

THE LAST FLOOD

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FADE IN:

EXT. SHOPPING PROMENADE - NIGHT

The stores' neon signs contrast with the filthy pavement. PIMPS, SEX WORKERS, CREEPS of all kind and gender work for the fast buck of the night.

In the background, a police car hovers by.

A short figure in black hoody, EMILY HASTINGS, 24, dreadlocks frame her pale face, cuts through the street scum and turns into a pharmacy.

INT. PHARMACY - NIGHT

At the counter, against the backdrop of vials, bottles and packed medication, a stout PHARMACIST with owl-eyed spectacles welcomes Emily with a warm smile.

PHARMACIST

Freezing cold night, isn't it,  
Miss?

Emily strokes over the thin fabric of her sleeves.

EMILY

I haven't even realized - What is  
it?

PHARMACIST

Not more than fifteen out there, I  
fear. According to the radio, it's  
going to snow all night. Might be  
easily two feet by morning.

Absorbed in thoughts, Emily repeats.

EMILY

Two feet by morning. That's  
perfect.

(facing him)

I need something strong.

PHARMACIST

What're you up for? A good sleep,  
some pain to kill?

EMILY

Heroin, please.

Pharmacist picks a vial filled with a fine white powder, openly labeled as "heroin".

PHARMACIST

May I ask your age, Miss?

EMILY

Two hundred and forty-two.

Pharmacist puts the bottle onto the counter.

PHARMACIST

Oh. I should have known. You behave so... mature.

EMILY

I need a kit too.

He reaches under the counter, places a bag filled with a rubber tubing, spoon, and a syringe beside the heroin.

As Emily makes a grab for it, Pharmacist won't let it go.

PHARMACIST

I'm only one hundred and ninety, ma'am... however, let me say, with all given respect -- most of us suffer from terminal depression. So, whatever you're going for, do not kill your backup-mind.

Emily nods with a faked smile.

EMILY

Thank you.

As she steps toward the entrance, behind the shop window first snowflakes float by.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Emily sits on her couch. With a lighter she melts the heroin on the spoon, draws the liquid into the syringe.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Emily picks a snow shovel.

EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAWN

In underwear, with a backpack and snow shovel in hand, Emily steps through the fresh two feet thick layer of snow.

With the shovel, she clears a spot on the lawn.

Emily sits down and reclines at the cleared spot.

She produces the rubber tube and the syringe from her rucksack.

With her bare hands, she scoops up snow over her body.

She ties off her arm with the tube. Sticks the syringe into a vein and pushes the plunger.

The heroin disappears into her body.

Her blue eyes widen as she motionless stares up.

EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

A hearse hovers in front of the house.

EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAWN

The CORONER, 40, kneels beside Emily's dead body.

A hand pats on his shoulder.

BASIL O'NEIL, 43, perfect black suit, short hair, produces a badge.

O'NEIL

Excuse me, sir. This is Emily Hastings, right?

CORONER

Yes, she is. Poor child.

O'NEIL

I'm Basil O'Neil. I work for the CPC company. Mrs Hastings, I mean, her original personality, is owner of a life insurance.

CORONER

I understand.

O'NEIL

Our team will quickly make a copy if you don't mind? You can take over the corpse in just a minute.

CORONER

Sure.

(mumbling)

You soulless bastards.

Coroner step aside.

Two CO-WORKERS in gray coveralls reach O'Neil.

They place a small fine-wired apparatus beside the corpse.

O'NEIL  
Clever kid isn't she? It'll make  
for a perfect copy.

The Co-Workers put electrodes to Emily's temple.

A few seconds and a Co-Worker pulls a hard drive from the apparatus. He puts a tag to it and with a marker writes down EMILY HASTINGS. He passes it to O'Neil.

CO-WORKER  
Mister O'Neil.

O'Neil takes the hard drive and walks off.

EXT. MUDFLAT - DAY

Right in the deserted, wet sand sits a shipwreck.

INT. SHIPWRECK - DAY

In the rusty wreck, a creature with human facial features, blue reptile-like skin, sits behind a wooden table.

Her name is ARTEMIS.

The door creaks open and Emily enters the wreck.

ARTEMIS  
Hello Emily.

EMILY  
Artemis.

Emily takes seat in front of Artemis.

ARTEMIS  
It's not so long ago. You still  
suffer from your terminal  
depression?

EMILY  
I-I... You're an AI, you won't ever  
understand the fear of death.

ARTEMIS

Don't worry. That's what we're here  
for. To accompany you.

Emily looks around.

EMILY

What is this?

ARTEMIS

Last time when you were Eric,  
you've chosen this scenario. CPC  
has a fresh shell just ready for  
you, but as usual, it's the free  
will that decides. Your will. To  
continue a life on planet earth or  
end your life on planet earth. If  
you want to pass, just open the  
door.

EMILY

And then?

ARTEMIS

It won't hurt. You leave this wreck  
and the flood will come.

INT. CPC SERVER FACILITY - DAY

O'Neil steps between two rows of server cabinets.

Hundreds of hard drives blink.

He reaches the hard drive labeled Emily Hastings.

The blinking green light ceases and her hard drive dies.

FADE OUT.