

ANONYMITY

by

Shane Joseph Willis

Rosa Entertainment  
T: 310-470-3506

COPYRIGHT 2013

**FADE IN:**

**INT. BEDROOM (CROSS'S MEMORY) - DAY**

Glimpses of a WOMAN. Tears streak her eyes.

A man, CROSS, stands before her. She runs her hands over his tailored suit, slowly stripping it from him.

WOMAN

Don't you ever think what this is going to cost you?

CROSS

I told you to never ask me that.

WOMAN

I missed you so much. Where have you been?

She kisses him. His lips are stone.

CROSS

I... I don't remember.

Cross pushes her away. She's like a distant memory to him.

WOMAN

You're losing yourself. You don't even know who you are anymore!

CROSS

I can't do this again.

WOMAN

I'm so scared to lose you. Come back to me. Please!

CROSS

Forget about me.

WOMAN

How can you be so selfish? It wasn't my fault.

She undoes the buttons on his shirt. Her hands find his flesh.

She gasps.

WOMAN

My God!

Embedded in his flesh are a series of small computer-like input ports. The surgery scars around them are still fresh.

WOMAN

Who are you? Who have you become?

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - EVENING**

An eye. It blinks.

CROSS (V.O.)

Everything becomes a memory.

Reflected in the iris is the eyes' owner, Cross, watching himself in a mirror.

A small external hard drive the size of a cell phone. Cross toggles a touch screen on the device. His finger hovers over the 'Delete' option.

CROSS (V.O.)

Have you ever wanted to be somebody else? What if you already were?

A digital I.D card with Cross's head shot.

Cross is mid 30's, he hasn't quite hit bottom yet, but he's not far off.

He drops the hard drive on the desk without deleting it, puts his head in his hands.

CROSS (V.O.)

Would you remember who you were supposed to be?

He picks up the I.D. and studies it.

Apart from the photo, there are no details, nothing pertaining to his identity.

**EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING**

Cross walks along a populated downtown street.

CROSS (V.O.)

In the future, we will all want anonymity.

People file past him, the bridge and tunnel crowd.

In his hand Cross holds a small electronic device. An RFID (radio frequency identification) scanner.

CROSS (V.O.)  
With Real I.D, biometrics, digital  
databases... anyone can know who we  
are.

A man stands at an A.T.M, withdrawing money. Cross watches  
him from the street corner.

Cross waves the RFID scanner. The mans' credit card number  
and name appear on the scanners' screen.

CROSS (V.O.)  
When I say anyone, I mean me.

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - EVENING**

A laptop computer. On the screen is a registrar of missing  
persons. It cycles through pictures of random people.

Cross studies each picture.

CROSS (V.O.)  
A decade from now, corporations will  
be the new governments. Most of  
them own more than any government  
does.

Cross dresses himself in a generic jacket and pants.

CROSS (V.O.)  
It's just a matter of time before  
they own us too.

There's a knock at the door. He cautiously opens it. There's  
no one there.

He looks out into the hallway -- a brief glimpse of a BRUNETTE  
before she disappears around a corner.

A briefcase has been left outside the door. He takes it.

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Cross opens the briefcase and takes out a small external  
memory drive.

He arranges a series of thin computer cables, laying them  
out with measured precision.

Cross rolls up his shirt sleeves, unbuttons his collar.

Embedded in his forearms and neck, grafted into the flesh, are a series of small cybernetic ports (with faded surgery scars).

CROSS (V.O.)  
Time to get to work.

**INT/EXT. CAR/CORPORATE FACILITY PARKING LOT - DAY**

A large industrial complex. The labs of Zenjiro Corporation.

Cross watches the front entrance of the facility from behind the wheel of his car. Security cameras watch over the building like gargoyles on a cathedral.

He connects the RFID reader to a laptop.

A TECHNICIAN exits the building and makes for a car. A digital I.D badge is pinned to his jacket.

CROSS (V.O.)  
Becoming someone else is easy.

Cross waves the RFID scanner at the Tech as he passes the car.

The guys' headshot and details appears on the laptop screen.

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - EVENING**

Cross connects the scanner reader to a laptop.

CROSS (V.O.)  
Knowing yourself, that's the hard part.

He inserts a blank I.D card into the reader -- info begins to upload onto the card.

CROSS (V.O.)  
And who am I?

He pulls the I.D card out of the reader.

CROSS (V.O.)  
Today... my name is...

Below his image, the name "Thomas Cross" appears.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

A van parked curbside.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

A man, early 40's, squats in the back of the van.

His arms and neck are pock-marked with the same cybernetic ports as Cross's. Unlike Cross, this guy has been forged from tempered steel.

He takes a memory drive and plugs it into his neck port. His eyes roll back, showing the whites.

An I.D with the name "DEREK JOSHUA".

Joshua grits his teeth and pulls the cables from himself.

He lays out his tools -- lock picks, caltrops, neuro-cables.

EXT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - NIGHT

A young PATROL GUARD nervously polices a back entrance to the complex.

Footsteps echo from the darkness.

The guard loosens his pistol in its' holster as he scans the area.

There's nobody there. The guard turns back. He swallows a cry -- Joshua stands behind him, dressed as a security guard.

PATROL GUARD

Jesus! I thought you were a--

JOSHUA

Ghost?

PATROL GUARD

You scared the hell outta me!

JOSHUA

Fear? Don't be afraid...

Something in Joshua's demeanor tells the guard what's coming.

The guard goes for his gun --

Joshua lunges for him. In an instant Joshua disarms the guard and knocks him out cold. He drags the limp guard into the shadows.

**INT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - CORRIDOR -- NIGHT**

The Brunettes' heels echo through the austere hall. Up close she's 30-ish. Elegant. Alluring. What you'd call a 'dangerous woman'.

She comes to a door, pulls out her I.D, which reads 'SIMONE', and slides it into the reader.

The door clicks open --

**INT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - MAINFRAME -- CONTINUOUS**

A mainframe computer terminal.

Simone looks at her watch. It reads 20:59. She take a small external hard drive and plugs it into the terminal.

On the screen, data begins uploading.

**EXT. REAR OF LAB COMPLEX/SECURITY GATE - NIGHT**

A car pulls up to a boom gate.

The driver, PHILLIPS, swipes his I.D through a scanner.

GATE GUARD  
Haven't seen you here before.

Phillips' head-shot appears on a security screen in front of the guard.

PHILLIPS  
First shift!

The guard pulls out a hand held retina scanner.

GATE GUARD  
Give me your eye.

**INT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - MAINFRAME -- SAME**

Simone checks her watch. It reads 21:00 exactly.

She looks anxiously to the upload. After a few moments the screen reads -- *BIOMETRIC UPLOAD COMPLETE.*

**EXT. REAR OF LAB COMPLEX/SECURITY GATE - SAME**

The gate guard finishes scanning Phillips' eye.

The screen reads -- *PHILLIPS, ADAM. IDENTIFIED.*

GATE GUARD  
Looks like you'll be baby-sitting  
the white coats on night shift.  
Have a good one!

The boom gate goes up and Phillips drives through.

**EXT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - NIGHT**

Cross approaches the main entrance to the lab. He is dressed now in a technician's lab coat.

Cross pauses, inhales.

CROSS (V.O.)  
Here we go!

He enters --

**INT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS**

A guard mans the front desk. The front doors open and Cross strolls up, nonchalant.

Airport style security. Cross passes through a biometrics scanner. He's about to go through --

DESK GUARD  
You got your I.D?

Cross pulls it out of his jacket and swipes it. Cross's face appears up on the guard's screen.

DESK GUARD  
Leave something behind?  
(off Cross's reaction)  
You clocked off a couple of hours ago.

CROSS  
Just can't get enough of the place!

DESK GUARD  
(laughing)  
I know what you mean buddy. It's like a second home to me too!

Cross goes through.

**INT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER**

Cross casually walks through the maze-like corridors. He comes to a T-junction, hesitates.

CROSS (V.O.)  
Now, the number one thing with  
downloading memories is: you gotta  
remember to back up your own!

He closes his eyes --

**INT. MOTEL ROOM (CROSS'S MEMORY) - EVENING**

Cross sits at the desk in front of the mirror. He inserts a cable from a memory drive into his neck port.

CROSS (V.O.)  
Cause you download too many memories  
and... you're gonna overload... or  
worse.

His eyes immediately roll back, the whites fluttering like he's in R.E.M.

CROSS (V.O.)  
You'll erase what's already there.

**INT. LAB CORRIDOR (MEMORY DOWNLOAD - POV)**

A POV glides down the same corridor towards the T-junction. The POV hesitates before it takes a left turn.

**INT. SAME - THE PRESENT**

Cross, at the same T-junction, takes the left turn.

CROSS (V.O.)  
An infiltrator could spend months on  
a job like this, memorizing every  
little detail...

At the end of the long corridor, Cross sees Simone.

CROSS (V.O.)  
...Just so we get to remember what  
they do.

She pauses briefly, making eye contact before disappearing down a side corridor.

**INT. LAB CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER**

Cross continues along the corridor.

CROSS (V.O.)  
Anyone in here could be part of the  
job. But you do this long enough  
and--

Two security guard pass him -- one of them is Joshua.

CROSS (V.O.)  
You know how to spot the players.

The two men exchange a fast glance, sizing each other up.

**INT. LAB CORRIDOR - SAME**

Phillips comes to a security door.

He takes out his I.D card, swipes it. The door clicks open revealing a chamber full of routers and monitors.

**INT. ROUTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Phillips approaches a router box.

On one of the monitors -- a high angle security camera shot of a hi-tech security door.

CROSS (V.O.)  
We are each part of the plan.

Phillips pries open one of the circuits, he strips down one of the many wires and twists them together.

**INT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS**

Joshua works a door. He looks knowingly to the security camera covering him. On the door it reads --

'LAB. AUTHORIZED ACCESS ONLY'.

CROSS (V.O.)  
We are invisible.

The camera's POV: the image of Joshua flickers. Suddenly it is replaced by another image -- the same angle, but now there is no Joshua.

**INT. GUARD ROOM - SAME**

The screen showing the security door flickers momentarily -- it now displays a 'ghost image' in a loop.

**INT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - SAME**

The door unlocks. Joshua enters.

CROSS (V.O.)  
We are anonymous...

**INT. LAB CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Phillips approaches the lab entrance, sees the security camera. He punches in the code, slips in.

**INT. LAB CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Cross approaches the door, recognizes it from the memory download.

He studies the panel, closes his eyes --

**INT. LAB CORRIDOR (MEMORY DOWNLOAD - POV)**

A gloved hand reaches up and types in the code.

**INT. LAB CORRIDOR (THE PRESENT)**

Cross opens his eyes, types in the same code.

CROSS (V.O.)  
...And you never see us coming.

The door opens and he slips in.

**INT. LAB - CONTINUOUS**

A hi-tech computer lab.

Cross enters, scans around. Broken glass crunches under his feet.

On a table top a glass housing lies smashed, it's contents removed. Cross furrows his brow, confused.

INSERT CUT -- The glass housing intact. It holds a small electronic vial. A META-VIRUS.

Two bodies lay on the floor. One is a technician, the other is Phillips.

CROSS (V.O.)

No!

Behind Cross, a shadow moves.

He whips around. Joshua stands in the doorway.

Joshua flashes him a vicious smile.

JOSHUA

Nothing personal.

Cross dashes for the door. Too late --

Joshua slams the door shut.

CROSS

GODDAMMIT!

**INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LAB - CONTINUOUS**

Joshua strides away from the door.

GUARD 1 (O.S.)

Hey. What are you doing in this area?

Joshua ignores him and keeps walking.

GUARD 1

I'm talking to you.

A dull thud emanates from the lab -- Cross bangs on the thick door from within.

JOSHUA

This place is so big, must've wandered into the wrong sector.

The guard draws level with the door. Another thud sounds from within. The guard pulls his gun.

GUARD 1

Hold it. Let's see your I.D.

Joshua stops.

JOSHUA  
You should have let me go.

Another thud on the door.

GUARD 1  
What the--

Joshua jabs the guard in the throat. The guard crashes against the wall, losing his hold on his weapon.

Joshua retrieves the gun. The guard gets up, goes for a fire alarm on the wall, breaks it open.

The alarm wails, reverberating through the complex.

Joshua pistol whips the guard, who falls down, hands raised in defense.

JOSHUA  
Sweet dreams!

He knocks the guard unconscious.

**INT. LAB - CONTINUOUS**

Cross tries in vain to get the door open. He hears the alarm.

CROSS (V.O.)  
Now, I'm a dead man.

Cross runs to Phillips and searches him. He pulls out an RFID reader. Then he goes to the dead technician and pulls off his I.D.

**INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LAB - CONTINUOUS**

Two armed guards bolt down the corridor, reach the door.

No sign of Joshua or Guard 1.

GUARD 2  
(into radio)  
We got a problem at the lab.

Guard 3 tries his code.

GUARD 3  
Damn code's not working.

GUARD 2  
It's a lock out. Everything's been shut down.

(MORE)

GUARD 2 (CONT'D)  
 (into radio)  
 Command, open the lab. We got a  
 situation down here.

After a moment the door opens.

**INT. LAB - CONTINUOUS**

The guards, weapons drawn, enter the lab.

They spot the broken housing. The bodies -- now there's  
 three.

GUARD 3  
 Oh no--

They check the I.D.'s. One of the 'bodies' comes to.

GUARD 2  
 This one's alive.

He rolls the guy over -- It's Cross.

Cross flashes his I.D. It now reads 'CHRISTOPHER SILVA'.

CROSS  
 Silva, science division. These two  
 shot each other up. The other one  
 got away.

GUARD 2  
 (to Guard 3)  
 Get him to the muster point.

Guard 3 helps Cross to his feet, escorts him out of the room.

Guard 2 checks Phillips' neck pulse -- his hand finds an  
 implant. He opens the dead mans collar.

GUARD 2  
 The hell is this?

**INT. LAB CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Security personnel run down the corridor past an office door.

SECURITY  
 (into radio)  
 Ground floor is locked down. We  
 think they're on level one. Block  
 all exits.

Joshua emerges from behind the door. He checks the corridor and moves off.

**INT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - SAME**

Guard 3 escorts Cross towards the lobby. Simone stands at the far end of the corridor.

She catches Cross's eye before they disappear around the corner.

**INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER**

Cross and Guard 3 enter the lobby. The Desk Guard is on his feet on the phone.

DESK GUARD  
(to Guard 3)  
Nobody's coming in or out of here.

GUARD 3  
There's wounded. We need an ambulance  
down here, now!

DESK GUARD  
(into phone)  
We've no idea who these guys are.  
(to Cross)  
Gimme your I.D.

Cross hands it over. The desk guard swipes it through. It beeps and turns red.

On the screen -- *NO IDENTITY MATCH.*

For the first time the Desk Guard looks at Cross, recognizes him.

DESK GUARD  
You!

Desk Guard reaches for his weapon.

Cross shoves Guard 3 towards the Desk Guard, they collide. Cross throws himself back behind the door.

The Desk Guard shoots. Bullets ricochet off the paneling.

DESK GUARD  
(into radio)  
Just spotted one of 'em. They're  
disguised as us!

INT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Cross weaves his way through the maze of corridors and doors --  
He closes his eyes --

INT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX (MEMORY - POV)

A memory POV travels through the complex, gliding through corridors and rooms.

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE - PRESENT

Cross enters a large office space divided by a floor to ceiling glass panel. He tries a glass door. It's locked.

Joshua enters on the other side of the glass. His eyes go wide when he sees Cross.

CROSS (V.O.)  
Surprise, dickhead!

Joshua pulls a gun and shoots. The glass shatters.

Cross throws himself behind cover. Joshua fires off more rounds. CLICK -- he's out of ammo.

Cross gets to his feet as Joshua takes a door out of the room. Cross pursues him into a --

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

-- There's no sign of Joshua.

Two guards appear at the end of the hall.

GUARD 3  
(into radio)  
We got a visual.  
(to Cross)  
Hold it right there.

Cross turns and runs in the opposite direction.

GUARD 3  
All exits have been sealed. This  
guy's going nowhere!

INT. CORRIDOR - SAME

Joshua comes to a security door, swipes his I.D through a scanner. It's non responsive. He tries it again. Nothing.

A security guard approaches Joshua from behind.

GUARD 4

We gotta secure this floor. Check  
all employees!

Joshua ignores him, tries again. Still nothing.

GUARD 4

Hey! Didn't you hear what I said --

Joshua whips around, connecting with a round-house kick.  
The guard drops.

Another guard turns the corner, sees Joshua standing over  
the unconscious guard.

GUARD 5

Son-of-a-!

The guard pulls his weapon, shoots.

Joshua ducks for cover.

GUARD 5

(into radio)

I got a visual on one. Male, 40's.  
Wearing a guards' uniform--

Joshua takes off down the corridor.

COMMAND

(over radio)

You're talking half the guys in here!

Guard 5 pursues him, weapon drawn. He spots Joshua.

GUARD 5

Freeze!

Joshua disappears around a corner. He drops a handful of  
caltrops behind him.

Guard 5 runs full peg after him. The guard's feet come down  
on the caltrop spikes. He drops to the ground, howling like  
a lame dog.

**INT. LAB COMPLEX - CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER**

Joshua comes to a fire escape. It's locked. He pulls out a small data pad and connects it to a security panel on the door.

**INT. LAB COMPLEX - CORRIDOR -- SAME**

Two guards come into the corridor, see their comrade lying on the floor in agony, trying to remove caltrops from his feet.

GUARD 5

Down there. Bastard crippled me!

GUARD 6

(into radio)

We got one of them cornered down here.

COMMAND

(over radio)

Proceed with caution, but take him down!

The guards run down the corridor.

**INT. LAB COMPLEX - CORRIDOR -- SAME**

Joshua's fingers dance across the data pad's touch screen. The door clicks open.

**INT. LAB COMPLEX - CORRIDOR -- SAME**

The guards turn the corner, guns aimed --

There's no one there. The door is locked.

COMMAND

(over radio)

What's the situation? Did you get him?

GUARD 2

Negative. Negative. He's gone!

COMMAND

(over radio)

Exits are fried shut. He couldn't just vanish!

GUARD 2

Well he ain't here! Straight through  
the damn wall, like some kind of  
ghost.

**EXT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS**

Joshua saunters across the parking lot, a look of satisfaction on his face.

**INT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - FIRE ESCAPE DOOR -- SAME**

Cross bolts around the corner, comes to a door.

It's locked. He shoulders it with all his force, but it won't give an inch.

CROSS (V.O.)

Okay, not my best day.

Cross looks around frantically, but it looks bleak. There's no way out.

**INT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - CORRIDOR -- SAME**

The two guards advance down the corridor, closing on Cross's position.

**INT. CONTROL ROOM -- SAME**

Simone stands at a computer terminal working the keyboard. Behind her, a guard lies unconscious on the floor.

On a security monitor she sees Cross trapped, shouldering the door in desperation. On another monitor the guards are closing in on him like the jaws of a steel trap.

On the terminal screen -- algorithms flash on the screen like quicksilver. Then the screen reads -- *DISENGAGE?*

She hits a key--

**INT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - FIRE ESCAPE DOOR -- SAME**

The fire door opens and Cross --

**EXT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS**

-- Bursts out the door. He runs full throttle across the car park.

The sound of sirens grow louder by the second. Two cop cars scream into the car park. Cross ducks down behind a vehicle.

The cop cars screech to a stop and the cops bail into the front entrance of the complex.

Cross slinks off into the night.

**EXT. CITY STREET/ALLEY - NIGHT**

Cross's car parked curbside. Another cop car speeds down the street past his vehicle.

Cross emerges from behind a dumpster.

CROSS (V.O.)  
Looks like there's a heat-wave coming.  
Gotta lay low!

He runs to his car and climbs in.

His hands are shaking bad as he grips the steering wheel. His chest heaves, a mixture of adrenaline and fear.

Cross jams the car into gear and screeches away into the night.

**EXT/INT. CITY STREET/CROSS'S CAR - NIGHT**

Cross speeds down a city street. He's on edge, frantic.

Ahead blue and red flash in the night. At the end of the street the cops have set up a checkpoint, questioning vehicle drivers and pedestrians.

Cross pulls up fast.

CROSS (V.O.)  
Hmmm... think it's time for a new  
face.

He turns down a side street.

**EXT. CITY STREET - LATER**

A hooker stands on the street corner, eager for business.

A car pulls up to the curb and the window rolls down. The hooker struts her stuff towards the flashy car -- showtime for her.

Cross watches from his vehicle.

CROSS (V.O.)  
Today, the truth is, we live in a  
technocracy.

The hooker jumps into the car. Cross pulls away and tails them.

**EXT. ALLEY - LATER**

The car is parked in the alley. Familiar sounds emanate from the vehicle.

Cross watches from the shadows. He has his laptop open.

CROSS (V.O.)  
Everything you are, everything you  
own and everything you do... is in  
the system.

He runs the car's license plate through a database.

On Cross's laptop -- the guys' photo and information pop up.

CROSS (V.O.)  
Michael Henneman. Caucasian. 35.  
Married! Apparently not very happily.  
No criminal history. Looks like we  
have a winner.

**EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT**

The car pulls over.

The MAN gets out of his car and remotely locks it.

Cross waves his RFID scanner at the car. A frequency displays on the scanners' screen.

The guy walks off and disappears from view. Cross approaches his car and hits a button on the scanner. The car unlocks.

**EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT**

A line of traffic.

Another check point manned by cops, checking drivers' licenses and I.D's.

The stolen car pulls up and the window slides down. Cross sits behind the wheel.

COP  
Drivers license.

Cross hands it over.

The cop runs it through a scanner. After a beat --

COP  
Mr. Henneman. Looks like you got an unpaid parking violation.

CROSS  
What can I say? You got me!

The cop looks at the long line of cars behind Cross, considers...

COP  
Okay, get outta here.

**INT. CROSS'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Cross pulls up across from a cheap motel. He scans the motel. There's no sign of anyone.

He gets out of the car and makes for the motel.

**INT. MOTEL - CORRIDOR -- NIGHT**

Cross reels down the corridor, head on a swivel.

At the door to his room, he fumbles in his pocket for the key card.

He listens at the door, then slowly opens it.

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Cross steps into the darkness.

BANG! Something smashes him from behind. He goes down hard.

The light comes on. Two Corporate Security Experts (CORPSE) reign down punches and kicks on him.

Cross cries out in agony.

SUIT (O.S.)  
Looking for this?

The SUIT, an ambitious corporate slimeball, looks on with sadistic intent. He holds up Cross's memory drive.

The Corpse haul Cross up.

SUIT  
(to the Corpse)  
Let's see it.

Corpse 1 puts Cross in a choke hold while Corpse 2 shakes him down.

CORPSE 2  
He's got nothing.

SUIT  
Where's the virus?

CROSS  
(choking)  
You got the wrong guy.

SUIT (O.S.)  
Scan him.

One of them holds Cross's head steady while the other one scans his eye with a retina scanner.

CORPSE 1  
It's him.

SUIT  
Let's see what he remembers.

The two Corpse sit Cross on a chair, they rip open his sleeves and collar, exposing his interface ports.

SUIT  
(to Cross)  
You just can't get people these days.  
You know why I hate coming down to cesspits like this? Do you have any idea?

The Suit lights up a cigarette.

SUIT  
Because every time I do, it's to troubleshoot assholes like you who just can't seem do their job properly.  
(beat, then)  
You know, my boss, he's a real jerk.  
(MORE)

SUIT (CONT'D)

He's always on my back, telling me why we shouldn't use contractors like you. He seems to be under the impression that your some kind of risk. That you're 'bad for business'. But I told him, I like using you guys. You know why? Because that way I don't have to get my hands dirty.

The Suit opens a laptop terminal.

SUIT

Now the thing is, when I have to report back and tell that smug prick that my contractors messed up, Ultra are going to have my balls in a vice!

CROSS

You're not Zenjiro?

SUIT

I'm the guy you're working for!

The Suit patches two cables into the terminal. The Corpse hold Cross down and plug the cables into him.

Cross cries out. His eyes roll back as his memory is copied onto the terminal.

The Suit reviews the memory 'footage'.

SUIT

You're running at a loss in here.  
Ever hear of backing up?

On the screen -- a fast montage of Cross's memories of the Zenjiro lab complex. The Suit pauses the footage on an image of Joshua.

SUIT

(re: Joshua)  
You guys seem to forget that we're in the business of acquisition. We pay, you deliver. And we always get what we pay for.  
(to Corpse)  
Get him up. Let's go.

They rip the cables out of his implants and haul him to his feet. Cross grunts in pain.

**EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

The Corpse frog march Cross to a waiting black SUV. They throw him in the back seat.

BLONDE (O.S.)  
(shouting)  
DAVID!

A BLONDE woman stands across the street, looking on frenetically .

SUIT  
Zenjiro!  
(to the Corpse)  
Take care of that.

The Suit climbs into the back seat. The Corpse pull guns, fire at the Blonde.

She throws herself behind a car, which is riddled with bullets.

**INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS**

The Corpses jump in the back. The driver floors it and the car speeds off.

SUIT  
They're on to you already, pal.

CROSS (V.O.)  
David? Must be an alter identity.

Cross glances back --

**EXT. CITY STREET - SAME**

The Blonde watches the car go. She disappears from view as they screech around a corner.

**INT. CORPORATE CAR - NIGHT**

The Suit produces Cross's memory drive.

SUIT  
You know who this is? It's you!  
You want to be him again? You want  
your memory back? Simple.  
(MORE)

SUIT (CONT'D)

You find the mercenary before Zenjiro  
and you get me what I paid for!  
Just one more thing. I'm going to  
need some collateral.

The Corpse grab Cross and pin him down. The Suit produces a small circular device. On the side is a digital timer set to 48 hours.

SUIT

This is a Trojan. Now, it's going to make it kinda hard to download for the next 48 hours. But after that, trust me, you won't have to worry about it, because you won't remember a damn thing.

He plugs the device into Cross's left wrist port. It locks into the port like a wrist band. Cross cries out in pain.

SUIT

For both our sakes, you better find this guy. Because my boss doesn't like bad news.

**EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT**

A gang of cheap hookers stake out their territory along a seedy back street.

The corporate SUV screeches around a corner. The vehicle pulls up fast.

The back door swings open and Cross flies out, crashing to the sidewalk.

SUIT

48 hours isn't a long time, pal.  
Better get moving.

The car door slams shut and the vehicle zips off into the night.

Cross checks the timer. The countdown has already started ticking away.

CROSS (V.O.)

Thank you, assholes.  
(looking around)  
Now, where am I?

The hookers eye him up. Cross pulls himself to his feet.

HOOKER

Hi honey!

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Joshua, shirtless, places a small case on the bed. He opens it and removes the meta-virus. He holds it up, examining it, then puts it back in the case.

He goes to the window. In the distance is a large corporate facility.

Joshua stands in front of the mirror. He studies himself, his implants glint in the light.

There's a noise outside his door.

Joshua grabs a gun from the dresser.

The door handle turns ever so slightly -- somebody is on the outside trying to jimmy the lock.

Joshua steals up to the door, then stands with his back to the wall behind it.

Slowly, the handle begins to turn and the door opens.

**EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT**

Cross stumbles into the alley.

He squats against the alley wall, hurt and exhausted. He looks like he spent the night in a cement mixer.

He hangs his head, looking defeated.

INSERT CUT -- A flash of the woman, her smile, her hands. Little details like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. Glimpses of her like half formed memories...

Cross closes his eyes, trying to remember --

**INT. HOUSE - EVENING**

A POV travels through the halls and rooms of a house. In the reflection of a mirror we see the POV is Cross. He enters the living room.

The WOMAN is asleep on the couch. We don't see her face. Cross goes to her, kneels down.

He smells her hair, kisses her forehead. She stirs and opens her eyes.

WOMAN  
You were gone so long.

CROSS  
I missed you.

Cross kisses her, nuzzles her neck.

WOMAN  
Promise me you won't go again.

CROSS  
We're together now, just you and me.

WOMAN  
Actually, now there's three of us.

Cross furrows his brow. She takes his hand and places it on her stomach.

WOMAN  
You're going to be a daddy.

Cross laughs.

They kiss again --

**EXT. ALLEY - PRESENT**

Cross opens his eyes. He's back in the alley, alone with his memory.

He checks the countdown timer on his wrist. It reads: 46:56. The seconds tick away.

CROSS (V.O.)  
Gotta keep moving.

He pulls himself to his feet and hurries off.

**INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - LATER**

Cross enters the underground garage.

He makes his way among the rows of parked cars towards a --

**INT. SAFE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

A wall of safe deposit boxes. Cross places his thumb on a biometric reader. A safe deposit box pops open.

Cross pulls out a small briefcase and opens it. It contains neuro-cables, an RFID scanner, and a blank I.D card.

CROSS (V.O.)  
Always keep backups!

**INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS**

Cross makes his way through the rows of parked cars, searching for an easy mark.

In the B.G, a motorcycle cruises down the entrance ramp and parks.

Cross stops, he moves away from the cars and along the main aisle towards the exit. The rider dismounts and makes his way towards Cross.

Cross takes in the guys details. Nothing out of the ordinary. They pass each other. Cross glances back.

The guy, a Corporate Mercenary (RECKER), pulls a gun from his jacket, spins and aims at Cross.

CROSS (V.O.)  
Mercenary!

Cross throws himself behind a parked car.

BANG. The car window is blown out. Windshield glass falls like confetti.

Cross glances under the car. Recker's shoes are heading his way.

Cross gets to his feet and scuttles between the cars as more shots ring out. Cross throws himself behind another car.

Recker moves silently through the vehicles. He's almost on top of Cross, but neither of them realize it.

Cross makes his move -- a tail-light is blown out right next to his head.

Recker fires off more shots. More windows shatter, car alarms scream.

In the reflection of a wing mirror, Cross sees Recker heading his way, stealing up.

Recker swoops on Cross's position. There's no one there. A blur of movement.

Cross leaps on the would-be assassin. He punches Recker, who loses his grip on the pistol. Cross goes for the weapon but it skitters under a car, out of reach.

Recker grabs Cross by the leg, drags him back. Cross kicks him away, scrambles for the gun.

Cross grabs the weapon. He aims it right at the mercenary, but Recker keeps walking right towards him.

Cross squeezes the trigger --

ZZZAP! An electrical charge arcs from the pistol. Cross cries out, dropping the weapon.

Recker dives for the pistol but Cross intercepts, grabbing the gun and pistol whipping his foe.

Recker kicks Cross, knocking him away. Cross gets to his feet. There's no sign of the mercenary.

The roar of a motorbike fills the garage.

Cross turns -- the bike is coming straight for him. Cross side-steps and clothes-lines Recker off his bike, which skids to a halt.

The whine of police sirens split the night.

CROSS (V.O.)

Time to go.

Cross slips Recker's pistol into his jacket and jumps on the motorcycle. He zips up the ramp out of the garage.

Recker pulls himself to his feet, shakes off the pain. He watches Cross disappear out of the garage.

**EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING**

The motorcycle shoots out of the parking garage and tears through the sparse traffic.

The sounds of police sirens grow louder.

Cross steers into an --

**EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

A cop car whizzes past the alley at full speed. Cross rides out the other side of the alley.

**EXT. ALLEY - MORNING**

Cross pulls the motorcycle into another abandoned alleyway.

He dismounts and kills the engine. He's shaking bad, his adrenaline subsiding.

There is a pair of saddlebags on the back of the motorcycle. Cross opens them up.

He pulls out a small black case. Inside is an array of uplink paraphernalia and a memory drive.

CROSS (V.O.)

Bingo!

**EXT. SAME - MOMENTS LATER**

Cross squats down against the alley wall.

A JUNKIE watches him wearily from a doorway.

Cross unbuttons his collar. He jacks Recker's hard drive into his neck port --

**MONTAGE - RECKER'S MEMORIES -- VARIOUS TIMES AND PLACES**

A montage of images seen from POV --

Glimpses of Joshua. A rundown apartment complex. A long corridor with doors running off. A room. The images speed up to a lightning fast montage --

**EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

Cross rips the jack from his neck.

JUNKIE

Hey man. You got anymore of that shit?

**EXT. CITY STREETS - MORNING**

Cross glides the motorcycle through traffic. He takes a turn-off.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING**

Cross rides into a side alley across from an apartment building. The same one from Recker's memory.

He secures his ride and makes for the building entrance.

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER**

Cross stalks down an empty corridor, same one from the memory. He takes a staircase leading up.

**INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER**

Cross comes to a door.

Cross pulls out Recker's pistol. He tentatively places his finger on the trigger, then thinks twice and puts his finger behind the trigger.

He tries the door handle. It's open.

CROSS (V.O.)  
Knock, knock.

Slowly, he enters.

**INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

It's the room from the memory download, but not as Cross 'remembers' it. Fragments of shattered glass crunch under Cross's feet, broken pieces of mirror.

In the middle of the floor lays a dead body in a pool of dried blood. An anonymous mercenary with gunshot wounds to his torso.

CROSS (V.O.)  
Looks like someone got the jump on you.

Cross searches his body. He pulls out a blood smeared memory drive.

CROSS (V.O.)  
Let see if you remember who.

He jacks it in.

INSERT CUT -- A POV enters the room. Flashes of gunfire. Glimpses of Joshua. Fragments of falling glass. A broken mirror, the reflection in it is indiscernible. The images speed up to light speed--

Cross unplugs. Sucks in air. He doubles over in pain. Rubs his forehead.

CROSS (V.O.)  
Must be the Trojan.

He moves to the window. Outside is a large corporate facility in the distance.

A broken I.D card lies among the mirror shards. Cross picks it up. The name 'Joshua' is barely discernable below his image.

CROSS (V.O.)  
Joshua...

Cross pockets it. He takes one last look around, then exits.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Cross makes for the staircase. He pulls up suddenly.

At the end of the hallway stands a figure, watching him intently.

He quickly ducks down the stairs.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

Cross exits, makes his way along the sidewalk.

He ducks down into an --

**ALLEY**

Cross hides in a doorway.

The figure cautiously moves into the alley mouth.

Cross draws the pistol.

The figure advances, moves past Cross's position. He jumps out, throwing his stalker against the alley wall and shoving the gun in their face.

It's Simone.

CROSS  
From the lab! Who are you with,  
huh? Zenjiro?

No response.

CROSS  
Ultra sent you.

SIMONE  
(re: the gun)  
Go ahead.

He lowers the weapon.

CROSS  
Don't ever follow me again.

Cross begins to walk away. She follows.

SIMONE  
What, you think I had a choice?

No response.

SIMONE  
They want to make sure you're not  
going to run, like Joshua.

CROSS  
I'm nothing like Joshua.

SIMONE  
Is that why you were pointing a gun  
at an unarmed woman?

Cross whips around, grabs her by the arms, pushes her against the wall.

CROSS  
Tell your bosses they're wasting  
their time --

He notices her wrists. Pulls back her sleeves, roughly.

She is implanted, just like him. He checks her neck -- another port.

CROSS  
The upload. You were the plant.  
They were your memories.

SIMONE  
Don't look so surprised.  
(beat, then)  
There's somewhere we can discuss  
this.

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY**

The door opens and Simone enters. Cross follows.  
He goes to the window, looks out.

SIMONE  
Nobody knows where I am.

CROSS  
They always know where you are.  
He winces in pain, sucking air through his teeth --

SIMONE  
Take your shirt off.  
He puts the SMART pistol down, removes his shirt.  
His ribs are dappled with yellow and purple bruises, she  
runs her hand across his torso.

CROSS  
You don't waste any time.  
She prods his ribs forcefully. Cross sucks in air.  
Their eyes meet, he holds her stare, then --

SIMONE  
Nothing's broken. Get dressed.  
She pulls away. He puts on his shirt.

CROSS  
What was it we were sent to extract?

SIMONE  
Does it matter?

CROSS  
It matters to him.

He hands her Joshua's broken I.D. She looks at it.

SIMONE

It's a meta-virus. Zenjiro were developing it as a fail safe.

CROSS

Against what?

SIMONE

Against anything the other companies throw at them. Once it gets into a system, that's it. It'll destroy everything in it's path -- data, fire-walls, even other viruses.

She hands back the I.D, goes to the gun. He grabs it.

SIMONE

Afraid I might get the better of you?

He hands it over.

SIMONE

SMART pistol.

CROSS

Tell that to the guy I ran into today.

SIMONE

Latest thing in corporate hardware. Each one's biometrically encoded, uplinked for increased accuracy. They've got a built tazer for safety.

CROSS

(re: his singed hand)

Thanks for the tip.

She connects a neuro-cable to the pistol, then inserts it into Cross's wrist port.

SIMONE

Now it's encoded to you.

He raises the gun.

SIMONE

You should be thanking me.

CROSS

Why would I do that?

Cross checks the SMART pistol chamber, cocks the weapon.

SIMONE  
For getting you out of Zenjiro.

Cross shrugs.

CROSS  
I had it under control.

SIMONE  
This virus, they'll do whatever it  
takes to get their hands on it.

CROSS  
Joshua will go on the black market,  
sell it to the highest bidder.

SIMONE  
That's not exactly his style.

CROSS  
Then he'd better find himself a bunker  
and load up on some serious firepower.

He pans the pistol around the room, pulls the trigger. It  
clicks empty. He disconnects the gun and tucks it away.

SIMONE  
You think he's afraid of them?

CROSS  
You sound like you admire him.

SIMONE  
He stood up to the corporations.

CROSS  
Then he must be insane.

SIMONE  
It's only a matter of time before  
they get to him.

He checks the countdown timer.

CROSS  
Yeah, about 42 hours.  
(re: his implants)  
It's not exactly like he can  
disappear. They never fully let us  
off our leashes.

SIMONE  
They keep you on a pretty tight leash.

CROSS

They took my memory drive. I need  
it back.

SIMONE

So replace it.

CROSS

I can't. There's someone on there I  
need to remember.

(beat, then)

Who was the other solo?

SIMONE

His last I.D was Phillips. He was  
holed up in some dive on Lincoln.

CROSS

Name.

SIMONE

Long Island. Room 47.

CROSS

Don't wait up.

He disappears out the door.

**INT/EXT. JOSHUA'S CAR/STREET - DAY**

A corporate building -- a glass and steel construct behind  
an impenetrable electric fence. The same structure Cross  
has seen from Joshua's room.

Joshua, dressed in corporate attire, watches the gatehouse  
from his car.

He connects a small hard drive to a data pad.

On the screen it reads -- *BIOMETRICS DOWNLOADING*.

A car emerges from the gatehouse, the driver is an EXECUTIVE.

Joshua starts up the engine and follows the car.

**INT/EXT. JOSHUA'S CAR/CITY STREET - DAY**

Joshua tails the Exec towards a corporate tower.

The vehicle disappears into the entrance of a --

INT. PARKING GARAGE BELOW CORPORATE TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Joshua follows. He pulls up to an automatic boom gate and swipes his I.D through a reader.

The boom gate lifts up and he drives through.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The Exec (ALEX RUBIN) gets out of his vehicle, briefcase in hand.

He locks his car and turns --

CRASH! He collides with a passerby. His briefcase opens and the contents spill out everywhere.

EXEC

Watch it!

The passerby bends down to help him gather up the briefcase contents -- it's Joshua.

JOSHUA

Sorry friend. Guess I need to look where I'm going. It's my first day.

Among the briefcase contents is a hard drive identical to the one Joshua downloaded his data onto.

EXEC

Way to make an impression.

Joshua palms the drive with a lightning fast sleight of hand, replacing it with his own.

Joshua picks up a child's drawing of a family -- mom, pop and kid.

JOSHUA

Your kid?

EXEC

My daughter. She's always slipping things into my case. You got a family?

JOSHUA

You know what, I don't recall.

The Exec registers the vacant look in Joshua's eyes. He hurriedly finishes packing up his briefcase.

JOSHUA  
Hey, you forgot this.

Joshua hands the Exec the replica hard drive. He takes it without a word.

JOSHUA  
Well, you have a good day now.

Joshua watches him go.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Cross cruises his motorcycle through traffic.

Ahead is the run down Lincoln Motel complex.

He pulls into a side street off the main strip. He dismounts from the motorcycle.

A child's voice --

BOY (O.S.)  
Mommy, mommy

Cross looks up -- a little boy (5) points at Cross, intrigued by his motorcycle. The boy stands in his front yard, behind a fence.

Cross's gaze lingers on him.

The boy's mother come up, sees Cross watching. She takes her son and lifts him in her arms.

MOM  
Come on honey.

The kid continues to stare at Cross, who watches them go.

**EXT. MOTEL COMPLEX - MOMENTS LATER**

Cross approaches the office. There's no sign of anyone inside. He proceeds to the --

**EXT. INTERNAL COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS**

Cross ascends to the --

**UPPER LEVEL**

He approaches room 47, tries the handle. It's locked.

Cross takes out his I.D card, connects it to his right hand wrist port. He swipes the card through a reader and the door clicks open.

Cross jacks in the SMART pistol and enters.

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

It's empty. The bed is unmade. Cross goes to a set of bedside drawers, searches through them.

Someone moves behind Cross -- he spins -- WHACK.

He goes to the floor, losing his pistol. A gun is shoved in his face.

A man looms over him -- this is ROMERO.

Romero waves Phillips' memory drive.

ROMERO  
(off Cross's look)  
Hey! It's just business. You're worth a lot to Zenjiro.

Romero puts the drive into a case.

ROMERO  
Every fixer in this city's got you on their radar. Looks like I beat out the competition.

He picks up Cross's SMART pistol and slips it into his jacket.

CROSS  
Guess it's your lucky day.

ROMERO  
I'm just ahead of the pack. Up. Your jacket. On the chair. Let's go.

Cross gets to his feet, lays his jacket across the back of the chair.

Gun still on Cross, Romero searches the jackets' pockets.

ROMERO  
Where's your data?

CROSS  
Ask the guys you're working for.

ROMERO  
I work for myself. Best way to do  
business. After you.

**EXT. MOTEL COMPLEX - DAY**

Cross descends the stairs. Romero follows behind, keeping  
him covered.

ROMERO  
Whatever you lifted from Zenjiro, it  
must be worth its' weight.

They make for the parking lot.

CROSS  
What makes you think it was me?

ROMERO  
Street vibe is the Corps are gearing  
up for a war. It's going to be big.  
(beat, then)  
Bear left a little.

They reach a sedan. Romero pops the trunk and puts the case  
with Phillips' memory drive inside.

He throws a set of keys at Cross.

ROMERO  
Hope you drive stick.

**INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS**

Romero bails in the back, opposite side to the drivers.

Cross starts up the engine.

CROSS  
What's the destination?

ROMERO  
Scene of the crime. Zenjiro  
Corporation.

Cross reverses out of the space --

SMASH! A car careens into the passengers side.

It's Recker.

Recker leans out the window. BANG! He fires at Romero,  
blowing out the rear window.

ROMERO

DRIVE!

CROSS

I'm going nowhere.

The mercenary fires again. Romero returns fire.

ROMERO

Go!

CROSS

You gonna shoot me?

ROMERO

It's either me, or him. Now drive.

Cross concedes. He jams his foot on the gas.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS**

Metal grinds metal as the sedan drags Recker's fender with it.

Cross reverses out into morning traffic, tires screeching.

**INT. SEDAN/EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Cross locks the wheel, does a one-eighty and powers away.

Recker speeds after him.

**EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS**

Both cars weave through the traffic like football players running for the end-zone.

CROSS

I thought you said you were ahead of  
the pack?

They hurtle towards an intersection -- the lights turn red.

ROMERO

Looks like they picked up the scent.

Cross speeds straight through the red light. A car cuts across him, missing the sedan by inches.

A black and white cruiser sits curbside. The B&W lights up its' roof and speeds into the pursuit.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Cross checks his rear view -- Recker is still on his tail.

A gun shot takes out the back window.

Romero returns fire, blasting away.

INT. RECKER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The front window is blown out by Romero's bullet, glass goes everywhere.

Recker wrestles the wheel, trying to stay in the race.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Cross accelerates, puts distance between him and the mercenary.

ROMERO

What was it you lifted from Zenjiro?

CROSS

If you're coming to the table. You're going to need some chips.

ROMERO

You're in no position to deal.

CROSS

Want me to pull over?

Romero gets the point.

CROSS

There's a solo I need to zero in on.

ROMERO

Solos aren't supposed to be found, that's the point.

Cross pulls out Joshua's I.D. Romero takes it, recognizes Joshua.

ROMERO

What do you want him for?

A car cuts right in front of them -- Cross twists the wheel, narrowly misses the vehicle.

CROSS  
If I don't find him soon, I'm a dead man.

ROMERO  
You'll be a dead man if you do find him.

**INT/EXT. RECKER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

The B&W is bumper to bumper with Recker's car.

The mercenary presses his foot to the floor but the cop cruiser gains on him, pounding his rear fender.

Recker twists the wheel, almost losing it. The cruiser slaloms alongside him, crunching against the mercenary's car.

**INT/EXT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS**

Cross takes a turn-off for the freeway. Recker and the cops follow.

ROMERO  
Your turn. Zenjiro's missing item?

The cars zip up the on ramp, tires screeching as they push the engines to the limits.

CROSS  
Some sort of virus.

In the rear seat, Romero's hunkered down, taking pot shots.

ROMERO  
What kind?

CLICK! Romero's out. He starts to reload.

Recker pulls up alongside them.

CROSS  
Gimme my weapon.

ROMERO  
(reloading)  
No chance.

Recker fires again but CLICK, he's out too.

He stays neck and neck with them as he reloads his weapon.

CROSS  
I've got the shot!

Romero considers it, reluctantly hands it over.

Cross takes aim --

ROMERO  
LOOK OUT!

A second cruiser zooms out of nowhere, cutting right in front of them.

CROSS  
You find this guy, you find the virus.

The first cruiser gets along side them, trying to muscle the sedan off the road --

ROMERO  
What makes you think it's worth more than you?

Cross accelerates, dodging the cruiser. The inertia sends the cops off the freeway and over the bank -- goodbye!

CROSS  
High tech, low life. I'm replaceable, it isn't.

ROMERO  
This is business!

CROSS  
You said it yourself, the corporations are willing to go to war.

**EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Ahead, another police cruiser waits road side. Two cops stand poised next to it.

One of the cops throws a rolled up spike-strip across the asphalt --

Cross just keeps going, right across the spikes which shred the sedan's tires to ribbons.

Right behind him, Recker slams on his brakes. The pursuing cruiser zooms past him.

The sedan skids out of control, spinning like a top before it smashes into the wall of the freeway and comes to a grinding halt.

Recker does a hard 90 degree turn and vanishes down an exit ramp.

**INT/EXT. SEDAN - MOMENTS LATER**

The sedan is a smoking wreck.

Romero, gash across his forehead, rips off his seat belt.

Cross, winded and in pain, scrambles out the passenger side.

ROMERO

There's an abandoned apartment complex. West 22nd street. Room 515. This time tomorrow.

**EXT. SEDAN - MOMENTS LATER**

The cops run up to the smoking sedan, weapons drawn --

COP

Get out of the vehicle. Keep your hands in the air.

The cops look in the car. Cross and Romero have already disappeared.

**EXT. FREEWAY - DAY**

Cops mill around the crash scene. Traffic slowly cruises past in one lane.

A car pulls up beside one of the cops. It's Joshua.

COP

You'll have to go around. Keep moving.

JOSHUA

Car accident?

COP

What's it look like?

Joshua watches intently as a female Detective bags evidence from the open trunk -- Phillips memory drive.

COP

You going to sit there all day, buddy? You're backing up traffic.

Joshua drives off.

**INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT FOYER - NIGHT**

A DESK SERGEANT reaches for his coffee. Someone approaches the desk.

DESK SERGEANT.  
Identification.

The I.D is run through a scanner.

A head-shot of Cross appears on the Desk Sergeants' screen --

*PEARSE, JOHN, DETECTIVE.*

The Desk Sergeant looks up. Cross stands there in a cheap polyester suit and mismatched tie.

DESK SERGEANT.  
Go on through, detective.

He does--

**INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS**

Cross skirts among the cops, no one gives him a second glance.

Two cops frog-march a suspect past Cross and through the bull pen.

Cross passes the female DETECTIVE holding a file.

CROSS  
Where's your evidence room?

DETECTIVE  
Back there.

The Detective enters --

**INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - SAME**

The Detective slaps the file down on a table. She pulls out a grainy security shot of Cross in the Zenjiro lab.

DETECTIVE  
This is the guy.

The Blonde sits across from her.

## DETECTIVE

He's a suspect in a recent B&E at Zenjiro laboratories, a corporate facility. We pulled prints off a stolen vehicle found outside a motel. We ran them through every known database and got... nothing. No criminal history, no name, completely anonymous. He doesn't exist!

INT. BACK OFFICES - SAME

Cross reaches the evidence room, enters.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stacks of boxes and lockers.

Another detective stands with his back to Cross, The 'detective' turns to face him -- it's Joshua.

Cross reaches for his gun --

Property Officer ORTEGA emerges from among the lockers with an evidence box.

## ORTEGA

Here it is. All the evidence from the scene.

(to Cross)

And you are?

Cross pulls out his I.D, covering his weapon.

## CROSS

Here for the transfer of evidence.

## JOSHUA

You're too late, detective.

Ortega opens up the box.

## CROSS

(to Joshua)

I think you've forgotten. This is my evidence.

Ortega senses the tension between the two men --

## ORTEGA

Okay, this is what we got.

He lays out the contents of the case.

ORTEGA

A digital I.D, blank. Pretty standard. An RFID scanner for skimming chipped cards and A.T.M's. Basically, everything you'd need for an identity theft.

(beat, then)

Then there's this.

The 'This' is Phillips' memory drive.

ORTEGA

Our guys have no idea what's on it.

(beat, then)

So, which one of you wants to sign?

Both men stare off. They're about to react -- the door opens and officer O'ROURKE enters.

O'ROURKE

Ortega, need you in the armory.

ORTEGA

Be right back, detectives.

Ortega exits. Cross immediately pulls his weapon.

CROSS

Give me the virus.

JOSHUA

(re: Cross's weapon)

You're going to have to do what's inevitable.

CROSS

Just like you did to Phillips.

JOSHUA

I'm resigned to my creed. What sins have you committed in their name?

CROSS

You think I'm doing this for the corporations?

Joshua laughs.

JOSHUA

What did they tell you? That you find me and they'll just let you walk away? That they'll give you your life back?

CROSS  
I can walk away anytime--

JOSHUA  
They've taken everything from us!  
We burn through memories, trying to  
grasp who we are!

Cross, enraged, points the gun right at Joshua's head.

CROSS  
I know who I am.

JOSHUA  
You're their slave, nothing more!

Cross, breaking now, squeezes the trigger --  
Joshua grimaces.

JOSHUA  
DO IT!

The door opens and Ortega enters --

ORTEGA  
Holy shit!

Ortega draws his standard issue.

ORTEGA  
Drop your weapon!  
(calling)  
O'Rourke! Get in here!  
(to Cross)  
Detective, put the gun down or I  
will shoot you!  
(calling)  
O'ROURKE!

Reluctantly Cross acquiesces. He places his weapon on the floor.

O'Rourke appears beside Ortega.

ORTEGA  
Cuff him.

O'ROURKE  
He's a detective!

ORTEGA  
(re: Joshua)  
So is he!

CROSS  
You got the wrong guy.

O'ROURKE  
(to Cross)  
Detective, give me your hands.  
(to Ortega)  
When I get busted down, this was  
your idea!

JOSHUA  
Good work, Officer.

O'Rourke grabs Cross's arm, begins to cuff him -- he sees the input ports in Cross's wrists.

O'ROURKE  
What the...

Cross seizes the opportunity -- he smashes O'Rourke in the face with an elbow, sending him reeling back into Ortega.

Ortega's gun goes off with a resounding BOOM!

**INT. BULLPEN - SAME**

The gunshot echoes through the station.

Cops react immediately. Jumping to their feet, pulling weapons.

COP  
Gunfire!

**INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - SAME**

DETECTIVE  
The police have been--

The Detective hears the gunshot. She jumps to her feet, pulls her weapon.

DETECTIVE  
(to Blonde)  
Get down.

The detective sticks her head out the door. Cops in the bullpen move towards the source of the gunshot with weapons drawn.

DETECTIVE  
(to Blonde)  
Stay here.

She disappears into the bullpen.

The Blonde seizes the moment. She gathers up the police file on Cross.

**INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - SAME**

Joshua punches Cross in the chest, sending him reeling into a shelf of evidence boxes.

Ortega aims at Joshua, who grabs the cop's arms and turns his own weapon on him. Joshua pulls the trigger. Ortega is blown out into the hallway.

O'Rourke grabs the SMART pistol, aims for Cross --

O'ROURKE  
Aaaaaagghhhh!

-- Zzaap -- he drops the gun like a hot cake.

Cross recovers the SMART pistol.

Joshua throws O'Rourke into Cross. The SMART pistol goes off. O'Rourke falls on to Cross, dead.

Joshua snatches the evidence -- Phillips' memory drive and the blank I.D card. He disappears out the door.

Cross rolls O'Rourke off him. His lifeless eyes bury into Cross.

Cross jumps to his feet and runs out into the --

**INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

Ortega lies on the floor in a pool of his own blood. He's still alive, crying in agony from the bullet wound in his stomach.

Joshua grabs Ortega's gun and bolts down the corridor.

Cross emerges from the evidence room. He spots Joshua farther down the corridor. He shoots.

The Mercenary throws himself to the ground and returns fire.

Cross ducks back into the evidence room, using the door jamb as cover.

Joshua drags himself around the corner.

A cop turns the corner, sees Joshua.

COP 1

Freeze!

JOSHUA

(flashing his I.D)

I'm a cop!

A second cop comes running up.

COP 2

Is it terrorists?

JOSHUA

Some crack head after narcs. He's  
armed. O'Rourke's down, Ortega too.

Cop 1 glances up the corridor.

Cross fires. The plaster next to Cop 1's head splinters --  
he throws himself back.

COP 1

(to Cop 2)

We're gonna need tactical!

COP 2

(to Joshua)

What's he packing--

Joshua has vanished.

**INT. EVIDENCE ROOM/HALLWAY - SAME**

Cross gets up from cover and strides down the hall towards  
Joshua's position.

The cops appear around the corner, fire off hell.

CROSS (V.O.)

Shit!

He throws himself into --

**INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Falling glass rains down on him. Cross returns fire then  
ducks back.

He looks around in desperation. He spots a computer terminal  
and scrambles over to it.

**INT. ARMORY - SAME**

Cops strap on body armor and load up on pump-actions and M-16's.

**INT. DETENTION CELLS - SAME**

Inmates shout and bang on the bars at the sound of the echoing gunfire.

**INT. OFFICE - SAME**

Cross takes out a neuro-cable, he plugs himself into the desktop computer.

Algorithms dance across the computer screen as Cross remotely accesses it through his neuro uplink.

**INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

A group of heavily armed cops approach the office in a tactical formation.

Hand signals flash back and forth as the cops prepare for their assault on Cross's position.

LIEUTENANT  
(into radio)  
We got him pinned down.

COP2  
It's turkey time!

**INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Cross holds his breath.

On the screen it reads -- *DISENGAGE?* Then -- *YES.*

**INT. DETENTION CELLS - CONTINUOUS**

The doors on the cell simultaneously disengage and click open.

The inmates can't believe their luck. They bolt.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

A siren wails throughout the station.

LIEUTENANT

It's a breakout!

The cops hesitate, uncertain what to do.

INT. OFFICE - SAME

Cross is still at the computer terminal.

CROSS (V.O.)

Time to pull the plug on this party.

On the screen -- *DISCONNECT?* It selects -- *YES*.

Abruptly, the power goes out, plunging the station into darkness.

Cross unplugs from the computer and makes for the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Cross fires off a barrage of shots. The muzzle flash lights up the darkness. Cops throw themselves to the floor.

Cross bolts back up the corridor, turns the corner. He passes Ortega.

CROSS (V.O.)

Sorry pal.

Cross rounds the corner and comes face to face with the Detective. She jams a gun in his face.

CROSS

Ortega's back there. He's been hit.

DETECTIVE

Where you going?

CROSS

For a medic!

The Detective turns the corner, she sees Ortega. She runs to him.

DETECTIVE

Ortega. Jesus, don't move!

ORTEGA  
(pointing back up the  
corridor)  
That was him!

DETECTIVE  
(realizing)  
What?!

**INT. BULLPEN/FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

The Blonde slips out of the interview room.

Inmates roll through the bullpen like a tide. The cops try desperately to subdue them. It's chaos.

One cop is oblivious to the anarchy. It's Joshua. He calmly strolls through the havoc and out the front door.

**EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS**

A Black and White pulls up and two cops jump out. Joshua flashes his I.D.

JOSHUA  
There's a breakout. Get in there,  
we need back-up!

The cops pull weapons and run into the station.

Joshua gets into the B&W, starts the engine and drives off into the night.

**INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Cross runs through the darkness. In the background gunfire rings out.

He stops in his tracks -- in an office, searching through a drawer of files is the Blonde.

CROSS (V.O.)  
Infiltrator!

She sees him.

Cross's eyes go wide. He bolts down the corridor towards an exit.

**EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

Cross bursts out a side door and runs up the street. He jumps on his motorcycle and takes off.

The Blonde comes running out the door.

She spots Cross on his motorcycle. She pulls out a camera and photographs the motorcycle as it speeds up the road.

A squad of cop cars comes screeching round the bend just as the motorcycle disappears from their view.

**EXT. STREET - MORNING**

Cross speeds along the street, weaving in and out of traffic.

The sound of sirens. Cross glances back. One cruiser pursues him. Another one turns into the street ahead of him.

Cross makes a sharp right. Ahead of him is a --

**EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS**

Cross pulls into the lot.

He zips between the rows of cars and skids his motorcycle right in between two vehicles. He leaps off the bike and ducks down for cover.

Seconds later the cruisers whiz past.

Cross's lungs heave as he gasps for air. He collapses against a car, exhausted and shaking.

CROSS (V.O.)

I'm not sure how much longer I can  
keep this up...

Cross looks at the countdown embedded in his wrist port. It reads: 15:04. His hand is trembling violently.

He squeezes his eyes shut, on the verge of breaking.

INSERT CUT -- A brief flash of the woman from his memory. Cross takes her hand, kisses her stomach.

Cross opens his eyes. He pulls himself to his feet. He gets on his motorcycle, kicks it into gear and rides off.

INT. JOSHUA'S CAR - MORNING

Joshua holds Romero's blank REAL I.D card. He inserts the I.D into a reader which is connected to a data pad.

On the screen -- the software does it's magic, decoding the blank I.D.

He bows his head, remembering --

INT. CORPORATE BOARD ROOM (JOSHUA'S MEMORY) - NIGHT

Joshua enters a ritzy board room, escorted by Corpse 1. He carries a small case.

The Suit sits behind a long table, Corpse 2 stands behind him.

Joshua places the case on the table.

SUIT  
You're as good as they say.

JOSHUA  
My memory?

SUIT  
How could I forget?

The Suit nods to a Corpse, who hands Joshua a memory drive.

SUIT  
Go ahead, upload.

Joshua plugs it into his neck port. His eyes roll back.  
After a moment --

JOSHUA  
What's this?

SUIT  
Zenjiro laboratories. Your next  
job.

JOSHUA  
I told you, I'm done. We had a deal.

SUIT  
Didn't you read the fine print?  
There's no jumping this ship. You  
knew the rules when you signed up.

JOSHUA

I thought you'd say that.

Corpse 2 opens the case. Electricity arcs from the opening mechanism, shocking him. Corpse 2 holds his singed hand.

Joshua smirks.

SUIT

Cute, but what's the point?

A gun is put to the back of Joshua's head.

JOSHUA

I'm not afraid to die.

The Corpse cocks the gun, presses it harder to Joshua's head. Joshua doesn't even blink.

SUIT

I'm counting on it.

(beat, then)

You want your life back? Don't you get it? This is your life. Who you were, means nothing. Who you are now, we made him.

He stands, goes to the window overlooking the city. The street below is a hive of activity.

SUIT

Do you see that? That's our system. And everyone's in it, whether they know it or not. Anonymity is a thing of the past my friend. You want to know who you are? You're ours. For as long as we say so.

The Suit spins the laptop to show Joshua. On the screen -- Joshua's headshot and a file with his details.

SUIT

Now, you'll play our game, by our rules. Sucks, I know. But hey, at least you won't go hungry.

Corpse 1 opens another briefcase. This one is full of cash.

Joshua reaches into his jacket, pulls out a memory stick and slides it across the table.

JOSHUA

The access key.

SUIT  
Show of good faith.

Joshua grits his teeth.

JOSHUA  
What's the job?

SUIT  
This one's a doozy. Zenjiro have a  
new virus. Of course, we can't let  
them release it...

**INT. JOSHUA'S CAR - PRESENT**

Joshua opens his eyes.

On the datapad screen -- an image decodes into a man's  
headshot. After a moment it coalesces.

The image is Romero.

Joshua frowns. His eyes fill with anger. He puts the car  
into gear and drives off.

**EXT/INT. SIMONE'S MOTEL ROOM - MORNING**

Simone enters her room. She closes the door -- someone jams  
their foot in and bursts in. It's Cross.

CROSS  
Close the door.

SIMONE  
You got Phillips' memory?

CROSS  
Close the damn door!

She does.

He goes to the window and peers out through the curtain.

CROSS  
Joshua! I got this close!

Cross pulls out the memory drive he found on the dead  
mercenary in Joshua's room.

CROSS  
I pulled this off one of his marks.  
I need you to upload it, see what  
you can find.

SIMONE

You can't do it? What's the matter,  
afraid you might forget something?

Cross grabs her by the shoulders, his eyes burn into her.  
She smirks.

He let's go, momentarily ashamed of himself.

CROSS

They hit me with a virus. It's  
causing static with my uploads, my  
memory.

She takes the hard drive, sits on the bed and prepares to  
plug in.

Cross grabs her arm, softly this time.

CROSS

Aren't you going to back up?

She pulls her arm away. Like a heroin addict she injects  
the cable into her arm.

Cross sits at the mirror. He studies her in the reflection  
as her eyes flicker in the depths of the memory download.

He lays his equipment out on the table with measured  
precision.

Simone's eyes snap open.

CROSS

You get anything?

She rises, approaches him.

SIMONE

How long have you been a contractor?

CROSS

For as long as I can remember.

SIMONE

You ever thought about getting out?

CROSS

Why would I want out?

SIMONE

You want to spend the rest of your  
life anonymous? In and out of motels  
like this?

CROSS

In a job like this, you do what you  
need to survive.

She put her hands on his shoulders and begins to massage  
him.

He rises and starts to pack up his gear.

SIMONE

And what then, when you find Joshua?  
You'll go back to working for the  
corporations.

She glides her hand sensually along his back.

CROSS

So?

SIMONE

They're only interested in what they  
can control.

CROSS

I don't see you walking away.

He turns to her. She buries into him, kissing his neck. He  
tries to free himself, she clings tighter.

SIMONE

Do you ever think about who you are,  
what all this has cost?

CROSS

Don't ever ask me that.

She kisses him full on the lips.

SIMONE

How much of your life have you given  
to them?

CROSS

I have to go.

SIMONE

Let me in.

Cross acquiesces, giving into her. They kiss passionately.

He lifts her to the bed, lays her down. They begin stripping  
each other off, their clothes falling off like autumn leaves.

**EXT/INT. CITY STREET/JOSHUA'S CAR - DAY**

Joshua behind the wheel of his vehicle.

The radio buzzes--

RADIO

Police continue to search for the  
gang of cyber-terrorists they claim  
are responsible for--

Joshua turns the radio off.

He sits staring at a motel across the street. The motel is  
next to a park.

In the park a couple embrace, kiss lovingly, laugh. Kids  
play ball. Joshua watches. People living their normal lives,  
something he can never do.

Joshua looks at his forearms, pock marked with input ports.  
He clenches his fists.

**EXT. MOTEL COMPLEX - DAY**

A vehicle pulls into the parking lot of the motel.

Romero gets out, takes the stairs to --

**EXT. MOTEL COMPLEX - FIRST FLOOR WALKWAY -- CONTINUOUS**

Romero reaches the door to his room.

He opens the door -- Joshua sits in a chair, waiting  
expectantly.

ROMERO

How'd you find me?

JOSHUA

I remembered.

Romero brushes back his jacket to reveal his weapon.

ROMERO

You caught me at a bad time.

JOSHUA

You have something I want.

ROMERO

Maybe we can trade.

JOSHUA

I'm not in the trading business.

ROMERO

So let's get it over with.

Romero exits, Joshua follows him.

They walk along the walkway in silence.

**EXT. MOTEL COMPLEX - ROOF TOP -- MOMENTS LATER**

Romero crests a ladder onto the flat roof. Joshua follows him up. The two men face off a few meters apart, like two samurai.

Romero goes for his gun. Lightning fast Joshua is on him, sticking to Romero's movements like it's a dance, toying with him.

Joshua grabs Romero's wrist in a lock, snapping it. Romero cries out and drops the gun. Joshua kicks him and Romero flies backwards across the asphalt.

ROMERO

I was just in this for the pay check.

JOSHUA

And look at what it's cost you!

Romero launches himself at Joshua, who parries and delivers punishing blows.

Romero back peddles, Joshua closes on him.

ROMERO

He's going to find you, friend.  
Then maybe you'll wish you'd taken  
me up on that trade.

Joshua kicks him square in the chest.

Romero screams as he falls back over the edge of the building.

**EXT. ALLEY BETWEEN BUILDINGS - MOMENTS LATER**

Joshua drops down into the alley.

Romero lies on his back. Neck broken.

Joshua reaches into Romero's jacket and pulls out the dead man's memory drive.

INT. CAR - DAY

The security photo of Cross.

The Blonde holds it in her hand, she flips through the police file -- various security photographs and possible fingerprints.

A police scanner mounted on the dash buzzes in the background.

She flicks through photos on a digital camera.

The photo of Cross on his motorcycle. She zooms in on the motorcycles' license plate and jots the plate number down.

The Blonde starts up her car and drives off.

INT. SIMONE'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Cross and Simone lie on the bed, naked. He traces his finger along the edge of her input port.

SIMONE

If I knew then...

CROSS

Would you do it again?

SIMONE

Part of knowing yourself is that you have to make mistakes. Just as long as you remember not to make the same ones.

CROSS

Sometimes it's easier to forget the past than face the reality.

SIMONE

Aren't you tired of being somebody else? Not knowing who you are.

CROSS

I know who I am.

SIMONE

We can leave here, together. Go somewhere they can't find us. Forget all this.

CROSS

No. I need this. I need those memories back.

SIMONE

There was somebody, wasn't there.

Cross sits up, puts his head in his hands.

SIMONE

Who was she?

CROSS

Don't talk about her.

SIMONE

You still remember, don't you?

INSERT CUT -- Cross and the woman. They argue, shout back and forth. She breaks into tears, Cross storms out. We don't see her face through this.

CROSS

I can't see her anymore, but I can still hear her voice. She's just a memory now.

(beat, then)

That's something I can't let them take from me.

SIMONE

You left her behind.

CROSS

I wanted so hard to forget... now, it's all I have.

Cross turns away, unable to speak.

Simone takes a neuro-cable, plugs it into herself. She goes to plug it into his neck. He catches her hand, gently.

SIMONE

You've shared my memories. It's time I share yours.

Her hand in his, he inserts the cable into his neck port --

**INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM (FLASHBACK) -- DAY**

The POV travels through the house, to the bathroom.

The woman is there, her back to Cross.

CROSS

I got held up. I'm sorry.

She doesn't respond. Her shoulders slump. She's crying.

CROSS

What do you want from me? It's my work. I can't always be coming home to your guilt trips.

A glimpse of the woman in the mirror. Her face contorts in agony. She bends over, one hand clutches her stomach. She cries out.

Cross looks down. There's blood at her feet and on her hands.

CROSS

Jesus Christ what happened?

He goes to her.

WOMAN

My baby!

CROSS

Oh God no. Please no...

WOMAN

It's gone. It's gone!

Cross takes the woman in his arms, trying in vein to comfort her. She's a mess of tears and sobs.

WOMAN

Let go of me!

She struggles, beating her fists against his chest.

WOMAN

You should have been here. Why weren't you here!?

**INT. SIMONE'S MOTEL ROOM - PRESENT**

Simone unplugs from Cross. His face twists in anguish.

SIMONE

I'm so sorry.

She holds him in her arms. They kiss again.

**INT. CAR - DAY**

Joshua takes Romero's memory drive, plugs it into his neck port --

INT. SEDAN (ROMERO'S MEMORY - POV)

Cross driving Romero's sedan.

CROSS  
There's a solo I need to zero in on.

ROMERO  
Solos aren't supposed to be found,  
that's the point.

Cross pulls out Joshua's I.D. Romero takes it.

ROMERO  
What do you want him for?

The memories flash forward --

CROSS  
If I don't find him soon, I'm a dead  
man.

ROMERO  
You'll be a dead man if you do find  
him.

The POV switches to Cross --

CROSS  
You find this guy, you find the virus.

ROMERO  
What makes you think it's worth more  
than you?

The memories flash again --

ROMERO  
There's an abandoned apartment  
complex. West 22nd street. Room  
515. This time tomorrow.

INT. SIMONE'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Simone opens her eyes from the same memory. She smiles,  
satisfied with herself.

Behind her Cross is asleep in bed.

She gets up and exits, softly closing the door behind her.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY**

Recker walks towards his car, chowing down on a hotdog. He reaches the vehicle and gets in.

**INT. RECKER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

He polishes off his lunch.

A memory drive has been placed on the dashboard. Confused, Recker picks it up.

A gun is pressed to the back of his head. It's Joshua.

RECKER

What are you waiting for?

JOSHUA

You're looking for someone.  
(re: the memory drive)  
That will tell you where to find  
him.

RECKER

Why would you do that?

JOSHUA

It's to our mutual benefit. Drive.

**INT. SIMONE'S MOTEL ROOM - EVENING**

Cross wakes. Simone is gone.

He looks at his wrist. The countdown reads 05:42.

CROSS

Shit!

Cross gets up.

**INT. SAME - MOMENTS LATER**

Cross sits at the mirror, a laptop open in front of him. Pictures of missing persons on a police web-site.

CROSS (V.O.)

The easiest person to become is  
someone who doesn't exist.

He connects a scanner to his laptop then inserts his I.D card into a reader.

CROSS (V.O.)  
A missing person. They're in the  
system, but...

He pulls out his I.D card.

Cross gets dressed.

CROSS (V.O.)  
They're phantoms, ghosts... memories.

He puts his gear into his briefcase and places it on the  
desk. He loads the SMART pistol and tucks it into his pants.

Cross studies himself in the mirror.

CROSS (V.O.)  
Just like me.

**INT/EXT. CAR/STREET - EVENING**

The Blonde cruises along a street, a motel is up ahead.

She slows down as she passes. Cross's motorcycle sits in  
the parking lot.

She pulls into the motel.

**EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER**

The Blonde approaches Cross's bike.

She looks around, checking the coast is clear.

She takes out a cell phone and drops it discreetly into the  
saddle bag.

**INT. MOTEL FRONT OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

The Blonde stands at the front desk. She slides Cross's  
photo across the counter.

CLERK  
I told you, never seen him before.  
(off her look)  
Hey I ain't lying.

The Blonde flicks through her file, pulls out a security  
photo of Simone.

BLONDE  
How about her?

He looks at the photo.

CLERK  
I shouldn't be telling you this.

She produces a fifty dollar note.

CLERK  
Room 109.

She crumples up the fifty and heads for the door.

CLERK  
Hey, what about that fifty?

**EXT. MOTEL - FIRST FLOOR WALKWAY -- MOMENTS LATER**

Cross exits the room.

A CLEANING LADY wheels a cart past him.

He reaches the stairs. Below him, the Blonde ascends. Cross sees her, freezes in his tracks.

CROSS (V.O.)  
I just can't shake these guys.

He ducks behind the corner, runs back along the walkway. The cleaning lady has a room open, the master key still in the door.

Cross grabs the master key. He slips the key into a door and bails into --

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A couple lay in bed in a lovers embrace. They jump up as Cross bursts into the room, gun in hand.

The girl screams.

GUY  
What the--

GIRL  
Do you work for my husband?

CROSS  
Shut up.

Cross points his gun at the guy.

GUY

Don't shoot man! It's only been a couple of times, I swear.

CROSS

Go back to sleep, you're having a bad dream.

Cross peers out the door -- the Blonde knocks on the door of Simone's room.

She pulls out a credit card and uses to jimmy the lock open, then she disappears inside.

GIRL

Please don't tell my husband.  
(re: her lover)  
He's a lousy lay anyway.

GUY

Hey you bitch--

Cross slips out the door and runs towards the stairway.

**INT. SIMONE'S MOTEL ROOM - SAME**

The Blonde scans around the room. She sees the laptop open on the missing persons page.

Shouts echo from outside the room. She goes to the door --

The guy and girl stand on the balcony wrapped in sheets, screaming at each other.

The Blonde looks --

Cross jumps on his motorcycle and guns the ignition. He speeds away into traffic.

The Blonde pulls out a GPS. On the screen an icon moves along the map.

**EXT. CITY STREET -- MOTORCYCLE - EVENING**

Cross speeds along a street in a rundown part of town.

**EXT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BLOCK - LATER**

Cross pulls up on the motorcycle.

He studies the dilapidated apartment building in front of him -- a fire escape climbs the outside like a metallic vine.

Cross strides towards the building.

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

Cross enters the lobby.

He goes to the elevator and hits the button. Somewhere above, the elevator creaks and groans as it begins its' descent.

The doors open and Cross gets in.

**INT. FIFTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER**

The elevator doors chime open and Cross gets out.

He stalks quietly along the hallway. At the end of the hall is room 515.

He approaches the door, a shadow moves across the crack of the door.

Cross stops in his tracks--

CROSS (V.O.)  
Not this time.

He turns back, retraces his steps down the hall and tries another door. It opens and he enters --

**INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

He goes to a window and climbs out onto the fire escape.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

The pavement smiles up at him from seventy feet below.

Cross pulls himself across onto the balcony of apartment 515. He peers into the window.

Inside, the apartment looks empty. There's no sign of Romero.

He tries the sliding door, it opens. He enters--

**INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Cross looks around warily. The door to the next room is half open. On the back of a chair is an unfamiliar suit jacket.

A sound from the next room draws his attention. Cross draws his gun and plugs it in.

He sneaks towards the door. The wooden floorboards creak under his weight.

Cross stops. He holds his breath. Nothing.

Cross slowly pushes the door open. He peers around the door jamb --

Recker stands right behind the corner.

Recker raises his own SMART pistol. Cross blocks him but the mercenary counters and smashes Cross in the face with an elbow.

Cross reels backwards, dropping his pistol. He lunges at Recker, grabbing his weapon hand and pinning it against the wall.

He slams the mercenary's arm against the wall repeatedly. Recker drops his SMART pistol, it dangles from his wrist port by the uplink cable.

Cross grabs Recker's SMART pistol. The mercenary grabs Cross's hand. Both men lock their hands around the weapon.

RECKER

You have something of mine.

CROSS

Remind me.

They wrestle for domination. Eyes boring into each other in rage.

RECKER

Let me jog your memory.

Recker squeezes the trigger --

ZZAAPP! Both men get shocked and the SMART pistol falls to the ground.

Recker kicks Cross, knocking him back into the kitchen. The mercenary recovers his weapon and plugs in.

Cross finds himself right in Recker's cross hairs --

BANG!

Recker is blown away.

Simone stands there, smoke spilling from a pistol.

Cross, bloody, bruised, lungs heaving, pulls himself to his feet.

CROSS

I thought I told you never to follow me?

SIMONE

Lucky I'm not very good at following the rules.

Cross grabs Recker's jacket from the chair. He pulls out a cell phone -- the last dialed number displays on the screen.

Simone searches Recker's body. She pulls out his memory drive.

SIMONE

Try this.

She gives it to Cross.

Taking a deep breath, he plugs in --

**MONTAGE. RECKER'S MEMORY - VARIOUS TIMES AND PLACES**

A flash of memories, then --

The POV in the drivers' seat. In the rear view, Joshua sits in the back.

JOSHUA

You're looking for someone.  
(re: the memory drive)  
That will tell you where to find him.

The memories flash again--

The POV stares out a window that overlooks the street below.

In the reflection of the window is Recker, speaking into a cell phone.

RECKER

He's on his way.

VOICE ON PHONE

Where?

RECKER

Once I have him, you'll get the address.

The images flash again, cycling at a blinding pace, melding into one another --

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - PRESENT**

Cross plugs out, he doubles over in pain. He falls to the ground.

Simone goes to him.

CROSS

Overload.

She helps him up.

He checks the timer. The countdown reads 03:57.

CROSS

Dammit. I'm running out of time.

(beat, then)

I'm losing everything. My memories.  
Myself.

SIMONE

You haven't lost everything.

They kiss.

CROSS

Why would Joshua risk going after  
Phillips' memory? He must've had  
something the rest of us didn't.

SIMONE

Everyone gets the same download.

CROSS

There must be something, some job he  
did...

SIMONE

You work with the same people, it  
becomes routine.

CROSS

You worked with him before Zenjiro?

SIMONE

Couple of months ago. We pulled off  
a heist.

CROSS

Where?

SIMONE

A data fortress. We gleaned some  
info for a rival company.

Cross remembers --

INSERT CUT -- The POV as it stands at the window in Joshua's  
room, the corporate facility beyond.

SIMONE

It's a corporate facility, outskirts  
of town.

CROSS

Big white building?

SIMONE

Yeah... how'd you know?

CROSS

What's in it?

SIMONE

It's just a storage facility. It  
holds data... identities.

CROSS

Whose identities?

SIMONE

Everybody's!

Cross considers--

CROSS

That's it. He's going to break into  
the data fortress, upload the virus.

SIMONE

What? He does that and it'll wipe  
out the Corporation's data, we'll be  
back to zero.

CROSS

They'll have no more power. That's  
what Joshua's going to do, create  
anonymity!

SIMONE

If you stop him, they win.

CROSS

If I don't stop him, I'm going to be  
just another memory.

SIMONE  
What are you going to do?

CROSS  
I need to remember everything you  
know about that place.

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Joshua sits at a desk in front of a mirror.  
He takes Phillips' memory drive and plugs it into himself --

**EXT/INT. DATA FORTRESS - VARIOUS TIMES AND PLACES**

A POV of the exterior of the data fortress.  
The frame glides through the corridors in POV.

SIMONE (V.O.)  
We hit it pretty hard last time, so  
expect security to be high.

The mainframe. Banks and banks of computers. A digital  
storehouse of information.

SIMONE (V.O.)  
His goal will be the mainframe. He  
uploads the virus into that, and  
it's over.

**INT. JOSHUA'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Joshua opens his eyes from the memory.  
Joshua does push ups, his muscles rippling beneath the light.  
He stretches out, like a cat, preparing for the hunt.  
He lays out his equipment -- a combination of ninja tools  
and electronic gear.

**INT. SIMONE'S MOTEL ROOM - SAME**

Simone hands Cross a memory drive.

SIMONE  
All my recall on the place.

He jacks in. The input port on his wrist sparks electricity.

CROSS  
That's it, I'm out of memory. I  
need to backup.

SIMONE  
You want to stop Joshua, you need  
this download!

Cross grits his teeth and forces the jack into his port.  
His eyes roll back --

INSERT CUT -- a lightning fast montage of the data fortress  
layout.

Cross rips the jack from his neck in pain.

SIMONE  
Get anything?

CROSS  
Just fragments.

Simone sits at a desk in front of a laptop hooked up to a  
router system.

SIMONE  
We'll have to get your biometrics  
into their server.

CROSS  
We don't have time. A few more hours  
and I'm gone. I won't even remember  
my own name!

She plugs neuro-cables into the laptop, connects them to her  
arm and neck ports.

SIMONE  
I'll take out the middle man, upload  
directly.

She plugs in. The whites of her eyes show as her neural  
pathways interface with the data fortress mainframe.

On the laptop screen -- A flow of digital data, 1's and 0's.

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME**

Joshua pulls his ID from an RFID scanner. It reads -- 'Alex  
Rubin'.

**INT. DATA FORTRESS - COMPUTER TERMINAL**

The real Alex Rubin scans his I.D. On a screen it reads --  
*IDENTIFIED.*

He plugs the hard drive containing Joshua's biometrics into  
a computer terminal.

On the screen -- the data begins uploading.

**INT. JOSHUA'S MOTEL ROOM - SAME**

Joshua sits at his lap top.

On the screen it reads -- '*BIOMETRICS UPLOADING*'.

Joshua smiles to himself. He takes the hard drive with the  
meta-virus and places it in a briefcase.

**INT. SIMONE'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Cross dresses himself in corporate wear. He watches Simone.  
Her eyes flicker beneath the lids, like she's in R.E.M.

SIMONE

I'm into the non key systems... here  
come the firewalls.

Suddenly a small electrical discharge shoots from the laptop.  
Simone cries out in pain. She rips the cables from herself.

He goes to her.

SIMONE

Countermeasures. I got iced. Without  
a biometric upload, there's no way  
you'll get through security!

CROSS

I'll have to thread the needle, go  
in blind.

SIMONE

You won't even get past the front  
desk.

CROSS

Who said anything about going in the  
front?

INT. JOSHUA'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Joshua studies himself in the mirror. He is dressed in corporate attire.

Satisfied, he grabs the briefcase and exits the room.

INT/EXT. DATA FORTRESS/SIMONE'S CAR - NIGHT

Cross and Simone look out towards the massive building which sits beyond a high electric fence.

Simone hands Cross his I.D card. The name now reads 'Peter Cody'.

SIMONE

Phillips I.D from the last heist.  
There's a good chance they have it  
blacklisted.

CROSS

Guess I'll find out quick enough.

Cross looks out at the foreboding building. He glances at the countdown timer on his wrist -- Two hours remaining.

CROSS

When this is over, maybe I'll take  
you up on that offer. We can leave.  
Go somewhere they can't find us.

SIMONE

What about her?

CROSS

She's long gone.

He goes to get out. She pulls him back. Kisses him.

SIMONE

Don't get caught.

INT. DATA FORTRESS - LOBBY -- NIGHT

A NIGHT WATCHMAN relaxes behind the desk. A security guard patrols the lobby.

In the B.G. the glass doors slide open and a man enters.

NIGHT WATCHMAN

Scan your I.D, please.

The I.D. is scanned. 'Alex Rubin' appears on the screen.  
It's Joshua.

NIGHT WATCHMAN  
Mr. Rubin. How are you, sir?

JOSHUA  
You guys seen much traffic tonight?

NIGHT WATCHMAN  
Just the other zombies on night shift.

He meant it as a joke. Joshua doesn't so much as smile.

Joshua places his thumb on a biometric reader -- '*IDENTITY  
CONFIRMED*'.

NIGHT WATCHMAN  
Go on through.

**INT. DATA FORTRESS CONTROL ROOM - SAME**

A guard (GUARD 1) casually monitors an array of security screens.

An angle of the lobby. Joshua passes through security.

**EXT. DATA FORTRESS - NIGHT**

Security cameras look out from the building exterior, covering every inch of the complex.

**INT/EXT. SIMONE'S CAR/DATA FORTRESS/CONTROL ROOM - INTERCUT**

Simone works her magic on her laptop -- Various angles from the security cameras POV's suddenly appear on the laptop screen.

Cross jogs across the lawn towards the complex.

Guard 1 sees Cross on one of his screens.

Simone strikes a key on the laptop.

All the screens simultaneously flicker. Cross disappears from Guard 1's screen. The image is now replaced by a 'ghost' view. The guard furrows his brow. He bangs on the side of the monitor -- just a glitch.

**EXT. DATA FORTRESS - CONTINUOUS**

Cross approaches a fire escape door.

**INT. SIMONE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Simone has her laptop open. She plays the keyboard like a piano.

**INT. DATA FORTRESS - LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS**

The Night Watchman reclines in his chair, sips his coffee. Suddenly the fire alarm goes off.

The Night Watchman checks his computer.

NIGHT WATCHMAN

Looks like that new alarm system's acting up. Better evacuate. I'm not taking any chances.

GUARD 2

I'll check it out.

**INT. DATA FORTRESS - CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS**

Joshua walks along a corridor. He hears the alarm.

He stops, hesitates for a moment, considering. Then he continues.

**EXT. DATA FORTRESS - CONTINUOUS**

Cross stands behind the fire escape door.

The door opens and two employees file out. Cross slips inside before the door closes.

**INT. DATA FORTRESS - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER**

Cross travels the hallway. Doors and corridors run off.

He closes his eyes and recalls a scrap of downloaded memory--

**INT. DATA FORTRESS - CORRIDOR (MEMORY POV)**

The frame glides down the corridor, takes a left turn.

**INT. DATA FORTRESS - CONTINUOUS**

Cross opens his eyes, follows the memory's path.

The alarm stops ringing.

He comes to a junction, hesitates.

He closes his eyes, trying to remember -- but nothing.

CROSS (V.O.)  
Out of memory.

**INT. DATA FORTRESS - SAME**

Joshua approaches a circle-lock security door. He swipes his I.D through the scanner and the door opens up.

Joshua steps into the glass circle-lock cylinder. The door slides closed behind him, a scanner runs over his body, measuring his biometrics.

The glass partition slides open in front of him and he steps through.

**INT. DATA FORTRESS - SAME**

Cross takes the left hand corridor.

Guard 2 patrols the corridor behind him.

GUARD 2  
We evacuated. Didn't you hear the alarm?

CROSS  
Not a thing.

GUARD 2  
What are you doing in this sector?

CROSS  
Looking for the mainframe, what else would I be doing?

GUARD 2  
Back down there.

CROSS  
Night shift. Does funny things to the memory!

Cross continues up the hall. The guard follows him.

**INT. DATA FORTRESS - MOMENTS LATER**

Cross turns a corner, approaches the circle-lock door.

He recalls --

**INT. DATA FORTRESS (DOWNLOADED MEMORY POV)**

The same location. But there's no circle-lock door.

**INT. DATA FORTRESS - PRESENT**

Cross hesitates. Guard 2 comes up behind him.

GUARD 2  
Scan your I.D.

Cross swipes it through the scanner.

GUARD 2  
Step inside the circle-lock. Keep  
your hands by your side.

Cross steps in. The door closes behind him, encasing him in a cylinder of interlocking glass. The scanner runs over his entire body.

Cross holds his breath.

The security guard monitors a screen -- '*NEGATIVE MATCH*'.

The door re-opens behind Cross.

GUARD 2  
Step out please. Let's see that  
I.D.

Cross hands it over.

The Guard studies 'Peter Cody'. He picks up a wall phone, eyes still on Cross.

GUARD 2  
(into phone)  
Need a check on Peter Cody.  
(beat, then)  
Negative.

Cross watches. Slowly, the guard's hand goes to the gun on his belt, unbuttons it.

Instantly Cross is on him.

The Guard draws his weapon. Cross grabs both his arms, they wrestle for dominance.

A shot goes off.

**INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME**

Guard 1 sees the fight on his security monitor. He jumps to his feet and grabs his radio.

GUARD 1  
(into radio)  
We got an intruder at the mainframe  
checkpoint. Cut all access! Get  
security down there now!

He bolts out the door--

**INT. DATA FORTRESS - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

Cross and Guard 2 continue to wrestle.

Two more guards appears from around the corner, weapons drawn.

GUARD 3  
God damn! Perkins you okay?

GUARD 2  
What's it look like!?

Cross head butts Guard 1. He points the guard's arms towards Guard 3, fires off a shot.

The other guards duck for cover. Cross takes Guard 1's I.D, inserts it into the security scanner.

Cross uses Guard 1 as cover. The others can't get a clean shot off.

Cross drags Guard 1 into the circle lock cylinder.

**INT. CIRCLE-LOCK DOOR - CONTINUOUS**

The biometric scanner kicks in, flaring over the unconscious guard.

The door begins to close behind Cross. It's almost completely shut --

It stops. The scanner cuts off.

CROSS  
No! Come on!!

GUARD 3  
(into radio)  
Got him trapped like a rat! Send  
reinforcements down here.

Cross takes the guard's gun and shoves him out of the circle-lock.

He shoots at Guard 3, who returns fire.

**INT. DATA FORTRESS - SECURITY DOOR**

Joshua comes to a security door. He pulls out his I.D card, slides it through the locking mechanism. Nothing.

He tries again. Still no response. He growls in frustration.

**INT. DATA FORTRESS - LOBBY -- SAME**

The Night watchman is on the phone to 911 dispatch.

NIGHT WATCHMAN  
(into phone)  
We need police here now! Send  
everyone you got!

**INT. DATA FORTRESS - SECURITY DOOR**

Joshua pulls out a small data tablet and connects it to the door. The software begins to bypass the security -- but then abruptly stops.

He tries again, but no effect. The door won't open.

Joshua, enraged, smashes the data pad. He shoulders the door in frustration.

**INT. CIRCLE-LOCK DOOR - SAME**

Cross squeezes into the circle lock space, hunkering down for cover.

Guard 2 fires off more shots. Bullets ricochet off the bullet proof circle-lock glass.

Cross pulls with all his strength on the circle lock door that leads to the mainframe. But it won't budge and inch.

More security arrives. They advance, closing on his position. Cross returns fire -- CLICK CLICK! He's out of ammo.

CROSS (V.O.)  
Don't get caught, huh?

**INT. SIMONE'S CAR - SAME**

Simone monitors the action from her laptop via a security camera.

SIMONE  
(to herself)  
Come on!

Simone's fingers start to dance on the keyboard again as she hacks into the circle-lock system, desperately working the keyboard.

On the laptop screen -- the logarithms scroll at a blinding pace, trying to break the access to the control system.

In the reflection of her car window, a figure approaches -- a hand gun is put to the window, pointing directly at her head. The figure taps the weapon on the glass.

Simone looks up. Her eyes go wide --

**INT. DATA FORTRESS - POWER ROOM**

Joshua enters.

He goes to the mains power board and rips off the cover.

He shoots up the power board, which explodes in a fountain of electricity.

**INT. CIRCLE-LOCK DOOR - CONTINUOUS**

The guards approach Cross, weapons raised.

Suddenly the overhead fluorescent lights explode in a shower of sparks and glass.

The building is plunged into darkness -- stroboscopic back-up lights kick in.

Cross pulls on the circle lock door. This time it opens just enough for Cross to squeeze through.

GUARD 3  
 (to other guards)  
 Get this door open.

Cross smashes the locking mechanism on the other side.

Guard 3 swipes his card. No response.

GUARD 4  
 I can't. It's fried!

**EXT. DATA FORTRESS - SAME**

A small army of cop cruisers and SWAT vans descend on the fortress, roofs lit up like the 4th of July.

The cop cars pull up in the car park and a phalanx of cops charge for the entrance.

**INT. DATA FORTRESS - CORRIDOR -- SAME**

Cross moves down the corridor. Two security guards lay unconscious in the hallway.

Beyond them is the entrance to the mainframe.

Cross takes a gun from a fallen guard. He stops at the next body and retrieves another weapon.

CROSS (V.O.)  
 Not taking any chances.

He enters the --

**INT. DATA FORTRESS - MAINFRAME - CONTINUOUS**

Floor to ceiling computer banks form long intersecting corridors.

Joshua sits at a computer terminal. He connects the hard drive containing the virus to the mainframe computer.

On the screen -- *UPLOADING*.

CROSS (O.S.)  
 Remember me?

He turns around. Cross has him covered.

JOSHUA  
 You're too late.

Cross cocks the weapon.

JOSHUA

Are you finally prepared to do what's inevitable?

He squeezes the trigger.

Joshua closes his eyes.

Cross shoots. The bullet hits the computer terminal, destroying it.

Joshua hits the deck.

Gun still trained on Joshua, Cross rips the hard drive containing the meta-virus from the terminal.

On the screen -- *UPLOAD FAILED.*

CROSS

Nothing personal.

Joshua laughs mirthlessly.

JOSHUA

Now, you'll never be free of them.

Joshua rises, he discreetly draws a small metal dart from his belt.

Cross backs up, gun still trained on Joshua.

CROSS

I wouldn't be so sure.

Lightning fast, Joshua throws the dart. It hits Cross in the shoulder. He falls back, dropping his gun.

Joshua dives for the weapon. Cross ducks behind a bank of computers just as Joshua shoots, missing him.

Cross draws his second gun. He ducks out, shoots at Joshua, who has taken cover behind the computer banks.

Cross sucks in air as he eases the dart from his shoulder, dropping it on the floor.

Joshua squats down against a computer bank. His head droops between his shoulders, he looks defeated.

Cross gets to his feet. He stalks through the shadows.

Cross passes between a cross section of computer banks. Joshua spots him, fires.

Bullets bury themselves into a computer bank right next to Cross's head.

Sparks fly. Cross falls to the floor right in Joshua's line of sight.

Joshua takes aim. Cross stares down the barrel of the gun. Joshua pulls the trigger -- he's out.

Cross returns fire. Joshua throws himself behind cover.

**INT. DATA FORTRESS - VARIOUS PLACES -- SAME**

Cops, security guards and SWAT move through the corridors, weapons drawn.

They all converge on the interior sector.

**INT. DATA FORTRESS - DATA BANK**

Joshua listens intently. Cross's footsteps echo across the floor.

Cross steals through the mainframe, eyes peeled.

A shadow looms behind him. Joshua appears out of the blackness and locks his arms around Cross's throat.

Cross drops his gun. He struggles with all his strength but Joshua's grip is like steel, there's no breaking it.

Cross chokes for air. Life slips from his eyes.

JOSHUA

Give it to me!

Cross reaches into his jacket.

CLICK. He jacks a neuro-cable into Joshua's wrist port. The other end is already patched into Cross.

INSERT CUT -- A flash of images. Memories of both men combine. The Suit and his Corpse injecting Cross with the virus. Images of Simone, of Phillips, of Recker and Romero. The input ports being implanted in both men.

Joshua loosens his grip. Cross tears the neuro-cable from his arm.

Cross collapses on the floor. Joshua stands over him. There's a realization between the two -- a truce.

SWAT 1 (O.S.)

Freeze!

A SWAT team stand in the doorway, weapons trained on both men.

Joshua looks down at Cross, knowingly.

JOSHUA

I've failed.

He smiles.

SWAT 1

Don't be stupid, pal!

Cross shakes his head. NO!

JOSHUA

(to Cross)

Everything becomes a memory.

Joshua reaches for a hidden weapon, spins towards the cops.

The SWAT shoot, cutting him down.

Cross throws himself behind a computer bank. Gunfire echoes around him.

He crawls along the floor. The metal dart lies in front of him.

SWAT 1

You're surrounded. Give it up.

Cross looks around anxiously. He spots a fire detector in the ceiling.

He grabs the dart, gets up and jumps on the desk, right under the fire detector.

The cops spot Cross.

SWAT

(all together)

Freeze. Don't you move! Give it up!

Cross slowly turns to face them.

COP

(into radio)

We got 'em.

(MORE)

COP (CONT'D)

(to Cross)

Hands where we can see 'em. Put  
your goddamn hands in the air!

CROSS

Anything you say.

He raises his hands right below the fire detector and inserts the dart into his wrist port -- it sparks.

The fire system kicks in. Jets of CO2 gas shoot from the ceiling, engulfing the SWAT team.

Cross jumps from the desk and bolts for the door under the cover of the gas.

The glass doors begin to shut as part of the fire containment measures --

Cross squeezes through them, slipping through just before they slam shut, leaving the SWAT team trapped inside.

**INT. DATA FORTRESS - CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS**

Cross exits out the mainframe door, brushing the CO2 from his jacket.

He looks at the timer. The countdown reads: 01:02.

Ahead two cops sweep the corridor with flashlights. Cross ducks back. They spot him.

COP

Hold it right there!

Cross turns and runs back up the corridor. He enters --

**INT. DATA FORTRESS - DATA STORAGE BANK -- CONTINUOUS**

Banks of data drives line the room. Frantically Cross pulls an external drive from one of the banks.

He takes out the meta-virus and connects it to the external drive. On the drive it reads -- 'COPYING'.

The cop's flashlights cut through the darkness. Cross sees them, ducks down for cover.

CROSS (V.O.)

(re: the hard drive)

Come on come on! Why does this always  
take so damn long?

After a beat the hard drive reads -- 'COPY COMPLETE'.

Cross disconnects the meta-virus from the external hard drive then gets to his feet.

Cross bolts for it. The cops spot him and pursue.

He drops the external drive on the floor as he exits into--

**INT. DATA FORTRESS - CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER**

Cross sprints along the corridor.

He recalls--

**INT. DATA FORTRESS (MEMORY DOWNLOAD - POV)**

The escape route. The POV glides around a corner revealing a fire escape door.

**INT. DATA FORTRESS - CONTINUOUS**

Cross races down the hall. He turns the corner--

It's a dead end.

CROSS  
What, no! Where's the exit!?

**INT. DATA FORTRESS (MEMORY DOWNLOAD - POV)**

The POV opens the fire escape and goes through.

**INT. DATA FORTRESS - THE PRESENT**

Behind him --

COP  
Freeze.

A gun is put to the back of his head.

CROSS  
You got the wrong guy.

COP  
I don't think so.

The Cop smashes him in the head with his gun. Cross falls into unconsciousness.

**INT. COP CAR - NIGHT**

Cross comes to. He lies in the rear seat of the cop cruiser.

His hands have been cuffed behind his back. Blood trickles down his face.

Cross looks out the window. They're somewhere on the outskirts of town.

The cruiser pulls into the parking lot. Another car awaits them.

CROSS  
You guys aren't cops.

The 'Cops' laugh.

COP  
Really? How'd you figure?

**EXT. COP CRUISER/PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS**

The cruiser stops, the cops get out. Cop 1 hauls Cross out of the back.

The doors of the waiting vehicle open. The two Corpse get out followed by the Suit.

One of the Corpse reaches into the back seat and drags Simone out of the vehicle.

SUIT  
(re: Simone)  
It never hurts to have a little extra insurance.  
(to Cop 1)  
Get them off him.

The cuffs are removed.

SUIT  
(to Cross)  
Don't look so sore, pal. We're both going to come out of this nicely.

Cop 2 starts to search Cross.

CROSS  
Back off.

Cop 2 looks to the Suit, who nods.

Cross takes the meta-virus from his jacket.

The Suit holds up the anti-virus for the Trojan.

SUIT  
With time to spare.

Cross looks at the timer on his wrist. The countdown reads 29 minutes.

Cross drops the meta-virus on the ground. Cop 1 goes to pick it up --

Cross crushes it beneath his foot.

SUIT  
You just signed your own death warrant.

Weapons are cocked and aimed at Cross.

CROSS  
There's a copy.  
(re: his mind)  
Once I'm clean, it's yours.

SUIT  
Where?

CROSS  
Not far.

The Suit laughs.

SUIT  
This guy knows how to cut a deal.

Cross is herded towards the car. His eyes meet Simone's.

He reaches into his pocket, subtly takes out Recker's phone and slides it up his jacket sleeve.

**INT. CAR - NIGHT**

They drive.

DRIVER  
Where we going?

Cross hits the dial button on Recker's phone.

SUIT

(to Cross)

What's the matter, memory's gone a  
little swiss cheese?

The phone is answered on the other end, unheard by anyone  
else in the vehicle --

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)

Yes?

CROSS

(loudly)

West 22nd street. It's an abandoned  
apartment building. Outskirts of  
town.

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)

Have you got--

Cross disconnects the call and slips the phone back up his  
sleeve.

SUIT

Anonymity? Do you know what people  
would do if there were no system?  
It'd be anarchy!

(beat, then)

You know, I'm up for promotion.  
Maybe you could consider coming on  
board, working for me. No more of  
those shitty motel rooms. There's  
some nice benefits, and I'm not just  
talking dental.

The Corpse snicker.

**INT. CAR - NIGHT**

The Blonde drives. On the passenger seat is an open laptop  
with GPS tracking software running.

On the screen -- a map showing the position of her cell phone:  
West 22nd Street.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

The corporate SUV pulls up outside the building. The 'cops'  
pull in behind them.

They get out. The Corpse escort Cross and Simone.

Cross glances down the side alley. His motorcycle is still there.

They enter --

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

The murky lobby. The Corpse draw guns. Small flashlights attached to each weapon light their way.

CROSS

Fifth floor.

They get into the elevator.

It ascends.

**INT. FIFTH FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

The elevator doors chime open. They step out and make for room 515.

SUIT

(to Cross)

Do you know what I like about you guys? No matter what we sell you, you always come back for more. I mean, I could feed you anything. I could de-bug you, or leave you to burn. And you know what the best part is?

Cross looks at the timer -- 2 minutes left.

They reach the door.

SUIT

Either way, you won't remember a fuckin' thing.

The Suit opens the door --

His smirk is replaced by a look of shock --

Four Zenjiro mercenaries have their weapons trained on them.

BANG! The Suit is shot point blank.

Cross dives for cover.

The Corpse return fire. All hell breaks lose. A massive firestorm erupts. Muzzle flashes light up the darkness.

Cross reaches into the Suits' jacket, pulls out the anti-virus and his memory drive.

CROSS (V.O.)  
My memory!

Simone grabs a gun from a fallen mercenary.

CROSS  
(to Simone)  
Let's go!

They retreat back down the hall. Bullets rip into the woodwork around them.

Simone and Cross duck for cover around the corner of the intersection.

**EXT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME**

The Blonde approaches the building, GPS tracker in hand. She sees Cross's motorcycle parked in the alley.

Gunshots echo inside the building, muzzle flashes light up the interior.

She pulls out a handgun and makes for the entrance.

**INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS**

Corpse 1 shoots the final Zenjiro merc. He's the last one standing.

He turns, spots Simone at the corner. Shoots.

Simone returns fire.

Cross checks the timer. There's fifty seconds left.

CROSS  
The elevator.

Simone looses another volley, covering them as they run for the open elevator.

**INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY -- SAME**

The Blonde presses the elevator button.

**INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY -- SAME**

The elevator closes just as Cross and Simone reach the doors.

SIMONE

Fire escape.

Corpse 1 appears back up the corridor, gun blazing.

They duck for cover at the T-intersection, each at either side of the corridor. Simone covers them, keeping the Corpse at bay.

Cross plugs the anti-virus into his neck port, it begins to upload.

The countdown timer reads 15 seconds. The upload seems to be taking forever.

The final seconds tick away. Cross shuts his eyes, grits his teeth.

7 - 6 - 5... The upload completes, the countdown timer unlocks from his wrist port --

**MONTAGE - CROSS'S MEMORIES**

Memories flash with lightning speed. Then they slow and coalesce --

**INT. ROOM (MEMORY - POV)**

Joshua's motel room. The shoot out with the anonymous mercenary.

A POV of Joshua's I.D laying on the floor among the shattered fragments of mirror. The POV reflects in the shard, showing a shadowy outline of whose memory it is.

The memory replays, a tighter image.

The POV's reflection now has more detail -- the outline of a face in the shattered glass.

The memory replays and tightens again, this time showing the face. It's Simone.

The POV places Joshua's I.D on the floor.

**INT. FIFTH FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Cross opens his eyes.

CROSS (V.O.)

It worked!

He looks to Simone.

CROSS (V.O.)

This whole time, she was playing me.

Simone is busy with the Corpse. She shoots, killing him.

**INT. LOBBY - SAME**

The elevator opens and the Blonde gets in.

**INT. FIFTH FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Cross gets to his feet.

SIMONE

We need to get to that copy.

CROSS

They were your memories. You  
implanted your memories inside theirs.

Simone smirks.

SIMONE

What makes you think I'd give you  
all the same upload?

CROSS

You were using us all!

SIMONE

I needed you to find Joshua, get the  
virus back.

CROSS

He was trying to bring the  
Corporations down. As long as they're  
around, we'll never be free!

She points her gun at him.

SIMONE

Where's the copy?

CROSS

In the data fortress, waiting to be  
uploaded.

SIMONE

That virus was a bargaining chip.  
They'll trade off, give us what we  
want. Well congratulations, asshole.  
You've just started a corporate war!

Simone cocks the trigger.

The elevator chimes open behind Simone, she turns and shoots.  
The bullet ricochets off the elevator.

The Blonde throws herself back inside with a cry of shock.

Cross dashes up the corridor and grabs the dead Corpses'  
gun.

Simone fires at him as he ducks into apartment 515. The  
bullet buries itself in the wall.

Simone stalks up the corridor.

Cross crouches against the wall. He plugs his memory drive  
into his neck port.

CROSS (V.O.)

Let's see if this works--

The upload begins --

**MONTAGE - VARIOUS TIMES AND PLACES**

Lightning fast images; the Blonde, Recker, Simone, Joshua.

The memories slow, then --

**INT. MOTEL ROOM (JOSHUA'S MEMORY)**

Joshua stands regarding himself in the mirror.

SIMONE (O.S.)

His I.D's 'Phillips'.

She comes up behind him.

SIMONE

He's a plant for Ultra Industries.

(off his look)

What, don't trust me?

She hands him a memory drive. Joshua plugs the memories in.

**INT. ROOM (MEMORY - POV)**

A memory within a memory --

A POV of The Suit. In the reflection of his sunglasses we see that the POV belongs to Phillips.

The Suit hands Phillips a briefcase. He takes it, opens it.

SUIT  
That's your next job. Zenjiro.

PHILLIPS  
What about the mercenary?

SUIT  
He'll be taken care of.

**INT. MOTEL ROOM (JOSHUA'S MEMORY - POV)**

Joshua opens his eyes--

**INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - THE PRESENT**

Cross opens his eyes --

CROSS  
You set Phillips up! Gave us all false memories.

SIMONE  
It was the only way of getting my life back.

CROSS  
You can just quit!

SIMONE  
Quit? And go where, do what? We're identity thieves who don't have identities!

CROSS  
What are you talking about?

SIMONE  
You downloaded too many memories. It doesn't matter how many times you back up! Too much memory and you lose who you are.

CROSS  
I know who I am!

SIMONE  
No... You have no idea...  
(beat, then)  
What's your name? Who are you?

CROSS  
My name...

SIMONE  
You don't even know your own name.

Cross checks his I.D.

CROSS  
My name's--

SIMONE  
No, that's what it says on your I.D.  
That's who you pretend to be! Look  
at what they've done to us. We gave  
them everything and they still want  
more.

Simone stalks along the corridor.

SIMONE  
What does it matter who we were?  
It's who we are now!

The wheels behind Cross's eyes are turning now as he realizes --

**INT. MOTEL ROOM (CROSS'S MEMORY)**

Cross sits at a desk, studying a laptop. He gets up.

On the screen -- a police web-page of missing persons. It's  
a picture of him. Name: David Rogan. Status: Missing.

**INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - PRESENT**

SIMONE  
We could have left together, made  
new memories.

CROSS  
I needed my life back.

SIMONE  
Are you sure that even is your life?

CROSS  
You know nothing about me.

Cross moves along the corridor, weapon raised.

SIMONE  
I've shared your memory, remember?  
I know all about you, I know about  
your wife.

CROSS  
You shut your mouth.

SIMONE  
You walked out on her. You blamed  
her for your baby.

CROSS  
Shut up!

Cross is at breaking point. Her words wound him worse than any bullet could.

Simone appears behind him. She raises her gun.

Cross hears her, spins.

Simone's eye line suddenly goes past Cross. She shoots.

BANG. BANG. Two separate gunshots go off. Simone is blown away. She lays there, dead.

Cross looks up -- the Blonde lays on the floor. Blood welling from where Simone's bullet pierced her chest.

BLONDE  
David!

CROSS  
Do I know you?

BLONDE  
I didn't forget you.

Tears run down her face.

Cross recognizes that voice, his eyes go wide --

**INT. BEDROOM (CROSS'S MEMORY) - DAY**

The woman from the opening scene runs her hands over Cross's tailored suit.

It's the Blonde.

BLONDE

Don't you ever think what this is going to cost you?

CROSS

I told you never to ask me that.

BLONDE

I missed you so much. Where have you been?

She kisses him. His lips are stone.

CROSS

I... I don't remember.

Cross pushes her away. She's like a distant memory to him.

BLONDE

You're losing yourself. You don't even know who you are anymore!

CROSS

I can't do this again.

BLONDE

I'm so scared to lose you. Come back to me. Please!

CROSS

Forget about me.

BLONDE

How can you be so selfish? It wasn't my fault.

She undoes the buttons on his shirt. Her hands find his flesh.

She gasps.

BLONDE

My God!

Embedded in his flesh are a series of small computer-like input ports. The surgery scars around them are still fresh.

BLONDE

Who are you? Who have you become?

Cross takes her hand, then lets go. In her palm is his wedding ring.

BLONDE

Don't do this.

CROSS  
Forget about me.

BLONDE  
I can't. Please.

He turns away.

BLONDE  
David, please. Don't go. DAVID!

**INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - PRESENT**

Cross stands there, shocked. Tears spill down his face.

Cross takes her hand. In it is his wedding ring.

BLONDE  
You can come home.

CROSS  
(sobbing)  
I'm sorry, I'm so sorry.

She strokes his face, wiping away the tears.

The Blondes' eyes grow foggy, their light slowly goes out --

CROSS  
Don't leave me...

Then she dies.

Cross, rises, stumbling like he's drunk. He looks down at his dead wife in horror, shaken to the core. Tears spill down his face.

Cross drops the wedding ring. It dances across the floor.

Stunned, he looks down at the memory drive in his hand.

He turns and staggers down the corridor, despondent --

He toggles the settings on the drive --

*ERASE MEMORY?*

Cross selects -- *YES*.

The status bar begins to empty.

On the drive -- *MEMORY ERASED*.

**INT. DATA FORTRESS - DATA STORAGE BANK -- SAME**

The external hard drive with the copy of the meta-virus that Cross made.

A TECHNICIAN picks it up and inserts it into a computer terminal.

CROSS (V.O.)

In the future, we will want anonymity.

On the screen it reads -- *UPLOADING*.

After a beat -- *UPLOAD COMPLETE*.

**EXT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING**

Cross staggers out the door. He goes to his motorcycle, gets on.

CROSS (V.O.)

Becoming someone else is easy.  
Knowing yourself, that's the hard  
part.

He pulls his I.D. from his jacket. Studies it --

CROSS (V.O.)

And who am I?

Cross kicks the motorcycle into gear and drives off into the dawn.

CROSS (V.O.)

Today, my name is--

**FADE OUT:**

**THE END**