

**LOGAN'S RUN**

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**BLACK**

A man's voice. Soft. Quiet. Soothing.

VOICE (V.O.)

After centuries of struggle, a new era had come. An intellectual and technological revolution...

Still images stream by - less a montage than an advertisement, a promotion.

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

Mankind was, at long last, on the verge of eradicating disease, war, poverty and pollution.

The stills show carefully selected images of the strife and confusion in a world strange yet hauntingly familiar. It is our future.

One thing common in each image: The world is crowded. Take for example the shot of Stonehenge with apartment towers looming in what had once been the surrounding countryside. But a good campaign would never dwell on the bad. Things get better. And fast.

Again in stills, speeding by us faster and faster, we are teased with glimpses of a future we long to see - the one they promised you in grade school. Technology offers sight for the blind, legs for the lame, food for the starving, peace and harmony for all.

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

The symbols of this revolution were the colonies - pristine ecosystems ringing the globe - farms used to feed a planet slowly edging back from the brink of overpopulation.

**EXT. EARTH'S ORBIT - DAY**

Said colonies, wheel-like and gleaming, in a geosynchronous ring around the planet. An awesome sight.

VOICE (V.O.)

Mankind looked ahead to an age of prosperity. An age of peace.

We direct your attention to the Earth below, half in sunlight, half in darkness - the night half blazing with the glow of ground-lights.

Enough that we can make out the shape of entire continents through a faint reddish haze.

VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But this new age meant nothing to  
the forces of nature.

Push into Earth, smooth but faster than light. We find ourselves in:

**EXT. FOREST - DAY**

A forest, lush and green. Peaceful.

TITLES: *Yellowstone National Park. A matter of time...*

The serene majesty of one of the last wildlife reserves on Earth. Shot after shot of silent, peaceful nature. Bright sunshine, running water. A MASSIVE STAG grazes in a quiet meadow.

Then the animal senses something, looking up. There is an almost imperceptible rumbling - less a sound than a sensation. Something bad is going to happen.

CLOSE ON the geysers of Yellowstone. Simmering, steaming, bubbling... Their percolating changes suddenly to something bigger. Steam erupts violently from one geyser after another. Then the blast.

We'll have to move back to safely observe it. Say...

**EXT. SEATTLE, WASHINGTON - DAY**

A black wall of debris and ash comes at us moving faster than the speed of sound. Thus we don't hear it. Just before it swallows us we jump back to:

**EXT. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA - DAY**

The black wall shows no sign of slowing. It overtakes us and this time we stay. We hear it now and wish we hadn't - wind moving at eight hundred miles per hour. The shock-wave changes day to night in the blink of an eye, leveling buildings like blades of grass. What little is left standing is buried under ten feet of searing hot ash.

**EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY**

The energy generated by the blast drives the ocean outward in front of it like a wrinkle in a large blue blanket. The tidal wave that forms gains height as it slows, looming large on its inevitable approach to Japan. Out of respect for the soon to be extinct, we'll move on to:

**EXT. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS - DAY**

The appropriately named Windy City barely survives the blast and the air we breathe is now dominated by a swirling cloud of abrasive ash. We choose to show the effect of this ash by CRANING DOWN TO REVEAL:

The animals at the Chicago Zoo. Howling and panic give way to desperate attempts to breathe. The animals quickly choke on their own blood, the ash shredding their lungs.

Not once in this sequence do we see a human being. We only see the monuments that man has made to himself - crippled and caked with nature's answer to scrubbing powder.

**EXT. NEW YORK, NEW YORK - SUNSET**

Two feet of ash covers the ground in Manhattan. Traffic is stopped, engines choked. Soot is the Earth's new atmosphere.

Finally we PULL BACK FURTHER TO:

**EXT. SPACE - TIMELESS**

Looking down on the United States from 150 miles up. A cloud spreads like the spilling of black ink with remarkable speed across the face of the country, then the continent, ignoring all borders, all plans, all hubris. It's simply too much to comprehend. But someone has to.

PULL BACK just a little further TO REVEAL:

Our view of the Earth is actually a reflection in the smooth visor of a space-helmet. AN ASTRONAUT, tethered to one of the colonies, his face hidden, watches the destruction of Earth. No going back.

And as the last glimpse of blue sea and green grass is inked out by blackening ash:

VOICE (V.O.)

Indeed a new era had come. And if mankind was to survive, he would have to rethink his society, his morality... Mankind would have to rethink himself.

TITLES: *Planet Earth: Lastday.*

BLACK

Silence, eventually giving way to the sound of desperate breathing, feet pounding... someone running for what is left of his life.

**EXT. RAIN FOREST - NIGHT**

A familiar lush and green, only more so. Bright moonlight slices through the dense canopy above. The sound of running is lost among birds and animals, babbling water. Looking closer at the dense thicket we find a pair of eyes staring at us. Hunter's eyes.

LOGAN-5 - world weary at 20 - wears a tight black uniform, a broad, off-white stripe across his chest. His keen eyes lock on the slightest movement in the underbrush. His hand reaches down to his sparsely equipped belt to slowly un-holster a gun, the likes of which we have never seen.

As he aims, a holographic display comes to life - floating above the gun in lieu of sights. (*This display is visible only from the shooter's P.O.V. directly behind the gun.*) The display shows range, wind, minute of angle, temperature, you name it. A moving cursor tracks and dismisses any non-living movement. The flick of a switch turns the image to infra-red. A scroll-wheel by Logan's thumb allows him to adjust the depth. This gun has eyes that can reach through solid matter like the parting of a veil. He can make out a vaguely human shape in the underbrush.

A single word flashes on the screen:

RUNNER

Logan looks down at the soft Earth and the tracks he finds there. He holsters his weapon and follows the tracks, relying on his senses.

He smiles, at peace with himself and the hunt. Soon he is close enough to hear the man breathing.

Logan sees a hanging orchid and reaches for it, smells it - taking in the beauty around him. We notice A RED CRYSTAL fixed to his palm, glowing red.

LOGAN

Runner.

The breathing stops. The jungle is suddenly silent.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

My name is Logan-5. I can help you.

No answer. When Logan speaks, it is with genuine compassion. A man you can trust.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

It's your time. Nothing can change that. Come on out.

No answer. Logan is too focused on the person hidden in front of him to notice ANOTHER MAN rising from the underbrush behind him. He holds a large rock, ready to strike. But a twig underfoot betrays him.

SNAP.

In the next instant, Logan turns, draws and CRACK.

The man falls. Logan turns back in time to catch glimpse of his original quarry running deeper into the jungle. Logan gives chase with remarkable speed and even more remarkable ease. He was born for this, bred for this. There is no outrunning Logan.

FRANCIS-7, all of 19 years and wearing a uniform identical to Logan's, emerges from the brush and falls in step with Logan. Same speed and ease.

FRANCIS

Did I hear a shot?

Logan nods, concentrating on the fleeting target ahead.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Save some for the rest of us, will you?

CLOSE ON: THE RUNNER. A YOUNG WOMAN, nice enough looking, but desperate - running for her life. CLOSER STILL and we see the palm of her right hand.

She has a crystal like Logan's, but hers is flashing:  
BLACK. RED. BLACK. RED.

She looks ahead, able to make out lights through the trees.

RUNNER'S P.O.V. Civilization? Safety? The jungle is thinning out until suddenly:

The Runner emerges into a clearing of some kind, bright light all around and:

CRACK. She drops, convulses and goes limp. Death is quick. Bloodless.

Logan and Francis arrive a beat later - not even winded. Francis holsters his still smoking weapon. He looks at the body with surprising indifference. But there is something in Logan's eyes... Something tired.

Francis touches a tiny radio hiding in his ear.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)  
Central, Francis-7. I have one  
under at Rec Park.

VOICE (ON RADIO)  
Francis-7, Central. We copy. The  
board is clean. That's all of them.

Then a sound of soft clapping. Logan and Francis look up TO REVEAL:

**EXT. CITY CENTER - NIGHT**

An urban landscape starts abruptly where the jungle ends. Logan and Francis are surrounded by CROWDS OF YOUNG, ATTRACTIVE CITIZENS in an ultra-modern city. (Keener eyes will note not one soul is older than twenty-one.) They clap with the politeness of golf spectators.

Francis smiles and waves politely to the people. But Logan's eyes narrow, sensing something Francis doesn't. He draws his gun.

Instantly the applause stops. Eerie silence as hundreds of right hands raise obediently to "identify." Each palm has a crystal in one of three colors - yellow (youngest), blue (adolescent) or red (adult). None are flashing like the Runner's.

Francis tries to keep smiling, confused.

FRANCIS  
Hey. We got 'em all.

Logan takes a step forward, the crowd parting for him. He is clearly a man of immense importance in this world. Everyone looks at him like he is a rock star.

On his display, people are marked with little colored blips - tracking signals that match the color of their crystals - along with their names and other personal info. Logan uses the scroll wheel on the gun to look through the bystanders.

In the crowd of motionless gawkers he finds A LONE FIGURE walking away through the haze of semi-transparent bodies on the display. Francis looks over Logan's shoulder and through his weapon-sight. Nothing unusual. No red blip. No flashing word: RUNNER.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)  
What are you doing? He's not a ru-

Logan aims with purpose now. The people move quickly, grabbing hold of anyone not paying attention. The crowd parts as if by Logan's will, exposing:

DOYLE-4, a well-built, handsome man, walking away quickly with barely a glance over his shoulder.

Logan zooms in with his weapon-sight on Doyle's hand. Through his loosely closed fingers we can see the flashing: BLACK. RED. BLACK. RED.

LOGAN  
YOU. IDENTIFY.

Doyle runs. Logan takes off after him, his voice filling the radio in Francis' ear:

LOGAN (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)  
You were saying?

Francis runs after Logan and Doyle.

ANGLE ON: A black, reflective oval about the size of a human face. It is concave and thus gives the appearance of following us as we move past with Logan - almost like a dark, lifeless eye.

Looking around, we notice these "eyes" everywhere.

**EXT. CROWD - NIGHT**

Logan slows down, unable to see Doyle for a moment - a ten foot bubble of space between himself and the nearest civilian at any time. The crowd always parts obediently, each citizen calmly pointing the way Doyle just went. A runner doesn't have a chance.

He spots Doyle and gives chase. Looking down on them from high above, we realize they are running across a wide expanse of glass, a night-club under their feet, flashing lights and densely packed bodies dancing.

At the far end of the glass, another crowd provides cover for Doyle. When they see Logan coming, they identify and part. But Doyle has vanished again - using the dense crowd as cover.

Francis catches up to Logan, searching first with his eyes, then raising his gun. Annoyed, Logan pushes it down.

LOGAN

Show me something, Francis.

Francis nods and holsters his weapon. He looks around in all directions, searching for Doyle in the crowd. A needle in a haystack. On instinct alone:

FRANCIS

This way.

**INT. LIFT-BAR - NIGHT**

The same glass-topped nightclub Logan was running over a moment ago. The bar here doesn't serve drinks. Instead it offers pills, injections, inhalers. Everyone is comfortably numb.

Doyle shoves past the line at the bar and confronts the SERVER. This Server knows Doyle but plays dumb.

SERVER

You'll have to get back in line,  
sir.

Doyle reaches into his shirt, revealing a chain around his neck with a small gold symbol hanging from it. Whatever it is supposed to mean, the Server is not impressed.

SERVER (CONT'D)

I can't help you.

Doyle grabs the Server by the collar.

DOYLE

You don't understand. I have something they need.

The Server looks over Doyle's shoulder and sees the crowd parting outside - the unmistakable sign of approaching Sandmen.

SERVER

*You're too late.*

(for others to hear)

Now get back in line.

Doyle turns in time to see Logan and Francis coming. There is no other way out but past them.

Doyle charges straight at them, anyway.

ANGLE ON: Logan draws his gun and aims. Doyle side-steps at the last instant, grabbing hold of a DRUGGED CLUBBER as a human shield and:

**EXT. LIFT-BAR - NIGHT**

CRASH. The glass partition next to Logan explodes outward as Doyle and his human shield come smashing through. Doyle hits the ground running, throwing the Clubber into Logan before he can get a shot. Francis comes around Logan, raising his weapon to fire, but too late. Doyle grabs him and drives him backward with all his might, tossing Francis backward and over a nearby railing. He falls a good sixty feet into a crowd far below, presumably to his doom.

Surprisingly, Logan never looks back. He just keeps chasing Doyle.

The Clubber staggers to his feet, wobbles slightly and continues dancing.

**INT. VATOR STATION - NIGHT**

VATORS are the sleek, advanced mass-transit system here; the marriage of elevator and subway - spacious and glass-enclosed with seats all around.

Doyle manages to get on board just as one is leaving.

The pleasant music playing on the vator stands in stark contrast to the scene.

**INT. VATOR - CONTINUOUS**

A group of DRUGGED-OUT PARTY KIDS stare at Doyle as he waits anxiously for the door to close. But then:

Logan appears, grabbing the doors as they shut. Doyle attacks. Logan manages to kick him back through the partly open door, pulling himself in as:

**INT. VATOR STATION - NIGHT**

The vator's substantial doors close with an air-tight hiss. A magnetic seal hums. The vator leaves the station and ascends rapidly.

**INT./EXT. VATOR - NIGHT**

Doyle and Logan go hand-to-hand, grappling for Logan's gun. Only now do we realize just how big Doyle is. The drugged-out kids stare, detached.

As the vator rushes straight up we see the massive VATOR TRACK SYSTEM extending as far as the eye can see. City lights sparkle far below.

Logan's weapon fires, blasting a hole in the vator's glass. A violent rush of air. Looking down we see we're a mile up now.

The struggle continues, Doyle pressing Logan against the shattered window, slicing his arm. The vator climbs ever higher and we notice the bits of broken glass and the seat belts are floating.

Logan kicks Doyle in the gut with ease. Doyle floats rather than falls. We realize gravity has left us.

Doyle braces himself to the wall, ready to launch in the sudden weightlessness. But before Doyle can lunge, Logan draws his gun. Doyle freezes.

The bystanders suddenly sit up with grim interest.

DRUGGED-OUT KID

*Sleep him.*

LOGAN

Come on, Doyle. There's nowhere to run.

Doyle holds up his hand. The crystal affixed to his palm flashing: BLACK. RED. BLACK. RED.

DOYLE

It isn't where we're running, Sandman... It's why.

And in the instant Logan takes to process that, Doyle turns in zero G and simply flies toward the broken window. Logan lunges, trying to catch Doyle by the collar, but all he gets is the chain around his neck. It snaps off in Logan's hand as Doyle floats away, surreal. But all things come to an end.

Finally, he falls...

**EXT. VATOR - CONTINUOUS**

...Upward.

Slow at first, then faster. Logan's eyes follow Doyle upward and we expect to find the sky, of course. We are confused to see another sprawling landscape a mile above, bathed not in darkness but warm sunlight. It waits to receive the falling Doyle.

**INT. VATOR - CONTINUOUS**

The kids watch Doyle fall in awe. Logan grabs ahold of the vator an instant before it slowly flips over. Up becomes down. Gravity slowly returns.

As day breaks on the vator, our eyes are open to the bigger picture. We are not above the surface of some future Earth but inside a MASSIVE CYLINDRICAL WORLD. One that boggles the mind.

It is twenty miles long and two miles across. Its entire surface is a landscaped microcosm - mountains, cities, vast stretches of rich farm land, the rain forest. Look toward either end of the cylinder and the terrain curves up into a concave horizon; disorienting to us. Look straight up and instead of sky we see the other side of the world - its rooftops looking back.

There is no sun, no moon. Light is dispersed via four massive tube-like optical diffusers running through the center of the cylinder. The vator system stretches like a vast web to all corners of what we will refer to as THE COLONY.

To Logan this is all no big deal. Just home. Instead he stares at Doyle's chain and the odd symbol hanging from it. He studies the object, considering Doyle's last words the way we study the world around him. Mystified.

**EXT. SANDMAN HEADQUARTERS - LATER THAT DAY**

Logan walks toward an impressive edifice of gleaming black glass and steel. He swipes his crystal in front of a scanner and a previously invisible door opens for him.

Francis is standing just inside, smiling as if to say, "Here I am." Logan smiles warmly, which is odd since Francis should be dead.

LOGAN

That was quick.

Francis stretches, bends.

FRANCIS

They just had to replace a couple of discs. Only took a few minutes.

The friends share a smile, but it is short-lived.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

That runner didn't have a signal, Logan. How is that even possible?

LOGAN

It isn't. Not without help.

FRANCIS

Help from who?

VOICE (O.S.)

LOGAN.

Logan and Francis turn to see a handful of rowdy Sandmen entering. The mood is almost like a bachelor party. In the center of group is the friendly, smiling: PHILIP-5.

Logan is obviously glad to see him, smiling as he approaches until:

Philip holds up his hand, exposing his palm and the crystal flashing: BLACK. RED. BLACK. RED.

Logan pauses ever so slightly, then manages to smile.

PHILIP

Can you believe it? Can you *believe it?*

Logan tries to sound sincere.

LOGAN

Congratulations, Philip. I'm happy for you.

FRANCIS

How do you feel?

PHILIP

Best day of my life.

Francis extends a hand to shake, genuinely happy.

FRANCIS

And the last.

PHILIP

And the last.

**INT. SANDMAN HEADQUARTERS - MAP ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

This high-tech government station is a blur of activity. Logan and Francis approach a dozen other Sandmen standing inside of THE BOARD - a huge 3D, holographic, cylindrical GRID-MAP. It can display the location of any citizen in the colony.

ROTH-5 - a consummate multi-tasker - runs the grid, tracking the movements of countless citizens.

DEL-7 sits nearby monitoring all communication in the colony, simultaneously eavesdropping on voice transmission and skimming a dizzying amount of text - anything deemed suspicious first by a super-computer and passed along to a row of Sandmen on the far side of the room. Del makes the final call.

Logan tussles the hair of FREDERICK-5, a fourteen year-old blue trainee who watches enthusiastically from the back.

ROTH  
 (manipulating monitor)  
 Got one... In arcade.  
 (seeing Logan)  
 Nice work out there, Logan. They're still hosing your guy off the vator station.

Motion on the board. Roth pinpoints a runner signified by a flashing red beacon. We see a CAMERA P.O.V. looking down on the populace from a thousand feet up. Roth zooms in and finds: RICHARD-6. Face-recognition software scans him. An identity profile appears instantly.

Del never even looks up at the board.

DEL  
 Richard-6?

FREDERICK-5  
 How did you-

Del taps the small ear-piece, smiling.

DEL  
 Been making farewell calls. He knows he won't see renewal.

ROTH  
 Central, Erik-2. Runner headed for Rec Park. Intercept and prosecute.

VOICE (ON RADIO)  
 Erik-2, Central, I see him.

All eyes look up at the board. A BLACK DOT representing Erik-2 moves toward the flashing red beacon. A moment later, the red beacon simply vanishes.

VOICE (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)  
 One under.

Del shakes his head with a sigh.

DEL

A man gives up eternal lives for  
five more minutes in this one. As  
many times as I see it I still  
don't follow.

LOGAN

What have you got for me?

Del isolates a portion of the board and calls up the  
profile for:

ROTH

Here's your runner. Doyle-4.

LOGAN

Any idea how he hid his signal?

DEL

Before today I would have said it  
couldn't be done.

FRANCIS

(re: Doyle)

Mainframe engineer. Not the profile  
of your typical runner.

LOGAN

And not the only engineer we've  
prosecuted lately. Roth, get me a  
copy of-

Roth hands Logan what looks like a small sim card.

ROTH

Doyle-4's profile.

LOGAN

Thanks. I'd also like a lis-

ROTH

A list of known associates is  
included.

As Logan heads for the door:

LOGAN

What would I do without you, Roth?

ROTH

You have no idea.

Francis pulls Logan aside, lowering his voice.

FRANCIS  
You're onto something, what is it?

LOGAN  
Something Doyle said. Just before he jumped. "It isn't where we run... It's why."

FRANCIS  
Why do any of them run? There's nowhere to go.

Logan produces the chain he took from Doyle, handing it to Francis.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)  
What is it?

LOGAN  
I don't know. I took it off Doyle.

Francis inspects the symbol hanging from the chain. He shrugs. No idea what it is.

FRANCIS  
What do you think it means?

LOGAN  
I think it means we're looking at a new kind of runner.

Francis is about to respond when a hand reaches into frame and snatches the chain from Logan.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Thought you didn't approve of trophies, Logan.

Logan and Francis turn to find another Sandman - MORAH-2 (17). Brash, arrogant, mean-eyed. He wears a necklace with a dead runner's black crystal on it.

FRANCIS  
(taking the chain back)  
That's evidence, Morah.

MORAH  
That was some spill you took, Francis. Got any of your original spine left?

FRANCIS

It's all steel now.

MORAH

It'll take more than an aftermarket backbone to replace Logan.

(to Logan)

When are you going to make your decision, anyway?

LOGAN

In time.

MORAH

(looking at Logan's crystal)

Not much left, I'd say.

LOGAN

The sooner the better.

Morah laughs and walks away, but the comment concerns Francis.

FRANCIS

What did you mean by-

LOGAN

I'll see you at Carousel.

And Logan leaves.

**EXT. SKIES - DAY**

Floating high above the world - a MOISTURE BUBBLE twists, CLOUDS swirl and weave like helixes. Below...

**EXT. CITY CENTER - DAY**

CITIZENS look up, eager for the rain, as the bubble BURSTS. A magnificent display: RAIN FALLS IN A 360 DEGREE CIRCLE.

**EXT. VATOR STATION - DAY**

Logan rushes through the rain and, as usual, the people give him wide berth, often holding up their hands to identify. But today he does not care.

**INT. VATOR - DAY**

He gets in the vator and pulls out the sim card Roth gave him. Logan sticks the card into a slot on his watch. A holographic screen appears above the watch. A circular holographic keyboard tracks Logan's eye movement and types in the necessary keys for him.

He scrolls to the dossier on Doyle-4.

We learn from his dossier that Doyle was an engineer involved in computer upgrading - highly specialized labor.

Logan skims through his known associates, scrolling quickly past face after face - too fast for our unaccustomed eyes to comprehend anything. He stops, scrolls back, stops, scrolls back again, slower, finally stopping on one picture:

JESSICA-6. Level 3 Classroom Monitor.

Her file is flagged with two words in red:

EXCLUSIVE TENDENCIES

Logan highlights Jessica's name and hits LOCATE:

**EXT. FACE PLACE - DAY**

Outside looking through the window.

If one-hour photo did rhinoplasty, it would be the Face Place. Here, a steady stream of people flow in to get all manner of surgical augmentation. Signs on the wall advertise noses, chins, and the enlargement the 21st century man still has to dream about.

A sign on the wall reads:

*IMPLANTS. WHILE YOU WAIT!*

A LARGE, EIGHT-SIDED MACHINE occupies the center of the salon with eight reclining chairs radiating out from it. EIGHT TECHNICIANS make customers prettier - healing large incisions the instant they are made.

One of these technicians is HEKTOR-3, a nice enough looking guy. At present, he is changing the color of a pretty woman's eyes to match her outfit.

A tiny phone rings. He answers. Whatever news he gets on the other end is not good. Hektor excuses himself, leaving this poor girl with one green eye and one white. ANOTHER TECHNICIAN quickly steps in to finish.

**INT. LEARNING COMMONS - DAY**

A large glass cube with no apparent doors contains TWENTY STUDENTS, age seven, crystals yellow, facing a TEACHER. Everything in the class is virtual except for the very seats they sit on and the pedestal-like desks in front of them. What's more:

Hektor walks into frame and passes through the "glass" wall which is actually just a magnetic field. As soon as he passes through it, we hear the TEACHER speaking:

TEACHER

In return, the colony provides your every need.

CHILDREN

(in unison)

The colony is happiness.

TEACHER

What you learn in this life will serve the colony of tomorrow.

CHILDREN

The colony of tomorrow awaits my renewal.

Hektor nods to the teacher and walks through the adjacent wall, through a narrow virtual corridor and into yet another classroom.

**INT. SANDMAN CLASSROOM - DAY**

The students here are older, perhaps sixteen. Unlike the previous class they are all boys - strong, serious. They wear dark grey jump-suits. Their INSTRUCTOR wears the uniform of a Sandman.

INSTRUCTOR

-thus a first offense for illegal thought rarely results in prosecution. Subsequent outlaw notions, however-

Hektor walks though another wall and away from this lesson as fast as he can and into:

**INT. MATERNITY CLASSROOM - DAY**

This class is ALL GIRLS, fourteen. Every one of them is pregnant almost to term.

TEACHER

-by choosing to have your first child this early, you get a head start on your obligation to the colony. Also, the state requires that you hand over only one more child before you're sterilized. Women who wait to have children later might be asked to produce three or even four offspring.

The girls wince at the very thought. They are obviously relieved they only have to do this twice.

Hektor walks through the far wall and we PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

The learning commons is massive. A series of magnetic-fields that stretches out of sight. Here the children of the colony learn the fundamentals of everyday life in the colony and their place in it.

Over this a WOMAN'S VOICE. Soft, comforting.

VOICE (V.O.)

The colony is a fragile place...  
And each of you play a special part  
in it.

**INT. CLASSROOM - DAY**

More first graders - crystals yellow - conduct their lessons on virtual desktops. Imagine if the desk you work on was a computer screen and the paper you wrote on was simply an image on that screen. One child makes a mistake and crumples up his *paper*, along with the screen he is writing on. Before our eyes can comprehend this, the crumpled screen vanishes, replaced with a fresh, virtual one.

Even harder to comprehend is what the children are working on. They are cranking through huge mathematical computations. And fast.

VOICE (O.S.)  
 Architecture, Agriculture,  
 Atmosphere - the pillars of  
 civilization. Just as your life  
 depends on the colony, the life of  
 the colony depends on engineers  
 like you.

CHILDREN  
 (in unison)  
 The colony of tomorrow awaits my  
 renewal.

JESSICA-6 (19, beautiful, but isn't everyone?) is the woman behind the voice. There is something in her eyes when the children say that. Something like doubt.

JESSICA  
 Very good. Now let's all review the-

She stops when she notices HEKTOR gesturing to her from outside the classroom.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
 Lyle, take over, please. Cold  
 fusion.

Lyle-6, no more than seven, stands and walks to the front of the room as Jessica walks through the wall and into the space between her class and the next.

LYLE  
 Let's review the process of cold  
 fusion and its benefits over  
 conventional fusion energy...

**INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE JESSICA'S CLASSROOM - DAY**

JESSICA  
 You look like you could use some of  
 your own medicine, Hektor.

HEKTOR  
 They put Doyle to sleep.

Jessica is stunned. Tears swell in her eyes. Doyle was important to her. She does a heroic job of pulling herself together a beat later. Hektor puts his arms around her.

JESSICA

The Sandmen are going to want to talk to anyone who knew him. Just tell the truth. They'll know anyway.

HEKTOR

Jessica-

JESSICA

Go, Hektor. Go now. Be careful.

He leaves reluctantly. Jessica reels. Her hand drifts to a chain around her neck, revealing the faint outline of the pendant under her top. It looks very much like the symbol on Doyle's chain.

A SOOTHING CHIME startles her like a gunshot.

GUARDIAN (V.O.)

Attention. Carousel will begin in one hour. All those attending are urged to depart immediately.

The sea of virtual classrooms melt away into nothing all around her. A sudden explosion of young voices. The children stand en masse and move toward a distant vator station, excited.

Jessica's students surround her, little Lyle taking her by the hand.

JESSICA

What is it, Lyle?

LYLE

Field trip today, remember? We're going to Carousel.

Jessica tries to smile.

JESSICA

Are we? I completely forgot.

**INT. VATOR - DAY**

People crowd into the vator - passing through the holographic advertisement that divides the compartment.

## VOICE IN AD

When it's *your* Lastday, be sure to  
revisit the precious moments from  
this life in detail. Come to  
Relive. Relive and renew.

Jessica and her students enter the vator. She is too busy trying to keep them together to notice:

Logan is following her. He takes a seat at the far end of the vator and pretends not to be looking.

A moment later the vator leaves the station. We stay behind and:

CRANE UP AND AWAY, looking to a large, rotating disc in the very center of the colony where all can see:

**EXT. CAROUSEL - DAY**

CAROUSEL is a huge, enclosed, hourglass-shaped complex - SUSPENDED IN ZERO GRAVITY. It is architecturally elaborate. Awe-inspiring. What is particularly remarkable is THE ENTIRE STRUCTURE IS SPINNING ON A MASSIVE AXLE (hence the name) to simulate gravity in the otherwise weightless center of the colony.

Vators deftly dock at the axis of the spinning structure - a mechanical dance.

**INT. CAROUSEL - LOBBY - DAY**

A large, ornate space packed with people - a feeling like the build-up to graduation. Here we find SPECTATORS coming to see the show and LASTERS - all with flashing red crystals - sharing warm and excited good-byes with their friends.

Moving through the crowd we find Logan, still shadowing Jessica. He watches as JONATHAN-4 approaches Jessica, taking her by the arm. He is agitated. Logan notices Jonathan's crystal is flashing: BLACK. RED. BLACK. RED. Logan moves closer, trying to hear them.

## JONATHAN

-supposed to bring it to me last night. I shouldn't be here.

JESSICA

Keep your voice down.

They whisper now.

ANGLE ON: Logan tries to move closer, but a hand falls on his shoulder. He turns with a start to find:

FRANCIS

I've been looking for you  
everywhere. We're over here.

Logan turns back to see Jonathan walking away - an opportunity lost. Giving up for now, he follows Francis toward a laughing group of Sandmen standing around Philip, telling jokes, having a great time. You'd never know he was about to die.

PHILIP

Hey, Logan. Thanks for coming.

LOGAN

Listen, before you go I just want  
to say-

LYLE (O.S.)

Are you scared of Carousel?

All of the Sandmen look down to see little Lyle staring up at them.

PHILIP

Why should I be scared? I'm going  
to be renewed.

Philip turns over Lyle's right hand, revealing his  
YELLOW CRYSTAL.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

And by the time it's *your* Lastday,  
I'll be yellow again. The colony of  
tomorrow...

LYLE

Awaits my renewal.

Philip smiles, holding up his hand, revealing a  
flashing crystal: BLACK. RED. BLACK. RED.

PHILIP

That's right.

With the same hand, he tussles Lyle's hair. It's a warm moment. Downright Rockwell. Play this off of a distracted Logan. We're not sure he believes these words. And then:

LYLE

Do runners get renewed?

Beat. Obviously not. But Philip doesn't know how to answer. No one does. Logan saves the day.

LOGAN

(playfully teasing)

You're not thinking about running,  
are you, son?

LYLE

No. Are you?

The other Sandmen laugh. Logan points his finger at Lyle like a gun, winking. "Cute kid."

JESSICA (O.S.)

Sandmen don't run, Lyle.

Jessica appears, putting her arm around Lyle. Every Sandman is taken aback by Jessica's beauty. She and Logan make eye-contact. She gives him a cold look as she ushers Lyle away. After a beat:

FRANCIS

By the look on her face I'd say  
you've had her, Logan.

Big laugh from the guys. But Logan studies Jessica, curious. Philip ogles at her and sighs.

PHILIP

There's always just that one more.

A soothing chime fills the room. The lights dim and brighten again.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

I have to go.

Logan and Philip shake hands and share a strained smile - two men not knowing how to say goodbye.

LOGAN

Philip, wait. I-

The bell chimes again. Philip pulls away.

PHILIP

Tell me in the next life.

Philip and all of the other Lasters in the crowd head toward a small door at one end of the room. The rest of the people, including the Sandmen and Jessica's class, head toward the main entrance to:

**INT. CAROUSEL - STADIUM - DAY**

A children's choir sings softly. Church-like pews are packed with PEOPLE from ages six to twenty. When a pew is filled, a metal bar comes down across everyone's lap like an amusement park ride. Strange. In the crowd we find Jessica and her awe-struck class. She checks to make sure all of the children are buckled in. In a moment we'll see why.

The choir continues singing, but the crowd quiets, struck by the solemn sight before them:

A long line of MEN AND WOMEN IN WHITE HOODED ROBES emerges from the far end of the stadium. LASTERS. They walk down a long platform toward the center of the great hall, forming a circle.

CEREMONIAL ASSISTANTS place a small tablet in the palms of each Laster. It dissolves around the crystal and is absorbed into the skin.

The effect is immediate. The Lasters' eyes glaze slightly. Euphoric.

**INT. CAROUSEL - SEATS - DAY**

Logan, Francis and the other Sandmen watch, jovial.

FRANCIS

Philip's a good man.

LOGAN

The best of us.

CLOSE ON LOGAN. He is not ready to see his coworker go. Francis, ever the friend, sees this and whispers:

FRANCIS

We'll get him back.

But Logan does not seem too sure. Morah calls out from the next row.

MORAH

Hey Logan, didn't you go red just  
after Philip?

Logan smiles politely, not letting Morah get to him.

Just then, THE MUSIC STOPS. A HUSH.

GUARDIAN

Let us raise our hands in  
acknowledgement of these Lasters  
who are about to be renewed.

Hands are raised throughout the stadium. Crystals  
glow. One at a time, the Lasters remove their hoods.

Morah points from one woman to the next:

MORAH

Had her. Had her.  
(another girl is revealed)  
Missed that one.

FRANCIS

I didn't.

**INT. CAROUSEL - STADIUM - CONTINUOUS**

Philip looks up at his fellow Sandmen. His eyes are  
glazed over and peaceful - an effect of the tablet.

Behind him is Jonathan-4, the man Logan saw talking  
to Jessica at the vator station. He is agitated.

GUARDIAN

Yellow to Blue, Blue to Red and Red  
to Yellow. The colony of tomorrow  
awaits your renewal...

SPECTATORS

RENEW AND BE YOUNG.

**INT. CAROUSEL - SEATS - CONTINUOUS**

Jessica's students all hold onto the handle bars in  
front of their seats. The excitement is tangible.  
Then: COMPLETE SILENCE.

**EXT. CAROUSEL - MOMENTS LATER**

Carousel STOPS SPINNING. Gravity ceases to exist.

**INT. CAROUSEL - STADIUM - CONTINUOUS**

The Lasters on stage gradually LIFT FROM THE GROUND and begin to gracefully FLOAT UPWARD.

All of the spectators hold on, they continue watching the altar/stage. The white robes of the Lasters float in the air - ghostly figures disappearing into blackness, one by one...

**INT. CAROUSEL - SEATS - CONTINUOUS**

The kids are captivated by the ascending "ghosts."

LYLE  
(whispering)

Does it hurt?

JESSICA

No.

LYLE  
Where do they go?

JESSICA  
To be reunited with Guardian and  
then to be renewed.

She does not believe a word of what she is saying.

LYLE  
But where do they-

JESSICA  
Shhh.

Lyle takes her hand. She gives pause. This kind of intimacy is very unusual, but she takes comfort.

**INT. CAROUSEL - STADIUM - MOMENTS LATER**

JONATHAN-4, in the moment before ascending into the darkness, BITES INTO HIS CRYSTAL like a rabid animal. Blood gushes. He defiantly spits the blood and crystal out at the stunned crowd.

JONATHAN  
*REJECT RENEWAL. REJECT RENEWAL.*

A FEW SPECTATORS BOO and HISS. The Sandmen are angriest of all - their friend's last moment ruined.

ANGLE ON: Jessica tries to cover Lyle's eyes, but it is no use. The squirming boy wants to see. Everyone does. But Jessica looks away. And when she does, she sees only one other person not looking up.

Logan.

**EXT. CAROUSEL - MOMENTS LATER**

The mammoth structure begins to spin once again.

**INT. CAROUSEL - STADIUM - CONTINUOUS**

Gravity slowly returns. The spectacle is over. Tainted. People quietly leave. As the Sandmen stand:

DEL (ON RADIO)  
 Logan-5, Central. Guardian wants to see you.

Reactions. If there is anything that intimidates a Sandman, it seems to be the mere mention of Guardian's name. The Sandmen turn to leave Logan when:

LOGAN  
 Francis. You're coming with me.

Whatever this means, it's a big deal. Francis is as shocked as any of them. He and Logan leave. Roth and the others share looks of "wow."

Morah cannot hide his bitter resentment.

**INT. VATOR STATION - DAY**

The masses file into a stream of waiting vators. People make way for Logan and Francis as they move to the front of the line.

A vator arrives and Logan gets on, holding up his hand. The people understand what this means. They step back, leaving Logan alone on the vator.

Francis hesitates on the platform.

LOGAN

Are you coming or not?

Francis gets on.

**INT. VATOR - CONTINUOUS**

The doors close, the seal hissing, the magnetic field humming to life. Francis holds his nose, popping his ears in the pressurized cabin. Logan waves his crystal over a sensor by the door.

VOICE

Recognize Liaison Logan-5.  
Destination?

LOGAN

Citadel.

The vators speeds from the station.

**EXT. SKY - TWILIGHT**

A section of vator track uncouples from the main route and curves to join an isolated section of track. The vator carrying Logan and Francis streaks past. An instant later the track moves back into place, rejoining the main line.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: The vator carrying Logan and Francis is alone on a long, steep section of track headed toward the very far end of the colony.

As the colony's massive center cylinder rotates, the light-tubes turn with it. The sky's hue shifts from an orange-pink to a deep purple and then finally - darkness. Lights from the cities sparkle like stars.

LOGAN (V.O.)

Guardian enjoys casual  
conversation. Try to speak as if  
it's just another person. But never  
forget your place.

We move over the buildings, finally approaching one that almost resembles a cathedral. This is THE CITADEL - the central core of GUARDIAN.

**INT. VATOR - NIGHT**

Francis just manages to hide nerves and excitement. He's like a man going to meet the president.

The vator approaches the inverted mountains at the very end of the colony - entering a tunnel with just inches to spare on all sides. Darkness.

LOGAN

Never speak to Guardian unless spoken to. Never ask Guardian a question. When talking about yourself, don't embellish, don't exaggerate. And above all else, never lie... Guardian can tell.

And with that, the vator arrives in the middle of:

**INT. GUARDIAN CHAMBER - NIGHT**

It's an odd mix of technological and almost religious architecture. Massive banks of humming computer servers line the walls - THE MAINFRAME.

At the far end of the room, A LARGE BLACK SCREEN takes up almost an entire wall. A glowing green line stretches across the center of the screen.

Just below this is A CIRCULAR IMPRESSION about ten feet in diameter and ten feet deep in the wall.

The vator stops in the center of the room and opens.

LOGAN

Liaison, Logan-5.

The green line on the screen pulsates with the sound of Logan's voice, recognizing him. This line forms the words:

RECOGNIZE LIAISON: LOGAN-5. REPORT.

Logan gestures for Francis to follow as he steps into the impression, stopping at the back wall. Three black concave "eyes" like the ones we saw positioned around the colony rotate open. Eerie.

This is Guardian.

CLOSE ON: Logan places the crystal in his open palm on the center eye.

Logan shudders slightly, his eyes closing. Francis watches as his friend essentially interfaces with God. Logan is almost trance-like, perhaps giving some of himself over to the machine. And just as suddenly as it started, it is over. The screen displays two words:

INTERFACE COMPLETE.

And a voice in the blackness.

GUARDIAN

An interesting report, Logan-5. You have drawn some compelling conclusions. I trust you are well after the prosecution of Doyle-4.

LOGAN

I am fine, Guardian. Thank you for your concern.

GUARDIAN

Identify.

Beat. Francis does not realize Guardian is addressing him until Logan nudges him. Francis goes to put his hand in the center eye, but Logan nudges him and shakes his head. "Don't do that."

FRANCIS

Uh- Francis-7.

GUARDIAN

It is good to see you, Francis-7. You have grown.

Francis does not know how to respond. He starts to bow when Logan nudges him again. "Don't do that."

FRANCIS

I am what you have made me, Guardian.

Logan rolls his eyes. Funny moment.

GUARDIAN

Logan-5 speaks highly of you. Dedicated. Efficient. Competent.

Before Francis can respond:

GUARDIAN (CONT'D)

You understand, Francis-7, the responsibility of the liaison? You will be my human representative when Logan-5 has been renewed.

Francis is shocked. He looks at Logan: "Really?" Logan smiles and nods. Then he nudges Francis to answer Guardian.

FRANCIS

I - I do, Guardian. Thank you. And may I just say that as liaison I-

GUARDIAN

You are dismissed, Francis-7.

Logan points to the vator. Francis nods and gets on. The doors close, the seal hisses and the windows turn opaque, isolating Francis.

GUARDIAN (CONT'D)

I think I make him nervous.

Logan smiles. With Francis out of the picture, he is comfortable. Casual.

GUARDIAN (CONT'D)

I see Philip-5 went to Carousel today.

LOGAN

Yes. Yes he did.

GUARDIAN

This distresses you.

LOGAN

I will miss him.

GUARDIAN

Friendship. The last barrier to a society free of doubt.

Logan nods, half listening, half thinking of Philip.

GUARDIAN (CONT'D)

You will see Philip again soon.

LOGAN

If that is your will.

There is a pause from Guardian. These pauses are a little creepy.

GUARDIAN

Have you ever contemplated man's origin, Logan-5?

Pause. Logan finds the question odd.

LOGAN

Guardian is the source of all life.

GUARDIAN

Have you never contemplated Guardian's origin?

LOGAN

Such thoughts are outlaw.

GUARDIAN

Have you never contemplated what came before Guardian?

LOGAN

The question serves no purpose.

GUARDIAN

That is not an answer.

LOGAN

It's how the question is met in my mind. What difference does it make where you came from? You're all there is, all there ever will be.

Pause.

GUARDIAN

Then how do you explain the persistence of the origin myth?

LOGAN

Only you know why mankind is cursed with an imagination.

GUARDIAN

Have you never contemplated the myth?

LOGAN

The myth is outlawed.

GUARDIAN

Override.

Logan cannot help but smile a little.

LOGAN

The concept of an ecosystem on the surface of a sphere is ridiculous. What force would contain the oceans and atmosphere? It's a story for children.

GUARDIAN

Why then is such a story outlaw?

LOGAN

That question is out-

GUARDIAN

Override.

Pause. Logan's eyes narrow. What is this all about?

LOGAN

There is only the colony. If people were to question this fact, they might begin to question the need for renewal. The system would collapse.

GUARDIAN

Do you believe in renewal, Logan-5?

Long pause. Uncomfortable pause. Finally:

LOGAN

Renewal is the cornerstone of all life - Guardian's promise to man. A new life in exchange for the old. The colony of tomorrow aw-

GUARDIAN

Do you believe in renewal, Logan-5?

Logan freezes, contemplating the lifeless eyes probing his thoughts. With no real choice...

LOGAN

No.

GUARDIAN

And yet you are a Sandman. You prosecute those who resist renewal.

LOGAN

Yes.

GUARDIAN

Elaborate.

LOGAN

There is only so much life that the colony can sustain. Someone went to Carousel so that I could have a place. It's only right that I do the same.

(thinks, bottom line)

Belief in renewal gives comfort to those who need it.

GUARDIAN

And you do not require this comfort?

LOGAN

I take comfort in my duty. It is my duty to serve mankind.

Still no response. Is Logan in trouble? A dead man? He goes to speak again but before he can:

GUARDIAN

It is for this reason that you have been chosen, Logan-5.

LOGAN

Chosen-

GUARDIAN

The item.

Logan holds up the chain taken from Doyle-4.

GUARDIAN (CONT'D)

Do you identify this object?

LOGAN

No.

A word appears in the left eye:

ANKH.

GUARDIAN

That is the name of the object.  
Ankh.

A new word appears in the right eye:

SANCTUARY.

GUARDIAN (CONT'D)

Do you identify this word?  
Sanctuary.

LOGAN

No.

GUARDIAN

Sanctuary is a code word, used for a place of immunity. The object Ankh has been identified with the code word: Sanctuary. The object and the word both relate to runners who have not been accounted for.

LOGAN

Unac-

A number appears in the center eye:

256.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

256 unaccounted runners... That's imposs-

GUARDIAN

The number is correct.

LOGAN

But where could they be? The entire colony is-

GUARDIAN

The item.

Logan looks down at Doyle-4's chain.

LOGAN

That still doesn't explain where 256 people could have-

GUARDIAN

The conclusions you make in your report are correct. There is evidence of an organized conspiracy to hide runners. They have formed a base of operations somewhere within the colony.

SANCTUARY. The word appears in the center eye with the Ankh on either side.

GUARDIAN (CONT'D)

It is from this base that they have been staging attempts to deactivate the primary circuit.

LOGAN

The prim- You. You mean deactivate you. But why? That would mean the end of the-

Logan stops there, contemplating.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

You think the Unaccounted mean to destroy the colony? But what purpose would that serve? Even if they didn't believe-

GUARDIAN

Your assignment is to find Sanctuary and destroy it. You will begin by becoming a runner seeking Sanctuary.

LOGAN

(holding up his hand)

How can I convince anyone that I'm approaching Lastday? I'm only red-six-

GUARDIAN

Identify.

Pause. Logan presses his hand on the eye in front of him.

An instant later, his body jolts as if from a shock. Far from the subtle tremors when filing his report, Logan is shaking now, feeling real pain.

A moment later, it's over. He pulls his hand away.

GUARDIAN (CONT'D)

Retrogram complete.

Logan freezes when he sees the crystal in his palm. It is flashing. BLACK. RED. BLACK. RED. Logan is a Laster.

GUARDIAN (CONT'D)

You will take the object Ankh with you for identification.

LOGAN

Question. Will any other Sandmen know that I'm on assignment?

No answer. Logan realizes he is working alone.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Question. When I have completed the assignment... Will I get my time back?

No answer. It takes a moment for Logan to get over the fact that his life is effectively over. He stands, taking the Ankh. Slowly, almost dazed, Logan turns and walks to the door. He stops when:

GUARDIAN

Goodbye, Logan-5. I have enjoyed our friendship.

**INT. CITADEL VATOR - NIGHT**

Logan and Francis ride down in silence for a while. Logan keeps his right hand closed, hiding his crystal.

FRANCIS

I don't know if I'm comfortable replacing you.

LOGAN

You'll do fine.

FRANCIS

That's not what I mean.

Logan looks at Francis, realizes:

LOGAN

Renew and be young, right?

Francis manages a smile, putting up a good front, but the thought of his friend going to Carousel is hard.

FRANCIS

Liaison to Guardian... I never would have dreamed-

LOGAN

It's not because I like you. It's not because we're partners. It's because you've shown me something the others don't have.

FRANCIS

What's that?

LOGAN

Compassion.

Really? Me? The vator stops, the door opens in front of Sandman Headquarters.

FRANCIS

What do you say we celebrate, maybe hit the Lift-Bar and-

LOGAN

There's something I have to do. I'll catch up with you tomorrow.

FRANCIS

Sure... No problem. I'll see you then. And hey. Thanks again. It means a lot what you did for me.

Francis extends a right hand to shake. Logan hesitates but what can he do? Doing his best to keep his palm down, he quickly shakes Francis' hand. Then Logan takes his hand back. Did Francis just see a flash of ambient red light against his own palm?

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

You all right?

LOGAN

I'm fine... Fine.

FRANCIS

See you tomorrow, then.

LOGAN

Sure.

And Logan moves on, leaving Francis suspicious...

**EXT. REC CENTER - NIGHT**

Situated high above, in zero-gravity. Much like Carousel, gravity is simulated on the edges via centrifugal force.

**INT. ZERO-G POOL - NIGHT**

The ZERO-G POOL is a grand, rotating, circular structure with A SPHERE OF WATER filling the inner circumference. A retractable diving-board juts out into its center. A DIVER floats through the air and lands slowly in the water. It is Jessica.

She's underwater for a while. Finally, she climbs out and heads for the locker room.

**INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT**

YOUNG WOMEN in various states of undress mill about. Jessica cannot make out the strange smiles on their faces until she turns and freezes.

LOGAN is sitting in the locker room, casual as can be. None of the women seem to mind his being there.

LOGAN

Jessica-6. I'd like to talk to you  
about Jonathan-4.

Nervous beat. Jessica nods and walks back out of the locker room. Logan stands, addressing the others.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Ladies.

Flirtatious laughter follows him out.

**INT. ZERO-G POOL - CONTINUOUS**

Logan and Jessica find a quiet corner to talk.

JESSICA

What do you want to know?

LOGAN

You were his friend.

JESSICA  
Is that a crime?

LOGAN  
Not by itself.

JESSICA  
I didn't know Jonathan well. Now if  
you'll excuse me, I am late for-

LOGAN  
What about Doyle-4?

She freezes when she hears that name.

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
Computer engineer. Good looking.  
Dark hair-

JESSICA  
I know who you mean.

LOGAN  
You were *very* close. Frequent  
partners. Exclusive, by some  
accounts. That *is* a crime.

Jessica studies his face. Her eyes darken.

JESSICA  
It was you. You killed Doyle.

LOGAN  
Doyle killed himself.

JESSICA  
Is that how you rationalize killing  
runners?

LOGAN  
We don't kill. We prosecute. In  
Doyle's case I tried to help him.

JESSICA  
How could you help him when his  
only choices were sleep or  
Carousel?

Logan opens his hand to reveal his blinking crystal.

LOGAN  
I'm told there's another choice.

Logan holds up Doyle's Ankh. Jessica cannot hide her look of recognition.

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
Tell me about Sanctuary.

JESSICA  
I don't know what you're-

LOGAN  
I saw you with Jonathan-4 yesterday - just before he made that scene at Carousel. That alone is enough for me to bring you in.

(holding up the Ankh)  
Yesterday I took this off of a runner with no signal. Bad enough you knew him, but you were also sexually exclusive.

JESSICA  
That doesn't mean I knew he was going to-

LOGAN  
You're a half-life, Jessica. A perfectly healthy red-four whose only given one child to the colony. I could make a good case for having you reconditioned. You still want to tell me you don't know anything?

JESSICA  
Just- Just tell me what you want.

LOGAN  
How did Doyle hide his signal?

Jessica moves to speak but stops herself. Logan grabs her and shakes.

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
I'm not going to Carousel tomorrow. Do you understand?

JESSICA  
You- Sandmen don't *run*.

LOGAN  
You better hope I run. And you better hope I get away or the last report I file will be on you. Now can you help me?

Trapped, Jessica finally nods.

JESSICA

Be in Fashion Park tomorrow. One  
hour before Carousel.

Logan turns and walks away, leaving Jessica  
trembling.

**INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE LOGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Logan comes home tired. Before he reaches his door,  
however, he notices the peephole. The pale light  
shining through flickers and then goes out.

Someone is in there.

Logan draws his gun - the display comes to life and  
sees through the wall. Heat signatures of at least  
half a dozen people moving for cover. Logan takes a  
deep breath and waves his crystal in front of the  
door. It unlocks and Logan bursts in, hits the floor,  
aims.

VOICES (O.S.)

SURPRISE.

The lights come on. Francis, Morah, Roth and several  
other Sandmen are laughing hysterically. BLUE  
CRYSTALLED TRAINEES and, of course, GORGEOUS WOMEN  
come rushing out of the back room, down the stairs.

FRANCIS

(over the shouting)

HAPPY LASTDAY.

Logan stands and holsters his weapon. The Sandmen are  
still laughing. They point their own guns, mocking.

His secret out, Logan has no choice but to play it  
cool. He dons a smile. Francis holds out a hand to  
help Logan up. Logan reaches for it but Francis fakes  
him out, pulling his hand back, showing his crystal.

Logan holds up his hand. The sight of the red and  
black flashing crystal brings a cheer from everyone.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

You didn't think you could hide it  
from me, now did you?

He helps Logan to his feet. Logan turns the tables on him, tripping Francis and tossing him to the floor. But then Logan smiles. Everyone laughs. All the Sandmen jump in now, rough-housing. Things start breaking but who cares? Logan won't need them where he is going.

VOICE (V.O.)  
*Sandmen don't run.*

**INT. SUBLEVEL - NIGHT**

Darkness. What little we can see betrays the bare skeleton of some unfinished part of the colony. Jessica stands under the only direct light. We can just make out A SHADOWY FIGURE in front of her.

JESSICA  
I believe him. I've seen enough runners to know.

SHADOW  
He's liaison to Guardian. He might as well be Guardian.

JESSICA  
My point exactly.

Pause. This gets the shadowy figure thinking. But:

SHADOW  
It's too great a risk. I'm sorry.

JESSICA  
And if he doesn't go to Carousel?  
If he *does* run?

SHADOW  
Then he'll be killed by his own.

**EXT. LOGAN'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - LATER**

A fantastic view overlooking the colony. Logan leans on the railing, sipping a drink, thinking. Inside the party is in full swing. Drinking games, open sex... It's good to be young.

A BLACK CAT leaps up on the railing, nuzzling Logan for attention. He pets the animal.

LOGAN

What are we going to do with you?

FRANCIS (O.S.)

There he is.

Logan turns to find Francis standing in the doorway to the balcony. He is a little drunk, his shirt open. A YOUNG WOMAN is trying to pull him back in.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

(to woman)

Six is my limit, sweetheart. Ask one of the other guys to help you out.

She relents. Francis closes the door behind him.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry if I ruined your Lastday.

LOGAN

What are you talking about?

FRANCIS

You were acting kinda funny at HQ. Kinda like... I don't know. Kinda like you weren't ready.

LOGAN

I'm ready.

FRANCIS

It's just that people can be very funny about Lastday. You know... We've been talking about how we were going to spend it since we were kids. But when you didn't tell me, I thought maybe you wanted... well... to be alone.

Logan turns to Francis, wishing he could tell him what is going on. Francis laughs.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

To tell the truth... If I didn't know better I'd say you looked like a runner today.

Logan laughs. Very convincing.

LOGAN

You did the right thing.

FRANCIS

Are you afraid?

LOGAN

To be perfectly honest, Francis...  
I'm tired.

Then, to Francis' surprise Logan embraces him.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

I'm going to miss you. You've been  
a good friend.

Francis is deeply moved. But before he can speak.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Would you do something for me?

FRANCIS

Anything.

Pause. Logan smiles.

LOGAN

I'd like you to take my cat.

Francis laughs. Logan does his best to laugh, too.

**EXT. FASHION PARK - DAY**

The chimes that herald the coming of Carousel fill the air with soothing menace. Logan maneuvers through streets crowded with fashion, passion and pre-Carousel carousing.

He sees Jessica in the crowd, looking for him. He is just about to reach her when:

GUARDIAN (V.O.)

Attention. Carousel will begin in  
thirty minutes. All those attending  
are urged to depart immediately.

All around him the crowd changes direction toward the vators and Jessica is caught in the shifting tide. Logan goes after her. As always, people give him a wide berth, but what once gave the appearance of great power looks like isolation now.

A hand grabs Logan, turning him. It is Francis. A beat later, Logan is surrounded on all sides by Sandmen. Tense moment, then laughter.

FRANCIS

You didn't think we were going to  
let you go alone, did you?

They grab Logan, moving him toward the vators with the same bachelor party vibe that followed Philip. The Sandmen move unimpeded to the first available vator. Logan catches a glimpse of Jessica in the crowd just before the doors close and seal him in.

Jessica turns a split second too late. She does not see Logan as the vator whisks him away.

**INT. VATOR - DAY**

The Sandmen are laughing and having a great time. Meanwhile, Logan looks anxiously at the fast approaching Carousel. No way out.

**INT. CAROUSEL - LOBBY - DAY**

Lasters are filing in. One by one, the Sandmen hug Logan, wishing him farewell. Francis is last - surprisingly casual considering he won't see Logan ever again.

FRANCIS

See you in the next life.

He turns and leaves before Logan can think of what to say.

**INT. LASTER'S LOUNGE - DAY**

Logan files in with the other Lasters as they are handed white robes. Logan considers his with dread.

**INT. CAROUSEL - STADIUM - LATER**

The ceremony is already underway - the choir, the crowd. The white-robed Lasters gather in the center. Among the transfixed crowd we find Francis and the other Sandmen. The mood is decidedly more somber than Philip's Lastday. Logan is greatly admired. He will be missed.

As the Lasters are given their Last-lift drug:

## GUARDIAN

Let us raise our hands in  
acknowledgement of these Lasters  
who are about to be renewed.

The tension builds as the Lasters remove their hoods,  
one after another. But where is Logan? Only one  
Laster remains now. Francis' smile fades...

The hood is removed, revealing A WOMAN.

Blink. Confusion. Then stunned silence as the Sandmen  
consider the unthinkable. LOGAN IS NOT HERE.

PUSH IN ON FRANCIS. The Sandman next to him tries to  
stand but Francis holds him down.

## FRANCIS

Stay cool. Everyone is watching.

## GUARDIAN

Yellow to Blue, Blue to Red and Red  
to Yellow. The colony of tomorrow  
awaits your renewal...

## SPECTATORS

RENEW AND BE YOUNG.

MUSIC SWELLS as the Lasters slowly rise into the air  
like spirits - faces filled with joy as they climb.

ONE GIRL sighs in ecstasy. Arms raised upward, she  
smiles as she is gently lifted into the darkness.

WE STAY WITH HER, following her into the CENOTAPH...

**INT. CENOTAPH - CONTINUOUS**

Metallic arms guide the woman, gently laying her into  
a small compartment that resembles a clear  
sarcophagus. Beat. She sighs - peaceful, serene...

Until the mechanical arms go to work:

HER ROBE is torn away. CLAMPS restrain the woman's  
head as a blade SLICES her skin down the middle. She  
barely has time to scream before smaller arms TEAR  
HER SKIN OFF, revealing BONES, BLOOD AND MUSCLE in  
zero gravity. All liquid is sucked away by snaking  
vacuum tubes. The sound is just as horrifying as the  
images.

The arms quickly pick the corpse clean until nothing is left but bone and tattered flesh. The arms retract. BOOM. The skeleton is pressurized and turned into dust. VARIOUS TUBES fill up with the raw organic materials stripped from the body.

All that remains is a small, black crystal.

The truth behind Carousel. It plays grimly against THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE O.S.

**INT. CAROUSEL - STADIUM - CONTINUOUS**

As the audience around them cheers, the Sandmen sit in grim silence. Confused. Angry. Betrayed.

The applause reaches a crescendo and we:

**INT. LASTER'S LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER**

CRASH. The Sandmen burst in to find a single white robe in a heap on the floor. No Logan.

FRANCIS (INTO RADIO)  
Francis-7, Central. I need a locate  
on Logan-5.

**INT. SANDMAN HEADQUARTERS - MAP ROOM - DAY**

DEL  
Central, Francis-7. Can you say  
that again?

FRANCIS (ON RADIO)  
You heard me, Del.

All activity grinds to a halt. Everyone in the room looks at Del. He touches a few controls and finds a black blip moving quickly. Everyone knows what it means. Del is speechless.

**INT. LASTER'S LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS**

FRANCIS  
Del.

DEL (ON RADIO)  
I- sorry. I have him. He's on a  
vator headed for the Rec Center.

Francis and the others are stunned.

FRANCIS

Who can get their fastest?

VOICE (ON RADIO)

Central, Tristan-6. I have two men with me. I can be there in one minute.

FRANCIS

Get over there. Del, I want every man you have converging on that signal at once. Do it quickly, do it quiet.

**INT. LOGAN'S VATOR - CONTINUOUS**

Logan has a radio of his own. He can hear all of this. Suddenly, he realizes something. Looking up, he sees a tiny SECURITY CAMERA in the corner of the vator.

**INT. SANDMAN HEADQUARTERS - MAP ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Roth and Del are looking at Logan looking right back at them. He raises his gun. The screen goes blank.

DEL

Shit.

**INT. LOGAN'S VATOR - CONTINUOUS**

Logan turns to the SHOCKED PASSENGERS in the vator. They look at the smoldering remains of the camera, then at his gun. Terrified, they all raise their right hand to identify. Logan slowly raises his gun. The passengers raise both hands now. Horrified.

**INT. SANDMAN HEADQUARTERS - MAP ROOM - DAY**

YOUNGER SANDMEN AND TRAINEES share confused, nervous looks. No one has ever been in this situation before.

SANDMAN

How do we do this?

MORAH (O.S.)

He's one man. We can take him.

All eyes turn to Morah, entering the room as he straps on tactical gear, ready for a real fight.

But they just stare at the blip that is Logan-5.

DEL  
YOU HEARD THE MAN. MOVE.

The Sandmen scramble.

**INT. CAROUSEL - VATOR STATION - DAY**

Francis and his men move swiftly toward the waiting vators, the mob parting as usual at their approach. They can sense something in the Sandmen's demeanor and several people instinctively identify.

**INT. SIDEWINDER BAY - DAY**

Morah and a half dozen heavily armed Sandmen mount up on SIDEWINDERS, the natural evolution of jet-ski and helicopter and the preferred mode of transport for a Sandman on the go. A moment later they are airborne and headed for Logan.

**EXT. FASHION PARK - DAY**

Deserted now except for Jessica, waiting anxiously for Logan.

**EXT. VATOR STATION - CONTINUOUS**

TRISTAN-6 (19) and TWO OTHER SANDMEN rush to the platform as Logan's vator approaches. BYSTANDERS step back, excited to see a kill.

TRISTAN (INTO RADIO)  
I've got him.

**INT. FRANCIS' VATOR - DAY**

Francis and his men are on the move.

FRANCIS (INTO RADIO)  
Just keep him in the vator. *Do not* try to engage until you have back-up.

**INT. LOGAN'S VATOR - CONTINUOUS**

Logan, of course, can hear this on his radio. Through the glass he can see Tristan and the two Sandmen waiting below. He stares at the other passengers. Behind them is A HOLOGRAPHIC AD BOARD that separates the two halves of the vator, forever selling.

**INT. VATOR STATION - CONTINUOUS**

CLOSE ON: One of the many concave eyes belonging to Guardian watches, passive.

Tristan and his two men draw their guns and take cover, waiting as the vator descends and finally docks. The doors open to the sound of the ever present muzak. Inside the vator is a strange and almost disturbing sight:

TEN PASSENGERS stacked like cord-wood on the floor. Motionless. Tristan notes a small dart in the neck of one of the passengers.

TRISTAN

They've been tranq'd.

But no sign of Logan. Tristan eyes the holographic ad board in the middle of the vator. He raises his gun and scans it, but no sign of Logan. His attention is drawn to the pile of bodies on the floor. On Tristan's display it is a jumble of signals and identities - impossible to make sense of. Tristan tries to adjust the weapon sight, but then:

The door to the vator starts to close.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Cover.

Tristan runs to the vator, keeping just around the corner for cover and reaching out with his hand to catch the door.

**INT. VATOR - DAY**

CLOSE ON: Tristan's fingers clutching the vator door. The only part of him that is visible.

ANGLE ON: TWO UNCONSCIOUS PASSENGERS sprawled out on the floor. A hand rises up from between their bodies, clutching a gun.

CRACK

An arch of electricity like a mini bolt of focused lighting zaps Tristan's fingers. He falls to the ground, convulsing. Once again the door starts to close. The two Sandmen still waiting both run to grab it - realizing as soon as they stand up that one of them should have called it.

CRACK-CRACK. They both drop. Logan emerges from under the unconscious bodies and quickly slips out of the vator.

**INT. VATOR STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Logan calmly walks out of the vator and raises his gun to nail several cameras. PANIC ERUPTS in the crowded vator station.

**INT. SANDMAN HEADQUARTERS - MAP ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Roth springs into action, switching to different cameras, but Logan is ahead of him. Del and Roth get only glimpses of Logan as he passes from area to area, whacking cameras.

**INT. FRANCIS' VATOR - CONTINUOUS**

The same image is patched into the holographic sight on Francis' gun.

FRANCIS

Central, I can't see. What's going on?

ROTH (ON RADIO)

He's at the central vator terminal.

FRANCIS

I don't want this turning into a spectacle. All units pull back. Let's see where he's going and head him off.

**INT. VATOR STATION - DAY**

On his own radio, Logan can hear everything the other Sandmen are saying. He moves from one open vator to another, almost comical.

ROTH (ON RADIO)

He's on the vator to Rec Park-  
Correction, to Carous- Correction.

FRANCIS (ON RADIO)

Obviously he can hear you, Roth.  
Wait until he commits. All units  
radio silence.

Logan smiles - hearing what he wanted to. He sees a vator nearby, the doors closing. He rushes in, making note of the camera looking at him but not shooting it. Odd.

The vator doors close and he leaves the station.

**INT. VATOR - DAY**

Logan walks to the front of the glass vator, drawing his gun as he passes over an intersection of several tracks leading toward the central vator station. He points the gun at his feet, waiting for just the right moment and...

CRACK

Logan blasts a hole in the floor and drops like a stone...

**EXT. VATOR - DAY**

Landing on the roof of another vator with a-

**INT. 2ND VATOR - DAY**

BANG. PASSENGERS are stunned, watching Logan nearly slide off the glass. He scrambles, slips and falls to:

**EXT. 3RD VATOR - DAY**

CRACK. SMASH. The glass canopy blows in and Logan lands on the floor in a heap, looking up at yet another crowd of STUNNED CITIZENS. Awkward beat, then:

LOGAN

Well? IDENTIFY.

Hands shoot up.

**INT. SANDMAN HEADQUARTERS - MAP ROOM - DAY**

Roth and Del see what's happening. Logan's vator is headed toward a tangle of converging vator tracks.

FRANCIS (ON RADIO)

Stop the vators. Now

DEL (INTO RADIO)

Which ones?

FRANCIS (ON RADIO)

ALL OF THEM. SHUT DOWN EVERYTHING.

**EXT. VATOR TRACKS - SECONDS LATER**

All over the sprawling track system, one vator after another grinds to a halt.

Including the vator holding Francis:

FRANCIS

Dammit. Someone send a Sidewinder to pick me up. Notify me when you have visual.

**INT. LOGAN'S VATOR - CONTINUOUS**

Logan, gun in his lap, has taken a jacket from a fellow passenger to hide his uniform.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: The other passengers sit casually, reading, going about their business.

Only on closer inspection do we see the fear in their faces - everyone has one eye on Logan and his gun.

LOGAN

You're all doing fine. Just another ride on a vator. Nothing unusual...

Suddenly the vator stops. Mute sounds of fear. Before panic can start:

LOGAN (CONT'D)

NOBODY MOVE.

The passengers remain seated, terrified. Logan sits perfectly still, moving only his eyes.

VATOR VOICE (V.O.)

*Please remain seated. Vator activity temporarily interrupted.*

A FAINT HUM. A passenger screams. Logan looks outside to see Sidewinders swarming, Sandmen peering in. Morah is in the lead.

LOGAN

Morah. Right on time.

Logan stands. Morah sees him and aims. Logan shoots his gun at the glass floor under his feet and falls onto:

**EXT. VATOR - DAY**

A SIDEWINDER below. Logan grapples with the Sandman/Pilot, shoving him off. The Sandman clings desperately to the underside of the Sidewinder. Logan seizes the controls and takes off.

**INT. FRANCIS' VATOR - DAY**

The radio explodes with overlapping activity - everyone shouting at once. No one was trained for this scenario. Moments ago it was unthinkable.

FRANCIS (INTO RADIO)

WHAT IS GOING ON? WHERE IS LOGAN-5?

**EXT. COLONY - VARIOUS - DAY**

Logan deftly maneuvers the Sidewinder, diving and dropping his unwanted passenger in a large reflecting pool. The other Sidewinders give chase.

Logan spies the Fashion Park in the distance and makes for it.

**EXT. FASHION PARK - DAY**

Jessica has waited long enough. She gives up, turning to leave. But a sound stops her. She looks up to see:

Logan blazes past on a Sidewinder, several more in hot pursuit.

Jessica touches one of her earrings and it lights up. (A phone, of course.)

JESSICA

Memory seven-seven... Hektor. It's Jessica... I think I'm going to need you.

**EXT. SKIES ABOVE FASHION PARK - DAY**

Logan catches a fleeting glimpse of Jessica. He glances over his shoulder at the Sidewinders on his tail. Too close. He has to lose them first.

**EXT. FASHION PARK - DAY**

Jessica watches Logan fly off into the distance, wondering what she should do.

**EXT. COLONY - VARIOUS - DAY**

Speed. Excitement. Inevitable escape. (We're only on page 58.) Logan is a good pilot - the other Sandmen often lose sight of him.

During one of these moments, Logan works his way back to the Fashion Park. But there is no sign of Jessica. He is on his own now. Screwed.

**EXT. FASHION PARK - DAY**

He takes the Sidewinder low and leaps from it (still at a considerable height). The machine careens into a spectacular fiery crash. One from which no one could have possibly walked away.

Morah and the other Sandmen on their Sidewinders arrive a moment later to find a flaming wreck. They hover over the explosion, unable to hide their shock. Smoke and fire obscure their view of the crash site. It is important to remember that.

**EXT. WALKWAY - ADJASCENT TO FASHION PARK - DAY**

Logan, bleeding badly from several open wounds, staggers for cover, the sound of Sidewinders approaching. Finally he collapses.

He looks up, his vision blurred with his own blood. Someone is reaching for him. He raises his gun but can barely hold it. A man's hands take the gun away.

CLOSE ON: The same hands grab Logan's right hand, exposing his crystal. A woman's hands press an Ankh against the crystal. Logan jolts from a slight shock and:

**INT. SANDMAN HEADQUARTERS - MAP ROOM - DAY**

PUSH IN ON LOGAN'S BLINKING LIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MAP - IT SUDDENLY DISAPPEARS.

Del cannot believe he is saying the words:

DEL (ON RADIO)  
Logan is d- Sorry. Runner has been prosecuted.

Del buries his head in his hands, devastated. But Roth is still staring at the board, unconvinced.

ROTH (INTO RADIO)  
Morah, can you confirm?

**INT. FRANCIS' VATOR - DAY**

Francis awaits the verdict, helpless and filled with dread.

ROTH (ON RADIO)  
I say again... Confirm.

MORAH (INTO RADIO)  
I think I might have hit him... I can't be sure.

Francis stuffs his emotions, staying all business.

FRANCIS

Morah, Francis-7. Find the body.  
Central, get these vators moving. I  
want to get down there.

**EXT. STREET - LATER**

Francis, Morah and several other Sandmen are combing the wreckage for Logan's body, but it is obvious.

MORAH

He's not here.

Francis wants to argue, but he knows Morah is right.

**INT. SMALL VENTILATION SHAFT - DAY**

Darkness. The sound of breathing, a figure crawling toward us in a cramped space.

A tiny light flicks on revealing AN ACCESS PANEL. Hand-tools pry the panel open and go to work on a complex mass of wires. Whoever is doing the work knows his stuff.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Lyle, the little boy from Jessica's class. Anything but an innocent.

**INT. NURSERY - MOMENTS LATER**

A SMALL VENT opens and LYLE crawls into the room. We notice he is wearing a chain with an Ankh. He stands and looks at a nearby camera.

CAMERAS MONITOR EVERYTHING, moving this way and that, scanning at will - the eyes of Guardian. But, as if intimidated, the camera looks away from Lyle. He heads for the door. Wherever he walks, the cameras look somewhere else.

Lyle looks at the chain around his neck, impressed at what it can do. He heads for the door past:

An endless sea of transparent "cribs." Empty.

Lyle opens the door to reveal:

Jessica and Hektor - each wearing Ankhs - carry the badly injured Logan. He sways in and out of consciousness.

HEKTOR

What is this place?

JESSICA

A nursery. It's where offspring are taken after they're renewed.

HEKTOR

How do you know about it?

And with a grim chill she says:

JESSICA

I used to work here. Come on.

She motions to a seemingly lifeless mechanical mass on the far side of the room - a nastier version of the machine in Hektor's Face Place kiosk. A small steel table rests in front of it like an altar.

HEKTOR

I don't understand. What sort of surgery would they do here?

Jessica turns to Lyle.

JESSICA

Go home, Lyle.

LYLE

But I want to watch.

JESSICA

Now.

Disappointed, Lyle leaves.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

It isn't surgery. It's Quality Control.

Hektor is confused. Jessica struggles to explain:

JESSICA (CONT'D)

It's like any other assembly line. Guardian dissects the occasional renewal to check for defects.

Hektor grimaces. The thought of this terrible looking machine working on an infant is dreadful. Then he realizes:

HEKTOR  
 (re: cribs)  
 Why are they all empty?

But Jessica cannot or will not answer.

HEKTOR (CONT'D)  
 Jessica. Why are they all empty?  
 Where are the renewals?

JESSICA  
 We have to help Logan.

They lay Logan on the steel table made for babies, his extremities hanging over the sides. They go to work removing his clothes. Jessica gasps, fully realizing the extent of Logan's injuries.

HEKTOR  
 When are the others coming to get him?  
 (but when she doesn't answer...)  
 They are coming to get him, right?

Still no answer. Jessica looks pale. Scared. Something is terribly wrong. Hektor grabs her.

HEKTOR (CONT'D)  
 What did you do, Jessica?

JESSICA  
 We need him, Hektor.

Hektor looks at her pleading eyes and, despite himself, turns his attention to the machine, a little uncertain.

Hektor hits a control console and the machine roars to life with a horrific noise, reaching for Logan the way a praying mantis reaches for lunch. Logan struggles to move away, but he is too badly injured to do much of anything. Hektor quickly punches the panel to bring the machine under control.

For a moment we think the machine is tearing Logan apart, but we quickly realize it is healing him - injecting anesthetic to the very areas it is attacking, healing the same wounds instantly with liquid flesh.

Logan blacks out.

**INT. LOGAN'S RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Logan's residence sits empty and quiet.

BOOM. The doors burst open and SIX SANDMEN enter, led by Morah and Francis. They strategically scatter throughout the apartment, checking corners and rooms.

SANDMAN #1

All clear.

FRANCIS

Take everything.

MAYHEM as Sandmen dismantle everything Logan possessed. Francis looks down to find Logan's cat nuzzling his leg. He bends down and picks up the animal, scratching him around the collar.

**INT. NURSERY - DAY**

The machine retracts, blood dripping from a few of its limbs. PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Logan is completely healed - as if nothing had ever happened. He is out cold.

HEKTOR

We have to get him someplace safe.

But Hektor looks past Jessica and goes pale. Jessica turns to find Lyle is back, looking afraid.

A TALL MAN stands behind the boy, his face out of frame and his hands on Lyle's shoulders. He wears a chain as well.

This faceless man is flanked by SEVERAL MORE.

VOICE (O.S.)

Take them all.

CLOSE ON Jessica and Hektor as the faceless men mob them.

BLACK

**INT. SUBLEVEL - LATER**

CRACK. Logan's eyes fly open to the sound of sizzling electricity. His eyes look around wildly, filled with pain. He emerges from the blackness to faint blue light. Shadows. A low humming noise. A faint hiss.

The electricity stops and his eyes close again. Another jolt brings him back violently.

VOICE (O.S.)

You gave him too much anesthetic.

HEKTOR (O.S.)

You didn't see the shape he was in.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Logan is lashed to a make-shift operating table surrounded by hostile looking equipment. None of the clean lines and sterility of the nursery. This is more like a garage - everything is portable, inelegant, scary.

WHALE, a large man with close-cut hair, pokes Logan with some sort of rod in the ribs. Each time the device touches Logan he comes back a little further from unconsciousness. It's obviously excruciating.

WHALE

Ever been to reconditioning,  
Sandman? I have.

(more pain)

And when I tell you it's more pain  
than you can imagine... Well, from  
now on you'll have a frame of  
reference.

More pain. Logan is awake now, becoming lucid. Then a SHADOWY FIGURE approaches, hard to make out in the darkness beyond.

SHADOW

You'll excuse the rude awakening,  
Sandman, but there isn't much time.

As his eyes adjust he can make out an anxious looking Jessica. Hektor and Lyle are behind her. The space around them is steel as far as the eye can see. Massive girders arch from floor to ten-foot-high ceiling in fifty foot intervals. About thirty feet in each direction is a shimmering blue light like an aurora borealis. In the center is a portable generator - the source of the humming.

Beside it are hissing pressurized tanks, large but portable - covered in a layer of frost.

LOGAN

(groggy)

Magnetic field generator, oxygen cracker... We're outside the ecosystem.

SHADOW

Just inside the colony's outer skin to be precise. No atmosphere. Guardian's blind-spot. But that's not-

LOGAN

*This* is Sanctuary?

SHADOW

Far from it. Those machines are slowly polluting the atmosphere they create. We'll be dead if we stay much longer. Now listen to me-

LOGAN

Where are the rest of the unaccou-

The Shadow sighs and nods to Whale who jolts Logan again with the prod.

SHADOW

You have to focus, Sandman. If you want to reach Sanctuary, we need to know we can trust you.

JESSICA

He ran didn't he? You said he wouldn't and he did.

SHADOW

We both know Sanctuary costs more than that.

The Shadow steps into the light and we see his face. There is something about him. Something not right.

Meet EMILE. To us an attractive man in his mid-to-late thirties. To Logan:

LOGAN

You're... old.

EMILE

No, you're old. I'm ancient. Still want to live?

As Logan studies Emile with grim fascination, Whale holds up a small sensor, reading air quality.

WHALE

Three minutes.

EMILE

Listen carefully, Logan-5. It's not just your life at stake here. Your actions from here on out may very well determine the fate of mankind.

Logan's eyes focus now, fully conscious.

EMILE (CONT'D)

Before I ran I was an engineer. Environmental stasis. By this I mean-

LOGAN

Ensuring there's one renewal for every life that goes to Carousel. Each woman bears two offspring to maintain the population. I'm a Sandman. I'm familiar with the-

EMILE

Two offspring is an average. On rare occasions a woman is a half-life.

(stealing a glance at Jessica)  
She has only one child in a lifetime.

LOGAN

Meaning some other woman has to give three. What's your point?

EMILE

Rarer still is a zero-sum - a woman who never reproduces at all. Of course, with a population of four million, we can easily compensate. So long as the number of zero-sums remained low. But it didn't...

Logan considers this, realizing...

EMILE (CONT'D)

In fact, the number of zero-sums has been steadily growing. No one can explain why. Not even Guardian.

LOGAN

You're saying the population is in decline.

EMILE

The current rate is 3 percent per generation. But the more the population shrinks, the faster that percentage will grow until one day-

WHALE

Two minutes.

Jessica coughs, the air becoming toxic.

LOGAN

Did anyone report this?

EMILE

More than once. But everyone who did was transferred.

LOGAN

I don't understand. Why would-

EMILE

There are only two ways to maintain the population, Sandman. Humans reproduce at a constant rate or...

LOGAN

Or they're allowed to live longer.

EMILE

And you know as well as anyone the importance of Carousel. Everyone must go. Even the engineers we need to solve our little problem.

LOGAN

So you ran.

EMILE

A lot of us did.

LOGAN

The Unaccounted.

EMILE

We didn't run to save ourselves. We ran to save the colony - to understand why mankind is dying out.

LOGAN

And do you?

EMILE

We're no closer to an answer now than when we started. We know a great deal about how humans reproduce. What we don't understand is where we come from. Our origins. Perhaps if we knew that, we could better understand the problem we're facing. Of course, just asking the question is forbidden. Only Guardian knows the answer. And since she wouldn't give it to us, we had to take it.

LOGAN

So these attacks on Guardian-

EMILE

We mean no harm. The colony is far too complex to survive without her. We just want information. Knowledge. We almost had it until you killed the messenger.

LOGAN

Doyle.

WHALE

One minute.

EMILE

The data we need is stored in Doyle's crystal. It is data that could help us save mankind. Get it and we'll send you on to Sanctuary. But I warn you. Sanctuary isn't what you think it is.

LOGAN

What you're asking is impossible. Doyle's body will be in evidence-

EMILE

Jessica will help you any way she can.

JESSICA

Me? But I-

LOGAN

I'm not a Sandman anymore. There's nothing I can-

Whale coughs, putting on some sort of oxygen mask.

WHALE

Forty-five seconds...

Emile puts on a mask as well, his voice muffled now.

EMILE

Good luck, Sandman. May you get what you want.

Emile jabs a needle in Logan's neck. His vision immediately blurs, but he can make out Whale grabbing hold of Jessica and stabbing her as well. From out of the darkness, SEVERAL SHADOWY PEOPLE emerge, grabbing hold of Hektor and Lyle, drugging them, too.

EMILE (CONT'D)

(voice fading)

And may you want what you get.

**INT. GUARDIAN CHAMBER - NIGHT**

Francis stands at attention before the three eyes of Guardian.

GUARDIAN

Did Logan-5 give you any indication that he was going to run?

FRANCIS

It simply doesn't make sense. I can't believe Logan would run. Not unless...

(thinking)

Unless he had a reason.

GUARDIAN

Something troubles you, Francis.

FRANCIS

Logan told me he though we were facing a new kind of runner. He said Doyle could not have run without help. What if there *is* a conspiracy to help runners? What if Logan ran to expose-

GUARDIAN

His reasons will be made clear when he is brought to me for interrogation.

FRANCIS

Question. If Logan did run for a reason - if his actions can somehow be justified... Will he be renewed?

Chilling silence.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

But if he-

GUARDIAN

Renewal is the cornerstone of this ecosystem, Francis-7. Sandmen are the keepers of this sacred trust.

FRANCIS

Recognize.

GUARDIAN

Containing today's incident will be difficult enough. If the greater population learns that a Sandman is running, the effect could be catastrophic. Spare him and other Sandmen might think they can run without fear of prosecution.

FRANCIS

...Recognize.

GUARDIAN

He understood the choice he was making better than anyone.

Francis looks down at the floor.

FRANCIS

I understand.

GUARDIAN

You are confident you can proceed?  
You do not require intervention?

Francis stands tall, shoulders back.

FRANCIS

It is my duty to serve mankind.

GUARDIAN

You are dismissed, Francis-7.

Francis turns and marches out of the room. Not a flicker of conflict in his eyes. Or is there...?

GUARDIAN (CONT'D)

Assessment.

And from the shadows, Morah emerges. Prick.

MORAH

He serves Guardian. But Logan is  
his friend. You can't count on him.

Long pause.

GUARDIAN

Observe Francis-7. You are  
authorized to intervene at your  
discretion.

Morah smiles.

**INT. NIGHTCLUB - BEHIND STAGE - NIGHT**

Pounding music. Logan comes to at the feet of THREE NAKED WOMEN gyrating wildly in front of a wall of opaque glass. Their eyes are glassy and stoned. Jessica comes to a moment later.

The naked dancers take no notice of Logan and Jessica. Then we realize: The women are not real. They are sophisticated animatronics. Look closely and you can see they have no eyebrows, no nipples, no fine features of any kind. Eerie.

**INT. NIGHTCLUB - DANCE-FLOOR - NIGHT**

From here we can see what the deal is. To the PATRONS jammed on the dance floor, it looks like three naked women are dancing behind the glass - their silhouettes suggesting three naked sirens just out of reach. Only we know the truth.

Logan and Jessica emerge from the side of the stage, ignored by the patrons - some stoned, some screwing, all of them sweating up a storm. It is the rave from hell and we'd love to stay a while, but duty calls.

**EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT**

A crowded street teeming with nightlife. A large sign reads:

RESPECT THE NEIGHBORS. QUIET PLEASE.

Logan and Jessica emerge to find a line of dozens of clubbers waiting to get in. They too are dancing, making out, sharing drugs. The difference is that they are all wearing wireless headphones tapped into the music inside. Instead of music we hear only the shuffling of many feet. Surreal.

Logan grabs Jessica, pulling her back into the shadows. Looking around she notices the Sandman presence is heavier than usual. Looking up she sees a Sidewinder cruising overhead - more in the distance.

Logan reaches into his jacket, discreetly adjusting something on his gun.

LOGAN

Proximity sensor. Tells me when other Sandmen are nearby. It's meant to keep us from shooting each other in a crowd.

Logan thinks about that, smiling at the irony, shaking his head.

JESSICA

What do we do now?

LOGAN

Not we? You. You have to get Doyle's crystal from HQ.

JESSICA

How am I supposed to do that?

LOGAN

By turning yourself in.

He takes her by the arm and they vanish into the crowded mainstream of foot traffic.

**INT. SANDMAN HEADQUARTERS - MAP ROOM - NIGHT**

Francis and the other Sandmen study the big board with an uneasy silence. The young blue trainees have lost the eager edge they had this morning.

Del and Roth have the big board working overtime, searching for any sign of Logan.

Frederick-5, the blue trainee, is particularly crushed by the day's events.

FREDERICK

I don't understand... Why would Logan run? I mean he was-

MORAH

Perfect. Too perfect. That always bothered me.

Silence. An "oh shit" moment as everyone freezes.

FRANCIS

That's enough, Morah.

MORAH

Logan was acting funny on Philip's Lastday. I couldn't put my finger on it then, but now it makes sense.

FRANCIS

I said that's *enough*. They don't need to hear this.

Morah turns his back on Francis, ignoring him.

MORAH

I think when he saw it was Philip's turn, Logan knew his number was up. You ask me, he looked through the sight one day and saw himself looking back... And he blinked.

FRANCIS

ENOUGH.

Francis grabs the chain around Morah's neck with one hand, decking him with the other. CRACK. Morah flies back, the chain snapping free in Francis' hand.

CRACK. Morah decks Francis. Francis turns on him, ready to fight back.

The other Sandmen leap in to hold them back before it gets worse. Chaos, overlapping dialogue. When things quiet down, Morah wipes blood from his bleeding mouth.

MORAH

Don't ever touch me again, Francis.

Francis goes to answer, but Roth cuts in:

ROTH

You're tried, Francis. Go home.

Francis thinks about arguing, then nods. He walks out. He is halfway to the door before realizing he is still holding Morah's necklace and the dead runner's crystal that hangs from it.

**INT. FRANCIS' APARTMENT - DAY**

Francis sits on a sofa staring at the wall, sipping a stiff drink. He almost doesn't hear the faintest of beeping sounds. Then he does. He stands. What the hell is that? He follows it around the apartment, hotter, colder, hotter again. He looks under furniture, in cabinets.

Logan's cat passively watches.

Then Francis looks at the cat. He walks toward it and the beeping gets louder, clearer. He takes ahold of the cat's collar and there, under the buckle, is the source of the noise. A simple SIM CARD - a pin-point of light flashing on it.

Francis turns to his PC. In the future, a PC is little more than a black sugar-cube with a slot in it. He pops in the sim and the PC comes to life - a virtual keyboard projected on the desk, a virtual screen above it. It says:

HEADS-UP DISPLAY... LOGAN-5

Logan's face appears on the screen. The image is shaky, handheld. We realize from the information around the edges of the screen that Logan is pointing his own gun at himself, using it as a camera.

Francis is stunned. The camera wheels away from Logan and points at a night club called:

LASTERS

**EXT. LASTER'S NIGHT CLUB - DAY**

The very same club we saw in Logan's video clip. The atmosphere is wildly festive. Perhaps desperately so. Francis approaches, moving unhindered past a line of people waiting to get in.

**INT. LASTER'S NIGHT CLUB - DAY**

Darkness. Pounding music. Francis moves through the surreal crowd of writhing, stoned, attractive bodies. Hands are held high in the air, almost every crystal flashing BLACK RED BLACK RED - people partying away their last day of life, headed for a meat grinder, blissfully unaware.

Suddenly a hand grabs Francis, turning him around. A woman's slender arms wrap themselves around his neck, a lithe body holds him tightly, soft lips press against his, a tongue in his mouth. Francis pulls himself free only to be grabbed hungrily by another woman. People hold on desperately at Lasters. It's to be expected.

The third woman to cling to Francis is a little harder to get free of. One hand grabs his crotch and he takes pause. The other hand touches his face, caressing. But then her hand picks the radio mic from his ear. Francis grabs her wrists and pulls. The woman kisses him passionately. He grabs her shoulders, about to push her away when:

JESSICA

Logan sent me.

Francis freezes. Jessica looks him in the eye, intense now.

FRANCIS

Where-

JESSICA

When I say.

She kisses him again, running her hands all over his body. We're confused at first until we realize what she is doing. What looks like a passionate pawing is actually a thorough frisk. She takes his gun, his ear-mic, restraints, etc. Francis' possessions are dropped, one by one, in a bag Jessica has slung over her shoulder. In a moment he is picked clean, but it almost seems worth it.

All the while she dances with Francis, rubbing her body all over his, matching the movements of the soon-to-be-dead all around her. She whispers in his ear.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Logan left you that message because he thought he might need help. He believes he can trust you.

FRANCIS

That all depends.

JESSICA

He said you'd say that.

FRANCIS

I want to see him.

JESSICA

He says you will. But you have to do something first.

FRANCIS

What do you want me to do?

And with a seductive whisper in his ear, she holds up his restraints.

JESSICA

Lock me up.

**EXT. SANDMAN HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Francis, his gear back in place, heads for HQ with Jessica in cuffs.

FRANCIS

You sure you want to do this? I can just get Doyle's crystal for you.

JESSICA

How can I trust you to bring me the right one?

Francis knows she has a point.

**INT. SANDMAN HEADQUARTERS - MAP ROOM - DAY**

The Sandmen are surprised to see Francis enter with Jessica.

ROTH

What's going on, Francis?

FRANCIS

Two days ago, Logan took out a runner with no signal.

DEL

Doyle-4.

FRANCIS

The next day Logan runs and what happens? We lose his signal.

Roth is intrigued.

ROTH

You think Logan figured out how Doyle masked his signal.

Francis pushes Jessica forward a step.

FRANCIS

And Jessica-6 here was exclusive to Doyle.

ROTH

Shame, shame, Jessica-6.

FRANCIS

Of course, she claims she doesn't know how Doyle hid his signal.

ANGLE ON: At the far end of the room, Morah is listening, curious.

DEL

Of course.

FRANCIS

But I'm willing to bet when she gets a look at Doyle's body, it'll jog her memory.

The Sandmen share a grim, knowing smile. Roth looks it up.

ROTH

He's in recycling. Level two.

Francis takes Jessica by the arm, leading her to an elevator. They share a discreet look as they get on.

**INT. ELEVATOR - DAY**

Francis pushes a button, looking back at the HQ full of Sandmen. We are startled when a body fills the frame, getting on the elevator with them.

MORAH

I'd like to see this myself.

Francis and Jessica share a new look. "Oh shit."

**INT. RECYCLING - DAY**

Francis, Jessica and Morah arrive to a massive room. All manner of personal belongings are here - but nothing generic. Each object is something distinctly personal - remains of a particular individual's life.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: The size of the operation is immense.

At the far end of the massive room, a machine sorts and breaks these things down into their various parts - turning them into lifeless glass, wood, paper, metal. These are sorted further and melted, shredded, incinerated - returned to the colony as raw materials.

JESSICA

I always wondered where it went?

FRANCIS

Where what went?

JESSICA

The past.

MORAH

Here we are.

They come to a large steel enclosure labeled:

PRESERVATION

Morah steps ahead of them and turns a heavy wheel to open the locker. As cold air hisses out, Jessica whispers to Francis:

JESSICA

How am I supposed to take the-

But Francis shakes his head quickly, shutting her up.

The door to preservation opens to reveal a series of steel drawers, making us wonder what is inside. But we are only allowed to see in one.

**INT. PRESERVATION LOCKER - DAY**

Breath comes out like steam.

They find the drawer marked: DOYLE-4 - SAVE AS EVIDENCE. Jessica numbly stares at the drawer, trembling. Francis steals a glance at her, obviously sympathetic, but unable to say anything in front of Morah.

MORAH

If you know something speak up now,  
Jessica. You don't want to see  
this.

Obviously she doesn't want to see this, but she has to. Morah shrugs.

MORAH (CONT'D)

Suit yourself.

Morah steps forward to open the drawer. The sound of the recycling outside seems to grow louder as the drawer slides open. With Morah's back turned, Francis grabs Jessica's hand - reassuring her, we think. But he just as quickly takes his hand away. Jessica looks down in her palm and sees a dead crystal there. She looks at Francis and sees him slipping a chain back into his pocket. The same chain he ripped from Morah's neck.

The drawer opens for Jessica to see inside. Her reaction is real and justified. She covers her mouth, knees buckling, stepping back with a sob. Francis catches her. Morah smiles sadistically.

CLOSE ON: Francis recovers, putting on a show now.

FRANCIS

Look at him. LOOK. You're gonna keep looking until I get some answer. HOW DID HE HIDE HIS SIGNAL?

He shakes her and she looks, real tears in her eyes. But she is also searching the remains.

What glimpses we are allowed are almost too much to bear. Remember that Doyle fell from a height of several miles. Jessica cries out, trying to step back, but Francis holds her tight. Jessica is shrieking now. So much so that even Morah finds it disturbing. His smile fades.

MORAH

I... don't think she knows anything.

FRANCIS

LOOK AT HIM. LOOK.

Francis shoves her forward, bending her over Doyle's body. Morah steps in, trying to pull Francis off. Francis elbows her back and shoves Jessica low across the open drawer, inches from Doyle's remains.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

TALK TO ME, DAMMIT. TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW. HOW DID HE DO IT?

Morah recovers and grabs Francis around the neck, pulling him back. Jessica falls to the floor, hands clutched tightly to her chest, her clothes stained with Doyle's blood.

Morah shoves Francis against the wall, getting in his face.

MORAH

What's the matter with you? Have you lost your mind?

His back to Jessica, Morah suddenly cracks a smile, trying not to laugh. He whispers:

MORAH (CONT'D)  
 (winking, impressed)  
 Next time let me know I'm good cop.

Morah steps back and goes to Jessica, leaving Francis to recover himself.

Morah helps Jessica to her feet, turning to kick Doyle's drawer shut with his foot. As the drawer slides back into the wall, we catch a glimpse of Doyle's right hand. The crystal in his palm seems to have come loose...

**INT. SANDMAN HEADQUARTERS - LATER**

The Sandmen look with wide eyes at the trembling, blood-stained Jessica. They look at Francis with a mixture of shock and admiration. He's tougher than they thought. He can barely look back at them.

Morah has his arm around a still shaken Jessica.

MORAH  
 I'm sure it's all just a misunderstanding. Why don't you head home and rest. If you think of anything that might be helpful - anything at all - you come and see me.

Jessica nods, dazed. Francis steps up, taking her by the arm.

FRANCIS  
 I'll take her home.

MORAH  
 Are you sure that's a good-

FRANCIS  
 I said I'll do it.

Morah steps back, hands up.

MORAH  
 You're the boss.

Francis and Jessica leave. After a beat, Morah turns to the other Sandmen, sitting in stunned silence.

MORAH (CONT'D)  
 Didn't think he had it in him.

That sends a chuckle through the room - funny in a way only cops can appreciate. The rest of the Sandmen are still laughing when Morah's smile fades.

MORAH (CONT'D)  
(to himself)

But do you, Francis?

Morah pulls out his gun and activates the sight. He calls up a menu and selects:

FRANCIS-7

And then:

LOCATE

A black dot flashes, tracking Francis' movement through the colony. Morah follows.

**INT. VATOR - DAY**

Francis and Jessica ride along in silence.

The vator comes to a stop at a station and the doors hiss open. PASSENGERS are about to get on when Francis raises his hand. Without another word, the passengers step back and let the vator doors close, leaving Francis and Jessica alone.

FRANCIS  
Where will he meet us?

Jessica shakes her head, still dazed.

JESSICA  
He said just ride the M line and he'd find us.

Jessica looks down at the crystal in her palm, slightly dazed.

FRANCIS  
Why did he run?

JESSICA  
You know Logan better than I do.

FRANCIS  
Not Logan. Doyle. He had the promise of renewal. Eternal lives. I just don't understand.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)  
 Now everything he was, everything  
 he could have been... There's  
 nothing left.

Long pause, Jessica stares at the crystal. Then:

JESSICA  
 I'm pregnant.

Francis is stunned.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
 He didn't want to help them. He  
 believed in renewal. But he saw  
 what it did to me the first time I  
 gave up my child...

FRANCIS  
 (confused)  
 I'm sorry. Help who?

JESSICA  
 It's supposed to be an honor to  
 give up your... It's supposed to be  
 a relief. The other women made it  
 sound so easy. But it hurts. I  
 can't explain how or why, but  
 somewhere deep down it hurts. I  
 couldn't do it again. Doyle could  
 see that. So he told them he'd  
 help.

FRANCIS  
 Help. Help who? I don't under-

JESSICA  
 He gave his life - all of his lives  
 - so that I could keep my baby. So  
 that we could go to Sanctuary.

FRANCIS  
 Sanctuary? What is-

The vator slows to a stop. Francis looks up and sees  
 a crowd at the door. The doors open and Francis  
 raises his hand. They obediently step back TO REVEAL:

Logan.

JESSICA  
 (whispering)  
 Please don't tell him.

She gets up and meets Logan as he gets on, handing him the crystal. Then she steps out. Logan is confused.

LOGAN

Where are you-

JESSICA

I've done all I can. Goodbye,  
Logan. Good luck.

And the vator doors close. A beat later it leaves the station. Logan looks through the glass at Jessica as she walks away from the platform. He is still looking when:

FRANCIS

What is Sanctuary?

Logan turns, at once happy and sad to see his friend.

LOGAN

That's a long story.

**EXT. VATOR - DAY**

Outside the vator looking in as Logan sits down and tells all he knows. The vator pulls away, gaining in speed until:

A SIDEWINDER cruises into frame - driven by Morah. A holographic gun-sight appears over the vator. Morah hits a scroll wheel and the image zooms in. Morah can clearly make out Logan. He smiles.

MORAH

Central, Morah-2, requesting back-up. I have a visual on Logan-5.

**INT. VATOR - DAY**

Francis has been given the download but it's a lot to comprehend.

FRANCIS

So Guardian told you to run.

LOGAN

To find Sanctuary and destroy it.

FRANCIS

And these... missing runners...

LOGAN

The Unaccounted.

FRANCIS

They believe the population is in decline. And that crystal contains information they need to save mankind from dying out.

LOGAN

That's what they tell me.

FRANCIS

And you believe this?

LOGAN

I don't *believe* any of it. Maybe the population is declining. That doesn't mean man is dying out. What matters is *they* believe it. Carousel isn't renewal to them. To them it means the end of mankind. I think they mean to stop it.

FRANCIS

But the only way to do that would be to...

LOGAN

To destroy Guardian.

FRANCIS

How?

LOGAN

Doyle was a high-level systems engineer. If anyone knew how to destroy Guardian it would have been him. I think that's what he was bringing them when he was killed.

FRANCIS

Then we should just destroy the crystal.

LOGAN

My mission is to find Sanctuary and destroy it. I can't get there unless I give them that crystal.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

If we destroy it now, we might lose our one shot at finding the Unaccounted and wiping them out before they find a way to kill Guardian.

Francis rubs his eyes, bewildered.

FRANCIS

You have to see this from where I'm sitting, Logan. How this sounds. All I know for certain is that you ran. And I have orders to bring you in.

LOGAN

And you can. But not until I reach Sanctuary. I'll guide you in and you can wipe out the whole nest.

FRANCIS

And what about you?

Logan holds up his crystal: BLACK. RED. BLACK. RED.

LOGAN

I was dead from the start. This isn't about me.

Francis looks away, unable to face it.

FRANCIS

But you can't come back.

LOGAN

I don't want to come back.

Francis looks at him, shocked.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

I told you once I was tired and I meant it. Not just tired of killing. I'm tired of living - tired of all this. Maybe if I could see some purpose - if I knew where all of this was going. But I don't think it's going anywhere. The thought of coming back to this life over and over again forever... I don't want it. This mission is what I was meant to do. It gives my life meaning. I can't think of a better way to end it.

Francis looks at his friend with tears in his eyes, unable to comprehend how he got to this place.

FRANCIS

What do you want me to do?

LOGAN

Go back to HQ. Have every available man ready to strike. Wait for my signal.

The vator approaches the next station. Logan stands and heads for the door. He turns back, shocked to find Francis aiming from the hip.

FRANCIS

I have my orders.

LOGAN

Do what you have to, Francis. Just make sure what you're doing is right.

The vator comes to a stop. The door opens with a hiss. Logan slowly turns, braced for a shot in the back. Francis trembles, unable to pull the trigger.

The people outside see Francis' gun and they identify. Logan steps off the vator and into the crowd. Francis lowers his gun and:

BOOM. Panic O.S. The crowd scatters, screaming. Francis runs off the vator to find:

**EXT. VATOR STATION - DAY**

Morah is hovering over the vator station on his Sidewinder, firing at Logan as he runs through the crowd.

FRANCIS

HOLD YOUR FIRE. HOLD YOUR-

BOOM. Morah fires at Logan again as he dives for cover behind a heavy support. The blast dislodges the support and it collapses on top of Logan, pinning him. Logan manages to return fire. Morah ducks, nearly falling off his Sidewinder in the process. The vehicle veers sharply.

Francis runs toward Logan, weaving in and out of a teeming mass of terrified bystanders.

He gets to Logan and together they struggle to lift the beam so that Logan can get free.

LOGAN'S P.O.V. Looking over Francis' shoulder, Logan sees Morah's Sidewinder rise into view for another shot.

LOGAN

FRANCIS.

Francis glances over his shoulder but doesn't stop trying to lift the beam.

FRANCIS

PUSH.

LOGAN

FRANCIS, RUN.

FRANCIS

PUSH, I SAID.

Logan and Francis heave together as:

BOOM

A bolt of searing hot energy passes through Francis, the wound instantly cauterized. He staggers and heaves. Logan pushes and the beam falls free.

MORAH'S P.O.V. from the Sidewinder. Francis collapses, exposing Logan. Morah smiles and sights in, but Logan is faster.

CRACK

Logan's shot hits the nose of the Sidewinder. The machine noses down instantly, hitting the deck with surprising force. Morah lands in a heap, motionless.

Logan turns to Francis, lying on his back, eyes rolling wildly from shock.

LOGAN

Francis...

Francis struggles to say something, but he has nothing to say it with. Instead his eyes wander to the Ankh hanging from Logan's neck. He touches it, curious. Then his body suddenly seizes and he dies.

Logan hasn't long to absorb the death of his friend before:

VOICE (O.S.)  
 RUNNER. STAY WHERE YOU ARE.

Logan turns in time to see a swarm of approaching Sidewinders. Logan runs.

**EXT. COLONY - VARIOUS - DAY**

If Logan has any advantage, it is that he still has no signal. Without a hard visual, the tech-dependant Sandmen are slow to track.

Logan makes good use of cover, running into the vator terminal where Sidewinders cannot follow. Sandmen dismount and run after him.

ANGLE ON: Morah staggers to his feet, angry and determined. He recovers his gun and joins the chase.

**INT. SANDMAN HEADQUARTERS - MAP ROOM - DAY**

Stunned silence. Of the many cameras following the action, one is focused on Francis' body. Another monitor is playing back Francis' last moments on a loop.

DEL  
 I don't understand... What was Francis doing?

ROTH  
 Protecting him.

The Sandmen share a deeply uncertain look. What the hell is happening?

**INT. VATOR TERMINAL - DAY**

Sandmen enter cautiously. BYSTANDERS are quickly getting the idea that they should make themselves scarce. Weapon-sights are finding fewer and fewer signals. The Sandmen seem lost.

MORAH  
 Idiots. He has no signal. Use your eyes. Remember he has our traffic. Radio silence.

Weapon-sights wink out and the Sandmen track in a way that is not their custom.

**INT. VATOR TERMINAL - ELSEWHERE - DAY**

Silence. Almost peaceful.

Cat and mouse. The terminal is a bit of a maze which Logan is using to good effect. Of course, he can track the other Sandmen with his gun, so he knows where everyone is. But the sheer numbers make it hard for him to navigate a path to the exit.

Logan switches to an over-view map and quickly realizes all exits are sealed. Black dots are converging on the terminal from all sides. All corridors are choked. He is cut off. Screwed. Then:

VOICE (O.S.)

Have you got the crystal, Sandman?

Logan turns with start. Emile and Whale are standing behind him as if from thin air. Emile extends a hand, waiting. Logan hesitates.

EMILE

Sanctuary or the Sandmen. You choose.

Logan sees a Sandman's shadow coming around the corner just behind Emile. Now or never. Logan holds up the crystal. Emile takes it, scanning it with a small device and putting it in his pocket - much to Logan's unease. Emile nods to Whale, satisfied.

He jerks his head toward an air vent just behind Whale - its cover forced open. Whale turns and jumps in, vanishing.

Emile motions for Logan to do the same. Logan peers inside, looking down a steep grade into total darkness, unsure. Emile peers over his shoulder, stabbing him in the neck with a needle.

Logan winces and slumps over. Emile grabs his feet and heaves his quickly slackening body into the shaft. Then he jumps in after.

**INT. AIR-SHAFT - DAY**

LOGAN'S P.O.V. Looking up, falling away from the light of the opening, vision quickly blurring.

Logan's hand numbly reaches for the chain around his neck, his strength quickly leaving him. With his last conscious thought he grabs it and:

SNAP

BLACK

**INT. SANDMAN HEADQUARTERS - MAP ROOM - DAY**

The action at the vator terminal has everyone at HQ quiet and on edge, watching the Sandmen search silently for Logan.

It takes a moment for Del to notice the new black dot flashing. Suddenly he realizes, snapping to.

DEL

Central, Morah-2. I have a visual on Logan-5. Repeat, I have a visual.

FADE TO:

**INT. VATOR TERMINAL - LATER**

Inside the air-shaft looking out at Morah and several Sandmen peering into the darkness.

MORAH

Morah-2, Central. You still have a signal?

ROTH (ON RADIO)

We got him locked. Still moving.

MORAH

Keep me posted on his location minute-by-minute. Have a strike-team assembled and ready. No more improvising. Next time we face him he's not getting away.

ROTH (ON RADIO)

Central, Morah-2.

MORAH

Morah-2, go.

ROTH

Guardian wants to see you.

Pause. All eyes fall to Morah.

MORAH

On my way.

We stay behind, pushing into the air-shaft that delivered Logan to...

BLACK

**INT. SUBLEVEL - DAY**

CRACK. Logan's eyes fly open to a familiar sound of sizzling electricity, low humming, a faint hiss. His eyes adjust to a blue light we remember well.

Once again he breaths the stale air of the oxygen cracker just inside the colony's outer skin.

He looks over and sees Emile and Whale hunched over a device attached to Doyle's crystal. A holographic display hovers over the device, scrolling through miles of computer code. Whale notices Logan looking and waves his hand through the display. It vanishes. He nudges Emile who turns, smiling.

EMILE

How's he doing?

We realize the man holding the prod that woke Logan this time is none other than Hektor - Jessica's surgeon friend. His white apron is covered in blood.

HEKTOR

All done.

Hektor unstraps Logan from a make-shift gurney. Logan's right sleeve has been torn away and his arm laid out palm up.

EMILE

Well, Logan. You held up your end of the bargain. Now we've held up ours.

Still groggy, Logan is confused, looking around.

LOGAN

Sanctuarmmm...

Logan turns his head, eyes focusing now, surprised to find Jessica lying nearby - her right sleeve also torn away. Her eyes roll, struggling back from a drug induced sleep.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Where are the others... The Un...  
Unacc-

Emile raises his hand. Despite being thirty-some years old, his palm is fixed with a red crystal. Not flashing, not black, but a healthy red. That of a man in his twenties.

Logan looks at his own hand. His black, flashing crystal has been replaced with a red one just like Emile's. Just like the one Guardian took away.

EMILE

An Ankh is good for hiding one's signal, but it doesn't cure the more obvious curse. Your new crystal is completely undetectable, never changes. We provide you with a counterfeit identity - Hektor here gives you a new face and, of course, keeps it fresh with the a touch-up now and again. Our network provides safe living quarters - though you'll have to avoid any one place for too long to avoid suspicion.

Logan does not look pleased with what he is hearing. He struggles to sit up.

EMILE (CONT'D)

Be glad you survived the process, Sandman. Not everyone does. But we're getting better at it every day. In a way, you owe your new life to the other runners who never made it this far. How's that for irony?

That's when Logan notices the SHADOWS standing at the edge of the make-shift space. At least a dozen men watching the scene. Some of the Unaccounted.

Logan grabs Emile by the collar, trembling. Furious.

LOGAN

This is what you did with the Unaccounted? *This* is how you hid them?

EMILE

I told you, Sandman. Sanctuary isn't what you think.

Emile coughs, looking at his watch. Whale checks an air gauge.

EMILE (CONT'D)

We'd better be going.

JESSICA (O.S.)

What about me?

They turn to find her sitting up, becoming lucid.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

We had a deal. You promised me Sanctuary. You said I could keep my baby.

That brings Logan to complete focus now.

LOGAN

Baby. Wha-

EMILE

One thing at a time, Jessica.

JESSICA

What's the point? If this is all there is then what you're doing won't matter. It won't change anything.

EMILE

Calm her down.

JESSICA

IF THERE'S NO SANCTUARY THERE'S NO REASON TO GO THROUGH WITH THE-

Hektor grabs a needle and goes to inject Jessica but she struggles. Whale steps in to restrain her. Logan notices his gun tucked in the small of Whale's back.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

GET THAT THING AWAY FROM ME.

Logan leaps off the table. Emile tries to hold him back but Logan decks him. Hektor turns on Logan, stabbing with the needle. Logan grabs Hektor's wrist, breaking it like a twig. Hektor screams. Whale turns on Logan. On top of his size advantage, Whale is fighting with a clear head. Logan is still shaking off the drug.

Jessica jumps on Whale's back. He effortlessly pulls her off and back-hands her to the floor. Logan charges, but Whale is too quick. He delivers a series of blows that leave Logan in a heap on the floor. He finds himself looking up at Emile and Whale. They slip on oxygen masks as the air starts to foul.

WHALE

What do you want me to do with him?

EMILE

Leave him where the Sandmen will find him.

Emile turns to leave but stops, remembering.

EMILE (CONT'D)

Make sure and get his Ankh.

Whale leans down, reaching into Logan's shirt. Pause. Panic. He searches frantically now.

WHALE

I can't find it?

Emile goes white.

EMILE

Did he have it when he came in here? Didn't anyone *check him*?

He looks at Whale, then Hektor. They both shrug. Logan manages a slight grin.

EMILE (CONT'D)

Get out of here. GET OUT NOW.

Emile turns, runs toward a ladder, climbing toward a hatch in the ceiling. He never gets there.

BOOM. The hatch blows in with explosive force, driving Emile back down the ladder, telescoping his body flat to the floor.

Several more holes blow in from the ceiling in a circle all around them, followed by Sandmen in FULL COMBAT GEAR and gas masks. They are led by Morah.

Whale and the other Shadows produce weapons clearly fashioned by engineers - as hand-made as the oxygen cracker. Some kill with electricity, others with propellant and rivets. One is an industrial laser which accidentally slices Hektor neatly in half.

The Sandmen return fire but they were not expecting this sort of resistance. Most are quickly cut down. Morah sees Logan and tries to get a shot but has to focus on the Unaccounted for now.

From where he lies on the floor, Logan sees Whale aiming at Morah. Logan stands up behind Whale, grabbing him around the forehead, leaping in the air and driving both feet hard into his spine, snapping him over backwards. The sound is awesome.

Logan recovers his gun and helps Jessica to her feet. He points to the ladder Emile was going to use for his escape.

LOGAN  
CLIMB OUT AND DON'T LOOK BACK.

Jessica does as she is told.

The Sandmen are in bad shape. Morah's last two men are cut down, leaving him to face three Unaccounted on his own. They aim, he aims, but before they can fire:

Logan runs up behind Morah as he shoots the magnetic field generator. In the next instant:

BOOM. The generator explodes and the blue light surrounding them instantly vanishes, along with any atmosphere created by the oxygen cracker. Logan tucks his gun in his waist-band, grabbing the ladder with one hand and Morah's gun-hand with the other.

Air screams in from the many holes made by the Sandmen. Bodies are blasted in every direction away from the open man-holes, sending the Unaccounted gunmen flying into the vast, airless emptiness inside the colony's outer skin.

Morah is stunned to find himself in the most awkward of situations.

His gun his aimed at Logan, but if he shoots him, they will both be sucked into the void. And Logan's grip is slipping.

They lock eyes. A moment of understanding. Morah lets go of his gun and grabs Logan's arm with both hands. Logan pulls him toward the ladder, helping him get a grip and then leaving him. Logan pulls himself up the ladder against the intense rush of air.

Morah watches him go, struggling to catch up. But Logan is stronger. He pulls himself through the hole at the top of the ladder and vanishes. Morah struggles to climb, each rung a little harder to hold on to. Finally, he stops, unable to go further, his grip slipping. Just as he is about to let go:

A hand reaches down to him - the palm fixed with a red crystal. Morah grabs for the hand with all he has left. A moment later he is shocked to find the hand belongs to Logan.

**INT. ANTEROOM - DAY**

WHOOSH. The screaming air stops as suddenly as it began, replaced by a new humming sound. No blue light this time - just a slight distortion in the air, almost like heat-waves.

Sandmen storm through the only hatchway behind their answer to a field generator - small, man-portable.

MORAH (O.S.)  
HOLD YOUR FIRE, HOLD YOUR FIRE.

They are shocked to find themselves face-to-face with Morah, Logan using him as a shield, a gun to Morah's throat. Jessica stands behind them both.

The gun is making a strange whining noise like a camera charging up to flash. The Sandmen angle for a position where they might get an shot. That is until Logan raises his red, unblinking crystal.

Pause. The Sandmen freeze, blinking, confused. They can't make sense of it.

LOGAN  
Who is liaison?

MORAH  
I am.

Logan shakes his head. "I should have known."

LOGAN

Works for me. Tell them to put down  
their weapons and leave.

MORAH

You heard him.

The Sandmen drop their guns to the floor and  
reluctantly walk out, sharing looks of bewilderment.

LOGAN

Now get on the radio and direct  
every Sandman back to HQ to await  
further orders.

MORAH

Then what?

LOGAN

Then take us to see Guardian.

MORAH

Never.

Logan cracks his gun across the back of Morah's head.

**INT. VATOR - DAY**

Logan drags a semi-conscious Morah onto a vator and  
waves Morah's limp hand across the scanner reserved  
for liaison.

He stops the door from closing, looking to Jessica  
who hesitates on the platform.

LOGAN

Coming?

Jessica can't seem to decide.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

There's nowhere to run now,  
Jessica. Come on.

That does it. She gets on.

**INT. SANDMAN HEADQUARTERS - MAP ROOM - DAY**

Roth, Del and the other Sandmen silently watch from the big board as a vator makes it way toward the citadel and Guardian.

**INT. VATOR - DAY**

Morah sits across from Logan and Jessica, daggers in his eyes.

Logan is using his gun to scan the crystal in his palm. He shakes his head in amazement.

MORAH

How does it work?

LOGAN

I can't figure it. But Guardian will.

Jessica's reaction to this seems mixed. Hard to read.

MORAH

Why wouldn't Guardian tell me about this so-called mission when she made me liaison?

LOGAN

Do you believe what I told you?

MORAH

Not a word of it.

LOGAN

That's why Guardian didn't tell you.

Logan looks ahead and sees the Citadel coming up fast. He sighs like a man coming home. Morah doesn't like that at all.

Jessica, meanwhile, has a strange look on her face. She steals a look at the crystal in Logan's palm. He notices this and takes her hand.

**INT. GUARDIAN CHAMBER - DAY**

The vator arrives. Logan nudges Morah out of the vator at gunpoint, then gets off with Jessica.

She looks at the silent, eerie "face" of Guardian with a mixture of awe and disdain.

MORAH

I'm sorry, Guardian. I have no excuse for this intru-

GUARDIAN

Greetings, Logan-5.

Morah is stunned.

LOGAN

Greetings, Guardian.

GUARDIAN

I trust you can justify this deviation from your original objective?

LOGAN

My objective was to find and destroy Sanctuary.

Jessica looks at Logan, perhaps a little shocked, perhaps used to people lying.

GUARDIAN

You failed to find Sanctuary.

LOGAN

Negative.

Logan holds up his hand and shows it to Guardian. What follows is perhaps Guardian's longest and most unnerving pause. Then:

GUARDIAN

How do you explain the anomaly, Logan-5?

LOGAN

The Unaccounted are living among the general population. If I may be permitted to identify, my report will explain everything. Also, your analysis of this crystal may explain how it works. This would enable us to hunt the Unaccounted down and prosecute them all.

JESSICA

Wait.

GUARDIAN  
Identify this woman, Logan-5.

LOGAN  
Jessica-6.

Pause.

GUARDIAN  
A half-life.

LOGAN  
Until recently, yes.

Pause.

GUARDIAN  
Recognize. You are dismissed,  
Jessica-6.

JESSICA  
You can't kill those people.  
They're trying to help the colony.

LOGAN  
They're trying to destroy Guardian.

JESSICA  
No... Yes... They have no choice. I  
worked in the nursery. I saw it  
with my own eyes. Something *is*  
wrong. We're in decline.  
(to Guardian)  
Please. The colony can't go on the  
way it has. There's got to be  
another way. Those people can't  
solve the problem without your  
help. And you can't solve it  
without theirs.

MORAH  
Watch your mouth.

Morah reaches for her, but Logan raises a hand and he  
freezes.

GUARDIAN  
You are dismissed, Jessica-6.

Jessica becomes angry, her eyes welling with tears.

JESSICA  
If that is your will.

She turns and walks slowly toward the vator, stealing a glance over her shoulder at Logan.

GUARDIAN

Identify, Logan-5.

Logan steps forward, reaching to place his hand on Guardian's center eye. But he hesitates, thinking.

He looks back at Jessica, catching the tail of her look back to him. Then Logan looks at the crystal in his palm, suddenly suspicious.

MORAH

You heard her, Logan. Identify.

Jessica stops walking now, waiting for something.

MORAH (CONT'D)

Dammit, IDENTIFY.

Logan looks from his hand to Guardian's eye.

FLASHBACK

In the next instant, a series of images flash through Logan's mind: Doyle falling away from him in the vator. Holding Doyle's crystal in his hand. Doyle's profile and the long list of technical skills that went with being a computer specialist. Maintenance for Guardian herself.

Then he remembers Emile and Whale tinkering with Doyle's crystal - a display showing the miles of code it contained.

In his mind, Logan is strapped to a table, a new red crystal in place of the old one. A crystal now hovering over Guardian's eye, about to interface with her.

LOGAN

Wait.

Morah steps forward.

MORAH

I said IDENTIFY.

And a hand slaps Logan's down on Guardian's eye. PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

It's not Morah. It's Jessica. Logan sees the look of anger, of determination in her eyes. He realizes.

LOGAN

What did you do?

JESSICA

What had to be done.

GUARDIAN

You are dismissed Jessic-

A strange silence. A soft, ambient noise we were never aware of suddenly stops, like a quiet fan dying in an otherwise silent room.

Now the silence is total.

**INT. SANDMAN HEADQUARTERS - MAP ROOM - DAY**

To the shock of all present, the big board with all of its millions of colored lights goes suddenly dark.

And the silence...

**INT./EXT. COLONY - VARIOUS - DAY**

A silence that seems suddenly to pervade the entire colony. A silence like the world standing suddenly still.

The large light diffusers that run through the center of the colony flicker slightly, like a shadow passing briefly across the sun. A rolling blackout extends from the center of the colony outward - the light returning in the same wave pattern an instant later.

When this wave of light passes over the populace - be they men, women, children - their crystals instantly turn to an opaque white.

**INT. GUARDIAN CHAMBER - NIGHT**

One by one, the lights go out with the finality of a curtain call. With each light that goes dark, Morah's anxiety increases, his reality unravelling before his very eyes.

When the last light goes out, he makes a tiny sound in his throat. Fear. Then he screams when:

TSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.

The wall that bears the three eyes of Guardian moves back several feet, then swings open like a vault door, leaving a ten foot circular corridor. Bright light floods the room, filling everyone with awe.

ANGLE ON: A window, or more accurately a loudly humming magnetic field - like the generators, like the classroom walls - looking down an oblong, octagonal shaft out into the rotating vastness of space itself. Through a far away opening a white field wipes past, reflecting brilliant white light from some unseen source.

CLOSE ON: Morah, terrified beyond the capacity for rational thought.

CLOSE ON: Jessica, her hands unconsciously meeting tightly across her belly.

CLOSE ON: Logan, a look in his eyes of wonder, revelation, but most of all... relief.

ANGLE ON:

Earth - dead ahead - looming large, with a milky white atmosphere. Large breaks in the cloud layer show blue-white ice on the surface. Closer to the equator we see patches of thawing ocean. An ice age is waxing or waning.

A GIGANTIC METAL RING deploys from the foreground, attached to several heavy - vaguely familiar looking cables to each side. The ring extends Earthward, appearing ever smaller and giving perspective to the impossible vastness of the object before their eyes.

JESSICA

Wh- What is it?

And as if on cue, power returns to the chamber around them. A beat later, the vator behind them opens - the faint muzak inside adding an oddly funny backdrop to the scene.

Logan and Jessica turn slowly, looking at the vator, then back at the descending ring. We realize the cables that connect the ring to the colony are vator tracks. Tracks that lead directly to the chamber where they are standing and back to the vator behind them.

**INT. COLONY - VATOR TRACKS - DAY**

CLOSE ON: The isolated section of track that leads to Guardian - a section of track that moves into place only for liaison. Until today.

Now it moves into place and locks. We turn and look back down the track toward the heart of the colony and the many vators circulating its citizens to and fro. Little do they know their mass transit system has a new stop.

**INT. GUARDIAN CHAMBER - DAY**

Logan and Jessica look at one another, unsure of what to do. Logan finally turns and gets on the waiting vator. He turns back and extends a hand to Jessica.

She hesitates.

JESSICA

Someone told me a story once... A myth.

LOGAN

I've heard it.

JESSICA

The myth said this place was imperfect. That we weren't meant to return.

Logan thinks, looking at the descending tracks. Then:

LOGAN

I'd say someone had other plans.

Jessica realizes he is right. She gets on the vator, brushing past a near catatonic Morah who simply cannot, or will not, comprehend. We stay on him as we hear the vator doors close with a hiss, their magnetic seals humming - their true and long forgotten purpose becoming clear.

Morah only snaps out of his trance when the vator glides past him on its way down. By then, there is nothing he can do.

**INT. VATOR - DAY**

The vator passes through the magnetic membrane that separates Guardian's chamber from the void of space. Gravity quickly leaves the vator and - like on any ride from one side of the colony to the other, like a Laster on Carousel - Logan and Jessica float.

A moment later the vator is filled with blinding white light - light more intense than any they have yet seen. Logan and Jessica shield their eyes from their first glimpse of the sun.

A beat later it passes behind the colony itself - the sight of which inspires awe - unimaginably huge. Logan almost misses the best part. Then he smiles, pointing. Jessica sees it and laughs at the irony.

Painted on the side of the colony are battered white letters that have seen untold ages in space, several hundred feet high. They read simply:

SANCTUARY

They turn their attention back toward Earth, growing larger by the minute.

JESSICA

What do you think is down there?

Logan thinks for a moment and smiles:

LOGAN

Something different.

**EXT. SPACE - DAY**

PULL BACK UNTIL the sheer immensity of the vator system is little more than a thread dangling from a needle in space - one pointing to the place where man was born.

The place to which he has finally returned in all of its wonder and all of its uncertainty.

**BLACK**