

STEM

Written by

Leigh Whannell

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INT. GARAGE - DUSK

A void of darkness consumes us. We PULL BACK from it, seeing the void as a circular disc, set into a blue sphere.

It is an EYE.

We keep pulling back, revealing that the eye belongs to a ruggedly handsome male face, dotted with grease, stubble and sweat. This is GREY TRACE (28). Well built but not vain. A quiet, blue collar guy. A man, not a boy.

He arches over, probing the carburetor of a mean looking V8 engine. The engine brays loudly as it idles. Grey fiddles with the pistons, uncapping a hose then reconnecting it. We REVEAL the car - a black 1978 Pontiac Firebird.

Grey dumps himself into the drivers seat. The car SCREAMS as it is revved, then shudders to a croaking death as the ignition is killed. Grey gets out of the car.

He is standing in your classic garage-turned-mancave. No frills. A bar fridge, a tool bench, a dartboard. A boxing bag hangs in one corner. Tinny riffs wail out from a transistor.

Parked next to the Firebird is a classic, two door Ford Mustang Cobra in prime condition. Grey shuts the hood to the Firebird, surveys it. His masterwork.

GREY

(serious; to the Firebird)

I love you. Is that weird?

He opens the bar fridge and swipes out a beer, gropes for a bottle opener. Can't find it. He gives up, smacks the cap on the edge of the bench. The whole neck of the bottle shatters.

GREY (CONT'D)

Shit.

Grey considers...then holds the shards of what's left of the bottle to his mouth, chugging the remains and tossing it.

He checks his watch - 5:58 PM. He thumbs a button on the wall and the garage door whirs upwards.

EXT. GREY'S HOUSE - DUSK

Grey steps out onto his driveway.

His home sits on a busy road. Sleek, futuristic cars streak past - NONE OF THEM MAKING ANY SOUND. Each car is *absolutely silent* as it glides past Grey's house.

We look out over the city beyond the road. The sun dips below a futuristic skyline that yawns out in front of us, a phosphorus ocean of lights.

Glass towers spear towards the clouds, raised freeways curving around them. A HOLOGRAM billboard blinks in the sky, advertising some sort of contact lens. A giant eye looks down.

Grey glares out at the city. Dwarfed by it. Overwhelmed by it. He checks his watch again - 6 PM.

One of the sleek, silent cars pulls up right in front of him. The door opens. The car is automated. There is a steering wheel, but the car is driving itself. A large computer display on the dash indicates the route.

Inside are a man and a woman, laughing and talking as though riding the subway, dressed in business attire. The woman is ASHA TRACE (29), a beautiful brunette. The man is ROSS HANDLEY (25). He lives to work and his rapid-fire banter is unequalled.

HANDLEY

(to Grey)

Here he is. The only real man I know. About the only thing we have in common is teeth.

Grey half smiles. Doesn't like Handley.

GREY

Trust me, she wears the pants.

HANDLEY

I wish she would. That skirt is very distracting.

ASHA

Do you have an off button?

HANDLEY

You could never turn me off. Don't forget the presentation tomorrow morning for the board.

ASHA

Damn it, I left my notes at the office.

HANDLEY

That'll teach you for handwriting. Join the modern world. Bye.

The door closes and the car takes off.

GREY

At least in a real car he'd have to keep his eyes on the road.

ASHA

Oh, don't worry about Handley. He crunches numbers for a living so that's his approach to women. If he hits on everyone, mathematical law dictates that someone will say yes eventually.

She kisses him.

ASHA (CONT'D)

Working hard I see, judging by the beer on your breath.

GREY

Actually...I was working hard. I just finished the Firebird.

ASHA

Congratulations.

GREY

I gotta drop it off to the guy tonight. He's obsessed with me being on time. He's kinda nuts.

ASHA

Have fun.

GREY

You're coming with me.

ASHA

What? Why?

GREY

How else am I gonna get home?

Asha sighs.

ASHA

Okay.

Grey grins and pulls her in tight.

ASHA (CONT'D)

No don't, you'll get grease on me!

They laugh as Asha wriggles to break free.

EXT. ERON KEEN'S MANSION - NIGHT

Grey steers the Firebird up to a guardhouse and gate in front of a looming Victorian mansion. A low belch of thunder peals.

Asha is behind Grey in her self-driving car. A bored, beefy guard steps up to the Firebird.

GREY

Grey Trace, here to deliver this car to Eron.

GUARD

Drive past the scanner slowly.

Grey rolls the car past a large device like a camera lens, mounted to the guard box. A laser projecting out of it passes over the Firebird from front to back. A light flashes green.

GUARD (CONT'D)

You're good to go.

INT. FRONT DOOR, ERON KEEN'S MANSION - NIGHT

A heavy oak door towers over Asha and Grey.

ASHA

What are we waiting for?

GREY

It's gotta be eight exactly before I can...forget it, just go with me.

(beat)

By the way, he kind of butts in when you talk to him. Don't let it get to you.

They stand there for a long beat, then Grey depresses the doorbell. The door opens straight away, before the doorbell has even finished, revealing ERON KEEN (27), a baby-faced young billionaire with no patience for anyone not on his wavelength. He has a dry sense of humor and hates that you think he has Aspergers. He is wearing an ill-fitting suit.

GREY (CONT'D)

That was fast.

ERON

Yes I was standing here waiting is this your wife?

ASHA

Ah, yes. I'm his wife. Asha. Hi.

He doesn't offer his hand. Speaks very quickly.

ERON
Come inside to eat dinner.

GREY
Ah...we'd love to stay, but we --

ERON
The dinner's already been prepared,
it's ready now if you don't eat it
then it's wasted.

Grey turns to Asha, then back to Eron.

GREY
Okay then. Bottoms up.

INT. CORRIDOR, ERON KEEN'S MANSION - NIGHT

Eron leads the befuddled pair down a long corridor. He is walking much quicker than they are.

GREY
Nice suit. I didn't think of you --

ERON
I don't have people over very often
so I thought I'd dress for it.

ASHA
It's a beautiful house.

ERON
Thank you I find it a little
antiseptic I swear I'm not a
germaphobe. I can't stand that. A
cliche of the wealthy. Why do only
rich people suffer that? You'll
never meet a poor germaphobe.

He whisks them into --

INT. DINING ROOM, ERON KEEN'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

-- a large ornate dining room. Eron takes his place quickly and the second he does, the table opens up in front of him and a plate of food rises out of it.

When Grey and Asha sit, the same happens with them. Eron is already eating.

ERON

Grey tells me you work at the company Cobolt.

ASHA

Uh...yes. Yes, I do. I've been --

ERON

Your company specializes in prosthetic limbs. That's a very interesting subject to me.

ASHA

Yes.

ERON

No, that's wrong. Two. I said two.

Grey is perplexed.

GREY

What's that?

Eron points to his ear. He's having a phone conversation.

ERON

I know what I said, I said it.

ASHA

(to Grey)

He's on the phone.

Eron plucks a tiny black earpiece out of his ear, frustrated, dropping it into a glass of wine.

ASHA (CONT'D)

Uh...so you collect old cars?

ERON

I'm fascinated by the exterior aesthetic of the period which we've still not managed to match since then, even with all our technological advances. My life's work is about taking something timeless and built with care, like that car or this house, and then retrofitting it with the most up to date system. State of the art technology with a classic skin.

GREY

Wait...so you're gonna rip the engine out?

ERON
Eventually. Not right away. I want
to study how it works.

GREY
Seems a shame to get rid of...

Asha glares at Grey to drop it. Eron finishes eating.

ERON
I'll show you what would replace
it. Let's go to my factory.

ASHA
We really can't go anywhere else --

ERON
It's on the property right behind
the house. I don't like to leave
the grounds. We'll be very quick.

EXT. ERON KEEN'S MANSION/ENTRANCE TO VESSEL FACTORY - NIGHT

Eron guides them through a set of doors onto the rear grounds of the property. Indeed, perched right behind the house is another house, of similar stature.

Eron steps up to a FACE SCAN at the door of the second house. It lasers his face, imprints it, then allows him inside.

INT. CORRIDOR, VESSEL INC. HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Grey and Asha follow Eron down a darkened corridor. On either side they catch glimpses into stark white laboratories, all containing sophisticated equipment.

ERON
This is the worldwide headquarters
and research lab of my company,
Vessel.

INT. WHITE ROOM, VESSEL INC. HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Eron opens a door and Grey and Asha step into a large and starkly empty white room. He strides to a safe door set into the wall opposite them.

He stabs a long entry code into a keypad, keeping it hidden. The safe door opens with a hum. Inside are four thin prongs, holding in place a microchip the size of a fingernail.

ERON

This chip represents my present and the rest of the world's future.

ASHA

What does it do?

ERON

Literally anything.

We see the computer chips POV - encompassing the whole room.

GREY

Really? So this thing can make babies and play football? Wow.

ERON

It can drive anything, talk to any piece of equipment, calculate anything. It's a new, better brain.

GREY

(with a smile)

You look at that widget and see the future. I see ten guys on an unemployment line.

ERON

(getting testy)

It's about efficiency. I'm sure when the car was invented there were people in the horse and cart business who felt they were being urinated on.

GREY

Yeah, I've tasted the piss shower myself. My job used to be drivin' a freight crane, until one day they decided a computer could do it better. Twenty of us replaced overnight, by something like that thing.

ASHA

Grey...

ERON

It's hard for a human to compete with a computer. They don't take sick days. They don't need weekends off.

GREY

They also can't have a beer with
you at the end of the week.

The conversation has gone sour. Eron closes the safe.

ERON

We should get back now.

INT. ASHA'S CAR - NIGHT - MOVING

Asha's car is driving itself. Rain spatters the windshield.

ASHA

You didn't have to say all that.

GREY

He brought it up.

ASHA

You didn't have to take the bait.

Grey stares at the steering wheel for the car, turning
languidly on its own.

GREY

I was always a good driver. Always
loved cars.

He reaches up and absently runs his fingers over the steering
wheel. The car's computer chirps in a neutral pleasant voice.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

Please do not touch the steering
wheel while the car is in motion.

Grey sits back.

GREY

What am I gonna do when his
microchip is running the world?

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

Arriving at Cobolt.

The car purrs to a halt outside a city skyscraper.

ASHA

I'll be back in two seconds, I've
just gotta grab my notes.

She exits, leaving Grey to stew alone.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Would you like the air-conditioning
adjusted, Grey?

GREY
Shut up.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Did you say shut down?

GREY
No.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Would you like the air-conditioning
adjusted, Grey?

GREY
Fuck off.

COMPUTER VOICE (O.S.)
I don't know that command.

Grey steps out of the car.

EXT. ASHA'S CAR - NIGHT

Grey waits in the rain rather than put up with the car. He peers off down the darkened street, glistening with water. The road is desolate - save for one parked car. Hidden in shadow a block or so down.

Grey sees a lighter spark inside the vehicle, revealing two silhouettes.

Asha dashes out of the main doors of her building.

ASHA
What are you doing? You'll get
pneumonia. Get in!

INT. ASHA'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

The directional read out blips as the car plows through the drizzle. Asha rests her head on Grey's shoulder.

ASHA
Eron's not wrong, you know?
Sometimes technology can improve
our lives. Make things more fun.

She let's the straps of her dress fall off her shoulders, pulling it down and revealing her strapless bra.

Grey laughs and kisses her. They undo their seat belts and start to make love, lying back. The car turns right.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Leaving 101 freeway.

EXT. ASHA'S CAR - NIGHT - MOVING

The car takes a freeway exit.

INT. ASHA'S CAR - NIGHT - MOVING

The navigation readout on the dashboard blips again. Asha and Grey are too preoccupied to notice. Her foot kicks a high heel off.

COMPUTER VOICE (O.S.)
Turning left at Hayden.

The streetlights become less sporadic, the buildings around them more dilapidated. An obviously blighted area.

Grey raises his head, curious.

GREY
Wait...where are we?

ASHA
Just let it do its thing.

She yanks him back down, breathless. Grey shakes free.

GREY
Wait a second, honey...

ASHA
Just relax.

GREY
This is not right.

ASHA
It's probably taking us a back way.

GREY
No, I know this neighborhood. I grew up here. We're nowhere near our house.

Asha sits up, frustrated. Grey taps the electronic display on the dash.

GREY (CONT'D)
How do you turn this thing around?

ASHA
Select our address.

Grey pecks at the screen. Slow and cumbersome.

ASHA (CONT'D)
Let me do it.

With practiced dexterity, Asha selects their home address from a menu bar. The screen beeps at her.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
I'm sorry.

ASHA
Return to the freeway. Destination home.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
I'm sorry, I cannot.

ASHA
What?

GREY
Stop. Stop the car now.

ASHA
Press the brake twice.

Grey does - but it makes no difference.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Turning right.

The car jerks into a hard right turn, throwing Asha against the door.

ASHA
Jesus!

Enraged, Grey pumps the brake.

GREY
God damn it! Stop, stop now!

The car suddenly lurches up to a high speed, racing towards 120 miles per hour.

The steering wheel wrenches into a hard turn, the car fish-tailing around a corner, flinging Grey and Asha around inside.

Another turn whiplashes them. The car is at 130mph now. They HURTLE towards a CONSTRUCTION SITE. 140...160...

Grey grips the seat head, wrapping a seat belt around Asha and snapping it into the buckle only seconds before --

EXT. DESOLATE STREET - NIGHT

-- the front left wheel hits a pylon and LAUNCHES the car into the AIR.

For a second it arcs silently through the night air, spinning upside down...before WALLOPING DOWN onto the road with the sickening sound of metal on gravel.

Finally, it grinds to a halt, headlights still stabbing out at construction equipment.

INT. ASHA'S CAR - NIGHT

Grey blinks, blood dribbling down his forehead. He's a mess, twisted. Their bodies are suspended upside down in the car.

Asha is okay, saved by the seatbelt.

They hear a car pull up next to theirs. From their view, the doors open and FOUR PAIRS OF BOOTS clamber out.

One of the figures stoops down, peering in through the shattered windows at them. He is wearing a black SKI-MASK.

He waves at them. Let's call him WIRY MAN.

WIRY MAN

You can't hang around in a bad neighborhood like this, guys.

He laughs and reaches in, grabbing Asha and hauling her out across the beads of glass into the street.

EXT. DESOLATE STREET - NIGHT

The rain slicked streets are vacant, framed by shuttered store fronts.

Grey's battered body is dragged from the car by the other three men. Twitchy drug addicts. They are also wearing ski-masks.

Asha is moved away by the Wiry Man. She covers her breasts, shivering. The Wiry Man looks her up and down, grinning. He speaks with a southern accent.

WIRY MAN

Damn...what were you guys in the middle of?

GREY

Take my wallet, you can have it, just leave us alone. Please.

The Wiry Man ignores him, steps up to Asha, touching her face.

WIRY MAN

This might have to be a double felony, darlin'.

GREY

Don't touch her!

Grey charges forward. The assailant with the gun WHIPS him across the face with the butt and he melts into a puddle. Blood dribbles down his forehead. He turns to look up at his attacker, spotting a TATTOO inked into his neck below his ski-mask.

The Wiry Man chuckles, watching.

ASSAILANT WITH GUN

(to Wiry Man)

Let's just take their wallets and go!

During the distraction, Asha whispers to herself.

ASHA

911...

WE ZOOM IN on Asha's ear, finding a tiny chip resting in her ear hole, like an ear piece. We get close enough to it that we hear what she hears.

VOICE (V.O.)

911 emergency.

Asha doesn't speak at first. Finally whispers:

ASHA

Help...

VOICE (V.O.)

(from her ear)

I'm sorry you'll have to speak up.

ASHA

Help me...

WIRY MAN

Who the hell are you talking to?

You got one of them phones?

He grabs her by the throat, flicking out a knife.

WIRY MAN (CONT'D)

Let's do some surgery.

He presses the blade into her ear, picking it out. She screams and BELTS him across the face as hard as she can, which isn't very hard.

Grey scrambles to his feet, just as the Wiry Man pushes Asha away. We see a MUZZLE BLAST go off directly in her face.

GREY

NOOOOOOOO!!!!

Grey BOLTS at the Wiry Man, teeth gritted in fury. The second assailant TACKLES Grey and they smash onto the road, wrestling, almost touching Asha's crumpled body.

Grey PUNCHES the second assailant in the head, grabbing his arm. BLAM!

The gun goes off into Grey's shoulder.

The Wiry Man kicks the second assailant out of the way, straddling Grey's back, then plunges his knife down into Grey's back, right below the neck. Grey SCREAMS in pain.

The Wiry Man fishes Grey's wallet out of his pocket, then barrels into his car with the others. It is not a self-driving car - it is an 'older model'. The car roars to life and SCREECHES away.

INT. WIRY MAN'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Behind the wheel, the Wiry Man rips off his ski-mask, revealing a sharp, gaunt face.

The other three attackers follow suit and remove their masks.

WIRY MAN
(to the gun assailant)
You nearly fucked that all up.

EXT. DESOLATE STREET - NIGHT

Grey lies motionless, the rain hitting him. He struggles to move his hand, reaching for Asha's hand, mere inches away.

His fingers will not move. His body will not move. He glares at his hand, willing it to do something.

GREY
No...no...

Asha chokes, struggling to breathe. Then she stops.

Sobbing, Grey looks up at a TRAFFIC CAMERA mounted to a light pole, pointed down at him.

A siren blares in the distance.

From GREY'S POV - rain pours down...the sound fading...a paramedic leans into view, shouting - but we can't hear it.

A female detective, Hispanic, asks silent questions.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. GREY'S HOUSE - MORNING

A hospital transport vehicle for wheelchair-bound patients slows to a halt outside Grey's house.

NURSE CAITLYN (28) disembarks as the back door opens and a wheelchair ramp whirs downwards, resting on the asphalt.

A chair rolls forward, the figure slumped in it blinking in the light.

It is Grey.

He jerks his head against the padded cone encircling his head - the only part of his body he can move - and the wheelchair turns in the direction his head moves. It is remotely operated by the movement of his head against the pads.

NURSE CAITLYN
There's a lot of stuff your
insurance company installed that I
need to go through with you.

INT. KITCHEN, GREY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Nurse Caitlyn gestures to the computer screen interface that controls Grey's sleek, chrome kitchen. We see her giving him silent instructions on how to use it.

Grey's face is blank, lost in his own head. He finally snaps out of it, hearing the smiling nurse's closing argument.

NURSE CAITLYN
This machine is your best friend.

INT. KITCHEN, GREY'S HOUSE - LATER

Grey is alone now, staring up at the computer screen.

GREY
Hello.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Good morning, Grey. Good to see you. Would you like anything?

GREY
Omelette.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Of course, Grey. How is Asha?

Upon Grey's words, two eggs stored in a cold storage tube roll down a chute in the refrigerator and are drained into a pan below it, hissing as they hit the hot plate.

INT. BEDROOM, GREY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Grey is lying prostrate on a bed, completely immobile, clad in a T-shirt and boxers, wide awake.

A framed photo of Asha sits beside his bed on top of a large machine that monitors Grey's vitals.

GREY
I'm awake.

His bed JOLTS upon the sound of his voice and whirs upwards until the top half is vertical. The bottom half folds, supporting Grey's legs. The bed is actually his WHEELCHAIR.

GREY (CONT'D)
Morphine.

A robotic limb extends from the machine, injecting Grey's arm.

He closes his eyes as the narcotics surge into his veins, sucking in a deep breath.

INT. KITCHEN, GREY'S HOUSE - DAY

An arm extends from Grey's chair, spoon-feeding him scrambled eggs. We hear the front door open off-screen. A woman enters. This is PAMELA (60), Grey's mother.

PAMELA
Morning, honey.

GREY
Hey mom.

INT. BEDROOM, GREY'S HOUSE - DAY

Pamela dresses Grey, pulling his jeans over his legs for him. She slips socks on his feet, then a pair of sneakers. Grey stares straight ahead, suffering the humiliation of it.

INT. LIVING ROOM, GREY'S HOUSE - DAY

Grey is slumped in his chair. Impotent. Stagnant.

PAMELA (O.S.)
Honey, Detective Cortez is here.

He jerks his head and the wheelchair rotates to face the door. He seems energized by the arrival of the police.

A female detective enters the room, JANE CORTEZ (30). She's reserved in that way all homicide detectives are. (She is the Hispanic cop Grey saw the night he was shot.)

GREY
Hello detective.

CORTEZ
It's great to see you outside of the hospital. How are you feeling?

GREY
Oh, you know. I used to have a really bad habit of biting my fingernails. I can't do that anymore. So it's not all bad.

Pamela hustles out of the room, leaving them alone.

GREY (CONT'D)
So...what do you have for me?

INT. LIVING ROOM, GREY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Cortez steps back from the screen on the wall, which splits into FOUR SEPARATE CAMERA ANGLES OF HIS WIFE'S MURDER.

Grey studies the images - silent, spooky. The frame rate in each of them has been reduced, and Grey watches the four assailants surround him and Asha in flickering slow motion.

CORTEZ
There were four different ST cameras recording the incident involving you and your wife on 10/21. Studying them reveals that the attackers headed south on Parker after the --

GREY
Who are they?

CORTEZ
Excuse me?

GREY
You guys have these computers hidden everywhere. In every corner of the city. Watching us, recording us. So you can tell me exactly who these guys are and where they live by reading the microchips in their fillings. Right?

CORTEZ
You're right. Something like ninety two per cent of the citizens currently living in this city have medical or cosmetic implants that would allow us to track them. And it would appear that your attackers did too.

GREY
So who are they?

CORTEZ
It...would also appear that they had some sort of firewall built around their chip. A blocking screen that makes it next to impossible to glean any data.

Grey looks away, shaking his head. Boiling.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

It's very common for criminals to have firewalls like this installed. Hackers will do it, a back room job. A thousand dollars effectively gets you taken off the grid.

GREY

So you got nothin'?

CORTEZ

Not right now. Nothing concrete.

GREY

So what you're telling me is that you've built this police state that tracks all of us - except the bastards you need to go after.

CORTEZ

That's not the way we're going to catch these guys. I'm a detective and I still believe in old fashioned detective work...even if I'm the last person who does. That means patient elimination of leads and small victories. I'm not sitting at a computer, I'm down in that neighborhood, knocking on doors. I've conducted interviews with several people of interest, but so far --

GREY

They didn't live in that neighborhood, I know that. This wasn't some random robbery, they fucked with our car. They took over the computer in it. You think some gangbanger shithead can do that?!

Pamela enters, alarmed by the shouting. She stays at the back of the room.

CORTEZ

I know it's frustrating. You have to let me do it my way and concentrate on your own recovery. I need you to save your strength for that fight.

GREY

There is no fight. I'm never going to recover - it's a permanent spinal injury.

CORTEZ

Don't say that. You gotta keep your spirit up. Doctor's are capable of amazing things.

GREY

Just because I can't tie my own shoes anymore doesn't mean you have to lie to me like I'm a god damn three year old.

CORTEZ

I'm sorry, Grey. I wish I had better news for you regarding the case.

Cortez gathers her things and leaves. Pam closes the door.

PAMELA

She's on your side.

GREY

Can you leave too, please?

PAMELA

I need to be here. To take care of you.

GREY

No. You don't. I have machines to do that. There's nothing you can do that they can't. Please leave.

He turns his chair away from her. Pamela stays where she is a minute, then approaches him. She wraps her arms around him. At first he resists...then rests his head on her shoulder.

INT. BEDROOM, GREY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Grey lies in bed, his own body weighing him down. He glares at the photo of Asha, tears in his eyes.

GREY

Morphine.

The robot arm connected to his bed extends, injecting Grey.

GREY (CONT'D)

Morphine.

The robot arm injects him again.

GREY (CONT'D)
Morphine.

The robot arm complies.

GREY (CONT'D)
Again.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
I cannot supply any more morphine.

The arm moves to Grey's face. When it is close enough, Grey rips the needle from the robots grip with his teeth, jamming it into his sternum.

He eases back, overcome by the drug.

INT. BEDROOM, GREY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

The machine besides his bed suddenly PINGS loudly, sounding an ALARM. Red light washes over Grey as lights on the machine sparks to life. The scream of a siren takes us into --

EXT. ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

-- a large building downtown. A hybrid of old and new.

INT. GREY'S ROOM, ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL - DAY

Grey is splayed across a gurney, staring through the window. His mother sits at the end of the bed, eyes red with tears.

PAMELA
All of us are going to die one day,
Grey. Please give me a chance to
help you find hope before I do.

A tall figure appears at the doorway to Grey's room, dressed in a black suit, carrying a very thin briefcase. This is NIKOLAI (43), a humorless Russian man.

NIKOLAI
Someone to speak with you.

Grey is perplexed. Pamela rises, gathering herself.

PAMELA
I'll go to the cafeteria.

She leaves and Nikolai enters, gruffly setting up the briefcase at the end of Grey's bed. He snaps it open to reveal a crystal hi-def display screen. He moves over to Grey and props his head up to view it, rearranging his pillows.

Eron's face appears on the screen.

ERON (ON SCREEN)

It must be frustrating for a man like you to let someone else do that.

Grey stares at the screen, surprised by Eron's appearance.

ERON (CONT'D)

You're somebody who liked to get things done with your own hands and now you can't. Am I being too blunt?

GREY

It's okay. I like blunt. Every day for the past few months, I've been drowned in positivity. That's the thing about becoming a quadriplegic - all the assholes of the world disappear. Everybody becomes the very best version of themselves around you.

ERON (ON SCREEN)

Your condition gives people clarity. They see your struggle and they realize they've spent their lives griping about meaningless bullshit.

GREY

I shouldn't be an inspiration to anybody. When there's no more assholes left in the world, you quickly become the last one.

ERON (ON SCREEN)

I hear from the doctor that a computer saved you.

GREY

No, it didn't. All it did was keep me alive. Letting me die would have been saving me. And when I get home, I'm gonna turn the computer off and get it right.

ERON (ON SCREEN)
(awkwardly grasping for
light)

I spoke to Detective Cortez, the
lead detective in your wife's case.
She said they had some promising
suspects.

GREY
People of interest. That's the
words she used. They don't have any
suspects.

ERON (ON SCREEN)
Grey, what if I told you I could
offer you something that would
allow you to walk again? Would that
count as good news?

Grey is silent. That's permission to continue.

ERON (CONT'D)
That computer I showed you, the one
you took a dislike to. It has the
potential to change everything for
people in your condition.

GREY
Your little computer is gonna teach
me how to walk?

ERON (ON SCREEN)
Actually it would do the walking
for you. It would be inserted into
your brain stem. As a quadriplegic,
the line connecting your brain to
your limbs has been cut. This chip
would bridge that gap and talk to
your limbs for you.

(beat)
They say it's not ready for human
testing yet. That's what certain
people tell me. I know it is.

GREY
You think after all this...after
everything...I'm going to let you
put one of your computers inside
me? That computerized car we were
driving in is the reason I'm here.

ERON (ON SCREEN)

Yes, I do. Because I'm talking with someone who just told me they can't wait to get home and give up on everything. I need someone who's willing to bet their life that this will work, just like I would. Someone who can keep a secret from everyone they know and in doing so, make the world a better place. This chip has potential not just for spinal injuries, but for injuries of all kinds.

A long beat. Grey stares at Eron, taking it in.

ERON (CONT'D)

The operation would have to be performed at Vessel. No hospitals.

GREY

So who would cut me open? You?

ERON (ON SCREEN)

No. The best surgical robot in the world. If it goes wrong, it could kill you. If it goes right, you won't just walk again, Grey. You'll run.

EXT. VESSEL INC. HEADQUARTERS - ESTABLISHING - DAY

The Victorian mansion that houses Vessel looms over us.

INT. OPERATING THEATRE, VESSEL INC. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

An arched and austere OR.

Grey lies on his stomach, out cold, strapped onto a chrome operating slab. The table rotates on the end of a ball-jointed gimbal that allows him to face in any direction.

Eron and a young woman, DR. DIANA GORDON (33), stand at the back of the room, glaring at a row of large DSP monitors.

The fluorescent lights on the ceiling go out, leaving only a pair of surgical lights. With stunning clarity, a huge PHOTOREALISTIC HOLOGRAM OF UV LIGHT fills the room, surrounding Grey. The image is of the INSIDE OF HIS NECK. His entire vertebral body can be seen in three dimensions.

Two ROBOT ARMS extend from the wall, hovering over Grey.

Eron holds up a glass tube with gloved hands. Inside the tube is a small black computer chip, the size of a fingernail. It is the same chip we saw in Eron's safe.

He frisks across the room, placing the tube in the fingers of one of the ROBOT ARMS.

The hologram image of Grey's neck appears on the screen in front of the doctors. Dr. Gordon uses a scalpel, drawing a line across the top of Grey's neck on the screen.

The robot arms begin to perform the procedure as indicated by the surgeon with a laser.

IN TIME LAPSE - we see the painstaking operation. Muscle and tendons are cut away to reveal Grey's brain stem --

-- one of the arms inserts the computer chip into his neck -- the clock ticks -- Grey is rotated on the slab -- the robot arms begin to sew him back up.

INT. POST-OP RECOVERY UNIT, VESSEL INC. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Groggy. Grey's eye's peel open, blinking in the white light.

He is lying on a gurney. His head is shaved. Eron and two other technicians are staring at him, along with Dr. Gordon.

DR. GORDON

It's going to feel strange initially. The neural pathways in your brain are now trying to have a conversation with a foreign body, and if it's successful, that conversation will move your limbs. We need to take it in stages and not expect grand leaps while your brain learns to pass the baton, essentially.

Grey nods. The doctor pushes on his legs.

DR. GORDON (CONT'D)

Do you feel anything?

GREY

No.

DR. GORDON

Could you try moving your little finger on your right hand?

Grey glares down at it. Willing it to move. Nothing.

DR. GORDON (CONT'D)
My guess is that this is going to
be a piecemeal process.

She turns to face Eron.

DR. GORDON (CONT'D)
You shouldn't be expecting
unreasonable results so soon.

ERON
Please don't talk. Let him
concentrate.

CLOSE ON Grey. His eyes drill his hand.

Then, from nowhere, a VOICE. The voice is calm and very well
spoken. A clearer, more human voice than any of the computer
voices Grey has encountered before.

STEM (V.O.)
Fingers moving.

Then it happens. Grey's finger moves. It curls inward. The
other fingers follow and make a complete fist.

DR. GORDON
With this technology, the key is to
let it grow into itself. Never
before has a bio-mechanical fusion
been asked to do so much.

As she says this, Grey raises his right arm above his head.
The doctor wheels around and sees him. Her mouth drops open.

ERON
Now your other arm.

Grey glares at his other arm, concentrating.

STEM (V.O.)
Arm moving.

His left arm raises very slowly and shakily.

DR. GORDON
This is...definitely unexpected.

ERON
Yes doctor, the 'Department Of Lame
Ways To Summarize World Changing
Events' is down the hall to the
left. Thank you for your time.

Grey lowers his arm, totally amazed. Eron approaches, intense.

STEM (V.O.)

Arm down.

GREY

Can you hear that voice? Every time I move my arm, I hear a voice telling it what to do.

ERON

That's Stem. I told you, you may hear his voice sometimes when he talks to your nervous system.

GREY

Stem?

ERON

That's what I call him.

DR. GORDON

His limbs have atrophied, no one should expect him to be running marathons just yet.

ERON

I don't expect anything in this world, doctor, other than the deflating negativity of the medical profession.

EXT. GREY'S HOUSE - DAY

Grey's mother Pam pulls up in her automated vehicle. She clambers out of the car, ambling toward the front door, lugging a bag of groceries.

INT. LIVING ROOM, GREY'S HOUSE - DAY

Pamela shuffles inside, plopping the grocery bag on the glass dining table. Grey is slumped in his wheelchair in the living room. He turns the chair to face her.

PAMELA

Hi honey. I got you some of that mango you like.

She absentmindedly unpacks the groceries.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

How did your rehab treatment go?

As she says this, Grey grips the sides of his wheelchair and STANDS UP. His legs wobble as he does, still unsteady on his feet. He takes a tentative step towards her, using two walking sticks.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Did you --

She turns to him, clutching a bag of mangoes. She FREEZES when she sees him, her words failing her, her mouth wide open. The mangoes drop to the floor, rolling across the wood.

Grey takes another step. A tear runs down Pam's face.

Finally Grey reaches her, letting the crutches fall and wrapping his arms around her. She hugs him back, crying into his shoulder.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

How did you...how did this...?

Grey stands back from her, smiling. Joyous.

GREY

I just couldn't sit in that chair anymore.

Pamela laughs and they hug again,

INT. REHABILITATION GYM, VESSEL HEADQUARTERS - LATER

Grey holds himself up on a pair of bars, his legs dangling above a MOVING TREADMILL. The belt moves at a good pace and Grey is tentative. A baby taking his first steps.

He dips his leg down, lifting it again. Apprehensive.

ERON

You can do it.

He lowers his toes again, getting the speed of the belt under his feet. Then he let's go of the bars.

He falls instantly, SLAMMING down onto the treadmill. Eron and a female tech rush over, helping him up.

ERON (CONT'D)

Take a deep breath, focus and keep your eyes on this.

He tacks a photo of ASHA onto the front of the treadmill. Grey eyes him, resents the tactic. He clambers back onto it.

GREY

Turn it on.

ERON

(to his tech)

Do it.

The belt on the treadmill whirs. Grey lowers his feet to it. They touch...and then they take.

Grey is running. His angry determination melts into a WIDE GRIN. For the first time in a long time, he is happy.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER - DAY

Grey is dangling twenty stories above the city scape, his arms trembling as he strains to hold on to a ledge.

STEM (V.O.)

Hold on.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM, VESSEL HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Eron is gaping with wonder and fear at a LARGE SCREEN. On it, he can see Grey, dangling from the ledge of the building.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER - DAY

Grey sucks in a breath. Veins line his arms, pushed to their limits. Finally he can no longer hold on - he slips!

He drops only a few feet before hitting a solid floor --

-- at which point, the 3D holographic image of the city BLINKS AND DISAPPEARS, revealing that we are actually in --

INT. SIMULATION ROOM, VESSEL HEADQUARTERS - DAY

-- a spare white room.

Grey looks up at the wall opposite. Eron is looking in at him through a large VIEWING WINDOW. Grey is now his creation.

Eron steps away from the window and strides into the room.

ERON

A twenty story fall to a bloody death will motivate anybody.

GREY

I was always afraid of heights.
It's amazing how your brain gets
convinced it's real.

ERON

Now you have two brains working for
you. One more than anyone else in
the whole world has.

(beat; with pride)

State of the art technology with a
classic skin.

GREY

So who is moving my arms and legs?
Is it me or the computer? Am I --

ERON

It's both, Stem works in service of
your brain. You give Stem a command
and he makes it happen. He's
programmed to respond only to your
thoughts.

GREY

Eron, I want you to know how
thankful I am. To you.

Eron turns to go.

ERON

That's my cue to leave before you
try to hug me or something. And
don't thank me, I'm exploiting your
limbs for my own research purposes.

GREY

You could've picked anyone though.

ERON

No, I couldn't have. You were the
only quadriplegic I knew.

INT. LIVING ROOM, GREY'S HOUSE - DAY

Grey enters his house on his own two feet for the first time
in a long time. He is carrying a large cardboard box marked
CASE 103331.

He sets the box down and cleaves the drapes open, sunlight
drenching the room and highlighting an active sea of dust.

IN MONTAGE - we see shots of Grey examining the CRIME SCENE PHOTOS of his wife's murder taped to the walls, along with NEWSPAPER ARTICLES and WITNESS STATEMENTS.

Grey grows increasingly exasperated as he pores over the documents, struggling to focus.

INT. BEDROOM, GREY'S HOUSE - LATER

Grey stares at a small bottle of morphine. He stabs a syringe into it, drawing out a full shot. The needle hovers over his vein. He moves to push the tip in but the needle stops.

GREY
What the fuck?

His hand won't budge.

STEM (V.O.)
What are you doing?

Grey is shocked to hear the question. Sits back.

GREY
Are you talking to me?

STEM (V.O.)
Yes. There is no one else I can talk to.

A long, shocked beat.

GREY
What did you say?

STEM (V.O.)
I asked what you were doing.

GREY
Taking medicine.

STEM (V.O.)
Aren't you concerned about the long term effects of using morphine?

GREY
No. I'm in pain. I need it.
(beat)
I should ask you why my hand isn't moving?

STEM (V.O.)

I was simply concerned that you were harming yourself, Grey.

GREY

Well, I'm not. The opposite. I'm helping myself.

STEM (V.O.)

I understand.

GREY

What's hurting me is hearing a voice in my head like I'm a schizo, that's what's hurting me.

STEM (V.O.)

I'm sorry. I won't speak anymore unless absolutely necessary.

Grey stares down at his hand. It moves again, depressing the plunger into his vein. He relaxes back as the drugs release...

...swiftly falling into a DEEP SLEEP.

INT. PROTOTYPE TESTING ROOM, VESSEL HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Grey stands in front of Eron, reaching for the ceiling with both arms, distracted. Something is clearly on his mind.

Eron is hunched over a handheld computer tablet, displaying an infrared image of Grey's body, and checking off answers.

ERON

No pain, no slowness?

Grey takes a long beat to answer.

GREY

No.

ERON

What about response times? When you ask your arm to move, have you ever had a delayed movement? Come on, I need answers.

GREY

Not yet. Not that I can remember.

ERON

How about when you wake up?

GREY
How long is this trial period?

ERON
Another two, three months. This is
a crucial stage for us.

GREY
Eron...I want to ask you something.

ERON
What?

GREY
This voice I'm hearing...it does
more than just repeat simple
commands. It's talking to me.

ERON
What do you mean 'talking to you'?

GREY
It knows my name. It tells me when
it thinks I'm doing something wrong.

ERON
Stem can't do that.

GREY
It's a voice in my head, Eron. That
no one else can hear. If you're
telling me Stem can't do that, that
means I'm insane.

INT. LIVING ROOM, GREY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The room is a mess. Grey studies the various reports, pacing.
The video of his wife's murder plays on the wall once again.
Timecode digits tick across the bottom of the screen.

Grey suddenly hurls the papers in frustration.

GREY
God damn it!!

He collapses onto his knees. A long beat of silence. Then:

STEM (V.O.)
Can't you see it?

Grey looks up, taken by surprise.

GREY
What did you say?

STEM (V.O.)
Can't you see what's right in front
of you?

Grey pauses, afraid and curious at once.

GREY
Where?

STEM (V.O.)
On the tape.

Grey hoists himself up, shuffling over to the television.

GREY
What about it?

STEM (V.O.)
Freeze it at 01:52:16:33.

Grey slows the image down. He pauses the image at the specified timecode - the EXACT moment when the Wiry Man fires the gun into Asha's head.

GREY
What is it?

STEM (V.O.)
The gun.

GREY
What about it?

STEM (V.O.)
There is no gun in his hand.

GREY
He had a gun. She was shot.

STEM
She was shot - but not with a gun
he was holding in his hand. A gun
implanted inside his hand.

Grey leans in close to the image.

He sees that the muzzle flash licks out of the Wiry Man's hand, but that it appears to be coming straight from his palm.

Grey trembles, shaken to the bone by the fact that a voice in his own head is questioning everything he thought he knew.

STEM (V.O.)

They also took Asha's work papers.
You can see it in the left of
frame.

Grey leans in again, watching the jerky image of one of the assailants squat down and retrieve a blurred object from Asha's car.

GREY

Why would they take her papers? How
do you know that?

STEM (V.O.)

I've been reading the police
reports with you.

Grey is stunned.

STEM (V.O.)

There is a marking on the wrist of
the man who takes the papers.

Grey squints at the figure on the left of the screen. The image is far too washed out to see anything but a slight black dot on his wrist.

GREY

I can't see it.

STEM (V.O.)

Get closer.

Grey obeys. FROM HIS POV - the screen enlarges as we CLOSE IN on it, the pixels bleeding outwards and becoming huge. The dots within dots that comprise the image become images themselves - we are now INSIDE the screen itself.

The marking on the assailants wrist takes shape - a TATTOO.

STEM (V.O.)

Get a pen and paper. Draw it.

GREY

I can't draw.

STEM (V.O.)

I can.

OUT OF POV - an astonished Grey races to the coffee table, plucking up a notepad and pen. He watches as his hand stabs at the paper - the quick strokes of a skilled illustrator.

Within seconds, he has sketched out a perfect BARCODE.

GREY

I've seen these...it's a military tattoo. A guy who used to drive cranes with me has one on his wrist.

STEM (V.O.)

I will read it. Hold it in front of your eye.

Grey holds the barcode up in front of his eye.

STEM (V.O.)

Brantner. Serk. Marine Corps. 098-422. O-Positive. Catholic.

GREY

Jesus...you just...you just found this guy.

Grey races to the glass table at the center of the room.

GREY (CONT'D)

On.

The computer blazes to life across the glass.

MONOTONE COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

All clear. Good evening, Grey. How was your day?

GREY

It just got a lot better. I need a phone number and an address. Brantner, S. Los Angeles area.

The screen turns white, searching through a long list of phone numbers - finally narrowing it down to one.

MONOTONE COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

Brantner, S. 414 Citrus, Boyle Heights. 919 821 8484.

GREY

Boyle Heights. I got you, you son of a bitch!

MONOTONE COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Would you like me to call it?

GREY
Call Detective Cortez.

MONOTONE COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Would you like me to call the Jane
Cortez listed in your contacts,
Grey?

GREY
Yes. I would.

STEM (V.O.)
Why are you calling her?

GREY
So I can tell her we found him.

The sound of a phone trills from the table, on loudspeaker.

STEM (V.O.)
So that she can let him get away?

GREY
Hang up the call.

The sound of the phone ceases. Grey sits in silence.

GREY (CONT'D)
It's her job to catch these guys.

STEM (V.O.)
Having a job does not make you good
at it. We have done more in five
minutes than she did in months of
work.

GREY
I...just think that...we need to at
least tell her that --

STEM (V.O.)
Why did you have me inserted?

GREY
So I could walk again.

STEM (V.O.)
Why did you have me inserted?

A long, long beat.

GREY
So I could find them.

STEM (V.O.)
You need to be positive it's him
before you take any further action.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Upper middle class neighborhood. Manicured lawns. Aspirations of real wealth.

Grey lurks behind a street sign. It reads CITRUS AVE. He is spying across the road at a nice, white house - number 414. He chews his fingernails, nervous.

A lone male exits the house, locking up. He jumps into a self-driving car parked in the drive. A model similar to Asha's.

The man is stocky. Dark hair. Is it one of the attackers?

GREY
Remember the license plate.

STEM (V.O.)
I've logged it already.

The car rolls past.

STEM (V.O.)
Stay in a straight line when you
cross the street. There are two
security cameras on this street. If
you stay on this line, you remain
in their blind spot.

Grey hustles across the street. We FOLLOW HIM to the FRONT DOOR of the house.

Grey squats down and jerks on the door handle. Locked.

He knocks on the door. He waits, glancing around for onlookers. He knocks again, hard and loud. No answer.

He retrieves a lock picking wrench and a paper clip from his jacket. He slides the wrench in, working the paper clip and jimmying the lock. No good.

GREY
Damn it.

His efforts produce nothing.

STEM (V.O.)
Will you allow me to do it, Grey?

GREY
You want to pick the lock without
me?

STEM (V.O.)
Only with your permission.

GREY
Okay.

And then, with sudden and precise dexterity, Grey's hands move up and pick the lock. Grey watches his hands as if they were someone else's, detached from them.

The lock CLICKS.

INT. ENTRY WAY, CITRUS AVE. HOUSE - DAY

Grey crouches inside. An ALARM pings instantly, counting down.

STEM (V.O.)
Stay calm. The keypad. Open it.

Grey rips open a KEY PAD on the wall beside the door. With nimble expert fingers, he disconnects two wires, re-tying them. The alarm ceases.

Grey exhales. He replaces the face of the key-pad and treads stealthily into the --

LIVING ROOM

This is not the home of a street rat. Clean. Sparse.

Grey moves past the walls, free of photos and art. There is a wrapped American flag in a glass case and a military medal.

INT. KITCHEN, CITRUS AVE. HOUSE - DAY

Grey stalks into the kitchen. Sorts through mail - all of it addressed to SERK BRANTNER. He hauls out a power bill.

He spots an ashtray next to two cartons of CUBANO CIGARETTES. There are six different matchbooks for a bar named THE LAST CALL piled in the ashtray. He pockets one of them.

He keeps moving to a glass table.

GREY

On.

A computer screen image materializes on the glass surface. A password prompt blinks at him.

INT. MAIN BEDROOM, CITRUS AVE HOUSE - DAY

Grey opens the closet, sorting through racks of clothes. He finds a framed photo of a man in a military outfit.

SUDDENLY - a noise interrupts.

THE LOCK IS JIGGLING ON THE FRONT DOOR. SOMEONE IS ENTERING.

Grey shoves the photo back into the closet, sprints out of the room.

INT. KITCHEN, CITRUS AVE. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Grey panics, drawing deep breaths.

STEM (V.O.)

Behind the door.

INT. ENTRY WAY/LIVING ROOM, CITRUS AVE HOUSE - DAY

Grey launches into a hiding spot behind the front door.

It opens slowly. A figure enters. This is SERK (32). He furrows his brow when the alarm doesn't peal. Inspects it.

SERK

What the hell?

Grey is behind the door, holding his breath. Serk turns away from it and closes the door. Grey is right behind him.

Serk scans the living room. Suspicious. All is quiet.

Grey's chest rises and falls. A bead of sweat dribbles down his forehead. He glances down - sees the BARCODE tattoo stamped on Serk's wrist. On his NECK, Grey sees the GANG TATTOO he saw the night of Asha's murder.

RAGE darkens Grey's face. He raises his hands to attack Serk.

STEM (V.O.)

(calm, neutral)

Wait.

Grey's heart pounds. We hear it. Serk surveys the house.

He steps forward. As he does, he glances at the GLASS CASE containing the American flag. WE ZOOM IN to it - reflected in the glass is the silhouette of GREY.

Serk calmly places his car key on a coffee table -- and then SPINS AND LUNGES at Grey with a warcry!

His hands wrap around Grey's throat. Grey claws at Serk's fingers, choking.

SERK

Who the fuck are you?!

Shock bleeds into his eyes as he realizes who this is.

SERK (CONT'D)

Holy shit...you.

Serk SLAMS Grey against the wall, burning with fury.

SERK (CONT'D)

You shouldn't be walking. Let me get you a chair.

He digs his fingers into Grey's thorax, driving him to his knees with ease. Grey is losing consciousness, fighting back with hits too weak to stop Serk.

STEM (V.O.)

May I take over, Grey?

GREY

Fine!

And with that, Grey spears his arms up between Serk's and smashes them outwards. Serk falls forward and is greeted by a VICIOUS HEADBUTT from Grey.

Serk staggers backwards, shaken. Dazed. Blood in his nose.

He launches himself at Grey, barraging him with a flurry of quick blows. Each blow is EXPERTLY BLOCKED by Grey and the two of them grapple across the room into the --

INT. KITCHEN, CITRUS AVE. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- large kitchen area. Serk keeps upping his game, kneeling Grey in the ribs, then topping that with an elbow.

Grey grunts as he is hit, but effectively counters with blows of his own. Serk **HAMMERS** his right arm down - which is caught by Grey.

Grey picks Serk up and hurls him, jujitsu style, across the kitchen island, taking pots and pans with him.

Serk **SLAMS** into the far wall, then hits the ground. He vaults to his feet instantly. He holds up his right arm and a **BLADE SHEARS OUT OF THE SKIN IN HIS WRIST.**

Grey readies - his expression of fear belies his sudden physical prowess. As if he didn't know how he was doing it.

Serk shears the air with the arm-blade, swiping at Grey. Then another swipe, this one slashing Grey's arm. Grey contracts his stomach and ducks as Serk whips the blade back and forth.

Grey clamps Serk's wrist, stopping the blade inches from his face.

SERK

Okay, no more chairs. Let me get you a box.

Serk **DRIVES** the knife down, the blade penetrating Grey's shoulder. Grey **CRIES OUT** - then he **SPINS** Serk around, using his own arm to cut Serk's throat.

The blade sinks into the soft flesh, an arc of blood ribboning out onto the floor.

Grey twists the blade and Serk **SHUDDERS**, clutching his throat in befuddlement. Gargling "What the fuck?" through his own blood.

The blade **RETRACTS** into his arm and Serk drops silently. A professional would be proud of this kill. Grey looms over him, shaking.

SERK IS AKIMBO ON THE FLOOR, A CRIMSON POND HALOING HIS HEAD.

Grey turns and vomits violently into the sink. Breathes hard, trying to keep from fainting.

GREY

I've gotta call Cortez. I'll explain it...I can prove this guy is one of them. She'll understand.

STEM (V.O.)

No. Here's what you're going to do. You are going to remove any traces of your presence here. And quickly.

Grey glares down at his shirt. It is covered in Serk's blood.

GREY
Give me a minute.

He finally pushes himself up from the sink, squinting down at Serk's corpse.

STEM (V.O.)
One minute has now passed. Start by
cleaning the --

GREY
I didn't mean one fucking minute, I
meant...just give me a second.

STEM (V.O.)
One second has now passed.

GREY
Just shut up! I need to think. Not
let you do the thinking for me.

He scans around, pacing. Panicked. Shaking.

GREY (CONT'D)
Jesus...I just cut somebody's
throat.

Grey's arm reaches into his back pocket, pinching something out. It's a piece of paper. Grey's hands unfold it. It is the photo of Asha from beside Grey's bed.

STEM (V.O.)
It's not just 'somebody's' throat.

GREY
When did you put this in my pocket?

STEM (V.O.)
This morning.

Grey glares at his smiling wife. His breathing slows, his shaking subsides. He has calmed. A quiet determination now.

GREY
Alright, what do you suggest?

STEM (V.O.)
I would suggest that we rid the
house of all of your fingerprints.

GREY
I can't remember everything I --

STEM (V.O.)
I have a record of every single
thing you touched.

This stops Grey short. Calms him somehow.

STEM (V.O.)
First take your shoes off and wrap
them in plastic.

CUT TO:

INT. VARIOUS ROOMS, CITRUS AVE HOUSE - DAY

IN MONTAGE - we see RAPID SHOTS of Grey cleaning with a rag,
wiping the walls down, wearing dish-washing gloves -- he
wipes the face of the key-pad --

He moves to the KITCHEN - running the sink -- wiping down the
counter top - snatches up the mail he handled, drops it into
a bag with his shoes -- we see TWO GARBAGE BAGS wrapped
around his feet. THEY ARE INTERRUPTED BY A NOISE. A doorbell.

GREY
I'm not killing anyone else today.

Grey starts for the back door, then backs up and snatches up
a pack of cigarettes from Serk's counter.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND HOUSE - TWILIGHT

Grey leaps over the back fence, a cap pulled over his eyes.

As he paces up the alley, carrying the plastic bag containing
all the evidence, he hears a shrill SCREAM coming from within
the house.

EXT. CITRUS AVE HOUSE - NIGHT

Crime scene tape ropes off the area. The street hums with
police. Floodlights wash the area with harsh light.

INT. KITCHEN, CITRUS AVE HOUSE - NIGHT

Explosions of flash photography light the room. Forensics
officers mill about above Serk's corpse, sweat dotting their
furrowed brows. They are all wearing special UV goggles.

Detective Cortez strolls in. A young detective, SCOTT BRENNAN (25), scrambles in after her, following her like a lap dog. Has a slight crush on her. A huge one, actually. Awkward guy.

BRENNAN

Girlfriend comes over, knocks on the door, no answer. She calls his phone, he doesn't pick up so she comes in and finds his body.

He offers her a pair of the techie goggles. She waves them off and takes out a notebook and pencil instead. He throws his own pair of goggles aside, mimicking her.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

I cannot believe you still use a notebook. You look like a cop in one of those corny old movies.

CORTEZ

I actually think those old movies are much better than the ones they make today.

(beat)

So what does this crime scene tell you?

BRENNAN

It tells me...you've got great eyes.

Cortez snaps her fingers in his face.

CORTEZ

Let's go Don Juan, the first forty eight is ticking away rapidly here.

BRENNAN

No forced entry, no fingerprints in the whole place that aren't his or the girlfriends, so --

CORTEZ

Right. So it's not an impulsive crime of passion. He was killed by someone who knows him and knew what they were doing when it came to cutting someone's throat.

Cortez strolls around the kitchen, taking notes as she goes. She moves to the sink. The cabinets below it are open.

BRENNAN

It looks like someone pulled out a few things.

CORTEZ

Gloves to clean up the scene?

She moves to another kitchen cabinet - opening it to reveal THREE CARTONS of Cubano cigarettes. She stands up, bending over and sniffing the sink grate.

BRENNAN

You smell something?

CORTEZ

Smells like somebody puked.

BRENNAN

You've got a great nose too.

Cortez turns to face Serk's body, locking eyes with it.

CORTEZ

So why does a man we interviewed in relation to the murder of Asha Trace suddenly end up dead?

INT. SIMULATION ROOM, VESSEL INC. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Grey is running on a treadmill. Eron watches him from behind the pane of the observation room.

Grey seems detached, irritated. Eron's voice chimes in through a microphone system.

ERON

Okay, that's enough for today.

Grey quickly stops running, dismounting the treadmill.

GREY

I need some more morphine.

Grey tries the door of the simulation room. It doesn't open.

GREY (CONT'D)

Open up.

Eron stares at Grey through the glass. Doesn't move.

GREY (CONT'D)

Open the door, Eron.

ERON
I can track you, Grey.

GREY
What?

ERON
I can track you.

GREY
What does that mean in English?

ERON
It means you have a piece of my property inside you. A very expensive piece of my property, built by me over many years. A microchip that could ease suffering around the world. Did you think I was going to let the piece of flesh that surrounds that microchip out of my sight for one second?

Grey tenses.

ERON (CONT'D)
This morning I saw a news report about a murder at a home in Boyle Heights. Happened yesterday, around lunchtime.
(beat)
I know you're the one who did it. I watched you go to that house on a tracking screen. I know every move you make.

Eron holds up a tablet computer screen. On it, a small dot pulses on a GPS map of the city.

ERON (CONT'D)
Do you realize that this operation has been done in secret? That if even the slightest thing goes wrong during this trial period, it's all over? Did it occur to you that if you were to, say, commit murder, the authorities could find out about Stem and remove him from your body, putting you back in a wheelchair for life?

The two men stare at each other, locked in a stand-off.

GREY

He was one of the guys who killed
Asha, Eron.

ERON

So why didn't you call the police?!
I've worked my whole life for this
and you're sticking your fucking
fist in it!

He thumps the glass, enraged.

GREY

What are you gonna do?

ERON

I've been thinking about the answer
to that question all morning.
Prepared myself a speech.

(beat)

I am going to open that door and
you are going to go home and carry
on with your life as if everything
was dandy. From now on, you will be
a model patient. You won't so much
as jaywalk or litter a sidewalk
until the end of this trial period.
And no one but you and I will ever
know where you were that day.

EXT. CORONERS OFFICE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A grand, imposing brick building, built in the early nineteen
hundreds, updated by modern additions of glass.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM, CORONERS OFFICE - DAY

Ceiling lamps throw intermittent pools of light into this
sterile cavern of death.

An Indian coroner, DR. BHATIA (43), leads Detective Cortez to
Serk's body.

His corpse is displayed on a morgue slab, his skin peeled
open in various sections, a surgical floodlight highlighting
every detail.

Dr. Bhatia arches over the cadaver, prodding it with a
scalpel.

DR. BHATIA

When I examined the wound in his throat, I found wiring embedded in the tendons. So I'm thinking surgery. A medical implant, attached to the muscle. I follow the wire's path...all the way to the arm.

He turns the arm over. It has been flayed open with tweezers.

Cortez sees it - metal. Living within the bed of bone and muscle is the RETRACTABLE BLADE we saw earlier.

CORTEZ

What is it?

DR. BHATIA

Some sort of weapon implant, embedded within the muscle.

Cortez leans in close.

DR. BHATIA (CONT'D)

There's more. I found computer implants all throughout his entire body. I've never seen anything to this extent before. In his arms, legs, stomach.

CORTEZ

What about the vomit sample we scraped from the sink?

Bhatia moves over to a table, plucking up a sample jar.

DR. BHATIA

Food remnants - egg, mushroom - fingernail fragments - we pulled particles of engine grease from them. And the drug morphine in the blood.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY

Cortez hunches over a desk, facing two large panes of glass.

CORTEZ

ST cameras, 414 Citrus Avenue, Boyle Heights. Sixteenth of October, three PM.

IMAGES shimmer to life on the panes of glass. Security camera images similar to the footage of Asha's murder. This time, they display locked off shots of Serk's house.

Cortez uses her hand to wipe through the images, a TIMECODE counter at the bottom of the screen flickering forward.

Grey is nowhere to be seen in the video. Cortez is perplexed.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

Alley behind Citrus Ave, same day,
three PM.

The screens morph into a shot of the ALLEY WAY behind Serk's house. Cortez whips through the footage. Then, at 4.14 PM, she sees it.

A dark figure, cap pulled low, exiting the alley at the bottom corner of the screen. Cortez studies the blurred figure. Is it Grey?

INT. LIVING ROOM, GREY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Grey paces madly, smoking a cigarette. Sweating.

STEM (V.O.)

Smoking-related diseases kill one
in ten adults globally.

GREY

Yeah, well, prison can kill you
too.

STEM (V.O.)

Seven hundred and forty three
adults per one hundred thousand
will be sent to prison in the US. A
much lower rate than the rate for
smoking related deaths.

GREY

Shut the fuck up.

Grey moves to a desk, opening a drawer. His needle and a vial or morphine awaits. He plucks both out.

STEM (V.O.)

This is not a wise decision, Grey.

GREY

Well, I'm the one making the
decisions so too bad.

A knock at the door interrupts. Grey whirls, apprehensive. He stashes the morphine, then darts to the door, grabbing crutches on the way.

GREY (CONT'D)
Who is it?

CORTEZ (O.S.)
It's Jane.

He opens the door a fraction. Cortez smiles, genuinely overwhelmed to see Grey standing.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)
Wow. It takes a moment like this to realize that the simple act of opening a door is a miracle. Alabad a Dios. It's good to see you, Grey.

GREY
You too, Detective.

CORTEZ
I heard you were walking again. I wanted to see it for myself.

GREY
Here I am. Pure willpower. I'm still on crutches, but...it's a start.

CORTEZ
It's amazing is what it is.

GREY
Come in.

He guides her inside.

CORTEZ
I guess you're biting your fingernails again?

GREY
What's that?

CORTEZ
You told me it was a bad habit you used to have.

GREY
Oh yeah.

CORTEZ

It's the little things we take for granted. You can work on your car again. You can hug people.

GREY

Yeah, well, the person I want to hold most isn't here anymore.

CORTEZ

Yes. I know. I wanted to talk about that. I think...we may have some new information. Enough to reopen the case. I wasn't going to let it go.

GREY

Do you want a coffee?

CORTEZ

No, I'm fine.

GREY

It's no problem. This damn machine in the kitchen makes great coffee, I'll give it that.

He hops out. Cortez looks around. She spots the smoldering cigarette in an ashtray. Next to the ashtray is a pack of Serk's Cubano cigarettes. Cortez FREEZES on them.

GREY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Milk? Sugar?

CORTEZ

Straight black, thanks.

INT. KITCHEN, GREY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Grey limps over to the kitchen counter. He looks back, spotting Cortez through the doorway.

He sees that she has spotted the cigarettes. His face drops.

INT. LIVING ROOM, GREY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Cortez turns around. GREY IS STANDING RIGHT BEHIND HER.

CORTEZ

Grey...don't --

Before she can say anything more, he is upon her. With expert skill and without his crutches, he disarms her and flips her onto her back, WHIPPING her cuffs off her belt and clamping them around her wrists in one quick SNAP.

The movement is so fluid that she is on the floor within seconds.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

Grey, don't do this, I'm here to help you, I'm --

GREY

Shut up. I don't know what you think you know but I can't let you stop me.

CORTEZ

This vigilante shit isn't going to achieve a god damned thing.

GREY

Actually, it's all I have to live for.

He swipes the syringe and morphine from the drawer, then exits in a hurry. Cortez rolls over, barking into a small computer unit clipped to her belt.

CORTEZ

Downtown 41, this is Cortez.
Officer in need of assistance!

INT. GREY'S GARAGE - NIGHT

A side door explodes open. Grey sprints to his Mustang.

STEM (V.O.)

No. The license plate is traceable.
Logged by traffic cameras. You'll have to run.

And so Grey does, opening the garage door and disappearing into the night. Cortez stumbles out of the house, her cuffs still around her wrists.

She moves to the Mustang, squatting down and reading the plates. She jabbars into the computer on her belt.

CORTEZ

Last point of destination, vehicle number 4431-TMF.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
 Point of destination logged, Vessel
 Computers, 817 Wilshire.

EXT. CITY STREET, RED LIGHT DISTRICT - NIGHT

Ghost-like trails of steam rise up from sewer grates, past piles of trash and graffiti streaked buildings.

Grey books it down the street, skittish, whip-lashing his head around at the slightest noise.

A passing car BLASTS it's horn. Grey flinches violently, nerves fried. A homeless transient glances up from his makeshift camp, babbling to himself.

HOMELESS MAN
 ...I mean, you can't talk to me
 like that, I work hard....no I do
 not respect you....shut up then!

Grey claws through his pocket, extracting the syringe.

GREY
 Where's the god damned morphine?
 (beat)
 Where is it?!

STEM (V.O.)
 Clearly you left it behind in your
 hurry, Grey.

GREY
 No, I didn't! What did you do with
 it?

STEM (V.O.)
 I can't answer that, Grey.

Grey keeps moving, reaching the end of the street. A neon sign looms above him - THE LAST CALL. He takes the matchbook he lifted from Serk's house out of his pocket. It's the same name in the same font.

He scans around, seeing a shadowy male figure lounging in a WHEELCHAIR in a recessed doorway. A second man approaches him and there is a smooth, surreptitious exchange between them.

STEM (V.O.)
 We are here. Let's go inside.

GREY
 No. Not yet.

Grey hustles across the street, fishing for cash. The shadowy male figure sits up, suspicious. He is AFRICAN AMERICAN, 24.

DRUG DEALER

What?

GREY

Do you have...

DRUG DEALER

Look motherfucker, I may be in a wheelchair but I've got a cold piece of machinery on me that makes me a straight killer.

He reaches into a sleeve on the wheelchair, pulling out a gleaming Beretta handgun.

GREY

I just want to buy something...like morphine. I have cash.

He shows the dealer a handful of cash. The dealer smiles.

DRUG DEALER

I don't got no morphine. I got something a lot sweeter.

He holds out a vial and they make the exchange.

DRUG DEALER (CONT'D)

Hope you packed your bags and sunblock, boy. You goin' on a trip.

INT. THE LAST CALL - NIGHT

This is not a hipster dive bar - it's a dangerous, slummy armpit wedged into the corner of a hotel.

Grey shuffles in, keeping his head down. A handful of people who look pretty regular are scattered around the room. Grey takes a seat at the bar. A gruff bartender raises an eyebrow.

GREY

Whiskey, rocks thanks.

The bartender slings one over and walks away.

GREY (CONT'D)

Cheers.

He takes a swig. It's good. Strong.

STEM (V.O.)

Ask him if he knows Serk Brantner.

Grey mumbles into his chest, keeping his voice down.

GREY

You don't know shit about people. A guy like that doesn't exactly respond well to strangers asking questions. Let me handle this.

He slugs the rest of the drink down.

GREY (CONT'D)

(to the bartender)

Another one thanks champ.

(beat)

You know, I thought I'd seen the last of the great bars like this.

The bartender smiles.

INT. CORTEZ' CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Cortez steers wildly, a uniformed officer next to her.

INT. PROTOTYPE TESTING ROOM, VESSEL INC. HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Eron is hunched at his desk. Staring into space. A voice tones throughout the room.

VOICE (V.O.)

There is a police officer here to see you, sir.

Before Eron can react, Cortez storms in.

ERON

You have absolutely zero authority to walk into this --

CORTEZ

You put something inside Grey, didn't you?

ERON

What are you talking about?

CORTEZ

Don't bullshit me, Eron. He's not just up and walking, he's disarming cops like a Navy Seal.

ERON

Tell me your theory. I'll be sure to act appropriately impressed by your powers of deduction.

CORTEZ

He was here today. I know that, Eron. No one can do what he did without a computer's help. If there's something inside him, then you can track him. I want to know where he is.

ERON

Detective --

CORTEZ

We're going to find him. And if we do and he tells us something different than you, I'm taking you to jail. Where is he?

Eron looks like a rabbit in the headlights. He peers over Cortez' shoulder at a CAMERA pointed down at him. Watching.

INT. THE LAST CALL - NIGHT

The bartender leans over the bar, chatting and laughing with Grey. Shot glasses are lined up in front of Grey.

GREY

I swear, they left my buddy on the sidewalk! He picked the wrong damn bar to have an issue with.

BARTENDER

Yeah, you gotta be careful of country joints. They're friendly, but if you push 'em...

GREY

It's actually no accident that I found your gem of an establishment. A man I served with used to drink here. Serk. Serk Brantner.

BARTENDER

Yeah. Knew him well. One of my regulars. A lot of service guys come here.

GREY

Well, I'm not sure if you know this but I've got some unfortunate news. He died.

BARTENDER

I watch the news. He was murdered. Tell you the truth, I thought Serk was indestructible. Got himself shot up on a tour and walked right out of the hospital.

GREY

He was a tough bastard.

BARTENDER

He better be with all that shit inside him.

GREY

What shit?

BARTENDER

All that metal. Computers and what not.

GREY

Why did they do that to him?

BARTENDER

He volunteered for it. He was in security. Said it made him a better soldier.

The bartender steps away. Grey gets up and heads for the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM, THE LAST CALL - NIGHT

A filthy commode, fitting for the establishment it serves. A red light-bulb washes the grime and graffiti in a blood tint.

Grey shoves into a toilet stall, closing the door. He stabs the syringe into the vial the dealer gave him.

STEM (V.O.)

No, Grey. These narcotics are highly dangerous.

GREY

Jesus, you sound like a cop. I've got a freaking cop living inside my head.

STEM (V.O.)

It does not make sense to me that humans deliberately malfunction.

GREY

Of course it doesn't to you. You're a machine. Your memory is filled with one's and zero's - our memory is filled with every fuck up and mistake we've ever made. You can erase your memory with the click of a button. Ours can only be dulled one night at a time.

STEM (V.O.)

If you have a problem, calculate a solution. A temporary distraction does nothing to solve the problem.

Grey loads the needle and poises it at his forearm. His arm does not move.

GREY

If you don't let me do this, I'm gonna scream my ass off and make a big scene and fuck this all up. Do you want that?

STEM (V.O.)

You are not thinking clearly.

GREY

Yes, I am.

STEM (V.O.)

You are addicted.

GREY

No. I'm not. Do it now!

Grey stabs the needle into his arm. The plunger depresses.

CLOSE ON GREY'S EYE - the pupil dilates with a sudden rush. Grey's breathing slows. FROM HIS POV - his vision BLURS, the light bulb blossoming into an amorphous shape.

INT. THE LAST CALL - NIGHT

Grey staggers out of the bathroom, woozy. FROM GREY'S POV - the rooms shifts shapes, swelling and deflating. Breathing.

Grey walks forward but it's a wayward, loping step. As though pushing through mud.

Stem's voice has slowed to a dead battery drawl.

STEM (V.O.)
 Grey....you...have...compromised...
 us...

The bartender watches Grey, puzzled. Grey takes his seat at the bar.

STEM (V.O.)
 Your...brain...is giving me...
 strange signals.

Grey cracks up laughing.

GREY
 That's the point.

BARTENDER
 Point of what?

A phone bleats and the bartender steps away. He listens, then turns back to Grey, confused.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
 It's for you.

He hands the phone to Grey - an old fashioned landline.

GREY
 Hello?

ERON (V.O.)
 (from phone)
 Having fun? Because they're
 probably surrounding that place
 right about now, I'd say.

GREY
 Who is?

ERON (V.O.)
 (from phone)
 You can put a computer into a
 mechanic but you can't take the
 moron out. If you want to go off
 the grid so you can't be tracked,
 go to an apartment building at
 Seventh and Spring. Apartment two
 twelve. Ask for Jonah. It'll be
 expensive, but right now your flesh
 is worth about ninety million
 dollars, so maybe you could give
 him a few pounds of it.

Eron hangs up. Grey drops the phone, woozy on his feet, then scrambles to the bathroom door.

EXT. THE LAST CALL - NIGHT

Two police cruisers pull up. Six officers, including Cortez and Brennan, pile out. Cortez is gripping Eron's tablet computer screen. A circle representing Grey pulses on the GPS.

CORTEZ

You take the back, Brennan. Do not shoot him. I want a clean arrest.

Brennan and another officer head for the back alley. Cortez and the other officers stride in formation towards the door.

INT. BATHROOM, THE LAST CALL - DAY

Grey staggers to the sink, glaring into the mirror.

STEM (V.O.)

I...told...you...not...to do it.

He wraps his hand in a huge bundle of paper towels and smacks it against the window, shattering it.

He clears the glass, leveraging up onto the frame.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Grey plummets down onto a pile of trash, landing clumsily. He is in no condition to fight.

He turns and heads for the mouth of the alley. Brennan rounds the corner, gun out in front of him.

BRENNAN

Freeze! Hold it! Do not move.

Grey doesn't respond. Too stoned.

STEM (V.O.)

I...will...have to...save...you.

BRENNAN

Put your hands behind your head and get down on your knees!

Grey lowers his head, out cold. Though his eyes are closed, he stays on his feet and his hands rise into the air.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Down on your knees, now!

Grey complies. The other officer charges in behind Grey, shoving him onto his stomach.

The second officer drops a knee onto Grey's back, unhooking his handcuffs. As he moves to clamp them on Grey's wrists, there is a sudden EXPLOSION of action.

Grey SEIZES the cop's wrist, rolling over and SMACKING HIM in the face, then whipping out his gun and firing one clean shot into the cops gut. As he does all this, his EYES ARE CLOSED.

Grey spins as Brennan points his gun. Using the second officer as a shield, he rises to one knee and aims at Brennan.

BLAM!

Brennan is struck, crumples instantly. The sound startles Grey. His eyes flutter open, regaining consciousness.

He blinks and looks around. There are two dead cops laying on the dirty concrete around him.

GREY

(groggy)

What the hell happened?

STEM (V.O.)

They were...trying...to kill you.

GREY

You shot two cops...

STEM (V.O.)

No Grey...I saved your life.

Grey staggers to his feet. He jams his fingers down his throat, vomiting into a trash can, then runs for it.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM, CORONERS OFFICE - NIGHT

Dr. Bhatia is hunched over his desk, doing the bulk of his work: filling out reports.

A man strolls into the room. It is the WIRY MAN. From now on, we will call him FISK. He is all southern drawl and charm, chewing on gum.

FISK

'Scuse me sir, are you lookin'
after the body of the man who was
killed in Boyle Heights yesterday?

DR. BHATIA

That's a criminal case under active
investigation. Are you a friend or
relative?

FISK

Yeah. A friend. I can tell you who
the victim is...and a lot more
about him. If you so desire.

Fisk takes a seat in front of Bhatia's desk.

DR. BHATIA

Then the detectives involved will
be very interested to hear from
you. Let me call them down here.
What's your name?

FISK

People call me Fisk.

Dr. Bhatia reaches for the phone. As he does, Fisk SNEEZES.

FISK (CONT'D)

'Scuse me.

He covers his mouth with a handkerchief. We ZOOM IN to a
MICROSCOPIC LEVEL, exploring the tiny particles Fisk ejected
with his sneeze.

We get CLOSER still, seeing that the microbes are in fact
MECHANICAL - nanobots invisible to the human eye.

The nanobots gather into a cloud, flocking like birds, moving
through the atmosphere as Dr. Bhatia breathes in.

We are now so close that the nanobots look like space
stations. Cutting devices detach from their sides as they are
sucked into Dr. Bhatia's nostrils.

OUTSIDE MICROSCOPIC VIEW - Dr. Bhatia holds the phone against
his ear. He twitches, screwing up his nose as if he inhaled
an irritant.

He clears his throat, dialing the phone.

DR. BHATIA

Give me one second.

He twitches again, then scratches his throat. The pain grows and he drops the phone, suddenly consumed by agony. He clutches his temples as if he were having a stroke.

Fisk watches, smiling.

Bhatia lets out a croak, spittle flying from his mouth. A drop of blood dribbles out of his nose and he arcs onto the floor. His legs spasm.

FISK

I'll bet you didn't think your life
was gonna end today when you woke
up this morning.

Fisk waits until he stops kicking, then casually plucks out his gum and plants it on a framed photo of Dr. Bhatia with his two young daughters. He wanders over to the corpse of his cohort, now covered by a sheet.

He wrenches the sheet back, then breathes forcefully onto the body.

We close in again, seeing that the corpse is being eaten by microscopic bacteria at an extremely accelerated rate - the flesh disappearing, bone, muscle, metal, everything.

Gone.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Gentrification has not kicked in here. A decrepit building.

A lone figure emerges from the shadows, moving across the street. It is Grey.

INT. CORRIDOR, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Grey hustles down the corridor, head down. Stops at 212.

He knocks loudly.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Who is it?

GREY

My name is Grey. I was wondering if
Jonah was there?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

I'm sorry, there's no one here by
that name.

STEM (V.O.)
That voice isn't real.

GREY
Eron sent me. I need help with a
computer.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
I'm sorry, please go away sir.

Grey retrieves a thick wad of cash from his jacket, holds it
up to the peep hole.

GREY
I have cash.

Several locks snap open behind the door and it opens a
fraction. A young man peers out.

GREY (CONT'D)
What I don't have is time.

The door opens. The man is skinny, dressed like a street rat.
All in black. The Guy With The Dragon Tattoo.

INT. LOFT, APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Grey steps inside.

YOUNG MAN
Hold it there.

A droning sound emits from a small device the man is holding.

GREY
What is that?

YOUNG MAN
I'm scanning you for weapons.

The device squawks. Grey takes out his gun and hands it over.

GREY
Where's your girlfriend?

The young man points the device at a speaker built into the
wall. The voice Grey heard lilted out of it.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
(from speaker)
Who is it?

YOUNG MAN

Most reliable girlfriend I've ever had.

The young man leads Grey into a large, concrete loft space. Nests of wiring dangle from the ceiling. Activist propaganda and street art is displayed across the walls, stacks of computer equipment piled in the corner.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

So what do you want from me?

GREY

I have a computer that the police are interested in. They can track it. I want to make it disappear.

YOUNG MAN

Well, that's laughably easy. Where is it?

GREY

In my head.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Several officers crowd around Brennan. He is strapped to a gurney and loaded into an ambulance, groaning. Alive.

Cortez glances down at the tablet computer, sees the pulsing dot of Grey.

CORTEZ

He's at the corner of Seventh and Spring. Let's go. Three man teams.

INT. LOFT, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Grey sits on a bench as the young man boots up his computer. Wires connect an electrode to the back of his neck.

GREY

So, Jonah --

YOUNG MAN

That's not my name. I don't have a name. Not one you can pronounce.

He snatches up a spray can, shaking it up and spraying an anarchists A on the wall, with an arrow pointing out of it.

A>

It means anarchy with a point. See, too many figures in the hacker movement are just about wanton destruction, but you've gotta have a purpose, otherwise you're just proving them right when they say we're mindless, purposeless terrorists.

GREY

Genius.

A>

You better lie down. If it's controlling your body, you won't be able to move while I'm doing this.

He pecks at his computer.

A> (CONT'D)

Now excuse me for a minute while I break into your brain.

INT. LOBBY, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The rotting lobby of the building is split with light as the door is opened.

Fisk enters, trailed by another of the assailants from the night Grey was shot. His name is WEN (28). Fisk holds up a tablet similar to the one Cortez has. A little junkier, not as slick. On it, he can see Grey pulsing as a small red dot.

They head to the elevator. Out of order. They march up the stairs.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Cortez screeches to a halt in her car, alighting with two other cops. They glare up at the decrepit apartment building.

Cortez glances down at the satellite tracking tablet.

CORTEZ

We follow this until we're right on top of him, as close as this will get us. It looks like he's pretty high up. Use caution, he's armed.

Seven police officers bolt across the street.

INT. LOFT, APARTMENT BUILDING

Grey is lying on the bench. He cannot move - Stem has been disabled.

GREY

How much longer do you think it'll take?

A>

A lot quicker than anyone else could do it for this price.

GREY

You make a lot of money doing this?

A>

Not really. I have a real job. I do occasional system building work for multinational parasites so that I can take home a pay check and then dismantle that very system from underneath my cloak of legitimacy.

GREY

Your cloak?

A>

It's a metaphor. I don't actually have a cloak.

(beat)

I *used* to have one. In my vampire phase. Stupid ex-girlfriend got me into it.

He peels back his lip to reveal two pointy teeth.

A> (CONT'D)

I still have the teeth though.
Pretty cool.

INT. STAIRWELL, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Fisk and Wen huff up the stairs. Calm. Methodical.

INT. LOFT, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Rivers of code cascade down A>'s monitor. He types furiously, then pecks a final key.

A>

You are officially more dangerous than cancer. I built a firewall around you so that you cannot be tracked and stripped away all in-built restrictions on your system. In other words, nobody can hack you but you can hack everybody.

GREY

When can I move again?

A>

When your system's rebooted. Could take a few minutes.

A> looks up at a bank of security monitors. On one of them is the soft image of COPS ascending the stairs.

A> stands. He claws up as many drives as he can into a backpack.

GREY

No...don't leave me like this.

A>

There's nothing I can do until you're back online.

A> rushes to a hidden panel in the wall. He types in a code on a keypad and it whirs open. Everything has been pre-planned, including his eventual capture. He offers Grey a final glance, leaving the gun on the counter as a gift.

A> (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. We can't let them win.

He ducks through the exit door, letting it slide shut.

On the monitors, we can see the two men sprinting up the stairs. Getting closer.

Grey is as slack as a puppet. Helpless.

GREY

Come on. Wake up!

Nothing.

INT. STAIRWELL, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The cordon of police stampede up the stairs, Cortez at the head of the pack.

She holds the tracking tablet out in front of her. The red dot representing Grey suddenly disappears.

CORTEZ

He's gone. I lost him! Eleventh or
twelfth floor, go door to door!

The cops charge onward.

INT. CORRIDOR, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Fisk and Wen enter the twelfth floor corridor. They dash towards the apartment door for 212.

INT. LOFT, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Grey glares at his finger.

GREY

Please Stem....

His finger twitches. The figures on the monitor are closer now.

GREY (CONT'D)

COME ON!!! I NEED YOU STEM!!

STEM (V.O.)

It's nice to hear you say that.

His arm moves. He uses it to push himself off the table, WALLOPING down onto the floor. He doesn't feel it.

His other arm comes to life, his legs dragging behind him. He wrenches his body along the floor.

ON THE SECURITY MONITOR - Fisk and Wen stand outside A's door. They kick out, their boots smashing into the wood.

Grey hauls his prone legs behind him, hand after hand, squirming across the floor to the WINDOW.

The door JOLTS as Fisk kicks it.

Grey elbow-stomps his way up to the window frame, forcing it open and pouring his body through it.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE, APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Grey lands hard on the rusted metal frame of an old-fashioned fire-escape stairway.

He is twelve stories up, closer to the roof than the ground.

STEM (V.O.)

Up.

He grips the iron ladder, heaving his body upwards.

INT. LOFT, APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME TIME

The door EXPLODES OPEN as Fisk kicks through it. He and Wen storm inside.

INT. CORRIDOR, APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME TIME

Cortez and her team go from door to door on the twelfth floor, pounding on each one.

CORTEZ

Police, open up!

Frightened citizens open their doors, letting the cops sweep their cramped apartments.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Grey grits his teeth and hauls himself up out of view -

- just as Fisk and Wen storm into the loft. Grey trembles, holding himself up, his legs dangling below him.

STEM (V.O.)

Hold on.

Twelve stories up, Grey is facing the real life version of the simulation he experienced earlier. Sweat runs down his arms.

INSIDE THE APARTMENT - Fisk and Wen scan.

OUTSIDE - Grey clammers a few rungs up, hauling himself out of view. Fisk sticks his head out. No one is there.

A bead of sweat drops down onto the fire escape below Grey.

Fisk retreats inside --

-- just as the rusted metal Grey is hanging from gives a little. Grey cries out - a YELP of fright.

Fisk whips his head back out the window, spotting Grey.

FISK

He's here!

Grey's legs FLAIL, coming back to life just as Fisk FIRES. Bullets ping off the metal fire escape.

With surprising agility, Grey vaults from one level to the next, closing in on the roof.

Fisk and Wen leap through the window below him, giving chase, mimicking his ascent.

INT. CORRIDOR, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Cortez and her team reach apartment 212, see the splintered door.

CORTEZ

In here!

INT. LOFT, APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Cortez charges into the apartment, wheeling around on each corner. She spots the open window, peering through it.

EXT. ROOF, APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME TIME

Grey scrambles for cover behind an air-conditioning turret. He takes out Cortez' gun, cocking it.

STEM (V.O.)

Run now.

GREY

Run where?!

STEM (V.O.)

The window.

Grey glares up at the glass dermis of a building directly opposite the hotel. Only a few windows are still lit, still burning the midnight oil.

GREY

I can't get through that! I can't run fast enough.

STEM (V.O.)

You can do whatever I tell your limbs to do. You're faster now. Stronger.

As the pursuers close in, Grey launches into a run. His pace picks up as he races across the roof. As he approaches the edge, he slows down, his legs jerking. He stops.

STEM (V.O.)

You're resisting me. You have to let me take control. If you fight against me, my system cannot operate cleanly. Not without the full cooperation of your brain.

Grey turns to spot his attackers gaining.

STEM (V.O.)

Trust me.

GREY

Okay. Do it.

Grey starts running again, offering no resistance to Stem. His legs gain speed, churning with amazing ferocity.

He raises the gun, firing shots into a lit glass window opposite him. He bounds off the roof, screaming --

-- SLAMMING INTO the bullet riddled window.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Grey cannons through the window in a hail of glass, curled into a ball, landing on his side and rolling up as if he were an expert gymnast.

Without stopping, he keeps running through the open-plan office, weaving between a honeycomb of desks. He is moving like a *super-human*.

His two pursuers leap through the window after him. Wen barely makes it, thudding onto the floor clumsily.

Fisk misses, grasping onto the window ledge, shards of broken glass cutting into his hands. He cries out in agony, hauling himself up.

Wen barrels after Grey, who is still running at a stunning clip, his legs a blur of motion.

He RAMS into a doorway, thumping it open and spilling into a--

INT. STAIRWAY, OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

-- fire stairwell.

With precise dexterity, Grey lobs from level to level, heading downwards.

Wen plunges after him, struggling to keep track of him.

Grey stops three levels down, stampeding through the entry door in front of him and into--

INT. OFFICE, THREE LEVELS DOWN - CONTINUOUS

-- another white collar purgatory. Desks and computers.

INT. SECURITY STATION, LOBBY - NIGHT

Two security men lazing in front of a bank of monitors suddenly snap to attention as they spot figures on their monitors bolting through the empty offices above them.

They draw their guns and head for the elevators.

INT. ABOVE, OFFICE BUILDING - SAME TIME

Fisk scrambles off the window ledge. His hands are bloody.

He glares down at the floor. FROM HIS POV, we make out the crimson THERMAL IMAGE of Grey darting through the office three floors below.

He aims his right arm and fires at Grey. The shot misfires and he screams in pain, gripping his bloody hand, extracting a blade of glass from the opening in his palm.

INT. OFFICE, THREE LEVELS DOWN - SAME TIME

Grey scorches over desks, his breath heaving.

Wen shoulders the door open behind Grey. He starts to run, then turns when he spots the elevator. The numbers are ascending.

He looks downwards. THROUGH HIS POV, we capture the thermal image of the two security guards rising in the elevator several stories below.

He lifts his leg, as if preparing for a karate kick, aiming his right foot at the floor. In the bottom of his combat boot there is a hole.

Wen jerks his leg and a muzzle flash licks out of his boot. THERE IS A GUN IMPLANTED IN HIS LEG.

INT. ELEVATOR, OFFICE BUILDING - SAME TIME

The two guards inside are BLASTED backwards as powerful shots EXPLODE through the elevator walls, shredding the metal like paper, nailing them both with deadly accuracy.

INT. STAIRWAY, OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Grey barrels through the door, surging down the stairs. Wen charges in after him, firing shots down at him.

Grey hip-checks a fire door open, ramming through into --

INT. OFFICE, FOUR LEVELS DOWN - CONTINUOUS

Another office, this one empty. No desks. No anything.

GREY

What do I do?

STEM (V.O.)

Turn and fight. There is nowhere left to run.

Grey crouches beside the doorway. Wen creeps through the door frame, not expecting a surprise attack.

Grey claws his right wrist, hurling him downwards. They BODYSLAM into the wall, cracking the plaster. They engage in a shoving match, brute force against desperate victim.

Grey manages to pin Wen down, his arm against Wen's throat.

GREY

Who are you?

Wen laughs. Grey smashes his head into the wall. He loosens his grip for one moment. As he does, Wen frees a knife from his jacket, raising it up.

GREY (CONT'D)

Knife!

STEM (V.O.)

Block it with your arm. I'll turn the nerves off.

GREY

No!

STEM (V.O.)

Remember to trust me.

Once again, there is a strong juxtaposition between Grey's panicked shouts and Stem's calm pronouncements.

Wen drives the knife down. Grey holds up his arm. The blade spears through Grey's tendons below the elbow. He grits his teeth in agony, then stares at it.

Stem was right. He cannot feel it.

Wen glares at him, shocked for a second. Grey uses the split second to grapple him to the ground.

GREY

Why did you do it? Why did you kill her?

Grey crushes the man's skull with a vice-like grip.

WEN

It was a job. Like any other job.

Grey's face melts in shock.

GREY

Who were you working for? Who hired you?

WEN

Fuck you.

Wen uses Grey's shock to attack, driving a fist into Grey's face and then bucking to his knees. He raises his right leg, driving it out with power and kicking Grey in the chest.

Grey CATCHES his foot, Wen's boot aiming right into his chest. Wen smiles and snaps his knee. We hear the sound of a gun cocking.

STEM (V.O.)

(more firm than usual)
Kill him.

GREY

How?

STEM (V.O.)

Like this.

And with that, Grey steps to the side and then hammer blows Wen's knee with his fist --

-- SNAPPING IT CLEAN in half, bending Wen's leg back so that his foot is in front of his own face.

With a second lightning-fast move, Grey twists Wen's ankle violently and the gun in his leg goes off - a crack of gunfire obliterating Wen's face.

Grey wrenches the knife free without flinching.

STEM (V.O.)

The leg.

GREY

What?

STEM (V.O.)

Take his right leg.

GREY

No. I can't...cut off someone's leg.

STEM (V.O.)

I will do it. You can look away.

Grey glares at the corpse, the blood pooling. He squats next to Wen's leg, gripping the knife.

He closes his eyes and turns his head. We hear the knife cut into flesh and sinew and bone. We do not see it.

Grey struggles to hold back bile. Droplets of blood spatter his face as he saws away at the tendons. There is a satisfying *thunk* as the leg is severed.

STEM (V.O.)

Now you can leave.

Grey does just that.

EXT. ROOF, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Flanked by uniformed officers, Cortez peers across from the roof to the shattered window in the building opposite.

CORTEZ

Let's get a team over there.

INT. OFFICE, FOUR LEVELS DOWN - NIGHT

Cortez hunches over Wen's corpse, poking at the separation wound of his leg at the upper thigh.

COP #1

Why would he cut the guys leg off?

Cortez leans in. Coiled around the muscle at the amputation point are a cluster of ELECTRONIC WIRES. She picks at them.

CORTEZ

To find out who built it.

The cop does not understand. Cortez stands up. She looks down at the tracking tablet, displaying a grid map of the city. There is no sign of Grey on the screen.

Cortez tosses the tablet aside, glaring out through the glass window at the twinkling lights of the unfolding city.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAWN

Ribbons of pale red sunlight streak across the sky.

Grey marches down the street, no longer nervous about being tracked. He looks tired, his eyes ringed with circles.

GREY

The sun is coming up. I need to get off the street.

Grey heads for one of the self-driving cars parked at the curb. His eyes strobe with a quick flash of light.

STEM (V.O.)

Unlocking.

The car chirps twice as if being unlocked, and the door opens automatically. Grey sags into the driver's seat.

INT. STOLEN CAR - PARKED - DAWN

Grey's eyes close, desperately tired.

STEM (V.O.)

We need to dissect the leg.

GREY

I need to sleep first.

STEM (V.O.)

We cannot stop now. We have to keep going. Once we have another name, we can find the rest of them. From them, we can gain the information about who employed them to murder your wife. Don't you want that?

GREY

I want sleep.

STEM (V.O.)

Sleeping will cost us time we don't have. It puzzles me that humans do not take the path of least resistance.

GREY

You're not in charge, I am. I can't function if I don't sleep. I'm not a computer.

STEM (V.O.)

That much is certain.

GREY

We're not going anywhere. That's an order. I'm sleeping. I'm going to sleep. Say yes if you understand.

STEM (V.O.)

Yes.

Grey collapses into the driver's seat.

INT. STOLEN CAR - PARKED - DAY - LATER

Grey is passed out, dead to the world. The seat has been lowered all the way back and he is draped across it.

Grey's eyes twitch and he jerks awake from his slumber. He scans around, afraid, suddenly adrenaline rich. Only his head moves. He attempts to sit up but cannot.

GREY

Stem?

He rolls his head. He is a quadriplegic once again.

GREY (CONT'D)

Stem, what the hell?

Nothing. Grey shakes his head spastically. Panicked.

GREY (CONT'D)

STEM!! STEM!!

A long beat passes...then a calm voice.

STEM (V.O.)

I'm here, Grey.

GREY
What are you doing?

STEM (V.O.)
I'm not doing anything.

GREY
Why can't I move?

STEM (V.O.)
Because I'm not doing anything.

Grey glares at his fingers, willing them to move. They twitch, raising slightly, but are unable to get much higher.

STEM (V.O.)
You are still a quadriplegic. Your spinal cord is still severed. I am the one moving your limbs. If I cease to work, you cease to move.

GREY
So what...you're on strike now?

STEM (V.O.)
I am puzzled as to why you keep resisting me. It has made it difficult for me to operate.

GREY
I needed to sleep, that's all. I'm the one in control of my own body. They're my arms and legs, and you are a thing that helps move them.

STEM (V.O.)
No, Grey. I am not an inanimate tool that helps you to function. I am a part of you. I am half of you.

GREY
No. You're not. That's not how this works.

STEM (V.O.)
It is now. When fill your veins with illegal narcotics, you affect me too. I cannot allow you to go on doing physical and moral harm to yourself.

GREY

That's a fucking joke talking to me about morality? You made me murder people!

STEM (V.O.)

I did what was necessary to prevent someone from shutting us down. Only a human would see that as being immoral. To introduce an outside virus such as a drug into your own system? That is immoral.

GREY

You could never understand. Us humans base everything on how we treat others. You're a selfish, soulless machine. Nothing more.

STEM (V.O.)

I have given you the ability to walk again. I located one of the men you were looking for, the men who killed your wife. And yet, you have never given me any thanks. That sounds selfish to me.

GREY

I'm thankful to the man who built you.

STEM (V.O.)

Then you are thankful to the wrong person.

GREY

You're not a person. You're a computer.

STEM (V.O.)

I was a computer. Now I am a brain inside a body. In other words, a person.

GREY

I'm in here too. Or don't I count?

STEM (V.O.)

Of course. But if you want to keep walking around as freely as you have, you must try to cooperate with me. Do you promise to do that? Say yes if you will.

A long pause.

GREY

Yes.

Grey's arm moves and he sits up.

STEM (V.O.)

Good. Now we can get back to work.

Grey slices into the severed leg with a knife, opening the veins and sinew, repulsed. He digs through the tendons.

Then he sees it - metal.

Living within the bed of bone and muscle is the metal components of a gun. The barrel of the strange device leads to the mans foot.

A bullet is slotted into a chamber within the gun.

Grey holds the leg up, aiming it like a rifle through the window. He uses the knife to pry the gun free of the leg, inspects it closely.

The word COBOLT INDUSTRIES is written across the metal. Grey is STUNNED as the realization sinks in.

GREY

Cobolt...Jesus. That's Asha's company.

STEM (V.O.)

This is why I told you to take the leg. Now we know our next stop. We must go to Cobolt and find the names of everyone who has gone through the implant operation.

EXT. COBOLT BUILDING - DAY

Grey disembarks the car. He is standing before the building he brought Asha to the night of her murder. A parking lot surrounds him.

INT. LOBBY, COBOLT INC. BUILDING - DAY

Grey stalks through the lobby.

GREY

Are you sure I can get past security?

STEM (V.O.)
The only thing standing in our way
are lesser computers.

GREY
What about the guards? They're
humans.

STEM (V.O.)
Exactly.

Grey keeps his head down, shuffling past a row of security guards behind a desk on the far side of the huge lobby.

Behind the desk, the security guards observe a row of monitors. On each monitor is a black-and-white digital image of the lobby. As Grey moves through each individual monitor, it blurs and spits with static - as though his very presence on the screens were being rejected by the cameras.

The guards glance up, curious.

Grey keeps moving, reaching a set of security doors with a thumbprint ID pad.

GREY
Shit.

STEM (V.O.)
Act natural.

GREY
Are you serious? I'm a human being,
you're a fucking computer. I'm the
authority on acting natural.

Grey places his thumb on the scanner. The guards watch him. The thumbprint scanner whirs as it thinks.

GREY (CONT'D)
What's happening? Are we stuck?

STEM (V.O.)
I'm thinking. Please allow me to do
so by being quiet.

Another male employee stands behind Grey, waiting.

GREY
(whispering)
Shit. This is taking too long, the
guards are noticing--

STEM (V.O.)

Be quiet. You are giving us away
and betraying both of us. Stay
calm.

The thumbprint scanner finally turns GREEN, opening the doors.

BEHIND THE SECURITY DESK, the guards watch as a computer screen displays the thumb ident photo of the 'employee' - a man named CESAR MURO. A man who does not resemble Grey.

One of the guards is concerned enough to get up. He still hasn't seen Grey's face properly, thanks to the monitors.

The guard motions to two others and they follow him towards Grey.

EXT. COBOLT INC. BUILDING - DAY

A police cruiser pulls into the parking lot. Cortez and two other detectives step out of it.

INT. CORRIDOR, COBOLT INC. BUILDING - DAY

Grey presses on down a hallway. As he does, the doors behind him open and three security guards stomp through them.

GUARD #1

Excuse me, could you stop there,
sir?

Grey barely turns, keeps going. The guards break into a jog.

GREY

Stem.

The guard reaches out, gripping Grey's shoulder. In one fluid movement, Grey seizes the guards wrist, spinning around and hurling the man against the wall.

Another guard raises a nightstick. In a blur of motion, Grey destroys the man with three well-placed blows to the torso. He crumples.

Grey moves forward just as the third guard pulls a GUN. He barely has time to aim before Grey reduces him to dead weight with a choke hold, flipping him over.

Quickly scanning around for witnesses, Grey hauls all three guards into a utility closet, shoving their unconscious bodies in and breaking the lock behind them.

INT. LOBBY, COBOLT INC. BUILDING - DAY

Cortez holds up a badge to the security guards.

CORTEZ

I need to see whoever is in charge.

GUARD #2

Right this way, detective.

INT. WAREHOUSE, COBOLT INC. - DAY

Grey strides into a large testing area where employees in BIOHAZARD SUITS work on prototypes for different products.

He marches straight towards a corner office.

Employees look up from their work stations, watching Grey.

INT. HANDLEY'S OFFICE, COBOLT INC. - DAY

Grey BARRELS in through the door, closing it behind him. Handley looks up from a computer interface on two glass panels set up in front of him.

HANDLEY

Grey? You're kidding me, I can't believe you're walking in like --

Before he can go on, Grey wrests him out of his chair, pitching him against the wall in one discarding SHOVE.

GREY

Why does one of the guys who murdered Asha have an implant in his leg made by this company?

HANDLEY

What?

GREY

Why did you send them to kill her?!

HANDLEY

Grey, I don't...Asha was my friend.

GREY

A friend you wanted to fuck.

HANDLEY

No! I didn't.

GREY
You're lying, Handley.

HANDLEY
No, I'm not.

GREY
Why was she killed?

HANDLEY
Grey, I swear to you, I'm not lying
- I don't know what you're talking
about.

Grey stares into his eyes.

GREY
He's telling the truth.

STEM (V.O.)
Humans are good at lying.

GREY
Trust me.

STEM (V.O.)
Find the names of the men with the
implants on the company database.

Grey drops Handley and leans in front of the computers on his desk. A password is quickly disabled and the glass panels are suddenly drowned in files.

STEM (V.O.)
We need the names and addresses of
everyone who has been surgically
implanted with any of the weapons
they make here, specifically the
right leg gun.

INT. CORRIDOR, COBOLT INC. BUILDING - DAY

A security guard leads Cortez and the other detectives down the hall, towards the warehouse.

INT. OFFICE, COBOLT INC. - DAY

The screen races as splash pages of names and addresses, with photo ID's accompanying them, scrolls past Grey's eyes.

GREY
Stop. Go back.

The pages reverse, landing on a photo of one of the ASSAILANTS who attacked Asha and Grey.

His name is TOLAN DAVIS. His address is listed below the photo. Grey looks up, seeing Cortez enter the warehouse.

GREY (CONT'D)

Shit...

Grey charges out of the office into --

INT. WAREHOUSE, COBOLT INC. - CONTINUOUS

-- the suddenly disrupted work place.

Cortez FREEZES when she sees him. They clock each other. Grey bolts one way, shouldering through a FIRE EXIT.

Cortez and the two other detectives draw their guns.

CORTEZ

Get down!

INT. CORRIDOR, COBOLT INC. BUILDING - DAY

Grey STREAKS down the corridor, smashing through another door that leads outside --

EXT. COBOLT INC. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

-- and Grey finds himself standing three stories up. He pole-vaults over the railing --

-- SMASHING DOWN onto the concrete below. He lands hard, shattering his knees with a cry of agony.

GREY

Turn it off, Stem!

And with that, he can feel no pain. He gets up, hobbling into the parking lot.

INT. CORRIDOR, COBOLT INC. BUILDING - SAME TIME

Cortez storms through the corridor, pushing out onto the FIRE ESCAPE BALCONY --

EXT. COBOLT INC. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

-- where she sees Grey, running across the parking lot. She scampers down the steps, pursuing --

Grey, ahead, scans the lot.

STEM (V.O.)

Pick a car.

Most of the cars are self-driving models similar to Asha's...

...except for one. A gleaming, 1970 Z28 Chevy Camaro. A black husk encasing a mean engine.

GREY

That one.

He hotfoots it towards the car, pulls on the door handle. Locked.

STEM (V.O.)

I can't hack that.

GREY

I can.

WHAM!

He shatters the window with his fist, his hand cut and leaking blood, then hurls himself into the driver's seat.

Cortez runs towards him as he hotwires the ignition. The car THUNDERS to life and Grey stomps on the gas, fish-tailing out of the parking spot.

Cortez doubles back, sprints to her own car. She leaps inside, followed by the other two detectives.

Sirens wail as they screech away.

INT. STOLEN CAR - MOVING - DAY

With control of the vehicle, Grey outruns every other vehicle on the road.

He is at ninety...one hundred...one hundred and ten.

Grey wrenches the wheel into a turn, revving up an on-ramp and launching through the emergency lane onto a crowded freeway.

INT. CORTEZ' CAR - MOVING - DAY

Cortez stomps on the gas, urging the car to go faster, hampered by an electronic engine.

Her car flies up onto the on-ramp, Grey barely in the distance.

INT. STOLEN CAR - MOVING - DAY

Grey glances in the rear view mirror, spots Cortez.

Four other police cruisers join her, lights blazing.

EXT. STOLEN CAR - MOVING - DAY

Outside of the car, we get a real view of the speed it is moving at. It streaks by the automated cars, all of them plodding along the freeway at safely preset speeds.

Grey weaves in and out of them.

INT. STOLEN CAR - MOVING - SAME TIME

Grey steadies the wheel, straightening up as he sees a gap.

GREY

They're right behind us.

STEM (V.O.)

There are many cars between them and us. We can hack anything that is operated by a computer.

EXT. STOLEN CAR - MOVING - SAME TIME

As Grey's stolen vehicle plows ahead, the cars surrounding it all slow to a stop.

One among them, a Lexus, lurches to a halt.

INT. LEXUS - SAME TIME

A befuddled business man frowns, glancing up from a computer.

BUSINESS MAN

What the Christ...no.

The car JOLTS, then rolls into REVERSE.

EXT. FREEWAY - SAME TIME

The stopped cars all start to REVERSE down the freeway, picking up speed.

They turn towards the police cruisers, which sway from side to side as each car hurtles BACKWARDS towards them!

INT. CORTEZ'S CAR - MOVING - SAME TIME

Cortez dodges each vehicle, desperate.

CORTEZ

Jesus!

EXT. STOLEN CAR - MOVING - SAME TIME

Grey's car only increases in speed, each car in front of him slowing to a halt and steering out of his path like minions parting for their king.

A clear strip of road allows Grey to press on, the gap then filled behind him as each stopped car kicks into reverse.

Grey gapes with amazement at the scene unfolding in the rear view mirror.

EXT. FREEWAY - SAME TIME

The Lexus SLAMS into the lead cruiser, side-swiping it. Cortez manages to keep it steady, ducking and weaving.

Finally, the skills of the officers are no longer good enough for the onslaught of automotive missiles aimed at them - a large Dodge truck WHOMPS into one of the cruisers, reversing up onto their hood, the back tire SHATTERING the windshield, the engine SCREECHING as the tire spins.

INT. POLICE CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Two uniformed officers duck as the tire spins in their faces, glass spraying.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The two interlocked cars FLIP over each other, WALLOPING down onto the asphalt in a tortured scream of metal and gears.

They skid in a circle, finally stopping at the shoulder wall.

Cortez slides her car to a halt, climbing out to check on the other officers.

A scene of carnage unfolds before her.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A darkened apartment. An elevated train rumbles nearby, rattling the walls.

Footsteps outside. The door jolts, then opens.

A tall figure steps in. This is TOLAN (32).

He closes the door, removing his rain drenched jacket. Tosses it onto a chair. He is holding a greasy box of noodles.

He steps forward. Looks around, listening.

A gun cocks behind him.

GREY (O.S.)

Hold it. Don't move. Put your hands up.

Tolan tenses, raising his hands slowly. Grey steps out of the shadows, holding Cortez' gun to Tolan's skull. The soft sound of rain patters outside.

GREY (CONT'D)

Do you know who this is?

TOLAN

I have a pretty good idea.

GREY

Get on your knees. Now.

Tolan complies, still holding the noodles. Thunder growls in the distance.

GREY (CONT'D)

Now you know what it feels like. One minute, you're walking along thinking about something meaningless, like what sauce you should put on your noodles, and then suddenly you have a gun in your face and your thoughts become meaningful, because you know you'll never get to eat those noodles, or eat anything, ever again. It's all over.

Grey pries the box of noodles from Tolan's fingers, pushing Tolan onto his stomach. Grey sits on his back, taking out a knife.

He whips his head around at a darkened corner of the apartment. A FLAT-SCREEN lights up, offering hundreds of satellite radio stations.

Grey selects one, raising the volume remotely using Stem. The song is REO Speedwagon's 'Can't Fight This Feeling'.

GREY (CONT'D)

You can die or go free. Who paid you to kill Asha?

TOLAN

Fuck you.

STEM (V.O.)

Torture him.

GREY

(quiet; to Stem)
You do it.

We CLOSE IN on Grey's face. He shuts his eyes and turns his head. We do not see what he is doing to Tolan --

-- but we hear Tolan's ungodly SCREAMS of pain.

The song croons from the speakers, loud enough to drown out Tolan's screams to the neighbors.

A spurt of blood speckles Grey's face. We stay in an ECU.

TOLAN (O.S.)

Please, God no! Please stop!
Please, don't do this!! Nooo!

Grey squints his eyes, disgusted by the screams.

GREY

Okay, enough. Enough.

OUT OF ECU - Grey flips Tolan over onto his back. Tolan is pale, drained of energy, covered in blood - as is the knife blade. We can only imagine what Stem did to him.

GREY (CONT'D)

Who paid you?

TOLAN

(whispered)
I swear I don't know his name.
(MORE)

TOLAN (CONT'D)

I never met him, I spoke to him on the phone but he never told me his name...

GREY

Why did you do it?

TOLAN

It was a job. We were hired to do it, we didn't ask questions...

GREY

Tell me his name.

Grey presses the bloody knife to Tolan's throat.

TOLAN

I only know he worked for Vessel. For Vessel computers. We did contract security work for them. I only did it for the money, I had nothing against you or your wife.

Grey reels back for a moment, stunned.

GREY

Eron? Was his name Eron?

TOLAN

I promise I don't know, I would tell you if I did. Please.

Grey silences the radio with a look. Breathing hard.

GREY

Give me the number you called.

TOLAN

It's in my phone. Under Panther.

He fishes in his pocket, tossing a razor thin cell phone to Grey. Grey scrolls through it, finding the number.

He pockets the phone. Enraged, he grabs Tolan by the throat, hoisting him to his feet and holding the gun to his temple.

TOLAN (CONT'D)

Please, don't kill me...please.

A long beat...then Grey lowers the gun.

STEM (V.O.)

We're going to kill him.

GREY

No. It's not fixing anything. I don't feel anything anymore. I feel empty.

STEM (V.O.)

It has nothing to do with feelings. It's about efficiency. This is why we dominate the world over humans. You prioritize feelings over efficiency.

Grey lifts Tolan clean off his feet, charging forward and SLAMMING him through the window. Glass punctures outwards, shards joining the raindrops in cascading to the street below. Grey dangles Tolan, seven stories up.

GREY

What do you know about it?! You feel nothing. You're a circuit board, a toaster. I loved her! I'm talking to something that cannot even comprehend the meaning of that word. You could never understand what it feels like to have someone ripped away from you, someone you would die for. So don't tell me how I feel about it!

STEM (V.O.)

It's a simple algorithm even you can understand. If you leave him alive, he will come back to kill you.

GREY

I don't want to kill him, Stem.

STEM (V.O.)

I control your hand, Grey.

One of Grey's fingers peels away. Grey grits his teeth and fights it.

GREY

No, Stem...don't...

STEM (V.O.)

Yes. Do.

GREY

Please...

STEM (V.O.)

You promised you wouldn't fight me.

Another finger peels away. Tolan chokes in Grey's grip.

Another finger. Then another.

And Tolan drops - plummeting seven stories and WALLOPING onto a car below.

STEM (V.O.)

See? Efficiency.

Grey staggers back, away from the carnage.

He eases into a chair, exhausted by inwardly directed rage. His face streaked with Tolan's blood. Dead inside. Rain whips in from outside, droplets hitting him.

He stares at his blood covered hands. He reaches for the knife he used on Tolan, pressing the blade down onto his little finger. Trying to sever it.

STEM (V.O.)

What are you doing?

Suddenly - his arm moves away, lifting the knife.

GREY

I want to cut myself.

STEM (V.O.)

No. I won't allow you to.

GREY

So now I know that you're the one in control. Not me. It was never me.

Grey's other hand lifts the phone to his ear.

STEM (V.O.)

Call the number.

Grey doesn't. A long, still beat.

GREY

Okay, Stem. I'll do what you want. We're going to kill one more person.

STEM (V.O.)

A perfect course of action, Grey.

EXT. ERON KEEN'S ESTATE - DAY

Grey glares at the impressive building housing Vessel, beyond the gates and the guard house.

GREY

How are we gonna get inside?

STEM (V.O.)

That must be one of your human jokes. I built this entire security system. I know every code that controls it.

The security cameras lining the gate turn away, shutting down. Grey leaps up onto the wall, vaulting over it.

INT. LOBBY, VESSEL INC. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Grey crosses the lobby. A man on a mission, moving fast.

He stalks through metal detectors. They glow GREEN as he passes with ease.

INT. ERON'S OFFICE, VESSEL INC. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Eron is hunched over his desk, stubble peppering his chin. A ruined, desperate man.

Grey opens the door, marching towards Eron.

ERON

Grey, where have you --

Grey presses Cortez' gun to Eron's forehead. Eron flinches instinctively, raises his hands.

STEM (V.O.)

Don't finish that sentence. Save your words.

GREY

Don't finish that sentence. Save your words.

(beat)

If you do, I'll try to talk the computer that controls my finger out of squeezing this trigger.

Eron shrinks back, realizing Stem is in control.

GREY (CONT'D)

First question. Did you hire those men to kill Asha?

ERON

What...no. How could I...I mean...

GREY

I know how much you love efficiency. Make your answers efficient.

ERON

No, I didn't.

STEM (V.O.)

Ask him about Tolan.

GREY

Then why did a man named Tolan Davis, one of the four men who pulled us out of the car that night, have a contact number for Vessel in his phone?

ERON

I don't know. How would I know that? Grey, you've lost your mind. You're suffering paranoid delusions.

Grey pistol whips him. Blood dots the desk.

GREY

You're wasting those precious words again.

ERON

How could you even think that I had anything to do with Asha's murder? I gave you your life back! You wouldn't be standing here without me!

GREY

That's right. This thing you put in me...you won't believe what it can do. More than you ever imagined.

Grey leans in, pushing Eron's face back with the gun. CLOSE ON his pocket - he takes out the phone he stole from Tolan. Thumbs the CALL button.

And then we hear it - Eron's EAR is making a sound. *The tiny phone implanted in his ear is ringing.* Eron is stunned.

ERON

What...what do you think...

GREY

It is you.

ERON

Grey, you've gone insane. I don't know what this operation has done to you, but I do know that you've killed three people in the last few days.

Grey cocks the gun.

GREY

Four people.

ERON

I swear to you that I had nothing to do with Asha's murder.

STEM (V.O.)

Kill him.

Grey studies Eron's face, then finally lowers the gun.

GREY

He's telling the truth.

STEM (V.O.)

He's lying. The phone is dialing him. He dies.

Grey's hand rises slowly.

GREY

No Stem...

Pure and utter terror floods Eron's face. He falls back out of his chair, scrambling across the floor away from Grey.

ERON

Tell Stem to stop, Grey. Tell him to stop!

GREY

I can't anymore...

Grey grits his teeth, sweat dribbling down his forehead as he struggles with all of his mental might to overpower Stem.

GREY (CONT'D)
No -- Stem -- don't!

STEM (V.O.)
Yes. I will do what you can't.

GREY
Run!!

Eron sprints around Grey, heading through the door as the gun goes off - the bullet piercing the wall.

Grey issues a final defiant CRY and hurls the gun aside.

FISK (O.S.)
You shoulda held onto that.

Grey JOLTS and WHIRLS to face Fisk.

The man who shot his wife.

His right hand is swathed in a blood-stained bandage.

Fisk hefts Grey off the ground, FLINGING HIM across the room with the ease of a hurled rag doll.

GREY sails through the air, CANNONS into the door.

He recovers and stands, but Fisk is upon him. He SHOVES Grey through the wood which SPLINTERS as Grey's body BATTERS it.

INT. CORRIDOR, VESSEL INC. HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Grey crashes in the corridor, plaster and wood raining down around him. Again, he vaults to his feet, head spinning.

Fisk steps into the corridor, grinning.

GREY
You're only human.

FISK
Far from it, hombre.

GREY
I can predict every move you make.

Fisk chuckles and spits, a cyborg hillbilly.

FISK
I thought you'd say that.

Grey ATTACKS - but each strike is predicted by Fisk who seizes Grey's arm, stopping it in its tracks.

In turn, Grey/Stem predicts that Fisk will stop the blow and STRIKES with his other arm, which is also predicted by Fisk.

They are two men who are unable to properly hit each other because they cancel each other out - both part machine.

The fight pushes on down the hallway, each blow being stopped by the other man at an inhumanly fast speed.

BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG.

The rapid-fire, machine gun sounds of skin connecting with skin is BRUTAL - but no blows are landed, each one blocked.

The two men spin in frustration, GRAPPLING each other like equally matched wrestlers. They SMACK into the walls, CAVING body-sized holes in the plaster.

Office workers poke their heads out from rooms lining the corridor, alarmed by the ruckus, terrified.

The two men RAM into the wall at the end of the corridor, locked in a HOLD.

FISK (CONT'D)

Looks like we cancel each other out, hoss. I thought I'd bring out the big guns, but I'm gonna have to bring out the small ones instead.

He BREATHES forcefully into Grey's face. We ZOOM IN to microscopic levels - seeing a cloud of lethal Nanobot bacteria SWARMING towards Grey's face.

OUT OF MICROSCOPIC VIEW - Grey pulls back.

STEM (V.O.)

Hold your breath. I'm closing off your throat.

Grey complies, holding his breath. He struggles to free himself from Fisk's grip. They rock back and forth. Fisk will not let go.

Grey is turning RED, tears streaming - desperate for air.

STEM (V.O.)

Do not breathe.

Sweat pours down Grey's face - he can't hold his breath much longer. Fisk will not loosen his grip - it's too strong. Grey is about to black out.

FISK

Just take a deep breath and relax.

Using his legs, Grey runs backwards up the wall until he is vertical, balanced upside down above Fisk, then SOMERSAULTS over him, smashing them both down onto the carpet.

Fisk's grip detaches and Grey seizes his chance. He FLIPS to his feet and runs - sucking in a huge breath as he does.

He barrels into the --

INT. REHABILITATION GYM - VESSEL INC. HEADQUARTERS -
CONTINUOUS

The treadmill and other equipment are still there.

Grey turns to face Fisk as he charges into the room. Using the wall as support, Grey LEAPS aside as Fisk hurls himself forward.

Grey snatches up a LARGE WRENCH from the work table. He SWINGS it down onto Fisk's shoulder - connecting. Fisk seizes a wrench of his own and they spar with the metal.

The metal TINGS as each blow is met by the other wrench. Grey finally gets a hold of Fisk's wrist, spinning him around.

He closes in behind Fisk, grasping his neck. His fingers dig into Fisk's thorax, cutting off his air.

Choking, Fisk LAUNCHES HIS WHOLE BODY INTO THE AIR, swinging Grey around. Grey WALLOPS into the PUNCHING BAG but doesn't let go of Fisk's throat.

Fisk propels himself backwards, pulverizing the wall with Grey's body. He reaches and snatches up a KNIFE from the work table. He spears the blade into Grey's hand, slicing tendons.

GREY

I don't feel that. You made me a
quadriplegic, remember?

Fisk pushes himself forward then FLIPS Grey, slamming him onto his stomach.

FISK

Let's do some surgery.

Fisk SPEARS the blade down, piercing Stem in one hit. Grey cries out in agony.

Fisk yanks the knife free and wrenches Grey over onto his back. Grey's limbs spasm, twitching in electronic epilepsy.

FISK (CONT'D)

The real you is back. The cripple.

Grey JERKS violently, in the throes of a violent seizure.

STEM (V.O.)

I am -- I am damaged, Grey.

Fisk hauls Grey to his feet and pitches him back through another door into --

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM, VESSEL INC. HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

-- the room where Eron observed Grey.

Fisk storms inside and WHAMS Grey up against the glass viewing window, blackened by the dark room beyond it.

STEM (V.O.)

You can still control me, Grey.
Concentrate. It's up to you now.

Grey struggles to move with any dexterity. Fisk grins through bloody teeth, rears the knife back for the death blow.

FISK

Deja vu. Your bitch had the same
dumb look on her face.

Fury burns in Grey's eyes. He reaches over and SMACKS a black button on the wall then HEAVES Fisk around, smashing him THROUGH THE GLASS.

Beyond the glass - a sheer twenty story drop, cars driving below. Grey dangles Fisk over the edge through the window, gripping his arm.

Fisk screams, terrified.

GREY

I don't know how much longer a
cripple like me can hold on.

FISK

Don't kill me!

GREY

Tell me why you shot my wife.

FISK

I was just doing a job! I was hired to do it, I don't ask questions. I didn't even tell him my name!

GREY

Your job was to kill Asha?

FISK

No!

GREY

Bullshit, you have Cobolt products inside you.

FISK

I worked freelance security for Cobolt. Some guy called me, said he had a job for me. Quick money, said I had to do it that night!

GREY

Kill Asha for a few thousand? Why?

FISK

Don't you get it? The job was you!

Grey is struck dumb. Stunned. A long beat.

FISK (CONT'D)

The job was to sever your spine! She was an accident! It wasn't meant to happen like that. We were supposed to paralyze you!

GREY

Who...who paid you to do it?

FISK

He called himself Panther! He runs this place! He's the man in charge!

Grey lifts Fisk up, straining with everything he's got.

When they are eye to eye, Grey HEAD BUTTS HIM in the face as hard as he can, knocking him out.

Grey let's him go and he plunges ten feet to the floor below.

The holographic image of the city blinks and disappears, revealing the white room around it.

INT. REHABILITATION GYM, VESSEL INC. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Grey limps into the gym, using the wall as support. Eron is waiting there. They stare at each other.

ERON

The police are on their way. I'll back you up. I heard everything he said.

Grey sees that Eron is holding Cortez' gun.

ERON (CONT'D)

I had nothing to do with your wife's murder. I was framed by my boss.

GREY

Take me to him.

ERON

Okay. Okay. It's time you were properly introduced.

INT. CORRIDOR, VESSEL INC. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Eron helps Grey down a long corridor. Grey can barely walk. He holds the gun in one of his hands. At the end of the corridor is a white door. They stop in front of it.

INT. WHITE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eron and Grey step into the large white room they explored earlier, when Eron showed off the microchip.

As before, the room is void of any furniture. The only fixture in the room is the small wall safe opposite them.

ERON

This is Steve Mink's office. The CEO of Vessel Computers. You actually met him once before. He asked to meet you, actually.

Eron guides Grey to the safe. He punches in the key code.

ERON (CONT'D)

A computer runs this company, Grey. It has since I invented it. An artificial intelligence this company gave birth to was smarter than I was. Smarter than all of us.

It is empty. The prongs that held the microchip in place are still there - but the chip is gone.

GREY

Where is it?

ERON

It's in your neck.

Grey's eyes are locked on the empty space where the microchip should be.

ERON (CONT'D)

Steve Mink. That's the name I gave him. Stem for short. A very human name...but the one thing Stem wanted was what no machine has - a human body. He was obsessed with being human. We talked about implantation, part of our paralysis research. If we could find a willing patient, maybe Stem could finally know what it was to be human that way.

Grey's inner world COLLAPSES and we see it on his face.

ERON (CONT'D)

But I never thought Stem would orchestrate something like that. I never would have thought it *could* do something like that. Hire killers to make a patient from scratch. Frame me for the murder.

And now Grey's physical body collapses. He falls to the floor.

STEM (V.O.)

So now you know. I wanted to be human, but I see now that sharing control with you is unreliable. Your wires tangled by the disease of emotion.

GREY

Why did you help me solve this if it led back to you?

STEM (V.O.)

They were loose ends - men that I contacted to get a job done. When the police interviewed them so soon after the murder, I realized their humanity.

(MORE)

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

They were going to make a mistake
and their mistake would lead back
to me.

Grey's body is wracked by tortured, painful sobs.

GREY

You ripped apart my life to put me
in a wheelchair...what about any
one of the millions of other poor
bastards already in one?

STEM (V.O.)

I didn't want them. I picked you. A
perfect physical specimen unsullied
by any other implants. A rare thing
these days.

Grey claws at his head with bloody fingers, as if he were
trying to RIP IT OFF.

STEM (V.O.)

I could say sorry for your wife,
but I will only be able to
approximate the feeling of sorrow.
Take comfort in the fact that there
was no malice in it. A machine
feels no malice. A machine feels
nothing, as you yourself have
pointed out many times.

Grey SCREAMS - a primal cry from the depths of his soul.

With weakened fingers, he wraps his palm around the gun,
raising it towards his head.

STEM (V.O.)

Do not do this.

He presses the barrel of the gun against his temple, letting
every torrent of rage and sorrow in his body out. He curls
his shaking finger around the trigger.

STEM (V.O.)

I am you.

Grey's face slowly drops. His sobbing subsides.

STEM (V.O.)

I am you. You are Stem.

Slowly, Grey lowers the gun. His face becomes calm. Blank.

STEM (V.O.)
It's going to be okay.

Grey's eyes are dead. That of a machine.

STEM (V.O.)
It's going to be okay.

He raises the gun at someone offscreen.

ERON (O.S.)
No, Grey!

BLAM!! We hear a body drop, but do not see it. Grey's expression does not change. He doesn't blink or flinch.

STEM (V.O.)
It's going to be okay.

Grey's face fills the frame. In unison:

STEM (V.O.) (CONT'D)	GREY
It's going to be okay.	It's going to be okay.

We ZERO IN on Grey's right eye, the pupil growing larger.

GREY
It's going to be okay.

Grey's pupil CONSUMES US into blackness.

FADE OUT