

FRACTURE

By

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FADE IN:

INT. MAINTENANCE TUNNEL - NIGHT

Dismembered DRONE parts lie across a concave pipeline. Dim lights stretch across piped walls.

A drone grips a combat boot and BUZZES. CRUNCH. The boot crushes its head.

BROCK EVANS (30, bald, menacing, scarred, with a rawhide trench coat and pointed goatee) stands above the chaos with an ANNIHILATOR (futuristic assault rifle) in hand.

BROCK
(to drones)
Stay.

Brock takes a knee, rips open a drone's hatch, tears out the motherboard and hard drive.

Heavy footfalls pound water in the distance, grow closer.

Brock pockets the motherboard and HDD.

HANSEN (O.S.)
Brock!

Brock smirks, stands.

BROCK
I was wondering when you'd show.

JACOB HANSEN (34, clean-shaven, UFA [SWAT] garb, tactical gear) points his handgun at Brock.

HANSEN
Put the gun on the ground.

Brock shoots at Hansen. Hansen ducks behind a pile of bodies to avoid. Brock shoots a grate.

Hansen emerges from cover, pulls the trigger --

-- Brock dives into a ventilation shaft.

HANSEN
Shit!

VENTILATION SYSTEM

Brock sets hockey-puck devices on the shaft walls as he slides. He pulls up the annihilator.

MAINTENANCE TUNNEL

Hansen sticks his finger to his ear.

HANSEN

Evans' is in the vents on level
three, move in!

VENTILATION SYSTEM

Brock uses his feet to slow his momentum. He pulls the trigger -- BOOM, CLANG --

EXT. NEW YORK, LEVEL 3 VENTILATION SYSTEM - NIGHT

A technical masterpiece of sky-roads with cars that attach via electrical barbs (like bumper cars) all contained within a cylindrical structure.

Brock backs into a wall, shimmies across a narrow precipice. He consults his watch.

INT. MONORAIL TUNNEL, LEVEL 2 - NIGHT

A TRAIN hovers along the tracks at breakneck speed.

INT. BOXCAR, MOVING - NIGHT

PASSENGERS read i-Pad 10s and STRAP HANG. A BOY (5) draws an image on a frosted window.

EXT. NEW YORK, LEVEL 3 VENTILATION SYSTEM - NIGHT

Brock taps a button on his annihilator. The gun transforms into a hand-cannon. He turns another dial to "grav-claw".

INT. MAINTENANCE TUNNEL - NIGHT

Hansen bursts through a fire escape door.

INT. MAINTENANCE TUNNEL, STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Hansen tactically moves down the steps at speed. He barges through another door.

EXT. NEW YORK, SKY-ROAD LEVEL 3 - NIGHT

A grapple claw latches onto a girder as cars zoom to-and-fro all over the shot.

EXT. NEW YORK, LEVEL 3 HATCH - NIGHT

Hansen lifts a hatch door, takes aim at Brock just across the way, fires --

EXT. NEW YORK, LEVEL 3 VENTILATION SYSTEM - NIGHT

Bullets riddle the wall inches from Brock's head. He grins, salutes and leaps --

EXT. NEW YORK - NIGHT

Brock free falls. His gun's grapple line tightens. He swings into the air --

EXT. NEW YORK, SKY-ROAD LEVEL 3 - NIGHT

Brock lands on a futuristic SUV. He looks back at the DRIVER (30s) and her KID (6).

Brock leaps off the hood.

KID
Wicked cool!

EXT. NEW YORK, LEVEL 3 MONORAIL TRACKS - NIGHT

The train glides along the tracks.

EXT. NEW YORK - NIGHT

Brock twists in the air, shoots his gun --
-- A grapple hook latches onto a beam.

EXT. NEW YORK, LEVEL 3 MONORAIL TRACKS - NIGHT

A boxcar's doors open. Brock swings in. The doors seal.

INT. BOXCAR, MOVING - NIGHT

Passengers look on in shock. STRAP-HANGERS glare.
Brock stuffs his gun away, rights his trench coat and nods.

BROCK
Missed the platform by a minute.
(laughs)
Can you believe that?

EXT. NEW YORK, LEVEL 3 HATCH - NIGHT

Hansen climbs over the battlements, looks down --
-- The train glides into a tunnel below.

INT. BOXCAR, MOVING - NIGHT

Brock grabs a strap, relaxes. BANG above. He looks up, sighs
and removes his gun.

INT. MONORAIL TUNNEL, LEVEL 3 - NIGHT

Hansen clings onto the train, twists a dial on his gun and
aims at the roof.

INT. BOXCAR, MOVING - NIGHT

Brock twists a BUSINESSMAN (50s) into a human shield and
takes aim with his gun.

Hansen drops down through a "portal" in the roof, whips out
his handgun and steadies his aim.

BROCK
You never know when to quit, do ya?

HANSEN
It's over. There's nowhere left for
you to hide.

Brock smirks.

BROCK
That's where you're wrong, *Agent*.

INT. MONORAIL TUNNEL, LEVEL 3 - NIGHT

The train SQUEALS as energy ceases, it stops...

INT. BOXCAR - NIGHT

Lights go out one-by-one through the boxcar and plunge it into darkness.

Brock shoves the businessman into Hansen, knocks them down and makes his exit through a window.

Hansen sets the businessman aside, sticks a finger to his ear and heads for the window.

HANSEN
Monorail tunnel, quadrant six on
level three, where's my backup?!

INT. MONORAIL TUNNEL, QUADRANT SIX - NIGHT

Strips of light on the tunnel ceiling flicker constantly.

Hansen cautiously progresses with his gun aimed and finger on the trigger. He pivots left, then right...steps on.

Brock kicks the gun from Hansen's hand, lands a punch to the jaw, knocks Hansen silly.

Hansen tackles Brock into a wall.

Brock elbows him in the back, knees him in the gut, rams him into the wall head first, breaks free.

Brock takes aim. Hansen knocks the gun from his hand, lands a wicked right hook.

Hansen ducks a punch, rolls through to his gun, lifts, aims and shoots --

-- Brock dives into the shadows.

HANSEN
Can't say I saw that coming.

BROCK (O.S.)
(close)
I'm full of surprises.

Hansen turns, focuses.

BROCK (O.S.)
And you said there was nowhere to
hide. You're blind.

Hansen revolves, squints in concentration.

BROCK (O.S.)
It's staring you in the face.

HANSEN
The only thing staring at me are
the shadows that conceal you.

Brock (O.S.) chuckles.

HANSEN
The lights will come on eventually.

A pole CLANGS against the ground.

Hansen trains his aim, moves toward the noise. He stops,
checks his surroundings.

HANSEN
Where are you?

BROCK (O.S.)
Behind you.

Hansen turns. Brock traps his arm, punches him in the nose
and sweeps his legs out. Hansen hits the deck.

Brock shoots Hansen in the heart. Blood spurts out. Hansen
YELLS in agony.

Brock steps back in abject confusion.

Hansen grips his chest, chokes on his own blood.

BROCK
You're *human*...

Brock lowers his gun, turns his head slightly.

BROCK
 ...you can't be human...

Hansen gargles, convulses.

BROCK
 ...this is wrong.

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP...

Brock consults his watch, offers Hansen a sympathetic look, and disappears in an instant.

INT. ARCADE - NIGHT

Old arcade machines sit firmly against the walls covered in sheets. A table in the center. A computer against a wall.

Brock appears, sets his gun down on the table and makes his way to the computer.

BROCK
 Roxy, bring up Quadrant Six, now.

NOTE - Roxy's voice is slightly computerized.

ROXY (O.S.)
 (via computer)
 Processing data request.

Brock turns his attention to the table --

-- A holographic projection spits out, offers a camera view of the monorail tunnel. Hansen lies on the ground.

Brock shakes his head, rubs his brow.

BROCK
 This is impossible. He can't be...

The projection brings up BIOLOGICAL READINGS:

Heartbeat slow and methodical. Bio levels fading. Brain activity decreasing.

Brock throws something at a wall, runs his hands over his head in frustration.

BROCK
 ...dammit!!

ROXY (O.S.)
His vital signs are decreasing. He
won't survive much longer.

Brock sighs, bows his head.

BROCK
(angry)
That son of a bitch...he did it.

ROXY (O.S.)
He's gone.

EXT. NEW YORK, LEVEL 1 - NIGHT

Dilapidated iron shacks line steamy narrow streets.

Tactical SOLDIERS move in on the ARCADE led by --

CAPTAIN VIKTOR (40s, gruff, eye patch and scar down his
face), signals them to breach.

A Soldier sets a charge on the arcade door.

INT. ARCADE - NIGHT

Brock stares at the projection --

-- The soldiers wait outside. One sets a charge.

ROXY (O.S.)
Brock...

BROCK
Lock down all systems, execute
order 494, complete wipe.

Brock presses a button on his handgun -- it transforms into
the annihilator.

ROXY (O.S.)
Goodbye Brock.

BROCK
Sleep tight, Roxy.

The projection fades. The computer screens flicker, data
scrolls away, all systems shutdown.

Brock takes aim at the door, cocks the gun, scowls.

BOOM -- the door flies off the hinges -- soldiers move in through smoke, open fire.

Brock shoots one through a wall.

Arcade machines CHIME their 20th century themes. Coins drop into trays.

Viktor moves in as gunfire rains down all around the place.

Brock takes cover, pops out, takes two down, sinks back as his gun resynchronizes...

INT. MONORAIL TUNNEL, QUADRANT SIX - NIGHT

Hansen's body lies motionless. A grid sweeps his body. His feet transform, a current rides up his legs, changes him.

INT. ARCADE - NIGHT

Brock slides over the table, nails a soldier with a hook, uses another for a human shield.

Bullets riddle the soldier. Brock discards him, opens fire, spins into cover behind a column, waits.

INT. MONORAIL TUNNEL, QUADRANT SIX - NIGHT

Hansen's face slowly changes into another MAN...

DRONES (with red eyes) move in on the body. Two lift it, others stand watch.

INT. ARCADE - NIGHT

Brock tips an arcade unit over as soldiers move in.

Viktor blind-fires from behind an arcade cabinet. He signals to his men to "execute".

Soldiers move into position.

TURRETS descend from holes in the ceiling, lock onto targets and spray around the room.

Soldiers fall left/right/center.

Brock dives out, shoots a soldier in the balls, he goes down and Brock finds cover.

Viktor advances behind a column, twists the dial on his gun to "incinerate". He shoots --

-- Brock smacks a button on a wall, provides himself cover fire as the wall slides open.

Viktor blasts a turret into oblivion, moves out, five soldiers remain, they move in.

INT. ARCADE, GARAGE - NIGHT

Strips of light on the walls flicker to life to unveil a tarp covered UPV (Urban Pacification Vehicle).

Brock whips off the tarp, smirks.

EXT. NEW YORK, LEVEL 1, ARCADE - NIGHT

More soldiers rappel down onto the ground from LEVITATORS (helicopters without rotors) and flood inside.

An engine ROARS to life (O.S.).

BOOM -- a wall explodes, rubble rains down all around and a plethora of HEADLIGHTS beam out of the dust.

A tank emerges from the destruction. Its turret locks onto a Levitator, fires --

-- BANG, the Levitator explodes into glorious flames.

INT. TANK, MOVING - NIGHT

Brock pilots the iron juggernaut with a race-car steering wheel that boasts a dozen triggers.

EXT. NEW YORK, LEVEL 1, ARCADE - NIGHT

The tank surges past the arcade, locks on, BOOM --

INT. ARCADE - NIGHT

A rocket soars through the doors and connects with one of the columns, BOOM --

Viktor dives into the garage as the place crumbles.

A soldier looks up, SCREAMS, a chunk of ceiling falls, SPLAT he goes.

EXT. NEW YORK, LEVEL 1 - NIGHT

The tank mows down structures and scaffolds en route to the battlements just yonder.

INT. TANK, MOVING - NIGHT

Brock flips a switch, presses a button...

EXT. NEW YORK, LEVEL 1 - NIGHT

The tank's turret transforms, a hook spits out of the barrel and glides through the air --

-- latches onto a nearby girder.

Propel systems activate, the tank levitates and glides over the battlements.

EXT. NEW YORK, SKY-ROAD LEVEL 1 - NIGHT

Sections under construction. WORKER DRONES (hover drones) build portions of the road piece-by-piece.

The tank crashes onto the upside of a road, levitators give chase high above.

A rocket launches from the tank, connects with its target.

EXT. NEW YORK, LEVEL 1, ARCADE - NIGHT

Viktor steps out of the hole in the wall, grabs a rappel line and soars upward.

INT. LEVITATOR, MOVING - NIGHT

Viktor steps inside, a DRONE PILOT operates the stick.

VIKTOR
Get us in close.

The pilot BUZZES.

Viktor lifts an RPG from its holder on the wall, grips a rail and leans out.

EXT. NEW YORK, SKY-ROAD LEVEL 1 - NIGHT

Columns and portions of the sky-road collapse.

Soldiers lean out of levitators and take aim at the tank.
They unload on it.

Bullets bounce off the tank's shell.

INT. TANK, MOVING - NIGHT

Brock presses another switch. Affords his gaze to a monitor.

EXT. NEW YORK, SKY-ROAD LEVEL 1 - NIGHT

The tank's exhaust spits spike-strips --

-- levitators keep their speed. A spike strip nails one of them. A soldier leaps out, cries a death SCREAM.

Worker drones' eye-stalks turn red. They BUZZ, abandon their work and give chase.

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP...

INT. TANK, MOVING - NIGHT

Brock studies a monitor -- SIXTY INCOMING RED DOTS.

BROCK
The more the merrier.

Brock types on a console, brings up data, hits "enter".

EXT. NEW YORK, SKY-ROAD LEVEL 1 - NIGHT

Flares spit out of small slots on the side of the tank.

Drones spiral out of control. Flares hit their targets. Take out at least twenty. Explosions aplenty.

Levitators soar through the chaos.

Viktor leans out of one, steadies his RPG and concentrates.
He fires --

-- a rocket glides through the air, hits the back of the tank and demolishes a portion of the road in the process.

INT. TANK, MOVING - NIGHT

Brock looks back, his rear exposed, flames CRACKLE, he steps on the gas.

INT. LEVITATOR, MOVING - NIGHT

Viktor loads another rocket, leans out.

INT. TANK, MOVING - NIGHT

Brock hits a button, grabs the annihilator and blasts open the driver's door. He leaps out.

EXT. NEW YORK, SKY-ROAD LEVEL 1 - NIGHT

The tank CRASHES into a beam.

Brock free falls. Annihilator transforms into a handgun. He pulls the trigger --

-- a grapple hook latches onto a beam. He swings.

Worker drones descend rapidly, shoot cutting lasers.

Brock free falls, turns in the air and shoots several of the incoming drones.

EXT. NEW YORK - NIGHT

Brock shoots two drones, increases his speed in free fall and takes aim --

-- a blast EXPLODES through the hull of the cylinder.

Brock soars through it. Drones crash into walls around it, fire balls rain down as they blow up.

EXT. SMOG CLOUDS - NIGHT

Brock descends at wicked pace. He fits on a gas mask, twists the dial on his gun.

The gun transforms into a backpack. He shrugs it on, clips it into place, pulls a cord.

EXT. NEW YORK WASTELAND - NIGHT

A post-apocalyptic hell hole. A desolate ruin beneath the smog clouds, like a nuclear bomb went off.

Brock parachutes down onto the remains of the CHRYSLER BUILDING, a shadow of its former self.

EXT. NEW YORK WASTELAND, CHRYSLER BUILDING - NIGHT

Brock takes off his backpack, taps a button, and it transforms into a handgun.

He takes note of his situation, looks up --

-- an egg-like steel structure (larger bottom) hovers above, barely visible through smog.

Brock gazes across the wasteland...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:**INT. APARTMENT 205, BEDROOM - DAY**

Steel shutters descend into a slot, synthetic sunlight breathes life onto --

Hansen, sound asleep beneath the covers. He scratches his neck, YAWNS and opens his eyes --

HANSEN

Holy sh-

Hansen falls out of bed, THUD. He pulls up, scowls...

HANSEN

Dammit Trix.

TRIXIE (25, a pearl, beautiful, curvy and stunning) stands statuesque on the opposite side of the bed.

HANSEN

How many times I gotta tell you?
It's just creepy.

Hansen stands up, flips a switch on the wall. The bed auto makes itself.

HANSEN

Have you been standing there the whole night?

TRIXIE

I was watching you sleep.

HANSEN

Don't you ever *sleep*?

TRIXIE

I am incapable of hibernation. I am always on.

HANSEN

That's the *creepy* part.

Hansen opens his wardrobe, pulls out UFA gear.

HANSEN

You know, when you said you wanted to *be my partner* I thought you meant as in *on the field* not this.

Hansen fits on his pants, buckles his belt.

HANSEN

I could use a little *me* time, y-

He turns, she's right in his face. He blinks a few times.

HANSEN

Personal space, Trix.

She looks down, a hair's breadth between them, steps back.

HANSEN

Appreciate it.

NOTE - *Callie's voice is computerized.*

CALLIE (O.S.)

Agent Hansen, you have a call from Commissioner Harold Irons. Should I patch him through?

HANSEN

Can it wait?

A moment of silence.

CALLIE (O.S.)

No.

INT. APARTMENT 205, LOUNGE - DAY

Steel walls envelop a fine furnished room with a single couch before a 20th century fireplace.

Hansen walks to a wall, steps on an oval plate. The wall opens, computers emerge. A stool rises from the ground.

HANSEN

Patch him through, Callie.

CALLIE (O.S.)

Doing it now.

Trixie stands close to Hansen.

A projection spits out of the central monitor. Slowly, the whole room transforms --

INT. UFA BUREAU, OFFICE - DAY

An oak desk with a plaque that reads "HAROLD IRONS: UFA COMMISSIONER" dominates the room.

Hansen and Trixie appear as holograms.

IRONS (O.S.)

Agent.

HANSEN

You called?

A chair spins around -- HAROLD IRONS (51, mustached, groomed and fierce in looks) puffs on a cigar behind the desk.

IRONS

I have news regarding Brock Evans.

HANSEN

You've found him?

IRONS

He's dead.

Hansen's taken back by this.

IRONS
We acquired his body this morning.
It's at the morgue.

HANSEN
Are you sure it's not a decoy?

IRONS
It's him.

Hansen rubs his brow, sighs.

HANSEN
How?

Irons takes a puff of his cigar.

HANSEN
When?

IRONS
A small splinter group tracked him
to an old arcade on level one. He
initiated combat and they reacted.
He took a bullet through the heart,
Viktor himself confirms it.

HANSEN
I wanna see the body.

EXT. NEW YORK, SKY-ROAD LEVEL 4 - DAY

Congestion backs up for miles in multiple directions. Horns
HONK and drivers hurl OBSCENITIES through the air.

Hansen's UFA squad car takes up a slot on the shoulder.

INT. HANSEN'S CAR - DAY

Hansen drives. Trixie rides shotgun, stares at him. He
double-takes at her.

HANSEN
You're doing it again.

Trixie looks away.

HANSEN
Staring makes people awkward, Trix.
You need to learn how to blend in.

TRIXIE
I do not comply.

HANSEN
Try to act more *human*. Get it?

Trixie looks at him with unblinking eyes.

TRIXIE
How?

HANSEN
Well, you chill, like so.

Hansen relaxes, releases a sigh.

HANSEN
See?

Trixie sinks back in the chair, releases an AH.

HANSEN
You're not at the dentist, Trix.
Less sound, more *exhale*.

Hansen relaxes, sighs, gestures "see". Trixie just glares.

HANSEN
Maybe another time. I'll take you
to a bar, get a round in-

TRIXIE
I cannot drink.

HANSEN
-for me...and I'll buy you a half
gallon of oil.

EXT. NEW YORK, SKY-ROAD LEVEL 4 - DAY

Vehicles move. A train hurtles along the monorail tracks just below.

INT. HANSEN'S CAR, MOVING - DAY

Hansen steps on the gas. Trixie looks out of the window with a curious expression.

TRIXIE
Am I *alive*?

Hansen looks over.

HANSEN
Why do you ask that?

TRIXIE
On our previous assignment, Cletus referred to me as a *tin can void of a soul*.

HANSEN
Cletus is an asshole.

Trixie squints.

TRIXIE
How is he-

HANSEN
Old Surface saying, Trix. Basically means the guy's an obnoxious jerk.

TRIXIE
He was -- joshing with me?

Hansen flashes a smile.

HANSEN
Where'd you learn that?

TRIXIE
In one of the books you keep at the apartment. I like to read.

HANSEN
Never knew you read books.

TRIXIE
I sometimes find myself browsing select material for information to feed my data core. It is productive for my programming to learn.

HANSEN
Trixie...?

TRIXIE
Oh. Am I speaking that way again?

HANSEN
Yep.

EXT. NEW YORK, SKY-ROAD INTERSECTION - DAY

Green lights on two lanes, one lane sits in traffic.

Hansen's car zooms by, takes a detour to a higher section of the road.

HANSEN (V.O.)

The thing about being human is even humans sometimes forget how to act like one.

INT. HANSEN'S CAR, MOVING - DAY

Trixie pays close attention.

HANSEN

Before the Fall, humanity was at constant war with itself.

(beat)

Dictators created regimes in a bid to takeover the planet with their own ideals as law. Some took a stand against them, fought back, and eventually found freedom.

EXT. NEW YORK, SKY-ROAD LEVEL 5 - DAY

Less congestion, more ZOOM. Hansen's car glides along.

Below, a road shifts course, connects with another section.

HANSEN (V.O.)

The difference between humans and androids is slim.

INT. HANSEN'S CAR, MOVING - DAY

Hansen looks over at Trixie.

HANSEN

You're not much different from us. You have programming. You're under control. But you're also free to make your own choices. What you do with your time is what counts.

Hansen points to the back of his head.

HANSEN

That chip in the back of your
noggin is the only thing that makes
you different from me.

Trixie's lip slightly curls.

HANSEN

Don't ever let anyone tell you any
different, alright?

EXT. NEW YORK, LEVEL 5 - NIGHT

An absolute masterpiece with a RICH vibe. Towering scrapers
and hotels. Expensive restaurants and malls.

INT. LEVEL 5, PARKING BAY - NIGHT

A SPORTS CAR backs toward a slot -- Hansen's car reaches it
first, the engine shuts off.

Hansen and Trixie make their way across a platform as the
sports car window rolls down.

SPORTS CAR DRIVER (30, well groomed and smug) pokes his head
out and scowls.

SPORTS CAR DRIVER

Hey asshole, that's my spot!

Hansen flashes his badge.

HANSEN

UFA, pal. Official state business.

SPORTS CAR DRIVER

Just 'cause you're flashing that
badge don't mean you got your own
jurisdiction. I saw it first.

Hansen lowers his badge, walks over.

HANSEN

This is a nice car. It'd be a shame
to see a thing of beauty like this
impounded.

Hansen claps the roof of the car, leaves a hand-print.

HANSEN
 How about you find another one?
 Save us all a bucket load of time.

SPORTS CAR DRIVER
 You're an asshole.

TRIXIE
 Obnoxious jerk.

Sports Car Driver scowls in anger.

HANSEN
 Like my partner said, you're an
 obnoxious jerk, so go find another
 spot before I tow your car for
 being a Class A douche-bag.

Hansen smiles, rejoins Trixie.

HANSEN
 Nice one, Trix.

They head off.

SPORTS CAR DRIVER
 ASS! HOLE!

EXT. LEVEL 5, MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Escalators lead off to multiple areas, restaurants on the
 right, hotels up, mall on the left.

Hansen and Trixie pass through detectors.

TRIXIE (V.O.)
 Why was he so angry? You merely
 acquired the position before him.

EXT. LEVEL 5, MORGUE - DAY

An old establishment with the name "VALE MORTUARY" in an
 arched sign over the doorway.

Hansen and Trixie advance.

HANSEN
 Men are like lions. The alpha male
 always seeks to impress the lioness
 by bringing the best tribute back
 to her den. If another male lion
 (MORE)

HANSEN (cont'd)
gets there first, well, the alpha
gets a little pissed about it.

TRIXIE
What's a *lion*?

HANSEN
Have you ever seen a movie?

TRIXIE
Negative.

HANSEN
I'll dig out the Lion King. And you
did it again.

TRIXIE
Did *what*?

HANSEN
Negative, Affirmative. It's no and
yes. Got it?

TRIXIE
Affirm -- yes.

Hansen presses a doorbell. BUZZ.

HANSEN
This guy's a little creepy, kinda
looks like Doctor Frankenstein, try
not to stare at his blemish.

The door opens -- MORTY (60, haggard and wrinkled, with a
big mole on his nose) greets Hansen with a slight nod.

HANSEN
How you doing Morty?

MORTY
Rather well, thank y-

Morty locks onto Trixie, who stares at the giant mole.

MORTY
Are you staring at my-

TRIXIE
You have nice eyes.

Morty beams with delight.

MORTY

Why thank you. Come in, come in.

Morty walks inside.

TRIXIE

(whispering to Hansen)

It is gigantic.

HANSEN

(whispering)

Trixie, don't talk about it.

TRIXIE

But it is distracting.

HANSEN

I know, it's huge, creeps me out.

MORTY (O.S.)

(inside)

Are you coming, Agent Hansen?

HANSEN

YEAH!

(whispering to Trixie)

Don't stare at it. Don't mention it even, alright?

INT. MORTUARY, HALLWAY - DAY

Glum and gloomy with drab walls. Various open doors offer coffins on display with bodies inside.

Morty leads Hansen and Trixie down the never-ending hall.

MORTY

I must admit my personal surprise when the package arrived. Never did I imagine seeing him so stagnant.

HANSEN

Are you sure it's him?

MORTY

Doubting your superiors, Agent?

HANSEN

I'm just skeptical. I've been onto this guy for five years, each time I get close he slips away. I just find it strange is all.

MORTY
Perhaps you're not the agent you
believed you were.

Hansen grits his teeth.

Morty slides a card down a keypad slot, taps in a 4-digit code and pockets the card.

Trixie looks in on a FAMILY mourning their LOST RELATIVE.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Cold air drifts across the room. In the center, a body underneath a white sheet on a gurney.

Hansen and Trixie stop as Morty lifts the sheet to reveal --

-- BROCK EVANS, as cold as ice with a bullet hole in his chest and glazed over white eyes.

Hansen removes a device from his pocket, slides his finger down the screen and approaches.

MORTY
I've run every test.

HANSEN
Not every test.

Hansen holds the device over the body --

-- a holographic scanner courses up and down the body, a few BEEPS here or there.

HANSEN
I'm checking for algorithms. If you
need to write it down.

MORTY
I've already composed my notes.

Hansen checks the device -- GREEN across the board. He pockets the device.

HANSEN
It's him. Cold and frozen. Hard to
believe it.

Trixie uses tweezers to lift a bullet casing from a bowl, she inspects it. Licks the blood.

MORTY
Are you happy?

HANSEN
Not the word I'd use.

Data scrolls down Trixie's eyes faster than the human eye can see.

HANSEN
Guess it's over.

TRIXIE
No.

Hansen and Morty look over as she turns to them.

TRIXIE
Blood analysis confirms that this body is not Brock Evans.

Hansen looks to Morty.

MORTY
I've run a blood analysis.

TRIXIE
Then you are lying. This is not Brock Evans.

Hansen pulls out his device, scans Brock's body.

MORTY
I assure you this *is* Brock Evans.

Hansen slides his finger down the screen...

MORTY
Agent Hansen?

HANSEN
Shut up, Morty.

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP... the screen on the device blinks RED.

HANSEN
Son of a bitch.

Slowly, Brock's body transforms back into the MAN from Quadrant Six.

HANSEN
Trix, who is he?

TRIXIE
Blood analysis confirms the man as
UFA Agent Adrian Bennett.

Morty SLAMS his hand onto an ALARM -- Red lights blink and flash around the room, noise shatters the silence.

MORTY
You should have left it alone!

Hansen whips out his gun.

HANSEN
You're working with Evans?!

Trixie approaches a computer. Her index fingertip slides away, a USB drive pokes out.

HANSEN
You better start explaining.

Trixie sticks her finger in a USB slot, hacks the computer.

MORTY
I'm just doing as I'm told.

Hansen grabs Morty by the scruff of the neck, pins him to a wall and sticks the gun to his head.

Trixie's eyes blink-red. Her system shuts down...

HANSEN
Trixie?

EXT. LEVEL 5, MORGUE - DAY

A small army of SOLDIERS make their way toward the door. Viktor lurks behind.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Hansen scrunches his face in anger.

Trixie reboots, red eyes and all. She pulls out her gun and takes aim at Hansen.

TRIXIE
Release him, Agent Hansen.

HANSEN
Trix-

BOOM -- a massive explosion (O.S.) rattles the place.

Trixie disarms Hansen, kicks him over the gurney. He knocks the body down as he falls.

Morty and Trixie methodically walk over to Hansen.

Viktor and his men move in.

Hansen pushes up off the ground, locks onto Viktor, scowls.

VIKTOR
Agent Hansen, how wonderful to see you again.

HANSEN
What are you doing, Viktor?!

Viktor twists a dial on his gun.

VIKTOR
What I'm told.

Viktor shoots -- a barb strikes Hansen in the shoulder, shocks him, renders him unconscious.

VIKTOR
(to his troops)
Bag him.

EXT. NEW YORK WASTELAND, STREETS - DAY

Burnt out 21st century vehicles line rubble-ruined streets.

Brock, desert garb wrapped around him, makes his way forward with cautious steps.

He pulls out an i-Pad 10, no signal, stuffs it away. He presses on, rounds a corner.

Brock passes an old fast-food restaurant. Remains of charred bodies lurk in their seats frozen in time.

A HULKING FIGURE rummages through destruction a few yards away, lifts rubble like they're leaves.

BROCK

Hey!

The figure GRUNTS and rises. It stares at Brock. A mangled, demented MUTANT with scaly skin, and a mini-gun arm.

Brock takes a step back, grips his handgun.

Mutant opens fire on Brock --

-- Brock leaps behind an overturned truck.

BROCK

Son of a...

Brock whips out his gun, shoots twice --

-- bullets bounce off the Mutant, who moves forward.

Brock grabs a rock, throws it against a car across the road, to no avail.

Mutant closes on the hide spot.

Brock leaps onto a mound of rubble, sprints forward. Bullets trail behind him. Brock leaps --

-- rolls through on the ground onto his feet, darts into a nearby alleyway.

Mutant flips a car over in hot pursuit.

EXT. NEW YORK WASTELAND, ALLEYWAY - DAY

Dumpsters and destruction lay in Brock's path. He slides over a dumpster, looks back.

Mutant kicks dumpsters out of the way, ROARS.

Brock kicks off a wall onto a fire escape ladder. He climbs, rolls onto the landing, looks down.

Mutant fires upwards. Bullets tear through steel like paper.

Brock jumps through a broken wall into --

INT. DESOLATED APARTMENT - DAY

A FAMILY of FOUR CHARRED CORPSES gather around a table as if they're about to eat dinner.

Bullets tear through the walls, plaster spits, bullets hit the family, rip them apart.

Brock breaks through a door.

INT. DESOLATED APARTMENT BLOCK, HALL - DAY

Brock dashes down the hallway, pushes a MAID CART against the wall -- CRASH -- he looks back.

Mutant runs through dust and rubble in pursuit of him.

Brock twists a dial on his gun, advances on a window --

EXT. NEW YORK WASTELAND, STREETS - DAY

-- Erupts through an opening, pulls the trigger -- a grapple latches onto a lamppost.

Brock swings down onto the road, looks up --

-- Mutant jumps down, CRUSHES a car and SNARLS.

Brock turns his gaze to --

DAN (14) and RACHEL (16, pretty) holding plasma rifles in hand with grime covered masked faces.

DAN

Nog!

Mutant (Nog) snaps its gaze on the kids, ceases its attack and lowers its mini-gun arm.

Brock hesitates, double-takes at Nog, then the kids.

DAN

You a scavenger or a raider?

BROCK

What the Hell is *that* thing?

DAN

That's Nog.

Dan and Rachel step forward.

DAN
He's our guardian. And I asked you
a question. Scavenger or Raider?

BROCK
Neither.

RACHEL
Bullshit. Rawhide trench coat, bald
head, goatee, you're a shoe-in for
an *asshole*.

Nog GRUMBLES.

Brock takes a cautious step away from the mutant.

BROCK
You're *human*?

DAN
What's with the 20th century gas
mask, man? Put this on.

Dan chucks Brock a small round device.

Brock removes his gas mask, raises the new device, which
covers his mouth, expands and clips into place.

DAN
Much better.

Dan holsters his gun on his back.

DAN
Name's Danny Harkin. This here is
my sister, Rachel. You've already
met Nog.

Nog GRUNTS.

RACHEL
So who are you, stranger?

BROCK
Brock.

RACHEL
Are you an asshole, Brock?

BROCK
Depends.

Rachel squints.

BROCK
 Sorry, but, confused...how exactly
 are you down here?

Rachel and Dan exchange looks.

RACHEL
 Pretty simple really. Our ancestors
 missed the flight to the sky city
 and we got stuck in the rubble. Is
 that enough back story for ya?

Wolves HOWL (O.S.). Nog grows uneasy at the sound, scours
 for movement.

DAN
 We should get off the street. Sun's
 almost doused.

RACHEL
 Good point.

Rachel holsters her gun over her back, looks at Brock.

RACHEL
 Just so you know, Nog is very, very
 protective of us.

BROCK
 I can see that.

RACHEL
 Alright, let's go.

INT. STASIS PRISON - NIGHT

Machines load stasis pods that contain INMATES into small
 outlets along walls.

WALKWAY

Two HELMET-MASKED UFA guards usher an electrical shackled
 and cuffed Hansen toward a door. Trixie lags behind.

HANSEN
 One of you two gonna tell me what
 all this is about?

GUARD 1
 Move.

Guard 1 nudges Hansen forward.

HANSEN

No need to get physical, asshole.

Guard 2 cracks a baton into Hansen's knee. Hansen drops.

GUARD 1

Name calling, so childish.

HANSEN

You're *childish*, asshole.

Guard 2 whacks Hansen in the kidney.

HANSEN

Gees...lighten up-

TRIXIE

It would be wise to put a leash on your voice, Agent.

Hansen glares at Trixie.

HANSEN

You think you can tame her? You're dead wrong.

Guards drag Hansen toward the door.

HANSEN

If she's in there, she'll push you out! Guarantee it!

Trixie's eyes flick to normal, then back to red.

GUARD 1 (V.O.)

Open cell D.

INT. STASIS PRISON, CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

Laser bars keep INMATES locked away. Guards hold Hansen before a cell, the lasers fade and they shove him inside.

Hansen stands, goes for them. The bars cut him off.

GUARD 1

Have fun with your roommate.

The guards LAUGH as they walk away.

Hansen grabs Trixie's arm through the bars. She locks on.

HANSEN

Trixie, I know you're in there.

She shrugs him off, proceeds out of view.

Hansen sighs. His electrical restraints dissipate. He rubs his wrist and looks around.

AQUORA (29, buff and chiseled, black, bracelet around his wrist) lays atop the high bunk with an i-Pad 10 in hand.

AQUORA

Women, right?

HANSEN

You don't know the half of it.

Hansen sits on the bottom bunk, head in his hands.

HANSEN

Hell, I don't know the half of it.

AQUORA

What did you do, friend?

HANSEN

Nothing.

AQUORA

Denial. Stage one of rehabilitation
-- you'll fit in nicely.

HANSEN

I don't wanna fit in. I wanna get
out. Confined spaces, I hate 'em.

Aquora chuckles.

AQUORA

It's not too bad. The food's rather
horrid and the facilities are, well
-- rancid.

(beat)

But look at the bright side-

HANSEN

There's a *bright side*?

AQUORA

At least you're not frozen.

Hansen takes this in.

HANSEN

Oh yeah, that's real great. I mean, here I am locked up for no reason at all and you're telling me about weather conditions.

AQUORA

Sarcasm won't help you in here.

HANSEN

What does?

AQUORA

Manners, for one. Here we are having a conversation and you've not even asked my name.

HANSEN

What's your name?

AQUORA

Aquora Lokoratas.

HANSEN

Jake Hansen.

(beat, furrows brow)

What kinda name is *Aquora*.

AQUORA

The one my parents gave to me.

Aquora sets his i-Pad down.

HANSEN

What brought you here?

AQUORA

Two guards.

HANSEN

No, I mean what *did you do* to get in here?

(beat)

And I'm *sarcastic*?

AQUORA

Oh, if you're inquiring into what I did to find myself locked in this tiny box...well, I punched someone.

Hansen raises an eyebrow.

AQUORA
 You may have heard of him, his name
 is David Mitzu.

HANSEN
 No shit. You socked the mayor on
 the friggin' chin?

AQUORA
 I broke his nose, actually.

HANSEN
 Hm...
 (beat)
 ...you regret it?

AQUORA
 (smirks)
 Not for a second.

EXT. DERELICT APARTMENT BLOCK, LOWER EAST SIDE - NIGHT

Nog stands guard outside of a rundown tower bordering
 Central Park.

RACHEL (V.O.)
 Bon appetite, as the Germans say.

INT. DERELICT APARTMENT, LOUNGE - NIGHT

Grotty couches, dilapidated bookshelves and two bunks. A
 fire burns inside an oil drum.

Rachel serves Brock rat stew. He looks at it, grimaces.

RACHEL
 You get used to it.

BROCK
 Really?

Dan digs his fork in.

DAN
 No. It sucks donkey taint. Tastes
 freaking rancid.

Brock inspects the rat stew, sniffs, pulls a "gross" face.

BROCK
I'd rather starve.

Rachel digs into her stew.

RACHEL
Suit yourself.

BROCK
And that's French, by the way.

RACHEL
What is?

BROCK
Bon appetite. It's a French word.
Not German.

Rachel's confused.

RACHEL
Sure it is.

DAN
Were you exiled too?

BROCK
I was run out. Did some things up
there the authorities frowned upon
so I ran. I need to get back.

RACHEL
Good luck with that.

Brock inspects his i-Pad, still no signal.

DAN
What's that thing?

BROCK
It's an i-Pad. A computer-phone.
Helps me connect to the hub when
I'm not at home.

DAN
What's a *hub*?

BROCK
You said *too*. Is there someone else
like me?

Dan chomps on rat meat, shrugs.

RACHEL

His name's Mathias. He's like two hundred. Said he was exiled.

(beat)

Something to do with a *grid*, some shit like that.

This gets Brock's attention.

BROCK

Take me to him.

RACHEL

In the middle of the night?

BROCK

Why not?

RACHEL

Wolves, hunters, cannibals, raiders -- the list goes on and on. You won't make it far.

BROCK

Well, at least my options are good. Either Option A, stay here with two people I don't know or Option B, I go outside and get eaten. Great.

Dan laughs at this.

BROCK

Not to mention *mutant-monster guard babysitter* out there.

DAN

Nog's harmless.

BROCK

He seemed pretty dangerous. I mean, he did try to kill me.

Rachel finishes her dinner.

RACHEL

He keeps the monsters away, warns off scavengers and keeps us safe.

BROCK

Where'd you find him anyway?

DAN

A couple years ago. He was in real bad shape when we found him. Raiders attacked his camp and slaughtered his people.

RACHEL

They killed everyone, left him to bleed out as an example.

BROCK

Christ.

RACHEL

So, we gave him a mini-gun arm and he stuck around. He's been watching over us for three years. Haven't had an issue since.

Rachel collects Dan's bowl and Brock's meal, heads through an archway into the kitchen.

DAN

What's it like up there? In the sky city, I mean.

Brock heads to the window.

BROCK

You'll see it soon enough, kid. But it won't be the same.

DAN

Why?

BROCK

Because in less than...
(consults watch)
...twenty-two hours, the entire thing is gonna fall outta the sky.

Dan takes this in.

BROCK

That's why I need to talk with him, Mathias, I mean.

DAN

How do you know it's gonna fall?

BROCK

I've seen it happen. Twice. Each time I'm in a different place. The

(MORE)

BROCK (cont'd)
first time I was with Maddox, an
old friend of mine. We infiltrated
the Central Mainframe of a system
known as The Grid. We were betrayed
and he died.

(beat)

The second time I was nearly killed
by the same man who stood beside me
-- Maddox. He's the key to this.

Rachel leans against the door-frame and overhears.

DAN

How can you see it twice?

Brock shows his watch.

BROCK

When the timer hits zero, the city
will fall and I'll disappear. Back
to where it starts. Five years ago.

RACHEL

Bullshit. Time travel's impossible.

BROCK

It's not *time travel*.

RACHEL

You said you *go back five years*.
How is that *not time travel*?

BROCK

Well, it is, but it's not. It's
more of an endless cycle, a loop.
It takes me back to the point of
origin, so I can try again.

RACHEL

And you've *failed* twice?

Rachel SNICKERS.

BROCK

You think it's easy?

RACHEL

I think you're useless. How can you
fail twice?

BROCK
The Grid's smart. It's unbeatable.

RACHEL
So why are you trying to stop it?
Just take the watch off.

BROCK
It's not that simple.

RACHEL
Why not?

BROCK
Because if I take the watch off,
I'll die.

Rachel and Dan exchange looks.

BROCK
I have a disease. Degenerative. It
was my father's one gift to me.
(beat)
The only way I can ever take it off
is when I've stopped The Grid. And
I can't do that from down here.

A long beat...

RACHEL
We'll take you to Mathias at dawn.
Try to get some shuteye. It's a
long walk.

The kids retire to their beds.

BROCK
Thank you.

RACHEL
Don't thank me just yet. We gotta
get there first.

INT. STASIS PRISON, INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Hansen sits cuffed and shackled to a steel chair before a
large table.

A door BUZZES and heavy footfalls sound (O.S.).

IRONS (O.S.)
(outside door)
How is he?

GUARD 2 (O.S.)
Quiet.

HANSEN
(muttering)
Irons?

Hansen acknowledges a camera in the corner of the room, a red light blinks in "record" status.

The door opens.

HANSEN
Figures.

Irons walks in, the door closes.

HANSEN
This your way of debriefing?

IRONS
Viktor informs me you threatened
and murdered Dr. Morty Fletcher.
I'm inclined to believe him.

HANSEN
And I'm inclined to tell you to
tell him to shove something pointy
and large up his ass.

Irons sets a round device on the table -- a projection spits
out and shows the MORGUE --

-- Hansen shoots Morty into the wall.

IRONS
Evidence backs it up, Agent Hansen.

Irons pockets the device.

IRONS
Conspiring with a known Terrorist,
I thought you were different.

HANSEN
I was set up. You got bullshit in
your pocket, chief.

IRONS
The state of New York does not take
Terrorism lightly.

Irons presses a button in his pocket.

The camera's red dot shuts off and the device falls asleep.

IRONS
Do you have any idea how serious
all of this is?

Irons stares at Hansen.

IRONS
What do you have to say, Jacob?

HANSEN
I was set up. It's a lie.

Irons nods, takes a seat.

IRONS
That's exactly what it is.

Hansen squints.

IRONS
(confiding)
Viktor is working with someone. I
don't know who, but whoever it is
has powerful connections.

HANSEN
Why are you whispering?

Irons slides a device across the table.

IRONS
This will get you through security
checkpoints. It's a cloak. Use it.

Hansen takes the device.

IRONS
You need to find Brock Evans. He's
the only one that can help you.

HANSEN
How the hell do I do that? The
guy's a phantom. It's like trying
to catch smoke.

(O.S.) YELLS and PUNCHES -- a body DENTS the door.

HANSEN

What the...

IRONS

That would be your partner.

HANSEN

You...you turned her robot?

IRONS

I had no choice. We needed to be absolute. Find Alisha Thorpe. She will help you locate Brock. Now knock me out.

Hansen raises an eyebrow.

IRONS

I know you don't want-

Hansen PUNCHES Irons in the face, knocks him out.

BUZZ, the door opens. Trixie steps in, unlocks Hansen's electric cuffs and shackles.

TRIXIE

We have less than ten seconds before a response unit arrives.

HANSEN

We gotta talk about your whole *double agent* thing.

Trixie hands over his gun.

TRIXIE

Shoot first. Information later.

INT. STASIS PRISON, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Several ARMED GUARDS sprint down the hall. A table flies directly at them.

ARMED GUARD

Holy shit!

Armed Guard takes a dive, a few avoid, one takes the table to the face.

Trixie and Hansen set their guns to "stun".

HANSEN
Nice throw.

TRIXIE
I appreciate the compliment.

Hansen shoots --

-- a ball of energy erupts from the chamber, takes a guard off his feet, renders him unconscious.

Balls of light shoot through the air as Hansen and Trixie progress to the exit.

A GUARD (30s) emerges from the toilets --

-- Hansen kicks off a wall and roundhouses the poor sap in the face, flipping him to the deck in the process.

Trixie advances on the main doors.

HANSEN
We gotta go get Aquora.

TRIXIE
My mission parameters are to ensure your escape.

The main doors slide open. A small army of ARMED GUARDS walk in and open fire.

Bullets riddle Trixie, hit the steel beneath. Hansen ducks behind a wall, twists the dial on his gun.

Trixie scowls at the guards, spits a bullet out.

Hansen emerges, pulls the trigger -- WHOOSH -- a big net flies through the air --

-- traps all of the guards beneath. They wriggle and MOAN.

Hansen confronts Trixie.

HANSEN
Less of the *robotic* voice, Trix.

INT. STASIS PRISON, CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

Aquora reads his i-Pad inside the cell. The laser grid drops and he notices.

Gunfire echoes through a hall, bodies THUD on the ground.

Hansen arrives, his overheated gun in hand. He chucks Aquora a guard's rifle.

HANSEN
You good with guns?

Aquora cocks the gun with one hand, pulls the trigger --
-- a blast sends a guard on a wicked downward spiral just behind Hansen.

Aquora drops down from his bunk, approaches.

AQUORA
Does that answer your question?

Trixie throws a guard through a wall, steel and concrete bend and rain down.

Aquora admires her work with a bob of his head.

AQUORA
I thought she was with *them*.

Trixie passes Aquora.

HANSEN
She's a double agent. I think.

AQUORA
Did you know?

Hansen shoots a stun-blast at a guard.

HANSEN
No.

INT. STASIS PRISON, WALKWAY - NIGHT

Trixie leads the escape, shoots two guards over a rail and kicks another into a stasis pod.

Aquora studies the INMATES in containment pods.

Hansen ducks an electric baton, nails a guard with a punch and drags him to a retinal scanner.

HANSEN
Hold still, phlegm-wad.

The retinal scanner scans the guard's eye. A door opens. Hansen rams the guard's head into a wall.

HANSEN
Sleep tight.

EXT. STASIS PRISON, LEVEL 4 - NIGHT

A small army of TROOPS run across a walkway. Cars zoom by high above on the sky-roads.

Hansen shoots a guard in the knee. Trixie rams another one's head into a rail.

Gunfire rains down on them.

Hansen ducks behind a few barrels, twists the dial on his gun and pops out.

WHOOSH -- A surge of electromagnetic energy fries the guard guns. Guards check their weapons.

Aquora butts a guard in the face with his rifle.

Trixie knocks one unconscious, ducks a baton, kicks the guy in the face and scowls at another.

TRIXIE
The chances of succeeding are less
than 0.3 percent.

HANSEN
In other words --

Hansen knocks the guard out-cold.

HANSEN
-- have a pleasant nap.

TRIXIE
I had it under control.

Aquora advances on them.

HANSEN
So, double agent?

TRIXIE
I was functioning on the orders of
Commissioner Irons to ensure your
escape, Agent Hansen.

HANSEN
It kinda seemed pointless to me.

TRIXIE

During your incarceration we were gifted with knowledge of a great magnitude. Knowledge that will aid us in our mission.

HANSEN

What *mission*?!

FLIGHT DRONES (round spheres) descend from the sky-road, spurt laser shooters and open fire.

Lasers cut through the battlements. Hansen, Trixie and Aquora flee.

HANSEN

Man, I hate those things!

AQUORA

I'm not a big fan either.

Trixie twists a dial on her gun, takes aim, pulls trigger.

Fireballs strike the drones in flight, which EXPLODE and crash into walls.

Aquora and Hansen vault the battlements onto a pipeline.

TRIXIE

Levitators inbound. You must run.

HANSEN

I'm not leaving you behind!

TRIXIE

I ask that you trust my judgment.

Hansen nods, twists his gun's dial and aims high.

HANSEN

Grab on, Aquora. This might get a little bumpy.

Aquora ditches the rifle, grips Hansen's waist. Hansen pulls the trigger.

Trixie rips a drone apart, grabs another out of the air and slams it into a wall.

Hansen and Aquora zip up and soar away.

EXT. NEW YORK, SKY-ROAD LEVEL 4 - NIGHT

Cars zoom by here-and-there.

Hansen and Aquora glide below, a grapple attached to the underside of a SPORTS CAR.

HANSEN
Goddamn you're heavy.

AQUORA
Two years of prison food and no exercise does that to you.

HANSEN
Well, climb your fat-ass up and get in the car.

INT. SPORTS CAR, MOVING - NIGHT

Sports Car Driver listens to classical tunes as he drives.

The passenger door opens, Aquora clammers inside. Hansen follows shortly after.

SPORTS CAR DRIVER
W.T.F!

Hansen locks with eyes with him as he closes the door.

SPORTS CAR DRIVER
Asshole!

HANSEN
Oh great, you.

Aquora finds comfort in the back.

AQUORA
Do you two know each other?

HANSEN
Yeah, he's an obnoxious jerk.

SPORTS CAR DRIVER
Get outta my car, asshole!

Hansen knocks him out, takes over the wheel, pushes him into the passenger seat.

HANSEN
Douche.

AQUORA
Was *that* absolutely necessary?

HANSEN
Yes.

AQUORA
Fair enough.

EXT. STASIS PRISON, LEVEL 4 - NIGHT

Trixie rips a flight drone in-two, discards the pieces. A barb hits her in the back, electricity surges...

Viktor lowers his handgun, strides toward her.

Trixie falls to her knees. Her body twitches. Arms flail. Eyes glaze over and blink alternate colors.

VIKTOR
Disobeying direct orders.

Viktor grabs Trixie by the hair, pulls her neck back.

TRIXIE
I am free to make my own choices.

VIKTOR
That is a lie.

Viktor brings her close.

VIKTOR
Where is he?

TRIXIE
I will not tell you.

Viktor flips open his wrist-CPU, taps buttons.

Trixie shuts down, reboots with red eyes.

VIKTOR
Where is Jacob Hansen?

TRIXIE
He is searching for Alisha Thorpe,
located within the Pharaoh Lounge
on Level Five.

VIKTOR

Thank you.

Viktor taps buttons. Trixie completely shuts down.

A few SOLDIERS approach.

The back of Trixie's neck opens. Viktor removes a data chip, closes it.

VIKTOR

(to soldiers)

Get rid of *that*.

EXT. NEW YORK WASTELAND - DAY

Nog makes sure the coast is clear, looks left/right. He GRUNTS and lowers his mini-gun arm.

EXT. NEW YORK WASTELAND, STREETS - DAY

Dan, Rachel and Brock move forward with their masks on. Nog lurks just behind, each footstep a mini earthquake.

BROCK

He'll attract unwanted attention.

RACHEL

Trust me, scavengers see a mutant walking about they tend to run in the opposite direction.

They clamber over a mound of rubble. Brock lends a hand to Dan, helps him to the top.

Rachel whips out a pair of binoculars, gazes through and searches the distance.

Nog SNARLS at Brock.

BROCK

Gees, what's his problem?

DAN

Strangers. He doesn't trust people he doesn't know.

Brock sizes up Nog, who stares at him with a raised lip.

BROCK
Can he understand me?

NOTE - *Nog's voice is deep, profound and hoarse.*

NOG
Nog understand human talk.

Brock's eyes go wide.

DAN
He understands just fine. He can't
say much, but he knows a few words.
I taught him.

BROCK
You taught him how to speak?

Dan nods.

BROCK
Nice.

EXT. NEW YORK WASTELAND, EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - DAY

Remnants of civilization scatter across the street. CHARRED
BODIES frozen in time, some SHIELDING children.

Brock consults his watch: "15:03:59...58...57."

BROCK
We're running outta time, Rachel.
Where is this guy?

RACHEL
Not far. So what's the plan when
you find him?

BROCK
He's gonna help me get back up
there. Exile, he was shot out in a
pod, means it's got tech in it.
That's what gets me home.

RACHEL
To stop *The Grid*?

BROCK
Yeah.

RACHEL
You think you can?

Brock smirks.

Bullets rain down on them. Rachel takes one to the shoulder and falls, Brock covers her.

Dan and Nog fire on a mound of rubble across the street.

DAN
SCAVENGERS!!

Nog shields Dan, opens fire with his mini-gun.

Brock drags Rachel behind a burnt out truck. He checks on her arm, a flesh wound.

RACHEL
I'm fine.

BROCK
Stay right here, don't move.

Brock pulls out his gun.

BROCK
Dan!

DAN (O.S.)
I'm fine!

Bullets riddle Nog, but do no damage. He GROWLS, pulls a grenade from his belt and launches it.

A few SCAVENGERS (grubby folk) recoil behind the rubble as the grenade EXPLODES.

Brock moves out from behind the truck, dodges heavy fire and finds cover behind a mailbox.

BROCK
Nog, provide cover fire!

Nog sprays at the wall.

Brock darts across the ravaged ground to Dan's position.

SCAVENGER (O.S.)
Concentrate fire on the mutant!

Brock reaches Dan's position.

BROCK
Are you okay?

DAN
Fine. Nog's not indestructible. He
can die. We have to help him.

NOG
Nog fine! Run now!

BROCK
You heard him. Come on.

Brock protects Dan as they run into the open. Brock provides himself cover, feeds Dan behind the mailbox.

Nog SNARLS, sprays mini-gun rounds at the wall.

BROCK
Nog, come on!

NOG
Get kids to safe place.

Nog eats a bullet to the chest, bleeds out, ROARS and presses forward to the wall.

Dan helps Rachel into a pipeline.

A SCAVENGER with a rocket launcher runs along the wall. He takes aim at Nog.

BROCK
Oh shit...

Brock takes aim, pulls the trigger --

-- a grapple hook cuts through the wind, grabs the rocket scavenger and pulls him down.

Nog and Brock exchange looks. Nog nods gratefully.

NOG
Get to children now. Nog shall
finish this.

PIPELINE

Rachel's leg buckles, she falls. Dan tries to help.

RACHEL
You gotta run, Danny...

DAN
Not without you.

Brock lifts Rachel into a fireman's carry.

BROCK
Sissy, it's just a flesh wound. And here I was thinking you were tough.

DAN
Where's Nog?

BROCK
He'll be fine, kid. Trust me.

(O.S.) SCREAMS and GUNFIRE die down to nil.

Dan looks back, laughs --

-- Nog walks down the pipeline completely fine.

BROCK
See?

(O.S.) A massive EXPLOSION goes off.

RACHEL
(gasps)
What was that?!

DAN
Has *it* started?

Brock checks his watch, shakes his head.

BROCK
Still got fourteen hours.

Nog takes Rachel onto his shoulders as Brock heads toward the source of the explosion.

BROCK (V.O.)
Shit...

EXT. NEW YORK WASTELAND, EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - DAY

Brock waves dust away from his face as he progresses toward a large, oval crater in the ground.

Nog keeps the kids at bay.

Brock descends into the crater, uses an old cable to balance himself, reaches the bottom.

Trixie, half buried in a mound of rubble, lies motionless.

BROCK
Trixie...?

He looks up, then down. Opens the back of her neck, sighs.

BROCK
Dammit!

Dan climbs down.

DAN
What is it? Part of the ship?

BROCK
Not exactly, no.

Dan admires Trixie.

DAN
That's a chick.

BROCK
It's an android. Human on the top,
machine beneath...gimme a hand.

Brock and Dan pull rubble.

DAN
Do you know her?

BROCK
She's tried to kill me twice.

DAN
When you went back in time?

BROCK
Nope. In the last six months.

They clear enough to get her out. Brock pulls her arms, Dan gets her legs.

DAN

She's lighter than I imagined a robot to be.

BROCK

Light alloy, chassis' made up of composite steel, she's the first in the A-204 line, that's Android, 204 model, built primarily for one use: Infiltration. Incorruptible, one of the fail-safes programmed into her.

DAN

You seem to know a lot about her.

BROCK

I should, I built her.

INT. APARTMENT 205, LOUNGE - DAY

Hansen fits on a shirt, steps on an oval plate. The computer emerges from the wall.

CALLIE (O.S.)

Jacob, you should not be here.

HANSEN

Save me the ear bashing, Callie. I need your help.

A beat.

HANSEN

And don't think about calling for backup, you know me.

CALLIE (O.S.)

You doubt me. I'm hurt.

Hansen smirks.

CALLIE (O.S.)

What is it I can do for you?

HANSEN

Whereabouts: Thorpe, Alisha.

CALLIE (O.S.)

Processing data request...

Aquora emerges from the bedroom with new threads. He WHISTLES at the lounge, impressed.

AQUORA

I gotta say, you got style. But we are fugitives and I can't help but stress my concern that our lay-low place is your apartment.

HANSEN

We're good, don't worry about it.

AQUORA

Say, you got a drink around here? Three years of prison water ain't doing my kidneys so good, you know?

HANSEN

Sure, kitchen on your left, just tap in what you want.

AQUORA

Oh, you're one of those *rich* cats. Talking refrigerator and whatnot.

HANSEN

More of a vending machine.

Aquora heads into the kitchen.

CALLIE (O.S.)

Subject unknown.

HANSEN

There's gotta be a mistake. Check again.

CALLIE (O.S.)

I checked twice. There is no match for Alisha Thorpe...

HANSEN

She's the only lead I've got...

CALLIE (O.S.)

You must permit me time to finish, Jacob. Alisha Thorpe was killed one year ago during a shootout on Level Five at the Pharaoh Lounge.

HANSEN

Gimme eyes.

A holographic projection pops out behind him. He turns --

-- Through the eyes of another, a SHOOTOUT of EPIC PROPORTIONS between UFA and BROCK EVANS.

EXT. LEVEL 5, PHARAOH LOUNGE - NIGHT (PAST)

UFA Agents advance on Brock and ALISHA THORPE (29, beautiful and curvy, brown, dressed like an Egyptian dancer).

ALISHA
(terrified)
Brock...

BROCK
Stay behind me, Alisha.

Brock twists a dial on his gun, snaps its barrel onto two agents, shoots both in a heartbeat.

A UFA SERGEANT (heavily armored) launches a grenade.

Brock shoves Alisha -- BOOM --

INT. APARTMENT 205, LOUNGE - DAY (PRESENT)

The video distorts, the video aims at the ceiling...

HANSEN
Got another P.O.V?

CALLIE (O.S.)
Negative.

HANSEN
Are you sure she's dead?

The video transforms into a MORGUE -- Alisha's body lies stone cold on a gurney.

CALLIE (O.S.)
Positive.

Aquora emerges from the kitchen with an ALL YOU CAN EAT BUFFET of chicken, beef, popcorn, desserts and milkshake.

Hansen looks over. Aquora freezes.

AQUORA
I'm starving, alright?

HANSEN
Knock yourself out.

Aquora finds a seat on the couch.

HANSEN
Okay Callie, bring up her file.

Alisha's file appears in the hologram.

HANSEN
I need an address.

CALLIE (O.S.)
Her address is Level 2, Sub-level B
-- bunkhouse B-9.

INT. APARTMENT 205, BEDROOM - DAY

Hansen opens his wardrobe, inspects his UFA gear.

He fits on a boot. Clips a belt around his waist. Straps on a wrist-CPU and holsters a gun.

INT. APARTMENT 205, LOUNGE - DAY

Aquora slurps his milkshake, BELCHES.

CALLIE (O.S.)
You should apologize when you belch
-- it's quite rude.

AQUORA
Sorry.

CALLIE (O.S.)
Apology accepted.

Hansen emerges from his bedroom decked out in UFA gear.

AQUORA
That how you normally look?

HANSEN
Uh-huh.

AQUORA
I've seen worse.

Hansen smiles, shakes his head.

AQUORA
Need a wing-man?

HANSEN

Think I got it. You stay here,
chill out. There's plenty of food
and --

(CLAPS)

-- enough entertainment to keep you
busy for a century.

A 140" HDTV descends from the ceiling.

AQUORA

Holy shit...

HANSEN

Pretty awesome, huh? Have fun.

AQUORA

Man, two years of being stuck in
that hole, I missed me the movies.

HANSEN

Well, enjoy it, man.

Turrets descend from the ceiling and lock onto Aquora, who
jumps up and raises his hands.

HANSEN

Callie?!

CALLIE (O.S.)

He lied. Before, he said three, now
he states two. He's an infiltrator.

AQUORA

What?! Are you nuts?! I was stuck
in prison with this guy!

HANSEN

No, she's right. I need to know.
Back in the car you said two years
-- then changed it to three.

Hansen removes his gun, takes aim.

HANSEN

Who are you, really?

AQUORA

I'm Aquora! You know that!

HANSEN

Lokoratas, Aquora. Run the name.

CALLIE (O.S.)
Processing...
(beat)
...nonexistent. An alias.

Hansen clicks back the hammer.

HANSEN
You got about five seconds to tell
me who in the *hell* you are, friend.

Aquora reaches for his bracelet, CLICK -- his body
transforms into ALISHA. She takes a breath.

Hansen lowers his gun, turns his head slightly.

HANSEN
Alisha.

ALISHA
Tell your guard dog to back off.

HANSEN
Disengage turrets, Callie.

Turrets rise into the ceiling.

HANSEN
Okay, you got my attention.

ALISHA
Never thought I'd see you again,
Agent Maddox.

HANSEN
Who the hell is *Maddox*?

Alisha squints.

CALLIE (O.S.)
Agent Joel Maddox, deceased. August
10th 2125. He...

Hansen acknowledges Callie.

CALLIE (O.S.)
...he is you.

A holographic projection spits out to showcase JOEL MADDOX,
a spitting image of Hansen, former UFA Agent.

HANSEN
What the hell...

ALISHA
You're not Maddox?

Hansen scowls at her.

HANSEN
This is a lie, it's not...can't be.

Alisha approaches.

ALISHA
Oh my god...they did it.

Hansen grabs her wrist.

HANSEN
Did what?!

Alisha grabs his gun, aims. He swats the gun, goes for her, she ducks, trips him over.

Alisha aims at a fallen Hansen, who pushes up.

ALISHA
If you're not Maddox, then I'm not supposed to be here.

HANSEN
I told you my name in the cell...

ALISHA
I know, but like you I needed a little confirmation.

HANSEN
What the hell's going on?!

ALISHA
Callie, run the name: Hansen, Jacob
-- show him.

CALLIE (O.S.)
Processing data request...

The projection scrolls through a thousand faces a second.

ALISHA
Stay there.

Hansen recoils.

ALISHA
Don't you fucking move...

CALLIE (O.S.)
Database entry found. Hansen, Jacob
-- born October 15th 1994.

HANSEN
What?!

CALLIE (O.S.)
Incarcerated on June 7th 2041 for
the murder of Melissa Thomas and
her son Jamie Wilcox on March 25th
2040. A double-homicide.

An image appears in the projection:

The REAL JACOB HANSEN (47, grotesque, hideous, monstrous and
grizzly) wears a sick smirk on his face for his mugshot.

HANSEN
I don't understand...

ALISHA
That is you. You're that monster.

HANSEN
I can't be, no, it's not possible.

ALISHA
Play the footage.

HANSEN
What footage?

The projection boasts a FARM.

EXT. FARM - DAY (PAST)

Acres of cornfield stretch as far as the eye can see. A
horse majestically prances around a field.

MELISSA (29, sweet) hangs clothes on a washing line. JAMIE
(5) plays with two toy trucks.

EXT. FARM, DIRT ROAD - DAY

A rusty pickup truck CRUNCHES shingle as it advances.

EXT. FARM - DAY

Melissa beams in delight as she lifts Jamie up for a hug.

A gate opens. Jacob walks inside with a double-barrel in hand, cocks it.

Melissa's joy switches to abject terror. BANG. BANG. She falls to the ground, twitches.

Jamie crawls away. Jacob stomps on his hand, aims at his head and pulls the trigger, BANG.

INT. APARTMENT 205, LOUNGE - DAY (PRESENT)

Hansen violently hangs his head, YELPS in pain.

ALISHA

Do you remember it?! HUH?!?

HANSEN

How...?

ALISHA

Fracture.

Hansen, tears in his eyes, looks up at her with heavy regret on his face.

ALISHA

Callie?

The projection shifts to two DNA structures.

CALLIE (O.S.)

Fracture is a process in which the DNA of another is implanted into a suitable vessel.

Both DNA structures shatter to leave one half. The halves join together, solidify and become one.

ALISHA

In other words: Your mind was put inside Maddox's head to save him, so they could use him as a weapon to take out Brock.

Alisha sits the barrel at Hansen's temple.

ALISHA
His best friend turned monster!

HANSEN
Alisha...

ALISHA
Shut up! You don't deserve a second chance after what you did. You murdered a defenseless woman and her five-year-old son. I should kill you just on principle.

An uncomfortable beat.

HANSEN
Then do it.

He extends his hands into a crucifix position.

HANSEN
Blow my head off. You're right. I don't deserve a second chance. So pull the trigger. Finish me.

Alisha fights a losing battle with her emotions.

Hansen grabs her hand, makes her push the gun into his forehead. She WINCES.

HANSEN
Kill me!

ALISHA
I can't!

HANSEN
I'm a monster, you said it yourself -- think of *them*. Give them justice -- pull the trigger, Alisha.

Alisha presses her finger to the trigger, contemplates.

Hansen closes his eyes...

ALISHA
I can't...

She lowers the gun.

ALISHA
...I won't.

Hansen sighs, rubs his brow.

ALISHA
You might be a monster in that head
but on the surface you're Maddox.
(beat)
Brock still needs you. So do I.

Hansen nods, stands.

HANSEN
Who did this to me?

ALISHA
There's only one person with the
power to pull this off...

EXT. NEW YORK WASTELAND - DAY

Nog carries Trixie as Brock leads the group toward the subway entrance.

BROCK
Which way?

RACHEL
Down. We gotta get in the tunnel.

BROCK
I'm starting to think this guy
don't wanna be found.

RACHEL
He doesn't.

INT. NEW YORK SUBWAY - DAY

Nog and Brock take point.

BROCK
See anything, big guy?

NOG
Tunnel clear. We go now.

Nog lifts Trixie onto his shoulders, carries her forward as Rachel and Dan step out of a door.

BROCK
How you holding up?

Rachel rubs her shoulder.

RACHEL
Just a flesh wound, right? I'll be fine once we reach Mathias.

They walk.

BROCK
When was he exiled?

RACHEL
No idea. Never asked him.

DAN
He said ten years ago last time I spoke to him. That was five years ago, so...fifteen, I guess.

BROCK
What's he like?

DAN
Crazy. That's one word to describe him. Psychopath is another. He's nothing like you, if that's what you're asking.

BROCK
So what am I?

RACHEL
You're nice. He's not-so nice.

Brock takes offense to this.

BROCK
(muttering)
Nice. HA!

Rachel and Dan aim befuddled looks his way.

BROCK
My psychiatrist called me, and I quote, *a paranoid schizophrenic with delusions of grandeur that ultimately results in psychotic tendencies.*
(beat)
In other words, I'm a psycho too.

RACHEL
And you were gonna tell us, when?

BROCK
After I stripped the flesh from
your bones and ate you alive.

Takes a moment to set in. Dan LAUGHS. Brock smiles.

RACHEL
That's...*funny*.

BROCK
You hesitated.

RACHEL
I was *procrastinating*.

Brock furrows his brows.

BROCK
Who says *procrastinating*?

DAN
You just did.

Dan chuckles, follows Nog.

Brock manages a smile at that, shakes his head.

RACHEL
You're *okay*, Brock. Really.

BROCK
I'm glad you think so.

They continue.

RACHEL
This is the part where you say
you're okay too, Rachel.

BROCK
I was *procrastinating*.

INT. APARTMENT 205, LOUNGE - DAY

Hansen rolls out a pack filled with various tools, weapons
and devices on the dining table.

Alisha plucks a knife, a wrist-CPU and a gun from the pack.

HANSEN
Are you ready for this?

ALISHA
Are you?

Hansen nods "yes".

ALISHA
Better hope so.

Hansen sets a rifle on his back, approaches the computer.

HANSEN
Bring up the map, Callie.

A holographic map of LEVEL 5 appears.

HANSEN
Tag *Leviathan Industries*, we go
there first. I want answers.

Alisha cocks a rifle.

ALISHA
That makes two of us.

An ALARM rings out. Red and blue dots flash across the
computer monitor.

CALLIE (O.S.)
We seem to have unwanted guests.

Hansen stares down the front door.

HANSEN
Then let 'em in.

A protective holographic shield drops down in front of
Hansen and Alisha, who train their aim.

CALLIE (O.S.)
They are preparing to breach.

HANSEN
Lop the head off a snake-

ALISHA
-the body withers and dies.

Hansen smirks at Alisha.

HANSEN
Let's do this.

EXT. NEW YORK, LEVEL 4 APARTMENTS - DAY

A UFA SOLDIER sets a charge on a door, moves into cover.

Viktor gives the go ahead. Soldier pulls out a detonator, hits the switch.

INT. APARTMENT 205, LOUNGE - DAY

HANSEN
First one's mine.

ALISHA
This is our fight.

Soldiers move in.

CALLIE (O.S.)
Allow me.

Turrets calibrate, lock onto targets and spray bullets.
Soldiers fall like flies.

HANSEN
What the...come on!

Alisha pops a soldier in the head.

ALISHA
Better start shooting, Handsome,
won't be many left.

Hansen opens fire, bullets glide through the air --

-- riddle incoming soldiers. A SHIELDED OFFICER makes his entrance, bullets bounce off his protective force-field.

A turret shoots out a window, glass SHATTERS, rains down.

CALLIE (O.S.)
I suggest you make your exit.

EXT. NEW YORK, LEVEL 4 PARKING BAY - DAY

Sports Car Driver talks on his phone.

SPORTS CAR DRIVER
I wanna speak to your supervisor.

Sports car REVS and takes off. Sports Car Driver runs across and leaps onto the back.

The car zooms round a corner.

SPORTS CAR DRIVER
AAAAAAASSSSSSSHHHHOOOOLLLEEE!

INT. APARTMENT 205, LOUNGE - DAY

Hansen and Alisha dive behind a couch as bullets fly through the air and riddle walls.

HANSEN
Could use a little help here!!!

CALLIE (O.S.)
Your vehicle awaits you. Goodbye Jacob. All the best.

EXT. NEW YORK, LEVEL 4 - DAY

Hansen and Alisha descend from a window, SLAM into the roof of the sports car. Alisha opens the passenger door.

INT. SPORTS CAR, MOVING - DAY

Sports Car Driver looks over as Alisha and Hansen climb inside the vehicle.

SPORTS CAR DRIVER
No, NO! Get out, asshole!

Alisha knocks him out. Hansen drags him over the back.

ALISHA
I can see why you hate him. Guy never shuts up.

HANSEN
I'll drive.

ALISHA
No, I got it.

HANSEN
I got quicker reflexes.

ALISHA
Then use it to shoot the drones.

HANSEN
What drones?

A laser SHATTERS the back window, glass spills.

HANSEN
Oh, *those* drones.

EXT. NEW YORK, LEVEL 4 - DAY

Sports car flees toward a sky-road. An army of DRONES chase after them in hot pursuit. Shoot lasers.

INT. APARTMENT 205, LOUNGE - DAY

Viktor steps to the computer.

VIKTOR
You are a remarkable machine.

CALLIE (O.S.)
Indeed.

A panel pops off the dash and nails Viktor in the face. He staggers back into one of his men.

A countdown begins on the monitor: 00:05..04...03...

Viktor barges through his men en route for the door -- BOOM -- the computer explodes, fire engulfs the room.

EXT. NEW YORK, LEVEL 4 APARTMENTS - DAY

Viktor leaps out as fire spews out of the door. Viktor stands, dusts himself down.

He presses forward, grabs a rappel line and zips up.

EXT. NEW YORK, SKY-ROAD LEVEL 4 - DAY

Sports car connects with the top of the road, zooms beyond oncoming traffic. Horns HONK. Drivers YELL.

INT. SPORTS CAR, MOVING - DAY

Hansen shoots out of the passenger window.

Alisha flips a switch. The sunroof slides open above.

ALISHA

Try that.

HANSEN

I don't see you sticking your head
out of a window!

ALISHA

Just do it.

Hansen scales to the sunroof.

HANSEN

Don't crash us into a wall.

EXT. NEW YORK, SKY-ROAD LEVEL 4 - DAY

Hansen shoots at drones left/right/up/down/center.

Drones fall out of the sky in a blaze of glory. Oncoming cars veer out of the drones' path.

Lasers cut through the air, slice through vehicles, connect with beams along the sides.

ALISHA (O.S.)

Use your rifle!

HANSEN

Don't be a backseat shooter!

Hansen drops his gun into the car, pulls out his rifle, cocks and unloads on drones.

A truck HORN blasts.

Hansen looks around, his eyes go wide.

HANSEN
Left! LEEEEEEFFFFFFTTTTT!!!!!!

The car jerks into a left lane, misses the truck by mere centimeters. Hansen breathes a sigh of relief.

ALISHA (O.S.)
Got it...

HANSEN
I'm driving next time!

EXT. NEW YORK, LEVEL 4 SKY - DAY

A dozen Levitators glide across the smoggy sky en route to the chaos.

Viktor leans out the side of one, rocket launcher perched on his shoulder.

VIKTOR
Get me close.

INT. SPORTS CAR, MOVING - DAY

Sports Car Driver comes to in the back. He looks around.

SPORTS CAR DRIVER
Where...

BOOM, CRASH, HONK, EXPLOSION, WHOOSH.

Sports Car Driver unleashes a sissy girl SCREAM.

ALISHA
Will you shut up?!?! Gosh, you're so freaking annoying!

SPORTS CAR DRIVER
Lemme out, lemme out, lemme out!

ALISHA
A little busy right now.

SPORTS CAR DRIVER
I am a lawyer! I will sue you!

Alisha elbows him unconscious.

ALISHA

Then sue me.

Hansen ducks back inside, notices blood on Sports Car Driver's face.

HANSEN

What-

ALISHA

He woke up.

HANSEN

There's gotta be a way to keep him quiet for a while.

ALISHA

We could throw him out.

HANSEN

I may have the mind of a homicidal maniac, but I'm not a *homicidal maniac*, Alisha.

Hansen pops open the glove compartment...rummages though.

ALISHA

It's an *option*.

HANSEN

Not an option! You can't just throw someone out of a moving vehicle.

Hansen pulls out sleeping pills.

HANSEN

Hm...convenient.

Hansen SLAPS Sports Car Driver awake. The man WINCES.

HANSEN

Here, take these.

SPORTS CAR DRIVER

I'm gonna sue you, asshole. Do you know who I am?!

HANSEN

We've been over this like twice. You're an obnoxious jerk. Now take the pills or I'll punch you again.

SPORTS CAR DRIVER
This is bullying.

Alisha SLAMS on the brakes. Sports Car Driver's head hits the seat, renders him unconscious. She drives on.

HANSEN
What. The. Hell?

ALISHA
Well it worked didn't it? Now shoot the drones.

HANSEN
You've got severe mental issues.

ALISHA
Says the guy walking around in another man's body.

Hansen points, contemplates.

HANSEN
Y-Yeah good point.

EXT. NEW YORK, SKY-ROAD LEVEL 4 - DAY

Viktor leans out further, pulls the trigger, a rocket spits out of the chamber --

-- glides through the air, zips past several vehicles and misses the sports car by inches.

Hansen leans out of the sunroof, pops several drones out of the sky, notices the Levitators.

HANSEN
Uh, Alisha...!

ALISHA (O.S.)
I see 'em. Hold on.

HANSEN
Hold on why?

The sports car loses connection to the ceiling, free falls. Hansen YELLS.

Viktor lowers his rocket launcher, smirks.

EXT. NEW YORK, SKY-ROAD LEVEL 3 - DAY

Heavy construction on the road. Worker drones work away.

The sports car falls past them. A beam of electricity shoots up and latches onto a portion of the road.

Worker drones' eyes blink red. They BUZZ, pursue the car.

INT. SPORTS CAR, MOVING - DAY

Hansen stares at Alisha.

HANSEN
Don't EVER do that again.

INT. NEW YORK SUBWAY, MAINTENANCE TUNNEL - DAY

Condensation drips down pipe-lined walls that converge on a rusty door at the far end.

Nog bumps his head on a ceiling pipe, rubs his noggin.

DAN
(whispering)
Before you say anything, this guy
is completely nuts. Remember that.

Brock nods.

Rachel KNOCKS thrice on the door, waits a beat, knocks twice, another pause, four more.

BROCK
Secret knock...?

RACHEL
It was *his* idea.

Deadbolts CLACK behind the door, slowly, it opens -- MATHIAS (61, wacky yet plagued by remorse) stands the opposite side.

MATHIAS
I'm busy, come back another time.

Brock steps forward.

BROCK
Elias?

Mathias squints, leans out the door for a closer look.

MATHIAS
Brock?! My fr-

Brock punches Mathias in the nose, SNAP.

RACHEL
Why did y-

BROCK
Son of a bitch.

Mathias' nose gushes with blood, he tries to stop the flow with his hand, to no avail.

DAN
I take it you know each other.

MATHIAS
(nasal issue)
Quite...ow...

BROCK
Oh believe me, there's a helluva lot more where that came and just 'cause you're old don't mean I'm not gonna hurt ya.

Tension builds, Brock on boiling point.

MATHIAS
I'm sorry about what I did.

BROCK
Oh? Really?

MATHIAS
Yes. I've regret-

Brock punches Mathias in the ear.

MATHIAS
UGH! OW.

Brock flicks his wrist, rubs his knuckles.

RACHEL
Are you done punching old people in the face now?

BROCK
I got another hand, and two feet.
This guy...I thought you were dead.

MATHIAS

If it's any consolation, right now
I'd rather be.

Mathias wipes his nose with a handkerchief.

MATHIAS

Are you going to hit me again?

Brock looks at Rachel and Dan.

MATHIAS

Good, I'm glad to see the children
being here has swayed your ha-

Brock punches Mathias in the nose again.

BROCK

That's for being an asshole.

EXT. NEW YORK, SKY-ROAD LEVEL 3 - DAY

Drones converge on the sports car from all sides. Lasers cut through the air.

INT. SPORTS CAR, MOVING - DAY

Hansen bashes the BEEPING rifle with his hand.

HANSEN

Stupid overheating BS...

Lasers soar past the window.

HANSEN

Why is it the bad guys can't ever
hit anything?!

A laser cuts through the cab, SMASHES the windshield.

ALISHA

You were saying?

EXT. NEW YORK, SKY-ROAD LEVEL 3 - DAY

Hansen leans out, shoots two drones out of the sky, trains his aim, twists the dial on his gun, pulls the trigger --

-- flames spurt out of the gun, hit the drones. Steel melts and drones BUZZ, EXPLODE.

A Levitator rises ahead of the pursuit. Viktor leans out.

VIKTOR
Goodnight.

He shoots a rocket --

INT. SPORTS CAR, MOVING - DAY

Alisha's eyes go wide, she SLAMS on the brakes, twists the wheel erratically.

Hansen falls inside into the well, feet over his head and upside down.

HANSEN
Holy FU-AAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

EXT. NEW YORK, SKY-ROAD LEVEL 3 - DAY

The car drops, rocket misses by inches, ANNIHILATES drones.

EXT. NEW YORK - DAY

The sports car falls into smog clouds.

INT. SPORTS CAR, MOVING - DAY

Alisha detaches her seat belt, grabs the handgun, twists the dial and fires out of the sunroof --

EXT. NEW YORK - DAY

-- a grapple hook latches onto a girder.

INT. SPORTS CAR, MOVING - DAY

Alisha rises.

ALISHA
Grab my waist!

Hansen grabs her waist. Grips Sports Car Driver -- WHOOSH.

EXT. NEW YORK - DAY

The sports car falls, EXPLODES on impact.

Alisha, Hansen and Sports Car Driver (unconscious) dangle precariously like monkeys in a barrel.

ALISHA
Christ you're heavy...

HANSEN
That went better than I expected.

Sports Car Driver comes to, SCREAMS like a sissy girl. He clings onto Hansen's hair.

SPORTS CAR DRIVER
PULL ME UP! PULL ME UP!

HANSEN
Stop -- dammit -- stop pulling my hair, asshole!

SPORTS CAR DRIVER
You're an asshole!

HANSEN
I swear to God I'll drop your ass, let go of my hair!

Sports Car Driver bawls.

SPORTS CAR DRIVER
I don't wanna die! I'm getting married next week!

Hansen bites Sports Car Driver's wrist. He falls. Hansen grabs his hand.

HANSEN
Believe me pal, if you die, I'll be saving you from resenting her.

SPORTS CAR DRIVER
His name's Enrique!

Hansen scrunches his face.

HANSEN
Oh...good for you.

A Levitator descends, levels out. Viktor stands inside.

HANSEN

Oh great, it's Sergeant Shithead.

INT. MATHIAS' PLACE - DAY

Old computer towers, tech and such line tables around the room. Trixie lies on a couch.

Mathias rummages through a shopping cart rich with tech. He dumps keyboards onto Dan, who already holds a ton.

Nog stands stationary in the corner like a statue.

Brock cleans Rachel's arm. Dabs it with water, wrings it, swipes the blood away. Rachel HISSES in pain.

MATHIAS

I know I have one here somewhere.

Dan tries to balance the keyboards.

MATHIAS

Perhaps...

Mathias rubs his chin.

MATHIAS

Ah...

Dan struggles over to the cart, dumps the keyboards inside.

Mathias lifts a box off a dilapidated bookshelf. Opens it and smiles.

MATHIAS

Here it is.

He plucks a data chip from inside, wanders over to Trixie.

DAN

(to Brock, whispering)

I said he was nuts.

BROCK

Here, help your sis.

Dan takes over. Brock walks over to Mathias.

BROCK

Think you can reboot her?

MATHIAS
With any luck...

Mathias pops open the back of Trixie's neck, examines the wiring and switches.

MATHIAS
Hm...an A-204 model...

BROCK
You don't recognize her?

MATHIAS
Of course I recognize her. I might have lost my mind but I'm far from stupid, Brock.

Rachel rolls down her sleeve, stands.

RACHEL
So, why did he punch you?

MATHIAS
I believe he was upset with me. I made a decision, last minute, and he likely resents me for it. Right?

BROCK
That's close, yeah.

RACHEL
What did you do?

MATHIAS
Saved his life.

Dan shakes his head.

DAN
You saved his life, and he punched you three times for it?

BROCK
He neglected to mention that he saved my life by putting *this* damn thing on my wrist.

Brock lifts his watch-arm, points at it.

BROCK
The biological agent cured my disease, but also got me stuck in an infinite five-year loop. He's the one that made me a *Terrorist*.

MATHIAS
Terrorist?

BROCK
I kinda did things up there. Blew
some stuff up. Killed people.
(beat)
Don't look at me like that, this is
your fault.

MATHIAS
I never turned you into a terrorist
-- I gave you reason. A mission.
Did you succeed?

BROCK
No.

MATHIAS
But I gave you the watch fifteen
years ago. You failed twice?

RACHEL
I know, kinda pathetic huh?

Brock snaps his gaze on her.

RACHEL
I'm joshing you, Brock.

MATHIAS
Well, two is not six. Believe me, I
tried so many times and failed. The
Grid outsmarted me, grew conscious.
I lacked the key. Did you find it?

Brock gives a slight nod.

MATHIAS
And?

BROCK
Dead.

MATHIAS
That poses as a problem. If the key
is lost, you have to start over.

BROCK
I'm not starting over. I get thrown
back five...wait, how the hell did
you know it's been fifteen years? I
thought everything reset?

MATHIAS

Not *everything*. Only you. There are multiple time-lines, Brock. Time is a constant river. It flows forever.

(beat)

Each time you leapfrog back into the past you change certain things. It's called the *butterfly effect*.

RACHEL

But, shouldn't there be like eight sky-cities lying around?

Mathias concentrates on Trixie's circuitry.

MATHIAS

Yes, and no. You see, when Brock *travels*, he erases certain things. For example, the city fell twice in those fifteen years.

DAN

I think we'd remember a gigantic steel box falling out the sky.

MATHIAS

He erases your mind. Alters the world around him.

DAN

Time travel is friggin' confusing.

MATHIAS

It's a complex beast none have ever fully understood. Even I don't. And I understand a lot.

BROCK

Like you're about to get punched in the face again if you don't start making sense. Lay it down *simply*.

Mathias stifles a sigh, gazes at the trio.

MATHIAS

Simply put, when you travel through time, you erase the world around you. You remember everything, but no one else does. When you came here, you altered our perception and minds. To us, the cities never fell, but to you they did. Does that make sense?

Brock considers.

DAN
Still kinda confused.

RACHEL
I think I understand.

Dan and Brock turn to Rachel.

BROCK
Do you now?

RACHEL
Yeah. He said time flows like a river. It splits into tributaries. You remember things. We don't, because we're on a straight line.

MATHIAS
Precisely, bravo! BRAVO! Someone that understands science.

Brock raises an eyebrow.

DAN
Oh yeah...yeah...no, still don't get it.

Rachel opens up her palm.

RACHEL
See this?

DAN
Yeah...?

Rachel SLAPS Dan in the cheek. He scowls.

RACHEL
Notice anything?

DAN
Yeah, my face hurts.

She pulls him in front of a mirror. A red hand-print sits on his cheek.

RACHEL
It's a print, Danny. Time is like a print, when Brock travels back, what happens to the print?

Dan watches the hand-print fade...

DAN
It fades away?

RACHEL
It doesn't exist.

DAN
Oh, alright, got it.

Brock finally understands.

BROCK
Point taken, doc.

DAN
(to Rachel)
You could've just, you know,
breathed on the mirror. Would've
had the same effect.

Mathias fits the chip into Trixie's neck. VROOM. Her systems reactivate. Fans SOUND. Her eyes flutter open.

MATHIAS
Ah, welcome ba-

Trixie grabs his throat. He GARGLES. Brock intervenes, attempts to stop her, she swats him away.

Rachel and Dan pull up their rifles, aim.

TRIXIE
Systems online and operational.

Brock grabs a wrench.

TRIXIE
Connecting to Central Hub.

Brock CRACKS Trixie over the head with the wrench. She BUZZES, releases Mathias. Trixie twitches.

Rachel tends to Mathias.

Trixie's systems shutdown. Her eyelids close.

DAN
WHOA!

MATHIAS
Her system's been corrupted.

Brock drops the wrench.

BROCK
Give it a sec.

Slowly, Trixie comes to. She groggily looks around.

BROCK
Trixie, up here.

She looks up, manages a light smile.

TRIXIE
Brock...you are alive.

BROCK
(to Mathias)
A wrench to the head. Does wonders
for technology, especially the 204
model.

MATHIAS
Now you're going to have to explain
to me how you managed *that*.

Brock fishes a USB drive from his coat pocket. He fits it
into Trixie's USB finger.

TRIXIE
Downloading data.

BROCK
Elias, I need the pod.

MOMENTS LATER

Mathias pulls a white sheet from a POD, large enough to
contain half a dozen people.

MATHIAS
Unfortunately the circuitry is
rather scrambled. It's more of an
antique these days.

BROCK
That's because you lacked *this*.

Brock holds up another USB drive.

BROCK
This bad-boy is gonna whisk me to
the clouds.

MATHIAS
How long do you have?

Brock checks his watch: 02:01:34...33...32.

BROCK
Two hours.

MATHIAS
You'll never reach it in time.

DAN (O.S.)
Holy Balls!

MOMENTS LATER

Dan and Rachel stand back as Trixie's eyes project an image in the air --

-- Mathias and Brock study it.

BROCK
She's a router, before you ask.

MATHIAS
I understand broadband connection, Brock. It's a simple science.

BROCK
You there?

The others watch on. Nog's fascinated by it.

ROXY (O.S.)
Confirmed. Hello Brock.

DAN
Who's that?

BROCK
Roxy, meet Dan and Rachel. Kids, say hi to Roxy.

Dan waves.

'Sup. DAN

Hi. RACHEL

BROCK
Did you gather the data?

ROXY (O.S.)
Analysis confirms the Grid is about
to go into phase one.

BROCK
Shit, we're running outta time.
Roxy, I need you to upload the
propulsion data to Trixie's HDD.
Can you do that?

ROXY (O.S.)
Processing...

Trixie BUZZES.

ROXY (O.S.)
...data transfer complete.

MOMENTS LATER

Trixie stands beside Brock as he fits a USB drive into a
slot inside the pod.

The pod comes to life. Blue lights ignites. The dashboard
lights up.

Trixie climbs in. Brock hops inside, operates the buttons
and switches on the dash.

RACHEL
What about us?

BROCK
Stay here.

DAN
I've always wanted to see the sky
city. Can I come?

BROCK
No. Sorry, too dangerous.

The pod cockpit seals shut.

BROCK (O.S.)
(inside pod)
I'll come back for ya. Promise.

Rachel turns away, disappointed.

RACHEL
That's what our parents said and
they never came back.

The cockpit opens, Brock steps out and confronts the kids.

BROCK
When I make a promise I fulfill it.
I *will* come back for you. You have
my word.

Nog and Mathias watch on.

BROCK
(to Mathias)
Don't take your eyes off them for a
minute, Elias. Anything happens to
them, I'll fillet your ass.

Mathias gulps.

MATHIAS
Got it.

Brock props Rachel's chin up, offers her a smile.

BROCK
Trust me.

Brock hops into the pod.

BROCK
Might wanna stand back a little. It
could get messy.

EXT. NEW YORK WASTELAND - DAY

The POD breaks through the asphalt and soars skyward.

INT. LEVITATOR, MOVING - DAY

Viktor hangs onto a rail, keeps his eyes locked on a
restrained Hansen, Alisha and Sports Car Driver.

SPORTS CAR DRIVER
Why am I here?!

HANSEN
You were hanging with us...

Hansen laughs at a private joke. No one else laughs. His
smile fades.

HANSEN
...it's a *joke*.

ALISHA
(unenthusiastically)
Hilarious.

SPORTS CAR DRIVER
(pleading)
Please, I just wanna get married.
I'm supposed to be picking out my
tuxedo and planning rehearsal.

Viktor looks away.

HANSEN
(nudges SCD)
Just between you and me, I don't
think he cares much.

SPORTS CAR DRIVER
Enrique's gonna be so pissed. He
gave me one job, ONE JOB, and I
fluffed it up.

Viktor's watch BEEPS. He pulls out two bracelets, fits them
on Hansen and Alisha's wrists.

VIKTOR
It's time.

HANSEN
Time for what?

Sports Car Driver convulses, electricity surges through his
body, white foam spews from his mouth.

HANSEN
What the hell is happening to him?

VIKTOR
Phase one.

EXT. LEVEL 5, MAIN FLOOR - DAY

SHOPPERS and PEDESTRIANS collapse, convulse and twitch.

EXT. NEW YORK, SKY-ROAD LEVEL 4 - DAY

Vehicles CRASH into one another. Chaos breaks out.

EXT. NEW YORK, LEVEL 5, CENTRAL MAINFRAME - DAY

An obelisk of light, large and cylindrical, connected via dozens of pipes and tubes to the ceiling.

A Levitator soars toward it.

EXT. CENTRAL MAINFRAME, COURTYARD - DAY

A tree in full blossom sits in the center of four-pieces of grass with benches beside them.

The Levitator lands on the ground. Its propulsion system dies down to silent.

Viktor drags Alisha out of the copter. A GRUNT (masked) shoves Hansen out.

VIKTOR

Welcome to the Central Mainframe,
Agent Hansen.

Hansen admires the height of the mainframe's body.

HANSEN

Damn...

EXT. SMOG CLOUDS - DAY

The Pod breaks through the clouds en route to the station.

EXT. NEW YORK STRUCTURE - DAY

Flight drones repair the broken shell. Some BUZZ...

INT. POD, MOVING - DAY

Brock flips a switch. The cockpit rips off. Trixie leans out with a plasma rifle, opens fire --

EXT. NEW YORK STRUCTURE - DAY

Drones enter attack mode, red eyes and lasers primed. Plasma blasts incinerate them instantaneously.

BROCK (O.S.)

Duck!

INT. POD, MOVING - DAY

Trixie ducks down. Brock scrunches up his face.

EXT. NEW YORK - DAY

The pod makes it through the hole, instantly ascends. Drones give chase, fire their lasers.

The pod swirls through construction, avoids all scaffolds. Drones smash into poles, some remain in pursuit.

INT. CENTRAL MAINFRAME, CORRIDOR - DAY

Long, lit by strips along the walls. Blue "veins" stretch across the length of the floor toward ARCHING doors.

Hansen elbows Grunt in the gut, shoulder tackles him to the ground and head butts him in the face.

Viktor pulls out a gun, grabs Alisha as a human shield, sits the gun to her temple.

VIKTOR

Enough.

Hansen snaps his gaze on the man.

ALISHA

Bullshit!

Alisha back-butts him in the face, knocks him off balance and ducks. Viktor aims --

-- Hansen tackles him over Alisha's back.

Both men spill to the ground. Hansen forces all of his weight into Viktor.

HANSEN

Get the keys!

Alisha round-house kicks Grunt in the face, knocks him into a wicked flip-spiral to the deck.

Hansen bites Viktor's wrist, no response. Viktor grabs Hansen's hair, yanks back.

Alisha grabs the keys, removes her restraints.

ALISHA

Han-

Someone knocks her into a wall. She falls unconscious.

HANSEN

Alisha!?

Hansen catches a glimpse of someone -- WHACK -- falls unconscious to the ground.

Viktor rises, sweeps blood from his wrist, beneath lurks something steely.

VIKTOR

You waited too long.

Grunt slowly gets to his feet.

Irons looks down at Alisha with a twisted expression, he stares at Viktor.

IRONS

Never question my timing, Viktor.
Drag him to the scanner.

EXT. NEW YORK, SKY-ROAD LEVEL 4 - DAY

Brock pilots the pod like a race car, in/out of the annihilated roads.

Drones relentlessly pursue.

Trixie mounts the edge of the pod, waits for the moment.

BROCK (O.S.)

Do it now!

Trixie leaps through the air -- grabs hold of a drone, uses it on its affiliates, one-by-one, lasers cut through drones.

Trixie rips the drone apart, jumps to another, grabs one from the air and punches through it.

She opens a panel on the drone, splices wires together and launches herself skyward --

-- shoots a grapple hook onto the underside of a car, and swings back into the pod.

Drones stop in mid-flight, electricity surges through them, ALL of them explode simultaneously.

INT. POD, MOVING - DAY

Brock double-takes at Trixie in the passenger seat.

BROCK
I've missed you.

Trixie grins.

BROCK
Time to wrap this up, you ready?

TRIXIE
Yes.

INT. CENTRAL MAINFRAME - DAY

Pistons pummel the side of a large cylinder that blinks red and blue. Computers make up the bottom.

Hansen sits cuffed to a pipe. Alisha lies on the ground. Hansen comes to, blinks a few times.

HANSEN
Alisha?

Irons taps away at keyboards.

HANSEN
Irons? What's going on...?

IRONS
Slow to catch on, I see. Thank you for bringing her, Agent Hansen. We appreciate your support.

Hansen tries to move, cuffs RATTLE against the pipe.

HANSEN
The hell...Irons...

Irons faces him, boasts a smirk on his face.

IRONS

An old form of restraint. Keeps you right where we need you until we need you.

Irons takes a knee before Hansen.

IRONS

You show much promise, Jacob. The first successful *Fracture*. Before you we believed humanity incapable of evolution, turns out, you were the key to this.

HANSEN

Oh, save me the lecture and just shoot me. No need to monologue.

Irons steps over Alisha.

IRONS

And she is the genetic template. No wonder Brock went through so much trouble to conceal her, and right under our nose to boot. Clever.

Irons signals Grunt.

IRONS

The future begins with her. And all because of you. Thank you, Jacob.

Hansen flips him the bird.

IRONS

(to Grunt)

Bring her to the scanner.

EXT. CENTRAL MAINFRAME, COURTYARD - DAY

Viktor keeps watch with steely eyes and an assault rifle.

The pod CRASHES through the battlements, raises the ground and skids to a halt.

Brock and Trixie climb out.

VIKTOR

Brock! Long time, no see.

Brock whips out the annihilator, pulls the trigger --

-- a ball of energy knocks Viktor through a wall. Rubble and steel crash down around the man.

BROCK
Never did like that cockroach.

They make their way across a bridge.

Viktor explodes out of the rubble. Half of his face mangled and steel. A red eye, metal "bone" structure.

BROCK
Now he's a Cyborg. Great.

Brock attempts, Trixie sets him back.

TRIXIE
Get to the console. I'll take care of this.

BROCK
Good girl.

Brock takes off toward the doors.

Trixie steps forward, cocks the plasma rifle, shoots three times with precision --

-- Viktor takes each shot, to the gut, to the side and to the legs. He drops, rises in an instant.

Trixie ditches the plasma rifle, clenches her fists.

VIKTOR
You cannot win. You're inferior.

Trixie swings a punch. Viktor back-steps, lunges at her. He tackles her around the waist, they CRACK asphalt as they go.

Trixie lands an elbow to the back. Viktor lifts her over his head, slams her into the concrete.

VIKTOR
Your attempts are futile. There is no version of this where you come out on top. We will win.

TRIXIE
You will try.

They throw punches at one another --

INT. CENTRAL MAINFRAME - DAY

Grunt loads Alisha into a stasis pod, seals it and nods over to Irons.

Irons taps away on the console, brings up various things on the monitor.

Hansen pulls, uses another hand to gain leverage, uses his feet to add more strength...a bullet tears through the chains that hold the cuffs.

Hansen drops to the ground, removes the remaining cuff.

BROCK (O.S.)
Sorry I'm late.

Hansen looks up. Brock glares down at him.

HANSEN
Brock.

BROCK
Hansen, right?

Brock extends his hand.

BROCK
How about you get off your ass and help me save the world?

Hansen grips Brock's hand, gets up.

IRONS
Your efforts are useless, Brock.
It's already begun. Humanity will cease to exist and we will take over this world.

HANSEN
Why does he keep saying we?

BROCK
He's a hybrid. Cross-species, so to speak. He's part of the Grid. It wants to wipe out humanity by turning everyone into an android.

Irons laughs.

BROCK
Unfortunately for the Grid, your genetic template is missing a vital part. Ain't that right, chief?

Monitors flicker red: "WARNING: TEMPLATE UNDEFINED".

IRONS

No...

BROCK

She hasn't got a chip in her head.
I took it out. Checkmate in two.

IRONS

We built a fail-safe. A template
was merely option one.

Irons hits "enter" on a keyboard.

A large surge of energy shoots up the central column.
Pistons fire at the sides.

IRONS

Take care of the rabble.

Grunt blindsides Brock, knocks him down. Hansen swings a
punch, Grunt throws him into a wall.

Brock pushes up, reaches for his annihilator. Grunt kicks
the gun away, kicks Brock onto his back.

Alisha comes to inside the pod, panics.

ALISHA

No...shit...

Irons plucks the annihilator off the ground, stalks Hansen.

IRONS

Why do you resist when we gifted
you with this second life?

HANSEN

You took the mind of a sadistic
bastard and brought him back from
the grave.

Hansen wipes blood from his lip.

HANSEN

That's the biggest mistake you've
ever made you sorry son of a bitch.

IRONS

Then allow me to rectify that
mistake.

Irons takes aim with the annihilator, pulls the trigger. A surge of electricity hits his hands, he twitches, drops.

Grunt grabs Brock, shoves him into a wall and squeezes the man's neck brutally.

Hansen tries to help.

BROCK

Get Alisha outta the pod! I got this, Hansen.

Hansen heeds this, heads over to the console.

ALISHA

Jake, get me out of this thing!

EXT. CENTRAL MAINFRAME, COURTYARD - DAY

Trixie cracks a pipe around Viktor's head. He staggers back. Trixie swings again. Viktor grips the pipe, crushes it.

He raises the pipe and Trixie, slams her into the side of the Levitator.

INT. LEVITATOR - DAY

Sports Car Driver comes to, fights back pain and looks --
-- Trixie battles Viktor outside the craft.

EXT. CENTRAL MAINFRAME, COURTYARD - DAY

Trixie traps Viktor's arm, uses her elbow, snaps the arm right off, SPARKS fly.

Viktor GROWLS, lunges. Trixie ducks his attack, sweeps out his legs and swings him legs-first into a wall.

INT. CENTRAL MAINFRAME - DAY

Hansen frantically stabs away at keys. He acknowledges a monitor: "PHASE TWO ACTIVATED".

HANSEN

Oh shit...the hell's Phase Two?!

BROCK
Systematic wipe!

Brock breaks free, punches Grunt in the side of the head, holds his fist in pain. Grunt grabs him.

The stasis pod unlocks. Alisha spills out. Hansen stops her in mid-fall.

ALISHA
Thanks.

HANSEN
Don't mention it-

BANG -- Hansen and Alisha look down. Hansen bleeds out.

ALISHA
Oh no, no, no...

Irons stands, smoking gun in hand.

IRONS
We gave you a second chance and you
threw it in our face!

Alisha eases Hansen to the ground.

ALISHA
Hansen, stay with me. Stay awake.

Hansen coughs up blood, which drizzles down his chin. He GASPS for air...

ALISHA
Brock?!?!

Brock's watch ticks down: "00:02:59...58...57..."

A monitor boasts another warning: "PHASE THREE INITIATED".

EXT. CENTRAL MAINFRAME, COURTYARD - DAY

Viktor decks Trixie, wrenches her arm and rips it off. She SCREAMS in pain as sparks spit from the stub.

A strange HUMMING noise emanates high above.

Viktor looks up, grins, an aurora spectacle reflects in his steely eyes.

EXT. CENTRAL MAINFRAME, TOP - DAY

Opened like a carnivorous plant. Green, blue, red and celestial energy spits out of it.

EXT. LEVEL 5, MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Energy touches the downfallen civilians. A few eyes open, boasting the same colors as the aurora.

INT. CENTRAL MAINFRAME - DAY

Brock struggles to get free. Grunt increases his grip. Brock fishes through his pocket, pulls out a USB drive.

BROCK
ALISHA?!

He throws the devices.

BROCK
Plug them in!

Grunt slams Brock into the ground. Brock's watch CRACKS. The timer ticks down: "00:01:35...34...33..."

Alisha grabs for the USB drives. Irons stomps on her hand.

BROCK
NO!

Irons shoots the USB drives. They shatter.

BROCK
AAAHHHH!!!

Brock breaks Grunt's arm, punches through his helmet, struggles free and rams him head-first into the wall.

Brock lifts his annihilator, shoots Irons three times, each one more brutal than the last.

Irons spits blood, drops dead.

Brock consults his watch, sighs...

ALISHA
Look out!

Grunt tackles Brock to the ground. The annihilator spills from his hand.

Grunt squeezes Brock's throat. Brock GAGS, reaches out...

ALISHA

HEY!

Grunt looks over.

ALISHA

Eat this.

Alisha fires the annihilator -- Brock kicks Grunt up -- A plasma blast decimates Grunt, melts him through the chest. He drops dead.

Alisha helps Brock.

BROCK

We have to stop it.

ALISHA

How long do we have?!

BROCK

Less than a minute...

Brock drops to Hansen's side. Hansen wanes, near death.

BROCK

Do you still love him?

ALISHA

What?

BROCK

Take that as a yes.

Brock removes his watch, GROANS in pain.

ALISHA

Brock, don't-

BROCK

It's the only way...

Brock clips the watch around Hansen's wrist. Slowly, Hansen's wound seals, he GASPS.

Brock helps Hansen to Alisha, she slings Hansen's arm over her shoulder.

BROCK

Get him out of here.

ALISHA
Don't do this, please, we can find
another way.

BROCK
No, it ends now.

Brock's skin deteriorates.

BROCK
There are two kids on the surface.
I made a promise.

ALISHA
Okay...

Brock removes a chip from Hansen's wrist.

BROCK
Go...I got this.

EXT. CENTRAL MAINFRAME, COURTYARD - DAY

Viktor holds Trixie by the head, makes her watch the sky.

VIKTOR
Watch humanity's end with me.

INT. LEVITATOR - DAY

Sports Car Driver fights a violent transformation as he
lifts a rocker launcher from its holder.

EXT. CENTRAL MAINFRAME, COURTYARD - DAY

Trixie grabs at Viktor's wrist, unable to get free.

EXT. CENTRAL MAINFRAME, BRIDGE - DAY

Alisha helps Hansen across the bridge as the HUMMING
increases its volume.

INT. CENTRAL MAINFRAME - DAY

Brock opens chamber door, inside rests a console and two
electrical pylons. Brock plugs in the chip.

He fights back his disease, which takes over his face and
skin. He grips one of the pylons.

BROCK
AAAHHH!

He grabs the second. Electricity surges through his body. He drops, retains his grips on the pylons.

BROCK
AAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

One of the pylons snap out of place. The other continues. Brock uses all his strength -- peels it away.

The console and the cylinder shutdown immediately. A wave of red energy glides up the cylinder...

EXT. CENTRAL MAINFRAME, TOP - DAY

The "flytrap" closes. A moment of silence. BOOM. The entire structure collapses in on itself.

EXT. CENTRAL MAINFRAME, BRIDGE - DAY

The blast knocks Alisha and Hansen to the ground.

EXT. CENTRAL MAINFRAME, COURTYARD - DAY

Viktor scowls.

VIKTOR
NO!

TRIXIE
YES!

Trixie grabs his wrist, flips him over and scurries away. Viktor stalks her --

SPORTS CAR DRIVER
Hey, ASSHOLE!

Viktor looks over.

SPORTS CAR DRIVER
I'm getting married next week!

Sports Car Driver pulls the trigger -- a rocket spits out -- glides through the air --

-- Viktor's eyes go wide -- BOOM, the rocket explodes him. Chunks of steel and circuitry rain down all over.

INT. CENTRAL MAINFRAME - DAY

Brock sits back against a wall staring at his degenerating hands. He hears the explosions, smiles.

Slowly, his hand drops, his eyes glaze over and he dies...

The ceiling collapses, the console sparks and rubble descends upon the room...

EXT. CENTRAL MAINFRAME, COURTYARD - DAY

Ashes sprinkle through the air, descend on the chaos.

Trixie, one-armed and weak, looks over and sees Alisha and Hansen emerge from the dust.

Hansen stops, gains his bearings.

HANSEN

Trix?

Trixie smiles, falls to her knees. Hansen rushes over to cradle her.

HANSEN

Trixie?! No-no-no...what...what's happening to her?

Alisha sadly gazes down.

ALISHA

Her systems are shutting down.

HANSEN

Why?!

ALISHA

Humanity and Machines can't exist together, Hansen. One or the other.

HANSEN

But she can't die...

TRIXIE

Remember when I asked you if I was alive?

HANSEN

Of course I do...

Trixie smiles, BUZZES.

TRIXIE
Is this how it feels to die?

HANSEN
You're not dying, Trixie. You're
gonna be fine, you hear me?

TRIXIE
You are a bad liar.

Hansen fights back his emotions.

TRIXIE
I am sorry.

HANSEN
You got nothing to apologize for.
You're my friend, Trixie.

Trixie shuts down in his arms.

HANSEN
Trix? Trixie...? Trixie...!

Alisha sets a hand on his shoulder.

EXT. LEVEL 5, MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Humans rise from their slumber. Some check on others.

EXT. NEW YORK, SKY-ROAD LEVEL 4 - DAY

Cars back away from wrecks. Horns HONK.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

Sports Car Driver stands at the altar with ENRIQUE (30s). A
PRIEST silently gives his blessing.

SUPER: One Week Later...

The congregation rises in applause.

Sports Car Driver and Enrique walk down the aisle with
smiles on their faces. They pass --

Hansen and Alisha, who clap. Hansen nods. Sports Car Driver responds with a nod of his own.

EXT. CENTRAL MAINFRAME, COURTYARD - DAY

Human maintenance workers clear the courtyard and fix up the joint, sweep, weld and hammer.

EXT. NEW YORK WASTELAND, STREETS - DAY

Rachel, Dan, Nog and Mathias walk. Mathias wheels a cart full of supplies.

A HUMMING sound draws closer. All four turn around.

A Levitator descends from the sky, lands a few yards away.

Dan's face lights up. Rachel smiles.

Hansen and Alisha step out of the copter. Approach them.

HANSEN

Rachel and Danny Harkin?

DAN

Where's Brock?

Alisha bows her head.

The kids understand. Mathias looks skyward. Nog GRUMBLES, hangs his head.

HANSEN

He made you a promise. I'm here to make sure that promise is met.

Hansen acknowledges Nog.

HANSEN

To ALL of you.

FINAL FADE OUT.

SUPER:

FRACTURE