

The Regulator Third Draft: Feb. 2nd-2009

By

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NOTE: BLACK & WHITE WITH SELECT COLORS

"If you pray for rain, don't be surprised if you're struck by lightning."

-Damien Cannon

EXT.SHACK-NIGHT-THUNDERSTORM

We pan over a small shack sitting alone on acres of land. The rain beats down on the sinister building while an eerie BLUE light shines out from inside.

The mood is set for something awful and we...

CUT TO:

INT.SHACK-CONT'D

Lighting strikes outside.

We open on an empty shack, it's walls covered with Newspaper articles. "THE END IS NEAR?", "WORLD AT WAR?", "TENSIONS RISE!". A lone window lets in some light from outside. Rain beats down.

FRANK, a nerdy 45 year old white guy. Very skinny. His sleeves on the long sleeve shirt he wears, rolled up to his elbows. His GREEN tie visible.

FRANK(V.O.)

The funny thing is, I saw it all coming.

Sweat beads down his face as he searches the articles...

FRANK(V.O.)

The recession. The radical Islamic movement. I saw it all coming from a mile away. The more I sat back and watched...the worse shit got.

As he begins to shake, lightning strikes. A PISTOL held in his right hand is visible as the lightning strike illuminates the room.

FRANK(V.O.)

I should have done something, I should have-

He begins tearing newspaper off the wall...

(CONTINUED)

FRANK(V.O.) CONT'D
-stepped up to the plate.

As he continues tearing off the articles, he suddenly stops. He stares at a lone article, which we can NOT yet read.

FRANK(V.O.)
It was all in the plan...the BIG
picture-

He raises the pistol to his head...

FRANK(V.O.) CONT'D
-too bad we weren't.

BLAM! A bullet rips through his skull and out the opposite side of his head. RED blood splatters all over the room.

We pan around to the lone piece of literature left on the wall, its black and white print stained red with blood...

..."HOPE IS LOST".

INT-SHACK-LATER THAT NIGHT

Some time has passed...

RIVER, a tall, skinny-nerdy, reporter about the age of 29 steps around the crime scene. His long black overcoat surrounds his lanky physique, hiding it from public eye. He wears black reading glasses as well as a BLUE tie. He is the hero of our story.

The scenery has changed. Police tape lines the walls, and a forensics team fills the room. River watches all the people do their work, in awe of their tenacity.

He is a rookie reporter who is just waiting for the one story that will send his career over the edge and give him the stardom he wants.

He believes THIS may be his story.

RIVER(V.O.)
As I walked into the blood
splattered room, I noticed numerous
newspaper clippings scattered
throughout the floor. I assume they
were ripped off the walls...by
Frank?

He searches the room for answers. Did Frank REALLY take his own life?

(CONTINUED)

RIVER(V.O.)
From the looks of it, Frank CASTO,
was suffering some sort of
depression, I'll check into that
later.

He leans over the body, searching Frank's remains for clues.

RIVER(V.O.)
The bullet entered-

He points at the bullets POINT-OF-ENTRY...

RIVER(V.O.)
-there.

He looks around the room...

RIVER(V.O.)
The way the casing hit the skull,
and the wall...he killed himself.
Now the question is-

He stands up straight...

RIVER
-why?

Lightning strikes, illuminating the room.

RIVER(V.O.)
The forensics team will find no
prints, no sign of forced entry-

He watches as the detectives struggle for truth.

RIVER(V.O.) CONT'D
-because there are none, and no one
broke in. Frank killed himself, but
the police will have to rule out
murder first. Should give me some
time to work.

He looks down at his watch...

RIVER
Shit.

...he's late.

EXT.FINNEGANS HOME-SAME NIGHT-RAIN

River rides his PURPLE/RED Chopper-style motorcycle up to the driveway of a large house. This is FINNEGAN'S home, FINNEGAN is River's 8 year old son. His mother, FRAN, is a beautiful 26 year old brunette. River's ex-wife.

River walks up to the door, before he can knock or ring a doorbell the door is opened.

FRAN stands at the door, her GREEN eyes sparkle...

FRAN

River. What a surprise.

RIVER

Is he asleep?

ROB, Fran's new husband, walks up behind her. He is taller than River, but very geeky. He wears wide brimmed glasses, and works for a computer company reminiscent of IBM.

ROB

Hello River.

RIVER

Rob.

ROB

Is everything ok, hun?

FRAN

Sure, Rob. Every thing's fine.

Rob backs away, out of view.

FRAN

Just missed him.

RIVER

I had a rough night...just wanted to check in with him. Sometimes I just like to see how he's doing, I know I'm not supposed to...but sometimes I feel like I have to.

FRAN

Are you ok, River?

RIVER

I'm fine, Fran. Just keep an eye on him, ok.

(CONTINUED)

FRAN

What makes you think I'm not?

RIVER

Now, I never said that. You don't know how the world is out there!

FRAN

What in the hell makes you think I don't? I'm human, just like you.

She slams the door in his face. He stands, angered. Moments later Rob opens the door and steps outside.

ROB

She's crying, I hope you're happy.

RIVER

Don't start with your bullshit. We all know how perfect you are. With your pencil pushing desk job.

ROB

I never said anything about being perfect.

RIVER

You walk around with this smirk on your face, like your so much better. Fuck you Rob.

ROB

Fuck YOU, River. Your nothing to her, even your own son hates you.

River punches Rob right in the nose. Rob raises his hands, holding his nose.

RIVER

You just remember one thing...he's MY son.

ROB

I'm more of a father than you ever were! I'm the one who tucks him in at night...you remember that!

River slams his fist into Rob's stomach, knocking him to his knees.

ROB

Fuck, I think my nose is broken.

(CONTINUED)

RIVER(V.O.)
Never thought I'd have an ex-wife.
Or a son I can only see on certain
weekends.

He backs away from the door and hops onto his bike...

RIVER(V.O.)
I guess life is just funny that
way. Kicks your ass, then spits on
you while your down.

...he speeds off.

EXT.STREET-SAME NIGHT

River rides through traffic on his motorcycle. He speeds
past stalled vehicles. He speeds...with a purpose.

The rain beats down onto his back...he doesn't flinch.

We go in on a CLOSE-UP of his face...

RIVER(V.O.)
Frank Casto, one of the world's
wealthiest men. Shoots himself.

He speeds through a red light, barely dodging oncoming
traffic...

RIVER(V.O.)
With all the money he has, maybe he
would have hired a hit on himself.
Maybe he would have
just...disappeared.

EXT.APARTMENTS-CONT'D

River drives his bike up to a lone parking spot.

RIVER(V.O.)
Shit, with today's technology,
maybe he's not even dead.

He flips his collar up against the wind, with an evil smirk
on his face, not even HIS mother could love.

River walks over to the entrance to his apartment complex. A
large touch-screen panel sits to the right of the two large
air-sealed doors.

(CONTINUED)

RIVER(V.O.) CONT'D
That body was real convincing.

A computer generated female face appears on the screen. This is JANET, she is the security system of the complex.

JANET
Hello, please place your eyes
within six inches of the screen.
Thank you.

River takes off his glasses and leans in close to the screen. A bright GREEN light shines out from the screen, it cycles up and down River's face...READING HIM.

JANET
Welcome home, RIVER. You may step
back. Thank you.

RIVER
Yeah...your welcome.

RIVER(V.O.)
Whole fucking world's going to
machines.

The doors open with a loud HISS. River steps inside, the doors slamming shut behind him.

INT.RIVERS APARTMENT-SAME NIGHT

As the door swings open, the lights in the apartment automatically turn on, and an AUTOMATED VOICE greets River...

VOICE
Welcome home, River.

RIVER
Thanks, turn to channel 6.

River removes his coat and throws it onto a large leather couch. His apartment is nice, but not fancy. It fits his personality.

As he sits down on the same couch, a projection appears on the blank white wall in front of him. The picture is clear, crystal clear. A NEWS ANCHOR begins speaking...

ANCHOR
Frank Casto, found dead tonight in
an old abandoned shack-

(CONTINUED)

RIVER
Vodka, please.

A small, robotic tray slides up and around the couch, on it is a glass of Vodka on the rocks. River grabs it and begins sipping...

ANCHOR
-authorities are not releasing any other information at this point in time. As many of you know, Casto was the CEO of NINE EYE, INC. Nine Eye is the leader in advanced robotics technologies. No word on who will be stepping up as the new CEO. Speculation is that DICK WALKER co-founder and acting chairman of the board will be taking the strenuous role.

We revolve around him as he takes another sip...

ANCHOR
In other, more global news, it seems tension in the east has not calmed down. As Chinese gunships grow closer to Taiwan, Iran and Syria launch yet another strike on what is left of Israel. Russia and North Korean leaders have met yet AGAIN today. It seems an agreement is in the works for a United Communist Nation.

RIVER
TV Off.

The screen shuts down.

INT.SHOWER-SAME APARTMENT

River steps into a large shower. The shower is missing a shower head but the walls are full of tiny, microscopic holes.

RIVER
Shower On.

Water slowly begins to blast out of the walls, onto River as he stands in the center. He is tired, and puzzled at the nights events.

(CONTINUED)

RIVER
www.NINEEYE.com

A small screen appears before him on the shower wall. The website he requested appears on the screen..."A Change We Can Trust."

RIVER(V.O.)
A change we can trust.

He smirks...

RIVER
Browse, find contracts, government.

An hourglass pops on the screen. The screen changes...

RIVER
No government contracts?

He is in disbelief.

RIVER
Computer, Off.

The screen disappears.

RIVER(V.O.)
Looks like the internet won't get
me anywhere. Fucking politicians.

CUT TO:

INT.BEDROOM-LATER THAT NIGHT

River stands at a large window, overlooking the city. BLUE and GREEN city lights shine through the window. He ponders what he has seen...

RIVER(V.O.)
Ever since the KENNEDY/CLINTON ACT,
Internet Neutrality has become a
thing of the past.

CUT TO:

EXT.BEDROOM-CONT'D

We view River from the outside. Fog fills the night air, as do city sounds.

River watches cars travel down a traffic filled street.

RIVER(V.O.) CONT'D

When the liberals took office, they gained complete control over the senate.

He bows his head, overwhelmed by the state of the world...

RIVER(V.O.) CONT'D

They worked their way around the second amendment...raising firearm taxes to an unbelievable high. They took away the right to post anything on the internet. Freedom of expression is nonexistent-

CUT TO:

INT.BEDROOM-CONT'D

RIVER(V.O.) CONT'D

-and only the "bad guys" have guns.

He walks over to his night stand. Reluctantly, he pulls open the drawer, revealing a REVOLVER sitting peacefully on top of a stack of documents.

River stairs down onto the revolver, watching it as if it is alive.

RIVER(V.O.)

I'm not a bad guy. I'm just a squirrel trying to get a nut in this huge forest.

He slams the drawer shut...

RIVER(V.O.)

Frank Casto was working on something much more large-scale than Nine Eye wants us to believe. I just don't know what it is.

He steps closer to the lamp sitting on a night stand next to his bed...

(CONTINUED)

RIVER(V.O.)
I guess my job is to find out.

The light switches off.

INT.BLAKE'S BAR-LATER

KANSAS-DUST IN THE WIND

EDDIE BLAKE, an Iraqi War veteran stands behind the counter of the bar. He has owned and operated the bar for the past 20 years, and he serves as the main bartender.

River enters.

The bar grows silent. Blake smiles at River. As River moves to sit down at a barstool, the men sitting at adjacent stools quickly move out of the way.

He sits, Blake moves to him.

BLAKE
Vodka?

RIVER
Not tonight, Eddie.

He is a regular here, but tonight he has a purpose.

BLAKE
You look different tonight. You ok?

RIVER
I was just at Casto's scene.

The room grows quiet...an eerie silence. *Dust In The Wind* plays in the bar.

BLAKE
Frank. He came in here once or twice. Funny seeing a guy in a suit in here.

RIVER
Did you know him well?

BLAKE
No, not really.

RIVER
Eddie, I know you hate doing this-

He stairs into Blake's eyes...

(CONTINUED)

RIVER CONT'D
-you heard anything about this?

BLAKE
I thought he killed himself.

RIVER
That's how it seems. Shit is never
how it seems.

BLAKE
I don't know nothing, kid. Sorry I
can't help.

RIVER
Let me know if you hear about
something big, will ya'?

BLAKE
Sure thing. You know, you shoulda
been a cop.

RIVER
I don't like the badge.

BLAKE
Neither do I.

He laughs...a MAN walks over to an antique 46" Flat Screen
TV hanging on the wall. It shows a scene of violence in the
middle east. He turns the volume up some.

Blake stairs at it.

BLAKE
Fucking war.

RIVER
You think it's gonna' be bad?

BLAKE
It's gonna' be bad alright. Real
bad. Nuclear.

RIVER
Nuclear?

BLAKE
This ain't the cold war, kid. This
is real. The threat is real.

Thunder roars outside the bar.

(CONTINUED)

RIVER

Listen-

He addresses the entire bar...

RIVER CONT'D

-if any of you know anything about Frank's death. You know where to find me. If I hear about any of you having any connection to Frank, I'll find you. This is not a game people. A man died tonight, death is never funny.

The rain beats down on the roof...

RIVER

I better be getting home. Thanks, Ed.

BLAKE

Anytime, kid.

River leaves, HENRY(65) an old drunk, steps up to Blake.

HENRY

Who the hell was that kid?

BLAKE

Name's River. He's a local, born and raised here.

HENRY

Not so intimidating. I mean, he sure as hell don't look so tough?

BLAKE

Looks ain't everything. He's not your everyday reporter, he's got a lot more than a press badge.

HENRY

He's just a kid.

BLAKE

Kid with a purpose. He plays bad cop in this town. There are to many good ones.

INT.NINE EYE INDUSTRIES-THE NEXT MORNING

The lobby of Nine Eye, is luxurious to say the least. A large waterfall rests in the center of the room. Men and women dressed in suits walk furiously from office, to office.

A large holographic screen floats in mid-air, playing an INFOMERCIAL about Nine Eye.

We follow the screen as it floats from space to space, and stops at...

SCREEN

Welcome to Nine Eye Industries, the home of the most advanced robotics technology in the nation. We are currently very saddened at the lost of one of our founding fathers, Frank Casto.

The image changes to a picture of Frank smiling.

RIVER(V.O.)

Even the machines are mourning.

The image changes back to a map of the building.

SCREEN

What can I help you with today?

RIVER

Is Mr.Walker in today?

SCREEN

Mr.Walker requires an appointment and security clearance.

RIVER

That's not what I asked.

SCREEN

I'm sorry. Please repeat.

RIVER

I need to speak with a human.

SCREEN

One of our lovely agents will be with you shortly.

The screen floats away. As quick as the screen is GONE, REBECCA (22, blond, very pretty) steps up to River.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA
Can I help you sir?

RIVER
Shit. That was fast.

REBECCA
We strive for excellence.

RIVER
I need to speak with Mr. Walker.

REBECCA
Mr.Walker does not just see anyone.
Especially not since the incident.

RIVER
Take it easy.

He flashes his press badge at her. His cockiness intrigues her. She has the hots for him.

REBECCA
He doesn't need your trouble, stud.

RIVER
Can you just see if he's available?

REBECCA
Wait right here.

She walks away. River watches as her hips shake when she walks. Suddenly, a VOICE appears over a loud-speaker...

VOICE
River, Mr.Walker will see you now.

Rebecca walks back to River.

RIVER
That was amazing. How'd you know my name?

REBECCA
We knew who you were from the moment you were just miles away. This is Nine Eye, River, not Home Depot.

RIVER
Sure.

An elevator door opens to the right of him...

RIVER
My ride?

REBECCA
74th Floor, first room on your
left.

INT.WALKER'S OFFICE

River enters the spacious office.

Dick Walker, a short, pudgy 65 year old man sits behind a large mahogany desk. His office is full of plants as well as a large holographic TV screen and touch screen thermostats.

RIVER
Nice place.

RIVER(V.O.)
I hate bureaucrats.

WALKER
Welcome. Please-

He points to a leather chair...

WALKER CONT'D
-have a seat.

RIVER
I'd rather stand.

River walks over to a fifteen foot window looking out over skyscrapers and streets.

WALKER
How can I help you?

RIVER
Frank Casto. He was your partner,
correct?

WALKER
Yes, and a damn good man.

RIVER
Yeah he was, or so I hear.

River paces towards Walker.

(CONTINUED)

RIVER

I know you didn't kill him. He killed himself. I saw the body, gruesome. My question for you...is about your contracts.

WALKER

All of Nine Eye's contracts are public, and available on our website.

RIVER

I'm looking for government contracts.

WALKER

We have no...government contracts.

RIVER

I think your lying to me.

WALKER

If I am lying to you...then what more assistance can I provide you?

RIVER

Listen, I'm trying to help YOU. I need to know why a man like Casto would just off himself. It doesn't make any damn sense.

WALKER

I'm no psychic.

RIVER

You were his best friend. His partner. If anyone knows this man, it must be him.

WALKER

Or his...girlfriend.

RIVER

Girlfriend?

WALKER

Listen, Frank didn't tell too many people about this, but he was seeing a girl. Joanie Falco. A real tight piece of ass.

(CONTINUED)

RIVER
Falco. Thank you for your time.

WALKER
Watch your step, kid.

River turns to walk away...

WALKER CONT'D
This is a bloody business.

INT.NINE EYE INDUSTRIES

The elevator doors open, River exits...

RIVER(V.O.)
Joanie Falco. The guys main
squeeze.

Rebecca steps in front of him, a glare in her eye. She holds a piece of paper, folded, in her hands. It contains her phone number. She smiles at River. He has charmed her.

REBECCA
Get what you were looking for?

RIVER(V.O.)
They call me the bulldozer-

RIVER
I don't know. We goin' out tonight?

She hands him the paper...

RIVER(V.O.) CONT'D
-I always seem to get what I want.

She winks at him, and slowly walks away.

EXT.STREET-LATER THAT DAY

River rides his chopper through a rural are. The grass grows tall, and the cotton fields are plenty. He rides with a purpose...

RIVER(V.O.)
Falco. I guess she's a start, if
anything. I'm still wondering what
the old man meant-

He passes a turtle crossing the street...

(CONTINUED)

RIVER(V.O.) CONT'D
-bloody? I guess that's why I carry
a gun. You never know what's gonna'
happen. Always got to watch your
back.

EXT.FALCO FARM-SAME DAY

River arrives at the Falco Farm. A small house set on acres,
and acres of farmland. A large RED barn sits in the
background.

He parks his bike, and steps off. As he reaches the door to
knock, JOANIE opens it.

Joanie stands about 5'11...blue eyes, long dark brown hair,
about 45 years old. She does not welcome strangers kindly.

As the door swings fully open, it is revealed to us that she
is holding a double barrel shotgun. She places the end of
the barrels up against River's chest.

JOANIE
Can I help you?

RIVER
I'm not here for trouble.

JOANIE
Me neither. Just can't be too
careful these days. The world ain't
safe no more.

River backs up...

JOANIE
Well, what do ya' want?

RIVER
Frank Casto.

JOANIE
The dead guy?

RIVER
Your lover.

She lowers the gun...

JOANIE
Walker send you?

(CONTINUED)

RIVER

No ma'am. I'm investigating Frank's death. His apparent suicide.

JOANIE

Apparent?

RIVER

I just can't see why he'd kill himself.

She laughs...

JOANIE

Frank was going crazy. I didn't even recognize him anymore. Sometimes I wondered if it was even him.

RIVER

Ma'am, I need to know what was troubling him.

JOANIE

Back in 98. There was this...event...he always called it the "Incident".

She looks around, searching for anyone who may be watching. Sees no one.

JOANIE

A group of military men. Real tough guys. GI Joe types. Were sent out on a mission, don't ask me where. Two of them...Rogers and Bradshaw...refused to work with the new recruits.

RIVER

Recruits?

JOANIE

Machines, kid. Frank built them, designed them. He and Walker did at least.

RIVER

These machines...they...they looked human?

(CONTINUED)

JOANIE

Couldn't tell the difference.
Rogers...he was shot...and Bradshaw
was taken to an undisclosed holding
cell. No one knows exactly where
he's at...Walker must.

RIVER

So this...drove Frank mad?

JOANIE

Weeks after Bradshaw was sent out,
the machines malfunctioned...killed
everyone. Frank always thought it
was HIS fault.

RIVER

These machines...do you know of
anymore?

JOANIE

Walkers always got some trick up
his sleeve.

RIVER

His place checked out fine by me.

JOANIE

Well, if you ever get suspicious,
Frank told me there was always one
way to check. Salt. Salt makes
their speech glitch, they start
stuttering like hell.

RIVER

I'll keep that in mind.

JOANIE

You think your some type of hero or
something?

RIVER

I'm just doing my job.

He turns to leave...

JOANIE

Don't go walking in shit-

He turns back to her...

(CONTINUED)

JOANIE CONT'D

-it starts to stink real quick.

River smiles, wondering what the hell she just said to him. He hops back onto his bike, kick starts it, and speeds off into the sun.

EXT.STREET-LATER THAT DAY

River rides his bike down a narrow road towards a broad city horizon.

RIVER(V.O.)

Machines that look like people.
Government cover ups. I'm starting
to wonder what I've gotten myself
into. Falco could be lying, she's
as crazy as Frank ever was. If
she's not-

He speeds around a curve...

RIVER(V.O.) CONT'D

-the world is in for a real shock.

INT.APOLLO DINER-THAT NIGHT

The Apollo Diner was built years before the Robotic Revolution. It's been re-painted and is now a much fancier spot than it used to be, but it still feels rustic.

Rebecca sits at a table for two. She wears a tight RED dress, that shows off her curves.

River enters wearing a nice pinstriped suit along with his iconic BLUE tie.

He walks over to her...

REBECCA

One more second, and I'd be gone.

...and takes his seat.

RIVER

I'm sorry. The news never stops.

REBECCA

Must be a hard job.

(CONTINUED)

RIVER
It has it's perks.

The WAITER walks to the table.

WAITER
May I get you two something to
drink?

RIVER
Vodka, on the rocks.

REBECCA
I'll take a water.

The waiter walks away...

RIVER
Dry?

REBECCA
Alcohol makes me crazy.

RIVER
Maybe I wouldn't mind seeing that
side of you.

He winks at her.

RIVER
How long have you been with Walker
and Nine Eye?

REBECCA
About two years.

RIVER
You like it there?

REBECCA
It's a job.

RIVER
Some times I wish I had a nine-five
job. A normal job.

REBECCA
I couldn't do what you do.

RIVER
It's hard...I'm still learning.

REBECCA
How long have you-

RIVER
-it's my second year as well. I haven't really done much...this is my first real story.

REBECCA
Think you'll be making the headlines?

RIVER
I hope so. Frank wasn't a hated guy. Were you close to him?

REBECCA
Are you here to interview me?

RIVER
Actually I was hoping on getting laid. Thought I'd make some conversation first.

He laughs...

REBECCA
Your charming. You have a very nice smile.

RIVER
Thanks, I get it from my mother.

REBECCA
What was she like?

RIVER
Did you do some sort of background check on me?

REBECCA
What makes you ask that?

RIVER
You said WAS...how do you know if she's even dead?

REBECCA
It's company procedure. I'm sorry.

RIVER
I see. Well, she WAS a great woman. Very pretty, and very strong.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RIVER (cont'd)
Stronger than I can ever be. She never took no for an answer, she always pushed for more, for the TRUTH.

REBECCA
I never knew my mother...or father.

RIVER
Orphan?

REBECCA
You could say that.

She smiles.

RIVER
Well, my father...I wish I had known. He ran out when I was about 4 years old. The only real memory I have of him is him playing his guitar and singing to me.

REBECCA
A musician? Tell me River, do you got the music in you?

RIVER
Never have. I can't keep rhythm worth a shit. Never tried to pick up a guitar and bang some drums. You?

REBECCA
Piano.

RIVER
I always loved how the piano sounds. Very...sensual.

REBECCA
I find music a relaxing experience for your mind and soul. It takes you places.

RIVER
And where does it take you?

REBECCA
Home.

The waiter returns with their drinks...

REBECCA
Excuse me, I'm going to use the
little ladies room.

RIVER
Oh, sure. I'll be here.

Rebecca stands and walks out of view.

WAITER
Nice job, man.

RIVER
Yeah? I thought so.

The waiter walks away. River searches the table...

RIVER(V.O.)
Don't go stepping in shit-

No salt. He looks over to the table on his right...two salt
shakers sit on the table.

RIVER(V.O.) CONT'D
-it does start to smell....quickly.

He looks for her, she is still gone. Quickly, River reaches
over to the closest table and grabs the salt shaker, he
sprinkles some salt into her water and places the shaker
back on the other table.

She returns to her seat...

REBECCA
I'm sorry. A girl has to freshen up
when on a date.

RIVER
I wouldn't know.

He smiles as she takes a large sip.

RIVER
Neither would you.

She looks at him with an awkward smile.

REBECCA
What do you m-m-m-m-m-meeeeeaann-n?

River's eyes grow wide. Underneath the table he grabs her
legs with his right hand.

(CONTINUED)

RIVER

Why don't we just skip to the chase. We both know what we want here.

REBECCA

River...please...I'm not that kind of girl.

RIVER

Learn to be.

She bites her bottom lip. He stands, as does she, and she follows him outside.

INT.RIVERS BEDROOM-SAME NIGHT

Rebecca lies on his bed, her chest unclothed. He stands over her.

REBECCA

I llllliiikkkkkeeee a man with st-t-t-yyyyle.

River kneels down onto the ground and reaches under the bed. He pulls back a baseball bat.

RIVER

I like my women with pulses!

He slams the bat against her head, which twists around. Sparks fly as her head begins to hang off by hundreds of wires and cords.

RIVER(V.O.)

Fucking machine. I can't believe it.

He drops the bat and begins examining the body.

RIVER(V.O.)

I'm not the best with computers...but I know a few things. Every machine has a motherboard-

He presses into her belly button. As he presses, her two breasts rise and open, a control panel lies in the left breast, a screen on the right.

(CONTINUED)

RIVER(V.O.) CONT'D
-bingo.

He begins typing on the control panel.

RIVER(V.O.)
Computers keep
logs...footprints...of everything
that happens. This machine is no
different. It's just a matter of
finding them.

He searches through a large database and finds..."PEACOCK
MOUND-HOLDING CELL 55D-RICK BRADSHAW-ALIAS-BUZZ".

RIVER
Bradshaw.

He searches further into the records...

RIVER
Threat level...extreme. Suspect has
knowledge of contract number 2012.

RIVER(V.O.)
2012? The year the Mayan calender
ends. Everyone thought that'd be
the end of the world.

He glances around her exposed chips, "1500 WEST 5th".

RIVER(V.O.)
West 5th.

RIVER
Search, 1500 West 5th.

VOICE
1500 West 5th. The remains of an
old PIANO shop.

RIVER
Thanks.

RIVER(V.O.)
Piano?

He remembers their earlier conversation...

RIVER(V.O.)
Home.

He stands.

(CONTINUED)

RIVER

Where the hell am I going to put
this?

EXT.FALCO FARM-LATER THAT NIGHT

River stands at the doorstep. He drops the body of Rebecca onto the porch. The door swings open, Joanie steps out, in disbelief.

JOANIE

What in the hell?

RIVER

I got one. Salt.

JOANIE

I see that.

RIVER

I managed to hack into
her...system.

JOANIE

Hope you didn't have too much fun
with that.

RIVER

Peacock Mound. Ring a bell?

JOANIE

Sure its the place Frank proposed
to me the week before his death.
It's a resort I have a brochure on
it if you'd like?

RIVER

Please...looks like I'm paying it a
visit. Bradshaw's there.

JOANIE

Bradshaw?

RIVER

He's hidden there...somewhere.

JOANIE

What the hell am I supposed to do
with this? I'm not into her kind of
system.

(CONTINUED)

RIVER

Burn it. Hang it on your wall. I don't care.

JOANIE

Let me grab that brochure for you.

She rushes back inside of her home. River waits, patiently, watching the night sky unaware of what is to come for him. He is scared, but he keeps his cool.

RIVER(V.O.)

Bradshaw may be my only shot at finding some more answers. If he's not dead.

Joanie returns, handing him a small piece of plastic with a single RED button on the top.

JOANIE

It's some sort of hologram. Just hit the button.

River tosses it into his coat pocket. He folds up his collar and begins to walk towards his bike.

JOANIE

Good luck, kid. Watch your back.

He hops on his bike and speeds away. His mind is set and he is headed for Peacock Mound.

Joanie stand over the "corpse" of Rebecca.

JOANIE

Hack into her system.

She chuckles...

JOANIE

I'm sure you did.

INT.POLICE DEPARTMENT-LATER

River enters the spacious lobby of the police department.

RIVER(V.O.)

I've made a few friends, growing up here. Friends mean a lot in this business.

It's walls a TAN color. DEPUTY DAVIS greets him.

(CONTINUED)

DAVIS

River, my main man, what brings you down here?

RIVER

Davis. Nice seeing you. I'm looking for some clues on the Casto case.

DAVIS

Frank Casto, right. Well, we don't have much for you here.

RIVER

What'd you mean?

DAVIS

Some men in black walked in here hours after the case was opened. Wiped us out, took everything.

RIVER

Autopsy report?

DAVIS

Gone. Only thing they left was the body.

RIVER

Why would they leave the body?

DAVIS

Hell if I know, think it's kind of strange myself.

RIVER

Mind if I take a look?

DAVIS

You were there. Nothing's changed.

RIVER

I need a second glance.

DAVIS

Alright, but don't tell anyone about this. The city is real uptight about this guy.

RIVER

You got it Davis. I owe you one.

INT.MORTUARY ROOM-CONT'D

River follows Davis into a large library of dead bodies.

DAVIS

Casto.

A robot, reminiscent of WALL-E, rolls over to a case and unlocks it. Davis leads River over to it. The robot opens the case and then rolls off.

Davis slides the corpse of Casto out. It is covered by a sheet.

River removes the sheet from over the head, exposing the wound. He leans over looking into the hole.

A small METALLIC slide shimmers inside the cranium as the light hits it.

RIVER(V.O.)

What's that?

DAVIS

Man, he really did himself in.
Don't know how someone could just
off himself like that.

RIVER

What's standard procedure on an
autopsy?

DAVIS

In the old days, we used to have a
mortician, look over the body. Now
we have these...machines.

He looks towards the robot seen earlier.

DAVIS

They clean the body, in this case,
removing all the material from
inside the cranium. Bullet
remnants, excess brain matter. I
don't really trust them.

RIVER

Me neither. They don't do a good-

He shows Davis the metallic object...

(CONTINUED)

RIVER CONT'D
-job. Missed a spot.

Davis leans in closer.

DAVIS
What the hell?

RIVER
Got any tools?

DAVIS
It's all automated, hold on.

He looks towards the robot.

DAVIS
Clean skull. Casto.

The robot turns to them.

ROBOT
Unable to comply. Job already done.

DAVIS
Fuck.

RIVER
Hold on.

He digs around his pocket and pulls out a small swiss army knife. He flips around to a pair of small tweezers.

DAVIS
No. Your gonna' get me fired.

RIVER
Go in the other room then.

DAVIS
There's cameras all over this place.

River slips the tweezers in and begins tugging at the small object.

RIVER
Then they'll know I did it.

DAVIS
Your obsessed.

He grabs the object and begins to ease it out of the small hole.

(CONTINUED)

RIVER

Got it.

As he gets it free, it is clear that the object is the remnants of a microchip.

RIVER

What the hell?

A voice comes over the speaker system...

VOICE

Officer Davis, there is a 4-11 in progress, you are assigned.

DAVIS

Sorry man, got to go. That means you too. Toss that thing or something.

River stares at the shining object., placing it into his pocket.

INT.RIVERS APARTMENT-SAME NIGHT

The lights turn on as River steps into the main room of his apartment. He is tired, and strung out from lack of sleep. His eyes are red, with large black circles underneath them. All he wants is a few hours of sleep.

RIVER(V.O.)

Peacock Mound. Cell 55D. Chances are when I walk into that room, I'm going to find a lot more than "Buzz" Bradshaw. And what the hell was that thing in Casto's head. I don't remember seeing it.

He sits down on his couch.

VOICE

Welcome home, River. Fancy a drink?

RIVER

Not tonight. Channel 6, please.

The screen appears on the wall before his couch. A NEWS ANCHOR appears on the screen. Behind her is a scene of chaos. Fire. Smoke.

(CONTINUED)

ANCHOR

Tonight, the world is preparing for
a third great war.

RIVER

Volume, up.

The volume is raised.

ANCHOR

Iran, Afghanistan, Syria, Saudi
Arabia and Lebanon have all formed
one large terrorist group known as
The United Islamic Movement. In a
recent tape released by them, they
have promised to spread the word of
Allah and end the tyranny that is
the west. North Korea, China, and
Russia have also joined together-

River sits up in the couch...

ANCHOR

-Americans it is time to stand up
for your freedoms.

RIVER

TV off.

....he stands as the TV switches off.

VOICE

River, you have one unheard
message.

RIVER

Play message.

A muzzled, hardened voice comes over the speaker.

VOICE

(Recording)

You are leaving a trail. It won't
be much longer.

The recording ends...

RIVER

Trace call.

VOICE

Unknown caller.

River stands, shocked and a bit scared.

(CONTINUED)

RIVER
They know where I am.

He moves swiftly into his...

INT.BEDROOM-CONT'D

...bedroom. He steps quickly to his dresser drawer, and pulls it open. He grabs the revolver. As he holds it tightly in his hand, he feels the hatred and power he is going to be forced to unleash.

He flips open the chamber, revealing it full of ammo.

RIVER(V.O.)
I've never shot anyone...

He places the revolver into his coat pocket...

RIVER(V.O.) CONT'D
...there's a first for everything.

CRASH! The front door slams to the ground. River hears the sound. He aims his pistol for the bedroom opening.

Footsteps are heard in the living room. River begins to sweat as they grow closer to his room. He steps slowly and silently to the doorway. Slowly, he slides up against the wall. He waits.

A SHADOWY figure enters his room bearing an M16 assault rifle.

River quickly aims the pistol up against the back of the assailants head.

RIVER
Freeze you fuck!

The man stops, and raises his arm, tossing his rifle to the ground.

FIGURE
What you gonna' do reporter? This ain't the same as shooting pictures.

RIVER
Who sent you? Who wants me dead?

(CONTINUED)

FIGURE

You think I'm gonna tell you?

RIVER

With a loaded gun to your
head...yes.

FIGURE

Fuck you.

River kicks the back of the FIGURE, sending him flying towards the window. He then fires two shots into his back, sending him crashing through the glass. RED blood splatters out onto the building as the figure falls, splattering on the ground below.

River steps up to the window, the wind whipping up through his bedroom. He glances down at the corpse.

RIVER(V.O.)

Easier than I thought it would be.

The smoking barrel rests in his hand.

RIVER(V.O.)

If their going to make attempts at
my life. Maybe they should send-

He turns around, a second FIGURE stands in the doorway. This one is huge...full of muscle.

RIVER(V.O.) CONT'D

-more.

By the time River can lift his pistol to fire, the HULK has already lifted him into the air.

He tosses him against a wall.

The wall cracks as River slams against it. His life flashes before his eyes and he...

RIVER

Son of a bitch!

...lunges against the hulking man. The hulk catches him and throws him up against the opposite wall. This one hurt. River's nose begins to bleed. He crawls for the doorway, but his legs are caught by the hulk.

River is tossed out the open window, but he manages to GRASP the edge with his right hand.

(CONTINUED)

He begins breathing heavily. The hulk stands over him laughing.

River reaches his free hand up onto the glass filled edge of the window. The pistol is just inches from his reach. The hulk stomps down onto his left hand, breaking his fingers.

He uses all of his strength to swing his left hand back up, and it lands on the pistol! As the hulk tries to stomp on his right hand, River pulls the trigger, sending a bullet through the hulk's skull.

Blood splatters out onto the walls as he falls forward, over River. He splatters on top of the corpse below.

River swings, beaten halfway to death.

Police sirens ring in the distance.

INT.HOSPITAL-LATER

River sits up in a hospital bed, in his normal clothes. His hand wrapped in gauze, tape around his fingers, and cotton stuffed up his nose.

LARRY, a tall, balding man. River's boss. Enters the room. He slams the door behind him.

LARRY

What the FUCK have you gotten yourself into?

RIVER

Take it easy. I've had a hard night.

LARRY

No shit, kid. When I told you I wanted a GOOD story from you, I didn't mean for you to go out and get the shit kicked outta' ya'! I mean, now I have to hire a guy to write a story about YOU!

RIVER

I'm on to something big here.

LARRY

I know.

He lowers his voice.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Those guys...they...were some kind of agents.

RIVER

Agents? Like...suits?

LARRY

I think so. I had Ricky run some prints on them. Their fucking FEDs, River.

RIVER

Listen. Something shady is going on around here.

LARRY

I want to know WHY they were at your door.

RIVER

You really want to know? You got a family Larry, it may cost you.

LARRY

Fine. But from now on, you stop whatever the hell your doing.

RIVER

I'm so close!

LARRY

I don't care. You rest up a couple days and then you go somewhere. Anywhere. Just get the hell out of here.

RIVER

I'm thinking on taking a visit to the countryside.

LARRY

I don't care where you go. Just go.

Larry exits the room. River gets up from the bed. He takes the cotton out of his nose, and runs his hand over his broken fingers. He looks over to a desk, his keys rest. He grabs his keys.

RIVER(V.O.)

Broken fingers heal on their own.

He walks over to a window, and props it open.

(CONTINUED)

RIVER(V.O.)

I don't want to stick around and see what else they might break.

The window shows that he is only a floor or two up, and the fall won't kill him. As he begins to jump, the door swings open, and three men stand in the doorway.

In the middle stands Victor(68) one of Castro's right hand men when he first took charge in Cuba. He is tall and very skinny, his hair is graying and he wears glasses.

VICTOR

Do not leave. You will get nowhere fast.

River stops and turns, facing them.

RIVER

Who the hell are you?

VICTOR

My name is Victor Diaz. I am here to ask you a few questions.

RIVER

Who sent you?

VICTOR

That is not for you to know.

Two of the men walk over to River and grab his arms.

RIVER

Let me go.

VICTOR

Please, just have a seat.

They walk him over to the hospital bed and sit him down into it. The two men each pin down one of his arms. Victor stands over him.

VICTOR

Do not scream, because no one will come for you.

He pulls surgical gloves up onto his hands, snapping them onto his wrists.

RIVER

What do you want with me?

(CONTINUED)

VICTOR

You have gotten yourself deep in your own grave. I am here to find out how deep you actually are.

He walks over to the window and closes the blinds.

VICTOR

When I worked for Castro in Cuba, I was nicknamed The BULL. I have acquired a few skills over the years, skills that can make any man speak.

He walks over to a briefcase sitting next to the door. He opens it and removes a small blowtorch.

VICTOR

What do you know about Peacock Mound?

RIVER

Go fuck yourself!

River struggles against the men who overpower him. Victor yanks out River's tongue. River shakes in terror. Victor flicks on the torch and begins to sear the bottom of his tongue.

RIVER(V.O.)

I stored my pistol in a bag on my bike, if I can get out that window...

River screams in agony, as the flames burn the bottom of his tongue. Victor removes the torch, leaving his tongue intact. River struggles against the men, trying to get free.

VICTOR

Want to talk?

River cries. Victor steps back to the case and places the torch back in the briefcase.

River sighs with relief.

VICTOR

Your tongue will be fine. I have barely seared the bottom of it. The worst you might suffer is a small speech impediment. I need you to talk.

(CONTINUED)

He takes a scalpel out of the case. Slowly, he steps over to River's chest. He rips open his shirt.

VICTOR

In ancient times, flaying was a common form of ritual sacrifice. It was thought of as an honor to be selected as a sacrifice to the Gods. It's quite a simple process, a high priest takes a sharp object, such as this scalpel...

He brandishes the blade...

VICTOR CONT'D

-he then begins to slice away small pieces of the chosen one's skin, peeling it away as he goes.

He places the scalpel against River's chest.

VICTOR

Would you like to experience this sensation?

RIVER

I don't know...anything.

The blade slices against his chest, spurting blood over Victor's face and glasses. River screams as a small square of his skin is peeled off.

Victor lifts the skin up and shows it to River. He smiles as he tosses the skin across the room.

VICTOR

Just as I have taken every precaution to leave your tongue intact, the skin I have removed will grow back within a month or two. Flip him!

The men lift River up.

VICTOR

This skin...will not.

As they lift him, River breaks free from their tight grip. Blood dripping from his chest. He leaps through the window, crashing through the glass.

He has landed on the grass...we...

CUT TO:

EXT.HOSPITAL CONT'D

River struggles to his feet. He stands, holding tight on his chest wound. He searches the parking lot for his motorcycle. As he finds it, he grabs his pistol from out of a small bag attached to the side.

He cocks the gun, and turns quickly. The three assailants speed through the entrance of the hospital, and as they do, River fires three shots, one into each of them. The shots knock them backwards, killing them.

He hops onto his bike.

EXT.FINNEGAN'S HOME-LATER THAT NIGHT-RAIN

River rides his bike up to Finnegan's house. The rain beats down on his coat. He walks up to the door and rings the doorbell.

Finnegan answers the door. He is shown completely in color to represent his innocence.

RIVER

Hey pal-

He leans down.

RIVER CONT'D

-shouldn't you be in bed?

FINNEGAN

You look tired. What happened to your hand?

RIVER

I'm exhausted. Daddy got into a little fight.

FINNEGAN

You can nap in my bed.

River smiles. Fran walks up behind Finnegan.

FRAN

Go get ready for bed, sweetie. She pats him on the head.

Finnegan runs off, River stands, confronting Fran.

(CONTINUED)

RIVER
Listen, I don't want tonight to end
like last time.

FRAN
What happened to you?

RIVER
I'm going, leaving town. It's not
safe for me here anymore.

FRAN
What are you saying? Are you ok?
What's wrong with your hand?

RIVER
I have to leave. People are looking
for me.

FRAN
Isn't there something we could do?

For an instant, she show remorse and love for him...

RIVER
I just want you to be careful.
Trust no one. When it's safe I'll
contact you.

FRAN
River, what the hell is going on?

RIVER
Please, I don't want to get you
involved.

He turns to walk away, Fran runs out beside him, stopping
him as she places her hand on his shoulder. It's been years
since she's done that to him.

He turns to her, both happy and sad...

FRAN
Wait. Are you going to be ok?

RIVER
Fran. I have always loved you. Give
Fin a kiss for me.

She kisses him, tears rolling down her face...

FRAN

I'm sorry. For everything.

RIVER

So am I.

He brushes her off, and hops onto his chopper....

FRAN

I love you, River.

...he rides off...speeding away from his past.

RIVER(V.O.)

I wish you did.

EXT.GRAVEYARD-CONT'D

River stands over his mother's tombstone. Dead flowers rest on top of the grave.

RIVER

I didn't bring you any flowers,
mom. I'm sorry about that.

Lightning strikes...lighting up the grave, "A LOVING MOTHER".

RIVER

I wonder if I'll ever be as strong
as you. Maybe I'll live to see the
day. Things aren't looking too good
right now.

He kneels down, kisses his finger and then presses it up against the stone.

RIVER

You always said..."The world is
full of hope". I wish I could see
that hope.

He stands...

RIVER

I'm not going to wait around for it
to change. Love you mom. I'll bring
you a flower next time, maybe in
person.

EXT.STREET-SAME NIGHT-CONT'D

Revolve around River riding on his bike.

AEROSMITH-DREAM ON

The loud engine of the bike floods through DREAM ON. River's face is full of both fear and confidence as he rides along a windy city street.

He drives past pedestrians walking their dogs with hand held dog walkers.

RIVER(V.O.)
Times are changing.

He stops at a red light at an intersection. A megatron screen rises high above the street. It is shown in full color; scenes of violence and war in the middle east.

RIVER(V.O.) CONT'D
War stays the same. History repeats, and we all sit back watching it in ignorance.

The light flashes RED, and turns GREEN, he cuts in between the two lanes of traffic, speeding past vehicles.

The city ends just miles before him. The broad horizon of the more rural country lies ahead. A large sign "CITY LIMITS", its letters bright YELLOW.

River rides up to the sign and parks. He turns and looks back behind him at the busy excitement of the city.

RIVER(V.O.)
I've spent too much time watching it all. One day, I'll know what's really going on around here behind all these fucking curtains. I'll know the truth about this...OZ. And when I do...maybe I won't want to change it-

He kicks his bike back on and speeds into the horizon...

RIVER(V.O.) CONT'D
-when they all beg me for my help. Maybe I'll look down upon them and watch the city burn. Maybe when they beg...I will look the other way.

We move in on a close-up of his face

(CONTINUED)

RIVER(V.O.)
If this world's gonna turn its back
on me...on all of us-

An evil grin spans his face.

RIVER(V.O.) CONT'D
-then I say...Fuck it.

He speeds out of view.

P A R T T W O
WELCOME BACK TO HELL

EXT.PAKISTAN-YEARS AGO

A young Bradshaw stands dressed in fatigues. He is at a United States base in Pakistan. A lit cigar sits in his lips.

BRADSHAW(V.O.)
Hell. Or at least one it's many
incarnations.

LUIS, a Mexican-American soldier walks up next to him.

LUIS
Those things are gonna kill you.

BRADSHAW
I'm more afraid of those.

He points to a single computer monitor sitting on a desk under a tent.

LUIS
How many sand niggers you kill so
far, Buzz?

BRADSHAW
Maybe 40. Maybe 45. What difference
does it make?

LUIS
You are one cold son of a bitch,
man. You and Rogers...real killers.

BRADSHAW
I follow orders. I just do a good
job.

(CONTINUED)

LUIS
Orders? What about that
family...just orders?

BRADSHAW
Yeah. War has it's casualties.

LUIS
We ain't at war with Pakistan.

BRADSHAW
You ask too many questions.

LUIS
I just want to know what in the
fuck we are doing here? That's all!

BRADSHAW
What did they tell you in briefing?

LUIS
That we are here to insure the
safety of the Pakistani people and
to stop the threat known as
Communism.

BRADSHAW
Then that's what we're here for.

LUIS
You want me to believe that Uncle
Sam bullshit?

BRADSHAW
Your a good solider. Don't stick
your nose in places it shouldn't
be. Stick to what you know. Follow
orders.

A chopper flies over them.

BRADSHAW
You don't want to be a war-hero. No
real glory in it.

He puts the cigar out on his show and walks into the tent.

INT.TENT-PAKISTAN-NIGHT

ROGERS, a tall black soldier sits in a chair across from Bradshaw.

ROGERS

That shit we went through. Why didn't they bail us out?

BRADSHAW

We weren't supposed to be there.

ROGERS

That's bullshit! There's no diplomacy in war.

BRADSHAW

This whole setup is diplomacy. Just keep your cool, and watch your tone.

ROGERS

Have you seen them?

BRADSHAW

No. Supposed to tonight.

ROGERS

Same here. I don't get how they did it.

BRADSHAW

Your no scientist. Your a gun, just like me.

ROGERS

I'm not taking anymore chances around here, Buzz.

Luis enters the tent.

LUIS

Bradshaw, Rogers. They want you over in the tavern.

INT.TAVERN-SAME NIGHT

Rogers follows Buzz into an old Pakistani tavern full of drunks and GIs.

(CONTINUED)

ROGERS
Well...we're here.

Walker walks over to him...he isn't any younger since the last time we saw him.

WALKER
Follow me boys.

He walks into the kitchen behind the bar, they follow.

INT.KITCHEN-CONT'D

They pass cooks and waiters who don't seem to notice them even being there. They enter a long dark stairwell.

WALKER
This is it boys. This is what we've been working on for the past 50 years. This is the garden of eden.

He leads them down the steps and into...

INT.FACTORY LEVEL-CONT'D

...a large warehouse full of unclothed human bodies all standing in rows. Scientists and armed personnel pace back and forth through the room.

BRADSHAW
Are these...them?

WALKER
This is the future.

Rogers steps up to one, taps on its chest.

ROGERS
Can't even tell.

WALKER
Fantastic aren't they?

ROGERS
This just isn't right. You are playing God.

WALKER
I am creating a safer existence for our future generations.

(CONTINUED)

ROGERS

What happens when they turn on you?
When your "dogs" climb the fence
and wreak havoc in your
neighborhood?

WALKER

That's the true beauty of it all,
they think for themselves. They are
as human as you and I.

ROGERS

Not human.

WALKER

Bradshaw, you will be leading three
of these into battle, testing their
abilities in war.

BRADSHAW

I can't.

WALKER

Excuse me? Gentlemen you are
forgetting what your purpose here
is.

BRADSHAW

I just can't work alongside these
things. You haven't even perfected
it yet! I'm not your damn guinea
pig and neither are my men!

WALKER

Failure to follow orders will
result in much worst than court
marshal. You have seen too much.

ROGERS

Fuck you. Let's go Buzz.

As he puts his hand on Buzz's shoulder, Walker points at
him. A guard fires a shot into Roger's head, BLOOD explodes
as he falls to the ground.

BRADSHAW

What the fuck? You just shot one of
my men! I'm having this place shut
down!

WALKER

I had faith in you, Bradshaw.

Two guards appear, they grab Bradshaw.

(CONTINUED)

He twists their arms backwards breaking them, he then rams their two faces into each other breaking their noses.

WALKER

Take him down.

A dart flies into Bradshaw's neck. He falls to the ground unconscious.

CUT TO:

INT.CHAMBER-LATER THAT DAY

Bradshaw awakens in a dark, cold chamber. He is tied to a brick wall. A hanging light flickers on. Walker stands before him.

WALKER

Why do they call you Buzz?

BRADSHAW

Fuck you.

He spits towards him.

WALKER

You have one more chance to cooperate.

BRADSHAW

I hope your dogs eat you alive!

Walker smiles an evil grin. He walks out of view, into the shadows.

Sweat beads on Buzz's forehead. BLUE electric shocks slide down the chains he is linked to. They flow through his body. He screams in pain as the electricity continuously draws his energy from him.

His eyes close...he is not dead.

EXT.PAKISTAN-NIGHT

Luis sits outside the barracks. He lights a cigar and sticks it into his mouth. Choppers fly overhead.

A SOLDIER walks up next to him. Luis hasn't seen him before...

(CONTINUED)

LUIS
New here?

He extends his hand...

LUIS
Name's Luis.

The soldier raises his pistol to Luis's head and fires a bullet which rips through his skull, killing him. An explosion rips the barracks in half. Soldiers run out, the bright FLAMES swallowing their bodies. Another SOLDIER walks through the flames, he feels no pain. He fires an automatic rifles at a group of soldiers.

INT.FACTORY LEVEL-SAME NIGHT/SAME TIME

Walker stands, nervous.

WALKER
There's something wrong. Their malfunctioning.

He stairs up at a GUARD.

WALKER
Bradshaw?

GUARD
Vital signs are normal.

WALKER
Move him to the Mound. He might be useful.

GUARD
And this?

WALKER
We'll have to think of something.
The news will be all over us!

The guard hurries from the room.

INT.BRADSHAW'S CELL-PEACOCK MOUND-PRESENT DAY

The room is seemingly empty. It is dark and very wet and musky. The humidity of the climate causes and eerie fog to rise in the cell.

A lone window leading to the hallway connecting to the cell lets in some BLUE light.

(CONTINUED)

BRADSHAW sits up against a far cell wall. He is growing older, and weaker. He is in great shape for his age, and very muscular still. He's the Clint Eastwood type.

His hair has grown almost shoulder length as it drapes down over a headband like John Rambo.

His face is exposed in the light as he raises it.

A long, old, scar spans front the top of his right eyebrow to under his right eye. It's an old battle scar. He hasn't shaved in months, maybe even years. His arms have thousands of small wounds and scars. Dog-tags sit around his neck, resting on his large chest.

He wears no shirt. His chest is battered and bruised. He wears long jogging pants and military issue boots.

BRADSHAW(V.O.)

Another damn day in this hell hold.

He wipes his chin. His voice grassy and worn.

BRADSHAW(V.O.)

I've lost count of how long I've been here. The days are all a blur. I remember coming here...and being here. The only memories I have of life are what I knew before...this.

He looks around the room, reminiscing.

BRADSHAW(V.O.)

Maybe that's why I was such a good soldier. I never really had a life other than killin' and fighting. I guess it's in my blood.

As he stands, his large stature is made even more apparent. He scratches the back of his head...

BRADSHAW(V.O.)

It's a long way home, old man. If I ever got out, I don't even know how'd I'd get back. And what the fuck am I even going back to?

He drops down and starts doing push ups...

BRADSHAW(V.O.)

The only thing I ever knew was the military, and they fucked me over big time-

He touches his nose to the ground each time, thrusting himself back up.

BRADSHAW(V.O.) CONT'D
-so maybe I'm just better off here.
The world was headed for war before
I got here...I doubt things have
changed.

He finishes a push up and stands. He runs his right hand through his gritty hair.

The door to his cell opens, an OFFICER stands in the shadowy doorway.

OFFICER
Good morning sunshine.

BRADSHAW
Nothing good about today.

OFFICER
Always got to have your bad
attitude. Knock the chip off your
shoulder, do us all a favor around
here.

Bradshaw ignores the insult. He is waiting for the officer to step close enough so he can rip off his head.

OFFICER
I come in here to speak with you
and you always have that sad
fucking look on your face. War
hero. Been through so much shit.

BRADSHAW
What do you know about war?

He is growing angry...

OFFICER
I know it breeds psychopaths like
you.

BRADSHAW
Everyday you stand in that doorway
and fuck with me. Push my buttons.

He tightens his fists...

BRADSHAW

You never actually step IN.

A smirk spans his face...

BRADSHAW

Why don't you come knock that chip
off for me? You little prick!

The officer grows angry, he pulls a modified tazer-handgun
from a holster.

Bradshaw eyes the officer's trigger finger.

BRADSHAW(V.O.)

They call me Buzz because of the
shock treatment I got over in
Pakistan-

The prongs fire from the gun straight for Bradshaw's chest.
They attach themselves and begin to spark. He doesn't
flinch.

BRADSHAW(V.O.) CONT'D

-after that. These things are like
ant bites.

He smiles, ripping the prongs from his body. The officer is
annoyed, he takes a step into the cell.

As he does Bradshaw lunges for him. He lifts the officer up
into the air and tosses him face first against the brick
wall of the cell. This cracks his head, causing RED blood to
spurt out. He repeats the move. Killing the officer.

Bradshaw tosses the officer into a dark corner of the cell.
The light shifts, revealing that the officer's body has
landed on a pile of dead officer's corpses.

A SHADOWY FIGURE stands in the doorway.

BRADSHAW

Send two next time. This one barely
SPARKED my appetite.

The figure slams the door shut.

Bradshaw sits back down where he was, lowers his head, and
falls asleep.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD-SAME DAY

River dies his bike down twisting countryside roads. The wind blows through his hair as he speeds around turns and twists.

He passes acres of farmland, some inhabited by cows and bulls.

RIVER(V.O.)

This isn't going to be easy. I
don't know what I'm more afraid of-

The towers of the Peacock Mound Resort rise high in the distance. They soar into the sky.

RIVER(V.O.) CONT'D

-the assholes who are holding him
in the cell or Buzz himself.

River rides towards the soaring resort. As he climbs a hill, an eagle soars over him.

RIVER(V.O.)

I have a bad feeling that this is
going to turn violent real quick.

As he descends the hill, the resort stands only a few miles from him. It's large GOLDEN gates shut tightly.

He rides up to the gate. A holographic screen appears before him.

SCREEN

Welcome to the Peacock Mound Resort
and Spa where luxury is your best
friend, and the world is just a
memory.

RIVER

I'd like to tour the facilities.
I'm considering bringing my family
here for vacation.

SCREEN

Please enter the main lobby and
speak to one of our great hosts at
the kiosk. Enjoy your stay!

The screen disappears and the large gates open. River rides his bike through the gates, which slam shut behind him.

INT. BRADSHAW'S CELL-SAME DAY

Bradshaw sits in the same position we left him. His eyes closed, but he is fully aware of his surroundings.

BRADSHAW(V.O.)

I could take a weapon off one of those bodies-

He looks at the pile...

BRADSHAW(V.O.) CONT'D

-but I don't know if I could ever use one again. Fucking machines.

The door to his cell is opened, and River's silhouette stands in the doorway.

BRADSHAW

Who the hell are you?

RIVER

Let's go. I'm getting you outta' here.

Bradshaw looks up, the lights reflect off of River's revolver.

BRADSHAW

Your not with THEM. Your old-school.

RIVER

Oh the revolver?

He tosses it to Bradshaw who catches it without hesitation. He swings around his fingertips .

BRADSHAW

It's a nice piece.

RIVER

We don't move quick, and this place is gonna' be so full of bodies that piece won't do shit.

BRADSHAW

What outfit you with?

RIVER

I'm just a reporter. Look, Frank Casto is dead. I need your help.

(CONTINUED)

BRADSHAW
Frank...dead...?

He stands, tossing the pistol back to River.

RIVER
Your better with this than I am.

BRADSHAW
Sometimes...I like to use my hands.

He cracks his knuckles and follows River out.

EXT.HALLWAY-CONT'D

They move down a hallway full of doors.

BRADSHAW
Third door on the left. Officer's
lounge. Got a path out in it.

RIVER
How many?

BRADSHAW
Three. Four maybe.

River grabs a couple bullets from his pocket and tosses them into his revolver.

RIVER
Ready?

BRADSHAW
Kid, I got nothing to live for.

River kicks down the door to the officer's lounge, leading Bradshaw in and...

INT.OFFICER'S LOUNGE-CONT'D

BLAM! River shoots one of the three officer's watching a large holographic TV screen.

Another officer reaches for his holster, but Buzz lunges at him, knocking him tot he ground. He then smashes his fist into the officer's nose and snaps his neck.

River fires a shot into the brain of the remaining officer, killing him. The white walls of the lounge are stained BLOOD RED.

(CONTINUED)

RIVER

Path?

Bradshaw flips a dummy light switch on the wall, which opens a secret passageway hidden behind a large fridge. The fridge moves itself to the left revealing the path.

CUT TO:

EXT. PEACOCK MOUND

River hops onto his bike, Buzz hops onto the back. He kick starts the bike and speeds for the gate, which is slammed shut.

Bradshaw pulls the pistol out of River's coat pocket and fires at a computer console next to the gate.

BRADSHAW

Hit it.

They bust through the gate, breaking it open. The console controlled an air-seal system.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD-SAME DAY

They ride down the same road, an old church sits in the distance.

BRADSHAW

Pull in there.

River rides up to the church and parks. Bradshaw hops of the bike and walks into the church. River stands back, watching the road.

RIVER(V.O.)

I've got enough gas to get back in town and maybe hit a few spots. Should be enough to figure out what the hell's going on here.

A dead raccoon sits just feet from him. A crow flies over and begins pecking at it.

A page of paper blows in the wind. It flies up onto River, pressing against his shirt. He reads it..."Something Wicked This Way Comes".

(CONTINUED)

P A R T T H R E E
Requiem For A Free World

INT.CHURCH-CONT'D

River sits at a pew behind Bradshaw, who is kneeling before a statue of Christ.

BRADSHAW
How'd it happen? Frank?

RIVER
Suicide.

BRADSHAW
No way.

River pulls the chip from his pocket and tosses it to Bradshaw.

RIVER
Found this in his skull.

BRADSHAW
It's Iranian. The UN banned these from military use. It's a TIME BOMB chip. Ya' plant one of these in some poor bastards head...when it ticks...he kills himself...he snaps. Causes the synapses in the brain to wig out...creating some serious depression.

RIVER
You mean-

Bradshaw looks back at River...

BRADSHAW
-he was murdered.

RIVER
How would an Iranian get this into his brain?

BRADSHAW
There must be some kind of mole over at Nine Eye. The only other option is...insertion at birth.

(CONTINUED)

RIVER

That's over 40 years ago. How would they know?

BRADSHAW

They wouldn't. Population control, kid.

RIVER

By the Iranians?

BRADSHAW

Everything you see, is manufactured. Everything you do is planned out. You see this?

He points to the statue.

BRADSHAW

Jesus was a real guy...the church fabricated everything about him. The hit on Kennedy, that was a diversion for a far larger event that never hit the headlines. That's when I was sent to the cell where you found me.

RIVER

Why?

BRADSHAW

Because that was their order.

RIVER

I don't understand.

BRADSHAW

There are forces larger than any government at work in this world. One, unified group of men who decide when to let the shit hit the fan. The police, the judges, lawyers, all the assholes with suits...their all pawns.

RIVER

What about us...I mean...if what your saying is true...we have chips.

BRADSHAW

That's right, but the clock hasn't struck for us yet. We still have time.

(CONTINUED)

RIVER
Time for what?

BRADSHAW
To stop this tyranny. To REGULATE.

RIVER
Project 2012...what is it?

BRADSHAW
It's myth, or at least that's what they taught us. Where'd you hear about it?

RIVER
A machine.

BRADSHAW
In 1960, the powers that be handed over all of their decision making to a glorified chess machine named HAL. HAL is programmed to end it all if things get to the point where it can no longer control the decisions men make. You see, the founding families have all died out, but before they could they had NINE EYE make HAL for them.

RIVER
So why kill Frank?

BRADSHAW
Frank never wanted this to happen. He never wanted this to end the way it's supposed to. He wanted to HELP the world. Not DESTROY it. HAL killed him off.

RIVER
You said when things get out of control...like...war?

BRADSHAW
Like freedom. The point at which the governments of our world act on their own without HAL's consent. When all the nations take sides.

RIVER
Global conflict.

(CONTINUED)

BRADSHAW

When the fight over holy land and crude oil becomes greater than the fight for human life.

RIVER

What about JUSTICE? Doesn't this machine account for that?

BRADSHAW

Justice?

Bradshaw smirks, and chuckles a bit...

BRADSHAW

This longing to do right for the greater good is a false hope. Justice is a plan. This world that you seek, this peace you think we can achieve. It's not impossible, but it's not likely...we haven't planned for that. We have planned for failure. Even our own greed can't outdo the power of HAL.

RIVER

All men are selfish.

BRADSHAW

I hope to God that you're wrong.

RIVER

How long has it been since you've seen the news?

BRADSHAW

Years.

INT. BLAKE'S BAR-LATER

River and Buzz enter the bar. Blake stares at Buzz, in fear.

BLAKE

Who's ya friend?

RIVER

Turn on the news.

Blake walks from behind the counter over to the TV, he flips the news on. A scene of violence in Russia.

Bradshaw moves closer to the screen, staring intently into it.

(CONTINUED)

RIVER

What do ya' think, Buzz?

BRADSHAW

This is bad, kid. Real bad.

BLAKE

What the hell's going on here,
River?

RIVER

Easy Blake, just remember who your
friends are. Who's always been
there for you.

BLAKE

You suggesting I'd snitch you out?

RIVER

I'm suggesting you might not have a
choice.

Bradshaw turns to River.

BRADSHAW

You got a place?

RIVER

I don't know how safe it is.

An explosion shakes the entire bar.

BLAKE

What the fuck was that?

The power goes out. Bradshaw turns to Blake.

BRADSHAW

You got any weapons?

BLAKE

I got a 12 gauge in the back,
pistol under the bar.

BRADSHAW

Get me the shotgun.

RIVER

What's going on Buzz?

BRADSHAW

I know that sound. That's the sound
of a CRUISE MISSILE tearing through

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRADSHAW (cont'd)
the side of a building. That's the
sound of violence. That's the sound
of war.

Blake runs to the back. River steps over to a window and
peeks outside. Fire engulfs the street, women and men run
screaming.

Jets fly overhead. Explosions erupt in the distance.

Blake runs back into the room. He tosses the shotgun to Buzz
and grabs the pistol from underneath the counter.

Bradshaw and River head for the outside. Blake stands at the
counter.

RIVER
Come on Blake, we could use help.

BLAKE
Cant, kid. I cant leave this place.
Laura would be ashamed. I go down
with this bar.

River nods.

EXT. STREET-SAME NIGHT

River and Buzz ride on his bike down a busy street full of
down power lines, rubble, and bloody bodies.

RIVER(V.O.)
So it seems the curtain has been
lifted. The Wizard behind this
whole thing is a machine. A fucking
machine. We've turned our backs on
ourselves-

He hops onto a sidewalk to pass pedestrians and police
officers...

RIVER(V.O.) CONT'D
-and trusted machinery to get it
right. Maybe this is what we
deserve.

INT.RIVERS APARTMENT-SAME NIGHT

River leads Bradshaw into his dark apartment. The power is out.

RIVER
How are we doing this?

BRADSHAW
I haven't figured that out yet.

RIVER
Do you even know where this machine is?

BRADSHAW
Nine Eye, kid. Where else would it be?

RIVER
Seemed too easy.

BRADSHAW
That's the point.

RIVER
What do you want with your life?

BRADSHAW
To live on the beach. Where it's hot. Watch the waves everyday. Even in this world, nature still amazes me.

RIVER
Didn't take you for the sentimental type.

BRADSHAW
I didn't take you to be such a hardass.

RIVER
How much longer you think we have?

BRADSHAW
I don't know why it hasn't knocked you out of the game yet. Maybe it respects you. Me, I think it just wants me to suffer-

Bradshaw grabs at his head. A piercing sting rings through it. He shakes his head as if to knock it out.

(CONTINUED)

RIVER
What's wrong?

Buzz falls to his knees, screaming in agony.

BRADSHAW
It's...starting.

River watches Buzz fall to the ground, face first. Blood begins to pour out of his mouth. River kneels to his side, holding his head.

RIVER
Hold on Buzz, your stronger then this. Don't leave me here to save the world. Don't leave me with this!

BRADSHAW
Be...STRONG! Trust...your heart. Not...your m-mind.

He pulls a JOURNAL out of his pocket.

He dies.

RIVER(V.O.)
It's starting. The end. I don't have much time.

He closes Buzz's cold eyes. Grabs the journal.

RIVER(V.O.)
You poor bastard. You knew this was coming, didn't you? You just didn't care. The world's burning tonight, and you figure your gonna' die anyway.

River stands. Saddened.

RIVER(V.O.)
So this is it-

We....

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

River rides his bike down a chaotic street. Jets fly overhead, women and children stand crying in the streets, bloody. War has come to America.

National Guardsmen carry children out of burning buildings. A missile blows half a building off.

RIVER(V.O.) CONT'D
 -this is what we are left with.
 This world turned it's back on us-

EXT. FINNEGAN'S HOME-SAME NIGHT

River pulls up to the lawn. The lights are off. The house stands alone in a tattered neighborhood, unscathed.

He walks up to the door. It is open.

INT. FINNEGAN'S HOME-CONT'D

He steps into the empty living room. The house is abandoned, they have already left.

A note lies on a couch. River walks over to it, and reads it.

RIVER(V.O.) CONT'D
 -and left us to wither.

The note reads...

FRAN(V.O.)
 River. I hope you are here to read this. I don't know how you knew, but you did. You knew this was all coming. You knew it was only a matter of time. When I said I love you...I meant it. Finnegan will miss you. Please...don't contact us...it's easier on him and I. Just know we are safe, and be happy with that. Fran.

River crumples the paper and tosses it across the room.

RIVER(V.O.)
 I still wish you meant it.

EXT.GRAVEYARD

The lonely tombstone of River's mother. It almost smiles at him as he stands over it with a rose in his hand. A jet flies overhead. Explosions heard all around. He is at peace here.

RIVER
I love you mom.

He drops the rose onto the grave.

RIVER
I don't know what to do. I don't know if it's worth it. We created this mess...who am I to try and clean it up?

He touches his fingers against the cold stone...

RIVER
If there is still good in this world, then maybe I'll wake up...this will all just be a dream.

He turns to leave...

RIVER
I won't get my hopes up.

River walks away from the grave.

EXT.NINE EYE-SAME NIGHT

The roar of River's bike rips through the sound of mayhem that fills the cold night air. He rides up to the front of the Nine Eye building.

People run from it's doors, crying...screaming. He hops off his bike and walks against the crowd.

RIVER(V.O.)
The crowded path leading to Nine Eye sent shivers through my spine. Going against the grain.

He pushes through thick human traffic.

INT.WALKER'S OFFICE-CONT'D

Dick Walker sits at his desk facing the window. He watches a war torn city become engulfed by flames as he sips a bottle of JACK.

The door busts open. River enters.

RIVER

Walker.

He swings around in his chair to face River.

RIVER

We can stop this.

WALKER

You've gone a long way, River. I congratulate you on that. You even managed to learn the highly guarded secrets of this world. I never expected that out of you.

RIVER

Get a hold of yourself. We can stop this.

WALKER

No...we can't.

RIVER

Just tell me where HAL is.

Walker begins to laugh.

WALKER

You want to know where HAL is?

He chuckles some more.

RIVER

Stop your fucking laughing. People are dieing!

WALKER

That is how it's supposed to happen. People live...people die. We have created a society that thrives on hate and injustice. Why should we let that go on?

He swigs from the bottle...

(CONTINUED)

RIVER
We have to give the world a chance!

WALKER
A chance. Chances are few and far
between, kid.

RIVER
WHERE IS HAL?

WALKER
Your looking at him.

River stands, stunned.

RIVER
What?

WALKER
HAL...HUMAN-ANDROID-LIFE FORM.

RIVER
It's you?

WALKER
The drink is a real nice touch huh?

He tosses the bottle against a wall, it shatters into a
thousand little pieces.

RIVER
All these years...it's been you?

WALKER
Impossible in thought...incredible
in execution.

RIVER
How much longer do we have?

WALKER
In fifteen minutes, I pull the
plug...and the world dies.

RIVER
Did Frank know it was you?

WALKER
Frank was just a figurehead. He was
nothing to this company.

(CONTINUED)

RIVER

I have to stop you.

WALKER

Then do it. I won't stand in your way. But let me ask you, do you think it's worth it-

River watches...

WALKER

-do you think you deserve this world? I am a means to an end, River. Everything you do is done in a controlled environment. You are living in a bubble. One day your son walks to school. On that same day, an emotionally scarred young man also enters the same school. He is bearing a gun. This is not coincidence...this is not fate...this is just what is happening because I have decided it is best for the world.

RIVER

That's insane.

WALKER

That is how it works. Destroy me, and watch your world crumble at the ignorance of men.

RIVER

Or let you end it now? What happens to you?

WALKER

I simply, shutdown.

RIVER

We can change this...we can make this work!

WALKER

Human's will not lead this world into a successful existence. It just will not happen. You are not capable of keeping balance.

RIVER

That's what your programmed to say.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER
Programmed?

He laughs...

WALKER
I was programmed with simple
commands. I am self-aware. I am as
human as you. I am...the regulator.

River grips his pistol in his hand, removing it from his
pocket. The light reflects off it.

RIVER
One shot.

WALKER
That's all it will take. You hold
the cradle of life in your hands.

RIVER
One...shot.

He rises the pistol up aiming it at Walker. He drops the
pistol onto the ground and pulls the JOURNAL from his coat
pocket...

RIVER
I got this from a good friend. Read
it cover to cover tonight.

He smirks...

RIVER CONT'D
"When the fight over oil...holy
land...and forgotten promises boils
to a point. They will end this
life, and there will never be a
next-

He walks up to the desk, and places the book onto it.

RIVER
"- because that's how it was
planned all along."

He backs away from the desk, and out of the office.

EXT. ROOFTOP-NINE EYE

River stands overlooking what is left of the city he loved so much.

RIVER(V.O.)

This world has shown me it's capacity to love. It didn't overthrow it's capacity to hate. From the start...it gave up on itself. We kill our brothers over the price of gasoline. We kill our countrymen over Religion. We love...only to feed our egos...only to hope for love in return.

He sits down, his legs hanging over the edge. The BLUE moon shines over him. Jets fly overhead.

RIVER(V.O.)

I'm not a good guy. There are no more good men in this world. They all have agendas. Tonight...I kill my son...my friends...and myself-

He bows his head...

RIVER(V.O.) CONT'D

-tonight I am a murderer. This world doesn't deserve my sympathy. So tonight-

He looks out over the burning city...

RIVER(V.O.) CONT'D

-I watch it burn.

We pan back from him, looking over his shoulder onto the war zone. As we continue to pan back the violence grows closer to his position.

With a silent gasp...and a scream...we...

FADE TO BLACK

THE END