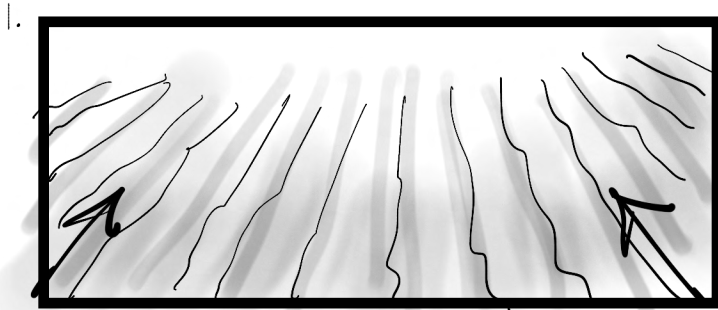


THE PERIPHERAL

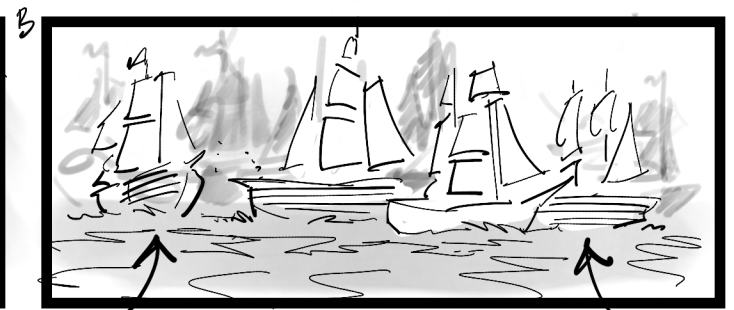
storyboards

EP 1-2

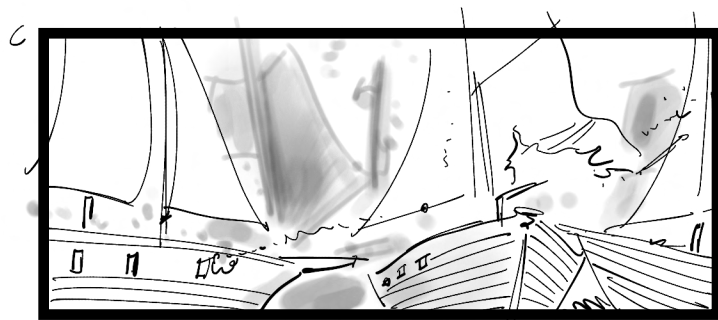
The peripheral SC 101



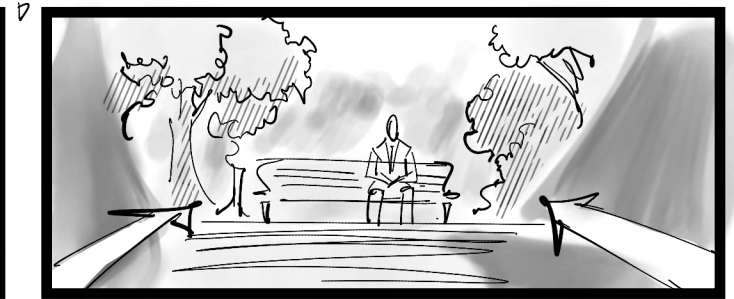
TRAVELING OVER WATER.



TILT UP TO SEE BATTLING SAILSHIPS - THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR IN SLOW MOTION.



PASS THROUGH THE BATTLE...



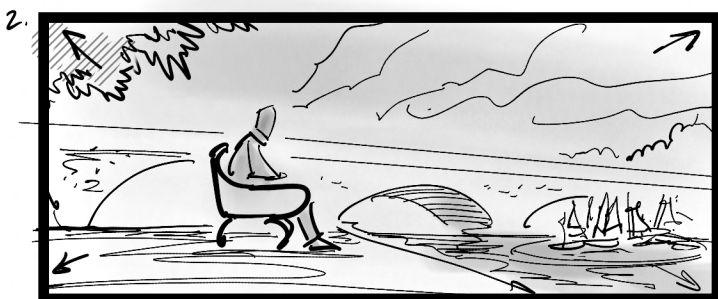
...TO REVEAL A MAN SITTING ON A PARK BENCH.



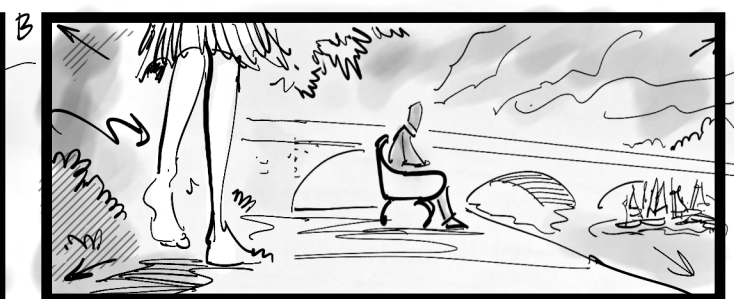
CONTINUE MOVING TOWARD HIM...



LANDING IN CU. THIS IS WILF NETHERTON. HE WATCHES THE MINIATURE BATTLE.

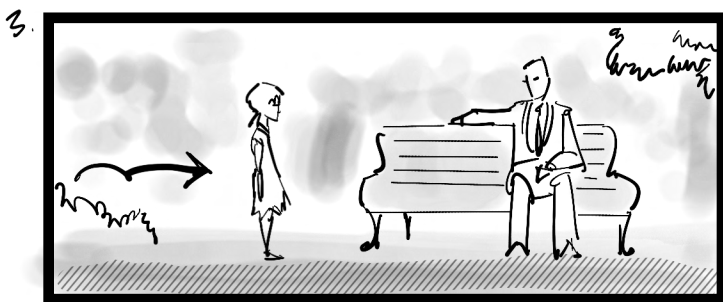


SLOW PULL BACK HOLDING WILF AND THE BOATS. FOR A LONG BEAT, HE IS THE ONLY ONE IN SIGHT.

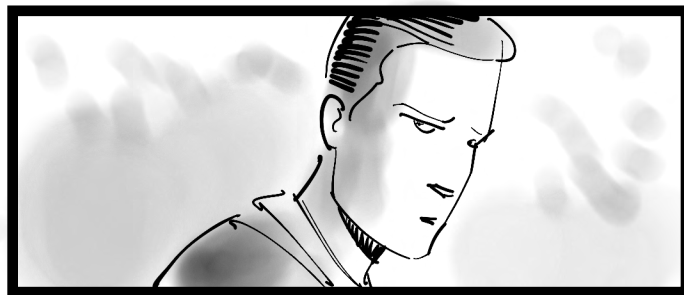


THEN A YOUNG GIRL APPROACHES.

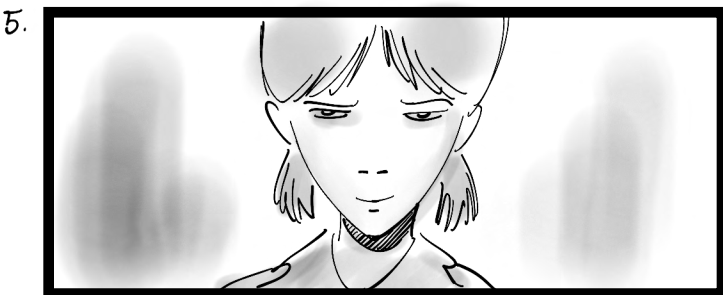
The peripheral SC 101



THE GIRL STOPS NEXT TO WILF'S BENCH. HE TURNS TO HER.



WILF: I ASSUME THERE IS A POINT TO THIS? BEYOND SOME MISPLACED NOSTALGIA?



YOUNG AELITA: IN ANOTHER THIRTY HOURS OR SO, YOU'LL LIKELY BE GRATEFUL FOR MY FORESIGHT.



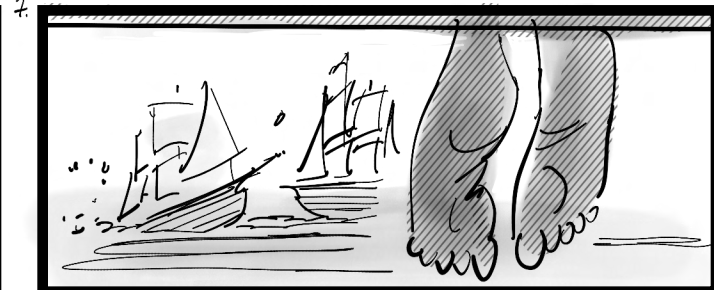
WILF: BECAUSE?

AELITA: ANYONE TRACING MY MOVEMENTS WON'T REALIZE OUR PATHS CROSSED TODAY.



WILF: WHAT SORT OF MESS HAVE YOU GOTTEN YOURSELF INTO NOW, AELITA?

YOUNG AELITA: YOU MEAN: WHAT SORT OF MESS HAVE YOU GOTTEN ME INTO?

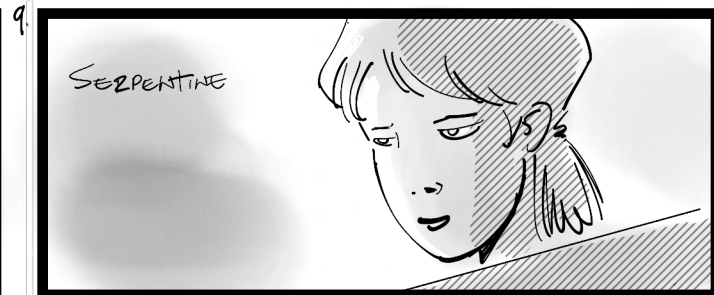


ANGLE UNDER BENCH- YOUNG AELITA'S BARE FEET DANGLE, THE BATTLE CONTINUES IN THE BG.



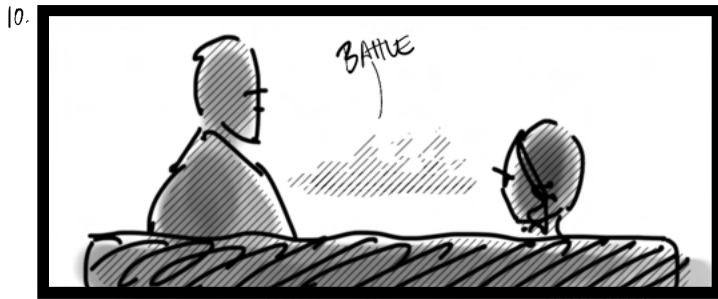
FRENCH REVERSE.

WILF: LEV ZUBOV?



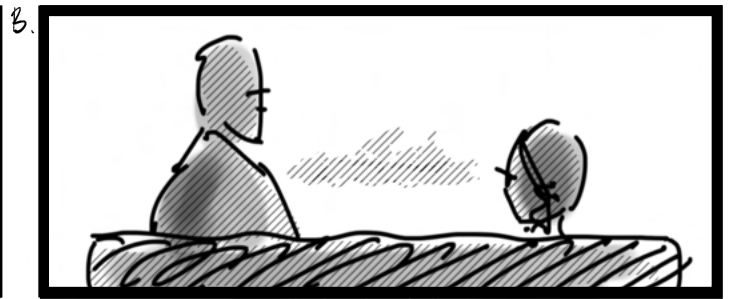
YOUNG AELITA: WHO WOULD'VE EVER GUESSED YOU'D BECOME THE SORT OF MAN WHO MAKES SUCH DANGEROUS FRIENDS?

The peripheral SC 101



WILF: A CASUAL DEBRIEFING - THAT'S ALL HE REQUESTED. WITH MINIMAL EXPOSURE. HE WAS QUITE CLEAR ABOUT THAT.

YOUNG AELITA: WELL OUR ARRANGEMENT HAS EVOLVED.



WILF: HOW?

YOUNG AELITA: LIKE AN EYE.

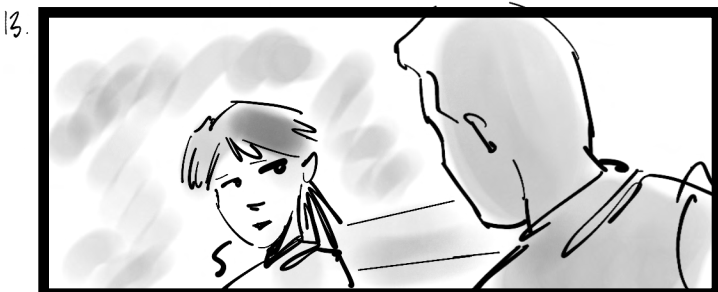
WILF: MEANING?



YOUNG AELITA: THE SERVICE I AGREED TO RENDER ZUBOV? STARTED LIKE A SIMPLE NEURON, EVER SO SLIGHTLY SENSITIVE..."



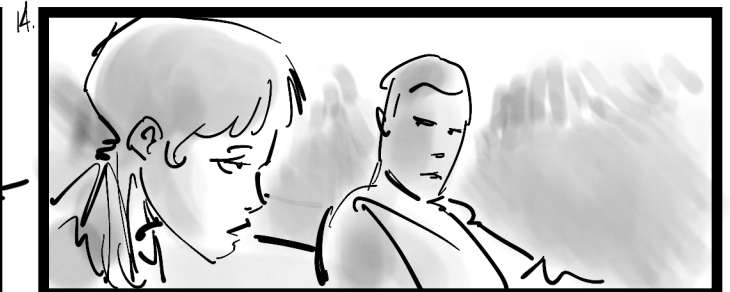
YOUNG AELITA: AND NOW? THERE'S AN IRIS, CORNEA, PUPIL, LENS, RETINA....



YOUNG AELITA: I ONCE WENT FOR SIX MONTHS WITHOUT SHOES. REMEMBER?



YOUNG AELITA: YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW MUCH I YEARN FOR IT SOMETIMES. THE COLD. THE PINCH OF HUNGER.



YOUNG AELITA: AMAZING HOW THE SOLES OF THE FEET CAN TOUGHEN UP. OR GO SOFT. JUST LIKE THE OTHER SORT OF SOUL.

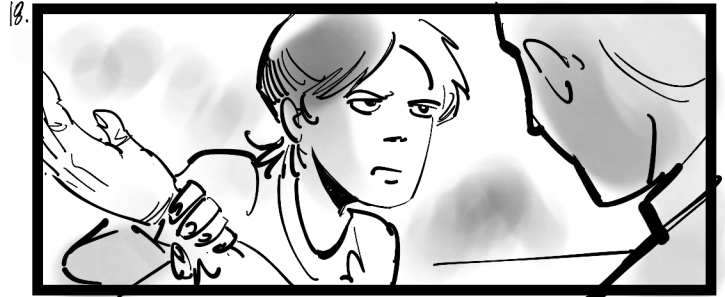
WILF: ONLY BECAUSE THERE'S NO THREAT OF YOU EVER HAVING TO ENDURE IT AGAIN.

YOUNG AELITA: WE'LL SEE.

The peripheral SC 101



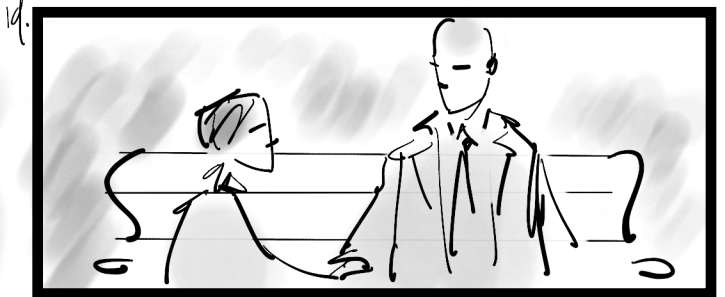
WILF: I'M GOING TO CALL LEV. RIGHT NOW.



SHE GRABS HIS WRIST.



YOUNG AELITA: DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM? MY SHOES?



WILF: YOU GAVE THEM TO ME.

YOUNG AELITA: WHEN I FIRST FOUND YOU, I MADE A VOW. THAT I'D A SAVE YOU IF I COULD.

WILF: AND YOU DID.

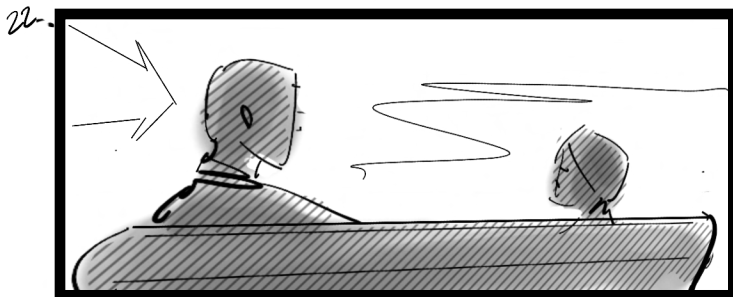


YOUNG AELITA: DID I?

SHE APPRAISES HIM.



WILF FEELS HER JUDGEMENT.



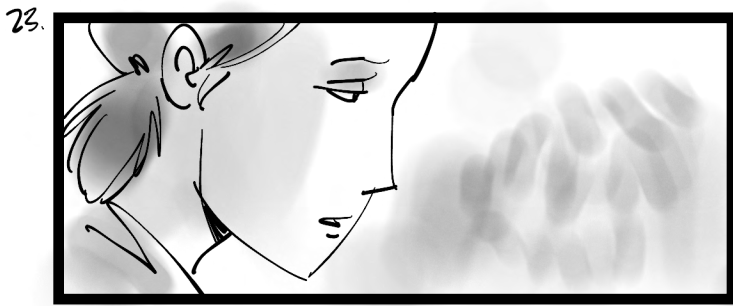
REVERSE LOOKING TO THE SERPENTINE. SLOW PUSH IN.

YOUNG AELITA: ZUBOV WILL CALL SOON ENOUGH. ALL YOU'LL NEED TO DO IS ACT SURPRISED, WHICH WILL BE EASY, IF THINGS GO TO PLAN. THAT'S WHY I ASKED TO MEET. TO TELL YOU TO STAY CLEAR OF IT.

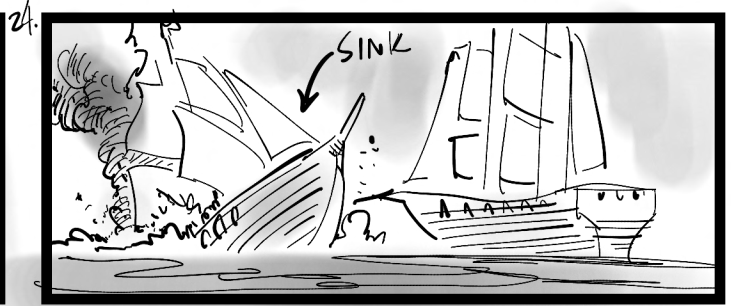


WILF: OF WHAT?

The peripheral SC 101



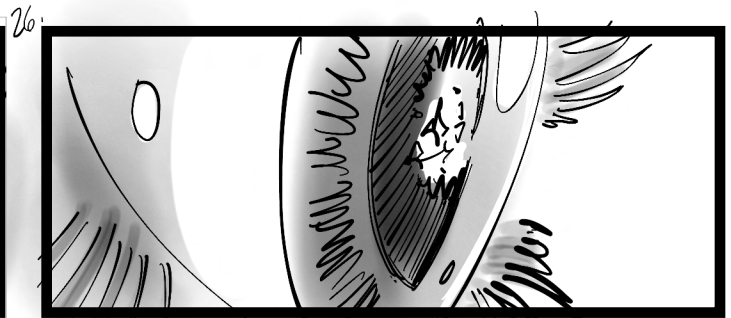
YOUNG AELITA: ME. WHAT I'M ABOUT TO DO.



SHIP SINKS.



WILF: WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, AELITA?

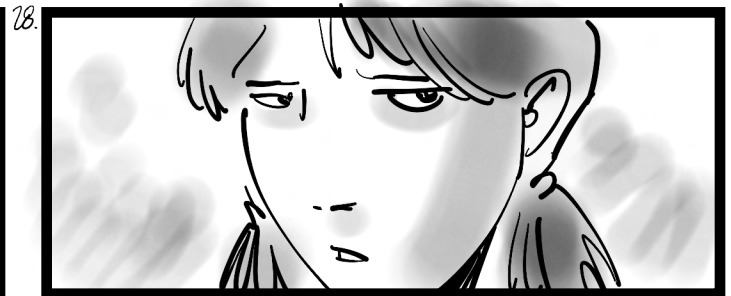


THE BATTLE REFLECTED IN HER EYE.

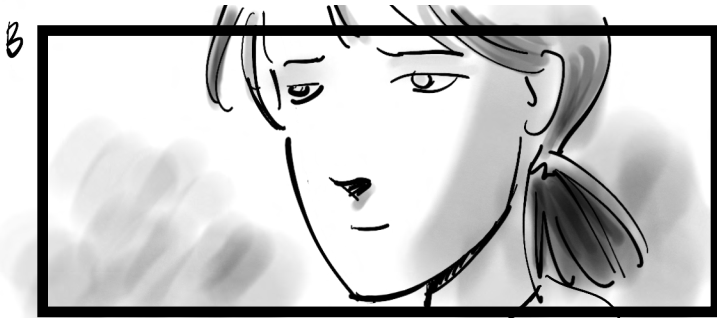
YOUNG AELITA: SAVING THE WORLD.



WILF: OUR WORLD IS LONG PAST SAVING. I THOUGHT THAT WAS ALWAYS YOUR POINT.

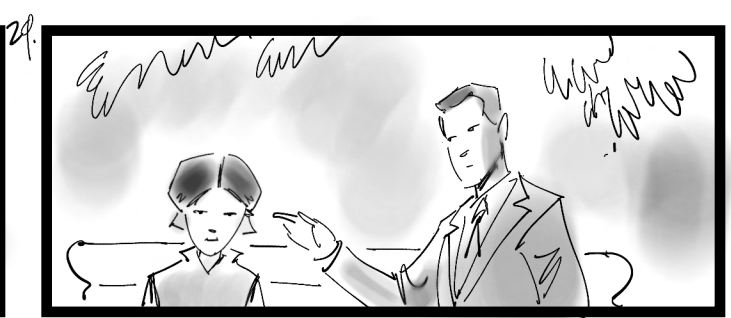


AELITA: INDEED. BUT I DIDN'T SAY "OUR."



AELITA'S EXPRESSION GOES BLANK.

WILF: AELITA...? ARE YOU THERE...?



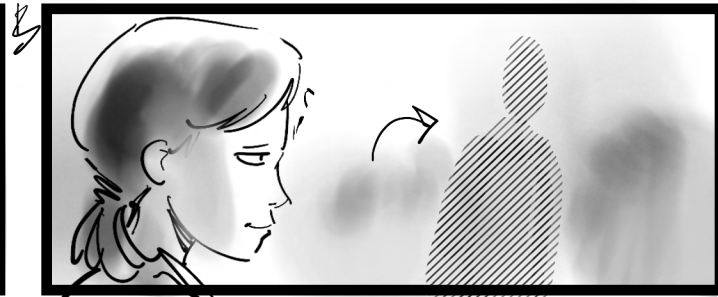
THE CHILD SMILES AT HIM, BLINKS; WHATEVER CONSCIOUSNESS WAS INHIBITING ITS FORM HAS VANISHED.

The peripheral SC 101-102

30

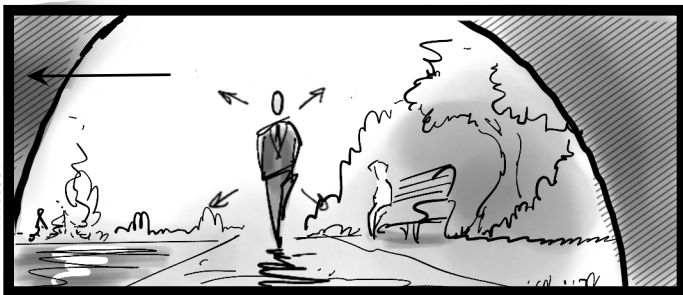


WILF CURSES UNDER HIS BREATH.



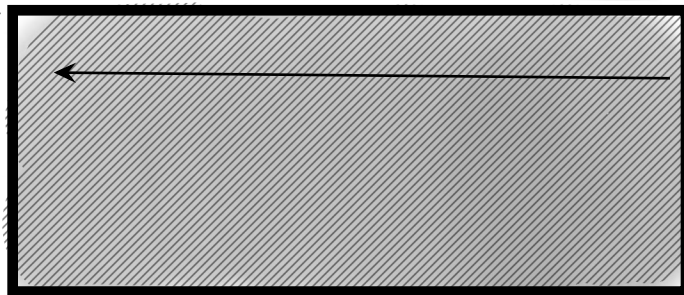
WILF GETS UP.

B



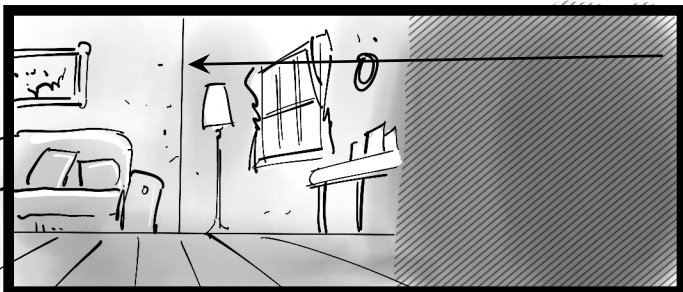
ANGLE THROUGH BRIDGE: WILF STARTS OFF THE PATH, LEAVING THE LITTLE GIRL SITTING ON THE BENCH. SLIDE LEFT.

C



...DARKNESS. AND OFF THAT DARKNESS WE ARRIVE IN...

31.



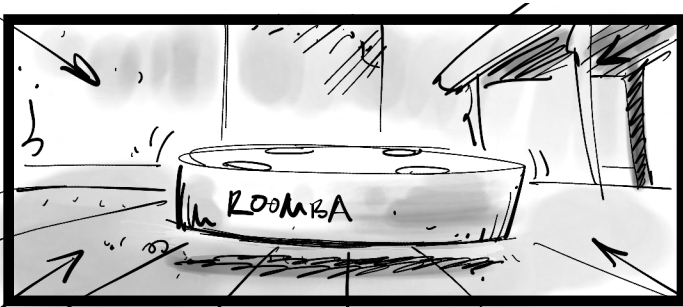
INT FISHER HOUSE. SLIDE OFF A CABINET TO DISCOVER A LIVED-IN, COMFORTABLE: A WORN WOODEN FLOOR, A SWAY-BACKED COUCH.

B



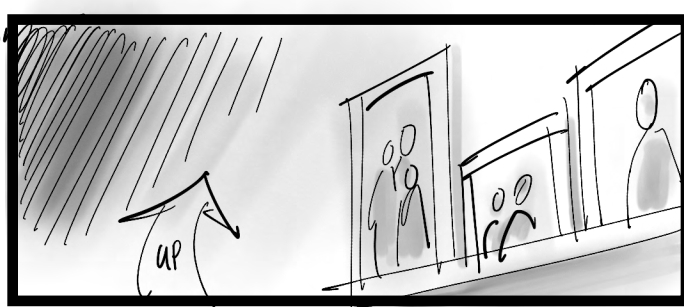
A BATTERED, ROOMBA-LIKE DEVICE DRIFTS INTO SHOT AND SLOWLY AROUND THE ROOM.

C



FOLLOW ROOMBA AS IT HOVERS HALF-INCH ABOVE THE FLOOR, SUCKING UP DUST, POWERED BY FOUR SMALL PROPELLERS.

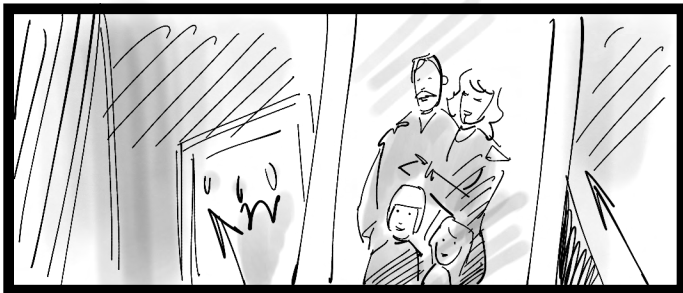
D



RISE TO FIND A PAIR OF PHOTOS ON THE MANTLE.

The peripheral SC 102-105

31 E



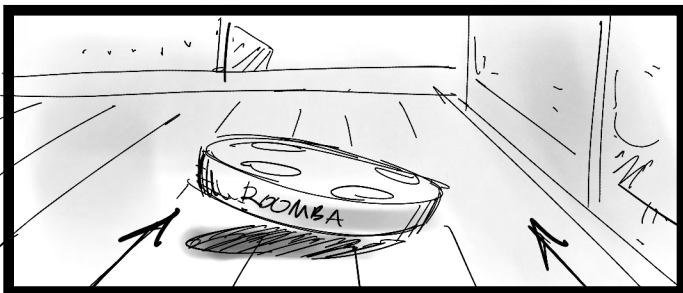
COME UP TO A PICTURE OF TWO YOUNG PARENTS WITH A SON AND DAUGHTER.

F



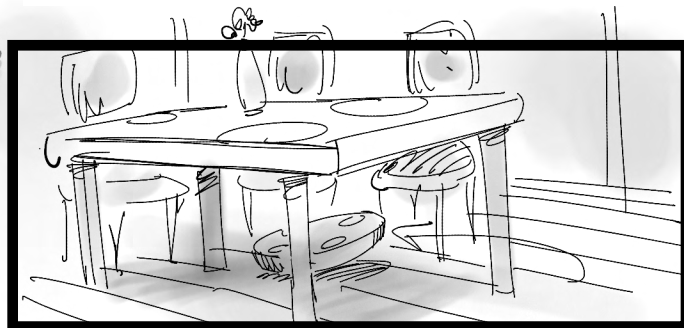
THEN A PICTURE, JUST THE MOTHER AND TWO YOUNG ADULTS.

32.



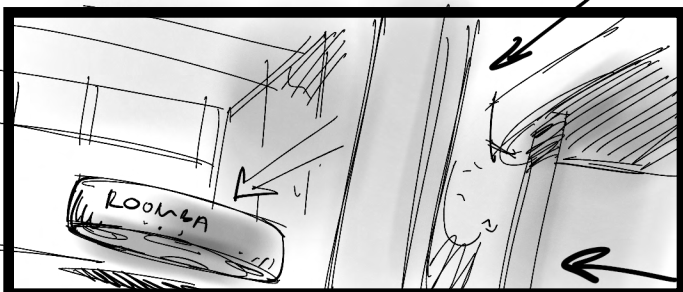
THE ROOMBA LEADS US THROUGH AN OPEN DOORWAY:

B



TO THREE PLACEMATS ON A TABLE. CONTINUE TO FOLLOW THE ROOMBA...

C



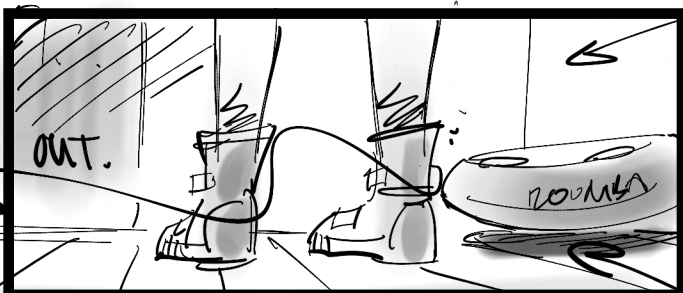
AS WE HEAR A FAUCET RUNNING IN THE NEXT ROOM,

D



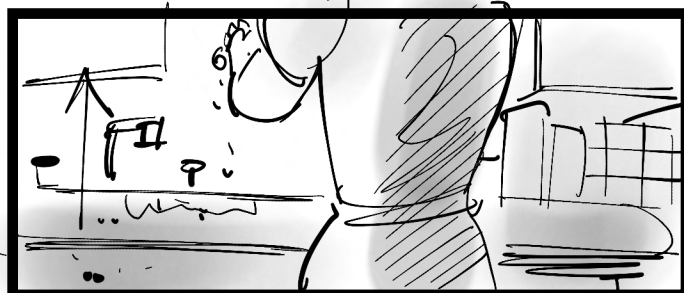
FOLLOW THE ROOMBA INTO THE KITCHEN.

E



IT BUMPS INTO A PAIR OF SNEAKERED FEET. WE HEAR HUMMING "HAPPY BIRTHDAY" UNDER HER BREATH.

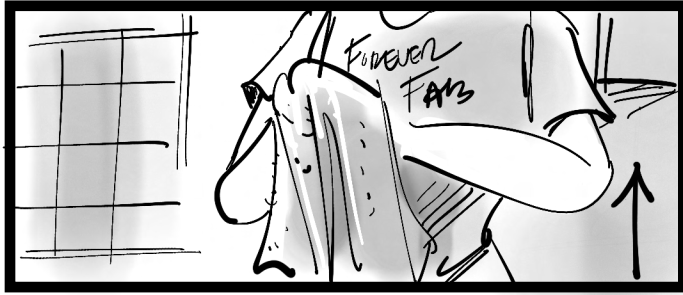
F



CAMERA BOOMS UP AS THE GIRL FINISHES WASHING HER HANDS.

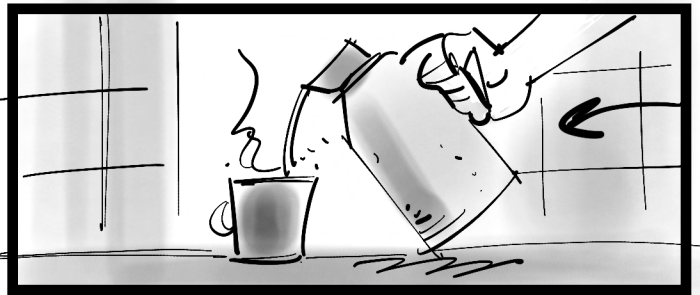
The peripheral SC 102-105

32.6



SHE QUICKLY DRIES HER HANDS...

4



POURS COFFEE INTO A MUG.

1



AND TURNS TO US, REVEALING FLYNNE. WE RECOGNISE HER AS THE DAUGHTER FROM THE PHOTOS. WEARING JEANS AND "FOREVER FAB" T-SHIRT.

5



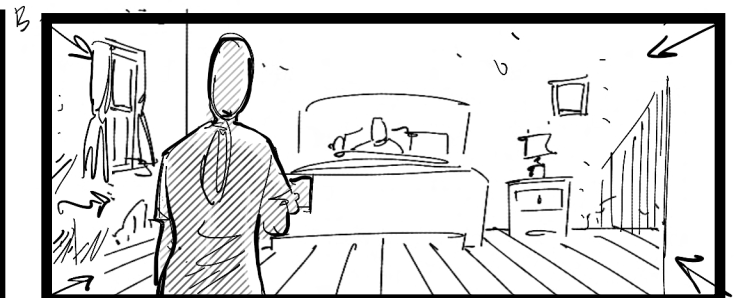
SHE EXITS...

The peripheral SC 102-106

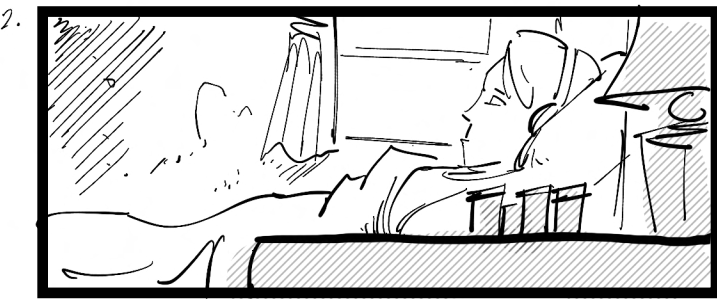


INT ELLA'S ROOM.

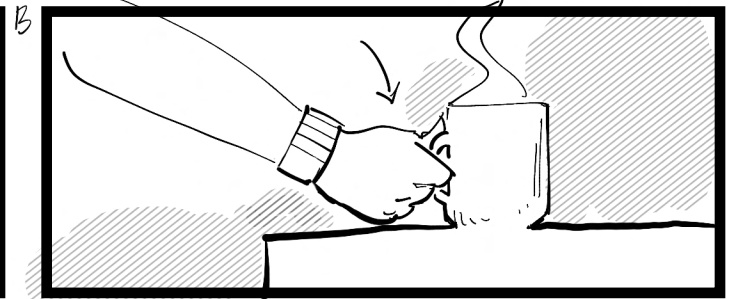
SLOW PUSH IN- ELLA (50) IS PROPPED UP IN BED, A PAIR OF HEADPHONES ON.



FLYNNE ENTERS.

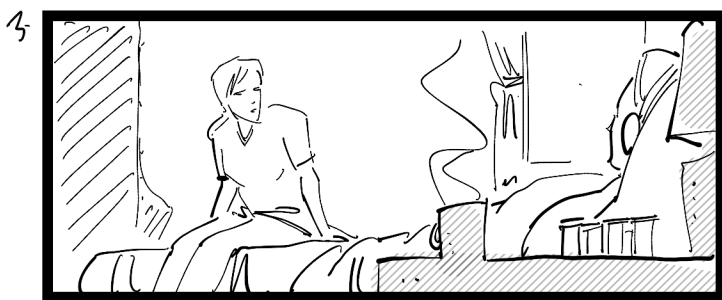


ELLA'S EYES ARE OPEN BUT SHOWS NO SIGN OF REGISTERING FLYNNE ENTERING.



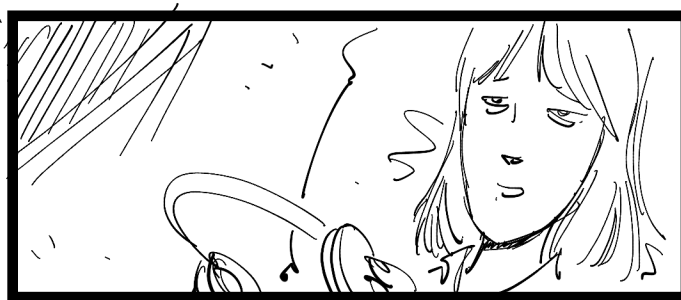
FLYNNE SETS DOWN THE COFFEE.

The peripheral SC 106



FLYNNNE TOUCHES ELLA'S HAND AND STARTLES HER.

FLYNNNE: I BROUGHT YOU SOME COFFEE.



ELLA REMOVES HER HEADPHONES AND TURNS STARING IN FLYNNNE'S DIRECTION. BUT NOT QUITE AT HER: SHE'S BLIND.



WE RECOGNISE ELLA AS THE MOTHER IN THE PHOTOS, BUT SHE'S BEEN RADICALLY TRANSFORMED BY ILLNESS.

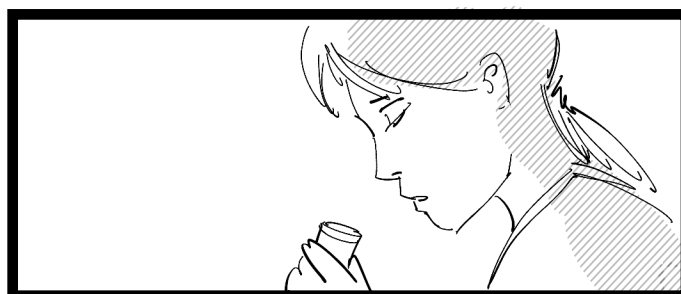
FLYNNNE GUIDES HER HAND TOWARDS THE MUG.



FLYNNNE: LEFT A SANDWICH IN THE FRIDGE. BURTON CAN MAKE HIS OWN. HE ATE YOURS YESTERDAY, AND DON'T TRY AND TELL ME OTHERWISE.

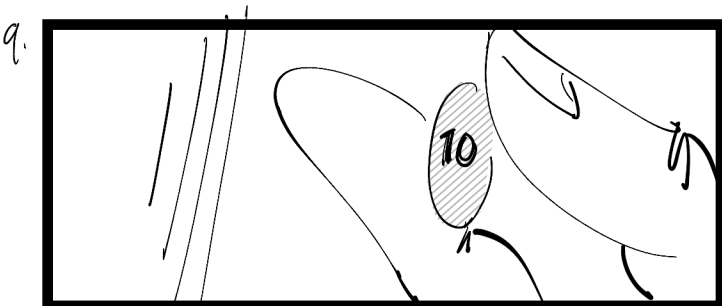


ELLA: (SMILES) I WASN'T HUNGRY.

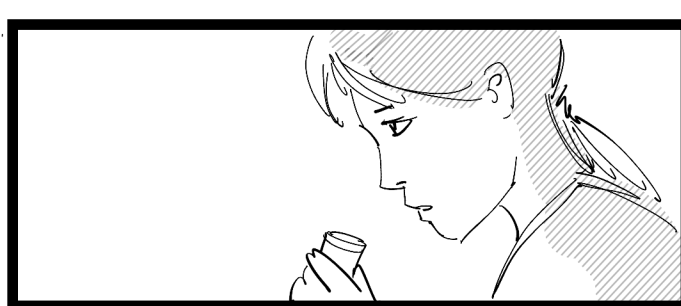


FLYNNNE: CAN'T KEEP LOSING WEIGHT, MAMA.

PREPPING MEDICATION, SHE PICKS UP A NEAR EMPTY BOTTLE AND WINCES.

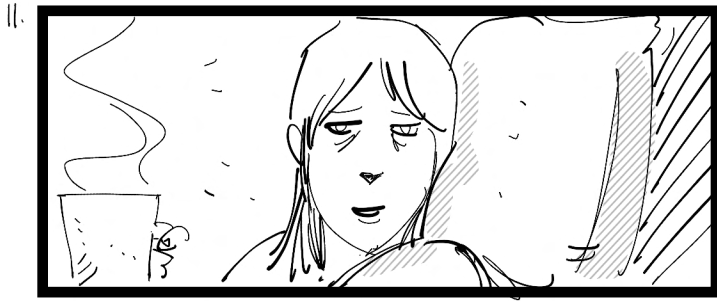


FLYNNNE PULLS OUT THE LAST PILL FROM A BOTTLE, IT'S ORANGE, WITH A BLACK TEN ON IT.



FLYNNNE: WHERE IS HE ANYWAY (RE BURTON)?

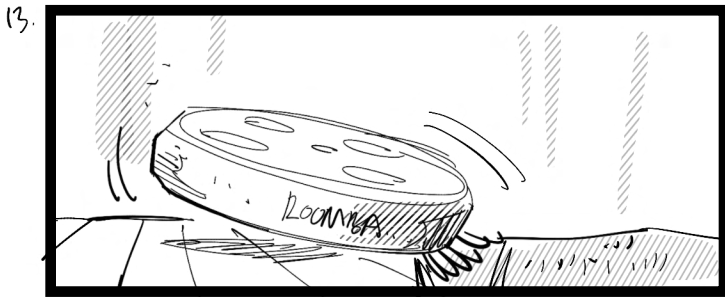
The peripheral SC 106-107



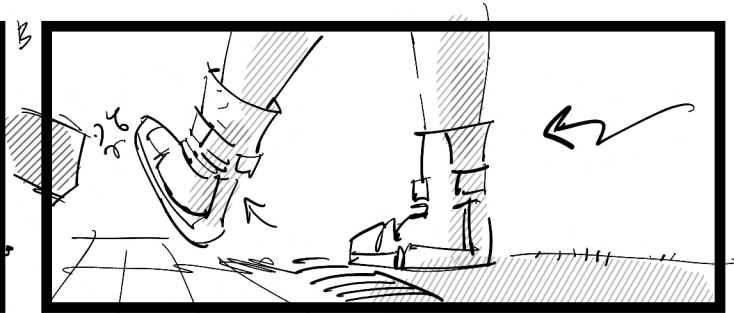
ELLA: WORKING, ISN'T HE?



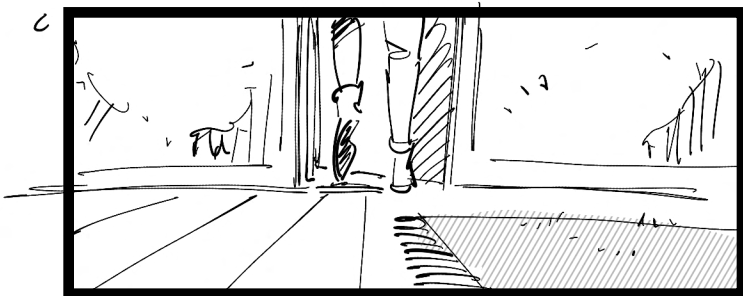
FLYNNE: THAT REALLY WHAT YOU WANNA CALL IT?



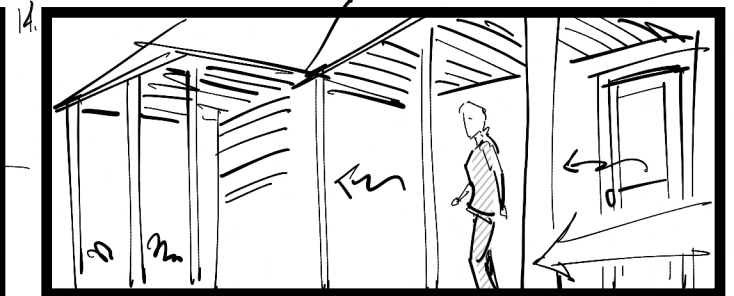
THE ROOBYA HAS GOTTEN SNAGED ON THE FRINGE OF A BEDROOM RUG.



FLYNNE GIVES IT A FIRM KICK.



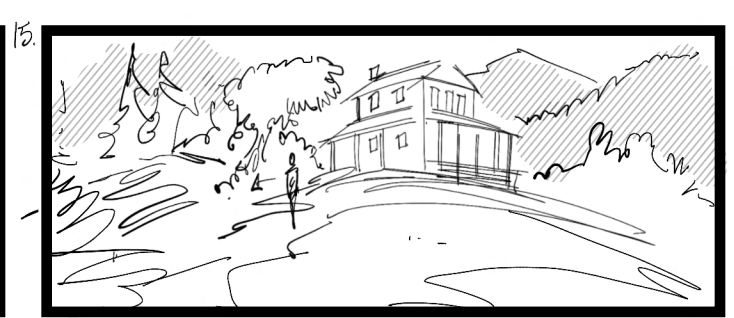
AND STEPS OUT TO:



TO THE REAR EXTERIOR...

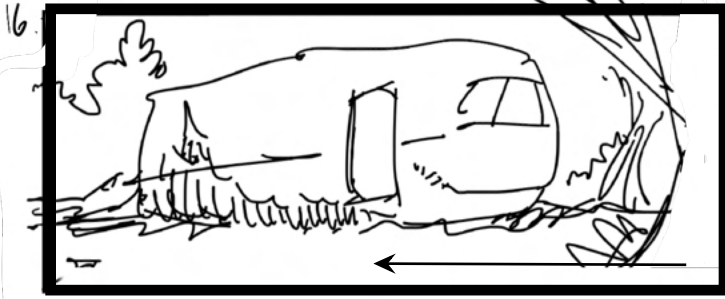


FLYNNE: BURTON...!



BIG HERO SHOT OF FISHER HOUSE. WE SEE FLYNNE HEADING DOWN THE HILL.

The peripheral SC 107-108



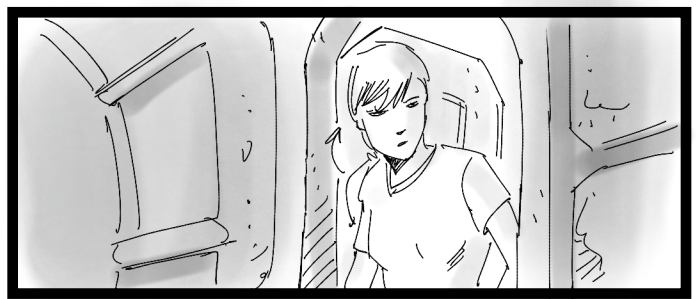
EXT BURTON'S TRAILER. SLIDE LEFT.



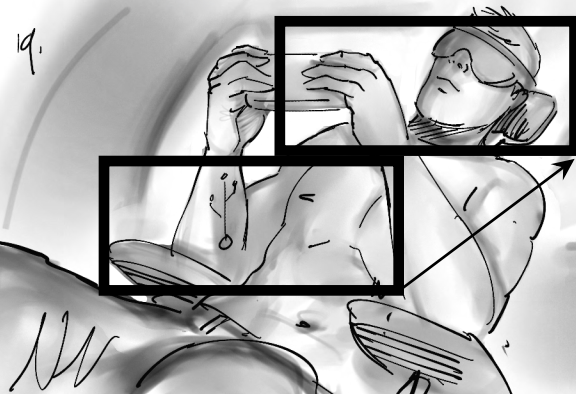
FLYNNE APPROACHES.



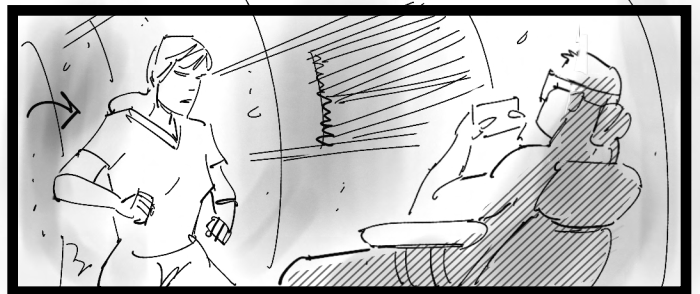
SLOW PUSH IN TO BURTON (29) IN A RECLINER, SHIRTLESS.



FLYNNE ENTERS.



BOOM UP PAST BURTON'S HAPTICS TO HIS HEADSET AS HE PLAYS A GAME.



FLYNNE: WANNA TELL ME WHY MAMA'S LAST TAMOSENE IS ONLY 10MG?

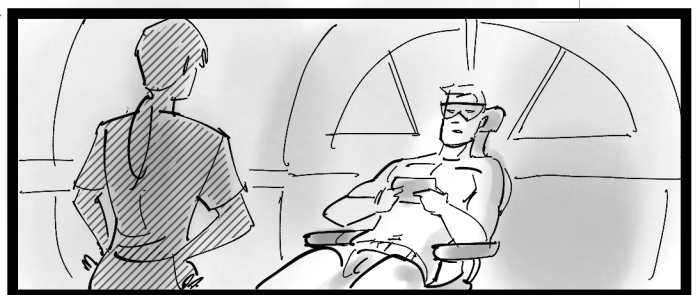
(NO RESPONSE; KICKS HIS FOOT)



TOUCHES HIS HEADSET - VISOR TURNS TRANSLUCENT.

BURTON: GOT YOUR PHONE?

*ADD GAME PLATE OVERLAY TO GOGGLES.



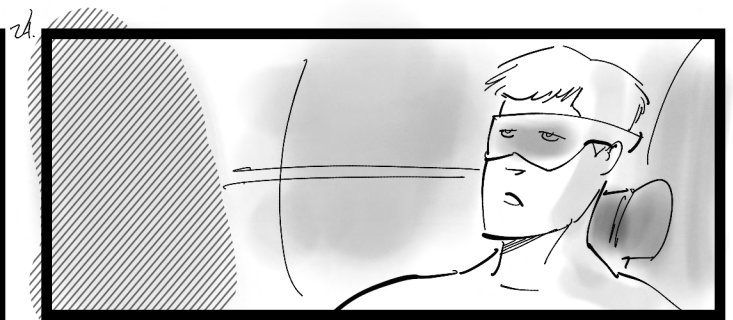
FLYNNE: YEAH.

BURTON: JUMP IN REAL QUICK. I GOTTA PEE.

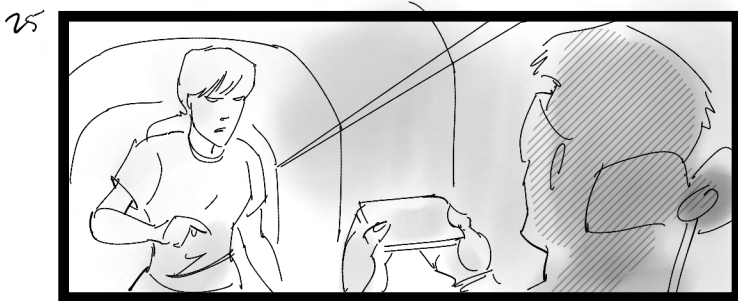
The peripheral SC 108



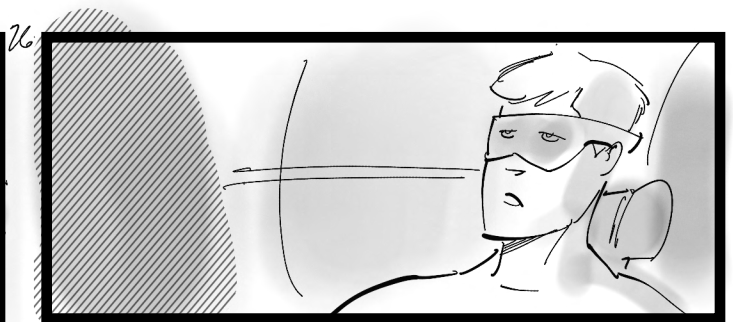
FLYNNE: YOU BEEN SWAPPING PILLS WITH MAMA?



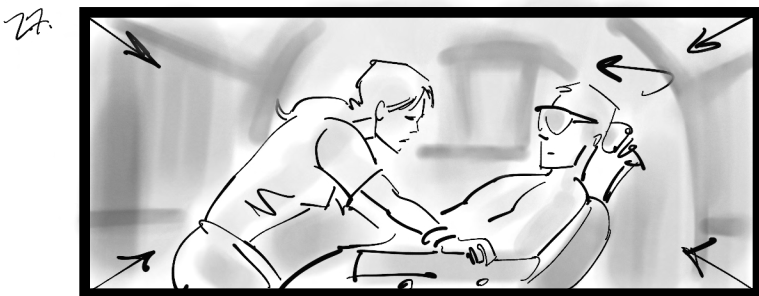
BURTON: I'M IN A SITUATION HERE.



FLYNNE: ...SO IS SHE AND IT ISN'T A MADE UP STUPID SIM. YOU WANT TAMOSENE? DON'T BE TAKING HERS. THAT'S JUST BAD, REAL BAD.

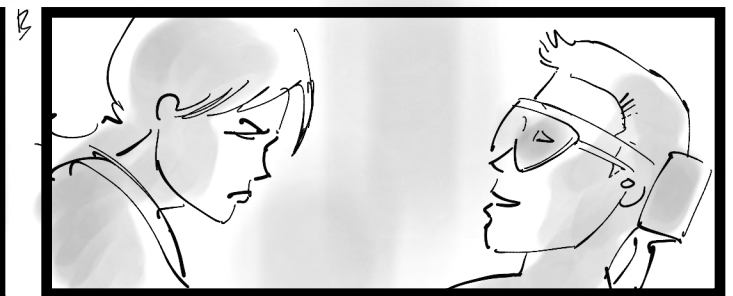


BURTON: JESUS, YOU REALLY THINK I'D BE DOING THAT?



FLYNNE SPINS BURTON'S CHAIR AROUND. PUSH IN.

FLYNNE: SHE'S GOT A 10MG PILL. AND I CAN'T SEE HOW ELSE IT CAME TO HER. WHICH MEANS YOU'VE BEEN SWAPPING AND STEALING. SO I NEED CASH NOW.



BURTON: HOW MUCH? I GOT 5K IF I MAKE IT TO THE NEXT LEVEL.

FLYNNE: THAT'S JUST ONE PILL!

***MORE DIALOGUE HERE**



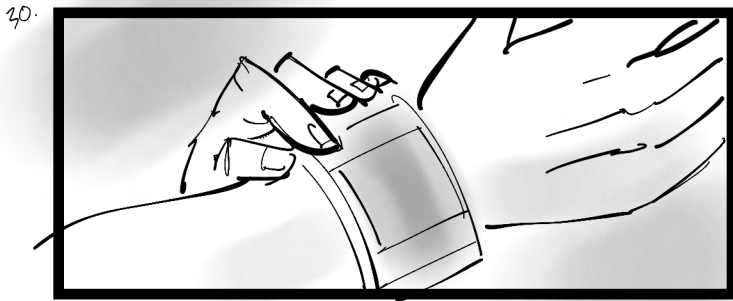
BURTON MAKES AN IMPATIENT GESTURE.

BURTON: COME ON. HOP IN, LET'S GET THIS DONE. IT'S THAT OR NOTHING.

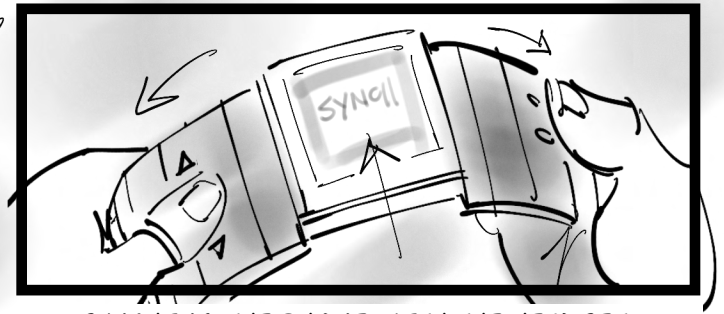


FLYNNE WAVERS ONE LAST MOMENT...

The peripheral SC 108



FLYNNE TAKES OFF HER WATCH



... SYNCING THE PHONE WITH THE HEADSET.

*SYNCING GRAPHIC ON PHONE.



FLYNNE: ORIENT ME.

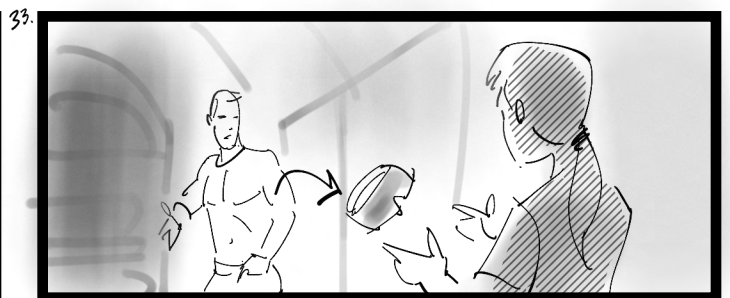


BURTON: SQUAD OF NAZIS IN THE HOUSE.
WE'RE IN THE BARN.



BURTON STARTS TO LEAVE.

FLYNNE: WHO'S WE?



BURTON TOSSES HIS HEADSET.

BURTON: ME AND REECE AND SOME CALIFORNIA. KEEPS SAYING
'CHILL.' IT'S ANNOYING AS ALL HELL. REECE IS THE ONE IN THE
FUNNY HAT.

FLYNNE: WHO HIRED YOU?



BURTON: DENTIST. FROM FLORIDA.

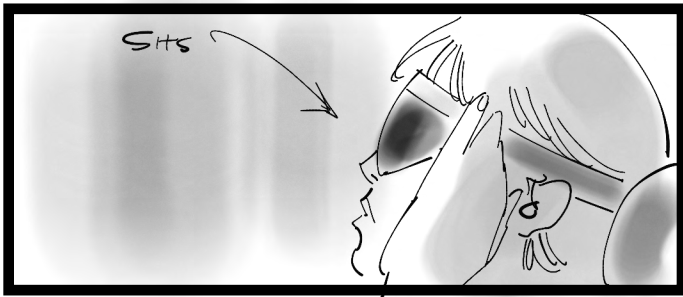
HE HEADS OUT THE TRAILER DOOR.



FLYNNE: BE QUICK! I'M LATE ENOUGH AS IT IS!

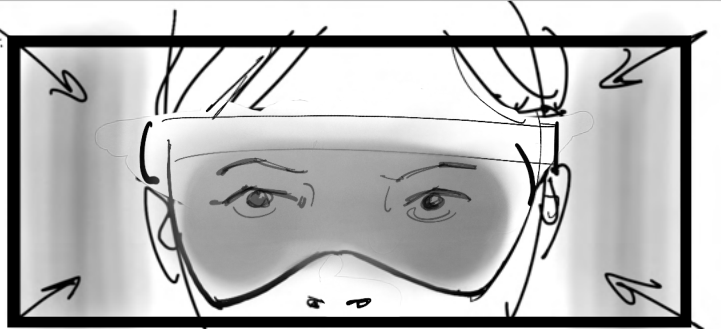
The peripheral SC 108-109

36.



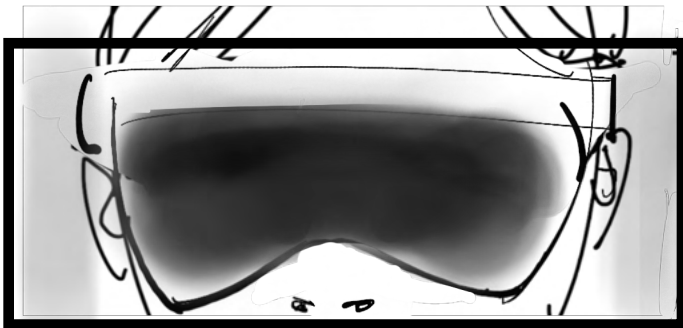
FLYNNE DROPS INTO THE CHAIR, PUTS ON THE HEADSET...

37.



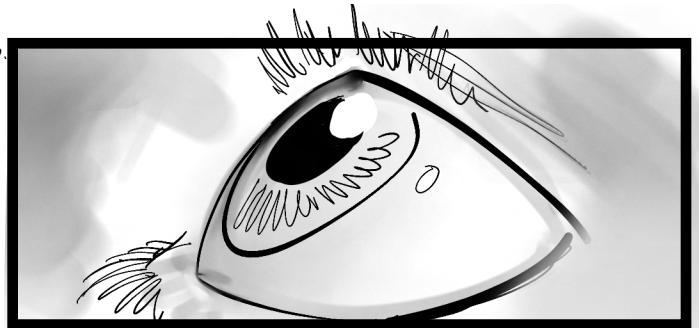
PUSH IN TO HER AS THE VISOR TURNS OPAQUE.

B



THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE AS WE TRANSITION TO...

38.



CLOSE ON FLYNNE'S EYE IN GOGGLES. SHE SEES...

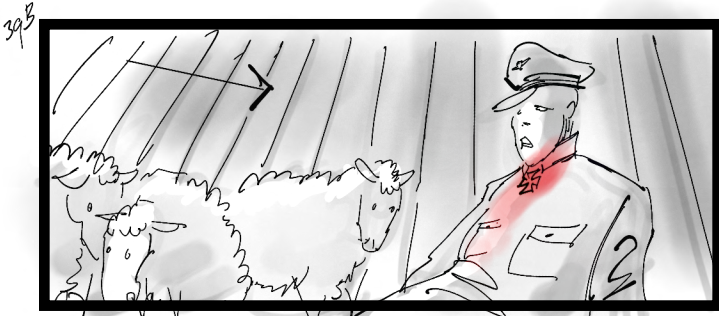
39.



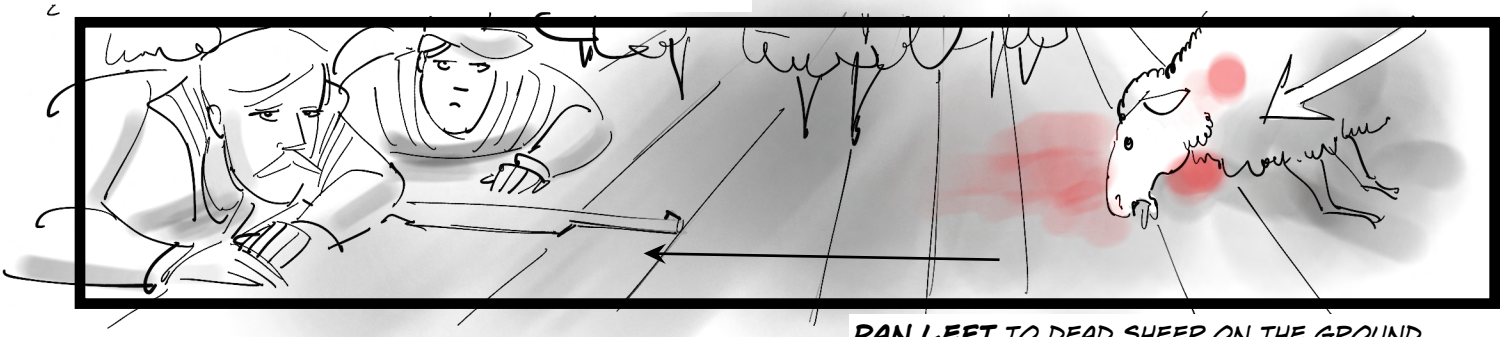
INT FRENCH BARN - DAY:
FLYNNE'S POV OF BULLETS
RIPPING THROUGH WALL OF
BARN.

TILT DOWN TO SHEEP...
BUCKING AND BLEATING

The peripheral SC 108-109



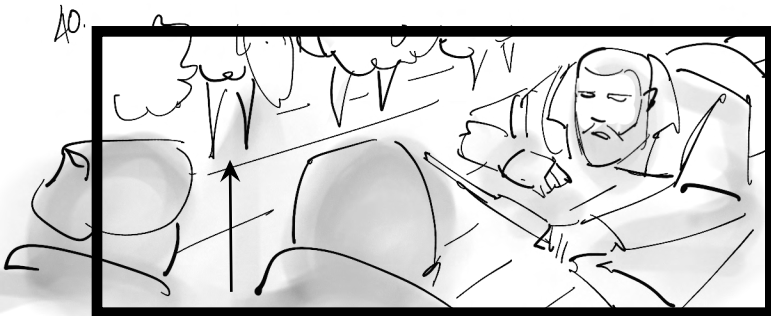
PAN RIGHT TO DEAD SS OFFICER.



PAN LEFT TO DEAD SHEEP ON THE GROUND...

LAND ON TWO WWII PARTISANS ON THEIR BELLIES. THEY LOOK TO CAMERA AS...

BEARDED MAN / FLYNNE: DON'T YA'LL...



RISE TO REVEAL FLYNNE'S AVATAR.

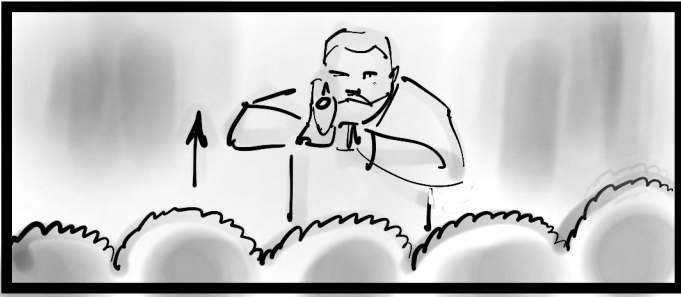
BEARDED MAN / FLYNNE: ... HAVE THE SLIGHTEST SHRED OF DECENCY?



FLYNNE: AT LEAST LET THE DAMN SHEEP OUT.

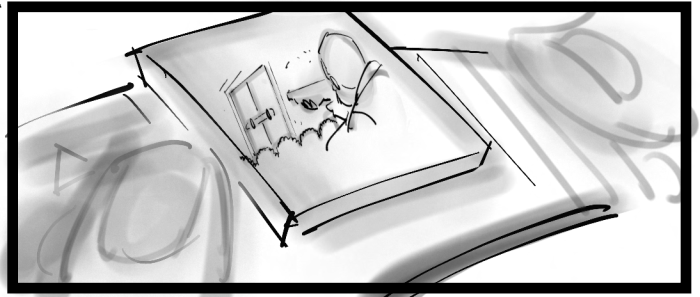
The peripheral SC 109-110

40²



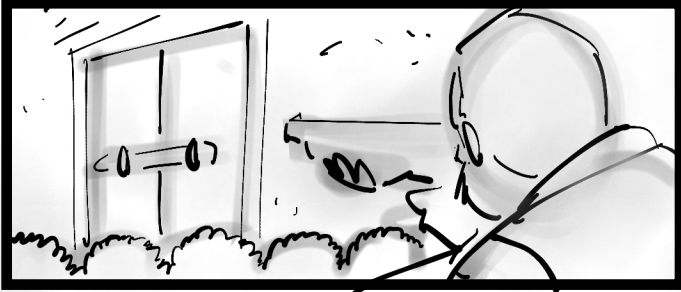
BEARDED MAN POPS UP OVER HORIZON OF SHEEP
AIMS RIFLE.

41.



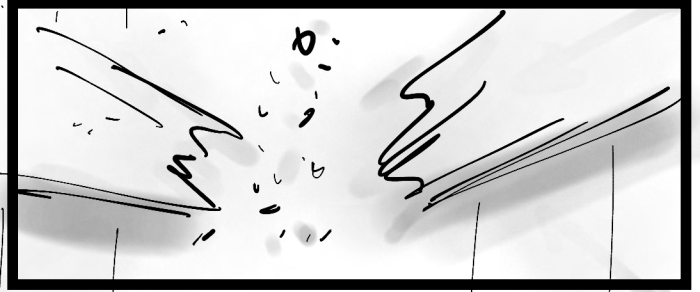
DISPLAY ON GAME CONTROL.

42.



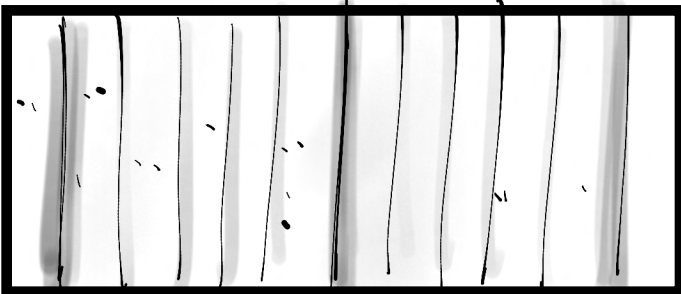
HITS BEARDED MAN AS HE FIRES AT DOOR.

43.



BLOWS CROSSBAR APART.

44.



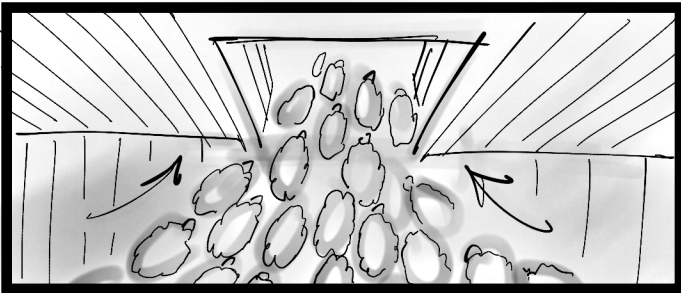
EXT. BARN

45



DOORS FLY OPEN AS SHEEP ESCAPE.

45.



HIGH ANGLE ON ESCAPING SHEEP.

46.



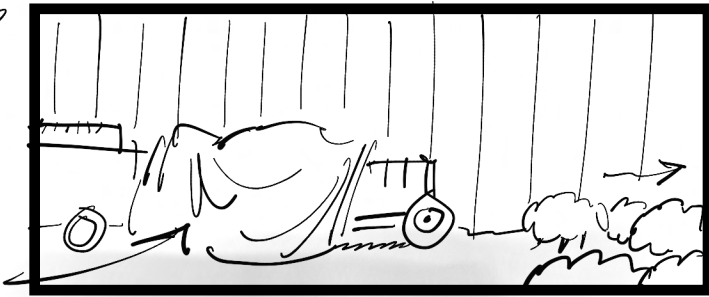
ANGLE OVER DEPARTING SHEEP TO PARTISANS.

BEARDED MAN / FLYNNE: LIKE YOUR BERET, REECE. REAL
CLASSY.

RED-HAIRED MAN: FLYNNE?

The peripheral SC 109-111

46 B



SWISH PAN TO TRACTOR UNDER TARP AS LAST SHEEP DEPART.

47.

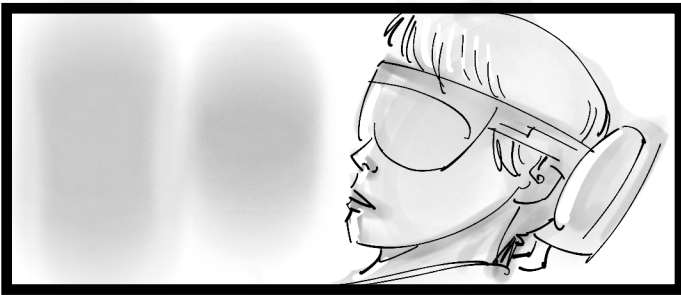


BLONDE MAN: WHO THE FUCK IS FLYNNE?

REDHEAD IGNORES BLOND MAN. BEARDED MAN HEADS FOR TRACTOR.

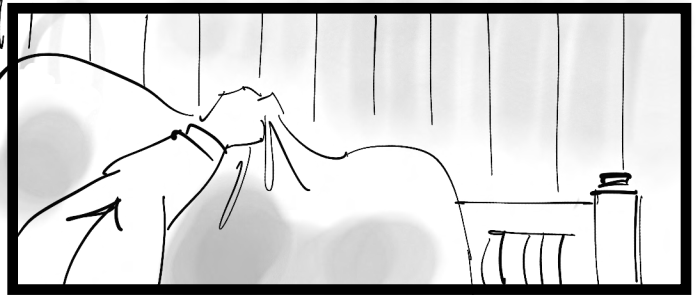
RED-HAIRED MAN: WHERE'S BURTON?

48.



FLYNNE: POWDERING HIS NOSE.

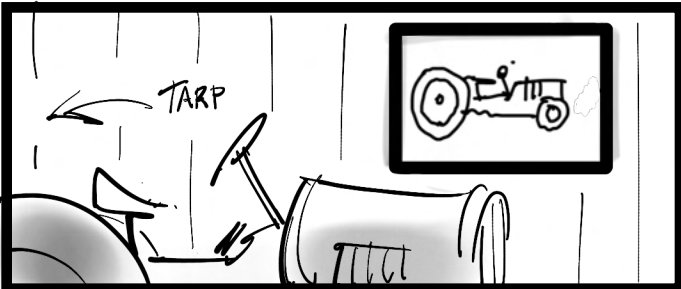
49.



BEARDED MAN POV: HE GRABS TARP.

BEARDED MAN / FLYNNE: HOW'D YOU END UP HERE?

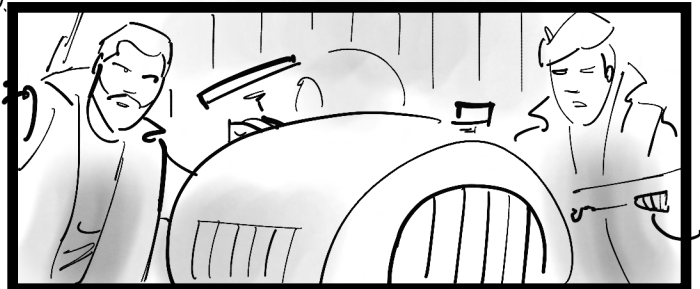
50



RED-HAIRED MAN: RAN FROM THE HOUSE.

PULLS OFF TARP TO REVEAL A TRACTOR WITH A CART, PILED WITH HAY BALES. GRAPHIC UP

50.



BEARDED MAN / FLYNNE: WHY WERE YOU IN THE HOUSE?

RED-HAIRED MAN: SUPPOSED TO BE A MAP INSIDE.

BEARDED MAN STARTS TRACTOR MOTOR.

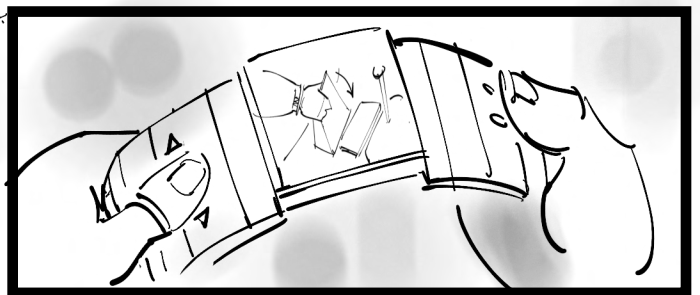
51.



BEARDED MAN / FLYNNE: FIND IT?

BEARDED MAN POV AS HE WEDGES DOWN GAS PEDAL.

52.



SAME POV ON FLYNNE'S GAME CONTROLLER / WATCH AS SHE MANIPULATES CONTROLS.

The peripheral SC 109-111

53.



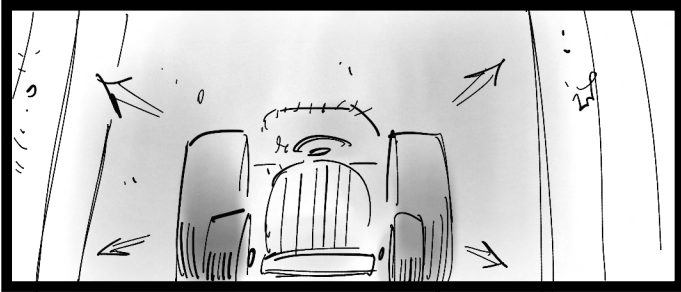
FLYNNE: WANNA DRAG THAT DOOR OPEN?

54.



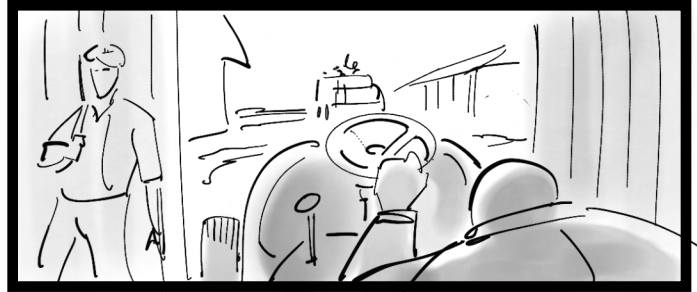
DOOR OPENS TO REVEAL BIG GUN PARKED ON TRUCK.

54.1



EXT. BARN. TRACTOR ROLL FORWARD AS BULLETS SLAM INTO IT.

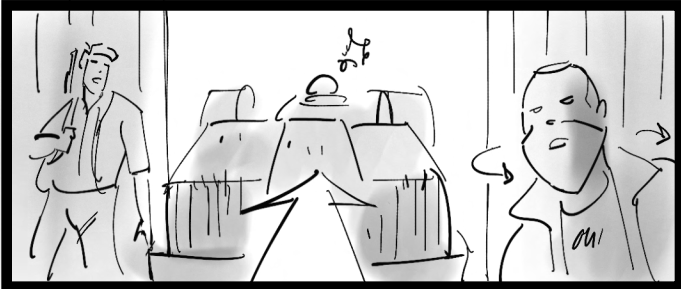
55.



RED-HAIRED MAN HOLDS DOOR AS BEARDED MAN STEERS TRACTOR TO THE DOORWAY.

***BIG GUN VISIBLE SHOOTING AT THEM IN DISTANCE.**

55



BEARDED MAN EXITS.

RED-HAIRED MAN: WHAT'RE YOU DOING?

56a



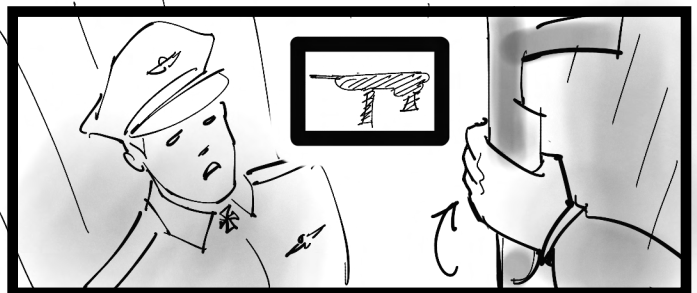
BEARDED MAN BENDS DOWN TO DEAD NAZI.

56a.1



BEARDED MAN POV OF DEAD NAZI.

56b



**SEARCHING HIS PACK.
TAKES HIS MACHINE GUN - AN INFO GRAPHIC OF THE RIFLE FLOATS ON SCREEN.**

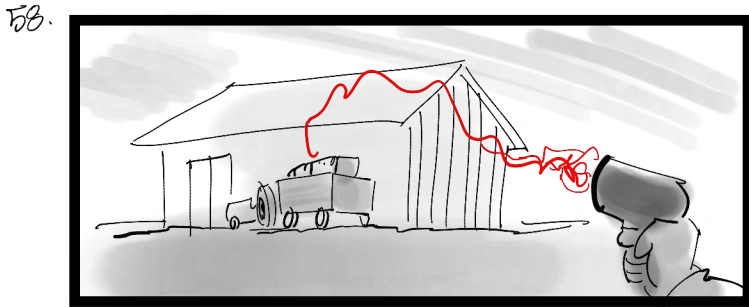
The peripheral SC 109-111



LASTLY HE TAKES A FLARE - AN INFO GRAPHIC OF THE FLARE FLOATS ON THE SCREEN.



BEARDED MAN POKES OUT OF DOORWAY WITH FLARE GUN.



ANGLE OVER FLARE GUN FIRING AT TRACTOR AND BALES OF HAY.



HAY CATCHES FIRE.



FLYNNE: ...AND?



BEARDED MAN / FLYNNE: COMING?

HE HEADS OUT.



FLYNNE IN IN THE RECLINER, BURTON RETURNS. HE NUDGES HER.

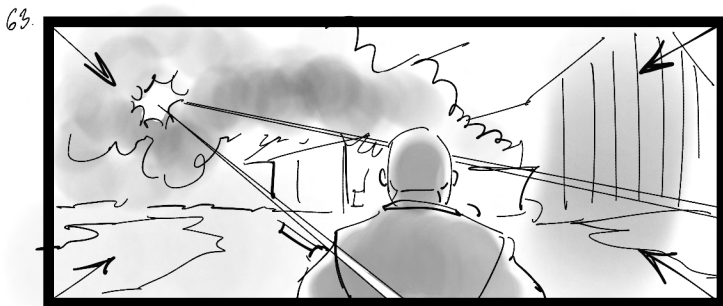
BURTON: BACK.

FLYNNE: GIMME A SEC.



CLOSE ON FLYNNE'S EYE IN GOGGLES.

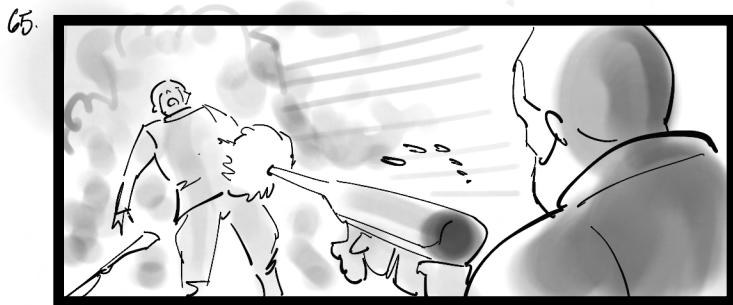
The peripheral SC 109-111



EXT. BARN: FOLLOW BEARDED MAN. BIG GUN FIRING BUT SMOKE PROVIDES COVER.



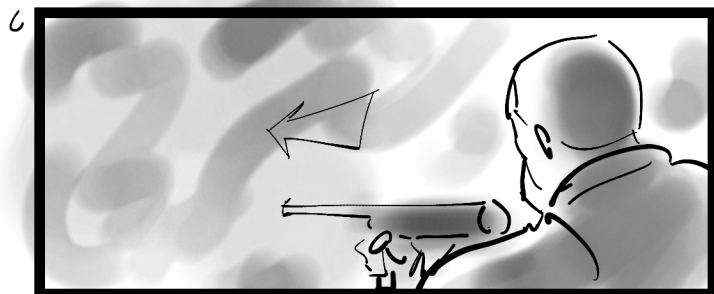
WE LEAD THE BEARDED MAN AS HE APPROACHES THE BURNING STABLES.



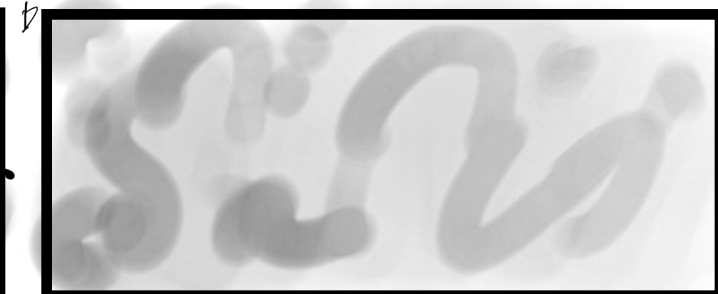
OVER BEARDED MAN - NAZI POPS OUT. BM FIRES LEFT...



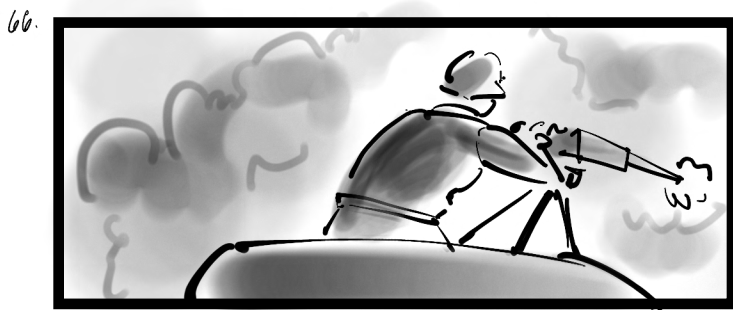
...THEN RIGHT.



THEN CONTINUES ON INTO THE SMOKE.



SMOKE OBSCURES OUR VIEW.



SMOKE CLEARS TO REVEAL GUNNER... WE HAVE SNUCK UP BEHIND HIM.

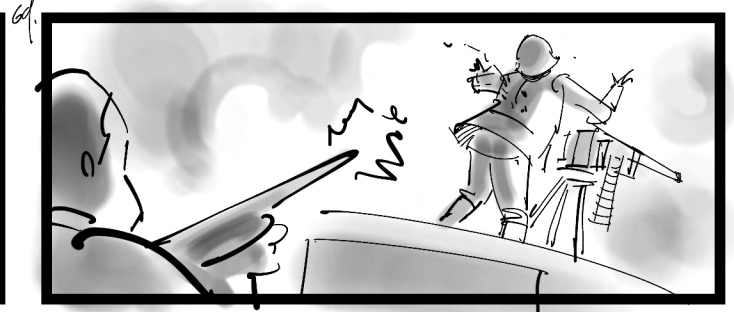


ANGLE ON BEARDED MAN RAISES GUN.

The peripheral SC 109-111



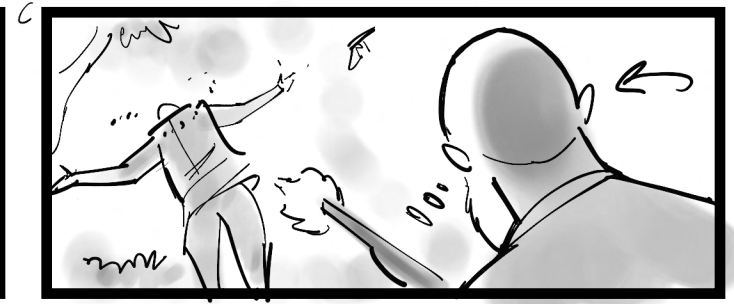
ON FLYNNE ENJOYING THE MOMENT.



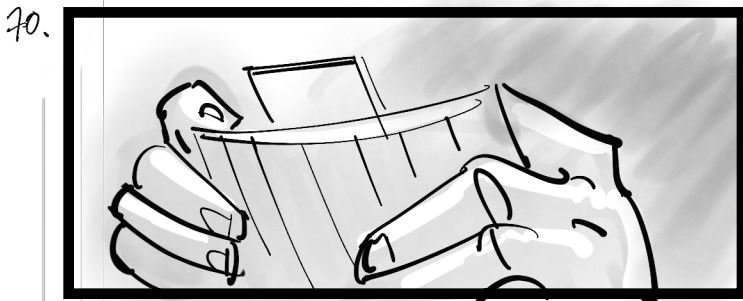
OVER BEARDED MAN AS HE SHOTS GUNNER.



BUT THEN IS SHOT IN THE SHOULDER.



HE TURNS AND SHOTS NAZI OFFICER.



ON FLYNNE'S CONTROLLER.



POV MOVING UP TO OFFICER.



BEARDED MAN REACHES FOR SOMETHING STICKING OUT OF OFFICER'S UNIFORM.

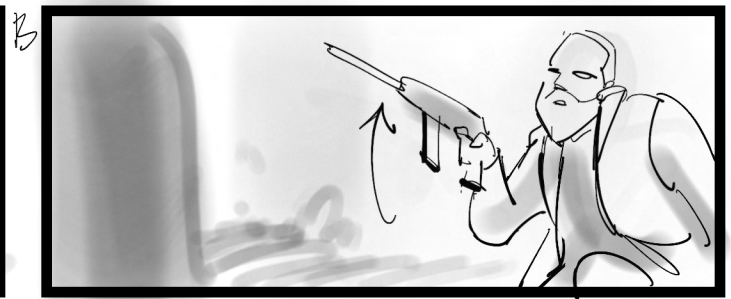


...TAKES IT... THE MAP!

The peripheral SC 109-112



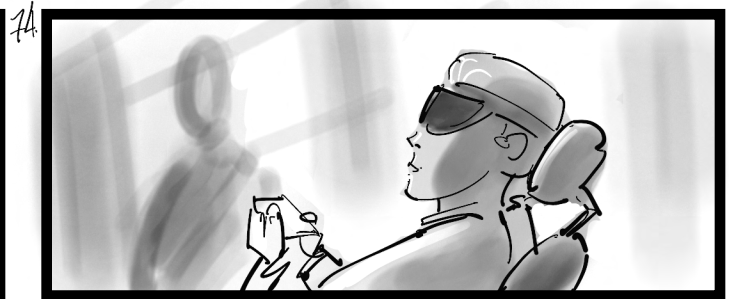
SOMEONE STEPS UP TO BEARDED MAN...



WHO RAISES GUN.



IT'S THE BLONDE HAired MAN.
BLONDE MAN: CHILL DUDE.



ON FLYNNE. BURTON IN THE BG.

BEARDED MAN / FLYNNE: WORD OF ADVICE.
KEEP SAYING "CHILL" AND YOU'RE LIABLE
TO END UP WITH A BULLET IN YOU.



BEARDED MAN HOLDS OUT THE MAP TO BLONDE
MAN.

BEARDED MAN / FLYNNE: WANNA GUESS WHY
YOU DIDN'T FIND YOUR MAP?

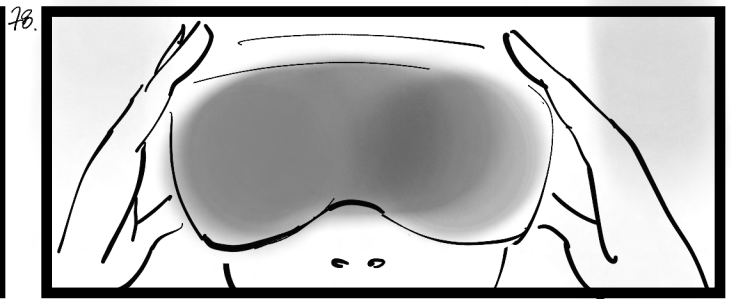


BLONDE HAired MAN: WHY?

RED HAired MAN STEPS IN.



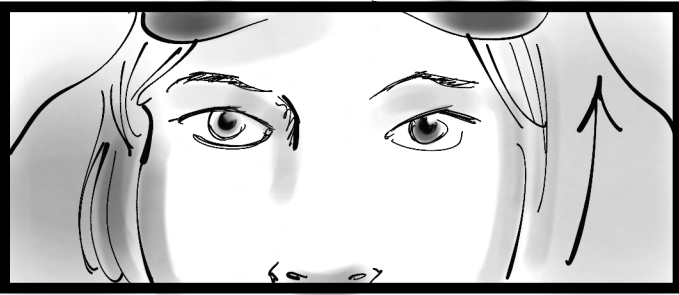
BEARDED MAN: CAUSE IT WASN'T HERE YET.



FLYNNE IN THE TRAILER.

The peripheral SC 112-113

78 B



TAKES OFF THE GOOGLES.

79



SHE GETS UP AND TOSSES THE GOOGLES.

80



BURTON CATCHES THEM.

81



FLYNNE: SEND THE MONEY TO MY PHONE.

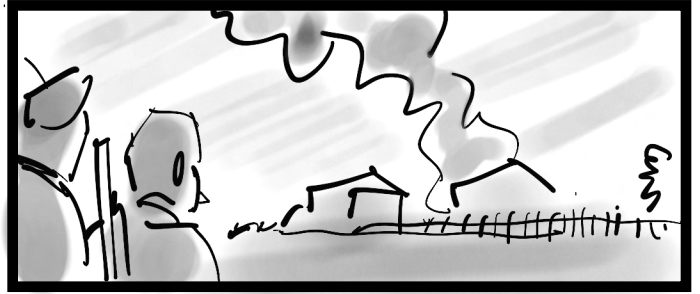
81



BURTON WATCHES HER GO, THEN PULLS ON THE GOOGLES.

AND...

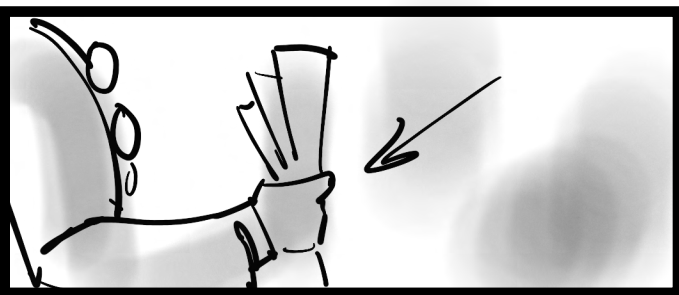
82



EXT FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE.

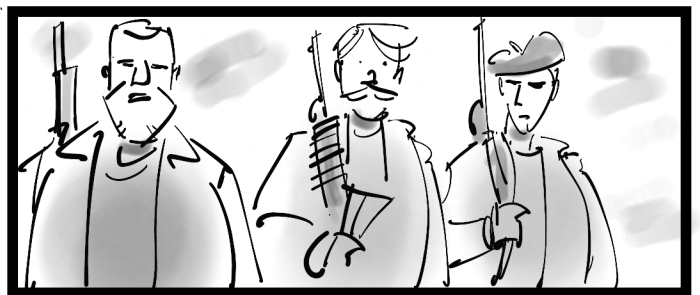
BURTON'S POV: OTHER PARTISANS HIKING AWAY FROM THE BURNING STABLES.

82



TILT DOWN TO THE MAP IN THE BLONDE HAired MAN'S HAND.

83



BEARDED MAN / BURTON: WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED?

The peripheral SC 113

83 B



RED-HAIRED MAN: FLYNNE HAPPENED.

The peripheral sc 114



LEAD FLYNNE RIDING HER BIKE.



DRONE VIEW RIDING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.



FLYNNE BLASTS PAST US...



AND WE CONTINUE PAST THE ROAD TO SEE THE MOUNTAINOUS VISTA.



LEADING FLYNNE.



CLOSE ON HER PEDDLING - CHURCH IN BG.



CRANE DOWN AS FLYNNE ZOOMS PAST CHURCH.

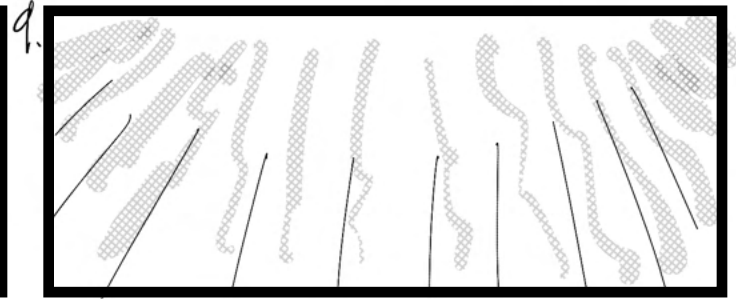


SLOW MO WATER

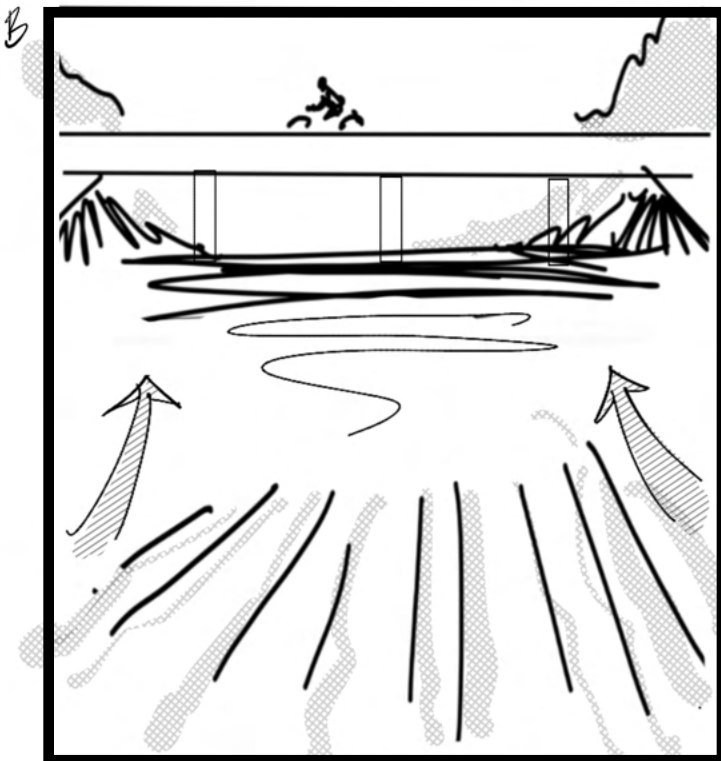
The peripheral. Sc 114



WIDER VIEW OF RAPIDS



TRAVELING OVER THE WATER



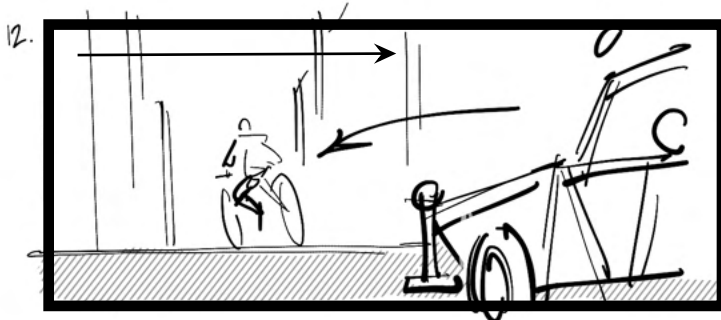
TILT UP TO SEE FLYNNE CROSS THE BRIDGE TO CLANTON



PURSUE AND RISE AS FLYNNE RIDES TO TOWN.



LEAD FLYNNE AS SHE CROSSES OFF BRIDGE AND...



URNS DOWN ALLEY



LEAD FLYNNE AS SHE SEES...

The peripheral

14.



A TOWNY... THEY WAVE TO EACH OTHER.

15.



THEN FLYNNE SEES...

16.



A COUPLE JUNKIES.

17.



NOW LOOKING TO...

18.



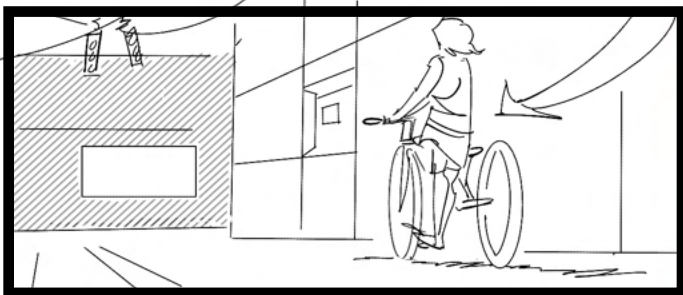
FLYNNE RIDES PAST...

19.



FOREVER FAB.

19.



COMES TO A STYLISH STOP.

20.



PULLS UP TO INSTANT TELLER.

The peripheral SC 114-115



FLYNNE GLANCES BACK.



FLYNNE POV OF TOMMY.



OVER FLYNNE TO TOMMY GETTING INTO HIS PATROL CAR, STARTS TO DRIVE.



REVERSE. TOMMY PULLS UP BEHIND FLYNNE.



FLYNNE: TRUE WHAT THEY SAY? THAT HOMES
FLAGS EVERY WITHDRAWAL?
TOMMY: ...I SUPPOSE. SEEMS THE ONLY
TIME FOLKS USE CASH IS FOR SOMETHING
FUNNY.



FLYNNE: THERE A QUESTION HIDING IN
THAT?



TOMMY JUST GIVES HER A SMILE, A SHAKE OF HIS
HEAD.

TOMMY: HOW'S YOUR MAMA DOING,
FLYNNE?

The peripheral SC 114-115



FLYNNE: MIDLING, I'D SAY. MACON AND EDWARD RUN AFOUL OF THE LAW AT LAST?



TOMMY: NOT QUITE YET. I WAS JUST DROPPING OFF AN ORDER FOR DEE DEE.



FLYNNE: GUESS I SHOULD GET MOVING THEN. THOSE TWO WILL SURELY MESS IT UP WITHOUT SOME ADULT OVERSIGHT.



TOMMY: BILLY ANN'S WAITING ON YOU. WITH SOME NUBBINS. SO YOU'RE WARNED.



FLYNNE SMILES, WAVES...



GETS ON HER BIKE.



LEAD FLYNNE AWAY FROM TOMMY.



TOMMY DRIVES AWAY... SLOW PULL OUT

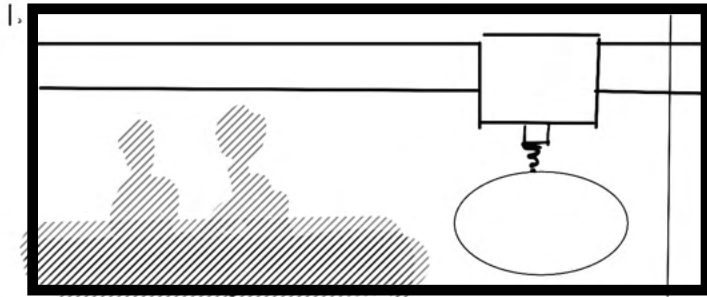
The peripheral SC 114-115

28 B.



...AS FLYNNE ENTERS FOREVER FAB.

The peripheral SC 116



INT FOREVER FAB - FRONT COUNTER
CLOSE ON PRINTER PRINTING SOMETHING.



RACK FOCUS TO FLYNNE AND BILLY ANN.
"YOU DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING DID YOU?"



FLYNNE: WHAT WAS I SUPPOSED TO SAY?



BILLY ANN: HOW ABOUT... YOU JUST SORT OF STARE AT HIM...



BILLY ANN: (CONT) THIS LONG, SMOULDERING, SOUL PIERCING LOOK.



FLYNNE: STOP IT.

BILLY ANN: UNTIL FINALLY HE SAYS, "WHY'RE YOU STARING AT ME?" AND YOU GO "JUST TRYING TO IMAGINE WHAT IT MUST BE LIKE. TO BE YOU, STANDING THERE."



FLYNNE: (MORTIFIED) OH MY GOD.

BILLY ANN: THEN YOU GO: "BUT I CAN'T...IT'S LIKE TRYING TO IMAGINE MYSELF INSIDE A LION."



FLYNNE: A LION?

BILLY ANN: DOESN'T MATTER, JUST PICK AN ANIMAL. AND THEN, ALL SULTRY: "YOU VALUE YOUR TIME?" AND HE SAYS SURE, CAUSE WHAT ELSE WOULD HE SAY?

The peripheral SC 116

40



MACCON EMERGES, CARRY A SMALL CARDBOARD BOX. HELPS HIMSELF TO A NUBBIN'.

BILLY ANN: HOWDY, BILLY ANN! MIND IF I HAVE A NUBBIN?

MACCON: ANY IDEA WHY THEY ORDERED TWO GROMS AND ONLY ONE BRIDE?

5.



REVERSE.

FLYNNE: MAYBE CAUSE YOU MISREAD THE FORM?

6.



MACCON: FUCK.

7.



8.



MACCON FLIPS OPEN THE BOX.

9.



INSIDE ARE THREE PLASTIC FIGURINES, THE GROOMS ARE MINI-VERSIONS OF TOMMY.

10.



FLYNNE SEES THIS.

11.



CLOSE ON TOMMY GROOM FIGURE.

The peripheral SC 116



MACON GRABS IT.



SNAPS IT IN HALF



MACON: ALL SET THEN.

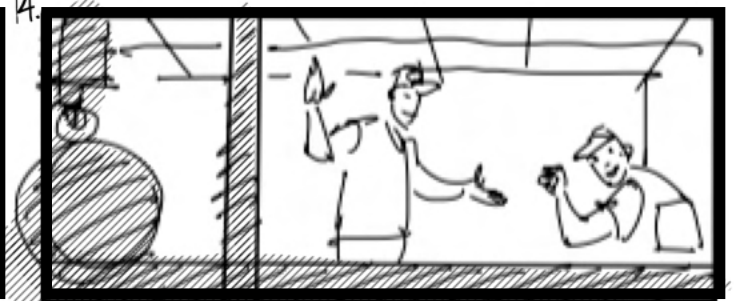


DROPS IT IN THE GARBAGE AS HE GOES INTO THE BACK.



REVERSE:

BILLY ANN: GREAT TO SEE YOU, BILLY ANN!
THANKS FOR THE NUBBINS!

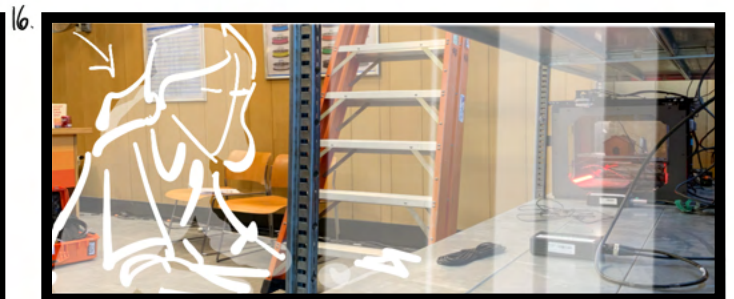


MACON GIVE HER A WAVE THROUGH THE WINDOW
AS HE TOSSES A NUBBIN' TO EDWARD.



BILLY ANN: I HAVE TO SAY YOUR SKILLS AND
PERSONALITY ARE BEING...

PRINTER BEEPS. FLYNNE EXITS.



FLYNNE BENDS DOWN TO THE BEEPING PRINTER.

BILLY ANN: SADLY WASTED IN THIS DEN OF
IMBECILITY ...

The peripheral SC 116

17.



BILLY ANN JOINS.

BILLY ANN: ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU HAVE A FAR MORE LUCRATIVE EMPLOYMENT OPTION AT YOUR LITERAL FINGERTIPS.

18.

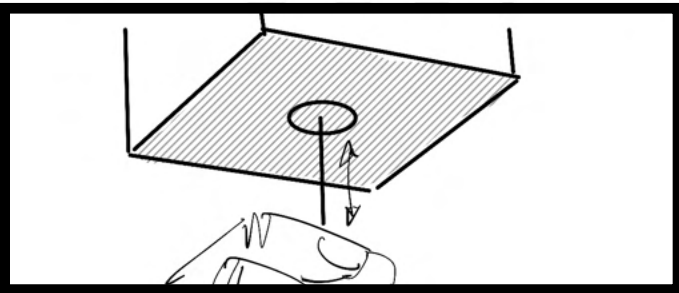


BILLY ANN: HOW MUCH DOES BURTON GET JOCKEYING FOR RICH FOLKS?

FLYNNE: MORE THAN HE DESERVES.

FLYNNE WORKS AT CLEANING THE PRINTER.

19.



INSERT: FLYNNE CLEANING NOZZLE.

BILLY ANN: AND YOU COULD EARN EVEN MORE.

20.



BILLY ANN: AS LONG AS YOU USE HIS AVATAR, THAT IS. AND THEY DON'T REALIZE IT'S A GIRL DOING IT.

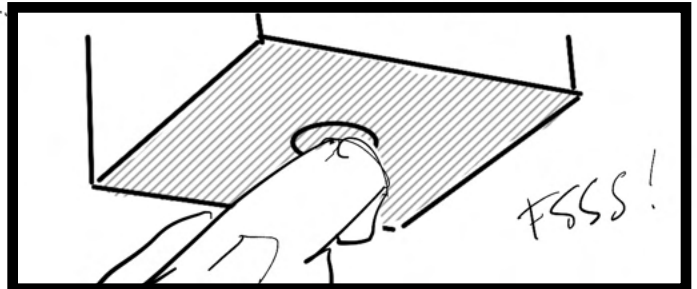
21.



FLYNNE: I'M DONE WITH THAT. TOLD YOU.

BILLY ANN: HAVE INDEED. BUT NOT THE WHY OF IT. WHICH WOULD SEEM LIKE THE MEAT OF THAT PARTICULAR SANDWICH.

22.



INSERT: FLYNNE BURNS HER FINGER ON THE PRINTER NOZZLE.

23.



JUMP AXIS.

FLYNNE: FUCK!

24.



FLYNNE STANDS AND CROSSES TO ANOTHER WALL OF PRINTERS. (STEADICAM).

The peripheral SC 116



FLYNNE TAKES ITEMS OUT OF OTHER PRINTERS AND PUTS THEM IN BOX.

FLYNNE: HOW MANY HOURS IN A WEEK?



BILLY ANN: MORE THAN I'D CARE TO CALCULATE AT THE MOMENT.



FLYNNE: 186. I SPENT 112 HRS IN A SIM CALLED SINNER MAN.



BILLY ANN: SURE HOPE IT WAS A FUN ONE.

FLYNNE: THEY ALL ARE. THAT'S HOW THEY'RE BUILT.



SLOW PUSH IN TO FLYNNE.

FLYNNE: ... SPECIAL POWERS. A SENSE OF MAGIC, YOU KNOW? OF "DESTINY." (A SCORNFUL GESTURE) ALL THE STUFF YOU DREAM ABOUT WHEN YOU'RE A KID... THEN YOU GROW UP AND FIND OUT NONE OF IT EXISTS.



FLYNNE: AND MEANWHILE? YOU AND EVERYONE ELSE? TURNS OUT THEY WERE OFF MAKING LIVES FOR THEMSELVES.



AWKWARD SILENCE.

BEEP-BEEP.

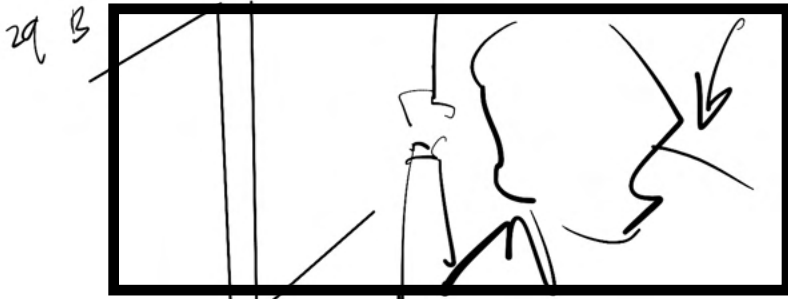


PULL BACK ON STEADICAM

FLYNNE: DON'T YOU LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT BILLY ANN BAKER.

BILLY ANN: LIKE WHAT?

The peripheral SC 116



FLYNNE: LIKE YOU GOT ME ALL FIGURED OUT... THERE'S MEALS TO COOK. MAMA NEEDS TENDING. HOUSE NEEDS CLEANING. YOU KNOW THE DRILL.



BILLY ANN: I DO INDEED.



FLYNNE: I STILL JUMP IN TO SAVE BURTON... BUT I'M DONE PRETENDING I CAN LIVE THERE.

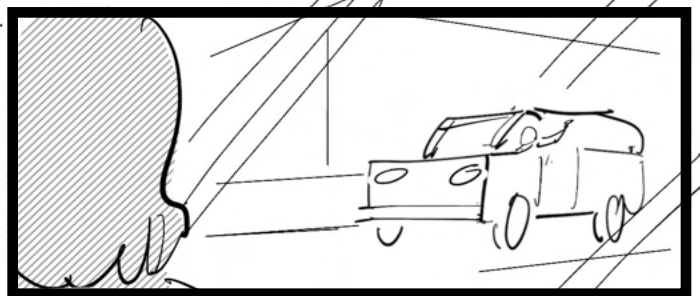


FLYNNE: IT'S NOT REAL. LIKE IT OR NOT, THIS HERE? IT'S THE ONLY WORLD I GOT.

THERE'S A HONK OUTSIDE, AND THEY TURN.



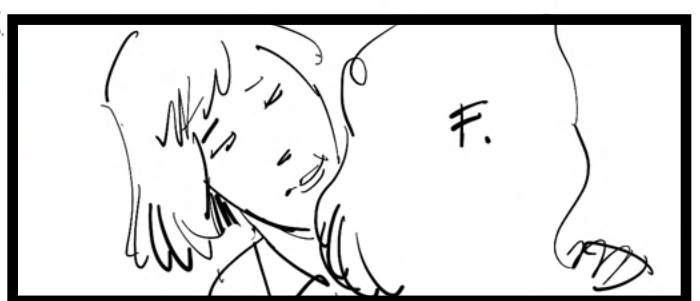
ANGLE THROUGH WINDOW - BILLY ANN LOOKS OUT AT...



...A BLUE VAN HAS PULLED UP.



BILLY ANN: WELL, ON THAT NOTE... BEFORE I GO AND MAKE THE WORLD A CLEANER PLACE? I HAVE ONE LAST THING TO SAY ABOUT THIS... SOMEBODY HAD BEEN ALL PUPPY-EYED FOR ME... I WOULD'VE SURELY WANTED TO KNOW IT.



BILLY ANN KISSES FLYNNE ON THE CHEEK...

The peripheral SC 116

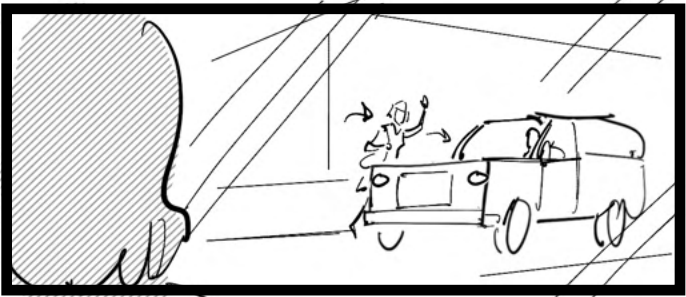
36b



FLYNNE TURNS AS BILLY ANN DEPARTS.

BILLY ANN: HAVE A GOOD DAY, SWEETPEA.

37.



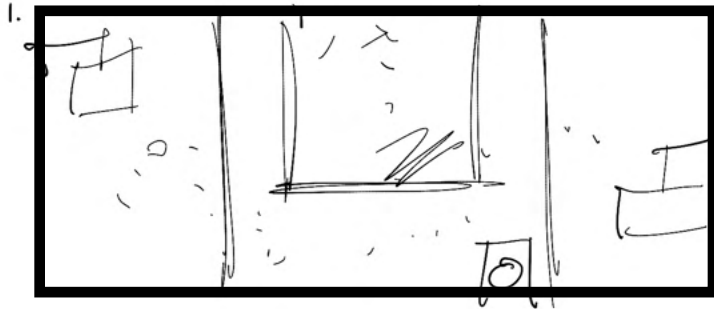
ANGLE THROUGH WINDOW - BILLY ANN CLIMBS INTO THE VAN.

38.



PUSH IN AS FLYNNE WATCHES HER HEAD OUT...

The peripheral sc 16A



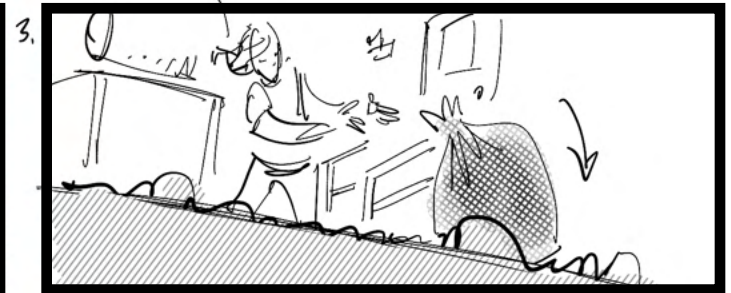
BACK DOOR TO FOREVER FAB.



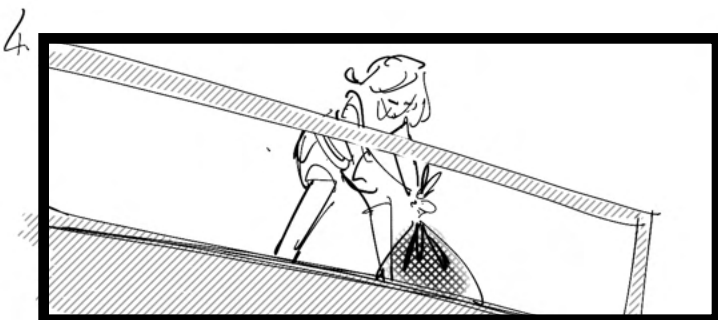
OPENS AS FLYNNE STEPS OUT WITH TWO BIG GARBAGE BAGS.



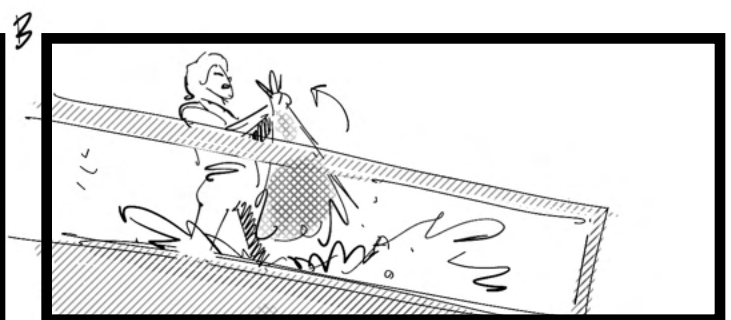
WIDE LONG LENS. FLYNNE COMES DOWN THE STEPS.



LOW ANGLE HANDHELD FLYNNE HEAVES ONE INTO THE DUMPSTER.



LOW ANGLE OTHER SIDE: SHE LIFTS THE OTHER BAG.



WHICH SPLITS AND SPILLS EVERYWHERE.



FLYNNNE: FUCK A DUCK.



FLYNNNE POV OF BROKEN TOMMY FIGURINE.

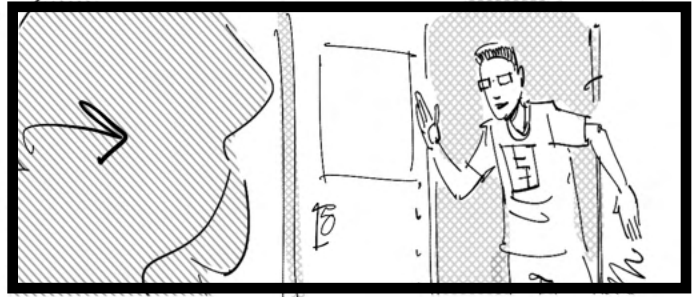
The peripheral sc 16A

7.



FLYNNE STARING AT TOMMY.

MACON (OC): FLYNNE!



FLYNNE TURNS TO SEE MACON IN THE DOORWAY.

8.



MACON (CONT'D): WHAT'S BROKEN BEFORE YOU USE IT?

9.

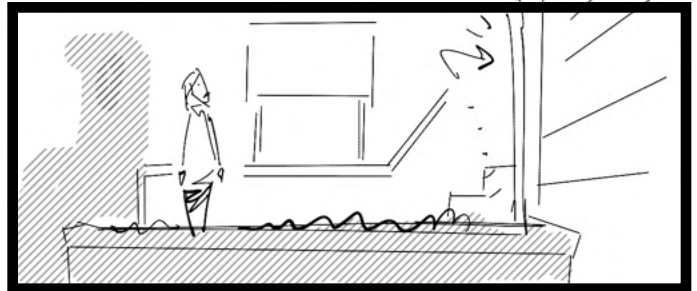


REVERSE ON FLYNNE. SHE SHRUGS.

10.



MACON: AN EGG!



FLYNNE: LITTLE HELP, MACON?

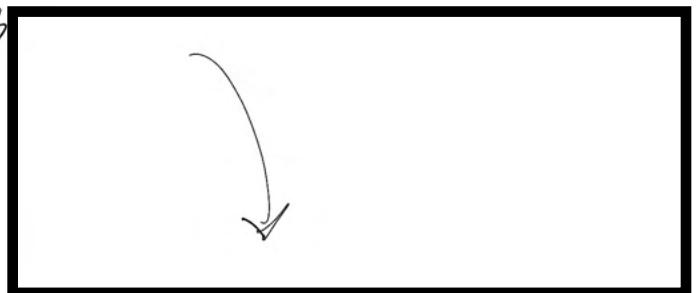
BUT MACON IS ALREADY GONE.

12.



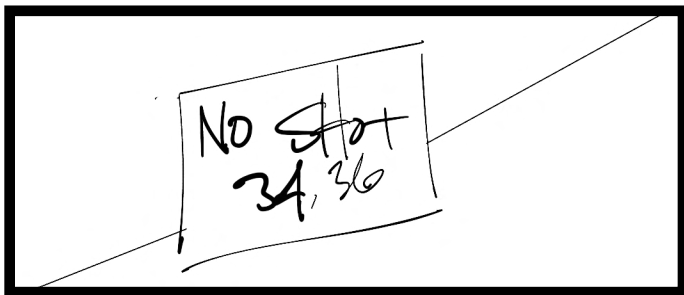
FLYNNE LOOKS DOWN TO THE SPILT GARBAGE

13.



...AND GETS TO WORK CLEANING IT UP.

The peripheral SC 116



CLOSE ON FLYNNE FOR A QUIET MOMENT TURNS AS THE BACK DOOR **BANGS** OPEN. ENTER EDWARD AND MACON.



MACON: BURTON SAID TO FETCH THIS HOME.

ED FOLLOWS MACON INTO THE FRONT OF THE STORE.



FLYNNE: WHAT IS IT?

MACON SETS BOX ON THE COUNTER.



EDWARD: JUST THE COOLEST FUCKING THING WE'VE EVER FABBED.



FLYNNE: HOW'D HE PAY FOR IT?



MACON: DIDN'T. SOMETHING CALLED... "MILAGROS COLDTRON" DID.

EDWARD: COVERED OUR OVERHEADS FOR THE MONTH IN THE PROCESS, TOO.



FLYNNE BENDS TO GET A BETTER LOOK, CURIOUS DESPITE HERSELF.

FLYNNE: WHAT'S IT SUPPOSED TO BE?



MACON: SOME SORTA REMOTE PILOTING GIZMO. HALF THE COMPONENTS DON'T EVEN HAVE PATENTS YET... MERCENARY SHIT, MY BET.

The peripheral SC 116



FLYNNE: BURTON'S DAY-DRINKING IN HIS CAMPER. YOU SURE HE'S NOT PAYING FOR THIS?



**MACON: (STRUGGLING) MI...LA...GROS. COLD....IRON.
EDWARD: COLOMBIAN COMPANY.... THE KIND REGISTERED IN BOTOGA... BURTON WORKING FOR A CARTEL?**



FLYNNE: FUCK OFF. YOU'RE POSITIVE HE'S NOT PAYING NOTHING?



MACON: NOT A DIME. YOU GOTTA SCAN FOR IT THOUGH.



FLYNNE: SERIOUS?

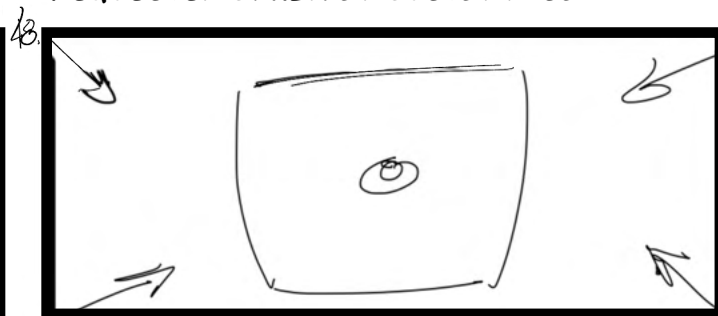


MACON HOLDING UP A RETINAL SCANNER, ATTACHED TO AN ELECTRONIC TABLET.

MACON: NOTHING PERSONAL. CUSTOMER REQUESTED CHAIN OF CUSTODY. SO....



SLOW PUSH IN TO FLYNNE.



PUSH IN TO SCANNER.

The peripheral SC 116

49.



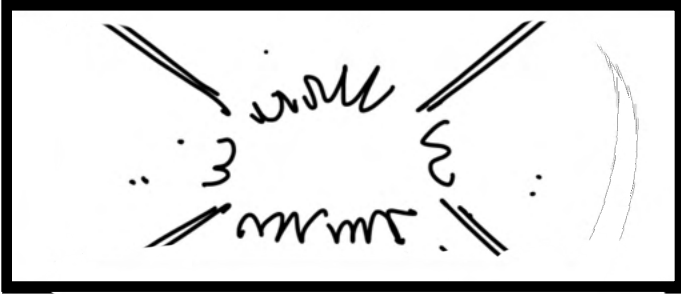
FLYNNE OUT OF FOCUS.

50.



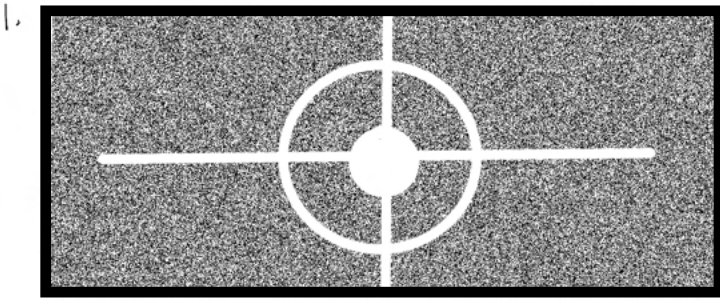
LEANS INTO FOCAL PLANE.

50.

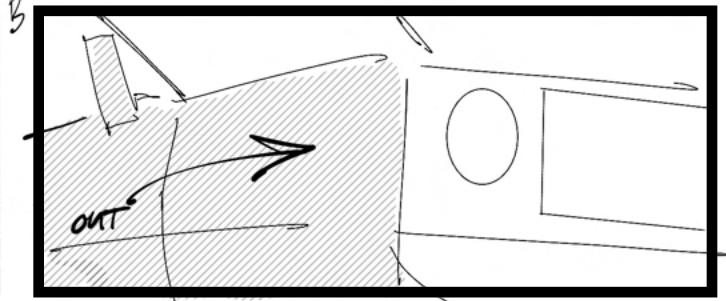


FLYNNE'S POV OF THE SCANNER. FLASH!

The peripheral SC 117-118



HEADLIGHT FLARES THE LENS...



VEHICLE PULLS OUT, REVEALING...



EXT JIMMY'S (NIGHT) - FLYNNE RIDES IN... BOOM UP.



PUSH IN AS SHE PARKS HER BIKE AND LOCKS IT.



SHE RISES AND EXITS FRAME.



FOLLOW FLYNNE UP THE STAIRS...



TO THE DOORS...



THROUGH THE DOORS...

The peripheral SC 117-118

5D



INTO THE BAR... FLYNNE MOVES THROUGH THE CROWD. (RED BULL GREET'S HER FROM THE MIRROR)

6.



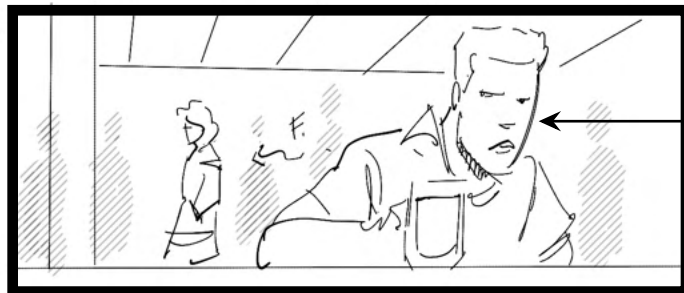
LEAD FLYNNE SEARCHING.

7.



FLYNNE'S POV. SEES CONNER.

8.



SLIDE LEFT AS FLYNN PASSES BY CONNER.

9.



PUSH IN TO A BOOTH WHERE ATTICUS, BUDDY, CASH AND JASPER ARE SITTING. THEY LOOK UP AT...

10.



FLYNNE ... SHE LOCKS EYES WITH BUDDY.

11.



ATTICUS AND BUDDY NOD.

12.



... FLYNNE TURNS AND HEADS OUT.

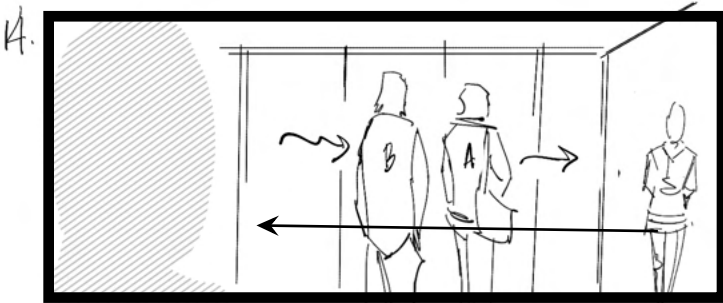
The peripheral SC 117-118



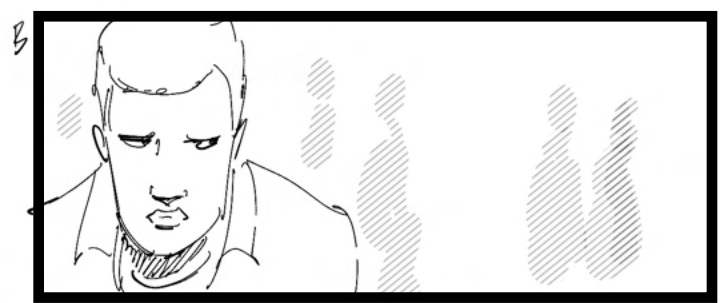
BUDDY LEANS, SAYS SOMETHING TO ATTICUS.



THE TWO MEN GET UP AND FOLLOW FLYNNE. ADJUST TO JASPER AND CASH, WATCHING THEM GO.



SLIDE LEFT AS ATTICUS AND BUDDY FOLLOW FLYNNE - ATTICUS HAS A DUFFEL BAG.



RACK TO CONNER - HE WATCHES ALL OF THIS.



DOWN HIS BEER. PAYS.



A BEAT, HE HALF-FALLS, HALF ACROBATICALLY MOUNTS HIS MONOWHEEL.



CONNER SETTLES IN MONOWHEEL.



BACKS UP.

The peripheral SC 117-119



THEN STARTS FORWARD DRUNKENLY.



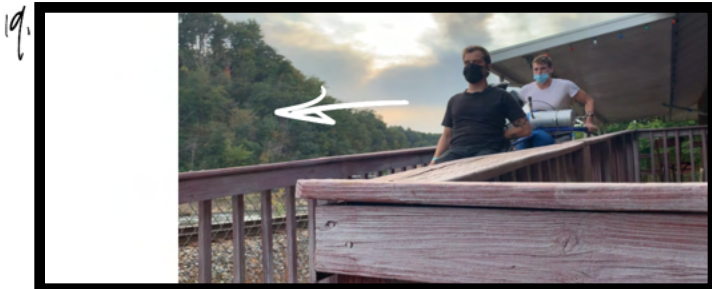
HEADS FOR THE BACK DOOR.



BUMPS INTO SOMEONE.



RIDES OUT.



CONNER GOES DOWN THE RAMP



TILT DOWN TO HIS WHEEL AS IT GOES BY.

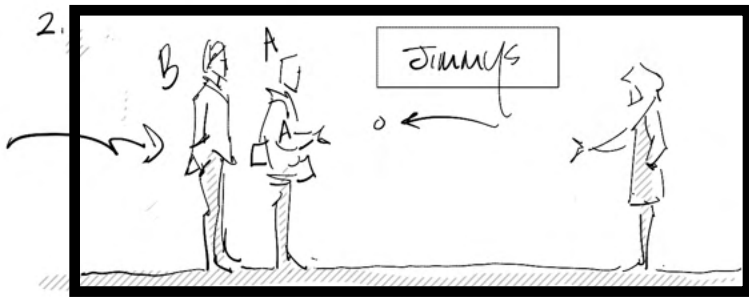
The peripheral SC 119



FLYNNE GOING THROUGH HER BAG (OC).



FLYNNE TAKES OUT EMPTY PILL BOTTLE.



BUDDY AND ATTICUS STEP INTO SHOT. FLYNNE TOSSES ELLA'S EMPTY PILL BOTTLE TOWARDS THEM.



ATTICUS CATCHES IT. READS THE LABEL



ATTICUS INDICATES 'PAYMENT'



FLYNNE TOSSES HIM THE **BILLS** SHE WITHDREW FROM THE ATM.



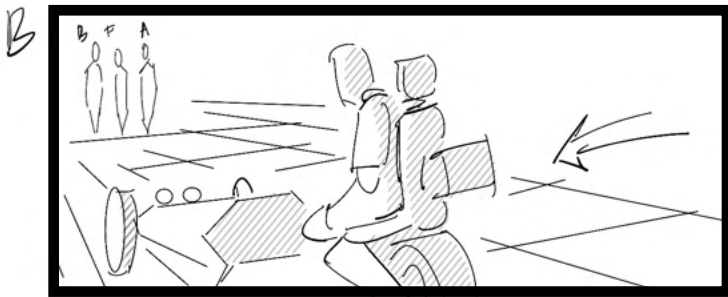
ATTICUS CATCHES IT.



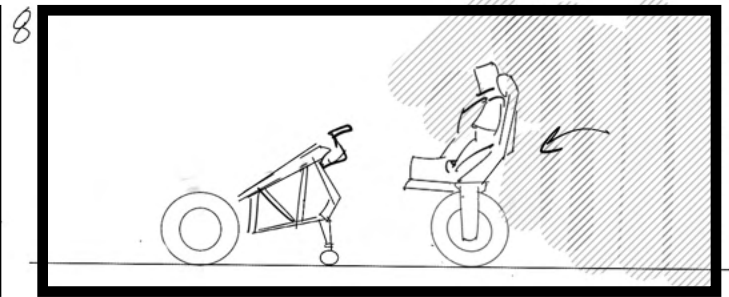
AS ATTICUS COUNTS THE BILLS WE SEE CONNER EXIT THE BAR IN THE BG.



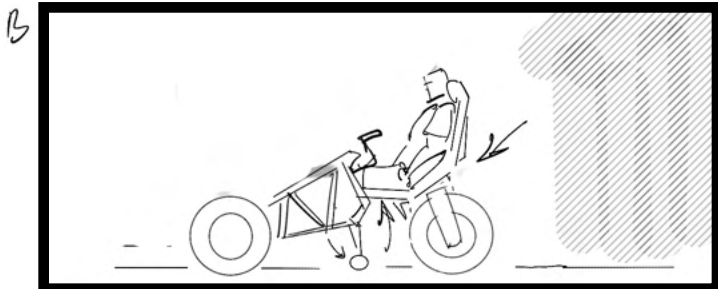
STEADICAM - FOLLOW CONNER ACROSS THE STREET.



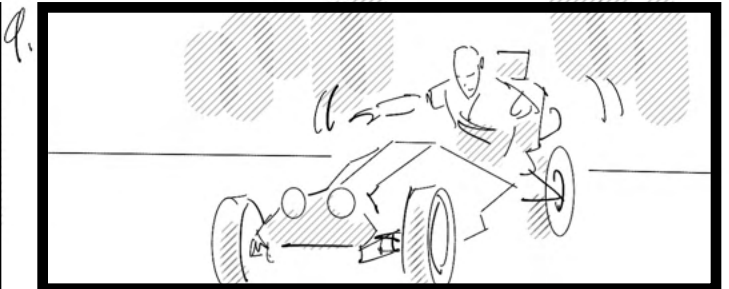
FOLLOW CONNER INTO PARKING LOT WHERE HIS TARANTULA IS WAITING.



CONNER'S MONOWHEEL LOWERS



CONNER MEETS FRONT WHEELS (A LITTLE DRUNK AND CLUMSY).



CONNER FAILS TO LINK UP AND ALMOST FALLS OFF HIS MONO WHEEL.

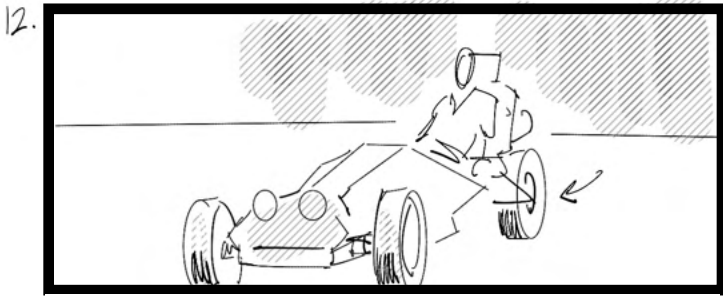


ATTICUS AND BUDDY START TO SNICKER.



OC LAUGHTER FROM BUDDY AND ATTICUS.

FLYNN: (SOFTLY) SHUT THE FUCK UP.



SECOND ATTEMPT... CONNER LINKS.



KA-CHUNK.



ATTICUS HOLDS UP THE MONEY.

ATTICUS: THINK YOU MIGHT NEED SOME HELP WITH YOUR MATH HERE, FLYNNE.



FLYNNE: ALL I WANT IS ONE. I'LL COME BACK TOMORROW. BUY THE REST.



ATTICUS: YOU KNOW THAT'S NOT HOW IT WORKS.



ATTICUS: UNLESS YOU MAYBE WANNA FIGURE OUT SOME SORTA BARTER DEAL? YOU KNOW - RENDER US BOTH A SERVICE?



CONNER WATCHES THIS EXCHANGE...TAKES OUT A BEER BOTTLE.



FLYNNE: DON'T BE GROSS, ATTICUS. WHY CAN'T I JUST PAY FOR ONE?



ON CONNER AS HE OPENS HIS BEER.

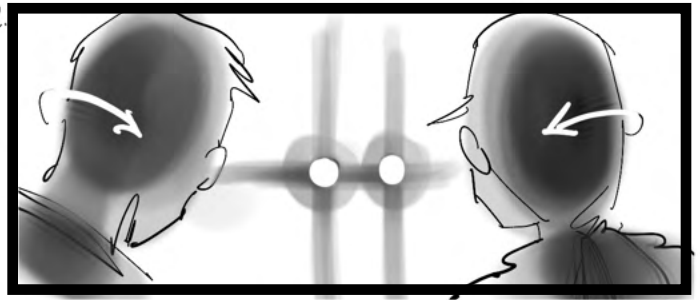


CONNER TAKES A LONG SWIG.

OFF SCREEN -
ATTICUS: MAYBE YOU SHOULD GO TRY
PHARMA JON?

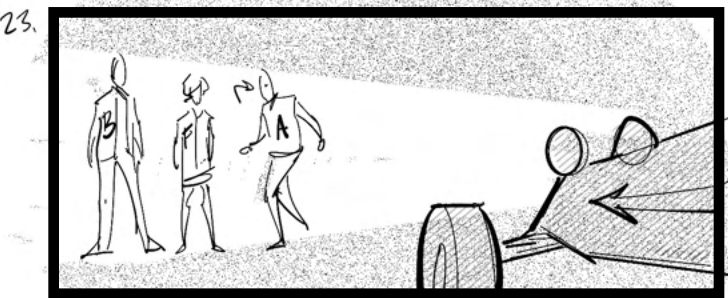


ATTICUS: (CONT) SEE IF THEY MIGHT BE
MORE AMENABLE?



ROAR OF AN ENGINE.

HEADLIGHTS BEAM ONTO FLYNNE AND ATTICUS.

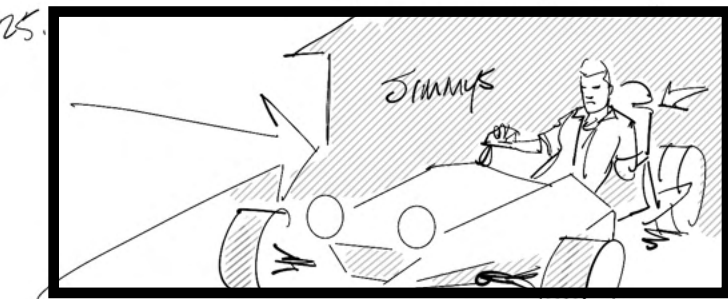


TARANTULA PULLS INTO FG.



ATTICUS AND BUDDY REACT.

CONNER (OC): GENTLEMEN.



MEET CONNER AS HE DRIVES INTO CLOSEUP.



CONNER: HOW ABOUT YOU JUST GIVE THE
YOUNG LADY WHAT SHE'S ASKING FOR?

25 C



WE HEAR LAUGHTER.

B



RACK FOCUS TO THE BAR'S ENTRANCE STAIRS, WHERE CASH HAS APPEARED.

26.



ON FLYNNE - CONCERNED.

27



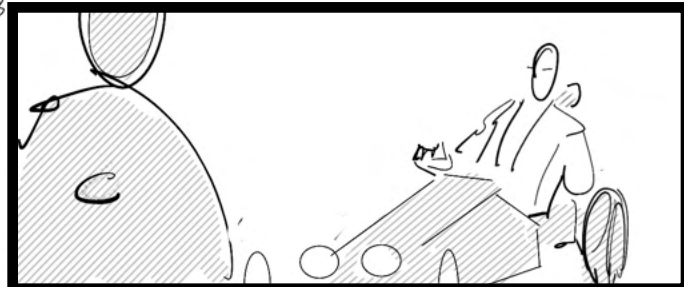
CASH: I WOULD'VE GUESSED A ONE ARMED DUDE WOULD KNOW WHEN IT'S TIME TO MIND HIS OWN BUSINESS.

B



CASH STEPS JOINS HIS BUDDIES.

28



CONNER: WANNA KNOW THE BEST THING ABOUT BEING A 'ONE ARMED DUDE,' CASH?

29



CASH: NO MORE CLAPPING?

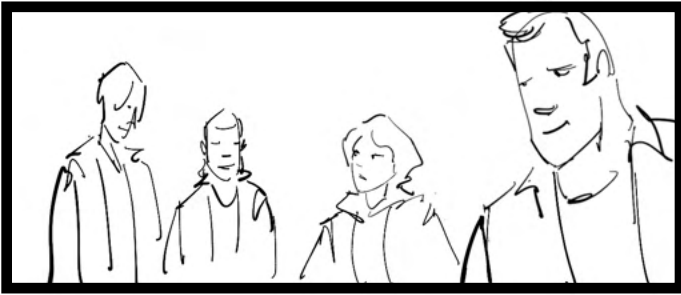
30



CONNER SMILES. THEN, ICILY:

CONNER: YOU AIN'T GOT A LOT LEFT TO LOSE.

31.



FLYNNE TURNS TO ATTICUS, AND, VERY QUIETLY:

FLYNNE: WALK AWAY.

ATTICUS: WORRIED ABOUT YOUR BOYFRIEND?

FLYNNE: I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOU.

32.



CONNER DRAINS HIS DRINK.

B



HOLDS UP THE EMPTY BOTTLE

33.



AND TOSSES IT AT A GARBAGE CAN THIRTY FEET BEHIND HIM.

B



HE HITS IT DEAD-CENTRE.

34.



OTHERS REACT.

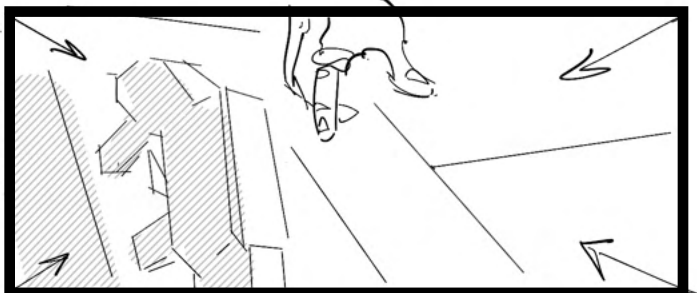
35.



SLOW PUSH INTO CONNER.

CONNER: SEE, IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS? LET'S SAY I DECIDE TO REACH FOR THAT BULLPUP THERE....

36.



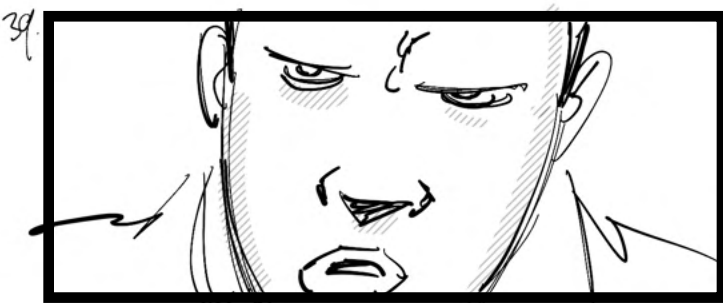
PUSH IN TO THE BULLPUP MOUNTED TO HIS TARANTULA.



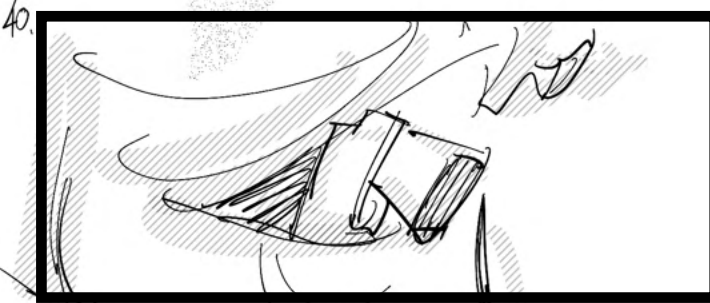
CONNER: (CONT) WHAT'S THE WORST THAT CAN HAPPEN TO ME?



SLOW PUSH IN...
THE YOUNG MEN EYE THE WEAPON, SUDDENLY SILENCED.



CONNER: (CONT) FAR AS I CAN FIGURE? THE WORST THING? IS I ONLY MANAGE TO KILL TWO OF YOU, RATHER THAN ALL THREE.



INSERT: GUN IN CASH'S PANTS



FLYNNE STEPS OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE.



CONNER SMILES, FLEXES HIS HAND.

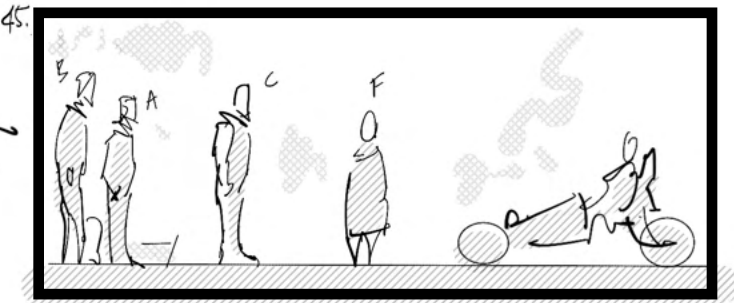


CASH GETS NERVOUS.

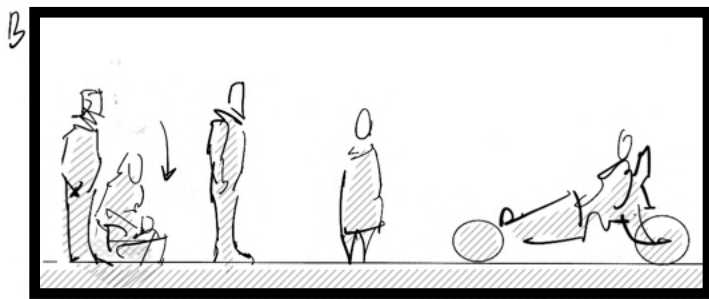
The peripheral SC 117-119



CASH NODS TO BUDDY AND ATTICUS.



WIDE ON THE WHOLE GROUP.



BUDDY PICKS UP THE EMPTY PILL BOTTLE.



HANDS IT TO ATTICUS WHO DIGS THROUGH HIS DUFFEL BAG.



DROPPING A SINGLE PILL INTO THE EMPTY BOTTLE.



ATTICUS THROWS THE BOTTLE TO TO FLYNNE.



SHE CATCHES IT - ONE HANDED.



THE GROUP SHUFFLES THROUGH SHOT.

CASH: THEY SHOULD FINISHED THE JOB, CONNER. KILLED YOU OUTRIGHT. DONE US ALL A SERVICE.

50 B



CONNER: TRUST ME, CASH. I'VE HAD THE SAME THOUGHT, MANY A MORNING.

51



ATTICUS, BUDDY HEAD BACK INSIDE JIMMY'S. CASH LOOKS BACK

The peripheral sc 120



DIAGONAL MOVE IN TO CASH, ATTICUS AND BUDDY AS THEY STEP BACK INTO THE BAR.



LANDING IN A TIGHT THREE. THEY REACT TO...



PUSH IN TO PICKETT, SITTING AT THEIR TABLE.



HE EYES THEM.



CLOSE ON BUDDY - GULP.

The peripheral sc 121



EXT JIMMY'S -PARKING LOT

CONNER: GONNA ROB A BANK TOMORROW?



FLYNNE SMILES TO CONNER.

FLYNNE: BURTON SAYS HE'S GOT SOMETHING IN THE WORKS.



CONNER: KNOWING HIM AS I DO, THAT SOUNDS A TAD WORRISOME. HOW'S HE HOLDING UP?



FLYNNE GOES TO HER BIKE. SLOW DIAGONAL MOVE.

FLYNNE: YOU SHOULD COME SEE FOR YOURSELF. HE MIGHT EVEN E OVER TO OFFER YOU A BEER.



CONNER COMES UP TO HER

CONNER: HOW'S THE CHARGE ON THAT (RE THE BIKE)?



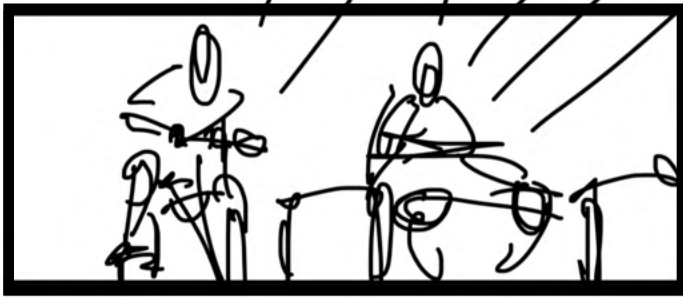
FLYNNE: LOW. BURTON NEVER PEDALS LIKE HE OUGHT TO.



CONNER: THOSE WORDS COULD END UP ON HIS GRAVESTONE ONE DAY, DON'T HAVE THINK?

The peripheral sc 121

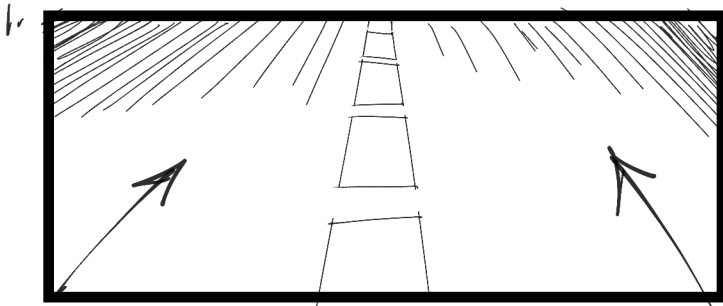
8.



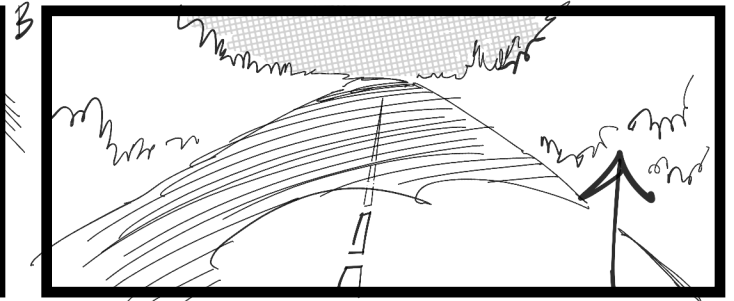
FLYNNE LAUGHS, AND CONNER REVS HHS ENGINE.

CONNER: WANNA SOME HELP WITH I?

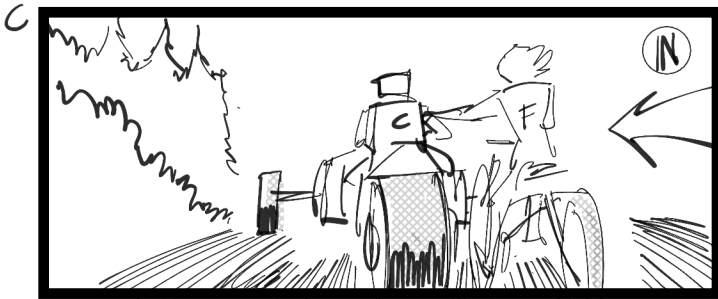
The peripheral SC 122



EXT COUNTRY ROAD - MOVING FAST OVER BLACKTOP



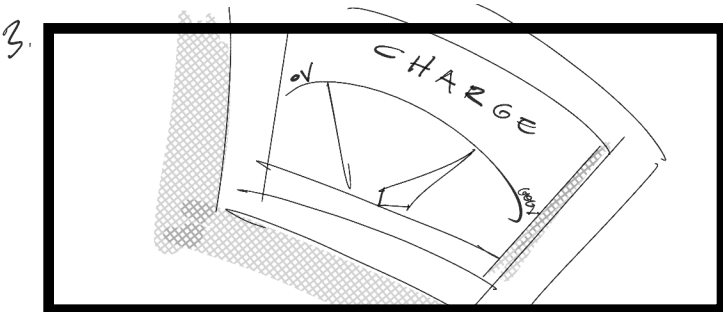
TILT UP TO SEE HEADLIGHTS.



FLYNNE AND CONNER ZOOM INTO THE SHOT.



OVER CONNER TO FLYNNE. BOTH GRINNING, GIDDY WITH SPEED.



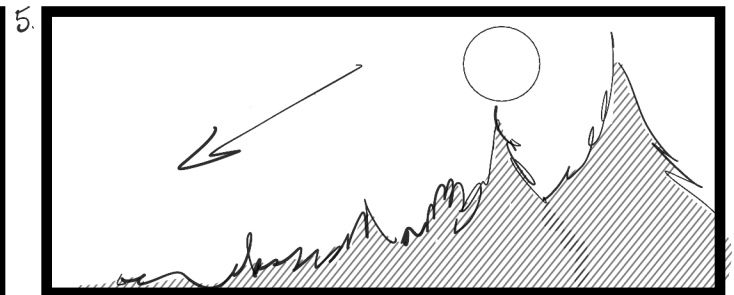
INSERT - CHARGE METER ON FLYNNE'S BIKE.



FLYNNE LOOKING DOWN AT THE METER



THEN LOOKS UP TO SEE...



FLYNNE'S POV OF THE MOON BEHIND PASSING TREES.

The peripheral SC 122



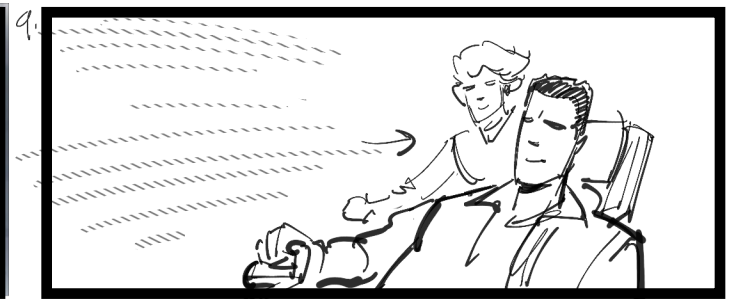
HIGH ANGLE COUNTER MOVE AS THEY PASS BY IN THE DISTANCE.



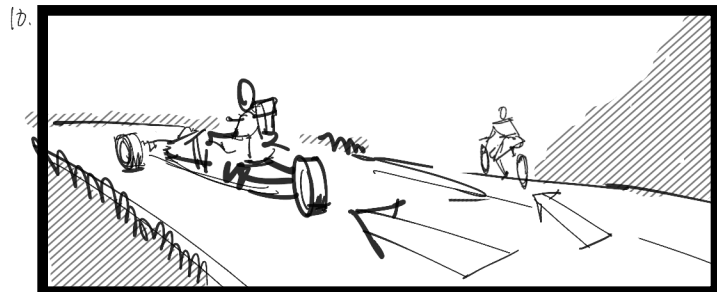
RISE OVER BARBED FENCE AS FLYNNE AND CONNER PASS.



LEAD FLYNNE AND CONNER.



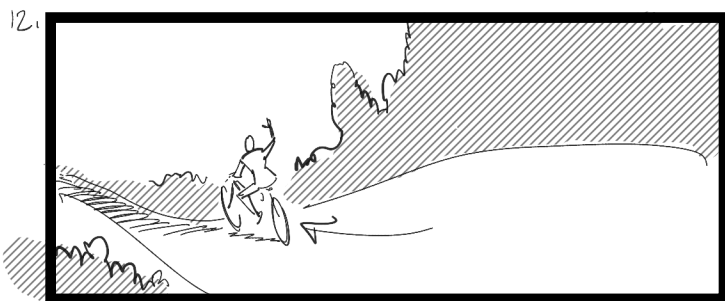
SHE LETS GO, LEAVES SHOT.



FLYNNE GOES DOWN Y IN ROAD.

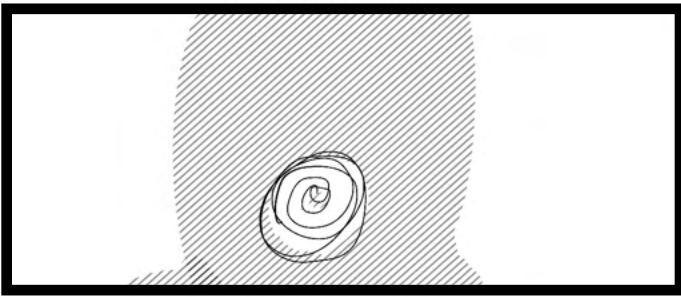


ANGLE - LEADING FLYNNE. IN BG WE SEE CONNER CONTINUE ON HIS WAY.



REVERSE: FLYNNE RIDES AWAY.

The peripheral sc 123



CIGAR LIGHTS UP. (VERY SHALLOW FOCUS).



RACK FOCUS TO PICKETT TAKING A PUFF.



CORBELL PICKETT
SOME CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM?



THE BOYS LOOK AT PICKETT, ANXIOUS.

CORBELL PICKETT (CONT'D OC)
YOU SEEM NERVOUS. WHY IS THAT?



SLOW PUSH IN TO THE GROUP IN THE BOOTH.

CASH
I CAN UNDERSTAND HOW YOU MIGHT BE
UNHAPPY WITH US, MR. PICKETT.

CORBELL PICKETT
BUT...?

CASH
BUT...?

CORBELL PICKETT
IT SOUNDED LIKE YOU WERE PLANNING
TO FOLLOW THAT UP WITH A "BUT."



CASH
NO, SIR. NOT AT ALL.



JASPER
I GOTTA RUN TO THE JOHN REAL QUICK.

The peripheral sc 123



PICKETT INDICATES FOR JASPER TO SIT.



PUSH IN TO PICKETT.

CORBELL PICKETT
I'M NOT "UNHAPPY." JUST CONFUSED.
IF YOU'D DECIDED TO SELL THAT
YOUNG WOMAN ONE PILL, I MIGHT BE
INCLINED TO TRUST YOU MADE A
JUDGMENT CALL. I MIGHT EVEN
RESPECT IT. BETRAYING AS IT WOULD
AN UNEXPECTED LEVEL OF
IMPROVISATIONAL THINKING. BUT...
IT'S THE BULLYING THAT GIVES ME
PAUSE.



CASH
BULLYING?



CORBELL PICKETT
WHAT WOULD YOU CALL IT? HOW THAT
DRUNK CRIPPLE MANHANDLED YOU OUT
THERE?



THE BOYS, SILENT.



ON CASH'S LEG NERVOUSLY JIGGLING.



BOOM UP.

CORBELL PICKETT (CONT'D)
DRINK UP, SON. I NEED YOU CALM. SO
YOU CAN ABSORB THIS LESSON.

The peripheral sc 123



PICKETT TAKES ANOTHER PUFF. LOOKS TO JASPER.



JASPER CLOCKS HIS LOOK.



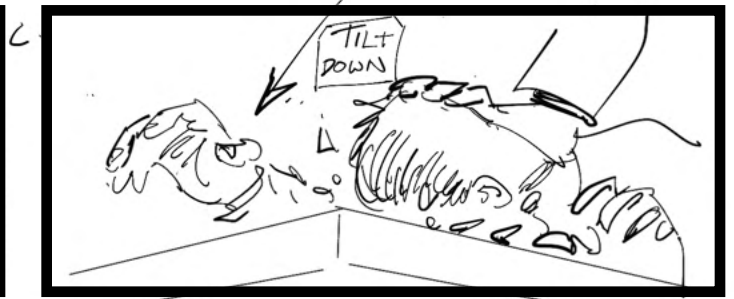
OVER PICKETT'S CIGAR TO CASH, WHO LIFTS HIS GLASS.



HE TAKES A SIP...



AND PICKET SLAMS HIS HEAD...



...INTO THE TABLE. (DIGITAL GLASS BREAK)

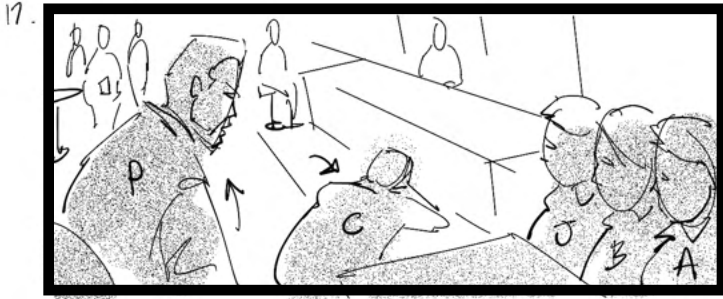


CASH RISES, GLASS IN HIS FACE.

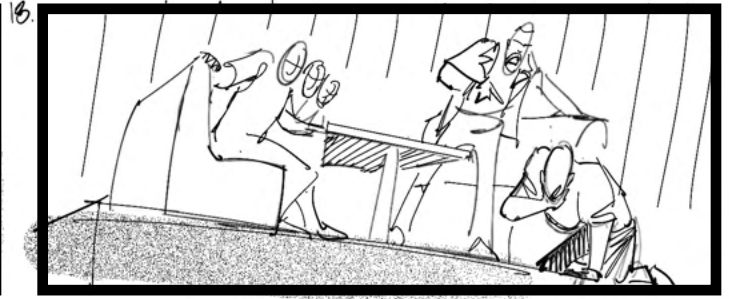


OTHERS REACT.

The peripheral sc 123



PATRONS IN THE BAR ARE SUDDENLY SILENT.
PICKETT RISES AS CASH FALLS TO HIS KNEES.



CORBELL PICKETT (CONT'D)
WHEN YOU LOOK WEAK, I LOOK WEAK.
UNDERSTAND?



CORBELL PICKETT (CONT'D)
GOOD BOY.
(RISES, WIPING HIS HAND)
TAKE HIM TO THE RESTROOM, JASPER.
CLEAN HIM UP.

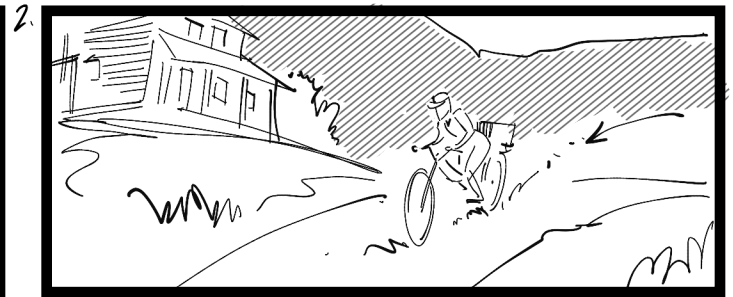


END ON JASPER.

The peripheral SC 124-128



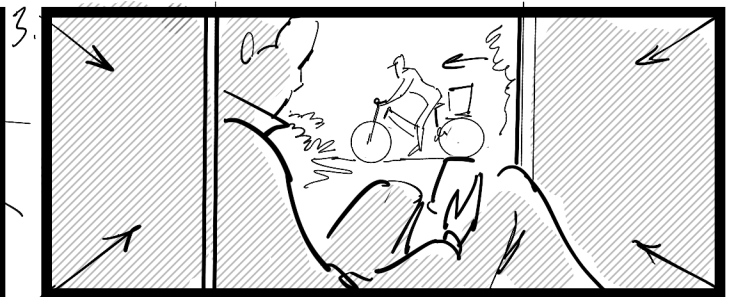
FLYNNE RIDING HER BIKE. CLOSE FOCUS ON THE PACKAGE STRAPPED TO THE BACK.



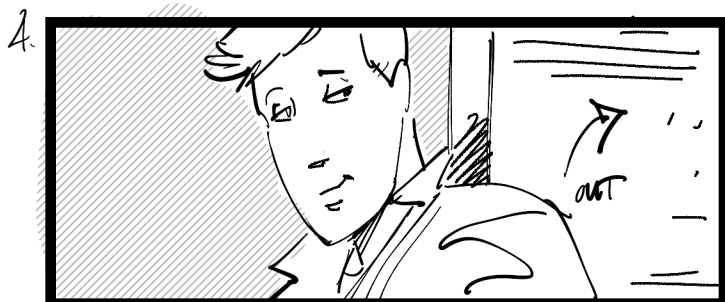
EXT FISHER HOUSE, FLYNNE CYCLES PAST.



PAN TO TRAILER.



ANGLE INSIDE TRAILER. BURTON IN THE DOORWAY ON HIS PHONE. GENTLE PUSH IN AS FLYNNE RIDES INTO BG.

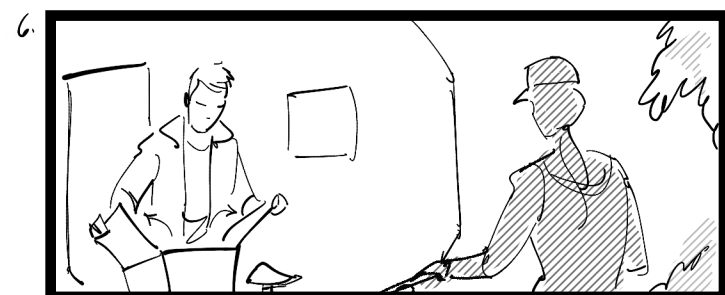


BURTON LOOKS UP FROM HIS PHONE... RISES.



FLYNNE GET OFF HER BIKE.

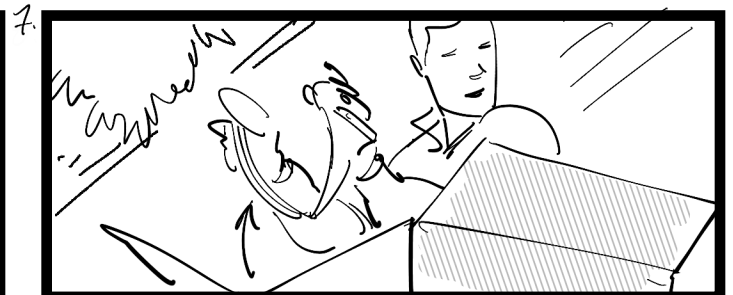
FLYNNE: READY TO TALK SOME TRUTH TO ME? ABOUT MAMA'S PILLS?



BURTON IGNORES THIS, OPENS THE BOX.

BURTON: GO ON. I CAN FEEL YOU WANT TO.

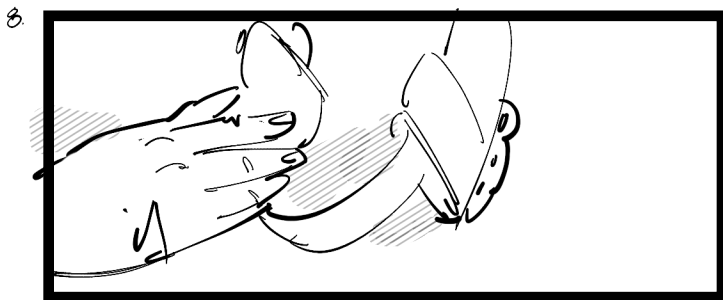
FLYNNE: WHAT?



BURTON: ASK WHAT THIS IS.

LOW ANGLE, BURTON TAKES OUT A...

The peripheral SC 124-128



CLOSE UP ON -
...HEADSET, SHOWS IT TO FLYNNE.

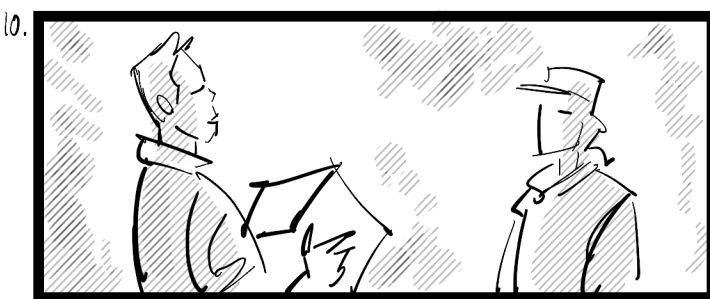


RACK TO FLYNNE.

FLYNNE: HOW OLD YOU THINK I WAS? WHEN THAT STOPPED WORKING? HANDING ME A TOY TO DISTRACT ME?



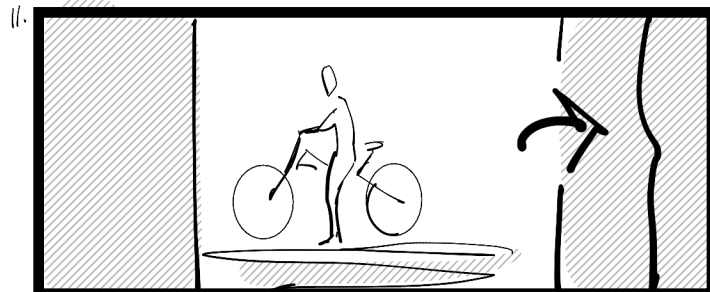
BURTON: MIGHT BE SURPRISED. CAUSE WHEN IT IS WORKING? YOU WOULDN'T NECESSARILY NOTICE.



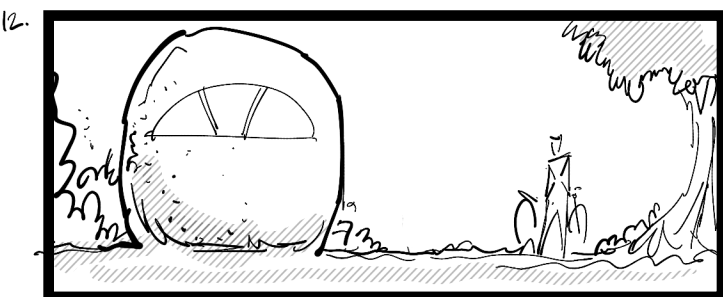
BURTON: (CONT) THAT'S SORTA THE WHOLE POINT.



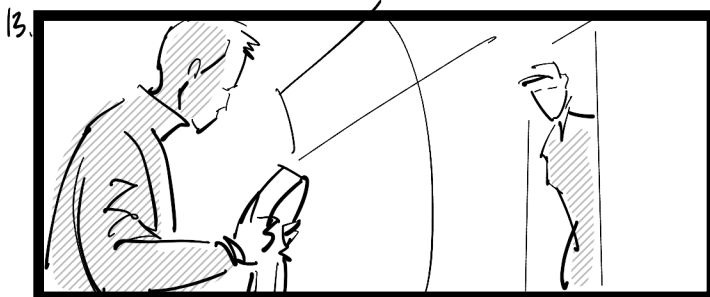
FLYNNE: WELL IT AIN'T WORKING TONIGHT.



ANGLE FROM TRAILER - BURTON DISAPPEARS INSIDE LEAVING FLYNNE HANGING.



WIDE ON FLYNNE. RELUCTANTLY PUTS UP THE KICKSTAND AND HEADS INTO THE TRAILER.



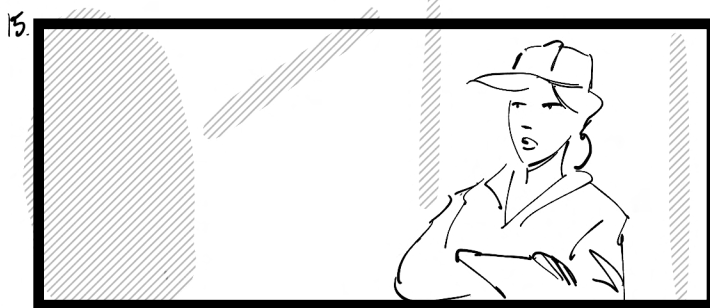
OVER BURTON TO FLYNNE STEPPING INSIDE.

FLYNNE: LOOKS WEIRD.

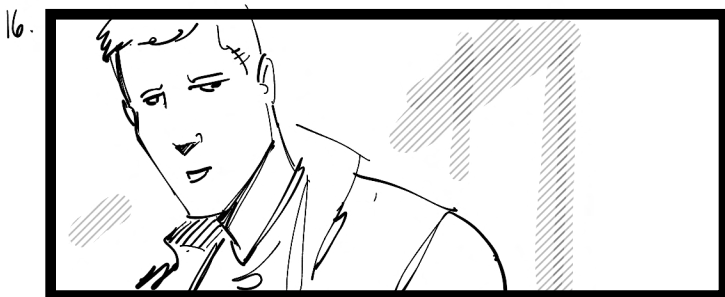
The peripheral SC 124-128



BURTON: HOW SO?



FLYNNE: I DUNNO, TOP HEAVY. AND WHAT'RE ALL THOSE LITTLE SILVER GIZMOS FOR?



BURTON: CUTTING EDGE VR. FOLKS WANT ME TO TEST IT. FOR A SHITLOAD OF MONEY, TOO. PUT US IN THE CLEAR FOR MONTHS.



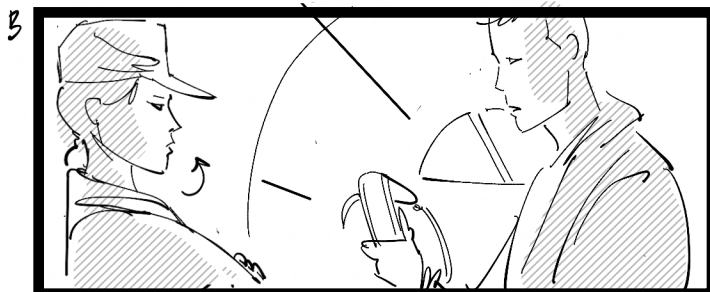
FLYNNE: WHY YOU?



BURTON: TURNS OUT I'M ONE OF THE FEW TO REACH THE HUNDREDTH LEVEL IN HALCYON.

FLYNNE: YOU NEVER MADE IT PAST 83.

BURTON: TRUE ENOUGH. BUT SOMEONE ELSE HAS BEEN USING MY AVATAR.



BURTON STEPS INTO 50 / 50. SLOW PUSH IN.

BURTON: THIS HERE? IS THE ONLY WAY WE'LL PAY FOR MAMA'S TAMOSENE. I CAN TRY.



BURTON: (CONT) BUT WE BOTH KNOW I'LL LIKELY FUCK IT UP.

FLYNNE IS SILENT: SHE KNOWS. BURTON ANSWERS ANYWAY.



**BURTON: COME TOMORROW? MAMA'LL BE LYING UP THERE, IN A WHOLE LOTTA PAIN. BEAT
... YOU KNOW I'M PROUD OF YOU, RIGHT?**

The peripheral SC 124-128



FLYNNE: YOU'RE SO FULL OF SHIT, BURTON.



BURTON LAUGHS, NODS.

BURTON: I KNOW, BUT IT'S TRUE. I AM PROUD.



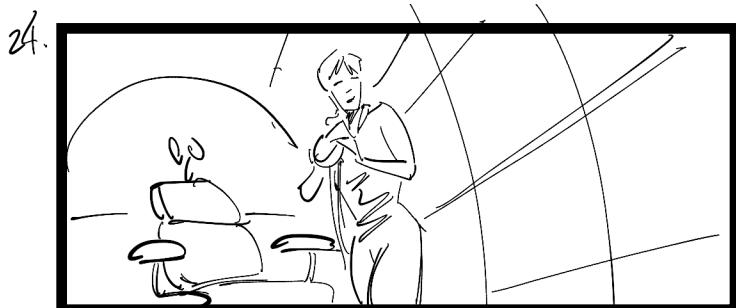
REVERSE: FLYNNE TAKES THE HEADSET AND WALKS OUT OF SHOT.

FLYNNE: THEY PAY BY LEVEL?



BURTON: TIME ON THE CLOCK, STRAIGHT UP. LONGER YOU'RE IN, MORE YOU CAN EARN.

BURTON STEPS INTO A CU, LEANS AGAINST THE WALL.



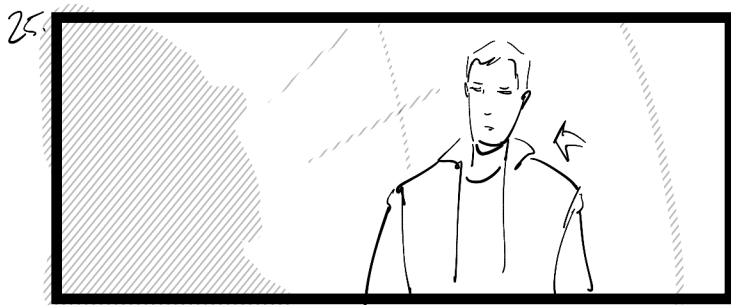
REVERSE ON FLYNNE.

FLYNNE: WHAT DO THEY WANT? A KILLER?



PUSH IN AS FLYNNE SITS DOWN.

FLYNNE: I GET ANOTHER BIG-ASS BEARD HERE?



BURTON: FAR AS I CAN TELL? YOU'RE GONNA BE A VERSION OF ME.



FLYNNE: SO I SHOULD ACT A LITTLE DIMWITTED?

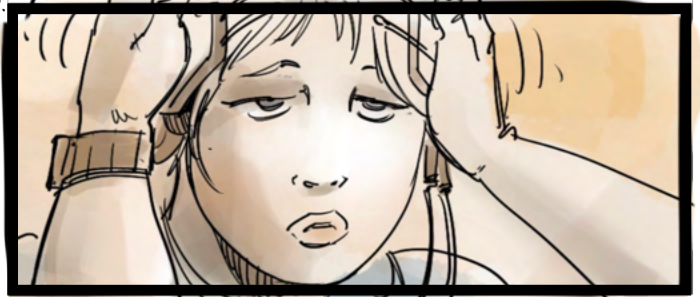
The peripheral SC 124-128

27.



BURTON SMILES TOO. LEANS IN

28.



BURTON ADJUSTS THE HEADSET ON FLYNNE.

FLYNNE: WHAT DO I DO?

29.



BURTON: LIE DOWN. SHUT YOUR EYES. COUNT BACK FROM TEN.

BURTON ADJUSTS THE HEAD SET THEN STEPS BACK.

30.



FLYNNE LIES DOWN WITH THE 'CROWN'.

BURTON: (VO) THE REST SHOULD BE SELF EXPLANATORY.

31.



HIGH ANGLE ON FLYNNE. SLOW PUSH IN AS SHE COUNTS DOWN.

32.



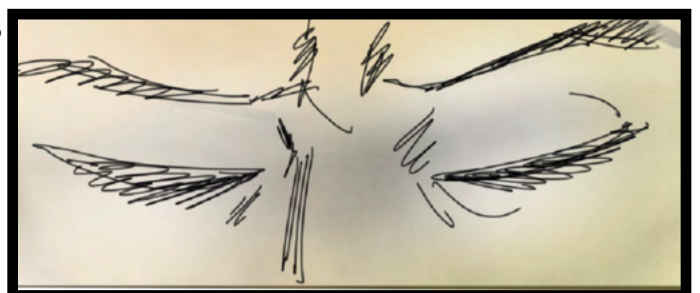
SLOW PUSH IN TO BURTON.

33.



PUSH IN FLYNNE COUNTING DOWN ...3,2,1...

B



-BEAT-

NOTHING HAPPENING. (ADD LINE?)

The peripheral SC 124-128

33 c



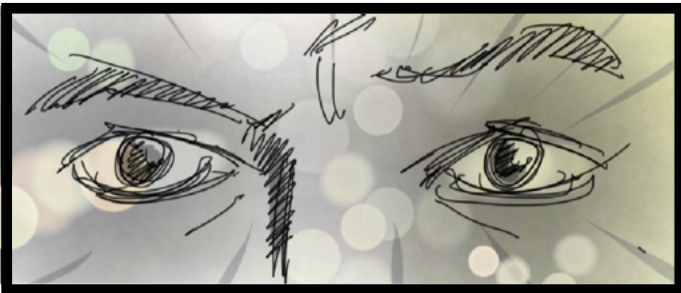
SHE OPENS HER EYES...

34



POV RIDING A MOTORCYCLE IN A TUNNEL.

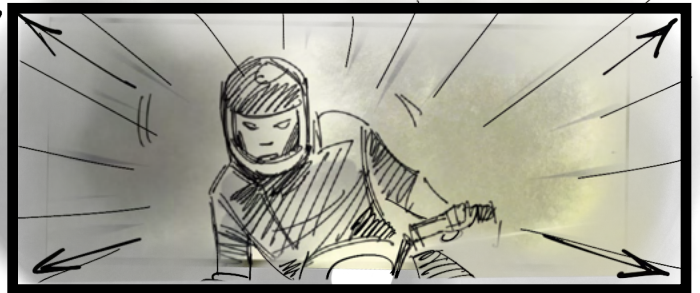
35



NOW IT'S BURTON'S EYES.

*STUDIO

35



SNAP ZOOM TO REVEAL HE'S ON A MOTORCYCLE. ... HE LOSES CONTROL

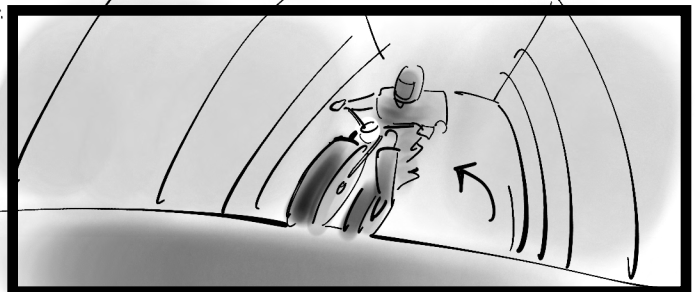
*STUDIO

36



INSIDE THE TUNNEL... FOLLOW BIKE AS IT SWERVES.

37



LEAD BIKE. PERI BURTON STABILISES.

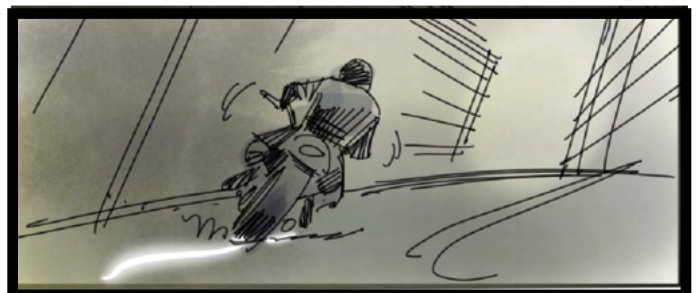
38



CLOSER: HE FINDS CONTROL.

*STUDIO

39



LEAVING TUNNEL TO STREET.

WOMAN'S VOICE: IT WOULD APPEAR YOU'VE RIDDEN BEFORE...

The peripheral SC 124-128

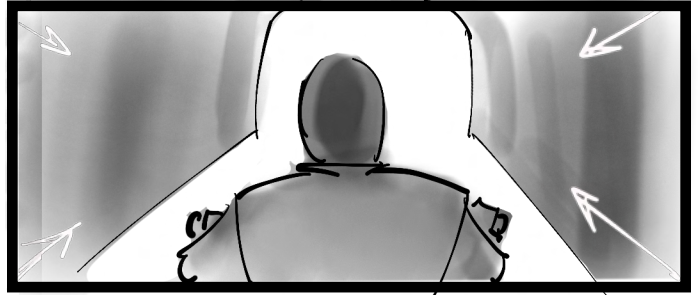
40.



PERIPHERAL: ONLY ON SIMS.

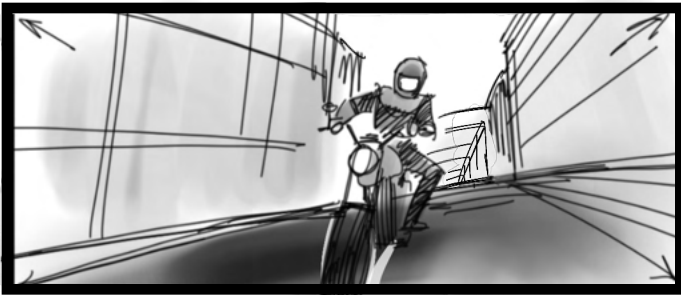
*STUDIO

41.



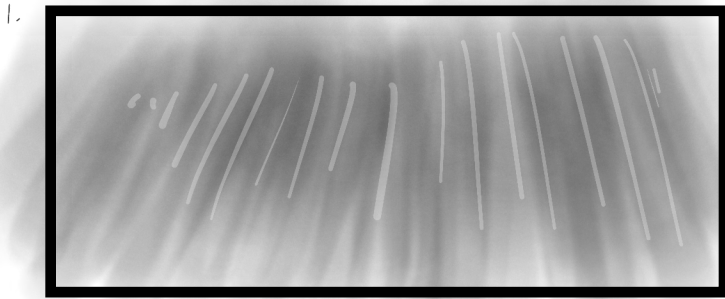
FOLLOW PERI BURTON OUT OF TUNNEL...

42.



AND OUT ONTO THE STREET.

The peripheral SC 128

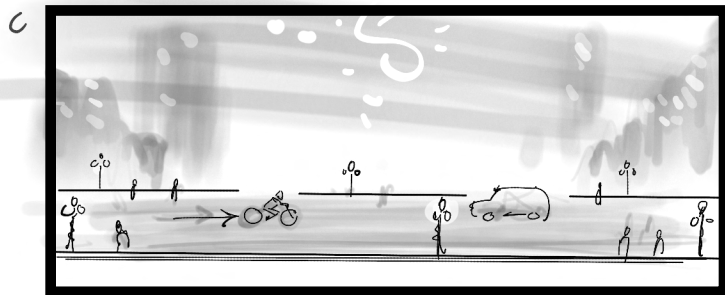


TRAVELLING OVER WATER.



... THEN TILT UP AND CONTINUE TO MOVE TOWARDS WESTMINSTER BRIDGE - GLOWING INSTALLATION FLOATING ABOVE.

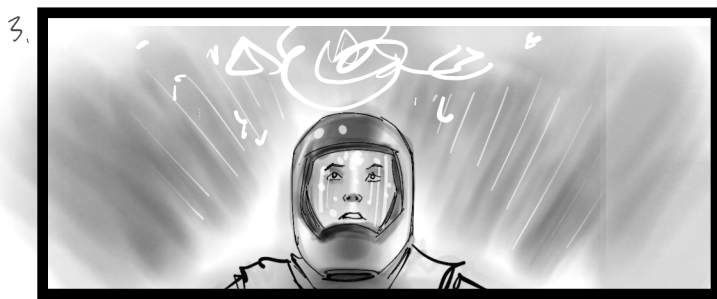
WOMAN'S VOICE: AND WERE YOUR SIMS LIKE THIS, SOLDIER BOY?



CONTINUE TO RISE TO SEE PERI BURTON ZIP BY.

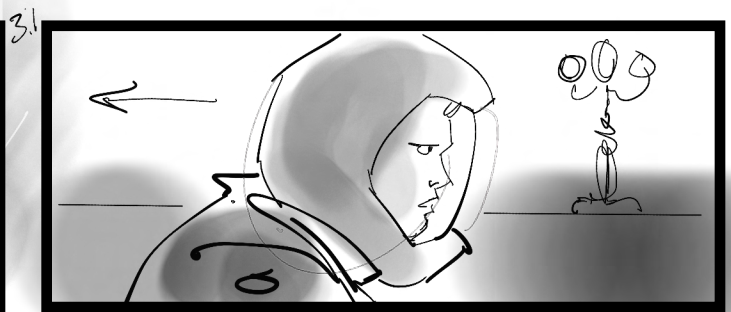


BOOM DOWN AS HE SHOOTS DOWN THE BRIDGE.



WOMAN'S VOICE: AND WERE YOUR SIMS LIKE THIS, SOLDIER BOY?

*STUDIO (GREENSCREEN)



PERI BURTON: MARINES DON'T TAKE KINDLY TO BEING CALLED SOLDIERS, MA'AM.

The peripheral sc 128

3.1



BURTON DRIVES DOWN REGENT STREET AS WE BOOM OUT.

4.



ANGLE BEHIND PERI BURTON.

WOMAN'S VOICE: DULY NOTED. BUT YOU DIDN'T ANSWER ME. IS THIS LIKE YOUR OTHER SIMS?

*REGENT ST

5.



PERI BURTON RAISES HAND CATCHING WIND.

PERIPHERAL: NO. NO FUCKING WAY. I CAN FEEL THINGS.

*STUDIO

5.



RACK TO HAND

6.

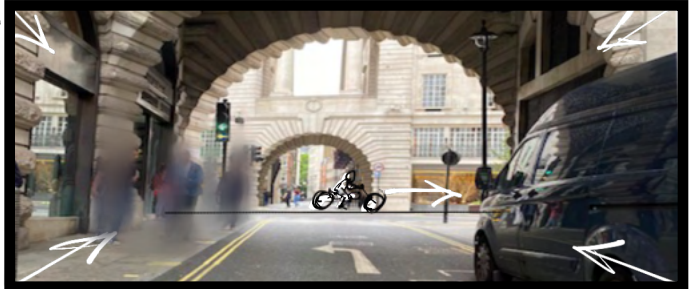


PERI BURTON: ...EVERYTHING.

WOMAN'S VOICE
PAIN, TOO. SO YOU'RE WARNED.

*STUDIO

7.



TILT DOWN AND PUSH IN AS BURTON ZOOMS PAST ARCH WITH LIGHTS.

*REGENT ST

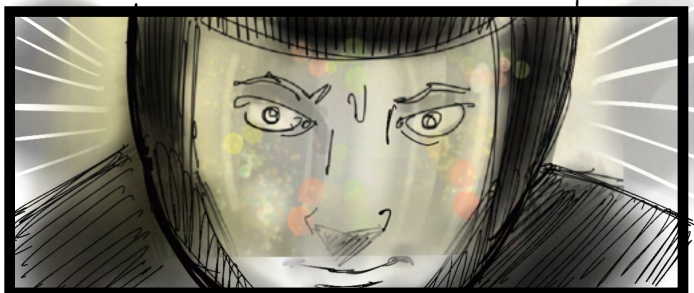
7.1



CHASE BURTON PAST ART INSTITUTE AND AROUND THE CORNER ONTO BOND ST

*BOND ST

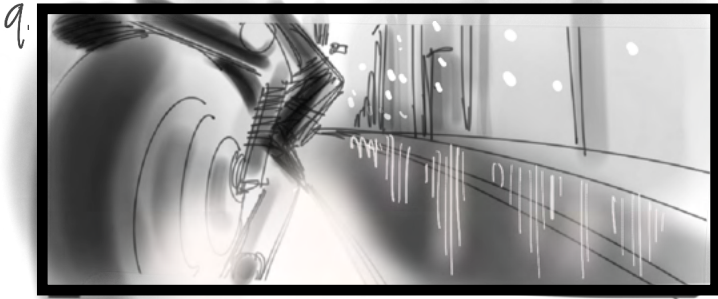
8.



PERI BURTON ENJOYING THE THRILL OF THE RIDE.

*STUDIO

The peripheral SC 128



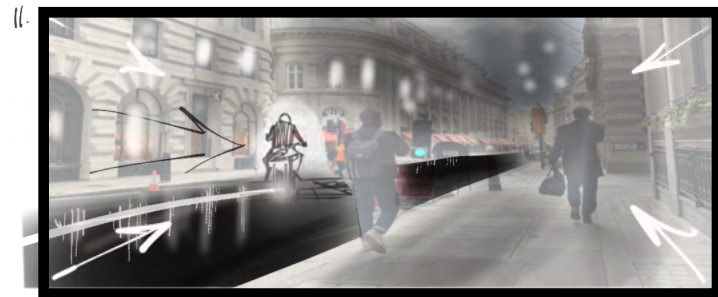
CAMERA RIGGED TO BIKE. SEEING LIGHT TRAIL, AND BUILDINGS REFLECTED IN THE ROAD.

*BANK



LEAD PERI BURTON. HE GUNS THE ENGINE ONCE MORE.

*BANK



CHASE PERI BURTON. HE CONTINUES TO SPEED ALONG THE ROAD.

*BANK



COUNTER BURTON AS HE BLASTS PAST A BUSTLING CAFE...

*BANK

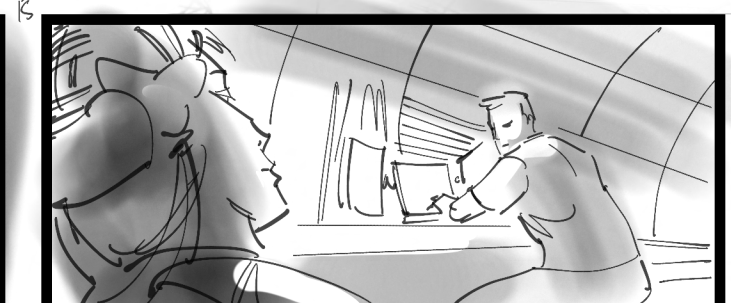


THEN PAN/SLIDE AS HE GOES THROUGH BUSTLING STREET

*BANK

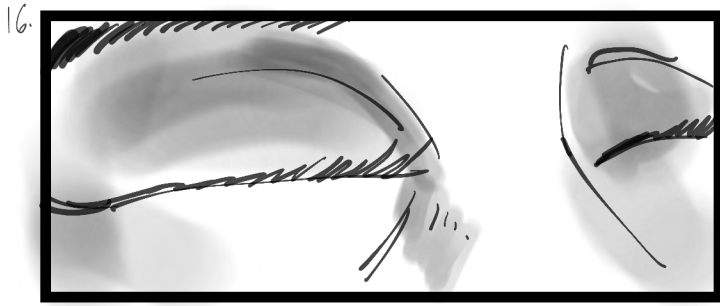


CUT TO FLYNNE IN THE TRAILER, SMILING.



BURTON NOTICES FLYNNE SMILING.

The peripheral SC 128

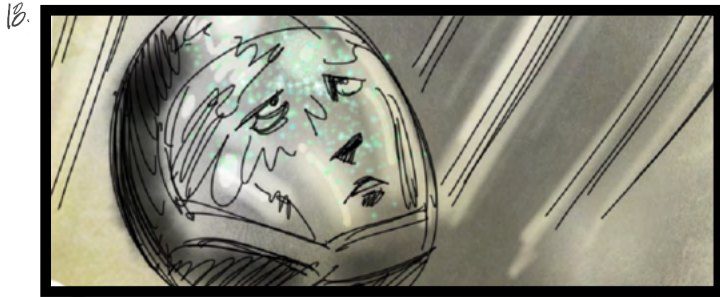


CLOSE ON FLYNNE EYES IN REM.



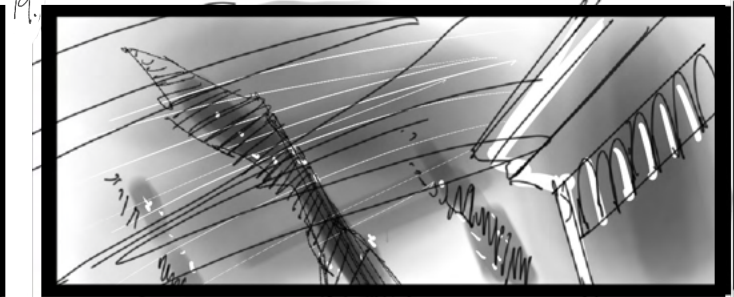
PERI BURTON POV OF STREET.

*BANK



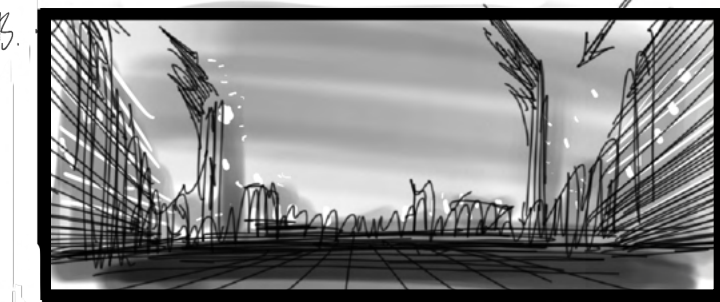
HE LOOKS UP

*STUDIO



HIS POV OF BUILDINGS.

*TRAFALGAR SQUARE



TILT DOWN TO THE STREET AS HE APPROACHES.

*TRAFALGAR SQUARE



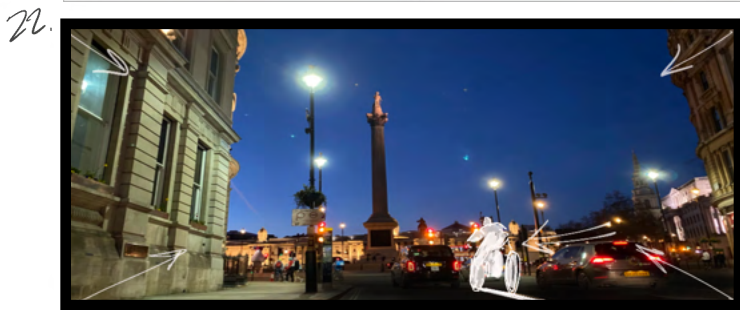
PERIPHERAL: WHO ARE YOU?

WOMAN'S VOICE: THE VOICE IN YOUR HEAD. I TELL YOU WHAT TO DO AND YOU DO IT. THAT'S HOW YOU EARN YOUR KEEP.

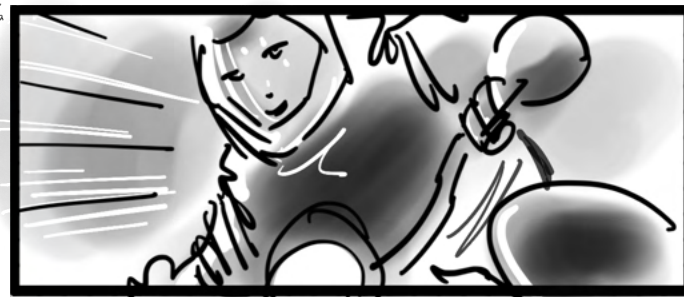
*STUDIO

X
NOSTROT
20

The peripheral SC 128



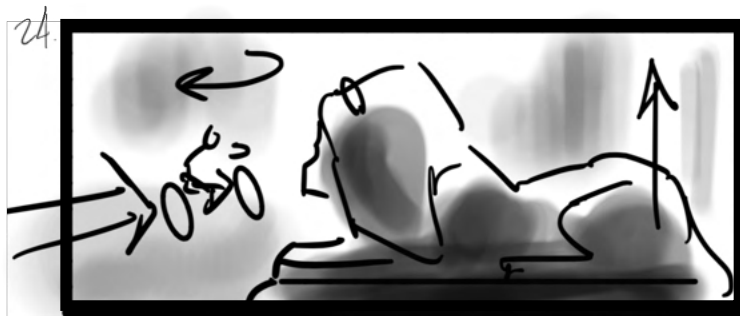
HE LEADS US TO TRAFALGAR SQUARE.



ANGLE LEADING PERIPHERAL.

"BEAR RIGHT."

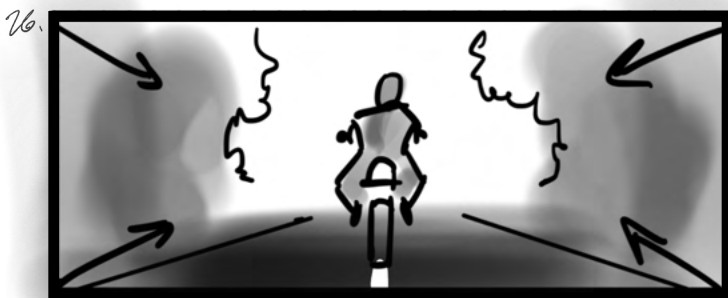
*TRAFALGAR



BOOM UP OVER TRAFALGAR SQUARE LION.
PERIPHERAL STARTS AROUND THE ROTARY.



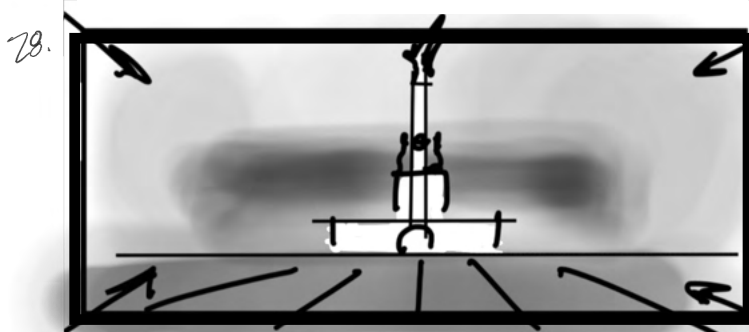
BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE.
PERIPHERAL DRIVES AROUND THE ROTARY...



FOLLOW HIM THROUGH MALL.



LEAD HIM THROUGH MALL.



HIS POV APPROACHING VICTORIA MONUMENT.



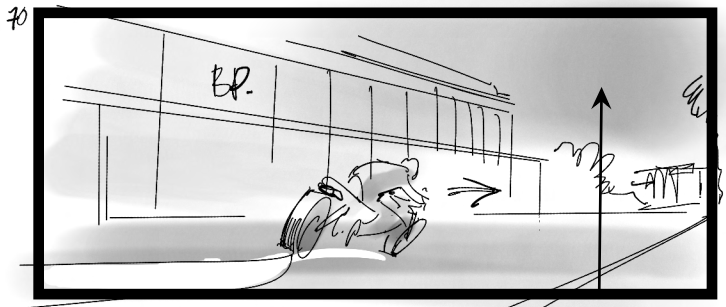
ROTATE WITH HIM AS HE CIRCLES MONUMENT.

No shots
30-68

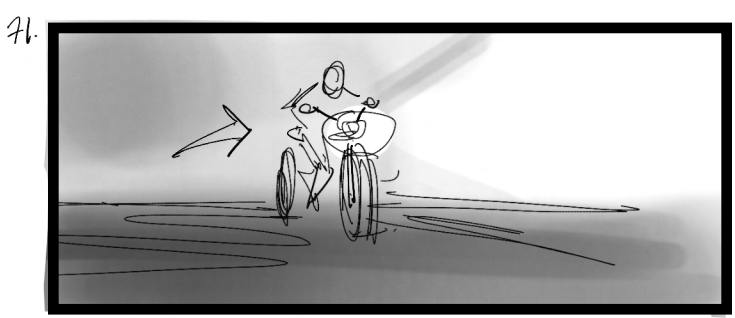
The peripheral SC 128



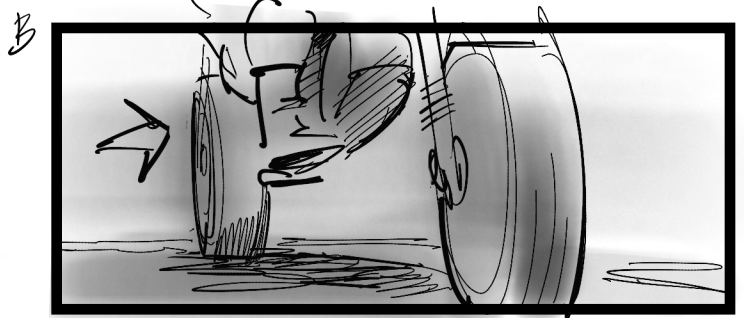
... AND DRIVES UP TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE. BOOM DOWN.



THEN TURNS CORNER GOING AROUND THE SIDE OF THE PALACE. BOOM UP.



EXTERIOR BUCKINGHAM PALACE (SYON HOUSE). BURTON APPROACHES.



MOTORCYCLE STOPS CLOSE TO CAMERA.



BOOM UP TO BURTON.

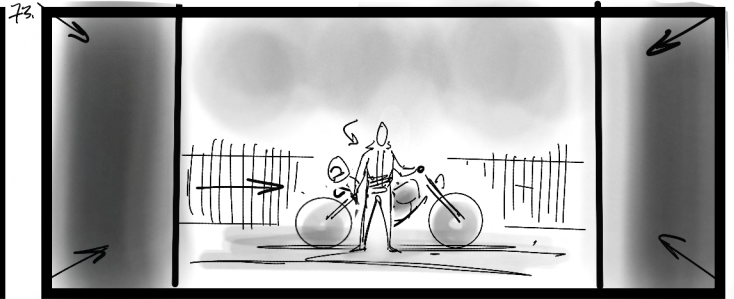


TAKES OFF HELMET... HE LOOKS AROUND IN AMAZEMENT.

The peripheral SC 128-132



BOOM DOWN TO SEE EXTERIOR BP IN ALL ITS GLORY. BURTON GETS OFF HIS BIKE.



WOMAN'S VOICE: YOU'RE ON FOOT FROM HERE.

PUSH IN BURTON TURNS TO FACE THE ENTRANCE FEELING THE SENSATION OF STANDING IN THIS BODY.



GRABS HIS CROTCH.... BOOM UP TO HIS FACE.



PERI BURTON: LORDY...



WOMAN'S VOICE: LEAVE THE BIKE. AND YOUR JACKET.

HE TAKES OFF JACKET

The peripheral SC 128-132

74 D



PERIPHERAL: I NEED A WEAPON?

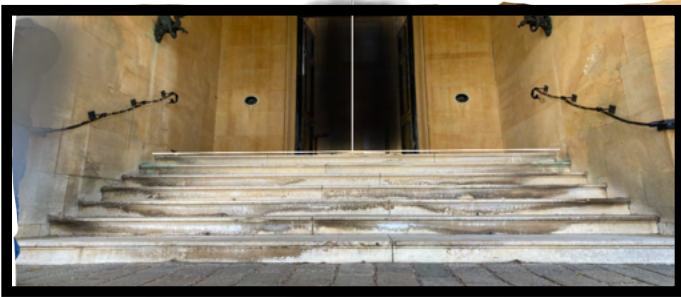
WOMAN'S VOICE: JUST THE RAPIER OF YOUR WIT, SHOULD YOU POSSESS SUCH A THING. LET'S LOOK LIVELY NOW

75 E



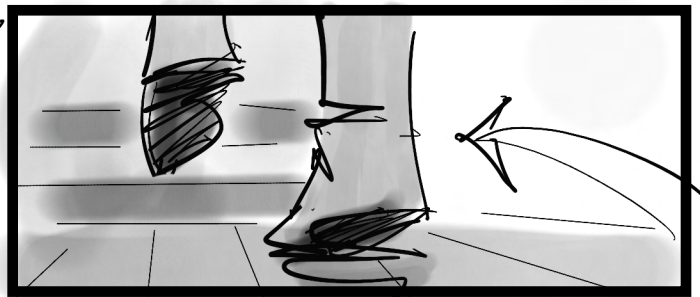
BURTON STEPS FORWARD.

76 C



LOW TO DOORWAY.

77 B



WOMAN'S VOICE: SOMEONE'S WAITING.

BURTON CLIMBS THE STEPS. FOLLOW AND...

78 C



...BOOM UP AS HE COMES TO THE DOORS.

WOMAN'S VOICE: SAY 'I'VE ARRIVED'.

79 B



PERIPHERAL: I'VE ARRIVED.

80 C



DOORS START TO OPEN. FOLLOW BURTON AS HE STARTS FORWARD.

81 B



PULL BACK AS BURTON STEPS INSIDE.

The peripheral SC 128-132

79.



TILT DOWN AND PUSH IN AS BURTON ENTERS.

80



BURTON LOOKING UP.

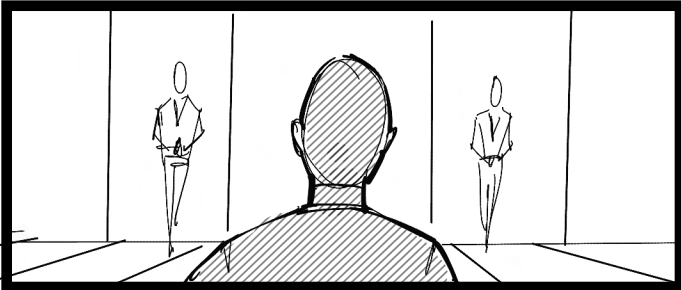
KOID #1A: EXCUSE ME, SIR.

81



BURTON LOOKS DOWN... REACTS TO...

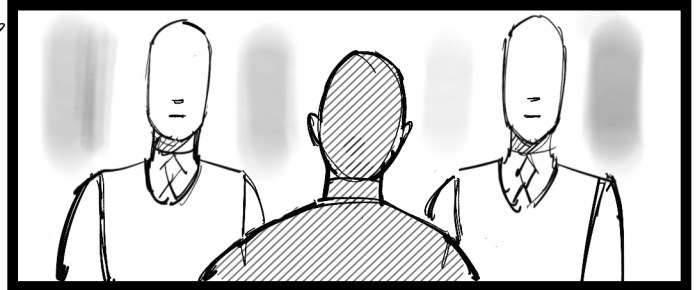
81.



KOID 1A CROSSES TO HIM

KOID #1A: ...YOU DON'T APPEAR TO BE IN MY DATABASE.

82



AS DOES KOID #1B

KOID #1B: YOUR NAME IS?

82.



LONG TENSE BEAT ...AND THEN...

PERIPHERAL: EASY ICE.

83



KOID #1A: AND DO YOU PREFER EASY?

KOID #1B: OR MR ICE?

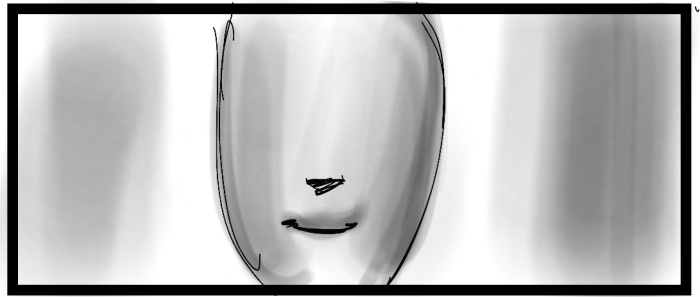
The peripheral SC 128-132

83.1



PERI B: MR. ICE HAS A NICE RING.

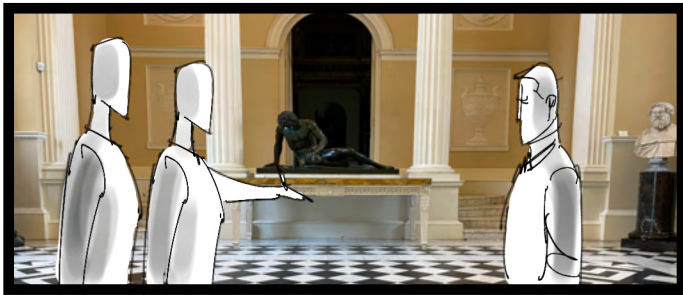
83.2



KOID #1: REGISTERED, MR. ICE.

*WE SEE THE KOID SMILE.

83.3



KOIDS GRANT ENTRY.

B



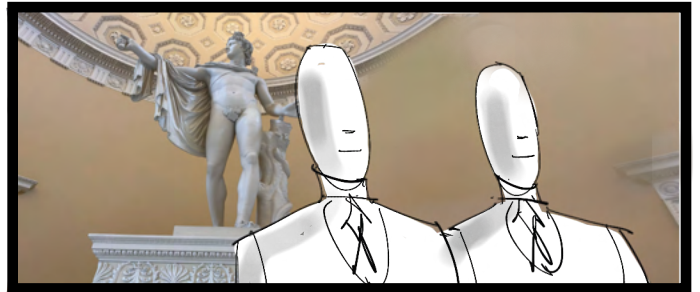
BURTON HEADS TO UP THE STAIRS.

83.4



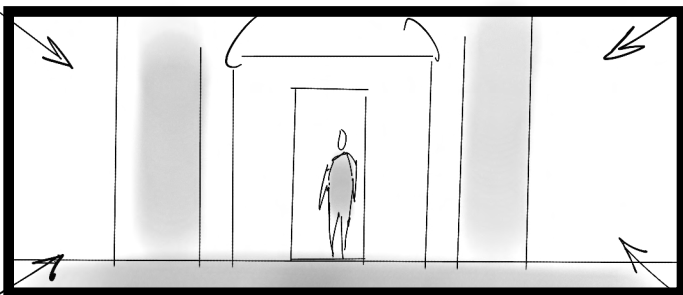
CASTS ONE LAST LOOK BACK... THEN DEPARTS.

83.5



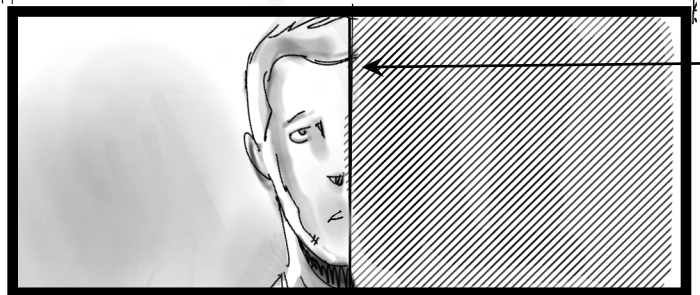
ON THE KOIDS WATCHING.

83.6



ANOTHER ROOM.

83.7



BURTON LOOKING...

The peripheral SC 128-132

83.7 B



BURTON ENTERS

83.8



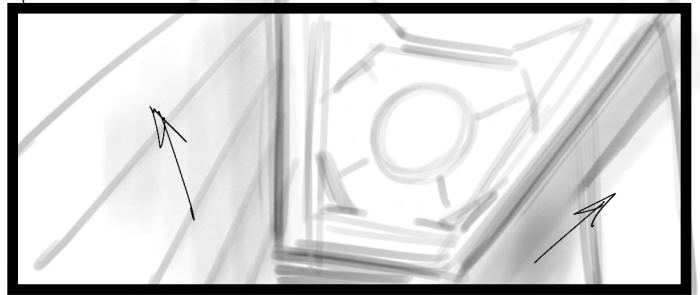
REVERSE: PUSH IN ON A SUMPTUOUS EMPTY ROOM.

B



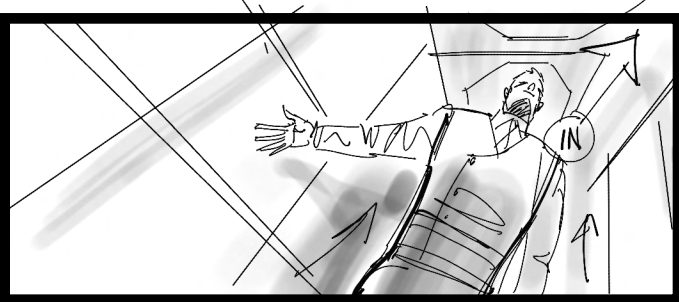
BURTON STEPS DEEPER INTO THE ROOM.

83.9



LOW ANGLE PULLING BACK.

B



TRACK PERI BURTON AS HE STEPS INTO SHOT - RELISHING THIS EXPERIENCE.

HE TOUCHES THE WALL RELIEF.

G.



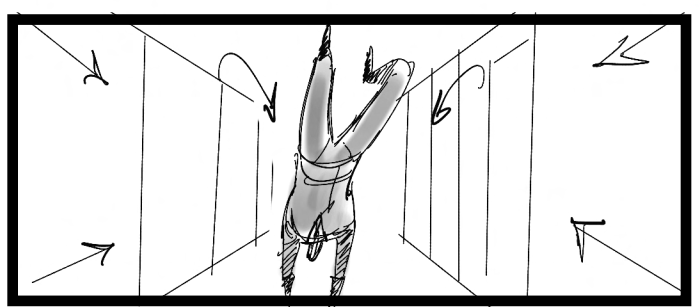
...THEN STARTS TO SPRINT.

84.



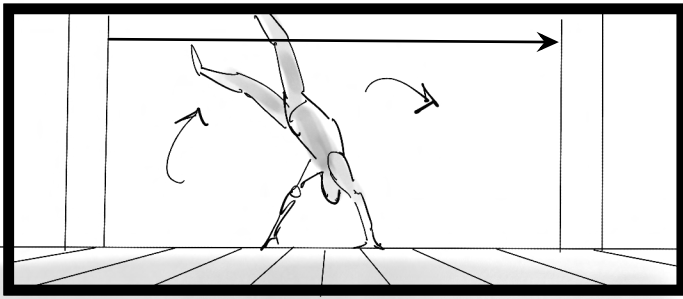
TURNING INTO A CARTWHEEL.... (TRACK WITH HIM)

B



The peripheral SC 128-132

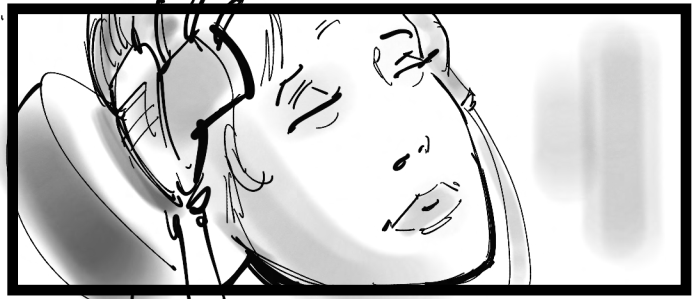
85.



PB PERFORMS GYMNASTICS.

*USE PAUL'S VIDEO REFERENCE FOR THIS.

86.



CUT AWAY TO FLYNNE, ENJOYING THE THRILL AND POWER OF THIS BODY.

87.



PERIPHERAL LANDS, LAUGHS.

B



PERI BURTON: WHERE IS EVERYONE?

AELITA VOICE: IN THE GARDEN, DEAR.

88.



ANGLE ON REFLECTIONS IN FOUNTAIN

B



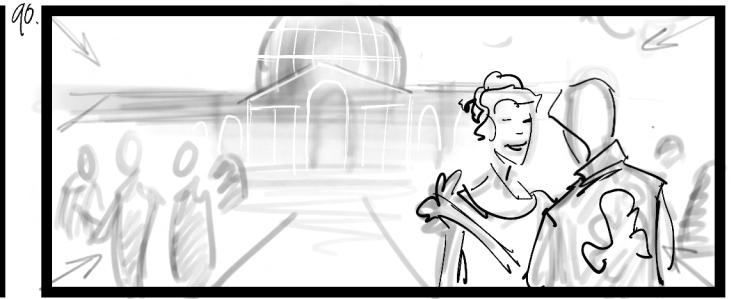
PULL OUT AND BOOM UP OVER FOUNTAIN TO SEE BEAUTIFUL GARDEN PARTY (THE SOURCE OF THE MUSIC).

The peripheral SC 128-132



PERIPHERAL: WHAT IS THIS?

LEAD HIM THROUGH THE PARTY.



PERI BURTON POV: MOVING THROUGH THE MANY GUESTS.

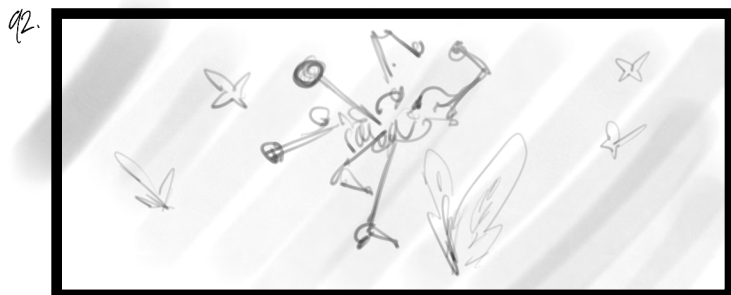
WOMAN'S VOICE: A COMPANY PARTY.



SLIDE LEFT THEN TILT UP FROM THE GUESTS TO FLOATING KOID EXHIBIT.



PERIPHERAL: SOMEBODY MADE A SIM ABOUT A PARTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE? *(CHANGED THE WORD 'IN').



AELITA VOICE: THERE'S THE WIT I WAS HOPING FOR.

PERI BURTON POV: FLOATING EXHIBIT - GENETIC PRINTING...

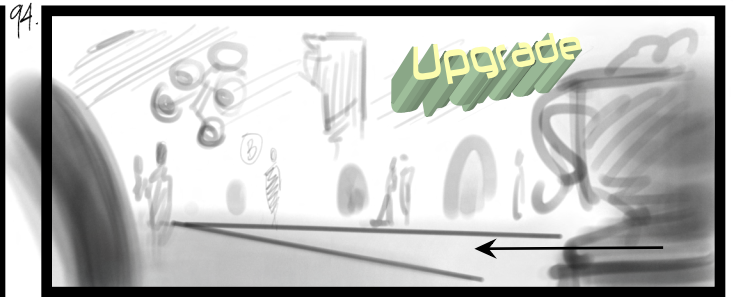


...BECOMES A BUTTERFLY.

The peripheral SC 128-132



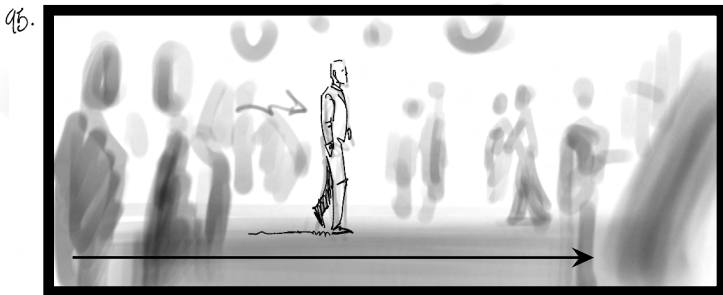
FOLLOW PERI BURTON TOWARDS THE CONSERVATORY.



PERIPHERAL: WHAT'S THE COMPANY?

WOMAN'S VOICE
A LITTLE VENTURE CALLED THE RI.

TRACK LEFT (ANGLED AWAY FROM THE CONSERVATORY)



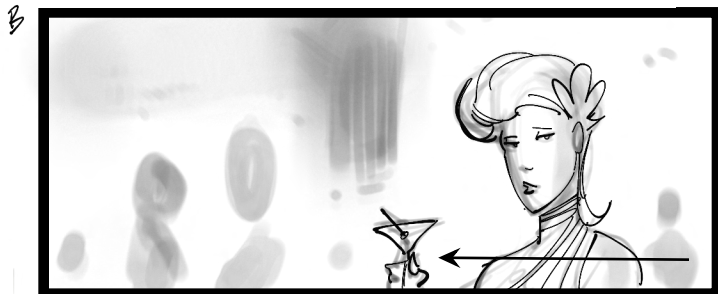
BURTON PERIPHERAL
WHICH STANDS FOR?

WIDE TRACKING PERI BURTON.



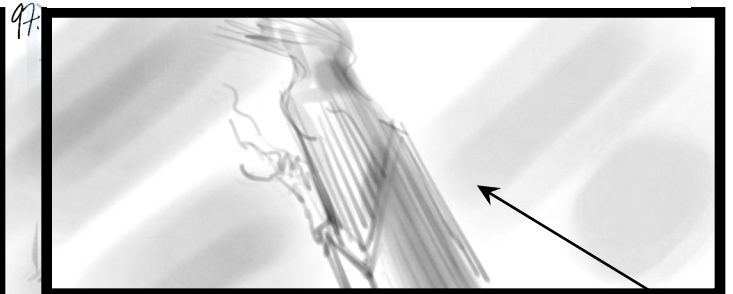
WOMAN'S VOICE
RESEARCH INSTITUTE. OR: REBIRTH AND
INNOVATION. OR: RADICALLY IMMORAL.

TIGHTER TRACKING PERI BURTON.



WOMAN'S VOICE: THIS IS THEIR ANNUAL SELF-
CONGRATULATORY PAT ON THE SHOULDER--TO MARK THE
ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR FOUNDING.

PERI BURTON POV: WOMAN GUEST EYES HIM.

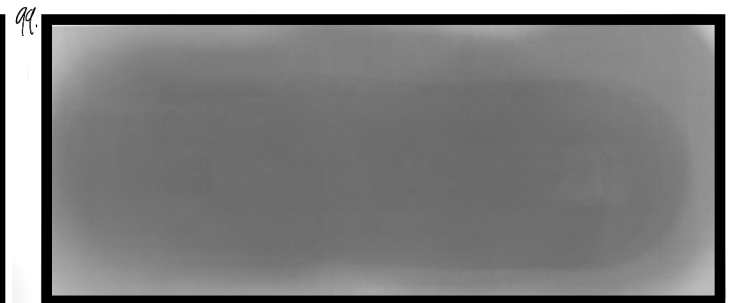


WOMAN'S VOICE: A HIGH POINT OF THE SOCIAL
CALENDAR, I ASSURE YOU. NOT TO BE MISSED

TILT UP TO FLOATING EXHIBIT OF AIR SCRUBBER.

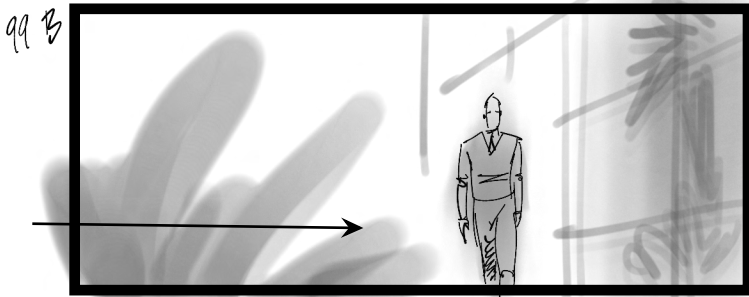


WOMAN'S VOICE: INSIDE NOW.



DARKNESS...

The peripheral SC 128-132



SLIDE OFF PLANT TO REVEAL PERI BURTON ENTERING CONSERVATORY.



CLOSER: HE STEPS UP...



... INTO CU. LEAD HIM.



PERI BURTON'S POV OF THE PARTY.



PAN LEFT TO GUESTS, WHO STARE BACK.



PERI BURTON RESUMES WALKING PAST KOIDS.

KOID #2: GOOD EVENING, MR. ICE.

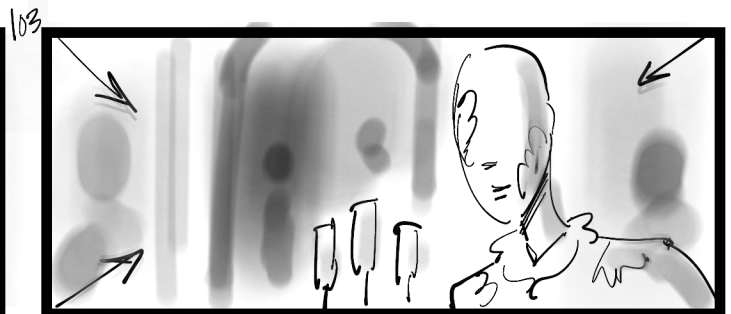


PERI BURTON TAKES CHAMPAGNE.

KOID #3: NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MR. ICE.



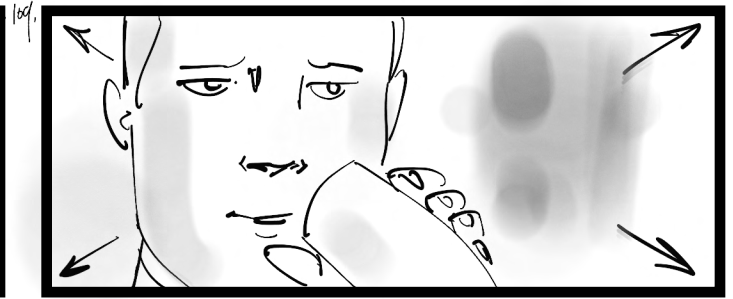
BURTON RESUMES WALKING



PERI BURTON POV:

KOID #4 ENJOYING YOURSELF, MR. ICE?

The peripheral SC 128-132



LEADING PERI BURTON: TAKING A DRINK.
ENJOYING IT.



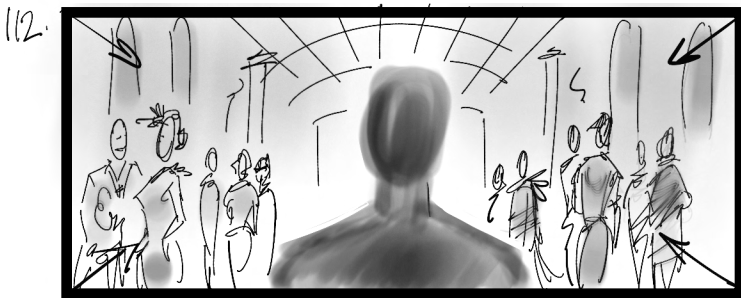
PERI BURTON'S POV ENTERING THE MAIN ROOM.

WOMAN'S VOICE: SHALL WE PLAY A LITTLE
GAME?



LEADING PERI BURTON

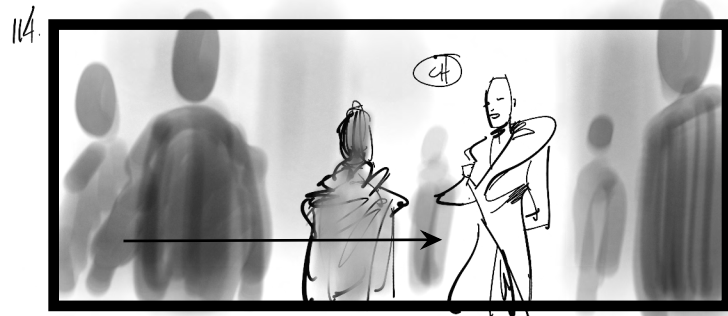
WOMAN'S VOICE: ... WHO'S THE PRETTIEST
OF THEM ALL?



PERI BURTON LEADS US THROUGH THE CROWD.

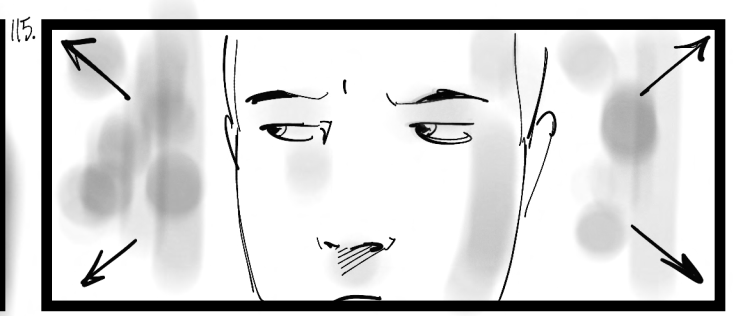


PERI BURTON SCANS THE ROOM, HIS EYES FALLING
ON...



HIS POV OF CHERISE.

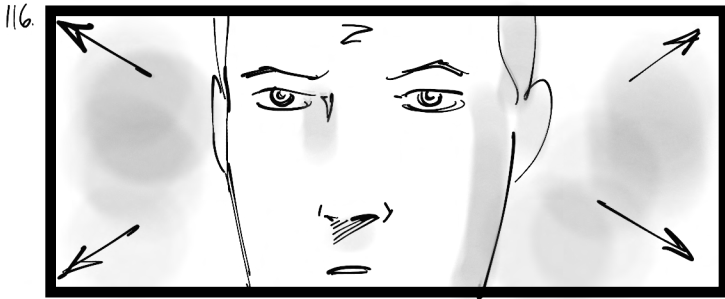
WOMAN'S VOICE: NO, LET'S TRY TO KEEP
YOU IN ONE PIECE TONIGHT. COLD. VERY
COLD.



PERIPHERAL'S EYES CONTINUE TO ROVE.

WOMAN'S VOICE: THAT'S
BETTER: ...WARMER STILL...

The peripheral SC 128-132

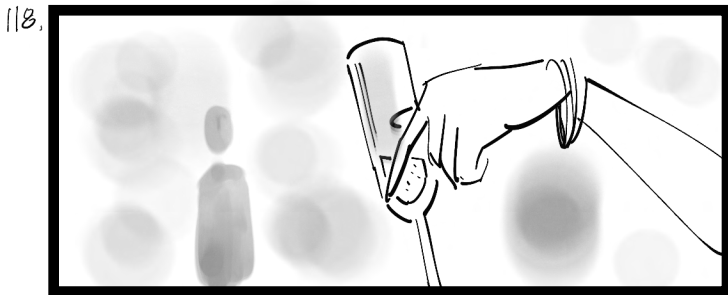


PERI BURTON'S GAZE SHIFTS TO...



A STUNNING WOMAN, MARIEL RAPHAEL, SEATED.

WOMAN'S VOICE: YOUR CROWN OF LAURELS. APPROACH HER, PLEASE.



CLOSE FOCUS ON MARIEL'S CHAMPAGNE FLUTE.



RACK FOCUS TO PERI BURTON.

WOMAN'S VOICE: I NEED YOU TO CONVINCE THIS YOUNG WOMAN TO TAKE YOU HOME.



WOMAN'S VOICE: (FRUSTRATED) DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE SHY. MAKE THIS HAPPEN. NOW. OR YOU WON'T GET PAID.



MARIEL SHIFTS HER GAZE... .. LOCKS EYES WITH PERI BURTON.



ON PERI BURTON GATHERING HIMSELF.

The peripheral SC 128-132



MARIEL LEANS IN TO BE HEARD ABOVE THE MUSIC.

MARIEL: IT'S FLATTERING AT FIRST, YOU KNOW. BUT IF YOU STARE TOO LONG, IT STARTS TO FEEL A TAD DODGY...



OVER MARIEL. PERI BURTON APPROACHES.

PERIPHERAL: I'M SORRY.



PERIPHERAL: I WAS JUST TRYING TO IMAGINE WHAT IT MUST BE LIKE.



MARIEL: WHAT?



PERIPHERAL: TO BE YOU.

MARIEL: AND?

PERIPHERAL: I COULDN'T. YOU'RE TOO BEAUTIFUL... IT'S LIKE TRYING TO IMAGINE MYSELF INSIDE A...SWAN.



MARIEL LAUGHS.

MARIEL: HAS THAT LINE EVER WORKED?



PERIPHERAL: I'VE NEVER SPOKEN THOSE WORDS.

MARIEL: ... I ALMOST BELIEVE YOU. COME. SIT. BE A KING TO MY QUEEN.



START 180 MOVE.

MARIEL WATCHES AS THE PERIPHERAL SITS ON THE NEIGHBOURING THRONE.

The peripheral SC 128-132

128c



MARIEL WAVES A HAND, AND THE TWO ARE ABRUPTLY ENCLOSED IN A SPHERE OF SILENCE.



FINISH 180 LOOKING TO THE CROWDED ROOM, NOW SILENT.

129.



MARIEL: I'M MARIEL. AND YOU ARE...?
SLOW PUSH IN.



PERIPHERAL: DO YOU VALUE YOUR TIME, MARIEL?

c



MARIEL: AS MUCH AS ANYONE. WHY?

PERIPHERAL: I COULD... SPEND THE NEXT HOUR COMPLIMENTING YOU... IF THE SIGNS SEEMED RIGHT, I COULD ASK YOU TO TAKE ME HOME.

129



MARIEL: OR...?

131.



PERIPHERAL: I COULD ASK YOU NOW.

131



MARIEL HOLDS THE PERIPHERAL'S GAZE... FINISHES HER WINE.

The peripheral SC 128-132

132 B



SHE FLICKS HER HAND AND THE MUSIC RUSHES BACK.

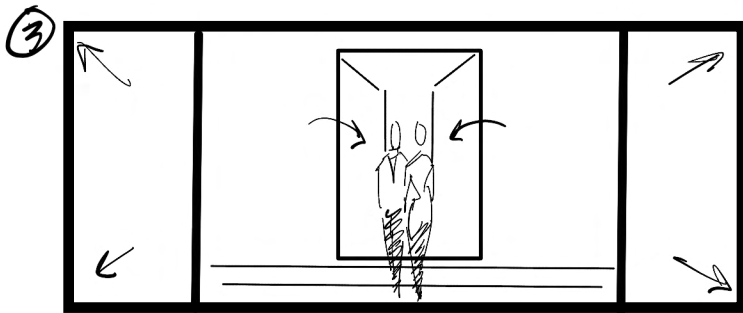
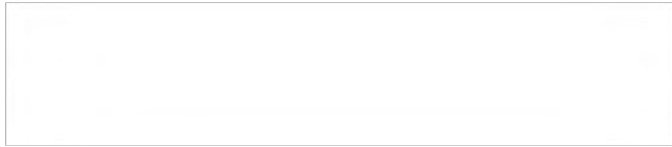
133



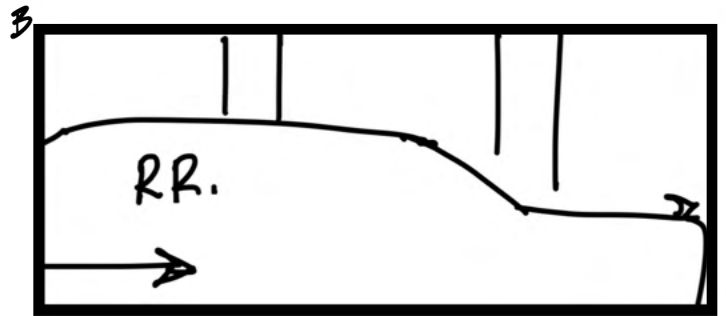
MARIEL RISES AND LEADS THE PERIPHERAL FROM THE ROOM.

The peripheral 133-135

* NO SHOTS 1-2



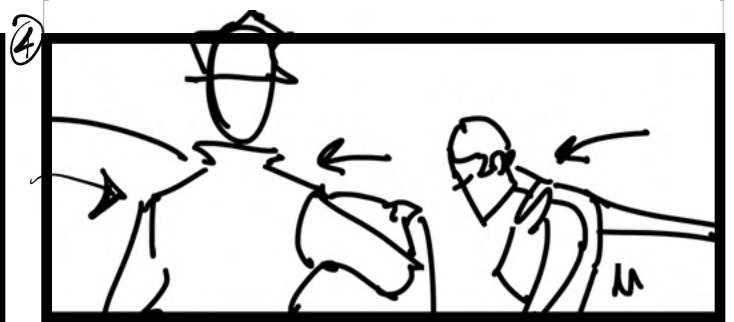
THE BIG DOORS OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE SWING OPEN, AND MARIEL APPEARS LEADING PERIPHERAL BURTON. PULL OUT.



A ROLLS ROYCE PHANTOM PULLS UP TO THE GATE IN FG.



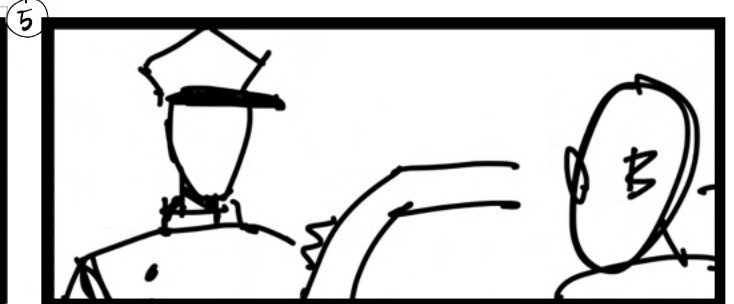
A DRIVER, KOID STEPS OUT, GOES AROUND TO THE PASSENGER SIDE.



MARIEL DUCKS INTO THE BACK SEAT.



PERIPHERAL FOLLOWS HER IN.

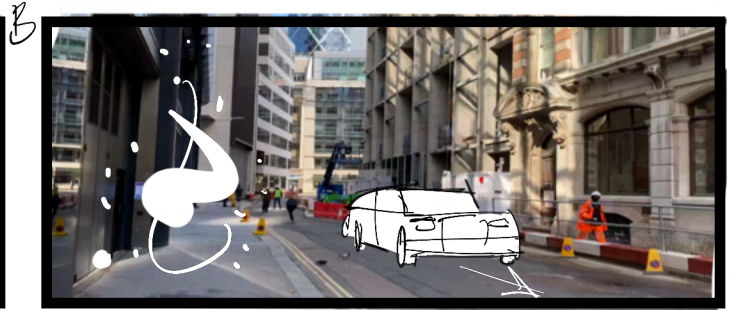


A WOMAN'S VOICE (TO PERIPHERAL): THIS CREATURE IS PROGRAMMED TO KILL YOU.

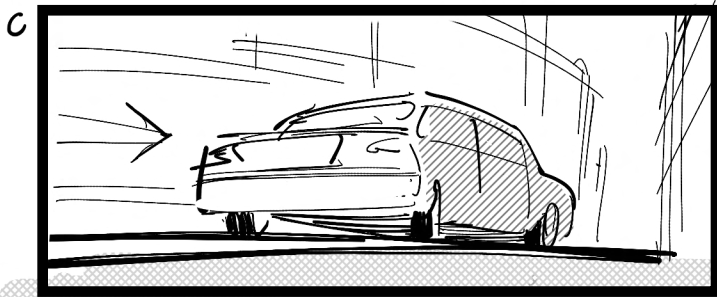
The peripheral 133-135



ANGLE ON THE GHERKIN. TILT DOWN TO...



... SEE ROLLS APPROACHING. (KINETIC FLOATING LIGHT SCULPTURE IN FG)



AND PAN AS IT DRIVES PAST.



ROLLS DRIVES PAST BUILDINGS.



CLOSE ON THE SPIRIT OF ECSTASY. LIGHTS FLY BY.



PUSH IN ON THE KOID DRIVING. PERI BURTON AND MARIEL VISIBLE IN THE BACK.



ON PERIPHERAL BURTON TAKING IN THE SITES.



MARIEL'S HAND REACHES IN TO VIEW.

The peripheral 133-135



SHE DRAWS HIM CLOSE.



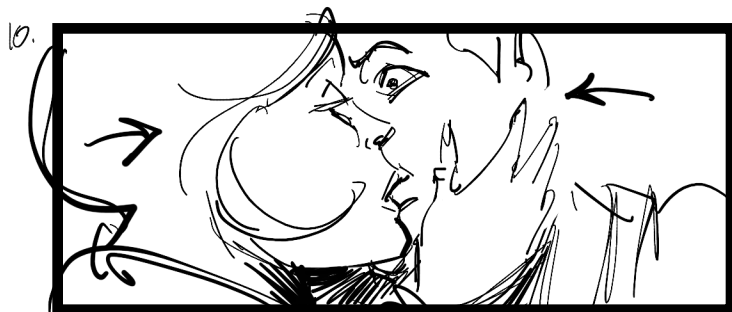
CLOSER



BURTON'S POV: MARIEL LEANING IN



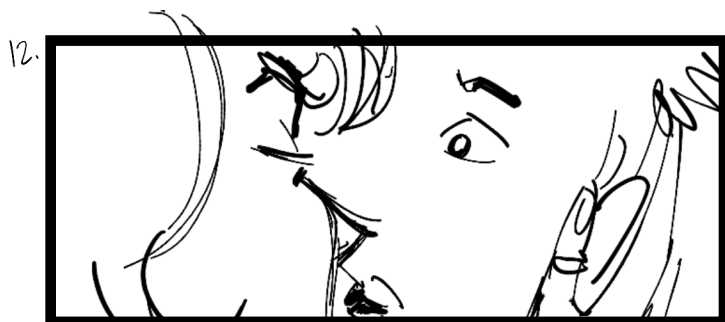
OVER MARIEL TO BURTON AS THEY...



...KISS...



ON FLYNNE IN THE TRAILER REACTING.



WOMAN'S VOICE
IN YOUR JACKET, YOU'LL FIND A GLASS
AMPULE. YOU'RE GOING TO SNAP THIS
OPEN, HOLD IT UNDER MARIEL'S PRETTY
NOSE.



CONT: AS YOU DO THIS PAY ATTENTION TO
YOUR SURROUNDINGS.

BURTON LOOKS TO DRIVER.

The peripheral 133-135



BURTON'S POV OF THE DRIVER



BURTON LOOKS DOWN TO HIS POCKET



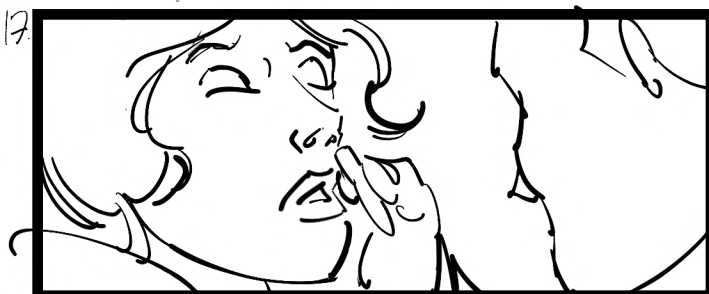
REACHES IN WHILST KISSING.



...TAKES OUT GLASS AMPOLLE.



SNAP!



HOLDS IT UNDER MARIEL'S NOSE.

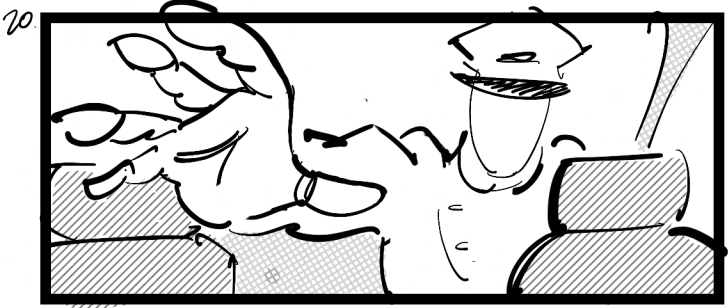


MARIEL TRIES TO PULL AWAY, THE PERIPHERAL WON'T LET HER. MARIEL GOES LIMP.

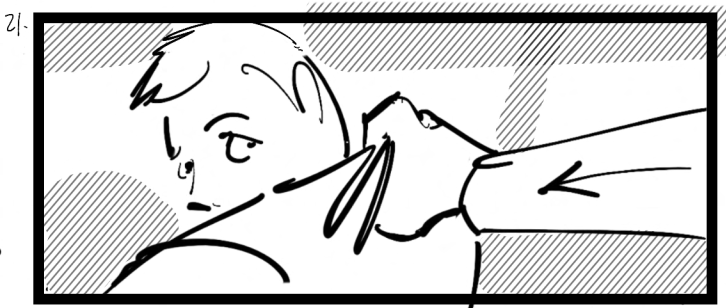


BURTON TURNS TO SEE...

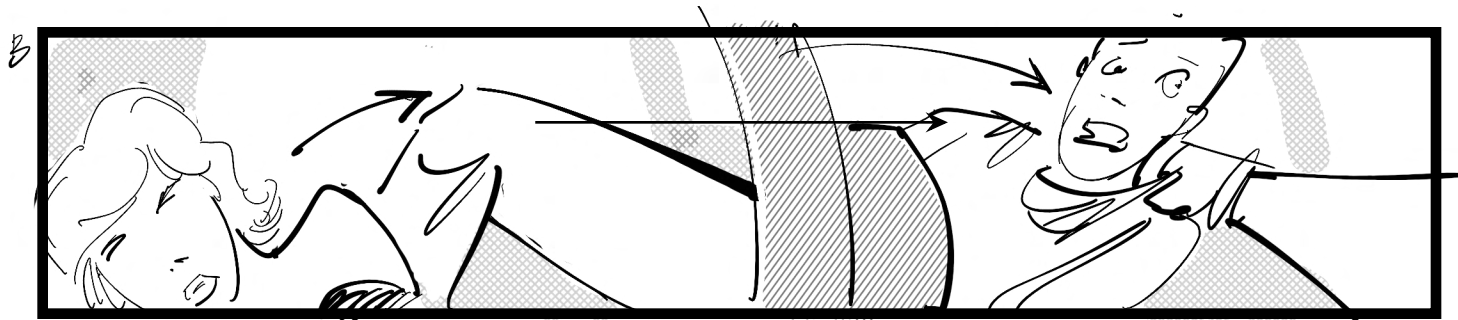
The peripheral 133-135



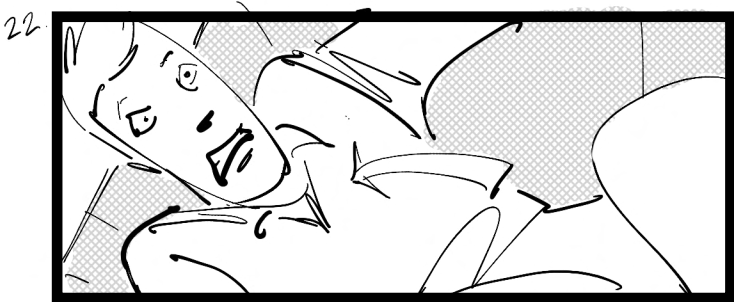
KOID REACHING FOR HIM



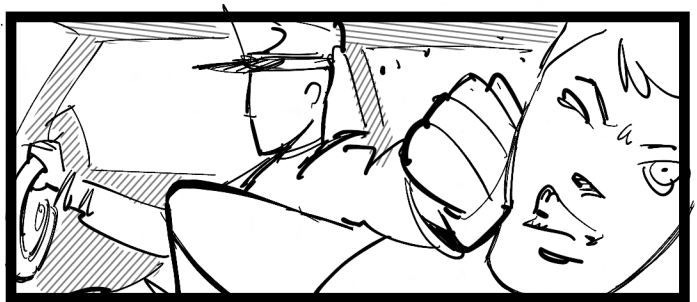
GRABS



AND PULLS HIM INTO THE FRONTS SEAT. TRACK WITH HIM (STITCH TWO SHOTS TO ACHIEVE THIS).



BURTON LANDS. AND IS PUNCHED IN THE FACE.



AND PUNCHED AGAIN.

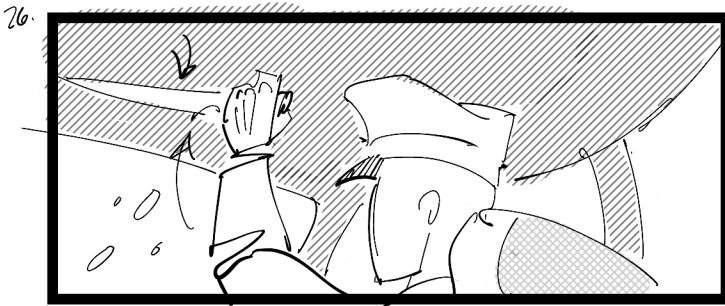


KOID PUTS A BOOT TO BURTON.

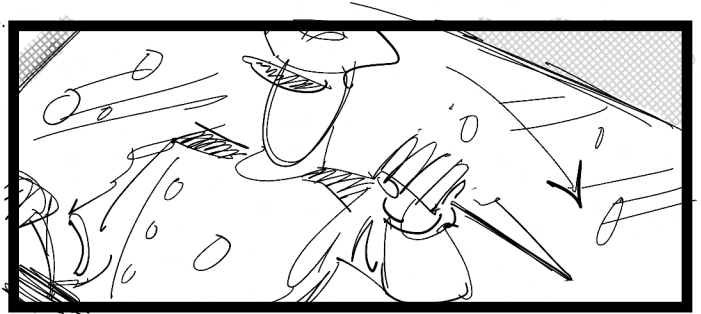


BURTON UNDER KOID BOOT.

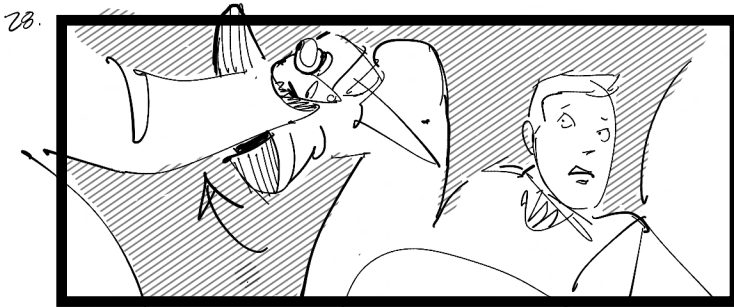
The peripheral 133-135



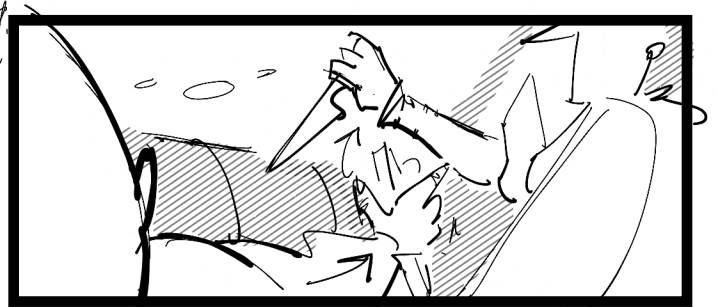
KOID TAKES KNIFE FROM SUN VISOR.



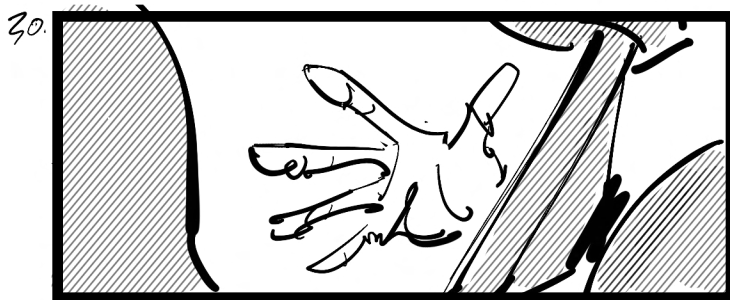
ANGLE THROUGH WINDSHIELD. KOID THRUSTS KNIFE TOWARDS BURTON.



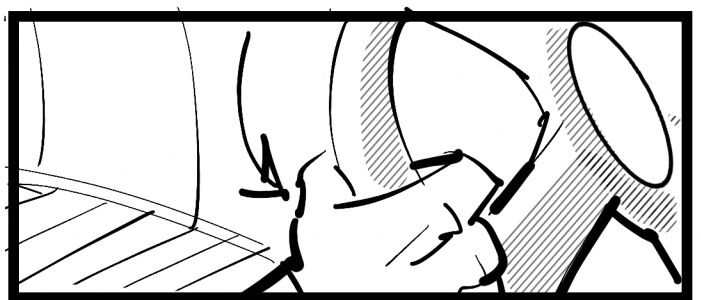
BURTON STOPS IT WITH HIS FOOT.



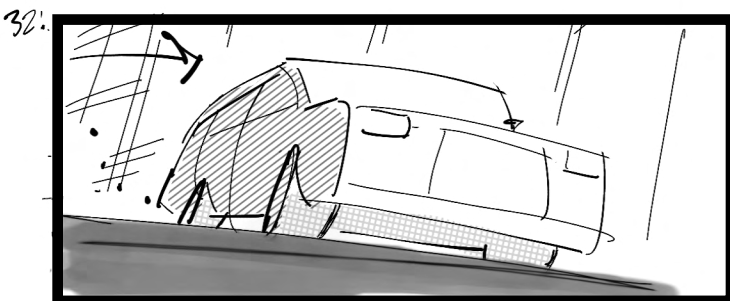
BURTON REACHES...



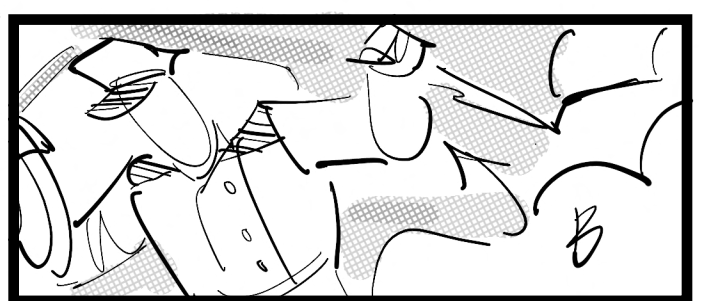
FOR THE STEERING WHEEL.



WRENCHES STEERING WHEEL.

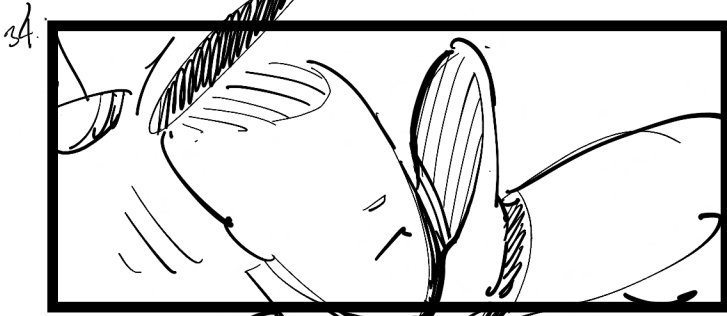


CAR SWERVES

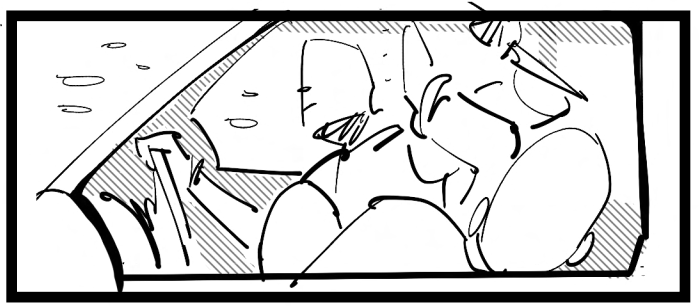


KOID IS THROWN BACKWARDS.

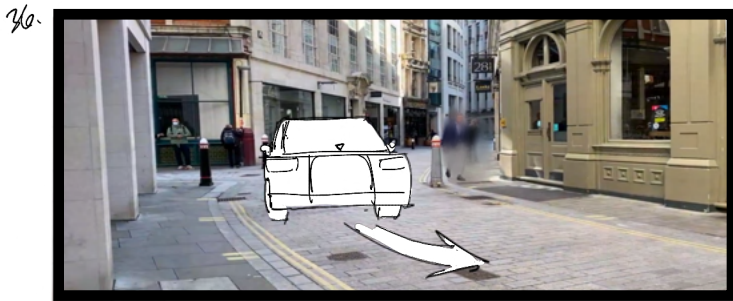
The peripheral 133-135



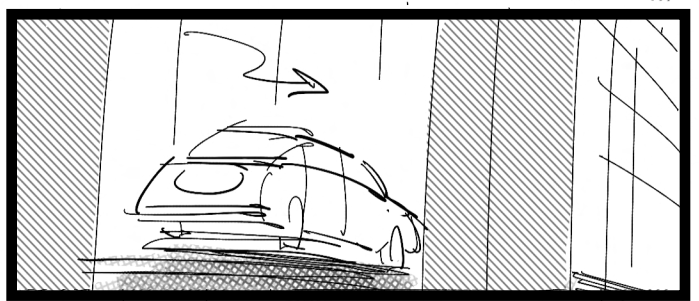
THEN GETS BURTON'S BOOT TO ITS FACE ...
KNOCKING OFF ITS HAT.



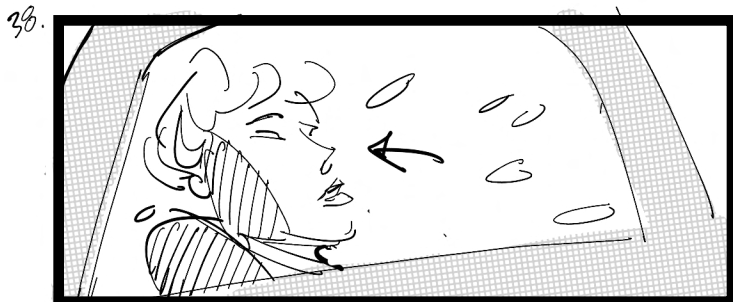
ANGLE THROUGH PASSENGER SIDE WINDOW AS
BURTON KICKS AT THE KOID.



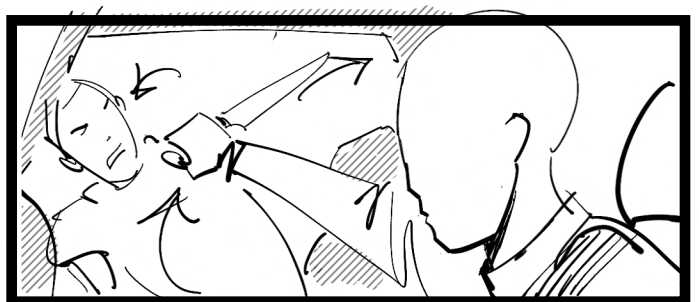
CAR BARRELS TOWARDS US.



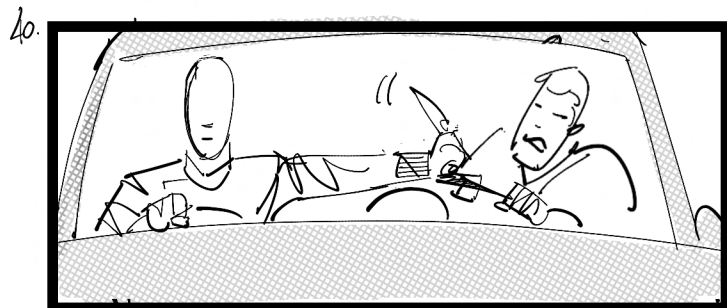
BARRELS PAST US.



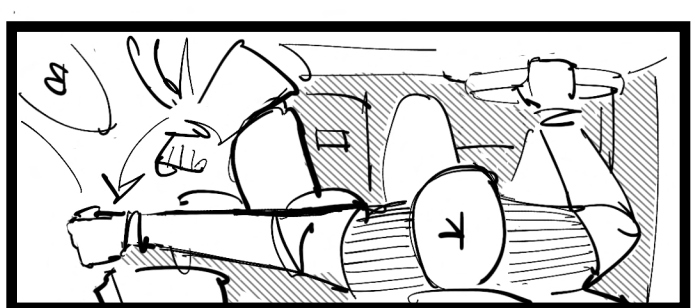
UNCONSCIOUS MARIEL PRESSED AGAINST THE
WINDOW.



FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT



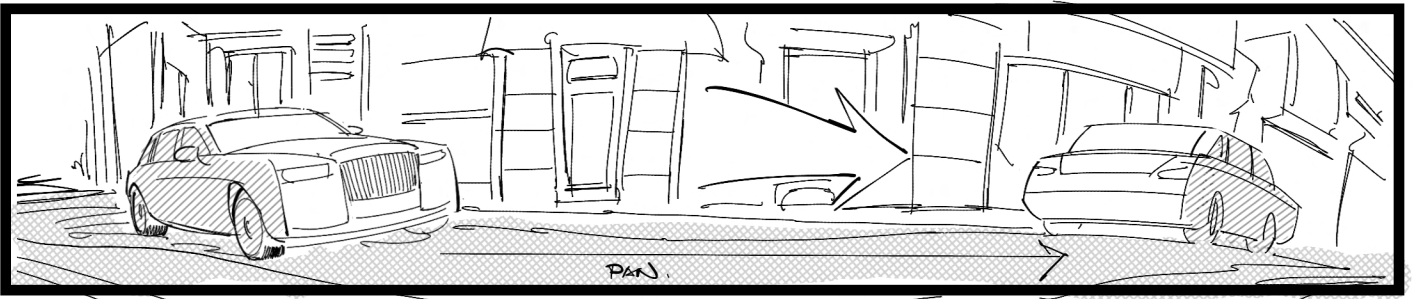
FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT



FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT

The peripheral 133-135

42.



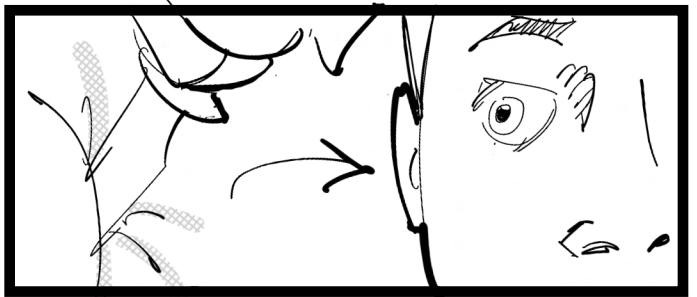
PAN/TRACK WITH ROLLS.

43.



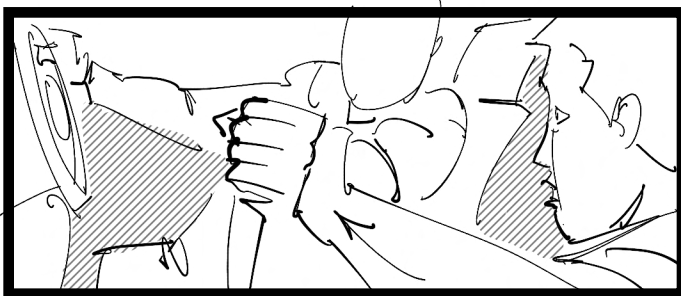
BURTON POV - KNIFE COMING AT HIM

44.



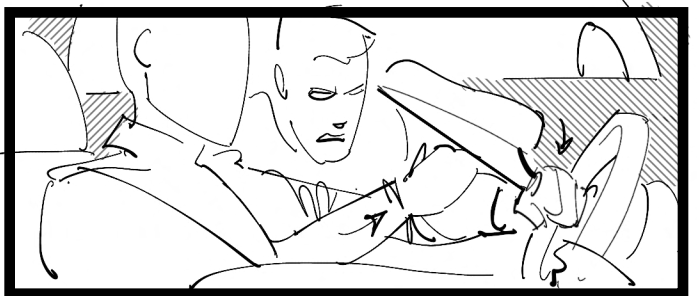
BURTON DUCKS AND KNIFE GOES INTO SEAT (PROP SEAT).

45.



BURTON GRABS KNIFE HAND

46.



PUSHES KNIFE HAND INTO STEERING WHEEL.

47.



HIGH ANGLE - BURTON REACHES A LEG OVER...

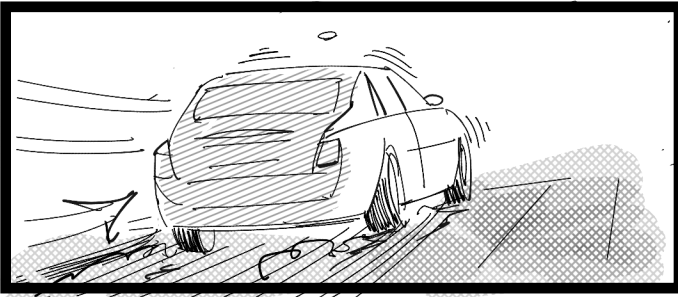
48.



AND SLAMS THE BREAKS!

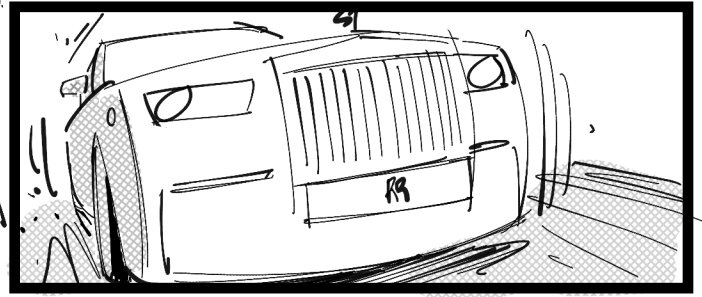
The peripheral 133-135

49.



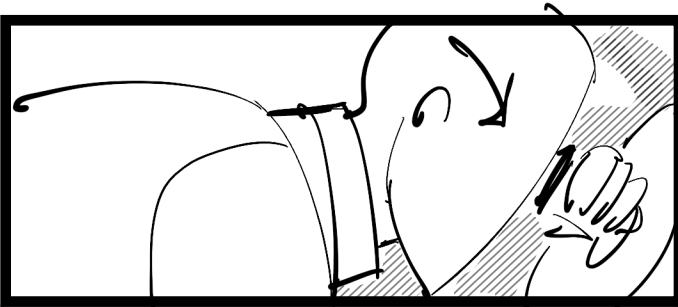
ROLLS SKIDS TO...

50.



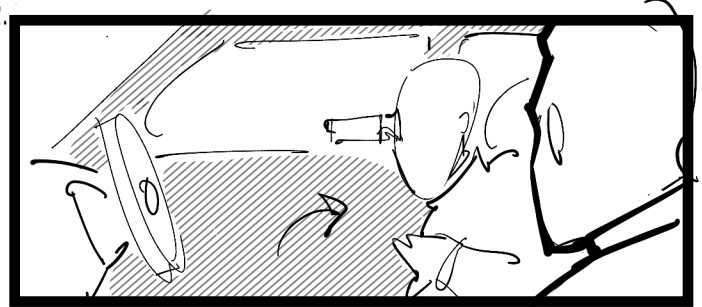
...A STOP!

51.



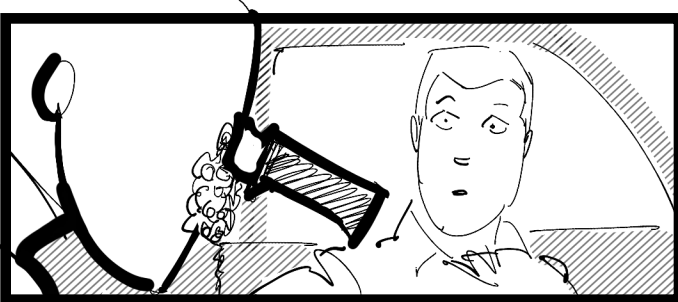
KOID SLAMS INTO KNIFE.

52.



BURTON CAUTIOUSLY PUSHES KOID UPRIGHT.

53.



IT'S DEAD.

54.



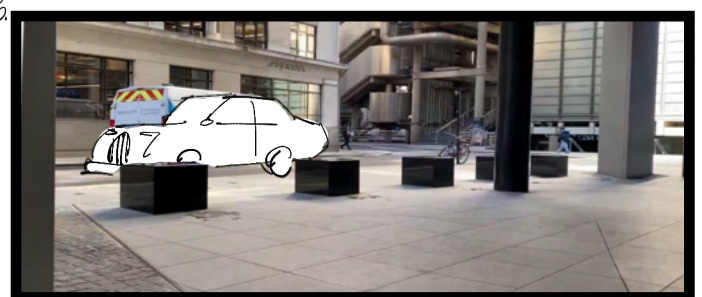
BURTON DROPS BACK INTO HIS SEAT RELIEVED.

55.



RACK FOCUS TO UNCONSCIOUS MARIEL IN THE BACK.

56.



WIDE ON ROLLS IDLING IN THE STREET.

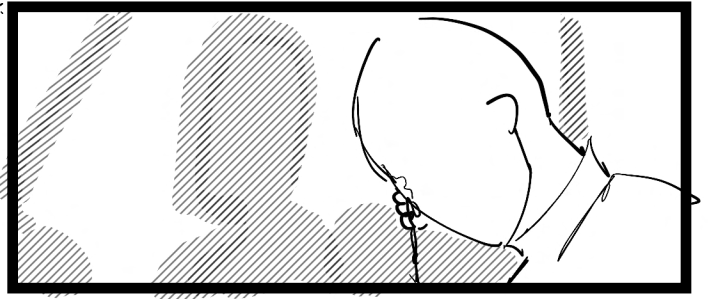
The peripheral 133-135

56.



TIME CUT: ON SPIRIT TRAVELING THROUGH THE NIGHT.

57.



ANGLE OVER 'DEAD' KOID.

58.



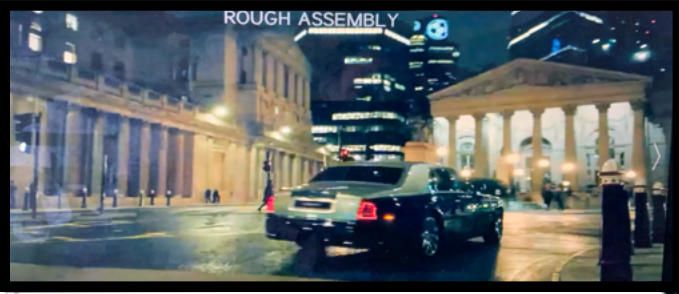
RACK TO BURTON DRIVING.

59.



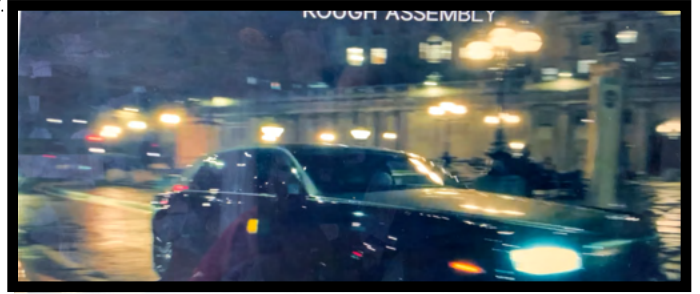
OVER BURTON TO THE STREET (BANK).

59.



DRIVES THROUGH BANK.

60.

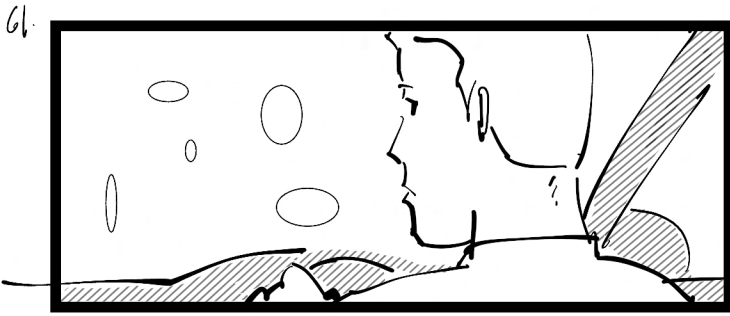


ANOTHER UP AND PASS THROUGH BANK...

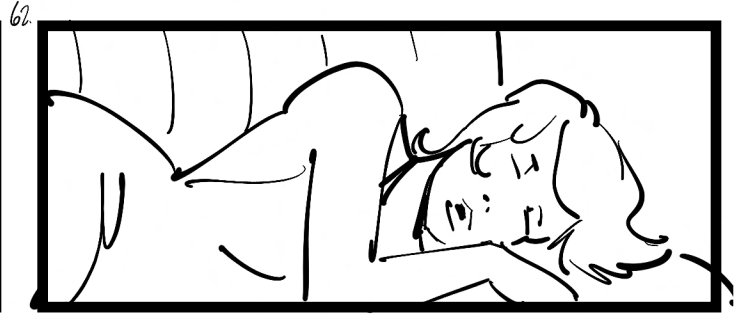
60.



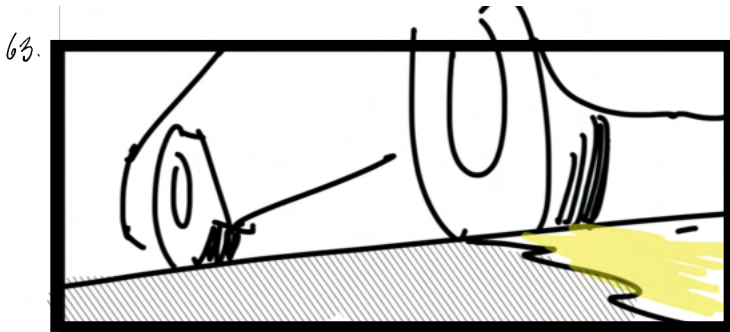
The peripheral 133-135



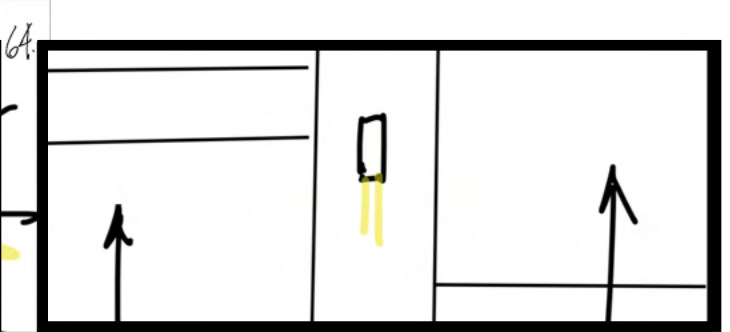
...HE LOOKS BACK.



... TO MARIEL NOW LYING ON THE BACK SEAT, UNCONSCIOUS.



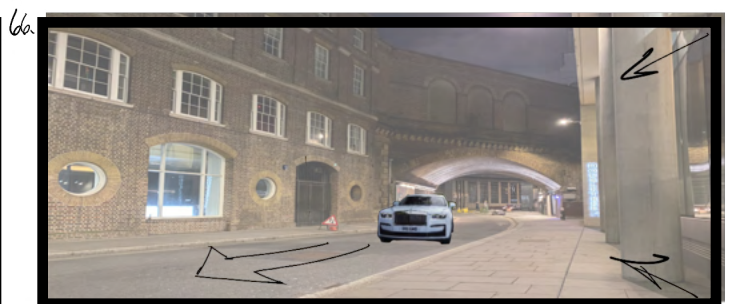
LOW ANGLE: THE ROLLS ROYCE DRIVES BY.



AERIAL ANGLE: TRACKING THE ROLLS ROYCE.

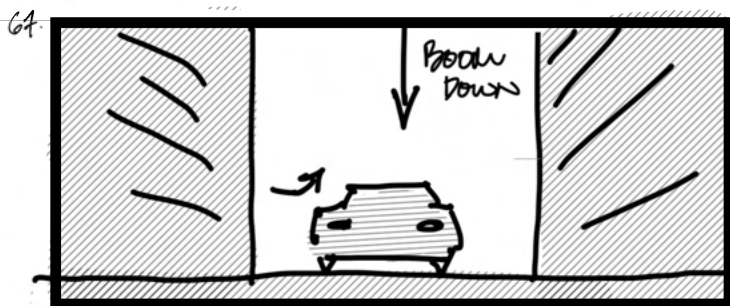


PERIPHERAL DRIVING, A WOMAN'S VOICE STARTS AGAIN.

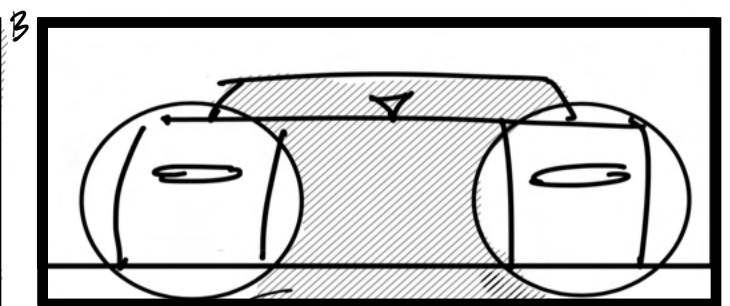


SLOW PUSH IN AS ROLLS DRIVES BY.

'ON YOUR LEFT, PULL IN'.

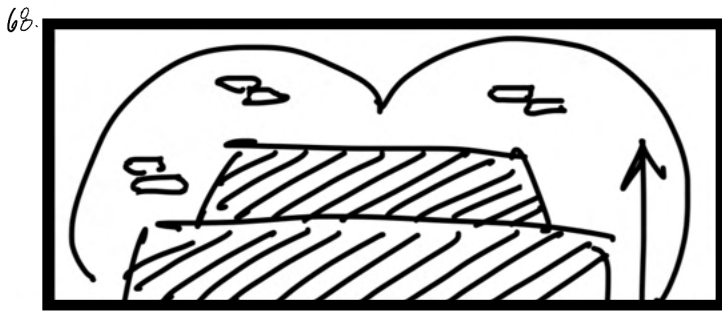


BOOM DOWN AS THE ROLLS ROYCE TURNS INTO AN ALLEY.



ROLLS ROYCE STOPS CLOSE TO CAMERA.

The peripheral 133-135



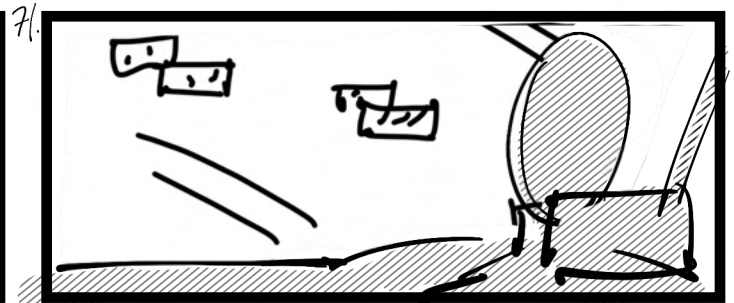
REVERSE ANGLE: SHORT DRIVEWAY LEADS TO A DEAD END. SLOW BOOM UP.



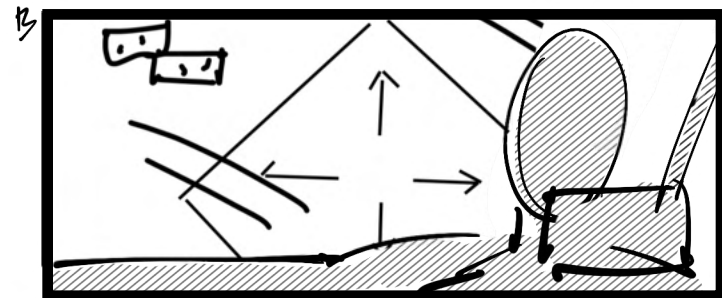
WOMAN'S VOICE: COME ON SOLDIER BOY. SHOW US WHAT YOU'VE LEARNED.



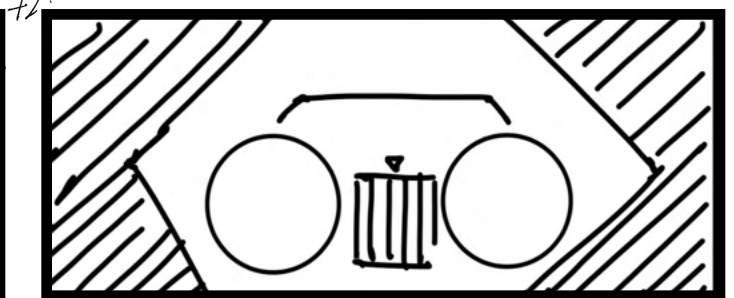
PERIPHERAL: I'VE ARRIVED.



PERIPHERAL'S POV OF THE WALL AS IT DISASSEMBLES.



... TO REVEAL A GARAGE.



REVERSE ON ROLLS ROYCE: WALL OPENS MORE.



A FIGURE STEPS INTO THE FOREGROUND.



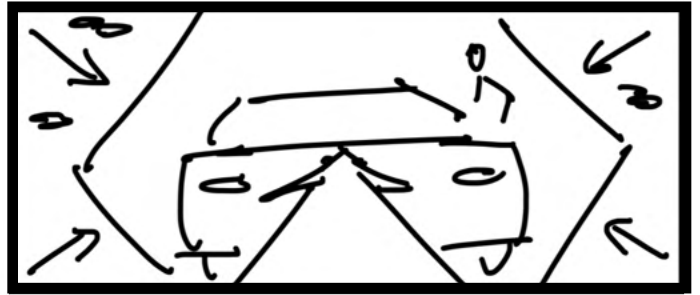
PERIPHERAL: WHO IS THIS?

The peripheral 133-135

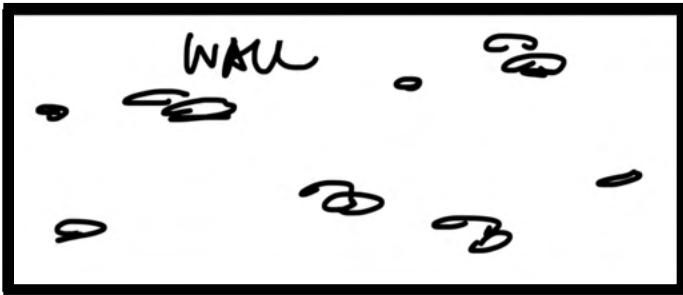


REVEAL AELITA.

WOMAN'S VOICE: YOUR MASTER, LITTLE PUPPET.



REVERSE: ROLLS ROYCE DRIVES INTO THE GARAGE.

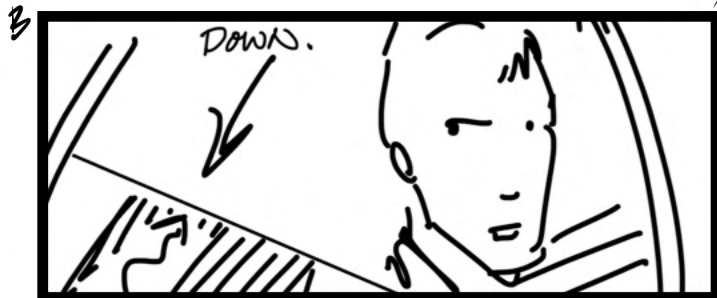


... THE WALL SEALS SHUT.



AELITA'S REFLECTION IN THE CAR WINDOW.

AELITA: THE ONE WHO PULLS YOUR STRINGS.



PERIPHERAL LOWERS THE WINDOW.

'WHAT?'



AELITA: YOU'RE MY FIRST POLT. IT'S AN ODD FEELING.



PERIPHERAL: WHAT'S A POLT?



CAMERA PUSHES IN SLOWLY AS AELITA TRIES TO EXPLAIN TO PERIPHERAL.

(DIALOGUE)

The peripheral 133-135



AELITA SMILES...



PERIPHERAL TURNS. NOW WHAT?

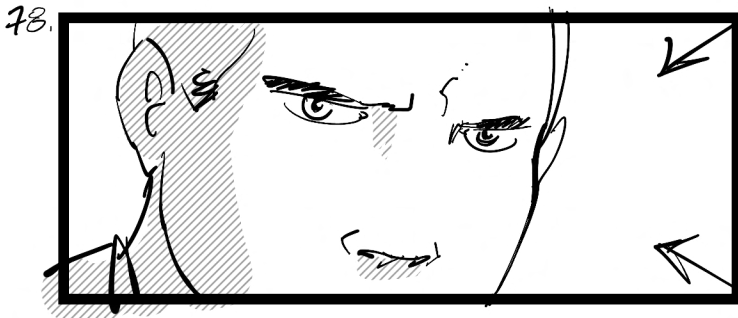


AELITA OPENS THE BACK DOOR. 'SOMETHING RATHER EYE-OPENING'.

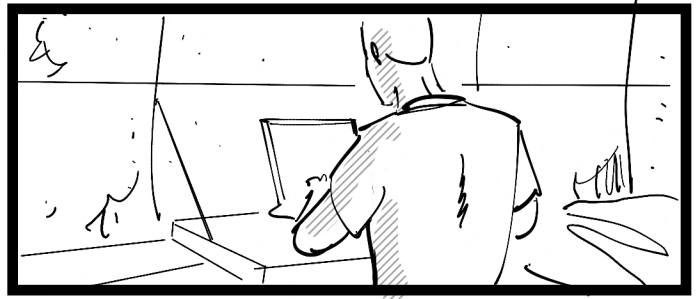


AELITA STANDS IN FRONT OF MARIEL. 'LET'S RESUME TOMORROW SHALL WE?'

The peripheral 137-138



SLOW MOTION IN TO PERI BURTON HE NODS.
WE HEAR A TAP-TAPPING.



POV OF BURTON TAPPING ON A TABLET.



FLYNNE'S EYES OPEN - DISORIENTED.



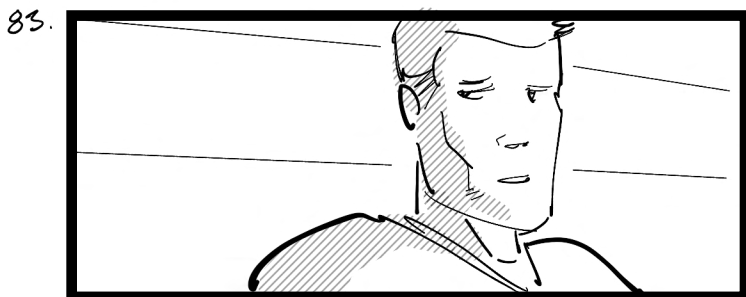
BURTON: GONNA SAY SOMETHING? OR JUST LIE THERE?



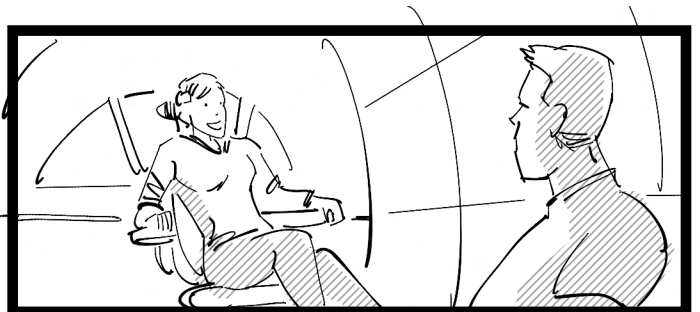
BEAT.
FLYNNE SHUTS HER EYES. OPENS THEM AGAIN.



SMILING.
FLYNNE: HOLY SHIT. IT'S LIKE BEING THERE. LIKE I WAS ACTUALLY IN YOUR BODY.



BURTON: FELT LIKE AN UPGRADE I BET.

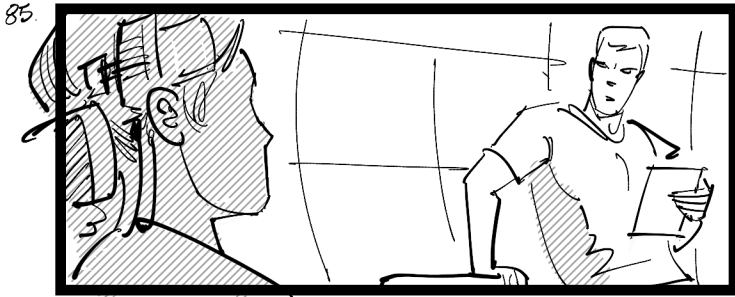


FLYNNE: FELT FUCKING WEIRD IS WHAT IT FELT. I HAD A PENIS.

BURTON: LIKE I SAID: AN UPGRADE. WHAT'S THE SIM ABOUT?

FLYNNE: A KIDNAPPING...

The peripheral 137-138



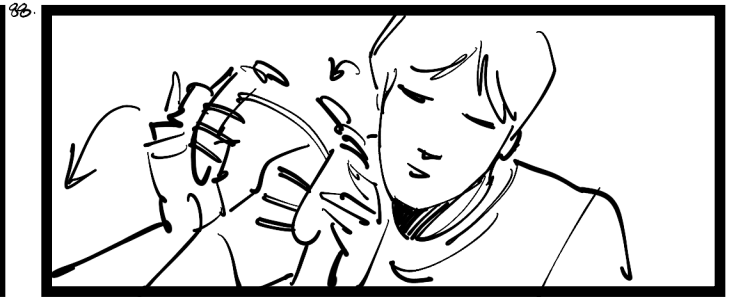
BURTON: ... YOU MUST'VE DONE SOMETHING RIGHT. THEY WANT YOU AGAIN TOMORROW.... I DON'T WANNA BE AN ASSHOLE ABOUT THIS. BUT WE'RE TALKING A LOT OF CASH HERE.



FLYNN: I HEAR YOU.



BURTON: AND?

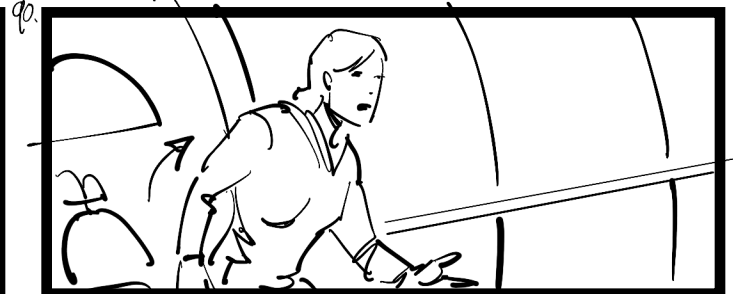


FLYNN: YOU DON'T NEED TO ARGUE.

SHE TAKES OFF HEADSET.



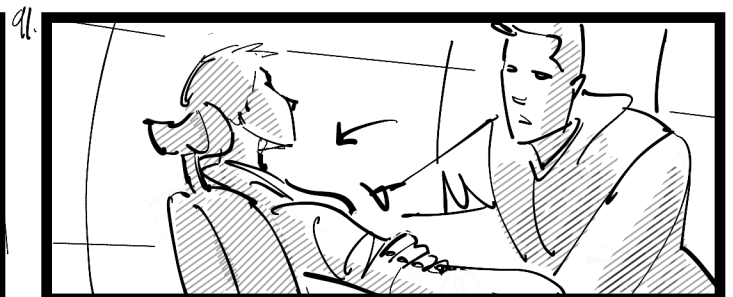
BURTON: IT'S THAT GOOD?



FLYNN: YOU HAD ANY IDEA, YOU'D WANNA TAKE OVER YOURSELF?



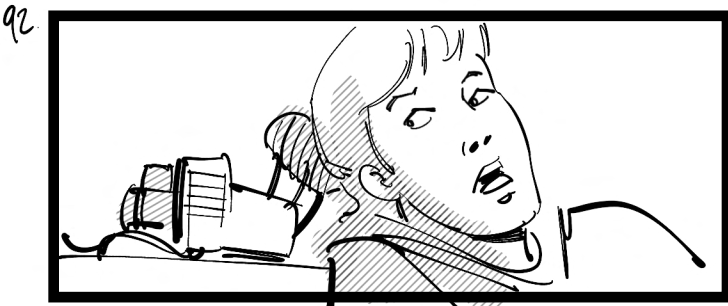
FLYNN STARTS TO STAND, BUT IMMEDIATELY STAGGERS, WOOLY.



BURTON JUMPS FORWARD... GUIDE HER TO THE RECLINER.

BURTON: WHOA, LITTLE HORSEY.

The peripheral 137-138

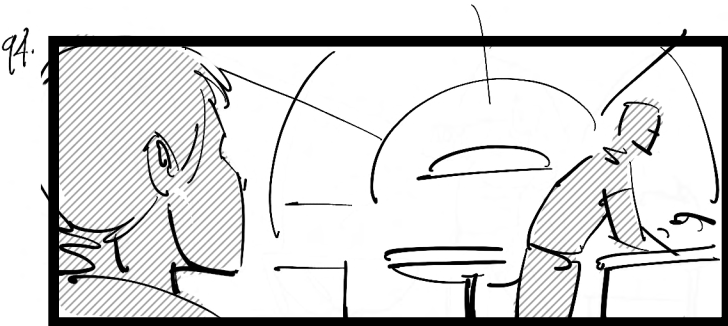


OVER HEADSET TO FLYNNE.

FLYNNE: THAT SAFE?



BURTON: BIT LATE TO ASK, DONTCHA THINK?

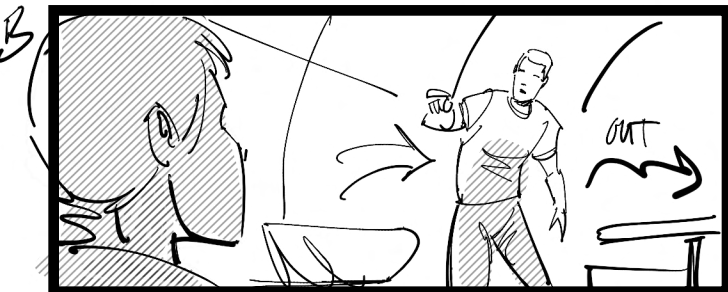


FLYNNE: KNOW HOW IT WORKS?
BURTON: SOME SORT OF NEUTRAL
IMMERSION ...LIKE MY HAPTICS.

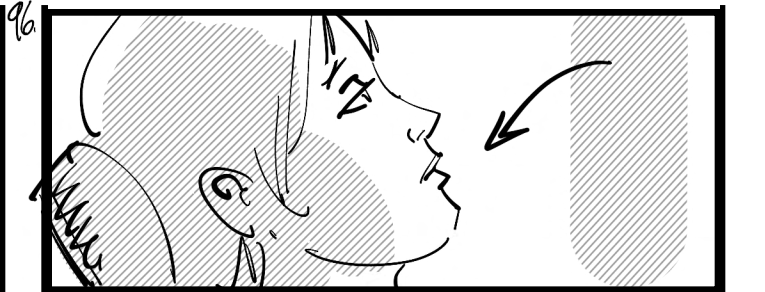
FLYNNE: WELL, THOSE TURNED OUT GOOD?



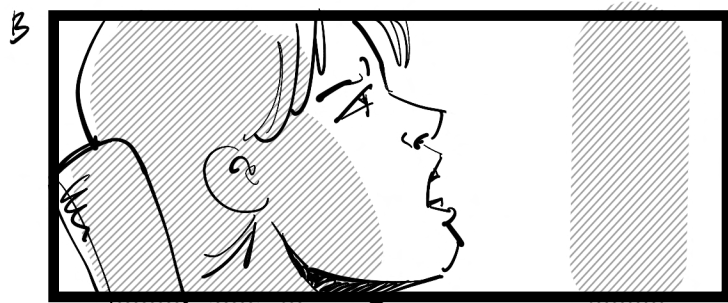
BURTON POURS A GLASS OF WATER, BRINGS IT
TO FLYNNE.



BURTON: WAIT HERE TILL IT PASSES. I'LL
RIDE OVER TO JIMMY'S, TO GET THE REST
OF MAMA'S TAMOSENE.

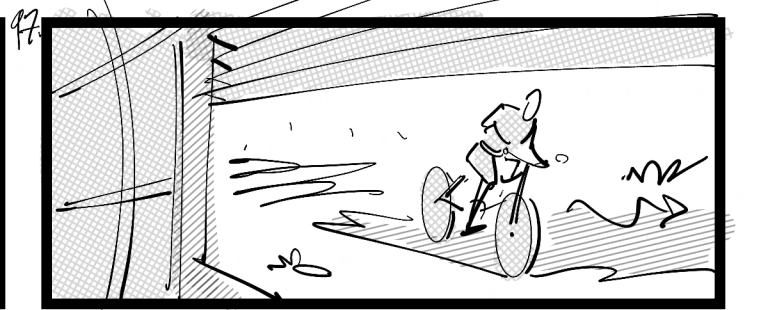


FLYNNE TILTS BACK IN THE RECLINER.



THAN CALLS OUT:

FLYNNE: PEDAL....!

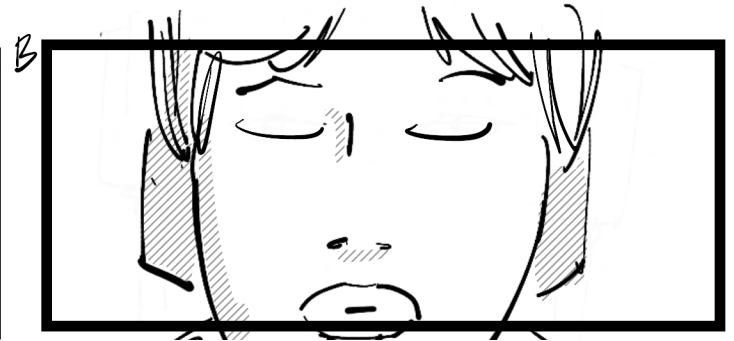


FLYNNE'S POV THROUGH THE WINDOW. BURTON
PEDALS AWAY.

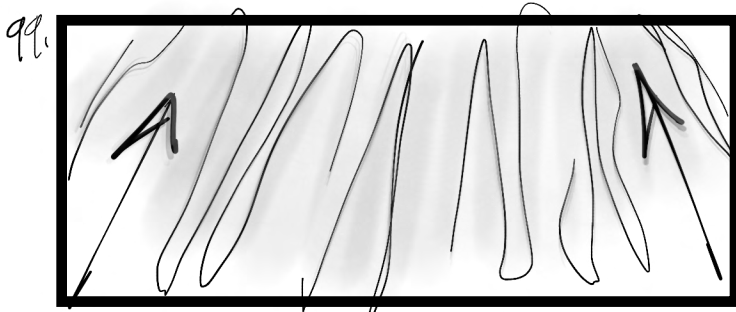
The peripheral 137-138



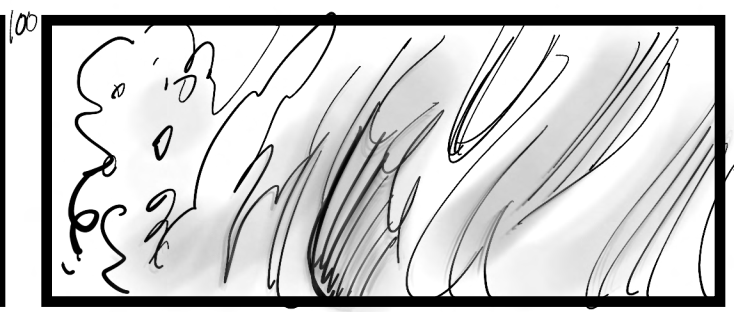
PUSH IN TO CLOSE UP.



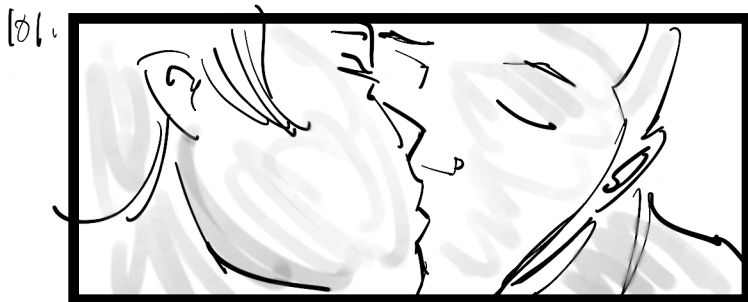
FLYNNE SHUTS HER EYES A LONG BEAT. WE HEAR THE SOUND OF RUSHING WATER.



DISSOLVE TO: TRAVELLING OVER WATER.



DISSOLVE TO: SLOW MOTION SHOTS OF WATER.

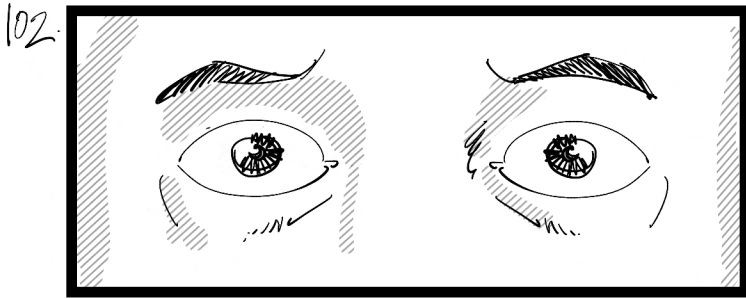


DISSOLVE TO PERI B AND MARIEL KISSING.

*WATER CAUSTICS PROJECTED ON THEM.

KOID'S VOICE: ENJOYING YOURSELF MR. ICE.

The peripheral 139-142

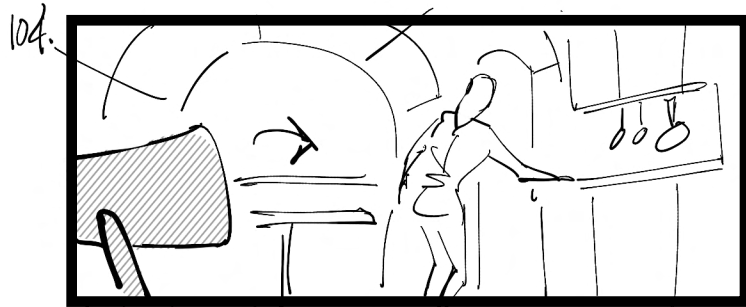


INT BURTON'S TRAILER

BURTON'S EYES OPEN.



JUMP CUT TO FLYNNE. SHE JOLTS UP.



FLYNNE GETS UP UNSTEADY AND EXIT.



INT FISHER HOUSE - FLYNNE'S BEDROOM

CLOSE FOCUS ON PHOTOS, FLYNNE STEPS INTO THE ROOM.



REVERSE ON FLYNNE TAKING OFF HER HOODIE.



STARTS TO TAKE OF HER PANTS.... STOPS.



SHE FEELS SOMETHING IN HER POCKET.... TAKES IT OUT.



IT'S THE **BROKEN PLASTIC GROOM.**

The peripheral 139-142



FLYNNE MOVES TO HER DESK, OPENS A DRAWER...



TAKES OUT SOME GLUE.



GLUES THE TWO PIECES TOGETHER.



TOMMY FIGURINE IS FIXED.



FLYNNE STARES AT IT.



REVERSE ON FLYNNE. SLOW PUSH IN.



SHE HEARS A NOISE.

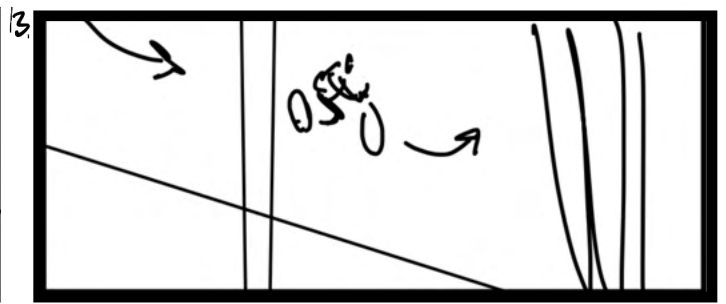


... STEPS TO THE WINDOW, PEERS OUT.

The peripheral 139-142



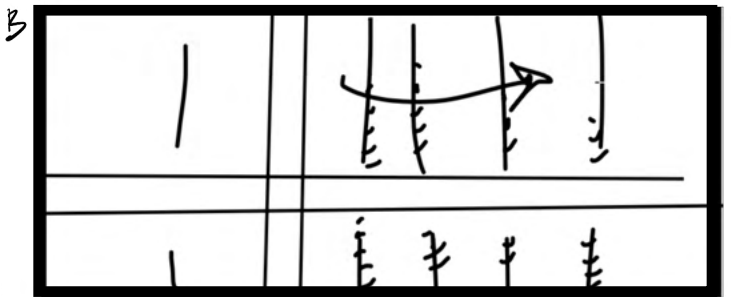
REVERSE ON FLYNNE FRAMED BY WINDOW.



FLYNNE'S POV - BURTON RETURNS ON THE ELECTRIC BIKE.



SHE EXITS.



THE CURTAIN CLOSES.



EXT BURTON'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER.
SLIDE OFF TRAILER TO SEE FLYNNE APPROACHES
WITH TWO BEERS.



SHE'S JUST LIFTING HER HAND TO KNOCK ON THE
TRAILER'S DOOR...



HEARS A GROAN...
... WHEN SHE STOPS.



STARING THROUGH THE LITTLE WINDOW.

The peripheral 139-142



FLYNNE'S POV: BURTON IS ON THE EDGE OF HIS COT...



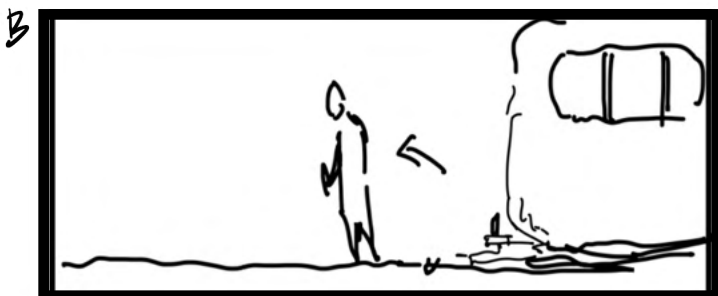
... IN OBVIOUS PAIN, HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS.
WE SEE THE HAPTICS SHIVERING.



FLYNNE WATCHES WITH A SAD EXPRESSION:
CONCERNED, BUT NOT WANTING TO INTRUDE. SHE
EXITS.



SHE QUIETLY SETS A BEER ON THE TRAILER'S TOP
STEP.

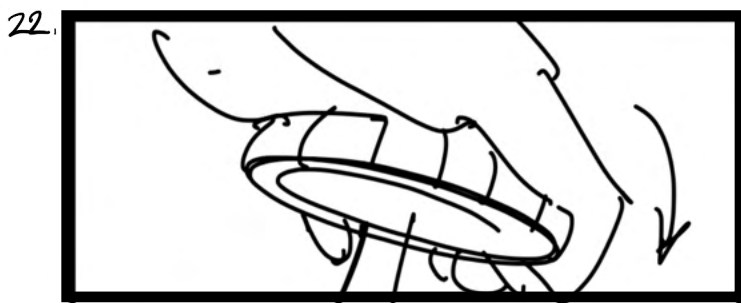


THEN TURNS, STARTS FOR THE HOUSE.

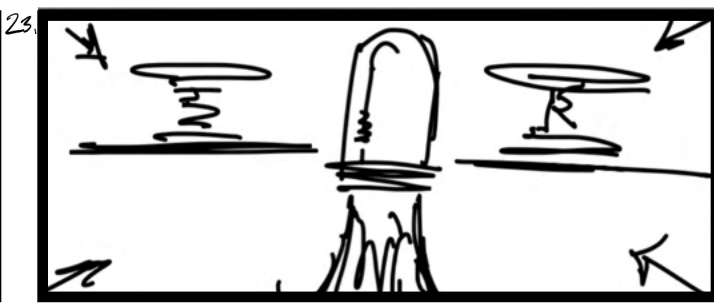


... AND SWINGS BACK, SETS ANOTHER BEER DOWN
TOO.

THE SOUND OF GROANING PIPES TAKES US TO...



INT FISHER HOUSE - ELLA'S BATHROOM
SLOW MO - FLYNNE TURNING ON A TAP .



SLOW MO - PUSH IN TO TOP - WATER COMES
OUT.

The peripheral 139-142

24.



SLOW MO - WATER FILLING THE TUB.

25.



BEAT ON FLYNNE. GENTLE PUSH IN

B



THE SOUND DRAWS HER ATTENTION TO...

26.



ELLA IN HER WHEELCHAIR, FLYNNE IS WASHING HER HAIR OVER THE BATHTUB.

FLYNNE: HOW'S THE PAIN BEEN?

ELLA: OH, YOU KNOW.

FLYNNE: I DON'T, THAT'S WHY I'M ASKING.

27.



ELLA: BURTON'S BEEN GIVING ME HIS EXTRA PILLS. THAT'S HELPED ME SOME.

28.



FLYNNE PAUSES IN HER SHAMPOOING, STARTLED.

FLYNNE: WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

29.



ELLA: HE SAYS HE DOESN'T NEED THEM SO MUCH ANYMORE. THEY HELP TIDE ME THROUGH THE ROUGH PATCHES.

30.



FLYNNE SHUTS HER EYES AT THIS, STRICKEN: FUCK. ELLA SENSES THE SHIFT.

The peripheral 139-142



ELLA: (CONT) SOMETHING WRONG, HON?



FLYNNE RESUMES SHAMPOOING.

FLYNNE: JUST THE SORRY STATE OF YOUR HAIR. I'M GONNA ASK BILLY ANN OVER.

ELLA: IS HER JASPER STILL MIXED UP WITH CORBELL PICKETT?



FLYNNE PAUSES.

FLYNNE: YOU DIDN'T ASK HER THAT, DO YOU?



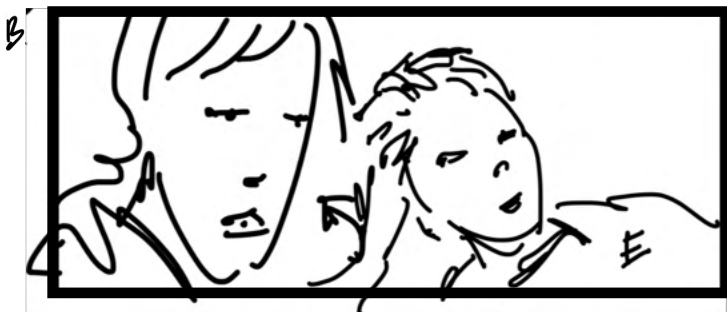
ELLA: IF I WERE HER BEST FRIEND, I MIGHT.



FLYNNE: IT'S NOT SOMETHING SHE SEEMS INCLINED TO DISCUSS, MAMA.



ELLA: SOMETIMES, FLYNNE? IF YOU TELL SOMEONE YOU LOVE THAT YOU'RE READY TO LISTEN. YOU MIGHT BE SURPRISED WHAT YOU END UP HEARING.



FLYNNE IS SILENT, PONDERING THIS, LOOKS UP AS...



BURTON APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY.

HE POINTS AT HIS WRIST, SILENTLY MOUTHS TO FLYNNE: "TIME."

The peripheral 139-142



FLYNNE HOLDS UP A FINGER...



ELLA: YOU REALLY THINK I CAN'T SENSE YOU THERE, BURTON?



BURTON: (SMILES) HEY, MAMA. HOW YOU FEELING?



ELLA: YOU'RE CHEWING TOBACCO AGAIN.



BURTON STOPS CHEWING, TONGUES THE WAD INTO HIS CHEEK.

BURTON: NO, MA'AM.



ELLA: YOUR BROTHER WOULDN'T BE LYING TO ME, FLYNNE, WOULD HE?

FLYNNE: I DON'T BELIEVE HE'D BE CAPABLE OF ANY SUCH VILENESS.



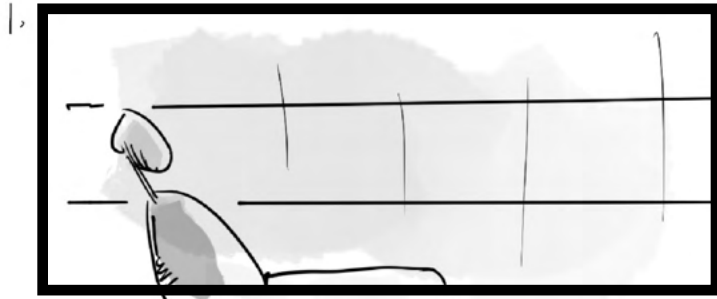
ELLA LAUGHS SOFTLY, SHAKES HER HEAD.

ELLA: GO ON NOW. HELP HIM DIG HIMSELF OUT OF WHATEVER HOLE HE'S FALLEN INTO.

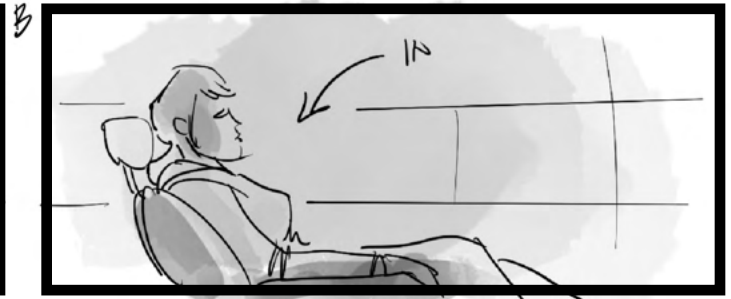


FLYNNE BENDS, KISSES ELLA'S SCALP.

The peripheral 143-151



INT TRAILER - DAY



FLYNNE DROPS INTO A RECLINER.

FLYNNE: HOW'RE THOSE HAPTICS TREATING YOU?



BURTON: BEEN WORSE.

BURTON FIDDLES WITH HEADSET.



FLYNNE: SAW YOU LAST NIGHT. THROUGH THE WINDOW.



BURTON: (NODDING: HE KNOWS) APPRECIATE THE BEERS. COULDA BEEN COLDER, THOUGH.



FLYNNE: BEGGARS AND CHOOSERS, BURTON. (A BEAT; THEN, HESITANTLY) YOU EVER WANNA TALK? I'M ALL EARS.



BURTON: ABOUT WHAT?



FLYNNE: THE PAIN. (THEN, FALTERING) I'M SORRY I SAID THAT EVIL STUFF. ABOUT YOU TAKING MAMA'S PILLS. I MEAN... I KNOW YOU'D NEVER DO THAT.

The peripheral 143-151



BURTON: WHAT'S GOING ON?

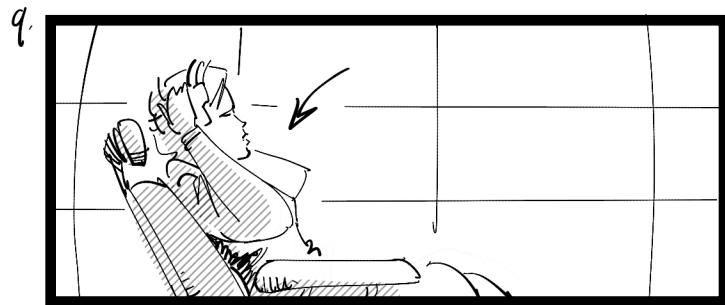
FLYNNE: WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

BURTON: YOU'RE ACTING LIKE A CHILD.



FLYNNE: FORGET IT. GIMME THAT.

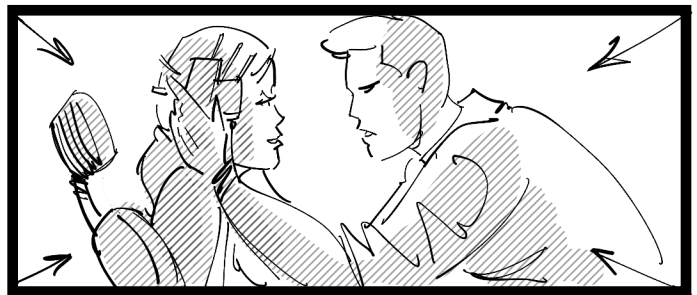
SHE GRABS THE HEADSET,-



FLYNNE PLUNKS BACK INTO CHAIR.

BURTON: I PROMISE NOT TO TELL ANYONE. BUT YOU ALMOST LOOK HAPPY THERE...

FLYNNE: FUCK OFF.



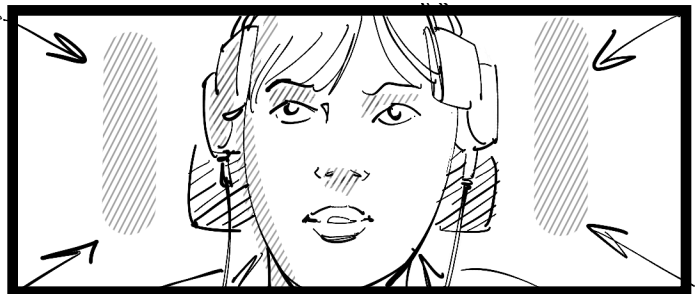
BURTON ENTERS, ADJUSTS HEADSET. SLOW PUSH IN.

BURTON: JUST DON'T LET THE FOLKS AT MILAGROS COLDTRON CATCH YOU SMILING LIKE THAT...

FLYNNE: THEY GOT A GOOD THING GOING HERE, BURTON. IT'S GONNA BE HUGE.

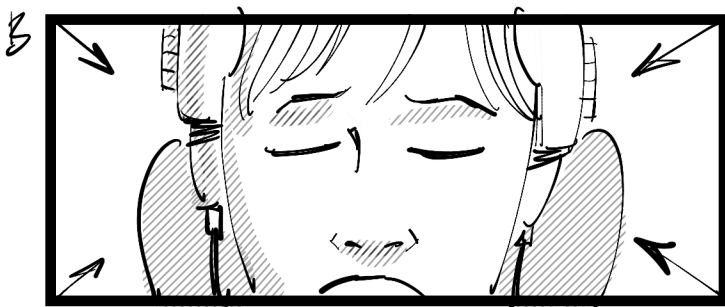


BURTON: WELL, ENJOY IT WHILE YOU CAN.

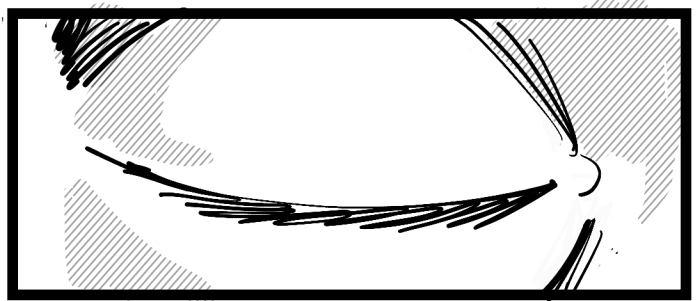


FLYNNE: I INTEND TO, I SURELY DO.

SLOW PUSH IN...

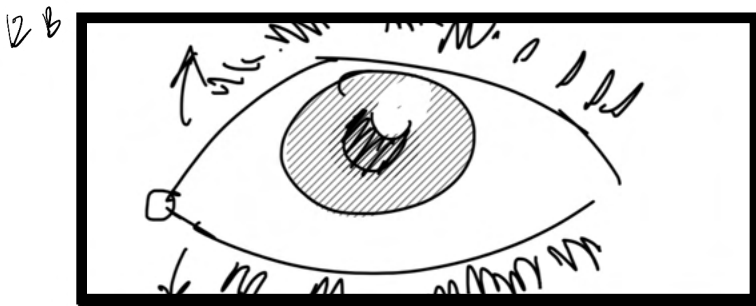


FLYNNE SHUTS HER EYES. COUNTS DOWN FROM 10.

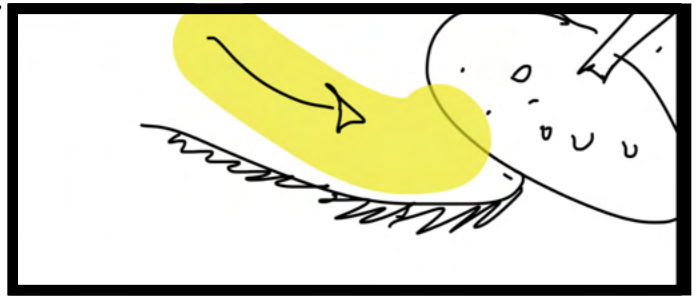


EXTREME CU ON HER SHUT EYE. ...BEAT- NOTHING HAPPENS

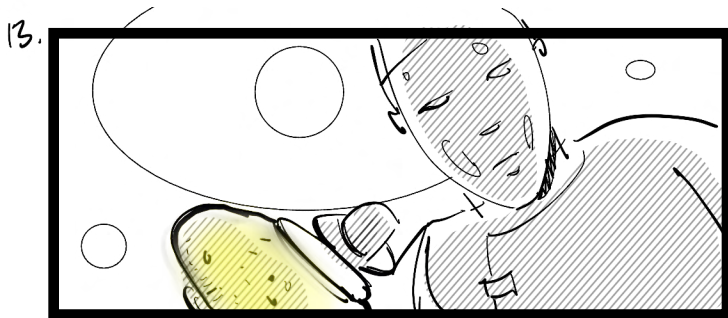
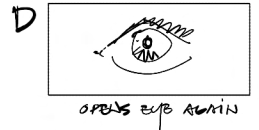
The peripheral 143-151



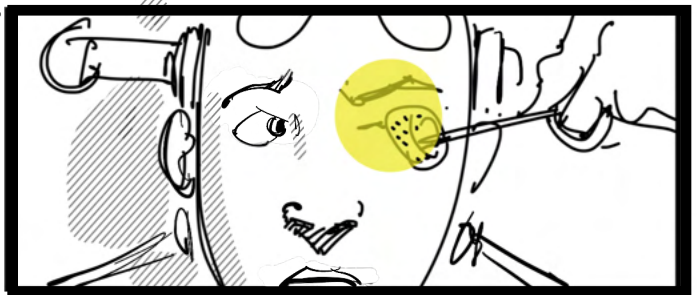
SHE OPENS HER EYE...



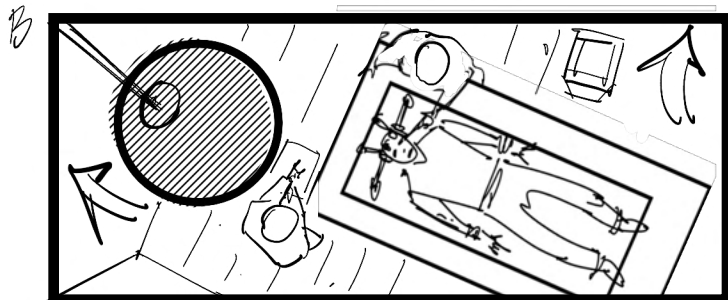
IODINE-SOAKED SPONGE
WIPES HER LID.



PERI BURTON POV OF NURSE WITH SPONGE (INT. AELITA'S LOFT)



REVEAL PERI BURTON'S HEAD IS IN RESTRAINTS



BOOM UP TO REVEAL PERI BURTON ON A METAL TABLE
IN METAL ROOM.

AELITA VOICE: I ASSUME YOU'RE WONDERING
WHY YOU CAN'T MOVE?



PERI BURTON STRUGGLES - HE CAN'T MOVE. IODINE
SWAB PULLS OUT OF SHOT.

AELITA'S VOICE: WELL... IT'S BECAUSE I'VE
IMMOBILISED YOU... WHICH LEADS TO ANOTHER
QUESTION, I KNOW. WHY?



PERI BURTON POV OF SILHOUETTED FIGURE.

AELITA: DO YOU KNOW WHAT ENUCLEATION
MEANS?



AELITA STEPS INTO THE LIGHT.

AELITA: I IMAGINE YOU'VE BEGUN TO SHOUT IN
YOUR HEAD, HAVEN'T YOU? "END GAME!
DISCONNECT!" ALAS, YOU DON'T HAVE
THAT POWER HERE. I INITIATED THE
CONNECTION. AND ONLY I CAN END IT.

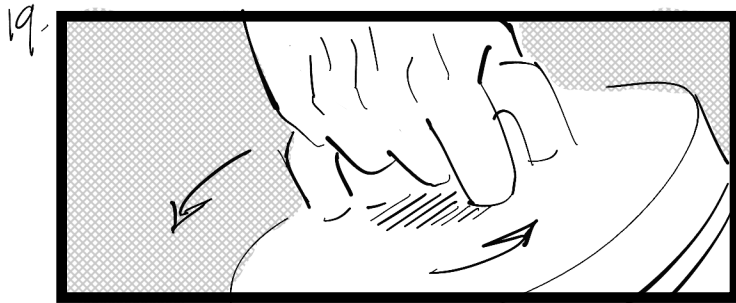
The peripheral 143-151



PERI BURTON LOOKS TO...



NURSE SETS DOWN **BIO-CASE**.

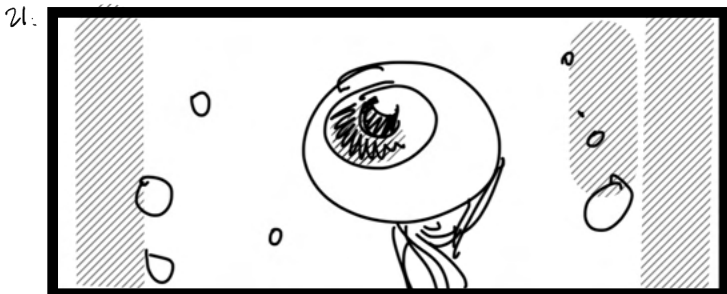


HE ROTATES HANDLE - THE SOUND OF ESCAPING AIR...



REMOVES- AN **EYEBALL** FLOATING IN SALINE SOLUTION.

AELITA: THAT'S MARIEL'S BEAUTIFUL BLUE ORB.



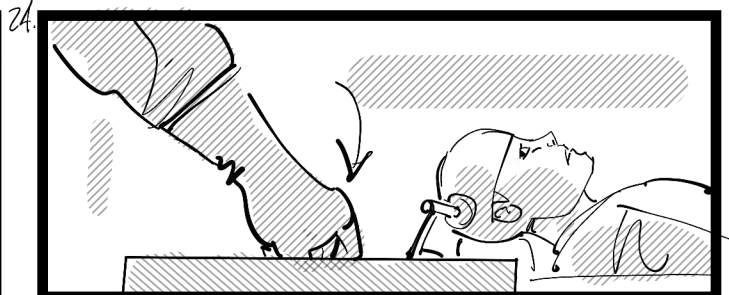
AELITA: (CONT) SHORTLY TO BE YOURS.



PANIC ON PERI BURTON'S FACE.



AELITA: ALL THIS MIGHT SEEM A TAD SADISTIC, I SUPPOSE--NOT PUTTING YOU UNDER. BUT I ASSURE YOU IT'S FOR A NOBLE CAUSE.



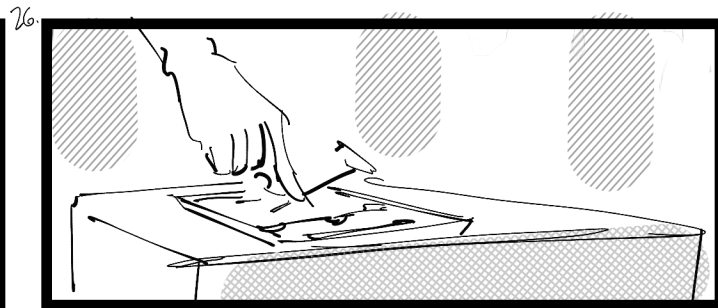
OVER TRAY OF SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS TO BURTON

AELITA: IT'S LIKELY I'LL NEED YOU TO ENDURE TERRIBLE PAIN IN THE COMING HOURS.

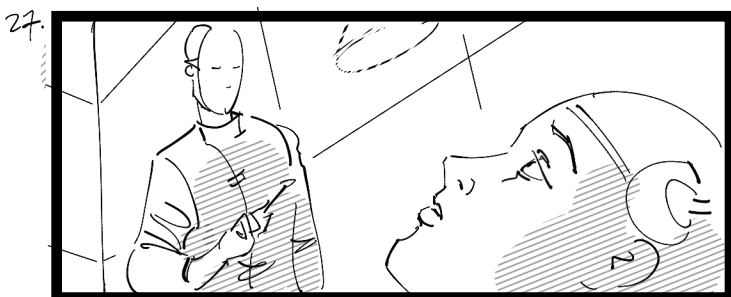
The peripheral 143-151



ECU PERI BURTON'S EYE. LOOKING AT...



SURGEON SELECTS RETRACTOR.

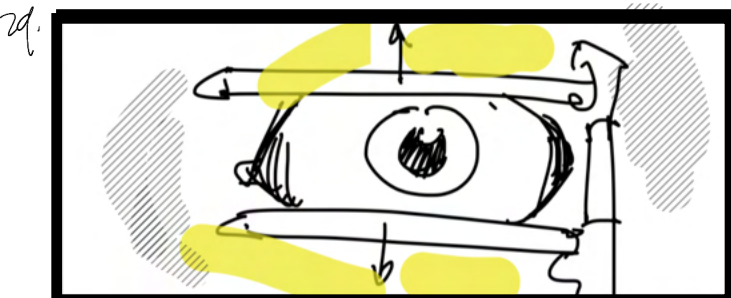


OVER BURTON TO SURGEON.

AELITA: SO YOU SHOULD THINK OF THIS AS A SORT OF TEST.



A RETRACTOR IS SET ON PERI BURTON'S LEFT EYE LID.

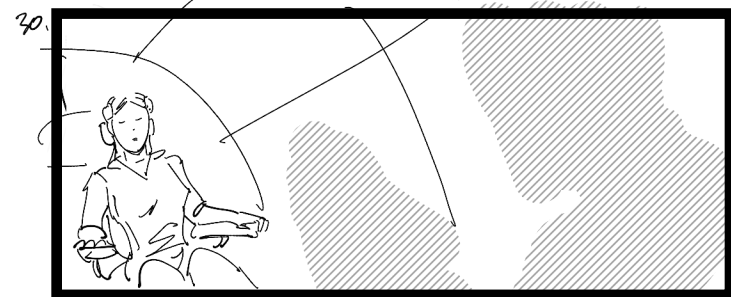


PERI BURTON'S EYE IS FORCED OPEN.

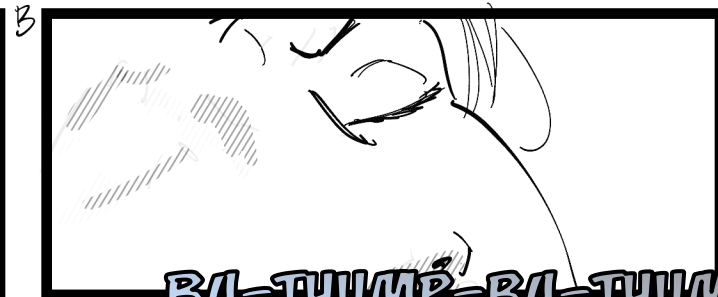
AELTIA: YOU'RE NOT ACTUALLY IN THIS BODY, ARE YOU?



INT TRAILER
REAL BURTON DOING DISHES UNAWARE OF FLYNNE'S PAIN,
HUMMING ALONG TO MUSIC.



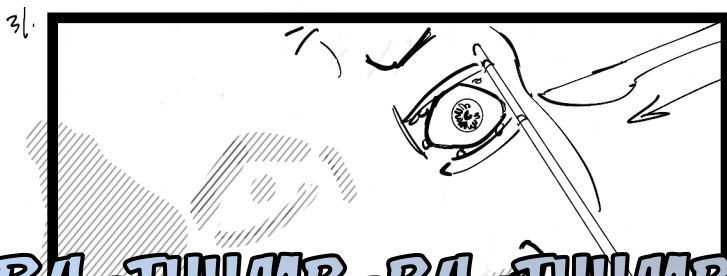
RACK TO FLYNNE IN THE RECLINER.



BA-THUMP-BA-THUMP
RACK FOCUS TO HER LEFT EYE.

HEAR HEARTBEAT AS WE DISSOLVE TO:

The peripheral 143-151



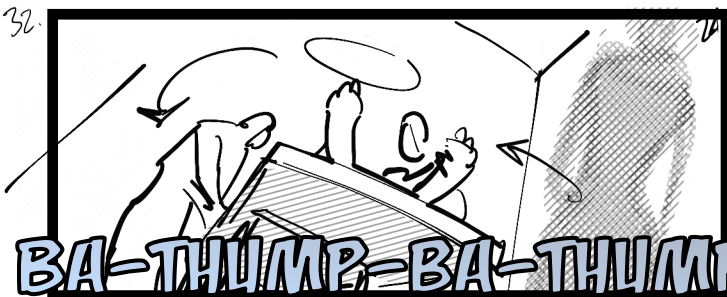
BA-THUMP-BA-THUMP-BA-THUMP-BA-THUMP

...PERI BURTON'S LEFT EYE AS SURGEON BRINGS SCALPEL CLOSE.

AELITA: HEAR YOUR HEART? THAT FRIGHTENED HORSES, TRAPPED IN ITS BURNING BARN?



RACK FOCUS JUST BEFORE THE SCALPEL MAKES CONTACT.



BA-THUMP-BA-THUMP-BA-THUMP-BA-THUMP

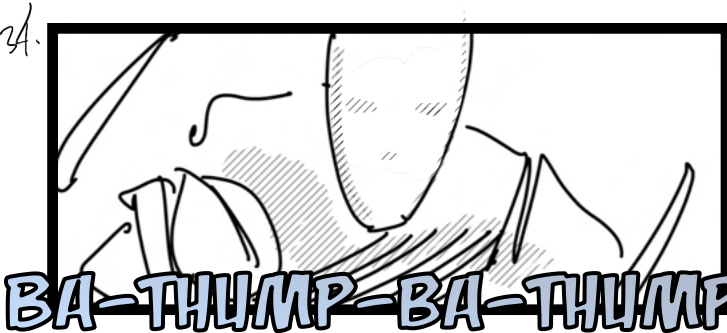
LOW ANGLE WIDE LENS. MOVE AROUND TABLE AS THE SURGEON DOES HER WORK.

AELITA: THE SOFTWARE DETECTS YOUR TERROR AND PAIN. AND IT SIMULATES A RACING PULSE FOR VERISIMILITUDE. BUT NONE OF THIS IS REAL, IS IT?



CUT BACK ON FLYNNE - FORCING HERSELF TO CALM DOWN. HER PULSE BEGINS TO SLOW.

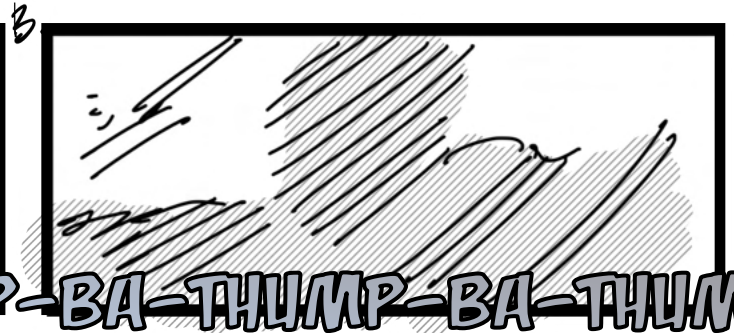
AELITA: I NEED YOU TO DISCIPLINE YOUR MIND. TO CONVINCING IT THAT THIS IS ALL IMAGINARY.



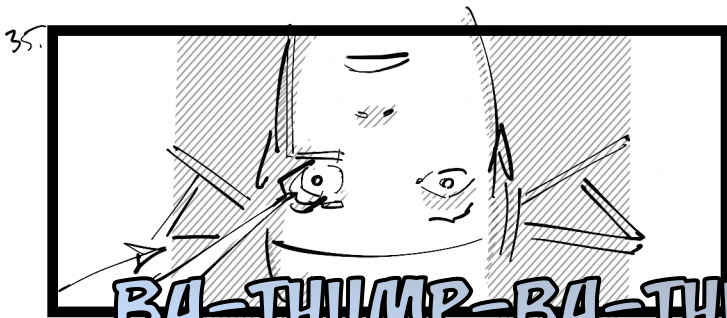
BA-THUMP-BA-THUMP-BA-THUMP-BA-THUMP

PERI BURTON'S POV OF SURGEON LEANING IN WITH FORCEPS...

AELITA: YOUR HEART...



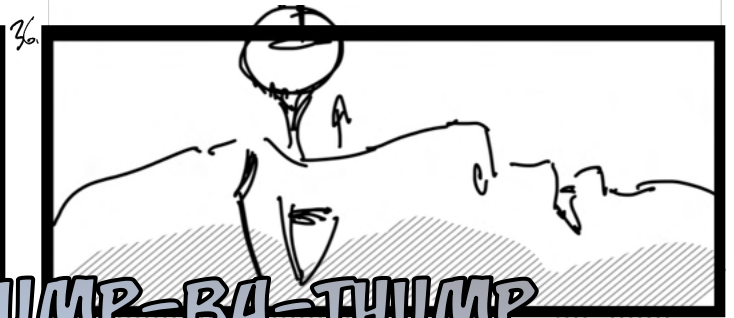
LOSE FOCUS AS HIS EYE IS PULLED OUT.



BA-THUMP-BA-THUMP-BA-THUMP...

HIGH ANGLE: THE SURGEON USES FORCEPS TO...

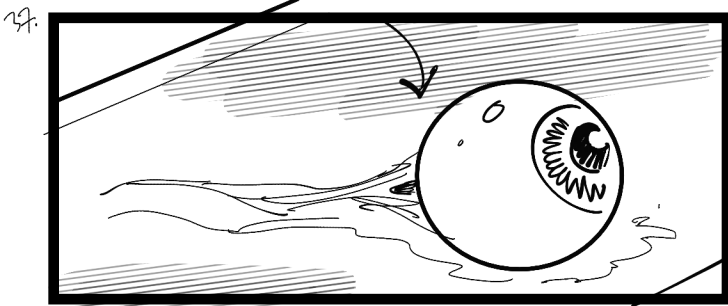
AELITA: SHOW ME YOU CAN REIGN IT IN.



REMOVE HIS LEFT EYE.

THE HEARTBEAT SLOWS.

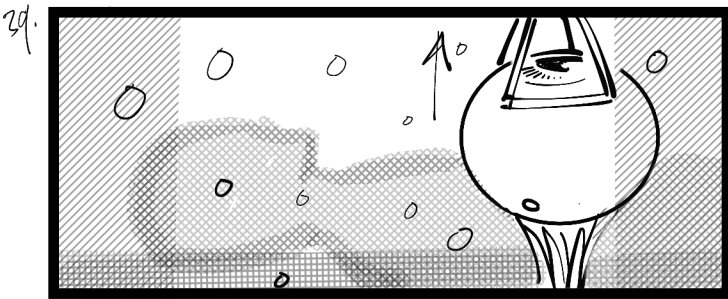
The peripheral 143-151



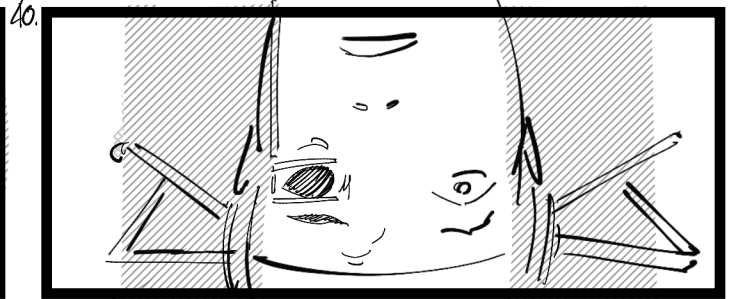
PERI BURTON'S EYE BALL PLACED ON A TRAY.



AELITA: (IMPRESSED) WELL DONE. VERY WELL DONE.

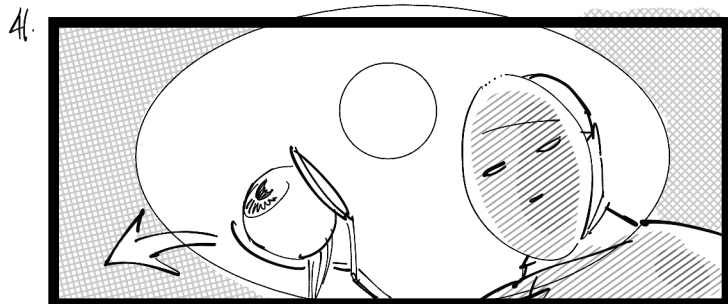


ANGLE THROUGH THE SALINE. MARIEL'S EYE PULLED OUT.



PERI BURTON WITHOUT AN EYE, REACTS.

AELITA: I THINK YOU'VE EARNED YOURSELF A LITTLE SHUT EYE...



PERI BURTON'S POV OF MARIEL'S EYE BEING LOWERED.

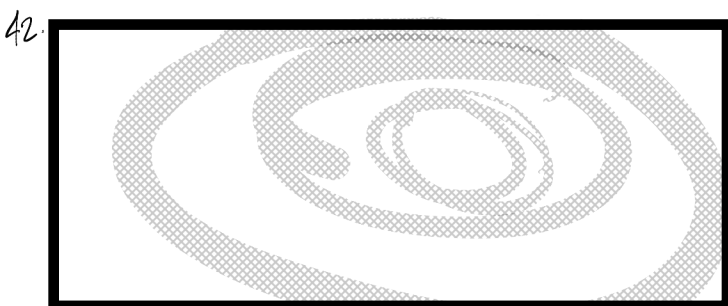
AELITA: (CONT) ...SO TO SPEAK...



RACK OUT OF FOCUS.

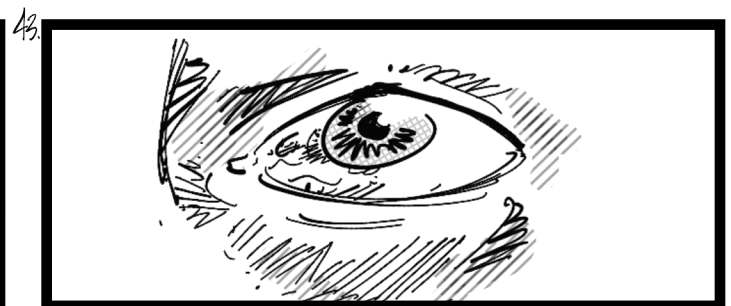
AELITA: ...DON'T YOU?

DISSOLVE TO...



INT TAXI- MOVING - NIGHT

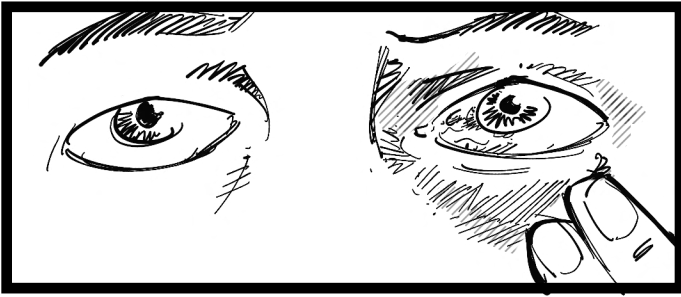
PERI BURTON'S POV OF DISTORTED LIGHTS.



INT. TAXI - THE NEW EYE FLUTTERS OPEN.

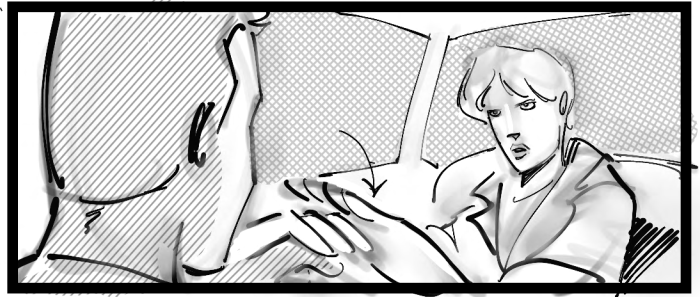
The peripheral 143-151

44.



PERI BURTON REACHES TO PROBE AT IT.

45.



AELITA GENTLY NUDGES ITS HAND AWAY.

AELITA: BEST NOT. DOCTORS ORDERS.

46.



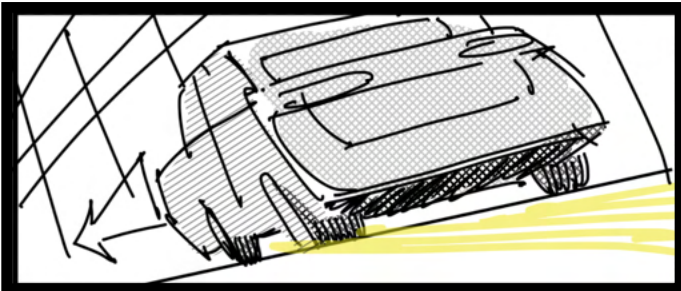
PERI BURTON: WHAT ARE WE DOING?

47.



AELITA: YOU'RE GOING TO BE A LOVE, AND OPEN SOME DOORS FOR ME.

48.



TAXI RACES PAST US.

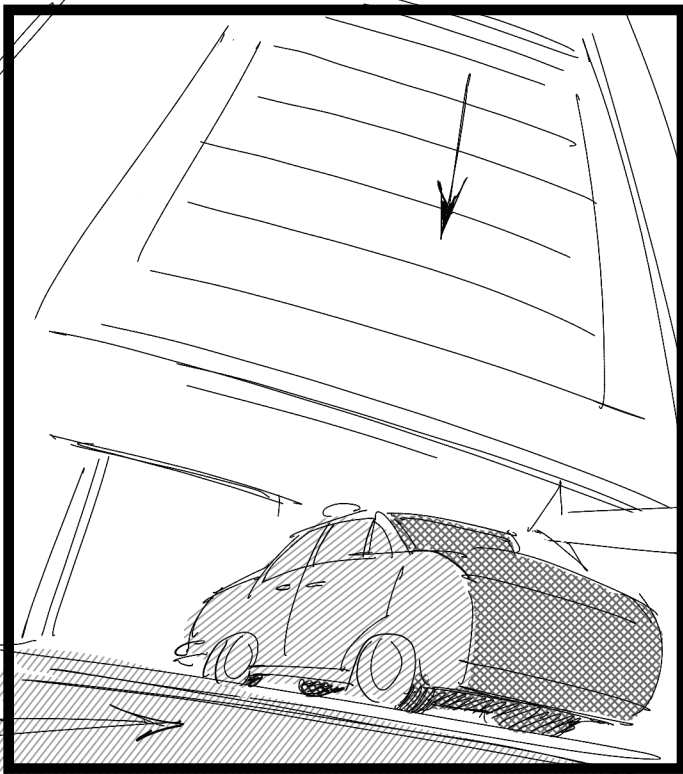
49.



COMES DOWN AN EMPTY AVENUE.

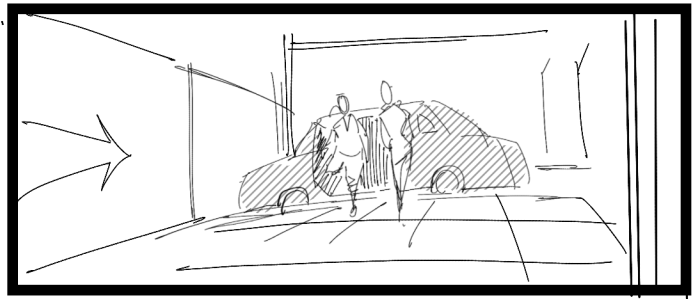
The peripheral 143-151

50.



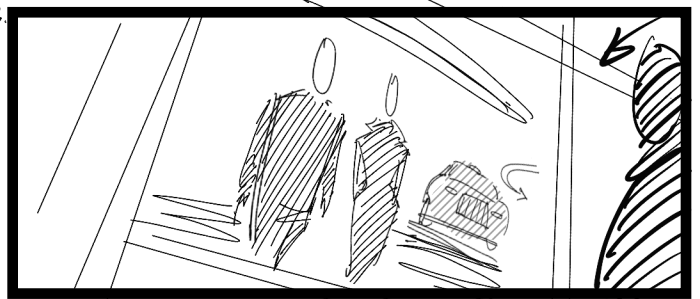
TILT DOWN FROM LARGE BUILDING AND SLIDE RIGHT AS TAXI ARRIVES AT A SERVICE ENTRANCE.

51.



PUSH IN ALONG SIDE OF BUILDING AS AELITA AND PERI BURTON EXIT CAB.

52.



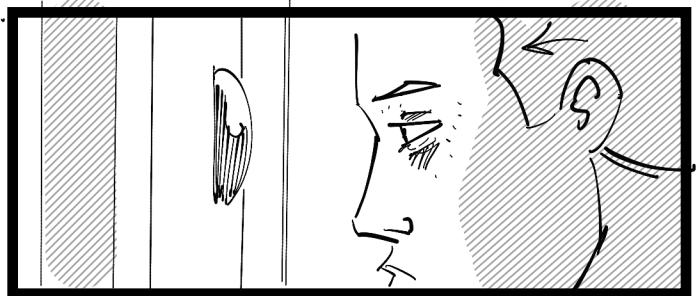
IN REFLECTION OF SERVICE ELEVATOR WE SEE TAXI PULL AWAY. AELITA AND PERI BURTON APPROACH.

53.



AELITA: PRESS YOUR EYE TO IT... OR RATHER DEAR MARIEL'S.

54.



PERI BURTON LEANS IN.

55.



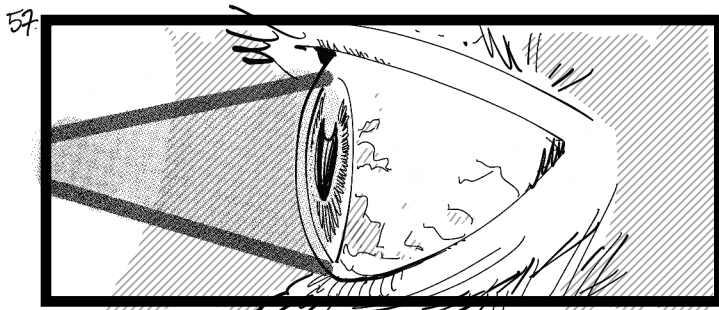
TIGHTER: HE BRINGS LEFT EYE UP TO THE SCANNER.

56.

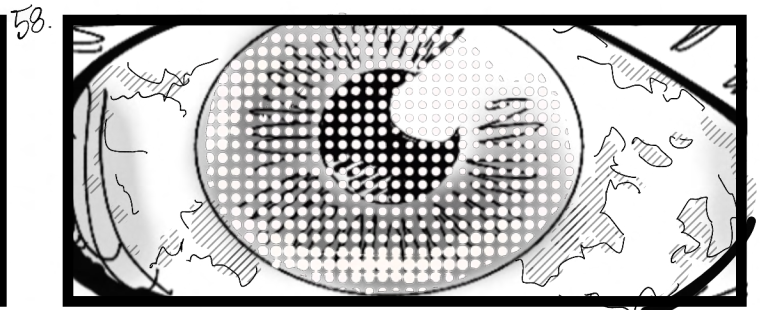


SCANNER POV OF THE MARIEL EYE.

The peripheral 143-152



IRIS SCANNED.

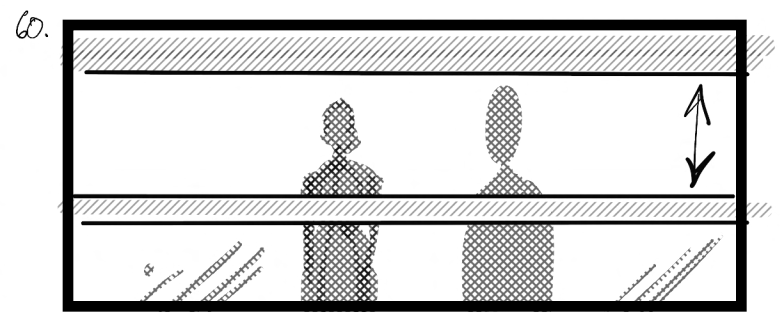


ECU IRIS SCANNED.

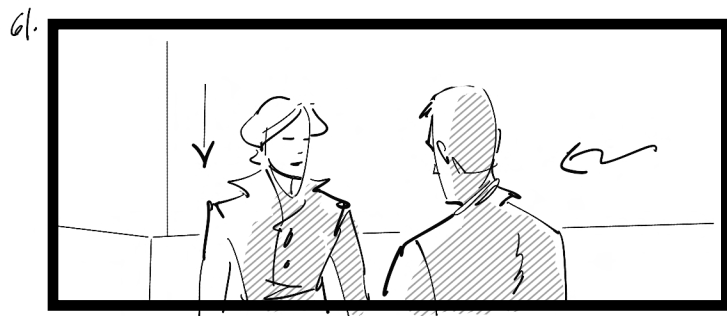


PREGNANT PAUSE— DID IT WORK?

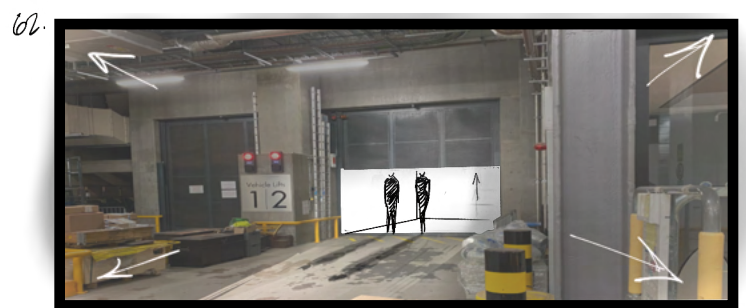
KA-CHUNK!



ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN (VIEW FROM INSIDE ELEVATOR.)



THEY STEP INSIDE SERVICE ELEVATOR. IT BEGINS TO LOWER.



UNDERGROUND. SLOW PULL OUT. FREIGHT DOOR OPENS AND THEY STOP OUT.



TRACK DOWN CORRIDOR. AELITA STEP INTO SHOT AND GAIN AHEAD.



STEP INTO ELEVATOR.

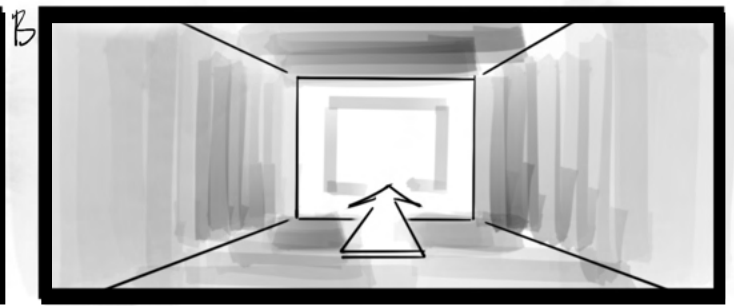


DOORS SHUT.

The peripheral Sc 153-156



BLACKNESS



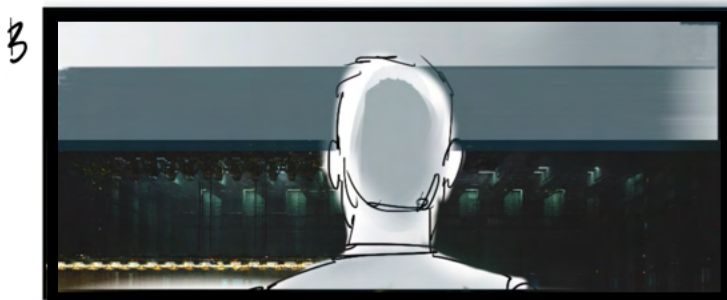
ELEVATOR DROPS AWAY FROM CAMERA.



BOOM UP INSIDE ELEVATOR AS WE SEE SHAFT WALLS PASS BY.



OVER BURTON THROUGH GLASS WALL TO ELEVATOR SHAFT....



WHICH GIVES WAY TO FIRST FLOOR (FIELDS)



ON BURTON REACTING.



BURTON REFLECTED IN GLASS - BEYOND MASSIVE UNDERGROUND FIELD.



SHAFT FILLS OUR VIEW AS THEY DESCEND TO THE NEXT FLOOR...

The peripheral

Sc 153-156



SHAFT GIVES WAY TO UNDERWATER FLOOR WITH FISH AND WHALES.



PASSING WHALE REFLECTED IN GLASS THROUGH WHICH WE SEE BURTON.



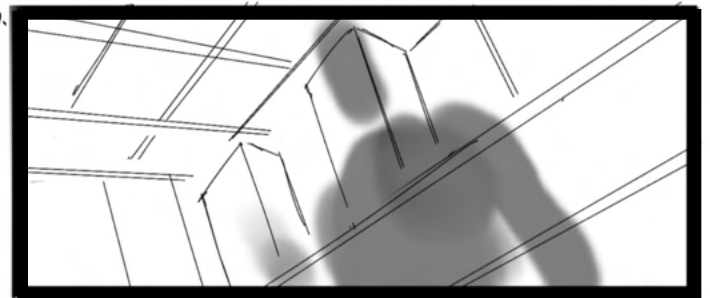
ON AELITA, ENJOYING THIS. BG TURNS BACK TO SHAFT.



VIEW OF SHAFT...



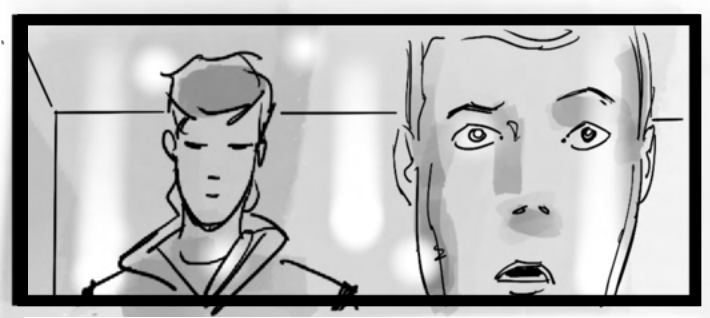
GIVING WAY TO THIRD FLOOR... TANKS.



TANKS REFLECTED IN GLASS.



RACK FOCUS TO BURTON AS THEY PASS BY.



BURTON PERIPHERAL: WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

The peripheral Sc 153-156



AELITA:
"INFINITY IN THE PALM OF YOUR
HAND... ETERNITY IN AN HOUR."



BURTON LOOKS TO HER.



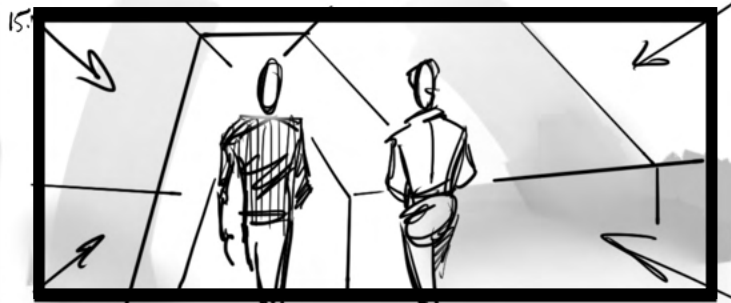
EXT. ELEVATOR DOORS.



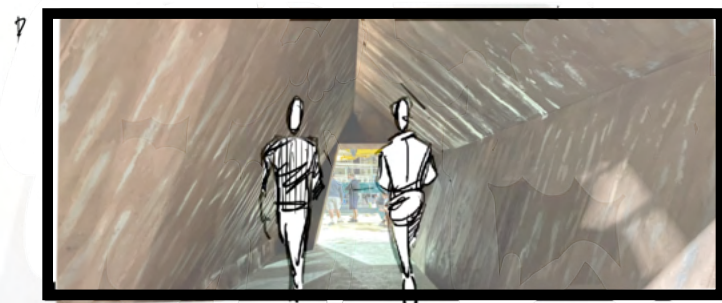
THEY OPEN REVEALING AELITA AND BURTON.



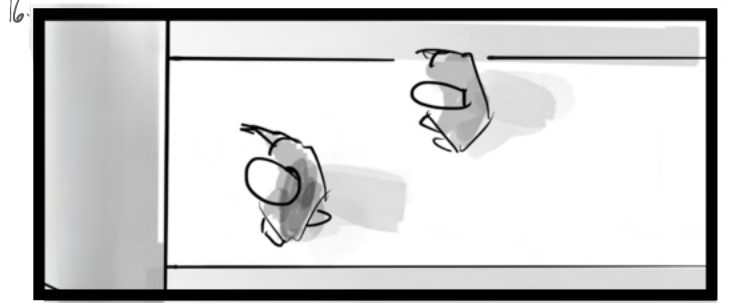
PULL BACK AS SHE LEADS HIM THROUGH A
CORRIDOR.



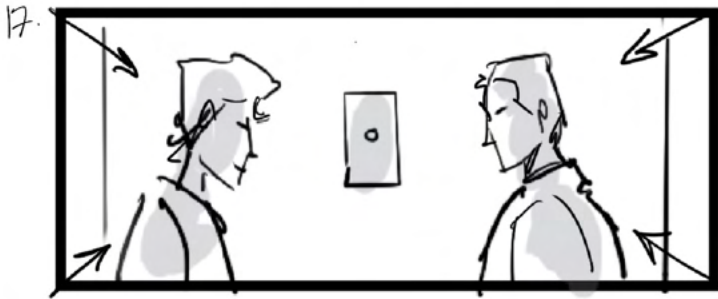
FOLLOW THEM AS THEY WALK DOWN THE LONG
CORRIDOR.



THEY GAIN AWAY FROM US SO WE CAN APPREHEND
THE SCALE OF THE CORRIDOR.



HIGH ANGLE AS THEY ARRIVE AT A DOOR.



PUSH IN TO ANOTHER SCANNER. IN ANOTHER DOOR.



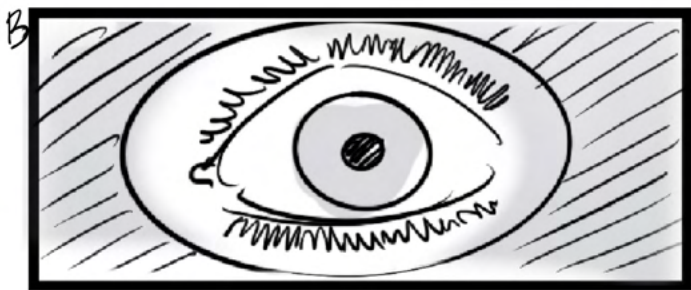
AELITA
IT'S A GREAT GIFT I'M GIVING YOU.



AELITA: I HOPE YOU'RE WORTHY OF IT.



POV OF SECURITY SCANNER - BURTON LEANS IN.



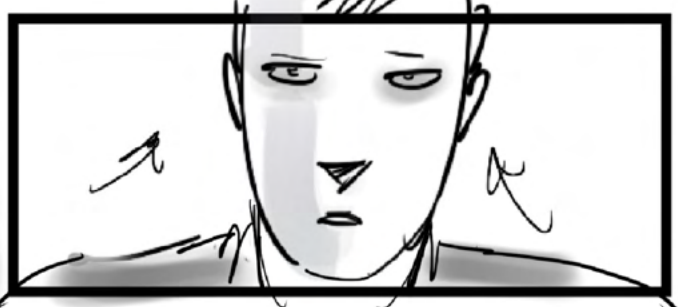
OFFER'S MARIEL'S EYE.



OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE DOOR.



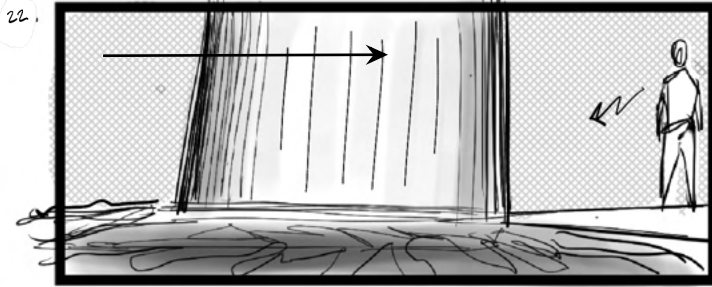
IT UNLOCKS AND PIVOTS OPEN.



BURTON STEPS INTO CU... REACTS TO...

The peripheral

Sc 153-156



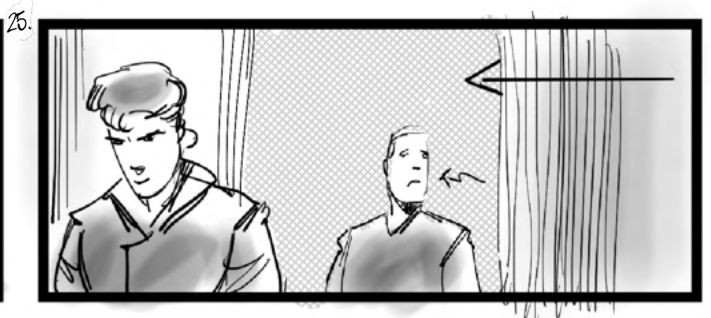
WALL OF WATER... THEY WALK TOWARDS IT. SLIDE RIGHT.



BOOM UP AS THEY APPROACH.



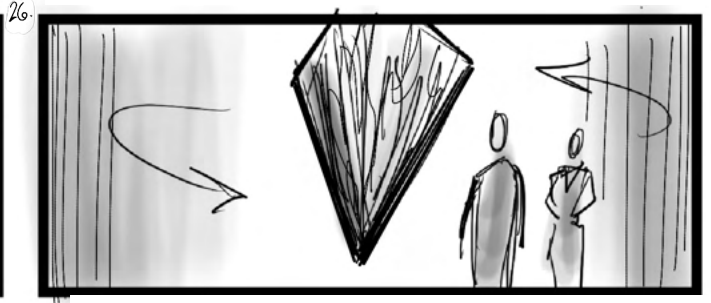
PUSH IN AS THE CURTAIN OF WATER PARTS FOR THEM.



THEY ENTER THE INTERIOR. SLIDE LEFT.



AELITA LANDS IN CU.



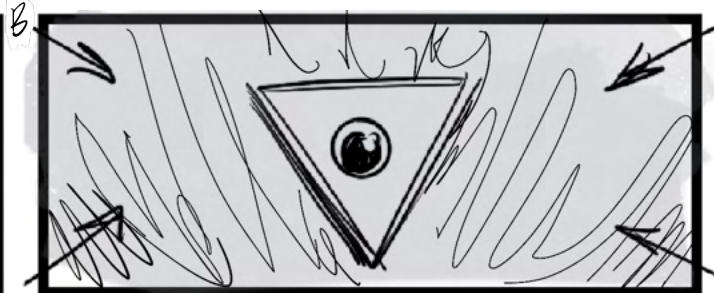
CIRCLE THE COMPUTER.

AELITA: ARE YOU READY?

BURTON PERIPHERAL: FOR WHAT?



AELITA TO LAY CLAIM TO YOUR DESTINY.



PUSH INTO THE SCANNER.

The peripheral Sc 153-156



AELITA: YOUR EYE.



PRESENTS MARIEL'S EYE.



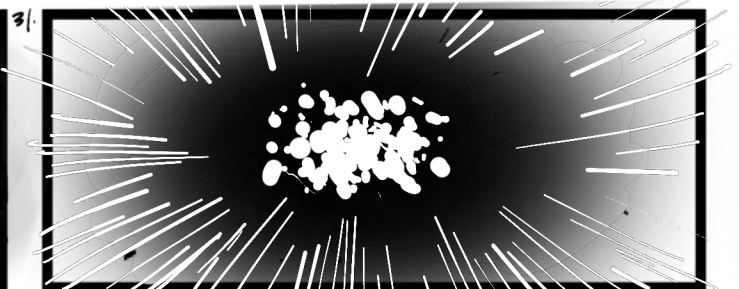
AELITA: THE OTHER ONE.



PLACES HIS RIGHT EYE TO THE SCANNER.



ECU EYE AND SCANNER.



BURTON POV: HE SEES BURST OF LIGHT.



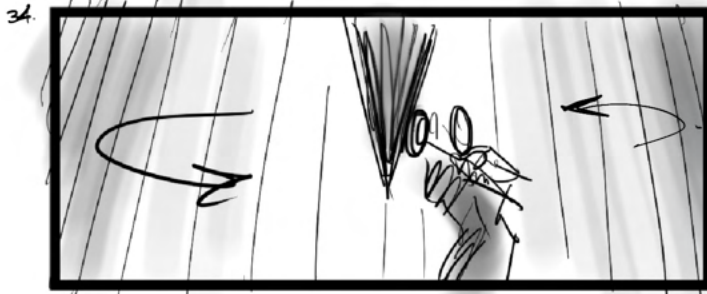
ON FLYNNE IN TRAILER REACTING.



CIRCLE BURTON AND AELITA AS SHE PRESSES HIS EYE TO THE SCANNER.

AELITA: MASTER IT!

The peripheral Sc 153-156



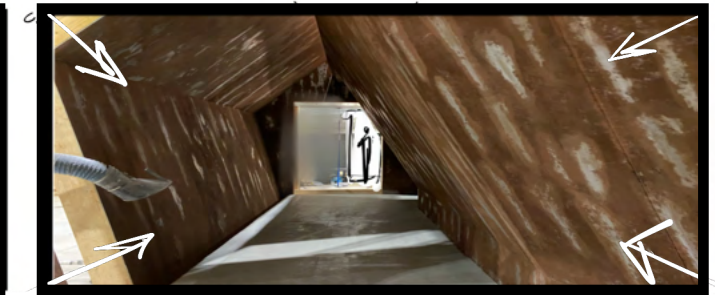
CIRCLE THEM AS THE CURTAIN OF WATER PULSES OR REACTS IN SOME FASHION TO WHAT AELITA IS DOING.



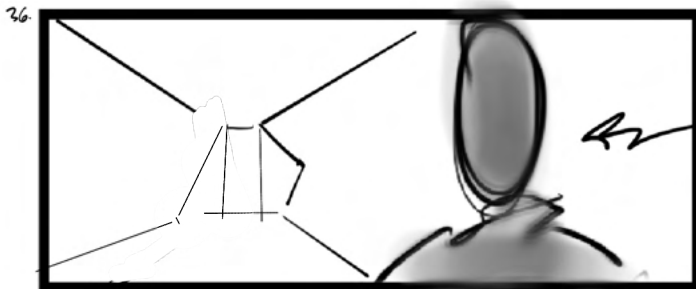
PULL BACK DOWN THE HALL...



THEN PAN TO THE OPPOSITE END AND PUSH IN...



AS THE ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS - A FIGURE VISIBLE.



TRACK THE FIGURE AS HE HEADS DOWN THE CORRIDOR.



AELITA TURNS AND SEES THE APPROACHING FIGURE (OC).



FOLLOW FEET APPROACHING.

AELITA: STOP HIM.



AELITA: NOW. HE'S HERE TO KILL US.

The peripheral

Sc 153-156

40.

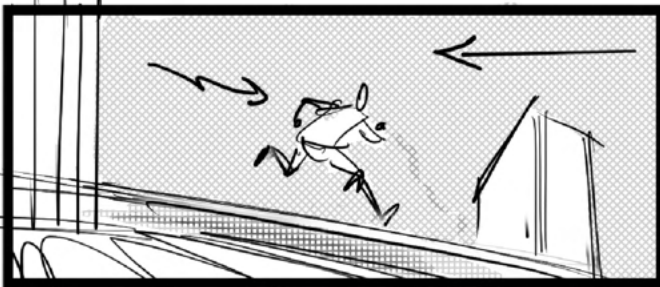


BURTON GOES TO INTERCEPT THE MAN.



AELITA STEPS INTO THE SHOT.

41.



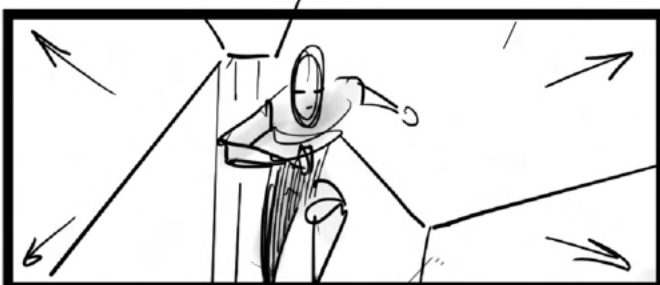
COUNTER BURTON AS HE RUNS TOWARD THE HALLWAY ENTRANCE.

42.



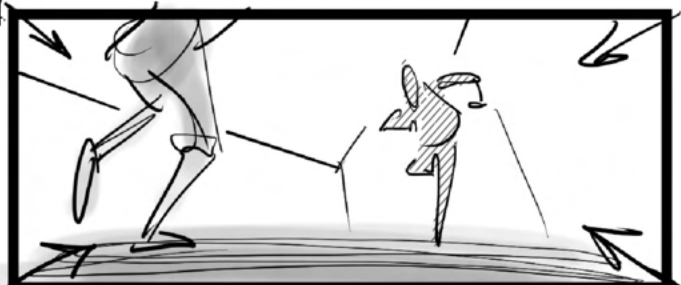
REVEAL DANIEL'S FACE... AND LEAD HIM AS HE PREPARES TO MEET BURTON.

43.



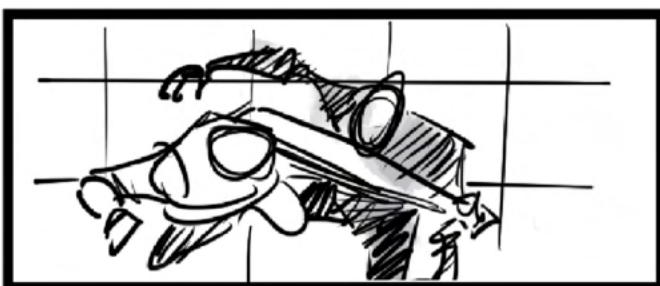
LEADING BURTON.

44.



FOLLOWING BURTON.

45.



HIGH ANGLE AS THEY EXCHANGE BLOWS.

46.

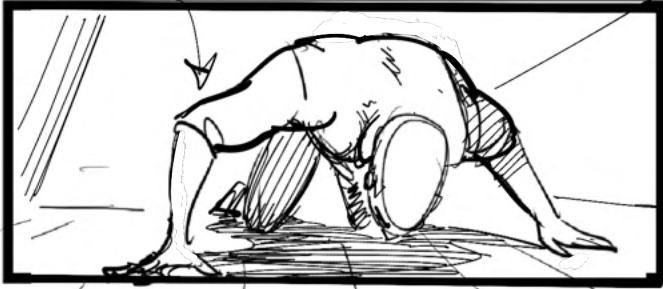


DANIEL CLOCKS BURTON.

The peripheral

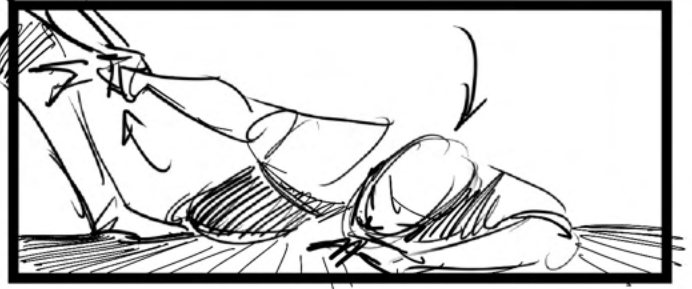
Sc 153-156

47.



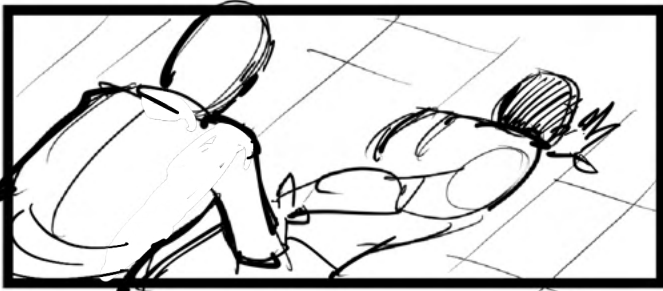
BURTON LANDS ON HIS KNEES.

48.



DANIEL PULLS HIS HAND OUT FORM UNDER HIM.

48.



BURTON ON THE GROUND

49.



DANIEL ZIP TIES FOOT TO HAND.

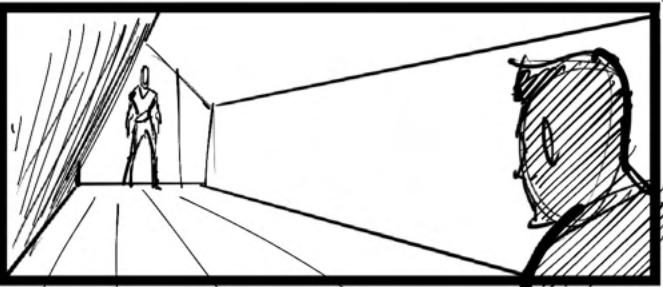
50.



51.



52.



AELITA APPEARS IN THE CORRIDOR.

53.



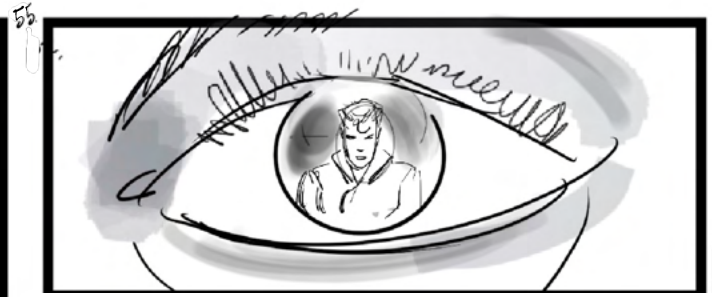
DANIEL
AELITA WEST.

The peripheral

Sc 153-156

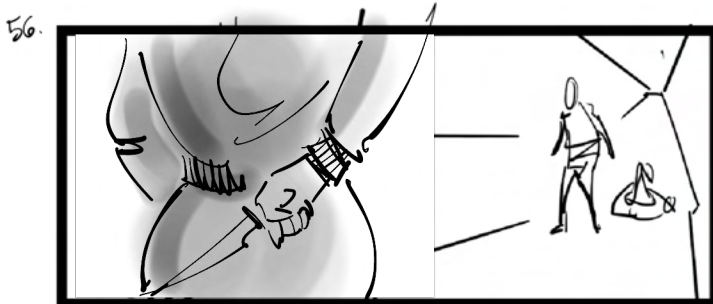


DANIEL POV: ID-ING AELITA.



ECU DANIEL'S EYE WITH THIS GRAPHIC.

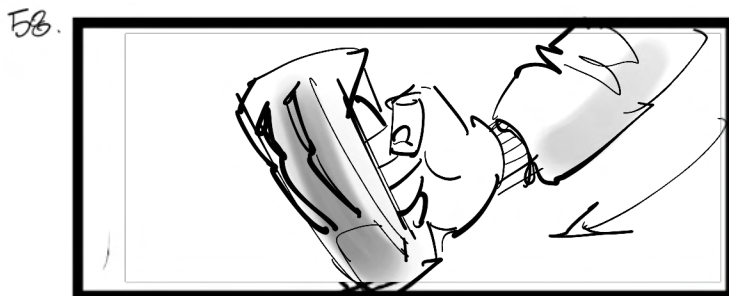
DANIEL: GRAINS AND LEGUMES.



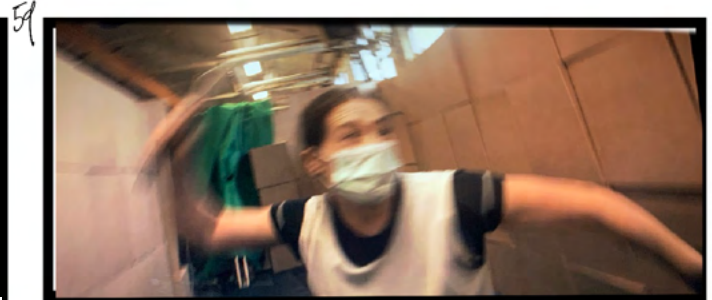
OVER AELITA TO DANIEL (KNIFE IN HAND).



DANIEL PULLS OUT THE SONIC PUNCH.



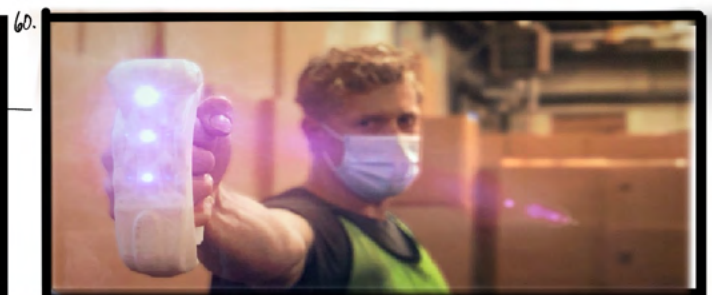
CU SONIC PUNCH.



AELITA MAKES TO THROW THE KNIFE



BUT GETS 'PUNCHED', SENDING HER BACKWARDS.



ON DANIEL WITH THE PUNCH

DANIEL (CONT'D)
HAVE YOU ENCOUNTERED ONE OF THESE BEFORE?

The peripheral

Sc 153-156

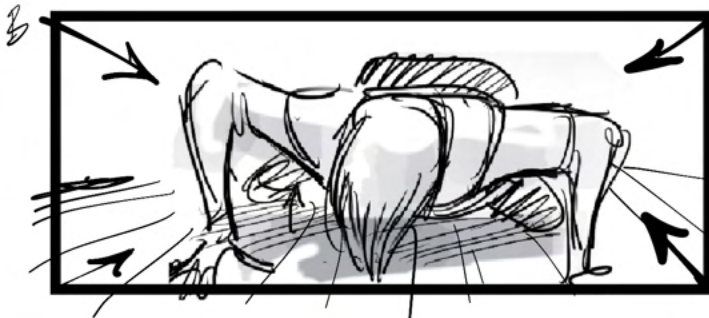


DANIEL: CLEVER LITTLE DEVICE. ...



DANIEL WALKS UP TO HER AND WE PUSH IN

DANIEL: DELIVERS A SORT OF SONIC PUNCH-
RIGHT DOWN INTO THE ORGANS.

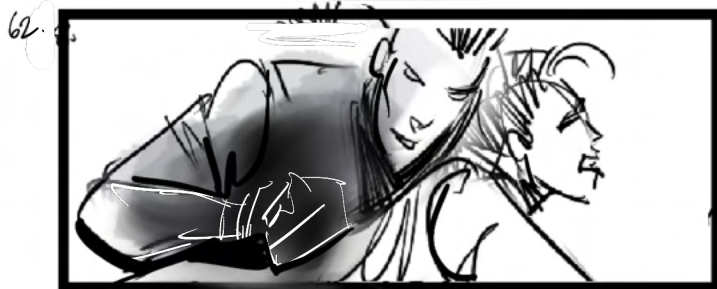


DANIEL: NEVER FELT IT MYSELF, BUT FROM
WHAT I'VE OBSERVED? IT'S RATHER
EFFECTIVE.



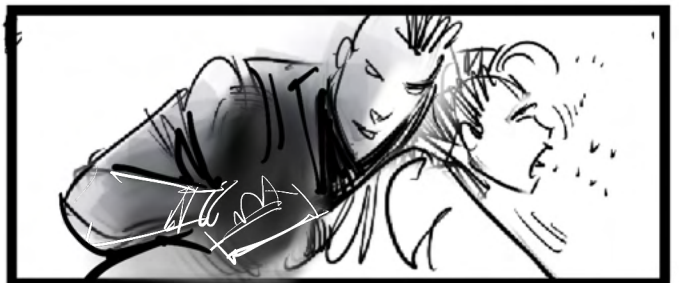
DANIEL (CONT'D)
WHO ELSE IS INVOLVED?

AELITA: FUCK OFF.



PRESSES THE PUNCH TO HER ABDOMEN.

DANIEL: IS THIS THE LIVER HERE?



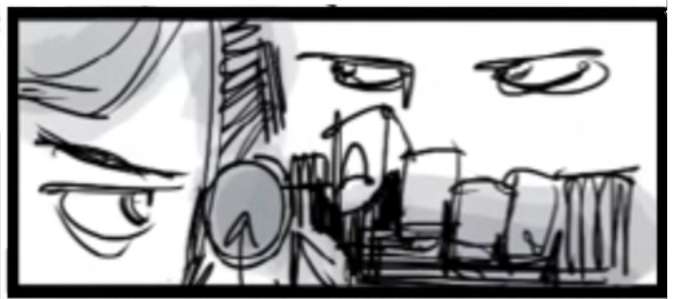
THUMP!

DANIEL (CONT'D)
OR THE SPLEEN?



ON BURTON SEEING THIS... STRUGGLING.

DANIEL (OS): I REALLY SHOULD
BRUSH UP ON MY ANATOMY.

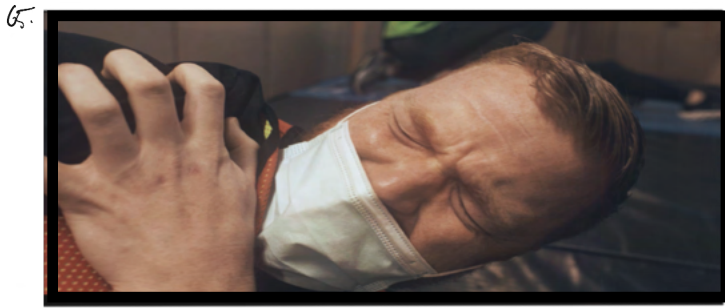


DANIEL: KNOW WHERE THE BRAIN IS, THOUGH.
AND GUESS WHAT HAPPENS THEN? NAMES,
MS. WEST. WHO'S HELPING YOU?

AELITA: NO ONE. I SWEAR.

The peripheral

Sc 153-156



BURTON IN AGONY



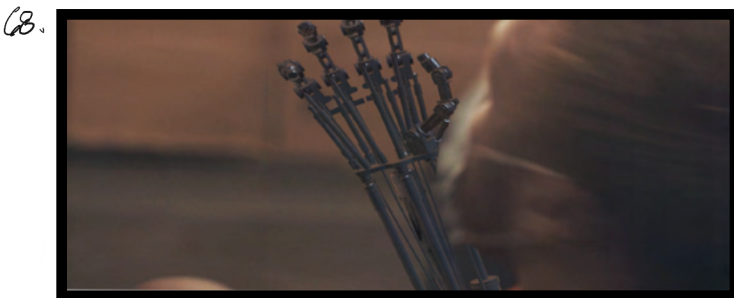
AS HE 'DE-GLOVES' HIMSELF.



ON BURTON'S BACK AS HE FREES HIMSELF.



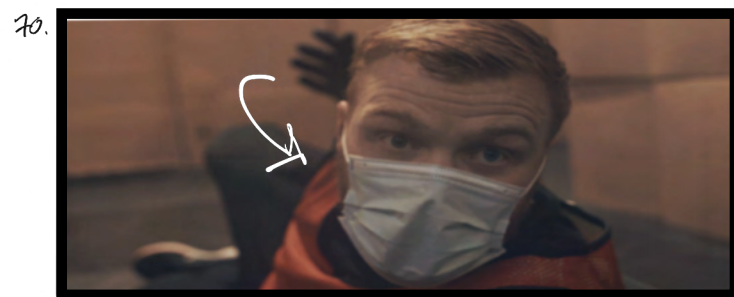
TURNS ONTO HIS BACK AND HOLDS UP HIS DE-GLOVED HAND.



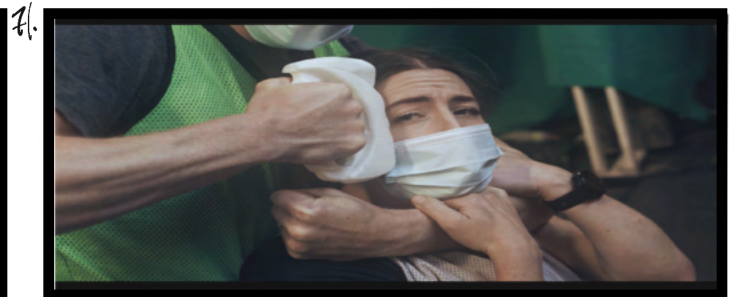
OVER BURTON TO REVEAL HIS HANDS ARTIFICIAL WORKINGS



CU ON BURTON REACTING.



THEN TURNS AS HE SEES...



PUNCH HELD TO AELITA'S HEAD.

AELITA: RUN!

The peripheral

Sc 153-156

72.



BURTON GETS ON HIS FEET.

73.



DANIEL FIRES A 'PUNCH'.

74.



...SENDING BURTON BACK (TOWARDS THE ELEVATOR).

75.



DANIEL
EASY ICE, EH? BRILLIANT. WHAT'S
YOUR REAL NAME, LAD?

76.



DANIEL LEADS US TO BURTON.

DANIEL: ONCE WE'VE CUT THIS BLOODY
THING'S HEAD OFF, WE'LL EASILY TRACE
YOUR CONNECTION.

77.



PUSH IN TO 50/50.

DANIEL: SO WHY DRAW IT OUT? WHO
ARE YOU?

77.



DANIEL BRINGS PUNCH TO BURTON'S HEAD.

DANIEL: WHERE ARE YOU?

78.

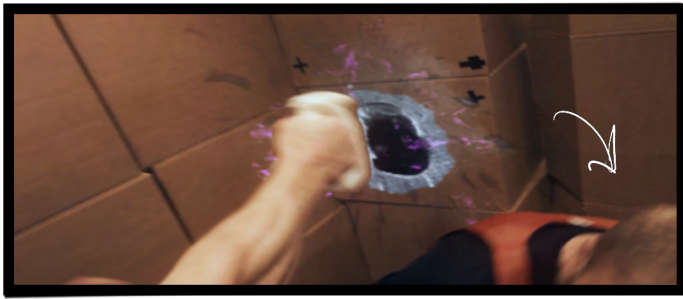


OVER DANIEL TO BURTON AS HE FIRES...

The peripheral

Sc 153-156

79 B



...BUT BURTON DUCKS OUT OF THE WAY.

80.



...AND TACKLES DANIEL.

81



REVERSE: PULL BACK AS DANIEL FALLS BACKWARDS...

82



AND THEY SUMMERSAULT OVER EACH OTHER.

81



WITH DANIEL LANDING ON TOP. HE STARTS TO EMPLOY THEIR SONIC PUNCH LIKE BRASS KNUCKLES.

82.



BACK WITH AELITA, RECOVERED.

83.



SHE RISES AND ...

84.

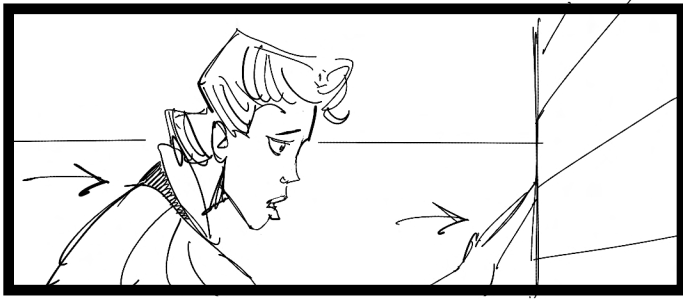


... RUNS PAST THE MEN.

The peripheral

Sc 153-156

84.



CALLS THE ELEVATOR.

85.



DANIEL RAISES THE PUNCH.

86.



BURTON PULLS HIS HAND TOWARD THE FLOOR

87.



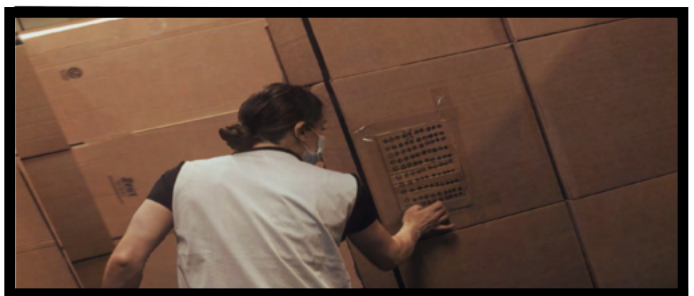
THE 'PUNCH' SENDS DANIEL FLYING INTO THE WALL.

88.



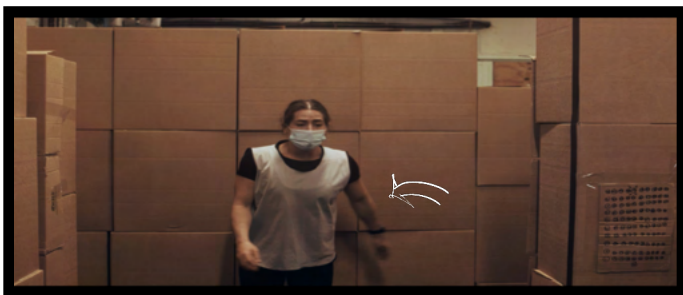
HE LANDS

89.



BACK WITH AELITA AS THE ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN

90.



AND SHE STEPS INTO THE CARRIAGE.

91.



BURTON SEES THIS.

The peripheral

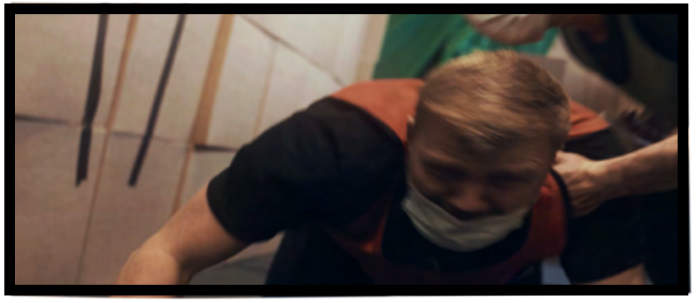
Sc 153-156

89.



ON AELITA, WATCHING AS...

90.



DANIEL GRABS BURTON...

B



PUSHES HIM INTO THE WALL.

91.



THE ELEVATOR DOORS SHUT.

92.



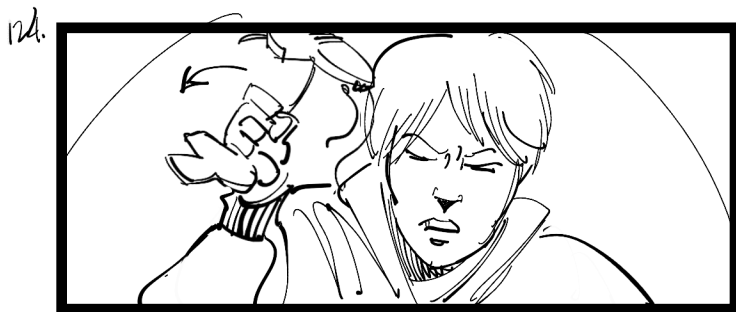
JUST AS DANIEL RAISES THE PUNCH UNDER BURTON'S CHIN

B



AND FIRES.

The peripheral 157-158



INT BURTON'S TRAILER

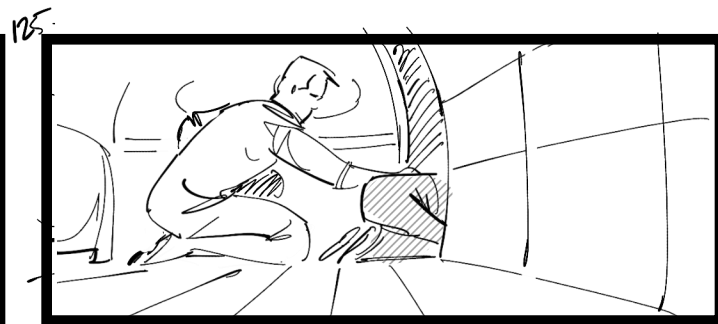
CAMERA ATTACHED TO FLYNNE.
SHE RIPS OFF THE HEADSET.



SHE JUMPS UP AND STAGGERS TO THE TRAILER'S
OPEN DOORWAY.



POKES HER HEAD OUT OF THE DOOR.



SHE DROPS TO HER KNEES AND VOMITS INTO THE
DIRT.

BURTON IS CONCERNED.



BURTON: WHAT HAPPENED?



FLYNN RISES INTO SHOT - WAITS FOR THE
NAUSEA TO PASS. WIPES HER MOUTH.

FLYNN: I'M DONE.



BURTON: BUT WHAT -

FLYNN IS IN MOTION.



**EXT BURTON'S TRAILER - FLYNN HEADS BACK TO
HOUSE, BURTON STEPS OUT OF TRAILER.**

FLYNN: NEVER AGAIN. HEAR ME?

BURTON: FLYNN -

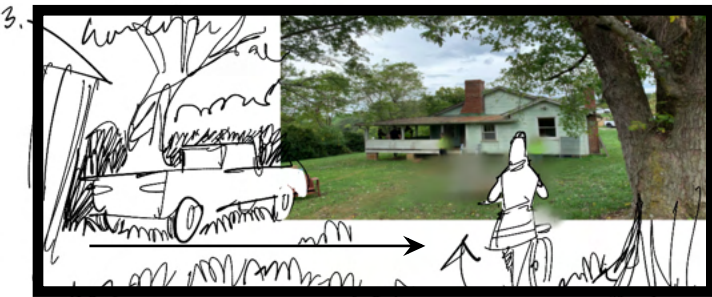
The peripheral sc 159-163



ANGLE FROM PORCH. PUSH IN AS FLYNNE RIDES PAST ON BIKE.



FLYNNE DISMOUNTS MOVES ONTO THE LAWN. SLIDE LEFT.

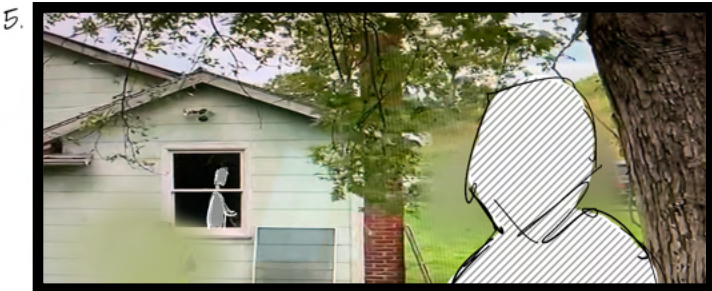


REVERSE. REVEAL BILLY ANN AND JASPER'S HOUSE.

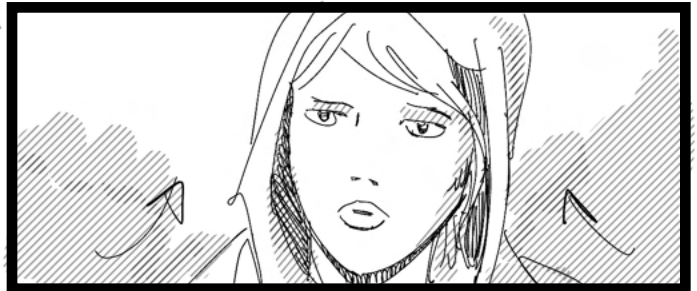
SLIDE RIGHT.



FLYNNE PARKS BIKE BY TREE.



OVER FLYNNE TO BILLY ANN WASHING DISHES IN WINDOW.



FLYNNE SMILES STEPS FORWARD... THEN STOPS AS...



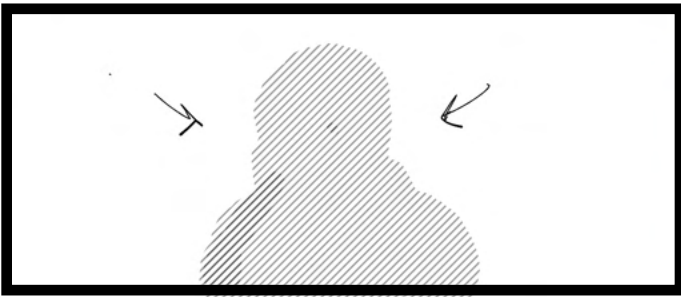
JASPER COMES UP BEHIND BILLY ANN. NUZZLES HER.



FLYNNE DEJECTED.

The peripheral 159-163

3 B



SHE RETREATS (OUT OF FOCUS).

4



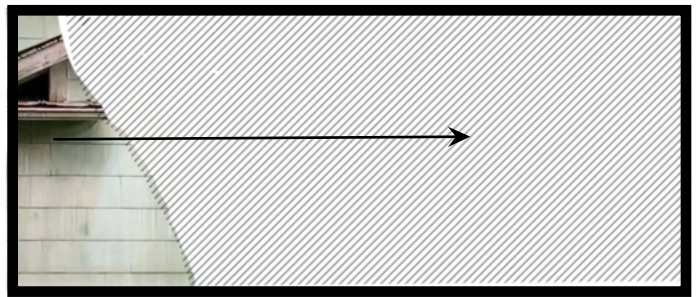
FLYNNE GATHERS HER BIKE AND EXITS.

5 B



ON BILLY ANN AND JASPER, OBLIVIOUS.

6 C

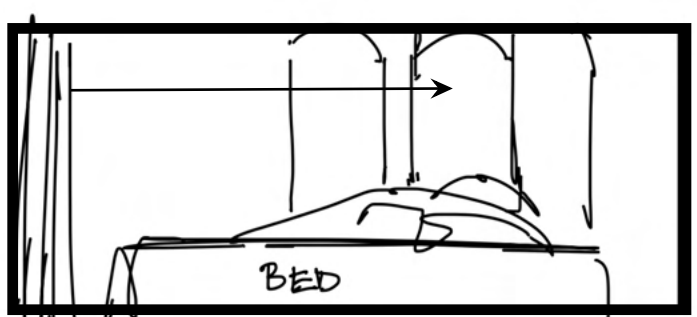


SLIDE INTO TREE AND BLACKNESS.



INT WILF'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM -
FUTURE LONDON

SLIDE OUT OF BLACK.



WILF LIES IN BED. THE SOUND OF RINGING AND A
LIGHT PULSE IN SYNC.



SLIDE ALONG BED, RINGING AND LIGHT PULSES
CONTINUE.

WILF IS FACE DOWN.



DEEPLY ASLEEP. RINGING AND PULSES GROWING
STEADILY LOUDER AND BRIGHTER.

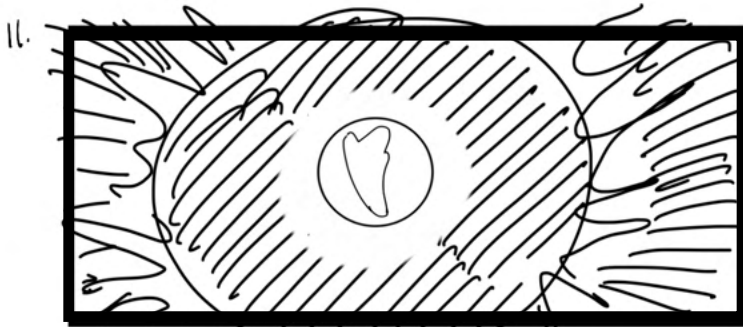
The peripheral 159-163



WILF ROLLS OVER... EXHAUSTED AND HUNGOVER.



ECU ON WILF'S EYE.



ECU ON LEFT EYEBALL TO REVEAL AN IMAGE.



WILF'S POV, THROUGH HIS IMPLANTED PHONE. A FLASHING SIGNAL, WITH WILF'S CEILING IN THE BACKGROUND.



HE TAPS HIS FINGER AND THUMB.



CLOSE UP.



CALLER'S POV.



CALLER - LEV ZUBOV.

LEV: GOOD GOD, MAN. YOU LOOK LIKE HELL.

The peripheral 159-163



GENTLE DIALOGUE MOVE IN.

WILF: THE HOUR MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT, LEV.



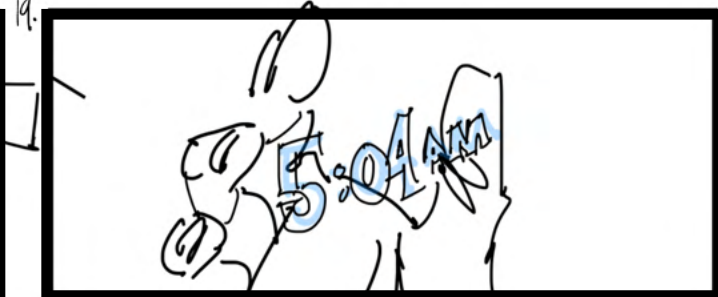
LEV: WHICH SHOULD GIVE YOU A SENSE OF URGENCY AT PLAY.



WILF STILL STRUGGLING TO ROUSE HIMSELF.

WILF: WHAT'S GOING ON?

LEV: (OS) I'LL TELL YOU WHEN YOU GET HERE.



WILF FLICK HIS HAND AND THE TIME APPEARS IN HIS PALM - 5:04AM.



WILF: IT'S FIVE IN THE FUCKING MORNING. I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE.

LEV: IT'S AELITA.



WILF: AELITA? WHAT ABOUT HER?



LEV: BEST TO SPEAK IN PERSON. I'VE SENT A CAR. IT'S WAITING DOWNSTAIRS.



THEN HE'S GONE.

The peripheral 159-163



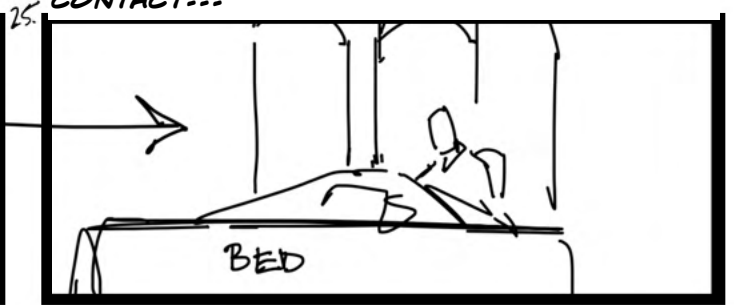
COMPUTERISED VOICE: YOU HAVE... ONE NEW MESSAGE.
SLOW PUSH IN TO WILF.
AELITA'S VOICE: CALL ME BACK. I'M IN TROUBLE.



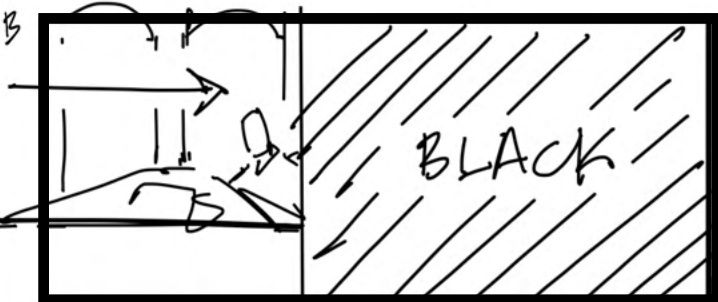
WILF SITS UP. SLOW PUSH IN. HE TAPS HIS FINGER AND THUMB YET AGAIN. A SINGLE RING.
COMPUTERISED VOICE: I'M SORRY. THE INDIVIDUAL YOU ARE ATTEMPTING TO CONTACT...



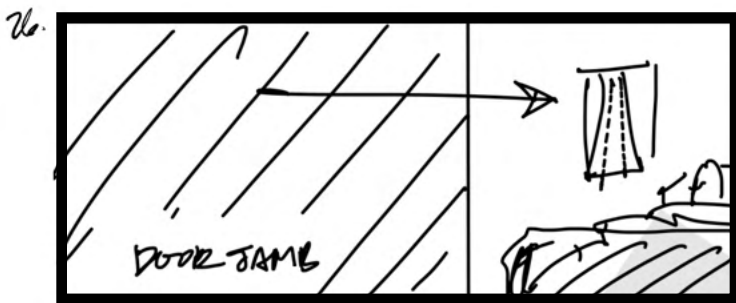
AELITA'S VOICE: AELITA WEST...
COMPUTERISED VOICE: IS NO LONGER ENROLLED ON THE NETWORK.



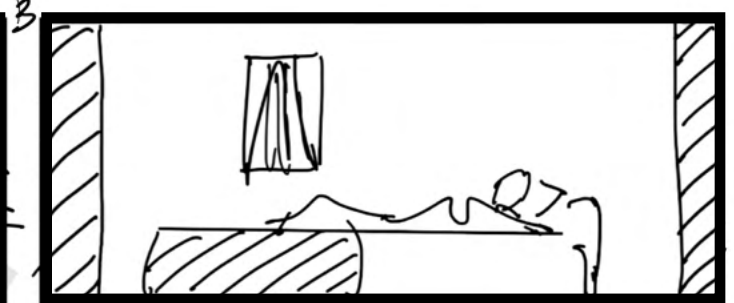
A CHIME, AND THE LINE GOES DEAD.



WILF SITS THERE, LOOKING PUZZLED - AND UNNERVED.
SLIDE OFF WILF.

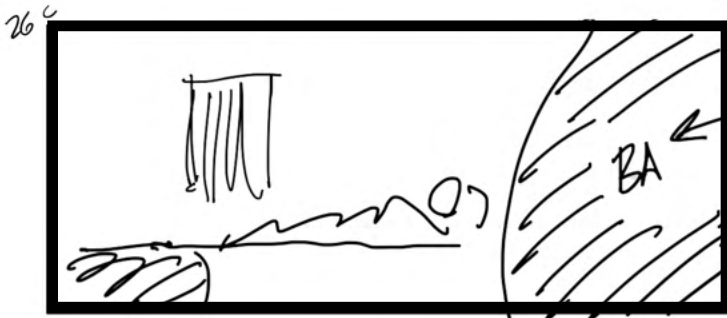


SLIDE OFF BLACK TO FLYNNE'S BEDROOM



FLYNNE IS IN HER BED.

The peripheral 159-163



A FIGURE STEPS INTO FG...

BILLY ANN: (OS) FLYNNE HARLENE FISHER...!



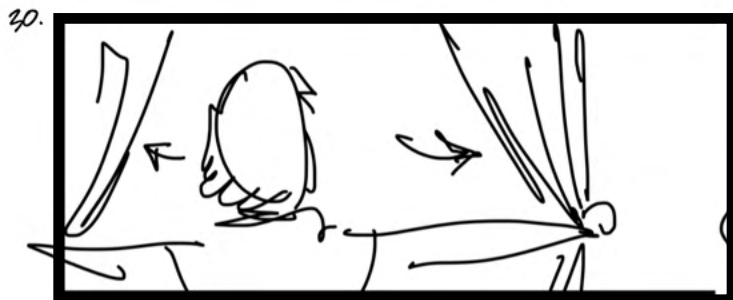
FLYNNE OPENS HER EYES TO FIND BILLY ANN IN THE DOORWAY.



BILLY ANN: I'VE BEEN WAITING OUT IN JASPER'S TRUCK, THINKING YOU WERE TIED UP TENDING TO YOUR MAMA.



BILLY ANN: (CONT) FINALLY DECIDED I OUGHTA COME IN AND LEND A HAND... AND LOOK WHAT I FIND! SHAKE A LEG, PRINCESS!



SHE BRUSQUELY ENTER THE ROOM, MOVES TO THE WINDOW, YANKS OPEN THE CURTAINS.



LETTING IN A SLAP OF LIGHT. FLYNNE SHUTS HER EYES...



... BURROWS MORE DEEPLY INTO THE COVERS.

FLYNNE: I'M CALLING IN SICK.



BILLY ANN TURNS, CONCERNED.

The peripheral 159-163

33.



BILLY ANN: WHAT'S WRONG?

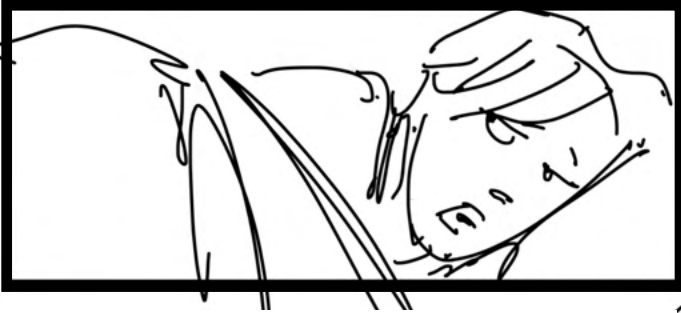
FLYNNE: EVERYTHING.

34.



BILLY ANN: KNOW WHAT DEJA VU MEANS? IF YOU TRANSLATE IT? LIKE, LITERALLY?

35.



FLYNNE IS SILENT. SO BILLY ANN ANSWERS FOR HER.

36.



BILLY ANN: "ALREADY SEEN".

37.



BILLY ANN: (CONT) SO COME ON. GET SOME CLOTHES ON -

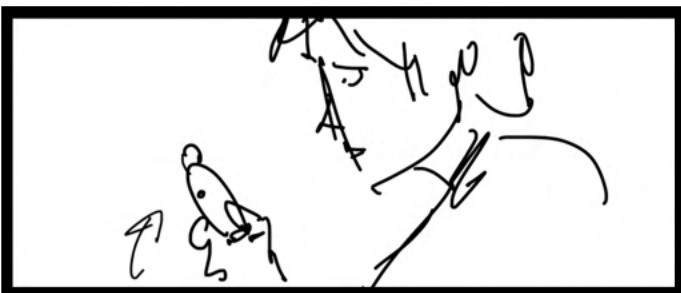
BILLY ANN GETS UP AND CROSSES TO BUREAU... THEN FREEZES, STARING INTO THE BUREAU'S TOP DRAW.

38.



SHE REACHES IN...

38.



... PULLS OUT THE TOMMY FIGURINE, HOLDS IT UP.

BILLY ANN: (CONT) YOU DIDN'T.

39.



FLYNNE THROWS BACK THE COVERS, LEAPS FROM THE BED.

FLYNNE: GIVE IT.

BILLY ANN: OH, FLYNNE. YOU DIRTY GIRL!

The peripheral 159-163

40



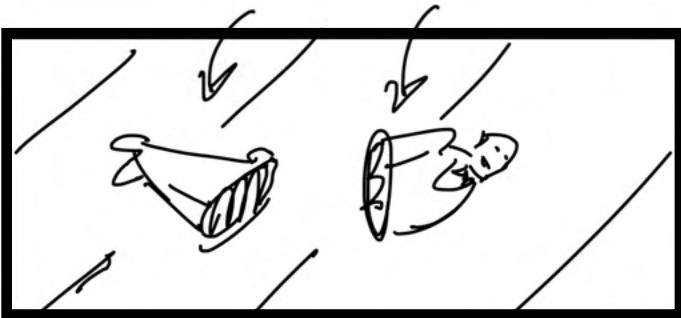
SUDDENLY FLYNNE IS IN A FRENZY...

41



SHE WRESTLES THE FIGURINE FROM BILLY ANN'S GRASP, THROWS IT.

41



... PIECES LAND ON THE FLOOR.

42



BILLY ANN: (CONT) THINK I MIGHT HAVE MISSED AN EPISODE OR TWO HERE. MIND CATCHING ME UP?

FLYNNE: JASPER'S WAITING FOR YOU.
BILLY ANN: AND HE'LL KEEP ON IT TOO..

43



BILLY ANN: THIS IS ABOUT TOMMY?

43



FLYNNE WAVES THE IDEA ASIDE, WITH AN AIR OF DISGUST.

FLYNNE: THAT'S JUST SO MUCH STUPIDITY.

44



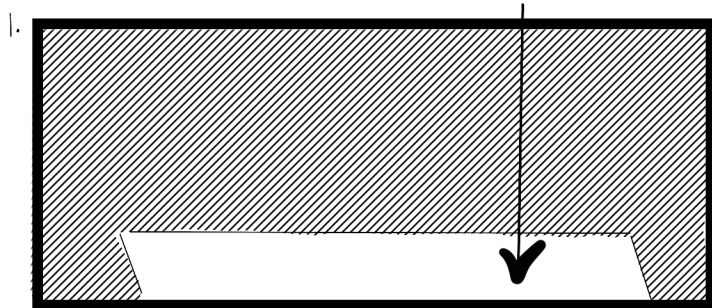
BILLY ANN: WHAT'S SO STUPID ABOUT IT?

45

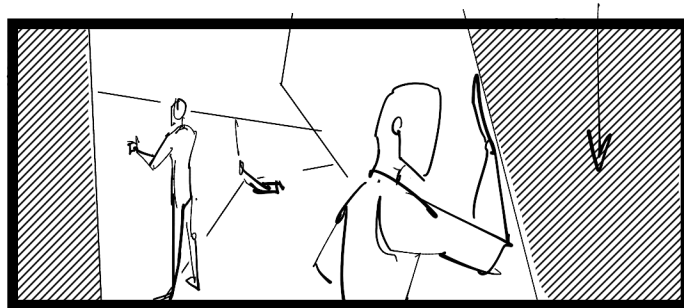


FLYNNE: IT'S NOTHING BUT A 7TH GRADE CRUSH I'VE NEVER HAD THE GOOD SENSE TO GIVE UP ON.

The peripheral sc 162



BOOM DOWN FROM BLACKNESS...



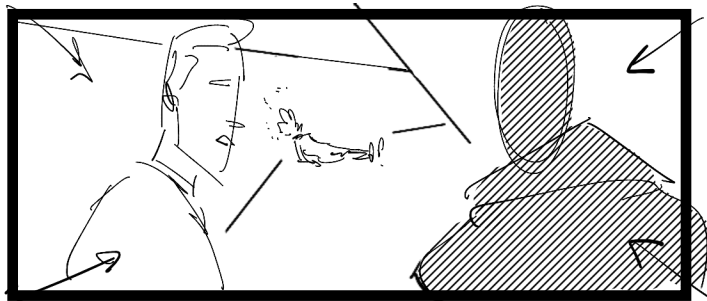
TO FIND KOIDS GATHERING EVIDENCE ON THE RI 95TH SUBFLOOR.

DANIEL (OC) THE TECHNICALS SAY IT WILL TAKE O SOME TIME TO SORT OUT WHAT SPECIFIC FILES WERE COMPROMISED.

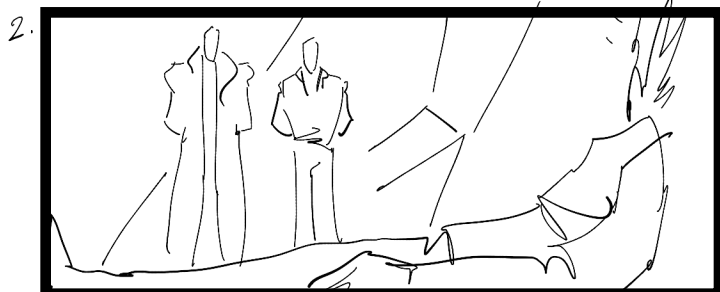


DANIEL AND CHERISE ENTER IN FG

DANIEL: ALL WE KNOW FOR THE MOMENT IS THAT THE BREACH WAS SIGNIFICANT.



DANIEL: WE'VE TRACED THE OPERATOR. HIS LOCATION AND TEMPORALITY COMPLICATES THE SITUATION OF COURSE. BUT WE'VE TAKEN THE NECESSARY STEPS TO ELIMINATE THE THREAT.



CHERISE
THOSE BEING?

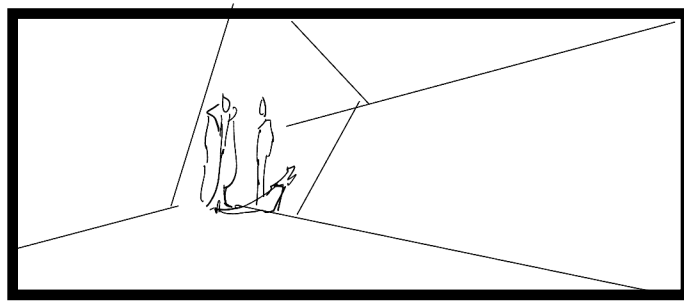
DANIEL
WE'VE PUT UP A POSTING ON SOMETHING
CALLED THE DARK WEB. IT'S A--



CHERISE
I KNOW WHAT IT IS. HAS THE OFFER
BEEN ACCEPTED?



DANIEL
ALMOST IMMEDIATELY.



CHERISE
BY A RELIABLE PARTY?

The peripheral sc 162

4b



DANIEL: EX-MILITARY. ELITE UNIT. AND WE'RE PROVIDING SOME ASSISTANCE ON THE TECHNICAL SIDE.

CHERISE: IT'S NOT JUST HIM WE NEED DEAD. IT'S ANYONE EVEN REMOTELY ASSOCIATED WITH HIM

c



DANIEL: THE POSTING WAS QUITE EXPLICIT IN THIS REGARD, MA'AM. SCORCHED EARTH.

5.



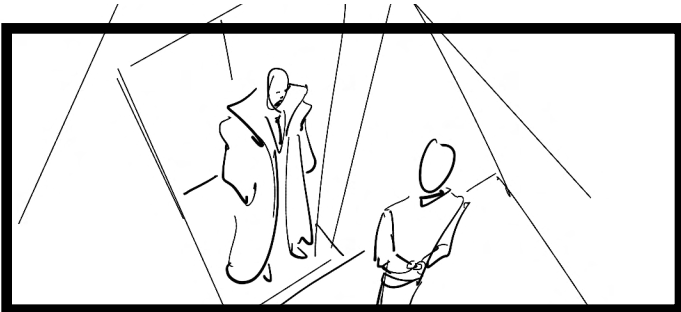
CHERISE: WHAT'S YOUR TITLE HERE?

6.



DANIEL: HEAD OF SECURITY.

7.



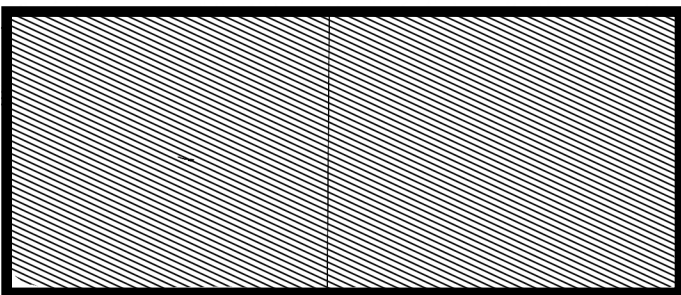
CHERISE: YOU HAVE DISAPPOINTED ME, DANIEL. I HOPE YOU KNOW THAT.

8.



DANIEL: YES DOCTOR. I'M VERY-

1b



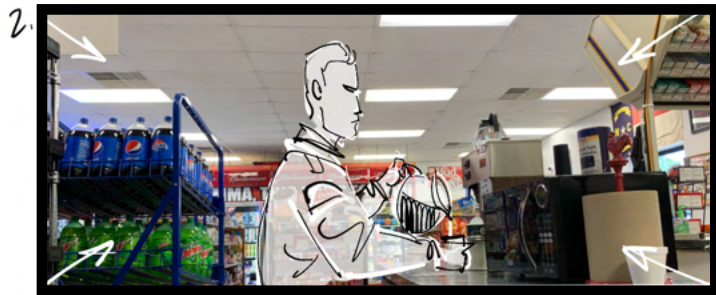
The peripheral



RISE FROM DARKNESS OUT OF BUSHES TO DISCOVER...



GAS STATION IN TENNESSEE



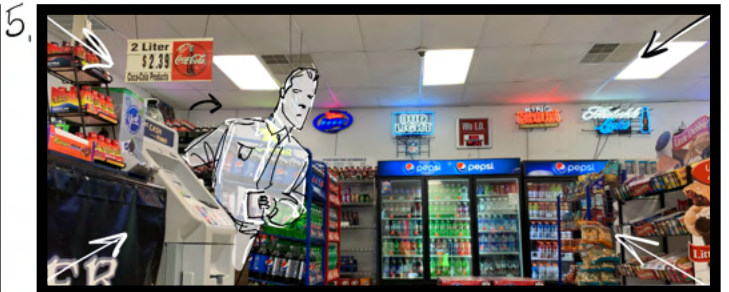
PUSH IN TO PATROLMAN POURING COFFEE INSIDE AUTO SERVE STATION.



SLOW MO COFFEE POURING.



SOUND OF SLIJS DRAWS HIS ATTENTION.



HE PEERS OUT...

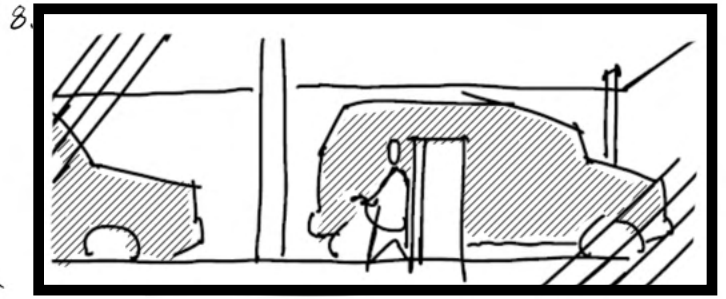


TO SEE SLICK SUV'S ARRIVE. PUSH IN.

The peripheral 164-170



CLOSER. GENTLE PUSH IN.



TROOPER POV THROUGH WINDOW. SEVERAL SUVs FUEL UP. MAN IN TACTICAL GEAR.



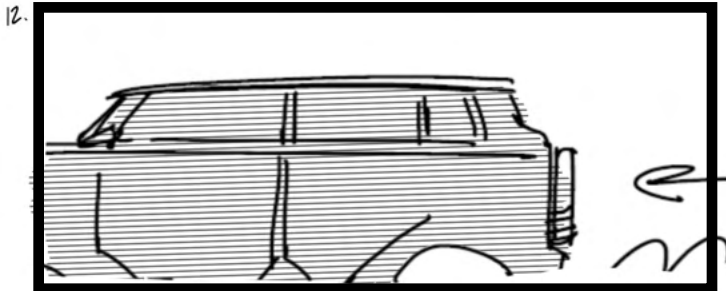
SLOW PUSH IN ON TROOPER WATCHING.



TIGHTER POV - MURPH CLIMBS INTO THE LEAD SUV WITH OTHERS.



LEAD SUV PULLS OUT. BOOM DOWN



2ND SUV DEPARTS.



...REVEALING PATROLMAN STEPPING OUT.

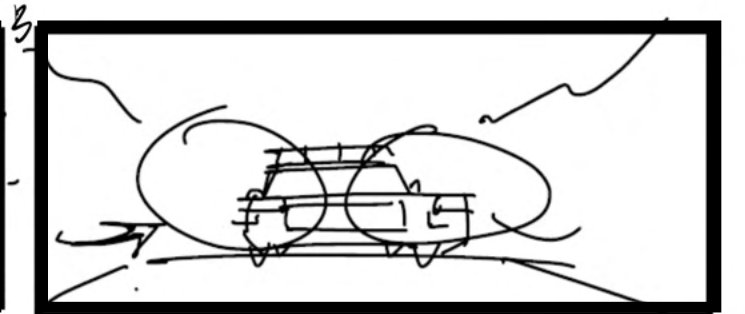


PATROLMAN MAKES A DECISION.

The peripheral 164-170



PULL BACK ALONG ROAD.



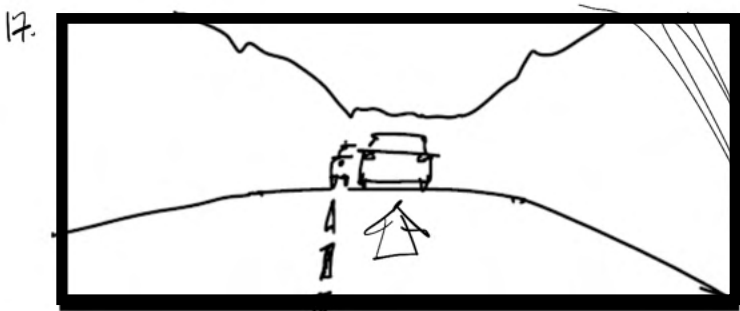
POLICE CRUISER ENTERS SHOT



VIEW THROUGH WINDSHIELD.



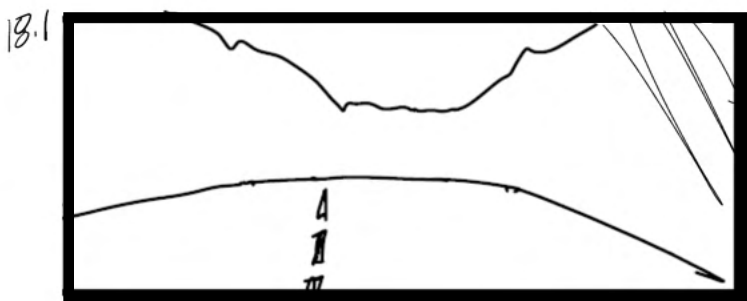
ON TROOPER FOLLOWING.



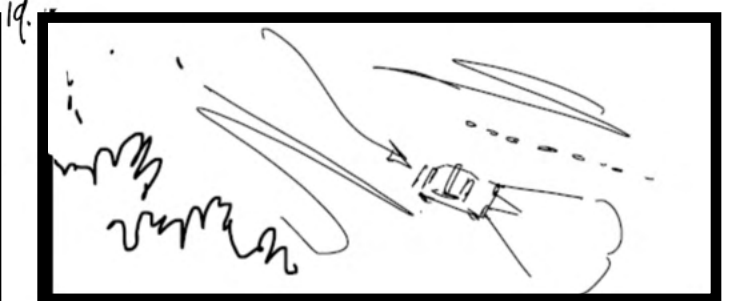
TROOPER POV - FOLLOWING SUV'S TURN CORNER.



THE TROOPER STARES IN SHOCK.



THE SUVs HAVE DISAPPEARED.

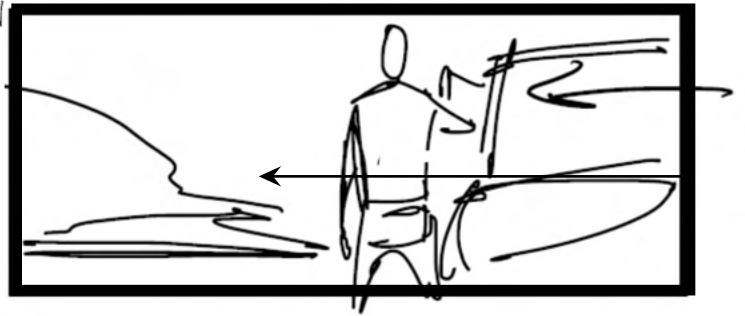


TROOPER SLOWS HIS CRUISER SLOWS, PULLS OVER.

The peripheral 164-170



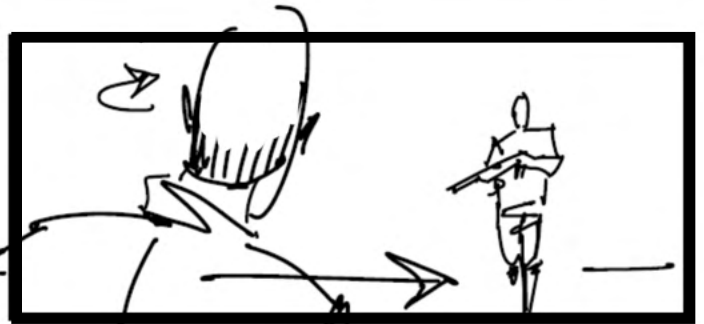
CRUISER COMES TO A STOP. TROOPER GETS OUT.



SLIDE LEFT - AS TROOPER LOOKS AROUND CONFUSED.



THE TROOPER CLOSES DOOR. THEN, THE SOUND OF ANOTHER CAR DOOR SLAMMING.



SLIDE RIGHT AS HE TURNS TO REVEAL MERCENARY

YOUNG MAN: STEP INTO THE ROAD PLEASE



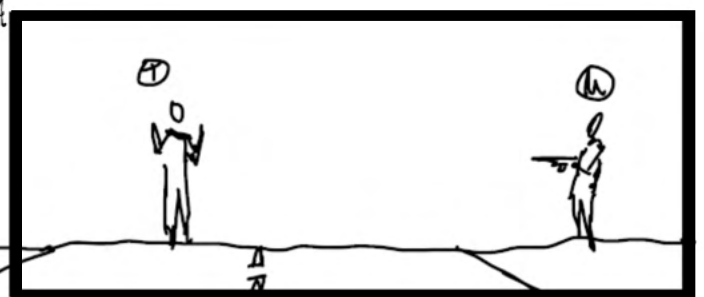
TROOPER: WHY?

ADJUST AS TROOPER STEPS INTO THE ROAD.

YOUNG MAN: CAUSE I'M GONNA SHOOT IF YOU DON'T.

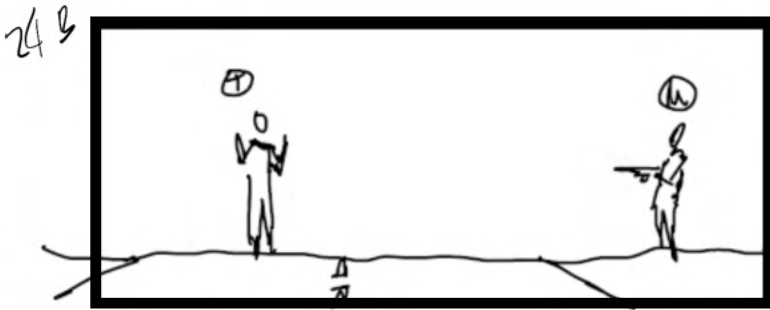


TROOPER: WHAT IN GOD'S NAME ARE YOU UP TO?



YOUNG MAN: HEADING TO CLANTON, VIRGINIA. GOT ANOTHER FOUR HOURS DRIVING OR SO, IF WE MIND THE SPEED LIMIT.

The peripheral 164-170



TROOPER: AND WHAT'S IN CLANTON?

YOUNG MAN: EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITY ...BUT A STATE TROOPER WITH A BULLET IN HIM MIGHT COMPLICATE THE SITUATION.



TROOPER: WELL, GLAD TO HEAR WE GOT THE SAME GOAL AT LEAST. CAUSE I'D REALLY RATHER NOT END UP DEAD OUT HERE.



YOUNG MAN: DIDN'T SAY NOTHING ABOUT YOU NOT ENDING UP DEAD.



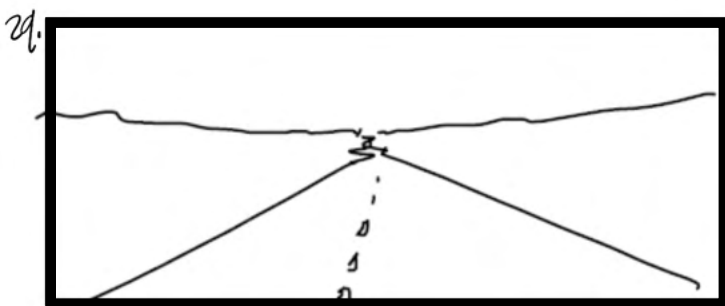
WE HEAR A SUV APPROACHING. THE TROOPER PEERS UP THE ROAD - THERE'S NOTHING IN SIGHT.



THE SOUND IS GETTING LOUDER.



TROOPER CONFUSED.

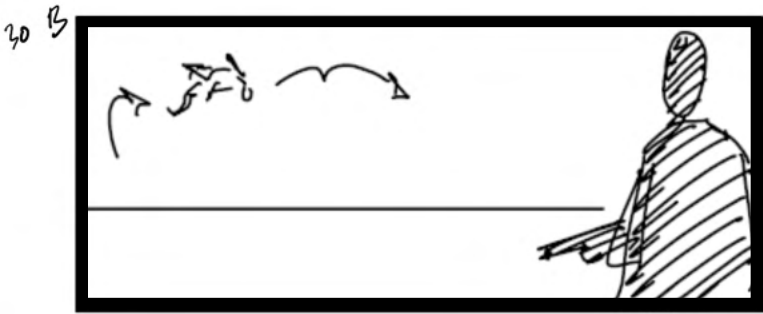


TROOPER POV - MAYBE SEE A GLINT OF SOMETHING



TROOPER TRIES TO GET OFF THE ROAD...

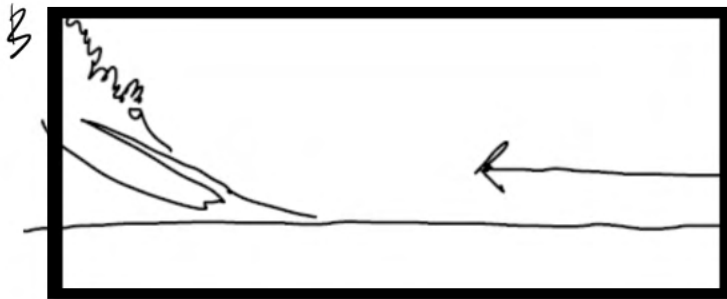
The peripheral 164-170



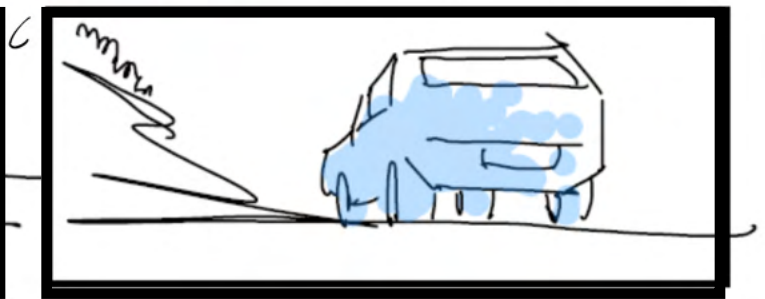
HE'S TOO LATE - HIT BY INVISIBLE SUV.



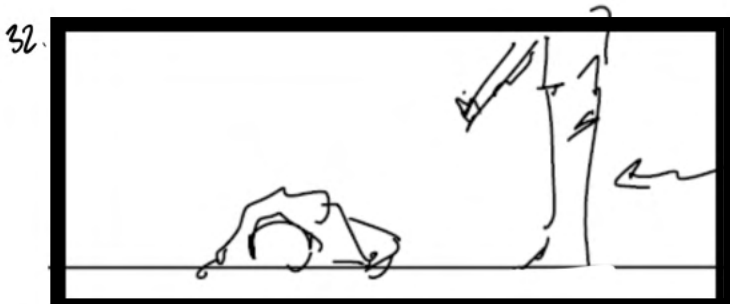
TROOPER FLIPS OVER INVISIBLE HOOD AND LANDS ON THE GROUND.



SLIDE LEFT - EMPTY ROAD. WE HEAR SUV BREAK.



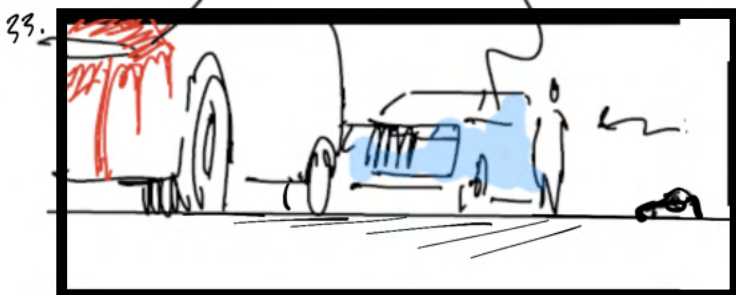
THEN SEE THE SUV DECLOAK.



YOUNG MAN WALKS OVER, CROUCHES BESIDE THE TROOPER'S BROKEN BODY. STARES DOWN AT HIM.



YOUNG MAN: HIT AND RUN, THE OTHER HAND? THAT'S NOT GONNA SET OFF SO MANY ALARMS.

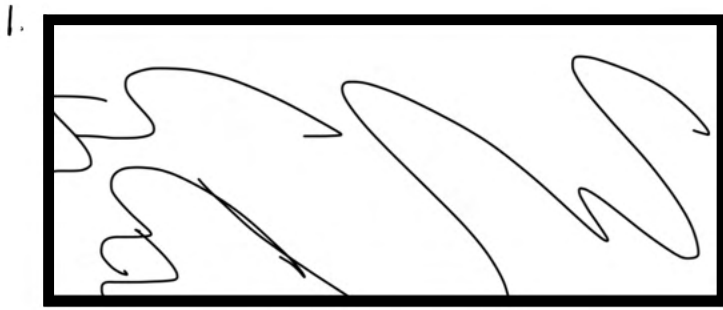


THE OTHER SUV REAPPEARS - DECLOAKED. MERC GETS IN.

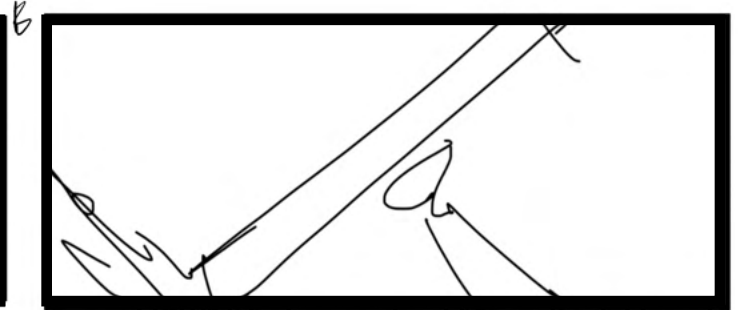


SUVS DRIVE AWAY. GENTLE PUSH IN TO DEAD TROOPER.

The peripheral 171



EXT FOREVER FAB. WATER SPLASHES ON WINDOW.



SQUEEGEE WIPES FRAME



RACK TO FLYNNE'S REFLECTION IN THE GLASS.



WIDE TO REVEAL FLYNNE CLEANING THE FRONT WINDOW OF FOREVER FAB.

SLOW PUSH IN.



HER PHONE RINGS.



CALLER ID READS: MILAGROS COLDRIEN.

FLYNNE TAPS THE SCREEN TO ANSWER.



SLOW BOOM UP

FLYNNE: HOW'D YOU GET THIS NUMBER?

WILF: MS. FISHER?

FLYNNE: ASKED A QUESTION.



WILF: FINDING YOUR NUMBER HAS HONESTLY BEEN THE LEAST CHALLENGING OF MY -

FLYNNE: WELL, DON'T CALL IT AGAIN.

WILF: YOU'RE IN GRAVE DANGER. IT'S CRUCIAL YOU LISTEN TO ME.

The peripheral 171



FLYNNE HANGS UP AND QUICKLY BLOCKS THE NUMBER.



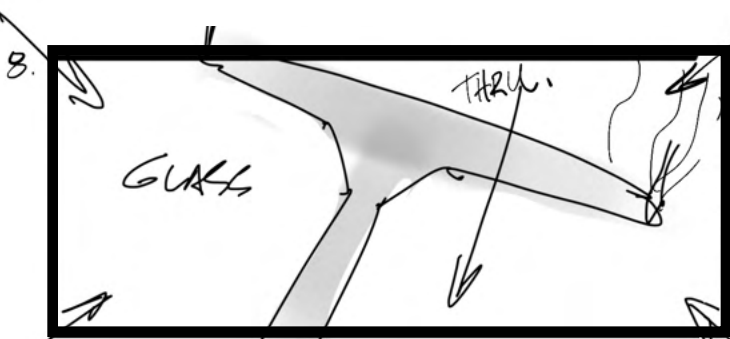
FLYNNE TURNS BACK TO THE TASK AT HAND.



...SHE STARTS TO SQUEEGEE THE SOAPY WATER.



PUSH IN TOWARD THE WINDOW AS FLYNNE CONTINUES TO WORK.



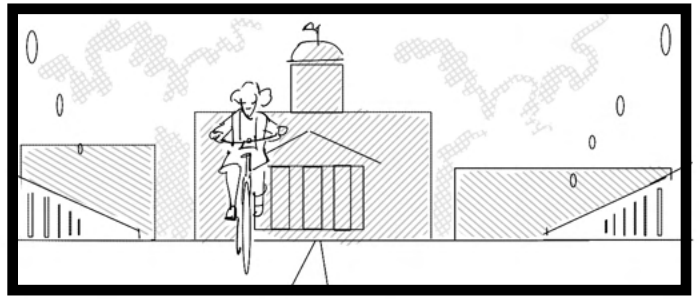
CLOSER CONTINUING TO PUSH IN. THE SQUEEGEE WIPES FRAME, REVEALING..



A STICKER ON THE WINDOW - "PROUD MEMBER, CLANTON, VA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE"

END
- OF -
EPISODE

The peripheral sc 201



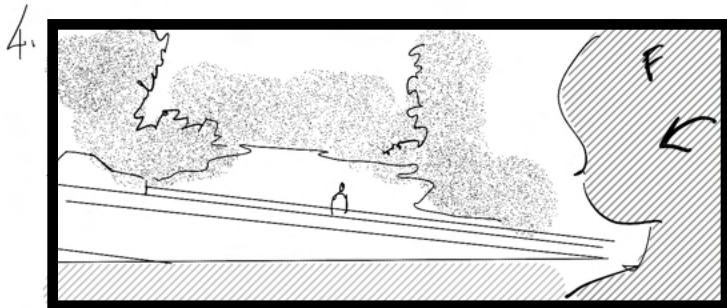
LONG LENS SHOT OF FLYNNE RIDING BIKE OVER BRIDGE FROM CLANTON.



SHE STOPS.



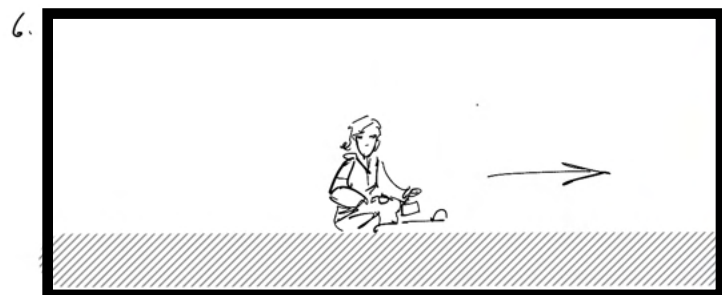
SEES...



OTS FLYNNE: SOMEONE ON THE OTHER BRIDGE. TRUCK PARKED CLOSE BY.



REVERSE: IT'S TOMMY. FLYNNE IN THE BG.

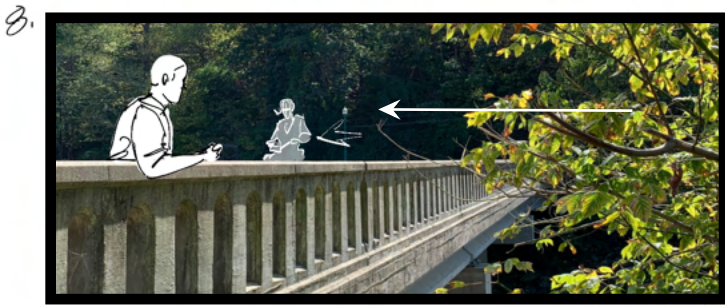


FLYNNE STARTS FORWARD ON HER BIKE.

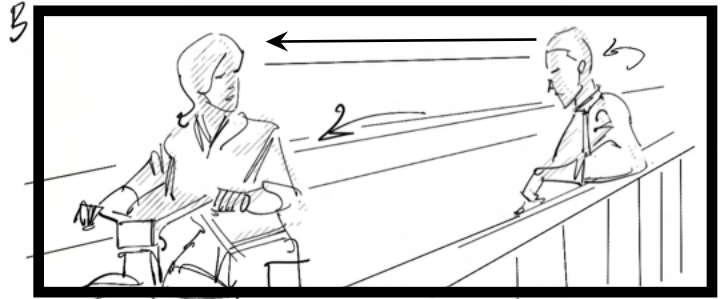


FLYNNE RIDES UP TO TOMMY.

The peripheral sc 201



FLYNNE: WOULD'VE GUESSED YOU WERE FISHING, TOMMY. FROM A DISTANCE.



FLYNNE: BUT IF SO, SEEMS LIKE YOU FORGOT SOME ESSENTIAL GEAR. LIKE A POLE, FOR STARTERS.

TOMMY SMILES. SHAKES HIS HEAD.

TOMMY: JUST THINKING.



FLYNNE: AIN'T GONNA PRY, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE WAITING FOR.



TOMMY LOOKS AT HER FOR A BEAT...



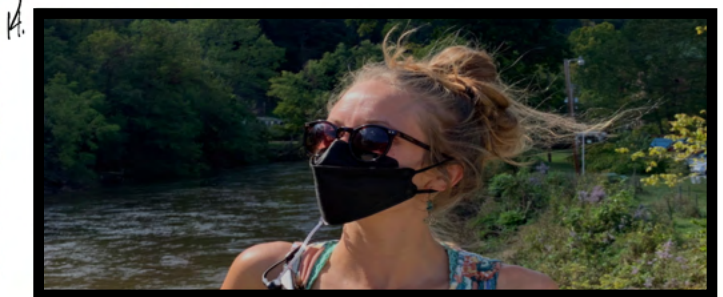
THEN TURNS TO THE WATER.



TOMMY POV: OF WATER PASSING UNDER THE BRIDGE.



TOMMY: YOU REMEMBER THAT NIGHT, AT REGINA ALBERT'S PARTY?



FLYNNE: THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE THINKING ON?

The peripheral sc 201

15.



TOMMY: HOW COME YOU NEVER SAID NOTHING ABOUT IT, AFTERWARD?

16.



FLYNNE: IT'S NOT LIKE YOU WERE STEPPING FORWARD YOURSELF, TOMMY.

17.



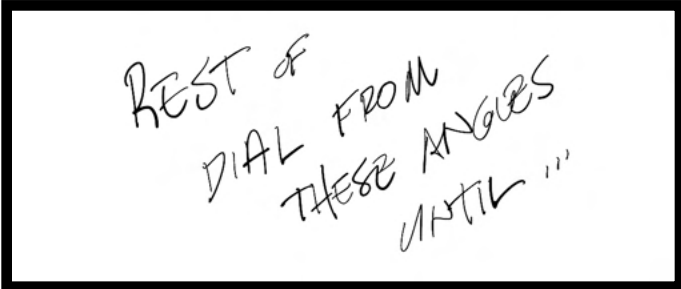
TOMMY: NOT TRUE. I DROVE BY YOUR HOUSE THE NEXT AFTERNOON.

18.



FLYNNE: YEAH. WITH A BOUQUET, I BET.

TOMMY: I'M SERIOUS, FLYNNE. KNOCKED ON YOUR FRONT DOOR, LIKE A PROPER SUITOR. YOUR MAMA WENT UP TO TELL YOU. BUT YOU NEVER CAME DOWN.



19.



TOMMY: AIN'T BITING, SEEMS LIKE.

20.



TOMMY SMILES AT FLYNNE. TURNS AND HEADS FOR HIS TRUCK.

21.



CLOSE ON FLYNNE, FEELING THIS MOMENT SLIP AWAY.

The peripheral sc 201

22.



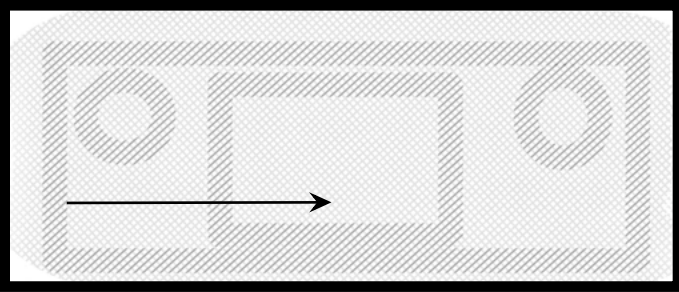
WIDE: TOMMY WALKS TO HIS TRUCK.

23.



OVER TOMMY TO FLYNNE AS HE GOES AROUND TO DRIVER'S SIDE. SLIDE RIGHT...

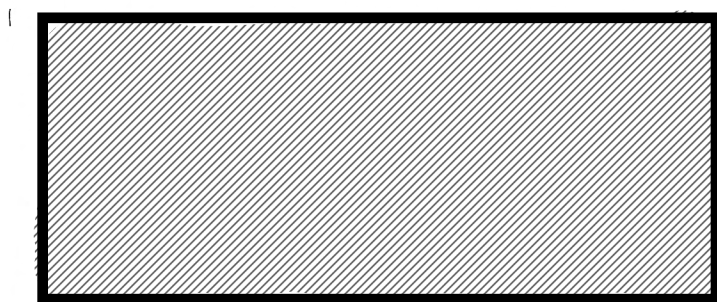
B



C

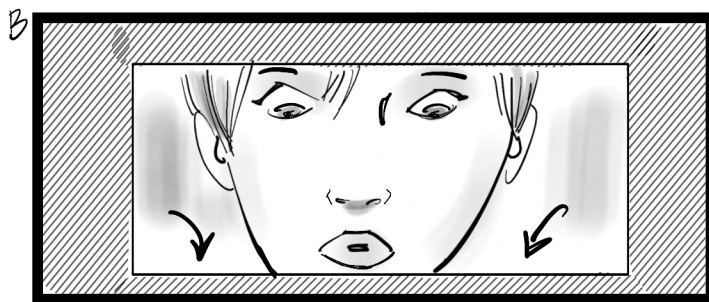


The peripheral SC 202-206



INT FAB - NIGHT

DARKNESS



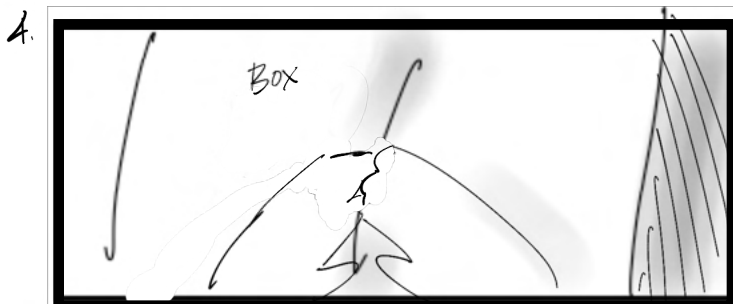
GIVES WAY TO REVEAL FLYNNE.



FLYNNE BOX FROM BEHIND COUNTER.



SHE STARES AT IT...



THEN FLIPS THE LID OPEN.



INSIDE ARE THE TOMMY AND DEE DEE FIGURINES.



FLYNNE SHUTS THE LID.



SHE STARTS TO PIN HER HAIR INTO A DEE DEE-LIKE BUN. TAKES A SELFIE.

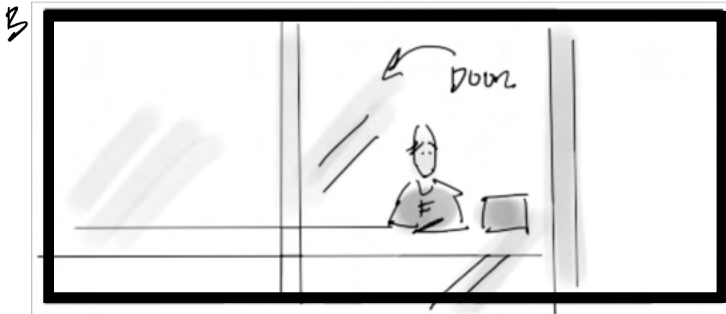
The peripheral SC 202-206



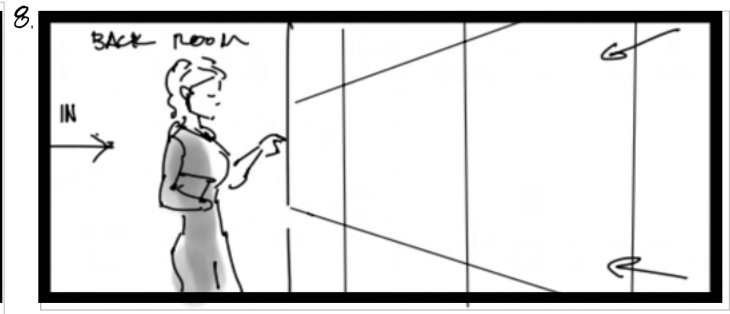
BANG: EDWARD HAS THROWN OPEN THE DOOR.
EDWARD: MIND LOCKING UP, WE'VE GOT PLANS?
HE AND MACON MARCH THROUGH THE SHOT.



EXT FORVER FAB
MACON AND EDWARD EXIT.
EDWARD: THANKS...!



...AND THEY ARE GONE LEAVING FLYNNE ALONE INSIDE.



FLYNNE COMES INTO THE **BACKROOM** - TURNING OFF **PRINTERS AND THE LIGHTS.**



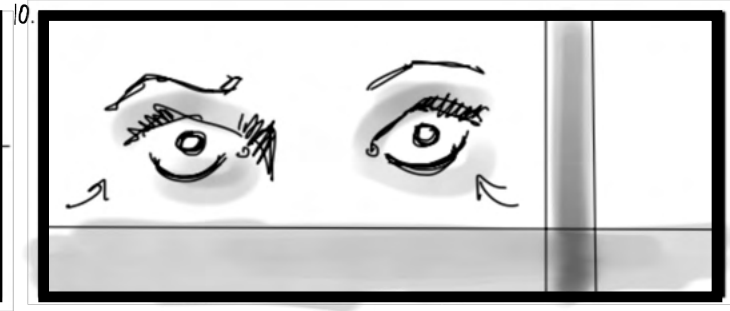
SHE RETURNS TO FRONT DESK: PUSH IN - FLYNNE SHUTS DOWN THE **REGISTER.**



AS SHE'S DOING THIS THE **BACKROOM LIGHTS FLICKER.**

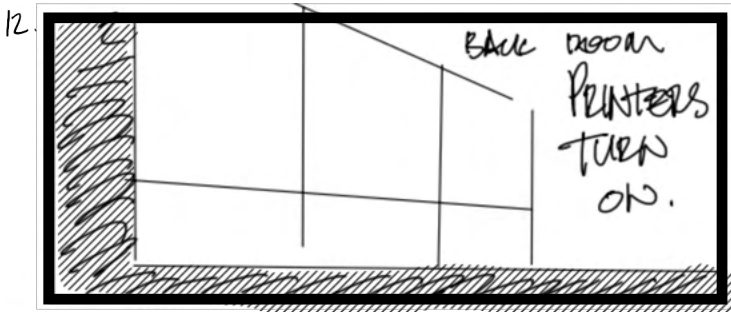


SHE TURNS...



... STARES THROUGH A **PRINTER AT...**

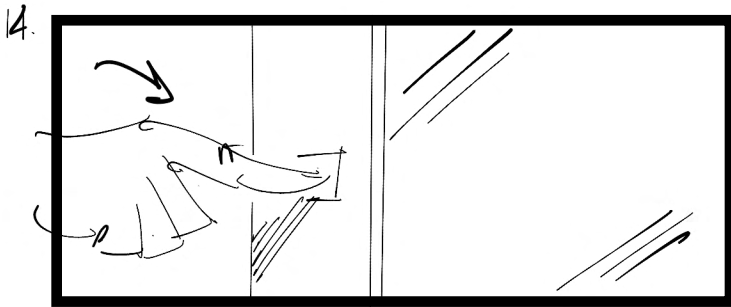
The peripheral SC 202-206



12. **FLYNN'S POV: BACK ROOM, THE PRINTERS COME ON TOO.**



13. **LEAD FLYNNE AS SHE RETURNS TO THE BACK ROOM AND IS ABOUT TO TURN OFF THE PRINTERS WHEN----**



14. **FIRST PRINTER: IT'S OF CRITICAL IMPORTANCE..**



15. **THROUGH THE PRINTER.**

FIRST PRINTER: (CONT) THAT YOU SIGN BACK INTO THE SIM IMMEDIATELY, MRS. FISHER. YOU ARE IN--



16. **REVERSE: SHE HITS THE OFF BUTTON ON THE FIRST PRINTER,**

SLIDE RIGHT AS THE SECOND PRINTER (FG) TAKES UP THE MESSAGE.



17. **FLYNNE TURNS, RACK FOCUS TO THE DISPLAY.**

SECOND PRINTER: ...IN GRAVE DANGER. AN AD HAS BEEN POSTED ON THE DARK NET. OFFERING A NINE MILLION DOLLAR BOUNTY, FOR A--



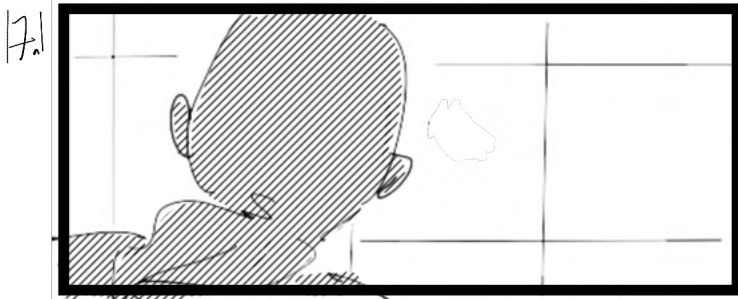
18. **FLYNN SLAPS THIS PRINTER OFF, TOO.**



19. **HER REACTION...**

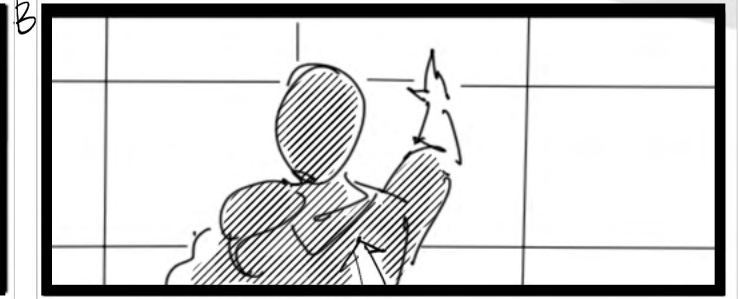
Blk Flynn looks up at...

The peripheral SC 202-206

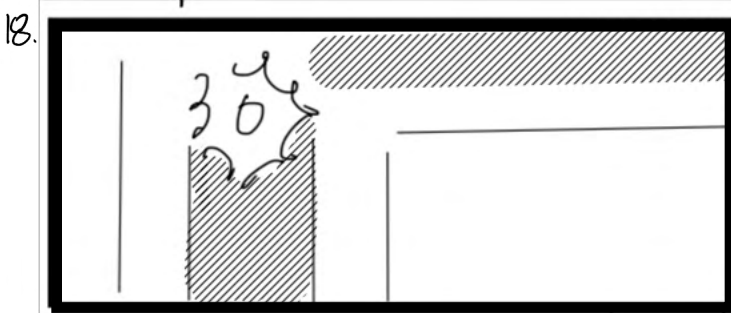


REVERSE: A THIRD PRINTER ON OPPOSITE WALL IMMEDIATELY TAKES UP THE MESSAGE.

THIRD PRINTER: - CONTRACT KILLING.



FLYNNE SHUTS IT OFF.



PRINTER LIGHT TURNS BACK ON.



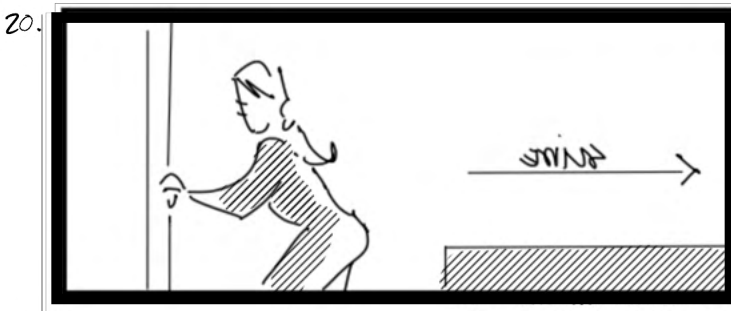
FIRST AND SECOND PRINTER: - OFFER HAS BEEN ACCEPTED, BY A PARTY OUT OF MEMPHIS.



FLYNNE, THOROUGHLY FREAKED OUT, RETREATS TO THE DOORWAY.



SLAM!

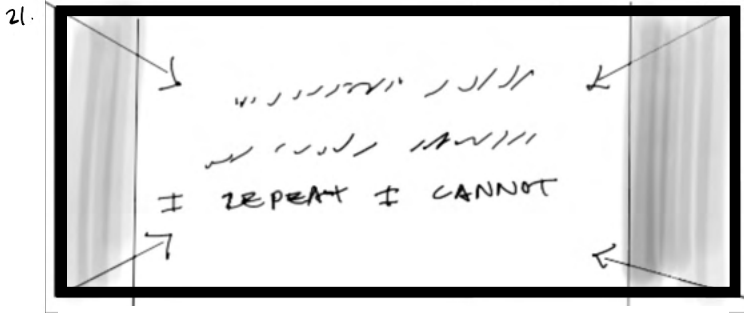


FLYNNE SHUTS THE DOOR AS CAMERA SLIDES LEFT.



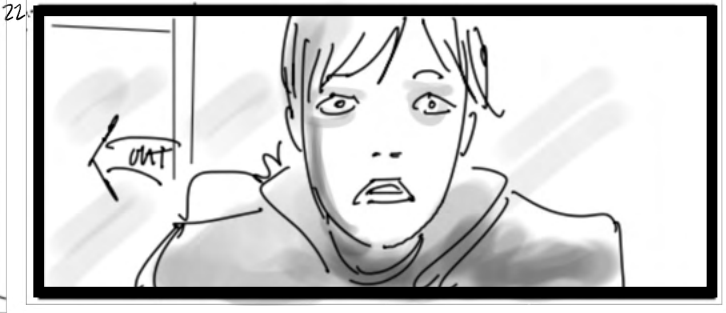
CASH REGISTER: I CANNOT ASSIT YOU IN THIS EMERGENCY UNLESS YOU SIGN BACK IN.

The peripheral SC 202-206

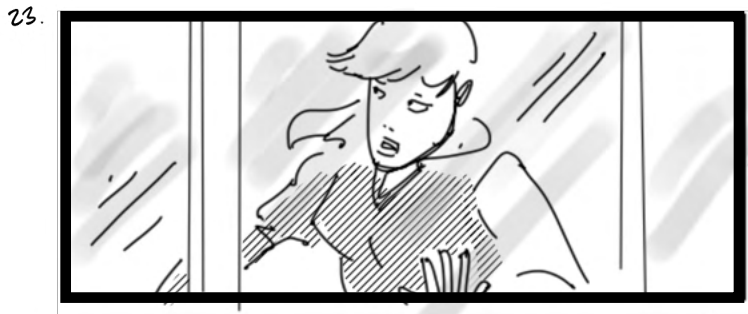


PUSH INTO REGISTER WITH TEXT.

CASH REGISTER: I REPEAT, I CANNOT-



FLYNNE BOLTS FOR THE FRONT DOOR.



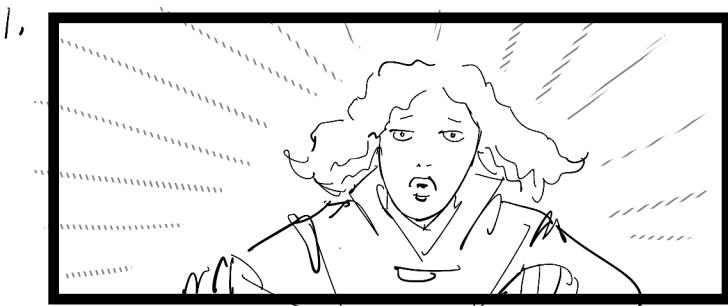
EXT FOREVER FAB

REVERSE: FLYNNE OPENS THE DOOR.



THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT BEHIND HER.

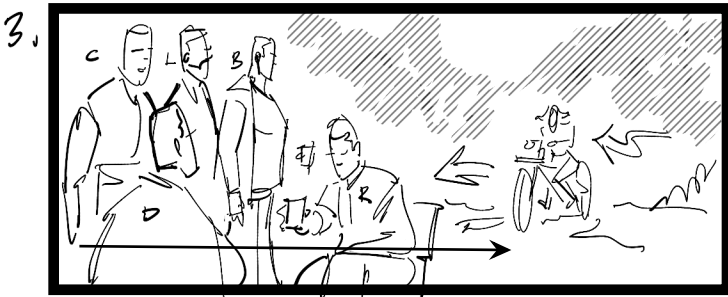
The peripheral sc 208-209



FLYNNE RIDES UP TO THE TRAILER.



BOOM DOWN: FLYNNE RIDES UP TO THE TRAILER.



SLIDE RIGHT AS FLYNNE RIDES UP TO THE BOYS AND GETS OFF THE BIKE.

FLYNNE
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR BERET, REECE?



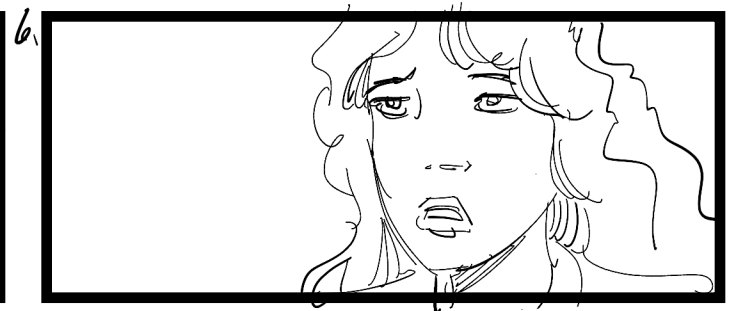
TRACK (STEADICAM) FLYNNE AS SHE APPROACHES.

REECE: THE MIGHTY FLYNNE. THANKS FOR ALL
YOUR DERRING-DO THE OTHER DAY.



FLYNNE: A GUY FROM THAT COMPANY HAS
BEEN TRYING TO CONTACT ME.

BURTON: WHAT COMPANY?



FLYNNE: COLOMBIAN ONE: MILAGROS
WHATEVER. HE HACKED THE PRINTERS AT
FAB. HE SAYS SOMEONE'S PUT A HIT ON US.

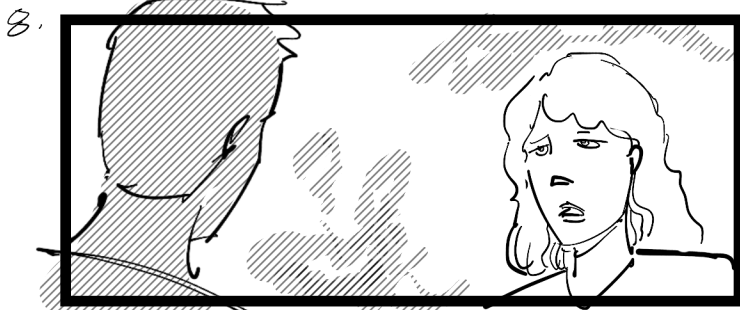


BEAT.



LAUGHTER.

The peripheral sc 208-209



FLYNNE: YOU CAN LAUGH. BUT HE WENT A FAIR WAY TOWARDS FREAKING ME OUT.

BURTON: HE SAY WHY?

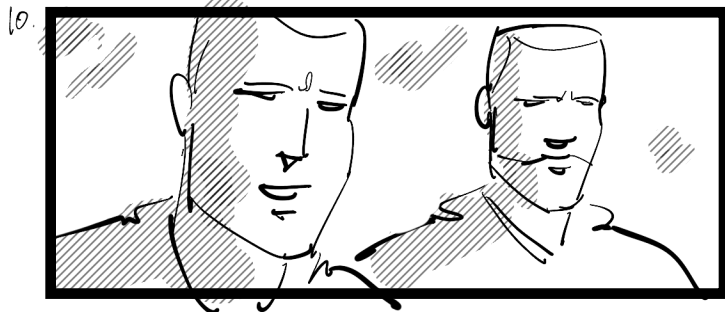


FLYNNE: ONLY THAT I NEED HELP TO SIGN IN AGAIN, SO HE CAN HELP.

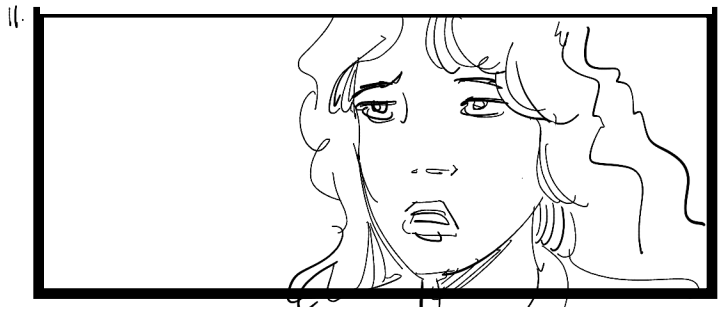
BURTON: HE'S JUST TRYING TO SCARE YOU. I'LL CALL TOMORROW.

FLYNNE: WHY NOT NOW?

BURTON: CAUSE I GOT COMPANY, FLYNNE.



CARLOS: ... HE'S MAYBE A LITTLE TOO DRUNK TO FIND HIS PHONE.



THE OTHERS LAUGH AT THIS.



BUT FLYNNE'S HAD ENOUGH; SHE TURNS WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD.



LEAD FLYNNE AWAY FROM BOYS.

BURTON: GRAB US THAT TWELVE PACK FROM THE FRIDGE, WILL YOU?

FLYNNE: IF YOU'RE TOO DRUNK TO FETCH IT, YOU'RE TOO DRUNK TO DRINK IT.



FLYNNE RIDES AWAY.

RECCE: WHAT'S SHE TALKING ABOUT?

BURTON: SIM DEVELOPER, HIRED ME FOR A JOB.



CARLOS: HIRED YOUR AVATAR, THAT IS. MEANING FLYNNE.

The peripheral sc 208-209



THEY ALL LAUGH. EXCEPT REECE. BURTON EYES HIM.



ON REECE: QUIET.



BURTON: WHATEVER YOU'RE THINKING? MIGHT AS WELL GO AND SAY IT.

REECE: CONNER.

BURTON: WHAT ABOUT HIM?

REECE: JUST THE THING WE'VE ALL AGREED TO NEVER TALK ABOUT.



REECE: JUST THE THING WE'VE ALL AGREED TO NEVER TALK ABOUT. HOW YOUR UNIT HAD INTEL ABOUT THAT SITUATION--THE ONE THAT GOT HIM ALL BLOWN UP. AND CONNER CHOSE NOT TO PAY IT ANY MIND.



BURTON: YEAH, WELL. FELT A LITTLE MORE COMPLICATED THAN THAT AT THE TIME.

REECE: OPEN TO INTERPRETATION, YOU MEAN?



BURTON: EXACTLY.

REECE: LIKE A NINE MILLION DOLLAR BOUNTY?

BURTON: YOU SERIOUS?



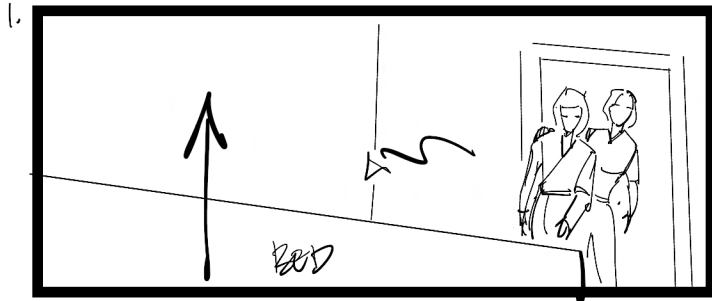
REECE: JUST SAYING: MAYBE YOU WANNA THINK ON HIM A MINUTE. HIS CURRENT STATE. THEN REVISIT THE MATTER.



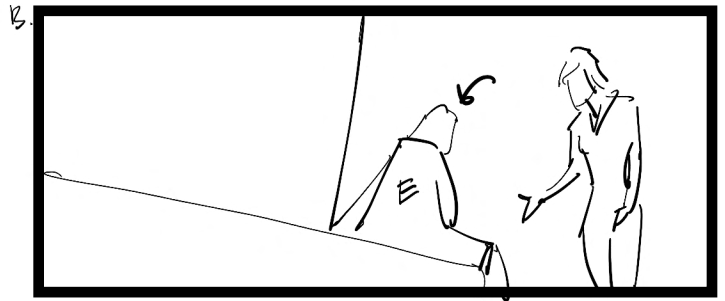
BURTON SIPs HIS BEER, THINKING. THEN HE TURNS TO DUVAL:

BURTON: STILL GOT THOSE DRONES IN YOUR CAR?

The peripheral sc 208-209



INT FISHER HOUSE - ELLA'S ROOM - NIGHT
SLOW BOOM UP AS FLYNNE HELPS ELLA INTO BED.



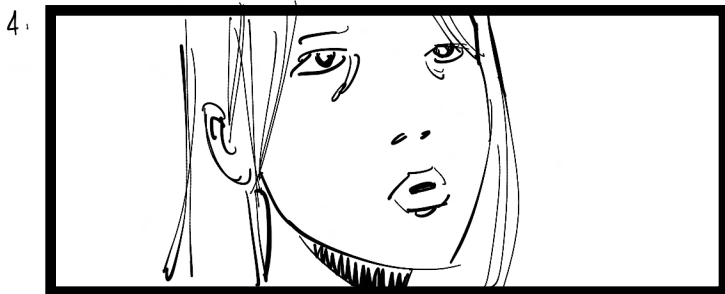
FLYNNE: TOMMY WAS ASKING AFTER YOU THE OTHER DAY.



ELLA: FUNNY THING ABOUT LOSING YOUR SIGHT? PEOPLE GET FROZEN IN YOUR MIND. ... YOU SAY HIS NAME, AND I JUST SEE A SCRAWNY BOY.



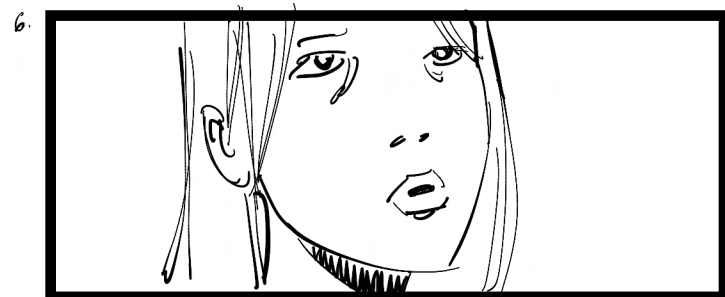
FLYNNE: THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO, MAMA.



ELLA: WANNA HEAR A SECRET?



FLYNNE: NOT IF I GOTTA KEEP IT.

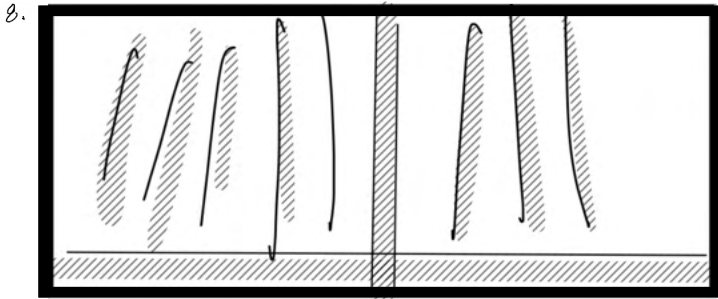


ELLA: USED TO WONDER IF YOU TWO MIGHT STEP OUT TOGETHER ONE DAY.



A SHOUT OF LAUGHTER FROM OUTSIDE SAVES FLYNNE FROM HAVING TO RESPOND.

The peripheral sc 208-209



OUTSIDE WINDOW.



ELLA: (CONT)WHAT'RE THEY UP TO DOWN THERE?

FLYNNE: PLAYING WITH THEIR FOOL DRONES. NONE OF 'EM HAVE MANAGED TO GROW UP YET, FAR AS I CAN TELL.



ELLA: NOT MANY DO, IN MY EXPERIENCE.



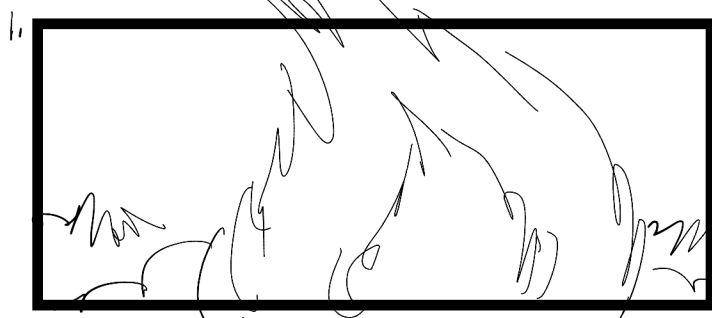
FLYNNE: SLEEPING PILL?



FLYNNE LOOKS DOWN AT ELLA SADLY.

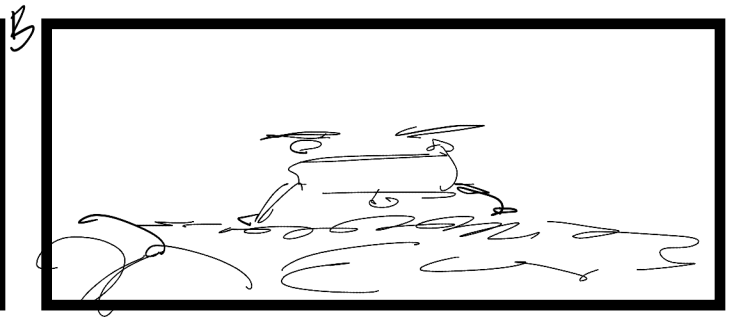
The peripheral sc 210-215

SC.
210

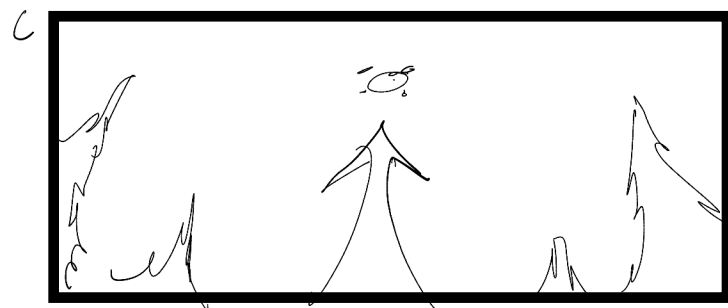


MOVE AROUND CAMPFIRE...

*(STEADICAM SHOT)



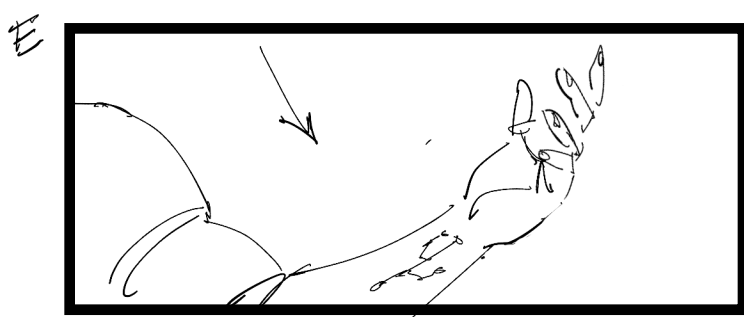
... TO REVEAL DRONE (VFX).



TILT UP WITH IT AS IT RISES....



THEN TILT BACK DOWN TO REECE...



...CONTINUE MOVING DOWN TO HIS HAPTICS...



RACK TO FLYNNE AS SHE JOINS WITH SIX PACK.



MOVE IN ON FLYNNE.

FLYNN
SOMETHING I OUGHTA KNOW ABOUT?

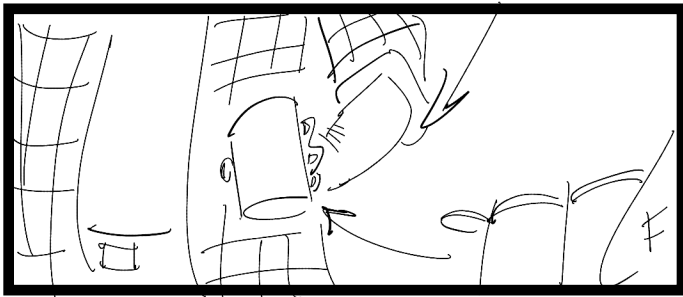


THEN WRAP AROUND HER AS SHE APPROACHES
BURTON.

BURTON
JUST AN EXCESS OF CAUTION.

The peripheral sc 210-215

SC
210
CONST.



TILT DOWN TO THE BEER AS BURTON GRABS A CAN AND TOSSES IT TO...



CARLOS
WE WERE WONDERING, FLYNNE: YOU SURE IT WASN'T NINE DOLLARS?



REECE STANDS UP INTO FG

REECE: WHOA

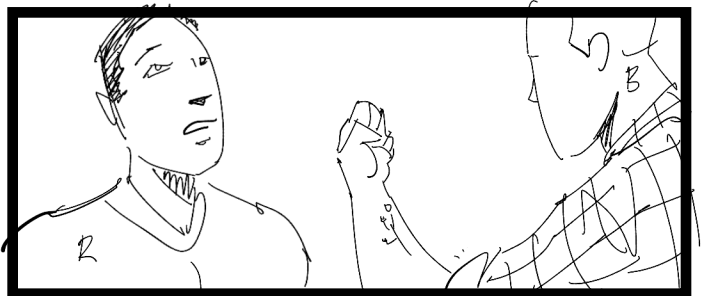


WRAP AROUND REED TO SEE THE REST OF THE BOYS.

BURTON: YOU FUCKING WITH US?



WRAP ON FLYNNE, REACTING.



REECE: LINK ME.

BURTON STEPS IN RAISES HIS LEFT ARM (WITH HAPTICS)



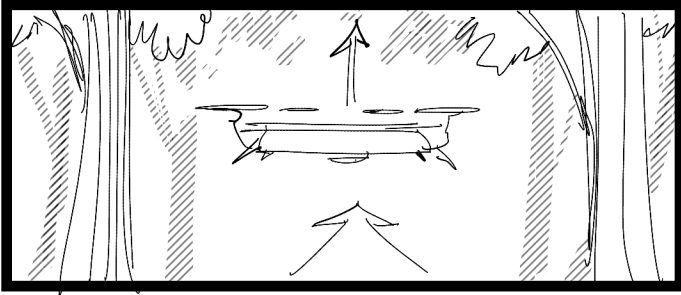
WRAP AROUND REECE AS ALL THE VETS LINK UP (VFX VIBRATION AND HAPTIC LIGHT)



WRAP BURTON AS HE LINKS...

The peripheral sc 210-215

Sc. 211



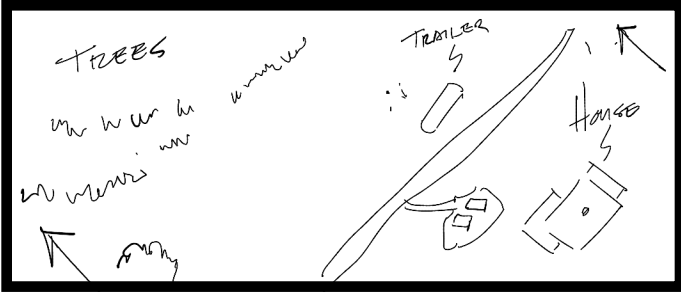
ANGLE ON DRONE FLYING BETWEEN TREES. IT RISES.

2.



CLOSE ON BURTON AS HE SEES...

3.



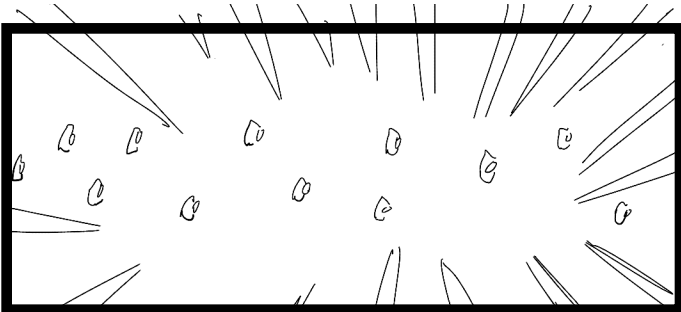
DRONE VIEW OF THE ENTIRE PROPERTY.

B



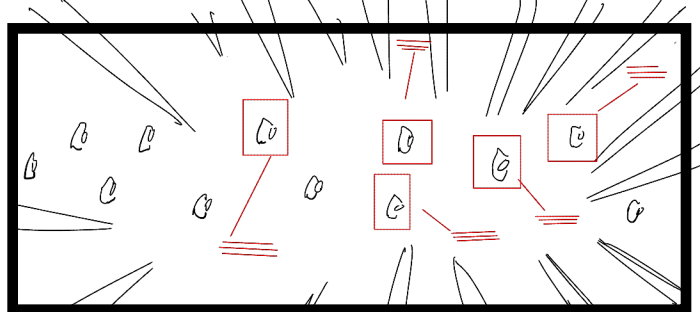
AN AREA BEYOND THE TREELINE IS SELECTED.

C



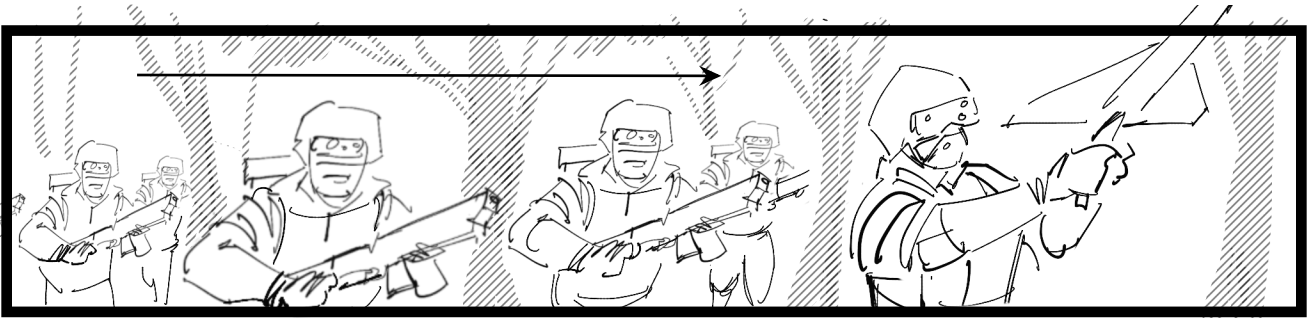
ZOOM IN AND WE SEE TWELVE MERCS ON THE MOVE.

D



EACH ONE IS HIGHLIGHTED AND TEXT IDENTIFIES THEIR WEAPONS.

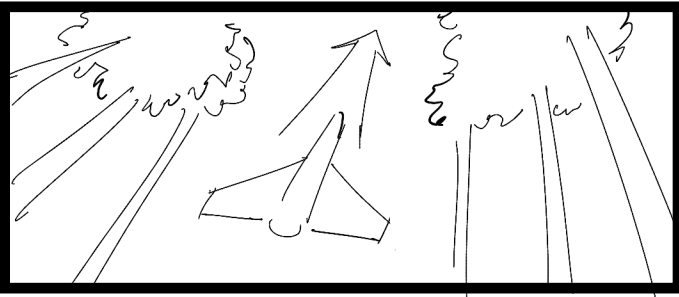
4.



ON THE GROUND: TRACK LATERALLY GAINING PAST THE LINE OF MERCS ENDING WITH ONE LAUNCHING A DRONE.

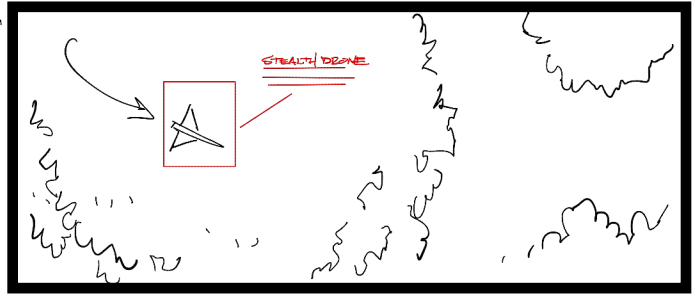
The peripheral sc 210-215

5.
SC
211
CONT.



REVERSE: THE DRONE (STEALTH GLIDER) SHOOTS UPWARD.

6.



BURTON'S DRONE VIEW OF MERC DRONE.

BURTON (VO): DRONE INBOUND.

SC
212

1.



ON BURTON'S HAPTICS.

B



BOOM UP AS HE TURNS TO FLYNNE.

BURTON: GET MAMA TO THE BASEMENT.

C



PAN TO FLYNNE

D



SHE TAKES OFF, LEADING US TO...

E



REECE, WHO WORKS HIS TABLET.

F

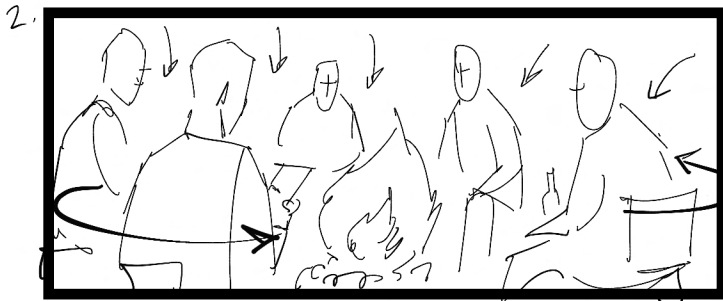


BURTON: CAN YOU HACK IT?

REECE: I NEED A BUNCH OF DUMBASS DRUNKS AROUND THE FIRE. NOT MUCH MOTION.

The peripheral sc 210-215

SC 212
CONT.



WRAP AROUND THE FIRE CIRCLE AS ALL THE MEN SIT.

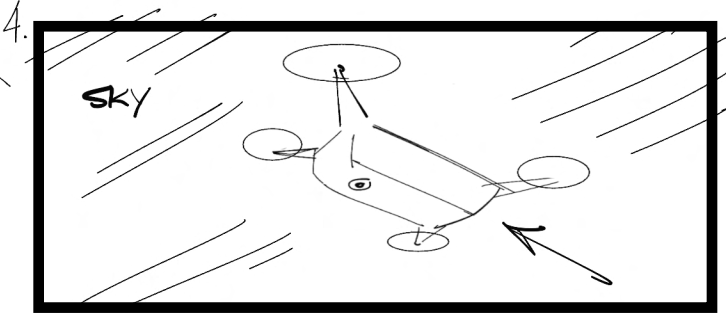


CONTINUE THAT MOVE (TIGHTER)

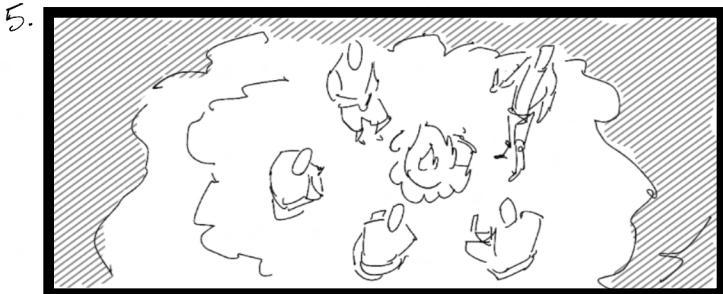
BURTON: GET IT DONE, REECE. OR WE ROLL WITHOUT IT.



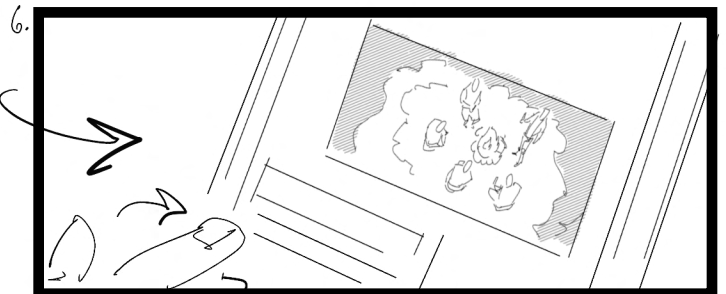
COME AROUND OVER REECE'S SHOULDER. WE SEE THE TABLET.



ANGLE ON THEIR DRONE AS IT POSITIONS ITSELF ABOVE THEM.



DRONE POV OF THEM SITTING BY THE CAMPFIRE.



ONE REECE'S TABLET WE SEE THE VIDEO CAPTURED. HE SENDS IT.



REECE: DONE.

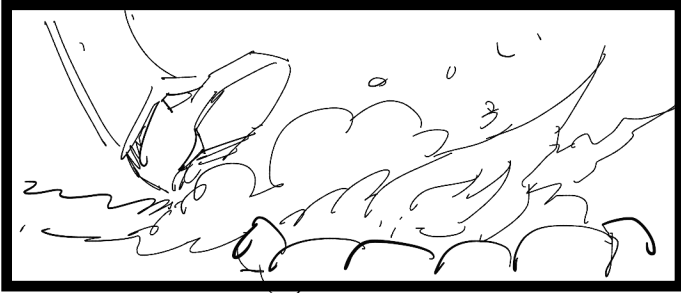


AND EVERYONE JUMPS INTO ACTION...

The peripheral sc 210-215

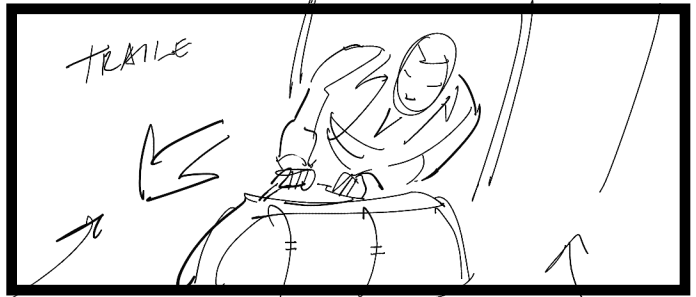
SC 212
CONT

9.



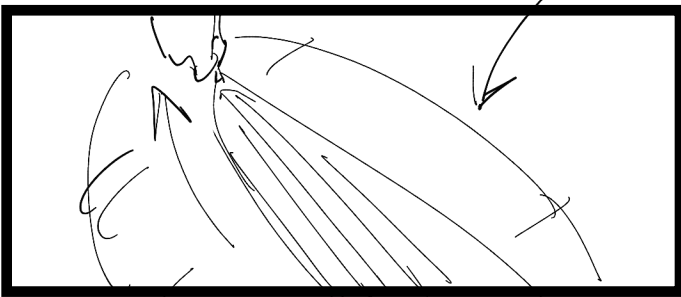
LEON KICKS DIRT ONTO THE FIRE.

B



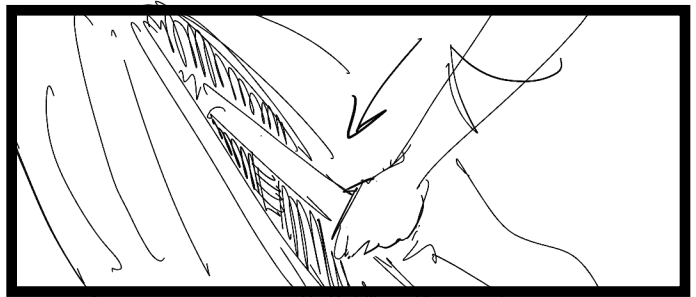
MOVE UP TO BURTON COMING OUT OF THE TRAILER WITH A HEAVY BAG.

C



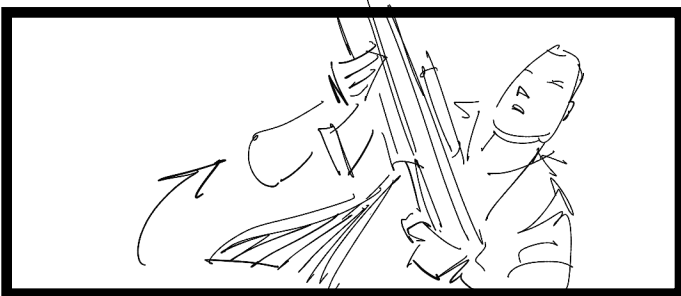
HE SETS IT ON THE GROUND AND UNZIPS IT - REVEALING WEAPONS.

D



HE REACHES IN AND HANDS WEAPONS...

E



REECE TAKES HIS...

F



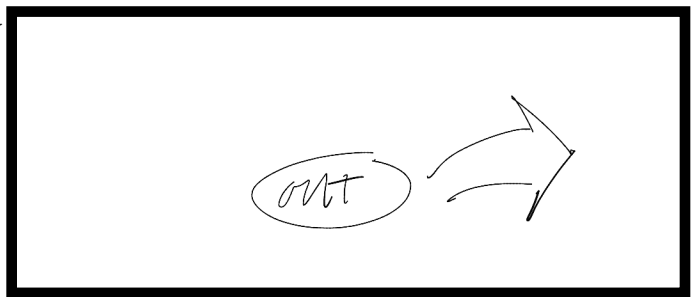
PAN TO TO CARLOS AND LEON TAKE THEIR'S

G



AND PAN TO BURTON WITH HIS.

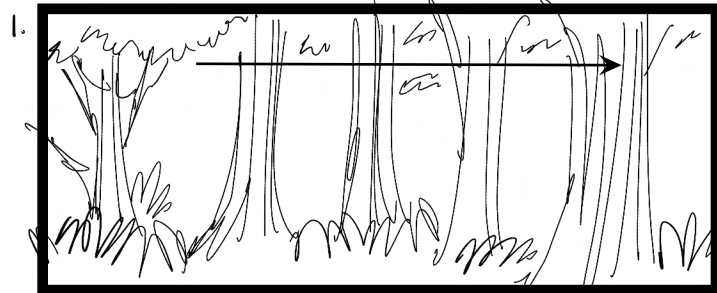
H



HE EXITS SHOT.

The peripheral sc 210-215

4 213 - 215



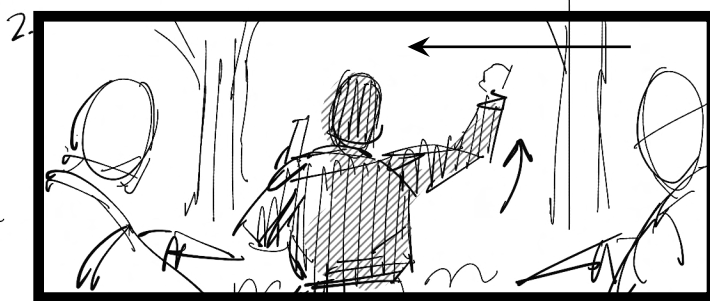
TRACK PAST TREES.



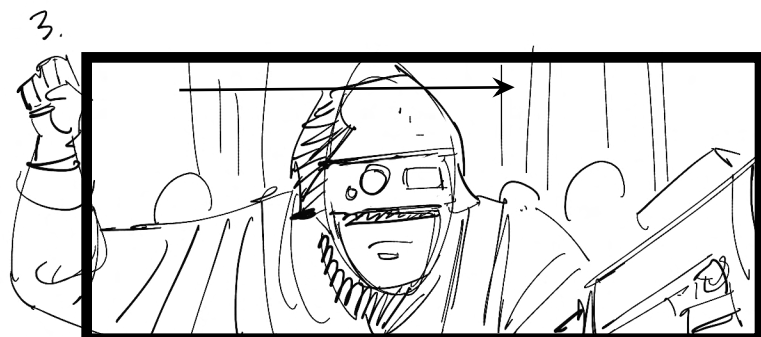
FIND MERC'S MOVING GHOSTLY THROUGH WOODS. THEY GAIN PAST US...



...LAST ONE IN LINE IS MURPH.



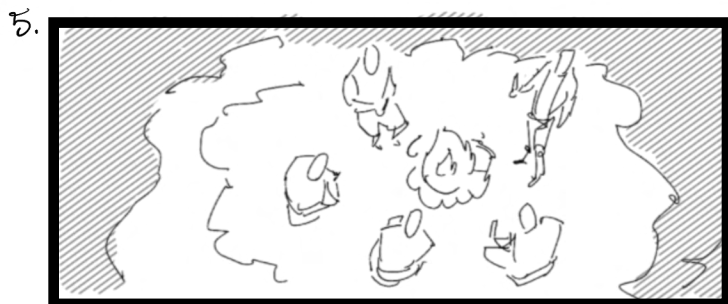
TRACK LEFT... LEADER HOLDS UP A FIST, HALTING THE PROCESSION.



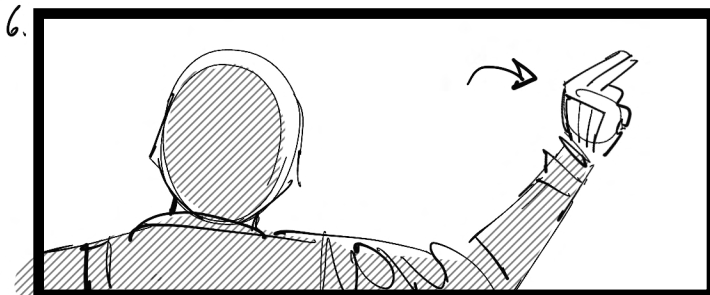
TRACK RIGHT... LEADER SEEING...



ON HIS GOGGLES: THE HACKED DRONE FEED.



HIS POV OF THE HACKED DRONE FEED.



LEADER SIGNALS.

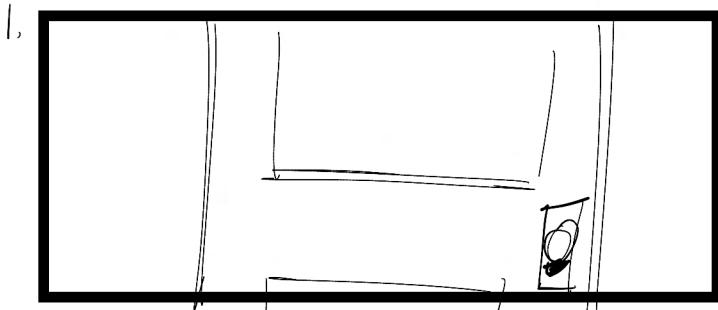
The peripheral sc 210-215



MURPH AND TWO OTHERS (WITH LMG) BREAK FROM THE GROUP. TRACK RIGHT TO SEE BURTON AND OTHER MARINE'S HIDDEN AND WAITING.

The peripheral sc 216-223

*NOTE ALL SHOTS IN THIS SEQUENCE ARE HANDHELD.



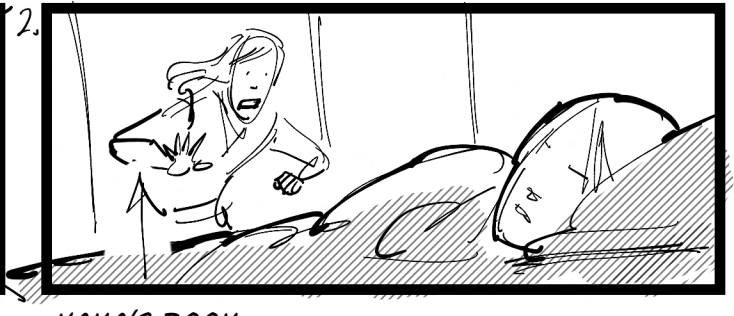
EXT. DOOR TO KITCHEN.



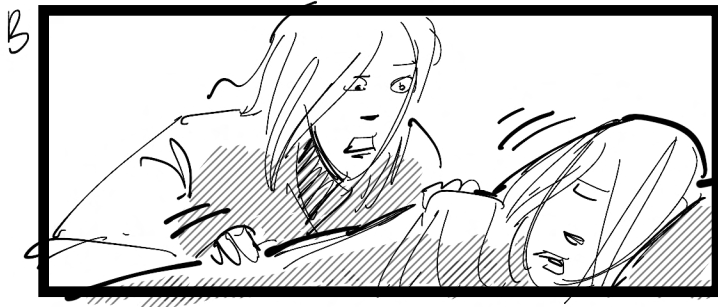
FLYNNE RUNS INSIDE.



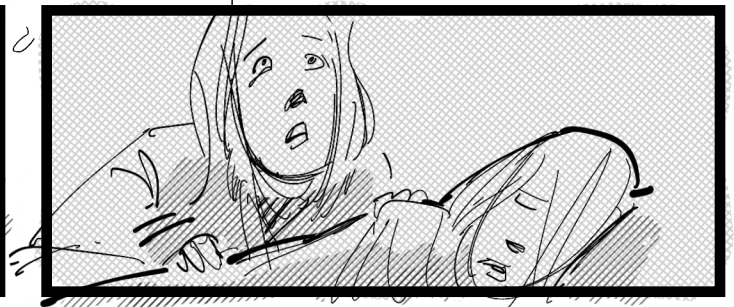
WE FOLLOW HER INTO...



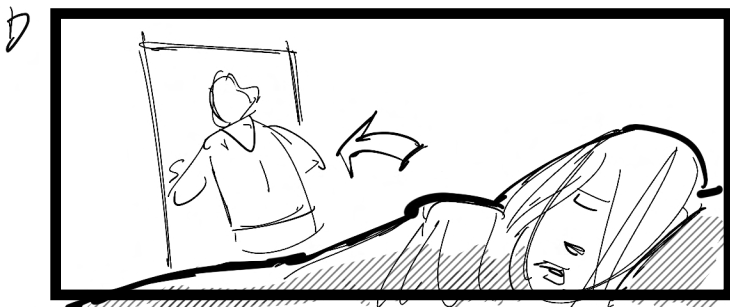
MAMA'S ROOM.



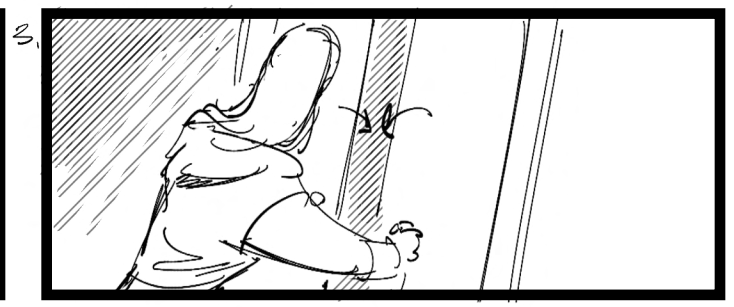
FLYNNE: MAMA, WAKE UP!



LIGHTS GO OUT. SOUND OF GUNFIRE.

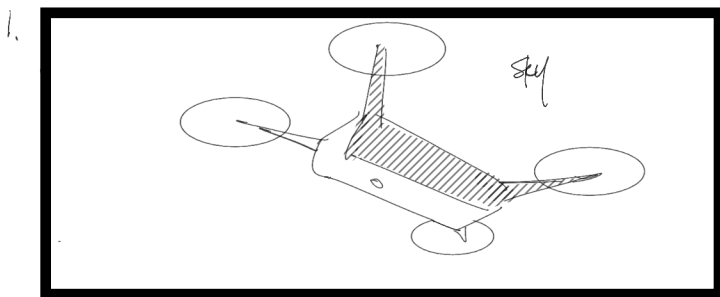


FLYNNE RUNS OUT.



ANGLE FROM HALLWAY. FLYNNE SHUTS DOORS TO MAMA'S ROOM.

Sc 216A-216B

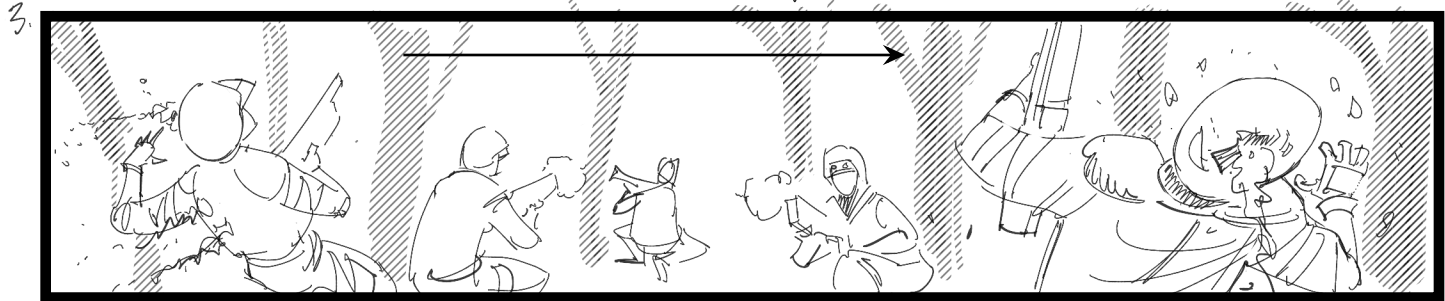


BURTON'S DRONE IN SKY.

* ADD SHOT
SHOWS VETS
SNEAKING UP
ON MERCES



BURTON'S DRONE POV OF THE MERCES (RED) AND BURTON'S BOYS AMBUSH THEM IN AN L-FORMATION.



ON THE GROUND: TRACK RIGHT AS THE MERCES ARE AMBUSHED.



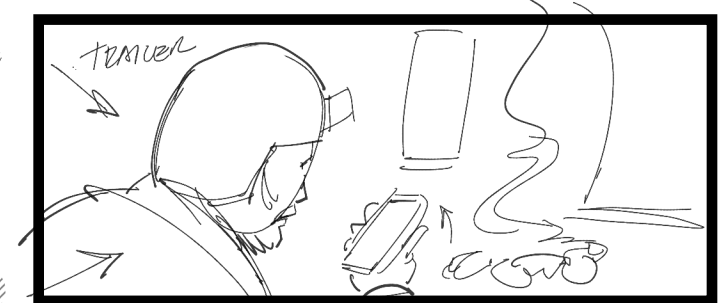
WITH MURPH AND HIS TWO MEN: THEY DUCK AT THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE.



MOVE OUT OF SHOT.

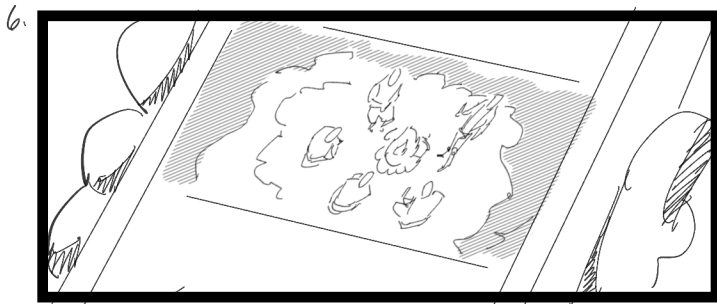


SLIDE OFF TRAILER TO FIND THEM.



MOVE WITH MURPH AS HE APPROACHES THE FIRE PIT.

Sc 216A-216B



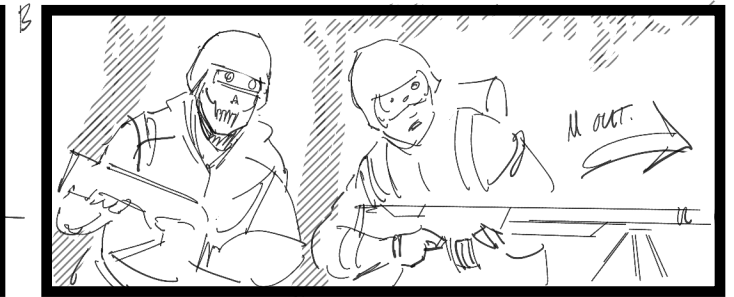
ANGLE ON HIS DISPLAY WITH HACKED IMAGE.
MURPHY: FUCK. THEY HACKED US.



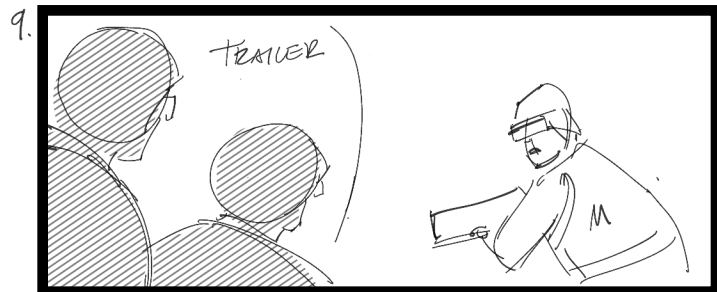
DROPS OUT OF SHOT TO SEE SMOLDERING
REMAINS OF FIRE.



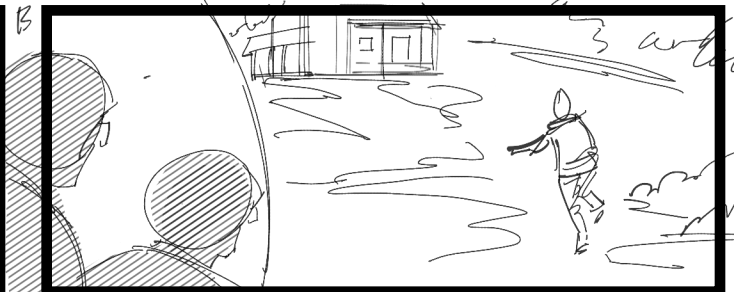
MURPHY: THEY SHIFTED SOUTH. HAUL ASS UP
TO THE RIDGE. LAY DOWN FLANKING FIRE.



MURPH EXITS SHOT.
MERC 1: WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU GOING?

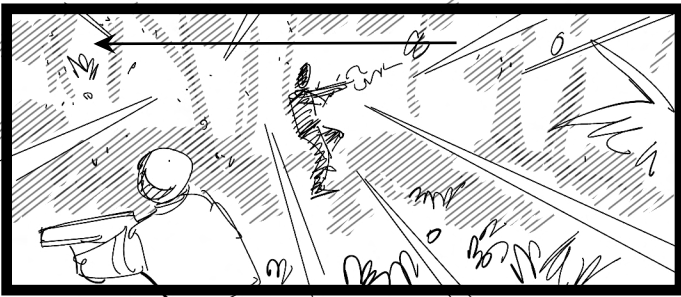


MURPHY: THERE'S A TARGET IN THE HOUSE.

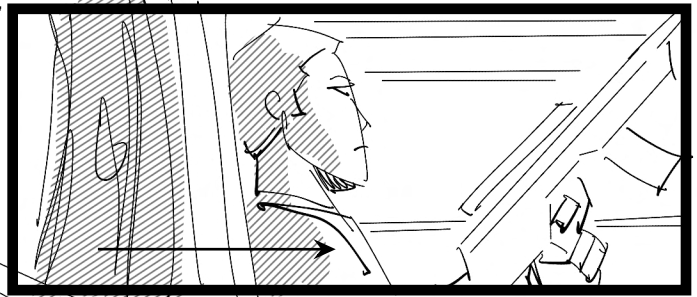


AND HE HEADS UP THE HILL TOWARDS THE HOUSE.

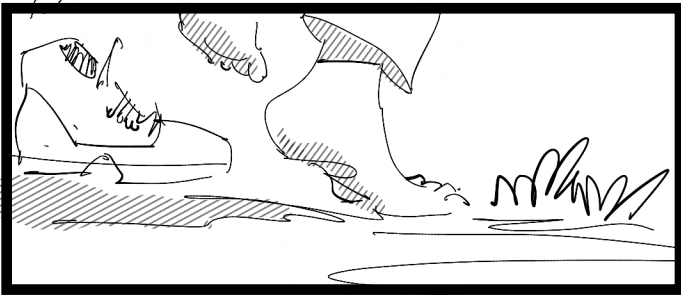
The peripheral sc 217



HAND HELD CAMERA: MOVING THROUGH THE FIRE FIGHT. CHAOTIC. TRACER FIRE.



SLIDE RIGHT TO FIND BURTON BEHIND TREE.



HE TAKES OFF HIS SHOES (*NOTIONAL SUGGETION).



ECU ON BURTON - COOL AND STEELY.



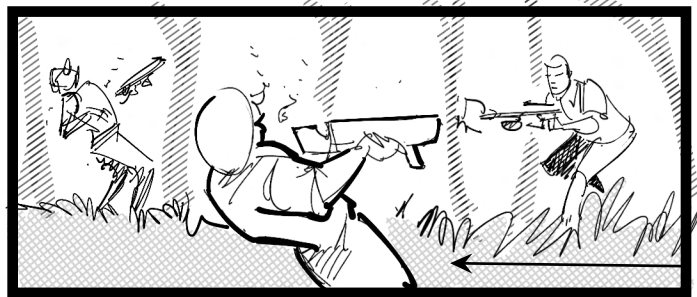
HE EXITS.



TRACK WITH BURTON AS HE MOVES FLEET-FOOTED THROUGH THE WOODS.



CLOSE TRACK HIM RUNNING.

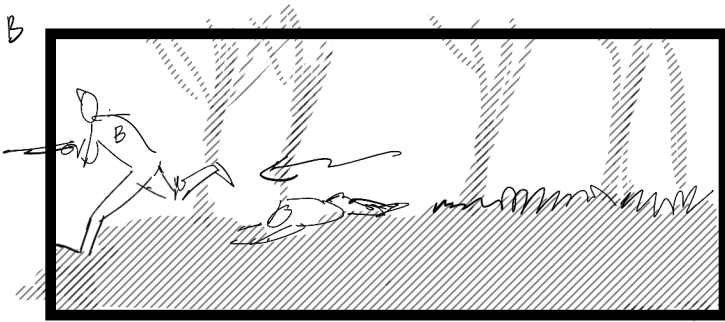


HE TAKES OUT TWO MERCS WITHOUT BREAKING STRIDE.

(CONTINUE TRACK)

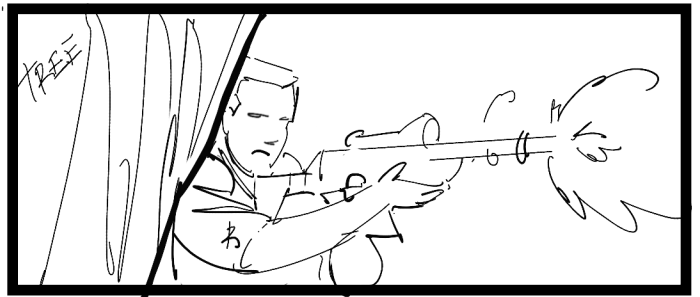
The peripheral sc 217

7B



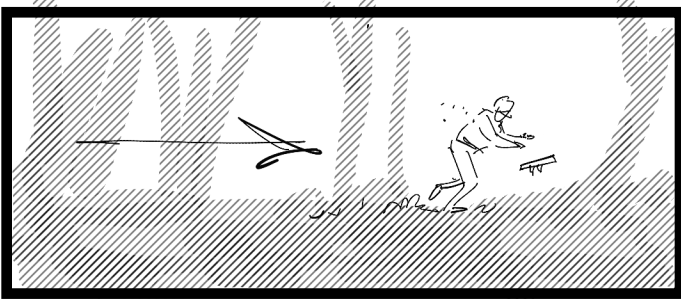
AND GAINS OUT OF SHOT.

8.



WITH REECE. HE SHOOTS

8



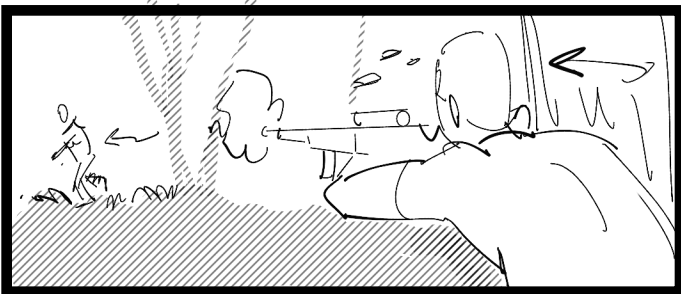
WHIP PAN TO MERC GOING DOWN.

9.



REECE DUCKS BEHIND COVER AS HE IS FIRED ON.

8



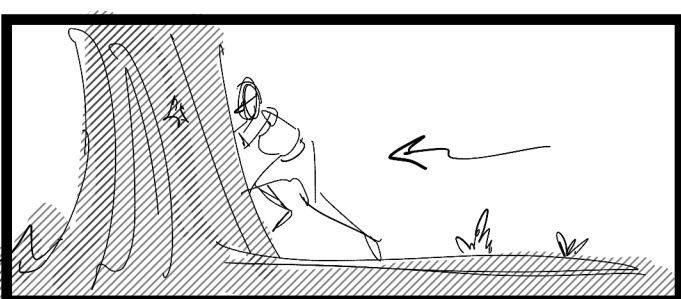
HE RETURNS FIRE.

10.



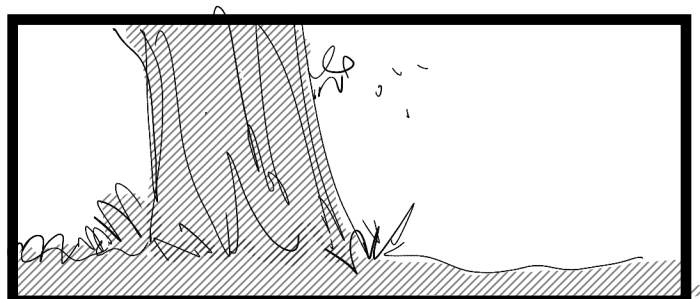
ON REECE SHOOTING AT MERC

11.



MERC RUNNING

8



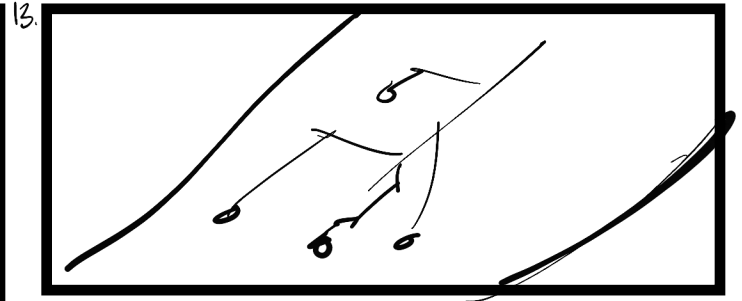
ESCAPES BEHIND A TREE.

The peripheral sc 217

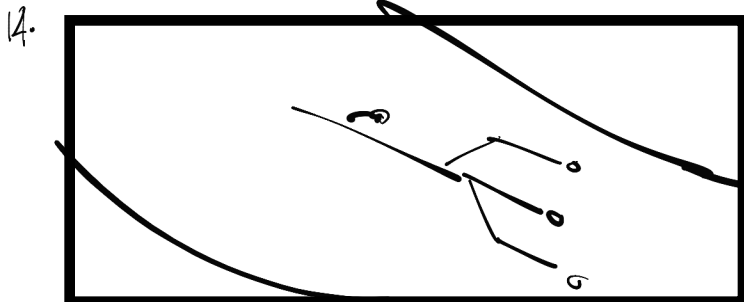


ON REECE - UNABLE TO GET THE SHOT.

BOOM DOWN AS HE LOWERS HIS RIFLE HIS HAPTICS VIBRATE.



INSERT REECE'S HAPTICS VIBRATE



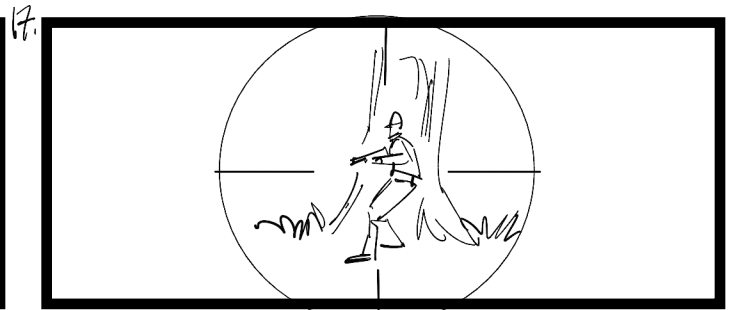
INSERT: BURTON'S HAPTICS VIBRATING IN RESPONSE.



BOOM UP TO BURTON AS HE TURNS IN RESPONSE TO THE HAPTIC SIGNAL.

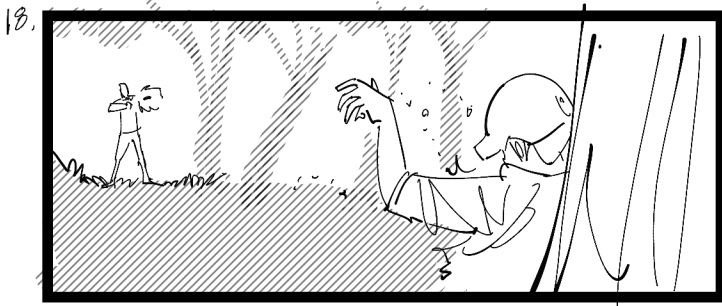


TAKES AIM.

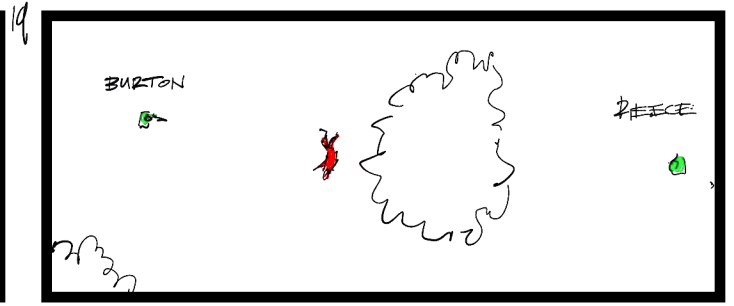


MERC HIDING BEHIND TREE.

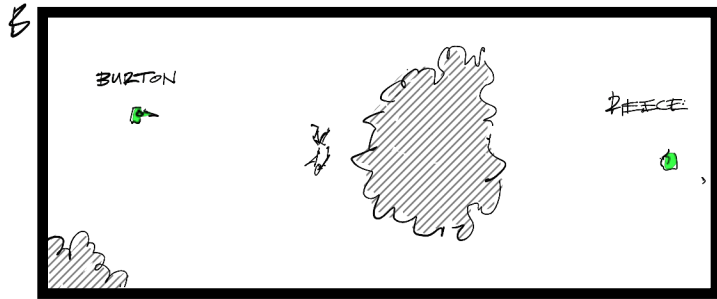
The peripheral sc 217



BURTON SHOOTS THE HIDING MERC.



DRONE VIEW OF DOWNED MERC. HE TURNS FROM RED TO...



WHITE.

SC 218 The peripheral sc 218-219

SC 218



1. LEAD FLYNNE AS SHE RUNS INTO...



2. THE KITCHEN. WHERE SHE SEARCHES DRAWERS AND FINDS...

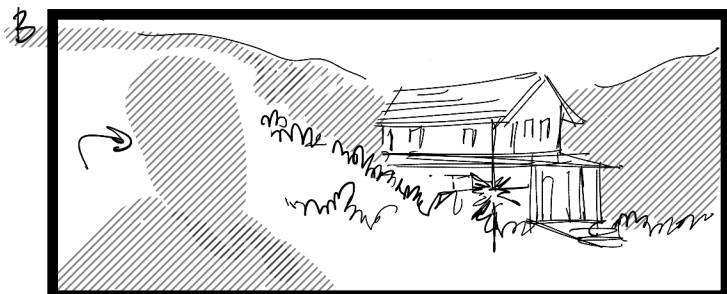


3. A FLASHLIGHT.

SC 218A



1. BURTON OUTSIDE... LIGHT FLASHES IN THE BG

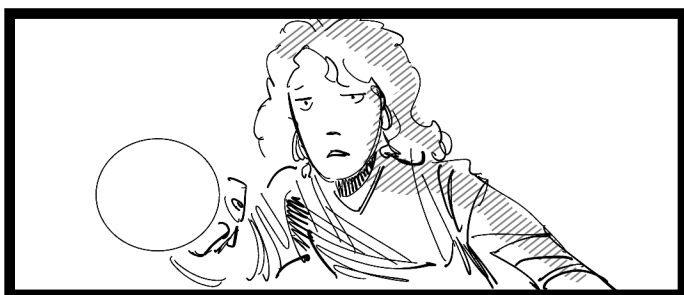


2. HE TURNS - RACK FOCUS TO THE HOUSE. WE SEE FLYNNE'S FLASHLIGHT.

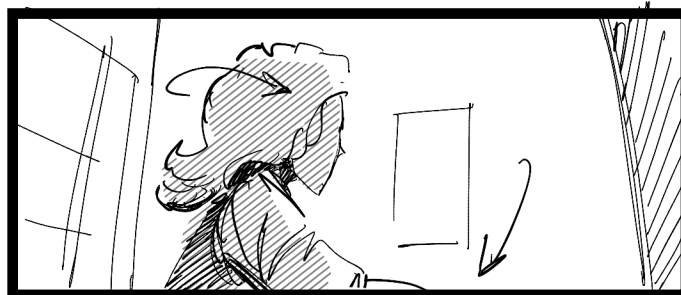


3. ON BURTON REGISTERING IT.

SC 218B

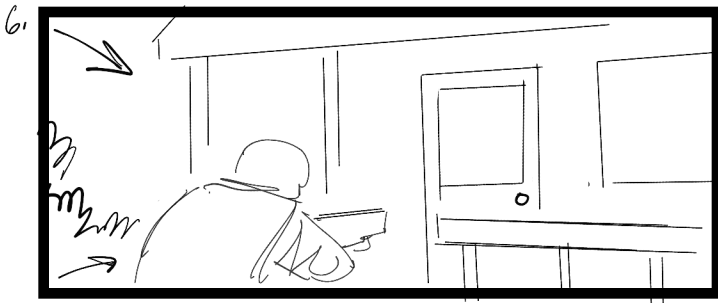


1. ON FLYNNE AIMING FLASHLIGHT OUT THE WINDOW (NEAR MAMA'S ROOM).

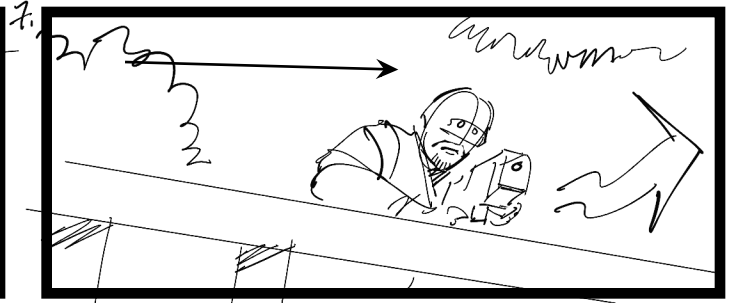


2. REACTS TO A SOUND.

The peripheral sc 218-219



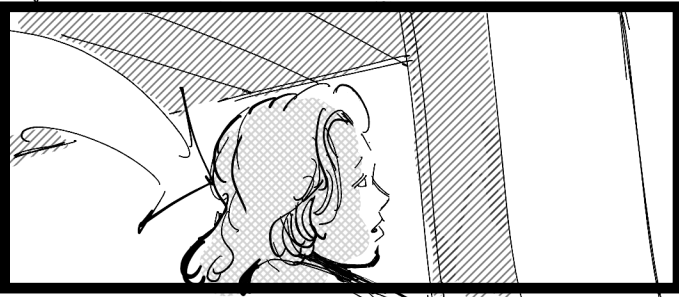
TRACK WITH MURPH AS HE APPROACHES BACK ENTRANCE TO HOUSE.



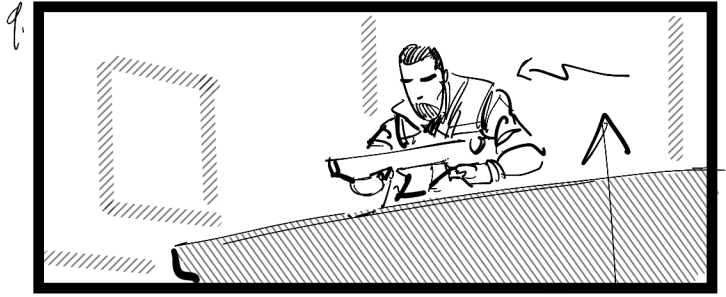
REVERSE: MURPH STEPS UP ONTO THE PORCH.

The peripheral sc 218-219

sc 218
8.



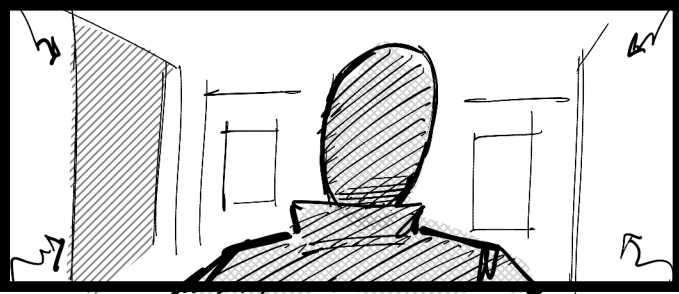
DUCKS UNDER THE STAIRS. WE HEAR SOMEONE BREAKING INTO THE KITCHEN.



RISE UP FROM BEHIND COUNTER TO SEE MERC ENTER THE KITCHEN. WE RECOGNIZE HIM FROM EP 1.



10.



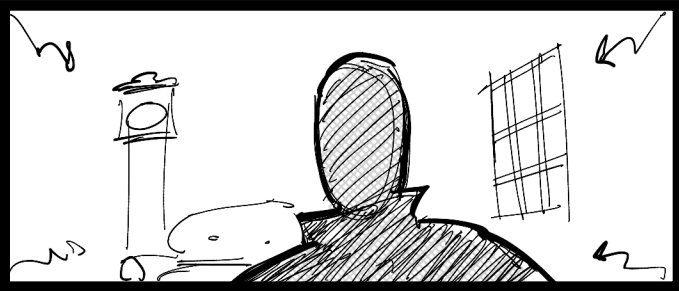
FOLLOW MERC TOWARDS THE LIVING ROOM.

11.



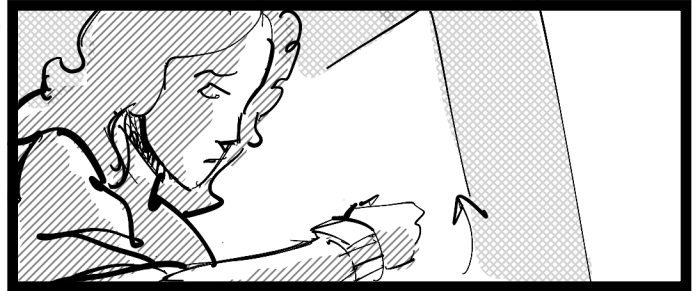
ANGLE OVER FLYNNE TO THE MERC AS HE PASSES BY (NOT SEEING HER).

12.



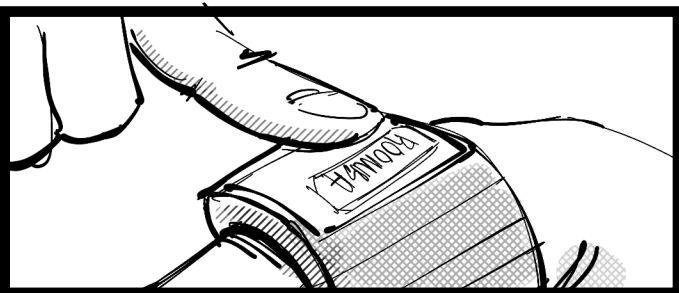
FOLLOW MERC THROUGH LIVING ROOM.

13.



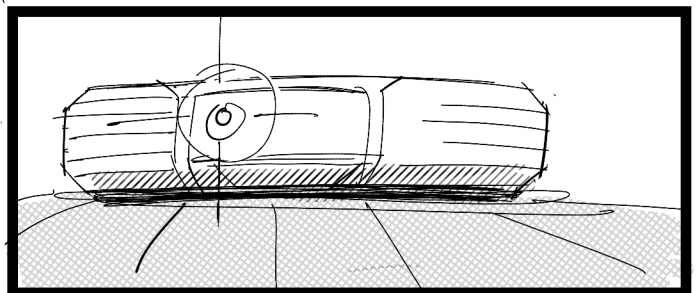
FLYNNE LIFTS HER WATCH INTO VIEW.

14.



USES IT TO ACTIVATE ROOMBA.

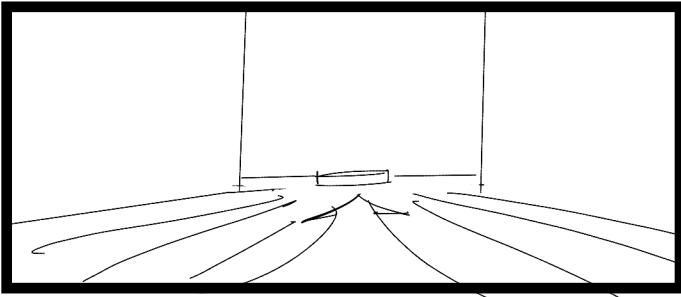
15.



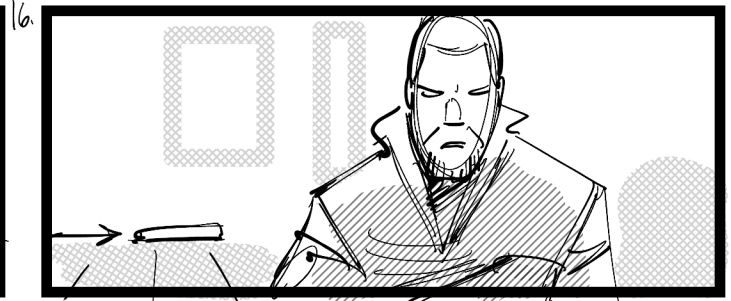
ROOMBA IN HALLWAY LIGHTS UP.

sc 219 CONT.
15 B

The peripheral sc 218-219



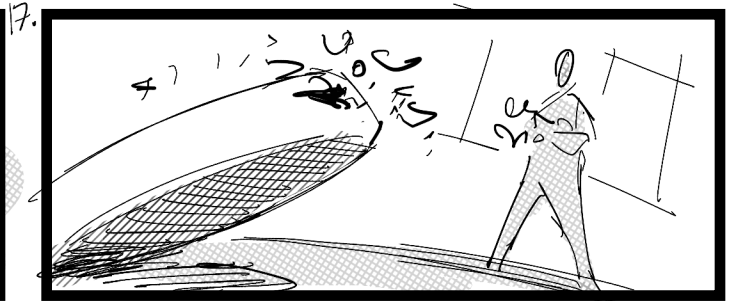
ZIPS AWAY FROM US.



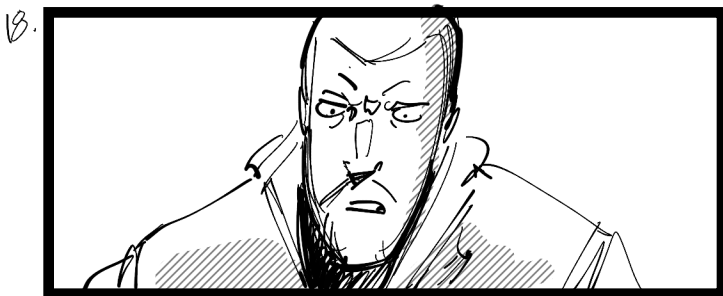
ZIPS BEHIND MERC.



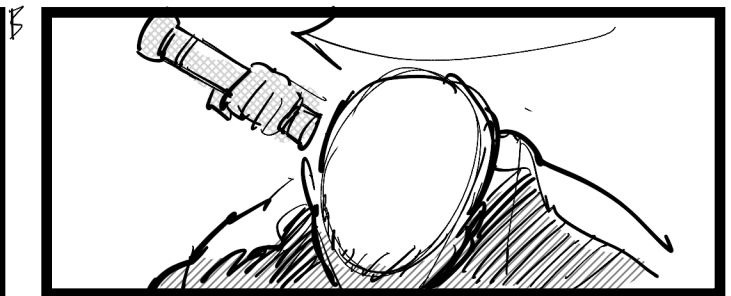
HE SPINS.



FIRES!



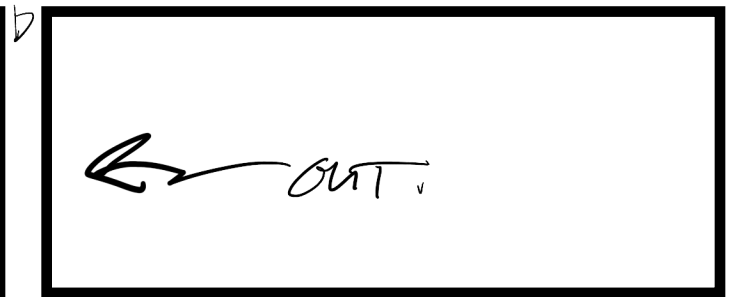
ON MERC REACTING.



WHAP! HE IS STRUCK BY A FLASHLIGHT.



MERC GOES DOWN, REVEALING FLYNNE.



SHE EXITS.

sc 219
CONT.

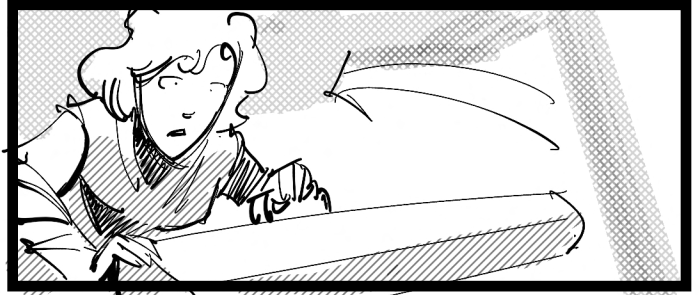
The peripheral sc 218-219

19.



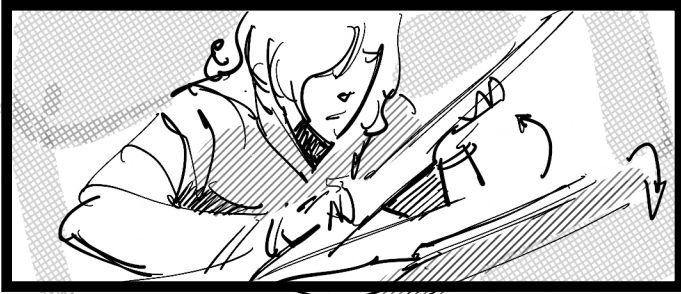
FLYNNE REACHES UNDER THE STAIRS.

B



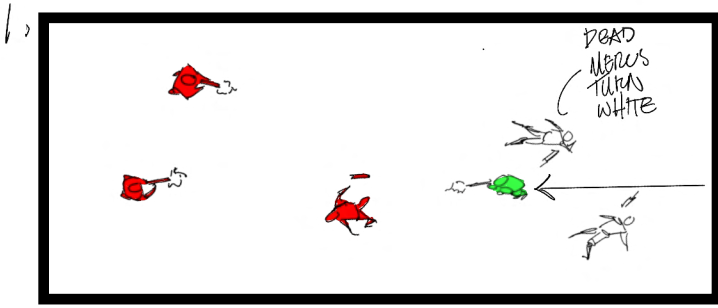
PULLS OUT RIFLE CASE.

C



REMOVES RIFLE AND GRABS AMMO.

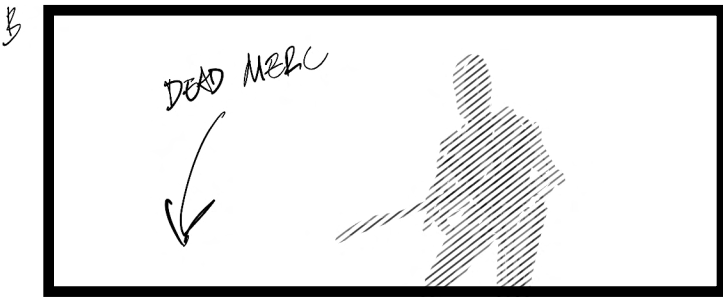
The peripheral sc 221A



DRONE ANGLE ON BURTON AS HE SHOTS A MERC.



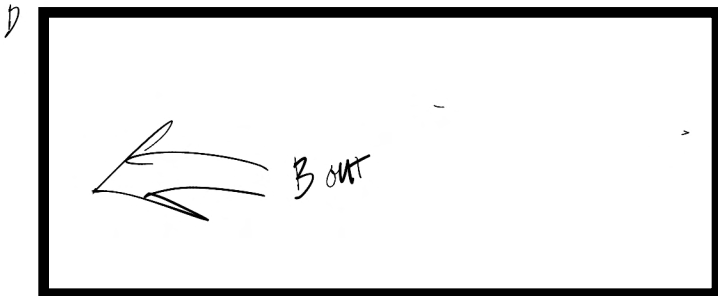
ON THE GROUND... MERC SHOT



DROPS O.S.



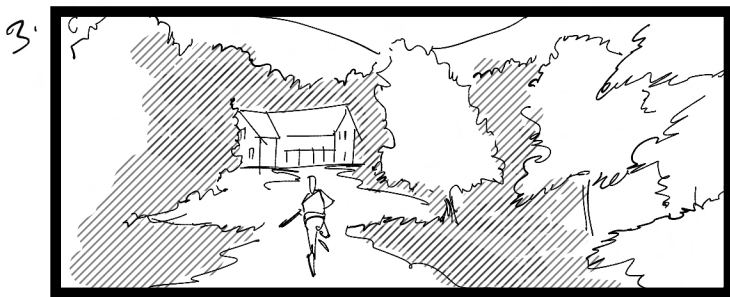
BURTON RUNS UP...



...THROUGH THE SHOT.



IN THE BG WE SEE CARLOS TAKE OUT ANOTHER MERC.



ANGLE ON BURTON RUNNING UP TO THE HOUSE.

The peripheral sc 222A-223



FLYNN RETREATS TOWARDS MAMA'S ROOM



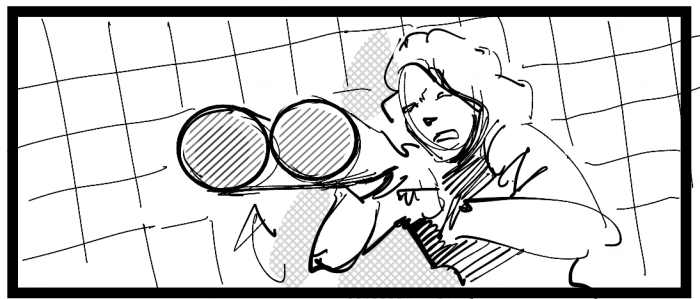
MERC SHAKES OUT THE COBWEBS.



RISES.

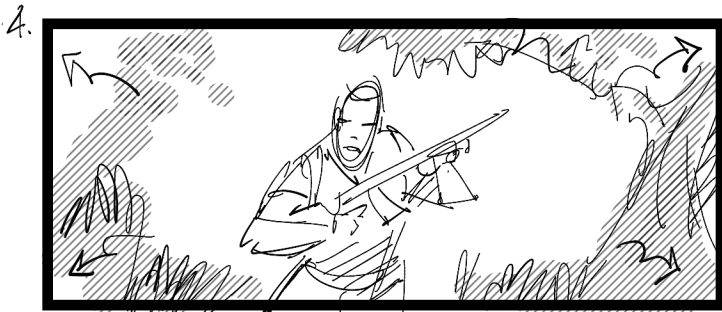


FLYNN IN THE BATHROOM, JAMS SHELLS INTO THE BREACH.

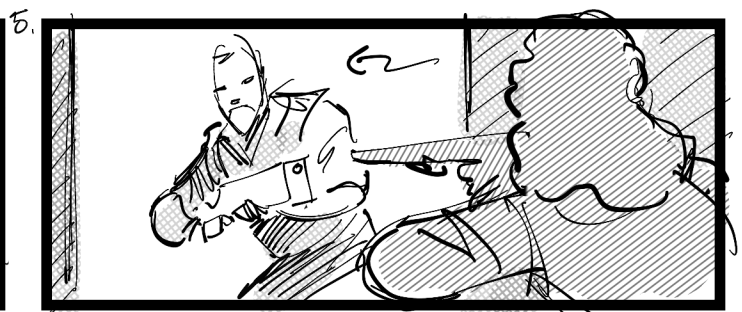


AIMS RIFLE JUST AS...

The peripheral sc 222A-223



LEAD BURTON RUNNING TOWARDS THE HOUSE.



MERC STEPS INTO VIEW.

FLYNNE: STOP! JUST FUCKING STOP!



FLYNNE (OS): DROP IT. DROP THE FUCKING GUN.



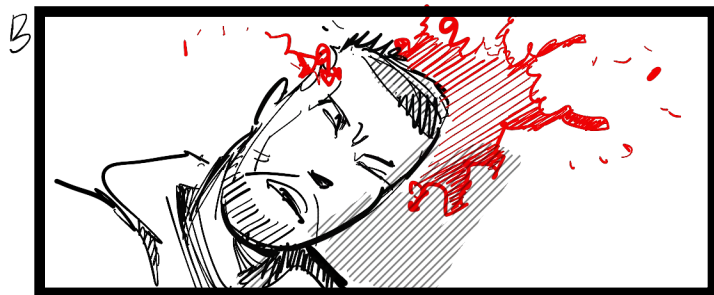
THE MERC JUST SMILES.



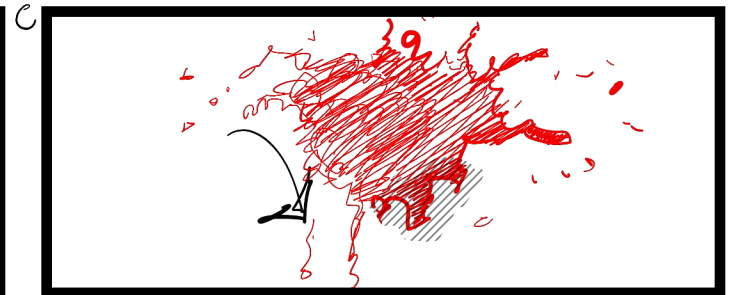
ON FLYNNE HESITATING.



MERC TAKES AIM.

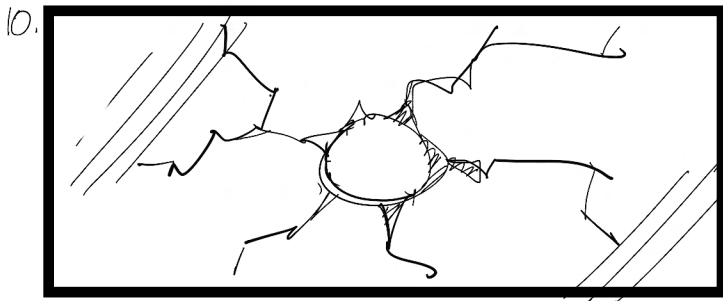


...BUT IS SHOT IN THE HEAD, SPLATTERING WALL.



HE FALLS OC.

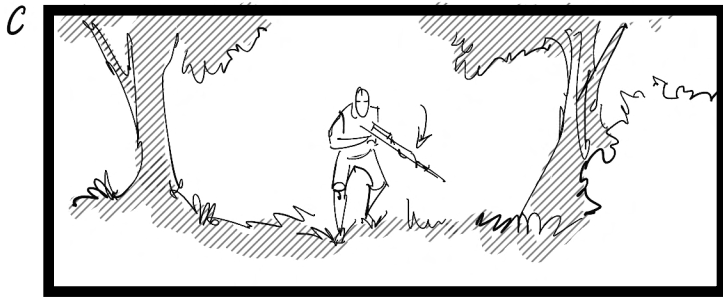
The peripheral sc 222A-223



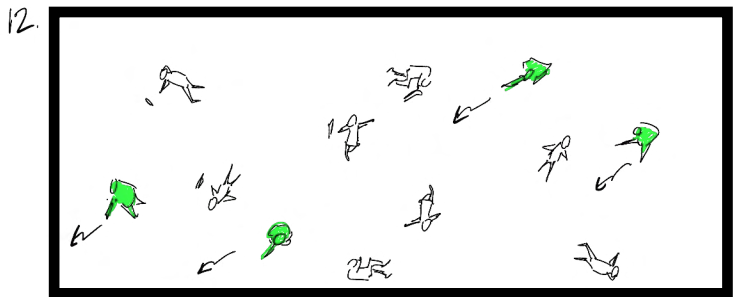
BULLET HOLE IN WINDOW.



RACK FOCUS TO BURTON, RIFLE UP.



ON BURTON LOOKING UP FROM HIS SCOPE.

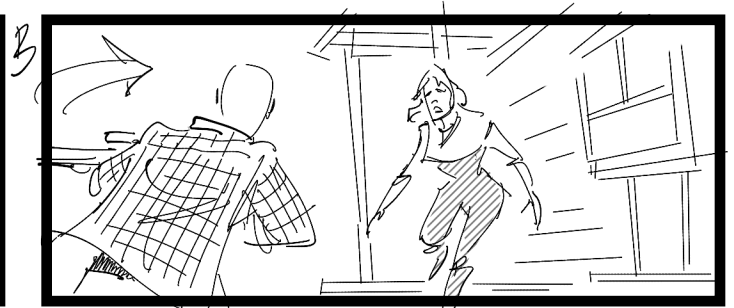


DRONE POV: ALL THE MERCS ARE DEAD... THE MARINES HEAD OFF THE BATTLEFIELD.

The peripheral SC 224-226



LEAD BURTON - THE OTHERS CATCHING UP...

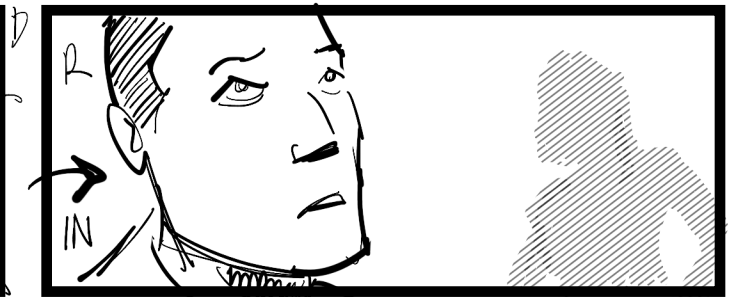


PAN TO FLYNNE EXITING ONTO BACK PORCH.



BURTON: MAMA?

FLYNNE: SLEPT THROUGH IT - WHOLE THING.



REECE STEPS INTO FG

REECE: PROBLEM.



WRAP AROUND REECE.

REECE: I'M ONLY SEEING TEN BODIES.



CONTINUE WRAP:

BURTON: ONE'S IN THE HOUSE.



CONTINUE WRAP:

REECE: COUNTED. STILL TWO MISSING.

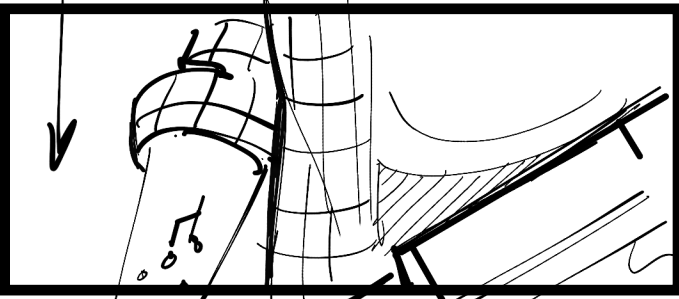


PUSH IN TO BURTON.

BURTON: PLAY IT BACK.

The peripheral SC 224-226

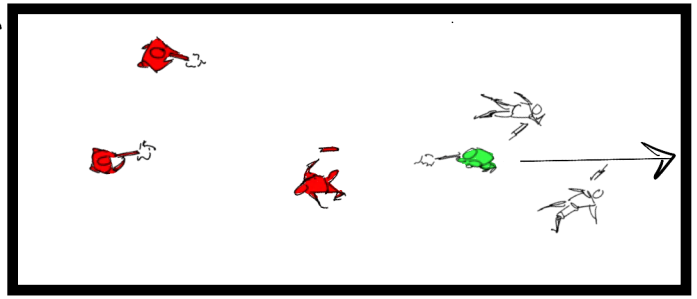
2 B



BOOM DOWN TO BURTON'S HAPTICS ACTIVATED.

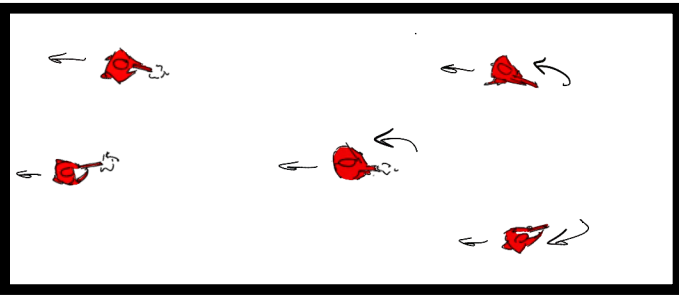
3.

SC. 225 - DRONE FEED



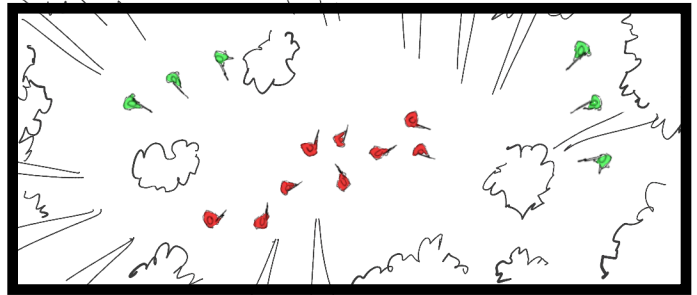
DRONE FEED: REPLAYS BACKWARDS, SPED UP.

B



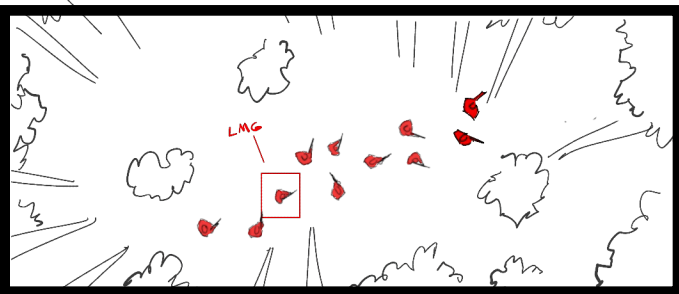
...MERC BODIES RETURNING TO LIFE.

C



MOVING BACK IN TIME

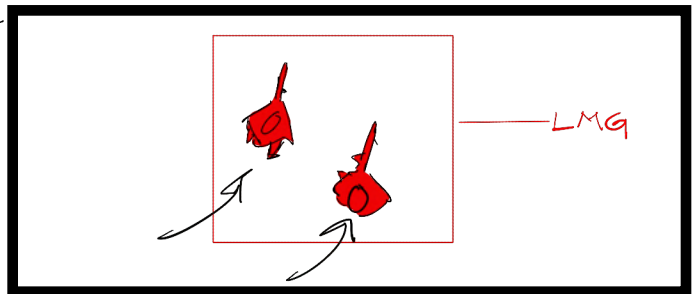
D



MURPH AND THE OTHER TWO JOIN THE GROUP.

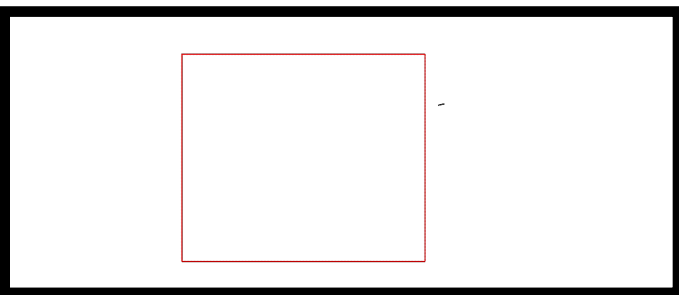
BURTON (VO): LMG TEAM.

E



FEED PLAYS FORWARD NOW: LMG GROUP HIGHLIGHTED.

F



THEY BLINK OUT.

BURTON (VO): THEY HACKED US BACK.

1.



BURTON: TWO GHOSTS ON THE PROPERTY. WITH A LIGHT MACHINE GUN.

BURTON PULLS FLYNNE TO THE GROUND.

The peripheral SC 224-226



THE BOYS GO FOR COVER.



BURTON: WHERE WOULD YOU SET UP, YOU WERE THEM?



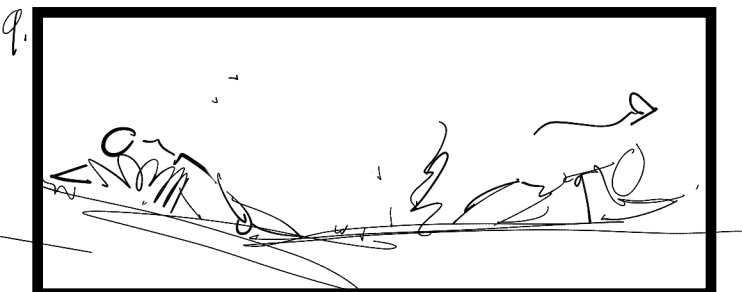
REECE: THEY MAKE IT UP THERE, WE'RE IN THE SHIT FOR SURE.



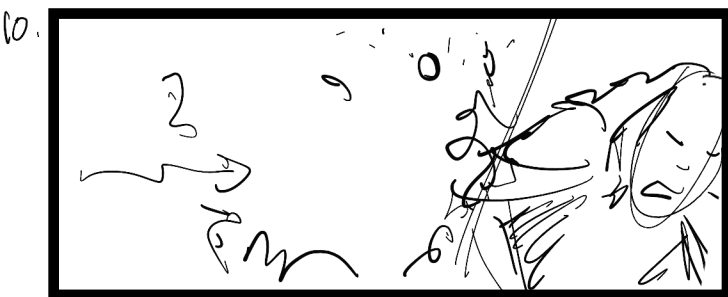
THEIR POV OF TREES AT TOP OF THE HILL.



SUDDENLY MACHINE GUN FIRE.



EVERYONE SCRAMBLES FOR COVER.



THEY GET BEHIND (WHAT? - OBJECTS ON THE BACK LAWN - VEHICLE - OLD SHED?)



OVER THE BOYS SHOOTING UP THE HILL.

The peripheral SC 224-226



ON FLYNNE, COVERING HER EARS.



OVER REECE FIRING.



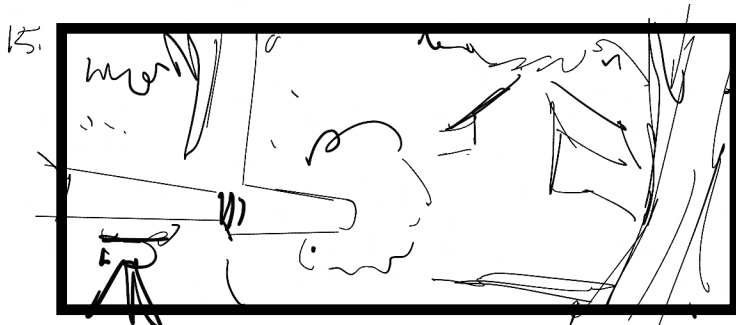
DUCKS BACK BEHIND COVER.

REECE: LOW ON AMMO HERE.



WHIP PAN TO CARLOS

CARLOS: ME TOO!



ANGLE OVER LMG FIRING AT OUR HEROES.



ON BURTON RETURNING FIRE.



BURTON DUCKS BACK BEHIND COVER. TAKES OFF SOME OF HIS GEAR.

LEON: I AIN'T ABOUT TO GO CHARGING UP THAT RIDGE, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.



BURTON: NOBODY'S ASKING YOU.

BURTON RUNS OUT ONTO THE FIELD.

FLYNNE: BURTON!

The peripheral SC 224-226



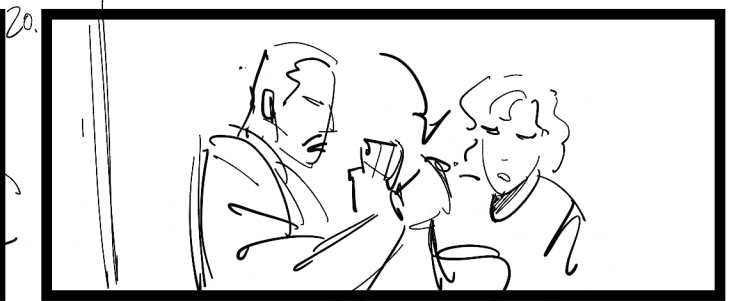
BURTON TAKES OFF.



DIVES AS HE COMES UNDER FIRE.

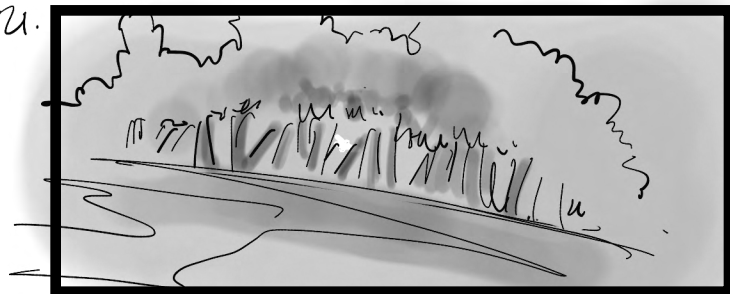


ANGLE ON HIM BEHIND (A ROCK?... FARM EQUIPMENT?)



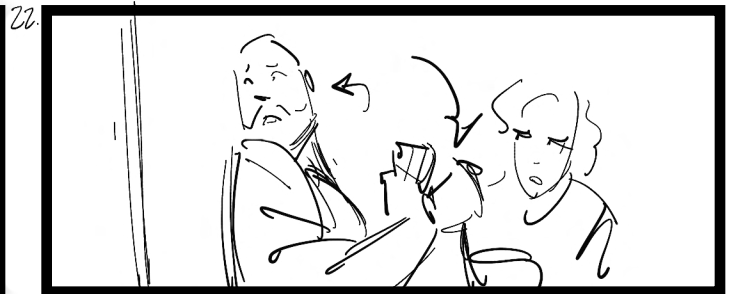
LEON: AW FOR FUCK'S SAKE.

LEON ALSO STRIPS OFF SOME GEAR, PREPARING TO FOLLOW.



BANG! BANG!

TWO MUZZLE FLASHES AND THE MACHINE GUN IS SILENCED.



LEON PEAKS OUT.

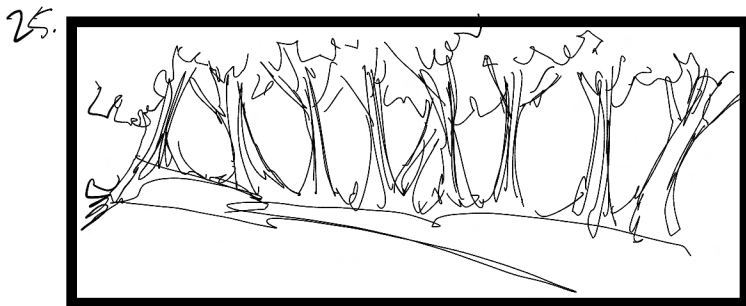


AS DOES FLYNNE.

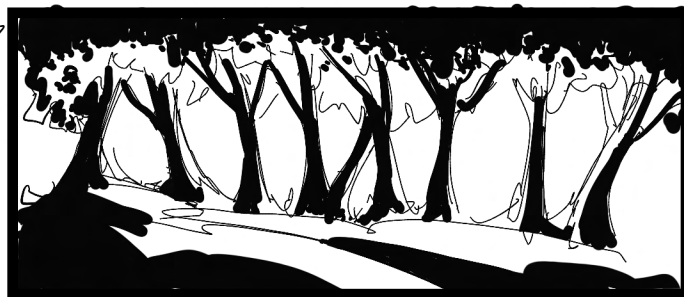


BURTON: WHO WAS THAT?

The peripheral SC 224-226



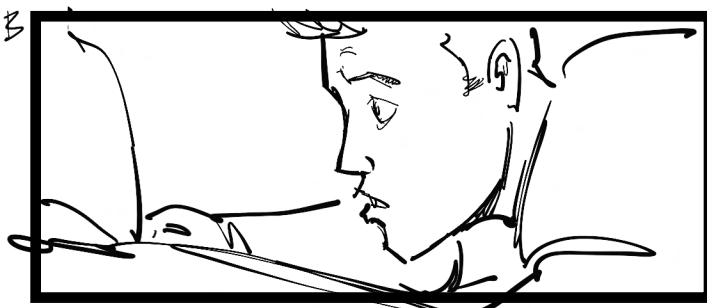
AND THEN...



TWO MORE SHOTS.



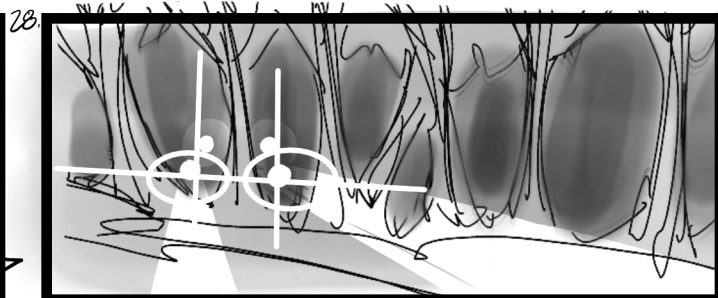
BURTON (CONT'D)
WOULD SOMEONE PLEASE TELL ME WHAT
THE FUCK IS GOING ON?



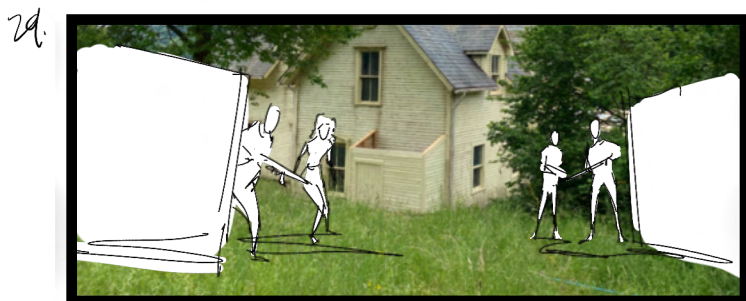
CONNER (O.S.)
YOUR LITTLE SISTER SAID I SHOULD
STOP BY FOR A BEER.



BURTON PEAKS OUT FROM COVER.



HEADLIGHTS APPEAR.



EVERYONE STEPS OUT FROM COVER.



BURTON RISING IN FG.

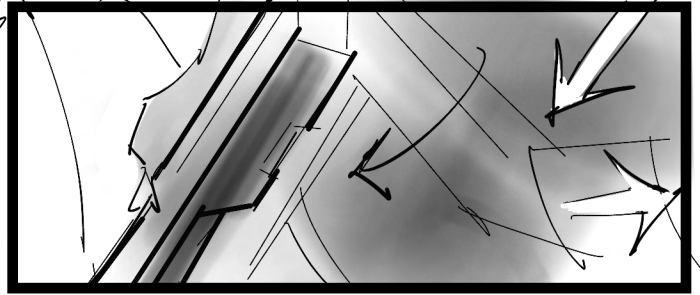
The peripheral SC 224-226

30.



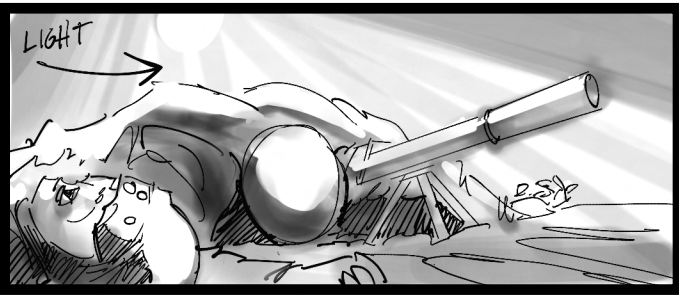
ANGLE ON SILHOUETTED CONNER...

B



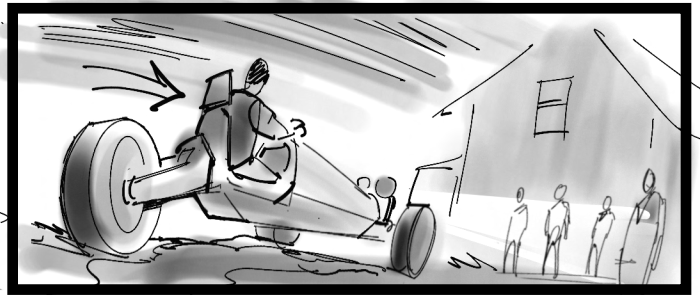
TILT DOWN AS HE HOLSTERS HIS BULL PUP.

31.



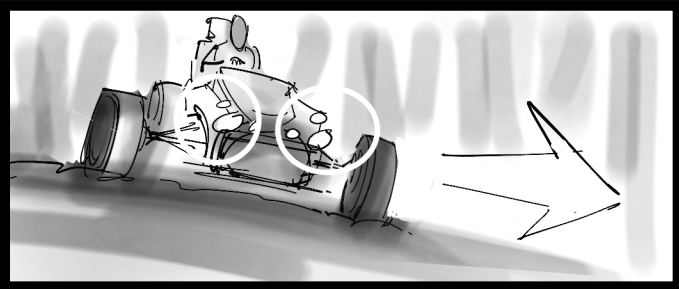
HIS HEADLIGHTS MOMENTARILY ILLUMINATE THE DEAD LMG TEAM.

B



HE PULLS UP TO HIS FRIENDS.

32.



AS CONNER DRIVES INTO...

B



HIS CU.

CONNER: DIDN'T MENTION NOTHING ABOUT YOU THROWING SUCH A FUN PARTY THOUGH.

34.



BURTON SMILES. STEPS TOWARDS HIS OLD FRIEND.

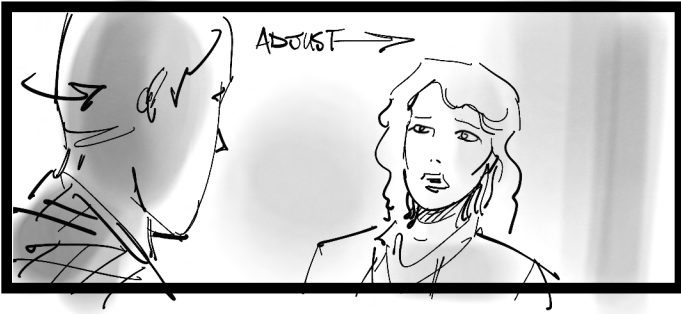
B



...BUT HIS PHONE CHIMES.

The peripheral SC 224-226

34 c



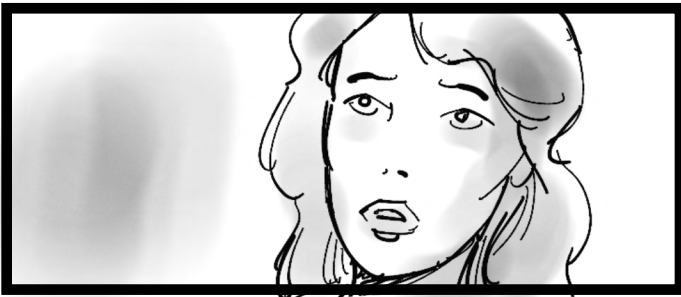
ADJUST AS HE TURNS TO FLYNNE.

35.



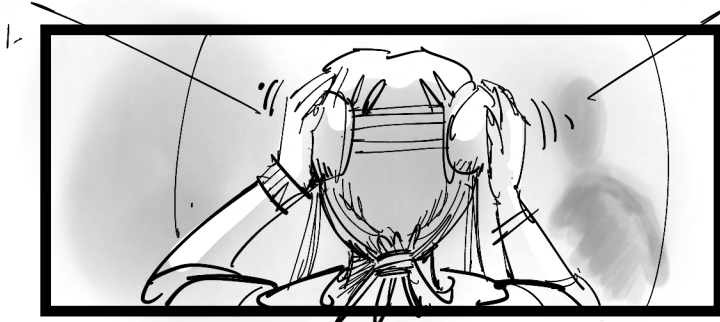
REVERSE. HE LOOKS TO HER.

36.



FLYNNE: WHAT?

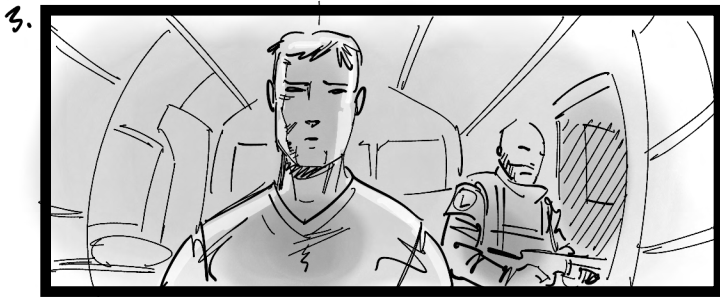
The peripheral sc 227-231



CLOSE FOCUS ON FLYNNE AS SHE PUTS THE COLDIRON HEADGEAR ON.



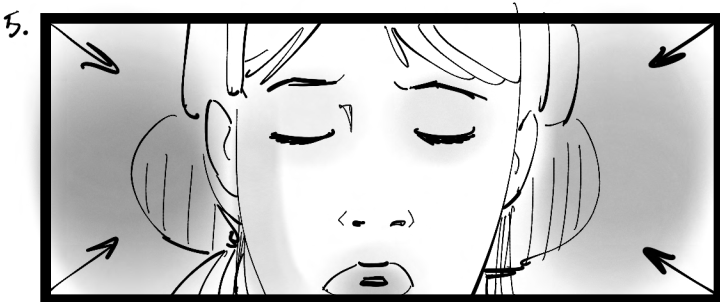
SHE'S READY.



ON BURTON, CONCERNED. LEON IN THE BG, GUARDING THE DOOR.



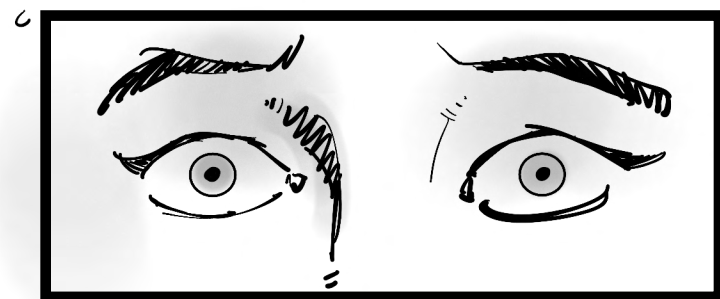
FLYNN'S LEANS BACK INTO THE CHAIR AS BURTON TAKES HER HAND.



SLOW PUSH IN TO FLYNNE AS SHE COUNTS BACK FROM TEN.



ENDING CLOSE ON HER EYES. -A BEAT-

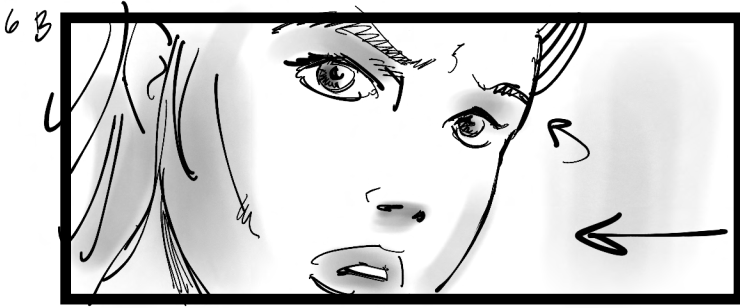


SHE OPENS THEM AND SEES...

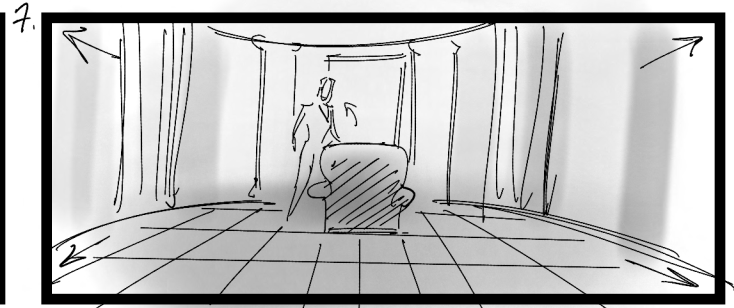


HERSELF. BUT ...DIFFERENT.

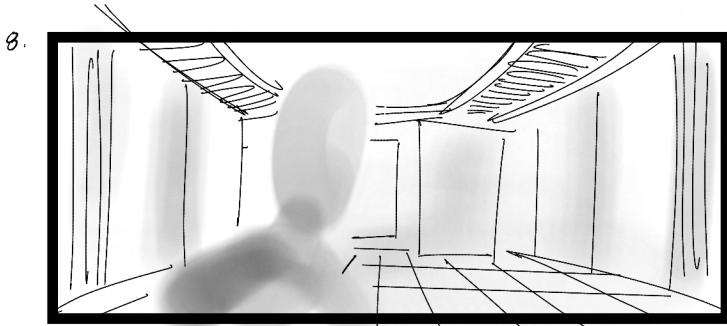
The peripheral sc 227-231



PAN LEFT AS FLYNN'S LOOK BACK AND WE REALIZE THAT WE WERE LOOKING AT FLYNN'S REFLECTION IN A MIRROR.



FLYNNE STANDS AS WE SLOW PULL BACK REVEALING WILF'S APARTMENT.



REVERSE: OVER FLYNNE PERI TO APARTMENT.



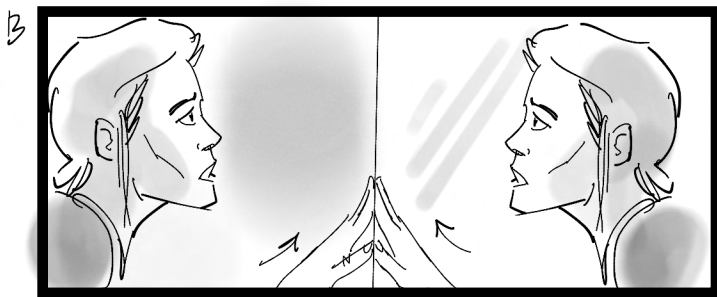
RACK TO HER AS SHE RETURNS HER GAZE TO THE MIRROR.



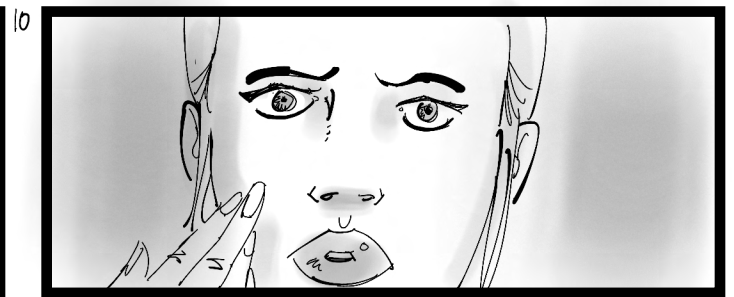
STEPS FORWARD.



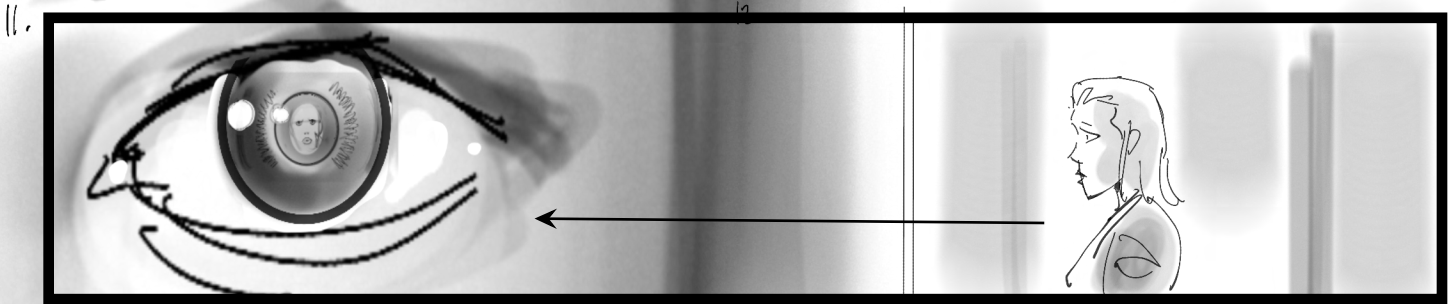
PROFILE: FLYNN'S CONFRONTS HER REFLECTION.



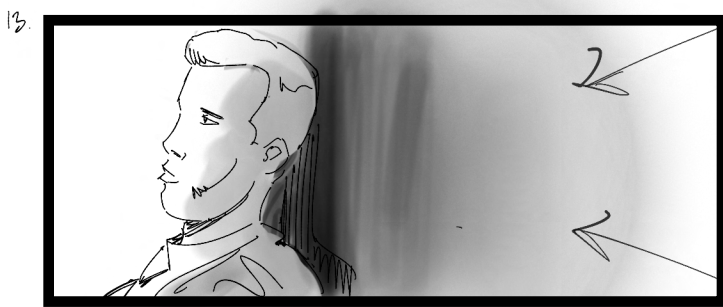
TOUCHES THE MIRROR.



TOUCHES HER FACE.



SLIDE OFF FLYNNE TO REVEAL AN EYE, HER MIRROR IMAGE SET IN THE PUPIL.



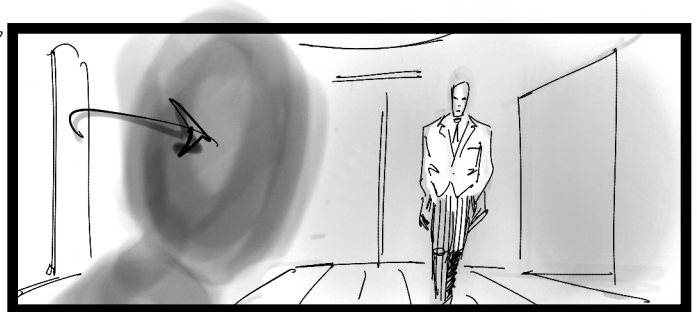
REVEAL IT IS WILF. PUSH IN. HE IS HIDDEN BEHIND A PARTITION.



HE STEPS OUT.



WILF: IF YOU'D LIKE IT ALTERED IN ANY WAY, WE CAN EASILY ACCOMMODATE YOU.



WILF: I'M WILF NETHERTON.



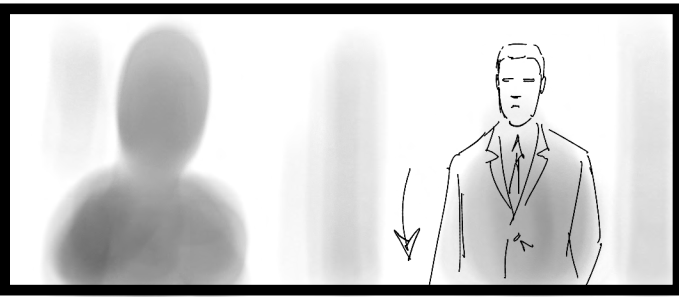
ON FLYNNE PERI. WILF APPROACHES, REFLECTED IN THE MIRROR BEHIND HER.



HE OFFERS HIS HAND.

The peripheral sc 227-231

16B



DROPS HIS HAND WHEN IT'S CLEAR FLYNNE WON'T ACCEPT IT.

WILF: I'LL BE AS DIRECT AS POSSIBLE, SINCE NEITHER OF US HAS TIME FOR ANYTHING ELSE.

17



WILF: I'M TRYING TO FIND A WOMAN. AELITA WEST.

COMES AROUND TO A 50/50.

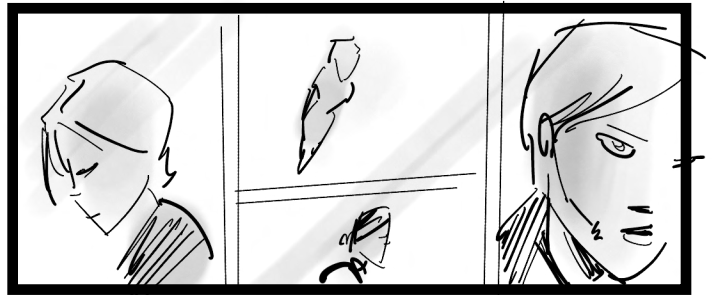
18



WILF: IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, YOU MIGHT BE THE LAST PERSON TO HAVE SEEN HER.

IMAGES OF A AELITA FLASH ON MIRROR.

19



CLOSE ON THE IMAGES.

20



ON FLYNNE PERI LOOKING AT AELITA.

21



SHE TURNS TO WILF

FLYNNE: I'M THINKING YOU NEED TO TELL ME WHY MEN ARE COMING TO KILL US. THEN MAYBE WE CAN PLAY YOUR STUPID MISSING-LADY SIM.

22



WILF: WE BELIEVE YOU WITNESSED SOMETHING IN YOUR TIME WITH AELITA. AND THAT SOMEONE WANTS TO SILENCE YOU BEFORE YOU CAN REVEAL IT.

IMAGES OF AELITA DISAPPEAR.

23



FLYNNE: HOW'S THAT EVEN MAKE SENSE? IT'S IN A SERVER SOMEWHERE. RUN A SEARCH.

The peripheral sc 227-231

24.



WILF: YOU AREN'T PLAYING A SIM, MS. FISHER. YOU'RE INSIDE WHAT WE CALL A PERIPHERAL. TELEPRESENT. PILOTING THAT BODY AS IF IT WERE YOUR OWN.

25.



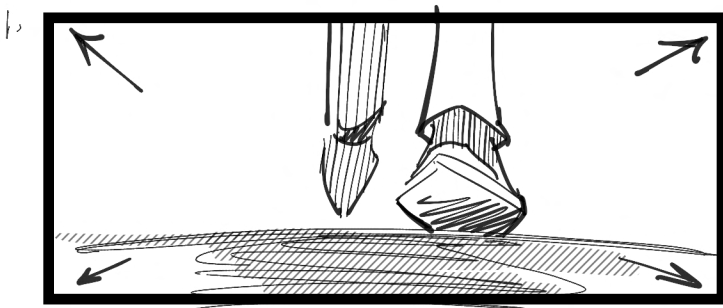
WILF: AND ALL THIS?

26.



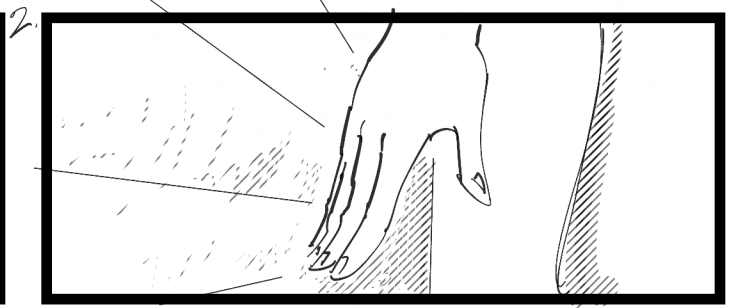
WILF: LET ME SHOW YOU.

The peripheral sc 232

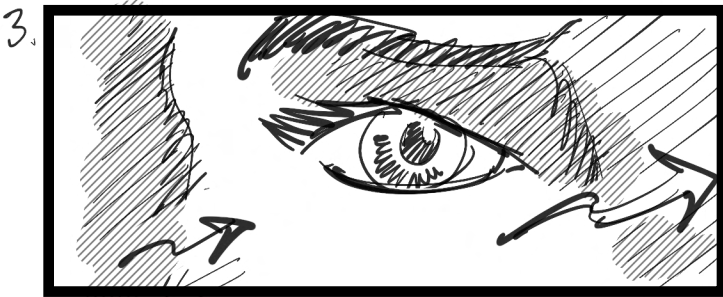


LEADING FLYNNE'S FEET OVER REFLECTIVE STREET PAVEMENT.

48 FPS



HER HAND BRUSHING PAST A WALL.



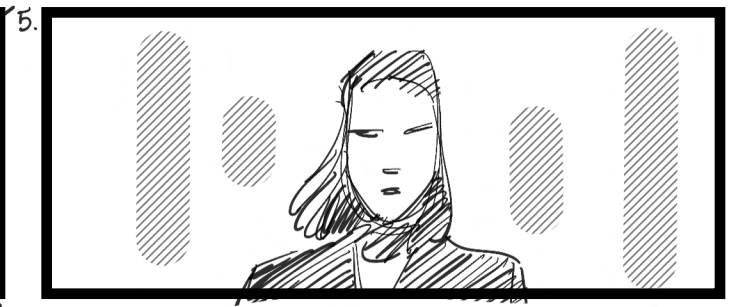
FLYNNE'S EYE PASSING BY...



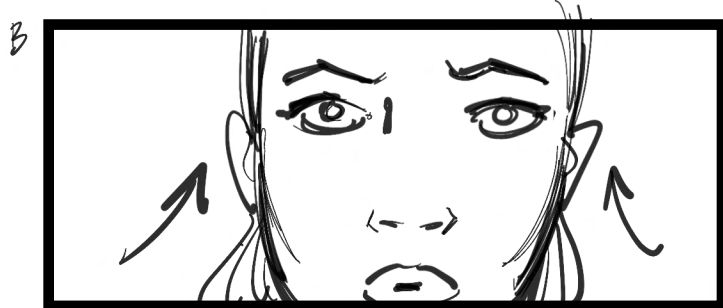
... TO REVEAL WILF BEHIND HER.



FLYNNE LEADS US (THE BG OUT OF FOCUS).



FLYNNE OUT OF FOCUS...



STEPS INTO SHARP FOCUS.



ANGLE BEHIND FLYNNE BG OUT OF FOCUS.

The peripheral sc 232

6b



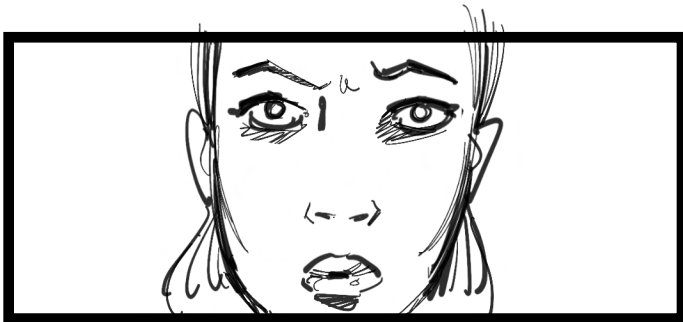
BOOM UP AND FOCUS DEEP TO REVEAL...

6c



TRAFALGAR SQUARE/FUTURE LONDON.

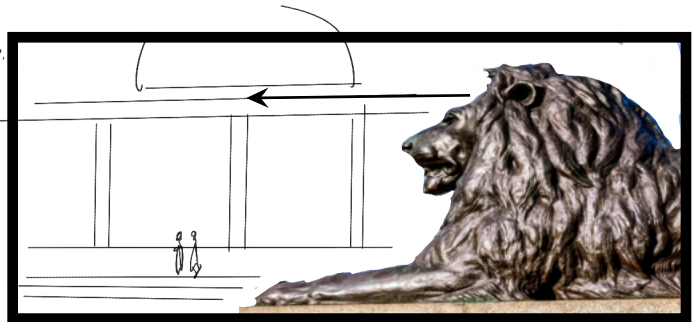
7.



ON FLYNNE TAKING IT IN. THEN...

FLYNNE: THIS AIN'T LONDON.

8.



SLIDE LEFT OVER LION TO WILF AND FLYNNE.

FLYNNE: WHERE ARE ALL THE PEOPLE.

WILF: WHY WOULD YOU SAY THAT?

9.



WILF: YES, WELL, THAT'S WHERE THINGS BEGIN TO GET TRICKY. THIS IS LONDON

10.



FLYNN'S POV EXPLORING THE SQUARE.

WILF: ...BUT LONDON SEVENTY YEARS FROM WHAT YOU THINK OF AS THE PRESENT.

11.



FLYNNE: YOU REALLY EXPECT ME TO SWALLOW THAT? THAT I'VE, LIKE, TIME TRAVELED TO FUTURE LONDON?

12.

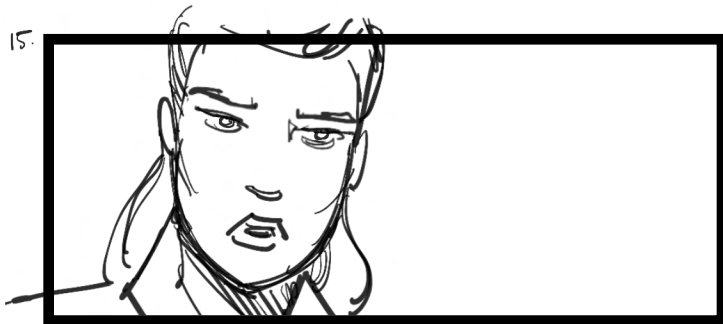


WILF: NOT AT ALL. IF IT WERE "TIME TRAVEL," AS YOU SAY, YOU'D BE HERE PHYSICALLY. THIS IS MERELY A MATTER OF DATA TRANSFER. VIA THE PERIPHERAL. "QUANTUM TUNNELING" IS THE TECHNICAL-...

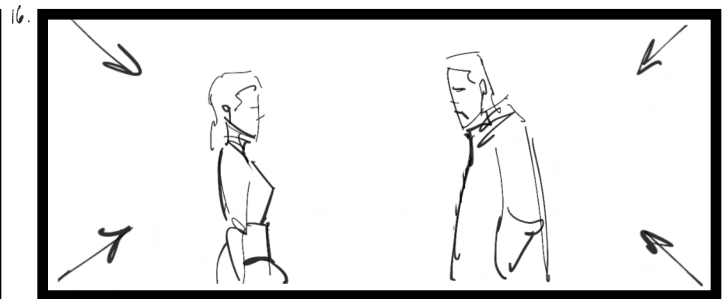
The peripheral sc 232



WILF: (NOTICING HER EXPRESSION)
I UNDERSTAND YOUR CONFUSION.



FLYNNE
I'M NOT CONFUSED. I JUST DON'T
BELIEVE YOU.

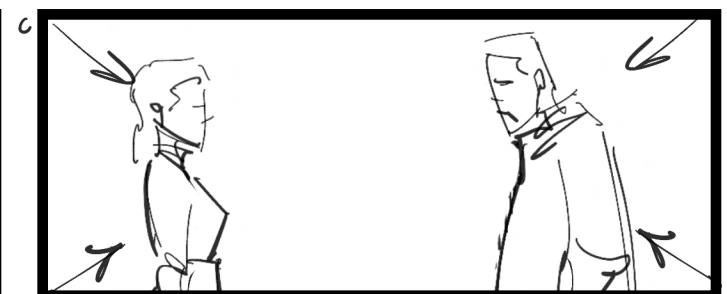


WILF: YOU'D LIKE MY BONA FIDES? YOUR
MOTHER HAS A BRAIN TUMOR. A GLIOMA.

FLYNNE: YOU DON'T NEED TO BE FROM THE
FUTURE TO KNOW THAT.



WILF
IT'S GOING TO KILL HER IN FOUR
WEEKS. ON SEPTEMBER 22ND. LATE IN
THE EVENING.



FLYNNE
DOCTOR TOLD HER IT'S NOT GONNA DO
HER IN. THERE'S PLENTY OF OTHER
STUFF IN LINE AHEAD OF IT.

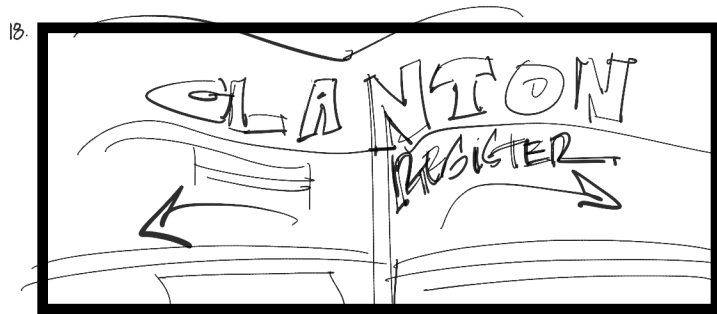


WILF: HAS HER PAIN BEEN INTENSIFYING?
THAT'S USUALLY THE FIRST SIGN.

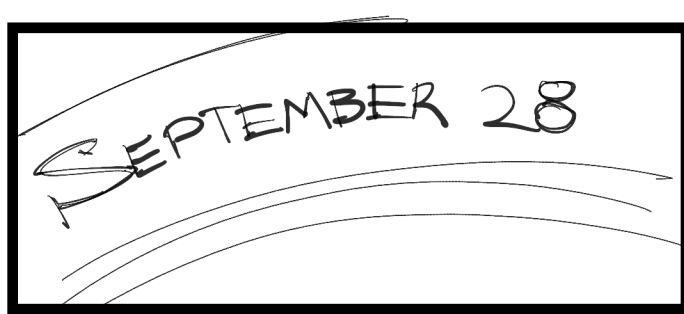
HE PULLS A NEWSPAPER FROM HIS POCKET,
OFFERS IT TO FLYNNE.



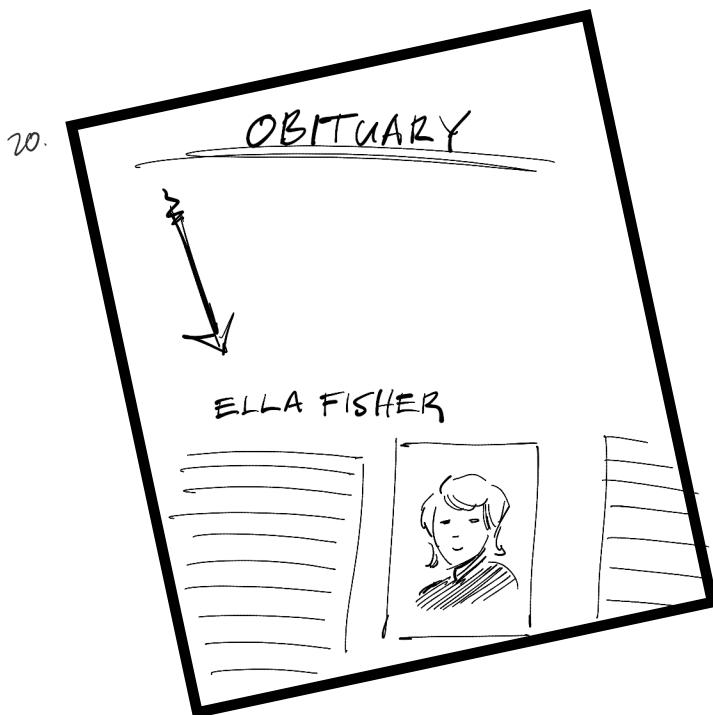
The peripheral sc 232



FLYNNE OPENS PAER.

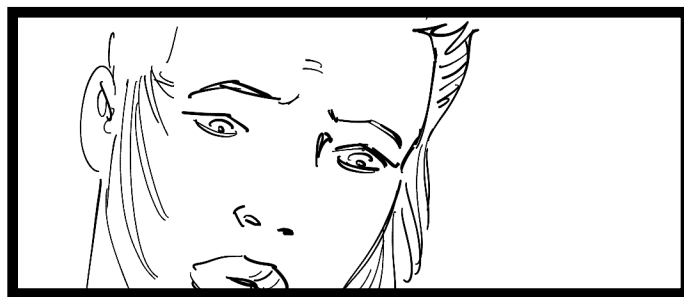


INSERT DATE

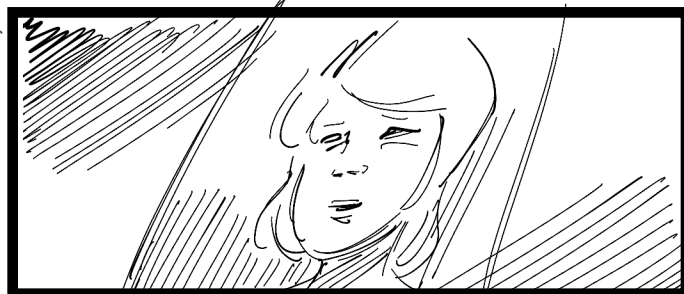


WILF (OS)
WE'VE DEVELOPED A DRUG TO TREAT
GLIOMAS. RATHER EASILY.

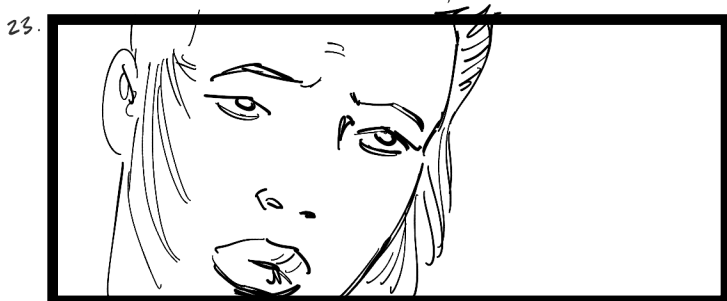
TILT DOWN TO ELLA'S OBIT.



WILF: (OS) IT'S LIKE
SPRAYING A WEED, MORE OR LESS. I'VE
SENT THE FORMULA TO YOUR LOCAL
PHARMACY.



WILF: (OS) THEY'RE PRINTING IT NOW.



FLYNNE
WE CAN'T AFFORD PHARMA JON.



WILF
MILAGROS COLDIRON HAS WIRED PAYMENT
DIRECTLY TO THE PHARMACY.

The peripheral sc 232



WILF (CONT'D)
THINK ON IT, MS. FISHER. BUT WITH
ALACRITY.



WILF: THE SITUATION IS URGENT.
I CAN'T STRESS THAT ENOUGH. YOU AND
YOUR FAMILY REMAIN IN GRAVE DANGER.



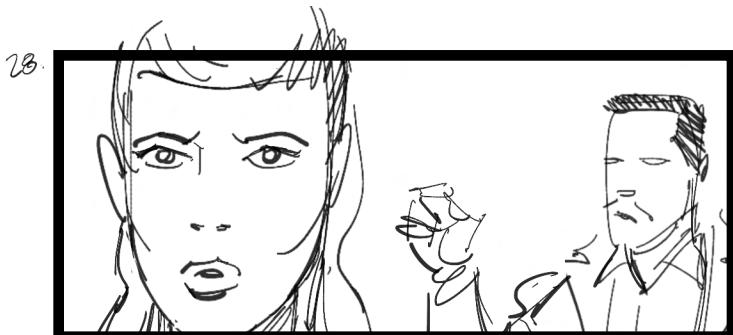
FLYNNE TURNS TO THE CITYSCAPE. PUSH IN TO HER.

WILF: THOSE MEN WHO CAME TO KILL YOU--
THEY WON'T BE THE LAST.



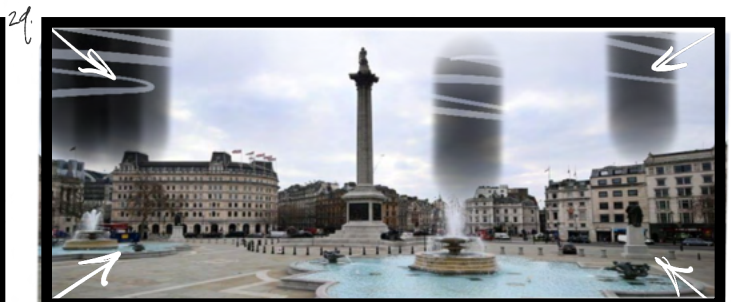
FLYNNE'S POV OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE. PUSH
IN.

WILF (OS) : YOU'LL NEED MY HELP TO STOP THEM.
AND I NEED YOURS IN TURN.

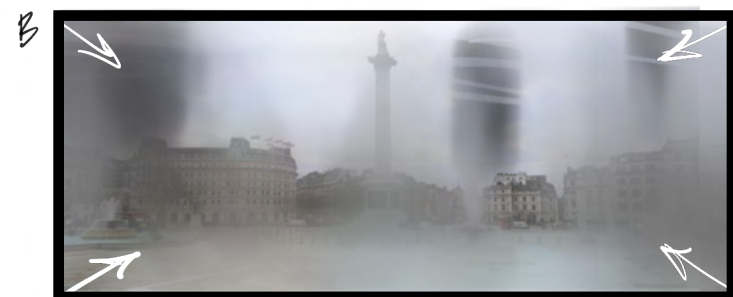


WILF (CONT'D)
I'LL SEE YOU SOON.

WILF TAPS HIS FINGERS



FLYNNE'S POV...



...TURNS BLURRY.

DISSOLVE TO...

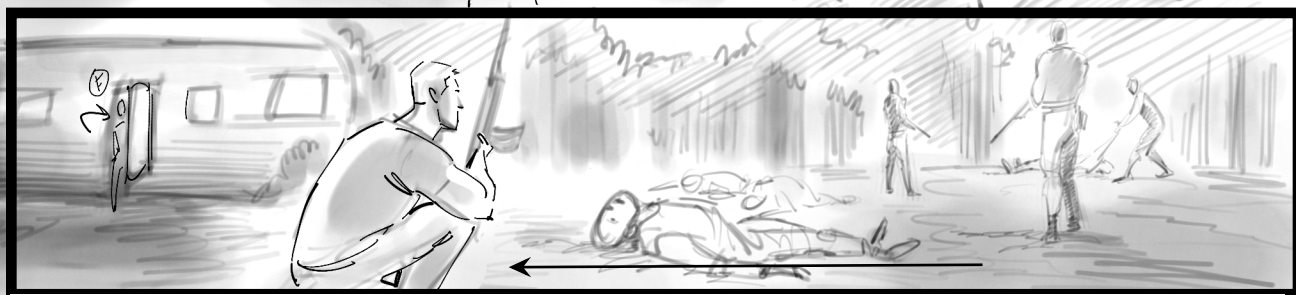
The peripheral sc 233-241



* INT: TRAILER
FLYNN REWIVES. HEADS OUT
HAND HEAD.

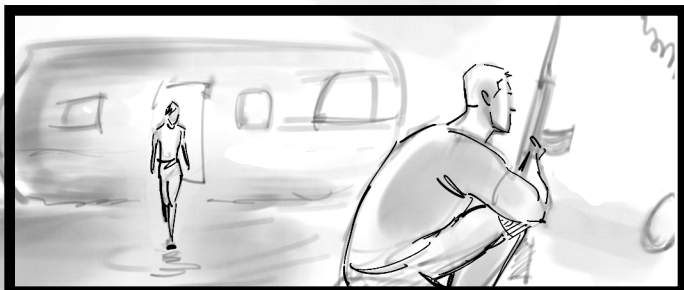


TRY CONTACTING HER OUTSIDE.



EXT BURTON'S TRAILER - DAWN

START ON DRONES IN THE SKY, BOOM DOWN TO VETS CLEARING BODIES AND TRACK LEFT TO FIND BURTON. FLYNNE EMERGES FROM THE TRAILER IN THE BG



BURTON: BURYING AND BURNING HAVE BOTH COME UP FOR DISCUSSION... ALONG WITH CONTACTING THE SHERIFF. I FIGURED WE SHOULD HEAR FROM YOU BEFORE WE COMMIT OURSELVES.



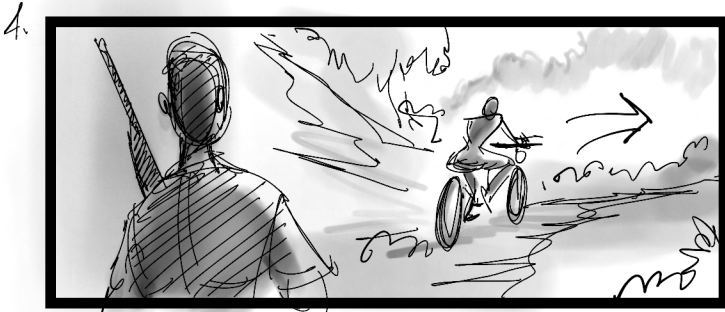
FLYNN: BURY 'EM. I'M HEADING INTO TOWN.

BURTON: FOR WHAT?

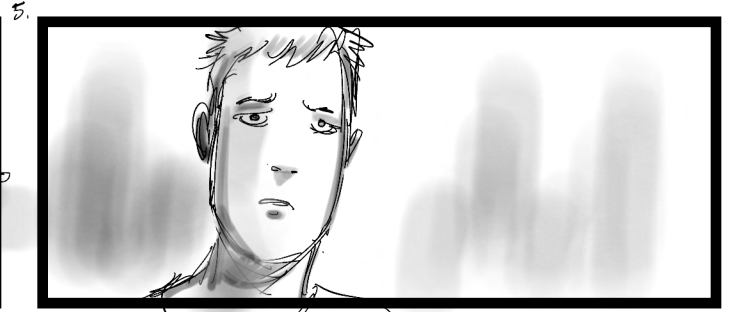


FLYNN: TELL YOU WHEN I GET BACK.
BURTON: YOU CAN'T GO ALONE!
FLYNN: THEN SEND SOMEONE. BUT I'M LEAVING.

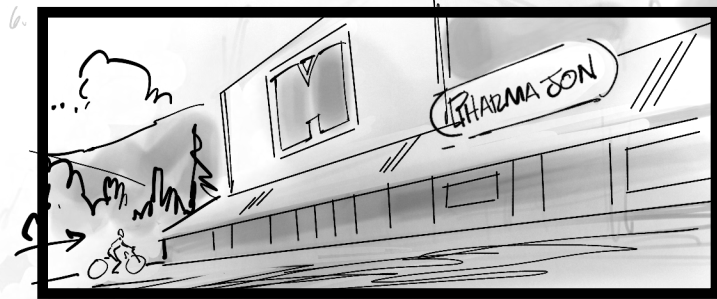
The peripheral sc 33-41



FLYNNE GETS ON HER BIKE AND HEADS OFF.



ON BURTON CONCERNED.



EXT STRIP MALL - DAY

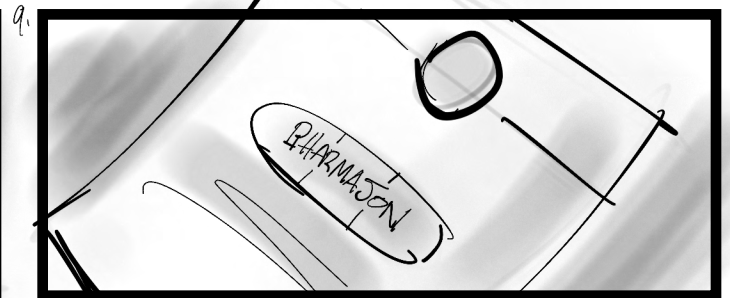
FLYNNE IS ON HER BIKE, HOLDING ONTO THE TARANTULA: CONNER IS TOWING HER (?).



FLYNNE LOOKS TO PHARMA JON - THE HOPE AND FEAR OF WHAT SHE IS DOING - PARKS HER BIKE...

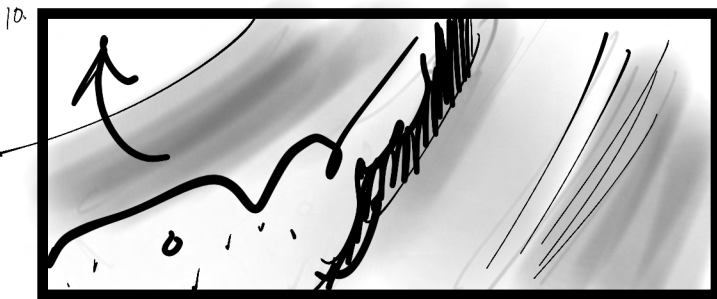


...AND HURRIES INTO THE PHARMACY.

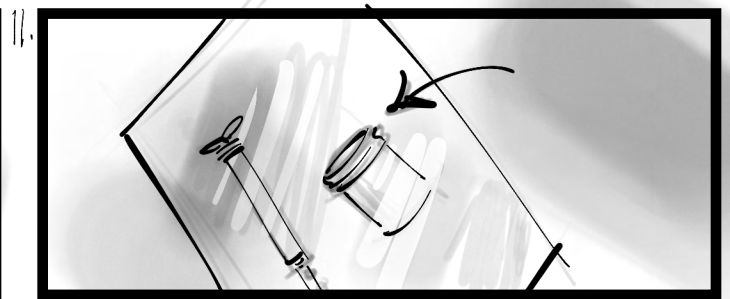


INT FISHER HOUSE - ELLA'S ROOM - DAY

CLOSE UP BAG DROPPED ON BED.

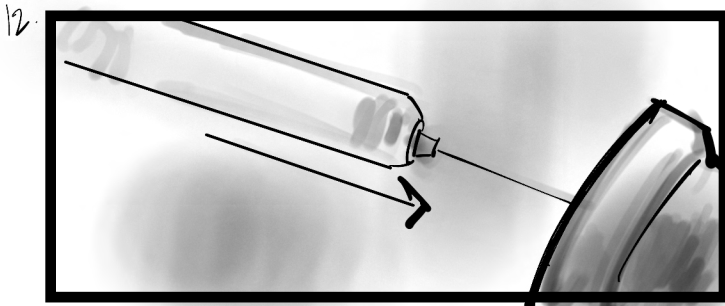


RIPPED OPEN

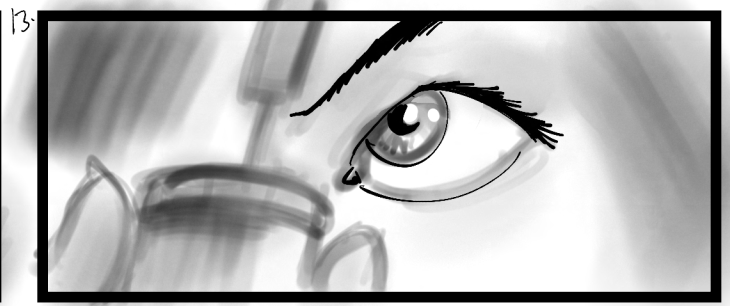


CLOSE UP SYRINGE AND VIAL REMOVED.

The peripheral sc 33-41



SYRINGE PENETRATES VIAL.

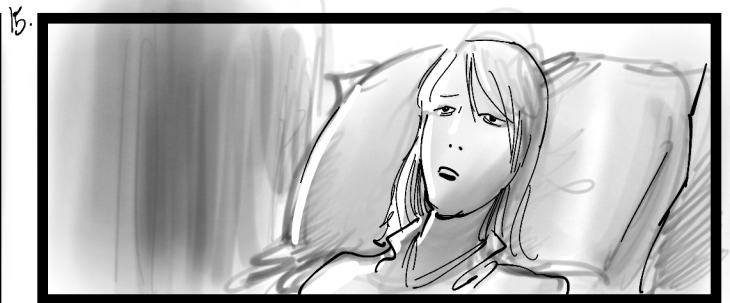


FLYNNE FILLS THE SYRINGE.



FLYNNE: GOT ANYTHING YOU WANNA SAY, MAMA?
ELLA: LIKE WHAT?

FLYNNE: MAYBE SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR
GLIOMA?

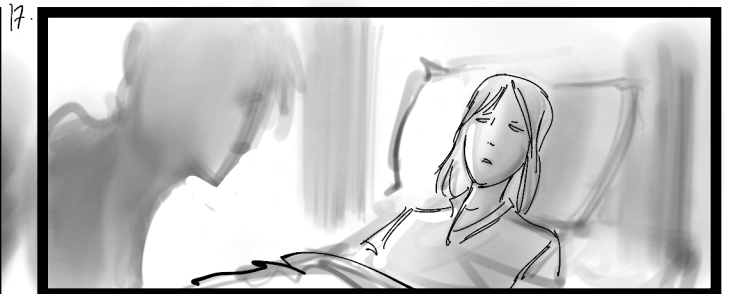


ELLA LOOKS PAINED.

ELLA: OH, SWEETIE. WHO TOLD YOU?



ELLA (CONT): I'M SORRY, SO SORRY. THEY
TELL YOU SOMETHING LIKE THAT...? IT
SOUNDS SILLY. BUT SUDDENLY YOU REALISE
HOW PRECIOUS EACH DAY IS.



ELLA (CONT): THE IDEA OF STEALING EVEN
JUST ONE SECOND FROM YOU - OF
WEIGHING YOU DOWN WITH SADNESS, WHEN I
COULD PROTECT YOU? I CAN'T ABIDE BY IT.



FLYNNE: HOW LONG?



ELLA: 6 WEEKS, IF I'M LUCKY. I TOLD THE
NURSE: IF I WAS LUCKY, I WOULDN'T BE
HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE, WOULD I?

The peripheral sc 33-41



IT'S TOO MUCH FOR FLYNNE. SHE HUGS HER MOTHER TIGHT.



ELLA: WHO KNOWS? MAYBE THIS NEW DRUG'LL HELP.



FLYNNE: THE THING ABOUT THIS DRUG...IT'S EXPERIMENTAL.

ELLA: WELL, I'VE RUN THROUGH ALL THE TRIED-AND-TRUE ONES, HAVEN'T I?

FLYNNE: THIS ONE, THOUGH... WE DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT IT.



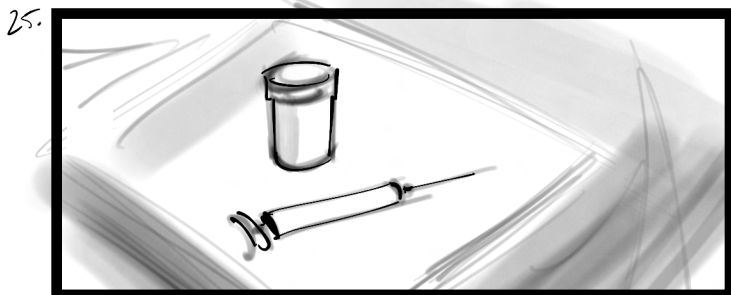
ELLA: WHAT'S THE WORST IT CAN DO, FLYNNE? KILL ME A LITTLE QUICKER?



HER AIR IS JAUNTY, BUT HER WORDS CUT STRAIGHT TO FLYNNE'S GREATEST FEAR: THIS MIGHT KILL ELLA.

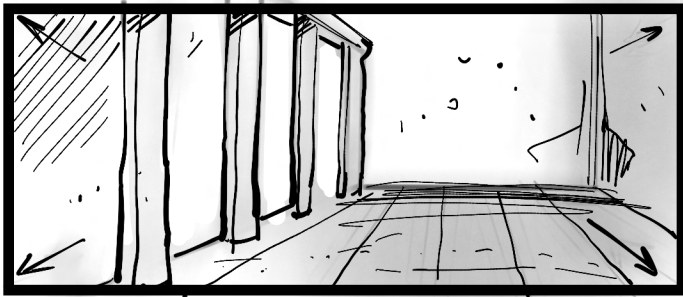


FLYNNE WAVERS, LOOKING TERRIFIED. SHE TURNS TO...



FLYNNE'S POV OF SYRINGE.

The peripheral sc 33-41

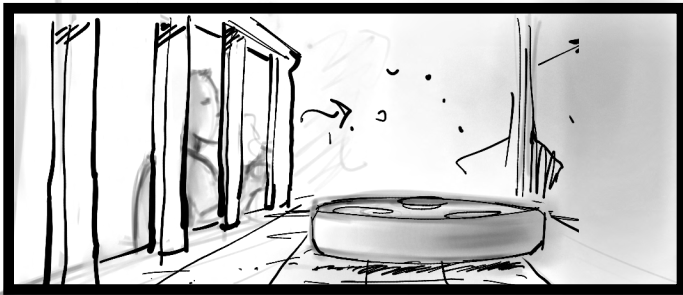


INT FISHER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

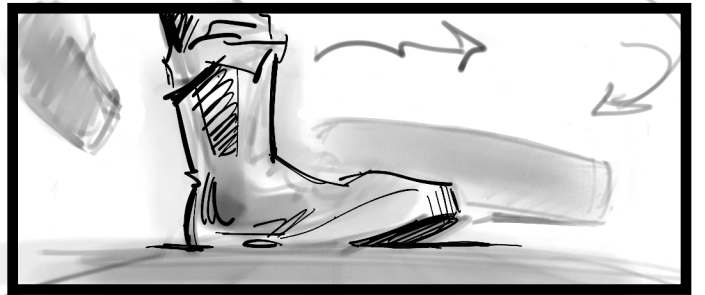
GENTLE PULL OUT.



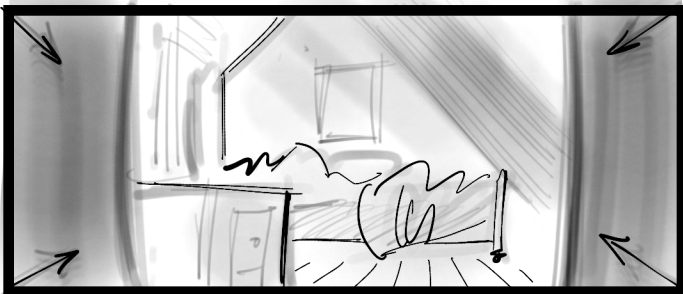
THE FISHERS' HOVERING ROOMBA PING-PONGS SLOWLY ALONG THE HALL.



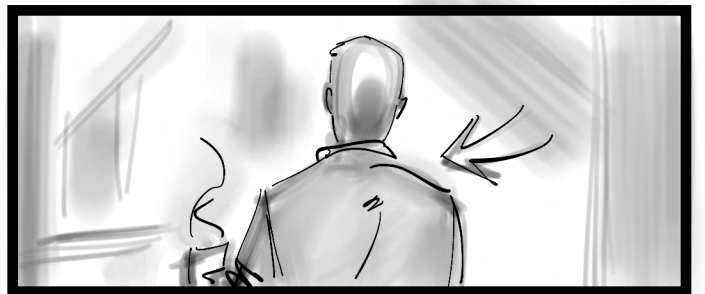
BURTON APPEARS AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, CARRYING TWO MUGS OF COFFEE.



HE STEPS OVER THE ROOMBA, ENTERS:



INT FISHER HOUSE - FLYNNE'S ROOM



BURTON SETS ONE OF THE MUGS ON THE DESK.

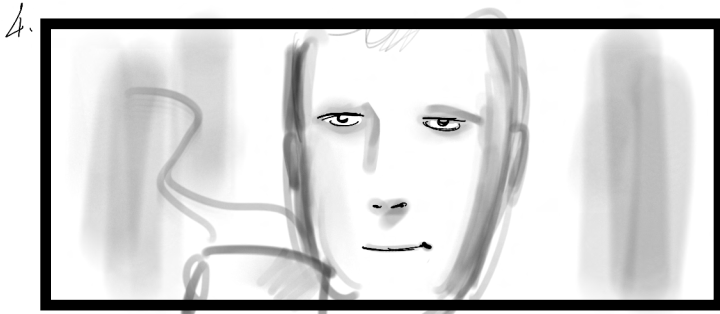


HE GLANCES AT THE PHOTOS TAPED TO THE WALL:



OVER BURTON TO PHOTOS.

The peripheral sc 33-41



THEY BRING BACK GOOD MEMORIES...



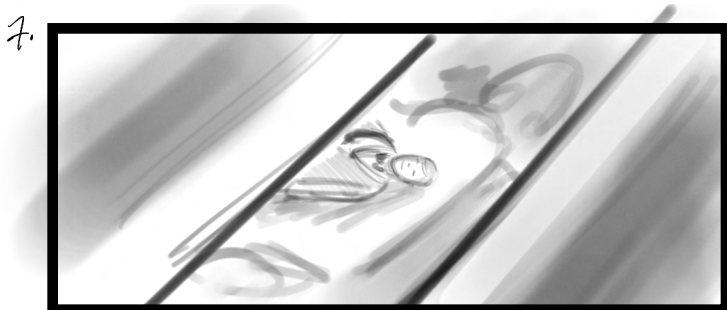
FLYNNE WITH BILLY ANN...



TILT DOWN TO FLYNNE AND BURTON AS KIDS WITH THEIR PARENTS.



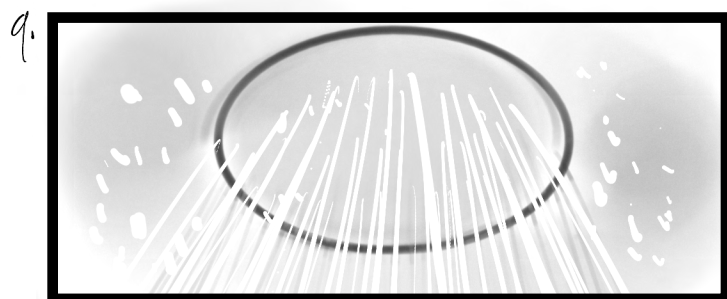
BURTON SIPES HIS COFFEE. HIS EYES FALL ON...



HALF OPEN DRAWER. THE TOMMY FIGURINE INSIDE.

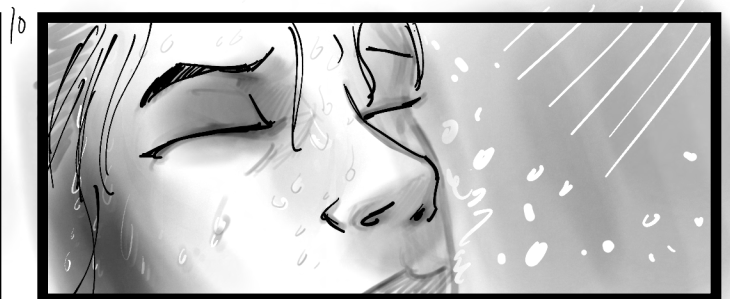


BURTON SHUTS THE DRAWER.



CU OF SHOWER HEAD.

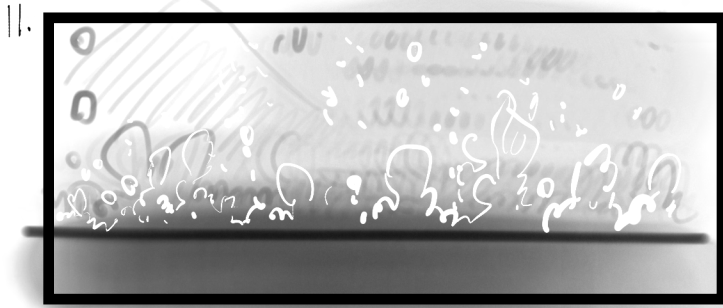
SLOW-MO WATER POURING OUT.



FLYNNE IS IN THE SHOWER, EXHAUSTED, HOT WATER BEATING DOWN.

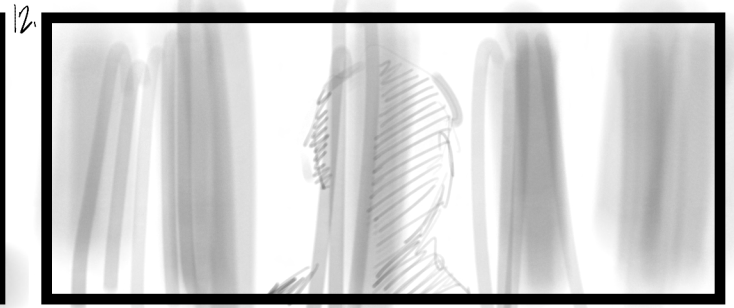
SLOW-MO

The peripheral sc 33-41



THE WATER EXPLODING ON THE BASE OF THE TUB.

SLOW-MO



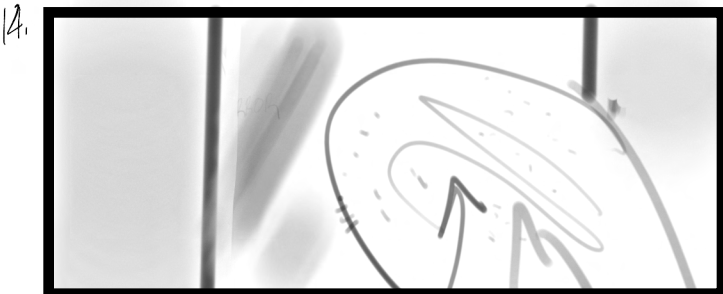
SHOWER CURTAIN



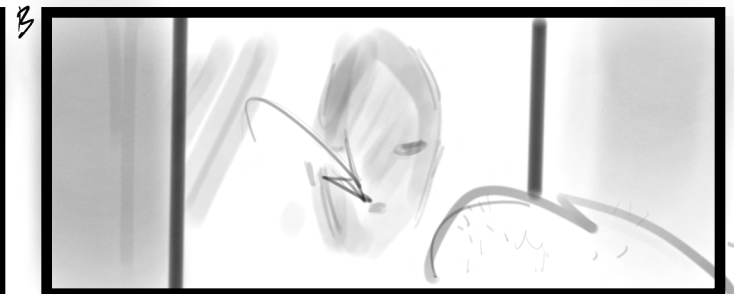
FLYNNE STEPS OUT OF THE SHOWER.



AND TOWARDS THE MIRROR.



FLYNNE'S POV.



...WIPES THE STEAM AWAY AND SEES...



- HER PERIPHERAL'S REFLECTION
IN THE MIRRORED WALL AT WILF'S OFFICE: HER
PERFECT SELF.

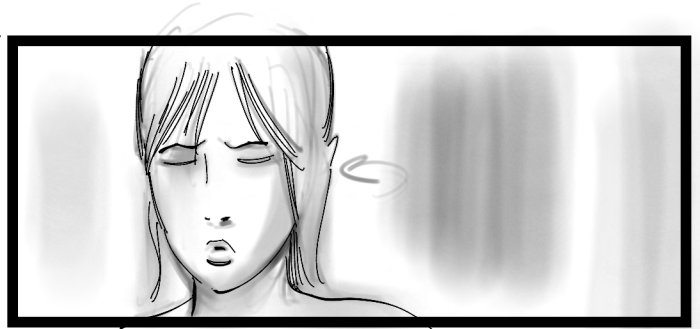


BACK TO SCENE.

The peripheral sc 33-41



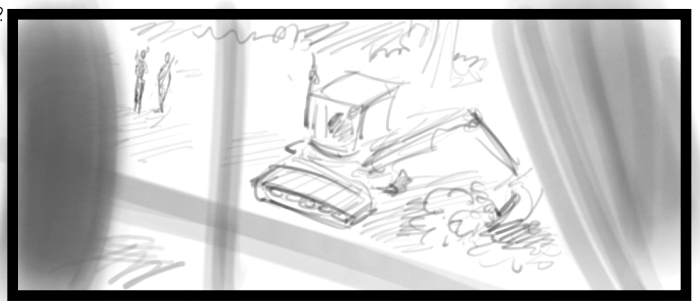
STARING AT HER ACTUAL SELF IN THE HALF-FOGGED MIRROR, THE SAME PROBING, SOBER EXPRESSION.



SHE TURNS AWAY, DISTURBED.

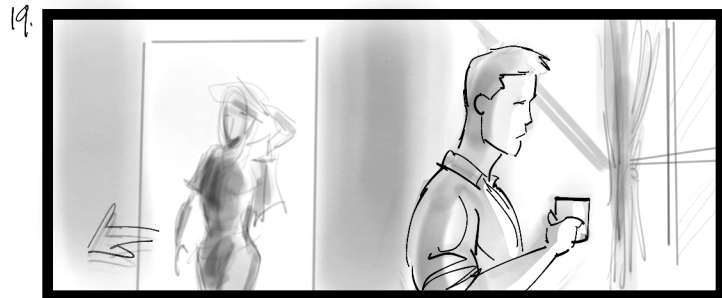


INT FISHER HOUSE - FLYNNE'S ROOM - DAY
BURTON IS AT THE WINDOW STARING OUT.

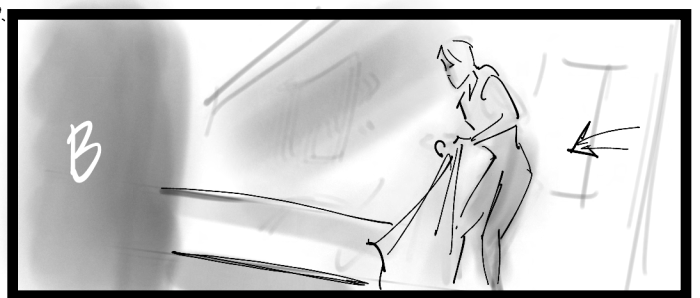


BURTON'S POV.

WE CAN SEE HIS FRIENDS DIGGING A GIANT HOLE.



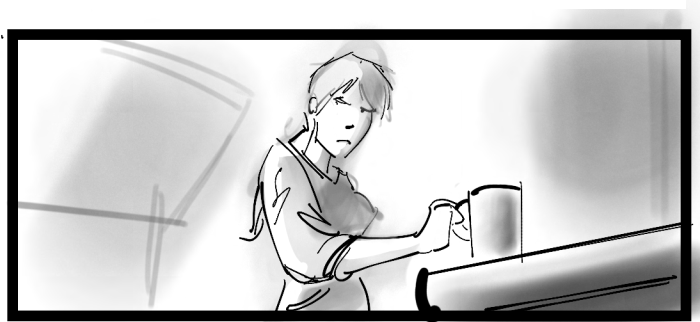
BURTON DOESN'T TURN WHEN FLYNNE ENTERS.



SHE HESITATES, THEN QUICKLY STARTS TO YANK HER QUILT UP OVER HER SHEETS.



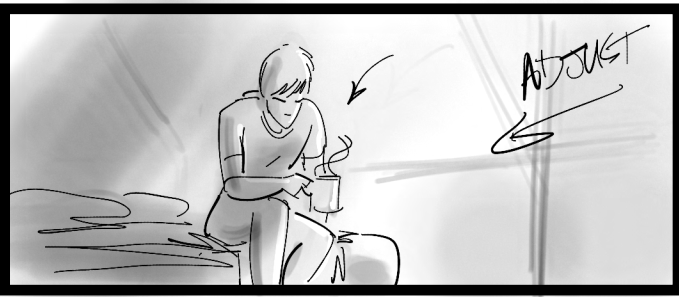
BURTON: COFFEE ON THE DESK.



FLYNNE GRABS THE MUG.

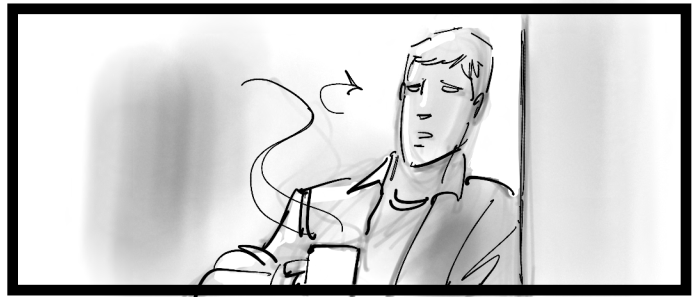
The peripheral sc 33-41

22



TAKES A SEAT ON THE EDGE OF THE BED.

23



BURTON (CONT'D)
I'M THINKING I COULD USE SOME INTEL
RIGHT ABOUT NOW, IF YOU GOT IT.

24

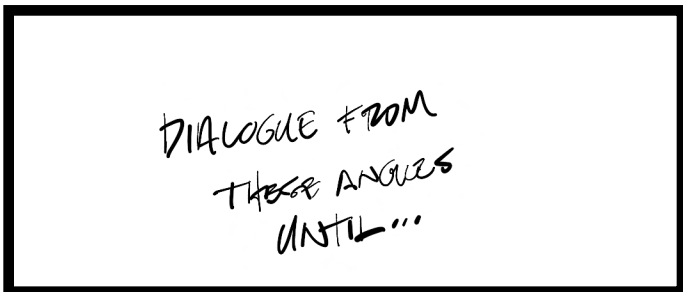


FLYNNE
YOU'RE NOT GONNA BELIEVE ME.

25



BURTON
TRY ME.



26



FLYNNE
HE SHOWED ME HER OBITUARY, BURTON.
SHE DIES IN FOUR WEEKS, IF WE DON'T
DO NOTHING.

27



BURTON
AND YOU JUST BELIEVED THAT?

28



FLYNNE
IT WAS REAL. IT FELT REAL.

The peripheral sc 33-41



BURTON
FELT REAL? ARE YOU FUCKING---



FLYNNE
I'LL GO BACK. I'LL FIND OUT MORE.



BURTON
NO WAY. I'M GOING THIS TIME.



FLYNNE
HE DOESN'T WANT YOU. HE WANTS ME.



BURTON
I DON'T GIVE A FUCK WHO HE WANTS.
THAT'S PART OF THE PROBLEM. YOU'RE
LETTING HIM THINK HE'S IN CHARGE.



FLYNNE
DAMNIT, BURTON--WHY DO YOU ALWAYS
HAVE TO GO AND MESS THINGS UP?



FLYNNE (CONT'D)
WE NEED YOU HERE. WHAT HAPPENS IF
MORE OF THEM COME HUNTING US?



The peripheral sc 33-41

37



FLYNNE (CONT'D)
I'M GOING. YOU HEAR?

FLYNNE GIVES HIM HER CUP...

38

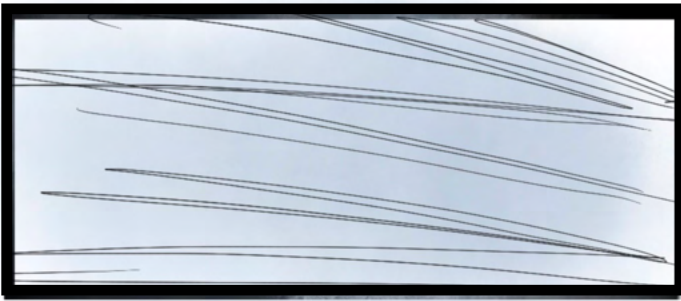


AND HEADS OUT OF THE ROOM.

The peripheral

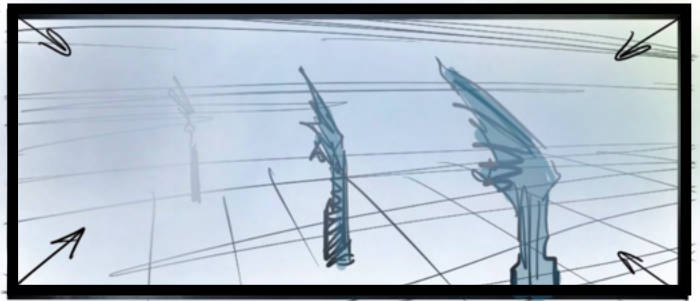
Sec. 242 TRANSITION

①



TRAVELING THROUGH MIST...

B



DISCOVER DISTANT SHAPES OF AIR SCRUBBERS DOTTING THE LANDSCAPE.

C



MOVE IN CLOSE TO SEE **STATUE** EMBEDDED IN THE SCRUBBER.

②



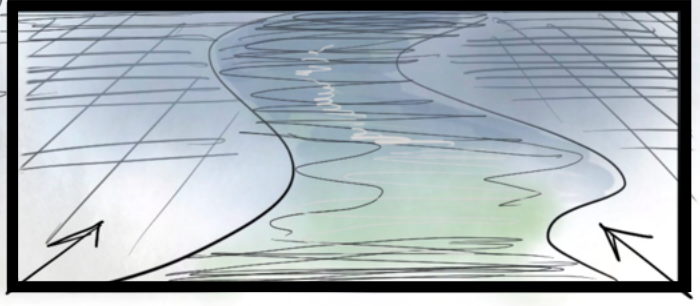
BOOM UP ON STATUE.

③



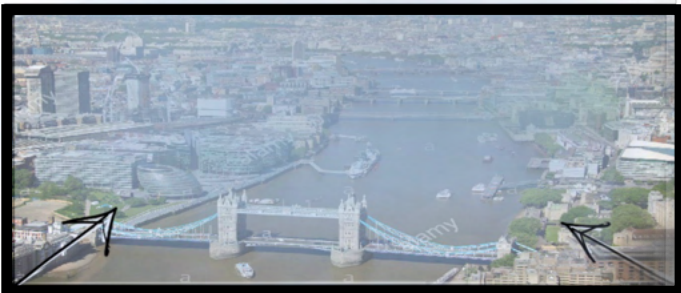
BOOM DOWN THE STRUCTURE TO SEE CLEAN WATER CASCADING LIKE A WATERFALL...

④



NOW TRAVELING OVER THE THAMES...

B



FINDING LONDON...

⑤



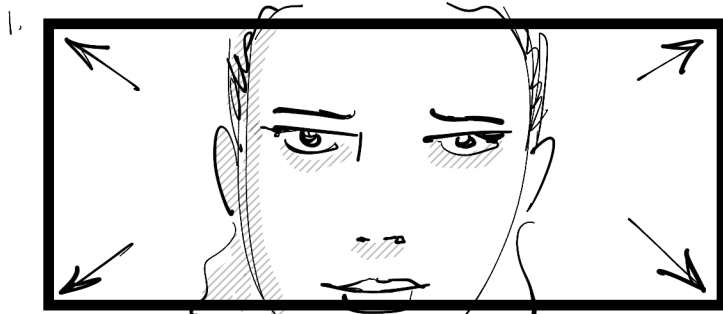
CLOUDS REFLECTED...

5B.



CONTINUE TO PUSH IN AND TILT UP TO REVEAL WE
HAVE BEEN LOOKING AT THE ROAD LEADING UP TO
LEV'S HOUSE.

The peripheral sc 242



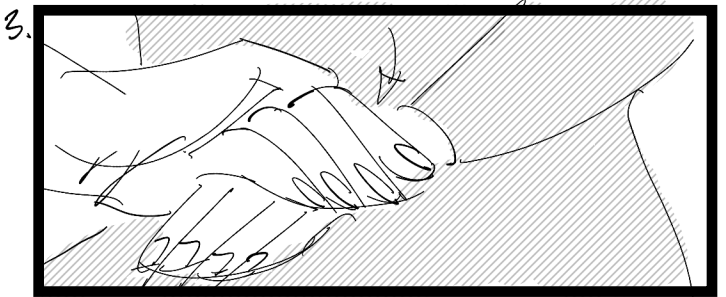
CLOSE ON PERI FLYNNE. PULL OUT.



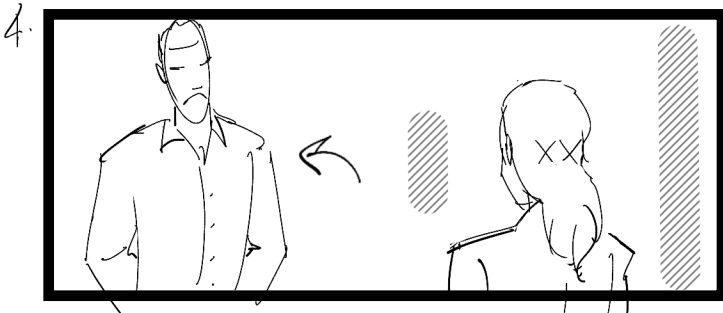
FIND WULF IN FG.



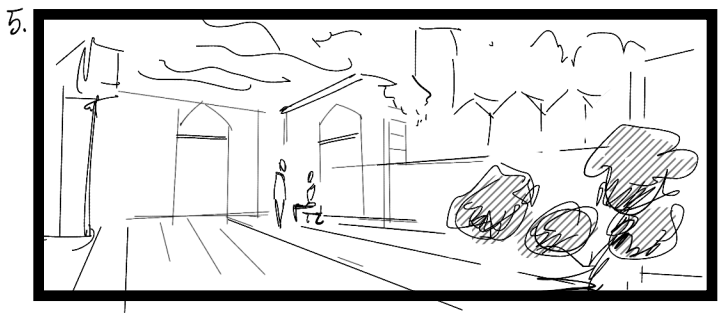
WULF TAKES HER HANDS.



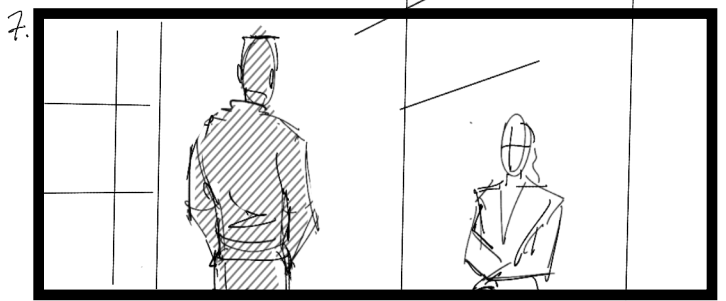
FOLDS THEM ON HER LAP.



CHECKS HIS WORK.



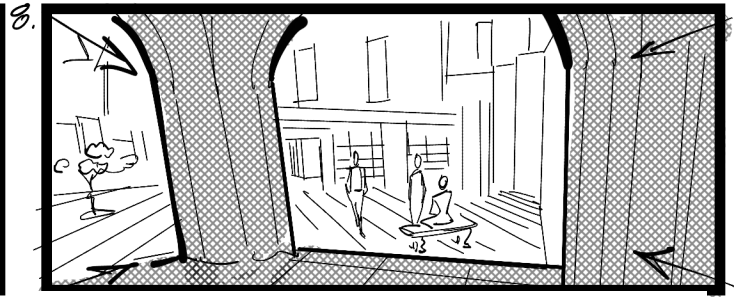
WIDER TO REVEAL THE GARDEN.



The peripheral sc 242



LEV: (OS) I KNOW HOW PERSONALLY INVESTED YOU ARE HERE, WILF



LEV: SO I WORRY YOU MIGHT FEEL AN UNDERSTANDABLE INSTINCT TO PUSH THE PACE A BIT.



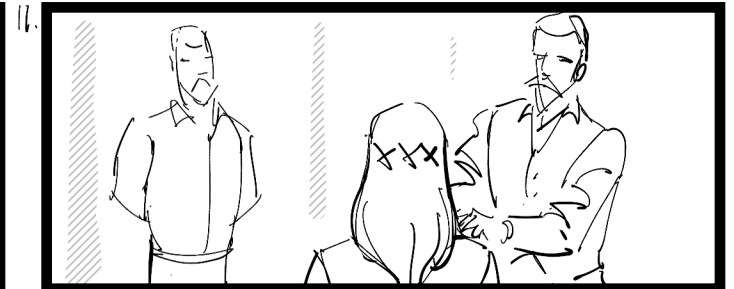
LEV: BUT I THINK WE SHOULD LET HER FIND HER FEET BEFORE WE START TO PRESSURE HER TOO MUCH.



WILF: YOU SAID TIME WAS A RESOURCE WE CAN'T AFFORD TO WASTE



LEV: AND I WOULDN'T CONSIDER IT WASTED IF IT WERE SPENT MAKING THIS YOUNG WOMAN MORE TRACTABLE



WILF: MY UNDERSTANDING WAS THAT YOU SIMPLY WANTED TO SPEAK WITH AELITA. IT'S THE ONLY REASON I AGREED TO ARRANGE AN INTRODUCTION

LEV ROUGHLY ADJUSTS FLYNNE'S COLLAR.



LEV: INDEED. BUT THOSE CONVERSATIONS OPENED THE POSSIBILITY FOR A SLIGHTLY MORE DYNAMIC RELATIONSHIP.



WILF KEEPS STARING

The peripheral sc 242

13.



LEV (CONT'D)
SHE WAS PROVIDING ME WITH ACCESS.
TO THIS YOUNG WOMAN'S WORLD.

14.



WILF: WHY?

15.



LEV
BECAUSE I WAS PAYING HER. RATHER
HANDSOMELY, TOO.

16.



WILF: NO... WHY DO YOU WANT ACCESS?

17.



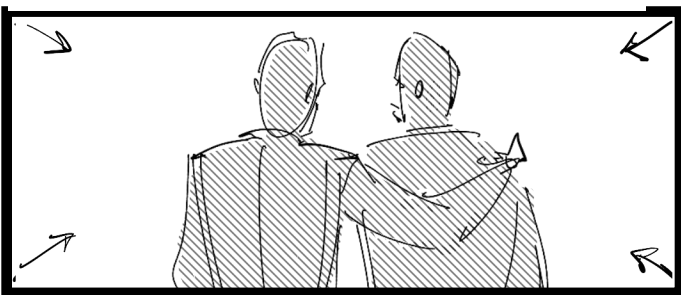
LEV
YOU'VE ALWAYS STRUCK ME AS SOMEONE
WITH A GIFT FOR DISCERNING THE
DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GOOD KNOWLEDGE
AND BAD KNOWLEDGE. GOOD BEING THAT
WHICH GIVES YOU POWER OR ADVANTAGE.
BAD BEING THE SORT THAT MIGHT PUT
YOU IN MORTAL PERIL

18.



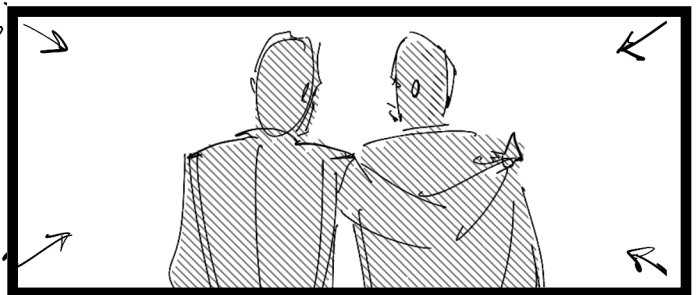
LEV (CONT'D)
THIS WOULD BE AN EXCELLENT MOMENT
TO ASK SOMETHING ELSE. SO THAT WE
CAN BOTH PRETEND THE FIRST QUESTION
WAS NEVER VENTURED

18.



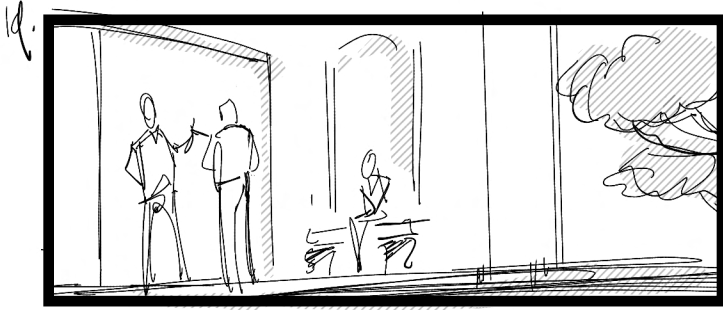
WILF
HOW DID YOU REALIZE IT WAS HER?
RATHER THAN THE BROTHER?

19.



LEV: AELITA SOUGHT SOMEONE WITH AN
APPROPRIATE SKILLSET FOR OPERATING
A PERIPHERAL.

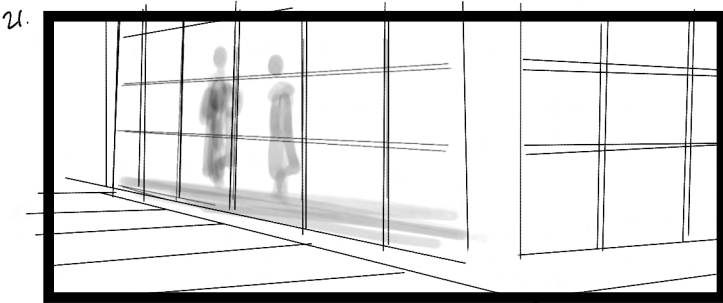
The peripheral sc 242



LEV: SOMEONE ADEPT AT NAVIGATING THEIR PRIMITIVE FORM OF VIRTUAL REALITY. "SIMS" AS THEY CALL THEM. THE GIRL APPARENTLY PLAYED UNDER THE BROTHER'S NAME.



LEV: MY TECHNICALS PUZZLED IT ALL OUT

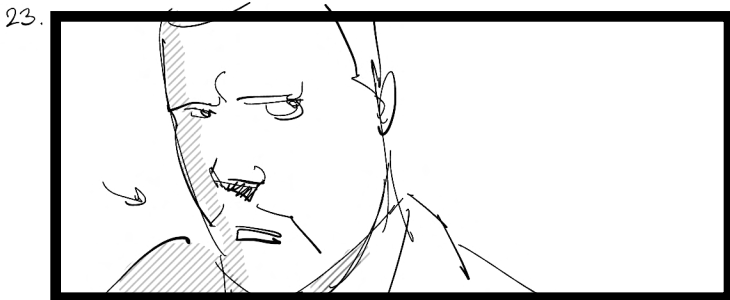


POV OF ASH AND OSSIAN INSIDE THE KITCHEN.

WILF: (OC) YOU TRUST THEM.



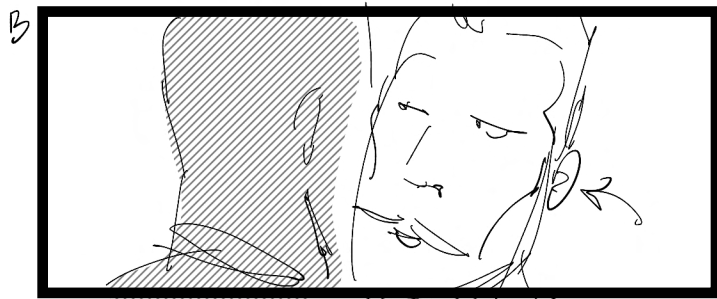
LEV: AS I WOULD A BROTHER.



WILF: YOUR BROTHER TRIED TO KILL YOU ONCE AS I RECALL.



LEV: A TURN OF PHRASE. NOT TO BE TAKEN TOO LITERALLY.



LEV: BUT ON THE PROPERTY? ? IT MIGHT BE WISE TO ASSUME THEY'RE GENERALLY LISTENING. PART OF THEIR DUTIES, YOU UNDERSTAND.



LEV EXITS. WILF TURNS.

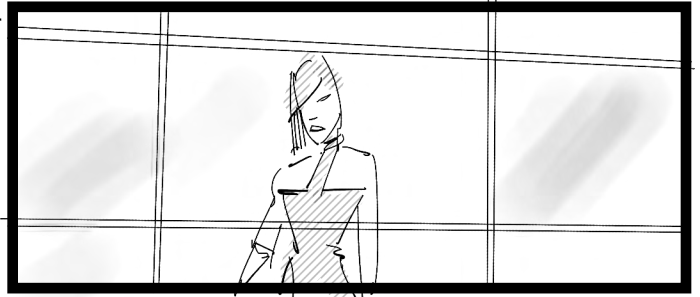
The peripheral sc 242

24 b.



HE SEES...

25.



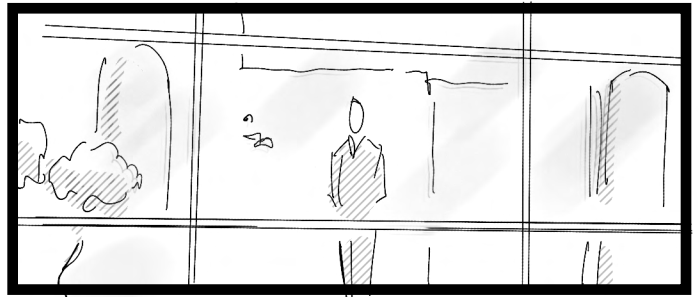
ASH STARING BACK.

B



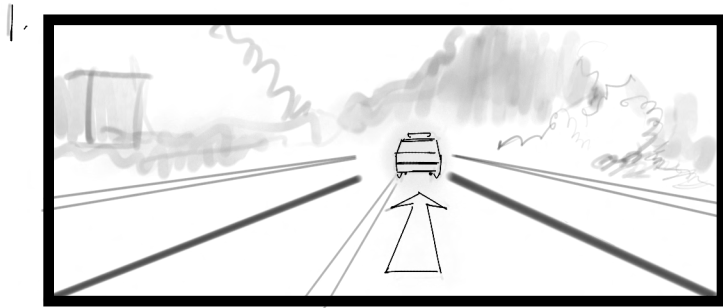
SHE TAP WINDOW.

C

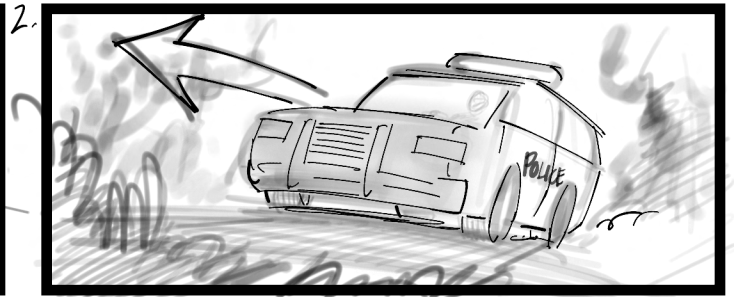


IT TURNS INTO MIRROR REFLECTING WILF BACK AT HIMSELF.

The peripheral sc 244-243



DRIVE BY TRUCKERS SONG PLAYS.
TOMMY BLASTS OVER BRIDGE OUT OF TOWN.



DRIVING DOWN A COUNTRY ROAD.



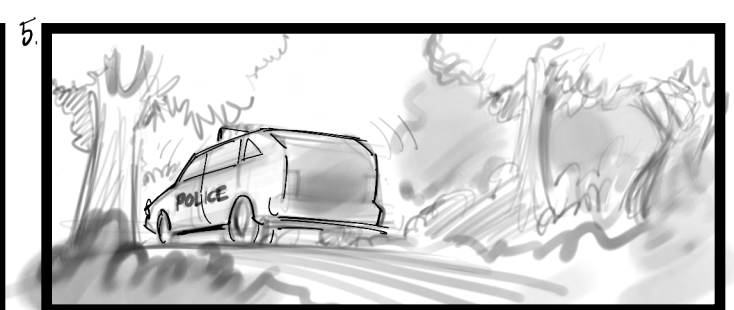
ON TOMMY SINGING ALONG TO THE SONG.



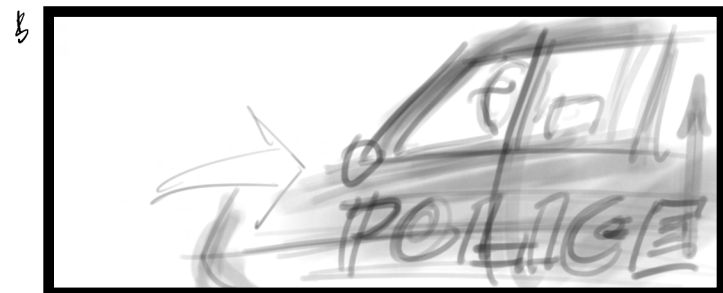
LOOKS RIGHT.



SEES SOMETHING.



STOPS THE CAR...



THEN BACKS UP.



RISE AS HE STOPS, LOOKS OUT WINDOW.

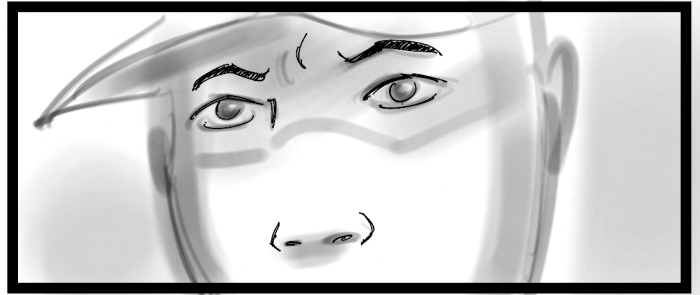
The peripheral sc 244-243

4D



GETS OUT OF THE CRUISER.

E



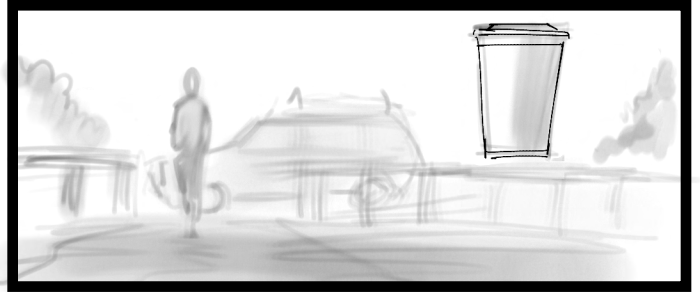
LANDS IN ECU

5.



TOMMY'S POV: SOMETHING SUSPENDED IN THE AIR.

6.



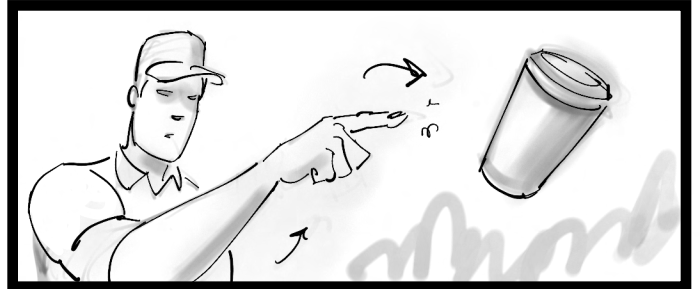
ANGLE OVER COFFEE CUP SEEMINGLY HANGING IN SPACE. TOMMY APPROACHES.

B



CONTEMPLATES THIS WEIRDNESS.

6



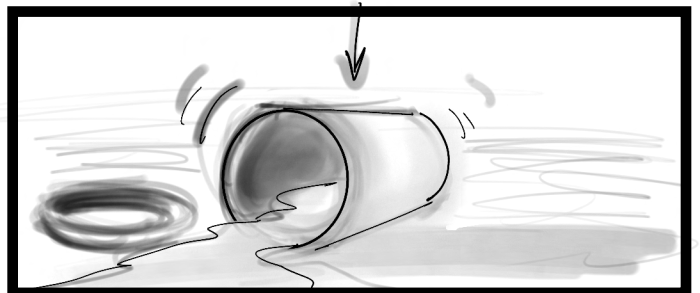
KNOCKS THE CUP...

7.



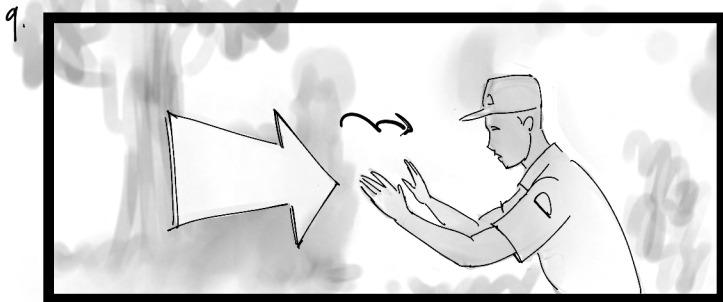
WHICH BOUNCES OVER AN INVISIBLE OBJECT.

8.

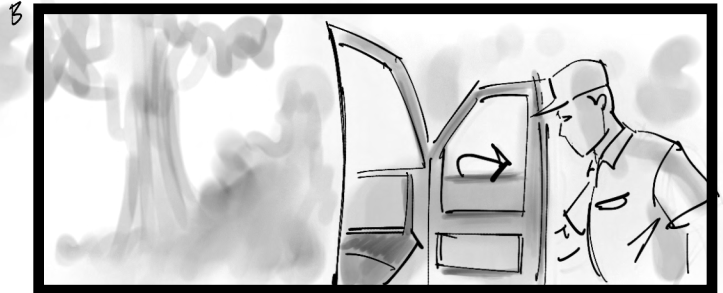


LANDS ON THE GROUND.

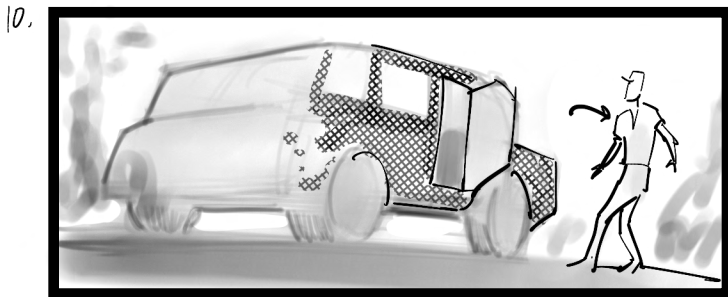
The peripheral sc 244-243



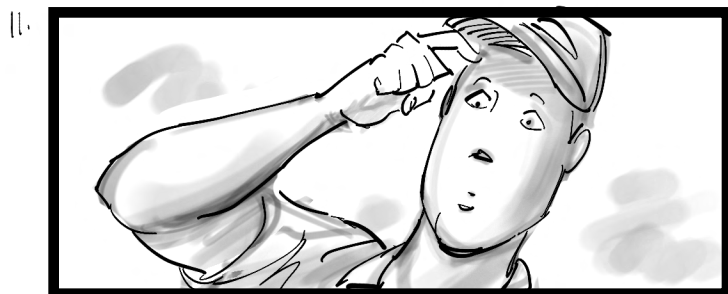
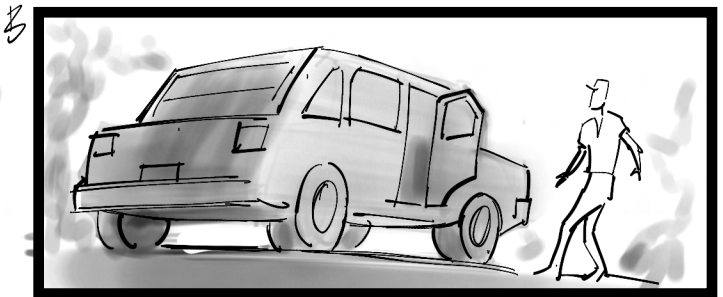
SLIDE ALONG THE INVISIBLE SURFACE AS TOMMY FEELS OUT ITS SURFACE... FINDS A DOOR HANDLE AND...



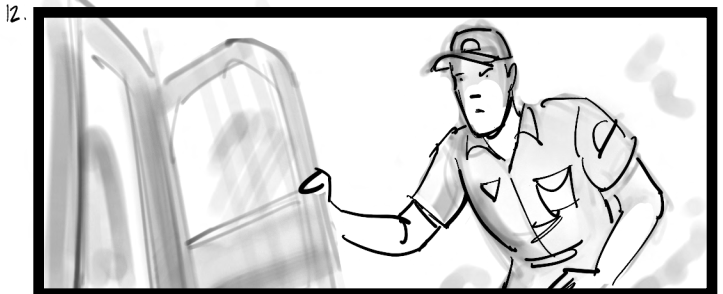
...OPENS A DOOR.



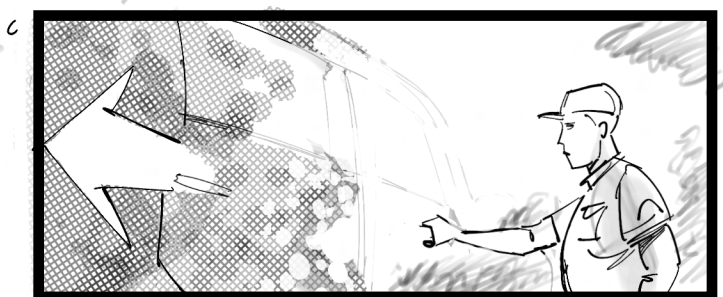
...WHICH TRIGGERS THE VEHICLE TO DE-CLOAK.



TOMMY: FUCKIN' A.



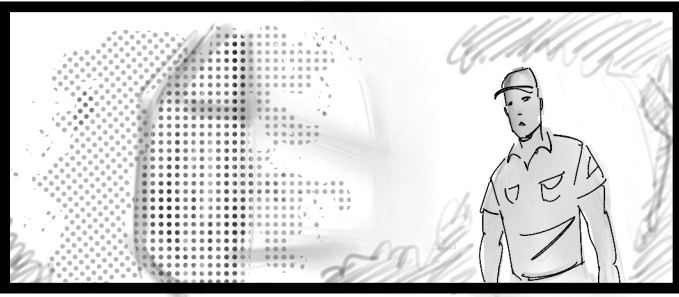
HE SHUTS THE DOOR AND....



PULL BACK ALONG THE CAR TO SEE IT CLOAK AGAIN.

The peripheral sc 244-243

12.D



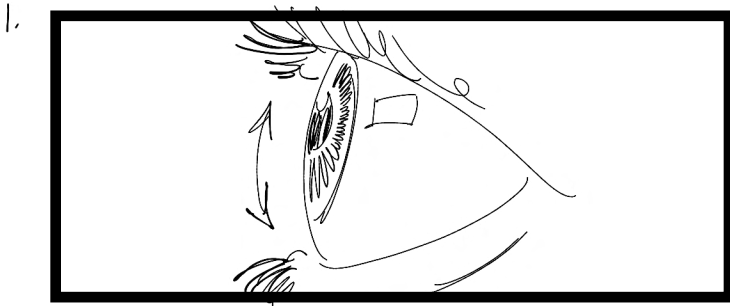
...UNTIL IT HAS VANISHED.

13.

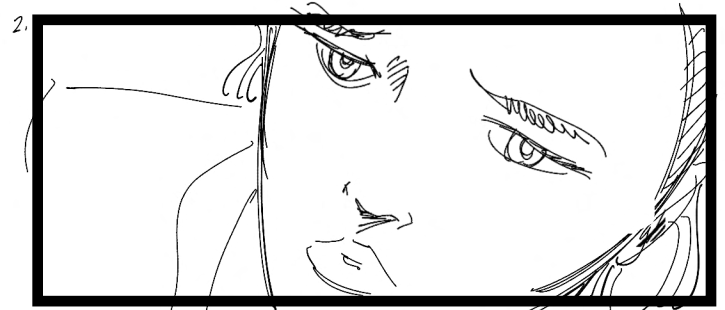


PULL BACK. TOMMY STANDS ASTONISHED.

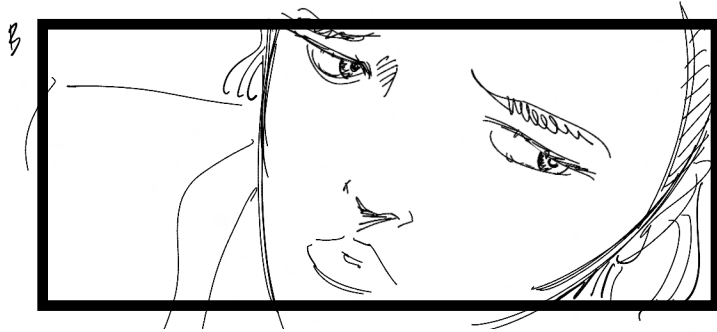
The peripheral sc 245



FLYNNE'S EYE OPENS



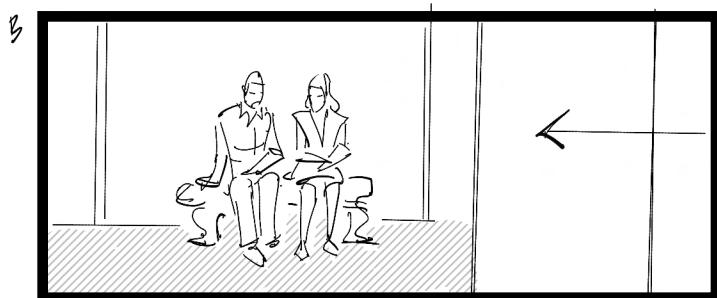
HIGH CLOSE ON FLYNNE.. HER CONSCIOUSNESS FILLING THE PERIPHERAL.



SHE LOOKS TO...



WILF: WELCOME BACK.



PAN OFF TO REVEAL WE WERE LOOKING AT A MIRROR REFLECTION.



FLYNNE: WHERE ARE WE?

The peripheral sc 245

5.



BOOM DOWN FROM LEV'S HOUSE TO THE GARDEN

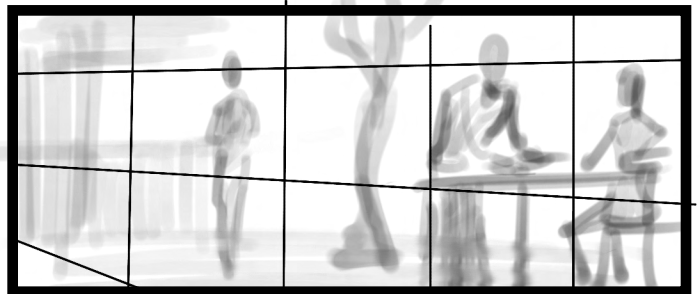
WILF: THE REAR GARDEN OF A HOUSE IN NOTTING HILL.

6.



WILF: IT BELONGS TO LEV ZUBOV...

7.



WILF: (OC) THAT'S HIM IN THE APRON.

8.

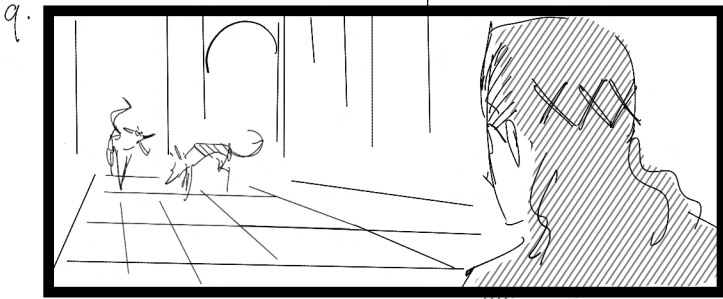


OC BARKING.

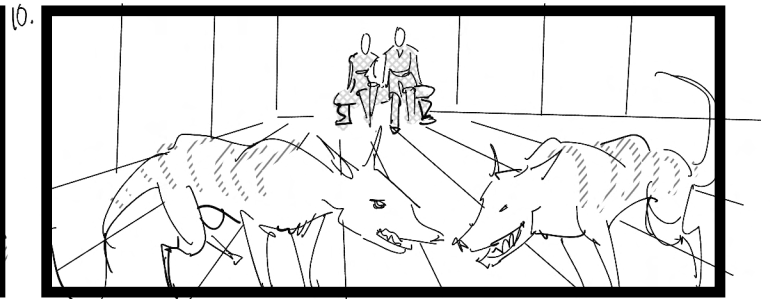
8.



The peripheral sc 245



OVER FLYNNE TO THYLACINES.

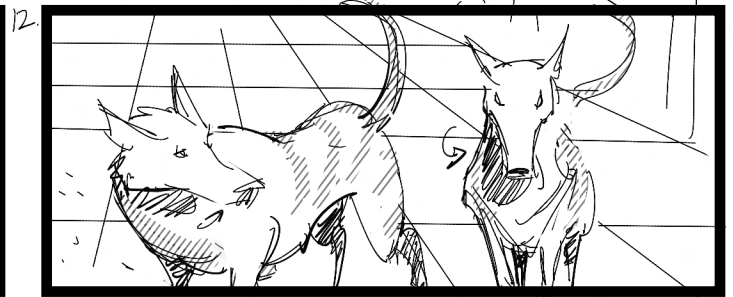


FLYNNE: ARE THOSE...?

WILF: THYLACINE ANALOGS. THOUGH I BELIEVE YOU MIGHT CALL THEM SOMETHING ELSE.



FLYNNE: TASMANIAN TIGERS. SAW A SHOW ON THEM ONCE. SUPPOSED TO BE EXTINCT.



WILF (OS): YES, WELL. ONE OF LEV'S HOBBIES IS RECREATING SUCH THINGS. FROM THEIR DNA.



FLYNNE: THEY BITE?

WILF: THESE TWO ARE DESIGNED FOR DOMESTIC COMPANIONSHIP. THERE'S A RIVAL GENETIC LINE, BRED TO BE FERAL.



FLYNNE PETS THEM.



WILF: IT'S ALL RATHER FATIGUING AND COMPETITIVE, TO BE HONEST



FLYNNE: WHY ARE WE HERE?

The peripheral sc 245

17.



WILF: WE'RE IN NOTTING HILL TO MEET WITH
LEV AND HIS TWO TECHNICALS. MORE
SPECIFICALLY, WE'RE IN HIS GARDEN
TO GIVE YOU A MOMENT TO ACCLIMATE
BEFORE WE BEGIN

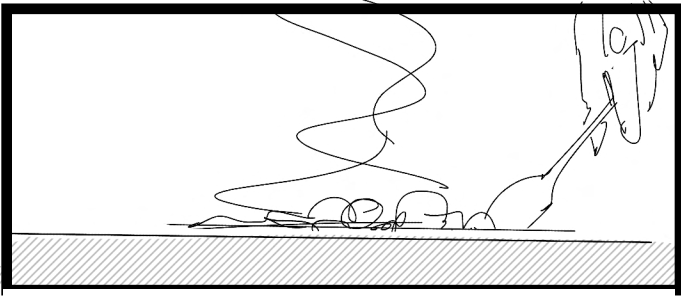
18.



FLYNNE
BEGIN WHAT?

WILF
DEBRIEFING YOU.

The peripheral sc 247



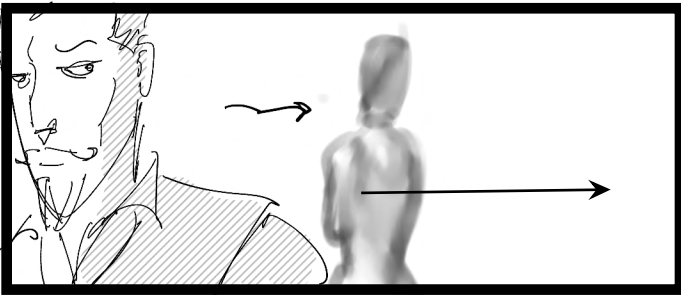
EGGS COOKING

WILF (V.O.)
LEV IS THE MAN WHO HIRED ME TO FIND
AELITA. THE WOMAN WHO WENT MISSING.



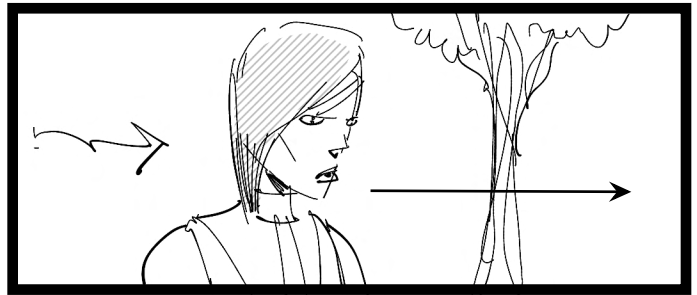
BOOM UP TO WILF COOKING AND LISTENING.

FLYNNE (V.O.)
WHAT'S A TECHNICAL?



FOLLOW ASH (IN BG)

WILF (V.O.)
SOMEONE WITH EXPERTISE IN, AH....
(HE SEARCHES, THROWN)
TECHNICAL MATTERS?



ASH
GIFT FOR WORDS, HASN'T HE?



WILF (O.S.)
OSSIAN IS THE GENTLEMAN LOOMING
RATHER THREATENINGLY ALONG THE REAR
WALL.



WILF (OS): HE HAS A KNACK FOR THAT SORT OF
THING, AS YOU'LL SOON SEE.

ASH SMILES AT THIS DESCRIPTION.



WILF (O.S.) (CONT'D)
AND ASH IS THE EXCEEDINGLY GLOOMY-
LOOKING YOUNG WOMAN AT THE TABLE.

THEN FROWNS AT HERS.



OSSIAN FINDS IT AMUSING.

The peripheral sc 247



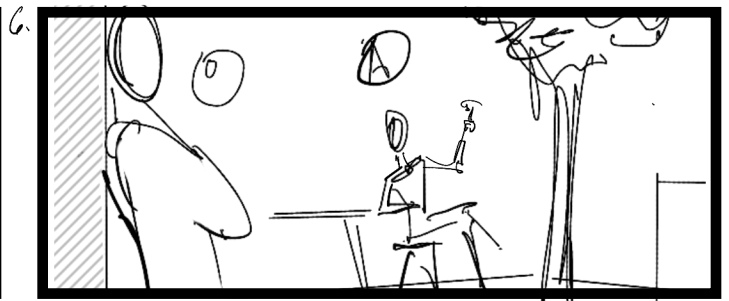
WULF (O.S.) (CONT'D) THEY WORK TO MAINTAIN THE CONNECTION BETWEEN OUR TWO WORLDS. WHICH IS APPARENTLY RATHER MORE TENUOUS THAN ONE MIGHT PREFER.



ASH
CAN WE BRING THEM IN BEFORE HE SAYS SOMETHING WE CAN'T UNSAY?



LEV
LUNCH IS SERVED, WULF.
(TURNING TO ASH)
SHUT IT DOWN, PLEASE.



ASH MAKES A GESTURE WITH HER HAND, AND THE AUDIO FROM THE YARD CUTS OUT



ANGLE ON WULF AND FLYNNE AS THEY...

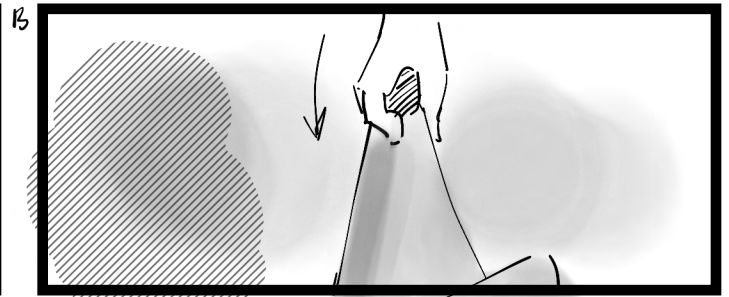


...START FOR THE HOUSE.

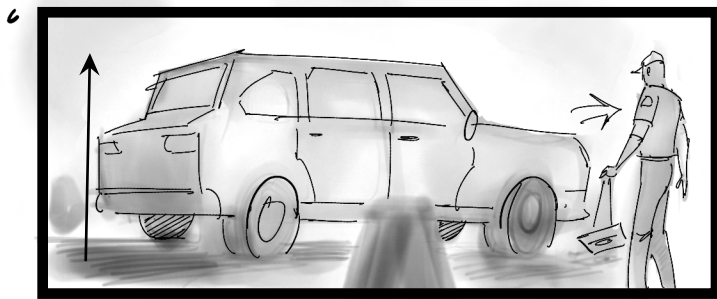
The peripheral sc 248



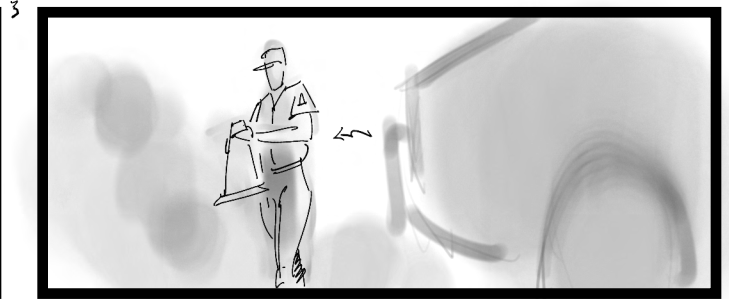
CLOSE: BEE ON A FLOWER.



RACK FOCUS TO PYLON.



BOOM UP TOMMY PLACES PYLONS AROUND UN-CLOAKED SUV



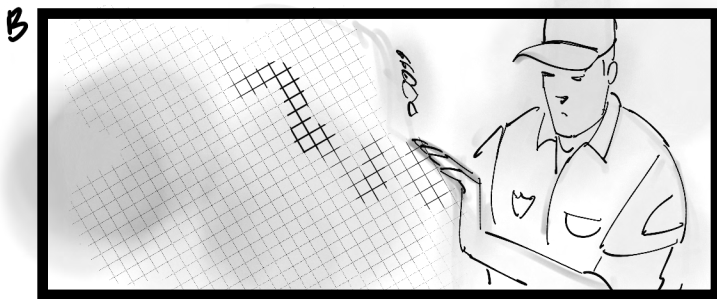
HE COMES AROUND THE OTHER SIDE.



BUMPS INTO SOMETHING.



FEELS THE SHELL OF ANOTHER CLOAKED CAR!



IT SHIMMERS.



ANGLE INSIDE LOOKING OUT AT TOMMY.

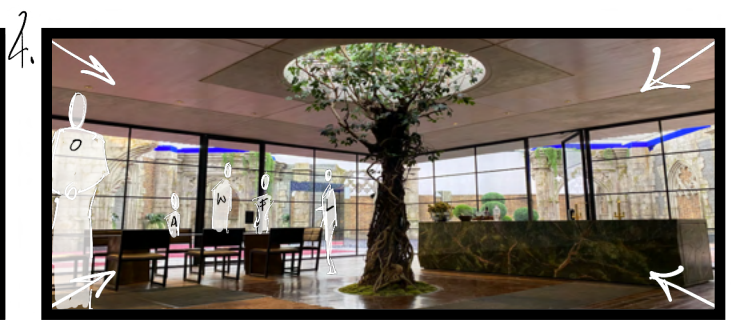
The peripheral sc 249



THE LONDONERS STARE AT FLYNNE.



ON FLYNNE STARING BACK.

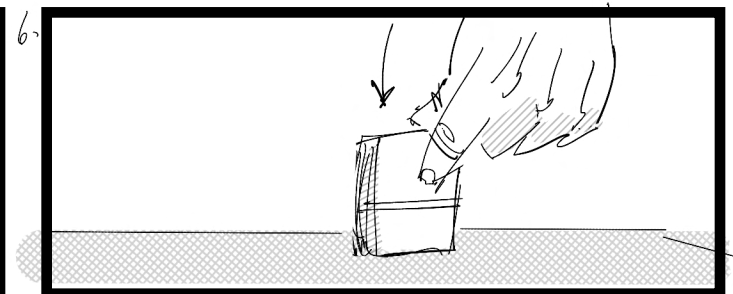


WIDE PUSH IN ON THE ROOM. LEV FINISHES SETTING DOWN PLATES.

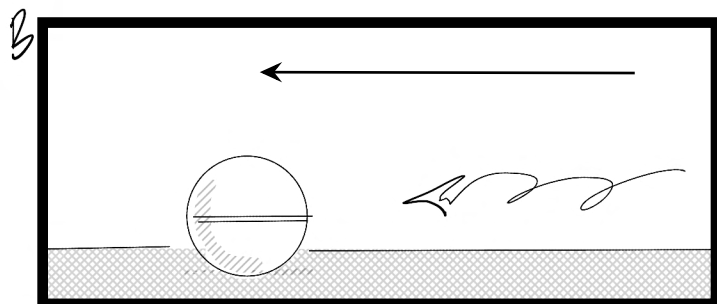


LEV SALTS HIS EGGS.

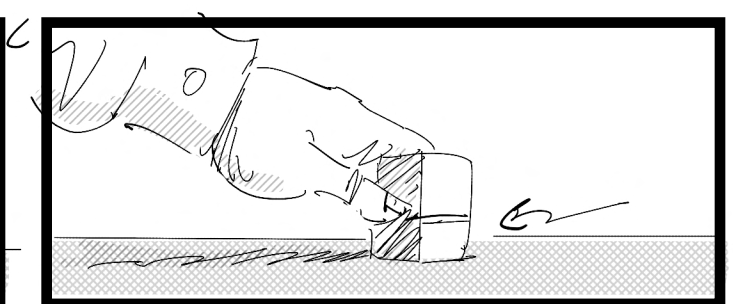
LEV: PLEASE FORGIVE OUR STARING. IT'S A FIRST FOR US: COMMUNICATING SO DIRECTLY WITH SOMEONE FROM YOUR TIME.



SETS DOWN THE SALT SHAKER



WHICH MORPHS INTO A SPHERE AND ROLLS OVER TO...



...WILF.

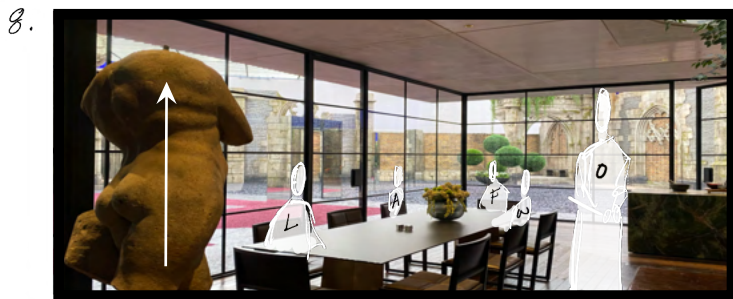
The peripheral sc 249



TILT UP TO WILF.



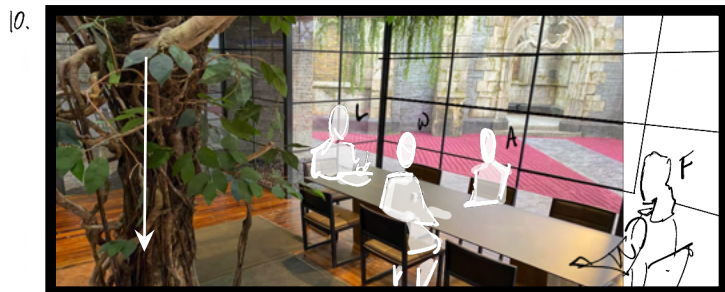
LEV (CONT'D)
WOULD YOU LIKE TO SIT?



FLYNNE TAKES A SEAT.



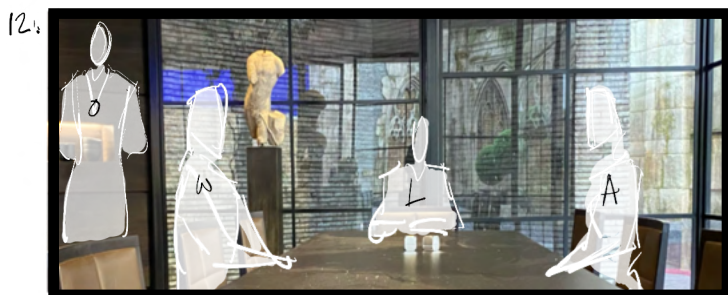
FLYNNE
WHAT HAPPENS TO THIS THING WHEN I'M
NOT IN IT?



LEV
THERE'S AN EIGHT HOUR SLEEP CYCLE.
THE REST OF THE TIME, WHILE YOU'RE
OFF IN YOUR STUB, IT RUNS ON AI.



FLYNNE
MY "STUB?"

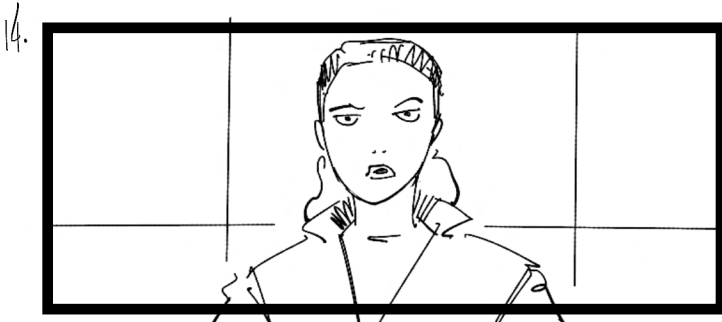


THERE'S A MOMENT OF HESITATION, WHILE THE
LONDONERS DEBATE
HOW TO EXPLAIN THIS.



WILF
WHEN A PARTY FROM OUR PRESENT MADE
CONTACT WITH THE PAST, THAT PAST
IMMEDIATELY BRANCHED OFF AND FORMED
ITS OWN CONTINUUM. A PARALLEL
TIMELINE, IF YOU WILL. OR STUB.

The peripheral sc 249



FLYNNE GIVES A BLANK STARE.

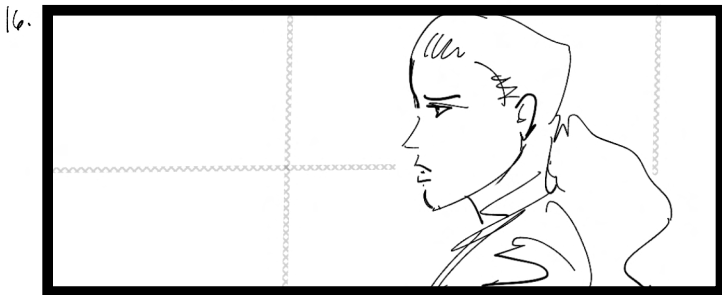


WILF: IN OTHER WORDS...OUR TWO TIMELINES WERE IDENTICAL UNTIL THE MOMENT OF CONTACT. AT THAT POINT, THEY SEPARATED. AND THEN--

ASH: YOU'RE NOT HELPING AT ALL.

WILF: WHENEVER YOU'D LIKE TO STEP IN--

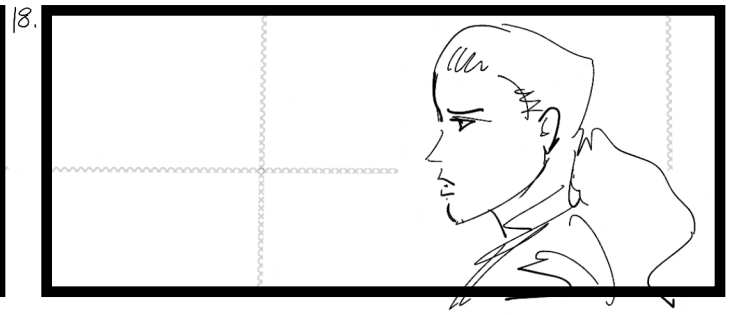
LEV: I APOLOGIZE. IT CAN BE RATHER CONFUSING EVEN FOR US. PERHAPS WE SHOULD STICK TO THE MOST URGENT MATTERS AT HAND, AND TRUST THAT THE SECONDARY DETAILS WILL BEGIN TO--



FLYNNE
URGENT, MEANING THE PEOPLE TRYING TO KILL ME AND MY FAMILY?



LEV
FOR INSTANCE. OR, FROM OUR PERSPECTIVE...URGENT, MEANING WHAT HAPPENED TO AELITA WEST?



FLYNNE
WHY IS SHE SO IMPORTANT TO YOU?

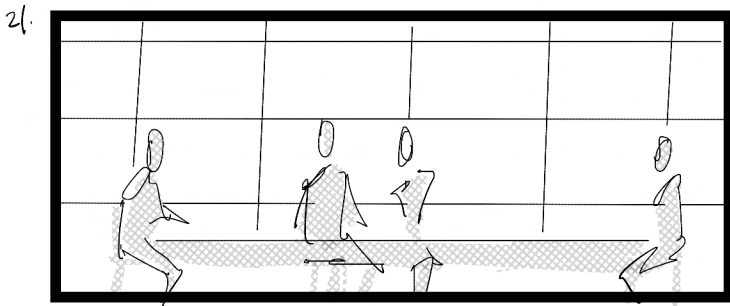


ASH
AELITA WORKED FOR AN ENTITY CALLED THE RESEARCH INSTITUTE. HER DUTIES THERE GAVE HER ACCESS TO YOUR STUB. WE'VE BEEN PAYING HER TO PROVIDE US WITH A TRAPDOOR INTO IT.



ASH (OC): NOW THAT SHE'S MISSING, WE RISK LOSING THAT CONNECTION.

The peripheral sc 249



FLYNNE: WHAT'RE YOU UP TO IN MY WORLD?

LEV: I'M SORRY?

FLYNNE: SEEMS LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO A LOT OF TROUBLE HERE. I'M WONDERING WHY.

LEV: CALL IT INTELLECTUAL CURIOSITY.

FLYNNE: IT'S A GAME, THEN? LIKE A SIM?

LEV: I SUPPOSE AN ANALOGY COULD BE MADE.

FLYNNE: SO WE AREN'T REALLY REAL TO YOU, I GUESS? MY FAMILY AND ME?



'LEV
ARE WE REAL TO YOU?



FLYNNE LOOKS TO...



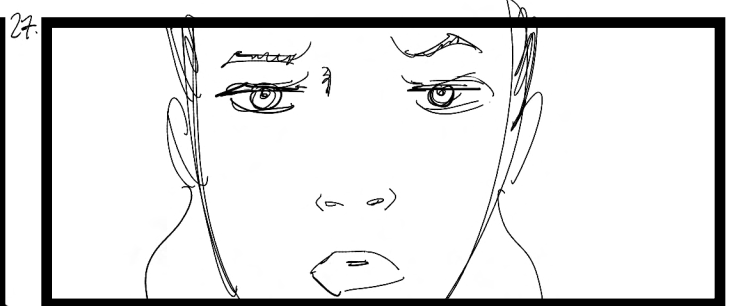
WILF...



OSSIAN...



...ASH.



FLYNNE
I'M WORKING ON IT.
(A BEAT, TO WILF)
ONCE I TELL YOU WHAT I SAW, HOW DO
I KNOW YOU WON'T JUST CUT US LOOSE?
LET THOSE OTHER FOLKS HUNT US DOWN?

The peripheral sc 249



WILF
YOU'LL SIMPLY HAVE TO TRUST US.



FLYNNE
WHERE I COME FROM? THAT'S SOMETHING
PEOPLE GENERALLY NEED TO EARN.



WILF
PERHAPS IT WOULD HELP TO RECALL HOW
WE WARNED YOU OF THE MEN COMING TO
KILL YOU? AND HOW WE REMAIN EAGER
TO HELP THWART ANY FUTURE ATTACKS.
WHICH WOULD SEEM RATHER IMMINENT?



FLYNNE
ALL THAT'S IN YOUR INTEREST AS MUCH
AS MINE, AIN'T IT? SO I CAN TELL
YOU ABOUT THIS LADY? WHICH TAKES US
RIGHT BACK TO MY QUESTION.



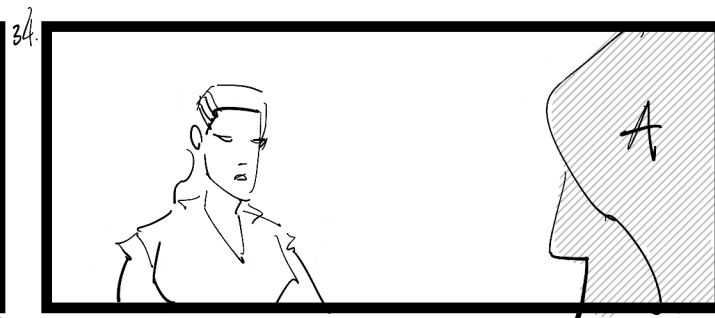
THE LONDONERS EXCHANGE A PUZZLED LOOK
AMONG THEMSELVES.

WILF FROWNS: HE CAN'T REBUT THIS. FLYNNE
CONTINUES:

FLYNNE (CONT'D)
FAR AS I CAN SEE, THAT'S MY ONLY
REAL CHIP HERE. WHY WOULD I PUSH IT
FORWARD THIS EARLY IN THE GAME?



ASH
A REFERENCE TO POKER, I BELIEVE. A
CARD GAME FROM HER TIME. REQUIRING
A TALENT FOR BLUFFING.



FLYNNE
I'M NOT BLUFFING.
(THEN...SURPRISED)
YOU DON'T HAVE POKER NO MORE?

The peripheral sc 249

35.



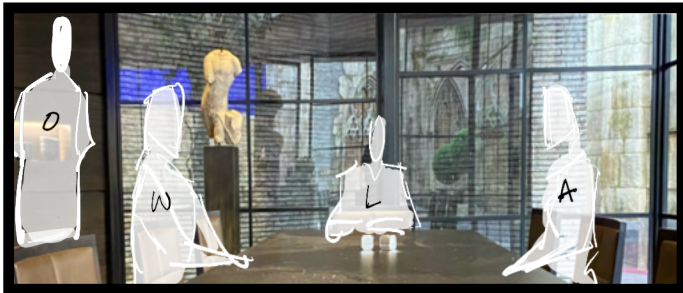
ASH
IT'S EVOLVED INTO A GAME CALLED
VERIT. THOUGH IT PERSISTS IN ITS
Purer FORM AMONG A SUBCULTURE HERE.
BUT EVEN THE MOST SEVERE NEOPRIMS--

36.



WILF
(CUTTING HER OFF)
THIS IS ALL QUITE INTRIGUING, I'M
SURE. BUT IT'S NOT GETTING US ANY
CLOSER TO AN UNDERSTANDING.
(TO FLYNNE)
WHY DON'T YOU JUST TELL US WHAT YOU
WANT, MS. FISHER?

37.



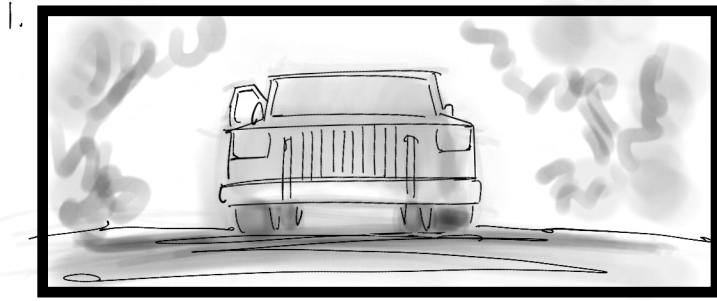
LONDONERS LOOK AT HER EXPECTANTLY.

38.

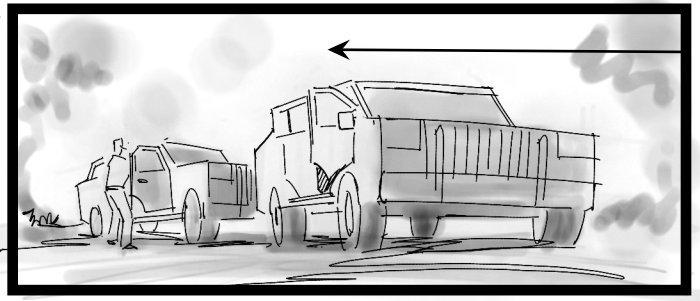


END ON FLYNNE.

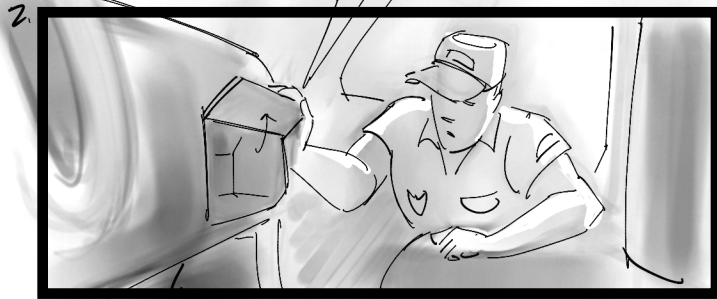
The peripheral sc 250



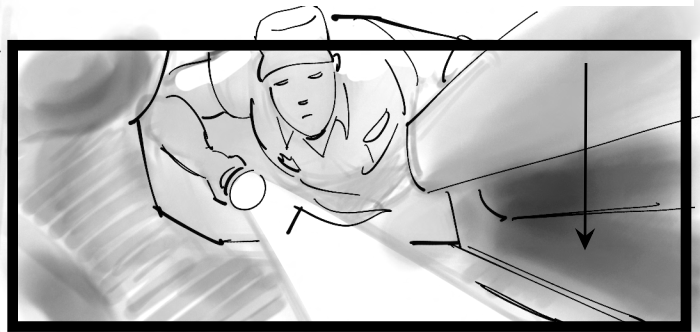
DECLOCKED SUV



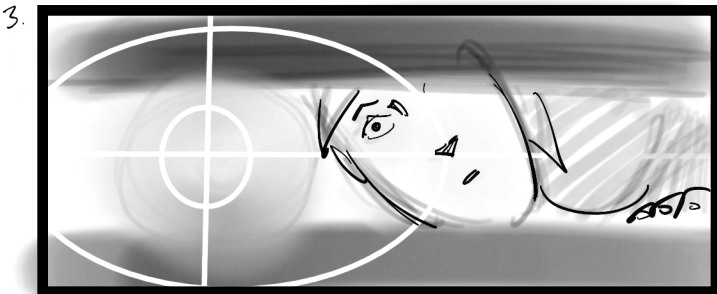
SLIDE LEFT TO REVEAL THE OTHER ONE. TOMMY SEARCHING IT.



INT. DECLOCKED SUV. TOMMY OPENS GLOVE COMPARTMENT - FINDS NOTHING...

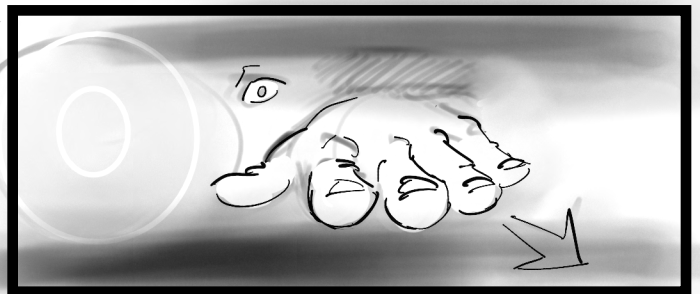


LOOKS UNDER SEATS



ANGLE UNDER SEAT...

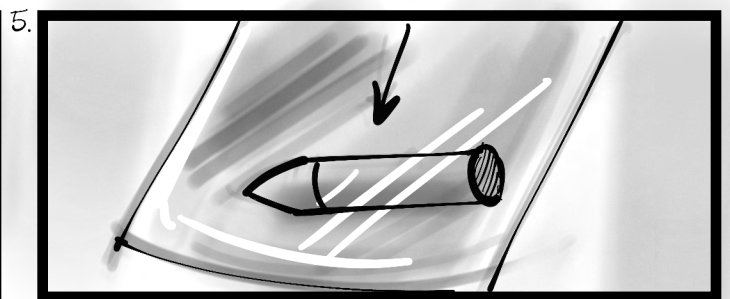
TOMMY: OH, DEAR.



REACHES.

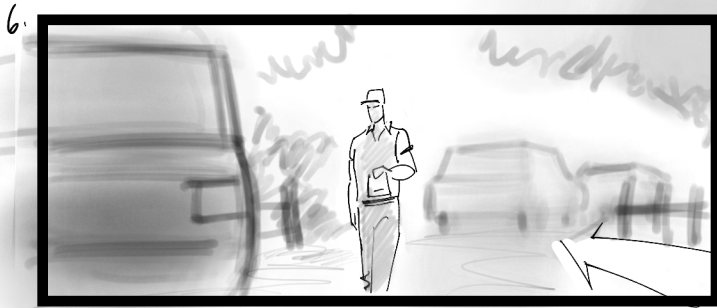


COMES UP WITH FIVE INCH BULLET.



PLACES IT IN EVIDENCE BAGGIE.

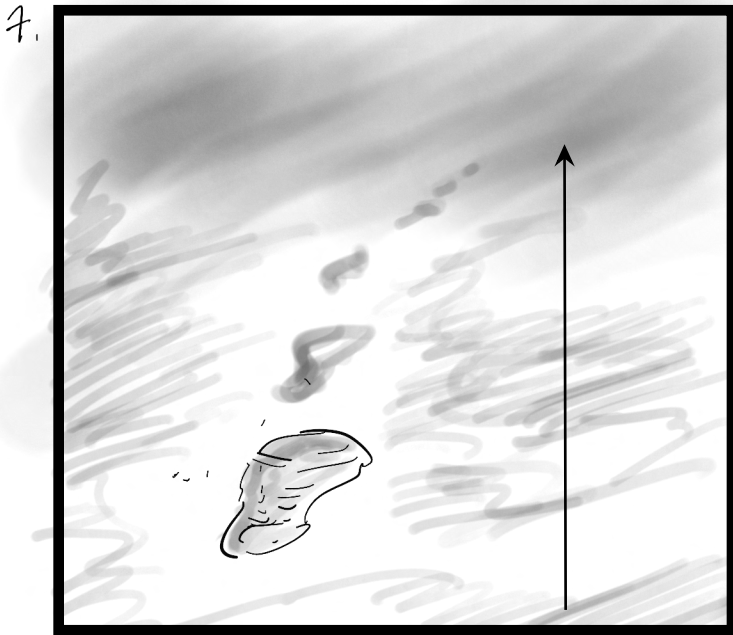
The peripheral sc 250



TOMMY HEADS BACK TO HIS CRUISER. DIAGONAL MOVE IN.



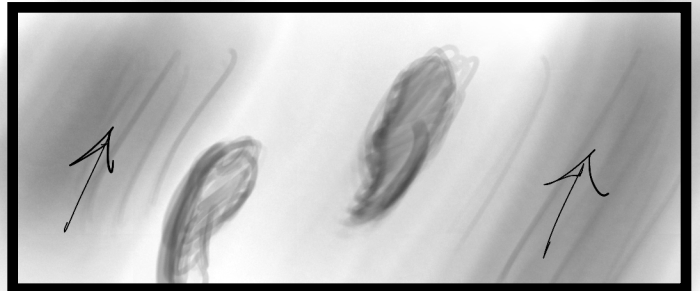
MEET HIM AS HE LOOKS DOWN SEEING....



FOOTPRINTS. LEADING UPHILL.



UP THE HILL: SLIDE OFF TREE AS TOMMY FOLLOWS THE TRACKS.



TOMMY POV OF TRACKS.

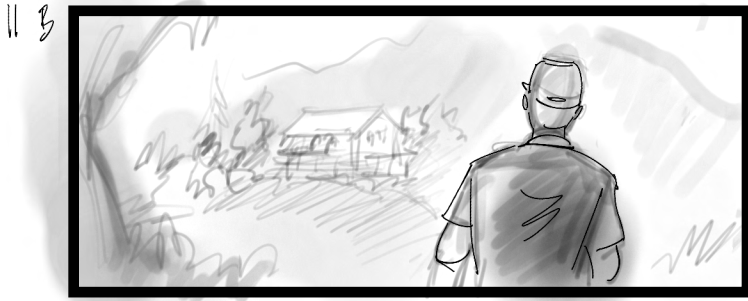


TRACK TOMMY...



BEHIND TOMMY BOOM UP AND IN AS HE CRESTS HILL TO DISCOVER....

The peripheral sc 250

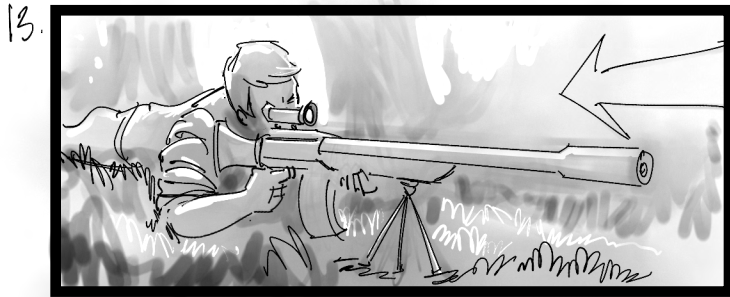


...THE FISHER HOUSE.



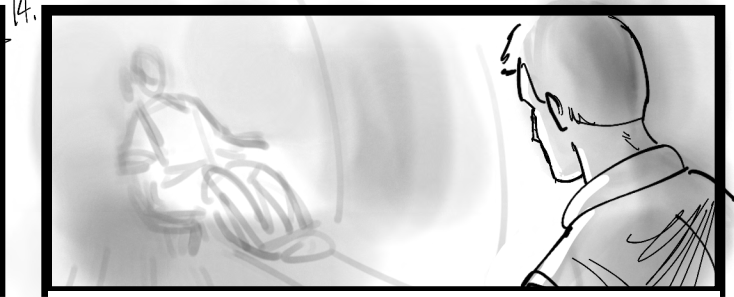
TOMMY IN GUN SITE.

REECE (V.O.)
GOT A VISITOR



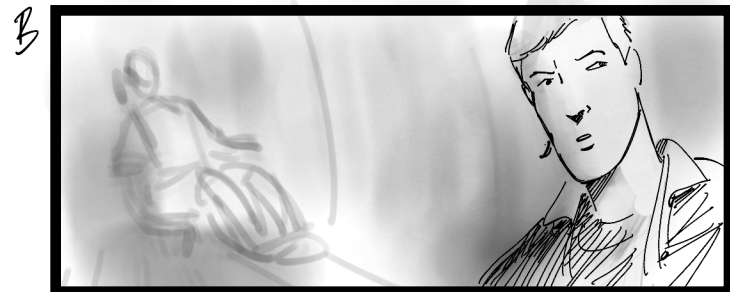
PUSH IN TO REECE IN CAMO WITH SNIPER RIFLE.

REECE
TOMMY CONSTANTINE.



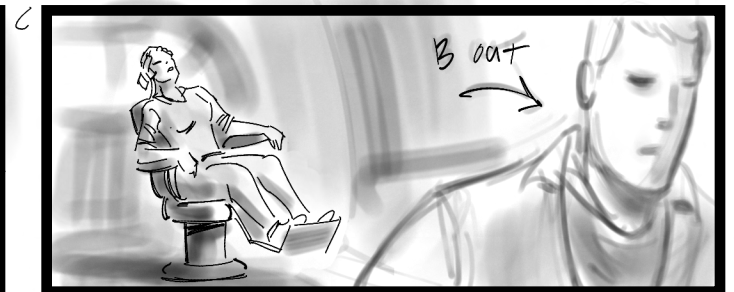
INT. TRAILER - BURTON WATCHES OVER
FLYNNE.

REECE'S VOICE
ON FOOT. HALF A KLICK UP THE ROAD.



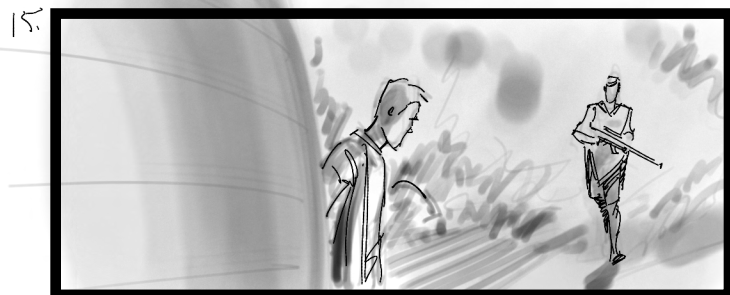
BURTON: BRING IN THE DRONES. AND PULL BACK.
I'M COMING UP.

REECE'S VOICE: ROGER THAT.



BURTON: CARLOS--NEED YOU TO COVER FOR ME.

CARLOS'S VOICE: ON MY WAY.



CARLOS
WHAT DO I DO?

BURTON
JUST SIT AND WATCH. IF SHE WAKES,
DON'T TELL HER WHERE I'VE GOT TO.



CARLOS
I AIN'T GONNA LIE TO HER, BURTON.

The peripheral sc 250

16 B



**BURTON
NOT ASKING YOU TO. JUST SAY I'M
WALKING THE PERIMETER. THEN DO YOUR
BEST TO KEEP HER HERE.**

C



**CARLOS STEPS INSIDE TRAILER AS BURTON HEADS
OUT.**

The peripheral sc 255



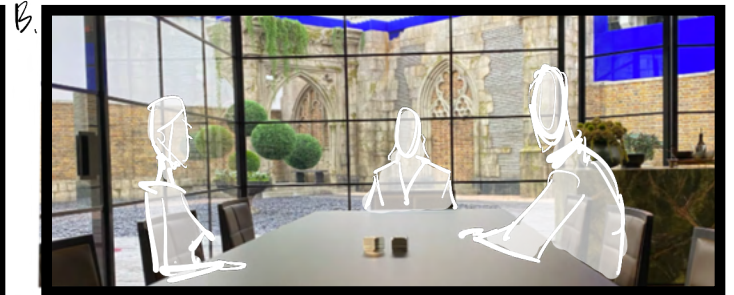
FLYNNE
THAT DRUG YOU GAVE MY MOTHER. ALL IT'S DONE
IS MAKE HER SICKER.



WILF
IT WILL ACCOMPLISH WHAT I PROMISED,
I ASSURE YOU. GIVE IT TIME.



FLYNNE: WHICH IS THE ONE THING SHE DON'T
HAVE, AIN'T IT? ACCORDING TO YOU?
AND WHERE ARE YOU GETTING THAT
INFO, ANYWAY? YOU FOUND HER
OBITUARY. WHAT ELSE DO YOU HAVE? I
MEAN...WHAT HAPPENS TO ME?



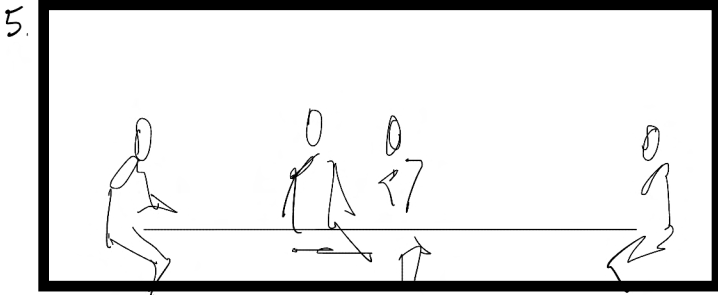
WILF
AS WE EXPLAINED EARLIER, ONCE
SOMEONE FROM OUR WORLD MADE CONTACT
WITH YOURS, YOUR TIMELINE--



WILF
THERE'S DATA TO A CERTAIN POINT.
BUT AFTER THIS POINT, THE RECORDS
BECOME RATHER SPOTTY.

FLYNNE
YEAH, I GET IT. A STUB. BUT WHAT
ABOUT THE FLYNNE FISHER IN YOUR
TIMELINE? SHE STILL ALIVE? SHE HAVE
A FAMILY OR ANYTHING? OR MY
BROTHER...HE EVER GET MARRIED? OR--

The peripheral sc 249



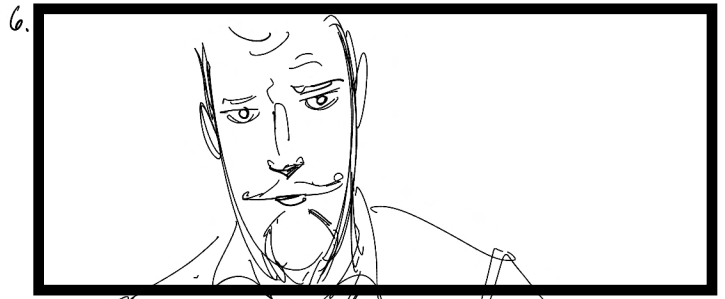
FLYNNE: WHAT POINT? AND WHY?

LEV: A LOT CAN HAPPEN IN SEVENTY YEARS, MS. FISHER. A LOT DID HAPPEN.

FLYNNE: LIKE WHAT? SPECIFICALLY.

LEV: I FEAR WE'RE GETTING OFF TRACK---

FLYNNE: WHAT'RE YA'LL HIDING?



LEV LOOKS FOR HELP.



WILF
THESE ARE ALL EXCELLENT QUESTIONS.
AND IN TIME THEY'LL ALL BE
ANSWERED. I GIVE YOU MY WORD.



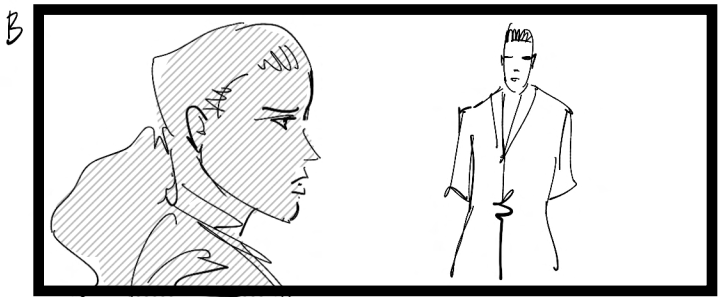
FLYNNE
YOU KEEP SAYING THAT. WHICH IS
STARTING TO MAKE IT SEEM LIKE IT
DON'T MEAN ALL THAT MUCH.



WILF
MS. FISHER---



FLYNNE
HOW LONG TILL MY MOTHER GETS
BETTER?



OSSIAN
IESNIEGT NAVISED MAEHAD. URTEW CEPT
ZORYIN.

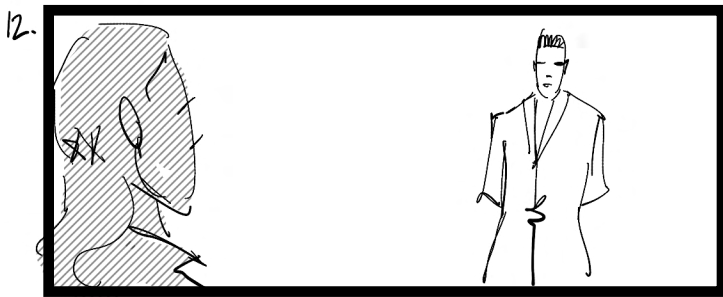
The peripheral sc 249



WILF
THEY CAN ENCRYPT THEIR VOICES WHEN *
THEY ADDRESS EACH OTHER. YOU'LL
GROW ACCUSTOMED TO IT. BUT I'M
AFRAID THE IRRITATION NEVER QUITE
DISSIPATES.



FLYNNE
HE SPEAK ENGLISH TOO?



OSSIAN TURNS TO HER, WITH A SLIGHT BOW:



OSSIAN
AT YOUR SERVICE, MISS. I WAS SIMPLY
INFORMING ASH THAT THE MEDICATION
IN QUESTION HAS A FIFTY-SEVEN
PERCENT EFFICACY RATE.



FLYNNE: WHICH MEANS?



ASH: THE ABILITY TO PRODUCE A DESIRED
OR INTENDED RESULT. BORROWED FROM
LATIN "EFFICÁCIA."



FLYNNE: I KNOW WHAT THE FUCKING WORD MEANS.
WHAT DOES IT MEAN FOR MY MOTHER?



ASH: WE CAN'T GUARANTEE THE DRUG WILL
WORK.

The peripheral sc 249

13.



FLYNNE
I GUESS "SPRAYING A WEED" MEANS
SOMETHING DIFFERENT IN THE FUTURE?
(BEFORE HE CAN RESPOND)
YOU GOT EXTINCT ANIMALS YOU'VE
BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE, AND TIME
TRAVEL, AND TATTOOS THAT MOVE...
SEEMS LIKE IT OUGHTA BE EASY ENOUGH
TO SAVE A GOOD WOMAN WHO'S HAD A
SHITTY RUN OF LUCK LATELY. MAKE
THAT HAPPEN, AND I'LL START TALKING
ABOUT YOUR MISSING LADY.

13.

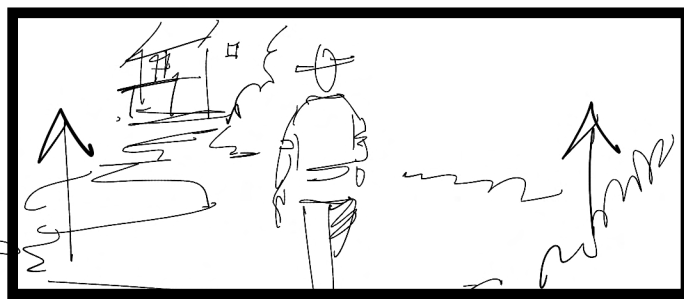


FLYNNE: (SHE SMILES)
GIVE YOU MY WORD ON IT, TOO.

The peripheral sc 256



TOMMY WALKS UP THE DRIVE.



BOOM UP TO SEE THE FISHER HOUSE.



TOMMY STEPS CLOSER TO CAMERA.



HE TURNS TO SEE BURTON APPROACH.

BURTON (O.S.): DON'T TELL ME THAT NEW CRUISER ALREADY BROKE DOWN, TOMMY.



TOMMY: GOT IT PARKED UP THE ROAD.



TWO SHOT WITH HOUSE AND VEHICLES IN BG.

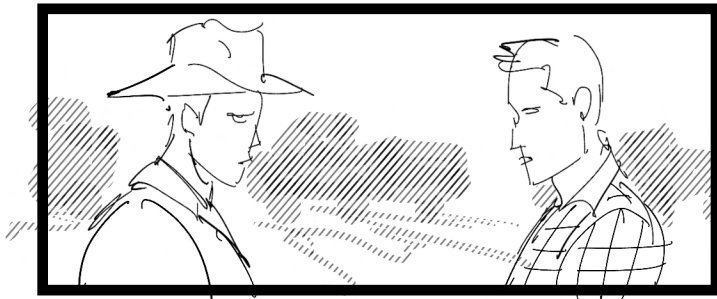


TOMMY: OH, AND THIS...EVER COME ACROSS ANYTHING LIKE IT?



BURTON: -408 CHEYTAC. USED 'EM IN THE WAR ON OCCASION.

The peripheral sc 256



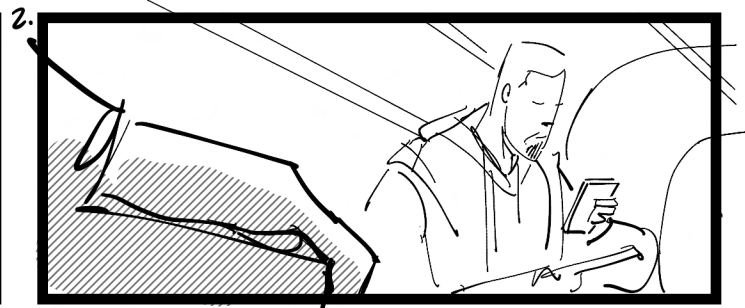
ANGLE FEATURING PARKED VEHICLES ON THE DRIVE.

TOMMY: ALL THEM VEHICLES. LOOKS LIKE YOU
MUST BE GETTING READY TO ROAST A
PIG OR SOMETHING. WONDERING WHY WE
DIDN'T GET AN INVITE.

The peripheral sc 257



FLYNNE EYES SHUT IN CHAIR.



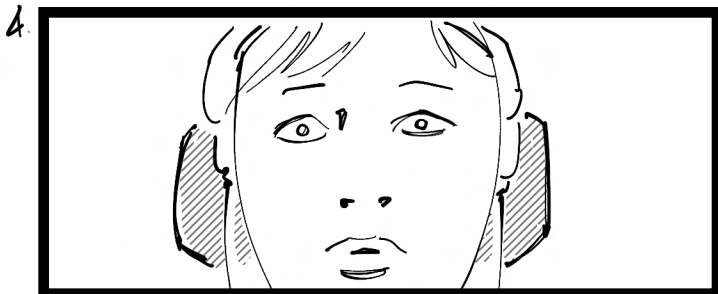
OVER FLYNNE TO CARLOS ON HIS PHONE.



CLOSER.



HE LOOKS UP.



FLYNNE'S EYES WIDE OPEN.



CARLOS: JESUS FLYNNE, YOU SCARED THE FUCK OUTTA ME.



SHE TAKES OFF HEADSET.



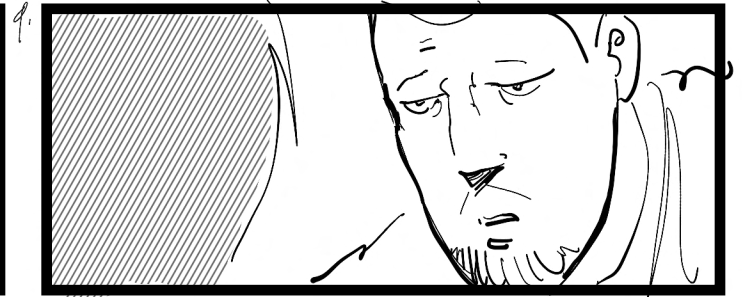
SITS UP— SLUMPS, WOOLY.

CARLOS: YOU OKAY?

The peripheral sc 257



FLYNNE: WHERE'S BURTON?

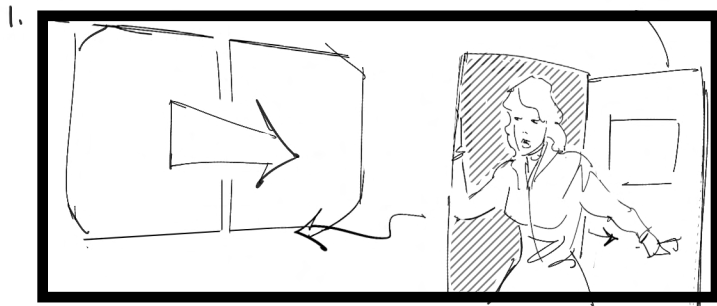


CARLOS CAN'T RESPOND.



FLYNNE: CARLOS?

The peripheral sc 258-259

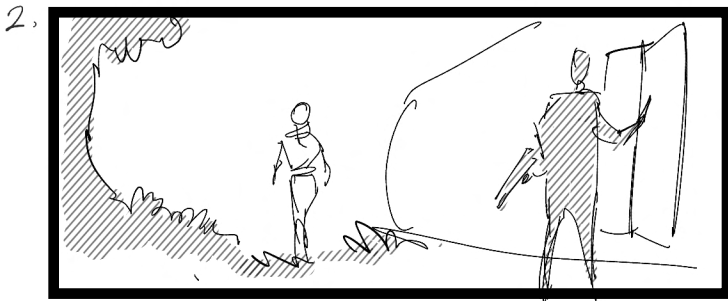


FLYNNE STEPS OUT OF TRAILER.

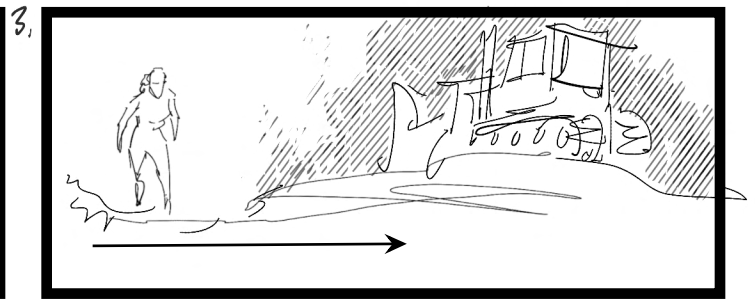
FLYNNE: BURTON?



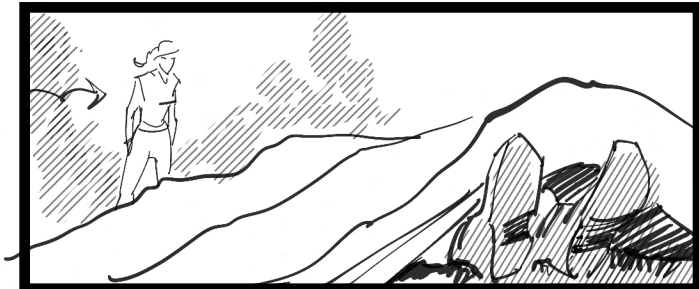
CARLOS STEPPING OUT AFTER HER.



WATCHES HER GO AROUND THE BACK OF THE TRAILER.



FLYNNE COMES UP AROUND THE BACK OF THE HOUSE. SLIDE RIGHT TO DISCOVER...



...BODIES UNDER TARP.



TOMMY (OS) :THAT'S REECE'S TRUCK, RIGHT? AND LEON'S...? CARLOS'S, TOO?

The peripheral sc 258-259



BURTON: JUST ONE OF OUR DRONE TOURNAMENTS. I WOULDN'T FIGURE YOU'D BE FOOL ENOUGH TO MESS AROUND WITH THOSE.



TOMMY: NO I GUESS NOT...I'LL NEED TO CATALOG THIS BULLET. WHICH MEANS THE STATE POLICE MIGHT COME POKING AROUND. SO YOU'RE WARNED.



TOMMY (CONT'D)
MAKE SURE YOU TELL FLYNNE AND YOUR MAMA I SAID HEY.

The peripheral sc 258-259



TOMMY TAKES HIS LEAVE.

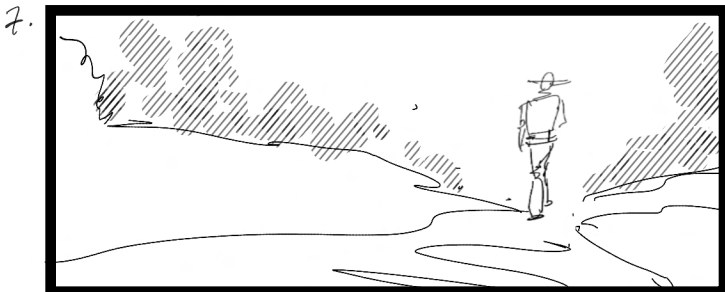


BURTON WATCHES HIM GO... IN BG FLYNNE ARRIVES.



BURTON: YOU OKAY?

FLYNNE: FEEL LIKE I BEEN TUGGED INSIDE OUT.

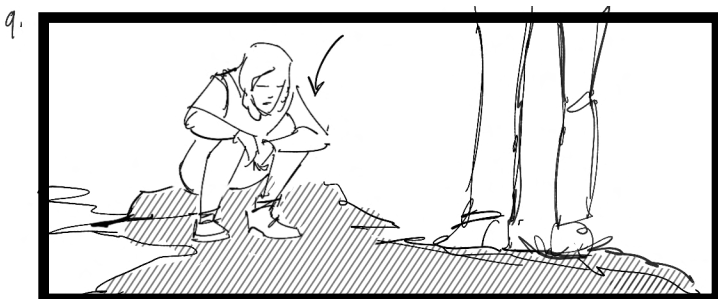


**FLYNNE (CONT'D)
WHAT DID HE SAY?**



BURTON: SOMEONE ABANDONED TWO SUVS UP THE ROAD. BOTH OF 'EM WITH SOME KIND OF NEW CLOAKING TECH. WHICH ANSWERS THAT QUESTION.

FLYNNE: THEY'RE CLOAKED?



**FLYNNE (CONT'D)
AW SHIT, BURTON. I DON'T LIKE IT.
WE GOT A STACK OF BODIES BACK
THERE. HOW IS THIS HAPPENING?**



**BURTON
YOU CAN'T THINK LIKE THAT.**

The peripheral sc 258-259



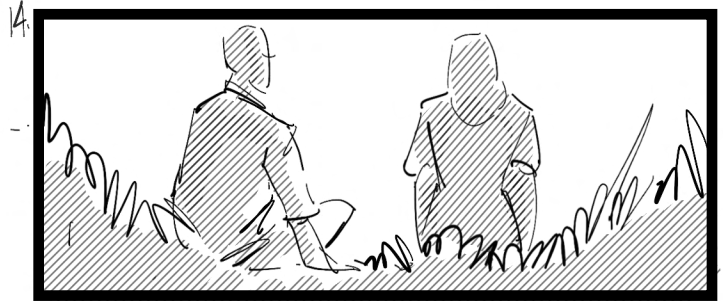
BURTON (CONT'D)
IN RECON? DURING TRAINING? THEY
GAVE US A REVOLVER, A BLANK BULLET.
DOOR TO THE ROOM WAS TEN FEET AWAY.



REST OF BURTON'S SPEECH FROM THESE ANGLES.

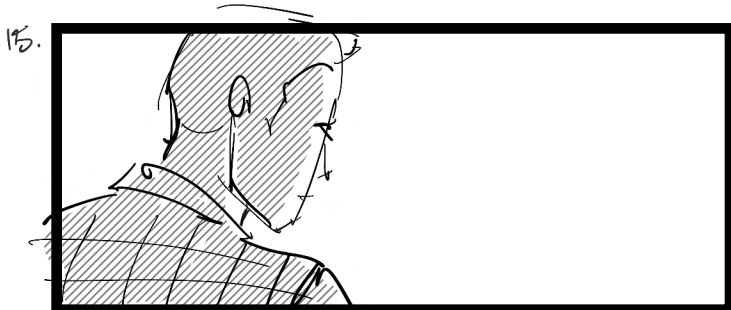


REST OF BURTON'S SPEECH FROM THESE ANGLES.



FLYNNE: I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN.

BURTON: COURSE YOU CAN. YOU'RE EASY
ICE.



REST OF DIALOGUE FROM THESE ANGLES.



REST OF DIALOGUE FROM THESE ANGLES.



BURTON: WHICH IS?



LEON (V.O.)
HOLY SHIT. HOLY. FUCKING. SHIT.

The peripheral sc 260



TV SCREEN WITH WINNING NUMBERS.

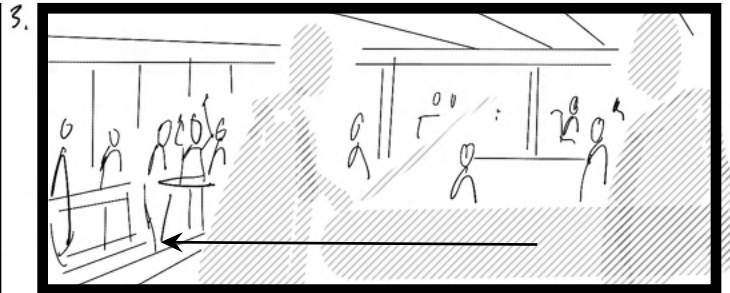


LEON JUMPS UP IN FG.

LEON
I JUST WON THE GODDAMN LOTTERY!



CIRCLE AROUND LEON FLYNNE AND BURTON AS
LEON WHOOPS WITH JOY.



SLIDE OFF POOL PLAYERS AS FOLKS APPLAUD...
THEN GO BACK TO BUSINESS.



LEON (CONT'D)
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN LUCKY. YOU BOTH
KNOW THAT, DONTCHA?

CIRCLE AROUND THEM AND CONTINUE THIS UNTIL
LEON LEAVES.



FLYNNE
LUCK'S GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS.



LEON
YOU TWO MEET SOME FOLKS IN---

BURTON
INDOOR VOICE, LEON.



LEON
(DROPPING HIS VOICE)
--THE FUTURE? THEY HELP ME WIN THE
LOTTERY? HOW ELSE YOU GONNA EXPLAIN
THAT BUT LUCK?

The peripheral sc 260



BARTENDER
FROM MR. PICKETT. WITH HIS
CONGRATULATIONS.



LEON
CORBELL PICKETT? FOR REAL?



BURTON
YEP.

LEON
(TERRIFIED)
JESUS FUCKING CHRIST.

BURTON
JUST STAND UP. RAISE THE GLASS. NOD
YOUR THANKS.



RACK TO CORBELL AND CREW.



FLYNNE REFUSES TO RAISE HER GLASS.

BURTON (CONT'D)
MANNERS, FLYNNE.



SHE SPITS IN HER BEER.



LEON
I GOTTA USE THE BATHROOM.

The peripheral sc 260



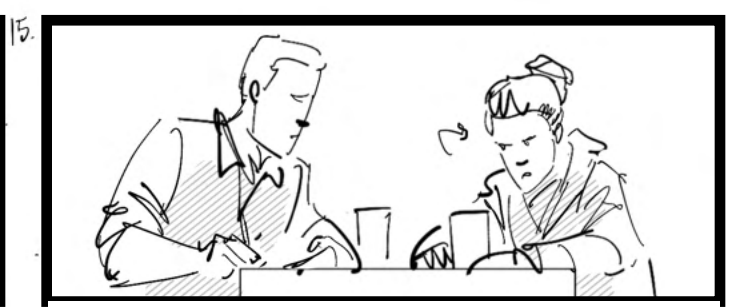
LEON HEADS FOR THE BATHROOM.



FLYNNE WATCHES LEON GO, THEN HER GAZE SNAGS ON...



PICKETT, STARING RIGHT BACK.

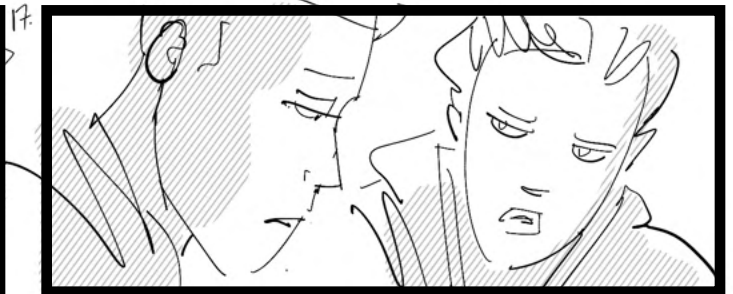


FLYNNE ASSHOLE'S STILL LOOKING AT US.

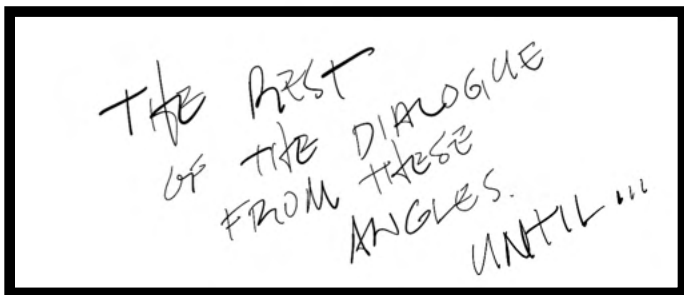
BURTON TAKES OUT NOTE PAD AND PEN... STARTS JOTTING STUFF.



BURTON
OUR IDIOT COUSIN JUST WON THE
LOTTERY. MAKES US SORTA INTERESTING
FOR A MINUTE OR TWO.



FLYNNE
YOU STARTING TO BELIEVE ME NOW?
ABOUT THE FUTURE PART?

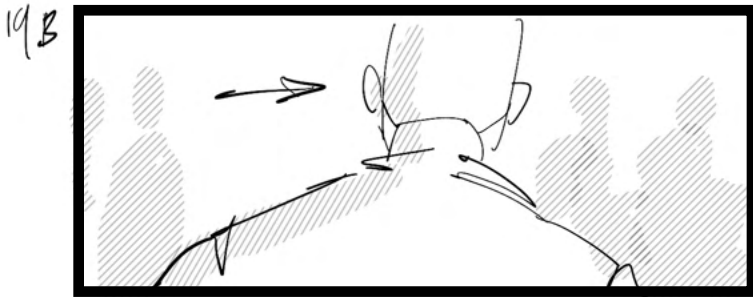


FLYNNE
OKAY. BUT MY POINT IS: IF THERE
WAS ONE? YOU'D NEVER FIND IT,
WOULD YOU?

The peripheral sc 260



FLYNNE GOES OUT DOOR.



PAN TO BURTON... HE SENSES SOMETHING.



LOOKS BACK...



PICKETT STARING AT HIM. NODS, SMILES.



BURTON NODS BACK.



REVERSE: PUSH IN TO BURTON, STARTS WRITING AGAIN, SOMETHING BOTHERING HIM. HE STOPS... THINKS.



BURTON DAMNIT, FLYNNE.

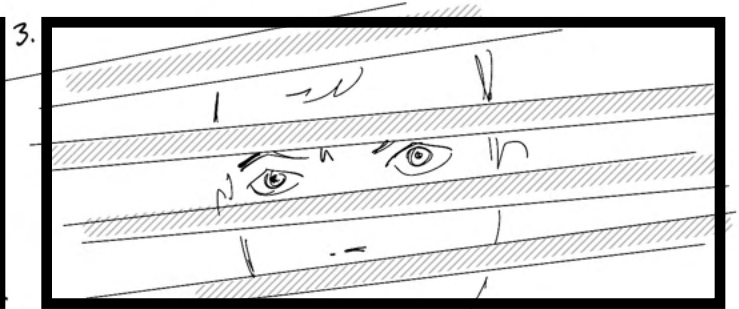
The peripheral sc 261-264



BOOM DOWN AND PUSH IN AS BURTON CYCLES TO CONNER'S HOUSE.



PUSH IN AS BURTON APPROACHES DOOR.



LOOKS THROUGH DOORWAY. LOUD TV BLARES FROM WITHIN.



BURTON'S POV OF CONNER, MOTIONLESS.

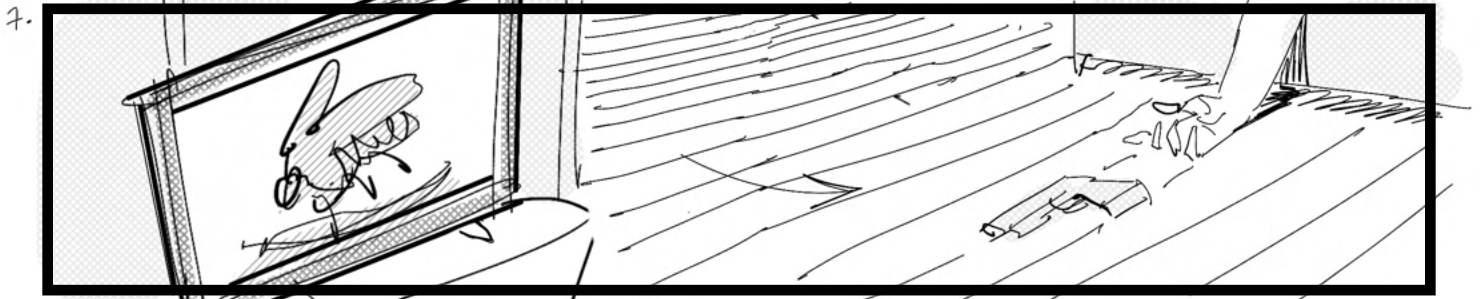


BURTON KNOCKS. CONNER DOESN'T STIR.



BURTON STEPS INSIDE.

The peripheral sc 261-264



BURTON POV OF TV. PAN TO GUN ON FLOOR...



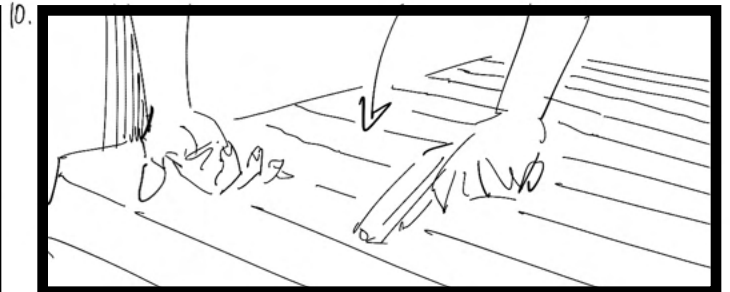
AND THEN UP TO CONNER.



BURTON STEPS CLOSE AND PICKS UP GUN.



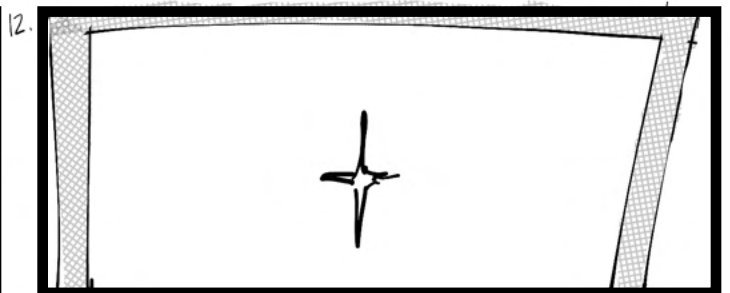
BURTON EXPELS SHELL FROM THE CHAMBER AND REMOVES MAGAZINE.



HE PUTS GUN BACK ON THE FLOOR.



TAKES TV REMOTE.

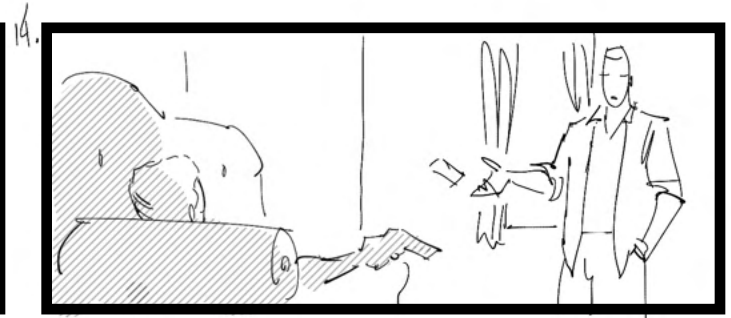


TURNS OFF TV.

The peripheral sc 261-264



CONNER WAKES WITH A JOLT... POINTING GUN.

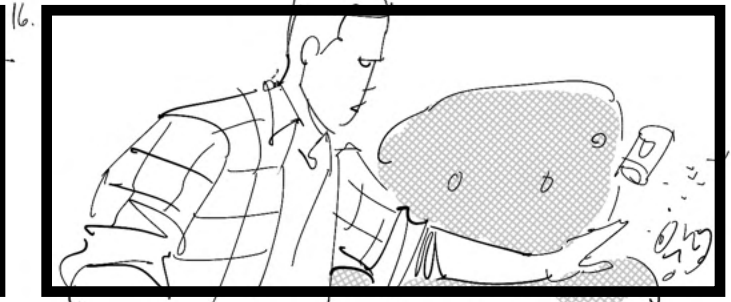


BURTON
EVER WORRY YOU MIGHT SHOOT SOMEONE
WITH THAT? WAKE UP, STARTLED-LIKE?

BURTON TOSSES MAGAZINE TO CONNER.



CONNER
THAT WHY YOU DON'T COME OUT HERE SO
MUCH NO MORE? AFRAID I'LL BEAT YOU
TO THE DRAW?



BURTON
YOU DRUNK, CONNER?

BURTON CLEARS TRASH OFF CHAIR.



CONNER
I'M SOMETHING. THAT'S FOR SURE.

CONNER SITS UP IN BG.



CONNER TAKES PILL BOTTLE (FROM MANY)



POPS SOME PILLS.



CONNER (CONT'D)
YOU DIDN'T ANSWER MY QUESTION. WHY
YOU DON'T COME A'VISITING?

The peripheral sc 261-264



BURTON
I'M A VISITING NOW, AIN'T I?

BURTON SITS.

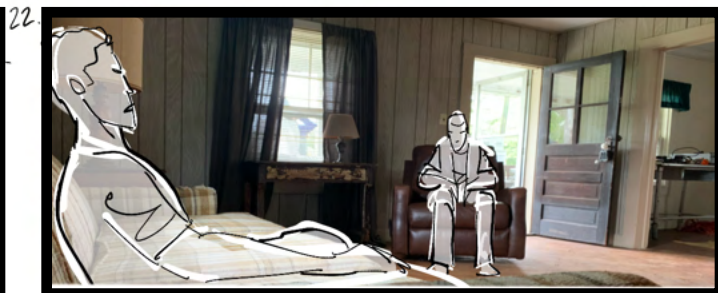


BURTON (CONT'D)
GOT SO I FIGURED I WAS GONNA FIND YOU DEAD ONE OF THESE DAYS. DIDN'T KNOW IF I COULD TAKE THAT.

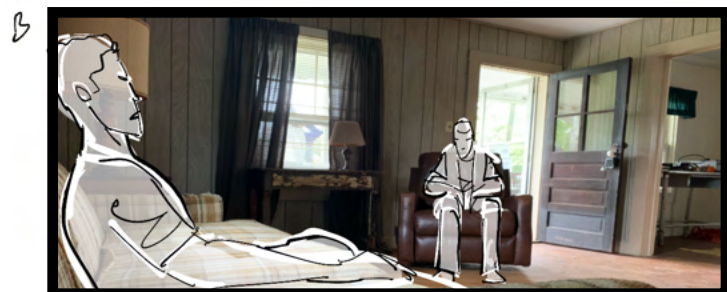


CONNER NODS: FAIR ENOUGH. HE SWALLOWS ANOTHER PILL.

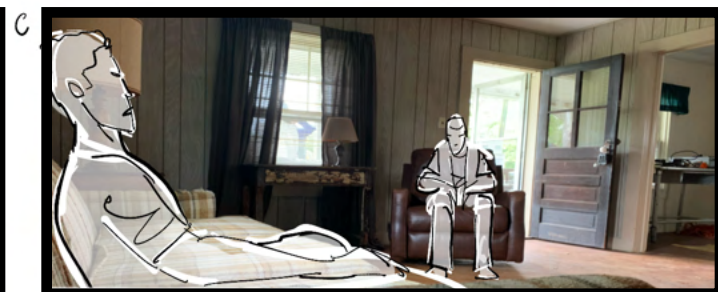
CONNER
SO WHY'RE YOU HERE NOW?



BURTON
YOU DISAPPEARED ON US, AFTER OUR NIGHT OF MAYHEM.



CONNER
FUN SEEMED TO DIE DOWN PRETTY QUICK. I'VE LEARNED I'M NOT SO GOOD WITH THE QUIET PERIODS.



BURTON
WE GOT AN ONGOING SITUATION. I COULD USE A DECENT STAFF SERGEANT.



CONNER IS SILENT AT THIS, WATCHING BURTON. FINALLY:



CONNER
THE OTHER NIGHT, WHEN I WAS HEADING TOWARD YOUR PLACE? THOSE BOYS, THEY HEARD ME COMING, HUSTLED INTO THE BRUSH. I ONLY SAW ONE, BUT HE HAD ME SCOPED...ALL HE HAD TO DO WAS TWITCH A FINGER. KNOW WHAT HE DID?

The peripheral sc 261-264



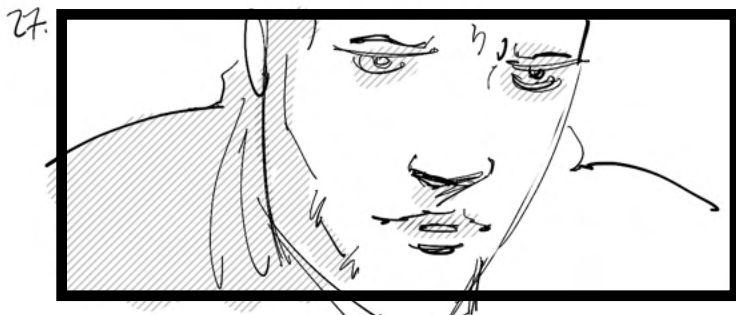
ON BURTON, LISTENING.



CONNER (CONT'D)
JUST LET ME ROLL BY. I FIGURED THEY WERE HEADING FOR THE BAKER PLACE--THAT JASPER HAD CROSSED CORBELL PICKETT SOMEHOW. I KEPT GOING UP THE ROAD, THINKING ON IT. AND THE ONLY REASON I COULD GUESS FOR THAT BOY TO LET ME BY? WAS PITY, PURE AND SIMPLE. MORE I THOUGHT ON THAT, MADDER I GOT. I MEAN--I DECIDED I WAS GONNA KILL HIM, NO MATTER WHERE HE WAS HEADED. BY THE TIME I GOT BACK? THOSE FELLAS HAD YOUR BALLS IN A NICE TIGHT GRIP. ONLY SEEMED NEIGHBORLY TO EASE THE PRESSURE.



ON BURTON TAKING IT IN.



(HE SMILES AT BURTON)
FELT PRETTY GOOD FOR TWELVE HOURS OR SO. ALMOST LIKE I'D MADE THINGS RIGHT FOR MYSELF.



CONNER PASSES BURTON A BEER. AND TAKES ONE FOR HIMSELF.



CONNER OPENS HIS BEER.

CONNER (CONT'D)
HOW MUCH MONEY YOU RECKON THE VA SPENDS, TRYING TO PUT ALL US HUMPTY DUMPTIES BACK TOGETHER AGAIN?



BURTON
LESS THAN IT WOULD TAKE.

The peripheral sc 261-264



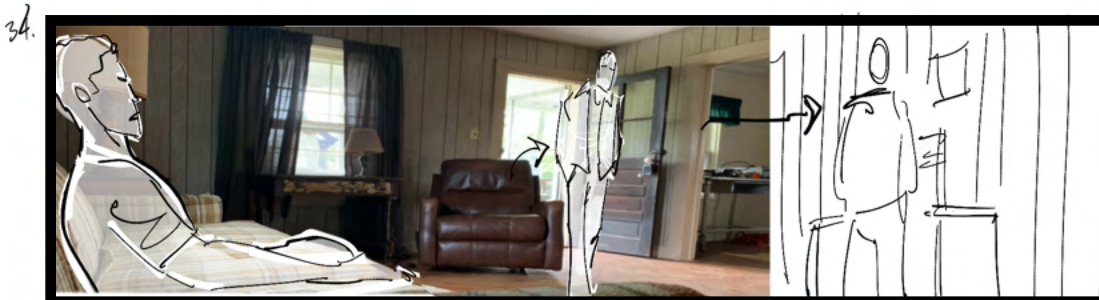
CONNER
TURNS OUT THEY COULD JUST LET US
START SHOOTING EACH OTHER. SOLVE
THE WHOLE DAMN PROBLEM, DONTCHA
THINK? HALF OF US'D BE DEAD, REST
WOULD BE HAPPY.
(A LONG SWALLOW OF BEER)
TELL ME THAT FIREFIGHT DIDN'T MAKE
YOU HAPPY, BURTON.



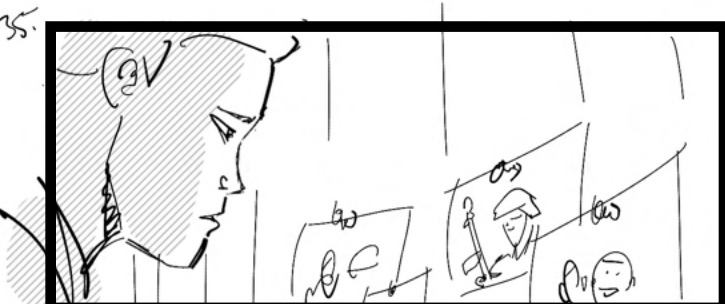
BURTON
DIDN'T MAKE ME DEAD.



CONNER
THERE IT IS, AM I RIGHT? THERE IT
MOST DEFINITELY FUCKING IS.



BURTON GETS UP, DROPS HIS BEER BACK IN THE COOLER THEN GOES TO A
WALL OF PICTURES.



CONNER (OS)
WHAT DO YOU GOT GOING ON OUT THERE?

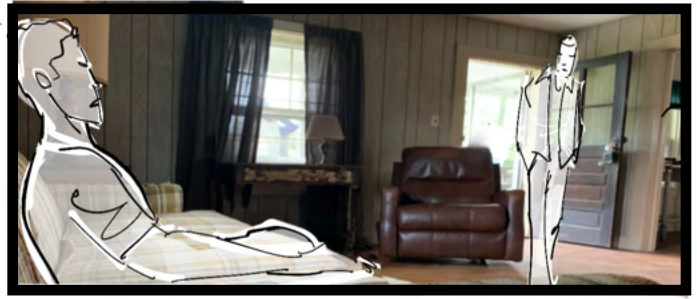


BURTON
FLYNNE TOOK A TRIP TO FUTURE
LONDON. SAW SOMETHING SHE WASN'T
SUPPOSED TO. NOW FOLKS FROM THERE
ARE HIRING PEOPLE TO KILL US.

The peripheral sc 261-264



CONNER
SHIT, BURTON. I'M PRETTY FUCKED UP.
BUT NOT THAT FUCKED UP.



BURTON
YOU DON'T NEED TO BELIEVE ME—JUST
NEED TO HELP. SOBER UP. COME CAMP
AT OUR PLACE. LEON'S THERE FOR AN
OFFLOAD, IF YOU NEED IT.



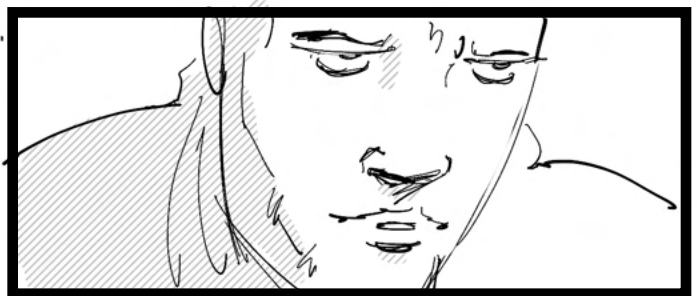
CONNER
NOT HIS JOB ANYMORE.

BURTON
I DON'T GUESS HE EVER SAW IT AS A
JOB, CONNER. PROBABLY WOULDN'T BE
TOO HAPPY TO HEAR YOU DESCRIBE IT
THAT WAY, EITHER.

CONNER
JUST TOLD YOU I WAS READY TO KILL
SOME BOYS CAUSE THEY PITIED ME.



BURTON
AND?



CONNER
YOU DOING THE SAME?

The peripheral sc 261-264



BURTON
I WAS AIMING FOR EMPATHY, ACTUALLY.

CONNER
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

BURTON
FUCK IF I KNOW. THE OFFER IS THERE
IF YOU WANT IT. BUT THE SOBER PART
IS NONNEGOTIABLE. YOU GONNA
REMEMBER ME STANDING HERE, TELLING
YOU ALL THIS, COME MORNING?



CONNER
I'D SAY IT'S FIFTY-FIFTY.



BURTON TAKES A PAD OF PAPER WRITES
SOMETHING DOWN.



TOSSES IT TO CONNER AS HE LEAVES.

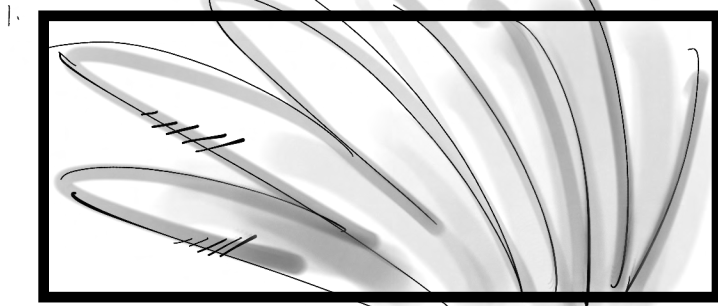


CONNER LOOKS AT IT... SMILES.



CONNER POV OF PAPER.

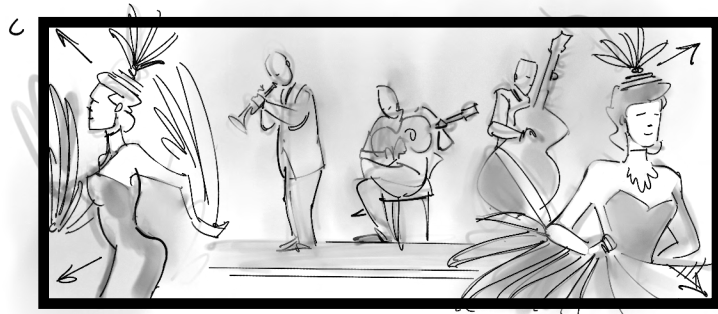
The peripheral sc 267-269



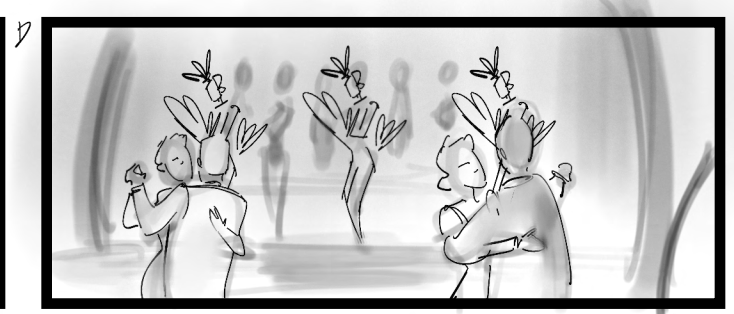
MAMBO MUSIC AND FEATHERS...



FEATHERS DROP TO REVEAL DANCING GIRL



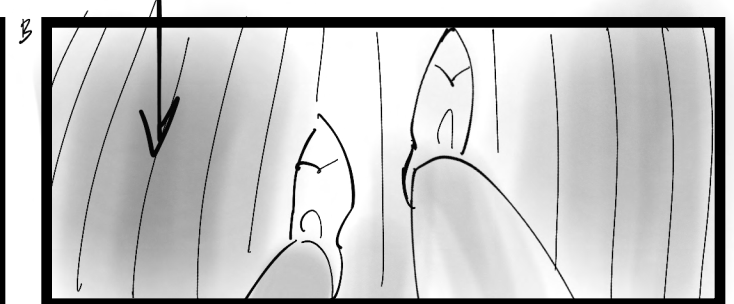
PULL BACK TO INCLUDE THE BAND...



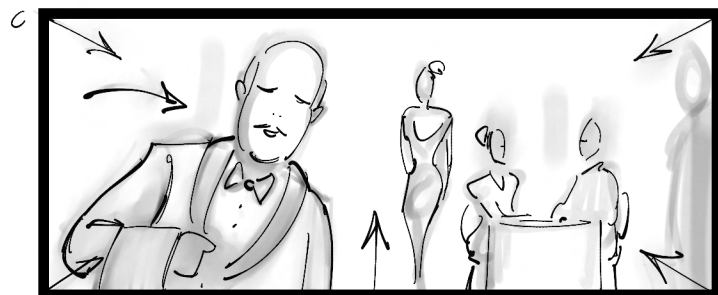
...AND THEN DANCERS.



POV MOVING THROUGH CROWD WITH GRAPHIC OVERLAYS.



TILT DOWN TO SEE OUR DAPPER SHOES.



THEN TILT BACK UP AS WAITER APPEARS.

MANUEL: NO ESPOSA ESTA NOCHE, SEÑOR?

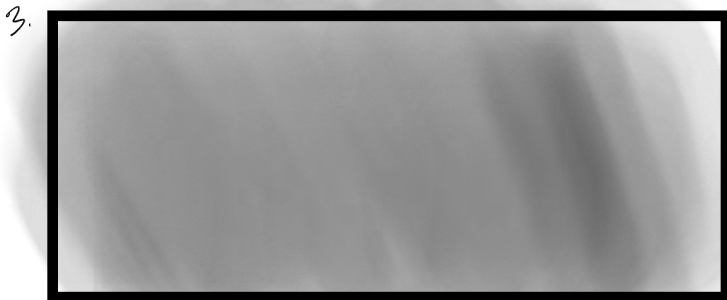
CORBELL PICKETT'S AVATAR:
FLYING FREE THIS EVENING, MANUEL.



HE LEADS US TO A TABLE, PULLS OUT A CHAIR,
THEN CROSSES TO OTHER SIDE OF TABLE.

MANUEL: PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE UNA
COMPAÑERA?

The peripheral sc 267-269



CUT OVER THE WAITER'S BACK....



SLIDE LEFT TO REVEAL PICKETT IN WHITE LINEN SUIT.

PICKETT'S AVATAR: WHY, YOU OLD DEVIL. WHAT DO YOU TAKE ME FOR?

*PARALLAX GAG.



MANUEL: UN HOMBRE DE GRAN PASION, NO?

MENU OF LADIES APPEARS NEXT TO MANUEL.



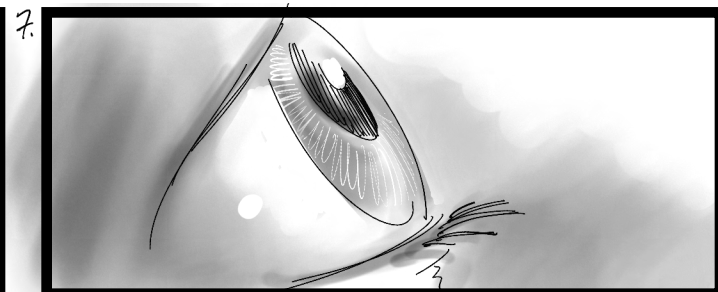
PULL OUT TO REVEAL REC ROOM, PICKETT IN VR SUIT ON TREAD MILL.

CORBELL PICKETT: WELL...PUT IT LIKE THAT? GUESS I WOULDN'T SPURN SOME COMPANY.

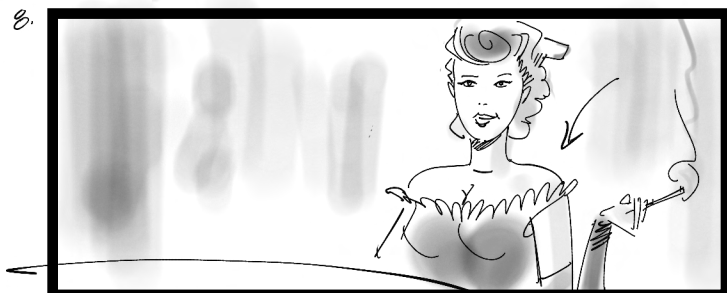
HE MAKES A SELECTION WITH HIS CONTROLLER.



CORBELL PICKETT:
WHAT'S YOUR NAME, HONEY?

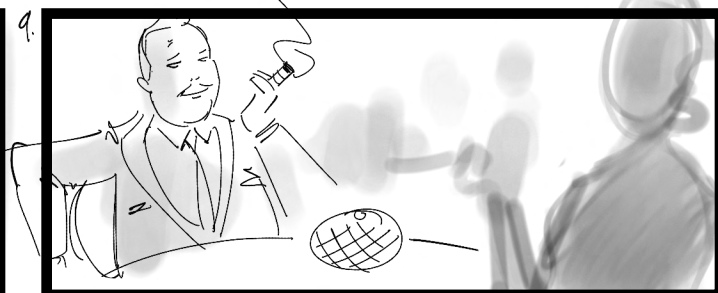


INSIDE PICKETT'S GOGGLES HE LOOKS AT...



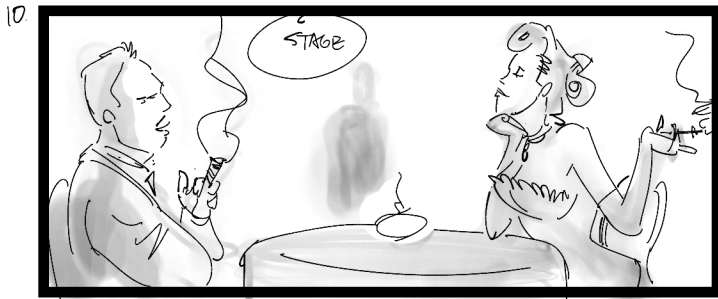
CARMEN: CARMEN.

...WHO FINDS A SEAT ACROSS FROM HIM.



CORBELL PICKETT'S AVATAR:
LIKE THE CHIQUITA LADY?

The peripheral sc 267-269



CARMEN: ¿QUE ES ESO?

**CORBELL PICKETT'S AVATAR:
USED TO BE A FRUIT CALLED THE
BANANA. KILLED OFF BY SOME SORT OF
FUNGUS. TERRIBLE SHAME.**



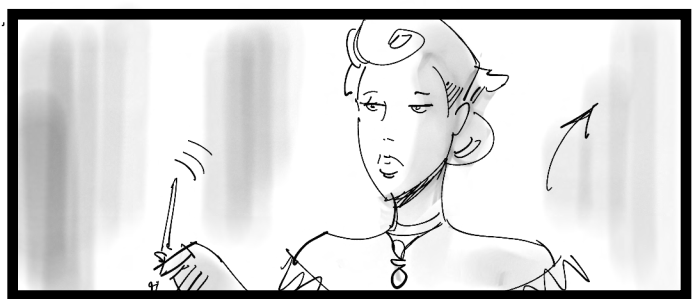
**PICKETT'S AVATAR: YOU HAVE
ANY TALENTS I SHOULD BE AWARE OF?**

FIGURE APPEARS BEHIND PICKETT.



RACK TO...

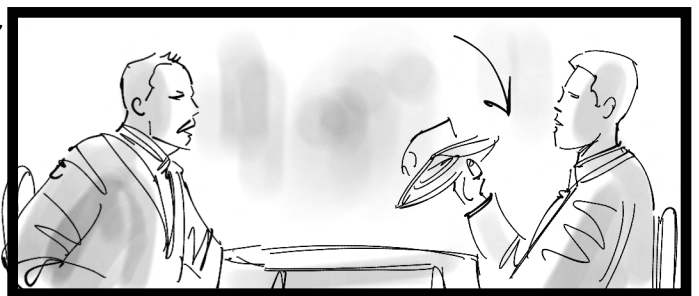
**DANIEL AVATAR
WOULD YOU EXCUSE US, SEÑORITA?**



CARMEN STUBS OUT HER CIGARETTE AND LEAVES.

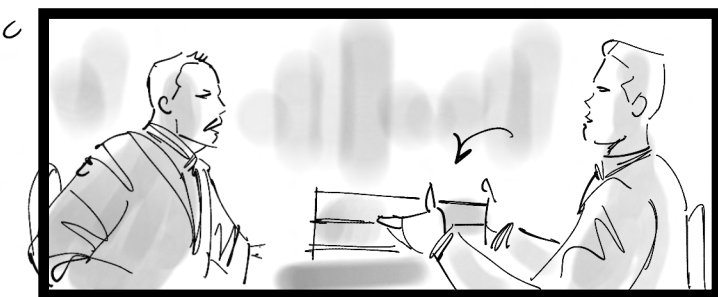


...EXITS AS DANIEL CROSSES...



TAKES HER SEAT.

**DANIEL AVATAR: YOU'RE QUITE A DIFFICULT
MAN TO CONTACT, MR. PICKETT.**



PLACES BRIEFCASE ON THE TABLE.

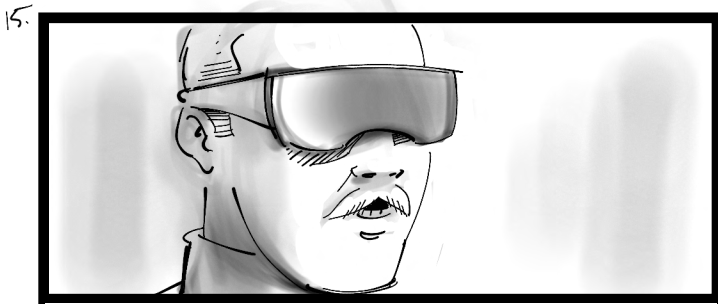
**DANIEL AVATAR: OUR RECORDS INDICATE YOU'RE AN
INDIVIDUAL OF SOME POWER AND
INFLUENCE IN CLANTON, VIRGINIA,
CIRCA 2030.**



DANIEL LOOKS RIGHT INTO CAMERA.

**DANIEL AVATAR: YOU ALSO SEEM TO BE A MAN
WHO DOESN'T INDULGE IN TOO MANY
SCRUPLES. IS THIS CORRECT?**

The peripheral sc 267-269

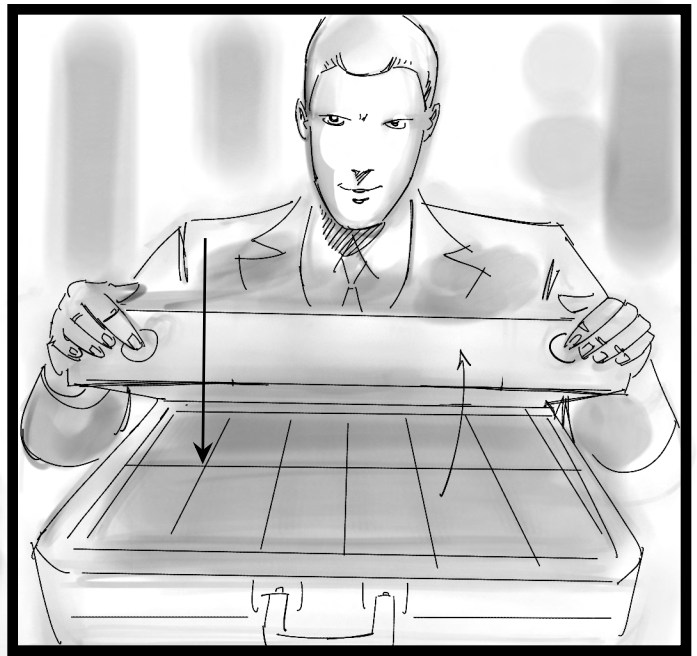


BACK IN THE REC ROOM:

CORBELL PICKETT:
WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON HERE?



CORBELL PICKETT'S AVATAR:
WHO ARE YOU? HOMELAND SECURITY?



DANIEL AVATAR:
WE HAVE A SITUATION THAT WOULD
APPEAR TO REQUIRE SOME LOCAL
KNOWLEDGE. WE'D LIKE TO PAY YOU TEN
MILLION DOLLARS TO ELIMINATE TWO
MEMBERS OF YOUR COMMUNITY.

TLT DOWN AS DANIEL OPENS CASE OF MONEY.



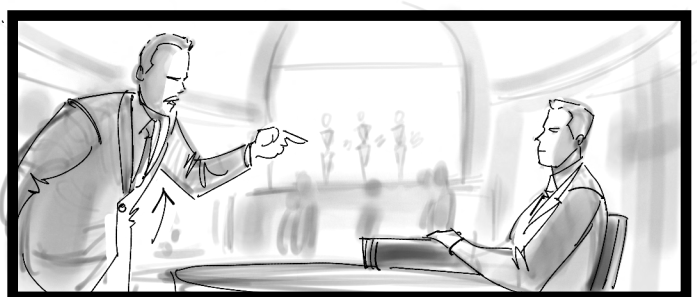
DANIEL AVATAR:
WE'RE PREPARED TO TRANSFER TWENTY-
FIVE PERCENT INTO YOUR ACCOUNT NOW,
AS A GOOD FAITH PAYMENT. THE REST
WILL BE PAID ON COMPLETION.



CORBELL PICKETT'S AVATAR:
YOU FUCKERS HACKED THIS THING?

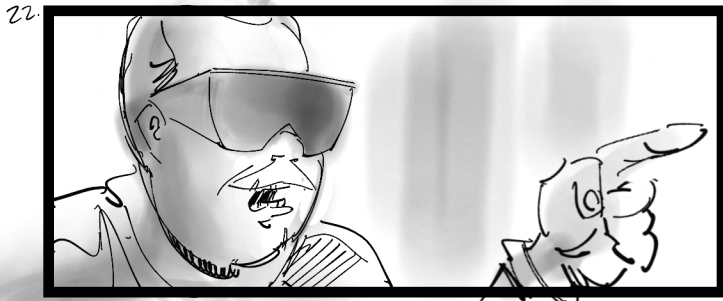


DANIEL AVATAR:
THE INDIVIDUALS IN QUESTION ARE
NAMED FLYNNE AND BURTON FISHER.



CORBELL PICKETT
THINK I'M A FOOL? THIS IS ENTRAPMENT,
ASSHOLE. OPEN AND SHUT.

The peripheral sc 267-269



BACK IN THE REC ROOM.

CORBELL PICKETT: END GAME.



CORNELL TEARS OF GOGGLES.

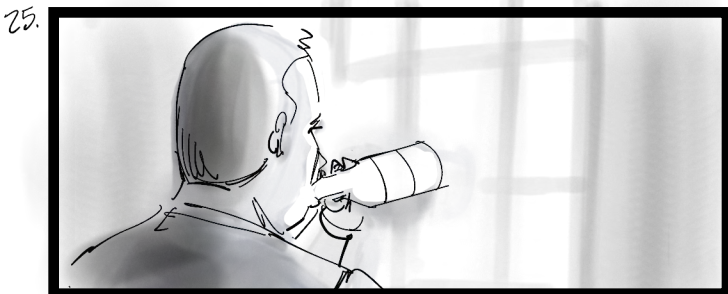


STEWES FOR A MOMENT, THEN STARTS TO TAKE OFF VR SUIT.

CORBELL PICKETT (CONT'D)
JESUS CHRIST. THOSE FUCKING IDIOTS.

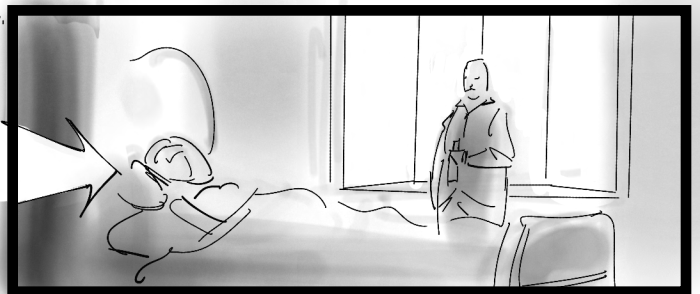


EXT. PICKETT HOUSE - NIGHT
ONE LIGHT ON. PICKETT VISIBLE IN THE WINDOW.
SLOW PUSH IN.

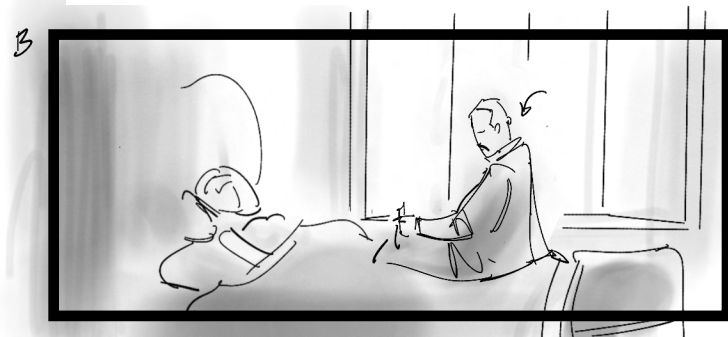


PICKETT SIPES BEER WHILST LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW.

MARY
HOW WAS HAVANA?

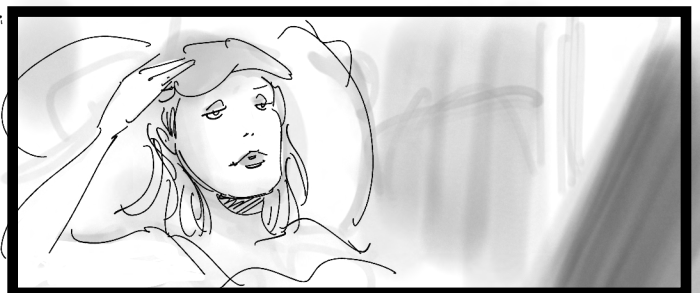


SLOW PUSH IN. PICKETT TURNS TO MARY.



AND SITS ON THE BED.

CORBELL PICKETT
ALWAYS BETTER WHEN YOU'RE THERE.



MARY
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT. BET YOU
GET UP TO ALL SORTS OF TROUBLE ON
YOUR OWN. SOME CHA CHA CHA?

The peripheral sc 267-269

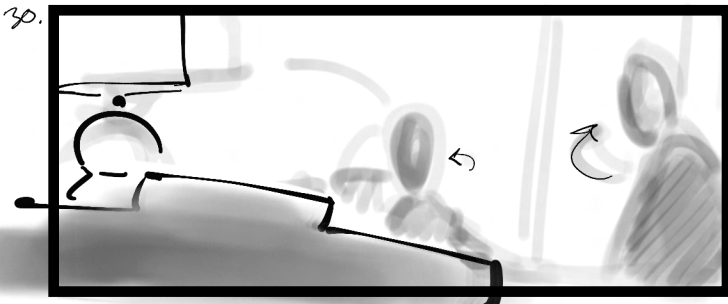


CORBELL PICKETT
I'M AFRAID WE MIGHT NEED TO TAKE A
BREAK FROM THE OLD TROPICANA.



MARY
HOW COME?

BZZZZZZZZ!



ANGLE OVER PHONE

BZZZZZZZZ!

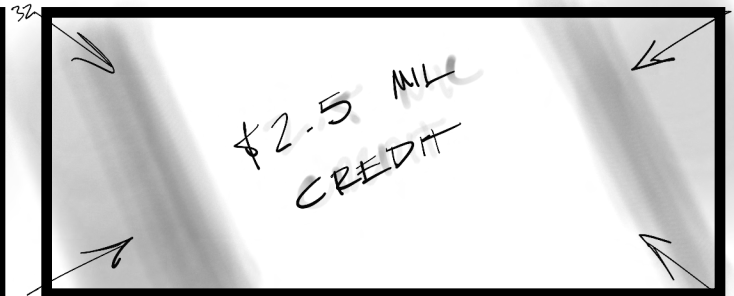


MARY PICKS IT UP...

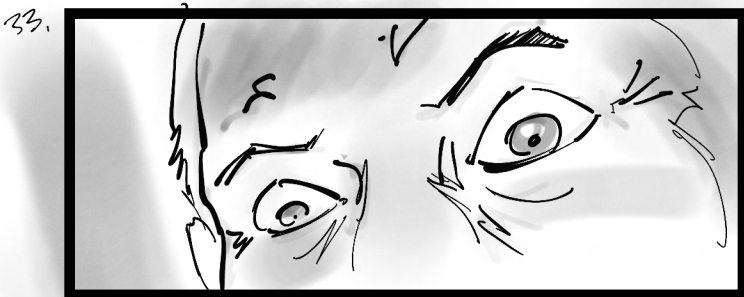


HANDS IT TO PICKETT.

MARY (CONT'D)
CORBELL...?

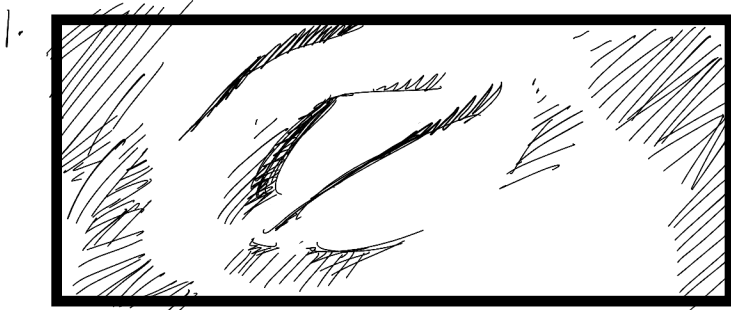


SLOW PUSH IN TO PICKETT'S PHONE.



ECU PICKETT FOR HIS REACTION.

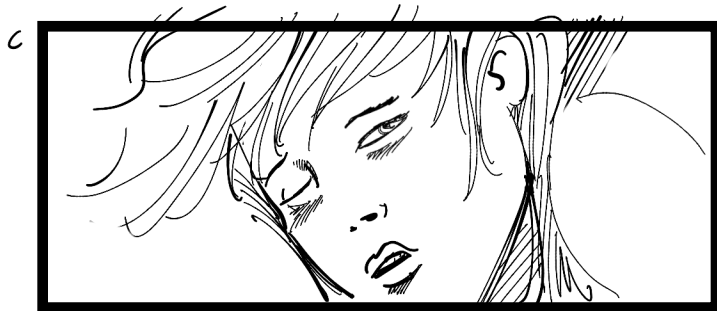
The peripheral sc 270-272



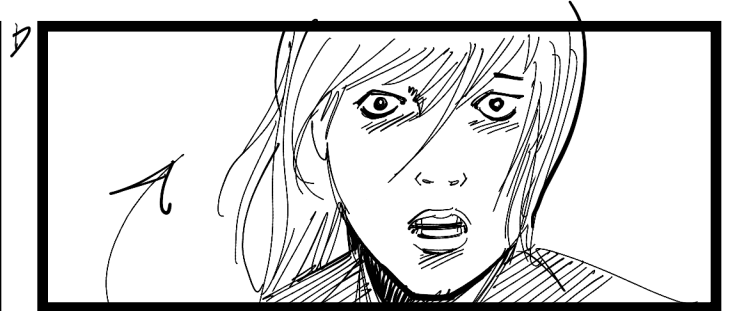
HANDHELD. VERY CLOSE ON FLYNNE'S EYE.



PULL BACK.



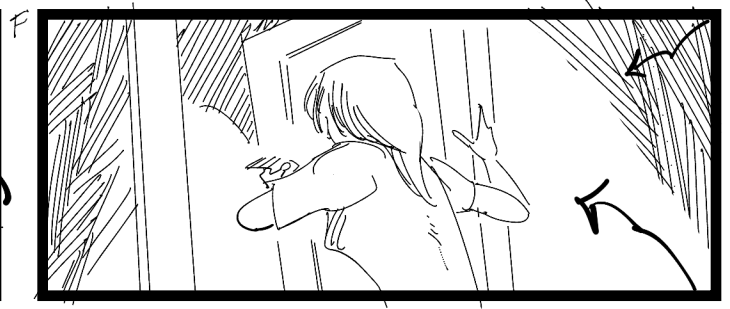
NOISE WAKES FLYNNE.



SHE SITS BOLT UP RIGHT.

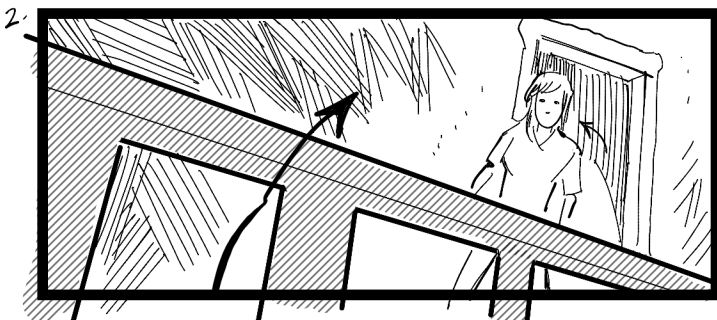


GETS HER PHONE... CALLS BURTON.



FLYNNE
GET UP HERE. NOW.

FOLLOW HER TO THE DOOR.

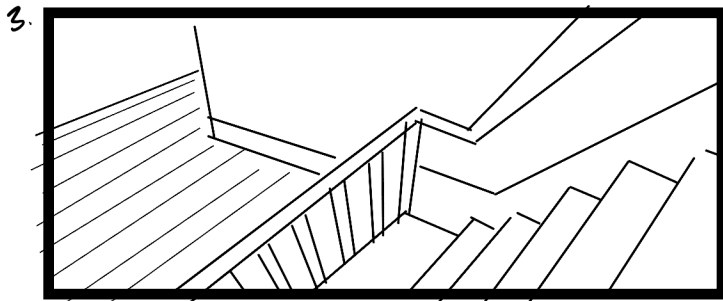


HANDHELD. RISE.

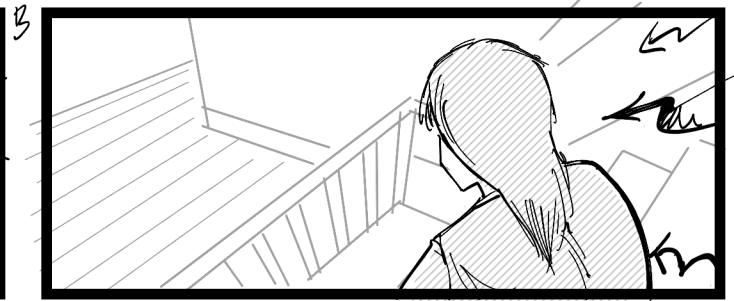


FLYNNE PEERS DOWN BELOW.

The peripheral sc 270-272



HANDHELD: FLYNNE'S POV.



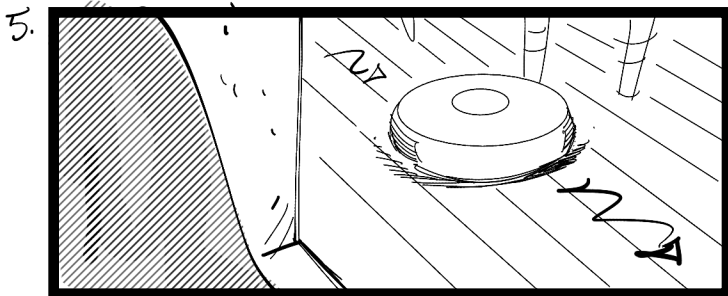
SHE STEPS INTO HER POV. ...FOLLOW HER.



BOTTOM OF THE STEPS..SHE LOOKS AROUND.



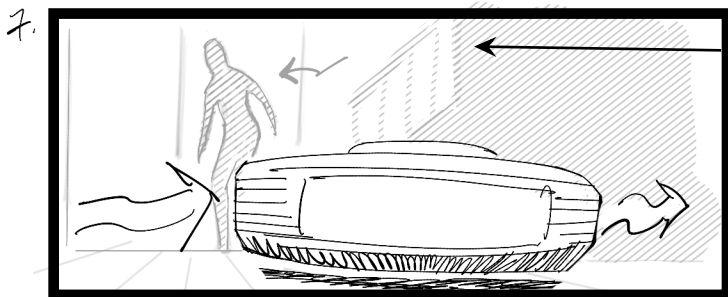
BUMP!



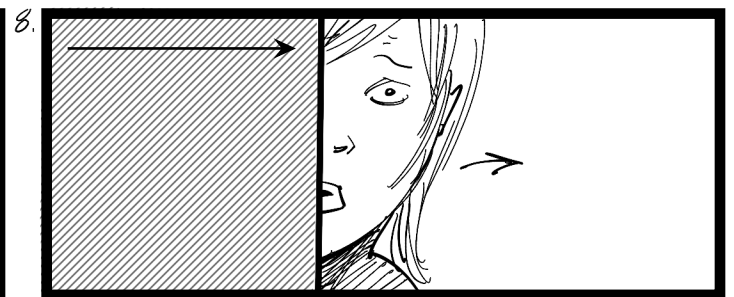
OTS FLYNNE TO ROOMBA.



BANG!

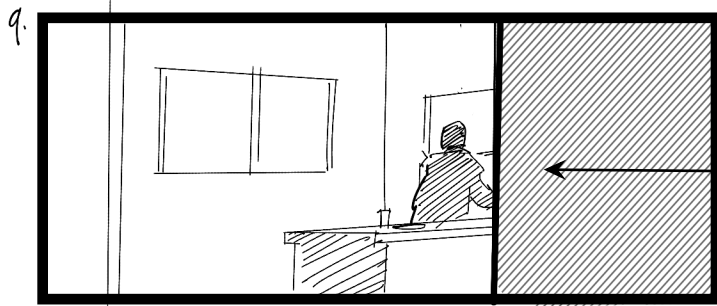


SLIDE LEFT: ROOMBA HOVERS IN FG AS FLYNNE MAKES HER WAY INTO...



...THE KITCHEN. SLIDE RIGHT AS FLYNNE POKES HER HEAD SLOWLY AROUND THE CORNER.

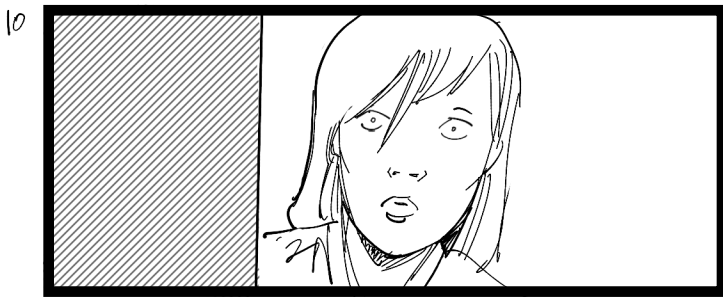
The peripheral sc 270-272



SLIDE LEFT: FLYNNE POV: SOMEONE IN THE KITCHEN---



OPEN THE FRIDGE DOOR.

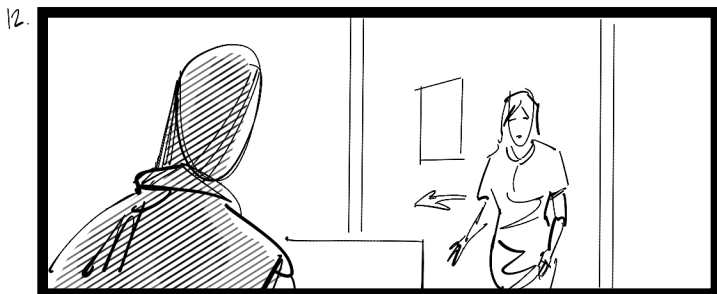


FLYNNE REACTING

FLYNNE: MAMA-

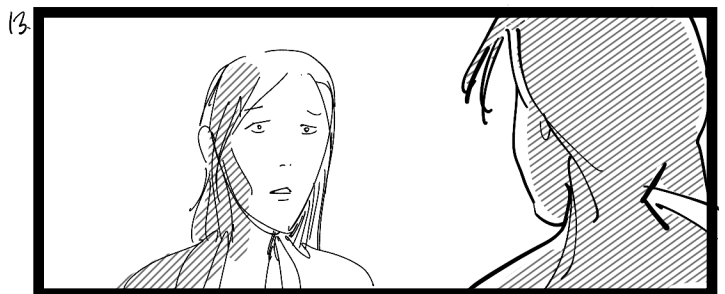


ELLA ILLUMINATED BY OPEN FRIDGE.

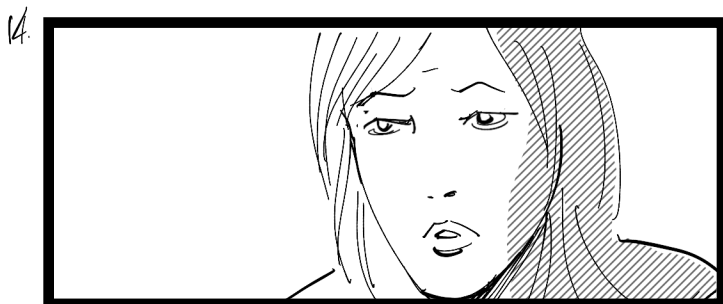


REVERSE: FLYNNE APPROACHES.

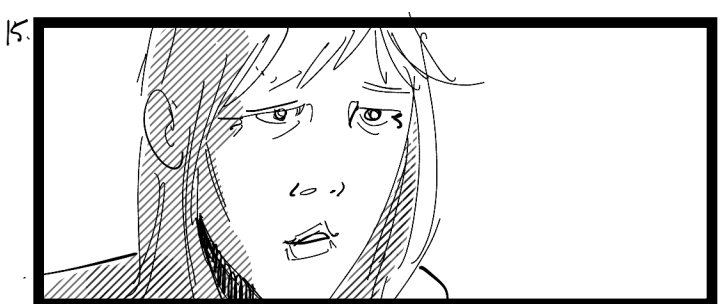
**FLYNNE (CONT'D)
WHAT'RE YOU DOING?**



ELLA (CONFUSED): I WAS HUNGRY.



ON FLYNNE, CONCERNED.



ELLA: I THOUGHT IT WAS A DREAM.

The peripheral sc 270-272

15 B



BANG!

SHE TURNS AS BURTON AND LEON BURST IN.

16



OVER THE BOYS TO THE GIRLS.

ELLA (CONT'D)
I CAN SEE, FLYNNE.

17



ELLA (CONT'D)
... I CAN SEE YOU.

SHE REACHES TO GRIP HER DAUGHTER'S HAND. FLYNNE
SQUEEZES BACK, LOOKING TEARFUL SUDDENLY

18



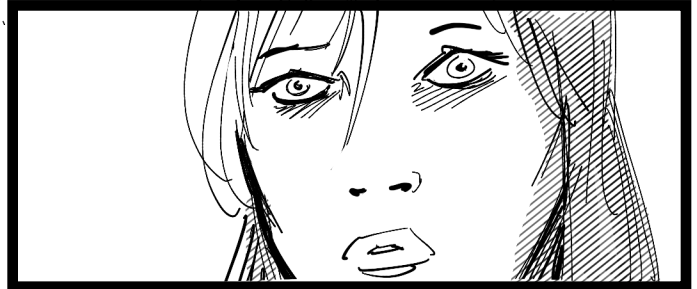
FLYNNE LOOKS TO BURTON.

18



BURTON LOOKS EYES WITH HIS SISTER.

19



END ON FLYNNE: THIS IS REAL.

