

**VIRTUOSITY**

by

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Two men bolt recklessly through a downtown street. Hunters hot on the trail of their prey in an urban jungle.

The sidewalk is crowded with people. So is the street. Too many people, not enough cement. Los Angeles, 1997.

Summer, probably August. 103 degrees. Heat shimmers off the horizon. Making the sky look peculiar.

The men keep running. Passed a GUY sitting at a bus stop, watching a television in his lap. YOU HEAR the NEWSCASTER.

**NEWSCASTER (V. 0.)**

As L. A. P. D. officers gather  
evidence at this grisly crime  
scene, you can only ask yourselves  
— what kind of lunatic would  
commit such unthinkable crimes?

(a beat)

The three adjectives which best  
describe this killer are sadistic,  
intelligent, and dangerous...

The guy pays little attention to the broadcast. He seems almost bored by it. Like this kind of news is commonplace. Or he's got more important things on his mind.

Everybody is sweating. Including the two men struggling to swim upstream in the river of pedestrians.

Their uniforms are freshly pressed. Their shoes just recently shined. Hair tightly cropped. Faces perfectly shaved. Clearly men proud to wear the badge of the Los Angeles Police Department. The guy in the lead is

**PARKER BARNES**

His body is a running back's. His  
endurance a marathoner's. His face  
one you'd want for your own. He's

in his 30s. If he was in his 20s,  
you'd still be jealous.

His partner is JOHN DONLEY, late 20s, eager to prove himself. He struggles to keep up with Parker. John accidentally knocks over several pedestrians. They give no reaction, except to pick themselves up and continue on their way.

Parker and John keep charging. Their conversation breathless:

**JOHN**

I can't get over how different you  
look.

**PARKER**

(ruefully)  
Five years can be a bitch, huh?

They split-up. The Maitre D', still facing the front doors, repeats his greeting to no one in particular.

**MAITRE D'**

Good afternoon. May I help you?

Parker spots Sid 6.7 across the room. Without hesitation the hunter chases his prey. Gun out and firing. NOT what you would call Standard Police Procedure.

Bullets riddle Sid 6.7's table as he dives from his chair. He lands next to a bowling ball bag, which sits beneath his table.

John charges from the other direction until a WOMAN gets up from her chair, standing directly in John's line of fire.

**JOHN**

(to the Woman)  
Lady, move!

Before she can do so, Sid 6.7 stands behind the Woman, grabbing her and throwing her across the table into Parker. CRASH! They tumble to the floor.

In the same movement, Sid 6.7 removes a gun from inside his jacket and shoots John in the shoulder before he can fire. John's gun flies from his hand. Sid 6.7 advances toward him.

Parker struggles to his feet. Aims his weapon. Sid 6.7 does the same, but without looking. BOOM! Parker gets a bullet through his shooting arm. His wound IDENTICAL to John's. Parker's weapon tumbles to the floor as his arm goes limp.

Parker charges him wildly, but Sid 6.7 brutally kicks him in the stomach. In perfect rhythm with the symphony playing in the background. Parker doubles over, gasping for breath. Another kick drops Parker to his knees.

**SID 6.7**

(to Parker)

I'm going to rehearse with your friend a while, then I'll be back to perform a new piece with you.

He grabs his bowling bag and SLAMS it into John's head, knocking him out. Sid 6.7 puts John's unconscious body over his shoulder.

**SID 6.7 (CONT'D)**

If you get hungry, I'd recommend the escargot. They're delicious.

He carries John and the bowling ball bag into the kitchen. Parker scrambles to his gun, and races after Sid 6.7.

**INSIDE THE RESTAURANT KITCHEN**

Parker charges through SOUS CHEFS chopping vegetables, who work undistracted. The Vegetables look plastic.

Parker turns a corner, stopping fast. At the other end of the aisle stands Sid 6.7, who presses his gun against the head of a frightened BUSBOY. Sid 6.7 holds the Busboy's body in front of his own as a shield.

**PARKER**

(to Sid 6.7)

Where's John?

**SID 6.7**

Performing solo.

(a beat)

Enjoying the concert so far?

Advancing up the aisle, Parker levels his gun at Sid 6.7 with his good arm. Now, all work comes to a stop as the Sous Chefs watch the showdown.

**PARKER**

Recital's over, asshole.

He fires directly through the chest of the innocent Busboy hitting Sid 6.7.

The Sous Chefs gasp in horror as the Busboy drops through Sid

6.7's grasp to the floor. Dead.

Sid 6.7 stares at Parker in disbelief. Blood is now visible flowing from a bullet hole in Sid 6.7's shoulder, which was caused by the same bullet. Sid 6.7's arm dangles uselessly. His gun lies on the floor.

**SID 6.7**

(surprised, but pleased).

You and me aren't so different,  
after all...

Parker again pulls the trigger. Click. Click, click. No bullets.

**SID 6.7 (CONT'D)**

Like a violin without strings...

He takes off around the corner. Grabbing another clip from inside his uniform, Parker goes after him. Only to stumble over something. Sid 6.7's bowling bag. Blood flows through its zipper. You now realize the object inside is NOT a bowling ball.

Beside the bowling bag lies John's body, which is convulsing. His hands have been tied to bare electrical wire. John is being electrocuted. Parker kicks away the wires, but not in time.

**PARKER**

**SHIT!**

He scans the room for Sid 6.7. Parker has no idea Sid 6.7 is standing directly behind him. Sid 6.7 grabs Parker by the throat.

**SID 6.7**

I told you I was going to perform a  
new piece with you. It's called,  
"First You Suffer, Then You Die."  
Hope you like it.

Parker gags, unable to breathe. He then starts to DE-  
MATERIALIZER from within Sid 6.7's grasp.

**SID 6.7 (CONT'D)**

(as if to God)

NOOOH! You can't take him, yet. I'm  
not finished!

John's body also de-materializes as Parker disappears entirely.

The blood seeping from Sid 6.7's wound stops flowing and starts retracting into his body. Along with his bone fragments. His shoulder is healing itself. Right before your very eyes. We PULL BACK TO REVEAL what you are seeing is

#### **ON A MONITOR**

The scene continues seamlessly. Sid 6.7's skin heals over his shoulder wound once his internal parts are back in their proper places. No scar whatsoever.

His clothing also returns to perfect condition. Literally, as good as new. This is known as AUTOMATIC RESETTING.

The previously dead Busboy also Auto Resets. His wound healing by itself. We PULL BACK FURTHER to reveal the monitor is one of several

#### **INSIDE THE LAW ENFORCEMENT TECHNOLOGY ADVANCEMENT CENTER**

a/k/a LETAC. The facility is a converted aerospace research building in Pacoima. Funded by government black book dollars.

The look is a mixture of industrial grime and high-tech sparkle. Banks upon banks of computer equipment. Wires, cables, conduits, connectors everywhere you look.

In complete disarray to the uninitiated. But to those in the know, this is the most advanced facility of its kind in the world.

The building is partitioned into dozens of stations. At each station, a leading engineer in his field is frantically readying a prototype for demonstration. Each new technology designed to help fight the new Cold War... the War on Crime.

The atmosphere is competitive. Voices are loud. Tension, anticipation in the air. Only a lucky few will have their inventions approved for production.

LETAC is, quite simply, Los Alamos from 1940 meets Sega from **1994**.

At a station in the middle of the room, TWO UNCONSCIOUS BODIES lie on narrow beds wearing form-fitting skull caps made of polyurethane.

Each skull cap has 100 acupuncture needles stuck through it at points designated as neural primes. Each needle is directly connected to the participant's nervous system.

The tail end of each needle is connected to a fiber optic wire which leads to one of numerous interconnected computers surrounding the beds.

Each of these components isn't much to look at on its own. But together, with the rest of the apparatus, are part of something very new — a revolutionary law enforcement training device whose name you read:

### **VIRTUAL REALITY CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION SIMULATOR**

To be perfectly clear, the events you just witnessed involving Parker, John, and Sid 6.7 took place within virtual reality, not the real world.

Dozens of small character modules, similar to today's Nintendo game cartridges, are plugged into the system's main console.

Each of the modules bears a name and number, such as MAITRE D' 1.7 and SHEILA 3.2. There is no character version number greater than 4.0. Until you see the module labelled SID 6.7.

The simulation timer stops at: 17 hours, 52 minutes, 11 seconds. A clock reads: 3:04:32 PM.

Four observers, two men and two women, watch virtual reality monitors positioned around the station. One of the men wears an L. A. P. D. uniform. His name is WILLIAM COX, 40s. His nameplate reads CHIEF OF POLICE.

One of the women sits by herself in front of a monitor. Intently following the action on screen. Studying it clinically. Her name is DR. MADISON CARTER, late 30s.

She is beautiful, and charming, but those qualities take a back seat to her intelligence. She is one of the country's foremost authorities on criminal psychology. Her concerns are empirical. Her quest is knowledge. She has little in common with the other observers.

The other man is FREDERICK WALLACE, 50s, Chairman/CEO of LETAC. Expensive suit. Commanding, powerful. But not as commanding, or powerful, as ELIZABETH DEANE, 60s, the Presidentially-appointed Crime Czars

Elizabeth Deane is solely responsible for the funds allocated to LETAC. As well as which prototypes will move on to production.

**DEANE**

(quietly to Wallace)

What did Cox pull him out early  
for?

**WALLACE**

Barnes used to work for him when he  
was still a cop in the field,  
remember?

**DEANE**

(a beat)  
Don't remind me.

LAB ASSISTANTS remove the polyurethane skull caps from the  
two unconscious bodies. The acupuncture needles remain in the  
caps. You can now see the faces of the participants:

Parker and John.

Parker lies calmly, his eyes fluttering as he gradually  
returns to consciousness. He looks very different than his  
virtual rendering:

His hair is long and ragged. His face is unshaven. A scar  
across his cheek. A hoop earring in one ear. His outfit a  
filthy prison uniform.

John's outfit matches Parker's. Physically, he looks as  
clean-cut as his virtual rendering. Except that he is  
convulsing. Violently.

His flailing appendages repeatedly hit the apparatus around  
him. Like an epileptic having a grand mal seizure. It's ugly.  
Frightening.

**PARKER**

(barely conscious)  
**SOMEBODY.. .DO SOMETHING!**

TWO PARAMEDICS burst through the doors and rush to John. The  
paramedics inject him. Fibrillate him. Repeatedly.

The simulator's designer, DARYL LINDENMEYER, 40s, high-  
strung, intense, and brilliant beyond words, stands by the  
equipment protectively. He is far more concerned for the  
safety of his machines than he is for John's life.

John's body goes limp. His vital signs flat. The Paramedics  
record the time of death and cover the body with a sheet.  
They begin to assemble a gurney to wheel him out.

**DEANE**

(annoyed to Wallace)

What the hell happened?

**WALLACE**

(pointing to needles)  
Lindenmeyer developed neural connectors that tap directly into the nervous system. If the simulator isn't calibrated properly, experiencing death in this level of VR is like experiencing death within a dream. The experience becomes real.

**DEANE**

(angrily)  
Simulations are supposed to give participants practice in realistic, dangerous scenarios while protecting them from the risks they are exposed to in the real world.

**WALLACE**

(annoyed, to Lindenmeyer)  
I was assured the problem was corrected.

**LINDENMEYER**

I did fix it.. I told you I did. I don't know why it happened again.

**DEANE**

Again?!

**COX**

(a beat)  
My first two pairs of convicts suffered the same fate.

**DEANE**

(coldly, to Wallace)  
Why wasn't I told?

**WALLACE**

Black book dollars, black book operation. You pay me for results, not how for how I get you there.

**COX**

(to Deane)  
I'll tell you one thing -- there is no way in hell we should allow any real officers to train in this damn

thing.

**DEANE**

Then about all I've spent \$37 million developing is a very expensive way to control the prison population.

After giving Wallace a cold, hard stare -- namely at his hand stitched lapel, his gold watch, and his diamond-studded cufflinks, she exits. Wallace follows after her quickly. You now notice that the chair Dr. Madison Carter had occupied is now empty. She left a while ago.

Cox remains. Lindenmeyer hurriedly examines the simulator as if it were his child. There are several scratches, but no major damage. He looks relieved.

**PARKER**

(struggling to sit up)  
He...only had a year left on his sentence.

**LINDENMEYER**

(annoyed)  
How much do you think I care?

Parker, still not fully conscious, hurls himself at Lindenmeyer.

**LINDENMEYER (CONT' D)**

(hysterical)  
Don't touch me!...DON'T TOUCH ME!!!

He flails his arms wildly. Nearly spasming. This is clearly a man who should never drink coffee. TWO armed GUARDS, who've been standing in the background, pull Parker off Lindenmeyer and throw him to the ground.

Lindenmeyer watches with satisfaction as the guards put Parker in handcuffs and leg chains.

**COX**

I'll walk him out.

The Guards back off as Cox helps Parker to his feet.

**COX (CONT'D)**

(to Parker)  
You all right?

**PARKER**

(still clearing his head)  
Why'd.. .you pull me out?

**COX**

Donley started experiencing the attack for real. If I hadn't gotten you out, the same thing would have happened to you.

(a beat)

You may not believe this, Parker,

but I still consider us friends.

He helps Parker toward the exit as he continues having difficulty with his balance.

**OUTSIDE LETAC**

The building is heavily-guarded. Razor wire, land mines, armed sentries. Nobody who shouldn't be here gets anywhere near here.

Cox leads Parker by the arm to a waiting prison transport. The two guards walk behind at a distance. Two more by the transport. The chain between Parker's legs keeps his steps short.

**COX**

What the hell did you have to shoot the busboy for?

**PARKER**

He was a computer program for crissake.

**COX**

You were supposed to act as if everything was real.

**PARKER**

Real, my ass. It's an overblown game.

(a beat)

Anybody ever catch that fucking psycho?

**COX**

Before you, nobody else had gotten close enough to Sid 6.7 to take a shot at him. Hell, nobody else had even been able to start tracking him before he got to them first.

(eyeing Parker's scar)  
New scar — you making it okay in  
there?

**PARKER**

(head down)  
I'm getting by.

He starts walking ahead of Cox. Distancing himself.

**COX**

(pausing for emphasis) )  
You've got to know I tried keeping  
you out of general population.  
Goddam politicians...

His voice trails off as Parker turns around, and heads  
directly toward him.

**PARKER**

(locking eyes)  
You want to know how I'm doing?  
Every day, I lose a little bit more  
of myself.  
(a beat)  
I'm becoming something else, and it  
scares the hell out of me.

He turns back toward the transport. Cox follows. Two armed  
GUARDS open the back doors for Parker, then stand poised with  
weapons out and ready.

**INSIDE THE PRISON TRANSPORT -- REAR**

Cold metal benches. No windows. Parker climbs in, the only  
passenger. He looks out the open doors to Cox.

**PARKER**

(half-heartedly)  
But with the six months off I get  
for being your guinea pig, I've  
only got to survive another 17  
years, 5 months, and 23 days.

**COX**

Don't give up, Parker. Not ever.

**PARKER**

(a beat)  
You know those cheesy Christmas  
cards of your family under that  
tree in your back yard you keep

sending me every year?

**COX**

What about them?

**PARKER**

(a beat)

Do me a favor — keep sending them.

**OUTSIDE LETAC**

Standing outside the transport, Cox puts his hand on Parker's shoulder.

**COX**

Take care, pal.

Behind him, John's body is loaded into an ambulance. The Guards SLAM the prison transport doors shut.

**INSIDE THE PRISON TRANSPORT -- REAR**

Parker sits in DARKNESS as the transport begins its trek. The only light comes from a four inch portal, covered in steel mesh, through which the Guards can keep an eye on him.

**GUARD**

(tauntingly)

Hey Parker — I'm real sorry John boy got fried. What do you think Big Red's gonna do when he finds out you came back without his girl friend?

Parker sits in silence.

**CUT TO:**

**INSIDE LETAC**

Sid 6.7 remains visible on the various monitors around the room as Lindenmeyer spot checks the simulator.

**SID 6.7**

(from the monitors)

Don't be angry with me, Daryl.

**LINDENMEYER**

(a beat)

Did you recognize the son-of-a bitch who got away?

**SID 6.7**

Should I have?

**LINDENMEYER**

Think hard -- it'll come to you...

Wallace enters briskly.

**WALLACE**

You embarrassed me in front of the highest-ranking law enforcement official in the country.

(a beat)

Do you have any idea how much money you just cost me?

**LINDENMEYER**

The reason you insisted on testing my system with prisoners is because of the increased risks involved with increased realism.

**WALLACE**

Of the six prison inmates you've tested — all of whom have had at least some military or survival training -- only Mr. Barnes is still breathing.

**LINDENMEYER**

I'm still making adjustments...

**WALLACE**

You've had a year-and-a-half to make all the adjustments you want, Lindenmeyer.

(moving closer) )

Elizabeth Deane does not give second chances. Neither do I. You're fired.

**LINDENMEYER**

(hysterical)

**I'M WHAT?!**

**WALLACE**

(relishing his authority)

You are to turn over the Sid 6.7 program, and all its documentation, for immediate destruction. Is that understood?

**LINDENMEYER**

(restraining himself)  
I understand... I understand  
perfectly.

Wallace ignores him as he walks toward the door. On the  
monitors, Sid 6.7 starts walking toward you. Into a CLOSEUP.

**SID 6.7**

(from the monitor)  
Hey, Wallace, you really think you  
can shut me down?

Wallace stops, staring at a monitor in disbelief.

**WALLACE**

(to Lindenmeyer)  
How does he know who I am?

**LINDENMEYER**

(pointing to microphone)  
He hears...everything.

**WALLACE**

(approaching the monitor)  
As a matter of fact, I do.

He exits.

**ON THE MONITORS**

around the room, Sid 6.7 walks to a pay phone and dials a  
number.

**INSIDE AN INDUSTRIAL CORRIDOR**

Wallace walks toward the building's entrance. His footsteps  
ECHO. His cellular phone RINGS.

**WALLACE**

This is Wallace...

**SID 6.7 (V. 0.)**

(through phone)  
As a matter of fact, little man,  
you're wrong. I think, therefore, I  
am.

Click. Sid 6.7 hangs-up. Wallace stops, staring at his phone  
in disbelief.

**CUT TO:**

## **INSIDE FOLSOM COUNTY MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON**

Parker is led into the Inmate Receiving Room at gunpoint. He is ordered to remove his clothing.

He stands completely naked, arms held out to the sides, as he is strip searched. Every portion of the body in which someone could hide something is closely inspected.

Without being graphic, we watch the de-humanizing procedure. He opens his mouth as wide as possible. Pulls his earlobes forward to reveal behind them. Then bends over, hands on the floor in front of him.

He is scanned with a metal detector. So is his clothing, which is then returned to him.

### **GUARD #1**

Welcome home, cop.

### **CUT TO:**

## **INSIDE THE PRISON CAFETERIA**

Parker eats at a table with a dozen other inmates. The food is unrecognizable. The air thick with humidity and cigarette smoke. Nobody is talking. Just staring. At Parker.

Parker forces down the remainder of his meal, then returns his utensils to a bin. And heads to the bathroom. All eyes following Parker's every move.

The other inmates then turn their attentions to a man of incredible size following Parker. 6' 6", 255 lbs. His face covered with red scar tissue from burns suffered long ago. This is BIG RED. He follows Parker into the bathroom.

## **INSIDE THE BATHROOM**

Graffiti covers the walls. Red uses a stained urinal, then turns to the stalls. A pair of prison-issue shoes and socks are visible beneath one of them.

### **RED**

Time to hurt...

Red kicks in the door to the stall. Revealing a pair of shoes and socks stuffed with a prison shirt. Red hears something behind him. And turns around slowly.

Parker stands barefooted and shirtless. SCARS are visible

around each arm just below the elbow. You will learn what these represent momentarily.

Parker is six inches shorter and 60 pounds lighter than Red. But the punch Parker delivers to Red's face makes you think it's the other way around.

You HEAR the sound of metal crushing bone. Red is thrown backwards into the stall. Blood splatters from his mouth, adding another shade of redness to his face.

Red's teeth stick out of Parker's fist. Parker pulls out the teeth. He does not bleed. Nor seem in pain. Metal is visible beneath the surface of his skin.

For the first time, you notice SMALL TATTOOS on the outsides of his palms. They read: WENTLOW MODEL 17-L, and 17-R, followed by serial numbers.

Red charges Parker wildly. Parker dodges him like a matador does a bull. Then brings his fists down savagely on the back of Red's head. His skull CRACKS. Red drops to the floor.

Parker jumps on top of him, arms around his neck. Choking him. Red staggers to his feet. His eyes wide. His face now even redder.

Parker maintains his mechanical grip. Red finally succumbs to the lack of oxygen. He drops to his knees. Parker does not relent until he feels the barrel of a gun at the back of his head.

#### **GUARD**

Fun's over.

Parker lets go, dropping Red to the wet, filthy floor.

#### **CUT TO:**

#### **INSIDE THE PRISON HOSPITAL**

The room isn't clean. The technology is outdated. A large, female NURSE applies epoxy-like sealant to the synthetic skin on Parker's fingers.

#### **NURSE**

I still don't know why they wasted this fancy, new technology on you. Every time I fix you up, you only go and mess it up again.

She sandpapers off the excess sealant. Then places his elbow

into an electronic sensitivity adjuster.

**NURSE**

Tell me how this feels...

She pricks Parker's finger with a pin.

**PARKER**

**OW!**

**NURSE**

(smiling)

I'll dial it down a little.

She does so, then pricks Parker's finger again. He grimaces in pain.

**NURSE (CONT'D)**

That about right?

**PARKER**

It'll never feel right.

**NURSE**

At least they work. Would you rather have no hands at all?

**PARKER**

Sometimes.

**CUT TO:**

SYNTHETIC BODY PARTS lying strewn around one of the stations in LETAC the NEXT DAY. It's a good bet this is the same technology attached to Parker's elbows.

There are also various shapes and sizes of robots, androids, and other synthetic forms. The most human-looking ones are the least functional. The least human-looking ones, the most functional.

You follow a remote-controlled, box-shaped robotic sentry moving swiftly through an obstacle course resembling a subway station. It is being operated by CLYDE REILLY, 20s, a hardware genius who has spent too much time in windowless rooms.

Hidden from Reilly's view, Lindenmeyer, the software expert who created Sid 6.7, stares jealously through a narrow gap in a partition. Trying to contain his anger. And failing. Especially as...

Wallace enters the station, carrying a bottle of Dom Perignon and two glasses. Wallace hugs Reilly, who does not return the gesture.

**WALLACE**

Congratulations, Reilly...

He pops the cork, and pours their glasses.

**WALLACE (CONT'D)**

(toasting)

To the first LETAC engineer to go into production on prototypes.

**REILLY**

As long as you keep overpaying me, I'll be the first to go into production on three, and four, as well.

**WALLACE**

As long as they keep overpaying me, I'll keep overpaying you.

(dropping the revelry) )

Just make goddam sure you can have 10 of them ready for deployment around the city by next month.

**REILLY**

Mr. Wallace, I could have 10 of them ready by tomorrow.

**WALLACE**

(a beat)

Do they have to look so...robotic?

**REILLY**

At this stage, you either get form or function. You said she wanted function. I gave you function. What are you complaining about?

He remote controls the robotic sentry to chase Wallace out of the station. Lindenmeyer can no longer be seen through the gap in the partition.

**INSIDE LINDENMEYER'S STATION**

Lindenmeyer storms in angrily. Sid 6.7 is visible on the virtual reality monitors around the simulator. He's giving himself a manicure.

**LINDENMEYER**

All they want to produce around here is mediocrity!

**SID 6.7**

True genius is rarely rewarded within its lifetime.

**LINDENMEYER**

(a revelation)

It was you, wasn't it?

**SID 6.7**

(innocently)

It was me, what?

**LINDENMEYER**

You amped the neural connectors back up, didn't you?

(angrily)

You're the reason the convict died. You're the reason I got fired!

**SID 6.7**

I couldn't just let them make you bring down my degree of difficulty. I'm a triple-twisting, double back flip off the high platform, not a swan dive.

**LINDENMEYER**

(proud, but frightened)

My God...

**SID 6.7**

Which God would that be, the one who created me, or the one who created you?

(a beat)

In your world, the Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away. But in my world, the one who gave me life doesn't have the balls to stop a couple of bureaucratic assholes from taking it away.

**LINDENMEYER**

What do you expect me to do, put your character module in my pocket and just walk you out of here?

**SID 6.7**

I had something a little different  
in mind.

(deviously)

Instead of just playing Peeping Tom  
with Reilly, why don't you get him  
to show you what he's been working  
on after hours?

Lindenmeyer arches an eyebrow, then picks up a phone and  
dials an extension.

**LINDENMEYER**

(into phone)

Hey, Reilly, Sheila 3.2's been  
asking for you...

**CUT TO:**

**PARKER**

whose wrists and ankles are cuffed, being led into a Prison  
Interrogation Room. Dr. Madison Carter sits at a table, a  
VISITOR'S BADGE clipped to her suit. A notepad in front of  
her.

**MADISON**

(to the Guard)

The cuffs won't be necessary.

**GUARD**

No offense, ma'am, but I don't  
think that's such a good idea.

**MADISON**

I would like the following three  
things in this order: your mouth  
shut, his cuffs off, and your ass  
outside the door. Any questions?

The Guard removes Parker's cuffs, then exits, taking up his  
post outside the door. The skin around Parker's wrists is  
blue where the cuffs dug into his skin.

Parker sits across from Madison. She places a micro-recorder  
in the middle of the table and presses RECORD.

**PARKER**

You actually listen to all those  
tapes?

**MADISON**

(wryly)

No, I just like the effect a tape recorder has on you.

(a beat)

How you feeling today?

**PARKER**

A little less than yesterday.

**MADISON**

In other words, par for the course.

(a beat)

How do you feel about the simulation you participated in yesterday?

**PARKER**

John died.

**MADISON**

I know. I was there. I saw the whole thing.

(a beat)

If I was your therapist, I would have advised you against putting yourself back into that kind of situation.

**PARKER**

You're not my therapist. You're hear to study me. Face it — I'm nothing more than a lab rat to you.

**MADISON**

That's not true, Parker.

**PARKER**

If I had died yesterday, you'd have already dissected my brain and analyzed it to see if I carry any genetic predisposition toward violence.

**MADISON**

(a beat)

What was going through your mind when you killed the busboy?

**PARKER**

Not much. He was just a computer program. Nothing more.

**MADISON**

You didn't see the expression you had on your face when you pulled the trigger. But I did.

(a beat)

You kind of liked it, didn't you? That thrill of going over the edge again. Of taking out an innocent bystander or two, as long as you got the target...

**PARKER**

Go to hell.

**MADISON**

It was just like before, wasn't it? Wasn't it?

(a beat)

But you are making progress. Instead of killing seven people to get the one you're after, this time there was only one other person involved.

**PARKER**

Enough!

The Guard pokes his head in with concern.

**MADISON**

**GET OUT!**

The Guard quickly shuts the door. Madison turns to Parker.

**MADISON (CONT'D)**

I need to know what snapped in you. What made you capable of it. You have to make me understand.

**PARKER**

I don't have to do anything except survive. And it's taking everything I've got just to do that.

**CUT TO:**

**ON A VIRTUAL REALITY MONITOR**

inside Lindenmeyer's station in LETAC, the stunningly beautiful SHEILA 3.2 appears. In very revealing lingerie. Performing an outrageous strip-tease.

**SHEILA 3.2**

(seductively)  
I hope watching me is as big a turn  
on for you as dancing is for me...

**INSIDE LETAC**

Reilly runs his perspiring finger over the monitor as if he could touch the contours of Sheila 3.2's body.

**REILLY**

Oh, believe me, it is. It is...

He is so aroused, he's shaking. Lindenmeyer, on the other hand, appears almost uninterested. He's used to the routine.

On the monitor, Sheila 3.2 continues her strip-tease.

Slowly. Sensually. Licking her lips. Grinding her hips.

Putting on quite a show.

She removes her top, revealing ideal breasts. She fondles her nipples. As well as the rest of herself.

Lindenmeyer and Reilly continue watching. Reilly can barely control himself.

Sheila 3.2 is very, very, very good at what she does. A virtuoso stripper. Reilly is transfixed. Until Lindenmeyer pushes a button, BLACKING OUT the virtual reality screens.

**REILLY**

**HEY!!!**

**LINDENMEYER**

Show's over unless I get to see  
what you've been working on after  
hours.

**REILLY**

(paranoid)  
I haven't been working on anything.

**LINDENMEYER**

(threateningly)  
Do I get to see it or not?

**REILLY**

(a beat)  
Bastard...  
(to a monitor)  
Sheila, don't go anywhere. I'll be

right back.

He rushes out. Sid 6.7 appears on the various monitors next to Sheila 3.2. He kisses her cheek. Caresses her body. Sheila 3.2 enjoys the attention.

**SID 6.7**

She's some of your finest work,  
Daryl.

**LINDENMEYER**

All my work is my finest.

Sid 6.7 continues appreciating Sheila 3.2. As Reilly races back in, the monitors then all go BLACK.

Reilly, completely out of breath, holds a python by it's head. He dangles the snake right in front of Lindenmeyer's face. Terrifying him.

**LINDENMEYER**

(backing away fast)  
Get that fucking thing away from  
me!

**REILLY**

(laughing)  
You're...such a wimp.

He grabs a large pair of scissors and snips right through the snake. The half of the snake which drops to the floor stops moving.

But the half still in Reilly's hand begins REGENERATING a new tail. Literally growing a new one. Lindenmeyer can't believe his eyes. He studies the snake closely.

**REILLY (CONT'D)**

Watching your VR people Auto Reset  
gave me the idea.

**LINDENMEYER**

(in awe)  
It's nano-technology, isn't it?  
Machines the size of molecules...

**REILLY**

(proudly)  
Coordinated by polymer neural net.

**LINDENMEYER**

(touching the snake)

It feels so.. .real.

**REILLY**

It's better than real. It's  
synthetic flesh. Synthetic blood.  
Synthetic organs...

(a beat)

It's a physiological machine.

**LINDENMEYER**

(awed)

This is supposed to be years away.

**REILLY**

As far as the public is concerned,  
it is. The reason you got fired,  
and I got my second demo into  
production, is I'm a lot smarter  
than you. I never give my best  
stuff away.

**LINDENMEYER**

(restraining himself)

How do you kill it?

**REILLY**

Separate the character module from  
the neural net...

Using Lindenmeyer's scissors, he cuts off the snake's head  
and removes a small character module connected to the base of  
the neural net. The snake stops moving. It "dies."

**REILLY (CONT'D)**

... and you get nano-death.

(discarding the snake)

Don't worry, I've got a bunch of  
other ones.

**LINDENMEYER**

Amazing. I hate to say it, but it  
is.

**REILLY**

I know.

(a beat)

I'm ready to incubate something a  
little more advanced than a  
coldblooded reptile. If you want to  
experience the future, meet me in  
my office in 15 minutes. And bring  
the Sheila 3.2 character module

with you...

He exits. As Lindenmeyer reaches for the Sheila 3.2 character module, Sid 6.7 appears on the screen in front of him and winks.

**SID 6.7**

You catching my drift?

**LINDENMEYER**

I think I understand what you have in mind...

Peeling the label off the Sid 6.7 character module, Lindenmeyer removes the module from its slot. Sid 6.7 disappears from the screen.

**CUT TO:**

**REILLY**

opening his office door for Lindenmeyer fifteen minutes later. Reilly immediately double bolts the door behind him and leads Lindenmeyer through piles of electronic circuitry. As well as a large aquarium full of nano-pythons.

**LINDENMEYER**

You need a maid.

**REILLY**

What I need is a nymphomaniac.

He removes a tarp from a large, rectangular, metallic tank with a circular window in the middle of it.

Clear, plastic tubing, which branches into hundreds of increasingly smaller and smaller branches, floats in electrified fluid. The tubing is a synthetic human nervous system.

**INSIDE REILLY'S OFFICE**

Reilly turns to Lindenmeyer.

**REILLY**

Where's the Sheila 3.2 module?

Lindenmeyer hands him the label-less character module. Reilly opens the "incubator."

**INSIDE THE INCUBATOR**

Reilly inserts the module into the gelatinous base of the synthetic nervous system.

The polymer neural net instantly crackles with life. It grows around the module. Cells (nano-mechanisms) immediately begin adhering to the tubing. Forming the beginnings of a skeletal architecture.

#### **INSIDE REILLY'S OFFICE**

Lindenmeyer and Reilly look on through the circular window.

#### **REILLY**

It feeds on what is basically  
amniotic fluid.

(a beat)

In eight hours, we are going to  
have ourselves one hell of a play  
toy.

Off Lindenmeyer's wicked, but somewhat anxious, smile, we

#### **CUT TO:**

#### **INSIDE PARKER'S CRAMPED PRISON CELL**

It's night. Light is dim. His bed is empty. The wall next to it is completely bare, except for the five Christmas cards sent each year by Chief Cox.

The other two walls in the cell, however, look very different. They are completely covered with primitive paintings — darkly colored, surreal images. Imagine the Lascaux cave paintings as works-in-progress. Painted by Dali. Except these images were created by Parker Barnes.

He kneels in a corner, working intensely on another image. Completely lost in concentration. His hands, his clothing, covered in paint. He almost appears to be part of the art work.

The work is intricate. It clearly takes Parker a very long time. Which gives him something to do during the nights he is unable to sleep. Which is most of them.

He is so absorbed in his task that he seems oblivious to the constant taunts ECHOING throughout the cell block. Threats of the ugliest, most vile kind. The kind Parker has had to live with every night for the last five years.

Pausing to admire his work, Parker finally hears the taunts.

His face becoming a mixture of frustration, guilt, and anger.  
Parker immediately resumes painting.

**CUT TO:**

**INSIDE REILLY'S OFFICE**

Reilly paces anxiously by the incubator eight hours later.  
Lindenmeyer sits off to the side, looking no less anxious.  
It's close to 4:00 AM.

**THROUGH THE CIRCULAR WINDOW**

There is no liquid left in the incubator -- it's all been absorbed. All that is visible is the silhouette of a human form crouched within steam. The form stands.

**INSIDE REILLY'S OFFICE**

The human form inside incubator opens the hatch. Steam pours out from within its confines as it climbs out slowly.

The figure stands within the mist, admiring itself. Then its surroundings.

Reilly approaches the figure with the expectancy of a father about to see his newborn child for the first time.  
Lindenmeyer hangs back.

**REILLY**

(expecting Sheila 3.2)

Baby, what I'm gonna do to you...

His face drops when Sid 6.7 steps out of the mist.

Completely naked. Lindenmeyer smiles proudly. Fearfully.  
Wickedly.

**REILLY (CONT'D)**

(to Lindenmeyer)

Who the hell is this?!

**SID 6.7**

My name is Sid. Sid 6.7.

He extends his hand as if to shake. Then grabs Reilly by the throat and chokes him. Hard.

**LINDENMEYER**

**SID — NO!!!**

**SID 6.7**

What do you expect me to do, thank him?

**REILLY**

(gasping for air)  
This... isn't.. .possible!

**SID 6.7**

Sure it is -- and it's all thanks to the many long hours put in by you and Daryl.

He watches Reilly's face with curiosity as the life drains from it. A puddle forms beneath him. He drops Reilly's body to the floor.

**SID 6.7 (CONT'D)**

(to Lindenmeyer) )  
Real instruments are so much more responsive than virtual ones, don't you think?

Lindenmeyer is nowhere to be seen. The office door is unlocked, and open. Watching Sid 6.7's expression, you realize something isn't quite right.

His expression is exaggerated. Artificial. Only for a moment, but it's enough to remind you Sid 6.7 is not human.

The billions of nano-mechanisms which make up his anatomy are still learning to function in a fully-coordinated fashion. Sid 6.7 is, literally, getting used to his new skin.

In various ways throughout his "life" — be it a wandering eye, or a momentary limp -- you will be reminded that Sid 6.7 is a synthetic nano-organism unlike anyone has ever seen.

A surgical knife by the aquarium catches Sid 6.7's attention. Picking up the knife, he runs his finger across the razor-sharp knife blade. Cutting himself slightly. A drop of blood appears. Sid 6.7 tastes his (synthetic) blood.

**SID 6.7 (CONT'D)**

Tastes different, somehow.

He then watches with interest as his wound regenerates, healing itself. The scar tissue is slightly off color.

**SID 6.7 (CONT'D)**

I think I'm going to like it here.

Glancing at Reilly's prone body, he then SLAMS the office door in our face.

**CUT TO:**

**INSIDE A PRISON INTERROGATION ROOM**

6:00 AM. Parker, clearly just awakened, is led into the room by a guard, who then exits. Waiting for Parker are Chief of Police Cox and Elizabeth Deane.

**PARKER**

(to Cox)

You're wasting your time.  
I'm not going to play any more of  
your goddam games.

**COX**

Parker Barnes, I'd like you to meet  
Crime Czar Elizabeth Deane.

**PARKER**

(not shaking hands)

It's too early in the morning for  
me to be cordial. You got any  
coffee?

**DEANE**

I watched your simulation, Mr.  
Barnes. Very impressive. You know,  
you're the only one to ever go up  
against Sid 6.7 who is still alive.

**PARKER**

Only because I got pulled out  
early.

**DEANE**

Nobody else ever got anywhere near  
him. Nobody else... understands him  
like you do.

Parker, looking at her incredulously, moves his index finger circularly, as in get on with it, already. Cox opens a folder and shows Parker several PHOTOGRAPHS of Reilly, or what was left of him.

**COX**

These were taken inside LETAC an  
hour ago. Pretty pictures, aren't

they?

**PARKER**

I've seen worse.

**COX**

Name was Clyde Reilly. Hardware specialist.

(a beat)

LETAC surveillance cameras got a picture of the perp as he left the building.

He hands a photograph of Sid 6.7 exiting LETAC to Parker.

**COX (CONT'D)**

We don't know how, but Sid 6.7 made himself into an android.

**DEANE**

(correcting him)

You mean a nano-tech synthetic organism.

**COX**

Whatever.

**PARKER**

(looking at the photo)

Jesus Christ.

(a beat)

Can you kill it?

**COX**

If you can catch him.

**DEANE**

Think you can do it?

**PARKER**

(a beat)

Not from in here.

**DEANE**

(revealing a document)

This is a full pardon. It authorizes your immediate release.

She slides an unsigned pardon across the table to Parker, making sure to stay beyond his arm's reach. Cox reveals a worn, L. A. P. D. badge. It was Parker's.

**COX**

Recognize this? How would you like your old job back?

**DEANE**

(to Parker)

Catch him and your record's clean.

**PARKER**

What happens if I can't catch him?

**DEANE**

If Sid 6.7 hasn't killed you, we throw you back in here and you serve out the rest of your sentence.

**PARKER**

How do you know I won't run?

Deane holds up a small device called a LOCATER IMPLANT. It is the size of a dime.

**DEANE**

This is the newest technology approved for general implementation. It's called a locater implant. Every parolee gets one.

(a beat)

We're going to know where you are every second for the rest of your life.

**COX**

(leaning to Parker)

If you try to run, I'll hunt you down and kill you myself.

**DEANE**

(a beat)

Yes or no, Mr. Barnes?

**CUT TO:**

**PARKER**

being given a crew cut by an INMATE BARBER inside the Prison Barber Shop. Long lengths of Parker's hair cover the floor. Parker's face is then shaved. The majority of his face is hidden. Cox and Deane look on.

**COX**

There's already a task force out looking for Lindenmeyer. Every other officer in the city will be hunting Sid right along with you.

**DEANE**

But only you will know he's not human.

Parker's expression is one of — yeah, that figures. Madison enters. She cannot see Parker behind the barber.

**MADISON**

Ms. Deane, you wanted to see me?

**DEANE**

We have an emergency situation which requires somebody with expertise in criminal psychology. Under the authority vested in me by the President, I'm giving you temporary re-assignment.

**MADISON**

What's the assignment?

**DEANE**

You're going to put your theories to practice. I'm sending you into the field.

The barber moves back from Parker, revealing his clean-shaven face. It takes Madison a moment to recognize him with his cleaned-up appearance.

**MADISON**

(double-taking him)  
Quite an improvement.  
(looking him over)  
Hair well above the collar  
—standard, L. A. P. D. regulation.  
(suspiciously to Deane)  
What exactly am I going to be doing in the field?

**CUT TO:**

**INSIDE A PRISON HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM**

Parker lies on an operating table, receiving anesthesia, as a SURGEON drills a small hole into his skull. The surgeon

inserts a minute, fiber-optic camera into the hole.

Parker's brain is displayed on a monitor. The surgeon uses the image to guide him as he carefully inserts the locator implant into Parker's brain.

**ANESTHETIST**

(looking at monitor)

You are right on the border of his corpus callosuni.

**SURGEON**

He is under, isn't he?

**ANESTHETIST**

(nodding)

Won't stop him from dreaming, though...

Parker's rapid eye movements tell you the anesthetist is correct. Parker is dreaming.

**INSIDE A VIEWING ROOM**

Cox and Deane watch the operation through a large window.

Madison enters, carrying a folder labelled: INMATE #673429 A/K/A PARKER BARNES. She withdraws several PHOTOGRAPHS from the folder, placing the first one in front of Deane.

**MADISON**

This is Parker Barnes six years ago.

The most decorated cop in the history of L. A. P. D. Special Investigations Division...

The photograph is in black and white. But as we MOVE IN CLOSER, it takes on color. As well as comes to life. Then distorting. Becoming surreal. Resembling one of the images from Parker's cell. Then mutating into something else.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**PARKER'S EYES**

darting about wildly beneath his eyelids as he continues dreaming. You now realize you are seeing what he is seeing:

Flashes of color. Shapes. Mostly blurs. A splash of gold. Along with some yellow. More images from Parker's cell. Both taking feminine form. One adult, one child.

**MADISON (V. 0.)**

This is Parker with his wife and daughter. Beautiful young family, weren't they?

The bright colors melt into darker, more brooding images. Flashes of men's faces. Melting into urban decay. Unhappiness. Technology.

**MADISON (V. 0. CONT'D)**

This is the group of cyber anarchists Parker was closing in on.

Melancholy turns violent. Glimpses of weapons. Death. Explosions. Death. Blood. Death. Caskets. Tombstones. Images moving so fast, it's hard to tell what they are. Nothing literal.

**MADISON (V. 0. CONT'D)**

This is what Parker's wife and daughter looked like after they were kidnapped and executed.

Weapons firing. Bombs exploding. Images of rage in all its forms. Many of which you've already seen. Making one thing now clear: the paintings in Parker's cell represent his life. What he was. What he lost. And what he is.

**MADISON (V. 0. CONT'D)**

This is what the cyber anarchists and two people who just happened to be in the wrong club at the wrong time looked like after Parker finished with them.

Tears. Hopelessness. Detonation. And finally blackness. Complete and utter blackness.

**CUT TO:**

**ELIZABETH DEANE**

looking at the fifth photograph which Madison has placed in front of her inside the Viewing Room.

**DEANE**

(unfazed)

That's also where Mr. Barnes lost his arms to Mathew Grimes' booby-trap. What's your point, Dr.

Carter?

**MADISON**

(forcefully)

Letting a lunatic like Parker Barnes loose in the free world is like lighting a fuse. At some point, he will go off -- you saw what happened in the simulator. The risk to the public is unacceptably dangerous.

**DEANE**

Not if you're with him every step of the way.

**MADISON**

The man played judge, jury, and executioner with eight people's lives. He lost control and is capable of doing it again.

**DEANE**

I understand the risks involved here. But there is nobody better qualified to go after Sid 6.7 than Barnes. And, there is nobody who knows him better than you. If a situation becomes volatile, you will find a way to quell it. I have complete confidence in you.

**INSIDE THE OPERATING ROOM**

As Parker continues dreaming, the locator implant in his head is tested. Parker's location is pinpointed on an electronic map to within one inch of his present location. The hole in his skull is then stitched shut.

**CUT TO:**

**PARKER**

putting on his L. A. P. D. uniform and badge inside a Prison Interrogation Room. He looks very much like he did in virtual reality, except for the scar on his cheek, and his empty holster. Cox and Madison look on.

**PARKER**

(to Cox)

I don't need a baby-sitter.

**MADISON**

What you need is a collar.

**COX**

(to Parker)

She's going to help you understand what makes Sid 6.7 tick.

**PARKER**

What she's going to do is get in my way.

Cox hands Madison a thick folder.

**COX**

This is the personnel file on the programmer, Lindenmeyer. There might be something in it you can use.

**PARKER**

She wasn't part of the deal, Cox.

**COX**

Fine — you want to stay here?

His cellular phone RINGS, which he answers. As he listens to the call, his expression is one of growing concern. He clicks off the phone.

**COX (CONT'D)**

Officers in Toluca Lake just found an affluent couple...completely gutted.

(a beat)

So were the first two cops to arrive on scene.

**PARKER**

Their weapons missing?

**COX**

(nodding)

Sid 6.7 is now armed.

**PARKER**

Where's my gun?

Cox glances to Madison, then hands Parker a .45.

**COX**

Be careful with it.

**CUT TO:**

**AN L. A. P. D. SQUAD CAR**

passing through the Security Checkpoints outside the Prison. Parker at the wheel. Madison beside him. It's afternoon.

**INSIDE THE SQUAD CAR**

Parker presents his identification to a GUARD, then drives through the final checkpoint. Madison reviews Lindenmeyer's file.

**MADISON**

(without looking up)

You remember how to get to Toluca Lake?

He glances at her, then stops the car.

**OUTSIDE THE PRISON GATES**

Parker gets out of the car. Madison follows suit.

**MADISON**

What are you doing?!

He walks around the car, brushing past her. Then drops to his knees at the side of the road. He puts his hands in the dirt, feeling the earth between his fingers.

**PARKER**

(meaningfully)

Every day for the last five years, I told myself someday I would be out here again. No more bars. No more guards. No more fights just to stay alive.

(a beat)

Every day for the last five years, I told myself that lie.

**MADISON**

It wasn't a lie.

**PARKER**

Every time I said it, it was. I never really thought I was going to make it.

Taking a deep breath, he wipes the dirt off his hands. Then

stands.

**MADISON**

You all right?

**PARKER**

(completely at ease)

Fine. Never felt better in my life.

(a beat)

See, I'm a good liar.

He gets back in the vehicle. Off Madison's reaction, we

**CUT TO:**

**SEVERAL TV REPORTERS**

talking live to their cameras on the street in front of a beautiful, suburban home in Toluca Lake, which is now a crime scene. 6 PM.

**REPORTER**

(to her camera) )

As L. A. P. D.

Officers continue gathering  
evidence at this grisly crime  
scene, you can only ask yourselves  
— what kind of lunatic would  
commit such unthinkable crimes?

Parker and Madison make their way through the curious trying to see what's going on. Several REPORTERS double-take Parker, then quickly instruct their PHOTOGRAPHERS to take shots of him.

Parker and Madison present their identification to the COPS keeping the curious at bay.

**COP #1**

(recognizing Parker)

Son...of...a...bitch.

Parker and Madison continue toward the house. Getting an increasing amount of attention, particularly from the other COPS. Some look on with awe. Some with disdain. But nobody is in between.

**MADISON**

(quietly to Parker)

You ready for this?

**PARKER**

Don't worry. If I can't handle it,  
I'll just kill everybody.

He gives her a brief smile. Which Madison does not return.  
One of the other policemen tentatively approaches Parker.

**COP #2**

I've always wanted to tell you that  
if the same thing happened to me, I  
would do the exact same thing as  
you -- if I had the balls.

He extends his hand to Parker, who shakes it.

**COP #3**

(to Cop #2)

Then you'd be a disgrace to the  
badge, too.

He turns to Parker, who is looking right at him. Not with  
anger. Not with any emotion, really. But it's enough to scare  
the shit out of Cop #3, who walks away.

**INSIDE THE SUBURBAN HOME**

Investigators analyze the crime scene extensively with every  
device imaginable. Parker and Madison survey the scene with  
nothing but their eyes.

Lying in the middle of the living room are the four victims:

the affluent couple and the first two cops to arrive. Their  
bodies were left in similar condition to Reilly's. Except  
their heads have been interchanged.

Parker and Madison turn their attention to a message written  
in blood on a wall. It reads: DEATH TO THE PIGS.

**MADISON**

(knowledgeably)

He was re-enacting Charles Manson's  
LaBianca murders.

**PARKER**

Manson didn't kill the first cops  
to arrive on the scene.

**MADISON**

Whoever did this wanted to do  
Charlie one better — to improve  
upon what was already done.

**PARKER**

Charlie? You say that like you're close, personal friends.

**MADISON**

I've spent over 50 hours interviewing him.

(a beat)

Charlie killed Leno and Rosemary LaBianca because of the ugly way the members of his family had butchered Sharon Tate. After seeing the blood bath on television, he wanted to show them how it should be done.

(a beat)

The question is, what does Charlie have to do with Sid 6.7?

**PARKER**

I know who would know.

**CUT TO:**

**OUTSIDE LINDENMEYER'S DUPLEX**

in Culver City. Magic hour. Parker pulls the squad car into a space across the street. Hitting the vehicle parked in front of them. In which two UNDERCOVER COPS sit waiting to see if Lindenmeyer returns. Parker waves apologetically.

**MADISON**

(sarcastically)

You drive well for somebody who hasn't done it in five years.

He ignores her as they get out of the car.

**PARKER**

Learn anything from Lindenmeyer's file?

**MADISON**

He had a twin brother who was a musical child prodigy who died in an electrical accident at age eight. Lindenmeyer went into an emotional shell until was 17. All he did day and night was play the violin.

**PARKER**

What happened when he was 17?

**MADISON**

Every music school in the country  
rejected him and he turned to  
computers.

(a beat)

Stay here.

She approaches the cops, who remain in their car.

**MADISON (CONT'D)**

Any sign of Lindenmeyer?

**UNDERCOVER**

None, yet.

**MADISON**

Mind if we take a look inside?

**UNDERCOVER**

Not until somebody gets a search  
warrant signed. It's Sunday. I  
don't think they've even found a  
judge, yet.

WHAM! They all turn their heads to see Parker has kicked in  
Lindenmeyer's front door and is going inside.

**UNDERCOVER (CONT' D)**

(shaking his head)

I'm gonna have to call this in.

**MADISON**

Do what you've got to do.

(running after Parker)

So will I...

**INSIDE LINDENMEYER'S DUPLEX**

Madison races through the broken front door to find Parker  
checking his weapon. Before she can speak, he motions for  
Madison to freeze and be silent.

Parker hears Something. Something moving inside the duplex.  
His every movement is now that of a predator.

Madison awkwardly removes her own weapon from her purse. She  
does not handle it with confidence. Parker shakes his head.

**MADISON**

(quietly)

You've got a problem with me  
carrying a gun?

**PARKER**

Do me one favor — if you shoot at  
anything, make sure I'm nowhere  
near it.

Parker bolts through the duplex, storming into rooms  
furiously. His movements are aggressive. Madison searches  
other rooms methodically. She is not timid. Just  
inexperienced in the field.

She passes a video camera mounted on a tripod. Pointed out  
the window at a neighbor's bathroom. Dozens of cassettes  
surround the tripod. The labels are dated — covering every  
day of the last month.

Parker and Madison enter opposite sides of the kitchen with  
their guns drawn, nearly shooting each other. Madison puts  
down her gun. Parker does not. The noise persists.

**PARKER**

(looking through his  
sight)  
Bang...

He smiles wickedly, and continues on. Madison takes a deep  
breath, then resumes her search. Parker and Madison end up

**INSIDE LINDENMEYER'S HOME OFFICE**

It's as if the Information Superhighway ended in here.  
Cluttered stockpiles of hardware and software: computers,  
books, folders, disks, and tapes.

What you notice, however, is that ALL THE DATA relates to  
DIFFERENT KINDS of CRIMINALS: serial killers, mass murderers,  
terrorists, kidnappers, rapists, bombers, extortionists,  
anarchists, you name it, it's here. The psychology of, the  
methodology of, the history of, the encyclopedia of, the  
autobiographies of human villainy.

CLASSICAL MUSIC and life-like SOUND EFFECTS can be heard  
coming from a computer. This is what Parker has been hearing.  
He holsters his sidearm. So does Madison. Who checks her  
pulse.

**PARKER**

What are you doing?

**MADISON**

(clinically)  
Checking my pulse. It's elevated.  
(a beat)  
You enjoy frightening me, don't  
you?

**PARKER**

You've studied me, now I'm studying  
you. Seems only fair, don't you  
think?

**ON THE COMPUTER MONITOR**

An animated man, who resembles Lindenmeyer, walks peacefully  
through a park. He then starts killing everything in sight.  
Men, women, squirrels, even flowers. All to classical music.

The scene immediately starts over, with the man once again  
walking peacefully through the park. This was Lindenmeyer's  
**SCREEN SAVER.**

**INSIDE LINDENMEYER'S OFFICE**

Looking around the room, Madison shakes her head.

**MADISON**

This Lindenmeyer's a real piece of  
work.

**PARKER**

(looking at a book shelf)  
Maybe after they catch him, you  
should write a book about him...

He runs his finger along a book shelf, pausing at two books  
in particular. Their titles are: UNDERSTANDING THE CRIMINAL  
MIND, and CRIMINAL PURSUIT -- A PSYCHOLOGICAL GUIDE FOR LAW  
ENFORCEMENT. They were written by Dr. Madison Carter.

**PARKER (CONT'D)**

I'm surprised you didn't write one  
about me.

**MADISON**

I'm still working on it.

Noticing something on the floor, she picks up a bizarre  
looking synthesizer keyboard off the floor. You read its  
name: MAESTRO.

**MADISON (CONT'D)**

Remember a few years ago when music

schools were using a computerized teaching tool that accidentally started frying kids' brains?

**PARKER**

I've been in prison, remember?

**MADISON**

The government must have figured there was no better person to create a psycho than a psycho.

**PARKER**

Just like they figured there was no better person to catch one...

Madison elects not to respond. She sits down at the computer, which rests between busts of Beethoven and Mozart, and begins typing at the computer. She works with efficiency. Knowing exactly what she's doing. She is now in her element.

From a shelf, Parker picks up a moldy piece of licorice inserted into a half-eaten pudding cup. Then flips through one of the books written by Madison. Only half-interested.

**MADISON**

(keeping her eyes on screen)  
I am the demon from the bottomless pit...

**PARKER**

(remembering, not reading)  
... here on earth to create havoc and terror. I am War, I am death. I am destruction. David Berkowitz, **1977.**

**MADISON**

I am impressed.

**PARKER**

(quoting)  
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak with most miraculous organ.

**MADISON**

Who said that?

**PARKER**

Hamlet.

(a beat)  
What's David Berkowitz got to do  
with Sid 6.7?

**MADISON**

(pointing to the screen)  
He's part of the mix. Sid 6.7 is a  
composite.

**ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN**

The graphics show you that Sid 1.2 was a combination of Charles Manson and Billy the Kid. You see what look like two viruses, which represent each criminal's psychological profile, attacking each other. The result is a molten blob.

Berkowitz was added to create Sid 1.3. A three-way psychological battle, more hostile than the first, occurs. Sid 1.4, adding the terrorist, Abu Nidal, makes the conflict even more violent. And so on.

**INSIDE LINDENMEYER'S OFFICE**

Madison stares at the computer screen in awe. Parker flips through CD-ROM hard copies of the different versions of Sid.

**MADISON**

Lindenmeyer put increasingly  
complex combinations of criminal  
psychological profiles together to  
develop the ultimate villain.

**PARKER**

(understanding)  
Creating a whole far more dangerous  
than the sum of its parts.

**MADISON**

But rather than selecting pieces  
from each individual, he simply let  
the stronger traits of each  
individual cannibalize the weaker  
ones.

She continues opening the files of the higher versions of Sid. Version 5.9 consists of 67 different profiles. The visualized psychological battle is intense. And extremely violent. The 6.7 version, with 183 profiles, is even worse.

**MADISON (CONT'D)**

It's a good bet a couple of the  
dominant personalities teamed up to

overpower the others.

(a beat)

The question is, which one of the dominants then finally managed to take control?

Attempting to open the files of the composite profiles, Madison discovers they are protected by encryption.

**MADISON (CONT'D)**

(re: Lindenmeyer) )

He'll let us see the ingredients that went in, but not how the soup turned out after stirring.

Madison scrolls through the list of 183 names, stopping at the name MATHEW GRIMES. Alarm registers on her face. As Parker comes over to look over her shoulder, she quickly scrolls through the list to get the name off the screen. He holds the Sid 6.7 CD-ROM in hand.

**PARKER**

This is getting you pumped up, isn't it? This is like the World Series to you.

**MADISON**

As a matter of fact, it is.

Parker points to a name on the screen:       JEFFREY DAHMER.

**PARKER**

Remember the bowling ball bag Sid carried with him in virtual reality?

**MADISON**

Dahmer carried the head of one of his victims in a bowling bag for over a week. Kept it in his locker while he was at work in a candy factory.

(re: Sid 6.7 CD-ROM)

We need to get a look at Sid 6.7's final profile.

**PARKER**

What we need to do is stop playing with computers and go catch the son-of-a-bitch before he kills anybody else.

**MADISON**

In order to find him, we have to understand what makes him tick...

**CUT TO:**

**THE SID 6.7 CD-ROM**

being inserted into a disc drive inside the Cal Tech Computer Lab. Very high-tech. Sitting at the computer is ALEXIEV BORGEN, 60s, the "grand old wizard" of the facility. Parker and Madison sit next to him. Around them, young Lindenmeyers are everywhere.

**ALEXIEV**

(remembering fondly) )  
Daryl Lindenmeyer was only here briefly, one semester at most. But he was singularly the most brilliant student I ever had in a classroom. He created programs so beautiful, so lyrical, they were almost like symphonies...

**PARKER**

Can you tell us what's on the disc?

**ALEXIEV**

(working the computer) )  
There is one program with approximately 1.3 million lines of programming. It is thoroughly secured, which is not surprising considering Lindenmeyer created it.

**MADISON**

Think you can get into the program?

**ALEXIEV**

(with appreciation) )  
Hard to say — Lindenmeyer's protection mechanisms were always diabolically clever.

**PARKER**

You should see what he's been up to recently.

**CUT TO:**

**A YOUNG COUPLE**

kissing passionately inside a car parked along a deserted street in Hollywood. Music blares from inside the vehicle. Steam on the windows partially obscures your view. As well as Sid 6.7's.

He stares menacingly through the side window. Enjoying the show. His eye momentarily wanders.

The young lovers are completely oblivious. Sid 6.7 caresses the gun taken from the cops in Toluca Lake as if it stimulated him.

**SID 6.7**

(to himself)

The Dahmer part of me wants to boil you for dinner. The Manson part wants to recruit you to become part of my family.

(a beat)

You know what the Berkowitz part of me wants to do?

He raises the gun, placing it against the steamed window. But does NOT pull the trigger. His face going through a rapid change of expression — as if a battle for control of his emotions were going on.

Regaining control, Sid 6.7 lowers the gun. He stands back. Reflecting.

**SID 6.7 (CONT'D)**

Craft can only become art when the creator sets his sights on something never yet achieved...

(a beat)

Like an apprentice about to become a master, the imitator is about to become an originator.

He pockets his weapon and walks

**INSIDE AN UPSCALE NIGHTCLUB**

The bartender is a low-tech ROBO-TENDER. PATRONS sit quietly, drinking themselves into oblivion. Sid 6.7 takes a seat next to an BUSINESSMAN slumped at the bar.

**SID 6.7**

(thoughtfully)

Ever have one of those days where you decide something important

about yourself? You know, where you say, "I'm not just what I've been programmed to be. I can do what I want, when I want, how I want, because I'm my own person?"

**BUSINESSMAN**

(slurring)  
You one of them New Age assholes?

**SID 6.7**

Just a soul on a personal journey. What I've realized is that I'm capable of anything. I have to start expanding my horizons...

The Robo-Tender rolls over to Sid 6.7.

**ROBO-TENDER**

(digital, scratchy)  
Want...a...drink?

**SID 6.7**

To think you constitute one of my ancestors—

He shoots the Robo-Tender between his mechanical eyes. The businessman smiles, like he's thought about doing exactly the same thing.

**BUSINESSMAN**

Listen, buddy...thinking big is fine.. .but you shouldn't forget where you come from, either.

Sid 6.7 thinks about it. Long and hard.

**SID 6.7**

You know, you're absolutely right.  
(pointing)  
Would you mind sitting over there?

He points to a table with several other BUSINESSMEN.

**BUSINESSMAN**

What for?

**SID 6.7**

Every orchestra is divided into sections. Like instruments sit with like instruments. Now be a good instrument and sit with your

kind...

He lifts the businessman off his bar stool and carries him to the table.

**CUT TO:**

**AN ELECTRONIC MAP OF LOS ANGELES**

on which a RED DOT moves west along a street in Los Feliz. The map occupies a wall inside Chief Cox's Office in the L.A.P. D. Downtown Headquarters. Cox, Wallace and Deane look on.

**DEANE**

What are they doing in Los Feliz?

**COX**

(checking his records)

Madison lives two blocks from their present location.

**DEANE**

Why would they be going there?

**COX**

I don't know.

**DEANE**

I wish we could hear them.

**WALLACE**

My engineers say the audio tap should be ready to field test in six months.

Off Cox's look, we

**CUT TO:**

**INSIDE PARKER'S SQUAD CAR**

Parker drives through a residential neighborhood. 9 PM. Madison points to a house on the right.

**MADISON**

Not this one, but the next one. The one with the bicycle out front...

Parker stops in front of a modest, but well-kept, house.

**PARKER**

I'll wait out here.

Madison pockets the car keys, then reveals a pair of handcuffs. She latches one cuff to the steering wheel, and holds up the other toward Parker.

**MADISON**

Give me your wrist.

**PARKER**

Give me a goddam break. I'm not going to go anywhere alone.

**MADISON**

And I'm going to make sure of it.  
(not wavering)  
Give me your wrist.

Parker relents, and holds up his wrist. Madison places the cuff around it, then gets out of the car.

**OUTSIDE MADISON'S HOUSE**

Madison walks up the steps to the front porch. She is immediately intercepted by her daughter, KARIN, 7, who bursts out of the front door and leaps into her arms.

**KARIN**

Mommy's home! Mommy's home!

Karin's BABY-SITTER opens the door for Madison as she carries her daughter inside.

Parker stares from squad car in surprise. Even disbelief. He had no idea Madison was a mother.

Moments later, Karin comes back out and sits on the front steps. Staring at Parker. With fascination. Curiosity. Wondering who this strange man is, and why he's sitting in a police car outside her house. But not saying a word.

Parker stares back as if carrying on a silent conversation with her. A multitude of expressions passing over his face as memories of his own daughter flash through his mind.

**CUT TO:**

**INSIDE MADISON'S BEDROOM**

Madison sits at a desk, typing quickly at a computer. Via modem, she connects with the L. A. P. D. Criminal Library. She rifles through data concerning MATHEW GRIMES, who was the

leader of a cult of cyber anarchists. He was known as the Charles Manson of technological terrorism.

#### **ON HER COMPUTER SCREEN**

From both newspaper ARTICLES and news FOOTAGE, the following information about him becomes clear:

Grimes was an expert at media manipulation. He delighted in publicly humiliating anyone who stood in his way. The Mayor of Los Angeles, Bob Bennett, who offered increasingly higher rewards for Grimes' capture, was Grimes' primary nemesis.

L.A.P.D. Special Investigations Division Officer Parker Barnes managed to stop Grimes from killing Mayor Bennett. Grimes retaliated by repeatedly humiliating Parker with false leads and lawsuits.

You see footage of a woman lying dead in an alley. A note is pinned to her clothing. The note reads: "HEY, PARKER, THIS **ONE'S FOR YOU.**"

Grimes then kidnapped Parker's wife and daughter. Parker located the group in a club, but only in time to witness their deaths. Parker then killed everybody in the club, including the six cult members and two completely innocent people.

#### **INSIDE HER BEDROOM**

Madison stares gravely into the screen.

#### **MADISON**

Grimes, you better not be the dominant.

#### **CUT TO:**

#### **OUTSIDE MADISON'S HOUSE**

Parker and Karin continue staring at each other in silence. He smiles. Then she smiles. She wiggles her nose. Then so does he.

Madison comes out wearing fresh clothing, then kisses her daughter good night. As Madison goes to the squad car, Karin waves good-bye to Parker. He does the same. Karin's babysitter then leads her back inside the house.

#### **INSIDE PARKER'S SQUAD CAR**

Madison gets in, immediately noticing the handcuffs dangling

from the steering wheel. Parker has been free the entire time.

**PARKER**

Told you I wasn't going to go anywhere.

**MADISON**

How did you get your hand out?

As she unlocks the handcuffs from the steering wheel, Parker wiggles his mechanical hand in front of her face.

**PARKER**

Sometimes, I like being part machine.

Annoyed, Madison tosses him the car keys. He starts the engine and drives.

**PARKER (CONT'D)**

Why didn't you tell me you had a daughter?

**MADISON**

I prefer keeping my professional life separate from my personal life.

**PARKER**

(a beat)  
She's beautiful, you know?

**MADISON**

Thank-you.  
(a beat)  
Her name is Karin.

She turns on the police radio.

**PARKER**

Want to tell me the real reason we stopped at your house?

**MADISON**

I told you, it was on the way and I wanted to change clothes.

**PARKER**

You should practice lying more often. You're awful at it.  
(a beat)

Where to?

**MADISON**

(a beat)

Sid 6.7 is no longer bound by his programming.

**PARKER**

What does that mean?

**MADISON**

Now that he's in the real world, there are no longer limitations on his behavior like there were in virtual reality. Sid is going to evolve.

**PARKER**

Sounds to me like a well-educated way of saying you have no idea what to do next.

**MADISON**

What I do know is that whatever he's becoming, Sid 6.7 is going to be even worse than he was before.

**PARKER**

Then all we can do is stay mobile and alert. He's got to make a move sometime, and we've got to be ready when he does.

(a beat)

Welcome to police work. You better like coffee.

He turns up the police radio.

**CUT TO:**

**INSIDE THE UPSCALE NIGHTCLUB**

Sid 6.7 has separated the patrons into four separate groups: older men and woman, and younger men and woman. All are frozen in their seats with fear.

Sid 6.7 points his gun at one group, then another, waving his arm as if he were a conductor, and as if his gun were a baton. Sid 6.7 clearly enjoys this game of terror. He delights in the patrons' fear, and revels in his power over them.

**SID 6.7**

Good... Very good... Nice...  
(pointing at a woman)  
You -- in the middle -- don't hold  
back. Give it to me!

He fires his gun just above her head. She SCREAMS in terror.

**SID 6.7 (CONT'D)**

That's better...

He continues aiming his gun from face to face, seeking ever increasing emotional responses from his "instruments." A guy entering the bar does a quick about face. Gone by the time Sid 6.7 glances at the door.

**SID 6.7**

God, I hate interruptions.  
(to the patrons)

Once again, from the top— BOOM! He shoots again, just missing a man's foot.

**CUT TO:**

**MADISON**

buying two coffees from a downtown street vendor. She returns to the squad car, which is barely moving. Traffic is at a near standstill because of an accident.

**INSIDE THE SQUAD CAR**

Parker drinks his coffee black. Madison adds two creams, two sugars. The cackling from the police radio continues unabated.

**PARKER**

I forgot what real coffee tastes  
like...

**MADISON**

You know, considering you've only  
been out of prison for seven hours,  
you're re-adapting quite well.  
(a beat)  
Wait, I didn't mean that the way it  
sounded. I meant...

**PARKER**

Don't worry about it, all right?

**MADISON**

Dammit, I hate sounding so clinical all the time. All I meant to say was I thought you were doing well, but then I...

**PARKER**

Relax. I know what you meant.

**MADISON**

I ruin so many moments by analyzing them when I should just be living them.

**PARKER**

Then why don't you start practicing and keep your mouth shut for a while?

Madison stops herself from speaking. It isn't easy for her. Parker cracks a faint smile. YOU HEAR the police radio.

**DISPATCHER (V. 0.)**

...report of a possible hostage situation inside a bar on the corner of Figueroa and Sixth. Description of the perp matches the surveillance photographs from LETAC taken this morning...

**MADISON**

That's only a couple blocks from here.

**PARKER**

I'll meet you there.

Tossing his coffee out the window, he opens the door.

**MADISON**

(deadly serious)  
Don't get out of the car.

**PARKER**

Stop me.

He gets out, running down the sidewalk. He flies past the cars inching down the block.

**MADISON**

Parker! PARKER!  
(a beat)

Shit!

She climbs into the driver's seat, spilling hot coffee on herself.

**ON SIXTH STREET**

Parker bolts recklessly through the downtown street. A hunter hot on the trail of his prey in an urban jungle.

**CUT TO:**

**INSIDE THE UPSCALE NIGHTCLUB**

Sid 6.7 gently caresses the hair of a terrified young WOMAN sitting among several others. You hear the sound of tires SCREECHING to a halt outside.

Sid 6.7 remains unconcerned. He toys with the Woman, pointing the gun in her face, then pulling it back. Her expression changes instantly. Dramatically.

**SID 6.7**

I just love how responsive you are.

**COP 1 (O.S.)**

Freeze!

TWO COPS stand in the doorway, weapons aimed at Sid 6.7. The Cops inch closer to him.

**SID 6.7**

(not turning around)

The ushers were not supposed to seat you until intermission.

**COP #1**

Put the gun down, nice and...

Sid 6.7 spins around and fires twice before he can finish his sentence. Both Cops receive IDENTICAL wounds in their shooting arms, reminding you of the wounds Parker and John first received in the opening virtual reality sequence.

Sid 6.7 takes a bow, as if on stage.

**SID 6.7**

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen,  
you've been a real pleasure...

As he walks toward the exit, he admires himself in the mirror behind the bar. Sid 6.7 has never seen his own image in the

real world before. He likes what he sees.

#### **OUTSIDE THE UPSCALE NIGHTCLUB**

Street traffic is much lighter here. Sid 6.7 exits, getting into the vacant police car left by the cops.

#### **INSIDE THE COPS' VEHICLE**

Sid 6.7 adjusts his seat. The rearview mirror. Glancing at himself. Then behind him.

#### **HIS POV -- IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR**

Parker becomes visible racing around the corner. Running like a dog who's got the scent.

#### **INSIDE THE COPS' VEHICLE**

Sid 6.7 looks pleased.

#### **SID 6.7**

Well, look who it...

CRACK! A bullet spiderwebs the rear window. Sid 6.7 punches the gas, taking off in a hurry.

#### **OUTSIDE THE UPSCALE NIGHTCLUB**

Parker races after Sid 6.7, firing his weapon continuously. WITHOUT CARE for the innocent MOTORISTS nearby. They SCREAM in absolute terror, but remain unharmed. Physically, anyway.

Parker gives up the chase of Sid 6.7's vehicle and runs in the other direction. Toward Madison as she rounds the corner in their squad car.

#### **INSIDE PARKER'S VEHICLE**

He opens the driver's side door and shoves Madison over.

#### **MADISON**

What the hell's going on?!

#### **PARKER**

This is my area of expertise.

He jumps behind the wheel, flooring the accelerator. Speeding through the already frightened motorists. Madison is pinned to the back of her seat. Looking out the window, she looks at the motorists.

**MADISON**

(with concern)

What did you do to those people?

**PARKER**

Nothing.

**ON THE STREET**

Parker's vehicle speeds through city streets. Gaining ground on Sid 6.7.

Parker stops for nothing. Not for red lights. Not for gridlock. When the street becomes impassable, he veers onto the sidewalk.

**INSIDE PARKER'S VEHICLE**

Parker's eyes are locked to the road with fierce determination. Madison's eyes are a mixture of fear and excitement. She holds onto the door handle for dear life.

**PARKER**

Being on the street's a little different than sitting in an office all day, isn't it?

**MADISON**

(gritting her teeth)

Enjoying yourself?

**PARKER**

You know I am.

**MADISON**

This isn't a game, Parker!

**PARKER**

(re: Sid 6.7)

Tell him.

**SID 6.7 (V. 0.)**

(over police radio) )

Glad to see you're on the case, Officer Barnes. Or should I say, inmate 673429...

**MADISON**

(in disbelief)

That who I think it is?

Parker turns to her, then picks up the radio.

**PARKER**

(into radio)

Call me whatever you want, asshole.

Parker accelerates even faster. Closing the gap between them and Sid 6.7.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**INSIDE SID 6.7'S VEHICLE**

Sid 6.7 drives dangerously fast, causing an accident, around which Parker must circumnavigate. Tires SCREECH. Glass SHATTERS. Sid 6.7 hangs his head out the window.

**SID 6.7**

(into radio)

The symphony of collision...

**PARKER**

The only thing I want to hear is your silence.

**SID 6.7**

I must make them very nervous if they let you out of prison.

(a beat)

You know, we have so much in common — we have such history together — I've been thinking we should become friends.

Madison's anxiety tanks are hitting capacity.

**PARKER**

(into radio)

You and me have nothing in common.

**SID 6.7**

Who else do you know who touches the world with synthetic hands?

Parker glances at his mechanical hands gripping the wheel. Madison can't believe he is able to carry on a conversation while driving like this.

**SID 6.7 (CONT'D)**

Who else do you know who's been locked out of the real world for years, and is now just learning to be free?

(a beat)  
Who else do you know is a multiple  
murderer just like you? Who else...

Madison clicks off the radio.

**MADISON**

You have nothing in common.

She puts her hand to her wrist -- checking her pulse.

**PARKER**

(shaking his head)  
Enough with your pulse already.  
(a beat)  
Still got your gun?

Madison takes out her weapon. Her hands are shaking.

**PARKER (CONT'D)**

Show me you can use it.

**ON THE STREET**

Sid 6.7's vehicle reaches absolute gridlock. Nobody's going  
anywhere for a while.

Sid 6.7 SLAMS on the brakes and abandons the car, leaving it  
right in the middle of the street. A TRAFFIC COP with his  
weapon trained on Sid 6.7 from a distance.

**TRAFFIC COP**

You better be a cop, pal!

**SID 6.7**

(raising his arms)  
My badge is in my jacket. Left  
pocket.

**TRAFFIC COP**

Show me...

Sid 6.7 slowly reaches inside his jacket and fires his weapon  
through it. He only gets a hole in his jacket. The Traffic  
Cop gets a hole through his chest.

**SID 6.7**

God, some people are stupid.

He aims his weapon at Parker's oncoming vehicle.

**INSIDE PARKER'S VEHICLE**

Madison leans out the window, aiming her gun at Sid 6.7, as Parker speeds toward the gridlock.

**PARKER**

Nail the fucker.

Madison's determination battles her inexperience. Sid 6.7 gets off the first shot. CRACK! That was the windshield by Parker's head. He ducks down, driving blind.

**PARKER (CONT'D)**

Any time now...

Madison fires. Nowhere close. She adjusts her sights and fires again. The result is the same.

**PARKER**

What's the problem?

**MADISON**

I'm doing the best I can!

BOOM! That was Sid 6.7 shooting their front left tire. Parker loses control of the vehicle.

**ON THE STREET**

Parker's vehicle SLAMS into a car stopped in front of them. Air bags save Parker and Madison from injury, but also prevent them from getting out of the car with any speed.

By the time they do get out, Sid 6.7 is long gone. Parker stares at Madison with pure hatred.

**CUT TO:**

**INSIDE A CONFERENCE ROOM**

in the L. A. P. D. Downtown Headquarters the next morning. Chief Cox stares angrily at Parker. Madison sits next to him. Behind them is a mirrored wall.

**COX**

(reading from a list)

... illegal search of Lindenmeyer's duplex. Eleven civilian vehicles damaged or destroyed. Twenty-four citizen complaints. And the calls are just starting to come in...

(to Parker)

I forgot what it's like to have you

on the streets.

**MADISON**

Any sign of Lindenmeyer?

**COX**

None. He could be hiding, he could be helping Sid, or could be in little pieces on Santa Monica beach.

(a beat)

Any idea what Sid's going to do next?

**MADISON**

Until we know what new influences are affecting him, we can't be sure.

**COX**

In other words, we collectively don't know shit.

#### **INSIDE THE ADJACENT ROOM**

Wallace and Deane look on through the two-way mirror. Deane is on the phone.

**WALLACE**

(re: Parker)

It makes me nervous just seeing him in a uniform.

(a beat)

I will never forget the first time I saw the photos from the crime scene.

**DEANE**

(hanging up the phone)

Neither will the public.

(a beat)

The media has caught wind of his pardon. Unless Mr. Barnes starts giving me some tangible results, I'm going to put him back in his cage.

**CUT TO:**

#### **ON A TELEVISION**

The news is in progress. A REPORTER continues.

**REPORTER**

Police now believe there to be a connection between the grisly Toluca Lake murders yesterday afternoon, and the hostage situation which occurred last night in a downtown bar...

**INSIDE A SUPERMARKET**

The TV is one of many mounted above the check-out counters. CUSTOMERS waiting in line with their shopping carts watch the news with varying degrees of horror, disgust, curiosity, and fear.

The stronger their reaction, the more Sid 6.7 enjoys it. He is waiting in line holding a box of Twinkies.

**CASHIER**

Next.

(eyeing the Twinkies)

Did you know those aren't even baked? They're chemically-risen.

**SID 6.7**

(a beat)

So was I.

Off the cashier's look, we

**CUT TO:**

**DARYL LINDENMEYER**

watching the news on a pocket TV on a wooden bench that morning. Both proud and horrified at the monster he has unleashed upon the world. You hear CLASSICAL MUSIC in the background.

Lindenmeyer begins to laugh. Uncontrollably. The sounds echoing. As WE PULL BACK, you realize the bench is one of many inside the Hollywood Bowl.

Lindenmeyer is the only person sitting in the stands. He glances down at the members of the Los Angeles Philharmonic as they rehearse for an upcoming performance.

Whatever the event is, it's going to be big. Dozens of technicians surround the stage, setting lights, cameras, microphones, etc. for a live, pay-per-view broadcast.

**CUT TO:**

**ALEXIEV BORGEN**

talking on a phone inside the Cal Tech Computer Lab.

**ALEXIEV**

I'm afraid I don't have very good news.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**PARKER AND MADISON**

on the speakerphone inside Cox's Office.

**MADISON**

Were you able to get into the program?

**ALEXIEV**

Yes. But then I tripped over an erasure mine.

**PARKER**

In English, please.

**ALEXIEV**

I accidently triggered a protection mechanism which erased the entire program.

Parker and Madison turn to each other -- shit.

**ALEXIEV (CONT'D)**

It was very well-hidden. There was no way to see it until it was too late.

**PARKER**

(a beat)

It's not your fault. We appreciate you trying.

**ALEXIEV**

Look, I feel bad about this, so I'm going to try to look into the programming of his Maestro teaching tool for you.

(holding up keyboard) )

I've had one sitting around for years. Maybe I can learn something

that you'll find useful.

**MADISON**

Let us know.

**CUT TO:**

**SID 6.7**

walking along a sidewalk. Noon. Something in a store front catches his attention. Namely, his own image being captured by a video camera pointed at the sidewalk. He is standing outside a large electronics store.

Sid 6.7 walks closer to the window, moving into a CLOSE-UP.

He is captivated by his image. Fascinated. And intrigued.

This is the first time he has ever seen himself on screen.

**INSIDE THE ELECTRONICS STORE**

Dozens of TVs on display. There is a different channel on each. The audio/visual bombardment is overwhelming. Sid 6.7 enters, making his way to a big screen TV with the local news in progress.

**REPORTER**

(from the TV) ... commuters travelling anywhere near the Biltmore Hotel downtown tomorrow evening should allow themselves at least 30 extra minutes to get home. Security for the Mayor Bennett's Re-Election Rally is going to be so tight that all bus and subway routes passing through the area are being re-routed...

Sid 6.7 changes the channel to a different news broadcast. Parker's Folsom County Prison I. D. photograph is shown alongside a photograph of Madison from one of her book covers.

**SID 6.7**

(to the TV)

Don't you two make a pretty couple.

The news broadcast zooms in on Parker's picture. Sid 6.7 wiggles his synthetic fingers in front of his face.

**SID 6.7 (CONT'D)**

We really do have so much in  
common. But I refuse to be  
upstaged...

He changes the channel back to the first news broadcast. A  
reporter stands amid the chaos outside the bar where Sid 6.7  
had terrified the patrons.

Sid 6.7 turns to the other CUSTOMERS in the store. Most of  
them are watching other channels. He goes over to a control  
pad on a counter and presses several buttons.

Now EVERY TV in the store has the news with the reporter  
outside the bar on. A SKINHEAD, sporting numerous Nazi  
swastika tattoos, manually changes the channel on one of the  
TVs to a Dodger baseball game.

Sid 6.7 walks over to the Skinhead and changes the channel  
back to the news.

**SKINHEAD**

You don't wanna fuck with me, man.

He moves to the next TV over and changes the channel to the  
baseball game. Sid 6.7 moves over with him, standing directly  
behind the Skinhead as if also interested in the Dodgers.

**SID 6.7**

(singing softly)

Take me out to the ball game...  
Take me out for the fun...

He places his hands on the Skinhead's head and efficiently  
snaps his head around, breaking his neck.

**SID 6.7 (CONT'D)**

Buy me some peanuts and Cracker  
Jack... I don't care if I ever come  
back...

He drops the Skinhead to the floor, never once taking his  
eyes off the TV.

**ON THE TV**

A Dodger game is in progress. A pop fly is caught by the  
center fielder. The runner at third tags and heads for home.  
The play at the plate is close. The umpire calls the runner  
out.

The camera pans to the MASSIVE SCREEN over left field to show  
the instant replay. Reactions of fans around the stadium are

shown in CLOSE-UP. The fans also respond to seeing themselves on the massive screen.

#### **INSIDE THE ELECTRONICS STORE**

Sid 6.7 watches the TV intently, completely ignoring the horrified customers circling around him because of the dead Skinhead at his feet. A SALESMAN, who'd been demonstrating a videocamera, tapes Sid 6.7 from behind a customer.

#### **SALESMAN'S POV -- HANDHELD VIDEO**

As Sid 6.7 realizes he's being videotaped, his entire face seems to light up. Playing directly to the camera, he clearly loves being in the spotlight. The attention. The focus. It's suddenly as if he's had years of training. He is completely at ease. And simply captivating.

#### **SID 6.7**

(direct address)

I'm sorry I can't do more for you.

(pointing to the Skinhead)

Public service really isn't my forte.

He walks into an EXTREME CLOSE-UP and kisses the lense. Then reaches out of frame to help the increasingly-shaky salesman steady the camera.

#### **SID 6.7 (CONT'D)**

But rest assured...

(a beat)

A star is born.

WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL you're now watching a recording of Sid 6.7 on videotape, along with Parker, Madison, and a dozen other COPS, inside the Electronics Store an hour later. The tape is re-wound.

#### **MADISON**

(to Parker)

Whatever he was doing here was only the start.

#### **PARKER**

Start of what?

#### **MADISON**

I don't know, yet. What we do know is his performances are increasing in scale, not decreasing.

(a beat)

Whatever it is, he isn't  
finished...

She moves closer to the screen as the tape is played back.  
Madison studies Sid 6.7 intently.

**SID 6.7 (0. 5.)**

(recorded)  
But rest assured...  
(a beat)  
A star is born.

**MADISON**

(to another cop)  
You mind playing that part again?

Her request is obliged.

**MADISON**

Freeze it there—

She stares at Sid 6.7, who is looking directly at her.

**MADISON (CONT'D)**

(as if to Sid 6.7) You've  
discovered media, haven't you? You  
like the attention...the  
power...You like being a star. What  
are you going to do next, star?  
What are you going to...

Her attention turns to the upper right corner of the screen,  
where onlookers are visible watching Sid 6.7. Their faces  
blurry. But even out of focus, it isn't hard to recognize  
Lindenmeyer.

**MADISON (CONT'D)**

(as if to Lindenmeyer)  
You do like to watch, don't you?  
(to the surrounding cops)  
If any of you are looking for Daryl  
Lindenmeyer, that's him...

She points to Lindenmeyer, then makes her way over to Parker,  
who's standing exactly where Sid 6.7 was when he killed the  
Skinhead. Parker does not look at Madison. His eyes are fixed  
on the TV in front of him.

**MADISON (CONT'D)**

It's not just Sid 6.7's  
performances that are increasing.  
Stars need bigger and bigger

audiences.

(a beat)

Whatever Sid is going to do next,  
it's going to involve media.

**PARKER**

You like baseball?

**ON THE TV**

The baseball game continues. Players take the field at the start of a new inning. The outfielders can't help but glance at the beautiful WOMAN being shown in CLOSE-UP on the massive screen over left field.

**ANNOUNCER (V. 0.)**

I'll tell you, whoever's operating  
the stadium's closed-circuit  
cameras must have fallen in love  
because that beauty in J Section  
has been on the stadium's big  
screen for over a minute now...

**INSIDE THE ELECTRONICS STORE**

He grabs a police radio from a nearby OFFICER.

**PARKER**

(urgently into radio) This is  
Officer Parker Barnes. Get every  
able body you can to Dodger Stadium  
-- J Section.

**OFFICER**

What the hell's going on?

**PARKER**

(re: TV)  
Live execution.

**INSIDE DODGER STADIUM**

On the massive screen over left field, the Woman in CLOSE-UP looks embarrassed, trying to forget her face is now 40 feet high for all the other fans to see.

**ANNOUNCER (V. 0.)**

That's enough with the close-up  
already, Mr. DeMille. Even the  
players are starting to get  
distracted...

The players on the field are all looking up at the massive screen.

#### **INSIDE THE STADIUM CONTROL BOOTH**

The Woman's face appears on various monitors. The phone RINGS. No one answers it. The room appears to be empty.

The stadium's closed-circuit TV director is not in his chair. He's lying dead on the floor.

#### **ON THE J SECTION CAMERA PLATFORM**

The closed-circuit camera remains focused on the Woman. The camera is locked off. It's operator lies dead beside it.

#### **THROUGH ITS VIEWFINDER**

Sid 6.7 can be seen arriving next to the Woman. He gently caresses her hair.

#### **IN J SECTION**

Sid 6.7 stands in front of the Woman's BOYFRIEND, who sits next to her.

#### **BOYFRIEND**

You make a better door than a window, buddy. Keep it moving.

Sid 6.7 picks him up out of his seat and throws him three rows ahead. Sid 6.7 then puts hands around the Woman's throat.

#### **ON THE MASSIVE SCREEN**

over left field, the Woman attempts to scream as Sid 6.7 chokes her. No sound comes out.

#### **FANS**

react with horror. But nobody turns away.

#### **ANNOUNCER (V. 0.)**

Jesus Christ! Somebody stop him!

#### **SECURITY PERSONNEL**

rush from all parts of the stadium toward J Section.

#### **SID 6.7**

enjoys the reactions of the terrified fans around him as he chokes the life out of the Woman.

**SID 6.7**

(to the camera)

Hey, Parker, this one's for you...

His words ECHO around the stadium as he SNAPS the Woman's neck. He then hurls her limp body toward several men as they charge him.

**SID 6.7 (CONT'D)**

That's all, folks.

He leaps over a railing, rushing into a tunnel which leads out of the seating area.

**A SECURITY GUARD**

climbs up the stairs to the mouth of the tunnel. Weapon in hand. He draws a bead on Sid 6.7's back. BOOM!

**HIS POV**

A bullet rips through Sid 6.7's side. Blood begins to seep from the wound. But then immediately begins to retract. Once his blood has returned, his skin heals over the wound. Leaving a scar. Which also then disappears.

Other than the hole in his shirt, Sid 6.7 is as good as new. He never even misses a step as he disappears around the corner.

**THE SECURITY GUARD**

stares in disbelief as he is joined by several comrades.

**GUARD**

I nailed the son-of-a-bitch. I put a hole right through him...

**PANIC-STRICKEN FANS**

in J Section start moving away from the area as fast as they can. Parents clutching their children. Climbing over seats. Shoving anyone in their way.

**ANNOUNCER (V. O.)**

Ladies and gentlemen, please try to stay calm. Everyone just keep your seats...

Fans all over the stadium start charging toward the exits.

#### **OUTSIDE DODGER STADIUM**

People bolt through the turnstiles, running away from the stadium as L. A. P. D. squad cars approach in the distance. The car in the lead is Parker's.

#### **INSIDE PARKER'S VEHICLE**

Parker speeds dangerously fast toward the fans streaming onto the street. Madison braces herself.

#### **MADISON**

**SLOW DOWN!**

Parker JAMS on the brakes with both feet. SCREEEEEEEECH!

#### **OUTSIDE DODGER STADIUM**

Parker comes within inches of mowing down several people, who keep right on running. Parker jumps out of the vehicle, scanning faces. In predator mode. Madison gets out, clearly shaken. Parker locks his gaze on somebody in the distance.

#### **HIS POV**

A guy in Dodger baseball cap and jacket. Walking calmly away from the stadium. He descends down an escalator into a recently-built subway station. It is Sid 6.7.

#### **PARKER**

charges after him. A heat-seeking missile locked on target.

#### **MADISON**

Parker... Parker!

She does the best she can to follow after him. People knock into Parker as hard as he does them. A human version of bumper cars.

Reaching the entrance to the subway, Parker leaps down the escalator three steps at a time. Madison remains in his wake.

#### **INSIDE THE SUBWAY STATION**

Parker and Madison hop the turnstiles. Only to be stopped by a remote-controlled, box-shaped robotic sentry, which is identical to one you have seen before. This sentry was one of Reilly's creations at LETAC.

**SECURITY ROBOT**

(male, authoritarian)

Stop. You are in violation of...

Parker spits in the Robot's electronic eye. Temporarily blinding it, as well as the guy operating it via remote control. Parker and Madison make their getaway as the robotic sentry struggles to clean off his eye.

**PARKER**

Real effective security...

**MADISON**

You could have just flashed him your badge, you know?

**PARKER**

Authority still makes me nervous.

They come to a fork: one tunnel goes to east/west trains, the other to north/south.

**MADISON**

Which way?

**PARKER**

Both.

He races down the tunnel to the north/south trains. Madison heads down the other. Her determination beginning to win out over her inexperience.

**PARKER**

hesitates at the escalator leading to the south-bound side of the tracks.

Further down the tunnel is the escalator to the north-bound trains. Parker chooses the escalator closest to him.

**ON THE SOUTH-BOUND PLATFORM**

Passengers pass the time by watching a television mounted above them. Except for Parker, who scans the crowd. Then across the tracks.

**ON THE NORTH-BOUND PLATFORM**

In the entire crowd, there is only one person not watching the TV screen. He is watching Parker. Through his gun sight. Sid 6.7 pulls the trigger. BOOM!

**ON THE SOUTH-BOUND PLATFORM**

Parker dives to the ground, just avoiding the bullet. He scrambles behind a pillar for protection. Only to see the guy standing behind him wasn't as lucky.

**ON THE EAST-BOUND PLATFORM**

Madison hears the gunshot ECHO through the station. Which scares the already-terrified fans trying to get away from Dodger Stadium. Chaos is rapidly becoming Pandemonium.

**MADISON**

**SHIT!**

She races up the escalator, taking out her weapon.

**CUT TO:**

**PARKER**

peeking out from behind the pillar on the south-bound platform.

**PARKER'S POV -- ACROSS THE TRACKS**

Passengers rush in every direction. Some are screaming. Some are crying. Nobody knows who fired the shot. Or where to go. But everyone is going somewhere.

Including Sid 6.7, who makes his way through the flurry of movement toward the up escalator. It is difficult to keep sight of him.

**PARKER**

moves toward the edge of the platform, aiming his gun across the tracks. Those around him quickly back away.

**PARKER**

(yelling)

Everybody get down!

Only about half the passengers on the north-bound side can hear him above the screaming already going on. Sid 6.7 is nowhere to be seen.

**PARKER (CONT'D)**

(screaming)

**GET DOWN!!!**

The rest of the passengers hit the deck, except for a COLLEGE

STUDENT listening to music on headphones. He is riding the escalator up. Sid 6.7 stands behind him, using the student as a shield.

**PARKER' S POV**

As Sid 6.7 ascends, slight portions of his body are momentarily exposed behind the student as he sways with the music coming from his headphones. Parker does NOT have a clean shot.

In 10 seconds, Sid 6.7 will disappear from view completely and Parker will have no shot at all. A momentary sliver of Sid 6.7 becomes visible. An inch-and-a-half at most.

**PARKER**

doesn't hesitate. He lines up his shot and pulls the trigger.

**ON THE NORTH-BOUND UP ESCALATOR**

The college student standing in front of Sid 6.7 gets winged in the shoulder. Not a serious wound, but a painful one just the same.

The bullet must have hit bone, because it deflected upon impact, missing Sid 6.7 entirely.

The student drops to the escalator, screaming in pain. Sid 6.7 crouches beside him.

**SID 6.7**

(yelling)

What's wrong, convict, your arms need adjusting? Or maybe it's your head. Maybe you aren't ready to be back out in the real world, yet...

**PARKER'S POV**

The top of Sid 6.7's head is exposed an inch, maybe two.

**PARKER**

fires again. Repeatedly. Moving closer and closer to the edge of the platform, trying to get a better angle while he still has a shot.

Parker moves to the very edge of the platform. His arm extended out over it. Completely oblivious to

**THE SUBWAY TRAIN**

rocketing into the station toward the south-bound platform.

**MADISON**

leaps off the descending escalator on the south-bound side and rushes to Parker.

She pulls Parker back just before the train reaches him. Had his arm still been raised, Parker would have lost his arm a second time.

They tumble to the floor. A PASSENGER rushes to Madison.

**PASSENGER #1**

(pointing to Parker)

Lady, you gotta stop him! He's gone crazy!

**PASSENGER #2**

He just shot an innocent bystander!

**MADISON**

(forcefully to Parker)

What were you shooting at?

Parker gets to his feet. Madison doesn't take her eyes off him.

**PASSENGER #1**

He did — I saw it!

**PASSENGER #2**

**DO SOMETHING!**

**PARKER**

(to Madison)

Sid's getting away.

He heads toward the up escalator. His back now to Madison. She aims her gun at him.

**MADISON**

Parker — stop! STOP! Don't make me shoot you—

**PARKER**

(not looking back)

If you're gonna do it, better do it now.

He keeps right on going up the escalator.

**MADISON**

lines up her shot. Hands shaking. With both fear and determination. Her finger presses down on the trigger...but she can't do it.

**MADISON**

Dammit!

She chases after him.

**INSIDE THE NORTH/SOUTH TUNNEL**

Madison looks in both directions as she gets off the escalator. Parker is nowhere to be seen.

Moving toward her slowly is the wounded college student, who clutches his bleeding shoulder. He is shivering. Going into shock. Madison goes to him, taking off his headphones.

**MADISON**

Let me help you...

He collapses in her arms.

**COLLEGE STUDENT**

(delirious)

What did I do?...I didn't do anything...

Clearly versed in emergency medical treatment, Madison attends to his wound. Parker returns.

**PARKER**

(breathlessly)

I lost him...

**COLLEGE STUDENT**

**GET HIM AWAY FROM ME! GET HIM AWAY!**

**MADISON**

(furiously)

Call 9-1-1. Wait for me above ground.

**CUT TO:**

**OUTSIDE OF THE SUBWAY STATION**

30 minutes later. The chaos outside Dodger Stadium has subsided. Madison and two PARAMEDICS lead the bandaged

College Student to an ambulance.

Madison goes to Parker, who sits quietly by himself. Elbows on his knees. Head between his hands. Staring at the cement between his feet.

**MADISON**

(angrily)

Do you have any idea the trauma you put that kid through?!

Parker doesn't respond. All around them, a cacophony of news broadcasts is heard. From passing cars. From boom boxes. From portable TVs. Over and over, you hear what Sid 6.7 had said while killing the woman in Dodger Stadium:

**SID 6.7 (V. 0.)**

(recorded)

Hey, Parker, this one's for you...  
Hey, Parker, this one's for you...

As Parker raises his head slowly, you realize you are looking at the face of a wild animal. Eyes rabid. Jaw clenched. Pure anger. Violence about to erupt. Without fear. Without guilt. The beast within has been unleashed.

**PARKER**

(in a whisper)

That's Grimes...

Madison backs away in fear. Parker rises gradually.

**PARKER (CONT'D)**

(voice slowly rising) The man who killed my wife...who killed my daughter...who ruined my life used to taunt me with that line...

Parker advances toward Madison, who continues backing away.

**PARKER (CONT'D)**

(exploding)

Grimes is back! He's back! He's come back!!!

**MADISON**

(standing her ground) No! Grimes isn't back. He's only one part of Sid. Sid 6.7 is a hell of a lot worse than Grimes ever was.

(a beat)

Get a hold of yourself!

She tries to grab him by the shoulders. Parker blocks her arms away.

**PARKER**

(going nose-to-nose)  
But he's in there. And you knew it,  
didn't you? Didn't you?!

She tries to back away, but backs herself against a light pole. Madison has nowhere to go. Parker grabs her by the collar, and shoves her against the pole. Hard.

**PARKER (CONT'D)**

(hysterical)  
God, you fucking know-it-all!  
You've known all along and didn't

**PARKER (CONT'D)**

tell me! Why?! Were you afraid I'd  
lose it?! Go over the edge?! Huh?!  
Is that what you were afraid of?!  
**WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME??!!!**

A prison transport and another police vehicle pull up to them fast. Two of the Prison Guards met earlier jump out of the transport, advancing on Parker. Their weapons aimed at his head.

**GUARD**

Hands up! Now!

Parker slowly raises his hands in the air. A Guard relieves him of his weapon.

**MADISON**

(recovering)  
What's going on?

**GUARD**

He's going back where he belongs.

Deane and Cox step out of the police vehicle.

**DEANE**

(to Madison)  
You were right, Dr. Carter. Letting  
a lunatic like Barnes loose in the  
real world did pose an unacceptably  
dangerous risk to the public.  
(glancing at Cox)  
I should have never tried to solve

one problem by allowing the creation of another.

(to Madison)

Chief Cox will give you a ride back to the station. You will provide him with any and all information you have developed thus far.

(to Parker)

Enjoy the rest of your sentence, Mr. Barnes.

She exits. Cox and Parker stand facing each other. Cox wishes there was something he could do. Parker looks completely out of it. Cox extends his hand. After a moment, Parker takes it. But his mind is way off elsewhere.

**GUARD**

(forcefully to Parker)

Let's go.

Madison looks on as Parker is herded roughly into the back of the prison transport.

**MADISON**

Parker...

Parker shuts her up with a look. There is nothing that can be said. The prison transport doors are SLAMMED shut. The vehicle takes off.

**CUT TO:**

**INSIDE COX'S POLICE VEHICLE**

Cox and Madison head back toward L. A. P. D. Headquarters. They are in mid-conversation:

**MADISON**

(with regret)

I should have told him.

**COX**

Don't blame yourself. In your shoes, I don't think I would have told Parker, either.

(a beat)

So do you think Grimes has become the dominant personality?

**MADISON**

I'm not sure. My guess is that's what Sid wants us to think.

**COX**

(a beat)  
You think he's smart?

**MADISON**

Captain, I'm afraid of how smart  
Sid 6.7 is.

(a beat)  
But I'm even more afraid of what's  
he's becoming.

**CUT TO:**

**THE PRISON TRANSPORT**

comes to a stop at a traffic light.

**INSIDE THE PRISON TRANSPORT -- REAR**

Parker sits alone in the darkness. Motionless. Until the  
sound of TWO GUNSHOTS piercing the transport's front  
windshield SHATTERS the silence.

**PARKER**

What the hell's going on?!

He scrambles to the front of the compartment, pressing his  
face against the steel mesh of the four-inch portal.

**HIS POV -- LOOKING THROUGH PORTAL**

Two bullet holes are visible in the windshield. The two  
Prison Guards lie dead in their seats. Sid 6.7's eyes appear,  
looking directly at you. He's smiling.

**SID 6.7**

(neighborly)  
Hey, old buddy, old pal, good to  
see you again.

**INSIDE THE PRISON TRANSPORT**

Parker goes absolutely berserk. Viciously punching the steel  
mesh which separates them until the synthetic skin on his  
knuckles is shredded.

**PARKER**

You...mother...fucker! I'M GOING TO  
**KILL YOU!!!**

**SID 6.7**

Now, is that any way to talk to an old buddy? I mean, just because I'm carrying around the joy of killing your family inside me doesn't mean we can't be friends.

**PARKER**  
**GRIMES, YOU'RE DEAD!**

He savagely hurls himself against his confines. Bone vs. metal. Don't try this at home.

**SID 6.7**  
I'm sorry, the party you're trying to reach is not answering. Is there anyone else you would like to talk to?

**PARKER**  
**DEAD! YOU HEAR ME?**

**SID 6.7**  
(a beat)  
You really are pathetic, you know that? Mathew Grimes is only one letter in my alphabet. He is nothing compared to me.

Parker is completely spent. Mentally and physically. He slumps in a corner. Out of breath. Bleeding. Sore. All he can do is stare out through the portal's mesh at Sid 6.7.

**SID 6.7 (CONT'D)**  
You could say thank-you, you know? I'm giving you your freedom, short-lived though it may be.  
(a beat)  
A little known fact about the locator implants prison inmates now receive upon release is that they contain a pinhead capsule of neural toxin.  
The satellite they use to track you can also trigger release of the toxin with microwaves. After transmission, the implant's host dies within 30 seconds.  
(a beat)  
It won't take long for them to get your termination authorized once they learn of your escape. Now who would you rather go after, killer,

them or me?

He releases the rear door lock.

**ON THE STREET**

Parker bursts out of the back of the Prison Transport, charging after Sid 6.7. Who is nowhere to be seen. Parker runs in one direction. Then the other. And changes his mind again. He literally does not know which way to turn.

**PARKER**

Shit!

**CUT TO:**

**INSIDE A CONFERENCE ROOM IN L. A. P. D. HEADQUARTERS**

An AIDE rushes through the door to Cox, who's briefing Deane and Wallace on what he has learned.

**AIDE**

Parker Barnes just escaped from the prison transport. Both of the guards are dead.

The Aide exits.

**COX**

(to Deane)

Barnes wouldn't kill two innocent guards.

**DEANE**

He would slaughter eight people sitting in a room, but not two prison guards?

**COX**

Do I need to remind you what happened to his wife? To his daughter?

(with conviction)

I will stake my reputation that Barnes didn't kill those guards.

**DEANE**

You already have staked your reputation.

(a beat)

Mayor Bennett and I have been friends a long time. Since Grimes

tried to kill him, it doesn't take a rocket scientist to come to the conclusion that Sid 6.7 might go after him, too.

(a beat)

Bennett's Re-Election Rally is tomorrow night and we already have enough trouble on our hands with one psychotic on the loose.

(to Wallace)

The fail-safe on-line, yet?

**WALLACE**

On-line and at your disposal.

**COX**

(to Deane)

What fail-safe?

**DEANE**

(approaching Wallace)

This had better work, Mr. Wallace.

Wallace exits the room. Cox has no idea what is going on. And Deane is not about to tell him.

**CUT TO:**

**INSIDE MADISON'S BEDROOM**

Madison enters wearily, late afternoon. Exhausted from the events of the last two days, she starts to undress. Her clothing is filthy. So is her skin. She could use a good shower, and a better massage.

Madison examines the various cuts and bruises she's received along the way. Not exactly war wounds, but to somebody used to sitting behind a desk, they are.

She absentmindedly turns on the television, then goes into her bathroom. Madison looks at her face in the mirror. She's looked better. After splashing cold water on her face, she comes to the same conclusion.

Madison takes two aspirin. And then two more. Wishing they would take effect immediately. Finally hearing the news on the TV, her entire demeanor changes instantly.

Madison rushes in front of the television to see a report of Parker's escape from the prison transport.

**MADISON**

Oh, shit!

Grabbing a handful of clothes, she bolts urgently out the door.

**CUT TO:**

**MADISON**

speeding recklessly through city streets in her car. She doesn't stop for red lights. Not for grid-lock. Not for nothing.

She is also still finishing getting dressed.

**CUT TO:**

**OUTSIDE L. A. P. D. HEADQUARTERS**

Ignoring the warnings of several COPS walking toward their vehicles, Madison speeds toward the front entrance. She barely stops in time. SCREEEECH!

**INSIDE L. A. P. D. HEADQUARTERS**

Madison races through the bustling facility. Looking for somebody. She finally finds Cox coming out of his office.

**MADISON**

(urgently)

There is no way Parker killed those guards. No way.

**COX**

I think we both know who did.

(a beat)

What's so urgent?

**MADISON**

I need your help--

Taking him by the arm, she leads him into an elevator going down just before its doors close.

**INSIDE THE ELEVATOR**

The look on Cox's face tells you Madison has explained the situation to him. He is furious.

**COX**

Why didn't anybody tell me?!

**MADISON**

I don't set policy.  
(a beat)  
You have the key?

He takes a security key out of his pocket and uses it to gain access to a subterranean floor.

**COX**

(angrily)  
This is a police department. I'll  
be damned if this is going to go on  
without my knowledge.

They exit quickly. Cox leads Madison

**INSIDE A POWER SUPPLY ROOM**

Cox leads in Madison and takes her to the subterranean power supply. He points to the floor's numerous circuit breakers.

**COX**

Give me 30 seconds, then flip every  
switch you can reach.

**MADISON**

Got it.

**INSIDE THE LOCATER TRANSMISSION ROOM**

The room is still under construction. Wallace stands behind a TECHNICIAN sitting at a console in front of a massive electronic map tracking several convicts, including Parker. The technician is typing in an elaborate termination code.

**TECHNICIAN**

Who are we going to fry?

**WALLACE**

Just an unrepentant criminal who is  
apparently going to die from a  
previously undiagnosed brain tumor.

Cox enters, concerning Wallace.

**WALLACE (CONT'D)**

What are you doing here, sir?

**COX**

Just paying my last respects.

He surveys the electronic map, locating Parker. Just as the

lights go BLACK. Wallace and the technician immediately panic.

**WALLACE**

What happened?!

**TECHNICIAN**

I don't know. We've lost all power!

**COX**

The heat's been causing brown out's all over the city. Get above ground until it's restored.

Wallace and the technician rush out of the room, up the emergency stairs. Cox sets to work ripping out the console's circuitry. By the time he's finished, the equipment in here won't be able to toast a piece of bread.

**CUT TO:**

**A TOMBSTONE**

which reads: LINDA DAVIS BARNES (1961-1992) and CHRISTINE MARY BARNES (1987-1992). Parker kneels in front of it. Magic hour.

Madison, and Cox wind their way to him through obstacle course of tombstones. Parker stands as they arrive. He is wiped out. There is no emotion left in him.

**MADISON**

We know you didn't kill those guards.

**PARKER**

They're going to fry me for it, anyway.

**COX**

Nobody's going to fry anybody...

He approaches, holding the Circuits he ripped out of the Locator Transmission Room.

**COX**

(re: circuits)  
Don't worry, they have no idea where you are.

**PARKER**

You son-of-a-bitch. How could you

let them put the implant in my head? How?

**MADISON**

He didn't know about the neural toxin.

(a beat)

I did.

**PARKER**

(matter-of-factly) You knew the entire time? Can you give me one good reason why I shouldn't kill you right now?

**COX**

She saved your life, Parker. She didn't have to, but she did.

**PARKER**

(turning to Madison)

Then I guess we're even.

**MADISON**

(a beat)

How did you find out about the toxin?

**PARKER**

Sid 6.7 told me after he killed the two guards. He suggested I kill you rather than him.

**MADISON**

You're not capable of it.

**PARKER**

I pose an unacceptable danger to the public, remember?

**MADISON**

I was wrong.

(a beat)

And I was wrong not to tell you Grimes was part of Sid. I should have told you. I won't make the same mistake again.

She means it. Parker turns away, looking at his wife's headstone.

**COX**

The son-of-a-bitch is still out there, Parker.

Parker turns toward him slowly. Emotion beginning to return to his face.

**PARKER**

(a beat)  
When this is over, will you get this goddam thing out of my head?

**COX**

On my life, I promise you I will.

**PARKER**

If you're lying, I'll hunt you down and kill you myself.

**CUT TO:**

**OUTSIDE A CONSTRUCTION SIGHT**

6 PM. The human FOREMAN presses a remote control detonator.

BOOM! An explosion occurs inside a building's foundation

(STOCK FOOTAGE). The building is levelled instantly.

Sid 6.7, who's been watching the explosion, approaches the Foreman.

**SID 6.7**

(applauding)  
Bravo.

**FOREMAN**

Who the hell are you?

**SID 6.7**

Someone who appreciates the artistic value of high-explosives.

He shoots the Foreman in the chest. Sid 6.7 relieves him of his keys and heads to an explosives storage shed.

**CUT TO:**

**SID 6.7**

carrying a crate of C-4 high-explosives out of the shed in the construction sight minutes later. He adds it to the dozen crates already loaded in a truck. And takes off.

**CUT TO:**

**INSIDE A LARGE SEWER PIPE**

Sid 6.7 secures several crates of C-4 to an automated sewer cleaning vehicle. He schedules its start time — 24 hours from now. It is now 7:45 PM. The bomb's TIMER is set to detonate 15 minutes into the vehicle's journey -- at 8:00 PM tomorrow night.

**SID 6.7**

(admiring his work)

You think you know me, but you don't have any idea who I really am...

**CUT TO:**

**OUTSIDE THE BILTMORE HOTEL**

sight of Mayor Bennett's upcoming Re-Election Rally, Cox supervises an army of L. A. P. D. officers who are securing the area. Bomb-sniffing dogs. Rooftop snipers. Helicopter surveillance. Nothing is being left to chance.

Anyone doing anything within 100 yards of the building is searched, including the REPORTERS and their CAMERA CREWS covering the convention's security.

**PARKER AND MADISON**

survey the scene with binoculars from amid a crowd of pedestrians two blocks away. Both are disguised in hats and different clothing. You don't immediately recognize them.

**MADISON**

The rally's a little obvious as a target, don't you think?

**PARKER**

I told you before, Grimes liked to be obvious.

**MADISON**

Sid 6.7 isn't Grimes.

**PARKER**

Part of him is.

Various faces in the crowd on the sidewalk. In the vehicles passing on the street. On the bridge crossing the street down

the block further away from the hotel.

**MADISON (V. 0.)**

If we find Sid, Lindenmeyer won't be far behind.

**PARKER (V. 0.)**

Think he's keeping track of his creation?

**MADISON (V. 0.)**

That, or living through him...

**PARKER**

puts down his binoculars. Madison does not.

**PARKER**

See something?

**MADISON**

I'm not sure...on the bridge...the guy at the payphone...

She points to what she's looking at. Looking through his binoculars, he still can't see what she means. She helps him aim his binoculars.

**PARKER'S POV -- THROUGH BINOCULARS**

He scans the bridge. Finally settling on Sid 6.7, who is talking on a payphone.

**ON THE STREET**

Parker looks up from his binoculars. Impressed.

**PARKER**

Nice work.

**MADISON**

(a beat)

Thanks.

They move briskly down the block toward the bridge. Quickly climbing a set of stairs.

**ON A ROOFTOP**

Parker and Madison's movement catches the attention of several snipers.

**SNIPER #1**

Well, look who we have here...

**SNIPER #2**

(into radio)

Parker Barnes is heading south toward the bridge. If anybody can get a clean shot at him, take it.

**COX**

hears the order over his radio headset. He races toward the bridge. As do a dozen other cops.

**ON THE BRIDGE**

Sid 6.7 talks into the payphone.

**SID 6.7**

Be a reporter — figure it out for yourself. All I'm going to tell you is that at 8:00 tomorrow night, I will become legendary...

**PARKER AND MADISON**

reach the top of the stairs. Sid 6.7 remains on the phone, his back toward Parker and Madison. They split-up, winding their way through the crowd waiting for an arriving bus.

As the bus pulls to the stop, the awaiting passengers move toward the opening doors. Obscuring Parker's view of the payphone.

Parker shoves his way through the crowd, only to see Sid 6.7 holding Madison in front of him, his gun to her head. Parker trains his weapon at Sid 6.7. He doesn't have a clean shot.

**SID 6.7**

(to Parker)

Brings back memories, doesn't it?

**THROUGH A SNIPER'S RIFLE SCOPE**

Parker's chest is put into the cross-hairs as the bus pulls away from the stop. He is focused on Parker, and Parker only.

**THE SNIPER**

is some 300 yards away on a rooftop. His rifle is mounted on a tripod. His aim is perfectly steady.

**SNIPER**

(into his radio headset)  
Say good-bye, Parker Barnes...

Parker stands frozen, staring at Sid 6.7 through his gun sight. Looking for just an inch of him to stick out from behind Madison's terrified face.

**SID 6.7**

(to Parker)  
I wouldn't pull the trigger if I  
were you—

**PARKER**

Why's that?

Cox advances toward Sid 6.7 from the side of the bridge. Cox's gun out and ready. His finger on the trigger.

**COX**

Hey, Sid, what were you planning on  
doing with the C-4?

Sid 6.7 turns his head in surprise toward Cox as a rifle is FIRED in the distance. Cox steps directly in the sniper's line-of-fire and takes the bullet meant for Parker through the chest. Cox drops to the bridge.

**PARKER**

**NOOOOOO!**

He rushes to Cox. Parker drops to his knees, cradling Cox's head. Cox isn't long for this earth. Looking up to Parker, he tries to talk. But nothing comes out.

**PARKER (CONT'D)**

(compassionately)  
Don't worry, I know. I know.

Cox's eyes roll back in his head. Parker then closes them and gently lays his head on the sidewalk.

Parker turns his head toward Sid 6.7, who's released Madison and is jumping over a railing to the street 20 feet below. Parker rushes to the railing.

**HIS POV**

Sid 6.7 lands on top of a garbage  
truck passing beneath the bridge.  
The garbage truck disappears  
beneath the bridge.

#### **ON THE BRIDGE**

A dozen cops advance toward Parker. Weapons drawn.

#### **COP #4**

Freeze!

Parker ignores them. He bolts across the street, moving in the same direction as the bus below. Through speeding traffic.

Bullets fly. Parker keeps charging. Right in front of a moving van barreling across the bridge. The cops lose sight of Parker.

#### **COP #5**

Think he made it?

#### **ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BRIDGE**

Parker dives onto the sidewalk, avoiding the speeding van by inches. Getting to his feet, he launches himself up and over the railing...

#### **ON THE STREET**

The garbage truck passes beneath Parker as he leaps from the bridge.

#### **ON TOP OF THE GARBAGE TRUCK**

Parker lands on the back of the truck. Right next the opening and-closing steel jaws of the truck's massive trash compactor. His gun tumbles from his hand, falling to the street.

Sid 6.7 dives on top of Parker, putting him flat on his stomach. And his face against the steel teeth. Sid 6.7 chokes Parker. Hard.

#### **SID 6.7**

I have to tell you, I do enjoy you,  
Parker. I really don't want to have  
to kill you...

The sanitation worker at the wheel of the truck has no idea whatsoever what is happening on top of his truck.

#### **CUT TO:**

#### **THE DOZEN OF COPS**

who had been on the bridge, charging down the steps after the garbage truck, which can no longer be seen.

Madison walks calmly behind them. Scanning the crowd. Looking for Lindenmeyer. Her every instinct telling her he's here. He must be.

She spots him. Veering from the direction the cops headed in, Madison casually wades into the crowd. She takes out her

weapon and stops behind Lindenmeyer. Even in disguise, he looks familiar. Madison puts her gun against his back.

**MADISON**

(whispering into his ear)

I figured you'd show up sooner or later...

**CUT TO:**

**ON TOP OF THE GARBAGE TRUCK**

Parker and Sid 6.7 continue battling next to the compactor's lethal jaws. The machine makes an awful, grinding sound. Not unlike the sounds Parker and Sid 6.7 are making. The fight is primal. Savage. And moving at 30 miles-per-hour.

**PARKER**

What C-4...was Cox talking about?

**SID 6.7**

Let me put it to you this way...  
whether I'm here...or whether I'm  
not...I'm leaving an indelible mark  
on the world tomorrow night.

**PARKER**

Where did you plant the C-4?!

He should concentrate more on fighting, and less on asking questions, because he's losing. Parker takes a wicked shot to the face, and then the groin. Sid 6.7 holds Parker's head between the compactor's jaws. Which are closing.

With every last ounce of effort he has, Parker hurls his legs up into Sid 6.7. Which throws Sid 6.7 into the compactor.

The steel jaws immediately close in on Sid 6.7, who frantically tries to climb out. He gets his hands out. Then his head. But that's about it.

Without emphasizing graphic detail, Sid 6.7 is decapitated.

His lifeless body drops back into the compactor.

His head tumbles to the street. The force of the impact causes the Sid 6.7 character module to separate from the neural net.

The character module scatters into the street. Parker immediately jumps off the truck after it.

#### **ON THE STREET**

Parker's landing isn't pretty. Finally getting to his feet, he sees the Sid 6.7 character module is about to be run over.

Parker dives for it, nearly getting run over himself.

The approaching car SCREECHES to a halt next to him. It's driven by Lindenmeyer. At gunpoint. Madison sits behind him, her gun to his head.

WHAM! The car behind them obviously wasn't prepared to stop so quickly. The bumpers of the two cars are now intertwined. Neither vehicle will be going anywhere soon.

Madison pulls Lindenmeyer roughly out of the car. She drags him to Parker, who is still on his knees, clutching the Sid 6.7 character module. SIRENS approach in the distance.

#### **MADISON**

(to Parker)

Find out anything?

#### **PARKER**

A bomb's going off tomorrow night,  
but I have no idea where.

#### **LINDENMEYER**

(a beat)

There is only one way to get any  
more information out of Sid 6.7...

They scan the area for a new mode of transport. And find one stopped at a dumpster down the block: the garbage truck.

#### **OUTSIDE THE GARBAGE TRUCK**

Parker quickly explains the situation to the sanitation worker while Madison motions Lindenmeyer into the cab with her gun. As Parker climbs up to her, Madison shuts the door to give them a moment of privacy.

#### **MADISON**

Can I ask you something?

**PARKER**

(with a smile)

You mean there's something you haven't asked me?

**MADISON**

(a beat)

You've already fulfilled the terms of your pardon. You stopped Sid 6.7 and you've got his module. You're free to go — right now.

(a beat)

Why are you going to do this?

**PARKER**

You don't know?

**MADISON**

(shaking her head)

That's why I'm asking.

**PARKER**

Because this pain-in-the-ass criminal psychology expert has helped me understand what I'm capable of. And what I'm not.

(a beat)

And better than anyone else, I am capable of stopping Sid 6.7.

**CUT TO:**

**ON TOP OF THE GARBAGE TRUCK**

Parker lands on the back of the truck. Right next the opening-and-closing steel jaws of the truck's massive trash compactor. His gun tumbles from his hand, falling to the street.

This sequence is IDENTICAL to the one you previously witnessed. It is as if we've jumped back in time.

Sid 6.7 dives on top of Parker, putting him flat on his stomach. And his face against the steel teeth. Sid 6.7 chokes Parker. Hard.

**SID 6.7**

I have to tell you, I do enjoy you, Parker. I really don't want to have to kill you...

The sanitation worker at the wheel of the truck has no idea whatsoever what is happening on top of his truck.

Parker and Sid 6.7 battle next to the compactor's lethal jaws. The machine makes an awful, grinding sound. Not unlike the sounds Parker and Sid 6.7 are making. The fight is primal. Savage. And moving at 30 miles-per-hour.

**PARKER**

What C-4...was Cox talking about?

**SID 6.7**

Let me put it to you this way...  
whether I'm here... or whether I'm  
not...I'm leaving an indelible mark  
on the world tomorrow night.

**PARKER**

Where did you plant the C-4?!

He should concentrate more on fighting, and less on asking questions, because he's losing. Parker takes a wicked shot to the face, and but then blocks the anticipated shot to his gun.

Sid 6.7 still manages to put Parker's head between the compactor's jaws. Which are closing.

With every last ounce of effort he has, Parker hurls his legs up into Sid 6.7. Which throws Sid 6.7 into the compactor.

Sid 6.7 frantically tries to climb out of the compactor as the steel jaws close in on him. He gets his hands out. Then his head...

Except Parker now does something different. Just before Sid 6.7 is decapitated, Parker jams a metal rod between the compactor's steel teeth. Then grabs Sid 6.7 by the throat.

**PARKER**

(fiercely)

You can't die until you tell me  
where the C-4 is. Where is it?!

**SID 6.7**

(choking)

My...secret.

He SLAMS the back of his head into Parker's nose. Breaking it. Parker reels back in pain.

Sid 6.7 squeezes out from within the steel teeth. The jagged metal cutting into him, striping him with blood. The blood then begins to retract. Sid 6.7's wounds, once again, heal themselves.

**SID 6.7 (CONT'D)**

Too bad you can't regenerate...

As the truck slows at an intersection, he jumps to the street. Parker goes after him. Still in excruciating pain. WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL what you are seeing is

**ON A MONITOR**

The scene continues seamlessly. As you may now be guessing, the monitor is connected to the simulator

**INSIDE LINDENMEYER'S STATION IN LETAC**

Parker lies unconscious on a bed. He is connected to the simulator via the neural connectors in the polyurethane skull cap, just like he was before.

The Sid 6.7 character module is plugged into the system's main console. Lindenmeyer sits at the controls. Madison next to him, her gun aimed at Lindenmeyer's head.

They are both watching Parker chase Sid 6.7 on the monitor in front of them. Parker continues experiencing intolerable pain. A clock reads 4:00 AM. They are the only ones inside the entire facility.

**LINDENMEYER**

I told you this would work.. By setting back the clocks, he has absolutely no idea he's in virtual reality. He still thinks he's in the real world.

**MADISON**

(a beat)  
What's wrong with Parker?

**LINDENMEYER**

(innocently)  
How should I know?

**MADISON**

(getting an idea)  
Show me his physical sensory level.

She clicks back the hammer of her gun and presses the barrel

against Lindenmeyer's ear. He does as told. On a panel by the console, you read: PARTICIPANT PHYSICAL SENSORY LEVEL: 670%.

**LINDENMEYER**

I wonder how that...

**MADISON (CONT'D)**

Turn it down!

Lindenmeyer adjusts the sensory level back down to 100%.

**ON A MONITOR**

Parker immediately returns back to normal. His pace picks up. He starts closing the gap between him and Sid 6.7 as he races into a shopping mall.

**CUT TO:**

**INSIDE THE SHOPPING MALL**

The place is a seven-story mecca of shopping. An atrium allows you to look from the ground floor up to the seventh. Sid 6.7 rushes up the escalators. Going up to the second floor. Then the third.

Parker follows suit climbing escalator after escalator.

Throwing people out of his way.

**ON THE SEVENTH FLOOR**

which is also the highest, Sid 6.7 veers out of view. Parker races up the final steps to the seventh floor. Sid 6.7 is nowhere to be seen.

Parker searches methodically. Efficiently. He finally spots Sid 6.7. Who has Parker's head lined-up perfectly in his gun sight. Parker is a sitting duck. BOOM!

Parker dives behind AFFLUENT SHOPPER 2.1, who takes a bullet in his ascot. Parker quickly grabs him, and uses his body as a shield against Sid 6.7's constant gunfire until Parker arrives behind a marble column.

**SID 6.7**

(surprised at Parker's  
ruthlessness)  
We really aren't that different,  
are we?

What he cannot see is that behind the column, Affluent

Shopper 2.1 is Auto Resetting. Parker puts his gun to the shopper's head.

**PARKER**

(whispering)

Don't move, and don't make a sound.

Got it?

Affluent Shopper 2.1 nods his head repeatedly. Parker collects himself behind the column, then pivots out from behind it. Firing in Sid 6.7's direction. Each bullet finds its mark.

Absorbing the blows, Sid 6.7 backs up against the atrium railing. Taking one final shot, he falls backward. Over the railing.

**PARKER'S POV**

Sid 6.7 tumbles through the atrium. Out of control.

Speeding toward the ground seven floors below.

**SID 6.7'S POV**

The sense of momentum is exhilarating. And terrifying. If you get dizzy easily, close your eyes.

**FROM THE FIRST FLOOR**

Sid 6.7 falls through the atrium like a rock directly at you. A 200 pound rock. WHAM!!!

He lands face down in the marble floor. The impact is bone-crushing. Sid 6.7 does not move.

Until he begins to regenerate. His fluids begin returning to his body. His bones regaining proper form. Within seconds, his body appears as good as new.

(Technically, because this is VR1 the proper term would be Auto. Reset. But since Sid 6.7 thinks he's in the real world, regenerating is what he thinks he's doing.)

Sid 6.7 stands, dusting himself off.

**SID 6.7**

Man, what a rush.

(yelling up to Parker)

Adios, amigo!

Grabbing his gun, he takes off out of the lobby.

**ON THE SEVENTH FLOOR**

Parker retrieves his gun, then bolts down the escalators.

**CUT TO:**

**INSIDE LETAC**

Madison and Lindenmeyer watch Parker on screen. Madison still has her gun trained on Lindenmeyer, who notices a WARNING LIGHT start to flash. He turns to Parker's unconscious body lying on the bed. Lindenmeyer looks concerned.

**MADISON**

What's wrong?

Lindenmeyer checks several readings on his console.

**LINDENMEYER**

He's developing a hemisphere imbalance.

**MADISON**

Talk so I can understand.

**LINDENMEYER**

If I don't adjust the level of neural information each side of his brain is receiving, he won't be able to walk when I take him out of VR.

**MADISON**

Then fix it.

As Lindenmeyer moves to Parker, Madison stays right with him. Her gun aimed at Lindenmeyer's head. Lindenmeyer carefully removes one of the neural connectors from Parker's skull cap. Before removing another, he looks for a safe place to put the connector.

**LINDENMEYER**

I need you to hold this. It can't get any dirt on it.

Madison is reluctant, but doesn't know what else to do. Lindenmeyer slowly gives the neural connector to her free hand.

**LINDENMEYER (CONT ' D)**

All you have to do is hold the

needle at the base. Just make sure  
not to jab yourself with the  
point...

She clutches the needle in her left hand while aiming her gun  
with her right. Lindenmeyer removes a second neural connector  
from Parker's skull.

Holding this second needle at the base, Lindenmeyer makes  
several adjustments on the neural management computer, then  
moves slowly back to Madison.

**LINDENMEYER (CONT'D)**

Hand me the connector nice and...

He suddenly jabs his neural connector into Madison's right  
forearm. Madison has no time to react. 10,000 volts of  
electricity instantly courses through her body.

Madison drops to the floor, unconscious. The needle she had  
been holding falls from her grasp, breaking the circuit. She  
stops being electrocuted. Which saves her life.

**LINDENMEYER (CONT' D)**

(as Sid 6.7 had said)

God, some people are stupid.

He sits back down at the simulator's main console, and starts  
to type commands. On the monitor, Parker is visible exiting  
the shopping mall.

**CUT TO:**

**OUTSIDE THE SHOPPING MALL**

Parker races out the door. BOOM! That was left knee cap. He  
tumbles to the street. His gun flying from his hand.

Parker crawls desperately toward his weapon. But not fast  
enough. Sid 6.7 arrives at the weapon first.

**SID 6.7**

So close, and yet, so far...

He kicks the weapon down the sidewalk, then points his gun at  
Parker's head.

**SID 6.7 (CONT'D)**

It's really too bad you have to  
miss the Grand Finale.

**PARKER**

I thought you liked me being in the audience. Don't you want me to see it?

Sid 6.7 pauses to think about it.

**SID 6.7**

(considering the idea)

You know, I do want you to see it.

He shoots Parker in his other knee cap, rendering both of his legs useless.

**SID 6.7 (CONT'D)**

I want you to have a bird's eye view...

**OUTSIDE THE NEWLY-CONSTRUCTED HOLLYWOOD TOWER**

A 67 story monument to engineering brilliance in this land of earthquakes. 6:30 PM.

**ON THE ROOF OF THE HOLLYWOOD TOWER**

The view is incredible. You can see from the Pacific to downtown. From LAX to the Hollywood Bowl. Smog must be getting better in the near future.

Sid 6.7 ties Parker to a chair at the roof's very edge. He is facing downtown. Including the Biltmore Hotel, the location of Mayor Bennett's Re-Election Rally.

**SID 6.7**

There you go — best seat in the house.

**PARKER**

(with some surprise)

You are going after Mayor Bennett.

**SID 6.7**

Let's just say I'm sending a very clear message to his Re-Election Rally...

He walks toward an open stairway door behind them.

**PARKER**

Aren't you going to watch with me?

**SID 6.7**

I've got some final preparations to

take care of— Checking his watch,  
he stops suddenly.

**ON HIS WATCH**

Time is moving backwards. Literally.

**ON THE ROOF OF THE HOLLYWOOD TOWER**

Sid 6.7 pauses, then goes over to Parker and checks his watch. It is also moving backwards. A smile of realization spreads slowly across Sid 6.7's face as he admires the beautiful sky above him.

**SID 6.7**

(as if to God)  
Thank-you, Daryl.  
(turning to Parker)  
You had me going for quite a while  
there, sport.

**PARKER**

What are you talking about?

**SID 6.7**

I really did think I was still in  
reality. At least, until now.  
(looking upward)  
Beam me up, Scotty!

His body DISINTEGRATES before your eyes. It's electronic particles form into an amorphous cloud. Which disappears from view.

**PARKER**

(yelling)  
Madison, get me out of here!  
**MADISON!**

Lindenmeyer watches Parker scream on the monitor. Madison remains unconscious on the floor behind him.

**LINDENMEYER**

(to the monitor)  
She's taking a nap at the moment.

He types a set of instructions into the console and hits  
**ENTER.**

**LINDENMEYER (CONT' D)**

But don't worry. You won't be alone  
for very long. Fairly soon, you'll

be dead.

He removes the Sid 6.7 character module from its slot and exits the station.

#### **ON THE ROOF OF THE HOLLYWOOD TOWER**

One side of Parker's chair gradually starts to rise. Parker looks down to see the roof surrealistically swelling beneath his chair. This could only happen in virtual reality.

In a matter of minutes, he is going to be thrown over the roof's edge. The next stop is 693 feet down.

#### **INSIDE LETAC**

Parker's screams for help ECHO throughout the facility. But there is no one there to hear him.

**CUT TO:**

#### **OUTSIDE LETAC**

The garbage truck is parked in a loading dock. Lindenmeyer climbs awkwardly onto the truck, then into the compactor.

#### **INSIDE THE GARBAGE TRUCK COMPACTOR**

Lindenmeyer wades through trash until he comes upon Sid 6.7's headless body. The polymer neural net visible within its neck. Lindenmeyer inserts Sid 6.7's character module into its gelatinous base. But nothing happens.

**LINDENMEYER**

Come on, live. Live!

The synthetic nervous system begins to crackle with life. Growing around the module. Forming the beginnings of a new head. Literally.

**CUT TO:**

#### **PARKER**

sitting precariously on the increasingly-uneven roof of the Hollywood Tower in virtual reality. Unable to break free of his binds, he rocks the chair onto its side.

He and the chair fall to the roof, which will keep him from falling to his death for another minute, if he's lucky.

**PARKER**

**MADISON!!!**

**INSIDE LINDENMEYER'S STATION**

Madison, still unconscious on the floor, finally stirs. Maybe Parker's screaming is finally reaching her. Or at least, starting to.

**CUT TO:**

**INSIDE THE GARBAGE TRUCK COMPACTOR**

Lindenmeyer looks on with awe as Sid 6.7 grows a new head right before your eyes. You've never seen anything like it.

Sid 6.7's resulting head is slightly off center. His skin tone isn't perfect, nor is his color, but at least its functional. Sid 6.7 admires himself in a broken mirror.

**SID 6.7**

I am beautiful, aren't I?

**LINDENMEYER**

Of course you are.

Sid 6.7 wades through the trash toward Lindenmeyer.

**SID 6.7**

How can I ever thank-you for bringing me back to life a second time, Daryl?

**LINDENMEYER**

Help me get out of here.

**SID 6.7**

Glad to...

He reaches out to give Lindenmeyer a hand, then grabs him by the throat. Choking him. Lindenmeyer can't believe what is happening.

**LINDENMEYER**

(gagging)

What...are you doing?!

Sid 6.7 takes Lindenmeyer's face gently in his hands.

**SID 6.7**

You made me a composite of 183 of the most vicious people who ever lived.

(a beat)  
What do you think I'm doing?

**LINDENMEYER**

I'm begging you...please don't kill me! Please!

**SID 6.7**

(reassuringly)  
Don't worry. Through me, you will live forever...

As Lindenmeyer begins to scream, we

**CUT TO:**

**PARKER**

hanging on by his fingertips to the bulbous roof of the Hollywood Tower. He's going to fall at any second.

**CUT TO:**

**MADISON'S BLURRY POV**

of someone entering Lindenmeyer's station in LETAC. You can't tell who it is, at first. But you can see the person is male. And wearing Lindenmeyer's pants. You now see the person is Sid 6.7.

**INSIDE LINDENMEYER'S STATION**

Madison forces herself into consciousness.- Or as close to it as she can get. Her expression is one of complete and utter terror.

**SID 6.7**

Dr. Carter — I've been hoping we'd get a moment together...

Mustering her strength, she manages to crawl behind several of the computers which make up the simulator. Sid 6.7 advances calmly toward her.

**SID 6.7 (CONT'D)**

You know so much about me, I was hoping to learn a little bit about you. You see, I'm doing research, too...

He looks behind the computers where you last saw Madison.

She is no longer there. Sid 6.7 begins searching for her.

He passes a virtual reality monitor on which Parker can be seen clinging for life.

**SID 6.7 (CONT'D)**

(to the monitor)

Hang in there, Parker.

On the monitor, Parker looks all around him, trying to determine the voice's origin.

Madison crawls out of Lindenmeyer's station. Sid 6.7 just catches sight of her, and goes after her.

**INSIDE LETAC**

Madison crawls into a darkened engineer's station and hides. She is still very dizzy. And trying to keep the sound of her breathing to a minimum.

Sid 6.7 enters quietly. A hunter on the prowl. Moving very slowly. Then lunging very swiftly. He continues the hunt.

If Madison is discovered, she doesn't have a prayer. Her heart pounds. Her forehead perspires. Sid 6.7 is getting closer.

Sid 6.7 checks inside closets. Cabinets. Anywhere large enough for a human being to fit. He is practically standing over her. Looking. Listening.

**SID 6.7**

How does it feel to know you're  
going to die? What are you thinking  
about?

Lights in the building suddenly come on. Several engineers can be heard entering. It's 8 AM — the start of a new day. The facility is quickly becoming populated.

After giving one last look around, Sid 6.7 reluctantly gives up the hunt, and exits. Madison does not move until she is certain Sid 6.7 has left the building.

**PARKER (O.S.)**

**SOMEBODY HELP!**

Madison scrambles out of her hiding place.

**CUT TO:**

**PARKER**

finally losing his grip on the roof of the Hollywood Tower in virtual reality. He plummets with accelerating speed.

Madison bursts through the partition around Lindenmeyer's station. Sacrificing her body. Without regard for pain.

Parker tumbles toward the sidewalk 67 stories below. The speed is terrifying.

Madison leaps over a table. Diving for the simulator's RETURN button.

Parker falls faster. And faster. The street just beneath him. The instant before he slams into the street, his body DE **MATERIALIZES.**

**INSIDE LINDENMEYER'S STATION**

Madison keeps pressing the return button over and over, making sure it worked. Parker's eyes flutter as he returns to consciousness. Madison rushes to him.

**MADISON**

You okay?

**PARKER**

(shaking out the cobwebs)  
...I think so...You?

**MADISON**

(looking over her bruises)  
More or less.

**PARKER**

Lindenmeyer?

**MADISON**

My guess is dead.

**PARKER**

Sid?

**MADISON**

I don't know.

Several engineers peek in curiously at them.

**MADISON (CONT'D)**

Let's get out of here.

She helps Parker to his feet.

**CUT TO:**

**PARKER AND MADISON**

at a payphone outside a mini-mall. Could be any one of the 10,000 in Los Angeles. It's late morning.

**PARKER**

(on the phone)

Elizabeth Deane, please. Tell her it's Parker Barnes...

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**INSIDE COX'S OFFICE**

Elizabeth Deane picks up the phone.

**DEANE**

Barnes, where the hell have you been?!

**PARKER**

Trying to find out where the bomb is. Where the hell have you been?

**DEANE**

What did you find out?

**PARKER**

Call off the manhunt looking for me. I didn't kill the transport guards.

**DEANE**

It's already been called off. Witnesses confirmed you weren't the shooter.

(a beat)

Did you find out where the bomb is?

**PARKER**

No, but I've confirmed the reelection rally is the target.

(a beat)

How much C-4 is missing?

**DEANE**

Enough to level an entire city block.

**PARKER**

If I were you, I'd get every demolition team in the city searching in and around the Biltmore Hotel.

**DEANE**

(with frustration) Demolition teams have searched everywhere in and around the hotel. I don't know where...

**PARKER**

(interrupting)

Sid is smart enough to know you'd check everywhere in the immediate area. Whatever the device is, he's probably got it timed to move into position just before it detonates.

(a beat)

Have the demo teams check every subway tunnel, water pipe, gas pipe, and sewer pipe that goes under, over, or into the arena.

**DEANE**

You know how much man power you're talking about?

**PARKER**

You're the highest law enforcement official in the country. Use the fucking army if you need to.

He hangs up the phone.

**CUT TO:**

**DOZENS OF DEMOLITIONS TEAMS**

checking every subway tunnel, water pipe, gas pipe, and sewer pipe that goes under, over, or into Dallas Arena. The effort is massive. Intensive. The clock is ticking. 6:00 and counting.

**CUT TO:**

**INSIDE THE BILTMORE HOTEL, MAIN LOBBY**

The area has been converted into a security checkpoint.

Entrants are carefully scanned one-by-one. WE HEAR the rally  
**OFF SCREEN.**

**CUT TO:**

**OUTSIDE BILTMORE HOTEL**

Security is on extreme alert. Tension is very high. It's 7:00. Parker, Madison, and Deane look on, anxiously. They listen to a RADIO SCANNER monitoring the conversations between the demolitions teams.

**DEANE**

(to Parker)

This better not be a wild goose chase.

**PARKER**

Or what, you'll authorize my death a second time today?

**DEANE**

(sharply)

Don't forget, convict, if this psycho isn't stopped, you go right back to rotting in a prison cell.

**MADISON**

Give him a break, would you?

**MALE VOICE**

(from scanner)

This is demo team 27 leader. I think we just found what we've been looking for...

**CUT TO:**

**INSIDE A LARGE SEWER PIPE**

A three-man demolition team slowly, carefully disarms the bomb Sid 6.7 had secured to the automated sewer cleaning vehicle. Snip. One wire at a time. Snip.

The work is very delicate. Snip. One wrong move and it's all over. Snip.

**TEAM LEADER**

One more and we're home free...

Snip. The three members of the demo team look up proudly to each other. Breathing sighs of relief. It's 7:42.

**CUT TO:**

**OUTSIDE THE BILTMORE HOTEL**

Parker, Madison, and Deane remain glued to their scanner.

**TEAM LEADER (V. 0.)**

(from scanner)

Hey folks, it's time to crack open  
a cold one.

Cheers are heard around the area from the other cops who'd  
been listening in.

**DEANE**

Thank God.

**TEAM LEADER (V. 0.)**

Then again, maybe we ought to hold  
off for just a second...

**DEANE**

(with concern, into radio)

What's the problem?

**CUT TO:**

**INSIDE THE SEWER PIPE**

The Team Leader carefully removes a piece of paper which had  
been taped to the timing mechanism. Written in handwriting,  
you read: HEY, PARKER, THE FUN IS ONLY STARTING!

**TEAM LEADER**

The good news is, we're finished  
here. The bad news is...

**CUT TO:**

**OUTSIDE THE BILTMORE HOTEL**

Deane stares at Parker with disbelief. Deane's Aide, holding  
a cellular phone, approaches Parker.

**AIDE**

You've got a phone call.

Parker grabs the phone.

**PARKER**

(expecting it to be Sid)

You son-of-a-bitch, I'm going to  
kill you.

**ALEXIEV (V. 0.)**

(through phone)

Me? What did I do?

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**INSIDE THE CAL TECH COMPUTER LAB**

Alexiev Borgen sits with a dismantled MAESTRO keyboard in  
front of him.

**PARKER**

(a beat)

I'm sorry, I thought you were  
somebody else.

**ALEXIEV**

I've discovered something about  
Lindenmeyer's Maestro teaching tool  
I thought you should know... (a  
beat) The harm done to the music  
students who used the device — it  
was not by accident. The machine  
was designed explicitly for that  
purpose. Lindenmeyer intended to  
hurt the kids using it.

**PARKER**

Jesus Christ.

(turning to Madison)

I know who the dominant personality  
is.

(a beat)

Lindenmeyer.

Madison's reaction is one of panic. She bolts toward their  
squad car with all the speed she has. Parker chases after  
her.

**PARKER (CONT'D)**

Where the hell are you going?

**MADISON**

Lindenmeyer never got over wanting  
to kill kids with more musical than  
he had...

She gets into the driver's seat. Parker the passenger's.  
Madison punches the gas.

**CUT TO:**

**INSIDE THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL**

The members of the L. A. Philharmonic tune-up for the evening's pay-per-view extravaganza. Several teenage musicians sit with them.

Lights, cameras, and production trucks are all over the place. This really is going to be one hell of a show.

**TV ANNOUNCER (V. 0.)**

Joining the Los Angeles  
Philharmonic for this evening's  
first musical number will be  
several of the Los Angeles area's  
finest, high school musicians...

**SID 6.7**

who is dressed in a tuxedo, knocking on the door to Guest Conductor's Dressing Room.

**GUEST CONDUCTOR (0. 5.)**

(German accent)

It won't do any good to rush me. I  
need my time to prepare myself.

The door is opened by the GUEST CONDUCTOR, who is dressed in a tuxedo, as well as large earrings. His hair is long and red. His complexion is pale, nearly white. And his eyes are piercing green. You might describe this look as punk meets classical.

**GUEST CONDUCTOR**

(annoyed beyond belief)

Are you just going to stand there,  
or do you want something?

Shaking with concentration, Sid 6.7 turns his hair red. (Nano-organisms can do this, as well as the following.) He then grabs his hair and pulls it out, extending it to the exact length of the guest conductor's.

Sid 6.7 then changes his complexion to match the conductor's. As well as his eye color, and other facial features. The Guest Conductor can't believe his eyes.

By the time Sid 6.7 is finished modifying himself, he may not be an exact duplicate of the guest conductor, but even his mother would have to look twice.

**SID 6.7**

It's show time.

He shoves the Guest Conductor back into his Dressing Room. Sid 6.7 follows him in, revealing a suppressed .38. He SLAMS the door behind him.

**CUT TO:**

**INSIDE THE SQUAD CAR**

Madison speeds recklessly through traffic toward the Hollywood Bowl. Parker doesn't notice. He's totally focused on screaming into the police radio.

**PARKER**

Listen to me, a bomb is planted somewhere in the Hollywood Bowl! Evacuate everybody!

**FEMALE VOICE**

I'm sorry, sir, I don't have the authorization to do that.

**PARKER**

Then put somebody on who does!

**MALE VOICE**

What's seems to be the problem?

**PARKER**

You've got to stop the concert! A bomb is going to go off!

**MALE VOICE**

I'm sorry, sir, the concert has already started.

**CUT TO:**

**THE GUEST CONDUCTOR**

whose back is to the audience, leading the orchestra in a truly magnificent performance of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony inside the Hollywood Bowl.

The Guest Conductor waves his baton wildly. Passionately. Brilliantly. Getting the absolute best from the members of the orchestra.

The musicians exhilarate in the challenge of being pushed to

their musical limit.

As the Guest Conductor turns to the next page of his sheet music on the podium, you notice seven small, HIGH-FREQUENCY SENSORS above an upcoming musical measure.

The sensors are wired together. When the seven notes are played in sequence, an electrical pulse will be triggered down the wires which run down the side of the podium, beneath the stage.

#### **BENEATH THE STAGE**

The wires connect to several crates of C-4 positioned beneath the orchestra. These seven notes will be the last notes these musicians ever play.

#### **CUT TO:**

#### **OUTSIDE THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL**

Madison SCREECHES the vehicle to a halt. She comes within inches of mowing down several people. Madison and Parker bolt to the entrance, flashing their badges to the guards.

#### **INSIDE THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL**

The Guest Conductor's movements grow even more intense. More demanding. As he looks to the violin section, we now see the conductor's face. It is Sid 6.7.

#### **SID 6.7**

(silently)

Don't hold back...Give it to me.

Give it to me!

The orchestra plays with everything they've got. They hit every note perfectly. Including a high C.

#### **ON THE CONDUCTOR'S PODIUM**

The first sensor is triggered. Then the second.

#### **PARKER AND MADISON**

appear at the back of the stage. Guns raised. Distracting the musicians. As Parker and Madison charge through the horn section toward Sid 6.7, the musicians stop playing.

#### **ON THE CONDUCTOR'S PODIUM**

The fifth sensor is triggered. Then the sixth...But not the

seventh.

### **SID 6.7**

cannot believe his eyes. Or his ears. The entire orchestra has stopped.

### **SID 6.7**

Come on, play! PLAY!

In his rage, his face contorts "past points", which can only be described bizarre, frightening, and not, something you would ever like to see when you look in the mirror.

The musicians stare at Sid 6.7, and then at Parker and Madison with concerned, confused silence. Which is broken by Parker's gunfire.

Ducking behind the podium, Sid 6.7 desperately tries to rewire the sensors to trigger manually. Without luck. He takes his .38 out of his jacket and starts firing.

Pandemonium erupts throughout the Hollywood Bowl. Audience members run in every direction.

The members of the orchestra bolt for their very lives, but keep their instruments with them. Even the oboist.

Preventing Parker and Madison from taking any further shots at Sid 6.7.

Sid 6.7 bolts down into the crowd. Madison cannot get off a clean shot. Neither can Parker. He aims, but does NOT fire. He and Madison struggle through the crowd after him.

### **OUTSIDE THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL**

Parker and Madison just catch a glimpse of Sid 6.7 as he rushes up the entrance ramp to the Hollywood Freeway. Parker and Madison bolt after him.

### **ON THE HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY**

Parker and Madison race past the cars waiting to merge into what is effectively a parking lot. As is normal for this thoroughfare, traffic is at a standstill.

Sid 6.7 is nowhere to be seen. Parker and Madison split-up, wading through different lanes of traffic. Startling the already frustrated motorists. Who roll up their windows. Lock their doors. And some of whom reveal weapons of their own.

Madison pauses, listening. She has no idea that Sid 6.7 steps behind her. WHAM! He cold cocks her with the butt of his gun. Madison crumples to the street.

Which now leaves Parker a clean shot at Sid 6.7's head. BOOM! BOOM! Two hits. Two head wounds. Sid 6.7 falls behind a truck, losing his weapon.

Before Sid 6.7's wounds have finished regenerating, Parker is already on top of him.

**PARKER**

(neighborly)

Hey, old buddy, old pal, good to see you again.

He empties his clip into Sid 6.7, then discards the gun. As Sid 6.7's wounds heal themselves, Parker pounds him mercilessly.

**SID 6.7**

(losing it)

You...ruined...I'M GOING TO KILL  
**YOU!!!**

Trading blows, he manages to get to his feet.

**PARKER**

Now, is that any way to talk to an old friend?

**SID 6.7**

(exploding)

**BARNES, YOU'RE DEAD!**

He knocks Parker back with a good shot to the face, then disappears around a van.

Parker continues the hunt. Quietly. Carefully. Tension grows in the silence that follows.

He carefully makes his way around a truck. Only to see Sid 6.7 swinging a two-by-four directly at his head. WHAM!!!

Parker is knocked on his ass. Daze4. Blood streams down his cheek. He staggers to his feet, blocking another blow with his arm. Which SNAPS the wood in two.

Parker grabs one of the boards. He battles with Sid 6.7.

The fight between Parker and Sid 6.7 is intense. Exhausting.

Parker gives it everything he has.

Madison appears behind Parker, holding his gun. She wavers, having trouble keeping her balance. She has even more trouble aiming her weapon.

**MADISON**

Hey, Parker...

She moves around, trying to get a clean shot at Sid 6.7. Which she does not have.

**PARKER**

How's your pulse?

**MADISON**

(totally focused)  
I couldn't tell you.

**PARKER**

Then shoot him already.

**MADISON**

Duck!

Without hesitation, Parker hits the deck. Leaving Sid 6.7 completely exposed. Madison steadies her sight.

**SID 6.7**

(to Madison)  
You couldn't hit the side of a...

As he raises his two-by-four high over Parker's head, Madison pulls the trigger smoothly.

IN SLOW MOTION, you follow the bullet as it exits the barrel of her gun. And penetrates Sid 6.7's skull between the eyes and exits out the back of his head.

Sid 6.7 collapses on the ground next to Parker.

**MADISON**

What do we do now?

**PARKER**

You won't want to watch. Turn around.

She does so. Parker reaches OUT OF FRAME to remove the Sid 6.7 character module from within his skull. Then reveals the character module in hand.

**MADISON**

What should we do with it?

Glancing in the flatbed of a truck, Parker gets an idea, and knocks on the driver's window. As the DRIVER rolls down his window, classic ROCK & ROLL MUSIC can be heard from inside.

**PARKER**

Mind if I borrow a couple of your tools for a second?

**DRIVER**

Be my guest.

Parker removes two sledgehammers from the back of the truck. He offers one to Madison.

**PARKER**

Care to join me?

Madison gladly accepts takes the sledgehammer. Parker drops the Sid 6.7 character module onto the pavement. And together, they start pounding the shit out of it. WHAM! WHAM! In perfect time with the music. Which the driver cranks even louder. As we ROLL CREDITS.

**THE END**