

THE ISLAND

White Shooting Draft
Blue Revision (full draft)

10/22/04
11/19/04

1 EXT. SEA - DAY

1

Descending through clouds. Shafts of sunlight break. Beneath the cloud layer, we find...

AN ISLAND AT SEA. A steel-hulled sailboat glides over camera, like a manta-ray in shape. Across the prow: "RENOVATIO." On deck is a man. TOM LINCOLN. Darkly attractive, a tension about him. A flock of birds passes overhead, flying toward the green paradise. Lincoln smiles, as if the sight of living creatures were a luxury to him.

Sensing someone behind him, he turns: a WOMAN, revealed to us in briefly glimpsed fragments. A strand of billowing hair -- her mouth -- her eyes. Beautiful.

The aqua highlights of the water blast the two of them into near silhouette as they look at each other.

LINCOLN

We made it.

Her eyes well. Lincoln reaches out, a TITANIUM CUFF on his wrist. The woman reaches for his hand; she's wearing the same cuff. His fingers, inches from hers....

SUDDENLY: HANDS shoot from the water, veins pulsing through transparent skin, yanking Lincoln violently overboard. He crashes underwater where he's consumed by OTHER BODIES -- naked, ghostly pale, pulling in a frenzy at his arms and legs.

Lincoln, drowning, sees the woman's face shimmering through the surface, reaching for him, screaming -- he fights wildly for her but he's dragged deeper into the ravenous horde...

2 Our camera PLUNGES into the dark well of his pupil. IMAGES and 2
distorted sounds, Lincoln's life flashing before his eyes...

3 FLASH: Lincoln's SCREAMING FACE, in a dark chamber encrusted with 3
purple fluid --

4 FLASH: images of SPEED -- whip fast, from behind the wheel of a 4
sports car --

6 FLASH: OLD, GOD-LIKE MAN, smiling, saying to us: 6

THE MAN

You've... been... chosen...

7 INT. LINCOLN'S ROOM - DAWN

7

Lincoln's eyes snap open. From overhead, he's in a stark white bed. He shudders, readjusting from his nightmare.

Through a large window we see the dawn over sparse, rocky mountains. Beyond that, the sea and sky, dappled by clouds.

Lincoln's room is totally white. One chair, no books, no photos -- just a long, red flower in a clear jar on the bedside table. The room is a hushed portrait of peace.

Thin, long glass panels known as 'etherscreens' wrap the walls. Lincoln watches words scroll across the ceiling:

-- 'GOOD MORNING, LINCOLN SIX-ECHO.'

He sits upright as the wall etherscreen scrolls:

-- 'ERRATIC REM SLEEP CYCLE DETECTED.'

Lincoln detaches a plug and wire running from a bedside access port to the titanium cuff on his wrist -- an "ethercuff," the same one from his dream. Part medical bracelet, part access device. Says out loud:

LINCOLN
(grumbling)
...I'm fine...

-- 'PLEASE REPORT TO TRANQUILITY CENTER FOR WELLNESS EVALUATION - 0800 HOURS.'

Lincoln GROANS. Climbs out of bed. He peels off his papery pajamas, dumps them in a chute. Disappears into the bathroom. As we listen to him urinate, another etherscreen reports:

-- 'SCREENING... SODIUM EXCESS DETECTED; ADVISING NUTRITION CONTROL.'

Lincoln reappears, head hanging low, an irritated sigh. He swipes his ethercuff over a scanner: a drawer opens offering an option of four shirts -- all the same color.

Lincoln stares. Feels somehow trapped. Chooses a shirt at random, tosses it on his chair, knocking over the flower jar. No water spills because the liquid in the vase is a solid gelatin solution.

8 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LINCOLN'S APARTMENT - DAY

8

A door defrosts as Lincoln exits, dressed for the day. Moves past more frosted facades. It might be a prison cellblock, but there aren't any guards.

Other residents emerge from their rooms -- all men -- all wearing similar clothes. They move to a bank of elevators.

9

INT. GLASS ELEVATOR -

9

Lincoln enters with the other men. The elevator slides down the EXTERIOR of a massive concrete cylinder.

CAMERA PULLS OUTSIDE WINDOW -- we reveal two more concrete cylinders, elevators moving up and down. The WHOLE VIEW is surrounded by distant rocky cliffs and a vast ocean.

10

INT. GLASS ELEVATOR -

10

As the elevator descends, the back wall becomes a HIGH RESOLUTION VIEWING SCREEN broadcasting a visual montage, a RECAP of some sort of community game:

-- A jumbotron scrolling names, spinning like a tumbler on a slot machine. It slows, stops on...

'SPIN WIN!... STARKWEATHER TWO DELTA... SPIN WIN!'

-- A spinning 3-D headshot of STARKWEATHER TWO-DELTA appears: African-American, a football player's build. We CUT to the ethereal face of a EURASIAN WOMAN, the photography blown-out. This is the COMMUNITY ANNOUNCER, her voice soothing:

EURASIAN ANNOUNCER
Starkweather Two-Delta. Your time has
come, you're moving out to the island.

-- And now a post-win interview with Starkweather himself. He talks into the camera, happy beyond words:

STARKWEATHER TWO-DELTA
It's a dream come true, I can't wait to
be outside... breathe fresh air, swim in
the ocean... man, I'm so happy I won...

-- The file footage ends. Back to our community announcer:

EURASIAN ANNOUNCER
That was this week's lottery winner,
Starkweather Two-Delta, just moments
before his departure to The Island --
nature's last remaining pathogen-free
zone. You can be a winner, too. The
next lottery is tonight...

*

A lottery logo fades up, superimposed by:

"EVERYONE GETS TO WIN! YOUR TIME WILL COME!"

An older passenger, GANDU THREE-ALPHA, grumbles:

GANDU THREE-ALPHA

My time'll come, huh?! She's always so
positive.

(to other passengers)

How long've you been here?

PASSENGER

Two years --

GANDU THREE-ALPHA

(to Lincoln)

What about you?

LINCOLN

Three...

GANDU THREE-ALPHA

I've been waiting seven years!

He PUNCHES his fist into the LCD screen. Lincoln glances at a surveillance camera as it catches the passenger's rant and...

The elevator drops from the upper decks to reveal: WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF A SELF-CONTAINED CITY MADE OF GLASS AND CONCRETE.

Throngs of people moving on multi-levels. Windowed walls ring the perimeter. Through them, we see our outside view: the distant mountains, vast ocean. The elevator stops, opens...

11 INT. CENTRAL ATRIUM - CENTERVILLE - DAY

11

The men are greeted by two "CENSORS," our facility's security force. One holds a thin, computerized writing tablet. Gandu Three-Alpha shrinks back...

CENSOR #1

Swipe. Please.

Timidly, he does. Gandu Three-Alpha's holographic headshot pops up, spinning in 3-D alongside a scroll of data:

CENSOR #1

Gandu Three-Alpha, you've been flagged
for public disturbance before --

★

GANDU THREE-ALPHA

Had an emotional outburst, Sir.

CENSOR #2

Safe to say it's over?

GANDU THREE-ALPHA

Very safe, yes, extremely safe, Sir.

CENSOR #1

Well then, have a pleasant day.

The censors eyeball the other passengers as they exit. We see all types of Caucasians, a few very tall African-Americans with NBA builds, some Middle Eastern, Indian, and Japanese men, and some extremely beautiful women. The people range between mid-twenties to mid-sixties. No children here.

Lincoln glances up at holographic billboards hovering like ghosts over the city:

-- "THE ISLAND... BECAUSE IT'S TIME TO COME HOME... CLEAN AIR!... CLEAN WATER!... IT'S THE HOPE THAT KEEPS US LIVING..."

The face of our Community Announcer broadcasts across screens throughout Centerville:

EURASIAN ANNOUNCER

Increase productivity, maintain your safety record, and have a pleasant day.

TRACKING with Lincoln -- things around here look very clean, healthy, spa-like. He passes a WORKOUT FACILITY: people running on state-of-the-art treadmill machines. Others in yoga poses. Some lay flat under purple UV light that bathes their skin -- modern tanning beds.

12 INT. NUTRITION PLAZA - DAY

12

Like a food court. As people eat, they're fixated on SMART SCREENS around the room playing LOONEY TOONS. Two separated lines head to the counter. Men in one, women in the other.

*
*
*

Among the men, Lincoln reaches the front of the line and swipes his ethercuff over a scanner. A NUTRITION CLERK, a surly older woman in uniform, eyes the readout:

*
*
*

NUTRITION CLERK

Lincoln Six-Echo... choices are dried fruit, oatmeal, or anything in bran.

LINCOLN

No bacon today?

NUTRITION CLERK

You got a nutrition flag, means no bacon.

LINCOLN

In that case, I'll just have two eggs over easy -- not too runny -- side of sausages, and french toast with powdered sugar.

NUTRITION CLERK

You ain't cute and I got no time for your
lip, Six-Echo, now what's it gonna be?

LINCOLN

(dead serious)

Bacon.

(beat, gives in)

Surprise me.

The woman slaps a glob of disgusting-looking oatmeal into
Lincoln's bowl. Deadpan:

NUTRITION CLERK

Surprise. Next.

Lincoln turns to head off, and there she is on the line facing
him -- the woman from his dream. JORDAN TWO-DELTA. Young,
playful, an innocence about her. But an edge too. A wonderful
smile passes between them. She whispers, playfully:

JORDAN

Watch... and learn.

She swaggers past him as he heads to the condiment section,
collects silverware, watches with interest as Jordan approaches
the same clerk, swipes her cuff under the scanner:

NUTRITION CLERK

Jordan Two-Beta: choices are powdered
eggs, dried fruit, or yogurt.

JORDAN

Eggs, please.

As the clerk serves her, Jordan smiles a heart-melting smile:

JORDAN

Missed you last week. Where were you?

NUTRITION CLERK

All I did was sneeze and they had me take
three days off, didn't want me getting
y'all sick...

JORDAN

I could really taste the difference,
meatloaf was way too salty.

NUTRITION CLERK

(big smile)

Nice of you to say, Sweetheart. Get you
anything else?

JORDAN
Maybe a little bacon?
(then)
No, I prob'ly shouldn't...

The clerk smiles conspiratorially, adds bacon to Jordan's tray:

NUTRITION CLERK
Go ahead... you have a nice day, alright?

JORDAN
You too.

She joins Lincoln at the condiment area. Moving down it together:

LINCOLN
I softened her up for you.

JORDAN
Yeah, no doubt. Back on your diet, huh?

LINCOLN
What, are you kidding? I love this stuff.

JORDAN
Better eat it all, you're gonna need your strength tonight.

LINCOLN
Is that a challenge?

JORDAN
Promise I'll go easy on you.

LINCOLN
Bet you a stim credit you won't last three minutes.

JORDAN
I'll give you a stim credit just for showing up -- eight o'clock, after work?

LINCOLN
You're on.

A censor appears behind them:

CENSOR
Find your seats, please.

As the censor moves on, Porky Pig appears on the screen nearby -- the end of a cartoon. Lincoln waves goodbye to Jordan in time with Porky Pig:

LINCOLN

Bdee-bdee-bdee-bdee that's all, Folks!

*
*

And just before they separate, she slips a piece of her bacon onto his plate:

*

JORDAN

See you tonight --

*
*

He smiles gratefully as they head off to their gender-designated tables.

13 INT. CENTERVILLE - DAY

13

Lincoln walks along, a spring in his step from his encounter with Jordan. He passes a glass-enclosed "SKILL CENTER." We see a class in session where residents read "My Dog Spot" out loud. Lincoln veers into the "TRANQUILITY CENTER" hallway --

14 INT. DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS OFFICE (MERRICK'S OFFICE) - DAY

14

A large, stark office. Impeccable taste. A hanging Picasso. A glass wall looks down on Centerville's main avenue. DR. HENRY MERRICK sits at a GLASS DESK; the top surface is an interactive computer screen. Merrick mulls it over. We feel his arrogance, clinical detachment. Off a buzz, he taps a button. The door opens and Lincoln enters, deadpan. He doesn't like this man.

LINCOLN

You wanted to see me, Sir?

MERRICK

Yes. Take a seat.

As Lincoln steps forward, he sees something odd. On Merrick's desk-top, highlighted by the blinking cursor:

-- 'PATIENT NAME: SARAH JORDAN - MEDICAL CONDITION: CRITICAL - INSURANCE OPTION ACTIVATED'

In a subtle beat, Merrick notices Lincoln noticing and discreetly slides a beautiful, glass, CRYSTAL BALL across the desk surface, sending his work into a file.

MERRICK

How's Lincoln Six-Echo today?

*

LINCOLN

I guess not so good.

MERRICK

Why do you say that?

LINCOLN

Well... if I'm here. Means I'm not so good.

MERRICK

That's a rather negative association. My only job is to see that you're happy.

Lincoln shifts uneasily as Merrick consults the desk-top:
Lincoln's headshot appears spinning in 3-D beside a data scroll:

MERRICK

Your file shows you've been interacting regularly with Jordan Two-Delta.

LINCOLN

There's no law against friendship.

MERRICK

No, we encourage it... but obviously, proximity could become a concern.

LINCOLN

(a touch defensive)
I know the rules of proximity.

MERRICK

You've been doing quite well in most other areas: proficient at work, exercising rigorously... your last medical puts you in excellent condition. But screening's picked up some trace levels, changes in your metabolism, and you've been having nightmares...

LINCOLN

Are you saying there's something wrong with me?

MERRICK

My point is only that we live by certain parameters, Lincoln. When someone starts straying from those parameters, we need to find out why. So... tell me about your dream.

LINCOLN

... It's the same every time. I'm on a boat, heading to the island.

MERRICK

A boat. What kind?

LINCOLN

A nice boat.

Merrick's look hardens -- a sense that Lincoln's pushed it a step too far.

MERRICK

Draw it for me, would you?

He slides Lincoln a digital pen. Lincoln starts sketching on the desk-top. Merrick studies Lincoln as he draws:

MERRICK

So you're heading to the island. What happens then?

LINCOLN

I drown.

MERRICK

Really? Why do you think that is?

LINCOLN

You tell me.

MERRICK

Maybe you're afraid of winning.

LINCOLN

Why would I be afraid of winning?

MERRICK

You tell me.

Merrick stares, assessing.

MERRICK

What's troubling you, Lincoln?

LINCOLN

Well, Tuesday night's tofu night, and I'm wondering... who decided everyone here likes tofu in the first place? What is tofu, anyway? Plus, I've got four shirts, and they're all the same color. I send them off to get clean, but I don't know who cleans them. And, I dunno, I just wish...

(beat)

... there were more.

MERRICK

More?

LINCOLN

Than waiting. To go to the island.

*
*

MERRICK

I understand you better than you think.
It's your nature to question things...
but don't you realize how lucky you are?
That you survived the contamination --
that nature's left you a Garden of Eden
to repopulate... that's your purpose.

*
*

LINCOLN

Aren't you going to the island too?

MERRICK

... No. My responsibility's to make sure
this facility continues to operate.
That's why people like me, supervisors --
we can't win the lottery.

Something about this man Lincoln just doesn't trust. Puts down
the pen, finished. Merrick uses the crystal ball to guide
Lincoln's BOAT DRAWING toward him, flipping the image: a quick
sketch but it's drawn by the hand of a true artist. Merrick
leans in to study the WORD written on the hull: "RENOVATIO."

MERRICK

You draw very well. What's this word?

*

LINCOLN

I don't know... I saw it in my dream.

This really troubles Merrick now.

MERRICK

I want to run some tests on you, Lincoln.

LINCOLN

... What kind of tests?

Beat. Merrick says, in that same "toying" tone Lincoln used:

MERRICK

Nice tests.

15 INT. MERRICK'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

15

CLOSE: Lincoln's wrists are strapped to the arms of a chair.
Merrick pulls the straps tight. Smiles, to put Lincoln at ease:

MERRICK

It's a synaptic scan, totally harmless.

He slides a restraint around Lincoln's forehead. The metal's cold, Lincoln reacts, increasingly worried...

MERRICK

Don't worry, it's painless...

He pulls out a thin glass vial with a shot plunger on the end.

IN ONE CONTINUOUS CAMERA MOVE -- we push closer and closer to the vial until we're MACRO-SCOPIC: inside we see ANT-SIZED METAL BALLS called "Micro Sensors."

Sound of computer keys tapping; Merrick activates something inside the vial: we see tiny blue lights illuminate on each metal micro sensor...

The vial moves toward Lincoln's face as it shifts in fear. The head restraints limit his movement. The vial touches his cheek, the plunger's depressed:

THE CAMERA LENS - SO CLOSE we can see the fine hairs on Lincoln's cheek as the metal orbs roll out. The orbs sprout needle-thin legs that clamp onto his skin, start crawling toward Lincoln's eyes, moving as if governed by thought...

LINCOLN

It hurts --

MERRICK

Not really --

LINCOLN

Yes really --

Merrick pulls Lincoln's brow and top lid open as the metal creatures climb through his forest of eyelashes... and start to burrow under his lid, disappearing behind his eyeball...

Lincoln's hands, in the straps, curl into fists...

MERRICK

The micro-sensors move through your optic nerve, they'll be uploading readings to us over the next twenty four hours, after that you'll pass them through your urine.

CLOSE: Lincoln squirms, eye twitching, we can almost feel the sensors crawling inside his skull and as the moment crescendos --

16 INT. STARK CORRIDOR - DAY

16

Camera tracks through a slick, clean, white corridor lined with glass walls.

We pass panels, each with a different heading: "DEPT. OF LABOR"; "DEPT. OF HEALTH"; "DEPT. OF SANITATION." Toward the last one: "DEPARTMENT OF OPERATIONS." We enter...

17 INT. DEPARTMENT OF OPERATIONS - DAY

17

We pass rows and rows of medical-like balloons, filling and contracting with a hiss. Hundreds of umbilical tubes snake across a cavernous bay, disappearing through a wall at the far end. Supervisors monitor residents, all men, in ordered rows, tending to the tubes -- like factory workers on a line.

Among them, we find Lincoln, his fingers methodically firing a series of servo-injectors into open valves on a tube labeled: "NUTRIENT LINE."

An LCD screen suspended in front of him tells him which injector to use next. Each injector offers different MINERAL COMPONENTS. On screen, we read:

"REC>Login: Glutamine @ 2%... Proline @ 4 1/2%... Aspartic Acid @ 15%..."

The process has a rhythm: INJECT/HISS/INJECT/HISS. As he works, Lincoln's on autopilot. He looks across the room to a white GLASS CUBE LAB SPACE where FEMALE RESIDENTS log petri dishes on an incoming conveyor belt. Others carry trays of test tubes.

Among the women is JORDAN. Lincoln watches her, eyes filled with longing, though she doesn't see him. He glances over at a co-worker on the factory line, JONES THREE-GAMMA. Mid-30s, disheveled hair, nasal, brain running a mile-a-minute...

LINCOLN

Hey, Jonesy, you ever get bored doing this?

JONES

Doing what?

LINCOLN

This.

JONES

Never really thought about it.

LINCOLN

I think about it a lot.

JONES

About what?

LINCOLN

This, this boring job... I mean, what are we doing here?

JONES

They say we're feeding the nutrient lines
-- we eat food, food's gotta have
vitamins, right? It's good for us.

LINCOLN

Where do all these tubes go?

Gandu Three Alpha passes with a tray, says to Lincoln and Jones:

GANDU

Hey, you get a look at the new guy?
(he points)
Seven-Foxtrot.

*

They look across the room at SEVEN-FOXTROT, a new addition here,
under close scrutiny by a SUPERVISOR demonstrating how to
perform simple job tasks. FOXTROT looks like a confused child.

JONES

Found another survivor, huh?

GANDU

Man, did we look that stupid when we
went through decontamination?

*

Lincoln watches Foxtrot; something about this "new guy" troubles
him, but he isn't sure why. As Gandu moves off, Jones leans in,
a conspiratorial whisper:

*

*

JONES

Hey, can you keep a secret? Lottery's
supposed to be random, right? Well it's
not -- it's rigged.

*

*

*

*

LINCOLN

Rigged?

JONES

Shh, they may be listening...

He pulls out a piece of paper, on which he's drawn:

JONES

I took it upon myself to generate a
simple graph. You're holding it upside
down.

*

*

LINCOLN

Oh, sorry --

JONES

It charts the last twenty people who won a spot on the island -- excluding, of course, the women who were picked to be breeders --

LINCOLN

(points to an equation)

What's this?

JONES

I took the first letter in every name, assigned it a point value based on its position in the alphabet -- like the last guy, Starkweather -- "S" equals nineteen, know what I'm saying?

LINCOLN

No --

JONES

Well I'm telling you, you string the numbers together, divide by the amount of people in here, like twenty-five hundred -- know what that spells? J-O-N-E-S... that's me.

*

LINCOLN

... obviously.

A WOMAN'S PAINFUL CRY, then the sound of SHATTERING GLASS: A PREGNANT WOMAN carrying a tray of test tubes has gone into labor. This is LIMA ONE-ALPHA. Having dropped the tray, the tubes lay in shards at her feet.

LIMA ONE-ALPHA

I think it's time!

Another contraction and Lima drops down to sit on the floor, holding her belly. Joyous echoes of "it's time" ripple through the female co-workers. Jordan helps steady Lima, encouraging her to breathe --

SUPERVISOR

(into mouthpiece)

Code fifteen, we need med-techs down here now --

Lima reels from another contraction and two MED-TECHS rush in. They, along with Jordan, help Lima into a wheelchair --

MED-TECH #1

You'll be alright, you'll be fine --

JORDAN

(glowing)

Lima, you're going to the island --

LIMA ONE-ALPHA

(happy, but in pain; re:
her baby)

-- We're going --

JORDAN

See you soon, okay?

As Lima's wheeled away, the female co-workers start clapping happily. Censors use a sterilizing device to clean the floor, begin erasing all evidence of the broken test tubes.

JONES

That's real fair, REAL FAIR -- and the
broads get all the easy office jobs.

Lima's wheeled right by Jones; he looks at her.

JONES

(catching his breath)

This whole jealousy thing, gives me heart
palpitations --

Flustered, he goes back to work. Jordan's still standing there, staring down the corridor Lima was taken. Eyes welling a little. She turns, catching Lincoln's look across the bay...

He smiles, then turns back to his boring job. Wanting out of here, he reaches behind his screen and removes a SMALL CHIP. The screen goes BLACK. Feigning annoyance, he picks up a phone pretending to call someone, then moves to a distracted SUPERVISOR who's overseeing the censors as they clean --

LINCOLN

Sir, I'm down, I called Tech Services.
They said he's in sector six.

He places an access key in Lincoln's hand, moves off --

SUPERVISOR

Here's my Tri-Key, get your contamination
kit and hurry back -- I gotta deal with
this mess.

18

INT. SECTOR SIX - ACCESS DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

18

A key slides into a lock. The door opens into a construction site. Lincoln enters in Dacron overalls, carrying a silver briefcase, an umbilical oxygen line running from the case to a gas mask on his face. He heads to and crosses a crosswalk...

19 INT. CONSTRUCTION ZONE - SECTOR SIX

19

Grey-blue light. A uniformed workman steers a plasma torch over a conduit. Through the sparks and smoke, we see a whole work crew in hard hats, goggles, and cup masks. Running wires, testing computer circuits.

Lincoln appears. Crewmen look at him with a kind of fascinated curiosity. He sees a tech installing smart screens: MCCORD, 35, tattoos, something about him endears us. If you look closely, you see a sad guy just trying to keep it together. To Lincoln:

MCCORD

Hey, Chief -- they got live wires over there.

Lincoln's reply is muffled by the gas mask, lost in the noise.

MCCORD

What's that --?!

*

Lincoln shouts to no avail, finally removes his gas mask --

LINCOLN

I said I can't hear you.

MCCORD

Hey, you get yourself contaminated, don't come pointing the finger at me.

LINCOLN

How's it going, Mac?

MCCORD

(gestures to the TV's)

Cheap Chinese knockoffs, I wouldn't even steal this shit.

LINCOLN

... Chinese?

McCord pauses. Says quickly --

MCCORD

Nevermind -- what're you doing here?

LINCOLN

Chip's fried again.

MCCORD

How many more times is that gonna work?

McCord smiles, leans down and undoes a RATCHET STRAP binding a cluster of computer cables together --'

MCCORD

Hey, help me out, wouldya?

Lincoln helps him undo the cables, happy just to be outside his work zone. Feels like freedom.

LINCOLN

So... got any stuff on you today?

McCord looks up at Lincoln, a devilish grin on his face...

MCCORD

Man, you're gonna get me busted...

20 INT. VENT SHAFT - DAY

20

A match ignites in the darkness, illuminating McCord. He hands the matchbook to Lincoln, gestures to a lantern behind him:

MCCORD

Torch that up, willya?

Lincoln takes the matchbook, strikes another match to light the lantern. Above them, a churning column of extractor fans. Ladders and catwalks thread the soot-streaked walls. McCord pulls a SILVER FLASK out of his pocket --

MCCORD

You're a bad influence, s'why I like you, Kid.

*

He drinks, offers Lincoln the flask. Lincoln sips, winces.

LINCOLN

What's it like where you live? In sector five.

MCCORD

Fine -- y'know, like any sector, I guess.

McCord won't look Lincoln in the eye. Strange.

LINCOLN

I like coming out here... talking. Most supervisors don't like to talk.

MCCORD

They got rules about fraternization.

LINCOLN

They got rules about everything.

A shared grin: two malcontents enjoying their guilty pleasure.

LINCOLN

Hey, what's with Dr. Merrick?

MCCORD

Y'mean, why's he act like there's a
filing cabinet shoved up his ass?

LINCOLN

(a little laugh)

Yeah...

MCCORD

It's called a God complex, all doctors
are like that -- think they know
everything.

LINCOLN

What's God?

McCord stiffens, realizing he said something he shouldn't have.

MCCORD

Uh...y'know when you want something
really bad and you close your eyes and
wish for it? God's the guy that ignores
you.McCord takes another swig, passes the flask back to Lincoln. A
RADIO VOICE interrupts over his walkie:

RADIO VOICE

Tech Service requested in product
extraction.

MCCORD

(into walkie)

Be right there --

Lincoln takes a last swig, winces:

LINCOLN

Where do you get this stuff, anyway?

MCCORD

Old stash. From, uh... before.

Something in the way he says that. Kind of cagey.

LINCOLN

Y'mean... before the contamination.

MCCORD

(pause)

Yeah right. Seeya.

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*

McCord exits. Lincoln looks down, realizing he forgot to give back the matchbox. On its face is an ACES AND SPADES pattern, the marquee line:

*

"WHERE ROUTE 39 MEETS THE TUCSON SKIES" Lincoln's brow furrows.

SUDDENLY SOMETHING FLUTTERS AROUND THE LANTERN.

Lincoln jumps back. In the half-dark, he spots the fluttering thing: A MOTH. Amazingly colorful.

It nearly makes Lincoln's heart stop: where'd it come from?! The moth lands nearby. Lincoln stares at its palpitating wings, stunned, fascinated -- and yes, a little scared. He dumps the matches out of the box. Carefully - very carefully - he collects the moth and guides it into the box. Slides the top closed.

His confused look rises to the extractor fans overhead -- it must have come from there.

21 INT. HALLWAY -

21

McCord heads down a hall, passing MERRICK who reviews a file with a tightly-wound man in glasses named CARNES (the facility's "Chief Of Incubation.") McCord enters --

22 INT. PRODUCT EXTRACTION ROOM -

22

McCord approaches two men in rubber smocks and rubber boots standing at a computer --

MCCORD

Chinese crap -- locked up again, huh?

WORKER #1

Yeah...

A MECHANICAL ARM slides in from the wall above him. In its claw, it carries A PURPLE CAPSULE. As the capsule's set down, something terrifying is revealed:

INSIDE THE CAPSULE IS A LIVING BEING -- PALLID, HAIRLESS, ADULT.

With speed and efficiency, the men use surgical tools to slice open the capsule. Purple amniotic fluid spills out, spreading across the floor. McCord repairs one of the computer screens, watching, sickened --

MCCORD

Seriously, guys -- unless you wanna see me blow chunks, can't you wait til I'm gone?

Ignoring him, men spray the body with water, cleaning it off.

*

WORKER #2

This dude's ugly...

*

The being takes its first GASP of air.

WORKER #2

Welcome to the world, Big Fella.

*

MCCORD

Oh man, that's putrid...

*

McCord turns away, disgusted -- and we sense, hating himself for being here.

THE NEWLY-BIRTHED BEING'S WRIST: a laser tattoo is GRAFTED INTO FLESH. One of the workers clamps a TITANIUM ETHERCUFF over the marking.

The machine arm retracts, CAMERA FOLLOWS IT through the wall into...

23 INT. INCUBATION SILO -

23

The machine arm resets. We peer down from high above, looking at this round, shiny-metallic, silo-like room. At the bottom, DOZENS OF GLOWING PURPLE CAPSULES, each one housing a LIVING BEING. The room echoes the sound of a mother's heartbeat.

CAMERA - ONE FLUID MOVE DOWNWARD - hovering on the bottom now, MOVE IN CLOSE on one of the beings. Like an adult baby in the purple fluid capsule. It is poked with electrodes; it twitches and jerks, electrical charges stimulating muscle growth.

*

THICK UMBILICALS are connected to each capsule, feeding a steady supply of nutrients. CAMERA TRACES tubes that look oddly familiar to us. Their path guides us up a wall -- we pass through, emerging in...

24 INT. DEPARTMENT OF OPERATIONS -

24

The tubes, we now reveal, are connected to the cavernous bay where the residents form their assembly lines. The same place we saw Lincoln working. Whatever these beings are in the fermentation silo, the residents are helping to incubate them and don't even know it.

A klaxon sounds, signalling day's end. Everyone stops working, files out in ordered rows.

*

*

25 INT. STARK CORRIDOR - DAY

25 *

The long, slick corridor housing the other department facades. WIDEN to see residents exiting each department, like clockwork, heading home for the day.

*

*

*

26 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

26

Lincoln enters, slips in next to Jones. *

LINCOLN *

Hey... *

JONES *

What's that smell on your breath? *

Lincoln gestures to a surveillance camera above, his eyes say: shut up. Doors close. Muzak. They're wedged among ten other residents. As they ride up in silence, the residents react to a strange sound: a muted FLUTTERING. *

Lincoln stares up at the lighted keypad, feigning innocence. The fluttering continues. Other residents stare, confused. Lincoln casually smiles. *

27 INT. LINCOLN'S ROOM - DAY

27

In the privacy of his room, Lincoln's anticipation grows. He takes out a new set of papery pajamas, tears a small shred.

Grabs the vase off his bedside table, pulls out the flower. Opens the match box with THE MOTH, funnels it into the vase -- covers the vase with the papery fabric.

He watches as the moth flits around inside, wings tapping against glass. Lincoln stares... huge questions haunt him.

28 INT. BOXING RING - NIGHT

28

CRACK: Lincoln's face recoils from a VIOLENT PUNCH -- we snap around to reveal his attacker: JORDAN. Something's odd: they're dressed differently. She's in black leather, sexy, tough. He's in shiny red, like a super hero.

Lincoln, still reeling from the punch, spits out FIVE BLOODLESS TEETH. Jordan jack-knives her foot toward Lincoln's face, he grabs it -- spinning her off her feet -- landing a fist across her jaw, his blow shocking us with its brute force -- WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?! We hear CHEERING and LAUGHTER --

WIDEN to reveal the fighting figures are life-like proxy holograms for the REAL Lincoln and Jordan, who punch and kick plexi-screens in front of them. Playing 2020's version of 'Mortal Kombat.'

Jordan SMACKS the plexi head's-up display showing her combatant. Recoiling, her proxy SPINS, her boot shearing Lincoln's knee, bursting the cap so that his leg snaps backwards at a bone-breaking angle.

Lincoln proxy topples and DISAPPEARS. Jordan punches the air in victory, everyone applauds. As they peel off the electric gloves and shoes --

JORDAN

You gonna tell me how you "let" me win?

LINCOLN

Didn't want to say anything but...

JORDAN

Maybe next time I won't embarrass you in front of your friends...

They step out into the crowd of observers --

JONES

Aw, man -- I should've bet on the chick.
You just lost me eight stim credits.

LINCOLN

What d'you care, you're winning the lottery tonight anyway.

*

29 INT. STIM BAR - CENTERVILLE - NIGHT

29

The place is starkly hip, electronic music, vibrant lighting. Etherscreens display a countdown to the next lottery -- minutes away. Lincoln and Jordan approach the bar, swipe their ethercuffs under the scanner:

BARTENDER

Choices tonight are hydroponic vegetable essence or eupepsia extract.

LINCOLN

Don't get crazy, I got an early morning -- better make it the veggie stuff.

JORDAN

Two.

The bartender sets two disgusting-looking green drinks in front of them. With sour faces, they clink glasses and drink. Lincoln's eyes drift somewhere private, troubled...

LINCOLN

Jordan... are you sick?

(off her quizzical look)

When I was in Dr. Merrick's office today,
I dunno, I thought I saw your name on a file.

JORDAN

(a shrug)

I'm fine...

(a touch concerned)

How 'bout you?

*

LINCOLN

Yeah. Fine.

*

*

JORDAN

I can always tell when you're lying,
Lincoln... your mouth smiles but your
eyes don't.

*

*

*

*

So he decides to tell her...

*

LINCOLN

I found something. A bug.

JORDAN

A bug?

LINCOLN

A flying bug. It came in through the
ventilation ducts.

*

*

*

JORDAN

But... they're supposed to be extinct
from the contamination.

*

*

*

LINCOLN

I know, and why didn't it set off the
pathogen detectors?

*

*

*

JORDAN

Uh... too small?

*

*

LINCOLN

No, it's not too small -- and how'd it
survive? I mean... how does anyone
survive? Everytime they find someone new
out there, where did they come from?

*

*

*

*

*

A beat. She stares at him, slightly amused:

*

JORDAN

Actually, I have a question... how come
you only question the good things?

*

*

*

(beat)

*

Bad things never surprise you.

*

That catches him off guard. Maybe she's right.

*

JORDAN

Good things happen, y'know.

*
*

Suddenly all the Etherscreens pixellate into a live feed:

"WELCOME TO THE SPIN, EVERYONE GETS TO WIN!"

30 INT. CENTRAL ATRIUM - CENTERVILLE

30

VARIOUS SECTORS -- everyone in the community has gathered, people watching the enormous Etherscreens on which the COMMUNITY ANNOUNCER'S SMILING FACE APPEARS, her voice soothing:

EURASIAN ANNOUNCER

Good evening! Live from Ether-Control, welcome to the lottery spin! It's been a busy week for our random lottery drawings, we've had a record three winners so far...

Applause and whistles and --

31 INT. ETHERCONTROL STATION -

31

We're flying through the room: wall-sized Etherscreens project an elaborate city map. Each living sector's broken down into sub-grids. We see live video footage throughout the facility --

32 INT. MERRICK'S OFFICE -

32

Same images - and the announcer's broadcast feed - on a monitor array in Merrick's office. He watches with clinical detachment:

*

EURASIAN ANNOUNCER

(on-screen)

Tonight's winner will be selected at random for relocation to The Island --

33 INT. STIM BAR - CENTERVILLE - ON THE ETHERSCREENS

33

EURASIAN ANNOUNCER

-- transported to the world's last paradise.

Panning faces in the crowd, anxious, some praying -- and we end on Lincoln, watching with a strange feeling of foreboding --

EURASIAN ANNOUNCER

And now... let the spin begin!

To a burst of cheers, the huge Etherscreens become spinning blurs, the tumbler clicking through names: "Adams One-Alpha"; "Zucker Three-Charlie" --

3-D photo ID's flash past, scrolling through faces of the entire population. As the spin slows, silence falls. Expectant eyes watch the faces flash through the A's, B's, C's, D's -- and...

"SPIN WIN! JORDAN TWO-DELTA! SPIN WIN!"

JORDAN'S FACE HOVERS, SPINNING IN 3-D.

EURASIAN ANNOUNCER

Jordan Two-Delta, step up! Your time has come, you're moving out to The Island!

At the bar, she gasps a sharp intake of breath. Her eyes well with tears, her smile beatific. Bedlam. She's encircled by people, congratulating her, bearing her away from...

LINCOLN, caught in the middle of the throng, pushed back by the happy crowd --

34 INT. MERRICK'S OFFICE -

34

Merrick watches Jordan on the monitor. A look of affirmation, then he walks away.

35 INT. STIM BAR - CENTERVILLE -

35

EURASIAN ANNOUNCER

For everyone else, never lose hope! Your time will come!

The shouts are deafening. Lincoln, trapped in the crush, loses sight of Jordan, struggles against the flow. He's just lost the girl of his dreams...

He pushes forward -- toward Jordan -- determined -- is he going to try and stop her? Tell her how he feels? And then she's there, turning to him, glowing:

JORDAN

I'm so happy! I can't believe it, can you?

*

It stops the words in his throat. He wants to finish the sentence, tell her not to go -- he wants to say so many things. Joyfully, she throws her arms around him -- and there's a sudden moment that takes them both by surprise.

They're touching each other. With the full weight of it comes Jordan's realization they're about to say goodbye. Tears are forming in her eyes. Here, in this public place. Against the din, she murmurs in his ear...

JORDAN

I... have to leave in the morning.

*

He forces a smile, saying but not believing:

*

LINCOLN

You're right.... good things happen.

*

And suddenly a Censor is beside them with a DATA TABLET -- it flashes: "PROXIMITY WARNING." He eyes them, steps in.

CENSOR

Watch your proximity, please.

LINCOLN

I wish I could have known you better...

JORDAN

I'll see you on the Island.

They separate. Two small figures in the crowd.

36 **LINCOLN'S DREAM AGAIN:**

36

THE SAILBOAT -- across the prow: "RENOVATIO"...

Images of SPEED: whip fast, behind the wheel of a sports car...

Merrick's office desktop: 'SARAH JORDAN - CONDITION: CRITICAL'

The Announcer on Etherscreen:

EURASIAN ANNOUNCER

Jordan Two-Delta! Your time has come!

37 **INT. LINCOLN'S ROOM - NIGHT**

37

Lincoln's eyes POP open. Troubled. The fluttering noise beside him. He turns. The MOTH is flapping inside the glass vase, trying to get free. Lincoln just watches it struggle.

LINCOLN

Where'd you come from, little bug?

His eyes jump from the moth to his supervisor's tri-key on the table. Having had enough, he unplugs his ethercuff. Etherscreen scrolls:

-- 'PLEASE RESUME REST PERIOD, LINCOLN SIX-ECHO.'

Lincoln doesn't respond. Grabs the vase and key. Gone.

38 **INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LINCOLN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

38

The door defrosts as Lincoln exits, vase in his hand. The central lights are off -- corridors empty --

39 **INT. CENTERVILLE - NIGHT** 39

Lincoln sneaks around corners, through sectors, careful to avoid surveillance cameras, keeping himself in shadow --

40 **INT. CONSTRUCTION ZONE - SECTOR SIX** 40

Lincoln uses the tri-key to enter, moves quickly toward...

41 **INT. CONSTRUCTION ZONE -** 41

Lincoln stops under the extractor fans and vents. Pulling the top off the vase... HE RELEASES THE MOTH...

WE FLY INTO THE AIR, TRAVELLING WITH IT...

It glides with fluid precision, dancing through pools of light.

Lincoln's eyes follow as the moth flies close to the grate, painted on a wall: "WARNING: CLEARED PERSONNEL ONLY - CONTAMINATION RISK." A wall-mounted ladder leads to the grate.

The moth travels through. Everything in Lincoln is telling him to remove the grate. He does...

42 **INT. VENTILATION SHAFT -** 42

The grate slides back, the moth fluttering up the shaft. Lincoln's face appears. He sucks in a breath...

... and nothing happens. The air seems clean.

He sees the moth flying higher. Ladder rungs line the tall shaft. Following the moth, Lincoln begins to climb...and climb, until he reaches a small access hatch at the top of the shaft. The moth disappears through the hatch vents. Lincoln pushes open the hatch --

43 **INT. CROSSWAY DUCT -** 43

Lincoln squirms in the claustrophobic space. A light leak, he pushes a panel.

44 **INT. CORRIDOR -** 44

Lincoln peeks his head up from a removable floor tile. Stares down a very long white CORRIDOR. Strangely medical. Empty.

Now hearing footsteps, he lowers -- sees TWO MEN on the other side of the glass door, off to the side. On intercoms:

COURIER

Clearance Code: NG-230-2DS.

A VOICE (V.O.)

Check in at the nurse's station -- up the corridor, take your first right.

A light flashes green, the door opens. The couriers step through into the long corridor, whistling.

They wear flight suits, emblazed "MEDICAL COURIER." One carries a steel cooler. They walk far down the corridor, as Lincoln sneaks out to have a peek.

He's about to journey forward but he notices his ethercuff. FOOTFALLS coming from around the corner ahead. Nervous, he sees a small changing room behind him. Slips in, just as two MED-TECHS appear around the corner.

45 INT. CHANGING ROOM -

45

Changing lockers. SURGICAL SMOCKS hang on the walls. Lincoln watches the techs pass...

46 INT. CORRIDOR -

46

Now wearing a surgical smock, head hung low, Lincoln walks down the corridor. Up ahead, he hears something. A woman in pain. He follows the sound around the bend...

47 INT. HARVEST ROOM -

47

He enters a darkened room. Beyond it is another room, a grid of bio-readouts dominating a wall. We recognize the baseline of a cardiograph. SEE A WOMAN, in stirrups, flushed, panting from birth just moments ago. We ANGLE AROUND to reveal her face:

IT'S LIMA ONE-ALPHA. She's just ended labor. Beside her is a DOCTOR and MIDWIFE, in whose arms a NEWBORN BABY squirms and bawls. Tears stream down Lima's face:

LIMA ONE-ALPHA

She's so beautiful. Can I hold her?

DOCTOR

We have to run a few tests first. In the meantime, we'll give you something to help you relax, okay?

Lima, glowing, nods vaguely, focused on her baby in the midwife's arms. The doctor maneuvers her wrist into a velcro strap. Lima looks at the baby and midwife, happy, exhausted:

LIMA ONE-ALPHA

We're going... to the island...

The midwife gives a subtle smile to Lima, but we see something else there: a glimmer of guilt. The Doctor injects a syringe into a clear tube.

OUR CAMERA TRAVELS with the injected green fluid, pushing closer and closer, spiraling down the length of tube, leading right into Lima's arm.

We move gently to her face... the rhythmic cardiograph BEEPING... LIMA'S EYES, alive, pupils wavering as she watches her baby cry... MORE FLUID ENTERS HER ARM.

Moving ever-so-close to her eyes now, registering a pang -- eyelids blinking -- pupils dilating -- confusion growing in her look -- a small convulsion and...

LIMA'S HEART -- it's rhythmic pump slowing, the flow of blood, the sounds, everything diminishing...

Lima falls asleep and... the cardiograph FLATLINES. Expressionless, the doctor flips a switch on the grid and the whine stops.

The midwife hates this part of her job. She exits with the baby. A sepulchral stillness falls, our ANGLE WIDENING with the emptiness, finding...

Lincoln, peering through a small slat in the blinds.

48 INT. HARVEST ROOM -

48

Frozen in the slatted light, Lincoln can't breathe, can't think. Every nerve in his body trembles in shock.

49 EXT. ELEVATOR -

49

Midwife enters with the baby. The lit arrow points up.

50 INT. HALLWAY - DEAD ENDING INTO A ROOM

50

Elevator doors open: the midwife exits, walking with the baby. Enters a room where a WOMAN and her HUSBAND are waiting. The Woman turns...

STARTLINGLY, SHE LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE LIMA!

MIDWIFE

Congratulations. It's a beautiful girl.

This Lima's eyes well with tears as she takes the new baby into her arms. The proud parents stare down.

MIDWIFE

Whenever you're ready, we have copies of
your policy termination for your records.

The midwife goes, leaving the parents with their newborn child.

51 INT. HARVEST ROOM -

51

We reacquire Lincoln hidden, staring at dead Lima under a sheet. *
Gaping shock, his brain misfiring, just trying to think again.

Nothing in his life makes sense anymore. He stumbles back into *
the med-center hallway, his mind on overload -- like a wounded
animal -- where's he going? -- he doesn't know, just has to keep
moving -- and suddenly, he snaps back into focus, hearing:

DESK NURSE (O.S.)

Starkweather? Like that big cute
football player on the Reebok
commercials?

Lincoln, drawn forward, peers around a corner:

52 INT. CORRIDOR - NURSE'S STATION

52

A console manned by the DESK NURSE, talking to the courier
through a window mic:

COURIER

Yeah, I'm scheduled for a pickup --

The nurse checks her console, gets up and looks through a window
into surgery --

DESK NURSE

He's just in surgery, sorry.

COURIER

Lady, I got a bird on the pad and a
thunderstorm's moving in. How long?

DESK NURSE

They look real busy. So I'd have a seat.

She doesn't like his tone. Annoyed, the couriers sit. The
nurse removes a nail file. Starts filing her nails. Just to
piss him off - next to the mic, just to make it more irritating.

Lincoln backs away, moving fast down the corridor, searching
doorways -- he ducks back fast as a SURGICAL TECH passes.

53 INT. OPERATING THEATER -

53

Tight on STARKWEATHER TWO-DELTA, his face slack with anesthesia, eyes rolling behind his lids. We remember him from the lotto recap earlier. CAMERA JUMPS WIDE OVERHEAD, revealing an odd surgery theatre. A laser grid marks his dark chest as SEVERAL ROBOTIC ARMS move into position.

A group of DOCTORS and NURSES work around this tightly enclosed telesurgery berth. The doctors work on pen-touch pads, causing the armatures to move.

CAMERA FLOATS DOWN to the side of Starkweather's chest as the robotic arm with the laser cutter starts to sear through skin. Another arm with a small demo-saw follows. Grappler arms move into position. This is the future of semi-automated surgery.

We watch as the doctors use their metal pens to manipulate the robotic arms. A heads-up display is their focus.

Armatures hold the wound open with the grapplers. Cutting, cauterizing, sucking blood. CAMERA MOVES BELOW the open wound, seeing the very fast robotic process.

A small drip of BLOOD spills over Starkweather's shoulder and a robotic arm dabs it up with a cotton swab. As the men work:

SURGICAL TECH

The courier's here for pickup. Says a storm's moving in.

SURGEON

He'll just have to wait, this guy was a bitch to put under.

SURGICAL TECH #2

Doctor, heart rate's spiking!

SURGEON

Boost the anesthetic lev--

SUDDENLY AN ARMATURE CRASHES INTO HIS DISPLAY.

STARKWEATHER'S SITTING UPRIGHT -- crazed -- gaping at the hole in his stomach -- he SCREAMS -- launching off the table, hurling the armatures away, but some of the grapppler claws break and remain hooked into his flesh --

54 INT. CORRIDOR -

54

Starkweather bursts from the operating theater, clutching his open stomach, the armatures still dangling from his body, kicking open doors with his bare feet. Delirious, he runs for his life, running blind -- and straight into:

LINCOLN IN THE SURGICAL SCRUBS -- Lincoln's face: a moment of recognition for him -- then an ALARM SOUNDS -- Lincoln scrambles for cover behind a laundry bin and...

Censors converge on the area -- they fan out to block the exit routes -- Starkweather, on instinct, barrels forward, tackling three censors like a football player --

HEAD SURGEON
DON'T HIT THE UPPER ORGANS!

Starkweather stumbles. Two censors level "STOPGUNS," fire -- hookheads spear through the air trailing wires, the projectiles THUDDING into him as their SHARP TEETH latch into his leg flesh--

Starkweather's HURLED off his feet, his massive body crashing to the ground. The censors flick switches on their guns and the hookhead wires reel in like fishing lines. Starkweather's dragged across the floor, the metal arms still attached to his stomach SCRAPING the ground --

Another censor with a CATCHING STICK, a BOLO TIE at the end, loops it around Starkweather's thick neck --

CENSOR
Control, all clear. Product is secure.

Four censors drag Starkweather's body off, trailing a BLOOD SMEAR across the floor as they go... the body passes by...

... Lincoln, hiding by the laundry bin. One of the censors sees him, and mistaking him for a tech because of the surgical smock, leans down to help:

CENSOR 3
You okay buddy? You believe this shit?

Lincoln rises -- smiles -- tries to make it look natural --

LINCOLN
-- yeah, fine --

CENSOR 3
Sometimes these turkeys fight back hard,
y'know?

He takes off, leaving Lincoln there... breathless, stunned.

55 INT. JORDAN'S ROOM - MORNING

55

Jordan's eyes open. On the ceiling above, Etherscreen scrolls:

-- 'GOOD MORNING, JORDAN TWO-DELTA. SCHEDULED FOR ISLAND DEPARTURE.'

A SMILE crosses Jordan's face. She sits up, looking out the window, excited and sad at the same time.

56 INT. CORRIDOR -

56

Lincoln pulls up the floor tile, urgently crawls back in --

57 INT. ETHERCONTROL STATION -

57

Monitors display closed-circuit footage of the Starkweather escape. A group of censors watch, sadistically replaying the event, laughing: at the helm is a particularly wicked-looking censor named JACK:

JACK THE CENSOR

Waiwaiwait, check this part out -- and
he's down for the count!

*

The monitors show Starkweather's massive body CRASHING to the ground. The men ROAR like they're watching a football replay --

MERRICK

Gentlemen...

The censors turn: Merrick is standing behind them, livid:

MERRICK

There was an incident?

CENSOR #3

Uh... Sir, Starkweather ran from the
operating theater.

MERRICK

-- and you find it funny?

CENSOR #3

... uh, no, Sir.

JACK THE CENSOR

Definitely not, Sir.

MERRICK

Play it back, please.

Sobering, scared to lose their jobs, the men replay the footage -- Merrick watches the chase, anger mounting. As Starkweather's dragged across the floor, he notices... The censor helping the "surgical tech" to his feet. We know it's Lincoln, but his face is turned away and the contrast on the image makes him BLURRY --

MERRICK

Stop. Who is that?

CENSOR #3

An R.N...

MERRICK

(something's wrong)

Back it up at half-speed --

(the image rewinds)

-- freeze --

And he sees it: a glint from Lincoln's wrist --

MERRICK

-- magnify his wrist --

*

They do. And of course, it's the ETHERCUFF!

MERRICK

We got a product on the loose -- Get me a
facial match --

*

The room spins into overdrive --

58 INT. WOMEN'S LIVING SECTOR - CORRIDOR

58

Lincoln emerges fast from an elevator, pulse racing, clothes covered in soot. Tri-key in hand. Sees everything in a different light now: mirrors, walls, windows -- all predatory.

WOMEN emerge from their rooms to start the day. Seeing Lincoln in their sector, they draw back in surprise, frightened.

59 INT. ETHERCONTROL STATION -

59

FAST TRACK as censors yank STOPGUNS from an artillery case -- through a door, we find Merrick hovering as more censors work their consoles, jogging dials, pixels gaining focus on the MYSTERIOUS FACE. The stopgun censors race out the door --

60 INT. JORDAN'S ROOM -

60

Jordan closes a small travelling case. A buzz at the door -- she smiles, presuming the censors are here to take her to the island. She opens the door to find...

LINCOLN -- heart racing -- mind in overdrive --

*

JORDAN

Oh, you're sweet to say goodbye --

*

*

LINCOLN

Jordan, you gotta come with me --

*

*

JORDAN

How'd you get in this sector? Men aren't
supposed to--

*
*
*

LINCOLN

Come with me now --

*
*

He takes her shoulders, eyes lit with fear and desperation:

LINCOLN

I need you to trust me, okay?

*

He pulls her into the hallway, other women step aside, fearful -- *

61 INT. MEDICAL CORRIDORS - UPPER LEVEL

61

Censors run through corridors, spreading out, on the hunt...

62 INT. ETHERCONTROL STATION -

62

Across every screen in ethercontrol, the facial-recognition
computer flies through the resident population. It LOCKS beside
Lincoln's PROFILE IMAGE:

"MATCH FOUND - LINCOLN SIX-ECHO"

MERRICK

I want a full contamination lockdown!
Find Six-Echo!

*

63 INT. OPERATING THEATER - UPPER LEVEL

63

Starkweather lies limp on the table. Censors burst into the OR
room, surprising the staff as --

A mechanical arm rises from the open wound on Starkweather's
stomach, its claws clamped around STARKWEATHER'S LIVER.

CENSOR #3

Masks down --

SURGEON

We're in the middle of surgery --

CENSOR #3

(stopgun level)

Take them off now!

A mechanical claw drops the liver on a dry-ice tray --

SURGEON

(pissed)

I don't care what he says -- Nurse, seal
that liver now or that human tissue is no
good!

*
*

The lead censor gestures to the nurse, giving her permission --
she pulls plastic sheeting over the tray -- a machine instantly
VACU-PACKS the liver -- a laser burner seals a label:

"STARKWEATHER TWO-DELTA: LIVE HUMAN TISSUE : LIVER"

Censors move from face to face, pulling down masks, none of them
Lincoln. Hands collect liver, placing it in courier's cooler.

64 INT. CENTERVILLE - UPPER LANDING

64

Lincoln -- fighting paranoia -- pulls Jordan from the women's
sector out onto the upper landing --

JORDAN

What are you doing?!

LINCOLN

I saw what happened to them --

JORDAN

-- who?

LINCOLN

Lima and Starkweather, they're dead --

JORDAN

... What?!

LINCOLN

-- they took them upstairs and, and
killed her -- and dragged him and --

JORDAN

(really terrified)

-- stop - I want to go back to my room -

LINCOLN

You can't go back, don't you get it?!

JORDAN

-- I'm going to the island!

LINCOLN

There is no island! I think they're
gonna kill you!

That hits her like a hammer. They enter an elevator --

65 INT. CENTERVILLE -

65

They exit elevator, Announcer's face now on all etherscreens:

EURASIAN ANNOUNCER

Attention: contamination alert issued for
Lincoln Six-Echo -- anyone coming in
contact will be quarantined --

Lincoln's spinning headshot appears beside announcer. Seeing
that, Jordan yanks free, heads around them turning --

JORDAN

You're contaminated!

LINCOLN

No, Jordan, it's a lie, they lie to us --

JORDAN

Get away from me!

People all over suddenly panic seeing Lincoln's face
broadcasting across every screen -- a CENSOR closes in:

CENSOR

Don't move, stay there --

He pulls out plastic cuffs -- LINCOLN LUNGES AT THE CENSOR,
toppling him against a glass railing -- the censor knees him in
the groin, pulls out his gun but Lincoln SLAMS IT into the base
of the censor's neck, sends him falling four stories down.

Lincoln, wild-eyed -- the point of no return. FOOTFALLS. An
imminent mass of dark uniforms running his way.

BOOM - A GUNBLAST RIPS THE AIR. The wail of a hookhead -- it
misses Lincoln, ricocheting off the glass. He whirls, LOCKS
EYES WITH JORDAN -- stabs out a hand, reaching for her...

LINCOLN

THEY'RE GONNA KILL YOU!

She sees the oncoming censors, looks back to Lincoln...

*

LINCOLN

YOU HAVE TO TRUST ME!!!

*

He grabs his hand and they RUN, A WILD FOOT CHASE, OUR CAMERA
NEVER STOPPING -- Lincoln uses his tri-key to open a door --

*

66 INT. CONSTRUCTION ZONE - SECTOR SIX

66

They race down the shafts. Not sure where to go. Censors give
chase.

Lincoln and Jordan round a corner, she knocks a can of industrial ball-bearings, spilling on the ground. They come to another door -- locked. No way out.

TWO CENSORS round the corner, they slip on the bearings, SLIDING, smashing BRUTALLY HARD into metal pipes. A THIRD, JACK THE SENSOR, much bigger then Lincoln, maneuvers over bearings, attacking -- throws Lincoln down, starts kicking him in the gut, feet thudding into his skull --

WHACK!! -- JACK FLOPS TO THE GROUND -- revealing Jordan, behind him with a LONG WRENCH in hand. Aghast at the censor's brutality, she helps Lincoln up. More footsteps coming. Ahead are several open vent tubes, they crawl in one --

67 INT. VENT -

67

They hustle through the vent tubing -- suddenly, one gives out, they FALL, 20 feet down into:

68 INT. FOUNDATION ROOM -

68

THUD -- They crash on top of AGNATE BODIES, landing on the wet ground. Rising, disoriented, a warm rain pelts them from above. They look around this very strange room:

A large, dark, vaulted chamber housing 100 STILL-VESTIGIAL AGNATE FIGURES, enslaved in orderly cruciform restraints, their bodies resting on gurney-like metal structures. Semi-naked, hairless, blank eyed. Armatures reaching down like spider-legs from the roof claw around each agnates' head. Attached to the armatures are SMALL SCREENS flashing stroboscopic imagery across their eyes. Ear-pieces feed them odd WHISPERING SOUNDS...

Lincoln and Jordan -- stunned, horrified -- see MULTIPLE IMAGES across many small screens: the face of THE KIND-LOOKING MAN FROM LINCOLN'S DREAM, smiling, saying:

THE MAN

You've... been... chosen...

They start to crawl, urgency vying with horror - sounds of doors opening, radio squawks - they freeze: TWO CENSORS SLIDE DOWN armatures attached to the ceiling. One LANDS on an agnate's stomach. Seeing Lincoln and Jordan, the censors RUN - hopping from gurney to gurney, body to body, Lincoln and Jordan bolt to a back door...

69 INT. ACCOUNTING OFFICE -

69

Very clerical, back-room ACCOUNTING OFFICE. Accountants manning computers. One SLURPING on a BIG GULP, looking at E-BAY on his computer, is STARTLED by two soaking wet, wild-eyed agnates who RACE through the door past him -- Lincoln and Jordan exit through a back door.

70 INT. OLD ELEVATOR -

70

They race inside, the door just closes in time -- as FIVE CENSORS bang on elevator door.

71 INT. METAL CAT WALK - BUNKER

71

Lincoln and Jordan run across a latticework of metal walkways -- toward what looks like open sky -- and suddenly:

THEY PASS RIGHT THROUGH THE SKY, OUR CAMERA TRACKING AROUND THEM AS THEY STOP, STUNNED, TO REVEAL:

The walkway they're standing on supports hundreds of HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTORS: WE'RE INSIDE A STAGGERINGLY MASSIVE UNDERGROUND BUNKER, IN THE CENTER OF WHICH IS THE FACILITY, WRAPPED IN A HOLOGRAPHIC CONE OF LIGHT.

Lincoln and Jordan can only gape -- their lives have been taking place on a sound stage housing one massive special effect.

MORE FOOTFALLS behind them, they keep RUNNING into...

72 INT. TURBINE EXTRACTOR SHAFT -

72

A GIGANTIC FAN overhead, a turbine the size of a jumbo jet moving slowly, but big enough to generate INTENSE WIND --

A CENSOR appears -- charges Lincoln with a bolo stick -- Jordan ducks away as the censor ATTACKS -- crouched, she sees nearby:

Behind a Plexiglass wall: a room of etherscreens. On one, a flattened-out view of the 360 degree mountain/sky image the agnates see from within Centerville. On another, a POWER GRID SCHEMATIC that controls the hologram. Though she reads words like "HOLOGRAM POWER GRID," Jordan can't possibly comprehend them at this point...

The censor HOOKS the stick around Lincoln's neck, SNAPS the tie back and hits a button: the stick ZAPS Lincoln with 1000 volts, dropping him to his knees. Another ZAP and Lincoln arches, teeth clenched -- Jordan, still hidden from the censor, has nowhere to turn. And for a second it looks like the chase is over as the censor keys his walkie:

BIG CENSOR

Ethercon, product secure in turbine
extractor 3, no sign of female product --

Lincoln, on his knees, clawing at the bolo around his neck, manages to LOOSEN IT a little, sees the STOPGUN hanging on the censor's thigh TAC-BELT and...

In a SUDDEN MOVE, Lincoln grabs the gun, swings low under our censor -- SHOOTs THE STOPGUN straight up into the TURBINE -- the HOOKHEAD tangles in the moving fan blade, locks on and --

THE GUN'S STILL SAFETY-LOCKED ON THE CENSOR'S THIGH TAC-BELT --

He's instantly FLIPPED upside down as the hookhead wire gets wrapped tighter in the spinning turbine -- Lincoln rises, searing, now face-to-face with the upside-down censor who SPINS AROUND THE ROOM helpless -- The Censor comes back around, hands LASH OUT grabbing Lincoln, DRAGGING HIM WITH HIM --

Now they're SPINNING TOGETHER, smashing into things, dizzying beyond belief -- a gritty battle, fingers clawing eyes. *

In a moment of inspiration, having witnessed this on Starkweather, Lincoln grapples with the gun and depresses the GUN SWITCH -- the cable SPOOLS IN, sending the censor reeling UP INTO THE TURBINE. Lincoln falls to the ground as SPLAT -- the censor hits the turbine HARD. Lincoln rises, sees Jordan, starts to move --

WHAM -- THE CENSOR'S BODY SLAMS ONTO THE GROUND BEHIND HIM. *
Jordan's horrified upon seeing see death up close for the first time. She and Lincoln run to a door --

73 INT. OLD CEMENT TUNNEL -

73

Running through an old tunnel -- pocked with square shafts, through which REAL SUNLIGHT shines -- suddenly:

SUNLIGHT BLASTS THE LENS. Lincoln and Jordan, under a MASSIVE, 30 FOOT, ROUND CEMENT CAP -- old, weathered, dented. They look out beyond and we CRANE UP, RISING FOR A BIRD'S-EYE-VIEW OF...

74 EXT. MASSIVE ARIZONA DESERT -

74

An ocean of dunes, scrub brush and distant rocky mountains. Lincoln and Jordan are tiny figures, framed against a triangle of THREE MASSIVE TURBINE FANS on a man-made plateau.

Jordan staggers back, stunned -- the real world's nothing like the view she's seen out the facility windows. They breathe deep -- the air's clean. No contamination. *

A broken down, chainlink fence at the edge of a plateau surrounds our perimeter. It evokes a cold war era military base, circa 1960. A dilapidated sign reads: "WARNING: MILITARY INSTALLATION -- NO TRESPASSING, USE OF DEADLY FORCE AUTHORIZED."

Old, round bunkers are etched with faded military markings: "SILO ONE... SILO TWO... SILO THREE..."

Lincoln grabs Jordan's hand and they stumble across the scrub, running for their lives -- our world goes SUPER SLOW-MO, only their breathing now -- and:

NARRATOR'S VOICE

The human organism... unique in all the universe in its complexity -- the product of three billion years of evolution. Perfect in every way, except one... like all machines, it wears out.

CLOSE, LINCOLN AND JORDAN -- THEIR TERRIFIED FACES:

75 INT. ATRIUM GREETING CENTER - ATRIUM - DAY

75

On HUGE GLASS SCREENS, more faces. Portraits: stark, Avedonesque. A man in a wheelchair. A woman, 50 with a wrinkled face. An elderly man without an arm. A woman with a burned face. A man wearing an NFL football uniform, arm in a sling. A blind man, holding a cane, stares vacantly.

Screens hang above a round room, a reflection pool in the center giving it a Zen feel. A TOUR GROUP watches the presentation; the kind of uberwealth you'd find at country clubs.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

For centuries, the idea of replenishing the human body has been at the forefront of modern science. The alchemists of the Renaissance sought mechanical means to replace lost or injured limbs...

Renaissance images appear on the screens: early prosthetic drawings, woodcuts: arms, legs --

NARRATOR'S VOICE

With the beginning of modern genetic science came early attempts at cultivating organs for transplant, but they could not be made to grow outside a human body...

*

Spotlights illuminate a wall of display cases. The first failed efforts at cloning: a rat with a human ear on its back. A stillborn pig with exposed vertebrae.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

Scientists then tried to clone the first human embryos, but were equally unsuccessful.

*

On that, three TRANSLUCENT PODS rise up from the reflection pool. In amber fluid, lifeless fetuses are curled in a death rictus. Sun from the skylight highlights their withered skin.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

Finally, in the year 2007, Merrick Biotech ushered in a new renaissance in bio-engineering by successfully cloning human tissue. Since then, we've been able to treat a multitude of disabilities, correcting everything from muscular dystrophy to spinal injury, limb loss to various types of cancer...

On the screens, the portraits have changed dramatically: the man in the wheelchair is now standing upright, his wheelchair gone. The amputee now has two full arms. The burned woman now has perfect skin. The football player tosses a ball. The blind man stands clear-sighted; the cane has disappeared.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

We also provide a variety of reconstructive services: body augmentation... facial enhancement...

More images: the woman with the wrinkled face now looks thirty years younger. A photo shifts to reveal the face of a smiling, nine-year old boy:

NARRATOR'S VOICE

And within the year, we'll be extending our treatment options to children as well...

A logo appears:

NARRATOR'S VOICE

Merrick Biotech: because your most valuable commodity... is you.

*

As the multi-media presentation ends, lights reveal MERRICK at the back of the greeting center, smiling. Those of us in the know sense his tension, the pre-occupation he tries to contain:

MERRICK

Ladies and Gentlemen, if you follow me... I'd like to introduce you to the rest of your life.

76 EXT. SAND DUNES -

76

Over the blanketed expanse of sand, two black shapes appear. Helicopters, but more aquiline. Flying silently, we'll call them "Whispers." They rip through the dunes, spearing into the lens as they swoop down toward...

A HELIPAD. A downblast of turbine exhaust as the Whispers land. A MAN emerges -- ALBERT LAURENT.

*

Young, finely tuned, a military build in an expensive suit. Two of his MEN emerge from the second Whisper.

77 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

77

The Tour Group enters, focusing on a frosted glass floor. As it DEFROSTS, a plastic sack is revealed: the same cocoon-like capsule we saw earlier. Attached to a complex umbilical tube. The HUMAN FIGURE within, suspended in purple amniotic fluid, has TRANSLUCENT SKIN: we see all its internal organs. No facial features. Wildly creepy. Tubes and electrodes on its body. As the tour group reacts: *

MERRICK

The 'agnate' -- an organic frame, engineered directly into adulthood to match the client's age. You're looking at Stage One of its development. Within twelve months, it will be harvest-ready: providing a carrier for your baby, a second pair of lungs, fresh skin... all genetically indistinguishable from your own. And in compliance with the Eugenics law of 2015, our agnates are maintained in a persistent vegetative state... they never achieve consciousness. *

78 INT. LONG WATERFALL WALKWAY -

78

A stunning walkway, one side is a waterfall wall. Laurent and his men are lead along by censors. *

79 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM -

79

Laurent and the men are brought into the back of the room. Merrick sees this, during: *

FEMALE TOUR MEMBER

You mean that thing doesn't think?

MERRICK

It doesn't think, suffer... feel pain, joy, love, or hate. It's a product, Ladies and Gentlemen... in every way that matters, not human.

80 FLASHCUT -- SLOW MOTION -- LINCOLN AND JORDAN RUN, SWEATING, PANTING, AS THE WORDS "NOT HUMAN" RING IN OUR EARS...

80

81 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

81

Merrick gestures to a Public Relations Director, SCOTT WHITMAN:

MERRICK

This is our public relations director,
Mr. Whitman -- he'll answer any other
questions you have. Thank you.

He slips off...

A82 EXT. DESERT RUINS - DUSK

A82

Angle to the ruins of an old gold-rush bank, circa 1900. Lincoln and Jordan approach the bombed-out ruins, frightened, alone, lost. No sign of life anywhere. Exhausted, she stops, sits.

JORDAN

We have to stop... I can't run anymore...

LINCOLN

We have to keep going --

JORDAN

Where?

LINCOLN

Anywhere -- away from here --

JORDAN

Look around, Lincoln -- everything's
dead, it's all dead... what if we are
contaminated?

LINCOLN

(frustration growing)

Then we'd be dead. It's all a lie,
everything they told us --

He hurls a rock in exasperation. It lands, hitting something --
we hear a RATTLING SOUND. They look over: a RATTLESNAKE is
coiled nearby.

JORDAN

What is that?

Lincoln leans close to inspect the snake, inches away, right
into its glaring fangs.

LINCOLN

I don't know, but it's alive... and so
are we.

He turns back to her as the snake slithers off. His smile
comforts her, he offers a hand...

LINCOLN

Let's hide and... and rest.

After a beat, she takes it. They disappear into the ruins...

82 INT. ATRIUM - DAY

82

LAURENT

Dr. Merrick, Albert Laurent, Blackhawk
Security --

*
*

MERRICK

You come highly recommended by the
Defense Department, Mr. Laurent -- though
I'm not aware of your personal
qualifications.

*
*

LAURENT

My men are ex-Delta Force, SEALs. I was
formerly with the GIGN, French Special
Forces.

*

MERRICK

I was under the impression the French had
little use for soldiers.

*
*

Laurent shows no reaction to Merrick's arrogance, says:

*

LAURENT

I understand you had a corporate theft.

*
*

MERRICK

Yes, that is what I told the DOD... I
wasn't entirely truthful about why I
require your services.

*
*
*
*

(beat)

We've had a security breach.

*
*

LAURENT

(beat)

You have the Defense Department at your
disposal -- why call me?

*
*
*
*

MERRICK

Because their investment's sizeable --
one hundred and twenty billion dollars,
to be exact. Our chairman doesn't want
to give them reason to reconsider.

*
*
*
*
*

(beat)

If this represents a conflict of interest
for you, tell me now.

*
*
*

LAURENT

What you tell them is your business,
Doctor -- I am in the business of keeping
my clients' confidence.

*
*
*
*

MERRICK

(look to Laurent's men)
Good, then let's talk in private.

A beat. Laurent looks to his men, begins to walk with Merrick.

MERRICK

Two of our products escaped.

Laurent reacts, processing the shock of what that implies:

LAURENT

Impressive, considering they're
vegetative.

MERRICK

After several years of trial and error,
we discovered that without
consciousness... without motion...
life... the organs failed.

LAURENT

So when you... 'harvest' an organ from
one of your products, you're violating
the Eugenics law... and committing
murder.

MERRICK

Mr. Laurent, I'm more aware than anyone
of the ethical implications of what we're
doing here -- but that's the price we pay
to save lives.

(beat)

May sound like a rationalization, but I'm
sure in your line of work, you have a few
of your own.

LAURENT

(a beat)

Not really. I have no illusions about
the humanity of my targets.

A glare of the forces.

MERRICK

Just find them, Mr. Laurent.

Finally, Laurent gestures to his men, who approach:

LAURENT

How long have they been missing?

MERRICK

Four hours, thirty-six minutes.

LAURENT
They're on foot?

MERRICK
Yes --

LAURENT
(to his men)
1.2 miles an hour, five mile perimeter.

The men split. Merrick and Laurent continue walking...

MERRICK
The female agnate's sponsor is in a coma
after a car accident -- she's in need of
multiple organ transplants.

LAURENT
How long does she have?

MERRICK
No more than forty eight hours.

LAURENT
Tell me about Six-Echo.

MERRICK
He was the first to question his
environment. Over the last few months,
he began demonstrating unstable behavior.
We can't account for it. I'm waiting on
the results of a synaptic scan.

LAURENT
What do they know about the outside
world?

MERRICK
Very little...

83 INT. THE FACILITY - VARIOUS - DAY

83

We DROP through the vast, concrete bunker... toward the
HOLOGRAM... into some kind of ELECTRONIC HAZE...

MERRICK (V.O.)
We control them with the memory of a
shared event, a global contamination --
it keeps them fearful of going outside.

We emerge through a LAYER OF GLASS into Centerville, where
etherscreens broadcast the face of:

EURASIAN ANNOUNCER

Lincoln Six-Echo remains in quarantine
after contamination exposure. Jordan Two-
Delta was safely transported to her new
home on the island colony...

VARIOUS ANGLES - throughout the facility, agnates watch the
broadcast as they go about their day...

MERRICK (V.O.)

The island is the one thing that gives
them hope. Purpose.

A85 INT. CENTERVILLE - SKILL CENTER -

A85

We see agnates watching cartoons...

MERRICK (V.O.)

Everything we expose them to -- their
programs, books, the games they play --
are designed to manage aggression and
reinforce simple social skills.

B85 INT. NUTRITION PLAZA -

B85

We see agnates on gender-separated food lines:

MERRICK (V.O.)

Their food's infused with a mix of mood
stabilizers and libido suppressants -- To
avoid obvious complications, they aren't
imprinted with an awareness of sex...

*

85 INT. LONG WATERFALL WALKWAY -

85

Merrick and Laurent walk... along the thin sheet of water:

*

MERRICK

We find it simpler to eliminate the drive
altogether. They believe pregnancy's
just a medical process...

*

86 INT. OLD BANK RUINS - NIGHT

86

Lincoln and Jordan are asleep on the dirt floor. Side by side,
facing away from each other. A portrait of innocence.

MERRICK (V.O.)

In a very real sense... they're like
children.

LAURENT (V.O.)

...What happens when the drugs wear off?

*

*

87 INT. OLD BANK RUINS - SUNRISE

87

A sizzling ball of sun rises on the horizon. Lincoln snaps up into frame, awake. Gets his bearings. Something's strange. Sits up.

He has his first erection. Jordan, stretching, waking, turns to him. Looks down. Sees it. Confused...

JORDAN

What's that?

He looks down, shy but not knowing why, an innocent smile:

LINCOLN

I dunno...

The ROAR of a MOTORCYCLE brings their focus up. The chopper BLOWS BY on the desolate road. Lincoln runs from the ruins, onto the highway. He runs after the chopper...and finally stops, breathless, as it disappears down the road. Jordan jogs in behind him...

*
*
*
*

JORDAN

What was that?

*
*

LINCOLN

I don't know.

(beat)

But I want one.

*
*
*
*

Our angle drifts slightly to reveal an old sign on the side of the road behind them: "ROUTE 39." Lincoln doesn't see it, but we do...

*
*
*

Finally, Lincoln turns, sees the sign. His face dawns with recognition. Reaches into his pocket, pulls out McCord's matchbook: the Aces and Spades pattern. "WHERE ROUTE 39 MEETS THE TUCSON SKIES." Lincoln lights up:

*
*
*
*

LINCOLN

Route 39... Route 39.

(to Jordan)

Come on --

*
*
*
*

A88 EXT. DESOLATE HIGHWAY - DAY

A88

They run down the road, following its course...

*

88 EXT. OLD BOARDED-UP MOTEL -

88

Dust swirls across the road. Looks like a dead town, but people once inhabited this place. They follow the road past a dilapidated motel.

89 EXT. ACES AND SPADES BAR - CONTINUOUS 89

In the distance, they see a weathered blinking neon sign, the same 'Aces and Spades' logo as we saw on the matches.

We find Lincoln and Jordan approaching along an ill-repaired highway, off the beaten path.

90 INT. ACES AND SPADES BAR - CONTINUOUS 90

A handful of locals hunch over the bar. A couple of BIKERS throw darts. Your basic dive.

Lincoln and Jordan enter. Unsure. To them, everything's a marvel -- they understand this as a version of the bar back in the facility, but everyone looks so different. They draw strange looks: they're still in their agnate clothing.

BARTENDER

What's up?

LINCOLN

Uh, yeah... do you know a man named McCord?

The bartender gives them a once-over:

BARTENDER

Who wants to know?

LINCOLN

... I do.

BARTENDER

And you would be who?

Pause: Lincoln isn't sure how to deal with people in the real world...

LINCOLN

Lincoln Six-Echo.

JORDAN

Jordan Two-Delta.

*

BARTENDER

... right.

A BARFLY on a stool looks at their funny clothes, ethercuffs.

BARFLY

Y'all some of them desert UFO freaks?

BARTENDER
(gestures to bathroom)
Lucky day, he's in the can.

LINCOLN
The can?

BARTENDER
Taking a dump.

LINCOLN
(confused)
... A dump? Taking it where?

BARTENDER
You're tryin' my patience, Son. First
door on the right.

Lincoln smiles, shrugs, says to Jordan:

LINCOLN
Be right back.

He heads toward the bathroom. She sits at the bar, looking
around tentatively. The bartender stares at her curiously:

BARTENDER
I know you from somewhere, Little Lady?

Odd question.

JORDAN
No...

BARTENDER
Something to drink?

He has a bottle of Jack Daniels in his hand.

JORDAN
What's that?

BARTENDER
Jack.

JORDAN
Okay.

BARTENDER
Straight up?

She stares back blankly, then looks up at the ceiling, unsure
what she's supposed to see there.

BARTENDER

So, like... did the mothership just land?

He pours her a shot. She examines it...and drinks it.

JORDAN

Wow.

She burps.

91 INT. BAR BATHROOM -

91

LOW ANGLE, peeking under stalls, a few down, see PANTS around ankles. Lincoln looks under, sees the feet. Lincoln's face POPS above the stall:

LINCOLN

So this is Sector Five...McCord STARTLES drops his *Popular Mechanics* mag, snaps up --

MCCORD

SONOFABITCH!!

He pulls up his boxers as the stall door SWINGS open -- Lincoln GRABS and SLAMS HIM against the wall --

LINCOLN

You knew --

MCCORD

How the hell'd you get out?!

LINCOLN

WHY? WHY DO THEY LIE TO US?!!

MCCORD

They're gonna be looking for you --

McCord tries to push his way out. Lincoln slams him back.

LINCOLN

NO, TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON!!

MCCORD

WHAT'S GOING ON IS, ANYONE SEES US
TOGETHER BOTH OUR ASSES ARE GONNA BE
TARGET PRACTICE -- SO WHY DON'T YOU GET
YOUR GODDAMN HANDS OFF ME, LEMME PULL MY
PANTS UP AND I'LL TAKE YOU BACK TO MY
PLACE WHERE WE CAN BE ALONE!!

On that last part, a TRUCKER enters. Sees Lincoln gripping
McCord's lapels, McCord's pants around his ankles. Beat.

TRUCKER ED
Mac.

MCCORD
Ed.

TRUCKER ED
(as he goes)
Give you two a minute.

MCCORD
Not what it looks like!

TRUCKER ED
Sure, sure.

92 INT. ACES AND SPADES BAR -

92

Three guys from the bar surround Jordan. She has three glasses empty in front of her. *

JORDAN
So what's a body shot? *

McCord and Lincoln emerge from the bathroom --

MCCORD
Aw, Christ, you brought another one?! *

He grabs her by the arm, leads them urgently to the door -- calls to the bartender: *

MCCORD
These're uh... friends of mine -- from out of town. Put everyone's drink on my tab -- *

We HOLD on Jordan's shot glass, on the bar. A beat, then she reappears in frame -- grabs the shot -- throws it back -- exits with Lincoln and McCord -- *

93 EXT. ACES AND SPADES BAR - CONTINUOUS

93

They all hop into McCord's PICKUP TRUCK:

MCCORD
Glad you're acclimating to the local culture. Get down before anyone else sees you --

As Lincoln and Jordan duck below the window, Ed the Trucker exits the bar. From his POV, it looks like Lincoln's head is dropping into McCord's lap. McCord looks up, catches Ed's eye:

MCCORD

Not what it looks like!

TRUCKER ED

Sure, sure.

94 EXT. TRAILER PARK NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

94

A dusty scatter of ramshackle containers. Not so far from the trailer parks of today. Washing lines, garbage, stray dogs roaming. McCord's pickup glides into view...

95 INT. MCCORD'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

95

A WOMAN enters from the kitchen with a tray -- 30, mousily pretty, hot pants and a tanktop. McCord's girlfriend, SUZIE. Happily oblivious, she serves glasses of iced tea to Lincoln and Jordan, who sit awkwardly on a couch --

SUZIE

Well this is nice, Mac doesn't talk much about his work at the institute. Y'all work with him?

Lincoln, Jordan and McCord just sit motionless. Suzie, looks at dirty sweaty Jordan as she pours ice tea.

SUZIE

Oh sugar, you look parched, y'all exercise in this heat, gonna get yourself some nasty heat-stroke.

Jordan just looks at her curiously. Suzie notices:

SUZIE

Oh Mac, look, they got matching bracelets, that's so cute.

Mccord can't handle the tension --

MCCORD

Suz, Suzie, remember our talk about all the talk?

(uncomfortable pause)

Would you please, get down to Red's and pick us up a sixer of Bud.

(indicating Lincoln)

We gotta talk shop.

SUZIE

Oh okay, Baby. Just trying to make friends...

Lincoln and Jordan smile. Suzie leaves. As soon as she's gone,
McCord pulls a bottle of bourbon, pours some in his iced tea.

LINCOLN

Why do they lie to us, Mac? Tell me.

McCord takes a big sip, exhales a sigh:

MCCORD

To keep you from knowing what you are.

JORDAN

What are we?

MCCORD

Man, why do I gotta be the guy, tells the
kids there's no Santa Claus?

(hating this)

'kay, look, you're uh... not like me, not
like a human. I mean, you're human, but
not like a real person. They made you.
You're copies of people, out here in the
world.

Their faces struggle to make sense of what they're hearing.

JORDAN

They... made us? What do you mean --
why? How? How?

LINCOLN

-- Copies? What do you mean we're
copies?

JORDAN

-- I have a mother, I remember her --

MCCORD

Sorry, no...

JORDAN

(desperate)

I grew up on a farm, we had a little dog--

MCCORD

And a bike, right? It was a pink Flexi-
Flyer and there were little tassles on
the handlebars and you rode it up the
street to your grandmother's house, ring
your little bell and she'd come out with
a nice hot plate of cookies...

Her face: total shock.

MCCORD

Memory imprints, I've seen 'em. My buddy's one of the programmers at the institute, he showed me -- they change around little details but they're all pretty much the same. The life you think you had before the contamination... it never happened.

*
*

In their faces: anger, hatred, desperation...

MCCORD

Don't gimme that look, least you had a bike! You wanna trade your rosy memory implants for my shitty childhood, be my guest.

*

LINCOLN

... How long have we been alive?

McCord takes Lincoln's arm, examines his ethercuff:

MCCORD

You're Echo Generation, so you're three.
(to Jordan)
Delta, means you're four.

They're barely hanging on. It's all so impossible.

*

MCCORD

Whole reason you exist is 'cause everyone wants to live forever -- and there's people out there rich enough to pay anything for it.

*
*
*
*
*

LINCOLN

... Rich?

MCCORD

It's like more stim credits than you could ever imagine.

*

JORDAN

But they don't care that we die?

*

MCCORD

They don't know, they think you're vegetables simmering in a jelly sack -- why do you think Merrick stuck you in some old military bunker below ground? He doesn't want anyone knowin' the truth -
- especially your sponsors.

*
*
*

LINCOLN

... Our sponsors?

MCCORD

Yeah, your sponsors -- the people that had you made. They, like, own you.

JORDAN

Why doesn't Merrick want them to know we're alive?

MCCORD

Just 'cause people wanna eat the burger doesn't mean they wanna meet the cow. Bad joke. Besides, you know how many laws Merrick's breaking by hatching you two? Your sponsors can't be part of that, they're like, high society -- rich and famous -- if they knew the truth, Merrick'd be out of business.

*
*
*

Lincoln looks to Jordan, with resolve:

LINCOLN

Then we'll find our sponsors.

MCCORD

What?! No nono, that's the worst idea I ever heard -- you know how dead I'd be? Not to mention fired?

JORDAN

It's our only chance --

*
*

MCCORD

Look, man, forget what I said before: you're their insurance policies, maybe they won't wanna help you. I were you, I'd get as far away as I can, learn how to pump gas, and lay low. Like, permanently.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

LINCOLN

We're not asking for your permission, Mac... we're asking for your help.

McCord sighs with exasperation.

96 **EXT. SKIES OVER DESERT -**

96

A Whisper STREAKS through frame... and we see two Humvees rumbling through the desert terrain, part of Laurent's team.

*

97 INT. WHISPER -

97

Sitting beside the PILOT and TECH, Laurent scans the desert with electronic binoculars. A console shows infra-red screens.

TECH

Infra-red can't lock a heat signature on our fugitives, sand's too hot.

Laurent looks down, scans Lincoln's case history file. Focused, calculating. His eyes drift over phrases:

"ANTI-SOCIAL TENDENCIES" ... "QUESTIONS AUTHORITY" And:

"RESULTS OF RF SYNAPTIC SCAN PENDING"

Laurent pauses on that, a plan forming:

LAURENT

He was implanted with micro-sensors...
(the Tech glances over)
Can we pick up a low-frequency RF scan?

TECH

Maybe, if we got within a half mile of the signal source.

LAURENT

Do it --

98 INT. MCCORD'S TRAILER -

98

McCord tears through closets rummaging for clothes, tosses shirts, bras, pants on the bed for Lincoln and Jordan:

MCCORD

The number in your name, Six Echo -- Six is a regional code, means your sponsor lives in LA.

(off their blank looks)

It's a city. You're goin' out of state.

LINCOLN

... 'Out of state.'

He starts stuffing clothes in a bag for them:

MCCORD

This is a bag -- bag -- you put things in it. Boys carry backpacks, girls carry purses, understand?

JORDAN
(beat, deadpan)
We're copies of people, not idiots.

*
*
*

MCCORD
Well excuse me, Miss 'I'm-so-smart-I-
couldn't-wait-to-go-to-the-island.'

*
*
*

McCord holds up a leopard-print bra in front of Jordan to check her size -- it'll fit.

Jordan holds up a pair of Suzie's string-thin bikini underwear, McCord grabs them away from her:

*
*

MCCORD
Nope, those stay here --

*
*

A99 INT. MCCORD'S TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

A99

Lincoln and Jordan, now in new clothes, sit beside McCord at the wheel. McCord removes a BLUE CARD from his wallet, some cash --

MCCORD
The card's like stim credits. It'll get you food, but I gotta report it stolen in 24 hours or they'll know I helped you. After that, use the cash.

Lincoln suddenly grabs the steering wheel like a curious kid.

MCCORD
No, this is not a toy. It's a vehicle.

*
*

Jordan examines the credit card. McCord snatches it away --

MCCORD
Hey, whoa, stop. I know you're new to the whole human experience and all, but one universal truth, never give a woman your credit card.

*

99 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

99

McCord's truck BLASTS down the road, passing a road sign: "TRAIN STATION - 1 MILE."

100 INT. WHISPER - DAY

100

From the Whisper, Laurent scans the desolate ground below. Two TRUCKS race to keep up with the chopper: Laurent's ground team. Threading through boarded up buildings, rotted trailers.

*
*

Suddenly, a BEEP. The console blinks to life with a FLASHING SIGNAL:

PILOT

Signal's hot! He's real close! Within a quarter mile!

LAURENT

(into headset)

Head's up, Team, we've acquired the targets --

*

A102 INT. PHOENIX TRAIN STATION BATHROOM -

A102

LINCOLN'S FACE -- frozen, grimacing in pain. Pull back to reveal him trying to piss in a metal trough. We hear his stream start--

LINCOLN

Ow ow ow... ouch.

PLINK. PLINK. He passes the micro-sensors, they tumble into the urinal.

The CAMERA SWIRLS DOWN close to the metal orbs, their tiny pinpoint lights transmitting a signal.

102 EXT. PHOENIX TRAIN STATION - DAY

102

A small train station in the desert. McCord stands waiting with Jordan. Lincoln approaches. McCord hands them train tickets:

MCCORD

Train's coming in a few minutes, c'mon --

103 INT. PHOENIX TRAIN STATION -

103

Entering, they pass a NEWSSTAND. What they do not see -- is a rack of magazines. We see MAXIM. The "Women We Love" issue.

*

JORDAN'S ON THE COVER. Another version of herself, sexy, confident -- yes, a model.

Lincoln and Jordan following McCORD through the station, eyes roving over faces -- taking everything in with wonderment. Two young kids, about five, pass by. Jordan locks eyes with one of them. They've never been around children before. Everything about this world is so foreign.

MOVING POV: we drift to the other faces around them...

A MOTHER reading to her little daughter on a bench. A BUSINESSMAN enters with a paper under his arm. A GUY walks in on his cell phone. Another guy with a briefcase.

Everyone seems so normal.

MCCORD

Train's non-stop to L.A. When you get there, look up your sponsors in the information directory. Got it?

*

LINCOLN

Yeah.

(beat)

What's an information directory?

MCCORD

It'll tell you where they live. Don't use public transpo, stick to taxis -- harder to track. And whatever you do, do not trust anyone. One thing I can tell you about people, they'll do anything to survive.

LINCOLN

Thanks, Mac.

*
*

A little nod from McCord, a half-smile. In this moment, a measure of peace is made between them.

*
*

MCCORD

Yeah, well, uh... I'm goin' upstairs -- get you a map of L.A.

*

As McCord heads off, he passes a PUNK COUPLE leaning against the wall, pierced tongues intertwined, heads shaved and tattooed.

Lincoln and Jordan are captivated by the appearance of these strangers, but more importantly by the kissing...

JORDAN

What are they doing?

LINCOLN

(beat)

Maybe they're cleaning each other.

JORDAN

... Doesn't look clean.

LINCOLN

Guess there aren't any rules of proximity out here.

JORDAN

Guess not.

The moment turns a little awkward: they're both feeling something they've never felt, and have no language to identify. Shy smiles, they look away. Lincoln spots McCord...

And suddenly something very frightening happens.

As McCord passes man with briefcase, the men LOCK EYES.
Something in the guy's look. McCord freezes, realizing what's
about to happen -- turns to Lincoln and Jordan -

MCCORD

RUN!

No hesitation, the man flicks the briefcase, the CASE DROPS --
THE HANDLE IS A GUN -- HE FIRES A SILENCED SHOT POINT BLANK INTO
McCORD'S SKULL! McCORD'S LIMP BODY FLIPS OVER A RAIL, LANDING
ON THE OPEN BAR STACKED WITH BOTTLES -- CRASH!!

Mayhem erupts. People scream running every which way -- the
briefcase man races toward Lincoln and Jordan -- other people in
the station fall in behind him with military precision: the man
on the cell phone, the guy reading a newspaper --

WE REALIZE, THEY'RE ALL PART OF LAURENT'S TACTICAL UNIT SENT
HERE TO PICK UP LINCOLN AND JORDAN -- THEY RUN LIKE HELL...

*

104 INT. MECHANIC AREA -

104

Racing out the back door, quickly losing the team among hissing
smoke, old mechanic equipment -- A CAT-AND-MOUSE CHASE --

A MAG-LEV train pulls into the station. They dash into a
workspace, down narrow rows of nuts and bolts trays, into...

105 INT. SMALL ROOM -

105

Lincoln, looking for a weapon, grabs a CROW BAR. Jordan grabs a
NAIL GUN, accidentally pulls the trigger - A NAIL FIRES, SPEARS
THROUGH LINCOLN'S SHIRT, JUST MISSES HIS SKIN. He pulls the nail
out of the wall, examining the pointy end. His eyes bulge -

106 EXT. SMALL ROOM - HALLWAY -

106

Team member -- quiet, cautious -- walks down the hall, gun
trained on a door pocked with holes. He tries the door.
Locked. Reaches his hand through one of the holes and...

THE CAMERA FLOATS THROUGH ANOTHER HOLE, following his hand.
Now we're inside the SMALL ROOM, where we find Jordan, frozen,
watching the hand feel for the lock.

EVER-SO-SLOWLY, SHE GUIDES THE NAIL GUN TOWARD HIS HAND --

Outside door -- SIX NAILS SHOOT INTO THE MAN'S HAND -- Lincoln
smashes open the door, slams the Team Member in the neck with
the crow bar. They dash out...

107 **EXT. MAG-LEV TRAIN -**

107

They run up a small gangplank into the train...

108 **INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR -**

108

They HIDE, looking through the window. They've lost the team.
The train starts to MOVE. Jordan's frantic, terrified --

LINCOLN

Jordan -- Jordan, look at me --

JORDAN

They killed him, they just killed him...

*

He stares back, helpless...

*

109 **EXT. SKIES OVER DESERT - DAY**

109

The train races into the distance...

110 **EXT. DESERT - DAY**

110 *

Laurent, pissed he lost his quarry, his team ripping through
McCord's truck. One hands Laurent McCord's wallet, another's on
a laptop already getting intel on "James McCord." Checking AM-X
accounts. The Humvees are loaded with special equipment. TEAM
MEMBER wraps his bloody hand as the Whisper lands:

*

*

*

TEAM MEMBER

This was supposed to be a simple bag
job --

*

*

*

TEAM MEMBER #2

We got a missing Am-Ex credit card,
McCord just used it to buy the train
tickets -- it's not in his wallet.

*

*

*

*

LAURENT

Monitor the account, have Amtrak patch
you through to the conductor, and get
Merrick on the line --

*

*

*

*

A111 **INT. MERRICK'S OFFICE -**

A111

Merrick sits at his desk, studying the image of Lincoln's BOAT
DRAWING. The word "RENOVATIO." Face dark, troubled, trying to
make sense of it. His phone lights up. He answers:

MERRICK

Yes --

LAURENT (V.O.)

You have an employee, James McCord --

*

111 INT. WHISPER - CONTINUOUS

111

As the Whisper rises into the sky, Laurent talks into the cell, examining McCord's INSTITUTE ID BADGE:

*

LAURENT

*

-- tech services, level four clearance.
He was helping them.

MERRICK

Where is he now?

LAURENT

*

His involvement has been contained.

MERRICK

Where are my products?

LAURENT

*

McCord helped them board a train to LA.
We'll intercept them when they get off,
but for the record they're hardly
children -- they wounded two of my men.

MERRICK

*

(a beat)

*

Self defense, it's a fundamental adaptive
response.

*

*

LAURENT

*

Be that as it may, it could be more
difficult than we thought to retrieve
them alive.

*

112 As Merrick broods on that, Carnes peers in tentatively. Merrick112
gestures: enter. Says to Laurent:

*

MERRICK

I understand. Spare the female if you
can.

He hangs up.

CARNES

You wanted to see me, Sir?

Merrick manipulates the crystal ball on his desk, deftly swivels
the boat drawing around so it faces Carnes:

MERRICK

Six-Echo drew this.

CARNES

Wow, elaborate...

MERRICK

Look at the name on the boat.

CARNES

'Renovatio.' What is it, Italian?

MERRICK

Latin.

CARNES

We've never imprinted an agnate with Latin word stock.

MERRICK

Yes, I'm well aware of that. So where'd he learn it?

Carnes doesn't have an answer. Merrick's growing more troubled. *

MERRICK *

Where are the results from his synaptic scan? *

CARNES *

Diagnostic compiler's still rendering, should be another few hours. *

MERRICK *

Speed it up. *

As Carnes nods and exits, an INSTANT MESSAGE appears on Merrick's desktop: *

"HAVE YOU FOUND SOMETHING?" *

Merrick looks up: a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA in the corner of the room has been observing the scene. Someone's watching. *

Merrick types back: *"WE MAY HAVE A PROBLEM"* *

115 INT. MAG-LEV TRAIN - MOVING -

115 *

Digital advertisements shift above the seats. Jordan examines the other passengers, full of curiosity at the many faces, the foreign "human-ness" of it all.

Lincoln stares down at McCord's credit card. On the top right corner, a small square shows his PHOTOGRAPH. Studying McCord's full name for the first time, Lincoln realizes, quietly:

LINCOLN

His name was James.

(beat)

(MORE)

*

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

What if he was right? What if our
sponsors don't want to help us.

*
*

JORDAN

If yours is like you, he will.

*
*

LINCOLN

What if we can't find him?

*
*

JORDAN

McCord said Los Angeles is a city. Must
be like ours. Can't be that hard.

*
*

LINCOLN

Maybe it's bigger...

*
*

JORDAN

How much bigger can it be?

*

LIGHT SUDDENLY BLASTS THEM AS... THE STUNNING LOS ANGELES
CITYLINE IS REVEALED. Towering buildings, everything with a
surreal shimmer. Bigger than anything they could have imagined.

Lincoln's eyes drift to THE CONDUCTOR at the end of the train
car; he talks on a phone. His eyes shift to Lincoln; he seems
to speak some kind of confirmation into the phone.

Lincoln's senses are suddenly alert. Something's wrong.

116 EXT. UNION STATION -

116

Sedans pull up, more of Laurent's TEAM MEMBERS emerge quickly --
head into the station --

*

117 INT. UNION STATION -

117

Team Members move through a heavy crowd, on a determined course:

P.A. VOICE

NOW ARRIVING AT TRACK TWELVE, AMTRAK'S
WEST COAST EXPRESS...

118 EXT. TRAIN TRACKS -

118

Lincoln and Jordan crossing tracks, away from the crowd --

A119 INT. UNION STATION -

A119

Team Members searching. One of them talks to the CONDUCTOR:

*

CONDUCTOR

I dunno, they were just here --

*

119 INT. WHISPER -

119

As the Whisper RISES UP INTO FRAME against the cityscape, Laurent receives a report over his headset:

*

TEAM MEMBER (V.O.)

Conductor says he just saw them on board --

LAURENT

*

(angry, focused)

Patch into the city's closed-circuit cameras, we're two minutes from the staging area --

*

He clicks off, intense eyes on the long stretch of city blocks--

120 EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

120

Lincoln and Jordan move tentatively through the crowd, bombarded by new sights. Sunlight flares off passing cars. The more modern ones are curved. Others from the early 2000's are considered "antiques." The faces of pedestrians flash past.

The city skyline is foreboding, very tall buildings impose on the landscape, stacked with tall radio antennae. On one side of the street, METRO TAXIS glide on magnetic lode poles; on the other, normal cars drive.

A great RUMBLING NOISE brings their heads up: a MAG-WIRE BUS slides by, high overhead, bobbing on cables. The city looks like any city, but with modern touches.

One for H&R BLOCK: "THERE ARE ONLY TWO CERTAINTIES IN LIFE: DEATH AND TAXES. AT LEAST ONE OF THEM SHOULD BE CONVENIENT."

*

*

Lincoln stares. Processing that. They move on.

121 EXT. STOREFRONT - DAY

121

The chaos of the city. Jordan suddenly freezes. Mesmerized by something in a window. Lincoln follows her gaze -- on a PLASMA SCREEN, a commercial for Calvin Klein is playing.

JORDAN'S THE STAR OF THE COMMERCIAL. Lips kissing a strange man. Jordan walks toward it -- a PASSERBY knocks into her shoulder -- she's startled even more -- and we're SPINNING around her --

ALL SOUND FADES OUT -- the numbing effect on her senses, disorienting her -- her own face on the monitor -- Lincoln turns we can see him saying, "Jordan, you alright? Jordan?" -- but she can only stare back, mute and yielding -- Lincoln gently steadying her -- silently telling her it'll be okay --

JORDAN

I think I found my sponsor...

122 EXT. SKIES OVER CITY

122

The Whisper threads through buildings...

123 EXT. ROOFTOP PARKING LOT - DAY

123

NEW L.A. TEAM MEMBERS congregate by a group of nondescript undercover vehicles. Some of them strap on tac-vests under normal clothes. They rummage through a case with fake police ID's, pull out "LAPD" insignias, slap them on their vests.

The Whisper touches down, Laurent leaps out -- runs with his team to a Brinks armored vehicle, their mobile arsenal and command center:

*

LAURENT

*

Did we get the shipment from our friends
at Pendleton?

TEAM MEMBER

Over there --

The team member opens the back of a large container trailer: barely visible under vehicle cover cloths, we see the outlines of three two-person BLACK WASPS -- tough, stealth, very military -- and two single-person JET BIKES.

124 INT. ARMORED TRUCK -

124

A TEAM MEMBER monitor screens: images of pedestrians on the streets of L.A. as a RED SQUARE flies across the screens locking on faces. Suddenly, a match:

TECH

We got a facial hit on the fugitives
heading North on Union 23 minutes ago.

A FROZEN IMAGE pops up of Lincoln and Jordan walking -- Laurent pops inside to see --

*

LAURENT

*

Let's move --

125 EXT. CITY HALL STREET - DAY

125

Lincoln and Jordan arrive at a crosswalk, where pedestrians wait for the light to change. They glance over: a FIVE YEAR OLD BOY stands beside them, staring up as he eats an ice cream cone. Chocolate all over his face. Holding his mother's hand. Distracted, oblivious, she talks on a cell phone.

*

*

Lincoln and Jordan are in awe: they've never interacted with a child before. The boy offers his cone, smiling:

BOY

My ice cream's melting. *

Lincoln freezes. Such a little person talking to him; he gets on his knees, almost mesmerized:

LINCOLN

(beat)

How old are you?

BOY

Five. How old are you?

LINCOLN

Three.

BOY

(beat, lick)

Yeah, my mom says I'm big for my age too.

The light changes and the mother pulls the boy off. Lincoln and Jordan follow the crowd to the other side of the street. Lincoln pauses, looks around, asks a BURLY PASSERBY walking a burly French Bulldog: *

LINCOLN

Excuse me, can you help us find an information directory? *

PASSERBY

(points across the street)

Over there -- *

LINCOLN

Thank you --

JORDAN

(innocent smile) *

Your dog looks like you. *

The dog licks its jowels. The man doesn't smile. Pulls the dog off, offended. Something catches Jordan's eye. She moves forward to a window. Riveted. What's she looking at? Then he sees it... *

A JOHNNY ROCKETS. Cheeseburgers. Fries. They stare through the window, watching this vision of junk food in disbelief, like two children looking into a candy store. *

126 INT. JOHNNY ROCKETS - DAY

126

Lincoln and Jordan approach a line at the service counter. Though the setup here isn't all that different from the nutrition plaza, they're not quite sure how to do this.

A deadpan, lifeless SERVICE CLERK gestures to a menu above:

*

SERVICE CLERK
Welcome to Johnny Rockets, where
quality's one of our essential
ingredients.

They stand there, mute, staring up at the meal choices.

SERVICE CLERK
You gonna order?

LINCOLN
... anything we want?

SERVICE CLERK
Long as you pay.

JORDAN
Rocket Double, Rocket Single, Patty Melt,
Chili Size.

SERVICE CLERK
'Kay, Rocket Double, Rocket Single...

LINCOLN
Cheese Fries, Chili Fries.

SERVICE CLERK
Why not just order Chili Cheese Fries?

LINCOLN
Two --

SERVICE CLERK
Want extra extras?

LINCOLN
All of 'em, and bacon --

*

SERVICE CLERK
Would you like Tangy Red Red Sauce on the
side?

*

*

*

LINCOLN
What's that?

*

*

SERVICE CLERK

Well, it's red sauce and it's tangy.

*
*

JORDAN

Two scoops of premium vanilla ice cream
with hot fudge, whipped cream, and
roasted almonds.

SERVICE CLERK

Out of almonds. Want sprinkles?

JORDAN

What're those?

SERVICE CLERK

Trust me, you want 'em.

Lincoln nods and hands the clerk McCord's credit card. The
clerk slides it through a reader, punches buttons, gets way too
frustrated with the console:

SERVICE CLERK

(calls out)

Travis! Can I get a void here?! Need a
void! I'm backed up!*

*

127 INT. ARMORED VEHICLE - MOVING - DAY

127

A BLIP appears on the computer--

TECH

Got a hit on McCord's Am-Ex -- Grand
Avenue, at nine-eight-three-zero.

LAURENT

We're twelve blocks away --

*

See the armored truck blast down the road. Back inside, the
TECH is monitoring a POLICE SCANNER --

TECH

LAPD'S moving in too, they just flagged
the dead man's credit card --

LAURENT

(into headset; urgently)Team: proceed immediately to 9830 Grand
Avenue --*

*

128 INT. JOHNNY ROCKETS -

128

Lincoln and Jordan sit. Jordan finishes SLURRRPING Coke through
her straw, sucking last drops.*
*

A129 EXT. GRAND AVE. - DAY

A129 *

The team streaks through the city --

*

B129 INT. JOHNNY ROCKETS -

B129 *

Lincoln eyes something out the window. His face darkens. We DO NOT SEE what he sees. He turns to two BEEFY GUYS sitting nearby:

*

*

LINCOLN

*

Excuse me, that man, who is he?

*

BEEFY GUY #1

*

What planet you been living on, Bro?

*

That's 'The Juggernaut' --

*

BEEFY GUY #2

*

The man's my fantasy football God --

*

BEEFY GUY #1

*

(to his buddy)

*

Tellin' you, no way he plays again,

*

that's the end of the Giants --

*

BEEFY GUY #2

*

Wanna bet?

*

BEEFY GUY #1

*

Dude, he punctured his liver, they don't come back from that --

*

*

BEEFY GUY #2

*

Bet you fifty bucks -- no, a hundred.

*

AS THEY CLEAR FRAME, WE REVEAL WHAT'S OUTSIDE: THE ENTIRE SIDE OF THE BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET IS A REEBOK BILLBOARD. We see a FOOTBALL PLAYER mid-catch. Superimposed over the image, the words: "THE JUGGERNAUT!" The player has the same face as STARKWEATHER TWO-DELTA.

*

*

*

129 EXT. GRAND AVE. - DAY

129

Team converges on Grand Ave with Laurent in the armored vehicle.

*

A130 EXT. LOS ANGELES BUILDING SITE -

A130

Lincoln and Jordan look up at the massive five-story billboard of Starkweather. A pit in their stomachs...

130 EXT. CITY STREETS - MICROSOFT DIRECTORY KIOSK - DAY

130

Through the glass door of the MICROSOFT DIRECTORY, we see Lincoln and Jordan approaching.

Lincoln slides back the door, enters. Jordan waits outside, watching passersby. Lincoln stares at the directory screen:

"FOR LIST SEARCH: FIVE DOLLARS - FIRST MINUTE. TWO DOLLARS EACH ADDITIONAL MINUTE. PLEASE SWIPE CARD."

Pulling out McCord's credit card, Lincoln swipes it through a card reader and --

131 INT. ARMORED VEHICLE - MOVING - DAY 131

Data scrolls across the tech's console:

TECH

They're moving, they're at an information
directory on Fifth
and Fig --

*

132 INT. MICROSOFT DIRECTORY KIOSK - DAY 132

Directory screen reads *"BUSINESS LISTINGS/RESIDENTIAL LISTINGS."* *

LINCOLN

Residential...

The residential frame spins out and enlarges: *"NAME?"*

LINCOLN

Uh... Lincoln.

*

*

14 NAMES APPEAR with the last name "Lincoln." Stamp-sized
photos beside each name with corollary addresses. Organized by
MALE and FEMALE.

*

*

*

Lincoln presses "MALE," reducing the number of names to 9. He
scans the names and faces until he comes to:

*

*

"TOM LINCOLN." Beside that, no photo, and: *"UNLISTED."*

*

LINCOLN

... That's him.

*

*

JORDAN

How do you know?

*

*

LINCOLN

McCord said rich people don't want you to
know about them.

*

*

*

Jordan slides in beside him. Has another idea.

*

JORDAN

Try... Jordan.

*

More profiles pop up. And this time, under the "FEMALE" heading, one of the stamp-sized photos looks familiar.

*
*

JORDAN

*

Number seven...

The photo fills the screen: JORDAN'S FACE. The name beside it reads: "SARAH JORDAN." A NEW YORK address.

*
*

JORDAN

*

Her name's Sarah...

*

A cursor blinks: "INSTA-MESSAGE ANSWERING SERVICE, WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE CONNECTED?"

She looks up at Lincoln, emotion flickering in her eyes. A beat, he nods: do it. Finally, a whisper:

JORDAN

... Yes.

- "DIALING..." Then, an OPERATOR appears on-screen:

MESSAGE SERVICE OPERATOR

Insta-Message Answering Service.

(recognizing)

Oh, Mrs. Jordan, hello --

Jordan, tentative, says softly:

JORDAN

Hello...

MESSAGE SERVICE OPERATOR

Would you like your messages?

JORDAN

Um... no...

MESSAGE SERVICE OPERATOR

How would you like me to direct your call?

JORDAN

... Home?

MESSAGE SERVICE OPERATOR

Of course, one moment please --

The operator's face disappears, replaced by: "ROUTING..."

Jordan watches the screen, her heart in her throat. A flash of static, then a face appears. A YOUNG BOY. Four years old.

Staring into the lens, barely able to hold the mouthpiece in his hand. Behind the boy, cartoons play on a plasma.

LITTLE BOY

... Hello?

Jordan's brow furrows, confused. The image fritzes -- poor reception. The boy's distracted by the cartoons.

JORDAN

Uh... yes, I'm looking for Sarah Jordan.

LITTLE BOY

Um, um, she's sick...

JORDAN

Can I... talk to her?

LITTLE BOY

No, she's... um... at the hos-hos-pital.

Another fritz. The boy leans closer to his camera, peering -- a smile as he recognizes the face he's staring at:

LITTLE BOY

... Mommy? Is that you? *

Jordan's in shock. Her sponsor has a son. And suddenly, from behind the boy, a MAN'S VOICE:

MAN

... Who're you talking to, Champ? Hello?

The boy turns to his FATHER as the man's FACE appears, looking haggard, staring into the camera -- and Jordan's finger stabs out, cutting off the connection just as Lincoln's look snaps up:

He SEES LAURENT across the street. In the same instant, Laurent spots him too. Lincoln looks left, right -- LAURENT'S TEAM CONVERGING ON US FROM OPPOSITE STREET CORNERS -- *

LINCOLN

Jordan, we have to go -- Jordan, now --

He pushes her from the kiosk and suddenly -- POLICE CARS SCREECH IN, ARMED LAPD POLICE OFFICERS HOP OUT, SHOTGUNS LEVELED: *

OFFICERS

Freeze! Step out of the booth! Step out of the booth now, both of you -- Put your hands up --

JORDAN

Lincoln --

LINCOLN

Do what they say --

Laurent FREEZES seeing the cops have intercepted their targets -- *
they can't compromise their presence:

LAURENT

-- stand down -- stand down -- *

And the men fall discreetly back as the cops push Lincoln and Jordan into the rear of a police cruiser:

OFFICER #1

We're detaining you in connection with
the murder of James McCord --

LINCOLN

... he was helping us... he was my
friend...

OFFICER #1

Know that anything you say can and will
be used against you in a court of law --

Lincoln and Jordan exchange a confused look as the cop closes them into the back. The cruiser pulls away, other cop cars following...

133 INT. ARMORED VEHICLE - DAY

133

Laurent jumps inside the armored vehicle -- *

LAURENT

Nail it, quick -- move -- *

One of the men holds a RIFLE outfitted with a silencer --

ANGLE ON THE LAST POLICE CRUISER PULLING AWAY -- CAMERA PULLS
BACK ALONG BARREL, PAST RIFLE-PORT OF ARMORED TRUCK. It fires --

134 EXT. CITY STREET -

134

THWACK - A DIME-SIZE TRACKING DEVICE clamps onto the cruiser's rear bumper. Laurent turns to his tech at a GPS display grid, a red blinking dot representing the moving cruiser -- *

The caravan of cruisers disappears around a corner -- Laurent snaps around, to a tech: *

LAURENT

Relay the signal, get everyone
rolling but tell them not to move in
without my go ahead -- *

135 INT. LEAD POLICE CRUISER - MOVING -

135

Jordan and Lincoln sit in back, watching as the officer riding shotgun up front pounds keys on a computer console. On the LCD: a photograph of McCORD, his address, all relevant data --

OFFICER #1

(into headset)

Dispatch, this is unit 451: we've apprehended the suspects. Two perps, no ID. Notify forensics we'll need a DNA typing.

DISPATCHER VOICE

Copy that, 451, will forward your request to Homicide.

136 INT. ARMORED VEHICLE -

136

Laurent talks into a cell phone:

*

LAURENT

*

They'll run DNA: If the agnates are booked, it'll implicate your clients in a murder investigation --

A137 INT. MERRICK'S OFFICE -

A137

Merrick listens on the other end, urgent:

MERRICK

You cannot allow that to happen, do you understand me?! Use whatever force is necessary --

*

*

LAURENT

*

You realize what you're asking --

MERRICK

I'm not asking! I'll double your contract fee!

*

*

Laurent hears the urgency in Merrick's voice, starts to intuit:

*

LAURENT

*

There's something you're not telling me.

*

MERRICK

*

Just do it!

*

137 INT. LEAD POLICE CRUISER -

137

JORDAN

Are you taking us back to the institute?

OFFICER #1

What institute were you in, Miss?

During that, Lincoln's been watching McCord's face on the data screen up front -- gets an idea -- says to Jordan:

LINCOLN

They're not from the institute --
(leans forward,
urgently)
My name's Tom Lincoln --

OFFICER #2

Sit back, Sir --

LINCOLN

It's Tom Lincoln, you can look me up --

OFFICER #2

Quiet down and sit back --

Lincoln does, watching as the officer types the name "TOM LINCOLN" into the console.

"ACCESSING... " "SUBJECT FOUND..."

TOM LINCOLN'S FACE dissolves on the screen. Lincoln, focused, anxious -- the image is his own but the hair's a little longer. HIS ADDRESS SCROLLS. Lincoln studies it, memorizing the data...

The police cruiser slows to make a left turn. Our camera faces the officers up front -- GLIDES AROUND to the side of the officer's face so that we now see out his side window:

THE ARMORED VEHICLE HEADS FULL BLAST RIGHT AT US -- CRASHES INTO THE SIDE OF THE POLICE CRUISER -- **SMASH** --

THE CRUISER'S LITERALLY SLICED IN HALF, BOTH HALVES TUMBLING OVER AND OVER --

Jordan and Lincoln are still belted into the backseat, in their half of the car. The officers are killed instantly.

THE ARMORED TRUCK skids to a stop. Back door opens, Laurent and a team member, wearing bullet-proof masks, emerge holding SILENCED MACHINE GUNS. They TOSS SMOKE BOMBS to create a diversion. As the ORANGE SMOKE swirls, they head for their quarry. Jordan helps an upside-down Lincoln from his seat belt, he rolls onto the pavement.

Three other police cars, behind in stopped traffic. OFFICERS JUMP OUT; PEERING THROUGH THE SMOKE, THEY START FIRING -- Laurent's forced to return fire.

*

*

Under the burst of gunfire, Lincoln and Jordan crawl away. One of Laurent's Team sees his prey - races for them but takes a COP BULLET in the face mask, slamming him hard on the ground next to Jordan. Lincoln grabs Jordan and they run. A Team Member pulls his mask off, grimaces from the pain. He's helped up by Laurent.

*
*
*

138 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS -

138

Lincoln and Jordan race like hell through cars stopped in traffic. Other cars skid to avoid them.

ANGLE ON LAURENT

*

Several hundred feet away, sees them -- he loads in the armored truck and it peels out.

A139 INT. OLD THEATRE PARKING LOT -

A139

Jordan and Lincoln rush through an open gate and run full bore. An undercover sedan screeches in, chasing them. They use the parked cars to avoid the sedan. They exit onto --

139 EXT. HIGHWAY ON-RAMP -

139

A BIG RIG TRUCK, moving slowly. Flat bed loaded with GIGANTIC OLD RAILROAD WHEELS. 16 of them lined up on the back. THREE LARGE STEEL STREET PLATES REST ON TOP.

The truck chugs up the ramp. Lincoln and Jordan jump on back, slide under the lined-up wheels for cover - a protective steel cave.

*
*

140 EXT. TRUCK FLATBED -

140

They crawl under the wheels, buried, as the truck picks up speed.

141 INT. WHISPER -

141

SPOTTER radios down to the pursuing Laurent vehicles, vectoring them toward the big rig --

*

142 EXT. HIGHWAY -

142

The ARMORED TRUCK makes its way through traffic, along with three of Laurent's dark sedans --

*

143 INT. ARMORED VEHICLE -

143

Laurent guides everyone toward the BIG RIG as it unwittingly hauls away their prey --

*

144 **EXT. HIGHWAY -**

144

An undercover sedan gains on the truck, four car-lengths behind. Big Rig driver still has no idea his truck's being pursued.

145 **INT. UNDERCOVER SEDAN -**

145

LAURENT (V.O.)

Take them out, they're under the wheels -

*
*

A backseat team member leans out with a sniper rifle equipped with silencer. FIRES between the rail-wheels, where Lincoln and Jordan hide --

146 **EXT. TRUCK FLATBED -**

146

Deep under the rail-wheel cave, Lincoln and Jordan hear bullets ZING. They crawl deeper, but a RATCHET STRAP blocks their way.

Lincoln recognizes the strap -- like he saw McCord use. Pulls and pries, it comes undone. Then --

SOMETHING UNBELIEVABLE HAPPENS -- THE RAIL WHEELS START ROLLING PAST THEIR HEADS, OFF THE FLATBED, THE THREE STEEL PLATES TUMBLING WITH THEM --

147 **EXT. HIGHWAY -**

147

THE RAIL WHEELS ROLL OFF THE BACK -- IMAGINE 16 ONE TON BARBELLS LITTERING THE HIGHWAY --

THEY BOUNCE -- THEY DENT THE PAVEMENT -- THEY FLIP -- THEY DECIMATE THE PURSUING VEHICLES --

The first undercover sedan gets an ENDO BARBELL right in the windshield, smashing the engine into the pavement. The STEEL STREET PLATES are sent like steel knives CUTTING one of Sheer's Sedan's in half at 70 MPH.

ARMORED TRUCK skids too late -- two one-ton barbells catch the front, flipping the truck backside-over-front -- IT CATCHES AIR, actually landing on another undercover car's roof. The wrecks are mind-blowing.

One of the JET - BLACK WASPS, gunner on back, flies down to the truck's cab level. BULLETS SPRAY the cab and wheels. The Big Rig slows to a bumpy stop hitting the side guard-rail.

The Wasp circles the cab around the dead driver's side - Lincoln surprises the pilot with a LONG CHAIN WRENCH TO THE HEAD.

The Wasp jet turbines gun forward, the flying vehicle suddenly juts up, violently hits a street sign, ripping the gunner seat off -- the TWO MEN and WASP land with a thud on the pavement!

Traffic is stopped. Lincoln and Jordan freaked, Whisper choppers in the air, Lincoln sees the mess down the highway. The Wasp engines still running, driverless.

Lincoln grabs Jordan and they run to the Wasp -- Lincoln inspects the controls. In a moment of bold inspiration he hops on, Jordan throws her arms around him. Lincoln looks at the throttle --

Somehow, intuitively, his hands work -- adjusting gauges -- his foot kicks the pedal -- the WASP turbines ROAR -- this is something he knows how to do --

JORDAN
(confused, amazed)
How'd you know that?

LINCOLN
I don't know --

He pulls the throttle, the bike rockets down the street -- skids and bounces along -- it kicks off the side of a car, getting air.

148 EXT. ARMORED VEHICLE -

148

Laurent drags himself out of the wreck. Another SEDAN screeches in to pick him up and bail before cops arrive. *

149 EXT. MAG-WIRE TRANSPORTATION -

149

Lincoln and Jordan, flying over cars, start picking up speed. Lincoln flies naturally, confidently, amazed but focused --

Mag-Wire transport buses soar four stories over Los Angeles, skimming below wires. Lincoln flies right between two opposing Mag-Buses. Jordan looks behind -- two Wasps and two Jet Bikes are giving chase.

BEHIND LAURENT'S TEAM ON THEIR JET FLYING MACHINES -- the camera makes us feel the speed and buffeting -- *

TWO JET BIKES CRUISING - SMASH - ONE GETS SMACKED BY A MAG BUS shooting through the intersection, the other Jet veers up and gets clothes-lined by a Mag-Wire. VIOLENT!

150 EXT. 70-STORY BUILDING -

150

Lincoln's WASP races towards the sky -- between buildings -- coming HEAD TO HEAD with a...

WHISPER VECTORING right towards them, Lincoln sharply turns the Wasp, can't make a hard-enough turn, heads toward a glass building. *

The building has multiple three-story lobbies at various floors. Lincoln, headed right for it, smashes hard through the glass --

151 INT. BUILDING LOBBY -

151

Crashing -- tearing through large trees, then the tops of glass desk sectionals, people diving away.

The vehicle front takes the brunt of the hits. It SLAMS on the floor -- one engine snapping off, the Wasp sliding at 20 m.p.h. -
- busts through the glass -- OUT THE OTHER SIDE --

-- 70 STORIES ABOVE STREET LEVEL --

152 EXT. OTHER SIDE OF 70-STORY BUILDING -

152

The world slows as they plow out of the building... Jordan barely hanging on --

THE BLACK WASP -- FREE-FALLS: hits a window washer line slowing the vehicle -- also miraculously guiding Lincoln and Jordan's fall. FALLING 20 FEET --

They land on an outcropping of the building. THEY STOP, THE WASP SIMULTANEOUSLY COLLIDES WITH THE WINDOW WASHER BUCKET, SNAPS FREE, CRASHES NEXT TO THEM AND FALLS TO THE STREET BELOW.

THE CAMERA REVEALS THE OUTCROPPING THEY HANG ON IS THE TOP OF A TWO-STORY "R" LOGO MOUNTED TO THE BUILDING.

A JARRING BLOW from the Wasp and Window Washer Bucket causes the "R"'s top bolts to loosen away from the building.

153 EXT. TOP OF BUILDING LOGO -

153

Lincoln and Jordan hanging on for dear life. The window washer guy clings to one of the frayed lines above.

THE WHISPER hovers around the building --

154 INT. BUILDING LOBBY - 70TH FLOOR -

154

Elevator opens: two Team Members, "LAPD"-stenciled vests, enter the lobby -- MOVE IN CLOSE on one of their EAR PIECES:

LAURENT (V.O.)

*

If there's no way to get our fugitives quietly, you need to take them out --

They head toward a few OFFICE WORKERS gaping out the hole in the side of the building --

TEAM MEMBER

LAPD, everyone clear out now! We have a police situation!

The office workers run off as --

155 **EXT. TOP OF BUILDING LOGO -**

155

One Team Member leans out the building shattered window. Spots Lincoln and Jordan clinging to the letter.

Lincoln sees the gaping hole where the "R" has separated from the building -- realizes they have to get out of the Whisper's view. He jumps down into the hole in the middle of the "R" --

LINCOLN

Jump -- JORDAN, JUMP!!

Jordan swings her body THROUGH the crack, jumping down -- he steadies her. The Team Member from above FIRES: bullets hit the top of the "R". Lincoln and Jordan are somewhat protected. SHOTGUN BLASTS start to shatter the metal work -- Bolts start to give way - the metal tweaks, groans --

WHISPER NOW BEGINS MAKING ANOTHER PASS -- silenced sniper rifle aims from Whisper door. FIRES at the "R" JUST AS THE "R" BOLTS BREAKS FREE FROM THE BUILDING --

THE WHISPER TRIES TO BANK AWAY -- LINCOLN JORDAN HANG ON FOR DEAR LIFE AS THE WHOLE LETTER BREAKS FREE WITH THEM STILL INSIDE THE CENTER -- the Whisper's blade banks just as top of the "R" touches it, SENDING BLADE SHRAPNEL SPITTING EVERYWHERE --

BOTH WHISPER, AND "R" -- PLUMMETING -- LINCOLN AND JORDAN HANGING ON AS IT FLIPS END OVER END --

From below, this mass of metal and debris falling toward us. The "R" catches air -- keeping it from reaching terminal velocity -- like a plane out of control, it flutters toward

ANOTHER BUILDING UNDER CONSTRUCTION, WITH CATCH NETS

The "R" rips through them, slowing the descent. Lincoln and Jordan jettison from the letter, LANDING IN ONE OF THE CATCH NETS as the letter keeps on falling -- CRASHING ON THE GROUND.

156 **EXT. BUILDING NETTING -**

156

SILENCE. A CONSTRUCTION WORKER comes to a window, eyes wide with shock -- helps them out of the netting:

*

WORKER

Jesus must love you! That was the craziest freakin' mess I ever seen!

158 EXT. CITY STREETS - SUNSET

158

A crowd stands around rubble and helicopter at the base of the "R" building. One Team Member discreetly moves through, scanning for Lincoln and Jordan's bodies - angle to a TAXI STAND, a plexiglas window through which we see Laurent, pacing, livid:

LAURENT

I was forced to take out two police officers and lost three of my men -- this could've been prevented had I known the truth about the targets --

159 INT. MERRICK'S OFFICE -

159

MERRICK

What is it you think I'm keeping from you?

LAURENT

He flew a Jet Wasp, that is not a reflexive response.

MERRICK

(stunned beat)

That isn't possible...

LAURENT

He did it, and let me tell you something, Doctor, it takes training. There's no such thing as beginner's luck. How do you explain it?

Merrick reels, trying to make sense of this...

MERRICK

I expect you to be able to improvise in the field, Mr. Laurent. If there's anything more we need to discuss, I will contact you.

Merrick hangs up. A team member approaches Laurent:

TEAM MEMBER

No sign of their bodies.

Stoic, livid, Laurent moves off --

A164 EXT. BRIDGE ARCHWAY - NIGHT

A164

Heavy rain. Drop down to a shadowed archway: Lincoln and Jordan are huddled together, avoiding the downpour.

LINCOLN

I saw his address. Tom Lincoln.

(beat)

We'll go when the rain stops.

She stares out, her mind somewhere else...

JORDAN

That little boy... he looked liked me.

He said his mother was sick.

(beat)

She's going to die, isn't she?

LINCOLN

(beat)

Don't know.

He forces out an encouraging smile, but she reads him:

JORDAN

You're lying, again. Your eyes always
give you away.

Yes, he is. Doesn't know what to say.

JORDAN

I wish I didn't know... about any of
this.

Off the two of them, silhouetted beneath the archway.

B164 EXT. LOS ANGELES SKYLINE -

B164

The rain clears, the sun rises over the city...

165 EXT. MODERN HOUSE - SAN PEDRO DOCK - MORNING

165

A cab pulls up. Lincoln pays the driver and gets out with
Jordan. She looks over at him, unsure. Lincoln veers down a
walkway, toward a modern concrete house. Off to the side is a
LARGE DRYDOCK...

166 EXT. FRONT PORCH -

166

The door's set with GLOWING ORBS at eye-level. Lincoln
approaches, nervous with anticipation. He raises his hand to
knock, his eyes inadvertently right in front of the orbs and...The orbs BLINK, reading his retinal signature: LOCKS DISENGAGE
and the door swings open. Lincoln reacts, taken aback. He
looks to Jordan and...

167 INT. MODERN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

167

They enter, cautiously:

LINCOLN

... Hello?

No response. The TV's on. Lincoln moves through the house, passing a wall of framed OCEANOGRAPHIC MAPS. AWARD PLAQUES labeled with things like: "BOAT DESIGN.NET PROFESSIONAL" "SAILING WORLD GOLD AWARD."

He passes an unseen SENSOR on the wall, inadvertently triggering a PROJECTION DEVICE. An art object of the future. The device is like a vase, projecting a collection of video images of TOM LINCOLN, spiralling together in a double-helix shape. We get the immediate impression of a life lived around speed: Tom in a tux at a podium, accepting an award. Standing by an experimental JET WASP BIKE. AS A CHILD. Lincoln stares, marvelling at the boyhood he never had.

*
*

Something catches his eye. For a moment, he can't believe what he sees. He approaches, trying to make sense of it: In the middle of the living room, encased in glass, is a model of a BOAT - not just any boat: the steel-hulled boat from Lincoln's dream. Right down to the word stenciled on the hull: "RENOVATIO"

*

Jordan joins him. As they stare down at the detailed model... there are SUDDEN FOOTFALLS behind them. Jordan WHIPS AROUND--

JORDAN

LINCOLN!

A FIGURE SWINGS A GOLF CLUB AT LINCOLN, HE DUCKS -- they go TOPPLING BACKWARD, falling hard against a desk -- things break -- Lincoln grips the stranger's hand, SLAMMING the club away -- and the stranger's face is REVEALED:

IT'S LINCOLN'S OWN. This is TOM LINCOLN -- with glasses -- and between them, it's hard to tell who's more stunned:

TOM

Oh my God...

His worst nightmare. The shock almost knocks him off his feet. We begin to hear his SCOTTISH ACCENT.

LINCOLN

Hello... my name is Lincoln Six-Echo...
I'm your insurance policy.

Tom's face: a horror he can scarcely comprehend. No words. All he manages to get out is...

TOM

Well, fuck me.

Off the two Lincolns, staring at each other.

A168 INT. INSTITUTE CORRIDOR -

A168 *

FAST TRACK: we follow a pair of FEET as they move urgently down
the corridor, stopping at a door --

*
*

B168 INT. MERRICK'S OFFICE -

B168 *

Carnes enters, breathless. Merrick looks up from his desk.

*

CARNES

*

You need to see this --

*

C168 INT. FOUNDATION AREA -

C168 *

A vertical display screen pops on: an image of LINCOLN'S BRAIN.
Carnes indicates a SMALL MAGENTA SECTION, to Merrick:

*
*

CARNES

*

This is a synaptic scan we took of Six-
Echo three years ago, right before we
integrated him into the population:
notice the discoloration caused by our
memory imprints. Okay, now look --

*
*
*
*
*
*

He puts a SECOND BRAIN IMAGE on the screen. The magenta section
is THREE TIMES BIGGER:

*
*

CARNES

*

This is the synaptic scan from yesterday.
See how much the memory formation's grown
-- like he's experienced roughly thirty
years, not three... which is obviously
impossible.

*
*
*
*
*
*

Merrick studies the images, comparing them. Intense. Then he
does something very strange... he smiles. Almost proud.

*
*

MERRICK

*

He's evolving... exhibiting
characteristics beyond his design. The
memories are real, but they're not his...
I think they belong to his sponsor.

*
*
*
*
*

CARNES

*

His sponsor? What, like... genetic
memory? There's no evidence that's even
possible --

*
*
*
*

MERRICK

(a beat)

The Kurzweil Twins.

CARNES

... Who?

MERRICK

The 1979 study of twins reared apart -- I remember a case of two brothers: one grew up a Nazi, the other a Jew. The day they met, both were wearing blue shirts with two breast pockets, both flushed the toilet before and after they used it, and both took great amusement sneezing suddenly in elevators to scare the other passengers.

(beat)

If idiosyncracies can be inherited, why not memories?

CARNES

But this could be a false reading caused by, by, a systemic infection we didn't account for --

MERRICK

An infection can't teach you Latin.
Or how to drive.

(beat, realizing)

I know where he's going...

168 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

168

Lincoln removes his tattered shirt, changes into new clothes.

169 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

169

Tom and Jordan sit at a table, Tom working meticulously with a magnetic tool to remove her ethercuff. He's working class, tough but refined, with a wry, dark humor he uses as a shield against his fear of death.

As he works, he glances up at Jordan. Something he's trying to figure out. It hits:

TOM

Maxim, I saw you in Maxim.

JORDAN

... What's Maxim?

Pause: how does he explain that one?

TOM

Nevermind. You're, uh... very well liked.

Lincoln enters in new clothes. Meets eyes with Tom. This is still so unbelievably strange for both of them...

TOM

I keep expecting to wake up.

LINCOLN

I thought I was taller.

TOM

... Sorry to disappoint you.

He goes back to the cuff. Lincoln watches the incredible precision of Tom's hands at work. The ethercuff POPS OPEN:

TOM

A cipher-lock. I use them sometimes in my designs.

Jordan feels her wrist, stares in morbid fascination at the RED TATTOO grafted into her flesh:

JORDAN

... What is it?

TOM

Looks like a thermal implant -- powers the cuff with your body heat.

(gestures)

I set some clothes out for you too, first door on the right.

JORDAN

... Thank you.

She rises, gathers herself with uncertainty. Looks to Tom gratefully. She turns, eyes meeting Lincoln's: soft, vulnerable.

TOM WATCHES as something passes between these two -- a brief but soul shattering moment for him. As Jordan heads down the hall:

TOM

How is it in the short time you've been alive, you end up with the girl I haven't been able to find in thirty five years?

LINCOLN

(a beat)

... She found me.

TOM

A romantic, eh? Never knew I had it in me.

(gestures)

Give me your wrist.

Lincoln sits. Tom goes to work on Lincoln's cuff.

LINCOLN

Why do we sound different?

TOM

I was born in Scotland.

Lincoln processes the words, repeats with a near-perfect Scottish accent:

LINCOLN

I was born in Scotland.

TOM

Look, you're freaking me out enough without... that.

LINCOLN

(repeating, in Scottish)

Without... that.

TOM

Look, stop it.

LINCOLN

Sorry.

TOM

(back to the cuff, under his breath)

This is a freak show...

He glances out the window, nervous.

LINCOLN

You build boats.

TOM

Actually, I draw them. Started with cars -- experimental designs -- anything that blew my hair back. It's something I've always done... never thought it would make me rich.

*

*

LINCOLN

(beat)

'Renovatio'... what's it mean?

TOM

In Latin, 'rebirth.' Subtle, eh?

Lincoln's ethercuff POPS OPEN. Same tattoo grafted on his wrist. Lincoln stares at the ethercuff. Pockets it. Moves to the window and looks out, anxious. Expecting anything. Sees a DRY DOCK where the ACTUAL BOAT sits gleaming in the sun.

Tom COUGHS. Hard, wracking.

TOM

Cirrhotic Hepatitis -- a parting gift
from all my philandering.

(Lincoln's blank look)

Lots of sex.

LINCOLN

... Sex?

TOM

(a smile)

You're a virgin?

Lincoln stares: no idea what Tom's saying...

TOM

I won't ruin the surprise.

(another cough)

Doctor says my liver'll start failing
in the next two years.

LINCOLN

... Sorry.

TOM

Don't be -- look, I'm not good at all
this shite... confessions and regrets...

LINCOLN

Regrets? I don't know that word.

TOM

I spent my life telling myself I was
buying time I'd use later... I may be
dying slowly, but it'll never be slow
enough.

Jordan reappears in a pair of Tom's jeans, a t-shirt. Earthy,
beautiful. They stare at her; Lincoln looks back to Tom, urgent:

LINCOLN

There are men trying to kill us. Will
you help us?

*
*

TOM

Help you what?

LINCOLN

Tell people what the institute does.

TOM

Who'd believe it? I'm staring at you and
I don't believe it.

Lincoln's eye catches the TV, where a FEMALE NEWSCASTER is reporting on the events in downtown from yesterday. The graphic layout resembles the Community Announcer back in Centerville.

LINCOLN

Is she your Community Announcer?

TOM

Community Announcer?

LINCOLN

How many people see this?

TOM

The news? A lot.

LINCOLN

If they see us together, they'll know the truth.

TOM

I see, so we just walk into NBC and hope they fit us in after the weather?

JORDAN

Look, maybe it doesn't mean anything to you... but there are thousands of us.
Everyone we've ever known is gonna die.

*
*
*

TOM

Look, I'm not trying to apologize for the people who did this to you, but from what you said you had a real advantage there... you didn't know your death was coming.

Long silence while everyone stares at each other. Lincoln nods:

LINCOLN

You're right, I am afraid to die. I never felt that before. The strange thing is, it's the first time I've felt... alive.

(MORE)

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Maybe it's all right to be afraid.

Jordan slides her hand through Lincoln's. Protective. Tom watches, admiringly.

LINCOLN

Look, we have to go now.

*
*

Tom finally nods, sending home the feeling that he's getting it.

TOM

Let me... put on my shoes.

170 INT. TOM'S BEDROOM -

170

Tom enters, closes the door. Alone. Opens his closet to find shoes. Pauses, catching his reflection in a mirror.

He stares at himself. Touches the lines of his face. We see it now, the fear. A man reckoning with an impossible choice. His expression runs the gamut of emotions, then turns to painful resolve. As he picks up his Nokia cell, a KNOCK at the door. Lincoln's VOICE:

LINCOLN (O.S.)

Tom? Please hurry, we have to go --

TOM

(calls back)

... Almost ready.

He hits a speed-dial number on the cell, places the phone on the table -- AN IMAGE PROJECTED FROM THE PHONE APPEARS ON THE WALL, A CLIENT SERVICES REP:

CLIENT SERVICES REP

Client Services, how can I help you?

171 INT. LIVING ROOM -

171

CLOSE, the IMAGES of Tom on the holographic projection device. Lincoln and Jordan stare, fascinated. The bedroom door opens: Tom exits, moves to the front door:

TOM

Ready when you are. Let's do this --

He SMILES. Jordan's heart SKIPS as she reads his face. Tom heads onto the porch. Jordan grabs Lincoln's arm:

JORDAN

Something's wrong --

LINCOLN

-- What?

JORDAN

His eyes... he's lying. *

Tense pause. Lincoln's last play is the news, he has to go for it. Finally, protectively:

LINCOLN

Stay here.

She wants to protest but Tom peers in:

TOM

We ready? Everything okay?

Beat --

LINCOLN

Yeah, she's gonna stay... in case they don't believe us. *

The men lock eyes, both of them holding their cards close to the vest. Jordan smiles, playing casual: *

JORDAN

Good luck.

LINCOLN

Thank you.

TOM

Thank you.

They look at each other. In the Twilight Zone.

172 INT. GARAGE -

172

Tom moves to a covered car in the corner, pulls off the sheet revealing a SILVER GULLWING CADILLAC. Lincoln's trying to read Tom, steps in front of him -- wanting to guide the course of events as much as he can:

LINCOLN

I'll drive.

TOM

No, I'll drive.

LINCOLN

No, really.

TOM

You know how?

LINCOLN
Taught myself.

TOM
You don't know the way.

LINCOLN
Well, you can show me.

Tension, neither man trusting each other. Finally, so he doesn't look too suspicious:

TOM
Can't take it with me, right? '09 Caddie,
bad-ass muscle car. Five hundred
thousand dollars. Practically drives
itself anyway.

He hops in the passenger seat. Lincoln slides in the other side.

173 INT. GULLWING -

173

As Lincoln climbs in the driver's side, Tom indicates a BIOMETRIC THUMB PAD by the gearshift --

TOM
Put your thumb on it.

Lincoln does. A SCAN reads his print and the car REVS to life. Tom reaches toward a touch screen on the dash --

LINCOLN
(sharply)
What are you doing?

TOM
... Directions.

Lincoln stares, okay. Still, this all feels wrong. Tom activates the On-Star, words scroll:

"HELLO, MR. LINCOLN. WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO"

TOM
K-NBC news studio.

"ONE MOMENT PLEASE... ACCESSING GLOBAL POSITIONING SYSTEM..."

As they wait, the men stare at each other:

LINCOLN
Thank you. For doing this.

Tom's eyes. Revealing nothing.

TOM

I like to think you'd do the same... if
you were me.

An address appears on-screen:

"CONNECTED... TIME TO DESTINATION: 15 MINUTES."

TOM

Let's go.

A beat, Lincoln shifts the car into drive and pulls out...

174 **EXT. SAN PEDRO STREETS -**

174

The Gullwing sails through streets. Lincoln glances
suspiciously at Tom. Tom glances suspiciously at Lincoln.

LINCOLN

How much did I cost?

TOM

Five million. Another 250 thousand for
yearly 'maintenance' fees.

*

LINCOLN

Is that a lot?

TOM

A small price, to cheat death.

175 **INT. TOM'S HOUSE -**

175

Jordan wanders through. Exploring. Enters --

176 **INT. TOM'S BEDROOM -**

176

Jordan enters, snooping. Past shelves of books. Tom's desk. A
drawer half open. She pulls it back, revealing a WOODEN BOX.
Curious, she lifts the lid, to find...

A PISTOL on foam padding. An IMPRINT in the shape of a SECOND
PISTOL. Gone. Her face goes cold with fear for Lincoln --

177 **INT. GULLWING -**

177

LINCOLN

When were you going to do it?

TOM

What?

LINCOLN

Take my liver.

Lincoln's trying to provoke a reaction, to assess Tom's play.

TOM

They told me you'd be ready for harvest
within the year.

A flash of guilt. Tom's eyes suddenly BULGE:

TOM

WHOA!! RED LIGHT, RED LIGHT, BRAKE!

Lincoln SLAMS the brake hard, skidding to a stop.

LINCOLN

What?! What's the matter?!

TOM

Red means STOP! I thought you knew how
to drive --

LINCOLN

Well I'm still learning--

SUDDENLY: the red light wire apparatus FALLS and SMASHES to the
ground as a WHISPER comes into the intersection -- the chopper
PIVOTS, swinging to reveal a SNIPER with gun trained out the
open cargo door --

QUICKLY, AWKWARDLY, TOM PULLS THE GUN -- FACE FULL WITH GUILT:

TOM

Sorry. I'm not ready to die.

LINCOLN -- HEART POUNDING, A MOMENT OF CHOICE --

LINCOLN

Me neither.

He FLOORS IT, the car shoots forward -- just under the Whisper's
landing skids. TWO SEDANS ARE SUDDENLY BEARING DOWN FROM
BEHIND. TOM PULLS THE TRIGGER BLOWING OUT THE DRIVER'S WINDOW --

TOM

STOP!!

LINCOLN JERKS THE WHEEL HARD RIGHT, SLAMMING THE CAR INTO A
CONCRETE BARRIER --

Both men are jerked violently and Tom loses his grip on the gun,
it tumbles under Lincoln's feet -- Lincoln elbows Tom HARD in
the head, his glasses go flying off -- enraged now, Tom PUNCHES
Lincoln's face -- Lincoln SLAMS THE DIVIDER AGAIN --

178 INT. WHISPER - 178
Laurent watches the car SWERVE below - shouts into his headset: *

LAURENT *

Which one's the client?!

179 INT. GULLWING - 179
Lincoln desperately reaches for the gun while trying to control the wheel -- Tom ELBOWS HIM HARD in the jaw -- the car SWERVES between lanes, SMASHING into other cars on the road -- metal is peeling off this car. WHOOPS: there goes the front bumper --

180 INT. WHISPER - 180
Laurent shouts to the pilot: *

LAURENT *

Air Two, I want warning shots only! Take out the engine --

181 INT. WHISPER TWO - 181
THROUGH THE SNIPER'S SCOPE CROSSHAIRS: Tom and Lincoln through the Gullwing's rear windshield, fighting for the wheel -- impossible to tell who is who --

182 INT. GULLWING - 182
Tom and Lincoln fight for control of the car -- it veers wildly out of control -- BULLETS START TO RIP THROUGH THE METAL --

183 INT. WHISPER - 183
The sniper FIRES WARNING SHOTS -- rear tail lights, then the hood -- STEAM HISSES -- THE CAR BARRELS INTO...

184 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - 184
The Gullwing CAREENS into a massive, arched central hall. Decayed opulence. The car comes to an abrupt stop and --

SEDANS SCREECH IN, Laurent and his Team Members jumping out, weapons ready -- 100 feet from the wrecked Cadillac. *

Approaching cautiously.

Lincoln manages to pry and tumbles out driver door -- Tom snatches up the pistol off the floor and jumps out of the car, his forehead bloody, he TACKLES LINCOLN --

TEAM MEMBERS FAN OUT, COMING CLOSER, GUNS DRAWN - CANNOT SEE THE TWO LINCOLNS BECAUSE THEY'RE STRUGGLING BEHIND THE WRECKED CAR -

TOM JAMS THE GUN AGAINST LINCOLN'S HEAD -- Team Members approach, see both Lincoln's SHOUTING OVER EACH OTHER, it's wildly disorienting:

LINCOLN
LET ME GO!!!

TOM
(shouting, to the team)
I NEED HIM, DON'T SHOOT HIM!

The team's forty feet away -- Lincoln's cornered --

LINCOLN
I'M TOM LINCOLN!

TOM
NO, I'M TOM! HE'S LYING! HE'S MY CLONE!

*

Laurent and the Team Members whip back and forth, guns level, trying to figure out who's who when all of a sudden --

*

185 PROFILE SHOT, ANGLE BEHIND LINCOLN WITH GUN PRESSED AGAINST HIS HEAD - OUR WORLD GOES TOTALLY SLOW-MOTION (300 FPS) - LINCOLN'S HAND RISES INTO FRAME, CLAMPING SOMETHING ONTO TOM'S WRIST:

THE ETHERCUFF! Tom's eyes look at the cuff, realizing he's fucked as...

FROM Laurent's POV, IT LOOKS LIKE THE CLONE'S HOLDING THE CLIENT HOSTAGE -- HE FIRES CLEAN SHOTS RIGHT INTO TOM'S CHEST, BLOWING HIM ACROSS THE FLOOR...

*

TOTAL SILENCE. Lincoln, breathless, slumps to the ground as the Team Members move in, kicking the gun away.

Laurent approaches Lincoln, lowers his weapon. Lincoln glares back with frightened eyes. Swallows as Laurent comes closer.

*

*

LAURENT
Mr. Lincoln...

*

And finally Lincoln says, with a perfect Scottish accent:

LINCOLN/"TOM"
Looks like my insurance policy just expired...

186 EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING -

186

TRACKING with Team Members as they carry Tom's bullet-riddled body to a sedan. The shot carries us to Laurent and Lincoln, playing "Tom," mimicking his wry anger:

*

LINCOLN/"TOM"

Tell me, do you find it strange my life insurance policy just tried to kill me?

*

LAURENT

*

I find this whole thing strange. Where's the woman?

LINCOLN/"TOM"

She said something about going out of state, to find her sponsor...

LAURENT

*

You've been witness to certain... trade secrets.

LINCOLN/ "TOM"

You mean like, they manufacture human beings that walk, talk... and feel? That kind of secret?

*

LAURENT

*

Have you talked with anyone else about this?

LINCOLN/"TOM"

Who'd believe it? I was staring at him and I didn't believe it.

*

*

LAURENT

*

It stops here. Can I count on that?

Pause.

LINCOLN/"TOM"

The only thing you can count on, Mr. Laurent, is that people will do anything to survive.

*

(beat)

I just want to live. I don't care how.

He turns his back on Laurent, heads to the car. Laurent reaches for something, pulls it -- A GUN:

*

LAURENT

*

Mr. Lincoln...

Lincoln turns, sees Laurent holding the gun -- we think he's caught -- and then... Laurent offers the gun to Lincoln:

*

*

LAURENT

*

... I think this belongs to you.

Huge exhale moment. Lincoln takes the gun. Nods thanks. Climbs into the back of the sedan. Slams the door closed, the car drives off.

187 EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - DUSK

187

The sedan drives away. Gone. Lincoln's finally alone. He walks up to the door. Eye scan. Click --

188 INT. TOM'S HOUSE -

188

Lincoln enters. Silence.

LINCOLN

Jordan?

No answer. He moves deeper into the house...

LINCOLN

JORDAN?

Still, nothing. He's starting to worry. A HAMMER COCKS behind him. He turns. Jordan stands behind him with Tom's second gun, her hands trembling. She doesn't know which Lincoln she's looking at. Lincoln sees the fear in her eyes. Smiles. Simply:

*

LINCOLN

It's me.

(ALT MOMENT: Lincoln identifies himself to Jordan by doing the Porky Pig "Bdee-bdee-bdee That's All Folks" hand wave)

*

*

Jordan drops the gun. Moves to him, wrapping her arms around him. Holding onto him for dear life.

JORDAN

I thought you weren't coming back.

She looks at him, overwhelmed with relief, falling deeper in love. Faces inches apart. Gravitating closer...

Into an amazing first kiss. Lips finding lips like teenagers. Trying to imitate the punk couple they saw kissing in the train station. Awkward at first -- but man, it's endearing -- they both draw back, their stomachs in knots, dazed:

LINCOLN

Whoa... that is so...

JORDAN

... I know. Open your lips again.

He does. She kisses him. They almost laugh through it...

LINCOLN

This feels... really good...

Kissing deeper now, passion growing. Lincoln looks down at his crotch: he has an erection again.

LINCOLN

Hey, look, that thing's back...

*

189 INT. TOM'S BEDROOM -

189

Her fingers find his shirt buttons, his are on her neck. We MOVE AROUND THEM as they take solace in each other -- Jordan wants to laugh as much as she needs to cry, everything is in such tumult -- but this moment is certain. They fall onto the bed, discovering each other's bodies for the first time.

LINCOLN

That tongue thing... is amazing...

Her eyes close, as if she's having the sweetest dream...

JORDAN

(whispering)

The island, it's real...

LINCOLN

... what?

JORDAN

It's this, right now. Us.

*

She reaches up, palm on his cheek. With a smile that could light the world.

JORDAN

I was wrong, what I said before. I'm
glad we know the truth...this is worth
it...

*

*

*

*

They begin to make love. HIGH ANGLE looking down on them in the middle of the room: it looks like their own, private island.

*

190 INT. FOUNDATION ROOM - DUSK

190

Heavy rain pelts Carnes and his TEAM (15 men) as they move around the room, running synaptic scans on various agnates. Merrick enters, umbrella open. Approaches Carnes who confers with one of his men:

MERRICK

How many are affected?

CARNES

(grave)

We're seeing the same neural pattern in all the Echoes and every subsequent generation -- Foxtrots, Gammas, and Helos.

Merrick takes that in, as they walk through the rows of agnates:

MERRICK

We've predicated our entire system on predictability. Six-Echo has displayed the one trait that can undermine it... curiosity.

(beat)

We're now facing four generations with the potential for defiant behavior. *

CARNES

What are you suggesting?

MERRICK

... A recall.

We RISE UP over the room filled with agnates. So many lives.

191 INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - MORNING

191 *

Suitcases are popped open. Clothes thrown in. Lincoln and Jordan are packing to run. *

192 INT. LIVING ROOM -

192

Jordan carries bags out the door. Lincoln at Tom's desk, flipping through his sailing journals. Charted maps, notations. *
As Lincoln tosses the journals into his bag, a phone console RINGS. *
Lincoln turns, alert: a square appears on the phone grid, a RECORDED OUTGOING MESSAGE -- Tom's face: *

TOM ON CONSOLE

Hello, it's Tom, you know what to do --

BEEP; a SECOND SQUARE appears, the INCOMING MESSAGE box: the face of SCOTT WHITMAN, the institute's Public Relations Director. We saw him on the tour earlier:

WHITMAN

Mr. Lincoln, this is Scott Whitman here with Merrick Biotech, our deepest apologies for your unfortunate inconvenience.

(MORE)

WHITMAN (CONT'D)

The defect in your policy wasn't an isolated incident -- perfectly correctable, I assure you, but we're calling several of our valued clients to inform them of the recall. Please call us back at --

Suddenly concerned at the word "recall," Lincoln answers the console:

LINCOLN

'Unfortunate inconvenience'... bit of an understatement, don't you think?

WHITMAN

-- oh, sorry, you're home, Sir --

LINCOLN

What kind of recall are you talking about?

WHITMAN

We found a minor defect in four of the product lines -- between the two of us, I've got hundreds of customers on my phone sheet who probably won't be too happy when I tell them --

*
*
*
*
*

LINCOLN

What're you doing with all their... defective products?

*

WHITMAN

We're starting over.

LINCOLN

(sickened)
... starting over.

*
*
*

WHITMAN

It's really nothing to worry about, Sir, but the 'unfortunate inconvenience' is that we have to bring you back in for a rescan so we can regrow your policy.

*
*
*
*
*

As we ANGLE AROUND his face, realizing they're going to kill the agnates, we REVEAL JORDAN at the door, watching --

*
*

WHITMAN

So would today be a good time?

*
*

Sensing Jordan, Lincoln's look flashes over. Their eyes meet. She's heard everything.

*
*

WHITMAN

... Sir?

Lincoln looks back to the screen.

LINCOLN

Let me... call you back.

He hangs up. Wanders out to...

193 EXT. BALCONY - MORNING

193 *

Lincoln leans against the rail, stares at the rising sun.
Jordan appears beside him. Both of them sharing the same
inevitable feeling -- they can't run. He looks her in the eyes,
a wistful smile...

LINCOLN

He, uh... kept journals and maps. As
soon as I figure out how to get that
thing in the water, we'll take his
boat...keep going south... there's a
place called Capricorn where the water's
always warm...

And now it's her turn to smile sadly. They're living in the
fantasy, just for a moment...

JORDAN

Yeah... we can live like real people.

LINCOLN

Do what they do.

JORDAN

Eat a sundae with sprinkles.

LINCOLN

Get a dog...

LINCOLN

We'll do it... we'll disappear.

(beat)

After.

Eyes holding. Yes, after.

LINCOLN

All the people we left behind... they
need to see the truth.

He touches her face, knowing this may be their last time
together. She wraps her arms around him. After a beat...

JORDAN
(a whisper)
Thank you.

*
*
*

LINCOLN
For what?

*
*

JORDAN
... Saving my life.

*
*

And we leave them like that, against the rising sun.

*

194 EXT. VENICE BEACH -

194 *

The boardwalk. Jordan walks among the crowd, just another face.
Out in the open.

She stops, sees a group of CHILDREN playing. Nearby, an ICE
CREAM stand. She gazes at the kids, reverently...

195 INT. TOM'S BEDROOM -

195

A blazer. Spare pair of glasses. Lincoln puts them on,
transforming himself into Tom as he looks at a photo of Tom
across the room.

196 EXT. VENICE BEACH -

196

The group of kids are clustered around the ice cream stand. The
VENDOR hands each of them a cone. One by one, they say 'Thank
You' to Jordan. She smiles a wonderful smile, watching them run
off...

Pause. She hands the vendor McCORD'S CREDIT CARD. As he swipes
it under a scanner...

SLOW MOTION - TIMECUT: sedans pull up, Laurent and his men
emerging, scanning the boardwalk... JORDAN'S SILHOUETTED FIGURE
sitting on a swingset by the sea. Exposed.

*

The Team Members surround her. She turns to face Laurent, eating
an ice cream cone. Oddly unresistant, resigned to her fate.

*

197 EXT. THE SEDANS -

197

The kids, eating their cones, watch -- surprised, confused, even
afraid -- as Team Members guide Jordan into the rear of a sedan.
Laurent climbs into the driver's seat, into a headset:

*

LAURENT
We got her.

*

198 INT. MERRICK'S OFFICE -

198

MERRICK

Well done. Thank you, John.

He hangs up. Absolute relief.

199 INT. LAURENT'S SEDAN -

199 *

SLOW MOTION: as the sedan pulls away, Jordan locks eyes with the kids through the back window. Gives them a sad little wave.

She looks down at her wrists. Cuffed. Sees the red tattoo grafted into her flesh. Her eyes begin to well...

Laurent meets her eyes in the rearview mirror. A trace of GUILT, he looks away.

*

MERRICK (V.O.)

The containment problem's been relieved...

200 INT. INSTITUTE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

200

The faces of EIGHT BOARD MEMBERS stare at us, each one on a wall of video monitors. Grim faces. Merrick addresses them with new confidence:

MERRICK

...both agnates are accounted for. Our Defense Department contract remains intact, Gentlemen. However, there's another matter that requires board approval...

201 EXT. SKIES OVER CITY -

201

A HUGE, SWOLLEN, ORANGE SUN. A helicopter rises INTO FRAME, the Merrick Biotech insignia on its side...

202 INT. CHOPPER - SKIES OVER DESERT

202

Lincoln stares through the windshield. Carries himself like Tom. Secretly working to keep the fear from his face.

*

203 INT. INSTITUTE CONFERENCE ROOM -

203

BOARD MEMBER

How do we remove the defective products from the population without disrupting the others?

MERRICK

Positive reinforcement. We already have
the mechanism in place: mass winnings...

204 INT. CENTERVILLE -

204

SLOW MOTION, MUSIC: screens flashing multiple "Winner" agnate
faces. Throughout Centerville, we see the agnates rise. Proud.
Innocent child-like smiles.

EURASIAN ANNOUNCER

Dahlgren Two-Foxtrot... Cooper Five-
Helo... Novak Eight-Foxtrot... Jones
Three-Gamma...

JONES rises looking at the screen, walking forward. Stunned.
Pulls out his graph sheet and looks at it, eyes welling. He
knew it. His time has come.

BOARD MEMBER (V.O.)

What about the clients?

205 INT. INSTITUTE CONFERENCE ROOM -

205

MERRICK

I've reviewed the list: we can regrow
agnates for eighty percent of our clients
in time. The other twenty percent will
have to take their chances with early
surgery --

206 INT. FOUNDATION AREA -

206

The vestigial agnates lie in restraints. A squad of censors
walk through, preparing SYRINGES on metal trays. Drawing liquid
from vials labeled: "DEHALCYNATE."

The Censor Leader checks a data tablet and nods. The censors
begin injecting the Dehalcynate into various agnates around the
room. The agnates TWITCH VIOLENTLY in their restraints, mouths
frothing -- a terrible and immediate death.

207 INT. INCUBATION SILO -

207

FROM OVERHEAD: purple ovules. Censors move through the rows,
SLICING SCALPELS across the plastic sacs. We watch as the
embryonic liquid drains over their rubber boots...

208 INT. INSTITUTE CORRIDOR -

208

An apologetic Whitman leads Lincoln down a corridor. Lincoln
keeps checking his watch: "2:45 PM."

WHITMAN

Again, Mr. Lincoln, thank you for being so understanding --

LINCOLN

How long will this take?

WHITMAN

We'll have you out within the hour.

(smiles, conversational)

By the way, where in Scotland are you from?

Pause: Lincoln doesn't have a clue. Quickly improvising, his tone becomes annoyed, superior:

LINCOLN

Mr. Whitman, I appreciate that small talk's part of your boring job, but until my medical needs are met, let's cut the shite. *

WHITMAN

Oh, my apologies, Sir, sometimes I'm a jabber-jaw.

209 INT. INSTITUTE CORRIDOR -

209

Laurent leads Jordan down a hall. She stares straight ahead, still unresistant. They arrive at a door with a digital display: "SURGERY PREP AREA." *

Laurent hands her off to a censor, JACK -- that same sonofabitch Jordan whacked in the face during their escape. He takes her by the arm. Hard. Leads her in... *

Jordan turns back to face Laurent. Eyes piercing, striking him at his core. He's just brought a young girl to her execution. *

A210 INT. LONG WHITE CORRIDOR -

A210

Eleven agnates, Jones among them, sit quietly in chairs lined against the wall. They hold simple travel bags. Excited smiles.

210 INT. SCANNING ROOM -

210

Lincoln follows Whitman in, sees the clock on the wall: "3:00 PM." A SCANNING MACHINE takes up most of the room; a gurney-like table, a pivoting laser arm to track body contours...

WHITMAN

Same routine as last time, Sir. A technician will be here momentarily to --

Lincoln SLAMS the back of Whitman's head with Tom's gun,
KNOCKING him out cold.

211 INT. SURGERY PREP AREA -

211

Jordan, lying on a surgery prep table. Notices the clock reading "3:00." A Med-Tech unzips the front of her shirt, lays a sheet over her body. She looks frightened. Jack's mangled face leans close to her ear, whispers...

JACK THE CENSOR

I hear they're taking your kidneys...
lungs...heart. They're gonna hack you up,
Bitch.

*

*

OUR VIEW: under the sheet, Jordan's hand slowly slips down the waist of her pants, into her panties...

Jack leans over her, stares down at a hint of her breasts...

JORDAN'S HAND RISES UP FROM UNDER THE SHEET WITH TOM'S OTHER GUN -- SHE FIRES, SHOOTING THE CENSOR'S KNEECAPS -- HE'S BLOWN BACK SCREAMING IN AGONY, SLUMPS AGAINST THE WALL --

JORDAN

Hope you got an insurance policy, Bitch.

*

Before the Med-Tech knows what's happening, Jordan has the gun trained on him. He shakes his head in fear --

*

JORDAN

Gimme your tri-key.

*

She grabs Jack's walkie, dumps it down the trash chute --

212 INT. MORGUE AREA -

212

CORONER washes his hands as a MED-TECH unzips a body bag, slides the body onto a steel gurney. We reveal...FACE OF TOM LINCOLN.

213 INT. CLIENT MEDICAL CORRIDOR -

213

LINCOLN'S FACE -- trying not to look nervous as he rounds a corner, feeling his way through the place. Arrives at a door marked "RESTRICTED AREA." The same one he saw the couriers enter before. He waits there. Anxious...

214 INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE SURGERY PREP AREA -

214

Jordan exits surgery prep, dressed in med clothes. As she closes the door behind her, we see the med-tech strapped to the surgery table, gagged. Jordan LOCKS the door with his tri-key.

Moves down the hall. Passes another surgery prep room. We go SLOW-MOTION as Jordan sees the patient inside:

THE FACE IS HER OWN: SARAH JORDAN, COMATOSE, A TUBE TAPED INTO HER MOUTH, A LIFE SUPPORT MACHINE BEEPING OUT A STEADY RHYTHM.

Jordan stares back at her lifeless face. A terrifying, out-of-body moment. She passes the door. Sarah Jordan disappears.

215 INT. CORRIDOR -

215

Lincoln still waits nervously at the restricted door. Two ORDERLIES appear behind him, heading his way. Coming closer. And just when we think he may be recognized...

THE DOOR OPENS. He steps through revealing JORDAN, who removes the tri-key from an access lock -- hands it to him --

Quickly, they move on together. Perfect synchronicity. A team now. Rounding a corner, they slow:

Down the hall, censors herd the WINNING AGNATES, carrying their little bags, into an elevator. Among the faces, Lincoln recognizes JONES, laughing...

CENSOR

Please make room, we want to get as many of you to the island as possible.

The door closes. Lincoln turns to Jordan, urgent. What do they do? A moment of decision... she indicates her hidden gun:

JORDAN

Go -- you gotta keep going --

After a beat, he nods. She moves quickly in the direction of the agnates. He stares after her, heads the other way --

216 INT. FOUNDATION AREA -

216

Lincoln enters, retracing the path he took when they escaped a few days ago. Moving fast, cautious --

217 INT. OLD GRIMY ELEVATOR - MOVING

217

The happy agnates stand together in an oddly decrepit elevator. They watch the elevator panel charting ascent. Jones can't wait.

218 INT. METAL CATWALK - BUNKER

218

Lincoln crosses a catwalk, running toward the projected landscape image. He passes THROUGH IT --

219 INT. TURBINE EXTRACTOR VENT -

219

Same room where he fought the censor during the escape. Lincoln moves to the plexi wall shielding the control room. The giant TURBINE FANS spin overhead...

*

220 INT. MERRICK'S OFFICE -

220

Laurent stands in front of Merrick:

*

MERRICK

Well done. You delivered on your promise.

LAURENT

*

What about the client, Sarah Jordan?

MERRICK

Her recovery's doubtful. Even if the transplants are successful, her brain damage may be too severe for any real recovery.

Laurent takes that in. Angry. The last straw.

*

LAURENT

*

So the girl -- you're going to harvest her, kill her anyway, right? Even though it won't make any difference?

*

MERRICK

That's the privilege our clients pay for, Mr. Laurent.

*

A222 INT. TURBINE EXTRACTOR VENT -

A222 *

Through the plexi, he sees etherscreens displaying the 360 view of the mountain/ocean/sky image, as well as the digital power grid schematic. Racks of equipment run the hologram projectors.

*

*

*

Lincoln tries the plexi-door. It won't open --

*

222 INT. MERRICK'S OFFICE -

222 *

Merrick offers Laurent a hand --

*

MERRICK

*

Unfortunately, I have business to tend to. Thank you.

But Laurent doesn't shake. Steely resolve:

*

LAURENT

You know, when I joined the GIGN, it was to fight for people who couldn't fight for themselves... help them be free. I've seen and done things I'm not proud of, but at some point you realize war is a business.

(beat)

When did killing become a business for you?

Their eyes lock.

MERRICK

We live by the choices we make.

(beat)

Mr. Whitman has your check downstairs.

A sharp look, then Laurent heads out. Pauses:

LAURENT

For the record, I still think there's something you're not telling me.

Merrick watches after him darkly. A BEEP from his computer: an instant message. It reads: "*I NEED TO SEE YOU*"

A223 INT. LONG WHITE CORRIDOR

A223

Laurent walks down the lonely hallway, puts his check in his pocket. Numb.

B223 INT. CORRIDOR -

B223

Merrick walks to a door. A CENSOR waits out front.

MERRICK

The Chairman's asked to see me.

C223 INT. ADJACENT ROOM - HOSPITAL ROOM

C223

VIDEO SCREEN: surveillance angle of Merrick standing at the door outside the room as the Censor punches a code into an access pad. Merrick disappears from the screen as he steps through the door --

Pick him up as he enters this room in real-time. Very low light. We now see the video screen is one of many: various surveillance angles throughout the facility.

A tube leads to a BREATHING REGULATOR, pumping up and down like an accordion. The steady BEEPING of a heart monitor. STOP on...

A FIGURE in a bed, as seen from behind. Wisps of hair on a nearly bald head. We don't reveal his face -- whoever this man is, he's very sick.

His VOICE has an eerie, synthesized quality, as if a small microphone were placed against his throat to enhance speech:

VOICE

The soldier will tell others what he's seen here.

MERRICK

Doubtful, he'd be an accomplice.

VOICE

Maybe this is a way... of telling us... it's time to stop.

MERRICK

(a beat)

I don't understand.

VOICE

When you live with death long enough... it becomes less threatening... and more of a welcoming friend.

MERRICK

I think you're overreacting, we've contained the problem --

VOICE

Maybe it's just not supposed to be this way.

MERRICK

(angry now)

You wouldn't be saying that if the procedure could help you --

D223 INT. MORGUE AREA -

D223 *

The cadaver's been opened. Coroner's confused by what he's found. Removes the Ethercuff on Lincoln's wrist, revealing... there's no grafted tattoo in the flesh. Coroner's eyes WIDEN:

CORONER

Oh no...

E223 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

E223 *

The mechanized breathing sound becomes erratic, agitated --

VOICE
It's right to end it.

MERRICK
No, you put me here to finish what you
started --

VOICE
It's a decision I've made.

MERRICK
A decision you've made? What about me?

VOICE
What about you?

MERRICK
You taught me everything I know, I'm here
to complete your work, that was our plan--

VOICE
I've come to believe there's our plan...
and there's God's plan.
(beat)
And our plan...doesn't matter.

Merrick moves closer to the figure, looming close...

MERRICK
Then... I suppose I should thank you.
For showing me how to see the world
through your eyes.

And Merrick's hand CLOSES around the breathing tube. A terrible
rasping turns into painful gasps -- as the figure chokes to
death, we ANGLE AROUND TO REVEAL HIS FACE:

IT'S MERRICK! But this Merrick isn't like the one we know, face
gnarled, most of his hair gone -- stricken by Lou Gehrig's
disease (think Stephen Hawking). Eyes horrified, bulging,
Merrick stares helplessly as his doppelganger murders him...

Clone Merrick watches himself die, face filling with emotion.
HIS CELL PHONE STARTS TO RING. Keeps ringing over the terrible
gasping. The gasping finally gives way to a FLATLINE sound.

Clone Merrick releases the tube. Merrick is dead. Collecting
himself, Clone Merrick answers the phone:

MERRICK
Yes...

223 INT. MORGUE AREA -

223 *

CORONER
(urgent, into phone)
Doctor, the corpse that was just brought
in --

224 INT. MERRICK'S OFFICE -

224

CORONER (V.O.)
-- he was the client!

PUSH CLOSE TO MERRICK as that penetrates --

225 INT. ETHERCONTROL -

225

FAST TRACK: censors grab stopguns AND live-ammo shotguns --
RADIO CHATTER over the censors' headsets indicates a search for
"MISSING AGNATE LINCOLN SIX ECHO" -- tech hits ALARM BUTTON:

226 INT. TURBINE EXTRACTOR VENT -

226

KLAXON SOUNDS. Lincoln, urgent, grabs a piece of machine
equipment -- starts SLAMMING the Plexi of the Hologram control
room, but it WON'T CRACK --

A227 INT. LONG WHITE CORRIDOR -

A227

Laurent heads for the elevator, the KLAXON sounds. He looks up-- *

B227 INT. STAIRWELL CORRIDOR -

B227

Jordan moves quickly down a corridor, into a dingier, more
abandoned area --

C227 INT. STAIRWELL CORRIDOR -

C227

She moves fast down an old flight of stairs, taking two at a
time. Hits another corridor, RUNS, rounds a corner...

AND SMACKS RIGHT INTO Laurent. CAUGHT! She points her gun at
him, but he is too quick, and grabs her wrist. Before we know
what happens --

*

*

227 INT. AREA OUTSIDE ELEVATOR -

227

The agnates exit the elevator. The censors escort them into:

228 INT. AIRLOCK -

228

Jones is the last to step through. Glances back as the door
closes behind him. A CENSOR'S FACE watches through a porthole.
A HISS of pressurization. Another HISS as the far door opens:

229 INT. THE CHAMBER -

229

A single shaft of light from above. Jones, confused, looks around this dark, scary room. This is the way to paradise?

A SOUND BEGINS TO GROW -- A JET ENGINE FLAME ROARING TO LIFE.

JONES AND THE AGNATES BEGIN BANGING ON THE DOOR, TERRIFIED, TRYING TO GET OUT --

230 INT. AIRLOCK -

230

The wild-eyed agnates pound the door. The BURNER's growing LOUDER AND LOUDER, ready to ignite the room -- we PULL BACK through the portal window to:

231 EXT. AIRLOCK -

231

The three censors outside. The one at the console reaches for the "INITIATE" button when... A BULLET RICOCHETS by the his head. He turns:

JORDAN'S WITH LAURENT, WHO'S AIMING A PISTOL! HE'S HELPING!

*

JORDAN

Open the door now!

The two censors reach for their guns -- Laurent shoots them both dead in a nanosecond. Aims at the censor by the console:

*

LAURENT

*

She said, open the door.

The censor sees the not-to-be-fucked-with look in Laurent's eyes.. Pushes the door lock. Jones and the agnates come stumbling out, dazed, horrified:

*

JONES

WHAT... THE HECK... IS GOING ON IN THIS PLACE?!!!

JORDAN

They lie to you, they lie to everyone --

*

JONES

You're supposed to be on the island --

JORDAN

There's no island --

233 INT. TURBINE EXTRACTOR SHAFT -

233

Lincoln uses a HEAVY WRENCH, keeps POUNDING the plexi. The lock finally breaks from the plexi-glass. Just as he enters to shut off the hologram, a NOISE behind him -- he turns --

A HOOKHEAD GRINDS into his shoulder. He's BLASTED BACK, his pistol skidding away. On the ground, he looks up in agony as MERRICK looms over him with a stop-gun...

MERRICK

You could've taken over his life, but you chose to come back.

(beat)

You're truly unique, Six-Echo.

As he raises his Stop-gun to fire again, Lincoln's HAND closes around the wrench on the floor...

LINCOLN

My name... is Lincoln.

Just as Merrick FIRES, Lincoln ROLLS away and FLINGS the wrench into Merrick's kneecap -- Merrick feels the pain as Lincoln scrambles for the stopgun -- turns -- Merrick jumps on Lincoln and they struggle over the stopgun --

*
*

Merrick's watch SLIPS a little on his wrist, revealing a TATTOO GRAFT beneath it. Lincoln's eyes widen in shock:

*
*

LINCOLN

You're one of us...

*
*

MERRICK

I told you I understand you better than you think --

*
*
*

They continue fighting until in a surge of energy, Lincoln ROCKETS his head backward, skull shattering Merrick's nose. Merrick drops the stopgun.

*

SUDDENLY A CENSOR on a hover-vehicle ROARS into the huge extractor fan room. Guns the engine toward Lincoln, who dives, rolls -- JUST MISSES HIS HEAD -- Lincoln picks up his pistol.

The Runner turns, charges -- Lincoln fires his LAST SHOT kicking the censor from the vehicle, sending the out-of-control vehicle STRAIGHT UP INTO THE TURBINE FAN BLADES.

THE BLOW SHEARS TWO OF THE MASSIVE BLADES, THE FAN SPINNING, LIKE A WASHING MACHINE OUT OF CONTROL -- IT STARTS VIBRATING UNCONTROLLABLY -- RIGHT ABOVE THEM

*

Merrick recovers -- eyes wild, sees Lincoln -- Lincoln and Merrick look up at their impending doom: the 100 foot blade rips apart as chunks of metal spit onto the floor. *

Lincoln RUNS. THE HOOKHEAD CABLE still clamped in his shoulder drags the stopgun 20 feet behind him. He exits -- *

236 EXT. METAL CATWALK - OVERLOOKING HOLOGRAM

236

Lincoln CRASHES DOWN outside the giant turbine room, on the catwalk overlooking the hologram.

Merrick grabs hold of the dragging hookhead gun, cable still attached to Lincoln's shoulder. Merrick PULLS, like snagging a swordfish: Lincoln and Merrick struggle, both pulling at the hook-head cable.

Censors on an adjacent catwalk 15 feet below: two with shotguns -- trained on Lincoln, ready to fire -- Lincoln's a dead man --

237 EXT. LOWER CATWALK -

237

FOUR HOOKHEADS WAIL THROUGH THE AIR, SPEARING THE CENSORS WITH THE SHOTGUNS JUST BEFORE THEY SHOOT LINCOLN...:

REVEAL: JORDAN, WITH LAURENT AND THE TEN AGNATES SHE RESCUED. CAVALRY'S ARRIVED. Censors scream in pain, dropping weapons. *

JONES

I told you it was rigged -- *

Around the agnates, more censors race in on catwalks -- Laurent fights with the agnates, firing hookheads. A Mexican standoff -- *

238 EXT. METAL CATWALK -

238

The extractor fan's making VIOLENT SHEARING sounds. Lincoln CHARGES Merrick, taking the hookhead cable connected to his shoulder, WRAPS IT TWICE AROUND MERRICK'S NECK. He tries strangling Merrick by pulling the line...

They struggle, then tumble off OPPOSITE SIDES of the catwalk...

The cord unspools 75 feet then SNAPS TAUT, suspending them both high above the ground -- they dangle, swinging past each other's face, Merrick with the cable wrapped tight around his neck, clawing at it -- Lincoln hangs on with all his strength, the cable cutting into his hands --

THE TURBINE FAN FINALLY SELF-DESTRUCTS, SPINNING OFF ITS AXIS...

THE FAN RIPS THROUGH THE BUNKER LIKE AN ENORMOUS CUISINART BLADE, TEARING THROUGH CONCRETE, METAL, ANYTHING IN ITS PATH...

IT TAKES DOWN THE HUGE LATTICEWORK OF THE HOLOGRAM --

IT SLASHES CLEAR THROUGH THE CATWALK LINCOLN AND MERRICK ARE SUSPENDED FROM -- MIRACULOUSLY, THEY REMAIN DANGLING FROM THE SEVERED END --

THE FAN FINALLY CRASHES TO THE SILO FLOOR BELOW.

THROUGH THE DUST: A HUGE SHAFT OF SUNLIGHT streams through the open circle where the fan used to be. Jordan and the agnates look up, bathed in the sun...

LINCOLN AND MERRICK -- EYE-TO-EYE AS THEY SWING IN FRONT OF EACH OTHER. Finally, Merrick GOES BLUE. Eyes bulging...

As he takes his final breath, the last image he sees is real sunlight streaming through the top of Centerville...

239 INT. CENTERVILLE -

239

The sunlight shines down through the now-open roof. It eviscerates the hologram surrounding the facility, revealing it as a false exterior to the stunned agnates.

240 INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER SILO -

240

Lincoln pulls himself up onto the remainder of the catwalk. Falls back. Safe. Alive.

241 EXT. DESERT -

241

Silence. Only the desert wind. Then a RUMBLE grows...louder...
LOUDER until: HUNDREDS OF AGNATES burst from the tunnel, run
down the ocean of dunes, feeling the sun for the first time.

*
*
*

In the throng, we find... Lincoln and Jordan, searching for each other... he SEES her through the fleeing bodies, she turns...

*

INTO his arms, SWEEPING her up, they can't hold each other tight enough...she's crying and laughing...now he is too...they hold each other for dear life, two bodies entwined in the crowd...

*

As they separate, they see Laurent watching them from the tunnel opening. Their looks say 'Thank You.' As Laurent watches them go, a smile of private affirmation spreads across his face.

*
*

RISE HIGH over the desert, agnates growing smaller and smaller as they disappear toward freedom. Ripples of dunes become...

242 EXT. SEA - DAY

242

Ripples of sunlit aqua water. Tom Lincoln's sailboat glides over camera. Across the prow: "RENOVATIO."

Lincoln stands on deck, just as he did in his dream at the beginning of the film. Long hair now, a full beard. A wind blows across his face. He lets it wash over him.

*
*

Sensing someone behind him, he turns: she's there. Smiling, holding a six-month-old BABY BOY. Her beauty's deepened by her maternity. The aqua highlights of the water blast them all into near silhouette as they look at each other.

LINCOLN

We made it.

Smiling, her eyes well. Lincoln takes the baby. Pulls her close, the two of them watching the horizon. No island there. Only the sea. Only the promise of things to come.

T H E E N D