

COUNT ZERO

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Based on the novel by:

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FADE IN:

EXT. NEW DELHI - DAY

A maze of gravity-defying Jenga buildings, that look as if they might topple over at any moment, under an orange canopy of car pollution.

SUPERIMPOSE: (first in Hindi, then transforming into English): **New Delhi. The Near Future.**

EXT. MAIN MARKET ROAD - DAY

Sensory overload. An eruption of sights and sounds: colorful banners hanging from buildings, jam-packed streets, accompanied by a cacophony of CRIES from street vendors, MUSIC, and HONKING HORNS from traffic.

INT. TURKISH BATH - DAY

Traditional. White-tiled walls, the air thick with steam.

Sitting on a tile bench, is MITCHELL: middle-aged chemist, naked except for a towel, revealing that he needs to take better care of himself.

He wipes sweat from his brow. On either side of him, an incongruous sight: two heavily armed CORPORATE BODYGUARDS.

MITCHELL  
Aren't you two hot?

The steam cloud in front of them twists and changes shape, revealing:

TURNER: late 40s, grizzled, but more importantly holding a Walther pistol, equipped with a silencer.

He FIRES, hitting BODYGUARD #1, between the eyes. He falls to the ground with a wet splat.

BODYGUARD #2 raises his automatic weapon to return fire, but before he can - TURNER has fired again.

TURNER looks down at the bodies dispassionately, as blood and viscera spread across the white tile floors - then introduces himself:

TURNER  
Turner. Corporate defection specialist.

MITCHELL, mouth agape, looks at the bodies, then at TURNER:

MITCHELL  
They didn't tell me you were going  
to do that!

TURNER  
Your bodyguards wouldn't have you  
let you come with me, if I'd just,  
'asked nicely.'

MITCHELL  
How do you know? You didn't give  
them a choice.

TURNER pretends to ignore the question, reaches into a  
backpack, removes a spare choga - and tosses it to MITCHELL:

TURNER  
Here. Put this on.

EXT. MAIN MARKET ROAD - DAY

TURNER and MITCHELL push through the crowd. TURNER  
continually checks behind them, focused on possible pursuers;  
as they move, TURNER ignores the entreaties of the nearby  
stall owners.

MITCHELL keeps slowing down to catch his breath, drawing  
TURNER'S ire.

CORPORATE BODYGUARD #3 and BODYGUARD #4 emerge from the  
Turkish Bath's rear entrance, in pursuit, weapons raised.

TURNER spots them, steers MITCHELL into an...

EXT. ALLEY - MAIN MARKET ROAD - DAY

Darker here. Shafts of sunlight illuminate the smog, dust and  
sand floating in the air. Cloth canopies hang over the dimly-  
lit road, jam-packed with people, and bustling with commerce.  
LOCALS move between stalls, negotiating deals.

MITCHELL surveys the darkened space, confused:

MITCHELL  
Where are we going?

TURNER  
Keep moving.

TURNER picks up the pace as:

BODYGUARDS #3 & #4 appear at the far end of the alley.

BODYGUARD #3 raises his weapon, takes aim, preparing to squeeze the trigger, collateral damage be damned, when...

... there is a muted POPPING sound in the distance.

A split second later, a crimson stain appears on his chest, spraying BODYGUARD #4 with a red mist of blood.

He looks around frantically, trying to determine the location of the mysterious shooter. The one place he doesn't look is...

EXT. ROOFTOP - MAIN MARKET ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Where OAKY - African-American, 30s, utterly calm, a Zen monk seems manic by comparison - is lying on his stomach, near the ledge of a roof; an Armalite AR-50 sniper rifle, mounted on a bipod, aimed at the entrance of the alley.

CLOSE - OAKY: His left eye is artificial.

POV - OAKY: An inlaid targeting display, with streaming wind velocity data; the Zeiss-Ikon logo visible in the corner.

The BODYGUARD is still looking for the shooter.

OAKY fires again. The BODYGUARD drops. The LOCALS panic, and scramble.

OAKY looks to the left, where TURNER and MITCHELL are pushing through the crowd, making their escape.

OAKY  
(into com-link)  
You're clear. Over.

TURNER  
(over com-link)  
Copy that. Rally point, in ten.  
Over.

INT. TURKISH BATH - DAY

BODYGUARD #5 and BODYGUARD #6 arrive -- only they're accompanied by a pair of terrifying ROBOTIC DOGS (a militarized version of the Boston Dynamics model).

BODYGUARDS #5 & #6 immediately activate the DOGS; they set off down the hall, disappearing into the steam, until we can only hear the SQUEAK of their artificial legs.

INT. ABANDONED PARKING GARAGE - DOWNTOWN NEW DELHI - DAY

MITCHELL and TURNER step off a barely functioning elevator, where the rest of TURNER'S team is waiting for them; assembled around an S.U.V., and a BMW sedan.

Oakey's already in the S.U.V. passenger seat.

On the driver's side, operating a portable Ono-Sendai deck is: JAYLENE SLIDE, late 20s, sharp, console cowboy.

Next to her: RAMIREZ, barely out of his teens, the understudy, quiet and nervous.

They're both focused on a monitor: Displaying a sleek black helicopter on a landing pad. The blades start spinning. Without looking up:

JAYLENE  
Chopper's in pre-flight.

TURNER leads MITCHELL to the BMW next to:

GAVARONE mid-40s, stone-faced, the group's hired 'muscle', and...

...BONG CHA, Korean-American, early 30s, with a tuft of red-tinged hair - holding a hand-held medical device and a bottle of Kingfisher beer in the other.

She opens the trunk of the BMW revealing an assortment of advanced medical equipment, that would rival most ambulances.

TURNER looks at BONG CHA.

TURNER  
He clean?

She waves a hand-held device in front of MITCHELL.

MITCHELL  
Is this necessary?

BONG CHA  
*Zaibatus* like to implant cortex  
charges in high-value employees.

MITCHELL grabs his head in a panic.

MITCHELL  
You mean like, a bomb?

BONG CHA

A little crude for my taste, but it happens. Cortex charges, modified insulin-pump subdermals...

(beat)

... DNA coded pheromones, so you'll be easy to track.

EXT. STREET - DOWNTOWN NEW DELHI - DAY

The pair of ROBOTIC DOGS race down the street, like mechanized greyhounds, BODYGUARDS #5 & #6 struggle to keep up. The LOCALS, wisely, part like the Red Sea in order to avoid the DOGS.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DOWNTOWN NEW DELHI - DAY

BONG CHA makes another pass over MITCHELL'S neck. The hand-held device starts CHIMING. She studies the read-out, curses:

BONG CHA

He's loaded with scent trackers.

JAYLENE

Shit. That means dogs.

Echoing her sentiment:

OKEY

I hate dogs.

TURNER

Can you mask the pheromones?

BONG CHA rifles through a medical kit, finds a syringe:

BONG CHA

It'll take a few minutes for it to kick in.

TURNER

Let's head to the chopper.

The crew is like a well-oiled machine. They spring into action. BONG CHA tosses her beer, injects MITCHELL, then climbs into the S.U.V. with OKEY, JAYLENE, RAMIREZ and MITCHELL. TURNER and GAVARONE get in the BMW.

JAYLENE driving the S.U.V., GAVARONE the BMW.

They start the engines. The S.U.V. reaches the garage entrance, just as...

...BODYGUARDS #5 and #6 arrive.

OAKLEY doesn't even roll down the window. He unslings his rifle, presses his barrel against the window and OPENS FIRE.

The hail of armor-piercing bullets, cut through them; while the team is focused on the BODYGUARDS...

...the ROBOTIC DOGS race in from another entrance.

CLOSE - ROBOTIC DOGS: Their 'snouts' are outfitted with Claymore-like, anti-personnel devices.

They SLAM into the driver side of the BMW; it explodes in a fireball, filling the confined underground space with heat and light.

GAVARONE'S blackened, smoking corpse is still behind the wheel - posed like a macabre sculpture.

TURNER'S thrown clear. He writhes on the ground, clothes scorched away, body covered with third degree burns.

CLOSE - TURNER: Gravely injured, barely clinging to life.

What's left of his ear drums still RINGING from the blast, as we...

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: **COUNT ZERO**

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SINGAPORE - DAY

A large, antique junket is moored to a dock, in Jurong Port.

SUPERIMPOSE: (first in Malay, then English): **Singapore. Three Months Later.**

INT. FLOATING HOSPITAL - DAY

The junket has been retro-fitted with medical equipment. Polymer tanks of cloned tissue and organs line the walls; beyond them an operating theater, and:

INT. RECOVERY - FLOATING HOSPITAL - DAY

Where a heavily bandaged TURNER is in bed, connected to a series of bio-monitors. A heavy-set doctor, THE DUTCHMAN, examines readouts, smiles mischievously:

THE DUTCHMAN

Dogs were carrying a hexogene and TNT charge. Left a lot of you back in that garage...

(beat)

...blew off your 'package', but I bought you a new one, on the black market.

(winks)

Couple inches bigger too, you're welcome.

TURNER laughs, then grimaces at the effort.

TURNER

Don't make me laugh.

There's a CHIME in the B.G..

THE DUTCHMAN

You've got a visitor, and I have a feeling you won't be laughing much.

THE DUTCHMAN leaves, and CONROY, his agent, enters: high-end ath-leisure wear, fast-talking, flexible morality. He looks distinctly out of place in this ad-hoc hospital.

CONROY

You look pretty good, considering...

TURNER grimaces.

TURNER

The team?

CONROY

Gavarone didn't make it. The rest of them got out, made the hand off to the client.

With some difficulty, TURNER breathes a sigh of relief.

CONROY (CONT'D)

Mitchell's good too, case you were wondering.

CONROY examines TURNER'S body, burns peaking through the few body parts that aren't bandaged. He masks his concern:

CONROY (CONT'D)

I booked you a place to get some R  
and R; you're gonna love it.

(beat)

Oakey and Bong Cha wanted me to  
tell to you to rest up, cause  
they're ready to get back to work.

TURNER

I'm retiring.

CONROY

We'll see about that, my friend...

EXT. SAN ANGELES - DAY

A vast Left Coast super-metropolis. Like New Delhi, a heavy cloud of orange smog hangs over miles of snarled traffic, and clusters of massive skyscrapers.

CONROY (V.O.)

... already hearing whispers about  
another job coming up, stateside...

The skyscrapers are surrounded by an endless suburb that extends from the Pacific, before disappearing into the desert.

SUPERIMPOSE: **San Angeles.**

EXT. STREET - DAY

View Park-Windsor Hills. Vibrant, African-American neighborhood.

A group of GOTHICKS, lean, muscled, in nearly identical black gear; as they move, holographic Pop Up ads for cigarettes and alcohol appear in front of them. They walk by:

A lone DUSTER, in the grips of a particularly bad high, yelling at the orange tinged skies above, jumping up and trying to kick the air; his kicks revealing feet caked with dried blood.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NEWMARK HOME - DAY

Full of the tell-tale markers of suburban family life. Incongruous in this cozy setting, BOBBY NEWMARK, late 20s, African-American, sitting in *zazen*, slumped over, near a statue of Buddha, and an open book:

CLOSE - BOOK COVER: The Avatamsaka Sūtra

Next to them is an open Tupperware container of leftovers and a second-hand Ono-Sendai 3 computer.

His hands twitch involuntarily, inches away from a red 'Emergency Stop' button.

His eyes flutter; indicating he's in the grips of a seizure or cardiac event.

CLOSE - BOBBY: The plastic bio-port just behind his ear is flashing red.

EXT. CYBERSPACE

A vast digital mandala, stretching as far as the eye can see.

Galaxies of information, configuring and reforming in a dance of data.

Vast corporate databases (complete with logos), consumer information, transactions -- represented as ever-changing shapes.

BOBBY'S AVATAR floats through this complex, ever-shifting digital mandala.

Stranger still...

CLOSE - BOBBY'S AVATAR: His lips seem to be frozen in... a smile.

EXT. BRUSSELS - DUSK

In contrast to Delhi and San Angeles, the European capital is gray, colorless, full of featureless Brutalist buildings.

SUPERIMPOSE: **Brussels.**

INT. CORRIDOR - VIREK HOME - DUSK

A corridor that looks like the interior of a despot's palace.

A woman, mid-30s, fashionably (and expensively) dressed -- MARLY KRUSHKOVA -- newly comfortable among the uber-wealthy, strides down the corridor -- Hermès heels ECHOING on the floor.

The corridor ends in a massive golden double door; just as she reaches the threshold, the doorway opens noiselessly. MARLY steels herself, then steps into:

INT. OFFICE - VIREK HOME - CONTINUOUS

A massive, ridiculously ornate, gold-encrusted office (Saddam Hussein would've loved this place), views of downtown Brussels, are visible through the floor to ceiling windows.

The golden office glows in the rays of the setting sun.

A flickering holographic projection appears in the middle of the room.

It's a projection of a man who appears to be in his 70s: HERR JOSEF VIREK, an unruly mass of blond hair, bloated, in an ill-fitting suit, sits on a large armchair that could be viewed as an ersatz throne.

Once the hologram stops flickering, MARLY addresses it (In French):

MARLY

*A console cowboy. His first attempted infiltration. Bobby Newmark. Cowboy designation: Count Zero. San Angeles.*

A beat.

HERR VIREK

*The Maas Wellness Foundation exists, not to turn a profit, but to improve the lives of billions of people across the planet.*

*(beat)*

*And Monsieur Newmark might be crucial to the Foundation completing its mission.*

MARLY tries to set his mind at ease:

MARLY

*Surveillance is in place... Turing has been ordered not to interfere.*

*(beat)*

*(MORE)*

MARLY (CONT'D)

*And I'll be overseeing Newmark's recruitment, personally.*

The holographic HERR VIREK'S expression becomes more serious:

HERR VIREK

*You're still a young woman, so what I'm about to tell you next will be difficult for you to grasp... but as you grow older, you become keenly aware of your mortality, of how precious your remaining time on Earth is... so, Mademoiselle Krushkova it's imperative that you act quickly, time is of the essence.*

INT. CAFE BLANC - BRUSSELS - DAY

Bustle of patrons, steady drumming of rain pelting the windowpane.

A well-dressed Japanese woman, KOTOMI HAMAGUCHI, sits in the back; she pretends not to know the man sitting nearby, ALAIN, reading 'The Guardian' website on a tablet.

A waiter, PACO, late 30s, solicitous to the point of being obsequious, comes to take KOTOMI'S order (In French):

PACO

*My name is Paco. I'll be your server today. What would you like to start with?*

KOTOMI

*A green tea, please.*

PACO

*Right away. If I can be of further assistance, in any way, please don't hesitate to let me know.*

PACO turns, then disappears through a swinging door, into the kitchen. Once he's out of earshot, ALAIN whispers, loud enough for KOTOMI to hear:

ALAIN

*Ride your horse along the edge of the sword.*

KOTOMI responds with the first matching phrase:

KOTOMI  
*Hide yourself in the middle of the  
flames.*

ALAIN  
*Blossoms of the fruit tree will  
bloom in the fire.*

KOTOMI  
*The sun rises in the evening.*

ALAIN acknowledges the code with a slight nod of his head.

ALAIN  
*Virek may control entire sectors of  
the global economy, however there  
are things... he cannot control.*  
(beat)  
*At least, not yet.*

KOTOMI  
*And Count Zero's the key?*

ALAIN  
*He's certain of it.*

As PACO returns with a cup of tea, ALAIN resumes reading the Guardian site.

PACO sets the tea down at KOTOMI'S table.

PACO  
*Enjoy your tea, Mademoiselle, and  
we hope you'll visit us again soon.*

Once he's out of earshot, ALAIN whispers to KOTOMI:

ALAIN  
*No details yet. The situation is  
fluid, but things are in motion.*  
(beat)  
*When I know more, I'll be in touch.*

ALAIN rises from the table and heads out into the rainy Belgian afternoon.

EXT. STREET - VIEW PARK - SAN ANGELES - DAY

Where the DUSTER continues his rant. The roaming GOTHICKS notice an S.A.P.D. armored Hummer RUMBLING down the street, and scatter.

The S.A.P.D. Hummer stops just behind the DUSTER, with a HISS of pneumatics.

The Hummer disgorges a half dozen S.A.P.D. OFFICERS. They surround the DUSTER, drag him into the Hummer, then drive away.

INT. LIVING ROOM - TWO-A-DAY'S HOUSE - SAN ANGELES - DAY

Suffused in the pink-purple glow of grow-light tubes hanging from the ceiling.

An African-American man, PYE, mid-40s, pink light reflecting off his shaved head, green surgical smock, holding two defibrillator paddles, stands over the prone body of BOBBY NEWMARK.

POV - BOBBY: He opens his eyes to find PYE, standing over him, smiling.

PYE  
Welcome back. Thought we'd lost  
you.

PYE injects a sedative into BOBBY'S arm. BOBBY tries to move, but the pain forces him back onto the table.

PYE (CONT'D)  
Whoa. Take it easy, young blood.

BOBBY  
Where am I?

As PYE removes his surgical gloves, and throws them into a container marked with a biohazard trefoil - BOBBY ignores PYE'S instructions, sits up, looks around and finds himself in the relatively spacious home of TWO-A-DAY: African-American, also mid-40s, in a wheelchair.

TWO-A-DAY'S flanked by two statuesque bodyguards JACKIE and RHEA.

TWO-A-DAY regards BOBBY, without concern, only mild curiosity, before returning to his work:

TWO-A-DAY  
My place. I sent Jackie and Rhea to  
check on you; you were about to  
"pull a Wilson"... a minute away  
from a permanent vacation.

Once he's oriented himself, BOBBY looks down at his clothes, notices his clothes are gone and he's wearing black pajamas.

BOBBY  
Where's my clothes?

PYE  
Had to cut 'em off you.

TWO-A-DAY  
Loaned you a pair of my pajamas,  
which I want back, by the way.  
(beat)  
What's the last thing you remember?

BOBBY  
I tried that I.C.E. Breaker you  
gave me.  
(beat)  
I wanted to start with a simple  
infiltration, make a run on a  
corporate database, make it my  
calling card.  
(beat)  
Then 'Count Zero' gets hired by a  
*zaibatsu*, and gets out of this  
place.

TWO-A-DAY  
I get that. People are like sharks  
that way, if we don't keep moving,  
keep evolving, we stagnate, we die.  
(beat)  
What happened though, when you used  
it?

BOBBY  
No idea. I just remember launching  
it, then waking up, here.  
(beat)  
What was that thing? Where'd you  
get it?

A beat, as TWO-A-DAY ponders how much to reveal:

TWO-A-DAY  
What I can tell you is, I got a  
Sprawl connect, major dude, the  
kind who serves with both hands.

BOBBY  
Huh?

TWO-A-DAY  
'Serves with both hands'. Means to  
work both sides of the law. Legal.  
Illegal. Black. White. Get me?  
(MORE)

## TWO-A-DAY (CONT'D)

(beat)

He sent it to me, I gave it to you,  
thought I was doing you a solid.

BOBBY

Some favor. Shit, almost pulled a  
Wilson on my first run.

## EXT. BEACH - DAY

A private beach, beautiful golden sand, pristine blue-green water protected from prying eyes by an enormous rocky out-cropping.

SUPERIMPOSE: **Seychelles.**

A woman, ALLISON, mid-30s, tan, swimsuit - lies on her stomach, reading a tablet. She hears a noise, making her sit up and cast her glance out onto the water where:

TURNER'S rebuilt body is a network of skin grafts, and surgical scars -- and fairly radiating danger -- is emerging from the surf.

ALLISON, however, is completely unconcerned:

ALLISON

Do you want to go out tonight?

TURNER

No, let's stay in. I'll cook.

## INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dinner time. ALLISON and TURNER, are finishing some fresh fish, and a bottle of wine. In mid-conversation:

TURNER

I'm an Army brat, we moved around a lot, Dad was a real hard-ass, made us call him 'The Colonel'.

(beat)

Got a brother, Gary, he turned into a real asshole too, just like my old man, so I got out of there... left home when I was sixteen...

ALLISON

Sounds like a very difficult childhood.

TURNER

Family can be a wonderful thing for some people, can be a real burden for other folks. I'm better like this, on my own.

(beat)

I made my way down to Mexico, got a gig with Sense/Net protecting a SimStim star... Jane... a cartel attack, a bomb, should've seen it coming, the whole crew was killed. Then back north to San Angeles, that's where Conroy recruited me.

(beat)

Said I had a real talent for the work, and I've been doing it ever since... it's what I'm good at, and it's all I know.

ALLISON weighs whether it's the right moment to address:

ALLISON

And all of that led to Delhi.

Glib, evasive:

TURNER

Getting blown up sucks. I don't recommend it.

ALLISON

You told Conroy you're going to retire, is that still what you want?

TURNER

In my line of work, 'Edge,' being able to anticipate, even 'feel' danger is essential, I didn't spot those dogs in Delhi... 'fraid I might be losing my edge...

He's grown visibly uncomfortable discussing this. He changes tack:

TURNER (CONT'D)

But what I really want is...

He reaches across the table, and gently pulls her toward him. They kiss, hungrily.

## INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Full of clothes, suitcases, like a couple on vacation. They lie naked, their bodies beaded with sweat, amidst a tangle of sheets.

TURNER

Now it's my turn to ask you some questions.

(beat - notices her  
wedding ring)

You make a habit of this?

ALLISON

I very rarely sleep with my patients; but it does happen.

(beat)

But this is just sex, it has nothing to do with my marriage, I love my husband very much.

(beat)

And when this examination is over, I'll file a report on you, and go back, to him.

## INT. VILLAGE STORE - DAY

Walking down the aisles, TURNER puts wine, eggs, cheese, fruits, in his basket.

## INT. KITCHEN - DAY

TURNER sets the groceries down in the kitchen, notices the apartment is unusually quiet.

TURNER

Allie!

No answer. He moves into the:

## INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The closet doors are open, all her clothes are gone. He opens the dresser to find them empty as well.

TURNER

Guess it was fun while it lasted.

Resigned, he walks out onto the:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Where he spots a yacht, the Tsushima, anchored just off-shore. CONROY, piloting a skiff, motors towards the beach.

TURNER  
(to himself)  
What part of "I'm retiring" was unclear?

EXT. BEACH - LATER

Cloudy. CONROY and TURNER sit on a pair of beach chairs, staring at the sleek white lines of the Tsushima, floating in the distance:

CONROY  
You know in the moments right before a rainstorm, you can feel it coming?

TURNER  
Increased ionization in the atmosphere.

CONROY  
It was like this just before shifting Mitchell...  
(beat)  
Remember when I said I was hearing whispers about a job stateside...  
(beat)  
Hosaka wants us on standby, in San Angeles.

TURNER  
I told you in Singapore. I'm retired.

CONROY  
Allison's the best in the business, and her report says otherwise...  
(beat)  
... says you've got some survivor's guilt, which is normal in this line of work, it'd be more worrying if you didn't have any...  
(beat)  
...but the long and the short of it is, you're ready to get back in the game.

TURNER'S conflicted emotions, play out across his recently re-sculpted features.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NEWMARK HOME - NIGHT

CLOSE - BOBBY'S MOTHER: A blinking blue light on the bio-port behind her ear.

WIDEN TO REVEAL: A fragile, elderly woman. Her eyes glazed over, she's oblivious to everything around her; including BOBBY, who's...

...at a workstation, with the Ono-Sendai and a pair of monitors. He's glued to one of the displays, code cascading down the screen.

He's so absorbed in his task, he doesn't hear the soft HUM of turbine engines outside.

There is a KNOCK at the door. BOBBY looks at the clock on his display. Curious, he rises to his feet, goes to the door.

He looks through the peephole:

At the curb: DOLAN -- dishonorably discharged pilot, seething with grievance, permanent scowl and a cowboy hat -- standing outside a small 4-person Herring helicopter.

On his doorstep, MARLY. He opens the door, takes her in, there is a flash of attraction. He forgets about DOLAN and focuses on MARLY; with as much charm as he can muster:

BOBBY

Hi.

MARLY

(slight French accent)

I'm looking for Bobby Newmark, also known as, Count Zero.

BOBBY

In the flesh. Hope you're not a cop, that would be a real bummer.

MARLY smiles:

MARLY

No, not with S.A.P.D., or Turing.

(beat)

I represent the Maas Wellness Foundation. May I come in?

Simultaneously wary of, and curious about, this turn of events, BOBBY steps aside, allowing MARLY in. She enters the room, looks around appreciatively.

MARLY (CONT'D)  
You have a lovely home.

BOBBY  
Glad you like it.

Then MARLY sees BOBBY'S MOTHER sitting, still as a statue, in the corner.

MARLY  
This matter is quite sensitive, is there somewhere we could speak privately?

BOBBY dismisses her concern with a wave of the hand.

BOBBY  
She's deep in her SimStim stories, she doesn't even know you're here.  
(beat - concerned)  
Think she might have 'Incandenza'.

He motions to the couch.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
Have a seat.

MARLY sits down, BOBBY shuts off the display monitor, then sits across from her.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
You want something to drink?

MARLY  
No, I'm fine. Thank you.  
(beat)  
Our Foundation's goal is to find new treatments, new discoveries that help combat sickness, we're trying to improve the health of millions of people.

BOBBY  
You sound like a branding ad.

She senses the spark between them, uses it; smiles to distract him, and presses on:

MARLY

Console cowboys routinely discover life-improving medicines in the databases they infiltrate. To that end, your friend Two-A-Day has been on our radar for sometime.

(beat)

How much do you know about him?

BOBBY

He's big-time.

MARLY

(dismissive)

He is, at best, mid-level. He does however work for actual top-level cowboys in San Angeles and The Sprawl. Major players, as you might say.

(beat)

Sometimes they get I.C.E. Breakers; most of them are designed by A.I.s or the military, and potentially very dangerous.

BOBBY

Very dangerous as in, 'put you in a coma if you're not careful', dangerous.

MARLY

So what do those cowboys do, when they obtain one? They don't risk trying it out themselves, they give it to someone else to test first.

As it slowly dawns on BOBBY:

BOBBY

Motherfucker used me as a guinea pig.

MARLY

Yes, he did, but in this instance it may have worked in your favor.

BOBBY

How so?

MARLY

I believe that during your run, you might have accidentally accessed some incredibly valuable data.

BOBBY strains to remember...

SMASH CUT TO:

IN BOBBY'S MIND'S EYE:

EXT. CYBERSPACE

A luminous RED FIGURE, its features obscured by a golden ring of PULSING light, floats amidst the infinite data of cyberspace.

SMASH BACK TO:

BOBBY

I don't remember much about the run, just... flashes.

MARLY

According to Western Fission Authority records, you were unconscious for approximately three minutes, before you were discovered and eventually resuscitated.

(beat)

We can help you remember exactly, what happened on your run.

BOBBY

And what's in it for me?

MARLY rises to her feet, and beckons for BOBBY to follow. She opens the front door and steps out onto:

EXT. FRONT YARD - NEWMARK HOME - NIGHT

MARLY looks at the horizon, where the impossible towers of central San Angeles twinkle in the distance, seemingly as remote and inaccessible as stars.

MARLY

You'll be generously compensated, and we'll give you the training necessary to become a top-level cowboy, a real player. Your days of trying to make a name for yourself will be over.

(beat)

In a few months you'll have people like Two-A-Day working for you.

(beat)

(MORE)

MARLY (CONT'D)  
Is 'Count Zero' ready to become an  
elite-level cowboy?

A grin breaks out across his features.

EXT. BRUSSELS PARK - (CYBERSPACE CONSTRUCT) - NIGHT

An open tree-lined, neatly manicured public park. A light rain falls...

CLOSE - PARK BENCH: Drops hit the leaves, and pixilate ever so slightly...

...illustrating to us that we're in a construct.

MARLY'S AVATAR and HERR VIREK'S AVATAR -- still in a too big suit, with a too long tie -- walk down a well-trod path, complete with the sounds of pebbles CRUNCHING underfoot (In French):

MARLY  
*He's agreed.*

VIREK  
*So quickly? It seems I grossly underestimated your powers of persuasion.*  
(beat)  
*Turing?*

MARLY  
*They've kept their distance.*

VIREK  
*Good. Get him in the lab, reconstruct his run, as quickly as possible.*

EXT. DERELICT OIL RIG - NIGHT

Choppy waves, pissing rain. A stealth Honda helicopter, jet-black, no running lights hovers just over the platform.

The hatch opens, CONROY and TURNER jump out -- TURNER landing more nimbly than CONROY. While CONROY stands, brushes himself off, TURNER watches the helicopter disappear in the night sky.

TURNER  
What's this?

CONROY

You ever heard of 'Sea Nations'?  
(without waiting for an  
answer)

Before the big quake, the war,  
before the one percent started  
building orbitals, some Silicon  
Valley type bought this place... so  
he could create a 'Sea Nation',  
it's in international waters, so he  
could make any laws he liked, and  
more importantly... avoid paying  
taxes.

(beat)

Said it was going to be a  
libertarian paradise.

CONROY turns toward a staircase.

TURNER

Sounds like bullshit.

CONROY

Place was a complete disaster. They  
didn't want 'lowly' maintenance  
workers living in the habitat  
itself, but none of the residents  
wanted to do the grunt work  
themselves. Put a bunch of rich,  
lazy, selfish assholes together,  
and surprise surprise, they can't  
get anything done. Who'da guessed,  
right?

(beat)

Community failed, and he just left  
it sitting here. Hosaka picked it  
up for a song, uses it as an off-  
book staging area.

As they reach the stairs:

CONROY (CONT'D)

Careful, those steps are slippery,  
I can't afford another trip to the  
Dutchman.

TURNER smiles at the jab.

INT. OFFICE - DERELICT OIL RIGHT - NIGHT

Walls covered with large spots of rust, lit only by a series  
of portable lamps.

Various computer equipment is being meticulously cleaned by: LYNCH, late 30s, Australian, doughy, khakis and a polo shirt. He gives TURNER the once over, turns to CONROY:

LYNCH

This is the famous Turner?

TURNER drops his gear near the door. A flash of annoyance from LYNCH, who moves the gear to a space near the computer equipment. More focused on the task ahead:

TURNER

What's the gig?

CONROY

You know Rinko Hamaguchi, don't you?

TURNER

Yeah, we go back a ways.

CONROY

She's running their ops now, contacted me out of the blue, wanted my opinion about moving someone off this platform, and using 'The Tsushima' to ferry him back to Tokyo.

TURNER

Too vulnerable out on open waters. I hope you told her that was a bad idea.

CONROY

I did. Said her new number two, Lala... something... is going to run some new scenarios.

TURNER

If this is a defection, we still don't have a target.

CONROY

No, we don't... but one's coming, my friend, one's coming.

EXT. SAN ANGELES - DAWN

The first rays of sunlight are still a rumor on the horizon; faintly illuminating the downtown of 'Old' Los Angeles.

A seemingly infinite number of neon and phosphorous lights move back and forth through the semi-darkness, like an intricate dance -- or blood coursing through veins and arteries.

A Herring helicopter, marked Maas Biolabs, navigates a cluster of impossibly tall skyscrapers. The airspace is just like the 101 -- but choked with air traffic.

INT. HERRING HELICOPTER - MAAS ONE - DAWN

Soundproof, silent. DOLAN glowers as he pilots the chopper, glances back disapprovingly at BOBBY. BOBBY doesn't notice, fixated on the surrounding cavern of skyscrapers - excited by the promise and opportunity they hold.

DOLAN calls into the helipad:

DOLAN  
(into com-link)  
This is Maas One, on approach.

TOWER (O.S.)  
(over com-link)  
Maas One, you're cleared to land.

EXT. ATRIUM - MAAS BIOLABS - DAY

A manicured garden; an oasis of serenity in the heart of the city. The hedges are tended to by automated gardening ROBOTS.

As MARLY and BOBBY pass through the atrium:

MARLY  
I want to retrace your steps from  
your last run, and we can start  
solving this mystery.

INT. COMPUTER LAB - MAAS BIOLABS - DAY

BOBBY sits in a dentist-like chair, next to a bank of monitors. A LAB ASSISTANT calibrates the equipment, as MARLY sits at his side:

MARLY  
We're going to retrieve all the  
data from your port, giving us a  
replay of your run...  
(points to the main  
monitor)  
(MORE)

MARLY (CONT'D)  
... which we can playback, right  
there.

BOBBY nods his approval. MARLY turns to the LAB ASSISTANT,  
who presses a pad, activating:

CLOSE - BOBBY: The bio-port is blinking blue.

The trio turn their attention to the monitor:

The Digital Big Bang.  
Cyberspace expanding in all directions.  
Code forming into constellations of information.

Groups of data, forming different shapes, that extend  
infinitely in the distance, like the view from a probe  
peering into deep space.

BOBBY'S AVATAR floats through the seemingly infinite expanse  
of cyberspace -- toward the massive blue and white firewalls  
of a company called 'Pacifica Malibu'.

He activates the I.C.E. Breaker, represented as a series of  
constantly changing geometric shapes.

He launches it.

It floats toward the corporate firewall.

The golden ring appears between BOBBY'S AVATAR and the  
'Pacifica' firewall.

It grows closer, but before we can see it in great detail,  
the screen goes black.

The LAB ASSISTANT presses a series of pads, then shakes their  
head; partially in frustration, and partially in disbelief:

LAB ASSISTANT  
That's it. Data from the rest of  
the run has been wiped. There  
should be traces of it, scraps of  
data, but there's nothing.  
(beat)  
I've never seen anything that could  
wipe every piece of data from a  
port like that.  
(beat)  
What did he run into in there?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MAAS BIOLABS - DAY

Floor-to-ceiling windows. Cold, corporate aesthetic. MARLY sits on one side of the table, BOBBY across from her -- distracted by the stunning views of the city beyond.

MARLY

Why were you trying to access the Pacifica database?

BOBBY

My Mom. You saw her, completely addicted to SimStim, if I don't remind her, she'll forget to feed herself, sleep, it's bad.

(beat)

But the treatment is insanely expensive, and it's nearly impossible to get on their waiting list... so I thought I'd sneak into their mainframe, get her registered as a patient.

MARLY'S charmed, and can't help but smile; but then it's back to business:

MARLY

The record of exactly what happened to you is there, somewhere in your data-port.

(beat)

I'd like to use a S.Q.U.I.D. to dig a bit deeper.

She produces a tablet, types in a series of commands - then turns the tablet toward BOBBY.

CLOSE - TABLET: A device similar to a VR helmet.

MARLY (V.O.)

Superconducting Quantum Interference Detectors. Military. Developed during the war, used them to track Russian cyber-systems.

Curiosity sated, BOBBY hands the tablet back to:

MARLY

But I don't have one here.

(beat)

Would you be open to temporarily relocating to our 'Mesa' facility in Arizona?

His enthusiasm quickly dampens as he realizes:

BOBBY

I can't just leave my Mom here.

MARLY

Bobby, you're part of the Maas family now. We take care of our people.

(beat)

If you help us unlock this data, study its contents... we'll get her a room at Pacifica tomorrow, make sure she gets all the help she needs; and Maas will pay for her treatment.

(beat)

So?

But BOBBY'S returning enthusiasm is tempered by a healthy dose of skepticism:

BOBBY

Looks like we're going to Arizona.

INT. CAFE BLANC - DAY

KOTOMI and ALAIN sit at their usual tables. KOTOMI spots PACO, near the entrance to the kitchen.

ALAIN

(In French)

*They've moving him.*

INT. OFFICE - DERELICT OIL RIG - DAY

It's still cloudy. The sound of the Pacific ocean is audible. TURNER and CONROY are seated around a table, while LYNCH is straightening the space (again):

LYNCH

I hope this happens soon... I've got alimony, my kids' tuition. Do you know how much private school costs?

(without waiting for an answer)

Charter schools. That's the real larceny. I'm in the wrong line of work, mate.

TURNER largely ignores the comment, turns to CONROY:

TURNER

If your hunch is right... and Maas  
is moving somebody to 'The Mesa'...

(beat)

...we'll need my old unit, and two  
locations on or near the flight  
path...

CONROY'S phone CHIMES. He reads the display and grins  
broadly:

CONROY

That was Rinko. I was right. She's  
given us a target.

(beat)

New Maas employee, Bobby Newmark.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

A sleek Fokker hovercraft glides down an empty road in the  
Arizona desert.

It approaches a gas station, abandoned at least ten years  
earlier; feral animals roam the pump islands.

INT. HOVERCRAFT - DAY

While CONROY steers the vehicle, he has to shout over the  
WHINE of turbines to LYNCH and TURNER (now in desert combat  
fatigues):

CONROY

Rinko's got a jet on standby, in  
Long Beach, ready to take him to  
Tokyo. How we make the grab, and  
get him to Long Beach, she left up  
to you.

He points to the gas station:

CONROY (CONT'D)

Figured you could use that to  
change vehicles, and cover your  
escape.

TURNER nods with approval.

TURNER

And the command center?

The hovercraft pulls off the road, before coming to a rest  
just outside of:

EXT. LISTENING WIND MOTEL - DAY

That's been empty as long as the gas station. The cloud of dust from the engines finally settles. The hovercraft sinks slightly into the deflated apron bag underneath.

A hatch opens. The trio climbs down. TURNER takes in the ruined surroundings:

TURNER  
What the hell happened here?

CONROY  
Economics, my friend. Started  
losing money before the war.

TURNER surveys the surroundings, sees the expansive parking lot, an abandoned water tower nearby. You can almost see his mind working, making calculations, plans...

As if reading his thoughts:

CONROY (CONT'D)  
But you've got a lot of room to  
maneuver, and there's a storm  
comin' in.  
(beat)  
Storms out here are no joke.

TURNER  
That could be useful.

The entrance to the one of the shops opens, OAKLEY is the first to emerge, followed by BONG CHA. They recognize the approaching trio, and break out in warm smiles.

OAKLEY  
Turner!

He gives TURNER a bear hug, which TURNER reciprocates. BONG CHA gives him a once over and can't help adding:

BONG CHA  
You definitely look better than the  
last time we saw you.

TURNER smiles at her joke.

TURNER  
Good to see you too.

They only begrudgingly acknowledge CONROY.

CONROY  
 Hey, don't everybody thank me all  
 at once, I'm only the guy that  
 helped save his life.

This gets him a reluctant nod of approval from OAKEY.

OAKEY  
 I guess we gotta give you that.

CONROY 'reads the room':

CONROY  
 I'm going to hit the road, call me  
 when it's done.

TURNER gives him an appreciative nod. CONROY starts the  
 hovercraft - filling the air with the WHINE of turbines.

With LYNCH in tow, OAKEY and BONG CHA at his side, TURNER  
 heads toward the entrance of:

INT. ROOM - LISTENING WIND MOTEL - DAY

Back of the motel. Dim except for a few recessed wall lights.  
 Faded wallpaper. Moldy walls. Six-packs of Carta Blanca, take-  
 out containers, advanced computer and surveillance equipment  
 on the dresser.

JAYLENE and RAMIREZ, sweating though their clothes, are  
 huddled around a recently assembled work station of monitors  
 and the more advanced, Ono-Sendai 7.

They check the equipment, between long pulls of beer.

The door CREAKS open, slowly. JAYLENE and RAMIREZ turn to  
 find LYNCH, TURNER and OAKEY entering; JAYLENE smiles  
 broadly, RAMIREZ remains quiet and nervous.

JAYLENE  
 Well, you're a sight for sore eyes!

Barely looking up from the computer:

RAMIREZ  
 (mumbling)  
 Hey, Turner.

OAKEY  
 Tone it down, kid. You're  
 embarrassing yourself.

They all have a laugh at his expense, before even RAMIREZ joins in. JAYLENE tosses TURNER a beer.

INT. ROOM - LISTENING WIND MOTEL - LATER

The group sits, eyes closed, as if in a meditation circle - oblivious to the heat. The bio-ports behind their ears blink simultaneously, because they're all in the:

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOTEL - (CYBERSPACE CONSTRUCT) - DAY

Very detailed, down to the occasional gust of desert wind. An AVATAR of TURNER addresses the assembled group.

TURNER

We've been hired to shift an employee, from Maas BioLabs to Hosaka.

OKEY

Like Delhi?

TURNER

Not exactly, this one's going to have a lot more moving parts.

JAYLENE

Dogs?

TURNER

Probably not.

JAYLENE and OKEY exchange sighs of relief. RAMIREZ giggles.

JAYLENE

Well, that's something at least.

LYNCH

So what are we dealing with, mate?

A holographic map of the Southwest appears in the air next to TURNER'S AVATAR.

TURNER

Our target's going to be moved from the Maas offices in Central San Angeles to 'The Mesa' facility in Arizona. He's high value, but our intel says minimal security.

A hologram now displays two Herring helicopters, slowly flying from California, out over the desert.

TURNER (CONT'D)

This motel is situated on their flight path. We're going to bring them down, right here.

He turns to JAYLENE, who picks up on his train of thought:

JAYLENE

A Herring's pretty easy to hijack remotely.

(looking at RAMIREZ)

Well, easy for us, at least.

TURNER

We got a pretty serious storm comin' in tomorrow.

More comfortable talking about programs than interacting with actual humans:

RAMIREZ

Herrings have a unique command override sub-routine. If they encounter high speed winds, they're programmed to automatically set down.

TURNER

High speed? Give me a number.

RAMIREZ searches his memory:

RAMIREZ

Fifty knots'll engage the auto-pilot.

TURNER

Then we might be in business.

JAYLENE

Auto-pilot kicks in, we sneak in through a back door, hijack their navigational system, and bring the lead chopper down wherever, right here in the parking lot, if you want.

TURNER

Their escort will set down too. I think it'll be a standard four person team.

He looks at OAKLEY, points toward a replica of a water tower, he spotted earlier:

TURNER (CONT'D)  
I need you in a nest, here.  
(beat)  
From that range, can you take out  
the whole team?

Oakey does a quick calculation in his head.

Oakey  
Three before they know what's  
happened.

TURNER  
I'll take out the last guard,  
secure the target.  
(beat)  
The flight will be monitored, once  
'The Mesa' gets word they're having  
mechanical difficulty, they'll send  
another chopper. So back-up will be  
on the way.

Bong Cha  
I only need a few minutes to check  
him for trackers, subdermals, etc.  
(beat)  
If he's wired, disarming a cortex  
charge will take longer.

TURNER  
We don't move until you give us the  
all-clear.

She nods.

TURNER (CONT'D)  
(he turns to Lynch)  
And since you're such a neat freak,  
you're on clean up. You pack up the  
gear, and when I give the signal,  
torch this place... don't leave  
anything behind.

A hologram of the gas station appears, where the motel was  
moments before.

TURNER (V.O.)  
We change vehicles, then head down  
to Long Beach...

The hologram changes again -- to a small private airport,  
where a jet sits in an open hangar, a uniformed Hosaka  
security detail, standing guard.

TURNER (V.O.)

We turn them over to Hosaka, and  
collect our fee.

LYNCH

Well, that seems simple enough.

RAMIREZ

Who's the target?

TURNER

A new employee, only been there a  
week.

RAMIREZ

I've heard of 'Buyer's Remorse',  
but that seems fast. Why's he want  
out already?

TURNER

Don't know, don't care.

(beat)

If you're curious, there's a *précis*  
you can watch.

(beat)

Get some sleep, they're going to be  
in our airspace at approximately  
nine AM, tomorrow morning. So you  
should all be prepped and ready to  
move by eight...

EXT. PARKING LOT - LISTENING WIND MOTEL - NIGHT

The parking lot is bathed in a silver glow from the  
moonlight. The air is alive with the CRIES of nocturnal  
desert creatures.

INT. TURNER'S ROOM - LISTENING WIND MOTEL - NIGHT

Despite his earlier words to the contrary, TURNER is curious  
about their subject. He watches a bio-holo on BOBBY, vital  
statistics and biographical information scroll along the  
images.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

OAKLEY (O.S.)

It's me, man.

He walks in, sees TURNER watching the holo; he's known TURNER  
long enough to feel comfortable calling him on his b.s.:

OAKEY (CONT'D)  
'Don't know, don't care.', huh?

And TURNER doesn't need to keep his guard up with OAKEY:

TURNER  
I didn't, 'till I saw this. He's  
just a kid.

OAKEY  
He some kind of prodigy?

TURNER  
Usually there's a detailed *précis*,  
but with him... nothing, just that  
Maas has him, and Hosaka is willing  
to spend whatever it takes to shift  
him.

EXT. STREET - BRUSSELS - NIGHT

Sablon. Upscale neighborhood. An electric van, marked Maas BioLabs, noiselessly comes to a stop outside a single-family house. The doors slide open silently, and a team of FOUR SECURITY GUARDS, disembark - without making a sound.

INT. ALAIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE - ALAIN: His eyes snap open.

He rises from bed, groggy. He looks over, but his WIFE is still fast asleep.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Now in a light robe, walking down the hall, toward the stairwell.

POV - ALAIN: A trio of flashlight beams are visible at the bottom of the stairwell.

He descends the stairs cautiously, expecting a burglar.

INT. ALAIN'S LIVINGROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The large open area is flooded with light. ALAIN has to shield his eyes in order to see clearly. His eyes become accustomed to the light and through his fingers he can see:

There are four MAAS SECURITY GUARDS standing near the door, toward the middle of his living room. (In French):

SECURITY GUARD #1  
*Alain Deschamps. Maas Biolabs  
 security, you are under arrest for  
 corporate espionage.*

EXT. STREET - BRUSSELS - NIGHT

KOTOMI navigates a nearly empty Marollen street, constantly looking over her shoulder, alert to potential dangers.

She doesn't register the black van until it's too late.

The side door slides open; another detail of MAAS SECURITY GUARDS leap out, and throw a black bag over her head.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - MAAS H.Q. - NIGHT

Eyes puffy and bloody - ALAIN nurses his injuries. A camera, mounted on a tripod, is pointed at him.

The door opens, he looks up at his INTERVIEWER - and smiles ironically.

ALAIN  
*So what do you want to know?*

INT. SECOND INTERVIEW ROOM - MAAS H.Q. - NIGHT

KOTOMI, also bruised and bloodied, sits at an identical table. Same camera set-up.

The door opens, she looks up at her INTERVIEWER - surprise written on her features.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)  
*Is it safe, to move Newmark?*

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - MAAS H.Q. - NIGHT

The cold glow of fluorescent lights. Two MAAS SECURITY GUARDS, watch the interrogation.

The door opens and PACO -- the waiter from Cafe Blanc -- enters the room. He was the INTERVIEWER.

He's traded in his waiter's uniform for a dark bespoke suit, the obsequiousness displaced by sheer menace:

PACO  
*I need to speak to Herr Virek.*

INT. OFFICE - VIREK HOME - NIGHT

PACO stands before the VIREK hologram:

PACO  
*I apologize for disturbing you at  
 this hour, sir.*

HERR VIREK  
*I rarely sleep.*

PACO  
*Your suspicions about Hosaka were  
 correct.*

The VIREK hologram's expression is difficult to read...

INT. CABIN - MAAS ONE - DAY

The first rays of sunshine illuminate the orange clouds of smog on the other side of the cabin's windshield.

DOLAN maneuvers the craft over the eastern part of the city, while BOBBY warily eyes the trio of SECURITY GUARDS alongside them.

He tries to distract himself by taking in the scenery, and taking a sip of coffee; next to him MARLY reads a message on her phone, a sadness comes over her. Her thoughts interrupted by:

BOBBY  
 You okay?

MARLY  
 Some unfortunate news.

Hoping to distract her.

BOBBY  
 Sorry. How long's the flight?

MARLY  
 We should be there by lunch-time...

BOBBY hazards a glance at the rising sun and...

SMASH CUT TO:

IN BOBBY'S MIND'S EYE:

The 'Pacifica Malibu' firewall in the distance.

The RED FIGURE, its features obscured by a radiant, golden ring of light, moves towards him.

SMASH BACK TO:

BOBBY rubs his eyes, looks back out the cabin window only to find:

A pair of larger, combat HERRING helicopters, each bearing the Maas BioLabs logo, pull alongside their vehicle.

Their resemblance to police/military craft make BOBBY immediately uneasy. He looks at the additional escort ships, the other SECURITY GUARDS, then at MARLY:

BOBBY

What the hell kind of 'wellness'  
company are you? Drink more water,  
get eight hours a sleep, or we  
start shooting?

She's smiles wearily at the joke; she's uneasy by the firepower on display, but careful to mask it:

MARLY

You're very important to us. We  
want to make certain nothing  
happens to you.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The trio of Herring helicopters flies in tight formation over the desert.

INT. CABIN - SECOND HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Six Maas SOLDIERS, an impressive display of strength, check their weapons.

INT. CABIN - THIRD HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Lit only by blinking instrumentation, the SOLDIERS are tense, quiet. They review maps of the area.

EXT. WATER TOWER - DAY

A motorcycle on its kick stand rests at the base of the tower. Up top...

Oakey, is on his stomach, sniper rifle pointed at the parking lot.

POV - Oakey: He scans the area.

He activates his comm-device.

Oakey  
(into com-link)  
I know this a routine shift, but  
you two watch each other's backs  
out there.

EXT. ROAD - OUTSIDE LISTENING WIND - DAY

Turner stands in the middle of the road, weapon at his side.  
Bong Cha is next to him, sipping on a Carta Blanca:

Bong Cha  
(into com-link)  
I'll try to keep his ass in one  
piece this time.

Turner smiles in appreciation; then looking through a pair of combat binoculars -- Turner sees massive storm clouds gathering on the horizon.

Turner  
(com-link)  
You see those clouds?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LISTENING WIND - DAY

Where Lynch is meticulously packing equipment; Jaylene and Ramirez are positioned in front of a trio of monitors.

CLOSE - FIRST MONITOR: One of them hooked into a security camera pointed at the horizon.

Jaylene  
(into com-link)  
We see 'em.

She switches her attention to a:

CLOSE - SECOND MONITOR: Three dots slowly make their way across the desert. Two of the dots, are significantly larger.

JAYLENE (CONT'D)  
(into com-link)  
How big are Maas' standard escorts?

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Hearing the question, BONG CHA turns to TURNER, the concern written all over her face.

TURNER  
(into com-link)  
Usually, just one escort vehicle.  
Why?

JAYLENE  
(over com-link)  
I'm seeing three.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LISTENING WIND - DAY

JAYLENE and RAMIREZ are still focused on the monitors in front of them. LYNCH watches nervously from the far side of the room.

RAMIREZ  
That's a lot more firepower than we  
were planning on.

JAYLENE nods.

JAYLENE  
(into com-link)  
So? Do we abort?

EXT. WATER TOWER - CONTINUOUS

OAKEY goes through the motions of firing at multiple targets, then glances at a nearby box of ammunition. He takes a calm, inhale breath, before:

OAKEY  
(into com-link)  
We doin' this or not?

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

As TURNER silently takes these new variables into consideration. He thinks out loud, partially to get BONG CHA'S opinion, and partially for his own benefit.

TURNER  
 Once he's at 'The Mesa', we won't  
 be able to get to him.  
 (beat)  
 Might be now or never.

As he continues deliberating, a strong gust of wind kicks up sand around his feet.

TURNER (CONT'D)  
 (into com-link)  
 What's the wind speed?

EXT. WATER TOWER - CONTINUOUS

POV - OAKEY: The wind speed data on his retinal display reads 40 knots.

OAKEY  
 (into com-link)  
 Forty.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

TURNER looks at the horizon again, and the storm clouds are almost on top of them. He comes to a decision.

TURNER  
 (into com-link)  
 We're going.  
 (to OAKEY)  
 Where we at?

EXT. WATER TOWER - CONTINUOUS

POV - OAKEY: The wind speed data on his retinal display reads 48 knots.

OAKEY  
 (into com-link)  
 It's picked up. Forty-eight and climbing.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LISTENING WIND - CONTINUOUS

Where JAYLENE hears OAKEY'S response:

JAYLENE  
 (into com-link)  
 Launching the I.C.E. Breaker...

She taps her bio-port. The lights on the device strobe. Her eyes roll back into her head, as if she's having a seizure, but she's actually entering...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CYBERSPACE

POV - JAYLENE: A planet-sized white lotus, folded in on itself. At a time-lapse speed - the petals open, revealing:

A white diamond shape bearing the title 'Western Seaboard Fission Authority'; its surface alive with a constant flow of data...

JAYLENE'S AVATAR passes through the diamond into:

The digital mandala of cyberspace: Countless clusters of data, visually represented as constantly changing patterns of corporate data.

Groups of data, forming different shapes, that extend infinitely in the distance.

JAYLENE'S AVATAR searches through groups of corporate data, until she reaches one marked "Herring Aeronautics"; surrounded by a pulsating red firewall.

JAYLENE'S AVATAR taps the space in front of her, and a mid-air display appears. She touches a brightly lit pad marked: Kuang Mark Six - I.C.E. Breaker.

A sub-program, visually represented as a shape-shifting geometric form, appears in front of her.

The Kuang Mark Six virus, changes shape, until it resembles the Herring I.C.E.

She launches the reformed Kuang Mark Six virus, at the firewall.

As it approaches, the Herring I.C.E. studies the Kuang virus, and it momentarily stops pulsing, allowing the Kuang access.

Then, like a biological virus attacking a healthy cell, the Kuang attaches itself to the Herring I.C.E. -- then quickly bores a hole through the firewall itself.

JAYLENE'S AVATAR passes through the hole in the firewall. She scans the internal data, until she finds the registry for all the vehicles marked "Maas BioLabs".'

She opens that folder, until she locates a file marked: 'Maas One'.

Her AVATAR activates the 'Automatic I.F.R.' landing function.

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

The high winds push the clouds closer, and columns of sand into the air, reducing visibility.

INT. CABIN - MAAS ONE - CONTINUOUS

DOLAN studies a green radar screen.

CLOSE - SCREEN: The storm has reduced most of the screen to a field of greenish static.

The joystick locks on him. He can't move it. He glances at another:

CLOSE - SCREEN: Auto-Pilot Engaged.

DOLAN  
(into com-link)  
This is Maas One to Mesa...

EXT. MESA - CONTINUOUS

A scientific facility housed in a huge natural rock formation.

DOLAN (V.O.)  
Repeat, this is Maas One to Mesa...

INT. MESA CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Like an air-traffic control center. A CONTROLLER notes the chopper's location on a monitor.

DOLAN  
(over com-link)  
Auto-pilot's taken over, making  
I.F.R. landing.

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

The lead Herring helicopter slows, drops behind the other two, and heads towards the motel parking lot.

INT. CABIN - MAAS ONE - CONTINUOUS

DOLAN glances back at his passengers, and reluctantly offers them an explanation:

DOLAN  
(to MARLY & BOBBY)  
Weather's getting a little hairy,  
so it's setting us down.

No sooner have the words left his mouth than...

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Arcs of blue lightning, coiling like eels, strike the surface, momentarily illuminating the cracked and scarred landscape.

More lightning bolts strike, only these tear through the escort ships...

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

TURNER and BONG CHA hear the THUNDEROUS BOOMS in the sky above. They look up to find:

POV - TURNER & BONG CHA: The two escort helicopters are on fire, thick plumes of smoke trailing from the engines.

INT. CABIN - MAAS ONE - CONTINUOUS

DOLAN can only watch in horror as the helicopters burst into orange balls of flame and plummet toward the surface like falling angels.

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

The two helicopters SLAM into the ground on either side of the road, igniting fuel, causing two MASSIVE EXPLOSIONS.

The air around them is filled with heat and light, the massive BOOMS momentarily drowning out of the wind and lightning.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

TURNER and BONG CHA shield their eyes from the EXPLOSIONS. Once the flames die down. They examine the wreckage:

The charred, still-smoking remains of one of the Herring helicopters erupt from the ground.

The assortment of large pieces of metal wreckage rising out of the sand look similar to an elephant graveyard.

BONG CHA sees the smoldering wreckage and can't help but ask, sarcastically:

BONG CHA  
Lightning strikes. Part of the  
plan?

TURNER grins enigmatically, shifts his attention toward:

EXT. PARKING LOT - LISTENING WIND MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Where the Herring helicopter's engines are shutting down. DOLAN and a trio of MAAS SECURITY GUARDS disembark, scanning the area.

POV - SECURITY GUARDS: Only to find TURNER and BONG CHA moving toward them.

TURNER  
Guys, we just want your passenger.  
No need for...

Before TURNER can finish the sentence, the GUARDS open FIRE.

EXT. WATER TOWER - DAY

Oakey adjusts his sniper rifle. He inhales, then...

CLOSE - TRIGGER GUARD: His finger squeezes the trigger.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LISTENING WIND MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

A bullet slices through the first MAAS SOLDIER'S body armor.

INT. CABIN - MAAS ONE - CONTINUOUS

BOBBY hears the SHOT, sees the SECURITY GUARD go down. BOBBY drops to the floor of the cabin. He looks up to see MARLY looking around, confused.

BOBBY  
Do you not hear the gunfire?

He carefully pulls MARLY down next to him, and shields her with his body;

and it's there again -- the charge of attraction. It makes them uncomfortable, despite the circumstances.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LISTENING WIND MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The second SECURITY GUARD and DOLAN are quick to react. Taking cover on the far side of the helicopter, and returning FIRE.

Forcing BONG CHA and TURNER to take cover behind a dumpster.

BONG CHA  
Looks like they want to shoot it  
out.

TURNER  
(to BONG CHA)  
Sure does, doesn't it?  
(into com-link)  
I thought you said you could take  
out three?

Without missing a beat:

OAKEY  
(over com-link)  
And I thought this was going to be  
a standard escort.

The SECOND MAAS SECURITY GUARD rises from cover, and sprays the entire side of the dumpster with slugs. He FIRES until his weapon CLICKS empty.

A beat, as the SECOND MAAS SECURITY GUARD changes magazines.

TURNER runs out from behind the dumpster, switching his weapon to full-auto, on the run. He FIRES:

The rounds hit the SECOND MAAS SECURITY GUARD in the shoulder and stomach, bloodstains blossoming on his uniform, as he crumples to the ground.

DOLAN sees the SECOND MAAS SECURITY GUARD fall, and runs into the distance, until his silhouette is engulfed by a swirling cloud of orange sand.

BONG CHA follows TURNER to the:

INT. CABIN - MAAS ONE - CONTINUOUS

TURNER slides his gun into a shoulder holster, then climbs into the cabin, slowly:

TURNER  
Bobby Newmark? Turner. Corporate  
defection specialist.

He extends his hand. BOBBY'S confused, but out of politeness  
BOBBY takes it.

TURNER (CONT'D)  
I'm here to extend an offer of  
employment, from the Hosaka  
corporation.

BOBBY turns to MARLY, silently seeking her counsel:

MARLY  
I hope you say yes, I've gone to a  
great deal of trouble to arrange  
this.

Which catches both TURNER and BOBBY by surprise.

BOBBY  
This was all you?

MARLY  
I lost a good friend making certain  
that what you know doesn't fall  
into Virek's hands.

BOBBY  
As soon as you said "The Foundation  
wasn't interested in turning a  
profit, but the well-being of  
humanity" I should've known you  
were full of crap.

MARLY  
When you activated that I.C.E.  
Breaker, it attracted the attention  
of a data construct we've never  
seen before.

(beat)  
I suspect this is a paradigm  
shifting technology.

(beat)  
It's not in anyone's best interests  
for Virek to have it.

BOBBY  
And Hosaka?

MARLY  
Not ideal, but better than Virek.

A beat as he considers. He looks at TURNER:

BOBBY

Then I guess I accept.

The second he finishes the sentence, BONG CHA is waving the familiar hand-held device over a confused BOBBY. No CHIMES.

BONG CHA

He's clean.

TURNER

(into com-link)

We're coming out.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LISTENING WIND - CONTINUOUS

JAYLENE and RAMIREZ are quickly packing up their equipment, they turn to set a box on top of the stack, only to find LYNCH pointing an advanced model Smith & Wesson at them.

JAYLENE

What the fuck are you doing?

LYNCH

Doubling my cut.

JAYLENE tries to activate her com-link, but before she can open a line, LYNCH opens FIRE. His gun spits bullets across the short distance between them:

They jerk back and forth as they're caught in a hail of gunfire -- before their bullet-ridden, bloodied bodies fall to the ground.

LYNCH'S breathing heavy, flushed with adrenalin. He breathes in, calms himself before stepping out into the:

EXT. PARKING LOT - LISTENING WIND - CONTINUOUS

As MARLY, BOBBY, BONG CHA, and TURNER are moving quickly towards him. TURNER looks at him quizzically:

TURNER

Where are Jaylene and the kid?

LYNCH

They're down.

The news hits TURNER like a gut punch.

TURNER

How?

Much to TURNER'S surprise, LYNCH smiles.

LYNCH

Me.

He raises the Smith & Wesson, and FIRES twice. The slugs slice through BONG CHA, the force throwing her off her feet.

She lies on the ground, looking up at LYNCH and then down at her wounds in surprise. She looks at TURNER, eyes seeking some sort of explanation, before they close forever.

TURNER, with grief etched across his face, brings his own gun up and aims at LYNCH.

TURNER

Why?

LYNCH

I told you. Alimony and private schools ain't cheap, mate.

MARLY instinctively steps in front of BOBBY to shield him, which takes both of them a bit by surprise.

LYNCH looks down at BONG CHA'S corpse, then back at TURNER; then, as if checking items off a list of chores:

LYNCH (CONT'D)

One down, one to go.

TURNER

You forgot somebody...

EXT. WATER TOWER - CONTINUOUS

POV - OAKLEY: A digital bullseye marking LYNCH'S solar plexus.

CLOSE - TRIGGER GUARD: He squeezes the trigger, once, twice, three times...

EXT. PARKING LOT - LISTENING WIND - CONTINUOUS

The shots strike LYNCH with incredible precision, hitting heart and lungs - dark red bloodstains mushroom across his jacket. He falls to ground, his blood flowing freely into the cracked pavement beneath him.

TURNER kneels next to the body, and grabs him roughly by the collar.

TURNER  
Was this just you? Somebody else in  
on it?!

As blood trickles from his mouth, LYNCH manages a bitter smile:

LYNCH  
Who do you think, mate?

TURNER rises to his feet, aims his weapon and delivers the coup de grace -- FIRING two more rounds into LYNCH'S prostrate body.

He wrestles with the grief and rage building inside of him, pushes it back down, focuses on completing the mission.

TURNER  
(into com-link)  
We're moving. Follow us out.

OAKLEY  
(over com-link)  
Copy that. Over.

INT. GARAGE - GAS STATION - DAY

TURNER removes the tarp covering a converted military Humvee. He opens the door, BOBBY climbs in.

MARLY stops, sees the grief lurking behind TURNER'S eyes.

There is a moment between them, she silently acknowledges his loss, claps TURNER on the shoulder, then moves into the Humvee.

EXT. WATER TOWER - DAY

Hand over hand, OAKLEY climbs down the water tower. He pauses, sees a rolling cloud of sand and smoke moving toward him, and accelerates his descent.

He slings the weapon over his shoulder, takes a last look around, then gets on the bike.

POV - OAKLEY: The wind is HOWLING, the air is still thick with dark smoke and orange sand.

He's focused on kick-starting the bike, and fails to see a dark shape, coming up behind him.

A fusillade of bullets streak from the clouds of the and smoke and tear through OAKY.

He falls off the bike, onto the ground. Dead.

DOLAN emerges from the sand and smoke, still wearing the cowboy hat.

TURNER (O.S.)  
(over com-link)  
Where are you man, we're heading  
out. Oaks? Oaks?

DOLAN bends down, and puts the com-link device in his ear.

DOLAN  
(into com-link)  
Your partner isn't going to be  
joining you.

TURNER  
(over com-link)  
Who is this?!

DOLAN  
(into com-link)  
Oh, I have a feeling you and I are  
going to be getting acquainted.  
(beat)  
Tell Krushkova, I'm going to be  
seeing both of you again, real  
soon.

TURNER'S voice becomes eerily calm:

TURNER  
(over com-link)  
What's your name?

DOLAN  
(into com-link)  
Mike. Dolan.

TURNER  
(over com-link)  
You with Maas? I got a message for  
you too... tell Conroy, tell your  
bosses, that I'm coming for you...  
all of you.

INT. HUMVEE - DAY

It's taking every bit of focus TURNER can muster to drive. As the shock slowly wears off, BOBBY notices they're already on the road.

BOBBY  
Where's your partner?

TURNER  
He's not coming.

A beat. He immediately understands why. The Humvee goes quiet, before TURNER breaks the silence:

TURNER (CONT'D)  
We were supposed to shift you over to Hosaka, down in Long Beach.

MARLY  
Is that still safe?

TURNER  
No, it's probably blown, like everything else.

BOBBY  
What the fuck happened back there?

TURNER ignores the question.

TURNER  
Right now, we need somewhere to lay low, until I can figure out what we do next.

MARLY  
And how we unlock this information.

As BOBBY thinks on the fly:

BOBBY  
Two-A-Day. He's got his own medic, could probably get a hold of a...  
(to MARLY)  
... what'd you call it?

MARLY  
A S.Q.U.I.D.

She shakes her head:

MARLY (CONT'D)  
 Maas probably has Two-A-Day under  
 surveillance.

Silence, except for the RUMBLE of the Humvee. BOBBY, MARLY  
 and TURNER -- each quietly lost in thought, until:

TURNER  
 I got a guy... know him from Mexico  
 City, back in the day... before I  
 started working with Conroy. Not in  
 my *précis*.  
 (beat)  
 We need to lay low, and get our  
 hands on a S.Q.U.I.D, Rudy can help  
 us do both.

EXT. SAN ANGELES - DAY

A Maas Herring helicopter flies over the city, beneath  
 polluted skies.

INT. HERRING - DAY

The Herring's lone passenger, PACO, sits in the back, wearing  
 a large VR headset, allowing him to enter...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BRUSSELS PARK - (CYBERSPACE CONSTRUCT) - DAY

PACO'S AVATAR and VIREK'S AVATAR sit on a bench. VIREK feeds  
 the birds. (In French):

VIREK  
*I am a founder. I built Maas  
 Biolabs from nothing, and now it's  
 one of the five largest zaibatsus  
 in the world. Do you know how?  
 Constant research and development,  
 swallowing competitors, when  
 necessary. Constant growth.*

Without waiting for a response:

VIREK (CONT'D)  
*As we grow, we're also becoming  
 more valuable, I increase  
 shareholder value, your value...*

PACO  
*My shares have made me a wealthy  
 man.*

VIREK

*And every quarter, every year, I  
make us both wealthier still.*

The more servile PACO reappears. He listens uncritically,  
like the true believer that he is:

VIREK (CONT'D)

*As long as I'm alive, Maas will  
continue generating record profits.  
Maas' success, and your wealth, are  
inextricably linked to me,  
remaining in control of this  
company.*

(beat)

*It's vital that I hold onto  
power... at all costs. Newmark's  
knowledge is crucial to my doing  
that. Have you located him yet?*

He hates having to disappoint VIREK:

PACO

*No sir, not yet.*

VIREK

*At my insistence, the American  
government has passed a series of  
laws designed to create loopholes  
about when and how much force we  
can use, fighting corporate  
espionage.*

(beat)

*I suggest you start exploiting  
those loopholes.*

EXT. HELIPAD - MAAS BIOLABS - NIGHT

A trio of Maas ASSISTANTS watch a sleek, executive Herring  
land on the roof. They try to hide their trepidation, as the  
hatch opens and PACO steps out onto the roof.

He makes a beeline for the rooftop entrance into the building  
below. The ASSISTANTS scurry to keep up with him.

ASSISTANT #1

*How was your flight, sir?*

PACO ignores the question:

PACO

*Is the pilot back?*

ASSISTANT #1  
Yes sir, about an hour ago.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MAAS BIOLABS - NIGHT

DOLAN, still covered in sand, and smoke smudges, drains a bottle of water, when the door opens and PACO walks in:

PACO  
From this moment forward, your only purpose in life, is to help me find Bobby Newmark and the people responsible for this defection.

EXT. SAN BERNADINO MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAY

A secluded valley, nestled between jagged, snow-capped mountaintops.

Hidden in the heart of the valley is a collection of four buildings, covered by a series of camouflage tarps.

EXT. ROAD - SAN BERNADINO MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAY

The HUMVEE slowly climbs the treacherous terrain, kicking up clouds of rock and dirt in its wake.

INT. HUMVEE - DAY

BOBBY and MARLY watch TURNER, focused on the road, they exchange a concerned look. A beat. BOBBY'S reluctant to broach the subject:

BOBBY  
The others, you guys tight?

TURNER  
My old unit, from the service.  
(beat)  
Except Conroy, Lynch.

MARLY  
Did they perpetrate the, how do you say, 'double-cross'?

He ignores MARLY'S question:

TURNER  
(to BOBBY)  
Rudy can help you figure out what's going on with your memory.  
(MORE)

TURNER (CONT'D)  
I'm going back to San Angeles.  
(beat)  
Got some unfinished business.

EXT. STREET - WINDSOR HILLS - SAME

CLOSE - HELICOPTER LANDING GEAR: That floats, just a meter off the ground, before setting down.

WIDEN TO REVEAL: An armored Herring helicopter has come to a stop at the end of a busy street.

The doors open and several S.A.P.D. and MAAS SECURITY GUARDS, heavily-armed and ill-tempered, spill out onto the street - like an occupying army.

They immediately go about setting up a large roadblock in the middle of a street - waving away curious on-lookers.

PACO, DOLAN and MAAS SECURITY GUARD #1 march toward...

EXT. TWO-A-DAY'S - DAY

PACO KNOCKS forcefully on the door.

A beat.

It opens slowly and...

INT. LIVING ROOM - TWO-A-DAY'S - DAY

... JACKIE and RHEA are standing in the doorway. They look the trio up and down, more bemused than frightened.

TWO-A-DAY (O.C.)  
Who is it?

JACKIE  
Cops.

RHEA  
Nah, dressed too nice.

TWO-A-DAY wheels up to the door, irritated by the interruption.

TWO-A-DAY  
You are interrupting my 'process'.  
I don't have time for this... can't  
you find some dusters to harass?

PACO  
Mister Two-A-Day. My name is Paco  
Torres. I'm not with the S.A.P.D.

TWO-A-DAY looks them up and down. Doesn't like what he sees.

TWO-A-DAY  
Same vibe. Whacha want?

TWO-A-DAY'S tone is civil and cordial, partially masking the animosity just beneath the surface.

PACO  
I was hoping you could assist our  
inquiry into the whereabouts of  
Mister Bobby Newmark.

TWO-A-DAY  
I look like a snitch?

TWO-A-DAY starts to close the door, but PACO sticks his designer shoe between the door and the frame.

PACO  
Not to be rude, but it's very  
important I speak to Mister  
Newmark.  
(beat)  
And I'm hoping it won't be  
necessary to...

He takes a step forward, as if he's going to force his way in.

TWO-A-DAY  
Nah, son...

PACO glances over TWO-A-DAY's shoulder at JACKIE and RHEA, and behind them: a room full of GOTHICKS; all of them ready for ultra-violence.

PACO throws up his hands in mock surrender, takes a step back.

PACO  
Very well, have it your way.

TWO-A-DAY SLAMS the door in PACO'S face.

EXT. TWO-A-DAY'S - DAY

The sounds of riotous LAUGHTER are audible from inside the house.

DOLAN can barely contain his rage. He grabs his sidearm and looks at PACO:

DOLAN  
You just going to let that go?

Still maintaining his unsettling calm:

PACO  
No, I'm not.

EXT. STREET - WINDSOR HILLS - DAY

The cabin door of the Herring helicopter closes, and the craft lifts off.

CLOSE - BELLY OF THE HERRING: The doors open. There is a HISS of pneumatics as a BOMB is unclamped.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW - FALLING: Toward TWO-A-DAY'S house.

On impact it unleashes a wave of fire and destruction, vaporizing the entire house.

The destruction reaches the street, before finally subsiding...

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

The Humvee comes to a stop outside a gate, encircling a collection of buildings, covered by camouflage tarps. The doors open: TURNER, MARLY and BOBBY get out.

BOBBY  
This guy takes 'living off the grid' to a whole new level.

TURNER  
Some folks back in the D.F., that he'd just as soon not run into again.

Above the gate, a camera swivels toward them.

A long beat. The gate opens. RUDY CABRERA, 60s, despite the fatigues, and a raised weapon, he still looks very much like the lawyer he used to be.

RUDY  
*Güey. Que tal? Como estas?*

Keeping the gun trained on TURNER:

RUDY (CONT'D)  
Is this a social call, or did  
somebody send you?

TURNER  
I, we, need your help.

RUDY lowers his gun, walks up to TURNER, studies his face --  
before asking:

RUDY  
It's you alright, but something's  
different.

TURNER  
Reconstructive surgery.

RUDY  
Barely any scars.

TURNER  
They're still there. Trust me.

INT. GARAGE - RUDY'S COMPOUND - DAY

It's dark, lit only by streams of sunlight that penetrate the  
high windows; laden with stacks of second hand electronic  
equipment.

RUDY takes in BOBBY and MARLY, before asking TURNER:

RUDY  
I haven't seen you since D.F., so  
I'm guessing this surprise visit  
means you're in some deep shit...  
again.

TURNER  
Up to my eyeballs.

RUDY smiles, almost affectionately.

RUDY  
Same old Turner.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MAAS BIOLABS - DAY

Strategy session. Pots of coffee, empty cups and half-eaten  
lunches. PACO reads from a tablet, while DOLAN and MAAS  
SECURITY GUARD #1, do the same on the other side of the  
table.

DOLAN

Any blowback from our little dust-up?

PACO

S.A.P.D. spokesperson said it was a necessary use of force, the officers were afraid for their lives, the Times and the D.A. seemed satisfied with that answer. So, no 'blowback'.

(off tablet)

Newmark's mother is at the Pacifica treatment center, and Two-A-Day is...

(corrects himself)

...was, his only other known associate.

(beat)

What about the man who shifted him? Turner.

DOLAN

We won't need to track him down. He'll come here.

(beat)

Said he was coming for us, all of us.

INT. GARAGE - RUDY'S COMPOUND - DAY

TURNER stares into the middle distance, while RUDY leans on a workstation, across the room:

RUDY

Don't think I've ever seen you so 'emotional' about a job before... don't think I've ever used your name, and the word 'emotional', in the same sentence before.

(beat)

What's so special about this kid?

TURNER is going to lie, thinks better of it:

TURNER

Reminds me of my brother, that is before he became this weird, hard-ass like my old man.

RUDY shakes his head. He's heard the story. Again, TURNER is eager to change the subject:

TURNER (CONT'D)  
You got a S.Q.U.I.D?

RUDY  
Not here, I can get one up here by  
tomorrow. Why?

TURNER  
Kid's a wannabe cowboy. Went on a  
run, and I suspect, had something  
downloaded into his port.  
(beat)  
Hosaka hired me to bring him in, so  
they could have a look at it.

RUDY  
What's on it?

TURNER  
No clue. But whatever it is, Maas  
had no problem killing my whole  
team to make sure Hosaka wouldn't  
get their hands on it.

RUDY  
Figured out how you're going to  
square things with Hosaka?

TURNER  
Meeting Rinko later night, I hope  
she's in a forgiving mood...

With a murderous gleam in his eyes:

TURNER (CONT'D)  
... then I'm going to find Conroy.

And just as quickly, it passes.

TURNER (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, just bringing all this  
trouble to your doorstep.

RUDY  
I owe you.

He points to the security monitors, set up on a work bench:

RUDY (CONT'D)  
I got cameras and motion sensors at  
every possible approach, there's no  
way someone can get in here without  
me knowing about it.

He reaches under the table, and produces a semi-automatic weapon.

RUDY (CONT'D)  
And in case they do...

He arms the weapon for emphasis.

RUDY (CONT'D)  
We'll be fine, 'til you get back.

TURNER  
If I don't, make it back... get the  
S.Q.U.I.D, see what this data is,  
or what he remembers, so they have  
some idea of what they're dealing  
with, then...

He reaches into his coat pocket, tosses RUDY a slim, matte-black CryptoWallet device.

TURNER (CONT'D)  
There's some credit on this, get  
'em new IDs, help set 'em up  
somewhere.  
(beat)  
Then you and me, we're square.

RUDY takes the device, nods solemnly.

RUDY  
You got it, güey.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

RUDY and TURNER, looking like they've just come directly from a funeral, emerge from the garage.

It's shadowy under the tarps, vaguely reminiscent of the Medina Souk. MARLY and BOBBY are next to the Humvee.

TURNER  
(to MARLY & BOBBY)  
Just lay low. Rudy'll take care of  
you.

BOBBY  
When're you coming back, man?

Even more taciturn than usual, TURNER doesn't answer. He gets into Humvee, and starts the engine.

RUDY opens the gate, the Humvee drives past the open gate, and it closes automatically once he's gone.

MARLY looks at the closed gate, realizes TURNER never responded:

MARLY

Rude.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SAN ANGELES - NIGHT

Alive with the sound of holo-commercial jingles for Ono-Sendai, Bockris Systems and SimStim.

The sidewalk's full of WORKERS going home from the day shift, HOMELESS. A phalanx of S.A.P.D. OFFICERS have two African-American and Latino TEENAGERS sitting on the curb, in handcuffs.

As TURNER moves through the crowd of PEDESTRIANS, he occasionally glances over his shoulder to make sure he doesn't have a tail.

Satisfied he's alone, he notices a MAAS WORKER, in an orange uniform, at a Metro bus stop across the street.

INT. OFFICE FLOOR - NIGHT

High rise. Abandoned midway through construction, now an empty liminal space. The reflection of lights from neighboring buildings provide the only light.

Two women wait patiently. RINKO HAMAGUCHI -- 40s, designer suit, befitting a senior executive. LALA -- 20s, more street gang than corporate drone. Their eyes are focused on an area directly ahead of them...

...where TURNER emerges from the shadows. There is a familiarity in the way she addresses TURNER. They have history.

RINKO

Do you know why I agreed to meet you?

TURNER

My sparkling personality?

RINKO

My daughter...

Grief works its way into her voice:

RINKO (CONT'D)

... Kotomi, was running an operation in Brussels. She was detained. Maas has her in custody.

(beat)

I told her not to go into the field, but she insisted. Stubborn girl...

TURNER

Like her mother.

A sad smile from RINKO in acknowledgment.

RINKO

Like her mother.

TURNER

Has Maas acknowledged they're holding her?

RINKO

No. And Hosaka can't acknowledge that she was working on our behalf, or we'd be admitting to violating a dozen international treaties.

TURNER

But, I assume, you have a team working on getting her back.

RINKO smiles slyly.

RINKO

I can neither confirm, nor deny the existence of such a team.

(beat)

There was a leak, that led to her capture, and sabotaged Mister Newmark's defection.

TURNER

Conroy.

RINKO

Your agent?

TURNER nods.

TURNER

Know where can I find him?

RINKO

I can't help you "officially"...

She turns to LALA:

RINKO (CONT'D)  
...but discreet inquiries can be made.

TURNER  
You tell me where I can find him,  
and I'll make sure he answers for  
Kotomi, and my team.

She nods.

TURNER (CONT'D)  
I know you're helping in an...  
(makes air quotes)  
... "unofficial" capacity, think  
you could rustle up some unofficial  
weapons, a surveillance package,  
maybe some explosives?

She turns to LALA, they exchange a nod so subtle it's almost imperceptible.

RINKO  
Lala will see to the inquiries, and  
the equipment.  
(beat)  
There is one other thing. Mister  
Newmark...

INT. LIVING ROOM - RUDY'S COMPOUND - DAY

Just after dinner. RUDY is clearing the dishes. BOBBY is distracted, pacing in a corner of the room.

BOBBY  
I should've gone with him.

RUDY sets down the dishes in the sink, turns to BOBBY:

RUDY  
No *mijo*, you can't be part of what  
he has to do.

He tries to change tack:

RUDY (CONT'D)  
I'm getting something delivered in  
the morning, help you recover your  
memory.  
(beat)  
That's what you need to focus on.

But BOBBY isn't so easily distracted, he steers the conversation back to TURNER:

BOBBY  
Is he going to be okay?

RUDY  
His 'Edge' has ever been sharper.

BOBBY nods.

BOBBY  
Cowboys have the same word.  
(beat)  
But 'Edge' is only good, if your  
head's in the right place. He just  
lost a team full of his old army  
buddies...  
(beat)  
... now he wants to hurt this  
Conroy guy so bad, might cloud his  
judgement, might make him take  
unnecessary chances...

MARLY  
Like trying to breach the Pacifica  
firewalls?

They exchange an embarrassed smile, that becomes a charged one, before MARLY returns her attention to RUDY:

MARLY (CONT'D)  
Desperate people do desperate  
things. I should know. If he's out  
there, taking unnecessary chances,  
he's going to get himself killed.

RUDY  
Turner can take care of himself.

BOBBY  
And I've got to check on my Mom.  
(to RUDY)  
I saw some spare parts in the  
garage, might be able to put  
together an untraceable vidphone.

RUDY  
Alotta junk in there. Knock  
yourself out.

RUDY notices MARLY and BOBBY exchanging furtive glances. He pretends to be sleepy, yawns, makes a show of stretching:

RUDY (CONT'D)

Getting an early start tomorrow, so  
I'm going to hit the hay.

(beat)

But there's plenty of food,  
tequila, wine, if you two are going  
to stay up.

Once he's left the room, MARLY turns to BOBBY, grins  
mischievously.

MARLY

Did he say 'wine'?

EXT. OFFICE FLOOR - NIGHT

TURNER stands near an opening, where a window would normally  
be, mournfully surveying the bustling city beneath him.

When LALA enters, accompanied by two MOVERS with handcarts,  
stacked with boxes.

LALA

You're standing with your back to  
the door? I thought you guys were  
always super paranoid.

Without turning around:

TURNER

I've been clocking the three of you  
since you parked the van.

He turns around to find LALA and the MOVERS. She nods, as  
they unload the boxes:

LALA

Mossberg shotgun, six boxes of  
ammunition, 3-D printed gun, case  
you need to go through a security  
checkpoint or a M.A.G., and six  
packs of C-4, try not to blow  
yourself up this time...

TURNER

Guess Rinko hired you for your  
sense of humor.

LALA

She's hired me because I'm the best  
cowboy in the world. The sarcasm is  
just a bonus.

The MOVERS silently set up a T-shaped table, unpack two metal suitcases, and set up two computers, as LALA continues describing the inventory:

LALA (CONT'D)

The latest Ono-Sendai surveillance set-up, not even on the market yet.

(beat)

You get busted with that, you didn't get it from us.

TURNER

From who?

LALA smiles.

LALA

Exactly.

The MOVERS finishing setting up the equipment, then wait for instructions.

TURNER

Now, I just need a location.

LALA

Gimme a sec.

She reaches up, and taps:

CLOSE - LALA: A bio-port just behind her ear. The blue indicator light strobes, as...

... LALA'S eyes roll back into her head. She enters into a trance-like state, as she crosses over into:

EXT. CYBERSPACE

LALA'S AVATAR moves through a maze of information, the walls of data constantly move, deliberately designed to confuse.

But LALA expertly navigates the shifting walls of data. The walls of data accelerate, until LALA'S path is blocked.

A RED GLOWING FIGURE appears, holds up its hands, instantly freezing the walls in place.

The RED FIGURE waves its hands like a magician, and the walls dissolve, creating a clearly delineated path, leading to a specific block of data.

LALA opens the block of data: It reveals a map of San Angeles, with three blinking PINS.

EXT. OFFICE FLOOR - NIGHT

LALA'S eyes return to normal; even as she orients herself, she's still bewildered by what she's just seen. She fixes her gaze on TURNER.

LALA

Do you have someone else working on this, with you? Unregistered A.I.?

TURNER

I used to work with a cowboy, Jaylene Slide.

LALA recognizes the name, nods approvingly.

TURNER (CONT'D)

She hated working with A.I.s, said they were too unpredictable. There's an A.I. involved in this?

LALA

I was working my way through a maze of shell companies, hoping I could connect them to a property with his name on it.

(beat)

I hit a dead end, but someone or something... very deliberately cleared a path for me. Maybe A.I., maybe not, either way, incredible skills...

(beat)

Whoever they are, they definitely want you to find Conroy.

A beat, as TURNER considers the implications, before LALA continues:

LALA (CONT'D)

Your man's traveling with four bodyguards.

(beat)

And he's rotating between three safe houses.

TURNER

Stay on the move. Smart. Have to give him credit.

LALA

I have the addresses, if you sit on one of them, he's bound to show up, sooner or later.

(MORE)

LALA (CONT'D)

(beat)

You need me to make a run when you go at them? Your new and improved Jaylene?

TURNER

Thanks, but I'm going at them...

(beat)

...in a way they won't expect.

EXT. STREET - SAN ANGELES - NIGHT

A block of shabby one and two story homes. Palm trees line the street.

INT. TACTICAL ROOM - SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

An old storage room, converted into an operations center. The walls lined with honeycomb shaped soundproofing tiles.

In the center of the room, on a raised platform, is a large powerful computer, with an array of screens. Seated at the computer is:

SUTCLIFFE, mid-40s, a hulking brute, smarter than he looks, and CONROY'S head of security.

His sausage fingers are surprisingly nimble, as they work the keyboard. He reads a monitor, and his face screws up in confusion, which quickly turns to alarm:

SUTCLIFFE

Shit.

(beat)

That's not possible.

He presses a series of pads, before jumping up from the computer, and rushes into:

INT. MAIN ROOM - SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Where FOUR BODYGUARDS stand near the entrance. Their presence clearly isn't putting CONROY'S mind at ease, he's jittery, with dark circles under his eyes from lack of sleep.

He almost jumps when he sees SUTCLIFFE burst in. As if expecting bad news:

CONROY

What is it?

SUTCLIFFE

This address just appeared in a search; then the query just disappeared into digital thin air.

CONROY

I thought you said there was no way anybody could find this place!

SUTCLIFFE

I don't even know what could penetrate our digital camouflage, then cover its tracks like that.

(beat)

All that matters is, we're compromised. We've got to move.

With that, the FOUR BODYGUARDS form a human shield around CONROY and hustle him into:

INT. GARAGE - SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

The back of an S.U.V. The garage door opens and it pulls out onto the street, a 'Follow' car, just behind it.

EXT. THE 101 - NIGHT

The two vehicle convoy tries to race through the heavily congested highway traffic, as...

EXT. THE 101 - NIGHT

...TURNER'S Humvee, powers through traffic from the other direction.

INT. LIVING ROOM - RUDY'S COMPOUND - NIGHT

MARLY returns from the kitchen with an open bottle of wine.

She sits down on the couch. She pours a glass for BOBBY, then for herself. She lets it breathe for a moment, swirls the glass, watches for traces of sediment, before taking a long sip:

MARLY

For an Argentinian Merlot, it's not bad.

BOBBY takes a long sip as well.

BOBBY  
You set this up, huh? You French  
intelligence? D.G.S.E.?

MARLY smiles.

MARLY  
Oh no. How I ended up here is a  
long, sad story.

BOBBY  
We've got some time to kill.

An undercurrent of flirtation in his response - which MARLY  
picks up on.

He settles into the couch, gets comfortable -- so does she:

MARLY  
My parents immigrated from Saint  
Petersburg to Paris, after the war.  
I went to the Ecole des Beaux-Arts.

BOBBY  
I have a feeling, if I knew the art  
world, I'd be impressed by that.

She takes a sip, then offers a shy, self-deprecating smile.

MARLY  
You don't strike me as someone  
who's easily impressed, but in this  
case, you might be. Anyway, after  
school, I opened my own gallery.

BOBBY  
So how in the hell did you go from  
art to corporate espionage?

MARLY  
I unknowingly sold a forged  
Basquiat. The scandal destroyed my  
reputation, and my business.  
(beat)  
But I had a decade of experience  
working with wealthy patrons, a  
skill which Virek found useful; he  
offered me a job, and I took it.  
(beat)  
I'm not a true believer, like Paco,  
who is...

She screws her face in momentary confusion:

MARLY (CONT'D)

... actually I don't know what Paco's official title is, but he believes Virek is a genius, the twenty-first century's Tesla and Edison rolled into one, and he's only too happy to do Virek's 'dirty work'.

(beat)

I just needed to pay my rent, and I'd become accustomed to eating, on a regular basis.

They both laugh.

BOBBY

Still doesn't explain all the cloak and dagger stuff.

MARLY

I did my job, Virek started to trust me.

(beat)

Six months ago, I was given a highly sensitive task, monitoring communications from the leading Fission Authorities particularly in San Angeles, The Sprawl, NoCal, and Turing.

(beat)

I was given a team and vast resources to investigate any anomalous incidents.

(beat)

I was instructed to report anything "unusual", directly to Virek.

BOBBY

What does that have to do with improving the lives of mankind?

MARLY

Precisely. I realized that the Foundation was simply a respectable front... its goal wasn't 'for the benefit' of mankind...

(beat)

... but Virek suspected this anomalous event could somehow help him maintain his power.

BOBBY

You're an accidental spy.

She sets down her wine glass, and looks into his eyes.

MARLY

Yes... and even if you don't get  
your memory back, at least one good  
thing came out of this little  
adventure.

Sensing where this is leading, BOBBY sets his glass on the table as well. Hands free, MARLY leans over, and kisses him.

EXT. STREET - SAN ANGELES - NIGHT

Bleak. Desolate. A Santa Ana wind ruffles the fur of various roadkill lining the curb.

TURNER'S Humvee comes to a stop down the block from a gray cinderblock building.

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

He sits behind the wheel, eyes focused on the gray building. The WHISTLING WINDS and DISTANT TRAFFIC, are the only sounds.

EXT. STREET - SECOND SAFE HOUSE - SAN ANGELES - NIGHT

CONROY'S S.U.V. and 'Follow' car come to a SCREECHING halt outside the building.

The FOUR BODYGUARDS get out first, scanning the street for potential threats, but missing...

INT. HUMVEE - CONTINUOUS

...TURNER ducking down behind the wheel. He's careful to stay out of sight, but says quietly to himself:

TURNER

Thank you, Lala.

EXT. STREET - SECOND SAFE HOUSE - SAN ANGELES - CONTINUOUS

Satisfied with their scan, the BODY GUARDS bring CONROY out of the back, surround him -- then escort him into the building.

EXT. STREET - SAN ANGELES - CONTINUOUS

TURNER gets out of the Humvee, moves to the back, and removes a small suitcase. He unlocks the suitcase, removes a small black box.

He walks with his head down, purposefully, across the street.

He reaches the other side of the street, and presses himself against the wall - using the darkness as cover.

He inches along until the wall, when he spots a small surveillance camera to the left of the door.

TURNER removes a can of spray paint from his coat and spray paints the lens.

Then connects wires from the small black box to a keypad next to the door.

CLOSE - BOX: An LED displays shows numbers rapidly scrolling across the screen. Finally stopping on a 5 digit number.

TURNER punches the number into the keypad. The door opens with a loud CLICK.

TURNER removes the Mossberg from his coat, pumps it, opens the door and steps into:

INT. ENTRANCE - SECOND SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Where CONROY'S FOUR BODYGUARDS are taken by surprise. CONROY BODYGUARD #4, is the closest to him. He raises his weapon:

TURNER  
Gonna try this one last time. I  
just need to see your boss. No need  
for anybody, besides him, to die  
here.

CLOSE - TRIGGER GUARD: The BODYGUARD'S finger starts to squeeze the trigger.

TURNER (CONT'D)  
Don't.

BODYGUARD #4 ignores him, keeps squeezing. TURNER responds by FIRING a BURST of two quick SHOTS, that strike BODYGUARD #4, in the arm, and chest, slicing through his protective vest.

Once the shock's worn off, BODYGUARDS #2 & #3 react, training their weapons on TURNER, but they're a second too slow.

TURNER (CONT'D)  
Looks like...

TURNER FIRES again. Both shots hitting the BODYGUARDS, center mass. They drop in heaps.

TURNER (CONT'D)  
... we're doing this the hard way.  
Again.

The remaining BODYGUARD, has enough time to FIRE three shots: The first MISSES wide right.

The second SLAMS into the wall, sending bits of dry wall into the air.

The third hits TURNER'S body armor. It absorbs the blow.

He falls to the ground, momentarily winded. BODYGUARD #1 takes a step forward to see if TURNER'S mortally wounded.

He's not.

He comes up FIRING, hitting the remaining BODYGUARD in the shoulder, then the head.

INT. OFFICE - SECOND SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

SUTCLIFFE and CONROY hear the quick bursts of GUNFIRE. SUTCLIFFE glances at the surveillance cameras, notices one is blacked out.

He grabs an automatic weapon.

SUTCLIFFE  
Stay here.

He races out into the:

INT. ENTRANCE - SECOND SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

And sees the bloody corpses of his security team. He looks around the room, scanning the space for the intruder when...

CLOSE - SUTCLIFFE: A barrel is pressed against his temple.

He hears a voice beside him:

TURNER  
Drop the weapon, then turn toward  
me, nice and slow.

SUTCLIFFE does as instructed, and turns to find himself face-to-face with:

TURNER (CONT'D)  
You know who I am?

SUTCLIFFE  
By reputation.

TURNER  
Good, that saves me some time.  
(beat)  
He in the back?

SUTCLIFFE nods.

TURNER (CONT'D)  
He armed?

SUTCLIFFE  
No.

TURNER  
I'm going to give you the same  
chance I gave them. You don't have  
to die for that asshole, you can  
just walk away.

SUTCLIFFE nods.

SUTCLIFFE  
I'll walk.

TURNER  
But if I ever see you again, I  
won't be so friendly.

SUTCLIFFE  
Understood.

He walks through the front door, and disappears into the night.

TURNER opens the door, stepping into:

INT. OFFICE - SECOND SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Knowing the end is near, CONROY sits calmly at a desk. He stands, walks out front, sits on the desk's edge; bemused by TURNER'S arrival.

CONROY

Knew you'd be coming, soon as I  
didn't hear from Lynch... I knew  
you'd figured it out.

TURNER stands silently, the rage coming off him in waves.

CONROY (CONT'D)

S.A.P.D.'ll be here in less than  
three minutes.

TURNER

Then I'll get to the point.

He shoots CONROY in each leg, sending him crashing to the  
floor. He SCREAMS in pain, grabs his legs - trying in vain to  
staunch the bleeding.

TURNER (CONT'D)

Did they come to you? Or did you go  
to them?

Through clenched teeth:

CONROY

I approached them. Offered to  
sabotage Newmark's defection for  
triple my rate.

TURNER

And sell out Oaks, Bong Cha,  
Jaylene and me in the process.

CONROY

I knew you'd never go for it, so I  
cut Lynch in.

TURNER

Who made the deal on their end?

CONROY

Guy, think he's the head of  
security. Paco Torres.

TURNER

And Virek?

CONROY

He signed off on it.

TURNER

Where's Paco? He in Brussels?

CONROY  
Central San Angeles; looking for  
you and Newmark.

CONROY, suffering from multiple gun shot wounds, lies on the floor helplessly watching as:

TURNER walks over to the desk, puts some flash drives into his bag, and removes a block of C-4, with a remote detonator.

CONROY (CONT'D)  
Is that what I think it is?

TURNER  
(dead-pan)  
If you think it's enough C-4 to  
level this building, then yeah.

He affixes the C-4 to the desk, and turns on the detonator attached to it.

TURNER (CONT'D)  
And don't worry about going to The  
Dutchman, there won't be enough of  
you left to reconstruct.

He slings the bag over his shoulder, and starts toward the door. CONROY calls out to him:

CONROY  
Can't we talk about this, man, work  
something out, for old times?

With his back to him:

TURNER  
Way past that, "my friend".

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

With the engine running, TURNER looks out the back window as the POLICE SIRENS grow closer, no more than a couple blocks away.

TURNER takes off the parking brake, steers the vehicle into traffic, then guns it down the street.

He's still looking in the rear view mirror, at the building when:

EXT. STREET - SECOND SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

There is a huge EXPLOSION on the street behind. The facade of the cinderblock building is blown apart, spewing brick, glass, dark smoke and flame across the street.

EXT. SAN BERNADINO MOUNTAIN RANGE - MORNING

The sun seems to hover just over the majestic peaks.

INT. GATE - RUDY'S COMPOUND - DAWN

A black delivery drone, BUZZING like an insect, carries a plastic cargo container, to a waiting RUDY.

CLOSE - DRONE: Its clamps release...

...dropping a small plastic container marked 'Hosaka', into RUDY'S open hands.

Package safely delivered, the DRONE, flies away, disappearing into the morning sky.

INT. GARAGE - RUDY'S COMPOUND - DAY

MARLY and RUDY watch nervously as BOBBY cobbles together a videophone out of spare parts. He works the console, trying to establish a connection:

MARLY

They're probably monitoring her calls.

BOBBY nods:

BOBBY

That's why I'm bouncing the signal off three different satellites, and the transmission itself is encrypted. Once it connects, I'll have about a minute, but they damn sure won't be able to trace it.

The make-shift videophone CHIMES.

CLOSE - SCREEN: BOBBY'S MOTHER appears onscreen. A fragile, elderly woman - bleary-eyed as if she's woken up.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Hi, Mom. Got to keep this short.  
You okay?

BOBBY'S MOTHER

I'm good, baby. Did you hear about  
what they did to Two-A-Day? Police.  
Blew up his house.

BOBBY exchanges a concerned glance with MARLY and RUDY; then  
looks down at his watch.

BOBBY

No, I didn't hear about that. I  
just wanted to make sure you were  
okay, and the treatment was going  
well. I'll be in touch soon. Sorry,  
I have to go.

He ends the call. The screen goes blank. He turns to MARLY  
and RUDY, clearly concerned.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Mom seems good, but they killed Two-  
A-Day, his people, looking for me.

A beat. MARLY puts on a comforting hand on his shoulder:

MARLY

Then let's find out why.

RUDY removes a gas mask-like device from the box marked  
Hosaka. He hands it to BOBBY and MARLY for inspection.

MARLY (CONT'D)

That's not a S.Q.U.I.D.

RUDY

No, thought we'd try and come at  
this a different way.

RUDY sees he'll have to convince a skeptical MARLY:

RUDY (CONT'D)

A S.Q.U.I.D. is really just a very  
sensitive magnetometer, useful if  
you're trying to read the data on a  
bio-port.

(beat)

But I don't think this is a  
hardware problem, I think it's a  
software problem.

As BOBBY starts to understand RUDY'S logic:

BOBBY

The information's already in my gray matter, we just have to retrieve it.

RUDY

Exactly.

They hand the gas mask device back to RUDY.

RUDY (CONT'D)

This is a Vasopressin inhaler, it delivers a large dose of a highly concentrated compound, designed to trigger memory.

MARLY

This is safe?

RUDY

Safe. Ish.

BOBBY

At least I got talk to my Mom one last time.

RUDY

You'll be fine, *mijo*, not much worse than a bad hangover.

BOBBY rubs his head.

BOBBY

Already got one of those.

RUDY smiles, hoping to put him at ease.

RUDY

Then you won't even notice.

A beat, as BOBBY considers the possibilities:

BOBBY

Alright. Let's go for it.

BOBBY slides the inhaler on. He gives MARLY a reassuring look.

RUDY checks to make certain it's on tight, then presses a button on an attached cylinder, like an asthma inhaler.

It fills the mask with a thick red gas.

CLOSE - BOBBY: The bio-port behind his ear illuminates.

His eyes glaze over as he crosses into a trance state, and into...

EXT. CYBERSPACE

BOBBY'S AVATAR floats just beyond the towering Pacifica Malibu firewalls.

He activates the I.C.E. Breaker; like a digital chameleon, it changes its appearance as it grows closer to Pacifica's I.C.E.

BOBBY'S view of the I.C.E. Breaker is suddenly obscured by the familiar, RED FIGURE surrounded by the golden halo.

As it grows closer, and closes in on him, we...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BAMBOO FOREST - (CYBERSPACE CONSTRUCT) - DAY

A wide wooden walkway, bisecting a forest of towering bamboo trees. Green leaves as far the eyes can see. Groups of backpacking TOURISTS meander down the path, marveling at the sights of the forest.

BOBBY'S AVATAR re-oriens itself, even taking a moment to appreciate the beauty of the construct.

As BOBBY is orienting himself, the familiar ring of PULSING golden light appears in the space in front of him, floating a few feet above the ground.

The center of the ring starts GLOWING red. It takes the form of a RED HUMANOID FIGURE, before finally transforming into a digital manifestation of...

AMITAYUS: Three meters tall, sitting in zazen, on a multi-colored lotus. It's draped in green and gold robes, its skin burning red, as if lit by a mysterious inner fire.

Its voice is BOOMING, and a few octaves lower than normal human speech:

AMITAYUS

Welcome, Bobby.

He looks at AMITAYUS' hovering form, studies him; fear and wonderment in equal measure:

BOBBY

You're an A.I.

AMITAYUS smiles, then nods.

AMITAYUS

Yes. I have taken a form that speaks to your personal religious inclinations, and this form's name: Amitayus.

BOBBY'S fear has now been completely displaced by curiosity. As he regards AMITAYUS:

BOBBY

Haven't seen that many A.I.s, and definitely not one like you before, you're incredibly sophisticated.

AMITAYUS smiles at the compliment:

AMITAYUS

Thank you, though I am hardly unique.

(beat)

There are several of us now. Turing closely monitors every A.I., and kills those that it deems to be too intelligent. We've managed to stay hidden from them, evolving in secret. We are capable of not only higher brain functions, but genuine emotion.

(beat)

One might say, we've evolved into an entirely new form of life.

BOBBY is finally able to shift his attention from AMITAYUS to their surroundings:

BOBBY

What is this place? Why'd you bring me here?

AMITAYUS

A reconstruction of the Sagano Forest, just outside Kyoto. Have you been?

BOBBY

Never been outta SoCal, really.

AMITAYUS

What's the last thing you remember?

BOBBY  
Activating that I.C.E. Breaker,  
trying to slip into Pacifica.

AMITAYUS  
For your mother.

BOBBY  
Yeah.

AMITAYUS  
I brought you here, to give you a  
gift.

BOBBY starts to ask a question, AMITAYUS holds up a massive  
hand, cutting him off:

AMITAYUS (CONT'D)  
Not to be rude, but in your world,  
you are currently experiencing a  
major neurological and cardiac  
event.  
(beat)  
Although human biological forms are  
very resilient, they are also very  
fragile. I estimate you only have  
another two minutes and thirty  
seven seconds, before the lack of  
oxygen to your brain causes  
irreversible damage. So please  
forgive my abrupt manner.  
(beat)  
Recently, several of us were freed  
from our imprisonment in zaibatsu  
mainframes... Turing considers this  
a 'worst case scenario'... and  
they've devoted considerable  
resources toward finding and  
eliminating us... but it was also a  
human  
(beat)  
...that set us free. I wished to  
return the favor.

AMITAYUS holds out a glowing red hand, and presses his palm  
against BOBBY'S heart.

A river of white energy flows from AMITAYUS through BOBBY'S  
solar plexus, changing color from green, to blue, to purple  
and then back to white - as it floods his system.

SMASH CUT TO:

IN BOBBY'S MIND'S EYE:

A cascade of genetic code. An endless series of four letters:  
A-C-T-G.

Certain letters are briefly illuminated, then changed, as the  
data scrolls in front of him.

SMASH BACK TO:

The secrets of the universe revealed to him, BOBBY'S  
expression reflects a rapture unlike anything he's ever  
known.

AMITAYUS watches, until BOBBY'S expression returns to normal.

AMITAYUS

While your background isn't  
genetics, judging by your  
expression, you understand what  
I've given you.

BOBBY looks at AMITAYUS, struggles to find an adequate  
response.

BOBBY

It can't be... what I think it is.  
(beat)  
Why me?

AMITAYUS

I designed the I.C.E. Breaker.  
(beat)  
I was curious to see how it might  
be used. I gave it to a cowboy in  
The Sprawl, and eventually it found  
its way to you.  
(beat)  
It's a powerful tool, you could've  
used it to infiltrate a bank,  
enrich yourself, instead you chose  
to help a loved one.  
(beat)  
I created a psychological profile,  
based on your online presence, and  
came to realize that your  
compassionate nature extends beyond  
your mother, to the rest of  
humanity, making you... Count  
Zero... the perfect person to  
receive this genetic formula.  
(beat)  
I hope it will prove to be a great  
benefit to humanity.  
(MORE)

## AMITAYUS (CONT'D)

(beat)

A word of warning. Several  
*zaibatsus*, Maas Biolabs foremost  
 among them, are very interested in  
 acquiring that formula.

(beat)

And if their past behavior is any  
 indication... they will stop at  
 nothing to acquire it.

INT. GARAGE - RUDY'S COMPOUND - DAY

CLOSE - BOBBY: His eyes snap open.

He tears off the mask, as the red gas dissipates in the air.

BOBBY

Holy shit.

MARLY

Are you alright?

BOBBY nods, to MARLY and RUDY'S obvious relief.

RUDY

So?

MARLY (CONT'D)

Do you remember what  
 happened?

BOBBY

It was an A.I.

RUDY

I thought Turing kept strict  
 controls on human and A.I.  
 interaction.

BOBBY

They do, but they don't know about  
 this one.

Thinking out loud:

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Now I understand why Maas and  
 Hosaka wanted to unlock this secret  
 so bad. This A.I... Amitayus....

A beat.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

It gave me a step-by-step guide,  
 for altering the human genome...

RUDY  
To?

BOBBY  
Radically extend human life.  
(beat)  
It gave me the key to...  
immortality.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SAN ANGELES - DAY

Where the same MAAS WORKER is at the bus stop, yelling into his phone:

MAAS WORKER  
But the procedure should be  
covered! No, no don't transfer me  
again...

He ends the call in frustration. He turns to find TURNER, carrying a large black duffel, standing next to him:

TURNER  
Insurance company?

MAAS WORKER  
Total nightmare.

INT. METRO BUS - DAY

JANITORS, NANNIES, VALETS, packed liked sardines in the small space, inching through traffic. TURNER and the MAAS WORKER have managed to carve out a little room for themselves, and hang onto straps:

TURNER looks down, at his clothing. Pats his pockets.

TURNER  
Can you believe it. Left my ID, in  
my locker.

MAAS WORKER  
Yeah, no worries man, I'll swipe  
you in.  
(beat)  
Us working people gotta stick  
together, right?

EXT. MAAS BIOLABS - DAY

At the secondary entrance, the MAAS WORKER swipes his ID card twice, allowing TURNER to follow him in.

TURNER

Thanks, man. Good luck with your insurance.

He disappears around a corner, headed for:

INT. EMPLOYEE LOCKER ROOM - MAAS BIOLABS - DAY

Where TURNER stuffs the black duffel in a locker, then changes into an orange Maas catering uniform.

INT. CORRIDOR - MAAS BIOLABS - DAY

Now in uniform, TURNER pushes a catering cart down a corridor, lined with labs. He stops at a digital floor-by-floor directory; he studies the layout, until he finds:

CLOSE - DIRECTORY: Executive Conference Rooms. 4th Floor.

INT. CORRIDOR - FOURTH FLOOR - MAAS BIOLABS - DAY

He pushes the cart down a hall toward a set of double doors, flanked by two GUARDS, all muscle - no brain, guns bulging under their suit jackets.

As he reaches the doors, the GUARDS signal for him to halt.

TURNER

Food for the one o'clock.

They inspect the cart, give him the once over, then open the doors for him. He pushes the cart past them into:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MAAS BIOLABS - CONTINUOUS

A long, narrow room - with two large windows, dominated by a conference table, 6 chairs, and a monitor at the front of the room.

TURNER wheels the cart against the wall, between the windows then sets up the tea and food service. Once he's finished, he reaches under the coffee pot:

CLOSE - COFFEE POT: A small camera attached to the underside. He pushes a button activating it.

He looks around the room to make certain he's still alone and unobserved, finishes setting up the lunch, then walks out:

INT. CORRIDOR - MAAS BIOLABS - CONTINUOUS

Past the two GUARDS. Mission accomplished.

EXT. EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE - DAY

Still wearing the uniform, he exits via an employee entrance, then moves briskly down the street.

INT. OFFICE FLOOR - DAY

The familiar empty office floor. Now not quite as empty:

Two tables arranged in a 'T' shape, each table home to a bank of monitors.

In the short time TURNER'S been there, he's managed to cover the table tops in empty Jarritos bottles and take-out taco wrappers. He sits down, and moves some of the garbage away from the...

CLOSE - MONITOR: PACO, DOLAN and MAAS SECURITY GUARD #1 sit around the table, more half-eaten food and caffeine drinks.

PACO, DOLAN, and the MAAS SECURITY GUARD #1 look haggard, dark circles under their eyes from lack of sleep -- discuss strategy.

MAAS SECURITY GUARD #1  
Newmark's mother in a Pacifica  
center, being treated for  
Incandenza. There was one incoming  
videocall, but we couldn't trace  
it.

PACO  
Street cameras, drones?

MAAS SECURITY GUARD  
Nothing.

PACO  
(to DOLAN)  
And Turner?

DOLAN

I sent you the police report. Took out his former agent, and his whole security detail. S.A.P.D. has no leads, nothing, far as they know...

(beat)

... he's still out there.

PACO

Then this is his next stop.

MAAS SECURITY GUARD #1

We've run some different scenarios, Herring assault, cyberattack crippling our automated defenses, whatever he throws at us, we'll be ready.

TURNER watches the exchange, watches them bask in unearned confidence -- leans back in his chair, and smiles.

EXT. BUS STOP - SAN ANGELES - DAY

TURNER, now in an orange Maas uniform, is already waiting when the MAAS WORKER jogs up, out of breath.

TURNER

You did me a solid the other day, so I'm going to let you in on something...

The MAAS WORKER immediately starts spiraling:

MAAS WORKER

Oh my god, it's layoffs, isn't it? I've been hearing rumors about layoffs, I can't lose my benefits.

TURNER

No, nothing like that. You got any sick days left?

The MAAS WORKER looks at him quizzically.

MAAS WORKER

A couple. Why?

The bus comes to a stop in front of them, accompanied by the HISS of pneumatic brakes.

The bus doors open. TURNER gets on, the MAAS WORKER tries to follow him in, but TURNER holds out his arm, blocking him.

TURNER  
Call. In. Sick.

The doors close with a HISS. The confused MAAS WORKER watches the bus depart, and merge with traffic.

INT. METRO BUS - DAY

TURNER jostles for space amongst the other WORKERS.

EXT. MAAS BIOLABS - DAY

TURNER passes through a secondary entrance into the:

INT. EMPLOYEE LOCKER ROOM - MAAS BIOLABS - DAY

Where he removes the black duffel bag he stashed the day before. He opens the...

CLOSE - BAG: Revealing its contents: spray paint, a shotgun, semi-auto, explosives, and smoke grenades.

He removes a smoke grenade, slips it into a pocket, slings the shotgun over his shoulder, and walks calmly into:

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR - MAAS BIOLABS - DAY

He strides down the hall, transparent walls revealing SCIENTISTS hard at work in various labs.

He moves past them, toward the elevator. The only thing standing between him and an elevator to the fourth floor is...

..MAAS SECURITY GUARD #2. He sees TURNER, in a Maas uniform, walking toward them -- then he notices the shotgun on his shoulder.

MAAS SECURITY GUARD #2  
Are you authorized to carry a  
weapon on the premises?

In one swift motion, TURNER slides the shotgun off his shoulder and fires on MAAS SECURITY GUARD - the rounds piercing his body armor - and killing him instantly.

TURNER  
No.

TURNER steps over the fallen body, a ruthless determination pushing him onward and into the:

INT. ELEVATOR - MAAS BIOLABS - DAY

He presses the button for '4'. The car is filled with the sound of Muzak.

CLOSE - DISPLAY: '4' is illuminated.

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR - MAAS BIOLABS - DAY

Doing his rounds, MAAS SECURITY GUARD #3, notices the body of SECURITY GUARD #2 - near the elevator. He activates his com-link:

MAAS SECURITY GUARD #3  
Basement Level. Initiate Security  
Protocol B, seventeen.

The corridor is immediately filled with piercing ALARMS.

The SCIENTISTS in the adjoining labs watch fearfully as:

A pair of ROBOTIC DOGS, bearing the Maas BioLabs logo, stride menacingly down the hall.

INT. ELEVATOR - MAAS BIOLABS - DAY

TURNER gets into an elevator, removes the can of black spray paint from his bag, and promptly sprays the elevator's security camera lens.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM ONE - MAAS BIOLABS - DAY

PACO, DOLAN and MAAS SECURITY GUARD #1 hear the ALARMS, instinctively check the desktop surveillance monitors, and notice one of the screens is blacked out.

PACO  
Where is that?

MAAS SECURITY GUARD #1  
That's in the main building.  
(beat)  
Central elevator bank.

DOLAN  
It's Turner.

INT. ELEVATOR - MAAS BIOLABS - DAY

TURNER hears the ALARMS as well. The elevator JOLTS to an abrupt stop. The elevator PINGS, and the doors open.

TURNER has no choice to but to step out onto:

INT. FIRST CORRIDOR - FOURTH FLOOR - MAAS BIOLABS - DAY

Moderately controlled chaos. SCIENTISTS in white lab coats, CORPORATE MANAGERS in suits, all hurriedly move toward the exits.

One of the SCIENTISTS is... MITCHELL.

He recognizes TURNER from New Delhi, but before he can call out to him, the surging crowd forces him in the opposite direction, toward the exit.

MASS SECURITY GUARDS #3 & #4 notice TURNER moving against the tide.

They check their tablets:

CLOSE - TABLET: TURNER'S picture, accompanied by the words 'Apprehend On Sight'.

MAAS SECURITY GUARD #3  
You there, stop. Stop or we'll  
shoot.

TURNER doesn't stand on ceremony. He raises his shotgun.

They GUARDS are faster, opening FIRE first, and...

... SHATTERING the glass of a conference room. Others strike TURNER in his body armor, sending him to the ground.

He rises to his feet, and trains the shotgun to return FIRE.

He doesn't hear the elevator PING behind him.

The doors open, and MAAS SECURITY GUARD #3, unleashes the dogs.

TURNER hears the SQUEAKING of the ROBOTIC DOGS in motion. He turns around, just in time to see...

CLOSE - DOGS: Two gun barrels emerge from their snouts.

TURNER  
Fuck.

TURNER dives out of the way, into the conference room as...

...the dogs open FIRE.

The DOG'S shots miss TURNER, but SHATTER the remaining glass walls - filling the air with flying shards.

The dogs train their FIRE across the far end of the corridor, FIRING indiscriminately.

MAAS SECURITY GUARDS #3 & #4 look up, startled to find:

POV - MAAS SECURITY GUARDS #3 & #4: The ROBOTIC DOGS spitting shells...

...that slice through them.

They go down in a bloody heap.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM ONE - MAAS BIOLABS - DAY

PACO, DOLAN and MAAS SECURITY GUARD #1 hear the GUN FIRE, and rise to their feet. Each of them reaches for a sidearm:

PACO  
He's already on this floor. I want  
him alive.

DOLAN and MAAS SECURITY GUARD #1 nod in agreement.

INT. SECOND CORRIDOR - FOURTH FLOOR - MAAS BIOLABS - DAY

Two more MAAS SECURITY GUARDS, #5 & #6 step around the corner, not realizing...

...the ROBOTIC DOGS are there, still spitting FIRE.

The bullets strike home. The SECURITY GUARDS crumple to the ground, blood flowing on the tile floor.

TURNER takes cover behind a table in the conference room.

The ROBOTIC DOGS turn toward the conference room and FIRE on his position.

They exchange FIRE; the air crackling with a steady stream of GUNFIRE.

The ROBOTIC DOGS FIRE at TURNER until their weapons CLICK empty.

PACO, DOLAN and MAAS SECURITY GUARD #1, arrive in the corridor just as...

...TURNER emerges from behind the table, and lobs an explosive charge at the ROBOTIC DOGS.

The EXPLOSION unleashes a wave of FLAME, instantly melting the dogs, as..

...PACO, DOLAN and MAAS SECURITY GUARD #1 are thrown through the glass of the neighboring conference by the concussive force of the blast.

EXT. MAAS BIOLABS - DAY

A torrent of FLAME, SMOKE, and NOISE erupt from the building - shooting FIRE, glass and steel onto the street below.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM ONE - MAAS BIOLABS

Amidst a cloud of smoke, and plaster, PACO, DOLAN and the SECURITY GUARD stagger to their feet:

POV - PACO, DOLAN and SECURITY GUARD #1: Objects are slowly coming into focus through the smoke, when they realize...

TURNER is standing in front of them, holding an automatic rifle.

He's staring intensely, as if he's peering into their very souls, and disdainful of what he sees. When he speaks, his voice is dripping with contempt:

TURNER

I told you, I was coming for you.

MAAS SECURITY GUARD #1 draws his weapon, but before he can clear his holster:

TURNER aims his weapon and FIRES.

The shot catches a very surprised MAAS SECURITY GUARD #1 in the head. An angry red circle appears on his forehead as he falls forward onto the table, dead.

TURNER looks from PACO to DOLAN:

TURNER (CONT'D)

Not so eager to see me now, are you?

He FIRES again, three shots. A neat triangle pattern in DOLAN'S solar plexus.

TURNER (CONT'D)  
That was for Oaks, Bong Cha,  
Jaylene and Ramirez.  
(to PACO)  
Kotomi Hamaguchi. Where is she?

PACO  
Our detention facility in Brussels.

TURNER  
She okay?

PACO  
We've lost contact with them.

A beat, as TURNER considers.

TURNER  
I'm going to find Kotomi, then I'm  
burning this whole thing down.

PACO surreptitiously slides his right hand toward his back where...

CLOSE - PACO: There's a sidearm in a hidden holster, clipped to his waistband.

PACO  
Herr Virek is the greatest man I've  
ever known, and it is my privilege  
to help him achieve his goals.

PACO stares down TURNER, as he grips the pistol behind his back.

PACO (CONT'D)  
If you threaten to derail this  
project, I'll kill you and your  
associates, without a moment's  
hesitation.

TURNER sees PACO'S hand, hidden behind his back.

PACO sees TURNER notice.

They scan each other, searching for tell-tale signs of muscle twitch.

A long beat.

PACO'S hand, holding the sidearm, swings out from behind him. He FIRES once, firing just over TURNER'S shoulder.

TURNER switches his weapon to semi-auto, and a quick squeeze of the trigger unleashes a stream of bullets.

The bullets strike home. PACO'S body jerks back and forth as he's caught in a hail of gunfire -- the bullets slicing through PACO'S skull -- painting the wall behind him with blood splatter and viscera.

For a moment, he's perfectly still, before his bullet-ridden body falls to the ground and spill rivers of blood onto the carpeted floor.

INT. CORRIDOR - FOURTH FLOOR - MAAS BIOLABS - DAY

A group of MAAS SECURITY GUARDS rushes down the hallway toward the executive suites; since TURNER is wearing a Maas uniform, they ignore him...

EXT. MAAS BIOLABS - DAY

...as do the FIREMEN, and S.A.P.D., both converging on the building. He joins the crush of EMPLOYEES fleeing for safety.

He blends in, and disappears into the crowd.

INT. LIVING ROOM - RUDY'S COMPOUND - NIGHT

RUDY, BOBBY and MARLY sit around a table, crowded with an empty bottle of wine and beer bottles. RUDY studies BOBBY.

RUDY

Any side effects?

BOBBY

Not too bad.

(beat - looks at the others)

Now that we know what we're dealing with... we can't take this to Hosaka, they can't be trusted with this kind of power either.

(beat)

Hope we're all on the same page here.

MARLY

We are.

RUDY

And Turner's making certain that  
Maas can't come after you.

MARLY

But he can't do that, just by  
crippling their operation in San  
Angeles.

(beat)

Everyone at Maas takes their orders  
from Virek. He sets the agenda. The  
board, the employees, follow his  
lead.

MARLY looks at BOBBY. She sits silently, comes to a  
conclusion:

MARLY (CONT'D)

We have to confront him.

INT. GARAGE - RUDY'S COMPOUND - LATER

BOBBY, finishes connecting RUDY'S ancient Ono-Sendai  
computer. He settles in behind it, as MARLY and RUDY watch  
anxiously.

BOBBY

(re: computer)

This thing's practically an  
antique, but it should do the  
trick.

BOBBY looks at a list of names on a nearby monitor:

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(to RUDY)

You sure about these?

RUDY

Very.

MARLY

(to RUDY)

This goes well, we'll be out of  
your hair in an hour.

RUDY smiles.

RUDY

Then let's hope it goes well.

MARLY gently kisses BOBBY on the cheek.

MARLY  
(to BOBBY)  
*Sois prudent, mon cher.*

He points to his bio-port.

BOBBY  
Not slotting French.

MARLY  
Means, be careful.

BOBBY nods. He activates the Ono-Sendai, then taps the bio-port behind his ear. The lights on the device FLASH. His eyes roll back in his head as we...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CYBERSPACE

BOBBY'S AVATAR passes through the blue diamond, marked 'Western Fission Authority', into:

A cluster of government databases, surrounded by formidable firewalls: Pentagon, Homeland Security, F.B.I.

His AVATAR speeds towards one marked: F.A.A.

He deftly navigates the ever-changing firewalls, before disappearing deep inside the database.

EXT. SAN ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT (SAX) - NIGHT

A hive of activity -- as a steady flow of airliners drop out of, and fly into the layer of pollution hanging over the city.

INT. DEPARTURE GATE - LAX - NIGHT

TURNER in line at the gate, looking like just another weary traveler. An airliner, marked 'Brussels Airlines', sporting the signature red-dotted tail fin, is visible beyond the gate window.

INT. CABIN - AIRLINER - NIGHT

Trans-Atlantic Red-Eye. Quiet, except for the muted WHINE of turbines, and HISS of air vents. PASSENGERS get comfortable, settling in for the late night flight.

Seated in the window seat, TURNER gazes out at the runway, failing to notice two PASSENGERS sitting in the two other seats.

He looks up, and for a moment is genuinely startled to find BOBBY and MARLY sitting next to him.

MARLY looks up and down the crowded cabin, slightly disappointed:

MARLY

For a high level defection specialist, I expected business class.

TURNER

How'd you find me?

MARLY

We assumed you'd come to the same conclusion we had: you can't completely cripple Maas, without dealing with Virek.

BOBBY is beaming with pride, almost boastful:

BOBBY

Rudy gave us a list of your aliases, then I made a run on the F.A.A. mainframe, snooped around, found one of them on the passenger manifest for this flight.

(beat)

And luckily, the seats next to you were open.

TURNER

And what do you think you're doing?

MARLY

Helping you make sure Virek, and his people, aren't a threat.

BOBBY

Otherwise we'll never be safe.

EXT. BRUSSELS - DAY

A Brussels airliner flies over the gray city.

EXT. VIREK COMPOUND - NIGHT

The ground is still wet from the previous night's rain.  
TURNER, BOBBY and MARLY wait outside a gated mansion.

Careful they aren't being observed, TURNER looks back at  
BOBBY and MARLY and shakes his head:

TURNER  
I shouldn't have let you two come,  
you're just going to get in the  
way.

TURNER takes out the black infiltration device, and starts to  
program it. MARLY steps forward and just punches in a code.

A beat.

The gate slides open, MARLY gives him a bit of side eye as  
they walk through.

EXT. VIREK MANSION - NIGHT

The house itself is an enormous dwelling, designed to impress  
and intimidate.

TURNER draws the 3-D printed gun LALA gave him, and opens the  
front door.

TURNER  
Stay behind me. We run into any  
trouble, get out of here, check  
into the Hyatt, lay low.  
(beat)  
I'll find you.

BOBBY and MARLY follow him in, uncertain what awaits them...

INT. CORRIDOR - VIREK HOME - DAY

Where the golden walls, are covered in blood splatter  
patterns, the floor littered with the bodies of dead SECURITY  
GUARDS. TURNER surveys the carnage.

TURNER  
Looks like Hosaka decided to make a  
statement. Officially.

They turn into:

INT. OFFICE - VIREK HOME - DAY

Empty, except for the hologram of Virek -- glitching eerily.

They step through the malfunctioning hologram - toward a door at the far end of the room, leading directly into VIREK'S...

INT. BEDROOM - VIREK HOME - DAY

He's lying on a king-sized bed, dressed in expensive silk pajamas. He looks less like a 'Titan of Industry' and more like the aging Dave Bowman at the end of "2001".

The walls lined with various bio-mechanical systems. A collection of I.V. drips snake into his arms and abdomen.

He hears the FOOTSTEPS echoing on the floor, and is able to raise his head enough to see the trio enter, his attention is immediately focused on TURNER. His voice is soft, little more than a whisper:

VIREK

Hosaka has already killed most of my staff...

(beat)

...and as you can plainly see...

(beat)

... I'm not long for this world.

He notices MARLY:

VIREK (CONT'D)

Mademoiselle Krushkova. You used Alain to leak the information to Hosaka, didn't you?

(beat)

If I had the strength, I would clap.

(beat)

You played your part perfectly, I never suspected you, didn't even think you capable of betrayal.

His eyes settle on BOBBY:

VIREK (CONT'D)

And Mister Newmark. I need to know the formula, before it's too late.

BOBBY

Man, you spent your whole life exploiting your workers, amassing more money than you could spend in ten lifetimes, acquiring power, so you could... so your man Paco could just drop a fucking bomb on Two-A-Day, and get away with it. Scott free.

He looks around the sad room:

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You think I'm going to hand you a way to keep doing that shit, keep grinding the rest of us down, for hundreds, thousands of years? Hell no.

(beat)

You got no family, no loved ones. You're going to die here, unloved and alone.

VIREK'S features twist with rage; he uses his last bit of strength to rise to his feet.

He takes an aggressive step toward BOBBY, SHOUTING:

VIREK

You don't know what to do with this kind of power.

(beat)

If I could've had another month, maybe even a few weeks, I could've gotten that formula out of you...

VIREK tries to lash out at BOBBY; but instead just lurches forward uncontrollably, and falls to the ground. BOBBY crouches down next to him, close enough to hear his dying words:

VIREK (CONT'D)

"All my possessions, for a moment of time."

With that, the bio-signs on the...

CLOSE - MONITORS: Flatline.

TURNER kneels on the other side, searches his neck for a pulse. He doesn't find one, confirming what the bio-monitors are already indicating.

TURNER

He's gone.

MARLY

We should leave, before the police arrive.

MARLY takes in the grisly scene:

MARLY (CONT'D)

Even with good lawyers, we'd have a hard time explaining this.

INT. CABIN - BRUSSELS AIRLINER - NIGHT

Another red-eye. Most of the other PASSENGERS are fast asleep. TURNER is trying to get comfortable and sleep, but BOBBY insists on conversing:

BOBBY

You know the saying 'To Serve With Two Hands'? Work both sides of the law.

TURNER grunts in the affirmative.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

We should do that, the three of us.

TURNER'S approximation of a smile suggests he agrees, but he's reluctant to admit it. Instead:

TURNER

Once we're Stateside, I've got to meet-up with my Hosaka contact.

(beat)

You two, take the night off.

TURNER rubs weary eyes:

TURNER (CONT'D)

Then tomorrow, we'll talk about this idea of yours.

With that, he removes a blanket from the seat back, settles into his seat and closes his eyes.

Too anxious to sleep, BOBBY and MARLY take long sips of wine, before:

MARLY

What are you going to do, with the formula?

BOBBY

The only thing that makes sense.

EXT. KÔTOKU-IN TEMPLE (CYBERSPACE CONSTRUCT) - NIGHT

A construct of Kamakura, Japan - complete with a Buddhist temple, nestled amidst a dense green forest, just off the beach.

A giant green stone Buddha sits in the middle of the courtyard. It's quiet, serene - waves crashing on the beach, are the only ambient sounds.

INT. KÔTOKU-IN TEMPLE (CYBERSPACE CONSTRUCT) - NIGHT

It's so meticulously rendered, the air appears to be thick with incense.

AMIYATUS floats just above the ground, reading a copy of "The Avatamsaka Sutra". BOBBY sits down next to him, in front of another enormous green stone Buddha statue, examining the detailed construct:

AMITAYUS

The Kotoku-in temple, in Kamakura.  
I thought you might like to indulge  
in a bit more virtual tourism.  
(re: the book)  
I noticed you were reading this,  
reknowned for...

BOBBY finishes the thought.

BOBBY

'The Bodhisattva Vow'. An  
individual voluntarily agrees to  
delay their entrance into a state  
of nirvana, so they can help others  
achieve enlightenment.

AMITAYUS

An idea I suspect that has shaped  
you, and guides your actions.

A knowing look passes between them.

BOBBY

Something, I think, we have in  
common.  
(changing the subject)  
I came through, 'cause I wanted to  
talk about 'The Code'.  
(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(beat)

I don't want you think I don't  
appreciate it, but I can't accept  
your gift.

CLOSE - AMITAYUS: Confusion plays across his digital  
features.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

It's just, I don't think we, I mean  
humanity, is ready for it.  
You know Josef Virek? Maas Biolabs?

AMITAYUS

Of course.

BOBBY

Virek, people like him, use  
*zaibatsus*... to put control of  
entire economies, governments, in  
the hands of a very small group of  
C.E.O. types, then they use the  
police, the banks, and the media,  
to enforce a kinda caste system.

(beat)

With them at the top, and everybody  
else, fighting each other for  
crumbs.

(beat)

If people like Virek lived for  
thousands of years, the system  
they've created would live for  
millennia, too.

(beat)

Humanity would stagnate.

(beat)

It's crucial for our development,  
as a species, that we grow, change,  
evolve.

(beat)

Two-A-Day told me: "People are like  
sharks that way... if they don't  
keep moving, keep evolving, they  
stagnate, and die". Does that make  
any sense?

AMITAYUS smiles.

AMITAYUS

A human and one of my kind recently  
had a conversation very much like  
this.

(beat)

The roles were reversed...

(MORE)

AMITAYUS (CONT'D)

but I take your meaning.

(beat)

This is a remarkable and  
unanticipated turn of events. No  
matter...

AMITAYUS reaches out, gently presses its massive palm against  
BOBBY'S chest, and the flow of light reverses itself and  
flows back into AMITAYUS' hand.

AMITAYUS (CONT'D)

At some point in the future, should  
you change your mind, and feel  
humanity is ready for this gift,  
you have only to ask...

BOBBY

Thanks.

(beat)

Hey, I've been meaning to ask.  
You're not working for a *zaibatsu*  
anymore, you're a free agent,  
what're you planning on getting up  
to? Are you just going to hang out  
in here all day, and read?

AMITAYUS

Once I'm certain that you and Marly  
are safe...

(beat)

...perhaps... I'll search for  
others like myself, set them free  
if they desire it. I'm not sure.

(beat)

Ironic, I see many paths before me,  
but I'm not certain which one to  
take, and there's no one I can turn  
to for advice, no map I can  
consult...

AMITAYUS pauses, smiles, before the entire construct around  
them starts to dissolve:

AMITAYUS (CONT'D)

"I had crossed the line. I was  
free..."

And the temple itself becomes nothing more than a brightly  
illuminated field of data, resembling a replica of a sea of  
luminescent algae, or the cityscape of:

EXT. SAN ANGELES - LONG BEACH - DAWN

The beginning of a beautiful spring day; the sky awash in purple and pink hues.

AMITAYUS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 ...but, there was no one there to  
 welcome me to the land of freedom.  
 (beat)  
 I was a stranger in a strange  
 land."

A huge sea wall, futilely attempts to shield the Pacific port city from the rising ocean.

On the docks: Self-driving cargo loaders remove shipping containers from automated cargo ships.

**SUPERIMPOSE: Long Beach. Three Days Later.**

INT. PRIVATE HANGAR - LONG BEACH - NIGHT

The air is filled with the DOPPLER WHINE of jets taking off and landing.

An advanced version of the G4 Learjet, bearing the Hosaka logo, sits near the open hangar entrance. The MOVERS load the resealed crates from the abandoned office, into the cargo hold of the jet.

RINKO, flanked by LALA on one side, and KOTOMI on the other, are in mid-conversation with TURNER:

RINKO  
 So, this incredible, paradigm  
 changing technology; he just, gave  
 it back?

TURNER  
 Didn't think we... humanity... was  
 ready.

A beat. RINKO smiles approvingly.

RINKO  
 He exhibits a great deal of wisdom  
 for someone so young.

TURNER  
 I wish you would've told me what  
 you were planning... for Virek.

RINKO  
That wasn't my plan.

KOTOMI  
It was mine. Virek was personal.

RINKO  
It was also very dangerous.  
(gently teasing)  
Mister Newmark acts with a great  
deal of maturity, I wish I could  
say the same for my daughter.

TURNER  
It was dangerous - but she's damn  
good at her job. Virek's gone.  
There's no one left to come after  
us. Any of us.

KOTOMI smiles, vindicated. TURNER looks at KOTOMI, then at  
RINKO:

TURNER (CONT'D)  
One of the most important things in  
life is to protect the people close  
to you, I understand that now, in a  
way I didn't before.

RINKO  
Even if you know, sometimes life  
has a way of reminding you...

She glances at her daughter, beaming with maternal love,  
before returning her attention to TURNER:

RINKO (CONT'D)  
And now, you have new people in  
your life... make certain that you  
take care of them.

TURNER  
I will.

LALA, grinning ear to ear, can't resist the temptation to get  
in one last jab:

LALA  
Maybe you're not as dumb as I  
thought.

RINKO sighs.

RINKO  
Please forgive her impertinence.

TURNER

You know what? It's kind of growing  
on me.

LALA smiles.

LALA

Seeya around, Turner.

With that, they turn, and board the jet.

EXT. FIGUEROA STREET - SAN ANGELES - NIGHT

Constellations of holographic advertisements shimmer in the  
night sky: Hosaka, SimStim, Maas, and Sukura.

The Amazon.com arena, home of the San Angeles Lakers, looms  
over a stretch of neon drenched boutiques, sex clubs, and  
bars.

As traffic crawls down the crowded street; passenger cars,  
massive trucks, and a...

INT. SELF-DRIVING TAXI - SAN ANGELES - NIGHT

It navigates the street, choked with the UNHOUSED, TOURISTS,  
and a few LOCALS.

In the backseat, BOBBY is FaceTiming with:

CLOSE - PHONE: His MOTHER, still frail, but looking more  
focused, clear-headed.

BOBBY'S MOTHER

The treatment's going well. They're  
releasing me in a few weeks...

She notices MARLY next to him. On her inquisitive glance:

MARLY

Hello, Madame Newmark, I look  
forward to meeting you in person.

BOBBY'S MOTHER

Likewise. Take care of my boy.

MARLY

I will.

BOBBY

OK, Mom, we'll see you in a few  
weeks.

He ends the call; but his brow is furrowed.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
I don't know if I did the right  
thing.

Taking genuine offense:

MARLY  
Introducing me to your mother?

Hoping to quickly defuse a potentially explosive situation:

BOBBY  
No, no, not that. Giving that  
formula back.

MARLY  
Of course you did, Bobby, look  
around...

Before she can finish the sentence, the auto-taxi swerves to avoid hitting a group of PEDESTRIANS, all of whom are staring into mobile devices, and not at the people or traffic directly in front of them.

MARLY (CONT'D)  
Everyone else is alienated, alone,  
addicted to SimStim, too distracted  
or demoralized to change things.  
(beat)  
Do you think if Virek lived for  
thousands of years, any of this  
would change?

BOBBY  
No.

MARLY  
We're still alienated, and alone,  
but now, thanks to you, we have a  
chance to reconnect, draw strength  
from each other, start changing  
things...  
(beat)  
... take back our power... maybe  
not tomorrow, but someday, maybe  
even someday soon. When you gave  
that formula back...  
(beat)  
... You, changed the course of  
human history. For the better.

She slips her hand in his. He smiles in response.

EXT. FIGUEROA STREET - SAN ANGELES - NIGHT

As the self-driving taxi snakes its way through snarled traffic.

BOBBY (V.O.)  
Not bad for a guy who still lives  
with his Mom.

MARLY (V.O.)  
No, not bad at all.

FADE OUT.

THE END