

JOHNNY MNEMONIC

screenplay by

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Vancouver B.C.

developed by Robert Longo

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BLACK MOMENTUM, descending,

TOWARD SPRAWLING GRID OF CITY LIGHTS -- becoming RUNWAY LIGHTS, hurtling up at us -- becoming JOHNNY'S POV as he walks rapidly along an echoing CORRIDOR.

This is the approach to U.S. CUSTOMS. Dull tile floor, scabby walls with posters warning us of DRUGS WE'VE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF, warning us of the DEATH PENALTY for POSSESSION OF UNLICENSED FIREARMS. Backs of other business-travellers march ahead of Johnny.

CUSTOMS is a row of fortified booths, like a drive-in bank. As Johnny pauses, choosing a booth, we see him for the first time: young, sharply groomed, conservative in his dark suit, white shirt. Something just a bit too cool here, too perfectly controlled. He takes his PASSPORT from his breast pocket and strolls confidently into a booth. A heavy slab of worn lucite slides firmly down behind him.

INT. CUSTOMS BOOTH

1

Johnny takes a seat in the lone chair.

CUSTOMS
(female, v.o., filter)
Passport, please.

CU JOHNNY'S PASSPORT: looks like a Nintendo game cartridge, navy blue plastic with gold-stamped American eagle, "PASSPORT", "UNITED STATES OF AMERICA". He leans forward, inserts passport in provided socket. Sits back in chair, arms carefully aligned with chair's arms; he knows what's coming -- as monitor-studded RESTRAINTS snap into place over his forearms. A RETINAL CAMERA pops from the headrest, clamps itself smoothly over his right eye.

INSERT: JOHNNY, FROM POV OF CUSTOMS COMPUTER, as it simultaneously scans his body and the data in his passport. We see his body in CATscan, a cascade of personal stats for "LAWRENCE ALLEN HAYNES", fingerprints, retinal photo, DNA print.

CU JOHNNY'S HAND as he presses his finger-tips down on a sensitized plate on the chair-arm.

INSERT: POV OF CUSTOMS COMPUTER as it MATCHES his fingerprints and retinal images with those in his passport.

JOHNNY'S POV, peering through multiple layers of armored glass. Is that a live human Customs agent back there?

CUSTOMS
And the purpose of your trip to
Singapore, Mr. Haynes? Were you
there on business?

CONTINUED:

1

Johnny grins.

JOHNNY

Pleasure.

No response. Silence lengthens. Johnny glances to the left, where we see a wall-slot, a shelf with paper tumblers, and a sign: "URINALYSIS".

INSERT: CUSTOMS COMPUTER'S POV: CATScan homes in on bright point in JOHNNY'S BRAIN. We ZOOM toward it: it's rectangular, tiny, a dense maze of circuitry. A surgically-implanted silicon chip.

CUSTOMS

This implant in your corpus callosum, Mr. Haynes... What exactly is it?

Beat.

JOHNNY

(v.o.)

A prosthesis.

CUSTOMS

Obviously, Mr. Haynes. But what specific purpose does it serve?

CU: JOHNNY'S EYES.

JOHNNY

Dyslexia. I'm dyslexic. I mean I would be. Without it.

INSERT: CUSTOMS COMPUTER'S POV: the glittering paths of the chip.

CUSTOMS

Impressive storage capacity.

JOHNNY

(v.o.)

Thank you.

CUSTOMS

When were you last screened for sexually transmitted diseases, Mr. Hayes?

CU: JOHNNY'S MOUTH. Hint of a smirk.

JOHNNY

You do that here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

1

CUSTOMS

(primly)

U.S. Customs & Immigration
strongly advises all returning
residents to reassess STD status
at their earliest opportunity,
Mr. Haynes.

JOHNNY

I'll remember that.

Beat.

CUSTOM

Have you been tested for Nerve
Attenuation Syndrome, Mr.
Haynes?

Beat, CLOSE ON JOHNNY'S EYES, as the unexpected question finds a
chink in his armor of cool. The arm-restraints and retinal-
camera retract, but he doesn't get up.

JOHNNY

Why? Why did you ask me that?

CUSTOMS

Anyone with an implant like yours
should be tested on a regular
basis, Mr. Haynes...

JOHNNY

Yeah. That's right...

Johnny rises, plucking his passport from the slot.

CUSTOMS

Welcome home, Mr. Haynes.

A door slides open in the far wall. Johnny steps through; it
whines shut behind him.

INT. AIRPORT

2

Crowded bustle, creepy basso mutter of loudspeakers. Johnny
walking fast. Shadowy lighting, brownish and dim. Like a 19th-
century railroad station. Sense of buried fear, anxiety. Johnny
passes a group of BEGGARS arrayed along a wall. One of them is
SHIVERING, teeth clicking; he holds a hand-lettered cardboard:
"HAD A GOOD JOB, GOT THE SHAKES BAD". Another is endlessly
executing a pointless little robotic shuffle. Johnny looks
right through them, brushing past, out the door. HOLD on the
second beggar's shoes, in their machine-like shuffle.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

3

ROLL TITLE over battered, heavily-armored CAB grinding through mean streets, with glittering corporate monoliths towering away in b.g. This place has been hit with the long-term economic equivalent of the neutron bomb; sparse traffic, few streetlights, fewer pedestrians.

INT. CAB

4

Johnny alone in dark passenger compartment, his face reflected in one-way mirror that screens the driver. Below the mirror, a pay cel-phone with credit card slot. Johnny takes GIZMO from his pocket: a tiny key-pad attached to a card-sized shim of metal. He taps a code into the pad, glances at the mirror, slips the shim into the slot, and dials -- using the keys of the phone. We hear it ring once, then RALFI picks up.

RALFI

(v.o., filter)

Yeah?

JOHNNY

I'm back.

RALFI

Got it?

JOHNNY

Got it. Be there.

INT. RALFI'S APARTMENT

5

Penthouse pad furnished in the glitziest bad taste the 21st Century has to offer. Ralfi, overdressed and overweight, hears the click as Johnny hangs up. He looks at the phone.

RALFI

Hey. No fucking problem, Johnny-boy. Same as always...

Ralfi dials a number.

FRANZETTI

(v.o., filter)

Yeah?

Ralfi consults data on a screen.

RALFI

Ralfi, Angelo. He's in. Off the Singapore shuttle. Passport name of Larry Haynes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

5

FRANZETTI

The goods, Ralfi? He got the goods?

RALFI

Yeah. Just called me.

FRANZETTI

You get the message I left?

RALFI

Your guys'll meet him, 'stead of me.

FRANZETTI

Yeah. We'll meet him alright. You just sit tight, Ralfi. Understand?

RALFI

Hey, fine, Angelo, no problem. I already sent out for some Thai.

Ralfi's POV: THE THAI lolls on the couch in high heels and a rubber skirt. CLICK as Parker hangs up.

EXT. RUIN - NIGHT

4

6

LONG on ruins of a factory or large warehouse. It stands near a RIVER, partially in the shadow of a BRIDGE. It burnt a long time ago; the roof remains as a maze of blackened girders. We MOVE IN, across an uneven plain of rubble, into the ruin. Inside, a wrecked TRAILER-HOME, its tires flat for twenty years, windows blacked with paint. Beside it, a gleaming black LIMO. Light escapes from chinks in the trailer's battered siding.

INT. TRAILER

5

7

Looks like it smells of urine. Masses of tangled filthy bedding, a broken table. Light-source is a fancy new electric lantern. A pair of heavy-duty killers are setting up to conduct a little business. LASLO sweeps garbage from the tabletop with the back of his gloved hand, puts down a cardboard box. SPENCER looks around with intense distaste.

SPENCER

Shitty fuckin' place. Jesus.

Laslo removing things from the box: a butcher-knife, scalpels, shears, pliers, a SURGICAL SAW.

LASLO

Quiet. A quiet place...

CONTINUED:

7

He raises the saw, admiring its razor-sharp edge.

SPENCER

I don't get it.

LASLO

What?

SPENCER

Angelo just wants the head...

LASLO looks at him, amused.

LASLO .

Cause it's all he fuckin'
needs...

He puts down the saw and raises a gayly-colored BOWLING-BALL BAG into frame.

LASLO

...an' it's easier to fuckin'
carry.

Spencer nods abstractedly, still considering the awfulness of the rank trailer.

SPENCER

What kinda people live like this,
huh? Animals. Jesus...

EXT. GIRDERS OVERLOOKING RUIN - NIGHT

6

8

Squinting down through a monocular, J-BONE, leader of the LO-TEKS, straddles a length of girder. He's young, black, with a distinctive hairstyle and a slightly more elaborate version of the standard Lo-tek costume: torn and layered jackets, ragged leggings, neck-thongs strung with salvaged gadgets, and rubber-soled climbing-boots. From what we can see of his arms, he's heavily TATTOOED. No hearts or anchors, though; these are strange neo-primitive patterns that suggest printed circuits, machine-parts, etc., very striking.

INSERT: The House-trailer, through J-Bone's spyglass.

TOAD strolls out onto the girder, one foot in front of the other, arms out for balance. Utterly casual but we're thirty feet up, here, above jagged rubble. He's younger than J-Bone, oriental.

TOAD

Yo. J-Bone. Maximum leader.
Sir. Whatcha clockin'?

CONTINUED:

8

J-Bone lowers the monocular on its neck-thong.

J-BONE
Suits. Coupla big ones, Toad.

Toad peers down.

TOAD
Yeah. I make the light. Sloppy.

J-BONE
Why suits out here now, huh,
Toad?

Toad shrugs, then grins.

TOAD
Dope? Sex! Wanna dirty-ass set,
see, grind 'em hot maleness...

With this Toad executes a snake-like sequence of pelvic thrusts, his crotch level with the seated J-Bone's face. Giggling, he dances backward before J-Bone can swat him.

J-BONE
Get serious. These people
entirely too close to Heaven.
Suits don't wander ratlands in
the dark...

J-Bone's worried; he's a man of responsibility. Toad picks up on this.

TOAD
Beg to differ, boss. Suits been
dumpin' bodybags out here since
forever. Dogs eat 'em. Ugly but
she's nature, right?

J-Bone raises the monocular again.

J-BONE
Too close to Heaven...

EXT. NEAR RUIN - NIGHT

7

9

Johnny climbs from the cab. Stands watching as it pulls away. Then he's alone. Sea of rubble. Frequent puddles. He starts walking. Pulls the passport from his pocket.

JOHNNY
Don't forget that check-up...

He tosses the passport into a puddle and walks on.

INT. TRAILER

8 10

Spencer assembles and cocks a crossbow-pistol, fitting it with a vicious-looking bolt; it's equipped with a telescopic sight. Laslo checks the wire garrote-rig he now wears -- a spring-loaded reel strapped on either wrist.

LASLO

Turn down the light.

Spencer clicks a button on the lantern: dimmest setting.

LASLO

I do the talking.

Spencer nods.

EXT. HOUSE-TRAILER - NIGHT

11

Johnny skirts the limo. Not happy to see it there. He rounds the trailer, faces the closed door.

JOHNNY

Ralfi?

No reply.

JOHNNY

Ralfi?

Laslo opens the door.

LASLO

In here...

JOHNNY

Who the fuck are you?

LASLO

Laslo. Ralfi's in here getting set up. Got his hands full...

Johnny smiles, stepping forward.

JOHNNY

No shit. Laslo.

Laslo lunges, arms spread, whipping the steel wire down, behind Johnny's head. But Johnny's ready, dropping to his knees as Laslo tries to whip his wrists together. Johnny rolls back, kicking Laslo in the balls with BOTH FEET. Laslo grunts, but doesn't fall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

11

LASLO
Don't make this fuckin'
difficult, asshole. Not like
it's personal.

Johnny looks up, sprawled on his back in the mud.

JOHNNY
Kevlar cup?

LASLO
Shit yes. We're pros.

As Johnny gets to his feet, Laslo snaps the killing-wire taut between gloved hands.

JOHNNY
Laslo?

LASLO
Huh?

JOHNNY
'Bye.

Johnny SPRINTS across the rubble-field, shallow puddles throwing up wings of water. Laslo blinks.

LASLO
Shit!

Laslo takes off after Johnny as Spencer appears in the doorway.

Laslo, running. Where's Johnny? Laslo spins, frantic, furious, the steel wire quivering between his fists. Laslo moves forward, toward tumbled slabs of rubble. We PAN UP: directly overhead, J-Bone and Toad, safe in the shadows, are watching with interest. Laslo rounds a tilted slab of concrete. Johnny snags his feet with a twisted hook-shaped length of rusty rebar. Laslo goes over; as he takes the weight of his fall on his hands, Johnny stabs the rebar into the MUD. Laslo starts to go for him, but CAN'T; the steel bar is in the way of the GARROTE-WIRE. Johnny slams a hunk of concrete against Laslo's head.

SPENCER
(o.s.)
Freeze, motherfucker!

Johnny sees Spencer aiming the crossbow two-handed. Johnny drops the concrete.

JOHNNY
Easy... Listen, man, you gonna
tell me what's going on here?

CONTINUED: (2)

11

Overhead, Toad grins with excitement.

TOAD
Man! Serious action!

C.U. TOAD'S FOOT as it shifts on the girder, accidentally displacing a rusty six-inch bolt balanced there.

The bolt clangs into the rubble near Spencer, who whips the crossbow up reflexively and fires -- TWAAAANG.

Overhead, Toad, as before, except that the bolt now protrudes from under his chin. He whimpers, reaching up for it; the movement offbalances him and he FALLS.

J-BONE
(anguish)
TOAD!!!

Toad crashes into the rubble. J-Bone -- very quick -- whips a light line around the girder and ZIPS down, his palms protected by ragged fingerless gloves.

J-BONE
Toad, man!

He runs to dead Toad -- and incidently toward Spencer, who's struggling to re-cock and load his crossbow. J-Bone kneels over Toad. Touches Toad's hair. Blood. He looks up at Spencer. Spencer raises the crossbow, taking aim.

INSERT: SPENCER'S POV through SCOPE, J-Bone's EYE in CROSS-HAIRS.

JOHNNY
I said, you gonna tell my what's
happening?

As he flails into Spencer with a four-foot length of waterlogged two-by-four. The crossbow fires, its bolt splashing harmlessly into a puddle.

JOHNNY
Who sent you? Where's Ralfi?

Spencer's lost his crossbow; he's on his knees in a puddle. Johnny towers over him, threatening him with the two-by-four. J-Bone out of frame.

JOHNNY
I said who sent you!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

11

SPENCER make a strange little GARGLING sound and topples forward, face-down in muddy water, the handle of a KNIFE protruding from his back. It's an old filet-knife, handle wrapped with tape, beads, feathers. We COME UP on J-Bone, his face grim.

JOHNNY

Why the fuck you do that?!

J-BONE

Toad's not comin' back to Heaven...

J-Bone stares at Johnny.

J-BONE

He was gonna ice me too. Now we owe you one.

JOHNNY

Owe me? Who the hell are you?

J-BONE

I'm J-Bone. I run Heaven. Up there.

He gestures in the direction of the bridge. Johnny's baffled. J-Bone puts his foot on Spencer's back and tugs the knife free; it isn't easy. Then he turns, walks over to Toad, kneels, and cuts a handful of charms from around the dead boy's neck. He stows these carefully in a pouch at his waist.

J-BONE

We owe you one.

Then he walks away, in that same direction.

JOHNNY

Wha--?

Johnny looks down at his trashed suit, torn and muddy. He flips out, starts kicking Spencer's corpse in the ribs.

JOHNNY

You stupid MOOK! Look at my CLOTHES!!

INT. TRAILER

10

12

With the lantern turned up bright, Johnny looks at the SAW and the BOWLING-BALL BAG.

INT. LIMO

13

By dashlight, Johnny takes a flat rubbery DIGITAL VOICE-CHANGER from his pocket and smooths it over the MOUTHPIECE of the car's cel-phone. Presses a button on the phone, clears his throat, and speaks.

JOHNNY

Hello, Ralfi...

Simultaneously, ANOTHER VOICE says "Hello, Ralfi" from phone's speaker: deep and booming. He fiddles with the gadget, tries again.

JOHNNY

Hello, Ralfi. You lying sack of shit.

This time the voice from the speaker is squeaky, grotesquely effeminate.

JOHNNY

Fuck...

Speaker: "Fuck..." Another adjustment.

JOHNNY

(languidly,
murderously)

Ralfi, baby, I'm going to kill
your ass, you don't straighten
this shit out now...

The GIRL-VOICE purring simultaneously from the speaker is gorgeous, very sexy. Johnny dials.

INT. RALFI'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM

14

Ralfi snores moistly. The Thai prostitute is fixated on miniature television on bedside table. She wears wireless headphones so the audio won't disturb his beauty sleep, but we can hear it.

INSERT: TV, badly colorized version of (?) b&w show from early '60s, suggesting endless recycling of product. Suddenly the word LO-TEK, like a skater's tag, is scrawled across the screen, over the ancient show. Crude but magical as the Lo-tek guerilla tv operation kicks in. Throbbing futuro-punk-skate-whatever, over funky hyper-kenetic dance of subversive images. Glimpses of Lo-teks themselves, in their improvised station; one of them moons the camera. This is not the hooker's speed at all; she swats at the set, trying to get her show back, as the phone rings. She nudges Ralfi.

RALFI

Huh? (Picks up phone.) Yeah?

CONTINUED:

14

JOHNNY GIRL-VOICE
(v.o., filter)

Baby?

RALFI
Who the fuck? Huh?

JOHNNY GIRL-VOICE
Samantha, Ralfi...

Ralfi frowns, trying to remember.

RALFI
Sam...?

JOHNNY GIRL-VOICE
That night in Sydney South-
Central Five, Ralfi, when you
were down under? Don't you
remember me, Ralfi?

Ralfi glances at the whore, who's searching the channels but
finding the Lo-tek broadcast everywhere.

RALFI
Uh, well shit. I mean, you think
I could forget that?

JOHNNY GIRL-VOICE
You said I gave the best head in
the southern hemisphere.

Ralfi grins, pleased with this evidence of his own eloquence.

RALFI
Well, unh, where are ya, kitten?
You down in that Australia?

JOHNNY GIRL-VOICE
No, Ralfi. I'm right here in
town. On business. And I really
have to see you, Ralfi. I mean,
I want to see you, and there's
this business thing...

RALFI
Business thing?

The Thai gives up, slapping the OFF switch on the television.

INT. LIMO

15

JOHNNY
It's not for the phone, baby.
But you did sorta imply you dealt
in, well, interesting
information, hmm?

RALFI
Well... It depends...

JOHNNY
This is big, Ralfi. Right up
your, uh, alley...

As he says this, Johnny makes a fist.

INT. RALFI'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM

16

Ralfi considers.

RALFI
So where are you?

JOHNNY GIRL-VOICE
You know the Drome?

RALFI
Yeah.

INT. LIMO

17

JOHNNY
Meet me there in an hour.

Beat.

RALFI
Unh... Lissen, kitten, you all
alone?

Beat.

JOHNNY
Totally, Ralfi. And I just wanna
see ya so bad...

RALFI
Okay. Yeah. Well, I wanna see
you too, but...

Johnny hangs up.

INT. RALFI'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM

18

Ralfi looks at the phone in his hand. Hangs up. The Thai looks at him.

RALFI
Whathefuck you starin' at?

She shrugs. Agitated, Ralfi throws the cover aside and gets out of bed.

INT. LIMO

19

Johnny starts the car, slams it into gear. Pulls away with a jerk, through puddles and reflected lights, leaving the Bridge in b.g.

FADE TO

EXT. STRIP MALL - NIGHT

20

Display windows. Johnny parks in front of a clothing store. Takes out his wallet, from which he extracts a deck of credit cards; he shuffles them adroitly, selects one. Replaces wallet. From another pocket he takes the GIZMO, presses card against shim. ECU on scarlet numeric readout. Johnny taps miniature buttons. The numbers change. Gizmo emits a bleep. Johnny extracts the doctored credit card, blows on it, pretending it's hot.

INT. CLOTHING STORE

21

Johnny models new jacket in mirror. Identical to the last one. The SHOPGIRL takes more than a professional interest in Johnny.

SHOPGIRL
It really suits you...

JOHNNY
Tie.

She shows him something with black and white diagonals.

JOHNNY
Solid black. Hundred-percent silk, max two and a half inches across the wide end, Milano if you got it.

She quickly produces the specified tie.

JOHNNY
Done deal.

CONTINUED:

21

SHOPGIRL

Your dress-sense is really
honed... We don't get many
 customers with your kind of--

JOHNNY

Strunk.

SHOPGIRL

What?

He hands her the credit card.

JOHNNY .

D. Hillis Strunk.

SHOPGIRL

Certainly, Mr. Strunk! On your
 ConExMexAmeriBank Triple-Platinum
 Plus.

She runs the card through a terminal and beams at him. He
 smiles back.

TERMINAL

Cleared, for amount of purchase!
 ConExMexAmeribank Triple-Platinum
 Plus is honored to facilitate yet
 another tasteful purchase on
 behalf of D. Hillis Strunk of
 Fargo, North Dakota! You're more
 than just a number at
 ConExMexAmeribank, Mr. Strunk!

SHOPGIRL

Dakota?

JOHNNY

Yep.

Knotting his new tie, Johnny exits. Through the window, the
 Shopgirl watches him climb into the limo. What a cute guy.

INT. MOB HEADQUARTERS

22

Tall windows overlook the towers of the city. Smooth bland hi-
 corporate furniture. A long conference-table. At it head sits
 ANGELO FRANZETTI, the local capo: enormous, melancholy,
 beautifully groomed, in a pin-stripe suit that cost as much as a
 small car. He is perhaps the last representative of a vanishing
 culture. He knows it; it saddens him. He's a deeply
 traditional man, ill at ease with the high-tech marvels and
 monsters that surround him.

CONTINUED:

22

Such as YOMOMMA and PRETTY, an extraordinarily striking pair of female COMBAT ARTISTS, seated side by side toward the opposite end of the table. Yomamma is black, Pretty white and blonde; otherwise they could've been built from the same kit: Super-deluxe Professional Ballcrusher. Aside from race, they're nearly identical, and in Yomamma's case perhaps even gender has been submerged beneath steroids and the surgeon's knife. They are exotically lethal muscle. They work for Franzetti. As does STREET PREACHER, the black-clad man who sits opposite them, studying an open Bible. The Street Preacher, AKA Reverend Struthers, is tall, gaunt, unsmiling, roped with muscle, his merciless gaze radioactive with contained psychotic fervor. He is very, very scary. He's a fool-killer, a born-again bogeyman, big bad daddy death-angel punisher of all that is frivolous, fun, or indeed even human -- so thoroughly does such state disgust him. He wears a long black topcoat. Franzetti has always regarded him with a special horror.

In the chair nearest Franzetti is a peculiar-looking rectangular CONSOLE, approximately the size of a headless human torso. We don't yet know what it is, but we will. Smooth, black and expensive-looking, very Sharper Image.

Franzetti, staring gloomily into space, holds a phone to his ear. We can't hear the other half of the conversation.

FRANZETTI

No shit. Yeah? So call me.

Franzetti flips the phone closed. Sighs.

YOMOMMA

I tol' you don't use Laslo 'n' Spencer, Angelo.

PRETTY

Laslo couldn't find his own asshole with both thumbs.

Yomomma grins.

YOMOMMA

Don't say nothin' bad 'bout the dead, Pretty.

FRANZETTI

That was Ralfi. Someone's set up a meet with him, at the Drome. He thinks maybe Johnny.

Street Preacher closes his Bible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

22

STREET PREACHER

Let me bring him in for you, Mr. Franzetti.

YOMOMMA

Uh-uh, Street Preacher. You sorta stick out in a bar, know what I mean?

STREET PREACHER

I like bars. They're full of sinners, awaiting the Lord's word.

YOMOMMA

Exactly what I mean.

FRANZETTI

She's right. You two handle it. Get over there and make sure Ralfi doesn't lose him again.

YOMOMMA

Pleasure, Angelo.

With an arch glance for Street Preacher, Yomomma and Pretty get up to leave.

INT. THE DROME

23

This is one cooking joint, and about as weird as it gets -- weirder, even. Some very very heavy customers, rough trade of every conceivable persuasion, plus a healthy leavening of latex-clad jailbait to die for. Some of the customers, though, are victims of Nerve Attenuation Syndrome. They jive and jitter.

Black BERNIE THE AGENT is at his usual table. A big man, too old (and smart) to hire himself out as muscle, Bernie finds work for combat-artists, takes his percentage. Opposite him sits JANE. Young, unprosperous, inexperienced, local talent. She's taut and edgy, in skintite jeans and a leather jacket with the sleeves ripped out. She leans forward, hungry and intense. She wants to be a pro (like Yomomma and Pretty). There's a black strap across her forehead; like she's wearing an eyepatch, but the patch itself, light-weight hi-tech hardware, is flipped UP, so we see both her eyes.

JANE

Hey, come on, Bernie! You said you could find me some work! How'm I gonna build a rep if I can't get work? You agent for the best combat artists in town...

CONTINUED:

Bernie looks at her.

BERNIE

Got no work for you, Jane.

JANE

Hey, lissen, I'm sorry, it's just
I'm... You know I need the gig.
Not even the money so much, but I
gotta tussle, man, kick some
butt, show 'em what I can do!
I'm fast, Bernie! I'm faster'n
shit, now Spider's jacked my
system up--

He gives her a long look, contempt mingled with a certain pity.

BERNIE

You fast, huh?

Jane nods.

BERNIE

Hold up your hand. Like this.

He puts out his hand, flat, palm down, held six inches above the
table. Jane, thinking her speed is about to be tested, does the
same.

JANE

Okay?

BERNIE

That's fine.

Silence. He watches Jane's hand. We wait for something to
happen.

JANE

So?

His face is a mask.

JANE

SO?

BERNIE

Just hold it there.

A flash of fear in Jane's face.

BERNIE

You can hold it there, can't you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

23

JANE

Sure!

C.U. their hands; Jane's exhibit's a TREMOR. Before it can increase, she GRABS BERNIE'S WRIST, quick as LIGHTNING.

JANE

(desperately)

See?

He just stares at her, until she lets go.

BERNIE

You're damaged goods, girl.
Spider's jacked you up, alright -
- straight into the black shakes.
Another month, you be like
them...

He points to a pair of quivering shakes-victims at the bar, liquor slopping from one's glass as he tries to drink.

BERNIE

Go home, honey. I can't give you
no referral. You're sick an'
gettin' sicker. I got a rep to
protect.

Jane's frustration looks as though it's about to go ballistic, but she gets on top of it. She stands up.

JANE

I'll get a gig, Bernie. You'll
see.

She walks into the crowd. Bernie shakes his huge head, sadly.

BERNIE

You just a kid. And sick.
Gettin' sicker...

CUT TO Ralfi entering the club, going through metal-detectors, under neon signs declaring the club's strict NO WEAPONS POLICY. He's all spiffed up in duds as loud and ugly as the decor in his apartment. We see a couple of TOUGH CHARACTERS checking their (non-firearm) weapons at the door; rack covered with assorted lethal hardware. Looking for his date, Ralfi moves toward rear of club.

CUT TO Jane at bar, paying for a beer.

CUT TO Ralfi taking a rear table, looking around, straightening his tie, sitting down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

23

JOHNNY'S ARM comes out of nowhere, grabbing Ralfi by the neck, slamming him face-down onto the table.

JOHNNY
Best head in the southern hemisphere, right?

RALFI
Johnny! My man! Jesus! You scared me!

HOLD on Ralfi's eager, feral, cowardly, double-dealing grin, squashed against the table.

JOHNNY
You weren't at the meet, Ralfi. Just a coupla mooks with a hacksaw. I jet halfway around the fucking planet. I meet your contact in Singapore. I upload--

RALFI
But lissen Johnny--

JOHNNY
I get back on the plane. I make it through Customs. Clean, Ralfi. Immaculate procedure. I call you. Got a meet to download. But you don't make the meet, Ralfi--

RALFI
Hey, man, hey, you know I--

Ralfi winces, his cheek squashed against the table.

RALFI
Lemme explain that. There's been a screw-up, see, and--

JOHNNY
(to Ralfi)
I know your fat ass is dead, you don't get this batch of product outa my head! I don't think you're taking me seriously, Ralfi...

RALFI
Man, we're takin' you serious as cancer...

HUGE HANDS clamp vise-like around Johnny's forearms. LEWIS, Ralfi's titanic muscle-crafted meathead bodvquard. lifts Johnny

CONTINUED: (4)

23

Lewis hasn't let go; he's strong enough to reduce Johnny's biceps to pulp if he wants to. He does want to, in fact, but he has to wait for Ralfi to tell him to. Ralfi coughs, straightens up, rubbing his cheek.

RALFI

I never been to south central Sydney, wise-ass, let alone got a knob-job there...

Mops his sweaty face with a handkerchief. Sits down opposite Johnny.

RALFI

Know what you are, Johnny?

Lewis gives Johnny a squeeze. Johnny winces.

RALFI

You're a mule. No difference between you and some other sucker with a pound of cocaine tamped up his ass. You smuggle data. You walk it through customs for us. You got this attitude you think you're a player. You ain't no player. You're a mule with chips in your head. You're something to move product around in.

Beat. We see this is exactly what Johnny does NOT want to hear. Johnny suddenly KICKS RALFI IN THE BALLS, under the table. Ralfi SCREAMS, flailing forward, as Johnny attempts a sudden twist to escape Lewis; Lewis picks him and slams his ass down on the chair again, Ralfi groaning in agony.

LEWIS

Try it again. I like it.

JOHNNY

No shit? I think Ralfi likes it too.

Lewis BACKHANDS Johnny, cutting his lip. Doubled over, tears in his eyes, Ralfi glares at Johnny with pure hatred.

RALFI

You're fucked, smart-ass. That hot shit you picked up for us in Singapore, turns out it was so hot, the people it gotten stolen from, they already bought it back from us!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

23

JOHNNY

So?

RALFI

So they don't wanna take any
fuckin' chances, is all.

ANOTHER ANGLE, LONG: MYSTERY POV and it's a weird one. Johnny, Lewis, and Ralfi, but half the frame is filled with slamming Lo-tek guerilla video (but content much more VIOLENT than what we saw at Ralfi's) framed in a lens-shaped lozenge; the watcher is wearing a headset VCR-monocle, a video Walkman. Intense music.

ZOOM on Ralfi.

RALFI

Your fuckin' head's on its way
back to Singapore! In a Goddam
box, with a kilo of dry ice!

STRANGER'S POV STROLLS toward table; we catch looks on various faces as customers get the hell out of the way. Right up to the table as Lewis indulges in a little gratuitous bicep-kneading. Lewis looks up; his eyes harden in reaction.

JANE (O.S.)

How's it hangin', big guy?

LEWIS'S POV: Jane, chewing gum. The eyepatch-thing is DOWN.

JANE'S POV as SOMEONE DIES MESSILY on Lo-tek tv; on the beat, she flips the screen up, out of frame.

LEWIS

Fuck off, bitch.

JANE

Lighten up. Look, I'll show you
a trick...

Jane shifts the wad of gum from side to side in her mouth. Opens her mouth, sticking out her tongue. ECU on the tiny metal triangle there, a #5 X-acto blade, slick with spit. All in one smooth, matter-of-fact movement, she plucks the smuggled razor and bends, slitting the inside of Lewis' right wrist. Lewis lets out a single shrill scream as blood spurts. Clamps the fingers of his left hand over the wound, blood dripping; now he's totally helpless. His face has gone dead white. Moaning, he blunders away from the table.

JANE

(over her shoulder)

Get a tendon-stapler, you ever
wanna play guitar.

CONTINUED: (6)

23

Ralfi hasn't moved at all. He watches Jane. Johnny tries to rub some circulation back into his numb arms.

JOHNNY

How much?

JANE

How much what?

JOHNNY

I mean you're hired. Two grand do it for the night?

JANE

What for?

JOHNNY

I gotta get him out of here.

RALFI

Fuck that. I'll give you five.

JANE

Five thou?

RALFI

Decent rate, baby, and you know it.

JOHNNY

Twenty.

JANE

Twenty thou?

Jane grins at Johnny. Sudden fear in Ralfi's eyes.

JANE

Hey! My kinda man...

RALFI

Okay! Fifty!

Beat.

JANE

Twenty's okay.

RALFI

Twenty's okay?! You fuckin' crazy?! I outbid him...

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

23

JANE
Yeah. I know. But I don't
fucking like you.

Jane and Johnny drag Ralfi up out of his seat.

INT. DROME, WEAPON-CHECK/CORRIDOR/STAIRS

24

Jane, claiming a shabby canvas SHOULDER-BAG from the hardware-rack.

Johnny and Jane frog-march Ralfi along the corridor and up stairs leading to street-level, Ralfi whining ever more desperately.

RALFI
You got no idea the depths of
shit you are getting into.... You
should lissen to me, Johnny...

Johnny SHOVES Ralfi, hard. Ralfi nearly falls down the stairs, but Jane grabs him.

JANE
(to Johnny)
Hey! Watch it!

RALFI
Lissen to me--

EXT. THE DROME - NIGHT

25

It's been raining. Pretty and Yomomma round a corner. Mincing around a puddle, Pretty places a narrow custom-made pink crocodile case on the fender of a parked car and snaps it open: blade-segments glitter against pink velour, but what is it? She assembles the thing smoothly. The segmented blade clicks effortlessly together as though it were magnetized. A hi-tech samurai sword. She thumbs a button on the grip, testing it: miniature blue lightning sizzles briefly down the length of the blade. Yomomma smiles.

YOMOMMA
You wait here, Pretty honey.
I'll bring him out for you.

PRETTY
Just don't hit him upside the
head. Angelo needs the head...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

25

As Jane and Johnny thrust Ralfi out the door-- Ralfi's still trying to bullshit his way out of the situation with Johnny, but he's cut off by the sight of Pretty and Yomomma.

RALFI

--the scale of this thing, man!
It's megabuck, some kinda
research program the Yakuza stole
from--

(sees Pretty and
Yomomma)

GET HIM! GET HIM--

As Pretty dances toward Johnny with her blade crackling -- and Jane, all reflexes, twists Ralfi into its path. Pretty's blade ACCIDENTLY slips into Ralfi's gut like a hot wire into butter -- as Jane STRIKES, snake-fast, past Ralfi, whipping her shoulder-bag against Pretty's head with startlingly solid CLONK. Pretty's eyes bulge in pain and sheer surprise -- she's fast, but Jane's really fast -- as Jane grabs Pretty's hair, and yanks her skull against Ralfi's. Ralfi and Pretty topple, the sword still buried in Ralfi's stomach. Yomomma emits a shrill HISS of horror and disbelief.

YOMOMMA

You hurt Pretty...

Jane GRINS.

JANE

What I'm paid for.

Yomomma draws a pair of stainless-steel NUNCHUKS from beneath her jacket, whips them around in a blurring display of martial artistry that climaxes with the 'chuks clanging off a steel lamp-post. The impact DENTS the pole, leaving a scar of bright metal.

YOMOMMA

I'm gonna fix it so you be
shittin' out a plastic bag,
bitch.

But Jane has both hands inside her canvas bag. As Yomomma steps forward, the bag falls to the ground. Jane's holding a small high-pressure PROPANE TANK, a home-made nozzle taped to it, IGNITION provided by a standard BIC. Jane's THUMB is poised. Yomomma's EYES WIDEN. She hesitates. Johnny's kneeling frantically over Ralfi.

JOHNNY

The load, man! You said it was
megabuck, you said the Yakuza --
c'mon, Ralfi!! Ralfi!!!

CONTINUED: (2)

RALFI
Best head in the
hemi...hemisphere...

JOHNNY
I need the CODE, man! The code
to get it OUT!

RALFI
Megabuck...

YOMOMMA
(to Jane)
You click that Bic, it gonna
light the first time?

JOHNNY
(to Ralfi)
What IS it?!!

JANE
(to Yomomma)
Wanna find out?

RALFI
(fading)
Neural regen... R&D, baby...
'Kuza took 'em off Kuroma
Biologicals... Osaka... Johnny?

JOHNNY
WHAT!?!:

Yomomma has a 'chuk in either hand, the chain drawn taut; she
can strike like lightning with either. Her eyes are narrowed.
Jane's HANDS START TO SHAKE...

RALFI
Fuck you...

As Ralfi's eyes go out, Yomomma SWINGS, Jane's Bic LIGHTS ON THE
FIRST TRY. Yomomma screams, engulfed in a FIREBALL, as Johnny
shakes Ralfi's corpse.

JOHNNY
GODDAMN IT!!!

He looks up to see Yomomma howling, clawing at her face and
eyes. Yomomma ROARS with pain and fury, lashes out blindly with
the 'chuks.

JANE
OUTA HERE, BOSS!!!-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

25

JOHNNY
HE'S DEAD! HE'S FUCKING DEAD!
HOW'M I GONNA GET THE DOWNLOAD!?

Jane grabs him, drags him to his feet, spins him around, shoves him. She's thrown down the home-made flame-thrower.

JANE
MOVE IT!!!

He takes one last helpless look at Ralfi and runs for it; Jane right behind him. Her LEFT ARM is SHUDDERING; she grabs her left wrist, clamps down grimly, and keeps moving. Yomomma screams, pounding the glass from a parked car in impotent rage. Johnny and Jane are gone.

FADE TO:

EXT. AUTOMATIC TELLER MACHINE - NIGHT

26

ATM's have gotten pretty scary, in the early 21st Century; this one definitely looks like it knows how to take care of itself.

It squats in an entranceway, like an armored tank-trap, bristling with lenses, sensors, MACE-nozzles. Johnny and Jane approach, Johnny deeply pissed-off.

JANE
Twenty thou.

JOHNNY
I don't believe it. You kill the only guy knows my download code, you want twenty grand.

JANE
Those bitches woulda diced you inna catfood.
(taps him on the chest)
Now you access me twenty, client.

JOHNNY
Be worth it to get rid of you...

Johnny takes out his gizmo, repeats the drill we saw earlier, re-programming his card. Jane follows the process with interest. Johnny turns to the ATM.

TELLER MACHINE
HALT! Display a valid financial instrument!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

26

Johnny holds up the freshly-altered credit card. Lenses on the ATM swivel.

TELLER MACHINE
Approach the cash-point...

Johnny does, a little too quickly.

TELLER MACHINE
MOVE IN A CALM AND DELIBERATE
MANNER!

Johnny complies.

TELLER MACHINE
Insert your card. Hologram
first. Magnetic strip uppermost
and to the left.

Done. Johnny waits. Jane watches from the sidelines.

This is taking a while... The machine periodically emits loud clanks, whirrings... Tension builds. The lenses swivel and click; they can't get enough of Johnny. He's starting to sweat.

JOHNNY
Is there a problem of some kind?

TELLER MACHINE
A...problem, sir?

JOHNNY
Well this is pretty slow ser--

TELLER MACHINE
AAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRROOOOOOOOOOGAH!!!

JOHNNY
Son of a bitch!!

Deafening imitation of a submarine's dive-claxon, as stunning STROBES flash and a huge pair of waist-grabbing PINCERS pop out of the machine's armor to GRAB Johnny -- who's only marginally too fast for it, because it's firmly GOT his jacket -- as Jane yanks him free -- just as the Mace-nozzles open up, drenching them both.

EXT. SNACK-ROOKEY - NIGHT

27

Side-street. Bright row of Japanese-style vending-machines, multi-lingual signs, models of food displayed behind plastic. On a nearby bench, a victim of Nerve Attenuation Syndrome rocks back and forth; he's ragged, faint from hunger.

CONTINUED:

Jane and Johnny, Mace-soaked and red-eyed, gaze hungrily at the goodies offered by the machines.

JANE

Got any cash money on you, boss man?

JOHNNY

Never touch the stuff. But I don't think I wanna try another credit card, just now.

JANE

Yeah? Well, I'm a little short, myself...

JOHNNY

Come on! Feed it some change, for fuck's sake, nuke us a coupla soya bars, anything!

He glances with angry revulsion at the rocking man.

JOHNNY

Jesus fucking Christ can't they keep those people off the street? Enough to make you puke...

JANE: REACTION SHOT, sudden hard ANGER, and SOMETHING ELSE.

JANE

It's not his fault, asshole! It isn't even fucking contagious!

Johnny's jolted from his peevish mood by the intensity of her reaction (which, of course, he can't understand). This girl is not someone you want to have seriously pissed-off at you.

JOHNNY

Okay, okay. No problem. Get us some food. I'll pay you back...

Jane digs sullenly in the pockets of her jeans, but is interrupted by--

COPPERTOP (O.S.)

I wouldn't put any money in this thing, not if I were you...

COPPERTOP, an orange-haired Lo-tek, squats like a monkey atop the machine. Jane steps back, quick, as Lo-teks RASCHID (black, very tall) and CONNIE (female, Asian) appear around corner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

27

JOHNNY

Who says?

Coppertop hops down, agile as a cat.

COPPERTOP

Coppertop's the handle. 'Low
technique, high technology', our
motto, no?

JANE

Coppertop cause of the hair?

COPPERTOP

Cause I just keep on goin',
razorgirl.

He leers at Jane. Connie steps up to the machine, takes a
slender NOZZLE from beneath her poncho. We glimpse a flexible
tube and a small pressure-tank.

CONNIE

Doncha hate these suckers take
your coinage, give ya jack shit?

RASCHID

Best we test it first, yeah.

She slips the nozzle into a LOCK on the face of the machine.
Hiss of escaping GAS. The nozzle and the metal around the lock
FROST OVER instantly. She yanks the nozzle out. Raschid produces
a short-handled sledge and gives the lock a whack. It shatters
like glass.

COPPERTOP

See? Told you it was broken...

He swings the panel open, exposing circuitry; trips a series of
micro-switches. Jackpot. The machine flashes and clangs,
disgorging eggrolls, sandwiches, etc. Connie and Raschid catch
the stuff in their upheld ponchos. Jane helps herself.
Coppertop hands Johnny a sandwich.

COPPERTOP

Eat up. You havin' a long night.

JOHNNY

What's that supposed to mean?

COPPERTOP

(quietly)

J-Bone met you out'n ratlands,
recall? Tell us watch out for
vou. An' give you this.

CONTINUED: (3)

Produces a small grubby plastic bag from beneath his rags and hands it to Johnny, who gingerly parts the plastic and peers in: half a dozen moldy old SHOTGUN SHELLS.

JOHNNY

What are they?

COPPERTOP

Double-ought buck. Twelve-gauge.

Johnny looks up from the bag.

JOHNNY

I don't get it.

COPPERTOP

Look it up. Not my problem.

Jane's gone over to the bench; she's feeding part of a sandwich to the rocking man. Looks back at the shells, hesitates, then pockets the bag abruptly.

JOHNNY

Well. Thanks. I guess.

Coppertop bows, mockingly.

COPPERTOP

Hey, believe me, wasn't my idea.
Neither is this: your night gets
too long, this or any other, come
find us up in Heaven. J-Bone
tol' me tell you that.

With a shrug of farewell for Johnny, Coppertop gestures to Connie and Raschid to follow him; their poncho-skirts-laden with steaming snacks, they vanish around the corner of the looted machine.

JOHNNY

Hey...

He steps quickly around the machine; his POV: they're gone. We hear Coppertop's LAUGH, somewhere above us. Johnny's POV as he scans rooftops and fire-escapes. Nothing.

JANE

(around her own
sandwich)

You hang much with Lo-teks,
Johnny-san? Me, I scope their
output regular.

She taps her video-rig to indicate what she means.

CONTINUED: (4)

27

JOHNNY

Don't talk with your mouth full.

She wipes her mouth on the back of her arm.

JANE

How you gonna pay me now?

JOHNNY

That's the least of my worries...

JANE

No shit? I'm a working girl.
Gotta earn my dough.

JOHNNY

Earn it, then. I got somewhere I
need to get into. You can watch
my back for me.

JANE

Yeah. Where's that?

JOHNNY

Ralfi's place.

INT. THE DROME

28

Street Preacher enters through bar crowd as though they aren't there. He moves, as always, as though he's on a mission from God. A mission of vengeance. Bernie the Agent is still at his usual table; frowns as he sees the man in black approaching.

STREET PREACHER

I understand you spoke with the
woman who left with Ralfi.

Bernie looks up at Street Preacher. Clearly hates him. Beat.

BERNIE

Sheeee-it. Nothin' t'tell.
Little girl too fast for them big
bitches.

STREET PREACHER

Who was she?

Bernie grins up slyly at Street Preacher.

BERNIE

Who knows, baby? She just too
bad fast for them-big-ass she-
males, is all.

CONTINUED:

STREET PREACHER leans over the table, snags his FINGER through the BIG GOLD RING in Bernie's earlobe. From beneath his coat he produces a sort of ecclesiastical Bowie knife, its glittering length engraved with the Last Supper. The handle is a gold-and-ivory crucifix, Christ's outstretched arms spread on the brass cross-hilts. CLOSE as he raises it to his lips for a reverent kiss. He lowers it smoothly down on top of Bernie's ear, ready to slice. Bernie's eyes slide sideways; he's looking at the knife.

BERNIE

How you get that past the metal-detector?

STREET PREACHER

The Lord moves in mysterious ways. Now are you going to make me ask you twice, sinner?

Bernie has a lot of balls, but this isn't worth losing an ear over.

BERNIE

This wanna-be, always in here hustling for work, she's the one.

STREET PREACHER

Name.

BERNIE

Janey, they call her.

STREET PREACHER

Janey what?

BERNIE

These kids don't have last names. Off the street, follow me?

STREET PREACHER

More.

BERNIE

She's one of Spider's jobs.

STREET PREACHER

Spider?

BERNIE

Flesh-mechanic. Jacks 'em up, cheap 'n' nasty. Bootleg implants and shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

28

STREET PREACHER

Where?

BERNIE

Halyard Street somewhere. Toward
the river. By Landfill 5. All I
know. You'll find him...

STREET PREACHER nods. Beat.

STREET PREACHER

Yes, I'll find them. And I'll
bring them home, to Jesus...

He sheathes his knife, lets go of Bernie's ear. Bernie reaches
up to touch his ear. Brings it down: a drop of blood. He
watches as Street Preacher walks out of the Drome.

INT. MOB HEADQUARTERS

29

Franzetti looks more melancholy than ever. The table in front
of him is covered with empty cups of take-out coffee and a large
ashtray, spotless and unused. In the chair nearest him, where
we last saw the mysterious CONSOLE, sits the HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE
of a beautiful young woman, her eyes blank and wonderfully
bright -- this is Harriman's SECRETARY, an ARTIFICIAL
INTELLIGENCE, a computer-generated simulacrum. Her voice is
husky, caressing.

FRANZETTI

The Preacher check in?

SECRETARY

No, Mr. Franzetti, he hasn't.

FRANZETTI

That sick fuck...

Franzetti takes an elaborate gold cigarette-case from his
suitcoat, opens it, selects a cigarette. Franzetti starts to
light up with a fat nugget-finish gold Dupont.

SECRETARY

I'm sorry, Mr. Franzetti, but
you've programmed me to remind
you not to do that.

Franzetti sighs. Puts cigarette and lighter away.

FRANZETTI

Fuck...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SECRETARY

I'm sorry, Mr. Franzetti.

FRANZETTI

How 'bout Pretty and Yomomma?
The clinic call?

SECRETARY

Pretty has mild concussion.
Yomomma will require facial
grafts...

FRANZETTI

Jesus. What'll that cost us?

SECRETARY

I'll obtain a quote from--

FRANZETTI

Forget it. Fucking monsters...
All fucking monsters... If this
little motherfucker gives me the
slip...

SECRETARY

Our people at ConExMexAmeriBank
have his plastic locked down
tight, Mr. Franzetti. He can't
draw an inch of credit anywhere
on the planet, no matter how hard
he twists it.

Her smile and voice are beautiful and banal as ever, but she's
acquired Mob syntax; a creepy effect.

FRANZETTI

Who we got watching Ralfi's
place?

SECRETARY

Bolt and Dakin.

FRANZETTI

They any good?

SECRETARY

Mr. Bolt's resume--

FRANZETTI

Resume? Christ. Forget I
asked...

The Secretary demurely lowers her eyes. She's very slightly
TRANSLUCENT and seems to be LIT FROM WITHIN. Franzetti rubs his
eyes and stares off into space.

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANZETTI

Hey...

She looks up.

SECRETARY

Yes, Mr. Franzetti?

FRANZETTI

You know those books, the ones
the pictures move in?

SECRETARY

No sir.

FRANZETTI

My kids. They want these
Japanese books. Costa fortune.
You open them, see, the animals
move, like talk to you...

SECRETARY

Artificial intelligence, Mr.
Franzetti. Like myself.

FRANZETTI

Nah, I can talk to you. These
rabbits gimme the fucking creeps.
This picture of a bunny, it's
talking to my kids... Sick. The
world is sick...

SECRETARY

You've seldom been comfortable
with new technologies, Mr.
Franzetti.

FRANZETTI

Calls you by your name.
'Angelo,' it sez, 'come inna th'
magic forest...'

He wipes his brow with a silk handkerchief.

FRANZETTI

Sick. This Street Preacher
character, he's sick. How come I
got use these kinda sickfucks?

SECRETARY

Because he's very good at what he
does, Mr. Franzetti?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

29

FRANZETTI

Good? My cousin Julie, he was good...

SECRETARY

Your cousin died eight years ago, Mr. Franzetti, of a coronary--

Franzetti doesn't want to hear it. Picking up a REMOTE, he clicks his Secretary OFF. She VANISHES instantly, revealing the console in the chair. He takes out a cigarette. Lights it with the fat gold lighter. He sighs. This modern world is fucked; nothing's what it used to be.

EXT. STREET, NEAR RALFI'S - NIGHT

30

A pair of Mob heavies, BOLT and DAKIN, are parked in a CAR across the street from Ralfi's building.

INT. MOB CAR

31

BOLT

That Street Preacher, he's too weird...

DAKIN

No shit.

BOLT

Always askin' if you been saved...

DAKIN

Me, I'm Cat'lic...

BOLT

No shit...

EXT. STREET, NEAR RALFI'S - NIGHT

32

Johnny and Jane with the wind behind them, moving in the direction of Ralfi's place. They keep close to the wall. Bolt and Dakin start their car and drive away as Johnny and Jane get close. Johnny looks after them.

JANE

What?

JOHNNY

Dunno. Feeling. Come on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

32

They duck into the foyer of Ralfi's building. It's in shitty shape, the street-door permanently unlocked, banging in the wind.

INT. FOYER

33

JANE

He lived here? Thought he was
such a high-roller.

Johnny slips the gizmo from his pocket and uses it on a card-lock on the elevator-panel, fiddling with the buttons. Something chimes.. An elevator is descending.

JOHNNY

It's a stealth condo. Penthouse.
And with Ralfi's Mob connections,
the locals weren't too liable to
B&E him...

Elevator opens, they get in. Ralfi pushes a button; CH button "PENTHOUSE". Next one up is "ROOF".

INT. ELEVATOR

34

JANE

Ralfi's Mob connections? How
'bout yours?

JOHNNY

Got a hunch mine are worn kinda
thin, right now.

JANE

What were you doing for them?

JOHNNY

Moving things around.

JANE

Dope?

JOHNNY

Data.

JANE

Yeah? Got it on you?

JOHNNY

Got it in me. That's my problem.

The door opens. They step out into the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR

35

Jane watches the corridor as Johnny uses the gizmo to unlock Ralfi's door. It's a tense little process but he knows what he's doing.

JOHNNY

C'mon...

INT. RALFI'S, HALLWAY

36

Dark. A futuristic KITCHEN opens off to the side, gleaming white. They move on, into

INT. RALFI'S, LIVING ROOM

37

Roofed with frosted-glass skylight. Tacky and sepulchral, like a miniature Graceland; dim light.

JANE

Wow. This some kinda whorehouse or something?

JOHNNY

No, but he woulda been flattered...

JANE

What is it you're after?

JOHNNY

The downloader. I need Ralfi's code to get this shit out of my head. And anything else we can find that'll clue me into what's going on...

Johnny begins to search the place, in a hurry. Jane's on edge, ready for trouble. She spots a red LED blinking, across the room.

JANE

Look. He gotta message.

Ralfi crosses to the machine and pushes a button. Answering-machine noises, then we hear Angelo's voice.

FRANZETTI

(v.o., filter)

Hey. Shithead. That guy you got coming in tonight, the Singapore thing, that's all changed.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

37

FRANZETTI (Cont'd)
Company they took the goods from
has already paid up. They don't
wanna take any chances with this
one, so you sit tight. I'll have
a coupla my boys meet the guy,
unnerstand?

Message ends. Johnny and Jane exchange glances. Second
message: Angelo again, irritated and impatient:

FRANZETTI
(v.o., filter)
Shithead. Where the fuck are
you? You supposed to bring him up
here. What gives?

Jane looks at Johnny.

JANE
Yeah. What does give, cowboy?

Sound of Angelo slamming down the phone. Johnny throws himself
back into the search, ransacking the place.

EXT. STREET, NEAR RALFI'S

38

Bolt and Dakin pull up in their car. They get out, Bolt
carrying a large nylon sports-equipment bag. They're bigger
than Laslo and Spencer. Smarter. They enter Ralfi's building.

INT. RALFI'S, FOYER

39

Dakin has the card-key to the elevator.

INT. RALFI'S, ELEVATOR

40

Dakin punches "ROOF". Bolt opens the bag, takes out motorcycle
helmets and nastily flexible truncheons.

INT. RALFI'S, LIVING ROOM

41

Johnny's tearing the place apart, but with a certain degree of
professionalism. Jane watches from beside the couch, poking
curiously at a repulsive-looking pile of sex-toys on the glass
coffee-table.

JANE
Looks like you know what you're
doing.

CONTINUED:

41

JOHNNY

Yeah? How's that?

JANE

Like you know what not to give a
shit about.

Johnny grins.

JOHNNY

Had a summer job once.

JANE

Doing what?

JOHNNY

Breaking and entering... SHIT!!!
WHERE'D YOU PUT IT, YOU DEAD
MOTHERFUCKER!?Jane picks up a shocking-pink vaginoid suck-a-matic thingie and
pulls it apart. A little black box falls out, trailing wires
and a miniature trode-set. Johnny's jaw drops.

JOHNNY

THAT'S IT!! You're BEAUTIFUL!!!

He grabs her and gives her a kiss; a big wet smack.

JOHNNY

Goddamn! Why'd you think to look
in there?Beat. The unexpected kiss, nonsexual as it was, has spooked
her; we get just a glimpse of the girl inside the tough act,
then she recovers. She shrugs, dropping the halves of the sex-
toy, unconsciously wiping her fingers on her jeans.

JANE

Seemed like Ralfi's style...
What is it, a shaver or what?

He's turning the downloader over in his fingers, grinning.

JOHNNY

It's beautiful. It unlocks my
head, baby. It--Bolt drops a ragged hunk of concrete through the skylight,
barely missing Jane, totalling the coffee-table.

JOHNNY

YAAAGH!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

41

Bolt (wearing helmet) leaps through the hole in the skylight, lands on the couch, swinging his truncheon at Jane, and gives her a good solid whack in the head, smashing/knocking off her video-headset, sending her bouncing off Ralfi's wall of fake books, which pops open, revealing a baroque-framed liquid-crystal six-foot television that flashes into crazed quick-cut PORNO, complete with massively amplified PRE-ORGASMIC BREATHING. Jane down, Bolt goes for Johnny. They MIX IT in front of the tv, to the heavy-breathing soundtrack. It's close, but Johnny has his own style of in-fighting, calculated to produce maximum damage with minimum effort.

Shoving the downloader into his pocket, Johnny turns to go -- then suddenly remembers Jane. Tries to get her up. Slaps her. Her eyes open. ORGASM-SOUNDS from tv. She looks totally confused. Grins. Passes out again.

JOHNNY

Hey! HEY!! Shit...

Staggering, he manages to get her up over his shoulder in a half-assed fireman's carry.

INT. RALFI'S, HALLWAY

42

Johnny, struggling to keep her from sliding to the floor. His POV as we pass the KITCHEN: DAKIN, grinning, holds a gleaming CLEAVER.

INT. RALFI'S, KITCHEN

43

DAKIN

You like to cook, Johnny?

Dakin rounds the table with the cleaver. Johnny drops Jane like a sack of laundry as the cleaver flashes out. Close on cleaver chopping a ragged hunk from expensive white cabinetry. Johnny bashes Dakin in the helmet with a futuristic Cuisinart, but it doesn't help. Dakin recovers his balance.

DAKIN

Don't make it hard on yourself.

Johnny, eyes on the cleaver, tries to maneuver, but it's no good. As Dakin moves in for the kill, Johnny DIVES between the big man's legs, into the kitchen. CLOSE on cleaver going into tiled floor. As Jane's eyes open -- and Johnny rolls, under the table, up, overturning it, bowls etc. flying.

But now Johnny's trapped, back to a wall of fridge doors, as Dakin tests the edge of the knife, advancing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

43

Jane, on her back, claws something from her pocket: a homemade folding wrist-brace slingshot. As Dakin moves in on Johnny, she fumbles a fat steel NUT into the pouch, draws surgical tubing taut, and cuts loose -- all of this VERY FAST.

WHAP! It IMPACTS just below the back of the helmet. Dakin stumbles, Jane scrabbling up the wall.

JANE

Outa here! There's gotta more of 'em...

Johnny ducks past as Dakin sinks shakily to his knees, holding his helmet. Johnny and Jane run for it.

INT. RALFI'S, CORRIDOR

44

Jane furiously thumping elevator-buttons.

INT. RALFI'S, KITCHEN

45

Dakin remains on his knees, hands clasped to his helmet. On the floor nearby, something begins to SING, an eerie little electronic SIREN-CALL, full of sweet yearning.

INT. RALFI'S, FOYER

46

As the elevator opens. Johnny roots through his pockets, discovering he's lost the DOWNLOADER.

JOHNNY

Wait! I left it up there! We gotta go back--

JANE

Forget it!

As Jane drags him out, toward the street -- and starts to SHIVER.

JANE

C-come on, man!
I'll...aaaaaaah...b-be all r-r-r-

JOHNNY

Hey! What--

It's pouring down rain outside.

INT. RALFI'S, KITCHEN

47

Dakin's gotten up. The DOWNLOADER lies on the floor at his feet, singing -- until he CRUSHES it, grinding it beneath his heel. In the living room, the phone starts to ring.

INT. RALFI'S, LIVING ROOM

48

Dakin picks up the phone.

DAKIN

Yeah?

FRANZETTI

(v.o., filter)

Well?

Dakin surveys the wreckage. Rain's pouring in through the shattered skylight. Bolt is stirring. Dakin dreads giving Franzetti bad news.

DAKIN

It didn't go so good, Angelo.
They're gone.

FRANZETTI

The gizmo. You take care of
that?

DAKIN

Yeah.

FRANZETTI

Where's Bolt?

DAKIN

The guy dropped him. He's just
comin' round...

Beat.

FRANZETTI

Kill him.

DAKIN

What?

FRANZETTI

Kill him. Now.

DAKIN

Uh...why?

Long beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

48

FRANZETTI

You askin' me 'why'?

Bolt groans, trying to get up.

DAKIN

Angelo...

FRANZETTI

I'm tellin' you why. You and Bolt, you both fucked up. But you I'm givin' you another chance.

Franzetti hangs up. Dakin puts the phone down and looks at Bolt. Takes a knife from his pocket. Opens it. Walks toward Bolt.

EXT. BUS-STOP

49

Illuminated multi-lingual posters, scribbled with spray-paint. Big grim-looking public-transport vehicle creaks to halt. Door opens, Johnny and Jane descend. He has to help her. They shelter out of the rain in the bus-stop, beside an ancient BAG LADY whose bundles are crammed with yellowing computer manuals and print-out.

JOHNNY

Man, you're sick! You strung out or what?

Jane shakes her head. Shudders, trying to pull herself together physically by pure force of will.

JANE

G-gotta get to Spider's.

Johnnie's staring at her. The dime's starting to drop. He takes an unconscious step back. Fear of contagion.

JOHNNY

Jesus. You got the black shakes. You got that syndrome...

JANE

NO!

The Bag Lady notices them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

49

BAG LADY

Whatever it is, dear, don't go to the hospital. They suck out all your memories... They suck them out through a long gray tube...

Johnny can't handle this additional layer of weirdness.

JOHNNY

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

BAG LADY

Then they give you someone else's memories, an old person's...

Jane grabs Johnny's arm.

JANE

Leave her alone...

Johnny's in some very uneasy personal territory here: completely unused to having to care for another person -- and he HATES AND FEARS the idea of the shakes, which he could easily come down with himself.

JOHNNY

Jesus. Look at you. What, I mean, whaddya do, this happens?
I mean--

Jane's shivering, like she's desperately cold.

JANE

Spider. We used to-- I mean, he d-did my implants. He knows about it. I'll g-go there... S-sorry about the g-gig--

JOHNNY

What gig?

JANE

The job! I can't do the JOB!

Tears of shame and frustration start. Trying to hide them from him, she staggers away. Into the path of oncoming headlights. SCREECH of brakes on wet asphalt. She stumbles, falls. The vehicle is a huge waste-hauler, a monster garbage truck, ancient and crusted with toxic filth. High up on the cab, a door slams violently open. Jane, twitching like a gaffed fish, lies on the pavement, the rain steaming off her leather jacket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

49

DRIVER
YOU CRAZY BITCH! I OUGHTA STOMP
YOUR STUPID ASS!

The DRIVER whips off his workaday gas-mask. He's VAST, stubble-headed, mean pig-like eyes embedded in a face the color of raw dough.

Beat. Johnny steps out of the shelter of the bus-stop, into the rain. Walks toward Jane. Stops, looking up at the dark wall of the cab-side, the looming Driver. Beat.

JOHNNY
Go away.

DRIVER
'Go away'? Who the fuck you
think you are, buddy?

Beat.

JOHNNY
I'm your worst-ever nightmare.
I'm what you don't like to think
about when you're falling asleep.

This delivered with a chilling affectless intensity, totally out of character. The rain plasters Johnny's hair across his forehead; his face is slick and white. The Driver peers down, trying to process.

DRIVER
You must be fuckin' crazy...

JOHNNY
That's right.

Beat. As the calculated weirdness of Johnny's act undermines the Driver's attitude.

DRIVER
You're full of shit.

Johnny just stands there, grinning like Charlie Manson. Fear seeping into the Driver.

DRIVER
Hey, FUCK YOU!

Driver jumps back into cab of truck, slamming door, jamming it into gear, squealing giant tires around prone Jane. Johnny darts over to her, kneels. She looks up at him through her illness and GRINS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

49

JANE

You 1-lying sack of shit...

He's helping her to her feet.

JOHNNY

Spider. Where's Spider?

JANE

Eighteen-fifteen Halyard, n-
number ten... F-four blocks
west...He gets her arm over his shoulder. They hobble away, into the
rain. Behind them, the Bag Lady smiles vacantly.

FADE TO:

INT. SPIDER'S

50

Whitewashed industrial loft space, divided with funky translucent tarps that billow and rustle. SLOW PAN over the tools of Spider's trade: a scary SURGICAL TABLE, sophisticated MEDICAL EQUIPMENT, and equally sophisticated MECHANIC'S GEAR, arranged as if for a single purpose -- like a cross between an abortion clinic and a transmission shop. PAN ENDS on SPIDER at a workbench, bent over a delicate task. He's a startling blend of COMPUTER GEEK and SURFER/MUSCLE-BUILDER, obsessive/esoteric brains and pumped physique (suggesting that he's not above doing the odd little job on himself, if business is slow). Ordinarily he wears very plain geeky eyeglasses, but at the moment they've been replaced with a monstrous pair of SURGICAL MAGNIFIERS; peering down through them, he works on a minute circuit.

EXT. STREET, SPIDER'S - NIGHT

51

Hard rain. Crazy facade of graffitti-ed sheet-metal towers above Johnny and Jane. Jane can barely walk now; Johnny holds her up; her left leg makes weird robotic movements, out of synch.

INT. SPIDER'S

52

INSERT: MAGNIFIED VIEW of Spider's tools, probing the circuitry. O.S., a BUZZER sounds.

He looks up from his work, eyes still hidden by the magnifiers. Pushes a button on speaker-phone/intercom.

SPIDER

If you aren't expected, you
aren't welcome.

EXT. SPIDER'S, ENTRANCE-WAY - NIGHT

53

Johnny's propped Jane against the wall, beside a crudely-installed intercom/videocam unit; drool-like strings of silicone caulk.

JOHNNY
Name's Spider, right?

SPIDER
(v.o., filter)
Shop's closed.

A red LED winks on, beside the video lens.

SPIDER
And I don't know your ass from
shit in the gutter.

Beat.

JOHNNY
Well, she says you know hers.

Johnny drags Jane into position in front of the camera: she's in even worse shape now, shaking like a leaf, teeth chattering.

INT. SPIDER'S

54

Spider's POV: CLOSE, Jane on miniature liquid crystal monitor, distorted by the magnifiers.

JANE
(v.o., filter)
H-hey... Spider, babe... I...

EXT. SPIDER'S, ENTRANCE-WAY - NIGHT

55

Jane snaps upright, rigid, quivering, locked in a neurologic vise, her eyes filled with pain and terror; she emits a terrible high-pitched keening sound, as though someone were torturing a kitten at the back of her throat. Johnny falls back instinctively. Her limbs begin to jerk mechanically, speeding up...

INT. SPIDER'S

56

SPIDER
Her mouth! Get something in her
mouth!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

55

He hops off his stool, running, stumbles, rips the magnifiers off and tosses them aside. Runs to the surgical table and grabs something: it looks like an automatic pistol made of translucent milky plastic. Into ramshackle homemade elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR

57

The control panel is missing. Alligator-clipped wires dangle from exposed relays. Frantic to get downstairs, Spider makes a wrong connection; blue sparks fly. Then he gets it right, though sparks are still spitting.

INT. SPIDER'S, NEW ANGLE

58

The cage-like elevator, descending.

EXT. SPIDER'S, ENTRANCE-WAY

59

Johnny straddles Jane in a filthy puddle. She flops like a spastic puppet, her head hammering concrete. Blood at the corners of her mouth. Johnny pulls out his wallet, his deck of bogus credit cards flying, and wedges it between her teeth.

JOHNNY

Je-suuuus!!

Spider throws the iron door open with a clang. Runs out with the pistol-thing in his hands. Johnny's eyes pop at the sight. Spider rips Jane's t-shirt up, exposing bare skin, and pulls the trigger. Muffled HISS. Two more fast shots; he moves the barrel to a fresh patch of skin each time. Each shot ejects a spent drug-cartridge, leaves a round pink mark. It's a HYPO-GUN.

SPIDER

Upstairs!

Jane groans, relaxing into the drug. Spider and Johnny heave Jane up, into the elevator.

INT. SPIDER'S

60

Johnny and Spider carry Jane out of the elevator.

SPIDER

Over here...

They put her on the surgical table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY

She said--

SPIDER

Shut up, okay?

Jane's condition has his total attention; it's critical. He's moving FAST.

Pulls a pair of shears from a paramedic holster on his belt and zips through the front of her t-shirt, waistband and one leg of jeans. The sight of her body affects him strangely: a weird blend of LUST and PRIDE IN CRAFTSMANSHIP.

SPIDER

Jesus. Look at her...

Johnny looks at Spider instead; doesn't like what he sees. Johnny pulls a SHEET up over Jane. Sharp flash of NEGATIVE RECOGNITION between the two men. Then Spider slips a band of electrodes down over her forehead. He consults a monitor.

SPIDER

Concussed. Triggered the whole shit-load...

JOHNNY

It's the shakes, right?

SPIDER

The shakes, asshole. The black fucking shakes, just like half the people get themselves amped up...

Spider's gone from diagnostic to treatment mode now, laying out probes and instruments. But suddenly he stops.

SPIDER

You just understand one thing, okay?

Beat.

JOHNNY

What's that?

SPIDER

I wasn't my work got her this way. My work is clean.

He's so intense, we immediately doubt it.

JOHNNY

She, uh, gonna be okay?

CONTINUED: (2)

60

SPIDER

(exasperated)

Yeah. Yeah. You lemme do my job
here, maybe she'll be okay!

Johnny shrugs. Turns away as Spider picks up a sharp ugly
instrument. Johnny moves away from the table; we go with his

POV as he looks around Spider's. O.S., nasty machine noises;
Johnny glances in that direction, winces. Then he spots
Spider's COMPUTER set-up: a futuristic PC attached to fancy
peripherals for manufacturing small pieces of metal hardware,
the rig covers the length of a twenty-foot table.

Johnny sits down in front of the terminal. Takes the bag
Coppertop gave him from his pocket. Takes out a shotgun shell
and studies it: he's never actually seen one of these before.
Sets it carefully atop the monitor and starts tapping keys. The
screen windows through to a logo: "STERLING'S STANDARD
INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA OF TECHNOLOGY". Tap--

(FADE TO)

Another angle, screen rippling through CAD-CAM wire-drawings
that describe the evolution of firearms from the hand-cannon up.
Johnny overshoots, arriving at some kind of super-Glock laser-
sighted machine-pistol; reverses at speed, pinning what he
wants: the antique blueprint of a very simple SEARS ROEBUCK 1910
SHOTGUN rotates through 3D courtesy of a CADCAM engineering
program, the various parts of its mechanism moving smoothly to
demonstrate exactly how they work. Screen fills with a cut-away
diagram of a shotgun shell.

Johnny freezes screen. Picks up the shell on the monitor.

SPIDER (O.S.)

She's asleep...

Johnny spins around in the chair, "casually" bringing his elbow
down on the keyboard; the encyclopedia program vanishes.

JOHNNY

She's okay? You fixed it?

Spider's tired. There's blood (but not much) on his clothes. He
peels off surgical gloves.

SPIDER

You kidding? There's no fixing
what she's got, mister...
Mister. Mister what?

JOHNNY

Johnny. She okay, or what?

CONTINUED: (3)

60

SPIDER
Mr. Johnny?

JOHNNY
Just Johnny.

SPIDER
What were you doing with my
computer, Just Johnny?

JOHNNY
Just...looking.

Johnny's still seated; Spider towers over him. Tense moment.
Then Spider relaxes.

SPIDER
She'd be dead, man, she didn't
get up here in time... But she
won't be in too bad shape when
she wakes up. Not for a while,
anyway. You wanna coffee, Just
Johnny?

JOHNNY
Sure...

INT. SPIDER'S, KITCHEN AREA

61

Funky futuro-bachelor loft-living here. Johnny leans back
against makeshift counter as Spider shovels instant into dirty
cups, waiting for for kettle to boil.

JOHNNY
The shakes. Like, you can't
catch it?

Spider thinks this is an incredibly stupid question.

SPIDER
You can't catch it from people.
You could say it's
environmental...

JOHNNY
Environmental?

SPIDER
Your body's your environment,
these days. Everything we put in
it: chemicals, synthetic food,
performance drugs, implants--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

61

JOHNNY

Implants?

Johnny's hand goes unconsciously to his head.

SPIDER

Janey, she's got implants jack
her reflex-speed up. She's
quicker than a couple of
rattlesnakes on crystal meth.

He pours water into the cups.

SPIDER

On a good night, anyway. But
there's a good thirty million
people with attenuation
syndrome... And jack shit
anybody can do about it.

Johnny picks up his coffee, blows steam from it.

JOHNNY

That's what you do up here,
implants?

SPIDER

That and muscle-grafts. But it's
a full-service shop. Cosmetic
stuff too, you wanna look
better...

(considers Johnny)

Wouldn't hurt.

JOHNNY

I'm more interested in
implants...

SPIDER

Yeah? That why you hooked up
with Jane?

Johnny picks up on the edge of jealousy in Spider.

JOHNNY

Not the way you mean.

SPIDER

No?

JOHNNY

Listen -- you got a lot of gear
up here... I maybe got an
implant I wanted looked at? You
do that?

CONTINUED: (2)

61

Spider looks at him with new interest.

SPIDER

Bear shit in the woods?

Johnny puts down his coffee.

JOHNNY

I'd be conscious while you did it?

SPIDER

You conscious now? Maybe you better drink some more coffee. Come on, Just Johnny. Let's have a look...

EXT. SPIDER'S - NIGHT

62

POURING RAIN. UNKNOWN walking POV. Measured and ominous. STREET PREACHER has arrived. Looks at Spider's video-camera, then down at small bright rectangular object -- Johnny's CONEXMEXAMERIBANK card. His BIG HAND picks it up. ECU on card-owner's name: D. HILLIS STRUNK.

INT. SPIDER'S

63

The surgical table, unoccupied, in BG. Johnny sits on a stool. Spider rolls a device like a 1940's salon hairdryer into position behind him.

JOHNNY

What's that?

Spider adjusts the machine; it splits open vertically, like a clamshell.

SPIDER

Hold still.

He rolls the thing forward, half of it on either side of Johnny's head.

JOHNNY

Hey, I dunno--

SPIDER

Hold still!

Johnny doesn't like this at all.

SPIDER (O.S.)

Huh. Well suck me raw with a

CONTINUED:

53

ANOTHER ANGLE: Spider views a video-wall, the CATscanned contents of Johnny's skull described in garish color. He's clicking a remote, zeroing in on the implanted memory-chip.

SPIDER

I take it all back, man. How the hell much this baby cost, anyway? And where'd you get it done?

JOHNNY (O.S.)

East Taipei. Don't know what the price-tag was; somebody else got the bill.

Spider whistles, mapping the chip's intricacies.

SPIDER

Umpteen zillion megabytes... What do you keep in there, anyway?

He walks around to face Johnny.

JOHNNY

If I knew, I wouldn't be here.

Beat.

SPIDER

You government, Just Johnny?

Johnny shakes his head. Behind him, the wall-display goes crazy.

SPIDER

Mob? You movin' data for the mob?

JOHNNY

You got it, pal. Can I get up now?

Spider nods, offhandedly pushing the scanner away from Johnny's head.

SPIDER

That's one sexy, intense little piece of hardware you got in your head.

JOHNNY

No download code.

Spider does an exaggerated double-take.

CONTINUED: (2)

63

SPIDER

No...down...load...code?
No...shit? How'd you, uh, manage
that one?

JOHNNY

It's a long story...Spider.

Spider considers Johnny.

SPIDER

Yeah. I'll bet it is.

JOHNNY

But what occurs to me, meeting
you, seeing as how you got all
this gear and evident expertise--

SPIDER

No.

JOHNNY

Whaddya mean, 'no'? Just like
that, 'no'?

SPIDER

Guys put that in your head did a
mean job. Know what happens you
hire somebody go in there to try
and take it out?

JOHNNY

What?

SPIDER

A massive STROKE, is what.

Johnny: reaction shot.

SPIDER

Now, you want me to just try to
hack it, get the data out--

JOHNNY

Now you're talking--

SPIDER

Can't be done.

Not what Johnny wants to hear.

SPIDER

Not here, anyway. No place on
the street, right? 'Cause you
need a SQUID...

CONTINUED: (3)

JOHNNY

A what?

SPIDER

A SQUID. A Semiconducting
Quantum Interference Detector.
And the military doesn't exactly
leave 'em lying around...

JOHNNY

You saying I find this SQUID
thing, I can download?

SPIDER

Yeah. But I'm also saying you
can't find one...

JANE (O.S.)

SQUID like they used to hunt subs
in the war?

SPIDER

Get back in bed! You're--

JANE

(with a degree of
affection)

Put a sock in it, Spider, okay?

She pushes him aside and limps to a table; settles herself on it
edge. Very pale, with a couple of oddly-placed bandages.

SPIDER

If you don't rest now, you'll--

JANE

(to Johnny)

I know where your SQUID is, boss-
man.

Beat.

SPIDER

Bullshit...

JANE

Walks. Money...talks. Double
what you owe me, Johnny-san, I'll
get you your SQUID.

SPIDER

Nobody on the street's got a
SQUID...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

53

JANE

Well... Jones, he's not exactly
on the street. Used to be in the
Navy... You still got your van,
Spider?

SPIDER

What for?

INT. SPIDER'S, GARAGE

64

Dark. Sound of heavy rain from outside. Light angles in from elsewhere in building as Spider opens a door, revealing the weird bulbous lines of his antique Econoline, a patchwork primer-gray vehicle topped with a large blimp-like gas-bag. A crazy jumble of gas-lines feed down the rear of the vehicle to the retrofitted engine. The garage is large -- large enough for the action required in this scene.

JOHNNY

What is this thing?

SPIDER

Fulla methane, Slick. Swamp gas.
Beats shit outa waitin' in line
for Esso...

Spider unlocks a heavy chain that secures a huge, rusty, roll-up door to the street. He climbs into the van. Starts flipping a complicated sequence of switches.

SPIDER

Get the door up, okay?

Johnny and Jane grab the door. Heave up. Nothing. Spider's still running through the ignition-drill.

JOHNNY

Jesus...

JANE

Put some back into it.

Johnny bends again and they both pull, hard. The door gives, rises a few inches.

JANE

C'm'on! PULL!

Johnny heaves furiously; the door goes clattering up like it's mounted on springs, Johnny's grin of triumph changing to a grimace of horror at the sight of the Street Preacher. Street Preacher holds a very NASTY-LOOKING WEAPON in his hand: A TASER.

CONTINUED:

64

Two ugly little BARBS protrude from its snout.

STREET PREACHER

Rejoice...

Street Preacher fires the taser point-blank into Johnny's midsection. The taser is gas-propelled; the twin barbs are ELECTRODES, connected to the device in preacher's hand by fine strong COPPER WIRES. The barbs, no more than half-an-inch long, penetrate Johnny's shirt and flesh. Street Preacher thumbs the weapon's ON button. VOLTAGE pours through the wires. Spectacular effect as Johnny's hair FLIES OUT STRAIGHT and he GOES RIGID, lifted straight off his feet by the SHOCK. He crashes to the concrete floor, pole-axed by ELECTRICITY.

The van's HEADLIGHTS catch the scene as Spider GETS IGNITION and Jane pulls something from her jacket. About the size of a flashlight. With a sharp SNAP, the thing TELESCOPES violently into Street Preacher's rib. It's become a four-foot KENDO STICK, super-rigid. SPLIT-SECOND FLASH on Jane poised in classic Kendo stance. Then she MOVES, living up Spider's earlier crack about rattlesnakes on speed. She strikes five times; any of the first four blows would probably have taken out an average opponent, but not Street Preacher. The fifth one is directed at the ELECTRODE-UNIT barbed into Johnny's BELLY; it's like a GOLF STROKE. Johnny YELPS as the barbs tear free; the unit, trailing the unreeling copper wires, crashes against the wall, twenty feet away, in a shower of sparks. Street Preacher, apparently more startled than hurt, draws his KNIFE with a FERAL GRIN.

STREET PREACHER

Come here, child...

The VAN'S engine ROARS as Spider REVERSES, double down-shifts, FLOORS IT, TIRES SCREAMING, straight at Street Preacher. Who's forced to fling himself aside.

SPIDER

GET THE FUCK IN!!

Jane grabs Johnny by the collar of his jacket, half throws him into the van's open passenger door, jumping in after him, losing her stick in the process, as Spider swings the wheel, aiming for the open door and the wall of rain.

Street Preacher, knife in hand, jumps on the rear of the van.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

65

The van, from behind, Street Preacher hanging on, stretching, ready to hack through the gas-lines with his knife.

INT. VAN

66

Spider sees what's happening through the windows in the rear doors. Cuts sharp left, up on sidewalk--

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

67

The van misses a glass-sided phonebooth by inches -- but Street Preacher DOESN'T. He slams into the shatter-proof glass, partially THROUGH it, and HANGS THERE -- bleeding, unconscious, perhaps dead.

Spider swerves back onto the pavement.

INT. VAN

68

Jane's impressed.

JANE

Not bad...

SPIDER

(grins)

Where to, baby?

Johnny GROANS between them, clutching his stomach.

JANE

Left at the second light...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FUNLAND ENTRANCE - NIGHT

69

Gateway to a decaying theme park. Deserted Coney Island melancholy. Stripped and gutted cars lie abandoned in the parking lot. Spider's van pulls in, the methane-bag partially deflated now; he cranes out the window to check it.

SPIDER

Gonna need gas...

Jane gets out, followed by Johnny, a little blood flecking the front of his once-white shirt. He moves as though his stomach hurts.

JANE

(to Johnny)

Known Jones since I was little.
Used to come down here, sneak in
an' see 'im...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

69

Spider joins them. They follow her toward a doorway. Johnny limping, Spider kicking at the ankle-deep litter.

INT. FUNLAND, MIDWAY

70

Timeless dead carnival vibe, spooky and sad. Their footsteps echo in the gloom. Jane leads them past a faded billboard: "CYBERNETIC WHALES OF WORLD WAR III", lurid paintings of whales and dolphins fitted out with missile-launching weapon-harnesses, fighting with enemy frogmen. Down a damp flight of stairs.

Johnny looks at Spider.

JOHNNY
You know this guy?

SPIDER
Never heard of him.

JANE
Shhhh.

Puddles of water, rusting ducts, a labyrinth of pipe. They tiptoe past an open door. Johnny's POV as he glances inside: an old man in filthy military coveralls (THE ADMIRAL) is passed out on a cot, an empty bottle in his hand. He snores loudly. His makeshift room is crammed with Navy memorabilia: posters of ships and planes, parts of uniforms, signal flags, etc. Jane speaks in a whisper.

JANE
That's the Admiral...

They round a corner, into a fairly large, apparently empty room, the far wall of which is made of dirty glass, running with condensation.

JANE
Psssst. Jones? Hey. Pssst.

Johnny's eyes dart to the darkened corners. Nothing. He's spooked now.

JANE
Jones...

From beyond the glass wall, a splash.

JOHNNY
Uh, I don't like this pl--

Drowned out by crackle of static from a speaker overhead. CU on speaker.

CONTINUED:

70

JONES (V.O.)

Hiya, Janey-girl. Long time no
see...

This extraordinary voice is like a cross between Mickey Mouse and William Burroughs, cynical W.C. Fields delivery piped through a cutesy-poo speech-simulator circuit. The effect should be scarey, comical, and seriously alien.

JONES (V.O.)

Lemme seeya...

Jane takes Johnny's hand and leads him to the wall of glass. His eyes are wide with something like supernatural dread.

She raises her arm, uses her sleeve to smear aside the grime and condensation -- and suddenly an EYE is there, beyond the glass, scoping them...

JOHNNY

What the fuck--

PIRATE

Shit, man, he's a dolphin! One-a
them Navy augment jobs from the
war. Got more silicon in his
head than you do, Slick...

JANE

Shhhh. Don't wake up the
Admiral...

JONES (V.O.)

None too likely, honey. He's
enjoying his evening
medication...

JOHNNY

I don't believe this...

JONES (V.O.)

And I surely do wish I was
enjoying mine...

And the eye is gone.

JOHNNY

What's he mean, enjoying his?

SPIDER

Those augment jobs, they're all
junkies, man. Navy strung 'em
out on designer smack...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

70

JOHNNY

Strung them out? What the hell for?

SPIDER

Otherwise they're kinda hard to motivate. Y'know, dolphins, like they aren't much naturally into war an' stuff...

INT. FUNLAND, ADMIRAL'S ROOM

71

The Admiral snores. Jane steps in silently, looks around, crosses to a bureau, starts quietly searching through drawers. Locates a flat military-style case, opens it. Inside are a HYPO-GUN like Spider's and and DRUG-CARTRIDGES. She takes the injector and one of the cartridges.

INT. FUNLAND, POOL

72

One level above where we met Jones. The pool is large, lit by bulbs high overhead. Jones arcs out of the water at the far end; we catch enough of a glimpse to be aware of his Navy modifications, some sort of form-fitting, surgically-attached armor-cum-electronics package. He isn't smooth and gray; he's shopworn -- scarred, studded with barnacles, maybe even a tattoo or two. Jane's shoving the drug-cartridge into the handle of the injector; Johnny eyes it uneasily.

JOHNNY

What's that?

JANE

His stuff. Won't tell us anything unless he gets his stuff...

She whistles.

SPIDER

Yo! Sickbay open for business!

Jane shoves Spider in the chest, angry. She loves Jones; hates the fact of his addiction.

JANE

Shut up!

Jane's breaks the surface right beside them, grinning his permanent goofy dolphin grin. Water pours from a small speaker-grid on his harness.

JONES

CONTINUED:

72

JOHNNY

This is, I dunno, disgusting...

Jane kneels, puts the muzzle of the injector against Jones's skin, and pulls the trigger. Hiss of injection.

JONES

Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooh!

The water churns white as Jones's tail thrashes orgasmically. He does a slow, sensuous roll-over and vanishes. The three watch the surface of the pool.

SPIDER

Hope he doesn't drown...

JOHNNY

Fish can't drown...

JANE

He's not a fish. Mammal.

SPIDER

(to Johnny)

Fish don't get off on that bad tweaked smack, either. What they call 'Devil Flower' in Mongolia.

Jones resurfaces beside them, splashing them all. He bobs there, his black eye narrowed slightly. Beat.

JONES

God made anything better, boys, musta kept it for himself... Now what was that question?

Jane kneels and rubs Jone's nose.

JANE

You oughta get clean, Jones.

JONES

Next week, honey... Now you gotta question or can I just enjoy my medication?

SPIDER

We gotta question.

JONES

I was afraid of that...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

72

SPIDER

Just Johnny here, he's got some
silicon in his head needs a
download code to get it out.

Jone's eye swivels to Johnny.

JONES

No shit. That right, Slick?

JOHNNY

Don't call me Slick...

Static pops and crackles from Jone's harness-speaker. A tiny
HATCH opens in the harness; a SENSOR-DISK protrudes, retracts,
and the hatch closes. Beat.

JANE

Well?

JONES

Got it.

Johnny grins in amazement.

JOHNNY

You did? What is it?

JONES

What's it worth to you, Slick?

Johnny's grin fades.

JOHNNY

Whaddya mean?

JONES

Janey, where'd you get this guy?
He just fall off a tree or what?

Johnny looks at Jane.

JOHNNY

Your dolphin--

JANE

Wait a sec. Jones, what is it
you want?

JONES

Outa here, honey. I wanna blow
this shit-hole... Do it now,
while the Admiral's on the nod.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

72

JANE

But where'll we take you? Where
can you go?

JONES

The river, baby. Leads down to
the sea, right?

JOHNNY

And you'll gimme the code?

JONES

Fuckin' A, Slick.

JOHNNY

Deal.

JANE

Wait a minute... We can't just
dump him in the river...

JONES

Deal's a deal. Right, Slick?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FUNLAND, POOL

73

We're in the shallow end with Johnny and Spider. They're up to their thighs in water, struggling to position Jones in a complicated canvas sling. It's not easy. The sling is mounted in a framework of pipes. We can make out wheels, under water. Jane watches.

ANOTHER ANGLE: Jones is in the harness. Johnny and Spider turn cranks. Ropes creak as Jones rises.

ANOTHER ANGLE: Jones is cranked up into position; the sling holds him in a waterproof canvas trough; all we see of him is his head and the tip of his tail. Johnny and Spider push the cumbersome rig up a ramp and out of the pool.

EXT. FUNLAND, PARKING - NIGHT

74

Spider's van, between carcasses of scavenged vehicles: rear doors are open, loading-ramp extended. Johnny and Spider are heaving at Jones's trolley, trying to get it up the ramp and into the truck. Water sloshes out.

JONES

Watch it, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

74

SPIDER
Wise-ass fish...

They get Jones inside, raise the ramp, close doors. They get into the van; Spider fires it up.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREETS NEAR RIVER - NIGHT

75

Back streets, deserted. Factories, chainlink wilderness. Spider's van drives past, the largely deflated gas-bag flapping in the wind. In BG, the Bridge.

They park on a desolate wharf, unload Jone's trolley.

JOHNNY
Okay, friend, how about my
download code?

JONES
Keep your pants on...

Jones' eyes close. Something in his armor starts to make a grinding sound. They watch as a long strip of plastic film, printed with a BAR-CODE pattern, emerges from a slot in the armor. Jones opens his eyes.

JONES
Piece of cake. Knock yourself
out.

Johnny tears off the tape and looks at it.

JOHNNY
What am I supposed to do with
this? Ralfi had a downloader. I
gotta hear just the right tone-
sequence.

JONES
Put it under your pillow. Jesus.

Spider smirks at Johnny.

SPIDER
Gotta scan it optically, convert
it to audio, you're home free.

Johnny looks dubious; doesn't trust Jones, but what else can he do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

75

JONES

Okay, Janey! One for the road!

He rolls his eye, ready for a dose. Jane pulls the hypo-gun from her jacket. And tosses it over the side of the wharf.

JONES

HEY!!

Jane grabs the back of the trolley and starts pushing. Jones rolls nose-forward toward the brink.

JONES

Stop! Wait! I need my shot!
You can't do this to me! I need
my MEDIC-AAAAAAAAAAAAAATION--

As the trolley TIPS OVER, launching Jones out in an arc, his voice cut off by the SPLASH as he hits the water.

JANE

CLEAN UP, stupid! Swim around
stoned out there and you'll
DROWN!

Johnny and Spider look at her.

JOHNNY

Why'd you do that, anyway?

Beat. Jane stands with hands on hips.

JANE

'Cause I give a shit. Come on.

She turns and goes back to the truck. Johnny looks after her.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPIDER'S, GARAGE - NIGHT

76

The door is still open. The van is PUSHED into frame by Spider and Johnny, Jane at the wheel, coasting in neutral, the methane-bag sagging, empty. Jane points to the smashed phonebooth as they pass, calls back.

JANE

Where'd he go?

Street Preacher's gone.

JOHNNY

(to Spider)

Good question.

CONTINUED:

76

SPIDER

If he wasn't moving, chances are
the local wildlife got him...

INT. SPIDER'S, GARAGE

77

Spider pulls the door down, making a huge racket; turns on a
light.

JOHNNY

Anybody waiting for us, I guess
you don't want 'em to know we're
back.

Spider picks up a tire-iron from a bench, hefts it. Gives
Johnny a funny little LOOK.

SPIDER

Guess not.

REACTION SHOT as Jane catches this and wonders what Spider might
be up to. But all this exertion has started to bring her shakes
back; she winces at the first shudder. Spider notices.

SPIDER

It's coming back. I gotta put
you under again.

JANE

Uh-uh. I don' wanna.

SPIDER

There's nothin' else I can do.
You need a coupla hours sedation;
either that or you're back into
the full-blown whammies...

INT. LOFT

78

They look around. Tense, but they find nothing. Johnny
doesn't like it.

JOHNNY

So maybe the neighbors ate him
after all...

JANE

Hope so.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

78

JOHNNY
(to Spider)
How long will it take you to
download me?

He holds up the tape from Jones.

SPIDER
Depends how big a load. But I
gotta get sweetheart here down
for her beauty sleep first--

Jane's shakes have subsided slightly. She still hates the idea
of sedation.

JANE
Lemme use the girls' room --
first...

She walks OS. Johnny hands Spider the tape.

JOHNNY
Set the thing up for me, okay? I
just wanna check something in
that tech-file on your
computer...

REACTION SHOT: SPIDER. So all of a sudden I'm a flunky? But he
takes the tape, mock-cheerful.

SPIDER
Any way you want it, Just Johnny.

INT. SPIDER'S, COMPUTER

79

Johnny, keying something from memory. The Technical
Encyclopedia flashes past, locking onto the BARREL of the
shotgun. Johnny presses another button. The word "FABRICATE"
flashes on the screen, starts to blink on and off. Johnny
selects a length of rusty, unpromising steel rod from an
assortment of junk, feeds it to the fabricator.

Jane leans into frame from behind, KISSES him, her hands on his
shoulders.

JANE
Thanks for getting me up here the
first time. I might not of made
it...

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY

Hey. Call it even.
(winces, touching his
tender stomach)

JANE

Spider's g-gotta put me under.
If I don't let him, I'll get real
bad again. Downer's the only way
to slow it down...

JOHNNY

Y'gotta, y'gotta.

JANE

I wish I could...stay up. Do my
job...

She touches his hair; almost a caress.

JANE

Anyway see what you got stashed
up here...

It looks as though they're about to kiss for real, but Spider
interrupts.

SPIDER

Janey babes! Time for sleepy-by!

He shakes a drug vial at her. We see he's PISSED OFF now; his
JEALOUSY seethes beneath the surface.

JOHNNY

Go on.

JANE

Okay...

JOHNNY

And don't worry about your money.
I'm good for it. And you're
worth it...

She SMILES.

SPIDER

C'mon, Janey! Gotta get you
down, get the goodies outa Just
Johnny's head.

She SQUEEZES Johnny's shoulder, follows Spider.

W. S. S. S.

30

Time series back on bed in a NARROW, CURTAINED ALCOVE. Spider
displays the contents of the vial into a hypo-gun.

JANE
Just a coupla hours, max, okay?

Spider turns, smiling, hypo-gun ready.

SPIDER
Just a little nap...

Spider shoves the hypo-gun against her bare forearm and pulls the trigger.. HSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS -- her eyes widening in surprise at the STRENGTH/LENGTH of the injection.

SPIDER
You'll be out for a fuckin-
week...

His tone is mean, POSSESSIVE. Janes eyes GLAZE, FLUTTER, CLOSE. Spider traces the line of her cheekbone with his fingertip. Then cups one of her breasts, rubbing his thumb across the nipple.

SPIDER
And when you wake up, Just
Johnny'll be...all gone.

He takes a phone from his pocket, flips it open, dials.

INT. MOB HEADQUARTERS

81

Franzetti and the hologram Secretary. A phone rings. Secretary "answers" it; she doesn't have to pick anything up, the phone is part of her. It's a speaker-phone; Franzetti can hear the caller.

SECRETARY
Paramus MiniMicroTel. How may I
help you?

SPIDER
(v.o., filter)
The guy with the chip in his
head...

SECRETARY
I beg your pardon?

Franzetti cranes forward, fascinated, gesturing to the Secretary to keep talking.

SECRETARY
Who's calling, please?

INT. SPIDER'S

82

SPIDER

Guy with the chip in his head.
Johnny.

SECRETARY

(v.o., filter)

Johnny who?

SPIDER

Just Johnny. Listen up. You
want him, you got him, but you
better get over to eighteen-
fifteen Halyard, number ten. Top
floor. He's right here. Right
now.

INT. MOB HEADQUARTERS

83

SECRETARY

Who's speaking, please?

SPIDER

(v.o., filter)

Bye.

FRANZETTI

You trace it?

SECRETARY

Yes. It came from eighteen-
fifteen Halyard Street, apartment
ten. A warehouse near Landfill
Five.

ANGLE on Yomomma and Pretty, rising in unison. Yomomma wears a custom-made GRAFT-MASK, a rigid transparent MOLD intended to hold her HEALING FACIAL SKIN in place. Visible behind plastic: stitches, dried blood. It covers everything except her chin and left cheekbone, which weren't burnt. It looks hideously uncomfortable.

YOMOMMA

His ass is grass...

FRANZETTI

The head. That's all I give a
shit about, his head.

PRETTY

We'll get it, Mr. Franzetti.
Don't worry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

83

YOMOMMA

Yeah, we'll get it, alright. The
rest of him, that's all ours...

FRANZETTI

You see the Preacher, tell him
he's fired. Don't wanna see his
freak face. One less sickfuck
around.

Pretty grins.

PRETTY

Our pleasure, Mr. Franzetti.

Exit Yomomma and Pretty.

INT. VIETNAMESE CANDY STORE, BACK ROOM

84

Street Preacher's having his wounds tended to. And he has a few, from his encounter with the phone-booth. He's sitting on a stool, stripped to a moldering jockstrap and the most monstrous collection of Born Again bio-mech horror tattoos imaginable. These are in some hideous genre that couples H.R. Giger with demented extremes of fundamentalist Christian kitsch, plus they manage to look as though they've been done in jail. Both his nipples are pierced with stainless steel rings (a small crucifix dangling from the left one) and he has nearly as many scars, big ones, as he does tattoos. A pair of utterly silent VIETNAMESE blandly minister to him. One of them is SUTURING a gash in the back of his hand; the other binds an elastic bandage around a dressing that covers the Preacher's leg from ankle to knee. Either the Preacher's had a shot already or he simply relishes pain. The score for this scene is soaring orchestral RELIGIO-MUSAK. Street Preacher's EXPRESSION tells us the extremity of his RAGE.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPIDER'S

85

Johnny sits in an antique dentist's chair, a band of electrodes across his forehead. Spider stands by with Jones' tape and a bar-code reader. Johnny faces a large VIDEO-WALL, multiple monitors, display LO-TEK VIDEO. Spider pulls the tape through the reader. Pushes buttons; the Lo-tek video vanishes; blank screens hiss, waiting.

SPIDER

Here's your code, cowboy...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

25

The reader emits the same wistful little digital tone-poem we remember from the decoder in Ralfi's apartment.

JOHNNY

Jesus...

On the video-wall, a dizzying cascade of computer-generated imagery, a graphic representation of the data rushing out of the chip in his brain. Spider, who has some idea of what the 'hard stuff' should look like, is momentarily awestruck.

SPIDER

Somebody's dumping core...

The data-flood eventually resolves itself into an intricate representation of a complex MOLECULE. The molecule, filling the video wall, continues to rotate majestically.

JOHNNY

(baffled)

That's it? What is it?

SPIDER

Whatever, there's a whole lot of it...

JOHNNY

Shit... I thought it would be something I'd at least recognize...

But no such luck. Dejected, Johnny pulls the 'trodes off, climbs from the chair.

JOHNNY

Give it to me on disk.

Spider punches buttons. A disk emerges from a slot. He hands it to Johnny.

SPIDER

What now?

JOHNNY

Time to go.

As Johnny crosses to Spider's FABRICATOR, Spider clicks the LO-TEK VIDEO back on. At the Fabricator, we see that something's progressing through the final stages of manufacture: little robot arms swing, trimming the thing with a laser. (All-laser operation here; almost completely silent.)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

It rolls out, into Johnny's waiting palm. The rusty piece of junk has become a ten-inch section of bright steel tube, one end with slightly thicker walls.

SPIDER

What's that?

ECU: Johnny testing the fit, shotgun shell in freshly-tooled breech.

JOHNNY

They do that every night, right?
Broadcast that stuff?

Spider glances at the Lo-tek show.

SPIDER

Sure.

JOHNNY

How? How do they get it out?

SPIDER

(ever the technical
authority)

They beam it up. Hack into
African comm-sats on the flyover,
then bounce it back down.

JOHNNY

No shit...

Carrying the unfinished shotgun, he walks toward the elevator. Pauses by a table littered with med-lab junk and picks out a tangle of rubber SURGICAL TUBING, a roll of heavy-duty TAPE, and part of a MOTORCYCLE HANDGRIP. He looks back at Spider.

JOHNNY

And they live under the bridge,
right?

SPIDER

Yeah. So?

JOHNNY

Be seein' ya.

Spider wasn't expecting this; now that he's called in the Mob, he doesn't want Johnny to go before they can get there and grab him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

35

SPIDER

You goin' up to Heaven? Listen,
man, they don't like that.
They're twisty little fuckers. I
seriously don't advise it.

JOHNNY

You got any better ideas?

SPIDER

Yeah. Stay here. It's cool.

Johnny looks at Spider; the invitation makes him suspicious.

JOHNNY

Thanks. But no thanks.

SPIDER

Hey. Seriously. It's okay. I
mean, Janey, she'd want you to...

That does it for Johnny; he smells a rat. He steps into the
elevator. Spider, agitated, jumps in with him. He looks at
Spider, then glances at the ravaged control-box.

SPIDER

Man, I just don't wanna see you
get fucked over!

Johnny selects an alligator-clip. It works on the first try, no
sparks. The cage starts to descend.

SPIDER

Just hang here a while, Just
Johnny!

INT. SPIDER'S - ENTRANCE

86

Johnny steps out of the elevator, Spider on his heels. Johnny
turns, bringing the newly-minted shotgun-barrel up under
Spider's chin. It isn't a gun yet, but it's becoming one.

JOHNNY

You take care of her. Maybe I'll
be back. I come back, she better
be okay.

Spider, FURIOUS, but he has to hide it. Then Johnny's out the
door and gone. Spider stands in the open door, face twisted
with rage.

SPIDER

Hope they kill you, motherfucker.

CONTINUED:

35

As a BIG HAND, sheathed in sharkskin and black bondage-rubber, grabs him by the collar.

YOMOMMA

You the boy dialed '911'?

Spider gapes up into the mask of plastic and unhealed, grafted flesh.

EXT. ANOTHER BUS-STOP - NIGHT

87

Johnny, seated, alone, the shotgun cradled in his lap. He's methodically binding it together with tape. It's starting to look vaguely like a gun.

INT. SPIDER'S

88

CU Jane's unconscious face as a CRASH and Spider's SCREAM penetrate; her EYES open. Then they CLOSE.

CUT to Yomomma and Pretty THROWING Spider into a stack of lab equipment; he hasn't got a chance against these two.

SPIDER

No! Wait--

Pretty grabs him, shoves him into Yomomma; she backhands him through a wall of shelves, books and software flying. Basically Yomomma and Pretty are doing this for fun.

CUT to Jane, awake but fuzzy with the sedative. She tries to sit up.

JANE

Huh? Spider?

More CRASHING.

CUT to Spider, Yomomma holding him while Pretty cuffs his head.

PRETTY

They're not here? You call us
an' they're not here?

Spider's face is bleeding, his glasses broken.

SPIDER

He's gone. I tried--

PRETTY

The BITCH! Where's the BITCH?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

38

REACTION. SPIDER: he hasn't known anybody was particularly interested in Jane. To his credit, he tries to conceal it, but Pretty catches on. She GRINS nastily.

PRETTY

Yomomma, honey, maybe the bitch
is here...

Yomomma grunts, passes Spider to Pretty. Flexing her shoulders, Yomomma looks around the loft. Flips out the long thin finger of a butterfly-knife.

Yomomma moves through the loft, the tip of her blade dipping and swinging like a dowser's wand. Hide and seek. She licks her lips. She's enjoying this.

Getting WARMER. She whips aside the curtain that screens the ALCOVE where Spider put Jane to bed. But the bed is EMPTY. YOMOMMA's POV on SHADOW under edge of bed. She FLIPS the steel-frame and mattress over with one hand. No Jane. Beat. Yomomma trying to SENSE her prey. She backs out. ANGLE UP to Jane, face WHITE with strain, arms and legs SHAKING, where she's BRACED HERSELF, face down, horizontal between walls of the alcove. She DROPS, lands in a crouch, sweat of physical effort pouring down her face.

CUT to Yomomma, still HUNTING through the loft. Intercut with Pretty, as Spider hastily spills everything he knows about Johnny.

SPIDER

He said he was heading for
Heaven! Where the Lo-teks hang...
The girl was here, but I dunno
where she went... I dunno--

Pretty hits him again.

CUT to Jane, CRAWLING on hands and knees into ELEVATOR. The partial sides of the cage hide her. Yomomma approaches. Building tension. Yomomma looks into elevator. EMPTY. Just the battered floor-panels, chewing-gum, squashed filter-tips.

CUT to Jane, in NEAR DARKNESS, some TINY CRAMPED SPACE.

Yomomma walks back to Pretty and Spider.

PRETTY

He says he don't know 'bout the
bitch, but Johnny's gone to Lo-
tek Heaven...

SCREECH of metal as the elevator comes to life, DESCENDING.

INT. UNDER FLOOR OF ELEVATOR

89

Jane clings in terror to WIRING, beneath floor-panels of elevator. She hasn't CAUSED this descent. HER POV as the FLOOR OF THE SHAFT whirrs UP at her, a tangle of old metal, lit by a dim glow through cracks in shaft-wall. VERTIGO; she'll be squashed like a roach--

INT. SPIDER'S

90

CLANG of elevator reaching BOTTOM. Beat.

PRETTY
Expecting somebody?

SPIDER
No...

Pretty and Yomomma, ready for anything, move toward the elevator as we hear it ASCENDING, Pretty dragging Spider with her.

Bootheels scrape on floor-panels. Massive frame of the Street Preacher looms out of elevator. Then CLOSE on his eyes. Sees Pretty and Yomomma. Pretty LAUGHS.

YOMOMMA
Where you been, Preacher? Angelo
waiting to hear from you.

Street Preacher glares at Spider.

STREET PREACHER
Satan's got his claws deep in
those--

YOMOMMA
Yo' ass fired.

Street Preacher's brow creases.

STREET PREACHER
The Lord's will--

PRETTY
Nobody talking religion. Talking
your ass on the street.

STREET PREACHER
His will be done...

YOMOMMA
Fuck this shit, Pretty. We're
out of here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

90

Pretty shoves Spider; he falls. The two big combat queens swish past the glowering Preacher, into the elevator.

INT. UNDER FLOOR OF ELEVATOR

91

Jane, grease-smudged and desperate, is still there. Voices from above panels.

YOMOMMA (O.S.)

...Back to Angelo and get us a posse together. If he's gone up to Heaven, good enough. Kick some Lo-tek butt, then we get his head...

PRETTY (O.S.)

(as elevator starts
DOWN)

You see the look on that Jesus-freak's face?

Jane CRINGES; her POV SHOOTs DOWN the shaft.

INT. SPIDER'S

92

CLOSE on Spider's upturned wrist on the workbench. It has the shaft of a SCREWDRIVER driven through it, into the bench, the start of a little impromptu crucifixion. Spider SCREAMS as Street Preacher goes to work on the other arm.

STREET PREACHER

Does He hear you now, boy?

Spider's twitching, starting to go into shock. Trying to form words.

SPIDER

H...he...h...h...he...he...

STREET PREACHER

The one with the chip in his head. Where is he?

Street Preacher grabs the handle of the screwdriver and rocks it back and forth. Spider's scream ascends the scale into a weird dry silent whistle of bone agony.

STREET PREACHER

Where?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

92

SPIDER

He-h-heaven. Under the bridge.
Lo-teks...

Street Preacher spits.

STREET PREACHER

HEAVEN? Satan's children,
fornicating the dark!

INT. UNDER FLOOR OF ELEVATOR

93

GROUND FLOOR. Jane HEAVES up a floor-plate. Struggles up and
OUT.

EXT. RATLANDS - NIGHT

94

Rubble-strewn plain, BRIDGE in background. Familiar from Scene
#4. Johnny comes slogging through scummy puddles, shotgun in
hand.

INT. SPIDER'S

95

Spider bent back over the bench, crucified, twitching. Bloodily
ICONIC, gorgeously framed, the light golden and rich as honey,
like a martyr by an Italian master. Street Preacher produces
his KNIFE. Tests the edge. Raises it two-handed above Spider,
like Isaac before the altar.

STREET PREACHER

Call out to Him.

Spider's eyes bug with terror.

STREET PREACHER

CALL OUT TO HIM!!!

The knife PLUNGES--

EXT. BELOW BRIDGE - NIGHT

96

JOHNNY

YO! MOTHERFUCKER! YOU UP THERE
OR WHAT?!

Johnny, up to his ankles in a plain of muck. Something creaks
in the wind off the river.

JOHNNY

YO! HEY!

EXT. HEAVEN - NIGHT

ANGLE from below, establishing Heaven, the outlaw territory the Lo-tekks have constructed among the girders beneath the Bridge. Heaven's bulging patchwork flank suggests the world's largest tree-house, built by several generations of hardcore Wild Boys. It's the look of ACCRETION; no architect could have dreamed this up. Rain-silvered plywood, segments of faded billboard-graphics, rusting sheet-metal, peeling tarpaper -- like the skyline of some crazed barrio, slung upside down against the distant backdrop of sharp-edged business towers. Light escapes from various openings, but only faintly -- a strange combination of candle-glow and the reflected flicker from screens and monitors. SOUND is faint steady PULSE of amplified backbeat.

We MOVE IN. Like approaching a spaceship made of garbage.

High above the river, in the lowest level of Heaven, RASCHID and STICK, a skinny black kid, huddle in a tent-like nest of old sleeping bags.

They have a little wax-spattered plywood table; they're playing cards by the light of a candle, passing the time and shooting the shit. They are supposed to be on sentry duty.

STICK

Next thing, she tellin' me it's mine...

RASCHID

They allus say that...

STICK

She tellin' me life ain't jus' some wet penis contest...

The wind brings an eerie howl from below, Johnny's call, faint and distorted. Raschid folds his cards.

RASCHID

Hear that?

STICK

Wind...

RASCHID

No...

Raschid cranes over the black void, listening. Faintly, on the wind: "Motherfucker..." Raschid grins wickedly.

RASCHID

Let's drop one, Stick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

97

STICK

Fuck that. J-Bone'll kill us.
Take 'em all week, haul another
one up, get it gassed...

RASCHID

Hey, it's what they for!

Raschid is scrambling out of the nest, excited.

STICK

Your decision, okay? Nothin' do
with me...

Raschid grabs a machete and runs up an incline, a wooden ramp.
To a humped rusty shape. A Volkswagen bug, or what's left of
it; mostly rust. It's stuffed with rags, paint-cans. He pulls
an oil-soaked torch from a bucket, applies lighter.

STICK

Don't do it, man!

Raschid raises the machete in one hand, applies the torch to a
rag dangling where the gas-cap should be, hacks through a THICK
ROPE, and shoves the torch into the Volkswagen as it SHOOTs DOWN
THE RAMP AND OFF INTO SPACE.

RASCHID

Yee-HAH!

EXT. BELOW BRIDGE - NIGHT

98

JOHNNY'S POV, UP, as the FLAMING VOLKSWAGEN plummets toward him.

JOHNNY

Yaaaagh!!!

It IMPACTS the mud-plain; gas EXPLODES. Johnny bounces up, solid
mud from head to toe, shaking his fist.

JOHNNY

IT'S ME, GODDAMIT!

He rams a shell into his gun, aims straight up, yanks the tubing
back, lets go. The SOUND is amazing; BLUE FLASH; the RECOIL
leaves him on his ass in the mud.

EXT. HEAVEN, GUARD POST

99

Buckshot whizzes past Stick's nose, goes clanging and
ricochetting away into the sub-bridge girders.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

99

STICK

Hey! Raschid, man, I think they
gotta--

COPPERTOP slides down a taut cable from somewhere above, freaked that one of the VW's has been released; the car-bombs are a big, labor-intensive deal. He wears a pair of Israeli night-vision goggles, currently flipped up..

COPPERTOP

Who's idea was it drop that bug?

Just what Stick was dreading. Raschid hops down from the ramp, unperturbed.

RASCHID

Somebody slippin' around down
there, Coppertop...

COPPERTOP

Somebody? You blow our first
line of defense on that?

STICK

Gotta gun or somethin',
Coppertop!

This gets Coppertop's attention. He steps to the edge, flipping his goggles down into position. INSERT COPPERTOP'S POV, NIGHT-VISION MODE: weird down there, antlike JOHNNY between twisted wrecks of hot metal.

JOHNNY

(faint but furious)
...total dickhead
motherfuckers...

Coppertop turns to Raschid and Stick, flipping up the goggles.

COPPERTOP

J-Bone's gonna have your asses
for breakfast. Figures that
man's some kinda friend of his!
Says he owes him a favor!

Raschid and Stick exchange worried looks.

RASCHID

Hey, CT, man, how'm I s'posed to
know that?

Coppertop's snapping an ancient window-washer's harness onto the end of a cable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

99

COPPERTOP

Get the line down to him. Haul
his ass up here quick! Do it!

INT. EXPRESSO BAR

100

A tiny curbside place, walls made of cardboard. Jane, propped
up against the counter, yawning violently, pushes her cup at the
COUNTERMAN.

JANE

Make it a triple, this time...

COUNTERMAN

You got it...

CABLE BELOW HEAVEN - NIGHT

SOUND of winch. As mud-covered Johnny, in the window-washer's
harness, clutching his gun, is drawn up. The only clean things
about him are his teeth and the whites of his eyes.

INT. MOB HEADQUARTERS

101

Franzetti, the Secretary at his elbow, looks glumly up at
Yomomma and Pretty, standing. Yomomma has a long, heavy
MILITARY-STYLE CASE under her arm.

FRANZETTI

When I was a kid, you'd'a had a
three-fifty-seven. Fuckin'
Magnum.

Yomomma shoots him a mean grin.

YOMOMMA

Law against that, Angelo.
'Sides, we got this.
(hefts the case)

SECRETARY

Mr. Franzetti, a jet full of
senior Yakuza executives are on
their way here. Currently
they're over Hawaii. They're
demanding to know the status of
the situation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

101

FRANZETTI

I thank God... I thank God my
father never lived to see this:
the Mafia a franchise operation
for a buncha Japs with tattooed
asses...

Long beat. When Yomomma speaks, she's only telling Franzetti
the hard truth.

YOMOMMA

They own us, Angelo.

Long beat. Franzetti looks as though he's either about to start
screaming or have a stroke. He doesn't do either.

FRANZETTI

Go on. Get him. This Johnny.
Bring him back before your Japs
get here. Me, I could give a
shit...

Immense weary resignation. Pretty's as chirpy-bright as ever.

PRETTY

Don't worry, Mr. Franzetti!
We'll get him!

Yomomma and Pretty exit.

INT. MOB HEADQUARTERS, OFFICE FOYER

102

A waiting-area where twenty-some MOB HEAVIES (male) are sprawled
on couches. A very mean and colorful crew, all races, all
colors. They get to their feet at the sight of Yomomma and
Pretty, concealed weapons clanking like a hardware store in
motion.

YOMOMMA

Where's my driver?

INT. HEAVEN, THE NODE

103

THE NODE is the heart of the Lo-tek's guerilla television
operation, the nerve-center of their pirate video system. Its
look defines their collective character: it's obviously
POWERFUL, but held together with SILVER DUCT TAPE. A crazy-
quilt concave wall of MONITORS presses in on an elaborate
COMPUTER/MIXING-BOARD where four LO-TEKS sit; one of them is J-
BONE. He is in charge. They are all intensely focused, the
mood like a shuttle-launch in spite of their outrageous rebel
look.

CONTINUED:

103

J-Bone and EXTRA #1 wear earphones and mikes; EXTRAS #2 and #3 wear VIRTUAL REALITY HELMETS, obscuring their eyes, and DATA-GLOVES.

The MONITORS are ALIVE, crawling with a delirious random flood of 21st-century global video imagery; every screen shows something CRAZY, but they keep changing, zapping, too fast to follow. The Lo-teks are pulling stuff in from all over the world, mutating it, mixmastering into their own subversive video-virus, all to a thumping backbeat.

EXTRA #3

Comsat M'Tongi 18, twelve degrees
ecliptic and closing...

EXT. ORBITAL SPACE

104

Green-blue hazy arc of Earth. A COMMUNICATIONS SATELLITE swings toward us. (This could be done with tweaked, slightly solarized standard footage, NASA or other hi-grade computer-graphics.) SOUND is the LO-TEK BEAT, shot through with static-sizzles and solar radiation pops.

J-BONE

(v.o., filter)

Lock on M'Tongi 18...

INT. THE NODE

105

EXTRA #3

Lock and load...

The blank mask of the VR helmet swings as #3 reaches up, carefully grasping empty air with the DATA-GLOVES.

INSERT: #3's POV in HEAD-MOUNTED DISPLAY, his iconic CARTOON-HANDS grabbing a CARTOON VERSION of comsat M'Tongi 18, adjusting one of its flat, wing-like ANTENNAS.

EXT. ORBITAL SPACE

106

ANGLE on comsat as the corresponding antenna MOVES. The HISS and CRACKLE fades from the Lo-tek AUDIO; it's crystal clear. And LOUD.

INT. THE NODE

107

Lo-teks CHEER as #2 and #3 pull off their helmets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

107

EXTRA #3

Done deal, J-Bone!

EXTRA #2

Okay! Let's slam it back down to
those God-fearin' flyover people
need it special!

J-BONE

Yo! Do it!

EXT. HIGHWAY, ROADHOUSE, KANSAS - NIGHT

108

An isolated bar/roadhouse/gas-station. Middle of nowhere. A
few nondescript vehicles.

INT. ROADHOUSE

109

Dim. Big-screen TV above bar is tuned to a Shopping Channel.
FARMBOYS drinking beer, zombies in nylon caps. Nobody talks.

INSERT: Shopping Channel displays image of some generic Consumer
Object. We don't know what it is; maybe the farmboys don't
either.

SHOPPING CHANNEL ANNOUNCER

(v.o., female)

You need one of these. It's lots
better than the other ones.
You'd better buy it now.

The Farmboys stare, blank as sheep.

INT. THE NODE

110

EXTRA #2 leans over the central console, extending index finger
in DATA-GLOVE; with gloved fingertip, he quickly WRITES
something in the air above a dimly-glowing blue rectangle.

INT. ROADHOUSE

111

Farmboys gape as ghostly fingertip, apparently INSIDE their TV,
scrawls "LO-TEK", like a skateboarder's tag, across the
Shopping-Channel. Then, with ugly RIPPING/FARTING sound, the
Shopping Channel is SHREDDED, revealing the hyper-manic
subversive image-barrage of LO-TEK TELEVISION.

FARMBOY

Gaw dam...

INT. THE NODE

112

EXTRA #1 slapping J-Bone on the back -- but Coppertop, looking worried, opens the door behind them.

COPPERTOP

Maximum leader, baby, I think
that favor has just come home to
roost...

J-BONE

What?

Johnny, a mud effigy, steps in behind Coppertop.

EXTRA #3

What the fuck?

Johnny shows them his teeth, more a grimace than a grin. Then, to J-Bone:

JOHNNY

You told me come see you, I ever
needed help...

J-Bone peers at the mud-man. Johnny pulls the DISK containing the data-download from his pocket, holds it out to J-Bone.

JOHNNY

So I need help.

J-BONE

What kind?

JOHNNY

Slot this.

INT. MOB HEADQUARTERS, GARAGE

113

Dimly lit, subterranean, loud with the revving engines of four black limos. Trunk-lids slam as the mobsters stash their gear (including Yomomma's case) for the ride. The mood is one of boyish excitement: they're going out to bust some freak butt, and don't doubt they've got the muscle, the baseball bats, the cattle prods to do it.

Yomomma and Pretty climb into the lead limo.

EXT. MOB HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

114

An armored door rattles up. The convoy emerges. Deserted streets where newsprint blows.

INT. MOB HEADQUARTERS

115

Franzetti sits alone at the table, smoking a cigarette. He's turned off the Secretary. There's a book in front of him: a large square glossy children's book, its cover printed with a title in Japanese and a cartoon rabbit in bright eerie pastels. Beside it a crumpled wad of expensive wrapping-paper. The cover of the book is the only color in what otherwise might as well be a black and white scene -- Franzetti's pale face, his dark suit, etc. Franzetti's eyes are hooded; he watches the book. As though he expects it suddenly to move.

INT. THE NODE

116

J-Bone, Johnny and Lo-teks stare up at the MOLECULE dancing on their central display. The rest of Johnny's DATA-STORM snaps and crackles on peripheral screens.

JOHNNY

I gotta find out what it means.
Otherwise, I'm dead.

EXTRA #2 is already fiddling with it, tentatively poking his data-gloves in the air.

EXTRA #2

It's in some kinda techie
Japanese. Maybe we can patch in
a translator program...

Spider turns, about to say something to Johnny, but WRINKLES his nose.

SPIDER

You smell like ratlands...

EXT. BELOW BRIDGE - NIGHT

117

Jane, stumbling through mud. Not in a good mood. Scopes the scene. Discovers a narrow ROPE LADDER. Starts climbing.

INT. HEAVEN, BATH COMPLEX

118

Johnny in mid-gasp under a cataract of apparently icy water. He lets go of the chain he's holding. The counter-weighted length of six-inch hose above him retracts, stopping the flow.

JOHNNY

GODDAMN, THAT'S COLD!!!

A pair of Lo-tek GIRLS watch him from the steaming communal tub they share.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

118

FIRST GIRL LO-TEK

Don' want you in here with that
shit on you.

Johnny's naked, shivering, but the mud's off. J-Bone's fully
dressed.

J-BONE

Let the man in the tub. You want
him to catch his death?

2ND GIRL LO-TEK

Plenty of room...

She stands up, water cascading from an extraordinary full-body
tattoo job that even stops poor freezing Johnny in his tracks.
Her thighs and haunches are striped like a giraffe's. The other
girl rises, covered with neo-Celtic crosses, etc. They both
stare at Johnny, then grin wickedly and settle back into the
tub. Johnny wastes no time hopping in. J-Bone tosses him a
back-brush.

J-BONE

Those mooks who killed Toad...

JOHNNY

Yeah?

Johnny grins at 1st GIRL, hands her the brush.

J-BONE

They were Mob. Coppertop says.
He says they want you dead.

1st GIRL scrubs Johnny's back.

JOHNNY

He's got that right.

J-Bone spots the shotgun, beside Johnny's clothes; picks it up
and studies it. Grins.

J-BONE

This is good. I like this...
'Low technique, high
technology'... The Mob, they're
after you 'cause we killed the
suits?

JOHNNY

No.

J-BONE

The disk?

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHNNY

You got it.

J-BONE

Where'd you get it?

JOHNNY

I brought it into the country for them. From Singapore. If I could find out what it is, maybe I could cut some kind of deal...

J-BONE

With the Mob?

Johnny shrugs. Brief COMMOTION outside door. Raschid enters, looking HASSLED.

RASCHID

J-Bone, man, I dunno, she sayin' she gotta see this guy, there's big trouble comin'...

J-BONE

Trouble? Who--?

And JANE's in the doorway. She sees Johnny in the tub with the Lo-tek girls. REACTION SHOT. Not what she'd expected. Came all this way to warn the guy she's started secretly to care for; here he is having a soak with these tattooed cuties. J-Bone goes ballistic on Raschid.

J-BONE

Man, how'd she get up here?
Who's on sentry duty?

RASCHID

Uh, said she found one of the ladders--

J-BONE

You useless sack of shit! You're supposed to check that! I oughta toss your worthless ass down for the dogs to eat!

(etc., continues in
b.g.)

Johnny's climbing out, grabbing a towel.

JOHNNY

(to Jane)

What happened? Spider had you under--

CONTINUED: (3)

113

JANE
Spider's dead. He musta told 'em
you were coming here.

JOHNNY
Dead?

JANE
Yeah. So I figured I'd better
let you know. But, hey, I see
you're being taken care of.

She shoots the Girls a look, then TURN ON HER HEEL and walks
out. J-Bone breaks off his harangue.

J-BONE
What's that about?

Beat.

JOHNNY
You got me...

INT. THE NODE

119

Coppertop, Extras #1 and #2 studying the screens. Everything
displayed in JAPANESE.

COPPER TOP
Some kinda research data...

Extra #1 points to a particular screen.

EXTRA #2
This molecule thing. Repeats,
over and over...

EXTRA #2
HA! Check this!

He SNAPS his data-gloved fingers; the Japanese text becomes
ENGLISH. Coppertop cranes forward, reading.

COPPERTOP
'Kuroma Biologicals'...

EXTRA #2
Looks like prelim documentation
for a patent application ... But
there's fucking miles of the
stuff... Gotta be a summary here
somewhere...

EXT. HEAVEN, OBSERVATION DECK - NIGHT

120

Jane, angry, dejected, and exhausted, slumps against the railing.

JANE'S POV, out across the littered mudflats. Four pairs of headlights come into view, approaching in a ragged line. A savage din drifts up: honking of car-horns, shouting, clash of metal.

EXT. RATLANDS - NIGHT

121

The Mob limos growl through garbage in low gear. Their windows are down and Mob goons hang out, thrashing weapons against the sides.

EXT. HEAVEN, OBSERVATION DECK - NIGHT

122

JANE

Damn...

INT. THE NODE

123

Johnny and J-Bone have joined the others. Extra #2 is hopping with excitement.

EXTRA #2

You know what this sucker is?

Stick slams the door open behind them. They all turn. Stick's eyes are popping.

STICK

J-Bone! Come see!

COPPERTOP

Trouble?

Stick nods frantically, scrambles back out the door, Coppertop and J-Bone on his heels.

EXTRA #2

This is a cure for Nerve
Attenuation Syndrome! No shit!
You can grow synapses back with
this! It's a cure for the black
shakes!

JOHNNY

A cure?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

123

EXTRA #2

Yeah, and it tests out fine!
These Kuroma guys are just
holding back 'til they get a
patent locked down--

JOHNNY

And Franzetti and his Singapore
connection ripped it off--

EXTRA #2

Probably to sell it back to
Kuroma. I mean, it's gotta be
worth--

Coppertop sticks his head in the door.

COPPERTOP

BATTLE STATIONS!

EXT. HEAVEN, VARIOUS - NIGHT

124

Lo-teks scramble into combat-readiness. Glimpses of their weird
defensive machinery.

EXT. HEAVEN, OBSERVATION DECK - NIGHT

125

Coppertop glares at Raschid.

COPPERTOP

We're gonna be missin' that
Volkswagen, dickhead...

BELOW, the black limos halt. Raschid grins, as the Mob boys
boil out of the limos, readying their weapons (mostly crosbows
with laser sights).

RASCHID

Sorry, CT... But look where they
just parked...

EXT. BELOW BRIDGE - NIGHT

126

YOMOMMA, closely followed by Pretty, emerges from her limo.
Carrying a BULLHORN, she strolls out, front and center. Looks
up at the bridge, the dark under-mass of Heaven like a monstrous
wasps-nest. She raises the horn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

126

YOMOMMA
 (amp., filter)
 LISSEN UP. BRIDGE RATS. I'M NOT
 GONNA SAY THIS TWICE. WE WANT
 THAT ASSHOLE DOWN HERE IN A NEW
 YORK MINUTE...

EXT. HEAVEN, OBSERVATION DECK - NIGHT

127

J-BONE
 Sure... CT?

COPPERTOP
 Yeah?

J-BONE
 Volkswagen.

Coppertop turns, raises his hand, brings it down. A signal for Raschid, who CHOPS into a rope...

EXT. BELOW BRIDGE - NIGHT

128

YOMOMMA'S POV as BURNING VOLKSWAGEN hurtles into space above her.

The Volkswagen CRASHES into Yomomma's limo. Both EXPLODE. Mob men PANIC, ducking for cover.

YOMOMMA
 Get the cars back! Outa range!

EXT. HEAVEN, A BATTLE STATION

129

Stick and a LO-TEK EXTRA lift an ugly object from the deck: a small BOAT-ANCHOR, its twin arms SHARPENED LIKE KNIVES. Stick tests the edge with his thumb. Then they HEAVE it over the side. (The line it's attached to is fastened to a WINCH far out along Heaven, so it SWINGS DOWN SIDEWAYS, a lethal PENDULUM.)

EXT. BELOW BRIDGE - NIGHT

130

Pretty is at Yomomma's side as she gives orders; the remaining limos are BACKING UP, out of Volkswagen range -- when the BOAT-ANCHOR comes SWINGING down out of the dark, IMPALING PRETTY, who SCREAMS, spitting BLOOD.

EXT. HEAVEN, WINCH STATION - NIGHT

131

A LO-TEK EXTRA yanks a lever. The WINCH whines--

EXT. BELOW BRIDGE - NIGHT

132

The line goes TAUT, yanking Pretty UP INTO THE DARK like a giggled frog. Yomomma HOWLS with loss and rage.

EXT. HEAVEN, VARIOUS - NIGHT

133

The Lo-teks cut loose with everything they've got: slingshots, crossbows, catapults hurling molotov cocktails. Yomomma and the Mob men scramble for cover behind the limos. We see Jane grinning in the Lo-tek battlements, using her slingshot. The Mob men rally, start shooting back; the laser sights give them an advantage. A couple of Lo-teks topple from their positions. But basically it looks like a stand-off.

EXT. GIRDERS BELOW HEAVEN - NIGHT

134

While the battle continues OS, we watch Pretty's corpse twirl slowly on the end of the anchor-line. CLOSE as a small GRAPPLING-HOOK flies out of the dark, snags in Pretty's clothing.

CUT to Street Preacher, on a bridge-girder, hauling in the grapple-line. He grabs the ANCHOR and JUMPS, swarming up the line HAND OVER HAND. UP INTO THE DARK and OS, leaving the corpse spinning below.

EXT. BELOW BRIDGE - NIGHT

135

Pinned down behind limo by Lo-tek projectiles, Yomomma opens her CASE, Something tubular inside. She lifts the thing out, assembles it. A ROCKET-LAUNCHER. CLOSE on interior of case as she pulls out a ROCKET, "MK-3 INCENDIARY, PHOSPHORUS" stencilled on its side. Loads and raises the launcher and FIRES.

ANGLE on Heaven as the rocket punches through plywood and EXPLODES.

INT. HEAVEN

136 136

Roar and burst of flame. Screams. 2ND GIRL LO-TEK with zebra-striped thighs grabs an extinguisher.

EXT. BELOW BRIDGE - NIGHT

137

YOMOMMA

Load me!

MOB EXTRA shoves another rocket into the launcher.

INT. HEAVEN

138

Flames continue to spread.

INT. THE NODE

139

The fire is affecting the Lo-tek's wiring -- fat spaghetti-loops of power-cable and fiber-optic lines. Smoke drifts from frying insulation. A couple of the monitors are jumping, flickering. EXTRA #2 sees this, pulls off his gloves and helmet.

EXTRA #2

Time to book!

Johnny's staring at the Node's broadcast panel.

JOHNNY

What do I push for broadcast?

EXTRA #2

Broadcast?

JOHNNY

I gotta get it OUT!

EXTRA #2

Out? All I want's my ass outa
here!

Extra #2 runs out. Johnny starts desperately, blindly pushing buttons.

EXT. HEAVEN

140

ANGLE on burning section, going up like a chicken-coop on a dry night.

ELSEWHERE, Coppertop and Raschid hack into wrist-thick HAWSERS with AXES.

INT. HEAVEN, NEARBY

141

J-BONE'S POV down flaming core of dorm section. 2ND GIRL LO-TEK sprints toward him through flames, leaps past, clear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

141

2ND GIRL LO-TEK

Do it!

J-BONE

Everybody out?

2ND GIRL LO-TEK

DO IT!!

J-Bone swings his axe, through the last twist of a hawser.

EXT. BELOW BRIDGE - NIGHT

142

YOMOMMA'S POV as the blazing section slides free, shoots toward her.

The Mob boys howl with fear, stumbling back through the mud.

EXT. HEAVEN - NIGHT

143

Lo-teks CHEER as the burning mass impacts the mud with a flare and a mighty HISS.

EXT. BELOW BRIDGE

144

Yomomma, crazy with rage and grief, rises from the mud, struggling to lift and aim the rocket launcher.

YOMOMMA

LOAD!

A rocket slides into place. She pulls the trigger. WHOOSH.

YOMOMMA

(laughing hysterically)

LOAD!

EXT. HEAVEN - NIGHT

145

Jane and Raschid duck as a rocket explodes nearby. They're standing beside a WINCH; strange-looking loops of rubber and HARNESSES hang on a rack. Jane notices these, points.

JANE

Hey, what is this?

RASCHID

Bungie. For jumping... Hey!

As she grabs one of the harnesses.

INT. NODE

146

J-Bone, flames rising behind him, steps through the door, sees Johnny at the console.

J-BONE
Time to go, friend.

JOHNNY
J-Bone! Help me get it out!

J-BONE
Time to go!

JOHNNY
It's a cure for the shakes!

J-BONE
The whole shithouse is burning!

JOHNNY
Broadband it!

J-BONE
What?

JOHNNY
FUCK them! Give it AWAY! Put it
OUT!

J-Bone pauses. Beat. Looks at Johnny as if seeing him for the first time. Then GRINS.

J-BONE
We're still locked on M'Tongi
18...

JOHNNY
Put it out on every fucking
channel in the world. Now.

J-Bone at the controls, hands flying.

EXT. HEAVEN - NIGHT

147

Jane climbs up on railing, a BUNGIE-JUMPING HARNESS around her ankles. She pauses there, slender and upright, flames rising around her, raises her hands above her head--

EXT. BELOW BRIDGE - NIGHT

148

Yomomma sees Jane. CLOSE on Yomomma's eyes in the GRAFT-MASK. Yomomma hefts the launcher.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

143

INSERT: YOMOMMA'S POV. Jane in the cross-hairs of the LAUNCHER SIGHT.

EXT. HEAVEN - NIGHT

149

Jane JUMPS as Yomomma FIRES.

Jane hurtles down, a human arrow headed straight for Yomomma.

The rocket misses Jane but EXPLODES in Heaven.

Jane reaches the END OF HER ROPE. The BUNGIE STRETCHES...

IN SLOW MOTION... STRETCHING... STRETCHING... Jane's hands, reaching, reaching...

ECU: Jane's fingers, the bunge stretched to the very last fraction, HOOKING under the edge of Yomomma's GRAFT-MASK.

BUNGIE-RECOIL, out of slo-mo, Jane WHIPPED back up, into the air, the mask in her hands.

Yomomma SCREAMS hideously, three-quarters of her new face ripped off.

EXT. HEAVEN - NIGHT

150

Raschid activates the WINCH, reeling Jane in.

INT. NODE

151

J-Bone punches a final sequence.

J-BONE

It's going out...

Johnny grins in TRIUMPH, the grin wiped from his face by a fresh EXPLOSION, very close.

EXT. ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

152

Establishing.

INT. ROADHOUSE

153

More Farmboys have gathered to watch the Lo-tek broadcast. The mood is considerably livelier than before. There are FARMGIRLS now, and dancing. Everything stops when the music does. The image of the curing MOLECULE appears on the screen.

CONTINUED:

153

Lab data starts to cascade past. One of the Farmboys looks from the screen to the BARTENDER.

FARMBOY

Hey Ernie.

BARTENDER

Huh?

FARMBOY

Tape that shit.

BARTENDER

Why?

FARMBOY

I dunno...

The Bartender thumbs his VCR.

INT. (VARIOUS)

154

RAPID MONTAGE of 21ST-CENTURY VIEWERS the world over seeing the broadcast data. A Japanese mother and her children, airport passengers gaping at huge wall-screen, etc.

INT. HEAVEN, VARIOUS

155

Fire everywhere, but the Lo-teks are tough cookies. They do have a bail-out plan, though it isn't all that much good now, not with the Mob waiting down on the mudflats. Still, they have no choice. Dozens of ROPES go whizzing over the edge.

INT. NODE

156

J-Bone drags Johnny from the console.

J-BONE

C'mon, baby! Time to slide!

EXT. HEAVEN, OBSERVATION DECK - NIGHT

157

Lo-teks going over the side, whizzing down their escape-ropes, knives in their teeth.

EXT. BELOW BRIDGE - NIGHT

158

The Mob boys fall on the first Lo-teks down the ropes, beating on them with bats and pipes. Yomomma in AGONY, clawing at what remains of her face.

Sound of a dozen POCKET PHONES ringing simultaneously. The Mob boys quit fighting, pull out their phones. The Lo-teks blink, baffled.

MOB BOY #1

It's over. Pull out!

His voice penetrates Yomomma's pain. Her own phone's still ringing.

YOMOMMA

What the fuck are you doing?!

MOB BOY #1

It's over...

He heads for the nearest limo. The others follow, climb into the limos, start up, pull away. Only Yomomma remains. Her limo is a twisted wreck, the VW embedded in it. Yomomma pulls out her own phone.

FRANZETTI

(v.o., filter)

It's over.

YOMOMMA

Over?

FRANZETTI

(v.o., filter)

They're here.

DIALTONE as Franzetti hangs up. Yomomma's eyes, in her ruined face, look down, meeting STICK's eyes. Stick STABS her.

EXT. HEAVEN

159

J-Bone, preparing to go over the edge, turns to Johnny.

J-BONE

Hey, they're leaving! They're pulling out!

A moment of MUTUAL TRIUMPH. A large, bloody, VERY FAMILIAR HAND comes up, over the edge. It's Street Preacher, breathing like a locomotive, his knife in his other hand. J-Bone's clearest line of escape is the rope. He goes headfirst over the railing, shooting down the rope to safety... Street Preacher's JESUS BOWIE severs the taut line.

CONTINUED:

159

J-Bone PLUMMETS into the wreckage of the VW and the limo.

Johnny looks up into the God-maddened eyes of his nemesis.

STREET PREACHER

Jesus loves you, scumsucker.

Street Preacher pulls himself up, over the railing. Johnny frozen in disbelief, staring at the glitter of the polished blade.

Street Preacher stalks Johnny, back from the edge. Just the two of them now -- and JANE, who's on her back nearby, struggling to free herself from the BUNGIE-HARNESS around her ankles. It's gotten hopelessly STUCK; her hands are free but she can't walk, can't get up.

STREET PREACHER

Come to Jesus...

Jane rolls toward the axe that J-Bone used earlier. Grabs it.

Johnny raises the SHOTGUN, pulling back the rubber tubing.

JOHNNY

Sunday school's over,
motherfucker!

Johnny lets go of the rubber. It snaps into the back of the shell. Nothing happens.

Beat.

Street Preacher sucks his teeth. GIGGLES.

Johnny hurls the gun at his face. As Jane brings the axe down HARD, between her BOUND ANKLES. Street Preacher LEAPS, Johnny TRIPS, feet tangled in an escape-line; Street Preacher is ON HIM, fingers tangled in his hair, CU the big blade whipping back for the killing stroke.

As Jane lands on Street Preacher's back like an alley-cat. Street Preacher whirls, slashing at her. Brute strength and crazed fanaticism versus her spirit, her drive to save Johnny. Heaven is BURNING all around them.

JANE

Maybe He wants me, shitface.

STREET PREACHER

NO! Whore of BABYLON!!

He slams a PILEDRIVER FIST into Jane's face; she flies back into a burning wall, like a broken doll.

CONTINUED: (2)

159

He advances on her with the bowie, breathing raggedly.

Johnny thrashes, tangled in the escape-line. On the burning deck, Jane's SLINGSHOT. He grabs it up, digs in his pocket.

Jane sags to her knees. The knife in front of her eyes -- as Johnny flips a SHOTGUN SHELL into the slingshot, whips it back, lets fly.

The back of Street Preacher's head EXPLODES. He arcs out into the night. Vanishes.

The burning deck collapses. Johnny grabs a rope -- and Jane, as she tumbles past. They slide down. He loses his grip on the rope. They're FALLING.

They strike the black water.

ANGLE UNDERWATER as they tumble, stunned and DROWNING.

JONES' POV, rising, beneath them.

He brings them to the surface. They cough up water, clinging weakly to the dolphin's harness, amid the flaming fragments of Heaven, as we edges in toward the shallows.

A RAGGED CHEER goes up, from the surviving Lo-teks clustered along the riverbank.

INT. MOB HEADQUARTERS

160

CLOSE on Franzetti and the Secretary, in their usual positions.

FRANZETTI

We lost the franchise...

SECRETARY

I'm sorry, Mr. Franzetti.

PULL BACK, revealing the room FILLED with young, black-suited, nearly identical YAKUZA MEN. One of them picks up Franzetti's REMOTE; clicks the Secretary OFF. She vanishes. Beat.

Franzetti gets to his feet, flanked by watchful, businesslike Japanese gangsters. With ponderous dignity, he walks from the room, surrounded by the silent Yakuza men.

The glossy children's book Franzetti was looking at earlier has fallen to the floor. Fallen open. CLOSE on it as a cute RABBIT comes to life, smiling and gesturing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

160

RABBIT
Come back, Angelo! Come back to
the magic forest!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIVER - DAWN

161

Jones nudges Johnny and Jane to the riverbank. Waiting Lo-teks reach for them. Johnny stumbles up the bank, pulling her with him. Jones drenches everyone with a huge deliberate SPLASH of his tail.

JONES
See ya, Janey-baby!

JANE
Jones! Where you going?

Jones WINKS hugely.

JONES
It's BIG out there. Lots OF
it...

He slides beneath the water, executing a tail-kick. Turns with another joyous SPLASH and starts out to sea.

JANE
JONES!

Johnny holds her.

JANE
But where'll he GO?

Johnny pulls her close. Kisses her.

JOHNNY
Like he says, it's big...

She kisses him back.

JANE
But where'll WE go?

Beat.

JOHNNY
I dunno. But like he
says...there's lots of it...

They kiss again.

END SCENE