

Total Recall

by
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Revisions by
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Based on "We Can Remember It For You Wholesale"

by
Philip K. Dick

And

Total Recall

by
Ron Shussett & Dan O'Bannon and Gary Goldman

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INT. GLIDE-TRAIN - EUROMERICA - DAY

SOARING CITY rolling past outside the windows, we're TIGHT ON DOUGLAS QUAID - handsome, working man, soulful eyes presently engrossed in an old paperback SPY NOVEL, his expression reflecting pure absorption in what he's reading as he ignores the bustling world around him.

SOUND BLEEDS IN to his/our ears as we hear a voice:

HARRY (O.S.)

...have you heard a word I've said?

Quaid looks up, and now reveal his burly friend HARRY sitting next to him. Like Quaid and the other passengers around them, Harry strikes us as blue collar (in contrast to UPSCALE PASSENGERS on the far side of the car).

QUAID

What?

HARRY

Forget it. I'm done wasting all my good conversations on you.

Quaid chuckles. Returns to his spy novel.

HARRY

You know, you're the only guy I know who reads books. Where do you even buy those?

QUAID

Believe it or not, there are people who consider these classics. You should try one some time.

(off Harry's look)

Seriously, you get lost in one of these, you forget where you are, who you are.

HARRY

Why would I want to forget who I am?

QUAID

(sarcastic)

What, wouldn't want to miss a second of that exciting lifestyle of yours? Punching in at a factory every day? Staring at the same parts hour after hour?

Harry cracks a smile, as outside the passing city begins to slow. Around them, passengers gather belongings as the train pulls into a STATION.

HARRY

It's just a job, it's not my whole life.
I got other things that make me happy.

The doors suck open. Quaid and Harry step out onto

THE STATION PLATFORM

QUAID

Such as?

HARRY

Friends like you, for instance. Always
with the positive attitude.

Gets a laugh from Quaid.

HARRY

I'm serious, I'm gonna start calling you
Mr. Sunshine -

BOOOOOM!! An ENORMOUS EXPLOSION ERUPTS from a 2ND TRAIN
unloading across the station platform...

GLASS in their own car blowing out, knocking Quaid and
Harry back. Quaid sees a hunk of DEBRIS hurtling right at
them -

QUAID

Harry!

He shoves Harry out of the way, taking the brunt of the
hit himself as it sends him sprawling across the platform.

O.S. we suddenly hear a SHRIEK OF METAL as

THE MAGNETIC INDUCTION TRACK supporting the 2nd train
gives way - and suddenly

THE TRAIN FALLS. The first mangled car dragging the
others behind it after...

Faces of TERRIFIED PASSENGERS in the windows flashing past
as the train sucks down through the mangled hole in the
platform...

MONSTROUS PIECES of the destroyed magneto track go
cartwheeling down into the abyss of the city... followed
by the TRAIN itself -

*Passing the geological stratas of architectural styles of
a city built upon a city...*

Until - the TRAIN PILE-DRIVES at street-level far below in a successive firecracker detonation of cars.

TIGHT ON QUAID SPLAYED OUT ON THE PLATFORM

Semi-conscious as he dazedly squints up into the smoke and debris...

QUAID'S POV: The platform a blur, the world itself is MUTED - a faint RINGING in our ears the only sound until

WOMAN (O.S.)

(faintly)

Are you hurt?

Quaid struggles to focus... as into his field of vision a WOMAN appears through the smoke - dark hair, utterly beautiful. It's almost dream-like as she hovers over him, like an angel.

WOMAN

Hello? Are you hurt?

Quaid blinks up at her, bewildered, awed.

QUAID

(breathless)

...Who are you?

The Woman allows a curious smile at this odd question.

WOMAN

My name's Melina.

Something about the name too has Quaid captivated.

QUAID

Melina...

She smiles again at him, reaches to help him up -

MELINA

Here, let me help you...

- when from off-screen there's a POP-FLASH OF LIGHT - Quaid turns his head to find a damaged section of overhead lighting has crashed to the platform.

Quaid turns back to Melina - but she's gone...

...In her place is Harry, bending to help Quaid to his feet. SOUND RUSHING BACK IN now as Quaid becomes aware of all the surrounding CHAOS - the POLICE VEHICLES and OFFICERS flooding the ravaged platform.

POLICE MEGAPHONE (O.S.)
*Please remain calm. Exit your trains and
 report to the platform triage stations
 for medical examination and clearance.*

HARRY
 You all right? I owe you one.

QUAID
 (bewildered)
 Yeah, I'm okay...

Quaid's eyes roam the chaos, still in a state of semi-shock - when he spots what could be Melina among the dense crowd being ushered off the platform - but he only glimpses the back of her before she's gone.

FEDERAL POLICE, slickly uniformed, ID's prominently displayed immediately begin to round up anyone of blue-collar appearance who looks remotely suspicious.

FEDERAL POLICE AGENT
 (brusk, to a WORKER)
 Identification and resident status...

Harry looks uneasy, tugs at Quaid's sleeve.

HARRY
 Come on. We should get outta here.

They join the throngs scattering in the aftermath.

NEWSCASTER PRE-LAP
*The death-toll on the Magnetic Induction
 Line at the Quad 4 32nd Level is at 144
 and still rising this morning...*

TIGHT ON A NEWS BROADCAST

A NEWSCASTER speaking dryly and earnestly over images of the still-burning WRECKAGE of the train...

NEWSCASTER
*This marks the fourth attack in as many
 months, and once again all signs point to
 terrorist leader Quatto and his
 resistance movement, who are clearly
 stepping up the frequency and brutality
 of their assaults.*

WIDEN TO REVEAL we are in

INT. SYNTH PROCESSING FACTORY - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

NEWS playing for WORKERS at lockers, preparing for work. There's one unused locker with a taped tag: "MARCUS." Beside it we find Quaid and Harry, lockers side by side. As Quaid changes into work-clothes, a co-worker (MURPHY) notices a bruise from where the debris hit Quaid.

MURPHY

Damn. You okay?

Quaid nods, half-paying attention the newscast:

NEWSCASTER

The last such incident occurred six weeks ago, when the bombing of a Federal laboratory killed 23 workers. The fact that those victims were working on a project to improve environmental conditions in the colony of New Asia was not lost on Chancellor Coahaagen, who pointed to this as proof that Quatto does not seek a better life for those in New Asia, as his followers claim, but rather a prolonged conflict. You may recall that Federal Police have since attributed that bombing to this man -

PHOTO ON NEWS of CARL HAUSER: hard features, intense.

NEWSCASTER

- Carl Hauser, a former Intelligence Officer turned traitor, now considered to be Quatto's right hand man. No word yet as to whether Hauser had a role in this morning's incident as well. Again, if you're just joining us, there has been yet another attack by-

AN ABRUPT TONE BLARES, signalling the workers to move out. Lockers are shut, men starting for the doors.

ON QUAID as he clocks their gruff faces: everyone dressed more or less the same, equally resigned to the day ahead.

Quaid reluctantly enters the flow of workers, just another cog in the machine.

INT. SYNTH PROCESSING LINE - DAY

Quaid at his station on a giant ASSEMBLY LINE that stretches away almost out of sight. We spot Harry in a bay next to Quaid's.

Like all the other factory workers in here, Quaid labors over a procession of SYNTHS - highly-advanced, rubber-skinned robots, splayed partially open to reveal their substructure and components.

There's a conspicuous vacancy on the line a slot away from Quaid's. A FOREMAN approaches, escorting a NEW WORKER to the vacant spot.

FOREMAN

(flatly)

You'll be posted here now. Slot 872-G. Activation division. Spent much time around synths?

NEW WORKER

Not really, no.

FOREMAN

Well the bad news is they're even more complicated than they look. Good news is they're police bots, so they're pretty goddamn hard to break. Any questions, Quaid there can answer them.

The Foreman leaves as bruskiy as he arrived. The New Worker nods tentatively at Quaid by way of greeting.

QUAID

What happened to Marcus?

NEW WORKER

Who?

QUAID

Marcus. The guy you're replacing?

NEW WORKER

(shrugs; couldn't care less)

Got me.

Quaid registers this: the expendable nature of a worker. The New Worker hunkers down to his new job, seemingly oblivious to the mundanity of the task.

QUAID

(helpful)

You might want to move your hand when you weld the ocular assembly. If your synth shorts out, that plasma bolt will shoot straight through it.

NEW WORKER

No shit?

Quaid allows a slight grin as he holds up his own hand and shows him A ROUND SCAR in the center of his palm. The Worker quickly jerks his hand away from the synth.

NEW WORKER

Thanks.

Quaid briefly nods.

FAR ACROSS THE FACTORY FLOOR we see a scrawny MAN enter: your typical middle-management type, his gait stiff and awkward. He approaches the Foreman, asks him something. The Foreman nods, points all the way across the floor... to where Quaid and Harry are working.

INT. FACTORY OFFICE - MANAGEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY

Quaid waiting outside a door, when it opens and Harry emerges. Harry makes brief eye contact with Quaid as he passes, rolling his eyes.

HARRY

Strap yourself in - this guy's a laugh a minute.

MAN (O.S.)

(stiff)

Mr. Quaid?

INT. FACTORY OFFICE

The man from the factory floor now sits behind a desk, glancing up to find Quaid in the doorway.

BERGEN

Ted Bergen, Human Resources division.
Come in.

Quaid does. Bergen exhibits the warmth of a dead fish, and only slightly more personality:

BERGEN

I understand you and your friend were on the glide-train platform when that explosion occurred.

(off Quaid's guarded look)

You were inventoried by your train's ID scanner, naturally we were alerted...

QUAID

Right - of course.

BERGEN

The company thought it prudent for me to check in. I imagine the incident must have been - unnerving.

QUAID

You could say that. I'm fine though. My wife was more shaken up about it, and she's halfway around the world.

Bergen briefly nods, opening a file on his desk.

BERGEN

Now then, you've been employed here almost 6 years now... And you live in New Asia?

QUAID

(nods)

Like most workers I make the commute.

BERGEN

And you're assigned to the assembly division. That's skilled labor...

QUAID

True. Though it's still work a machine could do. Truth is if it wasn't for the Automation Restriction Act, I wouldn't have a job. For that matter, either would you, right?

Bergen frowns, confused. Quaid cracks a smile.

QUAID

No humans, no Human Resources.

Bergen returns an insincere half-smile, then resumes his perusing of Quaid's file.

BERGEN

And do you like working here, Mr. Quaid?

QUAID

Does it matter?

Bergen glances up, clearly was expecting a rote "yes."

BERGEN

No, I - suppose not.

(clears his throat)

Now then, about the incident you witnessed this morning...

(reading from paperwork)

BERGEN (CONT'D)

It's my duty as an employee of a federal conglomerate to gauge the extent of your sympathies to the New Asian insurgency, and by extension any possible involvement you may have had in this morning's attack. I've also been instructed to determine whether you're suffering any residual shock or stress that could affect your workplace productivity.

Bergen peers up at Quaid.

BERGEN

So are you?

QUAID

Sorry - are you asking if I'm a terrorist, or if I'm just freaked out?

BERGEN

Either -- well, both.

QUAID

No, and no.

Bergen scribbles in his file. Seconds tick by. Quaid just standing here.

QUAID

Is there anything else, or can I resume my workplace productivity?

Bergen glances up, thrown by Quaid's polite smile masking his sarcasm.

BERGEN

Yes - I mean no - nothing else. For now.

INT. FACTORY - LOCKER ROOM - LATE DAY

Less crowded than before, workers preparing to head home, Quaid and Harry among them.

HARRY

If you ask me, it's bullshit, interrogating us just because we're from New Asia.

Quaid notices a CLEAN-UP CREW OF THREE EMPLOYEES emptying out that locker tagged "MARCUS."

HARRY

You heard what happened to him, right?

QUAID

Marcus? No, was he transferred?

HARRY

Yeah. To the psych ward. Not that he was the picture of sanity to begin with.

QUAID

What happened?

HARRY

Mind-tripping. Turns out he was pretty hooked. Couldn't get enough.

Quaid is surprised, but also vaguely *intrigued*.

HARRY

You always hear people going on about how it's this amazing experience, expands your mind - and that it's all perfectly safe. Yeah? Then why's it illegal?

(SLAM his locker shut)

Trust me, I don't care what the thrill is, it ain't worth it.

Harry turns to Quaid. Ready to go.

HARRY

You coming, Dougie?

QUAID

In a sec. I'll meet you out front.

Harry makes for the exit. Quaid finishes gathering his things, grabs his old spy paperback and shuts his locker -
- to find co-worker Murphy standing beside him.

MURPHY

Marcus was a whack job, that's why he flipped. Trust me, Quaid, a mind-trip's everything they say it is and more.

QUAID

You've done it?

MURPHY

(lowers his voice, grins)

Been to Mars three times already - made first contact with the aliens, they treat me like a king. Best memories I have.

QUAID

And that's all it is? An artificial memory?

MURPHY

Artificial or not, man, it *feels* real. Matter of fact it's *more* than real. Because it doesn't fade. You remember *every last detail*.

(shuts his own locker)

I'll tell you this much -

Murphy grabs his bag and starts to go.

MURPHY

Makes the days around here go by a whole lot faster.

He grins again, and walks off to join others leaving.

HOLD ON QUAID ALONE, thinking about what Murphy's just said, eyes drifting back to Marcus' emptied locker -

- when he notices something on the floor nearby: A SMALL SCRAP OF PAPER that must have escaped the clean-up crew. Quaid looks around - only a couple of workers left, none paying attention to him.

Quaid bends down, picks up the scrap. Turns it over to see four words scribbled: "**RECALL your Wildest Dreams.**" Below it two more words: "**INDUSTRY / PRODUCTION.**"

Quaid frowns, his pulse quickening. He again peers around, no one observing him. He hesitates a beat, then pockets the scrap.

EXT. TRAIN - EUROMERICA - DAY

Winding through the 13th Level of the city - marvelous in its geometric perfection. Neatly ordered, meticulously clean ...

BUT CROWDED. Dense throngs of Euromerica's uniformly prosperous population packing every upward-rising walkway.

EXT. CHINA FALL - DAY

Quaid and Harry disembark the train onto the loading platform of a TERMINAL teeming with THOUSANDS OF WORKERS.

Towering above it all - a GARGANTUAN UPRIGHT CYLINDER of heavily reinforced steel and glass - 30 STORIES TALL.

At it's apex, English, Arabic, Chinese and Cyrillic characters blink round its crown ...

THE CHINA FALL.

INT. CHINA FALL - UPPER PASSENGER DECKS - DAY

Quaid and Harry sit on the upper deck, looking through heat-shielded windows at the thronging terminal far below.

PUBLIC ADDRESS

*Ni-hao. Hola. Privyet. Welcome to the
China Fall. Travel time to New Asia - 17
minutes. Dropping - in 60 seconds.*

As the voice repeats in Russian, roller-coaster like RESTRAINTS lock down over Quaid and Harry's shoulders.

On the SCREEN in the seat-back ahead, a NEWSCAST: on it CHANCELLOR VILOS COHAAGEN (identified by the crawl below) responding to the attack. He speaks with a measured tone, impressing us as a voice of reason and concern:

COHAAGEN (ON NEWS)

It is delusion to think of our world as it was. The Hemispheric Wars changed everything. It left 7/8's of our planet uninhabitable. But we survived and adapted, united under a single government, dedicated to building a better future.

Quaid watches wearily, his paperback open on his knee. Beside him, Harry's already fallen asleep.

COHAAGEN (ON NEWS)

Yet to live in close quarters means we cannot afford to tolerate any individuals who would seek to disrupt the balance of society.

Abruptly a massive THUNK reverberates the entire structure. Quaid pays no mind, as outside the windows MASSIVE BOLTS - anchoring the top of the CHINA FALL - suddenly PNEUMATICALLY WITHDRAW.

COHAAGEN (ON NEWS)

These are trying times, and while I maintain that our Zero Immigration Policy remains a necessity, Euromerica is committed to improving the lives of those living in the colony of New Asia. It's why we instituted the Automation

COHAAGEN (ON NEWS)
 Restriction Laws, so that New Asia's
 workers can remain employed without fear
 of being replaced by machines.

The Cohaagen audio becomes fainter beneath the din:

COHAAGEN (ON NEWS)
 But we will not permit Quatto and his
 minions to intimidate us - Quatto, a man
 afraid to show his own face.

CROPPED INSET ON SCREEN is a file photo of a smallish,
 INDIAN MAN with glasses, mostly obscured by shadow.

COHAAGEN (V.O.)
 He'd have you believe it's to preserve
 anonymity. I assure you it is mere
 cowardice. His followers consider him
 some sort of messiah, when he is in fact
 no more than a murderer.

And the EARTH - the concrete reality of the LOADING
 PLATFORMS, with all the gathered worker-commuters, begins
 to rise up at shocking speed to MEET the windows.

*As if Quaid is in the top floor of a building coming down
 in an earthquake...*

COHAAGEN (ON NEWS)
 (barely audible)
 Quatto may think that by increasing his
 attacks, he's instilling fear. But our
 resolve is stronger than ever...

His PAPERBACK next to him begins to FLOAT - weightless.
 But he pays it no mind as the Loading Platform comes - and
 goes - flashing past. And the entire 30 stories of the
 China Fall, gathering speed...

Drops into the earth. Outside - the blue skies and beauty
 of Euromerica are replaced with levels of an UNDERGROUND
 MALL flashing past. Until they too abruptly vanish ...

As the massive China Fall enters the reinforced SHAFT
 built for it... directly through the earth.

Quaid's eyelids lose the battle. He too drifts off to
 sleep.

INT. CHINA FALL

And abruptly WAKENS. Around him, many of his fellow
 commuters are yawning awake from catnaps.

PUBLIC ADDRESS

*... core ... passing - through core ...
passing - through core ...*

Harry's still out cold. Quaid glances out the heat-shielded windows. The walls of the SHAFT, glowing WHITE HOT - are rocketing past.

PUBLIC ADDRESS

Core traversed. Gravity - reversing.

Quaid yawns - unperturbed - as the floating PAPERBACK beside him starts to travel up towards the ceiling, and his seat, begins to slowly ORBIT upward along the CIRCULAR TRACK it is mounted to ...

Until he - and every other commuter in the packed car has completed a 180 degree rotation - and now SITS ON WHAT BEGAN THE TRIP AS THE CEILING.

Outside, the walls of the shaft begin cooling to red -

And the China Fall begins rising ...

PUBLIC ADDRESS

Pressurizing for sea-level New Asia. You may experience - some discomfort.

Up towards the surface of the other side of the earth.

PUBLIC ADDRESS

Passenger arrival in - 8 minutes.

EXT. CHINA FALL PASSENGER PLATFORM - NEW ASIA - DUSK

Murky skies over New Asia. LOADING PLATFORM, crowded.

CHILDREN - urchins - play atop massive grates that surround the platform in the tremendous volumetric updraft of AIR rising up out of them.

Abruptly, the torrents of oxygen cease, hair and clothing settling, as a gasping mechanical WHOOSH precedes a GREAT METAL MAW grinding open in the center of the platform ...

And - gentle as a sparrow alighting - the massiveness of the CHINA FALL rises into sight ... All thirty stories climbing upward out of the earth ... until it reaches the exhaustion of the kinetic energy it had gained from falling thru the center of the earth.

MASSIVE BOLTS *clunking* inward on all sides - *catching...* and locking it into place.

EXT. NEW ASIA PASSENGER PLATFORM - DUSK

Exiting, Quaid and Harry pause as AIR rushing out of the China Fall blows GARBAGE across the LITTER STREWN platform.

Even though it's dawn here - the sky is DARK from choking clouds of SMOKE, SMOG and CHEMICAL GAS ...

Belching up from the endless SMOKESTACKS of the FACTORIES that stretch away as far as the human eye can see. A LIGHT ACID RAIN begins to sting the platform - tiny curls of acidic smoke rising where every drop strikes.

Quaid and Harry pay it no mind. They're used to it. *They live here.*

INT. BUS - EVENING

An old first-gen bus - liberally graffitied with slogans: '*Quatto's RIGHT!*', '*New Asia got the SHAFT!*'

Outside, the garbage-strewn sidewalks and soot-covered tenements roll by with their constituency, the dull-eyed workforce of the world ...

While within, QUAID sits with Harry, staring uneasily at a BUS AD across the aisle: "*MIND-TRIPPING: A ONE-WAY TICKET TO A LIVING HELL.*" However someone has crossed out "~~HELL~~" and scrawled "*HEAVEN.*"

From a heavily abused screen set into the back of the driver's seat, Cohaagen's speech is being re-played:

COHAAGEN (ON NEWS)

...in close quarters means we simply can not afford to tolerate any individuals who would seek to disrupt the balance-

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.)

(behind them)

There is no balance.

Quaid and Harry glance behind them to find an earnest, intellectual YOUNG WOMAN. Harry rolls his eyes at Quaid. In no mood.

YOUNG WOMAN

We have a right to live just as well here as they do in Euromerica. But if that ever happened, we'd no longer be content to work for them. So instead of building us up, they build the China Fall, and

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)
shackle us to it. Ship us like cattle to
the other end of the Earth, where
residents can actually breathe the air -

HARRY
Give it a rest, huh? Nobody's interested.

QUAID
(more polite)
We've had a long day.

YOUNG WOMAN
But don't you see - Coahaagen is counting
on your complacency. He can't risk us
waking up to the truth. Quatto's right-

HARRY
(harder)
Hey! I said knock if off.

The Young Woman falls quiet as the bus makes a stop. She rises and starts for the door, glancing back at Quaid:

YOUNG WOMAN
The resistance is real. Join us.

A few other passengers eye her uneasily as she exits the bus, the DOORS SHUTTING behind her.

Quaid observes her through his grimy window as she remains on the street, looking both brave and helpless, her figure smaller and smaller as the bus zooms away.

INT. QUAID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Quaid enters. Passes a woman's PARAMEDIC UNIFORM draped over a chair, a medical kit beside it. He proceeds into

THE KITCHEN

Empties his pockets onto the table. Pausing on the SCRAP OF PAPER he'd pocketed earlier... re-reads "**RECALL your Wildest Dreams!**"

VOICE
Doug?

He looks up as his wife LORI enters. Blonde, beautiful, intelligent and warm. She is dressed for bed. Subtly, Quaid quickly slips the scrap of paper back into his pocket as Lori hurries over and embraces him.

QUAID

Honey, I told you. I'm fine.

LORI

You're sure? They had our unit on standby. I was trying to get them to send us...

She hugs him tighter, plants a big kiss.

LORI

I'm just so glad you're okay. It must have been awful.

She catches the way his smile falters.

LORI

What is it?

QUAID

Nothing, I just... Those people on that train - they were just like me. On their way to some mindless job, not realizing it could all end in an instant. I kept thinking, if I died today, would it even matter?

Lori glances back at him, knows where this is going.

LORI

Doug...

She shakes her head - they've gone down this road before.

QUAID

(lets it go)

Nevermind. I'm sorry.

LORI

If you're not happy at work, why don't you ask for that promotion we've talked about?

QUAID

It's not that. I don't know - I just wish my life had more of a purpose, you know?

LORI

Oh baby - don't say that.

(sighs)

Look, you know I think it's a good thing to have aspirations. I just think you need to be realistic, that's all. You

LORI (CONT'D)
have a steady job that you're good at...
isn't that purpose enough?

She crosses to him.

LORI
You *do* matter. To me. So what if my
husband isn't all those starry-eyed
things he promised years ago when we
first were dating...

She loops her arms around his neck.

LORI
Doug - I never cared about any of that.
I only care about my man and whether he's
content.

Her fingers drift down his face.

LORI
Because if he's not, then I'm not doing
my job.

He gazes back into her eyes, smile finding its way back to
his own lips. He reaches to touch her face...

But she drops away.

LORI
I've got to get some sleep. Got such an
early day tomorrow.
(blows him a kiss)
Love ya...

And pads down the hall. Leaving him watching after.

INT. QUAID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Standing in the doorway, he watches as his wife sleeps.
The clock reads: 10:30 PM.

INT. QUAID'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

At the decrepit PIANO, Quaid tinkles a MELANCHOLY MELODY.
His spy novel rests on the piano top.

TIGHT ON QUAID, mind wandering as he plays...

*FLASH ON: THAT ALMOST DREAM-LIKE VISION OF MELINA on the
platform, leaning over Quaid with a gentle smile -*

Quaid stops playing, stares off a beat. Antsy, pensive.
Off his look --

INT. BAR - NEW ASIA - NIGHT

Quaid - DRIPPING WET - presents himself at the grimy bar.
HARRY is already there, a local beer ahead.

HARRY

Glad you called, I needed a beer after
the day we've had...

(Quaid nods)

Lori working tonight?

QUAID

(doesn't want to get into
it)

Yeah.

(signals Bartender)

Beer.

HARRY

You're a lucky man, Quaid. Gals like
Lori don't drop outta thin air, you know?

Quaid nods halfheartedly, then looks up at his friend.

QUAID

I keep thinking about that woman on the
platform this morning.

HARRY

What woman?

QUAID

You must've seen her. She was there
right before you got to me. Dark hair,
beautiful...

Harry just shrugs, shakes his head - never saw her.

QUAID

I had this weird feeling when I saw her.
Like I knew her somehow.

HARRY

(frowns)

Dougie, please tell me you're not
thinking of doing something stupid.

QUAID

What? No. It's just...

HARRY

What?

QUAID

(exhales; looks up)

Do you ever wish things could be different?

HARRY

(smirks)

No.

QUAID

(challenging)

You're actually content with the way your life's turned out?

HARRY

(stung)

Why the hell shouldn't I be? Something wrong with it?

Quaid realizes he's struck a nerve.

HARRY

You know what your problem is? You haven't surrendered yet. And until you do - until you accept that you're never gonna change the world, that you're just a regular guy from the wrong side of the Shaft whose future is gonna be what it's gonna be and there ain't a damn thing you can do about it...

(nods)

Until you can accept that, you're never gonna appreciate the gorgeous wife and life you got right now. You want my advice? You better find a way to deal with whatever the hell you're dealing with before you fuck it all up.

Harry sees Quaid is taking the lecture to heart.

QUAID

Lori says I need to be realistic.

HARRY

Well, she's right. I mean sure, reality sucks sometimes, but at least it's real.

Quaid cracks a slight smile at his friend's clunky aphorism. Harry raises his glass.

HARRY

To real reality. I'll take it any day.

Quaid hesitates. Then raises his own glass.

QUAID

To real reality.

As Quaid downs his beer, we hold on his expression -

EXT. WATERFRONT DISTRICT - NEW ASIA - NIGHT (LATER)

Quaid walking along bustling streets of suspended catwalks, the polluted sky in the background casting a hazy glow. It's obvious from the way Quaid's eyes dart that he's never been to this part of town before.

And in his hand we see he's clutching that slip of paper.

Eyes still roving, he finally halts, peering up uncertainly at something above him...

REVEAL he's standing directly beneath the crossroads of two battered STREET SIGNS: "INDUSTRY" and "PRODUCTION."

Quaid peers back down at the slip of paper in his hand...

RECALL Your Wildest Dreams! INDUSTRY / PRODUCTION

The acidic rain wets the paper, causing the ink to run in viscous, psychedelic swirls.

TIGHT ON QUAID: moment of decision. He looks unsure as, down a dark stairway, he can hear the distant din of MUSIC...

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Quaid stops at a steel door protected by the massive girth of a giant sphinx of a MAN. Quaid swallows -

- then shows the giant Man the slip of paper.

The Man studies it a beat, then wordlessly opens the door to a world of LIGHT AND SOUND.

INT. UNDERGROUND CLUB - NIGHT

Quaid emerges into the pulsating flash and din of an UNDERGROUND CLUB. This is no Corporate Tavern.

The first music we've heard. The first PEOPLE we've seen laughing; smiling ... They seem truly alive. Free.

Quaid pushes through to the bar where he yells something to the bartender, but it's inaudible beneath the pulsing music. Quaid reaches into his pocket, shows the Bartender the same slip of paper.

The Bartender considers Quaid, then allows a slight grin.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Quaid stops in a dim room. Numerous LOCKS clicking into place as the heavy door clunks closed behind him.

INCENSE burns. In the dim light Quaid can make out the trappings of a makeshift high-tech lab.

VOICE

How do I know you're not a cop?

He spins. A FIGURE stands in the shadows.

QUAID

I'm just a bot-line worker.

A man (MCCLANE) - bearded - steps out into the light. Eyes him.

MCCLANE

No one is 'just' what they appear.

Quaid narrows.

QUAID

What's that supposed to mean?

Ignoring the question, McClane perches on the edge of a battered old desk. *Studies Quaid.*

QUAID

(turns to go)

You know what? This was probably a mistake. I'm just gonna go...

MCCLANE

And stay awake til dawn, wondering what you missed?

(smiles)

Look, you came here for a reason, right?

Quaid pauses, can't argue that.

MCCLANE

First thing you need to know is, there's nothing to be scared of. Half the people in this *club* have mind-tripped. They look particularly miserable to you?

Quaid barely shakes his head.

QUAID

How does it work exactly?

MAN

Simple chemistry, Mr...

QUAID

Quaid. Doug Quaid.

MCCLANE

Tell me, Doug, what is life but our brain's chemical perception of it? Your eyes see; your brain chemistry reacts. Here we simply remove the middle-man and go straight to the chemistry. Does that make it any less real?

McClane drops into the seat behind a desk.

MCCLANE

Anything you want to experience - you can. You're limited only by your own imagination. It can be something you could never afford to actually do. Or something *secret* you've always wanted to do, but would never dare...

(nods)

We can remember it for you. An ultra-vivid recollection of your very own.

QUAID

What do you mean by secret...?

MCCLANE

Anything. It's your fantasy. Want to be rich and famous and worshipped by millions? Or maybe something with a little more adrenaline. Like a crime-fighter. Or a world-class athlete.

Quaid smiles faintly.

MCCLANE

Or maybe leader of an underground revolutionary group? Lots of cute, misguided little anarchist groupies

MCCLANE (CONT'D)
running around? Or a jewel thief - with
secret bank accounts, coded messages.

QUAID
(debating)
... What about a spy?

McClane blinks. A faint smile comes to his lips.

MCCLANE
Sure. You mean intelligence operative.
Secretly working for the Resistance. Or
maybe for Cohaagen?
(a smile)
Or why limit yourself? Why not both?

He hits a panel and behind him the WALL OPENS, revealing a
'pipe-organ' of LIQUID-FILLED GLASS CANISTERS, each one a
soaring column of multi-colored CHEMICALS.

MCCLANE
Welcome to the revolution, Doug - freeing
the world - one mind at a time.

He hits a key on the computer.

MCCLANE
You'll go through your life knowing a
secret that no one else has a clue about.
That your real life is just a cover.
That you're really an agent of the
highest security classification. Secret
missions; secret identities...

He spins the screen. An ARRAY OF FUTURISTIC WEAPONRY.

MCCLANE
... secret weapons ...
(a smile)
Gonna need some firepower, right?

Quaid eyes the selection. He swallows.

QUAID
Okay, uh - that one, I guess.

He types it in. PNEUMATICS - as liquid begins to pump from
several columns - recombining in a CENTRAL SYRINGE.

MCCLANE
And tell me, Doug - are you a loner ...?
(looks over)
Or are you a man who likes 'company'?

Quaid hesitates.

QUAID

Actually, I'm married, so...

MCCLANE

(a sly smile)

All the more reason to get creative.
It's *your* memory, Doug. Why not have a
little fun?

Quaid hesitates again. Swallows. Then nods.

MCCLANE

Atta boy. Brunette? Blon...

QUAID

(immediately)

Brunette. Athletic build. Very pretty.

MCCLANE

Wow. Knows what he likes too. Something
along these lines, Doug?

He spins the screen. The WOMAN being constructed on it
looks vaguely familiar. Somewhat like, maybe, MELINA?

QUAID

Um. Yeah. Sure.

MCCLANE

The chemicals affect everyone
differently. Your mind will supply the
details that suit it best.

Finishing, he smiles expansively as he removes the SYRINGE
- with its golden contents - from the receptacle - he
holds it up, glinting in the light.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Quaid trails McClane down a murky hallway.

MCCLANE

One last thing. As a matter of full
disclosure, none of the secret life
elements you chose ...

(glances over his shoulder)

... can actually be true.

Quaid cocks his head.

MCCLANE

Truth is, lots of fellas come in wanting the secret mistress trip when the greedy bastards have already got one - a real one - on the side.

(shakes head)

Can't do that. It would cause irreparable conflict and confusion. That's how brains get blown.

QUAID

Trust me, I don't have any secret mistresses.

MCCLANE

Sure Doug. Don't doubt you for a second.

(smiles)

But we're going to run a full psychopolygraphic panel on you anyway. For your own safety.

INT. TRIPPING DEN - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

McClane leads Quaid down a freaky HALLWAY. POUNDING MUSIC as they pass stragglers with endless piercings. Quaid spots Murphy from work, talking up a PROSTITUTE surgically-enhanced so that she has three breasts...

MCCLANE

This way, Doug.

Quaid follows McClane into

INT. TRIPPING DEN - DIMLY LIT ROOM

At the center is a HEAVILY FUTURISTIC CHAIR.

McClane steps aside. Quaid hesitates. Then sits into it.

A BOHEMIAN YOUNG WOMAN with dreadlocks places SENSORS on his forehead, while McClane starts an attached computer.

He types in commands while the young nurse straps Quaid's arm to the chair, swabs the vein in the crook of his elbow.

She then takes out a small, futuristic PUNCH-GUN, brings it to the skin and THWACK! punches a sort of tattoo of a PEACE SYMBOL.

Quaid *winces* as she proceeds to then use the cross-hairs within the Peace symbol as a bullseye into which she now inserts a CATHETER needle.

MCCLANE

Sorry. Still no better way to get chemicals into a human body.

A FULL SPECTRUM of vital statistics blooms out in a holographic jellyfish around Quaid.

McClane consults the data. Grins.

MCCLANE

Looks like your wife *does* have a man who appreciates her, Doug. No conflict there.

QUAID

I'm a lousy liar. I don't even try.

McClane smiles.

MCCLANE

Good quality to have, Doug. Let's get this show on the road then.

McClane nods to the nurse who flips the cap off the SYRINGE and inserts the needle through the membrane, injecting its contents into the IV.

Quaid watches as GOLDEN FLUID floods into the intravenous tube - creeping down towards his arm.

Calm expression betrayed by his holographic vitals - BPM, EKG, O2 - which begin to pulse and spike anxiously.

QUAID

How long does it take?

MCCLANE

It'll be here before you -
(halts; eyeing the vitals)
Wait, what the...

QUAID

(slightly uneasy)
What is it?

McClane ignores him, quickly checking something on his computer screens. Quaid anxiously regards the golden syrup DISAPPEARING from the clear tube, *traveling down into the BLACKENED LENGTH OF TUBE leading toward the vein in the back of his hand.*

MCCLANE

No...

Abruptly, the holographic vitals go CRAZY.

MCCLANE

SHIT!

Spins on the young woman -

MCCLANE

Quick! Yank that needle before the
implant takes!

The young woman rips the needle out of McClane's elbow -
GOLDEN LIQUID spraying everywhere.

QUAID

What is it? What's wrong?

His eyes leap to Quaid - wide as saucers.

MCCLANE

You...

He staggers back a step.

MCCLANE

You lied.

And to Quaid's utter astonishment - from the small of his
back, he pulls a PISTOL - aiming it between Quaid's eyes.

MCCLANE

The sonofabitch lied to us!

QUAID

No! I swear! I don't have a mistress!

MCCLANE

Mistress!?! You're a goddam *spy*!

QUAID

What?!

MCCLANE

The psych-panel is never wrong! You
really are an intelligence agent! You're
here to bust us - you son of a *bitch*!

Quickly, he CHAMBERS a bullet - swinging the gun on
Quaid...

QUAID
No! I'm not a spy!

BAM! the DOOR suddenly bursts open ...

SENTRY 1
FEDERAL POLICE! NO ONE MOVE!!!

ROOM suddenly streaming with BODY-ARMORED TERROR SENTRIES

NURSE
It's a raid!

McClane's startled shot goes WIDE - *killing* her dead ...

MCCLANE
 (Quaid)
You sonofabitch!

He turns to run - but is GUNNED down in his tracks.

A SECOND NURSE screams and tries to run and is likewise stitched with bullets, going crashing into the machinery.

SENTRY 2
 There he is! That's him!

The Sentry gestures to *Quaid* - instantly, all the MACHINE GUNS turn to Quaid who is on his feet, hands in the air.

QUAID
 Don't shoot!

SENTRY 1
 Knees! Now!

A second Sentry *shoves* him to his knees.

QUAID
 Please! This is all a mistake!

Behind him a pistol is shoved into the back of his skull.

QUAID
Don't! I'm just a bot line worker!

SENTRY 3
 Yeah right.

QUAID
 I swear -

SENTRY 2

(jams his pistol harder)

Open your mouth again and you're dead.

Quaid's arms are yanked violently behind his head, the Sentry about to slap on flex-cuffs when

Quaid *MOVES* like we'd have never expected - grabbing the gun, he *yanks* the man's arm forward across his shoulder and *wrenches* it down, Sentry shrieking as the splintering of his bone rifle-shots thru the room.

Instantly, Quaid is on his feet and as the screaming man reflexively compresses the trigger on the automatic pistol - Quaid sends it *spitting* round the room, catching stunned Sentries marionetting in its fire.

Finishing by *yanking* the gun out of the Sentry's hand and *blowing* him off his feet.

Leaving Quaid standing in a sudden RINGING SILENCE ... Pall of smoke hanging in the room ... GUN red-hot and smoking in his hand amidst a ROOMFUL OF BODIES.

Stunned - he can't believe it.

QUAID

(breathless)

Holy shit...

SOUNDS - more Sentries coming barreling up the stairs.

INT. HALLWAY JUST OUTSIDE

The SECOND WAVE OF SENTRIES nearing the top of the stairs. One of them grips a futuristic walkie-talkie:

SENTRY 3

Team One, have you secured the suspect?

No response. The second wave Sentries peer up to see

QUAID DOWN THE HALL with the half-open door -

They charge down the hallway, OPENING FIRE... as Quaid skids to the door and SLAMS IT SHUT.

INT. DIMLY LIT ROOM

REVERSE ON QUAID as he bolts the lock and quickly drops back as immediately bullets begin tearing at the door. Quaid's eyes dart, looking for any sort of escape route -

- when the gunfire comes to a halt. A walkie on one of the DEAD SENTRIES lying nearby squawks:

SENTRY 3 (ON RADIO)
Team One, advise.

Quaid continues searching for a way out. No windows. Suddenly hears the sound of nearing footfall, he whips back to

THE BULLET-RIDDEN DOOR. Through the holes he makes out the SHADOWS of the Second Wave Sentries coming closer...

Quaid needs to think fast --

EXT. HALLWAY

The Sentries making for the door when OVER THEIR WALKIES:

QUAID (O.S./ON WALKIE)
*Anyone comes through that door, the rest
of your men in here die!*

Immediately the LEAD SENTRY throws up a hand and the entire team halts.

INT. DIMLY LIT ROOM

Quaid gripping the walkie, eyes darting, desperate for an exit...

EXT. HALLWAY

The team held up out here, their anxious eyes on the Lead Sentry.

LEAD SENTRY
(hushed)
Stevens, get an eyeball in there now!

INT. DIMLY LIT ROOM

Quaid trying to figure his next move when -

BRWWHUMP! A FIST-SIZED HOLE blows through the door, mini-missile WHISTLING across the room, burying itself anchoring into the wall...

Quaid only has time to clock the fact that it seems to be winding up like a clock just before it...

EXPLODES - sending a shrapnel-cloud of smaller projectiles stabbing into every surface around the room.

Including QUAID'S OWN HANDS - that he'd raised to protect his face. Now finding himself staring at a TINY CAMERA projecting out of his flesh - *dialing focus* - like all the other 'shrapnel cameras' around him...

His eyes leap to the HOLE blown in the door - thru which - he can just see a Sentry ...

Unrolling from his vest a FLEX-SCREEN, a veritable quilt of nearly 100 individual video feeds and Quaid realizes -

SENTRY'S VOICE

They're all down! He's alone!

That the feeds are from INSIDE the room.

LEAD SENTRY (O.S.)

Break it down!

Panic. Quaid spins - eyes falling on an anti-personnel grenade still on the flak vest of a fallen Sentry.

Diving, he *yanks* the pin and - rolling clear, topples a steel cabinet collapsing down on top of the body as it...

EXPLODES - blasting a HUGE HOLE through the floor, the heavy cabinet now *tipping in*, creating an impromptu slide down to the level below...

Quaid *rolling* in as the ROOM'S DOOR blows off, SENTRIES streaming in the room, pursuing Quaid down into ...

INT. BASEMENT - SAME

Catching sight of Quaid fleeing through a floor grate into an air shaft, Sentries bullets *spark* after him...

INT. AIR SHAFT

Quaid scrape-falls eighteen feet, *slamming* down on the bottom grate, which...

BUSTS - swinging open - leaving him DANGLING above the city below. Hanging in a kind of alley suspended beneath the city block...

Above Quaid can hear the shouts and sounds of Sentries. Coming. And worse, blinding SEARCHLIGHTS from behind as a massive POLICE HARRIER hovers into frame.

Fighting with everything he has, Quaid makes a swing for the CATWALK lining the side of the alley. Misses ...

Swings again - just catches it. Pulls himself over by his fingertips and - as Sentries begin making their way down thru the blast hole...

Disappears.

INT. QUAID'S APARTMENT - DAWN

When Quaid enters, LORI is on the phone as she buttons up her paramedic's uniform. Seeing Quaid ...

LORI
(into phone)
Yes. I understand.

She hangs up. Studies Quaid a moment.

LORI
I was worried. Where were you?

QUAID
I ... couldn't sleep. Went for a walk.

She gives him a probing look. Then continues dressing -

LORI
There's been some sort of attack. Here in New Asia. They have me on standby.

QUAID
What - sort of attack?

LORI
Sounds like one of Quatto's terrorists shot up a whole squadron of Federal Police at some nightclub.

She heads into the bedroom. Quaid looks after, helpless -

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Quaid stops in the doorway, watching Lori pack her gear. The NEWS is on, MUTED: a REPORTER is standing before the entrance to the nightclub, now swarming with Emergency vehicles and Federal Police.

QUAID
Lori...

LORI
(distracted; packing gear)
Hm?

QUAID
What if... what if Quatto wasn't
responsible for that attack?

She turns. Looks at him.

LORI
Doug, they said it was a total slaughter.
Who else would be capable of something
like that?

In the doorway, Quaid stands silent.

QUAID
Lori, I...
(shakes head)
It wasn't the Resistance who killed those
sentries.

Her brow furrows - what's he talking about?

QUAID
It wasn't a terrorist act.

Quaid looks like he wants to die.

QUAID
It was me.

She blinks at him.

LORI
What was you?

QUAID
Me. Me ... I did it.

LORI
You did what?

QUAID
Those Sentries. The Resistance didn't
kill them...
(nods)
I did.

She holds on him a second. Then stifles a laugh.

LORI

You. Killed an entire squadron of highly trained Federal Police.

QUAID

I know how it sounds but... I found this slip of paper at work -

Shows her the slip; she recognizes at once what it means:

LORI

Doug, you went to those brain butchers?!

QUAID

I know it was a mistake - I just wanted to try it - only this guy, he started accusing me of being someone - and they burst in and I just reacted and then... then the next thing I knew -
 (devastated)
 - everyone was dead.

She regards him a deadpan beat, then shakes her head.

LORI

Oh Doug, Doug - don't you see? Whatever it is you think you did...
 (gestures to news image)
 ... it has nothing to do with this. Those bastards must've screwed up your mind. You're having some sort of paranoid delusion...

QUAID

It was no delusion, Lori. It was real!

LORI

(scoffs)

Doug, think about what you're...

Her words trail off as her eyes narrow on something behind Quaid: the NEWS REPORT.

She's turning pale as she quickly un-mutes the screen:

TELEVISION REPORTER

...believe that this recovered freeze-frame depicts the as-yet unidentified man responsible for the slayings.

The picture enlarges, revealing a heavily-pixelated man who could indeed be Quaid.

ON LORI, stunned, she slowly turns back to Quaid. He returns a grave expression as the news drones on:

TELEVISION REPORTER

Rumors are already circulating that this individual could be none other than Carl Hauser, the former Intelligence Officer turned Quatto operational leader who has been implicated in many of these recent attacks, however Federal Police have yet to confirm...

QUAID

Lori - I'm so sorry...

His eyes nearly mist. She holds on him another moment - feeling for him. Then crosses the room to him.

LORI

Doug - whatever happened, we're going to get through this.

(taking him to her)

C'mere...

Quaid melts into her - grateful to feel human compassion.

QUAID

It all happened so fast, I just reacted. God knows what they'll do to me -

LORI

(stroking his hair)

Shh - it's okay. We'll figure out what to do...

It is a moment - swimming in her embrace - before he ... must *tug* at her arm round his neck ...

QUAID

Lori ... Lori ... that's ...

(choking)

...I can't... can't breathe ...

But her arms - he suddenly realizes - have slipped into a NAKED CHOKE and his face goes red as he struggles to fight her off. But grimly determined, she just holds him in a DEATH-GRIP - as if her personality has suddenly transformed into a bad-ass femme-fatale killing machine.

Abruptly, he FLIPS her over his back, sending her *slamming* into the floor.

Instantly - like a cat - she is up - ferocious - fighting stance as he coughs, trying to regain his breath.

QUAID
 (gasping)
 Lori!?! What the fu--

She *kicks* him in the head, sending it snapping sideways.

QUAID
Lori!

She spins again - but this time - to her surprise - *and his* - he *catches* the kick mid-air.

They both hover a frozen instant ...

Then he *sweeps* her legs - *hurling* her backward. She whips around, reaches into her paramedic's kit - and pulls out A GUN?

Quaid gapes in utter shock - then *bolts* out of the room -

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Diving into the kitchen as her gun ...

Booming like a CANNON ...

Blows MASSIVE HOLES following him through the wall.

Hitting the lights, he rolls to a crouch in the darkness.

QUAID
 Lori! Goddamit! What are you doing??

LORI - creeping, gun tight to her beautiful cheek, through the darkness -

LORI
 My job.

QUAID
 Have you gone crazy?!

LORI
 Me?
 (laughs low)
 That's a good one, Doug. Considering you don't even know who the hell you are.

In the shadows, Quaid stops. *What?*

LORI
 Do you really believe a factory worker could take out an entire room of highly

LORI (CONT'D)
 trained men? Doesn't that strike you as
 just a little bit strange?

A beat of heart-pounding silence as we go TIGHT ON QUAID,
 his mind finally forced to confront this implausibility.
 The implications shake him to his core...

QUAID
 The guy in the trip-den said I was some
 kind of spy. Is that what's going on
 here? Lori?

In the dark, Lori smiles to herself.

QUAID
 Damn it Lori - answer me!

Abruptly, QUAID comes *lunging* out of the shadows. She
lashes back with lethal-intent knee and elbow-strikes ...

But deftly moving on pure instinct - Quaid blocks every
 one and lays a spinning back-kick into her abdomen that
 sends her *smashing* into the wall.

Instantly, HE has her GUN jammed into her cheek.

QUAID
 Tell me everything. *Now.*

She looks at him, eyes enraged. He *cocks* the gun.

QUAID
 Or we can skip straight to 'until death
 do us part.'

She grits her teeth, has no choice but to admit:

LORI
 I'm not your wife.

QUAID
 What the hell are you talking about?

She struggles against him, he grips her tighter.

QUAID
 Tell me!

LORI
 I'm Euromerican Federal Police Intel.
 Assigned to play your wife. Six weeks
 ago, I didn't even know you.

QUAID

That's impossible -

LORI

It's the truth. Your memory was wiped clean, your mind implanted with the life you think you've lived. Get the picture now? There *is* no "Douglas Quaid." There never was.

(sneers)

Surprise, asshole.

Quaid is reeling. It's almost too much to take.

LORI

Deep down, did you really think someone like me could marry someone like you?

He reddens. Shoves the gun back into her jaw.

QUAID

If I'm not me... then what's my real name? Huh? Who am I??

She gives him a near-contemptuous look.

LORI

How would I know? I'm like you - strictly need-to-know. All I can say is, with all the trouble Coahaagen's taking to hide you from the Resistance - you must be pretty important.

QUAID

Cohaagen? But... if he hid me - why are you trying to *kill* me?

LORI

Because those were my orders if you ever snapped. Had to guess? You're valuable to Coahaagen, so you're valuable to his enemies too. And now that your mind's blown - whatever's so valuable about you is no longer containable by other means.

(shrugs)

Oh, and by the way?

She *smacks* the gun away, *kicking* him in the sternum.

LORI

You haven't even *begun* to see me try to kill you!

Snatching a hideaway gun from beneath the kitchen table, she turns and FIRES...

As Quaid goes *crashing* through the window.

EXT. SIDEWALK - QUAID'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rolling amidst a shower of glass, he hits his feet.

Quaid spins. Down the sidewalk - a BATTLE-ARMORED SENTRY FOOT DETAIL is patrolling.

LORI skids out the doorway behind, BADGE in hand.

LORI

Federal Police Agent! Get him!

Quaid *runs*.

Lori doesn't hesitate - she *takes* off after him.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Darting between mid-speed vehicles, Quaid hazards a look back. LORI pulling parallel to his position *fast*.

She *leaps*, landing on the hood of a passing car.

Quaid doesn't wait to see anymore - diverging onto the sidewalk and pinballing through the packed pedestrians as he RUNS full out.

Lori close behind - GUN out - slamming through people.

LORI

Federal Police! Out of the goddam way!

Ahead, Quaid *ducks* round a corner and into a side-street where he slides to a halt - LORI skidding up behind him.

LORI

Don't move!

GUN to his head. And then she sees what stopped him. The CAR speeding down the street at them ...

Leaving her time only to DROP - and roll under - as Quaid goes running up and OVER the car.

Beneath the vehicle, Lori's GUN gets sucked slamming up into the magnetic undercarriage... Such that when she

rolls seamlessly back to her feet as the car passes over - she is unarmed.

And Quaid is right there, to her frank surprise.

LORI
You're good.

QUAID
Apparently.

And his FIST - already on its way - creates BLACKNESS.

EXT. SIDEWALKS - DAY

Quaid moving fast now - wary of every passerby. And then something slows him. A strange sensation in his hand?

He looks to his hand to find that it's actually VIBRATING - and, turning over his palm, discovers what looks like a KEY PAD glowing underneath his skin. A CELL PHONE IMPLANT. *What the fuck??*

Cautiously, Quaid presses the small "ANSWER" ICON in his palm, and tentatively lifts his hands to his ear ...

MALE VOICE
It's Hammond.

Quaid narrows.

QUAID
I don't know any Hammond.

MALE VOICE
Never mind that. Where are you, Alexander?

QUAID
Alexander? Who's -- wait, is that my name? "Alexander?"

A sigh from the other end.

MALE VOICE
Oh shit, you said this might happen.

QUAID
I said *what* might happen? How do I know you?

MALE VOICE
I worked with you. In the weapons lab.

QUAID

Weapons lab?!

MALE VOICE

Jesus, you really don't remember any of it, do you.

(exhales)

Look - I saw the news, put two and two together. You told me if things went sideways I should call this number and give you a message: Get the key.

QUAID

(overwhelmed)

What the hell is going on?! Who is it you think *I am*?

MALE VOICE

Sorry, man - we were close, but this is getting too crazy. I can't get involved.

There is a *click* and the line goes dead. Quaid at a loss for what the hell to do with what little he knows -

- when his embedded hand-phone *beeps*. Surprised, Quaid looks at the screen through a fine layer of palm skin.

A TEXT MESSAGE: **First Bank of New Asia. Box 10549.**

INT. AN EXPENSIVE OFFICE INTERIOR - MORNING

Panoramic views of Euromerica below as we arrive behind a MAN seated before a vid-screen on which we find Lori:

LORI (ON SCREEN)

(ego-bruised)

No, sir. He managed to get away.

MAN'S VOICE

Damn it, how could you let this happen?

Come around this man to discover it's none other than CHANCELLOR VILOS COHAAGEN himself. In person he comes across as harder, colder, and presently very tense.

COHAAGEN

Stay after him. Marshal whatever resources necessary.

LORI

Yes sir, but if I had a clearer picture of the situation, I think I could-

COHAAGEN

I'm not paying you to think. Just find
him.

EXT. FIRST BANK OF NEW ASIA - DAY

Quaid stops outside the towering building, facade dripping with moisture and the chemical sludge deposited from the assault of the New Asia atmosphere.

INT. FIRST BANK OF NEW ASIA - DAY

Quaid stops at a Clerk's window. Clears his throat.

CLERK

May I help you, sir?

QUAID

I, uh, have a box here... Box 10549?

The Clerk turns the RETINAL-SCAN IDENTIFIER towards him. Quaid hesitates - knows he has no choice but to lean in to the scanner.

It scans, flashes green. On the Clerk's screen, a long list of account info pops up. The Clerk reviews it briefly, then smiles up at Quaid.

CLERK

This way please.

Quaid concealing his relief as he follows The Clerk toward the vault area, amazed he's actually achieving this access when -

CLERK

I just need a signature match.

The Clerk hands him a e-pad and stylus pen.

QUAID

(stalling)

Signature match...

CLERK

For the account?

(off Quaid's hesitation)

Is there a problem, Mr. Reed?

Quaid quickly processes this - then shakes his head, takes the pad and stylus, and with no choice but to give it a shot, he signs: "**Alexander Reed.**"

A beat; then the pad confirms: *SIGNATURE MATCH BOX 10549.*

Quaid practically exhales his relief.

INT. VAULT - DAY

The Clerk shows him into the vault.

CLERK

You can use any of these client rooms.

The Clerk proceeds to a desk terminal inside the vault to wait for Quaid.

ON QUAID

As his eyes roam a series of security boxes. He finds Box 10549. Sees its secured by a thumb-print scanner.

Quaid inserts his thumb... and A STEEL DRAWER pops open.

IN ONE OF THE CLIENT ROOMS

Quaid slides a door shut, then proceeds to open the lid of the safety deposit box drawer.

The first thing he finds inside the box is a curious METAL OBJECT. *Looks like a COLLAR of some kind?* He sets it aside, returns to the box. He finds other items. A wad of money, and a COLLECTION OF RESIDENT I.D. CARDS and WORK VISAS for various names and faces.

Quaid flips through them: various IDs for an old Chinese Man, a younger African man, a Nordic-looking man, and a bespectacled Caucasian face he doesn't recognize but who is identified on the ID card as "*REED, ALEXANDER.*"

That's Alexander Reed? What the hell?

He quickly pockets all the ID documents, rifles through the steel drawer to see if there's anything else inside. The only other thing he finds, tucked in the back of the drawer, is a SMALL, BLACK RECTANGULAR WOODEN BLOCK.

Quaid inspects it - looks utterly useless, like a child's building block. Quaid figures he may as well pocket it too, then checks to see if there's anything else in the drawer. Nothing. Even turns it over and shakes it - looking for "the key." But it's empty.

Quaid rubs his temples, trying to figure his next move -

ANGLE ON THE CLERK AT THE VAULT DESK

Idly typing on a holographic computer monitor.

QUAID (O.S.)

Excuse me...

The Clerk glances up.

QUAID

Sorry, I'm trying to remember when I was last here?

The Clerk dutifully presses a few keys on his computer.

CLERK

Our records indicate six weeks ago.

QUAID

Six weeks ago...?

CLERK

Yes, Mr. Reed. Not physically, of course. But that was the date of your last data transfer.

QUAID

I transferred data... to my deposit box. Right - of course. Thank you.

Quaid quickly ducks back into his private room --

TIGHT ON BOX 10549

as we find Quaid anxiously searching the steel box for where such data might actually be stored. He finds a small panel, touches it -

- and instantly the "lid" of the box becomes a sort of video screen. A prompt blinks: "**1 file stored.**"

Quaid reaches out, presses it -

Suddenly a burst of static on the screen is followed by

A VIDEO IMAGE: in what looks like an empty MEDICAL LAB, a MAN, frantic, turns on a computer camera, begins recording -

We HEAR the man urgently talking to someone on his palm-cell as he heads away from camera - running to the door, locking it shut, pushing a heavy desk in front to blockade it.

MAN

(on palm-cell; whispering)

-- Damn it Hammond *listen to me!* Do you understand everything I just said?... Because that'd mean risking your life as well. Just do it, okay?

He deactivates his phone as he rushes back toward the camera lens. We can now make out his MEDICAL GOWN as he tears off tape from pulled IV's that dangle from his arm.

His bloody fingers are seen typing away; we can't see his face as he speaks to the camera:

MAN (O.S.)

My cover's blown and it's all gone to hell. They're coming for me any second, so I need to make this quick... Okay, you're gonna find this hard to believe -

The Man finally takes a seat - and we see QUAID'S FACE peering right back at us. Looking fresh out of surgery - a quick beat as he stares into the lens --

Our Quaid reacts in astonishment. *What the fuck?*

QUAID ON SCREEN

...But this is not your face. I've been captured, and resculpted into *this* -- this person you think you are now.

Our Quaid is glued to the video.

QUAID ON SCREEN

If you're watching this, it means I failed to escape, and they've succeeded in giving me - *you* - a new name, a new identity, and a new set of memories... And you just got a call from Hammond telling you to access this deposit box. Now the next thing you need to do is go to my apartment--

Just then a SMASH! is heard in the background of the video as the barricaded door is KNOCKED IN hard. Quaid on screen reacts - fuck! He turns, desperate.

QUAID ON SCREEN

I'm not gonna make it.

(fast; conflicted)

I want to tell you more, but I can't trust you yet - there's a chance they could've gotten to Hammond. My only hope

QUAID ON SCREEN (CONT'D)
 is - if you are me - you've found the key
 and you'll know what to do with it.

QUAID
 (astonished)
 What key?!

Quaid on screen becomes calm, giving into his fate as
 behind him the SHADOWED INTRUDERS make it inside the room,
 rushing up to GRAB HIM as he holds his stare directly into
 the lens --

QUAID ON SCREEN
 Good luck.

-- and CLICK, he sends the data file, and the image shorts
 out to black.

QUAID
 Wait -

Quaid frozen, staring uncertainly at the prompt blinking
 "1 file stored." On instinct he decides to delete it.
 He then slowly stands, staring down at the now empty
 security box drawer. Alone. Reeling...

ANGLE ON THE CLERK

As Quaid returns to the desk.

CLERK
 All done, Mr. Reed?

QUAID
 Yes, thanks. Before I go, could you just
 check to see if you've got my most recent
 address on file?

The Clerk clicks a few keys. Because of the holographic
 screen, Quaid is actually able to see the on-screen
 information floating (only it reads backwards). See
 Quaid's eyes quickly roaming over the information:

*REED, ALEXANDER 218-87C HYPERION BLVD, DISTRICT E-14,
 LEVEL 29, EUROMERICA*

CLERK
 (reading aloud)
 We have your current address listed as
 218-87C Hyperion Road, District...

The Clerk pauses, seeing something behind Quaid -- off his
 nervous look, Quaid quickly turns to see

TWO SECURITY GUARDS

Blocking his path to the vault exit.

SECURITY GUARD 1

(to Quaid, firm)

Sir, we're going to need you to please stay where you are.

Quaid doesn't move.

QUAID

Is there a problem?

SECURITY GUARD 2

There doesn't have to be.

Threat planted, Guard 1 turns to the nervous Clerk.

SECURITY GUARD 1

We got a hit on a retinal scan for an Alexander Reed. This him?

The Clerk just nods a feeble yes.

SECURITY GUARD 1 (CONT'D)

Mr. Reed, you're going to have to come with us.

QUAID

(backing up)

Why?

SECURITY GUARD 1

Sir, I'd advise you to do as you're told.

The Guard moves in to grab Quaid and -- *in a flash that barely registers* -- Quaid grabs his arm, pulling him into a hard knee to the face, out cold as

Guard 2 has no chance to react to a *lightening quick sweep* that takes him down to the floor, scrambling for his fallen gun -- when Quaid *pulls* the Guard's leg, *sliding* him into a precision-placed elbow to the face. Lights out times two.

Without missing a beat, Quaid quickly reaches up to press the hidden button under the Clerk's desk - activating the DROP DOWN SECURITY GATE to the vault door and

ROLLS UNDER IT a split-second before it SLAMS shut - locking the downed guards and the terrified Clerk inside!

Quaid leaps to his feet, gathering his stuff as the stunned Clerk gapes at him through the locked vault gate.

CLERK

H-How'd you do that?

Quaid takes a breath - almost equally amazed himself. We detect a palpable thrill behind Quaid's eyes.

QUAID

Your guess is as good as mine.

Off the Clerk's look, Quaid hurries away.

EXT. CHINA FALL LOADING PLATFORM - EUROMERICA - MORNING

With a massive GROAN of mechanics, the gargantuan steel leaves that seal the China Fall Shaft GRIND open...

And with a gigantic WHOOSH the CHINA FALL - arriving from New Asia - climbs up out of the earth.

INT. CHINA FALL - EXITS - DAY

The MORNING MASS of workers from New Asia wait in orderly lines to clear immigration and get to work.

ARMED SYNTHETIC SENTRIES are everywhere - *identical to the robots Quaid was quality controlling on the line.*

An ELDERLY CHINESE MAN steps forward, presenting his WORK VISA DOCUMENTS to the HUMAN SENTRY there.

The Sentry inspects the document, then directs the Chinese Man to a security SCANNER. The Chinese Man looks confused -

SECURITY SENTRY

We're taking extra precautions this morning. Step to the scanner.

The Elderly Chinese Man shuffles to the scanner, and as it waves over him - his HAND flickers... from an Elderly Asian Man's to that of a YOUNG AFRICAN AMERICAN MALE.

The Elderly Chinese Man pulls the hand back, shoves it in his pocket. But the Human Sentry's eyes are now up. The Elderly Chinese Man grins - looking very worried.

Suddenly, his entire body beneath his head bursts sharply with static and begins flickering, flashing through body-types of every possible shape, size, color and ethnicity.

We recognize faces from the IDs Quaid secured from Box 10549 - including that of Alexander Reed...

HUMAN SENTRY
(bursting to his feet)
Anti-Cognition Collar!

As his rifle swings up, for an instant, the Chinese man's body stops flickering and abruptly disappears altogether.

Only to *reappear* an instant later with QUAID'S BODY beneath the head and alarmed face of a old Chinese man.

As 2 SYNTHETIC SENTRIES skid up, the Chinese Man's head begins to flash with multi-colored static and suddenly QUAID - full and complete - is standing there - staring back at them.

HUMAN SENTRY
Take him!

Quaid doesn't wait. Ripping off the ANTI-COGNITION COLLAR, he *hurls* it in the face of the nearest Synth Sentry. And as the others OPEN FIRE - he *moves* ...

Dispatching the nearest Synth as bullets whistle around him - he spins into the cover of a shredding pillar - the dead sentry's automatic rifle now in his grasp as he...

Returns FIRE, opening his escape - and RUNS...

INT. CHINA FALL STATION - DAY

LORI comes skidding up.

LORI
What happened!?

The SYNTH CAPTAIN there turns from his microcommunicator.

SYNTH CAPTAIN
Quaid.

Her eyes say it all.

INT. CONNECTING GLIDE-TRAIN STATION - DAY

Quaid comes tearing down the steps, spilling people before him - surging for the GLIDE-TRAIN...

Too late. The top-loading train already gaining speed, pulling out from below the pedestrian platform.

Quaid spins - Synth Team right on his heels, alerting citizens to get down as they take aim - giving Quaid no other option but to ...

LEAP - over the platform ledge, and onto the top of the speeding train, which travels five times faster than the hover traffic flowing directly beneath it.

THE SYNTH TEAM

Radios to alert the security on board the train as...

EXT. TRAIN TOP - DAY

Quaid sees - coming in the far distance ... AN OVERPASS with futuristic clearance tolerances of an inch. Instantly he spins, racing to the nearest top-loading door ... sealed tight ...

And the overpass - coming - fast. *Really* fast. Using his machine gun like a crowbar, he forces the slide door open, TUMBLING inside - overpass demolishing the discarded machine gun in its wake. *Close call.*

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Quaid comes tumbling in - finding his feet amidst the startled crowd ... INSTANTLY AWARE of the SYNTH, barreling through the train car at him ... He *runs*.

INT. ADJACENT TRAIN CAR - DAY

Bursting into the opposite car - only to find - through the startled, screaming crowd of packed passengers ... ANOTHER Synth bulling towards him.

Leaving him nowhere to go but DOWN. Passengers back away as he pries the seal from the floor's emergency hatch, warning lights blare as the hatch hisses open to reveal

A SPEEDING FREEWAY of hover vehicles directly below. Quaid draws in a breath, and lowers himself through...

EXT. TRAIN BOTTOM - DAY

Quaid dangles. Slicing the air as he skims just above the speeding cars roofs. He looks up. The Synths charging ...

In two seconds - he's dead, and in one - he JUMPS.

Crashing down onto the hood of a car passing beneath, causing the terrified driver to swerve - slamming the car speeding beside ... the force of the impact sending Quaid tumbling from one hood to the other.

He manages to catch hold - when a HONKING turns his head - Surprised to see ...

An unmarked vehicle pulling up parallel to the one he is on. And is even more surprised when - the passenger door slides open to reveal the driver is MELINA.

MELINA

Come on!

Quaid blinks. Astonished. But her eyes are in the mirror.

MELINA

Now!

He looks. Sees what she sees. A bristling TIDAL WAVE of red police lights coming at them... shit.

He rolls - falling into the passenger seat of her car - extending out over the speeding roadway like a drawer.

QUAID

It's you. I don't -- how did you -?

Before she can reply - and before Quaid's seat has retracted back into the car - the police are upon them, SLAMMING Melina's drivers side, window shattering as...

Her car is sent SMASHING into the divide, closing Quaid's door for him now - *hard*. Jamming Quaid inside as Melina struggles to SCRAPE her hover vehicle free, swinging the car back into traffic - weaving - police chasing ...

Quaid stares at her - stunned.

MELINA

I've been following you.

A RISE OF POLICE VEHICLES coming at them in the other direction causes her...

MELINA

Damn it...

To abruptly *swing* the car out, clipping others, and into a side street, slamming back into gear *stepping* on it ...

QUAID

Following me... Wait! You mean - back on
the platform -

MELINA

(nods; quickly)

We'd been searching for you ever since
you disappeared from the weapons lab. We
scanned thousands of profiles, trying to
figure out how they'd hidden you-

QUAID

"We" - who's "we?"

Quaid stares at her - pieces slamming.

QUAID

You're with the Resistance, aren't you?

Melina glances at him by way of affirmation.

INT. POLICE VEHICLE - DAY

In a Police Vehicle pulling in hard behind them: LORI.

LORI

Ram it.

The Police Driver looks at her. Impatient, she *takes* the
steering wheel, pulling it sliding across the dash to her
side.

INT. MELINA'S VEHICLE - DAY

As they emerge from beneath the train-way and under the
open sky of the city.

QUAID

(accusing)

Why were you following me?

MELINA

Listen, it's complicated. I can try to
explain it on the way.

QUAID

(dubious)

On the way where?

She looks over at him.

MELINA

My orders are to take you to Quatto.

QUAID

I don't care what your "orders" are! No way am I going to--

SMASH! The car jumps as it's *rammed* from behind - pieces flying as Melina fights to keep control. Correcting, she hits the steering lock and *sends* the steering wheel *sliding* across the dash in front of Quaid. He looks at her, astonished. She holds his gaze - hard.

MELINA

You have to trust me.
(off Quaid's reluctance)
Please.

He stares at her a wary beat - and as LORI *slams* the pursuing police vehicle into them again from behind -

Quaid GRABS the wheel - PULLS - and dangerously *hover-slides* across four lanes of traffic and enters an off ramp ...

only the 'off ramps' in this world are more like *car elevators* that magnetically lift or, in Quaid's case ...

Lower the vehicle down to the next city level - merging into another expressway below ... however this traffic flows *underneath* the structure - magnetic system holding the vehicles *suspended* as they travel.

Lori's car holding tight - smashing through intervening traffic like a tank, *descending* the traffic elevator - staying with them as she slides the wheel back to the driver. She draws her sidearm, leans out and OPENS FIRE.

Grabbing Melina, Quaid pushes her ...

QUAID

Down!

Swerving, BULLETS blasting sheet metal - And up ahead ...

MELINA

Look out!

The horizon becomes a bristling of furious red flashing lights. A POLICE BLOCKADE. *Hanging. Gliding. Coming fast.*

Quaid scans quickly - sees a veritable wall of law enforcement. Behind - Lori hanging out the passenger

window of the vehicle racing up behind them, focusing her hand-cannon.

QUAID

You have your seatbelt on?

She doesn't. He reaches for the ignition.

MELINA

What're you doing!?

QUAID

You might want to put that seatbelt on.

Melina nervously straps in and... He kills it. *All of it.* All 8 cylinders. The magnetic induction holding them to the roadway above ... It all suddenly dies and -

The vehicle *plummets* straight out of traffic. Dropping like a stone... as Lori's vehicle slams through the space they just occupied, rear-ending the car ahead...

QUAID fights to *re-engage* the magnetic induction ... Car in a mid-air *dead drop* as it - HUMS back to life - just as it comes *soaring* down towards ...

EXT. 21ST CENTURY ERA STREETS - DAY

WHEELED TRAFFIC swerving. TIRES screeching as Quaid's car makes contact - it's hover propulsion interacting with the metal rooftops of other cars like reverse magnets - sending those cars, and Quaid's, *skipping* across asphalt.

Quaid and Melina hold tight - their hover car useless on normal streets - *Scraping. Spinning.* Until ...

It all comes to an abrupt *stop* into a skidding DOUBLE DECKER RED BUS - air-brakes meet shattering glass.

INT. MELINA'S CAR - DAY

Smoke filled and shattered. Melina peels her eyes open. Dazed. Slumps back in her seat to find ...

Quaid is *not in his*. She scans - pedestrians starting to gather ... Then, outside the shattered windshield she finds him. Standing in the street in the rising smoke.

Melina looks at him - question large in her eyes. For a moment their eyes lock... we see something stirred in Quaid... he looks truly torn...

QUAID

I want to trust you... I just can't.

And, without a another word, he vanishes into the haze of smoke and gathering crowds.

EXT. EUROMERICAN APARTMENT CITY - DAY

Quaid stops in the geometric infinity that is APARTMENT CITY in Euromerica. A horizonless expanse of tiny but perfectly ordered and identical dwellings all honeycombed together in an endless bee-hive.

Checks both ways. Heads for the nearest building.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

He stops at a door - notes the door knob fitted with fingertip scans where one would grip it. Quaid gives it a shot... and the door clicks unlocked as we hear:

FEMALE COMPU-VOICE

(saccharine-sweet)

Welcome home, Mr. Reed. Did you have a nice day?

QUAID

(deadpan)

It's been awesome, thanks.

Quaid opens the door and enters

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Silence. Everything ordered in claustrophobic perfection. Drapes scatter a fine light through the dust hanging in the air. *Been a while since anyone's been in here.*

ON QUAID standing in the center of the room. Taking in every detail. Moving to a PIANO, he finds something resting on the top: a yellow SECURITY BADGE for a FEDERAL LABORATORY made out to Alexander Reed. That same Caucasian face we'd seen generated by the anti-cognition collar smiles blandly back at us from the badge photo.

Quaid stares at the photo in frustration.

QUAID

Why the hell did you send me here...?

Quaid looks around the place, desperate for a clue --

INT. HOME OFFICE - DAY

Quaid tears the filing cabinets open, one after another.
EMPTY.

Moving to the desk, he tries the drawers. EMPTY.

INT. DEN - DAY

Quaid tears back the carpet. The WALL PAPER on the wall
all around has already all been painstakingly torn away.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

QUAID drops, defeated, onto the piano stool.

Absently plunks an OLD MELODY on the keyboard as his eyes
rove the room around him, wishing something - anything -
would present itself...

When one of the piano keys he presses fails to produce a
note. Quaid depresses it again - the key is clearly
dead...

TIGHT ON QUAID as something suddenly occurs to him - eyes
wide, he anxiously rifles through his pockets, quickly
pulls out

THAT SMALL, BLACK RECTANGULAR BLOCK he'd found in the
safety deposit box. Holds it up to discover it's the
exact shape and size of a black piano key.

Quaid returns to the dead key, tugs at it - and finds that
it easily comes free of the keyboard. Quaid sets it
aside, then replaces the key with the black key he'd
obtained from the deposit box...

Abruptly, there is a *click*, followed by a whir...

And a HOLOGRAM appears, projecting from the piano-top,
constructing itself in three transparent layers...

Into the TOPOGRAPHIC IMAGE... of ALEXANDER REED.

ALEXANDER REED'S HOLOGRAM

This message has limited interactive
capabilities. It's being recorded as a
fail-safe, in the event of a worst-case
scenario.

(a tense smile)

So that's the bad news. The good news,
if you can call it that, is that I knew

ALEXANDER REED'S HOLOGRAM
 from the start if Coahaagen ever caught on
 to what I was doing, he'd wipe my mind.

(beat)

I can only guess what you've been
 through, and how desperate you must be
 for some answers. So I'll start at the
 top...

Reed reaches his hands up to his own neck, adjusts
 something - and with a flicker we see him remove his anti-
 cognition collar to reveal his true face...

REVERSE ON QUAID as he sees it before we do -

QUAID

(recognizing it)

No... No, you're -- you're *Hauser*...

REVERSE ON THE HOLOGRAM to reveal the face we'd seen on
 the news: CARL HAUSER.

HAUSER'S HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE

That's right. Carl Hauser. Former
 Intelligence Operative turned
 revolutionary. Coahaagen sent me to
 infiltrate the Resistance, and instead I
 realized they were the ones I should be
 fighting for.

QUAID

It *can't* be...

The image glitches, jumping back to its pre-set response:

HAUSER'S HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE

This message has limited interactive
 capabilities. Please rephrase.

QUAID

I can't be you...

The image glitches back again. Hauser smiles.

HOLOGRAM/HAUSER

Sorry to disappoint.

Quaid rises from the bench, shaking his head.

QUAID

I don't believe you... You're a traitor -
 a terrorist -

HOLOGRAM/HAUSER

I'd take offense to that if I were you.
And I am.

ON QUAID: a part of him already sensing it's true.

QUAID

No. I don't want this...

HOLOGRAM/HAUSER

Too bad. Because if you quit on me now,
a lot of people are going to die.

(beat)

Now you need to listen, because you've
probably been fed a lot of lies about who
I am. Here's the truth... Coahaagen and I
go way back - during the war, *he* was my
commanding officer. So when he ordered
me to infiltrate the Resistance and
assassinate Quatto, I never questioned
him. I did as I was told, and tricked
the Resistance into believing I was one
of them. Only in playing my role, I
learned a few things. Like what love
was. And who the good guys were. I
switched sides, and confessed everything.

Hauser's 3-D image nods.

HOLOGRAM/HAUSER

We'd been hearing rumors of a weapon that
Cohaagen was developing. I volunteered
to use my skills as a spy to go back
under and find out exactly what this
weapon was.

The hologram shakes its head.

HOLOGRAM/HAUSER

But if I'm sitting here now, it means the
weapon is complete - and something went
wrong when Quatto's people tried to
retrieve me.

Quaid stares at the hologram - mind spinning.

HAUSER'S HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE

So now I need you - the world needs you -
to reconnect with the Resistance.
Because whatever it is I discovered?
It's still in my head.

(taps his temple)

And only Quatto can retrieve it.

Quaid opens his mouth but abruptly, the Hologram ...

HOLOGRAM/HAUSER

Hope you make the right decision.
Because the fate of the world hangs on
what you - on what we - do next.

Hauser flickers, then glitches out -- leaving Quaid
staring at the empty space a beat, completely and utterly
floored.

QUAID

You've gotta be kidding me.

EXT. HAUSER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Walking - stunned - Quaid drifts to a stop. Ahead, a
SYNTHETIC SENTRY PATROL is making its rounds.

Quaid hesitates. Torn. Starts to head towards a TRAIN
STATION across the street ...

And that's when he *feels someone behind him*. Startled, he
quickly turns to find

MELINA. She looks him steadily in the eyes.

MELINA

I had a feeling you'd come here.

Quaid gives her a hard look - then keeps walking past her,
toward the Station. She keeps up.

MELINA

That morning, on the platform, when I saw
how you looked at me - for a moment I
thought maybe you recognized me. I was
going to retrieve you, but there were all
these police and -

QUAID

(brusk)

I'd never seen you before in my life.

She reaches for his arm.

MELINA

Hauser -

QUAID

(flashes)

My name is Doug Quaid! That's who I am.
Like it or not, it's all I know!

His eyes burn into hers. The only sound that of an arriving train. Quaid starts around her again - but she steps in front of him.

MELINA

Quaid then - listen to me. Do you think I'm doing all this just for the Resistance?

She shakes her head - making certain her eyes are in his.

MELINA

No. I loved a man too.

Quaid can't help but pause on this... but wills himself to push past her -

MELINA

That scar on your hand.

Quaid halts. Glances back, confused.

MELINA

How do you think you got it?

QUAID

(hesitates; uneasy)

At work -

Melina shakes her head - then slowly raises her own hand and turns it upward...

To reveal an identical CIRCULAR SCAR in her own palm.

MELINA

We were under attack. Coahaagen's forces. I fell. As you caught my hand, a piece of shrapnel tore through yours...

(a swallow/a nod)

Through *our* ... hands.

Quaid is completely thrown as she reaches out and clasps her hand tightly into his, forcing the SCARRED ENTRY WOUND on the back of his hand to show skyward, then *turns* their hands - to show the MATCHING EXIT WOUND on the back of hers. *Lining up perfectly.*

Their eyes meet. She's searching his for any sign of recognition.

QUAID

(struggling)

I don't remember. I'm sorry...

MELINA

I understand. I just - I'd hoped something might survive.

She lets his hand go. A rueful half-smile masking the pain in her face -

- when over her shoulder, Quaid spots a SECOND SYNTH PATROL coming their way. Off his look, she turns, sees it too.

MELINA

We need to go. Now.

Quaid hesitates -

QUAID

To Quatto?

(shakes his head)

You don't get it. Even if I was Hauser - it's not who I am now.

Over his shoulder, the SYNTH PATROL is almost upon them. Urgently, she shakes her head. Voice a racing whisper.

MELINA

A man is the sum of his actions, not his names. Don't you owe it to yourself - to the world ...

Her hand tightens on his.

MELINA

And just maybe even me - to find out who the sum of you *really* is?

Quaid stares back - mind *racing*. Over her shoulder, he sees the first Synth Patrol just steps away.

SYNTH PATROL

Hey! You!

Abruptly pulling Melina by their clasped hands - Quaid *ducks* them sideways thru the closing doors of the TRAIN.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

As the doors slap shut and the train begins to accelerate - he guides her back through the crowds...

INT. FINAL TRAIN CAR - DAY

To the final empty car, where he shorts-out the door so that it remains locked shut, sealing them into their own vacuum of space.

He turns to her, their faces inches apart.

QUAID

Let's say I did decide to trust you. Why is it so important that I get to Quatto? Hauser's message talked about something being inside my head...

MELINA

Before you went undercover to spy on Coahaagen's weapons program, Quatto ordered a "Black Box" to be implanted in your brain.

(off his frown)

It's like a neural hard-drive that records everything you see. So that even if you were completely annihilated, whatever information you discovered would still be retrievable.

QUAID

(flatly)

You're saying there's a little safe... in my skull.

MELINA

And only Quatto has the cryptonym to unlock it.

QUAID

I thought no one's ever allowed anywhere near Quatto?

MELINA

Only his most trusted people. It's the only way to ensure his safety.

QUAID

But he's going to make an exception in my case.

(off her nod)

Lucky me.

Quaid chews on it...

QUAID

And once Quatto's got the plans for this weapon, what's he going to do? Destroy

QUAID (CONT'D)

it?

(darkly)

Or use it to kill even more civilians.

MELINA

Doug - wake up. That's nothing but propaganda. These recent attacks weren't the work of the Resistance. Our targets have always been restricted to military installations and cyberspace.

QUAID

(dubious)

So, what - Coahaagen's been bombing his own people?

MELINA

(nods)

The federal labs, those mag-train bombings - it's all been orchestrated by Coahaagen. *He's* the one behind all these new attacks.

Quaid pales at the thought.

QUAID

But - why?

MELINA

That's what we need to find out. And if Quatto's suspicions are correct... the answer is inside your head.

ON QUAID: processing everything she's told him.

Then turns to her:

QUAID

What was I -- I mean *Hauser* - like?

She considers the question. Softer:

MELINA

You were brave. Brilliant. Impatient. Funny.

(a sad smile; missing him)

Full of yourself sometimes.

Quaid listening intently. Melina's smile fades.

MELINA

And you had regrets.

QUAID

About working for Coahaagen, you mean.

MELINA

(nods)

You were promised power, wealth... your place in history. But when you saw how things really were in New Asia - the desperate conditions, the starving and the sick - you realized how much Coahaagen could have done for us, and how little he had. And you became painfully aware of your own role in all of it.

Quaid absorbs it all. Then, carefully:

QUAID

And you and I - we were...?

Melina nods, pushing back the pain as she raises her eyes to Quaid's. Each searching the other's, a fraught beat --

-- when they feel the TRAIN GLIDING TO A HALT? Melina and Quaid quickly peer out the window - they're between stations. And that's when they hear commotion in

THE NEXT CAR

As Synth Sentries push through, searching the confused passengers -- clearly they were notified that Quaid and Melina are on board.

The Sentries finally arrive at the door to the last car. Try it - find it's been shorted out. Instantly alert -

SENTRY 1

Quick!

They proceed to pry the shorted door open, guns drawn as they burst into

THE FINAL CAR

to find it empty. A single window has been smashed. And beyond it -

- the fleeing figures of Quaid and Melina on the ground below, racing away on foot.

EXT. STREET - EUROMERICA - DAY

Quaid and Melina hurrying through crowds. In their peripheral vision they can make out a Synth Patrol

clocking them. The Synth starts to follow them...

In seconds two more Synths have joined the first... and then we hear sirens preceding the arrival of Federal Police vehicles, descending on the street.

Quaid looks to Melina - they know they're being cornered. Behind them they can hear their pursuers coming closer...

QUAID

This way!

He grabs Melina and tugs her into the service entrance of

INT. A HUGE BUILDING - SERVICE ENTRY CORRIDORS - DAY

Quaid and Melina race through a narrow passageway, turn a corner to another. Running for their lives, they spot a sign directing them to a "Lobby." They bolt in that direction, bang through another door and into

AN ENORMOUS LOBBY

Pedestrians milling, opulent decor -- and then Quaid freezes, grabbing Melina to halt her as she too sees

THROUGH THE WINDOWS

A FLEET OF FEDERAL POLICE AND SYNTH PATROL vehicles have amassed out front. Human and Synth officers fanned out, weapons at the ready.

Quaid and Melina look to each other. They're surrounded.

Quaid grabs Melina and hurries behind a partition wall. Gasping and scared, their eyes meet.

And for a moment we see something in Quaid. *He cares about her.*

QUAID

We're gonna find a way out of here.

His eyes dart, looking for any sort of option when -

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Doug?

The voice sounds hollow in the grand space - but also familiar...? Quaid suddenly lifts his head as he recognizes it as -

HARRY??

Sure enough, Harry is here, having just entered the lobby through the front doors. He's wearing a bullet-proof vest and pacing cautiously, his hands raised shoulder-high in an "I come in peace" gesture.

HARRY

Doug...

Quaid finally steps out with his gun raised more as a precaution than a threat.

QUAID

(stunned)

Harry? What are you doing here?

Harry continues toward Quaid, his voice steady, assuring:

HARRY

They sent me in for you. To talk you down.

QUAID

(narrowing)

Who sent you? Cohaagen?

Harry shakes his head, pitying.

HARRY

Doug, you don't get it. I don't mean they sent me in *here*... I mean they sent me into your mind.

Quaid *looks* at him. Harry moves closer.

HARRY

I need you to listen to me. You're suffering what's called a paranoid dissociative break, brought on by the trauma of a chemical fantasy. You've had an adverse reaction to mind-tripping.

Quaid reels slightly. His gun tightens in his grasp.

QUAID

... what the hell are you talking about...?

HARRY

You're not actually here, Doug.

Quaid looks around. Back.

HARRY

You're still back in that tripping den - strapped to a chair, needle hanging out of your arm; eyes rolled back into your head... I know it's almost impossible for you to accept, but it's true. None of this is real.

A GUN abruptly appears behind Harry's head - wielded by Melina, getting the jump on him.

MELINA

He's lying. Trying to manipulate you.

Harry calmly ignores her - remains looking at Quaid.

HARRY

When we were back at the bar, you had me worried. So I followed you. But by the time I got here, it was too late. You were unresponsive.

Melina looks anxiously at Quaid, sees he's struggling with this insane possibility...

HARRY

So I was chemically transfused into your mind. They thought a familiar face might help. To try to bring you back. Before it's too late.

MELINA

Quaid, don't listen to him - it's a trap. They have us surrounded, so they're thinking they can take you alive and recover what's in your head.

HARRY

Doug, I assure you -

MELINA

Think - does he even sound like the Harry you know? He was a plant, just like your wife! To keep you in line.

HARRY

I don't sound like me, Doug, because you don't want me to. You need to understand, I'm merely the *idea* of Harry: an antidotal serum injected into your brain to provoke a corrective emotional response. The rest is supplied by your own imagination. Even the explanation I'm giving you right now. It's really

HARRY (CONT'D)

you carrying on an internal dialogue prompted by the serum. Your mind is providing the words because *that's where we are*, Doug. In your mind.

QUAID

If none of this is real - how come you're wearing a bullet-proof vest?

HARRY

(doesn't miss a beat)

Because *you put it on me*. Don't you see? Your mind is desperate to preserve this paranoid fantasy you've constructed, but a part of you wants to protect me. To let me guide you back to consciousness, before you slip into permanent psychosis. To convince you...

(he nods)

... to save yourself.

Quaid hesitates minutely. The gun in his hand trembling.

HARRY

You need to accept that this is all just a dark, warped projection of your own desire for a life of purpose - it's the ultimate ego trip.

MELINA

Doug, you can't buy into this. Look at me: *I'm real*. And so is he. He's been working for Coahaagen, just like-

QUAID

(staring off)

Lori?

FOLLOW QUAID'S STUNNED GAZE TO THE LOBBY WINDOW...

... where we now discover LORI OUTSIDE among the amassed Federal Police and Synths, looking truly frightened, vulnerable, in tears - pleading with them to let her inside (ala "That's my husband in there!")

HARRY (O.S.)

That's right. She's here too, Doug. Not in your mind, but in the room. Beside you. Holding your hand right now, worried sick. It's her presence you're sensing.

ON QUAID: staring at Lori, overwhelmed with confusion - *what happened to Lori the ruthless killer?*

HARRY (O.S.)

As soon as I told her what was happening, she came straight over.

QUAID

You called her at work?

HARRY (O.S.)

I had to. She loves you, Doug.

ON MELINA: gaping anxiously at Lori pleading like the dutiful wife outside, fearing the impact on Quaid -

- when Harry seizes Melina's distraction and grabs her gun from her hand.

MELINA

Quaid!

Quaid spins, trains his gun back on Harry; Harry keeps Melina's gun trained on Melina.

QUAID

(harder)

Lori *didn't* work last night, Harry.
You're lying.

Is that a *flicker of nervousness* in Harry's eyes before he blinks? He keeps his gun on Melina...

HARRY

Only because you wanted me to. You're clinging to the delusion -

MELINA

Damn it, Doug, this isn't a delusion!

HARRY

No? Okay, fine. I'll tell you what...

Harry considers the stand-off a beat - and then *hands Melina's gun back to her*. Quaid is thrown.

HARRY

Is that proof enough for you? Would I have done that if this was for real?

Melina keeps her gun trained on Harry, but she's scared by the unsure expression on Quaid's face -

HARRY

You see? I'm not afraid, Doug. And you shouldn't be either -

MELINA

I swear if you don't shut up I'm going to shoot you-

QUAID

Don't.

Melina is stunned - struck by the pained look on Quaid's face. He's truly torn, clearly on the fence...

MELINA

(pleads)

Doug - please - trust me. We have to get out of here...

HARRY

And go where? There's no getting out of your own head, Doug. But you *can* escape this nightmare. If you let me help you.

QUAID

Help me how?

HARRY

(calmly; looks to Melina)

You have to shoot her, Doug.

(off Quaid's shock)

I know that's asking everything of you, but she's at the epicenter of this whole twisted fantasy. She represents all your frustration, all your unhappiness.

That's why it would mean nothing if I were to kill her - it's you who has to choose reality. You shoot her, Doug, and I promise, you will gasp awake and find me sitting right beside you. The *real* me - your old friend Harry. Turn, and you'll see your beautiful, loving wife, who is terrified right now. She wants you back, Doug. We both do.

(nods)

Come back.

Quaid hesitates, overwhelmed... *Then lowers his gun to his side.*

HARRY

That's right, Doug. Come on back.

Panicked, Melina instantly *aims her own gun on Quaid.*

QUAID

(thrown)

Melina...?

MELINA

(pained)

I can't let them take you. I'm sorry - I still love you, no matter who you are - but I can't let what's in your head fall into Coahaagen's hands.

Quaid's eyes lock on Melina's - a powerful moment between them, rife with regrets. Melina's finger quivers on the trigger, trying to will herself to squeeze it...

But she can't. She just can't do it.

HARRY

Of course she can't do it, Doug. She's not real. Now you just need to prove it to yourself. End her, Doug. And end this nightmare.

Trembling, Quaid's gun rises - pointed at Melina.

HARRY

That's it, Doug. Free yourself!

Quaid's grip hardens on his gun. He levels it between Melina's eyes. Trembling.

But she only looks back at him - *ready*.

A SINGLE TEAR sliding down her cheek.

Quaid's eyes clear on the tear ...

HARRY (O.S.)

Do it! Search yourself and you'll know *what's real and what isn't*.

And the SCAR on the back of his hand ...

HARRY

(more rabid)

Shoot her! Kill her damn it! Shoot!
SHOOT!

Something in Quaid shifting, his expression *suddenly decisive* as he turns and

BOOM! puts a BULLET into Harry. For an instant time almost stands still as Harry drops -

- and then the windows and walls INSTANTLY EXPLODE with GUNFIRE!

Quaid grabs Melina ...

QUAID

Come on!

They start to bolt, then abruptly *duck* back behind a partition as a HAIL OF GUNFIRE erupts at them. Both desperate for a way out.

An ELEVATOR waits tantalizingly across the lobby. Quaid grabs Melina and they bolt inside it just as DOORS CLOSE.

INT. ELEVATOR CAR

Gliding upward. A brief respite, Quaid and Melina alone. Gasping for breath.

Melina looks up into his eyes, starts to say something -- when Quaid suddenly KISSES her. She's taken aback for an instant - then gives herself over with a rush of emotion.

When they part, it's clear neither knows what to make of it. Their body language tentative. Raw. Melina reaches out to run her fingers over Quaid's face.

QUAID

(quietly)

That morning - on the platform... I know I said I'd never seen you before, but - I felt something.

MELINA

(confused)

You *remembered me*? But - you had your mind erased -?

QUAID

I guess some things - they just stay with you no matter what.

She allows a trace of hope in her smile, perhaps about to kiss him again -

- when the elevator stops. DING! the doors glide open to

A CORRIDOR

Seemingly empty. Doors closing behind them, Quaid and Melina step out, peer around - and suddenly BULLETS blast by their heads. They duck around a corner. A beat -

FEMALE VOICE

Doug...

Quaid frowns, hazards an attempt at peering out, glimpses

LORI, pistol double-fisted, with TWO SYNTHETIC SENTRIES. What was a tearful, sympathetic Lori is now a hardened killer once again.

Quaid ducks back. *Shit.*

LORI'S VOICE

(calling out)

Or should I call you Hauser? How's it feel to finally be important?

(a laugh)

Cohaagen filled me in. Guess the joke's on me. I really thought you were a schlub. Turns out I was living with the greatest intelligence agent alive.

ANGLE ON LORI from behind her corner:

LORI

You can still turn yourself in, you know.

(lips curl)

What'll it be, Doug?

Quaid nods at Melina, and they make a run for it.

Lori raises her gun and opens fire on them. Bullets sparking all around them as Melina drops to a knee and lays cover fire as she shouts to Quaid:

MELINA

Get that elevator back open!

Quaid sprints for the elevator door as Lori and two Synth Guards fire mercilessly. Melina still laying cover.

MELINA

Almost out!

Quaid tosses her his gun -- Melina catches it, reaches around the corner and fires more shots at Lori...

... as Quaid finally manages to pry the elevator door open a crack.

ANGLE ON LORI AND THE SYNTHS

Taking cover from Melina's blind shots.

LORI

Move in!

BACK TO QUAID

As the elevator door finally opens - just as an ELEVATOR

CAR whizzes past - only this time *horizontally* (and we realize these elevators are multi-directional). Quaid glances back to Melina as she joins him, ducking into

THE ELEVATOR SHAFT

Horizontal. Quaid and Melina race down the shaft - when they see the hint of something rising ahead... ANOTHER ELEVATOR (like a CUBE). It halts, then starts *fast* at them. Melina turns to retreat - but Quaid grabs her.

QUAID

No - come on!

Trusting him, Melina and Quaid start running directly at the elevator flying toward them... and DIVE into an opening in the floor as the cube smashes past overhead.

BACK TO LORI AND THE SYNTHS IN PURSUIT. Arriving at the shaft. In an instant bullets are ricocheting as Quaid and Melina sprint away -- then stumble to halt as they reach

THE EDGE OF THE SHAFT, beyond which is a huge drop off into an AWESOME CHASM OF MOVING ELEVATOR CUBES going up and down, back and forth. One such elevator is emerging directly below them - about 40 feet.

QUAID

There!

MELINA

It's too far!

But as they peer back at Lori and Synth's rapidly approaching, they know they have no choice but to JUMP -

LANDING HARD atop the elevator, Melina rolling over the edge -- Quaid CATCHES HER ARM just in time. He's pulling her up as they ascend back up toward

THE SHAFT THEY JUST JUMPED FROM. Inside Lori dispatches a Synth, who lurches forward at a sprint to intercept the elevator cube when it passes...

BACK TO QUAID AND MELINA ATOP THE CUBE

About to pass the open shaft -

QUAID

Give me your gun!

She tosses him her gun just as they arrive at the shaft and Quaid blasts back the Synth as they ascend. The Synth LUNGES and grabs on to their cube's underside.

ON QUAID AND MELINA'S RISING ELEVATOR CUBE

The Synth begins to scale its side, as on top Quaid and Melina get to their feet... only to discover the Synth climbing up toward them --

Abruptly the elevator jolts to a HALT. Then begins to enter another shaft, leaving Quaid and Melina, perched above, about to get scraped off! They're either going to be killed by the climbing Synth or die from the fall -

- when Melina spots a hatch by her feet. She kicks at it frantically and it gives, allowing her to drop into

THE ELEVATOR'S INTERIOR

PASSENGERS inside understandably surprised. Quaid starts to drop in behind her -- when the Synth grabs his arm from above! Quaid flails, trying to pry free... Melina grabs his torso, pulling him down just as the cube enters the shaft and the Synth's arm shears off!

Quaid and Melina catch their breath - only now aware of the shocked faces of other passengers. Awkward beat...

DING! The elevator arrives at its stop. Doors glide open, passengers exiting -- to reveal Lori and two more Synths! They open fire on Quaid and Melina -

- both duck to the side, Quaid frantically pressing the "Close" button, only to read: "Door Malfunction." Lori sees her chance, races at the open door... as the car resumes its descent, Lori arriving too late, the elevator descending when

BAM! The ceiling hatch pops open and Lori drops in the same way Quaid and Melina entered!

Punches and kicks flying as Lori furiously tries to get a shot off. Quaid manages to pry her gun away -

- just as a SYNTH drops in from the hatch too! The cube still plummeting, Melina battles it out with Lori, while Quaid manages to force the Synth into the open door, the Synth scraping with wild sparks against the shaft wall...

Melina and Lori still battling it out; Quaid trying to keep the pressure on the Synth as the robot's torso shoots sparks - when an opening in the shaft allows Quaid to shove the Synth out - the Synth instantly obliterated.

Lori clocks the loss of the Synth... and that the elevator has stopped to switch to a horizontal direction. She

thinks fast - then slams something in the vicinity of Melina's face before she turns -

- and JUMPS out the open door... landing on TOP OF ANOTHER CUBE. She watches with cruel satisfaction as Quaid and Melina's cube above whisks across the chasm.

INSIDE THE ELEVATOR CUBE

CLOSE ON MELINA as she turns fearfully toward what Lori has left: a MAGNETIC BOMB the size of a hand grenade.

MELINA

Quaid, get over here!

She's pulling on the Mag bomb to no effect. The display ticks down "5...4..." seconds left... Quaid spins, peers out to the chasm and glimpses the approaching wall of an emerging elevator cube...

QUAID

Come on!

He grabs Melina's arm and they LEAP in a free-fall... LANDING HARD atop a descending cube just as - the cube they escaped from EXPLODES, and -

IS NOW FALLING, huge chunks of DEBRIS threatening to crush them -

Quaid and Melina brace, desperate for an escape as they DIVE into the opening of a passing shaft, barely avoiding IMPACT as the debris DEMOLISHES the cube they were on...

Gasping, they peer out across the vast chasm... to find Lori far across on the opposite side, eyeing them in a cold rage.

Quaid and Melina turn and race away.

EXT. EUROMERICAN STREET - DAY

Quaid and Melina move silently, quickly through the tightly thronged sidewalks. A pair of Sentries begin heading towards them ...

And they duck immediately to the right into ...

EXT. A MASSIVE OPEN MALL - DAY

A vast emporium of personal electronics. Unable to ignore as they quickly move through the mobbed mall ...

The faces, words and SOUND-BITES that assault them from every displayed screen they pass ...

PASSING SCREEN 1

(Newscaster 1)

... as I speak, Synthetic Troops are being deployed en masse to the China Fall...

ENDLESS ROWS of SYNTHETIC SOLDIERS with their identical features standing at attention in identical rows as MASSIVE TRANSPORT VEHICLES roll up ...

PASSING SCREEN 2

... imminent invasion of New Asia, as new information has surfaced that directly implicates the colony's governing leadership...

WAVES of lemmings - receiving weapons and, in clock-like synchronization, boarding trucks ...

Quaid and Melina exchange an alarmed moving glance.

PASSING SCREEN 3

... of the recent dramatic developments, Chancellor Cohaagen has ordered a full-scale occupation of New Asia ...

PASSING SCREEN 4

...various rumors circulating. Talk of martial law...

Quaid and Melina's look says it all as they exit, swiftly ducking out the other side of the mall and onto

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

... the sidewalk where, Quaid abruptly stops - riveted by what he sees on a passing Handheld ...

PASSING HANDHELD

... extraordinary confession of the bot-line worker implicated in the murder of 30 Federal Police Sentries in New Asia yesterday morning ...

He grabs -

QUAID

Melina -

But she is ALREADY STOPPED - staring upward.

He follows her eyes - rising to the JUMBOTRON SCREEN towering over the crowded square where ...

JUMBOTRON
... captured today following a shootout at an illegal tripping den ...

He sees HIMSELF: Looming 50 feet tall above the staring eyes of the crowds. Haggard, beaten and bruised... he directly addresses the camera:

JUMBOTRON (QUAID)
Euromerica. This is my confession. I make it under no duress and of my own free will. My name is Douglas Quaid and I freely admit that I have long been an instrument of Quatto; on his orders I have systematically bombed, gunned and gassed public institutions in Euromerica, with the intention of causing maximum casualties and wreaking havoc...

Quaid, looks *astonished* to Melina who is equally shocked.

JUMBOTRON (QUAID)
Moreover, I wish to assert that my acts of terrorism and sabotage - as well as those of Quatto, Hauser and his Resistance conspirators - were all financed and directed by the colonial government of New Asia in an effort to bring down the government of Chancellor Cohaagen...

Melina notices some people are beginning to eye Quaid.

Pale, quiet, she tugs his sleeve - pulling him away.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Heads down, Quaid and Melina move quickly.

QUAID
Cohaagen must have forced me to make the statement before he finished turning me into Quaid.

MELINA
Meaning he always planned to do this.
(realizing)
Quatto had warned us that these escalated attacks meant something. It's all been leading up to this...

Quaid looks back at her.

QUAID

We have to get me to Quatto. Fast.

EXT. EUROMERICAN STREETS - DAY

Everything has moved into chaos and overdrive as the entirety of Euromerican society MOBILIZES FOR WAR.

Sirens scream and mothers duck their children out of the way as troop transports roar past down the streets ...

EXT. STREET - DAY

Quaid and Melina stop before a massively pristine industrial facility. DEPARTMENT OF WASTE MANAGEMENT.

Quaid looks askance to Melina.

INT. WASTE MANAGEMENT - DAY

Melina leads Quaid down through a labyrinth of machinery. Into the utility bowels beneath the clockwork metropolis.

INT. WASTE MANAGEMENT - DAY

They stop at five ARMED MEN who block the way amidst the roaring machines. They regard Quaid with suspicion. Quaid recognizes the man he knew as "Murphy" (the mind-trip advocate from the factory locker room). Murphy nods.

RESISTANCE FIGHTER 1

How can we be sure about him?

MELINA

He successfully activated the message in Reed's apartment. Only Hauser could have done that.

One of the Armed Men runs a SCANNER over Quaid's body.

RESISTANCE FIGHTER 2

He's clean.

INT. WASTE MANAGEMENT - QUATTO'S LAIR - DAY

Quaid and Melina follow the armed men into the heart of an arena of MONSTROUS MACHINES.

Standing solemnly watching VID-SCREENS - broadcasting LIVE IMAGES of the invasion preparations.

MAN WITH BACK TURNED

Welcome.

He turns. Quatto. The Indian man from the shadowy news image. Sadly, from behind his spectacles, he smiles.

QUAID

Quatto...

The Elderly Indian Man's glasses glint.

QUATTO

At last we meet in person, Mr. Quaid.
And not a moment too soon.

He glances at the INVASION PREPARATIONS on the screens.

QUAID

Why is Cohaagen doing this? Why now?

QUATTO

Invade New Asia?

(a rueful smile)

Simple. We've outlived our usefulness.
More precisely, the laws he so generously
instituted to keep labor in the hands of
men - rather than machines - have become
obsolete. And inconvenient.

(turns to Quaid and Melina)

Ask yourselves this: what is the one
resource New Asia has that Euromerica
doesn't?

Quaid thinks about it, his eyes landing on the DENSE CROWDS of Euromerica on the vid-screens. And it hits him:

QUAID

Space... He's run out of room...

QUATTO

(smiles sadly)

Indeed. Cohaagen has a great need for
this precious patch of land we still call
home. And yet, even an individual as
persuasive as Cohaagen would have
difficulty convincing the world that the
forced seizure and mass-displacement of
millions is a morally justifiable act.

MELINA

So he created an enemy...

QUATTO

(nods)

And not merely to sway public opinion.
Those attacks were the pretext Coahaagen
needed to manufacture more police synths.
He sold it as "additional security," when
all along he was amassing an army.

Quatto indicates the vis-screens: the ENDLESS ROWS OF
SYNTHETIC SOLDIERS with their identical features...

QUATTO

And when the occupation is complete,
those same troops will be re-programmed
as factory workers, domestic help, menial
labor - an entire work force who will
never know the meaning of "revolt."

Quatto steps toward Quaid.

QUATTO

We always knew it was a matter of time
before Coahaagen invented an excuse to
invade us...

He regards one of the vis-screens on which QUAID'S
"CONFESSION" is being replayed.

QUATTO

We just never realized that excuse would
be you.

The notion unnerves Quaid.

QUATTO

Of course we must prepare for war. But
perhaps it can be averted. We must hope
that the weapon Coahaagen designed to
destroy us can now be turned against
him...

(a gentle nod)

And that what we need is inside your
head.

Immediately, lab-coated TECHNICIANS guide Quaid toward a
FUTURISTIC CHAIR - provocatively *similar* to the one from
the mind-tripping den...

Quaid instinctively backs away. Quatto's followers start
toward him -- but Quatto halts them with a look.

QUATTO

You have come this far, Mr. Quaid. The
decision must be yours.

Quaid looks from Quatto to Melina... and then proceeds to take his seat in the chair. Lets them strap him in.

Sensors are attached to the lobes of Quaid's forehead.

QUATTO

If Cohaagen has been trying to kill you,
we can only assume it was for a reason.

Laying his hand on a SWITCH, he nods - sober.

QUATTO

Let's find out what it is.

He flicks the switch and Quaid TIGHTENS SPASMODICALLY - an ENERGY flowing through him ...

Holographic screens dominating one side of the room suddenly bursting with a pyrotechnic of static...

That begins to coalesce into a flickering collage of unconnected THOUGHTS, SOUNDS and IMAGES from Quaid's mind... Then the image of a TOWERING STEEL DOOR.

QUATTO

The firewall. To the Black Box.

In the room, Quaid's eyes burst open. A surprised look.

QUATTO

(smiles)

Yes, you're conscious. Don't worry.

(nods at screen)

Yes ... you see...?

On the screen, the COMBINATION DIAL on the imaginary door spins as Quatto enters alphanumeric into the keyboard.

Abruptly, there is a massive THUNKING of tumblers - and the giant on-screen door of Quaid's mind swings OPEN to reveal

A VAST BLACKNESS. Only the faintest hint of a physicality to it, like a dark labyrinth. We begin to drift forward, toward the barest suggestion of light glinting far ahead.

MELINA

(confused)

What's this?

Quaid turns to Quatto - who appears equally unsure as he peers up at

The holographic screens: we're still drifting through this dark, imposing maze, the distant light ahead no closer despite our encroachment...

QUAID

I thought the box was supposed record
what I saw?

QUATTO

(worried)

It was.

(sees something)

Wait -- *there...*

Follow Quatto's gaze to the multiple screens, where materializing from the blackness we discover

ANOTHER BOX within the box. Plain, black - no locks or latches.

Intrigued, Quatto uses his equipment to manipulate this smaller box, and it starts to OPEN...

And instantly *every single screen momentarily GLITCHES* as if hit by a massive pulse...

And then, on all the multiple screens, an image of COHAAGEN'S FACE suddenly appears. Smiling. Mocking us.

MELINA

(on edge)

What's going on?

COHAAGEN (ON SCREEN)

Hello, Quatto.

(smiles wider)

You can't imagine how much I've looked
forward to meeting you...

They all gape at these multiple images of Cohaagen leering back at them.

COHAAGEN

After all, you're a hard man to find.

Alarmed, Quatto quickly calls up a CAT SCAN-STYLE MAP of Quaid's brain imagery - and finds a RED DOT PRESENTLY *BLINKING IN HIS CEREBELLUM* like a homing signal.

QUAID

(sees this; realizing)

It's a trap!

THAT RED DOT IN QUAID'S BRAIN-SCAN *STILL BLINKING...*
 Quatto and his men springing into action -

QUATTO

Quick! Shut it all down!

Quatto's men scrambling to "unplug" Quaid; Quaid himself ripping the sensors from his own head...

MELINA

(panicked)

I don't understand -

QUATTO

Cohaagen found the box! It's wired for tracking - opening it must have tripped the signal!

MELINA

You mean there is no weapon?!

Quaid looks over at her, horrified:

QUAID

Melina - I am the weapon.

BANG! Abruptly, the STEEL DOORS on all sides EXPLODE off their hinges - SENTRIES bursting in - FIRING FULL-AUTO.

Instantly, the ARMED RESISTANCE MEMBERS everywhere in the room are struck down.

And LORI comes striding in. Smile twisting as she sees the devastation in Quaid's eyes...

And then his eyes widen on discovering, entering behind Lori -

CHANCELLOR VILOS COHAAGEN, his stately veneer coarsened by a palpable mercilessness: more a General than a politician.

Cohaagen stops directly in front of Quatto.

COHAAGEN

I had no choice, old man. Your "Resistance army" would fight to the death for you, and I can't have that. Not when I've come this far.

QUATTO

They fight for themselves, not for me. I am only a man.

COHAAGEN

You shouldn't underestimate the power of one man.

Cohaagen then raises his arm - and he's holding a gun.

COHAAGEN

I know *I* don't.

BOOM! he shoots Quatto. As Quatto drops, both Melina and Quaid - stunned - catch and ...

MELINA

Quatto!

... lower him to the floor. But - gurgling blood - he is calm. With a dying hand, he touches Melina's hair ...

Before his eyes move to Quaid's. Strangely serene:

QUATTO

...It's up to you now...

He clasps a bloody hand into Quaid's as he finally dies. Melina leaps up, throwing herself at Coahaagen.

MELINA

I'LL KILL YOU!

But Lori meets her halfway with a *pistolwhipping* that sends Melina *sprawling* back to the floor. Fanged, Lori looks to Quaid.

LORI

Bravo. I guess you'll get another medal for this.

Before Quaid - furious - can react, Lori nods to the Sentries who seize Quaid and Melina.

QUAID

(growls)

What're you waiting for? Why don't you just shoot us too?

Cohaagen regards Quaid with an eerily congenial grin.

COHAAGEN

For doing exactly what I wanted you to? Nonsense. You were always a good soldier, even when we served together. I wouldn't hurt you, Carl. I'm going to help you.

Lori puts her gun to Melina's head.

LORI

You, however -

COHAAGEN

No. Not yet. I want to record her confession first.

(smiles at Quaid)

Maybe I'll even let you drag it out of her. Sort of a welcome home present.

QUAID

What are you talking about -

Cohaagen looks to the Sentries - who instantly grab Quaid, *wrestling* him into the Resistance's chair. One of them snaps open a steel valise, in which we discover various syringes and high-tech equipment reminiscent of what we saw in the mind-trip den.

QUAID

Cohaagen! What the hell are you doing?!

COHAAGEN

Maintaining my assets. Carl Hauser was far too valuable an operative to simply discard. No - we made sure to back up *your memory* in its entirety. We saved it all - well, *up to a point*.

(off Quaid's look)

You see, once we discovered you were sniffing around the weapons lab, we realized the unthinkable had happened. You really had turned.

ON MELINA as her terrified eyes meet Quaid's -

COHAAGEN

And for a woman, no less.

Quaid seethes, struggling but physically overwhelmed into the chair, his wrists forcibly strapped to the armrests.

COHAAGEN

But don't worry... We'll soon change all that.

A Technician forces Quaid's hand over and *jams* a massive heavy-gauge NEEDLE into the center of his open palm.

Quaid stifles a scream as Melina struggles frantically.

COHAAGEN

This will neutralize all prior identity veneers and restore your native brain chemistry. You'll be Hauser again. The same man you were when we first sent you in. Loyal. Patriotic. Ruthless.

(nods at Melina)

With no memory of these experiences. Or of anyone you've loved.

Quaid looks to Melina, horrified by this possibility -

QUAID

No! I won't let you! *You can't!*

COHAAGEN

Please. I owe you this much. You were always *so ambitious* - so eager to make your mark on this world. And now you have - even if you didn't mean to. Quatto is gone, and the Resistance will fracture and crumble...

Quaid thrashes, as on the screens in here LIVE IMAGES OF THE INVASION PREPARATIONS play on. *Scary as hell.*

COHAAGEN

The future is finally here. And trust me, the old you is going to love it.

QUAID

Goddamit! Coahaagen!

COHAAGEN

See you soon, my friend.

The fluid enters the black stretch leading to the needle, Quaid *yelling* out as it enters his bloodstream.

COHAAGEN

That's it, Hauser - don't fight it ...

Quaid *screams*, veins in his neck bulging, shaking like a locomotive on fire. His eyes move to the needle and ...

With a massive effort - he begins to CLOSE his fingers...

LORI

Hauser ... ?

FORCING the fat steel needle *thru* his palm like a crucifixion nail - emerging *spraying* out the other side -

As the other BREAKS free of its holding-strap and ...

LORI

VILOS!

Frees the needle-hand. *Backhanding* the Tech with it, fluid-pumping NEEDLE crunching thru his skull.

And as that man drops Quaid *wrenches* the needle out and *stabs* it into the heart of the nearest Sentry, stripping the Sentry's weapon as he falls -

- as Melina seizes the chaos and takes out another Sentry; now she's armed too. Shots flying, more Sentries going down, Lori and Coahaagen emptying rounds -

- as Quaid and Melina shoot their way toward the exit, ducking out to make a run for it.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF WASTE MANAGEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Lori, Coahaagen and surviving Sentries racing after them in pursuit...

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF WASTE MANAGEMENT - DAY

Emerging to where they'd parked their Transport Vehicles -- just in time to see one of their Federal Police Transport Vehicles FLYING away.

LORI

Shit!

EXT. CHINA FALL - DAY

D-Day before the storming of the beach at Normandy.

ROBOT-LOADERS driving ARMAMENTS - TANKS and TRUCKS and ARTILLERY up into the holds of the CHINA FALL.

THOUSANDS OF SYNTHETIC TROOPS deploying from vehicles in precisely ordered rows...

Boarding in waves into the CARGO HOLDS of the China Fall.

PUBLIC ADDRESS

Loading capacity - reached. Remaining troops to travel in - 2nd wave. Platform clearing for - China Fall drop - in time minus - five minutes...

Sufficient chaos that no one pays any mind to the

The Adjutant springs into action, grabbing his radio.

ANGLE ON COHAAGEN AND LORI'S CRAFT ABOVE

As it now alights on the deck of the China Fall. Both Coahaagen and Lori jump out before it even shuts down.

INT. CHINA FALL - MECHANICALS SECTOR

Situated in the "ceiling" of the China Fall. Melina and Quaid maneuvering dark passages. Keeping close.

PUBLIC ADDRESS

Drop in - time minus - two minutes...

Quaid helps Melina duck under a soffit; *taking her hand*, he can't help but notice their shared scar.

He holds her hand in his a beat - *tenderly runs a thumb over the scar they share.*

QUAID

I know what he meant to you...

(looks up at her)

But I can never really be Hauser again.

MELINA

(nods; at peace with this)

I didn't love you for who you were. I loved you for who you could be.

She blinks back tears as she manages a smile. Quaid pulls her close, and they hurry on.

INT. CHINA FALL - HALLWAY

Cohaagen and Lori storming halls, searching for Quaid and Melina.

PUBLIC ADDRESS

Drop in - time minus - ninety seconds...

EXT. CHINA FALL - DAY

The perimeter around the CHINA FALL begins to clear as the remaining THOUSANDS OF SYNTH SOLDIERS are marshalled back. The last of the crafts lowered into their bays...

PUBLIC ADDRESS

Drop in - time minus - seventy seconds...

INT. CHINA FALL - DAY

Quaid and Melina at a run through gangways - past massive HANGARS and CARGO HOLDS where THOUSANDS of SYNTHETIC SOLDIERS are strapping into individual harnesses in mechanized precision.

PUBLIC ADDRESS

Drop in - time minus - sixty seconds...

The pair continue into

A HALLWAY

QUAID

I just need to locate the pressurization valves...

PUBLIC ADDRESS

Drop in - time minus - thirty seconds...

MELINA

Quaid!

He spins and now sees what she sees: LORI, COHAAGEN and SYNTHS at the far end of the hall.

They quickly turn, searching for a way out of sight -

COHAAGEN

(now spotting them)

STOP THEM!

PUBLIC ADDRESS

Drop in - time minus - twenty seconds...

Cohaagen, Lori and SynthS in pursuit -

Quaid and Melina hurrying back -

PUBLIC ADDRESS

Drop in - time minus - ten seconds...

- only to be blocked by Synth Guards from the other end.

COHAAGEN

Hold it, Quaid! You hold it right there.

They spin - see that Coahaagen and Lori have them dead to rights. Lori allows a sliver of a smile, about to shoot when suddenly

A crack like THUNDER...

PUBLIC ADDRESS

Time minus zero. China Fall - departing.

EXT. CHINA FALL - LOADING PLATFORMS - DAY

As the monstrous LOCKING BOLTS suddenly withdraw ...

And the entire China Fall suddenly DROPS into its shaft, vanishing into the earth.

INT. CHINA FALL - HALLWAY - DAY

The FLOOR beneath Quaid, Melina, Lori and Cohaagen suddenly DROPPING AWAY beneath them ...

As the entire space and everyone in it goes into WEIGHTLESS FREE-FALL! Bodies drifting every which way -

Quaid suddenly has a thought - FIRES his gun and GRABS Melina as the gravity-free propulsion VAULTS the two of them backwards and away...

COHAAGEN

(to Lori)

Get him!

Sides of the steel shaft visible streaking by outside ...

ON QUAID AND MELINA fired by the propulsion of the gun - propelling out of the hallway and into another.

Craning his neck, Quaid can make out a catwalk leading to the VAST CARGO HOLD. Quaid catches an I-beam; Melina hanging on to him, they make their way into

INT. MAIN CARGO HOLD

Quaid quickly BOLT-LOCKS the door behind them.

He and Melina survey the hold. Ceilings high as an aircraft hangar, as before them stretch ENDLESS ROWS OF SYNTHETIC SOLDIERS, hundreds secured into individual transport harnesses.

Quaid spies a SCHEMATIC of the entire China Fall. He pushes toward it, begins to study the Fall's layout.

INSERT: JUST OUTSIDE THE CARGO HOLD

LORI tries the door - won't budge. Cohaagen arrives.

LORI

They locked themselves in the cargo hold.

Cohaagen considers this - has an idea.

COHAAGEN

Stay here and cover the door.

INT. CHINA FALL - SECURITY STATION

Cohaagen enters to a bank of surveillance images.

COHAAGEN

Call up the main cargo hold.

The Cargo Bay image enlarges: see Quaid and Melina in there... as well as those hundreds of inactive Synths. Cohaagen realizes he has an opportunity:

COHAAGEN

Activate sentient signals on every synth we've got stored in there; uplink targeting parameters with unrestricted kill orders - and release them all.

INT. CHINA FALL - CARGO HOLD

Quaid and Melina suddenly *hear something*. Quickly turn as - in a domino-effect - the HARNESS SHOULDER RESTRAINTS locking down all those Synth Troops begin to LIFT.

A Symphony of combat Synths begin rising into the zero-Gravity void. Quaid freezes, oh shit!

His eyes dart upwards: secured to the stadium-size ceiling: lots of CARGO CONTAINERS the size of dumpsters.

QUAID

Come on!

ON QUAID as he grabs Melina and shoots his gun to propel them up to the ceiling - where they take cover behind those cargo containers. Shots are already ricocheting as Quaid notices one of the containers labelled "Military Property." He quickly snaps its latches, discovers

A CACHE OF WEAPONS. Guns, mag-grenades, etc. Quaid pockets a grenade - then spots an RPG-type weapon.

Something occurs to him - as below those hundreds of killer Synths are rising closer... Quaid lunges for a

CONTROL CONSOLE a few feet away. Hits ALL OF THE RELEASE BUTTONS and

THUNK THUNK THUNK - all the MAGNET LOCKS securing the containers RELEASE - and those bulky, dumpster-size metal containers begin to drift into zero-gravity.

Quaid dives back inside the container containing the ammo. Seizes the RPG and presses it up against a metal strut -

MELINA

What are you doing?!

QUAID

(re: an OPEN CONTAINER nearby)

Quick, get in there.

MELINA

What are you-

QUAID

Trust me, I'm right behind you.

Melina pushes off toward the empty container... as Quaid braces himself and FIRES the RPG...

In zero-G, its rocket propels the entire container off of Quaid like a sleeve as this dumpster-sized container of ammo sails down at the rising army of Synthetics -

Quaid lunges for cover inside that empty container with Melina, pulling her close as below them - the ammo-crate finally hits the wall below, TRIGGERING the RPG, and

BOOOOMMMM!! THE BLAST ROCKS THE ENTIRE CHINA FALL, singeing the metal sides of Quaid and Melina's container -

EXT. THE CHINA FALL

The entire structure shuddering from the concussive blast as The Fall continues racing toward the white hot core.

INT. CHINA FALL - CARGO BAY

Smoke and debris. Burnt and mangled Synth parts strewn everywhere... But as the smoke clears, we find Quaid and Melina have survived as they drift out from the empty container that protected them from the blast.

INT. CHINA FALL - SECURITY STATION

Cohaagen witnessing this... sees Quaid and Melina making for a gaping hole in a wall created by the blast ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE of the China Fall from where Lori waits.

COHAAGEN

They're headed for the utility corridors.

INT. CHINA FALL - HALLWAY

Through the heat-shielded windows we glimpse walls of the SHAFT glowing WHITE HOT as the Fall rockets past.

PUBLIC ADDRESS

Passing - through - core ...

The hallway proceeds to ORBIT as Lori regains her weight.

LORI

(into radio)

I'm on it.

(to Synth troops)

Move!

INT. CHINA FALL - OUTER UTILITY CORRIDOR

QUAID and MELINA back on their feet and running.

PUBLIC ADDRESS

Core traversed. Pressurizing for sea-level New Asia. You may experience - some discomfort.

Hearing this - Quaid halts: revisiting an idea.

QUAID

Wait - this way.

He pulls her down an auxiliary corridor as he fishes out one of those mag-grenades he'd grabbed from that crate.

INT. CHINA FALL - UTILITY CORRIDOR

Quaid PLANTS the grenade on a MASSIVE PIECE OF MACHINERY.

QUAID

Come on.

ANGLE ON A SERIES OF VALVES

Quaid inspects them a beat, then begins to spin the valve wheels, one after the next...

INT. CHINA FALL - OUTER UTILITY CORRIDOR

A squadron of SYNTH TROOPS arriving. Security-cam style images on the inside of their face-shields replay images of Quaid and Melina having just run down this corridor.

INT. UTILITY CORRIDOR - DAY

The Synths enter. Fan out, weapons ready. Sure enough, the Lead Synth spots Quaid and Melina some 100 yards down the corridor, turns to inform the others -

- when his "eyes" detect the Mag-grenade Quaid left just as it EXPLODES! blasting the Synths to pieces.

ON QUAID AND MELINA as they start to hurry out - when they hear Lori's voice approaching...

INT. CHINA FALL - ANOTHER CORRIDOR

Lori leading her charge, reacting to wafting smoke ahead.

LORI

This way!

INT. CHINA FALL - UTILITY CORRIDOR

Quaid and Melina anxiously weighing their options -

MELINA

They've got eyes everywhere on this thing.

QUAID

(a thought)

Not everywhere.

INT. CHINA FALL - OUTER CORRIDOR LEADING TO UTILITIES

Lori and her squad racing into

THE UTILITIES CORRIDOR

But there's no sign of Quaid or Melina?

INT. CHINA FALL - ANOTHER CORRIDOR

Quaid and Melina standing before an EMERGENCY EXIT HATCH, Quaid handling it to determine how it opens.

PUBLIC ADDRESS

Arrival in New Asia in - 4 minutes...

Quaid sees how scared Melina looks.

MELINA

You know, the windows don't open on this thing for a reason.

QUAID

(reassuring)

Just hang on tight and don't look down...
Or up.

(braced)

Ready?

She nods anxiously - and he seizes the hatch and yanks it open with a sudden blast of air to reveal THE EXTERIOR of the China Fall - as AN ALARM immediately sounds.

The rush of air incredibly intense as Quaid ventures up through the hatch and outside to

THE EXTERIOR OF THE CHINA FALL!

Quaid manages to hang on to a maintenance rung as he reaches for Melina and helps her out here. The rush of air terrifying as she too hangs on to the rungs...

AND THEY START TO CLIMB PRECARIOUSLY ALONG THE SIDE OF THE CHINA FALL, TOWARD THE TOP. Only a few feet of space separating them from the shaft wall screaming past. Wind pummeling them relentlessly. It's like climbing along the top of a bullet train going through a tunnel. Only travelling straight UP.

INT. CHINA FALL - SECURITY STATION

The same alarm sounding in here. The Adjutant checks it.

ADJUTANT

We've got an exterior access breach in sector 38-J. It has to be them.

Cohaagen squinting anxiously at the various interior angles on the security images.

ADJUTANT

It's no use, sir. We're blind out there.
 (not the answer Cohaagen was
 looking for)
 But a climb like that, it's suicide.

INT. CHINA FALL - EMERGENCY EXIT HATCH

Lori arriving, yanks open the hatch, braving the intensity of the air blasting at her - and squints down the length of the Fall... just making out the figures of Quaid and Melina high above, still managing to scale the side of the Fall.

Lori drops back inside, grabs her radio:

LORI

They're heading topside!

EXT. CHINA FALL

Quaid and Melina straining as they continue their harrowing ascent, climbing hand over hand as they force themselves to ignore the punishing wind and the shaft wall screaming just past their heads...

INT. CHINA FALL - OTHER CORRIDORS

Cohaagen marches, barking at his Adjutant -

COHAAGEN

They are not getting off the Fall alive,
 understand?

EXT. CHINA FALL

The shaft screaming past as we find Quaid and Melina finally arriving at

THE TOP OF THE FALL

A VAST, MULTI-TIERED STRETCH of landing areas, bay lifts, etc. Quaid and Melina pull themselves over the edge, and proceed to climb along the "roof," as The China Fall continues shooting up toward the dim, grey LIGHT spilling down from New Asia just above.

INT. CHINA FALL - CORRIDORS

Lori and troops sprint through empty passenger areas ...

PUBLIC ADDRESS

*Please remain in your seats ... Arrival
in - two minutes ...*

Outside the sides of the shaft can be seen beginning to slow as the Fall approaches New Asia.

EXT. CHINA FALL - TOP OF THE SHAFT

The Fall still slowing as it nearly completes its ascent. Quaid and Melina arrive at a BAY DOOR along one of many tiers. Already damp from the misty rains of New Asia.

MELINA

Are you sure this plan of yours will work?

QUAID

It better.

Quaid opens the bay door, revealing a descending passage. Melina goes first, Quaid about to follow when

SHOTS RING OUT and a BULLET TEARS into Quaid's shoulder!

MELINA

No!

Quaid spins, sees FOUR SYNTH GUARDS across the "roof," marching toward him... and behind them: COHAAGEN.

QUAID

(to Melina)

Go! Get down there.

MELINA

No! I won't leave you!

QUAID

You have to! I'll keep them busy. GO!

More shots fired, Quaid ducks behind the tier, wincing. Their love for each other palpable - as is their realization they may never see each other again...

QUAID

Melina, we have no choice! You have to go now!

Melina hesitates - fighting every instinct to stay, she forces herself to leave him, hurrying through the bay door and shutting it behind her.

Fighting back the pain from his shoulder-wound, Quaid fires back at Cohaagen and his Synths.

INT. CHINA FALL - UPPER PASSENGER DECKS

A SYNTH sees an image inside his helmet, spins to Lori:

SYNTH SENTRY
Movement detected in the craft bay.

INT. CHINA FALL - CRAFT BAY

Melina alone in the dark and eerie quiet. Rows and rows of vehicles, futuristic-jets, choppers, etc - all SECURED and awaiting off-loading.

PUBLIC ADDRESS
Arrival in - 20 seconds -

Melina races ahead. *On a mission.* Searching the dark...

EXT. TOP OF THE CHINA FALL

Quaid still shooting it out with Cohaagen and his Synths. Manages to take out two of the Synths -

- and then realizes he's just run out of ammo. Shit!

He clutches his wounded shoulder, peers out anxiously at

NEW ASIA coming into view all around him, as the top of the China Fall rises higher and higher above ground to meet the enormous rain-swept PLATFORM looming overhead.

It finally does, coming gently to a stop.

THREE MASSIVE LOCKING BOLTS slam into place, securing the China Fall to the New Asia Passenger Platform.

A moment's stillness as the acidic rain hammers down.

COHAAGEN
Quaid.

Quaid winces at his useless weapon.

INT. CHINA FALL - CRAFT BAY

Doors burst open as Lori and her Troops storm in. Light-mounts on their weapons sweeping the dark array of vehicles. No sign of Melina yet...

EXT. TOP OF THE CHINA FALL

Quaid cornered... as Cohaagen draws his gun, nearing.

COHAAGEN

(calling out)

So you made a dent in my first wave; I've got thousands more troops awaiting deployment.

ON QUAID tensing in his crouch.

COHAAGEN (O.S.)

You need to accept the fact that no matter what you do, it won't make a difference. The era of good will is over...

Cohaagen coming nearer and nearer to Quaid's position - silently signaling his Synths to flank him...

COHAAGEN

Starting now.

He nods to his Synths, and they start to FIRE on Quaid's position - bullets sparking off the metal struts he hides behind.

INT. CHINA FALL - CRAFT BAY

Lori and her troops still searching the crafts -- when suddenly from behind Lori

A FUTURISTIC ATTACK CHOPPER comes awake.

INSIDE THE ATTACK CHOPPER we find Melina at the helm, rapidly punching in communication to activate the bay hatch above her... which slides open as the entire PLATFORM STARTS TO RISE -

Lori and her team fire on the chopper furiously as it continues to rise up through the hatch...

EXT. TOP OF THE CHINA FALL

Cohaagen and his Synths still firing on Quaid when THE FLOOR RISES BEHIND THEM as Melina's chopper emerges from below (note: it's not flying; skids are secured to the platform) - taking them completely by surprise!

Quaid seizes the confusion and makes a run for it. Sees Melina through the chopper's windshield and shouts:

QUAID

Melina NOW!

INSIDE THE ATTACK CHOPPER

Melina nods - she spins her target sites until she lands squarely on ONE OF THE THREE MASSIVE HOLDING CLAMPS that secure the China Fall to the New Asia Platform.

Melina fires off a mini-missile directly into the enormous holding clamp and...

BOOOOMM!! The clamp erupts, losing its grip on its section of The China Fall -

THE CHINA FALL LURCHES like the Leaning Tower of Pisa -

- Cohaagen's Synths toppling along the edge of the Fall's top, trying to regain their footing -

- unlike Quaid, who knew this was coming, and already found rungs to hold on to.

BACK TO MELINA

As she lines up the next MASSIVE HOLDING CLAMP in her sites. Fires a SECOND MINI-MISSILE and BOOOOMMM!! Takes out the SECOND MASSIVE HOLDING CLAMP!

The top of the China Fall lurches even more violently -

INT. CHINA FALL - CRAFT BAY

Lori and Troops tumbling and sliding across the canting floor, smacking into the secured crafts -

EXT. TOP OF THE CHINA FALL

- AS COHAAGEN AND HIS SYNTHS TOPPLE RIGHT OFF THE EDGE OF THE CHINA FALL!

QUAID
 (shouts to Melina)
 Come on!!

MELINA LEAPS out of her attack chopper, racing across the rain-slicked, slanted rooftop to

Quaid awaiting her - together they make a run across the top of the lurching Fall as above -

THE LAST OF THE ATTACHED MASSIVE HOLDING CLAMPS CREAKS VIOLENTLY, unable on its own to withstand the incredible strain of the entire China Fall for much longer.

Its bolts start to snap, long swaths of solid structure BENDING from the sheer force of the Fall's weight... going to snap off at any moment...

QUAID AND MELINA RUNNING toward the canted edge of the Fall's top, arriving directly beneath that huge straining holding clamp above that's about to rip free any second -

QUAID
 JUMP!

- and together they LEAP OFF THE EDGE of the China Fall -

- GRABBING onto the New Asia Platform itself just as THE FINAL HOLDING CLAMP BREAKS from the China Fall -

- and the China Fall abruptly vanishes from beneath us and PLUMMETS IN FREE-FALL BACK DOWN INTO THE SHAFT!

INT. CHINA FALL - CRAFT BAY

Lori and the surviving Synths SLAM to the bay ceiling with the sudden jolt -

INT. CHINA FALL SHAFT

- as the China Fall races away at incredible speed, heading back toward the other side of the Earth!

EXT. NEW ASIA - CHINA FALL PLATFORM - DAY

Quaid manages to pull himself to safety, reaches for Melina -

- when she SLIPS on the rain-slicked surface and FALLS! She drops some 50 feet before just managing to GRAB ON to one of the platform's vertical support struts.

Quaid's heart in his throat as he shouts down over rain:

QUAID
Melina!! Just hang on!

INT. CHINA FALL SHAFT

THE CHINA FALL racing past us at an unholy velocity...

EXT. CHINA FALL LOADING DOCK - EUROMERICA SIDE - NIGHT

While on the other side of the planet 15,000 SYNTHETIC TROOPS stand massed waiting the return of the China Fall.

INT. CHINA FALL - CARGO BAY - DAY

Lori braces herself on the catwalk above the cargo bay - wreckage of those hundreds of Synth troops strewn everywhere.

As WARNING ALARMS blare in numerous languages:

LORI
Can't we stop it?!

She turns to COHAAGEN'S ADJUTANT, standing at a console, shaking his head, *ghost white*.

VOICE
No... And we've got a bigger problem.

That lands with Lori. Bigger than this??

EXT. NEW ASIA - CHINA FALL PLATFORM

Quaid crouched on the platform above, anxiously watching Melina below trying her best to climb back up, the rain-slicked metal making it all the more treacherous...

A few feet above her is a tubular alcove that connects to the next strut. She manages to make it there, takes a breath - and then GASPS on seeing through that long stretch of alcove

COHAAGEN, battered but alive! Somehow he made the jump from the Fall's side to one of the Platform struts. And now he's climbing up toward the Platform itself - *unseen by Quaid!*

Melina tries to scream a warning up to Quaid, but her voice can't compete with the relentless wind and rain...

INT. CHINA FALL - UTILITY CORRIDOR

LORI and COHAAGEN'S ADJUTANT hold there ground, staring at the piece of MACHINERY Quaid blew with the magnetic grenade.

Yelling over the SOUND of a now SCREECHING China Fall:

LORI

I don't understand! What is it?

ADJUTANT

It's the depressurizing valve.

LORI

Depressurizing? I don't get it. We pressurized before we arrived in New Asia.

ADJUTANT

Yes. That's because he didn't blow up the valves that create pressure.

(swallows)

Just the ones that release it.

More WARNINGS blare from the P.A. system.

LORI

Just tell me what the hell it means!

ADJUTANT

It means - we're going to arrive back in Euromerica - at elevation of 9,000 plus feet - with sea-level pressurization.

LORI

(not getting it)

And? And?? Why is that important??

ADJUTANT

It's important - because the China Fall isn't built for it. When it no longer has the walls of the shaft to support it ...

(escalating)

...it's going to explode like a goddamn bomb!

Now Lori suddenly gets it. She spins on the Adjutant.

LORI

There must be something we can do?!

ADJUTANT

I - I don't think so -

Panicked, Lori jams a gun to the Adjutant's head.

LORI

Think harder! You need to fix this!

ADJUTANT

I - I can't...!

EXT. NEW ASIA - CHINA FALL PLATFORM

Quaid still at a crouch, trying to decipher what Melina is screaming up at him. Finally makes out "Cohaagen!" --

When he senses someone behind him. Turns and

WHAM! Gets a boot in the face from Coahaagen, sliding back across the rain-slicked platform. In seconds Coahaagen is on him and, given Quaid's wounded shoulder, proves a true match as they proceed to brutally fight...

EXT. CHINA FALL LOADING DOCK - EUROMERICA SIDE - NIGHT

A tremendous UPDRAFT sends winds cycloning ahead of the arrival of the China Fall in Euromerica

Whipping round the columns of AMASSED COMBAT SYNTHS ...

INT. CHINA FALL - DAY

LORI is RUNNING as BOLTS from the Fall's interior walls begin to *blow* their rivets - firing out like bullets everywhere...

Then skids to a halt as a horrible rending sound shrieks through the entirety of the China Fall around her.

LORI

... Oh no ...

EXT. CHINA FALL LOADING DOCK - EUROMERICA SIDE - NIGHT

With an eruption of sound, like a great god emerging out of the earth ... The China Fall rises like Godzilla from out of the ground, higher and higher, until it SLAMS

VIOLENTLY INTO THE MASSIVE LOCKING BOLTS atop the platform
--

Metal TWISTING and BUCKLING, but amazingly still manages
to catch hold. A profound silence follows ...

INT. CHINA FALL

Lori screams.

LORI

Quaid!

EXT. CHINA FALL LOADING DOCK - EUROMERICA SIDE - NIGHT

Like a monstrous 30 story bomb, the entirety of the China
Fall DETONATES ...

Sending a shockwave of glass and metal decimating through
the columns of Synth troops massed there ...

Flattening them into a Hiroshima of steel and plastic.

Instantaneously - a WHIRLWIND forms - as AIR begins
sucking down into the vacuum of the CHINA FALL SHAFT ...

Debris and loose objects and remains of tens of thousands
of decimated robots - sucked vanishing into it.

INT. CHINA FALL

A GIANT COLUMN of AIR comes *screaming* at gargantuan volume
through the shaft, from one side of the world ...

Headed toward the other.

EXT. NEW ASIA - CHINA FALL PLATFORM

Quaid and Coahaagen still battling it out. Coahaagen's
military background evident in his fighting skills.
Quaid's shoulder wound not helping matters any.

Cohaagen finally manages to SLAM Quaid on his back and
clasps both hands to Quaid's throat, strangling him...

INT. CHINA FALL SHAFT

The tidal wave of OXYGEN shrieks past as it *shoots* upwards
towards the surface above.

EXT. NEW ASIA - CHINA FALL PLATFORM

That approaching tidal wave causing a faint rumbling to register up here. Climbing up to try to help Quaid, Melina now becomes aware of it -

But on the platform above, Coahaagen is oblivious, focused solely on choking the life out of Quaid.

COHAAGEN

You thought - you could beat *me*?! Who do you think taught you how to fight?

(sneering)

I almost - pity you. You're about to die - without ever knowing - who you really are.

The rumbling growing louder as Quaid barely gasps back:

QUAID

I know... who I am.

COHAAGEN

(scoffs)

You're not Quaid.

QUAID

No... and I'm not Hauser either...

COHAAGEN

Then who are you?

That hangs for a profound beat - Quaid, renewed, meets his eyes with a determined glare - then suddenly rallies every bit of strength and KICKS Coahaagen off him -- sending Coahaagen stumbling back and OFF THE PLATFORM'S EDGE just as

VVVVWWOOOSSHHH!! A volcanic ERUPTION from the China Fall shaft - gigantic chunks of MACHINERY cartwheeling hundreds of feet... the eruption catching Coahaagen's body with it and flinging him straight up into oblivion as

The SPEWING GEYSER of OXYGEN - aqua-colored and pure - erupts massively up into the polluted sky.

ON MELINA clinging to the strut as she gapes in awe...

ON QUAID

as he too stares at this odd miracle, the surreal sight of the bright, clean air around the platform blowing away polluted sky in all directions...

Quaid gazes in amazement.

SAME - MOMENTS LATER

As the bulk of the gusting settles, Quaid is finally pulling Melina up to the platform. She gratefully enters his arms, catching her breath.

MELINA

All those lies Coahaagen told us about
some day cleaning up this place... you
made them true.

She peers around at the clearing skies of New Asia.
Brilliant ... BLUE.

MELINA

(marvelling)

I feel like I'm dreaming.

Quaid nods - and then something about this sentiment causes his smile to falter just a moment. Something occurring to him...

He peers down at his arm, and ROLLS UP his sleeve to regard the spot in the crook of his elbow where -

FLASH ON: THE TRIPPING DEN

THWACK! that PEACE SYMBOL is punch-gunned onto his skin for use as a bulls-eye -

TIGHT ON QUAID as he peers down at the same site to find the skin is unblemished. No Peace symbol in evidence.

Quaid peers down uneasily, thumbs the skin - could be the rain washed it off? Could be it faded? Or... *could* be...

MELINA

Hey - you okay?

Quaid quickly glances up at her -

MELINA

What is it?

Quaid hesitates an instant - and then smiles.

QUAID

Nothing.

Melina senses there's more behind that - but Quaid disarms her concern with a kiss. He holds her gaze, just

appreciating the beauty of her and of this moment - real or illusion, this is where he chooses to be.

Off of Melina's smile we CRANE BACK...

Witnessing the full extent of the oxygen's repair over New Asia. Expanding. Rebuilding.

The beginning of a new era.

FADE OUT.

END