

Total Recall

by
Kurt Wimmer

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

Original Film
Columbia Pictures
9/13/10

INT. GLIDE-TRAIN - EUROMERICA - DAY

SOARING CITY rolling past outside the windows, DOUGLAS
QUAID - unremarkable in appearance, dress and person,
rides - fixated on the train's vid-screens ...

PSA NARRATOR

Hauser ... enemy of the people ...

IMAGE: A pair of MALEVOLENT EYES with a Svengali stare -
WIDEN to a cruelly handsome Euro-Teutonic FACE.

PSA NARRATOR

Once right-hand man to Coahaagen himself,
his brain was destroyed by mind-tripping
and he went over to our enemies in the so-
called 'Resistance' ...

HAUSER - gaunt-eyed, creeping through the night, glancing
over his shoulder - ducks up into a dark doorway ...

PSA NARRATOR

And became Public Enemy Number One.

ON A STREET - the aftermath of an EXPLOSION - the DEAD
lie everywhere, Paramedics evacuate the wounded.

PSA NARRATOR

Remember - through the use of Total Body
Resculpturing, Hauser could be anyone ...

HAUSER - being wheeled into a filthy operating room,
PLASTIC SURGEONS in dirty smocks - waiting.

PSA NARRATOR

The greatest enemy our corporate
democracy has ever known could be
anywhere. He could be next to you ...

The SMILING IMAGE of a WORKER flashes up.

PSA NARRATOR

Or you ...

Another smiling worker.

PSA NARRATOR

Or even ...

The PSA Narrator appears - looking directly in camera.

PSA NARRATOR

You.

Quaid looks to his burly buddy HARRY riding beside him.

QUAID
You believe that?

HARRY
Believe what? About Hauser? Hell yeah,
I believe it. He's Quatto's right-hand
man and Quatto won't be happy until all
this ...
(nods at passing city)
... is in pieces.

QUAID
You really think mind-tripping can change
someone that much?

HARRY
Change 'em?

He pauses to take a cautious look round the train.

HARRY
(voice lowering)
My brother works the Medical Tower -
where they do government trials? Trust me
- he says subjects literally get their
brains fried. *Regularly.*

Quaid equivocates, passing city beginning to slow.

QUAID
What about all the people you hear
talking about how it's 'mind-expanding';
change your life?

HARRY
What - Joe Blow on the street? You know
what I tell him?
(nods)
You're not happy with your life? Try
night-school.

He laughs at his joke as the train pulls into a STATION.

QUAID
Unless you're from the wrong side of the
Shaft, right? And then nothing helps.

The doors suck open. Harry chuckles.

HARRY
Well, that's life, isn't it Dougy Boy?
(gestures city)

Some're born with silver spoons ...
 (ribs him)
 And the rest've us get 'the Shaft'.

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

GLASS in their own car blowing out, knocking Quaid and
 Harry to the deck as wide-eyed, they can only watch as...

The Magnetic Induction track supporting the 2nd train -
gives way - and, with the hideous shriek of metal - it...

FALLS.

First mangled car dragging the others behind it after ...

Faces of terrified passengers in the windows - flashing
 past faster and faster as the train sucks down thru the
 mangled hole in the platform until - an instant later ...

It is gone. And all Quaid and Harry can do ...

Is WATCH.

As MONSTROUS PIECES of the destroyed magneto track ...

Go cartwheeling slowly down into the abyss of the city...

Followed by the TRAIN itself - racing downward after like
 a giant sea-serpent fleeing into the ocean depths ...

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

Upon a city ...

Stretching ever downward ...

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

POLICE MEGAPHONE (O.S.)
*Attention - an extreme system failure has
 occurred ...*

Quaid and Harry's stunned eyes rise to see POLICE
 VEHICLES and presence 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.*

Quaid stands - riveted to his spot - watching the urgent arrival of the SPETZNACHT INVESTIGATORY and POLICE TEAMS. Slickly uniformed, SPETZNACHT ID's prominently displayed.

Soberly, Harry tugs his sleeve.

HARRY

Come on, Bud. We just got lucky today.
We gotta get to work.

And he pulls Quaid - still watching the Police Teams - away. Something akin to longing in his eyes ...

NEWSCASTER PRE-LAP

*Death-toll on the Magnetic Induction Line
at the Quad 4 32nd Level is at 144 and
still rising this morning...*

INT. SYNTH PROCESSING LINE - DAY

The IMAGE - NEWSCASTER speaking earnestly, still-burning WRECKAGE of the train in the background ...

Is on Quaid's HANDHELD - which he is sneaking a peak at, palmed in his hand at his station on a giant ASSEMBLY LINE that stretches away almost out of sight ...

NEWSCASTER

This marks the fourth terrorist attack by Quatto and his alleged 'Resistance' in as many months and I can tell you Mike, the mood down here on the street is ugly ...

VOICE

Hey!

NEWSCASTER

The people I've spoken to not only want answers, but frankly, they're running out of patience. They want something done.

VOICE

Quaid!

Quaid blinks up - to realize that it is his FOREMAN - making his way down the line towards him.

As the line whirs, delivering the next BOX boldly stamped *IMPORTED FROM NEW SHANGHAI* to his station ...

Quaid deftly pockets his handheld.

FLOOR FOREMAN
 (arriving)
 Yeah? You rang? What is it this time?

QUAID
 Yes. Well - you see ...

He indicates the NEW BOX arriving at his station.

QUAID
 It's this new batch of bots coming in...

Mechanized arms cutting away the boxing to reveal ...

A RUBBER-SKINNED ROBOT - stamped across its pale torso:
Made in New Shanghai ...

Quaid flicks out a utility knife ...

QUAID
 Look ...

He CUTS the hanging bot's vacant rubber face - peeling it back to reveal the SUBSTRUCTURE beneath it. Raps it.

QUAID
 Metal. Cheap steel. Not proto-plastic.
 It's like cancer; it's everywhere.

Touching the knife-tip to the metal face, it SPARKS and the hanging robot *jerks* spasmodically.

QUAID
 Practically lightning rods.

His Floor Foreman sighs.

FLOOR FOREMAN
 Yes, Quaid. But are they ready to fight?

QUAID
 Well ...

FLOOR FOREMAN
 Because - I can assure you - that's all Coahaagen cares about. Whether his battle-bots are ready to *fight* when the Resistance attacks.

QUAID
 But that's what I'm saying. What if the Resistance isn't limiting its acts of sabotage to Euromerica anymore?

What if Quatto's infiltrated his people
into the factories back in New Shanghai?
What if he's making sure these new bots
are built with weaknesses he can exploit
when the time comes?

Once again, Quaid's Floor Foreman sighs.

FLOOR FOREMAN

Quaid, we activate pre-built bots here.
So can you do me a favor please, and stop
thinking and *activate the goddam bots?*

But Quaid - distracted by a SCRAP OF PAPER drifting from
the pocket of a passing WORKER - fails to reply.

Instead, he picks it up. *Zeroing* the four words scribbled
there.

FLOOR FOREMAN

Um, Quaid. Are you listening ... ?

But he's not. His eyes are up now. Following the WORKER
- as - in a bulky overcoat he ...

WALKS towards a CROWD of workmen at the elevators.

FLOOR FOREMAN

Quaid?

But suddenly, Quaid ...

QUAID

BOMBER!

Is RUNNING. Startled heads turning ...

QUAID

BOMBER!

As he *charges* the elevators - crowd of laborers there
turning - surprised - as Quaid *collides* with the Worker.

Worker's OVERCOAT coming *tearing* away ...

Revealing a CHEST - strapped with a FUTURISTIC BOMB.

A stunned instant all around ...

As the Worker's hand - resting on the bomb vest - *drops*
away. Gripping a DETONATION PIN.

Click - the elevator doors behind open ...

The world drops into slow motion ...

Quaid lunges.

Shoving him back thru the closing elevator doors.

Explosion's SHOCKWAVE kno...

FLOOR FOREMAN'S VOICE

Quaid!

QUAID - back on his position on the line - blinks from his daydream. Fellow workers eyeing him with amusement.

FLOOR FOREMAN

Quaid - what is *wrong* with you?

LAUGHTER down the line. Finding a smile, Quaid slips the scrap of paper into his pocket. Nods amiably.

QUAID

Nothing. More activating. Less thinking.
Got it.

INT. FACTORY OFFICE - HUMAN RESOURCES - DAY

On the OFFICE VID-SCREEN, grainy footage of what appears to be QUAID - picking up the scrap of paper.

The screen freezes - ZOOMING in on the paper. Hard to say - but the four words may be just outside of readable.

At a knock on the door the WOMAN behind the desk - *auburn-haired, beautiful, athletic* ...

Glances up from the footage. QUAID stands in the doorway; work-cap held to his chest.

QUAID

Douglas Quaid? You asked to see me?

She holds on him a beat. Quaid shifts.

QUAID

... um ... ma'am ... ?

WOMAN

Sorry. Please. Come in. Sit.

He does. As she retrieves his file ...

WOMAN

That scar on your hand - happen on the
line ... ?

Quaid glances to the ROUND SCAR on the back of his hand.

QUAID

Oh, I... was careless with a screwdriver.
The synth I was working on shorted out.
Plasma bolt went straight thru.

Turning his hand he shows her where it exits the other
side. Smiles. *See?*

Her gaze lingers on it a moment. Then taps his file.

WOMAN

So then - I assume these problems with
attentiveness - are nothing new ...

Quaid's smile vanishes as he flushes.

QUAID

Well ... I ...

WOMAN

Not to worry, Mr. Quaid. I see dozens of
cases like you every day - it's my job.
And I promise you, when I see daydreaming
I don't necessarily see it as a sign of
laziness or stupidity. In fact it can
actually signal intelligence.

(sitting back)

A different, more creative person even -
trapped inside - struggling to get out.

Her eyes find his.

WOMAN

Is that what's going on here, Mr. Quaid?
Not finding work on the line fulfilling?

Quaid hesitates. Looks up.

QUAID

No Ma'am. Not really.

WOMAN

Melina. Please.

Microscopically, Quaid's gaze freezes in hers. As if
there is some ... *recognition*.

MELINA

Mr. Quaid ... ?

With an effort, Quaid shakes it off.

QUAID

Sorry.

She holds her own pregnant moment. Then shifts gears.

MELINA

So - if not a bot-line worker, what is it you see yourself doing? Foreman? Line Inspector?

Quaid chews his lip. Draws a breath.

QUAID

You'd laugh.

MELINA

(smiles)

Trust me. I won't. I know what it's like to feel ...

(a pause/with gravity)

... unfulfilled ...

Quaid hesitates ... then takes the dive.

QUAID

Spetznacht.

Her features slacken.

MELINA

You mean ... *Intelligence*?

Quaid reddens, eyes falling away.

QUAID

No, I'm just kidding. Line Foreman.

She peers at him.

MELINA

No. You're serious. But...Mr. Quaid - you have to admit - for a bot-line worker - Spetznacht'd be an awfully big jump ...

QUAID

I know. That's what my wife says but ...

His eyes tick to TWIN DOG-EARED POLITICAL POSTERS pinned to the office wall.

QUAID

But - like the ads say ...

One poster with HAUSER - watching malevolently back.
'Beware The ENEMY Within!'

QUAID

Hauser's out there somewhere ...

He looks to the 2nd POSTER. A fair-haired BESPECTACLED
GOLDEN BOY - looking with naked optimism into the future.

Beneath this one it says: 'Be Your Own HERO!'.

QUAID

And I wouldn't be the first civilian type
to make the move into Intel.

She looks from the second poster to him.

MELINA

But Dr. Ray - when he was alive - he was
Euromerican. I'm assuming you're ... not?

Quaid's eyes drop - embarrassed.

QUAID

No Ma'am I ... live in New Shanghai. Like
most workers. I make the commute.

(hopes rising again)

But since Hauser could be anywhere,
Cohaagen's secret police have to operate
everywhere - even New Shanghai - busting
tripping dens etcetera. I just figured...

MELINA

(cutting him off)

I'm sorry, Mr. Quaid.

She shakes her head.

MELINA

It is my job to counsel reasonable goals
- but Coahaagen's never going to let a
factory worker from New Shanghai become
one of his elite intel corps. It's a
fantasy. Like the kind you get in those
illegal tripping dens you speak of ...

She looks him directly in the eye. Shakes her head.

MELINA

I'm sorry. I truly am.

He sits a long moment. Then, gathering his work-cap, he stands to leave ...

MELINA

Douglas ...

He pauses - eyes remaining on the floor.

MELINA

Just because I said Spetznachts a fantasy doesn't mean I don't think, hidden under all that grit and grime, there isn't a very special person. One who just needs a little push to get him out of his shell.

(a nod)

In fact, after our chat today...

(a smile)

I'm quite certain of it.

His eyes meet hers. That landed. The hint of a smile?

EXT. TRAIN - EUROMERICA - DAY

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

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

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Quaid rides - studying his road-worn HANDHELD. On-screen, a photo of MELINA - beautiful, auburn-haired, *athletic*...

'MELINA RODRIGUEZ; STAFF PSYCHIATRIC COUNSELOR; HUMAN RESOURCE; EUROMER SYNTH RECEIVING & PROCESSING PLANT 8'

He scrolls through her curriculum vitae.

But it's typically brief. He hovers, frustrated ...

Then - all thumbs - enters into the query-box ...

'Possible past places/times Melina Rodriguez path has intersected with Douglas Quaid path?'

The screen blinks as the query is sent out into the ether. Meanwhile, along the walls of the crowded train, a PSA plays. This one of VILOS COHAAGEN.

COHAAGEN'S IMAGE

Living space - the final resource. And I know our citizens are tired of not having it. But I assure you - once the threat to our trade alliance with colonial New Shanghai by the so-called 'Resistance' has been dealt with - the battle-bots coming from our factories in that territory will be converted into 'colonizing bots' - and we will at last be able to expand into those areas beyond our borders made uninhabitable during the Hemispheric Wars...

Quaid's attention is pulled away as his handheld buzzes. His eyes return eagerly to it. His flashing query ...

'Possible Past Quaid/Rodriguez intersections ...'

Is now replaced with a single blinking mortal word ...

'NONE'

Quaid stares at it a moment. Sighs. Slips the handheld into his pocket. Stares at the meticulous city going by.

EXT. CHINA FALL - DAY

Quaid disembarks the train onto the loading platform of a TERMINAL already teeming with THOUSANDS OF WORKERS.

Towering above it all - a GARGANTUAN UPRIGHT CYLINDER of heavily reinforced steel and glass - 100 METERS 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 finds his seat on the upper deck, overlooking thru heat-shielded windows the thronging terminal far below.

PUBLIC ADDRESS

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

As the voice repeats in Russian, Quaid allows the roller-coaster like RESTRAINTS to lock down over his shoulders.

On the SCREEN in the seat-back ahead, a PRETTY FACE ...

PRETTY WOMAN'S IMAGE

I'll scratch your back. Will you scratch mine?

Sleepily, Quaid watches as she gestures expansively.

PRETTY WOMAN'S IMAGE

24 times every day the China Fall carries Euromerica's business leaders to our plants and factories on the other side of the globe in New Shanghai...

An IMAGE flashes up of NEW SHANGHAI - a MODERN MARVEL of industry. *Beautiful, clean - with modern-looking factories manned by happy, industrious looking Workers.*

PRETTY WOMAN'S IMAGE

And brings back the domestic and sanitary laborers we need to keep our own country running smoothly.

A GROUP of BRIGHT-EYED EUROAMERICAN CHILDREN smile, waving hand-flags in front of a STATUE of COHAAGEN.

The PRETTY WOMAN'S eyes smile widely.

PRETTY WOMAN'S IMAGE

I'll scratch your back. Will you scratch mine?

Abruptly a massive THUNK reverberates the entire structure. Quaid pays no mind, as outside the windows ...

MASSIVE BOLTS - on all sides of the CHINA Fall - suddenly PNEUMATICALLY WITHDRAW.

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 ...

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 ...

Replace with levels of an UNDERGROUND MALL flashing past.

Until they too abruptly vanish ...

As the massivity of the China Fall ...

Enters the reinforced TUNGSTEN SHAFT built for it ...

Directly through the earth.

Quaid's eyelids lose the battle. He 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 ...*

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 ...

As outside, the walls of the shaft begin cooling to red -

And the China Fall begins rising ...

PUBLIC ADDRESS

*Pressuring for sea-level New Shanghai.
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 SHANGHAI - DAWN

It is a murky dawn here in New Shanghai.

LOADING PLATFORM, crowded with EUROMERICAN BUSINESSMEN
 waiting to return home on the other side of the earth ...

While CHILDREN - urchins - play atop massive grates that
 surround the platform - laughing and chirping ...

In the tremendous volumetric updraft of AIR rising up out
 of them, whipping their clothing and hair ...

Like children playing in an opened fire hydrant on a hot
 summer's day in the Bronx ...

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 massivity of the CHINA FALL - rises up 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 *clunk!*ing inward on all sides - *catching...*

And locking it into place.

EXT. NEW SHANGHAI PASSENGER PLATFORM - DAWN

Exiting, Quaid pauses as the 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.

If Euromerica is a perfect - but crowded - heaven.

This is it's hell.

A nightmarish canvas of industrial wasteland.

Around the platform, the fresh oxygen resumes its flow from out the massive grates ...

Combining with the THICK CARBOLIC ASH impregnating the dark clouds above and ...

A LIGHT ACID RAIN begins to sting the platform - tiny curls of acidic smoke rising where every drop strikes.

QUAID pays it no mind. He's used to it. *He lives here.*

INT. BUS - NIGHT/DAY

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

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

While within, a few passengers doze and QUAID sits, nose buried in his pulp paperback ...

As, from a heavily abused screen set into the back of the driver's seat a MAN in ROSE-COLORED GLASSES smiles...

MAN ON SCREEN

Hi. Yoko Jones. Star of stage and screen.
And I'm here to tell you that I've been
where you are. That's right. I was a
Mind Altering Substantiation addict.

Quaid's ears prick - eyes rising from his paperback.
IMAGES of JUNKIES, hi-tech syringes and decrepit alleys.

On screen, Yoko Jones nods soberly.

YOKO JONES IMAGE

Your friends tell you it's 'great'; that
it'll 'blow your mind'? Well, guess what?
It just might.

ANGLE ON: a DEAD JUNKIE - eyes staring - MIND BLOWN.

YOKO JONES IMAGE

Trust me - no fantasy life's worth it.
Don't take that 'trip'. Be like me. I
turned my back on it ...

Suddenly smiling, he raises his rose-colored glasses.

YOKO JONES IMAGE

And now I see the world through rose-colored glasses!

Ahead, the burly BUS-DRIVER grunts.

DRIVER

What a buncha horseshit ...

He catches Quaid's eyes in the mirror.

DRIVER

Mind-Tripping? Why should anyone care if anyone wantsta get away from this shitty excuse for a life? Quatto's right. It's all just so Coahaagen can have an excuse to have his secret police operating here in New Shanghai, busting the joint up.

He flushes angrily - as if Quaid had actually asked.

DRIVER

Our colonial government has'ta play nice or what? He'll cut the oxygen thru the pipeline? No one comes out and says it, but you'd hafta be an idiot not know that's what it's really all about.

(Quaid returns to his novel)

Well I call horseshit. Coahaagen ain't no swell fellah keeping us afloat with natural resources we've run outta. Who the hell's fault do you think it is our air's full'a chemicals and unbreathable in the first place?

INT. QUAID'S APARTMENT - DAY

When he enters, YOKO JONES croons on the Kitch-Screen.

Quaid empties his pockets onto the kitchen table. Pausing on the SCRAP OF PAPER the man in the factory dropped ...

And for the first time - we see what it says ...

'TRIP Your Wildest Dreams!'. Faintly, he swallows. Flips the paper. On the other side it says:

888 708 3244'

VOICE

How was the factory?

He looks up. His WIFE LORI stands there. BEAUTIFUL.

Blonde, BUXOM - she sticks out like a sore thumb from everything and everyone else we've seen in New Shanghai.

Unholstering her MENGEL-88 AUTOMATIC PISTOL, she drops it on the table along with her NEW SHANGHAI POLICE BADGE.

Subtly, Quaid slips the paper back into his pocket.

QUAID

Talked to HR about maybe an upgrade ...

LORI

(checking mail)

No one deserves it more than you, Babe.

He waits for her to say more. She doesn't.

QUAID

You?

LORI

Usual. Playing sidekick to Euromerican Spetznacht. IDing local tripping dens. Nothing interesting.

QUAID

(perking)

I'm interested.

A beat. She sighs. Looks up. Puts on a smile.

LORI

So - what did the man at the factory say about your upgrade?

QUAID

She. According to her I'm not completely a hopeless case but ...

(shrugs)

... you know ...

She considers him.

LORI

You're a lousy liar. You were in asking about Spetznacht again, weren't you?

He looks like he's about to deny it. But then sighs. Nods. She sighs too. Shakes her head.

LORI

Well, if nothing else, you're determined. I'll give you that.

A pregnant moment.

QUAID
 Isn't what you really mean - is I'm that -
 (glances away)
 ... and nothing else.

LORI
 (setting down mail)
 Aw Baby - no. That's not it. At all.

She crosses to him.

LORI
 You just can't imagine how much it hurts.
 To see you hurting all the time.

He avoids her eyes.

QUAID
 And what about you? You never hurt?

LORI
 Why? Because my husband isn't all those
 starry-eyed things he promised all those
 years ago when we were dating?

Moving closer, she loops her arms round his neck.

LORI
 Doug - I never cared about any of that.
 I only care about my man and whether he's
 content or not ...

Her fingers drift down his face.

LORI
 Because if he's not - then I'm not doing
 my job ...
 (a smile/a nod)
 And that's the only career I give a damn
 about.

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

But she drops away.

LORI
 Try to keep it down tonite. Got another
 super early day tomorrow.

She blows him a kiss ...

LORI

Love ya ...

And pads away down the hall. Leaving him watching after.

INT. QUAID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT/DAY

Standing in the doorway, he watches as his wife sleeps.

The clock reads: 9:30 pm.

INT. QUAID'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT/DAY

At the decrepit PIANO, Quaid tinkles a MELANCHOLY MELODY.

On the wall above, a framed PHOTO of his idol GUSTAV RAY.

And beside it - one of Quaid - humble factory worker - shaking hands with a visiting COHAAGEN.

In the photo, Quaid looks STAR-STRUCK and AWED.

Quaid's eyes move from it - to his PULP PAPERBACK - lying on the kitchen table. '*Careful What You Wish For!*'

INT. QUAID'S APARTMENT - COMPUTER CONSOLE - NIGHT/DAY

Wearing a pair of VID-GLOVES, Quaid plays *SPYCRAFT 8-D!* a 3-D GAME that projects holographically out of the screen.

TRADING rapid-fire punches with a SUITED OPPONENT, Quaid boredly dispatches him with a right-cross accompanied by the sound of a CASH BOX ringing.

A DOORWAY in the back of the game environment flies open, identical opponents coming streaming out of the screen...

ON-SCREEN OPPONENT

He's a double-agent! Get him!

They charge. Quaid barely reacts ...

QUAID

Mengel-88 ...

Cross-drawing, he BLOWS them away with GAME GUNS that materialize in his holographic hands.

Game cash register ringing like a pinball machine, his HOLOGRAPHIC SCORE climbs - in contrast to his bored gaze.

VOICE

Hey there Mr. Super-Spy ...

A SEXY BLONDE - *not dissimilar to Lori* - enters frame.

QUAID

(sighs)

Hey Dream Girl ...

SEXY BLONDE

Me-ow. Leave some of the world for the rest of us to save, Stud.

Quaid considers. His eyes fall on his battle-scarred HANDHELD, sitting on the desk beside the game portal.

MELINA'S PHOTO staring out at him. He swallows.

QUAID

Halt game ...

The holographics freeze. He takes a furtive glance towards the bedroom where his wife sleeps.

QUAID

Revise female avatar characteristics.

The screen flashes: *Revise Characteristics?* With a cough, Quaid lowers his voice ...

QUAID

Hair - red. Build ... um ...
(whispers)
... *athletic* ...

The screen flashes: *Waiting on Server. Please Standby...*

Quaid waits. And waits. Checks his watch. Rolls his eyes.

EXT. NEW SHANGHAI SIDEWALKS - NIGHT

Hands shoved deep in his work-coat pockets, Quaid makes his way bumping through the crowded sidewalks.

Abruptly, he realizes that - standing amidst the flowing throng of the sidewalk across the street ...

Is MELINA - *watching him*. Quaid stops - peering across into the crowd. But she is obscured by the passersby ...

Until they are gone - leaving a woman looking across the street ...

Who is NOT Melina. *Was it ever?*

Quaid shakes it. *What is wrong with him?* RAIN starts...

INT. BAR - NEW SHANGHAI - NIGHT

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

HARRY
(chuckles)
That's one way you can tell us from
Euromeros ...

He hands Quaid a stack of napkins from the bar.

HARRY
Our rain. Burn the skin right off'a
one'a them.

Signaling the bartender Quaid drops into the seat beside.
Harry clocks his friend's mood instantly.

HARRY
All right. Come on. Out with it. What is
it now.

Quaid sighs. Accepts his beer from the bartender.
Considers a moment. Looks over.

QUAID
Believe in love at first sight?

Lips spreading into a grin, Harry taps his handheld on
the bar-top. Screen-saver of a BUXOM BRUNETTE.

HARRY
Every night.

Quaid smiles. Lays his own handheld next to Harry's.
MELINA'S PHOTO staring out. Harry whistles.

QUAID
Two minutes and I felt like I'd known her
longer than my wife of 8 years.

He pushes his face into his hands.

QUAID
What the hell's wrong with me Harry?

Harry considers his suffering friend with sympathy.

HARRY

One very simple thing, Dougy Boy.

Quaid looks over. Harry shrugs.

HARRY

You haven't done what the rest of us did
a long time ago ...

He shakes his head.

HARRY

You haven't surrendered.

(nods)

And until you do - until you accept that
you're not 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 accept that, you're never gonna
appreciate the gorgeous wife and life you
got right now.

Quaid stares at him.

QUAID

What about my past? What if I changed
that? And maybe my present too. Wouldn't
that automatically change my future?

Harry slumps.

HARRY

Have you listened to a goddamn thing I've
said? What're you *talking* about?

But then - he suddenly realizes ...

HARRY

Oh .. wait. No. No way. Recreational mind-
tripping? Are you joking? How the hell
do you expect *that* to change your future?

QUAID

Well, maybe not the reality - but what
about how I see it? And not only that but
I hear people - real people - saying it
can be more than just an escape. Doors
of perception stuff. World thru new eyes.

HARRY

(suddenly)

You know why these 'people' say that?

(leans forward)

Because *Quatto* supposedly says it - and these sheep'll follow any crackpot who promises even the tiniest improvement to their shitty little lives.

(sits back)

We're all victims of mind control? Brain-washed by *Cohaagen's* propaganda? Please. They're right about one thing tho. *Quatto* does push mind-tripping so people can see the world thru different eyes. *His*.

He raises his glass.

HARRY

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

Quaid hesitates. Then quietly raises his own glass.

QUAID

Yeah. Real reality.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NEW SHANGHAI - DAY-NIGHT

Trying to ignore the rows of HOMELESS he passes, sleeping huddled against the walls, *Quaid* keeps his eyes fixed on the drizzling sidewalk ahead as he heads home.

On a Vid-Screen somewhere, *Yoko Jones* cautions ...

YOKO JONES

... don't take that trip ...

Feeling something in his pocket, *Quaid* stops. Withdraws it. The SCRAP OF PAPER the worker dropped ...

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EXT. STREET - DAY

In the gusty spray of light from a cracked streetlight, *Quaid* dials a payphone ensconced in a graffitied booth.

Garbled, the other end of the line picks up.

VOICE

Yeah ...

Quaid closes his eyes. Tips his head against the phone.

QUAID
I want to take that trip ...

There is a beat. Then ...

PHONE
Corner of Industry and Production.

Click.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Quaid stops under the crossroads of battered street signs. Industry and Production.

Down the dark stairway - the distant din of MUSIC.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

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

QUAID
I want to take that trip.

Wordlessly, the door opens 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 that isn't Yoko Jones' - the first COLOR.

The first PEOPLE we've seen laughing; smiling ...

Quaid pushes through to the bar where he yells to the bartender over the music.

QUAID
I want to take that trip!

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

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

INCENSE burns. A cross between hi-tech lab and hash den.

VOICE

How do I know you don't work for
Cohaagen?

He spins. A FIGURE stands in the shadows.

QUAID

I'm just ... a bot-line worker.

A MAN - bearded - steps out into the light. Eyes him.

MAN

No one is 'just' what they appear.

Quaid narrows.

QUAID

What's that supposed to mean?

Ignoring the question, the man perches on the edge of a
battered old desk - lights a cigarette. *Studies Quaid.*

MAN

You know how this works?

QUAID

(shrugs)

It's a kind of ... chemical fantasy.

MAN

Is it? What is all life, Mr. Quaid - but
your 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?

The Man - MCCLANE - drops into the seat behind a desk.

MCCLANE

Anything you want to experience -
anything that you want to live - that's
secret - that wouldn't upset the balance
of your real life - that the real people
you deal and interact with every day
wouldn't have any reason to know about.
A *life* - underneath your real life ...

(nods)

I can give that to you.

QUAID

Secret like ... ?

MCCLANE

Like what can you imagine? Anything. As long as its hidden. Secret past? Maybe as the star of pornographic films? Imagine the memories...

He smiles faintly.

MCCLANE

Or maybe not so past. Maybe it's a bit of secret moonlighting you do *currently*. Or maybe something with a little less libido and a little more adrenaline. Like a secret crime-fighter. Peter Parker by day; masked avenger by night. Or maybe your tastes run edgier, darker. Maybe leader of a secret revolutionary group? Lots of cute, misguided little mindwashed revolutionary groupies running around? Or a jewel thief - with secret bank accounts, coded messages and ...

QUAID

A spy.

McClane blinks.

MCCLANE

Sorry ... ?

QUAID

A spy. What if I wanted to be a spy?

A faint smile comes to McClane's lips.

MCCLANE

Ah. You mean intelligence operative. Secretly working for the Resistance.

QUAID

Or Cohaagen. To help get Hauser.

MCCLANE

(a smile)

Why limit yourself? Why not both?

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

LABELED with names like *Purple Haze* and *Universal Savior*. The medical marijuana store of the future.

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. And
that underneath it all - you're 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)
Choose your poison.

Quaid's eyes light at the selection. He swallows.

QUAID

Well, the Acoustic Rifle - I favor that.
And the Mengel-88 - as a sidearm.

MCCLANE

Man who knows the tools of his trade.

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

My wife - she's practically perfect ...

MCCLANE

(a smile)
But is she perfect for you, Doug? You're
the one who used the word 'fantasy'.

Quaid hesitates again. Swallows. Then nods.

MCCLANE

Atta boy. Brunette? Blon...

QUAID
 (immediately)
 Red-hair. 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 different.
 Your own mind will supply the details
 that suit it best.

Finishing, he smiles expansively.

MCCLANE
 Like I said, Doug. I'm just here to help
 you free your mind.

Removing the SYRINGE - with its golden contents - from
 the receptacle - he holds it up, glinting in the light.

MCCLANE
 The rest will follow.

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 - lotta fellahs come in wanting
 the secret mistress trip when the greedy
 bastards've already got one - a real one -
 on the side.
 (shakes head)
 Can't do that - would cause irreparable
 conflict and confusion. That's how brains
 get blown.

QUAID

Well, like I said - with my wife . . .

MCCLANE

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

(smiles)

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

INT. TRIPPING DEN - NIGHT

Quaid follows McClane thru a beaded curtain into a 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 on the back of his hand.

Quaid *winces* as she inserts a CATHETER into his hand.

MCCLANE

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

A GRAPH begins buzzing out of a nearby printer and a FULL SPECTRUM of vital statistics blooms out in a holographic jellyfish around Quaid.

McClane consults the buzzing graph. Looks over. 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. Might's well get this show on the road then.

As the printer CONTINUES TO PRINT, he 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 smiles.

MCCLANE

You ever gone under general anesthesia?
One second you're waiting for something
to happen - the next you're waking up?

Quaid nods. Watches as the golden syrup DISAPPEARS from the clear tube, *traveling into the BLACKENED LENGTH OF TUBE leading toward the vein in the back of his hand.*

Abruptly, the holographic vitals go CRAZY as the PRINTER starts BEEPING.

MCCLANE

... what the ...

He *snatches* the page out, quickly scanning it. 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!

QUAID

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

MCCLANE

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

The holo-vitals surrounding Quaid RED-LINE.

QUAID

But! But I'm not!!

MCCLANE

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

He *pulls* the trigger. But the hammer *clicks* on an empty chamber. Quickly, he CHAMBERS a bullet - swinging the gun back to Quaid who ...

Ripping the needle out of his vein - GOLDEN LIQUID spraying everywhere - throws his hands up.

QUAID

No! I'm not a spy!

BAM! the DOOR suddenly bursts open ...

SPETZNACHT TERROR SENTRY

SPETZNACHT! 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.

Instantly, a DOZEN MACHINE GUNS turn to Quaid who is on his feet - hands in the air.

QUAID

Don't shoot!

TERROR SENTRY

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
*I'm not Resistance! I'm just a bot line
 worker!*

TERROR SENTRY 2
 (Sentry 1)
 What are you waiting for!? Orders are
 summary execution - all offenders!

Quaid hears the pistol *cock* behind him.

QUAID
No!

TERROR SENTRY 2
Do it!

Quaid HEARS the click of the trigger and - as the BULLET
explodes out of its cartridge ..

He *MOVES*.

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 spins 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.

SOUNDS - more Sentries coming barreling up the stairs.

His body moves even before his mind.

Skidding to the door, he *slams* it in the face of the
 SENTRIES charging down the corridor and locks it.

The sound of them sliding to the other side.

The only sound now - Quaid's heart pounding in his ears.

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

Quaid only having 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. Seeing Quaid ...

LORI
(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. Begins strapping on her gun

LORI
There's been an attack. Here in New Shanghai. I've been called in.

She nods toward the Kitch-Screen. On it, the exterior of the UNDERGROUND CLUB - jammed with Spetznacht vehicles.

NEWSCASTER
... 30 Spetznacht Sentries, on-loan from Euromerica, killed in a pre-dawn raid on an illegal trip-lab ...

QUAID
 (to himself)
 30 ... ?

LORI
 Was a trap. Total slaughter. Has
 Hauser's fingerprints all over it.

NEWSCASTER
 Euromerican Chancellor Cohaagen had this
 to say to the families of the fallen ...

VILOS COHAAGEN'S FACE darkly fills the screen.

COHAAGEN'S IMAGE
 No more euphemisms. No more walking on
 political eggshells. It may not have been
 our soil, but it was our boys and this
 time I'll call it what it is. A cowardly
 act of terrorism by Quatto and the
 Resistance - and this time I will not
 allow it to go unanswered. Consequently -

The screen widens to SEE a large number of MEN AND WOMEN -
 bound and blindfolded - on their knees on a vast dais ...

COHAAGEN'S IMAGE
 ...since Quatto continues to remain in
 hiding, I've given the order for 300 of
 his captured Resistance fighters to pay
 his price for him.

QUAID
 ... my god ...

Lori spares him a look.

LORI
 Queensberry Rules takes two, Doug. What
 choice does Cohaagen have?

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

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Quaid stops in the doorway. The TEL-SCREEN in here is
 running coverage of the crime-scene too.

QUAID
 But why would Quatto have Hauser attack
 in New Shanghai? It doesn't make sense.

LORI

It does if you're trying to play hero to the element that doesn't want Euromerican Spetznacht operating here.

Quaid is about to respond when the TV catches his attention again.

TELEVISION REPORTER

... Sentry Division reports that this recovered freeze-frame depicts the as-yet unidentified man they say is responsible for the slayings.

The picture enlarges revealing a heavily pixilated QUAID. He quickly steps in front of the Tel-Screen, blocking it.

QUAID

Lori. He can't ...

LORI

(applying eye-liner)
Who can't what?

QUAID

Cohaagen. Execute those people.

LORI

Can't? After what happened this morning there'll be rioting in the streets of Euromerica if he *doesn't*.

QUAID

But ... what if - what if Hauser isn't even responsible for this?

The eye-pencil stops. She looks at him.

LORI

Who else do you imagine's capable of orchestrating something like this?

In the doorway, Quaid stands silent.

QUAID

Lori ...
(shakes head)
It wasn't Hauser ...

The eye-pencil fades.

QUAID

It wasn't a terrorist act ...

She turns. 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?

Miserably, he steps from the TV - still running coverage.

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 30 highly trained Spetznacht
Sentries ..

QUAID

It wasn't 30. It was more like 10. And I
...I dont ... I don't know. The guy - he
was 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.

A stunned moment as her eyes clear on him.

LORI

You ... you went to those brain
butchers?! Doug, it's illegal!

QUAID

Lori- I know. I've been such an idiot. I
was feeling so useless that I started to
think a fantasy might make me happier ...

His eyes nearly mist.

QUAID

... than the reality I had right here.

She holds on him another moment - feeling for him.
Setting aside the eye-liner, she crosses the room to him.

LORI

Oh Baby - why didn't you just come to me?

Tenderly, her hands massage his shoulders.

LORI

Doug - you're *shaking*.
(taking him to her)
C'mere baby, c'mere ...

Quaid melts into her - grateful to feel human compassion.

QUAID

Lori - I'm so sorry. God knows what
they'll do to me.

LORI

(stroking his hair)
Shh shh - it's okay. Everything'll be
okay.

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.

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 hell are you doing!?

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.

And as she *dives* for her gun, he *ducks* 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?? I was turning myself *in* to you!

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

LORI

Turning yourself in. That's a good one. How can you turn yourself in when you don't even know who the hell you are.

In the shadows, Quaid stops. *What?*

QUAID

What... what are you talking about?

LORI

What do you think I'm talking about? Total Body ReSculpting. Brain-Masking. I'm talking about do you really think a bot line worker could take out a room of 30 highly trained men?

QUAID

It was 10!

LORI

Whatever! Doesn't strike you as strange Doug? You're not exactly Yoko Jones.

A beat of heart-pounding silence. When Quaid's voice comes out of the darkness - it is sober.

QUAID'S VOICE

Okay then Lori - explain it.

In the dark, Lori smiles to herself.

LORI

Sure, I'll explain it to you, Doug. Just before I erase your slate. How's that?

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

How 'bout you explain it now, Babe?

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

QUAID

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

She grits her teeth

LORI

All right. It's your mind. I was gonna blow it anyway ...

(a sneer)

I'm not your wife.

He blinks, startled - gun fading slightly.

QUAID

W..what ...

LORI

Mind-Alteration. To make you believe you were someone you weren't. Me? I'm career Euromerican Spetznacht Intel. Assigned to play your wife while you thought you were a factory worker. Six weeks ago, I didn't even know you.

Her look turns scathing.

LORI

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

(mock pity)
Did you Doug?

He reddens. Shoves the gun back into her jaw.

QUAID
If I'm not me ... then 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 your top popped. Had to guess? You're valuable to Coahaagen, you're valuable to his enemies too. And now that your cap's been tapped - whatever's so valuable about you's no longer containable by any other means.

She shrugs.

LORI
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 - NIGHT/DAY

Rolling amidst a shower of glass, he hits his feet. Ahead a trolley-like street train is snaking past ...

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

LORI skids out the doorway behind, BADGE in hand.

LORI
Spetznacht Agent! Get him!

Dodging out in front of the train before it passes and into traffic, Quaid *runs*.

Lori doesn't hesitates - she *takes* out after him.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Darting between mid-speed vehicles, Quaid hazards a look back. LORI rises up on TOP of the train ...

Pulling parallel to his position *fast*.

She *leaps* down, landing on the hood of a passing car - nearly flattening the hood scoop of its super-charger...

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
Spetznacht! 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 there.

Passingly, he smiles. Leaving her time only to say ...

LORI
I won't stop ...

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

EXT. SIDEWALKS - NIGHT/DAY

Quaid is moving fast now - wary of every passerby. A RINGING slows him. Cautiously, he withdraws his HANDHELD.

Caller Unknown. Tentatively, he puts it 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?

Quaid narrows even further.

QUAID
 Why would I tell someone I don't know?

There is a sigh on the other end.

MALE VOICE
 That means New Shanghai. You said this might happen. At the time I didn't believe you - but now ...

QUAID
 Wait. I said something might happen?

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

QUAID
 Lab? What're you talking about?

MALE VOICE
 On the *weapon*. Before it all got blown up. Look - you told me if things went sideways to call this number. That it was body-specific and'd ring any phone you were carrying anywhere in the world. If it was you - your voice - you told me to send you a very specific text.

QUAID

Wait. Listen - what the hell's going on.
Who is it you think I *am*?

MALE VOICE

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

There is a *click* and the line goes dead. Almost
instantly his handheld *beeps*. Quaid looks at the screen.

A TEXT MESSAGE: First Bank of New Shanghai.

EXT. FIRST BANK OF NEW SHANGHAI - NIGHT/DAY

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

INT. FIRST BANK OF NEW SHANGHAI - NIGHT/DAY

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

QUAID

I, uh, have an account here ... ?

The Teller turns the THUMBPRINT IDENTIFIER towards him.
Quaid hesitates - then presses his thumb in the slot. It
scans, flashes green. Teller looks up from his screen.

TELLER

Must be tough ...

Quaid blinks at him. *What?* The Teller shrugs.

TELLER

Having the same name. As a famous dead
guy.

Invisibly, Quaid swallows.

QUAID

Yes ... very.

The Teller smiles.

TELLER

Right this way ...

INT. VAULT - DAY

The Teller shows him into the vault - indicates the private cubicle with a dedicated COMPUTER SCREEN.

As the Teller leaves, Quaid inserts his thumb in the scanner. A STEEL DRAWER pops open. He withdraws, examines a curious METAL RING. Collar of some kind?

The SCREEN in front of him bursts suddenly to life ...

With the image of a BLONDE-HAIRED BESPECTACLED MAN - looking down as he READS from a scripted page.

BESPECTACLED MAN'S IMAGE

Hello. You're going to find this hard to believe...

Still looking down, the image nods.

BESPECTACLED MAN'S IMAGE

But if everything's gone totally sideways, then work on the weapon's been completed, I've been given a new face, a new identity, a new set of memories - and I just got a call from Hammond telling me to get to the First Bank of New Shanghai as fast as possible.

Quaid cocks his head.

BESPECTACLED MAN'S IMAGE

That's right. There's a reason you have the same name and fingerprints as me ...

The man on screen looks up.

BESPECTACLED MAN'S IMAGE

It's because you are me. And I'm you.

(a nod)

We're us.

Quaid *startles* up out of the chair. *The man on screen is -*

QUAID

Gustav Ray.

GUSTAV RAY'S IMAGE

That's right. You? Me? We're Dr. Gustav Ray. And if I know Coahaagen he's probably killed two birds with one stone. He's likely staged it to look like I was killed by the Resistance and turned me into a martyr for his propaganda machine.

The blonde-haired image raises an eyebrow.

GUSTAV RAY'S IMAGE

Oh - and by the way - I can't hear you.
This is a recorded message. A message in
a bottle. In two parts. And the second
part's by far the most important. But
here's the thing ...

Ray's image nods.

GUSTAV RAY'S IMAGE

I can't trust you yet. Because I can't
risk that Coahaagen might not've gotten to
Hammond - and that you, my friend ...
(a nod)
...might not really be me.

Ray's image goes very sober.

GUSTAV RAY'S IMAGE

So I need you to get to Euromerica - to
Cohaagen's center of power - as fast as
possible. Get to my apartment there. If
you're me - you'll know what to do.

Quaid blinks - astonished.

QUAID

But I don't...

GUSTAV RAY'S IMAGE

The fate of the world hangs on what you -
on what we - do next.

QUAID

But..!

The image VANISHES in a burst of static. Leaving Quaid
sitting there. Astonished.

EXT. LIBRARY OF NEW SHANGHAI - DAY

Quaid pauses warily at the bottom of the steps leading up
to New Shanghai's decaying public library facility...

Checks both directions.

INT. LIBRARY OF NEW SHANGHAI - DAY

He takes a chair before the screen of a Data-Link. Slips
on the HEADPHONES.

Making sure no one is watching, he lowers his voice.

QUAID

Keywords: Coahaagen; Euromerica.
(hesitates/nods)
Search Data: "The Weapon" ...

The DataLink processes. Then returns:

DATALINK

No data. All information speculative.

Quaid takes another look around. Back.

QUAID

Search Speculation.

The DataLink processes.

DATALINK

*'The Weapon'. Rumored developed by
Chancellor Coahaagen to locate and destroy
leader of the Resistance ...*

An IMAGE - of a serene, but intense, INDIAN MAN appears, gazing back with gravity through glinting glasses.

DATALINK

*Quatto. Messianic folk hero and former
factory worker from New Shanghai whose
legendary ability to elude capture has
been attributed by some to psychic powers*

Quaid ponders.

QUAID

Where is weapon now?

The DataLink processes. An IMAGE of a high-tech GOVERNMENT FACILITY - in FLAMES - appears.

DATALINK

*Believed lost when developing scientist
was killed in explosion during attack on
lab by Quatto's Resistance forces ...*

A SHEET is pulled over a BLOODY FACE - body wheeled off through Euromerican firefighters battling the blaze.

Quaid - at the edge of the abyss - whispers ...

QUAID

Identity of scientist ... ?

DATALINK
Identity rumored to be ...

The DataLink processes. Then an IMAGE appears of ...

DATALINK
Dr. Gustav Ray.

GOLDEN-HAIRED GUSTAV RAY. Quaid sits a moment, staring at the screen. Image of GUSTAV RAY - staring back at him.

QUAID
 Zoom.

The screen does. Gustav Ray's face enlarging until ...

QUAID
 Stop.

The image freezes - Ray's EYES dominating the screen.

Matching in place and position ...

QUAID'S OWN EYES - reflected on the screen.

Fitting *perfectly* - like Cinderella's slipper...

EXT. CHINA FALL LOADING PLATFORM - EUROMERICA - MORNING

A new day is DAWNING here.

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 China - climbs up out of the earth ...

To its full, massive towering 30 stories.

INT. CHINA FALL - EXITS - DAY

The MORNING MASS of workers from New Shanghai 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.

But - as he does so - 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.

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, his 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. If that. Instantly, he spins, racing to the nearest top-loading door ... sealed tight ... cannot even get a fingernail into the air-tight seam ...

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 with nowhere to go - except ...

Down ... Passengers backing away as he pries the seal from the floors emergency hatch, warning lights blare, and the hatch hisses opens 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 just 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 a hold, and his breath - as 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

What the hell are you doing here??

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.

QUAID

You ... you're *Resistance* ...

MELINA

Cohaagen's word - not ours.

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

MELINA

Dammit ...

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

Quaid stares at her - pieces slamming.

QUAID

That's why you were at the factory. To go through worker psych files. Searching for someone who fit the profile ...

(realizing)

You - you're the one - you put the idea in my head. To go to the trip-den! To get my top popped. And you've been following me ever since ...

INT. POLICE VEHICLE - DAY

Pulling in hard behind Melina's car, LORI ...

LORI

Ram it.

The Police Driver looks at her. Never having met a fool she suffered gladly, 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.

MELINA

Listen. It's more complicated than that. Right now, I need you to trust me.

The car jumps as it's *smashed* from behind - pieces flying as Melina fights to keep control.

Correcting, she hits the steering lock and *sends* the steering wheel *sliding* cross the dash in front of Quaid. He looks at her, astonished. She holds his gaze - hard.

MELINA

Trust me.

He stares at her another instant - and as LORI *slams* the pursuing police vehicle into them again from behind he...

GRABS the wheel - PULLS - and dangerously *hover-slides* the vehicle across four lanes of dodging 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 ...

Lowers 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, draws her sidearm now - leaning out - and OPENS FIRE

Grabbing Melina, Quaid pushes her ...

QUAID

Down!

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

MELINA

Quaid!

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

Strap in ...

He reaches for the ignition.

MELINA

Quaid! What're you doing!?

QUAID

Strap 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 ...

MELINA

Quaid!

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-breaks meet shattering glass.

INT. LORI'S VEHICLE - DAY

Lori watches - features black - as Quaid's vehicle smolders in the traffic below.

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.

He just looks grimly from a massive fluttering POSTER - of GUSTAV RAY overhead. Smiling into the sunlight of the future -

To the vehicle - a SWISS CHEESE of bullet holes and carnage ... and, finally - HER.

QUAID

Sorry. I don't trust *anyone* right now.

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 - CORDONED OFF BY FADING POLICE TAPE.

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.*

Quietly, the broken front door opens and QUAID enters. Stops. Taking in every detail.

Moving to a PIANO, he picks up a photo.

GUSTAV RAY.

INT. GUSTAV RAY'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Quaid tears the filing cabinets open, one after another.

EMPTY.

Moving to the desk, he tries the drawers. Locked. Picks up a PRESENTATION DAGGER ...

Inscription reads "*Presented to Dr. Gustav Ray, 10-13-2053, by Chancellor Coahaagen For State Service*" ...

Quickly, he uses it to pry open the desk drawers. EMPTY.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

INT. GUSTAV RAY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

QUAID drops defeated onto the piano stool. Considers the picture of Gustav Ray - staring back at him from the piano-top. Those eyes ... *his* eyes ...

QUAID

... what do you want to tell me ...

He sighs. Plunks an OLD MELODY on the keyboard.

Abruptly, there is a *click* ...

Followed by a whir.

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

Into the TOPOGRAPHIC IMAGE ...

Of GUSTAV RAY.

GUSTAV RAY'S HOLOGRAM

This message has limited interactive capabilities.

(a smile)

Hello. If I'm right - by now you've figured out what the nature of the weapon is and what's at stake here.

(nods)

I know I would have.

The Hologram shakes its head.

GUSTAV RAY'S IMAGE

But what you probably haven't figured out is - if we're Coahaagen's star scientist - why he's trying to kill us and the Resistance isn't.

(nods)

Well, there's an answer to that too.

You see, I knew you wouldn't come this far unless you thought I - and you - were Gustav Ray - Coahaagen's Hero of the People. But the twist is this: while I may look exactly like your biggest idol - you - and I - are actually somebody - and something - very different. So - pleased to meet you...

The face around the 3-D eyes begins to DISSOLVE AWAY and a SMILING NEW FACE forms around the eyes.

NEW HOLOGRAPHIC FACE

Hope you guessed my name.

Quaid *startles* back.

QUAID

Hauser.

HAUSER'S HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE

Correct. Carl Hauser. Enemy of the State.

Quaid rises up off the bench.

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'm not *you*.

The image glitches back again. Hauser smiles.

HOLOGRAM/HAUSER

Tough isn't it. Accepting that you're a person you always reviled. But think about it - deep down what have you always wanted - have you always *needed* - to be?

Quaid's face says it all. A spy. The Hologram's lips twist a smile.

HAUSER'S HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE

And - what am I?

Quaid flushes angrily.

QUAID

A *traitor*. The most notorious traitor in the world. You betrayed your country; your organization; your *leader*. Why would I believe you?

HOLOGRAM/HAUSER

Because if you don't, Coahaagen's going to win and a lot of people are going to die.
(nods)

Back when I worked for Spetznacht, Coahaagen infiltrated me into the Resistance to try figure out a way to kill Quatto. While I was there, playing my role, I learned a few things. Like what love was. And that I'd been fighting for the wrong side all my life.

QUAID

Bullshit. Lying is all you know.

HOLOGRAM/HAUSER

It used to be. What we knew. But then I switched sides. I confessed everything and Quatto decided to turn the tables on Coahaagen. To use his own spy against him, doing what he does best. Deep cover.

Hauser's 3-D image nods.

HOLOGRAM/HAUSER

They resculpted me and infiltrated me back into Coahaagen's network under the identity of a scientist the Resistance had kidnapped - named Gustav Ray. He was central to work on a weapon Coahaagen was developing that could locate and destroy the Resistance. My job was to find out what it was before it was completed and used.

The hologram shakes its head.

HOLOGRAM/HAUSER

But if I'm sitting here tinkling the only tune I know on this piano - it means the weapon is complete - but something went very wrong when Quatto's people tried to retrieve me...

(a nod)

And that Coahaagen has hidden me - *us* - once again - in a new identity.

Quaid stares at the hologram - mind spinning.

QUAID

But... I *can't* be you.

HAUSER'S HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE

Accept it. You are. And I need you - we need you - the world needs you - to reconnect with the Resistance, to locate Quatto, so he can decrypt the information in our brain - and find out what the weapon is before Coahaagen gets his hands on it - and uses it to destroy us all.

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

HOLOGRAM/HAUSER

Hope you make the right decision Buddy. This message has limited interactive capabilities.

glitches out of existence - leaving Quaid staring at empty space.

EXT. APARTMENT CITY TRAIN STATION - DAY

Walking - stunned - Quaid drifts to a stop. Ahead, tacked to the wall - a political POSTER.

HAUSER. *Beware The ENEMY Within!*

Further on, a SYNTHETIC SENTRY PATROL making its rounds.

He hesitates. Torn. Starts to head towards them ...

But out of the crowd ahead - a WOMAN materializes ...

Hands in the pockets of her overcoat - calmly watching him through the whipping wind of an ARRIVING TRAIN.

MELINA

I knew it. The second you walked into my office I knew it was you.

He looks back an instant - lips tight.

QUAID

Well I'd never seen you in my life. Sorry ...

He starts to step around her, but she steps in front ...

MELINA

Quaid ...

QUAID

I'm not him!

His eyes burn into hers. He starts around her again. But again - she steps in front.

MELINA

Doug - listen to me - do you think I volunteered to work poring over the psych files of hundreds of workers every day just because of my love for the Resistance ...

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

MELINA

No. I loved a man too.

QUAID

Then I suggest you find him and tell him.

He starts, but she grasps the lapels of his work jacket.

Over his shoulder, a SECOND SYNTH PATROL - alerted by their altercation - has started their way.

She swallows, speaking rapidly now.

MELINA

Please. Just ten seconds - that's all I ask. That scar on your hand? The one you think you got on the bot-line ... ?

He hesitates - looking back into her eyes.

MELINA

Don't you want to know why I have the exact same scar on my hand?

He doesn't want to - but his eyes drop down to her hand, gripping his lapel. She turns it upward ...

So he can see the BULLET-SHAPED SCAR in her palm.

MELINA

We were under attack. Coahaagen's forces. I fell. As you caught my hand, a piece of shrapnel tore thru yours...
(a swallow/a nod)
Through our ... hands.

She shakes her head, eyes pleading now.

MELINA

When you saw all the wounded; the dead -
everything changed. You confessed. Who
you were; everything ...

Abruptly, she clasps her hand tightly into his ...

Forcing the SCARRED ENTRY WOUND on the back of his hand
to show skyward.

And then *turns* their hands - to show the MATCHING EXIT
WOUND on the back of hers. *Lining up perfectly.*

His eyes rise back now to hers - pain in them.

QUAID

I can't. I can't be Hauser.

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

MELINA

Because you hate him, I understand.
Because Hauser betrayed Coahaagen for the
Resistance, you hate him ...

(shakes head)

But understand this - because Hauser
betrayed Coahaagen for the Resistance ...

(nods)

I loved him.

Invisibly, Quaid swallows.

MELINA

A man's 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 out the station - he guides her back through the crowds.

INT. FINAL TRAIN CAR - DAY

To the final empty car, where he shorts the door, closing them into their own vacuum of space.

He turns to her.

QUAID

Let's just say - for the sake of argument
- I do decide to trust you. What's next?

MELINA

We get you to Quatto.

He looks at her - eyes dark.

QUAID

Why? Why is Quatto so important in this
equation?

MELINA

Because Quatto is the only one who can
get at what's locked inside your head.

QUAID

Why?

MELINA

Because he's the one who locked it.

He looks at her, surprised. She nods.

MELINA

Before you were sent back in to pose as
Gustav Ray, Quatto ordered a Black Box
implanted in your brain.

Narrowly, he regards her.

MELINA

A recorder - that allows you to dictate
into a shielded hard-drive and also
records every bit of information you
encounter while you're infiltrated.

Seeing his look, she shakes her head.

MELINA

It's like the one in an airship, Doug. Even if you're completely annihilated, the information we sent you in to get will still be retrievable.

(shakes head)

And only Quatto has the cryptonym that can unlock it.

He studies her. Thinks. Nods.

QUAID

Some people say Quatto can see the future. Do you believe it?

MELINA

(shrugs)

What some call clairvoyance others might call an instinct for self-preservation. Or simply great generalship. It doesn't matter to me how Quatto predicts an outcome ...

(nods)

Just that he's told me ours can't happen without you.

Quaid holds on her an instant.

QUAID

You mean if I turn the weapon over to him. If I put maybe the most dangerous weapon ever conceived into the hands of the Resistance.

He nods.

QUAID

So he can do what with it? Destroy it?

She hesitates.

QUAID

(darkly)

Or use it. Along with his rebel army. To disrupt the Trade Alliance and throw the entire planet into chaos. Exactly like Cohaagen's said all the long.

MELINA

Doug - wake up. There *is* no rebel army. It's a bogey man. Invented by Cohaagen to instill fear. Just like those Mag-Trains falling out of the sky. All of it - invented by Cohaagen.

Quaid pales at the thought.

QUAID

But... it's his own people. Why would he?

MELINA

Because of *us*. Because he needed an excuse no one could argue with to put his secret police everywhere to find Quatto.

Vigorously, she shakes her head.

MELINA

Yes, we have soldiers; we have weapons, but Quatto's real strength isn't based in either of those. It's rooted in an *idea*. And it's because Coahaagen knows the power a single idea can have when it takes hold in a million minds - *not* our men or weapons - that he fears us.

Quaid looks back.

QUAID

But if it's just an idea - and all he has to do to defeat it is kill Quatto - why all the battle-bots out of New Shanghai?

MELINA

Good question. But there's one thing you can be sure of ...

She nods.

MELINA

It has everything to do with what's inside your head.

Quaid holds on her. Behind his eyes, a cyclone raging.

QUAID

Before I do anything - there's someone I need to talk to first ...

EXT. EUROMER SYNTH PROCESSING PLANT - DAY

Quaid and Melina debark the train onto the grounds.

INT. SYNTH ACTIVATION ROOM - DAY

HARRY stands at a grimy computer as Synths - received on the factory floor below, are conveyed up into the room.

Boredly he hand-connects an interface and initiates the activation on the computer for each passing bot ...

Until he realizes that ...

QUAID and MELINA are standing in the doorway.

Alarmed he darts over, yanks them in and closes the door, Synths now rattling by - unactivated.

HARRY

Jesus Christ Quaid - do you know how many people are looking for you??

The look in Quaid's eyes says it all.

HARRY

They're saying you went to a tripping den. That you killed more than a dozen Terror Sentries. Is it true?

Quaid looks at him, jaw working an instant. Then nods.

QUAID

It was more like 10. But it's not all how it looks.

Harry stares at him - astounded.

HARRY

Then how the hell *is* it?

QUAID

You know Facio-Physical Resculpting?

Cautiously, Harry nods.

QUAID

And Identity Resurfacing ...

HARRY

Yeah. Sure. From my brother. But that's government stuff. Spy stuff. Super expensive and only for when they want to change somebody into somebody else.

QUAID

Well that's just it Harry - remember how I always wanted to be somebody else ... ?
(nods)

Well, it turns out I am. Only problem is - I'm not sure who. That's why I'm here ...

He glances from the ubiquitous mini-posters on Harry's wall - GUSTAV RAY and HAUSER - hero and traitor ...

QUAID

I need you to get me to your brother. I need to get inside my mind; clear the cobwebs and figure it out ...

(a glance at Melina)

Before I turn over what's locked in there to the wrong people.

Harry starts to protest but ...

VOICE

A mind-trip within a mind-trip? I wouldn't recommend it.

All three *spin*. Leaning in the doorway - quietly opened - sporting ROSE-COLORED GLASSES - is YOKO JONES.

As he steps in, Melina *reaches* inside her jacket ...

QUAID

(hand on Melina's arm)

Wait. Yoko Jones ... ?

Faintly, Jones smiles.

YOKO JONES

Star of stage and screen. You know who I am. But do you know why I'm here?

Quaid and the others exchange a dubious glance.

YOKO JONES

For you Doug. They sent me in for you.

QUAID

(narrowing)

Who? Who sent you in.

YOKO JONES

Cohaagen. Your passport may say New Shanghai - but you're a valued laborer here in Euromerica. Symbolic of the Trade Alliance with New Shanghai.

QUAID

Cohaagen? Sent you in where?

YOKO JONES

Well - into your mind, of course.

Quaid *looks* at him. Jones moves deeper into the room.

YOKO JONES

Doug, I need you to listen to me. You're suffering a paranoid dissociative break.

(nods)

Brought on by the trauma of the chemical fantasy those underground witch doctors put into your brain.

(a solemn nod)

Overdose.

Quaid reels slightly.

QUAID

... what ... ?

YOKO JONES

That's right. You're not here.

Quaid looks around. Back.

YOKO JONES

You're still back in that illegal tripping den - strapped to a chair, needle hanging out of your arm; eyes rolled back into your head ...

HARRY breaks in - amused.

HARRY

Wait a minute - what? So you're saying I'm not here? This clinic isn't here.

MELINA

(laughs)

Or me either?

Jones ignores them - looking at Quaid.

YOKO JONES

The doors of perception swing both ways, Doug. I've been chemically transfused into your mind. To try to bring you back.

(shakes head)

Before it's too late.

Quaid peers at him.

QUAID

So you're saying you're not really here.

YOKO JONES

In actuality? No. In reality, I'm an antidotal serum injected into your brain to provoke a corrective emotional response. The rest is supplied by your own imagination. Even the explanation of myself that I'm giving you right now. It's really you who is carrying on an internal dialogue prompted by the serum.

QUAID

I see. And what response are you here - but not really here - to provoke?

YOKO JONES

To convince you - or allow you - to convince yourself ...
 (he nods)
 ... to save yourself.

Quaid hesitates minutely.

MELINA

Oh come on, you're not *buying* this crap are you, Doug. He *works* for Cohaagen. He even *admits* it.

Ignoring her, Yoko Jones produces a FRAMED PHOTO - which Quaid recognizes instantly *as being from his apartment*.

HIM - humbly shaking hands with VILOS COHAAGEN.

YOKO JONES

Doug - Cohaagen understands. It's hard. Being the one who serves - never being served. You look around - you wonder - is this it? Is this all there is?

MELINA

Doug - I swear to you - do not *listen* to this horseshit.

YOKO JONES

You ask yourself - when is it *my* moment to shine?

HARRY

Well, I'll tell you when mine is. Right now. Since I don't exist, I'm going to shine myself right out of this situation.

(Quaid)

This is some messed up shit you've gotten yourself into this time, Dougy-Boy.

He starts for the door. But *POW!* a HOLE spiderwebs thru the window and he drops, BULLET-HOLE thru his cheek.

QUAID

Harry!

But Yoko Jones throws up a hand.

YOKO JONES

Easy Doug. That didn't just happen.

Quaid looks at him, astonished. *What?*

MELINA

(glancing out window)

The building's surrounded!

Murder suddenly in his eyes, Quaid ...

QUAID

You killed him ...

... *takes* a step towards Jones whose hands leap up.

YOKO JONES

No Doug! I didn't kill him! You did!

Quaid hesitates minutely. Then starts for him again.

YOKO JONES

And it's a good thing you did!

Now Quaid really does stop. Jones continues breathlessly.

YOKO JONES

Harry wasn't real. He was just a voice in your head. A sick voice trying to persuade you to give up the fight; to give in to the chaos of the overdose. I now represent the part of your psyche that wants to live. If you hurt me, you'll be rejecting life. But if you want to survive; if you want to see Harry again, the real Harry - good old Harry - who's waiting for you with a beer back at the bar - or your beautiful, loving wife - who's beside herself with grief over this - then there's still one more thing you have to kill Douglas ...

Catching his breath, he nods. And looks to Melina.

YOKO JONES

Her. The last voice of despair. The final words trying to convince you not to go towards the light; towards me ...

He nods.

YOKO JONES

You've got to silence them, Doug.

MELINA

Quaid, Jesus, don't listen to this creep.

YOKO JONES

No Quaid. Don't listen to *her*. She wants you to spiral into permanent dementia!

MELINA

He works for Coahaagen. They want the weapon!

YOKO JONES

There *is* no weapon, Quaid. You're not Gustav Ray. You're not Hauser. You're not a spy. You're an ordinary man with a life worth fighting for!

Uncertain, the gun at Quaid's side rises slightly. Melina's OWN GUN snaps up - leveled on his chest.

MELINA

Quaid! I can't let you do it! I can't let what's in your head fall into Coahaagen's hands.

YOKO JONES

Reject her Doug! Choose life!

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

MELINA

Quaid, please ...

YOKO JONES

Free yourself Quaid! *Be your own hero!*

Quaid and Melina stand there, guns pointed at each other. Then, suddenly, Melina *lowers* hers.

MELINA

I ... I can't ...

YOKO JONES

Of course she can't, Quaid. She's just a
voice! Now kill it. Kill the voice.
Reject the nightmare! *Shoot!*

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 ...

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

And suddenly he turns ...

QUAID

If this is my nightmare ...

Putting his gun in Yoko Jones shocked face.

QUAID

Welcome to it.

YOKO JONES

Quaid!

QUAID

Try to see *this* through rose-colored
glasses.

BOOM! he puts a BULLET thru a lens. Jones drops and the
windows and walls instantly begin EXPLODING with GUNFIRE.

Quaid grabs Melina ...

QUAID

Come on!

INT. CORRIDOR - MORNING

As they come skidding out, they abruptly *duck* back at a
HAIL OF GUNFIRE that erupts at them from down-corridor.

An OPEN ELEVATOR waits tantalizingly across the hall.

VOICE

Doug ...

Quaid and Melina exchange a glance. He hazards a look.

LORI stands down-corridor - pistol double-fisted - with TWO SYNTHETIC SENTRIES. He ducks back. *Shit.*

LORI'S VOICE

(calling out)

Or should I call you Hauser, Doug?

(a laugh)

Cohaagen finally let me in on the truth.
Guess the joke's on me.

Quaid trades a surprised look with Melina.

LORI'S VOICE

I really thought you were a schlub, Doug.
And here it turns out I was actually
living with the greatest intelligence
agent alive.

(a thoughtful beat)

I wonder what it feels like to kill your
idol? Guess I know what it's like to
sleep with him - cross that off the list.

Melina's eyes *turn* on Quaid. Helplessly, he shrugs.

LORI'S VOICE

So now you have a choice ...

From behind her corner, LORI nods.

LORI

Either you make me check another one off
my list - or only one person has to die
here today . And it doesn't have to be
you or me. Coahaagen only tried to kill
you because he wasn't sure he could trust
you anymore. He couldn't take the chance
...

She quietly nods to the Robot Synth Sentries. It's pretty clear - she's going to kill him today regardless.

LORI

So what'll it be, Doug? Me ...?

Her lip nearly curls.

LORI

Or your little Resistance *bitch*?

Behind their corner, Melina - eyes afire - gives Quaid a poke with the muzzle of her pistol. Well? He sighs.

The OPEN ELEVATOR across the hall *bings*. Stepping out, he goes GUNS BLAZING ...

Charging with Melina close behind for its closing doors.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Doors sliding shut, Quaid and Melina come *skidding* thru.

Spinning to see the two SYNTHETIC SENTRIES sprinting - floor shaking - towards the closing doors ...

Slamming the other side as it clunks shut.

Quaid looks to Melina, elevator starting down. *Relieved*.

WHAM! the ceiling resonates with the SLAM of two great weights CRASHING down from above.

Realizing - the Synth Sentries pried open the doors above and *jumped* down onto the top of the descending elevator.

POW! POW! bullets begin punching through the ceiling, carving hot inches around them as they jump back.

Quaid's eyes shoot to the posted ELEVATOR SPECIFICATIONS.

Max load 960 lbs - 6 persons

Dropping amidst the rain of bullets, he tears away the elevator's carpet until ...

Jumping back up, he aims his gun down at the 4 exposed BOLTS in the floor ...

OPENING fire.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - BOTTOM OF ELEVATOR - DAY

Beneath the elevator - floor punching through with the shriek of sparking bullets - the COUNTER-WEIGHTS ...

Compensating the difference between six occupants ...

And none ...

Go tumbling away.

INT. ELEVATOR

They both *brace* as the elevator suddenly *surges up*.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - ATOP THE ELEVATOR

Roof of the elevator suddenly *rocketing* upward, ...
Carrying the Synth Sentries, ROBOTIC EYES swiveling up...
To the ceiling of the shaft now accelerating toward them.
Coming like an 80 mph brick wall.

INT. ELEVATOR

Quaid and Melina *brace* as the elevator violently *strikes*
the top of the shaft, CRUNCHING the ceiling inward.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

The mangled elevator doors creak as Quaid pries them
open, stepping back out into a corridor with Melina.
The neighboring elevator *already coming up*. Fast.
Quaid spins - eyes nailing a FIRE-HOSE and axe in their
wall-case.
Smashing the glass he yanks out the hose as just behind..
Bing! the elevator arrives ...
Spinning, he braces against the wall as the doors open.
And *opens* the valve - WATER *punching* the SIX SYNTHETIC
SENTRIES inside smashing back against the elevator walls.
Keeping them pinned under the spray's crushing force
until the doors begin to close ...
Quaid *grabs* the fire-axe, *tosses* the gushing hose
whipping INTO the closing elevator and...
Jams the outer doors open as the inner ones slip shut.
He takes one glance back at Melina and - as the elevator
begins to descend away down the shaft...
GUSHING FIRE-HOSE - caught between its closed doors -
reeling *snaking* away down after it.
He *jumps* into the shaft.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT

LANDING with a clang! just ahead of MELINA atop the descending elevator - water-pumping hose following whipping unspooling down after from the shaft above.

The ROAR of water rushing into the elevator beneath them.

Double-gripping the gun, Quaid FIRES full-auto down into the elevator roof beneath their feet.

Until there is a muffled THUD and a sudden SHOCK of BLUE ELECTRICITY shoots up like a giant ultraviolet jelly fish from the elevator as the ...

Bullet-riddled SYNTHETIC SENTRIES inside SHORT OUT.

Ping! the water-filled elevator jerks to a halt.

INT. BUILDING - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

A ROBOTIC SENTRY TEAM is waiting rifles ready - when the elevator doors suddenly open ...

RELEASING a deluge of water smashing out into the corridor, washing them away.

As they regain their feet - QUAID and MELINA step out ...

BLASTING them back into the water-flooded floor.

EXT. EUROMERICAN STREET - DAY

Quaid and Melina move silently, quickly through the tightly thronged sidewalks.

Up ahead a POLICE VAN skids up. Melina and Quaid pull up short. But the Sentries that leap out grab instead a PAIR OF WORKERS in dungarees off the sidewalk.

Just down-block, a similar van skids up, workers grabbed off the sidewalks - hauled struggling into the vans.

Quaid and Melina exchange an alarmed glance. A pair of Sentry's begin heading towards them ...

Quaid and Melina duck immediately to the right into ...

INT. PERSONAL ELECTRONICS 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)

... Synthetic Troops being deployed as I speak 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 Shanghai ...

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 Coahaagen has ordered the valves to the pipeline supplying supplemental oxygen ...

GIGANTIC VALVES at the CHINA FALL STATION. WORK CREWS leverage MASSIVE WRENCHES ...

PASSING SCREEN 4

... from our atmosphere to New Shanghai be closed ...

VALVES *turning* with the screech of metal.

PASSING SCREEN 5

... weaken the enemy's will to resist ...

LIVE FEED - the pipes in NEW SHANGHAI abruptly SHUT OFF - blowing streamers fading...

Dropping limply atop their great gratings.

PASSING SCREEN 6

... prior to the arrival of our synthetic soldiers in response to ...

DENIZENS of New Shanghai - workforce of the world - looking on with confusion and consternation.

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 Spetznacht Terror Sentries in New Shanghai 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 a tripping recovery clinic ...

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; that - in addition to committing numerous wanton acts of perversion, I have systematically bombed, machine-gunned and gassed public institutions in Euromerica, including churches, schools and hospitals. My sole intention in doing this - as directed by Quatto - was to cause maximum mayhem, havoc and death ...

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

JUMBOTRON (QUAID)

I also assert that, for the entire duration of this period, my acts of terrorism and sabotage as well as those of Quatto, Hauser and his Resistance conspirators - were all funded, financed and directed by the colonial government of New Shanghai in an effort to disrupt the Trade Alliance and create a chaos that would bring down the government of Chancellor Vilos Coahaagen and place the balance of power in the favor of the Commonwealth of New Shanghai ...

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 had me make the tape before they locked in the Quaid persona.

MELINA

Meaning he always planned to do this. From the very beginning. He never intended to use the Shock Troops he had built in New Shanghai to defend against the Resistance in Euromerica ...

She shakes her head.

MELINA

He always intended to turn them right back around and use them to invade New Shanghai. And it was never about mind-tripping or the Trade Alliance. It was about *living space*. And justifying an invasion to get more of it for Euromerica.

Quaid looks back at her. Stark.

QUAID

How can we stop him?

She returns the look.

MELINA

You. You're the only way.

(nods)

If Coahaagen gets his Synthetic Troops
loaded onto the China Fall...

She shakes her head.

MELINA

Then it's 'bombs-away'...

(nods)

And its all over.

He looks her way.

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.

RESISTANCE FIGHTER

How can we be sure about him?

MELINA

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

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 people slowly weakening on the streets of NEW SHANGHAI - is a FRAIL OLD MAN. Back turned.

MAN WITH BACK TURNED

Welcome to the inner sanctum ...

He turns. *The INDIAN MAN from the image on the DataLink. Quatto.* Sadly, from behind his spectacles, he smiles.

ELDERLY INDIAN MAN

At last we meet in person.

QUAID

Quatto ...

The Elderly Indian Man's glasses glint.

QUATTO

Aren't we all, after all? Quattos?

He gestures those of the rag-tag, determined, heavily ARMED GROUP that stand round them.

QUATTO

The cockroaches behind the scenes ...

(a smile)

That make it all run.

He nods.

QUATTO

And yet Cohaagen finds himself with a dilemma. On one hand, the cockroaches are invaluable to him. A billion slaving in a hell below to keep ten million in their paradise above. But on the other - hell is beginning to look appetizing ...

(a smile)

Because paradise is getting crowded.

(a shrug)

What's a tyrant to do?

He raises a finger.

QUATTO

Terrifyingly simple. Have the cockroaches build an army of synthetic exterminators to fight an imaginary enemy - that Coahaagen can turn against the cockroaches themselves.

He nods.

QUATTO

And when the last cockroach gasps its last breath? And all of New Shanghai is in Coahaagen's possession? His Synthetics will beat their swords into ploughshares and become the new cockroaches.

(a shrug)

And Coahaagen will have it all.

Quatto gestures the grimly determined group around him.

QUATTO

We are the workers who built the machines that would replace us.

He pauses now to look Quaid directly in the eye.

QUATTO

We always knew Coahaagen would invent an excuse to invade New Shanghai. We just never realized the excuse would be you.

Immediately, lab-coated TECHNICIANS take Quaid and begin strapping him into a FUTURISTIC CHAIR - provocatively *similar* to the one from the mind-tripping den...

QUATTO

Now all we can do is hope that Coahaagen really was building a weapon to destroy us - that we can now turn against him...

(a nod)

And that it's inside your head.

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

QUATTO

When we sent in a team to retrieve you from the weapons lab - it all went wrong.

Finishing strapping Quaid in, the Technicians step back.

QUATTO

You were damaged in the firefight and Coahaagen's forces retained possession of you and your mind.

MELINA

Hiding it inside your current identity
until he could figure how to unlock it.

QUATTO

If Coahaagen is now 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 ...

MIND-SCREEN - dominating one side of the room suddenly
bursting with a pyrotechnic of colored static...

That begins to coalesce into a flickering collage of
unconnected THOUGHTS and IMAGES from Quaid's mind.

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

QUATTO

(smiles)

Yes, you're conscious. Don't worry - my
being inside your mind won't affect your
ability to think and process information.

(nods at screen)

Yes ... you see ... there you are ...

On the screen, WE SEE: as we receive a MEDAL from VILOS
COHAAGEN. Smiling, Coahaagen pats our shoulder. Our
distorted features, REFLECTED in the medal, are HAUSER'S.

WE SEE: Now MELINA as she is pulled from the brink of a
precipice - BLOOD on her hand - mixing with Quaid's ...

Melina's eyes mist at the memory

WE SEE: MASKED RESISTANCE SURGEONS leaning over us.

QUATTO

The day we implanted the box ...

One lowers a SCALPEL and begins CUTTING into our face.
In the blade's reflection - we see HAUSER'S features.

QUATTO

And gave you a new face ...

WE SEE: BANDAGES coming off - revealing in the mirror -
the new features of GUSTAV RAY.

QUATTO

...that you lost - along with your memory
- when we tried to retrieve you ...

WE SEE: a LAB; GUNFIRE; a BLINDING EXPLOSION. Our HANDS
leap to our face ...

QUATTO

And Coahaagen got you instead ...

WE SEE: Synth Sentries, shooting, pulling us thru flames.

QUATTO

And hid you...

WE SEE: MASKED SURGEONS leaning in. One lowers a SCALPEL.
Reflected we see GUSTAV RAY'S scared and burned features.

QUATTO

... in a completely new identity ...

WE SEE: BANDAGES coming off - revealing the new features
of DOUGLAS QUAID.

In the corner of the room a MIND-ALTERATION CHAIR waits.

QUATTO

(perks)

Ah - wait - there ... there it is ...

Now on the screen - the image of a TOWERING STEEL DOOR.

QUATTO

The firewall. To the Black Box ...

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.

Behind it - smiling - is HAUSER'S FACE - vaguely Quaid's -
floating in space. Maddeningly confident.

And now it's OBVIOUS - though skin color, hair and some
features differ - *it's definitely QUAID beneath the face.*

HAUSER'S FACE

Hello Me. Hello Quatto. It's a pleasure
to finally meet you in person.

The massive face smiles.

HAUSER'S FACE

I was sent in to bring back the weapon Coahaagen intended to use to destroy the Resistance. I'm happy to report that - since Quatto is the only person capable of opening this doorway in my mind - that I've been successful. Here's why ...

He nods - still maddeningly confident.

HAUSER'S FACE

It's very simple. Yes, Coahaagen was trying to kill me for a reason. But unfortunately, not the reason you think. Not because I have the weapon. But because - well, if you haven't already figured it out ...

He smiles.

HAUSER'S FACE

I *am* the weapon.

Melina, Quatto, Quaid - all stand stunned.

HAUSER'S FACE

(Quatto)

And you never would have allowed me to get into the same room with you if you hadn't truly believed I had something Coahaagen wanted badly enough to kill me for.

(shrugs)

So Coahaagen and I - we made our plans accordingly. We targeted someone close to you ...

He looks now to Melina - smile expanding.

HAUSER'S FACE

Someone *gullible*. And - aw shucks - I fell in 'love'.

Going ghost white, Melina's eyes snap to Quaid.

HAUSER'S FACE

(grinning/Quatto)

And went on a long, long charade that - in the end - brought me here to you.

Quaid looks back - equally astonished.

QUAID

Melina - I *swear* to you ...

Above them, Hauser's vast visage smiles.

HAUSER'S FACE

I'm sure, by now, all the mea culpas and protests of innocence and contrition have begun. But if I may - I suggest you speed it up. Because - let's be honest - I wouldn't have come all this way ...

His image shrugs.

HAUSER'S FACE

If I weren't wired for tracking.

Abruptly, the STEEL DOORS on all sides EXPLODE off their hinges - TERROR 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 her lips.

She stops directly in front of Quatto.

LORI

They say you're capable of seeing the future Old Man ...

She raises her MENGEL-88.

LORI

D'ja see this?

BOOM! she shoots him. 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.

QUATTO

... everything that we are ... has brought us to this moment... and soon ...

He clasps a bloody hand into Quaid's ...

QUATTO

... you will understand it ...

And dies. Melina leaps up, throwing herself at Lori.

MELINA

I'll kill you!

But Lori meets her halfway with a *pistolwhipping* that ...

LORI

Quiet, Trash.

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, she nods to the Terror Sentries.

LORI

Bring them with us to Coahaagen.

INT. TRANSPORT - DAY

Melina and Quaid are pushed in ahead of Lori.

LORI

China Fall - let's go.

The truck rolls. Quaid - in chains - looks to Melina. Anguished.

She just turns her gaze and focuses on the passing chaos of the city. Quaid is crushed.

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 SHOCK TROOPS deploying from incoming troop transport vehicles and assembling into precisely ordered rows on the loading docks ...

Boarding in waves into the CARGO HOLDS of the China Fall.

Everywhere orders blare as QUAID, LORI and MELINA follow Sentries through the crowds of heavily-armed synthetics.

Past the ATMOSPHERIC VALVES Coahaagen ordered shut off ...

Strangling New Shanghai to death other side of the globe.

PUBLIC ADDRESS

*Loading capacity of - 15,000 - reached.
Remaining troops to travel in - 2nd wave.*

The perimeter around the CHINA FALL begins to clear as the remaining 15,000 Synth Soldiers are marshalled back.

PUBLIC ADDRESS

*Platform clearing for - China Fall drop -
in time minus - two minutes...*

Quaid and the others usher up the ramp into the massive THIRTY STORY ELEVATOR set to drop into the earth.

INT. CHINA FALL - DAY

Quaid and the others move at a quick march through the gangways - past the massive HANGARS and CARGO HOLDS where THOUSANDS of SYNTHETIC SOLDIERS are strapping into their individual transport harnesses in mechanized precision.

PUBLIC ADDRESS

Drop in - time minus - 90 seconds ...

INT. COHAAGEN'S PRIVATE COMPARTMENT - DAY

Quaid, Melina and Lori are shown into Cohaagen's private traveling compartment on the top floor of the China Fall.

SPHERICAL - like everything else on the China Fall - so floor can become ceiling - and vice versa.

On every SCREEN running the circumference of the spherical office - angles of NEW SHANGHAI WEAKENING ...

COHAAGEN comes round his desk. Stops before Lori.

COHAAGEN

Quatto?

LORI

Quattoed.

COHAAGEN

Good. One less fly we have to worry about in the ointment.

(Quaid)

Nice work.

QUAID

(growls)

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

COHAAGEN

Why? For doing exactly what I told you? What kind of employer - and friend - would that make me?

QUAID

Go screw yourself.

COHAAGEN

There's a thought.

PUBLIC ADDRESS

China Fall dropping - T minus 60 seconds.

Cohaagen looks to the Sentries and Technicians - who instantly grab Quaid, *wrestling* him into a TRIP-CHAIR.

QUAID

Cohaagen! What the fuck are you doing?

But Cohaagen remains casual.

COHAAGEN

Come on Hauser - I know you're still in there. You've been out in the cold - buried under that nonsense we invented called Douglas Quaid for too long.

Quaid struggles titanically but is physically overwhelmed into the chair, wrists forcibly strapped to the armrests.

QUAID

Cohaagen!

COHAAGEN

You took a little trip - dreamed a little dream. Like the insect who imagined he was a man, you were a man who thought he was an insect - a cockroach - a sad little factory worker ...

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

But in fact you were the greatest agent I ever had. Must've been a nightmare;

I feel for you. So time to cash in that return-ticket, Buddy-Boy. This will neutralize the identity veneer of Douglas Quaid and restore your native brain chemistry. You'll be Hauser again.

(nods to Lori)

And you to us.

(nods at Melina)

Your first official act will be to blow her brains out.

QUAID

No! I won't! I never would!

COHAAGEN

(laughs)

Sure you would. In fact, the second you're Hauser again, it'll be hard to hold you back. You love killing.

He nods to the Technician who hits a switch - and SILVER FLUID floods the IV - racing down towards Quaid's palm.

QUAID

Goddamit! Coahaagen!

But Coahaagen just waves.

COHAAGEN

Nighty night.

The fluid enters the black stretch leading to the needle, Quaid *yelling* out as it enters his bloodstream.

COHAAGEN

That's it Buddy - take it ... take it.

LORI

Come on Hauser - you can do 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 nearest 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 screaming Sentry.

Stripping that man's weapon as he falls and ...

Suddenly - a *crack like THUNDER...*

PUBLIC ADDRESS

Time minus zero. China Fall - dropping.

EXT. CHINA FALL - LOADING PLATFORMS - DAY

As the monstrous LOCKING BOLTS suddenly withdraw ...

And the entire China Fall - like a man on the gallows - suddenly DROPS into its shaft, vanishing into the earth.

INT. COHAAGEN'S OFFICE - CHINA FALL - DAY

The FLOOR beneath Quaid, Melina, Lori and Coahaagen suddenly DROPPING AWAY beneath them ...

As the entire room goes into WEIGHTLESS FREE-FALL.

And Quaid *fires* the gun ...

Grabbing Melina as it...

Creates a propulsion that *vaults* he and Melina jetting backwards out of the room.

Cohaagen, fighting himself down to strap himself into his individual transport harness - shoots his eyes to Lori.

COHAAGEN

Don't just float there! Get him!

INT. CHINA FALL - CARGO HOLD

Sides of the steel shaft visible streaking by outside ...

Quaid and Melina - fired by the propulsion of the rifle - propel out onto a catwalk above the China Fall's VAST CARGO HOLD. Quaid catches an I-beam, anchoring them.

They survey the hold. Ceilings high as an aircraft hangar before them stretch ENDLESS rows of SYNTHETIC SOLDIERS, secured in their individual transport harnesses.

The sound of GUNFIRE.

Back down-corridor - LORI hits the wall at the corridor juncture along with COHAAGEN'S SYNTHETIC BODYGUARD.

Using their guns as mobile propulsion packs - they spray automatic fire and LAUNCH out towards Quaid and Melina.

Quaid's eyes shoot upwards.

Above - secured to the football field bay ceiling by a vast CARGO NETTING - the material support for the army.

TANKS, TRUCKS, ARTILLERY ...

Raising his gun, grabbing Melina and bracing, he *fires* up into the bolts securing key points in the netting and ...

As the netting comes tearing away ...

TANKS and ARTILLERY spilling weightlessly into the void..

Quaid takes hold of Melina and FIRES his rifle - propelling them out into the vast atrium of space above 15,000 Synthetic Shock Troops.

INT. CHINA FALL - CARGO BAY CEILING - CARGO NETS

Lori and the Synths land at the upward reaches of the spilling nets. She spins in suspended weightlessness.

Trying to locate her quarry in the exodus of machinery.

LORI

Where is he!?

In answer, the TREAD of a tank drifting past her head ERUPTS in shredding shrapnel.

She spins to SEE QUAID - having commandeered the .50 cal mounted atop a TRUCK revolving through gravityless space.

She only has *time* to pull herself beneath the drifting tank as Quaid RAKES them with machine-gun fire ...

Instantly REDUCING the SYNTH GUARD around her to a diaspora of gears and liberated synthetic limbs that go spiraling away in every direction.

Snatching her communicator to her lips, Lori screams ...

LORI
Out! He took us out!

INT. COHAAGEN'S COMPARTMENT - CHINA FALL

Cohaagen - watching it all from the command-center behind his desk - looks to his ADJUTANT.

COHAAGEN
Release them. Release them all.

INT. CARGO BAY - DAY

Starting first with one - and then spreading like a geometrically expanding fall of dominoes ...

The SHOULDER RESTRAINTS - locking each of the 15,000 Synthetic Shock Troops into their transport modules ...

Begin lifting. Symphony of Battle-Bots rising into the gravityless void.

INT. CARGO BAY CEILING - CARGO NETS

QUAID and MELINA - high above - watch the massive army of synthetics lifting up towards them from the floor below.

MELINA
Bright ideas?

He kicks open a CRATE drifting past - MAGNETIC GRENADES.

QUAID
Yeah ...

Grabbing one and shoving it inside his vest, he nods.

QUAID
Hope there's a little Hauser left.

He snatches an orbiting RPG and snapping up the sight, he aims down into the galaxy of Shock Troops emerging up towards them ...

WHOOSH! he pulls the trigger, firing the self-propelled grenade down into their midst, streaking a fiery trail...

It STRIKES 1 of the matrix of liberated 50mm SHELLS that drifts at their core like a fish-school of hand grenades.

DETONATING it in a concussive flash ...

That - like a series of Chinese firecrackers - spreads in exploding rapid-fire succession to the shells around it.

Creating a constellation of exploding shrapnel that in the space of three seconds ...

Leaves in the rising legions of Shock Troops a vast gutted space of destroyed pieces and parts.

QUAID

Stay close!

Pushing off an artillery cannon, he kicks into the weightless corridors.

INT. CORRIDORS - CHINA FALL - DAY

As he flies past, Quaid PLANTS the grenade on a MASSIVE PIECE OF MACHINERY ...

QUAID

Come on!

Pulling Melina after him as he *ducks* ...

INT. UTILITY CORRIDOR - DAY

Into the next set of corridors - working his way down - quickly spinning the wheels on a series of VALVES there.

SHOCK TROOPS slam into the corridor behind.

Twisting the final valve - Quaid grabs Melina and - as the Shock Troops reach the juncture ...

The MAGNETIC GRENADE BLOWS - Quaid and Melina *ducking* into the next by-way.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

LORI - moving fast - is met by a rubber-featured SYNTH SHOCK CAPTAIN coming fast from the opposite direction.

SYNTH SHOCK CAPTAIN

He blew the passage.

Lori's eyes blaze on him an instant.

LORI
Radio your troops! We'll go around!

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

As Lori and the Battle-Bots round the corner they spot
QUAID and MELINA at the far end. Quaid makes eye-contact.

Before hauling open a HEAVY STEEL DOOR and ducking in
after Melina - slamming it closed behind.

LORI
Go!

But when they skid up, the door is SECURED ...

SYNTH SHOCK CAPTAIN
Locked from inside!

LORI
What is it?

SYNTH SHOCK CAPTAIN
Cold storage transport unit!

Lori thinks a moment.

LORI
Good. Then blockade the door. They can
both freeze to death in there.

But almost before the words are out of her mouth, her
hand is tugging at her collar.

LORI
Wait - do you ... do you feel that?

The Synth Captain looks at her curiously.

SYNTH SHOCK CAPTAIN
I'm Synth. I'm incapable of tactile
sensation.

Lori's eyes turn to the WALL THERMOMETER. Visibly RISING.

LORI
... oh no you didn't ...

She looks to the DOOR - where - behind the cold storage
unit door's frosted glass window - is QUAID'S FACE.

He mouths the words: 'Bye-Bye'.

LORI

He shut off the cryogenic cooling units!

She spins back to the Synth Captain. His rubberized skin beginning to SUBTLY SMOKE.

LORI

Get him out of there! Cut him out if you have to!

And as WELDING BOTS are motioned forward with cutting torches, she falls away back down the corridor.

INT. CHINA FALL - COLD STORAGE - DAY

Pulling Melina to him, Quaid drops back against the wall of the cold storage unit, as outside the door-window...

The arcing and sparking of TORCHES cutting away at the door become visible.

QUAID

When Hauser said it was all a charade; he was lying. He did love you.

MELINA

How can you know that?

QUAID

Because - when I saw you ...
(shakes head)
I was already in love with you.

Luminously, she peers at him.

MELINA

But ... how is that possible. They erased Hauser's brain ...

He looks at her.

QUAID

Then it must have been something else;
something that couldn't be overwritten...
(ponders)
Not a thought ... not a memory ...

His eyes connect with hers.

QUAID

A feeling.

A smile grows onto her lips. As she knows now, in spite of what he said, Hauser - he - really did love her.

INT. CHINA FALL SHAFT - DAY

The 30 stories of the CHINA FALL go rocketing past camera towards the MOLTEN GLOW of the super-heated tube ahead.

As it approaches the Earth's Core.

INT. COHAAGEN'S OFFICE - CHINA FALL - DAY

Sweating, Cohaagen's ADJUTANT turns to him.

ADJUTANT
Temperature's rising. Cryogenic cooling
must not be functioning.

Cohaagen's eyes reflect the gravity of it.

COHAAGEN
Seal this compartment. Activate
dedicated cooling.

INT. COLD STORAGE - DAY

Quaid pulls Melina to him tight ...

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

As cutting robots sear away at the outside of the door in a screaming attack of blazing torches ...

The Synth Captain looks to his hand. The plastic is beginning to BUBBLE. He spins to the cutting robots.

SYNTH SHOCK CAPTAIN
Faster! Cut faster!

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Gasping in the soaring heat, LORI tears her way down the final corridor toward the door of Cohaagen's office.

INT. COHAAGEN'S OFFICE - CHINA FALL - DAY

As Cohaagen and the others anxiously watch the thermometers on the screens ...

A POUNDING on the door. LORI visible on the screens.

ADJUTANT

Lori ...

Distantly, Lori's can be heard cursing. Cohaagen hesitates. Then - against his better judgement...

COHAAGEN

What the hell. Let her in.

The Adjutant hits the panel and Lori - half dead - is dragged in by the Body-Guard as he seals the door behind.

COHAAGEN

What happened to the cooling system??

LORI

(gasping)

Qu..Quaid ...

COHAAGEN

(his Adjutant)

Time to the core!?

His Adjutant looks starkly back.

ADJUTANT

Now. We're passing through it now.

EXT. CHINA FALL SHAFT

The CHINA FALL blasts into the white-hot glowing shaft as it cuts through the very center of the earth itself.

INT. CORRIDOR

The Synth Captain *bursts* into FLAME. Spins to the torch-robots - also in flames as they work.

BURNING SYNTH CAPTAIN

Faster! Faster!

INT. CHINA FALL - COLD STORAGE

Quaid and Melina hold onto each other as the ICE MELTS in weightless rivers off the pipes overhead.

INT. COHAAGEN'S OFFICE - CHINA FALL

Cohaagen and his bodyguard watch on the screens in his insulated office as ...

In the CARGO BAY - the Battle-Bots in gravityless space begin EXPLODING into flame.

INT. CHINA FALL - COLD STORAGE

Now melting water is literally *raining* down around them. WATER sloshing on the floor beginning to come to a BOIL.

Melina screams - Quaid pulling her even tighter ...

QUAID
Hold on! Hold on!

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

The Synthetics trying to get through, now proto-plastic metal endo-seletons, begin melting into viscous pools ...

INT. COHAAGEN'S OFFICE - CHINA FALL - DAY

His Adjutant spins from the screens:

ADJUTANT
Core traversed! Headed up to surface *now!*

Everything begins to shift - as the desk, the furniture - everything begins to travel on their tracks from one interior surface of the SPHERICAL OFFICE ...

180 degrees to the other. Whole world turning upside down as up becomes down - and down, up.

FLOATING OBJECTS beginning to slowly settle as GRAVITY reasserts itself as the China Fall stops falling ...

And instead begins to ... RISE.

INT. CHINA FALL - COLD STORAGE

Almost immediately, the boil falls off the water covering the floors inside the cold storage unit ...

And the water on the floor reverses direction - drifting down now in great jelly-fish globes - to the ceiling ...

Which is now the floor.

INT. COHAAGEN'S OFFICE - CHINA FALL

On the screens, they watch the temperature indicators.

ADJUTANT

External temperature falling! 1000
degrees! 900!

INT. CHINA FALL - COLD STORAGE

Quaid and Melina watch the same thermo-readings.

600 ... 500 ...

INT. COHAAGEN'S OFFICE - CHINA FALL

On the screens, the temperature continues to plummet.

400 ... 300 ...

COHAAGEN

Get ready! As soon as its survivable!

INT. CHINA FALL - COLD STORAGE

Quaid hauls Melina to her feet.

200 degrees ... 150 ...

QUAID

Now! We have go!

Pulling her to the door, he opens it to a BLAST of heat.

INT. COHAAGEN'S OFFICE - CHINA FALL

The thermos hit 130.

COHAAGEN

Go!

Hitting the door panel, Lori rushes out ahead of
Cohaagen's Synthetic Guard into the heat.

INT. CORRIDORS - CHINA FALL

Quaid and Melina dodge through the corridors, cluttered with the steaming, melted REMAINS of hundreds of Synths.

PUBLIC ADDRESS

*Arrival in New Shanghai in - 3 minutes.
Pressurizing for - Sea-Level. You will
experience - some discomfort.*

INT. CHINA FALL SHAFT

The China Fall rises shooting upward toward the LIGHT at the end of the tunnel high above.

New Shanghai.

INT. CORRIDORS - CHINA FALL - DAY

Quaid and Melina sprint through empty passenger areas ...

PUBLIC ADDRESS

Please remain in your seats ...

Outside the heat-reinforced windows - the sides of the shaft can be seen beginning to slow as the Fall approaches the exhaustion of its kinetic energy ...

PUBLIC ADDRESS

Arrival in - 60 seconds ...

INT. COORIDORS - CHINA FALL - DAY

Lori and the Synth Guard CHARGE through the corridors.

INT. LOADING AREA - CHINA FALL - DAY

Quaid and Melina leap over turnstiles as - outside, the Fall begins flashing up past the SUBTERRANEAN FLOORS of MALL, signalling the imminent arrival of the surface.

PUBLIC ADDRESS

*China Fall will arrive in New Shanghai in
- 30 seconds ...*

Quaid *smashes* the glass EMERGENCY EXIT BOX, *yanking* the handle down.

INT. COORIDORS - CHINA FALL - DAY

Lori and her team pull up short.

PUBLIC ADDRESS

*Warning. Emergency outgress activated.
Exit in a calm and orderly fashion...*

LORI

Dammit!

EXT. NEW SHANGHAI CHINA FALL PASSENGER PLATFORM - DAY

The China Fall - *steaming* - ARRIVES settling as gently as a sparrow - as the massive LOCKING BOLTS slam into place.

INT. CHINA FALL - DAY

The multi-layered exits suck open in succession ahead of Quaid and Melina as they dart through them until ...

EXT. CHINA FALL PASSENGER PLATFORM - DAY/NIGHT

They BURST onto the passenger platform in NEW SHANGHAI.

Everywhere, PEOPLE are slumped - gasping for air. Melina herself gags at the sudden drop in OXYGEN CONTENT.

MELINA

Douglas! Can ... hardly breathe!

QUAID

(grabbing her hand)

Come on!

INT. CHINA FALL - DAY

COHAAGEN meets Lori and his Synths at the Fall exits.

Far down the smog-choked, dying New Shanghainese choked boulevard - Quaid and Melina are darting round a corner.

COHAAGEN

Get the cryogenic cooling valves on this thing back open ...

His eyes are nearly blazing.

COHAAGEN

And *get* back to the other side to
retrieve the rest of the troops.

Lori starts to protest.

LORI

But I ...

COHAAGEN

Just do it!

Not happy about it, she heads back into the China Fall.
Cohaagen looks to his Battle-Bots as he adjusts a MICRO
OXYGEN BREATHER into his nose.

COHAAGEN

In half an hour she'll be back with 15
thousand troops. In the meantime ...

He *racks* a BULLET into the chamber of his gun.

EXT. NEW SHANGHAI - NIGHT/DAY

Melina pauses to glance up into the smog-choked sky.

MELINA

Not raining ...

They both look up at the smoke-filled sky. For the first
time in memory - it's not sprinkling acid-rain.

QUAID

Not enough oxygen ...
(labored)
...to react with chemicals...

Grabbing her hand, he pulls her into a BUILDING.

INT. CHINA FALL - DAY

A Battle-Bot skids up to Lori.

BATTLE-BOT

Cryo valves are back open.

LORI

Radio the other side to have those troops
ready for on-load. Let's drop!

EXT. NEW SHANGHAI STREET - NIGHT/DAY

Cohaagen consults a TRACKER. 100s of fading blips ...

But TWO are moving. He looks forward to the SINGULAR SKYSCRAPER that dominates the New Shanghai skyline.

COHAAGEN

There!

INT. SKYSCRAPER - DAY

Quaid and Melina stumble gasping up the stairwell. A resounding CLANG pauses them, glancing out a window...

As, down the avenue, like a SATURN 5 ROCKET in reverse...

The CHINA FALL *drops* - vanishing into the earth.

Coming down the trash-strewn boulevard towards them, they can also see COHAAGEN at the head of his SYNTH GUARD.

MELINA

(gasping)

He's sent back for the rest of his army!

Quaid pulls her forward.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER - NEW SHANGHAI - NIGHT/DAY

Cohaagen and his Shock Troops go storming in.

INT. STAIRWELL - SKYSCRAPER - DAY

Quaid and Melina fight their way up the stairs.

MELINA

Quaid ...

Weakened, she collapses - choking.

MELINA

I ... can't make it ... can't breathe...

He clasps her hand - barely able to go on himself.

QUAID

... have ... have to ...

And fighting to their feet - they battle upward.

INT. STAIRS - SKYSCRAPER - NIGHT/DAY

Cohaagen and his Battle-Bot Guard charge upward.

Cohaagen with his own supply of oxygen. His proto-steel bodyguard not needing it.

INT. CHINA FALL

LORI watches nervously through the heat gates as ...

INT. CHINA FALL SHAFT

The China Fall ROCKETS back through the earth's core.

INT. CHINA FALL

Free-fall over and gravity gradually retaking hold, Lori unstraps out of her transport harness.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER ROOFTOP - DAY

Melina and Quaid stumble coughing out onto the rooftop.

Nearly able now to touch the black clouds of CHEMICAL SOOT that hang pregnant over the endless city.

MELINA

Quaid ... why here Quaid ...

He just looks at her - panting.

QUAID

... just ... trust me ...

Picking up a beam of steel, he *barricades* the door.

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.

PUBLIC ADDRESS

Stand clear. China Fall arriving in ...

INT. CHINA FALL - CARGO BAY - DAY

Lori stops on the catwalk above the cargo bay - wreckage of nearly 15,000 synthetic troops littering the floors.

PUBLIC ADDRESS

... 2 minutes.

VOICE

Uh. We've got a problem.

She turns. COHAAGEN'S ADJUTANT stands there, *ghost white*.

INT. STAIRS - SKYSCRAPER - DAY

Cohaagen and the Synth Guard arrive at the barricaded door to the rooftop.

COHAAGEN

Break it down!

The robots move forward and - steel shoulders lowered - begin batter-ramming it outward.

EXT. ROOFTOP - SKYSCRAPER - NEW SHANGHAI - NIGHT/DAY

On the other side, Quaid and Melina back to the roof's edge. Melina's fingers curl into his.

INT. CHINA FALL - UTILITY CORRIDOR

LORI and COHAAGEN'S ADJUTANT stand at the piece of MACHINERY Quaid blew with the magnetic grenade.

LORI

I don't understand. What is it?

ADJUTANT

It's the depressurizing valve.

LORI

Depressurizing?? *Depressurizing?* I don't get it. We pressurized before we arrived in New Shanghai.

ADJUTANT

Yes. That's because he didn't blow up pumps or valves that create pressure.

A swallow. A nod.

ADJUTANT

Just the ones that release it.

PUBLIC ADDRESS

Prepare for arrival in - 30 seconds.

LORI

I don't understand - what does it mean??

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 gonna explode like a goddam bomb!

Now Lori suddenly gets it. She *spins* ...

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 black-uniformed columns of MASSED BATTLE-BOTS ...

EXT. ROOFTOP - NEW SHANGHAI - DAY

The metal rooftop door begins to TEAR. QUAID draws Melina to him.

INT. CHINA FALL - DAY

LORI is RUNNING ...

BOLTS from the Fall's interior walls beginning to *blow* their rivets - firing out like bullets everywhere ...

SCREAMING into her radio.

LORI
*Brake! Brake! Drop us back into the
 goddam hole!!*

EXT. ROOFTOP - NEW SHANGHAI - NIGHT/DAY

The door *RIPS* - Synthetic Robots smashing through.

INT. CHINA FALL - DAY

Lori skids to a halt. 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 and settles gently as a feather ...

MASSIVE LOCKING BOLTS catching and holding it.

In an instant of the most profound silence ...

EXT. ROOFTOP - NEW SHANGHAI - NIGHT/DAY

Quaid glances at his watch. Whispers ...

QUAID
 So long, Dream Girl ...

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 Battle-Bots 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 the remains of 15,000 decimated robots - drawn, sucking 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. SKYSCRAPER ROOFTOP - NEW SHANGHAI - NIGHT/DAY

COHAAGEN steps out through the wrecked door and onto the rooftop - joining his Synthetic Guard.

QUAID hazards a look off the rooftop at his back.

To the CHINA FALL STATION down the avenue ...

COHAAGEN

(growls)

What was the goddam point, Quaid?

INT. CHINA FALL SHAFT

The tidal wave of OXYGEN shrieks past as it *shoots* upwards towards the surface above.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER ROOFTOP - NEW SHANGHAI - NIGHT/DAY

Quaid looks to Cohaagen.

QUAID

The point ... ?

He shrugs.

QUAID

Blue skies over Shanghai?

Abruptly, an EXPLOSION rocks the roof - followed by a volcanic ERUPTION - gigantic chunks of MACHINERY going cartwheeling 100's of feet into the air above the Fall...

Followed by a SPEWING GEYSER of OXYGEN - aqua-colored and pure - erupting massively up into the blackened sky.

Instantly, ELECTRO-STATIC ELECTRICITY begins lacing its fingers *crackling* through the clouds above the skyscraper

Quaid smiles.

QUAID

Oh - and cheap steel.

The Battle-Bots *charge* him and Melina at roof's edge.

But TOO LATE. Oxygen REACTING with the predominant chemicals in the atmosphere, LIGHTNING begins blasting down out of the clouds not 25 feet above their heads.

Bright blue bolts of searing electricity reaching for the nearest metal objects ...

Fingers of explosive energy snaking down and BLOWING the ROBOTS off the roof one after another ...

Even as they reach for Quaid and Melina.

Quaid HOLDS Melina to him tight, eyes of both closed as the titanic electrical storm rages, blasting blue bolts through the exploding inches around them.

A moment later, the Battle-Bots are wiped out - masses of roasted metal smoldering in the ACID RAIN that now begins to come down with increasing INTENSITY ...

Enraged, Coahaagen grabs a splintered shard of steel ...

And *charges*. Driving weakened Quaid back to the very edge of the roof and *down* as he jams the jagged point of steel-

To within a quivering *inch* of Quaid's eye - where, with what little strength he has left, Quaid holds it off.

COHAAGEN

Cheap steel or no - it's hard to fight...

He bears down with all his superiorly oxygenated strength

COHAAGEN

When you can't *breathe*.

The jagged tip sinks within a millimeter of Quaid's eye. Above him, the RAIN is coming down TORRENTIALLY now ...

Pouring off Cohaagen's face hovering above him, which in the deluge of almost pure SULPHURIC ACID from the sky ...

Is beginning to SMOKE.

QUAID

Hard to fight ...

Releasing one shaking hand from the stake pressing down towards his eye, he reaches up and ...

QUAID

When you can't *see*.

Digs his fingers into Cohaagen's eyes, acid rain searing into his sockets.

Cohaagen's hands *leap* from the splinter of steel to his burning eyes - *screaming*.

Quaid *kicks* upward - sending him tumbling over him - and over the edge of the roof.

But, quick as a cat, Quaid reaches out and *catches* Cohaagen's arm as he goes over.

Cohaagen hangs there in the downpour of sulphuric acid rain - New Shanghai far below.

There is an instant as they regard each other - teetering on the precipice of destiny.

QUAID

Quatto saw this - all of it. He allowed himself to die so it could come to this.

COHAAGEN

But what he didn't forsee - the Quaid identity took too well! There's nothing of Hauser left!

(shakes head)

You won't drop me Quaid! You're too good.

Quaid looks back an instant - Cohaagen's face smoking, leering back in the downpour of carbohic rain.

QUAID

You're right, I'm not Hauser anymore ...

He shakes his head.

