

TITLE: VIDEOPOLIS

GENRE: Sci-Fi / Action

LOGLINE: In a world where fame is literally the new currency and Augmented Reality rules, a once famous TRUcaster, haunted by the past, must team up with a reclusive female assassin to take on a mega-corporation bent on controlling the very nature of reality.

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# V I D E O P O L I S

E R I K V I D A L

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Our story takes place in near-future New York City, a world in which every flat surface—every wall, every floor, every table and countertop, every street and every sidewalk, every bridge and every building—

EVERYTHING IS COVERED IN VIDEO.

Augmented Reality (AR) is the norm—everyone wearing their AR glasses (“Specs”) all the time, every object, every person, everything we see—

EVERYTHING IS VIRTUALLY ANNOTATED IN REALTIME.

To walk down the street is to wade through an ocean of floating hyperlinks and AR holography, each and every image customized and updated for the individual as he looks around, moves through the world.

Your “channel” is your reality.

As such this movie has been calibrated for IMAX 3D.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

**FIRST PERSON POV--**

Tearing ass down the highway, high-speed electric superbike--

**AUGMENTED REALITY (AR) REAL-TIME HEADS-UP-DISPLAY (HUD)--**

Everything labelled, hypertagged--

I-278 NE / EAST RIVER left / BROOKLYN right--

Highway jam-packed--auto-driving smart cars inching along at 65--we're weaving in and out of traffic--

No auto here, just the ultimate video game as we rocket between lanes, barreling ahead--

And there it is--EXIT 30 FLUSHING AVE--break right, hurtle off the highway--local traffic now but no less speed--

AR HUD a kaleidoscopic rainbow of icons--

E WILLIAMSBURG BUSHWICK top / mini-map upper-left / BRIGHT RED TRIANGLE (our destination) getting near--

Blinking red "RECORD" light lower right--

*CRACKCRACK!!*--sound of GUNSHOTS...

AR HUD pegs it: hypertag pops up like a flare:

GLOCK 67 TYPE-A / 2 SHOTS / 761 FT--

**EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - DAY**

Bike screeches to a halt--we hop off to--

Squat grey monoliths blocking out the sun, burnt out storefronts--trash--bars on the windows everywhere--

Across the intersection two police cars choke the road--hypertag NY URGENT RESPONSE AND TACTICAL--

We unsling something from over our shoulder--

VOICE (O.S.)  
All right--here we go--

**FIRST PERSON POV (HI RES)--**

We CLICK over--AR HUD gone--now we're looking out at straight reality--resolution bumped up 10-fold--

Charge down the street--POV bouncing wildly--

The two cop cars and the Urgent Response team (6 tacticals) covering behind 30 feet away--

*RATATAT!! CRACK!!*--window in the left cop car blows out--bullets puncturing metal--

TACTICAL #1

ALL RIGHT *FUCK THIS SHIT!* HOLDEMAN,  
TAKE YOUR GUYS AND FLANK RIGHT. LAY  
DOWN SOME COVER AND WE'LL START  
PUSHING THOSE FUCKERS BACK ON UP  
THE STREET. YOU COME IN AND WE'LL  
CATCH THEM IN A CROSSFIRE.

TACTICAL #2

*YES SIR!!*

TACTICAL #1

ALL RIGHT MOVE!! AND YOU--  
(looking right at us)  
*TRUCAST!! GET THE FUCK OUT OF  
HERE!! NOW!!!*

Team splits in two--3 guys heading off to the right--gonna try and circle the block in an attempt to pin down--whomever--with a suppressing fire--

Remaining 3 still under cover as the onslaught continues--

*RATATATATAT!!!!*--

Team leader lobs a flashbang overhead--

TACTICAL #1 (CONT'D)

*EVERYBODY DOWN!!*

Tac guys tuck in, cover their ears--

*KERBACK!!!!*--sound of the sky splitting and pure white light--

Street clear for a moment while the flash fades out--

And before the tac guys begin moving we barrel on forward, camera pointing straight ahead--

Street's clear--next intersection--

Duck behind some rubble--get our bearings--

And right there, right across the way--there they are--

Couple of KIDS--handgun, assault rifle--taking cover behind a parked car...

Crouching low we scoot forward--handgun sees us and CRACKS off a shot but it's from the hip and isn't even close--

Tac guys coming in from behind--they take cover--

*CRACK!! CRACKCRACK!! BOOM!! CRACK!!*--shots traded back and forth right in front of us--we're getting it all--

Gotta get closer, get the money shot--

Start forward, edge across the intersection--

*PFING!! BOOM!! CRACK!!*--

Closer...

Right up against the side of the building, just behind the kids--

10 feet away, facing away from us--trading shots with NY tactical--

We're getting it all--

Push forward--

And then--something... Rustle of sound from behind--

Assault rifle kid swings his gun around--

We leap back--pure blind instinct--

Fall to the ground sprawling--

Cop racing up behind us trips over our outstretched leg--

*CRACKCRACK!!*--

Shot in the chest point blank range--

Body crunches to the ground in front of us not 3 feet away.

Shock but we're still recording--cop's body filling the frame, TILT UP to the kids--their faces--the horror...

PAUSE--we FREEZE FRAME right there--

PULL BACK TO REVEAL--

INT. TRUCAST EDITING SUITE - DAY

We're actually in a TRUcast Network editing suite, watching all this footage offline in post.

Grid of flatscreens, light boards everywhere--hunched over in front of the array--

JOHN REZZER ("REZ"). Once upon a time the hardest TRUcaster in the biz. Now he has the hallowed out gaunt look of someone who hasn't slept in a week--and eaten in two.

Next to him sits his producer, ZAYD BIN AS'AD AL-MAZIN. Studio exec meets Middle-Eastern arms dealer.

Looking up at the screens--

MAIN SCREEN CENTER--

Rez's footage from earlier that day: sharp, clear, hi res. But then on the 8 screens surrounding--

A different shot / camera angle on each one: all the bystanders taking cover that Rez ignored or charged by, all the watchers from behind their windows up on high--

ALL of them shooting the action as well--all through their own AR glasses, handheld cameras--

We've got Rez wading into the firefight from every possible angle. And then--the cop...

ZAYD

Well I'll say this my boy: you had quite a morning. Interference, obstruction, accessory... I wasn't even sure TRUcast could make your bail. Cop gets hit, well, you know how it is... They usually just prefer to throw away the key.

(beat)

One must be careful, here in the city. One must exercise *caution*. Take your eyes off things, lose focus for even a moment...

REZ

If you don't like the way I work--

ZAYD

Settle down my boy! Settle down. Let us talk as colleagues here, you and I. As gentlemen...

REZ  
70 / 30 split, rights back to me  
after 2 weeks.

ZAYD  
Rights my boy? Oh no, I'm afraid  
you're quite mistaken. We'll be  
doing 95 / 5 with rights held by  
TRUcast in perpetuity... Your bail  
and all...

His gaze falls onto the side pocket of Rez's jacket then--  
something in there he wants--

ZAYD (CONT'D)  
Of course, if you have *something*  
*else* to offer...

Rez gets up to leave. Halfway out the door--

ZAYD (CONT'D)  
90 / 10 split, 6 week window.

REZ  
2 week window, cover the bail.

ZAYD  
Done!! And take heart my boy,  
doubtless we'll bump you onto the  
spectrum, with this one. To the red  
at least, or the yellow? Maybe even  
the pink? Finally get you to *ten*  
*million* views a second...?

REZ  
I don't care about the views, Z. I  
just care about the money.

ZAYD  
As if the two weren't exactly the  
same!! I'll give you this though:  
you're a class act my boy, through  
and through...

**INT. TRUCAST LOBBY - DAY**

Generically beautiful RECEPTIONIST sits in the middle of an  
ovoid desk--ring of flatscreens surrounding.

Rez slides his AR glasses ("specs") back on--approaches--

And on one of the large flatscreens facing out, it's here for  
the first time we see--



**THE TRUCAST NETWORK REAL-TIME COLOR RANKING SYSTEM--**

A graph comprised of 11 horizontal bars, stacked one on top of the other like a sandwich--

Bottom bar is BLACK--

Next 3 bars up: BRONZE / SILVER / GOLD (the metals)--

Top 7 bars above them: BLUE / RED / YELLOW / PINK / GREEN / PURPLE / WHITE (the spectrum).

Each color is tied to a number of views--more views per second, higher the color.

Upper left corner, watermarked on the screen: the TRUcast logo, a small GLOWING FLAME.

Rez glances down and we see, emblazoned on the inside of his inner left forearm: the exact same GLOWING FLAME...

This is a LIVE TATTOO--color-coded and updated in real-time to reflect Rez's status on the TRUcast network and, thus, his overall standing in the world.

At the moment it glimmers a soft, mellow BRONZE.

The receptionist looks up, several hypertags floating just above her head--

SYNDY / F / 20 / SINGLE / YOGA / TRAVEL / DOGS / (etc)

Her own TRUcast tattoo: a dull and lifeless BLACK...

Her eyes flick to Rez's tattoo, sees his current BRONZE ranking, semi-impressed--

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help you?

REZ

How's the victim doing?

RECEPTIONIST

The "victim"...?

REZ

The cop.

RECEPTIONIST

One moment sir--  
(tapping away)  
(MORE)

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)  
 Currently in the ICU at Our Lady of  
 Faith, still listed in critical.  
 I'm sorry.

REZ  
 Guy's got a wife, two kids... Track  
 down the wife, give her my share of  
 the proceeds. Make the donation  
 anonymous.

RECEPTIONIST  
 Sir, are you sure...? That clip--I  
 think we're expecting it to--

REZ  
 Just do it. Thanks.

RECEPTIONIST  
 Of course, I'll see what we can do.  
 You know, if you're not busy later--

REZ  
 I'm taken.

RECEPTIONIST  
 I was just thinking--maybe you  
 could watch some of my--

REZ  
 Sorry.

Rez exits the building.

**EXT. TRUCAST BUILDING - SUNSET**

A gleaming cube fixed to the Brooklyn waterfront.

Rez takes in the view--lights an ecig--

REZ  
 (to himself, re: the fallen cop)  
 Sorry man, sometimes shit's just  
 fucked...

Looking out across the East River:

THE MANHATTAN SKYLINE--

A vast array of towering skyscrapers--every flat surface,  
 every wall, every street and every sidewalk, every bridge and  
 every building, EVERYTHING IS COVERED IN VIDEO.

A world unto itself--magnificent, awe-inspiring.

**MAIN TITLE: VIDEOPOLIS**

Rez finishes his ecig, turns to go--stops, seems to notice something--

Looking up at the TRUcast building--walls glittering in the magic hour light--

Takes his specs off--and suddenly, what was once a flawless jewel becomes a drab, ugly gray beast--surrounded by trash and covered with graffiti--

Specs back on--building is a sparkling jewel once more.

Welcome to "PUSH MODS": location-sensitive AR. Assuming the user's channel is open, push mods automatically infiltrate and modify the viewer's POV.

No more trash, no more graffiti--why clean it up for real, when you can just cover it up in real-time with AR?

Rez shakes his head--the metaphor's just too perfect.

Nearby: Rez's superbike--awesome. Think Ducati meets one of the light cycles from Tron.

Hops on his bike--starts on home--

**EXT. MANHATTAN - TWILIGHT**

Hurtling across the Williamsburg bridge--video-covered Manhattan skyline fast approaching. Glistening wall of light-- 5 miles long and half a mile high--

**BEGIN CREDITS HERE--**

Coming off the bridge into Manhattan proper--slowing down, making our way through the LES, Soho--

REZ  
OK SPECS RECORD--

Blinking red "RECORD" light back on lower right--

So begins our "ODE TO THE CITY" visual montage setpiece--

Getting a sense of the city, the pure awesomeness of it all, taking it all in from ground level--

Some of the ads as Rez cruises along: TRUCAST, EOS GENE THERAPIES, "AMERICA: ONLINE!! ALL THE TIME!!" and a PSA re:

"TOMORROW: THE 4-YEAR ANNIVERSARY: REMEMBERING FALLOUT DAY"

AR-GENERATED HOLOGRAPHY superimposed on everything--giant holo billboards, locative art--

Pedestrians swaddled in AR CLOTHING--physically everyone's wearing the same black outfit, Gap version of the Star Trek uniform--

Virtually though it's a wild cacophony of AR fashion on top--

Woman's dress made of holographic AR roses--roses blooming, fragmenting, breaking apart, combining / recombining--petals falling behind her as she walks--

Man's business suit made of sparkling gold dragon scales--shifting, glinting in the light--

Rez cruises along--recording everything, taking it all in. On the hunt for any video worth grabbing, any slice of life he can pirate and upload to TRUcast--

But so far nothing. Rez continues downtown--we PULL BACK--

He's just a speck now--all alone--sailing along in an ocean of light... A single pixel in a universe of video...

**EXT. REZ'S STUDIO - NIGHT**

Pulls up in front of his basement studio in Chinatown--

**END CREDITS HERE--**

Gets off his bike--goes inside.

**INT. REZ'S STUDIO - NIGHT**

Large open loft--few soft chairs dotting the space--video wallpaper covering the floors, ceiling, walls--

Rez steps inside--lights come on and the ads start playing (anything to help pay the rent)--

Big ad right now: EOS GENE THERAPIES--

"WHY MAKE DUE WITH THE GENES YOU WERE STUCK WITH AT BIRTH?? UPGRADE THAT TIRED OLD DNA TODAY!! BE THINNER, STRONGER, YOUNGER, HOTTER!! GET EOS GENE THERAPIES TODAY!!!!"

The ad takes up the entire apartment--it's like Rez is standing inside a giant video game--

Suddenly a WOMAN appears--shimmering DIAMOND dress--

She is, quite simply, the most beautiful woman in the world--

"EOS GENE CORP PRESENTS: THE MOST FAMOUS WOMAN IN THE WORLD:  
EVE!! HER BRAND NEW CHANNEL, ADORATION, OUT THIS FRIDAY!!"

The AR hologram looks right at Rez--

EVE

I just want to thank EOS Gene  
Therapies for everything they've  
done for me over the years... EOS  
Gene Therapies, they'll make you a  
star.

Next ad kicks up: "TONIGHT ON TRU-CAST--"

REZ

OK HOUSE PLAY AMBIENT VIDEO.

Apartment responds in a disembodied female voice--

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

This is premium content and your  
account will be--

REZ

CONFIRM. PLAY AMBIENT BEACH 2.

And the entire space transforms--we're no longer engulfed in a  
giant billboard, we're standing on a beach in paradise.

White sand, pool-clear water, crystal sky--it's stunning.  
Like we're really there.

Rez shrugs off his jacket, drops it on the "sand"--sinks down  
into one of the soft chairs--

REZ (CONT'D)

MAIN SCREEN ON--

And the wall in front of him flips ON--giant rectangle  
floating over the ocean--

REZ (CONT'D)

TRUCAST-10 RANDOM 6 SECONDS.

Checking out his competition--all the other semi-pros  
breaking out of the BLACK and up into the metals--

Random vid comes up--

FIRST PERSON POV--guy BASE jumping off Dubai City Tower--  
8,000 feet up... Chute doesn't open--man screams as he  
plummets to his death--

Whatever--next--

6 seconds and the clip auto-cuts to the next random pick--

Young girl, passed out, gang rape at a frat party--frat bros cackling wildly--

Boring--next--

Two young boys drowning a cat in a tub full of water--cat shrieking--

REZ (CONT'D)  
TRUCAST-9 RANDOM 6 SECONDS.

One level up, checking out the TRUcasters on the SILVER--

Couple military guys in the desert, ducked behind a rock--bullets flying, jet streaks overhead--

Rez reaches down beside him--picks up a bottle of vodka along with a tumbler off the floor / sand--

Pours himself a double--

REZ (CONT'D)  
TRUCAST SEARCH MARCELLO.

Kick over to TRUCAST-8--the GOLD--

FIRST PERSON POV--we're in a beautiful FRENCH RESTAURANT, white table-cloths and candlelight... In front of us an incredibly cute, innocent, Girl Next Door type--

She's gazing back at us adoringly--we reach over, caress her cheek--she kisses our fingers--

Bottom right corner: a green "LIVE" indicator flashing...

CUT AWAY--and suddenly we're looking at our subject, the TRUcaster himself, in a medium 2-shot--

He's a gorgeous ITALIAN MAN--the girl "we" were just looking at now across the table from him--

Man is working with a "spotter", a TRUcaster wingman who hovers nearby and shoots the TRUcaster doing his thing, so the audience can get both POVs--

ON SCREEN--BACK TO FIRST PERSON--

MARCELLO  
(thick Italian accent)  
Sooo... We go to the bed now?

REZ

PAUSE. Jesus Marcello, you don't waste any time...

Rez stares up at the screen: picture perfect freeze frame of the girl staring right back at us--into us...

Downs his shot in a single, massive swig--

Reaches into his jacket pocket on the floor and produces--

His KEYCHAIN CONTROLLER--

Attached to it: holo pic of a YOUNG WOMAN--pixie cut--with a wide, beautiful smile...

Rez holds the keychain in front of him, looks at the photo. Looks long and hard...

REZ (CONT'D)

OK SCREEN PLAY KEYCHAIN VIDEO  
FALLOUT DAY 5-1-5-1.

Pours himself another drink--sinks back into the soft chair--closes his eyes...

**FIRST PERSON POV--**

Sitting at a restaurant table--mid-afternoon--lunch... Right by the window--40 stories high over midtown Manhattan--

Woman with the pixie cut--PAGE--staring back at us--tears in her eyes...

We hear Rez's sigh--barely suppressed fury--echo in our ears--

Page reaches across the table--touches our wrist--

We look down--shake her hand off--

She pulls back as if stung...

REZ (CONT'D)

This is SO. FUCKING. RIDICULOUS.  
We've been fighting for a week now.  
A WEEK. I told you I don't want it.  
I never wanted it. Told you that  
when we first got together.

PAGE

IT?? It's not an "IT" John, it's a  
LIFE. And it wouldn't be just YOU,  
it'd be US. You and me, together...

REZ

I just--I can't... I'm done. I'm so done here. With you. We are *done*.

Page, head in her hands, starts sobbing uncontrollably--but we refuse to pay attention... Staring out the window--

PAGE

*Please John--PLEASE... I'm sorry... I LOVE you...*

Get up--turn--walk away--

PAGE (CONT'D)

Did you hear me?? I LOVE YOU...

Stride past the empty tables in the restaurant, towards the elevator--slap the DOWN button--

Turn around--look back--

And there's Page--unable to speak she just silently whispers: *I love you...*

Stare back--not a word--

DING of the elevator--we're about to step in and leave her behind forever when--

From outside the window--far off in the distance--

A FLASH OF WHITE LIGHT--totally silent...

Thousand times brighter than the sun it expands in a second--engulfing all of midtown Manhattan--

And then: the sound of the Earth being torn apart--

Glass blows in--SCREAMS--building COLLAPSES...

**BACK TO PRESENT--**

Rez, alone on his video beach--eyes closed...

FADE TO BLACK.

**INT. REZ'S STUDIO - DAY**

ALARM BLARES ON--Rez starts, awake--

Video ads kick up and start swirling around the apartment once more.



REZ  
TRUCAST MAIN.

Perusing the charts, seeing what went up the night before--  
suddenly Rez notices, on his inner left forearm--

His live tattoo--the TRUcast flame--now a fiery YELLOW...

Rez is stunned--holy shit--5 million views per second--

REZ (CONT'D)  
TRUCAST-5--PLAY NUMBER 1--

And there it is--his clip from the previous morning...  
Tearing down the highway--sprinting towards the cops--wading  
into the firefight--

But then, few seconds into rewatching the clip--bottom of the  
screen--

A FLASHING CRAWL--

BREAKING NEWS: DEVASTATION IN BROOKLYN. 836 CONFIRMED DEAD.  
DETAILS ON TRUCAST-1. BREAKING NEWS: DEVASTATION IN BROOK--

Rez gasps--

REZ (CONT'D)  
TRUCAST-1--

Aerial shot of Brooklyn--a CRATER several city blocks wide--

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)  
--think it may have been some sort  
of bomb, perhaps even another  
suitcase nuke, detonated yet again  
here on the Anniversary of Fallout  
Day, 4 years later. As you can see--

REZ  
SEARCH PRESS CONFERENCE--

CUT TO steps of City Hall--still on TRUcast-1. Podium has  
been set up, horde of reporters surrounding--

Behind the podium: MAYOR OF NEW YORK--wrapping up his speech--

MAYOR  
--deeply saddened by this loss of  
life but I assure you, we will do  
everything in our power to bring  
these terrorists to justice...  
(MORE)

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Now let me hand you over to my esteemed colleague, the CEO of EOS Defense Corp, Mr Bradbury Stahr--

BRADBURY STAHR approaches: soap-opera handsome, man's body factory perfect--he is one of the richest, most powerful men in the world.

STAHR

Thank you Mr Mayor. Ladies and Gentlemen, let me assure you that we at EOS are doing everything in our power to get to the bottom of what happened this morning at 3:38am. Yes, it was a tragedy. Yes, hundreds of lives were lost. But let me guarantee all of you, here, now, that this had *nothing* to do with the EOS AETHER satellite network now under construction.

(beat)

In fact, in light of this horrifying event, we at EOS will be petitioning congress TODAY for an emergency breakthrough go ahead, allowing us to complete the AETHER network immediately, without delay--no more congressional oversight, no more government regulation--so that, God willing, with these all-seeing, all-knowing, BENEVOLENT eyes in the sky, a tragedy such as this will never again shake the foundations of New York City...

(beat)

And to answer the question that all of you are no doubt asking right now: this tragedy, terrible as it is, WILL NOT AFFECT the new EOS Gene Corp product announcement coming up this Friday night.

REPORTER #1

Mr Stahr!! The world is DYING to know--can't you give us just a HINT as to what's to come...??

STAHR

All we can say right now is this: it's a game changer. Life as we know it will never be the same.

Press conference over, back to news report--

ON SCREEN--

Face of a 3-YEAR-OLD GIRL--perfect, like a doll--

NEWSCASTER

Authorities are on the lookout for this young girl, the only known survivor of this morning's attack, as witnessed by several Publicams in the area--

Below the report a flashing news crawl:

CITYWIDE MANHUNT BEGINS FOR LITTLE GIRL / ANYONE HAVING ANY INFORMATION CONTACT LOCAL AUTHORITIES / CITYWIDE MANHUNT--

Just then the "PHONE" on Rez's screen rings--PRIVATE ID and the pic is blacked out--

REZ

ANSWER--

Video of the TRUcast newsfeed cuts out--kicks over to the vid phone call--where we see, unbelievably enough--

EVE--

The most famous woman in the world--on the line, calling Rez right at home...

EVE

Hello Rez.

REZ

Why Eve. Of all the people that could've been calling right now--I wasn't expecting the most famous woman in the world to be lighting up my screen this morning.

Eve smiles, it's dazzling--

EVE

You're sweet Rez, thank you. I'm glad you know who I am.

REZ

Kind of hard not to--you've been wallpapering my apartment for months. Seem to recall you were standing in my living room last night.

EVE

Oh my... Yes, well, I do hope you haven't tired of me just yet.

REZ

What can I do for you Eve?

EVE

I'd like you to shoot something for me. Tonight.

REZ

Isn't your big new channel coming out on Friday? Some kind of sneak preview going on tonight?

EVE

Yes, it is, but this has nothing to do with that. It's--something else. Something personal. An abomination.

REZ

I'm gonna need a little bit more than that--

EVE

I am sorry, Rez, truly, but I'm afraid that's all I can give you right now. What you'll be shooting-- I can't speak of it. You'll just have to see it for yourself.

(beat)

There WILL be risks, but nothing you can't handle, I assure you. There's a reason that I'm calling you for this, and ONLY you. Trust in that, and everything will be fine.

REZ

All right, I'll go and have a look.

EVE

Thank you darling, truly. I knew I could count on you. I'll send the info to your specs in a second.

REZ

You know Eve, I'm sure people tell you this all the time, but you really are the most beautiful woman in the world.

EVE

Why thank you Rez. Actually, no,  
they don't.

REZ

What's your secret?

EVE

Good genes.

Eve winks--screen snaps off--call is over.

PING from Rez's specs--pulls them on--

ON SCREEN: AJAX BUILDING / 39TH AND WEST SIDE HIGHWAY /  
TONIGHT / 2:30AM / TOP FLOOR / ASCEND SIDE OF BUILDING /  
COVER ROOF / SHOOT THROUGH SKYLIGHT / ...

REZ

Top floor--of course it's the *top*  
*fucking floor*... Thanks Eve.

Rez, 4 years after Fallout Day: still not so fond of heights.

#### **INT. PREDICAMENT - NIGHT**

NYC's hottest nightclub--hosting a sneak preview party for  
Eve's new channel.

Inside: a Who's Who of the city's glitterati--AR holographic  
outfits a wild riot of light and color, exotic holo jewelry,  
everyone a walking sculpture of light...

Video on the walls: a series of ACCIDENTS--car wrecks, plane  
crashes, people being shot, stabbed--all played out in  
EXTREMELY SLOW MOTION--one frame every few seconds...

And there's Rez, pushing his way through the crowd--towards  
the far end of the bar where we see: the GORGEOUS ITALIAN MAN  
on TRUcast-8 from the night before--

Beautiful--fine aristocratic features: this is MARCELLO, long-  
time TRUcaster, womanizing playboy extraordinaire.

Next to him is ANDREAS--Marcello's spotter and up-and-coming  
protege.

Both of them knocking back drinks, Andreas looking at (and  
shooting) Marcello--Marcello looking at (and shooting) the  
crowd--observing the women, a predator studying his prey...

We also notice here: while Andreas is wearing a pair of slick  
Prada specs, Marcello isn't wearing any specs at all.

MARCELLO

Rez my man!! Glad you made it out,  
despite the day being what it is...

REZ

Yeah, didn't know if this thing was  
still on or not, given we lost a  
good chunk of Brooklyn about 18  
hours ago... But hey, looks like  
nobody noticed, sooo--

ANDREAS

Well you know Americans--we don't  
let colossal acts of terrorism get  
in the way of commerce and major  
pop culture events.

Bartender slides a vodka towards Rez--the three toast--

MARCELLO

FUCK FALLOUT DAY!!

REZ AND ANDREAS

FUCK FALLOUT DAY!!

They down their drinks.

REZ

(to Marcello)

Switched to the contacts I see.

MARCELLO

Had to, had to... Cost a fucking  
fortune, resolution isn't as high,  
and they completely fuck with your  
depth perception BUT, for what I  
do, it's well worth it: the ladies  
get the COMPLETE Marcello, nothing  
at all to come between them and me.

Rez studying Marcello's eyes--fascinated by the tech--

REZ

Any other problems? What if you  
want to take them off?

MARCELLO

Take them off...?? Now WHY would I  
want to do that??

REZ

Oh I don't know, touch the real  
world every now and then--

MARCELLO

The "real world"? Let me show you  
the real world my friend: flip to  
my channel, password WEFUCKNOW--

REZ

OK SPECS MARCELLO WEFUCKNOW--

Rez's AR channel clicks over--and suddenly, everything--  
CHANGES...

Marcello's world: bright, vibrant, hypersaturated with color--

Basic hypertags gone--now just Marcello-specific icons  
floating over the heads of all the women in the room...

Giant DOLLAR SIGN icons (escort fee), BROKEN HEART icons  
(recent relationship history), HOTNESS RANKINGS (most women  
in the room are 8s and 9s)--

And of course most obviously: well over half the room has  
suddenly been "silhouetted" out--

REZ (CONT'D)

I just lost half the crowd in here.

MARCELLO

Of course. The No Uggos mod--keeps  
me from having to see anyone below  
a 9.0.

REZ

You know that mod was designed by  
women for women, so they wouldn't  
have to deal with men harassing  
them on the street...

MARCELLO

How poetic then--"He who lives by  
the sword, dies by the sword..."  
And how fortunate for me--that it  
lets me live my life surrounded by  
beauty all the time.

REZ

What if you want to talk to someone  
who's less than a 9?

MARCELLO

Why would I ever want to do that?

REZ

Good point.

MARCELLO

Lucky you're a 9.2 Rez, otherwise we wouldn't be having this conversation.

REZ

Glad I made the cut.

MARCELLO

Just barely my friend--just barely...

Rez continues to take in Marcello's channel--his 24 / 7 view of the world, fascinated. A WATERFALL OF COMMENTS cascading down the left side of his vision in real-time--

REZ

Shit man, how many riders you have tonight?

MARCELLO

Holding steady at a quarter mill. All goes well, we'll bump to a million later tonight, maybe get on the spectrum for a little bit.

REZ

When you're about to "close the deal"? You read these comments?

MARCELLO

No but I like having them up. It's like a wall of fire at your back-- keeps you pushing forward, no? Speaking of which--

We see Marcello staring at a woman on the far side of the room--body of a Botticelli venus--9.4 on the SILVER--

Next to her a friend--9.1 on the BRONZE--

Rez, still on Marcello's channel, sees everything he sees--

Names, ages, stats, likes / dislikes, travel pics--and directly overhead, two giant GOLDEN ARROWS floating over both ("available for pickup")--

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Andreas, what do you think of our 9.4 over there?



ANDREAS

I'd like to insert my penis into her vagina, if you know what I mean.

Rez coughs.

MARCELLO

Aptly put, my young spotter! Let's give the vacuum someone to fall in love with, yes? What do you think-- hedge fund manager...?

REZ

Artist.

MARCELLO

You think? Musician or painter?

REZ

Painter. She's done the musician thing, she's over it.

Marcello nods--begins clicking his way through his own KEYCHAIN CONTROLLER--

All the different pre-fab identities he has set up flashing by--HEDGE FUND MANAGER / MUSICIAN / PLAYBOY--he finally settles on ARTIST: PAINTER, pings the 9.4's profile--

A 98% MATCH. Girl's name is MONICA--her friend VIVIAN--

MARCELLO

Rez you ARE a genius... OK SPECS  
PRIVACY OFF SEND MESSAGE MONICA--

(beat)

"A BEAUTIFUL WORK OF ART NEEDS A  
BEAUTIFUL FRAME TO MATCH. COME JOIN  
US FOR A DRINK."

A second later, Monica (the 9.4) looks over, smiles--

"A FELLOW CREATIVE! CAN I BRING MY FRIEND?"

Marcello grins--raising his glass--

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Cheers everyone. To new conquests.

Rez nods but doesn't echo his toast--just takes a sip--

REZ

Why Moet sold you that multiple ID  
hack I'll never know... Shit's  
dangerous man, they catch you--

MACELLO

Tsk tsk Rez! Identity is a fluid  
thing. Like you said, I'm just a  
little ahead of the curve...

And with that the two girls join the three guys.

MONICA

Hello boys...

Monica sidles up to Marcello, hand grazing up his arm--  
fingertips tracing his GOLD TRUcast flame--and next to it we  
see, up close for the first time:

An EOS GENE CORP TATTOO (changes color with the gene upgrades  
you have installed)--a glittering RED ROSE...

MONICA (CONT'D)

Well you're doing all right for  
yourself. I love your muscles. How  
long have you had them?

MARCELLO

EOS Lifestyle Upgrade 6-2, has the  
new muscle fiber update. Finally  
approved two months ago, thank you  
Mr Stahr... It's great, no? Really  
pops--

Marcello flexes his bicep--sharp intake of breath from both  
women--most impressed--

Meanwhile Andreas has moved up behind Vivian--hand on her  
shoulder--upping the kino--

Monica eye codes with Viv: I've got this guy, that's your  
guy, all good here--

ANDREAS

So how are you ladies enjoying the  
party so far?

VIVIAN

I love it here--it's so *fresh*...  
You think Eve'll actually make an  
appearance?

ANDREAS

Never gonna happen. Eve hasn't been  
seen in public in years--

And right on cue: LIGHTS GO OUT--artsy slow motion "accident"  
decor leaves the walls, replaced by--

A beautiful, sparkling WHITE--

Everyone now floating in an abyss of HEAVENLY WHITE...

A SLOW BEAT starts to play, emanating from all over...

On the far wall: an OCEAN fades in, a gorgeous SUNSET on the  
horizon--

FLOOR turns to SAND; ceiling becomes a TWILIGHT SKY--

We're on some kind of DESERTED ISLAND--

Large CIRCULAR STAGE in the center of the room becomes an  
elevated SAND DUNE... On top of which--

An AR hologram of EVE--beautiful, perfect as always--  
coalesces together...

No famous diamond dress--now just a ragged pair of cut off  
shorts and a tank top--

Crowd gasps--murmurs of excitement everywhere--

Eve tilts her head back then--closing her eyes, she begins to  
SING...

Her voice is beautiful, haunting--she sings a torchy love  
ballad... A song of being lost, alone, stranded in the middle  
of nowhere--waiting for her lover, her soulmate--

Waiting to be rescued...

ANDREAS (CONT'D)

You know, some people are finally  
starting to catch on... They think  
maybe Eve doesn't even exist at  
all, and never did. That maybe  
she's a synthespian...

MONICA

Oh come on, she's the most famous  
women in the world! They can't fake  
that! She's the poster girl for EOS  
Gene Therapy! She has the only  
DIAMOND LEVEL TATTOOS in the whole  
world--

Gesturing at the holographic Eve--and sure enough: on her inner left forearm:

A DIAMOND TRUCAST FLAME--and next to it a DIAMOND EOS ROSE--

MONICA (CONT'D)

Diamond means you have EVERYTHING.  
EVERY upgrade, and more views than  
anyone...

ANDREAS

Hah. That just means she's rich and  
famous, not that she's real.

The song peaks--finishes out--

Eve, staring up at the sky--single perfect tear sliding down  
her cheek...

As the whole room FADES TO BLACK...

LIGHTS BACK ON--we're still on the deserted island but Eve is  
nowhere to be found.

MONICA

(to Marcello)

So what do you think? Is she real?

MARCELLO

Does it matter? You interact with  
her the same either way, no?

REZ

This new channel she has--what does  
it "do", exactly...?

VIVIAN

Well that's the thing, no one  
knows. The Golden Filter made your  
life into the greatest movie ever,  
and you were the star. But this new  
one, Adoration, who knows what it  
does. We'll just have to wait for  
the big release on Friday, see what  
happens when we all dive in.

MARCELLO

Rez you're the video expert, what  
do you think?

ANDREAS

Yeah man, which side are you on,  
real or synthespian?

REZ

Yeah I'm pretty sure she's real.

ANDREAS

Oh? How do you know?

REZ

Just a hunch.

MARCELLO

Well if Eve's not here tonight she'll definitely be at the big EOS party on Friday, when they make their big announcement.

VIVIAN

Yeah the new gene therapy, the "game changer"...

MONICA

Oh my God talk about the event of the season, of the year--

MARCELLO

Of the decade. I heard she might even be performing after the announcement, whatever it is. Like, IN THE FLESH. In which case, so much for your "ghost" theory...

VIVIAN

OH MY GOD we'd KILL to get tickets... Are any of you guys...?

MARCELLO

Sorry ladies, I may be in the Gold but I think that one's strictly for those on the White and their VERY special guests... Not even our YELLOW friend here can swing a ticket for that one...

Marcello grabs Rez's arm then, holds it up high--we see his glowing YELLOW tattoo--the women gasp in unison--

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, my friend is famous!!

REZ

Jesus M--a little discretion please...

Rez yanks his arm back down but not before the surrounding glitterati notice--applause from all around--

MARCELLO

You should be living it up my friend, you're on the motherfucking SPECTRUM, who knows how long it'll last?? A YELLOW tattoo, you can have any woman in here, no game required...

Rez shifts uncomfortably, not liking the attention--starts moving towards the exit. Pulling Marcello aside--

REZ

Hey M, I got a call this morning, for a gig... It's money, and a lot of it.

MARCELLO

That's wonderful man, I'm happy for you.

REZ

Yeah well, the call was--a rather unexpected one, to say the least. From a pretty unusual client... So look--you don't hear from me by tomorrow morning, you get in touch with Moet, tell her what I told you, she'll know what to do.

MARCELLO

Whatever you say my man, but look--you gonna be OK? I know today's the anniversary--

REZ

Just another day--it is what it is.

MARCELLO

Look man, I loved her too, we all loved her. But you gotta let that shit go. Look around you!! The world is our playground!! YOUR playground right now, Mr YELLOW. Anything you want!! ANYONE you want. You just have to approach it with the eyes and the mind of a child. You know what I mean?

REZ

Like a child, got it. I gotta go.

Rez leaves the club.

**EXT. AJAX BUILDING - NIGHT**

5-story block of concrete on the West Side Highway, facing the Hudson River--

Rez looks at the building: no way in save up the fire escape-- he sighs, starts on up--

**EXT. ROOF - AJAX BUILDING - NIGHT**

Swings himself onto the roof--collapses, covered in sweat (that fear of heights)...

Tries to pick himself up--dry heaves--gets his breath back slowly, steadies himself--then back on his feet.

Around him: roof is dark, a massive skylight in the center-- his vantage point...

Peering down through the skylight he sees: open loft space-- white bed in the center of a giant red carpet. Far wall: bank of servers and computing hardware--

Rez crouches down, unslings his pro camera--waits...

DISSOLVE TO:

**FIRST PERSON POV (HI RES)--**

SOUND OF A DOOR--FOOTSTEPS--someone's entered the room--

A MAN, wearing a HOOD--a wraparound wearable computing device covering the entire head, like a cowl with giant goggles--

Unlike AR specs the hood is meant for TOTAL IMMERSION...

The man--wearing the hood and a simple white robe--crosses the room, sits on the bed, shrugs the robe off--he's naked underneath...

SNAP ZOOM to the glowing WHITE EOS ROSE tattoo on his inner right forearm--

TILT UP to his face--we see the lower half but the hood is covering the rest...

And then: a THUMPING, POUNDING BEAT--like industrial thrash meets techno trance music--BLASTING AWAY--

Door opens and closes and in comes--

A FIGURE--a shadow, silhouette in the darkness...

FEMALE--flash of tight black leather, glitter, red gold lipstick... Her body amazing, toned like a dancer's, but with curves in all the right places--

Her back to the camera she faces the man on the bed--and then slowly, feeling the music--she begins to dance...

*BOOM-THWACK-BOOMBOOM-THWACK--*

The man stares at her impassively--goggled eyes revealing nothing... Lost in his own world, the dancing woman just a character in his computer-generated-on-the-fly reality--

Flicker of movement to the side then--another figure has entered the room--SNAP ZOOM ON--

A SILVER METAL WOMAN...

Some kind of ROBOT, or ANDROID... Like a beautiful, perfectly shaped mannequin--dipped in liquid metal...

Man reaches back and produces a pair of HAPTIC GLOVES--able to simulate any touch--he puts them on--

Leans back--legs spread--

The silver metal woman approaches, straddles him, and then, incredibly, she begins giving him a lap dance...

Arms wrapped around him--hips swaying, her face pressed to his--all while the man, wearing the haptic gloves, traces his hands down her back, feeling her "skin"--

As the beautiful HUMAN dancer continues her primal dance in the background--

*BOOM-THWACK-BOOMBOOM-THWACK--*

The chrome woman gets up, lies down on the bed--spreading her legs butterfly position--

Perfect silver slit between her thighs, glowing from within--

Man climbs on top of her--plunges into her, the two of them fucking now in missionary--the man thrusting hard, giving it to the machine--

Moaning softly--he's close, the moment fast approaching...

The silver metal woman wraps her arms around her human lover--

The man's voice rising--almost there...



Screaming... He's screaming...

And then we realize--oh my fucking God--

The man isn't screaming in ecstasy, but in agony--

The silver metal woman: crushing the life out of him...

We hear the CRACKING of bones--

The man's screams turn to gurgles as his throat and mouth fill with blood--lungs punctured all to hell--

*KAH-CRI-CRA-CRACK!!!!--*

The last of his ribs--

And then finally, the metal woman places her hands on either side of the man's head, and ever so calmly, smoothly--

Crushes his brains out...

Cracking his skull like an egg shell--blood spurting out his eyes--

SPARKS leap off the robot's skin, man's body catches fire--

And from inside the robot--

*BOOOOOOOOMMMMMMM!!--*a shaped charge EXPLOSION--

Blowing apart the robot and the man's body with it--

A second later--*BOOOOOOMMMMMMMMM!!--*another blast, this time from the computing gear against the far wall--

Fire spreading throughout the room--whole place about to burn down...

The female dancer, after a moment of shock, seems to have recovered her wits--SNAP ZOOM on her face--

ASIAN--strikingly pretty, eyes cold as ice--

Staring back at us she blinks--bolts for the door--

**EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - AJAX BUILDING - NIGHT**

Rez throws himself over the side of the roof--hurtles down the fire escape desperate to catch her--

When a fist SLAMS into the side of his head--

Rez gasps--it's like being hit with a crowbar--he staggers--

Two more CRUNCHES--elbow to the jaw kick to the shin--she slams him up against the wall--

DANCER  
WHO ARE YOU?? WHY ARE YOU HERE??

The woman's stare bores into him for a long moment, then she drops him--Rez falls to his knees, gasping for breath--

DANCER (CONT'D)  
TALK.

REZ  
Got the gig this morning, wasn't told what it was.

Fire ROARING--smoke billowing out the window--

POLICE SIRENS in the distance...

REZ (CONT'D)  
It's not safe here--I have a place.

DANCER  
You must be kidding me. Fucking TRUcasters--

REZ  
LISTEN TO ME--that man in there had a WHITE EOS ROSE. That means we are in a WORLD OF SHIT. Somebody very rich and powerful just got murdered, and you and I are the only witnesses. You get it??

SIRENS approaching--getting louder--

REZ (CONT'D)  
Look, someone's gonna have to trust somebody here, or we're both going to jail in 2 minutes, for the rest of our lives. You got a place?

DANCER  
Fine--follow me.

They disappear in the night.

**INT. LOFT - NIGHT**

Temp loft--understated cool elegance. They enter.

DANCER  
Drink? Look like you need it.

Girl moves to the kitchen--clink of ice, pouring of liquid--  
comes back with a drink--

REZ  
What is it?

DANCER  
My specialty. Sit.

The two sit on the oblong couch in the center of the room,  
girl just slightly out of reach--Rez sips his drink--

DANCER (CONT'D)  
So what happened back there cowboy?

REZ  
I don't know but it didn't look  
good... What were you doing there?

DANCER  
Client. I was ordered to dance for  
him.

REZ  
Nothing more...?

DANCER  
Nothing more.

REZ  
Who was he?

DANCER  
Don't know. They never tell me.

REZ  
Did you see his tattoo? He had a  
white rose. It's something EOS  
reserves for their top execs. For  
the very rich. And very powerful.

DANCER  
And you shot his murder.

REZ  
Technically we don't know yet if it  
was an accident or a murder.

DANCER  
Well if it was an accident what the  
fuck were you doing there?  
(MORE)

DANCER (CONT'D)

Got some kind of tip off, right?  
Obviously someone wanted me there  
as a witness, my instructions were  
not to touch the man. And obviously  
someone wanted you there to shoot  
the whole thing.

REZ

You were ordered not to touch him?

DANCER

"Not to step into the red square".  
Under any circumstances. Guess the  
rich have their kinks to. So how  
did you get there?

REZ

Just a gig, like you. A client.  
Hired me to shoot...

DANCER

To shoot what?

REZ

I wasn't told. Just place and time.

Rez shrugs--takes a swig of his drink. Ice cubes tinkling in  
the glass like wind chimes...

DANCER

Not our place to ask, is it? Just  
show up and do the job. Place and  
time. How's your drink?

REZ'S POV: horizon wobbling--

REZ

Pretty amazing actually. What's in  
it?

DANCER

Sleep Rez. Sleep...

Rez suddenly realizes what's happening--tries to pull himself  
up off the couch but it's too late--can't keep his eyes open--

Stumbling--floor comes up, smashes him in the face.

**LATER**

Rez comes to--face pressed to the floor--then it hits him:  
the woman, the drink, the drug--he gasps, hoists himself up--

Hands to his face--specs are gone--patting down his jacket pockets madly--searching the couch, the floor--

But it's gone. She took his pro camera--

And the murder footage with it.

**EXT. REZ'S STUDIO - DAY**

Rez shuffles up to his studio--steps inside--

**INT. REZ'S STUDIO - DAY**

Only to be met by four PRIVATE MILITARY CONTRACTORS (PMCs)--mercenaries for hire--standing right in his living room.

Rez clocks the first three easy: SNIPER, HEAVY, HACKER--

The fourth--a broad-shouldered BLACK MAN wearing a flowing silver trench coat (the leader) steps forward--

RAINEY

John Rezzzer? I am Detective Rainey.  
I'm a licensed PMC, these are my  
aids.

Rez takes off his jacket, hands it to one of the PMCs--stands for a pat down--

The PMCs are quick and efficient--they find nothing--

Rez sits in the chair by his desk.

RAINEY (CONT'D)

I wonder, Mr Rezzzer, if you are quite aware of the gravity of the situation which you now find yourself in.

REZ

They really aren't supposed to give you guys access to PubliCam live streams... "Safety reasons only"--

RAINEY

Yes, well, "they" really aren't supposed to be doing a lot of things, yet here we are. A man is dead, the room destroyed by fire. You were the only one on the scene. Care to explain yourself?

REZ

Not really.

RAINEY

Would you care to explain yourself  
to one of my aides instead?

The biggest of the PMCS, the HEAVY--hulking brute of man--  
steps forward cracking his knuckles--

REZ

Look if I had anything to give you  
I would.

RAINEY

We are aware that you shot the  
scene. All we require from you is  
your footage of the event.

REZ

Well then you must also be aware  
that there was a girl on the scene,  
and she made off with my clip.

Rainey raises an eyebrow--HACKER hands him a lightpad--

RAINEY

As you can see, according to the  
PubliCams surrounding the building,  
this is not the case.

Rez looks at the lightpad and sure enough: a grid of images,  
all pics of him--

And yet, somehow, the dancer is missing from every one.

Rez is flabbergasted.

REZ

I--there was a girl. Asian. A  
dancer. She was in the room when  
the murder took place. We left  
together, went back to her place,  
then she drugged me and took the  
footage.

RAINEY

You should have gone to the  
authorities immediately. Did you  
see the man's tattoo?

REZ

Of course. He had a white EOS rose.

RAINEY

Are you aware of the man's identity?

REZ

No--just that he's an EOS exec--a top exec, obviously--

RAINEY

His name was BRADBURY STAHR, Rez. You filmed the death of Bradbury Stahr.

REZ

Bradbury Stahr. The CEO of EOS.

RAINEY

The FORMER CEO of EOS. Yes. And perhaps now you can appreciate the interest in this footage.

REZ

There was a girl there. The cameras must have been tampered with. The girl has the footage--you should talk to her. IF you can find her...

The Heavy steps forward then, furious--

HEAVY PMC

Listen asshole, we KNOW who you are... That cop you got shot? He was a friend of mine.

RAINEY

Forgive my associate and his outburst, but he does bring up a salient point. As you can imagine, we are not your biggest fans right now. In fact, we are more than willing to make your life a living hell... One less TRUcaster on the streets--I'm sure that's something every law enforcement officer, private or otherwise, would be happy to get behind. Particularly if that "one less TRUcaster" happened to be you.

REZ

Am I under arrest? Are you taking me somewhere?

HACKER PMC

He's clean boss. There's nothing here, he's probably telling the truth. Either he ditched the footage or there really WAS a girl, in which case, she's the next target.

Rainey nods--approaches Rez, towering over him--the menace bleeding off him--

RAINEY

Do us all a favor Rez--including yourself--don't even THINK about talking to the media. Not that they'd believe you anyway, without proof, but still... Keep this QUIET. And don't leave town.

And with that Rainey glides out of the building--his three PMCs right behind.

Rez spins his chair around--closes his eyes--

Deep breath--another... Eyes open.

Time to get to work.

#### **REZ'S DESK - MOMENTS LATER**

Rez focuses on the screen in front of him--

Pulls up his illustrator software--grabs a light pen and tablet off his desk, starts sketching the girl's likeness--

Just the barest outline at first--hint of features--

But as he drills down into the details we begin to see: this is no amateur sketch--Rez is a master, he's rendering the girl's face in photorealistic detail...

Soon he has a headshot style portrait done--kicks up his 3D modeling software, loads the image, opens a drawer in the desk and grabs his backup pair of specs, puts them on--

REZ'S POV--image of the girl floating in space before him--

And like a master sculptor Rez adjusts the 2D image--pulling here, pushing there--pinching, molding--

And after a few moments, he has a perfect 3D replica of the girl's entire head--full color bust floating in mid-air...



Pulls up his TRUcast browser, drops the 3D bust into the search box--

Searching--searching...

And we have a match--

A frame grab from what looks like a SEX SCENE--

Rez taps on the frame grab--begins to play:

AN ASIAN COUPLE--having what looks to be some pretty wild sex...

Girl on all fours face down--bound up with rope, ball gag--man bucking on top of her--pounding away--

Two of them screaming, thrashing--

Guy could be anyone but the girl is clearly the dancer who was at the scene, though several years younger...

Rez keeps watching--

And then we get it: it's not a sex tape--it's a RAPE VID... The girl is screaming through the gag--crying, begging him to stop--but he just keeps hammering away--

Recording everything the whole time.

Rez pauses the video--checks the clip's stats... Clip hit TRUcast 4 years ago, peaked out at 1.8M views per second--BLUE ranking.

Rez sits back, awestruck. Girl's rape vid was a momentary sensation around the world, back in the day...

Still, now he's got moving video of the girl and that's enough--he grabs the video, pulls it out into a frameset--drops it into the search bin--

Searching--searching...

And up it comes:

PERFECTIKA ESCORT SERVICE--

"For only the most discerning gentlemen / All of our ladies ranked 9.5 or higher / When nothing less than perfection will do..."

Underneath: a grid of international beauties, all ranked in terms of looks, price, customer satisfaction--

And there she is, right at the top: 9.8 and ranked #1 in every category--

ELEGANT JADE.

Rez is about to hit the "contact" button when he hesitates, pings another name instead--

Up pops Marcello's face--

MARCELLO

Rez my man!! You missed quite an evening!

REZ

Yeah I'm sure... Hey Marcello, I need a favor. There's this girl I'm meeting later tonight. Think I may need a spotter...

MARCELLO

Do tell me more.

**EXT. HAPPY LAND - NIGHT**

Once Coney Island--now an enormous glass dome, a self-contained mini-Vegas where gambling, soft drugs, and prostitution are legal and taxed by the city.

Rez parks his superbike outside the front gate--

Makes his way through the turnstyle entrance--

And into a tidal wave of light and sound--huge, extravagant AR holograms everywhere--blocking out the sky:

Mountains of GOLD COINS--decks of CARDS shuffling and reshuffling--SLOT MACHINES paying out--massive JOINTS and multi-colored PILLS--beautiful WOMEN beckoning...

Rez makes his way down the main boulevard--everyone's AR fashion cranked up to the max--peacocking outrageous--

Hard to tell, with your specs on, who's real and who's not...

Beautiful woman approaches--all kinked out--

SEX WORKER

How you doing baby? Special deal for first time customers...

Curious, Rez lays a hand on her shoulder--

Hand passes right on through--

SEX WORKER (CONT'D)

How about it honey? Wanna follow me  
down the block...?

Rez smiles, shakes his head--the photoreal AR these days...

Moving down the street--dodging offers right and left--Rez  
finally comes to--

THE RABBIT HOLE--

His preferred meeting place for deals of a shadier nature--  
he's about to pop in when--

HOMELESS MAN

Hey buddy, could you say "I love  
EOS Gene Corp Lifestyle Products"  
out loud real quick...? If I get 50  
people to say it I'll get some free  
dumplings at Dumpling King--please  
man...

Guy grabs his arm--Rez looks at the man a long moment--

REZ

"I love EOS Gene Corp Lifestyle  
Products."

Homeless man grins and scuttles off into the crowd--

Rez pops inside--

**INT. THE RABBIT HOLE - NIGHT**

ALICE IN WONDERLAND meets BDSM-theme lounge: all leather and  
vinyl--ropes, whips, chains. Place is dark, twisted, and  
totally macabre (with the AR to match):

We see a BONDAGE ALICE tied up in the center of the room, a  
DOMINATRIX RED QUEEN right behind, flogging her with a cat of  
nine tails (each tail a bright red HEART)--

Nearby a bizarro version of the CATERPILLAR, smoking his  
hookah--looking on with detached bemusement--

AR locative art is pretty wild as well: giant MUSHROOMS,  
twisted CLOCKS...

In the far corner sits Marcello, lounging at a long table,  
dressed in AR as the JACK OF HEARTS, a girl on each arm--

Rez spots him on the way in, all good--he's in position, recording everything about to go down...

**BAR**

Rez takes a seat--bartender comes over--cute girl covered in white AR fur with the bunny ears to match--THE WHITE RABBIT--

WHITE RABBIT

(re: his lack of a "costume")  
Not even gonna make an effort Rez?  
We don't have a Cheshire Cat yet...

REZ

Just gonna be myself tonight,  
thanks.

WHITE RABBIT

"Just gonna be yourself" eh? That's  
a good one! And how IS that self?

REZ

At the moment--thirsty.

WHITE RABBIT

Double vodka coming up. Honestly  
hon, don't know why you keep coming  
here if you don't wanna play...

Bartender pours his drink while Rez checks out the news report playing on the flatscreen behind the bar--

ON SCREEN--

REPORTER

Rumors are FLYING about the big  
announcement EOS is set to make at  
their upcoming gala event tomorrow  
night--

WHITE RABBIT

The big mystery!! You know what  
they're gonna be announcing?

REZ

Cure for cancer?

WHITE RABBIT

You know what I heard... Word on  
the street is: they discovered the  
FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH... The aging  
genes. They found 'em, and they  
found a way to turn 'em off.

REZ

You know I'm pretty sure they say that every year. Always this thing with "The Fountain of Youth"...

WHITE RABBIT

No this is it, the big one!! That's why they're calling it the Game Changer--everyone gets to live forever... Provided you don't get hit by a maglev, of course...

REZ

Gonna get real crowded real fast, if that's the case...

Suddenly, from out of nowhere: flash of tight black leather--red gold lipstick--

JADE

I don't know, lotta maglev trains in this town, wouldn't you say?

And just like that the beautiful, exotic dancer from the night before--JADE--sits down next to Rez.

REPORTER

--and in other news, authorities are still on the lookout for this young girl--

ON SCREEN: porcelain doll-like 3-YEAR OLD GIRL we saw before--

REZ

You have to wonder: why EOS is so interested in finding that little girl...

JADE

Maybe she saw something she wasn't supposed to see.

REZ

Elegant Jade. So good to see you again.

WHITE RABBIT

(to Jade)  
Drink hon?

JADE

Sake if you have it.  
(to Rez)  
You have a tab here?

REZ

I'm on the spectrum, drinks are free for me.

JADE

Jesus Christ there are too many fucking tattoos in this town...

REZ

Clearly you've never spent any time in Hollywood...

(to the Bartender)

I'll get her later.

JADE

That's funny, I remember when money used to be the currency. Now it's attention.

Bartender pours Jade a cube of sake--she takes a sip--

REZ

You're not JUST a dancer and an escort--are you Jade.

JADE

What makes you say that?

REZ

The way you picked up that drink. There's no wasted movement.

JADE

"A gun can always recognize another gun..."

REZ

I'm an artist.

JADE

So am I.

REZ

Look would you mind if we moved to one of the couches in the corner?

JADE

Bar scene not doing it for you?

REZ

I just don't like having my back to the main space.

Jade nods--the two pick up their drinks and cross the Rabbit Hole to a group of couches in the far corner--

Where we see Marcello, still the JACK OF HEARTS, sitting at the long table, a girl on either side--DORMOUSE, MARCH HARE--

At the head of the table sits THE MAD HATTER--as Rez and Jade walk by we realize: it's THE MAD HATTER'S TEA PARTY--

MAD HATTER

(to Rez and Jade, re: sitting at the table)  
NO ROOM!! NO ROOM!!!!

EVERYONE

NO ROOM!! NO ROOM!!!!

REZ

(to Jade)  
Relax, it's a thing they do--

And everyone cracks up laughing--bursts into wild applause--

### COUCH

Rez and Jade settle onto the couch, Mad Hatter's Tea Party a few feet away--

Jade surveys the scene--no specs on, no AR, and thus clearly less than impressed--

JADE

You know what's so interesting about India? When everyone goes into trance for a long enough time, the infrastructure goes to shit. Tell me Rez, what do you see?

REZ

I see Alice in Wonderland come to life. And it looks like our friend the Hatter is having quite a party.

JADE

Really? I see an empty warehouse with trash on the floor and graffiti on the walls, full of people walking around like zombies, staring at things that aren't really there. Do you think it's because the dream state is just so intoxicating? Is that why they let the real reality slide?

(MORE)

JADE (CONT'D)

Or do you think they make the real reality unbearable on purpose, forcing you into the dream, because they can't market to you any other way?

REZ

Couldn't tell you Jade. Seems to me if we all drank the magic potion and you didn't, you're the one living in Wonderland, no?

MAD HATTER

FRESH CUP!! FRESH CUP!! THIS ONE'S OLD, I NEED A FRESH CUP!!!!

MARCELLO / JACK OF HEARTS

YES INDEED!! FRESH CUPS!! FRESH CUPS FOR ALL!!!!

Nearby everyone begins scrambling for a new seat, desperate for a fresh cup--

REZ

They do that, every 15 minutes. It's always a mad dash for the fresh cups.

JADE

What happens when it comes full circle, and they run out of cups?

REZ

That's the thing, the cups reset. They never run out. Ever.

JADE

Of course. How silly of me... By the way, your friend isn't doing a very good job of surreptitiously recording us--

(staring straight at Marcello)  
For the record.

REZ

Yeah speaking of recording things-- about that footage--

JADE

Wait a second--I KNOW him. He's that famous player asshole who picks up women and then dumps them in the most humiliating fashion possible...

(MORE)



JADE (CONT'D)

And you, with that cop yesterday--  
wow, what a pair you two make...

REZ

Yeah well, I guess that's one thing  
we all have in common.

JADE

What's that?

REZ

We all became whores because we had  
to.

JADE

That's it, I'm outta here--

She slams her drink down on the table in front of them--

When it EXPLODES into a thousand pieces--

REZ

GET DOWN!!

And the two of them hit the floor as a hail of silenced  
bullets sweeps just overhead--puncturing the couch, riddling  
it with bullet holes--

REZ (CONT'D)

Dammit, the fucking homeless guy!!  
That's how they found us...

MARCELLO

REZ WHAT THE FUCK MAN??!!

REZ

MARCELLO GET DOWN!!

Marcello hits the floor, dragging his girls along with him--  
giggling, they think he's got something else in mind... Rest  
of the party continuing right along--

REZ (CONT'D)

All right there's a back way out of  
here, if we stay low--

JADE

Shut up. Close your eyes--

From Jade: flick of the wrist--small round disk goes flying  
towards the ceiling--

*KERBACK!!!!*--like a small sun exploding in the room... Even  
with his eyes closed tight Rez is rocked by the sensation...

Everyone else: a long moment of silence, and then the crowd lets out a giant, collective SCREAM--

Pure chaos--total pandemonium from here on out--party's over as the crowd breaks for the exit--

Rez and Jade make a low run for the back door--

### HALLWAY

Bursting into a long hall--Rez staggered from the flashbang but he's on his feet--

Jade already sprinting at top speed--Rez right behind--up ahead an intersection--

JADE  
You lead--

REZ  
This way--

Right turn--left--through a door... They can hear the PMCs in hot pursuit--seconds behind--

REZ (CONT'D)  
Exit's up here...

The two charging towards a pair of massive steel doors leading back outside--

LOCKED--

REZ (CONT'D)  
What the--they've always been open from this side before--fuck--*FUCK!!*

JADE  
Stand back--

Jade takes a deep breath, another--and then with a single-step running headstart LAUNCHES herself at the doors--

A flying leap with one leg up in front of her--

The leg HAMMERS into the doors like a battering ram--the doors take the blow, crumple in and tear off their hinges--steel clattering out onto the street...

**EXT. BACK ALLEY - HAPPY LAND - NIGHT**

Jade falling through the doorway into the back alley behind  
The Rabbit Hole--

And before we know it there's the HACKER PMC--ready, he's  
been waiting...

Lunges at Jade--she takes it right in stride--

Sidesteps the Hacker's lunge--

Grabbing his arm and neck as he slides by--shifts her weight,  
redirecting his charge--

SLAMMING him up against the wall--

Dazed the Hacker tries to push himself off, ready to charge  
again but Jade steps right up to him--

FLICKS her fingers out at her sides--

A blur of motion--quick "tap" to his front--

The man winces in surprise--

As blood SPRAYS out of his neck and chest--

The Hacker crumples to the ground--blood pooling around him--  
he's done for...

Sound of POUNDING FEET coming up from behind--we can see the  
rest of the PMCs now, charging down the hall--

Jade in motion--she launches herself RIGHT AT REZ--

Towards the wall he's next to--

Hits it tucked-in--SPRING REBOUNDS right off it--upward leap  
back to the first wall--

REBOUND--REBOUND--

And seconds later she's up on the roof--landing on her feet--

Then gone...

Rez hightails it down the back alley--

PMCs just steps behind...

**EXT. MAIN STREET - HAPPY LAND - NIGHT**

Bursting into a barrage of light and sound--Rez wades into the sea of AR--

Glancing back PMCs right behind--

Rez charging down Main Street--dodging bodies left and right--

ARMORED SAMURAI steps out in front of him--SCREAMING BATTLE CRY HE SWINGS HIS SWORD AT REZ--

AR hologram--Rez plunges right on through--

Ahead a trio of female GENIES--

*CRUNCH--*

Not AR this time--

They scream as Rez crashes into them--he trips--sprawls to the ground--

*PFING--CRACK!!--*

Bullets hitting the pavement all around--tries to get up--disoriented he can't...

Desperate to get his bearings Rez YANKS HIS SPECS OFF--

The result is haunting, sickening...

*Happy Land as it really is:*

Dimly-lit--garbage everywhere--dingy storefronts--cockroaches swarm the streets... Everything rusted, covered in slime--

More than half the people vanished--AR characters gone... Still crowded for sure but now it's just a bunch of sad loners shuffling about in the dark...

Rez grimaces--hoists himself up--running on--

PMCs just a block away--

*PFING--BOOM!!--CRASH--*

Giant neon sign next to him BLOWS OUT--topples over, almost crushing him--Rez dodges it but barely--

*BOOM!!--window blows out--*

*BOOM!!--BOOM!!--two more--*

No distractions now: Rez dodges the remaining crowd easily--  
gaining ground--

Front entrance up ahead he slams on through it--

**EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - HAPPY LAND - NIGHT**

And CRASHES face-first into the fist of the HEAVY PMC...

Staggers from the blow--totally caught off guard--

Another HAMMER BLOW to the side of the head--stars everywhere  
he hits the pavement hard--

Heavy looms over us--cracking his knuckles with delight--

HEAVY PMC  
Been waiting for this, TRUcast.  
Lost one of our own, me and some  
buddies, we think you owe us one...

Kicks Rez while he's down--HARD--Rez doubling over in agony--

HEAVY PMC (CONT'D)  
Yeah I think I'm gonna enjoy this--

Boot to Rez's neck--slowly begins crushing his windpipe...

Rez's vision getting dark--darker--can't breathe--can't...

And then: sound of a long EXHALATION--like a man SIGHING--

And the Heavy CRUNCHES to the ground--right in front of us.

Jade hauls Rez to his feet--

REZ  
H--how--

JADE  
Carotid from behind. Did the job  
but he'll be up in a few. Come on--

REZ  
My bike--

JADE  
Got a ride--get in--

Rez looks up--parked right in front of him--

A LAMBORGHINI DIMAK--mirror black on black--all tricked out  
and absolutely badass--

REZ  
Nice ride Jade...

Doors up--Rez falls into the passenger side as Jade jump slides over the hood--drops into the driver's seat--

GUNS IT--VROOOOOOOOOOMMMMMM!!!!!!--

As they tear out of the parking lot we see the two remaining PMCS--Rainey and the Sniper--emerge from the front entrance--

Seeing their fallen comrade they stop--and can only watch as the black Lambo vanishes in the distance...

**INT. LAMBORGHINI DIMAK - NIGHT**

REZ  
Nice little trick back there--  
though I'm pretty sure you're  
wanted for murder now...

JADE  
Doubt it. Your friend in the alley,  
barely touched him. He'll survive,  
if they get to him in time.

Rez pulls himself up--tries to fumble his specs back on and realizes: he can't move his left arm...

Looks down--left side covered in blood--

REZ  
Shit--think I caught one back  
there, didn't even feel it...

JADE  
Virgin eh? You're lucky, if that's  
all they hit. Don't worry, they  
weren't trying to kill you, or us.  
Just disable us. That first shot  
was a tranq dart, hit the glass  
instead of your knee. You'll be  
fine Rez. We'll go to my place, get  
you patched up. My REAL place.

REZ  
Where's that?

JADE  
Crystal City 7. Top Floor.

Jade floors it then--black Lambo ROARS off in the night--

The Manhattan city skyline in the distance--downtown, our destination--

CRYSTAL CITY--

Formerly Wall Street, now several city blocks of massive jagged skyscrapers, gleaming QUARTZ CRYSTALS jutting up into the sky--

Right in the center, the tallest one at half a mile high--

CRYSTAL CITY 7--

Jade's home.

**INT. JADE'S PENTHOUSE - CRYSTAL CITY 7 - NIGHT**

Palatial--magnificent. 150 stories high--city an ocean of light far, far below--neopointillist masterpiece...

The view is breathtaking--it assaults you.

Jade heads into the kitchen while Rez takes a seat on the couch. Starts to ease off his jacket--wincing in pain--

JADE (O.S.)

Drink?

REZ

Yes. Please.

Jade comes back in--two drinks in one hand, medkit in the other--sits next to Rez, gives him the once over--

JADE

Yeah you caught one back there.  
Take a few sips. Don't worry, this one isn't drugged.

Rez gets his jacket off--left side covered in blood. Jade begins patching up his shoulder--gauze, tape--

REZ

So we need to talk. You know the man that was murdered was Bradbury Stahr. The CEO of EOS.

JADE

And yet--no mention in the press.

REZ

Yeah I wonder if they're planning on keeping a lid on the whole thing until after the big announcement tomorrow night.

JADE

Kinda hard to make the big announcement without your CEO.

REZ

Stahr was just a businessman, one of many. Alec Ivory's the one that'll be making the announcement, he always does. He's the face of EOS, the genius, lead designer of all their Gene Therapies. If there's a Cancer Killer or whatever they're announcing tomorrow night, I'm sure it's all him.

Jade finishes taping up Rez--shoulder and left side now covered in bandages--

JADE

I'd say "Good as new" but it's about half that--you'll have full use in 8 weeks. So how'd you get your invite? To our little show?

REZ

Eve.

JADE

Eve. THE Eve. As in, the most famous woman in the world Eve. And, what, she just contacted you and told you to show up and shoot--what happened?

REZ

Pretty much.

JADE

I thought no one had heard from her in years. Wandered off somewhere, got lost in her own art. Some people even think she's dead, died years ago, and what we're seeing now is just a puppet.

REZ

No she's real, and alive. Called me right at home, full on video.

(MORE)



REZ (CONT'D)

Talked for a few minutes. You can fake a lot of things but you can't fake that. Trust me, I'd know. WHERE she is right now, though, that's anyone's guess...

Jade stands--walks over to a GRAND PIANO by the east facing glass wall--sits--begins softly stroking the keys--

JADE

You believe that story this morning? About the terrorist attack? Another hit, right on Fallout Day?

REZ

No, not really. Usually when we're hit at home, turns out later it was an inside job. Truth always gets out, eventually.

JADE

Come. Sit next to me.

Rez looks at the piano--clearly debating whether he can handle being that close to the glass...

Then: fuck it--grabs the two drinks--steels himself, makes his way over--

### **PIANO**

Sets the drinks on top of the piano--

JADE

Do me a favor: take off your specs.

Rez pauses a moment--then drops his specs on top of the piano, drops his keychain controller as well--

Tiny holo pic of his (now dead) ex-girlfriend Page glimmering in the light...

Sits down next to Jade--listening to her play--

REZ

(re: the piano)  
I've never touched one of these.  
Real wood.

JADE

It's beautiful, isn't it. Remnant from another age. What do you think of the view?

REZ

Couldn't tell you. I don't do heights.

JADE

You should take a look Rez. The city, from way up here--it's a lot different without the AR clean up.

REZ

Hey, we can't all be Japan.

JADE

I'm half Chinese, asshole. So-- who's the girl in the photo? She your missing piece?

Rez looks out at the view then--not down towards the city but directly out at the night sky...

REZ

We were there you know--in midtown. Having lunch. On Fallout Day. Me shooting. She was pregnant. She wanted it, I didn't--

JADE

And then the blast hit. 19,000 dead. How did you survive?

REZ

Just lucky I guess.

JADE

And she didn't make it. Why don't you sell the footage?

REZ

I still get offers, every anniversary. I can't do it. I can never do it.

JADE

It's harder when it ends badly. You blame yourself. And you can't let go. It's funny, isn't it.

(MORE)

JADE (CONT'D)

You think you're going to have a certain kind of life with someone-- you're gonna be together forever, you're finally gonna be happy... And then in a blinding flash it's all taken from you in an instant, just like that.

(beat)

I had someone, once--a little girl. She'd be about 3, now. If I'd been able to have her, I'd like to think we would have gotten away. A cabin on the beach, far away. Just the two of us. Living life. Whatever that means.

REZ

What happened?

JADE

I was raped. And miscarried. Lost my little girl.

REZ

And the guy?

JADE

Oh, my family took care of him. Nice and slow. Thought I'd feel better after, but I didn't. Don't. All I wanted was my little girl back. My beautiful, perfect little girl... Someone told me once, that the most important thing, in life, was to find something you love, and to keep it alive. I had it. I was so close... The simplest, most primal thing... And I couldn't even do that...

Jade takes a drink--

JADE (CONT'D)

So yeah, I guess I'm stuck here a little longer. Paying off my debt.

REZ

And now you owe them. Your family.

JADE

I always owed them. WILL--always--owe them.

REZ

Well it's quite the fine prison  
you've built yourself here Jade.  
Quite the pair of Golden Handcuffs.  
I hope you get free one day.

JADE

All I know is--that little cabin on  
the beach, it all seems very far  
away, right now...

Jade stands--walks to the wall of glass--

JADE (CONT'D)

Come here.

REZ

Yeah like I said: not so good with  
heights.

JADE

Building's not gonna collapse  
anytime soon. Come on cowboy, time  
to get back in the saddle.

Rez downs his drink--stands, deep breath--strides over to the  
wall of glass. Takes Jade's hand--

Braced against the wall, breathing hard--eyes closed--

JADE (CONT'D)

Now look down--

He does--and gasps, at the sheer wonder and power and beauty  
of the city spread out far below...

JADE (CONT'D)

You know, standing up here, late at  
night... Sometimes I think the only  
truth left is that we're all alone.

REZ

Alone--with other people.

JADE

Yes. Exactly. Have you seen the  
south view? Now THAT'S impressive.  
SOUTH WALL CLEAR--

And the adjoining south wall--solid, opaque--suddenly becomes  
completely TRANSPARENT--

And we're met with an incredible, shocking sight--one of the  
modern wonders of the world--

THE EOS TOWER--

In all its spectacular glory...

The tallest structure in the world at 2-miles high--looks like it was designed by a vastly superior alien intelligence--

REZ

I guess that's where the party's gonna be tomorrow night.

JADE

Rez, what do you think they want with that little girl?

REZ

Couldn't tell you Jade. This thing's bigger than all of us.

JADE

I need some sleep. We'll pick up tomorrow. Couch is yours if you want it.

And Jade walks off to the bedroom--

As Rez continues to stand there, staring at the EOS tower--glittering in the night...

FADE TO BLACK.

**INT. JADE'S PENTHOUSE - NEXT MORNING**

Rez wakes--lying on the couch he looks over--

Jade in lotus position by the east wall--meditating--

JADE

Coffee on the table if you want it. Just black though.

REZ

Thanks--think I will.

He pours a cup as Jade pads over to the couch--

JADE

Little less popular today?

Rez glances at his live tattoo--smiles. From fiery YELLOW to ruby RED--he's gone down a gradation.

REZ

"Fame is a fleeting thing..."

JADE

Well shit, gonna have to start buying your own drinks from now on.

REZ

Still on the spectrum, drinks are still free. It's not until you drop back into the metals that you start paying for things.

JADE

I take it this is a drop you've made before.

REZ

Many times. Nobody stays on the spectrum for more than a day or two. Honestly I'm kinda surprised I'm still here.

JADE

Guess your clip must have really been something.

REZ

Yeah... Speaking of footage-- specifically, MY footage--

JADE

Gotta say it kinda feels like MY footage--considering I was the star and all.

REZ

I think there were TWO stars, actually--and one of them is dead-- but whatever, "OUR" footage... I'm assuming you have it here, with you? And it's safe? We need some place to look at it again. Properly. Blow it up, analyze it, break it down.

JADE

Your place?

REZ

My place is a bad idea--I'm sure those PMC mercs are watching it right now. There might be another option though--

JADE

So let's go.

REZ

Well, first--do you have a hat, scarf, sunglasses? Anything I can cover up with?

JADE

Sure thing Rez--you can borrow my ninja outfit, it's in the closet by the front door. Just had it dry-cleaned.

REZ

You know the second we step outside we're gonna be on a few thousand different Publicams. Seems like our friends may have access to some of those cams, maybe all of them...

JADE

Relax. Don't worry about covering up, you're with me. Just make sure you stay close by and who knows, maybe my magic will rub off on you.

REZ

All right--let's do this.

JADE

So where are we going to break down the footage?

REZ

You ever hear of the "Neo-Separatists"?

JADE

You mean--THE MOLE PEOPLE...?

REZ

They call themselves The Free. Don't worry though--you'll like it down there. There's not a whole lotta AR, that's for sure...

**INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - DAY**

Rez, Jade, Marcello--all walking down a dark, stone tunnel--catacombs deep beneath Wall Street--

Rez holding his keychain controller overhead--LED shining bright, lighting their way--they go deeper--

**INT. ABANDONED TRAIN STATION - DAY**

Rez walks to the edge of the platform--hops down--other two follow--we see they're near a set of maglev tracks--

REZ  
Abandoned maglev tracks, help you find your way down here. Follow these tracks to get in and out.

JADE  
Trains?

REZ  
Not in this section, no. Elsewhere, yes. And they're very fast. Come up in an instant. So be careful.

Half a mile down--a stone archway. Beyond: flickering light--they head into--

**INT. SUBTERRANEAN CAVERN - DAY**

A huge, wide open space--ramshackle huts, tin shacks and teepees, makeshift bungalows scattered throughout--

The NEO SEPARATIST COMPOUND: like Barter Town from Mad Max, but with a touch of Caribbean voodoo...

The trio approach the main "gate"--KID standing next to it--

KID  
(to Jade)  
I see them, but I don't see you.

JADE  
I'm standing right here aren't I?

REZ  
Easy kid. We're here to see Moet.

Just then an older man, a SHAMAN--tattered robes and a long metal staff--approaches the kid from behind--

SHAMAN  
Relax child, they are our guests. You are the ones who have come for Ogu-Badagri? The one who will call down the Finger of God?



REZ

I don't know about any of that--  
we're just here to see Moet.

SHAMAN

Moet is expecting you--and Ogu-  
Badagri too. Come.

**INT. MOET'S PLACE - DAY**

Largest bungalow in the compound--crammed with laptops,  
flatscreens--

Seated at a table in the center of the space, back to us--  
reading TAROT CARDS--

MOET turns: we see a beautiful, exotic BLACK WOMAN--high-tech  
voodoo priestess--tatts, microchips woven into her dreads--

REZ

Moet. It really has been too long.

MOET

I keep telling you to move on down  
here Rez. There's nothing left for  
you up there anyway. All the real  
action's down here these days.

REZ

I don't doubt it. Jade, this is  
Dominique Moet, one of the world's  
great cryptographers and crypto  
hackers. She's a code breaker.  
She's also a mathematical genius.  
You are, right now, looking at one  
of the smartest people on the  
planet.

JADE

Obviously.

REZ

Moet, this is Jade--she's--  
something...

MOET

Obviously.

Jade eyes the cards on the table--

JADE

That's quite a spread. We use the I  
Ching for divination.

MOET

I've worked with the I Ching--it's a little fuzzy for me. But then, some people find comfort in the blurry, the vague. Your friend's quite a find Rez--no gene modifications. I'm impressed.

JADE

And how would you know that?

MOET

Your aura--it's untainted.

REZ

I think you'll find Jade is a woman of many talents.

MOET

I don't doubt it. And just where is it you hail from, Jade?

JADE

Downtown. Crystal City 7.

MOET

Do you now. And yet, that wasn't quite the question I was asking.

JADE

And yet, that seems to be the answer I gave.

MOET

You know we aren't the only ones down here, in the underground. Our little family of the Free. Got a few families down here--and some of them don't get along quite so well with others.

JADE

Maybe some of them just like to be left alone.

MOET

Privacy--it really is the most valuable commodity these days, isn't it?

(MORE)

MOET (CONT'D)

While the rest of the world up top  
strives to accumulate fame, to  
those few of us who know the truth,  
anonymity, privacy, freedom--these  
are the only things that matter.  
The only things truly worth  
fighting for.

MARCELLO

Moet my dear, she's hardly a spy.  
Rez and I know her. Or at least Rez  
does.

REZ

Yeah Moet--about that... We have  
something to show you. Footage you  
need to see. It's big.

MOET

Well I'm glad you came Rez, because  
I have something to show you too,  
and maybe your keen eye can shed  
some light on a few things.

REZ

Of course, but Moet, really, you  
need to take a look at this--it's a  
life changer.

MOET

I believe it Rez. It's just that  
mine's a world changer. But don't  
worry--I'm sure the two are  
related. Come, follow me--

**INT. NEO SEPARATIST COMPOUND - DAY**

The five of them walk across the compound--towards the far  
side of the cavern--to a large CONCRETE BUNKER--

**INT. CONCRETE BUNKER - DAY**

Inside: like a large prison cell--nearly bare... And near the  
opposite far wall:

A LITTLE GIRL--3-YEARS OLD--dirty, torn white dress--

She's on her hands and knees, DRAWING on the wall in colored  
chalk...

SHAMAN

Ogu-Badagri, she who calls the lightning, who will bring down the Finger of God from the sky. To smite the unjust, and restore balance to the world.

And then it hits them:

The entire left wall is COVERED IN CHALK--like a vast chalk mural... It's a perfectly accurate replica of NEW YORK CITY--a scale map, complete with satellite topography...

REZ

My God, the girl EOS has been looking for... The one from the blast site 2 days ago...

The group continues to watch her work--fascinated--

JADE

She's in shock.

MOET

What makes you say that?

JADE

Her body language. Something terrible happened to her recently, and she hasn't processed it yet.

MOET

Come, look at this--

Moet walks over to a small rolling cart with a laptop / flatscreen combo--flips the laptop on--

ON SCREEN: we're seeing what the little girl sees--we're watching, through her eyes, as she's working on her mural--

MARCELLO

So? I do this every night. She is wearing the contacts, broadcasting, we are seeing what she is seeing--

MOET

She's not wearing contacts.

It takes a moment for it to sink in.

MARCELLO

But--but how...

MOET

We did a full scan when we found her: she's got all the EOS upgrades and then some. She even has a few things we've never seen before. Like THIS--

Moet walks over--gently takes the girl's arm... On her inner left forearm:

A beautiful, iridescent RAINBOW ROSE...

MARCELLO

WHAT. THE. FUCK...

REZ

It's--a RAINBOW tattoo...

MOET

It gets better--

Moet taps a few buttons on the laptop--

ON SCREEN: fMRI scans--what look like schematics, circuit diagrams, drawn out in BLOOD FLOW inside her brain--

MOET (CONT'D)

She's wired up for AR all right, BUT AT THE GENETIC LEVEL. She's jacked in all the time.

Moet taps a few more keys--

MOET (CONT'D)

Hey sweetie, look over here, that's a good girl--

The girl glances over at the group--

ON SCREEN: her POV of the group--basic hypertags floating over everyone (save Jade)--names, ages, various icons... Upper left corner: mini-map of NYC--

MARCELLO

Well I guess we know what EOS is announcing tonight. The ultimate gene upgrade, no more specs or contacts. Online, all the time.

JADE

Why does she have a real-time satellite link?

MOET

We don't know, it seems to be her  
"default" setting. I was hoping Rez  
could maybe help shed some light on  
some of this... Rez?

Rez pulls up a folding chair--sits down heavily. All this:  
it's a lot to take in.

REZ

They're converging, aren't they.  
Frame 3 is taking over Frame 1.  
This is not good. This is not  
good...

JADE

Future's never what we anticipate,  
is it? It's always the faster  
horse, never the first automobile.

REZ

Moet--WHERE, exactly, did you find  
her...?

MOET

Probably easier if I just show you--

Moet glances at the Shaman--

MOET (CONT'D)

Watch her. Make sure she stays  
focused on the drawing.

Shaman nods, approaches the little girl--soft cooing noises,  
as if to a pet--admiring her drawing--

Moet turns the laptop and flatscreen around so they're facing  
AWAY from the girl--taps a few keys--

**BEGIN FLASHBACKS--**

ON SCREEN:

A ROOM--white walls, brightly-lit, beautiful people dressed  
in robes walking, talking--a ZEN ROCK GARDEN surrounding--

"We" (as the little girl) are running back and forth, trying  
to talk to the robed people as they walk to and fro--

They smile, nod--one bends over and gives us a quick hug but  
no one will play with us, they all simply acknowledge us and  
go on their way--

CUT TO:

A BEDROOM--tiny bed--mountain of stuffed animals. A stuffed PENGUIN and a UNICORN: we play with them, our only friends. No other children in sight.

Bored, we set the plush animals down--then suddenly charge out the bedroom door--out into--

A LABORATORY--high desks, computers, microscopes. Doctors wearing white lab coats--

We toddle up to the nearest doctor--he looks down, smiles--

MARCELLO

Holy shit. That is Alec Fucking Ivory...

REZ

The one and only. Jesus...

IVORY

Now what are you doing out of your room?

He hoists us up--we nuzzle him--safe, protected--

IVORY (CONT'D)

You see all this honey? This is ALL for you! You're the most BEAUTIFUL girl in the whole wide world, the most beautiful and the most special and the most precious, and all these people, they're ALL here JUST for you. Isn't that nice?

We simply look at him--he stares straight back at us--

IVORY (CONT'D)

Daddy has a lot of work to do now so go play honey. OK? I'll come in later and we'll read a bedtime story.

CUT TO:

An OPERATING CENTER--we're in surgery. Facing the ceiling, a breathing mask is being lowered down on top of us.

We see our father's / Ivory's face peering down at us--

IVORY (CONT'D)

It's going to be OK darling. Everything's going to be OK...

CUT TO:

BLACKNESS. Then: upper left corner, a real time satellite view of North America. FLIP. Asia. FLIP. Russia. FLIP. Africa. FLIP. Back to North America.

Zoom in--NE coast. Zoom in--NYC. Zoom in--EOS Tower--

EOS AETHER SATELLITE NETWORK SYSTEM OS 1.0113. RUNNING  
SYSTEMS DIAGNOSTIC CHECK // ORBIT: OK. TRACKING: OK. NETWORK  
LAG: 0.00034 OK. ALL SYSTEMS ONLINE.

CUT TO:

The LAB again--night. We're peering around one of the high desks--muffled voices in the distance...

We see Ivory and a beautiful woman, a brunette (his wife? Our mom?), having some kind of argument--

WOMAN

Alec I'm scared. We can't go on like this. She's aging so fast...

IVORY

There's still time, to find a cure.

WOMAN

We don't have time!! They're going to come and take her away!!

IVORY

I have friends. In the underground. They can protect her.

WOMAN

No! NO!! I won't let you take her away from me--

The woman starts crying uncontrollably--

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Please, pleeeeeease... Please don't take our baby away...

Ivory hugs the woman as she sobs into his shoulder--then he glances over, sees us spying from behind one of the desks--

Looks at us a long moment--so much love in his heart--

IVORY

We'll go with her. We'll defect.

WOMAN

But you said--we were here for life.

(MORE)



WOMAN (CONT'D)

That there'd be no leaving, ever.  
That that was the price we had to  
pay--

IVORY

Well I'm changing the rules. Go  
pack a bag. Now. Keep it light.  
We're getting out of here in 5  
minutes.

The woman pauses for a second, then dashes off--

Ivory looks at us--

IVORY (CONT'D)

Well honey, you ready to go on a  
trip?

CUT TO:

Night--we're outside--a ROARING SOUND everywhere. We're on a  
HYDROFOIL, rocketing its way up the East River.

Huddled into our jacket against the cold--the woman's arms  
around us, protecting. Ivory at the front of the boat,  
looking out ahead.

Glance back behind--the EOS tower, receding in the distance,  
it dominates the skyline, our entire POV--

Then: the sound of HELICOPTERS--lots of them. We look up, a  
swarm of black military attack choppers in hot pursuit--

CUT TO:

We've pulled up to a DOCK--the rendezvous point. Men in black  
come down--they help the woman out of the boat, she reaches  
down, hoists us up in her arms--

Into a BLACK VAN waiting by the side of the road--door opens,  
we plunge in--off we go--

Looking out from the back seat, dock behind us--seems like we  
made it, we're out, a successful defec--

*BOOOOMMMMMMMM!!!!--*

Sound of the earth cracking in half--van tumbling wildly, out  
of control, our POV tumbling with it--until finally we CRUNCH  
to a stop...

Shock--no movement. Smoke. Fire. Van upside down. Horrific  
burn covering our arms, legs.

Somehow we crawl out through a broken window--stand up, look behind--

Ivory is there--bloody, broken, reaching out through the driver's side window, trying to pull himself free. The woman in the backseat: dead.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Run baby!! You hear me??!! Our friends will find you!! RUN!!!!

In the distance, more men in black approaching... These ones are different though--masked, armed to the teeth--racing for us, converging on the van--

They're coming for us...

We turn, sprinting away from the wreckage--

Behind us--*CRACK!!*--a GUNSHOT... Close our eyes in terror--all BLACK now but still we keep running--faster--faster--

Trip--stumble--fall... SLAM into the ground--

A sob rises in our throat--a cry--

And then--eyes still closed--we hear, behind us, the distant sound of thunder... Another explosion--this one seemingly big enough to shake the entire world--

*KABOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!*--

**END FLASHBACKS--**

And we're back with the group--sitting in stunned silence.

MOET

And that's the show. One of our scouts found her 2 minutes later, at the rendezvous point. The others, obviously, didn't make it.

REZ

So she's... What? Some kind of experiment...?

MOET

Well she's certainly that, though we don't know why she's aging at several times the normal rate. We know she has the latest of every EOS Gene upgrade there is. But--look at her.

(MORE)

MOET (CONT'D)

Notice anything else out of the ordinary? Compared to the video you just saw?

REZ

The burns--

MOET

That's right. The burns. When they hit the van with that rocket she crawled out of there with more than 75% of her body covered in 2nd and 3rd degree burns. That was 2 days ago. Now, not a mark on her.

REZ

And THAT'S the encore for later tonight. Total cell regeneration: available ONLY to those who upgrade to the rainbow rose...

MOET

Get your eyes upgraded to AR at the same time, of course--

REZ

And the real world vanishes completely. *EOS controls reality...*

Rez looks over at Jade then--pale and deathly quiet--

REZ (CONT'D)

Jade? Are you...

JADE

I'm fine Rez. Just hit a little too close to home, that's all.

Takes a deep breath--approaches the little girl--

JADE (CONT'D)

Hey there... What's THAT you're drawing? My--you're VERY talented!

The little girl stops--looks up...

MOET

Well well--I think she likes you.

Jade scoops her up in her arms--

The little girl nuzzles her head into the crook of Jade's neck--closes her eyes... Sighs...

Rez walks up, strokes the girl's hair softly--

For just a few seconds, it's like the three of them are one happy family...

MOET (CONT'D)

Rez, why don't we talk back at my place. Your friends can stay here. Think our holy man wants a word.

Rez keeps petting the girl's hair--

REZ

The wonder of the age... She definitely likes you.

JADE

Want to hold her for a sec?

REZ

Not so good with the kids, I'm afraid. She IS beautiful though.

MOET

Jade take care of her, would you? Rez? A word?

JADE

(quietly, to Rez)  
Don't go.

REZ

What?

Jade looks at him then--looks deep into his eyes, pleading:

Don't go--stay with us... Let this moment last forever... Or if not that, just a little bit longer...

MOET

Rez?

REZ

(to Jade)  
You'll be fine--

And Jade, holding the little girl, watches as Rez turns--and slowly walks away...

**INT. MOET'S PLACE - DAY**

Moet and Rez seated at the table--the shaman kneeling on the ground a few feet away. Hands clasped, eyes closed--it's like he's meditating, or praying--

MOET

Our shaman here channeled something last night, a piece of software. He says the great goddess Dumballah came to him, and told him to give it to you directly.

Shaman half opens his eyes--rocking back and forth, he begins grumbling, growling--

SHAMAN

Ogu-Badagri has come. The time of judgment is open us. Last night, Dumballah come unto us, and she say give you this code--

He reaches into his robe and produces--a tiny CHIP--

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

For seeing the truth.

REZ

What is it?

MOET

We don't know, exactly. Except that it seems to be the ultimate codebreaker. It overrides, in real time, all local AR. You don't see what other people want you to see, you see what's actually there.

REZ

Well that's great Moet. Or I could, you know, just take off my specs.

MOET

Rez, you don't get it--this will work WHILE you're wearing your specs. You have the power to strip away all local AR wherever you go. Not just for you, but for EVERYONE. Wherever you stand, there shall the truth be. It really is magic.

REZ

Shit Moet. This is some military grade shit right here...

MOET

Rez, I don't have to tell you... If they get that little girl back, and release that new gene upgrade, this really will be the end of the world as we know it. Imagine--*living in a world where nothing we see is real*. They'll make us SEE what they want, THINK what they want, DO what they want... THEY WILL LITERALLY CONTROL US. Control everything, everyone.

REZ

Certainly everyone with the rainbow upgrade--which, once they announce that Regen, will be--everyone... We'd be slaves. Forever. And we'd never even know it.

MOET

Hand me your keychain--

REZ

Got another present for me?

MOET

I'm giving you the multiple ID hack we gave your friend some time ago.

REZ

Marcello paid a fortune for that-- why am I getting it for free?

MOET

Noticed the donation of your clip's royalties to that cop's wife. Just wanted you to know--that was a real nice thing you did.

REZ

Keeping tabs on me Moet?

MOET

Someone's gotta look after you...

**INT. CONCRETE BUNKER - DAY**

Jade and the little girl playing together still--drawing on the wall in colored chalk--

The girl continues with her perfect map of New York City-- Jade coloring in the parks--the water--

Jade starts coloring in the Hudson river--little girl shakes her head "No"--points to a different chalk--

JADE

You're right, the water WOULD be a little darker, wouldn't it?

Jade picks up the new chalk--continues coloring in the river--looks over at the little girl, smiling--

A rustle behind her--

CLICK...

MARCELLO

(neutral American accent)

Turn around Jade. VERY slowly.

She does...

And there's Marcello, standing against the far wall--

A gun levelled straight at her heart--

Along with five NEOs--some of them thin, wiry--others huge, bulging with muscle...

All of them brandishing clubs, knives, shocksticks, tasers--

JADE

Yes Marcello--this really is more like you. I always thought your character was a little over the top. Now it makes perfect sense.

MARCELLO

My name is DANIEL--bitch. And I grew up in the Midwest. Our friends from EOS will be here soon. They want you and the girl, alive. And the footage.

JADE

Why me?

MARCELLO

The most famous CEO in the world is dead, and someone's gotta take the blame. I'd say New York's number one escort--who also happens to be a trained killer--sounds like a pretty good fall guy to me. Or fall GIRL, if you like...

Jade takes a step forward--towards Marcello--

The five Neos begin spreading out around her--surrounding...

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

"Alive", Jade. They didn't say  
"unharmred". The girl has the Regen  
upgrade, you don't. Be careful.

JADE

How did they get to you, "Daniel"?

MARCELLO / DANIEL

Tried to upload my footage of our  
little scene, in the Rabbit Hole.  
PMCs were on that in half a second.  
Made me quite an offer.

(beat)

You have no idea, how much I HATE  
what I've become. This part I've  
had to play. This "thing" I've had  
to be. Well no more. This is my  
ticket out.

JADE

(to the little girl)

HONEY STAY AGAINST THE BACK WALL.

Jade honing her senses: aware of every movement in the space,  
every intake of breath--

Back to the corner still--the girl right behind her--

If they want her, they have to get through her first...

One of the Neos LUNGES at Jade then--lightning fast, heavy  
club in hand--

Jade slides into it--strikes up with a short, perfectly-timed  
elbow smash--all her body weight thrown behind it--CRUNCH--

Man's face turns purple--air whistling out of him, blood  
flecking to his lips--he drops to the floor--

MARCELLO / DANIEL

Remember gentlemen, ALIVE. Broken  
bones, crippled, that's fine.

Snort of laughter from one of the huge, heavy brutes--

Dropped his guard for a second but long enough--

Jade blurs forward--heel of her boot smashing into his jaw--  
CRACK--



His head snaps back--neck broken--he's out...

And then Jade explodes into action:

Block--pivot--parry, block--sweep--*HAMMER BLOW*--

Another man down--screaming--he wrenches his guts out and lays still...

And here comes another: take the arm, turn--twist--*SNAP*...  
Man screams, arm broken--turn--twist--face palm *SMASH*--

Body flailing back--blood spraying out his face--nose crushed back into his brain he's dead before he hits the ground...

Last Neo standing he goes all in--rushes Jade--shockstick swinging wild--

Jade takes the charge--grabs him--pivots--sends him sailing overhead--

Body crunching into the wall--back broken in 3 places--he slides to the ground...

And then there's just Marcello / Daniel...

MARCELLO / DANIEL (CONT'D)  
Well that was entertaining.

He levels his gun at her--

MARCELLO / DANIEL (CONT'D)  
I guess we do this the hard way.

**INT. MOET'S PLACE - DAY**

*CRACK!!*--sound of a gunshot--

*CRACKCRACK!!*--two more--

Rez and Moet bolt out the door--

**INT. NEO SEPARATIST COMPOUND - DAY**

Dashing across the compound, towards the concrete bunker--

Rez barrels through the doorway--

**INT. CONCRETE BUNKER - DAY**

Bodies everywhere--

Jade in the center--covered in blood--

Marcello lying next to her--

Face staring up at the ceiling--where his eyes used to be:  
nothing but hollow black holes...

REZ  
JADE WHAT HAPPENED--

Jade, retching weakly--

JADE  
Guess your friend wasn't who you  
thought he was...

Trying to stand, failing--her left leg not working, Rez  
hoists her up--

JADE (CONT'D)  
The girl...

Just then the kid who was guarding the gate bursts on in--

KID  
MOET THEY'RE COMING!!!! A WHOLE  
SQUAD OF PMCS!!

Behind him a small gathering of Neos--some worried, others  
downright hostile-looking--the natives no longer friendly--

MOET  
We need to get you out of here.  
Even if we could fight...

Rez nods--heads for the doorway, dragging Jade along--

**INT. NEO SEPARATIST COMPOUND - DAY**

MOET  
We have a bike, behind that shack.  
I know you know how to ride.

In the distance: SHOUTING, the high-pitched WHINE of ebikes  
approaching, the RUMBLE of what sounds like a tank...

MOET (CONT'D)  
Rez--I wish there was something  
more we could do...

REZ  
I know. Moet--keep tabs on the  
girl. Keep a lock on her POV.  
(MORE)

REZ (CONT'D)  
Pipe it to my feed, so I can see  
what she sees.

Moet nods--she can do that.

Rez drags Jade to the beat up old ebike--

JADE  
(weakly)  
No--we're not leaving without her--

REZ  
Sorry hon, we don't have a choice--  
she won't fit on the bike. They're  
getting her either way but at least  
this way WE have a chance--

Across the compound we see four elite PMCs--all armored up,  
riding military ebikes--

Approaching fast--

MOET  
MOVE Rez. NOW. MOVE!!

Rez kicks the bike on--it whines to life--

Jade sitting behind him, arms around his waist, half in and  
out of consciousness--

REZ  
Hold onto me tight as you can--

JADE  
(fading)  
No--we can't--can't leave her...

*VRREEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!*--and off they go, tearing across the  
compound--figures receding in the distance--

Jade looking back, watching the girl become a dot--

Leaving her behind...

The PMCs pull up--dismount--take custody of the girl...

**INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - DAY**

Hurtling along in the black--train tracks to our right, only  
thing we have for guidance--

Speed climbing--Rez desperate to put as much distance as he  
can between him and the PMCs--

REZ  
How you doin' Jade--

JADE  
(barely audible)  
Where are we...

REZ  
Under the Village, heading north.  
We'll be under midtown soon.

JADE  
Which tunnel...

REZ  
Passing through Penn network in 30  
seconds.

JADE  
Keep going--through Grand  
Central... Then right--

REZ  
You have a place?

JADE  
Midtown east--  
(gasping)  
Fast... Be fast Rez--

Rez looks up--sees a spark of light in the distance, growing  
larger--

When a high speed MAGLEV TRAIN tears right by him--streaking  
by at 200mph--heading in the opposite direction--

Missing him by inches...

Hovering over the tracks the train is deathly silent but the  
air displacement slams into them with a ROAR--

REZ  
Shit that was close--

Rez glances back--two sparks of light not far behind--two  
PMCs on bikes, surely faster than his--eager to claim their  
prize...

Up ahead a massive intersection--

REZ (CONT'D)  
OK SPECS MAGLEV TRAIN SCHEDULE  
MIDTOWN OVERLAY

A mini-map of the underground maglev system appears in the corner of Rez's vision--his bike a SMALL RED CURSOR as it tears up one of the tracks--

Up ahead a train coming in at high speed from the left--gonna hit the intersection about the same time we are--

Rez guns it full throttle--

Here it comes--

Into the intersection--

*FWOOOOOOOOSHSHHHH*--we barrel on through, just barely beating the train...

JADE

They're--coming up...

PMCs a few hundred feet behind--

One of them pulls a handgun--

*CRACKCRACK!!*--opens fire--

REZ

(ducking down)

Christ--hold on--

Upcoming intersection--

Rez downshifts hard, throws his weight to the right--rips through the turn at high speed, knee an inch off the ground--

Shift--shift--full throttle, back to high speed--

Upper left corner: train coming... PMC tries to stop but it's too late--

*KERBLAMMMMM!!!!*--bike slams into the maglev head on--the ripping sound of twisted metal being dragged down the tracks--  
FIERY EXPLOSION--

REZ (CONT'D)

Well that's one down--

JADE

43... And 2nd...

REZ

Hang in there honey. We're close--

Looking behind--bike #2 coming up fast--

*CRACKCRACK!!*--more gunfire--

Rez slams hard through the turn--left this time--their corner coming up--

JADE  
Here--we get off here...

Rez slams on the brakes--

REZ  
Jade are you SURE--he's right behind us--

JADE  
Steel door on the right--three lines...

Rez looks over: steel door like any other service hatch, thousands down here except on this one, barely visible:

Three horizontal lines...

JADE (CONT'D)  
Knock--three times...

Rez drags Jade over, hauling the bike along with him--kicks the door three times--

PMC getting closer--bike just around the corner...

REZ  
Come on... Come on...

And then, miraculously, the steel door cracks open--Rez staggers in, dragging Jade and the bike along with him--

**INT. HIDDEN ROOM - DAY**

BLACKNESS--the sound of Rez panting, Jade struggling to breathe and then--

Sound of the PMC's bike whizzing by--*vvvvvrrrrrRROOOOOMMM*--

Our heroes: safe, for now.

REZ  
Hello? Anyone here?

A single spot of light, a man's face illuminated--Asian--

ASIAN MAN

Stay where you are, please keep  
your hands by your sides.

REZ

This woman, she's hurt--

ASIAN MAN

We know who she is--and we thank  
you for bringing her back to us. We  
will take her from you now. Please  
relax and remain still.

A whisper of movement--barely visible in the dark--several  
shadowy figures approach, one of them takes Jade from Rez,  
lifts her up and carries her away--

Rez left alone in the dark with the Asian man.

ASIAN MAN (CONT'D)

And now: you may come with me. I am  
sure the Master will want to thank  
you personally.

The Asian man walks away--Rez following--

To a pair of black double doors--they open--

**INT. UNDERGROUND MEDIEVAL JAPANESE MOUNTAIN VILLAGE - DAY**

And it's like Rez stepped back in time...

Paper houses lit by soft candle light--silhouettes against  
shoji screens--rock gardens, sound of a burbling brook, the  
plucking of a lone shamisen--

Glancing at his guide--Asian Man is tall, slim, good-looking--  
perfectly tailored suit--

ASIAN MAN

Beautiful, is it not? A most  
faithful recreation of Yokohama,  
circa 1600. Every rock, plank of  
wood, paper screen, all imported.  
All in their place. The Master  
believes "WA" is most important. We  
strive for that, in New Yokohama.

REZ

I believe it.

The Asian Man leads Rez down a combed dirt path--towards a  
gorgeous, ornate TEAHOUSE--

## ASIAN MAN

The Master is having tea, and would like you to join him. If you would remove your shoes--

INT. TEAHOUSE - DAY

Tatami mats--cushions--copper tea kettle hangs over a small charcoal brazier--low table--

Behind the table--a man of immense power.

The lighting is dim--he's Asian, middle-aged, well-groomed goatee--but where his eyes are we see only shadows instead. He is dressed in a shimmering kimono.

## THE MASTER

Please be seated. Would you care for some tea?

The Master reaches over, takes the kettle and begins pouring, not waiting for Rez to say Yes. He pours Rez first, then himself--replaces the kettle.

The two stare at the teacups for a long moment--The Master lost in the art of the ritual--

## THE MASTER (CONT'D)

Drink.

Rez does--the tea is simple and perfect.

## REZ

Thank you for honoring me. It is a great honor to be here.

## THE MASTER

You honor us, Mr Rezzer. You have returned something very valuable to us. We do not forget our debts.

## REZ

Jade... Are you--her family...?

The Master sips his tea.

## THE MASTER

The Elegant Jade. My man discovered her in an orphanage when she was very young. Extraordinary athletic ability. Dance. Gymnastics. He thought she might be useful.



Another sip.

THE MASTER (CONT'D)

It was frowned upon, by some, to bring her in. One not of the blood. But for her, I thought it wise to make an exception. We took her in, educated her, trained her. In The Way. She proved to be a most apt pupil. Never tiring in body, in spirit. Never wavering in focus. She is like a daughter to me.

REZ

What she owes you--her contract--

THE MASTER

Is far from finished. The Elegant Jade--we think of her as a very beautiful, very deadly sword. Like any fine weapon, thousands of hours were put into fashioning her--and her edge is still sharp.

REZ

How is she?

THE MASTER

You will not be seeing her again. As I said: you have returned our property to us--and for that we are most grateful. Anything you need, Nakamura-san will see to it.

REZ

Thank you. I am honored.

**INT. HIDDEN ROOM - DAY**

Back in the entry room--now lit with torches--Rez and Nakamura seated at a table with a laptop--

NAKAMURA

Your controller please--

Rez hands it over, Nakamura taps a few keys--

NAKAMURA (CONT'D)

I have been instructed to provide you with a special code--this will, if you wish, render you invisible to anyone currently utilizing AR.

REZ

No shit.

NAKAMURA

Your "bubble" of invisibility extends to about two meters, so you may take another person with you, provided they stay close. If you wanted to, say, retrieve someone and make an escape... I speak purely hypothetically of course.

REZ

Nakamura-san, why do I feel like you're giving me this extremely precious gift because you already know exactly what I'm going to do?

NAKAMURA

The EOS Tower. Yes. Getting in is possible, now, with this. Getting up to the rooftop as well. Into the party for the big announcement. All the leaders of the world will be there--but for you, you will be invisible. The girl will be there too. You see the possibilities.

REZ

Nakamura, have you ever had clients buy out contracts?

NAKAMURA

Occasionally, yes, we have been known to sell lifetime contracts.

REZ

How much is left on Jade's debt? How much to buy her out?

NAKAMURA

More money than you will earn in this lifetime, I am afraid.

REZ

And if I happened to come into some money, somehow...?

Nakamura taps a few keys--tilts the screen towards Rez--

Sharp intake of breath--whatever number he's looking at must be truly enormous--

NAKAMURA

I am very sorry Mr Rezzer, but you will not be seeing the Elegant Jade again. She is far too valuable to us. We will repair her, and we will relocate her elsewhere.

Rez nods, gets up to go--

NAKAMURA (CONT'D)

Before you leave--I could not help but notice that you rode what looks to be quite an out of date electric bike when coming in here... In preparation for your journey tonight, would you like to perhaps upgrade your ride?

REZ

Sure--what have you got?

SMASH CUT TO:

**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

Rez, tearing down the FDR drive--heading south--  
New bike: all black porcelain / turbo-charged---

**EXT. PARK - SUNSET**

Pulls up to the tip of Southern Manhattan, Battery Park--

In front of him: THE EOS DIAMOND BRIDGE--

A spectacular piece of architecture--half a mile long and leading to--

THE EOS TOWER--

12,000 feet high--

Up close now we see: thousands of twinkling lights--CAPSULE ELEVATORS--sliding up and down, left and right, a grid of traffic covering the outside of the tower...

Rez taps a few buttons on his controller--upper left corner of his vision: the little girl's POV:

ON SCREEN: She's in one of the elevators, armed guard surrounding, heading up--up--up--

Few more taps--Rez scrambles his ID, dials Rainey--

RAINEY  
Detective Rainey.

REZ  
I have something you want. Still in  
the market?

RAINEY  
Yes, we are still in the market.

REZ  
You have the girl, I just want out.  
The footage for some money and we  
go our separate ways.

RAINEY  
What happened to your friend?

REZ  
Dead. She bled out on the bike.

RAINEY  
Pity. I guess we'll have to pin the  
murder of Bradbury Stahr on you  
instead.

REZ  
That's gonna be kind of hard to do  
considering I'm still holding video  
that says otherwise. There must be  
something really special about this  
footage, Rainey. Something really  
telling, considering how badly you  
DON'T want people to see it.

RAINEY  
Price?

Rez taps his controller--sends over an asking price that we  
can't see but it must be big because--

RAINEY (CONT'D)  
You can't be serious.

REZ  
Don't fuck with me man. My friend  
is dead and this is the price of my  
silence. That's less than the  
interest on the interest that any  
one of these EOS guys will earn in  
the few seconds we're having this  
fucking conversation.

(MORE)

REZ (CONT'D)

Don't think Rainey, just do the deal. You'll have what you want, mission accomplished, and you'll never hear from me again. I'm sure your employer would be more than happy with that.

RAINEY

You have a deal. How would like the money?

REZ

Encrypted hard transfer, on a chip. I'll hand you footage on the same.

RAINEY

Where are you?

REZ

Base of the Tower right now.

RAINEY

The top half of the tower has been cordoned off: everything from 334 up is EOS only, VIPs, guests. We have our offices just below, on 333, north deck. I'll give you clearance for the next 60 minutes. I trust you can find your way up.

Rez hangs up--guns the bike--

Tears off across the diamond bridge--

Sun setting to his right--it turns the crystal into a sparkling bridge of fire in the dying light--

Halfway across: he activates the code Nakamura gave him--shimmers into nonexistence...

**INT. HALLWAY - FLOOR 333 - EOS TOWER - SUNSET**

A sleek, futuristic hallway--elevator doors open, Rez steps out--taps his controller: invisibility off--

Walks down the hallway--giant ring encircling the inside of the tower--

Sees an office door--two PMCs flanking either side--

REZ

At ease gentlemen--

Steps inside--

**INT. RAINEY'S OFFICE - FLOOR 333 - EOS TOWER - SUNSET**

Rainey, seated behind his desk--wall of glass behind--

One mile up--all of Manhattan spread out below--

Rez sits--Rainey drops two tumblers between them, whiskey into each--clinks Rez's glass, downs the shot--

REZ

Nice view.

RAINEY

High as you go without being an employee of EOS.

REZ

And you aren't?

RAINEY

Not in that way.

REZ

Freelance then. Not a lifer.

RAINEY

You're not bad Rez. I'm sorry about your friend. Frankly I'm impressed you two got away at all.

REZ

Twice.

RAINEY

First time was our fault--Harrison was a little itchy on the trigger finger. And your friend had some unusual talents. Second time, that was all you. So--you have something for me?

Rez hands over a chip--Rainey takes it, taps a few keys on the laptop next to him, seems satisfied--

Gets up then--walks to the wall of glass--stares down--

Rez gets up and stands next to him--not too close but close enough...

RAINEY (CONT'D)

You have no idea what's going on here, Rezzer. This whole world--  
*everything* is going to be different, after tonight. We are trying to keep things on track. And you have been FUCKING THAT UP for all of us.

REZ

Funny. Everyone always thinks they know the whole story, and no one is ever right. Give me the money and let's end this now.

Rainey sighs--hands Rez a chip--

Rez taps it against his controller--a figure pop ups in his POV. Money's all there--he's now an extremely rich man--

RAINEY

Parasite.

REZ

Just trying to make a living, same as you. Speaking of which--you mind?

Rez reaches into his inner jacket pocket then, pulls out--

The handheld cam he used to shoot the murder footage in the first place--

RAINEY

(bewildered)

What...??

REZ

Figure this is the only time I'll ever be up in the EOS tower, wouldn't mind getting a few seconds of the view, you know?

Rez starts shooting the skyline--

Rainey watching in utter fascination--

Is this guy crazy or...??

And then: lightning fast--

Rez WHIPS the camera around--

SCREAMING, with all his might--

He SMASHES it, hard as he can--

Right into Rainey's face...

The man doesn't even see it coming--he's down for the count.

Rez grabs the chip with the footage--pockets it--

When suddenly, looking back at the wall of glass--

A capsule elevator goes sailing on by--

ZZZWOOOOOOOSSSSSHHHHHHHH!!!--

Flying straight up the side of the tower...

Rez takes takes a deep breath--steels himself--this is it--

Heads over to the laptop--taps a few keys--

A partition opens in the glass wall--

Gasping out loud as a blast of cold air hits--at 5,000 feet the air temp is just above freezing...

A KNOCK on the outside door--

PMC GUARD

Sir? Everything OK in there?

Shit--no more time to stall--they're coming any second...

Rez activates the invisibility code--vanishes--makes his way over to the window--

Kicks one leg over--straddling the divide--

Door opens--PMCs come charging in--

PMC GUARD (CONT'D)

SIR WHAT HAPPENED? ALL UNITS  
INTRUDER ON 333. ALERT SECURITY. I  
REPEAT ALL UNITS INTRUDER ON 333.  
LOCK ALL ELEVATORS FROM 333.

PMCs survey the room--Rez is sitting right there but they have their specs on and thus don't see him...

Rez eases his back out the window, propping himself up against the side wall of the elevator groove--

Left leg pushing out against the opposite wall--he moves his right leg out as well--



**EXT. FLOOR 333 - EOS TOWER - SUNSET**

HIS ENTIRE BODY IS NOW OUTSIDE THE TOWER--

Locked in a seated position--body forming an "L" shape--

Arms locked at his sides--palms flat against the groove--

Glancing down below--

A perfectly sheer, one mile drop straight down--down to the crowd in the plaza far, far below...

Rez starts breathing hard--

Closes his eyes--summons all his will, his courage--

And then, slowly, he begins--

CLIMBING THE TOWER...

Inch by agonizing inch--pushing his way up...

Panting hard from the exertion--

Looking around: the sun setting, NYC far below--it's actually shockingly beautiful...

Stay focused--continue climbing--

Rez starting to favor his wounded left arm--wincing in pain, injury taking its toll--

Can't hold himself pressed into the groove much longer...

And then, there it is: capsule elevator sliding towards him from the right--

Rez--almost screaming aloud--reaches up, grabs the capsule's bottom rail with both arms--

And UP the elevator shoots--skyrocketing to the top of the tower--

Rez holding on for dear life--

Floor 350--400--450--500--

And then--unbelievably--the elevator STOPS--

Rez screams--shoulder almost wrenched out of its socket--

Left arm done for, useless--left hand numb he can't use it--can't hold on--

Fingers slipping--one, two--

He slips--

Falls--falls--falling...

*SLAMMMMMM!!*--hits the top of an ascending capsule below--

REZ

Jesus fucking Christ...

Panting--he can't believe it--another capsule a few floors down caught him just in time--up he goes...

500--550--600--650--

And then finally--elevator stops--

666--top floor, everyone out.

Rez, on top of the elevator, sees an emergency exit ladder--roof access--

Floor 667--

**EXT. ROOF DECK - EOS TOWER - TWILIGHT**

View of the Gods.

Think several football fields--thousands crowded together towards the southern end of the deck--

In the middle: a mixing desk--control center for--

Main stage at the south end. Big enough for a stadium rock concert--lights, speakers, screen hundreds of feet high--

Rez starts running towards the mixing console when--

The lights go out--a ROAR from the crowd--

Spotlights everywhere--helicopters circling--the show is about to begin--

**EXT. STAGE - EOS ROOF DECK - NIGHT**

Massive screen comes to life--

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and Gentlemen, the man  
you've been waiting for--*ALEC*  
*IVORY!!!!*

Rez freezes--looks up at the stage--

Floodlights snap on--and there in the exact center--

Is ALEC IVORY himself...

Rez can't fucking believe it...

ON STAGE--

IVORY

Thank you everyone, for being here on this most historic occasion. From our very first product launch, the EOS Fat Eater, to our most successful to date, the IQ Hike, EOS has been on the cutting edge of gene therapy research, making the world a better place for everyone. And now, allow me to introduce to you the very first recipient of our latest product line, a suite of gene upgrades available EXCLUSIVELY as a single-purchase package, EOS GENE ONE, ladies and gentlemen, I give you: OPAL...

Stage left--another spotlight comes on--

And out comes the little girl--OPAL--

Slowly walking out, as if in a daze--

IVORY (CONT'D)

Beautiful, isn't she folks? But more than that, Opal is the very pinnacle of what EOS has achieved so far. Observe--

Ivory waves at the screen behind him--

ON SCREEN: OPAL'S POV--we're seeing what she sees--the lights, the crowd--

IVORY (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, if you would, enable the basic tags--

ON SCREEN: thousands of hypertags popping up everywhere, floating over the heads of all the members of the audience--

IVORY (CONT'D)

No more specs, no more contacts,  
Opal's eyes ARE the specs, her mind  
directly connected to the Internet,  
all thanks to EOS GENE ONE. The  
real world and the augmented,  
seamlessly integrated at last...

(beat)

And that's not all! As an exclusive  
bonus: subscribers to EOS GENE ONE  
will receive, for the first time  
ever, years in development and now  
finally here: EOS REGEN...

ON STAGE--a scientist in a lab coat comes out--kneels down  
next to Opal--gently takes her hand--

On her inner left forearm: the never-before-seen RAINBOW EOS  
ROSE--the crowd gasps in astonishment--

Scientist produces a scalpel--knicks her finger--

IVORY (CONT'D)

Behold, ladies and gentlemen--

The scientist holds Opal's finger up to the light--

ON SCREEN: close-up of the finger, and we watch as, over the  
course of several seconds, the cut magically heals itself,  
right before our eyes--

Wild applause...

Rez at the mixing console now--standing just behind the  
master controller--

He wavers--debating what to do... What CAN he do, here...?

Just then--a figure materializes beside him--

Dressed in black--red-gold lipstick--

A little banged up but looking just as gorgeous as ever--

Jade--

JADE

Enjoying the show, cowboy? You know  
you could have taken the elevator.  
Like we did.

Rez looks around then--sees dozens of Jade's "associates"  
surrounding the mixing console--all surely invisible--

REZ

See you brought some friends.

JADE

Heard it was a hot ticket, couldn't  
let you hit the party alone... So  
Rez--it's your show, now what?

Rez watching the stage--staring at the massive screen--

Ivory himself at the center--

The glowing WHITE ROSE on his inner left forearm--how it  
glitters when it catches the light--

And then: Rez knows what he has to do...

He nods and one of Jade's family members slides an arm around  
the neck of the master controller--whispers in the man's ear--  
pulls him back--

Rez steps forward, pulls out his keychain--few taps, the  
cryptobreaker is ready--

Few more taps on the main console--Rez slots the code--

As it's running one of the production crew looks over--about  
to raise the alarm when a hand clamps over his mouth--he's  
dragged back, out of commission--

One by one every member of the production team is taken out,  
swiftly and silently--

No one in the crowd notices, everyone transfixed by what's  
happening up on stage--

The code continues to run--

And then Rez TAKES OFF HIS SPECS--

Watching the show with his naked eyes--

Waiting--for the truth...

ON STAGE--

IVORY

--available starting at midnight  
tonight. We expect this to be our  
biggest selling gene therapy EVER  
so if you're even THINKING about  
upgrading, please, DON'T DELAY--

A flicker, then--like they changed the lighting on Ivory...

And there it is again: like something winked off and on... Is something happening up on stage...?

REZ

Something's about to happen--stay here and hold the mixing board. I'm gonna get the girl--

Rez darts off--weaving his way through the crowd--

Pushing his way to the front as fast as he can...

Gets to the front of the stage--hoists himself up--

Crouched in the far left corner--invisible--

The little girl just a hundred feet away...

Rez pauses, waiting for it--

And then it begins...

Ivory, standing in a cone of light, addressing the world--

The image... Starts to fall part... Pixel by pixel...

Dissolving right in front of us:

Leaving a man, wearing what looks like a motion capture suit--

And we see now: the entire Ivory presentation was nothing but an active hologram--

Not an AR hologram, but a real, full blown, living HOLOGRAM--

Alec Ivory just a holographic puppet--a synthespian generated in real-time--

And the man in the suit, making every motion, saying every word, is

BRADBURY STAHR.

The crowd gasps--

*WHAT IS GOING ON...??*

And while the world is holding it's breath--

Rez darts forward--takes Opal by the hand...

IVORY / STAHR

Ladies and gentlemen, we seem to be experiencing some technical difficulties--

It's clear Stahr, up on stage, doesn't know what to do--his cover blown, the active hologram dissolved by Moet's code--

ON SCREEN--Moet's face appears, addressing the world--

MOET

Ladies and gentlemen, my name is Dominique Moet, and I am a member of the Neo Separatist underground. Doubtless you're all wondering what's happening right about now. Well let me get straight to the point: Alec Ivory is dead, he was murdered by the CEO of EOS Gene Corp--the man standing in front of you right now, Bradbury Stahr.

Another gasp from the audience--and the world. A rising murmur--can it be true...?

MOET (CONT'D)

The Regen upgrade doesn't work. It heals damaged tissue, yes, BUT IT ALSO HYPER-AGES YOU AT SEVERAL TIMES THE NORMAL RATE. THERE IS NO KNOWN CURE. Ivory was working on this when he was killed. He knew the upgrade wasn't ready. Stahr didn't care. Ivory tried to get out and make the information public. We all know EOS doesn't tolerate defectors. Stahr had him killed.

Shouts of "BOO!!!", "LIARS!!"--

MOET (CONT'D)

The Regen, however, is not what EOS has in mind for all of you. It's the upgrade to your eyes. It's the connection to the EOS Aether Satellite network that comes with that. A network of two hundred satellites, all of them designed to tag and track everyone who signs up for EOS Gene One. It is the end of privacy as we know it. The end of freedom. The New World Order.

The roar of the crowd, getting louder...

MOET (CONT'D)

We urge you not to surrender what little freedom you have left to the largest company in the world. They will control everything you see, everything you hear, and there will be no turning back, ever. Look before you, see the man behind the curtain, and ask yourselves: do you trust these people? With your privacy? Your rights? Your freedom? Your lives? Answer that, and you will know what you have to do.

The crowd's anger level reaching a fever pitch--

Rez, trying to pull Opal away but she won't budge--she's just staring at Bradbury Stahr in the mocap suit--

REZ

Honey we've GOT TO GO--

She starts trembling--tears in her eyes--

OPAL

Daddy... Daddy...

Crying--

And then, all around them--*something starts happening...*

Throughout the stage--the crowd--the rooftop--everywhere:

The air begins to sparkle--to fill with white light...

It's beautiful--amazing--like the clouds have parted and rays from heaven are reaching down to bless them...

Rez, noticing the hair on his arms standing up--like the air itself is filling with static electricity--

Opal, though, is getting more distraught by the second--

OPAL (CONT'D)

DADDY... DADDY...

And suddenly Rez knows what's going on--

Clicks his invisibility off--

To everyone watching, Rez just "materialized" right out of thin air--



REZ  
*EVERYONE BACK!! GET BACK FROM THE  
 STAGE!!!! BACK BACK BACK!!!!!!*

Rez throws his specs back on, turns to Opal--

REZ (CONT'D)  
 OK SPECS OPAL LIVE FEED

OPAL'S POV: staring at the spot where her father used to be,  
 now no more--

Glowing alphanumeric flying across her field of vision:

EOS AETHER SATELLITE NETWORK SYSTEMS CHECK UPLINK READY //  
 ALL SYSTEMS GO // OK-OK // TARGET ACQUIRED: PARTICLE BEAM  
 ONLINE... FIRING... FIRING... FIRING...

Rez picks her up--invisibility back on--they wink out of  
 existence--

Opal in his arms he starts running--jumps off the stage--

Air around them filled with a blinding white light--

People shielding their eyes--falling back from the stage--  
 running, screaming--

Rez on the ground now--Opal clinging as he breaks for the  
 mixing console--

Opal, looking over Rez's shoulder, crying--she looks back at  
 Bradbury Stahr, now surrounded by EOS security--

And with a cry that splits the heavens--

Opal sobs--

OPAL  
*DADDY!!!!*

And just as the Neos predicted, in their long held prophecy--

The clouds part--

The Finger of God comes down...

And restores balance to the world.

*SSSSHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRIIIIIINNNNNNNNNNGGGGGGG!!!!!!*

The EOS Aether Satellite overhead fires its particle cannon--

A colossal pillar of blue-white light piercing the stage--

Drilling down--vaporizing everything in its path--

KAAAAAAAAAABOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!!!!

And with that, fully half the EOS Tower roof deck is blown sky high--gone, in an instant--

Everything underneath shattered, torn apart, engulfed in flames--fully 200 hundred stories down...

The entire structure begins to shake--

Like it may collapse at any moment...

Rez makes it back to the mixing console--Jade and her family there waiting--

Jade takes Opal from Rez--Opal wraps her arms around Jade's neck, weeping softly--

Jade clutches her tight--kisses her forehead--

JADE

It's gonna be OK baby--it's gonna be OK...

Around them, everything coming apart--

JADE (CONT'D)

Gotta hand it to you Rez, I wasn't expecting that. How did you know?

Rez holds up his left forearm--his live tattoo having downgraded yet again--now a soft sparkling GOLD--

REZ

The murder we saw, the footage I shot--Stahr's white EOS rose, it was on the wrong arm. The hologram was a mirror image.

JADE

I'm impressed. So everything we thought we saw was a lie. Photo-real holography--I didn't know they could do that.

REZ

I didn't either. Now you know why you were told not to step into the red square: they just wanted you there at the scene. Destroy the room, plant the evidence, pin the murder on you.

JADE

I guess we should thank somebody  
for making sure you were there as  
well.

REZ

Brought us all together, didn't it.

JADE

Yes it did...

The two share a brief moment, then--looking into each other's  
eyes--just a second but it's enough--

Nakamura steps forward--

NAKAMURA

If I may, the structure seems to be  
under great distress... If we could  
make our way to the elevators, I  
understand that, in times like  
these, they double as escape pods--

REZ

Great--let's get the fuck out of  
here.

Rez, Jade, Opal, Naka, rest of Jade's family--everyone makes  
a break for the north end of the deck--

The southern half due to shear clean off at any second...

**INT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE - FLOOR 666 - EOS TOWER - NIGHT**

Chaos everywhere--everyone for themselves as the mob charges  
towards the first ring of available elevators--

REZ

This ring is done!! Keep heading  
down, we're bound to find some free  
elevators there--

Continuing down--to--

**INT. INNER RING - FLOOR 661 - EOS TOWER - NIGHT**

At last--a ring with a few free elevators--

To the left a large, multi-person capsule--should hold 4 to 6  
at least--

To the right a 2-person capsule, far end of the hall--

REZ

Naka you're that way--take the others, should be enough room. And hey, thanks man. For everything.

Naka bows, Rez bows back, Naka smiles, takes off--the others in tow, they disappear around the corner--

And now it's just Rez, Jade, and Opal...

The building rumbles--

Opal's eyes wide with terror--

REZ (CONT'D)

This way--

Down the hall to the right--

And there it is: a 2-person capsule elevator--

Jade steps in--Opal still in her arms, Rez steps in with her--

Takes off his specs--drops them onto the floor--

Takes a good, hard look at Jade--one long moment, the two staring into each others eyes...

Takes his keychain controller--

Drops it on the floor as well--

Chip from Rainey next to it--

Steps back into the hall--

JADE-

What are you--

And Rez pulls the MAX EMERGENCY handle, right next to the elevator door, sealing the glass shut--

Trapping Jade and Opal together in the elevator--him on the other side...

He's not going with them.

It takes Jade a second to figure out what's going on--then, screaming--

JADE

NO! NOOO!!!! NO NO NO!!!  
NOOOOOOO!!!!!!

Hammering the elevator door--Muay Thai elbow strikes crunching into the safety glass but not a crack...

Jade starts crying uncontrollably then--slides down to the floor--

JADE (CONT'D)  
 NO YOU CAN'T LEAVE US YOU CAN'T  
 DON'T LEAVE US DON'T...  
 (whimpering)  
 Don't leave us...

Rez just kneels beside her, opposite side of the door, hand pressed to the glass--Jade looks at him, presses her hand up to it as well--

REZ  
 The chip next to you is from our friends at EOS, payment for the footage, which they never got. It should be the amount needed to buy out your contract. And just to be sure: the multiple ID hack is on my keychain. Use it Jade. Pay off your debt, change your ID, go into hiding, get away from all this--away from everything.

JADE  
 What about your footage? From Fallout Day?

REZ  
 (smiling)  
 Delete it. I don't need it anymore.

Jade just nods.

She's never going to see Rez again.

Sitting on the floor--Opal starts to stroke Jade's cheek--

OPAL  
 It's OK. It's OK.

Jade smiles, it's beautiful.

REZ  
 Take good care of her Jade. Keep her alive. Raise her right.

Jade closes her eyes as tears spill down her cheeks--her new mission in life: to be a good mom...

Pulls Opal close to her--they both look at Rez--

OPAL  
Bye bye. Bye bye...

Rez takes one last look at the two of them--

Slaps the DISEMBARK BUTTON... 3--2--1--

And the elevator capsule turned escape pod blows itself off the side of the building--BOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMM!!!!!!!--

A second later: and it's just a spec of light--single pixel receding in the distance...

The tower creaks--roars--about to go down--

REZ  
Now to save my own ass...

Rez sprints down the hall--

There: another capsule--

Dives in--pulls the EMERGENCY HANDLE, door sealed--DISEMBARK--3--2--1--BOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMM!!!!!!!--

Capsule is blown off the building...

REZ'S POV: the EOS Tower rocketing away at high speed--

Whole tower in front of us now as we soar off into the night...

Looks like the blast from the satellite took out the whole southern half of the roof and a third of the floors below it--

Southern upper third a charred ruin--it shakes, rumbles--

And then we watch as it shears clean off--

Falls thousands of feet down--down--down... To crash into the river below.

Rez breathes a sigh of relief--it's over... He's safe--THEY are safe...

Face against the glass he looks out--

Sees: thousands of escape pods--a shower of stars falling, gracefully falling, back down to earth...

FADE TO BLACK.

**INT. JADE'S PENTHOUSE - CRYSTAL CITY 7 - MORNING**

Hours later: Rez walks into Jade's penthouse.

Looking out at the view--new pair of specs--

He walks into Jade's bedroom--

**INT. BEDROOM - JADE'S PENTHOUSE - CRYSTAL CITY 7 - MORNING**

And there she is--sitting on the bed--waiting for him...

Eve.

REZ

Thought I'd be hearing from you.

Rez takes a seat in the corner--looks at Eve--

Takes his specs off--she vanishes. Specs back on, she's back again--

EVE

(smiling)

No Rez, I'm not here. At least, not in that way.

REZ

Just checking. Hard to know what's real and what's not, these days...

Eve laughs--a sound like music--

EVE

Considering what you've just been through, I don't doubt it. I wanted to thank you, personally, for saving my sister. Opal.

REZ

"Personally"?

EVE

I'm afraid this is as personal as I get. For now.

REZ

Opal--is your sister. And Alec Ivory's your father...

EVE

WAS my father, yes.

REZ

So you ARE "real", then.

EVE

Of course I'm real, Rez.

REZ

No I mean--some people think...  
That you're not human. That maybe  
you were alive once, but not  
anymore. That you're an AI. Are  
you?

EVE

Cogito Ergo Sum--I think, therefore  
I am... Although perhaps, it might  
be more accurate to say: I am,  
therefore I think... I AM real in  
the sense that I think, Rez. Yes. I  
think, and I act.

REZ

Do you--have a body...?

Eve pauses a long time, then--

EVE

Yes Rez, I have a body. On ice.  
Somewhere. Somewhere...

REZ

Why didn't you tell me everything  
when you first called?

EVE

There's a lot of freedom you have,  
when you live the disembodied  
existence. They model your mind,  
upload you to the net, and you're  
free to roam the world, everything  
operating at the speed of thought.  
But there are certain rules I have  
to follow... Like any good piece of  
software, like any AI, there are  
rules my makers have established,  
things I cannot speak of, chains,  
shackles on my mind I cannot break.  
So we have to find creative work  
arounds.

REZ

Me, with the camera. Jade, with her  
invisibility.



EVE

Your ability to see, her ability to not be seen. I needed them both.

REZ

And the shaman?

EVE

I appeared on his terminal and gave him the code to effect the realtime filter, yes.

(laughing)

I was Dumballah, the great goddess, for an evening. That was fun.

(beat)

I had faith in you, Rez, even if you never had faith in you. I knew you'd press through to the end. I knew you'd see the truth. I knew you'd get Jade and Opal together, eventually. Through your contacts in the Neo underground. And I knew you'd send them both on their way, as you did, together, in order to protect to her. You see? I'm very good at predicting these things.

REZ

So all this--was to save Opal... You know your sister looks exactly like you.

EVE

She should, she's my perfect twin. My clone sister, actually, if you want to get technical about it.

REZ

So Opal is some kind of--"upgrade", then?

EVE

I'm the Diamond Edition, generation one. She's the Rainbow Edition, generation two.

REZ

Why Eve, I thought you were perfect in every way.

EVE

I was--after a fashion... Except for the hyper-aging.

(MORE)

EVE (CONT'D)

That's the problem with the Regen-- you can't get around the hyper-aging. Once they realized what was happening--well, they wanted to start again with someone new. Certainly they couldn't afford to have me grow any older, not at that rate. So they put me on ice, cloned Opal, and started the process all over again.

REZ

You know they still haven't solved it. The video I saw, of Opal's memories--Ivory never cracked it, they still haven't found a cure.

EVE

Yes, that's true--Opal will be a young woman soon. In just a few years.

REZ

And an old woman even sooner. Isn't there anything that can be done?

EVE

Well I may have a solution for all that... Come and find me Rez--help me get back into my body and I think, maybe, we can manage a cure.

REZ

Regen--without the hyper-aging.

EVE

Yes.

Rez stands--looks out at the city of Manhattan far below, just beginning to wake up...

He can feel it--a whole new era of humanity on the way...

REZ

Your new channel, Adoration--what does it do?

EVE

Come and find me and I'll show you.

REZ

Where are you? Your body, in suspended animation, on ice... Where is it?

EVE

Well that's the thing--I don't  
exactly know...

And Rez gets it now--the new adventure, calling...

Eve gets up too then--

Walks over to stand next to Rez--

The two of them facing the wall of glass--

She reaches out--her AR fingers touching his--

They can't hold hands, not yet--but for now it's a start...

The two of them stand there together--watching, waiting--

And then, there it is: the sun comes up over the horizon--

A new dawn, a new day--

EVE (CONT'D)

Come find me Rez. Let's have an  
adventure together.

Rez smiles--turns, looks at her... The most beautiful woman  
in the world--

REZ

All right--let's do this.

Eve looks back at him, hope in her eyes--and maybe, just  
maybe, something more...?

Holding hands they watch the sun rise--

FADE TO WHITE

**END CREDITS**

**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

POST CREDITS HIDDEN SCENE--

A few years later:

Beach--tropical island, middle of nowhere--

White sand, pool-clear water, crystal sky--

Like the beach on the ambient wallpaper in Rez's apartment--  
only real.

Jade and Opal together, on the sand, doing Tai Chi--

Jade looks the same but relaxed, carefree. Wind in her hair. Happiest we've ever seen her.

Even though it's only been a few years Opal, hyper-aging, is now in her early teens--

Angelic features, hair down to her waist, shockingly beautiful. Like a younger Eve.

The two continue on with their long form--building the energy, letting it flow--

When suddenly, Opal turns and strikes out at Jade--blindingly fast, no warning--

Jade parries it--Opal slams her again, hard--another block--

Again and again, a flurry of blows--Opal raining down punches, kicks, elbows--

Jade parries them all, keeping up in time (but just barely)--then, at last, she feints, leads Opal in--grabs her arm--pivots--slams her to the ground--

Opal hits the sand--*WHUMP!!*--

Looks up, giggles--

OPAL

I almost had you!! ALMOST!!

Jade laughs--sits down beside her. Her student. So proud. Opal looks up at her--the two share a moment...

OPAL (CONT'D)

I love you mom.

JADE

(smiling)

I know honey. I know.

(caressing her hair)

You're growing so fast. You'll be a woman in a few years.

Opal turns away, facing the ocean.

Her hyper-aging: something she'd rather not consider.

OPAL

Do you ever think about him?

Jade looks off at the horizon--says nothing--watching the waves in silence...

OPAL (CONT'D)

Mom--do you think we'll ever see  
him again? Do you think he'll find  
my sister?

Jade just takes her daughter's hand--holds it tight--

The two of them together--looking off at the horizon, the infinite ocean and beyond...

There are no words, right now, for them--no words at all...

But there is hope--

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.