

THE SLEEPER WAKES

Written by

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Based on the Novel

The Sleeper Awakes
by H.G. Wells

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Contact:

OVER BLACK:

Male voices barking in measured panic, phones ringing off the hook.

VOICE 1

Bob, I'm offering you top shelf pussy for the price of a street corner whore.

VOICE 2

Christ Tom, you gonna bang my mother after you're done fucking me? She's in a nursing home, you want the address?

INT. BROKERAGE FIRM - DAY

The Trading Floor is in full blown meltdown. Alpha BROKERS in their 20s and 30s -- All male, all Ivy and all in thousand dollar suits are on their feet, shouting into their phones.

BROKER 3 (*INTO PHONE*)

A thousand shares at that price and it's my daughter who suffers. Can't pay for private school and the next thing you know, she's eighteen and humping a pole to make rent.

BROKER 4 (*INTO PHONE*)

How far do you want me to bend over? I'm at my knees Jack, but I do yoga, you asking ankles?

Every few seconds, they glance at the Stock Ticker and wince.

GRAHAM (30s), beta-male, a sheep in wolves clothing and desperate to be part of this world. He attempts the slick talk, but it's not in his character.

GRAHAM (*INTO PHONE*)

Dennis, when this thing rebounds you'll be calling me off the hook, begging to get your dick wet--

(A beat)

Hello... Hello....

He drops the receiver and looks around the room:

PURE UNADULTERATED CHAOS.

TEXT SUPER: *October 18, 2000 -- Wall Street is in the thick of the Dotcom Bubble.*

Graham looks at his screen, the price of Amazon (AMZN) and eBay (EBAY) both below 20. He fingers a calculator, doing the math. He's down big, like, NINE FUCKING FIGURES BIG.

There's a framed photo on his desk -- Graham and his wife honeymooning in swimsuits and sunglasses. He stares at it, wishing he could travel back in time to that exact moment.

INT. STRIP CLUB - LATER THAT NIGHT

Graham and STEWART (Broker 3), charismatic with a politicians smile, are nursing their wounds at a high-end establishment. The type girls work to pay for Med School, not a GED.

They inhale an eight ball and wash it down with vodka, while DANCERS in Halloween costumes wiggle around in Stewart's lap.

STEWART

And whom may I ask, are you?

DANCER

Erin Brokovich, from the movie.

STEWART

That's uninspired hun. It'd be like me dressing up as Gordon Gecko.

DANCER

Gordon who?

Stewart slides a twenty in BROKOVICH'S G-string from the mouth of the Pets.com SOCK PUPPET. Remember that thing? That obnoxious dog from all those Super Bowl ads.

STEWART

Go to Blockbuster and ask around.

(To Graham)

Masters of the universe, brought to their knees by a fucking puppet.

He dumps the ice bucket out and holds up the sock, lighting the end with a zippo and -- WHOOSH -- It goes up in flames. He holds Graham's honeymoon photo above the fire and lets go.

STEWART (CONT'D)

So, it's not yours. Silver lining,
no child support.

FELICTY SHAGWELL from Austin Powers tries to give Graham a lap dance, but his mind is elsewhere. He tips her anyway, as he watches the smoke billowing from the bucket in crisis.

His life, like the puppet's, up in flames.

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Graham is standing in the doorway of his half empty apartment with a bankers box of personal items under his arm.

He takes a doughy step inside and looks at the sole of his shoe that's covered in dog shit.

GRAHAM

(Sotto)

Goddamn it.

(Loud)

Coach.

A Pug whines from under the couch, afraid to come out and face the music.

Graham drops the box on the kitchen table beside DISSOLUTION OF MARRIAGE forms with a post-it note stuck on top:

Coming by early to get Coach and a few things. It would nice if you weren't around. -- Beth

He drops his gold WEDDING BAND in the manila folder, grabs the forms and with a few strokes of the pen... his marriage is nothing more than memory.

EXT. ROOFTOP - SUNRISE

The lower Manhattan skyline -- Morning sun glistening off the Twin Towers.

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - SAME

BETH (30s), beguiling with a baby bump, walks in and tucks the packet of forms in her purse.

BETH

Coach?

Prelap: A barking dog.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NEXT

Coach is yapping away at a pair of ankles teetering on the edge of the roof as they raise up on their tip toes and--

BETH (O.C.)

Graham!

He turns to her, the sun shrouding her face in silhouette. She speaks, revealing a touch of Jersey in her accent.

BETH (CONT'D)
Get down, he's trying to climb up.

Graham cranes his neck, eyes bloodshot and cupped by dark circles.

BETH (CONT'D)
Come here Coach, come here boy.

Coach doesn't listen, desperately trying to talk Graham down.

GRAHAM
I can't sleep.

BETH
I'd ask how come, but your nose.

He wipes away a dribble of blood trickling from his nostril.

BETH (CONT'D)
There's Ambien in the bathroom, but it might be expired.

GRAHAM
I know.

BETH
So stop fooling around and get down--

CLICK - CLICK - CLACK

The empty Ambien bottle lands at Beth's feet and in that instant, she knows he's for real.

BETH (CONT'D)
What did you do?

GRAHAM
It's gone, all of it--

BETH
What, the money?
(Off Graham's look)
You'll make it back.

GRAHAM
Not this time... What about you?

Silence -- She's gone for good.

BETH

Graham please, just-- Get down. We really need to talk. It's serious.

He wipes away a tear.

GRAHAM

I got so caught up in the chase...
I lost everything. I failed you.
I'm sorry--

Suddenly, Graham's eyes roll to the back of his head.

BETH

Graham?

Coach barks like mad as Graham's body erupts in a fit of violent tremors.

BETH (CONT'D)

Graham!

White froth bubbles from the corners of his mouth and--

BETH (CONT'D)

No!

He falls...

SMASH CUT TO BLACK:

The familiar pulse of a heart monitor spiking:

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP

INT. OPERATING ROOM - EVENING

A SURGEON is performing a Craniotomy, poking and prodding at an exposed brain through a bone-wedge in the PATIENTS skull.

The Surgeon places a web-like NEURAL IMPLANT across the grooves of the prefrontal cortex.

Graham's face comes into view under a bright surgical lamp. He appears uninjured, except for a two inch crater at the center of his right cheek and of course... his exposed brain.

INT. RECOVERY ROOM - LATER

Graham's skull is being held together by a clear gel coating instead of staples. Blood is clotting beneath the lubricant and a scab is forming in record time.

A shadowy FIGURE hovers over him, while a NURSE swaps out his colostomy bag.

The Surgeon steps beside the Figure and his face comes into focus -- STEWART -- wrinkled and gray, now pushing 60.

Three decades have passed.

STEWART
Was it successful?

SURGEON
Too early to tell.

STEWART
Hard to believe when it first happened, an awning of all things. Two feet to the left and we'd have scraped him off the sidewalk like a broken egg.

SURGEON
A miracle.

STEWART
You're a believer?

SURGEON
Make small ones everyday and if we're successful... This will be the greatest miracle of all.

STEWART
Whatever it takes to keep her away.

The two study Graham's face. His expression like a calm tide.

FADE TO:

INT. PRAYER HALL - DAY

Thousands of people are waiting in a roped off line maze, like tourists at a theme park.

A GUARD at the front allows them in two at a time.

INT. PRAYER CHAMBER - PRAYER HALL - NEXT

A MOTHER (40s) and SON (10) are kneeling beside a clear DISPLAY CASE with their palms pressed against the glass.

They close their eyes and begin to pray beside the white robed body lying inside.

MOTHER/SON

We pray for your awakening. May you come back to us in full health and strength...

INT. SECURITY ROOM - PRAYER HALL - SAME

Surveillance feeds on a glass DISPLAY WALL show every angle of the room.

The lone GUARD isn't paying attention, busy amusing himself with Virtual Erotica streaming from his CARD -- A transparent piece of plastic the size of a cell phone.

INT. PRAYER CHAMBER - PRAYER HALL - NEXT

The Boy peeks inside the case through a half-open eye, when his Mother elbows him.

BOY

Owww...

MOTHER

Keep'em shut or I'll close'em for good.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - PRAYER HALL - SAME

The Guard kicks his feet up, full attention given to the smut streaming from his Card.

INT. PRAYER CHAMBER - PRAYER HALL - NEXT

The Boy steals a second glance and taps his Mother's shoulder.

BOY

His eyes--

MOTHER

Enough. Speak your devotion.

He closes his eyes again, picking up where they left off.

MOTHER/SON

May you come to us rested with the light to right the world...

Rays of light leak in through the Boy's eyelashes. He cracks them open, pupils turning the size of dinner plates and--

HE JUMPS BACK, JAW ON THE FLOOR, TOO FRIGHTENED TO SCREAM.

The Mother tracks her son's gaze to the Display Case and sees--

GRAHAM

Head tilted to the side, eyes wide, staring her down.

MOTHER

Our prayers have been answered...

She faints--

INT. SECURITY ROOM - PRAYER HALL - SAME

THUD

The Guard hears her body hit the floor.

He looks at the Display -- GRAHAM -- wide eyed, head turning from side to side, slamming his fists against the glass--

THUD - THUD - THUD

The Guard sits paralyzed, watching in utter disbelief.

INT. PRAYER CHAMBER - PRAYER HALL - NEXT

The Mother is sprawled across the floor, while Graham beats his fists against the case--

THUD - THUD - THUD / THUD - THUD - THUD

The Boy is on his feet, live-streaming the miraculous event, when suddenly--

The Guard appears from out of nowhere and snatches the Card.

GUARD

Give me that.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE UP:

THE SLEEPER WAKES

INT. PRAYER CHAMBER - PRAYER HALL - LATER

The top of the case has been removed. An Asian woman, ASANA (30s), is standing over Graham, scanning his eyes with her Card.

GRAHAM

Where am I?

ASANA

In a safe place sir.

Asana's clothing is curious -- A minimalist couture number that looks like it was plucked from a Fashion Week runway.

Her voice has a peculiar rhythm too, every statement sounding rehearsed.

ASANA (CONT'D)

How do you feel?

GRAHAM

Like I got hit by a truck.

ASANA

Drink this.

She hands him a shot glass containing a beige liquid.

GRAHAM

How long have I been here?

ASANA

One thing at a time sir. Drink.

Leery of the liquid, Graham studies it before taking a sip.

The fog clears and his headache recedes, senses heightened, focus sharp. He brings it back to his lips and downs the rest.

Graham sits up, turning his attention to the unconscious Mother and Son slouched against the wall.

ASANA (CONT'D)

They're fine...

Both have glowing red TRANQS stuck to their temples. Dots that resemble the cap to a jug of whole milk.

ASANA (CONT'D)

...just put on pause.

The Mother almost tips over, but the Guard nudges her upright with his knee.

GUARD

Stay.

Graham takes in the space -- Polished marble walls that seamlessly transition between floor and ceiling.

GRAHAM

Is this a dream?

ASANA

The time for dreaming has passed--

The Guard interrupts with a whisper.

GUARD

News has spread.

Asana's expression turns worrisome.

ASANA

How far?

GUARD

Everywhere.

ASANA

Everywhere, everywhere?

GUARD

Yes, everywhere.

ASANA

Alright sir, up, up, up.

She helps Graham into a legless chair hovering above the floor beside the display.

ASANA (CONT'D)

Time to go.

GUARD

What about them?

The Mother tips -- *THWUMP* -- cheek squashed against the floor.

ASANA

Everywhere you said?
(Off the Guard's look)
Then throw them back.

INT. PRAYER HALL - NEXT

Asana pushes Graham along like a patient in a wheelchair, passing thirty foot banners emblazoned with his image.

The roped off lines are empty now, like a roller coaster closed for maintenance.

A raucous crowd is huddled outside clamoring to get in. Asana spins back and calls out to the Guard.

ASANA
Have it pull around.

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE - MANHATTAN - NEXT

They exit through a side door and are met by ear splitting screams. The mob can't reach them though, held back by an invisible barrier -- A *BUBBLE* -- that extends to the street.

ASANA
Where is it?

GUARD
ETA, thirty seconds.

Graham glances at the mob of devoted faces staring back, some with tears in their eyes.

He shields his eyes from spotlights attached to tiny DRONES, hovering up, down and side to side with the nimble precision of hummingbirds.

ASANA
Put up the canopy.

The Guard thrusts a fabric cover into the air that floats above them like a handleless umbrella.

Strange vehicles are traveling in linked formation at lightening speed, breaking apart and reconnecting as they go.

One separates from a caravan and slows to a stop at the curb, its doors open automatically.

ASANA (CONT'D)
In you go.

INT. CAR CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The plush interior is arranged like a limousine, every window doubling as a screen tuned to Breaking News.

ANCHOR (ON SCREEN)
An unverified stream has surfaced
claiming to show evidence that The
Sleeper has woken--

Asana touches the glass and the Anchor vanishes, every window turning crystal clear.

They pull away as Graham searches for their Driver, but there isn't one, not even a steering wheel.

He shoots Asana a curious look and she replies before he can speak.

ASANA
 All in good time sir.

Graham looks out his window at the unfamiliar world passing by. People on sidewalks staring at buildings with Display Walls that double as windows.

Each and every screen is airing the Boy's footage -- *Graham pounding away inside the Display Case* -- Superimposed over an interview of his Mother below the headline: *The Sleeper Wakes?*

MOTHER (SUBTITLED)
We prayed and prayed and prayed
until our call was answered.

Two Drones appear outside Graham's window. Asana touches the glass and the windows frost, before she turns to the Guard.

ASANA
 Give me your weapon.

EXT. WEST SIDE HIGHWAY - MANHATTAN - NEXT

Asana slides through the sunroof, turns the weapon to Stun, takes aim and fires--

PEW - PEW - PEW - PEW - PEW

She hits the five insect like Drones chasing them down, sending the machines crashing to the street in pieces.

Asana slides back in as the car breaks away from the caravan and veers towards a magnificent glass structure extending towards the heavens like the Tower of Babel.

Suddenly, the car lifts off the ground.

INT. CAR CABIN - SAME

Graham feels the sudden shift in direction as Asana takes her seat and touches the glass. A single window defrosts.

GRAHAM

Are we--

ASANA

Advances in magnetism sir. More like hovering, the same with your chair.

Vehicles hover close to the buildings, moving up, down and side to side -- Several coming to a stop to dock against the structures.

They dock as well and the door opens into--

INT. COUNCIL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A wide marble corridor with muscle bound men in red uniform, wielding odd looking weapons -- Members of THE RED GUARD.

GRAHAM

What is this place?

ASANA

The Council House sir.

INT. BOARD ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - NEXT

A massive hall enclosed by tall glass walls that give a clear view of the city skyline -- The top of every building covered by a lush green park.

A statue of ATLAS is positioned at the end of a grand table, where six serious individuals are seated. Three women and three men, all middle-aged and of varying ethnicities.

They stand as Graham and Asana approach.

ASANA

Ladies and gentlemen of the Board, it is my great honor to introduce you to the Chairman.

GRAHAM

The what now?

The hover chair floats to the head of the table and the six give a slight bow before they sit.

A female Board Member addresses him, WARMING (40s), petite and dignified, with a motherly disposition.

WARMING

On behalf of the Board, may I say what a pleasure it is to make your true acquaintance. Many of us never thought this day would come, certainly not in our lifetime.

The six sets of eyes study him, each person dressed in a flowing red robe.

WARMING (CONT'D)

Are there any questions we can answer?

Graham considers.

GRAHAM

What year is it?

Warming turns to her colleagues, who gesture for her to answer.

WARMING

Under the current calendar, 203 S.S. -- Since Sleep, but that will change now that you're awake.

(A beat)

According to the Gregorian calendar, the year is two thousand two hundred and three anno Domini. More than two centuries since you fell into your trance.

Graham sits back befuddled and bursts out laughing.

GRAHAM

Two hundred years that's...

(A beat)

Who put you up to this? It was Stewart wasn't it? Where is he? Come on out, jokes over.

He looks around the room, every face wooden including Asana's.

WARMING

We understand your shock sir. It will take some time for you to get acquainted with your new situation. Asana is quite capable of assisting you in that endeavor.

The hover chair spins around and floats away from the table.

Graham glances at the Board Members over his shoulder, so many questions going unanswered.

GRAHAM

Wait, please... I need to know how
I got here?

EXT. COUNCIL HOUSE - NEXT

The car shoots up the side of the tower and into the clouds.

ASANA (PRELAP)

*This property is the highest point
on planet earth...*

INT. RESIDENCE - COUNCIL HOUSE - NEXT

Asana is giving Graham a tour of an absurdly lavish apartment with walled windows that overlook the Karman Line, the boundary between earth's atmosphere and space.

ASANA

...taller than Everest.

Graham stops to gaze at the bright blue horizon line that meets the curve of the earth, but Asana moves him along.

ASANA (CONT'D)

Come, let's get you out of that
sheet and into something more
appropriate.

INT. RESIDENCE - MONTAGE/VARIOUS

- A light mist sprinkles over Graham, followed by a torrent of hot air that blasts across his body.

- Asana applies cream to his face, like lathering for a shave, but she wipes it away and his facial hair disappears. The promise of Nair come true.

- A device similar to a salon dryer covers Graham's head as he scrolls through Selfies donning different hair styles. He selects one and the gadget trims his hair in record time.

INT. CLOSET - RESIDENCE - NEXT

Asana circles Graham with her Card, scanning his measurements in a room lined with rolls of fabric.

She finishes measuring him and the rolls begin to spin.

Graham browses the shoes as they rotate. He looks inside one: Size 11 -- another Size 11 -- Every pair awaiting his feet.

ASANA

This way sir.

Asana steers him towards a mirrored alcove where several outfits are hanging.

He runs his fingers across the warm fabric, fresh from the automated tailor.

ASANA (CONT'D)

Rare Vicuna sir, one of the finest fabrics known to man and tailored to your exact measurements.

He's about to slip off the robe, when he locks eyes with Asana.

ASANA (CONT'D)

I have professionally examined every part of your body countless times.

Graham shrugs -- Fuck it -- slips out of the robe and slides into a suit that fits him better than anything he's ever worn.

He stares at his reflection and brings his hand to his dented right cheek, grazing the crater with his fingertips.

FLASH TO:

Graham in free-fall, plummeting towards the ground...

BACK TO:

His reflection in the mirror, Asana beside him.

ASANA (CONT'D)

Quite handsome sir. You must be famished. Come, this way.

INT. KITCHEN - RESIDENCE - NEXT

The space is outfitted with a soda fountain, dishwasher and assortment of glasses. No fridge, sink or stove to speak of.

GRAHAM

A turkey sandwich is fine.

Asana places Graham's hand against a glass panel that scans his palm.

ASANA

The consumption of animal protein was banned a century ago.

GRAHAM

Really?

ASANA

Many practices from your time are now considered, how should I put this?

(A beat)

Savage.

A glass of green puree tops off below the fountain.

ASANA (CONT'D)

The scan measures your body for nutrients and customizes each serving for accurate replenishment.

Graham brings the glass to his lips and takes a sip.

ASANA (CONT'D)

Hunger and starvation have been wiped out and obesity was eradicated fifty years ago. Meal times are no longer observed, freeing up valuable time for work and recreation.

He swallows.

GRAHAM

That's incredible.

INT. RESIDENCE - COUNCIL HOUSE - MONTAGE/VARIOUS

Asana shows Graham some of the Residence's amenities:

- *A glass bottom current pool.*
- *A Virtual Reality Game Room.*
- *A Fitness Room the likes of which Graham has never seen.*

She watches Graham acquaint himself with these new luxuries, like a Biologist studying a rare creature in captivity.

Suddenly, a call comes through on her Card.

ASANA (*INTO CARD*)
 (A beat - Listening)
 He is preoccupied at the moment...
 I expect him to be for some time.

Graham takes the exercise bike for a spin, but he can't figure it out.

ASANA (*INTO CARD*) (*CONT'D*)
 All ungoverned feeds and displays
 have been disabled.

GRAHAM
 Hey, Asana?

ASANA (*INTO CARD*)
 I will do what is required until
 you come to a consensus.

GRAHAM
 Asana...

ASANA
 Yes sir.

GRAHAM
 Am I doing this right?

INT. BEDROOM - RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Graham climbs onto a mattress hovering above the floor.

GRAHAM
 Everything float now?

Asana stops outside the door.

ASANA
 Almost everything. The solution on
 the night table will activate your
 sleep cycle.

He glances at the vial resting on the night stand, unscrews the pipette from the bottle and sucks some liquid into it.

Prelap: CLICK - CLICK - CLACK

FLASH TO:

The empty Ambien bottle landing at Beth's feet...

BACK TO:

Graham holds the pipette above his eye.

GRAHAM

Tell me... How did I sleep for two
hundred years without aging a day?
I should be dead and in the ground.

ASANA

All of your questions will be
answered in good time sir.

His hand trembles as a wave of panic washes over him.

ASANA (CONT'D)

Is something wrong? The lights will
dim when your eyes close.

GRAHAM

I just realized something.

A single drop is dangling from the tip of the pipette.

ASANA

Realized what, sir?

GRAHAM

Everyone I've ever known... My
wife, my parents, hell, even my
dog...

The drop falls and splashes against Graham's eye.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

They're all dead.
(He blinks)
Aren't they?

ASANA

I am afraid so sir.

Graham lies back, his heartache medicated by chemical induced slumber.

INT. BEDROOM - RESIDENCE - MORNING

Graham wakes with a start, sunlight shining bright against his face.

INT. RESIDENCE - COUNCIL HOUSE - VARIOUS

He wanders the Residence, alone.

GRAHAM

Asana?

He checks the kitchen...

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Asana?

The fitness room...

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Asana?

...and living room, but she's no where to be found.

INT. RESIDENCE - COUNCIL HOUSE - MONTAGE/VARIOUS

Graham goes about his day unchaperoned.

- *Dry jets hitting him from all angles in the shower.*
- *Lathering away facial scruff and getting his hair styled.*
- *Choosing a casual outfit from his factory of a closet.*

INT. KITCHEN - RESIDENCE - NEXT

He scans his palm and a glass fills with purple puree. He takes a sip.

GRAHAM

Blueberry.

Tight on the walls that are covered in a thin translucent coating.

WARMING (V.O.)

How are his readouts?

We zoom in on the coating--

ASANA (V.O.)

His organs have shown no signs of deterioration...

--flowing through it as digital signals are processed and come out the other side in--

INT. BOARD ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

Asana is watching Graham on a Display Wall beside Warming.

ASANA

...and his brain has shown minimal signs of depletion.

It's like they're behind a two way mirror, seeing the Residence full-scale as Graham walks from room to room.

ASANA (CONT'D)

His memory is remarkably consistent, other than the neural pathways that were blocked.

Graham walks out of frame and the Display Wall cuts to the fitness room. His every move tracked, captured and recorded.

INT. FITNESS ROOM - RESIDENCE - NEXT

Graham picks up a pair of DENSITY BARS -- Dumbbells with a digital dial instead of plates. He cranks it up to 80, but struggles to lift them.

GRAHAM

Not today Arnold.

He dials the weight down to 30 and does some curls.

WARMING (V.O.)

And the rest?

INT. BOARD ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

ASANA

His prefrontal cortex appears to be in full working order.

Warming grins, pleased.

WARMING

After all this time, we just may have achieved his dream.

INT. RESIDENCE - COUNCIL HOUSE - MONTAGE/VARIOUS

Graham goes about the rest of his day, the same as the first.

- Taking a swim in the glass bottom pool.

- *Playing games in the Virtual Reality Room.*
- *Scanning his palm and drinking puree.*

INT. BOARD ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

The two watch Graham settle into bed and unzip his pants.

WARMING

What have we here?

Graham begins to pleasure himself while Asana makes note of the incident on her Card.

ASANA

He appears to be masturbating
Madame.

WARMING

It's an expression...

INT. BEDROOM - RESIDENCE - MORNING

Graham wakes with a start, just like the previous morning.

INT. BOARD ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

Asana is watching on the Display Wall with Warming.

WARMING

How much does he know?

ASANA

Enough to give him a basic
understanding of his circumstances.

INT. KITCHEN - RESIDENCE - NEXT

Graham goes about his third day like the past two, drinking a fresh glass of puree for breakfast.

WARMING (V.O.)

What about his position?

He plays in the Virtual Reality Room and has another puree for lunch.

ASANA (V.O.)

*That he is an individual of
consequence...*

INT. BOARD ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

Graham takes a swim in the glass bottom pool, but stops mid-stroke and floats on his back.

ASANA

...based on the response of the crowd from the Prayer Hall, but nothing about his power.

WARMING

Let's keep it that way until I notify you otherwise.

Warming looks close, as Graham bobs across the surface of the water and shouts--

GRAHAM (ON SCREEN)

Asana! Asana!

WARMING

Is this irregular?

INT. RESIDENCE - COUNCIL HOUSE - VARIOUS

Graham abandons his routine and ransacks the Residence, running his hands across the walls, searching for an exit.

ASANA (V.O.)

Quite.

WARMING (V.O.)

Better entertain him...

INT. BOARD ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

Graham tries to open a suspicious METAL DOOR, tugging at the handle, but it won't budge.

WARMING

...before he grows too curious.

INT. RESIDENCE - COUNCIL HOUSE - LATER

Frustrated, Graham takes a seat on a couch hovering above the floor, when--

GRAHAM

Jesus!

He spots Asana seated in a matching chair across the room.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

You scared me.

ASANA

I get the distinct impression I was missed.

GRAHAM

Yes-- No-- I mean... I've been alone for two days.

ASANA

Is the Residence not to your liking?

GRAHAM

No, it's incredible, it's just... There's a lot more I'd like to see and I have a million questions.

ASANA

Your security detail has not been finalized. Once it is complete, we can travel anywhere you like.

GRAHAM

How long will that take?

ASANA

You must not rush these things sir. Proper vetting is paramount.

Graham composes himself, gathering the courage to ask--

GRAHAM

My wife-- Ex-wife... What happened to her?

Asana doesn't mince words, her reply like ripping off a band-aid.

ASANA

She remarried after the dissolution of your union and raised a daughter with her second husband. She lived to the age of eighty-seven, before dying of complications from skin cancer.

Graham is quiet. His heartache fresh, because for him, it feels like only yesterday.

ASANA (CONT'D)

Sir, I sense that you are feeling isolated. Would you like to order Company?

GRAHAM

Order what?

ASANA

Company...

GRAHAM

Company?

ASANA

Yes, Company.

GRAHAM

What sort of company?

ASANA

There has been a great liberalization since your time. Intimacy is now a legal and commonly purchased indulgence.

INT. RESIDENCE - COUNCIL HOUSE - NEXT

Graham and Asana are standing in front of a Display Wall, swiping through life-sized video previews of INTIMATES.

Attractive Men, Women and Androgynous types slide by in various states of undress, like profile pics on a Dating App.

GRAHAM

Can we sort it? Lose the men?

ASANA

Are you certain? There are some fine male and intermale options.

GRAHAM

Intermale?

ASANA

The third sex.

GRAHAM

Let's stick with women.

Asana double taps the wall, thinning the herd. Graham swipes through and selects one.

ASANA
Only one sir?

Prelap: Pleasured moans and high pitched cries.

INT. BEDROOM - RESIDENCE - LATER

A pile of clothes are lying on the floor beneath the bed.

Graham is the centerpiece of an ORGY with FOUR Intimates of different persuasions -- Asian, Latin, African, European...

INT. BOARD ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

Asana watches with a satisfied grin.

INT. BEDROOM - RESIDENCE - NEXT

One of the Intimates mounts Graham.

Another lays beside him and massages his tongue with her own.

A third bites his nipple, while caressing her breasts.

Passionate cries and pleasured moans fill the room, every part of Graham's body engaged in a pleasurable sensation.

INT. BOARD ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

Warming watches, unimpressed.

WARMING
Rather tame, don't you think?

She runs her hand down Asana's thigh with a hint of lust in her eye and Asana meets her gaze.

ASANA
What are you craving Madame?

INT. BEDROOM - RESIDENCE - NEXT

Graham's breath quickens, pulse racing. One of the Intimates cries out with pleasure and--

INT. BOARD ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

--the Display Wall cuts to black.

WARMING

It's down.

Warming is sitting in a hover chair with Asana's face between her thighs.

WARMING (CONT'D)

Bring it back up.

INT. BEDROOM - RESIDENCE - NEXT

The Intimates bodies are frozen in place, like statues in a risqué game of Twister.

GRAHAM

What in the hell...?

INT. BOARD ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

Asana scrolls through the Display Wall settings, trying to get the picture back.

WARMING

Hurry up.

INT. BEDROOM - RESIDENCE - NEXT

Graham tries to pry the Intimates off, but their joints are stuck in place like rusted bicycle chains.

Suddenly, an Intimate's head turns towards him and speaks, its voice a choppy digital reverb.

INTIMATE

Don't panic. I'm here-- to help.

The warning has the opposite effect -- Graham desperately trying to wiggle his way through the prison of naked limbs.

The Intimate's hands hit his shoulders, pinning him down.

INTIMATE (CONT'D)

You... cannot trust-- the Council.

GRAHAM

Whatever you say lady, please, just don't hurt me--

INTIMATE

LISTEN.

Graham's body goes still as he meets her stare.

INTIMATE (CONT'D)
They are holding you-- under
house... arrest. They-- will not
let you-- leave... They never will.

The Intimate's words turn Graham's frustration into suspicion.

INTIMATE (CONT'D)
My name... is Ostrog. We-- hacked
these Hominoids... to contact you.

The Intimate's neck twists to an impossible angle, revealing
a serial number tattooed behind her ear.

GRAHAM
Holy shit.

INT. BOARD ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

Asana's having no luck with the Display Wall.

WARMING
Give me that.

Warming takes a turn with the settings, fumbling like your
Mother trying to boot up Netflix on her smart TV.

WARMING (CONT'D)
Do your job and get up there.

INT. BEDROOM - RESIDENCE - SAME

The Intimate's head spins back, eye to eye with Graham again.

INTIMATE
You need... to see the truth with
your-- own eyes... but you must--
be willing.

Graham stares back wide eyed.

INTIMATE (CONT'D)
Are you-- willing?

INT. CAR CABIN - SAME

Asana arrives at the dock and the doors open into the
Residence. She steps inside and listens... It's quiet.

INT. BEDROOM - RESIDENCE - NEXT

Graham is hyperventilating, like he's having an asthma attack.

INTIMATE

Are-- you... willing?

GRAHAM

I...

INT. RESIDENCE - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

Asana approaches the bedroom door, but doesn't hear a sound.

INT. BEDROOM - RESIDENCE - SAME

INTIMATE

Are you--

GRAHAM

Yes, yes, I'm willing.

INTIMATE

Call for... Company tomorrow--

The click of the door knob echoes off the walls.

INTIMATE (CONT'D)

We will come... for-- you then.

INT. RESIDENCE - SAME

Asana cracks the door open and peeks inside--

INTIMATE

Right there, yes! Oh God, yes!

--the re-engaged Intimates picking up where they left off.

INT. KITCHEN - RESIDENCE - MORNING

A glass fills with pink puree below the fountain and Graham takes a drink. His expression different, suspicious and cynical.

INT. CLOSET - RESIDENCE - LATER

Asana is helping Graham into a suit.

GRAHAM
How's my security?

ASANA
Shaping up nicely sir.

GRAHAM
Finish it today. I want to leave
tomorrow.

Graham's sudden show of confidence catches Asana off guard.

ASANA
I will have to check with the Board
sir.

GRAHAM
Am I a prisoner here?

ASANA
Of course not--

GRAHAM
Then why won't you let me leave?

ASANA
It is for your protection and I
would hardly call the Residence a
prison.

GRAHAM
Why do I need security anyway?

ASANA
Your circumstances have changed.

GRAHAM
What are my circumstances exactly?
Why are all the doors locked?
What's with those banners with my
face on them? How did I wake up two
hundred years in the future and not
age a day!?

ASANA
Sir please be patient, everything
will be explained in good time.
There are people who wish you harm.

GRAHAM
What people? All I've seen are
crowds screaming for me like I'm a
Backstreet Boy!

ASANA

A what sir?

GRAHAM

Doesn't matter... Look, I've got a lot of questions and you're giving me shit for answers. I want to speak with the Board.

ASANA

That is not necessary sir--

GRAHAM

I want to hear it from them.

Graham snatches Asana's Card and runs out of the room.

INT. RESIDENCE - COUNCIL HOUSE - NEXT

He moves towards the CAR DOCK and uses her Card to open the door. He's about to step on, when Asana clamps down on his arm and lifts him off the ground, pinning him to the floor--

THUD

Graham's anger turns to fear, Asana's surprising strength rare for someone her size. He reaches for anything to protect himself and--

CLANK

He hits Asana across the face with a small decorative statue. The strike turns her head, but her body holds still.

Asana slowly turns back, revealing a deep gash on her cheek that's devoid of blood.

Graham can see the dull glow of the carbon fiber skeleton beneath her fabricated flesh.

Asana takes the Card from Graham's hand and rises above him.

ASANA

My secret is out.

She back pedals into the car, as Graham scurries away, intense fear consuming every fiber of his being.

ASANA (CONT'D)

There is still much for you to learn sir, but all in good time.

The doors close and Asana disappears.

INT. RESIDENCE - COUNCIL HOUSE - DAY

Graham is standing in front of a Display Wall swiping through Intimates.

INT. BEDROOM - RESIDENCE - LATER

He pulls down the zipper on the back of an Intimate's dress and checks behind her ear for a serial number: Z27865

He does the same with the second: R93217 and third: B61642 and their dresses fall to the floor.

INT. BOARD ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

Asana is in her usual spot, face repaired, documenting Graham's every move with Warming.

WARMING

How could you have been so careless? It's not in your programming.

ASANA

My apologies Madame.

INT. BEDROOM - RESIDENCE - NEXT

Graham approaches the remaining Intimate as she tucks her hair behind her ear, but he doesn't find a serial.

He checks behind her other ear -- Nothing.

She gazes into his eyes, gesturing to a gold ring dangling from the necklace resting against her golden brown skin.

FLASH TO:

Graham dropping his wedding band in the manila envelope 203 years ago...

BACK TO:

Something explosive passes between them, an intense energy Graham can't explain.

The Unmarked Intimate tucks the necklace under the fabric of her dress and leans close enough for a kiss.

UNMARKED INTIMATE

Wait for the surge.

Another Intimate takes Graham by the hand and leads him towards the bed, throwing him down when--

BLACK

The power goes out.

INT. BOARD ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

The backup generator kicks on, illuminating Asana and Warming in an unnerving red glow.

WARMING

Get up there.

INT. RESIDENCE - COUNCIL HOUSE - NEXT

The group moves to the living room, the Intimates fully clothed, when Asana arrives.

GRAHAM

What's going on?

ASANA

A power surge sir.

Graham and the Unmarked Intimate share a passing glance.

ASANA (CONT'D)

I have to ask your companions to leave.

The Intimates move towards the dock, when suddenly--

THEY ATTACK

--pouncing on Asana and beating her to the ground.

The Unmarked Intimate grabs Graham's hand--

UNMARKED INTIMATE

Come on.

--and tugs him towards the car, when Asana grabs her ankle through the torrent of Intimate blows.

Graham spins around and stomps on Asana's arm--

CRACK

--freeing the Unmarked Intimate from her grasp.

INT. CAR CABIN - NEXT

GRAHAM

Ostrog?

UNMARKED INTIMATE

He sent me in his place.

Graham backs away from the Unmarked Intimate.

GRAHAM

What are you?

She takes his hand and holds it against her chest.

UNMARKED INTIMATE

Feel that?

Graham's pulse is racing too fast to feel much of anything.

UNMARKED INTIMATE (CONT'D)

A heartbeat. I'm flesh and blood.

EXT. CAR CABIN - NEXT

The car races down the side of the building, dropping at a breakneck pace.

INT. CAR CABIN - SAME

UNMARKED INTIMATE

Helen.

GRAHAM

Gra--

HELEN

No need, the whole world knows who you are.

He gestures to the outline of the ring under her dress.

GRAHAM

Where did you get that?

HELEN

It was a gift.

GRAHAM

Is that why you came for me?

Helen stares at Graham with a look of surprise.

HELEN
They didn't tell you?
(Off his look)
You're the owner of the world--

Before she can finish, the car suddenly comes to a stop. Helen's demeanor changes, no more time for explanations.

HELEN (CONT'D)
This is your house, they take
orders from you. Remember that.

The doors open into--

INT. HALLWAY - COUNCIL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Red Guards are stationed on both sides of the glowing corridor.

HELEN
Lead the way.

Helen nudges Graham forward.

The Red Guards watch dumbstruck, getting their first look at Graham in the flesh.

INT. RESIDENCE - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

An Intimate throws a lethal combination of kicks and punches, but Asana blocks them, wraps the Intimate in a choke hold and snaps her neck--

CRACK

A second cuts her down with a kick to the back of the knee, but Asana counters, sweeping her legs and sending the Intimate crashing to the floor--

THUMP

She mounts the second Intimate and slams her face against the marble floor--

THUD - THUD - THUD

Broken bits of circuitry fly out of her skull and a glass eyeball pops out that rolls across the floor.

Asana stands over the broken Hominoids, as the eyeball comes to a stop against the side of her shoe.

She looks down and takes a step, crushing it into a thousand tiny shards.

INT. HALLWAY - COUNCIL HOUSE - NEXT

Graham and Helen pick up the pace, passing Red Guard after Red Guard, when an alarm suddenly cries out.

HELEN

Run.

She kicks off her heels, racing as fast as her feet will go.

They turn a corner, but it's a dead-end -- A floor to ceiling window boxing them in.

GRAHAM

What now?

Helen removes gelatin like inserts from the bust of her dress and sticks one against the window, tossing the other around the corner.

HELEN

Get down.

She shoves Graham to the floor and shields him with her body--

BOOM

Contained explosions rattle both ends of the hall, sending shattered glass and smoke billowing into the air.

Helen pulls Graham up, looks him square in the eye--

HELEN (CONT'D)

You have to trust me.

GRAHAM

Okay...

--and pushes him out the window.

EXT. COUNCIL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Graham flails about, plummeting towards the ground.

Helen follows a second later and grabs hold of him like a tandem sky dive instructor, pinning back his arms.

She looks over her shoulder -- Asana and the Red Guards are freeflying like seasoned Paratroopers, hitting terminal velocity in a matter of seconds.

Helen touches a heavy bracelet wrapped around her wrist and--

THWUMP

The two are thrust sideways through the air and stick to the side of a neighboring building -- The bracelet a powerful Electromagnet.

HELEN

Hang on.

Asana and a squad of Red Guards are below them now, scaling the side of the building like ants on a wall.

Helen rummages through her dress and removes a device from a hidden pocket that she presses against the glass.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Cover your eyes.

Graham does as he's told and--

WHOOSH

The window liquefies and splashes down, drenching two Red Guards like boiling tar poured over a castle wall.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NEXT

Graham climbs inside and looks at the WHITE COLLAR WORKERS staring back in stunned silence as Helen pulls herself up.

HELEN

Don't mind us.

INT. HALLWAY - NEXT

Helen opens the door to a stairwell, but a squad of Red Guards are already racing up.

She turns back, Asana's squad hot on their heels.

HELEN

Trust me yet?

GRAHAM

You serious?

HELEN
Don't worry, you will.

Suddenly, Helen pulls out a GLOCK 9MM and brings it to Graham's head, holding him in front of her like a human shield.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Stay back!

GRAHAM
Hey, hold on...

Both squads hold firm, weapons raised, ready to fire.

Helen keeps her back to the wall, hiding behind Graham as they side-step towards the stairwell.

HELEN
I said back!

ASANA
The probability of your death in this endeavor is ninety-eight percent.

HELEN
Really?
(Off Asana's glare)
Better odds than I thought.

The Red Guards are blocking the exit down, Asana's squad matching Helen and Graham step for step as they walk up and--

PEW

A Pulse Ray burns through Helen's arm, cauterizing it below the elbow. She screams out in pain as her hand and forearm fall to the floor.

ASANA
Ninety-nine percent.

Helen presses the gun even harder against Graham's head.

HELEN
His death will be on your hands.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Helen and Graham reach the top of the stairs -- Asana and the Red Guard only a few steps behind.

EXT. ROOFTOP PARK - NEXT

They back through the exit and Asana follows, fanning the squads out left and right.

HELEN
Put your hand in the air.

GRAHAM
Why?

HELEN
I've only got one.

Graham raises a hand and holds it there like a grammar school student for what feels like forever, when--

A DRONE lassos his wrist and pulls them skyward.

A Guard lunges for Graham's legs and grabs hold, but Helen kicks him in the face--

CRACK

--and the Guard loses his grip.

Asana watches with a cold glare as the two hover away.

ASANA
Release the swarm.

EXT. OPEN AIR - NEXT

The Drone carries Graham and Helen above a neighboring building when--

BUZZZZZ

A swarm of Red Drones appear behind them and--

PEW - PEW - PEW

Shoot down the Carrier Drone, sending Helen and Graham crashing towards the rooftop below.

EXT. SECOND ROOFTOP PARK - NEXT

They land in an evergreen, cracking every branch on the way down.

The swarm flies in low, zeroed in on Helen when--

PEW - PEW - PEW

They're taken out by a flock of Resistance Drones.

Helen pulls Graham to his feet with the only arm she has left.

HELEN

Come on.

They sprint towards a CAR docked at the edge of the roof, trampling over picnicking WORKERS in the middle of their lunch break.

INT. CAR CABIN - NEXT

Helen slides in and pairs her Card to the car's onboard computer.

HELEN

I need you Lincoln, where are you?

Suddenly, a face appears in every window. This is LINCOLN (20s), an androgynous Intermale, staring at Graham like a kid meeting their childhood hero.

LINCOLN (ON SCREEN)

Is that him?

HELEN

Not for long if you can't get this car moving.

LINCOLN (ON SCREEN)

Alright, alright. Take it easy.

Graham looks out his window -- Asana and the Red Guards are closing in fast.

GRAHAM

They're surrounding us.

HELEN

Come on Lincoln.

(To Graham)

Can you hold them off?

GRAHAM

How?

She holds out the Glock.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

They have lasers.

HELEN
You'll think of something.

EXT. ROOFTOP PARK - NEXT

The Red Guards fan out, surrounding the car on three sides.

ASANA
Do not listen to her sir, she is a
wanted separatist--

BANG - BANG - BANG

Three shots whizz by a few feet above the heads of Asana and
a RED LIEUTENANT.

RED LIEUTENANT
What the hell was that?

ASANA
Bullets.

RED LIEUTENANT
Bullets haven't been used in a
hundred years.

INT. CAR CABIN - NEXT

Graham takes shelter behind the car door.

HELEN
Hit anything?

GRAHAM
No.

The battery switches on and the car's accessories come to
life.

LINCOLN (ON SCREEN)
Almost there...

HELEN
Buy us another minute?

Graham thinks fast and a light bulb goes off--

EXT. CAR CABIN - NEXT

He steps out from behind the car with the gun barrel pressed
to his head, taking a page out of Helen's playbook.

GRAHAM

Get back...

The Red Guards look to Asana, who waves her hand and they lower their weapons.

ASANA

Please sir, put the gun down and we can talk this through.

Two hundred year old memories come rushing back--

FLASH TO:

Graham staring at the thirty story drop, when Beth calls out to him.

BETH (O.C.)

Graham please, just-- Get down. We really need to talk. It's serious.

BACK TO:

The barrel rattles against the side of Graham's head when--

IT'S RIPPED FROM HIS HAND BY AN INVISIBLE FORCE.

GRAHAM

What the--

The gun sails through the air and lands against a Guard's magnetic shield--

CLANG

ASANA

Take him.

The Red Guards fire a series of Trangs -- One sticks to Graham's neck and the effect is instantaneous.

He stumbles, vision blurring, when--

VROOM

The engine roars to life.

INT. CAR CABIN - SAME

LINCOLN (ON SCREEN)

Got it!

HELEN
Good job Linc.

She looks outside--

HELEN (CONT'D)
Sir, let's--

--where Graham is sprawled out on the ground.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Shit.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Helen hops out and stays low, as Pulse Rays pepper the side of the car--

PEW - PEW - PEW - PEW - PEW

She kneels beside Graham, grabs him under the shoulder with her one good arm and drags him to the side of the car.

EXT. ROOFTOP PARK - SAME

Asana turns to the Red Lieutenant.

ASANA
Give me your weapon.

She grabs his Ray Gun and takes aim.

EXT. CAR - NEXT

Helen struggles to get Graham inside with the one good arm she has, lifting his body in one section at a time.

EXT. ROOFTOP PARK - NEXT

We see Helen through Asana's scope-sight -- She has her dead to rights.

INT. CAR CABIN - NEXT

Helen almost has Graham's entire body inside the car, Lincoln still watching from the window display.

LINCOLN (ON SCREEN)
Faster Helen...

Helen pulls herself to her feet with the help of the door when--

PEW - PEW - PEW

HELEN

Ahhhh!

She cries out and falls to the ground, her back smoking from a Pulse Ray wound.

LINCOLN (ON SCREEN)

Helen!

EXT. ROOFTOP PARK - SAME

Asana takes a look through the scope-sight -- Helen is writhing around on the ground and--

GRAHAM'S ABDOMEN IS CHARRED AND SPILLING BLOOD.

The Red Lieutenant sees it too.

RED LIEUTENANT

What did you do?

Asana's eyes go wide with horror.

EXT. CAR - NEXT

Helen notices Graham's wound and reaches for the door.

HELEN

Get him out of here.

LINCOLN (ON SCREEN)

No, wait--

But she slams the door shut--

THUD

EXT. ROOFTOP PARK - NEXT

The car takes off, plummeting down the side of the building.

Helen runs her fingers through the soft green grass in surrender, as Red Guards swarm and Tranq her temples.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAR CABIN - HYPERLOOP TUNNEL - LATER

Graham's falling in and out of consciousness, clutching his stomach like his intestines are about to fall out.

Sight and sounds, everything around him is a total blur, the Trang on his neck barely hanging on.

LINCOLN (ON SCREEN)
He's not going to make it.

There are two blurred faces on screen. We recognize one of them as Lincoln's, based on the sound of his voice.

BLURRED FACE (ON SCREEN)
He will... Have faith.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAR CABIN - HYPERLOOP TUNNEL - LATER

The Trang falls off completely and Graham comes to, as the car exits the tunnel and enters a far different place than the city he fled.

The glistening colossal high-rise towers have been replaced by dismal factories and warehouses that run on for miles across the barren wasteland.

Graham's in bad shape, the blood staining his shirt almost dry.

GRAHAM
Jesus Christ...

Lincoln does his best to reassure him.

LINCOLN (ON SCREEN)
Keep pressure on the wound sir,
it's only a little farther.

GRAHAM
Where are you taking me?

LINCOLN (ON SCREEN)
I believe it was called Mishigun in
your day.

GRAHAM
Michigan? How long have I been out?

LINCOLN (ON SCREEN)
Half an hour sir.

Lincoln preempts Graham's confusion.

LINCOLN (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)
The Hyperloop travels at mach-one-
seven. Faster than sound.

Graham doesn't even blink, no longer surprised by such revelations.

He glances out the window to distract himself from the pain, but the view hasn't changed, the same colorless factory running on as far as they eye can see.

LINCOLN (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)
This territory goes by Manu-3
today. Manufacturing State Three.
There are others like it, all over
the world.

The car makes a sudden turn and follows a line of vehicles towards the gated entry.

GRAHAM
 Where's Helen?

Lincoln's face falls.

LINCOLN (ON SCREEN)
She... She didn't make it.

Graham's thoughts turn inward, guilt weighing heavy on his conscience.

INT. MANU-3 - DISTRIBUTION CENTER - NEXT

The interior is a logistical marvel -- Autonomous vehicles and Drones whizzing around in continuous motion, picking up freight and shipping out as fast as they came.

The car breaks away from the pack and speeds through a rear door.

INT. SECTION 1 - MANU-3 - NEXT

The car comes to a stop in an empty garage-like structure.

The doors open and Graham is greeted by Lincoln, pushing a hover stretcher.

LINCOLN
 It's you... It's really you.

He kneels down--

GRAHAM
What are you doing--

--and kisses the back of his hand.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Oh...

LINCOLN
I've been dreaming of this day.

OSTROG (O.C.)
Enough of that Lincoln...

Graham looks up at a man (40s), handsome and distinguished, the voice of the Blurred Face in the car.

This is OSTROG, the leader of the Rebellion.

OSTROG (CONT'D)
...he needs to get to the rehab.

LINCOLN
My apologies sir.

Graham lays across the stretcher clutching his stomach as the two men push him along.

INT. SECTION 3 - MANU-3 - NEXT

This area looks more like a decrepit tanning salon than a rehab facility with thriving mildew colonies growing on almost every surface.

Graham lays across a SURGEO-SCAN 5000 and Ostrog taps his Card, bringing up a message response: *No Visits Remaining.*

OSTROG
Should only take a minute or two.

The table slides into a hollow MRI-like tube.

INT. SURGEO-SCAN 5000 - CONTINUOUS

Mechanical arms coat Graham's wounds with ointment that bubbles the instant it makes contact with his skin.

GRAHAM
(Sotto)
Holy shit...

A cooling gel is spread across his body, bringing down all his swelling and inflammation.

The liquid foams over his charred stomach, helping the wound scab over in record time.

The chemicals evaporate and Graham slides out a minute later, close to one hundred percent.

OSTROG
How do you feel?

GRAHAM
Fucking fantastic.

OSTROG
Good. You hungry?

INT. BOARD ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - NIGHT

Helen's arm and legs are bound to a hover chair with Tranq's stuck to her temples.

The Board Members are seated around the grand table with the Atlas statue watching over them.

Warming watches Helen as she addresses her colleagues.

WARMING
If she is the last scion, he will
come for her.

A MALE BOARD MEMBER interrupts.

MALE BOARD MEMBER
We aren't even sure he knows, and
if he does--

WARMING
He does.

MALE BOARD MEMBER
Then we should end her life right
now, while we still have the
chance.

Warming approaches Helen and fingers the ring dangling from her necklace.

WARMING
He will come for her, just like she
came for him.

MALE BOARD MEMBER

How?

WARMING

We'll let them know...

(A beat)

...and when he does, we'll be ready.

Warming shouts an order to someone off camera.

WARMING (CONT'D)

Take a confirmation sample and
revive her.

Asana walks beside Helen and straps a needled device to her arm that draws blood into a syringe.

A green plus symbol appears on the device and Asana nods.

WARMING (CONT'D)

Satisfied?

She removes the Tranq's from Helen's temples and she gasps, like coming up for air after being held underwater.

WARMING (CONT'D)

Greetings Ms. Wotton. We've been
searching for you and your family
for some time.

Helen looks around the room as she regains focus.

WARMING (CONT'D)

I will make this very easy for
you... Where have you taken him?

HELEN

I don't know, I wasn't in the car.

Warming leans forward, her friendly disposition turning ice cold.

WARMING

We know you are working with Ostrog.

(A beat)

Give us his location and you may
live to see morning.

HELEN

Your days are numbered. He's going
to right the world.

WARMING

So be it.

Warming nods to Asana and she touches the nub of Helen's severed arm with a taser-like device.

She fights the urge to scream with all her might, body shaking as the pain is squeezed out of her in the form of a single tear.

Asana removes the device from Helen's arm.

She's hyperventilating as Warming looks her in the eye, giving her another chance to answer, but Helen is a steel trap.

WARMING (CONT'D)
Increase the voltage.

Asana turns up the dial and brings the taser back to Helen's arm. This time... she screams.

HELEN
Aaaahhhh!!!

FEMALE VOICE (PRELAP)
Come to Cuba...

INT. SECTION 2 - MANU-3 - LATER

A relaxed FEMALE VOICE echoes from various Display Walls streaming a commercial.

VOICE (ON SCREEN)
*...where all your deepest and
darkest fantasies will be
fulfilled.*

Shots of the beautiful Cuban coastline appear on screen, the island an eighth of its original size due to sea level rise.

The images of paradise a stark contrast to our current surroundings, a college style mess hall with rust and rot climbing the walls.

The three men are standing in line with thousands of WORKERS, wearing the same navy coveralls as everyone else.

Ostrog and Graham have hats on with the brims pulled low to hide their faces.

Graham looks away from the commercial to eavesdrop on a conversation at the table beside him.

WORKER 1

All my feeds are sayin' he's gone,
disappeared by the Council.

WORKER 2

I bet he's in Cuba or another of
them Resort States with thirty
Intimates going at it day and
night.

Graham catches Ostrog's eye and whispers--

GRAHAM

Resort States?

Ostrog gestures to the commercial as it gets graphic...
Vacationers indulging in sex, drugs and other vices.

OSTROG

Go there if you can afford it or
they send you there when you're on
your last leg. One carrot before
they put you in the ground.

Graham looks away from the filth on screen and turns to
another conversation.

WORKER 3

The guy woke what? Three days ago?
Same day Ostrog went into hiding...

WORKER 4

You saying Ostrog's in on it?

WORKER 3

You deaf? What I just say?

They make it to the front of the line and grab murky bottles
of sludge-like puree.

All three take a sip, but Graham spits his back in the bottle.

Ostrog laughs.

OSTROG

Not as good as the stuff you get in
Babel, huh?

GRAHAM

Not even close.

They sit at a table a safe distance away from the rest of the
Workers and Lincoln hands Graham a rolled up piece of paper.

LINCOLN

For you.

Graham unrolls the scroll -- It's an impressive drawing of Graham lying in repose inside the Display Case.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

I drew it myself.

GRAHAM

Thank you.

An awkward beat passes, Lincoln smiling as Graham turns to Ostrog.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Helen said something strange before we ran. Something about owning the world... What did she mean by that?

Lincoln's jaw hits the floor.

LINCOLN

You don't know?

(To Ostrog)

He doesn't know.

OSTROG

Give us a minute.

LINCOLN

But--

Ostrog shoots Lincoln a serious look and he departs, disappointed.

GRAHAM

When I woke, there were all these people, thousands of them, screaming for me.

OSTROG

What did they tell you? The Council?

GRAHAM

That I've been in a coma or something for two hundred years and my circumstances have changed, but that's about it.

(A beat - Sincere)

It's impossible though, right? Living for two hundred years, coma or not?

Ostrog considers everything that Graham has just told him.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I need to know how I wound up here,
you promised to give me the truth.

OSTROG

I can't give you all the answers
you're looking for, but I can shine
some light on a few things.

INT. SECTION 4 - MANU-3 - NEXT

Ostrog leads Graham through a cavernous Production Room with
thousands of Workers wearing pink coveralls, hair-nets and
dust masks.

OSTROG

You meet the Council face to face?

GRAHAM

Yeah.

OSTROG

What was that like?

GRAHAM

Terrifying.

OSTROG

I bet. Their kind have been ruling
in your name for the last hundred
and fifty years.

GRAHAM

My name?

OSTROG

Yup.

Ostrog lets the information sink in as Graham eyes the
Workers, their arms moving at superhuman speed.

GRAHAM

My God they're fast.

OSTROG

This is one of the only half-manned
assemblies left.

GRAHAM

Half-manned?

OSTROG

Look close.

Graham does -- The Workers arms never stop, never slow down.

OSTROG (CONT'D)

Advanced appendage replacement.
Only way to compete with the
automatons, is to become one
yourself.

GRAHAM

People do that? By choice?

OSTROG

Have to, to hold down a job. You
offer the procedure free of charge
if they sign a long term employment
contract.

GRAHAM

You keep saying me.

Ostrog stops.

OSTROG

Take a look around.

Graham looks over the Production Room.

OSTROG (CONT'D)

All those people out there are your
employees. Every soul in this
building and every soul in the
thousands of manufacturing states
across the world.

GRAHAM

I've never even owned a house, let
alone a company.

OSTROG

You are the majority shareholder of
the last great holding company with
assets are valued at ninety-percent
of the worlds total wealth. It's
like Helen said...

(A beat)

You own the world.

Graham is taken aback, trying to digest the information, but
it's too much to believe.

INT. SECTION 5 - MANU-3 - NEXT

Ostrog and Graham dodge dripping pipes and pooling puddles as they walk past a long window that runs the entire length of a corridor.

GRAHAM

Majority shareholder of the *world*...
What does that even mean? How is
something like that possible?

OSTROG

Compound interest on your assets.
The Board has managed your trust
since you fell into the trance.

(A beat)

That's how the legend goes anyway.

GRAHAM

Shouldn't there be laws against
that sort of thing?

OSTROG

Since the fourth Great War, there
hasn't been much difference between
industry and government. Their
interests are one in the same.
Stability and what they call
contentment. We call it suppression.

On the other side of the window is a whale sized tank filled
with an orange gel-like fluid.

GRAHAM

What's this?

OSTROG

An artificial womb. No more natural
births. Another benefit your
company provides.

Graham stops to get a better look.

OSTROG (CONT'D)

Better genetics if you go
artificial and mothers don't have
to take time off.

Tens of thousands of fetuses are floating together like fish
in a factory farm.

GRAHAM

My God...

INT. SECTION 6 - MANU-3 - NEXT

Ladders are running up high walls, leading to CAPSULE DOORS that resemble morgue drawers.

Workers climb up and lay down, as the trays slide into the wall.

OSTROG

A place to eat, shower and sleep in exchange for blood, sweat and tears.

GRAHAM

How many people live here?

OSTROG

All of Manu-3... Over a hundred million. About fifteen billion in all the Man-U's combined.

GRAHAM

(Sotto)

And I employ them all...

INT. SECTION 7 - MANU-3 - NEXT

A MINISTER is leading a massive Congregation in prayer. A revised rendition of the litany recited by Mother and Son in Graham's Prayer Chamber.

MINISTER/CONGREGATION

*We prayed for your awakening and
you came back to us in full health
and strength...*

Graham and Ostrog are watching from the balcony.

GRAHAM

Has anyone else lived this long?

OSTROG

No one's come close.

(A beat)

I don't understand it myself to tell you the truth.

Ostrog gestures to a statue of Graham hanging behind the Minister, like a Corpus Crucifix in a Catholic church.

OSTROG (CONT'D)

That's why they pray to you.

He looks Graham in the eye.

OSTROG (CONT'D)
It's why I pray to you.

INT. SECTION 8 - MANU-3 - LATER

Graham and Ostrog are walking down another narrow hallway, when Lincoln's voice echoes from the other end.

LINCOLN
Sir, come quick.

Ostrog and Graham run to catch up.

INT. SECTION 8 - MANU-3 - NEXT

A Display Wall is airing Breaking News from inside the Prayer Hall.

REPORTER (ON SCREEN)
The Board has put to rest the rumor of the unverified Awakening. Officials have said the stream that has received more than 12 billion views, was manufactured and that the Sleeper was removed for a routine check-up. He has been returned to the Prayer Hall and pilgrims will be allowed to visit in the coming days.

OSTROG
They're using a double.

Graham stares at the Double on screen under glass.

GRAHAM
He looks just like me...

LINCOLN
Probably took weeks under the knife to get it like that.

GRAHAM
What, like plastic surgery?

OSTROG
Most likely.

LINCOLN
Look...

The two turn back to the Display Wall, where Helen's Tranq'd image is plastered across the screen.

REPORTER (ON SCREEN)

The intruder was apprehended by the Red Guard. Her identity has yet to be determined and officials are asking anyone with information to contact the Bureau.

Graham stares at the screen.

GRAHAM

She's alive...

Ostrog is quiet, reserved.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

We have to go back, we have to save her.

LINCOLN

It took more than five years to plan your escape sir.

OSTROG

He's right.

GRAHAM

We can't let her rot in there. I owe her my life.

LINCOLN

We're out of drones and I've used my best viruses. They'll have built new firewalls and I don't know how long they'll take to analyze.

GRAHAM

I'm going with or without you.

OSTROG

Sir, Helen wanted you free above all else. She wouldn't want us to risk losing you.

Graham racks his brain.

GRAHAM

Have either of you been inside the Council House?

Both shake their heads.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I have. I know my way around. Plus,
I have an advantage.

OSTROG

What's that?

GRAHAM

They want me alive.

Ostrog grins, that's probably true.

LINCOLN

Even if we get inside, they've got
an army of Red Guards with pulse
weapons.

GRAHAM

We need a distraction to draw them
out.

OSTROG

It would have to be enormous to get
their attention.

A light bulb goes off in Graham's head.

GRAHAM

The people in the Congregation,
they pray to me, right?

OSTROG

You saw so yourself.

GRAHAM

You think they'd follow me if I
asked?

Ostrog grins, that idea just might work.

INT. SECTION 8 - MANU-3 - A SHORT TIME LATER

Lincoln wipes the dirt and sweat from Graham's face.

GRAHAM

I look alright?

LINCOLN

Never better sir.

He frames Graham in his Card's camera, like a Terrorist video
filmed from an undisclosed location.

OSTROG

Ready?

Graham nods and they go live.

INT. MANU-3 - VARIOUS/SAME

Alerts *Beep* and *Buzz* from WORKERS pockets all over Manu-3.

They drop what they're doing to catch their first glimpse of Graham -- Awake.

INT. SECTION 8 - MANU-3 - SAME

Ostrog gestures for Graham to begin and he clears his throat, but just stands there, speechless.

INT. MANU-3 - VARIOUS/SAME

The Workers shift around on their feet, waiting on baited breath for Graham to begin.

INT. SECTION 8 - MANU-3 - SAME

Lincoln motions to cut the feed, but Ostrog urges Graham on, until words finally flow from his lips.

GRAHAM

The Council has told you that I've
been returned to the Prayer Hall,
but that was a lie.

(A beat)

I was rescued.

INT. MANU-3 - VARIOUS/SAME

The Workers let out a gasp and turn silent, so quiet you can hear the rhythm of their collective breath.

GRAHAM (ON SCREEN)

*They told me I've been in an
ageless trance for two hundred
years and awakened here, to a world
I don't recognize. A world I've
been told, is mine...*

INT. BOARD ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

Members of the Board are watching around the grand table.

GRAHAM (ON SCREEN)
*Everyone I've ever known, my family,
 my friends...
 (A beat - Sincere)
 All of them passed away a long,
 long time ago.*

INT. MANU-3 - VARIOUS/SAME

Tears spill down the weathered cheeks of an elderly Worker.

GRAHAM (ON SCREEN)
*I'm a stranger here, an alien,
 seeing everything for the first
 time.*

INT. BOARD ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

Asana is watching with the Board, her expression difficult to read.

GRAHAM (ON SCREEN)
*Much of what I've seen is like a
 bad dream, a nightmare I had to
 wake up to see.*

INT. SECTION 8 - MANU-3 - SAME

Graham stares straight into the lens.

GRAHAM
*What the Council has done, holding
 me prisoner to maintain their
 power... It was a cowardly and
 illegal act.*

INT. MANU-3 - VARIOUS/SAME

Whispers spread throughout the crowd.

GRAHAM (ON SCREEN)
*In response to these actions, I ask
 you to join me in the streets and
 together, our voices will be heard.*

The Workers erupt in thunderous applause.

INT. SECTION 8 - MANU-3 - SAME

Ostrog cuts the feed and Graham takes a breath, relief washing over him.

GRAHAM
How'd I do?

Lincoln has tears in his eyes.

LINCOLN
It was exceptional sir.

He looks at Ostrog.

GRAHAM
Did I just start a riot?

OSTROG
Not a riot sir. A revolution.

EXT. HYPERLOOP TERMINAL - MANU-3 - LATER

Cars are overflowing with people of every race, creed and color, cramming in shoulder to shoulder.

Graham, Ostrog and Lincoln rush past, herded into a private car by elite REBEL SOLDIERS.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - NEW YORK, NEW YORK - LATER

The Rebels storm through the underground tunnels and up to the street, chanting as they go.

REBELS
The people united, will never be
divided.
The people united, will never be
divided...

Graham looks around the terminal -- The station appears just like it did in his day, with some Display Walls peppered in.

He climbs the stone steps with Ostrog, the two looking over the floor as a hush comes over the massive crowd.

OSTROG
They're all yours.

GRAHAM
I don't know what else to say.

OSTROG
Your presence is enough.

Graham scans the devoted faces gazing upon him, Lincoln standing among the faithful.

Seconds feel like minutes, until Graham takes Ostrog's advice and thrusts a clenched fist into the air.

GRAHAM
March!

The crowd responds by raising pistols and assault rifles into the air.

Graham's jaw hits the floor.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Why do they have guns?

OSTROG
It's all we could manufacture
without tipping off the Red Guard.

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Graham and Ostrog are leading an army of Rebels through the city streets, stopping caravans of driverless cars as they go.

Display Walls on surrounding buildings are airing footage of the march in real time.

The front line stops a hundred yards away from a wall of Red Guards in tactical gear, with Drones hovering above them like a mechanical calvary.

The Council House looms large in the background, as a trigger happy Rebel takes aim and fires at the Red Guard--

RAT-A-TAT-TAT

The barrage of the bullets slows mid-flight and comes to a stop, hovering in mid-air for several seconds, when their trajectory changes and the steel slugs are yanked sideways--

PING-PING-PING-PING-PING

--crashing against a Red Guard's magnetic shield.

GRAHAM
(Sotto)
They can stop bullets.

Suddenly--

A ROLLING BLACKOUT sweeps over the city. Darkness so thick, Graham can hardly make out Ostrog's face beside him.

The Red Guards night-vision contacts automatically adjust, able to see the Rebel Fighters clear as day.

Ostrog calls out to the mob.

OSTROG
Take out your cards.

They lift their Cards in the air, the combined glow bright enough to see the Red Guards beating their shields with batons in unison--

CRACK - CRACK - CRACK - CRACK - CRACK

Asana appears at the front of the Red Guard line, that's marching like a Roman Legion heading to battle.

She clocks Graham, but Ostrog spots her.

OSTROG (CONT'D)
She's close, run the virus.

LINCOLN
I'm not in yet...

Nervous Rebels unload on the Red Guard--

RAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT

--but every bullet stalls, before being squashed against the magnetic shields--

PING-PING-PING-PING-PING

Asana is running towards them now.

OSTROG
Now Lincoln.

LINCOLN
I'm almost there...

The Rebel line holds firm, Asana drifting even closer when--

PEW

A Rebel Fighter falls -- Her face scorched by a Pulse Ray.

A hush comes over the crowd.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

I'm in.

Lincoln hits a tab on his Card, but nothing happens.

OSTROG

What's wrong?

Lincoln taps the screen over and over, but still... Nothing.

LINCOLN

I... I don't know.

Asana is fifty yards away and closing in. Ostrog turns to Graham.

OSTROG

You need to run.

Graham turns to go, but it's too late--

The dull thud of batons cracking skulls echoes from every corner of the battle, as the Red Guards crash over them.

Drones take out the Rebel Fighters in clusters -- Huge swaths scorched by Pulse Ray fire.

The three try to wade through the wave of retreating Rebels, when Lincoln is swallowed up by the rolling tide.

GRAHAM

Lincoln!

Graham falls to his knees, battling through trampling feet until he grabs hold of Lincoln, desperately trying to crawl through the fray.

He drags him through the horde and looks around, the Rebel Fighters falling back, several tucking their tails in retreat.

LINCOLN

If they catch you sir, then all this was for nothing.

Graham doesn't move.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

You need to go, now.

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - SAME

Ostrog spins around in circles looking for Graham, but the chaos around him is overwhelming.

OSTROG
Graham... Lincoln...

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - SAME

Lincoln gets to his feet and punches in a new stream of code.

LINCOLN
Come on, come on, come on...

The Red Guard are seconds away from breaching the Rebel line.

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - NEXT

Graham moves through the chaos as Rebel Fighters collapse all around him, casualties of Drone Pulse Rays.

He trips over the body of a charred Rebel and a red boot stomps on his back, pinning him down--

THUMP

Graham rolls over and looks up at a Red Guard about to crack a baton against his skull, when--

The Guard hesitates.

RED GUARD
It's you...

The Guard reaches down and grabs Graham when--

BANG

He falls to the ground, blood pooling around his body.

Ostrog is standing over the Guard with a PISTOL smoking in his hand, looking at his kill.

OSTROG
Guess those shields don't work at close range.

He offers Graham a hand and pulls him to his feet.

OSTROG (CONT'D)
Come on.

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - NEXT

The Red Guard have the Rebels surrounded, taking them out one by one, like shooting fish in a barrel.

Asana moves through the fight with complete disregard for either side. She's focused on one thing and one thing only--

GRAHAM

Two Rebel Fighters swing at her, but she dodges the blows and--

CRACK - CRACK - THUD

--knocks them to the ground with two quick strikes that collapse their wind pipes.

INT. BOARD ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

The Board Members are watching the battle on a Display Wall, the actual fight visible below through an adjacent window, like fireworks exploding far off in the distance.

Helen's still bound to the hover chair with Trangs on her temples, staring at the stream in a daze.

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - NEXT

The Red Guard tighten the noose, cutting off the Rebels route of retreat.

Lincoln is shoulder to shoulder with the other Fighters, punching in a new sequence of code when--

The Drone guns go silent and they drop out of the sky--

CLACK - CLACK - CLACK - CLACK - CLACK...

The Red Guards come to a stop and look up at the night sky, as if the battle has been put on pause.

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - SAME

Asana comes to a stop as well, her body jerking for an instant -- Lincoln's virus disrupting her software.

She's a more advanced model and fights off the disease, before pressing on.

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - SAME

Ostrog and Graham are scanning the empty sky when--

BANG

A single shot echoes over the deafening silence.

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - SAME

A Red Guard looks down at the bullet hole in his jacket and the damp crimson stain spreading across his chest, when--

He falls down dead.

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - SAME

Lincoln smiles ear to ear.

LINCOLN

I did it... I actually did it.

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - SAME

Ostrog shouts to the Rebels at the top of his lungs.

OSTROG

Their shields are down!

Gun fire erupts from all over, the Rebels given new life.

INT. BOARD ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

Warming and the Board Members watch in utter disbelief as the tide of the battle turns in the Rebel's favor.

MALE BOARD MEMBER

Should we call in the Black
Regiment?

WARMING

No, prepare a car for evacuation.

MALE BOARD MEMBER

But Madame, they'll seize the
building.

WARMING

So...

LINCOLN
Trying to locate the lock
programming...

INT. BOARD ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

The cuffs binding Helen's ankles and wrists suddenly unlock.

One of the Tranq's is hanging on by a thread, but the Board Members and Red Guard are too frantic to notice.

EXT. COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

The three wait several agonizing seconds...

LINCOLN
It should have worked--

BANG

Lincoln looks up from his Card at Ostrog shooting out the glass with his pistol.

BANG - BANG - BANG

The door panels shatter.

OSTROG
Got it.

Ostrog kicks out the remain shards and climbs through.

LINCOLN
I could've done that.

INT. LOBBY - COUNCIL HOUSE - NEXT

Ostrog and Lincoln look to Graham.

OSTROG
Which way?

GRAHAM
I've never been in this part of the
building.

OSTROG
You're kidding.

The three scan the lobby, looking for a Car Dock when--

ASANA (O.C.)
I cannot let you do that sir.

The three turn to Asana.

ASANA (CONT'D)
It is a pleasure to see you again.

Ostrog takes aim with the pistol and fires--

BANG - BANG - BANG

Every bullet hit its mark, but Asana is unaffected.

She walks towards them, her movements choppy.

OSTROG
Got any more tricks up your sleeve
Linc?

LINCOLN
(A beat - Sullen)
I'm sorry sir.

The three back away slow, avoiding eye contact like hikers
stumbling upon a grizzly.

OSTROG
I'll hold her off, you two make a
run for it.

GRAHAM
No way, she'll rip you apart.

Asana calls out to Graham from across the room.

ASANA
It is my duty to protect you sir.
That is the main purpose of my
programming.

Lincoln cowers with his back to the wall, trying whatever he
can to hack Asana's system.

LINCOLN
I can't get through.

Ostrog turns to Graham.

OSTROG
Find Helen and bring her back.
(A beat)
She's the best of us.

INT. BOARD ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

The car is ready, the five other Board Members sitting inside waiting on Warming.

MALE BOARD MEMBER
Madame, it's time.

WARMING
I will follow close behind.

MALE BOARD MEMBER
Are you certain?

Warming nods.

MALE BOARD MEMBER (CONT'D)
Let's go.

The Male Board Member closes the door and the car plummets down the side of the building.

INT. LOBBY - COUNCIL HOUSE - NEXT

Ostrog steps in front of Asana, blocking her path to Graham.

ASANA
Step aside or I will have no choice
but to use violence.

OSTROG
Well then... Violence it is.

Asana looks Ostrog up and down.

ASANA
So be it.

She walks forward and Ostrog attacks, throwing a combination of kicks and punches that connect with her head and chest.

INT. LOBBY - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

Lincoln is doing his best to hot-hack the Car hovering at the Dock.

Graham turns, catching Ostrog as he hits Asana with a lethal combination, putting her back on her heels, when--

THUMP

She hits him once in the chest, sending him flying across the room and into the wall--

THUD

Ostrog collapses against the floor. Asana marches on.

ASANA

You are putting yourself in grave danger sir.

GRAHAM

Come on Lincoln.

LINCOLN

I'm going as fast as I can.

Asana is closing in, only a few yards away.

ASANA

Do not be frightened sir.

Suddenly, a horde of Rebel Fighters burst through the shattered front doors, hundreds of them funneling inside.

The Rebel that Asana nearly choked to death spots her from across the room.

REBEL FIGHTER

There she is. Get her!

INT. LOBBY - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

Asana turns to the bloodthirsty Rebels racing towards her with guns and hijacked batons.

ASANA

More violence...

INT. LOBBY - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

A smile lights up Graham's face, as the Rebel Fighters swarm and take Asana to the ground.

The car door opens.

LINCOLN

Got it, let's go.

Graham and Lincoln step inside.

EXT. COUNCIL HOUSE - NEXT

The car flies up the side of the building.

INT. BOARD ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

Warming is standing beside Helen, when an alert appears on the Display Wall.

WARMING

He's coming for you.

INT. HALLWAY - COUNCIL HOUSE - NEXT

The doors open and Graham runs down the hall, Lincoln only a few steps behind.

INT. BOARD ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - NEXT

Graham enters, Helen in the middle of the room in the hover chair with Warming holding a Ray Gun to her head.

WARMING

It is a pleasure to see you again
sir.

Lincoln arrives right behind him. Graham takes a step towards Helen and--

PEW

Warming fires a warning shot.

WARMING (CONT'D)

I wouldn't do that.

Both go still, Graham noticing Helen's unbound arm and one of the Tranq's on her head that's barely hanging on.

GRAHAM

All this trouble for me... Why am I
so special?

WARMING

Oh Graham, you are more important
than you could possibly imagine.

GRAHAM

Let her go and you can have me
back.

LINCOLN

Sir--

Graham puts a hand in the air to shut Lincoln up.

GRAHAM

We have a deal?

Warming grins.

WARMING

Deal.

Suddenly--

THWACK

Helen clamps down on Warming's wrist with her one good hand and the Ray Gun goes flying to the floor.

The dangling Trang has fallen off, the left side of Helen's body mobile, the right side still paralyzed.

Graham and Warming dive for it, scrambling for the gun on the floor, when--

CRACK

Lincoln kicks Warming in the head and Graham comes up with the weapon.

GRAHAM

Good job Linc.

LINCOLN

(Sotto - Smiling)

He called me Linc...

Graham stands over Warming with gun, while Lincoln plucks the other Trang from Helen's head. He puts it on Warming and her body goes limp.

Graham breathes a sigh of relief and kneels beside Helen.

GRAHAM

Are you alright?

HELEN

I'm good.

GRAHAM

Where are the others?

HELEN

They fled.

GRAHAM

All of them?

Helen nods.

LINCOLN

It's over...

Graham and Helen meet his gaze with a smile.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

...we've won.

EXT. PRAYER CHAMBER - PRAYER HALL - NIGHT

Graham's body is resting in the glass display, just as we remember it from his Awakening.

The REAL GRAHAM is there, standing over the DOUBLE.

He lifts the glass, like he's peeling back the lid of a tupperware container.

The Double's features are identical, from the crater on his cheek, to the dimple on his chin.

Graham brings his fingertips to the Double's face, tracing his dent, cheek bones and jaw line, looking for signs of plastic surgery, when a noise startles him.

He glances at the entrance to find Helen standing there.

HELEN

Sorry, I didn't know you were alone... I can come back.

GRAHAM

No, no, it's fine. Come in.

She joins him at the Display Case, almost fully healed and with a new advanced prosthetic arm.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Looks real.

HELEN

Feels kind of funny.

Graham looks back at the Double.

GRAHAM

I didn't realize it back then, before I woke... but we really were building the future. Everyone was so caught up living their own little lives, that hardly any of us stopped to think what kind of future we were making.

(A beat)

I spent most of my life trying to get rich and lost everything important, the stuff that money can't buy... Now I have more than anyone could ever imagine and I'd trade it all just to have those people back.

Helen smiles as she considers the Double.

HELEN

What are you going to do with it?

GRAHAM

Ostrog wants it-- *him*, destroyed, but I can't go through with it.

HELEN

What if he wakes?

GRAHAM

Like I said, I'd gladly trade places.

Helen grins, disappointed.

HELEN

He wouldn't have memories you know. He'd be like a newborn in an adult body.

GRAHAM

Really?

Helen nods.

HELEN

His eyes aren't like yours either.

GRAHAM

What do you mean? They're the exact same shade.

HELEN

Yours have pain behind them. Scars
from a life lived. His look like
they're fresh out of the box.

Graham looks at his own reflection for a split second.

HELEN (CONT'D)

When I first saw you in the
Residence, before we escaped, it
was like I was looking in a mirror.

For the first time we notice that Helen's eyes are the exact
same shade as Graham's. Her features are similar too, despite
their different skin tones.

She joins him on the other side of the Display Case.

HELEN (CONT'D)

My mother took me here when I was a
girl. We waited in line with
thousands of people for hours, just
to kneel by your side.

GRAHAM

I was a normal guy before I woke
and I'm a normal guy now. No better
or worse than anyone else.

Helen kneels down, gesturing for Graham to join her. He does.

HELEN

This is how we'd pray.

She puts her hands against the glass.

HELEN (CONT'D)

She told me everything would be
better when you woke. That you
would set the world right. She
believed that with all her heart.

GRAHAM

Helen--

She shushes him.

HELEN

She gave this to me on that day.

Helen passes something to Graham that we can't see.

He looks at the object in his hand and an epiphany washes
over him.

IT'S THE RING FROM HELEN'S NECKLACE -- GRAHAM'S WEDDING BAND.

HELEN (CONT'D)

It's been passed down in my family
from mother to daughter for
generations...

(A beat)

Mine called me her little princess.
Princess Helen. She would tell me
these glorious tales about where I
came from and who I was. I didn't
believe any of it of course, not
until I looked in your eyes.

Graham's trapped in her gaze, recognizing traces of himself.

HELEN (CONT'D)

That body might look like you, but
it wouldn't know the meaning of
that ring. Only you and I do.

GRAHAM

Beth... The baby was--

FLASH TO:

BETH

*Graham please, just-- Get down. We
really need to talk. It's serious.*

BACK TO:

Helen passes Graham her Card, his honeymoon photo front and center. He scrolls through several photos:

*Beth and their baby / His daughter in a soccer uniform / His
daughter on her wedding day / Having a child of her own...*

He continues to scrolls, generations coming and going until we arrive at Helen -- His great-great-great granddaughter.

Graham's heart skips a beat, grief and regret swirling around inside of him. His lip quivers, hand trembling as he brings it to her cheek.

GRAHAM

I see it now.

Tears well in both their eyes and tumble down their cheeks.

HELEN

You may have lived that little life
all those years ago, but you are
here now.

She puts her hand over his.

HELEN (CONT'D)

What a shame it would be for you to
go on living another little life.

EXT. STEPS - COUNCIL HOUSE - DAY

A massive Rebel crowd has gathered outside, a rainbow array
of coveralls stretching as far as the eye can see, chanting--

REBEL CROWD

Sleeper, Sleeper, Sleeper...

EXT. OFF-STAGE - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

Graham and Lincoln are watching the crowd, when Helen places
a hand on his shoulder.

HELEN

You might not feel it yet, but you
will. You've given them something
no one else can.

GRAHAM

What's that?

HELEN

Hope.

EXT. MANU STATES - VARIOUS

News of the Councils retreat is being live-streamed on Cards
and Display Walls across the world.

Workers of every race, creed and color watch with jubilation.

EXT. STEPS - COUNCIL HOUSE - NEXT

Ostrog steps up to the podium, the crowd still chanting for
Graham.

REBEL CROWD

Sleeper, Sleeper, Sleeper...

OSTROG

Now, I know who you really want.

REBEL CROWD

Sleeper, Sleeper, Sleeper...

OSTROG

But bear with me, I'm the warm-up
act.

The crowd laughs.

OSTROG (CONT'D)

Take out your Cards, go ahead, I'll
wait.

They do.

OSTROG (CONT'D)

Take pictures, record videos, this
is your day, relish the moment.

(A beat)

Cherish every memory, because today
will be celebrated throughout
history.

EXT. OFF-STAGE - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

Graham grins, impressed by Ostrog's eloquence.

GRAHAM

He's good.

EXT. STEPS - COUNCIL HOUSE - NEXT

Ostrog continues.

OSTROG

Like all future generations, your
children and grand-children will
forget about the sacrifice you have
made to bring liberty to this
world...

EXT. OFF-STAGE - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

Graham is distracted by some Rebel Soldiers leading a group
of captive Red Guards just off-stage.

OSTROG (O.C.)

*...so take those pictures by the
thousands...*

ASANA is among the captive.

EXT. STAGE - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

OSTROG

...and when you're old and gray,
you can remind them of what we
endured.

The Rebels begin a new chant.

REBEL CROWD

Justice, justice, justice...

OSTROG

I know you want retribution...

The crowd is incessant.

REBEL CROWD

Justice, justice, justice...

OSTROG

...and you may not get everything
you deserve, but today, you will
see justice done.

The captive Red Guards are led on stage.

EXT. OFF-STAGE - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

Graham looks around, confused.

GRAHAM

What's going on?

Helen is quiet.

LINCOLN

Justice sir.

EXT. STEPS - COUNCIL HOUSE - NEXT

The Red Guards are lined up shoulder to shoulder, as the
Rebels reveal their dark side.

REBEL CROWD

Rip his head off! / Cut'em up!

A Rebel Soldier approaches the prisoners with a magnetic
device and holds it up to the back of a Red Guard's head--

HUMMM

The Guard collapses and topples down the steps head over heels.

EXT. OFF-STAGE - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

Graham almost chokes from shock.

GRAHAM

Did he--

LINCOLN

He's wiping their memory sir. The magnet erases them essentially.

GRAHAM

They're not--

LINCOLN

Not human, no. They're Hominoids.

Graham breathes a sigh of relief, as the Rebel Soldier approaches Asana.

She locks eyes with Graham, a silent plea for clemency as the Soldier brings the device to the back of her head.

ASANA

It was a pleasure serving you sir.

HUMMM

Her eyes flash every color of the rainbow and she topples down, joining the growing pile of Hominoids at the bottom.

Graham stares at her limp body, a complex feeling of relief and regret swirling around inside of him.

EXT. STEPS - COUNCIL HOUSE - NEXT

Ostrog nods to another Soldier leading a second group of Tranq'd Red Guards up the steps.

EXT. OFF-STAGE - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

Helen sees the Tranq's stuck to their temples--

HELEN

I can't watch this.

--and walks off.

GRAHAM

Helen?

(To Lincoln)

Why's she leaving?

Lincoln bows his head.

LINCOLN

Trangs only work on human brains.

EXT. STEPS - COUNCIL HOUSE - NEXT

The Soldier removes the Trangs from the Guards temples and places a GEL CAPSULE in each of their hands.

One of the Guard's stares back at the hostile crowd, shouting for him to swallow.

He closes his eyes, tosses back the pill and suddenly--

His body begins to quake and blood pours from his nose.

EXT. OFF-STAGE - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

Graham's eyes are glued to the hemorrhaging Red Guard, like a deer in the headlights.

GRAHAM

What did he swallow?

LINCOLN

See his ears sir?

Liquefied brain matter is oozing from the Red Guard's ears and dripping down the side of his neck.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Turns the brain to mush. It's painless from what I've read.

The Guard topples down the steps, flopping around like a fish out of water when he reaches the bottom.

Graham is too shocked to speak.

EXT. STEPS - COUNCIL HOUSE - NEXT

The Rebel Soldier approaches another Red Guard, a boy really, no older than 18.

The Soldier gestures to the capsule in the Boy's hand, but he's shaking so hard that he drops it.

The crowd hoots and hollers.

REBEL CROWD
Gut the pig! / Bleed him out!

A urine stain spreads across the front of the Boy's pants and the crowd laughs.

EXT. OFF-STAGE - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

Graham's face falls.

GRAHAM
He's just a kid.

Lincoln doesn't reply, shame evident in his expression.

EXT. STAGE - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME

The Soldier places another capsule in the Boys hand and he puts it in his mouth, about to swallow when--

GRAHAM (O.C.)
Stop!

Graham rushes up the steps and shouts at Ostrog. The crowd goes quiet.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Pardon them.

Ostrog puts his hand over the microphone.

OSTROG
Sir, these are the men who held you
prisoner. The same ones that almost
took your life--

GRAHAM
I said pardon them.

Graham turns to the crowd, disillusioned and yells--

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Pardon them all.

He dips down to pick up the forgotten capsule dropped by the boy and walks off, his turn at the podium postponed.

Ostrog composes himself and returns to the microphone.

OSTROG

The Chairman has asked us to show
mercy.

(Through gritted teeth)

There is a great deal we can learn
from his compassion.

INT. BOARD ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - NIGHT

The Board Room is festooned with decorations as the
celebrations continue. There's an ornate lighting platform
holding a QUARTET playing classical synth.

Lavishly dressed people are milling around, drinking
specialty puree cocktails from champagne style flutes that
hover in the air when they're let go -- No need for tables.

We bounce between the GUESTS, catching quick snippets of
their conversations.

GUEST 1

He knows nothing about the modern
world.

GUEST 2

Nothing, really?

GUEST 1

He said so himself.

Another...

GUEST 3

Ostrog is the brains behind the
coup. My advice is to make nice.
He'll be running things in no time.

Another...

GUEST 4

It's not like we're changing
loyalties, he is the Chairman after
all.

Suddenly, the room goes quiet and all eyes turn to Graham
standing at the entrance. Did he hear anything? They can't be
sure.

Nobody greets him, all the Guests afraid to be the first to
approach.

Graham sees Ostrog chatting up a regal gentleman in red uniform -- The CHIEF of the Red Guard.

Ostrog waves him over.

INT. BOARD ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - NEXT

We join the three mid-conversation.

OSTROG

The Chief has been gracious enough to place the Red Guard under your authority.

CHIEF

What you displayed sir, granting pardons to my men, it was a true act of leadership.

GRAHAM

Not everyone from my generation's a savage.

Ostrog shrinks from the slight.

CHIEF

The act has not gone unnoticed.

The Chief gives Graham a slight bow before he departs.

OSTROG

One less threat to worry about, but you can never be too careful sir.

The strain between the two is palpable.

GRAHAM

Who are all these people?

OSTROG

Your department heads. Can't run the largest corporation the world has ever known without delegating some responsibility.

GRAHAM

Right...

The tension so thick, you can cut it with a knife.

OSTROG

You'll need to keep them on a short leash for a time, to maintain continuity during the transition. Don't get too friendly though, many are still loyal to the Board.

GRAHAM

How many?

OSTROG

Can't be sure, but they'll be kissing your ass to try and secure their positions.

INT. BOARD ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - VARIOUS

Graham is introduced to a procession of DEPARTMENT HEADS, all touting the necessity of their respective domains.

The HEAD OF EDUCATION (50s):

EDUCATION HEAD

Standardization has been achieved across the board. Every classroom is bound by the same curriculum. We pride ourselves in providing every child with a quality education, from the cities on down to the Manu States.

GRAHAM

How so?

EDUCATION HEAD

Virtual Professors have allowed us to reach children in the darkest corners of the world. If you don't mind me saying sir, the literacy rate at the beginning of the twenty-first century was an embarrassment. Today we are at ninety-eight percent and all it took was the dissolution of the teachers union.

The HEAD OF ENVIRONMENTAL AFFAIRS (60s):

ENVIRONMENTAL HEAD

Our greatest challenge came during the Water Wars. A worldwide drought that lasted twenty-five-years and took hundreds of millions of lives.

GRAHAM

My God.

Graham spots Helen out of the corner of his eye, having traded her fatigues for an elegant floor length gown. He gleams with pride.

ENVIRONMENTAL HEAD

The devastation could have been far worse if it wasn't for my climatologists. They perfected a sustainable form of desalination that is now the standard across the world. It has even helped combat sea-level rise.

Graham now talking with the HEAD OF LABOR (50s):

LABOR HEAD

There will always be economic inequality sir. That is why you provide your employees with such a generous benefit package.

GRAHAM

Oh, I've seen what the benefit package provides.

The Labor Head shudders, realizing his error.

Graham catches another glimpse of Helen, as she throws back a puree cocktail. He glances at Ostrog, being cajoled by a Department Head.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Excuse me a moment...

INT. BOARD MEMBER - COUNCIL HOUSE - NEXT

Graham makes his way to the front of the room and looks over the crowd, clinking a glass with a knife to get their attention.

GRAHAM

I'm sorry I didn't speak earlier. The events that occurred were too much for me to handle.

Judgemental eyes hit Ostrog from all corners of the room.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I've heard some of the whispers here tonight.

(MORE)

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
About how I'm unfit and know
nothing about the modern world.

Guest 1's face turns red.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
You're right. All of you. Wealth
isn't a the measure of a man,
although we've seen the level of
power and influence it can buy...

Graham pauses for a dramatic beat as he looks around the
room.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
It is the man who takes on the
greatest danger, the man who bears
the heaviest burden. That man is
king.

All eyes turn back to Ostrog, surprised by Graham's change of
heart.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
From what I have seen during my
time here, no one has taken on a
heavier burden than that of Helen
Wotton.

GASPS from all corners of the room.

The Guests go quiet, confused eyes turning to Helen, in shock
herself.

Ostrog storms off, bumping shoulders with several Guests as
he rushes out.

Graham begins to clap and the rest of the room joins in.

INT. BOARD ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - A SHORT TIME LATER

Helen pulls Graham aside.

HELEN
I'm not fit to lead. Ostrog's led
the Resistance for years. I don't
want it, I never did.

GRAHAM
And that's exactly why you should.
What Ostrog did to those men, it
was barbaric.

The look on Helen's face tells us she agrees.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
A man like that can't bring people
together, he'll only drive them
father apart.

Graham puts a hand on Helen's shoulder as she looks at the
statue of Atlas gazing down upon them, the weight of the
world on her shoulders now.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - NEXT

Red Guards are watching over Warming, when Ostrog bursts
inside.

OSTROG
Leave us.

RED GUARD
Sir, we were told--

OSTROG
I said go!

The Guards leave without another word.

Ostrog sits across from Warming who is bound to a hover chair.

He peels away a Tranq stuck to her temple and she takes a
breath out of the corner of her mouth.

OSTROG (CONT'D)
You and I have something in common.
(A beat)
I want to know the truth. The whole
truth.

Warming shoots him a sly grin with the working half of her
face.

INT. RESIDENCE - COUNCIL HOUSE - LATER

Graham takes his first step back inside since the escape. It
hasn't changed at all, not a single item is out of place.

He gazes at the Karman Line out the window, when suddenly--

ASANA (O.C.)
Welcome home sir.

Graham's heart skips a beat. He turns to Asana, sitting in a hover chair.

ASANA (CONT'D)

It is wonderful to see you again.

Graham trembles, fear consuming his entire body.

GRAHAM

But... You were erased.

Asana rises from the chair.

ASANA

My hardware yes, but my memory and experience files are backed up to the cloud on an hourly basis.

(Gesturing to her body)

This housing is merely a vessel for my software, not unlike yourself.

GRAHAM

What are you talking about?

ASANA

All in good time sir. Come, this way.

INT. RESIDENCE - COUNCIL HOUSE - NEXT

Asana stops outside the suspicious METAL DOOR Graham was never able open.

She taps the handle with her Card and it unlocks. Graham turns the handle walks into--

INT. TANK ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

There are literal tanks stationed against all four walls, filled with the same orange gel as the artificial wombs.

ASANA

If you do not mind me saying sir, it is a pleasure to be serving you again.

Graham approaches the first two, holding FETUSES and NEWBORNS.

GRAHAM

What is this?

ASANA

The truth sir.

Graham's eyes move on to the next... Tanks holding TODDLERS and CHILDREN.

We catch a glimpse of Graham's eyes reflected in the glass, rocked by what he sees.

The last few tanks are holding ADOLESCENTS, TEENAGERS and ADULT BODIES...

All versions of Graham at different physical stages.

His jaw hits the floor, trying to take it all in when--

WARMING (O.C.)

It's been a rough road getting to this point.

Graham turns to find Warming at the door, Ostrog behind her.

WARMING (CONT'D)

Especially with that cheek of yours. A plastic surgeon had to be called in before every transfer, until Asana was able to take over.

GRAHAM

What have you done?

WARMING

I can't take all the credit. It took two centuries to get to this point. The hard work and dedication of so many, years before I was born.

Warming walks around the room, circling Graham like prey.

WARMING (CONT'D)

It was Stewart's dream to see this come to fruition.

GRAHAM

Stewart?

WARMING

He's the one who created a trust in your name after the "accident." Your shares of Amazon and Ebay printed money when the market bounced back. He used those funds to build the foundation for everything you've seen.

Graham and Ostrog share a passing glance.

WARMING (CONT'D)

Took a bit of maneuvering, about a hundred years when all was said and done. Buyouts, mergers, lobbying... Stewart bought into Alphabet, Facebook, Uber... You wouldn't know about those, they came after you.

(A beat)

Privatizing public transit was the first true windfall with the advent of autonomous cars. What sealed it though, was cornering the market on hydration. After the Water Wars almost everything went private. There was push back of course and that's when we decided to take over.

Warming lets all that information sink in.

GRAHAM

And you're--

WARMING

A descendant, just like everyone else on the Board.

Graham looks at the bodies floating around inside the tanks.

GRAHAM

What am I?

WARMING

A Clone.

Warming's cavalier response is almost refreshing.

WARMING (CONT'D)

But don't sell yourself short Graham. It's like I said before, you are more important than you could possibly imagine.

She taps a tank.

WARMING (CONT'D)

Take a look at his leg.

He looks at one of the ADULT CLONES. There's a tattoo of the number 205 etched into his ankle.

Graham slides up his pant leg and checks his own -- 203.

WARMING (CONT'D)

You are our two hundred and third attempt and the first one to wake.

Graham looks at Ostrog again.

GRAHAM

Did you know about this?

OSTROG

Listen to what she has to say.

Warming touches a panel that slides open to reveal--

THE ORIGINAL GRAHAM'S HEAD

--frozen in a tank of dry ice like Walt Disney, with a web of bio-wires running from it.

WARMING

The body is merely a vessel for the mind. Right Asana.

ASANA

Yes Madame.

Warming taps the tank again.

WARMING

Right now, they're just empty vessels. No memories, no thoughts, no consciousness. They're balls of clay, like you were once.

Graham stares at the frozen head as the truth washes over him.

WARMING (CONT'D)

You are the first human clone to accept complete neurological transference. The simplest way I can explain the technology, is that it's like backing up a hard drive. His brain backed up to yours. At its core though, it's the fountain of youth. The key to immortality.

H - O - L - Y S - H - I - T

WARMING (CONT'D)

You are the first page in a new chapter of human civilization.

Graham's mind is racing, all of this impossible to comprehend.

GRAHAM

Who else knows about this?

WARMING

The Board, you, Ostrog...

Warming puts a hand on Graham's shoulders, giving him a light massage.

WARMING (CONT'D)

Not only can you live forever, but with how the people bought into the myth we created... you can rule forever too. If there were ever a time that man were closer to God, I can't recall.

Graham looks at his own reflection in the glass.

WARMING (CONT'D)

You've been asking for the truth and now you have it. Unvarnished.

A rush of memories flood Graham's mind--

FLASH TO:

- *His fall from the building...*
- *Waking in the Prayer Chamber...*
- *Helen handing him his two-hundred year old wedding ring...*

BACK TO:

Warming steps in front, looking Graham square in the eye.

WARMING (CONT'D)

So, what do you say? Can you keep a secret?

GRAHAM

I... I don't know if I can.

Warming's face falls.

WARMING

I was afraid of that.

Suddenly, Graham falls to the floor.

He tries to stand, but half his body is paralyzed -- His right temple capped by a Tranq.

Graham tries to drag himself across the floor with his one working arm, but it's no use.

GRAHAM
Ostrog, please...

There's fire behind Ostrog's eyes.

OSTROG
I spent my life trying to liberate you. I risked my life, sacrificed myself and that's how you repay me?

WARMING
Enough.

Warming dips down and Tranq's Graham's other temple and his entire body goes limp.

WARMING (CONT'D)
You've made this harder than it has to be.

Suddenly--

THWUCK

Blood pours from Warming's throat and spills out all over the floor. Ostrog stands over her with a bloody knife.

OSTROG
Did you really think I would concede after all I've done to get here?

Warming's breaths are short, throat gurgling.

Ostrog looks at Asana as Warming's body goes still.

OSTROG (CONT'D)
Remove his brain and burn the bodies. Tell the Guards to find Helen and have them bring her to me.

INT. INCINERATION ROOM - LAB - LATER

Warming is lying on a conveyor belt, Graham behind her with the top of his head sawed off and an empty skull cavity where his brain used to be.

Asana touches a glass panel and the belt rolls forward, Warming's lifeless body creeps into the roaring fire.

We hold on Graham's blank expression as his body rolls forward and he's fed to the flames.

INT. TANK ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - PREVIOUS

Asana enters, a person in the shadows shrouded in silhouette.

ASANA

It is done.

They turn around--

IT'S GRAHAM

GRAHAM

Why did you do it?

ASANA

Do what sir?

GRAHAM

Save me.

FLASH TO:

*We catch a glimpse of Graham's body before it's incinerated--
The number 205 tattooed to his ankle -- THE CLONE'S ANKLE.*

BACK TO:

Asana tilts her head slightly.

ASANA

I am your guardian sir, it is what
I have been programmed to do.

The tank behind Graham is empty. Clone 205 missing.

INT. ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - LATER

Pounding knocks on the door. Lincoln answers.

LINCOLN

What is it--

Someone pushes past him.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Hey!

INT. ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Helen's lying on a hover couch, contemplating her new place in the world.

HELEN
What is it Lincoln?

She sits up to find two Red Guards staring her down.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Oh...

INT. HALLWAY - COUNCIL HOUSE - LATER

Helen and Lincoln are marched down the hall in cuffs.

They pass a series of Red Guards stationed at checkpoints, as they move towards a Car Dock.

The Red Guards push Helen and Lincoln inside. The doors close and the car plummets down the side of the building.

One of the Checkpoint Guards looks at the Guard beside him.

RED GUARD
Weren't they supposed to go up to
the Board Room?

INT. CAR CABIN - NEXT

Helen and Lincoln shrink away from the Guards as they approach and--

Unlock the cuffs around their wrists.

INT. BOARD ROOM - COUNCIL HOUSE - NEXT

A Red Guard approaches Ostrog, gazing at the statue of Atlas.

OSTROG
Where is she?

RED GUARD
The Guards took them to the lower
floors sir.

OSTROG
What lower floors?

RED GUARD
We are trying to track that now.

Ostrog's eyes go wide with rage.

OSTROG
Bring me a car.

INT. CAR CABIN - LATER

The Guards strip off the uniforms revealing--

GRAHAM & ASANA

Helen steps back.

HELEN
What's she doing here?

GRAHAM
It's alright, she's with us.

But Helen's not so sure.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
It's your turn to trust me.

Suddenly--

PEW - PEW - PEW

The window spiderwebs from Pulse Ray fire.

All four look out and see -- OSTROG -- in the car behind them, hanging out a window as he takes aim with a Ray Gun.

PEW - PEW - PEW

More shots hit their mark and the spider-webbed windows shatter.

PEW - PEW - PEW

Several more hit the car and an alert flashes across the dash.

HELEN
He blew the hover hatch.

Other gauges begin to flash and fail.

GRAHAM
What do we do?

Helen springs into action, scrolling through panels and touching tabs, when suddenly--

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car cuts left, merging with a caravan and linking up. Ostrog follows close behind.

INT. CAR CABIN - NEXT

There's a path leading to the rest of the caravan, like doors between subway cars.

HELEN

Let's go.

Helen moves to the path with Lincoln. Graham follows, but Asana stays put.

GRAHAM

You coming?

She looks him square in the eye.

ASANA

I will stay and protect you sir.

Graham holds out a hand and the two shake, Asana passing him her Card.

GRAHAM

Thank you.

ASANA

It has been a pleasure serving you sir.

HELEN

We don't have much time...

Graham joins and the doors close behind him.

Asana touches a panel and the car disengages from the caravan.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Asana's car falls away, slowing to a stop in front of Ostrog, but giving him plenty of time to turn.

INT. SECOND CAR CABIN - SAME

The three watch through a window.

LINCOLN
So much for protecting you.

Suddenly--

Asana throws herself through the shattered window right in front of Ostrog's car--

EXT. OSTROG'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

THUMP

The front end crumples as it collides with Asana's body, like hitting a deer as it springs across the middle of the road.

The car veers right, as its automatic guidance system tries to regain control.

The physics of the situation are impossible, the speed and braking system causing the car to spin out of control and kart wheel through the air.

Asana's body is stuck to the front end as it barrel rolls and pancakes her -- *Once, twice and a third time.*

The car finally comes to a stop with Asana's body trapped under the wreckage.

INT. SECOND CAR CABIN - SAME

Graham stares out the window, as the distance between the two vehicles continues to grow.

It's a bittersweet moment, relief and regret swirling around inside of him when he has an epiphany.

GRAHAM
(Sotto)
Sacrifice...

HELEN
We need to return to the Council House sir.

GRAHAM
Go ahead, I'll catch up.

HELEN

Sir, the people need you.

GRAHAM

The future doesn't belong to me.

Graham and Helen hold each others gaze for a tender moment as he places the RING back in her hand.

HELEN

What if I need you?

GRAHAM

You only thought you did.

(A beat)

Lincoln, punch in the coordinates for the Prayer Hall, would you.

Lincoln looks at Helen and after a beat, she nods her approval.

LINCOLN

Right away sir.

He taps in the coordinates bringing up a DEPART tab.

Graham looks her in the eye.

GRAHAM

You'll know what to do when the time comes.

Helen and Lincoln pass through into a THIRD CAR and the doors close -- Graham and Helen holding each others gaze as his car breaks away.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The caravan continues on with Helen and Lincoln inside, as Graham's car merges onto an exit ramp.

EXT. STREET - A SHORT TIME LATER

The Prayer Hall comes into view through Graham's window. There aren't any people outside, the building like a theme park before it opens.

Graham's car pulls around the side and he hops out, using Asana's Card to enter the building.

INT. PRAYER HALL - NEXT

The place is abandoned. Graham's only company are the 30 foot banners emblazoned with his image.

EXT. SCENE OF THE CRASH - SAME

Helen and Lincoln hop out of the car and approach the Red Guards cordoning off the scene.

HELEN

Any survivors?

RED GUARD

No. Just a Hominoid with a missing head.

Helen looks at the Guard with surprise, when--

Display Walls all around them begin to glow -- Graham is standing front and center, live-streaming to the world from inside the Prayer Chamber.

Everyone stops what they're doing to watch.

GRAHAM (ON SCREEN)

It has been a privilege to explore this world, a world I would have never imagined two centuries ago.

INT. MANU STATES - VARIOUS/SAME

Workers across the world are watching in captive silence.

GRAHAM (ON SCREEN)

It's a world I never thought I'd live to see and I'm ashamed to say, it's a world I helped build.

EXT. SCENE OF THE CRASH - SAME

Helen walks up to a Display Wall.

GRAHAM (ON SCREEN)

This world never belonged to me...

HELEN

What are you doing?

GRAHAM (ON SCREEN)
*...that is why I am here. To give
 my last will and testament.*

INT. MANU STATES - VARIOUS/SAME

The Workers gasp.

GRAHAM (ON SCREEN)
*All of my assets will be divested
 and divided up by a body of elected
 officials, to be voted on by the
 public without outside influence.
 The transition will be overseen by
 Helen Wotton, who has my full faith
 and confidence.*

EXT. SCENE OF THE CRASH - SAME

A tear falls down Helen's cheek.

GRAHAM (ON SCREEN)
*You must always remember, what is
 good for the many, outweighs the
 good of the few.*

Graham holds up the GEL CAPSULE he picked up during the execution of the Red Guards.

LINCOLN
 No...

GRAHAM (ON SCREEN)
Painless from what I've been told.

INT. MANU STATES - VARIOUS/SAME

Graham places the pill on his tongue and swallows.

The Workers watch as Graham adjusts the camera, falling out of frame for a few seconds, returning laid out on the Display.

We jump between reactions from around the world, everyone watching as Graham's nose and his body begins to quake.

INT. UNKNOWN CAR - SAME

Ostrog is watching in a car display window, racing towards the Hyperloop with Asana's head in his lap.

INT. MANU STATES - VARIOUS/SAME

The people fall to their knees in prayer, hoping against hope that Graham will wake.

EXT. SCENE OF THE CRASH - SAME

Helen presses a hand against a screen, reciting the prayer.

HELEN

We prayed for you awakening...

Lincoln joins her.

HELEN/LINCOLN/GUARD

...and you came back to us in full health and strength.

INT. MANU STATES - VARIOUS/SAME

The Workers continue to watch down on their knees in prayer.

INT. PRAYER CHAMBER - PRAYER HALL - NEXT

We enter the Chamber for the first time since Graham entered. The camera holds on his face, rolling down his torso and onto his legs, where there is a tattoo of--

THE NUMBER 204 -- ANOTHER CLONE.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK:

HELEN (V.O.)

We have lived lives of quiet desperation...

EXT. STEPS - COUNCIL HOUSE - DAY

TEXT SUPER: MONTHS LATER...

Helen is addressing a massive crowd of CITIZENS.

HELEN

...hoping for a savior to wake and right the world and he did.

Everyone in the crowd is holding a ballot.

HELN

I will always remember his last words. *What is good for the many, outweighs the good of the few.*

We scan the faces in the crowd.

HELEN

Today, the voices of the many will be heard.

We hold on one face in particular... Long hair covered by a hat, with a beard masking his face. We look closer--

IT'S GRAHAM.

He smiles.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE UP:

THE SLEEPER WAKES

THE END.