INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY

Written by

James McCormick

Address: 4 Old School Mews Dukinfield Cheshire SK16 5NY England UK Phone Number: + 44 161 303 1044 INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

WALLACE TYRONE, unimaginably old, shrunken frame draped in a high priced suit, stands before a large, soft tinted window. He leans heavily on a silver tipped cane.

A glass and steel futuristic city unfolds below us, a series of mutli-level domed towers interconnected by tube like walkways. Swarms of capsule vehicles speed in and out of these structures like migratory insects.

We watch this hi-tech ant farm with Tyrone's ancient eyes superimposed over the scene. Slowly the city loses its focus and we find ourselves looking at Tyrone's own ruined reflection. He looks back at his own tired eyes.

An intercom buzzes.

SECRETARY (O.S.) He's here sir.

The old man seems not to hear it.

SECRETARY (O.S.) (CONT'D) Mr. Tyrone?

He turns his head.

TYRONE Send him in Vanessa.

A moment later we hear a couple of efficient raps and the door opens. BRYCE, 35, efficient and well dressed, strides in.

BRYCE Good morning sir.

Tyrone turns, his movements stiff and mechanical. Servo motors whir audibly as he does so.

TYRONE

Edward.

He waves his cane to the large oak desk.

TYRONE (CONT'D) Please, have a seat.

Bryce nods.

BRYCE

Thank you.

He sits down, laying his suitcase out in front of him.

Tyrone moves clockwork like towards the desk then lowers himself into a chair. Once again servo motors purr.

TYRONE Let's proceed.

Bryce clicks the case open. Dextrous fingers swoop in like hawks and whip out various colored documents. He arranges them meticulously on the polished surface in front of him, each one perfectly in line with the others.

> BRYCE I have to say, your call came as something of a shock.

He glances up at Tyrone.

BRYCE (CONT'D) After all, we have the Lunar merger coming up.

TYRONE I'm aware of company details Edward.

BRYCE What I mean is it's a critical time at the moment.

TYRONE It's always a critical time.

Bryce drums manicured fingers on the desk top. His lips narrow into a thin line.

BRYCE But the board considers you irreplaceable. That's why they spend countless billions extending your life.

Tyrone smiles, his ancient face crumples like parchment paper.

TYRONE No one's irreplaceable.

Bryce frowns.

BRYCE You're the most powerful, most successful corporate president in the world. Why do you want to give that up?

Tyrone's head tilts back, eyes to the ceiling.

TYRONE Because I'm tired Edward.

BRYCE

Tired?

Bryce rubs his chin thoughtfully, regarding the other man.

BRYCE (CONT'D) I know of at least half a dozen substances that can...

TYRONE That's not what I meant.

BRYCE Then I'm afraid I don't understand.

Tyrone turns his attention back to the lawyer.

TYRONE You're married aren't you?

Bryce nods.

BRYCE Eight years.

TYRONE

Children?

The younger man nods.

BRYCE A girl and a boy.

TYRONE That's good, family's important.

The old man takes his cane and pops the silver cap open, revealing a large ruby inside.

TYRONE (CONT'D) Let me show you something.

He presses a thumb down and the jewel lights up. A luminous, crimson cloud shimmers around it. An image swirls into focus, a hologram of a pretty BRUNETTE. Tyrone smiles.

The Brunette waves, her form slowly rotating as she does so.

TYRONE (CONT'D) Pretty isn't she?

BRYCE Who is she?

TYRONE (Sad voice) You mean who was she.

He watches the figure.

TYRONE (CONT'D) She was my wife.

BRYCE I never knew you were married sir.

TYRONE It was a long time ago.

He gestures at the image.

TYRONE (CONT'D) This is how I like to remember her. We'd just bought a log cabin by a lake. We used to holiday there ever summer.

His ancient face creases with sadness.

TYRONE (CONT'D) I taught both my sons how to swim there. We were close, at least when they were young but after I became president ...

He sighs.

TYRONE (CONT'D) They're gone now.

The old man lays his hands on the table.

TYRONE (CONT'D) A man shouldn't outlive his family. It's time for me to go.

Bryce gives a nervous cough.

BRYCE

You do realize what breaking all ties with the company would mean?

TYRONE I'm fully aware that without WEI's continued medical and technical support I wouldn't have long to live.

He glances out the window.

TYRONE (CONT'D) I want to die Edward. I can't even say it's my time because that moment passed decades ago.

He's lost in though for some moments.

TYRONE (CONT'D) All I ask is that I spend the short time I have left out at that cabin, sit out on the porch and feel the breeze on my face.

He places a mummy like hand to his cheek.

TYRONE (CONT'D) I'll have my memories for company. That will be enough.

Bryce bites his lower lip.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

Edward?

BRYCE

I'm very sorry sir but when you told me what you were planning I had to tell the board members immediately. They were pretty spooked. If word of this got out our stock would plummet. You have to remember, you've been president for almost eighty years. No one can imagine things without you at the helm.

TYRONE They'll have to.

Bryce turns over the documents in front of him one by one.

BRYCE I'm afraid the board disagree. These are all copies of the surgical procedures you've undergone, everything from your internal organs to most of your skeletal system has been replaced. All of it company technology.

TYRONE Are you suggesting those patch up jobs means WEI owns me?

He gives a snort of derision.

TYRONE (CONT'D) A man is defined by his thoughts, his memories, his cognitive abilities Edward. No one can own those.

Bryce slides a large pink form across the table.

BRYCE

In 2117, you suffered a major stroke, one which shut down the blood supply to your brain for nineteen minutes, twenty three seconds. Now, that's not necessarily enough time to cause brain death, but it is sufficient to destroy higher cognitive functions. Therefore all the information in your cerebral cortex was transferred onto data crystals before damage occurred and then inserted back into your brain stem. You see, why you still have your cerebellum, your reptilian brain as it is sometimes called, your cerebrum, the cognitive, thinking part has indeed become company property.

He sighs.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

And, sir, please understand, as unfeeling as it sounds, the knowledge in your head is far too valuable for WEI to simply allow you to destroy it.

TYRONE I see, so I'm intellectual property?

The other man nods.

TYRONE (CONT'D) I'm going to fight this. I'll take it to the courts.

BRYCE

I'm afraid that would do you little good. Before I came here I had you declared legally deceased.

TYRONE

Impossible!

BRYCE

On the contrary. There was more than enough medical evidence to show that the person who was once Wallace Tyrone no longer exists.

Tyrone regards him a moment.

TYRONE Get out Edward.

Bryce stands up. He gathers up his documents.

BRYCE I really am very sorry.

He gives Tyrone a nod then scurries to the exit. The door closes behind him with a soft, final click.

Tyrone pours himself a large whisky, draining it immediately.

TYRONE

Me too.

The glass breaks in his hand. He glances at the window, deep in thought for a moment. Then suddenly he stands up and takes hold

of the table. Incredibly he's able to lift it. We hear the protest of servomotors as he raises it over his head.

He staggers towards the window and slams the table against the window. The glass shudders but holds. He tries a second time, and a third. Finally the window shatters.

One of Tyrone's arms falls useless against his side, twitching like a sparking cable. He steps out onto the ledge.

The wind howls around him.

He stares down at the ant farm city below him.

The door flies open and Bryce, along with a heavy set SECURITY GUARD race inside.

Bryce raises a hand.

BRYCE Mr. Tyrone, please.

The old man glances back at him.

BRYCE (CONT'D) Let's not do anything hasty here sir.

TYRONE Believe me Edward, I've thought this one through.

He smiles.

TYRONE (CONT'D) And with the help of WEI's data crystals as well.

He gives the man a wave.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

Goodbye.

BRYCE (To Guard) Stop him.

The Guard rushes forward. He grabs at the old man's sleeve but he's too late. Tyrone is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. BOARDROOM - LIT

Distorted voices fill a black void. Gradually they resolve themselves until a familiar voice breaks through.

BRYCE (O.S.) It worked. Wallace Tyrone is conscious.

Claps ring out all around.

BRYCE (CONT'D) Now, let's see if we can't activate the optical device.

The deep, inky black fades and we find ourselves looking at Bryce's animated features.

BRYCE (CONT'D) All the board are here sir. Vice President Kohl assembled everyone.

VICE PRESIDENT KOHL leans forward, cigar clamped between perfect teeth.

KOHL You gave us quite a scare there Wallace, I can tell you.

Other FACES crowd in, every one with the same mix of fascination and curiosity on their features. A BLOND puts a hand to her mouth, stifling a gasp.

> KOHL (CONT'D) How you feeling?

Kohl glances at a bald, bespectacled TECHNICIAN stood beside a large data screen.

BALD MAN The speech centers are connected. He should be able to communicate.

KOHL

Wallace?

Letters start to appear slowly on the screen: WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? Kohl reads them.

KOHL (CONT'D) I'm afraid you busted yourself up pretty bad. Our options were limited.

He takes a draw on his cigar and blows a cloud of tobacco at us. The smoke breaks apart and we realize we're looking up through a transparent screen. Ceiling lights play on its surface and we notice for the first time we can make out something, a reflected image on its surface.

A BRAIN floats in a dark green solution. Small, crystal shards crisscross it. A single digital eye sits in the middle.

KOHL (CONT'D) Wallace, You want to say something to the board?

The screen flashes again: NOOOOOOOOOOO.

THE END