

E T E R N I T Y

Written by

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*If future generations are to remember us more with gratitude than sorrow, we must achieve more than just the miracles of technology. We must also leave them a glimpse of the world as it was created, not just as it looked when we got through with it.*

*Lyndon B. Johnson*

FROM BLACK, VOICES EMERGE --

Panicked radio chatter from a fighting military unit. The open microphone transmissions are punctuated by the sound of gunfire and static.

We listen to fragments from a number of these communications ...starting with pleas for reinforcements, for help as ammunition grows low, building to a panic and ending with the soldier's grim acceptance that help will not arrive in time, that the situation is hopeless and that they are about to die.

CUT TO:

**INT. CINDER-BLOCK APARTMENT -- FIRST FLOOR -- DAY**

The place has been shredded by bullets, everything upended.

BULLETS from OUTSIDE violently strafe the far wall and ceiling, spewing debris.

Three soldiers dressed in full battle rattle stand at the shattered windows whilst the bodies of their fallen comrades litter the floor.

The youngest, JOHN (19 years), fires his weapon out of the window until it is empty. Inexperienced but keen, his nerves are wavering.

JOHN

That was my last.

Beside him stands PAUL (early-mid 20s), every inch the professional soldier.

PAUL

I'm empty too. They'll be on us in a moment.

The three soldiers instinctively back their way into the centre of the ruined room. They stand back-to-back, waiting for the final assault.

The highest ranked man is STEWART (mid-30s to 40s). Effortlessly intimidating, he's killed many men -- but no more than he's had to.

STEWART

Well, what a day this has turned out to be!

JOHN

I knew something like this was going to happen when I couldn't find my sock this morning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pulls on the leg of his trousers to reveal his bare ankle.

STEWART

If I'd known it would lead to this,  
I'd have lent you one of mine.

JOHN

I can only imagine what the Sarge  
would have said?

Stewart looks to one of the bloodied bodies on the floor.

STEWART

I think he would have let it ride  
on this occasion.

There is a loud -- BANGING -- from beneath them as somebody  
tries to gain entry.

PAUL

Who are you leaving behind?

JOHN

Just my folks. My mum will be  
inconsolable.

PAUL

Your dad?

JOHN

He's ex-army.

They exchange a knowing look.

PAUL

You joined the family business  
then?

JOHN

Kinda...

He bends and straightens his index finger in the air as if  
squeezing on a trigger multiple times.

JOHN (CONT'D)

... It's the only thing I was  
qualified to do. You?

PAUL

Pretty much the same really. I've  
got a long term gal, but she won't  
have any trouble finding someone  
else. I'd like to think she'll take  
her time about it though.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN

The obligatory wait until she gets  
fat and ugly mourning period?

PAUL

Exactly.

JOHN

What about you Stew? You've gone  
pretty quiet.

Stewart is looking at a photograph of his young wife and  
child. He shows it to his comrades.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oh man, that sucks.

Stewart's thumb and forefinger bridge his nose in an attempt  
to prevent tears from forming in his eyes.

STEWART

I promised her this'd be my last  
tour. Well, I guess it was.

PAUL

What are their names?

STEWART

Lucy and Hope

PAUL

Hope?

STEWART

She had a few health issues when  
she was born. It was a bit touch  
and go in the beginning, we thought  
we might lose her.

PAUL

Hope, I like that - she okay now?

STEWART

Fit as a fiddle and twice as loud.  
I can't stand the thought of her  
growing up not knowing me, of  
somebody else bringing her up in my  
place. Giving her away at her  
wedding...

JOHN

Intimidating her first boyfriend!

Stewart stifles a laugh of recognition.

STEWART

I'd have liked that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PAUL

Hey, maybe you'll come back as her guardian angel or something.

STEWART

Yeah, I think I'd like that too.

PAUL

Have you ever thought about what comes next? After, you know... this

STEWART

Life?

Paul nods affirmatively.

STEWART (CONT'D)

I've never been much into religion, but millions of people can't be wrong, can they?

JOHN

So what are our options? Nothingness, sitting on a cloud in heaven, tortured in hell, reincarnation, greeted by a hundred vestal virgins...?

PAUL

However nice it might be, I think you have to be a Muslim for that last one.

JOHN

Is it too late to convert?

They all manage to laugh.

A loud CRASH, followed by the sound of charging footsteps on stairs. There is a loud thumping on the door to the room.

STEWART

This is it, ready yourselves.

Stewart unsheathes his COMBAT KNIFE. The others follow suit.

JOHN

I don't wanna die!

STEWART

Nobody ever does.

JOHN

I'm scared, I've killed people. I don't want to go to hell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

PAUL

Stow that shit will you?

STEWART

One thing I do know is that soldiers don't go to hell. We're following orders, it's kill or be killed and all that. If anyone's going to hell it's the politicians that sent us to this god awful place. Besides, if it was wrong we'd have all been locked up whenever we went home.

JOHN

Except this time we're not going home.

STEWART

No, this time we're not going home.  
(to John)  
You get the chance to drop one of them, you take it.

There is loud SHOUTING in a foreign language behind the door.

STEWART (CONT'D)

Time to put your game faces on boys

The door EXPLODES open and a squad of FIVE GUNMEN storm in. The three soldiers slash and stab at their assailants. Everything is a whirlwind of quick cuts, noise and confusion.

-- TWO SHOTS RING OUT (followed by two dull thuds) --

STEWART'S POV: The lead gunman shouts in his face, puts a gun to his head and with a violent twist, pulls the trigger.

-- BANG --

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACKNESS, we HEAR a WOMAN in labour -- breathing hard -- straining, harder and harder -- until finally we HEAR a NEWBORN BABY CRYING -- and we...

CUT TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL**

A maternity ward: Rows of babies lie in cots in a secured room. They are all silent, content.

Electronic doors open and a young NURSE glides into the room. She checks on each of the babies individually and writes her observations on a clipboard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As she attends to one little girl a NOISE on the other side of the room gets her attention. She puts down the clipboard and goes to investigate.

She returns a few moments later and picks up the clipboard - as she goes to write a note she hesitates.

INSERT: Scrawled across the nurse's notes are two words,

'Help me'

RETURN TO:

The Nurse puts down the clipboard - then looks around her, seeking someone that has hidden themselves in the room.

NURSE

Okay, so who's the wise guy? Come on out. You know it's not funny, tampering with patient notes is a serious offense...

She looks down into the cot and gasps.

The BABY inside, no older than a few hours, is holding the nurse's pen and writing.

INSERT: The Baby finishes and drops the pen. The words, 'find Lucy, find Hope' are clearly visible.

RETURN TO:

We HEAR the 'swoosh' of automated doors opening and catch sight of the Nurse running out of the room.

The Baby bursts into tears, crying loudly. The noise sets off those in the neighboring cots and the crescendo of wailing grows to a wall of deafening white noise.

FADE TO BLACK.

The sound of wailing babies segues into the wailing of emergency vehicle sirens.

SUPER: "26 Years Later"

FADE IN:

**EXT. OVERHEAD VIEW CITY -- DAY**

We are looking down on a city of the future.

Elevated skyways are filled with traffic. Flying Barges and Shuttles service the population. Dominating all is a heavily fortified building.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With a SWOOSH, an AMBULANCE appears in the sky.

We follow as it passes over the high perimeter wall. Within the grounds of the immense complex is a glass dome and beneath the dome we briefly glimpse the landscaped trees and grass of an urban park.

**EXT. GOVERNMENT MEDICAL CENTRE -- AMBULANCE BAY**

The ambulance lands and the rear doors open.

Inside we see rows of women. They huff and puff, each trying to control their breathing whilst in the early stages of labour.

The gurney's that they are lying on float a few feet above the ground. One by one they disembark and drift into the medical centre.

**INT. GOVERNMENT MEDICAL CENTRE -- CONTROL ROOM**

The place buzzes with activity. A glass partition separates the delivery and processing rooms from the SCIENTISTS observing them.

The rooms are cold, blue, steel. Meticulously sterile.

**DELIVERY ROOM:**

As each baby is born its umbilical chord is cut with a hi-tech GADGET and the baby taken away from its mother to a separate room.

**PROCESSING ROOM:**

The newborn baby is placed into the hand/palm of a bizarre multi-armed ROBOTIC MEDICAL MACHINE.

The robot then takes control. Dextrous. Meticulous - moving with such fast swift movements that only centrifugal force seems to keep the baby from falling to the floor.

First the baby is washed... then externally scanned and photographed... a laser tattoo is applied... then an MRI scan is conducted.

DON. LEWIN(O.S.)

Doctor Monroe could you perhaps explain what it is we're seeing here?

Dr AISHA MONROE steps into frame. Beautiful. Young. Athletic. There is a LIGHT in her eyes -- Something SPECIAL. HAPPINESS. CURIOSITY. INTELLIGENCE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She addresses a delegation of OFFICIALS. All gray suits and grim faces. Leading them is DON. LEWIN (55) a sleek silver fox of a man, very confident.

As she begins, the first baby is returned to its elated mother and another is brought in for examination.

The procedure recommences.

AISHA

Of course. The process is really quite simple. Once cleaned, every area of the subjects body is mapped and checked for blemishes...

DON. LEWIN

And the purpose for that?

AISHA

It was discovered that in cases of death by severe trauma, there would be a transference of the fatal wound to the subject when reborn.

OFFICIAL#1

Huh?

AISHA

Basically if you're stabbed or shot to death the fatal wound will appear as a birth mark or blemish on the reborn baby. We can then check those marks against known victims for identification.

The baby then has an area of hair shaved from the nape of its neck and a barcode tattoo applied.

AISHA (CONT'D)

The barcode is strictly for cataloguing. Despite the introduction of the Natal Laws there are still those that try to give birth outside of the system. Lastly the baby's upper brain function is scanned, primarily the frontal lobes and hippocampus.

DON. LEWIN

And the significance of that?

AISHA

Those are the areas of the brain where memories are stored. Ordinarily a new born would have very little activity here...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She points to a view screen showing the current baby's brain activity - hundreds of little dots of activity are blooming.

AISHA (CONT'D)

... However, in a reborn child past memories are evident. It is thought that these were historically forgotten during the gestation period, with just basic instincts being retained, but then something changed twenty-six years ago.

OFFICIAL#1

And what was that?

DR WOODVINE (O.S.)

Nobody knows.

DR WOODVINE stands from where he has been seated. He is an older gentleman wearing the customary white lab coat. A very commanding and reassuring presence.

DR WOODVINE (CONT'D)

An environmental change? Something dietary? Who knows, it may even be evolutionary. All we can hypothesize at this stage is that humanity as we know it consists of an immortal soul that moves from body to body for all eternity. Some take solace from this fact, others realise that it means they'll have to take responsibility for themselves and think about the legacy they leave for future generations.

OFFICIAL#1

But not everybody is reborn right?

DR WOODVINE

We don't yet know, all we can say with any certainty is that not everyone remembers having a past life. Presently only thirty-three percent of registered births have past life recollection or P.L.R.

DON. LEWIN

And what happens to those that are... er, diagnosed? Discovered?

AISHA

They stay at this facility until their former identity can be verified and any estate issues resolved.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

OFFICIAL#1

And what of the birth parents?

We watch as two security GUARDS enter the delivery room and escort the floating platform bearing the baby's mother away.

Despite the sound-proofing her distress is clearly visible.

DR WOODVINE

They are suitably compensated.

OFFICIAL#1

Can anything compensate for the loss of a child?

DR WOODVINE

You're thinking too traditionally, these subjects have the body of a child yes, but their mind and memories are those of an adult. They're not the mewling dependents you've come to expect.

DON. LEWIN

But they could be if their memories were wiped.

Dr Woodvine is angered by this, but maintains his composure.

DR WOODVINE

I've heard the conjecture, I see it everyday outside these walls, but robbing a human of its true identity is, well, barbaric.

DON. LEWIN

Well, I think that's something for this commission to decide.

Aisha senses Dr Woodvine's temper simmering, steps in quickly--

AISHA

Yes, yes it is. Perhaps if I introduced you to some of our residents? You can see first hand..

The two men exchange a look, there is a lengthy pause, but then Don. Lewin's demeanor brightens.

DON. LEWIN

Yes, I think that would be useful. This way?

AISHA

Please.

Aisha gestures them onwards, leading them to an air-lock.

**INT. HABITAT DOME -- EVENING**

They emerge onto... A utopian vista.

A luscious green park. People are having fun. Cycling, picnicking, reading... children are playing all around. The air is filled with laughter.

The delegates are already intermingled with the residents, their grey suits standing out starkly from the residents who are all dressed in white.

DR WOODVINE

Fools, bureaucratic fools. They just don't see the bigger picture, the implications. All they see are kids being taken away from their parents.

Aisha and Dr Woodvine sit on a bench together.

AISHA

They'll come around eventually, we just have to be patient. Time is the one thing that we do have.

DR WOODVINE

But if they instigate mandatory memory erasure then none of it may come to pass and things will just continue as they always have done. I just don't know how to convince them.

AISHA

You could of course just kill'em off and wait until they're reborn, that'd make them understand.

DR WOODVINE

But there's no guarantee that they'll be reborn on this continent or in a country with a rebirth programme.

AISHA

I was joking.

DR WOODVINE

Of course you were.

AISHA

Look, I've gotta get going but don't worry yourself over this, the visit went well. Besides, they can't stop the inevitable they can only delay it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Aisha leaps to her feet and gives him a gentle peck on the cheek.

He watches her approach the exterior security air-lock. A small smile creeps across his face.

**INT. SECURITY AIR-LOCK -- DAY**

Aisha nods to GEORGE, a grizzled African-American veteran now security guard, as she passes into the security checkpoint.

AISHA

Hey George, so you got the night shift again tonight huh? What'dya lose at cards or something?

She starts removing her suit jacket to reveal a silk camisole beneath.

GEORGE

You know me, always getting stiffed one way or another.

George stands up, goes to a locker behind his desk and retrieves an all-in-one exterior outfit, which he exchanges for her jacket.

She slips off her shoes and steps into the outfit.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You know you could make your life and mine much easier by using the other exit.

AISHA

You'd deny me the pleasure of your company?

GEORGE

I'd deny them the pleasure of yours

AISHA

It's important to remember when you've been cooped up in here too long that not everyone agrees with what we're doing.

GEORGE

Sometimes I wonder who's the idealist them or you?

AISHA

A change is coming George.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

I thought I'd just witnessed one  
[chuckles]. Have a good evening.

He hits the outer air-lock control. The air HISSES as the outer set of doors open.

Aisha waves him a fond farewell before stepping through to the street.

**EXT. STREET -- EVENING**

It takes a brief moment for the gathered crowd of mostly female PROTESTERS to notice that someone has just exited.

When they do, they surge towards Aisha. A team of baton wielding Robot Security guards [aka ROBSEC's] hold them back.

The Protesters angrily JEER with taunts and pleas for the return of their children.

Aisha walks on.

When she turns the next corner she is greeted by a sea of humanity. PEDESTRIANS heading about their business. Elbow to elbow.

Most of the people wear FILTER MASKS to protect them from the toxic air. In a LONG LENS STACK it is a marching torrent of anonymous, isolated souls.

Aisha disappears into the throng.

**EXT. AISHA'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- EVENING**

Ten blocks away Aisha steps out of the flow of pedestrians and into a darkened alley. A less affluent part of town.

Seven people, men and women, stand with their hands up against the wall of the alley. Robotic police dogs growl and sniff at their heels.

Robot Policemen scan the barcodes on the nape of their necks. Those without have a barcode burnt onto them. Painful. Singeing through smoking hair.

Aisha passes them and approaches a nearby doorway.

She produces a strangely shaped crystal prism and presses it into a reader beside the doorway.

A glass cube forms around her, an elevator, which then shoots up the side of the building at speed. It stops thirty-seven storeys up.

**INT. AISHA'S APARTMENT -- EVENING**

The lights come on automatically, as does a wall-screen droning away in the background --

PERKY NEWSCASTER

The Bengal tiger, extinct for over a century, is making a comeback. These cloned tiger cubs at the Beijing Zoo are...

The place is a 'lived in' mess. Not much more than a CUBICLE. Prison cell meets 747 bathroom.

Narrow cot. Aisha pulls a blanket from the bed and wraps it around her shoulders.

She grabs a glass and bottle of drink. Then heads for the back-door which opens onto a wide veranda.

The noise of the city engulfs her as she opens the door.

**EXT. AISHA'S APARTMENT -- VERANDA -- EVENING**

On the veranda sits a lawn chair with a telescope beside it.

Aisha makes herself comfortable, pours a drink and peers through the telescopes eye-piece.

AISHA'S POV (MOS): We are looking into the adjacent apartment building. A heated argument between a MOTHER (50s) and her twenty-something DAUGHTER is taking place.

Objects are being thrown. Doors are being slammed. Finally the daughter storms off. The Mother buries her head in her hands and sobs.

Across the way, a tear escapes down Aisha's cheek. She closes her eyes, releasing more tears.

**EXT. BEACH -- DAY**

The sun is bright in the sky.

A MAN'S POV: A PRETTY GIRL, filled with youth and hope, runs and jumps into our arms and leans in to kiss us.

When we look down a CHILD hugs our leg. All three fall to the soft sand in laughter. A labrador puppy joins in the bundle.

We lie on the beach. Three pairs of feet held up to the sky. A man's. A woman's. A child's. Never has there been a scene of more love.

Their laughter echoes into eternity.

**EXT. AISHA'S APARTMENT -- VERANDA -- NIGHT**

Aisha sleeps peacefully.

Then... a curious ORB of light floats from inside the apartment and circles the sleeping Aisha. It BLOOMS SOFTLY illuminating her face -- then goes dark.

The light blooms once again, accompanied by a tiny bell. She begins to stir.

The small orb of light grows more persistent. The ringing getting louder. It circles her head closely.

Aisha catches the light between her thumb and forefinger. When she opens them a tiny video screen appears. Bleary with sleep.

AISHA

Y'ello? Oh, Jerry. Hi...

DR WOODVINE

(on video phone)

Aisha, you've got to get down here, we've got our first confirmed third generation reborn.

Aisha suddenly snaps into awareness and sits up.

AISHA

With full recollection of all three lives?

DR WOODVINE

Yes, it would appear so.

AISHA

And how are the synapsis firing?

DR WOODVINE

Stable. Aisha you've got to come see this it's incredible. The capacity available is just not what we thought, all those unused areas of the brain. Just get down here.

AISHA

I'm on my way.

With a click of her fingers the video connection is broken.

She takes one last look through the telescope.

Then she is on her feet and on her way out of the apartment.

**EXT. GOVERNMENT MEDICAL CENTRE -- NIGHT**

An electric motorcycle silently pulls up outside the entrance and Aisha dismounts.

The protestors sleep peacefully in their tents.

**INT. SECURITY AIR-LOCK -- NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Aisha passes through the security checkpoint.

It is vacant.

**INT. HABITAT DOME -- NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Peace has descended on the park. Stars blaze overhead.

-- BANG -- BANG -- BANG --

The silence is interrupted by the sound of distant gunfire.

Aisha breaks into a run towards its source.

**INT. GOVERNMENT MEDICAL CENTRE -- CONTROL ROOM**

The control room is dark, lit only from the light of the computer monitors.

The glass partition is peppered with bullet holes.

As Aisha enters, a bullet SMASHES into the wall where her head was an instant before.

She drops to the floor.

From her new vantage point, she sees George cowering beneath a desk a few feet to her side. His gun drawn.

GEORGE

I count two, maybe three assailants  
hiding in the processing room.  
They'd already taken out the Doc  
and two others by the time I got  
here.

Aisha looks to Doctor Woodvine's seat. A still figure sits there.

AISHA

Count to ten and then try to draw  
their fire.

GEORGE

What are you going to do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AISHA  
I'll circle around and try to flush  
them out towards you.

GEORGE  
Don't be stupid, you're just a...  
a...

AISHA  
A girl?

GEORGE  
A scientist.

AISHA  
I wasn't always either. Just be  
ready.

Before he can protest further, Aisha is on her feet and  
snaking her way towards the processing room.

**INT. GOVERNMENT MEDICAL CENTRE -- PROCESSING ROOM**

The room is almost black and yet dark shadows can still be  
seen moving about.

George's diversionary shots ring out, spider webbing the  
glass even more.

A shadow moves and fires two precise shots in return.

With a primal WAR CRY Aisha leaps for the shadow but in an  
instant it is gone. A phantom.

She crashes into a robot arm and lands in a heap on the  
floor. A gun lands beside her.

Aisha instinctively goes into a crouch, picks up the gun,  
slides the chamber and draws down on another shadow.

AISHA  
(whispering)  
George, cover me... George.

She moves closer to the glass partition, eyes probing.  
Through a bullet hole in the glass she SEES George's face,  
staring up at her, eyes frozen wide in death.

She HEARS a noise behind her and spins around, aiming the  
weapon at its source.

Six blinding bright spotlights hit her.

ROBSEC#1 (O.S.)  
Citizen... Please relinquish your  
weapon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A team of ROBSEC's face Aisha. The intense spotlights coming from their heads.

Aisha raises her hand to shield her eyes.

AISHA

Robsec. Staff I.D. one, one, three, eight. We have two possibly three armed assailants in or around this area. Secure and detain.

The Robsec's pause. A laser-like SCANNING BEAM of light shines out from each of them surveying every inch of the room.

The beams simultaneously shut-off. Pause. Computing.

ROBSEC#1

Staff I.D. One, one, three, eight. Doctor Aisha Monroe. Security clearance A.A. Please remain calm and relinquish your weapon, no other life-forms are detected in the vicinity.

AISHA

No. That can't be.

Aisha looks down at the gun in her hand and then to the four dead bodies in the control room.

ROBSEC#1

I repeat. Please relinquish your weapon. You now have ten seconds to comply. Nine... Eight... Seven...

A look of indecision momentarily crosses Aisha's face. She then drops the gun.

-- CLATTER --

As the Robsec's momentarily look down at the discarded weapon. Aisha seizes her opportunity.

**INT. GOVERNMENT MEDICAL CENTRE -- CONTROL ROOM**

Aisha leaps through the bullet riddled partition in a shower of sparkling glass.

In a swift movement, she stoops and snatches George's security pass from around his neck (her own has started flashing red).

Then breaks into a sprint.

**EXT. GOVERNMENT MEDICAL CENTRE -- NIGHT**

Aisha exits the building and leaps onto her motorcycle.

She guns it towards the door.

The front wheel rides up the door, disabling the first Robsec caught behind it as it opens.

She turns the bike around on its wide rear wheel, then drops the front onto the ground as she TEARS away.

The remaining five Robsec's give chase on foot.

**EXT. STREET -- NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

The Robsec's burst onto the road and run straight at her, moving at least fifty miles an hour.

She drops the clutch, hits the throttle, and tears ass out of there. The Robsec's still follow.

The motorbike races across a busy intersection without slowing. The Robsec's attempt the same.

-- CRASH --

Two are wiped out by an unstoppable haulage wagon.

The other three, clamber, climb and leap over the oncoming vehicles and resume the chase.

**INT./EXT. SURFACE HIGHWAY -- NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Aisha, weaving in and out of traffic. The speedometer, kissing 200 mph.

The Robsec's fade into the distance.

The motorcycle SCREECHES across two lanes, onto an EXIT RAMP.

**INT./EXT. SIDE STREET -- NIGHT**

The streets are DARK, filthy, crowded and THREATENING -

Down dark alleys shadowy figures conduct business.

Aisha slows to a halt. SHADOWS in doorways note her arrival. Three YOUTHS approach. Aisha dismounts and stiffens, but they cross the street to avoid her.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
No one'll mess with ya.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Aisha turns. A HOMELESS MAN warming at a flaming oil drum.

One of many HOMELESS clustered around the alleyways.

HOMELESS MAN

Wander 'round here dressed like  
that, you're either looking for  
trouble or running from someone who  
is.

Aisha STARES at the man. Thinking. Takes the keys from the  
ignition.

Hands them to the Homeless Man.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

For what?

AISHA

Your coat and any creds you've got.

Aisha DROPS her security pass into the fire. The Homeless Man  
LAUGHS.

HOMELESS MAN

You look'in to disappear? You came  
to the right place to go about it.

He hands over his coat and goes to mount the motorcycle.

AISHA

Be careful who sees you on that.  
(off look)  
They're gonna come looking for me.

HOMELESS MAN

Who?

Aisha smiles.

AISHA

Trouble.

Aisha, less conspicuous in her "new" coat, moves down towards  
the city of cardboard boxes. A shanty town. She blends into  
the population. Invisible.

The Homeless Man speeds off on the motorcycle (with a  
wobble).

Three Robsec's run passed heading in the same direction  
moments later.

**EXT. GOVERNMENT MEDICAL CENTRE -- DAY**

We join midway through a press conference.

Don. Lewin is at the podium. A capacity crowd of REPORTERS, PROTESTORS and PUBLIC jostle.

TENACIOUS REPORTER

Answer the question. Did you or did you not attend the facility earlier in the day?

DON. LEWIN

The facility is under constant review and scrutiny. Yesterday's visit was nothing more than a routine inspectio--

TENACIOUS REPORTER

So you consider the events of last night to be nothing more than a coincidence? That those who represented the predominant opposition to your compulsory memory wipe mandate were brazenly murdered--

DON. LEWIN

What has happened here is a tragedy, the culprit of which will be brought to justice swiftly. There is no conspiracy, there are no other outside forces at work--

TENACIOUS REPORTER

Justice? How exactly do you propose dispensing that? Isn't the usual punishment for murder the death penalty?

DON. LEWIN

Yes. That is correct.

TENACIOUS REPORTER

Well is the death penalty not obsolete in a society where reincarnation occurs? The guilty effectively get given an immediate clean slate.

DON. LEWIN

An appropriate alternative is being looked into.

TENACIOUS REPORTER

What exactly?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DON. LEWIN  
(sternly)  
An appropriate alternative.

A press secretary, GRACE (23), steps onto the podium and whispers into his ear. She is young, pretty, half-oriental.

DON. LEWIN  
Sorry folks but I'm afraid that I'm  
being called away.

The crowd react. Incensed by this clear tactic to avoid further questioning. They shout their disapproval and begin throwing things.

Ducking the barrage.

DON. LEWIN (CONT'D)  
Further updates will be provided as  
and when we know more.

Something slimy and rotten hits hard against his shoulder.

Two Robsec's block the entrance behind him as he is escorted into the building.

**INT. GOVERNMENT MEDICAL CENTRE -- DAY**

Don. Lewin and Grace 'walk and talk' their way through the facility.

Don. Lewin removes his soiled jacket. Glances, annoyed, at his watch.

DON. LEWIN  
How long did you plan on leaving me  
there hanging out to dry? And what  
kind of a person brings rotten  
fruit to a press conference?

GRACE  
An unhappy one sir.

DON. LEWIN  
What have they got to be unhappy  
about? I'm trying to find a way for  
them to keep their kids.

GRACE  
I don't think that it's your  
policies they're unhappy about.

DON. LEWIN  
What then?

Grace looks at him blankly, not wanting to answer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DON. LEWIN (CONT'D)

You know their problem? They're mistaking me for the guy who came before me. They're thinking I'm the one who started this process.

GRACE

You may not be the one that started it, but you're the one they're looking to for answers. More and more of the worlds population are being born with memories of their past lives and we're still working within an antiquated system that doesn't make any allowances for it. We don't know how to prevent our secrets from falling into enemy hands whenever our top scientists are reborn into enemy states, or how to stop people from committing suicide and starting afresh whenever things don't go their way or how to punish those that commit capital crimes. A long prison sentence can be ended in suicide and the death penalty is nothing short of an acquittal.

DON. LEWIN

You're supposed to be on my side.

GRACE

I'm just surprised that in twenty-six years this issue hasn't come up before, that none of the reborns have committed a crime that requires capital punishment.

DON. LEWIN

Some have come close. The courts have just been more lenient on them until we could come up with a long term solution that everyone agrees with. And the system that you speak of so critically has worked for centuries and still would if mandatory memory wipe was allowed.

GRACE

Well we're not going to get that bill passed if every time someone speaks out against it they get assassinated. There'll be judicial reviews, criminal investigations...

DON. LEWIN

Which leads us back to here.

**INT. GOVERNMENT MEDICAL CENTRE -- CONTROL ROOM**

Four body bags are being attended to by TECHNICIANS. The three Robsec's seen earlier stand deactivated in one corner.

DON. LEWIN

So, does anybody want to tell me how a waif of a lab rat managed to kill four people, one of them armed, then evade six security droids, trashing three of them in the process, before disappearing from the face of the planet?

GRACE

It's complicated.

DON. LEWIN

Complicated how?

GRACE

Well it took a bit of string pulling but...

DON. LEWIN

But what? I don't want to hear who you had to tug, what is it?

GRACE

Our lab rat.

DON. LEWIN

Yes?

GRACE

Turns out she wasn't always a lab rat.

Grace hands an electronic tablet displaying a soldier's service record.

DON. LEWIN

What's this?

GRACE

The lab rat. Doctor Aisha Monroe used to be Captain Stewart of the UNC Rangers. Turns out she was patient zero.

DON. LEWIN

You mean to say that, that little baby who was all over the press grew up to be...

Grace nods. Don. Lewin looks dumbfounded.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

It was a little before my time  
but...

DON. LEWIN

How could I not know this? I'm  
supposed to be in charge here.

GRACE

Classified I guess.

Don. Lewin thumbs through the visuals on the tablet.

DON. LEWIN

Combat tactics, evasion techniques,  
counter terrorism, is there  
anything he, she wasn't good at?

GRACE

Dodging a bullet, it turns out.

The word 'DECEASED' suddenly flashes across the view screen.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You think she had some kind of post  
mortem post traumatic stress  
episode? That she just flipped?

DON. LEWIN

No. Not someone with this service  
record. Not after all this time.  
There's something more to this.

GRACE

So what do we do? Local law  
enforcement don't have jurisdiction  
behind these walls.

DON. LEWIN

This stuff, these skills, this is  
all old school military, before  
drones, before droids of any kind.

GRACE

What are you getting at sir?

DON. LEWIN

To catch her we're going to have to  
go old school too.

GRACE

What do you have in mind?

DON. LEWIN

Not what, who.

**INT. ROWDY BAR -- NIGHT**

The bar is gloomy, revealing itself to be less than savory.

The murky, moldy den is filled with a startling array of weird and exotic characters. Human beings who have taken cosmetic surgery to the extreme.

Three conspicuously disguised/hooded STRANGERS enter. Drawing stares as they approach the bar.

They move to an empty space at the bar and address the rough-looking BARTENDER. The bartender points, directing them to a booth in the far corner.

DOCHERTY, a 72 year old curmudgeonly army veteran occupies the booth -- He is in worn, rather befouled outdoor clothes with faded military markings. His feet are cocked up on the table and he reclines, smoking a bad cigar.

He is attended by two young exotic dancers with feline facial features. Each with a synthetic cat tail. Thin and gracile. Siblings. They are Tonkinese (TONKS) and Sokoko (SOKS).

The two women HISS cat-like as the three Strangers approach. He dismisses them both with a gentile shove to the derriere.

DOCHERTY

So who are you guys supposed to be?

He stubs out his cigar on the table top.

DOCHERTY (CONT'D)

It takes a lot to look out of place in here.

The centre Stranger pulls back their hood to REVEAL: Don. Lewin

He fills the vacant seat in front of him.

DOCHERTY (CONT'D)

Ha. I might have guessed. You guy's suck at this.

DON. LEWIN

That's why we need your help Mr Docherty.

DOCHERTY

How many others did you go to before you came to me?

DON. LEWIN

You were on top of our list...  
(off look)

...but it was a very short list!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCHERTY

And why would I want to help you?

Don. Lewin visibly relaxes. Negotiation is his forte.

DON. LEWIN

Might I appeal to your civic responsibility?

DOCHERTY

My civic responsibilities ended long ago, four wars ago in fact.

DON. LEWIN

Your moral duty then?

DOCHERTY

Have you seen this place? You're supposed to check your morals in at the door.

DON. LEWIN

I'm seeking a multiple murderer.

DOCHERTY

Hell, you've only got to sneeze in here and your germs will land on half a dozen multiple murderers. What makes yours so special?

DON. LEWIN

Mine tried to kill the future.

DOCHERTY

Sounds very existential.

DON. LEWIN

Mine and yours, quite literally.

He throws the service record file across the table.

DON. LEWIN (CONT'D)

Get this straight Colonel, I didn't come here today to make you wealthy. I came here to maybe get you some answers.

INSERT: Docherty inspects the spilled contents of the file. His gaze rests on a photo of a group of soldiers (the same soldiers from the opening).

RETURN TO:

DOCHERTY

You've got my attention.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DON. LEWIN

Your sons unit. The person I'm after may have been the last person to see your son alive. Their military training may, however, make it tricky to find them - we're talking old school escape and evasion skills here.

DOCHERTY

And your plastics aren't up to the job.

He gestures to the other two hooded Strangers, it is only then that we see that they are disguised Robsec units.

DOCHERTY (CONT'D)

And what do you want me to do when I catch him? Kill him?

DON. LEWIN

Bring them to me.

DOCHERTY

This person got a name?

DON. LEWIN

This person had two.

He passes a METALLIC DISC over the table. Docherty taps it with his finger and a holographic image of Aisha appears.

DOCHERTY

A girl?

DON. LEWIN

Don't under estimate her. She may only be young but in her head is a lifetimes worth of army field craft. I trust you know where to find me?

DOCHERTY

Wherever the cameras are right?

Don. Lewin throws the hood back over his head, stands and departs (the Robsecs keeping position either side of him).

Docherty watches them leave. Spinning the metallic disc on the table in quiet contemplation.

His female companions approach. He waves them away.

The disc comes to rest on top of the photo.

CLOSE ON PHOTO: The smiling faces of John and Stewart from the opening. Comrades in arms.

**EXT. SHANTY TOWN -- ALLEYWAY -- NIGHT**

Two little red eyes dart erratically across FRAME. As the background becomes lighter we realize that the eyes belong to a RAT.

As the Rat scampers, it steps into a tiny string noose/snare that tightens around its hind leg. The Rat struggles as it is pulled backwards. Like a fish on a line. PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Beside a flaming oil drum is what appears to be a pile of old rags. The end of the string disappears into it.

SQUEALS of excitement can be heard emanating from the pile.

RAGMAN (O.S.)

Meat. I'm gonna have me some meat!

AISHA (O.S.)

Wait.

CUT TO:

BENEATH THE PILE of rags:

Aisha and the RAGMAN, a dishevelled teenager who's spent his life on the street, sit huddled together eyeing their prey.

RAGMAN

I wanna eat.

AISHA

Just wait.

RAGMAN

It's been ages since I've tasted fresh rat.

AISHA

Hold on.

**EXT. SHANTY TOWN -- ALLEYWAY -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS**

A small amount of string is released. The rat runs with it.

The rat finds a small morsel to eat. As it tucks in:

-- BLAM --

A CAT swoops into frame and swallows the rat in its trap-like jaws.

AISHA (O.S.)

I'm more of a cat person myself.

The cat is dragged towards them, clawing at the ground.

**EXT. SHANTY TOWN -- ALLEYWAY -- NIGHT**

Fiery embers drift into the night sky from the flaming oil drum.

Aisha attends to the fire whilst the Ragman eats roasted meat from the bone.

RAGMAN

Things certainly have improved  
around here since you arrived...

He throws the bone into the street. Three rats immediately pounce and fight over it.

RAGMAN (CONT'D)

...Of course, the rat problem  
hasn't gotten any better.

AISHA

You complaining?

RAGMAN

Not me. This past ten months. I've  
never had it so good. A full belly,  
a warm fire, good company and a  
canvas of stars overhead.

AISHA

You're quite the romantic.

Ragman is now very close to Aisha and as he speaks, his voice becomes an excited whisper.

RAGMAN

Your coming here was a  
conflagration of the stars, the  
hand of fate...

He moves in on her lips pursed, his eyes close.

RAGMAN (CONT'D)

... bringing you to me.

Aisha raises her hand, covering his face completely and then pushes him away.

AISHA

Nice try Romeo, but it wasn't the  
stars that brought me here.

RAGMAN

No. What was it then?

AISHA

Deceit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAGMAN  
Deceit?

AISHA  
Murder.

RAGMAN  
Ooh, juicy.

AISHA  
And most likely a conspiracy.

RAGMAN  
Conspiracy? You think somebody's  
out to get you?

AISHA  
I'm still trying to work it out.  
Something's nagging at me and for  
once it isn't you.

RAGMAN  
Me, nag? Whatever happened to you,  
it's gotta be pretty dire to cause  
you to leave a swanky apartment and  
choose to live here.

AISHA  
I wouldn't exactly call it swanky.  
Just conveniently located.

RAGMAN  
To what? Work?

AISHA  
To someone.

Ragman looks suitably dejected. Aisha sees this.

AISHA (CONT'D)  
Hey lover-boy, I met her long  
before I met you.

RAGMAN  
Her?

Suddenly he looks a bit perkier.

RAGMAN (CONT'D)  
A woman? So your not liking me  
isn't because of, you know, this?

He gestures to his complete ensemble of attire.

AISHA  
Who said I didn't like you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAGMAN

Well... I... I... just figured

AISHA

Look, if anything should happen to me it's all yours.

She hands him the door entry prism.

AISHA (CONT'D)

But you've gotta promise me, you'll only use it if something happens to me.

RAGMAN

Yeah.

AISHA

(Sternly)  
Promise.

RAGMAN

Sure. Don't get so heavy.

AISHA

They'll hurt you if they think you could lead them to me.

RAGMAN

Who?

Aisha suddenly silences him with a gesture -- LISTENING.

In the hustle and bustle of humanity, Aisha is like a musician hearing one wrong note amidst a full orchestra.

Then we hear it too: the WHINE and WHIR of robotic servos approaching from around the corner.

AISHA

I think you're about to find out.

ANGLE ON: Aisha quickly swings a CLOAK OF RAGS over herself and the Ragman.

LOW ANGLE ON: The Robsec units march into the alleyway - they reach the flaming oil drum and pile of rags. They stop to survey the scene - red laser beams shoot from their heads scanning.

ANGLE ON: Aisha and Ragman huddle beneath the CLOAK, not daring to breathe.

POV THROUGH CLOAK: One of the Robsec's stands almost directly over Aisha and Ragman. The laser beam stops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANGLE ON: The Robsec's look at each other for a moment, shrug, and turn to leave.

ANGLE ON: The Ragman lets out an audible SIGH of relief.

CLOSE ON: The CLOAK is suddenly pulled back by a Robsec to reveal...

Ragman cowering beneath.

Alone.

CUT TO:

**EXT. SHANTY TOWN -- ROOFTOP -- NIGHT**

Docherty and Don. Lewin look down on the scene.

DOCHERTY

Why shit.

Docherty bolts for the fire escape descending to the street.

DON. LEWIN

Docherty!

CUT TO:

**EXT. SHANTY TOWN -- ALLEYWAY -- NIGHT**

Docherty DASHES across the street. He runs to the oil drum, pushes it over, tipping its flaming contents into the street.

Ragman dances on the red hot coals.

Beneath where the oil drum stood, is an open manhole, opening to a drainage tunnel.

DOCHERTY

Son of a... bitch of a bitch.

**INT. DRAINAGE TUNNEL**

Docherty hang-drops into the dark, dank TUNNEL. Water dripping. FOOTFALLS echoing. His hand immediately goes to his nose to try to block the foul stench.

He cocks his head. Left or right? He hears a sound of splashing footsteps hurrying to the left. Docherty pulls a gun from a side holster and takes off after the sound.

FURTHER DOWN THE TUNNEL:

... Aisha plunges ahead, struggling against the flow of water/sewage. Her foot slips dropping her to one knee.

-- BANG --

A bullet strikes the wall beside her. She whips her head around to see Docherty drawing a bead...

DOCHERTY

That was a warning shot, you won't hear a second.

AISHA

You the one that's been following me for the last two weeks?

DOCHERTY

Almost three.

AISHA

You're good. Special forces?

DOCHERTY

Long before you were born.

AISHA

So why the plastics?

DOCHERTY

I wanted to see how good you were. You don't disappoint.

AISHA

If only that were true.

DOCHERTY

I've read your jacket.

AISHA

Then you'll know.

DOCHERTY

There's nothing more you could have done.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AISHA

There's always something else that could have been done to change an outcome like that.

DOCHERTY

No. You're wrong.

Aisha looks at Docherty quizzically.

AISHA

I know you, don't I? You look kind of familiar.

Docherty gives Aisha a piercing look.

DOCHERTY

Private Docherty.

AISHA

John.

DOCHERTY

My son.

Aisha says nothing. The look between them says it all. Sadness. Remorse. Regret. Loss.

Somewhere behind, lights approach probing the tunnel walls. The lights belong to... Two Robsecs.

They turn the corner. Immediately levelling their weapons on Aisha.

ROBSEC#1

Citizen, place your hands over your head. And get down on the ground.

For a moment Aisha eyes Docherty.

DOCHERTY

Your choice Miss Monroe...

Slowly she puts her hands over her head. Robsec#2 puts up its gun and, like an electronic swiss army knife, a pair of handcuffs mechanically appear from its hand.

Robsec#2 splashes through the water towards Aisha.

ROBSEC#2

Nice work Mr Docherty.

Don. Lewin's voice comes from the Robsec. Speaking through it remotely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROBSEC#2 (CONT'D)

Now Aisha, get down on your knees.  
You're gonna pay for the trouble  
you've caused me...

Aisha hesitates, putting one hand on the ground to stabilise herself against the strong flowing water.

AISHA

Caused you?

ROBSEC#2

You would not believe the political  
shit storm...

In one swift movement Aisha grabs a handful of sewage from the ground, throws it towards Robsec#2's head, removes a gun from her waistband and takes a shot.

Feces hits Robsec#2's face moments before the bullet drills through it.

Robsec#1 reacts by firing its weapon towards Aisha.

Docherty kicks out at the gun, diverting the shot. Then holds his own gun under the Robsec's chin and pulls the trigger.

**EXT. SHANTY TOWN -- ALLEYWAY -- NIGHT**

-- SCCCCRREEEEEECCCCHHHH --

Static blasts through Don. Lewin's radio headset. He throws it off in pain from the intense sound.

DON. LEWIN

What just happened?

More Robsec units stand in front of him. Staring blankly.

DON. LEWIN (CONT'D)

Don't just stand there, get down  
there and report.

A squad of four Robsecs depart and drop down into the tunnel. Don. Lewin reattaches the headset.

DON. LEWIN (CONT'D)

Docherty can you hear me?

The radio SQUARKS.

DON. LEWIN (CONT'D)

Docherty?

ROBSEC#3 (O.S.)

They are gone sir.

**INT. DOCHERTY'S DERELICT SHUTTLE -- LIVING QUARTERS**

White, hot steam fills the screen. The sound of running water our ears.

Docherty enters the steaming shower room and stoops to collect a bundle of clothes from the floor.

Aisha showers behind a screen.

Docherty pauses for a moment. The outline of Aisha's nakedness barely visible.

With bottom lip between his teeth, he stands to leave.

DOCHERTY

I think we're going to have to burn these clothes of yours.

The shower abruptly stops and Aisha appears from behind the screen. She makes no attempt at modesty.

AISHA

What was that?

Docherty gives a sheepish grin, before lowering his gaze.

DOCHERTY

Your clothes, I'm afraid they've had it.

As if to reiterate the point, he holds them to his nose and pulls a face of disgust. Aisha shrugs.

DOCHERTY (CONT'D)

Sorry, but I don't have any girl clothes.

AISHA

I'm sure whatever you can spare will be fine.

She turns the shower back on and steps back under.

The screen fills with steaming mist.

**EXT. DOCHERTY'S DERELICT SHUTTLE -- JUNK YARD -- NIGHT**

A metal graveyard, sprawling as far as the eye can see. A rusting hulk of a derelict shuttle-craft sits amongst decades of junk and salvage.

Docherty sits attending the burning pyre of Aisha's clothes.

Aisha joins him wearing an exercise vest and khaki cargo pants. Her hair still damp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCHERTY

I didn't think you were ever coming out.

AISHA

That felt sooo good.

DOCHERTY

So what d'ya wanna do now, continue lying low?

AISHA

Not if they're just gonna keep coming for me. No, it's time to get to the bottom of this, see who's pulling the strings.

DOCHERTY

Any idea on where to start?

AISHA

Three, the shooters... the victims... and one other.

DOCHERTY

Sounds like you've given this some thought.

AISHA

Like nothing else over the past ten months.

DOCHERTY

Run me through 'em

AISHA

The shooters. Guys I saw were good, probably hired hands with some sort of new stealth technology. Their weapons were conventional though.

DOCHERTY

Stealth? That costs a pretty penny. Like government levels of funding. And the victims?

AISHA

Probably saw nothing, but all had easily identifiable wounds.

DOCHERTY

Huh?

Aisha points her finger to her forehead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AISHA

All of 'em head shots. Makes them more identifiable if reborn.

DOCHERTY

Could that have been deliberate?

Aisha shrugs.

AISHA

That's where we start, see if any have been reborn, see what they have to say.

DOCHERTY

And the last?

AISHA

I don't want to go there yet.

Docherty looks at her quizzically.

AISHA (CONT'D)

We'll go there when we have to.

DOCHERTY

So, wha'dya need?

AISHA

Access to a terminal at the centre, then ten minutes to run a search.

DOCHERTY

You want ten minutes inside one of the most heavily fortified buildings on the planet? You'll be lucky to get two.

AISHA

Fortune favors the brave.

DOCHERTY

I figured you'd say something like that. That's how I knew...

AISHA

Knew what?

DOCHERTY

I knew my son would only go down fighting. He wouldn't have associated himself with anyone who wouldn't have done the same. He mentioned you, you know? In letters to his mother. He looked up to you, respected you, learned from you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DOCHERTY (CONT'D)

These politicians could never understand the bond of brotherhood, of comrades in arms - they're disloyal, selfish, bottom feeders. That's how the world has got into this state. And it's never gonna change.

AISHA

I once knew a man who believed it could.

DOCHERTY

Hell, I'd like to meet such a man. If only to have some of what he's been drinking.

They share a laugh.

DOCHERTY (CONT'D)

You got a plan?

Aisha's eye-line moves to something over Docherty's shoulder.

AISHA

You got any white paint?

**INT. DERELICT SHUTTLE/AMBULANCE -- REAR COMPARTMENT -- DAY**

Docherty wears a medics jumpsuit uniform and hides his long white hair under a cap.

Aisha adjusts the bullet proof vest that hangs from her shoulders which has a cushion strapped to its front.

DOCHERTY

This isn't going to work.

AISHA

Why didn't you say so before?

DOCHERTY

I did say so before! There are just too many variables, I don't like it, your friend for instance, does he even know his part in all this?

AISHA

Does he need to? He can do what is needed in his sleep.

DOCHERTY

Looks like he's going to. What did you do, sedate him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AISHA

Being a doctor has its perks.

When she is happy with the cushions position over her stomach, Aisha covers the whole ensemble with a medical gown.

AISHA (CONT'D)

There, what d'ya think? Do I pass for nine months pregnant?

DOCHERTY

Well you seem to be lacking in certain areas but I'd give it a pass. How's your screaming? Lets hear it.

AISHA

I'll do it on the night.

DOCHERTY

This whole mission will be for nothing if they're not convinced or hear his snores.

AISHA

We'll be okay.

Docherty raises an eyebrow, then adjusts the ear-piece to a radio headset incorporated into his cap.

DOCHERTY

How we looking up there?

**INT. DERELICT SHUTTLE/AMBULANCE -- COCKPIT -- DAY**

Piloting the shuttle are Tonks and Soks, sitting side-by-side. Looking every part the distinguished combat pilots that they are.

SOKS

Everything is five by five, we are on our approach vector and should hit the deck in three.

**INT. DERELICT SHUTTLE/AMBULANCE -- REAR COMPARTMENT -- DAY**

AISHA

What was that?

DOCHERTY

No idea, but I think we're nearly there. This is your last chance, you wanna back out of this and head for somewhere safe to make a new life?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AISHA

Starting a new life is easy, making  
sure you get the current one right,  
that takes courage.

She looks to Doherty, their eyes meet. He winks.

**EXT. GOVERNMENT MEDICAL CENTRE -- AMBULANCE BAY**

We see that the once derelict shuttle craft has been crudely  
painted white.

It stands out from the more modern ambulances that surround  
it but lands regardless, arousing the suspicion of a passing  
TECHNICIAN.

The rear doors of the shuttle open, releasing a billowing  
cloud of smoke.

The Technician stands agape as Docherty comes running out of  
the fog pushing a screaming Aisha ahead of him on a gurney.

DOCHERTY

Make a space, coming through, I've  
gotta screamer here.

He knocks him over like a skittle.

Docherty helps the Technician to his feet and dusts him down -  
he is very 'hands on'.

DOCHERTY (CONT'D)

Say, you wouldn't mind keeping an  
eye on the old gal for me would ya?

He gestures to the shuttle.

TECHNICIAN

I... I... I've got duties to attend  
to.

DOCHERTY

Nothing as important as looking  
after the oldest ship in the fleet  
I'm guessing.

TECHNICIAN

Well... I...

DOCHERTY

There's a good fella, I knew I  
could rely on you. Now I must be  
making a move, I've got a baby here  
who wants to see the light of day!

Docherty turns away from the Technician.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A wry smile forms on his lips as he pushes the gurney towards the buildings entrance whilst simultaneously pinning the newly acquired SECURITY PASS to his lapel.

DOCHERTY (CONT'D)  
Fortune favors the brave indeed.

**INT. GOVERNMENT MEDICAL CENTRE -- RECEPTION/CHECKPOINT**

On entering the building they are immediately confronted by a security checkpoint.

A Robsec approaches.

ROBSEC#1  
Standby for a routine scan.

Docherty visibly tenses.

A laser beam projects from the Robsec's head and passes over them. It cuts off. Processing.

The Robsec seems to take an eternity to process the information.

The world appears to move in SLOW MOTION. The slightest glance from the human guards at the checkpoint seems to linger.

Even Aisha stops screaming in anticipation. Waiting. Finally.

ROBSEC#1 (CONT'D)  
Three heartbeats detected. You are  
authorised to proceed.

Docherty visibly relaxes. Aisha recommences her fake screaming.

They move through the checkpoint to an adjoining corridor.

**INT. GOVERNMENT MEDICAL CENTRE -- CORRIDOR**

Aisha immediately jumps down from the gurney and rips off the vest of padding.

She stows it in a large compartment under the gurney.

DOCHERTY  
So far, so good.

AISHA  
The delivery room is just around  
this next corner, the control room  
just beyond that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCHERTY  
You sure they'll be empty?

AISHA  
Assuming the shift pattern hasn't  
changed, yes.

**INT. GOVERNMENT MEDICAL CENTRE -- DELIVERY ROOM**

They abandon the gurney and head for the next room.

DOCHERTY  
You sure it'll be okay leaving it  
here?

AISHA  
We'll come back for it later,  
nobody will take any notice of it  
here.

**INT. GOVERNMENT MEDICAL CENTRE -- CONTROL ROOM -- DAY**

Aisha and Docherty enter the control room.

Aisha heads straight for Dr. Woodvines' computer terminal.  
Docherty races back to the door to secure it.

DOCHERTY  
Okay, your ten minutes starts now!

AISHA  
I know, I know.

She sits at the computer and studies the screen. The password  
prompt is showing.

AISHA (CONT'D)  
Here's hoping they haven't reset  
the system.

She stares at the screen for a moment--

AISHA (CONT'D)  
Well, it doesn't look any  
different.

-- and then her fingers start flying over the keyboard. The  
computer starts to respond.

INSERT: The screen flashes red,

ACCESS DENIED

RETURN TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AISHA (CONT'D)  
I guess my password is out

She resumes typing.

AISHA (CONT'D)  
(to herself)  
Come on Jerry don't let me down.

She completes typing the password, then hesitates momentarily before hitting the 'Enter' key.

INSERT: The screen freezes for a moment. Then:

ACCESS GRANTED

CUT TO:

**INT. GOVERNMENT MEDICAL CENTRE -- DROID STORAGE UNIT -- DAY**

COMPLETE BLACKNESS.

Hundreds of RED LIGHTS simultaneously switch on, basking the room in a warm glow. There is a HUMMING, the sound of electronic mechanisms starting up.

Row upon row. Line upon line. In tight formation. Robsecs stand motionless in a state of alert readiness. A strange tableau.

They draw their weapons in unison.

The sound of METAL FOOTSTEPS starts reverberating through the building as hundreds of Robsecs begin to deploy.

All headed in one direction.

CUT TO:

**INT. GOVERNMENT MEDICAL CENTRE -- CONTROL ROOM -- DAY**

Distant drumming can be heard.

DOCHERTY  
How're we looking?

AISHA  
Old and pretty.

DOCHERTY  
Wise ass. If you've got time to make jokes I'm guessing it's not all bad news?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AISHA

Far from it, in the past ten months there have been just seven births recorded with glabellar hemangioma.

DOCHERTY

The err...

He gestures to his fore-head.

AISHA

Right. Head-shot birthmark.

DOCHERTY

See, I do listen.

AISHA

If even one of these are our victims we should get some answers.

DOCHERTY

Good. Can we get outta here now?

AISHA

I just need one moment to burn the biometrics and...

She presses a button and a disc ejects from the computer terminal. She takes it.

AISHA (CONT'D)

...we should be set.

DOCHERTY

Good, lets bug out.

He points his thumb towards the door.

Both his and Aisha's gaze follows the thumbs direction.

A Robsec head moves into view, visible through the round window in the middle of the processing room door.

It just looks for a moment, ominous, expressionless. In the corridor behind it are hundreds more.

THROUGH THE WINDOW,

Docherty silently mouths the word 'fuck'.

He looks to the other entrances, they are also blocked. The two of them are trapped.

The Robsec at the window points its gun at Docherty... Docherty raises his hands over his head in surrender... the Robsec takes aim and fires.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Docherty goes down. A long beat, Docherty rises again.

THROUGH GLASS studded with bullet craters. Docherty checks himself for holes. Astounded he's still alive.

He runs to Aisha.

DOCHERTY (CONT'D)

You see that?

AISHA

Looks like they upgraded to bullet-proof glass!

DOCHERTY

They shot at me, those goddamn plastics shot at me! Whoever is heading this campaign against you isn't messing around, they'll not let us leave here alive.

Suddenly the building is rocked by a CONCUSSION, like an earthquake, jarring them almost off of their feet.

All of the glass in the room shatters, as well as that of an overhead skylight that rains down on them.

DOCHERTY (CONT'D)

Concussion grenades!! Now don't tell me that's normal issue for security plastics.

Wind whips Aisha's hair about. She looks up to see a small patch of daylight visible in the roof two stories above them.

AISHA

We can use that.

DOCHERTY

Any idea on how we're supposed to get up there?

A Robsec's arm and rifle poke through the glass-less hole in the door. Docherty prizes the gun from its hand then shoots it into oblivion.

DOCHERTY (CONT'D)

We're not going to be able to keep this up forever, here...

He hands Aisha the gun.

AISHA

What are you gonna do?

DOCHERTY

Improvise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Aisha brings the rifle up, FIRES rounds into more Robsecs. Obliterating them.

Docherty starts ripping out computer terminals and throwing them into the room under the skylight. He adds to it with chairs and desks. Then looks up.

The pile only gives them a couple more feet of height.

He throws a few more chairs on the pile before finally giving up. He takes the gun from Aisha, then slumps to the floor exhausted.

DOCHERTY (CONT'D)  
These new plastics, they don't miss?

AISHA  
Rarely.

DOCHERTY  
Hell, I never thought I'd crave for the good old days when they couldn't shoot for shit!

He removes the magazine from the gun and checks the ammunition level.

DOCHERTY (CONT'D)  
We're almost out. You want I should save the last two rounds?

AISHA  
What for?

He doesn't answer.

AISHA (CONT'D)  
You get a chance to drop one of them, you take it.  
(off look)  
What? You thought you'd die of old age?

DOCHERTY  
I was hoping for a heart attack mid-coitus.

She grabs a chair from the pile and sits in front of one of the few remaining computer terminals.

AISHA  
Maybe that can still happen, just don't expect me to be the bun to your baloney!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Another opening emerges at the other entrance and more Robsecs do an explosive dance as they are eliminated.

A powerful torrent of air suddenly forces itself down on them.

Docherty looks up and sees the sky blotted out by a small ship that hovers above them. It is the ambulance/shuttle.

**INT. DERELICT/AMBULANCE -- COCKPIT -- DAY**

Soks signals to Tonks to go to the back of the craft.

She leaves her seat, pats Soks on her shoulder as she squeezes past.

**EXT. DERELICT/AMBULANCE -- REAR COMPARTMENT -- DAY**

ANGLE: THE SHIP is floating over the roof of the facility. The rear ramp suddenly opens with a hiss of pressure.

Tonks uses her tail to secure herself to the ship.

**INT. GOVERNMENT MEDICAL CENTRE -- CONTROL ROOM -- DAY**

Docherty is still looking up when he receives a tap on the shoulder.

He looks around and starts with fright thinking that he's being confronted by a Robsec.

It is in fact one of the robot arms of the medical processing robot.

DOCHERTY

Jesus H Christ, what the fu...

AISHA

I thought we could do with a hand...

Another shorter robot arm manoeuvres up alongside it.

AISHA (CONT'D)

...or two.

The hand rests on the floor.

AISHA (CONT'D)

Going up?

DOCHERTY

You've got to be kidding me!?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AISHA

I'm trying to get us outta here,  
you wanna stay or step on?

He tentatively steps on and Aisha is careful to elevate him slowly.

As he nears the opening in the roof, the arm is suddenly engulfed in ricocheting bullets. Docherty cowers to avoid being hit.

Robsecs are now pushing their way through the entrance doors.

He raises the gun-sight to his eye.

INSERT: Docherty's P.O.V. We look through the cross-hairs of the gun-sight. Docherty aims precisely at Aisha. After a beat he moves it away from her and onto the advancing Robsecs.

RETURN TO:

Three Robsecs drop to the floor from three precise shots to the head.

- CLICK -

The gun is empty. Docherty slings it over his back.

**INT. DERELICT/AMBULANCE -- REAR COMPARTMENT -- DAY**

Docherty leaps the final few feet onto the ramp of the hovering shuttle, he is grabbed by Tonks who helps him onboard.

He holds out his hand to her and she passes him an ammunition magazine for the gun.

He reloads and then drops the gun down to Aisha. It lands on the floor beside her.

The arm starts lowering back down to collect Aisha.

Docherty shouts to be heard over the sound of the shuttle engines.

DOCHERTY

Use the arm to provide suppressing  
fire.

Aisha cups her hand behind her ear and calls back to him.

AISHA

What?

Docherty mimes a robot arm dance/movement and then a gun by holding his thumb and forefinger at right angles.

**INT. GOVERNMENT MEDICAL CENTRE -- CONTROL ROOM -- DAY**

Aisha gets the message, gives a thumbs up, then starts typing on the console.

AISHA  
Huh? That's odd.

She accesses the program and the arm immediately scoops up the gun and starts firing precisely at the Robsecs.

The STROBING FLASH of rapid gun fire.

Every shot is a highly accurate, centre of the forehead, kill shot.

She jumps onto the palm of the other robotic hand and begins rising towards the roof.

More Robsecs start spilling into the room, clambering over the lifeless forms of their fallen counterparts.

The arm struggles to eliminate all of those entering and is quickly overrun. The fallen bodies form a pile. A PYRAMID of Robsecs literally climbing over one another to get to Aisha.

The firing from the gun stops abruptly. Empty.

**INT. DERELICT/AMBULANCE -- REAR COMPARTMENT -- DAY**

Docherty reaches out to Aisha as she draws closer. Aisha holds the computer disc in her hand.

They touch finger tips.

DOCHERTY  
Jump!!

-- BLAM --

Aisha's shoulder explodes. Showering Doherty in her blood. She loses her footing.

And then she's FALLING... Wide eyed. Panic fills her face.

The computer disc... in agonising SLOW MOTION. We watch as it spins up and out of her hand and seems to hang in the air for a split second... then is caught mid-air by Docherty.

AISHA  
The arm... ...was... already ...  
programmed... ...to shoot

Time speeds up again as Aisha falls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She IMPACTS the ground. A horrifying CRUNCH as she lands awkwardly amongst a pile of fallen Robsec's and furniture.

Docherty looks down at her crumpled form. Tears welling in his eyes.

She stares back up at him unblinking. The Robsecs surround her. Then look upward towards him.

Aiming their weapons, they fire.

Tearing through the shuttles hull, ripping chunks off the fuselage.

Tonks takes a hit and collapses. Docherty drags her inside the craft as the ramp closes under a barrage of more bullet hits.

**EXT. OVERHEAD VIEW CITY -- DAY**

The shuttle arcs up and away over the bustling city, thick acrid smoke trailing behind it.

Blocking out the sun.

FADE OUT.

EPISODE TWO