

THE REPOSSESSION MAMBO

by

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based on the novel by

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January 27, 2004

FADE IN:

EXT. TYLER STREET HOTEL - NIGHT

A burned-out hotel rots away on an ugly, abandoned road. We MOVE THROUGH the crumbling courtyard and into the scorched:

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

REMY (V.O.)  
When I was on top, I lived in the  
shadows. I knew how to get in, and  
when to get out.

SWEEPING UP what was once a grand staircase as the faint clack of a TYPEWRITER grows louder. PUSHING THROUGH a door --

INT. ROOM 416 - NIGHT

An empty, unfurnished hotel room -- and REMY, buck naked, sitting in the middle, pecking at the typewriter on his lap.

His body is thin, wiry. A scar runs down the middle of his chest. A shotgun is to his right. A scalpel to his left.

REMY (V.O.)  
I was feared. Respected. Vilified.

INSERT - THE PAGE IN THE TYPEWRITER

as the next words are rapidly typed: M-o-s-t t-i-m-e-s

REMY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Most times, they never saw me  
coming.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

A FIGURE stands in the shadows, watching through an apartment window as a HOOKER leads her JOHN into a bedroom.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

The hooker's on her knees. The guy moans, grunts, building --  
A shadow appears in the doorway.

REMY (O.S.)  
Mr. Smythe? I'm from the Credit  
Union.

Remy steps into the light and fires a taser -- the prongs SLAM into the wall, barely missing the petrified John --

JOHN

Holy fuck -- wait, I can pay --

With an easy snap of the wrist, the taser prongs retract.

REMY

Sorry. That's not my department.

Remy launches the taser again -- it hits the guy's chest --

300 volts SIZZLE through his convulsing body. The guy collapses, out cold. Remy's a blur of motion as he whips out a duffel bag and begins setting up:

An expandable lamp. A scalpel. A white apron, tied around his waist and neck. Remy leans in, pushing on the guy's belly --

And a phone handset WHACKS Remy upside the head. He spins --

The hooker, terrified, holds the handset like a club.

HOOKER

Don't you fucking touch me --

REMY

Ma'am, there's no need for violence.

She gamely WHACKS him in the head again.

HOOKER

I'll call the cops, I swear --

Remy's 9mm is suddenly in his hand and BLASTING the phone into a million plastic fragments. The hooker is stunned.

REMY

Lady, why you gotta bust my balls?

HOOKER

Help! Somebody --

In a BLUR Remy's across the room, SLAMMING the hooker against the wall. He slaps a hand over her trembling mouth.

REMY

Listen to me. Listen! I'm here to do a job, just like you. Your new pal bought something that he couldn't pay for, and I've come to take it back. Now if he dies, he dies, and that's a shame, but he should have thought of that before he started paying for blowjobs and stopped paying his bills. Do you understand me?

Still scared, she nods.

REMY (CONT'D)

So let's be adults about this and let everyone get on with their business.

Remy backs away, keeping an eye on her. She's shaking, barely able to move. He turns back to the guy --

As the hooker SCREAMS and runs at Remy --

Who expertly ZAPS her with a no-look taser blast. She drops.

Without missing a beat, Remy lifts the scalpel, picks a spot on the guy's belly, and SLICES it open. He thrusts his hand into the open wound, and --

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

An amorphous blob of blood and tissue is tossed into the sink -- it CLANGS oddly against the basin. Remy, his apron covered in blood, flips on the faucet.

He removes a lacquered box from his bag and sets it on the counter. A logo is stamped onto the top: A black circle with a lightning bolt shooting through it. He looks to the sink --

Where the water has begun to wash away the bodily fluids covering the blob. A distinct glitter of metal appears...

DISSOLVE TO:

A SIMILARLY SHAPED METAL SPHERE

sitting on a man's palm. Silicon tubes snake out of it.

TV SPOKESMAN (V.O.)

Friends, are you weary of watching your widening waistline? Are you tired of trying on tightening trousers?

INT. REMY'S CAR - NIGHT

Where the commercial continues on a small plasma screen set into the steering wheel. Remy drives his beat-up sedan, windows down. On the seat next to him is the lacquered box.

TV SPOKESMAN (V.O.)  
Then you'll love the new Kenton  
ES-19 with preset esophageal  
inhibitors, available now at The  
Credit Union. We help you get more  
you out of you.

Remy CLICKS off the TV as he pulls to a red light. A hot-rod pulls up next to Remy's sedan, music loud, engine gunning.

The YOUNG GUY inside glances over -- a challenge, perhaps -- and catches sight of the tattoo on Remy's arm -- the same black circle with five shimmering lightning bolts through it.

The guy, suddenly terrified, throws his car in reverse and bails out as fast as he can. Remy doesn't flinch.

EXT. MALL - NIGHT

Seems like your average suburban mall, though there are an excessive number of ambulances pulling up outside.

REMY (V.O.)  
The Mall. Disneyland for suckers.  
Mecca for the meek.

INT. MALL - NIGHT

Remy struts purposefully down the wide corridors. People stream to either side as he passes, afraid to come too close.

REMY (V.O.)  
For me, it was work.

We pass an empty storefront -- the paint faded where the words THE GAP used to be. A banner hangs across the window:  
WHAT'S NEW IN YOU? COMING SOON, ANOTHER FINE CREDIT UNION  
DEPOT.

Remy turns a corner and slams into a SIX-FOOT TALL LUNG.

LARRY THE LUNG  
(muffled, inside costume)  
Hey, buddy, watch your damn --  
(beat; recognizing Remy)  
Oh, sir. I'm so sorry -- I didn't  
--

Remy brushes aside the mascot and continues on his way.

INT. MALL - OUTSIDE CREDIT UNION - NIGHT

A long line of customers waits outside this storefront, the words CREDIT UNION #418 emblazoned atop the double doors. That circle-and-arrow logo sparkles in brightly lit neon.

HARRY THE HEART, Larry's cardiac counterpart, jumps rope with his own aorta. CHILDREN laugh at the mascot's antics.

Down the line, most customers use crutches, walkers. Some have portable IV bags. A few are wheeled along on hospital gurneys. Everyone waits his turn...

Except for Remy. He strolls past the line and gives a nod to the GUARDS manning a metal detector. Remy walks through --

Setting off a SCREECHING ALARM. No one seems to care.

INT. CREDIT UNION - FRONT OFFICE - NIGHT

Looks like an insurance office. We MOVE WITH Remy past a line of booths where customers watch slick video presentations.

VIDEO NARRATOR #1 (V.O.)  
...in years past, nearly two  
hundred thousand people waited on  
organ transplant lists at any given  
time, hoping for someone else to  
die so that they could possibly  
live. But thanks to modern  
biomedical science...

We MOVE down, where the next monitor is further along in the presentation. An animated cross-section of the body opens up.

VIDEO NARRATOR #2 (V.O.)  
...where the artificial organ, or  
artiforg, is expertly and cleanly  
inserted into the customer. Then...

Remy moves beyond the video booths, past SALESMEN plying their wares on the customers trapped in their cubicles.

SALESMAN #1  
...it's top-of-the-line, I can  
guarantee you that. No one else  
makes a better kidney right now...

Passing another cubicle where a YOUNG WOMAN signs papers --

SALESMAN #2

...the APR is thirty-nine point six percent, standard for a generic pancreatic unit with your excellent credit history...

An entire FAMILY squeezes into the last cubicle, surrounding their pale, deathly ill FATHER. The Credit Union Manager and top closer -- a snazzily dressed FRANK -- finishes his spiel:

FRANK

...three final letters will be sent. After the thirtieth day of the sixth month of nonpayment, we are legally entitled to retrieve the property -- at our own expense, of course, utilizing our skilled and licensed technicians. But I assure you, this is rare -- only one-point-five percent of all artiforgs are ever repossessed.

(beat)

You owe this to your family, Mr. Troy. You owe it to yourself.

(beat)

Now, if you could just sign here...

Remy's lips twist contemptuously as he passes by. He winks at the sick father, who pales by another two shades.

REMY (V.O.)

He signed it. Everyone signs it.

INT. CREDIT UNION - BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

It's darker back here, not quite so corporate. Just a few low card tables where scraggly REPO MEN drink their coffee. Remy stares up at the far wall, where a huge chalkboard is divided into a chart, the boxes scrawled with names and numbers.

RAYMOND (O.S.)

Goddamn ears again.

RAYMOND PEARL is a good foot taller than Remy, a hulking mass of angry meat. He nods up to the chalkboard, where next to the name R. PEARL, it says MARSHODYNE E-2000, AUDIO MODULE.

REMY

Job's a job, Ray --

RAYMOND

I'm just saying, ears four times in a row, that's chop shop. This fucking probation ain't fair.

REMY

Wasn't fair what you did to that girl on the subway, either.

SUDDEN FLASH -- RAY ON A SUBWAY TRAIN

gleefully ripping out the artificial organ of a girl no older than sixteen. Lights flicker, terrified passengers SCREAM --

BACK TO SCENE

RAYMOND

Yeah, well... you weren't there.

(beat; softer)

Listen, my sister's kid, he wants in.

REMY

Talk to Frank.

RAYMOND

I kinda thought maybe a recommendation coming from you, from a Level Five --

Raymond gestures towards Remy's tattoo, the five shimmering bolts. Raymond only has three.

REMY

I don't even know the kid.

RAYMOND

Sure you do! He works outside, wears the lung costume.

Before Remy can respond, FRANK bursts through the door.

FRANK

You're killing me coming in through the front like that. I got guys tryin' to make sales, you're out front spooking the clients.

REMY

Like Joe Asshole gives a crap. Guy needs a new bladder, he'll buy a new bladder.

FRANK

It might make him... reflect. We can't have reflection.

Frank leads Remy away from Ray and back to:

INT. ARTIFORG LOCKER - CREDIT UNION - DAY

A gated room set off from the main compound. Hundreds of the lacquered artiforg boxes are stacked all around a familiar iron statue: A black sphere with a lightning bolt through it.

Remy tosses Frank the box; Frank flips it open. Set inside is the metallic oblong sphere from the kitchen sink.

Frank leans over a nearby computer, pecking at the keyboard.

FRANK  
Easy job?

REMY  
'Bout average.

Frank hits ENTER, and the computer BEEPS. Job completed.

Frank pulls the artiforg out of the lacquered box and tosses it into a bin marked ARTIFORG OUTBOX. They turn to leave --

JAKE (O.S.)  
Five-day count, big man. Give it up.

We WHIP around to find JAKE FRIEVALD, a taunt, lean fellow with a tattoo identical to Remy's. Black tank top, fatigue pants. A military boy who never gave up the look.

REMY (V.O.)  
Jake Frievald kicked my ass in the third grade.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. BIKE RACKS - ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Young Jake and Young Remy pummel one another with abandon, surrounded by a circle of KIDS cheering them on.

REMY (V.O.)  
Or I kicked his. It doesn't matter.

INT. OUTSIDE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Jake and Remy sit, bloodied, in the waiting area.

REMY (V.O.)  
We sat there for hours, outside the Principal's office, waiting for our punishment. By the end of the day, we were best friends for life.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. ARTIFORG LOCKER - CREDIT UNION - DAY

Jake and Remy press their thumbs together as a greeting.

REMY  
Two livers and a Jarvik.

JAKE  
Three? Back in the day you'd grab  
three before lunch. C'mon, let's  
hit a few.

REMY  
Gotta tell Carol I'm going.

JAKE  
Of course you do.

Jake follows Remy out --

FRANK  
Use the back door, guys -- the back  
--

But they're already out through the front, into the pool of  
waiting customers. Frank hangs his head and sighs.

INT. MALL - OUTSIDE CREDIT UNION - DAY

Remy and Jake, bloody as all hell, head into a store called  
ALL THINGS GOOD.

INT. ALL THINGS GOOD - DAY

A quaint country store -- stuffed bears sitting on handmade  
wood tables, a white picket fence snaking through the joint  
to give it that homey feel.

The customers get one look at Remy and Jake's bloodstained  
shirts and quickly file out.

Remy approaches the back counter where a stern-faced beauty  
stares him down. This is CAROL.

REMY  
We're gonna head over to Montego,  
you want me to bring you home some  
wings?

CAROL  
I want you to try changing the  
shirt before he sees you.

REMY  
Peter's here already?

CAROL  
He gets here the same time every day.

REMY  
Right.

CAROL  
Maybe you could take him. Go do something with your son instead of going to the bar with the asshole.

JAKE  
That's what my mom calls me, too.

Jake holds up a crocheted scarf, getting bloodstains on it.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Do you have these in blue?

CAROL  
(ignoring Jake; to Remy)  
Did you talk to Frank today? About moving over to sales?

Remy glances at Jake, who's watching their conversation.

REMY  
Didn't come up. Listen, I'll help Peter with his homework when I get back.

Carol shakes her head, disappointed.

CAROL  
Just go. Before he sees the blood.

Remy heads for the door, Jake right next to him.

JAKE  
That went well.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

An abandoned industrial area. Windowless, burned out warehouses line the street. Remy's car cruises by...

INT. REMY'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Remy drives, Jake shotgun.

JAKE  
You'd actually work less hours.

REMY  
If I could convince Frank.

JAKE  
And you'd make more money.

REMY  
Hazardous duty, man.

JAKE  
Sittin' in the sales office?

REMY  
I look some cancer-riddled prick in the eye and say, "you owe it to your family. You owe it to yourself." Might choke on my own vomit.

JAKE  
So tell Carol to blow.

REMY  
Yeah, you tell her.

Jake has no answer to that. Looks up ahead, notices a wiry, chipped tooth ADDICT limping along a chain link fence.

JAKE  
Guy up there. That's a Flexorgen. I know that gimp a mile away.

REMY  
Twenty bucks he's overdue.

JAKE  
Slow up.

Remy slows the car to a crawl. Jake reaches into his duffel, pulls out a radar-gun-shaped scanner. He points the scanner at the addict, depresses the trigger, and we go into...

SCANNER P.O.V.

CAMERA RACES straight at the greasy loser at light speed. A sickening sound as we pierce his flesh and go

INTO HIS TORSO

Racing past ribs, swimming through blood, and barreling by organs, until finally landing...

CLOSE ON: A shiny, metallic hip replacement. We hear a distinct, warbled PING!

SPLIT SCREEN: The right side shows the scanner's readout. Green letters on black: Flexorgen, titanium hip. Flexorgen, hydraulic socket, X-IIb. Account Status: Paid, Current.

BACK IN THE CAR

JAKE (CONT'D)  
All paid up. You owe me twenty.

REMY  
I'll get drinks.

A little further up the road, Remy spots an OBESE man waddling down the sidewalk.

REMY (CONT'D)  
Check out fatty. You know that  
guy's organs gave out a long time  
ago.

Jake hits the scanner. PING!

ON THE SCREEN: Kenton pancreatic system M-4\* w/ glucose monitor. Account Status: 179 days PAST DUE.

REMY (CONT'D)  
Deadbeat?

JAKE  
Two more days.

REMY  
Should reclaim him anyway.

JAKE  
(smiling)  
You can't transfer. You'll always  
be repo.

Remy rolls down his window, calls out.

REMY  
Nice night for a walk.

OBESE MAN  
Fuck off.

REMY  
How's that pancreas holdin' up?

Remy lets his arm dangle out the window. The big guy clocks his sphere-and-lightning-bolts tattoo --

OBESE MAN  
(suddenly nervous)  
I -- I sent the money in this morning.

REMY  
You better hope you did.

OBESE MAN  
I swear. I was just at the post office.

REMY  
Two days, that pancreas is mine.

The fat man takes off running as fast as he can.

JAKE  
Look at him go. Gonna need a new heart soon as he rounds the corner.

EXT. MONTEGO BAY BAR - NIGHT

A neon sign outside the bar: A Rasta relaxing on his hammock, slung between two palm trees. A fat spliff glows red, on and off, as he smokes it.

REMY (V.O.)  
J. Mulhearn. You think it could be Jamie Mulhearn?

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Reggae Dancehall music plays. Remy and Jake nurse Red Stripe beers. Empties line the table.

Remy stares at a pink sheet with a yellow receipt attached.

JAKE  
Guy in C Squadron? With the fucked-up mustache? No way, lemme see that.  
(grabbing pink sheet)  
Holy shit, it is him. Poor shit still lives with his parents.

REMY  
You ever repo anybody you know?

JAKE  
My grandpa.

REMY

Fuck you, you did not.

Jake laughs and takes another sip of his beer.

JAKE

No, but I would. On day 181, if I got the pink sheet. Job's a job, man.

REMY

Yeah. Job's a job.

They press their thumbs together. Down their drinks.

INT. REMY'S CAR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Remy and Jake sitting in the car, outside the Montego Bay.

Remy throws the car into reverse and backs out, nearly plowing into a PROSTITUTE walking the parking lot. She slaps the trunk of the car.

PROSTITUTE

Jagoff!

JAKE

Eyes on the road, Romeo. I won't be your best man for that one.

REMY

Please -- that woman's been jack-hammered into bubblegum, ain't even a real woman anymore.

JAKE

I need to show you your own resume?

FREEZE ON REMY --

REMY (V.O.)

So my first wife was a hooker. Big fucking deal.

FLASHBACK:

INT. BROTHEL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Bad wallpaper, worse curtains. A price list on the wall over young Remy's head gives the menu of the day in very graphic detail. MOANS filter in from behind a curtained-off room.

REMY (V.O.)  
Nineteen years old, on forty-eight  
hours leave from basic training.  
What else was there to do?

A BELL RINGS -- Remy looks off to the curtained room --

INT. BETH'S ROOM - BROTHEL - NIGHT

BETH, blonde and pretty, lies naked on the bed. Remy, nervous  
as all hell, stands in the doorway.

REMY  
You're... naked.

BETH  
You new at this?

CUT TO:

REMY AND BETH IN BED

REMY (V.O.)  
It wasn't my first time, but it  
wasn't exactly my third, either.  
Beth was... slightly more  
experienced.

She rolls on top of Remy playfully, moving downtown...

INT. BETH'S ROOM - BROTHEL - DAWN

REMY (V.O.)  
Five hours later, I was in love.

Sweat drips off Beth's body. She's post-orgasmic.

BETH  
You didn't have to --

A doe-eyed Remy comes up from between Beth's legs.

REMY  
I wanted to.  
(beat)  
Let's get married.

BETH  
Why would you want to marry me?

REMY  
 I dunno, you're sweet, you're  
 beautiful, you do that... thing...  
 (beat; quieter)  
 And when I'm in Africa, it might be  
 nice to know I've got someone at  
 home... to come back to.

Beth stares at Remy. He stares back. Standoff. Finally:

BETH  
 Sure, what the fuck. Let's do it.

REMY  
 I've only got three more hours.

BETH  
 I've only got two more clients.

Remy bursts into a huge smile -- a FLASHBULB POPS --

INT. BROTHEL WAITING ROOM - LATER

The wedding is in full swing. Remy in tux on one side, Beth  
 in white lingerie on the other, a PREACHER in the middle.

In lieu of a veil, Beth wears a pair of fishnets on her head.

Jake and the soldiers stand in full military dress next to  
 Remy; Beth has five half-dressed PROSTITUTES as bridesmaids.

Remy lifts Beth's fishnets-cum-veil and kisses her --  
 everyone CHEERS -- there's another FLASH --

BACK TO SCENE

INT. REMY'S CAR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Remy stares nostalgically at the lanky hooker walking off.

REMY  
 Beth was different.

JAKE  
 Yeah. Beth was a flower.

REMY  
 She was young, she was finding  
 herself.

JAKE  
 Three thousand Marines were finding  
 her, too.

Remy just shakes his head. Steps on the gas and pulls out of there.

INT. REMY'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Remy finishes his last Red Stripe beer. Throws the empty into the backseat.

JAKE  
You hear about the new M-5 neural net?

REMY  
I don't read those fuckin' pamphlets.

JAKE  
I saw it at the trade show. Thing takes over the whole damn limbic system. Brain damage, stroke -- it doesn't matter. They hook you up, it's like you're living the rest of your life in a dream.

REMY  
How do you take it out?

JAKE  
I don't know. Sledgehammer?

REMY  
Chainsaw.

JAKE  
Or just grab hold of the brain and give it a good yank --

Remy's scanner starts going berserk. WHOOP! WHOOP!

REMY  
Holy shit.

Remy slows the car outside a desolate, abandoned building.

JAKE  
What's up?

ON THE SCANNER: An endless list of artiforgs goes whirring by. Crimson letters blink furiously: PAST DUE. PAST DUE.

REMY  
We got a nest.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

Shafts of moonlight illuminate tattered sleeping bags, submerged in ankle deep puddles. Like a crack house on crack. All is eerily quiet, the masses asleep. Until...

THE BOARDED WINDOW

is kicked in. Remy and Jake enter, power incarnate. Double-fisting tasers, zapping everything. Total chaos breaks out.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

Dozens of people come streaming out of the building, pouring out of windows, scrambling down rickety fire escapes. Scattering like ants after their pile's been kicked. Back inside:

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

A WIRY MAN is struggling to get out the window when Remy grabs him and throws him back inside like a rag doll. Remy quickly hits him with a taser, taking the fight out of him.

JAKE (O.S.)

I got ten upstairs. How'd you do?

Jake descends a crumbling staircase, taking in the carnage. Remy silently counts the unconscious bodies on the floor.

REMY

Twelve.

Suddenly, the wiry man, witching on the floor, manages to struggle to his feet and lunges for the window again.

REMY (CONT'D)

Hey!

Remy moves to grab him, but the guy jumps for it. Escapes.

JAKE

Try eleven.

REMY

Shit. Still beat you.

Jake smiles. Takes in the bodies scattered all over the floor. All those overdue artiforgs waiting to be harvested.

REMY (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Let's get to work.

Jake starts filling out yellow repo receipts as Remy pulls out his scalpel and kneels over the closest body.

INT. CREDIT UNION - FRANK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Frank is on the phone, peering down at the Repo Men milling about on the first floor.

Dozens of unboxed artiforgs suddenly drop on the desk in front of him. He jumps back in surprise, then looks up to see Remy and Jake, covered in blood.

FRANK  
Jesus Christ. Don't you guys wear aprons?

JAKE  
Yeah, and fry hats, too.

REMY  
We did a little freelance.

FRANK  
(into phone)  
Let me call you right back.

Frank hangs up.

JAKE  
21 hosts, 57 'forgs.

FRANK  
But where did you...?

REMY  
We found a nest.

JAKE  
Little bastards on the run, guess they find comfort in sticking together.

FRANK  
That's so stupid -- for them. But it's brilliant for us.  
(beat; excited)  
We should make you guys a task force. You go out, take down these nests.

REMY  
And how do we get paid?

FRANK  
Lump sums. Big jackpots. Very  
classy.

REMY  
No thanks, I'll stick to my  
assignment.

Frank turns to Jake, clinging to this new concept.

FRANK  
How about it? I'll put you with Ray  
-- he'd be great at mass  
extractions.

Jake looks at Remy. Can't betray his friend.

JAKE  
I don't run on spec. Give me a pink  
sheet.

Frank lets out a heavy sigh and hands Jake a pink sheet with  
a yellow receipt attached. Jake scans his assignment.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
(impressed)  
Jarvik job. Out in The Heights.

REMY  
Nice 'burb. Who's the host?

JAKE  
Says J.T. Bonasera.

REMY  
James Todd? Is that Jimmy T-Bone?

FRANK  
The record producer. Half a year  
past due.

REMY  
But the guy's gotta be a  
billionaire.

FRANK  
Tax evasion -- IRS tagged his  
residuals. Every time you hear one  
of his tunes, the feds get a little  
richer.

JAKE  
How come I never heard of this guy?

REMY  
'Cause you gotta have taste.

JAKE  
I have taste.

REMY  
Uh-huh. He's the one that did *Baby in My Sleeve*. Carol and me, that was our song.

JAKE  
So it's a mercy killing.

REMY  
That's real nice.

JAKE  
Listen, I'll make you a deal. You come watch the game at my place tomorrow, and I'll switch you this guy for Jamie Mulhearn.

Remy hesitates, masking his relief.

REMY  
Yeah, okay. T-Bone deserves to get his heart ripped out by someone who appreciates his work.

INT. REMY AND CAROL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Remy enters to find Carol sitting on the couch, beneath a shelf filled with trinkets from her store.

REMY  
Hey. I got your wings.

CAROL  
Already ate.

REMY  
Mind if I have 'em?

CAROL  
Would that be before or after you help Peter with his homework?

Remy checks his watch. Winces. Knows he screwed up.

Remy drops the sack of food on the coffee table. Surprises Carol when he cuddles up next to her on the couch.

REMY  
(quietly)  
Hey, remember that song *Baby in My  
Sleeve*? Jimmy T-Bone --

SUDDEN FLASHBACK --

THE SAME HOUSE -- moving boxes litter the floor. A BABY,  
maybe two months old, sleeps in a carrier atop the same  
coffee table. MOVING PAST...

Remy stands on the brand new couch, hanging the shelf on the  
wall above it.

A younger, sexier Carol, wearing a nurse's uniform, dances  
over to him, hips swaying to the smooth hip-hop-jazz riff of  
Jimmy T-Bone's *Baby in My Sleeve*. She climbs up on the couch,  
comes up behind Remy --

Kisses his ear, takes the hammer from his hand and drops it  
to the floor. Remy turns into her, unzipping her uniform --

Lowering her to the couch, the two falling into one another  
--

BACK TO SCENE

Where the now older, world-weary Carol moves away from Remy.

CAROL  
Yeah, I remember. What about it?

REMY  
Forget it.

Remy's up and out of there.

INT. REMY AND CAROL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Remy carefully cracks the bedroom door, then sneaks into...

INT. PETER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Remy crosses the darkened room, stands over a sleeping PETER,  
his 10-year-old son. Runs a finger across his cheek. Quietly:

REMY  
Sorry, buddy.

Remy turns to leave the room. Peter calls out to him, groggy.

PETER  
Hey, Dad.

REMY  
Did you do your report?

PETER  
I started.

REMY  
I'll help you finish in the morning.

PETER  
Okay. It's on the Romans.

REMY  
They were some bad-ass dudes.

PETER  
Did you know they used to make people fight with lions?

REMY  
Barbaric. Go to sleep.

Remy heads for the door.

REMY (CONT'D)  
Dad, why did the Romans stone people to death?

REMY (CONT'D)  
Because they didn't have any guns. Goodnight.

PETER  
Night.

And Remy closes the door behind him...

INT. REMY AND CAROL'S HOUSE - MORNING

Remy sits over a bowl of cereal. Carol, across from him, reads the paper. It's silent. Peter carries in several books.

PETER  
You ready, Dad?

REMY  
Maybe we can skip the homework until later tonight. First let's go watch the game at Uncle Jake's.

PETER  
Cool.

CAROL  
Peter, Jake is not your uncle.

PETER  
I know.

CAROL  
And tell your father we didn't  
discuss anything about going to his  
house.

REMY  
Tell your mother it's just a  
barbecue --

CAROL  
I thought you had to work.

REMY  
It's a night job. Come on, it'll be  
good for the kid to get out.

OFF Carol, unhappy but resigned...

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Remy navigates his way through the crowded backyard, dragging  
Carol and Peter behind him. Peter's face is buried in a  
handheld video game. Jake spots them coming.

JAKE  
Hey, brought the whole family.  
(rubs Peter's head)  
You want a hot dog, Ham-bone?

PETER  
I guess so.

Jake throws a hot dog on the grill. Peter fixes his hair.

JAKE  
You have a good day at school?

PETER  
It's Saturday.

JAKE  
So? When I was your age, we went to  
school every day. And at night,  
too.

PETER  
Nuh-uh.

CAROL  
Don't lie to my child, Jake.

Jake rolls his eyes to Remy. Remy shrugs. His cell phone RINGS. He pops it open.

REMY  
Yeah?  
(beat)  
No, I'm not at home. It's not a good time.  
(beat)  
Christ. Fine, take it to 1450 Greendale. Two minutes.

Remy snaps the phone closed.

CAROL  
What was that?

REMY  
What? Nothing. I left some equipment at the office.

Remy walks quickly to Jake, talks quietly.

REMY (CONT'D)  
Gimme your apron.

JAKE  
What's up?

REMY  
I got a mobile coming in. Keep Carol and Peter busy.

He takes Jake's apron and heads out. Jake calls over toward Peter...

JAKE  
Hey, Peter, you wanna flip some burgers?

PETER  
Can we make the fire higher?

JAKE  
C'mere, you little pyro.

Remy veers over towards Carol.

REMY  
I'll be right back.

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Remy waits at the curb, Jake's red and white checkered apron tied around his waist. A taxi cab pulls into the driveway.

INSIDE THE CAB

The FARE peers nervously out the window from the backseat.

FARE  
I just want the Fairfield Downtown  
--

CABBIE  
Quick errand, buddy. Don't worry, I  
ain't charging.

The Cabbie makes a show of turning off the meter. On the passenger seat is an artiforg scanner, blinking PAST DUE.

Remy approaches the cab.

FARE  
Who's that?

CABBIE  
Relax, fella. Guy's a friend of  
mine.

The fare, spooked, reaches for the far door handle -- but it's broken off. No way out. He turns back --

Remy opens the cab door and TASERS the guy. He slumps.

THE CABBIE

Adjusts the rear view mirror as Remy goes to work.

IN THE REAR VIEW

Scalpels fly, blood splatters. Remy moves quickly.

After a few moments, a bloodied Remy appears at the Cabbie's window; Remy tosses two hundred bucks at the guy.

CABBIE (CONT'D)  
For an extra fin, I'll get rid of  
the body.

Remy tosses him a twenty. He hears a commotion behind him.

JAKE (O.S.)  
Carol, wait -- I've got a blanket  
--

CAROL (O.S.)  
It's fine, my sweater's in the car  
--

Remy jerks around to see Carol coming out of the house, Peter at her side. Jake follows behind, trying to get her to come back inside --

No luck. Carol stops on the front step -- freezes --

There's Remy, bloodied, holding an artiforg as the cab drives away. He, too, is frozen.

Peter actually looks up at his father for once --

Then, unimpressed, goes back to his video game.

CAROL  
I am so done with this.

REMY  
C'mon, it's just a kidney...

Carol drags Peter into their car and guns the engine. As she drives away.

JAKE  
I couldn't keep her busy.

REMY  
Yeah. I saw that.

Jake throws his arm around Remy.

JAKE  
I'll give you a ride home after the game.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jake pulls up into Remy's driveway. Remy sighs as he eyes the house. Lingerin in the car.

JAKE  
I don't know how you put up with it.

REMY  
Every man's suburban dream.

JAKE  
Not mine.

REMY

I'm gonna go do the T-Bone job  
first. Give her time to calm down.  
You gonna head over to Jamie  
Mulhearn's?

JAKE

Already been there. He says to say  
hi.

REMY

You didn't do it?

JAKE

Oh, I did the job. He said to say  
hi before that part.

Remy climbs out of the car. Stares at the house with dread.  
Jake backs out. Remy heads straight for his own car and  
climbs in.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

JIMMY "T-BONE" BONASERA sits behind the mixing board in his  
home studio, fiddling with various knobs and switches, fine  
tuning the smooth riff that emanates from the speakers.

Remy approaches quietly from behind as T-Bone lifts a vial of  
sparkling red powder, rubbing the substance into his gums.

REMY

Nice house.

T-Bone turns off the music, but doesn't turn around.

T-BONE

Thanks. Ain't really mine anymore.  
You with the IRS?

REMY

No.

T-BONE

Soul suckers are taking everything  
back.

REMY

So am I.

T-Bone turns and looks at Remy for the first time. Spots the  
duffel bag. The defibrillator units. The tattoo.

T-BONE

(nods)

Can I finish this song?

REMY

Of course. I'm a big fan.

T-BONE

You could help. My assistant left two weeks ago.

REMY

I don't know how. I've never made music before.

T-BONE

It ain't complicated. A song's just a whole mess of tiny parts working together. All you gotta do is break the song back down. Extract the individual parts.

REMY

I can probably do that.

As Remy takes a seat behind the mixing board...

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER. The final strains of the newly mixed song pour out of the speakers. T-Bone listens, rapt, eyes closed. Remy can't control his smile, overwhelmed by the experience.

T-BONE

Now that's a hit right there.

REMY

The IRS will be thrilled.

T-BONE

Do me a favor. See that Mad Dog over at Blue Note Records gets this.

REMY

It's done.

T-Bone pos out a memory stick; Remy puts it in his duffel.

T-BONE

So we gonna do this, or what?

REMY

I'm sorry. I really am a big fan.

T-BONE

A gig's a gig, right? Should I sit,  
stand?

REMY

Easiest if you laid down.

T-Bone lies on the floor. He unbuttons his shirt, then pours a little more red powder and rubs it into his gums one last time. His hand shakes a bit as he offers the vial to Remy.

T-BONE

Wanna Q up?

REMY

I should probably do this straight.

He hands T-Bone a pen and a yellow repo receipt.

REMY (CONT'D)

Do you mind? Less paperwork if I  
can get the client to sign off  
before...

T-Bone signs his name on the bottom of the receipt, and Remy nods his thanks. He lines up a scalpel, electric saw, and a suction unit, then gathers the defibrillator.

T-BONE

What's that thing for?

REMY

It's a defib unit. Jarvik stops  
pumping when you jolt it with an  
electric pulse. Keeps me from  
losing a finger.

Remy flips the defib unit on and it HUMS to life. He twists the dial to 300...

T-BONE

This gonna hurt?

Remy rubs the shock pads together.

REMY

You won't feel a thing.

T-Bone closes his eyes. Remy places the shock pads on T-Bone's chest. Depresses the thumb buttons, and suddenly...

SPARKS

erupt out of the defibrillator pads! The explosion sends Remy FLYING BACKWARDS through the air -- body twisted --

REEZE-FRAME on half-dead Remy, mid-flight.

REMY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I have been knocked unconscious on  
three separate occasions.

FLASHBACK:

INT. LONG WAITING ROOM - DAY

Remy sits on a long bench, in military dress. Several soldiers wait alongside him.

REMY  
First day overseas, my regiment was  
sent for tests to see how we could  
best assist the U.S. Military in  
the African campaign.

Muffled BOOMS begin filtering through the walls. At first they're soft, but they grow louder... boom... Boom... BOOM --

Silence. After a moment, a door opens at the far end of the hall. A NURSE steps out with a clipboard and stares at Remy.

INT. TESTING ROOM - DAY

Big, gleaming white room. Sterile. In the center:

Remy, strapped to a metal framework that conforms to his body like a vertical beach chair.

A DOCTOR pulls hard on each strap, then slips a pair of goggles with wires coming out of them over Remy's eyes.

REMY  
What's this thing?

DOCTOR  
It's a control chair. For the  
concussion test. Head back.

The doctor squishes a helmet over Remy's head.

REMY  
The what test?

But the doctor's disappeared. Remy turns back, and suddenly --

THE SAHARA DESERT

appears all around him. Nothing but sand for miles. A muffled BOOM sounds in the distance, with a flash of light. Remy squints, trying to make out the source of the explosion.

REMY (CONT'D)  
Hello? Am I supposed to do something?

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Though a one-way mirror, we SEE Remy, the chair shaking him around as the BOOMS grow louder.

The doctor takes a sip of tea and grabs a baseball bat, wrapped in plastic, from a rack of bats on the wall. The sign above reads STERILE.

INT. TESTING ROOM - DAY

Bat in hand, the doctor re-enters. Remy is still strapped in his chair, grimacing as the virtual explosions intensify.

REMY'S POV - AN ARC OF FIRE

coming closer -- a missile heading directly for him, and --

THE DOCTOR

WHACKS Remy in the head with the baseball bat.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

REMY (V.O.)  
That was knockout number one.

Moaning. Not erotic one bit. It's the sound of pain.

INT. RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

Inside a long recovery room, filled with cots and moaning soldiers, most still out cold. Remy's the only one standing.

The doctor approaches.

DOCTOR  
Congratulations, son. You've got a very small brain.

INT. TANK - DAY

Remy sits in a control chair -- like the one in the concussion test -- at the front of this high-tech tank.

REMY (V.O.)  
 Small brains, big skulls. That's  
 why Jake and I came out of  
 concussions as fast as we did.

Jake sits behind him in the gunner's chair. A thin panel of glass is between them. Remy puts his thumb on one side of the glass, Jake does it on the other --

PRESSING THUMBS TOGETHER

as a light zaps across the surface, and the TANK ENGINE roars to life. We have ignition.

REMY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 And that's why they put us in a  
 tank.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

A row of tanks maneuver deftly over the sand, side-by-side.

REMY (V.O.)  
 But by the time we finished  
 training, the war was already  
 winding down.

INT. TANK - DAY

Remy writes a postcard; Jake plays solitaire. The monitor in their tank shows three enemy soldiers waving frantically, trying to surrender.

REMY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 It gave me time to write to Beth.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The tanks mindlessly ROLL OVER the three soldiers.

INT. TANK - DAY

Remy's writing yet another letter in back as Jake steers the tank, gleefully targeting rabbits and snakes.

REMY (V.O.)  
 But the more often I wrote, the  
 less I heard back.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

The tanks roll to a stop.

REMY (V.O.)  
 And then, one night, it was over.

INT. MILITARY AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Freezing soldiers sitting side-by-side as they make their way back to America. Remy flips through a meager pile of letters.

REMY (V.O.)  
I hadn't heard from Beth in two months.

EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT - NIGHT

Remy strolls purposefully through the red-light area.

REMY (V.O.)  
My plan was to go in there, sweep her off her feet, and take her away from all this mess.

INT. BROTHEL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Remy storms in, past the waiting clients. The familiar MOANS emanate from behind the curtain. Remy storms through --

INT. BETH'S ROOM - BROTHEL - NIGHT

Two beefy MARINES are servicing the lady on the bed --

REMY  
Beth, your husband is home!

The marines turn -- the girl on the bed sits up --

It's not Beth. The new prostitute SCREAMS --

The Marines, scowls on their faces, leap out of bed, draw back their fists -- the punches FLY forward --

BLACK

REMY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And that takes care of the second time I was knocked unconscious.

END FLASHBACK

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Remy's frozen in mid-air, having been shocked by the electric defibrillator paddles. Somewhere, a typewriter CLACKS --

UNFREEZE. The mid-air fall resumes, Remy blasted backwards -- SLAMMING into a wall, crumpling to the floor below.

His eyes are open, but glazing over. A trickle of blood runs from his nose. His palms are burned and blackened.

REMY (V.O.)  
Blackout number three. This time, I  
was legally dead for twenty  
minutes.

Jimmy T-Bone sits up and sees Remy laid out on the carpet.

REMY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
If T-Bone hadn't spooked and called  
the meds, there'd be no more story  
to tell.

The guy grabs for a phone and frantically starts dialing.

REMY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Everybody's gotta be a fucking  
hero.

We HOLD on Remy's blank stare as everything slowly goes...

BLACK.

REMY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
When I came to, the first thing I  
saw was...

CLEAVAGE. A GREAT SET.

NURSE (O.S.)  
I think he's awake.

INT. REMY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Remy's nurse pulls back. Hospital ceiling above.

Jake and Frank pop into frame, staring down at us --

JAKE  
Gave me a scare there, pal.

FRANK  
Looking good. Looking real good.

Remy's about as far from good as you can get. An IV drips into his wrist; a machine displays his weak blood pressure.

REMY  
(barely above a whisper)  
The... client...

FRANK

Lookit this guy -- two seconds out of a coma and he's worried about work.

JAKE

I got him, buddy. Soon as the medics cleared you, I finished the job.

Remy weakly holds out his thumb; Jake presses his against it. Remy looks around the empty room --

REMY

Carol...?

JAKE

I called her. She knows. I don't think she's sending flowers any time soon.

Remy nods. Then...

REMY

I can't... remember -- what --

FRANK

Faulty shock unit. We got the boys in the shop looking at it right now.

Jake and Frank share a look -- Remy notices --

REMY

What? What is it?

Frank nudges Jake; wants him to do the talking.

JAKE

You know I woulda come either way. For you, no question -- but we do have some business to discuss.

REMY

Sure. Yeah. Take my jobs for a few days... 'till I get back --

JAKE

It's not... It's not that.

Remy's confused. Jake looks ashamed. Remy follows his gaze over to

A SMALL METALLIC BOX

on a tall wheeled cart. Silicon tubing snakes out and into an open incision in Remy's chest.

FRANK  
It's a Jarvik 39. Top of the line  
--

REMY  
No. No no no -- get it out --

FRANK  
Ten million beat warranty, it's got  
the no-rust valves, the  
undercoating --

Remy starts to pull at the tubes; Jake grabs his hands --

JAKE  
You got hit hard, man. It's all  
scar tissue in there --

REMY  
I feel fine -- lemme go --

FRANK  
The unit's already doing the work.  
All you have to do is sign a few  
papers and they can put it in and  
sew you up, better than new. The  
warranty alone --

REMY  
Don't you sell me. Don't you -- I  
am not a fucking client --

FRANK  
Course you're not. You're the top  
Repo Man in this whole damn town.  
And you can still gas, grab, and  
go, but you gotta have a ticker to  
play the game.

Remy looks to Jake, who can barely meet his gaze, then to Frank. Maybe he's right...

FRANK (CONT'D)  
You owe it to your family. You owe  
it to yourself.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

remy staggers down the hallway, yanking out tubes and wires  
as he goes, the Jarvik-39 skittering behind on its tall cart.

Jake and Frank jog after Remy --

FRANK  
What? What'd I say?

JAKE  
You asshole.

A nurse scowls at Remy as he stumbles by.

NURSE  
Sir, that's hospital property --

Remy reaches into his own bloody chest incision -- wincing with the pain -- and unhooks the main tube. The Jarvik cart slows to a halt as Remy lurches for the exit doors.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The automatic doors open, and Remy, already looking weaker, struggles out. He leans against the wall of the hospital.

Jake and Frank stand in the doorway.

JAKE  
Come back inside.

REMY  
I'm... fine...

Remy takes a step -- knees buckling -- breath coming in great heaves -- taking another step, legs shaking --

And he collapses five feet from the hospital doors. Remy struggles to his hands and knees and starts to crawl.

FRANK  
Now you're just being childish.

Remy keeps crawling. Jake shakes his head, pained -- nothing he can do. Heads back inside.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Hours later. Two PARAMEDICS whisk a gurney and patient away from an ambulance, and the vehicle moves out --

Revealing Remy, on his stomach, maybe five feet from where he was six hours ago. Still trying to crawl.

Hospital PATIENTS and VISITORS step over Remy, paying him no mind as he gasps and wheezes, barely able to move.

Frank sits on a nearby bench, smoking a cigarette. Waiting Remy out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Hours later. Frank's still on that bench, a pile of cigarette butts at his feet --

Remy's still on the ground, pretty much in the same place.

We're TIGHT ON REMY'S FACE -- pained, weathered, barely able to take each individual breath -- when Frank's clipboard and papers clatter to the asphalt a foot away. Frank stands above him, a looming shadow.

There's a long pause, a final moment of decision --

Remy doesn't even look up. Arms shaking, fingers trembling, he takes the pen in hand...

REMY (V.O.)  
I was in the hospital for ten days  
after they popped in the Jarvik...

INT. REMY AND CAROL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Remy, on shaky legs, shuffles into the darkened house.

REMY (V.O.)  
Back at home, Carol made sure my  
every need was taken care of.

Carol approaches, holding a pillow and folded blanket.

CAROL  
So you're not going to die?

REMY  
That's what they tell me.

Carol nods, disappointed. Drops the pillow and blanket onto the sofa, then disappears back towards the bedroom. Remy shakes his head, then lies down on the couch and pulls the thin blanket up to his neck.

INT. CREDIT UNION - BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

Repo Men surround Remy, force-feeding him cake and beer. Harry the Heart is led into the room by a few of the guys.

REMY (V.O.)  
When I got back to the office, the  
guys threw me a party. Real low  
key.

Harry starts to take off the heart costume -- revealing a  
FEMALE STRIPPER inside. Cheers go up as the festivities  
continue.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Remy, in full repo gear, slips into an apartment building.

REMY (V.O.)  
That night, I was back on the job.

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Remy kneels in the hall. A plastic tube snakes from a tank of  
ether underneath an apartment door. Gas HISSES.

INT. CLIENT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A middle-aged man is on the floor, out cold. Shattered glass,  
puddle of spilt milk. Remy approaches.

He sets up the usual equipment: lamp, box, apron. Pulls out  
his favorite scalpel, rips open the man's shirt --

Places the scalpel to the guy's torso, pressing down --

Remy's hand trembles.

REMY (V.O.)  
But it wasn't like before.

He sits back, takes a breath, and re-applies the scalpel --

He shakes again. Harder. His hand won't stop trembling. He  
grabs one hand with the other, forcing himself --

Then he runs into the kitchen and pukes in the sink.

INT. MONTEGO BAY BAR - NIGHT

Jake drinking, laughing. The usual. Remy sits beside him,  
trying to muster up his best fake smile.

REMY (V.O.)  
Suddenly, everything was different.

JAKE

And then the guy just starts crying. Bawling like a little girl, begging. And this snot bubble comes out of his nose, and the harder he cried, the bigger it got. Bigger and smaller, bigger and smaller...

PUSH IN on Remy...

REMY (V.O.)

I was still swapping stories with Jake about some shmuck and his overdue liver, but now all I could think about was how the host had a name. And a wife. Kids.

EXT. MONTEGO BAY BAR - NIGHT

Remy sits in his car, alone. The parking lot is empty.

REMY (V.O.)

And how he didn't deserve to die.

INT. REMY AND CAROL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Remy turns out the light and climbs onto the couch to go to sleep. Carol wanders in, several envelopes in her hand.

CAROL

I think there was a mistake on your commission check.

REMY

There's no mistake. Things are slow.

CAROL

Don't piss away your last shred of usefulness.

Remy stares her down-- then pulls the blanket over his head so he doesn't have to look at her.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

REMY (V.O.)

I did my job. It was all I knew.

Frank grinds through his paperwork. Remy enters.

FRANK

Just the man I wanted to see.

Frank tosses Remy a pink assignment sheet.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I know you're taking a hit on that payment plan, so I saved this one for you. Big commission -- fifteen different 'forgs.

REMY

Addict?

FRANK

Probably. And get this -- two years overdue. Snitch tracked her to the metal graveyard south of Broxton.

Remy nods, tucks the sheet under his arm, and heads out.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(calling out)

Faster the better. Twenty percent commission if you get it here by tomorrow.

INT. REMY'S CAR - NIGHT

Remy speeds through the night, windows down.

REMY (V.O.)

I didn't take a long look at the file. Maybe it was the rush job. Maybe deep down I knew.

EXT. DESTROYED BUILDING - NIGHT

Twenty stories of metal and glass reduced to a ten-foot-high mass of rubble. Remy hops a shaky chain-link fence and enters the off-limits area. Shadows move all around him.

REMY (V.O.)

The metal graveyard. No one went down there after the earthquake. No one who mattered.

Remy lifts his scanner -- PINGING the darkness -- WHOOP! WHOOP! Fifteen different artiforgs, all flashing red, fill the screen.

Remy finds an opening in the rubble and picks his way in.

INT. DESTROYED BUILDING - NIGHT

Remy's flashlight plays over the tight nooks and pathways deep inside the rubble.

There's an entire underground world down here; HOMELESS folks scatter as Remy passes by.

He's tracking a signal, getting closer. In the distance, a soft, almost sweet SONG sings out. It grows louder.

INT. CAVERN - DESTROYED BUILDING - NIGHT

An open-air space amid all the rubble. A group of cellar-dwellers have set up camp here, but as soon as Remy enters, they scatter in every direction, disappearing into the walls.

Except for one sad creature. Gaunt, worn out, sitting in her own filth, singing a soft lullaby to no one in particular.

WOMAN

(singing)

Sleep baby sleep/ Your father tends  
the sheep...

Remy lifts his scanner -- it WHOOPS back hard. This is it.

REMY

Ma'am? Ma'am?

He approaches; her hair is in her face. Remy kneels down.

REMY (CONT'D)

I'm here from the Credit Union.  
I've got a job to do.

She stops singing. Lifts her head to look at him --

It's Beth.

Remy's eyes open wide -- he leans in, amazed --

Frantically flips through his file -- there it is, the name, the picture, all those things he paid no attention to --

BETH

(singing again)

Your mother shakes the dreamland  
tree/ And from it fall sweet dreams  
for thee...

REMY

Look at me. Beth, look at me --

He grabs her cheeks, and Beth grins too widely --

Her teeth and gums are stained a sparkling red. To Beth's left is a small vial of red powder -- Q. She's an addict.

BETH  
(singing)  
Sleep baby sleep/Sleep baby  
sleep...

REMY  
Come out of it. Wake up --

He slaps her across the cheek. Nothing. She's too far gone.

Remy sits back, stunned. He blinks. Not ready to give up.

REMY (CONT'D)  
Tell me you have some money. I know  
the credit manager, we can set up a  
plan --

BETH  
My... husband. He... has money.

REMY  
Good. Good, you got married again.  
What's his name?

She starts to close her eyes again, but Remy's on top of her,  
slapping her awake. Doesn't want to go through with this --

REMY (CONT'D)  
Goddamit, Beth, give me a name!

BETH  
He's in... the war.

REMY  
The war? What war?

BETH  
The war. The... army.

REMY  
We're not at war. Tell me his name  
--

BETH  
He... he's driving a... a tank. He  
sends me letters. Long, beautiful  
letters. From... Africa.

Beth drops her head back, smiling. In her own world.

BETH (CONT'D)  
They have giraffes in Africa...

Remy slumps against the wall next to her and stares off into the darkness.

Eventually, Beth starts to sing again.

BETH (CONT'D)  
 Sleep baby sleep/ Our cottage vale  
 is deep/ The little lamb is on the  
 green/ With snowy fleece so soft  
 and clean/ Sleep baby sleep/ Sleep  
 baby sleep...

CUT TO:

INT. REMY AND CAROL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The door flies open. Remy carries a barely conscious Beth over his shoulder, struggling into the living room.

REMY (V.O.)  
 It may have been a decade late, but  
 I finally got to carry my bride  
 over the threshold.

Carol approaches from the living room, staring at Remy with this skanked-out hooker slung over his shoulder.

CAROL  
 What the hell are you doing?

REMY  
 This is Beth. My ex-wife.  
 (beat)  
 Did I ever tell you I was married  
 before?

Peter enters, wide-eyed. Beth VOMITS onto the carpet.

PETER  
 Cool. Can we keep her?

Carol's just about to explode with rage --

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL - NIGHT

Broken flashing neon sign and all. Just disgusting. Remy carries Beth through the parking lot.

INT. SEEDY MOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Beth still slung over his shoulder, Remy pays the MOTEL MANAGER in cash, counting out the bills.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Beth sleeps fitfully on the bed. Remy sits near her, watching her sleep.

INT. CREDIT UNION - BACK OFFICE - DAY

Jake and Frank stare up at the big board. Remy approaches.

FRANK  
There he is. Home run hitter.

Remy hands Frank the pink assignment slip and Beth's folder.

REMY  
I couldn't find her.

Jake is shocked -- and a bit suspicious.

JAKE  
You. Couldn't find her.

Remy shrugs and walks off. Jake and Frank share a look.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Remy stirs a pot of food atop a portable stove. Beth lays on the moldy carpet, fetal, battling the shivers of withdrawal.

REMY (V.O.)  
For the next month, I had a new  
job: Babysitting Beth.

Remy kneels beside Beth. Trying to spoon soup into her mouth. She fights him off weakly, spitting up her lunch.

REMY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Jittery, strung-out, barely  
coherent hookers don't make great  
company.

INT. REMY AND CAROL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Remy sits at the table alone, eating a bowl of soup. Carol walks by in silence and drops a stack of bills on the table.

REMY (V.O.)  
But sometimes they're better than  
the alternative.

Remy flips through the envelopes, several of them emblazoned with the Union insignia.

INT. SEEDY MOTEL - NIGHT

Remy leans against the grungy bathroom sink while Beth is in the shower.

REMY (V.O.)  
When I was with Beth, real life  
didn't seem to bother me too much.

Remy peeks over the top of the shower curtain.

REMY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But there were still bills to pay.  
And artiforgs to repossess.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Remy, kneels over an unconscious WOMAN in a miniskirt. Her shirt is ripped; his scalpel hovers over her midsection.

REMY (V.O.)  
I saw an interview with a serial  
killer once. He said that it took  
him fifteen years to work up to  
that first kill.

The woman begins to stir. Remy TASERS her. She drops. Remy goes back to hovering that scalpel. Can't close the deal.

REMY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But the second one only took six  
months. The third, a week. Once  
that dam broke, it was a flood.

She stirs. Remy TASERS her again. Can't decide.

REMY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Beth was the first client I ever  
let go. From there, it just got  
easier.

The woman wakes, stumbling to her feet. She stares in horror at Remy --

Who waves her away. He can't even look at her.

WOMAN  
Thank you... thank you...

Petrified but grateful, she runs off into the darkness. Remy just stares at the ground.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Beth is sprawled out on the bed. There are dark circles under her eyes. Remy brings her a cup of coffee. Almost tenderly:

REMY  
Hey. How are you feeling?

BETH  
Ever been eaten and then shit out  
by an elephant?

REMY  
Not recently.

BETH  
Feels kinda like that.

REMY  
Wait 'til you try my coffee. Works  
wonders.

Beth smiles weakly. Her gaze falls on Remy's toolbelt, then moves to his Union tattoo --

Then she looks away. Afraid? Nervous?

REMY (V.O.)  
I knew what she wanted to ask me,  
even though she'd never say it.  
She'd want to know how a sweet,  
innocent kid from the suburbs could  
turn into a man like... well, like  
me.

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. MONTEGO BAY BAR - NIGHT

Remy and Jake, barely in their 20's and the only white guys in the place, nurse their Red Stripes.

REMY (V.O.)  
I don't know how it happened. I  
just know it did.

Remy finishes his beer and tosses it into a pile of empties.

REMY (CONT'D)  
I'm so fucking bored of relaxing.

JAKE  
Hush your mouth, mon.

REMY

What am I, retired? I don't golf. I don't fish. Fuck the military pension, I want to do something.

JAKE

I can't see you running around with the shirt and tie crowd.

REMY

Running over them, maybe... in a tank.

Remy and Jake press thumbs.

JAKE

You know, I hate to say this, cause it was war and all, but... I kind of miss it.

REMY

I miss it, too.

JAKE

I miss the rush.

REMY

I miss the structure.

JAKE

I miss the kill.

Jake shrugs, almost apologetically.

INT. BAR BATHROOM - NIGHT

Remy and Jake, pissing side-by-side at the urinals. Tacked to the wall directly in front of them:

A FLYER: Learn a Trade. Join the Union. Fulfill Your Destiny!

REMY (V.O.)

It all made perfect sense. Joining the Union could give us everything back: The rush. The structure. The kill.

INT. RECRUITMENT CENTER - CREDIT UNION OFFICES - DAY

A younger Frank puts the hard sell on Remy and Jake.

REMY (V.O.)  
The recruiter told us we were  
defending America's medical  
establishment. The war didn't have  
to end -- it would just change  
venue.

INT. EQUIPMENT DOCK - UNION OFFICES - DAY

Remy and Jake are issued standard Union duffels. They rifle  
through, checking out the tasers, the scanner, the scalpel.

REMY (V.O.)  
Our military training made us  
uniquely qualified. We were already  
familiar with the tools of the  
trade.

Remy hits Jake with a taser. Jake goes down. Shakes it off.  
Comes at Remy with a scalpel. Two friends, having fun.

REMY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Most importantly, we had been  
taught to kill people and not care  
all that much.

INT. TATTOO STATION - UNION OFFICES - DAY

Remy and Jake share a satisfied grin as the black circle tats  
are burned into their skin. The TATTOO ARTIST recites his  
programmed lines as he finishes.

TATTOO ARTIST  
This tattoo is property of The  
Union. If you decide to leave The  
Union, the tattoo will be reclaimed  
by The Union. If you are  
discharged from The Union, the  
tattoo will be reclaimed by The  
Union. If you are ever killed while  
working for The Union, the tattoo  
will be reclaimed by The Union.

JAKE  
What do you do, cut off the skin  
and mount it on a plaque?

TATTOO ARTIST  
That's exactly what we do.

JAKE  
Jesus Christ, I was kidding.

Tattoo man finishes up and starts to walk away. Remy looks down at his arm. There's just a black sphere.

REMY  
Hey, where's the lightning?

Tattoo guy turns around.

TATTOO  
You gotta earn that. Come back in  
after you finish your first job.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Remy cuts through a window with a pencil laser. He snaps out the section of glass, then reaches in and unlocks the door. He looks back over his shoulder as he nervously heads inside.

REMY (V.O.)  
When I broke into that first house,  
I felt like a kid, doing a stupid  
prank.

Hold on the outside of the darkened house. The picture of suburban tranquility. After several beats of silence, a SCREAM pierces the air.

Remy emerges from the house carrying a lacquered box, grinning like a kid who's gotten laid for the first time.

REMY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But when I came out, the game was  
over. I was an official member of  
The Credit Union.

INT. TATTOO STATION - UNION OFFICES - NIGHT

Tattoo Man adorns Remy's tattoo with a single, holographic lightning bolt hovering above the black circle, piercing it.

REMY (V.O.)  
BioMedical Repossession Division.  
Level One.

BACK TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

REMY (V.O.)  
But Beth didn't need to know that.  
All she needed to know was:

BETH  
Why are you doing this for me?

REMY

Why not?

BETH

Come on. We both know the marriage thing was a joke. You couldn't love me. You never even knew me.

Remy scratches the scar running down his chest.

REMY

Maybe I know you better than you think.

Beth holds Remy's gaze, until he turns away.

INT. MOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Remy stands at the ice machine, filling up a bucket.

A seedy man approaches. His crappy brass name tag says MANAGER.

MOTEL MANAGER

Y'all having a nice stay?

REMY

It's fine.

MOTEL MANAGER

Noticed your gal. Got a lotta scars.

REMY

Accidents happen.

MOTEL MANAGER

I was just thinking, a Union Man like yourself could probably get in a heap of trouble keeping girls with overdue 'forgs alive, holed up in shitty motel rooms.

Remy gets it. He pulls out his wallet and shoves a few twenties at the guy.

REMY

Send a maid once in a while, your rooms wouldn't be so shitty.

MOTEL MANAGER

Pleasure doing business with you.

INT. REMY AND CAROL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Remy stands outside Peter's room, about to go in --

CAROL  
He's sleeping.

REMY  
I just wanted someone to talk to  
around here.

CAROL  
Not on a school night.

Carol walks off.

REMY (V.O.)  
I guess I shouldn't have been  
surprised that my marriage had  
turned to shit. It's not like we  
started out all lovey-dovey.

FLASH BACK TO:

CAROL

hitting Remy, hard, right in the face.

CAROL  
Don't you fucking touch her.

INT. NURSING HOME - DAY

Remy's in full Repo gear, black-on-black.

REMY (V.O.)  
It should have been the easiest  
repo job in recorded history. Some  
blue hair had worn out her welcome  
on a Hexa-Tan liver. But Carol  
was... resistant.

A younger Carol has on her nurse's uniform, guarding the room  
of an ELDERLY PATIENT.

REMY  
Look, lady -- if they bury her with  
an unpaid liver, the Union's gonna  
put a lien on the last will and  
testament and exhume the body. I'm  
doing the family a favor here, so  
back off.

Remy's inches from her face, trying to intimidate. But Carol doesn't back down.

CAROL  
Don't. You. Fucking. Touch. Her.

Remy can't help but grin. This is his kind of woman.

REMY (V.O.)  
Gotta admit -- the gal had spunk.

BACK TO SCENE

Remy's come to a decision. He walks down the hall into:

INT. REMY AND CAROL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Carol does the dishes. No spunk left any more. He walks up to the sink; she doesn't look at him.

REMY  
I'm going.

CAROL  
Okay.

REMY  
No. I'm going.

Now she turns. Accepting it, knowing it was going to happen.

CAROL  
What do you want me to tell Peter?

REMY  
I'll tell him myself.

INT. PETER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Peter sleeps in his bed, a handheld video game in his grasp. Remy stands in the doorway, staring at his son.

REMY  
(quietly)  
Eventually.

Remy backs out of the room without waking him.

INT. REMY AND CAROL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Remy lugs his life's possessions past his old bedroom, Carol sound asleep in the background.

REMY (V.O.)  
I'd like to say I left to keep  
Carol from having to take on my  
financial burdens.

INT. PETER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Peter stirs awake. Rubs his eyes, looks out the window --  
As his dad loads up his car and pulls out.

REMY (V.O.)  
Or so the boy didn't have to watch  
his dad's heart get ripped out...

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Remy pulls his car up to the curb and looks in  
THROUGH A WINDOW

where Beth lies on the bed, watching T.V.

REMY (V.O.)  
But it was something else that drew  
me away.

Remy reclines his car seat and pulls a jacket over him for  
warmth. He's going to sleep out in the car tonight.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Remy enters, waking Beth, who stretches, happy to see him.

Remy opens the plastic bag and takes out some items, lining  
them up on the night stand.

REMY  
Peanut butter -- the crunchy kind,  
like you like, soft toothbrush,  
strawberry toaster strudel, and  
mint shampoo.

BETH  
Oh. I don't really like mint  
shampoo.

REMY  
Shampoo's for me.

She looks at him askance -- he's never taken a shower there  
before. He motions out the window --

Where his car, with all his stuff, sits. Beth realizes he's moving in, and can't help the smile that comes to her face.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

As Beth helps Remy lug his possessions into their room.

REMY (V.O.)  
My living situation was one thing.  
My work situation was another. No  
repos meant no cash, which meant no  
payments to the Union, which meant  
no future.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Beth stirs noodles in a pot, cooking their meager dinner.

Remy sits at a table nearby, PINGING Beth with his scanner, checking the serial numbers for her 'forgs against a computer print out.

BETH  
So what happens if somebody catches  
you at the computer?

REMY  
Entering falsified returns, grounds  
for immediate dismissal.

BETH  
I don't want you to lose your job.

REMY  
Also a class one felony -- grand  
theft artiforg, 20 years to life.

BETH  
Jesus.

REMY  
Don't worry. I've got a foolproof  
plan.

BETH  
What is it?

REMY  
Don't get caught.

BETH  
Good plan.

Remy smiles. Beth stirs the noodles, thinking. Then...

BETH (CONT'D)  
You know, I could go back to work.

REMY  
Right.

BETH  
Why not?

REMY  
Do you have any idea how much you owe?

BETH  
So?

REMY  
Do you have any idea how bad you look?

Beth throws a noodle at him; Remy ducks it.

BETH  
Be nice. I'm your wife.

REMY  
Ex-wife. And this is as nice as I get.

The scanner WHOOPS it up again; yet another readout from Beth's overdue body.

REMY (CONT'D)  
Do you even know how many 'forgs you've got in there?

BETH  
Let's see... liver, pancreas, kidneys, stomach, and lungs from the cancer. As upgrades, I've got eyes, ears, voice box, tits --

REMY  
Jesus...

BETH  
Hey, it's a tough gig out there. Hooker down the street shows up with glow-in-the-dark vulva, you can bet every girl in the district's gonna have a new neon hoochie inside a week.

REMY  
You're shittin' me. I've never even  
heard of that.

BETH  
Wanna see?

Beth moves towards him.

BETH (CONT'D)  
Jackson Reproductive Replacement  
System, Release five-point-three.

She straddles Remy; he barely protests. She unbuttons her  
shirt, placing Remy's hand on her bare belly.

BETH (CONT'D)  
It's right behind my Kenton Stomach  
ES/18. Lady Mystique model. Comes  
in six sparkling colors.

REMY  
Which one did you choose?

Beth moves Remy's arm further down her body --

BETH  
Shocking... pink...

REMY  
And your hips...

Remy slides his hands down her hips, moving them across her  
waist, her legs --

BETH  
Flexor Durajoints... million step  
warranty...

Now Remy's clothes are coming off, too --

BETH (CONT'D)  
You haven't asked about my lips...

REMY  
(feeble protest)  
Come on. I'm married.

BETH  
Yeah. To me.

REMY  
I guess I never signed any divorce  
papers.

BETH  
Me neither.

And then Beth pulls Remy into a hard kiss as they move into one another -- naked now, free --

The artiforg printouts fall to either side as Remy throws Beth down on the table, their bodies thrusting desperately...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Remy wakes up beside a naked Beth. Tries to sneak out of bed, but she wakes...

BETH  
Last time, that cost you a hundred bucks.

REMY  
And now?

Beth thinks for a beat.

BETH  
Free.

REMY  
How 'bout that.

BETH  
I'm a shitty business woman.

INT. CREDIT UNION ARTIFORG LOCKER - NIGHT

Remy sneaks through piles of lacquered boxes, each one an artiforg that's been returned to the Union.

REMY (V.O.)  
A mortgage. Motel rent. A manager who wanted double or he'd snitch. And that damn Jarvik, ticking away inside my chest.

He grabs a lacquered box, opens it, and takes out the metallic organ within. He begins rasping away the serial number with a metal file.

REMY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
It all took cash, and I didn't have the guts anymore. But I could make it seem like I did.

## REMY AT THE COMPUTER

Typing fast, keying in the serial number from a pink slip.  
Glancing around nervously.

REMY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Beth had fifteen outstanding  
accounts, so I found fifteen  
replacement parts. I actually got  
the computer to buy my story. My  
foolproof plan, put into action.

## INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Remy sneaks by a sleeping GUARD, then turns --

REMY (V.O.)  
Except for the part about not  
getting caught.

Jake is there. He's seen everything.

JAKE  
Hey.

REMY  
Hey.

They stare at each other; neither knows what to say. Jake  
leans against the Credit Union sphere-and-bolt statue. When  
it finally begins, their conversation is as casual as ever.

JAKE  
My uncle was a bank robber. I ever  
tell you that?

REMY  
Uncle Joe?

JAKE  
Nah, my mom's brother, Lou. Made a  
whole mess of the West Coast,  
knockin' over savings and loans.

REMY  
No shit.

JAKE

And the man was good at it -- nobody knew a damn thing. Most days, he woke up and went to work at the auto shop, but every so often he'd skip out for lunch and pull on a ski mask. Fifteen years he did this. And then one day, he forgot to wear gloves, and they pulled a print from some bullshit drunk and disorderly twenty years back. A day later, the cops were knocking on his door.

REMY

Lemme guess -- he was relieved.

JAKE

No, he was fucking pissed.  
(beat; softer)  
But he just wasn't that guy anymore. He was off his game, and he knew it.

REMY

Maybe it was a blessing.

JAKE

Maybe.

They stare at each other, understanding each other perfectly.

REMY

What am I supposed to do for money?  
I can't do anything else.

JAKE

It'd be the same for me.

REMY

Then what?

JAKE

You find a way. Talk to Frank about the sales thing. Make Carol happy.

REMY

And if I suck at it?

JAKE

Do something else. But you gotta keep those payments coming. Soon as you fall behind, that's Day One.

REMY  
And six months later...

JAKE  
We put a guy on you.

Remy stares off, the reality hitting him hard. He sees Raymond Pearl walking off with a fresh pink sheet.

REMY  
Probably Ray.

JAKE  
Or me. Job's a job.

REMY  
Job's a job.

Remy turns to leave. His fate is set. Then turns back --

REMY (CONT'D)  
Where is he now?

JAKE  
Who?

REMY  
Uncle Lou.

JAKE  
You know that erotic cake shop up on eighth street? That's his.

REMY  
Is he happy?

JAKE  
He makes pornographic desserts for a living. You tell me.

Jake and Remy share one last grin.

EXT. MALL - NIGHT

Remy shuffles away from the mall, only a few parking lot halogens lighting his lonely path.

INT. CREDIT UNION - FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

Remy sits across from a beleaguered looking Frank.

REMY (V.O.)  
Frank surprised me. He took it better than I expected.

Frank erases Remy's name from the big board. Then -- throws the eraser at the wall in anger. He's lost his best guy.

INT. CREDIT UNION - FRONT OFFICE - DAY

Remy, looking uncomfortable in suit and tie, sits across from a family of four in a sales booth.

REMY

Mr. Timmons, you owe it to your family. You owe it to yourself.

The sickly looking patriarch nods and takes the pen. But before he signs, Remy continues...

REMY (CONT'D)

'Course, if you can't pay your bills, some Union guy like me might show up next to your bed, wake you out of a sound sleep and run a scalpel from your collar bone down to your pelvis to reclaim our property.

(beat)

I'm just saying.

The man drops the pen. His wife faints.

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

I wasn't cut out for sales.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Remy raises a cleaver high into the air. His apron is covered in blood.

REMY (V.O.)

But I had to work. So I tried something a little more in line with my training.

Remy slams the cleaver down onto a butcher block -- separating a sirloin steak.

Remy's trying his hand behind the deli counter. He whacks at a slab of meat, over and over again, juices flying --

THE DELI CUSTOMERS

back away from the counter, horrified.

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

Six months, and I must have tried twenty different jobs.

## INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Remy, in an embarrassing T.G.I.Friday's type ensemble delivers several meals to a table full of college guys. One particularly assholeish frat guy waves Remy over, lifts his hamburger bun to show that his food is not cooked right.

REMY (V.O.)

The customer, they say, is always right. I'd never really thought about what that meant before.

Remy takes the basket of food and jams it into the guy's face, knocking him over his chair --

And then wailing on him while the stunned frat boys look on.

## INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Remy and Beth pack up. Clothes. Work gear. He gently packs away his scalpels, ether canisters... Looks at them fondly.

REMY (V.O.)

It's amazing how fast a hundred and eighty days can go by.

Beth puts a hand on Remy's arm.

BETH

If you go with me, you're done.

REMY

I'm done anyway.

## EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Crappy street. Crappy neighborhood. Remy and Beth, their bags at their feet, stand outside Remy's car.

Remy pulls out a glass bottle filled with gas, a soaked rag in the neck. He lights the rag with a match --

And tosses the bottle into the front seat of his car.

He and Beth walk away, bags in hand, as the fire engulfs the car, erasing any trace of its existence.

## EXT. TYLER STREET HOTEL - NIGHT

Remy and Beth keep their heads low as they stick to the shadows along a trash-strewn sidewalk.

As they head toward the entrance of this sad excuse for a building, we realize it's the same burned-out hotel on the same ugly abandoned road where we first met Remy.

REMY  
Welcome to paradise.

INT. TYLER STREET HOTEL - NIGHT

Remy and Beth scope out the rooms, trying to find a suitable place to hide out.

REMY (V.O.)  
There are hidiers, and there are seekers.

INT. TYLER STREET HOTEL - INSIDE FOYER - NIGHT

Beth takes the reins, showing Remy how and where to board up the windows, doors, setting booby traps, etc.

REMY (V.O.)  
Hiding was new to me. But Beth had practice.

She reaches over and turns off Remy's flashlight.

BETH  
Rule number one: Natural light only.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

As Beth and Remy root through a dumpster. Remy holds up two pieces of fabric, one blue, one red. Beth points to the red.

INT. ROOM 403 - TYLER STREET HOTEL - DAY

And they hang the red fabric over the window.

BETH  
Curtains!

INT. BUSTED-UP ROOM - TYLER STREET HOTEL - NIGHT

Remy RIPS open a hole in the wall with a hammer and fluffy pink insulation pops out.

Beth grabs a handful and shoves it into a pillowcase, and Remy does likewise.

INT. ROOM 403 - TYLER STREET HOTEL - DAY

The decorations are complete, a woman's touch amid the debris. Candles, a blue tarp for a tablecloth, a stolen mattress for a bed. Flowers poke out of cracks in the wall.

Remy lays out weapons: Taser, scalpel, shotgun...

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND HOTEL - NIGHT

Remy searches through piles of broken furniture, testing busted chair legs and posts for use as potential weapons.

As he swings a piece of wood through the air, he notices something beneath a pile. He clears away trash to find:

An old typewriter. He grabs it, blows off the dust. Tests the weight, as if to use it to crush in someone's head, but then gets another idea...

The faint CLACK of a typewriter sends us:

INT. TYLER STREET HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

RACING through the dilapidated lobby, up the stairs, and into...

INT. ROOM 416 - TYLER STREET HOTEL - NIGHT

Where Remy sits at the typewriter, naked, back where we met him at the very beginning. We're now where we first came in.

REMY (V.O.)  
But you can only hide for so long  
before they find you.

Suddenly, LAUGHTER. Remy, spooked, leaps to his feet. Shotgun in one hand, pistol suddenly in the other.

Laughter again. Distinct. High-pitched. Remy tenses --

INT. HALLWAY - TYLER STREET HOTEL - NIGHT

Remy, shotgun in hand, follows the laughter. Coming from down the hall --

INT. ROOM 438 - TYLER STREET HOTEL - NIGHT

Louder now, interspersed with voices. Remy presses himself against the wall, breathing hard. Shotgun out the window --

Children. THREE LITTLE GIRLS, playing in the courtyard below.

Remy relaxes as the girls pull out a jump-rope and begin chanting a song to count out their game:

LITTLE GIRLS

There was a man from Troubadour/  
Who got blown up during The War/ He  
did not die, would not concede/ How  
many artiforgs did he need?  
Stomach! Bladder! Pancreas! Eyes!  
Intestine! Heart! Kidney! Liver...

Remy shakes his head at his own paranoia --

BETH (O.S.)

If you're going to shoot the kids,  
aim for the big one. More meat on  
her.

Remy lowers the shotgun barrel and turns to find Beth. She tosses his clothes at him. Remy begins to dress as Beth walks over by the typewriter.

BETH

For a guy who's so paranoid, you  
sure make a lot of noise.

REMY

The writing helps me think.

BETH

What is it? A book? Epic poem?

REMY

It's a letter.

BETH

To who?

REMY

Peter. My son.

BETH

I never played you for a dad.

REMY

Neither did I.

Beth moves forward, then stops -- alarmed --

BETH

Somebody's coming.

REMY

What?

BETH  
Don't you hear it?

Beth and Remy peek out the window, peering down to the street.

REMY  
All I hear are those damn kids.

DOWN IN THE COURTYARD

The girls are still jumping rope, now singing...

JUMP ROPE GIRLS  
Tell it to the Mama/ Tell it to the  
son/ They all be gone when the day  
is done/ On come the wrinkles/ On  
come the sneeze/ The old man dies  
on his old man knees...

BACK AT THE WINDOW

Beth grabs Remy's ear lobe, twisting. He yelps.

BETH  
Still natural? I can't believe you  
haven't upgraded these.

Beth digs through a nearby crate and fishes out a long, thin wire. Tiny pad on one end, a metallic jack on the other.

BETH (CONT'D)  
But this in your ear.

Remy looks down at the tiny pad, watching as Beth inserts the metallic jack into her ear cavity. It digs in tight, finally CLICKING into place.

REMY  
Vocom makes share wires?

BETH  
It's aftermarket. Shut up and  
listen.

Remy puts the "earphone" into his ear to share Beth's amplified hearing.

Suddenly, his world comes alive with sound. Past the girls' singing. Past the traffic. Finding a BARKING dog in the distance. An arguing couple, ignoring the quiet CRIES of the baby in the next room.

REMY  
(incredibly loud)  
What am I --

Remy and Beth both cringe at his overly amplified voice. Beth scolds him with her eyes, showing him the small wheel controls in the skin behind her ear that she continues to amplify, screening out the ambience. Focusing.

Wings flapping. Footsteps. And finally, the familiar PING! PING! Of an official Union-issue scanner.

Remy yanks the wire out of both of their ears.

REMY (CONT'D)  
Get away from the window.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Raymond Pearl reaches into his duffel, extracting a taser, a scalpel, and an enormous gun. Clearly not Union issue.

INT. ROOM 403 - TYLER STREET HOTEL - DAY

BETH  
Who is that?

REMY  
Ray Pearl. Psychopath with a Union scalpel.

BETH  
(grabs Remy's gun)  
I've got something for him.

REMY  
He's not here for you.

EXT. TYLER STREET HOTEL - DAY

Gun in hand, Raymond strides right past the jump rope girls. They continue their chant, the rhythm growing faster...

INT. ROOM 403 - TYLER STREET HOTEL - DAY

Tension mounting as Remy and Beth run short on time.

BETH  
There's the back fire escape --

REMY  
No. I have something better. Follow me.

As Beth follows Remy towards the hall...

INT. STAIRWELL - TYLER STREET HOTEL - DAY

Raymond's boots kick up dust as he mounts the stairs, his scanner honing in. PING - PIUNG - PING -

EXT. TYLER STREET HOTEL - DAY

On the jump rope girls' feet, skipping impossibly fast.

JUMP ROPE GIRLS  
The old man dies on his old man  
knees!

INT. HALLWAY - 5TH FLOOR - TYLER STREET HOTEL - DAY

Raymond kicks a door off its remaining hinge. The room is charred out. A blue tarp sits on the otherwise rotted floor. Remy sits on the far side of the room, typing.

RAYMOND  
Pathetic. I can't believe you were  
a Level Five.

Remy looks up. Mock surprise.

REMY  
They sent the ear guy after me?  
That hurts.

RAYMOND  
You're a funny guy. I'll laugh at  
that when I got your heart in my  
hand.

REMY  
(seductively)  
Ooh. Come here, sweet talker.

RAYMOND  
It's gonna be a pleasure rippin'  
off that tattoo.

Remy stands for a fight. Raymond bull rushes. And just as he trounces across the middle of the blue tarp...

THE BURNED OUT FLOOR GIVES WAY

Wood splintering, cracking -- Raymond plunging downward.

Remy looks up at Beth, who was hiding behind the door. They share a smile...

UNTIL THE REST OF THE FLOOR GIVES WAY

Beth backs up against the wall -- the floor cracking towards her -- Remy leaping -- but she's swallowed up --

Remy watches in horror as Beth plunges two stories down, a loud CRACK as she hits the floor near Raymond. Remy bolts.

INT. ROOM 314 - TYLER STREET HOTEL - DAY

Beth lays amid a ton of debris, barely conscious, clutching her badly twisted knee. She spots Remy's gun on the floor nearby. Reaches -- straining --

Raymond drags himself along the floor, battered and bloodied, but still moving forward. He grabs the gun, looks up --

RAYMOND

You'll do.

A sick smile crosses his lips -- he pulls the trigger --

A FOOT

Stomps Raymond's hand back down, pinning the gun to the floor. The SHOT goes wild.

Raymond looks up to see Remy standing over him, pumping the sawed-off shotgun...

EXT. TYLER STREET HOTEL - DAY

A terrifying BLAST freaks out the jump rope girls. As they sprint off, leaving their jump rope behind...

INT. HALLWAY - TYLER STREET HOTEL - NIGHT

Remy carries an unconscious Beth toward their room. She emits a small groan, eyelids fluttering.

REMY

(softly, almost tender)

Hey, there. You're back with us.

Beth's hand rifles upward, clamping hard around Remy's throat. They both fall to the floor.

REMY (CONT'D)

(choking)

Beth -- it's me --

Beth's eyes flutter open. She realizes it's Remy and quickly releases him. Remy coughs --

REMY (CONT'D)  
Jesus Christ --

BETH  
Sorry. You live on the streets long  
enough...

She brushes herself off and tries to stand --  
Nearly falling again. Her artiforg knee is a mess.

REMY  
Let me carry you.

BETH  
I've got it.

Beth tries to take a few more steps, but limps horribly.

REMY  
Come on, you're leaking hydraulic  
fluid all over.

BETH  
I can fix it myself.

She sits on the floor and tears open her pants, exposing her open wound. Her metallic kneecap glints in the moonlight, the artiforg metal puncturing her natural flesh.

Reaching into her bra, Beth pulls out a small package of tools -- screwdriver, hammer, miniature soldering iron. She fiddles with the artiforg, wincing from the pain.

REMY  
(staring at her knee)  
You know how quick I could pluck  
that Dura-joint right outta your  
leg?

BETH  
(grunting through pain)  
Wouldn't -- really -- help us.

REMY  
Under 12 seconds.

Beth stops what she's doing and looks at REMY, then twists away at something metal in her leg. It CLICKS.

BETH  
I think I got it. Help me up.

Remy pulls Beth to her feet. Her limp's not so bad now, but she's clearly in pain.

BETH (CONT'D)  
It'll hold.

REMY  
We can't rest, we have to go. They found me faster than I thought.

BETH  
You think there'll be more of them?

REMY  
Once they're on you, they don't stop.

BETH  
So what do we do?

EXT. MALL - DAY

The Mall, as usual, is abuzz with activity. Remy slinks down a side street and into an alley.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND MALL - DAY

Larry The Lung steps out into the alley and, with a grunt, removes the top half of his costume. He's just a teenager.

The half-dressed lung pulls out a cigarette and lights up.

REMY (O.S.)  
Hell of an example you're setting.

LARRY THE LUNG  
Hey, pal, I'm on a break --

Remy steps out, and Larry's eyes go wide --

LARRY THE LUNG (CONT'D)  
Sir, I didn't -- I mean --

REMY  
I got a thirty-four waist. You?

LARRY THE LUNG  
Th -- Thirty.

REMY  
Fucking metabolism...

A swift ELBOW to Larry's head, and the kid CRASHES to the ground. Remy stomps out the cigarette still in Larry's mouth.

INT. MALL - OUTSIDE CREDIT UNION - DAY

Crowded, as usual. Customers wait in line outside the Union.

Larry The Lung, in full costume, walks toward the Union; customers wave and smile at him, and he waves back.

REMY'S POV - INSIDE THE COSTUME

there's little room to maneuver. Remy peers out through two hidden mesh eyeholes, trying to keep up the act.

He walks down the line of ailing customers --

HEAVYSET MAN (O.S.)  
Hey! Hey, Larry!

Remy is spun around by a HEAVYSET MAN holding a coughing dog.

HEAVYSET MAN  
You think we could get a picture?

The guy throws an arm around Remy, lifting the dying pooch into his face as his WIFE takes a snapshot. He sing-songs:

HEAVYSET MAN (CONT'D)  
We're gonna get Muffin here a new  
widdle biddie heart, aren't we? Yes  
we are! Top of the line! Yes we  
are!

Remy extricates himself and heads for the Union doors. As usual, two GUARDS man the metal detectors.

Remy does his best to wave at them -- they wave back -- he walks through --

ALARMS BLARE. Remy instinctively keeps walking --

But ARMED GUARDS swarm out of every crevice like roaches with the lights turned off. Customers start to shout --

Remy spins -- more guards --

Turns back to run out -- even more -- he's trapped --

But the guards and alarm aren't for him. They're surrounding a FREAKED-OUT MAN in a white shirt, his voice high, crazed.

FREAKED-OUT MAN  
Is this the return line? Somebody  
tell me, where's the return line?

The guards tighten the circle.

FREAKED-OUT MAN (CONT'D)  
I'm here to -- I missed a few  
payments, but -- but I thought  
rather than make you guys come out  
--

Raising his scanner, the lead guard PINGS the customer.

GUARD #1  
(into radio)  
We've got an eight month past due  
pancreas out here.

The man unbuttons his shirt.

FREAKED-OUT MAN  
I didn't want to make it difficult.  
I know how hard it is, trying to  
keep a profit margin -- 'cause you  
have to pay the -- the Repo Men --

GUARD #1  
Sir, just calm down and you can  
come inside, talk to a credit  
supervisor.

But the guy's too far gone to talk anything out.

FREAKED-OUT MAN  
So I thought maybe -- maybe if I  
did it for you -- you'd gimme a  
break --

He takes off his pants, tossing them on the mall floor, and  
in the process, he's pulled out a 9-inch KNIFE --

The guards raise their rifles -- the crowd cowers -- the man  
raises the knife high --

And STABS it into his own stomach.

Everyone stops, transfixed, as he pulls the knife back and  
forth, committing fully to this odd hari-kari --

Then, raising his free arm high, like a salute --

He PLUNGES his hand into the wound. Grunting softly, his  
expression barely changing, he tugs at something. Hard.

He stumbles forward -- a new scream from the crowd -- and  
then backwards, still tugging, still searching --

And with his final ounce of strength, he yanks mightily --

Ripping out his artificial pancreas. He holds it in the air, the cords and tissue and blood dripping to the floor --

And then collapses in a heap outside the Credit Union doors. Chaos ensues.

CONFUSED GUARDS

start SHOOTING the dead man's body -- customers screaming --

As Frank angrily rushes into the mall. He glances at the carnage and picks up the pancreas.

FRANK  
Who reclaimed this organ? Who  
reclaimed this goddamned organ???

GUARD #1  
The customer, sir. He did it  
himself.

FRANK  
Credit Union clients do not reclaim  
their own organs.

GUARD #1  
Yes, sir. This one did, sir.

Frank stands in the doorway, looking at the bloody mess. Shaking his head. Disgusted.

FRANK  
Customers. Don't know their  
goddamned place anymore.

We MOVE with a pissed-off Frank back into:

INT. CREDIT UNION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As all the worried CLIENTS file out of the sales cubicles, trying to figure out what the commotion was.

FRANK  
Nothing to worry about, folks. Just  
a little misunderstanding. Free  
coffee in the cubicles.

Frank pushes past the crowd, moving into:

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Walking to his desk -- still steaming --

When the door SLAMS behind him. He turns --

And is suddenly on his knees, forced into a headlock. He looks up --

REMY

stands over him, his bottom half still dressed in the Larry the Lung costume.

REMY  
Afternoon, boss.

With a single move, Remy flings Frank into his office chair. Remy pulls a pistol on him with his left hand --

And with his right, he slaps

A PATCH OF SKIN

bearing Ray's Union tattoo, onto the desk. Still bloody.

REMY (CONT'D)  
That's what'll happen to the next  
one you send. And the one after  
that. I can guarantee you'll run  
out of Repo Men before I run out of  
ways to kill them.

Frank stares at Remy. At the gun pointed in his face.

FRANK  
Can I say something?

REMY  
It's your office.

FRANK  
How long before you slip up?

REMY  
That's the \$800,000 question. Give  
or take.

FRANK  
And the girl?

REMY  
You come after her, you come after  
me.

Frank nods -- he understands.

FRANK  
Shoulda taken the job as the lung.  
You look good in that costume.

REMY  
Itches like a motherfucker.

FRANK  
Yeah, that's what the kid says,  
too.  
(beat)  
I don't suppose you'll wanna stick  
around for an exit interview?

Remy smiles a bit at that -- shakes his head --

Then TASERS Frank into unconsciousness.

Remy hauls the top half of the Larry the Lung costume back  
on. Time to head back out.

INT. TYLER STREET HOTEL - STAIRWELL - DAY

Remy, out of costume now but still flush with adrenaline,  
bounds up the stairs, a bag under his arm --

INT. ROOM 416 - TYLER STREET HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

And into the hotel room. Beth sits at the far end of the  
room, an odd, strained look on her face.

REMY  
Your knight in bulletproof armor  
just bought us some more time.  
Plus, I stopped at the store and  
lifted some of those artichoke  
hearts you wanted --

But Beth's expression doesn't change. She looks... scared?

REMY (CONT'D)  
What?

JAKE (O.S.)  
Your ex-wife's quite the hostess.  
Served me coffee and everything.

Remy freezes. He knows that voice.

JAKE

sits behind him, at the other end of the room. The jig is  
pretty much officially up.

REMY (V.O.)  
That's the thing with me and Jake:  
Somehow, no matter where we were,  
he always ended up right behind me.

## FLASHBACK:

INT. TANK HANGAR - DAY

A DRILL SERGEANT leads a younger Remy, Jake, and a gang of eager soldiers down a long hallway.

DRILL SERGEANT

You tank boys will be training inside this hangar. It is where you will eat, where you will shit, and where you will sleep, because once you're in the desert, that tank will be your home. You will only be allowed outside into the real world once you have proven that you will not fuck it up.

They come to a stop inside a hangar, where tanks sit side-by-side, evenly spaced. The drill sergeant hands out numbers. Remy gets number 2; Jake has number 8.

DRILL SERGEANT (CONT'D)

You will be assigned to tanks based on number, because your names no longer matter. In the heat of battle, I do not want your meager minds taxed by the difficulty of remembering your names.

He looks down at his clipboard:

DRILL SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Number one and number five, take your tank. Don't touch anything.

The two soldiers salute and run toward a tank, scrambling up top to drop down inside. He walks along, assigning more --

TIG

Numbers four and ten, take your tank. Don't touch anything. Six and nine, take your tank. Don't touch anything. Two and eight, take your tank --

Remy and Jake start to run --

BOOM -- an explosion behind them --

SOLDIER #5 is launched upwards out of his tank at 100MPH --

SLAMMING into the ceiling of the hangar --

And falling, THUDDING to the ground at Remy's feet, still strapped into an ejection seat. He's quite dead.

A moment later, his parachute opens near the top of the hangar and flutters down next to his body.

The sergeant takes one look at the body on the floor.

DRILL SERGEANT  
Don't - touch - anything.

INT. TANK - DAY

Remy sits in a control chair -- like the one in the concussion test -- at the front of this high-tech tank, twisting and turning as he tries to get comfy.

Jake sits behind him in the gunner's chair.

REMY (V.O.)  
Me in front, Jake right behind.  
That's how it always worked.

BACK TO:

INT. ROOM 416 - TYLER STREET HOTEL - DAY

JAKE  
Carol never served me coffee.

Jake's got his taser out, but he's not pointing it at anyone. Yet. Remy couldn't make a move if he wanted to. And though their conversation is casual, it's strained. Tense --

REMY  
Beth does a lot of things Carol  
doesn't do.  
(beat)  
I was just at the office. Musta  
missed you.

JAKE  
Actually, I'm on a new assignment.

REMY  
Oh yeah? Who's the client?

JAKE  
Just some asshole I spent half my  
life with. Here's the thing,  
though: I got this smokin' chick  
coming over tonight.

REMY  
No shit.

JAKE  
And she's easy --

REMY  
Just your type.

JAKE  
I'd hate to leave her waiting for  
me. Maybe it'd be better if I  
didn't start hunting this guy down  
till tomorrow morning.

Remy's eyes narrow -- is Jake giving him an out?

REMY  
Sure. Get a good night's sleep.

JAKE  
Only... the thing that worries me  
is what happens if this fucker  
finds a way out of the country  
before nine A.M. tomorrow? You know  
I'm a 48 states kinda guy. I don't  
do South America.

REMY  
Then I guess... he'd be clear?

JAKE  
I guess so. If he could get out.

REMY  
Which he couldn't.

JAKE  
No. Never happen.

Jake stands, brushes off his pants. Goes to the door.

REMY  
Hey --

Jake turns. Remy starts to speak, then stops. Instead of  
whatever he was going to say, he just says:

REMY (CONT'D)  
See you later.

JAKE  
Try not to.

And Jake's out the door.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - SECURITY CHECK - NIGHT

Long lines snake around the airport terminal as PASSENGERS wait to pass through metal and weapons detectors --

As well as walk-through artiforg scanners. A bored-looking REPO MAN sits next to one of them. He waves a BUSINESSMAN to walk through --

A green wave of light washes over the businessman's body --

As an ARTIFICIAL LIVER appears inside his body, as if glowing from within. It's just a projection, a hologram-type image placed onto his frame, but it clearly shows his artiforg.

A PING sounds out, and a bulb above him turns green. He walks through.

The Repo Man waves the next passenger in, and we MOVE BACK through the line to find Remy and Beth, waiting their turn.

Blood from Beth's knee wound still seeps through a bandage.

BETH

So he's just letting us go?

REMY

Jake doesn't let anybody go. He's giving us a head start, that's all. What we do with it is up to us.

BETH

But nobody ever gets through the airport. I don't like this.

REMY

I'm not in love with it, either. Just try and hide that limp.

Remy checks the area, then swiftly walks to the front of the line, lifting his sleeve so the passengers see his tattoo. They don't come near him.

He approaches the bored Repo Man -- who perks up, eyes opening wide -- he recognizes Remy --

Remy grabs him and pulls him to the side, speaking quickly.

REMY (CONT'D)

Look -- I know you know what's going on, and I know what kind of commission's in it for you. What I don't know is how many other Union guys you've got in shouting distance, but I'd lay short odds they'll get here long after my scalpel's stuck in your throat.

(beat)

Now: Will you help me?

AIRPORT REPO MAN

Yeah. Christ, man, of course, for you --

REMY

Good choice. See the little lady in line? She's with me. When we go through, all you have to do is shut down the scanner. Once we're past, power it back up again. Two seconds, tops. Got it?

The Repo Man nods. Remy's back to all smiles as he steps in line next to Beth.

REMY (CONT'D)

It's taken care of.

BETH

What do I do?

REMY

Just walk.

Indeed, when they get to the walk-through scanner

THE REPO MAN

flicks a switch.

REMY AND BETH

hustle on through and

THE REPO MAN

flicks the system back on. Just that fast. The lights are back on, more passengers are streaming through, and all seems just like it was before.

Remy and Beth walk away, down toward the gates.

BETH

That was easy. Let's do it again!

She playfully turns around, and Remy grabs her waist and spins her back. No time for games yet.

INT. AIRPORT GATE - NIGHT

Remy and Beth sit on uncomfortable plastic chairs, waiting for their flight to board. The gate sign reads SAO PAULO, BOARDING 8:35. Remy, tense, checks his watch --

REMY'S WATCH

reads 8:30

BETH

What do we do once we get there?

REMY

We'll talk about it in the air.

BETH

But --

REMY

In the air.

Remy scans the crowd -- passengers going by, everything seems normal --

But something's odd. He stands, looks around --

Out of the corner of his eye, he notices

THREE REPO MEN

burning down a stairway, heading for their terminal.

Remy grabs Beth, running behind the gate counter. The GATE ATTENDANT looks down --

GATE ATTENDANT

Excuse me, this is for airport per  
--

Remy TASERS the guy, and he falls, hard.

He turns to Beth -- and grabs her knee. She winces --

BETH

What the hell are you doing?

REMY  
I'm sorry. This is going to hurt. A  
lot.

Before she can respond, Remy braces her leg with his knee,  
locking her in place --

And whips out a scalpel, going for her knee. We move away --

As Beth clamps her lips tight, suppressing a scream. Remy  
working as fast as he can. Just as he said, he's an expert --

Seconds later, he holds up her overdue artiforg kneecap.

REMY (CONT'D)  
Wait here.

It's not as if Beth has a choice -- she's passed out.

Remy pops up from behind the counter and practically jogs up  
to the:

AIRPORT REPO MEN

who looks back and forth -- from Remy to the approaching Repo  
Men hustling down to the terminal. He's petrified --

AIRPORT REPO MAN  
C'mon, man, it's what you would  
have done --

REMY  
You're right.

With incredible force, Remy JABS the edge of the artificial  
kneecap between the Repo Man's shoulder blades. He grunts --

As Remy steps away, up to the approaching Union Men, and  
points out the Repo Man, frantically batting at his back.

REMY (CONT'D)  
There he is. Easy commission.

The three Union Men, acting on impulse, PING the Airport Repo  
Man --

THEIR SCANNERS

all come back the same: DURA-JOINT KNEECAP REPLACEMENT --  
PAST DUE

AIRPORT REPO MAN  
Wait -- I'm not --

Their tasers fly, and passengers SCREAM. Chaos erupts in the terminal.

Remy collects Beth, throws her over his shoulder, and disappears into the frightened crowd...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Hiding behind a dumpster. Remy watches over Beth, who's beginning to wake, slowly. She's got a tourniquet around her leg, but it's ugly.

BETH  
Did we... make it?

REMY  
Yeah. We made it. Welcome to South America.

Beth's eyes flutter open. She sees the alley. They close again in defeat.

BETH  
Fuck you.

REMY  
You need a new kneecap.

BETH  
Great. Let's go down to the Credit Union. Maybe we'll get a discount if they kill us both at the same time.

Remy lets out a heavy sigh -- there's no good plan.

BETH (CONT'D)  
I know somebody who can help.

REMY  
We can't trust anyone. There's a reward out --

BETH  
Asbury's clean. He's outside the Union.

Remy stops short -- anger, almost anguish on his face.

REMY  
 Jesus, Beth, you wanna go to an  
Outsider? Lemme tell you something  
 about those vermin:

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Remy kneels over an unconscious host. He plucks the liver clean, boxes it, then leaves a yellow receipt on the body. He leaves the apartment, shutting the lights off behind him.

REMY (V.O.)  
 Those sleazy motherfuckers took  
 food off my table for years. Black  
 market, aftermarket, whatever you  
 wanna call it, they're vultures,  
 plain and simple.

After several beats of darkness, the door reopens and a flashlight pierces the darkness. A rail thin, beady eyed OUTSIDER sleazoid slinks into the house. Approaches the fallen body, then sets to work, flashlight in mouth, plucking out the remaining artiforgs, tossing them in a sack.

REMY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 A Union man takes what's overdue.  
 Outsiders scavenge the rest.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Remy backs away from Beth. He's making a stand.

REMY  
 Outsiders are the plague. I'm not  
 going. No fuckin' way.

BETH  
 So you're gonna... what? Knit me a  
 kneecap?

Standoff.

EXT. LOFT - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - DAY

A cab pulls to the curb and Remy pulls Beth out, hoisting her over his shoulder.

INT. LOFT HALLWAY - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - DAY

Beth, leaning heavily on Remy, knocks on The Outsider's door.

No answer. Remy pounds hard on the door -- nothing. Beth presses against the low ceiling.

BETH

He used to leave me a key up here...

REMY

How well do you know this asshole?

Beth just smiles. Remy's eyes narrow.

RUMBLE. Down the hall. It's a freight elevator. We hear a DING -- the SHOOSH of doors opening -- then a CREAK, CREAK --

Remy tenses, pulling his gun -- edging in front of Beth --

A leg slides into view -- only it's horizontal and three feet off the ground. Then another leg --

And a shopping cart -- with a DEAD BODY inside.

Pushing it along is ASBURY, the Outsider. Big ol' fro, nose ring, dark shades -- the Lenny Kravitz looks is still hip.

BETH

Asbury.

ASBURY

Little Miss Muffet.

Asbury embraces Beth.

REMY

Okay, sorority party's over. Can we get inside?

Asbury checks out Remy, scoping him up and down.

ASBURY

Why'd you drag me a U-man, baby?

BETH

He's a friend. Sort of --

Asbury pulls up Remy's sleeve -- there's the Union tattoo. Remy knocks his hand away.

REMY

I'm not with them anymore.

ASBURY

You quit, or you was quitted?

No answer from Remy; his jaw clenches hard. That's answer enough for Asbury; he grins and unlocks his door.

ASBURY (CONT'D)  
Mi casa, viejo.

INT. ASBURY'S LOFT - DAY

Asbury pushes his cart and dead body inside, Remy and Beth following. Chinese screens are set up throughout the loft, separating it into a maze of smaller areas.

Asbury rifles through a wall full of cluttered shelves, filled with cardboard boxes and ripped-off artiforgs.

ASBURY  
Thought of you when I tweaked  
these.

He shows Beth a small plastic remote. Off Remy's stare:

ASBURY (CONT'D)  
Universal remote, U-man.

Asbury punches a button on the remote -- Beth's mouth suddenly opens -- CLICK -- a strange REWIND sound is heard --

Beth begins talking, clearly not in control of her voice --

BETH  
He used to leave me a key up here.  
Asbury. He's a friend. Sort of --

Asbury grins and punches another button. Beth shuts up.

ASBURY  
Vocom auto playback, four hour  
lapse. A real head-blaster at  
parties.

As Asbury pulls the dead body into his work area, Remy takes a look around at all the artiforgs on the shelves.

RE  
You pay for these?

ASBURY  
You payin' for yours?

REMY  
That's different --

ASBURY

Oh yeah? I'm Robin Hood, U-man. I  
can lift a valve out some fresh  
meat, drop that 'forg in a client  
half-cost, cash.

Asbury reaches into the stomach wound of the dead body and  
fishes around with his bare hands. He plucks out a metallic  
liver and tosses it on the table, then goes back for more.

REMY

Or he can do it the legal way --

ASBURY

How's a vato in the ghetto gonna  
upfront the Union? Nah, uptown it's  
all about the equity. Only equity I  
care about is hangin' in your skin.

REMY

Ever been out to the desert? The  
vultures die when the hunters go  
home.

ASBURY

So that's how you wanna play it --

BETH

Boys?

Beth lifts her pants leg -- the knee looks even worse than  
before. Asbury knocks off the pissing contest.

ASBURY

Okay. I'm tight with a surgeon gal.  
She'll mech up that knee better'n  
Kenton hisself.

Asbury rips out the dead man's eyeballs and tosses them into  
a container filled with artiforg eyeballs -- they SQUISH --

ASBURY (CONT'D)

Whoops. Natural babies there.

He scoops the real eyes out and 3-points them into the trash.

INT. SURGEON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Beth lays down on a makeshift operating table in this funky  
run-down apartment.

BETH

Asbury says you're the best mechie  
around.

Reveal ALVA. She has 32 eyebrow rings and purple hair woven into corn rows. Green beads at the end of her braids click against each other as she moves.

ALVA  
Mechie. I swear, I don't understand  
what that boy's saying half the  
time. Just call me Alva.

A seven year old GIRL scampers into the room, her purple hair also woven into corn rows. Same eyebrow jewelry.

LIL' ALVA  
Another one, mom?

ALVA  
Yeah, another one. Just let mama  
work a minute.

Lil' Alva climbs up and has a seat on the counter right next to Remy, her legs kicking.

ALVA (CONT'D)  
That's Lil' Alva.

LIL' ALVA  
Hey.

REMY  
(uncomfortable)  
Hi.

Alva gives Beth an injection in the upper arm.

ALVA  
Now, before we start, I need to  
know about your other artiforgs.

BETH  
Which ones?

ALVA  
To fix my knee?

ALVA (CONT'D)  
The interrelationships are all real  
delicate, so I need brand names,  
dates, everything.

Beth takes a deep breath, then launches into it...

BETH

My intestines are the UltraCoil P Series with optional rapid flush. Liver is a Hexa-Tan, it's a specialty house in Denmark. I got it in Robin's Egg Blue, my favorite color. Not that that matters. My kidneys are actually two different models...

(eyelids closing)

One is Union generic. Didn't hold up so well. So I upgraded the other... to a top of the line Taihitsu...

(yawns)

Built-in... ketone monitor...

And... boom, Beth's asleep.

ALVA

Lord, I thought she was gonna go on forever.

REMY

Don't you need to know about her other artiforgs?

ALVA

Nah, that's just my version of count backwards from one hundred.

(to Lil' Alva)

Alright, baby. You're up.

Lil' Alva suddenly jumps down off the counter. Approaches Beth's still body as the elder Alva moves away.

REMY

Wait, she's the surgeon?

ALVA

I just do anesthesia these days. Little one's got a real steady hand.

REMY

She's like five years old!

ALVA

She's seven. But she's been doing it since she was four. Ain't that right, pumpkin?

LIL' ALVA

Shhh!

Lil' Alva concentrates as she works the laser into Beth's knee like a kid playing a video game. Remy squirms, but holds his tongue.

INT. ASBURY'S LOFT - DAY

Asbury hoses down the blood from his work station, humming himself a tune. A KNOCK at the door interrupts him.

ASBURY  
(calls out)  
'Lo? My mechie score you up  
already?

No answer. Asbury drops the hose, heads through the Chinese screens to investigate. As he arrives in the front hall...

THE DOOR

swings open to reveal... Jake.

ASBURY (CONT'D)  
U-Man number two. You boys re-gen  
like the cancer.

JAKE  
I understand you've seen a friend  
of mine. I need to talk to him.

Asbury's not sure how to handle this request. As Jake steps into the apartment...

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Remy and Beth walk briskly down the sidewalk, keeping their faces hidden. Beth's knee is better than new, but she doesn't seem too happy.

BETH  
I can't believe you let Raggedy Ann  
cut on me. And you just stood there  
--

REMY  
You're walking fine --

BETH  
That's not the point. You said it  
felt weird, so you should've  
stepped in --

REMY  
I'm not the one who sent you there.  
Take it up with your Outsider  
friend.

INT. LOFT HALLWAY - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - DAY

Beth and Remy approach Asbury's apartment. The front door is open. Remy shoots Beth a look.

INT. ASBURY'S LOFT - DAY

The loft looks no different, but Remy's on edge. He steps in front of Beth and leads her through the Chinese screens, an intricate maze of blacks and reds --

Asbury is on a sofa, a hole where his stomach used to be. Blood stains the floor, the couch. Beth gasps at the sight.

Hand over her mouth, near tears, Beth approaches her dead friend --

REMY  
Let's get out of here.

BETH  
We don't even know what happened --

REMY  
We know enough.

Beth kneels by Asbury's side and closes his eyelids. There's a WHIRR as his artiforg eyes shut down --

And Beth gets an idea. She runs to a shelf and rifles through a box we saw earlier --

Beth holds up Asbury's Vocom Universal Remote.

BETH  
Four-hour lapse, right?

REMY  
Sure, if he's got a Vocom --

She points the remote control at Asbury and presses the REWIND button --

Asbury's jaw CLICKS open, and a WHIRR emanates. Beth hits STOP, looks to Remy. He nods -- go on -- and she pushes PLAY.

SCREAMS of pain burst forth from Asbury's mouth --

Beth, freaked out, STOPS the sound.

REMY (CONT'D)  
 Little more rewinding.

Beth hits REWIND again, and after a few seconds, she prepares to make another go at it. PLAY.

Asbury's jaw CLICKS open again, and the dead man, with no facial expressions whatsoever, begins to talk, his jaw slightly out of sync with the words:

ASBURY  
 -- whoops, natural babies there...  
 You goin' alone?

REMY  
 This is it -- keep going --

ASBURY  
 Three blocks down, fifth floor.  
 (beat)  
 Go on, I'll be stylin' when you  
 flip back around. Sleep it out here  
 if you need to. Hasta luego.  
 (beat; seemingly to self)  
 Damn, girl's looking on top.

Beth can't help but smile at his posthumous compliment. There's a long pause; Beth hits FAST-FORWARD. AS soon as she hears sound -- PLAY --

ASBURY (CONT'D)  
 'Lo? My mechie score you up  
 already?  
 (beat)  
 U-man number two. You boys re-gen  
 like the cancer.  
 (beat)  
 Nah, I been alone all day -- I  
 ain't seen -- hey, watch the skin  
 --  
 (beat)  
 The fuck offa those -- get the --  
 (beat)  
 Gonna ping you fierce now motherf  
 --

A sudden grunt from Asbury's throat -- a gurgle --

The SCREAMS start again -- loud, piercing, pained --

REMY punches STOP. He looks to Beth --

INT. LOFT HALLWAY - NIGHT

They run for the stairs, jumping over some unfinished construction, bricks scattered along the ground. Remy throws open the stairwell door to find --

JAKE

He seems almost as upset at seeing Remy as Remy does at seeing him.

JAKE  
Afternoon, partner.

REMY  
Afternoon.

JAKE  
(to Beth)  
Good to see you again.

BETH  
Can't say the same.

JAKE  
I heard about the airport.

REMY  
I like to put on a show.

JAKE  
Wish you woulda done a better job  
of running.

REMY  
That makes two of us.

Jake leans against a wall, but keeps his eyes on Remy.

JAKE  
Frank's got everyone's balls in a  
vice back at the shop. Security  
boys working overtime. He couldn't  
stand how easy you got inside.

REMY  
He thought that was easy?

JAKE  
Any case, he's doubling commissions  
on priority one debtors, which is  
pretty much the two of you. So...  
thanks.

REMY  
My pleasure. Buy a boat.

Jakes takes a step forward; Remy steps back. A slow circle.

REMY (CONT'D)  
Do me one favor.

JAKE  
Anything.

REMY  
You and me, one on one. Leave her alone.

Jake lifts his scanner and PINGS Beth. The screen FILLS with artiforg numbers, all PAST DUE. A Repo Man's wet dream.

JAKE  
Fine. She walks now.

BETH  
Wait just a second --

REMY  
Go. Run downstairs. Don't look back.

BETH  
What am I, a golden retriever?

JAKE  
Take the deal, lady.

Beth steps closer to Remy. She's made her decision. Jake nods -- it's what he expected. He unholsters his taser.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
I'll make it fast.

Remy takes out his own taser.

REMY  
Me, too.

Jake sticks his thumb out --

Remy presses his thumb against Jake's.

GRABBING Remy's wrist, Jake pulls him close, striking out with the taser --

Remy knocking it away, spinning, firing with his own taser --

The prongs SLAMMING into the wall behind Jake.

Remy jumps on top of Jake, wrestling him to the ground.  
There's no fancy kung-fu moves -- it's just a grunt-and-groan  
contest, each trying to get leverage --

Remy pulling his scalpel from his waistband, getting it up  
near Jake's neck, Jake holding him off with one hand --

Reaching for a brick on the ground with the other --

BETH (O.S.)  
Look out --

Remy turns to see

THE BRICK

coming toward his head, Jake whipping it through the air --

BLACK

Silence. For just a moment, then, fading back in:

BETH (V.O.)  
Get up. Come on, get up, we have to  
get out of here.

REMY'S POV - BETH

comes into focus, standing over him.

They're still in the Outsider's hallway --

JAKE

lies on the floor, twitching from a taser blast. Beth, taser  
in her hand, helps Remy to his feet.

BETH  
You want to finish this off?

Remy looks down at the scalpel in his hand, then to Jake. He  
can't do it.

REMY  
Let's just go.

BETH  
But --

REMY  
Now. Back to Alva's.

INT. SURGEON'S APARTMENT - DAY

ALVA  
Ain't nothing I can do to help you.

Alva busies herself, cleaning the surgical equipment. She won't look at either Remy or Beth.

Lil' Alva sits atop a table, legs dangling.

LIL' ALVA  
What about --

ALVA  
Hush up.

BETH  
The guy who's after us -- he killed Asbury. That doesn't even matter to you?

ALVA  
We all go about our lives in our own ways. Running's no different.

BETH  
That's a nice fucking attitude --

Remy puts a hand out. Stops Beth. Opens the door.

REMY  
We get it. You've got a little girl to protect. I've got a son, I understand. Odds are I won't see him again, but...  
(beat)  
I definitely understand.

They turn to leave. Alva's clearly upset with herself for turning them away. She takes a moment to make a decision --

ALVA  
Wait.

Remy and Beth stop in the doorway.

ALVA (CONT'D)  
(to Lil' Alva)  
Run on up and get mamma's shotgun.

Lil' Alva grins widely and scoots into another room.

ALVA (CONT'D)  
It's a long way to the railroad.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Alva leads Remy and Beth down a maze of alleys. Lil' Alva bounces along next to them, carrying her own shotgun.

LIL' ALVA  
C'mon, slowpokes!

ALVA  
Keep your voice down, child.

BETH  
Are you sure this is the right way?

LIL' ALVA  
Right up ahead.

REMY  
Maybe we should turn around --

A chorus of SHOTGUN PUMPS echo out. Remy looks up --

To find himself and Beth surrounded by five MUSCULAR WOMEN pointing shotguns at them. Lil' Alva turns and smiles widely.

LIL' ALVA  
Told ya.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

RHODESIA, a thick black woman with a confident air, leads Remy and Beth through this low-slung hall.

RHODESIA  
Every day, the Union gets hungrier,  
and every day we take in more just  
like the two of you.

As they walk, Remy's sleeve rides up. Rhodesia sees his Union tattoo. He self-consciously pulls the sleeve back down.

RHODESIA (CONT'D)  
It don't matter to me, honey. So  
long as Alva vouches for you, y'all  
got a home down here.

BETH  
Where exactly is "down here?"

They've come to a door. Rhodesia opens it wide --

INT. SUPPLY WAREHOUSE - DAY

The Willy Wonka Candy Factory of artificial organs.

Row after immense row of twenty-foot shelves are devoted to stacking box upon box of high-demand artiforgs. This is where they keep the inventory for wholesale orders.

RHODESIA  
Welcome to the Railroad.

Remy runs his hand along a shelf. Artificial hearts, kidneys, livers -- a Union Man's wet dream.

RHODESIA (CONT'D)  
Kenton supply warehouse for the whole city. Can't nobody ping you up in this hole.

REMY  
Don't they check it?

RHODESIA  
"They" is me, and no, I do not. Gal's got to have a day job, this is mine.

Beth looks around at all the artiforgs.

BETH  
So if a repo man scans the building --

RHODESIA  
Screen fills with so many 'forgs makes him wanna cry.

REMY  
(appreciating the idea)  
Looking for a haystack in a field of haystacks.

RHODESIA  
Come on back, we'll get you set up.

INT. SUPPLY WAREHOUSE - IN BACK - DAY

A camp, of sorts, inside the warehouse. Ramshackle bunks have been constructed within the artiforg boxes, hasty blankets and mattresses set up on each shelf.

Dozens of ragged MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN sit around a sterno pot, warming themselves.

A SCRAGGLY MAN, on his last legs, eats food from a tin can.

A FAMILY, the FATHER trying to keep his KIDS warm.

AN OLD LADY, her artiforg knuckles (gleaming brass, naturally) moving quickly as she knits a blanket.

BETH

They're all wanted by the Union?

RHODESIA

Most of 'em. Some are family members, couldn't stand to let mommy or daddy run on their own.

(beat)

No, we'll get you two settled in the far corner. It'll take a few weeks to find good mattresses, so 'til then --

REMY

Wait, lady -- hold on. We've got to get out of the country. Tonight.

A smile curls the ends of Rhodesia's lips. She calls out:

RHODESIA

Everybody who needs to get out of the country tonight, raise your hand.

Everyone's hand shoots up high. Rhodesia turns back to Remy.

RHODESIA (CONT'D)

I've got 953 outbounds and six -- count 'em, six -- jammers on hand. So unless you've got something real damn impressive up your sleeve other than that ugly-ass tattoo, I'd say you'd better find a place to bunk down for the next year or so.

Remy looks to Beth. Rhodesia throws them a pair of blankets, and walks off.

INT. SUPPLY WAREHOUSE - ON SHELF - LATER

Beth does her best to prepare their bunk, pilling up blankets, trying to make the shelf, amidst the organs, comfortable.

Remy, now without his typewriter, scribbles in longhand on his piece of paper. Beth tries to get a look.

BETH

When do I get to read it?

REMY  
When it's done.

BETH  
When's that going to be?

REMY  
I don't know. When I'm dead, I  
guess.

T-BONE (O.S.)  
They told me you were here. Had to  
see it with my own eyes.

Remy turns to see T-Bone Bonasera, the record producer whose  
heart he tried to zap, climb up the edge of the shelf.

REMY  
T-Bone?

T-BONE  
In the flesh, baby.

REMY  
I thought... They told me --

T-BONE  
I was dead? You think I was gonna  
stick around, wait for the next Rep  
Man to pop in?

Beth comes over, can't suppress her grin.

BETH  
So that makes two of us that got  
away from you.

T-BONE  
(to Beeth, re: Remy)  
This man was my wake-up call.  
Second I saw him lying on my floor,  
eyes all glazed, I said T-Bone,  
you've got to get your life in  
order. So I hightailed it down here  
to Rhodesia's got my ass off the Q,  
and tonight I'm s'posed to be off  
to Punta del Este and the warm  
ocean breeze.

REMY  
You've got one of the jammers?

T-Bone pulls out a small device with a bunch of wires on it.

T-BONE

I did.

He puts the jammer in Remy's hands.

T-BONE (CONT'D)

Now you do.

Remy doesn't know what to say. He starts to protest, but --

T-BONE (CONT'D)

You saved my life. Tried to kill me first, but sometimes that's how it goes down.

Remy's stunned. He looks to Beth, who looks away. He stands, turning her back around.

REMY

You should go. Before me.

BETH

No. The Union wants you more.

REMY

You've got 15 overdue 'forgs --

BETH

But you were one of them. They can't take the risk of having you on the loose.

REMY

There's got to be another way --

Beth grabs Remy and kisses him. That shuts him up.

BETH

Jake knows you. He knows where you'll go. And the longer you're here, the more you put everyone else at risk.

It's the right decision, and Remy knows it.

REMY

I don't want to leave you.

BETH

You'll find me again. You always do.

They stare at one another. There's no good way to do this.

T-BONE  
Time's wasting, Repo Man.

Remy, with no other choice, takes the jammer and steps to the edge of the shelf. He looks back one last time --

REMY  
I'll write you.

BETH  
This time, I'll write back.

Remy jumps off the end of the shelf.

INT. EQUIPMENT CENTER - NIGHT

Remy inspects his spankin' new passport as Rhodesia hands him his plane ticket.

RHODESIA  
One-way ticket to Bogota. We've got people on the other side to get you through the jungle and into Punta del Este.

BETH  
And what's in PUnTa del Este?

RHODESIA  
It ain't what's there -- it's what's not there. No Union. No Repo Men. Just sun and sand and a lotta folks happy to be alive.

REMY  
Big rock candy mountain.

Rhodesia takes Remy's jammer and wraps it tight around his waist.

RHODESIA  
Airports are monitored twenty-four seven by the auto-scanners...

Rhodesia pulls out a Repo scanner. She PINGS Remy --

THE SCANNER

WHOOOPS as the screen fills with Remy's artiforg heart information.

RHODESIA (CONT'D)  
Now flick it on.

REMY  
It won't work. The Union's already  
figured out all the jammer  
frequencies.

RHODESIA  
Your boys fingered the 3.5 model.  
This is 3.6. Go on, give it a try.

Remy flips a button on the box. There's no discernible  
change. Rhodesia PINGS Remy again with the scanner --

Empty. The scanner's clear, as if Remy's totally neutral.

REMY  
How long have these been around?

RHODESIA  
Long enough to fool you, honey.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Remy, keeping his head down, stands in line at security,  
waiting to be scanned. Two UNION MEN watch the area.

Remy flips the switch on the jammer at his waist --

Then walks through, the green light washing over his body --

Showing nothing.

UNION MAN  
Move along.

Remy walks through.

INT. AT GATE - DAY

The flight to Bogota is boarding. Remy stands there, ticket  
in hand, as other passengers stream by him, onto the flight.

ATTENDANT (V.O.)  
This is the final boarding call for  
flight 862 into Bogota, Columbia.

Remy can't seem to move. He looks at the gateway to the  
airplane, at his last chance for freedom.

The attendant sees him, walks over.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)  
Sir, are you on flight 862?

REMY  
I'm supposed to be.

ATTENDANT

Well, let me just check you in the computer.

She takes his ticket and runs it through a scanner. It BEEPS.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

The computer says you're confirmed.

Remy's eyes narrow -- he's thought of something.

REMY

And the computer would know.

ATTENDANT

They always do. So, if you'd care to move onto the jetway, an attendant will show you to your seat.

Remy doesn't move.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Sir? Are you getting on the flight?

We HOLD on Remy...

INT. SUPPLY WAREHOUSE - ON SHELF - LATER

As Beth sits on her pile of blankets, leafing through the pages of the book that Remy left behind. She's all alone.

REMY (O.S.)

How's that book?

Beth looks up to see Remy, climbing onto the shelf. She can't help but smile.

BETH

It's alright. A little preachy.

REMY

What's it about?

BETH

It's a fairy tale. Bio-Repo Man loses his heart and finds his soul.

REMY

I wouldn't go that far.

(beat)

Wanna go to South America?

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

Beth and Remy huddle in the subway car, trying to lay low, a duffel bag at their feet.

BETH  
You already tried hacking the  
computer.

REMY  
Not exactly. Before, I was on site,  
trying to log in bogus 'forgs.

BETH  
So how's this any different?

REMY  
If I can access the mainframe in  
Union headquarters, I can reprogram  
the network. Make it think your  
accounts are all paid in full.  
You'll show up clean on the  
scanners.

BETH  
Won't they figure it out?

REMY  
Eventually. But by then we'll be  
drinking margaritas and picking  
sand outta our asses.

BETH  
Okay, but how are we supposed to  
get into Union headquarters?

REMY  
I know a guy on the inside.

CAROL (O.S.)  
Oh - My - God.

CAROL AND PETER

have just gotten on the train. Remy tries to move away --

CAROL (CONT'D)  
Hey! Union man!

Heads turn. Remy changes tactics.

REMY  
Sorry, lady. Got the wrong guy.

CAROL  
You could have told me that years ago, saved me the trouble.

Remy keeps his voice low, controlled.

REMY  
This is not a good time.

CAROL  
Not a good time, you sonofabitch?

Other passengers begin to listen in, putting Remy's surprise melodrama on stage. This could be dangerous.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
That's a brilliant reason why you took off on your son and haven't sent a single mortgage payment. Not a good time -- you think that'll hold up in court?

He looks to Peter -- to Carol --

REMY  
(quietly)  
I can't do this right now. Maybe one day I can call and explain, but for now I'd appreciate it if you'd just go away.

CAROL  
That's how you handle everything, isn't it? Rip it out and toss it away. I'm sure that's exactly what you'd like. All your problems to just disappear, poof, all by themselves --

Suddenly, Carol's eyes go wide, her entire body tensing with a sudden and powerful jolt. Then she drops to the floor in a heap, eyes rolled back in her head. Remy looks up to see...

PETER

With Remy's taser in his hand, the metal knobs sparking with residual energy. He smiles, a bit unsure, at Remy --

Who grabs Peter and hugs his boy close.

REMY  
(happily)  
That was very naughty what you just did. Very, very naughty.

He holds Peter at arm's length, then reaches into his bag and pulls out the manuscript, bound with a rubber band.

REMY (CONT'D)  
When you're old enough, read this.  
And if you still want to talk when  
you're done, you come and find me.

Peter nods and takes the book as the train pulls into the next station. Remy gives him one more hug --

Remy and Beth hop off the train as the doors close and the train pulls away, taking Peter and a comatose Carol with it.

INT. MALL - OUTSIDE CREDIT UNION - NIGHT

The line of sick, elderly, and frail is endless. Frank begins lowering the steel gate, calling out --

FRANK  
Credit Union number 418 will reopen  
for business tomorrow morning at  
ten.

A sad groan of disappointment from the masses.

FRAIL LADY  
Sir, please. I may not make it to  
morning. I've been waiting in line  
since six A.M.

FRANK  
Then show up tomorrow at 5:59.

FRAIL LADY  
I'd like to speak to the manager.

FRANK  
You just did.

The gate CLANGS shut and Frank heads off.

Reveal Remy and Beth, hiding in the shadows, as they watch Frank walk away...

EXT. MALL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Frank unlocks his car door, sits inside. A moment of confusion as Frank processes the tiny glass shards all over the car. Some fucking vandal must have broken his window.

Suddenly -- WHAM! Frank's car seat collapses backward --

As Remy pops up from the backseat and JAMS a long metal trachea into Frank's open mouth. Blood trickles from Frank's lip as he struggles, chipping a tooth --

REMY  
Relax, Frank. You might need your air.

Beth on Frank now, wrapping duct tape around his mouth, crudely holding the artiforg windpipe in place.

Remy pulls out an artificial lung, clamping it to the trachea. His finger hovers over a tiny black lever.

REMY (CONT'D)  
I flip on this Yoshimoto and dial up deep inhalation mode --

BETH  
Suck all the air right outta you.

REMY  
Instant raisin. Now drive.

Remy shoves the seat back up as Frank meekly drops the car into reverse.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

As the car shoots down the road --

EXT. CREDIT UNION HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The gigantic Union sphere and lightning bolt looms on the portico of this state-of-the-art structure. Security cameras sweep the area.

Remy and Beth step out from the shadows of the parking lot --

Remy's got an unconscious Frank over his shoulder.

REMY  
(to Beth)  
Did you have to knock him out?

BETH  
I don't trust him.

REMY  
You don't have to carry him.

AT THE ENTRANCE

Frank's face drops into frame, his chin SLAMMING down a metal shelf. Remy pries one of his eyes open. A retinal scan confirms Frank's identity. A beep, and the door slides open.

REMY (CONT'D)

See? It's all who you know.

Remy drops Frank's body to the floor and heads inside. Beth follows, and the door closes behind them.

INT. UNION HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - NIGHT

A staircase spirals up the darkened lobby. A giant sculpture of the ubiquitous sphere and lightning bolt glows beneath it. Computer banks, quite retro in their size, cover the walls.

Remy and Beth bolt up the stairs --

INT. ACCOUNTING OFFICE - UNION HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A single computer sits in the middle of the room, and Remy moves to it. He takes a seat and begins typing.

The photos of debtors flick by --

Landing on Remy's own. A few more keystrokes, and Beth's face is right beneath his. He hits one more button --

REMY

I've got it.

ON SCREEN

beneath their pictures: PAID IN FULL.

BETH

What -- that easy?

REMY

Hey, I'm good.

A METAL LUNG

comes crashing down on Remy's head, knocking him to the ground. He looks up --

To see Frank standing over him raw red skin around his mouth and neck where he's torn the duct tape off.

FRANK

This just makes me sad. You know how hard it is to find a good Repo Man?

He kicks Remy in the ribs. Frank's quite pissed.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
A man who can extract all night  
long and come in the next morning  
at nine A.M. ready to do it all  
again?

Another kick. Remy tries to stand, gets knocked down --

FRANK (CONT'D)  
A man who, at the end of the day,  
just doesn't give a shit about  
other people?

JAKE (O.S.)  
They're a dying breed.

Jake stands at the door, taser by his side. He approaches the fallen Remy.

Frank, surprised but happy, looks at his watch as he takes Remy's taser from his pocket.

FRANK  
Let's wrap this up. I'm a half hour  
late for my reservation at Le Foie.

Jake offers a hand to Remy. Helps him to his feet.

JAKE  
I really wish you would have done a  
better job of running.

REMY  
That makes three of us.

Suddenly, Beth makes a move, bolting out of the accounting office and escaping into the darkness.

REMY (CONT'D)  
Two of us.

FRANK  
Enough chat, Jake.

Jake takes a step toward Remy, who holds his ground.

JAKE  
Sorry about beating your ass in the  
third grade.

REMY  
You shoulda seen the other guy.

FRANK  
Jesus Christ! Do your goddamned  
job, or I'll do it for you!

Jake nods. Knows what he has to do. Remy nods back.

REMY  
A job's a job.

Jake turns to Remy and winks. He flicks his taser on --

JAKE  
Fuck that.

And wheels around, SHOOTING the taser at

FRANK

who convulses and drops to the ground.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
You know how long I've wanted to do  
that?

Jake gives Remy a hand up. Remy's eyes go wide --

ON A SECURITY MONITOR

GUARDS are streaming into the building.

REMY  
Let's get the fuck out of here.

INT. UNION HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - NIGHT

Jake and Remy run for the stairs --

To find two guards already running up. They turn back to the  
other exit --

To find three more guards coming their way, guns drawn.

Jake and Remy go back-to-back. This is it --

A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM

Pierces the silence from behind the guards. Several whip  
around, but see nobody. Then another piercing voice --

VOICE #1  
Please, no, dear God, no --

And another, pleading --

VOICE #2

-- I have kids, three kids --

Hiding beneath the staircase, we find

BETH

Wielding the Universal Remote from Asbury's apartment. She's creating the cacophony, making the repossessed Vocom voice boxes housed in the Union play back their dying hosts' final words.

More screams join in, hundreds of pleading voices bursting out at once, all trying to fight off Repo Men for survival.

THE GUARDS

begin firing in all directions in the confusion. Remy tasers a nearby guard, clearing a path. Jake crunches another's nose, making a bloody mask.

BETH

Over here!

Remy looks to find Beth at the exit. It's all clear. He runs down the stairs to her, turns --

To see Jake, still on the second floor, fighting off three more guards.

REMY

Come on!

A guard sees Remy, runs for him --

And Jake steps in to intercept, tasering the guard --

But leaving himself wide open.

A BULLET

pierces Jake's body. Then another. And another.

Remy's powerless to stop it as Jake staggers backwards, tips over the railing and falls towards

THE SPHERE AND LIGHTNING BOLT STATUE BELOW

The sound is horrific.

Jake lies motionless, IMPALED on the giant lighting bolt. SPARKS flicker out of the giant computer bank below the bolt as his blood runs into the circuitry.

Remy moves towards him --

BETH

We have to go. We have to.

Remy stands there, motionless. Beth pulls at his shirt, tugging --

And Remy gives in. They run out.

The computer continues to SPARK as Jake's blood seeps in, sending arcs of electricity through the air.

BETH AND REMY

run down a long corridor toward the exit, Union computer monitors SPARKING and BLACKING OUT as they run past.

ANOTHER UNION SECURITY CAMERA

picks them up as they exit the building --

ON THE SECURITY MONITOR

as Beth and Remy run for their car --

A burst of STATIC -- and the picture goes to

BLACK

INT. SECURITY CHECK - AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

The long lines, the usual scanners. The same Union Man who double-crossed Remy earlier on waves the passengers through --

First one stops in the scanner, light washes over him:

PAID IN FULL

Next to step in is

BETH

moving nervously through the scanner. The wash of light --

PAID IN FULL. She smiles, relieved, moves on.

And right behind her, moving confidently --

REMY

walks through the scanner, locking eyes with the Union Man he knows full well is onto him. But the light comes on:

PAID IN FULL.

The Repo Man takes out his hand-held scanner and SCANS Remy  
--

Nothing. No pings, nada. He starts scanning random people --

PAID IN FULL. PAID IN FULL. PAID IN FULL.

REMY

You might wanna get that thing  
looked at.

Remy pats the Repo Man on the back and walks right on by, as  
the guy angrily pounds his scanner, trying to get it to work.

Remy and Beth stroll down the nearest jetway and board the  
next flight to Bogota. By the time the Repo Man looks up  
again, they're gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

A TV SET, BLACK AND WHITE

on which an accented reporter gives the news of the day.

REPORTER

...which has only added to the  
worldwide artiforg crisis. Credit  
Union spokesmen have denied rumors  
of sabotage, claiming that they do  
not yet know what caused the  
disruption of their computer banks  
and the sudden closure of all  
outstanding artiforg accounts,  
leading to the collapse of the  
world's largest corporation.

PEOPLE RUNNING THROUGH THE STREETS, ARTIFORGS IN THEIR ARMS  
--

REPORTER (V.O) (CONT'D)

Nearly every city with a Credit  
Union Depot has reported widespread  
looting and vandalism, and many  
experts believe it's only a matter  
of time before martial law is  
declared across the country...

The sounds of the SURF overwhelm the reporter's voice, and we  
PULL BACK to find ourselves on:

EXT. BEACH - PUNTA DEL ESTE - DAY

Impossibly beautiful ocean, beautiful sky. A SUNBATHER turns off his portable TV and returns to his lounging. He's got a long, rippled scar in the center of his chest.

In fact, everyone on this foreign beach has a scar of some sort or another. The signs all around are in Spanish and Portuguese. As we MOVE through the crowd...

REMY (O.S.)  
Christ, it's hot. Is it supposed to  
be this hot?

BETH (O.S.)  
It's the tropics.

REMY (O.S.)  
Sure, but... Christ, it's hot.

Remy and Beth sit on chaise lounges at the ocean's edge. Beth's got a cute little bathing suit, and though all her scars are showing, she doesn't seem to care.

Remy, still in his somber black-on-black, has a bandage on his shoulder. Beth pulls it down -- the skin is raw and red, but healing. There's no tattoo.

A hardcover book sits on the sand between them.

BETH  
Are you gonna stay here and act  
macho or come have some fun?

Remy thinks it over.

REMY  
Macho.

JAKE  
Hey, ease up. I don't want him...  
uncomfortable.

TECHNICIAN  
Nothing to worry about. If you'd  
hit him with the brick any lower,  
it might have posed a problem, but  
the M-5 is top of the line.

JAKE  
What's he thinking about?

TECHNICIAN  
No way to know.

JAKE  
But he'll be... happy?

TECHNICIAN  
So long as someone's paying for the system.

Jake nods over to the other side of the hallway --

Where the bottom half of Beth's torso can be seen. There's more than a bit of blood -- as more ASSISTANTS box up her overdue artiforgs.

JAKE  
I've got 15 commissions lying on that floor over there. That should pay it off in full.

The other assistants lift Remy's stretcher up and it pops into place. They begin to roll him down the long hallway.

Jake watches him go.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Sweet dreams, brother.

We MOVE WITH Remy, a small smile on his face, those wires trailing out of his brain.

FRANK (V.O.)  
...which is why I'd recommend the M-5 neural net from Kenton. We're running a special on it this month, just 18 percent interest for the first year, twenty-four after that.

Remy, on his cart, moving away from us now, wheeled down that long hall...

FRANK (V.O.)  
Why should your loved one pass on just because of a little brain damage? That's barbaric. That's just bad science.

The elevator doors at the far end of the hall opening...

FRANK (V.O.)  
With the new M-5 neural net, the worries of today can be the forgotten woes of yesterday.  
(MORE)

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Imagine your loved ones living the  
rest of their natural lives in a  
world where they're always happy,  
always content, and always taken  
care of.

The assistants pushing Remy's cart inside...

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
You owe it to your family. You owe  
it to yourself.

The elevator doors close.

CUT TO:

FRANK, IN HIS OFFICE,  
his smile as wide as ever, staring straight at US.

FRANK  
Sign your name right there on the  
dotted line, and we can get  
started.

He places a pen and contract on the table.

FADE OUT: