

TRUE BEING

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - LYNWOOD, CA - DAY

Leading off from a traffic laden main street is a quiet nestle of small suburban homes.

A beige Nissan hatchback signals to turn into the neighborhood. It passes a mini-mart on the corner. A BILLBOARD posted on the roof advertises: DONOR ORGANS! CHEAP! AFFORDABLE!

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

It is quaint in appearance almost cottage like with a manicured lawn and trimmed with bushes.

The Nissan is parked in the side drive.

ON TELEVISION

A COMMERCIAL airs. A DOCTOR in his lab coat addresses the audience in a fatherly tone.

DOCTOR

To those who think donor transplants
involve some risk of rejection, let
me assure you our organs are cultivated
from only the highest standard of DNA
depositors.

Somebody switches the television off.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

AUDREY FREELING, a strong willed woman in her sixties, lays down the remote upon the arm of the recliner she is sitting in. She studies her visitor.

AUDREY

How are you holding up, son?

Her question is poised to ZACK FREELING, middle-aged with circles under his eyes. He looks up from the delicate tea cup cradled in his large hands. He cracks a grin which quickly fades.

ZACK

She took everything but my name.

Audrey regards him with a mother's empathy.

AUDREY

If you need a place to stay until you
get back on your feet...

Zack shakes his head.

ZACK

I need to stay self sufficient.

Audrey reflects fondly.

AUDREY

You get that quality from your father.

Zack attempts to smile but the hurt overwhelms him.

ZACK

I don't know what happened. I did
everything to make her happy, Mom.

Audrey responds to the pain she sees in his eyes.

AUDREY

Just remember it's her loss, not yours.

ZACK

Then why am I the one who's broke?

AUDREY

There is no justice in this world.

Zack lays his tea cup in its saucer upon the coffee table.
He rubs his hands together for motivation.

ZACK

On to better news.

He looks up with encouragement.

ZACK (cont.)

I've got an interview today.

Audrey shares his excitement, she sits up straighter.

AUDREY

Where?

Zack smiles in spite of himself.

ZACK

At a bank. They said they'll train.

AUDREY

That's great, Zack! You've always
been a quick learner.

Zack nods in agreement.

ZACK

No better teacher than life experience.

EXT. CITY - DAY

A metropolitan bus pulls to the curb to let off its
passengers.

When it departs Zack is standing on the sidewalk. He is
wearing a suit. He pauses to check a slip of paper in his
hand.

Turning he faces a MONOLITHIC BUILDING behind him.

It is the PERSONAL BANK and TRUST, downtown branch.

INT. BANK - DAY

Zack crosses a spacious lobby area. He heads towards a
carpeted section with desks spaced out on it.

INT. NEW ACCOUNTS AREA - DAY

Zack approaches a NEW ACCOUNTS CLERK. He smiles with
humility at her.

ZACK

I'm here to see Mr. Edwards. I have
an appointment with him at three.

The clerk eyes him with less than appreciation. She swipes
up her telephone receiver and punches in a number. She
listens but a second before replacing it on the hook. She
returns a forced smile to Zack and directs him with an
extended forefinger.

CLERK

His desk is over by the vault.

THE VAULT

is a massive steel door. Its layers of reinforced metal are bolted in place with rivets the size of oranges. A time delay LED panel on its face siphons off the digital seconds.

Off to the other side of the vault are the executive offices. The bank manager, MR. EDWARDS, sits at a desk isolated from all of the rest.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICES - DAY

Edwards, a taciturn to the point of stolid authoritarian, scans Zack's resume. He addresses Zack without breaking his gaze.

EDWARDS

Special forces veteran?

Zack shifts in his seat at the notoriety of that distinction.

ZACK

It was a long time ago.

EDWARDS

From what I've heard once trained you never forget.

He looks up with scrutiny.

Zack is compelled to respond.

ZACK

Not much need for those skills in the civilian sector.

EDWARDS

Don't be modest, Mr. Freeling, regardless of its significance here your time in the military counts as an achievement.

ZACK

Thank you for recognizing it.

Edwards puts down his resume and returns a prim smile.

EDWARDS

All there is now is to receive your information file from the state.

He adjusts the position of a computer monitor on his desk.

EDWARDS

Bear with us. These systems take their time in retrieving data.

Zack relaxes somewhat in the chair.

ZACK

I understand.

Edwards stares into the monitor. In a second his eyes turn cold and hard.

Zack has no idea what is about to happen.

ZACK

Did you get what you were waiting for?

Edwards holds his gaze upon the monitor.

EDWARDS

In a manner of speaking.

He slips his hand to a drawer beneath the desk. Opening it he retrieves the HANDGUN inside.

Edwards gives Zack a calculated smile.

ZACK

Is everything alright?

Edward's voice loses all humanity. He turns the monitor around to face Zack.

EDWARDS

You tell me... clone.

Zack stares at the screen in disbelief.

ON THE SCREEN

It is blacked out except for the bold, red warning-
CLONE-CLASSIFICATION-BODY PARTS DONOR

ZACK

jumps back out of his chair in time to intercept-

EDWARDS

Who whips out the handgun and raises it to shoot Zack.

INT. BANK - DAY

Zack seizes Edward's gun wielding arm in a lightning fast show of reflex. With his other hand he chops Edwards in the solar plexus. Edwards deflates into the nestle of his chair.

The sudden action is enough to alert everyone in the building.

TWO GUARDS

come running from opposite directions with their guns drawn on Zack.

ZACK

reactively shoots both of the guards in their legs before they can pull the trigger.

THE GUARDS

collapse from their imbalance to the floor.

INT. BANK

Zack sees more guards assembling from other parts of the building. He looks around for a means of escape.

Pivoting, he spots the snotty, accounts clerk cowering at her desk.

Zack grabs her up from her chair and secures her against him with his arm around her neck.

He walks forward with the account clerk in front of him. He keeps the gun barrel pressed into her face.

ZACK

Back off!

He twists the clerk in every direction that a guard is positioned.

The accounts clerk begins to sob.

ACCOUNTS CLERK
Please, don't hurt me.

ZACK
I didn't want this. I only wanted a job.

Zack moves them towards the front entrance. He uses the clerk as a shield to hold the guards off.

ACCOUNTS CLERK
What are you going to do with me?

Zack backs out the door with the gun trained on the clerk.

ZACK
I haven't gotten that far yet.

INT. VAULT AREA - DAY

A guard attends to Edwards at his desk. Edwards points feebly towards the escaping Zack.

EDWARDS
Don't let him get away. He's a renegade clone.

The guard pulls his sidearm with renewed vigor.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Zack moves the commotion out into the street. He wrests the clerk in his hold, looking about desperately for a solution to his situation.

People in passing see his gun, scream and disperse.

ACCOUNTS CLERK
Now what?

Zack spins in place with his hostage.

AN S.U.V.

swerves diagonally into the curb where Zack is standing.

MIA

the driver, early thirties, blonde, tanned but wizened, throws open the door on the passengers side with the engine gunning.

MIA

Lose your girlfriend and get in!

ZACK

twists his head about towards- the pained face of his hostage- towards the bank guards assembling in the doorway to the bank- and back to Mia's imploring look.

EXT. BANK

Zack gives the accounts clerk a friendly grin before shoving her forward. He ducks into the S.U.V. and closes the door as it races away.

The accounts clerk lifts herself up from the sidewalk to see the S.U.V. speed off.

INT. S.U.V. - DAY

Zack braces fast to his seat. He yanks the seat belt down locking it in place across his chest.

ZACK

Who are you?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mia executes a hairpin turn down an adjacent alley.

INT. S.U.V.

She barks back at Zack, not taking her eyes off the road.

MIA

Don't talk to me while I'm making a getaway!

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The S.U.V. barrels towards the entrance to a storage facility. Mia sounds the horn in a code pattern. TWO MEN inside push back the massive rolling doors in response.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The S.U.V. parks among a collection of vehicles inside. The sliding doors are closed once it passes through them.

Sitting atop the hoods and inside the other vehicles are a rag tag group of SCAVENGERS. They stir to the new arrival.

DARRICK

The shaven headed, muscular leader of this motley crew, slides off the curve of his restored 56 Chevy.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Darrick walks with a confident gait over to the S.U.V. He peers in on Zack through the window. He looks past him to Mia with a smirk.

DARRICK

This our guest of honor?

ON VIDEO TAPE

Zack is caught frozen in time during the incident at the bank.

His BEWILDERED FACE is transferred to another screen where a VECTOR RENDITION of his features is created.

This image is CROSS-REFERENCED with the files of countless civilians.

Zack's record is located. Its data runs down the right half of the screen.

INT. RECORDS ROOM - DAY

OFFICER BRYANT, a youthful looking rookie, is at the keyboard. He stares at a revealing piece of information with a gasp of discovery. He inserts a memory disc into the system and hits save.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Bryant walks with purpose down the tiled floor. He carries the freshly recorded memory disc in his hand.

He reaches a steel security door with a scanner. A sign plate on the door reads: AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY.

A SNAP OF ELECTRICITY

POPS with a blue flash of light. The air sizzles from the oxidized discharge of current.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

SENIOR OFFICER TRENT, a man intimidating in both size and disposition, stands over ARNOLD, the unlucky recipient of the shock baton that he wields.

TRENT

You will reveal your party leader, clone.

Arnold crouches on his hands and knees trying to recover. With effort he turns his head and smiles.

ARNOLD

Nothing you can do will get me to talk.

Trent stiffens at his defiance. His lip curls under.

TRENT

We'll see about that.

Trent dives down and with one arm grabs Arnold around his neck. He lifts him off the ground and slams him against the steel wall. Keeping him pinned in place Trent sticks the active end of the shock baton into Arnold's mouth.

TRENT

I am just beginning to understand the principles of this device. I know what it can do to the exterior tissue. What is unknown is its effect on the interior.

Arnold's eyes race with fear.

BRYANT (O.S.)

Officer Trent?

Trent turns with a start that someone is watching him. He instantly releases Arnold who crumples on the floor.

Trent faces Bryant with an uneasy smile. He pats the baton in his open palm.

TRENT

I wasn't intending on damaging the product.

He tilts his head self consciously.

TRENT (cont.)

Maybe just juice it up a little.

INT. RECORDS ROOM - DAY

Officer Trent looks over Bryant's shoulder as he sits at the computer console. Trent stares at the monitor without expression. Bryant twists in his seat to gauge a response.

BRYANT

What do you make of this?

Trent watches the screen dispassionately.

TRENT

Obviously an error.

Bryant looks up eagerly.

BRYANT

That's what I thought.

Trent inquires in a thick monotone.

TRENT

Nobody else knows?

BRYANT

I felt it was only fair to tell you first.

Trent's sneer curls into a grin. His voice is devoid of emotion.

TRENT

I appreciate that.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The RESIDENTS of the storage unit crowd around Zack.

Zack takes in their looks of amazement. He turns towards Darrick in frustration.

ZACK

Will somebody please tell me what
the hell is this all about?

Darrick laughs.

DARRICK

That is the question of choice.

Zack stares hard at his hosts.

ZACK

You're clones!

Darrick shrugs and gives him a no-really look.

DARRICK

What's in a label?

He approaches Zack, who has assumed a defensive stance.

DARRICK

If you haven't noticed, we're not
your biggest problem.

Zack loosens recognizing that truth.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Its architecture is formed of an imposing set of
interlocked stone towers. The iron emblem detailing a
bird of prey adorns the entryway.

Through the glass doors exits Officer Trent.

He proceeds down the stone stairs to the street gazing
up into the sky.

TRENT

The truth will be revealed.

He slips on a pair of black motorcycle gloves.

The thoughtful look on his face turns menacingly.

TRENT (cont.)

No can do.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Darrick studies Zack's lost expression. He dances around him.

DARRICK
You're tripping, aren't you?

Zack plants one arm upon a car hood to steady himself.

ZACK
That's putting it mildly.

He raises his eyes to Darrick.

ZACK (cont.)
Can you explain why this is happening to me?

Darrick's face shows sincerity.

DARRICK
I'd love to, but...

He slams his hands down on a car roof then brings both up conspicuously.

DARRICK (cont.)
I haven't got a clue!

The other clones erupt in spiteful laughter.

Zack glares back at Darrick and asks through clenched teeth.

ZACK
Then why are you helping me?

That strikes a nerve in Darrick. He spins himself off the side panel of a car and around to confront Zack, face to face.

DARRICK
Let's get one thing straight. I don't give a damn about you. But I owe someone else so you benefit from that association.

ZACK

And who is that?

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Zack sits at a table with a computer. A video camera relays on the monitor the time-delayed image of his mother, Audrey.

Darrick watches from behind along with Mia and TERRY JACK, a clone hacker.

Zack looks pleadingly at Audrey's transmitted picture.

ZACK

Mom, what is going on?

ON MONITOR

Audrey's face stops upon a frame with a troubled expression.

AUDREY

It is not easy to explain, son.

INT. OFFICE

Darrick leans in to remind Zack of their other constraint.

DARRICK

Nor is there time. We can only keep the feed on so long before the police will trace it here.

Terry Jack chimes in with an Australian accent.

TERRY JACK

Per my estimate, approximately one minute.

ON MONITOR

Audrey's image changes from a troubled look to one where she addresses Zack directly.

AUDREY

To find the answers you must go to Spokane, Washington and locate Doctor Gilcrest. Good luck, son... and good-bye.

The screen SCRAMBLES with STATIC.

INT. OFFICE

Zack reaches for her image.

ZACK

Wait!

Darrick switches off the power to the computer.

DARRICK

There it is.

Zack jumps up from his seat in protest.

ZACK

Bring her back!

Darrick folds his arms together.

DARRICK

Can't do that.

Zack moves towards him in threat.

ZACK

Why not?

Darrick stands his ground.

DARRICK

It would endanger both us and you.

Zack turns in disgust and begins to walk for the door.

ZACK

I want to see her!

Darrick calls to him.

DARRICK

Do and she will die!

Zack stops cold to these consequences. He appears to sink in his shoes.

ZACK

I want my life back.

DARRICK

We can relate, brother.

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Bryant heads for the parking lot at the close of the day. He is whistling, feeling good about helping a fellow officer.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

He comes to his car, a Toyota Corolla, opens the door and gets in. He keys the ignition.

A FIGURE

wearing a motorcycle helmet, turns to the SOUND of the ENGINE STARTING.

Bryant's headlights bleed across his visor.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Bryant's car travels through the city. The streets are mostly empty at this late hour.

The Corolla detours into the fluorescent lit road of an industrial parkway.

EXT. PARKWAY - NIGHT

The Corolla follows the winding blocks of office buildings on route to the freeway.

INT. COROLLA - NIGHT

Bryant slips a cassette into the tape player.

The song "Someone Saved My Life Tonight" by Elton John fills the car.

Bryant sings along with the chorus.

On the prophetic lyric "you're a butterfly free to fly. Bye-bye."

ON REAR VIEW MIRROR

A BLINDING LIGHT appears in the glass.

BRYANT

adjusts the mirror trying to identify what is behind him.

INT. COROLLA

The EAR RATTLING SOUND of a TURBO CHARGED ENGINE breaks the silence.

Bryant turns his head reactively.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A SOUPED UP, HARLEY DAVIDSON MOTORCYCLE roars alongside Bryant in the Corolla.

INT. COROLLA

Bryant gasps realizing the intent of the MOTORCYCLIST.

THE MOTORCYCLIST

Aims an ominous WEAPON with a vented barrel in his direction.

EXT. COROLLA - NIGHT

He FIRES a VOLLY of SIX SHOTS into the car.

INT. COROLLA

The caliber of the shells fired shatter the windshield. A blaze ignites which runs across the dash.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

With Bryant dead at the wheel, the Corolla veers off the road.

The out of control car ramps the sidewalk and runs head first through the glass and steel entrance of a building.

Seconds later the Corolla EXPLODES taking most of the architecture with it.

THE MOTORCYCLIST

stops a distance away. Straddling the bike he removes his helmet. It is Trent.

INT. RECORDS ROOM - NIGHT

The green glow of the computers plasma screen accentuates Trent's forbidding profile. He punches in data on the keyboard with precision.

THE COMPUTER SCREEN

On the monitor is Zack Freeling's information file. A WINDOW appears upon it inquiring " Are you certain you want to permanently delete this file? "

The arrow cursor is moved over to the yes option.

INT. RECORDS ROOM

Trent waits until the computer screen relays in red letters FILE DELETED.

He grins upon completion of this action.

TRENT

Said and done.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Zack surveys the clones amassed around him. In their jackets, t-shirts and jeans they remind him of outlaw bikers. He is ashamed to be in their presence.

ZACK

What does my mother have to do with you people?

The clones look to him attentively. He has kindled a spark in their collective consciousness.

A dirty faced family, the BEVERLYS, are first to speak. TED, the father, states with reverence.

TED

Audrey is our friend.

Zack nods to the praise of his mother.

Darrick swings around towards Zack.

DARRICK

She is the Mother Teresa to us sub-humans.

Zack glares back exasperated.

ZACK

Why would she help you criminals?

Darrick accepts this opinion with a broad grin.

DARRICK

There is no crime, brother. Only
oppression.

CLIVE, an owlish in appearance clone, steps forward from the group. From his enunciation it is clear that he is an intellectual.

CLIVE

These are decadent times, friend.
Human life has no value.

ZACK

But you're not human. You're clones.

Clive smiles patiently.

CLIVE

Under whose definition? Was not our
species like yours produced from human
genes? Are we any less human than you?

Zack does not have an answer at the ready. He tries to get his mind around this concept.

Darrick openly confides during Zack's moment of contemplation.

DARRICK

Your mother saved me from the cultivating
farms. I owe her my life.

Zack is stunned by the revelation. He surveys the other clones.

ZACK

Does that hold true for all of you?

The clones nod their heads in mutual agreement.

Zack is hit by the realization of his mother's significance in the lives of the clones.

ZACK

But... how?

DARRICK

Audrey is the best counterfeit identity
artist there is.

Zack remembers with a start.

ZACK

Her crafts, of course.

DARRICK

She has helped hundreds of clones
assimilate into society.

Zack counters her dubious achievement, half questioning.

ZACK

Where was I when all of this salvation
was going on?

Mia rears up in his face answering with contempt.

MIA

Living a normal life.

Zack is humbled by the truth. He concludes on a note of
bitterness.

ZACK

Well, that's over now.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Trent straddles his bike. Wearing his uniform and helmet
he looks every inch the law enforcement officer.

He reaches into his pocket and takes out the memory disc
that Bryant had recorded.

Trent fingers it thoughtfully before crushing it in his
leather gloved fist. It emerges from his grasp as useless
debris.

Trent keys the ignition to his bike. The engine fires with
a rumbling growl. He turns the bike in the direction of
the street ahead.

TRENT

All that's left is the living evidence.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Zack, Mia, Darrick and a few of the more prominent clones assemble in a far corner of the building. They stand before a large object that is concealed with a tarp.

DARRICK

We can never fully repay Audrey for her generosity and kindness, but this is a start.

Darrick grabs a section of the tarp and pulls it down.

A worn looking TRAVEL POD is revealed. There is room in its oval cockpit for a pilot and his co-pilot.

Zack tries to suppress a smile.

ZACK

Well, I'll be.

He circles around the craft to examine it.

Darrick sees the recognition in Zack's eyes.

DARRICK

Familiar with this, are you?

Zack runs his hand along the pods elliptical frame.

ZACK

Hell, yes. The T21 scouting pod.

Clive looks at Terry Jack in approval.

DARRICK

So flying it wouldn't be a problem?

Zack is entranced by the craft's existence.

ZACK

Not for any quad sanctioned pod pilot.

DARRICK

Of which you qualify.

Zack turns to look at Darrick, surprised that he knows this.

Darrick grins to the others.

DARRICK

I think he's finally getting it.

Zack exhibits his first sign of humility.

ZACK

There's a lot that I don't know and even more I still have to learn.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door is kicked in from outside. It topples forward being torn off its hinges.

Trent, fully armed and clad in protective riot gear, tromps over it.

INT. AUDREY'S HOUSE

Audrey stays in her chair trying to show courage in the face of adversity.

Flanked by a SQUAD of REINFORCEMENT OFFICERS, Trent marches up to her.

He stares down with a steel gaze.

TRENT

Where is the subversive?

The look on Audrey's face changes from fear to recognition.

AUDREY

I was expecting you sooner... Trent.

Despite being identified Trent maintains a stolid expression.

A ripple of controversy passes through the other officers but they stay in formation.

Trent replies with a sneer.

TRENT

I am very disappointed in you...

He pauses before making their relationship known.

TRENT (cont.)

Sis.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Zack leans up against the travel pod, more receptive to the idea of a journey.

ZACK

Okay, how do I find this Dr. Gilcrest?

Clive answers with sagely wisdom.

CLIVE

Only one man has record of the cloning techs.

ZACK

Great. Bring him here.

Clive shakes his head patiently.

CLIVE

I cannot.

Zack looks perplexed.

ZACK

Why not?

Darrick butts into the conversation.

DARRICK

Cause he ain't here!

Zack turns to register his input.

ZACK

So where is he?

Clive replies with cryptic ambiguity.

CLIVE

Zed resides between the twin peaks
where the sun rises.

Zack considers these logistics.

ZACK

Do you got a map?

Mia climbs up the side of the pod and hops into the
co-pilot's seat.

DARRICK

Now you do.

Zack reacts negatively to this change in plan.

ZACK

What is this?

DARRICK

Your map.

Zack shakes his head in protest.

ZACK

I'm not taking her with me, Darrick!

Darrick looks at him resolvedly.

DARRICK

Then I guess you're not going.

Zack points at Mia to emphasize his position.

ZACK

I refuse to be responsible for her
well being!

Mia snarls in his direction.

MIA

You don't have to take care of me!
I can fend for myself!

Zack acknowledges her without breaking his gaze from
Darrick.

ZACK

That's good to know.

He looks at Darrick, threateningly.

ZACK (cont.)

Darrick!

Clive intercedes.

CLIVE

Mia is the only one of us who knows
how to get to Zed.

ZACK

Let me think about this.

Darrick pushes into him impulsively.

DARRICK

There isn't time!

CLIVE

You must go now before it is too late!

Zack responds to their insistence with a grin.

ZACK

What's the rush?

THE WAREHOUSE ENTRANCE

is HIT by a TREMENDOUS FORCE from outside. The resulting
BOOM echoes throughout the facility. The steel door
buckles from the impact.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Zack and the clones wheel around, distracted from their
previous concerns.

CLIVE

They are here!

Darrick shifts into a militaristic mode, barking commands
like a general.

DARRICK

Get into position! Break out the arms!

A TRUNK

The lid is raised and a cover removed disclosing the RIFLES hidden within.

THE RIFLES

are passed through open space.

HANDS

receive the armaments eagerly, snatching them in flight.

BOLTS

are set in place, shells chambered for shooting.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Zack beholds as within a matter of seconds the rag-tag clones have transformed into an armed militia.

Darrick smiles at Zack before running off.

DARRICK

Don't miss your flight!

THE WAREHOUSE DOOR

BENDS in HALF as it is POUNDED again. It pulls away from its rollers and falls forward.

A LIGHT FLOODS IN through the opening, or rather a COMBINATION of BEAMS.

ZACK

squints at the collective glare, shielding his eyes with his hand.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Their sanctuary is invaded. A MOBILE BATTERING RAM heralds A PROCESSION of CIVIL POLICE on their MOTORCYCLES.

THE MOTORCYCLE COPS

Wear ULTRA-VIOLET VISORS on their helmets enabling them to see in the dark.

They are armed with PEACE RIFLES- a weapon with a vented barrel capable of firing a series of explosive shells.

TRENT

rides up in the foreground. He speaks through a MAGNIFYING FILTER in his helmet.

TRENT

Turn over Freeling and surrender, clones!

DARRICK

vaults up on top of the hood of a parked car.

He brandishes a TOMMY GUN.

DARRICK

Blow me, pigs!

He turns a BURST of ARTILLERY FIRE upon the motorcycle cops below.

THE MOTORCYCLE COPS

are HIT by the RAPID FIRE. Their front row drop off their bikes.

TRENT

while mounted on his bike, reflexively raises his futuristic weapon- which we recognize as the same one that took Bryant out.

TRENT

As you wish.

He aims at Darrick and FIRES.

DARRICK

is blasted off his feet and hurtled back into a wall.

He is adhered to its steel surface by the flaming hole in his abdomen.

INT. WAREHOUSE

With this action all hell breaks loose.

The police and the clones exchange GUNFIRE. Bullets RICOCHET off the steel walls creating a virtual gauntlet.

People are hit by the flying shells as are vehicles.

THE CARS

catch on FIRE with the rupturing of their fuel lines. Once the heat touches the gasoline they DETONATE.

INT. WAREHOUSE

FLAMING PIECES of SHRAPNEL are sent flying throughout the area. More casualties result.

EXT. TRAVEL POD

Zack ducks a fiery projectile that embeds in the wall behind him. He scrambles up the side of the pod and drops into the cockpit beside Mia.

INT. TRAVEL POD

Zack is flushed as he desperately hits the console buttons.

ZACK

Which one is the dome?

Mia casually depresses a rectangular switch. She looks at him coyly.

MIA

Changed your mind, huh?

A GLASS BUBBLE seals over the cockpit. It DEFLECTS a number of shots fired at it.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Trent sights Zack inside the pod. He gets off his bike and begins walking towards the craft. He draws up his weapon, aiming it at the pods body.

INT. TRAVEL POD

Zack turns on all of the switches. He grabs the steering controls.

ZACK

Stand by for take off!

Trent closes in on the ground. His rifles DISCHARGE is hidden by the pods ENGINES FIRING.

But its impact is felt.

Zack and Mia are shaken in their seats as the craft absorbs the shell.

All of the navigation screens are disrupted in their transmission. They flutter before focusing back to normal.

Zack looks through the bubble down at their assailant.

ZACK

We've got company!

He puts his shoulder into a hard left.

THE TRAVEL POD

rotates so its rear engines are facing Trent. The FIERY EXHAUST INCINERATES his motorcycle.

TRENT

Dives before the flames make contact. He rolls away with the shoulders of his jacket trailing smoke.

INT. TRAVEL POD

Zack bears down on the controls. He guides the craft towards the warehouse entrance.

ZACK

Here we go!

INT. WAREHOUSE

The pod cruises for the opening and appears ready to exit, when-

INT. TRAVEL POD

The cockpit is VIOLENTLY SHAKEN by a COLLISION. Zack looks startled.

INT. WAREHOUSE

The pod is too wide to clear the doorway.

INT. POD

Mia watches him adjust skeptically.

MIA

Kinda underestimated it, huh?

Zack pulls back on the controls.

ZACK

No problem!

INT. WAREHOUSE

The pod reverses from the doorway.

INT. POD

Keeping his hands on the steering controls, Zack looks back over his shoulder as if reversing a car.

INT. WAREHOUSE

The pod accelerates backwards, gaining in momentum. It smashes into the steel, rear wall.

INT. POD

Zack and Mia are jarred by the crash. The craft monitors flicker uncertainly.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Despite the force behind the pod, the wall has held intact.

INT. POD

Zack looks confused.

ZACK

I don't understand.

Mia recovers with a scowl.

MIA

I do. You're a lousy driver.

INT. WAREHOUSE FLOOR - NIGHT

Trent recovers from his injury and rises to his feet. His helmet and jacket are singed. He lifts his rifle with determination.

INT. POD

Mia lunges over Zack and seizes the controls. She tilts them up. The craft soars in a rapid climb.

TRENT

pulls the trigger, centering his target- the pod.

EXT. POD

The craft ascends a fraction of a second before the shell finds its mark.

The shell sails into the wall the pod could not break through. It BLOWS it APART into scrap metal.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The pod pulls the roof off the building in its ascent. The BILLOWING EXPLOSION from the shell proceeds its exit.

THE POD

flies high above the warehouse balancing its roof on its dome.

INT. POD

Zack reaches for the steering controls from Mia.

ZACK

I'll take it from here.

She relinquishes them reluctantly.

MIA

Are you sure?

Zack grips both of the steering handles.

ZACK

Positive.

He accelerates while executing a perilous turn.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

With the increase in speed the pod sheds the sheet, metal roof.

It plummets down upon the warehouse below crushing the remaining framework of the building. All four walls fold in upon each other.

ZACK (O.S.)

Bullseye!

INT. POD

Remembering Mia's presence, Zack corrects his previous insensitivity.

ZACK

But I'm sorry for the civilian loss.

Mia shrugs.

MIA

They were toast anyway.

EXT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Through its window a bluish-white light flares.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Trent stands hulking over somebody at his feet.

TRENT

If I were you, clone. I'd reconsider my answer.

CLIVE

Looks up with a patient smile. His face is welted from electric burns.

CLIVE

Ah, but that's where lies the rub.
You are not me.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Trent grips his shock baton ready to inflict more damage. Realizing the futility of his actions he straightens.

TRENT

What you said makes good sense, clone.

Clive stares at him peculiarly.

Trent walks to the door and opens it.

TRENT (cont)

That is why I had a contingency plan
just in case.

He leans out the doorway and escorts A LITTLE GIRL who was waiting in the hall.

Clive recognizes in dismay that she is one of the Beverly children.

CLIVE

You wouldn't!

Trent rests one hand upon the child's head, his other waves the shock baton with ominous intent. He smirks back.

TRENT

Don't put it past me.

Clive hangs his head in surrender.

CLIVE

Release the girl and I will tell you
where they are.

Trent grins in accord.

TRENT

I knew you'd see it my way.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The pod rides along a cushion of air suspended four feet above the road.

MIA (O.S.)

We might as well be driving a car!

INT. POD

Zack keeps his eyes ahead. The craft shimmies periodically and he balances it with the steering controls.

ZACK

The risers must have been damaged at the warehouse.

Mia shoots him a look of disdain.

MIA

You think?

Zack responds to her sarcasm.

ZACK

Attitude ain't gonna help things, missy!

Mia folds her arms in resolve.

MIA

You got that right.

Zack switches to another subject.

ZACK

How far are we from Zed's?

Mia stirs to the question.

MIA

Considering that there isn't a mileage sign between here and the north country...

She leans over to yell in Zack's ear.

MIA (cont.)

A hell of a long way's off!

Zack maintains his calm with effort.

ZACK

As long as we're on course.

Mia drops back into her seat.

MIA

There's only one road.

EXT. HIGHWAY - FURTHER BACK - DAY

Hot on their trail is Trent on his turbo charged motorcycle.

His helmet free face looks to be chiseled of stone. Opaque aviator sunglasses add to his authoritarian visage.

MOTORCYCLE SPEEDOMETER

The indicator edges up to 180 m.p.h.

TRENT

is motionless despite the velocity of his ride. He is an immovable force.

EXT. MOTORCYCLE

Trent revs the engine and roars past. His RIFLE STOCK protrudes from a side saddlebag.

EXT. HIGHWAY

By comparison, Zack's pod sputters past.

INT. POD

Zack looks over at Mia who is leaning against the glass of the bubble dome.

ZACK

So, what's your connection with Zed?

Mia turns around with a look of annoyance.

MIA

We have a history.

Something humorous occurs to Zack.

ZACK

Just don't tell me that you were
married to him.

Mia screws her face.

MIA

Not even!

Zack chuckles at her revulsion.

ZACK

Just checking.

TRENT

continues his steady pursuit.

PULLING BACK in an AIRIAL VIEW -

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The road he travels is one, long strip of asphalt that
cuts through the center of an arid landscape.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

A shack with pumps in the front. Zack's pod pulls up and
lands.

ZACK (O.S.)

Don't take long.

The dome bubble unseals and Mia jumps out. She runs for
the entrance.

MIA

Just long enough.

INT. GAS STATION

Zack comes in through the screen door. He walks inside at
a leisurely pace noting the shelves and racks of an ersatz
convenience store. It is sparsely stocked with dusty two
liter bottles of soda and packages of chips and snack cakes
long past their expiration.

Mia is a couple of steps ahead of Zack, surveying the goods
around them.

MIA

Think anyone is here?

With a snort associated with someone clearing their sinuses the gas station OWNER rises from behind an almost hidden counter in the corner.

OWNER

I'm here, alright. What can I do for you?

Mia walks up to him directly.

MIA

Do you have a bathroom?

The owner, a crusty old man with a matted beard, stares down from his vantage point at Mia's feminine charms. He grins revealing tobacco stained teeth.

OWNER

In the back, little lady.

Mia strolls off in the general direction.

MIA

Thanks!

OWNER

Don't mention it.

After she has left the owner turns his attention upon Zack who is standing idly by.

OWNER

What can I do for you, mister?

Zack acknowledges him without moving from his spot.

ZACK

Me? I'm fine.

Zack expects that to be the end of their discussion.

OWNER

That's a matter of opinion.

Zack turns to the SOUND of something HARD hit the counter.

The owner has brought up an OLDER MODEL SHOTGUN. The barrel is pointed at Zack.

OWNER

You gotta buy something in order to use the facilities.

Zack adjusts to this request.

ZACK

I've only got a little on me.

The owner raises his rifle level to Zack's head leaning across the counter. He asks in an intimidating manner.

OWNER

How much is that?

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Not much more than a closet with a dilapidated urinal.

Mia takes the opportunity not to relieve herself but to pull an AUTOMATIC HANDGUN from inside the waistband of her trousers.

INT. GAS STATION

The owner rings up Zack's sale on a manual cash register. Keeping the rifle on the counter he grins.

OWNER

Nice doing business with you.

Zack stands holding a bottle of Pepsi in his hand with a stunned expression. He simply nods.

Mia emerges from the back of the store with her hands behind her and a look of relief on her face.

A forlorn Zack shows the Pepsi to her.

ZACK

Bought you a drink.

Mia registers his action with a trace of a smile.

MIA

Somewhat out of character.

ZACK

If you're done, let's go.

Mia walks past him ignoring the Pepsi.

MIA

Let me thank the man first.

She proceeds to the counter where the owner stands with a satiated smile.

OWNER

No need for that. Me and your daddy
settled things.

Mia walks up with an angelic smile, which turns in a second.

She whips out the AUTOMATIC PISTOL she was concealing behind her back and aims it square in the owner's startled face.

MIA

He ain't my daddy, gramps! And I
settle my own scores!

Zack turns with a start to her larceny.

ZACK

Mia!

Mia holds the gun on the owner and yells to Zack.

MIA

Shut up! I know what I'm doing!

She clicks off the pistols safety and addresses the owner while staring down the sight.

MIA

And you do too.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

It is oddly quiet with Zack's travel pod still out in the front.

With the fuel injected ROAR of a V8 ENGINE, a BLACK TRANS AM cuts a turn from around back. Zack is at the wheel.

Mia hangs out the passengers window and yells triumphantly.

MIA

Sucker!

The owner, stripped to his long johns, runs to the doorway. He shakes his fist in the air.

OWNER

Come back with my car, you damned scavengers!

An arc of rising dirt follows the Trans AM back onto the interstate.

The owner is left behind in a cloud of dust.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The pavement soars by beneath the Trans AM.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Zack holds the wheel steady despite Mia's bouncing around.

MIA

We showed him!

The back seat is loaded with rations and the old man's shotgun.

Zack looks across at Mia nervously.

ZACK

You're an outlaw!

Mia rubs up against his shoulder warmly.

MIA

But in a good way.

EXT. GAS STATION - LATER

Trent's chopper pulls to a stop, its engine SOUNDING like ADVANCING THUNDER.

Trent dismounts from his bike. He regards the abandoned travel pod with interest before going inside.

INT. GAS STATION

The owner responds to Trent's uniform upon his entrance. He runs over to him wild eyed and frenetic.

OWNER

Officer, I've been robbed!

Trent plays the role to disarm the owner.

TRENT

Can you identify the thieves?

OWNER

Sure nough'. The man was a big bruiser. Kinda quiet. The woman on the other hand was loony tunes! She had a gun and was pointing it all over the place!

Trent registers this information with a nod.

He reaches over to a display for a two-liter Pepsi. He notes the old man's expression as he unscrews the cap.

TRENT

Go on.

He downs half the bottle in a single swig.

OWNER

That's about it except they stripped me to my p.j.s and took my car.

Trent pulls the bottle away from his mouth and wipes off his lips with his sleeve.

TRENT

What kind of car?

OWNER

78 Trans Am. Cherry condition.

Trent mulls over this turn of event. He puts down the open Pepsi on the display shelf and prepares to leave.

The owner interjects before he makes it to the door.

OWNER

You planning on paying for that?

TRENT

stops in step, turns and raises his rifle.

TRENT

Sorry.

He FIRES a SINGLE SHOT.

THE OWNER

is propelled by the shell into the far wall. He slumps to the floor and is showered by a torrent of cigarette packs from a broken rack overhead.

TRENT

Smiles coolly.

TRENT

You can keep the change.

EXT. GAS STATION

Trent goes back to his motorcycle and gets on. He starts the engine and rides a short distance out on the open highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Trent stops in the middle of the road. He lifts his peace rifle with one hand and levels its muzzle with the gas pumps.

EXT. GAS STATION

TWO SHOTS are all that is needed to create a COMMBUSTION of the FLAMMABLE LIQUIDS present.

The pumps lift off their supports in TOWERS OF FIRE.

The BLAST spreads across to the travel pod IGNITING its FUEL TANKS. It BLOWS UP.

Its FIERY CHASSIS spirals backwards into the store-office structure.

The ground is ROCKED by ANOTHER TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION which reduces the building into kindling.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Trent restarts the motorcycle and rides off down the road. MULTIPLE EXPLOSIONS in his wake obliterate any trace of his ever being there.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The Trans AM streaks down the pavement, a fusion of machine and speed.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Zack lays his head back against the seat cushion. He relaxes with one hand controlling the wheel.

ZACK

This brings back memories.

Mia gives him a semi-interested look.

MIA

Of what?

Zack smiles fondly.

ZACK

My youth. I use to have a car like this.

MIA

Did you use it to escape capture?

Zack analyzes her question then shakes his head patiently.

ZACK

No. For pleasure.

Mia seems lost to this concept.

MIA

Without consequences?

ZACK

Only if I drove without insurance.

He turns to her feeling more accommodating.

ZACK

What about you? Isn't there something
that you like to do?

Mia stares at him curiously.

Zack is more specific.

ZACK

That gives you pleasure.

A smile grows over Mia's face with her understanding.
She nods eagerly.

ZACK

What is it?

Mia sits up straight and looks anxiously at Zack.

MIA

I like to engage in intercourse.

Zack's composure falters. He turns back around in his
seat setting his eyes on the road.

ZACK

Sorry I asked.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

The Trans AM has pulled over to the side of the road.

INT. TRANS AM - NIGHT

Zack watches Mia sleep. He remembers what she said
earlier and smiles.

ZACK

Intercourse.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

While they rest Trent cruises the dark on his motorcycle.
He is wearing his helmet with the ULTRA-VIOLET HEAT
SENSORS to assist with his search.

The sensors PULSE with an EERIE RED GLOW to any
change in temperature giving him the appearance of a
nocturnal creature on the prowl.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The landscape is barren, the ground flat. The black Trans AM streaks across the desolate scenery.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Zack is completely involved with his driving. He is locked into position, hands clamped to the wheel.

THE TRANS AM SPEEDOMETER

Shows they are going 120 m.p.h.

ANOTHER SPEEDOMETER

is clocked at 180 m.p.h. REVERSING we find it is part of the equipment to-

TRENT'S MOTORCYCLE

Keeping at a steady speed. He is traveling so fast the roads divider line appears solid.

TRENT

His face almost unchanged from the last time it was seen except for a slight reddening of the skin from windburn.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Trent's motorcycle BUZZES past angrily.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Zack's Trans AM accelerates and pulls out of sight.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Zack looks fatigued but holds his place.

EXT. MOTORCYCLE - DAY

Trent's shades conceal his physical state. He seems molded to his bike, another accessory.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The Trans AM treks across the dusty vista.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Under a luminous moon the Trans AM navigates the plains. Its headlights beam ahead seeking out the road.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Trent rides the rises and falls of the pavement on his motorcycle.

With the light sensors in his helmet visor activated, he resembles a floating specter with glowing eyes.

EXT. INTERSTATE - DAY

The Trans AM continues its journey. It closes fast upon a range of desert mountains.

INT. TRANS AM

Zack shows the wear of the trip. He sports two days beard growth, his eyes are bleary.

ZACK'S EYES

have trouble focusing. He closes them for a moments rest then opens them reactively.

ZACK'S POV - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

The road twists and turns through the rocky terrain.

ZACK

sees something ahead that merits his attention.

ZACK'S POV-

Beyond a crest in the road A CIRCULAR OBJECT begins to come into view.

ZACK

rubs his eyes to make sure that it is not a trick of the light.

THE CIRCULAR OBJECT

is a TOWERING FERRIS WHEEL.

Its framework of metal spokes cast the illusion of being the sun rising.

EXT. HIGHWAY

From this vantage point the faux sun is nestled between two mountainous peaks.

INT. TRANS AM

Zack corrects his posture. He leans into the wheel infused with new hope.

ZACK

It is real.

EXT. FERRIS WHEEL

Standing lookout upon one of the steel crossbeams is ZED, a middle aged man with long, shaggy hair and a beard. He wears a thread bare, Robert Plant t-shirt.

Zed gives a hand signal from his perch.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK ROAD

Zack drives the Trans AM down a cordoned row of plastic cones to the front entrance and parks.

INT. TRANS AM

Zack turns off the ignition. He looks to Mia who is reviving from a nap.

ZACK

Well, we're here.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK ENTRANCE

A FLOOD of PEOPLE pour out of the parks barred doorways and surround the car. They point crudely fashioned spears and bows at the windows.

INT. TRANS AM

Zack regards the crowd with caution. He watches for Mia's reaction.

ZACK

You sure this is the place?

Mia opens her door with ease.

MIA

End of the line.

Zack follows her example.

ZACK

If you say so.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK ENTRANCE

The park people surround Zack and Mia once they have left the car.

Zack partially holds his arms up as a demonstration of compliance.

The park people keep their pointed weapons directed at them.

Zack looks over to see how Mia is faring.

ZACK

Do you know anyone?

Mia returns an exasperated look.

MIA

It's been a long time!

Zack feels the tip of a spear poke him in the chest.

ZACK

Fake it!

The park people move Zack and Mia as a group forward to the gate. Zack responds to the SOUND of an ENGINE. He looks over the many heads to see some of the group drive off in their Trans AM.

ZACK

There goes our ride!

The park people close Zack and Mia in a tightening ring. Zack holds his arms all of the way up to ward off their spear and arrow tips. Mia goes slack allowing herself to be carried along. A MAN'S VOICE BOOMS over the crowd stopping all movement.

ZED (O.S.)

Mia!

The park people step away from Zack and Mia. The man on the ferris wheel stands at the other end of the passage cleared.

Mia bows her head initially then brings it up self-consciously.

MIA

Dad.

Zack exchanges a look of surprise between the two of them.

ZACK

Nice fake.

INT. AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY

Zed takes Zack and Mia on a tour of the complex. Led Zeppelin's " Stairway to Heaven " plays over a speaker system installed throughout the grounds.

Zed spreads his arms in greeting.

ZED

Kashmir welcomes you!

Zack smiles. He notes the parks attractions have been reconditioned as living quarters.

The park people stare back from the doorways.

Zack studies their faces detecting a similarity to them.

ZACK

Are they related?

Zed beams proudly.

ZED

They're cloned!

Zack accepts this with a shrug.

ZACK

Then I'm in the right place.

ZED

What is it that you seek?

Zack looks at him directly.

ZACK

The truth.

EXT. RIDE ENTRANCE - DAY

Zed brings Zack and Mia to a pinnacle shaped building on the top of a rise.

They stop before an entryway where the elevator has been replaced with a door. Zack looks at it skeptically.

ZACK

Old fashioned.

Zed turns the knob and opens the door. He proceeds in.

ZED

Technology is overrated.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Zed goes down the winding staircase into the bowels of the building. The only light comes from torches in slats in the walls.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Zed escorts Zack and Mia to a wood door reinforced with steel bands. He throws up its latch and uses his shoulder to push his way in.

ZACK

Is the dungeon behind it?

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

Much to the contrary when they pass through Zack and Mia find themselves on the second floor of a secret facility. Zack looks down from the railing at the ground level.

INT. CLONING FACILITY - DAY

Housed beneath the parks surface is an elaborate cloning operation.

The parks inner workings have been converted into an ELECTRIC GENERATOR which provides power to the equipment used in the cloning process.

TWO GLASS CONTAINMENT UNITS hold the bodies of the latest SPECIMENS. One is a MAN, the other a WOMAN. They float inside fluid filled chambers.

INT. MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Zed goes down the stairs from the second floor.

ZED

One must keep their priorities.

He seems to grow in stature as he approaches the incubating bins.

Zack stares at the developing bodies in awe.

ZACK

That's downright amazing.

ZED

It's more than that.

He crosses over to a computer control center built into the monitoring bay. He punches in some buttons on the console.

ON CONTAINMENT UNITS

Fluid dispenses into the clones glass tubes.

INT. MAIN FLOOR

Zack jumps as the woman clone in the unit beside him suddenly opens her eyes.

Zed smirks at his startled expression.

ZED

It's a miracle.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Zack walks eagerly alongside Zed, now convinced that he can help him.

ZACK

So, you're a cloning tech, huh?

Zed grins and glances down at his clothing.

ZED

Appearances are deceiving.

ZACK

I've learned not to let first impressions cloud my judgment.

Mia rolls her eyes.

ZED

How did you hook up with my daughter?

ZACK

It's a long story.

Zed looks at him confidentially.

ZED

Are you two...

Zack reads his meaning and soundly replies.

ZACK

No.

Mia looks disappointed.

ZACK

I'm on a mission.

Zed stops, intrigued.

ZED

Is that right? To do what?

Zack admits with some modesty.

ZACK

To find out who I am.

Zed stares at Zack more intently.

ZED

To learn if you are the true being.

Zack tries to downplay that aspect.

ZACK

I guess.

Zed recounts with a scowl.

ZED

That was the problem with the whole illegal cloning movement. Without an identity microchip the government had no way to track them. The flip side of that was the clones had no clue as to if they were the real deal or the dupe.

Zack states with some conviction.

ZACK

I am not a clone.

Zed smiles back.

ZED

Of course not.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Zed searches some old three ring notebooks in the back of the room. Zack and Mia sit in module chairs waiting.

ZACK

What's the rift between you and your old man?

Mia twists her face at the subject.

MIA

I just don't buy into his belief.

Zack looks surprised.

ZACK

He has his own religion?

Mia spans the air with her hand.

MIA

Look around! He created his followers.
The Divinites believe the pathway to
immortality is by cloning themselves
until they reach perfection.

ZACK

Okay, it's a little weird, I'll admit.
But why would that matter to you?

Mia looks at him sharply.

MIA

It matters to me because I am not
a clone.

Zack reacts to this revelation.

ZACK

If that's true why were you with them?

Mia answers dutifully.

MIA

Out of need. My birth out here in
Zeppelin-land was never registered
with the state. So as far as they're
concerned I don't exist. And because
of that omission I do not have an
information file and therefore cannot
be employed within its boundaries.

Zack assesses her history.

ZACK

I get the picture.

He smiles benevolently.

ZACK

Looks like we're in the same boat, Mia.

Mia stares hard into his eyes.

MIA

Except for one crucial difference, Zack.
(beat)
I know who I am.

Zed emerges from his rummaging. He has salvaged a page out of a binder. It is sealed in a sheet protector.

ZED

Here we go! Gilcrest, Anthony Edwards.

Zack bounds from his chair to meet him.

ZACK

Great. Where is he?

Zed reads direct from the page.

ZED

According to this record, he is the director of duplication genetics at North Shore Medical Center in Spokane, Washington.

Zack stares at the page skeptically.

ZACK

How recent is that data?

Zed grins coyly.

ZED

As recent as you're gonna get.

Zack nods then lifts his eyes reluctantly.

ZACK

Can I get a copy?

Zed pauses a moment before handing the page over to Zack.

ZED

Go on and take it. I can't imagine anyone else wanting this information.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

He has discounted the man hunting Zack down. Officer Trent rides his motorcycle on route.

EXT. REFRESHMENT STAND - NIGHT

The park people have their dinner at an outdoor patio.

It consists of microwaved corn dogs and dehydrated French fries.

Zack and Zed share a table. Mia sits nearby at a separate table.

ZED

The north country is different from anything you have ever imagined.

Zack listens keeping his cynicism at bay.

ZACK

Why is that?

ZED

Because they seceded from the south. Cloning is not only legal, it is encouraged. Clones carry the same rights as humans.

ZACK

How is that possible?

ZED

It is the law.

Zack smiles in acknowledgement.

ZACK

The sanctity of life. I thought it was a myth.

ZED

It is real.

Mia comments offhand.

MIA

Shangri-la.

Zack looks at Zed trying to answer a question.

ZACK

If it's so accepting of clones, why didn't you move your people there? With your scientific abilities I bet you'd flourish.

Zed laughs.

ZED
And leave paradise?

He explains to Zack's curious stare.

ZED (cont.)
Never did well under confinement,
self imposed or otherwise. I'm
not a button down sort of guy. I
got to do my own thing, man.

ZACK
You mean with the cloning?

Zed's eyes light with zeal.

ZED
Cloning is only the process.
Enhancement is the reward.

Zack inadvertently glances over at Mia.

ZACK
Did you clone her?

Mia responds with a look of surprise.

Zed shakes his head.

ZED
I wanted to but she wouldn't allow it.

MIA
I'm perfectly happy with my imperfection!

Zed sighs.

ZED
To each their own.

He turns his attention to Zack.

ZED
How about you, son? Do you want to
touch immortality?

Zack dismisses the offer with a wave of his hand.

ZACK

I'll take a pass. I've got my hands
full just trying to keep in touch
with reality.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Zack and Mia prepare for their departure. Zack is behind
the wheel of the Trans AM, Mia is in the passenger seat.
The engine is running.

To mark the occasion Zed has Led Zeppelin's " Kashmir"
playing through the loudspeaker system.

The park people have gathered with Zed to see Zack and
Mia off.

EXT. TRANS AM - DAY

Zack speaks to Zed from his rolled down window.

ZACK

Thanks. For everything.

ZED

Our good deeds define who we are.

Zack notes his wisdom with a conciliatory nod.

Zed looks past Zack to Mia sitting with her arms crossed
and her head down.

ZED

Goodbye, daughter. It was good seeing
you again.

He smiles warmly.

ZED (cont.)

You are very much like your mother.

Mia challenges his comparison.

MIA

How would you know?

Zed pulls back stung. He regroups and steps away from the
Trans AM.

ZED

Remember Zack, the world is still normal. It's the people who are abnormal.

ZACK

I kind of suspected that all along.

He waves in return and drives away.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Zack holds his hand steady on the wheel. He looks over at Mia sulking in her own private space.

ZACK

Missing home already?

Mia turns in antagonism.

MIA

It's not my home!

Zack smirks.

ZACK

Whatever.

A related thought comes to mind.

ZACK

You know it's none of my business but you could show a little more respect for your father.

Mia glares back.

MIA

Like you're the voice of experience there!

Zack is caught off guard by the hurtful nature of her response. He catches his tongue and faces the open road choosing not to pursue the matter further.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DUSK

Trent brings his motorcycle to a stop on the long stretch of asphalt. He stares ahead assessing what he sees.

TRENT'S POV-

It is the ferris wheel that landmarks Zed's compound, rising between opposing mountain ridges.

TRENT

straddles his bike surveying the structure. His face is frozen in a sneer. He pulls his leather gloves tight and closes them over the throttle.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Trent buzzes down the roads divider line on a direct course for Kashmir.

EXT. NORTH HIGHWAY - DAY

Colors increase in the sky signifying the advent of dusk. The Trans AM decreases its speed and pulls over to the shoulder. Its engine revs a last time then stops.

INT. TRANS AM

Zack removes his hands from the wheel. He looks at Mia.

ZACK

Rest stop.

MIA

Your call.

Zack turns over on his shoulder to face her.

ZACK

I've been giving this some thought.

Mia perks.

MIA

And?

ZACK

And I think we'll go to the bureau of records before we see Gilcrest.

Mia shows momentary disappointment but adjusts her disposition.

MIA

You're the captain. But if you'd ask me, I'd say you were buying trouble.

ZACK

What gives you that impression?

Mia stares away from him with impartiality.

MIA

If I were you I'd go to the source before looking for the official record.

Zack looks hard at Mia.

ZACK

I am not afraid of what I will find.

Mia turns towards him.

MIA

Because you're human.

ZACK

That's right.

MIA

You have no proof. How can you be so sure?

ZACK

I just know!

Zack gazes off into the uncertainty of the night. He concludes with less conviction.

ZACK (cont.)

In my heart.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY

Zed escorts Trent down the paved walkway. Led Zeppelin's album "Physical Graffiti" plays over the sound system. The song "Houses of the Holy" is on.

The park people eye the stranger warily.

ZED

So, what brings you this way, friend?

Trent scans the collected faces watching him.

TRENT

Business.

Zed grins a little too readily.

ZED

Hopefully with some time off for pleasure.

Trent stops and rotates his head towards Zed. His smile is more of a grimace.

TRENT

I get pleasure from my business.

ZED

Well, you're luckier than most.

Trent removes his shades for effect.

TRENT

I am looking for two fugitives. A man and a woman.

He stares Zed down.

TRENT (cont.)

Have you seen them?

Zed shakes his head.

ZED

No. You're the first visitor we've had in some time.

His answer does not sit well with Trent. Trent searches Zed's eyes.

TRENT

Is that a fact?

ZED

The gospel truth.

Trent turns in place examining the monolithic attractions towering about them.

TRENT

What is this place?

Zed responds eager to change the subject.

ZED

It is an amusement park.

Trent looks sullenly at Zed.

TRENT

That's strange.

He swings around and hoists Zed by his throat. Simultaneously he draws his peace rifle positioning it under Zed's chin.

This action holds the park people at bay.

TRENT (cont.)

I'm not amused.

The melodic " Houses of the Holy " segues into the stomping rhythm of " Trampled Under Foot ". Its dissident chord changes accentuate the unfolding menace.

Trent stares closer at the park people pressing in on him. He comes to a fateful realization.

Trent turns Zed around to face him.

TRENT

Who are these people?

Zed answers in resignation.

ZED

They are my children.

Trent grins at the irony.

TRENT

You've been busy.

He pivots with Zed in his grasp and OPENS FIRE with his rifle upon the park people.

A third of their group crumple.

Zed yells in agony.

Trent bores down in his face, noting with malevolence.

TRENT (cont.)

Too busy.

EXT. TRANS AM - NIGHT

It sits off by itself along the side of the road, dark and desolate.

INT. TRANS AM - NIGHT

Zack sleeps with his head tilted upon a shoulder.

A HAND extends towards his face.

The fingers lightly touch his cheek. Which is all that is needed to awaken Zack.

ZACK

revives in an instant. His hand darts out and catches the wrist of his would be assailant.

She reacts with a cry of pain.

MIA (O.S.)

Owwwww!

Zack releases his grip upon hearing her voice.

INT. TRANS AM

Mia huddles against the door rubbing her hand. She stares back with a hurt look.

MIA

What are you? Crazy?

Zack turns remissive.

ZACK

I didn't know it was you.

MIA

Who else would it be?

Zack sighs not having an answer. He looks inquisitively at Mia. His voice softens.

ZACK

Why did you want to touch me?

Mia looks back in resolve.

MIA

I wanted to see if you were real.

Zack registers this with contemplation. He asks in a hopeful tone.

ZACK

Well?

Mia uncoils from her defensive state. She stretches across the seat to Zack and embraces him in her arms.

MIA

I don't know. You need more testing.

She kisses Zack passionately.

Zack initially looks surprised but his stiffness quickly succumbs to the intimacy of the moment.

INT. AMUSEMENT PARK - NIGHT

Trent marches through the destruction he has wrought. The bodies of those slain litter the walkway. Behind him a roller coaster is engulfed in flames.

Trent stalks towards the exit where his motorcycle is parked.

TRENT

Damned clone cells.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Trent departs on his motorcycle leaving the inferno that once was Kashmir burning on the horizon.

EXT. ROADWAY - DAY

Daylight spreads across the land. Dew upon the Trans AM makes it glisten with the sun.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Inside there is also an afterglow.

Mia sleeps in Zack's arms. He opens his eyes to discover her head lying upon his chest.

Zack smiles to her closeness and kisses her.

Unexpectedly, she is also awake.

MIA

Let me tell you something, sweetheart.
If you are the fake you have nothing
to be ashamed of.

Zack bends to kiss her in appreciation.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The desert plains gradually give way to a more pastoral view. Foliage begins to dot the landscape.

The Trans AM follows the direction of the road markers.

INT. TRANS AM

Mia leans against Zack while he drives. Her entire demeanor has changed.

MIA

I don't know anything about you, Zack.

ZACK

What do you want to know?

Mia crosses her legs in a self conscious manner.

MIA

Are you married?

She corrects her posture and adds hastily.

MIA (cont.)

Not that it matters, but I'd like to know anyway.

Zack answers calmly.

ZACK

For the record. Divorced.

Mia brightens.

MIA

Children?

ZACK

It never went that far.

Mia drifts off in her own thoughts for a moment.

MIA

I've always wondered what it would be like to be someone's mother.

Zack chuckles.

ZACK

Somehow you don't strike me as the maternal type.

Mia responds to his criticism directly.

MIA

What kind of type do I strike you as?

ZACK

(conclusively)

Dangerous.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

The area has turned green and lush. Forrest lined rises bookend the road.

The Trans AM winds around with it to a higher elevation.

INT. TRANS AM

Zack and Mia travel the open road. Mia leans over with a grin.

MIA
Did your ears pop yet?

Zack is concerned by her question.

ZACK
What?

MIA
The higher we get, the more the pressure builds until it has to release.

ZACK
That is when they pop?

Mia responds to his overly serious gaze.

MIA
Well, not in the literal sense.

He stares at her imploringly. She feels tired of the conversation.

MIA (cont.)
Just forget it!

Zack turns his attention back to the road.

ZACK
Forgotten.

Mia cranes her neck to ease the tedium.

MIA
How much further?

ZACK
Anytime now, barring anything unexpected.

The rear window SHATTERS from a SHOT FIRED at it. Glass sprays forward over Zack and Mia.

Trent's VOICE is AMPLIFIED through the rushing air.

TRENT (O.S.)

Pull over, clone!

Zack looks to the side mirror.

THE SIDE MIRROR

Officer Trent brandishing an active peace rifle rides up fast on his motorcycle. His helmeted appearance makes him seem more machine than human.

INT. TRANS AM

Mia looks worried. She turns her turmoil upon Zack.

MIA

Why does this cop have such a hard on for you?

ZACK

His eyes turn into slits of determination.

ZACK

I'm just popular that way. Hang on.

INT. TRANS AM

Mia grabs onto the garment loop overhead with both hands.

Zack slams down the gas pedal.

He and Mia are ratcheted forward by the sudden acceleration.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The Trans AM pulls away from Trent clearing yards between the two of them.

SPEEDOMETER

Clocks the Trans AM at 180 m.p.h.

INT. TRANS AM

Zack and Mia brace to their seats.

THROUGH THE TRANS AM WINDSHIELD

The sheer velocity turns the road and surrounding scenery into a blur of color.

INT. TRANS AM

Mia sights a ROAD SIGN whip past on her side. She points ahead and shrieks.

MIA

It's a turn! Slow down!

ZACK

strong arms the wheel with effort and punches the brake.

ZACK

Easier said than done!

EXT. HAIRPIN CURVE

The Trans AM loses its traction and skids off the asphalt onto the dirt shoulder. It slams into a guardrail that overlooks a steep ravine.

INT. TRANS AM

Mia screams to their loss of control.

Zack puts his shoulder into the wheel to turn the vehicle opposite the direction they are skidding.

MIA

is pushed against her window by the inertia. She stares wide eyed through the glass and screams harder.

MIA'S POV-

The dizzying plunge down the hill they are balanced over.

ZACK

retains his hold on the wheel. He grits his teeth to secure the reverse turn.

EXT. HAIRPIN CURVE

The tires of the Trans AM SCREECH and the car swerves back towards the road.

Its tail clips the guardrail bending the metal restraints in.

ZACK

keeps the pressure on the steering wheel.

INT. TRANS AM

The vehicle SPINS AROUND in a 360.

Mia is beside herself with sheer terror.

EXT. ROAD

The Trans AM fishtails away from the edge of the ravine.

It burns a circle on the asphalt and jolts to a stop facing back the way it came.

INT. TRANS AM

Zack and Mia slowly recover from their fright.

ZACK

Are you alright?

In response Mia opens her door and throws up.

Zack peels his fingers from their death grip on the steering wheel. He looks over to Mia.

ZACK

At least we lost him.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Off in the distance a LOW RUMBLE BUILDS in intensity to a FULL THROTTLE ROAR.

Trent launches his motorcycle over the crest of the road. He rides towards the Trans AM in a sustained wheelie.

INT. TRANS AM

Zack turns to the noise and sees Trent coming at them.
He turns the key in the ignition wearily.

ZACK

I've got it.

MIA

lifts her head with effort and pulls the handgun out from
beneath her t-shirt.

MIA

Save it!

She stands and aims at the hurtling motorcycle.
BAM!

EXT. HIGHWAY

Her first SHOT skips off the asphalt.

Trent counters with a MULTI-BLAST ROUND from the peace
rifle.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

EXT. TRANS AM

Four shells are absorbed by its body.

INT. TRANS AM

Zack spins around in his seat to assess the damage.

ZACK

We're hit!

MIA

keeps her sight trained on the target. She pulls the
trigger.

BAM!

EXT. MOTORCYCLE

This shot finds its mark rupturing the engine.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Motorcycle and rider are instantaneously consumed in a comet of nitrous oxide and gasoline.

The tires burst from the concentrated heat.

THE MOTORCYCLE

is thrown off balance and pitches forward.

TRENT

is jettisoned through space. He flies over the guardrail and down into the ravine.

His rapid descent is marked by a smoking trail.

THE MOTORCYCLE

continues to tumble end over end, dismantling into fiery parts.

MIA

holds her shooting stance.

The last remnants of the motorcycle disintegrate before her.

She takes a cleansing breath and lowers her weapon. She stows it in her waistband and ducks back into the car.

INT. TRANS AM

Zack welcomes her with open arms and a kiss. He is awed by the skill she just demonstrated.

ZACK

You're a killer!

Mia downplays his praise.

MIA

But in a good way.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Trans AM leaves the scene of the accident. It is riddled with bullet holes and the rear window blown out but the engine is intact. It roars in defiance down the open road.

A SIGN posted at the shoulder zooms past with the other scenery.

INT. TRANS AM

Zack, having noted the sign out of the corner of his eye, turns to Mia.

ZACK

What was that?

Mia eases back with a look of relief.

MIA

The finish line.

To Zack's anxious stare she elaborates.

MIA (cont.)

Congratulations sport, we made it.

ZACK

We did?

Mia couches her hands behind her head.

MIA

City limit. Just stay on this road and we're home free.

EXT. HAIRPIN CURVE

A VAN slows to get a better look at the torn and twisted guardrail and the fire emanating from the ravine.

INT. VAN

ROB, the van driver- a preppie type, stares at the scene with concern.

ROB

I'm pulling over.

DEB, Rob's wife, looks distressed by his intentions.

DEB

They went over the side. Do you think they're still alive?

Rob sets the vans brake with a sense of urgency and throws open the door.

ROB

Only one way to find out!

EXT. SLOPE

Rob makes his way down the hill. Deb waits for him up top.

DEB

Be careful!

Rob moves gingerly around the flaming debris lighting the landscape.

He reacts with a start to a discovery made below where he stands.

EXT. GOURGE

At the bottom Trent lies face down, a broken, tiny figure.

ROB

calls up to his wife victoriously.

ROB

I've found him!

DEB

The expression on her face indicates that she does not share her husband's enthusiasm.

EXT. GOURGE

Rob navigates the craggy terrain until he is at the same level as Trent. He kneels to attend to him.

ROB

Examines Trent's sprawled body.

He hesitates noting the steam escaping from beneath Trent's motorcycle helmet.

Fighting his gut reaction Rob tentatively reaches for him.

ROB

Are you okay?

The density of the steam increases as something moves under its cover.

The ACTIVATED MUZZLE of a PEACE RIFLE thrusts through the smoke.

Rob gasps at the lighted side vents of its barrel pointing in his face.

Trent responds layered in curls of steam. His VOICE is clear but somehow different. It contains a mechanical amplified quality.

TRENT

Never better.

DEB

waits an eternity for the RIFLE BLAST that follows.

INT. VAN - ON DASH

TWO HANDS take hold of the steering wheel, but they are not Rob's. These hands are charred to the bone, adhered to the melted leather binding them together. The ignition is keyed starting the engine.

EXT. HAIRPIN CURVE

The van swerves back up onto the highway. As it takes off Deb's body is revealed left by the wayside.

EXT. BUREAU OF RECORDS - DAY

A three story building located at the hub of a civic center rotunda. People filter back and forth on the spoke like walkways connecting the wheel.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Trans AM pulls up alongside a car parked at the curb. Its shot full of holes appearance garners stares from passerbyes.

INT. TRANS AM

Zack smirks.

ZACK

Parking is still a bear. Some things never change, not even in shangri-la.

Mia smiles in return.

MIA

Tell you what, why don't you get out and I'll find a place to park.

ZACK

You know where I'll be?

Mia edges over on the seat.

MIA

I've got a pretty good idea.

EXT. CENTER GROUNDS - DAY

Zack asks for directions from a MAN IN A SUIT. He points him North.

Zack walks at a slower pace than the other pedestrians. He surveys the architecture around him looking more than a little lost.

He stops in step and gazes up at a building.

EXT. BUILDING

Chiseled into the granite face over the entrance is the heading - BUREAU OF RECORDS. Sculpted into the pillars supporting it are a pair of Lady Liberties.

ZACK

stands at the foot of the stairs leading up to the front doors. He seems humbled in the presence of the buildings meaning.

He takes a deep breath then starts up them in a half jog.

INT. BUREAU OF RECORDS - DAY

Zack stands in the lobby taking in the polished marble grandeur.

His eyes are drawn to a high-tech glass elevator transporting passengers up through the core of the building.

Zack searches for an information booth but finds instead a mounted directory of departments.

ZACK

touches the entry listing BIRTH RECORDS and follows it across to the corresponding room number.

INT. HALLWAY

The corridor is long and narrow with a well traveled carpet. Zack counts down the numbers on the office doors until he arrives at the one he is looking for.

EXT. BIRTH RECORDS DEPT.

Zack reads the plate on the door- BIRTH RECORDS. He stares at it for a long second before grabbing the handle and going inside.

INT. BIRTH RECORDS DEPT.

Zack stands in a short line for a counter built into the wall. A STOIC WOMAN attends to customer requests behind a glass window. Behind her in a spacious library CLERKS scurry about cabinets of taped files.

Zack's turn comes. He approaches the window and informs the RECORDS CLERK solemnly.

ZACK

I'm here for my birth record.

She looks up at him dully.

RECORDS CLERK

Your name?

ZACK

Zack Freeling.

RECORDS CLERK

Social security?

Zack's uncertain response meets her sullen gaze.

Zack fumbles in his pants pocket to retrieve his wallet. He opens the wallet and plasters it to the window between them with his palm.

The records clerk dutifully records the number.

Zack gauges her expression. He asks impatiently.

ZACK

Got it?

The records clerk does not answer him. She pushes away from her chair and waddles off towards the filing area.

Zack closes the wallet in his hand. He exhales soundly. He leans against the wall bracing his head upon his forearm.

He looks up in time to see the woman returning to her post. She wears a disconcerting expression.

Zack straightens in turn in expectation.

The records clerk slides a microfilm cartridge out the slot at the base of the window.

RECORDS CLERK

Viewing rooms are to your left.

Zack is surprised not to have had any trouble with this transaction. He stows the wallet in his pocket and awkwardly takes the cartridge on the counter.

ZACK

Thanks.

INT. VIEWING ROOM

It is a small cubicle with a single chair and a screen on the wall. Directional controls for the microfilm are installed in the chairs arms.

Zack slides the tape forward in anticipation.

ON SCREEN

The filmed data rushes by, a leader, a serial number and finally Zack's birth certificate. The tape stops upon that frame.

ZACK

His face reflects his wonder.

THE BIRTH CERTIFICATE

is on a standard recording form with imprints of the infant's tiny feet at the bottom.

ZACK

smiles at this reminder of his origin.

THE BIRTH CERTIFICATE

Following Zack's eye pattern down the lines of information. The time of birth is registered, then the place of birth. The date of birth is recorded as June 7th, 1935.

ZACK

Scowls at this discrepancy. That would make him eighty years old. He shrugs it off and tells himself.

ZACK

Has to be a mistake.

He advances the microfilm to the next birth certificate.

THE BIRTH CERTIFICATE

shown on the screen is nearly identical to the last.
Except for one crucial difference.

ZACK

His face shows his bewilderment. He mouths his disbelief.

THE BIRTH CERTIFICATE

is for a woman named Emily Freeling.

ZACK

hangs his head trying to accept the truth. He laughs
then catches his emotion and looks simply frightened.

He holds his hand out before him and examines it.

He sighs and drops it on his lap.

Zack swallows hard and raises his head in resolve.
He reverses the microfilm back to the start.

When the leader runs out of the player the lights
automatically come on in the room and the door opens.

INT. BIRTH RECORDS DEPARTMENT

Zack returns the tape back across the counter. He
inquires ever so humbly.

ZACK

Are there any more tapes back there
for Freeling?

The records clerk takes the tape and answers sternly.

RECORDS CLERK

They are catalogued by social security
number.

Zack retracts his inquiry before further scrutiny is
raised.

ZACK

Fine.

Zack turns and almost runs into Mia who is on his heels.

Mia nearly bounces on her toes.

MIA

Did you find what you were looking for?

Zack walks past without a word.

Mia adds appropriately.

MIA (cont.)

Or not.

EXT. CIVIC CENTER GROUNDS - DAY

Zack storms off down the walkway. Mia trots to keep up with him.

ZACK

Comon, we've got to get to North Shore Medical center.

MIA

That's not going to be so easy to do.

Zack spins on her, his patience wearing thin.

ZACK

Why not?

Mia looks at him plaintively.

MIA

Because... it does not exist.

INT. TRANS AM

Where Mia continues her explanation while Zack drives.

MIA

North Shore was bought out by another medical group.

ZACK

Who?

A SIGN

reads in elitist lettering- GLOBAL CARE.

Parenthesized beneath is the caption " making the world a better place ".

Beyond this marker sits the corporate offices.

EXT. GLOBAL CARE - DAY

The complex is set far back on an irrigation field. The vast acreage is marked with pipes every couple of kilometers. The pipes have valves to control the distribution of the water running through them.

The entire area is blanketed with a white, plastic tarp. Holes for the water valves make the surface appear to breathe.

The company's headquarters are under construction.

A GIANT CRANE lifts girders up to the new wing being built.

EXT. CROSS STREET - DAY

Traveling a road running parallel to the facility is Zack's Trans AM.

MIA (O.S.)

What do you make of this?

EXT. TRANS AM - DAY

Zack gives a hollow stare from his window to the tarped landscape.

ZACK

Clone city.

INT. GLOBAL CARE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Zack and Mia push through the glass and steel door and stop in the entry. They stare off impressed.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

The building grows in stature from within.

The tiered floors are incorporated in a design featuring a stair column that wraps around the foundation from the base level.

An arched skylight comprises the roof and provides the building with natural lighting.

Perched incongruously at an elevated walnut desk is a rather young looking RECEPTIONIST. She juggles incoming calls, patching lines through a switchboard.

Mia confides to Zack

MIA

Makes you feel kind of small in comparison, huh?

Zack starts forward.

ZACK

All the time.

INT. FRONT DESK - DAY

The receptionist barely registers Zack's approach.

Zack puts his arms upon the counter and hunches down to look her in the eyes.

ZACK

Excuse me, miss.

The receptionist ignores him continuing to answer the phones.

Mia huffs soundly and strides up to the desk cutting in front of Zack.

MIA

You are one rude bitch!

She draws her pistol and sticks the barrel in the receptionist's now fully attentive face.

RECEPTIONIST

(faintly)
Can you hold?

INT. TOP LEVEL - DAY

Mia heads the receptionist at gunpoint out of the elevator and into a corridor of offices. Zack follows at arms length.

The receptionist clears scanners for them with her badge.

RECEPTIONIST

They don't pay me enough to go through this shit.

MIA

Speak when spoken to, not before.

ZACK

Where's Gilcrest?

The receptionist leads them to A LARGE SECURITY DOOR that finishes the passage they've taken. A plate on it reads- GENETICS RESEARCH.

The receptionist runs her identification card through the entry scanner. The light over it turns green.

She pulls open the weighted door with effort and looks back at Mia.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I go now?

Mia touches the gun barrel to her chin in thought.

MIA

Let me think about it. HmMMMM.

She smiles at Zack then returns the barrel to the small of the receptionist's back.

MIA (cont.)

(sweetly)

No.

ZACK

Add kidnapping to your growing list of credits.

Mia tilts her head.

MIA

But in a good way.

THE DOOR

to the research lab swings away to reveal A GROUP OF SCIENTISTS sitting at a workstation. They squint under the harsh florescent lighting in the space.

INT. RESEARCH LAB - DAY

Mia prods the receptionist towards their group.

MIA

Which one's Gilcrest?

A prematurely balding young man with black horn rimmed spectacles stands to his name.

DOCTOR ANTHONY EDWARDS GILCREST

gazes back curiously at Zack and his party. His brown pupils are enlarged by the magnification of his corrective lenses.

GILCREST

Can I help you?

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Gilcrest has moved their meeting to an isolated corner of the building. They are in an office in a state of transition. All of the furniture has been moved out save for some loose papers scattered on the floor.

Out the window to the far wall, the giant cranes WENCH AND HOOK swings past frequently like a mighty pendulum.

Zack and Mia stand a respectful distance from Gilcrest. The receptionist has been set free. Gilcrest stands observing the pair with his arms folded together.

GILCREST

Why did you want to see me?

ZACK

advances a step.

ZACK

Don't you recognize me, doctor?

Gilcrest smiles nervously.

GILCREST

No. Should I?

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Zack walks closer. He touches his features.

ZACK

Look again. Nothing familiar?

Gilcrest frowns at his insistence.

GILCREST

No. I told you before.

Zack stops cold. He points at Gilcrest arriving at a realization.

ZACK

Of course. Because you're not the true Gilcrest.

Mia looks at the doctor for his response to the accusation.

Gilcrest holds his composure, declaring with frankness.

GILCREST

No. I'm second generation Gilcrest. Everyone knows this.

He adds pointedly.

GILCREST (cont.)

Except you.

Mia has to ask the doctor.

MIA

You're a clone?

Gilcrest replies defensively.

GILCREST

Two thirds of the population are clones! You know that period where the birth rate went down?

Mia nods despite herself.

GILCREST (cont.)

It wasn't because less babies were being born. It was because more people were cloning each other.

He notes with a flourish of the hand.

GILCREST (cont.)

So their love could last forever.

Mia goes silent understanding the implication of their being there. She turns towards Zack.

MIA

Did he clone you?

Zack stares back without expression. He nods in admission.

Mia's face drops.

Gilcrest responds to Zack's revelation with a broad grin.

GILCREST

You are your own father!

Mia hangs her head despondently. She shakes it in disbelief and starts to pull back from Zack.

ZACK

Mia, wait!

She turns away from him.

MIA

I don't belong here.

She departs through the door in a rush.

Gilcrest observes Zack's reaction and speaks to console him.

GILCREST

Not everybody likes clones.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

The receptionist is back at her desk, shaken from her ordeal but still on the clock.

She touches at her makeup looking into the mirror of a compact she is holding.

RECEPTIONIST

This isn't right! I mean a Tylenol
and a thank you don't cut it! I
should get an extra paycheck at
least for what happened!

She muses over a thought.

RECEPTIONIST (cont.)

Maybe I should talk to a lawyer.

That idea is replaced by a more pressing concern. She gazes at her reflection in despair.

RECEPTIONIST (cont.)

Damn! My mascara ran!

The receptionist is distracted from her latest tragedy by a GUTTURAL, ROBOTIC VOICE.

TRENT (O.S.)

I am looking for Doctor Gilcrest!

The receptionist snaps the compact shut and reacts without looking at the person addressing her.

RECEPTIONIST

What is this, some kind of sick joke?

She glares up at the visitor with fire in her eyes. It abruptly turns into ice.

TRENT

His head is a horrible melding of his fiberglass motorcycle helmet, flesh and bone. Half of his face is encased in a melted shell. The microphone attachment embedded in the side of his face amplifies his response.

TRENT

No.

INT. LOBBY

He FIRES the peace rifle point blank into the receptionist. She is blown backwards by the rounds impact into the companys steel insignia- of hands caressing the world- high upon the wall.

INT. OFFICE

Gilcrest looks at Zack's faltering form and feels a sort of empathy for him.

GILCREST

I'm sorry I can't help you more,
but memories aren't among the
characteristics transferable from
source species.

Zack gazes up with the idea which has come to him.

ZACK

Maybe you can.

Gilcrest gazes back with interest.

ZACK (cont.)

You don't know my father, but you
might know of him.

GILCREST

Very well. What is his name?

Zack recites with a measure of pride.

ZACK

Zachery Taylor Freeling.

Gilcrest's expression neutralizes.

GILCREST

Know him? The man is a legend.

Zack smiles at his ignorance of his own lineage.

ZACK

Could you tell it to me?

GILCREST

What have you been living in a cave?

ZACK

No. The south country.

Gilcrest adjusts his tone in turn.

GILCREST

Oh.

He recounts with respect towards the history.

GILCREST (cont.)

Zachery Taylor was the originating founder of the clone rebellion back when the state was unified.

He notes for Zack on a personal level.

GILCREST (cont.)

I imagine this information was kept from you for your protection.

ZACK

My grandmother raised me along with my mother. I never knew my father.

GILCREST

Because by that time he was already dead. Killed in a resistance battle with the civil police. You were cloned from a strand of his DNA.

ZACK

But why?

Gilcrest looks at Zack with compassion.

GILCREST

If you carry with you a portion of your father's commitment and humanity your role will be clear.

Zack responds to this expectation with apprehension.

ZACK

My role?

GILCREST

The state has advanced their technology to the point where they can bypass our masking devices. They are now able to identify and classify all clones that were previously undetectable. A new counter offensive is underway to enslave clones and terminate their supporters.

Zack understands the consequences.

ZACK

It would create a new civil war.

He turns to Gilcrest in frustration.

ZACK (cont.)

Why weren't we told?

GILCREST

opens his mouth to answer.

Before he is able, his body is PELTED by THREE BLASTS from a high caliber rifle.

Gilcrest jerks about from the force of the shells plowing through him.

He is slung to the floor in a bloody heap.

ZACK

stares in shock at his dead body then turns to look into the face of his executioner.

TRENT

stands in the open doorway looking like an harbinger of death. The peace rifles muzzle smokes from the discharge of its rounds. Trent's warped face assesses Zack's quizzical expression. His ravaged, grilled off mouth supplies the answer.

TRENT

Because... that is classified.

Zack winces upon sight of his disfigurement.

ZACK

Who are you?

TRENT

cocks his head as best he can. His neck cracks audibly.

TRENT

Family.

He raises his voice in authority.

TRENT

Zachery Freeling, you are the product
of an illegal invitrolization!

INT. OFFICE

Zack screws his face in consternation.

ZACK

But why now, after all this time?

TRENT

My sister... your mother was a true
artisan when it came to falsified
birth certificates.

He notes with finality.

TRENT (cont.)

She has since been apprehended and
punished for her crimes.

Trent shifts towards Zack in a threatening manner. He
croaks in judgment.

TRENT

That leaves you.

Zack turns his head.

ZACK

You came all this way to cover up
your relationship to me?

Trent's voice roars up from inside him.

TRENT

No! To save my career!

ZACK

dives a moment before the WALL DISINTEGRATES from the
VOLLY OF SHOTS fired by Trent.

Zack hits the floor and rolls up on his shoulder.

TRENT

aims the peace rifle muzzle at Zack's startled face and
pulls the trigger.

ZACK

flinches and shuts his eyes. But he isn't shot.

TRENT

glares at the red vents on his barrel, signifying that
its charge has expended.

TRENT

No matter.

He discards the rifle and lifts his fiberglass alloyed
arms with effort.

TRENT (cont.)

I will take care of you myself.

He begins walking stiffly for Zack.

ZACK

rolls upright off the floor and gets into a fighting
position.

Through the window to his rear, the cranes wench and
hook drift past with regularity.

EXT. GIANT CRANE - DAY

In the cab, the OPERATOR battles with the controls.

OPERATOR

Can't keep the line steady with this
headwind!

INT. OFFICE

Zack prepares to fight with his mutated uncle.

Trent staggers to meet him with forced, lumbering steps.

ZACK

Man, you are fucked up!

Trent pushes his solidified limbs forward.

TRENT

I... am human!

ZACK

That's a matter of opinion.

Trent lunges for Zack enraged by his insolence. Zack ducks out of his grasp and counters with a hard right to his head.

TRENT

is barely fazed by the blow due to the hardened fiberglass encasing his skull. Zack's fist strikes rock.

ZACK

retracts his hurt hand with a look of pain. He pulls it in close to him.

TRENT

rises before him. The microphone entrenched in his mouth twists into a sardonic grin.

ZACK

regroups and swings with both fists grouped together at his formidable opponent. The results are much the same. Zack's arms bounce off Trent's shell.

He shudders from the pain racing through him.

TRENT

swings back making full contact with Zack's head.

ZACK

is rocked by the chop. He spins and slams into the wall. He falls on the spot.

Zack shakes his head trying to regain his bearing.

TRENT

rotates in place.

TRENT

You can't hurt me.

He spreads his arms to grab Zack up in their crushing embrace.

TRENT (cont.)

But I can hurt you.

ZACK

looks up in time to see Trent bending down for him. He rears up and kicks the android like face direct on the chin.

TRENT

flails back and balances his arms to remain standing.

ZACK

bounds to his feet. He turns and spies the cranes line going past in the window.

Deciding the best course of action he leaps through the glass.

EXT. GLOBAL CARE BUILDING - DAY

Zack smashes out the window and clutches the wench line for dear life.

EXT. WENCH LINE - DAY

Zack stands on the ball and hook holding tight onto the cable. The ground whistles past beneath him.

EXT. GLOBAL CARE BUILDING

Trent surveys where Zack has gone through the broken window frame. Seeing that he is still alive Trent turns away.

EXT. GIANT CRANE

Burdened with Zack's extra weight the crane line pulls the jib.

THE JIB

The metal arm of the boom dips in relation to the added strain.

INT. CRANE CAB

The operator jerks the direction levers in desperation.

OPERATOR

Get off my rig!

EXT. GIANT CRANE

The cab turns upon its axis carrying the line with it. The ball-hook assembly whips around in a wide arc.

ZACK

rides it out waiting until they are clear of hitting the building.

He pulls one hand off the cable and extends a leg into space.

ZACK'S POV

The sea of white tarp covering the irrigation field below.

ZACK

releases the cable fully and is cast out into the rushing air.

EXT. IRRIGATION FIELD

Zack hits the tarp with a thud. His landing crushes the network of plastic piping underneath.

THE TARP

gives from his weight and sinks into the earth.

ZACK'S LEGS

punch through the thin material of the tarp.

EXT. IRRIGATION FIELD

He is suspended in the stretching harness of plastic above a gaping chasm.

EXT. CHASM

Zack claws for a section of the tarp above him. He gropes onto a bunch of the plastic and starts to hoist himself up.

ZACK

uses the tarp like a rope taking care not to pull too hard against it. Water from the ruptured pipes pours down his body making the climb even more treacherous.

EXT. CHASM

Zack glances up at one of the steel regulator pipes embedded in the dirt overhead.

He pushes himself forward in one sudden motion and clutches onto the pipe. The motion tears away the tarp that was holding him. It peels away in long, torn flaps.

ZACK

breathes a sigh of relief and smiles at his good fortune. He shimmyes up the pipe the rest of the way to the surface.

EXT. IRRIGATION FIELD

Zack pulls the top half of his body over the tarp. He uses his feet to climb out of the pit and rolls onto his back.

ZACK

reposes a moment under the sun. Its light is eclipsed as a dark shadow falls upon him.

Zack opens his eyes and gasps.

TRENT

is looming over him, glowering down in triumph.

TRENT

End of the line, clone!

He reaches towards Zack.

A GUN FIRES THREE TIMES and he stops.

Trent stands paused. His one visible eye flutters then closes.

ZACK

scoots back as Trent lurches over falling into the chasm. His body hits the bottom with a thud.

Zack gazes up at his defender.

MIA

stands with her legs in a wide stance. She is all hips, lips and attitude. Her pistol is set in her right hand.

ZACK

gives her a smile of relief.

ZACK

Changed your mind, huh?

He ventures closer and extends his hand.

MIA

responds by reverting into a offensive position. She clicks off the safety and aims with intent.

MIA

Fraid not, sugar.

ZACK

looks confused by her reversal of allegiance.

ZACK

I don't understand.

His hand falls.

MIA

stares at Zack down her sights with a captor's pride.

MIA

You are worth more to me on the
open market than to keep as a
personal possession.

Zack smiles back ruefully.

ZACK

I guess this means we're breaking up?

Mia grins at his correlation.

MIA

You could say that.

Zack's look becomes sullen.

ZACK

But, why?

Mia is more than willing to oblige his curiosity.

MIA

You've killed a civil police officer.
The bounty on you must be huge.

ZACK

You set me up!

MIA

No! I went along with your plans!
You learned the truth, that's what
you wanted!

She supports her gun wielding hand with her other.

MIA (cont.)

This is what I want.

ZACK

A hostage?

Mia shakes her head and laughs.

MIA

More like a bargaining chip.

Zack fixes a critical gaze upon her.

MIA (cont.)

The south country will probably give anything to get their hands on you... including immunity.

She tightens the grip on her gun.

MIA (cont.)

You're going to be my ticket back to a normal life.

ZACK

snarls up defiantly.

ZACK

What if I refuse to come?

MIA

shrugs and aims the pistol with greater resolve.

MIA

A girl's gotta do what she's gotta do.

She grins down.

MIA (cont.)

For what it's worth it's been fun.

Zack hangs his head.

ZACK

Thanks.

He glares up at her in spite.

ZACK (cont.)

For nothing.

Mia returns a removed smile.

MIA

My pleasure.

She tightens her finger around the trigger.

A RAY OF INTENSE RED LIGHT cuts a surgical incision through her chest.

Mia can't keep the gun raised. It drops with her depleting energy. She FIRES it in vain.

EXT. IRRIGATION FIELD

The bullet pierces a water main. Water escapes through the hole as a fine mist.

It spreads out blanketing the area in a thick fog.

ZACK

watches Mia collapse before him. A look of surprise is frozen on her face.

Zack's attention is drawn to something coming towards him.

ZACK'S POV

Through the heavy mist a figure approaches. It is a woman in a hooded robe. She carries an ominous laser rifle in her arms. From a distance she resembles a vengeful shaman.

ZACK

squints to identify the woman.

THE WOMAN

continues walking. Her face appears from behind the folds in her hood. She looks like Audrey Freeling.

ZACK

blinks in disbelief.

ZACK

Mom?

EXT. IRRIGATION FIELD

The woman walks up to Zack. The water spray around them conceals their meeting.

THE WOMAN

removes her hood. She is identical to Audrey Freeling- but a younger version of her.

ZACK

stares at her trying to comprehend.

THE WOMAN

looks at Zack with translucent, blue eyes. Her voice is soft and reassuring.

WOMAN

I am second generation Audrey.

ZACK

His mouth twists into a crooked grin.

ZACK

Sis?

SECOND GENERATION AUDREY

smiles back patiently. Her presence seems almost ethereal.

SECOND GENERATION AUDREY

What's in a label?

She extends her hand to help Zack up.

ZACK

studies her face for sincerity.

SECOND GENERATION AUDREY

retains her passive smile.

HER HAND

is outreached. Zack's lifts to connect with hers. Her fingers close around his securing their bond.

ZACK

stands with second generation Audrey's assistance.

He looks trustingly into her eyes.

EXT. IRRIGATION FIELDS

Audrey turns herself and Zack in the direction where the concentration of the mist is densest.

Walking hand in hand they disappear into its cover.

ZACK (O.S.)

Now I know.

FADE OUT:

THE END

