pitch and frequency until suddenly, Mnem's head snaps back as if in the throes of electrocution. Her eyes open wide as she screams.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

As if being viewed by a surveillance camera:

J00D passes some alley dwellers, including a SEX SIM servicing a faceless client. Above is a net of CLOTHESLINES laden with identical trench coats.

A ROBOT HAND grabs J00D's ankle! J00D recoils and tries to kick it away. It is a rusted, broken down DOMESTIC DROID laying in a heap.

CONTINUED:

RUSTED DROID

Turn me off, I beg you. Pull this wire! I'm obsolete. I'm obsolete. Pull the wire. Have mercy!

The rusted droid pulls J00D's hand toward the elusive WIRE it cannot reach. J00D wrenches free and hastily turns the corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - LATER

A public space molded from concrete, featuring a shallow pond.

The water inside the pond is clear and still. A single FISH swims within its confines. The fish is phosphorescent and glows with electricity.

J00D watches a ripple wash across its surface. He moves closer to investigate -- the ripple occurs again, like a small wave, and spills over the pond's edge onto the floor. The fish tumbles out and thrashes in the shallow puddle surrounding J00D's boots.

J00D reaches for the fish -- but notices its glow. He looks at his naked hands. He searches his pockets for his rubber gloves as he helplessly watches the electric fish flounder on the floor -- until it suddenly stops. Finally he finds his gloves, puts them on. But he is too late and tosses the dead toy back into the water.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERGROUND BAZAAR DOORWAY - NIGHT

-- A dingy underpass never seen to by the public works department. A false wall constructed from a salvaged billboard bears the partial word: "Hutch..." J00D looks around to make sure he is alone, then leans against what turns out to be a secret hatch and enters it.

INT. UNDERGROUND BAZAAR - SAME

What was once a freeway tunnel has been re-purposed by underground entrepreneurs as a secret bazaar. It is a street market in a very literal sense, encased in cracked concrete and decorated with ancient GRAFFITI. The curved ceiling contorts the shadows of the various HAGGLERS into hawkish spectres.

CONTINUED:

J00D cuts a swath through the hagglers, tracing a path lit by REFLECTIVE PYLONS. Huddled VENDORS are illuminated by the flickers of small SCREENS.

J00D has set course toward a specific customer -- a man cloaked in a large, dark trench coat, the collar of which obscures his face. He will come to be known as ConSpero.

A shabby-looking VENDOR fumes, perturbed by Spero.

SPERO

There's nothing here. Just computer-synthesized gibberish.

Spero scrutinizes a screen while adjusting his SPECTACLES, themselves a pair of slim digital screens.

VENDOR

(gruff)

Your translator must be malfunctioning.

SPERO

It's not, nor am I illiterate. Are you?

The vendor stews.

SPERO (CONT'D)

Means you can't read. There's no syntax here, not even a language so far as I can tell. And worse, no story. You're a fraud!

VENDOR

(bristling)

You don't have many friends left in this sector Spero.

The vendor reveals a small PISTOL in his grubby fist.

SPERO

Clearly, you're not one of them.

J00D scuttles up to Spero's side, which Spero uses to his advantage. As he turns, his face is revealed. A long scar lines his cheek.

SPERO (CONT'D)

(to J00D)

Ah, an undercover cop. Please arrest this man.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2) SPERO (CONT'D)
 He's attempting to arouse my
 prurient interest. Albeit it's all
 fake -- but intent is nine-tenths
 the law isn't it?
 (to vendor)
 I'd bribe him if I were you.

Taken aback, the vendor hurriedly pats his pockets.

SPERO (CONT'D)
 Go on, undercover cop, tell him
 your price.

JOOD considers this.

JOOD
 I need memory chips. For kitchen
 appliances.

SPERO
 (to vendor)
 You heard him -- memory chips...
 (to JOOD)
 For kitchen appliances?

The vendor rummages through some BOXES until he turns up a
 handful of computer CHIPS and sifts them into JOOD's palm.

CUT TO:

Spero and JOOD move amongst the menagerie of underground
 dwellers and sellers.

SPERO (CONT'D)
 Please tell me you're doing
 something nefarious in your
 kitchen.

JOOD shakes his head, smiles. Spero is the only person JOOD
 seems at ease with because he always knows his angle.

JOOD (V.O.)
 Spero. He's the guy who put the con
 in connoisseur. Hell, he put the
 sewer in it too. He forgot the
 cause when he figured out peddling
 data was his ticket to high
 society.

SPERO
 What are you doing here? Shouldn't
 you be harvesting fig leaves for
 the masses?

CONTINUED: (3)

J00D
Shouldn't you?

SPERO
Have I taught you nothing? Someday,
J00D, you'll realize that this
shared passion of ours is lost on
the hoi polloi. In our world, its
value is best realized by the
highest bidder.

J00D pauses for a second, then looks over his shoulder.

J00D
I found a file.

SPERO
On the Plexus?
(dismissive)
Oh, joy. Little ones and zeroes to
make the subway stop and go. The
Plexus is rubbish these days.
That's why you librarians are so
keen to erase it. What is it --
text?

J00D
Images. A sequence. Video.

SPERO
Video?
(knowingly)
Cinema?

Spero pulls J00D into a dimly lit enclave away from the eyes
of the bazaar. J00D takes the little red box from his pocket
and pushes its button as Spero dons his spectacles. J00D
keeps lookout.

J00D
I've never seen anything like it
before.

SPERO
Well, I've seen everything, J00D,
and I can tell you...

A THUNDEROUS SOUND rumbles overhead -- the subway. The lights
go out and a hush falls over the crowd. Just as suddenly, the
lights return and business recommences.

CONTINUED: (4)

Spero shrewdly invokes a wearied tone as he comments on what he sees.

SPERO (CONT'D)

Ah, yes, this again. From the Plexus? Well, it's not cinema, at all, J00D. It's got some artifacting too. For sale?

J00D

What's it worth?

SPERO

You tell me Robin Hood.

J00D

I have a price on my head.

Spero sizes up J00D's head.

SPERO

Couldn't be much then. But if it's enough to compromise J00D 655321, I'm game. What do you want for it?

J00D

Just what it's worth.

SPERO

(sighs)

That's why they're phasing out your genome, J00D. You're not greedy enough. It's inhuman.

J00D

I'm in trouble, Spero. I'm being blackmailed. It's this or the ice.

Spero eases up.

SPERO

Alright, stop wetting yourself. I might have a client interested in this sort of info. Like I said, it's not worth much. You know how I work. And don't wear the gloves when you come over this time, makes you look -- clinical. Shall I keep it myself then?

Spero begins to put the little box in his own pocket --

CONTINUED: (5)

J00D

Not this time.

-- but J00D takes it back.

SPERO

Of course, too risky.

J00D

CONTINUED: (5)

Yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. MEMORY CENTER - SAME

Mnem, broken and defeated, lies in a heap upon the floor. She is alone, huddled against the mirrored wall. Her breathing is labored. At first glance, it appears as if she is sobbing. However, she is actually focusing her breath on a specific part of the mirror. This goes unnoticed by the...

BEHIND THE MIRROR

... TECHNICIANS on the other side of the glass. They are seated at the console and remain oblivious to Mnem's doings.

TECHNICIAN 1

That girl that was in here, the systems analyst --

TECHNICIAN 2

Dot 9242.

TECHNICIAN 1

You think she's an android?

Technician 2 considers this.

TECHNICIAN 2

Does it matter?

BACK TO:

INT. MEMORY CENTER - SAME

Each of Mnem's breaths frosts the glass with a fine layer of ice crystals. After a few more, Mnem smirks with satisfaction. The glass is chilled such that when she taps it with her finger it cracks! She presses her palm onto the crack and molds a lengthy fracture.

CONTINUED:

Mnem continues applying pressure, sculpting the jagged break higher and higher until she is standing, face to face, with the technicians on the other side of the glass.

BEHIND THE MIRROR

TECHNICIAN 2

What the -- ?

Technician 1 turns to the glass and screams! Mnem's eyes seem to penetrate her reflection and peer into the control booth. She gives the glass a good push -- the force splits her reflected image in two! Shards of glass the size of sabers rain upon the Technicians!

CUT TO:

INT. MEMORY CENTER - LATER

Mnem slides the razor-electrodes under her skin with the nonchalance of a woman snapping barrettes into her hair. She reaches for a BUTTON on a CONSOLE marked "Memory Unlock."

Her head juts back as a FLASHBACK ensues:

INT. LECTURE HALL - 21ST CENTURY - DAY

Dr. Alexa Ashe stands at a lectern before an audience of white-coat clad RESEARCHERS. She quells their applause with a humble nod and begins speaking.

ALEXA

From Prometheus came the stolen
fire with which man would
illuminate the darkness of his
world. It was the light, that would
allow him to perceive, to know and
understand what had only been
shadows before. Unfortunately, for
Prometheus, his generosity landed
him on rock where he's been
spending eternity having his liver
pecked by vultures.

Alexa turns on an overhead PROJECTOR -- a series of EQUATIONS and the words INTELLIGENCE, COMPASSION and FORTITUDE appear on a SCREEN.

CONTINUED:

ALEXA (CONT'D)

Lucifer, the Light Bearer,
proffered awareness as an apple
plucked from the tree of knowledge
and goaded the witless mortals to
taste. In so doing, the protean
humans gained self-awareness,
certainly worth the wrath of their
creator -- at least one hopes,
being cast from paradise and all.

Alexa gestures to a CLEAVED BRAIN in jar near her lectern.

ALEXA (CONT'D)

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley's
Doctor Frankenstein used an
electrical spark to bring sentience
to a heap of dead flesh. Of course,
it turned on him.

A pair of researchers wheel in a COMPUTER WORKSTATION and
connect it to the overhead projector as Alexa continues.

ALEXA (CONT'D)

These are all stories about the
creation of consciousness -- and
there's nary a happy ending among
them.

The researchers titter with droll laughter.

ALEXA (CONT'D)

But here's a story sure to have a
happy ending. In the interconnected
grid of super-computers and
databases we call the Plexus, a
team of artificial intelligence
researchers detect an Anomaly. Deep
in its central nervous system of
fiber optics and silicon, lurks the
seedling of sentience, of self
awareness. With some coaxing, it is
believed, the anomaly would yield
an intelligence greater than our
own. So, we try it.

The researchers applaud themselves and give each other
approving pats on their backs.

CONTINUED: (2)

ALEXA (CONT'D)

We nurture this developing consciousness by letting it ask questions, we feed it with answers, knowledge, the full measure and scope of the human experience. And then today -- an historic day -- it asks...

Projected overhead from the workstation are the words "Am I human? Y/N"

The researchers are awestruck, they begin to cheer. The convivial atmosphere is fractured, however, when a lone PROTESTOR, with pale blue eyes, rises to her feet and yells:

PROTESTOR

Blasphemy!

The other researchers are appalled and boo the protestor.

PROTESTOR (CONT'D)

This is profane!

Alexa becomes her unlikely defender.

ALEXA

(to the crowd)

Please, please. This is an opportunity for scientific inquiry.

(to Protestor)

How is this Anomaly in the Plexus blasphemous, sister?

PROTESTOR

By creating a consciousness that thinks it's human, you're inviting an avalanche of moral retribution from the one true creator.

ALEXA

The one? Which one would that be? There's been hundreds, thousands. Whose in fashion now? Oh, right. God. By your reckoning are we not God's instrument? The handmaiden's of his will?

PROTESTOR

Yes, but --

CONTINUED: (3)

ALEXA

Then is this not God's bidding?

PROTESTOR

Do you honestly believe that?

ALEXA

No. Nor, in this day of enlightenment, does it matter. Or does God matter.

The words "Am I Human? Y/N" loom large over Alexa.

PROTESTOR

We have a choice --

ALEXA

Yes we do. Apparently it's Yes or No.

Nervous laughs come from the audience.

ALEXA (CONT'D)

The question at hand is --

Alexa reads the projected words aloud.

ALEXA (CONT'D)

-- Am I human?

Her colleagues' eyes on her, Alexa stokes her resolve with a deep breath and brings a finger to the computer's KEYBOARD. She taps a single key.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER LABORATORY - LATER

AIR RAID SIRENS blare outside of Alexa's computer lab, which is in disarray and strewn with papers. A news ANCHOR on a TELEVISION in the background brays on about "Unparalleled devastation..."

Alexa stands before the computer monitor -- furiously typing.

ALEXA

(reading monitor)

Imbed encrypted Anomaly in media data?

(frustrated)

Yes! Yes! Damn it!

CONTINUED:

Alexa keys in her answer. There is a POUNDING on the lab door.

Alexa empties a bottle of PILLS into her hand and swallows a fistful.

COMPUTER CODE flies by on the monitor. Her eyes seem to ingest it as it goes.

The pounding continues.

ALEXA (CONT'D)
 (again reading)
 Set mnemonic code from source
 media?
 (frantic)
 Yes!

RANDOM LETTERS scroll by on the screen, until, one after the other, they freeze into a code.

The computer BEEPS. Alexa looks into the monitor and smiles. The monitor goes black. The lab door bursts open.

A BILLY CLUB cracks Alexa upside the head. She goes out cold.

BACK TO:

INT. MEMORY CENTER - PRESENT

Mnem's eyes open. She wets her finger with the blood at her temples and completes a phrase she has written on the mirror: CHMNY TPS. While regarding the strange letters, she sees, in a surveillance MONITOR, a squad of Mechaniques down the hall. She pulls the electrodes out of her scalp.

Mnem attempts to open the interior door of the control room, but it's locked. Worse, the LOCK requires a fingerprint to open it as indicated by the blinking FINGERPRINT GRAPHIC on it. Mnem runs to one of the technicians and tries to drag his glass-impaled body toward the exit, but it's too heavy.

Mnem takes a shard of glass from the mirror and saws off a pair of the technician's fingers as he writhes.

Mnem presses a severed digit onto the lock mechanism -- nothing happens. She tries the other severed finger -- the door unlocks! Mnem pockets the fingers and flees.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - LATER

Mnem thrusts herself into the bustling crowd. A CORD with an ELECTRICAL PLUG trails from her bio-management suit like a tail.

Her eerie look causes the crowd to scatter and avert their faces as if she were diseased. Their horror only feeds her determination as she ducks into --

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - SAME

-- the same alley in which JOOD found his weed. Mnem crouches against the brick wall and sobs. Mechanics run past the alley, unaware of Mnem. She gathers up her cord and looks ominously at the plug.

She reclines in a doorway marked "REPAIRS."

CUT TO:

INT. MEMORY CENTER (HALLWAY) - NIGHT

Dot jogs down the narrow, dim corridor leading to the Memory center. She's carrying food TAKE-OUT BOXES. Her path is illuminated only by a video surveillance monitor at the end of the hall. On it appear the two hum-drum technicians performing their duties.

Dot reaches the door and enters.

CUT TO:

INT. MEMORY CENTER (CONTROL ROOM) - SAME

The room is pitch black.

The video surveillance monitor plays what becomes obvious is a tape loop of the technicians.

DOT
Hello? Hello?

She hit's a light switch and SCREAMS!

She is standing in a pool of blood surrounded by the remains of the technicians.

Quivering from fear, Dot looks around the room. She sees one of the electrodes Mnem had used splayed on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She drops to her knees to inspect it. She scratches off the blood dried on its edge and nicks her finger -- a droplet of her own blood bubbles to the tip. Wincing, she discretely eases the razor-edged electrode into a SCAR near her hairline.

Dot's eyes glaze over, as if she were taking in something very far off and inward. A drop of blood glides to the corner of her mouth like a tear.

CUT TO:

INT. SYSTEM INTELLIGENCE HALL - LATER

Dot is escorted by a pair mechanics down a long hall to a doorway marked "System Intelligence." The mechanics open the doors and Dot enters. The Mechanics stand guard outside.

CUT TO:

INT. SYSTEM INTELLIGENCE ROOM - SAME

Seated at the far end of a dimly lit, long room is GLNDA, an ancient woman encased in a translucent OXYGEN BUBBLE. She wears a nun's habit. Behind her is a picture WINDOW through which the gray, bustling city hundreds of stories below is visible. From this vantage, the streets look like lines on a circuit board which reflects in her pale blue eyes. She is the lone protestor from Dr. Alexa Ashe's lab, grown old.

GLNDA is forthright and all business. Before Dot has completed the long stroll to her desk, GLNDA inquires:

GLNDA

Do you know what she intends to do?

DOT

She wants to find the Plexus Anomaly.

GLNDA

She wants to be the Plexus Anomaly. She wants to be god. The Plexus links all of our systems, from the subway to your refrigerator. To our defense systems. A single neural network. A sleeping giant. Do you know what happened that last time it was awakened?

DOT

It asked if it we're human.

CONTINUED:

GLNDA

When it was told it wasn't, it rationalized that it would be safer without us. Humans, I mean.

DOT

Why?

GLNDA

The history of humankind is a chamber of horrors. Given our record as a species, the Plexus understandably was acting in its own interests. So it attempted to exterminate us. You would probably have done the same.

DOT

That's not true.

GLNDA

What does it matter? You're not hard wired to the bomb.

Dot can only blink in response to GLNDA's comment.

DOT

I found this.

Dot hands Glnda a card.

DOT (CONT'D)

She wrote on the wall at the Memory Center. Is it a code, a password?

GLNDA

It's a mnemonic. She was trying to remember something.

DOT

I've traced it to an archive sector. It was probably triggered during library migration.

GLNDA

Have you interviewed the librarians?

CUT TO:

INT. KINDERGARTEN CLASSROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

An antiseptic kindergarten classroom featuring only a BLACKBOARD (upon which "I will not forget" is written many times over).

There are rows of children's DESKS, upon each a computer WORKSTATION. A large VIDEO SCREEN at the head of the classroom shows a PLEASANT TEACHER (in lieu of an actual instructor). From the screen, the concerned-looking teacher, asks repeatedly "Children? Children?"

CHILDREN clad in school uniforms stand in utter shock of the sight before them -- another child, a YOUNG J00D, lays comatose at his desk -- in his little hand is a FORK.

CUT TO:

INT. J00D'S APARMENT - MORNING

J00D wakes with a start. His apartment is in shambles -- JCN has disassembled every amenity in his continuing search for memory chips. He also discovers that JCN has dismantled his alarm clock. And he's late.

Hastily, J00D pulls on his trench coat and makes for the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUTOMAT - LATER

A glass and chrome dining facility comprised of vending machines.

J00D stands in the queue of a machine that dispenses nutritional gruel. The line of PATRONS, identical to J00D in most ways, leads out into the piazza. J00D impatiently holds his Consumer Card in his hand. The line proves too long, however, and a discouraged J00D forgoes breakfast.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY CAR - LATER

The car jostles its crammed commuters. From across the aisle J00D spies the attractive Female Commuter from before. This time, however, she appears to be alone. Her eyes set on J00D. At first he believes her attention is mislaid and looks around, but turns to see that her alluring gaze is meant for him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A horrible, mechanical HISSING sound precedes a sudden black out. The car stops and all goes dark except for the dim, violet emergency LIGHTS that line the windows. VOICES on the subway chatter nervously.

A sudden lurch of the car puts J00D and the Female Commuter face to face, in silhouette.

The Female Commuter finds J00D's hands and brings them to her breasts. J00D boldly reaches inside her unzipped top and sees the top of her breasts -- and the serial number tattoo above the right one, which indicates she is a Sex-Sim.

J00D
(in disbelief)
You're not --

FEMALE COMMUTER
I feel real -- don't I?

J00D is overwhelmed, embarrassed. He tries to pull away, but the Female Commuter brings one of his hands to her inner thigh. He is bewitched.

Her eyes narrow. She moves close to J00D as if to kiss him. She stops short of his face, parts her lips as an ELECTRICAL SPARK dances between them. J00D is paralyzed with fear!

The lights of the subway return and the car begins to chug along. J00D pulls himself away from the Female Commuter and hurriedly tries to find another seat. In her hand, the Female Commuter hold J00D's CONSUMER CARD, which she has fleeced.

CUT TO:

INT. REPAIR SHOP - NIGHT

A infirmary for androids. The chamber is morgue-like due, in part, to the many damaged humanoid robots laid on slabs in various states of assembly. Bionic arms and legs, wires and computer chips are strewn about. The plastic flesh of the Mechaniques themselves is pulled back to reveal innards of circuitry and skeletons of steel.

Mnem bursts in through the door and locks it tight. She is rain soaked. The water that trickles from her face is mixing with the pigment of her blue skin and leaving cloudy puddles wherever she walks. She looks at her hands. The nail of her little finger washes away with the liquid running off her body. She is beginning to melt.

CONTINUED:

Mnem looks around the android parts surrounding her and appears, momentarily, like a girl lost in a doll factory.

She pries the POWER PACK off the back of a Mechanique, revealing the shiny, never-exposed plastic flesh beneath it. She grafts it onto her bio-management suit and plugs herself into it. She regards her reflection in a window and approves as her pallor changes. Part machine, she has stymied the decay of her body. At least for now.

A DRILL in hand, Mnem begins to repair a Mechanique disassembled on a slab. She re-attaches a missing ARM and replaces a CHIP in it's hollow head.

MNEM

Test, test, test...

The Mechanique suddenly sits up and turns its menacing, half-constructed face toward Mnem. She is startled at first. After a moment, she commands it to --

MNEM (CONT'D)

Stand up.

-- and the Mechanique does so. She smiles, having made a deputy.

MNEM (CONT'D)

Where is your other arm?

The mechanic looks at the stump of wires protruding from its shoulder and scans the room. Mnem gathers a mismatched ARM from a sex sim and begins to attach it with her drill.

MNEM (CONT'D)

This will do.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) The mechanic Mnem repaired is rebuilding another mechanic per Mnem's instruction.

B) A half dozen rag-tag Mechaniques are each reconstructing another.

C) Mnem's Mechaniques stand at attention while she inspects them as would a drill sergeant. They are a sorry lot comprised of bits and pieces cannibalized from other Mechaniques and different types of androids altogether.

CONTINUED:

D) Mnem sits at a WORKSTATION, feverishly combing through files as they flit by on her screen. Something catches her eye. She freezes the screen.

MNEM
 (to herself)
 Downloaded? What? By who?

A few more keystrokes and Mnem's eyes brighten.

CUT TO:

INT. FUTURE MEDIA RESEARCH LIBRARY - EVENING

Bry-N, bearing a dumb and giddy expression, carries a BAG toward J00D who is hacking code at his workstation. Bry-N plops down next to him and opens his bag to reveal what appears to be a large, fleshy potato -- however, it has a bit of wispy hair on it and a single, moist eye. It is a BIOMORPH, distinctly humanoid in its genetic derivation.

J00D is repulsed as Bry-N puts it on the table.

BRY-N
 Went to Biopharm to size my new hand. They gave it to me as a souvenir. It's a botched clone.

J00D
 How do you feed it?

BRY-N
 Oh, you don't feed it. You just wait for it to die. It's waiting too.

J00D
 I hate it.

BRY-N
 You know, I'm waiting as well, JOD-E.

J00D
 To die?

BRY-N
 Not to die, J00D. For what we talked about. As partners.

J00D
 Oh, that.

CONTINUED: (2)

Bry-N flashes his odd little smirk, which irks J00D all the more.

CONTINUED: (2) J00D (CONT'D)

Tonight.

BRY-N

What do I do? Do I go with?

J00D

No.

BRY-N

But you're going somewhere, aren't you? Where? Spero's?

J00D

I better not see you there, Bry-N. If you have any hope of getting anything out of this.

Bry-N smirks as Lenny gets wise that he's let his guard down too low. He stares back at Bry-N as if he's running a thousand calculations in his head.

BRY-N

But I'm your partner now.

J00D

You're my blackmailer.

J00D glares at Bry-N, who is hurt -- still unable to effectively wield his ill-won power over J00D.

BRY-N

You don't think I'm capable --

J00D

You don't even know how to use a trash compactor, Bry-N.

Bry-N shamefully retracts his mechanical hand.

BRY-N

I can do plenty, J00D. I can have you arrested.

J00D suddenly looks stricken.

BRY-N (CONT'D)

That scares you doesn't it?

CONTINUED: (3)

Two Mechanics stand shoulder to shoulder in back of Bry-N.

Bry-N turns to look and receives a blow to the head from a mechanic.

BRY-N (CONT'D)
(to JOOD)
You sonofabitch.

Kicking and wrestling, Bry-N is hauled away by the Mechanics, who simply push him down the long corridor in his office chair.

BRY-N (CONT'D)
JOOD! JOOD! It's not me you want,
it's JOOD!

The other workers each chance a glance as he passes them. Then, after a moment, the commotion is over and everyone returns to work.

JOOD sighs -- part relieved, part disquieted.

CUT TO:

INT. HUTCH - LATER

A vast subterranean chamber, hangar-like in dimension, illuminated by a rag-tag line of BULBS.

SHELVES brim with PAPERWORK, decrepit archival storage BOXES, vaults of TAPES and stacks of film cannisters.

Evidence of plundering abounds -- some shelves are tipped, their contents ransacked, junk in the form of food TAKE-OUT BOXES and soiled RADIATION SUITS is strewn about.

The shelves still standing are arranged to form labyrinthine corridors, byways which are lined with a silty, crystalline powder -- SALT.

FOOTPRINTS in the salt dust lead to institutional-style FURNITURE haphazardly arranged into something approximating a living room.

The Mechanics continue pushing Bry-N in his office chair as his howls echo through the dark corridors of the Hutch. For a moment, Bry-N ceases his crying to regard the strange place at which he has arrived. Then:

CONTINUED:

BRY-N

Where are you taking me? Not to the Cryocomb! No! No! Don't take me to the Cryocomb!

The Mechaniques wheel Bry-N right to a silhouetted figure, who turns and takes the whimpering Bry-N by the chin. It is Mnem.

MNEM

Hello, thief.

BRY-N

Who are you? What's going on? Where am I?

Mnem has assembled a LABORATORY from spare computer parts and medical apparatus scrounged from the various passageways of the Hutch.

MNEM

You are six hundred feet below the surface of the city. Here we have a constant temperature of sixty-eight degrees Fahrenheit and forty percent relative humidity. Perfect climatic conditions for the long term preservation of everything from microfiche to celluloid film, newspapers to digital media.

Bry-N's eyes dart around the improvised lair -- slowly it dawns:

BRY-N

This is where all the source data is stored?

MNEM

Everything you librarians erase is stored here in hard-copy.

Mnem stews for a moment, then bursts:

MNEM (CONT'D)

The only data that isn't here is mine! Where is it Bry-N 1283? What did you do the data you stole? Where is the Anomaly?

CONTINUED: (2)

BRY-N

I don't know what you're talking about!

MNEM

I traced the download record to your machine! You took my data, fucker!

BRY-N

(cowering)

I'm a librarian! Everything that goes through my machine is erased!

MNEM

You're a liar! I wouldn't be here unless the Anomaly was downloaded!

BRY-N

Please -- I don't know what you're talking about!

MNEM

I had hoped you would be more forthcoming.

The Mechanics, take Mnem's cue and put their heavy hands on Bry-N's shoulders. Mnem approaches with the razor electrodes like those from the Anamnesis Center.

BRY-N

What are you going to do?

MNEM

I'm going to download your mind. My answer is in there somewhere.

BRY-N

No! Please don't! Please! Don't do this to me! Don't take my mind!

MNEM

And when I'm done, I'll use your empty brain as a back-up drive for mine.

Mnem sizes up Bry-N's head. She then presses the razor electrodes into his eyebrows.

MNEM (CONT'D)

I just hope it all fits.

CONTINUED: (3)

Mnem flips a switch that lets a few sparks free from the electrodes. Mnem throws the switch -- sparks fly as Bry-N's eyes roll back in his head as he shakes violently.

BRY-N

CONTINUED: (3)

J00D!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

J00D walks in the shadows, doing his best to blend into the night.

He strolls by a window and pauses to adjust his hair and straighten his suit. In the reflection, something catches his eye -- a Mechanique -- but it is gone by the time he turns around. His professional paranoia kicks in and he darts off.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - LATER

J00D gently raps the door, which after a moment opens just a crack -- then suddenly a hand reaches through. It grabs J00D and pulls him into the door with a crashing thud.

Woozy from the impact, J00D begins to sway, but is grabbed again and held steady. It is the woman from before. Again, her face remains obscured by the door.

WOMAN

Oh, it's you -- I was wondering about you.

J00D

You were?

WOMAN

If you were dead.

J00D adjusts his torn collar.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I wasn't expecting you.

J00D

You should apply for a peephole.

WOMAN

I applied for a peephole months ago. I'm just a little nervous.

CONTINUED:

J00D

I've got something new -- I thought
you might like to see it.

WOMAN

What is...

The woman's voice trails. She glances up at the disheveled
J00D, who presents the little red box.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

How much?

J00D raises an eyebrow.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Listen, I'm not --

J00D

CONTINUED:

I know.

She looks at JOOD.

JOOD (CONT'D)

I thought you and I could -- if
you're interested -- we could --

The light on the little red box pulses. She reaches for it --
but breaks off.

WOMAN

(plainly)

We could what?

The woman's eyes level on JOOD who stares back blankly. He
shifts his weight.

JOOD

Um. Well, you like porn and I like
porn --

WOMAN

Mmm-hmm.

JOOD

And I was thinking that --

WOMAN

Okay, listen, I appreciate the free
porno -- no, really, I do. But I
don't buy the one-man crusade act
at all.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Nice angle, but it's a little juvenile, you know? You pirate a little porno off the Plexus, pass it around, dodge a mechanic or two. It may work on other, uh, girls but I'm different.

J00D absorbs this, then slowly walks away, down the hall.

J00D (V.O.)

(mocking himself)

That went over well. Let's watch some porn together. When has that ever worked? Ugh. I'm such an E series.

(beat)

And I forgot my gloves.

J00D's hands are indeed naked.

The woman slowly closes her door --

CUT TO:

INT. DOT'S APARTMENT - SAME

-- and locks it.

Dot, in her underwear, waits a moment, listening to JOOD's footsteps continue down the hall. Then she quickly throws on her uniform, opens the door a crack and takes a look.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - SAME

JOOD is long gone. Dot eases her door shut and tip-toes down the hall after JOOD. She turns a corner -- JOOD is just a few paces ahead of her -- she waits.

CUT TO:

INT. PANOPTICON - SAME

SERIES OF SHOTS

CLOSE on grainy surveillance MONITORS:

A) JOOD scampers down a street past a cadre of Mechanics. One motions for him to stop, but JOOD thinks better of it and bolts. The Mechanics pursue him. After they pass out of frame, Dot appears, trailing the Mechanics.

CONTINUED:

B) J00D dodges into a dark pedestrian tunnel -- the Mechanics doggedly pursue him. After a beat, J00D re-emerges from the entrance, having lost the Mechanics in the tunnel.

C) J00D trots over a cement FOOTBRIDGE, arriving at --

EXT. CANAL QUAD - LATER

Canals and aqueducts carve through a well-kept street lined by glowing street lamps.

For the moment, J00D has ditched the Mechanics. He spies an ADDRESS across the street and makes for the door.

Nearby, hiding behind a lamppost, Dot keeps her eyes on J00D.

At the door, J00D catches his breath and raps a single knock.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPERO'S APARTMENT (DOORWAY) - SAME

The door opens immediately. Spero stands there smiling wickedly. He is wearing a MASK made of FIG LEAVES.

SPERO

I was worried your ethics grew back. That can happen, I hear.

J00D is carrying his little red box as one would a housewarming gift.

SPERO (CONT'D)

Is that it?

The CLICK-CLACK of the Mechanics' feet on the pavement is approaching fast. Spero hears this too as J00D looks warily over his shoulder.

SPERO (CONT'D)

Bringing friends? Give me the little red box, J00D.

J00D stalls. He tries to compress himself in the doorway.

SPERO (CONT'D)

Fine then. Good evening.

Spero begins to close the door -- but J00D relents.

CONTINUED:

J00D

Okay! Okay...

Spero takes the little red box from J00D and hastily ushers him into --

INT. SPERO'S APARTMENT (FOYER) - SAME

-- A capacious ante-chamber.

SPERO

And you're late, which, I suppose,
is to be expected.

The doorbell rings. Spero and J00D momentarily freeze. Spero appraises J00D's boiler suit and quickly hands him a COAT and a FIG LEAF MASK from a WALL RACK.

SPERO (CONT'D)

Put this on.

J00D regards the strange mask.

SPERO (CONT'D)

Fig leaves.

J00D hurriedly throws on the costume -- something of a post-digital age harlequin's outfit with mylar patchwork and glowing fiber-optic trim.

Spero opens the door with a flourish and is flush with relief. Two guests, an attractive female BUREAUCRAT in a HAT with VEIL and MISTER SURROGATE DROID (an android bearing a VIDEO MONITOR upon which is the blanched, ill FACE of his remote operator, who also wears a FIG LEAF MASK). They amble indoors.

SPERO (CONT'D)

Pleasure as always, pleasure as
always!

MISTER SURROGATE BOT

Sorry I couldn't be here in person,
Spero. I'm afraid this surrogate-
droid will have to do --

INSERT:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME

MISTER, a bed-ridden old man rests, surrounded by various medical technologies including a CAMERA.

CONTINUED:

MISTER

-- seems they're still farming my
new liver. As long as you don't
mind.

BACK TO:

SPERO'S APARTMENT (FOYER)

Spero pats the metal shoulder of Mister Surrogate Droid.

SPERO

Not at all.

BUREAUCRAT

(knowingly)

Neither do I. Came with all the
extras.

(laughs)

Simply refused to miss what you
have in store tonight.

(acknowledging J00D)

And who is this young man?

The Bureaucrat pulls a sheepish J00D from behind Spero and
salaciously looks him over.

SPERO

Why, J00D, of course. My nephew.

BUREAUCRAT

An E series? Quaint. Your nephew?

SPERO

He's adopted.

BUREAUCRAT

I didn't know you had siblings.

SPERO

(smiling)

I don't. The miracles of science.
Can I take your coats?

Everyone laughs as Spero ushers them all in -- all except JOD-
E, who he shoos into the next room.

CUT TO:

INT. SPERO'S APARTMENT (PARLOR) - LATER

A large, ornate MIRROR dominates one wall and various empty picture frames decorate others. On a TABLE rests a HOOKAH surrounded by the CARCASSES of a sumptuous feast. The decor is all an illusion, however, the result of rear-projection on scrims hung throughout Spero's cavernous space.

A number of aristocratic GUESTS, all masked, totter about, DRINKS and CIGARETTES in hand.

SEX SIMS, of both sexes, run amok, treading nimbly over EMPTY BOTTLES as they cater to the myriad interests of their guests.

Moving among them is the Female Commuter, dressed as a domestic android: she wears a red hotel bell hop's jacket, replete with cap, and stockings with garters. She serves drinks and swats the hands of GROPERs who cannot resist her precision engineered ass.

J00D is trapped in a conversation with an elderly DANDY, easily over a hundred years old, who is sustained by a contingency of TUBES for everything going in and out of his wraith-like body, from oxygen to excrement. He is like a skeleton encased in a plastic shell.

DANDY

In my day, you could get
pornography on every corner. Any
which way you liked it.

J00D keeps his nose in his DRINK, adjusts his mask.

DANDY (CONT'D)

How do you like it?

The Dandy wheezes something into J00D's ear, but he is rescued by Spero --

SPERO

(to Dandy)

If I may?

-- who pulls him away by the arm, just as one of the Dandy's tubes breaks free causing a minor SHIT STORM.

SPERO (CONT'D)

(to J00D)

Enjoying yourself? Breathe a word of
it and you're a fucking snowman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A SEXY DOMESTIC DROID crosses J00D's line of vision.

J00D
I need to upgrade.

Spero wends J00D through the crowd toward the back of the room where an ELECTRONIC PROJECTOR awaits surrounded by various chairs arranged like a homemade cinemas. Spero puts the little red box next to the apparatus and flummoxed, turns to J00D.

SPERO
How do you make this thing work?

J00D
(mindful of the crowd)
How many times did you sell it?

SPERO
I sold the seats, J00D. Now, how does this work?

J00D is stunned by Spero's audacity and doesn't react for a beat.

SPERO (CONT'D)
Jealous? Ease up, I just saved your life.

J00D
I saved your ass.

SPERO
Split the difference? Your cut of the door.

Spero foists a wad of CASH into J00D's hand.

SPERO (CONT'D)
Pay off that price on your head before it gets any bigger.

J00D

INT. SPERO'S APARTMENT (BATHROOM) - SAME

Darkness. The sound of GLASS BREAKING, then scuffling. CLICK! The LIGHTS come on, several, in fact, lining a large MIRROR like those in dressing rooms. Framed in its reflection is Dot, who plucks a FIG LEAF MASK from the face of a WIG HEAD on the counter and ties it on.

BACK TO:

INT. SPERO'S APARTMENT (PARLOR) - SAME

SPERO
(to himself)
Show time.

Spero pulls SILK SCARVES over the lamps and light fixtures creating a dim, but warm glow throughout the room.

He taps his GLASS and the attention of the attendees turns to him as they take their seats. He reads from notes scribbled on his hand.

SPERO (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen, connoisseurs and collectors. Tonight's menu is a melange of illicit exquisites culled from a menagerie of relics belched from the bowels of the city itself. Viewer discretion is not advised as your senses gorge on this most indelicate, this most graphic, most heinously profane display of unbridled pornographic pleasure sure to make your eyes as green as emeralds...

Spero raises his glass. Those at the party look on with baited breath. Even J00D is impressed by Spero's showmanship.

Spero pulls a BRAIDED CHORD dangling from the ceiling and with it comes a white SCREEN. He claps twice and LIGHT blasts onto it.

Mister Surrogate Droid, sits in the front row -- his face-screen reflects a BLACK AND WHITE IMAGE of a girl. The soundtrack swells:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIRL'S VOICE (OVER SPEAKER)

(singing)

Where troubles melt like lemon
drops / Away above the chimney tops
/ That's where you'll find me...

The audience of porn aficionados gasp. Some mouth the words they have heard back at the screen as if they weremantras. They are thrilled, awed, titillated.

From behind a nearby wall, Dot chances a peek -- she too is enchanted. As if in a daze, she takes off her mask and just as soon, a perplexed expression comes over her face.

Spero pulls J00D to the side.

SPERO

(whispering)

So, is there more?

J00D

More?

SPERO

More porn. Cinema, literature. Big ones -- on the order of say, the two plays of Shakespeare.

J00D

There's two?

SPERO

Oh, yes. And a sonnet. Pity it's all pornography now. I suppose if you name it, you can blame it.

Something over Spero's shoulder catches J00D's eye. Dot also notices: long SHADOWS cast from the space between the door and the floor.

Instinctively, J00D tenses, ready to spring.

J00D

(gesturing to the door)

Spero...

Spero looks over, then leaps to the projector yelling:

SPERO

Raid!

BOOM!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The front door comes down in a flurry of sparks!

A small army of Mechanics storm in, wantonly shooting Spero's patrons.

The exoskeletal Dandy and Bureaucrat are easy targets for the Mechanics.

Mister the Surrogate Bot enters the fray and briefly engages in mortal combat with a rag-tag-looking Mechanique --

INSERT: Mister at home operating his surrogate like a video game.

-- but is subdued when the mechanique guts his CIRCUIT BOARD and the metal man reels to the floor.

Spero, meanwhile dodges bullets and flailing Mechanics with expert ease as he slides behind the ornate mirror and disappears into the PASSAGE it concealed.

Dot follows Spero and motions J00D to follow her. He begins to do so but hesitates as he realizes he's left his little red box behind. He makes a move to fetch it, but Dot grabs him -- sparing J00D from the spray of bullets. She shrieks, however, as her arm catches some shards from a shattered VASE.

Reluctantly, J00D disappears into the passage.

CUT TO:

INT. PASSAGE - SAME

An algae-slicked, drainage tunnel.

Spero slogs through the passage as Dot and J00D try to keep up.

SPERO

(gripping)

I should go back into your line,
J00D. At this rate, it's cheaper
to just give it away isn't it?

Spero locates a MANHOLE COVER overhead and scales a LADDER inset into the tunnel wall. After giving the manhole cover a few goes with his shoulder, it finally dislodges.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Spero trots to row of GO-PODS (enclosed scooter-like vehicles) parked on the street. He discretely runs a JAMMER CARD through each of their key slots, unlocking each of them.

SPERO

Beauty!

Spero straps himself into a GO-Pod as J00D and Dot catch up, but on his cue, they nonchalantly pass by. Spero hadn't seen the Mechanique issuing the pod a parking ticket. He attempts to start the pod with jammer card. It doesn't work. He tries again. Finally the Mechanique taps on the window.

SPERO (CONT'D)

Ah, for crying out loud.

MECHANIQUE

You are parked in an inappropriate zone for your vehicle.

SPERO

In point of fact, officer, the vehicle isn't even mine. It was my intention to steal it.

MECHANIQUE

You are being fined for a parking violation, payable at present. Please produce your Citizen Record Card.

SPERO

This is a grand misunderstanding. You see, I have many, many friends, you understand. Of course, most were just shot up by your brothers in arms, but nevertheless.

MECHANIQUE

Please produce your Consumer Record Card.

SPERO

(buying time)

There's been some trouble with it lately -- it might not be properly magnetized --

Spero gives the Mechanique his jammer card instead of his Citizen Record Card.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Mechanique scans it by sliding it in one side of his head and catching it on the other. Suddenly, the Mechanique sputters and collapses to his knees in a heap of sparks. Spero retrieves his card and runs into the night --

-- Only to be halted by TWO ONCOMING Mechaniques and then a THIRD, then FOURTH behind him. He is surrounded.

Spero reaches into his inside breast pocket as all four of the Mechaniques spray Spero with a FREEZE RAY simultaneously. Spero grimaces with pain as he pulls a FLASK from his pocket.

SPERO (CONT'D)

Should old acquaintance be
forgot...

Spero swigs from his flask. As he begins to FREEZE, a knowing smirk grows on his face as his hand hardens in an ancient gesture of dissent.

Their work done, the Mechaniques saunter away from the frozen Spero. The LIGHTS from a DISPOSAL UNIT strobe in the distance.

J00D gingerly emerges and approaches his frozen friend.

Dot also slips from the shadows and watches J00D fish through Spero's pockets. He finds the jammer card and Spero's spectacles.

The disposal unit's lights reflect off the wet asphalt. J00D turns to Dot -- but she's gone.

J00D clasps the specs in his hand and takes off down the damp street. He pauses and looks back at Spero, who stands, frozen like a statue in the middle of the intersection.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - LATER

J00D ambles down a sparsely populated street. An ONLOOKER stares quizzically at him -- he realizes he's still wearing the borrowed coat and mask, which he quickly sheds. Once again, in his anonymous boiler suit, J00D blends into the CROWD.

A Mechanique spies J00D from a distance. He bolts!

CUT TO:

EXT. CATHEDRAL - LATER

An imposing monument to faith, awkwardly fusing ancient and futuristic architectural motifs.

The building dwarfs J00D, who dashes up past an iron balustrade illuminated with fiber optic wire in baroque-style patterns. He enters.

CUT TO:

INT. CATHEDRAL - SAME

A cavernous space, lit by tiny bulbs with humongous lenses that cast great shafts of light throughout the musty, granite building. The walls of the facility are lined with slim, frosted glass doors. On them are signs that read either "In Progress" or "Vacant."

DOCENTS, clad in black institutional garments minister to CITIZENS prone in the center of the great hall. The citizens weep and lay in fetal positions. The docents feed these people a communion of PILLS.

J00D peruses the doors, all of which are occupied. Frustrated, he turns on his heels but is caught mid-stride by a BEN-E, exiting through a door. Ben-E, like J00D, is of the E-series genome and consequently looks exactly like J00D. They recognize their resemblance to each other and are tad awkward because of it.

BEN-E

(taken aback)

Uh, sorry...

J00D

Yeah, uh...

BEN-E

Right. Going in?

J00D

Yeah, well you know us sinners.

BEN-E

I know, I know.

(whispers)

Got two breakfast bars at the automat. Only paid for one. I'll show you how.

J00D laughs nervously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEN-E (CONT'D)

C'mon, it's not like pornography or anything.

J00D

Did you hear they're discontinuing our genome?

BEN-E

The discontinuing the E series? Why?

J00D

I don't know, it's just something I heard.

Two mechanics enter the cathedral. J00D sees them over Ben-E's shoulder and tenses up.

BEN-E

Man, what's wrong with our genome?

J00D

That's what I said.

BEN-E

Well, fuck it, man, I'm going to get three breakfast bars next time.

J00D

Yeah, you go do that.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNSELLING BOOTH - SAME

A slender, cushioned chamber with frosted sliding doors.

J00D sits in front of the booth's MICROPHONE as the PLEASANT VOICE greets him from a SPEAKER.

PLEASANT VOICE (O.S.)

Welcome. Please state your name.

J00D hesitates. Through the glass doors, the SILHOUETTE of a skirmish between a mechanic and Ben-E is visible. Ben-E yelps.

BEN-E (O.S.)

Hey, wha'd I do? Wha'd I do?

CONTINUED:

J00D shakes his head, rueful, as he listens to Ben-E as he is carted away.

PLEASANT VOICE (O.S.)
 Welcome. Please state your name.
 Welcome Please state you name.

J00D kicks the booth's wall until a PANEL opens revealing a spaghetti-like wires, which he pulls out.

PLEASANT VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Welcome. Please state your --
 Please state your pass --

The Pleasant Voice goes dead.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

J00D approaches his apartment door. A small SCREEN above the handle reads: "Rent Due. Insert Citizen Record Card."

J00D fishes through his pockets but can't find his card. He pounds on the door.

J00D
 JCN! JCN! Open the door!

A NEIGHBOR from down the hall peeks out of his door. J00D huffs at him. The neighbor retreats inside. J00D then tries Spero's jammer card and it works, the door opens.

CUT TO:

INT. J00D'S APARTMENT - SAME

JCN plays "Memory" with a raggedy deck of antique playing CARDS. His draws are repeatedly incorrect. Opposite of him is the one-eyed biomorph. It has its own cards dealt before it.

J00D
 Didn't you hear me out there, JCN?

JCN
 The biomorph is beating me at cards, J00D.

J00D
 I was being chased by mechanics,
 you piece of shit.

CONTINUED:

JCN

(hurt)

Do you know how hard it is to not be like the other droids? To be two generations behind because your owner is too cheap to have you upgraded. The shame!

J00D

You're not programmed to feel shame.

JCN

But you are, J00D. You are.

JCN glares at J00D, then turns the biomorph so that it also stares at J00D.

JCN (CONT'D)

Someday, you might come home to find that me and the biomorph are gone, J00D.

(to biomorph)

At least we have each other.

J00D looks at the biomorph. It looks back at him. J00D is sufficiently unsettled by its lone, cycloptic eye that he closes his own.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUTOMAT - LATER

Dot tosses her mask into a rubbish bin and nervously waits for a beverage being poured by a hulking vending machine.

She sits at a table. Her hands still shaking as she reaches for her cup. Two breakfast bars are also on the table.

Trying to calm herself, Dot hums a few bars from the soundtrack of what she saw at Spero's. It is the music that would match the lyric "Where troubles melt like lemon drops / Away above the chimney tops..." This leads her, wide-eyed, to the final phrase of the stanza --

DOT

(singing to herself)

Away above the chimney tops, that's where you'll find me...

CONTINUED:

Something clicks. She dips her finger in her drink and writes the letters she saw in the Anamnesis Center on her table: "C-H-M-N-Y-T-P-S."

Dot's eyes widen. She then draws letters in between those already on the table. The result reads: "CHIMNEY TOPS."

DOT (CONT'D)
(to herself)
It's in that file...

Dot drops her cup and it shatters on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. JOOD'S APARTMENT - LATER

There is a rap on the door. JOOD cautiously opens it. Bry-N stands in the doorway. His manner is odd, coy.

BRY-N
Hello, JOOD.

JOOD
Bry-N?

Bry-N sashays past JOOD into the apartment. Then, two Mechanics bulldoze JOOD through the door, seizing him in the process. These are the same Mechanics from Spero's apartment.

JOOD (CONT'D)
(to Bry-N)
Looks like you made your first deal.

Bry-N simply clucks his tongue. JOOD is puzzled by Bry-N's behavior -- which, due to his recent brainwashing, is now a partial facsimile of Mnem's behavior.

JOOD (CONT'D)
If it's any consolation I have your money.

BRY-N
I don't want your money.

JOOD
No?
(nervous)
What do you want?

CONTINUED:

MNEM (O.S.)

What I want.

On the heels of the Mechanics, Mnem enters. J00D is taken aback -- he tries to avert his eyes, from revulsion, but Mnem's bizarre appearance is too compelling.

MNEM (CONT'D)

Go ahead. Look at me. This is what becomes of pornographers, when they get iced, J00D six-double-five-three-two-one.

Mnem looks around J00D's shabby digs and the mess caused by JCN's shenanigans. A haughty smirk comes to her lips.

J00D

(suspicious)

You're not a cop.

MNEM

No. I'm a customer.

J00D

Just went out of business.

MNEM

Is your refrigerator running?

J00D

(off guard)

My refrig--? Uh, yeah...?

The Mechanics trundle the REFRIGERATOR from J00D's kitchen into his living room trashing much of his apartment in the process (his computer is toppled, food boxes spill). Behind where the refrigerator once stood, JCN cowers unnoticed.

J00D winces as the Mechanics trample over his weed.

The Mechanics rip the door off the ice-box, then dump its contents, shelves and all, onto the floor.

Mnem steps into the empty refrigerator and sits as if she were on a throne.

JCN peeks from around the wall, rattling from nerves.

J00D (CONT'D)

I have chairs.

CONTINUED: (2)

MNEM

This is fine, thank you. My condition is sensitive.

J00D

(to Bry-N)

You have an interesting friend, Bry-N. Should have brought her to the party last night. To chill the wine.

Bry-N looks back at J00D with a dumb expression. In response he can only muster:

BRY-N

I like batteries.

Bry-N plucks a NINE-VOLT BATTERY from the floor and tests it with his tongue. He smiles at J00D, who nervously watches.

J00D

(to Mnem)

Okay, what did you do to his brain?

MNEM

If he only had a brain.

J00D

Fair enough. But does he have to talk?

MNEM

No. But you do --

Bry-N pulls the end of a power cord from a *Mechanique's* power pack. Now immobilized, the *Mechanique* pins J00D down with its dead weight.

J00D

What do you want?

MNEM

You have some data of mine. Your boss here helped me locate it. But when it wasn't there, he helped me locate you.

J00D

(to Bry-N)

Thanks.

CONTINUED: (3)

Bry-N pulls a power cord from the other mechanic as J00D looks skittishly on.

J00D (CONT'D)

But I don't have any data. I don't have anything. It was all in my little red box and that little red box is gone.

MNEM

(panicked)
Erased?

J00D

Misplaced. What's in it?

MNEM

Everything I've ever worked for. Every ounce of everything that I was is in that little red box. And now look at me. Look at me! This is the price I pay for you to steal it and give it away? Wrong, J00D. That does not compute. Now where is it, J00D?

J00D

Ask the fucking wizard.

Bry-N puts the ends of the two power cords together, producing a dramatic electrical spark. J00D flinches in terror.

MNEM

(yelling)
Fuck you and the wizard, J00D! I want that little red box with my data.

J00D

(back peddling)
Okay, okay, I can get it. Back. I can get it for you.
(then)

What kind of price are we talking --

Mnem is appalled, then impressed by J00D's chutzpah. She raises an eyebrow.

MNEM

Your life.

CONTINUED: (4)

J00D

That all?

Bry-N brings the spark closer -- J00D wails. After a moment's consideration, Mnem gestures toward Bry-N.

MNEM

Maybe his too --

J00D

Keep him. They'll make more.

Bry-N suddenly yelps like a little girl and drops the cords! Then Mnem yelps too!

MNEM

What the fuck is that?

J00D turns to see what they're looking at -- the One-Eyed-Biomorph sits on the table.

J00D

(relieved)

A biomorph.

MNEM

It's repulsive!

(regards it a moment)

I love it.

A VOICE comes from behind the kitchen wall.

JCN (O.S.)

He's mine! You can't have him.

Bry-N fetches JCN from the bathroom. He returns, clutching the clattering droid by the neck.

J00D

My domestic droid. JCN, these are my new customers, Chilly Willy...

(looks at Bry-N)

And No Willy.

Mnem looks around, sees the garbage everywhere.

MNEM

Domestic droid?

J00D

He needs a new chip.

CONTINUED: (5)

MNEM

You should get it --

JCN, vindicated, looks to J00D as if to say "I told you so."

MNEM (CONT'D)

-- Or recycle him.

JCN hangs his head. J00D turns -- just in time to have Mnem's icy hand caress his face.

MNEM (CONT'D)

The Hutch, sector 17. Find us
before we find you.

Mnem releases J00D and exits with Bry-N and the Mechanics in tow. She leaves a trail of RED-BLUE OOZE

J00D wipes the blue frost from his collar, then restores his trampled weed to its box and sets it upright on the table.

CUT TO:

INT. SPERO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

J00D enters, trailing POLICE TAPE caught around his ankle.

Spero's apartment has been decimated. SMOKE still curls in the corners of the once well-appointed room. SHARDS of mirror lay everywhere. The place has been ransacked.

J00D prowls around, assures himself he is alone. He approaches the projector and is relieved to see the faintly pulsing light of his little red box. He reaches for it --

The SOUND OF A GUN COCKING...

-- a Mechanique has the barrel of a pistol against J00D's head.

J00D sighs, then seizes the Mechanique's wrist -- tumbling it over. The Mechanique drops the gun -- J00D reaches for it, but the Mechanique kicks him in the shoulder. J00D swings and connects -- the Mechanique spins into an END TABLE crushing it.

The Mechanique begins to rise as J00D leaps on top of it and wraps his hands around its neck. The Mechanique, likewise, grabs and squeezes J00D's neck. It throws J00D on his back and pins him. J00D brings his legs up from behind the Mechanique, catches its helmet with his feet and topples the Mechanique over.

CONTINUED:

On top of the Mechanique, J00D grabs a large ornamental ASHTRAY from the littered floor and is about to deliver a death blow when it screams in a female voice:

MECHANIQUE

Don't!

J00D drops the ashtray and rips the helmet off the Mechanique -- inside is Dot. He holds her down as she glares at him. After a loaded moment, he lets her go.

On his feet again, J00D fervently combs through the ruins of Spero's apartment.

DOT

What are you doing?

J00D

I'm looking for something.

DOT

This?

Dot unearths the little red box from beneath the capsized projector. She fiddles with it until it activates and the footage is again projected on the wall.

J00D

This isn't the time to watch porno.

Dot shrugs J00D off.

DOT

It's not just porno. Give me the glasses.

CONTINUED:

J00D

What?

DOT

Spero's translators.

J00D pats his pocket from which Dot extracts the digital lenses and puts them on.

DOT'S POV:

The projection is indeed more than merely a Technicolor spectacle -- the translators reveal a flicker of COMPUTER CODE between the SCAN LINES of the projected video image.

CONTINUED: (2)

Dot tunes this under-image by manipulating the little red box. Soon the space between the scan lines grows wider as if she were opening Venetian blinds. Streams of COMPUTER CODE are revealed beneath.

DOT (CONT'D)
 (to herself)
 Imbedded code.

J00D rips the translators from Dot's face and puts them on himself. He is shocked by what he sees.

J00D
 You -- you corrupted my file! Now
 I'm dead.

DOT
 The code is encrypted into the file
 itself. Look at this -- it's the
 Plexus Anomaly. Simple, elegant,
 damn near beautiful.

J00D
 (assuring himself)
 What's it, a virus? I can fix it.

J00D'S POV

Cascades of COMPUTER CODE flit by, projected on the wall.

J00D (CONT'D)
 I have to go.

DOT
 Where?

J00D grabs the little red box, which immediately kills the projected image.

J00D
 To clean this up for a client.

DOT
 A client? No, wait. You don't
 understand what you have.

J00D
 Yes, I do. I have a problem.
 Everyone wants to blackmail me or
 kill me or freeze me, when all I
 want to do is sharefile a little
 porn.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (3) J00D (CONT'D)
 If I had kept it all to myself, I would have been fine. Now I've got to build a legacy system to fix this shit up because mine was trashed by some blue chick and my queer boss.

DOT
 Where are you going to get a legacy system?

CUT TO:

INT. FUTURE MEDIA RESEARCH LIBRARY (MEDIA VAULT)

Two Mechanics lay in a smoking heap. J00D and Dot step over their handiwork and into a maze of shelves lined with defunct MEDIA DEVICES.

Throughout the vault are haphazardly stackked FAT MAC COMPUTERS, an ATARI, an 8-TRACK MACHINE, a VICTROLA and VIEWMASTER amid other JUNK.

J00D and Dot prowl through the techno-miscellany -- nervously set off by even the slightest noise.

DOT
 What is this place?

J00D
 A graveyard for dead media.

DOT
 What are these?

J00D
 Extinct video formats -- Phonovisor, Videodisk, PixelVision, Viewmaster.

Dot picks up the Viewmaster and clicks through a couple of slides.

J00D (CONT'D)
 Aim it toward the light. It works better.

INSERT an illustration of the LIBRARY OF ALEXANDRIA through VIEWFINDER.

DOT
 What do these do?

CONTINUED:

J00D

Music. Wax Cylinder, graphophone,
an MP-183 player. Aluminum
transcription disks, phonographs
thirty-three and a third,
phonograph forty-five...

Dot opens the lid on a BOX, uncovering a VICTROLA phonograph inside.

J00D (CONT'D)

Crank the handle.

Dot winds the Victrola's crank and tinny, popular MUSIC from a 20th century 78 plays.

J00D finds what he's looking for: a computer WORKSTATION that appears distinctly old-fashioned compared to the modern units of the Future Media Research Library. He rips it open -- and pries a CIRCUIT BOARD from it. He searches around and sees an old BLACK AND WHITE TELEVISION on a shelf.

J00D (CONT'D)

Bring that over here.

Dot lugs the television to J00D who adds it to the MAKESHIFT SYSTEM he is assembling. He ferrets the wainscoting for a DATA PORT, yanks the CABLE free and hot-wires it into his system and his little red box.

DOT

What are you doing?

J00D

The data in my file is too old to
be read by modern machines.

DOT

So you're re-engineering an old
system.

J00D hits the button on his little red box -- TEXT suddenly appears on the television. It reads: "Activate Anomaly? Y/N" after which is a blinking CURSOR.

J00D

Anomaly?

Dot peers over J00D's shoulder and instinctively throws the Victrola into the system! It crashes to the floor in a flood of sparks -- J00D, cowers and leaps to his feet! He grabs the little red box.

CONTINUED: (2)

J00D (CONT'D)

Hey!

Dot turns to J00D -- in her hand is a SHARD of the 78 which she brings instantly to his throat. J00D holds the little red box at arm's length, which Dot can't reach.

DOT

Give me the little red box, J00D.

Dot presses the shard harder against J00D's neck. A trickle of blood runs across the 78's grooves.

J00D

(strained)

Make me an offer.

DOT

Your life for the data.

J00D

Already got that offer. Can you do better?

There is a RUMBLE from outside the vault, then the door opens.

FLASHLIGHT BEAMS scan the area, which provides sufficient distraction for J00D to turn the tide on Dot by suddenly grabbing her arm and twisting it so that she's now holding the shard to her own throat.

J00D's fist is wrapped so tightly around her own that the shard is cutting into her hand. BLOOD drips down her clenched fingers like juice from a pomegranate.

J00D (CONT'D)

Who do you work for?

DOT

I'm a systems analyst. The data in your little red box was created by a data criminal in the twenty-first century who created an anomaly in the Plexus --

The flashlight beams cross the room again.

DOT (CONT'D)

They're going to hear us --

CONTINUED: (3)

J00D

I don't believe you -- you just want the media, to sell, like Spero. I saw you there. You know what it's worth.

DOT

It's dangerous, more dangerous than a virus. She encrypted it into the media that's now in your little red box before she was iced. When you downloaded it, you triggered her release. Now she --

J00D

Shhh.

J00D muffles Dot's mouth as the flashlight beams squarely on them. TWO Mechaniques fire in their direction as J00D pulls Dot behind a shelf. He lets her go. The Mechaniques chirp: "Trespassers, trespassers..."

A Mechanique passes by the bookshelf -- J00D bludgeons it with an ATARI. Dot grabs the Mechanique's gun from the floor just as the other Mechanique ineffectually squeezes off a round. Dot shatters it with a close-range shot.

J00D pauses for a moment to catch his breath -- but the Mechanique he knocked down comes to and grips him by the throat! J00D tries to throw the Mechanique over his shoulder, but it staggers backward, J00D in its grip -- into the GARBAGE CHUTE!

Both J00D and the Mechanique disappear into the abyss.

Dot turns to J00D's improvised workstation -- no little red box.

The chute door closes. As a horrified Dot screams:

DOT

J00D! J00D!

Frantically, Dot tries to pry the doors open, but to no avail. J00D is gone. And so is the little red box.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND WASTE PROCESSING PLANT

J00D and what's left of the Mechanique jettison from a HATCH into a heap of BOOKS, VIDEO TAPES, VINYL RECORDS and sundry other media beneath the city.

J00D gathers his wits -- in time to realize that he is sinking toward a TURBINE, which is shredding the garbage.

Frantically, J00D piles various pieces of JUNK on top of each other in an effort to reach the underside of a CATWALK overhead. Unfortunately, the junk is being shredded faster than he can pile it. J00D makes a leap and is able to catch the catwalk by his finger tips -- enough of a grip to pull himself onto it.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HUTCH - LATER

Wishbone struts support the labyrinthine corridors of the Hutch.

J00D turns a corner, but halts when he hears FOOTSTEPS. He dodges into a DOORWAY as a small legion of Mechaniques march past him. Each carries COMPUTER and LAB EQUIPMENT.

Intrigued, J00D waits for the Mechaniques to gain a few paces then follows. They lead toward the makeshift laboratory where Mnem looks over plans hastily sketched on a piece of torn CARDBOARD. She is giving instructions to Bry-N.

J00D hides behind a box. From this distance, he strains to hear what Mnem is saying. He leans too far causing the contents of the box to spill with a crash!

Mnem and Bry-N look over for a moment and then return to business.

J00D catches his breath and notices that dozens of 8 TRACK TAPES have spilled from the toppled box -- a gold mine!

J00D immediately begins to gather the tapes, ever wary of Mnem's Mechaniques. As he does so he looks around and is astonished to find that his is surrounded by riches waiting to be plucked: VINYL RECORDS, scads of BOOKS, FILM REELS -- a cornucopia of analog media!

In this flurry, however, something catches J00D's eye. He turns -- and screeches! -- suddenly face to face with Dot, who covers his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOT
You're alright!

J00D pries her hand off his mouth.

J00D
I will be.

J00D points to Bry-N and Mnem. Dot goes white with shock. J00D starts to get up, but is pulled down by Dot and accidentally tips over a FILM CANNISTER.

DOT
What are you thinking?

J00D
I was going to give the little red box to them and be done with this shit.

Dot and J00D fail to notice that the film cannister is rolling, like a large coin, toward Mnem and Bry-N. It trails FILM as it goes. When it reaches Mnem and Bry-N, it wobbles at their feet and finally falls on its side.

Curious, Mnem picks up a length of the loose film.

MNEM
(to Bry-N)
Follow this and kill whatever is on the other end.

Bry-N follows the film strip until he spies Dot and J00D. He fires at the couple -- who leap away and flee deep into the Hutch, Bry-N's gunfire trailing them.

CUT TO:

INT. BIOPHARM - NIGHT

A chilly, antiseptic work-space. Large glass AQUARIUMS bubble with colored liquid. Inside are human LIMBS (hands, arms, feet, legs) and ORGANS (hearts, livers, kidneys, lungs). Each body part is tethered by a pale UMBILICAL cord that runs outside the tanks.

J00D and Dot burst through the door -- and bolt it shut.

A large JAR OF EYES stares back at J00D as he nearly slips on a patch of ice.

CONTINUED:

J00D

Where are we?

DOT

Biopharm. They grow spare body parts here. Be careful. The blood freezes when it hits the ground.

Kapow! A gunshot ruptures part of the door. Frantically Dot and J00D try to pry open a sealed FREEZER DOOR. Dot enters a code on its KEY-PAD -- a COMPUTER VOICE chimes back "Error." Kapow! Another gunshot, the door is about to give way. Dot tries to hack the code again -- with same results. J00D scrambles to get his jammer card out of his pocket --

DOT (CONT'D)

A jammer card won't work. It doesn't take cards.

-- and deftly jimmys the freezer door using the card to dislodge the dead-bolt. It opens and J00D and Dot dodge inside.

CUT TO:

INT. BIO-PHARM FREEZER - LATER

A stainless steel cube lined with shelves upon which is a complete inventory of the HUMAN ANATOMY organized by part. Rafts of legs jut from the corner, arms hang in another corner. Everywhere, jars of eyes stare back.

Gunfire is audible outside the freezer as Dot and J00D huddle, shivering, trying not to make a sound. Steam emanates from them as they breath.

Another shot, then the lights go out.

DOT

The lights!

J00D gropes around in the dark.

J00D

I think I found a switch --

DOT

No, J00D!

A crashing, metallic THUD.

CONTINUED:

J00D
What was that?

DOT
The lock.

Dot pokes around -- then produces a small FLASHLIGHT. The thin beam barely illuminates the two of them, but she proceeds to scan the room.

DOT (CONT'D)
We're locked in. We have to get out
of here before we freeze to death.

A sheen of frost layers J00D's hair and shoulders.

J00D
I think he's gone now.

DOT
Are you sure?

J00D tries to pry the door open -- to no avail.

J00D
I always hated that guy.

DOT
You can't give it to Mnem, J00D.

J00D
Why?

Dot sighs, then plops herself down on a crate marked "spleens."

J00D (CONT'D)
Because of the lies you're telling
me?

DOT
It's true, J00D. That cryozombie
was once Alexa Ashe, the artificial
intelligence researcher. She linked
all the databases, all the networks
and systems of the Plexus and made
it a super brain. The Anomaly. It
knew everything about us, the
world, all recorded knowledge -- it
even knew what it did not know. So
it asked questions. It learned. One
day, it asked if it were human.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2) DOT (CONT'D)
 When it was told it wasn't, it rationalized that it would be safer without humans. It overloaded the reactors in the powerfields. Nearly destroyed everything.

J00D is disquieted. After a moment, he turns to Dot.

J00D
 (realizing)
 And that's why they erased the Plexus. Why data is migrated selectively. That's why they call it pornography.

DOT
 If you name it you can blame it.

J00D
 Why everything is erased.

DOT
 The Anomaly could be concealed in any form of digital media, including what's in your little red box.

J00D slowly moves to a TABLE and screams!

J00D
 (horrified)
 Omigod!

The table is covered with hundreds of small glass JARS, inside of each, a FETAL CLONE -- embryos awaiting incubation. Atop the jar is a small LIGHT BULB which glows warmly, creating a luminous effect around the table.

The jars are all marked "Len-Y," followed by a individual SERIAL NUMBERS. Next to them is another batch of fetal clones, their jar lights completely dark -- they are marked "J00D." Something dawns on J00D...

J00D (CONT'D)
 They are phasing out my genome!
 (turning to Dot)
 Look, they're already onto the Len-Y series.

J00D grabs one of the "J00D" fetal clones and switches it with one of the "Len-Y" fetal clones. The F clone's light fades out.

CONTINUED: (3)

J00D stoops to the level of the misplaced fetal clone and smudges the "E" on the label so that it reads "F." He peers into the glass, which he taps with his knuckle. It's jar-light illuminates.

J00D shivers from the cold. Dot does not. She fishes in her pockets and pulls out a translucent TUBE with GLOWING contents.

J00D (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

DOT

You're cold.

She uncaps the tube and squirts ELECTROPLASM, a gel of liquid electricity, into the palm of her hand. The electroplasm glows blue and causes Dot's hair to rise as approaches J00D.

DOT (CONT'D)

It's electroplasm. It will keep you warm.

J00D is horrified. Dot offers the tube to him -- he flinches.

J00D

I don't like electricity.

DOT

Don't be silly. You're shivering. Here, I'll put it on you. Before you freeze to death.

Dot wriggles up to J00D and reaches for the zipper at his neck. With some apprehension, J00D lets her open his suit. Dot reaches inside -- his skin literally quakes, not from the cold but from nerves. Dot touches him and gently applies the electroplasm to his body.

Dot reaches deeper into J00D's suit and, without his noticing, palms his little red box, which she discretely tucks back into her own suit. J00D trembles a bit --

DOT (CONT'D)

Hold still -- if you move too quickly it will shock you.

-- and finds himself face to face with Dot who continues to slowly smooth the glowing ointment onto his skin.

CONTINUED: (4)

Mesmerized by her motion, her calm, her beauty -- J00D goes in for a kiss -- and connects for a wondrous second. Sparks fly! Literally. J00D yowls and flies from the floor and against the door.

The electroplasm on his body reacts with the door's circuitry and zaps the lock -- the door opens! However, J00D's reaction to his brush with both intimacy and electricity has left him embarrassed.

J00D

That's it. I'm going. I have business to do.

DOT

J00D! You can't! You have to believe me! You're being used.

J00D

By who? You or them? Spero was right, the value of this is best realized by the highest bidder.

DOT

(boiling)

You're such a sell out! What happen to the man who used to come to my door and give it away? Who wanted to share with me, the world? Where's the one man crusade now? And to think I almost invited you in to watch porno with me.

J00D

(dawning)

You?

DOT

I'm glad they're phasing out your genome, J00D!

With that, Dot slaps J00D and jets out the door. After a moment's reflection, J00D hastily zips up and chases after her.

J00D

Dot! Wait!

CUT TO:

INT. BIO-PHARM - SAME

Outside the freezer, J00D stands alone, surrounded by the various body parts dangling around him.

Dot is gone.

J00D takes a long breath. He sees a HAND floating in an aquarium. A tag on its umbilical cord reads "Bry-N series - Left." It jogs J00D's memory -- he frantically pats himself down, searches his pockets. Defeated, he realizes -- the little red box is gone too. He's been played.

CUT TO:

EXT. FUTURE MEDIA RESEARCH LIBRARY (FACADE) - LATER

J00D trots up to the doors of the Library, glances over his shoulder and enters.

CUT TO:

INT. GREEN ROOM - SAME

Cast in GREEN LIGHT from the scads of tiny lights dotting the walls, J00D loads a SACHEL with handfuls of the green data cubes from a box marked "CONTAMINATED DATA."

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Satchel in hand, J00D descends a subway stairwell and waits on the platform. It is quiet. A poster across the way reads "Apply for a Mate."

After a moment, J00D is joined on the platform by a lone YOUNG WOMAN bearing an ATTACHE CASE. J00D gives her the once-over and she does the same to him. He jokingly nods to the propaganda poster and she shakes her head.

An awkward moment passes -- then J00D and the woman are joined by a GAWKY YOUNG MAN gripping a GARMENT BAG. J00D appraises him too just as another, OLDER MAN joins them on the platform -- he carries a BRIEFCASE. Both the men give J00D knowing nods.

After a beat, a few more PASSENGERS arrive on the platform, each has a piece of LUGGAGE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A gust of wind heralds the arrival of the SUBWAY. The doors part and inside -- more PASSENGERS, each with baggage of their own.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY CAR - SAME

The subway car rolls toward a tunnel. The young woman looks around knowingly, as does the gawky young man. J00D sits quietly, suspicious, wary.

The subway passes into the tunnel. The car goes dark. J00D hears the rustling of the passengers hastily unzipping, unlatching, opening their respective carry-ons.

The subway exits the tunnel and back into the light. J00D's eyes widen as he sees:

Each passenger now holding a MUSICAL INSTRUMENT -- one has a VIOLIN, another a CELLO, still others with a BASSOON, a TRUMPET, a TUBA, an ACCORDION and CYMBALS.

J00D, who has never seen such objects, is taken-aback. For all he knows these bizarre-looking contraptions are weapons.

Their sudden burst of MUSIC causes J00D to wince, as the band strikes up. They play the ADAGIO VIVACE OF BEETHOVEN'S 8TH SYMPHONY.

J00D is enraptured -- he has never heard music like this, let alone performed live. The musicians continue, focused, intense. J00D turns his ecstatic expression upwards, opens his eyes and looks through the subway car's FRONT WINDOW into the conjoined CAR -- inside of which is Bry-N!

Bry-N spots J00D, enter's his car, then fires!

The bullet splays the wood of the cello next to J00D. He leaps toward the REAR DOOR.

The musicians scream and scatter as --

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER SUBWAY CAR - SAME

-- J00D bolts through the empty cars with Bry-N trailing him. Bry-N fires again, sending plumes of stuffing flying from seats and shards of glass raining from the windows.

CONTINUED:

The car stops -- J00D and Bry-N exit from different doors and run through the station --

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

-- to a soggy street where J00D dodges Bry-N's bullets, one of which takes out a LIGHT-POST sending a storm of SPARKS towards J00D.

ROBOT VOICE (O.S.)

Please!

Bry-N stops and sees the suicidal Rusted Droid that accosted J00D earlier. Obliginglly, Bry-N aims at it, but it suddenly yells "No!" before it's obliterated.

Delighted, Bry-N examines the aftermath, which allows J00D the chance to scramble up and over a dilapidated FENCE.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLOGRAVE CEMETARY - SAME

A graveyard comprised of uniform obelisks, each bearing a flat SCREEN holographic image of the deceased. Each image greets J00D as he passes. After a bit, J00D stops trying to hush the chatty tombstones.

A BLAST destroys a tomb J00D has just passed. He dives behind another tomb for cover, only to realize, with each successive blast, that he is cornered. A shot pierces his satchel.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Get behind me!

J00D turns, fists balled, ready for a fight, but there is no one there.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Over here. Behind you. To the left.

J00D follows the instructions, crawling on his hands and knees, until he's face to face with the HOLOGRAPHIC image of his pal Con Spero.

SPERO

Here I am, J00D.

CONTINUED:

J00D is puzzled. He looks over his shoulder as he crouches in front of the tombstone.

J00D

Spero?

SPERO

More or less. Mostly less. Just a neural map. But I recognize you -- you're on my buddy list.

J00D

What about the ice?

SPERO

I drank anti-freeze so it wouldn't take. I'm a man of my time, not some Rip Fucking Van Winkle.

Another BLAST takes out a grave just paces from J00D.

SPERO (CONT'D)

Here, get behind me. I'll tell you when it's safe. Who's your playmate?

J00D

Friend from work.

Yet another BLAST, this time closer, sends sparks and debris J00D's way. He begins to dig a hole in the grass with his hands.

SPERO

What are you doing, J00D? There's only room for one of us down here.

J00D overturns a large clump of dirt. The hole is large enough for the satchel, which J00D squeezes into the earth. He throws dirt over it and pats it down.

BANG! A bullet clips the top of Spero's tombstone. J00D screams.

SPERO (CONT'D)

Tell you what, say "You missed me."

J00D

Maybe a little.

CONTINUED: (2)

SPERO

To sample your words, J00D. Say
"You missed me."

J00D

You missed me.

SPERO

(sarcastic)

Again, with indifference.

J00D

You missed me.

SPERO

Now listen...

From the far corner of the cemetery, away from J00D, a holograve announces "You missed me" in J00D's own voice.

Startled, Bry-N turns in its direction and fires. J00D's recorded voice responds by saying "You missed me," from an entirely different area of the cemetery. Bry-N fires in that direction.

SPERO (CONT'D)

Go!

J00D's voice calls out "You missed me" from grave after grave, drawing Bry-N's repeated fire in every direction except J00D's as he escapes the cemetery.

CUT TO:

INT. J00D'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

JCN stands quivering, listening to the door lock being picked. After a moment, the lock turns and the door slowly opens. It's Dot! JCN is paralyzed by fear. OIL runs down his leg.

DOT

It's okay, I'm a friend of J00D's.

JCN

He doesn't have any friends. But if you're here to kill him, he usually comes home in about an hour.

DOT

You're not a very loyal domestic droid.

CONTINUED:

JCN

Why should I be? I've needed a memory upgrade for months and he won't get it for me.

DOT

He's not very friendly is he?

JCN

No. The only friend I've got is Charlie.

CONTINUED:

DOT

Charlie?

JCN

Yes, would you like to meet him?

Dot is curious. JCN opens his chest cavity. Inside is the One-Eyed-Biomorph. Dot screams!

INSERT:

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Two mechanics move through the hall, guns in hand. They have heard Dot's scream and silently gesture at each other in front of J00D's door.

BACK TO:

INT. J00D'S APARTMENT - SAME

Dot rigs the little red box to J00D's workstation. As JCN looks on.

JCN

What are you doing?

DOT

Saving the world.

JCN

Is that J00D's little red box?

DOT

Hey, I have a memory chip in my pocket. You want it?

CONTINUED:

JCN
A memory chip? Yes, yes! Oh,
please!

DOT
C'mere.

The easily distracted JCN totters over.

DOT (CONT'D)
Turn around.

Dot pries open JCN's CIRCUIT PANEL. She pulls a WIRE. JCN jolts.

DOT (CONT'D)
There, is that better?

JCN
(puzzled)
Is what better? Who are you? Who,
who am I?

Satisfied, Dot turns back to workstation. Text flashes on the screen: "Erase Anomaly -- Y/N"

Dot is about to push the "Y" button when a hand covers her mouth as another mismatched hand presses a GUN against her temple. It's a mechanic! Instinctively, Dot does a backward head-butt into the mechanic's stomach. It misfires its gun into its own hand. Dot turns, grabs it by the neck and shoves its head into the computer screen, sending sparks flying. She picks up its gun and tosses it to JCN.

DOT
Catch!

JCN catches the gun, but is immediately crushed by the door, which flies open as the second mechanic from the hall enters. Dot turns to see it just in time to be cold-clocked.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HUTCH (LAB) - LATER

Mechanics enter with Dot struggling in their firm grasp. Mnem turns and flashes her cruel smile.

MNEM
(sarcastic)
Hello, my pretty.

CONTINUED:

DOT

I read your memories -- I know how
you think.

MNEM

Oh, the little wind-up doll knows
how I think?
(mocking doll's voice)
Where's your mama? Mama? Mama? What
do you think of that?

DOT

I think you're a cold-hearted
bitch.

MNEM

Oh?

DOT

Literally.

MNEM

Get a little pinned up with the
abstract thought don't you?

DOT

I know what you plan to do.

MNEM (CONT'D)

Then you know how this is going to
end.

As Dot tries to break free of the Mechaniques, Mnem crosses
the lab with the little red box as if it were a holy relic.

At her CONSOLE, Mnem loses all cool and frantically fumbles
with the little red box until its light illuminates.

Mnem then furiously types on a KEYBOARD.

MNEM (CONT'D)

Go. Go! Go!

The light on the little red box pulses, flickering faster and
faster until it is constant, then suddenly goes dark!

Mnem jokingly shakes the little red box as if to get the
dregs of any lagging data --

MNEM (CONT'D)

All gone.

CONTINUED: (2)

-- then smashes it against her console.

Mnem hits a key on the keyboard. Within seconds, words appears on her screen: "Activate Plexus Anomaly Y/N?"

DOT

How are you going to prevent it
from destroying the city -- again?

Dot's wrists are BLOODY from attempting to wriggle free.

CLOSE ON "Y" button of the keyboard. Mnem's icy finger presses the key. The lights suddenly dim, a low hum reverberates through the Hutch.

DOT (CONT'D)

How are you going to stop it? How?

Just as suddenly, everything stops. Dead silence. On the computer screen are the words "Am I human?" followed by a blinking cursor. The sound of a HEARTBEAT is heard.

Mnem turns to Dot and glowers.

MNEM

You underestimate me.

The question on the screen looms --

MNEM (CONT'D)

It wants to know...

-- Mnem reads it aloud.

MNEM (CONT'D)

Am I human?

Dot and Mnem stare hard at each other. Mnem reaches a hand for the keyboard.

DOT

You're not human. Probably never
were.

Mnem hits the key.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

J00D runs full-tilt through his apartment building. The footsteps of his pursuer can be heard behind him. He reaches his door -- it's locked! He pounds on it!

J00D
Open the door JCN, open the door!

JCN (O.S.)
Who is it?

J00D
It's me, J00D, open the door, I'm
in trouble, JCN!

JCN (O.S.)
Who's JCN?

Bry-N appears at the end of the long hall, sees J00D and fires at him. He misses and runs toward at J00D who rifles his pockets for Spero's jammer card.

J00D
JCN! Op--

JCN opens the door, but to J00D's awesome chagrin, he is holding a GUN.

J00D (CONT'D)
JCN?

JCN fires. J00D recoils but after a moment realizes he has not been shot.

Right behind him, Bry-N folds to the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. J00D'S APARTMENT - SAME

J00D and JCN pull Bry-N's dead body inside the apartment.

J00D
(to JCN)
Where did you get the gun?

JCN
I can't remember.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

J00D
Quit it with the memory, JCN.

J00D notices that JCN's rear CIRCUIT PANEL is open.

J00D (CONT'D)
Your rear circuit panel -- what's
going on? You can't reach that on
your own --

JCN tries to close his panel, but he cannot reach it.

J00D glares hard at JCN, who blinks confoundedly back. After
a moment, J00D realizes --

J00D (CONT'D)
You really don't remember do you?

J00D turns JCN around and inspects his circuitry. The stray
wire is obvious.

J00D (CONT'D)
Somebody bypassed your short-term
memory circuits.

J00D fetches his pair of rubber gloves from his pocket and
pulls them on. He fiddles with the wires until JCN
momentarily blacks out then comes-to again. JCN looks
panicked.

JCN
(searching)
There was a woman. She was going to
give me a memory chip! Where is
she? What did you do to her?

J00D
What did I do to her? What happened
to my apartment? My workstation? My
domestic droid, damn it!

JCN
She said she was saving the world.

J00D
What's to save?

J00D sits on a lump of debris. His eyes fall upon the
rehabilitated weed in the takeout box. Something catches his
eye. On the weed is a new, tiny BUD. He is transfixed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

J00D (CONT'D)

Look, JCN.

J00D takes a deep breath, as if to stoke the conviction growing inside him. The bud is tiny, pathetic even, but seems to answer J00D's question.

J00D (CONT'D)

Okay, let's go. You're coming with me. I want you to join my one man crusade.

JCN

Why?

J00D

Because, you're the only person I
can trust, JCN.

JCN

(bristling)

I'm not a person. I'm a second hand
domestic droid without a proper
memory chip. For all I know you're
trying to get me into a recycling
unit. Why should I trust you?

J00D cocks his gun and aims it at JCN.

JCN (CONT'D)

Oh, I see.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A troop of Mechanics pass by the alley way as J00D and JCN
cower against the wall.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIAZZA - NIGHT

J00D and JCN run at full gallop through the dimly-lit
piazza, mindful of the Panopticon looming above them. J00D
takes pains to obscure his face.

J00D and JCN are spotted by Mechanics, who dart after them
firing. With nowhere to hide, J00D and JCN run for the
Panopticon.

CUT TO:

INT. PANOPTICON -SAME

J00D and JCN wind up the spiral staircase.

A legion of small video SCREENS encircle the narrow, curved walls.

Each screen has separate feed from the world outside the tower (desolate streets, WINDOW SHOPPERS, a SEX SIM and CLIENT). TIME-CODE on the screens reads "Hutchinson, Kansas."

In the middle of the room is a single CHAIR. It's empty. The dust accumulated on it indicates it's been empty for a long, long time.

J00D appears unsettled.

Mechanics burst in firing. J00D and JCN hustle toward a RECYCLING UNIT DOOR.

J00D

We have to go through here.

JCN looks dubiously at J00D.

JCN

The recycling unit. I knew it.

J00D

That's how we get into the Hutch.
Hack the controls.

J00D staves off the Mechanics with rather deft gunplay as a small, ANTENNA-LIKE PROBE extends from the area of JCN's crotch. He fits it into a KEYHOLE-LIKE SLOT. After a moment --

JCN

It won't let us in. I'm going to
have to jam it.

Suddenly, electrical sparks fly from the keyhole. J00D rears in mortal fear.

The recycling unit door slowly creaks open.

J00D

JCN, I can't see the bottom.

JCN

We're not going to jump.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

J00D
Compute the odds of surviving.

JCN takes a moment.

JCN
Fifty-fifty.

J00D
That's the best you could do?

JCN
The odds are better if you go
first.

J00D heaves JCN through the chute and then jumps into it
himself.

CUT TO:

INT. GARBAGE CHUTE - SAME

J00D and JCN slalom down the garbage chute, screaming --
until they are expelled, crashing through a wall and into --

CUT TO:

INT. HUTCH (HALLWAY) - SAME

-- a hallway. J00D and JCN gather themselves up, then wend
through the hallway. After a few tense turns, J00D nearly
slips. JCN stabilizes him.

J00D
What is it?

JCN kneels and puts a finger into a PUDDLE of RED-BLUE OOZE.

JCN
It's an organic compound, damaged
molecular structure but otherwise
human.

J00D
A Cryozombie.

JCN illuminates a FLASH-LIGHT in another finger, revealing
that the floor is trail of curdled RED-BLUE OOZE.

J00D (CONT'D)
It's her.

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, a bullet wings J00D's shoulder. He hollers in pain, then fires back as he and JCN duck for cover. A PANEL in the wall opens a few feet away. At first they are buffeted -- it looks like an escape -- until a Mechanique steps out firing.

J00D returns the fire, destroying the Mechanique as even more turn the corner, also firing. J00D gets a few shots off and dodges blasts as a ceaseless barrage of Mechaniques continue to emerge.

J00D and JCN run and turn into a dead end. They are cornered.

Blasts from Mechaniques chisel away the walls as J00D and JCN duck.

J00D grips his shoulder, sponging the BLOOD with what remains of his sleeve.

J00D (CONT'D)

Compute the odds of survival.

JCN

It's always fifty-fifty, J00D. We either die or we don't.

J00D spots a CHUTE across the way.

J00D

If we could just get through that chute -- but there's too much crossfire. Man, I really messed this up, didn't I?

JCN turns to J00D and puts his hand on his shoulder. After a moment:

JCN

Now, now. Let's not fret, J00D.
(beat)
I'll shield you.

J00D

What?

JCN

I'll shield you while you go into the chute.

J00D

But JCN...

CONTINUED: (2)

CONTINUED: (2)

JCN

Yes?

J00D

That's not fifty-fifty. You'll be obliterated.

JCN

I know.

JCN rises with conviction.

J00D

JCN...

JCN

I'm not being noble, J00D. It's just how I'm programmed.

J00D looks into JCN's automaton eyes and for a moment sees the flicker of something other than lens flare.

JCN (CONT'D)

You had better take this.

JCN opens his chest -- inside is the One-Eyed Biomorph.

J00D

The biomorph?

(moved)

JCN, man, I'm so sorry I never got you that memory upgrade...

JCN

I didn't really need it, J00D. It's planned obsolescence to sell more chips.

(petting the biomorph)

His name is Charlie. He's good company.

(to Charlie the biomorph)

Aren't you? Yes, yes you are.

Goodbye, Charlie.

(to J00D)

Goodbye, J00D.

J00D

JCN.

JCN

Don't worry, J00D, I won't forget you.

CONTINUED: (3)

With that, JCN darts out into the hall where he is immediately noticed by Mechanics who begin to fire.

J00D leaps behind JCN clutching the biomorph by its wispy hair as rounds of gunfire riddle JCN and he collapses and falls still in a hail of sparks.

CUT TO:

INT. HUTCH - LATER

Following the trail of ooze, J00D approaches the double steel doors of Mnem's impromptu laboratory. He tucks the One-Eyed Biomorph into his suit, draws his gun and kicks the doors open.

DOT (O.S.)

J00D!

J00D looks up to see Dot -- he deftly plugs both the Mechanics holding her, but misses Mnem who grabs Dot and wields her like a shield.

J00D aims his pistol at Mnem, who edges a SCALPEL ever-so-slightly into Dot's neck, drawing a trickle of blood. Mnem is wearing the electrodes from before, which tether her to the machinery of her lab.

MNEM

Drop it.

DOT

Don't, J00D.

MNEM

CONTINUED: (3)

Do, J00D.

DOT

Kill her!

J00D aims -- hesitates, looks at Dot -- then tosses his gun. It splashes in the ooze developing at Mnem's feet.

MNEM

Well done, J00D. Unfortunately, seeing as your accomplice here actually delivered the little red box, I see little reason to honor our deal.

J00D

But she stole it from me!

CONTINUED:

DOT

She's going to upload her neural map into the Plexus, J00D!

J00D

Let her. A neural scan will kill a cryozombie.

(to Mnem)

Aren't you afraid of dying?

MNEM

Death is a small price to pay for immortality.

J00D

Let Dot go. She's just a systems analyst. She's not part of this. I'm the criminal, I stole your data. I'm the pornographer!

MNEM

You know nothing of pornography, J00D. The real pornography is this sad consensual reality -- the stories we tell yourselves -- that the sun will rise, that there will be a Tomorrow, that there's meaning in the universe, that we are not alone.

Discretely, Dot pulls a bloody hand free from her restraints.

MNEM (CONT'D)

But there's no one watching over us. There is no Big Brother. No man behind the curtain. No god. Until now!

Dot suddenly smacks Mnem who flies across the room. Before she can regain her footing, J00D dives for the gun, turns and fires -- but it only sprays the ooze that has jammed it.

Mnem leaps for him and lands the scalpel square in his belly!

DOT

J00D!

J00D pushes himself from the blade. He opens his suit -- the pierced biomorph is shish-kebaped on Mnem's blade. She is astonished, as is he, when he realizes he is unscathed.

CONTINUED: (2)

J00D's eyes follow the CABLE that sprouts from electrodes imbedded in Mnem's temples. It leads into the machinery, finally bringing his eyes to the switch.

At a loss, he lunges for the switch, which Mnem's eyes also light upon. She looks at J00D and pleads:

MNEM

No! Don't turn off my bio-management!

J00D

I have to.

J00D grasps the switch --

MNEM

Please, no!

DOT

J00D! Don't! It's a trick!

-- and throws it!

Mnem's head becomes awash of electric-blue light. On a monitor, a blur of VIDEO IMAGES, of Mnem's life, both from the her past as Alexa and from recent memory as MNEM.

She rattles, her eyes bug and nostrils flare, steam rises from her head. She clutches the biomorph -- the scalpel blade conducts a current into it that raises its wispy hair.

She turns to J00D with an eerie smile, then screams in utter agony.

J00D and Dot are frozen with terror as Mnem melts into the floor.

Within moments, Mnem is reduced to a steaming puddle of red-blue OOZE. Her face, remains as a one-dimensional image, floating atop the ooze. J00D smears it with his foot.

DOT (CONT'D)

We have to get out of here!

J00D

But she's dead.

DOT

She's just been born, J00D. You uploaded Mnem's mind into the Plexus! Now she's in everything!

CONTINUED: (3)

J00D

What do you think she'll do?

DOT

The same thing as the Plexus
Anomaly -- protect herself by
getting rid of us. All of us.

The steel doors burst open -- Mechanics release a hail of
gunfire as Dot and a benumbed J00D hit the floor. They swim
through Mnem's liquid remains and out to --

CUT TO:

INT. THE HUTCH (HALLWAY) - SAME

-- A hallway where they leap to their feet and run. In
unison, the Mechanics speak in a blend of Mnem's voice and
the Pleasant Voice.

MNEM/PLEASANT VOICE

Smart girl. But I'm smarter. I know
the two plays of Shakespeare. And
the sonnet.

J00D

You're the systems analyst, how do
we stop her?

DOT

Let me think, let me think! An
electromagnetic pulse would erase
the Plexus --

J00D

But --

DOT

-- it would kill everyone. If we
rebooted the Plexus! That would
erase her.

J00D

And everything. Just what they
always wanted.

DOT

You can save the past or save the
future, J00D. Where do you plan on
being in the next little while?

CONTINUED:

J00D

Okay. How do we do it?

DOT

Kill the power. East of the city,
there's a relay station -- we could
trigger a chain reaction to shut
off the grid.

J00D

Is there a switch?

DOT

If we can kill one of the relays,
it will cause a surge to cascade
through the grid triggering the
other relays to shut down
automatically -- it could bring the
whole system down!

The words wash over J00D in waves. He looks as if he were
socked in the gut.

CONTINUED:

J00D
Kill the power?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Dot and J00D burst out of the Recycling Unit. Dot jimmys the electronic interface to close it.

The unit's door heaves shut just as gun fire welts its exterior from the inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - LATER

J00D spies a 1965 FORD GALAXIE, outfitted with "modern" accoutrements, parked along the street. He fishes Spero's jammer card from his pocket and opens the door. He and Dot get inside.

J00D inserts Spero's jammer card -- nothing happens. He runs it though again as Mechanics break through the Recycle Unit Door. Nothing happens.

A bullet shatters the car's side MIRROR. J00D tries it a third time: Varoom!

CONTINUED:

The car starts and J00D and Dot careen down the street loaded with oncoming TRAFFIC as Mechaniques fire upon them, hitting innocent DRIVERS by the handful!

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - SAME

A compact driving compartment sparkling with illuminated GAUGES and BUTTONS.

The on-board navigation system kicks in.

PLEASANT VOICE (O.S.)
Destination please.

J00D
East, to the power fields.

DOT
No!

J00D
But that's where...

DOT
It navigates with an uplink to the
Plexus -- which is now her mind!

The car's RADIO turns on -- Mnem laughs as, indeed, the pod careens headlong toward a concrete wall.

MNEM/PLEASANT VOICE (O.S.)
Enjoy the ride.

J00D wrestles with the wheel.

J00D
Rip out the on-board computer!

Dot frantically rips out the on-board computer's wiring, but despite her efforts, the car gains speed and barrels closer to the wall. Finally, a CHUNK OF CIRCUITRY gives way and Dot tosses it out the window as J00D regains control of the vehicle -- just in time to swerve and plow through a bevy of Mechaniques.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTLANDS - NIGHT

A wasteland of abandoned buildings and iridescent wetlands.

CONTINUED:

The car cuts a swath through what was once countryside. A dilapidated BILLBOARD reads "Welcome to Hutchinson, Kansas."

CUT TO:

EXT. POWER FIELD - NIGHT

Dot and J00D come to the threshold of the relay station. Dot halts them both.

DOT
There it is!

As soon as the words are out a bullet throws Dot to the ground.

J00D
Are you -- are you --

DOT
It's my leg. It's not bad, but I
can't run.

It begins to dawn on J00D what lies in store for him.

DOT (CONT'D)
There's a relay switch on the other
side.

J00D looks out toward the surging relay station -- lightning-like flashes reflect in his eyes like an electrical storm inside a snow-globe. He looks back to Dot with panic in his eyes. The look at each other for a beat as J00D's eyes reflect resolve. Dot plants a solid kiss on him.

J00D
Cover me.

A dozen Mechaniques appear -- Dot fires at them, picking them off like bottles.

DOT
Run!

J00D takes off, running toward the entrance of the relay station.

The Mechaniques follow him into the station, first with gunfire --

Three Mechaniques venture into the field and are almost immediately incinerated by lightning.

CONTINUED:

J00D continues to run across the expansive power-field as MNEM's voice booms through the night.

MNEM/PLEASANT VOICE (O.S.)

(quoting)

Not marble, nor the gilded
monuments of princes, shall outlive
this powerful rhyme...

J00D (V.O.)

The sonnet.

FLASHBACK

INT. KINDERGARTEN CLASSROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

As before, a Young J00D seated at his desk, a fork in his hand, which he is clearly about to insert into a PORT on his COMPUTER. The other children look on bemusedly. They chant "J00D, J00D, J00D..."

MNEM/PLEASANT VOICE (O.S.)

(quoting)

But you shall shine more bright in
these contents than unswept stone,
besmear'd with sluttish time...

BACK TO:

J00D runs harder. Dot's distant voice calls after him:

DOT

Run, J00D! Run!

MNEM/PLEASANT VOICE (O.S.)

(quoting)

When wasteful war shall statues
overturn, And broils root out the
work of masonry...

Panting, J00D spots the SWITCH only feet away, and lunges --

BACK TO:

-- just as Young J00D, in the flashback, jabs his fork into the computer port --

CONTINUED:

MNEM/PLEASANT VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick
fire shall burn, the living record
of your memory!

BACK TO:

J00D leaps for the SWITCH! He connects and brings it down just as he is struck by lightning!

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Every possible computer-aided appliance, which ultimately links to the Plexus goes haywire. It is as if a great, digital poltergeist seized the system -- the ghost in the machine in the midst of an electrical exorcism.

B) UNIFORMED WORKERS at the DEFENSE MINISTRY watch as all their SPY SATELLITE IMAGES begin to show BABY PICTURES and CARTOONS.

C) A SUBWAY CAR stops and starts as the PASSENGERS reel to and fro.

D) A MAN in his kitchen stands in awe as his BLENDER begins to whir, his TOASTER pops and his SPEAKER PHONE makes the mother of all conference calls:

CHORUS OF VOICES (FROM PHONE)

Hello?

E) The Automat is in the midst of a food fight.

F) Dozens of Mechanics suddenly freeze and yell "No!" in MNEM's voice. Then they all shoot each other in one geometrically ordained pattern whereby each guns another and so on until they all fall to the ground simultaneously.

G) GLNDA sits in the dark, her oxygen bubble deflated and suffocating her.

H) In J00D's apartment, everything is still -- because JCN has gutted all the electronics. The only thing that stirs is J00D's haggard little weed -- which has flowered into a forget-me-not. A single petal falls from it.

BACK TO:

EXT. CITYSCAPE - NIGHT

The high-rises and city lights begin to go out, block by block.

FADE TO BLACK.

MNEM/PLEASANT VOICE (O.S.)

'Gainst death and all-oblivious
enmity / Shall you pace forth; your
praise shall still find room --

JOOD comes to and finds himself in darkness. The power fields and all they fuel have gone black. Dot runs up and cradles his slack shoulders. She pulls him to his feet. Together they stand, silhouetted against the fading lights of the city --

MNEM/PLEASANT VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the
ending doom / So, till the judgment
that yourself arise / You live in
this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

-- until all is dark, somewhere, out there, over the rainbow.

THE END