

GAMER

Written by

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Some of them want to use you
Some of them want to get used by you
Some of them want to abuse you
Some of them want to be abused

- Eurythmics

Some years from this exact moment...

1 INT. TRAIN - DAY
1

DARKNESS - NOW

The beautiful CHIMING SOUNDS OF SPACE TRAVEL through the COSMOS... DOTS OF LIGHT whiz past our face.

They could be stars at lightspeed, or... SUBWAY LIGHTS FLICKER ON - in a flash we see PALE, SULLEN FACES, riding into a bleak future, and hear the INDUSTRIAL CLATTER. It's dark, claustrophobic, obscure... the rhythmic beat of track and wheel-clicks engulf us. The lights flicker back on and hold as we see a half dozen SOLDIERS in BROWN CAMO, steel-eyed, prepared for whatever may be at the end of the TUNNEL.

ZERO IN on TWO:

KABLE, 30-something, roughneck... focused, determined; eyes burning with internalized emotion...

... and SANDRA, late 20s, undeniably hot but tough as hell - both are in shackles & cuffs, being roughly transported through underground tunnels, knocked and shoved around.

Uniformed GUARDS roam the train, looking pissed off - their swagger seems to mask FEAR.

KABLE is meditating, or exhausted - hard to tell. The GIRL makes eye contact w/ him.

SANDRA

Sandra.

KABLE says nothing, just stares at her, stoic.

SANDRA (cont'd)

My name is Sandra.

GUARD

Shut the fuck up.

Because he can, the GUARD takes a swing at KABLE'S head with a BILLY CLUB... CRACK!

(CONTINUED)

2.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

1 CONTINUED:
1

KABLE'S skull snaps back into the window. The GUARD swings again, this time nailing KABLE square in the stomach.

SANDRA

(to the GUARD, a snarl)
Patcher dick away...

GUARD

Get some.

CRACKK!! CRACK!! CRACKK!! ... CRACK!! SANDRA is buckled over, awkwardly, hands behind her back tethered to the seat, head dripping blood. KABLE jerks against his restraints, every inch of him wanting to RIP THE MOTHERFUCKER APART... He uses his elbow to help her back up, but SANDRA fights through it, sits back up and spits blood - she can handle herself.

The CAMERA holds TIGHT on KABLE and SANDRA... KABLE lets a glob of blood dangle from his mouth, biting his lip, bearing it... we hear the CRUNCHING SOUND of the CLUB working on the others... and the METALLIC RUMBLE and CLATTER of the TRAIN - growing louder, POUNDING, slamming into our brains, blotting out all thought... until...

2 INT. TUNNEL #1 - DAY
2

POV: we are RUNNING, ragged, full sprint, down a TUNNEL towards dirty white DAYLIGHT...

NO MUSIC - just heavy breath, KABLE'S HEARTBEAT and the sound of his boots bouncing off the concrete...

Others are running with us - SOLDIERS with weapons... at the tunnel's end: vaguely defined shapes of buildings, smoke, sky...

Our POV WHITES OUT as we...

3 EXT. SPAWN POINT #1 - CONTINUOUS
3

... smash into the DAYLIGHT.

Smoke plumes hang from a recent skirmish. KABLE climbs over burning debris, gun raised, as SANDRA and the other soldiers disappear into the grey mist.

4 EXT. SLAYERS BATTLEGROUND #1
4

KABLE emerges from the smoke into...

(CONTINUED)

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

3.

4 CONTINUED:

4

... a DESTROYED CITY - PHILLY? DETROIT? NY? Seemingly out of character, he LEAPS THROUGH THE AIR SLO-MO and lands in an OVERDRAMATIC, ROCKSTAR POSE (Nine Inch Nails, Coachella 2005).

In sequence, multicolored LEDs on his weapon COME TO LIFE - accompanied by a low frequency hum that seems to pierce somewhere below human hearing. The MULTIPLE TURRETS spin, then snap into place. GO TIME.

5 OTHER SPAWN POINTS
5

Other BROWN SOLDIERS emerge like SNAKES out of DIRT HOLES and INTO THE LIGHT. They crouch and spread out.

6 **SLAYERS BATTLEGROUND #1**
6

What appear like BUZZING FLIES swarm thru the grey air - at a closer look, they are like tiny BALL BEARINGS that move like hummingbirds, magnetically controlled. The swarm splits apart - each FLY connects with a different SOLDIER - they hover one foot above and two feet behind the SOLDIER'S head.

7 **SLAYERS BATTLEGROUND #1 - COVER**
7

KABLE slides behind a shredded telephone pole and TAKES COVER. The sound of trains, weapons, soldiers all fade away... until...

NOTHING. DEAD QUIET.

SUDDENLY - A BULLET WHIZZES by KABLE's face - a pause - THEN we hear a GUNSHOT.

Another BULLET WHIRS by his leg and another by his shoulder - after the bullets pass, we hear the GUNSHOTS. See the lightning, wait for the thunder.

In the peripheral a SOLDIER in DEEP BLUE CAMO runs from behind an old car to a brick staircase. Then another BLUE runs the opposite way, closer in the foreground. BROWNS VS. BLUES?? The SILENCE is crawling, deafening, and then...

BOOM.

ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE. Suddenly we are in IRAQ TIMES TEN... KABLE'S eyes glance down at his WEAPON - the turrets quickly shift and rotate - he whips it up in a flash and RETURNS FIRE into the mist:

THOOM! THOOM! The shells puncture air and connect distantly...

(CONTINUED)

4.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

7 **CONTINUED:**
7

The air ripples all around him, his world closing in... he breaks free and runs toward an open street - THE TURRETS READJUST - he efficiently wastes two BLUES with automatic fire.

8 SLAYERS BATTLEGROUND #1 - OPEN STREET

8

A couple of PEDESTRIANS walk across the street, totally IGNORING THE VIOLENCE. KABLE makes a perfect 90 degree cut and wraps around a street-lamp and into the alley. A BUM holds out a can with a couple of coins and SHAKES it.

From an aerial POV we see the area swarming with BROWN & BLUE combatants and a dozen CIVILIANS. In the top right corner of our frame we see the DULL REFLECTION of a FACE, somewhat transparent, watching the battle, tungsten red (similar to your own reflection on a TV).

We SNAP BACK to the ground - the whole area is a BATTLEZONE. KABLE lines up another BLUE climbing the fire-escape to the third floor window - and then, coming from the REAR SURROUND SPEAKERS, behind us:

A VOICE - almost a whisper, too clean and distinct to be outdoors in this environment... and TOO YOUNG to possibly belong to KABLE.

VOICE (O.S.)

(clean, disconnected)

Eat shit please.

THWIPPP!! The BLUE drops like a sack. KABLE perfectly cuts back another 90 degrees and runs for an old store front. Inside a CLERK "air" bags groceries for an empty store.

A BROWN SOLDIER sets up a TRIPOD MACHINE GUN and aims for a bunker a hundred yards north. The distant BLUE targets seem almost robotically unaware. The BROWN SOLDIER plants his left hand on the ground for stability, right hand twisting the grip-lock - and squeezing the trigger: TAT TAT TAT TAT TAT TAT!!!! TATATATATATATATATA TAT!! The BLUES fall, some clumsily colliding into each other before they crash to the ground, dead.

Another team of BLUES rock their heads around to focus on him. Uh oh...

BOOOOOSH!!!! The BROWN TRIPOD GUNNER is vaporized from the knees up... the FOREARM that supported him is standing straight up, cleanly severed at the elbow. It slowly wobbles over and connects with the TWO LEGS severed at the knees.

The THREE LIMBS fall into each other, forming a flesh and bone TRIPOD.

(CONTINUED)

5.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

8 CONTINUED:

8

VROOOOOOSH!!! CHUKUNK, CHUKUNK!! A SNOWPLOW BARRELS THROUGH THE DESTRUCTION, pushing the bodies and debris out of the way and clearing a path, one streaked with crimson red and burnt flesh. It moves fast and vanishes into the smoke clouds.

9 SLAYERS BATTLEGROUND #1 - STREET

9

Down the road, KABLE saves an EAST-INDIAN WOMAN from getting obliterated by shoving her out of the way of the blazing truck. As KABLE turns to waste another BLUE, the EAST-INDIAN WOMAN gets right back up... walking into and getting obliterated by another TRUCK. It's creepy - robotic, but violent and too real - like a programmed suicide.

VOICE (O.S.)

Can't say I didn't try...

We sense emotion in KABLE'S cold eyes - then they flicker to the peripheral.

10 SLAYERS BATTLEGROUND #1 - 2ND FLOOR BUILDING

10

Tracking along a row of blown out windows a BLUE is taking aim; we SNAP ZOOM in...

SUPERIMPOSED OVER THE IMAGE:

The transparent GHOST OF A FACE, as though projected on glass. The LIPS MOVE in sync with:

VOICE (O.S.)

Shit! Shit!

KABLE spins, TOO LATE -

BUT: from the level directly below the SNIPER - through an open doorway - we see a BROWN SOLDIER, BLASTING STRAIGHT UP THROUGH THE CEILING! The BLUE is BLOWN TO CHUNKS.

11 **SLAYERS BATTLEGROUND #1 - STREET**
11

The BROWN runs out and hits the curb; CONCRETE AND MEAT collapse on the spot where she stood... it's SANDRA.

KABLE gives her covering fire as she heads his way. They bolt for a corner - KABLE reaches protection first. He stops to let SANDRA catch up, and in that instant -

HER BRAINS GET BLOWN TO JELL-O. Blood and particles splatter over KABLE's gear.

VOICE (O.S.)

Suckage.

(CONTINUED)

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

6.

11 **CONTINUED:**
11

Without hesitation KABLE turns and wastes two more BLUES.

Up ahead HE SEES IT: an OCTAGON STEEL SHED with small GLOWING EMERALD GREEN WINDOWS. He makes for it.

The little FLY following him is picked out of the air by a stray shot - PLINK!

VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)
... what the...!

Bullets and shells chop up everything around KABLE, but he's **QUICK...**

A SHELL smacks his shoulder HARD, almost knocking him off his feet - shredding the BROWN CAMO and revealing the **FLEXIBLE BODY ARMOR UNDERNEATH.**

He scrambles to the octagon's entrance and BAILS IN.

12 **INT. SAVE POINT #1**
12

KABLE steps into the middle of the vacant steel room. The second he breaks the GREEN LASER, FLOOD LIGHTS blast on all

around the BATTLEFIELD. A SUBMARINE ALARM sounds from loudspeakers everywhere, echoing through the streets, CYCLING DOWN.

The battle is over - session complete.

13 EXT. SAVE POINT #1
13

KABLE steps out. The LEDS on his weapon blink off in sequence...

ARMED GUARDS are EVERYWHERE, rounding up the I-Con's.

[I-CONS (I-Convicts) are the combatants -- death row inmates/lifers, of which there are never a shortage.

GENERI-CON's (Generic Convicts) are the street traffic that lend unpredictability and realism to the battlefield... they are computer controlled NPCs (non player characters)... petty thieves and criminals who are risking their lives by participating to commute their sentences]

A DOZEN GUARDS collect weapons - TWO approach KABLE. His eyes are pure MURDER; SANDRA'S brain matter still drips from him.

HE WHIPS UP THE WEAPON, POINTS IT AT A GUARD'S HEAD AND PULLS THE TRIGGER -

(CONTINUED)

7.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

13 CONTINUED:
13

NOTHING. The GUARD doesn't even flinch. The WEAPON is DEAD, dormant; they all knew it.

The GUARDS have a good LAUGH... KABLE is CLUBBED from behind - we...

FADE TO

BLACK.

14 INT. TRAIN - LATER
14

Back on the rattling TRAIN, where we started. The SURVIVING SOLDIERS - both BROWN and BLUE - are shackled to the rail - wounded, exhausted, hollow eyed.

BLUE SOLDIER 1

Good run, Kable.

KABLE only looks to the floor.

KABLE

(quietly)

My name's Tillman.

BROWN SOLDIER 1

Whatever your name is. You got to the save point fast.

BROWN SOLDIER 2

So the fuck what? No one's getting out of here alive.

BLUE SOLDIER 1

I am. I'm going to make it.

The cynical BROWN just shakes his head.

BROWN SOLDIER 2

Sure you will.

BLUE SOLDIER 1

(tuning the BROWN out,
turning his attention to
KABLE)

They say you only got three battles left til you get out...

KABLE says nothing.

The CAMERA pushes in on a TATTOO on his forearm: a simple outline of a black box with the words inside: I AM RIGHT HERE **WITH YOU.**

[MUSIC: Aldo Nova, "LIFE IS JUST A FANTASY" kicks in...]

8.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

15 INT. LAB - TIME INDETERMINATE
15

A spartan, underground LAB.

A PLAIN-CLOTHES TECH sits on a stool holding a simple REMOTE; on the table next to him is a SMALL METAL DISH. In front of him, floating in the air, is one of the little metallic **FLIES**.

He pokes at it - it instantly jukes left; again - it jukes right... almost faster than the eye can follow. No way he could ever touch it.

Semi-satisfied, he holds out the metal dish and clicks the remote. The FLY drops into the dish - CLINK.

CLOSE-UP: the little gunmetal ball is black and dented on one side - probably the one we saw get knocked out of the air. There is a PINHOLE GLASS LENS on the other end.

The TECH picks it up with thumb and forefinger and holds the lens up to his eyes. Switch to:

POV of the FLY CAM: the TECH'S face, extreme wide angle, examining. The image flickers, glitches - then CUTS TO:

WHITE NOISE.

MATCH CUT TO:

16 INT. TELNET CONTROL ROOM - DAY
16

A CONSOLE of MONITORS cut from FUZZ to GRAPHICS. TECH
GUYS and PRODUCERS scramble... it's SHOWTIME.

OFFSCREEN VOICE

Counting down five... four...
three... two...

SWISH PAN and SNAP ZOOM across the room, through an open door, to the CORRIDOR, where...

17 INT. TELNET NEWSROOM, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS
17

[END: "LIFE IS JUST A FANTASY"]

A REPORTER - GINA PARKER SMITH, sexy eager-beaver, focused - a NEWS EXEC, 40s, and a CHIEF OF STAFF, 60s are walking

briskly along in a heated discussion.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Do we have the damn interview or
don't we?

(CONTINUED)

9.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

17 CONTINUED:
17

PRODUCER

We're cunt hair close -

CHIEF OF STAFF

I can't blow off the Three-Asian
War for "close".

PRODUCER

All respect, Bob, nobody cares
about dead Orientals... they care
about Ken Castle -

CHIEF OF STAFF

May I hear from Gina please?

GINA spins on him, looks CHIEF straight in the eyeballs.

GINA PARKER SMITH

OK, Bob? Bob. You realize Castle
has clocked exactly - one - media
appearance to date and that was
Walters' last interview before she
died - NINE FUCKING YEARS AGO!

CHIEF OF STAFF

Stop menstruating, just tell me we
fucking have it -

GINA PARKER SMITH

We fucking have it!

The CHIEF OF STAFF bangs open a conference room door with his
fist as they blow by - veers off and disappears. GINA rolls
her eyes in disgust, keeps moving.

GINA PARKER SMITH (cont'd)

Palindromes.

(she STOPS)
Hold on. Focus: let's get lunch.
Sushi, Iranian, or Mexican?

PRODUCER

Burger chili fry?

GINA PARKER SMITH

(considering)
I'll freak a burger.

FREEZE FRAME on GINA - ZOOM and...

18 INT. NEWSCAST

18

TV GRAPHIC:

(CONTINUED)

10.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

18 CONTINUED:

18

GINA'S BURGER-FREAKING face becomes part of an ANIMATED TITLE
SEQUENCE.

A LIVE

WORLDLINK TONIGHT

EXCLUSIVE

with GINA PARKER SMITH

In this context it looks like she's freaking serious world
affairs.

NOTE: this telecast will play much faster than the page count
indicates - hyped up, quick cutting, overlapping dialog,
A.D.D. and hyper-caffeinated.

VOICEOVER

First... there was society...

Shots of several dozen young, trendily dressed people (we're
talking trends that haven't yet been invented) wandering
robotically around a BACKLOT-LOOKING CITY STREET,
occasionally bumping into one another... the graphic society

LOGO superimposed.

VOICEOVER (cont'd)
The ultimate SIM environment -
where players don't control virtual
animated characters - but actual,
living, breathing human beings.

People are dancing, MAKING OUT on street corners... someone
tries to eat an ICE CREAM CONE, misses his mouth and pokes it
into his eye.

VOICEOVER (cont'd)
(quoting)
They walked them, they talked them.
They juiced them...

A HOT YOUNG GIRL in a WET T-SHIRT is SLAMMING a BOTTLE of
JAGER.

VOICEOVER (cont'd)
They rocked them.

A MIDDLE-AGED GUY in a shirt and tie is HEADBANGING FURIOUSLY
like an extra in a TWISTED SISTER VIDEO.

VOICEOVER (cont'd)
We all remember the slogan.

(CONTINUED)

11.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

18 CONTINUED: (2)
18

SWITCH TO: ROWS OF PEOPLE in front of wall-sized VIDEO
MONITORS, transfixed, doing a kind of sign language with
their hands... JAPANESE lining up around the block...
COLLEGE STUDENTS and OFFICE WORKERS glued to screens...

VOICEOVER (cont'd)
The creation of reclusive genius
Ken Castle, society took the world
by storm, becoming the number one
guilty pleasure of billions, either
playing or watching... and
generating one of the world's
largest private fortunes,
surpassing Steve Jobs and Bill
Gates practically overnight.

A FILE-FOOTAGE CLIP of KEN CASTLE - 30s, fresh and boyish,
Southern molasses accent - being interviewed on a news show:

KEN CASTLE

I ain't complainin'!

FREEZE on CASTLE... the IMAGE DISTORTS in THREE DIMENSIONS,
offset red and blue channels shifting.

VOICEOVER

Nine months ago, Castle unveiled a
new simulation - one that would
take gaming to new heights of
thrilling excess... and controversy
- **SLAYERS**.

SLAYERS LOGO over a slo-mo shot of BROWN and BLUE soldiers
walking towards CAMERA - BADASS, with BIG MOTHERFUCKING
WEAPONS slung at their sides...

VOICEOVER (cont'd)

If society let us live thru
others...
SLAYERS would let us die thru
others.

Slick edited COMBAT FOOTAGE from the BATTLEFIELD.
Explosions, flame throwers, bullet hits... DUDES screaming,
unloading MASS ROUNDS...

VOICEOVER (cont'd)

Slayers gives the gamer full
control of a flesh and blood human
being in full scale, kill-or-be-
killed combat. And when we say
flesh and blood, we mean flesh -

A QUICK CUT of a BROWN'S ARM BEING BLOWN OFF.

(CONTINUED)

12.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

18 **CONTINUED: (3)**

18

VOICEOVER (cont'd)

... and blood.

An RPG EXPLODES - CHUNKS smack the lens and OOZE DOWN.

SWITCH

TO:

19 INT. TELNET - INTERVIEW STUDIO LIVE - CONTINUOUS
19

CASTLE is opposite GINA PARKER SMITH, both identified by translucent animated CHYRONS. CASTLE is older now than in the earlier clip; early 40s - his body is more solid; hair cut shorter, conservative. But the eyes still SPARKLE.

GINA PARKER SMITH

Slayers.

KEN CASTLE

(big smile)

Slayers.

CASTLE'S accent is like pure Georgia honey. He's a
rock-ribbed charmer.

GINA PARKER SMITH

(down to business)

Why isn't it murder?

She leans in, playing the role of hard-hitting reporter to a
T.

KEN CASTLE

Gina, when was the last time you saw someone volunteer to be murdered? I'm sure you know that every last one of our Slayers is a bona fide death row inmate -
(points for emphasis)
...each one offered a chance to participate as an alternative to their sentence. Stay alive for thirty sessions and get set free... that's not a bad God damned deal.

GINA PARKER SMITH

I see - and has any one of these men or women ever actually survived long enough to be set free?

KEN just smiles, locks in on her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

13.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

19 CONTINUED:
19

KEN CASTLE

I'd remind your audience that Slayers was put together with the full cooperation and approval of the United States federal government... that the revenue it produces is responsible for funding our entire prison system - keeping the bad guys behind bars... and that the prop was voted for by a cock solid 68% of the American public.

20 INT. STUDIO BOOTH, OFF CAMERA - SIMULTANEOUS
20

PRODUCER

(to BOARD OP)
What'd he say?

21 INT. TELNET - INTERVIEW STUDIO LIVE - CONTINUOUS
21

GINA PARKER SMITH

... in an election tainted by suspected digital fraud...
(changing gears)
let's talk about the so-called generi-cons.

VIDEO: a montage of slayers "civilians" - the bum shaking a can in the midst of chaos, a group of pedestrians walking robotically into a wall of flame, store clerks "air-bagging" groceries...

GINA PARKER SMITH (cont'd)

Sent into the slayers environment with a set of pre-programmed actions, with no way to react and no one controlling them - their chances of survival are next to nil.

KEN CASTLE

There's a lot of men and women in prison that could never cut it as slayers... shouldn't they have the same opportunity to roll the dice for a ticket out? Besides - they only need to survive one session.

VIDEO: the East Indian Female generi-con from the first battle gets smeared by a truck.

(CONTINUED)

14.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

21 CONTINUED:

21

GINA PARKER SMITH

Right...

SUPERNOVA FLARE

TO:

22 EXT SLAYERS BATTLEGROUND

22

BULLET-CAM IMAGES of a SLAYERS SOLDIER leaping into action and freezing in MID-AIR, a GRAPHIC SUPERIMPOSED:

HOW DOES IT WORK?

23 INT. TELNET - INTERVIEW STUDIO LIVE

23

THROW TO the LIVE STUDIO BROADCAST -

GINA PARKER SMITH

(leaning in)

Mr. Castle - how the hell does it work?

KEN CASTLE

Simple.

A 3-D ANIMATED GRAPHIC accompanies his explanation - the

VIRTUAL CAMERA zooms in to the FROZEN SOLDIER'S head - and then INSIDE, passing thru transparent layers.

KEN CASTLE (cont'd)

It begins with a single nano-cell planted in the motor cortex of the brain -- this cell can replicate, replacing the cells `round it with perfect copies...

We see a cartoon image of a tiny nano-cell - labeled with a bold, block letter N. The nano-cell approaches a normal cell next to it... there is a flash; now the cell next to it has turned into an exact copy of the nano. This continues, multiplying exponentially, until we zoom back to reveal that the entire brain has been converted to nano-cells.

KEN CASTLE (cont'd)

... these copied cells contain remote access functionality. Therefore, nano plus cortex equals the nanex.

The graphic zooms back further to show a pair of hands working a retro ATARI-style joystick... animated waves indicate a wireless transmission from the joystick to the Slayer, who unfreezes and flies into action.

(CONTINUED)

15.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

23 CONTINUED:
23

GINA PARKER SMITH

Geek, geek, geek - come on, Castle, you promised us a demonstration.

CASTLE smiles broadly.

KEN CASTLE

(coy)

Did I? You know I seem to recall that - let's just see...

CASTLE waves in his PERSONAL SECURITY:

A half dozen GEEKS in BLACK JEANS, BLACK T-SHIRTS w/ WHITE SOCKS and SNEAKERS; BACKPACKS... yes, even FANNY PACKS. A

full range of GEEK VARIATIONS: beard/mustache combos, thick glasses, pony tails, etc.

One GEEK brings out the CUTEST, SOFTEST little SPANIEL PUPPY in the world and places it in CASTLE'S LAP.

Meanwhile several OTHERS are directing HANDHELD SENSORS at GINA and thumb-clicking to establish TRACKING POINTS - her slightest movements are scanned and interpreted as data in real time.

GINA PARKER SMITH

(fighting it)

Oh... my god. So cute.

KEN CASTLE

You like her? Her name is Gina.
She's a good little bitch.

Somehow, in his sweet southern drawl this rolls off almost acceptable. The CREW has a laugh off-screen; GINA blushes.

GINA PARKER SMITH

I beg your pardon?

24 INT. STUDIO BOOTH, OFF CAMERA - SIMULTANEOUS
24

PRODUCER

This motherfucker is off the charts.

CHIEF OF STAFF

You realize he could buy our network.

PRODUCER

(shrugs)

Why would he?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

24 CONTINUED:
24

PRODUCER (cont'd)

Son of a bitch can pull 650 million pay-per-views for a single broadcast.

ON the MONITORS:

CASTLE is showing GINA how to make the dog roll over, sit up, etc. GINA has her hands up, limp in front of her chin, like a submissive puppy begging, and she is PANTING; she's clearly getting into it... her every movement is MIRRORED by the adorable dog.

BOARD OP

That's fuckin scary.

25 **INT. TELNET - INTERVIEW STUDIO LIVE, CONTINUOUS**
25

More COMBAT FOOTAGE, this time focusing on KABLE HIGHLIGHTS.

GINA PARKER SMITH

Isn't it true that each human that undergoes the procedure will have a distinct IP address -- like a notebook computer or mobile device?

KEN CASTLE

Similar, yep. But control is strictly localized to the parameters of our gaming environments.

BACK TO THE STUDIO.

KEN CASTLE (cont'd)

You take Society for instance: once a cast member leaves the workplace they are completely free from the control and monitoring of their player.

GINA PARKER SMITH

(incredulous)
That's a relief.

KEN CASTLE

(teasing)
To some, maybe... to some... don't you suspect a good many folks wouldn't mind an itty bit of control?

GINA PARKER SMITH

I don't... um...

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

25 CONTINUED:
25

KEN CASTLE

Someone else making all the decisions for you... no responsibilities, no tough choices... think about it.

GINA PARKER SMITH

(tough)
We will, Mr. Castle. We will.

A SUPERNOVA FLARE throws to MUSIC and GRAPHICS:

YOU

ARE EXPERIENCING

a LIVE

WORLDLINK TONIGHT

EXCLUSIVE

26 INT. THE INTERVIEW STUDIO, CONTINUOUS
26

Back to handheld, non-broadcast REALITY.

KEN has GINA's hand in his hand, beaming. Her demeanor has changed; she's like a LITTLE GIRL with her DAD at the fair.

KEN CASTLE

Good little talk.

GINA PARKER SMITH

My pleasure. Shit, can I tell you?
I CAN. NOT. wait for the next Slayers. Kable has been unbelievable. His arms are just so... well, I know it's awful.

27 INT. STUDIO BOOTH, OFF CAMERA - SIMULTANEOUS
27

PRODUCER

What the hell is that?

The WORLDLINK GRAPHIC GLITCHES OUT, replaced by a BLUE SCREEN
- like an old school COMPUTER CRASH. THEN -

One letter at a time, in retro Apple chicago font,
accompanied by the exaggerated sound of COMPUTER KEYSTROKE

CLICKS:

HUMANZ

(CONTINUED)

18.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

27 **CONTINUED:**

27

Then a VOICE - deep, but speaking ARTIFICIALLY QUICKLY - like
in radio commercials, where they use time-compression
software to remove the silences between the words.

HUMANZ BROTHER

Ken Castle wants you to believe
that you are living in a safer,
better world. He's a liar. Mind
control is slavery. We will all be
his dog if we allow this evolution
to continue.

Everyone in the STUDIO is speechless, watching the monitors -
including CASTLE; actually, he LOVES it... he's laughing his
ass off.

PRODUCER

Mr. Castle, we have no idea...

KEN CASTLE

Shush!

ON THE SCREEN, the humanz logo dissolves, 8-bit ARCADE STYLE,
replaced by:

THE EVOLUTION OF MAN ACCORDING TO CASTLE

Underneath is the CLASSIC ILLUSTRATION showing the
progression from primitive EARLY MAN to the erect MODERN
HUMAN. In a crude ANIMATION the progression CONTINUES:
MODERN MAN bends back over on his hands and knees; in the
final stage he's wearing a DOG COLLAR, getting fucked in the
ass - then fed through a MEAT GRINDER, packaged & sold as
HAMBURGER.

KEN looks over at the PRODUCER.

KEN CASTLE (cont'd)
That's a God damn hoot.

PRODUCER

(to his techies)
Bypass orbital, reroute from the
backup servers, NOW, for Christ
sake, you dirty apes...
(to CASTLE)
Sorry, Mr. Castle, we can't hard-
line a live broadcast. It's
impossible to stop every virus that
sneaks in.

(CONTINUED)

19.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

KEN CASTLE

Uh huh. You might wanna oughta let
my boys take a look at your
firewall.

The screen CUTS TO BLACK, COLOR-BARS blink, then an
advertisement streams in.

KEN stands, holding GINA'S hand, kisses it.

KEN CASTLE (cont'd)
(to GINA)

What about your firewall, sugar -
wonder if I might breach it one of
these sunny days.

He gives her a ROGUISH WINK.

GINA PARKER SMITH

You're bad.

BOARD OP

He's good.

On the monitors, we transition back into a paid commercial: a

VICTORIA'S SECRET PORN-looking GIRL in HANDCUFFS turns to
CAMERA.

PORN GIRL

Wanna blow off a little steam?

CUT TO:

28 EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

28

A PRISONER - shirtless, his upper body smeared with WHITE POWDER, screaming, SLAMS HIS FIST DOWN INTO FACE. Blood sprays on white.

We see that he is beating down a uniformed GUARD. The GUARD wears a black gas mask, shattered and pouring blood. Other prisoners, shackled together, stand by watching, forming a half circle around the fight. They are shirtless, covered in the same white powder - they look like tribesmen.

One of the prisoners, very distinctive, nods grimly, clearly
* enjoying the show.

DISTINCTIVE PRISONER

*

Fuck him up.

The prison yard is a vast expanse of white - it could be a chalk mine, or the surface of a strange planet. Distant towers mark the perimeter.

(CONTINUED)

20.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

28 CONTINUED:

28

Other groups of shackled prisoners can be seen in the distance, trotting along in lines. Trails of thick magenta smoke snake across the yard, sucked by the wind.

The ROGUE PRISONER stomps down on the GUARD'S face one last time - his shoes are made of cloth. CRUNCH. The GUARD stops moving.

The PRISONER starts to run for it across the white terrain.

A group of GUARDS appear to round up the remaining prisoners. They club them down with the butts of rifles but pay no mind to the fleeing ROGUE... they merely watch him go, impassive.

In a moment, we see why - when the ROGUE PRISONER crosses between the two distant towers he is jerked to the ground by an invisible field. Sound? Light? Magnetism? His body goes into spasms; blood foams from his ears, mouth, eyes.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. PRISON REC AREA - DAY
29

Fingers run through white powder, making patterns.

A black shadow crosses the frame, accompanied by a low hum; some sort of aircraft.

KABLE looks up as the shadow tracks across him; we never see the craft. He looks out across the yard.

KABLE is sitting in what seems to be a minimal REC AREA cut out of the white terrain. He sits by himself wearing a white cloth hoodie, eyes dark, head down, silent. Across the yard a group of prisoners are playing basketball; EVERY SINGLE PLAYER is SKYING for dunks.

We focus in on KABLE'S TATTOO: I Am Right Here With You...

In the yard a CRIPPLE, his two legs stiff with braces, walks ROBOTICALLY along on crutches. KABLE watches him, expressionless. It triggers a memory...

FLASH TO:

30 EXT. SUN-SOAKED EXTERIOR
30

A LITTLE GIRL, no more than two, walks along on her DADDY'S feet... giggling, trusting... her hands grip his big fingers... taking each big ROBOT STEP with him...

FLASH TO:

21.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

31 EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY
31

A BASKETBALL comes out of nowhere and KNOCKS THE CRUTCH OUT from under the CRIPPLE, sending him ass-up on the asphalt.

Prisoners JEER.

FREEK

(quiet, conspiratorial)
Kable. Kable.

We see that KABLE has drawn the pattern in his tattoo with his finger in the white powder; at the sound of the voice he runs his hand through it, wiping it away.

A wiry, jittery dude of indeterminate age is sitting next to KABLE. KABLE doesn't even turn to look.

KABLE

My name is Tillman, freak.

FREEK

Tillmans, yeah, Tillmans, I knew that, they said you name's was Tillmans... just sittin, always sittin, always lookin, just lookin... like me, I keep my holes down... you got to, man... a dude inevitably start to break up, start to crack and break up everyday, never know you gonna die today or live another two, three. You never do know. All these niggaz gonna snap, snap, snap, one by one, every last one, all of em. Yeah but not you. Twenty seven battles and three to go... no one ever got that close before, no one even done ten games without gettin they brains shot... but Kable, Kable, Kable, he just sittin, lookin, like he got a plan, he already somewhere else, he on a mission, nothin' get in his way, never break, never snap, never say shit, just take care of his business, niggaz get spooked by that shit. You spooky.

KABLE turns slowly to look him in the eye, says nothing.

FREEK (cont'd)

Spooky.

KABLE looks away.

(CONTINUED)

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

31 CONTINUED:
31

FREEK (cont'd)
Why they put you in here, Tillmans?

KABLE waits a good long beat.

KABLE
I killed my best friend.

32 INT. PRISON - NIGHT
32

A prisoner sings Metallica off key, but balls to the walls:

PRISONER
Master!
Master!
Master of Puppets I'm pulling your
strings - Twisting your mind and
smashing your dreams...

KABLE is alone in his cell.

At the base of the single door is a SLIDING COMPARTMENT to push food through - it opens. But instead of a tray, someone pushes through a wrinkled photograph.

KABLE picks it up and looks - a WOMAN, just a blur of golden hair, laughing, and a LITTLE GIRL... the same one in KABLE'S vision.

WOMAN (O.S.)
You want to get back to them.

KABLE is stunned, silent. He sits on the ground, shoulder leaning against the heavy door, staring at the girl in the picture.

WOMAN (O.S.) (cont'd)
It's all you think about. It's the
only thing that keeps you alive.

Her words are like hammer blows to his guts; he wants to weep but he's too strong, too internalized. He steels himself.

KABLE
Who's talking?

She pushes through a white NOTECARD and PEN.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Sign it.

KABLE

What?

(CONTINUED)

23.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

32 CONTINUED:

32

KABLE doesn't take it.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Sign it... please, Tillman. My son
David is your biggest fan. He
prays for you.

This takes KABLE by surprise; he reluctantly takes the pen
and card. He writes something on it and sticks it back
through the slider.

PFFHHT. The WOMAN stabs KABLE'S hand with a LANCET - she
draws out a little blood.

KABLE yanks his hand back out.

WOMAN (O.S.) (cont'd)

Need to prove it's authentic.
Makes it worth more.

KABLE

Why would anyone want my name?

WOMAN (O.S.)

You don't even know what's going on
out there, do you?

(beat)

Damn...

At the far end of the solitary block a BUZZER sounds - then
the SLIDE and SLAM of heavy steel.

WOMAN (O.S.) (cont'd)

Gotta go.

KABLE jumps up and pulls himself against the door - a lifeline is slipping away...

KABLE

Wait.

(he holds the wrinkled photo to the window)

How did you get this picture?
you seen them?

Have

He peers through the little window at the top of the door, but she's GONE...

Instead, a group of PRISONERS are being led down the corridor to their NEW CELLS. We recognize grim, battered faces from the yard - these are the men that stood by as the GUARD was being beaten down.

(CONTINUED)

24.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

DISTINCTIVE PRISONER - hands cuffed behind his back, makes
* eye contact with KABLE as he walks by.
*

FADE TO BLACK.

33 EXT. PRISON RUNNING TRACK - DAY

33

A desolate white RUNNING TRACK; a guard TOWER overlooks... the field is empty but for ONE MAN: KABLE.

He's busting ass around the track, pouring sweat. We're right there with him, CLOSE-UP - profile, full speed... we hear the HARD BREATHING, the feet pounding dirt, like we're **INSIDE HIS HEAD.**

CUT TO:

34 EXT. URBAN DOWNTOWN #1 - SIMULTANEOUS
34

WIDE LOCK OFF - KABLE, 90 feet high, a MURAL painted on the side of a BUILDING. It's an AD for SLAYERS: KABLE in FULL COMBAT MODE, cutting loose with a FLAME THROWER.

35 EXT. PRISON RUNNING TRACK - SIMULTANEOUS
35

KABLE, running - we're even CLOSER NOW... he's pushing himself beyond exhaustion, pure focus...

36 EXT. URBAN DOWNTOWN #2 - DAY
36

Different city, same story - KABLE, a towering BILLBOARD PROJECTION... endless lanes of FREEWAY GRIDLOCK sprawling beneath...

37 EXT. PRISON RUNNING TRACK - SIMULTANEOUS
37

KABLE, staggering, near collapse, lungs burning...

38 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY
38

The ICONIC IMAGE of KABLE on the famous TIMES SQUARE VIDEO WALL, now even more massive... the STOCK TICKERS reeling off disaster... he's like GODZILLA frozen amongst the SKYSCRAPERS...

39 EXT. PRISON RUNNING TRACK - SIMULTANEOUS
39

KABLE finally flames out... he breaks down to a jog, then doubles over, hands on his knees, gasping for breath.

CUT OUT WIDE: KABLE is ant-size and insignificant on the long, barren field, under a vast grey sky... ALONE.

(CONTINUED)

25.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

39 CONTINUED:
39

Hold for a long beat, and...

FADE TO

BLACK.

40 INT. A DOZEN DARK ROOMS - DAY
40

MONTAGE of GAMERS' FACES, preparing to GET IT ON... All shapes, colors and styles, but all RICH AND POWERFUL-looking. Some are sweating, some calm, some beat red, others have guitar-playing twitch faces...

41 EXT. SLAYERS BATTLEGROUND #2 - DAY
41

SHOCK CUT into the HEAT OF BATTLE.

CHAOS, CONFUSION... KABLE blasts through a cloud of exploding debris... A BROWN to his left is BLOWN IN HALF - the LEGS **KEEP RUNNING...**

42 EXT. SLAYER BATTLEGROUND #2 - STREET
42

TED NUGENT, in BROWN camo, lines up a BLUE SNIPER in a 3rd story window with a CROSS-BOW. He releases the arrow and pins the BLUE's HEAD to the window sill.

TED NUGENT

Damn, I gonna have to eat you now,
son.

An UPSIDE-DOWN CAR comes SLIDING down the street on it's hood and slams into TED NUGENT, VAPORIZING him...

43 EXT SLAYER BATTLEGROUND #2
43

Another five BLUE SOLDIERS are taken out. Their bodies drop to the ground, gruesome goodness. The FIVE BALL BEARING CAMERAS quickly flock together and check out each body as a swarming unit. From a wider shot, they look like flies on shit... after checking out the recently deleted, they zip off towards the closest save point...

CUT

TO: *

SCENE 44 DELETED

45 INT. FRAT HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS
45

FIFTY beer slamming COLLEGE STUDENTS are going BERSERK...
they've got SLAYERS on a wall-sized screen, pay-per-view...
they're high fiving, SMASHING up the place...

*

26.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

46 EXT. SLAYERS BATTLEGROUND #2 - DRAINAGE DITCH - CONTINUOUS
46

KABLE LEAPS for a drainage trench, makes it, and hustles
around the back of a burnt out building...

47 INT. SLAYERS BATTLEGROUND #2 - STAIRWAY
47

Up a stairway - the GHOST FACE on GLASS superimposed on the
image - the face is LAUGHING, GIDDY...

VOICE

Oh shit... oh shit...

48 INT. SLAYERS BATTLEGROUND #2 - 2ND FLOOR
48

KABLE takes up a spot from a second level vantage point -
from here we see a small group of BLUES moving down the
block, scanning for survivors.

VOICE

Wul hello thar...

KABLE watches himself SWITCH TURRETS on his WEAPON. He
brings up a SNIPER SIGHT and locks in on a target.

VOICE (cont'd)

Wait for it...

CLOSE-UP of KABLE'S EAR: just then he hears the SUBTLEST OF
SOUNDS creeping up behind. Whoever's controlling him doesn't
seem to have noticed - he's too focused on the enemies in the
sights.

We can see the tension in KABLE'S FACE - he's helpless,
trying to fight it, willing his player to take notice.

KABLE

(whispering)

Turn me around God damn it...

VOICE

What'd he say?

A trickle of sweat runs down into KABLE'S EYE. The SOUND is more distinct now, CLOSER... he's practically shaking from the struggle to overcome the control.

POV: someone has reached the top of the stairs... KABLE, seen from behind, comes into view crouched by the blown out window.

VOICE (cont'd)

My boy gotta take a piss or something?

(CONTINUED)

27.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

48 **CONTINUED:**

48

FINALLY: SNAP ZOOM on a reflection in a shard of HANGING WINDOW GLASS - the outline of a BLUE, raising his gun...

VOICE (cont'd)

D'oh.

KABLE SPINS - FAST. The TURRET is ALREADY REVOLVING when he squeezes the trigger...

The ARMOR-PIERCING SHELL takes SNEAKY BLUE by surprise, blowing him out the back of the building...

The BLUES in the street take notice. It's a matter of seconds...

KABLE makes a run for it as the floor starts to DISINTEGRATE behind him in a shitstorm of bullets. SHRAPNEL drills his back, absorbed by the BODY ARMOR.

49 **EXT. SLAYERS BATTLEGROUND #2**

49

He hits daylight and turns a corner in time to see a group of

*

* BROWNS scattering... a live ARTILLERY SHELL skitters across
* the pavement, belching smoke.

BOOM.

* KABLE is running... he looks to his right - A FROZEN MOMENT:
The SAVE POINT up ahead on the SPINNING RAILROAD.

* The MOMENT passes; KABLE looks back over his shoulder - a
rush of ROARING FLAME is COMING - FAST... at the moment of
IMPACT we -

SMASH TO

BLACK

50 **INT. THE TRAIN - TIME INDETERMINATE**
50

SOLDIERS are charred, bleeding, wasted.

A BROWN is sobbing uncontrollably.

BROWN SOLDIER

Who are they... who the fuck are
they... who's playing us?

KABLE watches him, wondering the same damn thing.

51 **INT. SIMON'S HOUSE - DAY**
51

MONTAGE, CLOSE UP:

Two fat slices of WHOLE GRAIN BREAD, check.

(CONTINUED)

28.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

51 **CONTINUED:**
51

Big sloppy spoonfuls of lumpy green ORGANIC PISTACHIO BUTTER,
spread on SLICE A, check.

Welch's PURPLE GRAPE JELLY spread on SLICE B, check.

Combine; CONSUME.

52 INT. SIMON'S HOUSE - HALLWAY

52

SIMON - 18, pale and lanky, unkempt shaggy hair; wearing a vintage Guns `n' Roses T-shirt from the Appetite For Destruction Tour - walks down a long, high ceilinged crystal hall with marble floors, macking on the sandwich... passes through a glass tunnel running through the interior of a massive, exotic aquarium - he's alone in what appears to be a vast, cold mansion.

53 INT. SIMON'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

53

SIMON'S ROOM is simple - FOUR WALLS and a CEILING, each one a 3-D, corner-to-corner VIDEO SCREEN. The HD level of the screens is virtually ABSOLUTE - the flesh and blood SIMON himself is just another element in a HIGH-DOLLAR/HIGH-TECH **SPACE**.

The FLOOR is ALL BED. SIMON PADS IN, takes a spinning STUNT JUMP and ROLLS onto his back in a big ass pile of pillows, sandwich intact.

The SCREENS are a jumble of floating frames, competing for prominence in the 3-D space... muted VID CHATS, STOCK TICKERS, SPORTS SCORES, ultraviolent SLAYERS playback, etc. Everything dynamic, everything moving.

One whole wall is apparently a REAL TIME monitor of the SLAYERS BATTLEGROUND, with updated statistics... POINTS LEADER, FRAG COUNT - we notice that KABLE leads these categories; a video loop of KABLE in action beside his name illustrates the point.

In the FOREFRONT of SIMON'S attention:

KABLE EARNS 800 UPGRADE POINTS

A set of dynamic frames allow him to scroll through a series of revolving images - WEAPONS, EQUIPMENT, BODY ARMOR.

SIMON interacts with the 3-D environment using HAND GESTURES - he can SLIDE, SQUEEZE, PULL AND SCROLL the images just by moving his fingers in the air.

He flips past various TRANSFORMERS-looking SUPER GUNS...

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

53 CONTINUED:

53

SIMON

Gay... gay... gay... super gay...
hm.

He stops on an animated graphic. A SEXY FEMALE VOICE breaks it all down for us:

FEMALE VOICE

Swarmers. The latest innovation from Browning, this self detonating cartridge offers the widest and deadliest spray available from a full tracking, cornering ordnance.

A VIDEO DEMO shows the fired cartridge SPLIT into two-dozen smaller shells that FLASH OUT like a swarm of bees, wind around a corner and utterly SHRED a TEST DUMMY.

SIMON

Daddy like...

An ANNOYING GIRL'S VOICE pops in, along with a VID CHAT SCREEN that takes over the MAIN WALL. She looks about 16 - skinny, skanky, kind of hot.

ANNOYING GIRL

Simon!

SIMON

Fan-girl, stop hacking. If I want you unmuted I'll unmute you.

ANNOYING GIRL

You suck, Simon - you're going to get my boyfriend killed before he can get out of jail and fill me up with his hot seed.

SIMON

Uh huh.

Another GIRL - 17, cute, stoned - chimes in.

CUTE STONED GIRL

Simon, I just wanna play you.
Forget about that star-fucker.

ANNOYING GIRL

Shut up bitch.

SIMON casually waves his hand at the frame, like flicking at a fly; ANNOYING GIRL is wiped away, bringing CUTE STONED GIRL to the forefront.

(CONTINUED)

30.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

53 CONTINUED: (2)
53

CUTE STONED GIRL

Thanks baby. When can I meet you
for like reals?

SIMON notices a metallic sparkle from the GIRL'S TONGUE.

SIMON

What is that?
(like a dentist)
Aaaa.

He reaches out and "pinches" the screen, ZOOMING IN close as she sticks out her tongue - it fills the wall... a dozen wicked looking BLACK TONGUE RINGS stud the wet pink flesh, **TEN FEET HIGH.**

SIMON (cont'd)

Woah.

He quickly unsqueezes, zooming back out. The GIRL'S eyes are rolled back in her head, euphoric; she's WASTED.

CUTE STONED GIRL

You like me?

A THIRD GIRL pops in, filling the opposite wall.

SHELLY

What's up, loser?

SIMON

Hey sissy.

This is SIMON'S SISTER, SHELLY, 14.
and hair like a Tokyo hooker.

Frosted up lips, eyes

SHELLY

Mom says - let me see, go to
college, move the fuck out, and...
oh yeah, you're a sick retard,
you're pathetic, and you smell like
Jeffrey Dahmer.

SIMON

Wanna make out?

SHELLY

You wish. I can't wait til they
cut you off, Simian.

With a wave of his hand he wipes her image off the screen.

TWO MORE video chats pop up - TWIN 21-YEAR OLD GIRLS,
stupidly hot.

(CONTINUED)

31.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

53 CONTINUED: (3)
53

TWINS

Simon?

SIMON

Maybe.

TWINS

(star struck)
Oh my god, it's really you!!!

Suddenly all of SIMON's screens are filled with the TWINS.

SIMON

Nice.

TWINS

(in unison)
Do you wanna see our tits, Simon?

SIMON

(shrugs)
Uh, sure.

They lift their shirts, GIRLS GONE WILD style.
C's with silver-dollar nipples.

Perfect perky

TWIN 1

Mmmmm, now that we have your
attention, here's another offer you
can't refuse.

SIMON

Here we go.

When TWIN 2 speaks, it is with a MAN'S VOICE. The accent is
EASTERN EUROPEAN.

TWIN 2

Fifty million euros for control of
Kable, instant transfer to the
account of your choice.

SIMON

Question: do I look like I need the
money? We've discussed this before
- Kable is not for sale.

TWIN 1

(feeling herself up)
Baby... make it a hundred.

SIMON

It's been real.

(CONTINUED)

32.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

53 CONTINUED: (4)

53

SIMON snaps his fingers; all the windows close
simultaneously.

SIMON makes a clicking sound with his tongue in the new
silence. Peace at last.

BY THEMSELVES, the screens come BACK TO LIFE.

SIMON (cont'd)

D'oh.

The instant chat boxes are gone, replaced by a soundless,

GRAINY VIDEO LOOP - there is something sinister about the lo-fi image... it looks like the feed from an old SURVEILLANCE CAM:

Two men are sitting in a room... it's silent, but one of them seems to be SCREAMING - he lifts a gun...

SIMON (cont'd)
What the fuh...?

... waits a beat... and SHOOTS THE OTHER MAN IN THE HEAD. Black blood pools. This is REAL. The loop repeats.

When the SHOOTER turns his face toward the camera, SIMON freezes the frame with a gesture and ZOOMS IN.

It's KABLE.

A MESSAGE is typed across the screen one letter at a time - we may recognize the retro chicago font from the HUMANZ video prank earlier:

want to talk to him?

Then, blinking, lo-fi in the lower right corner of the wall:

WALKIETALKIE.exe
SIMON (cont'd)

Um.

CUT TO:

54 **EXT. SOCIETY - DAY**
54

MUSIC: Bloodhound Gang, The Bad Touch:

Ha-ha, well now, we call this the act of mating
But there are several other very important differences
Between human beings and animals
That you should know about...

(CONTINUED)

33.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

54 **CONTINUED:**
54

You and me baby ain't nothin' but mammals
So let's do it like they do on the Discovery Channel...

PAVEMENT flies by... sun SLAMS rainbow flares into the lens... ROLLER SKATES break frame, outpacing us...

We're cruising along with a group of YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE, skating like ROBOTS through a CITY PARK... Roller-Dolly follows HOT GIRLS in DAISY DUKES, knee socks and tube tops, belly rings and tatoos in the small of their backs... ATHLETIC DUDES, shirtless, gun racks and six packs...

They SWING THEIR ARMS mechanically, identically... synced with each other and the beat of the soundtrack... each face plastered with an absurd, exaggerated GRIN... let's **FUCKING PARTY!!!**

We are in a super-saturated world... NOT virtual/animated, but absolutely real - yet the color and immediacy of it is heightened, off-kilter.

On the GRASS, a gang of TOKYO POP PUNK ROCKERS are having a WATER BATTLE, blasting and soaking each other with big plastic WATER CANNONS like something out of SLAYERS...

A REDHEAD, soaking wet, is FEELING UP HER OWN BREASTS, totally OBLIVIOUS to her surroundings... One of the SKATERS, out of control, PLOWS RIGHT INTO HER at full speed... The SKATER takes a ride on concrete, grinding flesh off her bare legs... she wobbles to her feet, EYES STREAMING TEARS but STILL GRINNING ecstatically...

A guy in a PRIEST OUTFIT holding brightly colored helium balloons looks on impassively; then spots something of interest and breaks off SPRINTING FULL SPEED...

People are DANCING - the corniest moves ever... MAKING OUT on the ground... and in the middle of it all...

55 **EXT. SOCIETY**
55

CLOSE-UP: a SPARROW is pecking at a hunk of orange and yellow **CANDY CORN**.

POP OUT WIDE to reveal that the BIRD is EATING OUT OF A **GIRL'S HAND...**

This is ANGIE: 25, BLONDE/black roots... micro mini skirt, fishnets, boots... green-eyes, haunted, with sadness behind them; pretty - the clothes don't quite match her; it's like someone dressed her up as a hooker.... She doesn't seem to notice the little bird munching away; she stands in the middle of the PARK, looking around, lost.

(CONTINUED)

34.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

55 CONTINUED:

55

She spots a GUY standing by himself near a giant sculpture. She walks over to him; the BIRD flutters away.

The GUY is young and attractive, dressed in casual business attire. He is wearing a PLASTIC PIG SNOUT on his face, tied with an elastic band.

GUY

Hey.

He smiles like a Driver's License photo.

CUT TO:

56 INT. GORGE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

56

CLOSE-UP of LIPS, profile - by the looks of it, an OVERWEIGHT MALE... sweat, stubble. The ROOM is DARK - lit by the AMBIENT GLOW of a VIDEO SCREEN.

GORGE

Hi.

57 EXT. SOCIETY - DAY

57

ANGIE echoes, practically overlapping.

ANGIE

Hi.

We will continue to CUT between the two locations.

GUY

So what's your damage?

He WINKS.

ANGIE strikes an exaggeratedly DEMURE, FLIRTATIOUS POSE - then immediately snaps back to NEUTRALITY.

GORGE/ANGIE

You know, just hanging out.

(beat)
Looking to meet people.

GUY
Lucky you...

CUT TO:

35.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

58 INT. DALE'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS
58

A CLOSE-UP of LIPS to match GORGE'S, but facing the OPPOSITE DIRECTION. An extremely butch, masculine FEMALE; trace of a mustache.

DALE
You met me.

59 EXT. SOCIETY - DAY
59

GUY
(echoing)
You met me.

ANGIE laughs, a beat LATE. Across the street a WOMAN has hiked up her skirt, squatted down and is TAKING A PEE on the sidewalk.

GORGE/ANGIE
I'm Nika.

DALE/GUY
I'm Dale.
(looks her up and down)
I like your fur.

GORGE/ANGIE
Do you want to go somewhere?

She strikes the same FLIRTY POSE for the second time.

DALE/GUY
We are somewhere.

He WINKS; reaches out and puts a hand on her WAIST. They start to make out like TEENAGERS at the PROM. DALE/GUY LIFTS

UP HER SKIRT with one hand and SQUEEZES A BOOB with the other.

He turns her around and presses ANGIE'S back up against the base of the sculpture, ROUGH, hands all over her/inside her; SLOBBERING down her neck and shoulders...

ANGIE just looks straight ahead... her EYES move to a nearby building - the side is an ANIMATED BILLBOARD that has switched to a promo for SLAYERS, with KABLE featured prominently.

She watches KABLE'S face move... she lets out an involuntary MOAN that is more like a whimper...

DALE/GUY (cont'd)
Thanks for vagina.

(CONTINUED)

36.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

59 CONTINUED:
59

A SLAM OF AUDIO WITH THE SHOCK IMAGE OF A BLOODY, DEMONIC FACE -

(recreating an internet-style video SHOCK PRANK)

... the SCREEN GOES DEAD -

... and another BLUE SCREEN OF DEATH, another MESSAGE:
SOCIETY is RAPE
SLAYERS is MuRder
- humanz

60 INT. GORGE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS
60

We get our first wider view of the room. Much more cramped than SIMON'S ROOM... like SIMON'S, the room is dominated by a GIANT VIDEO SCREEN, but just the front wall... there are other - smaller, paper thin - screens mounted in various spots and leaning against walls; GARBAGE and TECH GEAR all over the floor.

GORGE - late 30s, MORBIDLY OBESE - is contained by a massive automated rolling chair, like the Escalade of Rascals.

The HUMANZ message has taken over his screen and he's GOING FUCKING BALLISTIC, throwing shit at it and gesturing crazily

to the wall-mounted MOTION SENSORS with his hands, trying to get the image back. It's NOT HAPPENING.

FEMALE NEWS HOST (V.O.)

... a new video prank by the subversive group humanz caused a nationwide stir today...

61 INT. CASTLE'S STATIONARY BIKE ROOM - CONTINUOUS
61

The TV REPORT continues on screen, where a NEWS HOST is backed by a graphic showing the "society is rape" screen with footage of exaggeratedly CONFUSED, FRUSTRATED PLAYERS - they're like the actors in INFOMERCIALS who can't manage to peel a potato without losing their shit.

FEMALE NEWS HOST

All contact between Society City and an estimated quarter of a million players was shut down for over three hours while Castle techs worked to remove what they described as a "Satellite Infection"...

A TREE LINED, SUN DAPPLED MOUNTAINSIDE whisks by as feet work the pedals of a MOUNTAIN-BIKE; we're moving around 20 mph.

(CONTINUED)

37.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

61 CONTINUED:
61

SOUND: SLUJURRRRRRRP.

CASTLE is cruising downhill in a 360 degree THREE-DIMENSIONAL ENVIRONMENT that looks ABSOLUTELY REAL - except that he is on a STATIONARY BIKE, and the NEWS REPORT is floating in the air as a 3D WINDOW. He is wearing skintight Tour de France-style gear and SLURPING A SMOOTHIE, one hand on the handlebar, the other holding the cup.

FEMALE NEWS HOST (cont'd)
Experts estimate that the service interruption may end up costing K-Soft billions in lost revenue.

NEWS CO-HOST

Don't cry for Castle, he can cover that with the change under his couch cushions...

FEMALE NEWS HOST

On a personal note - that shit was fucking freaky.

NEWS CO-HOST

Oh - I literally pissed myself.

FEMALE NEWS HOST

Sounds like fun.

NEWS CO-HOST

Serious, these humanz cocksuckers are getting out of control, and someone should do something.

FEMALE NEWS HOST

Moving on to international headlines...

CASTLE closes the WINDOW in his FIST.

SLUUURRRRRRP.

FADE TO

BLACK.

62 INT. PRISON, WEIGHT ROOM - NIGHT
62

The SCREAM would be comical if it weren't so HORRIFIC.

With a dozen CONS looking on: an ASIAN PRISONER is on his knees, FINGERS DEEP into the back of his own skull.

ASIAN PRISONER

GET IT OUT OF ME...!

(CONTINUED)

38.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

62 CONTINUED:
62

He rips into his BRAIN STEM with a tiny piece of busted RAZOR, hoping to pull out a chip, a wire, anything. He pulls

out something, and drops like a sack of potatoes to the floor - FRIED POTATOES. He lands on a couple of dumbbells, his head smashing into the weight bench, spinal cord SEVERED.

KABLE looks on, impassive, emotion internalized. GUARDS
push through.

GUARD

What the hell happened to this one?

An old black dude - LIFER - answers.

LIFER

Look like he escaped.

The GUARDS roll their eyes; drag away the body.

GUARD

Back to your Jazzercise, girls...

Across the room KABLE notices a NEW GUY - a mean-looking sunofabitch... in fact, if murder were personified it would look exactly like HACKMAN.

HACKMAN stares straight at KABLE. There is something in his ghost of a smile that says he'd be more than happy to eviscerate you... it's off-putting to say the least.

KABLE

Freak.

FREEK is there.

FREEK

Tillmans.

KABLE

Who the hell is that?

FREEK

New dude, new dude... that's Hackman. They say he killed a whole mess of people, all kind of people... one day he just walk up and turn himself in, like he wanna be inside or some shit... never gonna run out of slayers long as they got that kind of motherfucka run around kill a mess of people...

(CONTINUED)

39.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

62 CONTINUED: (2)

62

Now HACKMAN is looking at KABLE dead blank. A GUARD comes up behind HACKMAN and SHOVES HIM. HACKMAN turns; the GUARD gestures him to follow.

HISPANIC GUARD (O.C.)

Hey Kable.

KABLE turns to look.

HISPANIC GUARD (cont'd)

Let's go. Upgrades.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. PRISON, TRAINING RANGE - NIGHT

63

KABLE and the GUARD are ANT-SIZED in what looks like a massive driving range. VIRTUAL TARGETS are holographically projected in mid-air at various heights and distances. Other PRISONERS are there too, a ways off; well out of earshot.

KABLE looks over a Swarmer cartridge, slams it into his weapon; switches turrets, takes a bead on a VIRTUAL TARGET...

We see him intentionally PAN THE SIGHT OFF to the left of target; he pulls the trigger - CLICK. The TARGET - and several others close by - turns RED, BLINKS - a HIT. This thing doesn't just take out individuals; it takes out VICINITIES.

HISPANIC GUARD

Who aims?

KABLE

(caught off guard)

What?

HISPANIC GUARD

Who aims... the slayer? Or the player?

KABLE narrows his eyes, focuses across the field, where other PRISONERS are being briefed and UPGRADED... he spots HACKMAN.

KABLE

Not much to aiming... it's just hand/eye coordination. I'm the hand... someone, somewhere else is the eye.

HISPANIC GUARD

That's tripped.

(CONTINUED)

40.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

63 CONTINUED:

63

KABLE glances at the GUARD... he struggles - part of him feels like he's talking too much; but he can't help being grateful for the human interaction.

KABLE

Sometimes... they take over - you know, completely. They move you. Like a robot.

(beat)

But it doesn't work so good... that part's just for show. You can't really fight that way.

HISPANIC GUARD

Why?

KABLE

There's a delay...

HISPANIC GUARD

Yeah, the ping... they talk about that. The time it takes the slayer to respond to the command... it's like, five millisecond ping, eight millisecond ping...

KABLE gets a bead for a headshot on HACKMAN.

KABLE

Whatever you call it. A slice of a second is the difference between living and dying out there. When the trigger pulls -

He pulls the trigger: a meaty CLICK.

KABLE (cont'd)
It's just me.

64 INT. PRISON LOCKER ROOM, NIGHT
64

KABLE is ALONE, toweling off - privilege of being a TOP
SLAYER.

We see now the DAMAGE his body has taken - he is covered in
dark, ugly BRUISES from BULLET HITS the body armor has
absorbed - including a flinch-inducing cluster of BLACK, BLUE
AND YELLOW from the most recent session.

From down the row of lockers, a WHISPER:

HACKMAN
Hey. Kable.

(CONTINUED)

41.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

64 CONTINUED:
64

KABLE turns to look. HACKMAN'S head is POKED OUT sideways
from around the corner; he's maybe 20 feet away.

KABLE
Not interested.

HACKMAN
No. Wait. Look.

He brings his HANDS out where KABLE can see them - they are
SLICK WITH FRESH BLOOD.

HACKMAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
I just deleted someone.

HACKMAN is almost GIGGLING, high on it.

HACKMAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
This is the blood. Look.

HACKMAN rubs his SLIPPERY HANDS together, relishing it; he
nods his head toward the area behind the lockers... to call

the situation CREEPY would be a serious understatement.

HACKMAN (cont'd)
He's back here. Want to see?

KABLE
Your head ain't on straight.

HACKMAN cracks his neck. Maybe not. KABLE pulls on his PRISON GREYS quickly, refusing to make EYE CONTACT.

HACKMAN
I'm going to delete you too. On Sunday.

KABLE
Yeah, probably.

HACKMAN
That's why they put me here.

KABLE'S eyes narrow - What?

HACKMAN disappears; he starts to move along an ADJACENT ROW OF LOCKERS, slamming the doors - SINGING fucking PINOCCHIO:

HACKMAN (cont'd)
I've got no strings... So I have fun... I'm not tied up to anyone... They've got strings But you can see There are no strings on me...

(CONTINUED)

42.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

64 CONTINUED: (2)

64

KABLE tenses up, ready for INSTANT VIOLENCE.

HACKMAN (cont'd)
You got two whores, Kable...

If he didn't have KABLE'S attention before, THIS GOT IT.

KABLE
- the fuck did you say?

HACKMAN

On the outside... oh, I'm sorry - I meant your pretty girls... You want to get back to them but I'm going to visit them first...

KABLE is instantly ALL BUSINESS - he's going to make HACKMAN disappear RIGHT THE FUCK NOW...

He JAMS around the corner but HACKMAN is NOWHERE TO BE SEEN... past another row of lockers - NOTHING... another... another... WHERE THE HELL IS HE?

NOWHERE.

KABLE SLAMS a FIST into a locker, BUSTING it off it's hinges.

TRANSITION

TO:

65 INT. CASTLE ESTATE - TIME INDETERMINATE
65

The CAMERA ANGLE on HACKMAN begins to switch perspectives and spin around, as though someone is manipulating it in three dimensions.

CASTLE

He's so perfect.

Snap out to reveal CASTLE in a dark lounge; the walls and ceiling are pure black, making it impossible to tell the dimensions of the room. Minimalist, expensive looking furniture is scattered around. THERE'S NO ONE ELSE IN THE ROOM.

CASTLE is standing, bare feet on white shag carpet. He is manipulating the image of HACKMAN in the air by pulling, squeezing, twisting with his hands - the interface is similar to the one in SIMON'S room.

CASTLE is as pumped as a kid on Christmas morning. Then, from behind him:

CASTLE 2

He's scary.

(CONTINUED)

43.

65 CONTINUED:
65

We see that a perfect double of CASTLE himself has appeared in the room behind him.

CASTLE

Yeah...

He changes the angle on HACKMAN'S mug to give a better view - then turns to face his DOUBLE...

CASTLE (cont'd)

(proudly)

The new face of Slayers. Pure crystallized horror, two stories tall and covered in bloody red...

(beat)

He's so what they want.

CASTLE 2

(playing dumb)

But they love Kable.

Another CASTLE appears to CASTLE'S left.

CASTLE 3

He's right.

CASTLE faces them.

CASTLE

(unaffected)

They do now. But when my boy kills their hero right there in front of their eyeballs, so vivid it's like you can reach out and feel the wet flesh - Trust me, they'll change their point of view.

CASTLE 2

How can you be sure?

CASTLE

It's human nature. They'll be seduced by the power, the violence... the dominance...

CASTLE 3

(shaking his head)

Guess we never figured on Kable blowing up as big as he did.

(CONTINUED)

44.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

65 CONTINUED: (2)

65

CASTLE

Bigger than the game? No. Then again, who ever would've imagined a player could last over a dozen sessions with the same I-con...

CASTLE 2

Tillman is a perfect soldier, a tactical killing computer - you dropped him in with common murderers. What did you expect?

CASTLE 3

(musing)

His instincts give him an edge.

CASTLE 2

And in the hands of a talented player...

CASTLE 3

Of course we can never let him out. Not after what we did to him.

CASTLE 2

Tell me again why we don't just get rid of the problem...

(makes a throat slashing motion)

You know, off camera?

CASTLE pokes a finger at CASTLE 2.

CASTLE

YOU - lack a flair for marketing. The people would never accept that. They need to SEE their gladiators brought down.

CASTLE 3

One thing I know is what makes
people tick.

Suddenly the room has gone dead silent. We swing the camera
around to reveal that CASTLE 3 is all alone in the room. He
stares into the void, calm and utterly in control.

The CAMERA moves past his head into PURE BLACK...

DISSOLVE TO:

45.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

66 **INT. TUNNEL #2 - DAY**
66

The black of the underground tunnel... the TUNNEL LIGHTS
streak past like vanishing stars... TRAIN TRACKS blur by...

67 **INT. TUNNEL #2 - DAY**
67

KABLE is SPRINTING down the TUNNEL towards DAYLIGHT. The
VOICE comes from the rear surrounds:

VOICE (O.S.)

Kable, dude. It's me.

KABLE shakes his head, thinking he's HEARING THINGS.

KABLE

Who?

SIMON (O.S.)

Simon.

(beat)

I'm playing you, dummy.

KABLE knifes through the tunnel EXIT...

68 **EXT. SPAWN POINT #3 - CONTINUOUS**
68

We are in the OVER-THE-SHOULDER POV of the FLY CAM as KABLE
breaks daylight and slides down the hillside... superimposed
over the IMAGE: SIMON'S REFLECTED FACE... the CAMERA pans,
centers and FOCUSES IN on the REFLECTION...

SNIPER BULLETS whistle by; KABLE DUCKS, ROLLS... the CAMERA
PULLS BACK... OUT OF THE SCREEN...

69 INT. SIMON'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS
69

... past the flesh and blood SIMON into an OVER-THE-SHOULDER -
SIMON controlling KABLE, PLAYING HIM - as...

KABLE LANDS in the ROCKSTAR POSE. SIMON mirrors him in front
of the GIANT SCREEN - whatever SIMON does, KABLE echoes.

70 EXT. BATTLEGROUND #3/COVER - CONTINUOUS
70

KABLE makes it to cover, HEART SLAMMING. We hear the
distant THUMPS of MORTARS LAUNCHING.

KABLE

How come I can hear you?

SIMON (O.S.)

It's a mod.

(CONTINUED)

46.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

70 CONTINUED:
70

KABLE

Gamers can't talk to cons.

SIMON (O.S.)

I know.

71 INT. SIMON'S ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS
71

SIMON POP-LOCKS - the breakdance arm wave.

SIMON

It's cool, yeah?

72 EXT. BATTLEGROUND #3/COVER - CONTINUOUS
72

KABLE finishes the POP-LOCK - it's goofy.

A SHELL impacts the dirt nearby and BLOWS A MASSIVE CRATER in the firma; KABLE shields himself from the raining DEBRIS and scrambles for better cover.

KABLE

No. Pay attention to the game.

They spot another BROWN advancing toward a group of BUILDINGS; SIMON moves KABLE to join him. Just as KABLE gets there a BLUE KICKS OUT A DOOR and opens up with an ASSAULT SHOTGUN, shredding the BROWN.

Two more BLUES POP OUT of a DITCH on the OPPOSITE SIDE, **TRIANGULATING.**

KABLE ROLLS - BIG AMMO displacing the air just inches above his head and BLOWING OUT the windows/tires of an ABANDONED CAR behind him - switches TURRETS and comes up FIRING... armor-piercing shells: BOOM. BOOM.

A 180 spin... BOOM. MINUS three BLUES.

73 **INT. SIMON'S ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**
73

In QUICK CUTS we see SIMON striking BADASS poses; on the 3D screen KABLE ECHOES THEM - it's like a SYNCHRONIZED DANCE.

CUT TO:

74 **EXT. BATTLEGROUND #3/COVER - CONTINUOUS**
74

KABLE keeps moving - he passes a BLUE, on his knees in the mud; The BLUE has completely LOST HIS SHIT.

BLUE SOLDIER 4

This is real, this is real, this is real!!!!

(CONTINUED)

47.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

74 **CONTINUED:**
74

KABLE doesn't bother to shoot him; he's UNARMED. But...

SHHHTUNK. A 50 CALIBER SHELL connects from somewhere distant

and the BLUE is VAPORIZED, a smear on the pavement.

SIMON (O.S.)

That was sick.

KABLE

Wait a minute... are you twelve?

SIMON (O.S.)

I'm nineteen.

KABLE

Bullshit. This is unbelievable.
How am I not dead yet?

SIMON (O.S.)

Cause I'm a badass motherfucker.

KABLE doesn't even register this. His darting eyes pick up a familiar face in the chaos: FREEK.

FREEK has apparently volunteered as a generi-con - he is dressed as a postman, pulling a cart of mail behind him as he walks across the street.

FREEK

(mumbling)

Gotta keep my holes down... keep
`em down. Freek's gonna make it,
gonna cut, gonna scatter... gonna
burn this joint...

It all happens too quickly: A BROWN scrambles behind FREEK and ducks down, using him as a moving human shield; squeezes off a few shots - FREEK is chopped up by incoming gunfire - the BROWN keeps running... there's nothing KABLE can do.

An explosion nearby pushes them forward.

SIMON (O.S.)

Gibs.

KABLE

What?

SIMON (O.S.)

Like, giblets. Kibbles and bits.
Chunks. Pieces.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

74 CONTINUED: (2)
74

KABLE

(burning)
These are real humans, fucker.

SIMON (O.S.)

Death row psychos, so what? They
had it coming.

An exposed concrete stairwell leads into the bowels of a collapsed building; it looks like it must've gotten the OKLAHOMA CITY treatment in the early 2000s.

75 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING - STAIRWELL
75

But there's still juice feeding the dim FLUORESCENTS... KABLE makes his way DOWN. A distant voyeur's POV - maybe a sniper's telescopic sight? - observes KABLE disappearing underground.

KABLE

Guess that goes for me too.

SIMON (O.S.)

Yeah, but you're different.

KABLE

Different how?

SIMON (O.S.)

Dude, I don't know. Cause you're MY psycho.

76 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LEVEL - CONTINUOUS
76

He emerges in an UNDERGROUND PARKING LEVEL. Forty or fifty cars and SUVs, 2000-2009, lie dormant, covered in dirt, dust, and debris. KABLE switches on a LIGHT built in to his weapon.

The FLY CAM scans 360 degrees, independent of KABLE, giving them two sets of eyes.

SIMON (O.S.)

Damn, new area.

KABLE nods toward an EXIT at the opposite end, marked P-4.

KABLE

That way.

They make for it.

(CONTINUED)

49.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

76 CONTINUED:
76

SIMON (O.S.)

Think about it, Kable: all the shit
we've been through together. What
an epic run.

(beat)

It's going to suck to see it end.

KABLE

Are you kidding me?

SIMON

Well, yeah - I get that for you
it's different.

77 **EXT. SLAYERS BATTLEGROUND #3/NEAR RESTRICTED AREA - MOMENTS**
77

LATER

KABLE emerges several blocks from where he started, on a
narrow block that seems distant from the heat of combat.
Buildings shelter the street on either side... several blocks
down a LOW WALL BLOCKS THE ROAD - marked with RED DIAGONAL
STRIPES and a warning: RESTRICTED.

KABLE

We should go that way.

SIMON (O.S.)

There's nothing there.

KABLE

Kid, trust me - I was going house
to house in Tehran while you were

still sucking mommy's nipple.

SIMON (O.S.)

(sarcastic)

Uh, yeah dude, thanks for the visual, but it's a restricted area. It's beyond the borders of the game. I couldn't put you there if I tried.

KABLE just grunts; his eyes steal a last look down the block. They head the other way...

THOOM.

CLOSE RANGE: a big ass armor piercing MORTAR SHELL PASSES IN FRONT OF KABLE'S FACE...

Time STOPS; KABLE sees the shell moving through the air an inch from his nose in ULTRA SLO-MO... his cheeks ripple from the displaced air...

(CONTINUED)

50.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

77 **CONTINUED:**

77

then, REAL TIME - we whip around to follow the mortar as it whistles into concrete and BLOWS OUT the front of a building.

KABLE is running.

78 **EXT. BATTLEGROUND #3 - CRUSHED RIOT VAN**

78

SIMON (O.S.)

... shit shit shit!

He rolls behind a CRUSHED RIOT VAN and OPENS UP in the direction the shell came from, ash and debris from the impact still raining down... and then:

From behind, he's NAILED IN THE BACK by a SWUNG length of IRON PIPE. He half crumples, spins - HACKMAN.

HACKMAN SWINGS AGAIN, knocking the WEAPON out of KABLE'S hand; it skitters across the concrete.

SIMON is completely freaked - it's happening too fast, no time to react... he tries to engage HAND-TO-HAND but every move pings a step late...

KABLE swings a fist; HACKMAN dodges easily. HACKMAN is moving too naturally - as if he's under his own control.

HACKMAN slams the pipe off the side of KABLE'S head, DROPPING HIM - then tosses the pipe away... and pulls out a nasty, high tech-looking SHOTGUN. He stands over KABLE and points the barrel at his FACE.

HACKMAN

(friendly)
Bye Kable.

He SQUEEZES the TRIGGER...

The SUBMARINE ALARM SOUNDS. FLOODLIGHTS CRANK UP.

The LEDs on HACKMAN'S gun POWER DOWN with an audible down-cycle... a shell, undetonated, drops from the barrel and plops onto KABLE'S FOREHEAD.

HACKMAN (cont'd)
What happened?

CUT TO:

79 **EXT. SAVE POINT #3 - SIMULTANEOUS**
79

A BROWN CON walks slowly, on unsteady legs, out of the OCTAGONAL SAVE SHACK - profile...

(CONTINUED)

51.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

79 **CONTINUED:**
79

dudes look at him and back away... when he turns toward us we see why: half his head, shoulder and one arm are blown off...

CUT

BACK TO:

80 **EXT. SLAYERS BATTLEGROUND #3/CRUSHED RIOT VAN - SIMULTANEOUS 80**

KABLE seizes the opportunity to jam a foot up into HACKMAN'S BALLS, buckling him. He twists HACKMAN'S LEGS into a pretzel and throws him off.

KABLE

(to himself)

Kid's gonna get me killed.

SIMON (O.S.)

(offended)

Hey.

KABLE sees GUARDS appearing and BLUES hurrying away from ambush positions - including the one who likely fired the mortar... session complete.

KABLE cups a hand over his mouth, conspiratorially, and speaks directly into SIMON'S ear:

KABLE

Listen to me. I don't know who's behind it, or why, but I was supposed to die today. They're gunning for us. I can beat them, but not with you controlling me.

SIMON

What the hell...?

This is unthinkable, dangerous talk.

KABLE

Turn me loose, kid. You want to
win, turn me loose.

SIMON

But-

KABLE

Find a way.

A GUARD grabs KABLE and the LINK BREAKS - we...

SMASH TO

BLACK:

52.

81 INT. ANGIE'S APARTMENT - DAY 81

A drab brownstone apartment.

Shades block out the oppressive nicotine sunlight; the interior is mute, faded - claustrophobic. KABLE has his cell; even though ANGIE is on the outside, and free, her environment seems to parallel his.

A worn-out photo is taped to the fridge: the same little girl in KABLE'S picture.

82 INT. ANGIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM 82

She stands in front of a closet mirror in the bedroom, looking herself over. She's FULLY DRESSED... but not like we saw her in society. Conservative. Pretty. NORMAL. She rehearses a friendly smile, but has difficulty not breaking into tears.

ANIMATED, COLORED LIGHT leaks in from outside through the dark window blinds behind her - some sort of projected advertising?

83 INT. ANGIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM 83

CUT TO: same room, later. ANGIE sits on the unmade bed. She searches through her purse for a PILL JAR, rattles a few into her hand... she DRY SWALLOWS them... leans forward, eyes shut, struggling NOT TO PASS OUT... she has to pull herself together somehow... the CAMERA pushes past her, toward the window, where the ANIMATED COLORS play 24-7...

CUT TO:

84 EXT. ANGIE'S APARTMENT - DAY 84

... the CAMERA pulls away, continuing the motion: we are on a wide view of the outside of the building, a rundown brownstone on a rundown street - animated advertising covers half the side of the structure...

An ad for slayers is running - KABLE, in cinematic slo-mo, and superimposed in wall-height block letters:

FREE

And then:

ORDER NOW!

CUT TO:

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

85 INT. SOCIAL SERVICES INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

85

ANGIE sits uncomfortably in a hard plastic chair; the light is flat, fluorescent... in front of her, behind a desk, is a no-nonsense Social Services CASEWORKER, late 30s, CUBAN.

CASEWORKER

(looks over her paperwork)
So... Miss Roth.

ANGIE delivers the smile we saw her rehearse with all the warmth she can muster; it's not convincing.

CASEWORKER (cont'd)

Why are we here today... says you'd like to apply for custody of your child-

ANGIE

Delia. Her name is Delia.

The CASEWORKER looks over the paperwork while ANGIE shifts in her seat... torture.

CASEWORKER

Spouse incarcerated, life without possibility of parole. You use your maiden name.

ANGIE

My husband - he... it's not entirely true, regarding his sentence. In fact, he's due to be released soon...

She makes brief eye contact with ANGIE.

CASEWORKER

Your husband was charged and convicted of first degree murder, Miss Roth. I can hardly consider his release, if it was to occur, to be a positive.

This is not going well. ANGIE holds her tongue with all of her will, not wanting to make it worse. The CASEWORKER holds all the cards.

CASEWORKER (cont'd)
(changes subject, back at
the paperwork)
You're... an actor?

ANGIE nods.

(CONTINUED)

54.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

85 CONTINUED:
85

CASEWORKER (cont'd)
Not sure if I've seen you in
anything.

ANGIE

I work in society.

CASEWORKER

Acting, is that what they call it?

ANGIE

It's a job.

ANGIE is hanging on... be pleasant, be friendly, breathe...
but INSIDE she wants to cry, to scream, to fucking EXPLODE.

CASEWORKER

Miss Roth. Your child has been...
exceedingly well placed. The new
family is very wealthy. She'll
never want for anything.

(leans in)

I understand you love your little
girl, but... do you really think
she'd be better off with people
like you?

ANGIE

Yes, I do. I'm her mother.

The CASEWORKER presses a buzzer, unlocking the door behind
ANGIE.

CASEWORKER

We will give your application all
the consideration that it merits.

The words burn into ANGIE like battery acid, but there's not a thing she can say.

86 INT. SIMON'S ROOM - NIGHT
86

SIMON is lying on his bed, staring at the ceiling - a GIANT VIDEO SCREEN playing back key moments of that day's Slayers session in an endless loop. SIMON holds his fingers up in front of his face, zooming and rewinding the video with little fluid movements of his hands.

Suddenly the screen GLITCHES OUT, goes dead for a second - and when it comes back the battle images are replaced by a GIANT FACE, surrounded by black, STARING DOWN AT HIM:

HUMANZ BROTHER, early 30's; a savvy leader with an unforgettable presence.

(CONTINUED)

55.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

86 CONTINUED:
86

His style is a throwback to another era; like a 70s Black Panther Soul Brother transplanted into the high tech future.

HUMANZ BROTHER

You like the software?

SIMON

(confused)

Software...

HUMANZ BROTHER

The walkie talkie, playa.

SIMON puts it all together.

SIMON

No shit... you're the guy from TV.
The HUMANZ.

HUMANZ BROTHER

That's right, baby. You think
about what the brotha said?

SIMON

To what, um, brotha do you refer...
brotha?

HUMANZ BROTHER

Kable wants the freedom to ass-kick. Do shit his way. You gonna give it to him?

SIMON

You were listening.

HUMANZ BROTHER

We see and hear everything that goes on inside the so-called game.

SIMON

Alright, then.

(considering)

Kable said we got lucky - that they were gunning for us - what was that all about?

HUMANZ BROTHER

Kable got a past... he knows things. Things he don't even know he know.

SIMON

Huh? What things?

(CONTINUED)

56.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

86 CONTINUED: (2)
86

HUMANZ BROTHER

Things Castle's afraid of. As long as your boy stay on the inside Castle know he can keep him quiet - but if ever got out...

(shakes his head)

Uh uh. Castle will never let that happen.

SIMON

One battle left, I think I can handle my bidness.

HUMANZ BROTHER just shakes his head.

HUMANZ BROTHER

You're not hearing me - this is not something you can control. They gonna kill his ass, Simon. In the eyes of the world. And then what? You just another poor little rich honky. No Kable, no pussy, no shit.

SIMON can't deal.

SIMON

This is, come on... too heavy... I don't know what the hell you're talking about... I just play games, man. Games.

HUMANZ BROTHER

Mm hm. That's right, it's a game.
(changing gears)
You want to win it, don't you?

SIMON

Yeah, dude, I intend to.

HUMANZ BROTHER

Then you need to cutcho strings, puppet-massa.

HUMANZ BROTHER slowly ZOOMS HIMSELF IN.

HUMANZ BROTHER (cont'd)

Imagine a slayer that don't got to wait to be told what to do. No ping, you dig? A trained killing machine... operating in real time, on pure instinct.

(CONTINUED)

57.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

86 CONTINUED: (3)

86

SIMON can't help but consider it, mind reeling. It's obvious KABLE would royally fucking dominate, but... SIMON shakes it off.

SIMON

That... would be cheating.

HUMANZ BROTHER

A mod, that's all. Like that guidance system you hacked on three weeks ago lets you track motherfuckers around corners and shit.

SIMON

(nervous)
Uhhh...

HUMANZ BROTHER

The game got to mutate, after all. It got to evolve, you feel me?

SIMON

I do. I do feel you.

HUMANZ BROTHER leans back - he has him.

HUMANZ BROTHER

Then let's rock, baby.

[MUSIC: TWISTED SISTER, "I WANNA ROCK" kicks in]

A WINDOW pops up on the screen:

FreeNigga.exe

CUT TO:

87 INT. PRISON - HACKMAN'S CELL - NIGHT

87

["I WANNA ROCK" continues...]

One light... HACKMAN'S FACE, glistening with sweat, is the only thing partially visible in the inky black... the CAMERA slowly ZOOMS into his EYES... twin pools of MADNESS... of **MURDER...**

CUT TO:

88 INT. PRISON, KABLE'S CELL - LATER

88

CLOSE-UP of the FADED PHOTO... gold hair, innocent laughter... KABLE runs his thumb across it tenderly, caressing the lines...

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:
88

WOMAN (O.S.)

(whispering)
Tillman.

KABLE looks up. It's the SAME VOICE as before - the one that gave him the photo.

KABLE

You.

WOMAN (O.S.)

We know you talked to him... your Player.

KABLE

You're not a guard... who are you?

WOMAN (O.S.)

A friend.

KABLE

I don't have any.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Listen to me: Simon's going to give you what you want. What you asked him for.

KABLE

How do you know that?

WOMAN (O.S.)

I know something else: whether or not he's controlling you, you will never reach the save point. Castle won't allow it.

KABLE

We'll see.

WOMAN (O.S.)

No. Listen to me, Tillman - the game is unwinnable - they will not let you live. If you're want to get out and see the people in the picture you'll have to find another way.

KABLE doesn't answer; he absorbs her words, wondering if he can believe them... finally:

KABLE

I need you to get me something.

(CONTINUED)

59.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

88 CONTINUED: (2)

88

WOMAN (O.S.)

What, Kable... what can I get you?

KABLE stares into the DARK, turning it over in his head, then looks up at the WINDOW in the door, a simple black rectangle - and on the other side, his only LIFELINE.

KABLE

Drunk.

FADE TO

BLACK.

89 INT. STAGING ROOM - TIME INDETERMINATE

89

BLACK.

Overhead fluorescents shock and hum to life, revealing a CLAUSTROPHOBIC ROOM - four walls, metal grating underfoot - and A LOCKER. KABLE is in his COMBAT BROWN.

He PRINT ACTIVATES the locker. The WEAPON is there... and something else: a wrinkled BROWN PAPER BAG. What the hell? He takes it out, trying not to glance too obviously at the overhead SURVEILLANCE CAMERA.

CUT TO the POV from the CAM: KABLE is opening the bag...

VOICE (O.C.)

What's he got there?

BACK in the room. Inside the brown bag is a FIFTH OF VODKA. KABLE quickly slips it into his side cargo-pocket.

VOICE (cont'd)

Kable, what the hell is that?!

Behind KABLE a DOOR SLIDES OPEN automatically, revealing a CONCRETE TUNNEL, like the PLAYERS' entrance to a FOOTBALL STADIUM... the WHITE LIGHT is BLINKING ON and OFF... SOLDIERS sprint for the daylight, trying to escape the TORTURE... it's **CHAOS.**

VOICE (cont'd)
Fuck-face - remove the `molotov'
from your pants and discard into
the recycle bin, now!

KABLE grabs the bottle from his pocket, struggling to maintain as the LIGHT slams into his brain, AGONY.

VOICE (cont'd)
PUT IT DOWN!

(CONTINUED)

60.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

89 CONTINUED:
89

ALL SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS POINT AT KABLE. KABLE - no choice - makes the decision, twists the cap, tilts his head back, and **SLAMS THE ENTIRE BOTTLE.**

He wails the BOTTLE at one of the CAMERAS, shattering it - and joins the others rushing into combat.

90 **EXT. SPAWN POINT #4 - MOMENTS LATER**
90

KABLE breaks the DAYLIGHT - but without a smooth LEAP AND ROLL, and no ROCKSTAR POSE - instead, he TRIPS and tumbles ASS OVER END down an embankment, landing in a heap at the bottom.

SIMON (O.S.)
(sarcastic)
I can see turning you loose was a
great idea.

KABLE
(woozy)
What happened.

SIMON (O.S.)

YOU happened, jackass. You wanted control, you got it.

KABLE tests his hands, clenching and unclenching - THE KID WASN'T LYING ... while starting to trip hard on the VODKA, which is kicking in INSTANTLY...

KABLE

No shit...

SIMON (O.S.)

Yeah, that's right. So please don't fuck up...

An EXPLOSION ROCKS THE DIRT just a few feet away, BLINDING, DEAFENING - and KABLE shifts into ANOTHER WORLD...

91 EXT. SLAYERS BATTLEGROUND #4

91

He's MOVING FAST... SOUND is just an idea, disconnected from reality... BODIES AND BULLETS drift by without gravity... his vision doubles and bleeds...

SIMON (O.S.)

What's the matter with you Kable?
Kill something!

BLUES. Lots of them. KABLE starts shooting wildly - HITTING

NOTHING.

(CONTINUED)

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

61.

91 CONTINUED:

91

SIMON (O.S.) (cont'd)
This is unbelievable.

92 EXT. SLAYERS BATTLEGROUND #4

92

KABLE is running erratically at least... hard to HIT... but definitely HEADED SOMEWHERE.

A SHELL SMACKS KABLE'S shoulder, knocking him off his feet;

the armor absorbs it, but he's out of time... he's shooting air...

SIMON (O.S.)

(frustrated)

Fuck it.

We see SIMON'S fingers glide, dial up the SWARMER...

KABLE is still firing randomly as the turret shifts - the SWARMER goes STRAIGHT UP, then locks on BLUE and swerves down on them like HELL FROM THE SKY, turning skulls to swiss cheese.

Too close.

SIMON (O.S.) (cont'd)

(the voice of reason)

Kable. Listen: it's the last game. You're going to be dead and I'm going to look like a total asshole if you don't pull your balls together!

KABLE

Blow me.

He scrambles to his feet and charges for the entrance to the **UNDERGROUND GARAGE.**

SIMON (O.S.)

Dammit!

93 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LEVEL - MOMENTS LATER

93

KABLE slams open a door marked P4 and stumbles into the **CAR GRAVEYARD...**

Reality is ROARING, SPINNING... KABLE slams into the side of a parked car, legs rubber... he looks it over - TIRES FLAT, NO GOOD... he stumbles to the next, then another... another... his head hits a passenger side window, **SPIDERWEBBING IT...**

(CONTINUED)

62.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

93 CONTINUED:
93

FINALLY, the ONE: A FORD F-250 SUPER CHIEF... GUN METAL GREY, **PRISTINE.**

Note: the F-250 is a CONCEPT TRUCK - a future design for FORD'S F-line. In our world this is a 2009 factory model, which makes it old, but not antique. The truck is about as BADASS as you could want, with dark, narrow windows, big ass wheels and a FRONT END that looks like it could PUNCH THROUGH **A BUILDING OR TWO.**

KABLE gets to the FUEL CAP DOOR and pries it open... ENGRAVED under the cap is a prominent WARNING:

Ethanol Only

SIMON (O.S.)

Kable. Dude. What are you doing?

KABLE unscrews the cap and sticks his finger down his throat.

Dry heave. He does it again - this time puts his mouth on the hole and PUKES PURE LIQUID INTO THE TANK.

SIMON (O.S.) (cont'd)

What the hell?

He stops, doubled over, gasping for breath... then the feeling hits him again - and he heaves another fountain down the hole. A BLUE shows up in the opposite stairwell - KABLE brings his WEAPON up to hip level and BLOWS HIM AWAY WITHOUT LOOKING. His head is clearing.

KABLE looks around, unzips his pants and PISSES INTO THE TANK. SIMON is slack-jawed, speechless.

KABLE shakes out his head; we can see in his eyes that he's regaining his senses; focusing in. He busts out the DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW, gets in; tears open the steering column - A BLUE SLAYER shows up in the mirror - fuck! - He CRANKS THE **IGNITION... VRUUUUMM, KACHUNK, KACHUNK...**

BOOOM! A 50mm SHATTERS the back window and punches a hole into the dashboard.

KABLE checks what's left of the mirror.

HACKMAN and

six

other BLUE SLAYERS are coming fast.

SIMON (O.S.) (cont'd)
GO, GO, GO!

KABLE
Yeah? Anything else ya fuckin
cheerleader?

(CONTINUED)

63.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

93 **CONTINUED: (2)**
93

VRUUUUUM, VRUUUM... KABLE hammers on the pedal again,
knocking out the old ghosts - VRROOOOOOMM!!

He SLAMS it into gear and PEELS OUT.

HACKMAN leaps onto the side of the moving truck and points
50mm directly at the side of KABLE'S head. In a split instant
KABLE grabs the nose of the weapon and points it up -

BOOM! A close range shell blows through the roof of the
truck. KABLE slams the brakes, spinning the truck, and
launches HACKMAN into a row of parked cars.

HACKMAN gets in one last shot as KABLE punches it out of the
garage, disintegrating a concrete column.

HACKMAN
Fuuuuck!!!!

He slams his head into the windshield of a parked car, caving
it in.

94 **EXT. SLAYERS BATTLEGROUND #4/F250 (DRIVING) - MOMENTS LATER**
94

KABLE DRIFTS the F-250 onto the street, sideways, tires
shrieking... wiping out two unlucky BLUES... pops it and
TAKES OFF...

He is headed STRAIGHT INTO THE RESTRICTED AREA.

95 **INT/EXT. SLAYERS BATTLEGROUND #4/F250 (DRIVING)**
95

The FLY CAM is right there, taking the hot turn right on the
truck's tail, giving SIMON the POV of a classic 3D DRIVING

GAME. He activates DYNAMIC CAMERA CONTROL with a gesture - now he can manually choose his view... he pushes the CAMERA forward, next to the driver's window...

The CAMERA looks to the side at KABLE, driving like he's on a mission to HELL. SIMON barks in his head.

SIMON (O.S.)

Kable, PLEASE... get back in the game! YOU'RE SCREWING MY ASS,
KABLE!!!

KABLE ignores him; he picks up his WEAPON, points it out the window at the FLY and FIRES... the FLY jukes out of the way, barely... it spins off OUT OF CONTROL and SMASHES through the window of a building. Bye, FLY.

CUT TO:

64.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

96 INT. SIMON'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS
96

SIMON'S screen is filled with a GLITCHED OUT view of NOTHING, under a pile of glass and concrete.

SIMON

Um.

97 EXT. SLAYERS RESTRICTED AREA - CONTINUOUS
97

The SUBMARINE ALARM is sounding across the BATTLEGROUND. KABLE is heading deep into RESTRICTED TERRITORY, slamming through and swerving around obstacles.

98 INT/EXT. RESTRICTED AREA/F250 (DRIVING)
98

WITHOUT WARNING: a SNOWPLOW comes blasting out of nowhere going 80, trying to ram the driver's side... it's a tick late, clipping the back end instead, sending KABLE into a SPIN... KABLE is knocked around in the cab and PUKES all over the passenger seat. He recovers, straightens out and keeps going.

KABLE

(relieved)

Uhhh, that was the one.

99 INT. SIMON'S ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS
99

SIMON is switching from CAMERA to CAMERA, trying to pick up a view of KABLE... finally he comes across a RUMBLING CHASE CAM, coming up on KABLE'S truck from behind...

100 EXT. RESTRICTED AREA/F250 (DRIVING) - SIMULTANEOUS
100

The CAMERA is mounted on a SNOWPLOW, one of a pair gaining on KABLE, slamming through rubble and debris.

101 INT. RESTRICTED AREA/F250 (DRIVING)
101

KABLE spots them in the REAR VIEW MIRROR.

He SLAMS HIS HEAD against the steering wheel to clear it - despite the purge he's still pretty FUCKED UP.

KABLE pops the driver's door and leans out, GETTING A BEAD on the nearest PLOW...

102 INT. SIMON'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS
102

From the SNOWPLOW'S POV we see KABLE leaning out, POINTING THE WEAPON AT US. Then big ass MUZZLE FLASHES: THOOM! THOOM!

(CONTINUED)

65.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

102 CONTINUED:
102

SIMON

Shit, shit, SHIT!

A shell comes RIGHT AT US - the screen GLITCHES, FREEZES - and goes BLACK.

SIMON (cont'd)

I'm dead.

103 **EXT. RESTRICTED AREA/F250 (DRIVING) - CONTINUOUS**
103

In KABLE'S REAR VIEW: The LEAD SNOWPLOW SPINS OUT, hemorrhaging black smoke; then SLAMS into the SECOND, sending it into the side of a building.

104 **INT. F250**
104

KABLE'S TRUCK HICCUPS - FUEL is on EMPTY, but still charging ahead.

105 **INT/EXT. RESTRICTED AREA/F250 (DRIVING)**
105

A LOW CONCRETE WALL surrounds the perimeter, and it's COMING UP FAST; beyond it: more abandoned urban wasteland.

KABLE has got too much speed at this point to do anything but slam the thing SIDEWAYS into a SICK POWER SLIDE - the TRUCK hits the barrier and FLIPS OVER IT, CORKSCREWING four times before GRINDING TO A STOP on it's hood. The AIRBAGS DEPLOY, smashing KABLE into his seat...

106 **EXT. RESTRICTED AREA - SUBWAY ENTRANCE**
106

KABLE scrambles out of the vehicle; he spots a half collapsed SUBWAY ENTRANCE and runs for it...

107 **EXT. RESTRICTED AREA - SKY**
107

Behind him, two SMART MISSILES are streaking high across the grey sky... they change direction and DOUBLE THEIR SPEED - it's fucking HORRIFIC... and CONVERGE on the downed TRUCK in an EYEBLINK.

BOOM.

108 **EXT. RESTRICTED AREA - SUBWAY ENTRANCE**
108

KABLE is LIFTED OFF HIS FEET and blown into the SUBWAY ENTRANCE, which COLLAPSES BEHIND HIM.

BLACK.

FADE TO

66.

109 INT. FRAT HOUSE - DAY
109

The FRAT GUYS are standing there with their beers, frozen, mouths hanging open.

On screen is a THREE DIMENSIONAL TEST PATTERN accompanied by a SEXY FEMALE VOICE:

FEMALE VOICE

Please stand by... Please stand
by... Please stand by...

FRAT GUY

What just happened?

110 EXT. MONTAGE, NEWS REPORT - DAY
110

The REPORT plays on a variety of PUBLIC SCREENS:

FEMALE NEWS HOST

To recap: initial reports are that
Kable, the most recognizable face
of the Slayers phenomenon next to
Ken Castle himself - is officially
listed as fragged...

NEWS CO-HOST

(bitter)
That's bullshit.

FEMALE NEWS HOST

... just one session away from
being the first slayer ever to win
a full pardon and release.

CUT TO:

111 INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - DAY
111

A drab, above ground commuter train; somehow reminiscent of the train to the slayers battleground - except the population here is strictly civilian: young, eccentric, mostly attractive, but their eyes are burned out, dead... lost. Dishwater daylight filters through the windows.

The news broadcast continues, fed over video monitors that

line the ceiling of the train. The passengers' eyes are glued to the screens...

(CONTINUED)

67.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

111 CONTINUED:
111

FEMALE NEWS HOST

In a NETCAST plagued by technical difficulties and dead spots the report could NOT be confirmed - however KABLE - born John Tillman of Albany, New York and convicted of murder just four years ago - has been removed from Slayers rosters and upcoming events listings.

... including, we reveal: ANGIE. She is stunned; her eyes well up with tears. No one notices.

FEMALE NEWS HOST (cont'd)

His player, gaming megastar Simon Silverton - could not be reached for comment.

112 EXT. BROOKLYN/BROWNSTONE - DAY
112

GRAFFITI on concrete, stenciled:

slayers is bad tv - humanz

KABLE is standing across the street from a BEAT DOWN BROWNSTONE, watching the second floor window.

A funky OFF-ROAD MOTOCROSS BIKE buzzes by him and up onto the sidewalk, FARTING SMOKE. KABLE IGNORES the RIDER, who parks, gets off, loses the brain bucket and steps up to his side.

TRACE

She's not home.

KABLE turns - the RIDER is a green-eyed 22 year-old girl w/ black rimmed WEEZER glasses; SMART AND CUTE as hell... this is TRACE.

TRACE (cont'd)
But Castle's personal security will
be, soon enough - trust me, you
don't want to meet them.

(beat)
You know, it's pretty obvious that
you'd come here first.

KABLE
Who are you?

TRACE smiles.

TRACE
You asked me that once before.

(CONTINUED)

68.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

112 **CONTINUED:**
112

KABLE
Your voice...

We might recognize it too - it's the VOICE from the other
side of the CELL DOOR.

TRACE
You should really come with me...

She glances skyward toward the SOUND OF HELICOPTERS.

TRACE (cont'd)
... like, NOW.

KABLE considers his options...

They TAKE OFF on the MOTO, TRACE driving.

113 **EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - DAY**
113

TRACE darts nimbly thru traffic and pedestrians, finally
ZAGGING up onto the sidewalk and down a side alley...

114 **EXT. ALLEY - ADULT STORE ENTRANCE**
114

There's an open doorway to the left - NEON SIGN above:

adult xxx video
3D-ID
novelty toy

She CUTS HARD 90 degrees, straight into it, leaving tread on the concrete - through hanging black rubber strip curtains...

115 INT. ADULT STORE - NARROW STAIRWELL
115

and STRAIGHT DOWN A NARROW STAIRWELL, taking the stairs
MOTOCROSS...

She cuts HARD RIGHT at the bottom...

116 INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR
116

...down a concrete corridor and onto a minimal FREIGHT ELEVATOR - open on the sides... punches the down button, BIKE still idling... KABLE coughs from the fumes...

Halfway down there is a SQUARE OPENING in the wall of the elevator shaft - a TUNNEL TO BLACK.

TRACE

Hang on.

(CONTINUED)

69.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

116 CONTINUED:
116

TRACE REVS up the bike - and as they pass the tunnel, she POPS IT. They're GONE.

117 INT. HUMANZ HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER
117

A DARK, underground VIDEO ARCADE... low ceilings, concrete; OLD SCHOOL - sort of a graveyard of lost games... the classics of the 80s - MISSILE COMMAND, DEFENDER, ROBOTRON, CRANK, etc. The dimensions of the room are impossible to

determine. A dozen or so PEOPLE - just BLACK SILHOUETTES in the CATHODE RAY GLOW - are scattered around, banging buttons, giving it body english, racking up scores.

TRACE leads KABLE through, toward the one BRIGHTLY LIT SPOT: at the center of the arcade, an AIR HOCKEY table is blasted with WHITE LIGHT from above. HUMANZ BROTHER, who we recognize from SIMON'S vid screen, and HUMANZ DUDE - mid 20s, long hair - are playing: CLACKCLACK, CLICK, CLACKCLUNK, **CLACK...**

They are so wrapped up in their game that they don't appear to notice KABLE.

HUMANZ BROTHER smacks a random 3-bank WINNER.

HUMANZ BROTHER

You a fool.

HUMANZ DUDE

Stop playing that freaky shit off the rail.

HUMANZ BROTHER

It's a game of deception.

HUMANZ DUDE

Whatever, that's cuz you got no power...

HUMANZ DUDE measures a shot, rolling the paddle with one finger - then LETS IT RIP - slamming the GAME WINNER in a STRAIGHT LINE past HUMANZ BROTHER'S frozen paddle - SCORE: 7-5.

HUMANZ DUDE (cont'd)

(getting in his face)

Huh? What?

HUMANZ BROTHER

Bullshit.

KABLE

You guys suck.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:
117

They turn, suddenly aware of him. HUMANZ DUDE'S paddle hand goes limp; the puck limps in and scores, meaninglessly.

HUMANZ DUDE

(impressed)
Kable. Holy shit.

HUMANZ BROTHER

His name's Tillman.

HUMANZ DUDE

Whatever.
(to KABLE)
You made it. You're really here.

KABLE looks them over - he's not sure what he expected, but it wasn't this.

KABLE

You're the ones who broke me out?

TRACE

We only freed your mind.

HUMANZ BROTHER

Your ass followed.

HUMANZ DUDE

Hey, Kable...

DUDE seems to be the most affected by KABLE'S presence - BROTHER is calm, in the moment; TRACE is focused, all business... DUDE is pure FANBOY.

HUMANZ DUDE (cont'd)

You're... great.

HUMANZ BROTHER gives HUMANZ DUDE a look and shakes his head.

HUMANZ BROTHER

(to Kable)
You got questions.

KABLE

A few.

He glances over at TRACE.

KABLE (cont'd)

She took my blood. Why?

HUMANZ DUDE

The nanex modifies the actual cell structure of your brain...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

71.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

117 CONTINUED: (2)

117

HUMANZ DUDE (cont'd)

we can crack it, but it's not one size fits all; we needed your DNA to generate custom code.

KABLE

Alright. Why me?

HUMANZ DUDE

Because Castle's scared of you.

HUMANZ BROTHER

It ain't just a game, you know, Tillman. Everyday there's more people steppin forward, wanna be a part of Castle's world. Throwing away everything it means to be human.

TRACE

Right now it's the desperate ones... convicts, addicts... the sick, the poor... the ones that fell through the cracks... they have no choice.

HUMANZ DUDE

But this is only the beginning.

HUMANZ BROTHER

Think about it: the federal prison system is growing out of control, set to bankrupt the whole damn USA... Castle rides in on a white horse, says he got a plan to bail us out and everyone just fall in line.

TRACE

So what's next? The health care system is collapsing - Castle comes to the rescue again...

HUMANZ BROTHER

This time he's pushin total control of genetic disease... birth defects a thing of the past... all we gotta do is exchange our cells for the ones he wanna give us.

TRACE

The promise of a longer life and a fatter wallet - you think people will refuse?

(CONTINUED)

72.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

117 CONTINUED: (3)

117

HUMANZ DUDE

Hell no.

HUMANZ BROTHER

They'll be standing in line to hand their babies over to him. Next thing you know, we all slaves.

TRACE

We can't let that happen.

HUMANZ DUDE

Gotta bring the man down.

TRACE

You can help us, Tillman.
(with urgency)
You have to help us.

KABLE takes this in, and starts to WALK AWAY.

KABLE

I can't help you.

HUMANZ BROTHER

Tillman.

him KABLE ignores him - he's OUT. But HUMANZ BROTHER FREEZES
in his tracks:

HUMANZ BROTHER (cont'd)
We know where she is.

118 INT. FBI INTERROGATION - TIME INDETERMINATE
118

SIMON is in a stark interrogation room, alone, drumming his fingers on the table - thumb-to-pinky, pinky-to-thumb. Trying not to show how scared he is.

The door clicks open and SEVERAL MEN enter. One SITS. We only see them from behind, not their faces; SIMON nods waddup.

The SEATED MAN pushes several PHOTOS across the table to SIMON. SIMON glances at the top photo as casually as he can manage - it shows SIMON in an MTV TRL-type setting, being interviewed in front of a live audience of teenage girls.

When AGENT KEITH speaks, he is calm, conversational.

AGENT KEITH

Guess you remember that day.

SIMON nods, noncommittally.

(CONTINUED)

73.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

118 CONTINUED:
118

AGENT KEITH (cont'd)
You'd just gotten Kable through his tenth consecutive session alive... no one ever thought an I-con could last that long.

Another photo shows SIMON on a JUMBOTRON posing with his fingers in the camera's face, throwing the motion control hand signal for FIRE and KILL... in another, he's being mobbed at an event, signing an amazing pair of breasts with a black marker.

AGENT KEITH (cont'd)

Pretty hot shit, aren't you? King
Player.

SIMON

Good times.

AGENT KEITH

Sure. On the outside. Now look at
these.

A new series of graphic photos show bloody, mangled remains -
the aftermath of a slayers session.

AGENT KEITH (cont'd)

This is what it's like on the
inside.

(beat)

Wonder how long you'd last on the
other side of the screen.

This SITS IN THE ROOM for a BEAT - SIMON considers several
responses, chooses NONE OF THEM.

AGENT KEITH (cont'd)

Simon, you're being held today
suspected of aiding in the escape
of a convicted murderer from a
maximum security penitentiary. The
charge is... beyond serious. Your
hard drives have been seized -
forensics is decrypting the
contents as we speak. Your
internet activity over the last ten
years is being scrutinized and
catalogued in minute, vivid
detail...

SIMON FLINCHES at this one.

(CONTINUED)

74.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

118 CONTINUED: (2)

118

AGENT KEITH (cont'd)

In addition, your father's bank accounts have been frozen pending further investigation - naturally, seeing it was his money that essentially funded Mr. Tillman's escape.

(beat)

I'm going to need you to tell me everything that happened leading up to yesterday afternoon. Everyone you talked to, everything you heard, everything you did. I need you to do that... right now.

SIMON

Yeah, um... I need something too.

AGENT KEITH

(ice cold)

Do you now? And what might that be?

SIMON swallows hard.

SIMON

Could you dudes do a sandwich like: peanut butter, almond butter, walnut butter... pecan butter, pistachio butter... pretty much any kind of, you know, nut butter. And Welch's grape.

Dead silence. SIMON chews a HANGING CHAD off of a FINGERNAIL.

AGENT KEITH

Pistachio. They make that?

SIMON

It's awesome.

FADE TO

BLACK.

119 INT. GORGE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

119

FAT FINGERS squeeze air.

ANGIE, in a white tank top and panties, is pulled to 3-D LIFE-SIZE DIMENSIONS on GORGE'S video wall, standing impassively in space.

A FAT TONGUE wets FAT LIPS.

(CONTINUED)

75.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

119 CONTINUED:

119

GORGE scrolls through options... hair, clothes, makeup... from slutty to sci-fi to quirky to casual, and back to slutty... as he SELECTS OPTIONS they appear on ANGIE, ROTATING HER in three dimensions to model; she's a living, breathing BARBIE DOLL.

ORANGE SHERBET HAIR, then a PLATINUM WHITE Judy JETSON PONYTAIL... black CAT-SUIT, DAISY DUKE, Darryl Hannah's PUNK REPLICANT from Blade Runner... he chooses a LOOK and LOCKS IT IN...

GORGE lifts an OXYGEN MASK to his face and breathes deep... he GOES LIMP in his chair - eyes rolled up in his head, head clocked back to face the ceiling... bathed in sweat... the MASK falls away... and we...

FADE TO

BLACK.

120 EXT. SOCIETY - DAY

120

ANGIE is on the sidewalk, a little unsteady on high heels - wearing the outfit GORGE CHOSE.

OTHER PEOPLE are wandering around everywhere. A DEBUTANTE-type in a pink ensemble has a poofy SHITZU on a leash; the SHITZU is PISSING ON IT'S OWNER'S LEG, but she doesn't seem to notice. A TAXI speeds by with FOUR PEOPLE crushed in the back seat having CRAZY ANIMAL SEX. ANGIE starts walking.

She passes a FAMILIAR FACE, who turns to watch her go, without expression - is that GINA PARKER SMITH?

ANGIE walks around the corner to a BAR and goes in.

121 INT. THORAX BAR - CONTINUOUS

121

The THORAX BAR is small, intimate, but ULTRA-STYLED... the theme is insect. All manner of exotic bug preserved in glass, suspended in ice... one wall is a giant, black-lit ANT FARM... green, glowing FIREFLIES dart through the air... people lounge on plush seating, gobbling up creatively prepared bug delicacies - FRIED PINK GRASSHOPPERS, fat yellow GRUBS with red chili oil...

ANGIE takes a seat at the BAR.

BARTENDER

The usual?

She just WINKS, flirtatious.

The BARTENDER returns a smile and shakes up an AQUA BLUE MARTINI... to finish, he plops in a LIVE, WHITE LARVA...

(CONTINUED)

76.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

121 CONTINUED:

121

it curls and twists in the liquid, soaking the alcohol into it's pulp...

She takes a SIP, letting the LARVA curl around her tongue... swallows it down... as a GUY takes a seat to her left - his hair is shiny, slick black licorice.

RICK RAPE

Hi Nika.

ANGIE

Oh. Hi. Rick Rape, right?

In GORGE'S apartment his lips move, ANGIE'S echoing to match.

ANGIE (cont'd)

I thought you weren't allowed to come here anymore.

RICK RAPE laughs, throwing his head back and slapping his knee - EXAGGERATED.

RICK RAPE

That was just last month. I was a

bad boy.

ANGIE yawns.

ANGIE

Are you still a bad boy?

122 INT. ANGIE'S BUILDING, HALLWAY - DAY
122

ANGIE EXITS the ELEVATOR on the 3rd floor - a modern, minimalist building... RICK RAPE is with her, close behind.

They come to an apartment door; RICK RAPE pushes her, from behind, up against the door - VIOLENT... her right hand SLAPS a PALM IDENTIFICATION SENSOR alongside the door and it **WHISPERS OPEN.**

ANGIE snaps a heel; they stumble in.

123 INT. ANGIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS
123

ANGIE'S place is some kind of overdecorated, SCHITZOPHRENIC blend of GIRLIE/GEEKY/PORN. Shafts of NICOTINE SUNLIGHT filter through patterned curtains.

She crawls along a plush WHITE FUR RUG... RICK RAPE follows... he licks his lips - an automatic gesture - and begins to UNBUTTON HIS PANTS. ANGIE, on her hands and knees, back to him, doesn't even bother to look, until...

(CONTINUED)

77.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

123 CONTINUED:
123

RICK RAPE

Urkk.

She TURNS.

KABLE has RICK RAPE up in the air, holding him like a BARBELL - with one hand CRUSHING HIS THROAT, the other his BALLS. He brings him down over his knee, SNAPPING HIM like a BROKEN BAT - **KKRRUNCH.**

ANGIE'S FACE is passive, neutral... but her EYES are NUCLEAR

with EMOTION.

KABLE tosses RICK RAPE'S broken body into the bedroom... then falls to his knees in front of ANGIE and takes her face in his palms, gently - EYES LOCKED INTO HERS.

GORGE is paralyzed.

GORGE/ANGIE

Please don't kill me.

ANGIE says the words, but they don't match her eyes. KABLE just shakes his head, trying to grasp the situation.

GORGE/ANGIE (cont'd)

I'll do anything.

KABLE

Don't say that.

GORGE holds out his hands; ANGIE'S fingers caress KABLE'S chest and move toward his crotch...

KABLE (cont'd)

Stop.

He pushes her hands away, gently.

KABLE (cont'd)

This isn't you.

ANGIE'S eyes WELL UP with TEARS.

KABLE (cont'd)

(trying to contain his

RAGE)

God damn it... YOU - in there...
controlling her... let her talk,
motherfucker.

GORGE swallows; KABLE is staring straight into his eyeballs.

(CONTINUED)

78.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

123 CONTINUED: (2)
123

GORGE/ANGIE

I can't.

KABLE buries his face in his hands; it's TEARING HIM UP.

GORGE/ANGIE (cont'd)

She has to say what I tell her.

KABLE looks deep into ANGIE'S eyes.

KABLE

(almost whispering)

You can hear me, baby. I know you can.

He WIPES AWAY A TEAR from her cheek with his thumb. After all he's been through he begins to BREAK DOWN.

KABLE (cont'd)

I love you... love you...

GORGE/ANGIE

I love you too.

KABLE

(snapping)

SHUT UP!!!

He's SCREAMING directly at GORGE, who cowers in his chair as if KABLE were in the room with him.

KABLE (cont'd)

Say anything else and I'll find you... I'll rip you TO FUCKING PIECES, do you understand me?

GORGE/ANGIE nods.

KABLE (cont'd)

(to ANGIE)

I'm getting you out of here.

124 INT. ANGIE'S BUILDING, HALLWAY - DAY

124

KABLE pulls ANGIE out the door and down the hall, in tactical mode, WEAPON ready... he heads to the ELEVATOR, punches up a ride. No sign of trouble.

KABLE

(quiet)

I'm going to take you someplace

where they can turn it off... the
program...

(CONTINUED)

79.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

124 CONTINUED:
124

GORGE/ANGIE says NOTHING. The ELEVATOR DOOR whispers open

HACKMAN is standing there with an ASSAULT SHOTGUN.

HACKMAN

(friendly)

Hi, Kable.

BOOM.

KABLE TAKES IT IN THE CHEST; he's BLOWN OFF HIS FEET, through
a wall and into an apartment opposite the ELEVATOR.

HACKMAN grabs ANGIE'S wrist, drags her onto the ELEVATOR and
waits a BEAT, smiling pleasantly. The ELEVATOR DOOR CLOSES.

125 INT. APARTMENT - DAY
125

KABLE is ON HIS BACK in rubble. His chest is a BLACK,
SMOKING HOLE... but as the smoke clears we see that his BODY
ARMOR has ABSORBED THE BLAST. He's groggy, in excruciating
pain, wind knocked out of him - but ALIVE.

TWO GUYS in GAS MASKS and RUBBER SUITS are watching him from
the next room as he attempts to STRUGGLE TO HIS KNEES; KABLE
has obviously interrupted something.

126 INT. ELEVATOR - SIMULTANEOUS
126

HACKMAN and ANGIE are having a pleasant ride down, HACKMAN'S
hands folded in front of him, patiently; the SHOTGUN - still
smoking - shoulder strapped.

HACKMAN

(to ANGIE)

Anybody in there?

The ELEVATOR stops and picks up TWO PASSENGERS: a GIGGLING, NECKING COUPLE. The doors CLOSE.

HACKMAN gives GORGE/ANGIE a wink and flashes a NINE INCH BOWIE KNIFE, carbon steel, nasty. ANGIE'S eyes go wide with TERROR. The COUPLE is oblivious.

GORGE can't hold back, the SICK FUCK; he squirms in his chair, sweating buckets, feeling himself up. And when he speaks, ANGIE echoes:

GORGE/ANGIE

Come on... do it...

HACKMAN raises his eyebrows - he wasn't expecting that one... but he OBLIGES. A flex of his shoulder; the NECKING GIRL'S legs buckle under her and she goes down without a peep.

(CONTINUED)

80.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

126 CONTINUED:
126

The GUY is confused - where'd she go? He looks to ANGIE. HACKMAN headlocks him from behind, and slowly - making eye contact with GORGE/ANGIE the entire time - SNAPS HIS NECK.

ANGIE'S eyes stream tears; GORGE is in ECSTASY.

HACKMAN lets the second body DROP, chuckling, as the ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS...

KABLE is waiting.

127 INT. ANGIE'S BUILDING, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS
127

KABLE grabs HACKMAN with both hands, RIPS HIM OUT OF THE ELEVATOR and SLAMS HIM into a WALL. A BRUTAL HEAD-BUTT to the FACE, smashing bone... ANOTHER. HACKMAN'S FACE erupts with BLOOD.

HACKMAN SWINGS BLIND with the BOWIE KNIFE, once, twice - the blade misses KABLE, backpedaling, by fractions of inches; displacing some SERIOUS AIR... HACKMAN lets it FLY. The BOWIE whistles past KABLE'S FACE and THUNKS into the wall behind him, four inches deep.

HACKMAN smears the BLOOD from his eyes and brings up the

SHOTGUN, but KABLE is quick - instead of trying to move away, HE STEPS IN, pushing the barrel STRAIGHT DOWN as HACKMAN FIRES. The BIG HIT puts a CRATER in the floor and takes out a set of HACKMAN'S toes.

KABLE kicks the SHOTGUN from HACKMAN'S hands and brings up his own WEAPON to close the deal...

... as the GLASS WALLS of the LOBBY EXPLODE.

MORE SLAYERS are MOVING IN.

KABLE releases a barrage of cover fire, grabs ANGIE and breaks for the BACK EXIT.

128 EXT. SOCIETY - DAY
128

KABLE and ANGIE hit WHITE HOT DAYLIGHT. A BLUE SLAYER breaks the corner of the building and KABLE FRAGS HIM.

KABLE grabs ANGIE by the shoulders and yells directly at **GORGE:**

KABLE
YOU! WHERE THE HELL DO WE GO?

CONTINUOUS SHOT: GORGE/ANGIE starts running across the street, leading the way;

(CONTINUED)

81.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

128 CONTINUED:
128

KABLE takes out another BLUE at a distance, following close behind her. They run into a GENERIC, UNMARKED BUILDING...

129 INT. SOCIETY BUILDING - CONTINUOUS
129

... the SHOT CONTINUES, across the LOBBY, through an anonymous grey door...

130 INT. STAIRS/PINK CORRIDOR
130

...and down a FLIGHT OF STAIRS... MUFFLED MUSIC is THUMPING,

getting LOUDER... down a PINK CORRIDOR and into...

131 INT. UNDERGROUND RAVE - CONTINUOUS
131

... a 24 HOUR UNDERGROUND RAVE, in full effect.

This thing is FUCKING HUGE... in the DARK it's impossible to tell just how big... hundreds of writhing SOCIETY DUDES, CHICKS and OTHER... DAY-GLO, moving spotlights, strobes... the BUBBLE GIRLS from CRANK make an appearance... along with the DISCOVERY CHANNEL SKATERS from the PARK, now in GOTHED-UP GEAR...

KABLE gathers it all... he takes ANGIE'S arm and begins to wade through the CHAOS... the BLOOD SPATTERS on his face POP in sharp, inverse DAY-GLO, like HARTIGAN'S SCAR in SIN CITY...

A SKATER GIRL takes a hold of the glowing, smoking barrel of KABLE'S WEAPON and starts to SKATE CIRCLES around him, ring-around-the-rosie... he wrenches it hard, sending her flying into a crowd that goes down like BOWLING PINS.

They continue MOVING... KABLE happens to notice RED LASERS moving through the DARK... probing... RAVE LIGHTS? No...

THOOM. THOOM THOOM.

LIGHTNING FLASHES, EXPLOSIONS... a RAVER nearby disintegrates, BLOOD and GUTS a DAY GLO VOLCANO. DANCERS slip and FALL ON THEIR ASSES in the viscera.

The SLAYERS are moving thru the RAVE, hunting. Everyone but KABLE and ANGIE are so out of it they don't even notice.

KABLE

(to GORGE)

You. Run.

ANGIE runs.

KABLE goes COMMANDO, evading the HUNTERS, ducking under EXPLODING SHIT... he moves to FLANK them...

(CONTINUED)

82.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

131 CONTINUED:
131

the DJ is DECAPITATED by a stray 50 caliber round but the
GROOVE DON'T STOP...

LIGHTNING STRIKES FREEZE the ACTION as KABLE engages the
BLUES, one by one... he takes out THREE of them with CLOSE
RANGE BLASTS and another HAND-TO-HAND-TO-HEADSNAP - then
notices more BLUES moving in... too many...

He catches up to ANGIE and they make for an EXIT, any EXIT...

132 INT. RAVE - LOUNGE AREA
132

They find CURTAINS, run past freaky CHILL LOUNGES and SMOKE
OUT ROOMS... KABLE blows a hole in a locked maintenance door
and they duck out of RAVE WORLD into...

133 INT. RAVE - INDUSTRIAL CONCRETE CORRIDOR
133

...an industrial CONCRETE CORRIDOR... MUFFLED BLASTS,
SCREAMING in the REAR SURROUNDS tell KABLE the BLUES are
close behind... up more stairs, they SLAM through a SERVICE
DOOR and back into...

134 EXT. SOCIETY - DAY, CONTINUOUS
134

... blinding DAYLIGHT.

A SCOOBY DOO-looking VAN pulls up to the CURB in front of
them; the back doors SWING OPEN.

GINA PARKER SMITH

I can get you out.

Not much choice. KABLE and ANGIE climb in. The ELECTRIC VAN
drives quietly away, attracting no attention.

135 INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS
135

KABLE slumps against the wall of the VAN, cradling ANGIE in
his arms - exhausted. ANGIE'S eyes are POST-TRAUMATIC,
searching.

GINA is PUMPED.

GINA PARKER SMITH

I can't believe it's you. This
is...

(gathering herself)
Listen: you can trust me, Kable.

KABLE

(quietly)
If not...

(CONTINUED)

83.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

135 **CONTINUED:**

135

He looks her straight in the eye.

KABLE (cont'd)
You're dead.

GINA pales. He's not lying.

FADE TO

BLACK.

136 **INT. HUMANZ HEADQUARTERS, BACK ROOM - TIME INDETERMINATE**

136

CLOSE-UP: a LANCET is prepared... it PUNCTURES SKIN and
SUCKS.

ANGIE is lying on a	black leather couch, unconscious -
breathing deeply...	TRACE pops the LANCET out of ANGIE'S
fingertip and plops	a RED DROP into a glass tube of liquid.
KABLE kneels beside	ANGIE, stroking her hair.

HUMANZ DUDE, HUMANZ BROTHER and GINA PARKER SMITH are all
there.

KABLE

Now what?

HUMANZ DUDE

(shrugs)
The crack works - you're the
proof... we put the DNA in the
soup, light it up, extract it -
then feed my girl's sequence into
the code and we're good to go.

GINA PARKER SMITH

(thinking out loud)

It's an anti-spyware program.

HUMANZ DUDE

Basically. We can't quarantine the foreign cells per se but we can disable their ability to transmit and receive.

GINA'S not buying this I.T. GUY shit.

GINA PARKER SMITH

Fuck that. I'd make you cut it out of me.

TRACE gives her a glance: dumb bitch.

TRACE

That would be like cutting out part of your brain.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

84.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

136 CONTINUED:

136

TRACE (cont'd)

The nanocells replace the cells they replicate... they become you.

GINA has no answer.

KABLE

How long will she sleep?

TRACE

We're going to have to keep her sedated until we can kill the link... otherwise she's broadcasting everything she sees or hears.

HUMANZ DUDE

Thirty minutes... you give us a robot, we give you back a super hot human.

TRACE rolls her eyes.

HUMANZ BROTHER

Tillman.

KABLE looks.

HUMANZ BROTHER (cont'd)

We need to talk, my man.

KABLE

So talk.

HUMANZ BROTHER

Come on.

CUT TO:

137 INT. HUMANZ HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER
137

Primitive, 8-BIT ARCADE DEMO SCREENS: missiles obliterate a city in MISSILE COMMAND, line-vector TANKS track 3D targets in BATTLEZONE, etc.

HUMANZ BROTHER (V.O.)

Ken Castle made his first billion designing virtual reality simulators for the US military. Six years ago he brought them something new - a breakthrough so profound, he said, that history would be divided up between everything before and everything that came after.

(CONTINUED)

85.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

137 CONTINUED:
137

HUMANZ BROTHER and KABLE walk through the DARK ARCADE, past rows of machines... the lights and patterns of 8-BIT DEMO SEQUENCES and HI SCORE SCREENS flash across their faces.

HUMANZ BROTHER (cont'd)

They tested it on soldiers... the first volunteer was Corporal Travis Scotch - a friend of yours, I believe.

They stop.

KABLE

Yeah. He was.

HUMANZ BROTHER

The second was you.

KABLE fights difficult memories.

KABLE

The idea was to replace your brain,
bit by bit, cell by cell,
gradual... the new tissue would
never break down, never
deteriorate.

(bitter)

A new era in human longevity is
what they told us. We were doing
the world a favor.

HUMANZ BROTHER

(nods)

Nine weeks later Scotch was dead
and you were serving life in
maximum. Castle's project was shut
down... but the shit wasn't a total
loss: the same technology
resurfaced within a year... in a
game. Castle called it society.

KABLE

Thank you for the history lesson.

HUMANZ BROTHER

Dig me, Tillman. Whatever happened
in that project is something Castle
wanna be buried. We need that shit,
baby: what you saw, what you know.

KABLE

I don't know what to tell you.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: (2)
137

HUMANZ BROTHER

You ain't gotta tell me shit,
Tillman.

(beat)

I want you to show me.

138 INT. HUMANZ HEADQUARTERS, BACK ROOM - TIME INDETERMINATE
138

Slow PUSH IN on unconscious ANGIE. We hear TRACE interacting with HUMANZ TECHS off-CAMERA as a heart monitor BEEPS steadily.

TRACE (O.C.)

Alright. We're ready to rock.

A sequence is punched in on a keyboard.

TRACE (O.C.), (cont'd)

Let's transmit in three... two...
one...

CLICK.

With a GASP, ANGIE'S EYES SNAP OPEN.

MATCH CUT TO:

139 INT. GORGE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT, SIMULTANEOUS
139

GORGE'S EYES SNAP OPEN. He SPAZZES OUT like a turtle on it's shell, a moment of panic - he's been PASSED OUT in his chair and doesn't immediately know where he is. He looks around the DARK ROOM nervously; takes a hit of OXYGEN.

On the SCREEN, society is gone - there is only a nebulous **TEST PATTERN.**

Behind him, a SOUND.

GORGE

Hooz there?

He runs his hand along the CHAIR'S TRACKBALL CONTROL, it SPINS around and rolls forward a bit.

CASTLE'S GEEK SQUAD is standing in the room, silhouettes in the dark - scary.

GORGE (cont'd)
(freaked)
What are you doing here? Who are
you?

(CONTINUED)

87.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

139 CONTINUED:

139

GEEK LEADER

Tech support.

FADE TO

BLACK.

140 INT. HUMANZ HEADQUARTERS, TECH ROOM - NIGHT

140

A screen glitches - pixellated, fucked up, highly compressed,
like an internet feed through a busted satellite. We begin
to make out a coherent image:

It is a POV, walking, of an industrial corridor.

Cameras

mounted and doors with square glass windows.

We back away from the screen to reveal -

HUMANZ DUDE, HUMANZ BROTHER and GINA PARKER SMITH are
watching the image on a LO-FI computer monitor. HUMANZ DUDE
runs his fingers along a touchpad, MOVING FREQUENCIES around
on a WAVEFORM MONITOR, trying to dial the picture in better.

We see KABLE through an OBSERVATION WINDOW, slumped over in a
chair... DREAMING? Or just CONCENTRATING?

GINA PARKER SMITH

What are we looking at?

HUMANZ BROTHER

His memories... translated as raw
audiovisual data.

GINA PARKER SMITH

I read something about this. But
that tech is supposed to be a
decade away...

HUMANZ DUDE smirks, shakes his head.

HUMANZ DUDE

Current exponential rate of growth,
I can't imagine a piece of tech
that will take that long to come
around.

He bangs on a key, beating up the interface.

HUMANZ DUDE (cont'd)

They'll have better shit than this
in Best Buy within 18 months.

141 INT. MILITARY FACILITY - TIME INDETERMINATE

141

KABLE - younger, in UNIFORM - walks down a sterile corridor.
He is dead calm, emotionless.

(CONTINUED)

88.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

141 CONTINUED:

141

Tiny SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS track his movements. He
comes to a
DOOR; it whispers open and he STEPS IN.

142 INT. MILITARY FACILITY, DEBRIEFING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

142

A WHITE, MINIMAL ROOM - TABLE, TWO CHAIRS. We may recognize
it from the VIDEO the humanz sent to SIMON. In one chair: a
MAN, 30s, beard and mustache grown out thick; in UNIFORM.
KABLE sits down in the other.

SCOTCH

Tillman. Never thought I'd be so
glad to see your ugly grille.

KABLE

Scotch.

SCOTCH

(mimicking him)

Scotch.

(back in character)

I'll tell you what man: this place
sucks.

CUT

TO:

143 INT. HUMANZ HEADQUARTERS, TECH ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS
143

On the COMPUTER SCREEN: SCOTCH gestures to indicate the WHITE ROOM, the FACILITY...

SCOTCH

(to KABLE, grinning)

They got me hooked up to computers
five hours a day... nurses feeding
me vitamins, giving me shots,
wiping my butt - male nurses, I
might add...

CUT BACK

TO:

144 INT. MILITARY FACILITY, DEBRIEFING ROOM - CONTINUOUS
144

SCOTCH chuckles, conspiratorial.

SCOTCH

What about you? You're dressed like
a semi-human being... they let you
out already?

KABLE'S response doesn't match SCOTCH'S energy - he's bland,
generic.

(CONTINUED)

89.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

144 CONTINUED:
144

KABLE

I'm not getting out.

SCOTCH

(confused)

OK.

(beat)

Tillman... dude. Are you good?

KABLE

I'm fine.

SCOTCH

Uh huh. You don't look good.

KABLE

I'm sorry.

KABLE'S "sorry" seems to refer to something only KABLE knows.

SCOTCH

(hesitant, making light)

Well, it's not like you ever looked
that good...

A BEAT. SCOTCH is suddenly conscious of the SURVEILLANCE.

KABLE'S eyes flicker away from SCOTCH'S. He calmly removes his military issue .45 from it's holster and lets it rest on the table between them. He stares at it intensely, emotion starting to seep through the icy lines of his face.

SCOTCH (cont'd)

(quietly)

Tillman, what did they do to you?

145 INT. HUMANZ HEADQUARTERS, TECH ROOM - CONTINUOUS

145

The IMAGE on the SCREEN begins to BREAK UP. Hard to
make out...

GINA PARKER SMITH

What's happening?

HUMANZ BROTHER holds up a finger: shhh.

Through the OBSERVATION WINDOW we see present-day KABLE jerk and spasm in the chair.

146 INT. MILITARY FACILITY, DEBRIEFING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

146

KABLE starts to shake; the gun rattles on the table top. A bead of sweat creeps down his forehead. It's apparent that he is locked in a paralyzing internal struggle...

(CONTINUED)

90.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

146 CONTINUED:

146

A low hum in the room starts to swell and throb, numbing, disorienting...

SCOTCH

(freaked)

Tillman...

His voice is halting, human - not robotic like before. It seems to take all of KABLE'S strength to answer.

KABLE

I can't stop it... can't...

KABLE'S eyes meet SCOTCH'S; they are red, rimmed with tears.

SCOTCH

Who are you?

CUT TO:

147 INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME TIME

147

We punch in on a wall of TWO WAY GLASS behind SCOTCH, pixellated visual noise resolving to murky detail as we move in - we punch through the glass to reveal a familiar silhouette -

CASTLE brings up his hand, miming a gun.

He smiles.

CUT TO:

148 INT. MILITARY FACILITY, DEBRIEFING ROOM - SAME TIME

148

KABLE BRINGS UP THE GUN, points it at SCOTCH'S forehead...
SCOTCH is too stunned to react.

KABLE

I'm sorry...

KABLE SCREAMS -

CUT TO the SILENT, fixed SURVEILLANCE CAM FOOTAGE that humanz sent to SIMON: KABLE pulls the trigger, SOUNDLESS. SCOTCH falls over. Black blood pools.

149 INT. HUMANZ HEADQUARTERS, TECH ROOM - CONTINUOUS
149

The humanz monitor GOES DEAD.

HUMANZ DUDE

Not the best commercial for K-soft technology.

(CONTINUED)

91.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

149 CONTINUED:
149

GINA PARKER SMITH is practically moist, visions of monster ratings dancing in her head.

GINA PARKER SMITH

You can say that again.

TRACE

(bitter)

He made him do it. Castle made him do it.

HUMANZ BROTHER

A test.

Everyone's eyes had been glued to it - now they look up, through the OBSERVATION WINDOW...

The room is empty. The CHAIR is knocked over on the floor; KABLE is gone.

150 INT. HUMANZ HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER
150

KABLE is slumped against concrete, on his knees... RELIVING THE MURDER has knocked the hell out of him, but he's DEALING WITH IT.

A pair of SKINNY LEGS walk up and kneel next to him: ANGIE.

He touches her face, looks deep into her EYES - they are wet with emotion.

KABLE

It's you.

She just NODS. They embrace... finally, for real.

ANGIE

I missed you... so much...

KABLE

(softly)

Delia.

ANGIE says nothing, just holds him tighter. KABLE pushes her

*

hair back - he searches her eyes, desperate with emotion.

*

KABLE (cont'd)

Baby... what did they do?

*

ANGIE

*

I couldn't stop them.

*

ANGIE shakes her head, won't meet his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

92.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

150 CONTINUED:

150

TRACE (O.C.)

Nobody could.

*

KABLE turns to FACE HER.

*

TRACE (cont'd)

Your daughter was taken into foster care by the state two years ago.

KABLE tries to understand...

*

TRACE (cont'd)

The foster parent paid good money to remain anonymous... to make sure the girl would be untraceable. But there's always a data trail, if you know where to look.

(shrugs)

We do.

KABLE is gathering himself, focusing... a FURY building.

KABLE

Where is she?

TRACE

I'm sorry, Tillman. Guess he needed an insurance policy.

(long BEAT)

She's with Castle.

CUT TO:

151 EXT. NYC STREET - NEAR HUMANZ ALLEY - NIGHT

151

KABLE slams through CROWDS - he's on a mission. The ALLEY leading to the UNDERGROUND HEADQUARTERS is right around the corner.

GINA PARKER SMITH

Tillman!

GINA fights to catch up to him. She gets a hand on his shoulder... he SPINS.

GINA PARKER SMITH (cont'd)

(out of breath)

Wait. I want to come with you.

KABLE'S eyes leave no room for doubt: not a chance.

KABLE

That's all the story you're going to get.

(CONTINUED)

93.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

151 CONTINUED:
151

He BAILS, leaving her there.

JUST THEN: matching BLACK SUVs pull up to the curb just TEN FEET from where she stands.

CASTLE'S GEEK SQUAD piles out... GINA sees them, recognizes them from the interview with CASTLE; she TURNS AWAY just in time to avoid being recognized by a GEEK as he scans the crowd.

But they're not after her... they head straight for the **ALLEY**.

CUT TO:

152 INT. CELL - TIME INDETERMINATE
152

BLACK. A door opens, a switch is thrown... and SIMON is blinded by harsh fluorescent light. He sits up on a cot, wearing a white T-shirt and pajama pants; fucked up hair, groggy. He BELCHES.

AGENT KEITH (O.C.)

Alright, Silverton. Get up and get out.

SIMON

Cool.

AGENT KEITH

(sarcastic)

Yeah, ain't it? Looks like someone up the chain decided you're no longer a threat.

CUT TO:

153 INT. SIMON'S ROOM - TIME INDETERMINATE
153

SIMON slides open the door to his room, peaks inside hesitantly.

It's TRASHED. The FLOOR is littered with busted up electronics and garbage. The wall-sized screens are all running the same thing - a SINGLE WORD, repeated in columns, by the thousands - scrolling fast, a digital waterfall of words, white on black:

CHEATER

It's over.

SIMON sits down in the middle of the detritus, in a state of mild SHOCK - he's LOST EVERYTHING.

(CONTINUED)

94.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

153 CONTINUED:
153

He gestures at the screen and closes out the SCROLLING LOOP... then once again, attempting to activate SLAYERS control; the screen shows the same nebulous TEST PATTERN we last saw on GORGE'S screen.

FEMALE VOICE

No link... no link.

SIMON slumps against the wall, DEFEATED.

FADE TO

BLACK.

154 EXT. CASTLE ESTATE - NIGHT
154

CASTLE'S ESTATE is like a DESERTED CITY.

Balconies, underlit DOMES, lush landscaping, abstract statues, waterfalls... tiny cameras everywhere... and not a soul in sight.

KABLE drops over a wall and onto grass. Wind in
the leaves,

cricket music - otherwise DEAD SILENCE.

He keeps to the trees, making his way toward the central
MANSION.

THEN: the sound of DOGS... they come in a PACK, loping across
the lawn - grey, more like WOLVES...

KABLE readies his gun to take them out - but the DOGS run
RIGHT PAST HIM. They round a corner and DISAPPEAR. Weird.

KABLE looks up, spots a CAMERA... and another, and another...
stands to reason he's been MARKED already.

He walks out INTO THE OPEN.

155 INT. CASTLE'S MANSION - NIGHT
155

The GIANT FRONT DOORS of the MANSION are OPEN.
KABLE walks
right in.

The interior is HUGE... and EMPTY. NO FURNITURE, no art; no
people of course. Could anyone possibly live here?

He explores...

156 INT. CASTLE'S MANSION - EMPTY HALL - NIGHT
156

AND THEN - at the FAR END of a large, empty HALL:

A LITTLE GIRL, 5 - is sitting on the floor by herself,
playing with DOLLS, making them walk and talk.

(CONTINUED)

95.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

156 CONTINUED:
156

KABLE'S eyes go wide. He starts to walk toward her,
slowly
at first...

KABLE

Delia...

... and finally breaking into a run - until:

He SLAMS into what seems to be an INVISIBLE WALL, crumpling to the ground. The GIRL doesn't react. KABLE pounds on the glass...

KABLE (cont'd)

DELIA!

... then looks closer, running his fingers across the SMOOTH SURFACE.

KEN CASTLE (O.S.)

Not bad for video, eh?

The VOICE comes from UNSEEN SPEAKERS; it seems to be everywhere at once, intimate.

KEN CASTLE (O.S.) (cont'd)

The latest and greatest... defy you to tell it from real life. You imagine porn on this thing?

KABLE wants to EXPLODE - but he contains himself. He's playing CASTLE'S GAME, and the RULES are still UNDEFINED.

Then - MUSIC: The SOUND of a SWINGIN' HI-HAT from down a long corridor -

t - t - tssss, t - t - tssss, t - t - tsss...

KABLE walks toward the source; a bass and piano pick up the groove.

157 INT. CASTLE'S MANSION, BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

157

He comes to a BALLROOM - empty, like everything else; shiny hardwood floor for DANCING.

A SPOTLIGHT pops on from above, illuminating KEN CASTLE. He's wearing a T-SHIRT and JEANS. Every instinct tells KABLE to go after him - but he holds back. Who knows if it's even real? And then CASTLE starts to SING...

... or more precisely, LIP SYNC - the VOICE is SINATRA, I've Got You Under My Skin... CASTLE is doing a spot-on KARAOKE:

I've got you under my skin

(CONTINUED)

96.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

157 CONTINUED:

157

I've got you deep in the heart of me
So deep in my heart, that you're really a part of me
I've got you under my skin...

He's snapping his fingers, putting on the moves... THEN -
from behind curtains - a half dozen SLAYERS appear. We
RECOGNIZE THE SCARRED, BATTLE-TOUGH FACES from the prison,
the game, the pursuit... only instead of BLUE, they are
wearing TUXEDOES with BLUE BOW-TIES.

KABLE grips his weapon, but the men are UNARMED; instead,
they fall in on the beat and go into a CHOREOGRAPHED DANCE
behind CASTLE...

I'd sacrifice anything come what might
For the sake of having you near
In spite of a warning voice that comes in the night
And repeats, and repeats in my ear...

KABLE notices SHADOWY FIGURES around the perimeter of the
room... glasses, beards, pony tails - silently, the GEEK
SQUAD has moved in and taken position. They move their hands
in rhythm, synchronized... each one seems to control a
DANCER: they TWIRL A FINGER and the SLAYER SPINS... kick
with TWO FINGERS FOR LEGS and the SLAYER KICKS like a
ROCKETTE.

Suddenly, ON A MUSICAL HIT, everyone - CASTLE, the GEEKS, the
SLAYERS - points dramatically up at the wall, where a VIDEO
SCREEN BEGINS TO PLAY: it is footage of the GEEK SQUAD
busting into humanz headquarters and EFFICIENTLY KILLING
EVERYONE. ANGIE is tasered unconscious and dragged away.

Don't you know, little fool, you never can win?
Use your mentality, wake up to reality...
But each time I do just the thought of you makes me STOP -
before I give in
Cause I've got you, under my skin...

KABLE hits his breaking point. He brings up his WEAPON to
open up on the SLAYERS... CLICK. It's DEAD. The GEEKS have
taken care of that.

KABLE tosses it aside and sprints for CASTLE, but the SLAYERS

break off from the choreography to ENGAGE HIM; turns out they're flesh and blood after all.

CASTLE backs away, whistling the melody, and continues his SOFTSHOE to the music as KABLE wades into brutal hand-to-hand combat... breaking necks, snapping arms, smashing faces... it's a full-on BALLET OF DEATH... finally, THE MUSIC ENDS, right on cue: KABLE is finishing off the last of the men, blood on his hands.

(CONTINUED)

97.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

157 CONTINUED: (2)

157

CASTLE applauds; the GEEKS follow suit.

KEN CASTLE

(genuinely stoked)
You're awesome.

KABLE

Castle.

KEN CASTLE

Kable.

They speak simultaneously:

KABLE

I don't care about you.

KEN CASTLE

You don't care about me.

KEN CASTLE (cont'd)

... you just want your little sugar
pie, I know. So don't do anything
stupido. My house, my rules.

CASTLE walks away, leaving his back open to KABLE seemingly without concern, toward a side door.

KEN CASTLE (cont'd)

Come on, I want to show you
something.

158 INT. CASTLE'S MANSION, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

158

Tracking along the hallway, MEDIUM CLOSE, profile:

CASTLE walks along, confidently, KABLE following. The background is a black, glittering STARSCAPE.

KEN CASTLE

I've got to thank you for leading me to them, by the by - the human-zuzz that is...

Snap out WIDE: the hallway seems to run along the SURFACE OF THE MOON - another 3-D projection, no doubt. CRATERS and LUNAR DEBRIS stretch to the horizon. The GEEK SQUAD walks along behind CASTLE and KABLE at a distance... they are all tiny MOON ANTS in the vast lunar panorama... the PLANET EARTH rising majestically in the dark heavens.

KEN CASTLE (cont'd)

Of course, soon enough they'd be whistling my tune like everybody else... but meantime it was that little cracker program they dreamed up that got my attention...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

98.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

158 CONTINUED:
158

KEN CASTLE (cont'd)

that was a genuine nuisance, no doubt about it... One thing even they didn't know, though: I'm wired too.

SNAP back to CASTLE, MEDIUM CLOSE. His eyes are
FUCKING
CRAZY.

KEN CASTLE (cont'd)

I replaced 98% of my own noodle with nano-tissue years ago...

159 INT. CASTLE'S COURT - CONTINUOUS
159

They leave the hallway and step on to an indoor, NBA regulation BASKETBALL COURT; electronic scoreboard, bleachers, the whole nine. It's dark, moody - only one bank of OVERHEAD FLOODS is turned on.

At the FAR END of the COURT, HACKMAN is in WARM-UPS, shooting baskets. ONE leg - the one with the ABBREVIATED TOES - is in a FLEX BRACE.

The GEEK SQUAD grabs seats in the BLEACHERS.

KEN CASTLE

But mine's different.
(taps his FOREHEAD)
Built to send - to transmit .
Whereas every other K-soft cell out there - including the ones in...
(taps KABLE'S forehead)
your head, Kable - is designed to receive. I think it, you do it.

CASTLE looks across the court at HACKMAN; nods toward him...
HACKMAN drops the ball and begins to POP LOCK.

KEN CASTLE (cont'd)

We're talking every Slayer, everyone in Society City... I believe your better half would fall under that category... provided they're within range of my transmitters...

CASTLE chuckles at HACKMAN; HACKMAN stops dancing, jogs over, picks up the ball and resumes shooting.

KABLE

(sarcastic)
Very nice, Castle. So you've got an army of psychotics and deviants to dance around for you.

(CONTINUED)

99.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

159 CONTINUED:
159

CASTLE narrows his eyes, amusement edging out irritation; he walks over to a bin of GRIP POWDER.

KEN CASTLE

You're thinking small, Kable. But not as small as me.

He sinks his hands into the POWDER, brings them out and CLAPS, making WHITE DUST CLOUDS. KABLE waves the dust AWAY FROM HIS FACE.

KEN CASTLE (cont'd)

See, nano cells are real small, a thousand times smaller than even these dust particulates...

(KABLE coughs)

Inhale it and they go to work: replicating, spreading... like a virus, multiplying in exponentials... six months time I could have 100 million people converted - ditch diggers, porn stars, presidents - and not one would be the wiser.

Behind KABLE, HACKMAN lets the ball roll away and silently TURNS TOWARD US.

KEN CASTLE (cont'd)

A hundred million folks that will buy what I want them to buy, vote how I want them to vote, do pretty much damn well anything I figure they ought to do.

HACKMAN comes running at KABLE from behind, eyes burning, at a full charge... running into FOCUS... holding the BOWIE KNIFE...

KEN CASTLE (cont'd)

For instance.

KABLE hears HACKMAN at the last second, spins and ABSORBS THE TACKLE. The men GO TO THE GROUND, grappling, UFC-style. KABLE has HACKMAN'S KNIFE HAND by the wrist, stopping it - but leaving his face UNPROTECTED...

HACKMAN brings his free ELBOW down on KABLE'S face, connecting and opening a CUT under his eye; then AGAIN - this time KABLE catches the elbow with his own free hand and WRENCHES IT IN SIDEWAYS, dislocating HACKMAN'S shoulder with a sickening POP.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: (2)
159

KABLE works around HACKMAN, gets him in a HEADLOCK and SQUEEZES... still gripping the knife hand, immobilizing it... HACKMAN is choking, BEAT RED... for long, brutal seconds the life drains out of him... finally, HACKMAN'S eyes roll back; he GOES LIMP. KABLE takes the BOWIE KNIFE from HACKMAN'S dead fingers.

He struggles to his feet, dripping sweat and blood.

KABLE

You should've let him fight for himself, Castle - he might've had a shot.

KEN CASTLE

(pleasant)

I think you're missing the point, my man.

KABLE

No, I get it - you're pulling the strings on all of this...

(starts to move toward
CASTLE with BAD INTENT)

... which makes my next move pretty easy to figure.

KABLE comes at CASTLE FAST, bringing the KNIFE around to open his throat like a PEZ DISPENSER...

His arm FREEZES IN MID AIR, the BLADE inches from contact.

KEN CASTLE

Neglected to mention: my smart boys reversed that hack those fellas worked for you - easy breezy, once we had access to their drives...

This is gut-wrenching for KABLE -- after tasting freedom, he feels his will ripped away from him... HE'S BEING PUPPETED BY **THE MAN HE HATES THE MOST.**

KEN CASTLE (cont'd)

You're mine, boy.

With a twitch of CASTLE'S eyes KABLE brings the KNIFE down and SLICES OPEN HIS OWN LEG.

CUT TO:

160 INT. SIMON'S ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS
160

SIMON is sitting on the floor, head hung low, in front of the dead wall... a glitch, a flicker... the screen comes to life:

(CONTINUED)

101.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

160 CONTINUED:
160

It's KABLE'S POV of KEN CASTLE. CASTLE is stripping off
his shirt.

KEN CASTLE

(on SCREEN)

Come on, lets boogie woogie rock
and roll.

SIMON

Ummm.

CUT BACK

TO:

161 INT. CASTLE'S COURT - CONTINUOUS
161

CASTLE throws a funky KARATE KICK and nails KABLE in the jaw... then a haymaker to the GUT, doubling KABLE over.

He lets KABLE swing the KNIFE just short of his face as he backs away.

KEN CASTLE

Biggest, baddest Slayer in the
game... don't seem like much, does
he?

CASTLE is enjoying the hell out of himself. He uppercuts KABLE, snapping his head back... then shakes out his knuckles.

KEN CASTLE (cont'd)

Oww!

KABLE swings his OPEN HAND around - CASTLE choreographs it perfectly: KABLE'S nails rake across CASTLE'S STOMACH, MARKING HIM UP like BRUCE LEE in Enter The Dragon. CASTLE strikes a pose to match.

KEN CASTLE (cont'd)
Lucky shot.
(grins)
OK, not really.

He brings a passable REVERSE CRESCENT KICK that drops KABLE to the floor.

KEN CASTLE (cont'd)
I need an audience, boys.

A DOOR OPENS at the far end of the court; KABLE looks up slowly, afraid of what he knows he'll see:

ANGIE and DELIA are led into the room. ANGIE presses herself
* close to DELIA, holding her shoulders protectively.
*

(CONTINUED)

102.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

161 CONTINUED:
161

* She keeps her distance from the GEEK SQUAD escorts and tries
* to block DELIA from them - there is raw fear and anger in her
* eyes; the GEEK SQUAD are not overtly violent or menacing, but
* ANGIE seems acutely aware that they are lethal. DELIA seems
* oddly neutral and unaffected by the entire situation.
*

CASTLE kicks KABLE across the floor, toward them.

KEN CASTLE (cont'd)
That's right, you crawl on your
belly like a toad...
(he looks to the GEEK
SQUAD, sheepish)
Is this bad? I'm really bad.

He gives KABLE a last kick; KABLE collapses in front of his DAUGHTER... she looks down at him, curiously.

*

He looks up at DELIA, eyes soaked with emotion... then to ANGIE. They share a moment of intense eye contact - we feel that ANGIE wants desperately to go to him but is unsure of what is the best action to take strategically; she is looking to KABLE for a clue.

*

*

*

*

*

KABLE'S eyes go back to DELIA; he tries to reach up and gently touch her face...

*

KEN CASTLE (cont'd)
That's sweet.

CASTLE steps on KABLE'S hand, pinning it to the floor.

KEN CASTLE (cont'd)
Alright boys, you ready? A true test.

He steels his eyes on KABLE and concentrates.

KABLE slowly brings up the KNIFE toward DELIA'S THROAT.

ANGIE moves to pull DELIA away - CASTLE merely glances up at her and she FREEZES, paralyzed. We can see her body strain against invisible control, raw panic in her eyes...

*

*

*

KABLE
(desperate)
No.

KEN CASTLE
Just like last time. Remember?

KABLE is FIGHTING IT with all his will, his whole body shaking...

(CONTINUED)

103.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

161 CONTINUED: (2)
161

KEN CASTLE (cont'd)
You're stronger now... a little
more fight in you... but I think
the end result will be about the
same...

*

KEN CASTLE (cont'd)
Shh.

The GEEKS look on, impassive. The BLADE is inches away... He
looks into ANGIE'S eyes - she and KABLE are like one; he
seems to draw strength from her... finally, KABLE WILL
EVERYTHING HE HAS and STABS THE KNIFE INTO THE FLOORBOARDS.

*

*

*

*

Suddenly:

KABLE's head SNAPS around, his eyes confused... and in one
quick, smooth movement, KABLE YANKS THE KNIFE out of the
floor, RISES TO HIS FEET AND SPINS ON CASTLE. He claps a
hand around CASTLE'S neck and tries to jam the knife up into
his GUT - but CASTLE is able to FREEZE HIM just short...

KEN CASTLE (cont'd)
(freaked)
What the hell was that?

The GEEKS break out tiny devices and start quickly scanning.
Not even KABLE understands this.

PONYTAIL GEEK

There are 2 networks accessing the
same IP address.

GEEK LEADER

Someone on the outside is sending
him commands...

CUT TO:

162 INT. SIMON'S ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS
162

SIMON is on his feet, in full BADASS GAMER MODE.

His body is positioned exactly like KABLE'S - right hand gripping the virtual blade for an underhand thrust; left hand clutching CASTLE'S THROAT... he FORCES HIS RIGHT HAND FORWARD...

CUT BACK TO:

104.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

163 INT. CASTLE'S COURT - CONTINUOUS
163

... KABLE'S KNIFE HAND begins to inch forward. Now CASTLE is the one struggling for control; he claws weakly at KABLE'S hand, trying to loosen it off his neck...

KEN CASTLE

(panicking)

**JAM THE SIGNAL YOU GOD DAMN
RETARDS!**

GEEK

(irritated)

Working on it...

KABLE'S eyes are locked in on CASTLE'S... straining with everything he has... his strength and will overpowering CASTLE, but-

KEN CASTLE

(like he's explaining the
obvious to a child)

I think it.

KABLE, succumbing to CASTLE'S control, begins to move the knife away from CASTLE'S belly.

KEN CASTLE (cont'd)

You... fucking... do it...

CASTLE delivers a CRUNCHING HEADBUTT to his NOSE, KABLE loses his footing, sweat pouring down his face, bloody, drained... CASTLE pushes the KNIFE back towards KABLE. He fights back - every muscle in his arm fighting against another like Yin &

Yang, veins rising in his neck...

Then KABLE senses an opportunity:

KABLE

Look at this knife... imagine me
sticking it into your gut... think
about it... make it real.

CASTLE laughs... BUT HIS EYES FLICKER TO THE KNIFE - of
course he can't help but picture it...

... and in that instant KABLE JAMS IN THE BLADE...

GEEK LEADER

(blank)
Oops.

(CONTINUED)

105.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

163 CONTINUED:
163

... CASTLE focuses, trying to pull it back out, but KABLE
shoves it in deeper - CASTLE'S EYES BULGE. Finally KABLE
TWISTS the KNIFE and lifts CASTLE OFF THE GROUND.

The paralysis breaks from ANGIE - she lunges forward to throw
*
her arms around her daughter.
*

164 INT. SIMON'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS
164

SIMON
(triumphant)
YES!!!

He drops down into the badass, ROCKSTAR pose...

165 INT. CASTLE'S COURT - SIMULTANEOUS
165

... and KABLE does the same.

*

KABLE

Damn it, kid...

CASTLE collapses to his knees in front of KABLE, glass-eyed, draining life... they are FACE to FACE.

KABLE (cont'd)

... is the fuckin pose really necessary?

CASTLE face-plants on the COURT.

SIMON

Sorry.

KABLE'S body relaxes; he tosses the knife across the floor... then turns to face his family.

When DELIA finally speaks there is a trace of CASTLE'S Georgia peach accent.

DELIA

Are you my Daddy Tillman?

He gathers DELIA in his arms and lifts her off her feet, squeezing her close; she SQUEEZES BACK. KABLE grabs ANGIE with his other arm and pulls her in.

The GEEKS look at one another - realize that their employment contract with CASTLE has just been terminated... shrug; pocket their shit, zip up their backpacks and fanny packs, get up and start to file out.

KABLE

Wait.

(CONTINUED)

106.

WHITE KABLE SCRIPT - 9/19/2007

165 CONTINUED:

165

GEEK LEADER stops.

KABLE (cont'd)

Shut it off.

GEEK

Pardon?

KABLE

The nanex. Set us free.

The GEEKS look at one another.

KABLE (cont'd)

It's nothing to you. A mouse-click.

GEEK LEADER shrugs.

GEEK LEADER

True dat.

He nods to PONYTAIL GEEK: do it.

The GEEK LEADER betrays a ghost of a smile.

GEEK LEADER (cont'd)

Well played, Kable.

KABLE doesn't answer; but his eyes say: how was any of this a fucking game?

DELIA

Mommy. Why did Daddy Tillman hurt
Daddy Ken?

FADE TO

BLACK.

166 INT. BATHROOM - TIME INDETERMINATE
166

A VIDEO PLAYER WINDOW POPS UP:

It's TRACE, filming herself.

TRACE

This is for you, you dumb bitch. I
hope you do the right thing with
it.

The IMAGE switches to the CAPTURED FOOTAGE of KABLE in the military facility... leading up to SCOTCH'S murder.

The light from the screen reflects on GINA PARKER SMITH'S face - she's wide-eyed, stunned.

(CONTINUED)

107.

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166 CONTINUED:
166

GINA PARKER SMITH

Oh, baby...

FADE TO

BLACK.

167 INT. KABLE'S CAR - DAY
167

SHOOTING STARS fly past us in the dark... the SAME IMAGE WE STARTED WITH... only instead of an underground train carrying SOLDIERS to battle...

The TUNNEL ENDS; we break from the side of a mountain into **BLUE SKY AND SUNLIGHT**.

KABLE is driving on the open highway... ANGIE is in the passenger seat, asleep, head pressed up against the window glass.

KABLE checks the rear view window; makes eye contact with DELIA, who is suspended in a lightweight car seat in the back seat.

KABLE

You good, sweetheart?

DELIA nods.

KABLE allows himself a smile, puts his eyes back on the road. ANGIE slowly reaches for KABLE'S hand, she rubs her thumb on his tattoo - "I am right here with you" - and falls back asleep.

The CAMERA tilts up, stares out the front window and moves into the giant sun.

SMASH TO

BLACK.

THE END

