

9155

THE ZEN DIFFERENTIAL

Screenplay

by

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based on the novel

COUNT ZERO

by

William Gibson

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5 JANUARY 1996

Thy prospects are poor. The desperate dance, in which thy fortunes are caught up, will last yet many a sinful year; we should not care to set a high stake on thy life by the time it ends.

Thomas Mann

FADE IN:

EXT. "THE SPRAWL" -- PREDAWN

Nighttime New York. The skyline, the lights. Breathtaking.

Now add 70 years, 70 million people, and you have the heart of "The Sprawl", a city stretching from Washington to Boston where buildings are so high and close you could walk from the Mall to the Commons and never touch the earth.

We pan over the sights: The Empire State's gone condo. The World Trade Center's a crack house. But modern buildings compensate, soaring high, distancing themselves from the dystopia of below.

Finally, inevitably, the Statue of Liberty. Her upper body fills the screen, her face infinitely sad.

TURNER (v.o.)

No place for a pretty girl on her own.

CUT TO:

High-tech binoculars, held in sinewy, scarred hands. The binocs come down, and suddenly we're staring into the green eyes of

TURNER

Shirtless, looking out the window of a dark hotel room. His face is lean and lined, suggesting a life spent mostly out of doors. He raises the binocs again.

POV: BINOCULARS

Again they drift, find their way to a high-rise, soaring above the surrounding skyline; an expansive garden terrace spirals around the building like a corkscrew, here and there dotted with heavily armed guards. At the top, the name: ATLANTIC MONOCLONAL.

He lowers the binocs, ponders something, then pulls a t-shirt on over a torso covered by a quilt of skin grafts and scar tissue.

He straps on chest armor with familiar ease, checks his boots, RAPS his knuckles on armor under his trousers, then buttons a shirt over the armor, puts on an overcoat and exits.

IN THE HALLWAY -- TURNER

Stops at a door, KNOCKS, and DR. SATO answers, looks him over.

TURNER

Let's go.

Sato nods, exits. He's a cadaverous fellow with a bit of a stoop; looks a bit like an overdressed Praying Mantis.

OUTSIDE OF THEIR HOTEL -- THE STREETS

Teem with desperate PEOPLE and noisy traffic in the dark night. Sato looks about expectantly.

SATO

Where is the hovercraft?

TURNER

We'll walk the route, confirm the checkpoints.

SATO

But...walking in the Sprawl is dangerous...

TURNER

Then keep up.

Sato looks about, then hurries after him.

ROLL CREDITS

EXT. THE SPRAWL -- MORNING (NIGHT)

Turner's relaxed but alert, stopping now and again to look over a street, eye a building, make a mental note. Sato's nervous.

SATO

Will this be a difficult extraction?

Turner dismisses the question.

TURNER

Just make sure you're ready to operate when I hand her over.

SATO

I have spent many weeks preparing in virtual surgery. I am ready.

In the streets: occasional DERELICTS wired into "Simstim" (simulated stimulation) programs through hand-held computers, strings of drool absently running down their chins.

SATO

Please slow down; my legs are not used to the exercise.

Turner stops, lets Sato sit and rub his legs a moment. A little ways away, a HAWKER tries to ring the men into his porn palace.

HAWKER

We simulate, we stimulate, we got your thing! Boys? Girls? The neighbor's cat? Hottest action in the Sprawl right here. Be illegal if it were real!

Sato's non-plussed. Turner scowls, takes Sato by the arm.

TURNER

We'll take the maglev from here.

He pulls Sato toward a METRO MAGLEV station across the street.

INSIDE THE METRO MAGLEV STATION -- TURNER AND SATO

Course through the bright, clean station that's awash with PEOPLE. Huge VIDEO KIOSKS broadcast news in every language.

INSIDE A MAGLEV CAR -- TURNER AND SATO

Stand amongst several docile PEOPLE, watch one MAN pull out a palm-sized computer, uncoil a thin cable and plug it into socket behind his ear! Instantly, he's as comatose as everyone else.

EXT. THE SPRAWL -- PRE-DAWN

Turner and Sato exit the station, make their way through the crowded street. Turner stops, eyes a post-modern hot dog stand.

SATO

This is a checkpoint?

TURNER

This is a hot dog stand.

Turner buys a hotdog, smothers it in mustard. Sato watches with distaste, follows as Turner leads him around a couple corners to:

THE COMMAND BUILDING, aka, the KHUSH-OIL HOTEL

Fenced off, condemned and dark. They push through a section of chain-link, then Turner uncovers an electronic eye near the door.

TURNER

Turner.

END CREDITS

INT. KHUSH-OIL HOTEL -- MORNING

Several MERCENARIES prepare for something. RAMIREZ watches a vidscreen on which Turner appears. He hits a button, the image is scanned and okayed.

RAMIREZ

Turner's in.

And the activity kicks into high gear as Turner enters, points Sato to a surgery unit, encased in a sterile plastic bubble.

SATO

I feel I must tell you that so far I care very little for your methods.

TURNER

Don't worry. Before this is over, you won't like them one damn bit.

Sato scowls, enters his bubble, where two MEDICALS await with his scrubs. Turner sees FOGELSON doing heavy electrical work.

TURNER

That's Oakey's job.

FOGELSON

Then tell him to do it. I got other shit to worry about.

TURNER

Where is he?

RAMIREZ

In back, yellin' at Jayleen an' her boy.

Turner's frown says it all. He turns to Fogelson.

TURNER

Get on the preflight.

Turner heads toward the back, where OAKEY, a techno-merc, and JAYLEEN, a pretty, earthy "cowboy" (hacker), argue about...

BOBBY NEWMARK

Young 20's, fresh-faced, smart-assed, African-American; Jayleen's understudy/paramour who tends to act a little cooler than he is.

OAKEY

Don't care what kinda jones you got for him, don't care how good you think he is-

JAYLEEN

I told you. He's backin' me up. I need him, an' he's gotta learn.

OAKEY

Then learn him this: we're tight enough as is. Ain't got room for no tyro--

BOBBY
So miss a meal, Shamu.

Oakey GRABS Bobby, but TURNER clamps Oakey's wrist in an iron grip, calmly swallows his last bite of hot dog before talking.

TURNER
Problem?

OAKEY
Yeah. Jayleen's meat puppet. We--

TURNER
(to Jayleen, re: Bobby)
You need him for backup?
(off her nod, to Oakey, threatening)
Since Fogelson was doing your job, I know you can be replaced.
(to everyone but Jayleen)
All of you, except the cowboy. Whatever she says, you do; whatever she needs, you get. Clear?

Oakey nods, exits. Turner continues with Jayleen.

TURNER
You set?

JAYLEEN
Almost. Just waitin' for Conroy to come through on the 'breaker.

BOBBY
I still say we shoulda found our own--
Turner silences him with a look, turns to Jayleen.

TURNER
He any good?

JAYLEEN
Wouldn't be here if he wasn't.

Turner nods, trusts her judgment. He looks at Bobby.

TURNER
What's your name, kid?

BOBBY
Newmark. My handle's Count Zero.

TURNER
Not 'till you earn it.

Bobby frowns as Turner walks off. Jayleen smiles.

JAYLEEN

Listen, sweetheart. Every run I've made for Turner, Conroy's 'breakers're golden, so relax. Focus on the run.

Bobby nods, settles down in front of his station. Across the room, Turner brushes past Ramirez.

TURNER

Get Conroy on line.

Ramirez nods, and Turner walks to a small room on the side.

IN HIS READY ROOM -- TURNER

Opens an oblong case, revealing an ASSAULT RIFLE. He checks it, sets it aside, checks some other gear, then pulls off his outer clothes and slings a backpack harness over his bare armor.

Preparing is a kind of mantra, and as he goes, his eyes take on a feral shine; he's in his element, picking up the edge. Just then, a BEEP comes from a VIDSCREEN perched over a tiny cyberdeck (computer) atop a table. Ramirez's face appears.

RAMIREZ (vidscreen v.o.)

Got your agent.

Ramirez's face is replaced by...

CONROY. Ghostly pale but cosmetically handsome, with eyes dark and soul-less as a shark's.

CONROY (vidscreen v.o.)

Hey, my friend.

TURNER

Let's talk.

INT. CONROY'S CONDO -- MORNING (NIGHT)

Sterile, superficial, and cold, it fits his personality. Conroy's dressed, ready to go somewhere as he speaks to Turner on a vidphone. Nearby, RIKYU and HIDEKI, his deadly bodyguards.

CONROY

We'll do my virtual office.

INSIDE THE KHUSH-OIL HOTEL, IN HIS READY ROOM -- TURNER

Pulls a cable from the cyberdeck, feels behind his ear, exposes a socket implanted behind his ear. The cable plugs in and...

INT. CONROY'S VIRTUAL OFFICE -- DAY

Suddenly, we're in a Virtual Reality Office. A computer-generated office with a surreal, granular, cartoonish quality.

CONROY materializes behind the desk, and TURNER appears in a chair across from him. As they move, their bodies ripple through space, as if the computer generating this was an instant behind.

TURNER

The Medical needs Babbage's specs.
What'd you find out?

Conroy faces a corner of his desk, speaks to the air before him.

CONROY

Display Babbage, Cheryl, contracted to
Atlantic Monoclonal.

Suddenly, a doll-sized hologram of a woman, CHERYL BABBAGE, materializes, standing on the desk, naked from head to toe.

CONROY

Hosaka's lawyers found a loophole in her
contract, so extracting her's legal, in
theory, and they've sanctioned the job.

TURNER

What about implants?

Conroy nods at the tiny hologram which GLOWS in several areas, indicating places where small things are implanted inside her.

TURNER

Lethal?

CONROY

Coma. 30 minutes, 30 kilometers, whatever
comes first. Updated them two days ago.

TURNER

How'd you get it so soon?

CONROY

Suddenly you're my only client?

Turner smiles, looks around at the virtual office.

TURNER

From the looks of this place I'd say I
am. Or you just too cheap to upgrade?

CONROY

Been too busy settin' up your next job.

TURNER
(frowns)

I told you--

CONROY
Come on, let him say his piece. If you
still feel the same way, well then
he'll've heard it from you.

Turner eyes him, sighs. Conroy smiles, presses a button on the
virtual desk, and suddenly...

JOSEF VIREK materializes before them, with short, silver hair and
eyes large and bright behind rimless glasses.

VIREK
Good morning, Herr Conroy.
(To Turner)
And you must be Herr Turner. Thank you
for taking this meeting. My name is
Virek. Josef Virek, of Virek Ind--

TURNER
I know who you are, Herr Virek. And I'm
afraid the answer's no.

VIREK
Please, Herr Turner, at least do me the
courtesy of hearing me out.

TURNER
It's not a matter of hearing you out.
I'm just not interested.

VIREK
You're not the least bit curious?

TURNER
No.

VIREK
Is it a question of money? Whatever your
fee for this extraction, I am more than
happy to double it.

TURNER
Twice nothing's still nothing. I'm doing
this because I owe Hiro Komagai a favor.

VIREK
Really? And what could the chairman of
Hosaka International have done that you
owe him a favor such as this?

TURNER

He lets me win at golf.

Virek smiles at the comment, then gets serious.

VIREK

I appreciate your sense of honor, Herr Turner, so I'll be direct: I wish to raid Maas-Neotek North America. For a man by the name of Christopher Mitchell.

Turner barely hides his surprise.

TURNER

No one's ever raided Maas-Neotek, and for good reason: it's a slaughterhouse.

CONROY

You could be first.

TURNER

Whose side are you on?

VIREK

It would be quite a feather in your cap, and extraction so...challenging.

TURNER

(dead pan)

I'm allergic to feathers.

(before Virek can speak)

In ten hours I'll be on the beach in Mazatlan, retired and relaxed. Thank you, but no. , Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a job to do.

Virek steps forward, the pixels of his image trailing ethereally.

VIREK

Of course. Well, it was a pleasure meeting the man behind the legend, as it were. Good luck.

Virek nods at Conroy and DISSOLVES away, leaving them alone. Conroy still can't believe Turner rejected Virek so easily.

CONROY

There goes my retirement. Doesn't even phase you, does it. All that money, the freedom it buys--

TURNER

(ignoring)

You got Jayleen's icebreaker?

CONROY
Always detached, always above it all,
aren't you, Mr. Zen? That's what your
clients call you behind your back.

TURNER
You done?

Conroy sighs, pulls out a tiny red floppy disk.

CONROY
Here. It'll download automatically.
(beat)
Has Atlantic's codes an' a camouflage
routine to make Jayleen look like a
Fusion Authority Probe.

Conroy slides the diskette across the desk. When Turner touches
it, it DISSOLVES into thin air, downloading into Turner's deck.

CONROY
Guess I'll see you at the Khush-Oil.

TURNER
No. You and your ninjas'll just draw
stares. Go relax somewhere; I'll call
you when it's done.

Turner nods, closes his eyes and...***

IN THE KHUSH-OIL HOTEL, INSIDE HIS READY ROOM -- TURNER

Jacks out, back in reality. He sits a moment, SIGHS, then pulls
out the small red diskette from his cyberdeck and heads out.

INSIDE THE KHUSH-OIL HOTEL -- TURNER

Stands in his armor, facing the assembled team, briefing them.

TURNER
...Our target is Dr. Cheryl Babbage, head
of Atlantic's differential software--
(the tension instantly goes up)
She's kinked with thirty/thirty implants,
so let's keep the ops under twenty, give
Dr. Sato time to pull them.

Turner glances at Sato staring inside the bubble surgery.

TURNER
Any questions?

No one has anything to say. Turner pulls out the little red
diskette and flips it to Jayleen.

Because of the subtle differences between actual and virtual reality, and to make it clear to
the reader, we'll use italics whenever we're in virtual.

TURNER
Compliments of Conroy.
(to everyone)
Let's go.

And everybody takes their stations as Turner enters...

ANOTHER ROOM (THE HANGAR) -- A BMW HOVERCRAFT

Big, sleek wagon sans wheels. Fogelson's the pilot. Meanwhile...

INSIDE THE KHUSH-OIL HOTEL -- JAYLEEN and BOBBY

Sit before their cyberdecks. Jayleen holds the red diskette.

JAYLEEN
We jack in, punch straight for Atlantic
Monoclonal. I run, you piggyback; handle
the 'breaker an' keep an eye out for
lethal feedback an' data havens. Got it?

Bobby nods, trusting her completely. She smiles mischievously.

JAYLEEN
All right, let's reach out--

BOBBY
..An' kick some ass.

And they each raise a cable from their cyberdecks to the sockets
behind their ears, jack in, and...

IN CYBERSPACE

We're catapulted into the 'AWESOME, THREE-DIMENSIONAL, MIND-
BLOWING WEB OF LIGHT AND SHAPES: the Matrix.

Hundreds of huge GLOWING geometric shapes; spheres, cubes,
pyramids, all hang in space. Surrounding them...

THOUSANDS of laser-like lines, burning in the void like an
electric web, connecting every geometric shape to every other.

The lines are RUNWAYS, the world's lines of communications, from
telephones to cable t.v. The information freeways of the future.

The Shapes are corporate DATA BASES, and on their surfaces,
swirling logos like COKE, IBM, etc. To help find our way, the
synthesized, sexless voice of the...

OPERATOR (v.o.)
Welcome to Internet. Please enter a
destination code, or choose the
appropriate option.

INSIDE THE KHUSH-OIL HOTEL -- JAYLEEN'S EYES

Dart under her lids like REM sleep.

IN JAYLEEN'S POV OF CYBERSPACE:

A list of "COMMANDS" float before her. At the bottom of the screen we see "USER:J.SLIDE" as we hear her disembodied VOICE.

JAYLEEN (v.o.)

On the beam and centering my mark...

IN CYBERSPACE -- A SILVER HAND

Forms about a nearby runway, the runway passing through its palm.

JAYLEEN (v.o.)

All right Bobby, link up...

BOBBY (v.o.)

Centering my mark...

A four pointed star, a SHURIKEN, appears behind the Hand.

INSIDE THE BMW HOVERCRAFT -- JAYLEEN'S VOICE

Comes over a speaker as Turner sees her POV of cyberspace on a vidscreen. At the bottom of the screen: "NEUROCAST:J.SLIDE".

TURNER

Okay, Jayleen, start your run.

IN CYBERSPACE

Everything is still. Glowing. Serene.

JAYLEEN (v.o.)

Roger that and...

The Hand becomes a FIST, SHOOTS away, towing the Shuriken through the bizarre, brave new universe.

BOBBY (v.o., cont'd)

Bonsai, baby!

It's a wild ride as the Fist and the Shuriken turn, dive, climb, and twist, avoiding other Marks going to and fro. Suddenly...

A GLOWING WHITE SPHERE of energy appears, high and behind, free from any runways, following like a spirit. It dives down and...

IN BOBBY'S POV OF CYBERSPACE -- THE WHITE SPHERE

Flashes by, then is gone. In the corner, "USER:B.NEWMARK"

BOBBY (v.o.)
What was that?

JAYLEEN (v.o.)
You got a ghost?

IN CYBERSPACE -- THE WHITE SPHERE

Flies high and to the side, then disappears altogether.

BOBBY (v.o.)
Nah, just a gremlin.

JAYLEEN (v.o.)
Stay sharp; we're comin' up on Atlantic.

The Marks stop before a MASSIVE BLUE DODECAHEDRON (a giant blue soccer ball), the data base of Atlantic Monoclonal. Suddenly...

A GLOWING GREEN SPHERE surrounds the Base, cuts off all the runways connecting the database to the matrix.

IN JAYLEEN'S POV OF CYBERSPACE

The word "ICE" flashes in the middle of her view and a blinking "PASSWORD:" prompt appears center screen.

OPERATOR (v.o.)
Warning: the Atlantic Monoclonal data base has been sealed by Intrusion Countermeasures Electronics. Any attempts at entry will result in neuroterminal reprisal. Please enter your passcode,

BOBBY (v.o.)
Enter this, cyber slut...

INSIDE THE KHUSH-OIL HOTEL -- BOBBY

Slots the little red floppy into his deck, hits a button, and...

IN BOBBY'S POV OF CYBERSPACE

"FUSION AUTHORITY PRIORITY OVERRIDE" appears in the Prompt.

IN CYBERSPACE -- THE HAND AND THE SHURIKEN

Merge, become torpedo shaped, and advance on the Green Sphere. When they touch, they FLARE UP and burn right through.

OPERATOR (v.o.)
Fusion Authority override acknowledged.

INSIDE ATLANTIC SECURITY -- DOZENS OF GUARDS

Are jacked into computers. In the center of the room, a HOLOGRAM of the building and the surrounding city; a giant situation map.

GUARD

I have a fusion authority probe in the mainframe on routine inspection.

The CAPTAIN nods, turns back to the map, unconcerned.

IN CYBERSPACE, INSIDE THE ATLANTIC DATABASE -- THE TWO MARKS

Separate, seem to MELT as they flow over the circuits, coating everything with silver.

JAYLEEN (v.o.)

Lock 'em up an' stand 'em down...

ON THE WINDING TERRACE -- SEVERAL GUARDS

Turn as all the nearby doors SHUT and LOCK THEM OUT. Suddenly, a WOMAN'S VOICE comes over the PA system.

WOMAN (v.o.)

Warning. A sanctioned extraction is now underway...

INSIDE ATLANTIC SECURITY -- A HOLOGRAPHIC WOMAN

Appears in place of the holomap as the doors LOCK.

WOMAN

Please lay down your arms and sit down and no harm will come to you. I repeat, a sanctioned extraction--

INSIDE THE BMW HOVERCRAFT -- TURNER

Glances at Jayleen and Bobby's progress on the vidscreen.

TURNER

All right, Jayleen, find Babbage. Fogelson, wind it up.

Up front, Fogelson hits some buttons, and the BMW HUMS.

INSIDE THE KHUSH-OIL HOTEL -- OAKEY AND THE OTHERS

Watch the holomap from Atlantic Monoclonal appear in the middle of the floor, allowing them to plot Fogelson's course.

OAKEY

Atlantic Security feed coming through.

INSIDE THE BMW HOVERCRAFT -- FOGELSON

Watches the instruments as the engines WHINE and the craft LIFTS.

OAKEY (v.o.)

Fogey, you've got some light traffic, but
you're clear to the compound.

OUTSIDE THE KHUSH-OIL HOTEL -- THE BMW

PUSHES through a billboard on the side of the building, then
ACCELERATES down the streets, toward the distant building...

INSIDE THE KHUSH-OIL HOTEL -- OAKEY

Watches a tiny hovercraft zip through the holomap as...

BOBBY AND JAYLEEN

Sit at their consoles, almost catatonic.

IN BOBBY'S POV OF CYBERSPACE -- "LOCATING:BABBAGE, CHERYL"

Blinks as floor plans of the building whiz by, stop and...

BOBBY (v.o.)

Got her!

INSIDE THE BMW HOVERCRAFT -- TURNER

Watches the screen as Bobby sends the data. "Located:Level 122,
Section 4, Atrium Cafe" flashes on his screen.

BOBBY (speaker v.o.)

She's having breakfast in the atrium.

JAYLEEN (speaker v.o.)

You're got four Guards nearby, two more
between you and the roof. Everyone else
is civilian.

Turner nods, pulls a cable from his rifle and jacks in, then
pulls on a helmet that covers his head and face and...

IN TURNER'S POV

Everything's dark until...

TURNER

Construct on...

A grainy VIRTUAL view fades in, as if he could see through his
helmet. Superimposed is a RED CROSSHAIR. Whatever it's on is
what his rifle hits.

OVER THE BUSY CITY STREETS -- THE BMW

ROCKETS toward Atlantic Monoclonal. As we close, we can make out trees and shrubs on the winding terraces. SEVERAL GUARDS stare into the rising sun, then bring their weapons to bear and FIRE...

ON THE BMW, BLOWING a hole in the window.

FOGELSON

Picking up groundfire!

OUTSIDE ON THE TERRACE -- THE BMW

Hovers next to the ledge as Turner leaps out, crouches as the Guards approach and Fogelson FLIES OFF even as the Guards FIRE...

IN TURNER'S POV -- THE CROSSHAIR

LOCKS on the first Guard with a BEEP and Turner FIRES, blows him away, DUCKS as the others rush forward.

INSIDE THE ATLANTIC MONOCLONAL ATRIUM -- TWO GUARDS

See what's happening, and turn to the people having breakfast.

GUARDS

EXTRACTION!! EVERYBODY DOWN, NOW!

Everyone DROPS, except for CHERYL BABBAGE, who sits, watching Turner come running through the doors that open for him and...

The Guards FIRE as Turner FIRES, blows them back, sees Babbage...

IN TURNER'S POV

The words "BABBAGE, CHERYL:VERIFIED" flash as he rushes forward.

A GUARD steps from behind her and FIRES, grazes Babbage's sleeve, but Turner FIRES, kills him, grabs Babbage's arm.

TURNER

I've been sanctioned by Hosaka Heavy Industries to grant your request for economic asylum. Let's move.

They head for a bank of elevators as...

IN CYBERSPACE -- JAYLEEN'S SILVER HAND

Sends a GLOWING PULSE to an elevator icon.

INSIDE THE ATLANTIC MONOCLONAL ATRIUM -- AN ELEVATOR

Opens its doors, whisks Turner and Babbage away.

TURNER
Fogelson, one minute.

IN THE HOVERCRAFT -- FOGELSON

Banks back toward the building, now in the distance.

FOGELSON
Roger that.

ATOP ATLANTIC MONOCLONAL -- TURNER AND BABBAGE

Exit the elevator and hurry toward the edge of the building.

TURNER
Stand still.

Turner pulls a harness from his backpack, buckles her in, CINCHES it snug, spins her around, clips himself to her, back to back.

IN THE HOVERCRAFT -- FOGELSON

Lines up the looming building.

FOGELSON
Locked on, twenty seconds.

He hits a switch, and...

OUTSIDE THE HOVERCRAFT -- ON THE NOSE

Two arms FLIP OUT, form a "V" and...

ATOP THE ROOF -- TURNER

Clips one end of a coil of thin WIRE (called Monomol) to his harness, clips the other end to an attachment on his rifle as...

ON THE WINDING TERRACE -- SEVERAL GUARDS

Near the roof as...

ATOP THE ROOF -- TURNER

FIRES a ROCKETDART straight up which trails a thin wire (MONOMOL), the other end is clipped to his harness.

INSIDE THE HOVERCRAFT -- FOGELSON

Aims for the building top and...

OVER ATLANTIC MONOCLONAL -- THE HOVERCRAFT

SNAGS the wire in the "V" and...

ATOP THE ROOF -- THE MONOMOL

Takes up the slack as the hovercraft ROCKETS by and.

THE GUARDS APPEAR ON THE ROOF, ready to fire but TURNER smiles, drops the rifle and...

He and Babbage are HAULED into the air, Babbage YELLING, and the Guards lower their rifles, awestruck and...

IN THE AIR -- TURNER

Spread-eagles for stability as the Hovercraft reels them in to the open rear door, where Turner grabs the handles and...

INSIDE THE BMW -- TURNER

Steps in, safe and sound, as the door shuts behind them.

FOGELSON

Santa has the goods.

INSIDE THE KHUSH-OIL HOTEL -- OAKEY AND THE OTHERS

Watch a tiny holo-hovercraft race through the holomap.

OAKEY

Roger, you are clear to the command post.

In the b.g., Sato and his men wait patiently.

IN CYBERSPACE, INSIDE THE ATLANTIC DATABASE -- THE HAND

And the Shuriken keep everything jammed.

JAYLEEN (v.o.)

Security's frozen, no sign of reprisals.

But just then, the WHITE SPHERE flies overhead, and just as quickly, is gone from sight.

INSIDE THE BMW HOVERCRAFT -- FOGELSON

Eyes a display that BEEPS as the image of the Hot Dog stand appears, the computer locked onto its heat signature.

FOGELSON

Final marker, thirty clicks out.

He deftly pilots the BMW under a bridge and...

IN THE BUSY STREETS -- THE BMW

ROCKETS low along the route Turner walked earlier.

INSIDE THE BMW HOVERCRAFT -- TURNER

Helps Babbage out of her rig. She's looking frazzled.

BABBAGE

This is absolutely the last goddamn time
I do this.

TURNER

You an' me both, sister.

(puts her on a cot)

I've got to run a preliminary scan.

Turner waves an exotic medical scanner over her legs and, like a sonogram, the insides of her legs are displayed on a monitor.

INSIDE ATLANTIC SECURITY -- THE CAPTAIN

Listens to his men.

GUARD

Radar still locked out. Automatic virals
coming on-line...now!

IN CYBERSPACE, IN THE ATLANTIC DATABASE -- A WALL OF ORANGE VIRUS

RUSHES at the two Marks like a wave of molten lava.

BOBBY (speaker v.o.)

Virus bearing down, going with the ice.

Before the Orange Virus can hit, the Hand and the Shuriken are
COCOONED in GREEN ICE, along with the circuits they've jammed.

INSIDE ATLANTIC SECURITY -- A BIG HOLOGRAPHIC HAND

Flips everyone in the room the "bird". The Captain scowls.

INSIDE THE ATLANTIC DATABASE -- UNDER THE GREEN ICE

The Shuriken and the Hand continue to block the security systems
as the ORANGE VIRUS surges over them.

JAYLEEN (v.o.)

Everything looks good.

But unbeknownst to anyone...

ATOP THE GREEN ICE -- THE ORANGE VIRUS

Coalesces, rises up, forming a sharply pointed, iridescent SPIKE
that CRASHES DOWN on the Hand...

INSIDE THE KHUSH-OIL HOTEL -- JAYLEEN

GRUNTS and drops, as Bobby YELLS and his socket begins to SIZZLE. Ramirez looks over and starts toward them, but Oakey stops him.

Oakey

They're done, Turner ain't! Stay put!

Ramirez reluctantly returns to his post as...

BOBBY lays on the floor, shuddering a little, drooling and...

IN CYBERSPACE -- THE ORANGE VIRUS

Surrounds the Hand and the Shuriken in an angry STORM.

JAYLEEN (v.o.)

It's the icebreaker! I can't cut out!

BOBBY

Hold on! I'll try to get clear!

The Shuriken FLARES, covers the Hand, RACES out of the database, but the virus is stuck fast, and the Hand starts to DISSOLVE until the WHITE SPHERE swoops down and surrounds them and then we hear a GIRL'S VOICE, sweet and clear.

GIRL (v.o.)

Why are they doing that to you?

BOBBY (v.o.)

Oh, God, please, get it off...

GIRL (v.o.)

I'll take you someplace safe...

The White Sphere pulls them and the Virus toward a GIANT YELLOW PYRAMID. Several runways connect to the Pyramid, and over each is a HOLOGRAPHIC RED DRAGON, writhing endlessly about itself.

A WALL OF BLACK ICE surrounds the Pyramid, but the White Sphere DIVES through, pulling the Hand and the Shuriken in as the Orange Virus SPLASHES against the ICE like a wave on the rocks...

EXT. THE GENERALIFE GARDENS (GRANADA, SPAIN) -- DAY

Fountains, roses, arabesque architecture overlook the Alhambra, and everything is surreal, because it's Virtual Reality, but far, far better than Conroy's, so much so that it's almost impossible to tell the difference between this and reality.

BOBBY AND JAYLEEN appear, Bobby cradling her, and it's hard to tell where she begins and he ends. Standing next to them...

ANGELA, 17, a young girl in jeans and a "Maas-Neotek" t-shirt, who's smiling now, because she thinks they're safe.

ANGELA

There's my friend.

In awe, Bobby turns and sees JOSEF VIREK standing with PACO, a young boy dressed like a diminutive Moorish prince, and CONROY, who talks to Virek. They don't notice the new guests right away.

CONROY

The Dutchman's waiting to take delivery on Turner. She'll get right to work.

VIREK

Excellent. Paco will transfer the necessary funds.

As Paco nods, Jayleen MOANS in pain.

JAYLEEN

Bobby...

BOBBY

Jayleen!

Suddenly, strangely, Virek's standing right next to them.

VIREK

How did you come to be here?

ANGELA

A virus was killing them. Can you help?

Virek trades a quick, troubled glance with Conroy, then...

VIREK

Paco?

PACO

She seems to have experienced the brunt of lethal routines before entering this construct. I'm sorry, Señor.

And Jayleen CONVULSES, breathes her last in Bobby's arms.

JAYLEEN

Nailed like a goddamn wilson...

BOBBY

Jayleen!!!

And Jayleen DISSOLVES away, absorbed into the virtual ground. To the side, Paco opens his eyes, as if aware of something.

PACO

The antivirals have been engaged; the matrix is clear of the lethal virus.

(to Bobby)

It is safe for you to go.

Angela steps forward, takes Bobby's arm.

ANGELA

Come on. I'll take you back.

Bobby numbly obeys, and after a moment, they DISSOLVE and...

IN CYBERSPACE, OUTSIDE THE YELLOW PYRAMID -- THE WHITE SPHERE

Pulls the Shuriken out, into the matrix.

INSIDE THE BMW HOVERCRAFT -- TURNER

Scans Babbage's torso, starts down her arm, and ALARMS BLARE. Turner looks up, sees the words "DANGER: Hexogene/TNT"

BABBAGE

What!? What is it!?

TURNER

(weirdly calm)

It's ove--

THE HOVERCRAFT EXPLODES, crashing to the street just as...

INSIDE THE KHUSH-OIL HOTEL -- BOBBY

Yanks the cable from his jack socket, slowly coming to even as...

FAR ACROSS THE SPRAWL -- TWO ATLANTIC HOVERCRAFTS

Gently float like sharks waiting for a feeding frenzy.

INSIDE THE LEAD ATLANTIC HOVERCRAFT -- A SERGEANT

Turns to a DRIVER. In back, several armed GUARDS.

SERGEANT

Go!

They ROAR off toward the Khush-Oil, readying their weapons as...

INSIDE THE KHUSH-OIL HOTEL -- OAKLEY

Is already clearing out as Ramirez nods at Bobby and Jayleen.

RAMIREZ

What about them!?

Oakey

Fuck 'em! Turner's chopped. Hit the triggers and get the hell out. Now!

They start to go, grabbing pistols as they do, and Sato, inside his bubble, looks on in confused anger.

Sato

Wait! What is happening!?

Oakey ignores him, hits a TIMER plugged into several BRICKS OF PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE planted about the interior.

OUTSIDE THE KHUSH-OIL HOTEL -- THE ATLANTIC HOVERCRAFT

Settle to the ground as the GUARDS pour out as... Oakey and the others come out FIRING, but the Atlantic Guards easily SHRED everything in their field of fire as...

INSIDE THE KHUSH-OIL HOTEL -- BULLETS

Tear through the walls, and the Medicals panic as Bobby glances once at Jayleen, YANKS the sizzled icebreaker from his deck.

Sato

Where is Turner!? Where are you going!?

Bobby

Out for a smoke, ya' wilson!

Bobby rushes to a window and looks out. Far below: a dumpster. He LEAPS into the dumpster just as the timer reaches ZERO and...

Sato

No, I cannot work under these conditions.

And BEEEEEEEEEEEEEP...

THE KHUSH-OIL HOTEL EXPLODES, HAMMERS everything as it collapses, taking out some Guards and tossing the dumpster like a tin can.

OUTSIDE, A HALF MILE AWAY -- CONROY'S HOVERCRAFT

Rocks from the BLAST. Conroy hops out, walks to the wreckage of the BMW, where MEDICALS bend over a body bag. He looks down at...

TURNER, bloodied, burned, and very, very dead. Conroy smiles as the Medicals zip up the bag, haul it to a HOVERAMBULANCE. Just then, Conroy's cellular phone BEEPS and he answers.

Conroy

Conroy.

(beat)

What about the cowboy with Jayleen?

Conroy listens, seems a little concerned by the news.

CONROY

Well make sure. No one survives, got it?

He hangs up and boards the hoverambulance, which climbs into the sky and flies into the Sprawl.

OUTSIDE THE KHUSH-OIL HOTEL -- THE SERGEANT

Hangs up and helps search the rubble. Far off lies the battered dumpster, and Bobby climbs out, badly shaken, and sneaks off.

INT. DUTCHMAN'S MEDICAL LAB -- DAY

TURNER'S on a table, looks like a science-project: burnt, bloody, missing a limb here, an eye there, etc.

Over him stands DUTCHMAN, a rastafarian surgeon with cat-like eyes, and a deep, lilting voice. She works alone, assisted by spider-like robotic arms.

DUTCHMAN

Ah, now, c'mon. Open your eye. C'mon, don' be bashful. Dat's right...

(Turner's good eye opens)

I an' I would leave you down, but we gotta know how many nerves you got lef 'fore I an' I put in new ones, you know?

(beat, picks up some nasty device)

I an' I gonna test a few neural paths, okay? Now dis'is gonna hurt like hell, mon, but don' worry--

(smiles under the mask)

You prob'ly won' 'member nothin'.

Dutchman jabs him with the device, and his body CONVULSES as machines BEEP and a lone tear travels over his twisted face as we...

FADE OUT

And over the darkness, we hear the sonorous VOICE of...

LORD FITZHUGH (v.o.)

You've taken everything, my queen...

INT. THE TOWER OF LONDON -- DAY

Imagine LIVING in a cheesy romance novel. 15th century London, in the Tower, overlooking the Thames and everything's granular, cartoonish because it's Virtual Reality, and the queen is...

MARSHA NEWMARK, a sexy African-American woman, lying on the royal bed, clad in gossamer silks, as LORD FITZHUGH, a black Fabio look-alike, stands before her, naked, holding a sword.

LORD FITZHUGH (cont'd)
My land, my servants. What more do you want!?

MARSHA
Pleasure!

And he casts aside the sword, climbs on, poises...

LORD FITZHUGH
Aye, you'll have it, but I'll have my revenge too, royal tart!

And just as he THRUSTS...

INT. NEWMARK APARTMENT -- DAY

MARSHA NEWMARK GROANS in pleasure; a sagging, fleshy woman jacked into a "Simstim" program, eyes closed, absently drooling until...

A HAND rips the cable from her socket and she looks up at HIDEKI, who stands before her. RIKYU stands in the b.g.

MARSHA
Wha'th--who th' hell're you!?

HIDEKI
We're looking for your son.

MARSHA
Good fer you, asshole.
(off their grim looks)
Hey, for all I know the pinhead fried with his loser girlfriend. Now get the hell out 'fore I call the cops. An' gimme back my simstim!

Unseen, Rikyu starts to draw a short SWORD, but Hideki shakes his head, smiles blandly at Marsha, and hands her the cable. She waits for them to exit before she SLAMS it into her socket, her features quickly slackening.

OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT -- HIDEKI

Opens a FLIP VIDPHONE as they walk. CONROY appears in the screen, speaking in perfect Japanese (subtitled).

CONROY (vidscreen v.o.)
Well?

HIDEKI

His mother believes him to be dead.

CONROY (v.o. cont'd)

Well, post someone nearby, just in case.

Conroy disappears as they pass a garbage chute.

INSIDE THE CHUTE -- BOBBY

Hides till they're gone, then lets go, sliding into the darkness.

INT. DUTCHMAN'S MEDICAL LAB -- DAY

Dutchman stands over Turner, who's nude, pink as a newborn babe and just as hairless. Dutchman hits a button on a machine and his eyes pop open. Now they're blue.

DUTCHMAN

Hey, hey, welcome back to d' living, mon.
(as he just lays there and blinks)
You wonderin' why all you got's d' light?
Dat's a neural cutout.

(she starts working)

Jus' 'tween you an' me, it come from a
sex shop in Berlin, but dere's no reason
not to use it in med'cine if we wanna,
an' we do, 'cause you hurtin' bad. Now
most of you' chest hadda be replaced.
Eyes too. And new genitaals.

(beat)

Jah love, d'honeys gonna think you real
interestin' now.

Dutchman grins, puts on some Bob Marley, and gets down to work.

EXT. THE SPRAWL -- DAY

BOBBY plods to a bar where a cheap light says "Leon's". He looks strung-out; the last few weeks, months maybe, ain't been easy.

INSIDE LEON'S -- SEVERAL REPROBATES

Hang out, watching LEON, the strange looking owner as he pokes at a huge, static-filled video screen with a paper clip.

BOBBY

Yo, Leon.

(Leon looks over, surprised to see him)
You know, you can't fix shit like that by
pokin' at it.

LEON
Well, well. Look who's alive.
(looks him over)
Heard you burned on a job. Guess I heard
wrong. How's Jayleen?

BOBBY
Burned on a job.

Leon frowns, chagrined, pokes away. Bobby stands there, waiting.

LEON
So? What's up? You buyin' or sellin'?

BOBBY
Lookin'. For the man hired Jayleen on
the last job. Think his name's Conroy.

LEON
Used to be an agent, but I heard he sold
out an' went corporate.
(goes back to poking)
Comes in sometimes, though. Heard he's
settin' up a job. Want me to call you?

BOBBY
I'll call you.

Bobby exits. Leon sees something, smiles, pokes and ZZAAAPPP!
He's knocked on his butt. The drunken reprobates laugh.

INT. TURNER'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Turner sits in bed as DUTCHMAN stands with his chart, droning on.

DUTCHMAN
Jah love, dat Conroy got you a good
contrac'. Dis a complicated job, and
'spensive, no lie. Ver' 'spensive.
(beat)
Anyway, you' clothes is in d'closet dere
and Conroy's waitin' outside.

TURNER
For what?

DUTCHMAN
For you; you can go now, Turner. You're
good as new.

TURNER
How good is that?

DUTCHMAN
(grinning)

Better dan' when dey brought you here.

Dutchman exits with a smile. Turner lays there a moment, lost...

FLASHBACK: INSIDE THE BMW HOVERCRAFT -- TURNER

Looks worried as he sees the readout of Babbage's implant.

TURNER

It's ove--

BACK IN THE HOSPITAL ROOM -- TURNER

Wakes with a start, eyes wide open as he lays perfectly still. Something's different, but he (and we the audience) doesn't know what it is. All we see is that the lights are brighter and the colors clearer, like an old Technicolor movie.

Turner sits up, stands woozily, then pulls on his clothes.

INSIDE DUTCHMAN'S OFFICE -- CONROY

Looks up as Turner enters, now dressed.

CONROY

Hey! You look great. How do you feel?

TURNER

What do you think?

Conroy shrugs glibly.

TURNER

What happened, Conroy?

CONROY

You don't remember? Babbage was kinked.
(Turner's look is blank)
With about a kilo of hexegene and flaked TNT, packed in a prosthetic arm they slipped her in her last surgery.

Conroy shrugs it off like it's no big deal. From Turner's narrowed eyes, we know he doesn't feel the same way.

TURNER

You should've known.

CONROY

There was no way to know.

TURNER

You should've found a way. That's what good agents do.

CONROY

No, good agents get good contracts. Good contracts get seamless rebuild jobs and Obsidian Amex cards.

Conroy tosses him a black credit card.

CONROY

Now there's enough there to cover everything for a long time, long as it takes for you to go away an' maybe think over that offer from Virek.

Turner looks angry, starts to reply, but Conroy cuts him off.

CONROY

Look, take a vacation. Take two and call me.

But Turner just pockets the card, stands, unsteady. He takes a moment to get his bearings, then exits. Conroy calls after him.

CONROY

It's in your blood, Mr. Zen. Sooner or later you'll want back in.

Conroy smiles smugly to himself.

INSIDE A GLASS ELEVATOR ON THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING -- TURNER

Looks out, sees a giant video billboard of Mexico hanging from a building. He stares at it, lost in thought, and....

EXT. TORRES MAZATLAN RESORT -- DAY

White Towers on a stretch of beach. A seawall divides the sand from the tiled patio, where TOURISTS jack into simstim programs and grill themselves on lounge chairs around the pool.

To one side Turner sits, sips a cold beer, enjoys the reality.

ANGELA (o.s.)

Excuse me...

He turns and looks at...

ANGELA

The girl who saved Bobby, in a blue bikini that's a tad too sexy for her own good. Still, she's got sharp eyes, a quick wit, and a budding, embarrassed awareness of the effect she has on people.

ANGELA

That seat taken?

(he shakes his head 'no')

Cool.

She brushes by, sits, gives him a bright smile. He smiles perfunctorily, eyes a couple gorgeous WOMEN.

ANGELA

Are you here on business or pleasure?

He tries his best to ignore her.

ANGELA

I'm here for both. Business and pleasure.

TURNER

You're a hedonist?

ANGELA

Oh, no. Roman Catholic.

Turner smiles at her gaffe. Across the way, a SEXY WOMAN thinks it's a come on and smiles back. Angela sees the exchange.

ANGELA

Um, Turner..?

Turner whirls, suddenly, and Angela almost jumps out of her skin.

TURNER

How do you know my name?

ANGELA

Right. Everyone knows you, Turner. You're the headhunter.

TURNER

(doesn't buy it)

Where are your parents?

ANGELA

That's kinda why I'm here. My dad couldn't come--

TURNER

You're on your own?

ANGELA
I'm almost twenty-two.

TURNER
In how many years?

ANGELA
(beat, she looks down)
Five.

He smiles, un-worried, looks about, glances at the Sexy Woman.

ANGELA
Um, Turner, about my dad...

TURNER
(annoyed)
What?

ANGELA
(intimidated)
Nothing.

Turner regards her, then turns away, stares at the Sexy Woman.

ANGELA
Is that what men like? Women like that?

TURNER
(glances at the woman, smiles at Angela)
What's your name, kid?

ANGELA
Angela.

TURNER
Don't be in such a hurry, Angela.

Angela exits with a frustrated pout. Turner watches the Sexy Woman get out of the pool and come his way, until she sees someone behind Turner. A VOICE behind him asks...

ALLISON (v.o.)
Is anyone sitting here?

He turns to say "yes" and his frown disappears when he sees...

ALLISON

An extraordinarily beautiful woman in a just-shy-of-scandalous blue bikini. Turner numbly watches as she sits.

ALLISON
Cool.

She looks around 30, but with a certain girlishness, a certain youthful tilt to her head, a certain intensity in her eye.

ALLISON

Hi. I'm Allison. You are...?

TURNER

I'm...pleased to meet you, Allison.

She smiles, he smiles, and they settle down to talk. In the b.g., a young BOY runs down to the beach with a white kite.

IN THE HOTEL RESTAURANT AT NIGHT -- TURNER AND ALLISON

Sit, talking as they await their meals.

ALLISON

So?

TURNER

So the people she wanted to work for, a company called Hosaka, asked me to see that she got out of her old contract.

ALLISON

And that's what you do for a living?

TURNER

No. At least, not anymore.

Just then, the food arrives, lobster, looking indescribably appetizing. Allison stands. So does he.

ALLISON

Go ahead and start, I'll be right back.

He watches her go, sits back down. Just then...

ANGELA (o.s.)

Hey, Turner.

Turner looks about, sees Angela.

TURNER

Hello, Angela.

ANGELA

Where's your little friend?

(sees Allison's dinner)

Eww. Lobster. You know, lobsters're, like, roaches of the sea or something.

TURNER
(suddenly put off his food)
Shouldn't you be in bed?

ANGELA
That a proposition?

TURNER
What do you want, Angela?

ANGELA
I want to talk about my dad.

TURNER
What about him?

ANGELA
(beat)
He and I...we need to be shifted.

Alarms go off in Turner's head and he grabs her arm.

TURNER
Who are you!?

ANGELA
I told you--

TURNER
How did you know I was here?

ANGELA
I followed you...

TURNER
How!? When!?

ANGELA
I can't say...
(he squeezes her arm)
Owww, you're hurting me...

TURNER
I'll put you over my knee in a minute!

ANGELA
I'll bet you will, you perv!!

Angela YANKS free and runs off, but Turner's right behind, follows her out the door, but outside, she's nowhere to be seen.

ALLISON (o.s.)
Afraid I stood you up?

Allison comes up from behind, sees the feral look in his eyes.

ALLISON

You okay?

TURNER

I'm looking for a girl.

She puts a reassuring hand on his arm, calms him with her touch.

ALLISON

Relax. You've found one.

(beat)

Come on, before it gets cold.

She returns to the table. He looks outside, then follows.

EXT. BEACH -- NIGHT

Turner and Allison stroll down the beach, passing a white kite half buried at the high tide mark. They stop, and he looks at her, takes her in. She's looking out to sea.

ALLISON

It's so beautiful, don't you think?

TURNER

Absolutely.

ALLISON

I...maybe we should get back.

TURNER

Having second thoughts?

ALLISON

Ever since I met you.

He draws her close, kisses her gently, the passion growing and the sound of the WAVES gives way to...

THE NOISY, TEEMING MERCADO -- TURNER AND ALLISON

Stroll through. She sees a poor FAMILY, digs into her purse for money for the kids. Suddenly, begging CHILDREN come from everywhere. She smiles, giving coins to all of them.

TURNER

You going to save the whole world?

ALLISON

No. Maybe just some of the people in it.

She gives out the last coin, sends the child away. Turner pulls her to him, kisses her, and a couple fat OLD LADIES smile.

ALLISON

Everyone needs to be rescued now and again.

Turner pulls her into another kiss and...

ON A DESERTED STRETCH OF BEACH -- ALLISON AND TURNER

Hungrily intertwine, naked, perspiring in the hot sun.

IN A BUSY RESTAURANT -- TURNER AND ALLISON

Stand, eating and drinking, listening to the Mariachis. Both are deeply tanned, and Turner's hair's grown out considerably.

IN THEIR HOTEL ROOM -- ALLISON AND TURNER

Are lost in pleasure as they make love, collapse on...

THE BEACH -- ALLISON AND TURNER

Lay on a deserted stretch of sand, Allison tracing the faint lines from Turner's surgery. He watches her closely.

ALLISON

What?

He kisses her, lingers, then holds her, looks into her eyes.

TURNER

You know, these last few weeks...I think I could stay here forever.

ALLISON

We have to go back eventually.

TURNER

There's nothing for me there. Everything I want is right here, right now.

(beat)

It's funny, though. Sometimes I think when I close my eyes, all this just disappears.

She looks at him earnestly, touches him.

ALLISON

I won't.

TURNER

I know.

He gazes at her, almost lost in wonder.

TURNER
Who are you, Allison?

ALLISON
I'm the girl of your dreams.

She smiles, kisses him, then heads for the water, Turner right behind. They dive in and...

IN THE WATER -- TURNER AND ALLISON

Trade a kiss, then Turner kicks up to the silvery surface...

IN THE HOTEL POOL -- TURNER

Breaks the surface, swims to the steps. Allison sits on a nearby sea wall, looking over a briefcase full of silver jewelry owned by a fat Mexican WOMAN. Turner walks over, kisses Allison.

TURNER
You've been eyeing this stuff for weeks.
When are you going to buy something?

Allison holds up her right hand, showing off a silver ring.

ALLISON
What do you think?

He sits, looks into her eyes, puts the ring on her left hand.

TURNER
That's better,

But as her eyes mist over with troubled emotion, he looks off.

ALLISON
But I....I'm not--

But Turner misses what she's saying. His attention's caught by something out to sea: a sleek white yacht sitting off-shore.

TURNER
How long's that boat been there?

ALLISON
He's been there all along...

On the boat, a flag of a Red Dragon against a Yellow Pyramid. Just then, a small boat rounds the stern and heads for shore.

CONROY stands in the bow, smiling. Rikyu's behind the wheel, and Hideki stands to the side, cradling a rifle.

ALLISON

They're coming for you, aren't they?

(beat)

I'll wait in the room.

(she kisses him deeply and tenderly)

I love you, Turner. No matter what happens, that much is real.

She walks off, and he watches her a moment, not knowing what to make of that, then turns and walks down to the water as...

ON THE BEACH -- THE BOAT

SKIMS ASHORE and Conroy hops out. The Ninjas do nothing.

CONROY

Hey, Turner.

TURNER

I don't remember calling you.

CONROY

Look at you: tan, fat, happy. You're calling all right. Practically screaming. Anyway, I got something lined up.

TURNER

I'm done with all that.

Turner starts to go, but Hideki COCKS his rifle and...

TURNER spins, grabs the dagger at Rikyu's waist, and using Rikyu as a shield, THROWS the knife and...

HIDEKI drops the rifle, grabs the knife, now buried in his throat, and topples backward into the sand. Conroy frowns.

CONROY

Ah, shit...

Turner just drops Rikyu, turns on his heel and suddenly finds himself on...

EXT. THE BATTLEMENTS OF THE ALHAMBRA -- DAY

The high, windswept stone walls that overlook Granada and, in the distance, the snow-capped Sierra Nevadas and...

TURNER stands, utterly non-plussed, sees...

CONROY, kneeling over HIDEKI, who's dead, though there's no wound. Rikyu's nearby, hand on his dagger, glaring at Turner.

CONROY
You didn't have to kill him.

TURNER
What the hell's going on!?

CONROY
It's better if he explains...

We follow Conroy's nod, and Turner's eyes go wide when he sees JOSEF VIREK, in all his virtual glory, attended by PACO.

TURNER
You...

VIREK
Good afternoon, Herr Turner.

Turner starts toward him, intent on bodily harm, but suddenly freezes; as if he's been encased in invisible steel.

VIREK
Please, relax. I mean you no harm.

TURNER
Let go of me, godammit!

Virek nods, and suddenly Turner's free to take everything in.

TURNER
Where am I!?

VIREK
This is the Alhambra, the great fortress built by Yusef the First--

TURNER
I meant now. Where am I right now?

CONROY
On your bed in Dutchman's clinic.
Jacked-in, obviously.

Turner considers it and the implications...

CONROY
Mexico was a construct. Few weeks of paradise wound up in 20 minutes of post-traumatic rehab.
(knows what Turner's thinking)
That's right. Her too.

Turner shoots him a withering look, then turns back to Virek.

TURNER

Bullshit. No construct is this real.

VIREK

But it is, you see, because it is the product of your own mind.

Virek pulls out a cigar, SNIPS off the end.

VIREK

Software and hardware work together to process the "data" stored in your psyche; your memories, your perceptions, your expectations.

He lights the cigar, takes a drag, and blows a smoke ring.

VIREK

I suggest Mexico, your own mind supplies Mazatlan and I believe her name was Allison?

Up close, the smoke isn't smoke but millions of tiny ANGELS. In the center, an image of ALLISON that fades with the smoke.

TURNER

Conroy's pet ninja died. That can't happen in virtual reality.

VIREK

He perceived the knife to be lethal and expected to die. He wasn't disappointed.

A moment of silence before Conroy changes the conversation.

CONROY

Of course, the nature of any construct is dependent upon the hardware; the better the deck, the better the trek.

VIREK

And you are connected to the finest decks in the world; generations beyond anything currently available.

TURNER

You too?

VIREK

Not exactly. The circumstances of my presence are rather more...occult.

(nods at Paco)

Paco, on the other hand, is no more than
(more)

VIREK (cont'd)
a virtual interface between myself and my
cybersystem.

TURNER
(beat, recalling)
What about the girl?

VIREK
What girl?

TURNER
She wanted me to shift her and her
father. Why was she part of it?

Virek and Conroy exchange a glance. Virek seems surprised.

VIREK
Was it her, do you think?

TURNER
Who?

CONROY
Angela. Angela Mitchell. Her old man's
Dr. Christopher Mitchell, of Maas--

TURNER
(cutting him off as he realizes)
Maas-Neotek North America.

Turner regards them in silence. Conroy cops to it.

VIREK
He is the one who developed the new
cyberdecks, though it was she who
approached me with the knowledge that her
father wanted out.

TURNER
Then you've been had. Nothing gets out
of Maas without their knowing about it.

VIREK
Dr. Mitchell has been working on the sly,
as it were. Maas-Neotek is completely
unaware of his technological advances.
Technology that will be available to you
and your team for his extraction.

TURNER
My answer's still no.

CONROY
Everything's changed, Turner.

TURNER
Nothing's changed, Conroy.

VIREK
Oh, but it has. If it hadn't, your agent should not have come to me with so irresistible a proposition--

CONROY
Complete rebuild in return for your services.

TURNER
The rebuild was part of my contract.

CONROY
(shaking his head "no")
Hosaka evoked force majeure when the Babbage job went south. And north. And every other direction for that matter. Virek picked up the option.

TURNER
I didn't agree to it.

VIREK
You weren't in a position to agree to anything. You were dead. Legally dead, in fact. The certificate is on file.

Virek's implied threat isn't lost on Turner.

TURNER
So if I say no, you'll pull the plug on me here and now and no one ever knows.

VIREK
I am an optimist, Herr Turner. I am not a fool.

TURNER
Then what's to keep me from agreeing and walking away?

VIREK
Nothing but the sense of honor we both know you possess.
(beat, looking right at him)
You are alive, Herr Turner. Rebuilt from detritus at considerable expense to me. You owe me a return on that investment.

Turner gazes at them with icy, electric eyes, and Virek's the only one who can hold his gaze. Finally, Turner nods.

VIREK

Excellent. Herr Conroy will fill you in on the important details, though if you should need me, for any reason, I am always available on my direct line.

He smiles, the scene wavers, everything DISSOLVES AWAY and...

INT. TURNER'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Turner lies in bed, exactly as we last saw him with the Dutchman, except that his wrists and legs have been restrained. Conroy jacks them out of their cyberdeck, a real sleek job embossed with "Maas-Neotek". He loosens the restraints.

CONROY

Didn't want you jackin' out by mistake.

Conroy fidgets under Turner's steely gaze.

TURNER

What about a team?

CONROY

All 'cept the cowboy. Got a back-up jock at the site, but I figured you to pick the lead yourself, knowin' how sensitive you are 'bout those things.

Conroy loosens the last strap. Turner sits up, rubs his wrists.

TURNER

You sold me out.

CONROY

You heard him; you were a jigsaw puzzle in a bag. Way I figure, you owe me.

Turner looks right into Conroy's dark soul.

TURNER

You're damn right I do.

Conroy blanches, looks away. Turner starts to get dressed.

EXT. THE SPRAWL -- DAY

A scuzzy bald MAN crosses a concrete park with a black plastic bag in his hand, sits down at a table in front of...

BOBBY who sits before a plate of untouched macaroni and cheese.

BOBBY
Yo, Dean. Whaddya got?

Dean checks both ways, reaches into his bag, grabs something, gives it a hard SHAKE, and pulls out a wicked looking PISTOL.

DEAN
Wahlah!

Bobby takes it, looks at the side: an LED display blinks "LOC'D".

BOBBY
I can't use it. It's print specific.

Dean jauntily raises his eyebrows and holds up the lumpy bag.

DEAN
Tagged an' bagged.

BOBBY
(looks in, blanches)
You got it off a cop?

Dean shrugs, rubs his fingers together: pay up. Bobby pulls out some money, but Dean shakes his head. It's not enough.

BOBBY
Down payment.

DEAN
Hey, I ain't fuckin' SearMart.

Bobby digs, comes up with all he's got. Dean frowns.

DEAN
Ordinarily I'd wipe the sell, but if
you're willin' to part with that
scrumsheus penne con queso...

Bobby nods, and Dean scoops it into his mouth with his filthy hand while Bobby stuffs the pistol and the bag into his jacket.

INT. LEON'S -- NIGHT

Bobby enters, makes his way through the crowd. He sees Leon, who nods wordlessly toward a knot of people far in back. Bobby nods his thanks, puts his hand inside his coat and heads back when...

TURNER (o.s.)
Hey!

TURNER grabs Bobby, amazed he's alive. Bobby's freaked.

TURNER

You're...Newmark.

BOBBY

No. No way. I saw the vids: everyone
fried, 'specially you.

TURNER

They pulled me for a rebuild at a private
clinic just east of here.

BOBBY

What about Fogelson? And Babbage?

TURNER

Just me. And now you.

Turner lets him go. Bobby just looks him over.

TURNER

How is it Jayleen got hit and you didn't?

BOBBY

Conroy's icebreaker was shit. Atlantic
virus burned us like a torch.

TURNER

How'd you get clear?

BOBBY

I didn't, I mean, it wasn't me. Some
girl--

TURNER

What girl!?

BOBBY

Dunno. She just showed up an' dragged us
clear, into some construct with a coupla'
guys standin' around talkin'.

Bobby pulls out the mangled diskette from the Babbage job.

BOBBY

I could show you if I had a deck.

Turner looks him over, suddenly inspired.

Meanwhile, in back of Leon's, Conroy sits, interviewing a baker's
dozen of ROGUISH COWBOYS. Just then...

TURNER appears. Conroy looks up, nods to TWO-A-DAY, a sleazy,
flashy-looking Cowboy with a few too many piercings.

CONROY
This's Two-a-Day. I think he's what
we're lookin' for.

TURNER
(to Two-a-day, et al.)
Take a walk, freak. All of you.

They start to leave.

CONROY
What's up?, You find someone?

TURNER
Yeah. The kid who backed up Jayleen on
the Babbage job.

CONROY
Newmark? He's dead, Turner. Nothin' but
a ghost.

BOBBY (o.s.)
Yeah? An' who the fuck are you? Casper
the friendly ghoul?

Conroy spins, sees Bobby, instantly recognizes him.

CONROY
Well I'll be damned

TURNER
This is, was, my agent. Conroy--

BOBBY
You were in the construct...

But Conroy doesn't like where the conversation's going.

CONROY
Look at him. Prob'ly ain't made a good
run in months--
(waves his hand before his nose)
'Less they're payin' cowboys in stink.

BOBBY
Yeah? How 'bout you, Casper? You get
paid up front, or you more a back-end
kinda guy?

The other cowboys chuckle. Rikyu starts to circle behind Bobby.

CONROY
Jayleen didn't seem to mind, punk.

Bobby glares, WHIPS out the PISTOL, and everybody blanches when they see:

A HUMAN forearm, in police-issue sleeve, dead hand covering the grip, Bobby's finger squeezing the green one on the trigger as...

Rikyu lunges but Turner yanks Bobby clear, throwing off Bobby's aim as he FIRES and BLOWS a huge hole in the wall. The place goes nuts, people stampeding like a soccer game.

CONROY

Kill this asshole!

But Turner gets in between, glares at Rikyu, who looks at Conroy, who stares at Turner, then backs down.

CONROY

Police'll be here any minute. Let's go.

They fight their way out, Turner dragging Bobby right behind.

OUTSIDE LEON'S -- SIRENS WAIL

Far off as the men rush to the hovercraft. Conroy eyes Bobby.

CONROY

Where d'you think you're goin'?

TURNER

You want me, you get him.

CONROY

This asshole just tried to kill me and you trust him?!

TURNER

Exactly.

CONROY

Forget it. We need a cowboy, not some jacked-up trash from the dollar arcade--

BOBBY

Better jacked-up than jerked-off, jerk off!

Conroy lunges, but Turner SHOVES him back, faces Bobby, heedless of the approaching SIRENS.

TURNER

Listen up: when this job's over, you can shoot this son of a bitch full of holes. Till then, you do what I say, when I say, how I say. Now, you in or not?

Bobby eyes them both, nods, and they quickly climb aboard.

INSIDE THE HOVERCRAFT -- BOBBY, TURNER, AND CONROY

Get settled as Rikyu speeds away, passing arriving POLICE CARS.

BOBBY

I'm gonna need a deck. Late model,
American made, preferably military.

TURNER

Conroy?

CONROY

Waiting at the site.

TURNER

What about the icebreaker?

BOBBY

No way I'm runnin' anything a' Casper's;
not after he got Jayleen chopped.

CONROY

You were backin' her up. If she's dead
it's 'cause you weren't doin' your job.

Bobby starts to speak, but thinks better. Conroy just smirks.

CONROY

Yeah, that's what I thought.

And Bobby can only scowl as...

THE HOVERCRAFT

Climbs above the Sprawl and heads west.

EXT. MONUMENT VALLEY -- DAWN

Blood-red mesas rise above the shimmering Arizona desert. A
RATTLESNAKE winds past a sign: FOUR CORNERS 200 Km. Just then,
the HOVERCRAFT SCREAMS by in a maelstrom of sand and gravel.

INSIDE THE HOVERCRAFT -- RIKYU

Flies, monitoring a vidscreen, waiting for a moment.

CONROY

We're in the footprint of two recon
satellites. Gotta time it just right.

The vidscreen BEEPS, and Rikyu steers off the pavement.

THE HOVERCRAFT

Shoots down a dirt road to the Command Post: two decayed concrete buildings and a smear of asphalt at the foot of a tall butte.

Outside the first building, three MEN and a WOMAN, tough and dusty all, watch Turner, Bobby, and Conroy hop out. Conroy nods toward a huge MESA some five miles in the distance.

CONROY

Maas Neotek Biolabs.

Turner nods to the other building, where a large aluminum trailer, like an Airstream, is tucked under a beat-up tin roof.

CONROY

Medicals. Rest of the team's over there.

(hands him a calculator-sized object)

Here. Mitchell's dossier.

Turner takes it as they advance toward the Command Post.

INT. COMMAND POST -- DAY

A confusion of equipment. Some stacked crates form a partition at one end. A big Dane named SCHERBECK steps forward.

SCHERBECK

Ah, shit. Turner? I heard you were dead.

(Turner eyes him, trying to remember)

You remember me. Rigged the nitro on the bus you drove into the Hotel Marrakech.

Scherbeck pulls out a flask of liquor and offers it to Turner.

SCHERBECK

Here. Take the chill off. Scherbeck, remember? On simulator.

Turner passes the flask to the others without sipping.

TURNER

Sure. Marrakech.

Turner eyes the others. LYNCH is cold, lupine; SUTCLIFFE is dark, with a ragged scar on his face. Conroy intros each.

CONROY

This is Sutcliffe, that's Lynch. They're on point. Webber here's on console.

WEBBER's wiry and tough. Turner looks her over, nods at Bobby.

TURNER

This is Newmark. You'll back him up.

She nods. The flask comes back around. He sniffs it, looks at Scherbeck.

TURNER

McCallen. 30 years old?

Scherbeck smiles, impressed. Turner takes a sip, nods in approval, then pours it all on someone's bonsai plant, tosses the empty flask back to Scherbeck as he speaks to them all.

TURNER

Now it's weed killer. We're here to do a job, not fuck around. That means no booze, no bonsai, no breaks.

(to Sutcliffe)

Run it down.

SUTCLIFFE

Came in coupla' days ago under a thunderstorm. Set up here then prepped for the medicals.

TURNER

What're they like?

SCHERBECK

Three Koreans out of Tokyo. Supposed to be the best.

WEBBER

Real vampires, too. Only come out at night. We're s'posed to kill 'em if they get more than five meters from the thing:

LYNCH

Conroy's orders.

Turner looks at Conroy, frowns, looks at the others.

TURNER

Conroy's orders don't count now. What about the perimeter?

SUTCLIFFE

Didn't want to risk too much, what with the satellites'n all.

(nods to the butte)

Got a raser up top under a mimetic tarp.

(nods toward the far side of the CP)

And a salvo of EMP rockets in the sand outside. We can get clear if we have to.

TURNER

Good.

(nods toward partition)
What's that?

SCHERBECK

Place to crash. Figured you might want
some privacy. Your gear's there too.

Turner takes everything in and nods, satisfied.

TURNER

Okay, until we go, we're on two minute
standby, clear?

(they nod. Conroy starts to exit)
Where're you going?

CONROY

Out to the coast, pick up your jump jet.
Figured I'd handle the job myself.

BOBBY

Only one job Casper knows; starts with
"blow".

Conroy starts, looks at Turner, who shakes his head. Conroy
exits. Turner looks at Bobby.

TURNER

Webber'll set you up. Let me know when
you're ready.

Turner exits. Bobby turns to Webber when she speaks.

WEBBER

So you're Newmark, huh? I heard a' you.
Real up-and-comer outta the Sprawl. Sorry
to hear 'bout Jayleen, you know?

(off his nod)

Come on. I'll show you the gear.

Bobby follows her, and her voice trails off.

DISSOLVE TO:

Turner approaching Bobby and Webber, who sit before a sleek Maas-
Neotek cyberdeck and a lot of other, sophisticated equipment.

TURNER

You set?

BOBBY

Yeah. You should see the deck; s'really
somethin'. One thing though.

TURNER
What's that?

WEBBER
Well, this deck won't interface with any
of the other decks--

TURNER
Meaning?

BOBBY
Meaning if we use this deck, only one
cowboy runs; we can't piggyback.

That's Bobby's way of telling Turner that it's all right if
Turner wants to go with Webber. Turner doesn't.

TURNER
That's why you're here. Think you can
handle it?

Bobby smiles at Turner's confidence, nods sincerely.

BOBBY
Yeah. Yeah, I can.

TURNER
Good. Let's see your recording.

Bobby slots the singed icebreaker cartridge and they look at a
holo display (like an electronic chessboard), which glows, and a
3-D recording of Jayleen and Bobby's run plays in midair. When
the Orange Virus crashes down, Bobby pauses the recording.

BOBBY
See that? The Atlantic virus burned
right through our ice.

TURNER
So?

WEBBER
Ice ain't much more than fancy code. If
you know the password, or your 'breaker
pegs the solution, you burn through.

BOBBY
Otherwise, you just burn.

TURNER
(skeptically)
You're saying that virus knew your
solution?

BOBBY

Casper coulda told them ahead a' time,
make sure no one survived. Maybe that's
why he sent his ninjas lookin' for me.

TURNER

Or maybe it did its job the way it was
designed. That doesn't prove much.

BOBBY

Yeah, well, we ain't done yet.

The playback resumes. Turner sees the White Sphere, watches in
silence as cyberspace is replaced by the Generalife Garden scene
where Conroy talks to Virek. Bobby, Jayleen, and Angela appear.

BOBBY

That's her. The one pulled me through.

They watch as Angela talks to Virek, Jayleen dies.

TURNER

Go back.

Bobby's watching Jayleen, but hits a key and the image backs up.

TURNER

There. Freeze that and enlarge her face.

The Gardens disappear, replaced by a hologram of Angela's face.
Turner says nothing, too awed.

WEBBER

Vyèj Mirak. The ghost...
(they look at her)

The Virgin of the Miracles.
(off their dubious looks)

I know. Few years ago, you tried tellin'
someone you'd seen a ghost in the matrix,
they'd have figured you were crazy--

TURNER

Maybe you are crazy.

WEBBER

Ocean had mermaids, right? Well, we got
a sea of silicon, a whole universe with
shit we don't understand; cowboys hearin'
voices, seein' things. But he knows.
She pulled him clear, saved his ass...

They both look at Bobby, who just shrugs.

TURNER

Go back and amplify their conversation.

Bobby nods, rewinds it, and the conversation comes over speakers.

CONROY (v.o.)

Dutchman's waiting to take delivery on
Turner's remains.

VIREK (v.o.)

Excellent. Paco will transfer the
necessary funds.

JAYLEEN (v.o.)

Bobby...

Bobby pauses at Jayleen's death.

BOBBY

The way I see it, if this happened after
you got chopped, then Casper's tellin'
the truth. But if it happened before,
then...

WEBBER

...They set you up.

Turner's lost in thought for a moment, then yanks the diskette
out, crashing the hologram, and exits.

IN THE SLEEPING AREA -- A SUIT OF SLEEK COMBAT ARMOR

Hangs in the corner. Turner enters, sits, pulls out the dossier.
From the side he extracts, a plug, jacks in and...

IN CYBERSPACE -- A LITTLE SILVER MAN

Turner's Mark, floats in the matrix, and a pulse of energy goes
from it to a nearby cube (the dossier) and...

IN THE SLEEPING AREA -- ON THE DOSSIER

A small light BLINKS and...

INT. MITCHELL'S STUDY -- DAY

Turner finds himself in an elegant, inviting study, where the
Virtual Reality is as good as Virek's.

MITCHELL (o.s.)

Good afternoon, Mr. Turner.

Turner looks, sees DR. CHRISTOPHER MITCHELL, a distinguished man
with the proud look of the profoundly successful scientist.

MITCHELL

This construct contains information for your review. I am Dr. Christopher Mitchell, and I will be happy to answer any questions you may have.

TURNER

We'll start off easy. Why do you want to leave Maas Neotek?

MITCHELL

For several years my work has focused on hybridoma and biosoft applications. Maas-Neotek, while supporting my research, has yet to make my discoveries or the ensuing technologies available world-wide.

TURNER

And Virek's told you that he would?

MITCHELL

As a Nobel laureate, he knows what it is for a scientist's work to be accepted by the community. He has also promised--

TURNER

Stop.

(Mitchell freezes)

Where will you be during the extraction?

MITCHELL

In our rooms. Schematics of the Mesa arcology have been included.

TURNER

You can't get outside?

MITCHELL

Maas-Neotek security will terminate any contracted personnel attempting escape.

(Turner nods)

I will, however, by prearranged signal, provide access into the Maas-Neotek database for your systems operator.

TURNER

How?

MITCHELL

This is a read-only construct containing no specific technical details, only basic instructions for operating the signal.

Turner considers this, gazing at Mitchell.

TURNER

It's your daughter, isn't it? She's going to pull him through.

MITCHELL

This is a read-only construct containing-

TURNER

Stop. Is she resident in this dossier?

MITCHELL

No. All measures to keep her image from the public sector must be taken.

TURNER

How did she crash Virek's construct?

MITCHELL

I'm sorry, but this is a read-on--

TURNER

Stop. Why are you protecting her?

MITCHELL

As I mentioned, all measures to keep--

TURNER

Stop and exit.

Turner stares at Mitchell a moment and suddenly...

IN THE SLEEPING AREA -- TURNER

Jacks out and sits up. Bobby stands in the doorway.

BOBBY

So? What'd you find out?

TURNER

Not much, 'cept that he's damn anxious to keep his daughter under wraps. He's protecting her from something.

BOBBY

Or someone, maybe?

TURNER

Virek? He knows her. Conroy too.

Turner tries to fit the pieces together, but comes up missing a few. He looks at Bobby, holds out the dossier.

TURNER

He also said he'd help you burn Maas.

BOBBY

He's helping me?

TURNER

It's on here. Jack in and he'll explain.

Bobby refuses the dossier like it's infected.

BOBBY

Whoa. Some brainiac I never met's gonna downline me a 'breaker on the fly, and I'm just gonna take it an' run?

TURNER

That a problem?

BOBBY

You ever seen Maas? Ice a mile thick and lethal all the way, a warning system lets 'em know who's knockin' before you reach the door, an' even if you get through, they got virals that make what happened to Jayleen look like a bad head cold--

TURNER

He's also on the inside. Unless you want something from Conroy, he's the only chance you got of getting in.

It's the simple truth, and Bobby knows it. He thinks about it, then takes the dossier, looks it over.

BOBBY

Well, can't be any worse than what that weak-tit Casper downlined us--

TURNER

That's another thing. Don't be fooled by a slick suit and two-bit shoes; wasn't too long ago Conroy was the toughest head-hunter around. And smart. Smart in ways you aren't--

BOBBY

Yeah, well, he ain't smart enough to get away with it.

TURNER

Maybe not. But he isn't someone you screw with lightly, so watch it.

(beat)

And stick close, in case you forget.

Bobby nods.

EXT. FOUR CORNER'S SIGN -- DAY

A ROAR as a JUMP JET SHOOTs by. Like a cross between an F-14 and a UPS truck, with a sinister-looking CANNON slung under the nose.

AT THE COMMAND POST -- THE TEAM

Watches the jet glide to a stop, Conroy inside. While it hovers, the men push it next to the Command Post.

INSIDE THE JUMP JET -- CONROY

Opens the canopy and pulls off his helmet. Outside, Bobby walks up, stares at him a moment.

BOBBY

Hey, nice hair, Casper.

(with a smirk)

Look like a fuckin' Q-Tip.

The others grin as Bobby enters the CP. Conroy glares, mutters something, then presses a button and...

OUTSIDE THE JUMP JET -- THE FUSELAGE

Washes over with an image of the background, a video camouflage that blends in like an electronic chameleon. Conroy climbs out, toting a small plastic case, and walks into the Command Post.

INSIDE THE COMMAND POST -- TURNER

Sips a cup of hours old coffee, eyeing Conroy, who opens the case. Inside is a big pistol and three clips.

CONROY

Little back up, just in case. Browning .408 tactical. Palm-print specific.

Turner puts down the coffee and hefts the pistol. When his hand grips it, his palm print is scanned and locked in. Now he's the only one who can fire it. He picks up a clip, empties it of ammunition, looks at the rounds in his palm.

CONROY

Hypersonics. Hand loaded.

With movements too quick to follow, Turner loads the clip, slams it into the pistol, cocks it, POINTS it at Conroy's head.

TURNER

What's going on, Conroy?

All the team members GULP, but none so loud as Conroy, who looks from the muzzle to Turner's finger, tightening on the trigger...

CONROY
Little outta character for you, Mr. Zen?

TURNER
What's Virek want with Mitchell?

CONROY
Ah, shit...

TURNER
Piece like this, sometimes you can see
down the bore, see a round maybe.
(beat)
What about it Conroy?

Conroy trembles, but his eyes narrow to evil little slits.

CONROY
I don't know what you're talking about,
Turner, and neither do you.

Turner squeezes the trigger and Conroy grimaces and CLICK!

TURNER
I guess not.

Turner shows him a handful of ammunition that he'd palmed, but
Conroy HITS him in the jaw. Turner keeps his feet, slowly turns.

TURNER
Fair enough. . .
(to others)
Final briefing in five.

Turner exits. Bobby turns to Conroy with a smirk.

BOBBY
You might wanna change your shorts first.

Conroy stares at him, eyes filled with abject hatred.

AT BOBBY'S STATION -- TURNER

Sits down at Bobby's Maas deck, jacks in and...

IN CYBERSPACE -- TURNER'S MARK, THE SILVER MAN

Appears on a runway and rockets off toward Technicolor infinity.
Eventually, the Virek Pyramid seems to race toward him from the
horizon, the BLACK ICE opening as...

IN THE COMMAND POST -- TURNER

Mouths the word "Virek" and...

EXT. THE COURT OF LIONS AT THE ALHAMBRA -- DAY

A beautiful courtyard and fountain is the setting for Virek's afternoon tea as Paco gives a corporate report.

PACO

We have committed the bulk of our discretionary funds to halt the current devaluation of the yen, though--

Turner appears, and Virek dismisses Paco with a wave.

VIREK

Good afternoon, Herr Turner. Tea?

TURNER

Why does Mitchell want out?

VIREK

You accessed his dossier, did you not?

A rhetorical question, but Turner shakes his head.

TURNER

A man like Mitchell doesn't want out of Maas-Neotek if all you're going to do is lock him away in a bigger lab.

VIREK

I am not, as you put it, going to "lock him away". In fact, neither he nor his daughter will be restricted, by implant or implicit agreement.

TURNER

What about his daughter?

VIREK

What about her?

TURNER

If they can't track his cyberdecks, he could've contacted you as easily as her.

Virek answers testily, his face becoming dark as he does.

VIREK

Herr Turner, you may assume that I am as interested in answers as you, and we will have them, both of us, but only when you have extracted him.

(Turner's silent)

Now, was there anything else?

TURNER

I saw a recording of the Babbage extraction; I saw how my Cowboy died--

VIREK

Because her associate failed to--

TURNER

Mitchell's kid pulled them out of the Atlantic Virus and right in here, right through your ice without a glitch.

VIREK

And I have already told you that she--

TURNER

Just how long was I dead before Conroy came to you? A minute? Two? Or just long enough to make sure I was dead?

Virek's caught off-guard; he expected a question about Angela.

VIREK

You are entirely over-complicating this. Your agent and I were engaged in a conversation when the accident occurred.

TURNER

And who told him?

VIREK

One of his bodyguards.

(quick beat)

The very one you killed, in fact.

Turner scoffs, foxed, though he knows something's amiss.

VIREK

Now, if there is nothing else, I suggest you concentrate on the operation and leave the doctor and his daughter to me.

The air shimmers and...

IN THE COMMAND POST -- TURNER

Jacks out, sits in thought. He looks out a small window in the wall, sees the Mesa in the distance, towering over the desert.

TURNER (v.o.)

It's 2347 feet from the floor of the desert to the top of the mesa. At the top, three entrances: two personnel, one freight platform, 20 meters by 20.

DISSOLVE TO:

A HOLOGRAM of the Mesa projected on the Command Post floor. Turner's in the bottom half of his combat armor, standing like a titan between the Mesa and a projection of the Command Post, the Butte, and the intervening terrain. The entire team's assembled.

Bobby controls the hologram, and on cue, it's cut in half, revealing the insides like an ant farm: a couple hundred floors, elevators, etc., all extending down into the mesa.

TURNER

Inside, 187 floors of labs, offices, apartments, gardens, schools, shops, and theaters, housing 8000 various personnel, the most sophisticated computer system on the Matrix, and an arsenal greater than half the nations on the planet, which is why no one has ever successfully raided Maas-Neotek North America.

The team takes it in as Turner moves next to the Mesa.

TURNER

Our first concern are the cannons.

Several rooms light up, indicating the positions of the guns.

TURNER

Four emplacements covering 360 degrees, each a General Electric forty millimeter Gatling gun firing both depleted uranium and high explosive rounds, with an effective range of ten kilometers.

(beat)

We can't use the raser because the armor doors are too thick, so Newmark will take them off-line as soon as he's in.

Bobby nods. Now Turner narrates the action of the mission.

TURNER

Now, a job like this, we need them scared of their own shadows. The best way to do that's to play it fast and bloody.

A tiny jet flies to the Mesa. Turner follows it.

TURNER

Scherbeck will pilot me by remote while Sutcliffe and Lynch use the raser to soften up any hard targets. Conroy, you'll be with me--

CONROY

What!?

TURNER

You'll handle onboard weapons, free up Scherbeck. You've done this work before, and you're the only one I can spare.

BOBBY

(aside to others)

Can you say "expendable".

CONROY

Fuck you, cowboy.

BOBBY

Nice comeback, Casper. Lemme know when ya' headline Vegas.

The others chuckle at the on-going war. Conroy just glares.

TURNER

Pipe down.

(continues)

One pass to mop up stragglers, then we'll breach the main entrance and I'll go in.

(to Conroy)

While I extract the Mitchells, you'll suppress any movement on the Mesa. I figure 30 minutes to get in, down, out, back, and Mitchell into surgery.

The jet lifts off, flies back to the CP.

TURNER

Webber and Lynch'll handle security, in case Maas has any cards up its sleeve.

Suddenly, the little Command Post goes up in an atomic blast. At Bobby grins. Turner frowns. The Command Post reappears.

TURNER

Conroy takes the Mitchells with him, we take the Medicals on the jumpjet. Scherbeck and Sutcliffe'll handle the rerig. We should make Tuba City by 1900, be paid and gone by 1930. Any questions?

LYNCH

You really think it's gonna be that smooth?

CONROY

You got a reason to think it won't?

Lynch stares, looks away. Bobby gives Conroy the "jerk off". Conroy stares coldly. Turner doesn't notice.

TURNER

All right. Sunset's in thirty, we go in twenty-five. Let's move.

Turner exits. Sutcliffe and the others watch Turner's back.

SUTCLIFFE

Well?

LYNCH

I think he's got a death wish.

SCHERBECK

For him or us?

Meanwhile, Conroy has cornered Bobby.

BOBBY

Excuse me, Casper, but I got work to do.

Conroy gazes at him; his look softens, becomes friendly.

CONROY

How you feelin', kid?

BOBBY

What's it to you?

CONROY

(very smoothly, reassuringly)
Look, you've got a grudge because you saw something you don't understand, maybe jumped to the wrong conclusions--

Bobby starts to speak, but Conroy stops him with an upraised hand and a calm, almost friendly look.

CONROY

But this isn't about that. This is about this: Turner's relying on you, so am I, so is everyone here. So how you feeling? You feeling all right?

BOBBY

(suspicious)

Yeah...

CONROY

You relaxed?

Bobby eyes him a moment, lets down his guard just a little.

BOBBY

Sure.

CONROY

And limber? Good cowboys're limber all the time, a little tight maybe, but not too much; just enough to spring like a fox if you gotta.

Bobby's wary, but Conroy seems to know the drill, so...

BOBBY

I'm gettin' there.

CONROY

That's good. That's real good, 'cause I'll tell you what:

And the light in Conroy's eye fades to absolute, psychotic hatred welling up from the twisted soul at the center of his being.

CONROY

When this job's over, you better fuckin' run, and I mean like that's all you know how to do since the day that pathetic bitch you call "mom" hiked her tired ass to the free clinic and pinched you out in a simstim haze; 'cause the moment you stop, I am going to be there, and then, my wiseass punk friend, you will spend the rest of your short, miserable fucking life learning about pain!

Bobby has absolutely nothing to say, and Conroy's smile returns as he affectionately pats Bobby's cheek and exits.

MONTAGE:

Of the team getting ready. Scherbeck preps the virtual flight simulator that looks just like the pilot's seat in the jump jet.

Lynch and Sutcliffe plant explosives, run systems checks.

Conroy smokes, occasionally eyeing Bobby, who does his best to ignore him as he and Webber test their systems.

Turner dons the rest of his armor, including a sleek back-pack, like a hard-shell pouch, checks and rechecks the fit. Finally...

INSIDE THE COMMAND POST -- THE TEAM

Is ready. Bobby sits in front his cyberdeck. Nearby is Webber, watching a map of the satellites. Turner and Conroy stand to one side. Everyone is in position as Webber calls the satellites.

WEBBER
Window in ten seconds.

TURNER
Everyone set?

They each nod in turn as...

WEBBER
Five, four...

As she counts down, we focus on the team members, each face tense, grim, determined, until we finally reach Turner.

WEBBER
Two, one...now!

Bobby JACKS IN and...

IN CYBERSPACE -- THE SHURIKEN

POPS into being. The OPERATOR drones her familiar welcome (pg. 12) as the Shuriken ROCKETS OFF toward the Maas database...

IN BOBBY'S POV OF CYBERSPACE -- THE MATRIX

Flies by. What's more, on either side of his POV are three small "windows", labeled "Neurocast:Turner", etc.

Through these, he can see not only the Matrix, but the Command Post, Turner's POV, and, when he taps into Maas security (later on), what's happening anywhere that Maas has security sensors.

IN THE COMMAND POST -- TURNER AND CONROY

Rush out while...

IN THE FLIGHT SIMULATOR -- SCHERBECK

Hits a few switches in the mock-cockpit and...

INSIDE THE JUMP JET -- THE SYSTEMS POWER UP

Coming to life even as a rear ramp opens with a WHINE and Turner and Conroy clamber in, strap themselves in as the engines start.

IN CYBERSPACE -- THE SHURIKEN

ROCKETS into the spidery universe of cyberspace, racing like a crazed Monopoly piece toward the Maas database, alone in the void, a giant RHOMBEHEDRON much like the Mesa itself.

Surrounding it, a ring of spheres, like black pearls, silent sentinels that it's impossible to pass without alerting.

BOBBY (v.o.)
Approaching the sentries.

As soon as he passes the spheres, they GLOW RED and...

INSIDE MAAS SECURITY -- BUZZERS

Sound as GREENE looks up from his console and Captain GRIGGS looks over.

GREENE
We have an operator outside the database.

GRIGGS
Identify and stand by.

IN BOBBY'S POV OF CYBERSPACE -- HIS CROSSHAIRS

Highlight his program options as the Operator DRONES a warning.

BOBBY (v.o.)
Signalling...now!

IN CYBERSPACE -- A BULLET OF RED LIGHT

Shoots out from the Shuriken, HITS the Rhombhedron and...

ABOVE AND BELOW THE DATABASE -- SOLID BLACK HEMISPHERES OF ICE

Crash down and...

INSIDE MAAS SECURITY -- THE GUARDS

Shift into high gear as ALARMS BLARE.

GRIGGS
Hit him!

Green hits a button and...

IN CYBERSPACE -- THE BLACK ICE GLOWS YELLOW

And a PULSE of YELLOW ENERGY ROCKETS toward the Shuriken, and it looks like a disastrous collision's in the offing as...

INSIDE THE JUMP JET -- TWO SPEAKERS

Crackle with Bobby's ghostly voice.

BOBBY (v.o.)
Incoming!

TURNER
Hang tight, kid!

IN THE COMMAND POST -- BOBBY'S FINGER

Hovers over the cut-off switch as...

INSIDE MAAS SECURITY -- THE GUARDS

Watch anxiously and...

IN CYBERSPACE -- THE SHURIKEN AND THE YELLOW PULSE

Shoot toward each other like locomotives and...

BOBBY (v.o.)

Turner....!!!

WHAM! THE WHITE SPHERE APPEARS OUT OF NOWHERE, covers the Shuriken just as the Yellow Pulse DETONATES and...

IN BOBBY'S POV OF CYBERSPACE -- NOTHING BUT WHITE

As he floats in an ethereal dream.

ANGELA (v.o.)

Don't worry. This time you'll be safe.

BOBBY (v.o.)

Whatever...

INSIDE MAAS SECURITY -- GREENE

Looks up from his console, beaming with victory.

GREEN

Got him!

GRIGGS

Damn right. Nobody burns my ice.

They all share a smug smile as...

IN CYBERSPACE -- THE WHITE SPHERE

Approaches the Maas Data Base, FLARES and BURNS through the black ICE spheres and into the base.

BOBBY (v.o.)

Holy shit, I'm in!

INSIDE THE JUMP JET -- TURNER

Looks toward a vidscreen, where he sees Sherbeck's face.

TURNER

Take us out!

IN SCHERBECK'S POV

It's as if he's in the front seat as the jet rises...

OUTSIDE THE COMMAND POST -- THE JUMP JET

Rotates as it clears the roof and...

INSIDE THE JUMP JET -- CONROY

Mutters to himself.

CONROY

Christ, I hate this shi--

But he's SLAMMED into his seat by the G's and...

OUTSIDE THE COMMAND POST -- THE JUMP JET

ROARS off toward the Maas Mesa.

INSIDE MAAS SECURITY -- ALARMS

Ring again as they realize that Bobby's inside.

GREENE

He's burned in!

GRIGGS

What!?

LOWRY looks up from a monitor on which we see the Jump Jet.

LOWRY

Extraction!

GRIGGS

Sound general quarters!

Greene hits the alarms and...

INSIDE THE GATLING GUN BAY -- SEVERAL GUARDS

Rush to their stations at the enormous, sinister GATLING GUN.

INSIDE THE MAAS DATA BASE -- THE WHITE SPHERE

Deposits the Shuriken on a runway then floats away.

BOBBY (v.o.)

Wait...

ANGELA (v.o.)

I can't. I have to go get ready.

And the White Sphere soars off even as the Shuriken begins to move, gumming up the works with silver ICE just as...

INSIDE VARIOUS HALLWAYS IN THE MESA -- ALARMS RING

And Huge containment doors close as PEOPLE and GUARDS scurry.

INSIDE THE GATLING GUN BAY -- EVERYTHING SHUTS DOWN

With a HUM and...

OVER THE DESERT -- THE JUMP JET

Rockets along, safe and sound for the moment and...

INSIDE MAAS MAIN SECURITY -- GREENE

Looks up in shock. Nearby, another guard, LOWRY, works away.

GREENE

He's running a Maas deck!

GRIGGS

That's impossible!

LOWRY

Impedance confirms a Maas signature.
He's shut down the main guns and sealed
the Guard quarters on all levels.

GRIGGS

Christ! Stand by on ECM virals!

GREENE

Standing by.

Griggs SLAMS his hand down on the trigger button and...

INSIDE THE MAAS DATA BASE -- A TORRENT OF PURPLE VIRUS

RUSHES toward Bobby's ICE and spreads like a stain.

ZOOM IN:

The Virus is a tangle of crystalline strands with thousands of "thorns", while the ICE is made up of tightly woven fibers.

As each PURPLE THORN burrows into Bobby's ICE, a fiber shifts and blocks it off, where upon the Virus divides and tries again, the end result a hypnotic battle of containment.

INSIDE MAAS SECURITY -- LOWRY

Monitors the progress.

LOWRY
Virus up and running, estimating...
(he deflates, frustrated)
Forty-one minutes to solution.

GRIGGS
Goddammit! Let's see if we can't hot
wire these doors.

The other Guards get to work trying to open the doors as...

OVER THE DESERT -- THE JET

ROARS toward the mesa, hugging the uneven ground.

INSIDE THE JET

Bobby appears on a vidscreen, talks to Turner.

BOBBY
Okay, Turner, I've locked up the mesa,
but they've hit me with a virus--

IN BOBBY'S POV OF CYBERSPACE -- TURNER

Fills the center screen, and we can only hear Bobby's VOICE

BOBBY (v.o.)
Maybe 40 minutes for a solution, so don't
stop for souvenirs an' we'll be okay.

TURNER
Right. Download the warning and stand by.

IN CYBERSPACE -- A PULSE OF LIGHT

Shoots out from the Shuriken to a circuit...

ON THE MESA -- A WOMAN'S VOICE

Speaks from every loudspeaker...

WOMAN'S VOICE (v.o.)
Warning. A sanctioned extraction is now
underway...

IN A GUARD'S POV -- THE HOLOGRAPHIC WOMAN

Stands before him, seems to talk to him personally.

WOMAN
Please lay down your arms and sit down
and no harm will come to you. I repeat,
a sanctioned extraction--

THE GUARD jacks out of his back-pack deck, and she disappears.

INSIDE THE JUMP JET

A few shots RICOCHET off the armor as Bobby appears on screen.

BOBBY

No good, Turner. They're locked and loaded.

TURNER

Roger that. Sutcliffe?

Bobby disappears and Sutcliffe appears in his place.

TURNER

Take 'em out.

Sutcliffe nods as...

IN THE COMMAND POST -- SUTCLIFFE AND LYNCH

Man the fire controls to the raser, Lynch carefully choosing targets on the mesa as Sutcliffe monitors some readouts.

SUTCLIFFE

Charging...charging...fire!

Lynch hits a button and...

ON TOP OF THE BUTTE -- THE RASER

An X-RAY LASER, hidden under a camouflage tarp, WHINES and FIRES a beam of light that CRACKLES through the air toward...

THE MESA, slicing through gun emplacements and guards in rapid, BLOODY succession, and any organized resistance is quelled...

INSIDE THE JUMP JET -- SUTCLIFFE

Appears on a vidscreen.

SUTCLIFFE (image v.o.)

You've still got a handful.

TURNER

Not a problem.

Turner powers up his assault rifle and pulls on his helmet as...

THE JUMP JET

ROARS toward the mesa...

ON THE MESA -- THE GUARDS

Hear the jet, turn, and are blinded by the setting sun as...

THE JUMP JET

Pops up, engines HOWLING as Conroy FIRES at the Guards, who duck and run and fire back, barely postponing their grisly deaths.

INSIDE THE MAIN ENTRANCE -- TWO GUARDS

FIRE AWAY, get ready to charge...

THE JUMP JET'S CANNON FIRES

TEARS THEM AND THE DOORWAY apart, then the jet backs up, the ramp opens, and Turner hits the ground in a combat crouch, dashes in.

INSIDE THE JUMP JET -- CONROY

Watches Turner disappear inside.

CONROY

That's right, you bastard. Fetch.

INSIDE THE MAIN ENTRANCE -- TURNER

Rushes forward, rifle ready.

TURNER

Lights!

And all the remaining lights wink out.

" BOBBY (v.o.)

Two targets, twenty meters north.

Turner FIRES, BLOWS a GUARD away as the other LEAPS and FIRES, sprays the hall with shells as Turner FIRES, cuts him in half...

TURNER (v.o.)

Download the route to Mitchell.

IN TURNER'S POV -- A VIRTUAL MAP

A 3-D floorplan of the mesa, floats before him in his vision.

BOBBY (v.o.)

He's level fifty-one, section delta.
Elevators're thirty meters north.

TURNER heads toward the elevators, passes a DEAD GUARD, slumped against a wall. Over the speakers, the woman's VOICE.

WOMAN'S VOICE (v.o.)
...sit down and no harm will come to you.
I repeat, a sanctioned extraction--

IN BOBBY'S POV OF CYBERSPACE

Two new windows: "Maas Security I/O", it taps the Maas security video feed, and another with a schematic, or map, of the Mesa.

THE ELEVATOR

Opens, admits Turner, closes, and the car DROPS. Meanwhile...

ON THE 25th FLOOR HALLWAY -- THE GUARDROOM DOOR

EXPLODES and GUARDS pour out. O'BRIEN turns to WAGNER.

O'BRIEN
Two squads up top. The rest with me.

The men separate and take up positions as...

INSIDE THE ELEVATOR -- TURNER

Watches the numbers go up as the car goes down.

BOBBY (v.o.)
Okay, forty guards on 25, twenty headed to the stairs, the rest to the lifts.

TURNER
How are they aimed?

BOBBY (v.o.)
Flechette rifles and fuel-air grenades.

Turner checks his rifle bends at the knees as the elevator slows.

ON THE 51st FLOOR -- THE ELEVATOR DOORS

Open, and Turner steps off.

BOBBY (v.o.)
51. Pet department, lingerie, mad scientists. Watch your step, please.
(as Turner heads for a containment door)
The Guards on two-five are headed for the lifts, an' you got six people on the other side of the door, looks like...

IN BOBBY'S POV OF CYBERSPACE -- SIX PEOPLE

Huddle together in one of the windows. They're scanned, I.D.'d and two of them are GUARDS and...

IN THE HALLWAY -- TURNER

Advances on the door, rifle at the ready.

BOBBY

Two Guards!

And as the door RUMBLES OPEN the GUARDS charge out and...

TURNER FIRES, blows one away, already aiming as the other FIRES, but Turner drops, FIRES, kills him. The PEOPLE huddle, terrified.

TURNER

Stay put and stay alive.

And Turner glides on by. The containment door RUMBLES CLOSED, but two Men SHOVE a small stone table in the way, which BREAKS, but holds it open enough to squeeze through.

ON THE 51st FLOOR -- TURNER

Advances toward an elegant, knobless apartment door.

BOBBY (v.o.)

The Guards're comin' on fast, an' you've got an open door behind you.

Turner stops a couple feet short of Mitchell's apartment door.

TURNER

Give me a construct.

IN TURNER'S VIRTUAL POV -- THE WALL

DISSOLVES and we see CHRISTOPHER MITCHELL standing near the door, dressed as if waiting for a Sunday guest.

TURNER (v.o.)

Calm son of a bitch.

He moves toward the door, which opens, and he steps...

IN MITCHELL'S APARTMENT -- TURNER

Pulls off his helmet as the door closes.

MITCHELL

Welcome, Mr. Turner. I'm--

TURNER

I know. Where's Angela?

ANGELA (o.s.)

Right here.

Turner looks, sees ANGELA, and for a moment, he just stares.

TURNER

She's the one, isn't she. The one they call Vyej Mirak.

Mitchell looks at him a moment, then nods.

TURNER

Virek doesn't know, does he?

MITCHELL

I think he suspects, but he mustn't find out for sure.

TURNER

Little late for that, don't you think?

MITCHELL

Not if you take her with you.

(beat)

She's not part of my agreement with Virek. Only getting her out of here.

And Turner's jaw almost drops at the suggestion. Meanwhile...

ON THE 25th FLOOR -- O'BRIEN

Peers down shaft with high-tech binoculars.

O'BRIEN

Car's stopped at 51. Who's down there?
(recalling)

Mitchell!

(to a guard)

Grenade!

A Guard grabs a grenade, hands it to O'Brien, who sets it as...

INSIDE MITCHELL'S APARTMENT -- MITCHELL

Looks at Turner expectantly as Turner pulls off his backpack.

MITCHELL

When my implants are removed, she can go with you. I have people waiting for her on the coast.

TURNER

This is an extraction, not an escort service.

But before Mitchell can reply...

ON THE 51ST FLOOR -- THE ELEVATOR

EXPLODES, the remains PLUMMETING into the darkness.

High above, O'Brien leads his men into the shafts, rappel forward on Monomol wire, running down the walls like spiders and...

IN BOBBY'S POV OF CYBERSPACE -- THE GUARDS

Reach the 51st floor and deploy into the hallways.

BOBBY (v.o.)

Turner, they're headed your way!

INSIDE MITCHELL'S APARTMENT -- TURNER

Is already in high gear as he pulls out two tightly rolled SUITS, like parkas, from his backpack and thrusts them forward.

TURNER

Put these on, both of you.

MITCHELL

Not until I have your word.

ANGELA

Please, Turner--

Turner levels his rifle in their direction.

TURNER

Now!

And they hastily comply as...

IN THE HALLWAYS -- THE GUARDS

Rush toward jammed door. O'Brien SQUEEZES through, and as the others follow, BLOW AWAY the video-cameras and...

IN BOBBY'S POV -- THE WINDOWS

Fill with snow, obscuring his view.

INSIDE MITCHELL'S APARTMENT -- MITCHELL AND ANGELA

Bobby's voice comes over Turner's headset. Mitchell and Angela look like wayward skiers in their bulky suits.

BOBBY (v.o.)

Turner! Five guards down the hall!

TURNER

Copy.

(to Mitchell, very dark)

You'll do as you're told or by God you
won't make it out of this room alive.

(looks at Angela)

Either of you.

But THE DOOR FLARES as O'Brien and two men BURN THROUGH and...

TURNER spins, a little late, bringing up his rifle just as...

O'BRIEN FIRES, hits Turner in the chest and blows him back and...

ANGELA grabs Turner's nearby helmet, HEAVES it at...

O'BRIEN, who aims at the movement, FIRES, shreds the helmet as...

TURNER staggers against a table, half a dozen FLECHETTES (steel darts) protruding angrily from his chest armor. He brings up his rifle, and FIRES, blows O'Brien out the door and...

IN THE HALLWAY -- THE REMAINING GUARDS

Get ready to rush but...

INSIDE MITCHELL'S APARTMENT -- TURNER

FIRES through the wall and the GUARDS are cut down like wheat, the last one as he readies a GRENADE and...

Turner sees it fall to the floor in the hallway outside and he's already LEAPING atop father and daughter as...

THE GRENADE EXPLODES, buckles the walls, peppers the doorway and Turner's armored back with shrapnel. When the smoke clears...

Angela's unconscious from the concussion.

MITCHELL

Angela!

But they find a pulse, and Mitchell's visibly relieved. From the holes on the suit oozes a thick foam that hardens in the air.

MITCHELL

She's all right, thank God.

TURNER

You can thank the kinetic foam division
of Dow Corning. Let's move.

Turner lifts her in a fireman's carry and heads out

BOBBY (speaker v.o.)
Turner? Thirty on the virus and you've
got ten more Guards on the way.

Turner picks up the pace, ignoring the flechettes in his chest
and the bruises on his back. Mitchell must hurry to keep up.

INSIDE THE MAIN ENTRANCE -- THE STAIRWELL DOOR

EXPLODES, and Wagner and his men rush out, take up positions.

ON THE 51st FLOOR -- TURNER AND MITCHELL

Rush through the darkness. Turner speaks to Bobby over a tiny
headset/microphone.

BOBBY (speaker v.o.)
They control the elevator shafts.
Freight lift's your only way out.

TURNER
We're moving. Lead me with the lights.

And the lights go out, except for those leading the way.

MITCHELL
What will you do when we're clear?

TURNER
I'm trying not to think that far ahead.

They head into the fuzzy darkness.

IN THE GATLING GUN BAY --, THE GUARDS

Plant several charges around the door while other Guards try to
"hotwire" the gun to take back control.

IN THE FREIGHT LIFT BAY -- TURNER

Sets Angela on the Freight lift as the platform stops. It's 60
feet on a side, open all around, and goes clear to the mesa top.

TURNER
Bobby, get us out of here!

BOBBY (speaker v.o.)
Hang on!

And the lift THRUUMMS upward. Mitchell's worried about Angela.

TURNER
She'll be all right.

Mitchell nods, looks up at the hole of twilight far above. It looks a lot like a white sphere, but very, very far away.

INSIDE THE GATLING GUN BAY -- THE GUARDS

Take cover as one of them thumbs a trigger and the charges EXPLODE, blowing the door off its massive runners, tumbling it in front of the gun. The Guards SWEAR, try and clear it as...

ON THE FREIGHT LIFT -- ANGELA'S

Beginning to show signs of life. Mitchell looks at Turner.

MITCHELL

You will take her with you, won't you?

TURNER

I told you: I'm here to shift you to Virek. Both of you. What happens after that is your concern, not mine.

They pass 3, head for 2, and the lift starts to slow. Turner picks up Angela as they reach the surface. Debris from the earlier fire-fight is scattered and burning all about.

TURNER

Let's go.

But just as Mitchell starts toward the side...

WAGNER pops up from behind some rubble and FIRES, missing, but forcing Mitchell to dive for cover even as Turner brings up the rear and Mitchell turns to look and...

MITCHELL

Behind you!

Turner spins, rifle at the hip, FIRES, blows away TWO GUARDS coming forward. Turner gets under cover next to Mitchell.

TURNER

Thanks.

Turner looks toward the orbiting Jump Jet.

TURNER

Scherbeck, one pass for effect, then in to get us. Conroy, give me a suppressing fire south and east of my coordinates.

IN THE SIMULATOR -- SCHERBECK

Banks over toward the freight lift shaft as...

IN THE JUMP JET -- CONROY

FIRES at knots of Guards, keeping them down.

ATOP THE MESA, NEAR THE FREIGHT LIFT -- MITCHELL

Sees that Angela's starting to come around, moves toward her.

MITCHELL

We're almost there.

She nods, but suddenly, Turner SHOVES him down as Wagner and his men FIRE. Angela covers as the Jet ROARS by FIRING.

TURNER

It's all right. You'll be okay.

MITCHELL

She needs you, Turner. You're the only one who can help. That's why--

TURNER

(impatient)

What? Why she was in Mexico?

Turner FIRES, pins down some Guards. Mitchell glances at Angela, clearly ignorant of Turner's comment.

TURNER

You send her there hoping to gain a little leverage when I showed up here!?

MITCHELL

I don't know what you're talking about.

Turner empties the rifle, pulls out his pistol and BLAM! Drops a Guard in his tracks. In the b.g., the Jump Jet circles, FIRES, killing indiscriminately as it comes back to pick them up.

A Guard starts to toss a grenade, but TURNER FIRES, HITS THE GRENADE, which EXPLODES, along with the Guard and...

THE JUMP JET SOARS IN

Hovers, Conroy FIRING the CANNON as the ramp opens.

TURNER

Now!

Mitchell rushes in, followed by Turner carrying Angela. As soon as they leap aboard...

TURNER

GO, GO, GO!

THE JUMP JET ROCKETS OFF

Leaving a wake of destruction as Guards FIRE at the fleeing jet.

INSIDE THE JUMP JET -- THE BULLETS

RICOCHET off the armor plating outside. Conroy smiles at Turner.

CONROY

Not bad. Take 'em a month just to find
all the arms an' legs.

(to Mitchell)

Welcome to the friendly skies, doc. I'm--

TURNER

Call in the evac, Conroy.

Conroy nods, turns to the vidscreen as Mitchell turns to Angela.

MITCHELL

It's up to you.

She nods. Turner comes back as Conroy talks to Rikyu in Japanese.

CONROY

Come on in.

Rikyu nods, signs off. Turner puts Mitchell on the medical cot.

TURNER

I've got to run a preliminary scan.

INSIDE THE COMMAND POST -- BOBBY

Works his deck as...

INSIDE THE MAAS DATA BASE -- THE SHURIKEN

Works away inside its shell of ICE while outside, the Purple
Virus needles through, faster than Bobby's ICE can form and...

INSIDE MAAS SECURITY -- GRIGGS

Oversees the Guards as they try to force the doors open.

LOWRY

Fifteen minutes till solution.

Griggs nods, grim, goes back to work.

INSIDE THE GATLING GUN BAY -- THE ARMOR DOORS

Protect the Guards from the Raser, which turns to easier targets.

ATOP THE MESA -- THE REMAINING GUARDS

Are pinned down by the relentless raser beam.

OUTSIDE THE COMMAND POST -- THE JUMP JET

Settles in a cloud of dust as Sutcliffe and Scherbeck run out of the command post, pushing a medical gurney to the Jump Jet.

The rear ramp opens and Mitchell's cot slides onto the gurney, which is wheeled to the trailer, where a door in the end opens to receive him while Turner takes Angela in through a side door.

INSIDE THE MEDICAL TRAILER

It's crammed with equipment and lit by a dim blue light while...

THREE PLASTIC-SUITED MEDICALS

Jacked into computers and trailing wires the way deep-sea divers trail air-hoses. They're inside a surgical bubble, cutting away Mitchell's clothes, jabbing him with needles and scanning him.

MEDICAL #1

You will be conscious during the procedure, but you will feel no pain.

CONROY

Screw up an' you will.

The Medical frowns, looks at the scan results on a biomonitor. Meanwhile, Turner hands Angela to two other MEDICALS.

TURNER

She's been concussed. Check her head and scan for implants.

ANGELA

But I'm not--

TURNER

Now!

They put Angela in a scanner that slowly sweeps her from her toes up, sending the data to a biomonitor.

Another MEDICAL tends to Turner, who GRUNTS as his chest armor comes off, the flechettes with it. The Medical SPRAYS the wound with an aerosol that solidifies into a tough, rubbery bandage.

As he pulls on a shirt, Turner glances at Mitchell and his Medicals. The first implant appears on the monitor, along with a description. The Medical falls on Mitchell like a wolf on meat.

MEDICAL #1
Methylmorphine. Scalpel!

The Medical opens him, finds the implant, cuts it out, tosses it into a container, patches the work, moves on. Meanwhile...

OUTSIDE THE TRAILER -- CONROY'S ZOOMY EVAC JET

Lands in a cloud of dust. Rikyu hops out, leaves it IDLING, heads for the medical trailer as...

INSIDE MAAS SECURITY -- LOWRY

Is beginning to look confident.

LOWRY
Still in the system. Solution in ten.

INSIDE THE MAAS DATA BASE -- BARBS OF PURPLE VIRUS

Begin to breach Bobby's Silver Ice while the Shuriken continues to keep the Maas systems shut down.

INSIDE THE MEDICAL TRAILER -- THE MEDICALS

Tear away at Mitchell. Medical #3 points at an implant.

MEDICAL #1
Decoy! Next!

Meanwhile, the other scanner reaches Angela's head, reveals SOMETHING in her head, a WEBBING throughout her brain.

TURNER
What the hell is that?

MEDICAL #4 (synth. v.o.)
Shadows like a tumor.

Angela looks at Turner, then at Conroy's cyberdeck. Turner follows her gaze, understands she wants him to jack in.

MEDICAL #5 (synth. v.o.)
Looks like encephalic cancer.

TURNER
I need to talk to Virek. Keep an eye out.

Conroy nods and Turner jacks into Conroy's deck and...

EXT. THE TORRES MAZATLAN HOTEL -- DAY

The hotel's deserted, weirdly quiet but for Angela and Turner.

ANGELA
Are you going to let them take me?
(he's silent)
Please, you can't let them take me. I
don't want to go with them...

TURNER
I'm done, kid. It's out of my hands.

Angela regards him a moment, then decides to tell him something.

ANGELA
Then there's something else you should
know, before you turn me over.

TURNER
What?

She hesitates, trying to find the words, and the courage.

TURNER
Angela, I don't have time for this.

Her eyes fill with love and pathos and then she MORPHS INTO...

ALLISON

The Girl of his dreams, and Turner reels as the memories flood
his mind; the feelings they shared, the desires they sated.

TURNER
Oh, Christ...

ALLISON
I'm sorry, Turner...

She reaches out, but he grabs her hand, hard, accusingly.

TURNER
What the hell have you done!?

ALLISON
But don't you see? Nothing happened.
Nothing real.

TURNER
Nothing real!? It was real to me! And
you knew it.

ALLISON
But I didn't want it to happen--

TURNER
Then you should've stopped it.

ALLISON
I tried, I did, but that night on the
beach, I--

TURNER
You what? Looked me up and down and said
"Why not screw him? Everyone else is!"

He shoves her away, and her tears start to flow...

ALLISON
I fell in love with you!

She MORPHS back to Angela, and whatever Turner was about to say
vanishes in an abyss of remorse.

ANGELA
And you fell in love with her. That's
why you can't let them take me.

TURNER
Yes I can. And it'll be the easiest
goddamn thing I've ever done.

She gazes at him, her fate sealed, and...

IN THE MEDICAL TRAILER -- TURNER

Jacks out as the Medicals finish their conversation.

MEDICAL #4 (synth. v.o.)
Monocarbon. Some kind of organic plexus
coded to her DNA. Like a cyberdeck but...
(looks up from his vidscreen)
Genetically determined, whatever it is.

MEDICAL #5 (synth. v.o.)
Whatever she is.

Turner glares at her, betrayal in his eyes. She returns it.
Just then, the other Medicals finish their job on Mitchell.

MEDICAL #1
Done! Patch and wrap.

TURNER
How many?

MEDICAL #1
Two lethal, four paralytic, one
hallucinogenic. Flushed the blood too.

Medical #1's assistants pull a sophisticated graphite brace over Mitchell's legs and lower torso, then plug it into his jack and sit him up. With this "exoskeleton" he can walk on his own.

Conroy looks at his watch, smiles.

CONROY
Right on schedule. Guess we'll be
leaving.

Rikyu leads Mitchell out, and Angela gives Turner one last look.

ANGELA
I'm not going!

CONROY
Right.

Conroy grabs her, drags her out.

ANGELA
Turner!

But Turner does nothing, eyes still smoldering.

INSIDE MAAS SECURITY -- THE GUARDS

Watch Lowry's screen.

LOWRY
Solving, solving...now!

IN CYBERSPACE -- THE PURPLE VIRUS

BREAKS through Bobby's Silver Ice, and the Shuriken FLARES UP like a balloon, tries to block it but...

INSIDE THE COMMAND POST -- BOBBY

YELLS, hits "cut-off" and Webber catches him when he comes back, looking like he's had the wind knocked out of him.

BOBBY
They're on-line!

INSIDE MAAS MAIN SECURITY -- GRIGGS AND THE GUARDS

Scramble as everything comes back on line and...

IN THE GATLING GUN BAY -- THE GATLING GUN

Powers up as...

IN THE COMMAND POST -- LYNCH

Toggles a switch.

LYNCH
Firing EMP rockets!

BEHIND THE COMMAND POST -- AN INNOCUOUS BOX

The size of a bathtub, is buried in the sand, four "holes" in one end. Suddenly, there's a ROAR as four ROCKETS FIRE from the holes, arc over toward the mesa and...

INSIDE MAAS SECURITY -- GRIGGS

Sees them coming, shouts his warning over the intercom.

GRIGGS
Rig for electromagnetic pulse!

INSIDE THE GATLING GUN BAY -- THE GATLING GUN

FIRES, HITTING the armor doors, as well as the first rocket, BLOWING it apart and aiming at the next, but it's too slow and...

THE THREE ROCKETS EXPLODE on the Mesa, giving off weird electric blue pulses and electricity dances all over and the Gatling Gun HUMS as its computers and radar FRY and the gun swings toward the wall and FIRES, BLOWING out huge chunks of rock.

INSIDE MAAS SECURITY -- THE LIGHTS

Flicker and dance, but they weather the storm and...

INSIDE THE COMMAND POST -- LYNCH

Puts the raser on automatic and clears out with everyone else.

Bobby brings up the rear, starts to put the Maas deck into a backpack but looks about the Command Post for something as...

ATOP THE BUTTE -- THE RASER

FIRES at the Mesa but...

ON THE SIDE OF THE MESA -- THE GATLING GUN

Is protected by debris and the doors, and the Guards manually aim the gun, tilting it high for a long range shot as...

OUTSIDE THE COMMAND POST -- BOBBY

Stands in his bulky jacket, backpack slung over his shoulder as he stares at Angela, who's struggling against Conroy.

BOBBY
Holy sh....that's...

TURNER
That's your ghost, kid. In the flesh.

Turner looks from Angela to Mitchell, then back to Angela.

TURNER
I don't think she wants to go, Conroy.

CONROY
Ain't up to her.

Conroy nods to Rikyu, who walks over to Bobby as...

ON THE SIDE OF THE MAAS MESA -- THE GUARDS

Ready the Gatling Gun and...

GUARD
FIRE!

The Gatling Gun FIRES...

AT THE COMMAND POST -- RIKYU

Snags Bobby's backpack, walks back to Conroy.

CONROY
That's right, Cowboy. It ain't yours to keep. But I'll tell you what: you can have my ten percent.

BOBBY
(grabs his crotch)
Eat ten percent of this, Casper.

Conroy fumes, draws his pistol, but just as he's about to fire...

THE BUTTE

DISINTEGRATES from the Maas shells, DETONATING the raser as stray rounds fall around the Command Post and...

Turner lands on Bobby, shielding him as the CONCUSSION knocks everyone flat and...

It's over, and Conroy can't find the pistol, so he stands, climbs onto his jet with Angela as an electric WHINE is heard o.s. and...

MITCHELL (o.s.)
Let her go!

The exoskeleton holds Mitchell, who holds Conroy's pistol, rock steady.

CONROY

You know I can't, Doc. Now climb aboard.

But Mitchell AIMS and...

TURNER

NO!

Rikyu whips out his short sword and TAKES MITCHELL'S HEAD OFF.

ANGELA

DAD!!!

CONROY

Well, least we'll save on fuel.
(to Rikyu, in Japanese)

Let's go!

Conroy shoves Angela, kicking and screaming, aboard the evac jet, lets Rikyu climb aboard and turns as...

ON THE SIDE OF THE MAAS MESA -- THE GUARDS

Aim the Gatling Gun for another shot...

OUTSIDE THE COMMAND POST -- TURNER

Looks at Angela in the window, a long, unreadable stare as Conroy's evac jet POWERS UP.

CONROY

That's right, Mr. Zen. Do what you do best an' just let it go.

(smiles, to Bobby)

Catch you later.

Bobby frowns as the door closes. As the jet rises...

ON THE SIDE OF THE MAAS MESA -- THE GATLING GUN

FIRES, the shells arching high into the heavens...

OUTSIDE THE COMMAND POST -- THE TEAM

Beckons to Turner, who picks up Bobby, hustles him to the jet.

INSIDE THE JUMP JET -- TURNER

Barely gets in before Scherbeck slams the throttles forward and they're SLAMMED into their seats as shells start to fall and...

THE JUMP JET

ROCKETS off and...

THE COMMAND POST EXPLODES

A towering FIREBALL as shells hit, the jump jet surfing the edge of the BLAST.

OVER THE DESERT -- THE JUMP JET

ROARS ten feet off the ground.

IN THE JUMP JET -- EVERYONE

Slowly recovers as the ride smoothes out and when they realize they're going to make it, they all smile and start to chatter.

SUTCLIFFE

Not that it's any of my business, mate,
but what the hell was that about?

TURNER

(more to self)

It was about her...

Sutcliffe has no idea what he's talking about. Meanwhile, Webber congratulates Bobby.

WEBBER

Don't know about the rest of that shit,
but I'll tell you, that was one fine run.

BOBBY

Couldn't've done it without this.

Bobby pulls the Maas deck from the folds of his jacket.

BOBBY

'Course, you can back me up anytime...

She good-naturedly flips him the bird.

WEBBER

Back up on this, Cowboy.

The others laugh, but Turner takes the deck from Bobby, plugs the deck into the Jump Jet's cellular jack, then jacks in himself...

IN CYBERSPACE -- THE SILVER MAN

Appears, then rockets off into the void and...

EXT. THE WALLS OF THE ALHAMBRA -- DAY

Turner appears before Virek, who's admiring the view while in the b.g., Paco flies a kite.

VIREK

Ah, a beautiful day. I will enjoy seeing this again.

(turns, faces Turner with a smile)
Congratulations, Herr Turner. You have done what could not be done.

TURNER

What are you going to do with her?

Virek smiles ambiguously.

VIREK

Nothing that need concern you; your role in this is finished, the contract has been executed.

TURNER

She was never part of the contract.

VIREK

I must say I've enjoyed our association. I had my doubts, at first, but you've proven yourself to be so...dependable.

TURNER

Let her go, Virek.

Virek pulls out a cigar and lights up.

VIREK

Well, goodbye my friend.

TURNER

She's just a kid, Virek. She's nothing to you.

Virek smiles and turns away to watch Paco fly the kite.

TURNER

Virek!

But suddenly, everything DISSOLVES and...

INSIDE THE JUMP JET -- TURNER

Jacks out, opens his eyes, and they're almost as dead as Conroy's.

SCHERBECK (v.o.)
Comin' up on Tuba City.

Up front, Scherbeck hits a "WHISPER MODE" switch and...

OUTSIDE THE JUMP JET -- THE ENGINES

Become silent as the jet settles on the outskirts of town and everyone clambers out, heads for town, except Turner. As Bobby turns to look, so do Webber and Scherbeck.

BOBBY
Come on, Turner. We're home free!
(Turner just eyes him)
What?

TURNER
Aren't you forgetting something?

BOBBY
Casper? T' hell with him. Outta sight,
outta mind--

TURNER
Jayleen too? Or was it your fault after
all?

That cuts to the quick, and Bobby's silenced.

WEBBER
You're goin' after the girl, yeah?
(off Turner's nod)
Probably lose everything, you know.

But Turner can gaze into the future, and he sees nothing.

TURNER
I already have.

Webber nods, knows he knows what he's talking about.

BOBBY
Ah, shit, Turner! Ain't nothing to get
but our balls blown off.

Turner grabs him, holds him firmly.

TURNER
She saved your life. You owe her.
(beat)
We both do.

Bobby's clearly torn, and more than a little frightened, but he knows it's true. Turner's unwavering eyes tell him so.

BOBBY

Ah, hell.

And Bobby starts back into the jet, Turner following as...

SCHERBECK (o.s.)

Hey, Turner.

Scherbeck tosses him his silver flask. It's full. Scherbeck shrugs and grins. Turner nods his thanks as Scherbeck exits.

IN THE JET -- BOBBY AND TURNER

Strap in, Turner up front, hitting the "AUTOPILOT".

AUTOPILOT (v.o.)

Course please?

TURNER

New York, minimum altitude, maximum velocity.

AUTOPILOT (v.o.)

Low level hypersonic flight in this airspace is prohib--

TURNER

Override.

AUTOPILOT (v.o.)

Thank you. One moment, please.

The engines WHINE as the jet rises and Turner closes his eyes...

THE JUMP JET

ROCKETS off into the dark evening sky...

INSIDE CONROY'S HOVERCRAFT -- ANGELA

Looks at the sky, near catatonia as Conroy sips a drink.

CONROY

Well, forty minutes and we'll make the Sprawl. Too bad we're pressed for time or you an' me could have some fun.

ANGELA

My dad doesn't let me go out with losers.

Conroy leans forward, half leers, half scowls.

CONROY

Your daddy's dead, sweetheart.

She SMACKS his drink into his face.

ANGELA
And you're still a loser, Casper!

Conroy scowls, looks like he's going to hit her when...

VIREK (o.s., vidscreen v.o.)
Herr Conroy?

Virek's on screen. Angela glares, far from cowed.

VIREK (vidscreen v.o.)
I am waiting.

No sooner does Conroy jack into his Maas deck than...

EXT. GENERALIFE GARDENS -- DAY

Virek glowers as Conroy materializes. Paco stands nearby.

VIREK
You should have controlled your
bodyguard, Herr Conroy.

CONROY
What are you talking about?

PACO
Señor Turner is pursuing you even now.

Conroy frowns; he hadn't expected this.

CONROY
I'll take care of him.

VIREK
See that you do. And have the medics
prep her the moment you land.

Conroy nods, and Virek dismisses him with a wave.

INSIDE CONROY'S JET -- CONROY

Jacks out, speaking to Angela.

CONROY
Looks like they're coming after you.

Angela suddenly looks hopeful, but Conroy hefts Bobby's backpack.

CONROY
They won't get too far without this.

But it opens, spilling out a big LUMP of plastic explosive with a little note. Conroy reads it, scowls: "Hey Casper: BOOM!"

OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE -- A SONIC BOOM

Follows the Jump Jet as it HOWLS into the east at Mach 5, barely a hundred feet over the terrain, sometimes less.

INSIDE THE JUMP JET -- BOBBY

Confers with Turner, who's swiveled about and facing him.

BOBBY

Old 'breaker's no good for Virek. I'll have to pull a new one off the matrix.

TURNER

Fine. Soon as that's done, you'll burn Virek, grab the security codes and shut the place down. Once we break in--

BOBBY

We?

TURNER

You'll run the mainframe from inside while I go after Angela.

BOBBY

Man, they weren't kiddin' about that death wish, were they?

Turner faces forward as Bobby finds the cellular jack, plugs his deck into the plane, his mind into the deck and...

IN CYBERSPACE -- THE MATRIX

Fades in, along with the Operator's message and Bobby's Shuriken, which hovers a moment, then takes off, flying through the matrix, a familiar line of silver in its wake.

INSIDE THE JET -- TURNER

Monitors Bobby's run while the autopilot flies the jet.

TURNER

Where're you going?

BOBBY (speaker v.o.)

Right here.

The Shuriken stops before a huge YELLOW RECTANGLE, like a bar of gold.

OPERATOR (v.o.)
Warning: you are approaching the United
States Federal Gold Reserve.

TURNER
Newmark, what the hell are you doing?

BOBBY (speaker v.o.)
Only 'breaker that's any good's military.

TURNER
That's Fort Knox!

BOBBY (speaker v.o.)
Right. I fake a run, it locks up, shoots
a wire to the Pentagon. I hitch a ride
on the wire, get in, grab the 'breaker
an' cut out. Easy.

TURNER
Except military wires run too fast to
catch.

Bobby hits the "PAUSE" button, allowing him to function in the
real world. He stares with dilated eyes, pats the deck.

BOBBY
You mean they used to.

TURNER
And if they trace us before you're done--

BOBBY
They'll hit so hard they'll be picking
pieces of us off the moon.

Bobby's well aware of the consequences. Turner nods and...

IN CYBERSPACE -- THE SHURIKEN

Begins to advance on the Gold Bar.

OPERATOR (v.o.)
Any attempts at unauthorized entry will
result in neuroterminal reprisal. Please
enter your passcode.

A tendril snakes out from the Shuriken, touches the bar, and ALL
HELL BREAKS LOOSE as ice SLAMS down; Bobby barely gets clear.

OPERATOR (v.o.)
Security alert. Parameter violation.
Triggering Intrusion Countermeasures...

From the far side of the Gold Bar a GOLD DART shoots off, and the Shuriken jets after it, chasing it through cyberspace.

BOBBY (v.o.)

All right...here comes the Count, baby.

But the Dart veers, and the Shuriken flies by, ends up on another runway. Bobby speeds up to get ahead.

IN THE JUMP JET -- TURNER

Stares at the screen.

TURNER

Coming up on the Pentagon. Now or never.

On screen: a fork in Bobby's road. The Shuriken veers right, shooting toward an intersection with the Dart's runway...

IN BOBBY'S POV OF CYBERSPACE

He's trying to beat the Dart to the intersection, like beating a train to the crossing and he's about an instant ahead...

IN CYBERSPACE -- THE DART

SLAMS into the Shuriken, sweeps it along toward...

THE PENTAGON DATABASE -- A MASSIVE DODECAHEDRON

A 12 sided polyhedron, each side a pentagon, surrounded by ICE that SWALLOWS the Dart, and the Shuriken, and...

A BURST OF ENERGY shoots out, follows the silvered runway back toward Bobby's point of origin just as...

INSIDE THE PENTAGON DATABASE -- THE SHURIKEN

Approaches an ICON that resembles a big PADLOCK.

TURNER

Running a trace; you got about 8 seconds.

BOBBY (v.o.)

Only need four.

OPERATOR (v.o.)

You are approaching data security operations and development.

INSIDE THE PADLOCK -- A GIANT GRIDWORK

Of diamond-shaped objects. The Shuriken traverses to the last diamond. Carved in the side: "D.O.D. I/B BLOWTORCH V2.12"

BOBBY (speaker v.o.)
It's golden. Not even an hour old.

IN BOBBY'S POV OF CYBERSPACE

The words "COPYING" flash c.s., and a HOLOGRAPHIC BEAKER fills with liquid as, indicating the progress of the recording as...

IN CYBERSPACE -- THE TRACE PULSE

Races along the silvered runway as...

IN BOBBY'S POV OF CYBERSPACE -- THE HOLOGRAPHIC BEAKER

Is almost full but...

TURNER

Bobby...

IN CYBERSPACE -- THE TRACE PULSE

Rockets toward a Silver Cube (Bobby's point of origin)...

IN BOBBY'S POV OF CYBERSPACE -- THE HOLOGRAPHIC BEAKER

Fills and disappears.

OPERATOR (v.o.)

The file has been copied...

And Bobby's crosshairs flip to "DISCONNECT"...

IN CYBERSPACE -- THE TRACE PULSE

BURSTS apart when the Silver disappears, along with the Cube.

IN THE JUMP JET -- TURNER

Breathes. Bobby pulls the disk from his deck with a cocky grin.

BOBBY

An' that's the way it's done.

Turner nods, turns and glances at the instruments.

TURNER

All right. We're eleven minutes out.
Start setting up.

Bobby jacks back in. Turner starts loading his rifle.

EXT. THE SPRAWL -- NIGHT

Conroy's jet flies through the Sprawl, heading for the center of old New York and...

CENTRAL PARK

Now VIREK INDUSTRIES, a city-within-a-city: glass and steel buildings set about the grounds, all of which is ringed by a high wall patrolled by ARMED GUARDS.

IN THE AIR -- CONROY'S HOVERCRAFT

Slows, approaching hangars on top of the complex.

INSIDE THE HANGARS -- CONROY'S JET

Lands, and is met by a team of MEDICALS and GUARDS, wheeling a medical gurney as everyone gets out of the jet. Angela eyes the gurney. Conroy seems almost contrite; he knows what's in store.

CONROY

Don't make it harder than it has to be.

ANGELA

Okay.

She KICKS him in the nuts, tries to run, but he GRABS her, smiling, completely unfazed, because they're...

CONROY

Implants.

He gives her to the Medicals, who put her on the Gurney.

CONROY

Knock her out. Don't need her helping Turner.

The Medical pulls out a HYPODERMIC PISTOL, puts it to her neck and HISS, she's fading even as they push her away and....

IN CYBERSPACE -- THE WHITE SPHERE

Dims and floats down, settling to a nearby runway.

INT. JUMP JET -- NIGHT

Turner finishes loading the rifle.

BOBBY (speaker v.o.)

Okay, Turner, I'm outside the base.

TURNER

Stand by.

But Bobby hits "pause". He's scared, knows this is the last chance to turn back. Turner knows what he's thinking.

BOBBY

Listen, Turner, I been thinkin'--

TURNER

Don't. At this point it only leads to trouble. The only thing to do now is to see this through.

BOBBY

And after? Then what? I got better things to do than spend the rest of my fuckin' life running.

Turner looks at him, knows well the meaning of what he says.

TURNER

I'll tell you something, Bobby. Unless you do this, you're never going to stop.

(beat, Bobby nods)

Now relax. Focus on the job. I'll take care of everything else.

Bobby takes a deep breath, finds his center. Turner smiles.

TURNER

Whenever you're ready.

BOBBY

Okay, time to reach out...

IN BOBBY'S POV OF CYBERSPACE -- THE VIREK DATA BASE

Fills the screen, surrounded by BLACK ICE.

BOBBY (v.o.)

And kick some ass!

And his Shuriken BURNS into the database. No sooner does he enter, however, than the RED DRAGON uncoils and follows.

IN THE WEST GALLERY -- ALARMS RING

As a calm VOICE announces to the hundreds of PEOPLE:

VOICE (v.o.)

WARNING: THE MAIN REACTOR HAS FAILED.
PLEASE PROCEED TO YOUR ASSIGNED EXITS AND
EVACUATE QUICKLY AND CALMLY. I REPEAT...

And the People do exactly that, flowing out of the enormous gallery, past shops and cafes, over walkways, escalators, etc.

On the bottom floor, Conroy, Rikyu, and the Medicals wheel Angela toward a big containment door when the Medicals stop, look about.

CONROY

Newmark!

(to Medicals)

It's a trick, get going!

(to Rikyu)

If Turner gets here, he doesn't get farther, understand!?

Conroy exits. The containment door RUMBLES shut, sealing Angela and the Medicals within. Rikyu locks it by looking into a RETINAL SCANNER which scans his eye. "LOC'D" flashes.

INSIDE MAIN SECURITY -- A GUARD

Is pushing a button marked "Main Reactor", but nothing happens.

GUARD #2

I can't reach the reactor room!

CAPTAIN

Dump the data to Stockholm, then shut down the mainframe and clear out!

ALL OVER VIREK PLAZA -- PEOPLE AND GUARDS

Flood outside as...

INSIDE THE VIREK DATA BASE -- THE SHURIKEN

Has everything iced, but the Red Dragon is bearing down; an automated defense system with Bobby as it's target.

BOBBY (v.o.)

Okay, the building's almost cleared but Angela's in the hospital and they got that section off-line. I can't pin her, and I got a viral comin' up fast.

INSIDE THE JET -- TURNER

Straps himself in tight. In the windshield: Virek Plaza looms.

TURNER

Okay. Cut out and get ready.

Turner reaches over his head, grabs the EJECTION HANDLE as the Plaza rushes toward. Bobby jacks out as the autopilot SPEAKS.

BOBBY

Ready for what?

AUTOPILOT

Warning: navigational hazard, pull up--

TURNER

Override.

AUTOPILOT

Thank you.

And Turner HEAVES THE HANDLE...

BOBBY

Oh, SH....

OUTSIDE THE JUMP JET -- A PARACHUTE

POPS from the tail, pulls out the ejection capsule carrying Turner and Bobby, Bobby yelling at the top of his lungs.

BOBBY

..IIIIITTTT!!!

The jet SCREAMS toward the plaza as people run for cover and...

THE JET PLOWS INTO THE BUILDING, tears a canyon right down the middle even as it EXPLODES, sending bits of plaza into low orbit.

INSIDE THE BUILDING -- FLAMES AND EXPLOSIONS

Bathe the apartments, offices, and shops in a CONFLAGRATION.

INSIDE THE EAST ATRIUM -- CONROY

IS KNOCKED behind a planter that saves his life as the GUARDS are SWEEPED AWAY in a FIREBALL that sears them like meat.

IN THE WEST GALLERY -- AN EXPLOSION

Tears through walkways, conduit and water mains as Rikyu dives for cover but the containment door holds as...

IN THE HOSPITAL WING -- THE MEDICALS

Look up at the BOOM, obviously safely distant, and continue west toward the Main Surgical Amphitheater.

IN CENTRAL PARK -- THE EJECTION CAPSULE

LANDS at the eastern end of the park as GUARDS run toward them...

BOBBY

Turner, look out!

Turner spins, SHOOTs the Guards. People SCREAM and run as Turner pulls Bobby from his seat and they head toward an entrance as...

TWO MORE GUARDS rush out of the building, aim and...

TURNER FIRES, blows them back as they FIRE and Bobby's hit, goes down, his leg a bloody mess.

BOBBY

Shit shit shit!!!

Turner checks him, reaches to his belt for a dressing.

TURNER

You're okay, got it!?

(slaps on a quick bandage)

Long as you can feel it, you're alive.

Turner HEAVES Bobby over his shoulder, rushes into the doorway.

INSIDE A VIREK PLAZA HALLWAY -- BOBBY

Tells Turner where to go while slung over his shoulder.

BOBBY

Mainframe's two sections east on 28.

Turner ducks into a nearby elevator.

IN THE ATRIUM -- SEVERAL GUARDS

Rush in, some with extinguishers. They help Conroy to his feet.

CONROY

Forget the fires. He's got to come through here, so put five men at the elevator. The rest of you string out, back toward the west gallery.

The Guards nod and deploy, ignoring the FIRES...

THE MAIN HALLWAYS -- TURNER

Comes out of the elevator rifle first, Bobby over his shoulder as he looks both ways through the dimly lit, smoke filled halls.

TURNER

Which way?

BOBBY

Right.

Turner goes right, disappears around a corner.

BOBBY (o.s.)

My right!

Turner comes back, mumbling, heading the opposite way just as...

INSIDE MAIN SECURITY -- A GUARD

Looks up from his console with a triumphant smile.

GUARD #3

Mainframe's back on-line.

IN THE MAIN HALLWAYS -- BOBBY

Over Turner's back, looks up just as a GUARD appears behind them.

BOBBY

Turner!

Bobby jerks, throws Turner off balance as the Guard FIRES, grazes Turner's shoulder, and Turner spins, FIRES, kills the Guard.

INSIDE MAIN SECURITY -- THE GUARDS

Look at the door, then at each other: "did you hear something?"

IN THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE MAIN SECURITY -- TURNER

Sets Bobby down, faces the door. The lock's just a keypad.

TURNER

What's the code?

Bobby shrugs. Turner swears, looks about, sees the dead Guard. He goes to the Guard, pats him down, searching...

TURNER

Okay, my Neanderthal friend. Where is it?

Turner rolls up the Guard's sleeve. There's something scribbled on his wrist. Turner walks back, punches in TEX1138 and...

INSIDE MAIN SECURITY -- THE GUARDS

Look up in surprise as the doors OPEN. Turner just stands there.

TURNER

Hey. How you doin'?

A split second and nobody moves, then everyone goes for the guns but Turner's on FULL AUTO and kills 'em where they stand.

IN THE HOSPITAL CORRIDORS -- THE MEDICALS

Approach the Surgical Amphitheater with their comatose patient.

INSIDE MAIN SECURITY -- TURNER AND BOBBY

Look at a HOLOMAP of Virek plaza, plot Turner's course. They're presently in the easternmost section of the plaza.

BOBBY

Looks like west to the lifts, down to the atrium, west again to the gallery, main hospital's after that. Simple.

Turner scoffs; it's hardly that. He pulls a cellular connector and deck harness (like a backpack) from a dead Guard, then takes Bobby's deck. Now he can roam around and be jacked in.

TURNER

(slings the rig on his back)
I'll jack in cellular. Link up with my mark, downline data as I call for it. Think you can run the mainframe direct?

BOBBY

Yeah. Jus' remember where you got that deck, okay.

TURNER

Sure thing. How's the leg?

Bobby's shrugs, in pain. Turner pulls out a small DERMAL PATCH.

BOBBY

What's that?

TURNER

Ridolphetamine. Thirty minute boost but keeps you focused. Helps the pain, too.

He slaps it on Bobby's neck, and Bobby's eyes BUG OUT.

BOBBY

J-J-J-Jesuswhatarush!!!

TURNER

Easy, tiger.

(starts to go)
Remember, just shut down the virals and run a few diversions, got it?

BOBBY

Yeahyeahshutdowntheviralsandrufewdiversionsnoproblem!

And Turner's gone, shutting the door behind him. Wired, Bobby GRINS like the Cheshire cat and plugs himself into the mainframe.

BOBBY
Countzerojackinrightoninohmy!

INSIDE THE VIREK DATA BASE -- THE SHURIKEN

Appears in the Virek matrix and FLIES OFF like a meteor, gumming up the systems with SILVER ICE as...

IN BOBBY'S POV -- COMMANDS FLY BY

Too fast for us to comprehend as...

BOBBY (v.o.)
Ohyeahoutgothelights!

INSIDE THE VIREK DATABASE -- THE RED DRAGON

Suddenly disappears as Bobby shuts it off and...

BOBBY (v.o.)
Burnbabyburn...

IN THE HALLWAYS -- THE FIRE EXTINGUISHERS STOP

And the FLAMES start to grow.

INSIDE THE VIREK DATABASE -- THE SHURIKEN

Shoots into an ICON, and the Operator's VOICE is heard.

OPERATOR (v.o.)
Entering corporate records.

IN THE PLAZA HALLWAYS -- THE FLAMES

Are the only light as Conroy makes his way to a nearby vidscreen/data station. He plugs in his deck, jacks in and...

IN THE COURT OF THE MYRTLES (ALHAMBRA) -- VIREK

Contemplates an elegant, elongated pool ringed by myrtles. He turns as Conroy appears.

VIREK
Yes?

CONROY
Newmark's shut down fire control and the virals. The whole place is gonna go.

VIREK

You've sealed off the hospital?

(off Conroy's nod)

Herr Turner is your only concern. Paco and I will tend to his associate; the authorities will deal with the fires.

CONROY

But--

VIREK

Herr Conroy!

(calmer)

Do as you are told, Herr Conroy.

IN THE WEST GALLERY -- CONROY

Angrily jacks out. Bobby's on screen, grinning like a speedfreak.

BOBBY (vidscreen v.o.)

Hey, Casper: still got your ten percent!

Bobby disappears with a LAUGH, and Conroy starts to turn away, until Bobby reappears, his hair now a MASS OF FLAMES.

BOBBY (vidscreen v.o.)

Yo, Casper, can you say "weenie roast"?

Bobby zips away and Conroy practically slams in his jack.

INSIDE THE VIREK DATABASE -- A GRINNING SKULL

Conroy's mark, appears and races away, looking for Bobby.

IN THE SURGICAL AMPHITHEATER -- THE MEDICALS

Roll Angela onto an open lift that ominously descends to the floor, where wait several surgical machines.

INSIDE AN ELEVATOR -- TURNER

.Boards, hits "atrium" and the car descends.

ON THE 20TH FLOOR -- FIVE GUARDS

Take cover in the foyer around the elevator, knowing Turner's got to come through them but...

IN BOBBY'S POV OF CYBERSPACE -- SEVERAL WINDOWS

Fill his vision, and he (and we) can see the Virek Guards.

ON A VIDSCREEN INSIDE THE ELEVATOR -- BOBBY'S FACE

Appears, warns Turner.

BOBBY

Okay, Turner, you got five guards on 20
waitin' outside the elevator.

TURNER

What about 21?

BOBBY (v.o.)

You're clear.

TURNER

Stop it there.

The elevator slows, stops, and Turner steps into the foyer.

IN THE 21ST FLOOR FOYER -- TURNER

Looks at the floor as he jacks into his backpack deck.

TURNER

Give me a construct.

AND IN TURNER'S VIRTUAL POV -- THE FLOOR

DISAPPEARS, as if it turned to glass under his feet...

BELOW, ON THE 20TH FLOOR -- FIVE GUARDS

Look up at the SOLID CEILING because they know the elevator's
stopped on the floor above them and suddenly...

THE CEILING DISINTEGRATES in a HAIL of FIRE, and the Guards FIRE
UP in futility as they're cut down.

After a moment, all is quiet, and Turner hefts his rifle, steps
to the largest hole, and DROPS.

IN THE SURGICAL AMPHITHEATER -- THE LIFT

Nears the floor, the Medicals silent, Angela trying to look
about, her head held fast by restraints.

IN THE ATRIUM -- SOME WRECKAGE FROM THE JUMP JET BURNS

Turner creeps along an upper walkway. Up ahead, the walkway ends
in a jagged edge, blown in half, but before Turner can turn...

A PINPOINT OF RED LIGHT dances on Turner's face; it's the laser
sight from...

A GUARD, aiming at Turner, who leaps aside just as the GUARDS OPEN FIRE, red dots from their laser sights dancing wildly as...

TURNER FIRES back, but they're too well hidden and then his rifle's empty, so he draws his pistol and directly above...

A GUARD SMILES, aims, and in that half instant...

Turner rolls to his back and FIRES, one shot, one kill and...

THE GUARD DROPS, lands next to Turner. The others FIRE, and Turner wracks his mind for a solution when he spots:

AN EXPOSED WATER MAIN. He smiles, aims, FIRES and...

WATER cascades into a ROARING FIRE below and a HUGE CLOUD OF STEAM billows up, obscures the ledge. TURNER grabs the Guard.

TURNER

Over you go, my friend.

He shoves the Guard over, who dangles by a strap and...

THE GUARDS think it's Turner, aim, and their laser sights cut through the steam, the BEAMS BECOME VISIBLE, pointing out the locations of the Guards like, well, laser beams and...

TURNER JUMPS UP, pistol out, FIRING along the beams, BLOWS AWAY EACH GUARD, kills the last one with his last bullet. He regards the empty, smoking pistol.

TURNER

Thanks for the backup, Conroy.

He ditches the pistol, looks for a way down. Across the shattered walkway:

A TWISTED PIECE OF STEEL REBAR

Juts from the wrecked walkway over a big gap. Right below:

AN ESCALATOR, running UP, fast, and the access door at the top's been blown open, exposing the GNASHING GEARS. Beyond that...

WRECKAGE FROM THE JET BURNS on the walkway. Turner SIGHS.

He backs up, slings his rifle, RUNS, LEAPS, SAILS across the gap, hands wide, CATCHES the HOT REBAR, turns around, DROPS onto...

THE ESCALATOR, which yanks his feet from under him, whisks him up, toward the GEARS that'll GRIND HIM until he SPRINGS, TUMBLES down and lands in a heap at the bottom. Safe.

UNTIL THE RIFLE STRAP SNAGS ON THE STAIRS and he's HAULED BACK UP and he's heading for those gears, about to become hamburger...

But he JERKS free, TUMBLES back down, lands HARD. It hurts just to breath. He sits up, looks about, and from his pocket he pulls Scherbeck's flask, takes a long pull.

TURNER

No wonder I can't get insured.

He takes another pull, stands and heads west.

INSIDE MAIN SECURITY -- BOBBY

Furiously works the mainframe.

IN BOBBY'S POV OF CYBERSPACE

Floor plans fly by and the Surgical Amphitheater is highlighted.

BOBBY

Comeoncomeoncomeon...Gotcha!

And suddenly, his view is replaced by a camera's POV.

INSIDE THE SURGICAL AMPHITHEATER -- THE MEDICALS

Shift Angela face-down to an operating table, cut off her shirt.

OUTSIDE VIREK PLAZA -- A FIREBALL MUSHROOMS UP

As secondary EXPLOSIONS begin, and EMERGENCY VEHICLES land.

IN A SMOKING HALLWAY -- TURNER

Is crouching, trying to see through the smoke when suddenly...

IN TURNER'S POV -- BOBBY APPEARS

But it's only a Virtual Bobby that FLICKERS just a bit.

TURNER

What the hell are you doing?

Virtual Bobby speaks rapid fire from the Ridolphetamine.

VIRTUAL BOBBY

Using-Virek's-virtual-to-downline;-you-won't-believe-what-I-found!

IN THE SMOKING HALLWAY -- TURNER

Seems to be talking to the smoke. Bobby's only in his vision.

TURNER
Slow down. What?

IN TURNER'S POV -- BOBBY

Flickers as he gives a rundown.

VIRTUAL BOBBY
Turns out no one's seen Virek for thirty
years; he's been holed up here in some
kinda tank since--

TURNER
That's great. Where's Angela?

VIRTUAL BOBBY
In the surgical amphitheater; looks like
they're getting ready for somethin' and
everything else is goin' off-line but I
saw Virek, Turner, and he's not--

But there's a distant EXPLOSION and Bobby DISAPPEARS and...

INSIDE THE VIREK DATABASE -- SEVERAL RUNWAYS

COLLAPSE, and the systems they're connected to disappear. The
Shuriken moves off to an area that's still intact and...

FAR OFF IN CYBERSPACE -- CONROY'S SILVER SKULL

Plows through Bobby's silver ice-covered runways like a
locomotive, unseen by Bobby as it approaches the Shuriken's point
of origin inside the Mainframe and...

AT THE DATA STATION -- CONROY

Jacks out, smiling.

CONROY
Here I come, Bobby Zero!

And he moves out.

IN THE SURGICAL AMPHITHEATER -- VIREK

Appears on a vidscreen, watches a ROBOTIC APPENDAGE extend from a
seamless niche in the table and hold Angela's head while a
Medical swabs the back of Angela's neck with a dark liquid.

IN THE COURT OF THE MYRTLES -- VIREK

Watches a vidscreen incongruously set in the solid stone wall
before him as the Medical preps Angela.

VIREK

You may enter the matrix when we have cleared it of Herr Newmark.

The Medical nods and winks out, the vidscreen disappearing.

VIREK

Paco?

PACO

(he materializes)

Señor?

VIREK

It is time to terminate Herr Newmark.

PACO

Si, Señor.

And suddenly, Paco's features MORPH, becoming reptilian, impossibly ferocious as...

DEEP WITHIN THE VIREK DATA BASE -- A ZIGGURAT

A pyramid with its top off, is shielded from the rest of the Data Base by blackest ice. Suddenly, the Ziggurat GLOWS and..

A BLACK DRAGON rises from the Ziggurat, passes through the ice and races after...

THE SHURIKEN, which is quietly, quickly working away as...

The Black Dragon, features vaguely those of Paco, opens MASSIVE JAWS, and the Shuriken turns toward it as it PLUNGES and...

BOBBY (v.o.)

Oh, shit...

INSIDE MAIN SECURITY -- CONROY

YANKS out the jack.

BOBBY

Conroy!

Who has no idea that he's just saved Bobby's life. He presses the tip of a knife into Bobby's side, hard.

CONROY

Oh, now it's Conroy, huh? Now it's some respect. What's next? Gonna buy me dinner? Let me poke your sister?

BOBBY

Don't have a sist-

CONROY

Fuck you, cowboy! You had your chance, coulda made out, but you had to be a smart-ass.

Bobby looks up, surrenders himself to his fate, and scowls.

BOBBY

Ah, blow me, Casper!

Conroy CURSES, DRIVES THE KNIFE HOME as Bobby GRABS Conroy, PULLS him forward and SLAMS his jack into Conroy's socket and...

IN CYBERSPACE -- CONROY'S SILVER SKULL

Appears just as the BLACK DRAGON SLAMS DOWN and...

INSIDE MAIN SECURITY -- CONROY

GRUNTS in pain, his socket SIZZLING as Bobby holds in the jack.

BOBBY

Burn, motherfucker!

And as current FRIES the deck...

IN THE COURT OF THE MYRTLES -- CONROY

Appears on his knees in agony while a slightly dragonish PACO holds his neck in an iron grip.

PACO

You have slain Señor Newmark?

CONROY

Yes, yes!

VIREK

Excellent. Goodbye, Herr Conroy.

CONROY

NOOO.....

Paco's fingers become silver, dancing with ELECTRICITY as he drives them into the back of Conroy's head and...

INSIDE MAIN SECURITY -- CONROY

Jerks, sputters, and DIES. Bobby almost relaxes, until he remembers the knife in his side. He pulls it free with a YELL.

BOBBY

Owwwww, SHIT!

Bobby drops, one hand on his side, another reaching for the jack. Even as his fingers touch it, he passes out, or maybe worse...

IN THE SURGICAL AMPHITHEATER -- VIREK

Appears on the vidscreen.

VIREK (vidscreen v.o.)

The Matrix is clear, you may proceed.

The Medicals plug overhead cables into their jacks, powering up various apparatuses. A couple others open a containment door in the wall, walk in and push out:

THE VAT

A huge, gothic aquarium with four walls of quartz set in a metal frame atop a sophisticated life-support computer. Deep within, floating in an iridescent gelatinous solution:

JOSEF VIREK

His ancient, bloated torso free of extraneous flesh: arms, legs, ears, and genitalia are gone; only a head and torso connected to tubes and wires that snake through the fluid and keep him alive.

Angela twists as best she can, sees, and lets out a low MOAN...

VIREK (vidscreen v.o.)

Ghastly, isn't it, my dear. And I have been here almost half a century, hidden from sight, locked away; my mind free to wander along rails of ether and light while my flesh lay entombed behind walls of steel and quartz.

She's locked into position, her head held absolutely still as...

A MACHINE WHINES, descends from the ceiling, the whole draconian device terminating in a GLEAMING STEEL NEEDLE, like a spinal tap.

IN THE HALLWAYS -- TURNER

Enters the west Gallery, looks about, right at Rikyu. Between the two warriors lay burning debris and a river of water flowing from broken mains.

IN THE SURGICAL AMPHITHEATER -- A MEDICAL

Comes forward with an ominous SYRINGE PISTOL.

VIREK (vidscreen v.o.)

Don't worry, my dear. This is only an
anesthesia, to induce a kind of localized
coma within your mind. And your soul.

The Medical presses the syringe pistol to her neck, pulls the
trigger and HISS, Angela starts to fade as...

IN THE WEST GALLERY -- TURNER

Aims his rifle at the wall behind him and FIRES a PITON (a spike)
into it, then turns, aims at the ninja, FIRES and...

A PITON buries itself in wall behind and above Rikyu, but this
one trails a razor sharp strand of Monomol. Just then...

IN THE SURGICAL AMPHITHEATER -- THE MACHINE

Hovers over Angela's neck. Virek watches, excited.

VIREK (vidscreen v.o.)

Very soon, all that I am will be coded
into the core of your being and I will be
free, free from the riot of bloated,
rotting flesh, free, at last, to live
again.

IN THE WEST GALLERY -- TURNER

Has a razor-sharp strand of Monomol stretched between him and the
far wall. He slings his rifle, hooks a PULLEY on the line, steps
up to the edge and looks Rikyu dead in the eye.

TURNER

Here I come, you son of a bitch.

He SHOOTS down the line, right at...

RIKYU, who draws his short sword and...

TURNER raises his legs and...

RIKYU steps back, sword raised, gauging Turner's landing and...

TURNER LETS GO, lands on a scrap of sheet metal on the far edge
of the river, SKIMS across like a kid playing in the surf and...

RIKYU'S surprised, charges forward as...

TURNER LEAPS, rolls, and Rikyu swings, CUTS THE RIFLE STRAP...

THE RIFLE drops, and Turner's CUT on his side as he draws his DAGGER, and they circle like ravenous wolves as...

IN THE SURGICAL AMPHITHEATER -- ANGELA

Lapses into unconsciousness, and the Machine positions itself right above her exposed neck, the needle lowering even as...

IN THE WEST GALLERY -- TURNER'S

Fighting as best he can, but his dagger's left him outmatched and bleeding, while Rikyu's looking very confident, rushes in as...

TURNER FEINTS, Rikyu SLASHES, cuts Turner as he goes past, but Turner drops, grabs his rifle, aims and FIRES...

A BOLT BURIES itself in the wall, passing right between Rikyu's legs, and Rikyu smiles, raises his sword but

TURNER jerks the wire up and out and...

RIKYU GASPS, falls one way while his RIGHT LEG and part of his hip fall the other, cleanly severed by the Monomol wire.

Turner stands, heads for the door, but something snags his pantleg, and he looks down. Rikyu whispers...

RIKYU

I...I do not deserve to die like this...

TURNER

Then you shoulda said something
(he jerks free)

Now you ain't gotta leg to stand on.

Turner jerks free, spots the retinal lock as...

IN THE SURGICAL AMPHITHEATER -- THE NEEDLE

PIERCES Angela's neck, SLOWLY BURROWS UP HER SPINE, into her brain as Virek watches with profound intensity and...

A BLOODSHOT EYE FILLS THE SCREEN, is SCANNED and...

IN THE WEST GALLERY -- THE CONTAINMENT DOOR

OPENS. Turner drops Rikyu after holding his eye to the scanner. He enters the hallway armed with his dagger and Rikyu's sword.

Behind him, an EXPLOSION hurls BURNING DEBRIS into the hall.

INSIDE THE VIREK PLAZA -- SEVERAL FIREMEN

Looking more like astronauts, wade into the conflagration.

IN THE SURGICAL AMPHITHEATER -- SEVERAL SCREENS

Show graphics of Angela's head and the needle's progress as it reaches the web inside Angela's mind (pg. 83). Just then...

TURNER (o.s.)

Angela!

TURNER, covered in sweat, dirt, soot, and blood, stands at the top of the stairs, sword and dagger gleaming dully in his fists.

ON A VIDSCREEN -- VIREK

Looks up, smiles.

VIREK (vidscreen v.o.)

Ahh, Herr Turner. You're late, of course, but don't worry, we don't stand on ceremony here.

A GUARD heads for the stairs as Virek winks out with a smile.

IN THE COURT OF THE MYRTLES -- VIREK

Watches the needle stop in Angela's web. He turns to Paco.

VIREK

What remains of her consciousness will try and flee into the matrix. When she does, kill her.

Virek's features wash over in bright red, and he COLLAPSES IN UPON HIMSELF, sinking through the ground and...

IN CYBERSPACE -- A VERMILION SPIKE

Virek's very life force, shoots from the bottom of the Ziggurat, into the void, curving and rising toward the White Sphere as...

The luminescence DRAINS from the Sphere, flows onto the runway like a glowing WHITE HYPHEN, leaving a SILVER SPHERE naked and unprotected from the Vermilion Spike as...

THE BLACK DRAGON bears down and...

IN THE SURGICAL AMPHITHEATER -- TURNER

Sees all of it on the monitors, knows what's happening and charges forward with a SCREAM of vengeance and...

The Guard's freaked, hesitates, brings up his rifle a second too late as he FIRES and...

TURNER catches two SHOTS in his leg, starts to fall, uses his extra momentum as he HEAVES his dagger...

INTO THE GUARD'S THROAT, lifting the Guard off his feet, tossing him back, even as his gun FIRES in an arc...

KILLING TWO MEDICALS and BLOWING OUT A BANK OF COMPUTERS before the clip empties and Turner's landing at the bottom of the stairs, already coming to his feet and...

IN CYBERSPACE -- THE BLACK DRAGON

Opens its maw, and we can just see Paco's eyes in its face as...

THE SHURIKEN

Shoots in from the side, shoves Angela's Hyphen out of the way, cocooning it in Silver Ice as he does.

ANGELA (v.o.)

Bobby!

BOBBY (v.o.)

Guess it's my turn.

INSIDE MAIN SECURITY -- BOBBY

Sits on the floor, SMILING, jacked in, pressing his BLOODY shirt into his side as...

IN THE AMPHITHEATER -- TURNER

Comes to his feet with the sword, charges the Medicals as...

IN CYBERSPACE -- THE VERMILION SPIKE

PLUNGES into the Sphere, past a TORNADO of images: birth, childhood, Parents, Turner, Allison, writhing bodies...

IN THE SURGICAL AMPHITHEATER -- TURNER

HACKS THROUGH THE MEDICALS, pushing toward the Vat...

TURNER

Virek!!!

IN CYBERSPACE -- THE BLACK DRAGON

Chases the Shuriken, Paco and Bobby maneuvering like seasoned fighter pilots.

INSIDE MAIN SECURITY -- BOBBY

Grimaces in pain and effort, his hands soaked in blood and...

IN THE SURGICAL AMPHITHEATER -- TURNER

Slashes the last Medical and reaches the Vat, finds a control panel and looks for anything to switch it off...

IN CYBERSPACE -- THE SILVER SPHERE

Glowing a deep, throbbing BLOOD RED as...

IN THE SURGICAL AMPHITHEATER -- TURNER

In a last burst of RAGE, raises the sword and DRIVES IT INTO THE PANEL, shorting it out in a BLAZE of SPARKS as the SHOCK KNOCKS HIM across the room, out cold and...

IN THE VAT -- VIREK'S TORSO

JIGGLES and an eye pops open, flutters, then closes as everything FLATLINES with a long TONE.

IN CYBERSPACE -- THE SHURIKEN

Continues to race ahead of the black dragon, which slowly gains...

IN THE SURGICAL AMPHITHEATER -- TURNER

Is still out cold, and everything is deadly quiet until...

The Needle Machine WHINES, retracts the needle, CAUTERIZES the puncture even as the clamps retract into the table.

Turner stirs, looks up, watches as she JERKS, CONVULSES, opens her BLOODSHOT EYES and VOMITS, suddenly, painfully.

TURNER

Angela...

But she smiles then, evilly, and begins to laugh, and it's the most unholy thing you've ever heard...

ANGELA (synthesized Virek & her)
I'm alive...

TURNER

Oh, Christ...

ANGELA (synth.)

Perhaps.

She sits up. Turner struggles to do the same, but can't yet.

TURNER

What have you done to her!?

ANGELA (synth.)

She is all but destroyed; Paco has seen to that. What little remains is lost within the abyss of my soul.

Turner tries again to sit up, but he's still too weak.

IN CYBERSPACE -- THE BLACK DRAGON

REARS UP, plunging toward the Shuriken and the Hyphen just as...

INSIDE MAIN SECURITY -- BOBBY

Strains for all he's worth...

IN BOBBY'S POV -- "RE-CONFIGURING SYSTEM VIRALS"

Flashes and...

IN CYBERSPACE -- THE BLACK DRAGON

FREEZES SOLID, it's skin glistening as it stops a hair's breadth from the Shuriken. Paco's eyes stare out.

BOBBY (v.o.)

There. Solve that one ya friggin' worm.

And the Shuriken shoots away, taking Angela's Hyphen with it.

IN THE SURGICAL AMPHITHEATER -- VIREK/ANGELA

Nods to the vidscreens showing the web in her mind.

ANGELA (synth.)

Look there, in my mind. A cyberneural network one billion times as powerful as the deck you carry, all the result of Dr. Mitchell's, rather my father's, unnatural tamperings with his unborn child.

(beat)

I suppose that makes me his favorite.

(beat)

Tell me, Herr Turner, am I yours?

Turner says nothing. Angela smiles, hops off the table and walks toward him, a sudden, lascivious look comes in her eye as she runs her hands over her body.

IN CYBERSPACE -- THE SHURIKEN

And the Hyphen race toward the Ziggurat...

ANGELA (v.o.)

Where are we going?

BOBBY (v.o.)

Back, before they fix what we just broke.

And they disappear over the horizon as...

IN THE SURGICAL AMPHITHEATER -- ANGELA

Kneels before Turner.

ANGELA (synth.)

I remember Mexico. The things we did together, the things you did to me. Kiss me, Turner...

She kisses him, long and lingering, then pulls away and he SPITS in her face. Her eyes smolder

ANGELA (synth.)

No? Come with then, and I will show you how to die.

She brings up the jack from his deck, plugs him in and...

ATOP THE BATTLEMENTS OF THE ALHAMBRA -- PACO

Watches Virek force Turner to his knees with a dagger. Virek smiles.

VIREK

Tell me, my friend. Is the Zen is mightier than the sword?

TURNER

I'm not your friend, you bastard.

And Turner GRABS Virek's wrist, holds it, but Virek just smiles.

VIREK

You forget where you are.

(to Paco)

Paco, kill him.

PACO

No.

Virek looks at Paco, stunned.

VIREK

What did you say?

And Paco MORPHS INTO ANGELA, who smiles artlessly.

ANGELA

I said no.

Virek stares for an instant, the word "no" on his lips as

BOBBY (o.s.)

We've reconfigured your operating system.

Virek spins, sees Bobby, sitting against a wall, his hand pressed to his side even here, though there's no blood to be seen.

VIREK

But Conroy killed you...

BOBBY

(weakly)

Ain't it just like Casper to fuck up a job? There's nowhere you can run.

Virek shuts his eyes and...

IN CYBERSPACE -- THE ZIGGURAT

Is covered; iced up in BOBBY'S GLEAMING SILVER ICE and...

ATOP THE BATTLEMENTS OF THE ALHAMBRA -- VIREK

Knows fear for the first time.

VIREK

This is impossible!

Turner YANKS Virek's arm and...

TURNER

How about this?

TURNER DRIVES THE DAGGER INTO VIREK'S HEART. As Virek's hand falls away from the handle he looks up at Turner.

VIREK

Damn you...

Virek sinks to his knees as BLISTERS form on his skin.

TURNER

No, Virek. Damn you.

And Virek DISSOLVES, soaks into the ground in a dark stain that soon disappears.

ANGELA

Is he dead?

TURNER

Christ, he'd better be, after all that.

(turns to Angela)

What about you, Angela?

BOBBY (o.s.)

Turner...

They look over and Bobby's looking weak.

TURNER

Bobby, what's happening?

BOBBY

They're taking me out...

INSIDE MAIN SECURITY -- A FIREMAN

Kneels over Bobby, who's alive. The Fireman calls out.

FIREMAN

Hey! Give me a hand!

He yanks out Bobby's jack as two OTHERS come running and...

IN CYBERSPACE -- THE BLACK DRAGON

Thaws out and shoots back toward the ziggurat as...

ATOP THE BATTLEMENTS OF THE ALHAMBRA -- TURNER AND ANGELA

Face one another.

TURNER

You've got to go back...

Angela looks away, looks back. She can, but doesn't want to.

TURNER

Angela! You have to go back, Angela.

ANGELA

But I can live here, in cyberspace...

But Angela MORPHS into ALLISON. Turner grabs her shoulders.

TURNER

Stop it! Angela! Unless you go back,
your body will die, and you'll never be
able to return, unless you do to someone
else what Virek did to you.

ALLISON

But we can be together, forever, and no
one can hurt us.

TURNER

We can't. You know we can't. Not like
that. You have to go back.

(she shakes her head)

You have your whole life ahead of you.

And Allison nods, realizing it's true.

TURNER

I'll be there for you, Angela. Always.
I promise.

ALLISON

I love you, Turner.

She leans forward, kisses him and...

Paco appears, walking toward them, his features losing their dragonish cast just as...

Everything starts to DISSOLVE and LIGHT FLARES and...

IN THE SURGICAL AMPHITHEATER -- TURNER

Jacks out, holds Angela, stares at her.

TURNER

I know you do.

Her eyes flutter open, filled with light and life.

ANGELA

Hey, Turner. I'm ready to go.

TURNER

You and me both, kid.

He smiles, wraps his shirt around her and carries her out.

OUTSIDE VIREK PLAZA -- A FIREMAN

Nods to Turner, points across the ground. Turner and Angela hurry to BOBBY, who lays atop a stretcher, attended by a MEDICAL.

TURNER

How is he?

MEDIC

Alive. Probably need a new kidney, maybe a liver. I'll tag him for an ambulance.

He slaps a BEEPING bracelet on Bobby's wrist. Bobby looks at Turner.

BOBBY

How'd we do?

TURNER

Out in one piece, thanks to you. Really earned your handle on one, Count.

Bobby smiles, clutches his Maas deck. Just then, SEVERAL GUARDS escort a well dressed MAN toward them.

MAN

You Turner?

A moment of tension, until the Man hands him a flip-vidphone and exits. PACO appears.

PACO (v.o.)
Good Morning, Señor Turner. As acting
counsel for Virek Industries I am
required to inform you that Herr Josef
Virek is dead.

Turner tosses it aside as a HOVER AMBULANCE settles nearby. They
carry Bobby to it as Paco DRONES in the b.g.

BOBBY
Where're we going?

TURNER
Get you stitched up.

ANGELA
Then what? A vacation?

TURNER
Sure. Somewhere cold and dry.

BOBBY
Hey, Turner, you got any more
a' those patches?

TURNER
I think you've had about all
you're gonna get.

BOBBY
Aw, man...

They get into the hover ambulance and, as Paco drones on in the
b.g., they fly off, into the sunrise.

PACO (b.g., v.o.)
As of 2400 hours Greenwich Mean Time,
anyone found on the premises will be
charged with trespassing and prosecuted
to the legal limit of the law. I repeat:
Herr Josef Virek is dead...

FINAL FADE OUT

finis