

VEE WORLD
TV SERIES PILOT

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. GARDEN, VEE WORLD - DAY

A healthy, well dressed and handsome virtual reality Barney WILSON, 30s, is seated at a small table in a pleasant garden.

At his feet is his 5 year old Golden Retriever, MR. RUFF.

Colorful butterflies flit about the garden, a pair of hummingbirds dance around flowers in full bloom.

Wilson sips a cup of tea. Across the table is an empty chair.

FIZZ-CRACKLE.

The shape of a man, DENTON, 40s, flickers, then materializes in the chair across from Wilson.

Wilson pats Mr. Ruff's head, looks up and politely smiles.

WILSON

Lawyer Denton, right on time, glad
you could make it.

Denton, dressed in a dark suit is clutching a briefcase. He has the frightened look of a man who just rode in on a tornado.

DENTON (V.O.)

Jeez, that never gets old.

Denton looks around the garden and grimaces.

DENTON (V.O.)

Wish the old man would make the
colors more believable.

Denton forces a smile.

DENTON

Don't want to keep our BIGGEST
client waiting...

Wilson interrupts.

WILSON

Quite right. Good decision.

(small beat)

What do you have for me today?

Denton opens his briefcase, brings out a handful of papers and puts them on the table in front of Wilson.

DENTON

Just the usual -- Recent stock market transactions, currency and commodities trading and a progress report on the Phoenix Project...

Wilson sips tea and looks bored.

WILSON

Denton, you're such a tedious and boring little man -- You never bring me anything new or interesting.

Wilson puts down his teacup, reaches over, picks up the papers and looks at them.

Pause.

WILSON (CONT'D)

These are fine. I'll transfer the funds for the Phoenix Project later today.

As Denton puts the papers back into his briefcase.

DENTON

If I may say so, sir, the expense of the Phoenix Project seems to be disproportionately large in comparison to all of your other activities.

Wilson is not amused.

WILSON

(sternly)

Denton, thank you. You have a gift for stating the obvious.

(small beat)

The expense of the Phoenix Project is directly proportionate to its importance.

DENTON

What is the Phoenix Project?

WILSON

None of your business.

DENTON

Yes sir, of course not, sir.

INT. GARDEN, VEE WORLD - DAY

Wilson and Denton are seated at a small table.

WILSON
Is that all?

Denton looks nervous and twists a little in his seat.

DENTON
Well, sir, the police have been
making inquiries into a series of
mysterious deaths...

Wilson looks interested.

WILSON
Mysterious deaths?

DENTON
Yes sir.

Denton spreads his arms wide with palms up and indicates the garden.

DENTON (CONT'D)
Here sir, in Vee World.

Wilson smiles.

WILSON
Here in my digital construct, my
perfect virtual reality?

Denton avoids looking directly at Wilson.

DENTON
Your name or more specifically the
name of your creation -- Vee World
has been linked to these deaths.

Wilson leans forward slightly.

WILSON
Please continue.

Denton looks at Wilson.

DENTON
Four deaths -- Three short term
visitors and one permanent
resident.
(small beat)
(MORE)

DENTON (CONT'D)

The common factor in these deaths is Vee World. The police are calling these deaths possible homicides.

(small beat)

The media is suggesting there may be a serial killer.

(small beat)

Our firm is devoting an increasing number of billable hours and resources to block this line of investigation and this type of irresponsible reporting.

(small beat)

Fortunately, your Wilson Foundation owns many of these media outlets and has great influence downtown.

WILSON

Quite right. Keep up the good work.

(small beat)

Anything else?

Pause

DENTON

No sir.

WILSON

Thank you for dropping by...

Wilson presses a button on the table, Denton flickers and disappears.

EXT. ELYSIAN FIELDS MANOR - DAY

A large and well kept manor house surrounded by manicured countryside. There is a circular driveway.

The tires of expensive automobiles slowly glide over the crushed stone driveway making a soft sound.

INT. ELYSIAN FIELDS MANOR - DAY

Monitors and computers connected to hyperbaric chambers softly hum and blink.

In one of these chambers is real world Barney WILSON, 87, a rotting and shriveled old man. Many tubes run into and out of his body. On his head is a halo of multicolored wires.

Seated next to Wilson's hyperbaric chamber is real world Denton.

Denton's eyes are closed. He is also wearing a halo of multicolored wire. The wires of the halo trail off to a nearby computer console.

Denton opens his eyes, removes the halo, stands up and looks into the hyperbaric chamber containing Barney Wilson.

Wilson's eyes are closed. He does not move and appears to be in a vegetative state.

Denton is thoughtful for a moment, then turns and walks away.

He passes through a dimly lit great hall filled with other hyperbaric chambers. He pauses briefly at a chamber marked MR. RUFF and looks inside.

An army of technicians, nurses and doctors dressed in lab coats move around as they perform their duties.

EXT. GARDEN, VEE WORLD - DAY

The virtual reality Barney Wilson gets up from his chair and looks at the garden. He smiles approvingly. Wilson CLAPS his hands together. Mr. Ruff wags his tail.

WILSON

Come on Mr. Ruff, let's go get a bite of lunch.

Wilson smiles and muses.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Maybe I'll go to the club tonight and have some drinks -- I'm feeling amorous.

Wilson and Mr. Ruff leave the garden.

EXT. VEE WORLD SHOP IN STRIP MALL - DAY

Simple strip mall in middle class neighborhood. Glass store fronts: Dollar Store, Shoe Town, Pet Store, Vee World.

SARAH JANE, 17, short, homely, heavy, acne, stands in front of the Vee World Shop. She looks at the 20% off coupon in her hand and bites her lip. She puts the coupon in her shoulder bag.

She enters Vee World.

INT. VEE WORLD SHOP IN STRIP MALL - DAY

A simple lobby area. Poster on the wall with handsome couple smiling. Printed on the poster: BE WHOEVER YOU WANT TO BE IN OUR PERFECT WORLD.

Sarah Jane stares at the poster on the wall.

Young lady standing behind a counter at the other end of the lobby, JANICE, 20s, interrupts Sarah Jane's reverie.

JANICE
May I help you?

Sarah Jane is self conscious and embarrassed.

SARAH JANE
Yes, I'm here about your Wonderful
Weekend Package.
(small beat)
I have a 20% off coupon.

Janice motions Sarah Jane to approach the counter. Sarah Janes complies.

Janice extends her hand.

JANICE
May I see your coupon?

Sarah Jane give Janice the coupon. Janice studies it.

JANICE (CONT'D)
This coupon expired yesterday.

Sarah Jane looks dejected.

JANICE (CONT'D)
Your first time?

Sarah Jane looks like she is about to cry.

SARAH JANE
Yes -- It would have been my first
time. It's so very expensive --
I've been saving all my baby
sitting money...

Janice turns to a computer and taps some keys.

JANICE
Let's see what we can do...

A printer behind the counter hums and a piece of paper pops out. Janice hands the paper to Sarah Jane. It's a valid coupon. Sarah Jane sees the coupon and beams.

SARAH JANE
Oh, thank you so very much!

Janice smiles.

JANICE
I remember my first time -- You are
18 years old, right?

Sarah Jane can't look Janice in the face. She lies.

SARAH JANE
Yes. I'm 18.

JANICE
Can you show me some
identification?

Sarah Jane rummages around in her shoulder bags, finds her fake I.D. card, hands it to Janice.

Janice takes a quick look.

JANICE (CONT'D)
OK. You're good to go.

Sarah is excited and bounces up and down.

SARAH JANE
Tell me how this works -- The
Wonderful Weekend Package.

Pause.

JANICE
I'll take you in the back, put you
in a private Vee Booth, ask you
some questions and send you on your
way.

SARAH JANE
How long will I be gone.

JANICE
Good question.
(small beat)
In real world time, you'll be gone
exactly two hours and 37 minutes.
(small beat)
(MORE)

JANICE (CONT'D)

In vee time, you'll spend an entire three day weekend -- three days and two night at the luxurious Grand Vee Hotel where you will have a suite, access to all the facilities AND an unlimited credit account.

(small beat)

You can shop, gamble in our casino, dine, dance, order room service and be the person you always dreamed of being.

Pause

JANICE (CONT'D)

First, you must sign some papers and make full payment, then I'll send you on your way.

Sarah Janes signs some paper and hands over a big wad of well worn cash.

Janice leads Sarah Jane to the back of the shop, opens the curtain on a booth and motions for her to enter.

JANICE (CONT'D)

OK, take off your shoes, get on this recliner...

Janice pats the recliner with her hand.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Make yourself comfortable and I'll put on your Vee World Halo.

Sarah does as instructed. Janice puts a halo with multicolored wires on Sarah Jane's head.

Janice moves to a computer terminal.

JANICE (CONT'D)

OK, tell me who you want to be...

SARAH JANE

I wanna be taller, super model tall.

Janice taps on her keyboard.

SARAH JANE (CONT'D)

I want long blonde hair to go with my beautiful long legs.

(small beat)

(MORE)

SARAH JANE (CONT'D)
I want to be very pretty with blue
eyes.

Sarah Jane touches her face with active acne and acne scars.

SARAH JANE (CONT'D)
Make me about 24 with creamy,
perfect skin.

In a very matter-of-fact-ish manner.

JANICE
Anything else?

SARAH JANE
Oh yes, I want big breasts -- big
perfect and perky breasts.

Janice smiles.

JANICE
Always a good choice -- The perfect
fashion accessories -- Goes with
everything.

Janice makes more computer entries.

JANICE (CONT'D)
Now just lay back, close your eyes
and you'll drift away -- Don't be
alarmed when you materialize in the
lobby of the Grand Vee Hotel.
(small beat)
Materialization can be a bit
disorienting -- It makes some
people sick.

Sarah closes her eyes, Janice makes a few more entries on
her computer terminal and dims the light in the booth.

JANICE (CONT'D)
Have a lovely weekend.

Lights on a computer console blink as Sarah Jane is sent to
Vee World.

INT. GRAND VEE HOTEL - DAY

FIZZ-CRACKLE

A virtual reality persona flickers, then materializes in the
lobby of the Grande Vee Hotel.

Virtual reality SARAH JANE, 24, large perfect breasts. She has long beautiful legs and long blonde hair. Her bright blue eyes sparkle. Sarah Jane is a stunning knock out.

Sarah Jane looks around the lobby, then sees herself in a full length mirror on the wall. She is both shocked and amazed.

SARAH JANE
Jeez -- I'm GORGEOUS.

She twirls around and admires herself. She is beaming. People walking by give her admiring glances.

SARAH JANE (CONT'D)
I can live with this look -- It suits me.

Sarah Jane walks to the reception desk in the lobby and taps the bell on the counter.

A smart looking DESK CLERK, 20s, looks up. He gives Sarah Jane an obvious approving look and a serious Hollywood smile.

DESK CLERK
May I be of some assistance?

Sarah Jane smiles and flips her long blonde hair.

SARAH JANE
Yes, you may. I'm Sarah Jane. I have a reservation for the weekend.

Desk Clerk looks at a computer screen, nods

DESK CLERK
Yes, Sarah Jane, you're reservation has been confirmed.

Desk Clerk smiles again.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)
We've been expecting you.
(small beat)
If there is anything I can personally do to make your stay more enjoyable, I get off in 45 minutes.
(small beat)
I'd be happy to show you around.

Sarah Jane is obviously flattered by the young man's attention. She flips her hair again and smiles.

Desk clerk hands her the card key to her room.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)
 Suite 1327. It's a lovely suite on
 the 13th floor with a magnificent
 view of the lagoon.
 (small beat)
 There'll be a a full moon tonight.
 The moonlight shimmering on the
 water will be unforgettable. Enjoy.

Desk clerk smiles and winks

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)
 Remember, I get off in 45 minutes.

Sarah Jane moves away from the front desk and toward a bank
 of elevators in the lobby. She passes several upmarket
 boutiques along the way.

SARAH JANE (V.O.)
 OH YES -- shopping. I better buy
 something special for tonight.

She cups her magnificent breasts and pushes them up. She
 looks down and smiles.

SARAH JANE (V.O.)
 Something low cut to show off these
 puppies.

The elevator goes BING, door opens, Sarah Jane gets on, the
 elevator door silently closes.

INT. GRAND VEE HOTEL, THE CLUB - NIGHT

Large dimly lit room with a band stand, dance floor
 surrounded by tables. On an elevated section in the room, a
 nice bar with stools. Small jazz group plays soft music.
 Mirrored globe over the dance floor glitters.

Sarah Jane enters the room. BLAM. She's in a low cut red
 dress with a plunging neck line. She is dripping in diamonds
 the size of a blue bird's eggs. Her long blonde hair is up.

Everyone in the room notices her including Barney Wilson who
 is sitting at the bar talking to the bartender, AMOS, 40s.

Wilson turns to Amos.

WILSON
 Hold your calls -- We have a
 WINNER.

Wilson and Amos exchange knowing smiles.

WILSON (CONT'D)
Amos, do have any idea who that lovely young lady might be?

Amos wipes the bar with a towel and leans towards Wilson.

AMOS
My sources tell me her name is Sarah Jane and she's here on a Wonderful Weekend Package deal -- She had a 20% off coupon.

Amos looks at Wilson's empty martini glass.

AMOS (CONT'D)
Another, sir?

Wilson nods YES. Amos puts both of his hands on the bar and continues his report.

AMOS (CONT'D)
She checked in this afternoon and wasted no time running up BIG NUMBERS on her unlimited credit account.

(small beat)
Shopping, spa, several metric tons of jewelry, enough clothes for three large college sororities, twelve pairs of shoes, make-over and room service -- lobster, champagne -- you name it, she got it.

Wilson sits up straight.

AMOS (CONT'D)
You never cease to amaze me.
(small beat)
Your sources are impeccable -- Your information detailed and complete. Thank you.
(small beat)
Now where's my drink?

Amos stands at attention in military fashion and clicks his heels.

AMOS (CONT'D)
Yes sir, coming right up.

WILSON
 (mumbles under his breath)
 Be useful or be gone.

Wilson eyes Sarah Jane as she comes to the bar and takes a seat two down from where he is sitting. Amos returns with Wilson's drink. Wilson motions for Amos to come closer.

WILSON (CONT'D)
 Go tell Sarah Jane I'd like to buy
 her a drink.

Without hesitation, Amos goes to Sarah Jane. They talk, but we can't hear their conversation. Sarah Jane throws her head back and laughs.

Amos returns to Wilson.

AMOS
 She said if the gentleman would
 like to buy the lady a drink...
 (small beat)
 How did she put it? Oh, yes, she
 said, 'Come on down.'

Wilson gets up, smiles and moves towards Sarah Jane.

MONTAGE:

Sarah Jane and Wilson chatting at the bar.

The couple dancing.

More drinks at the bar.

Laughter, smiles.

They leave the bar.

EXT. GRAND VEE HOTEL, TERRACE - NIGHT

Sarah Jane and Wilson stand on a terrace bathed in moonlight. They face each other and hold hands.

SARAH JANE
 I want to thank you for the most
 wonderful night in my life.
 (small beat)
 I'm only sorry I have to leave
 soon.
 (small beat)
 How long are you here for?

Wilson admires Sarah Jane in the moonlight, pulls her close.

WILSON

I live here. I'm a permanent resident.

Sarah Jane pulls back from Wilson.

SARAH JANE

SHUT UP. You live here full time?

Wilson tries to be modest.

WILSON

Yes, me and my dog -- Mr. Ruff.

Sarah Jane struggles to find words.

SARAH JANE

You -- you AND your dog -- full time here?

(small beat)

You must be filthy rich.

Wilson is uncomfortable.

WILSON

I'm modestly well off.

Sarah Jane slaps Wilson on the chest with her open palm.

SARAH JANE

It took me months to save up enough for a weekend here AND you live here?

(small beat)

WOW.

Wilson is no longer amused with this conversation and tries to re-direct it.

WILSON

Let's walk down to the lagoon. The moon on the water will be lovely.

Sarah Jane nods YES. They slowly walk away from the Grand Vee Hotel and down a path.

EXT. VEE WORLD LAGOON - NIGHT

Sarah Jane and Wilson reach the lagoon. Moonlight shimmers on the water. They stand quietly taking in the scene.

SARAH JANE

This is the most lovely thing I've
ever seen.

WILSON

I'm glad you like it.

SARAH JANE

This has been the most wonderful
evening of my whole and entire
life.

She turns her back to Wilson and looks at the lagoon bathed
in moonlight.

WILSON

The evening isn't over yet.

A long, round, pointed object materializes in Wilson's hand.

Without warning, Wilson plunges this into the middle of Sarah
Jane's back.

She tries to scream, but can't. The pointed object passes
through Sarah Jane like a hot knife through butter. It comes
out the other side between her lovely breasts.

She looks down in horror at the pointed object piercing her,
her eyes roll back into her head, her knees buckle and she
falls to the ground.

Her virtual reality persona begins to flicker.

FIZZ-CRACK

Her body dematerializes and she's gone.

INT. VEE WORLD SHOP IN STRIP MALL - DAY

Janice stands at the vee booth where she left real world
Sarah Jane two hours and 40 minutes earlier.

JANICE

(softly)

Wakie, wakie -- Time to wake up.

(small beat)

Your weekend at the Grand Vee Hotel
is over. Time for you to go home.

Pause. No answer. Janice raises her hand and KNOCKS on the
vee booth.

There is no answer. Nothing.

Janice cautiously opens the curtain of the vee booth and peers inside.

A lifeless Sarah Jane is laying there. Her eyes are open and stare at nothing. There are no signs of a struggle and no blood.

JANICE (CONT'D)
 (screams)
 NOT AGAIN.

INT VEE WORLD SHOP IN STRIP MALL - DAY

Plain clothes Police Detectives SYKES and BARNS, both 40s, interview Vee World Manager Janice. Medical personnel carry the lifeless body of Sarah Jane out on a gurney -- the body is covered with a sheet.

Sykes turns and speaks to the medical personnel.

SYKES
 Take her straight to the Medical Examiner's Office.
 (small beat)
 This ain't right. Healthy young girl, no marks, no blood, no motive, no witnesses -- Middle of the day and she's dead.
 (small beat)
 This stinks on ice.

Barns hears Sykes comments and nods his head in agreement. He then turns back to the distraught Vee World Manager and continues taking notes on a small, iPad like device.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - DAY

The dead body of Sarah Jane is laid on a stainless steel table in brightly lit laboratory. Barns and Sykes stand next to the body. Medical Examiner, Doctor JONES, female, black, 30's, pulls off her gloves and raises her face mask.

SYKES
 OK, What killed her, Doc?

Jones shakes her head.

JONES
 Not a mark, not a scratch, no cuts, no puncture wounds - nothing.
 (MORE)

JONES (CONT'D)

No loss of blood, no contusions,
bruises, no broken bones. No signs
of sexual molestation or rape.

BARNS

AND?

JONES

In my professional medical opinion,
this little white girl is G-O-N-E,
She's stone cold dead and GONE.

Barns and Sykes pull back.

BARNS

Whoa - That's a little harsh don't
you think, Doc?

Jones puts her hands on her hips.

JONES

Harsh? You two, big, donut eatin',
redneck, honkie crackers come down
here to my lab acting all concerned
about one little dead white girl?

(small beat)

Pull your politically correct heads
out of your tight white asses and
smell the city.

(small beat)

I'm down here dealing with dead
people all day -- everyday.

Jones stops to catch her breath.

SYKES

Hey Doc, don't you think that's a
little mean?

BARNS

And hurtful too.

SYKES

Can't we all just get along?

They stare at each other in silence, then all three break out
into loud laughter.

BARNS

OK, So what killed her?

Jones frowns.

JONES

Not a clue.

Barns and Sykes look at each other. Barns scratches his head.

JONES (CONT'D)

I'll run some more test, but seriously doubt I'll find anything.

(small beat)

Strange -- This is not the first time I've seen this type of death lately. There were several others -- I'll have to look them up.

(small beat)

Also seem to remember reading something in the Media involving similar cases -- They were floating the idea of a Vee World Serial Killer.

Pause.

JONES (CONT'D)

And fellows, don't even bother to ask -- I'll send you the files the minute I find them -- In the morning OK?

Barns and Sykes nod YES.

BARNS

Thank you.

SYKES

Thanks

The Detectives turn and leave the lab, Doctor Jones heads off in another direction.

INT. GARDEN, VEE WORLD-DAY

Wilson sits at his table in the small pleasant garden.

Mr. Ruff is at his feet. Mr. Ruff starts to fade.

FIZZ-CRACKLE.

The dog dematerializes and is gone.

A horrified Wilson looks down.

WILSON

Mr. Ruff?! Not now -- We're so close.

Wilson takes a smart phone from his jacket pocket. Taps a number in speed dial. Professor Crockett, 60s, answers immediately.

CROCKETT

Doctor Crocket. How may I help you?

A greatly distressed Wilson shouts in to the phone.

WILSON

Mr. Ruff is dead. He just dematerialized.

Pause.

CROCKETT

Yes sir, we see it. His life signs have failed. He's gone.

WILSON

Crockett, I haven't poured 7.5 billion dollars into Project Phoenix to hear some over educated, old fart like you tell me my dog is dead.

(small beat)

I want him back NOW.

CROCKETT

Mr. Wilson, we're so close, but it's just not ready. We need to make more tests...

Wilson angrily interrupts.

WILSON

Let me put this in terms even you can understand -- Bring my dog back now or find another job.

CROCKETT

Please standby, sir

Pause.

FIZZ-CRACKLE

A virtual reality Mr. Ruff flickers and materializes. Wilson looks down at Mr. Ruff, smiles and pats his head. Mr. Ruff wags his tail.

WILSON
 (softly to Mr. Ruff)
 Worth every penny. Good to have you
 back old friend.

Wilson puts the smart phone to his ear.

WILSON (CONT'D)
 OK, Crockett -- you over priced
 egghead, you've finally done
 something worthwhile. Project
 Phoenix is a success.
 (small beat)
 Years late and wildly over budget,
 but a success none the less.
 Congratulations to you and your
 team.

CROCKETT
 (cautiously)
 Thank you sir. High praise coming
 from you -- High praise indeed.
 (small beat)
 Of course, we'll need to run some
 more tests to confirm the stability
 of the non-corporeal upload of Mr.
 Ruff into the digital construct, I
 mean, in Vee World, but this looks
 very promising.

Wilson takes the phone away from his ear. He presses a button
 and cuts off Doctor Crockett. He puts the phone into his
 jacket pocket and looks down at Mr. Ruff at his feet. Wilson
 smiles and pats the dog's head. Mr. Ruff wags his tail.

INT. VEE WORLD BOARD ROOM OF THE WILSON FOUNDATION - DAY

Seated around a long table are middle aged men and women
 dressed in conservative business attire. The virtual reality
 Wilson stands at the head of the table.

WILSON
 As many of you know or suspect, I'm
 dying.

Wilson raises his hands to hush a crowd which has not made a
 sound. Men and women at the table silently listen. Their
 faces are expressionless.

WILSON (CONT'D)
 Many of you have expressed your
 concerns about my successor.
 (small beat)
 (MORE)

WILSON (CONT'D)

There are several strong candidates, BUT with the success of Project Phoenix, I am happy to announce my successor will be ME.

People at table gasp.

WILSON (CONT'D)

With the recent and successful non-corporeal upload of my dog, Mr. Ruff, into the digital construct, it will be possible for me to continue in my role as chairman, director and CEO of the Wilson Foundation forever.

(small beat)

Baring the highly unlikely and simultaneous failure of all 12 bomb hardened computer control centers, I and Mr. Ruff are assured eternal digital life.

Members of the board whisper to each other. Wilson continues.

WILSON (CONT'D)

In the past, hard work, results and loyalty have been rewarded with money -- Lots of money. All of you have more money than you could ever hope to spend in your life times.

(small beat)

With the success of the Phoenix Project, loyal services and results can now be rewarded with something more valuable -- Immortality -- Sentient Digital immortality.

(small beat)

Yes, We are now able to make ourselves everlasting gods -- Overlords of humanity.

Murmurs from the board members. One member, male, BLACKWOOD, 50s, rises.

WILSON (CONT'D)

The Chairman recognizes Mr. Blackwood.

(small beat)

OK, Blackie, what's on your mind?

Blackwood collects his thoughts, then speaks.

BLACKWOOD

We are all, certainly, impressed by the success of Project Phoenix, but many of us, myself included, have long thought we were deserving of a more active role in the control and direction of the Wilson Foundation -
- Many of us have dedicated our lives to the Wilson Foundation and we deserve a more equitable power sharing role.

Wilson patiently listens and smiles.

BLACKWOOD (CONT'D)

Many of us, and again, myself included have been waiting for our opportunity to put our stamp, our brand, on the Wilson Foundation.

Several at the table nod their heads in agreement.

Wilson looks at the faces around the table, he slowly and deliberately presses a button on a handheld unit.

Blackwood's virtual persona flickers and starts to fade.

FIZZ-CRACKLE.

Blackwood is gone.

INT. BLACKWOOD'S OFFICE - REAL WORLD - NOW

Mr. Blackwood is behind his desk. His body is thrown back into his expensive office chair, his arms outstretched, his eyes stare blankly at the ceiling. The wires on his multi-colored vee halo are smoking.

Mr. Blackwood is dead in both worlds -- The real world and in Vee World.

INT. VEE WORLD BOARD ROOM OF THE WILSON FOUNDATION - DAY

Wilson looks at the faces of those seated at the virtual reality boardroom table.

With his arms outstretched and palms up.

WILSON

(calmly)

Anyone else care to make an objection to my continued and absolute control of the Wilson Foundation?

Silence.

EXT. VEE WORLD TENNIS COURT - DAY

With a smashing backhand, virtual reality GLORIA HORN, 32, firm, fit and gorgeous in tasteful tennis togs, wins the match.

She rushes to the net, shakes hands with her opponent and leaves the court.

With a towel thrown over her shoulder, she enters the Ladies Locker Room.

INT. VEE WORLD, LADIES LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Gloria Horn walks down a tiled hallway, she stops when she sees a figure of a man standing in the shadows. She recognizes the figure. She smiles.

GLORIA HORN

What are YOU doing here? Turned all creepy peepy have we? Watching the ladies in the showers through tiny holes in the walls?

The figure in the shadows steps forward. A long, round, pointed object materializes in his hand. He grabs Gloria Horn's shoulder with one hand and plunges the pointed object held in his other hand into her chest.

Her face contorts in pain and terror.

She falls to the floor. Her virtual reality persona flickers and fades.

FIZZ-CRACKLE. Gloria Horn dematerializes and is gone.

EXT. REAL WOLD, MANSION- DAY

Large and well kept mansion with expensive cars parked out front.

INT. REAL WORLD, MANSION- DAY

Uniformed maids silently tip-toe through halls filled with antiques and paintings in gilded frames.

INT. REAL WORLD, MANSION, BEDROOM - DAY

Behind closed doors, Doctor BRUCE, 50s and lawyer CLINTON, 50s, stand next to a large canopied bed containing the mortal remains of the real world GLORIA HORN, 82. Her face is contorted in horror, her eyes are open and blank.

CLINTON

Well Bruce, this is how we're going to spin this.

Pause. Clinton reaches over and removes the vee halo from Gloria Horn's head.

CLINTON (CONT'D)

First, we need to distance Miss Horn's death, her family name and her estate from this virtual reality circus.

Doctor Bruce nods his head in agreement.

CLINTON (CONT'D)

As her personal, attending physician you'll list the cause of death as NATURAL.

(small beat)

I'll corroborate. At her age, there will be no questions asked.

Pause.

BRUCE

Absolutely agree -- It's for the best.

INT. VEE WORLD, LADIES LOCKER ROOM - DAY

A figure obscured by shadows walks slowly down a tiled hall. The figure is followed by what appears to be a dog -- a golden retriever.

INT. REAL WORLD, POLICE STATION - DAY

Officers Barns and Sykes seated at cluttered desks. Computers on their desks go PING, PING. Face of Doctor Jones appears on both computer screens.

JONES

Morning guys. Found those other reports.

(small beat)

There's been six similar, unexplainable death in the last three months.

Barns and Sykes looks at each other.

JONES(V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'll save you boys the trouble of reading these reports.

JONES (CONT'D)

You boys can read, right?

BARNS

I can read a little, my partner Sykes? I don't know?

Sykes shakes his head and does not answer.

JONES

And here's where it gets interesting -- All the deaths occurred during or after a visit to Vee World.

Jones smiles.

JONES (CONT'D)

Does this make me a very hot and do-able, crime solving Medical Examiner or what?

BARNS

(to Jones)

I'm going with OR WHAT.

SYKES

Me too.

Both Sykes and Barns turn off the computer link with Jones.

BARNS

Maybe Brown Sugar is on to something?

SYKES

Sounds like a solid to me.

BARNS

Let's go back to that Vee Shop and find what we missed.

SYKES

Right.

Both men get up and leave the room.

INT. V-WORLD SHOP IN STRIP MALL - DAY

Officers Barns and Sykes enter the lobby of the shop, the manager looks up. She recognizes them.

JANICE

Hey, Detectives -- Any news?

BARNS

We'd like to ask you some more question, if we may?

Janice nods.

JANICE

Go ahead. I'd like to help if I can.

(small beat)

I feel partially responsible -- Her 20% off coupon was expired, I printed her another.

Janice starts to cry. Barns puts his hand on her shoulder.

BARNS

Not your fault.

Janice takes a tissue and blows her nose.

JANICE

Now, about those questions. How can I help?

Sykes takes out his iPad like device.

BARNS

Is there any way we can find out where or what Sarah Jones did when she was inside Vee World?

Janice goes to a computer on the counter.

JANICE

Well, we don't actually track our visitors, BUT we do keep a GPS log of where they go and what they buy.

(small beat)

With an unlimited credit account, you'd be amazed at what our visitors spend.

Sykes grimaces.

SYKES

Way ahead of you -- I have a wife who thinks she has an unlimited credit account.

All three smile.

SYKES (CONT'D)

Can you upload the information you have for Sarah Jane's visit on my device?

Janice extends her hand.

JANICE

Absolutely.

She taps a few keys, takes Sykes' device and passes it near her computer.

JANICE (CONT'D)

There you go. I also uploaded images of her virtual persona.

(small beat)

What she looked like during her visit to Vee World might be helpful IF you go there.

Barns and Sykes look confused.

SYKES

Go where?

JANICE

Go to Vee World to ask if anyone saw her while she was there.

Both Barns and Sykes looked surprised.

BARNS

WOW. We can do that?

JANICE

Absolutely. While most of our visitors are only in Vee World for a short vacation, a few days or maybe just an afternoon -- Some people actually work there and a few others are permanent residents.

(small beat)

Perhaps someone saw Sarah Jane while she was there?

Barns and Sykes have that Eureka Moment.

BARNS

How and when can we do this?

Janice looks at the detectives.

JANICE

I can send you there -- right now if you want to go.

Barns and Sykes looks at each other, nod, then look at Janice.

SYKES

Let's do it.

Janice leads Sykes and Barns to the back of the shop.

INT. GRAND VEE HOTEL, LOBBY - DAY

Barns and Sykes materialize and look around. They bump fists and poke each other with their fingers.

BARNS

This is nice -- the colors are a bit off, but this is amazing.

Sykes rubs his fingers together.

SYKES

Jeez, I can feel my fingers.

Barns slaps his own face - HARD.

BARNS

Ouch. That hurts.

They look around the lobby, see the reception desk and go there. Barns taps the bell on the counter. The Desk Clerk lifts his head and looks disapprovingly at Barns and Sykes.

DESK CLERK
 (cautiously)
 Can I help you? Are you lost?

Sykes and Barns open their rumpled coats to display their badges and weapons in shoulder holsters.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)
 The Police? And not mafia hit-men --
 I hope.

BARNS
 Are you a regular?

DESK CLERK
 Regular what?

BARNS
 Do you work here on a regular basis
 -- Not some short term freak who
 likes to dress up like a bell hop.

Desk Clerk, straightens his smart looking suit.

DESK CLERK
 I can assure you, I am indeed an
 employee of the Grand Vee Hotel and
 not some freak who likes to dress
 up like a bell hop -- OR two shabby
 looking freaks who like to dress up
 like cops.

Barns and Sykes ignore the Desk Clerk's remark.

Sykes whips out his hand held device and shows the Desk Clerk
 an image of virtual reality Sarah Jane.

BARNS
 Have you seen this hot property?

DESK CLERK
 Why yes, I have. She was in here...

Desk Clerk pauses to think.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)
 About a week ago. She was stunning.

Barns leans over the reception desk.

BARNS
 Emphasis on the past tense - WAS.

Desk Clerk looks shocked.

DESK CLERK
Whatever do you mean?

BARNS
Her real world self is dead. She
died in a recliner while visiting
this hotel.

DESK CLERK
Impossible.

BARNS
Not only possible, but really.

Pause.

DESK CLERK
Now that you mention it, she never
did check out.
(small beat)
There is never a bill to pay, but
most of our guests like to go
through the motions and check out --
all part of the experience, don't
you know.

BARNS
We don't know, but thanks for
sharing.

Sykes looks at Sarah Jane's GPS log posted on his device.

SYKES
(to desk clerk)
Which way to THE CLUB?

Desk Clerk points to his left.

DESK CLERK
Down the hall, past the elevators.
You can't miss it.

INT. VEE GRAND HOTEL, THE CLUB - DAY

Sykes and Barns enter the room. Only a few people are seated
at the bar. Behind the bar is Amos, the bartender.

Sykes and Barns walk to the bar where Amos is standing. Amos
looks up.

AMOS
Lost?

BARNS

Why do people keep asking us that?

Sykes shrugs his shoulders. Amos cleans an empty glass. Sykes shows Amos Sarah Jane's virtual reality image.

SYKES

(to Amos)

Seen her in here?

AMOS

Who's asking?

Barns and Sykes open their coats to show their badges.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Oh, that explains your snappy clothes.

Barns looks hurt.

BARNS

Dry cleaning would destroy the natural drape of my jacket.

AMOS

As you wish, sir.

(small beat)

Yes, she was in here about a week ago -- Quite stunning. Matter of fact, she sat right here.

Amos indicates a seat at the bar.

BARNS

Did you see anything unusual?

AMOS

No, not really. She had drinks with Mr. Wilson.

BARNS

Anything else?

AMOS

The lady and Mr. Wilson had drinks, danced and went out onto the terrace -- I assume they went out there to look at the moonlight -- It is quite unforgettable.

BARNS

We'll have to take your word on the moonlight, we're just here for the afternoon.

SYKES

Know where we can find this Mr. Wilson?

AMOS

Shouldn't be too hard. He's the owner and creator of Vee World.

(small beat)

Nice guy. Can be a bit abrupt and autocratic, but I guess that comes with being a multi-billionaire in the real world.

BARNS

What about you? Are you a billionaire in the real world?

Amos takes a towel and wipes the bar.

AMOS

Nah, in the real world I'm a quadriplegic confined to a wheelchair.

Amos takes one step back and does an Irish jig.

AMOS (CONT'D)

I work as a bartender in Vee World to pay for my time here.

Amos smiles and winks at a passing waitress.

AMOS (CONT'D)

It has it's benefits.

(small beat)

You fellas want a shot?

Pause

BARNS

No thank you -- not while we're on duty.

Amos puts three shot glasses on the bars and fills them from a bottle of 100 year old bourbon.

Barns looks at Sykes.

SYKES
What the hell...

Each man picks up a shot glass, they bring them together in a toast, drink and slam the shot glasses on the bar.

BARNS
WOW. That was GOOD -- You won't get that at my house.

SYKES
Mine neither.

Sykes and Barns smiles at Amos.

BARNS
Thanks for your help and the information.

Barns flips his card on the bar. Amos picks it up.

SYKES
If you think of anything else, give us a call.

Amos puts the card in his pocket, salutes and clicks his heels.

AMOS
Yes sir.

Barns and Sykes leave The Club.

INT. VEE WORLD GARDEN - DAY

Barns and Sykes enter the small garden. Wilson is seated with Mr. Ruff at his feet. Mr. Ruff looks up and wags his tail.

WILSON
Are you gentlemen lost?
(small beat)
This section of Vee World is closed to visitors.

Barns and Sykes stand shoulder to shoulder in front of Wilson.

BARNS
Are you Mr. Wilson?

WILSON
Yes I am.

Wilson pats Mr. Ruff on his head.

WILSON (CONT'D)
And this is my dog, Mr. Ruff.

SYKES
We're police officers. We've come
to Vee World to investigate a
possible homicide.

There is an insincere look of surprise on Wilson's face.

WILSON
Here in my perfect world?

Sykes shows Wilson the image of virtual reality Sarah Jane
side-by-side with her real world image.

Wilson leans forward to take a better look.

WILSON (CONT'D)
I had a drink with the lovely
creature on the left about a week
ago -- the other one I've never
seen before.

SYKES
Both pictures are of the same
person.

Wilson smiles.

WILSON
I can assure you these two photos
are not of the same person -- One
is infinitely more attractive and
desirable. The other is a homely
young female with acne and greasy
hair.

SYKES
Are you sure?

WILSON
Young man, I can assure you I know
the difference. It is my business
to know the difference.
(small beat)
The lovely young woman is what the
other wants to be, longs to be --
I've become a very rich man knowing
the difference and providing poor
wretches the opportunity to be what
they want to be.

Barns is about to speak, but Wilson stops him by putting up his hand.

WILSON (CONT'D)
I'm sorry gentlemen, you've taxed
my patience and invaded my privacy.

Wilson picks up a small device from the table and presses a button.

WILSON (CONT'D)
This interview is over.

Both Barns and Sykes begin to flicker and fade.

FIZZ-CRACKLE.

Barns and Sykes dematerialize and disappear.

INT. VEE WORLD SHOP IN STRIP MALL - DAY

Barn and Sykes are lying on recliners with their shoes off.

One of Barns big toes sticks out of a hole in his sock.

Barns and Sykes blink, sit up and remove the vee halos from their heads.

BARNS
What the heck was that?

SYKES
That was Mr. Wilson -- our prime
suspect -- Our major person of
interest.

Barns nods in agreement.

INT. REAL WORLD, POLICE STATION - DAY

Lawyer Denton flanked by two empty suits stand in front of Sykes and Barns. Denton serves them with legal papers.

DENTON
Gentlemen, you have been served.
(small beat)
(MORE)

DENTON (CONT'D)

If you so much as whisper Mr. Wilson's name in the privacy of your own home, I can assure you the vast resources and personnel of our legal firm will make it their mission in life to make your lives a living hell.

(small beat)

Do I make myself clear?

Barns and Sykes blink.

BARNS

Well, when you say it like that, it sounds like a threat.

DENTON

No threat, gentlemen. You can bet your sweet asses -- a rock solid guarantee.

(small beat)

If you even go near my client again, in the real OR virtual world, I will have your badges and pledge to put you and your families on the street.

(small beat)

Have I made myself clear?

Barns looks over and winks at Sykes. Barns looks back at Denton.

BARNS

Crystal. So when do we get to meet real world Wilson?

Sykes can't repress his laughter. Denton and flunkies turn quickly and leave the room.

BARNS (CONT'D)

We need to make it our mission in life to find the real world Wilson and bring him to justice.

Sykes nods in agreement

SYKES

Can't be any other way.

EXT. ELYSIAN FIELDS MANOR - DAY

Barns and Sykes drive up in their unmarked car and park. Next to their car is a Rolls Royce, a Bentley and a Mercedes Benz sedan.

Barns and Sykes get out of their car and head inside.

INT. ELYSIAN FIELDS MANOR - DAY

In the lobby are two muscle bound and armed rent-a-cops.

There is a small desk where a woman, MRS. EVERS, 40s, is seated. Mrs. Evers wears a starched and brilliantly white nurse's uniform.

BARNs

We're officers Barns and Sykes.

(small beat)

We called ahead -- We're here to see Mr. Wilson, Mr. Barney Wilson.

Mrs. Evers does not bother to get up, she takes off her glasses.

MRS. EVERS

I'm so sorry, you just missed him.

Sykes puts his fists on Mrs. Evers desk. The rent-a-cops look in his direction to evaluate the threat level.

SYKES

When will he be back?

Mrs. Evers puts her glasses back on and looks up at the detectives.

MRS. EVERS

Sadly, Mr. Wilson will never be coming back -- He passed away about 30 minutes ago.

SYKES

He's dead? -- Did he die suddenly and unexpectedly?

Mrs. Evers tries to look pleasant.

MRS. EVERS

Oh no. He was 87 years old and in poor health. He just reached the end of his journey.

(small beat)

(MORE)

MRS. EVERS (CONT'D)
Even with all his money and an army
of doctors, we lost him. He will be
missed.

Mrs. Evers raises her hands.

MRS. EVERS (CONT'D)
Mr. Wilson is responsible for this
facility -- He built it.
(small beat)
He was a fine man.

Pause.

MRS. EVERS (CONT'D)
If you'd like, I'd be happy to send
you a copy of his death certificate
- The cause of his death is listed
as natural.

Sykes takes out one of his cards and lays it on Mrs. Evers
desk. She picks it up.

MRS. EVERS (CONT'D)
I'll have that sent to you
immediately.

SYKES
Thank you.

MRS. EVERS
You're welcome. Glad to be of
service and again, sorry you missed
Mr. Wilson.

Barns and Sykes walk past the armed rent-a-cops and leave the
building.

Pause.

Lawyer Denton enters the lobby. He is carrying a large
computer cassette with a label.

INSERT: LABEL ON LARGE COMPUTER CASSETTE, "BARNEY WILSON."

Denton gives the cassette to one of the beefy rent-a-cops,

DENTON
Here. Take this thing. It weighs a
ton -- Take it out to my car.

Rent-a-cop complies and follows Denton.

EXT. GARDEN, VEE WORLD - DAY

Wilson is seated at the small table in the garden, Mr. Ruff is at his feet, across from Wilson is Denton.

DENTON

Good to see you again, sir.

(small beat)

I took the digital recording of --
YOU -- to the head of the Phoenix
Project as you instructed.

Denton looks around the garden.

DENTON (CONT'D)

Guess this answers all my questions
about the Phoenix Project.

Denton rubs his hands together.

DENTON (CONT'D)

WOW.

Wilson smiles.

WILSON

Quite. WOW indeed.

Denton looks nervous.

DENTON

(timidly)

As to that other business...

(small beat)

Those unsolved and mysterious
deaths of visitors to Vee World --
With your death, that line of
inquiry has settled down.

(small beat)

I'd say we are in the clear on that
one.

(small beat)

However, if you wish to continue in
this type of leisure time
activities, may I respectfully
suggest, in the future you be just
a little more discrete in selecting
your -- uh, playmates?

Wilson gives Denton a stern look. Denton reaches inside his coat and produces a piece of paper.

DENTON (CONT'D)

I've taken the liberty of creating a list of current temporary visitors along with the names of several permanent residents.

Wilson interrupts.

WILSON

I'm curious, Denton. What does someone have to do to be put on your list?

(small beat)

Do they floss their teeth in public or wear brown shoes with a blue suit?

Denton flashes a nervous smile.

DENTON

No sir. This is a list of the elderly, the sick, the frail and the dying.

(small beat)

The deaths of these people would arouse less suspicions and might even be appreciated by their heirs.

Wilson looks at the list and puts it into his pocket.

WILSON

You are a devious little man -- I like that about you.

(small beat)

You have a bright future with The Wilson Foundation.

Wilson and Denton share a smile and a small chuckle.

FADE OUT.