

SURROGATES

by
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based on the graphic novel
"THE SURROGATES"

by
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"SURROGATES"

FADE IN ON:

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT - MOVING

A DISTORTED IMAGE of downtown city streets at night. This is not a FISHEYE LENS, but the REFLECTION in the mirrored surface of a helmet visor.

EXT. LUXURY BUILDING - NIGHT

A near-future MOTORCYCLE stops near a dramatic HIGH-RISE RESIDENTIAL BUILDING. The rider, clad in black leather, climbs off his machine. We'll call him the ASSASSIN.

He flips up his VISOR. His face is scarred, stubbly. He conceals himself in an alcove, eyes never leaving the building's entrance.

A uniformed DOORMAN opens the high-rise's lobby door for a HANDSOME YOUNG MAN in a TUXEDO and TRENCHCOAT.

THE ASSASSIN has been waiting for this. He removes what looks like a rifle scope from his jacket, aims it at TUXEDO.

SCOPE POV - focusing on TUXEDO'S FACE, magnified. A digital readout: "SCANNING..." Then a long SERIAL NUMBER reads out and the name, "LIONEL ALEXANDER CANTER," along with other personal information below.

THE ASSASSIN puts away the scanner scope, satisfied. He reaches a hand into a pocket, withdraws a mysterious DEVICE. The size of a first generation cellphone, it has a military look, with a clear sliding panel over safety switches and buttons.

The ASSASSIN hurries toward TUXEDO, but before he can reach him--

A sleek, futuristic LIMOUSINE pulls up and TUXEDO gets in the back. They're gone in an instant.

The ASSASSIN, frustrated, dashes for his MOTORCYCLE. He starts it and pursues the limousine.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

THE MOTORCYCLE pursues the LIMOUSINE along the Potomac, D. C. LANDMARKS visible in the distance.

EXT. KENNEDY CENTER - NIGHT

FORMAL CROWDS, a RED CARPET, signs for an OPERA. The LIMOUSINE approaches.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

TUXEDO leans forward to the DRIVER, a muscular, handsome man in a suit named ARMANDO.

TUXEDO

I'm not really in the mood for opera, Armando.

ARMANDO nods knowingly, pulls back into traffic.

ARMANDO

F Street?

TUXEDO

(undoing bowtie)

You read my mind. Let's not mention this to my Dad...

As he speaks, he passes a few BILLS over the seat.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

THE LIMO moves through this seemingly deserted area, pulls up near a STEEL DOOR with a spray-painted X. TUXEDO emerges sans jacket and tie, his dress-shirt open.

TUXEDO

I can find my way back.

ARMANDO nods and pulls away. TUXEDO moves toward the entrance, says a word into an INTERCOM with a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA. The door opens within moments, he disappears inside.

THE ASSASSIN parks his bike, a few steps behind. Tuxedo has vanished through the STEEL DOOR before he can catch up with him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The ASSASSIN takes off his helmet, tries the door. It won't move. He buzzes the intercom. The DOOR slides open a crack--

THE BOUNCER is a huge, bald man with JET BLACK skin, RED EYES and TEETH that glow fluorescently. The THROBBING BEAT of MUSIC within. The BOUNCER narrows his eyes.

BOUNCER

This is a private club.

ASSASSIN

I just need to talk to--

THE STEEL DOOR has already shut in his face.

INT. THE PIT - NIGHT

POUNING MUSIC. BODIES SLAM together in a brutal mosh pit, MEN and WOMEN. All are young, some beautiful, others extremely decorated and pierced. They tear at each other brutally, trying to do real damage. On the edges of the pit, individual FISTFIGHTS go on. An incongruous CHANDELIER overhead, gilt-edged MIRRORS on the walls-- the FIGHTERS SLAM INTO and SHATTER them.

A HARD-CORE BAND plays on an elevated stage. The MUSICIANS are heavily punked out, in outlandish clothes, with pierced faces, tattoos and body make-up.

IN A VIP AREA, a balcony elevated above the stage, numerous BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE at tables. Many are making out, gay, straight, threesomes-- orgies happen up here.

TUXEDO sits by himself. He raises a GLASS TUBE attached to a CORD, one of a few leading into an ELECTRONIC DEVICE on the table. As he brings the tube close to his own neck, an ARC of electricity jumps to his skin. His features go slack, a shudder goes through him. Then he lowers the tube with a smile. He's using a JACKER-- a sort of electro-shock hookah. A SHOUT over the MUSIC:

BLONDE

Mind if I join you?

A stunningly beautiful BLONDE in edgy, dramatic clothes stands nearby. Tuxedo, recovering from the hit, gestures graciously for her to sit. She picks up one of the cords, gives him a sly smile. She opens her mouth, SPARKS fly to her tongue and--

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

RAIN pours down as TUXEDO and the BLONDE burst out the door, laughing. He pushes her against a brick wall, they grope each other hungrily, hands inside clothes, getting drenched in the warm downpour.

WITH THE ASSASSIN, wearing his HELMET with the VISOR UP, as he approaches the entwined couple. TUXEDO hears him, turns--

TUXEDO

Get lost, meatbag.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

ANGLE ON the alley's mouth as we hear the BLONDE'S SCREAM. Seconds later she staggers out, clutching her head, and collapses to the pavement. We hear an ENGINE START from the alleyway.

THE ASSASSIN emerges on his bike, rides directly over her body unconcerned-- and ROARS into the night.

CAMERA PULLS UP to--

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

--an AERIAL VIEW of the rain-swept CITY, some futuristic HIGH-RISES amongst the recognizable landmarks. Also, a great number of SUPER-CELL TOWERS and DISHES, considerably larger than the ones we see today.

CAMERA PICKS UP SPEED, moves quickly to a run-down part of the city, tenements and vacant lots. MOVE DOWN and through a third-story window of--

INT. ABANDONED PROJECT BUILDING - NIGHT

A dark, decaying hallway. A MAN and a WOMAN move stealthily up the stairs, LASER-SIGHT GUNS in hand.

The man is THOMAS GREER, the woman JENNIFER PETERS. Both are about 30, handsome, athletic. Greer's spent his life in law enforcement. He's smart and able, wants things to make sense-- but as the world changes around him, he feels he's losing the thread. PETERS is junior to Greer, her attitude's professional but rigid, by the book.

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CONTINUED:

GREER, in the lead, waves PETERS up. They approach a door at the end of the hall. We see now that their windbreakers read "FBI."

GREER kicks open the door--

INT. PSYCHO'S LAIR - NIGHT

Lit by CANDLES and KEROSENE LANTERNS, SMOKE HANGS in the room. We glimpse BODIES hanging from the ceiling in CHAINS. GREER and PETERS train their LASERS around the place, disturbed by the scene. A flash of MOVEMENT in a bedroom and a CRASH--

THE PSYCHO who lives here has kicked over a LANTERN, FIRE spills across the floor. We glimpse a surprisingly good-looking guy, grinning maniacally. He dashes across the room--

GREER squeezes off a couple of SHOTS. The PSYCHO's too fast, he LEAPS through a cracked WINDOW.

EXT. ABANDONED PROJECTS - NIGHT

RAIN has let up. The PSYCHO FALLS thirty feet into a pile of soft DIRT and TRASH. He rolls to the bottom, gets to his feet and runs.

GREER looks down from the broken window.

INT. PSYCHO'S LAIR - NIGHT

PETERS is beating at the FLAMES with a towel, sees Greer is preparing to jump.

PETERS

Let's call for back-up.

GREER

Where's the sport in that?

PETERS

It's protocol--

GREER SNORTS and--

EXT. ABANDONED PROJECTS - NIGHT

--LEAPS, GREER hits the dirt hard and rolls. He reaches the ground and sets off after the PSYCHO at top speed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PLAY A FRANTIC FOOT CHASE, both men scramble over chain-link fences, leap over trashed cars.

GREER pursues the PSYCHO around a corner, into a passageway between buildings--

--where the PSYCHO gets the jump on him, SWINGS a length of pipe at his head. Greer ducks fast, the blow catches him in the arm, he drops his gun. The PSYCHO moves to pick up the weapon, but Greer tackles him against a dumpster.

Greer SLAMS the dumpster lid on the man repeatedly.

GREER

You have the right to remain silent--

But the PSYCHO has grabbed something from the trash, manages to SQUIRT BUG SPRAY in Greer's eyes.

Greer's blinded temporarily, the PSYCHO squirms away, running from between buildings across a street--

WHAM! He's hit full-on by a SEMI, his body FLIES through the air. He LANDS HARD on cement, but amazingly is still alive. He tries to get up, but--

GREER plants a foot on his chest and holds him fast against the ground. Greer, still wiping at his eyes, points his weapon at the PSYCHO's head.

GREER (CONT'D)

Stay with me asshole--

PSYCHO

Why would I do that?

The PSYCHO grins-- then his head lolls back, eyes empty.

INT. PSYCHO'S LAIR - NIGHT

PETERS is by a WOMAN'S BODY on the floor, holding a pocket SCANNER close to her head. This small device resembles an iPhone. There's tape over the woman's eyes and mouth, which Peters peels away as she speaks into a tiny cellphone earpiece.

PETERS

Is this Kathy Welles...? My name is Jennifer Peters, with the FBI's surrogate crime division...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON SCANNER-- the name "KATHY WELLES," "REPORTED STOLEN," contact information below.

EXT. ABANDONED PROJECTS - NIGHT

ON GREER'S SCANNER - "NEW-U RENTAL AGENCY," with an ID NUMBER, but no name.

GREER kneels beside the PSYCHO's body, pockets his scanner. He's angry but resigned, he was half expecting this.

THE SEMI DRIVER is still behind the wheel of his rig. He calls out to Greer:

SEMI DRIVER

Am I in trouble?

GREER

(waves him off)

Nah, go back to work.

GREER rises as his PHONE CHIMES, he touches his earpiece. IN BG, the DRIVER pulls away.

GREER (CONT'D)

Greer.

PETERS (FILTER)

You get him?

GREER

He's a rental.

He disconnects, reaches to turn the PSYCHO's head to one side. The back of his skull is smashed. Instead of gore and brains, we see torn GRAY PLASTIC and dense CIRCUITRY, oozing pinkish hydraulic fluid at his neck.

We're in a world of SURROGATES, remotely operated synthetic humans (also known as SYNTHS). These are not artificially-intelligent robots-- each is linked directly to a human being, miles or hundreds of miles away. Surrogates are distinguishable from flesh-and-blood humans primarily by their physical perfection-- ugly surrogates are rare. On closer look, their eyes may have an inhuman quality. Without a human mind sending and receiving impulses, they are completely inert.

Suddenly the PSYCHO comes to life, spins his head around at an impossible angle and BITES GREER'S HAND.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He won't let go. Greer stomps on the PSYCHO's head, reaches with his other hand into the back of the skull to wrench out a CIRCUIT BOARD. The PSYCHO finally stops writhing, disconnected.

INT. PSYCHO'S LAIR - NIGHT

PETERS talks on the phone while scanning a SEVERED HEAD.

PETERS

I don't recommend reconnecting,
Ms. Welles... hello?

The WOMAN on the floor TWITCHES, her eyes open. She sits up on her elbows, looks down to see--

--her legs are gone. The bottom half of her is missing, her tattered T-shirt covers the damage, soaked with dark green and pink liquids-- coolant and hydraulic fluids.

VICTIM

Aw crap, I'm totalled!

PETERS

Your insurance ought to cover it.

EXT. ABANDONED PROJECTS - NIGHT

GREER trudges toward the building, on his cell, leaving the body behind. He turns the CIRCUIT BOARD over in his fingers.

GREER

--trash pick-up on Maple and 4th.

DISPATCHER (FILTER)

Coulda just called it in, we'd a shut him down from here--

GREER

Any ID from the rental agency?

DISPATCHER (FILTER)

Yeah, got a name from their office in Miami. Ness, Harold P.

GREER

(a beat)

Harry P. Ness.

DISPATCHER

Oh. False ID?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREER

You think?

DISPATCHER

Don't be in a rush to get home,
Tom. Two surries down outside The
Pit, hard-core club on F street.

GREER picks up the pace, heads OUT OF FRAME.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

START ON THE BLONDE, eyes empty, face against the cement.

PETERS

Abandoned.

GREER

Or something happened to the operator.

GREER and PETERS stand over the corpse, a UNIFORM stands nearby. Greer holds his SCANNER near her head.

GREER (CONT'D)

Registered to a Cameron Michaels,
out in Clarksburg...

(to Uniform)

You call her?

UNIFORM

Left a message.

GREER is leaning closer to the dead Blonde's face.

X-CLOSE-- CRACKS in the GLASS of her eye. We see GREER'S
FRAGMENTED REFLECTION as he peers at this.

GREER

Optics are damaged.

PETERS

Musta cracked when she fell.

(to Uniform)

There's a second?

The UNIFORM leads GREER and PETERS past the blonde, into the alley.

INT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

TUXEDO lies on his side, eyes closed. We can hear MUSIC THROBBING from within.

UNIFORM

Couldn't get an ID from this one.

GREER kneels by Tuxedo, looks at his fancy CUFFLINKS.

GREER

A tux? Kind of over-dressed for a jacker joint.

GREER pulls out his scanner.

BY TUXEDO'S FACE, the SCANNER reads "NO SIGNAL."

GREER seems surprised. PETERS looks over his shoulder.

PETERS

Maybe he's real.

GREER

Little too pretty for that.

GREER lifts one of Tuxedo's eyelids-- CLOSE, shattered GLASS, ELECTRONICS visible within.

GREER (CONT'D)

He's synth all right.

PETERS

Looks like the optics exploded...

Greer reaches behind Tuxedo's head, pulls out a small specially-shaped TOOL and pries up the PANEL at the back of Tuxedo's skull. He pulls out--

THE CIRCUIT BOARD, melted and scorched.

GREER

So much for the identity chip.

PETERS

I'll call for a pick-up. Maybe diagnostics can make sense of it.

Greer stands up, looks toward the Blonde's body.

GREER

Clarksburg's just up the 270, let's talk to our witness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETERS

(a glance at her watch)
You always work these kind of
hours?

GREER

Got something better to do?

PETERS

Besides sleep?

Greer is already on the move, Peters reluctantly follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. I-270 - NIGHT

A slightly futuristic sedan speeds through light late-night traffic. We hear the VOICE of the PROPHET:

PROPHET (RADIO)

You feel you are free. You can be
what you want, do what you want,
nothing can hurt you. But you have
ceased to live.

INT. FBI CAR - NIGHT

GREER drives. PETERS has her eyes closed in the passenger seat. THE VOICE on the RADIO continues IN BG through scene.

PROPHET (RADIO)

You think you control your
surrogates, but it is they who have
taken over your lives. You lie in
your cells, pale and fat prisoners,
while the puppets walk and dance
and make love...

Peters BLINKS and comes to.

GREER

Welcome back.

PETERS

(re: the radio)
Are we actually listening to the
Prophet? We oughta lock this guy
up and throw away the key.
(off Greer's shrug)
So is this "know thine enemy?"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREER

The Human Coalition isn't "the enemy."

PETERS

You're kidding, right? The Dreads've gotta be behind half the crimes against surries nationwide--

GREER

"Dreads..."

PETERS

They dread the present, they dread the future--

(points at radio)

You know this joker's calling for an uprising. In Denver, we got the go-ahead to jam his broadcasts.

GREER

Sounds like they're doing a bang-up job out there. Why'd you transfer?

PETERS

D. C.'s the heart of the action, right? Plus my ex and I were in the same office, it got a little uncomfortable.

(beat)

You get along with your last partner?

GREER

Till he retired. Had no idea he was that old.

PROPHET (RADIO)

...But this I promise: soon the abominations shall fall where they stand... and on that day of resurrection, the dead shall rise...

EXT. MODERN APARTMENTS - NIGHT

MOVE ACROSS the facade of a suburban apartment complex. A RED GLOW suffuses most of the windows, all of which are BARRED. In this warm light, we glimpse OPERATORS in reclining chairs, motionless. They could be watching TV, but no sets are in sight.

MOVE TO FIND GREER and PETERS as they exit the sedan and pass a sign: "SURROGATE-READY UNITS AVAILABLE."

INT. MODERN APARTMENTS/CORRIDOR- NIGHT

GREER and PETERS walk along an almost prison-like corridor, SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS, heavy doors. They follow an empty-faced walking MANNEQUIN in an ugly pantsuit. This is the LANDLADY. Her mouth moves like a ventriloquist's dummy as she speaks self-consciously:

LANDLADY

I been having problems with my surrie, this is just a loaner. Is there some kind of trouble?

GREER

Nothing to worry about.

LANDLADY

Cam's a good tenant, y'know. Pays the rent on time, never leaves the apartment...

GREER

Who does?

LANDLADY

(POUNDS on a door)

Cam? Wake up, the police are here to talk to you...

INT. CAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The LANDLADY undoes the MULTIPLE LOCKS on the door of a small one-room apartment. She opens it and lets GREER and PETERS inside. A RED GLOW from the far end of the room-- GREER flicks on overheads. The Landlady hovers by the door as they move into the place.

It's minimalist, nothing on the walls. Empty pizza boxes. Skirts, stockings, high-heels strewn around haphazardly. We also glimpse a large CHARGING CRADLE, contact points embedded in the foam inside, shaped to accomodate a curvaceous female body.

GREER

Hello?

A fat, hairy arm hangs over the side of a high-tech CHAIR. The two feds move quickly to see--

--CAMERON MICHAELS, a 40-ish, overweight, bald male in his underwear. BLOOD runs from his nose, his face twitches slightly; he lies in a STIM CHAIR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STIM CHAIRS resemble oversized massage chairs, contoured to the body, with padded head supports. They vibrate and electronically stimulate the user to prevent atrophy.

A SENSORY PROJECTOR sits beside the chair. This device looks like a COMPUTER TOWER. It's linked to an elaborate HEADSET, with contact points around the skull. There's also a MONITOR SCREEN which displays the operator's remote POV.

LANDLADY

Oh my God, Cameron--

GREER quickly detaches the headset, rips a small ELECTRONIC SLEEVE off of Cameron's fingertip. He checks the man's pupil response and pulse.

GREER

Call the paramedics.

While Peters calls in BG, GREER moves to the PROJECTOR'S MONITOR SCREEN and taps a touchpad.

ON SCREEN - STATIC. GREER REWINDS to POVs at the hardcore CLUB. FAST FORWARD to the ALLEY, making out with TUXEDO. This is a recording of recent experience, as seen through the eyes of the BLONDE.

GREER switches to real-time. Tuxedo breaks the kiss and turns to look OS.

TUXEDO (ON SCREEN)

Get lost, meatbag.

As Tuxedo turns back TO CAMERA, we hear a hideous ELECTRONIC SCREECH, Tuxedo's face contorts in pain... and his EYES BURST, fragments of GLASS and ELECTRONICS fly. The POV reels, we hear the Blonde's SCREAM-- and STATIC again fills the screen.

GREER is disturbed by this, looks again at the unconscious, quivering face of the man in the chair.

CUT TO:

INT. D.C. SUBWAY - NIGHT

A mostly empty car, scattered SURRIE PASSENGERS ride stiffly, zoned out, empty expressions... except for a long-haired DREAD, one of the anti-surrogate fanatics. He's disheveled, hippyish, SHOUTS into the empty faces of the surrogates.

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CONTINUED:

DREAD

Wake up! Wake up! Zombies!
Shitpuppets! Abominations!

He moves to a YOUNG COUPLE, both slack-faced, on standby.

DREAD (CONT'D)

Wake up and smell the piss!

He starts to UNZIP in front of them.

GREER

Not cool.

The DREAD turns-- GREER is holding up a BADGE. The Dread scowls, zips up and moves away from Greer, plunks down at the end of the car. Greer pockets his badge calmly.

EXT. GREER'S BUILDING - DAWN

GREER approaches an urban APARTMENT COMPLEX on foot, carrying a bag of TAKE-OUT FOOD. HIGH FENCES, SECURITY CAMERAS and SCANNERS, all commonplace in this world. We see the RED GLOW from a few windows.

INT. GREER'S BUILDING/HALLWAY - DAWN

GREER moves tiredly down a long hallway to his apartment. He punches in a CODE at the door.

INT. GREER'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAWN

GREER enters, crosses a living room that's been decorated in a spare, modern style.

INT. GREER'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - DAWN

GREER sets the bag down on a table, fills a glass with WATER and moves down a hallway to a BEDROOM.

INT. GREER'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - DAWN

GREER enters the bedroom, places the water glass on a bedside table beside--

--the REAL GREER. He looks five years older, twenty pounds heavier than his surrogate. He's in a STIM RECLINER, attached to a SENSORY PROJECTOR like the one we saw on Cameron Michaels. RED LIGHT suffuses the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREER, a surrogate we now realize, undresses, puts his clothes aside in a CLOSET-- which also contains a foam-filled CHARGING CRADLE. Down to his underwear, he backs into this, seems to relax. We hear a low HUM and--

--the REAL GREER's eyes open. He disconnects the HEADSET and FINGERSLEEVE, the RED GLOW is replaced by WHITE LIGHT. He sits up, yawns and sips the water. He rises wearily, stretches, runs a hand through his thinning hair. He moves to shut the closet door on his synth unit. As it CLOSES--

CUT TO:

INT. GREER'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - MORNING

GREER (the real one) sits at the table in a bathrobe, finishing the food his surrogate brought home. As he empties the remains into the trash--

--MAGGIE enters. She's Greer's wife, a stylish young woman, looking ridiculously good for someone who's just gotten up. Maggie starts at the sight of Greer, begins to retreat. It's as if she's stumbled upon him in the bathroom.

MAGGIE

Oh, sorry--

GREER

It's OK. Come in--

MAGGIE

But where's your...

GREER

Put him up. I was about to get some sleep.

Maggie enters the kitchen, not looking directly at Greer. She puts some bread in a toaster, prepares coffee.

MAGGIE

You just get in?

GREER

Some poor cross-sexual had an aneurysm while he was online, had to get him to a hospital.

Maggie winces, disturbed by her husband's job. She flips on a small flatscreen TV, volume low. NEWS and WEATHER.

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CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

I think I need a new stim chair.

GREER

Bedsores? Want me to take a look?

MAGGIE

(taken aback)

No thanks, it's just some irritation.

GREER

Well, there's room on the credit card.

(beat)

It's been a while since... we've actually been together.

MAGGIE

(uneasy)

Are you talking about sex?

GREER

No, I just meant--

MAGGIE

Because I think we're doing just fine.

GREER

But that's our surrogates. It's not the same...

MAGGIE

It's better.

(shrugs)

I wish that instead of working every night, you would come out with me, go dancing, we used to have such a good time--

GREER

I was thinking more like a vacation. An island somewhere.

MAGGIE

(likes the idea)

Bridget said she got an amazing deal on a surrie rental in Tahiti-- she looked just like a native.

GREER

I mean a real vacation-- just us. Leave our synth units home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE

(horrified)

And get on a plane?

Her TOAST pops up. Maggie takes it with her coffee out of the room. She shakes her head, amused at Greer's crazy ideas.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Sleep well.

She takes her breakfast through a door in the hall just off the kitchen-- we can't see inside the room. We hear the DOOR LOCK behind her.

GREER looks after his wife, a bit dejected. In the quiet he registers a voice from the TV:

COMMERCIAL V.O.

Remember... it wasn't long ago.

ON TV - the sign "AIR QUALITY - UNHEALTHFUL."
PEDESTRIANS with surgical MASKS and even GASMASKS.

The sign "QUARANTINE." BODIES in a MASS GRAVE.

The sign "TERROR ALERT - HIGH." A BUSY CITY STREET.
Suddenly, a massive EXPLOSION, a car bomb going off.
From the blast, BLEACH TO WHITE.

COMMERCIAL V.O. (CONT'D)

Now... a better world.

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL ENTERS FRAME, turns TO CAMERA and smiles. Behind her, more happy, healthy, handsome YOUNG PEOPLE in an abstract, WHITE SPACE. WIDER, there are THOUSANDS of them.

COMMERCIAL V.O. (CONT'D)

Virtual Self Industries.

ON TV - The LOGO for VSI comes on the screen.

COMMERCIAL V.O. (CONT'D)

Do what you want. Be what you want.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE DORM - DAY

A wood-paneled hallway of an Ivy League dorm, TWO MALE UNDERGRADS (pimpily, glasses, overweight, clearly not surries) KNOCK on a dorm room door.

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CONTINUED:

UNDERGRAD #1

Yo, Canter!

UNDERGRAD #2

Maybe he's still hung over.

UNDERGRAD #1

He's gonna miss the exam.

They try the door-- unlocked.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

As soon as they enter, the UNDERGRADS choke on the stench, covering their noses.

UNDERGRAD #1

Aw, Jesus...

IN THE BED is a YOUNG MALE CORPSE, a SENSORY PROJECTOR attached to his head, the RED GLOW. OVERHEAD LIGHTS flick on to reveal goopy BLOOD at his nose and ears, the pillow soaked.

GREER (V.O.)

Tuxedo's operator turned up,
student at Yale name of Anthony
Canter...

CUT TO:

INT. FBI BUILDING/GREER'S OFFICE - DAY

Cluttered with papers, two desks. GREER sits before a TERMINAL, staring at his screen.

GREER

They're uploading his memory file.
Seems we're dealing with an actual
homicide.

PETERS, at the other (much neater) desk, leans in to look over Greer's shoulder while the file uploads.

PETERS

You sound pleased.

GREER

Well, you get a little tired of
property crime, vandalism--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETERS

Thought you took your job seriously. Surrogates are extensions of people's selves--

GREER

What are you, quoting VSI?

PETERS

The Supreme Court.

ANTHONY STONE, Greer's BOSS, has entered Greer's office during the above. He's silver-haired, friendly, in perfect shape-- another surrogate. He's clearly heard this argument before.

PETERS (CONT'D)

Synthetic units have the same rights as biologicals.

GREER

Yeah, yeah. Fact is, most of the people you refer to as Dreads are just too poor to afford a synth. You think they like living on reservations?

PETERS

That's humanist propaganda. The restricted areas were their idea, they hate being around surries.

STONE

Get a room, you two.

He leans between them, hits a button on Greer's computer.

ON SCREEN - A NEW HAVEN PD LOGO at the top of the screen, indicating this is an EVIDENCE FILE. In a large WINDOW, TUXEDO'S POV RECORDING plays. We now see the foreplay in the alley from the other perspective. FOOTSTEPS, Tuxedo pulls away from the BLONDE--

--and turns to confront THE HELMETED ASSASSIN. TUXEDO'S VOICE:

TUXEDO (O.S.)

Get lost, meatbag.

THE ASSASSIN narrows his eyes-- then WHITE LIGHT fills the screen, the BLONDE'S SCREAM CUTS OUT as the audio goes. Then STATIC and BLACKNESS.

GREER, PETERS and STONE react to this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GREER

Poor kid. Pathologist said his
brains looked like soup.

PETERS

(winces)

What could do that to someone?

STONE

Lightning strike, according to
forensics. A massive power surge
shoots through the network...

GREER

Two people in a narrow alley,
surrounded by fire escapes, cell
towers...?

STONE

Got a better idea? In any case,
let's be discreet about this.
There'll be panic in the streets
if the public gets the idea that
using their surries can kill
them...

Greer is rewinding the IMAGE. He points to the face of
the ASSASSIN, partly shielded within his helmet. They
only get a partial of his face, it ENLARGES and
HIGHLIGHTS.

GREER

Is he the perp, or just some
lookie-loo--?

PETERS

He's a "meatbag" all right. Look
at those scars...

An INTERCOM beeps, GREER hits a button.

GREER

What you got?

INTERCOM VOICE

Next of kin. You sitting down?
Kid's father is Lionel Alexander
Canter. The Lionel Canter.

GREER, PETERS and STONE take this in, stunned. STONE
leans closer to the intercom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

STONE

Stone here. Under no circumstances do you discuss this matter with anyone, inside or outside the Bureau. Got me?

INTERCOM VOICE

Yes, sir.

GREER disconnects the intercom, STONE moves to leave.

GREER

You still thinking lightning?

CUT TO:

INT. LUXURY BUILDING/LOBBY - DAY

Elegant, traditional decor. ARMANDO, the limousine driver from the opening sequence, is posted amidst the mirrors and plush furniture.

An elegantly dressed CLERK is at the lobby desk, checking on a COMPUTER SCREEN. GREER and PETERS wait.

CLERK

Dr. Canter is expecting you. But no weapons are permitted in the penthouse.

PETERS

We're federal agents.

CLERK

I'm sorry. You'll have to leave them with me.

At Greer's nod, Peters takes out her holstered GUN. GREER does the same. The Clerk locks both the agents' guns in a drawer, then comes out from behind the desk.

ARMANDO approaches. The Clerk passes him a KEY.

ARMANDO

I work for Dr. Canter. His private elevator's this way.

They follow him toward an ALCOVE in the back of the lobby.

PETERS

You're the one who drove Anthony Canter that night?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARMANDO

(nods)

I gave the police a statement.

AT A PRIVATE ELEVATOR, while ARMANDO turns a key, a SCANNER automatically swings out on a cantilevered arm.

GREER

Is this necessary?

ARMANDO

Dr. Canter's rules.

LIGHT flashes in their faces as they're scanned. The elevator doors open, and the three of them get on.

CLOSE ON SCANNER - after they've entered the elevator, small HEAD-SHOTS of GREER and PETERS, vital stats below, appear one after the other on the SCREEN.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

GREER turns to ARMANDO, who's staring straight ahead.

GREER

Kid liked the wild side, huh. Did his father know?

Armando doesn't answer, this is getting too personal.

INT. CANTER'S PENTHOUSE/FOYER - DAY

THE ELEVATOR opens into a marble entrance area. It's traditional, tastefully opulent-- artwork, sculpture. A small, automated VACUUM CLEANER moves along a Persian rug. Armando moves ahead of them to announce their presence. Greer and Peters speak quietly.

PETERS

Nice place.

GREER

Canter must get a piece of every surrogate they sell.

CANTER emerges from a study. His face is young, but there's some grey at his temples. Otherwise, he looks identical to the dead TUXEDO. GREER takes this in.

GREER (CONT'D)

Dr. Canter?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CANTER

That's right. You're with the FBI.

PETERS

Yes we are.

He leads them into--

INT. CANTER'S PENTHOUSE/STUDY - DAY

A traditional study, wood paneling, books. WINDOWS lead to a BALCONY. ARMANDO remains IN BG throughout scene.

PETERS

We're very sorry for your loss, sir.

CANTER

What progress have you made with the investigation?

GREER

I can't help noticing, your surrogate-- it's very similar to the unit your son was using...

Canter pauses, then moves to a DOOR and opens it. LIGHTS INSIDE FLICKER ON, revealing--

--a WALK-IN CLOSET with a half-dozen CHARGING BAYS. Four surrogates here, all versions of the man we've just seen-- Canter at different stages of life, from youth to almost elderly. Two of the charging bays are empty.

CANTER

I allowed Tony to borrow one of my surrogates when he wanted to spend time in D.C. I encouraged him to take advantage of the cultural offerings--

PETERS

Wait, how is that possible? Aren't your surries locked to your neural signature?

CANTER

(closing the door)

I wrote the code that remains at the core of all surrogates. It wasn't difficult for me to make my synth units accessible to my son.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREER

Like getting the keys to dad's car.

CANTER

I suppose...

(beat)

The coroner says that Tony was online when it happened. Why hasn't the surrogate been returned to me?

PETERS

We're still analyzing the damage--

CANTER

It was attacked?

PETERS

We really can't get into the details of an ongoing investigation--

GREER

Dr. Canter-- we don't know of any way to kill an operator remotely. Do you?

CANTER

No, but-- at the beginning, all of us at VSI were worried about it. It's why every surrogate has a built-in fail-safe, they disconnect before they can transmit a potentially dangerous signal.

PETERS

Can you think of anyone who might want to harm your son?

CANTER

I... the sad fact is, Tony and I were just getting to know each other... he grew up with his mother in California.

Canter's voice drifts off, he's starting to look far away, pained. He sits slowly behind his desk.

CANTER (CONT'D)

If this wasn't an accident... then it's because of me that he's...

(beat)

I'm sorry. You'll have to excuse me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Before Greer and Peters can reply, Canter goes rigid, eyes blank-- he's disconnected.

GREER
Guess the interview's over.

PETERS
(quietly)
Can you imagine what it's like to
lose your only child?

Greer scribbles something on a BUSINESS CARD.

GREER
Not really. You got kids?

PETERS
(shakes her head)
Jim and I talked about it, but...

GREER
Lot of that going around.

He starts to place the card on the desk before the immobile Canter. Armando steps forward warily-- Greer shows him the card before putting it down.

GREER (CONT'D)
If he thinks of anything else.

ARMANDO
(nodding)
I'll show you out.

As they move back toward the lobby elevator, we remain with the motionless Canter a beat. Then, the CAMERA MOVES quickly from the study, and THROUGH A WALL to find--

INT. CANTER'S PENTHOUSE/CONTROL AREA - DAY

--a small, PRIVATE AREA, bathed in RED LIGHT, with a very fancy, elaborate SENSORY PROJECTOR. REAL CANTER is much older than his surrogate, his face stubbly. His body is twisted and nearly useless, his head held up by a brace. A victim of some horrible degenerative disease, Canter only has the use of one arm, via an elaborate electronic armature. He's just disconnected his HEADSET. There are TEARS streaming down his cheeks.

His projector SCREEN faces him, with his working arm he calls up an old MEMORY FILE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON PROJECTOR SCREEN - FOOTAGE SLOWED DOWN SLIGHTLY. A POV on eighteen-year-old TONY CANTER (the kid we saw dead in the dorm room) as he hauls up a sail in the front of a BOAT. He looks toward CAMERA and smiles.

EXT. LUXURY BUILDING - DAY

GREER and PETERS move from the entrance to Canter's residential high-rise.

PETERS

So we're talking mistaken I.D.

GREER

Someone targeted Canter's surrie,
got the wrong operator.

They get to their car, parked in a RED ZONE. GREER curls his lip at a METER MAID-- a DRONE SURROGATE ON WHEELS, NO EARS, as it rolls calmly away from his car.

GREER (CONT'D)

I'm sure the guy's got enemies he
never even heard of.

PETERS

My money's on the Dreads.
(off Greer's look)
Excuse me, the "humans."

Greer rips the TICKET from the windshield, tears it in half and throws it in the back of the car, as they both get in.

CUT TO:

INT. VSI LOBBY - DAY

MOVE OVER a DISPLAY depicting the HISTORY OF SURROGATES.

MODELS are arranged chronologically, from primitive-looking, obvious ROBOTS, moving stiffly, to ANIMATED MANNEQUINS (like the landlady) to the MODERN UNITS, almost indistinguishable from human beings, whose repetitive movements are smooth, fully articulated.

GREER and PETERS, in plainclothes, move past the display. Greer stops in his tracks, seeing--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A DISPLAY that reads, "BREAKING THE MIND'S CODE." A VIDEO LOOP shows a young CANTER (much like his surrogate) seated at a worktable with ELECTRONIC GEAR, beside a SUBJECT lying on a table, hundreds of WIRES affixed to his head. These lead to a crude MANNEQUIN, which turns its head, rolls its eyes, moves its mouth. We hear a VIDEO NARRATOR, volume low.

VIDEO NARRATOR

...Dr. Lionel Canter's breakthrough experiments led to the technology for decoding brain impulses and transferring the signals to synthetic humans...

GREER

Damn. Why didn't I think of that?

The two of them move on to an ELEVATOR BANK.

INT. VSI CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A GORGEOUS ASSISTANT with plenty of cleavage enters with two cups of coffee. She takes them to GREER and PETERS, who sit at the table in this dramatic conference area.

PETERS

Thank you.

ASSISTANT

Mr. Welch will be with you in a minute.
(shimmies out)

PETERS

She's a little over the top.

GREER

- Just advertising the product.
(sips his coffee)
Ugh.

PETERS

It's delicious, if you want it to be.
Adjust your interface.

GREER

Right, I keep forgetting that.
(another sip)
Mmm. So good.

They rise as--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

--VICTOR WELCH enters. Like most everyone else, he's 30ish, handsome, a slick PR man in a suit. Behind him are a MALE and FEMALE LAWYER, unsmiling. All wear ID BADGES around their necks with the VSI logo.

WELCH

Agents Greer and Peters? I'm Victor Welch, VP corporate relations.

He shakes their hands.

PETERS

Thanks for taking the time to see us.

WELCH

No problem. Do you happen to know Andy Stone?

GREER

Our immediate superior.

WELCH

Really. Do give him my regards--

The MALE LAWYER cuts him off, leaning across the table to shake hands.

MALE LAWYER

We're from the legal department.

FEMALE LAWYER

Hope you don't mind if we sit in.

PETERS

Not at all. I didn't get your names--?

WELCH

(over her)

You might be interested in a free software upgrade we're offering to all law enforcement officials, better night vision for your synth unit, improved pursuit capability...

GREER

Mm. Any idea what could cause a surrogate's head to explode from the inside?

On the table, in a plastic EVIDENCE BAG, is a fried CIRCUIT-BOARD along with a pair of SHATTERED EYEBALLS. Greer passes this to Welch, who barely looks at it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MALE LAWYER

Mr. Welch isn't qualified to answer that question. You'd be better off speaking to one of our technicians.

WELCH smiles pleasantly.

FEMALE LAWYER

What does the operator say?

GREER

Not much. He's dead.

PETERS

A massive brain hemorrhage, it happened while he was online.

FEMALE LAWYER

I'm sorry to hear that. But I can assure you it has nothing to do with VSI products. If a man suffers a heart attack while driving, he doesn't have a case against the automobile manufacturer.

WELCH nods in agreement. GREER gamely continues to address his questions to the VP.

GREER

No one's talking lawsuit. We'd just like to know, is there any precedent for an operator being killed by signals from his synth unit?

MALE LAWYER

(almost indignant)

None whatsoever--

FEMALE LAWYER

The idea is absurd. If it were possible, it would defeat the purpose of surrogacy.

MALE LAWYER

Surries have jumped from bridges, been shot or blown to bits without the least harm to the operators-- the fail-safes always kick in. Every case that's been brought against VSI has been shown to be the result of user negligence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FEMALE LAWYER

We can't help it if customers forget
to eat, sleep or take their medicine.

WELCH shrugs and rises, followed by the lawyers.

WELCH

If that's all... a pleasure
talking with you.

GREER

There is one more thing. The victim
was Anthony Canter. The son of one
of your company's founders.

GREER studies them as they process this news.

GREER (CONT'D)

Kind of a strange coincidence.

WELCH

Dr. Canter has retired, but we'll
be sure to send our condolences.

EXT. VSI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

GREER and PETERS move from a glass corporate tower,
across beautifully manicured gardens. GREER carries the
evidence in a briefcase.

PETERS

What's our take-away?

GREER

(shrugs)

I used to be able to read people,
back when they were people...

PETERS

You mean before they all became
lawyers?

GREER

(a smile)

You made a joke. Maybe there's
hope for you, Peters...

They head for a MANUFACTURING COMPLEX.

INT. VSI FACTORY - DAY

AN OVERHEAD CONVEYOR carries PLASTIC RIBCAGES and SPINAL COLUMNS containing ELECTRONIC PARTS, FLUID SACS and TUBES. ARMS and LEGS, elaborate hydraulic apparatus, are attached by ROBOTIC ASSEMBLERS. There's no skin yet, just the exposed machinery, made mostly of plastic and microcircuitry.

A WINDOW overlooks the factory floor. Here, TECHNICIANS sit at COMPUTER STATIONS, monitoring the processes below.

GREER and PETERS stand before WATERS, who looks like a basketball player-- hugely tall, African-American, tattooed, in casual clothes. GREER waves a hand up in his face, trying to get his attention.

GREER
Mr. Waters? Seth Waters?

GREER checks the man's ID BADGE-- a PHOTO of a pudgy, bearded white man with glasses, the name SETH WATERS.

Suddenly, WATERS snaps out of it, looks down at the two agents. Despite his appearance, his manner is nerdy.

WATERS
Hello, sorry. I was in the can.

PETERS
We were told you could help us with some technical issues.

WATERS
To whom am I addressing myself?

GREER
We're with the FBI.

He studies the BADGES they hold out.

WATERS
Really? Cool.

INT. VSI LAB - DAY

X-CLOSE on the dense, blackened and partially melted CIRCUIT BOARD, a labyrinth of LINES and PATTERNS.

WATERS peers into a huge ELECTRONIC MICROSCOPE in this laboratory. COMPUTER MONITORS, mysterious EQUIPMENT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATERS

Heat build-up like this? Every
circuit musta fired at once.
Kablooie.

GREER and PETERS hover nearby. Waters turns his
attention to the shattered eyes, picks one up.

PETERS

Ever seen anything like it before?

WATERS

Not exactly... but last week we
got a truckload of GI Joes back
for reconditioning. Couple a the
surries were missing optics.

GREER

May we take a look?

INT. VSI WAREHOUSE - DAY

WATERS opens the doors and flips on FLUORESCENT LIGHTS...
they blink on to reveal--

ROW UPON ROW of SURRIE TEMPLATES, naked, hairless and
robotic, not yet personalized with faces and skin. They
stand packed like sardines, ready for shipment.

WATERS leads GREER and PETERS to a CAGED-IN CORNER of the
warehouse, unlocks the gate.

Inside are STACKED BODIES in the uniforms of different
SERVICES. Many are battered and scarred from battle,
even in pieces. All are wrapped in CLEAR PLASTIC.

WATERS

Old soldiers never die...

He consults a HAND-HELD COMPUTER, checks CODE NUMBERS on
the bags. The SOLDIER'S FACES are all eerily similar...
even identical. No reason to customize cannon fodder.

WATERS (CONT'D)

Here we go.

He peels back the plastic on another identical SOLDIER
whose EYES are missing. The body is otherwise undamaged.

PETERS

No bullet holes, no blast damage--?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATERS

Not a scratch.

GREER moves Waters aside, looks the body over.

GREER

Brand new camos, no mud, no dirt...
this thing's never seen combat.
Name and unit insignia removed...
let me check out the motherboard.

WATERS

Didn't come back with one. I
thought it was a little weird.

GREER stares into the empty eyesockets of the soldier.
He hooks a finger in, comes out with--

A glistening SHARD OF GLASS on his fingertip.

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

A FIREFIGHT in a bombed-out DESERT TOWN, somewhere in the Middle East. A GRUNT'S POV as a small group of SURROGATE SOLDIERS, the generic "GI JOE" types we saw at VSI, clean up an insurgent outpost.

PULASKI, a gung-ho SURRIE SOLDIER, charges into MACHINE GUN FIRE and is BLOWN TO PIECES.

INT. BATTLEFIELD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A WIDER SHOT reveals that this POV is one of many being displayed on BATTLEFIELD MONITORS in a warehouse-sized space. Each hangs above a flesh and blood SOLDIER in loose MARINE UNIFORM, in stim chairs, hooked into sensory projectors. The room is bathed in RED LIGHT.

REAL PULASKI bolts upright in his stim chair, a WHITE LIGHT goes on as his screen turns to STATIC.

PULASKI

I'm down, I'm down!

A CONTROLLER works quickly at a board.

COLONEL BRANDON, a flesh and blood career military man, in uniform, moves past Pulaski's stim chair, gives him a warning look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDON

Damn things aren't free, Pulaski.
Take the snipers from behind this
time.

PULASKI

Yessir.

CONTROLLER

Back on-line.

PULASKI lies back in his stim chair, RED LIGHT UP. The
POV ON his SCREEN switches to the BACK OF A VAN, the
doors open and his new unit charges out, past other
REPLACEMENT SOLDIERS still in charging bays.

COLONEL BRANDON, moving on, touches his earphone.

BRANDON

Yeah, I'll be right over.

He CLAPS a CAPTAIN on the shoulder as he moves out.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Keep an eye on Bravo company.

CAPTAIN

We will kick some ass, sir.

EXT. MARINE BASE - DAY

HANGARS, boxy buildings, HUMVEES, SOLDIERS marching in
formation. BRANDON walks with GREER and PETERS.

BRANDON

The United States has the largest
surrogate army in the world. Why
on earth would the defense
department want to develop a
weapon that could wipe out our own
troops?

GREER

So no such thing exists?

BRANDON

If it did, I'd know about it.

PETERS

Those soldiers we saw--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDON

(a bit impatient)

We routinely remove motherboards and optics for analysis. Now if you'll excuse me, we're in the middle of a peacekeeping operation.

They've reached their car. Brandon turns on his heel and heads back for a hangar. Greer and Peters look after him for a moment.

PETERS

Think he's telling the truth?

GREER

Not when his lips are moving.

Greer shakes his head as they both get in the car.

WITH BRANDON - Out of earshot of the feds, he speaks into a small earpiece.

BRANDON

Bill, we may have a problem. Is it possible one of our ODS is loose?

CUT TO:

INT. FBI BUILDING/GREER'S OFFICE - DAY

CANTER'S IMAGE on a COMPUTER SCREEN. It's his surrogate face, seated at his desk. This is a video-phone connection.

CANTER

Tell me, have you made any progress whatsoever?

REVERSE ANGLE, Greer and Peters sit before the screen.
By rote:

GREER

Sir, we are not at liberty to comment on an ongoing investigation.

CANTER

Don't blow me off like I'm some goddamn reporter. I have resources of my own, do I have to do your jobs for you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREER bites back his anger, rises and moves away from the screen before he says something he'll regret. He sits at ANOTHER TERMINAL, returns to work. Peters takes his place, attempting to sound reassuring.

PETERS

We're exploring every avenue, Dr. Canter, I promise you that, we're doing everything we can.

CLOSE ON GREER'S TERMINAL - An INSET of the image of the ASSASSIN'S FACE, no helmet on-- it's much clearer than the one we saw before, this being the bouncer's perspective at the door of the club. We hear CANTER and PETERS continue in BG.

CANTER

What. What are you doing?

PETERS

I understand you're grieving--

CANTER

I'm a target for assassination! I assume you're at least aware of that.

WITH PETERS, she looks briefly over her shoulder at Greer with a "help, get me out of this" expression. He remains focussed on the image of the assassin, she turns back to Canter on the screen, maintaining her placating tone.

PETERS

I appreciate your concern and frustration, obviously we all want immediate results, but--

CANTER

I've heard enough of your condescending pap. The people who did this are going to be punished.

CANTER DISCONNECTS, his angry face VANISHES. PETERS rises and moves quickly toward Greer.

GREER

You handled that well.

PETERS

(points at screen)
Where'd you get this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GREER

The freak who was working the door
at the club. Got a look at our
perp dead-on.

ON SCREEN - The Assassin's features HIGHLIGHT, the words
"756 PARTIAL MATCHES."

REVERSE ANGLE - GREER types, PETERS watches.

PETERS

Try narrowing the search for Dread
affiliation...

ON SCREEN - a DIGITAL RAPSHEET, the name JACK STRICKLAND.
A ROTATING 3-D MUGSHOT of STRICKLAND, covering all the
angles of his face.

GREER

Eighty-seven percent match. Close
enough for government work.

GREER and PETERS quickly scan the man's rapsheet.

PETERS

Jack Strickland, one of the Prophet's
groupies... torched a surrogate
display at a department store--

GREER

And they let him off?

PETERS

No known address...

GREER

(rising)
Not a problem.

INT. FBI BUILDING/CORRIDOR - DAY

GREER and PETERS walk along a windowless, underground
hallway, reach a SECURITY SCANNER.

GREER

Ever come down here? It's like
being inside God's head...

The DOOR UNLOCKS and they enter--

INT. FBI BUILDING/SURVEILLANCE CENTER - DAY -

GREER and PETERS go down metal stairs into a sprawling, high-tech surveillance center. COMPUTER WORKSTATIONS are arranged radially, at the hub is a central COMMAND STATION with large SCREENS facing in all directions.

GREER and PETERS move toward the center. At first we see just the head and shoulders of scattered FIGURES, staring at the monitor screens.

ON SCREENS - these are POV SHOTS from thousands of SURROGATES, the Feds can have a direct surveillance feed from any surrogate's eyes.

We glimpse POV SHOTS of-- driving-- drinking in a bar-- intimate conversations-- watching an old movie-- a sex partner's face.

The FIGURES before the screens are WATCHER DRONES, specialized surrogates-- a head and shoulders mounted on a wheeled contraption attached to tracks. This enables them to move and stop at any monitor quickly, surveilling dozens of surrogates. Males and females, but all have the same faces.

PETERS stares in wonder at this voyeur's paradise. GREER grabs her arm to keep her from getting hit as a WATCHER tracks past. The Watcher ignores them, intent on work.

They mount stairs into the RAISED HUB that overlooks the work floor. An extremely corpulent human being-- BOBBY SANDERS-- sits on a reinforced rolling chair, which he keeps in almost constant motion, eying the DOZEN SCREENS up here at once.

ON SCREENS - POVs of actual criminal activity-- frantic running across a park-- a burglary in a darkened jewelry store-- packets of drugs changing hands.

BOBBY eats candy, guzzles soda, waves them off for a moment, speaking rapid-fire into his HEADSET.

BOBBY

Burglary in progress, Charlie4639-
Romeo7812-Sierra8955, need a
warrant to shut him down...

BOBBY gets a message from his headset, kicks his rolling chair across the room to a special TERMINAL.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Warrant received.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

This terminal displays SURRIE SERIAL NUMBERS. As BOBBY types, the selections narrow until only one is on the screen: "C4639-R7812-S8955."

PETERS

(whispers)

He can cut off operators from here?

BOBBY

Anybody, anywhere. Ssh, don't tell anyone. It's a gray area legally.

PETERS isn't comfortable with this.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Relax, we're the good guys.

ON TERMINAL SCREEN - "OPERATOR DISCONNECT."

ON THE BURGLARY SCREEN, the POV IMAGE tumbles to the ground, FREEZES there and turns to STATIC.

GREER nods, impressed. BOBBY eats an entire candy bar in one bite.

PETERS

You're not a surrogate, are you?

BOBBY wheels closer. With his mouth full:

BOBBY

No ma'am, you're looking at the genuine article. Bobby Sanders.

He extends a greasy hand, which she shakes lightly.

PETERS

Jennifer Peters.

GREER

They've been trying to puppet Bobby for years--

BOBBY

(points at his head)

Ain't built the machine yet that can handle this baby. Recognition search caught your dreaddie, screen 11.

They move to a screen numbered 11, Bobby taps a CONTROL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ON SCREEN - SLO-MO, a city street, JACK STRICKLAND, a moving pedestrian's POV. Strickland's leaning on his bike, helmet off, talking on a CELLPHONE, free hand shoved in his pocket. The image FREEZES. The bike's LICENSE PLATE HIGHLIGHTS, along with STRICKLAND'S FACE.

GREER peers at the time stamp.

GREER

Ten minutes ago? Where?

BOBBY

Baltimore, corner of Eastern and Decker. Got a feeling he's headed for the reservation.

GREER

(to Peters)

Stay here, keep tabs on him.

PETERS

What are you doing?

GREER

(on the move)

Getting a chopper.

Peters takes this in, calls after him:

PETERS

You need to get approval!

GREER makes a jerking off motion and is gone. BOBBY lets out a BELCH and winks at PETERS.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALTIMORE SLUMS - DAY

WITH STRICKLAND, finishing his cell call.

STRICKLAND

...maybe I'm not done with the O.D. Maybe you're not gonna get it back at all. Guy could have a lot of fun with your little toy... oh you can do better than that. I'll be in touch...

He tosses the cellphone in a trashcan, pulls on his helmet, STARTS the bike and peels out.

EXT. BALTIMORE - DAY

AERIAL SHOT - CAMERA tracking over the CHESAPEAKE BAY and into the city, late afternoon. A small black CHOPPER with doorless openings on either side ENTERS FRAME.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

GREER is beside a PILOT, a handsome Hispanic surrie named LOPEZ. Greer shouts over the BLADE ROAR:

GREER
We're close! Noise suppression!

LOPEZ nods, hits a couple of switches. THE LOUD THROB becomes a barely audible WHIRR. We hear PETERS' VOICE over the radio:

PETERS (FILTER)
Got a hit on the bike, half a mile
from the rez, check your screen.

ON THE CHOPPER DASH, A GPS DISPLAY of the nearby neighborhood, a BLINKING DOT a short distance away.

PETERS (FILTER) (CONT'D)
Baltimore PD's sending back-up.
You can't fly over Dread
territory, you know. We don't
have jurisdiction--

Greer clicks off the radio, turns to Lopez.

GREER
Ignore her, Lopez. Get us as
close as you can.

LOPEZ grins and pushes the stick hard--

EXT. BALTIMORE - DAY

THE CHOPPER banks and swoops almost silently.

INT. FBI BUILDING/SURVEILLANCE CENTER - DAY

BOBBY glances over at PETERS as she monitors a GPS SCREEN and various INSET VIDEO FEEDS. He continues to work as he flirts with her.

BOBBY
You really look like your surrie?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETERS throws him a glare, turns back to her work.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Don't be so touchy. I'm engaged
to B-47 down there.

He points to one of the many identical female DRONES
buzzing along the tracks. PETERS smiles.

EXT. BALTIMORE SLUMS - DUSK

STRICKLAND moves briskly on his BIKE. He glances in his
MIRROR and sees--

--a couple of SQUAD CARS catching up with him.

He hits the THROTTLE. ANOTHER COP CAR roars around the
corner ahead of him, SQUAWKS the SIREN. STRICKLAND
changes direction, veers into a narrow alley.

INT. HELICOPTER - DUSK

LOPEZ and GREER are directly overhead, watching
STRICKLAND maneuver his bike quickly into the alley.

EXT. SLUM ALLEY - DUSK

The alley is a DEAD END, a FENCE blocking the exit.
STRICKLAND skids the bike into a CRASHING STOP, knocking
over piles of GARBAGE.

A SQUAD CAR barely clears the walls on either side,
pursuing. It stops at a narrowing space, cops squeeze
out either door, aiming GUNS.

COP

Freeze!

STRICKLAND stumbles away from his bike, into an alcove.

The cops approach, guns ready.

STRICKLAND yanks off his helmet, pulls his ominous DEVICE
from his pocket. Without poking his head out, he aims it
in the cops direction.

He PRESSES A BUTTON. A row of RED DIODES GLOW on the
device as he sweeps it across the alley, but it emits no
projectiles and makes no sound.

COP #1 is closer-- his GLASS EYES SHATTER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COP #2 drops his weapon, staggers backward and falls, clutching his head.

INT. HELICOPTER - DUSK

GREER has seen this, horrified.

GREER
Jesus, what is that?

STRICKLAND is on the run again, scaling the fence. He hasn't spotted the chopper.

GREER looks in the direction he's heading--

A HUGE CHAIN-LINK FENCE, topped with barbed wire, stretching across the whole city, just a hundred yards away. PORTRAITS of the PROPHET (the man we heard on the radio), long-haired and bearded, adorn the fence. There's a GATE, with two GUARDS checking those entering, one or two people are waiting.

GREER (CONT'D)
He gets through the gate, we can't touch him.

GREER readies a RIFLE with a SCOPE, loads a TRANQUILIZER DART into the chamber. LOPEZ maneuvers to give Greer an angle out the chopper's side.

EXT. SLUM ALLEY - DUSK

STRICKLAND looks up to see GREER taking aim from the silent chopper. He leaps for cover behind a dumpster as--

GREER FIRES a DART, which RICOCHETS off the DUMPSTER.

STRICKLAND scrambles around a corner.

INT. HELICOPTER - DUSK

LOPEZ turns the bird forward to pursue, as GREER reloads. They round the corner. No sign of Strickland on the pavement. GREER looks to his left, beyond the PILOT--

STRICKLAND has scaled a fire escape, aiming the DEVICE right at Lopez. Greer sees what's about to happen--

GREER
Pull up, Lopez, pull up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOPEZ shoots the bird upwards, but--

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - DUSK

STRICKLAND raises the device to track Lopez and hits the button-- we see the RED DIODES GLOW and--

INT. HELICOPTER - DUSK

--LOPEZ is hit, his EYES FRAGMENT, shards of GLASS fly. GREER is close enough to get a partial hit, crouches in agony. SFX, an awful SCREAMING NOISE inside his head--

INT. GREER'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - DUSK

SCREAMING NOISE CONTINUES as REAL GREER spasms in pain in his stim-chair, in the sensory projector's RED LIGHT.

EXT. RESERVATION NO MAN'S LAND - DUSK

THE CHOPPER, pilotless and out of control, heads over the chain link fence. Beyond are vacant lots, with tents and makeshift hovels, small buildings.

INT. HELICOPTER - DUSK

GREER regains his senses, just in time to see--

THE CHOPPER careening down toward the Dread encampment.

EXT. RESERVATION NO MAN'S LAND - NIGHT

THE CHOPPER CRASHES on its skids, at an angle, amidst LEAN-TOS and TENTS-- GREER is thrown out his side with the impact.

THE CHOPPER'S ENGINE EXPLODES. THE WHIRRING TAIL ROTOR comes right at him and CHOPS OFF his left arm at the elbow, BURNING FUEL spreads and IGNITES his back. Lucky thing he's a surrogate. Less fortunate DREADS run screaming, we hear the CRIES OF WOUNDED.

GREER lies in the dirt, in flames, motionless. Then his eyes BLINK and move, taking in the sight of--

STRICKLAND, illuminated by the FIRE, horrified at the carnage. He's starting to move away from the wreck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With supreme effort, GREER gets to his feet, still partly IN FLAMES. His stump of an arm SPARKS and leaks HYDRAULIC FLUID. He reacts at the sight of--

A CORPSE on the ground, an older man crushed by a hunk of DEBRIS from the chopper. But it's not the corpse that interests him-- his DART RIFLE lies nearby, thrown from the chopper during the crash.

GREER grabs it in his right hand. He pushes past DREADS who move to help their injured fellows, PANIC in the fire-lit no man's land. He spots--

STRICKLAND, running into the distance. Greer supports the rifle with the stump of his missing arm and FIRES--

STRICKLAND is hit in the back, the force of the shot knocks him off his feet.

GREER strides over to STRICKLAND, seemingly oblivious to the CROWD of Dreads collecting around him, pointing at him angrily.

STRICKLAND twitches and moans, partly paralyzed. GREER stands over him, lets the rifle dangle. Strickland has some trouble speaking.

STRICKLAND

Oh my G-god-- why? What do you people want from me?!

GREER

You're a killer--

STRICKLAND

They were just surries! Goddamn machines!

GREER

(a beat)

You really don't know?

BLAM! A DOUBLE-BARRELED SHOTGUN BLAST throws GREER backward, away from STRICKLAND. The DART RIFLE flies from his grasp.

A heavysset FEMALE DREAD wields the sawed-off shotgun. She gets between Greer and Strickland, who manages to crawl away, vanishing behind other DREADS who are gathering around Greer.

GREER (CONT'D)

Strickland! Wait!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Greer tries to get up, a HOLE has been blown in his chest, exposing SPARKING WIRES and ELECTRONICS, spraying GREEN COOLANT. He's lost control of his legs, which crumple beneath him, he falls to his knees.

He's surrounded now by angry, disenfranchised DREADS, all of whom regard him with hatred.

THE FEMALE DREAD ejects the used cartridges and reloads the shotgun. GREER stares at her coldly.

GREER (CONT'D)

I'm a federal agent--

FEMALE DREAD

You're an abomination.

THE WOMAN pumps the shotgun again points it a Greer's head. Just as it GOES OFF--

CUT TO:

INT. GREER'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

GREER lurches out of his chair, yanking the SENSORY PROJECTOR off his head-- the RED LIGHT switches to WHITE. He stumbles out of the room into the hall.

INT. GREER'S APARTMENT/HALLWAY - NIGHT

GREER bangs on the door to Maggie's bedroom, rattles the knob. A RED GLOW from beneath her door.

GREER

Maggie! Wake up!

He's clearly in pain, clutches his temples. BLOOD begins to gush from his nose. Greer slides down against the door, unable to stand.

INT. GREER'S APARTMENT/MAGGIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

THE DOOR rattles, we hear GREER calling:

GREER

Please, I need your help... open the door!

CAMERA MOVES through the RED-LIT room, to show the WIRES of a SENSORY PROJECTOR, a partial view of MAGGIE'S HEAD.

INT. GREER'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MAGGIE (her surrogate), in a tailored business suit, enters the apartment with BRIDGET, another gorgeous, high-fashion surrie in party clothes. They're laughing.

BRIDGET

--we're talking turquoise! I wouldn't carry a purse that color, much less a whole new skin.

MAGGIE

BRB, I just gotta change. Little black dress or red bustier?

BRIDGET

Bustier.

INT. GREER'S APARTMENT/HALLWAY - NIGHT

MAGGIE almost trips over GREER, unconscious on the floor.

MAGGIE

Oh my God.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

START ON a MAILBOX with the name "PETERS," as CARLIGHTS catch it. As the CAR turns up the dirt road in this rural area in the Rockies, it flips its LIGHTS OFF.

INT. PETERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

A pleasant, rustic home. JENNIFER PETERS, somewhat less perfect than her surrie, disconnects from her SENSORY PROJECTOR. She looks concerned, very tired. She rises from her stim chair and moves into a kitchen.

PULL BACK - we're watching her through a WINDOW, with a very large and powerful-looking STALKER.

LATER - PETERS in bed, fast asleep. A SHADOW crosses her doorway, but moves on.

AT HER sensory PROJECTOR, the STALKER is SCANNING through her hard-drive's memory.

ON SCREEN - fast-forwarding rapidly through PETERS' POV, we see GREER in the alley with the fallen SURRIES...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE STALKER, face illuminated by the screen's GLOW, looks expressionlessly toward Peters' bedroom, then back to the images. His eyes have a silvery, inhuman sheen.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STRICKLAND'S APARTMENT - DAY

Early morning. STRICKLAND sleeps fitfully in this gloomy, dingy space. He comes to, startles at the sight of--

--a MAN sitting at the foot of his bed. He's very tall, imposing, bearded, dressed in black-- this is the PROPHET. Strickland is cowed, this isn't a man you get a lot of face time with.

PROPHET

You've been keeping secrets, Jack.

TWO LARGE MEN now move into view, flanking the Prophet. Call them BUD and MILLER. They're scruffy, bearded, not surries.

STRICKLAND

No, Prophet, I--

PROPHET

This is unfair to your brother humans.

STRICKLAND tries to get out of bed, Bud pushes him down.

STRICKLAND

Please, I haven't done anything...

PROPHET

I know what you've done. What I don't know is-- who hired you to betray us? I want a name.

STRICKLAND

I-- I swear to God I don't know--

PROPHET

Jack...

STRICKLAND

He never said his name, we talked on disposable cellphones-- I've never even seen his face! I couldn't tell you who he was if my life depended it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On the Prophet's disappointed, even sad expression...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON A MEDICAL MONITOR - high-tech imaging of a HUMAN BRAIN.

MOVE DOWN to find GREER (the real one), asleep. An IV, BLEEPING monitors. Uneaten LUNCH on a tray.

MAGGIE, her surrogate that is, sits in a chair beside the bed, her hand resting on GREER's. He stirs-- she pulls her hand back, returns to her fashion magazine.

A TV plays above his bed, Greer blinks, squints at this.

ON TV - a small BOY CLIMBS a very tall TREE above a suburban sidewalk, pleasant MUSIC. Suddenly, a BRANCH BREAKS, the boy tumbles with a CRY.

GREER winces distastefully.

ON TV - now we see the BOY again, perfectly fine, standing beside his mother. She strokes his head with a smile. They look down at his broken SURROGATE on the ground beside the fallen BRANCH.

COMMERCIAL V.O.

Imagine a world where children are safe. Always...

GREER, watching the screen, addresses Maggie.

GREER

Would you do that?

MAGGIE

(not looking up)

Hm? Do what?

GREER

Get a surrogate for our kid. Our hypothetical kid.

MAGGIE

Sure. Why not? They're getting cheaper all the time.

COMMERCIAL V.O.

A world where every child is secure and fulfilled...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON TV - A LITTLE GIRL swings back and forth, a blissed-out smile on her face.

COMMERCIAL V.O. (CONT'D)

...free of pain, fear and
anxiety...

IN SLO-MO she releases at the top of the swing's arc and flies into the air...

COMMERCIAL V.O. (CONT'D)

That world can be real. Thanks to
VSI. Our software for growing
minds screens out destructive,
negative feelings...

THE LITTLE GIRL lands hard, but gets up laughing.

COMMERCIAL V.O. (CONT'D)

Making every childhood a happy
one...

GREER shakes his head.

GREER

It just seems weird to me.

MAGGIE

(chuckles)

Our grandparents thought seatbelts
were weird.

She nods toward the IMAGE of a SMILING CHILD on TV.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Not like it's an issue.

ON TV - the VSI LOGO.

COMMERCIAL V.O.

Do what you want. Be what you want.

AT THE DOOR, PETERS hovers, making up her mind to enter.
She steps into the room.

PETERS

Knock knock.

Greer blinks at her.

GREER

Who's there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PETERS

It's me, Peters, don't you recognize me?

GREER

(almost to himself)

I thought you might've been
telling another joke.

Peters seems relieved. Maggie waits for an introduction, but Greer seems withdrawn, shy-- Peters has never seen his physical body.

MAGGIE

Hi. I'm Maggie, Tom's wife.

PETERS

A pleasure to meet you. Jennifer
Peters.

(a glance at Greer)

His new partner.

MAGGIE

(to Greer, brightly)

You should have mentioned her. I
need to get going anyway, I'll let
you two talk business.

(to Peters)

I'm a beauty engineer. Drop by
the shop sometime, I'll give you a
free consultation.

PETERS

Thanks...

(as Maggie leaves)

I think.

(studying Greer)

You look just like your unit.

GREER

Except older and fatter. Sorry if
I seem a little out of it.

PETERS

You've been through a lot.

GREER

They're calling it a concussion--
felt like my head was going to
explode.

With a brisk RAP on the doorframe, STONE enters.

STONE

How ya' feeling, Greer?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GREER shrinks back in his bed.

GREER

You tell me. How's Lopez?

Stone sighs, looking him over. Quietly:

STONE

The pilot? They found him dead in his stim chair. Same with one of the Baltimore cops, other's in a coma. Four Dreads were killed on the ground, half a dozen wounded.

Greer closes his eyes in misery.

PETERS

It's not your fault. You were doing your job.

Stone pulls up Maggie's chair, sits as he speaks.

STONE

I would have to disagree. You requisitioned that chopper without authorization. You violated our treaty with the Dreads-- we're expecting retaliation. Those poor cops had no idea what they were up against--

GREER

None of us did! We still don't know. I don't think Strickland even knew-- he thought he was just taking down "the abominations."

STONE

I'm sorry, Greer, but-- you're suspended, pending further action.

Greer nods slowly, knew this was coming. PETERS takes a step back, looking on carefully. Greer takes his LAPTOP COMPUTER off the bedside table, opens it so that Stone can see it.

GREER

I've been going through my memory files of the crash... ever seen anything like this before?

ON SCREEN - a magnified CLOSE-UP of the DEVICE in STRICKLAND'S HAND, as he points it upward at the helicopter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

PETERS

It's the murder weapon?

GREER nods, STONE studies the laptop, sets his jaw.

STONE

It's more than that. It means nobody is safe. The Dreads want us all to be like them-- living in fear, no better than animals. And we've only just freed ourselves, begun to explore our true potential.

GREER

We need to get this guy.

STONE

We will. Our way of life will be protected, whatever it takes.

An attractive SURRIE NURSE enters the room.

NURSE

Good news, Mr. Greer. The doctors say you can go home today.

GREER

(nervous, thrown)

They said the end of the week--

NURSE

Insurance, you know.

She smiles, putting his clothing by the bed and disconnecting him from the IV and monitors.

STONE

Just take some time to heal.

GREER

What about my surrogate?

STONE

Hasn't been recovered. I'm afraid we can't supply you with a new one until this matter is resolved. Peters, make sure he gets home in one piece.

PETERS nods, looking at Greer sympathetically. GREER sinks back into his pillow, anxious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ON MEDICAL MONITOR - the image of GREER'S BRAIN shuts OFF with a BLIP.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

PETERS strides from the doors, GREER follows, dressed in casual clothes... then slows his pace, breathing hard.

GREER'S POV - CARS zipping past on the street, RUSHING PEDESTRIANS, PARAMEDICS pushing a body past on a gurney. From Greer's now human perspective, surrogates seem artificial, appearance too perfect, eyes empty of souls. This should be reeling, vertiginous.

PETERS pauses, seeing Greer is having a panic attack. He has trouble speaking.

GREER

I haven't been out without a surrogate in a long time...

PETERS

It's OK. Nothing's gonna happen.

GREER

They wanted to give me something for the anxiety... they call it corporeaphobia.

PETERS

Just take my arm.

He shakes his head, takes a deep breath and moves out onto the sidewalk. Peters stays close.

GREER'S POV - SURRIE PEDESTRIANS, moving quickly, seeming to come right at him. One bumps into him--

GREER staggers, the surrie moves on as if he hasn't even noticed. Greer moves toward the curb to get away from them, stumbles-- PETERS has to pull him out of CAR TRAFFIC, a HORN HONKS. He's sweating, terrified.

GREER

Jesus Christ.

PETERS

We need to get you a replacement.

She takes his arm forcibly and moves him away.

EXT. SURROGATE DISCOUNT STORE - DAY

A low-end place, BODIES displayed in the windows in their charging bays, SIGNS reading "HURRY 4 A SURRY! GIANT SALE! SYNTH UNITS NEW & USED!"

PETERS guides GREER inside.

INT. SURROGATE DISCOUNT STORE - DAY

COFFIN-SIZED BOXES, SENSORY PROJECTORS and STIM CHAIRS stacked willy-nilly. BRIGHT LIGHTS, VIDEO SCREENS running PROMOS. A slick, blond Aryan SALESMAN approaches with a grin. He sizes GREER up, instantly recognizing signs of withdrawal. He speaks with an incongruous ASIAN ACCENT.

SALESMAN

Oh you poor guy-- out in just your skin can be scary. No worries, I got perfect surrie for you.

He leads them deeper into the store. He wears a clip-on ID BADGE with the smiling face of a dark-haired ASIAN.

RACKS OF ATTRACTIVE MALE and FEMALE BODIES, in skimpy BATHING SUITS-- differing heights and degrees of muscle. GREER looks these over.

GREER

I like to see my own face when I look in the mirror.

SALESMAN

Fine, you no buy off the rack-- we customize, on premise, less than one hour.

As they move on, we glimpse CELEBRITY LOOK-ALIKES on the rack-- MARILYN MONROE and ELVIS PRESLEY.

LATER - ON COMPUTER SCREEN, a 3-D RENDERING of GREER'S FACE rotates, shows EXPRESSIONS, smiles, frowns-- and speaks. A VOICE-PRINT runs below.

GREER'S VOICE

Hello. Testing-one-two-three...

THE SALESMAN works the computer, GREER lies in an uncomfortable STIM CHAIR attached to a SENSORY PROJECTOR, RED GOGGLES over his eyes and a CAMERA pointed at his face. He seems uneasy. PETERS looks on from nearby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALESMAN

No worries, we make you good deal,
no payment til next year. Just try
one on for size. You like, we lock
in your neural code, plastiform
your face, you good to go.

THE SALESMAN hits a couple of switches, slips a small
SLEEVE over GREER'S FINGER, it's wired to the projector.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)

Take a whirl.

Greer touches his fingers together-- his body instantly
goes limp and--

--a pale, hairless SURRIE TEMPLATE in a speedo steps out
of a CHARGING BAY. Its head is unfinished, a mechanical
version of a skinless face. Around its neck is a sign
that reads "40% OFF!"

SALESMAN (CONT'D)

Looking goood.

40% OFF

I dunno...

The VOICE is a tinny, far-away sounding version of
Greer's. Suddenly 40% OFF twitches and stumbles, bumping
into a DISPLAY.

SALESMAN

Try touching your nose.

40% OFF pokes himself in the eye.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)

Good, good. Takes some time to
break in. Base model come with
vision, hearing-- other senses
optional.

40% OFF

Screw this.

The surrie FREEZES in its tracks... and slowly TOPPLES
OVER as GREER pulls of the projector headpiece. The
SALESMAN sets to righting it, GREER heads for the exit.

SALESMAN

Wait wait wait! I throw in super-
sex software package-- fifty
percent off!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PETERS

We can try a department store--
if money's a problem, I can front
you till--

GREER

No. I'm a grown man for
Chrissake, I should be able to
walk down the street without
completely freaking out.

INT. BAR - DAY

A BARTENDER puts a SODA WATER and a GLASS OF SCOTCH on
the bar in front of PETERS and the shaky GREER.

PETERS

Well, you made it a block.

GREER

(lifts his glass)
Here's to self-medication.

He takes a sip and spits it out. The BARTENDER turns.

BARTENDER

Are you all right, sir?

GREER

What is this?

The BARTENDER gives him a once-over.

BARTENDER

Oh, sorry. We don't get a lot of--
that's synthohol. Just a CPU
inhibition blocker in a non-
corrosive solution...

As the bartender speaks, Greer looks around the dark bar--

--in the back, EVERY COUPLE is gazing into each other's
eyes, clearly hooking up.

GREER continues to watch the other patrons.

GREER

You have any real booze?

BARTENDER

No liquor license.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The BARTENDER shrugs and moves off. Peters sips her soda water, amused.

PETERS

Come here often, stranger?

GREER

You know, they really don't look human. You can't tell when you're inside them, but...

GREER turns to PETERS, studies her like the others.

PETERS

I don't like the way you're looking at me.

GREER

But I'm not really looking at you.

PETERS

Yeah yeah, this is just a lump of aluminum and polystyrene. Tell you what, next time you're in Colorado, look me up for real. We can have a beer together.

GREER

I'd like that.

PETERS blinks, Greer has suddenly gotten sincere on her. He looks away.

GREER (CONT'D)

You know, when we started working together, I thought you were kind of a stiff.

PETERS

New job, I was defensive.

GREER

It's more than that... you're different. Or maybe I am.

Greer's embarrassed, shrugs it off. He puts down a bill and rises.

GREER (CONT'D)

You probably oughta head back to the office.

PETERS

I can get you home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GREER

I'll be OK.

He moves toward the door, she tags along.

GREER (CONT'D)

I'm thinking you should double-check Strickland's records, go back to the hard copies. See if you can find out why they dropped charges.

PETERS

You seem better already.

GREER

It's like riding a bike.

EXT. METRO ENTRANCE - DAY

GREER and PETERS walk, he spots a sign for the subway, changes direction to head for the escalator.

PETERS

Where you going?

GREER

It's a lovely day. Thought I'd take a trip to East Baltimore.

He pauses at the top, a hit of vertigo.

GREER (CONT'D)

Was it always this steep?

PETERS

Jesus, Tom, the rez?

GREER

Since I'm stuck in my skin, I oughta take advantage of it. Hell, as long as Strickland has that device-- I'm safer this way.

He clutches the handrail, starts moving down.

PETERS

Be careful.

He nods and waves as he disappears down the escalator.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI BUILDING/LOBBY - DAY

PETERS enters this large lobby, bustling with other AGENTS and OFFICIALS. She moves toward a DESK JOCKEY, security SCANNERS. She reacts to the sound of--

--SCREAMS and SCREECHING TIRES from outside the building.

PETERS looks toward a large WINDOW to the street-- and immediately dives for cover as--

--a battered SUV, spray-painted with anti-surrogate GRAFFITI, SMASHES through the plate glass. SURRIE PEDESTRIANS are plastered across the grill and embedded in the windshield.

THE SUV slams into a few SURRIES in the lobby, sends them flying or runs over them. It spins sideways into a WALL with the FBI SEAL overhead.

The DRIVER leaps out, armed with a MACHINE GUN. He's clearly a DREAD, angry and deranged. He starts SHOOTING at anything that moves.

PETERS crouches for cover as BULLETS shatter GLASS and smash MARBLE around her.

An army of AGENTS burst from an elevator in Kevlar and riot helmets, armed with AUTOMATIC RIFLES. They instantly bring the DREAD down in a barrage of gunfire.

The agents move to the DREAD'S BODY-- he's very dead, pouring BLOOD from dozens of bullet wounds. One speaks into his headset:

RIOT AGENT

Secure.

(to CROWD)

Any biologicals here?

CUT TO:

INT. TAXICAB - DAY

A SMALL FLAT-PANEL TV in the back of the CAB plays NEWS of the attack on the FBI building. PILES of surries removed on carts, one BODY on a stretcher.

NEWS READER VOICE

--twenty-seven surrogates irreparably damaged. Only one dead, the attacker himself.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEWS READER VOICE (CONT'D)

His motive is unclear at this point,
but may be a response to the recent
incident at the Baltimore human
reservation...

GREER, in the back seat, takes in this news grimly. The
CABBIE has been glancing at his own monitor in front.

CABBIE

Goddamn Dreads... sure you don't
wanna change your mind?

GREER

I'm sure.

EXT. BALTIMORE SLUMS - DAY

Late afternoon. GREER emerges from a TAXI near the same
gate we saw earlier. Greer wobbles, steadies himself
against the car as he pays the CABBIE-- a DRONE
SURROGATE, built into the seat.

CABBIE

You OK, man?

GREER

Just a little carsick.

The TAXI pulls away, Greer heads for the GATE.

EXT. RESERVATION NO MAN'S LAND - DAY

AT THE GATE: METAL SIGNS read "HUMANS ONLY - NO
SURROGATES." GREER goes through a big, old-fashioned
(present-day) METAL DETECTOR, the light flashes GREEN. A
DREAD GUARD waves him past. Greer gestures toward one of
the many IMAGES OF THE PROPHET to be found in the rez.

GREER

Where would I find the, the what do
you call it, the Temple?

DREAD GUARD

Ten blocks that way, left on
Bloomfield.

GREER

Thanks.

(eyes the grim area)
Catch a lotta surries tryin' to
sneak in, do ya?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREAD GUARD

Piss off.

As Greer crosses the rubble-strewn no man's land, he pauses, sickened as he sees--

--the burned-out HELICOPTER HULK, now sprayed with GRAFITTI. "PIGS DIE," etc. And just beyond this--

--what's left of GREER'S SURRIE, half the head blown off with fried electronics hanging out. It's been lashed to a makeshift crucifix, made from the bent CHOPPER BLADES. The clothing is shredded, the remains spray-painted.

GREER, wary of being recognized, continues on.

EXT. RESERVATION STREET - DAY

GREER walks through a poor but surprisingly pleasant neighborhood-- rowhouses, gardens. Very few cars. DREADS look like ordinary working-class folks.

A BARBECUE, a group of RESIDENTS laughing and drinking. Greer inhales the SMOKE as he passes, smiles to himself.

A couple of FRIENDLY DOGS trot curiously after him for a moment, then return to the barbecue. GREER, not paying attention, brushes past an ELDERLY MALE PEDESTRIAN.

GREER

Excuse me.

PEDESTRIAN

(smiles and nods)

No problem.

A PLAYGROUND a short distance on, LOTS OF KIDS shrieking and running. Greer pauses here, taking this in. These are the first children we've seen, outside of a TV ad.

A CLOUD OF DIESEL SMOKE from a decrepit BUS. Greer CHOKES on this, but doesn't seem displeased. His body language has become more relaxed as he gets further into the rez, getting his land legs back.

INT. RESERVATION TEMPLE - DAY

A cavernous convention center, thousands of folding chairs face a raised PULPIT at one end. Behind this is a SUPERGRAPHIC of the PROPHET, hands raised in benediction.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREER enters, takes this in. He spots a CLEANING LADY, an older woman sweeping up amidst the rows nearby.

GREER

Excuse me. You wouldn't happen to know a Jack Strickland? I'm told he worked here off and on.

CLEANING LADY

(nods)

You're here for the service? It's in the park.

EXT. RESERVATION PARK - DUSK

GREER moves down a path in this expanse of greenery. He comes to an open lawn with a fairly large CROWD gathered, illuminated by a FLAMING TORCH.

THE PROPHET is speaking. He stands before a platform atop wooden scaffolding, firewood piled below. A formidable ring of BODYGUARDS stands between him and the gathered throng of DREADS.

PROPHET

--serving faithfully beside us in the cause of humanity. I had the privilege of hearing his confession shortly before his death.

GREER has pushed his way gently toward the front to get a look at the BODY atop the funeral BIER.

The corpse atop the bier is that of JACK STRICKLAND, eyes closed, hands folded.

PROPHET (CONT'D)

And I know he would have rejoiced in the day of resurrection, the day for which we are all preparing, the day I promise you is close at hand...

So saying, the PROPHET lifts the torch and touches it to the base of the PYRE, which ERUPTS IN FLAME.

CLOSE ON STRICKLAND as the FLAMES lick up around him.

LATER, the BIER consumed in FIRE, the MOURNERS dispersing. THE PROPHET is moving away, HANDLERS surrounding him. GREER tags along-- but one of the Prophet's goons, BUD, gets in his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUD

Who are you?

GREER

What happened to Jack Strickland?

BUD

He slipped and fell. Friend of yours?

Greer starts to move around him, Bud gets in his way.

GREER

I'd like a word with the Prophet.

BUD

You and everyone else.

MILLER and ADAMS, another goon, now join them.

GREER

Strickland was carrying a weapon.
If it isn't recovered, there could
be serious consequences-- for all
of you.

IN BG, the PROPHET and HANDLERS head toward a large RV.

MILLER

You some kinda cop? Where's your
puppet?

GREER

Needs repairs.

MILLER

You armed?

GREER shakes his head, raises his hands.

GREER

Frisk me if you want.

MILLER

No, that's OK.

With that, he throws a SUCKER PUNCH to the gut. GREER doubles over. He seems amazed at the sensation, the pain. But he recovers, throws a wild punch at Miller and misses by a foot. [Violence for Greer in human form should have a very different, painfully visceral feel, unlike when he was a surrogate.]

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ADAMS cracks Greer across the back of his head. GREER falls to the ground. BUD kicks him once. GREER chokes and groans in pain.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Hurts, doesn't it.

BUD

It's a bitch being real.

GREER lets out a primal CRY and lunges at MILLER, driving his head into the man's torso, knocking the wind out of him before the other two can pull Greer back.

ADAMS

I think he likes it.

MILLER

(catching his breath)

So give him some more.

Outnumbered three to one, Greer takes a beating, continues to throw mostly ineffective punches that just cause the men to redouble their efforts. Finally, he's limp in their arms.

Miller plucks Greer's WALLET and BADGE from his pockets, examines them. As he does so, GREER spits BLOOD on the man's face. Miller seems about to whomp him again, but stops himself.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Not gonna give you the satisfaction.

(to Bud and Adams)

Get him out of here.

Miller tosses Greer's ID at him, then moves toward the RV, leaving GREER gasping in the clutches of Bud and Adams, lit by the FLAMES from the funeral pyre.

INT. PROPHET'S RV - NIGHT

A spartan interior. MILLER enters. THE PROPHET stands with a couple of HANDLERS.

HANDLER

Trouble?

MILLER

Some fed named Greer, he wanted to talk to the Prophet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANDLER

About that turkey shoot in DC?

MILLER

Didn't come up. Said they wanted Strickland's weapon.

PROPHET

Well, maybe I'll just have to bring it to their doorstep...

In the Prophet's hand, we now see--

--the mysterious DEVICE with which Strickland killed his targets.

EXT. RESERVATION NO MAN'S LAND - NIGHT

GREER is half-dragged, half-carried, back the way he came, flanked by BUD and ADAMS. Greer sucks on his BLEEDING lip, works his tongue around in his mouth. He touches parts of his bruised body carefully.

BUD

Guy like you oughtn't be out in just your skin.

GREER

I'm starting to see your point.

AT THE GATE - GREER leaves, trying to muster as much dignity as he can. The DREAD GUARD calls sarcastically after him.

DREAD GUARD

Come again real soon!

EXT. BALTIMORE SLUMS - NIGHT

GREER trudges along the seedy streets. He looks a mess-- torn clothing, bloodstains, bruises. Suddenly he's SHOVED from behind, falls to the pavement.

WHEELS

Oops.

The assailant is a FREAK SURRIE-- extra ARMS, WHEELS where his feet should be.

A moment later, Greer is surrounded by three rich, FREAKY TEENS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They've customized their surries in completely bizarre ways, in addition to the usual tattoos and piercings. Besides WHEELS, there's a hairless teen with six EYES scattered around his head. A GIRL has SPIKES sticking out of her skull and flesh and REPTILE SKIN.

EYES

Watch where you're going, meat.

SPIKES

What are you doin' off the rez?

She bumps against GREER as he picks himself up, he shrinks from the spikes. She shoots a small blast of FLAME from her nostrils, then GIGGLES.

GREER

I'm not a Dread.

WHEELS

Then you oughta return that surrie, looks like shit.

WHEELS comes at Greer again, Greer moves and TRIPS him-- but he just lands on an extra arm and rights himself.

EYES

Hey, it wants to play.

EYES lowers his head and moves to butt him. GREER dodges, it looks like a bullfight.

SPIKES

Olé, toro!

They turn, hearing a SCREECH OF TIRES.

A LIMOUSINE has pulled up. A 10-year-old BOY climbs from the back and approaches.

BOY

Agent Greer. Would you like a ride?

The kid's voice sounds like a child's, but with mature cadences to his speech.

WHEELS

Check out Richie Rich.

THE DRIVER of the Limo steps out-- it's ARMANDO from Canter's lobby. He lets his jacket fall open, revealing a HOLSTERED SIDEARM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARMANDO

We got a problem here?

The FREAKS retreat with dirty looks.

SPIKES

Fascists.

The BOY moves back toward the LIMO. Greer follows.

BOY

(re: the freaks)

So many unforeseen consequences to
the surrogate revolution... I
suppose I should apologize.

GREER

Who are you?

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

As GREER climbs in, the BOY hands him back his own
BUSINESS CARD, the one Greer left with Canter.

BOY/CANTER

You left this on my desk.

ARMANDO has gotten behind the wheel, starts moving.
Greer looks at the boy, amazed.

GREER

Canter?

BOY/CANTER

It's not safe for me to use my
usual surrogates. This is one of
VSI's newer models. Not that the
market will be that strong, the
birthrate being what it is.

GREER

You're having me followed.

BOY/CANTER

You know how important this
investigation is to me.

GREER

(a beat)

The man who killed your son is dead.

Boy/Canter absorbs this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOY/CANTER

I want you to tell me everything.

GREER

I suppose you deserve that.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

THE LIMO drives along the Potomac near the city.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

GREER holds ICE to his swollen face.

BOY/CANTER

This Strickland character. I don't believe he could have been acting on his own.

GREER

Why not? You stand for everything the humanists hate--

BOY/CANTER

Then why would his own people murder him?

GREER

He'd outlived his usefulness. With me all over his ass, he was becoming a security risk--

BOY/CANTER

To kill someone remotely-- it would take a virus presumably, one that could get past every firewall protecting a surrie's circuitry-- then once in the CPU, override all the fail-safes and cause catastrophic brain damage...

GREER

Presumably.

BOY/CANTER

We're talking about an extraordinarily sophisticated technology, don't you think? The Dreads didn't come up with it, they don't even like to use cellphones.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREER

(exasperated)

OK, fine. Maybe we've got our heads up our own ass--

BOY/CANTER

Maybe that's exactly where you should be looking.

Greer takes a second to absorb this.

GREER

So now you're the victim of a government conspiracy?

BOY/CANTER

I think this is your stop.

EXT. GREER'S BUILDING - NIGHT

THE LIMO stops, a light RAIN now falling. GREER gets out and closes the door, the rear window rolls down.

BOY/CANTER

Somebody hired Strickland. You'll know who that is when you trace the weapon.

GREER

You really don't need to do my job for me.

Boy/Canter takes in Greer's disheveled state.

BOY/CANTER

Yes, I can see you've got things under control.

The limo pulls away. Greer pauses, looks up at the sky, letting the rain wash over his face.

INT. GREER'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

AN ELECTRICAL ARC jumps from a GLASS TUBE to a MALE NOSTRIL.

WIDER, the guy taking the jolt is a lanky male model named BRIAN. His face goes slack. ATMOSPHERIC MUSIC PLAYS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE and BRIDGET are squeezed together on the couch in Greer's apartment with BRIAN and a French hunk named ANDRE, who speaks with a slight ACCENT. Everyone is pretty high. Andre closes one eye, then the other, pupils turned inward.

ANDRE

Think my nose is too big...

MAGGIE

For what?

ANDRE

(squeezing it)

I'm going to have it replaced.

BRIDGET

While you're at it-- I am so sick
of twelve-inch dicks.

MAGGIE chuckles. On the coffee table before them sits a small JACKER, like the one we saw in the underground club. The foursome pass a single ELECTRICAL TUBE around, attached by a cord to the device. Andre and Bridget have clearly coupled up, Brian touches Maggie's leg casually from time to time.

ANDRE

What do you want, we're men.

BRIAN

(coming out of it)

Why is that? Why do we all have
to be men and women? I'd rather
be-- I dunno, a lion. Or an
eagle.

MAGGIE

Mm. A spaceship. Or a cloud.

BRIAN

(beat)

A cloud?

Maggie shrugs. She lifts the hair from the nape of her neck, moves the GLASS TUBE there. Brian holds her close. The ELECTRICAL ARC-- MAGGIE gasps with pleasure, transported.

A moment later, Andre notices that GREER has entered quietly during the above, staring at the foursome.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANDRE

Don't look now. Some homeless
meatbag just wandered in.

Maggie has blanked out for the moment. Bridget turns.

BRIDGET

That's Maggie's husband. Hi Tom.

She gives him a little wave. Greer moves past them,
toward the kitchen, and disappears. Maggie comes out of
her trance, blinks and sighs.

MAGGIE

Excuse me.

She hurries after him. Brian shrugs, grabs the tube and
starts to unzip his pants--

INT. GREER'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - NIGHT

GREER has removed an old, yellowed FIRST-AID KIT from
under the sink, during the scene he cleans up cuts, opens
his shirt to check his bruised ribs, etc.

MAGGIE

What happened to you? I thought
you were spending another night in
the hospital.

GREER

Obviously. You know I don't like
you jacking in the house.

He finds an untouched, dusty bottle of SCOTCH, sniffs it
and pours a drink. Maggie looks him over.

MAGGIE

Somebody beat you up? How could
you go out like that?

As Maggie speaks, she moves to his side, touching his
injuries gently, truly concerned. Greer flinches back.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

What were you thinking, Tom? You
could've been killed.

GREER

Just finding out how the other
half lives.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Greer takes a long drink, gestures toward the living room.

GREER (CONT'D)
So what's his name?

MAGGIE
Oh please, grow up.

GREER
(nods glumly)
I suppose it doesn't matter. Since, as you keep telling me, it doesn't mean anything. Nothing does.

Greer pours another drink.

MAGGIE
I don't expect you to understand this. But once in a while, I like to be around people who don't hate being alive.

GREER
Alive. Is that what they are out there?

She shakes her head and returns to the living room.

INT. GREER'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MAGGIE, BRIDGET, BRIAN and ANDRE are still partying-- in fact, Bridget and Andre are starting to make out-- when GREER re-enters, in a RAINCOAT, he's a little tipsy. The BOTTLE pokes out of a pocket.

BRIAN
Hey. You really a G-man?

Greer pauses, stares at the man.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Can I ask you something? Is it true you guys are tapping into our surries? Watching everything we do, twenty-four seven?

GREER
(a beat)
Of course not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Greer starts to move across the room again, heading for the door. Brian smirks, speaks quietly, thinking only the others will hear. As he touches Maggie's leg:

BRIAN

Wouldn't want him spying on us tonight...

Greer spins near the door and, without breaking stride, returns to the couch.

GREER

Excuse me.

Brian turns, starts to rise. Greer grabs the man and HURLS him backwards onto the GLASS COFFEE TABLE which SHATTERS. The other three back away. After a stunned moment, Brian starts LAUGHING, very hard-- obviously, he hasn't felt a thing.

MAGGIE

Tom, the table!

Greer steps over the couch calmly and begins PUNCHING and KICKING the surrie on the floor, working off pent-up rage. BRIAN just keeps LAUGHING.

Soon Greer's hands are cut and bleeding, he's panting, exhausted. MAGGIE finally succeeds in pulling him away.

BRIAN sits up, his FACE is DENTED, the plastic skin STRETCHED and TORN.

BRIAN

Could we do it again?

ANDRE

(chuckling)

Oh man, your face.

BRIAN

I was getting sick of it, anyway.

As Brian picks bits of GLASS out of his plastic flesh, Andre suddenly realizes his JACKER is SMASHED, examines the pieces with a MOAN.

GREER

Guess the party's over.

MAGGIE follows GREER to the door. They speak in hushed tones:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE

What was the point of that?

GREER

Does everything have to have a point?

GREER takes a breath, bows his head.

GREER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I just want us to-- to connect again. To have a family, to have a life.

(grabs her arms)

We can't do it through this wall of plastic.

MAGGIE pulls away, his BLOODY HANDS have left marks on her blouse.

MAGGIE

I'm sorry, too. But this is my life.

She looks at him sadly and returns to her guests. After a beat, Greer heads out the door.

EXT. FBI BUILDING - NIGHT

GREER walks in the RAIN through nearly empty streets toward the modern headquarters in Washington. There are BOARDS over the shattered windows in front.

INT. FBI LOBBY - NIGHT

Quiet at this hour. A DESK JOCKEY looks up as GREER approaches, careful to conceal the bottle.

DESK JOCKEY

Is that you, Greer?

GREER

In the flesh.

He takes in the damage to the lobby, the police tape, the attacker's chalk silhouette.

DESK JOCKEY

You missed all the excitement.

GREER

Saw it on TV.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He passes the SURRIE SCANNER and holds his hand over a FINGERPRINT MACHINE, which confirms his identity. A plexiglas door unlocks automatically.

DESK JOCKEY

Says here you're on suspension.

GREER

Mm. Just cleaning out my desk.

DESK JOCKEY

(eying him)

Y'know, you're thinner on top.

GREER

Nice of you to notice. You remember where the rest rooms are?

DESK JOCKEY

They mostly use 'em for storage. Think the one on four still works.

Greer nods and continues in.

INT. FBI BUILDING/CHARGING ROOM - NIGHT

DOZENS of SURROGATE AGENTS are lined up against the wall in here, in their foam CHARGING BAYS.

CAMERA FINDS PETERS in their midst. Her bay HUMS and she blinks, becomes animated. She steps out of the bay.

INT. FBI BUILDING/GREER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

GREER has his feet up on his desk, the bottle beside him. There are cardboard BOXES of DOCUMENTS nearby. PETERS enters, Greer looks up at her.

PETERS

Got your message.

GREER

Hope I didn't wake you.

PETERS

After what happened here today I couldn't sleep.

GREER

You tell anyone I was going out to the rez? Canter, for example?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETERS
 (taken aback)
 No. Of course not.

Greer studies her a beat, decides she's sincere. A sigh.
 Peters sits on his desk, studies him.

PETERS (CONT'D)
 You look terrible.

GREER
 Not half as bad as I feel.

Greer refills his coffee cup with Scotch, holds the
 bottle out to her questioningly.

PETERS
 No thanks.

GREER
 Come on. Just pretend to get
 drunk with me.

Peters shakes her head with a smile. Greer shrugs, takes
 a long drink, sighs and rubs his sore neck.

GREER (CONT'D)
 Feel like I've been asleep for
 years-- now I wake up an old man.
 Rip Van Frigging Winkle...

Peters moves behind him, begins rubbing his shoulders, a
 massage.

GREER (CONT'D)
 What are you doing?

PETERS
 You look like you need it.

GREER
 I'm not sure how kosher this is...

PETERS
 Relax. It's not me, it's not a
 woman touching you-- it's just a
 machine.

GREER
 Does feel good... better than a
 stim chair.

He allows himself to enjoy it for a moment, bows his
 head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GREER (CONT'D)

You ever feel like it's... over?

PETERS

What.

GREER

Us. People. The stuff that used to make the world make sense. That made us... human. I don't know, morality, love. Whatever.

(beat)

Yeah, yeah, they were probably saying that back in ancient Rome.

PETERS

We always think technology's going to improve our lives, but...

GREER

What lives?

A beat, GREER sits up and pulls away from her touch. He holds up a hand and lets it fall.

GREER (CONT'D)

This has become obsolete. Someday soon, we'll all just be brains in jars.

PETERS

Maybe not. I have a feeling people are going to come to their senses eventually.

GREER

(shaking his head)

You can't unring a bell.

(turns toward her)

Thought you were the one all into the brave new world.

PETERS is staring at her own plastic hand. She looks up at Greer, changes the subject.

PETERS

I found out about Strickland.

She gestures to the boxes of documents.

PETERS (CONT'D)

All the chaos, I was able to waltz right into the records department.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PETERS (CONT'D)

The case files were removed, but there was a paper trail from payroll... Strickland was an informant.

GREER

(perking up)

For us? Who was running him?

PETERS

Wasn't in the paperwork. But he must've been selling intel on the Prophet.

Greer has risen, moving restlessly around the room.

GREER

So the Prophet has him killed. And we have to assume he now has the power to kill anyone he wants...

CUT TO:

INT. MARINE BASE/COLONEL BRANDON'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE on a PHOTO of the DEVICE in Strickland's hand. The image has been ENLARGED, giving a pretty clear view of the weapon.

BRANDON

Where'd you get this photo?

GREER sits opposite COLONEL BRANDON at the man's desk, a FLAG and other MILITARY MEMORABILIA on display. Greer eyes the colonel, knows something's up.

GREER

It's from my memory. Damn thing put me in the hospital.

BRANDON

Wish I could help.

GREER

Killed a couple of cops as well. We believe this weapon-- the one that doesn't exist-- is in the hands of the Human Coalition.

Brandon is finally losing his composure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDON

If this is true... we're going to have to do everything in our power to recover it. Do you have any idea how serious this is?

GREER

I was hoping you'd tell me.

BRANDON looks conflicted, finally opens up.

BRANDON

This is absolutely off the record.
(off Greer's nod)
It's called an Overload Device, or O.D. They're brand new, only a handful exist. But I checked, ran every serial number-- all accounted for.

GREER

Not this one. Maybe it never got to you guys in the first place. Who makes them?

BRANDON

It's a DARPA design, subcontracted to Pierson Defense. The idea was to create a non-lethal weapon that could disable every surrie in the field. You beam a software virus straight to the CPU. The fail-safes kick in and the operators are cut off. Circuits all melt down in seconds, you're left with a field full of scrap.

GREER

You win the battle with one shot.
(beat)
Let me guess. You found a way around the fail-safes.

BRANDON

(grim nod)
Just a few lines of code, the connection stays open. We tried it on soldier volunteers... once. The virus caused every neuron to fire at the same time. Melted their brains.

GREER

So it's an assassination tool.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRANDON
At the flick of a switch.

CUT TO:

INT. BEAUTY SHOP - DAY

CLOSE on a WOMAN'S FACE being carefully peeled off the MECHANICAL UNDERPINNINGS. FUNKY MUSIC plays.

WIDER, BRIDGET leans over the body, putting the old face aside. A row of EXOTIC NEW FACES on a rack nearby. Bridget begins manipulating the underlying musculature, changing cheekbones, etc, using delicate TOOLS.

BRIDGET
She wanted blue eyes the size of golf balls, bee-sting lips and a tiny ski-jump nose...

MAGGIE
Boop-oop-a-doop.

BRIDGET
Exactly.

Nearby, MAGGIE works on a brown-skinned HAND. She stares through a mounted MAGNIFYING LOUPE, embedding tiny JEWELS in the SKIN of the fingers. She uses TWEEZERS and a tiny BLOWTORCH. After a moment, we realize the HAND has been disconnected from the body, mounted on a brace.

MAGGIE
You talked her down, I hope.

BRIDGET
Yes, thank God, we're doing a modified Audrey Hepburn.

MAGGIE glances over at Bridget's work admiringly.

MAGGIE
I'd love you to raise my cheekbones a half-inch, but Tom would go ballistic.

THE DOOR CHIMES, Bridget looks up.

BRIDGET
Speaking of the ball and chain...

As GREER approaches, a few of the BEAUTY ENGINEERS glance up, then return to their business.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

This place is a cross between a beautician's and an auto body repair shop. SURRIES in chairs that maneuver into all kinds of positions. Not only are they having nails and hair done, but legs lengthened, breasts enlarged, etc. (Operators check in their bodies and leave them there for modifications.)

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Hiya, Tom.

MAGGIE

I didn't hear you come home last night.

GREER

Worked late. I'd really like to sit down and talk with you.

MAGGIE

I can take a break--

GREER

No, Maggie, face to face. The two of us, for real.

BRIDGET is getting uncomfortable.

BRIDGET

These smile muscles need to set.

She exits with a look at Maggie. Maggie stops working and turns to Greer, speaks passionately.

MAGGIE

Tom, don't you get it? That body in our apartment-- the one you call real-- it isn't me. I'm right here.

GREER

Honey, if you're worried about the way you look-- it doesn't matter, it never did--

MAGGIE

Exactly! What matters is who I choose to be.

As the conversation gets more heated, co-workers pointedly turn away, while eavesdropping.

GREER

I married a person, you're choosing to be a thing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GREER (CONT'D)

And I'm so sick of being
surrounded by things-- young,
beautiful things.

MAGGIE

Well that's your problem, isn't
it. If you can be young and
beautiful and feel good all the
time-- why would anyone choose
anything else?

GREER

Because it's bullshit. Because
we're human, like it or not.

MAGGIE

Jesus, Tom. You sound like a
Dread.

Maggie turns back to what she was doing. Greer has
trouble swallowing his anger.

GREER

I may just have to kick down your
bedroom door.

MAGGIE

(not looking up)
I'd never forgive you.

GREER

Then maybe I should just move out.

MAGGIE

Do what you want...

GREER

(a beat)
That's a commercial.

Greer turns and exits. Maggie glances after him with a
mixture of anger and regret, then returns to her work.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHEAP HOTEL - NIGHT

ESTABLISH a dreary place near the highway. A RED GLOW
from a number of windows... FIND A WINDOW illuminated by
WHITE LIGHT. We see GREER within.

-INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A bland room, a low-rent chain. GREER UNZIPS a SUITCASE, opens it.

On the top is a WEDDING PHOTO of Maggie and Greer, much younger.

He places this on the bedside table, moves for the bathroom.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

GREER, in a TOWEL now, having finished a shower. He wipes STEAM off the MIRROR and takes a hard look at himself-- his worn face and battered, very human body.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FBI BUILDING/GREER'S OFFICE - DAY

ON A COMPUTER SCREEN - American flags, the logo for PIERSON DEFENSE. A corporate website.

PUSH CLOSE-- in tiny letters at the bottom of the screen: "A division of Virtual Self Industries."

GREER takes this in. He's at his computer, first thing in the morning, with a cup of TAKE-OUT COFFEE. PETERS is going through the box of documents we saw earlier. When she glances toward him, he clears the screen.

PETERS

What you working on?

GREER

Just checking e-mail.

PETERS

I think you hide things from me.

GREER

Don't be ridiculous.
(takes a sip, winces)
This stuff is awful.

He's calling up a new file--

ON SCREEN - the name "LIONEL CANTER" followed by the words "CLASSIFIED - SCAN REQUIRED." A moment later, we see GREER'S IMAGE, a LIGHT FLICKERS from the webcam on the MONITOR FRAME. Then the words "UNAUTHORIZED USER."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREER sits back, frustrated.

PETERS

What does AOS stand for? I keep coming across it on these invoices. "Advance On Salary?"

Greer thinks-- a moment of revelation. He moves to look over Peters' shoulder.

GREER

What do you suppose VSI has against Canter?

PETERS

Against him? He's one of them.
(considering it)
'Course, since he owns the patents on surrogate technology, they must have to pay him billions.

GREER

(shakes his head)
He dies, they still have to pay his estate.

PETERS

Wait a minute. You think VSI hired Strickland to kill Canter?

GREER

There was a middleman.

As he moves for the door, he points at her paperwork.

GREER (CONT'D)

To authorize informant payments, agent in charge has to initial...

As he exits, Peters looks back down at the documents. The scrawled initials "AOS" on an INVOICE.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI BUILDING/BULLPEN - DAY

CLOSE ON A NAMEPLATE outside a door, the words "ANDREW O. STONE, DIRECTOR SURROGATE CRIME DIVISION."

GREER approaches the open door, moving through a HUBBUB of AGENTS working in open cubicles. AGENT NAKATA sits at a desk by Stone's door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAKATA

Hey, Tom. Thought you were on leave.

GREER

Just cleaning out my desk.

A moment later, STONE pokes his head out.

STONE

Greer! You've been cleaning out your desk for two days. You should be home recuperating.

GREER

Just about done, sir.

Greer starts to move away, turns back.

GREER (CONT'D)

I almost forgot. Victor Welch sends his regards.

Stone shakes his head, feigning incomprehension:

STONE

I'm sorry?

GREER

Guy at VSI. You looking forward to moving to the private sector--?

Nakata is listening curiously. Stone angrily gestures for Greer to come into his office, he doesn't want to have this conversation in public. Greer keeps speaking as he heads inside.

GREER (CONT'D)

Will you finish out the year? We're sure gonna miss you around here...

STONE SLAMS the door.

INT. FBI BUILDING/STONE'S OFFICE - DAY

Greer keeps speaking calmly, as if there were no tension in the air.

GREER

I know it's hard to resist, better hours, better pay--

STONE

Welch told you about this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREER

(beat, grins)

No. I was just fishing.

STONE

You've suffered brain damage, Greer.
Let's hope it isn't permanent.

GREER

(grin fading)

All surveillance on the Prophet goes
through this office. Jack
Strickland was one of your stoolies.
Why the hell didn't you say
something?

STONE just stares at him, narrowing his eyes.

GREER (CONT'D)

Two cops died. You knew he had the
O. D.--

STONE

I have no idea what you're talking
about--

GREER

--because you gave it to him.
VSI makes them-- they hand one to
you-- and you chose the trigger
man. Your own little black op.
If anyone looks, they blame the
Dreads. But Strickland didn't
follow the plan, did he? He
didn't give you back the O. D.
like he was supposed to.

STONE

Are you done with this paranoid
fantasy--?

GREER

Not quite. What I can't figure out
is why. Why kill Canter?

STONE stares at Greer, angry and defiant. He moves to
his desk, types into his COMPUTER. Greer approaches
slowly.

STONE

I'm issuing orders for your
detention. Your mind isn't right,
you've become a threat to national
security.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Greer slips a LETTER OPENER off of Stone's desk as he nears. His hand is SHAKING. Suddenly--

--STONE yanks open a DRAWER and lunges for a GUN. But before he can bring it to bear--

--GREER STABS him in the back of the head, SKEWERING STONE'S CPU. STONE FREEZES, hunched over his desk, gun in hand. Greer just stares at what he's done for a moment, amazed. Then he waves a hand in front of Stone's open eyes, makes sure he's out, and--

--carefully pries off a plate and removes STONE'S MOTHERBOARD, places it on the desk.

GREER pulls the gun out of Stone's hand, rolls him back in front of his desk, propped up to face the computer. Greer crouches behind him, operating the keyboard by reaching around his boss' body.

ON COMPUTER - Greer types in a request for a FILE on LIONEL CANTER. The words "CLASSIFIED - IDENTITY SCAN REQUIRED" appear.

GREER pushes the chair a bit closer to the computer, ducking down, lifts Stone's head by the hair.

The monitor momentarily displays STONE'S FACE. A LIGHT goes on in the corner of the FRAME, scanning Stone. "AUTHORIZED USER" appears.

GREER peeks up again, continuing his work.

ON SCREEN - a HEADSHOT OF CANTER, reams of CLASSIFIED INFO. Greer hits PRINT.

INT. FBI BUILDING/BULLPEN - DAY

GREER emerges, a stack of PAPERS in his hand. He gives a nod to NAKATA, who nods back as he answers his RINGING PHONE. Before he can even say a word:

STONE (FILTER)

This is Stone!

Nakata looks toward the office, starting to rise.

NAKATA

What do you need, sir?

INT. STONE'S STUDY - DAY

Upscale. The REAL STONE, a good deal heavier than his surrogate, is sitting in boxer shorts at the edge of his STIM CHAIR, a phone in his hand.

STONE

Sonofabitch Greer disabled my surrie, stop him!

INT. FBI BUILDING/STAIRWELL - DAY

GREER takes a couple steps at a time. He's on his phone.

GREER

Just meet me in the garage-- leave the trunk open!

As he rounds a corner, he comes face to face with--
--a pair of AGENTS, each carrying a HANDGUN. They approach from below.

AGENT #1

Tom, we don't want to hurt you.

Greer nods and raises his hands, resigned-- he still clutches the papers. As Agent #1 nears, Greer suddenly--

--PLANTS a FOOT in the man's chest, sending him crashing into AGENT #2. Both men topple down the stairs, FIRE their guns wildly.

Greer has also lost his balance and dropped some papers, which he has to scoop up as he claws for the doorway and dashes through.

INT. FBI BUILDING/PARKING GARAGE - DAY

PETERS waits near an IDLING SEDAN, the TRUNK OPEN. Greer dives inside, she SLAMS it and gets behind the wheel. She PEELS out, going up a few levels.

AT AN EXIT GATE - an FBI GUARD looks inside.

FBI GUARD

They're looking for Tom Greer.
You seen him?

She shakes her head, he presses a button to open the gate and waves her through.

EXT. PARK - DAY

THE FBI SEDAN drives down a curving, forested road.

INT. FBI CAR - DAY

PETERS drives, GREER in the passenger seat, poring over the papers.

GREER

Ever hear of the Human Defense League?

PETERS

Sure, the extremist wing of the anti-surrogate movement.

GREER

According to this, their number one supporter is Lionel Canter.

PETERS

What? The father of surrogacy? Impossible.

GREER

Says he's funneled billions into their organization. Not to mention direct support for the man who calls himself the Prophet. Canter's bought him land, lawyers... and enough weapons to start a war.

EXT. RESERVATION NO MAN'S LAND - DAY

THE DREADS emerge from tents and shacks at the sound of a nearby RUMBLING.

ANGLE THROUGH FENCE - BULLDOZERS, TANKS, uniformed NATIONAL GUARDSMEN (all surrogates with the SAME FACE) are assembling on the perimeter of the Dread reservation. They carry non-lethal TASER WANDS and RIFLES.

An OFFICER moves to the front, carrying a WALKIE-TALKIE. In response to a command, he turns and signals to the troops behind him and--

--the BULLDOZERS start PLOWING DOWN the fence. As Guardsmen move past him, the officer calls out:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER

We all know what we're looking for! Remember these are biologicals, do not fire unless absolutely necessary!

INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM - DAY

PAPERWORK spread on a table before PETERS.

PETERS

Swiss accounts, anonymous wire transfers, unattributed testimony-- this isn't proof.

WIDER - GREER lies in his clothes on the bed, bone tired, a flat-screen TV plays silently.

GREER

Not enough for a courtroom. But VSI knew that if Lionel Canter suffered a mysterious brain hemorrhage, the powers that be wouldn't be terribly upset.

PETERS

He's not some kind of monster, you know. Canter's initial research was in prosthetics-- for amputees, quadriplegics... people with degenerative diseases. Maybe he feels his technology's been perverted. Maybe it has.

GREER studies her with interest, her tone is strangely passionate.

GREER

I had no idea you were such a humanist.

PETERS looks away-- then reacts to something on TV, grabs a remote and turns UP THE VOLUME.

ON TV SCREEN - HAND-HELD footage as NATIONAL GUARD TROOPS move across the Dread Reservation No Man's Land, using TASER WANDS to subdue resisting DREADS, frisking them and rifling through possessions as they upend dwellings.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANCHOR

--units of the Maryland National Guard moved into the East Baltimore Human Reservation this morning, in a search for contraband weapons...

GREER knows what this is about.

GREER

Colonel Brandon didn't waste any time.

PETERS

They're looking for the O. D.

GREER

The what?

PETERS

(a beat)
Isn't that what you called it?
What does it stand for again?

GREER

Overload Device.

She nods and turns nonchalantly back to the paperwork. As she does so, GREER cocks his head and studies her. Protecting Brand's confidence, he never told her what the device was called.

PETERS

So what do we do about Stone?

GREER

I call and tell him I'll take early retirement with full pension benefits. In return for keeping his little secret.

PETERS

That isn't funny.

GREER

I'm not laughing.

PETERS

(rises)
I don't believe you-- they killed Canter's son, a college kid, his whole life ahead of him! Don't we owe him something?

She's genuinely upset. Greer won't meet her eye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GREER
Can't bring him back.

PETERS
(enraged)
They will come after Canter again--
but you're just going to deposit
your pension checks, look the
other way and let him die.

GREER
(looks at her)
Maybe he's got it coming.

PETERS
(betrayed)
I thought you were a cop. I
thought you were a human being.

PETERS marches out of there and slams the door on the way out. GREER waits a few moments, his mind racing-- then he moves for the door himself.

INT. RENTAL AGENCY - DAY

GREER moves from a desk with a pretty RENTAL AGENT, working at a small hand-held COMPUTER. LOGOS for GLOBAL SYNTH RENTALS.

RENTAL AGENT
Our nearest rental office is just
outside Denver, the car and phone
will be extra--

GREER
I'm only gonna be there a couple
hours.

She leads him toward a curtained BOOTH, one of many here. RED GLOWS emanate from a few.

RENTAL AGENT
Do you want to customize--?

GREER
Generic's fine.

She pulls back a CURTAIN to reveal a STIM-CHAIR and a SENSORY PROJECTOR.

CUT TO:

INT. RESERVATION TEMPLE - DAY

THE PROPHET stands with a MIC before a LARGE CROWD packed into the place, sounds of CHAOS from outside. GUARDSMEN are moving into the temple, methodically searching those inside.

PROPHET

Have no fear, the day of
resurrection is at hand!

A team of GUARDSMEN move to surround the Prophet, his BODYGUARDS struggle with them.

PROPHET (CONT'D)

No! Do not resist! The
oppressors shall soon fall, never
to rise again...

Ignoring him, some bodyguards pull HANDGUNS and FIRE on the SURROGATE GUARDSMEN, who immediately RETURN FIRE with automatic weapons. BUD and MILLER, the Prophet's right hand men, both take bullets and go down.

THE PROPHET manages to escape out a side exit during this gunfire-- but a stray BULLET catches him in the back as he flees.

EXT. RESERVATION TEMPLE - DAY

As he runs from the building, the PROPHET is TACKLED by a GUARDSMAN. He turns the man over, the Prophet's eyes are empty, his head lolls back.

A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM from nearby as a YOUNG FEMALE DREAD takes this in.

YOUNG DREAD

They've killed him! They've
killed the Prophet!

Other DREADS nearby react, the CRY spreading.

WITH THE GUARDSMAN, examining the body. The Prophet is already rigid... and GREEN COOLANT is spreading from an exit wound in his chest. A guardsman rips open his shirt, pokes at the wound--

--SPARKING ELECTRONICS and TORN PLASTIC.

THE GUARDSMAN's amazed, gets on his WALKIE-TALKIE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUARDSMAN

Captain, you'd better come see this.

Nearby Guardsmen react to the furious DREADS massing around them. A GRENADE LANDS nearby, GUARDSMAN #2 throws himself on it, his SURRIE BLOWS UP. GUNFIRE ERUPTS nearby, a MOLOTOV COCKTAIL sails through the air.

GUARDSMAN #3

We need to clear out!

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Late in the afternoon. Rolling green hills, trees, a rural area. A white COMPACT CAR pulls up a dirt road, past the MAILBOX with "PETERS" painted on it.

EXT. PETERS' HOUSE - DAY

THE COMPACT pulls to a stop.

GENERIC/GREER climbs out of the car. He's blandly handsome, in a business suit, with perfect hair that looks glued in place. His movements are stilted, this is a cheap model and he's not used to it.

GENERIC/GREER steps onto the porch, knocks on the door. No answer. He tries the knob-- locked.

INT. RENTAL AGENCY/BOOTH - DAY

MATCH-CUT POV of PETERS' DOOR on a SENSORY PROJECTOR SCREEN.

REAL GREER in a rental stim-chair, bathed in RED LIGHT. His face twitches slightly, as if having a bad dream.

EXT. PETERS' HOUSE - DAY

His voice is deep, again generic.

GENERIC/GREER

Peters! It's me, Tom Greer!

He moves along the side of the house, peers in a window--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE THROUGH WINDOW - a STIM-CHAIR sits empty. Dangling wires, the SENSORY PROJECTOR and HARD DRIVE have been stolen.

GENERIC/GREER SMASHES the window with his fist and climbs inside.

INT. PETERS' HOUSE - DAY

GENERIC/GREER moves quickly through the house--

GENERIC/GREER
Peters! Are you here?!

He tries a couple of DOORS, finds a LOCKED one, turns the latch-- steps leading to the basement.

INT. PETERS' BASEMENT - DAY

GENERIC/GREER flips a LIGHT SWITCH at the top of the stairs, BARE BULBS come on--

ANGLE DOWN-- THE REAL PETERS lies at the base of the stairs, in her stained, torn nightgown, motionless. A pool of BLOOD from her head... her neck is twisted at a strange angle.

INT. RENTAL AGENCY/BOOTH - DAY

GREER winces with the shock of this.

INT. PETERS' BASEMENT - DAY

GENERIC/GREER hurries down the stairs to REAL PETERS.

GENERIC/GREER
Oh my God, Jennifer--

He can see her neck is broken, he can't move her. Her eyes are closed, lips parched, hair matted with blood from a gash in her scalp. Generic/Greer leans close, takes her pulse.

Suddenly her eyes open. She speaks with difficulty.

REAL PETERS
Who are you?

GENERIC/GREER
Tom Greer. Your partner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REAL PETERS

Greer...?

GENERIC/GREER

There wasn't time, I rented a
generic--

REAL PETERS

How do I know--? Prove you're Greer.

He's already dialing 9-1-1 on a CELLPHONE.

GENERIC/GREER

You can't stand me, I'm old
school, seat-of-the pants--
(connects, ON PHONE)
Yes, I need an ambulance at 319
Mountainview, there's a woman, I
think her neck is broken--
(to Peters)
How long have you been down here?

REAL PETERS

Three days I think...

GENERIC/GREER

(into phone)
Please, hurry...
(hangs up)
They're on the way. Somebody's been
using your surrogate.

REAL PETERS

What?

GENERIC/GREER

You-- it's been showing up to work
every day.

REAL PETERS

No, I-- the night your chopper went
down... I woke up and somebody was
here... I fought with him, but he
was so strong--

Peters is getting distraught. Generic/Greer gently wipes
her brow.

GENERIC/GREER

Ssh, relax --

REAL PETERS

He tried to bring me down here, we
fell...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REAL PETERS (CONT'D)

He took my memory-- the whole investigation. He said he was going to do my job for me.

A beat. Their eyes meet as the realization hits Generic/Greer.

GENERIC/GREER

(under his breath)
Canter.

REAL PETERS

It has to be... oh God, I'm so cold...

She clearly had been fighting to stay alive, just to tell someone what happened.

REAL PETERS (CONT'D)

Would've been nice to meet you in person...

She now closes her eyes. Greer agonizes.

GENERIC/GREER

Peters, hang on, please-- it won't be long...

He rises, finds an old blanket to put around her.

REAL PETERS

Thirsty...

INT. PETERS' KITCHEN - NIGHT

GENERIC/GREER quickly fills a glass of water from the tap. He hears SIRENS in the distance as he hurries back into the basement.

INT. PETERS' BASEMENT - NIGHT

GENERIC/GREER kneels down to dribble water on REAL PETERS' partially open lips. We hear a VEHICLE ARRIVE outside.

GENERIC/GREER

They'll be here in just a minute...

No response. He brushes her hair back from her face--

REAL PETERS' eyes are half-open, vacant. She's dead. GENERIC/GREER lets out an anguished CRY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE UP STAIRS - SURRIE PARAMEDICS rush down with a STRETCHER. They take in the sight of--

TWO MOTIONLESS BODIES. PETERS, dead... and GENERIC/GREER, kneeling over her body, head bowed, glass still in hand-- checked out.

CUT TO:

INT. RENTAL AGENCY - DAY

REAL GREER comes out of the curtained booth in a hurry, moving for the door. He's talking on the phone.

GREER

Who's on duty in surveillance--?
Sanders, great, put me through--

He's pursued by the RENTAL AGENT.

RENTAL AGENT

Sir, sir, sir-- you haven't
returned your unit--

Greer ignores the woman, he's out of there. She calls after him angrily.

RENTAL AGENT (CONT'D)

You signed a contract!

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - DAY

A handful of DREADS are storming down the street, SMASHING WINDOWS and bowling over any SURRIES who get in their way.

A SCROLLING ELECTRONIC NEWS CRAWL on the side of a building: "PROPHET SHOT, REPORTED DEAD..."

GREER is walking fast, on the phone, steering clear of the angry Dreads.

GREER

It's an emergency, you need to
connect me now!

INT. FBI BUILDING/SURVEILLANCE CENTER - DAY

TIGHT ON BOBBY, the overweight controller, at his station. He looks nervous, wearing his HEADSET.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Responding to a subtle BEEP in his ear, he makes as if to scratch himself, opening the connection. We hear GREER'S FILTERED VOICE:

GREER (FILTER)

Bobby, it's Greer, I need a remote shutdown. You'll have the surrie's digital address on file, Agent Jennifer Peters.

CAMERA MOVES to reveal that PETERS (the surrie) is holding BOBBY at GUNPOINT, a grim expression on her face. She doesn't realize Bobby's on the phone.

GREER (FILTER) (CONT'D)

Hello? Bobby, are you there?

Bobby looks toward the special TERMINAL that displays the surrie serial numbers. NUMBERS are cranking through fast, ALL HIGHLIGHTING. Bobby looks at Peters, but speaks for Greer's benefit.

BOBBY

Peters, have you gone insane?
Put the gun away, what the hell
are you trying to prove?

PETERS ignores him, watching the TERMINAL SCREEN.

WIDER now, we see that all the SURRIE WATCHERS have disconnected, they're stationary on their tracks. THE GLOWING MONITORS remain on, showing random scenes, unwatched. MOVEMENT at the elevated entrance--

--PETERS spins and FIRES HER HANDGUN in that direction. The intruder retreats. We now see a couple of SURRIES have already been dropped here, sprawled on the staircase leading down, bullets in their heads.

PETERS spins on Bobby, who's WHISPERING frantically into his headset:

BOBBY (CONT'D)

She's into the entire surrie
database, I dunno what she's--

Peters YANKS off Bobby's headset and throws it aside.

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - DAY

GREER has stopped, stunned. Then, realizing what's happening, he takes off at a sprint in a different direction. He makes another call:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREER (ON PHONE)

Maggie, please pick up-- damn it,
you have to disconnect as soon as
you get this message-- get off
line, abandon your surrogate!
You're in danger, everyone is--

INT. MAGGIE'S SHOP - DAY

MAGGIE is hard at work, HOT-GLUING a new head of STREAKED HAIR around the motionless face of a BEAUTIFUL SURROGATE. She glances at a small CELLPHONE, sitting on a WORK TRAY nearby. It FLASHES--

CLOSE - "THOMAS GREER" scrolls on the CELLPHONE READOUT.

MAGGIE wants to pick up, but both hands are occupied. She sighs, returns to her work.

INT. FBI BUILDING/CORRIDOR - DAY

A group of AGENTS in RIOT GEAR are gathered here, WEAPONS ready. One turns to see--

STONE approaching (his surrie is operational again), flanked by a couple of other AGENTS.

RIOT AGENT

She'll only speak with you, sir.

STONE

Why the hell don't you just move
in and take her down?

RIOT AGENT

She's got a human hostage.

Stone pauses, takes a breath.

STONE

That fat ass Sanders.

He self-consciously rubs the back of his head, where we now see ELECTRICAL TAPE holding shut the damaged latch.

INT. LUXURY BUILDING/LOBBY - DAY

GREER, face red, out of breath, is displaying his badge to the CLERK, who checks his computer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLERK

I'm sorry, you're not on his list.

GREER

I wouldn't be. I'm here to arrest him.

ARMANDO moves closer at this.

CLERK

I see... do you have a warrant?

GREER

Listen to me. Dr. Canter is committing a crime via surrogate-- right now. If you don't cooperate and let me up there, you become an accomplice.

CLERK

Without a warrant, I'm afraid I can't help you.

ARMANDO takes Greer by the arm in a painful grip.

ARMANDO

You're gonna have to leave, sir.

Armando escorts Greer none too gently to the door.

GREER

Ow! Easy, I'm only human.

As Armando relaxes his grip a bit, GREER flexes his left arm-- then gasps and clutches his chest, as if having a coronary. He stumbles, falls to his knees. Armando bends over him--

ARMANDO

Are you OK?

Greer suddenly thrusts his hand beneath the man's jacket. Armando reacts, begins to struggle with Greer-- BANG BANG beneath his suitcoat.

Armando's ARM SPASMS WILDLY. He takes a few steps back, SPARKS and HYDRAULIC FLUID coming from his chest. GREER is holding the man's GUN now, aimed at him.

ARMANDO (CONT'D)

You asshole. I just made the last payment.

GREER rises and hurries to the CLERK, points the gun at his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GREER

The elevator key!

CLERK

I'm calling the police.

The CLERK goes stock still, he's checked out-- he's obviously making the call from home. Greer shoves the inert body aside, it falls flat. He reaches for the elevator key, snatches it up when--

ARMANDO wraps his one good arm around Greer's throat from behind, choking him. They stagger backward, GREER aims the gun behind his head and FIRES, blowing a HOLE in Armando's forehead. GREEN COOLANT, FRIED ELECTRONICS fly from the exit wound.

They topple to the ground together. GREER struggles from the frozen surrie's grip, clutching his ear, deafened by the gun's loud report.

As Greer gets to his feet, the DOORMAN enters, takes in the tableau-- the gun-wielding man, the two surries on the ground-- and dashes outside again.

GREER hurries for CANTER'S PRIVATE ELEVATOR. He turns the key-- no light, nothing. He makes a frustrated NOISE and dashes for a nearby door to the stairwell.

INT. FBI BUILDING/SURVEILLANCE CENTER - DAY

STONE enters warily, looking toward PETERS and the captive BOBBY.

STONE

Peters! It's me, Andy Stone!

Hands in the air, Stone moves down the stairs, stepping gingerly over the fallen surrogates.

PETERS finishes CUFFING BOBBY'S WRISTS to a chair with plastic cuffs. She moves to get a look at Stone, across the expanse of glowing monitors. She's holstered her gun.

PETERS

Who was it, Stone? Who was it at VSI that hired you to kill me?

Stone blinks, trying to process this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETERS (CONT'D)

Did you feel even a second of remorse, when you found out you'd murdered an innocent boy. He was eighteen!

STONE

I don't believe it...

PETERS

Just tell me what I need to know.

Stone considers this a bit, smiles.

STONE

We spend years trying to nail you for funding the Dreads-- and now you hand yourself over to us on a silver platter. Hijacking an agent, destroying federal property, creating a hostage situation...

Peters pulls her gun and points it at BOBBY'S HEAD. He cowers in his chair.

STONE (CONT'D)

I wouldn't add homicide to that list. As it is, you're going to prison for a very long time.

He turns on his heel, begins walking back up the stairs for the door.

PETERS lowers the gun, reaches into her pocket and pulls out the O.D. WEAPON.

PETERS

An eye for an eye...

She points it at the back of Stone's head and--

--STONE's eyes go wide in agony-- and EXPLODE. He goes TUMBLING back down the stairs, SMOKE pouring from his head, BODY twitching crazily.

INT. LUXURY BUILDING/STAIRWELL - DAY

--GREER is GASPING for breath as he reaches an upper landing. Ahead of him is a heavy STEEL DOOR with a KEYPAD LOCK. He tries the handle, kicks the door once, then pulls his gun and aims it at the lock, turning away as he SHOOTS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE BULLET RICOCHETS about the narrow area, scaring the hell out of him. The LOCK is intact.

GREER

Damn it!

He moves to a NARROWER STAIRCASE with a sign, "ROOF ACCESS."

INT. FBI BUILDING/SURVEILLANCE CENTER - DAY

The RIOT AGENTS pour in now, GUNS FIRING.

PETERS drops behind a bank of TERMINALS for cover. BULLETS rocket past, one CATCHES her in the arm, but barely phases her.

THE RIOT AGENTS move in, military style, surrounding PETERS.

PETERS fiddles with the O.D.--

CLOSE - she slides back a panel, hits a couple of tiny SWITCHES-- the RED DIODES go to BLUE.

PETERS points the device over the terminal, sweeps it in an arc--

--the RIOT AGENTS all FREEZE IN PLACE for a second-- and then drop at once. Unlike with Stone, there's no twitching, smoke or exploding eyeballs. The sudden silence is eerie.

PETERS rises and moves to STONE, the grotesque, empty-eyed surrogate. Her expression is grim, but she's accomplished an important part of her mission.

BOBBY looks around at the many fallen bodies.

BOBBY

Are they dead?

PETERS

(re: the riot agents)

They're fine.

INT. STONE'S STUDY - DAY

The PHONE IS RINGING. Move from it to--

STONE, in his stim chair, projector on his head... eyes rolled back, dead. BLOOD begins to seep from his ears.

EXT. CANTER'S BUILDING/ROOF/BALCONY - DAY

GREER has come out on the roof. There's an enormous CELL TOWER and DISH up here. He moves to the edge, peers over warily.

ANGLE DOWN - forty stories down to the street.

GREER flinches back, reeling with vertigo. He moves along the edge, looking for something.

ANGLE DOWN - the BALCONY outside Canter's study, just inside the roof overhang, a fifteen-foot drop.

GREER squeezes his eyes shut, steeling himself for what he must do. He lowers himself to hang onto the edge, trying not to look down. He swings his body to get the momentum going the right way--

--but his grip gives a moment too soon--

GREER plunges from the roof to the BALCONY RAIL, hitting the railing hard, starting to fall off the wrong way. But he manages to grab onto the metal. He hauls himself up and collapses onto the balcony, lying on his back.

HIS LEG has been injured in the fall, the pants torn, blood. GREER breathes audibly, in pain and exhaustion.

INT. FBI BUILDING/SURVEILLANCE CENTER - DAY

ON THE TERMINAL - numbers still HIGHLIGHTING, flying past at incredible speed.

MOVE TO FIND PETERS, with an open TOOLBOX. She's expertly wiring the O.D. to the keyboard, cutting, splicing and reattaching wires.

BOBBY wheels closer, tries to KICK the O.D.

Without flinching, PETERS KNOCKS him back across the room, the chair FALLS OVER and Bobby moans.

INT. CANTER'S PENTHOUSE/STUDY - DAY

GREER SHOOTS THE GLASS, elbows out the shards and reaches in to unlock the balcony door. Keeping his gun ready, he limps painfully into the empty room.

INT. CANTER'S PENTHOUSE/VARIOUS ROOMS - DAY

QUICK CUTS as GREER hunts for Canter, flinging open doors into BEDROOMS, a LIVING ROOM, BATHROOMS.

INT. LUXURY BUILDING/LOBBY - DAY

The CLERK, reactivated, leads a squad of UNIFORMED POLICE toward the stairwell.

INT. CANTER'S PENTHOUSE/HALLWAY

GREER has almost given up hope when he starts at a noise and spins, ready to shoot at--

--the AUTOMATED VACUUM humming around a corner. As it moves past his feet, Greer registers--

--a thin strip of RED LIGHT at floor level. After a moment, he begins rapping at the wall, realizing it's false.

INT. LUXURY BUILDING/STAIRWELL - DAY

THE CLERK taps a CODE into the KEYPAD of the bullet-dented door. We hear a HEAVY LATCH disengage.

INT. CANTER'S PENTHOUSE/HALLWAY - DAY

GREER hears FOOTSTEPS of the approaching cops as he tries desperately to find a way into the hidden space. He discovers a LATCH at waist level, the wall becomes a pocket door. He lets himself in and closes it behind him just as--

THE POLICE and the CLERK round the corner.

INT. CANTER'S PENTHOUSE/CONTROL AREA - DAY

Eerie RED LIGHT, a narrow, snaking passageway. GREER listens as the FOOTSTEPS pass outside, turns to see--

THE STALKER-- the hulking, silver-eyed surrogate who broke into Peters' place. He's inert in his CHARGING BAY.

Beside him is the BOY who picked Greer up in the limo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WIDER, a dozen SURROGATES, different ages and sexes, lined up in their charging bays. Clearly, Canter can become anyone he wants to be.

GREER is momentarily stunned to see--

THE PROPHET, a spare surrogate, in a charging bay.

GREER moves carefully onward. Around a corner, he sees--

--a PROJECTOR DISPLAY SCREEN. It's PETERS' POV on the FBI SURVEILLANCE CENTER, a glance toward the motionless RIOT AGENTS, to BOBBY struggling on the ground. PETERS' POV SETTLES on the numbers HIGHLIGHTING on the terminal. THE O. D. is connected to the keyboard, BLUE DIODES FLASH, the jerry-rigging complete.

REAL CANTER is visible from behind in an elaborate prosthetic WHEELCHAIR, a SENSORY PROJECTOR on his head. GREER moves toward him and RIPS OFF the headgear.

REAL CANTER opens his eyes, startled.

GREER

You're insane.

INT. FBI BUILDING/SURVEILLANCE CENTER - DAY

PETERS is frozen in place by the terminal. BOBBY, on the ground, realizes something's happened. He strains to see the numbers screen.

ON SCREEN - THE NUMBERS have stopped scrolling. A dialogue box: "FULL DATABASE SELECTED - UPLOADING SOFTWARE TO NETWORK" with a bar moving up slowly.

INT. CANTER'S PENTHOUSE/CONTROL AREA - DAY

CANTER squints up at GREER from his wheelchair and brace. He speaks with an ELECTRONIC AID, his voice slightly artificial-sounding.

CANTER

Jennifer Peters. Is she--

GREER

She's dead.

CANTER

I had no intention of hurting her.
I'm truly sorry--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREER

You bastard, she was my partner, I cared about her--

CANTER

Did you? You barely knew her. It was me you came to care about--

GREER

Shut up!

Greer clenches his fist, if the man wasn't in a wheelchair he would beat the hell out of him. Struggling to control himself, mind reeling:

GREER (CONT'D)

How many people are you? You're really the Prophet?

CANTER

I had to fight VSI any way I could.

As Canter speaks, his eyes flick toward the PROJECTOR'S MONITOR--

--the image of the O.D. DEVICE UPLOADING SOFTWARE from PETERS' POV. Canter tries to block Greer's view--

CANTER (CONT'D)

There's nothing you can do--

GREER PUSHES CANTER'S WHEELCHAIR out of the way violently. Greer sits on the floor, leaning against the wall. He takes a breath and puts on the PROJECTOR HEADSET. He slips on the FINGERSLEEVE, presses his fingers together and--

INT. FBI BUILDING/SURVEILLANCE CENTER - DAY

--PETERS is suddenly REANIMATED, stumbles a bit where she stands, as Greer gets his bearings in this new body. He moves to the KEYBOARD and RIPS THE O.D. from the jerry-rigged connection.

ON TERMINAL SCREEN - "UPLOAD COMPLETE."

PETERS turns to BOBBY.

PETERS

How do I shut it down?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY
(baffled)
You...

PETERS
Bobby, this is Agent Greer!

ON THE CATWALK - a HUMAN agent, he's a SNIPER in black, creeps into position, readying his rifle.

PETERS/GREER helps BOBBY up, so that he can see the computer screen. Bobby remains cuffed.

ON SCREEN - "PREPARING TO DISCONNECT OPERATORS - 30 SECONDS." The number is counting down.

BOBBY
(thinking)
OK... the software from that thing's already in the system, you have to abort transmission.

PETERS/GREER
(desperate)
How?!

BOBBY
Hit control-escape, F12.

As PETERS/GREER does so:

PETERS/GREER
This can really send a virus to every surrie on the network?

BOBBY
Sure, but it has to disconnect the operators first.

PETERS/GREER
(pauses, surprised)
So people aren't in any danger...

BOBBY
Their surrogates are! Hurry up!

ON TERMINAL SCREEN - "ABORT? YES. NO."

INT. CANTER'S PENTHOUSE/CONTROL AREA - DAY

THE PROJECTOR SCREEN shows the words "YES. NO."

MOVE TO GREER, in the sensory projector, his face tight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CANTER stares at GREER, seeing that Greer realizes what's at stake-- the fate of humanity.

CANTER

You understand...

INT. FBI BUILDING/SURVEILLANCE CENTER - DAY

PETERS/GREER reaches for the keyboard again, hesitates. A moment of internal conflict.

BOBBY stares, confused.

BOBBY

Do it!

BANG! A CLEAN HEADSHOT drops PETERS/GREER in her tracks, ELECTRONIC GOO sprays the COMPUTER SCREEN.

BOBBY spins in his chair.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

No!

He tries desperately to reach the keys himself, but--
ON SCREEN - "DISCONNECTING." He's too late.

INT. CANTER'S PENTHOUSE/CONTROL AREA - DAY

GREER yanks off the headset, breathing hard, eyes wide with shock. CANTER regards him from his wheelchair. He's been watching the MONITOR, knows what just happened.

CANTER

You could have stopped it. Thank you...

GREER

Why...?

CANTER

You know why. I won't be responsible for the death of humanity. I like the way you put it-- unringing a bell.

GREER puts his head in his hands, realizing the enormity of what he's just done.

GREER

You created them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CANTER

I only sought to give people like me the chance to live normal lives. But my partners at VSI overrode me. They saw a much larger market-- surrogates for everyone. Healthy people. Children. A world without risk, without pain. Without feelings. Nothing at stake. Nothing to live for.

Greer rises shakily.

GREER

What's going to happen?

CANTER

The day of resurrection.

As he speaks, he raises a small white capsule to his lips.

GREER

No--!

Before Greer can stop him, CANTER BITES INTO IT and swallows. Greer tries to get the capsule from Canter's mouth-- but the man is DEAD within moments.

INT. FBI BUILDING/SURVEILLANCE CENTER - DAY

BOBBY KICKS at the COMPUTER frantically, CRYING OUT. THE SNIPER reaches him, CUTS his HANDS free with a KNIFE.

HUMAN SNIPER

It's OK, sir, you're alright, it's over--

Freed, Bobby lunges at the keyboard, hitting keys in a frenzy, but--

ON SCREEN - "DISCONNECTING" changes to "OPERATORS DISCONNECTED..." Then, quickly-- "TRANSMITTING."

EXT. RESERVATION NO MAN'S LAND - DAY

LATE AFTERNOON, golden light. DREADS have been herded together here, NATIONAL GUARDSMEN surrounding them. Suddenly the GUARDSMEN all DROP at once.

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - DAY

CROWDED, rush hour, lots of traffic and noise. Then--
 --PEDESTRIANS fall in a wave. CARS VEER out of control, SMASHING INTO EACH OTHER, careening onto the sidewalk, rolling over fallen surrie bodies and SMASHING into storefronts.

INT. FBI BUILDING/BULLPEN - DAY

THE FEDS are all collapsed over desks, or sprawled flat.

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

A CAR FULL OF COMMUTERS-- some slumped in their seats or hanging from straps, others lying on the floor. The car STOPS AUTOMATICALLY, the DOORS OPEN with a HISS--

--to reveal a PLATFORM littered with BODIES.

INT. MAGGIE'S SHOP - DAY

ALL EMPLOYEES and CUSTOMERS of the beauty shop are motionless. CAMERA FINDS MAGGIE on the floor among them, staring sightlessly at the ceiling.

EXT. LUXURY BUILDING/BALCONY - DAY

ANGLE DOWN on the suddenly quiet street. The surries have dropped throughout the city.

PULL BACK to reveal GREER looking down on this. He limps quickly back inside--

INT. CANTER'S PENTHOUSE/STUDY - DAY

--stepping over the BODIES of the FALLEN COPS. He moves for the ELEVATOR, hits a SWITCH to POWER it up.

EXT. RESERVATION NO MAN'S LAND - DAY

The moment the Dreads have been waiting for. With a mass CRY, they're charging over the fallen BODIES of the GUARDSMEN and over the flattened fences.

WIDE as THOUSANDS OF DREADS run out of the reservation into the streets of the city.

EXT. WASHINGTON STREETS - DAY

GREER hobbles through the dreadful aftermath-- SMOKING AUTO PILEUPS, BODIES everywhere, most fallen in their tracks, a few remain on their feet. CAR HORNS, ALARMS in the distance.

A few disheveled DREADS are here, taking it in with delight and amazement. They WHOOP as they TIP OVER a couple of the standing surries.

GREER passes a CAR on the sidewalk, its DRIVER slumped against the wheel-- the RADIO BLARES:

RADIO VOICE

The massive surrogate shutdown appears to be nationwide...

EXT. VSI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

FALLEN SURRIES all over the grounds. ARMED DREADS are rushing into the place, past the MOTIONLESS SENTRIES. They're making for the factory.

RADIO VOICE

Rioters presumed to be members of the Human Coalition seem to be making coordinated attacks on surrogate-related businesses across the country...

INT. VSI FACTORY - DAY

The ROBOTIC ASSEMBLY LINE, still running until--

BOOM! A DREAD shoots an RPG into the machinery. SURROGATE PARTS are BLASTED in all directions.

INT. VSI WAREHOUSE - DAY

FIRE SPREADS across the rows of SURROGATE TEMPLATES, packed together tightly.

CLOSE on a MELTING FACE, the deforming PLASTIC SKULL and ELECTRONICS within.

RADIO VOICE

Citizens are asked to remain in their homes...

EXT. GREER'S BUILDING - DAY

GREER makes his way toward his place.

INT. GREER'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

GREER enters, moves immediately for his wife's bedroom.

GREER

Maggie--?

He KNOCKS gently, then tries the door-- it isn't locked.

INT. GREER'S APARTMENT/MAGGIE'S ROOM - DAY

The room is DIM, there's a FORM huddled in the bed, SOBBING, covers pulled up. GREER moves slowly toward her, speaks in a soothing voice.

GREER

Maggie, it's me.

She pulls away from his touch at first, struggles.

MAGGIE

No! Please no, don't look at me...

Greer pulls away the covers to reveal the REAL MAGGIE. She's pale, emaciated and malnourished, tears running down her face. She shrinks away from him.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

No Tom, I don't want you to...

It doesn't matter to Greer-- he takes her in his arms and holds her close.

GREER

It's OK, it's OK...

MAGGIE

No it's not...

GREER

Ssh. It's just us now.

Slowly, she puts her arms around him, weeping against his chest. PULL BACK and--

EXT. GREER'S BUILDING/NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

--OUT THE WINDOW. MOVE to show exterior DOORS OPENING and GREER'S NEIGHBORS EMERGING, blinking in the unfamiliar sunlight. Most wear robes, sweatclothes. They're all ages, some overweight, others homely-- it's almost a relief after all the young, perfect people.

DOWN THE STREET, OTHERS EMERGE, regard each other warily, like people after an earthquake. Some begin speaking to each other for the first time, in whispers at first, others take in the SUNSET which bathes the neighborhood in orange light.

FADE TO BLACK.