FADE IN:

INT. THE LOFT - RECREATION ROOM - DAY

SNOW strips and services a firearm, pieces spread out on a coffee table.

LAKE and RAIN sit on a battered couch, both silent and bruised.

FOREST enters, a bandaged mid rift, each step hurts.

LAKE
Here’s the big hero.

RAIN
Hey, Forest, how are you?

FOREST
Knackered, mate. Is there any tea?

RAIN
You need anything else?

Forest collapses into a comfy chair.

FOREST
Just tea, any news on Winter?

GALE enters with BROOK both on the tail end of an argument, the other’s watch, Rain prepares a cup of tea and brings it to Forest.

BROOK
...telling you, we’re going back, no one gets--

GALE
Left behind? Is that what you were about to say?

BROOK
Meadow said that Carver knew about the op, that means that someone--

GALE
Are you accusing me--
BROOK
I was going to say that someone you
know, has betrayed your trust, and
it’s so hush-hush that it’s
probably your source... Who was
your source exactly?

Gale goes to shout but changes her mind, speaks calmly.

GALE
Brook, I understand how you and
Meadow feel, but we can’t just go
marching back in there and bust him
out.

FOREST
With respect, Boss, you’re wrong.

GALE
What?

RAIN
He’s a friend.

LAKE
They’re right.

Brook regards his team-mates with a proud smile.

Gale stares in disbelief.

GALE
You’re all mad, unbelievable! Do
you know how powerful Carver is?

RAIN
Who cares!

BROOK
We’ll think of something.

Gale huffs with exasperation as she takes in her team’s
determined expressions and stance.

GALE
Let me make a few calls, see what I
can find out.

She leaves, Brook watches her.

RAIN
So... can anybody think of
something?

LAKE
We always do.
FOREST
How’s Meadow, Brook?

Brook doesn’t hear, keeps eyes on Gale till the last moment.

BROOK
Sorry... What did you say?

RAIN
We asked how Meadow was.

BROOK
Fine... she’s fine.

INT. THE LOFT - MEADOW’S ROOM - DAY

Throw rugs and Indian art decorate the place, littered with lots of cushions and a big lacy bed.

MEADOW sits cross legged on the floor of her room, eyes closed as she meditates. Rain and Forest stand over her, Meadow keeps her eyes closed.

MEADOW
...I’m fine, guys, honest.

RAIN
You were pretty beat up, wish I could have done more.

MEADOW
You fixed me up just great, nothing important was damaged.

FOREST
Your eye got frazzed, your arm got smashed and--

RAIN
When’s Gale taking you to Dicer?

MEADOW
As soon as we get paid for the job.

FOREST
What? We haven’t been paid yet?

RAIN
Brook’s collecting payment today.

Meadow gives up on the meditation and stands. One of her eyes is missing, a dark hole with a metallic socket furnished with various serial ports and slots.

Forest seems fascinated by it, Rain gives Meadow a heads-up.
RAIN (CONT’D)
(Pointing to eye)
Um... Honey...

MEADOW
Oh, sorry.

Meadow puts on an eye patch.

MEADOW (CONT’D)
I forgot... Look, you don’t have to
sit me, I kicked ass.

RAIN
We know how close you and Winter
were--

MEADOW
(Snaps)
Winter is fine, I’m fine, We’re all
fine, everyone’s fine!

She moves to a small metal case and opens it, a veil of mist
escapes with a hiss suggesting that the interior is cold.

She retrieves her cybernetic eye from the box.

MEADOW (CONT’D)
I might ask Dicer if he can give me
blue eyes, I’ve always liked blue
eyes.

Rain and Forest look at each other, concerned.

END OF TEASER
ACT 1

INT. NEW YORK - OFFICE (2060) - DAY

SUPER - “2060”

A bull-pen open plan office on a high floor of a skyscraper, a grey and smog blanketed skyline beyond the windows.

Deserted but for HART (40), a gruff looking businessman in a suit, stressed, tie loose, on the phone.

SUPER - “10 Years Ago”

A TV plays in the background, the REPORTER narrates on project New Eden.

NOTE: The same report heard in Episode 0101.

HART
I don’t give a damn if you can’t find him, you pull your finger out of you’re God-damn ass and get me my MONEY BACK!

REPORTER (V.O.)
Project New Eden is just three minutes away from changing the world as we know it. Doctor Carver and his team have worked for 27 years...

HART
You gotta be kidding me? It’s just a billion dollar fire work show!

Cheers and gasps of wonder can be heard from outside, a HELICOPTER flies past the window.

REPORTER (V.O.)
...Equipped with the technology to “seed the atmosphere” with nano-bots; tiny machines able to actually rearrange the molecular structure of the chemicals that pollute our atmosphere...

HART
So that’s it? I have to just sit here waiting for you to find him? (Beat)
Of course I’m angry! These guys don’t mess around!
REPORTER (V.O.)
...Reversed by modern science in
seconds... it seems... yes...
something is happening, ahead of
schedule but it looks like...

HART
Get me my money back you son of a
bitch or we’re both dead!

Hart slams the phone down.

The sky outside the window lights up with an aurora of
cascading brilliance and energy but Hart isn’t watching.

Hart collapses into his chair and puts his head in his hands.

HART (CONT’D)
I’m screwed.

The TV fizzes off, the computers go dead with a CRACKLE, the
lights black out.

Hart looks up, confused. He heads to the window.

A distant ROAR, an intense red light floods the room from
outside, Hart is forced back and falls on his rear. The room
shakes, the windows shatter and shower him with glass.

Panic, screams, the ROAR gets louder and drowns out the
screams until the roar is all that is heard.

SMASH TO:

EXT. SHANTY STREET (2070) - DAY

Brook walks through the crowd, up ahead the people part to
reveal SAMMO and four Yakuza thugs.

Brook takes a look behind, TWO MORE thugs cut off his escape.

Brook strides towards Sammo, arms outstretched, huge smile.

BROOK
Sammo! How are you my friend?

Sammo nods to his men, they back off a little.

BROOK (CONT’D)
Why the protection?

SAMMO
I figure you still might have sword
to grind, gaijin.
BROOK
It’s “Axe” and, no, I’m over that now, I have no swords or axes.

SAMMO
But you have, Snow, yes?

Sammo nervously checks the rooftops.

BROOK
He’s not up there.

SAMMO
Ah, good.

BROOK
He’s right behind you.

Sammo turns quickly.

His four men lie unconscious on the ground, Snow stands over them.

Startled for a beat, he melts into a belly laugh.

Sammo steps over his men.

SAMMO
(Japanese, subtitled)
You’re fired!

He puts a huge arm around Brook’s shoulder, talks and walks.

SAMMO (CONT’D)
This is why I have job for you.

BROOK
Huh... sorry, Sammo, I don’t think that’s a good idea, I’ve got a lot on right now, I’ll pass you to some other guys who might--

Sammo jabs Brook with a chubby finger.

SAMMO
NO! You! I got you into CGI party, so you now owe me.

SNOW
You got paid a more than fair price for those tickets.

SAMMO
Not fair, Lake didn’t have enough money, he owes me money and Lake is your man, so now you owe me money.

Brook rolls his eyes.
BROOK
Lake?

SAMMO
He is very bad card player.

BROOK
Lake, you son of a...

Brook sighs with resignation, Snow waits, calm but waiting for the order...

BROOK (CONT’D)
Okay, what’s the job?

INT. THE LOFT - GALE’S OFFICE - DAY

Soft jazz music plays.

Gale regards the data disk, turns it over in her hand while drinking from a mug of hot chocolate.

She hears the door unlatch and open a crack, she pockets the disk before it opens wide enough to let Brook inside.

GALE
I thought I told you to knock.

BROOK
I’m trying to creep up on you.

GALE
Figures.

BROOK
We need to sort this right now, before we end up with a mutiny on our hands.

Brook sits down.

GALE
“Mutiny?” It’s not a ship, and I don’t own them, they can come and go as they please.

BROOK
Well that would really get them on our side--

GALE
“Our side?” They won’t turn against you, they like you. I’m always made out to be the bad guy when all I’m trying to do is keep us strong, together and alive.
BROOK
I get it, you’re the bad parent,
I’m the good parent. You make the
decisions the rest of us can’t.

GALE
Or won’t.

BROOK
And up until now, you’ve done
great, I mean, you saved my ass,
and not for the first time. But
right now, none of that matters to
them out there.

He points to the door and the team beyond.

BROOK (CONT’D)
To do nothing while Winter is still
out there is not good for loyalty,
Gale.

Gale sighs, her shoulders slump.

GALE
We just don’t have the resources,
Winter is our resource man.
Busting out a corporate prisoner,
that’s something out of our league.

Brook stands and makes his way to the door.

BROOK
We have to try. We are going to
try, we’d just rather do it with
your support.

GALE
I’m sorry... I can’t.

BROOK
Or won’t.

Brook opens the door.

BROOK (CONT’D)
I just hope that disk in your
pocket doesn’t cost you more than
our trust.

Brook leaves, slams the door behind him.

Gale retrieves the disk and locks it in her desk drawer.
INT. THE LOFT - RECREATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Forest, Lake, Rain and Snow all stand ready to hear Brook’s news, ready to go.

    BROOK
    Well, look at all you guys, all
dressed up and nowhere to go.

Meadow rushes in, her eye-patch still on.

    MEADOW
    Well?

Brook rubs the back of his neck, looks down at his feet.

The team join together in disbelief, shake their heads, turn away, Snow silently whispers to himself, Meadow turns angry.

    MEADOW (CONT’D)
    I’m going, Brook, I’m gonna--

    BROOK
    Meadow, we know that.

    RAIN
    (To Meadow)
    We’re with you.

    FOREST
    Too right, mate.

Brook looks at them proudly, takes a deep breath.

    BROOK
    This isn’t gonna be easy.

EXT. FOX DISTRICT - CHECK POINT - NIGHT

Armed guards, Enforcers, keep vigil, automatic gun turrets scan a gated checkpoint portal to the Utopia of the rich and powerful.

    BROOK (V.O.)
    It’s been less than 24 hours,
right?

    LAKE (V.O.)
    Right. About nineteen.

A dirty red CAR pulls up, its electric motor whines.

    BROOK (V.O.)
    So the gate day-passes to The Fox
should still be valid, right?
EXT. FOX DISTRICT - CHECK POINT - MOMENTS LATER

An ENFORCER scans Brook and Rain’s wrists with a hand held device under the scrutiny of more Enforcers and turrets.

MEADOW (V.O.)
Right.

BROOK (V.O.)
So that’s me and Rain in.

Brook and Rain give nervous smiles to the Enforcer.

MEADOW (V.O.)
What about me?

BROOK (V.O.)
Too risky, you might have got ID’d when you trashed Carver’s elevator, good job by the way.

MEADOW (V.O.)
But the passes have mine and Winter’s mug-shots on.

The scanner gives a dull buzz and the screen goes red, the enforcer inspects the screen and passes it to a colleague to double check the reading.

BROOK (V.O.)
Gale is out so, Lake, anything you can do about that?

MEADOW (V.O.)
I can try.

LAKE (V.O.)
I’ll go see Craft, he’s the one who got them, he can get the data bank changed and if he won’t play nice, I know a great little hacker on The Strap for a good price.

FOREST (V.O.)
That will take most of the dosh left over from the artefact job.

A black AERODYNE with mounted cannons and missiles hovers above, its thrusters ROAR as it scans with a search light.

BROOK (V.O.)
Last time I checked, Craft wanted to kill you, slowly. Best take Forest, just in case. How are your injuries, Forest?

LAKE (V.O.)
Hey, I don’t need Forest.
FOREST (V.O.)
Healed enough to handle Craft.

LAKE (V.O.)
I can handle Craft.

INT. CRAFT’S BAR - DAY
Lake lies on the floor nursing a broken nose.
Forest slams a terrified CRAFT into a wall.

EXT. FOX DISTRICT - CHECK POINT - NIGHT
The Enforcer scans again, a beep and the screen goes green.
INSERT - SCANNER
Brook and Rain’s mug-shots.
“Mr. And Mrs. Glenville-Ross, 24 hour gate-pass approved”
BACK TO SCENE

ENFORCER #1
Two in, twenty-four.
The turrets ease up as the gates hiss open slowly.

ENFORCER #1 (CONT’D)
You’re cutting it fine Mister and Mrs. Glenville, this pass expires
in three hours.

BROOK
We’re just dropping off some gifts.

RAIN
It’s my brother’s birthday.

ENFORCER #1
Make sure you don’t over stay the pass duration, otherwise enforcers
will come looking for you for an explanation.

RAIN
We understand, sir, thank you.

EXT. CARVER GLOBAL INDUSTRIES - NIGHT
Black and yellow maintenance robots and maintenance men
repair a jagged and scorched hole at the base of an EXTERNAL
ELEVATOR SHAFT cordoned off by holographic beacons.
MEADOW (V.O.)
So what do I do?

SNOW (V.O.)
And me?

Rain and Brook remove their casual wear, underneath they have on black fatigues.

Brook checks his watch, Rain straps on utility webbing.

BROOK
We’ve got ninety minutes.

Rain and Brook prepare and load silenced pistols.

BROOK (V.O.) (CONT’D)
There’s nothing you can do right now, but Sammo has a job that needs pulling off.

INT. THE LOFT - RECREATION ROOM - DAY

Snow lovingly and precisely cleans his weapon’s components. His eyes almost drill into the metal, focused, obsessed.

SNOW
(whispers)
Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

He slots home the firing pin and spring.

INT. CARVER’S OFFICE - NIGHT

FREYA swishes past two RSS guards on her way out.

FREYA
You two, come with me.

She gives a sly smile as she leaves with the two guards.

CARVER watches her leave and turns to WINTER who sits at Carver’s massive desk, bruised and beaten.

CARVER
Again, old friend, sorry about Freya, she can get a little... excited.

He turns to a drinks cabinet and picks out a decanter.

WINTER
No problem, “old friend”.
CARVER
Don’t be like that, I am giving you the better option from two very nasty and messy alternatives.

WINTER
Very generous of you.

CARVER
“Generous?” Don’t insult me, I’m going to give much more than I should be. Freya just wanted to kill you, counter extract the data, but you’ll see that I am a man of my word.

WINTER
You haven’t changed much, apart from your taste in women, still want to take over the world like some bad stereo type?

CARVER
No, you have me all wrong, Mister Winter, that’s your name now isn’t it? I have far bigger plans and one of them means that you get your money back.

WINTER
You know it’s too late for the money, that’s not what I want anymore.

CARVER
Very true, money has hardly any worth on your side of The Wall anyway, but when you have the means, perhaps you could qualify for citizenship over here and make new friends... friends like me.

Carver smiles, pours two brandies and hands one to Winter.

CARVER (CONT’D)
You have a chance to rebuild bridges, Hart, sorry, “Winter”, I suggest you get to work.

WINTER
What you wanna’ drink to?

CARVER
The future of course.

WINTER
Whose future?
CARVER
Mine, always mine.

Carver drinks, Winter doesn’t.

EXT. SHANTY STREET - NIGHT

A few lost souls loiter between the make shift houses and shacks, a haphazard sprawl of salvaged jury-rigged shelters.

Snow carries a black flight case as he paces confidently along the street scanning the shadows between the shacks.

Up ahead, three PUNKS step out into the street with the glint of a long blade each.

Snow looks into the eyes of their leader.

The LEAD PUNK stares right back, looks to his companions, they snigger.

PUNK
Check this guy out.
(To snow)
You lost, pilgrim?

LEAD PUNK
What’s in the case?

Snow stops and casually looks to the punk on the left, the one on the right, the lead punk in the center, sizes them up, takes in every angle and option, four steps ahead of them.

The lead punk points to the case with his knife.

LEAD PUNK (CONT’D)
I said... what’s in the case?

SNOW
Step aside, allow me to pass.

LEAD PUNK
You can go, just as soon as--

Snow doesn’t give him chance to finish.

He hurls the case into the lead punk’s stomach, disarms him with a twist as he doubles over.

Snow immediately twists and throws the knife into the chest of the punk to the right.

The remaining punk runs forward swinging his blade several times wide and high.

Snow dodges easily, almost casually, he waits for a gap and flattens the punk’s nose with a palm strike.
All three Punks have hit the deck in a matter of seconds.

Snow picks up his case and walks on.

He moves towards a huge pylon that towers over the shanty, two hundred meters tall and topped with an array of dishes and aerials clustered around maintenance gantries.

EXT. PYLON - BASE - NIGHT

Snow approaches a thick wall of concrete, 10 meters tall, topped with razor wire that surrounds the pylon’s base.

Fly-posters paper the wall next to warning signs, a spray-painted image of an angel and the words “Brotherhood of Watchful Angels” underneath.

Snow checks he’s alone, takes a knee, opens the case, takes out a collapsible grapple launcher.

He assembles the device, aims at a gantry higher up the pylon and launches the grapple, a length of micro cable attached.

MID LEVEL GANTRY

The grapple hooks onto a gantry rail.

PYLON BASE

Snow tugs on the collapsible grapple, closes the case, hooks the other end of the grapple to an anchor point on his webbing and flicks a switch on the launcher.

A powerful micro-winch WHINES, kicks in and lifts Snow at speed into the sky and towards the gantry.

EXT. AURORA STREETS - NIGHT

The battered car that dropped off Brook and Meadow sits in an alleyway in one of the more intact areas of town.

A rag tag strip of bars, clubs, cafes, and brothels line the seedy street which teems with street people, hookers and thugs huddled in groups, hustling for business or crime.

INT. BATTERED CAR - NIGHT

Forest and Meadow sit in the front, Lake lounges in the back, a dressing across his nose. He leans forward between them.

Forest stares at Meadow’s eye patch.

MEADOW
(Eyes forward)
It’s rude to stare.
FOREST
Huh... sorry, just was... just... that I... sorry.

MEADOW
It’s Okay.

A beat of awkward silence broken by--

LAKE
What’s it like being a cyborg?

FOREST
Bloody hell, mate!

LAKE
I’m only asking a simple question.

MEADOW
It’s okay, ask if you like, it don’t bother me.

Forest gives Lake an evil stare in the mirror.

FOREST
Lake, shut up, or I’ll do to you what I did to Craft.

LAKE
Whoa there, big guy! Was only curious.

MEADOW
Honestly, it’s alright, guys, I’m okay with it.

Lake settles back into the seat.

Another beat of awkward silence.

FOREST
So what’s it like?

Lake leans forward.

INT. THE LOFT – GALE’S OFFICE – NIGHT

Gale sits at her computer and inserts the data disk, an animated Carver Global Industries logo appears on screen.

She bites her bottom lip, takes a breath and begins to type.

INT. THE LOFT – RECREATION ROOM – DAY

Snow assembles his weapon.
SNOW
(whispers)
Against the rulers of the darkness
of this world, against spiritual
wickedness in high places.

The weapon’s receiver slots into place, nearly done.

END OF ACT 1
ACT 2

INT. CARVER’S OFFICE – NIGHT

Freya enters.

FREYA
The men are in position.

CARVER
Thank you, my dear.

Carver finishes his brandy and turns to Winter.

CARVER (CONT’D)
It’s time for me to leave, don’t want to get caught in any cross fire!

WINTER
Yeah, that would be a terrible shame.

CARVER
Yes, well... don’t forget our little chat, if you really want to track Abraham down. We’ll speak again later... Break a leg!
(To Freya)

Freya.

Freya approaches Winter. She whispers in his ear.

FREYA
We had fun, didn’t we?

She smiles and follows Carver out.

INT. BATTERED CAR – NIGHT

MEADOW
...You sort of get used to it, like a new pair of shoes, eventually they become more comfortable and you forget what the old pair felt like.

LAKE
Every time?

MEADOW
The ones I remember getting, yeah.

FOREST
Still nothin’?
Meadow shakes her head.

Lake continues his questioning, a tone more prying than friendly curiosity.

LAKE
And what about after you have them... you know, put on?

MEADOW
You still miss the... huh... original parts.

LAKE
Miss them?

MEADOW
It’s like when someone loses a limb, or the use of a sense.

FOREST
Yeah, I read about that somewhere, there were blokes on the colony who lost arms and legs in the mines. Yet, while they were waitin’ for a transport home, they said that they could still feel the limb, even gettin’ itches and pins an’ needles in em’.

MEADOW
“Phantom limb”, they call it.

LAKE
That’s incredible.

FOREST
Sure is.

LAKE
You can read?

Meadow laughs, Forest turns in his seat and makes a grab for Lake who squirms away from his huge hands.

Suddenly, all three stop the game as they spot a car arrive.

A sleek SPORTS CAR glides into the street, the people stare as it stops outside a neon drenched building.

A holographic outside sign reads “Mind-Trip Emporium”

EXT. AURORA STREETS - SPORTS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Gull wing doors open with a hiss. A huge Yakuza bodyguard, SHAI LUNG, in shades and suit steps out first, the suspension bounces as his massive bulk leaves the vehicle.
MEADOW (O.S.)
Is that him?

LAKE (O.S.)
No.

JANJIN (25) white suit, shades, steps from the driver’s side. Shai Lung escorts him into the Mind-Trip Emporium.

INT. BATTERED CAR - NIGHT

FOREST
That’s our geezer.

LAKE
How many people do you know could leave a car like that, in this neighborhood?

MEADOW
Shame, he’s cute.

LAKE
He kidnaps young girls off the streets, gets them hooked on his drugs, then sells them on as sex slaves, hardly “cute”.

Meadow looks shocked.

FOREST
He’s right, you don’t see his kind on the dailies, not while it’s happenin’ on The Strap.

Lake steps out of the car, Forest starts the engine while Meadow unzips a sports bag.

EXT. PYLON - UPPER GANTRY - NIGHT

Snow crouches in position with his advanced sniper rifle, an ear piece over one ear, he looks down the scope.

BROOK (V.O.)
Snow, are you there?

SNOW
I read you, something is wrong.

BROOK (V.O.)
Wrong? What’s wrong with something? Is it the glass?

SNOW
No, I’m equipped with thirty six rounds of HPAP.
SNOW’S POV - SCOPE

The CARVER BUILDING way across the city nestled among other towers, the lights of AERODYNES flitting between them.

Windows lit up on several levels, a huge holographic Carver Global Industries sign on one face.

Snow pans his scope.

SNOW (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Standby.

The scope rests on the external elevator shaft of the Carver Building, a black recess of steel floor to roof.

Within the gap, Brook and Rain climb the building with grapples and magnetic pads.

BROOK
(Over radio)
Some kind of haste would be nice right now.

SNOW (O.S.)
Patience is the weapon of the wise.

The scope moves again, this time to the windows on the same level as Rain and Brook.

The scope pans along the side of the building, OFFICES, LABORATORIES, RECREATION AREAS, LOBBIES and CARVER’S OFFICE where Winter paces the room.

Two RSS guards stand watch in the office with him.

BROOK (V.O.)
Speak to me, Snow.

BACK TO SCENE

SNOW
I have eyes on the target, but I can only see two Ravens.

EXT. CARVER GLOBAL INDUSTRIES - HALF WAY UP - CONTINUOUS

RAIN
Only two? That’s good, isn’t it?

BROOK
No.

Brook looks up and down, considers his options.
BROOK (CONT’D)
Okay, we still go, just keep an eye out.

EXT. PYLON - UPPER GANTRY - NIGHT

SNOW’S POV - SCOPE
He draws a bead on one of the Guards.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT
A sign on the elevator door says “Out of Service”, there is a breaking noise, a CRUNCH and a HISS of forced pneumatics.
The wind HOWLS as Brook forces the doors open, he crawls in followed by Rain, a void behind them.
Brook helps Rain, they pull their silenced machine pistols.

SNOW (V.O.)
Carver’s office is five meters East of your position.

INT. CARVER’S OFFICE - NIGHT
The two RSS guards stand watch either side of the door into Carver’s office, carbines cradled in their arms

Someone knocks on the door.
The guards look at each other, confused.
Winter watches from a chair, also confused.
A guard carefully opens the door while the other keeps cover.
Brook stands on the others side, his hands up and unarmed.
The guards snap their weapons into position.

BROOK
I surrender! Don’t shoot.

WINTER
Brook?

GUARD #1
Get down on the floor!

BROOK
Listen, I have a proposition for you which I think is really fair and you should take it.
GUARD #1
Be quiet!

GUARD #2
Keep your hands where we can see them.

BROOK
Okay, okay, I can see where this is going, but before you do something rash, can I--

The second guard advances, turns Brook around and slams him face first into the wall to frisk him.

GUARD #2
Shut up!

GUARD #1
(Into Radio)
This is unit sixteen, have unidentified intruder on our level, please advise.

BROOK
You need to let me take the old guy.

GUARD #2
I said shut up!

The second Guard smashes Brook in the head with his rifle stock, Winter winces.

BROOK
No!

INT. CARVER’S OFFICE – NIGHT

CRACK! CRACK!

The guards drop in quick succession, like puppets with their strings cut, a hole in their helmets and a corresponding perfect hole in the window.

SNOW (V.O.)
They’re down.

Brook looks down on the two bodies and calls out, annoyed.

BROOK
I know, Snow, I was right there! What did you do that for? I was getting through to them!
SNOW (V.O.)
My appraisal of the situation was that you were in danger.

Rain moves into the room and towards the Guards.

Brook stops her with a raised hand.

BROOK
Don’t take their helmets off, it’s probably the only thing holding all the spaghetti and stuff in.
(Into radio)
From now on, don’t fire unless I give the say so, okay?

SNOW (V.O.)
Understood.

BROOK
They got the call in.

RAIN
Hey, Winter.

Winter looks ashamed.

WINTER
You shouldn’t have come.

BROOK
Thanks for the gratitude.

RAIN
Hey, are you okay?

SNOW (V.O.)
Twelve, on their way.

Rain peers through the crack in the door, her eyes widen.

RAIN
Here they come.

Brook closes the door, the team take cover.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

A squad of RSS guards move into position taking cover behind chairs and corners, carbines at the ready.

INT. CARVER’S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A voice from the other side of the door shouts out.
SERGEANT (O.S.)
We have you surrounded, throw down
your weapons and come out with your
hands in the air.

BROOK
"We have you surrounded"?, you
never really hear the classics
anymore.
(into radio)
Snow, you copy?

INT. THE LOFT - RECREATION ROOM - DAY

Snow assembles his SMG.

The last piece of the weapon, the stock, slots home.

SNOW
(whispers)
Wherefore take unto you the whole
armor of God, that ye may be able
to withstand in the evil day.

He studies the weapon, admires it with an appreciative nod.

END OF ACT 2
ACT 3

INT. MIND TRIP EMPORIUM - NIGHT

Loud MUSIC plays, pod shaped cubicles line the perimeter of the room rigged to clusters of wires and cables.

Vivid neon and lurid holographic displays advertise “The most realistic experiences out there”, “Simulated Sex Shows” and other pleasures “Plugged directly into your brain”.

Lights flicker around the edges of some pod doors that shield the observer from the plugged in customers inside.

Meadow enters with Lake.

A BOUNCER scans Lake with a device, a green light. He scans Meadow, the device glows red.

BOUNCER

No Cybers.

MEADOW

I’m not here to have a go, it’s my boyfriends birthday treat.

Lake puts on a cheesy smile.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Janjin takes his jacket off and enters a pod.

MOTT (37) slimy, fat, applies electrode type sticky pads to Janjin’s head, closes the door and punches some buttons.

MOTT

Take as long as you like Mister Janjin.

He scurries away, Shai Lung guards the pod.

MEADOW AND LAKE

LAKE

Yeah, might have guessed Mott would be Janjin’s man.

MEADOW

You know that guy?

LAKE

Yeah, well... no, he’s a dealer in illicit software, Gale knew him for a while but then he started dealing in illegal simulations, went inside for it before TC.
MEADOW
Simulations?

LAKE
Brain-spikes, Mind-trips, Dream-running, whatever, it used to be well controlled. Then some kids got killed at a hospital shooting in 36’. Some people spent more time in than out and didn’t go to work or even starved to death.

MEADOW
Better than their real lives I suppose.

LAKE
It got banned, but that just forced it underground with people like Mott providing for the more... specialist tastes in simulations.

Meadow scans the pods, excited.

MEADOW
Wow, like what?

LAKE
Um...

Lake whispers something in her ear and her expression turns into horror, disgust, sadness followed by repulsion.

LAKE (CONT’D)
Probably why someone like Janjin comes to Mott for his trips.

MEADOW
Oh my god, that’s sick.

She reaches into her pocket.

LAKE
Hey! Be careful with that, Sammo had that built specially, a one-off.

MEADOW
Why can’t we just put a bullet in him, or blow him up? Bombs are always fun.

LAKE
It’s gotta look like an accident, this will cause an electrical overload.
MEADOW

Lets fry this perverted bastard.

Meadow moves to Janjin’s booth while Lake heads to a control desk behind bars where Mott monitors a computer.

A HOLOGRAPHIC advertisement of a beautiful woman called SINELE (22) sexy, catches Meadow’s eye.

Sinele poses in a variety of outfits, leather S and M, ninja, cowgirl, cheerleader and so on.

A husky female voice-over comments.

VOICE OVER (V.O.)
Sinele will rock your worlds, she can be anything you want and only fifteen Euro-Dollars per minute.

Meadow seems transfixed by her.

LAKE

Lake browses the advertisements on the wall.

MOTT
No grazers.

LAKE
Sorry, what?

MOTT
No grazers... pick a program or get out.

LAKE
Oh... yeah, sorry.

Lake watches Janjin’s pod, the pod next to it opens to reveal a PUNK inside with electrodes on his head and a huge smile.

One of Mott’s ASSISTANTS moves over, removes the pads and uses a disinfectant spray on the seat.

The punk staggers out of the pod and walks past Rain.

PUNK
That was stoking!

Lake’s attention turns to Meadow.

MEADOW

Seemingly hypnotized by Sinele’s advert, Meadow reaches INTO the hologram, her hand passes through the projected light.

LAKE (O.S.)
Damn it...
LAKE
Lake turns to Mott.

LAKE (CONT’D)
Hey, I’d like that pod.

Lake points to the vacant pod next to Janjin’s.

MOTT
They’re all the same, Mister.

LAKE
That one’s my favorite, oh, happy memories, so many good times.

MOTT
Sure, it’s your money.

Mott shouts to the Assistant.

MOTT (CONT’D)
Pod four! This guy!

LAKE
Thanks.

MOTT
And...

LAKE
What? Oh, sorry.

Lake reaches into his pocket and brings out some cash.

MOTT
No, what program?

Lake realizes, points to the Punk.

LAKE
Oh, um… I’ll just have what the guy before me had.

MOTT
Really?

LAKE
Yeah, that one will be fine.

MOTT
It’s your currency.

MEADOW
Meadow reaches out to Sinele’s holographic image, her hand draws close to her semi-transparent hair and lips.
VOICE OVER (V.O.)
You’ll never want to say goodbye to your perfect woman.

The ad suddenly changes with a burst of STATIC and Sinele fades to be replaced by a loud oiled up WRESTLER with long hair and tiny shorts.

HOLO-WRESTLER
Grrrr! You think you can take me in the ring, maggot!?

Startled out of her trance, Meadow blinks, looks about and to the empty pod next to Janjin’s cubicle.

She comes to her senses, quickly reaches into her pocket and recovers an orb shaped DEVICE.

POD FOUR
Meadow hides the device in the pod down the side of the seat.

Lake walks to the pod with the assistant who rattles off rehearsed instructions for the millionth time this week.

ASSISTANT
...No sharp objects, no weapons, no computer hardware, no cybernetic implants other than neural jacks, no electronic devices, no touching yourself or other customers, one person in a pod at a time, no refunds.

The assistant pats Lake down.

ASSISTANT (CONT’D)
Are you carrying any of the items I mentioned?

LAKE
Nope.

Lake enters the pod as the assistant sticks the pads to Lake’s head, punches some buttons and shuts the door.

INT. MIND TRIP EMPORIUM - LAKE’S POD - CONTINUOUS

Lake recovers the pod and manipulates a dial reading off memorized instructions.

LAKE
(to self)
Set to twelve, activate power, disengage shielding.

His eyes roll back, he collapses back into the chair.
INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

The RSS guards take cover, all weapons on the office door.

**SERGEANT**
Still no response from sixteen, switch to Night Vision, control, Kill the lights on my mark.

He signals to his men, they activate a switch on the side of their helmets and their visors turn a dark shade of green.

EXT. PYLON - UPPER GANTRY - CONTINUOUS

**SNOW'S POV - SCOPE**

The 177th floor of the CGI building is pitched into darkness.

**BROOK (V.O.)**
Right on schedule, just like I remember.

**SNOW (O.S.)**
Switching to thermal.

BACK TO SCENE

Snow adjusts his scope.

INT. CARVER’S OFFICE - NIGHT

Brook and Rain loosen some gear from their webbing, Brook hands Winter a pistol, they duck behind Carver’s heavy desk.

**BROOK**
Everyone okay?

Rain nods nervously.

**WINTER**
Can’t see crap!

**BROOK**
Not for long.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

The SERGEANT calls out in the darkness, the feint outlines of the RSS guards barely visible.

**SERGEANT**
GO GO GO!

Four RSS guards stand either side of the door as one kicks it open and the other guards duck into the room.
INT. CARVER’S OFFICE – CONTINUOUS

CRACK! CRACK! Perfect holes punch the windows from Snow’s SHOTS, the guards dive for cover, two drop.

SERGEANT
Sniper! Pull back!

The guards that made it scan with their weapons while they crouch and take cover behind pillars away from the window.

SERGEANT (V.O.) (CONT’D)
Raven Control this is unit sixty seven, CGI building, request air support, we are under sniper fire, possibly from grid twelve West, need a locate and terminate.

RAVEN CONTROL (V.O.)
Confirmed, ETA twenty seconds.

RSS GUARD’S POV – NIGHT VISION

A green enhanced image, the top of Brook’s head just visible as he squats behind Carver’s desk with Rain and Winter.

GUARD (O.S.)
Behind the desk! Open fire!
Brook and Winter pop up with powerful flashlights in hand.
Sudden night-vision overload and WHITE OUT.

BACK TO SCENE

Both sides LET RIP, the darkness interrupted by staggered muzzle flashes and the torch beams.

The blinded guards ‘spray and pray’ as Winter, Rain and Brook blind guards with their torch lights and take precise SHOTS.

The desk is torn up in a shower of splinters as more guards make their way into the room, the walls, computers, furniture at either end destroyed in the exchange of GUNFIRE.

INT. LOBBY – CONTINUOUS

SERGEANT
Switch back to normal optics!

Brook rolls into the room, two Guards silently drop from Snow’s unseen SNIPER shots, Brook tags a third.

Brook dives behind a pillar as Winter provides covering fire from the office doorway.
SNOW (V.O.)
Two down.

Winter looks to Rain back in the...

INT. CARVER’S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Rain stands in the middle of the room over an RSS guard’s body, her pistol held close to her chest, tears streaming. She WHISPERS something unheard under her breath.

RAIN

All goes quiet, the sound drowns away into an ethereal echo and the background seems to rush away from her until only Rain and the DEAD GUARD remain.

She looks down at him, transfixed by his dead face.

The guard’s face is visible through his shattered visor, his eyes frozen open, cold and lifeless.

A MAN’S voice, a whispers in the silence.

VOICE
(Whispers)
Four minutes should do it, number seven, ah, damn, forgot to cut the bag, is this plate microwaveable? Better hurry, shift starts in ten.

Winter’s voice slowly rises through the quiescence.

Rain looks at Winter in the doorway, he calls out to her to follow, urgent, his voice garbled but then clearer.

CARVER’S OFFICE

WINTER
Rain! Come on!

Rain snaps out of her trance, color returns to the world.

EXT. RAINBOW VALLEY - DAY

An animated Disney-esque painted landscape filled with happy birds, chirpy forest critters, trees with beaming faces and brilliant rainbows in a blue sky over lush green meadows.

Lake stands in the middle of it looking around in wonder, spaced out.

LAKE
Whoa!

A BUNNY RABBIT in dungarees and a cowboy hat hops over.
BUNNY
Hey, friend, how are you today?

Lake smiles stupidly and reaches out to touch the Bunny.

LAKE
I’m fine, feel really good.

He laughs like an idiot.

BUNNY
Will you help me sing a song about sunshine?

LAKE
Sure, little guy.

A gathered crowd of CRITTERS in clothes all CHEER!

Cheerful MUSIC starts, they all get into position around Lake and the Bunny holds a note...

BUNNY
Oooooooh--

FIZZZZZT, a flash of static and the world fizzles away to be replaced by Meadow’s face...

INT. MIND TRIP EMPORIUM - LAKE’S POD - NIGHT

Meadow has opened the door and has the orb in one hand as she pulls the sticky pads from Lake’s head.

MEADOW
You were told to take the pads off!

LAKE
Ah damn, forgot.

Meadow hits a switch on the orb and drops it on the floor.

INT. MIND TRIP EMPORIUM - CONTINUOUS

A buzzing sound comes from Lake’s pod as Meadow and Lake fast walk to the exit.

Mott sees them leaving.

MOTT
Hey, you’ve still got three more songs left!

Shai Lung sniffs the air, moves slowly to the source of the smell following his nose to...
THE NEXT POD ALONG

The orb sparks and crackles, the buzz turns to a low THROB and gets louder until...

SHAI LUNG

FOOOOM! A sphere of blue energy expands from the device, engulfs the pods either side and sends Shai Lung flying.

INT. TURKISH BATHS - DAY

Janjin lies face down on a table in a steam filled room with just a towel covering his rear, his Yakuza tattoos on display.

Three young men in skimpy loin cloths enter.

Janjin smiles, it melts away as he sniffs the air.

JANJIN
(in Japanese, subtitled)
Can you smell burning?

INT. MIND TRIP EMPORIUM - JANJIN’S POD - CONTINUOUS

Janjin’s eyes snap open, he screams, struggles, convulses and twitches, his hair, clothes and the pod on FIRE.

INT. MIND TRIP EMPORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, a current of blue energy jumps from the holographic advertisement, arcs through the air and strikes Meadow.

She screams in pain and her back arches, the energy hurls her backwards and to the floor.

LAKE
Meadow!

INT. THE LOFT - RECREATION ROOM - DAY

SNOW
(whispers)
For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers.

The bolt-carrier clicks into place, he turns the weapon over.

END OF ACT 3
ACT 4

INT. MIND TRIP EMPORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Meadow lies on the floor amidst the chaos of fleeing customers with burns on her face and neck.

MEADOW’S POV - SINELE’S ADVERTISEMENT

Meadow’s vision is blurry but Sinele, dressed in a sexy red dress, stands over her, the image crackles with static.

SINELE
(Sensual)
I’ll be your best friend.

A burst of STATIC and Sinele vanishes.

BACK TO SCENE

The last of the blue energy dissipates, everything electrical powers down, the lights, neon, music, advertisements, all shut off with a fizzle.

Meadow passes out.

The fire lights the room, everyone runs for their lives.

Shai Lung pulls the screaming Janjin from the pod and tries to smother the flames.

Lake scoops Meadow up, looks back through the crowd at Janjin and the bodyguard.

SHAI LUNG

Janjin is a mess of burned flesh and clothing, impossible to tell whether he’s dead or alive.

Mott arrives with an extinguisher, turns it on and tries to put out Janjin.

LAKE

Lake turns and runs with the herd to the exit with Meadow in his arms.

EXIT

A jam of people try to escape the fire.

Forest suddenly appears in the doorway, tries to get in past the people who are trying to escape, spots Lake and Meadow.

FOREST
Bloody hell! What happened to Meadow?
LAKE
You’re meant to be our getaway!
Get to the frickin’ car!

Forest runs out with the others, Meadow still in Lake’s arms.
Shai Lung howls in rage as he spots Lake in the crowd.

EXT. PYLON - UPPER GANTRY - CONTINUOUS
Snow places more SHOTS from behind his sniper rifle, suddenly
he is bathed in bright white light.

Snow looks up into the tunnel of whiteness, the world falls
silent for a heavenly moment, he closes his eyes, peaceful.

The sound returns, an armed AERODYNE hovers above him with
its search light engulfing Snow, the sound of its engines
rises in volume as it descends on powerful THRUSTERS.

Snow blinks, snatches up the rifle, leaves everything else
and sprints along the gantry.

SNOW
(Into radio)
I’ve been compromised.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT
Brook looks worried.

BROOK
Made? How--

SNOW (V.O.)
(Sound of gunfire)
They have air support!

BROOK
That’s new, get out of there.

The RSS guards on the other side of the room, crouched behind
desks, open fire and pin Brook.

BROOK (CONT’D)
Snow’s out, go to plan B!

WINTER
You have a plan B? I’m impressed!

EXT. PYLON - UPPER GANTRY - CONTINUOUS
The aerodyne’s thrusters fire and it levels off, a mounted
cannon tracks Snow as he runs full tilt along the gantry.
The aerodyne’s cannon lets rip, a flashing line of gun FIRE strafes the catwalk behind Snow who sprints for all he’s worth, one small step ahead of perforated and shredded steel.

He snaps a cable hook onto a pipe as he vaults over the railing and into the void, the gantry collapses behind him as he free falls.

The servo motor on Snow’s webbing WHINES with effort.

On his way down, Snow reaches into his pocket, retrieves a remote detonator and pulls the trigger.

GANTRY

One of Snow’s remote mines beeps and EXPLODES.

SNOW

The FIREBALL engulfs the upper pylon and the Aerodyne.

The Aerodyne falls out of control, shards of metal and fire get sucked into the engine intake, the thruster EXPLODES.

EXT. PYLON - BASE - CONTINUOUS

The servo brakes the drop at the last second with a SQUEAL of gears, Snow lightly touches down and looks up.

EXT. PYLON - CONTINUOUS

The Aerodyne plummets, followed by the entire upper structure which breaks and falls, a rain of twisted burning metal, satellite dishes, antennae and gantries.

EXT. PYLON - BASE - CONTINUOUS

Snow tries to unhook the wire, it won’t budge, he pulls a knife, cuts his webbing and dives clear just as...

The Aerodyne CRASHES into the ground, followed by the mess that was the upper pylon.

Snow shields his eyes from the fireball, it rains debris around him as he leaps to his feet and runs into the night.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

RSS guards take cover on one side of the room, Brook, Winter and Rain take cover on the other behind bullet riddled overturned desks, filing cabinets and pillars.

SERGEANT

Need back up! Where’s my back up!?
The area is trashed by the exchange, glass breaks, pillars shatter, computers, screens and furniture torn up.

Both sides FIRE and reload, FIRE and reload.

Winter blind fires around a corner.

WINTER
If we get out of this, remind me...
to spend more time with Snow down at the range.

Brook shouts to Rain, slams home his last clip.

BROOK
I'm out!

RAIN
Last one!

WINTER
This is rapidly going south.

RAVEN SECURITY SERGEANT

On the others side of the room behind his covering guards, he shouts into his helmet radio.

SERGEANT
Please confirm! I say again, confirm order to withdraw.

INT. CARVER’S PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Carver and Freya sit on a couch and play chess, BACH plays in the background, at least a dozen RSS guards surround them.

Freya wears an ear piece.

FREYA
(to Carver)
Are you sure?

CARVER
Yes, that should be convincing enough.

FREYA
(To radio)
Pull out your men, sergeant.

SERGEANT (V.O.)
Pull out, understood!

Freya turns back to the chess game.
INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS
The sergeant calls to his men.

SERGEANT
Pull back!  Pull back!

RAIN

RAIN
They’re retreating!

Brook peeks out, the Guards cover each other and retreat.

BROOK
Why?

Brook nods to a clear run to the broken elevator where three coils of rope wait.

EXT. CARVER GLOBAL INDUSTRIES - NIGHT
Rain, Brook and Winter rap-jump to the bottom of the external elevator shaft on the ropes. They touch down, detach and sprint from the main entrance.

They run past the maintenance crew, tied and gagged.

EXT. AURORA STREETS - CONTINUOUS
A flood of people flee from the Mind Trip Emporium, some keep running, others collapse to the floor to catch their breath.

Forest and Lake, Meadow in his arms, run to the car. Forest opens the back door, Lake puts Meadow inside and jumps in.

LAKE
GO!

Shai Lung exits the Emporium pushing through the people.

He takes aim with a machine pistol, squeezes off shots that break the windshield. A shot grazes Lake’s arm, he screams.

FOREST
Bollocks!  He’s made us!

Shai Lung runs dry and reaches for another clip.

INT. BATTERED CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS
Forest jumps in, starts the engine and slams on the gas.

Forest and Lake duck down, Lake covers Meadow with his body leaving blood on the seats.
The car speeds towards Shai Lung, he empties his weapon into the front of the car.

FOREST
He got you!

LAKE
I’m okay.

Forest aims the car at Shai Lung, a glare of hatred.

EXT. AURORA STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Forest’s car SLAMS into Shai Lung and sends him flying over the top, he lands in a crumpled heap in the road behind.

INT. BATTERED CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Lake checks the rear window, Shai Lung lies still.

LAKE
Whoa, that was nasty.

FOREST
What happened to Meadow?

LAKE
I don’t know, some kind of electric shock, she’s alive.

INT. SAMMO’S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sammo sits on a couch, nearly fills it, several bodyguards sit around playing mahjong as others stand watch.

Sammo watches WHEEL OF FORTUNE on a holographic television, the image nearly fills the area as if the show actually takes place in the room.

Sammo shouts into the face of the holographic CONTESTANT.

SAMMO
(Japanese, subtitled)
It’s “Married With Children” you stupid man of questionable parentage!

A YAKUZA enters and approaches Sammo.

YAKUZA
(Japanese, subtitled)
Sorry to interrupt, Big Brother but the job has been completed.

Sammo nods, satisfied.
SAMMO
(Japanese, subtitled)
An accident?

YAKUZA
(Japanese, subtitled)
The Gaijin used the device, there was a big fire, Shai-Lung was hit by a car however.

SAMMO
(Japanese, subtitled)
I suppose that’s good enough. What of Janjin’s followers?

YAKUZA
(Japanese, subtitled)
Too early to know yet, but early signs are good.

SAMMO
(Japanese, subtitled)
Give them two days to join with me, or to leave The City.

YAKUZA
(Japanese, subtitled)
Yes, Big Brother.

The Yakuza leaves the room, Sammo hangs his head.

SAMMO
(Japanese, subtitled)
Forgive me my Brother, may the ghosts of our ancestors no longer haunt you, may you now find peace.

He looks down at his feet.

CONTESTANT
Is it, “I Love Lucy”?

Sammo explodes from sadness into anger.

SAMMO
(Japanese, subtitled)
“MARRIED WITH CHILDREN”! Idiotic person!

INT. THE LOFT - BROOK’S ROOM - NIGHT

Brook checks a bruise on his shoulder in the mirror, winces. He moves to a coffee maker and pours a cup. Someone gently knocks on the door.
BROOK
Yeah!

Meadow enters gingerly. Brook smiles and moves to help her.

BROOK (CONT’D)
Hey, how are you feeling? You want a cup?

Meadow shakes her head.

MEADOW
Think the shock frazzled a few bits and pieces.

BROOK
You seeing Dicer?

She nods, gingerly sits on Brook’s bed, lies down.

BROOK (CONT’D)
(Teasing)
Huh... coffee is all I’m offering, you’re great and everything but--

MEADOW
It’s about the data.

Brook turns serious.

BROOK
We have to decide what to do with it, Carver will want it back for sure, whatever it is.

MEADOW
When I cut it onto the disk, I saw parts of a simulation, just snippets really, nothing I understood, a whole lot of tech.

BROOK
Really? Can you think what it could be? Any numbers or codes that might have been important.

MEADOW
There’s nothing like that Brook, but I think... I think Carver is planning something really bad.

BROOK
Any ideas what?

Meadow nearly chokes on her next words.
MEADOW
I... I think Winter knows what it is... and it’s very dangerous.

BROOK
If Gale aint’ gonna spill it, maybe Winter will.

Brook takes a sip of his coffee.

INT. THE LOFT - GALE’S OFFICE - NIGHT

Only the soft glow of the computer provides light.

The door gently opens, a sliver of light let in from the space outside.

Winter creeps in, gently closes the door and stalks to the computer. He begins to search the desk.

BROOK (O.S.)
Looking for something?

Brook flicks on a lamp revealing himself in a shadowy corner, the data disk held between two fingers.

Winter jumps in fright.

WINTER
(Startled)
Jesus, kid, you nearly gave me a heart attack!

BROOK
Yeah sorry, I always wanted to do that.

WINTER
What are you doing?

BROOK
I used to work for Raven remember? They only withdraw when outgunned, and they weren’t outgunned. Carver tried to make a deal with you didn’t he?

WINTER
Of course he did.

BROOK
But he had to make it look convincing, he knew we’d try to rescue you, and when you were back here, you could get this back for him.
WINTER
I had to put in a lot of work to stop him taking Freya’s advice and just taking the disk back.

BROOK
Well, it is his property.

WINTER
So why did you come for me?

BROOK
You’re still a friend, not just to me either.

WINTER
Meadow, I feel really bad for her if anyone.

BROOK
Gale is gonna’ be pretty pissed too, at both of us.

WINTER
I aint’ the one breaking into her office... again.

BROOK
Well.

WINTER
Brook, she used us to get the damned thing, I’m not worried about her.

Brook regards the disk.

BROOK
Did you get a look at it?

WINTER
No... You?

BROOK
No, it’s seven hundred T’s that has scared Meadow to the core. I felt it best that I didn’t give anyone any reason to do anything about it.

WINTER
So... What happens now?

Brook stands, tosses the disk to Winter.

BROOK
I’ll leave that to you.

Brook leaves into the...
INT. THE LOFT - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Gale stands in the corridor with her arms folded.

BROOK
Hey, thanks.

GALE
So you knew what Winter was planning?

BROOK
That data was a danger to all of us, I made a decision that raises our chances a little... Did you find what you needed?

GALE
Carver isn’t the kind of man to be satisfied. Now he has the data back, eventually he will want to eliminate anyone who saw it. That means me, Winter, Meadow--

BROOK
I bought us some time, Gale, that’s the only good thing I could salvage out of what you did.

GALE
If you’d left Winter--

BROOK
What!? Can you hear yourself?

GALE
Carver set us up, and Winter helped him! Winter’s vendetta against this “Abraham” has consumed him.

BROOK
Whoever Abraham is and what he done to Winter must mean a lot if that’s how Carver got to him. I’ve known Winter a long time and it would take something big for him to sell us out.

GALE
I’ve known him longer than you, Brook, don’t get suckered in by his lonely old man act.

BROOK
He made a bad decision, but he’s still a friend.

Gale walks away.
We would have done exactly the same for you, Gale.

INT. THE LOFT - MEADOW’S ROOM - NIGHT
Meadow sits on her bed reading a book.
There is a knock on the door.
  MEADOW
  Come in.
Winter enters, smiles sheepishly.
  MEADOW (CONT’D)
  Oh, hello.
  WINTER
  Hey, kiddo.
Meadow closes her book and puts it on her cabinet.
  WINTER (CONT’D)
  You getting your eye back tomorrow?
  MEADOW
  What do you want?
Winter picks up Meadow’s porcelain dog.
  WINTER
  I came to apologize, I was stupid.
  MEADOW
  And the others?
  WINTER
  It’s gonna take a lot more than an apology to win Gale back on side.
Winter picks up the book and checks the cover.
  WINTER (CONT’D)
  I just want you to know that, I’m going after Abraham.
  MEADOW
  Who is he?
  WINTER
  Best you don’t know. All this crap that I’ve caused, I need to make it mean something.
MEADOW
Walk away, Winter, call it quits.

WINTER
Not this time, I have to make it be worth something good and while Abraham thinks I’m dead... while he thinks that Hart is dead, I have a chance.

MEADOW
Even if it costs you your life?

WINTER
I know the risks, I knew them ten years ago.

MEADOW
Walk away from it, please.

WINTER
Carver gave me two choices, either return the data myself, or he gets the data back by his own methods, and we all die. I was stuck between a rock and a hard place, betray you or endanger you.

MEADOW
You had a third choice.
(Beat)
You could have trusted us, you could have let us help you.

INT. DICER’S WORKSHOP - DAY

Like an indoor junk yard on one half of a massive warehouse, the other half pristine. Delicate surgical and electronic equipment, spare arms, legs, eyes and biomechanical organs in cold stores stand on rows of stainless steel work benches.

A clear plastic surgical curtain sections off the area from the dirty half.

Meadow lies on a dentist’s chair, an operating theatre flood-light shines down on her.

DICER (60) A kindly and wrinkled German, enters. He wears a black apron, surgical hat and magnifying electrician’s glasses that make his eyes look over large.

DICER
The diagnostic came back with nothing, the shock did no damage.
MEADOW
That’s a relief, what about my eye, you had a chance to do that yet?

DICER
All done, better than new for you, my dear, nothing I couldn’t fix, and whoever patched your thoracic diaphragm rupture did a fine job.

Dicer opens a freezer box, brings out a clear plastic bag and brings it over to Meadow.

MEADOW
Thanks, Dicer, I was getting tired of having no depth perception.

DICER
Ha ha! Very funny Miss Meadow, but an urban myth you know.

He speaks gently, almost a whisper.

DICER (CONT’D)
You see, the lack of parallax in one’s vision...

He opens another box, brings out a spoon shaped tool.

DICER (CONT’D)
...Can actually be, please remove your patch, overcome...

Meadow removes her eye-patch.

Dicer opens the bag and delicately removes Meadow’s cyber eye from inside.

DICER (CONT’D)
...By the brain when it, lay back and relax please, learns over time...

He looks down his nose as he works, his eyes magnified. He gently inserts the eye into the empty socket using several fine tools.

It rests into position with a hiss and a click.

DICER (CONT’D)
...To adapt and rely on, try not to move it just yet, other visual stimuli and environmental clues.

Dicer points a PDA at the eye, taps in commands.
DICER (CONT’D)
There you go, Miss Meadow, Is that better?

Meadow stands, blinks and nearly falls over. She catches the chair to steady herself, Dicer helps her.

DICER (CONT’D)
Gently now, gently.

Meadow nods, sits back down again.

MEADOW
I think I’ll just rest here a moment.

DICER
I can turn the lights down while you reacquaint yourself with the sensation, if you like.

MEADOW
That would be good.

DICER
In the meantime perhaps you can check the other systems, targeting, tracking, recording and internal hard drive.

She suddenly realizes something, she sits up.

Dicer dims the lights.

MEADOW
The data’s still there, it wasn’t wiped.

END OF ACT 4
Lake drinks from a whisky bottle, drunk and off balance.

Rain enters from the Stairwell.

RAIN
Hey.

LAKE
Hello, Rain!

Unsteady, he offers her the bottle, she shakes her head.

Lake shrugs and takes another drink.

LAKE (CONT’D)
It’s only swill, I used to like the good stuff but after a while it all tastes the same to me.

RAIN
I understand that you owed money to Brook?

LAKE
Yeah, I sort of borrowed some off of him without telling him.

Lake shrugs like a naughty child.

LAKE (CONT’D)
Oops!

RAIN
I hope you don’t mind, but I used what I had left from the artefact job to pay him off.

LAKE
Now why would you do that for?

RAIN
Because I don’t want you to... I don’t...

He looks in her eyes.

LAKE
I’m okay, I’ll be fine, that was a long time ago.

RAIN
You have to stop this.
LAKE
Stop what? I’m fine, and I don’t need your money.

RAIN
You need--

Lake cuts her off.

LAKE
I can look after myself! I saved Meadow’s life! I’m a hero you know.

RAIN
Well, it’s done, Brook accepted the money so tough.

Rain heads to the stairwell to leave.

LAKE
I’ll tell him to give it you back!
I don’t need it!

She strides back towards Lake until they come face to face.

RAIN
I don’t just care about what you need, I didn’t just do it for you!
I care about you, more than you care about yourself it seems, but we need you, the team needs you.
Brook didn’t want the money for himself, he wanted to pay off Sammo so that we, all of us, aren’t in danger from your stupidity!

She storms off but stops as she gets to the stairwell door.

RAIN (CONT’D)
God, you’re so selfish, Lake.

Lake watches her leave.

He hurls the bottle off the roof with a howl of rage.

INT. THE LOFT - RECREATION ROOM - DAY
Snow regards the now complete assembled weapon.

SNOW
(whispers)
And having done all... to stand.

He puts it back down on the bench, begins to disassemble it.

FADE OUT: