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original screenplay by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT (RAIN)

SLOW CRANE DOWN FROM HIGH ABOVE a dark, wet, litter-strewn street.

It's a war zone: graffiti, burned-out and stripped vehicles, trashed buildings and vacant lots.

SUPER: LOS ANGELES

11.17.2009

A futuristic police cruiser passes slowly, its spotlight searching the nooks and crannies of the street idly.

Street people huddle under refuse.

Several punks duck out of sight.

Two hookers stand on the sidewalk, whistling at the police cruiser.

He slows, then moves on.

MOVE behind the cruiser, TURN into a darkened alley, then MOVE to a CLOSE UP of a lone figure.

BUZZ DELARUE, early 30s, lights a cigarette, his face lit by the flare.

He reaches into his jacket and pulls out a blood-red anodized hunting knife.

He replaces it and lurches across the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SKID ROW BAR - NIGHT

The only indications of the 21st century are the 3-D beer label holographs on the walls.

Otherwise the decor is old and tired, as are the patrons.

Rock 'n roll blares from the JUKEBOX; the video is a miniature holograph under a glass bubble.

Buzz shuffles in, admires his reflection in the jukebox glass for a moment, then turns abruptly round and bumps into CARL (40s), spilling his beer. Carl's pissed--and drunk.

CARL  
Hey, watch it!

Buzz reaches into his jacket and pulls the knife partly out.  
Carl sees the steel and backs off.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Hey, man, relax!

The other patrons ignore the incident.

The Barman eyes Buzz warily as he approaches the bar.

BUZZ  
Beer. With a stinger. Now.

The Barman obediently drafts a glass of beer and injects a silver, shimmering fluid into it.

The glass bubbles riotously.

He hands it to Buzz, who drains it at a gulp.

Buzz then takes a drag on his cigarette and pinches it out between his thumb and forefinger.

The barman winces.

A burly hand grabs Buzz's shoulder, whirling him around.

Buzz's hand goes instinctively to his jacket pocket, but a gun muzzle is thrust in his throat.

A hand grabs his, withdrawing the hand with the knife.

Two construction workers, COLSEN and DANDRIDGE, hold Buzz facing Carl, one on each side, the gun at his neck.

Buzz shows no sign of concern.

The knife is handed to Carl. He eyes the blade.

CARL  
That's quite a toad-stabber ya got here.

Carl holds the blade up so everyone can see it.

Suddenly, Buzz connects to Carl's crotch with his boot.

Carl lets go of the knife.

Buzz neatly snatches it, wheels around, and cuts Colsen, who drops the gun, screaming and clutching at his wrist.

Dandrige stands frozen at the events unfolding before him.

Buzz backhands him with the knife handle, sending him reeling.

The gun lies on the floor. Carl reaches for it.

Buzz steps firmly on his hand. The sound of BREAKING bones.

Buzz picks up the gun and aims it at Carl.

BUZZ  
Vengeance is mine!

He cocks the pistol.

BUZZ (CONT'D)  
Judgment day!

CARL  
Hey, man, put that thing away!

Buzz laughs, and FIRES into Carl's stomach.

BUZZ  
Shee-it! Missed your heart.

Carl reels over, his stomach gushing blood.

Buzz coolly eyes the others around him. He looks at the Barman.

BUZZ (CONT'D)  
Money. Now!

The Barman shovels plastic credit chips out onto the counter.

Buzz crams them into his pockets.

Colsen lunges, but Buzz sidesteps him easily, tripping him.

Buzz rolls him over and pistol whips him across the face, punctuating the blows with his words.

BUZZ (CONT'D)  
Judgment Day! The Hammer of Justice!  
I do His work, man!

The bar patrons watch, horrified.

Buzz looks around in a daze. Recovering from his seizure, he stands up, brandishes the gun and exits hurriedly.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BAR - NIGHT

Buzz bursts from the bar doorway and lopes down the street, trailing the credit chips from his pockets.

He ducks into an alley and disappears.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - LATER (RAIN)

Buzz bangs on a steel warehouse door. It opens a crack.

In the blackness beyond appear a pair of eyes belonging to MOZE, a pusher.

Buzz thrusts a handful of chips through the doorway, which Moze eyes momentarily before he accepts.

He disappears for a moment, then returns with two nickel bags of smack, wrapped in tin foil.

He eyes Buzz closely.

MOZE

Chasin' the dragon again, Buzz?

Buzz uses the knife to pierce the baggie, withdrawing a bit of powder on the tip.

He touches the tip to his tongue, testing the drug.

Satisfied, he turns and hobbles away.

BUZZ

Gonna eat him alive tonight.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER ALLEY - NIGHT

Buzz scrunches down between overflowing trash cans, causing rats to SQUEAL and scamper away.

He pours a baggie out onto the tin foil, then lights a match and holds it under the square. The powder smokes.

He inhales the entire amount.

His head jerks backwards, his eyes wide and glassy, staring blindly. His hands open and close spasmodically. His body racks with tremors and his mouth gapes grotesquely.

BUZZ

Hammer of the Almighty...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. SAME ALLEY - LATER

Buzz picks himself up slowly. He has the vacant grin of the recently satisfied. He ambles into the street.

Two hookers stand in a doorway. CLARICE (21), a dishwater blonde, smokes a cigarette. Donna (20) is black.

Buzz approaches the girls.

Donna has no interest in this john. Clarice opts for it.

CLARICE

Hey, baby, whas' doin'? You wanna party?

Buzz stops at the foot of the steps and eyes the girls.

They're not even sure he sees them. He's pretty wasted.

DONNA

This one's partyin' already.

Clarice nods.

Buzz's eyes brighten. He speaks, the words slurred:

BUZZ

The nigger. I'll show you a party.

DONNA

Hey, you'd best be treating me like the lady I am!

She sashays and both girls laugh.

Buzz bows low.

BUZZ

Well, then come on--I got a party right here in my pocket.

He taps his breast pocket.

Donna leaves the stoop, speaking over her shoulder:

DONNA

I give him two minutes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Buzz slumps against the wall. Donna is impatient.

DONNA

Come on, I ain't got all night.

BUZZ

And I ain't got any money.

DONNA

You got something else you can trade?  
Any candy?

He reaches into his pocket, pulling out his knife.

She takes a step back.

BUZZ

Yah, I got candy. And you got me. We  
got each other.

He takes a step toward her, the knife catching the light.

She backs up, fear racing in her eyes.

Suddenly, she produces a revolver from under her skirt,  
pointing it at Buzz.

DONNA

Drop it.

BUZZ

I was jokin'. I got something for  
you.

He reaches into this jacket and removes a baggie, using the  
knife to open it.

Donna watches, interested.

He lays the knife on the ground and she lowers the gun.

BUZZ (CONT'D)

It's okay. Try this.

As she reaches for the baggie, Buzz pulls a gun from his  
jacket and backhands her with it.

She goes down like a brick.

He kneels by her, scooping up the baggie. He picks up his  
knife and prepares to stab her.

The sound of an approaching SIREN is heard.

Buzz looks around.

BUZZ (CONT'D)

Party's over!

Buzz careens down the alley. The SIREN wails.

A speeding car rounds the corner, streaking past the alley.

Buzz takes no notice and runs toward the street.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - TRAVELING - RAIN - CONTINUOUS  
The cruiser chases a speeding car around the corner.  
The headlights fall upon Buzz, frozen like a rabbit.  
The cruiser mows down his frozen form.

EXT. POLICE CRUISER - RAIN - CONTINUOUS  
The cruiser SCREECHES to a halt, then backs up.  
MASON, the driver, and GARRETT, riding shotgun, jump out.

MASON  
I didn't even see him! Shit!  
He slams his fist on the hood angrily.

MASON (CONT'D)  
Call it in!

INT. POLICE CRUISER - RAIN - CONTINUOUS  
Garrett jumps into the drivers seat and keys the radio:

GARRETT  
Dispatch. this is Abel Three Four.  
We just nailed a jay-walker during  
pursuit of the perp Chrysler.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
Copy, Three Four. What's his  
condition?

Mason kicks Buzz's body. He's bleeding out of the ears.

MASON  
Better order cold storage.

GARRETT  
He's history. Call the morgue.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
Copy. We got two units on your perp.  
Bag the citizen and wait for the  
chopper.

MASON  
Make it quick, the natives are  
restless.

Street people wait ominously in the shadows.

The radio CRACKLES static, then,

DISPATCHER (O.S.)  
 (filtered)  
 Ten-four. ETA of the Evac Chop is  
 five short ones. Hang on.

Garrett reaches under the seat and withdraws a flare gun.

He loops one into the black sky. The shimmering red glow of the flare illuminates the street.

The locals retreat into the shadows.

Mason readies his gun.

MASON  
 Make it three minutes or else bring  
 a whole bunch of body bags with ya.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVAC CHOPPER - AERIAL - NIGHT (CLEARING)

The evac chopper races between skyscrapers, the city lights pinpointing in the clouds.

INT. EVAC CHOPPER - TRAVELING - CONTINUOUS

DRAKE, the pilot, glances at the dash, then looks at his co-pilot, COOMBS.

DRAKE  
 I don't want to go down there.

COOMBS  
 What's the problem? We get hazard  
 pay for just flying over the sector.  
 We'll be in and out in thirty seconds.

DRAKE  
 The locals downed a chopper last  
 year. I heard they ate the crew.

COOMBS  
 I thought they just ate each other!  
 (beat)  
 Look, Cap. There's the flare.

COOMBS' P.O.V. - THE STREET BELOW

is shrouded in a drizzly mist. A red flare hangs in the sky, illuminating a trashy back street.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The chopper lands in a deserted lot, stirring up garbage and scattering the red flare smoke.

Coombs alights as Mason and Garrett trundle a body bag over to the chopper, tossing it roughly inside the door that Drake opens.

They yell to be heard over the ROTOR SCREAM.

COOMBS

Where's the report chip?

Garret hands him the chip, a tow inch plastic rectangle.

COOMBS (CONT'D)

When I'm done, you want me to file it? Or return it to you?

GARRETT

File it, flush it, I don't care.  
This asshole screwed us out of a  
five hundred dollar bust bonus.

Coombs drops the chip into his flight suit pocket.

He slams the door and the chopper lifts off quickly.

The cops jump in the cruiser and speed off.

CUT TO:

INT. EVAC CHOPPER - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Coombs zips open the body bag, studies Buzz's body for a moment, then goes through the pockets.

He pulls out the knife, looks it over closely, then places it in his own jacket.

He pulls out some holographic credit chips.

COOMBS

Sixty new dollars. Worthless.

DRAKE (O.S.)

Well, leave a few. We're not grave robbers, ya know...

Coombs stuffs the chips in his pocket.

ANGLE ON COCKPIT

as COOMBS enters, handing Drake his share of the money.

COOMBS  
Captain, what's your pay scale?

DRAKE  
Still a lousy E-5.

COOMBS  
How'd you like to make five hundred  
in five minutes--free and clear?

DRAKE  
New dollars? Or old?

COOMBS  
Old. There's a research facility out  
in the north valley that buys stiffs.

DRAKE  
And the report? Someone'll wonder  
what happened, even to this piece of  
shit.

COOMBS  
I got the chip. Nobody'll miss this  
guy. You saw the cops--they didn't  
even look at him.

DRAKE  
Okay, give 'em a call. See if they're  
open this late.

EXT. ABOVE THE HIGHRISES - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The chopper arcs off into the rainy night.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. INSTITUTE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT - LATER

SUPER:

INSTITUTE FOR PSYCHOBIOLOGICAL STUDIES

L.A. METRO NORTH SECTOR

The chopper settles down on the landing pad. The rain has  
stopped, but everything is still wet.

Three techs trundle a gurney toward the chopper.

The engine WHINES down.

The chopper door opens.

Buzz's body is placed on the gurney and is wheeled quickly away by two of the techs.

Coombs speaks to FELLOWS, the remaining tech.

FELLOWS

How do you guys want this? Credit chips or direct deposit?

COOMBS

Cash. Old dollars.

FELLOWS

We don't have any--

Coombs shoves Buzz's knife up against Fellows' stomach.

COOMBS

I get it in old dollars, or you spill your guts to me.

FELLOWS

All right, all right!  
(sotto voce)  
Everyone's a gangster.

He pulls a bundle of the ancient looking, tattered bills from his pocket and counts out ten one hundred dollar bills.

Coombs takes takes them, gives the signal to Drake and the engines WHINE up.

He jumps into the chopper and it lifts off.

Fellows stands a moment in the rotor wash, then heads inside.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The gurney with Buzz's body on it is wheeled down starkly white corridors by several blue-smocked techs.

They push through a door marked "AUTOPSY."

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Techs in surgical gowns surround the body.

Everyone has the bored, detached attitude common to morgues.

NURSE BRAXTON begins removing Buzz's clothing.

Suddenly, his eyes snap open and his hand grabs her by the throat.

BUZZ

The Hammer!

Braxton flails weakly, her eyes popping with terror.

NURSE MECHAM drops her instrument tray in horror.

MECHAM

My god! He's still alive!

HEAD NURSE RACINE rushes to Braxton, and together with Mecham, pries her loose from Buzz.

His hands continue grasping at empty air, weakening.

Braxton coughs and wheezes, backing away.

Racine grabs a hypo and thrusts it into Buzz's leg.

He convulses, then lies still.

RACINE

Get Dr. Porter immediately!

No one moves.

RACINE (CONT'D)

MOVE!

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

DR. HAROLD CASTNER (late 50s), sits at his computer, which shows a rotating GRAPHIC of a human brain.

He carries on a conversation with the computer which appears on the screen.

CASTNER

List reasons for chimp's death.

COMPUTER

Insufficient data.

CASTNER

Should we plan another simian download?

COMPUTER

Insufficient data.

CASTNER

What should we do next?

COMPUTER

Working...

The phone RINGS. Castner uncradles it.

CASTNER

Dr. Castner... Really! Did you notify  
Dr. Porter? I'll be right there.

He looks once again at the screen.

THE SCREEN

The "working" response continues to blink.

CASTNER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Well?

The screen goes momentarily blank. Then:

COMPUTER

Subject feedback essential. Next  
logical step is a human download  
recipient.

CASTNER

The risks?

COMPUTER

Unknown.

CASTNER

looks glumly at the screen, then leaves.

ANGLE ON SCREEN

PUSH IN to the word "Unknown."

CUT TO:

INT. AUTOPSY - MOMENTS LATER

DR. ALEX PORTER, black, mid-40s, athletic and confident,  
bursts through the doors.

Everyone stands aside, eyeing Buzz's motionless body.

Racine approaches him.

PORTER

What the hell's going on?

RACINE

Routine instructional autopsy, Dr.  
Porter--except this one wasn't  
exactly... dead.

PORTER

Condition?

RACINE

Severe internal abdominal bleed.  
Broken hip, two fractured--

PORTER

Has he flatlined?

RACINE

Neuroscan indicates his brain is  
intact. We might be able to save him  
if...

Porter pushes her aside and approaches Buzz. He stands  
silently for a moment, looking at the body.

Then suddenly, he wheels around.

PORTER

Get him to the Chamber.

RACINE

But, Dr. Porter... he's alive!

PORTER

NOW!

Buzz is loaded on a gurney and whisked out of the room.

INT. HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

MOVE WITH THEM down the spotless corridors.

After several twists and turns, we pass through another  
doorway with the words above it:

PROJECT DOWNLOAD

DOWNLOAD CHAMBER

AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY

A guard stands aside as the team whisks the gurney through.

The doors WHISPER shut behind them.

INT. DOWNLOAD CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The techs place Buzz's body on a large white slab that has  
an impression on it in the shape of a human body.

The scanner stands at the head of the table: a large donut-  
shaped apparatus standing on end, similar to a CAT scan.

Numerous techs work at terminals arcing around the scanner.

Buzz is hooked up to a breather.

Dr. Castner enters the room.

Porter grabs him and pulls him over into a corner, out of earshot of the others.

PORTER

Harold, this is the break we've been waiting for! He's alive, his brain's intact, and he's young! The perfect subject!

CASTNER

We don't know anything about him: Who he is, his background, anything-- I don't like working in the dark, Alex!

PORTER

Until we start working with humans we'll remain in the dark! You're always pressing us to move faster! This is our chance! A quantum leap!

Castner gets the message. He looks away from Porter.

DR. COLLINS, psychiatrist, mid-30's, thin and nervous, interrupts Castner's thoughts.

COLLINS

EEG flatlining, Doctor.

Everyone looks at Castner. He pauses a moment, thinking.

CASTNER

Okay, do it. Before I change my mind.

The transfer crew leaves.

PORTER

Begin procedure.

INSERT - MONITOR

The read-out begins:

DOWNLOAD ROUTINE

> Life Functions: CRITICAL

> CPU Status: ON-LINE

> Matrix Status: READY (blinking)

TECH DAVIES

looks up from her screen.

DAVIES

We're ready, Dr. Porter.

On the bodyslab, Buzz's body suddenly hitches. He opens his eyes and reaches out, grabbing Castner by the throat.

Collins, Porter, and Harrison try to pry Castner loose from Buzz's tremendous grip.

CASTNER

For God's sake, kill life support!

Collins switches off the breather. It wheezes to a halt.

Buzz arcs his back one last time and lies still, releasing Castner's neck from his grip.

Castner staggers back, dazed. He rubs his neck, coughing.

INSERT - THE MONITOR

lines slowly flatten, then finally flatline.

BUZZ'S P.O.V. - THE FACES

of Collins, Porter, Harrison and Castner gradually fade, disappearing down a black tunnel.

FADE OUT.

OVER BLACK:

The voices grow more and more distant and indistinct:

CASTNER (V.O.)

Good lord!

PORTER (V.O.)

You okay?

CASTNER (V.O.)

Yeah... go ahead.

HARRISON (V.O.)

He's dead, Doctor.

PORTER (V.O.)

Freeze him.

COLLINS (V.O.)

Injecting freeze compound.

The sound of a GAS HYPO being administered.

A sudden, searing SCREAM erupts, echoing down the mind's corridors as Buzz's brain is frozen.

It weakens and fades, finally dying out completely.

SOUND FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. DOWNLOAD CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

ANGLE ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

as the following is entered:

> Download Routine: BEGIN  
> Status: RUNNING (blinking)

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. GENTECH HEADQUARTERS - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Huge, well appointed twin towers denote power and strength.

SUPER:

GENTECH INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

INT. HAPSCOMB'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CHAIRMAN HAPSCOMB, early 60s, gray haired, fit and tanned, looks out over the skyline.

His deskless office consists solely of two chairs facing each other. By his chair is a small view screen console.

A BUZZER sounds.

SECRETARY (V.O.)  
Chairman? Dr. Reynolds is here.

HAPSCOMB  
Send him in.

The door opens and PAUL REYNOLDS, psychiatrist, enters. He is 32, average build, with sandy hair. He is uncomfortable in these surroundings; meetings with the Chairman are not pleasant.

Hapscomb rises and turns off the viewer. He is dressed casually; no tie or suit.

He walks over to Paul, hands outstretched.

HAPSCOMB (CONT'D)

Hello, Paul. Sit.

He motions Paul toward the other chair. They both sit.

PAUL

Hello, Mr. Hapscomb.

HAPSCOMB

You okay, Paul? Need a trunk?

PAUL

What I can do for you, sir?

HAPSCOMB

Are you familiar with one of our subsidiarys: the Institute for Psychobiological Studies?

PAUL

Never heard of it.

HAPSCOMB

A staff member has had a breakdown. I want you to treat him.

PAUL

Don't they have a psychologist?

HAPSCOMB

Yes.

PAUL

So why doesn't he do it?

HAPSCOMB

Because the patient is the resident shrink: Bill Collins.

PAUL

Bill Collins? You're kidding!

HAPSCOMB

You know him?

PAUL

We interned together! I didn't even know he was working for GenTech--

HAPSCOMB

So you'll go and look him over?

PAUL  
Of course, but I--

HAPSCOMB  
Adjust your schedule so you can devote  
your full time to his recovery.

PAUL  
I doubt it will take all my time. I  
have other patients--

HAPSCOMB  
I'm transferring you to IPS until  
Collins recovers.

PAUL  
But sir, I'm needed here...

Hapscomb rises from his chair. The interview is over.

HAPSCOMB  
You're needed where I tell you you're  
needed. I want you out there today.

PAUL  
Yes sir.

HAPSCOMB  
Fix him up, Paul. We need him well...  
badly.

CUT TO:

EXT. IPS INSTITUTE - DAY

Paul drives through the main gate. Guard dogs patrol the  
perimeter.

The building itself is concrete and austere, surrounded by  
lawns and shrubbery, beyond which are tall chainlink fences  
with signs affixed:

WARNING! STAND CLEAR!

DEADLY ELECTRICAL CHARGE!

Paul pulls into a parking space near the front entrance.

He gets out of his car and walks to the doorway.

Jutting up from the ground is a security module.

Paul places his palm on a hand-shaped scanning screen. A  
light passes quickly across it. He removes his hand.

INSERT - THE SCREEN

displays the following:

> Visitor: PAUL REYNOLDS, M.D.

> Security: LEVEL C

BACK TO SCENE

A CLICK is heard and the door beyond opens quietly.

INT. LOBBY/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Paul is greeted by Dr. Castner, who has shed his blue smock in favor of a suit. They shake hands.

CASTNER

Welcome to IPS, Dr. Reynolds. I'm  
Harold Castner, Executive Director.  
Please.

MOVE WITH THEM as they walk down the corridor.

PAUL

I know of your work with gene  
splicing.

CASTNER

Well, thank you, but that's ancient  
history these days--

PAUL

What can you tell me about Bill  
Collins?

CASTNER

I understand he's a friend of yours.  
I'm sorry.

PAUL

News travels.

CASTNER

He's had a psychotic break.

PAUL

What caused it?

CASTNER

We don't know really know.

They round the corner and find themselves face to face with two other doctors.

Dr Porter is speaking with DIANA HASTINGS, late 20s, fair skinned and dark-haired.

Paul stops in his tracks, stunned, staring at Diana.

Diana looks up. Her eyes meet Paul's and she blanches.

Castner and Porter exchange a look.

CASTNER (CONT'D)  
Doctors Porter and Hastings, this is  
Dr. Paul Reynolds.

PORTER  
I'm Alex Porter, head neurologist.

He holds out his hand expectantly. Paul ignores him.

PORTER (CONT'D)  
Doctor?

Paul is still staring at Diana. He takes Porter's hand absently.

PAUL  
Oh. Hi.

CASTNER  
And this is Dr. Diana Hastings, head  
of computer science.

They make no move to shake.

CASTNER (CONT'D)  
You two know each other?

PAUL  
We did once. Hello, Diana.

DIANA  
Good to see you again, Doctor.

She holds out her hand. Paul takes it.

CASTNER  
Well, Dr. Collins is in here...

INT. ANTEROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Castner presses a combination on a keypad and the door opens on a small anteroom with a two-way mirror, beyond which is a padded cell.

Inside, Collins lies in a fetal position. He is wearing only a hospital gown. His eyes are red and wild, his hair an oily, matted mass. Sweat pours off him.

His hands are pressed firmly against his temples, and he sobs quietly.

PORTER

We were afraid to sedate him because we wanted his mind to be clear. But as you see...

PAUL

He seems to be in tremendous pain.

CASTNER

Doctor, he's very important to the research team here.

Paul looks at Castner, then turns to the window.

PAUL

I'd like to visit with him him alone.

Castner pauses a moment, then concedes.

The doctors exit.

Paul rummages through his bag. He loads a gas hypo, unlocks the door to the cell and steps through.

INT. CELL - CONTINUOUS

Collins appears not to notice, his eyes shut tightly, his hands pressed against his temples.

COLLINS

GET OUT! LEAVE ME ALONE!

PAUL

Bill, it's me. Paul Reynolds.

Collins opens his eyes. His brittle voice cracks.

COLLINS

Paul? He's trying to kill me!

PAUL

Who is?

COLLINS

He'll kill us all!

PAUL

Bill, I'm gonna sedate you a little so you can relax--

COLLINS

No! He's coming!

PAUL

Nobody's gonna hurt you. Here.

Paul injects the hypo into Collins' arm, who struggles a moment, then goes limp.

Paul turns to the window to see if he can see the others through the one-way glass. His reflection stares back.

Collins' eyes suddenly snap open. The whites are clear and cruel. He jumps to this feet, screaming.

He rushes at Paul, grabbing him around the neck, choking him. He has the strength of two men.

Paul goes down, Collins on top. Paul tries to yell for help, but Collins has him around the neck, choking him.

Paul grasps for the hypo. It is just out of reach.

Collins' eyes are wildly frenzied.

Paul grows paler, closer to blacking out. Finally, his fingers find the syringe.

It makes a smooth arc, and finds its mark on Collins' back, unloading itself fully therein.

Collins goes limp.

Paul throws Collins off and stumbles out of the cell.

INT. ANTEROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paul falls headlong into the other doctors as they rush in the door. His shirt is torn and he's bleeding over one eye. His neck is bruised and swollen.

CASTNER

What happened?

PAUL

Where were you?!

DIANA

You said you wanted to be alone with him!

Paul looks toward the window as he rubs his neck.

PAUL

I snowed him and he went crazy! I gave him with the entire hypo! It'll kill him!

He shoves Castner away from the window.

PAUL'S P.O.V. - COLLINS,

far from being comatose, writhes fitfully, talking to himself, the sweat pouring off him.

BACK TO SCENE

PAUL (CONT'D)

He ought to be comatose!

CASTNER

What's he saying?

PAUL

He thinks someone's trying to kill him! What happened?

CASTNER

I told you, we really don't--

PAUL

I'm taking him to County General!

PORTER

Can't you treat him here?

Someone is POUNDING on glass. The doctors turn.

It's Collins. Tears streak his face. His lips move slowly, mouthing: "Help me!"

PAUL

Can he see us?

PORTER

Of course not.

CASTNER

Come, we'll talk outside.

As he leads Paul from the room, Paul looks back over his shoulder at Collins' pleading, tear-streaked face.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Castner guides Paul down the hallway. The other doctors follow.

CASTNER

What did you give him?

PAUL

Third phase beta-endorphin --

CASTNER

A neural block?

PAUL

It's got a good track record. I could  
up the dose a little--

A NURSE appears, running around the corner.

NURSE

Dr. Castner! Come quick!

Everyone dashes madly back toward the Observation Room.

INT. OBSERVATION ANTEROOM - CONTINUOUS

The doctors run in. Porter and Diana stop at the window.

Castner opens the door and steps through with Paul.

The Nurse stands frozen at the outer door.

CASTNER

Oh my God...

Collins lies, his head horribly twisted to the side. His  
eyes stare blankly.

The doctors are aghast.

Diana lurches out the door.

Porter kneels, touching Collins' neck.

PORTER

Neck's broken.

PAUL

What?

PORTER

He broke his own neck... Is that  
even possible?

Paul grabs Castner by the lapels, shoving him against the  
wall. Castner doesn't put up much of a fight.

PAUL

What the hell is going on here?

Castner blinks his glazed eyes but doesn't respond.

Paul drops him and heads out to the corridor.

Castner's chest is heaving, sweat dimples his brow. He slowly slides down the wall next to Collins' twisted body, fumbling in his pocket for something.

Porter kneels beside him.

PORTER

Your heart?

Castner nods weakly.

CUT TO:

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Diana is bent over a toilet, gagging.

Paul bursts in. No one else is present. He kneels by her.

PAUL

You okay?

DIANA

A little woozy, that's all. I'm no combat medic.

She sits by the stool, her hand draped over the bowl. Her eyes are red and puffy, her nose running. She's a mess.

Paul dabs at her face with some tissue.

PAUL

Are you okay? Do you have to...

DIANA

No, I think I'm done.

She looks up at him for the first time. Something passes between them--something old and deeply hidden.

DIANA (CONT'D)

We gotta stop meeting like this.

He helps her to her feet and guides her out of the room.

PAUL

I know all the romantic spots.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Castner sits in his chair, staring blankly. Diana nurses a glass of water. Porter stands, looking out the windows, across the lawns. Paul paces.

PORTER

Dr. Reynolds, perhaps we should explain a few things to you...

PAUL

Oh, yes, like for starters, tell me why a man who is terrified of being murdered turns around and two minutes later kills himself?

PORTER

We're not sure he did, are we? He might have fallen. Or--

PAUL

Doctor, if you're going to lie, at least be creative. 'Cause the old man will be interested to know you may have caused an employee's death...

CASTNER

The Chairman is quite well informed about what is going on here. All research has its downside--

PAUL

This is research related?

INSERT - CASTNER

presses a button under the table.

BACK TO SCENE

DIANA

We're pursuing an important line of research called Project Down--

CASTNER

Dr. Reynolds, would you give us a moment alone? It's a matter of security, really.

He motions toward the door.

PAUL

I'm not going anywhere.

The door opens. The head of security, BLAKELY, 40, black, muscular build, enters.

BLAKELY

Yes, sir?

CASTNER

Mr. Blakely, would you please show  
Dr. Reynolds the lobby? We'll need  
him back here momentarily.

BLAKELY

We'll be right outside.  
(politely; to Paul)  
Doctor?

Paul looks at Diana, who is turned, looking out the window.

Blakely takes him firmly by the arm and leads him out.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Blakely shoves Paul roughly into a chair. Paul starts to get  
back up. Blakely points a finger.

BLAKELY

Don't even think about it.

Paul eases back in his chair.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Diana stands by the window. She wheels around, furious.

DIANA

Was that really necessary?

CASTNER

We have to discuss this before we  
tell him anything.

(beat)

Just how well do you know Dr.  
Reynolds?

DIANA

What's that got to do with it?

PORTER

He's an outsider!

DIANA

He has security clearance!

CASTNER

A man just died in there!

PORTER

He's a spy for the Chairman!

DIANA

Why? Hapscomb gets reports.

PORTER

He knows we hold things back.

DIANA

We do?

PORTER

Don't be so naive. The minute the Chairman finds out we've had a successful download, he'll pull the Project from us.

CASTNER

There's a power struggle among the board members. If Download is successful, Hapscomb maintains control. But his time is running out.

DIANA

The Collins download wasn't exactly "successful."

PORTER

But we're on the verge of a breakthrough! It's only a matter of a few days--or weeks!

CASTNER

Hapscomb may have sent Reynolds to spy. We need to watch him.

(to Diana)

Renew whatever it was you had going before.

DIANA

Are you asking me to manipulate him because I'm a woman?

PORTER

He's telling you to do whatever it takes!

DIANA

I don't think being a spy is part of my job description!

CASTNER

Nothing is going to jeopardize the project! He's your responsibility!

(calming)

Now. Diana, would you please get Dr. Reynolds?

She looks quizzically at Castner, then Porter, then leaves.

As the door closes, Porter nears Castner.

PORTER

Harold, this is suicide! We can't trust him! Or her, for that matter.

CASTNER

No, but we can use them both. I've got something in mind...

Diana and Paul enter the room. Castner looks at Paul.

CASTNER (CONT'D)

If the Chairman vouches for you, that's good enough for us.

PAUL

Fine. To begin with, what exactly is this "Project"?

CASTNER

Dr. Porter?

PORTER

A.I. computers have replaced humans in many tasks. Unfortunately, scientists themselves appear to be getting dumber all the time!

PAUL

Including me. You've already lost me.

CASTNER

Please forgive Alex's social commentary. We believe the direction of A.I. research is all wrong.

DIANA

The billions of neurons in the human brain make it a hundred times more complex than the most advanced computer!

PORTER

Computers will never be smarter than their programmers--faster, maybe, but not smarter.

CASTNER

The brain is the ultimate computer--it's futile to try to imitate it. The solution is not to mimic intelligence, but to increase it.

Diana rises and touches a button on the desk.

The room lights dim. A screen glows in the far wall.

THE SCREEN

shows a graphic of the human body. We pass through the spinal cord, upwards to the brainstem, past the cerebellum and mid-brain, working our way to the cerebral cortex neuron net.

INTERCUT

DIANA

Our research targets the basic problems of transferring data to and from the brain.

PORTER

I'm sure you're familiar with Dr. Castner's work in cataloging the composition of neurotransmitters.

The computer graphic holds on a neuronal synapse. Electrical storms rage at the pre- and post-synaptic membranes.

Neurotransmitter molecules float across the synaptic cleft, seeking space-specific receptors on the opposite membrane.

As they nestle into the receptors, bursts of energy are emitted, and electricity flows into the receptor cell, coursing through the axon.

An enzyme separates itself from the charge and heads toward the cell's nucleus, where it breaks through the nucleus membrane and pierces the core, exposing the spiraling intertwined strands of the DNA double helix.

CASTNER

When we think, neuro-transmitters cross the synapse and activate second messenger enzymes that enter the nucleus and chip off parts of the DNA molecule. These chips are transformed into new, enduring proteins--memories!

The DNA double helix unravels and exposes its inner structure.

The enzymes enter the exploded strands and chip off parts of the DNA, which interact with a coding agent molecule.

CASTNER (CONT'D)

The result is a new protein molecule which is the mirror image of the protein molecule that first appeared at the synaptic membrane.

(MORE)

CASTNER (CONT'D)

These memory proteins link with proteins in other neurons to create an intelligence web like a holograph-- the key to understanding how the mind works.

The graphic changes to a FILM of a huge, cylindrical tank squatting imposingly under low lights in a large room. It is face by a bank of computer terminals. Myriad fiber optic filaments enter the tank, blinking and glistening their light messages.

DIANA

We cloned the DNA coding agent and created a chemical solution to contain it.

PAUL

A chemical computer?

DIANA

Not a computer. A plasma-based matrix. Unfortunately, we can't decipher it.

PAUL

Why not?

DIANA

It's not code, it's billions of chemical proteins suspended in a plasma grid.

The FILM now shows a monkey on the bodyslab, contacts over its eyes, technicians surrounding it. Hypos and dermic are administered.

The computer cycles up. Lights blink. Data scrolls on screens.

PORTER

Our first subjects were rhesus monkeys.

CASTNER

When the donor dies, we download its brain patterns into the matrix, where the cloning agent reconfigures the matrix to match the memory proteins in the monkey's neurons. Then, we download the data into a recipient monkey, and through trial and error, we finally achieved a complete download. Unfortunately, the monkeys can't tell us about the download effects.

The FILM ENDS. Porter turns on the lights.

PAUL

Doesn't a download over-write the memories of the recipient?

PORTER

Well, it's hard to tell with monkeys; they're all so much alike. But we do know that humans use only a small portion of our brain capacity. There is substantial room for the incoming data, without over-writing the existing neural net.

CASTNER

Imagine! A lifetime's worth of knowledge transferred in minutes!

PAUL

None of this explains why a man is lying dead down the hall.

PORTER

Collins was the first human recipient. We believe his psychotic break occurred due to the huge amount of incoming data. Next time, we'll download just a portion of the matrix...

PAUL

You're gonna do this again?

PORTER

Of course. The problem was in the quantity of data from Donor Zero--

PAUL

"Donor Zero"?

PORTER

That's what we call him. When the ambulance brought him to us, he was dead...

Porter looks at Castner for approval, who nods gravely.

PORTER (CONT'D)

...on arrival. We downloaded him into the matrix, and--

PAUL

Who was he?

PORTER

We don't know. A derelict, we think.

PAUL

You download something into Collins that kills him and you're not worried? Shouldn't you get a donor you know something about?

PORTER

Dead people don't grow on trees, Doctor! We used what we had! Or do you suggest we kill somebody and use their brain?

CASTNER

The donor's identity is not important-- the download is mere data. What is important is the feedback from the recipient. We can't progress further without this important first-hand knowledge.

PAUL

That doesn't answer--

CASTNER

This is new to you, but I'm sure in time you'll feel as strongly about Download as Dr. Collins did.

(beat)

Dr. Hastings will show you the facility.

He shakes Paul's hand. Diana leads Paul out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Paul and Diana walk down the corridor.

DIANA

As you can see, we're very self-sufficient here, and quite secure--

PAUL

I can't believe you're a part of this insanity!

DIANA

What's that supposed to mean?

PAUL

Don't tell me you agree with this "mad scientist" routine.

DIANA

If you're asking if I support the direction of our research, then the answer is "yes."

PAUL

No, I mean Collins!

DIANA

There was no way to foresee his death-- and it won't happen again, so relax.

They arrive at the Download Chamber.

She places her palm on a hand-shaped viewer which lights up. Her name appears on the screen above the viewer.

The door opens and they enter.

INT. DOWNLOAD CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The chamber is a rotunda with computer banks skirting the central area. Myriads of colored lights illuminate the computers, where screens scroll data. A DULL THROB is heard.

Diana points to the far end of the room where computers converge upon a large cylindrical shape.

DIANA

The matrix CPU. The plasma banks themselves are in the basement.

She gestures proudly at the scanner.

DIANA (CONT'D)

This is the NMR scanner. We use it a little differently than your local hospital does. When the magnetic field vibrates the protons in matter, the resulting radio signal is read by the scanner. Each chemical in the body has its own unique frequency. The cloning agent in the matrix then reconfigures the plasma to duplicate that chemical.

(beat)

There's only one drawback...

PAUL

Only one?

DIANA

All brain activity must be terminated-- the donor must be dead.

PAUL  
That's some drawback!

DIANA  
And upon death, we use this...

She holds up a scary-looking gas syringe.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
...to inject the freeze compound  
that stops all brain activity.

PAUL  
But if they're dead, isn't all  
activity stopped anyway?

DIANA  
Yes, but the protein combinations  
begin to deteriorate immediately.  
The compound freezes the process. It  
must be administered within three  
minutes after death.

Paul approaches the bodyslab, picking up the contacts with  
fiber optic threads attached.

PAUL  
And these?

DIANA  
Contact-lenses. The recipient wears  
them. The optic nerve is the best  
conduit through which to transmit  
the data to the brain.

PAUL  
(musing to himself)  
The windows of the soul.

He turns to Diana.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
They say you can look in someone's  
eyes and tell if they're lying...  
Come here.

DIANA  
Paul, in med school you injected  
dyes into mice, then chopped off  
their heads and sliced up their brains  
to study them, didn't you? Some suffer  
so that others can live.

PAUL  
That's good logic--so long as it  
isn't your brain they're slicing up.

DIANA

It may surprise you, Paul, but Collins wasn't the only one who volunteered. I did, too.

PAUL

Are you crazy?

DIANA

Is that your professional opinion or just more of your uninformed cynicism?

(beat)

That's the tour. Now, there's someone you should meet...

She strides toward the doorway as Paul reluctantly replaces the contacts and follows her out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SURGERY PREP ROOM - LATER

STEVEN MARSHALL, late 20's, thin and pale, lies in a bed. He is playing chess with a computer when Paul and Diana enter.

DIANA

...And this is our next recipient. Dr. Reynolds, meet Steven Marshall.

MARSHALL

You here to give me a reprieve? Any miracle cures discovered today?

PAUL

Excuse me?

DIANA

Steven, Dr. Reynolds is a psychiatrist. He's here to examine you before the download.

MARSHALL

Great--I'm rarin' to go! Sick of laying around here, getting my throat ripped out by this kamikaze computer.

The computer BEEPS loudly.

COMPUTER

Checkmate.

MARSHALL

See? Shit.

COMPUTER

Thank you for a fascinating game.

MARSHALL  
Screw you, Chester.

COMPUTER  
You're welcome.

Marshall turns from the computer to Paul.

MARSHALL  
Well, Doc, fire away!

PAUL  
I'd like to know if you understand  
the risk you're taking.

MARSHALL  
I know Collins melted down, but that  
doesn't bother me! I don't have much  
time anyway.

DIANA  
Steve has leukemia.

MARSHALL  
I've got six months, so why not?  
GenTech takes care of my wife and  
kid for life.

DIANA  
Steve is well trained in biofeedback:  
a perfect subject.

MARSHALL  
You got it. Class "A" lab rat. Lemme  
at that maze.

PAUL  
You could die, Steve.

MARSHALL  
I know when, where and how.  
(beat)  
That's more than you know, Doc.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. DOWNLOAD CHAMBER - AFTERNOON

The doors whisk open and Paul enters. The room is full of  
blue-coated techs preparing for Marshall's download.

Diana is at the far end of the room at the CPU. She sees him  
and waves.

He waves back unenthusiastically.

Paul shoulders his way through the techs and approaches Castner, who smiles sunnily.

CASTNER

Dr. Reynolds! Just in time. I read your report on Mr. Marshall. As you see, he's under no duress.

Paul looks at Marshall, who smiles at him, his hand raised in the "thumbs up" gesture.

Paul grimaces a smile in return.

CASTNER (CONT'D)

He's really quite healthy--mentally, at least. You said so yourself.

PAUL

That makes one of us.

He turns away and crosses to Diana. She pulls down her glasses and beams at him.

DIANA

I thought you weren't coming.

PAUL

I'm too morbid to stay away.

DIANA

Everything will be fine.

PAUL

It's just chemistry, right?

DIANA

That's right.

Paul gives her a skeptical look. He turns at the sound of Dr. Castner's voice.

CASTNER

Begin final prep sequence.

Miller injects a gas hypo sedative into Marshall's arm. He stiffens, then relaxes.

A respirator is affixed to this face, the pump moving slowly.

Porter supervises as Harrison affixes the contacts to Marshall's eyes.

Davies sits at her console, studying the brain activity.

The monitor shows the heart rate and EEG activity slowing.

Harrison affixes a dermipatch on Marshall's forearm.

HARRISON

Inducing non-REM sleep. Cycling down nicely.

PORTER

Stabilize body functions at sixty percent.

CASTNER

Let's hear from the sections.

DAVIES

CPU link confirmed.

HARRISON

Subject in non-REM sleep.

DIANA

The matrix is on line.

Castner takes a look around the room. Every eye is on him. He takes a deep breath and nods.

CASTNER

Okay, let's do it.

INSERT - THE MONITOR

as the following words are keyed in:

- > Download Routing: BEGIN
- > Status: RUNNING (blinking)

BACK TO SCENE

A HUM fills the air as the CPU cycles up.

The techs study their readouts.

Paul stands at the foot of Marshall's body.

The lights in the arena cycle lower for a moment.

INSERT - THE MONITOR

indicates a huge amount of information passing into Marshall. The numbers fairly whiz by.

BACK TO SCENE

Everyone stands transfixed.

Moments pass, then the lights grow brighter.

Davies reads from her monitor:

DAVIES  
Routine complete. We've got EEG  
spikes, but they're nominal.

CASTNER  
Vitals?

INSERT - ANOTHER MONITOR

indicates normal body rhythms: EEG, EKG, blood pressure.

BACK TO SCENE

PORTER  
Non-REM sleep deeper than ever. He  
gets a lifetime of knowledge and  
snores right through it!

CASTNER  
Okay, bring him up.

The contacts are removed along with the respirator.

A gas hypo is administered.

Marshall begins to come around.

Castner bends over him as the others crowd in.

CASTNER (CONT'D)  
Steven? Can you hear me?

MARSHALL  
(groggily)  
Is it over? Am I okay?

CASTNER  
Do you recognize me, son?

MARSHALL  
You're either God, Satan or Dr.  
Castner.

CASTNER  
I'll be Dr. Castner. How do you feel?

MARSHALL  
Different, a little.

A shadow momentarily crosses his face.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)  
But great... great!

The room ERUPTS into spontaneous cheers and applause. Techs hug and shake hands. Champagne appears miraculously. Porter and Castner are slapped on the back.

Marshall holds on tightly to Castner's hand, smiling at him.

Castner looks quizzically at Marshall, wincing at the strength of his grip.

Finally, a Tech pulls Castner away to congratulate him and Marshall lets go.

He lies back, a slight smile on his face.

Castner looks over his shoulder as the Tech shakes his hand.

Castner turns to Diana, smiling a little too broadly.

CASTNER

Looks like a success!

Paul steps between Diana and Castner.

PAUL

Not so fast. I want seventy two hours of observation before I give him a clean bill of health.

CASTNER

Nonsense! Collins was instantly psychotic. Marshall's fine.

Castner turns away to speak to another tech.

PAUL

So far.

Castner registers the comment with a slight turn of his head.

Diana ignores Paul's comment and grabs a bottle of champagne from a passing Tech.

She takes a long pull from the bottle and hands it to Paul, who looks at it.

DIANA

Come on, Dr. Killjoy, let's celebrate!  
How does dinner sound?

Paul looks up as Marshall is wheeled out of the chamber amid cheering techs. He is smiling.

Castner turns and waves goodbye to him.

Marshall cocks his thumb, pointing his finger like a gun. He squeezes the trigger as he is wheeled from the room.

Castner is perplexed. A shadow crosses his face.

Paul leads Diana out of the room.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. RESTAURANT - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

The posh eatery is located in a high-rise section of town.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

We MOVE AMONG the patrons of the crowded but intimate restaurant.

We SEE Paul and Diana and MOVE toward them.

PAUL

Very nice. I'm impressed.

DIANA

You're supposed to be.

PAUL

So what happens now?

DIANA

Dessert?

PAUL

I mean, what happens at IPS?

DIANA

Paul, do you know what a successful download means?

PAUL

Sure. Millions for GenTech.

DIANA

It's a quantum leap in the evolution of man!

PAUL

How can you be so sure? My line of work deals with the mind's illnesses-- twisted thoughts of hate, anger and murder! Thoughts that all too often explode into destructive actions!

DIANA

So?

PAUL

So, we all live on the brink! Haven't you ever fantasized about killing someone?

DIANA

No!

PAUL

Come on! Everybody has! But deep inside, we're afraid of getting caught or of God or something, and we don't do it. Those moral inhibitors might not transfer in a download.

DIANA

Neither would the impulses! We're downloading chemical combinations, not people. You sound like aborigines who believe their "souls" can be robbed by someone taking their photograph!

PAUL

You are robbing people! Everything they've worked their entire life to become, you want to sell to the highest bidder.

DIANA

People always fear new technology. But their lives are usually better once they accept it.

PAUL

This isn't about technology! This is about people's lives!

DIANA

And people are the earth's most wasted resource! The vast majority starve because they're too ignorant to even know how to feed themselves!

PAUL

It's not lack of food that's to blame for starvation, it's greed!

DIANA

It's ignorance! And we're fighting it--bringing equality to the world!

PAUL

You mean sameness! People aren't created equal! And it's not fair to give something to someone that cost another his life to create!

DIANA

Now look who's greedy!

PAUL

Dammit, Diana! Do you think the poor would do any better in a world where the rich could buy knowledge through a download?

DIANA

It's not just for the rich!

PAUL

Knowledge is power. I think you'll find that those who have power are not very eager to share it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLWAY/DIANA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (LATER)

Paul and Diana step out of the elevator and walk down the hall, continuing their argument, although less stridently.

PAUL

The value of knowledge is in its cost--the more you pay, the more it's worth! Dumping knowledge into a person doesn't make them intelligent any more than giving someone money gives them class.

DIANA

I just want everyone to have an equal chance.

PAUL

Then give it to them through equality of opportunity, not by cloning Einsteins. If we do that, God help us...

They arrive at her doorway. She stops and turns to him.

DIANA

You know, we haven't seen each other for four years and we're fighting like we haven't missed a day. Paul, I left you because we can't agree on anything--you're inflexible, self-righteous and--

PAUL

Don't forget narrow.

DIANA

And narrow.

PAUL

And you're still trying to change  
the world.

DIANA

I guess some things never change.

They both smile, embarrassed.

She works the keypad lock by the door. It opens and Diana enters. The lights are off and the city lights twinkle through the sheer draperies.

Paul stands silhouetted in the doorway.

PAUL

My feelings haven't. I'm still in  
love with love you.

She averts her eyes, looking down at her hands.

Paul steps into the room. They are silhouetted against the city lights in the b.g. He moves closer to her as he speaks:

PAUL (CONT'D)

Until I saw you at IPS, I thought  
I'd gotten over you. I had no idea  
where you were or I would have come  
after you--

DIANA

Paul, don't...

He comes closer, nearly touching her.

DIANA (CONT'D)

... talk...

She puts her finger to his lips.

DIANA (CONT'D)

... now...

Paul kisses her fingertip gently and puts his arms around her, pulling her to him.

He kisses her fully, her response wavering at first, then passionate.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. MARSHALL'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark and quiet except for the DRONE of the medical equipment. Marshall tosses and turns in his bed.

BEGIN NIGHTMARE:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

BUZZ'S WIDE-ANGLE P.O.V. - CARL

reaches for the gun and Buzz stomps on his hand.

Buzz shoots Carl in the stomach.

Colsen lunges at Buzz, who sidesteps and trips him.

Then Buzz pistol whips Colsen into a bloody pulp.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

BUZZ'S WIDE-ANGLE P.O.V. - THE ALLEY

wall as Buzz gets high.

The surroundings DISTORT and TWIST, becoming surreal as the heroin takes effect.

INT. MARSHALL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He gasps as the narcotic kicks in. The EEG monitor at his bedside is spiking.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

BUZZ'S WIDE-ANGLE P.O.V. - DONNA

Buzz pulls out his knife.

Donna draws her gun and tells him to drop it.

INT. NURSES'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

NURSE LAMBERT is deeply engrossed in a romance novel.

Beyond her, a screen monitoring Marshall's heart rate shows the rate increasing to dangerous levels.

Suddenly, a warning BELL sounds. Lambert jumps to her feet, hits the Code Blue button, and runs toward Marshall's room.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

BUZZ'S WIDE-ANGLE P.O.V. - DONNA

watches as Buzz dips the knife into a baggie and extracts the white powder.

INT. MARSHALL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BUZZ'S WIDE-ANGLE P.O.V. - LAMBERT

bursts into the room.

She sees Marshall's condition and withdraws an syringe from a drawer.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

BUZZ'S WIDE-ANGLE P.O.V. - DONNA,

holding the gun, begins to CHANGE FORM.

INT. MARSHALL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Donna completes her metamorphosis, becoming Nurse Lambert, who holds a syringe instead of a snub-nosed revolver.

BUZZ'S VOICE

Chill. I was just jokin'.

Marshall is hyperventilating and holding his head. He turns toward the bed.

Lambert approaches him slowly.

LAMBERT

Steve, are you okay?

Marshall responds, but with...

BUZZ'S VOICE

I got something for you.

He grabs one of the monitors at his bedside and whips around, rushing at her.

She screams.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

BUZZ'S WIDE-ANGLE P.O.V. - LAMBERT

is clubbed across the face with the gun. She goes down limply.  
Buzz kneels by her and raises the knife to slash her.

BUZZ  
Hammer of the Almighty.

Just as he is about to cut her, he hears the police SIREN.

INT. MARSHALL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marshall bends over Lambert's inert body, a broken monitor lying by her.

She is out cold, a bloody gash on her forehead.

Marshall looks up at the sound of the Code Blue ALARM.

BUZZ'S VOICE  
We got company!

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Two orderlies move at full speed with a gurney.

They roar around a corner, smashing headlong into Marshall, sending him flying.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Buzz bursts from the alley and is hit by the police car, sending him flying.

END NIGHTMARE.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MARSHALL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marshall lies unconscious after being hit by the gurney.

The orderlies attend to him.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE INFIRMARY - MORNING

Porter is conferring with a nurse over a clip board when Castner rounds the corner and, seeing Porter, quickens his step.

CASTNER

How is she?

PORTER

Bad.

They turn toward the door.

INT. INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

Porter and Castner enter the Infirmary. There are several beds, but only one is full.

Lambert lies motionless, her head bandaged. Monitors HUM quietly.

Porter consults the monitor by her bed.

It shows weak vital signs.

PORTER

The blow to her head destroyed her left eye. Extreme neural damage to the left anterior portion of the cortex. She may live, but...

CASTNER

She may not want to. Marshall did this?

PORTER

I put him on Gamma-Etorpine. Ten mills an hour. I'd like to scan, but the side effects...

CASTNER

Right. Wait till he's stabilized. Ten milligrams an hour? Really?

PORTER

Enough to kill an elephant and his EEG is still spiking. I've never seen anything like it.

The two doctors look grimly at each other.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

ANGLE ON MONITOR - THE MONITOR

shows a VIDEOTAPE of Collins just before his death. He is alternately ranting and raving, stalking around the padded cell, then nearly comatose as he huddles in a corner, crying.

Paul leans back, thinking.

The VisiPhone RINGS.

He hits the answer button and Chairman Hapscomb appears.

HAPSCOMB

How's it going out there?

PAUL

Not so good. Bill Collins is dead--  
killed himself.

The Chairman rocks back in his chair, thinking.

Suddenly, he leans forward, his face filling the screen.

HAPSCOMB

I was afraid of that. Okay. I want  
to know everything that happens! And  
watch Castner--I'm very concerned  
about him.

PAUL

Chairman, you do know about Project  
Download, don't you?

HAPSCOMB

Boy, I know about everything!

The screen goes blank.

A knock is HEARD at the door.

PAUL

Open.

The door opens to reveal Diana. Her eyes are red and puffy,  
her hands shaking slightly.

Paul gets to his feet.

PAUL (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

DIANA

Marshall had a seizure and almost  
killed his nurse!

Paul gently guides her out of the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HAPSCOMB'S OFFICE - DAY (RAIN)

Hapscomb sits in a chair, looking out of the window. Rain rivulets run down the windows. He rests his chin on steepled fingertips.

Finally, he picks up a phone and dials a number. The ANGLE prohibits us from seeing the face on the screen.

HAPSCOMB

You've had a problem... If something breaks, I want to know... He's desperate... As soon as there's a successful download, he'll be expendable.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MARSHALL'S ROOM - DAY

A GUARD stands outside the door.

INT. MARSHALL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marshall lies twitching in his sedated state, a bandage on his head.

His eyes flutter and twitch, his mouth opens and shuts, mouthing silent words.

NURSE JORDAN stands nearby.

Paul and Diana enter and draw near the bed.

Paul pulls one of Marshall's eyelids open. The eye circles wildly.

Paul fingers the I.V. drip tube. He looks at the nurse.

PAUL

What's this?

JORDAN

Gamma-Et. Ten mills an hour drip.

PAUL

An hour? On whose orders?

JORDAN

Dr. Porter's. Should I get him?

PAUL

You do that.

She leaves the room.

Paul looks through his medbag and pulls out hypo. He holds it up to the light.

DIANA

What's that?

PAUL

Norepinephrine analog. It'll bring him up a little so we talk to him.

DIANA

Will it hurt him?

PAUL

The side effects of Gamma-Et alone are enough to kill him! Prolonged exposure will fry whatever brain he has left.

He injects the drug into the I.V., leaving the hypo in place.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I wanna know what the hell happened last night.

Marshall's body begins to relax, the tremors slowing.

After long moment he opens his eyes.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Steve? Can you hear me?

MARSHALL

(groggily)

Yeah...

PAUL

How do you feel?

Marshall touches the back of his head and encounters the bandage there. He winces.

MARSHALL

Like my head's been in a blender.

PAUL

Do you remember last night?

MARSHALL

I had a dream. It was raining... there was a fight. The dragon....

DIANA

Dragon?

PAUL

What dragon?

MARSHALL

She had a gun so I had to stop her.

PAUL

I'm gonna bring him up some more...

He injects more fluid into the I.V. tube.

PAUL (CONT'D)

What happened then?

No response.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Steve? Steve?

Marshall gradually focuses on Paul's face.

A faint, slightly wicked smile spreads across his face.

MARSHALL

Doc! That you?

Paul leans over Marshall, a little afraid of what he'll do.

Diana holds her breath.

PAUL

Yes, Steve?

Marshall touches Paul's face, then drops his hand to his shoulder, gripping tightly. His eyes grow wide with fear.

MARSHALL

What's happening to me?

PAUL

A nurse was injured last night. Do you remember?

MARSHALL

There was a woman...  
(it dawns on him)  
... Oh my god! Did I...!?

PAUL

Easy, easy. Everything's okay.

MARSHALL

I couldn't stop him!

PAUL

Stop who?

MARSHALL

Couldn't see his face... but it was  
him... the Ham...

Marshall stops cold, staring vacantly, his mouth agape, his eyes and glassy.

He holds a moment, then:

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

You'd better go.

PAUL

Steve, who is he?

MARSHALL

I DON'T KNOW!

He lashes out at Paul, who jumps back.

Diana pulls the syringe out of the I.V.

Marshall strains at the restraints holding him in bed, then relaxes, collapsing back into the bed.

Paul and Diana stand transfixed. The BEEP of the monitors continues. Finally, they turn and leave.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MARSHALL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paul and Diana emerge from the room, shaken.

Porter strides around a corner, followed by Nurse Jordan.

Paul confronts Porter.

PAUL

What's with the Gamma-Et?

PORTER

It was indicated.

PAUL

Indicated my ass!

PORTER

Until he recovers physically, he's  
my patient, not yours.

PAUL

He'll never live to be my patient!  
And why Gamma-Et?

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

It wouldn't have anything to do its truth serum qualities, would it? Not to mention the radical increase in metabolism!

DIANA

What?

JORDAN

It's one of the most addictive drugs in the world! He burns hot and fast, then within a month, he's dead, fried from the inside out!

Diana recoils at this. She looks at Porter.

DIANA

Is that true?

PORTER

Your expertise is in computers, isn't it, Diana?

(to Paul)

And you have no idea the importance of the research we're doing here...

Castner rounds the corner, coming upon the threesome.

CASTNER

Well, Dr. Reynolds! Diana--

PAUL

Do you know about this?

CASTNER

What's that?

PAUL

The Gamma-Et.

CASTNER

Of course. It was indicated.

DIANA

But the risks!

CASTNER

It's the only sedative that works. He might have injured someone again-- and perhaps himself, too.

PAUL

This is remarkably similar to Collins' case, isn't it?

CASTNER

Yes, I suppose it is, a little.

PORTER

I've had enough of this bullshit!

PAUL

You're running up quite a body count here: Collins dead, Lambert's comatose and may die, and Marshall's a junkie with a life expectancy of three weeks! This isn't just similar to Collins' case! This is Collins' case!

CASTNER

I'm afraid I don't see--

PAUL

I reviewed Collins' jacket. After the download, he became acutely schizophrenic and paranoid, just like Marshall. You used the same matrix for both their downloads, right?

CASTNER

Of course--

PAUL

Don't you see? Your "Donor Zero" data was defective!

PORTER

What makes you an expert? For the last time, the data is protein enzymes, nothing more! You act like his ghost is haunting us.

PAUL

It's not his ghost--it's him!

CASTNER

I'll admit we are having a bit of difficulty with this. Dr. Hastings, what's your opinion?

DIANA

I suppose trace memories in the data could cause confusion in the mind of the recipient. Perhaps we should consider an alternate donor...

PORTER

What difference would it make? Our research could be set back months! The problem isn't the data, but the amount and rate of infusion--

PAUL

That's it. I'm demanding a corporate  
audit of your procedures here.

He turns to go. Porter, towering above Paul, grabs him, his  
muscular arm gripping Paul's tightly.

PORTER

You're in over your head.

PAUL

What's that supposed to mean?

PORTER

You just think about it...

Paul jerks his arm free and walks down the corridor, leaving  
the other three scientists staring at his back.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - LATER

Paul sits at the computer, glowering at the blank screen.

PAUL

Log on.

INSERT - THE MONITOR

The GenTech logo appears. (The words of the conversation  
that follows appear on the screen.)

COMPUTER

Hello, Dr. Reynolds.

PAUL

Project Download--the file on Donor  
Zero.

COMPUTER

Working...

The Project Download graphic appears, overlaid by a "PRIORITY  
ONE" warning symbol. Then, the file appears:

IPS FILE: 11.10.09/346-A

BEGIN VIDEOTAPE:

INT. DOWNLOAD CHAMBER - NIGHT

Buzz lies on the bodyslab, the scanner at the head end.

Numerous techs move about, preparing instruments.

Suddenly, Buzz grabs Castner by the throat.

Porter, Collins, and Harrison rush to his side.

BACK TO SCENE

PAUL  
What the hell?

He rewinds the videotape and watches the sequence again, this time in SLO-MO.

VIDEOTAPE

Castner is choking, Porter is yelling at Collins, who flips a switch.

The life support equipment stops suddenly and Buzz hitches for his life... and loses.

PAUL

pauses the video, sickened. He is witnessing a murder.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
They killed him!

He presses "forward" and the video rolls again.

INSERT - THE VIDEO

The download procedure continues apace. Suddenly, the video stops and the screen goes black.

END VIDEOTAPE.

BACK TO SCENE

Paul hits several keys. Nothing.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Computer, what's the problem?

COMPUTER  
Project Download clearance revoked.

PAUL  
By whom? Porter?

COMPUTER  
Terminating connection.

PAUL  
Shit!

Paul slams the keyboard and glowers at the screen.

A KNOCK comes at his door.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Who is it?

DIANA (O.S.)  
It's me. Diana.

PAUL  
Go away.

DIANA  
Paul, please...

PAUL  
Open.

The door slides silently open. Diana enters.

DIANA  
I just wanted to apologize for Dr. Porter. He's given his life's blood for the project--

PAUL  
And a few other people's! He just locked me out of the Project files-- but not until I saw how you got your "Donor Zero."

DIANA  
I can explain--

PAUL  
Explain murder?

DIANA  
He was dying anyway! Besides, it wasn't my decision.

Paul simply glares at her.

Diana sits down and looks at her hands.

Nothing is said. Finally, after a long moment:

DIANA (CONT'D)  
What we did was wrong.

PAUL  
Then help me find out who Donor Zero was.

He rises and motions for her to take his place at the computer.

She hesitates a moment, then sits down.

DIANA  
If you saw the video of the routine,  
that's all we have.

PAUL  
I want to know his identity.

DIANA  
Computer?

COMPUTER  
Voice I.D: Hello, Dr. Hastings

DIANA  
I.D. on Donor Zero?

COMPUTER  
Unavailable.

DIANA  
Disposition of body?

COMPUTER  
Cremated.

DIANA  
Personal effects?

COMPUTER  
None.

DIANA  
That's all there is...

Silence for a moment as Paul thinks. Then:

PAUL  
Diana, if I can show that Donor Zero's  
data is the root of the problem,  
will you stop using that data for  
the Downloads?

DIANA  
Of course, but how--?

PAUL  
I've got an idea. Can you meet me  
here tonight after ten?

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. NURSES' STATION - NIGHT

Diana appears, coming around the corner. The Guard is talking with the DUTY NURSE.

They both straighten as they see Diana.

GUARD  
Working late, Dr. Hastings?

DIANA  
Yes. Will you help me move a module?  
It's just down the hall.

The Guard looks at the door, then shrugs and follows Diana down the hallway.

The Nurse goes back to her reading.

INT. OFFICE DOWN HALL - CONTINUOUS

Diana and the Guard enter the room. The lights go up.

DIANA  
It's this one here...

She stops as she sees a group of monitors, clearly labeled.

INSERT - PAN THE MONITORS

and STOP on one in particular: Marshall lies, sleeping.

BACK TO SCENE

Diana's eyes open wide. She didn't count on this.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MARSHALL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paul waits at the "T" intersection of the corridors, out of sight. He peers round the corner toward the station.

The nurse is engrossed in her novel.

Paul crouches down and slips through Marshall's door.

INT. MARSHALL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paul enters and sees Marshall lying, I.V. in place, breathing shallowly.

The EEG monitor BEEPS rhythmically.

A security camera hangs in an upper corner of the room.  
Paul injects something into the I.V. and leans over him.

PAUL  
Steve?

MARSHALL  
(groggily)  
Yeah.

PAUL  
Steve, I've given you a hypnotic.  
We're going to count backwards from  
ten. Then, I'll ask you some  
questions. You won't be afraid.

MARSHALL  
Whatever you say, Doc...

PAUL  
Okay. Count with me: ten, nine,  
eight...

MARSHALL AND PAUL  
Seven... six... five... four...

INT. OFFICE DOWN HALL - CONTINUOUS

Diana and the Guard are disconnecting a monitor from its  
support equipment.

Diana stands between the Guard and the monitors, shielding  
his line of sight.

He bends over the table, examining the maze of cords.

She looks anxiously at the monitors.

DIANA'S P.O.V. - THE MONITOR

clearly shows Paul bent over Marshall, talking to him.

BACK TO SCENE

GUARD  
I don't see which one you mean,  
Doctor.

He turns to face her.

She quickly pushes him back before he can see anything:

DIANA  
Right there. The gray one.

INT. NURSES' STATION - CONTINUOUS

The Duty Nurse chomps her gum loudly, engrossed in her novel.

WE MOVE BEHIND HER and the security cam monitor comes INTO FRAME. On it, Paul leans over Marshall.

INT. MARSHALL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marshall is now under hypnosis.

PAUL

Steve? How do you feel?

MARSHALL

Weird. Feel strange... not like myself...

PAUL

Who do you feel like?

BUZZ'S VOICE

Name's Buzz. Who the hell are you?

Paul straightens, shocked.

PAUL

Ah... I'm Dr. Reynolds, Buzz. I'm here to help you.

BUZZ'S VOICE

Don't need any help. The Hammer's in control, doin' the Almighty's work...

PAUL

What work is that?

BUZZ'S VOICE

I'm the Destroying Angel!

INT. OFFICE DOWN HALL - CONTINUOUS

The Guard is stooped over, picking up a large terminal.

Diana has one eye on the monitor showing Paul and Marshall, the other on the Guard.

The Guard hefts the terminal, trailing cables and begins to turn to Diana.

GUARD

There! Got it!

Unnoticed, Diana steps on one of the terminal's cables, which is still snaked under the table, jerking the Guard back down, pinching his fingers.

The terminal teeters on the edge.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Ouch! Dammit!

As he pulls his fingers free, the terminal topples off the table, landing squarely on his foot.

The SOUND of breaking glass and toes is heard.

GUARD (CONT'D)

OWWW!!

Diana turns from the monitor to comfort the Guard, turning him smoothly away from the screen.

INT. MARSHALL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paul leans over Marshall, who is in a deep trance.

PAUL

It's last Saturday night.

Where are you, Buzz?

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. ALLEY - NIGHT

BUZZ'S LOW, WIDE-ANGLE P.O.V. - PAUL

stands before him, towering OVER CAMERA.

BUZZ

Alley... gettin' high...

INT. MARSHALL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paul rummages through several drawers along the wall, finally finding a hand mirror.

He shows it to Buzz.

PAUL

Look.

INT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

BUZZ'S WIDE-ANGLE P.O.V. - PAUL

holds the mirror up in front of Buzz's face.

ANGLE ON MIRROR

Buzz gasps as he sees Marshall's reflection.

BUZZ

What the hell? Who's that?!

INT. MARSHALL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paul looks intently at Marshall, who holds the mirror.

PAUL

It's you, now, Buzz... You were..  
killed in an accident.

BUZZ'S VOICE

You mean I'm dead?

PAUL

Not exactly. They put your mind in  
someone else's body...

BUZZ'S VOICE

At the end of a long tunnel, I saw  
an old man, a black guy, and...

(long beat)

... those bastards killed me!

He strains at the straps binding him to the bed, his face a contorted mask, his mouth gaping grotesquely, his eyes wide with anger. Veins stand out on his forehead and neck.

Finally, he breaks down in gasping sobs, the tears rolling down his cheeks.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. NURSES' STATION - CONTINUOUS

The Duty Nurse reads her novel intently. She doesn't see the commotion on her monitor.

INT. MARSHALL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paul continues his question of Marshall.

PAUL  
 Okay, Buzz, I want you to go back in  
 the subconscious now.

BUZZ'S VOICE  
 No way--I'm in control! It's payback  
 time!

Paul pulls the hypnotizing hypo out of the I.V., replacing  
 it with another one.

Marshall settles back in his bed.

INT. NURSES'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

The intercom BUZZES and the Duty Nurse hits the button.

INSERT - MONITOR

Diana's face appears on the screen.

DIANA  
 We've got a problem, here. Broken  
 toe, I think.

The Guard shoves his face INTO FRAME.

GUARD  
 You bet your candied ass it's broke!  
 Get in here!

THE DUTY NURSE

jumps up from her station and leaves FRAME.

INT. MARSHALL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paul continues with Marshall.

PAUL  
 I want to talk to Steve.

MARSHALL  
 Yes...

PAUL  
 Did you see what happened?

MARSHALL  
 Couldn't see, but I heard. I'm going  
 crazy!

PAUL  
 I'm going to bring you up now, Steve.  
 (MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

You'll feel fine and won't remember any of this. Now, when I count to three, you'll awake. One, two, three.

Paul snaps his fingers and Marshall's eyes snap open.

MARSHALL

Are you going to hypnotize me?

Paul starts for the door, giving Marshall a faint smile.

Marshall's eyes never leave Paul as he leaves the room.

INT. NURSES' STATION - CONTINUOUS

The station is empty.

Paul starts for the hallway, but HEARS footsteps.

Diana's voice and the Guard's are HEARD.

Paul looks anxiously around, finally ducking out of sight into the women's bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Paul sits at his computer. Diana enters.

DIANA

What did you find out?

Paul turns, pulling off his glasses. He looks serious.

PAUL

There are no urinals in the bathroom.

DIANA

Really?

PAUL

It's incredible, Diana! I expected confused memory traces, but there appears to another complete person in Marshall's subconscious!

DIANA

A distinct personality? Are sure it's not just a schizophrenic manifestation?

PAUL

Absolutely! His name's "Buzz" and he's very upset about trapped in Marshall!

(beat; evenly)

He's also a psychopath.

DIANA

I don't know... we'll need more than hypnosis to convince Castner.

PAUL

Well, this "Buzz" has some weird delusions. He's probably been in prison or institutionalized.

He drums on the computer console, thinking.

DIANA

A few years back, GenTech updated L.A.'s computer network. Like always, they put a secret "back door" that allows covert entry into the city Intraet...

PAUL

Really?

DIANA

Really.

She turns to the computer.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Computer?

COMPUTER

Voice I.D: Hello, Dr. Hastings.

DIANA

Link with L.A. city Intranet. Here's the password.

She taps a series of digits into the keyboard.

COMPUTER

Los Angeles city Intranet accessed. Request?

DIANA

Give me anything you have on a male caucasian, mid-20s, named "Buzz"-- probably a nickname.

COMPUTER

Working...

INSERT - MONITOR

BEGIN COMPUTER GRAPHIC:

Thousands of names scroll down the screen, stopping finally at Buzz's name.

His rap sheet appears. Buzz's holographic portrait rotates 360 degrees in the upper right-hand corner of the page.

DELARUE, BRAIN Z.

File: FLE - 33923 - 908

Race: CAUCASIAN

D.O.B: 7/22/87

P.O.B: VAN NUYS, CA

Alias: "Buzz" and "B.Z."

CRIMINAL RECORD

BACK TO SCENE

Paul and Diana stiffen in horror as Buzz's criminal career scrolls down the page.

The list is long, with everything from narcotics possession to indictments for murder, which charges were dropped because of the death of an eye witness.

Paul leans back, disgusted.

PAUL

Man, you guys can really pick 'em!  
Why didn't you check this guy out?

DIANA

He was headed for autopsy! And he  
turned out to be alive barely alive--  
we downloaded him because we'd waited  
weeks for a donor.

She holds her head in her hands, distraught.

INSERT - MONITOR

At the end of the long list, most recent in time, is an entry regarding a psychiatric evaluation.

BACK TO SCENE

Paul points to the screen.

PAUL

Can you access that hospital's records? Saving Grace?

DIANA

No. It's a private hospital--not part of the Intranet.

PAUL

Well, I know a doctor there. Maybe he can tell me something.

He stands and kisses her on the top of the head.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You did good.

He hurries out the door, leaving Diana behind, studying the screen, shaking her head.

INT. PORTER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON MONITOR - THE SAME VIEW

Diana is looking at.

PULL BACK SLOWLY to REVEAL Porter sitting at his desk, watching the same data Dian is studying.

Porter's mouth is set in a straight line.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. SAVING GRACE HOSPITAL - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

The old, ivied buildings give the hospital an east-coast college look. The grounds are lit by bright halogen lights. Bars on the windows lock out the world.

SUPER:

SAVING GRACE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL

PASADENA, CA

INT. WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paul sits on a couch. DR. KRAEMER, a portly man in his sixties with a graying beard appears. He grasps Paul's hands warmly.

**KRAEMER**

(heavy German accent)  
Paul! Mein freund! Good to see you!  
So you've come to see the real  
psychiatrists at work!

PAUL

Great accent, John.

KRAEMER

(impeccable English)  
Sounds more scientific, don't you  
think?

PAUL

Definitely.

Kraemer gestures toward his office door.

INT. KRAEMER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

They enter and Kraemer takes his seat behind the desk.

KRAEMER

Vell den, herr doktor, how can I be  
of service?

PAUL

John, did you have a patient here  
named Buzz delaRue?

Kraemer leans back in his chair, surveying Paul closely.

KRAEMER

He was here a while back for a sanity  
dispo for three counts of murder.

PAUL

Did you evaluate him?

KRAEMER

No, but I know the results: classic  
sociopathic personality. A friend of  
yours?

PAUL

Anything else?

KRAEMER

Religious delusions. Called himself  
the "Avenging Angel" or something,  
sent to punish the wicked, which  
according to him, was just about  
everybody he met.

PAUL

He's dead.

KRAEMER

Good riddance. He killed one of our orderlies. We called the cops, but they didn't care. I guess they figured that with the kind of people he hangs out with, he'll off a few and save them the trouble.

PAUL

Thanks, John. You've been helpful.

KRAEMER

You really ought to improve your class of clientele, Paul. Because if you're involved with scum like delaRue, you're in trouble.

He shakes Paul's hand and smiles. Paul leaves the office.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. INSTITUTE PARKING LOT - LATER

The lot is almost empty. Paul pulls into a space, alights from his vehicle and trots toward the entrance.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Paul enters running and nearly collides with two techs wheeling an empty gurney around a corner.

They don't even slow down as they continue down the hall.

Paul turns to a nearby GUARD.

PAUL

What's going on?

GUARD

Code Blue. It's Dr. Castner.

Paul runs down the hall after the gurney.

INT. DOWNLOAD CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

Paul bursts into the room. The techs with the gurney stand near the door.

Paul pushes past them and approaches Diana, who is looking at Dr. Castner's body on the floor, her eyes glazed.

Castner stares blankly at the ceiling.

Racine kneels over him.

Porter enters and crosses to Racine, ignoring Paul and Diana.

PORTER

Take the body to Autopsy. I'll be there in a moment.

He turns to Paul and Diana.

PORTER (CONT'D)

Cardiac arrest.

DIANA

How long ago?

PORTER

Perhaps thirty minutes.

PAUL

Who found him?

PORTER

He was working late and wasn't in his office. I figured he'd be in here. You knew he had heart trouble, Diana.

Diana buries her face in Paul's shoulder as he steers her out of the room.

Porter waves two techs forward. They place Castner's body on the gurney. Racine accompanies them out. The door whispers shut behind them.

Porter approaches the main computer power panel, which HUMS quietly, unnoticed in the commotion. He unobtrusively switches it off and leaves the room.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. DIANA'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Diana sits behind her desk, sipping a cup of water, recovering from the shock.

Paul looks at her closely.

DIANA

Quit staring at me like that. No matter what you think of him, he was a good man--a friend.

PAUL

I'm sorry he's dead. It's just  
coincidental, isn't it? That he should  
die now--just when we get the proof  
we need to stop the downloads.

The VisiPhone RINGS. Diana answers.

INSERT - THE PHONE

Harrison's face appears.

DIANA

Yes?

HARRISON

Dr. Hastings, can you come down here?

DIANA

What's the matter?

HARRISON

Something's happened with the matrix.

DIANA

What?

HARRISON

Not sure. I think you should take a  
look at it.

CUT TO:

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Porter is handling Castner's autopsy.

The body lies on a table, the scanner at the head. The table  
moves slowly through the scanner's hole.

INSERT - A MONITOR

shows a 3-D image of Castner's body. The scanner is at neck  
level.

BACK TO SCENE

Tech Miller turns from her monitor.

MILLER

Doctor, there appears to be a puncture  
in the jugular vein.

Porter leans over her shoulder, examining the graphic.

MILLER (CONT'D)  
Looks like a hypo mark.

PORTER  
Hmm... Continue scan.

INSERT - THE MONITOR

The scanner view of the body continues, reaching the brain.  
A faint purple dye permeates the tissue.

BACK TO SCENE

Miller and Porter peer closely at the screen.

MILLER  
It looks like--

PORTER  
Impossible!

Diana and Paul enter. Porter turns.

PORTER (CONT'D)  
Doctor, something interesting  
here you should--

DIANA  
Alex! Donor Zero's data has been  
overwritten in the matrix!

PORTER  
Overwritten?

DIANA  
Yes! It's new data!

PORTER  
And Castner's brain shows traces of  
the freeze compound!  
(long beat)  
Castner was downloaded!

They stare intently at each other a moment.

DIANA  
The new patterns are flatlining one  
moment and spiking the next,  
indicating severe trauma. He was  
downloaded before death!

PAUL  
Then it was the freeze compound that  
killed him, not the cardiac arrest!

DIANA  
He was murdered!

PORTER

No! Don't you see? He was in the Chamber when the heart attack hit. He knew he was dying, so he downloaded himself!

PAUL

Don't you have to inject the freeze compound after death?

PORTER

Not necessarily. He probably put the Download routine on a countdown--say one minute. Then, he injected himself with the compound. It takes a few seconds to reach the brain and stop all activity. If my theory's correct, you find the hypo, and you'll find Castner's fingerprints on it.

PAUL

That's pretty far-fetched.

PORTER

You didn't know Castner! He knew how valuable he was to the Project--and now he's part of the matrix! We'll download again just as soon as we find a suitable recipient; one who will be around long enough to tap into Castner's knowledge...

PAUL

What about your problems with Donor Zero?

PORTER

The problems only prove that Download works! Your reservations about Donor Zero are now moot! We know the source of the data in the matrix now--it's Castner!

DIANA

And you're in charge.

PORTER

If you're implying that I was involved in Castner's death, you're very wrong. Dr. Castner was worth far more to all of us alive than dead! His knowledge was indispensable.

PAUL

That's two deaths now because of your insane Frankenstein machine.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

Three, if you count Donor Zero. Plus Marshall's psychotic break. That's a lot of evidence, Porter.

(beat)

Joyride's over.

PORTER

Conjecture and hearsay aren't evidence. Besides, you're alone. Look around.

Paul studies the faces of the nurses and techs. In turn, each averts his eyes. They won't help him.

PORTER (CONT'D)

Keep your fantasies to yourself. You are to concern yourself only with Marshall. Guard? Show him the door.

DIANA

Alex!

PORTER

Dr. Hastings, your services are still required--unless you also wish to ruin your career?

Paul is forcibly removed.

Diana turns to Porter, then follows Paul out.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE AUTOPSY - CONTINUOUS

Paul is released by the Guard, who goes back inside the room.

Paul strides angrily down the corridor.

Diana bursts through the door, running after him.

DIANA

Paul! Paul! Stop!

She catches him and falls into stride with him.

PAUL

Who's side are you on?

DIANA

Where are you going?

PAUL

The cops... The Chairman...  
Hell, I don't know...

DIANA

I don't think Porter did it!

Paul stops and folds his arms across his chest.

PAUL

Why not?

DIANA

He doesn't have a motive! He's right: Castner is no use to him dead. It would be stupid to kill him! And Porter is not stupid!

PAUL

So you think it was suicide?

DIANA

It's possible. It's just like Castner to orchestrate his own death. Besides, Porter's right: there's no evidence!

PAUL

What about the Donor Zero file?

DIANA

After you went to Saving Grace, I tried to call up the file again. It was gone!

PAUL

Great! So now what do we do?

DIANA

I don't know.

PAUL

Dammit! I want to transfer Marshall to County General, where I can treat him properly. I think he's on the verge of another psychotic episode.

DIANA

I'll see what I can do. Just stay clear of Porter.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MARSHALL'S ROOM - LATER

Paul approaches the nurses' station. It's empty. The Guard is gone, too.

Perplexed, he enters the room.

INT. MARSHALL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paul enters. The I.V. drips steadily. Marshall is restrained in bed, looking worse than ever. His skin is pale, his eyes are bloodshot.

Paul approaches him.

MARSHALL

Where have you been? Nobody's been in here for hours!

PAUL

Dr. Castner is dead, Steve.

MARSHALL

What about me?

PAUL

I'm going to transfer you to a real hospital. Here's something to help you sleep.

Paul administers a gas hypo.

Marshall's eyes close as the sedative kicks in.

Paul looks steadily at him for a moment, then unties the wrist and ankle restraints and turns to examine a monitor readout.

Suddenly, from behind his back:

CASTNER'S VOICE

Help! He's trying to kill me!

Paul doesn't recognize this voice. He turns.

PAUL

Relax, Steve.

CASTNER'S VOICE

It's me, Paul! Harold!

Paul pulls back, astonished. He trips over a chair and falls down.

Finally, he pulls himself to his feet.

PAUL

Dr. Castner?!

CASTNER'S VOICE

I took Marshall to the Chamber last night to scan for GammaEt damage--it was eating him alive! Then--

Suddenly, Castner's voice wavers and he begins to choke. Marshall's face contorts as a power struggle ensues.

PAUL  
Dr. Castner? Are you okay?

BUZZ'S VOICE  
Ha ha ha...

Paul doesn't recognize the voice at first. Then,

PAUL  
Buzz!? You downloaded Castner?

BUZZ'S VOICE  
Pretty clever, huh? I'm in control, now. And it's gonna stay that way...

PAUL  
Steve, can you help Dr. Castner speak?

MARSHALL  
Too much drugs! Can't think straight!

Marshall rips the I.V. from his arm and jumps off the bed.

Paul takes a step back, looking anxiously around.

Marshall advances a step.

BUZZ'S VOICE  
It's under control...

PAUL  
Calm down, Buzz...

BUZZ'S VOICE  
THE HAMMER, MAN!

Marshall uproots a monitor and throws it at Paul.

It hits him square in the face, opening a bloody gash on his forehead.

Marshall lunges at Paul, choking him. Other equipment is knocked over in the struggle.

Paul fights, but Marshall's strength surprises him.

BUZZ'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
I'm the Avenging Angel! And I'm  
sending you straight... to... HELL!

They roll over, struggling, Paul on top.

Paul slams Marshall's head on the tiled floor, and Marshall's grip on Paul's neck loosens.

Paul gets to his feet, looks around wildly for a way of escape or defense. The med bag lies overturned nearby.

Paul dives for it, rooting through it as Marshall struggles to his feet. Paul stands.

Marshall blocks the door.

Paul brandishes the scalpel.

Marshall's eyes are wide and treacherous. His hands open and close spasmodically.

He lunges, but Paul sidesteps him, slicing him on the forearm.

He cries out in pain, drawing back, grabbing his arm.

His back to the door, he has Paul cornered by the monitors. He moves in.

Suddenly, Diana steps through the door, unaware of the stand-off.

DIANA

Well, Steve, how are...

Marshall wheels around and grabs her, one hand on her chin, the other around her waist.

Paul moves forward.

Marshall pulls her head back, tightening his grip.

BUZZ'S VOICE

I'll break her neck!

Paul stops and lowers the scalpel.

DIANA

Paul!

Marshall stifles her plea.

BUZZ'S VOICE

Open it. Slow. You ain't no hero, so don't act like one...

Diana opens the door, her eyes never leaving Paul.

Marshall pulls her out the door, shutting it securely behind them.

PAUL'S P.O.V. - THE SMALL WINDOW IN THE DOOR

frames Diana's face for a moment, then she is replaced by Marshall's cackling visage.

Then they are gone.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MARSHALL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON DOOR - PAUL'S FACE

fills the small window. He pounds on the door and yells, but the SOUND is muffled.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Marshall hauls Diana down the stairs, wild-eyed, energized by the GammaEt and adrenaline.

They pass through a metal door.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

It is a mass of pipes and wiring, with occasional pools of light surrounded by deep shadows. It appears to go on for miles in every direction.

Marshall bursts through a door with Diana.

He shuts it behind her and pulls her closer.

BUZZ'S VOICE

Ever made it with three men at once?

INT. NURSE STATION - CONTINUOUS

The station is abandoned.

PUSH INTO the security monitor for Marshall's room. Paul can be seen banging on the door, unable to get out.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Marshall pulls Diana along.

Suddenly, he stops, HEARING something. He pulls Diana back into the shadows.

A SECURITY GUARD, unaware of their presence, walks casually by, stopping directly in front of them.

He turns and looks back where he came from, listening.

Behind him, in the shadows, Marshall holds Diana, his hand over her mouth. A small squeak manages to escape her lips.

The Guard turns, going for his gun.

Marshall shoves Diana aside, picks up a CO2 cylinder, and whacks the Guard across the face with it.

The Guard goes down limply.

Marshall looks around wildly. Diana is gone. He bends down and rifles the Guard's pockets, getting his gun, nightstick and cuffs. He listens intently to the ECHO of running footsteps.

He grins and trots after Diana.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MARSHALL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nurse Jordan walks slowly around the corner, studying a clipboard. She looks up as she HEARS pounding on the door.

She opens the door, spilling out a breathless Paul.

PAUL  
Get Porter! Tell him Marshall has  
taken Diana hostage!

He looks around for signs of Marshall and Diana.

HIS P.O.V. - A DOOR

down the hall marked "STAIRWAY" is slightly ajar.

PAUL

bolts through the door, leaving a bloody hand print on the casing.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Diana, having escaped from Marshall/Buzz, runs down the seemingly endless, twisting maze of piping and conduit.

She slips on a puddle of standing water, giving a yelp, then stifling herself.

INT. BASEMENT - ELSEWHERE - CONTINUOUS

Marshall stops and looks in the direction of Diana's yelp.

He smiles, cocks his gun, and takes off after her.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Paul appears, stepping out into the basement.

HIS P.O.V. - IT'S VERY DARK,

the room a mass of conduits, piping, and large, menacing machines.

PAUL

wanders out into the basement, unsure of where he's going.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Diana rounds a corner, bursts through a doorway, and finds herself at a dead end. She wheels around suddenly, HEARING something.

Marshall steps into the light, a cruel smile on his face.

Diana backs up, looking for escape. There is none.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Paul comes upon the Guard lying in a pool of blood.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Marshall approaches Diana steadily, the gun pointed at her.

DIANA

NO!

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Paul is feeling for a pulse at the Guard's neck. He looks up when he hears Diana's scream.

He jumps up and heads in that direction.

INT. PORTER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Porter is on the VisiPhone with Blakely.

PORTER

Secure the building. Nobody leaves until he's found.

BLAKELY

Yes, sir.

The VisiPhone screen goes black.

Porter opens a desk drawer and withdraws a finely-crafted wood case.

He places it on the blotter, opens it, and folds back a velvet coverlet, revealing a black laser sight pistol.

He rams the grip cartridge home angrily and leaves the room.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Marshall grabs Diana, who slices his cheek with her fingernails.

He puts the gun to her temple, cocking it. He touches his cheek, finding blood there and licks it off his fingers.

BUZZ'S VOICE

Okay, enough foreplay!

He drags her out of FRAME.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Paul creeps quietly through the dark maze of conduit and shelving.

He picks up a length of piping, hefting its weight.

He edges along a shelf of electrical parts.

Suddenly, the security ALARM blares and blue ceiling-mounted emergency lights begin to swivel, casting their eerie beams about.

Paul moves on, thoroughly shaken.

INT. BASEMENT - PLASMA BANK AREA - CONTINUOUS

TECH HARRISON sits at a computer console near the huge, cylindrical download plasma storage tank. Myriads of fiber optic cables run from the computer banks to the tank.

Harrison works at the computer keyboard, his walkman insulating him from outside noise. He hums with the MUSIC.

A gun is placed at the back of his head. He freezes.

Marshall lifts the earphones off Harrison's head.

BUZZ'S VOICE

Hi, there. Remember me? Give you two guesses!

Marshall spins him around, placing the barrel directly between his eyes.

Diana is nowhere to be seen.

HARRISON

Steve?

BUZZ'S VOICE

Wrong! One guess left. Here's a hint:  
you helped kill me!

Harrison stares wide-eyed, saying nothing.

Marshall pulls him to his feet and takes him over by the plasma storage tank. He touches a bundle of glowing fiber optics and places his hand tentatively against the side of the tank.

BUZZ'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Another hint: Who can be two places  
at once? Here...

He places a finger to his temple, then touches the tank.

BUZZ'S VOICE (CONT'D)

And here?

HARRISON

Donor Zero!

BUZZ'S VOICE

Bingo!

HARRISON

I don't want to die!

Marshall cocks the gun.

BUZZ'S VOICE

I know, I know... But it's not so  
bad... once you've done it a couple  
of times!

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Blakely edges along a wall, his gun held in the ready position.

A loud GUNSHOT erupts.

He steels himself and bursts around the corner, his gun leveled.

BLAKELY

Hold it!

Beyond him, a dark ominous shape SCREECHES loudly.

Blakely showers it with bullets.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Paul, startled by the GUNSHOTS, drops the pipe, then snatches it up and runs toward the sound.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Blakely runs to the fallen body.

HIS P.O.V. - THE BODY

is that of a research animal, a chimp. It is dead.

BLAKELY

Shit! A monkey?!

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MARSHALL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Porter runs around the corner and into the room, bumping into Nurse Jordan. He raises his gun reflexively.

PORTER

Where'd they go?

JORDAN

There.

She points to the basement access door.

Porter runs to it.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Porter kneels by the Guard's body, touching the blood on the cement floor.

He grips his gun tighter and moves on slowly, his flashlight creating ominous shapes on the floor and walls.

INT. BASEMENT - PLASMA BANK AREA - CONTINUOUS

Harrison's body lies in the f.g., shot in the head. Paul appears in the b.g. and rushes to the body, examining it.

He looks around. The door beyond the tanks is open, leading upstairs.

Paul grabs the pipe firmly and heads for the door.

INT. BASEMENT

Porter stops, seeing something.

Up ahead, someone crouches low in the shadows, his back to his gun raised, waiting.

The laser sight is brought UP INTO FRAME, centering the on the back of man's head. Porter cocks his gun.

The man freezes.

PORTER  
Turn around slowly...

The man turns slowly and places his gun on the floor. He steps the light.

It's Blakely.

PORTER (CONT'D)  
What the hell?

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The doors WHOOSH open and Paul creeps into the room. The lights are off. The shapes of the computer modules, the bodyslab, and the scanner are barely visible.

Paul stops, listening.

HIS P.O.V. - IN THE DARK DISTANCE,

a foot in hospital slippers sticks out from a bank of computers.

PAUL

approaches, the pipe in his hands cocked like a baseball bat.

As he moves closer, the body comes INTO VIEW, sitting on the floor, leaning against the banks, its back to Paul.

Paul nudges the body with the pipe. It doesn't move. He moves around the front of the body.

HIS P.O.V. - IT'S MARSHALL.

His throat has been cut from ear to ear. He still holds the scalpel in his hand.

PAUL

hears a soft MOANING from the far side of the scanner.

He moves slowly toward the sound.

HIS P.O.V. - DIANA

is handcuffed to a hospital gurney, her mouth taped shut. clothes are torn and her face is bruised and bloody. She recoils as he approaches.

Paul kneels and pulls the tape from her mouth.

PAUL

Diana! Are you okay?

She scuttles backwards, not recognizing him.

DIANA

Don't touch me!

He cradles her in his arms, rocking her gently.

The door opens with a WHOOSH, letting in a flood of light.

PAUL'S LOW-ANGLE P.O.V. - PAN TO THE BRIGHT LIGHT

spilling through the doorway. Vaguely, a pair of feet can be seen creeping slowly in. The doors close, enveloping everything in darkness again.

PAUL

slowly gets to his feet. Diana whimpers quietly.

PAUL'S P.O.V. - A FIGURE,

nearly invisible in the darkness, stands in the doorway. A hand raised and a pinpoint of red light arcs TOWARD CAMERA.

PAUL

freezes as the laser sight is centered on his forehead.

PORTER

PORTER

Don't move!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - LATER

Marshall's body lies on the bodyslab. Porter is handling the autopsy, aided by Racine. The scanner is located on the axis of the skull.

INSERT - THE MONITOR

shows faint purplish dye visible in the cerebral cortex.

BACK TO SCENE

Porter and Racine stare at each other in disbelief.

PORTER  
Freeze compound?!

He turns on his heel and moves quickly to the door.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE AUTOPSY - CONTINUOUS

Blakely jumps to this feet as Porter emerges from the Autopsy Room, for Blakely to follow him.

INT. INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

Paul sits in a chair, handcuffed to a large, immovable metal shelf unit.

The door whisks open and Porter and Blakely enter.

Paul struggles against his restraints.

PAUL  
I didn't do anything!

PORTER  
I'm not so sure of that.

PAUL  
Look, I told you: Buzz--Donor Zero--  
downloaded Castner into Marshall!

PORTER  
When?

PAUL  
Last night. Castner took Marshall to  
check for GammaEt damage. Buzz  
overpowered him, downloaded him into  
himself!

PORTER  
Ridiculous! I've told you a dozen  
times, a download transfers only  
data--

PAUL  
Would you listen to me? Marshall  
then returned to his room. Later, I  
sedated him for transfer out of here.  
That was when Castner spoke to me!

PORTER  
He spoke to you?

PAUL

Yes! But he was restrained by who  
 attacked me, escaped, clubbed the  
 guard in the basement, attacked Diana--

PORTER

And then conveniently killed himself  
 before anyone else talk to him...

Paul glares at Porter.

PORTER (CONT'D)

I think you killed Marshall!

PAUL

Me?!

PORTER

But first you downloaded him! We  
 just found traces of the freeze  
 compound in his brain!

PAUL

I don't know how to run a download!

PORTER

No? If what you say true, Marshall  
 could've downloaded himself into you!  
 Then, you cut his throat!

The door opens during this last exchange and Diana enters.  
 Her face is impassive, distant.

PAUL

Diana! He's crazy!

PORTER

Diana, are you alright?

DIANA

Is "he" in him?

PORTER

I'm not sure yet. I think so.

DIANA

I can tell if anything's wrong. Give  
 me a moment with him.

Porter nods.

PORTER

Just don't get too close. We'll be  
 right outside if you us.

Porter and Blakely leave.

Diana sits down and looks at Paul for a long moment.

PAUL

Don't tell me you believe him. Diana,  
I didn't kill anybody.

A long beat as he looks at her closely.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

DIANA

He took me to Autopsy and...

She turns away, tearing up.

PAUL

Shh... It's okay...

DIANA

I guess I passed out, because I came  
to, I was cuffed that gurney.

PAUL

I didn't kill him, Diana. You gotta  
believe me.

DIANA

I don't care if you did! He deserved  
it!

PAUL

Diana, he killed himself--just like  
Collins did!

She is crying. He motions for her to come to him.

She hesitates a moment, then does.

He takes his free arm and pulls her down on his lap, where  
she buries her head in his neck, sobbing.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

Blakely stands by the door as Porter paces.

BLAKELY

Suppose he's right!

PORTER

Right about what?

BLAKELY

What if Reynolds did just find him  
dead?

(MORE)

BLAKELY (CONT'D)

Marshall was gone for over an hour--  
he could've downloaded into anybody!  
Maybe he did kill himself!

PORTER

Five people are dead. I can't take  
that chance.

From inside the room, Diana's voice is HEARD.

DIANA (O.S.)

Dr. Porter?

Blakely and Porter move toward the door.

INT. INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON DOOR - PORTER

steps through, followed by Blakely. Porter gasps.

Paul is still handcuffed to his chair, but Diana is now seated  
on the floor in front of him, between his knees, his free  
hand holding a surgical blade to her throat. Her face is  
ashen.

Blakely goes for his gun.

PAUL

I'll kill her, I swear it!

Blakely takes his hand off his gun.

Porter takes a step forward.

PORTER

Why don't you just put down  
that knife and we can--

Paul tightens his grip, the blade closer to her neck.

PAUL

Stop! You of all people should know  
how sharp these are!

Porter stops in his tracks.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Give me the keys to these things!

He points at Blakely, who undoes a key ring on his belt. He  
makes to toss them through the air to Paul.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
What am I, stupid? Just slide them  
along the floor to Diana.

Blakely bends low and slides the keys across the floor.

They stop near Diana's knee.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Undo the cuffs.

Diana slowly reaches for the keys, the knife at her throat,  
terror bright in her eyes.

Porter and Blakely are ready to pounce at the first  
opportunity.

Paul doesn't take his eyes off of them as Diana takes off  
the cuff.

His hand free, he nods at Blakely.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Now take that gun out of your holster  
with your left hand and put it on  
the floor. And no heroics. I can  
slit her jugular in the time it takes  
you to blink!

Blakely looks at Porter.

BLAKELY  
We can take this guy!

PAUL  
Not before I kill her!

Porter looks at Paul, then Diana, then back at Blakely.

PORTER  
Do as he says.

PAUL  
That's right. Don't be stupid!

ANGLE ON PORTER'S BACK - A GUN

is stuck into his waistband. His hand moves slowly toward  
the weapon.

BLAKELY

removes his gun, hunkers down, and slides it along the floor.

It comes to a stop between Diana's legs. She moves to take  
it and Paul presses the knife to her neck.

A bit of blood appears.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Slowly!

She hands the weapon to Paul, who takes it.

He drops the knife, places the gun in her ribs, pulls her to her feet and motions for Blakely and Porter to move away from the door.

Porter has his hand behind his back.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Lemme see your hands!

Blakely and Porter raise their hands. Porter's are empty, too.

Paul motions to the metal shelf unit.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Now, each of you put a cuff on a wrist, through the shelves.

Blakely bends down and picks up the cuffs, closing one side over his wrist.

He looks at Porter to join him, but Porter stands his ground.

PORTER

Listen, Buzz--

PAUL

I'm not Buzz!

PORTER

Okay, okay. Calm down. Look, why don't you leave Diana? We won't follow you--

PAUL

Damn right you won't! 'Cause where I go, she goes! Now move!

In the f.g., Porter moves slowly, his back TO CAMERA, holding up his left wrist to be cuffed, his right hand moving behind his back toward his gun.

As Blakely snaps the cuffs home, Paul, by the door with Diana in the b.g., speaks up:

PAUL (CONT'D)

Lemme see your other hand, Dr. Porter. Turn around slowly.

Porter turns. The gun is visible, tucked into his pants.

Paul laughs sardonically.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
You are so stupid. Give it to me,  
handle first.

Porter withdraws the gun and holds it out.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Put it on the floor.

Porter does so. He straightens again.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Now, kick it along the floor.

Porter does so.

Paul stoops slightly, the gun still pressed to Diana's back. He picks up the gun and shoves it in the waistband of his pants.

PORTER  
You'll never get away with this.

PAUL  
Funny, that's what I was gonna say  
to you.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE INFIRMARY - MOMENTS LATER

Paul and Diana emerge. Paul looks around warily. There is no one around.

Paul and Diana look intently at each other. After a moment, they rush forward, embracing.

Paul gives her Porter's pistol.

PAUL  
You might need it.

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Paul and Diana pass quickly through a door marked "BASEMENT."

INT. INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

Porter and Blakely struggle to free themselves, but the steel bar holds.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Paul and Diana run between pipes and strung cable in the dimly-lit basement.

INT. INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

The steel bar bends slightly with the strain as the captives tug on it.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Paul and Diana round a corner and stop, winded.

Diana presses her hand to her temple like she has a headache.

PAUL

You okay?

She points to a circular, screen-covered opening in the wall.

DIANA

Ventilation duct. Goes outside.

Paul puts his gun down and tugs on the screen. It gives a little. He looks around, locates a pry bar and inserts it.

The metal SCREECHES as it bends.

INT. INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

The steel rack tubing finally finally gives way to one last tremendous tug. Porter and Blakely tumble to the ground.

They get to their feet and run out into the hallway, comically starting in different directions, but the cuffs restrain them.

Porter looks stonily at Blakely, then pulls him over to a wall-mount phone and lifts the handset.

PORTER

This is Porter. Reynolds has escaped.  
He has a hostage. Secure the building.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The duct screen is bent, loosened by the pry bar.

Diana looks furtively over her shoulder, listening.

Paul inserts the bar for one more tug.

PAUL  
This should do it...

Suddenly, a high-pitched SIREN wails and blue hazard lights swivel, casting their beams around the room.

Paul looks at Diana, then turns back to his work.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Porter and Blakey run down the hall, still cuffed together.

A SECURITY GUARD appears.

PORTER  
Any sign of them?

GUARD  
No, sir. The building's secure.

PORTER  
Check the basement--and give me your  
gun!

The Guard hands Porter his revolver.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Paul gives one last tug and the screen comes free.

He turns to Diana, who is looking into the darkness behind them, the gun poised.

PAUL  
Diana?

She whirls, pointing the gun at him, her eyes frenzied.

He throws his hands up in mock fear.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Don't shoot!

He smiles and takes the prybar with him into the duct.

Diana looks over her shoulder again at the darkness behind them, gripping the gun tightly.

Paul's face appears at the duct opening.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Come on!

She hesitates a moment, then follows him into the duct.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Porter and Blakely round the corner to see the open duct and the twisted screen.

They quickly move inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. INSTITUTE - MOMENTS LATER

Paul and Diana emerge from the duct opening.

Paul drops the prybar, grabs Diana's wrist, and pulls her across the dimly lit lawn.

They make about fifty yards when Porter and Blakely emerge from the duct.

Porter sees Paul and raises his gun. Unfortunately, his gun hand is still handcuffed.

PORTER  
Stop! I'll shoot!

PORTER'S GUNSIGHT P.O.V. - PAUL AND DIANA

are small figures heading for the main gate. They look back over their shoulders as they run. The sight bounces and jerks.

BACK TO SCENE

PORTER (CONT'D)  
Hold still!

Blakely tries to relax with his hand held up like a traffic cop.

Porter squeezes the trigger and a SHOT rings out.

A good eighty yards away, Paul is hit and falls on the wet grass, clutching his thigh.

Diana helps him up and they struggle on, Paul limping, blood pumping out of his leg.

As they reach the parking lot, carbon arc lights kick on. They duck behind a car.

PAUL'S P.O.V. - PORTER AND BLAKELY

are met by other security guards emerging from the building.

Porter gestures and they all run toward CAMERA.

PAUL

pulls Diana along, looking for his car.

They find it and he struggles to get his keys out of his pocket. His leg is bleeding badly.

Diana grabs the keys from him.

DIANA  
(gruffly)  
I'll drive!

Paul gives her a strange look as she opens the door, climbing inside. He shakes it off and follows her, shutting the door.

She starts the car, the ENGINE roaring.

THE GUARDS

make a bee-line toward the car.

DIANA'S FOOT

hits the gas and the car peels out, the back end fishtailing wildly.

A GUARD

fires at the car.

THE CAR

zigzags among the parking spaces, gaining speed.

PORTER

grabs a walkie-talkie from a guard and hollers something into it.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - TRAVELING - CONTINUOUS

Paul looks at Diana in amazement--he didn't know she could drive like this!

DIANA  
Oh, shit.

Paul looks up.

HIS P.O.V. - THE MAIN GATE

The gate is closing as they approach.

DIANA

puts the car into a skid.

EXT. INSTITUTE GATE - CONTINUOUS

The rear-end of Paul's car fishtails around and strikes the closing gate perfectly, popping it off its track.

The fence falls and the car goes over it, the tail lights fading in the dark.

EXT. PAUL'S CAR - TRAVELING - CONTINUOUS

She grips the wheel tightly, looking in the rear view mirror.

Paul looks at Diana, amazement in his eyes.

PAUL  
Nice going, Mario!

She smiles stiffly and steps on the gas.

Paul holds his thigh tightly, the pant leg wet with blood.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EASY REST MOTEL - ESTABLISHING - LATER

Diana emerges from the office, lit by the neon sign.

She gets in the car and pulls slowly down the row of clapboard cabins.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Diana helps Paul inside the cabin. His face is deathly white; he's lost a lot of blood.

PAUL  
Where are we?

DIANA  
Motel. Lemme see your leg.

PAUL  
Your expertise is in computers, isn't it, Doctor?

DIANA  
It's still bleeding. Lay back.

She tears the pant leg open and examines the wound.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Porter's pistol and Blakeley's revolver lie on the nightstand. PULL BACK to reveal Paul lying on the bed, resting quietly, his leg bandaged with torn bed sheets.

Diana sits on the edge of the bed. She places a wet compress on his forehead and tenderly smooths his hair.

Paul opens his eyes.

PAUL

Gotta get out of here. The police...  
gotta tell them...

DIANA

In awhile.

PAUL

You were great back there, Diana.  
Thanks.

DIANA

For what?

PAUL

For believing me... for everything.

He pulls himself up to a sitting position and kisses her.

At first, she doesn't respond, but finally her arms encircle him and she kisses him passionately.

Suddenly, she pulls away and walks across the room.

She stands facing the wall, head down, her hands pressed to her temples.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Diana, what's wrong?

As she turns to speak, the room is lit brightly with intense white light, blinding them.

Paul gets up and pulls the drapes aside.

HIS P.O.V. - THE PARKING LOT

is full of GenTech and IPS Security cruisers, spotlights bathing the cabin in white light.

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Twenty security guards crouch behind their cars, their guns trained on the cabin.

Chairman Hapscomb and Dr. Porter stand behind the closest car. Hapscomb raises a bullhorn to his mouth.

HAPSCOMB

(filtered)

Reynolds! This is out of hand. Send Diana out and we'll talk. You have my word nothing will happen to you.

INT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Paul looks out the window. Without turning, he speaks.

PAUL

Good! The Chairman--I can talk to him. It's over--

He turns to Diana and freezes, his face gone chalky white.

PAUL'S P.O.V. - DIANA

stands on the other side of the bed, holding Porter's gun with both hands, the red laser sighting zeroed directly in ON CAMERA. Her face is impassive; her eyes vacant.

BUZZ'S VOICE

It ain't over yet...

PAUL

takes a step forward.

DIANA

tightens her grip on the gun.

BUZZ'S VOICE (CONT'D)

It's me, Doc. Just wanted you to know who pulled the trigger!

PAUL

Buzz?! Diana! Fight him!

BUZZ'S VOICE

Too late, Doc. She checked out... you know women!

PAUL

You son of a bitch!

He starts toward Diana, then stops short.

BUZZ'S VOICE

Could be. Not sure whose son I am anymore!

(MORE)

BUZZ'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
 But you won't hurt me... just like  
 the Bible says: we're "one flesh"  
 now!

PAUL  
 Diana, you must get control!

DIANA  
 Paul...

The gun wavers, her gaze a little less stony.

PAUL  
 The others? Castner? Marshall? Are  
 they also...?

She nods weakly.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 Steve! Harold! Help her!

CASTNER'S VOICE  
 If we let you, you'll kill the Project  
 and us along with it. Simple math  
 dictates that three--or rather four--  
 lives are more important than one.

BUZZ'S VOICE  
 Ain't democracy grand?!

CASTNER'S VOICE  
 His will is powerful and remorseless.  
 The rest of us are conscious from  
 time to time, but Buzz controls the  
 body.

PAUL  
 Diana! Please!

MARSHALL'S VOICE  
 I don't want to die. Do it.

CASTNER'S VOICE  
 It's the only way.

BUZZ'S VOICE  
 Gotcha. The Hammer's in control.

Paul drops his gaze to the nightstand.

HIS P.O.V. - BLAKELY'S REVOLVER

lies in the nightstand, just a step away.

PAUL

measures the distance in his mind's eye.

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Hapscomb casts a concerned look at Porter.

HAPSCOMB  
What's going on in there?

Porter shrugs.

Hapscomb raises the bullhorn again.

HAPSCOMB (CONT'D)  
(filtered)  
Paul? Let Diana go and we'll talk.

No answer from the cabin.

Hapscomb nods to the GenTech security chief, MATTHEWS, a tall, powerfully built man in his mid-40's with a crew cut.

Matthews motions to his men.

They load and ready their weapons.

A tear gas canister is loaded into a launcher.

The guard with the launcher sights on the cabin window. He turns and nods to Matthews, who smiles at Hapscomb.

Porter turns, concerned.

PORTER  
He'll kill her before we get in there!

HAPSCOMB  
We've waited long enough. The police  
will be here shortly. I want this  
cleaned up before they do.

INT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Diana struggles for control, the gun in her hands still aimed at Paul.

PAUL  
Diana! Please! Stop them!

Diana presses one hand to her temple.

Paul takes a half step toward her--and the nightstand.

DIANA  
I'm sorry, Paul, I can't...

BUZZ'S VOICE  
 (struggling)  
 It's... under... control...

DIANA  
 Paul...

PAUL  
 Diana... I love you!

Diana looks up, the cold steel back in her eyes.

BUZZ'S VOICE  
 You always hurt the ones you love.

Diana shakes her head "no" even as this last phrase leaves her lips. Tears roll down her cheeks.

DIANA  
 (with great effort)  
 I love you, too, Paul...

With one fluid motion, Diana places the barrel in her mouth...

PAUL  
 DIANA! NO!

...and pulls the trigger. The GUN goes off. She slumps to the floor. Paul gathers her into his arms.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 Oh, God! Diana!

He holds her limp body, rocking her gently, sobbing.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. DOWNLOAD CHAMBER - NIGHT

The Chamber is empty. The overhead lights are off. As we approach a computer modules the HUM becomes audible.

MOVE SLOWLY past the bodyslab, the medtrays and computer stations, continuing toward the CPU monitor.

PUSH IN to the monitor, where one sentence is written, the cursor blinking at the end.

> Download Routine: COMPLETE

FADE OUT.

THE END