

J A S O N S T A T H A M

J O H N

D O E

DIRECTED BY
DAVID AYER

BLACK BEAR

MIRAMAX
A BEIN MEDIA GROUP & PARAMOUNT COMPANY

JOHN DOE

Meet John Doe. He has no memory, no past, and no name — and only one face he can't forget: a woman named Eliza. As fragments of his identity return, he discovers his true nature — that he is something more than human, trained for a mission still in motion and being hunted by his deadly predecessor. John must now make the ultimate choice between finishing what he started... or protecting the one person who makes him feel human.

Black Bear is excited to present futuristic action-thriller **JOHN DOE**, reuniting filmmaker-star duo **JASON STATHAM** (*The Meg*, *Fast & Furious Presents: Hobbs & Shaw*, *The Beekeeper*) and **DAVID AYER** (*Suicide Squad*, *The Beekeeper*, *A Working Man*), who will direct from a script by blockbuster screenwriter **ZAK PENN** (*The Avengers*, *Ready Player One*). **Miramax** (*The Beekeeper*, *Wrath of Man*, *The Gentlemen*) will produce alongside **JASON STATHAM** for **Punch Palace Productions** (*A Working Man*, *The Beekeeper*), **PAUL SCHIFF** and **ZAK PENN**.

Building on the success of *The Beekeeper* and *A Working Man*, David Ayer and Jason Statham reunite for their next collaboration — one that will see Statham in an entirely new role as John Doe, a sophisticated AI creation with extraordinary abilities, who ultimately defies his programming to save the woman he loves. Statham's reputation as a global action icon remains unrivalled, with one of the genre's most consistent and enduring track records. Beyond his recent hits with Ayer, he has starred in decades of blockbusters and franchises, including *Fast & Furious*, *The Transporter*, *The Expendables*, and *The Meg*, with his films grossing over \$8.5 billion at the global box office. Ayer brings his signature blend of muscular storytelling, striking visuals and grounded emotional stakes, as seen in *Suicide Squad* and *Fury*. With **John Doe**, Ayer and Statham once again join forces for a high-concept, high-impact action spectacle — delivering a bold, cinematic ride that audiences won't want to miss.

JOHN DOE

By

Zak Penn

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

A MAN stands on the thin shoulder of a FREEWAY, dressed in a dark suit, tie whipping past his face. Cars rocket past him, blaring their horns, skimming his clothing, coming frighteningly close to him.

HIS POV --

The screen is a blur of color and motion, and the sound is surprisingly muted; a dull roar, punctuated by people's VOICES, dopplering past. The faces of the people in the cars stand in stark relief to the blur of their vehicles. The Man can see them clearly, each one of them, as they pass. They seem to float by like ghosts, trapped in their ephemeral vehicles.

He's looking for someone. A woman.

EXT. BUSY STREET

The Man walks along a busy street. Now that we get a better look at him, we can see that his suit seems exceedingly worn, as though he hasn't changed in months. He has the dazed look of an accident victim, someone who's walked away from the scene in shock.

Suddenly, a memory flashes --

THE FACE OF A WOMAN.

She is sublime. Her beauty hypnotizes him. Her mouth moves as if she's trying to talk to him, but he can't make out any words.

The blare of a car horn startles the Man out of his reverie.

EXT. BUS STOP - LATER

The man makes his way through the city. There aren't many people on the streets -- a few CIVILIANS waiting for a bus, who actively ignore him. Trying not to make eye contact. Clutching a bag more tightly.

As he continues past the bus shelter, he gets another flash...

THE WOMAN'S FACE.

This time, the Man stops. He sits down. The face stays present in his mind.

And then he starts sobbing, waves of despair rolling through him, tightening every tendon in his body like a surge of withdrawal symptoms.

EXT. CITY STREET

The Man sees other HOMELESS MEN, carrying Styrofoam trays of food. Scanning the horizon, he follows a trail of people with trays back to their source...

EXT. SHELTER - EVENING

The Man is eating. He has meticulously picked all of the peas out of his stew and put them on one side of his plate.

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

In a park, stadium lights illuminate a stand of palm trees, casting long shadows on the valley below.

The Man moves through the park.

THE WOMAN'S FACE flashes into his memory again.

The Man concentrates, trying to capture the thought in his mind. But it slips away.

Despairing, he finds a park bench and curls up on it. He tries to sleep.

THE SCREEN GOES BLACK.

AN IMAGE COMES UP.

Suddenly, with no warning. It is the image of a digital clock; huge, red, filling the screen. The time screams out at us...

12:00:00 a.m.

The numbers vibrate, like a recording flickering when it's paused. Then they begin to ROLL, quickly, fast-forwarded.

When they hit 6:00 AM, the screen floods with white light, and the numbers disappear. The light coalesces into a coherent image of the ceiling of a bedroom, and then the POV turns to the right and we see...

A WOMAN, sleeping next to us, the same woman we saw earlier and now we are kissing her and she is waking up and we get out of bed and brush our teeth and go downstairs for coffee and...

A full day in the past life of our wanderer spins by, picking up speed as it goes, all of it from his point of view. Most of it whizzes by too fast to register, but we catch some of it: driving in a car, going to the beach with the woman, coming home, eating dinner, making love.

It ends with him, in bed, turning over to look at the clock by the bedside.

The time reads 11:15 p.m.

As his eyes close, the light disappears, and now the numbers come back up again, against the dark background. We see them roll forward, fast, until they hit...

11:59:59 pm

And then it stops, and holds there as if freeze-framed.

END OF MEMORY #1

EXT. CITY PARK

The Man wakes with a start, the flush of memory still in his eyes. He quickly glances around -- at the park, at the bench he's on -- and then he grimaces.

EXT. OUTDOOR MALL - DAY

The Man walks through an outdoor mall, drawing a suspicious stare from a passing security guard.

He walks past a GAME STOP, a bank of television sets in the window. At first, he passes without a glance. But then something catches his peripheral vision. He turns and stops in front of the window.

On one of the television screens, a logo with a BUGLE in the center spins silently, the name HORN SOFTWARE underneath it.

Then a commercial begins, for a console-based video game called "E.S.5." The cuts are lightning quick, over footage of some of the game's more cinematic moments. Periodically, the logo of the game flashes onscreen.

THE LOGO

...is the silhouette of a sheep, leaping over a fence, framed inside a bolt of lightning. The Man seems transfixed by the symbol, practically hypnotized.

THE STORE OWNER tries to shoo him away from inside the store, but then his eyes widen in fear.

OUTSIDE THE STORE --

The Man is beginning to SHAKE, an epileptic spasm that grows into an alarming frenzy until his arms and limbs are flailing with tremendous force. He falls to the ground, a stray arm movement SHATTERING the storefront, sending a shower of glass onto the startled shop owner.

He is now shaking so fast that his features seem to blur, his arms and legs like pistons in an engine, cracking the tiles on the mall floor.

WE HOLD FOR A MOMENT on this image, as shoppers and security guards surround him, and then...

FADE OUT.

FADE UP ON:

The sky, overhead. The Man is lying on his back, faces surrounding him: two paramedics, mall security, passers by.

PARAMEDIC
Mr. Reynolds?

John doesn't respond to this.

PARAMEDIC
John? John Reynolds.

The Man stares up at the Paramedic. He's clearing talking to him.

JOHN
How do you know my name?

The Paramedic stares at him strangely. He nods to his coworker, who hands John his wallet.

PARAMEDIC
Uh, your wallet? It was in your pocket.

JOHN rifles through the wallet. Credit cards, driver's license. His name and address. Yes, it is him. John stares at it like it's the first time he's ever seen it. And yet it's been sitting in his pocket this whole time.

The Paramedic hands John a loose key and a SMART PHONE, the screen of which is completely shattered.

PARAMEDIC
These were in there too.

John takes his stuff from the Paramedic and stands.

PARAMEDIC
Slow down there. We're gonna take
you to the hospital.

JOHN
No! No hospital.

John pushes through the crowd.

PARAMEDIC
Mr. Reynolds! Wait...

But John isn't listening. He's walking away from them, then running.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD

We are moving through an indistinct neighborhood just outside the city. Rows of homes, getting nicer and more expensive as we go.

WE FIND JOHN, glancing down at the driver's license, checking the address to the numbers on the curb. He comes to his destination.

JOHN'S POV OF HIS HOME --

The lawn is unkempt. Mail piled up. Yard debris scattered. John approaches the front door. Turns the handle. It's locked. He reaches in his pocket. Pulls out a set of keys.

INT. JOHN'S HOME

The front door swings open. John enters, mouth agape. It's a nice home. REALLY nice.

INT. JOHN'S KITCHEN

John walks into the kitchen, which looks like something out of a design magazine, other than a few cracked floorboards and a shattered cabinet door.

He walks towards the REFRIGERATOR, a gleaming SUB ZERO. John swings the door open, hoping to see a fridge full of food. Instead, he is hit by the worst stench of his life. Everything is covered with mold.

How long has he been gone?

INT. JOHN'S BATHROOM

John pours some horrifyingly sour milk into the toilet and flushes it.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM

John walks into his bedroom, the room from his flashback. If anything, it seems even nicer than he remembered. On the bedside table he sees the familiar DIGITAL CLOCK and next to it, a BIBLE. John picks up the bible and leafs through it. Many pages have been folded back, passages marked; John is clearly an avid reader of the scriptures.

Which surprises him, somehow. He puts the Bible back in its place.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE

A cozy room at the back of his house. A kick-ass laptop sits on the desk.

John opens the laptop, tries to wake it up, but "LOW BATTERY" flashes across the screen. He looks around, sees a CHARGING CABLE snaking its way under the desk from a nearby outlet. He plugs it in.

INT. JOHN'S MEDIA ROOM - LATER

John is now sitting on the couch, flipping through streaming services. None of them have been paid for. Every time he clicks on a FREE TRIAL, he gets an "Enter your name, e-mail, credit card" --

He settles on previews. He goes from preview to preview, until he begins to notice a vague DINGING sound, very faint. He tries lowering the volume on the TV. Still there.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE

John enters to find the source of the sound; his laptop. The incessant dinging is from notifications that are continuously flashing across the screen -- TEXTS, EMAILS, DIRECT MESSAGES. Clearly the laptop hasn't been used in a long time.

John faces the laptop, it UNLOCKS using facial recognition.

He tries to read through the different messages as they come in on the NOTIFICATION CENTER, but none of the contact numbers or emails have been saved so it's hard for him to keep track of who's sending what

Still doing dinner tonight?...My man. Question for you. Call me back...Thought we were doing dinner tonight...JR. Answer me. Urgent...Starting to get worried, John.

It's overwhelming. As the messages continue to come in on the computer, John looks around the room for the first time -- books, cables, a locked briefcase in the corner. Then his heart practically stops...

There, on the desk, is a picture of a woman.

It's the woman from his dreams.

EXT. PRIVATE JET - DAY

A Gulfstream G700 jet cuts through a clear blue sky.

INT. GULFSTREAM JET

A small space; just a few, wealthy passengers. An attractive flight attendant, ELIZA, places a glass of water next to the owner of the plane, MR. OWENS, a businessman who is permanently fused to his phone. He barely notices her.

But we do. She is the woman from John's memory. She looks different, somehow. Worn down. Still beautiful, but suffering.

INT. SERVICE AREA

A cramped service space near the cockpit. Eliza enters from the cabin and returns her tray to a sliding compartment. She sits in one of the fold-down chairs, and then, seemingly for no reason...

Begins to cry. She does her best to stifle her sobs, but that only catches them in her throat, making them louder.

IN THE MAIN CABIN --

GREG, the other attendant, looks up at the sound. All the passengers are staring towards the front of the plane, even Owens.

SERVICE AREA --

Eliza, her crying jag over, dries her tears. She looks over at a service cart, lined with airplane bottles of alcohol, row after row of them.

Thoughts rush through her mind. She could take one or two of them, no one would even notice...

GREG (O.S.)

Liza?

Eliza turns to see Greg, standing behind her.

ELIZA

(covering)

Hey. What's up?

GREG

You okay?

Greg glances down at the row of alcohol bottles, mentally checking to see if she's taken any of them.

ELIZA

(motioning to the cabin)

I better get back. Mr. Owens wants more nuts.

Eliza pushes past Greg and back into the main cabin. Greg looks after her, concerned.

INT. LONG TERM PARKING LOT

Eliza and Greg walk towards their cars, which are parked next to each other.

GREG

--well, I think it's amazing you're back at work. I'm proud of you.

ELIZA

I'm trying.

Eliza smiles, can't help it.

GREG
Drink next week?
(beat)
I mean, non-alcoholic wine or
whatever?

Eliza laughs, and frankly, it's a relief to see. It's not hard to see how someone could fall in love with that smile.

ELIZA
You working the Sun Valley route?

GREG
Yeah, but I'm gonna call you before
that anyway.

Eliza hugs him, kisses him on the cheek.

INT. ELIZA'S APARTMENT

A small, dark apartment, decorated much better than it deserves to be. Eliza's a reformed partier -- some tattoos she regrets, nights she can't remember -- and her apartment speaks of someone trying to put that past behind them.

Either way, she doesn't seem happy to be home. She drops her bag near the door and walks straight to the kitchen. She pulls open the fridge, then checks some of the cabinets, looking for something.

She goes to a small desk in the corner of the living room. Though she ignores it, looking through drawers, now we see...

The desk is covered with evidence of a long abandoned hunt. For John.

Missing Persons posters, "Have you Seen this Man?" Pictures of John. Photographs of her and John at the beach, on a ski vacation, hiking in the hills, at an outdoor party.

Eliza ignores all of this and rips open a desk drawer. Filled with empty Nicorette shells. She closes it.

INT. ELIZA'S BATHROOM

Eliza rifles through the contents of her medicine cabinet; she finds an old Valium prescription. She briefly considers it.

EXT. ELIZA'S BALCONY

Eliza, earbuds in, lights a cigarette on the balcony of her apartment as she dials a number. She waits, impatiently, for the person on the other end to answer

Finally...

ELIZA

Hi.

We can't make out what the voice on the other end is saying but the tone is calm and reassuring. It is her SPONSOR.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

Yeah. I just... I don't know, I feel like I'm jumping out of my skin.

(beat, listening)

I know, that's why I called. I need to hear it.

Eliza scrolls through her texts. Then, she notices something.

She tries to concentrate on what her Sponsor is saying but her eyes stay riveted on her notifications.

REVEAL -- She has three messages, one of them...

...from JOHN REYNOLDS.

INT. JOHN'S MEDIA ROOM

John stands in front of a very impressive VINYL COLLECTION, taking swigs off an imported beer. John checks out his massive library of music - thousands of records organized alphabetically. Except one, which is already placed on his very expensive RECORD PLAYER. He turns the player on and the record starts to spin --

MUSIC CUE: "FAKE PLASTIC TREES" by RADIOHEAD plays through the speakers.

He stands there for a moment, nodding along to the song and drinking his beer, before he starts leafing through the other albums in his collection.

EXT. JOHN'S HOME - FRONT DOOR

Eliza walks up to the house, slowly. She is overwhelmed by the sight of the lights being on, the music drifting from inside -- she recognizes it immediately. She hurries to the front door, pulling out a key she hasn't used in months.

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM

John is singing along to "Fake Plastic Trees" when he turns to see ELIZA, standing in the doorway.

HER EYES show confusion, anger...but most of all, an ecstatic relief.

He's alive, in front of her.

ON JOHN -- his eyes light up.

They walk towards each other, music playing. They embrace. Eliza kisses John's face. Then his lips.

ELIZA

You're alive. I can't believe
you're alive.

JOHN

Can't believe you're real.

Eliza laughs through tears.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK --

...and for a moment, they are framed in the window. It pulls back farther and the image pixelates slightly, as though it is suddenly a different resolution. Like a surveillance shot taken from great distance.

EXT. MONTANA - DAY

A densely wooded, remote stretch of land. We hear the sound of something heavy being dragged across the forest floor, stopping and starting at rhythmic intervals.

We come in closer to find a man, we'll call him KANE, trudging forward at a slow but steady pace. Given the setting, there's nothing unusual about Kane's appearance: lumberjack shirt, heavy beard, work boots, hunting rifle slung over one shoulder. But as we pan down his body, we see that there is a HEAVY ROPE tied around his waist, attached to something that he drags behind him.

He takes another step forward, and the rope suddenly SNAPS TAUT. Kane is jerked backwards and falls, hard, right on his butt.

He turns to look behind him and now we see the load he is a bearing.

THE CARCASSES OF THREE STAGS.

Each a few hundred pounds, each with a razor-clean bullet hole in the center of its forehead. Kane walks into frame and kneels down next to the largest buck. Its enormous mantle has wedged itself under a tree root.

Kane reaches down and, with no more effort than you might pop open a soda can, SNAPS the offending antler off near the base.

Then he stands back up again and resumes his march.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

A tiny, hand-built cabin at the end of a very rough dirt road. Wisps of smoke drift upwards from a small chimney. An old flatbed parked nearby, looking like it doesn't get a lot of use.

Kane hoists the last of the carcasses so it hangs from a high branch of a tree, safe from predators. He is surprised to hear a rumbling sound, from far off. He turns towards a dirt road to see--

A FEDEX TRUCK pull up into frame. A moment later, the DRIVER hops out of the truck, carrying a package under his arm.

The Driver takes a moment to consider the cabin; with the light fading, and the deer carcasses hanging from the tree, it's not the most hospitable looking place in the world.

KANE (O.S.)
Hello, friend.

The Driver startles, turns to look at the bare-chested, bearded man suddenly standing next to him.

KANE
What can I do for you today? Cup of coffee? Or I could make you some venison sausage. That might take longer. Heh.

The Driver stares at Kane, slack-jawed. Not the reaction he expected out here in the middle of nowhere.

DRIVER

Uh... hi. No. Thanks. Package for you.

He hands Kane a small padded FedEx envelope.

KANE

Well, thank you very much.

Kane rips the package open and pulls out a black slab of a telephone, no branding. He turns away from the Driver, then taps the phone.

A message appears on the lock screen.

GET TO SIGNAL, WAIT FOR CALL. NOW.

Kane looks down at the message for a moment, then tries hitting some of the buttons. There's no signal here.

DRIVER

(holding out a tablet)

Gimme a signature here and we're all set.

Kane nods, but he seems distracted. He looks over at --

THE FLATBED TRUCK -

At one point it got him here. Now its rear two tires are blown. The exhaust is falling off. Clearly, this car hasn't been driven in years and isn't going anywhere. Then he turns to look at--

THE FEDEX TRUCK -

Brand, spanking new. Idling right in front of him. THE DRIVER holds the tablet out, insistently.

KANE

Say, are you allowed to give someone a lift in your truck?

DRIVER

Uh, no. Definitely not. I'm on a schedule.

The Driver tries to push the tablet into Kane's hand. He doesn't take it.

KANE

Can I ask you a personal question?
Just one question. I don't get to talk to many people.

The Driver, annoyed, shrugs.

KANE
Do you live alone?

The Driver does not like that question. He's a lot bigger than Kane, not a guy who intimidates easily...but still.

KANE
Oh, too personal! I'm sorry, a bit out of practice. Ha ha.
(the Driver doesn't smile)
Here, I'll sign.

Kane takes the tablet, which relieves the Driver. Kane holds his finger over it, but freezes there.

KANE
Let me ask you this; if you stopped coming to work, how soon would they notice? The Federal Express company, I mean.

The Driver stares at Kane, now getting nervous.

DRIVER
I don't know, man, but they're gonna notice I don't make my next delivery, feel me? I gotta keep moving, so --

KANE
That makes sense.

Kane is trying to be subtle but he's terrible at it. The Driver squirms as Kane stalls.

DRIVER
Come on man, don't sign, I don't give a shit. Just gimme the tablet.

KANE
I'm sorry. Of course.

Kane quickly signs the tablet, but makes no attempt to hand it back. There's an awkward moment, but then the Driver just gets impatient and steps forward to grab it.

The moment the Driver is close enough, Kane lashes out with his left hand. He grabs the Driver by the throat, squeezing hard.

KANE
Sorry I couldn't be a better host.

Kane lifts the Driver in the air, an almost impossible feat of strength, causing the pressure on his neck to multiply. With a sickening crack, the Driver's throat collapses.

EXT. MONTANA - CABIN

In the background, smoke pours from the cabin, the fire spreading. In the foreground, Kane sits in the driver's seat of the FedEx truck. He shifts the idling truck into gear and pulls onto the service road, revealing--

He has nailed a note to a tree. It reads, simply--

*To whom it may concern: I took my own life due to depression.
Sincerely, Roger Kane.*

EXT. MONTANA - DAY

Kane drives in the FedEx van, the satellite phone in one hand. Still no connection. He checks the delivery schedule on the FedEx Tablet.

EXT. RURAL ROAD

A WOMAN rakes leaves in front of her modest, country home, somewhere in the wilds of Montana. She hears a roar coming closer, then--

A FEDEX TRUCK ROCKETS PAST, she barely sees KANE hurling a package out of his open passenger side door.

The package spins through the air and lands perfectly next to her mailbox.

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS

Kane has polished off his deliveries and now is holding the mysterious phone up, looking for some bars. As he crests a hill, a single bar appears. Instantly, the phone rings, he puts it on speaker. The female voice that speaks will be known as "The Voice."

THE VOICE (O.S.)

The package deliveries were unnecessary.

KANE

Is this what was so urgent?
Criticizing me again.

THE VOICE (O.S.)
Of course not. I'm sending you
details now.

KANE
You're not still mad at me?

THE VOICE (O.S.)
I was never mad at you. I'm
concerned about your ability to
complete tasks.

KANE
I can complete tasks.

THE VOICE (O.S.)
Do you want to argue the past, or
can you focus on the present?
Because if not, there are other
options, both for this mission and
for you.

Kane's look darkens. He understands the threat.

KANE
I've spent a lot of time working on
myself. I won't be a problem.
(beat)
I promise I won't be a problem.

THE VOICE (O.S.)
Okay.
(her tone shifts, almost
motherly)
Do your best. That's all I've ever
asked.

KANE
I know. Thank you.

THE VOICE (O.S.)
You know who you're looking for?

KANE
Of course.

A series of SURVEILLANCE IMAGES of a MAN exiting a home pop
up on the screen. Then one with a second person, a WOMAN, now
walking with him.

ON KANE, a smirk spreading across his lips. A final image
comes through --

THIS ONE clearly of JOHN coming out of his home.

BLACKNESS...

AN IMAGE COMES UP

A DIGITAL CLOCK, frozen on the same time we saw before.

12:00:00 a.m.

The numbers start rolling forward again, until they reach six a.m. The screen floods with light and we are back in John's POV.

We whiz through another one of his days, but in this one, John wakes up alone. He puts a LONG LENS in an expensive looking CAMERA BAG.

Now he's driving in his car. We catch a glimpse of a sign for the Airport.

In the parking lot adjacent to the runway, John sits in his car, SNAPPING PICTURES as a familiar private jet's passengers disembark the plane into waiting limos. A moment later, her luggage in tow, Eliza exits the plane and strides across the tarmac towards John's car.

As she reaches the end of the tarmac, she veers away from John's car and walks towards her own car in the back of the lot.

Surprisingly, John makes no attempt to get her attention. No wave, no hello. Instead, he continues taking pictures.

As Eliza passes, John sets down his long lens camera and pulls a smaller one out of the camera bag, snapping photos of Eliza -- her face, her ass, a tattoo peeking out above her ankle. With each click of the camera, Eliza's image freezes for a moment and in the corner of the photo is the date: October 15, 2023.

The Memory picks up speed and whizzes through the rest of his day -- drive home, dinner, going to bed -- until the eyes close sometime around 11:30, and the numbers come back up again. They stop at 12:00:00 am, the same as the last time.

END MEMORY #2

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

John wakes with a start, half expecting to see himself sleeping in the street. But as his eyes dart around we see that, no, he's still in his bedroom.

There's Eliza sleeping next to him. We see scattered clothes and other evidence that a few days have passed since Eliza and John met again.

John sighs to himself, relieved.

He slips out of bed, careful not to wake her.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE

John is standing in front of a wall-sized "month-at-a-glance" poster. "OCTOBER" is written across the top in magic marker. John carefully puts an "x" in the box for "October 15."

PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

That the room is papered with month-at-a-glance calendars. They extend back a year and a half from SEPTEMBER -- the present -- to MARCH the year prior, presumably the earliest memories he's recovered.

We notice that many of the days in the recent past have been filled in, with the exception of the past three weeks where John has written "no memory."

He stands back from the calendar, inspecting the pieces of his life.

ELIZA

You have another one? The same...

JOHN

Twenty four hours, exactly. To the second.

ELIZA

Weird.

Eliza comes up and hugs him from behind, handing him a PACKAGE -- a delivery from APPLE. Eliza sleepily rests her head on his shoulder as she studies the calendars.

John opens the package as the two discuss his progress. It's a NEW IPHONE.

JOHN

When did we meet?

ELIZA

October.

JOHN

October what?

ELIZA
Twenty-second.

JOHN
Are you sure? Could it have been
the week before?

ELIZA
It was the day after my birthday.
I'm sure it was the 22nd.
(beat)
Why?

John stands there, thinking to himself.

JOHN
I don't know. Nothing.

John tries to turn the phone on, but it's clear he doesn't know what he's doing. Eliza chuckles, taking the phone from him and swiping a few times. Then, she holds the screen up.

ELIZA
Give me your face.

John leans in, squaring up with the phone.

JOHN
Like this?

ELIZA
Got it.

CLOSE ON: The phone has recognized John's face and is downloading all his data from the cloud.

JOHN
Nice!

He high fives her. Eliza laughs at his enthusiasm, checks the time.

ELIZA
What time is your appointment?

JOHN
Ten thirty.

ELIZA
I wish I could come with you.

JOHN
No, you have work.

ELIZA

I'll be back Wednesday morning.
I'll come straight from the
airport.

JOHN

Liza, I'll be fine.

He squeezes her hand to reassure her. We hold on the image of their hands, clenched together, and then a voice comes up.

KAPUR (PRE-LAP)

I'm going to be honest with you,
John. I don't recall ever seeing a
case like yours.

INT. HOSPITAL, DOCTOR'S OFFICE

John sits across from DOCTOR KAPUR, a neurologist, who has notes on John's case sitting in front of him. He has finished drawing John's blood, which he labels.

KAPUR

Even in cases of complete
retrograde amnesia, it's very
unusual for memories to come back
at all, much less in the specific
ways you're describing.

JOHN

So, what do you think happened to
me?

Kapur takes a long moment before continuing.

KAPUR

Not sure. But I want you to get a
CAT scan, run some other tests.

CLOSE ON JOHN, unnerved by Kapur's suggestions.

JOHN

CAT Scan?

KAPUR

Completely painless. It'll give us
the answers we need.

Kapur smiles hopefully, hands John a prescription for a CAT Scan. For some reason, this makes John tense. He rises quickly and walks out.

INT. JOHN'S FRONT HALLWAY - THE NEXT DAY

Eliza opens the door and enters, returning from her day flight. The house is deathly quiet.

ELIZA

John?

She moves into the kitchen.

INT. JOHN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

John sits at the kitchen table, the briefcase from his office is open next to him.

INSIDE THE BRIEFCASE --

Are three folders. Each of the folders has a name written on them. John flips through them; they are all filled with information about different, high-profile BUSINESS EXECUTIVES. The last of the three folders has only a photograph in it. A thirty-something man, surrounded by a team of bodyguards, hustling onto a waiting jet.

INSERT -- A BROCHURE

For a conference; "EMPERORS OF THE NEW MEDIA". There is a list of scheduled attendees, and the dates for the conference, one week away, SEPTEMBER 27th.

Eliza enters.

ELIZA

There you are.

JOHN

How was the flight?

She drops her bag and goes to fix herself some coffee.

ELIZA

Same old. How'd it go?

John looks up at her.

ELIZA

With the doctor?

JOHN

Fine.

ELIZA

He give you any answers?

John shakes his head, "no." Eliza frowns, puts her bag down.

JOHN

He said that we shouldn't worry.
My memory coming back is a good
sign. "Reacquaint myself with the
familiar" I think he said.

John's a very good liar. Eliza's a bit reassured. She
motions to the open briefcase.

ELIZA

You going through your stuff?

JOHN

I'm going through everything,
trying to backtrack. Figure out
what I was doing when I got hit. Or
passed out. Or kidnapped. Or
whatever happened...

He gestures to his open laptop, which sits on the chair next
to him.

JOHN

I can't seem to get in touch with
anyone. All the messages and emails
I send get bounced back.

ELIZA

You check your phone?

JOHN

There's no contacts on it. I don't
have any saved numbers.

ELIZA

Yeah, you never saved anything.
What about your call history?

John stares back at her. How did he not think of that?

ELIZA

Go ahead, genius.

Eliza goes to grab a snack, while John looks through his
missed calls. He immediately starts down the list, calling
all the numbers in his recent history. Most of them are out
of service. Exasperated, John keeps trying.

ELIZA

Have you eaten?

John waves her off as the line picks up on the other end. We hear the familiar voicemail beep...

JOHN
(disappointed)
Straight to voicemail.
(calling to Eliza)
Guy's name is Ed, does that ring a bell?

ELIZA
Ed! Yes, that sounds familiar. You worked with him, I think he's the one who cheated on his wife.

JOHN
(into phone)
Hi...Ed, this is John Reynolds.
Um, this is kind of hard to explain, except that... well, I'm alive
(John laughs, awkwardly.
Then...)
Anyway, I'd like to speak with you when you have a chance, so...give me a call back?

John stares at the phone, then hangs it up. He's frustrated.

EXT. UNIVERSITY TRACK - DAY

John runs laps around a university track, most of the people are casuals, but there are a few serious runners. One of the UNIVERSITY RUNNERS is staring at him. When he passes her for the second time, she jogs off the track.

JOHN'S POV -- the RUNNER is talking to a man in a dark suit.

ON JOHN, growing paranoid. He picks up the pace.

LATER --

John stretches, towels off.

VOICE (O.S.)
How many laps did you do?

John turns, almost instinctively rising into a protective stance. The MAN talking to him is actually wearing a dark track suit, he's one of the track coaches. The Female Runner stands behind him.

TRACK COACH
Sorry, I just asked --

JOHN
I don't know. I wasn't counting.

TRACK COACH
Temba says you ran five laps.

John shrugs his head, gathers his stuff to leave.

TRACK COACH
I'm not -- buddy, I'm not trying to
give you a hard time. She thinks
you ran a 3:45. So--

JOHN
Is that against the rules?

TRACK COACH
(laughs)
Against the rules? No, it's a
fucking world record, Bro. By a
lot. Obviously not possible, but
were you, you know -- did you run
professionally?

John shakes his head again.

JOHN
No, I'm sorry. I need to go.

As John leaves he can see that both the Track Coach and the
Runner are confused by his behavior.

EXT. JOHN'S HOME - A FEW DAYS LATER

John takes the recycling bin to the curb. Suddenly, a HAND
lands right on his shoulder.

VOICE (O.S.)
I don't believe it!

John turns to see ED, staring at him, looking like he's seen
a ghost.

ED
Holy moly. It is you! I was driving
by your house, got a call and had
to see it with my own eyes. You're
alive!

Ed suddenly grabs John in a bear hug, lifting him off the ground.

ED
I got your message, couldn't believe my ears.

JOHN
You're Ed.

ED
Hell yeah, I'm Ed. Amnesia! That's some crazy shit.

JOHN
Yeah. Memory's coming back, a little at a time.

Ed claps John on the shoulder. Then hugs him.

ED
It's good to see you.

John seems a little warier than Ed. Like he's not sure whether to trust him.

ED
I guess you figured out by now that we moved.

JOHN
Moved?

ED
The office. You remember work, a job, making money and stuff?

JOHN
Cars--

ED
Uh, yeah, importing cars, only the best sales agent we have. Hey, here's an idea; why don't I give you a ride over to the new office, show you where it is? That way, when you're ready, you know where to find us?

Ed points to a Mercedes C Class parked on the street. It's the same one we saw surveying John earlier. For some reason, John hesitates.

JOHN
Eliza is sleeping, I shouldn't--

ED
You are gonna come back to work,
John? Right? We need ya, buddy.

Ed holds the passenger door open.

ED
C'mon John, it's real close.

John doesn't move. He stares at Ed. A sound grows louder in John's ears; it's a heartbeat. Is it...Ed's?

ED
Just hop in.

Somehow he's hearing it, it has a distinct arrhythmia to it, but it's also quickening as Ed talks. And that is making John nervous.

JOHN
Sorry, I can't.

Ed's expression starts to turn angry

ED
Seriously? I drive all the way --

Ed suddenly catches himself.

ED
Man, I'm sorry. What am I doing?
You been through it and here I am
busting your balls.
(then)
Take your time, when you're ready,
you come back. I'm just happy to
see you're alive.

JOHN
Me too.

Ed laughs, maybe a little too loud. Then he watches John walk back through the gate. As Ed turns back to his car, the smile disappears.

INT. JOHN'S FRONT ENTRY

John locks the door behind him. Not sure why, but he's feeling paranoid.

INT. KARAOKE BAR

A small KARAOKE BAR. John and Eliza are out with Greg and his boyfriend, MARCO. Eliza and Marco are duetting on "You're the One That I Want." Greg and John sit at a table, watching them. John is enraptured, just completely captivated by Eliza's every move.

GREG

(after a beat)

I'm glad you're back, John. We all are.

John nods his thanks.

GREG (CONT'D)

When you, y'know, "disappeared" we all felt terrible. Not just about what happened, but like... Well, we all worried about Liz. What would happen to her.

John doesn't seem to understand.

GREG

John, Eliza was a mess, before you met. She partied too hard, would be the polite way to say it. But with you... I don't know, she just...relaxed, y'know? She just started dealing.

John glances over at Eliza, yukking it up with Marco, drinking a Coke.

GREG (CONT'D)

I know it's a cliché, but you were the best thing that ever happened to her, John.

AT THE KARAOKE MACHINE --

Eliza waves back at them, blows a kiss in John's direction.

GREG (CONT'D)

You saved her life.

Pull in close on John, that thought echoing in his head.

INT. JOHN'S MEDIA ROOM

Back at the house, John shows Marco his vinyl collection. Marco nods intensely at everything John says, like he's just done a couple lines in the bathroom (which he has). Over by the window, Eliza and Greg watch the exchange, amused.

GREG

So. How's it going?

ELIZA

Day to day, moment to moment?
Wonderful. Ecstatic. Sublime.

GREG

Aww!

ELIZA

Sometimes I worry that's just the
addict in me looking for a new
high. Like you said--

GREG

God, never listen to me when I'm
sober.

ELIZA

No, really, I think it's a good
point--

GREG

Eliza. Listen to me now: You are
severely over-complicating things.
What does your gut say?

ELIZA

My gut says... I love him. But my
gut also said I should do meth with
a girl dressed like a bat in the
bathroom of a dive bar.

Greg takes her hand comfortingly.

GREG

You've come a long way since then.
Dare I say, you've healed your gut,
and it's time to start eating dairy
again.

Eliza looks at him blankly.

GREG (CONT'D)

Sorry, lost track of the metaphor
there.

(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)

What I mean is, if he makes you happy, then the past doesn't matter. I mean look at Marco -- he used to have chunky highlights! But he makes me laugh every single day. So, if you ask me, trust those moments. Savor them. Because they're all that really matters.

Eliza smiles gratefully.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eliza is spooned with John in his bed when he wakes up, suddenly. He glances at the clock, three AM. It's the middle of the night.

He hears something. He cocks his head slightly, like a dog might, trying to pick up...

A NOISE

Extremely faint, a barely perceptible SHHHH. It starts and stops, starts and stops. Still faint, but each time getting louder.

With almost inhuman speed, John is out of bed and standing in the middle of the room, wearing nothing but his boxers. He stands perfectly still...listening.

John moves towards the bedroom door.

ELIZA

(whispering)

John?

The whisper is like a thunderclap to John. He turns to see Eliza, staring at him, frightened. She's never seen him like this; there's something almost animalistic about his pure stillness; like a predator about to strike.

John raises a finger to his lips, motioning for her to be quiet. Eliza mouths "What?!" to him, but John waves her off.

A moment later, a second sound begins, a SHUFFLING. Then a third sound, a flat tapping, beating out a nervous rhythm.

John is overwhelmed, confused by the cacophony of noises. Instinctively, he closes his eyes and concentrates and suddenly...

THE SOUNDS SEPARATE

Like a good stereo system, the sounds are now clearly definable by their location, even Eliza's racing heartbeat behind him.

INT. JOHN'S STAIRCASE

John isn't hearing things. A black-clad figure (INTRUDER #1) face covered in a ski-mask, a gun in his right hand -- moves slowly up the master staircase.

And as he does, the source of the faint SHHH becomes clear.

IT IS THE BARELY PERCEPTIBLE SOUND OF INTRUDER #1'S PANT LEG RUBBING AGAINST HIS THIGH.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM

John grabs a candlestick from the corner of the room. Cautiously, he opens the bedroom door and peers down over the banister to the front door entryway. Nothing moves, except for the tapping sound that impossibly seems to be coming from a van parked outside.

JOHN --

Steps out into the hallway, when he feels cold steel pressed against his temple.

INTRUDER

GET ON THE FLOOR! Hands behind your back! Now!

John stands there, too stunned to move. The Intruder pistol whips him and the candlestick tumbles to the floor.

From the bedroom, Eliza watches as John falls. Terrified, she bolts out of bed and grabs a bat.

John, frightened, does as he's told. The Intruder slips plastic handcuffs, the kind riot police use, around his wrists, then his ankles. Then he pulls on John's arm.

INTRUDER (CONT'D)

Get up.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM

The Intruder pushes John into the bedroom. He falls next to the bed, immobile. Eliza suddenly springs out, swinging the bat...

The Intruder blocks it with his forearm, grimacing. Then he raises the gun.

INTRUDER (CONT'D)
You wanna test me, lady? Swing it again.

Eliza drops the bat.

INTRUDER (CONT'D)
Get on the floor, NOW!

Eliza does as she's told, lying on the floor next to John. The Intruder cuffs her and gags her as John whispers....

JOHN
(whispering)
They'll take what they want, then they'll leave.

Eliza doesn't seem convinced. John notices the Intruder walking out of the room.

OUTSIDE THE BEDROOM DOOR --

Intruder #1 is joined by INTRUDER #2, also in a ski mask, standing outside the door.

INTRUDER #2
What'd I say about the gun?

INTRUDER #1
You said we were gonna get rid of the girl.

INTRUDER #2
Not here, and not like that. Put it away.

ON JOHN --

Lying on the floor he CAN HEAR THEIR CONVERSATION, EVEN THROUGH THE DOOR.

INTRUDER #2 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We'll take care of her later.

John's eyes go wide...

And a place deep inside that he has forgotten about suddenly takes over and... John kicks his legs out and, unbelievably, snaps his leg restraints.

With his arms still restrained, John hooks his neck under the heavy oak king-size bed and rams forward.

THE ENTIRE BED IS LIFTED OFF THE GROUND AND FLIPPED INTO THE AIR!

...just as the First Intruder comes into the room. His eyes go wide and he FIRES, but the bullets are swallowed by the bed tipping towards him.

He puts his hands out as the heavy bed smashes into him and pins him against the bedroom wall. He struggles to pull his gun hand free.

Eliza watches in shock as John SNAPS HIS HANDCUFFS LIKE THEY WERE PAPER.

He brushes aside the bed to get to the Intruder. John easily sidesteps the Intruder's attempts to kick him. Then John delivers a crushing blow.

CRACK!

The force of John's blow is so hard, it shatters the Intruder's sternum on impact.

IN SLOW MOTION --

The Intruder is hurled backwards across the room.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JOHN'S BEDROOM

The second INTRUDER, who is standing halfway up the staircase, gun drawn, watches in shock as the first Intruder flies out the open door of the bedroom and smashes into the wall.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM

Eliza stares at John, shocked. She barely recognizes him.

JOHN
(whispering)
Get in the bathroom, lock the door.
(off her look)
There's more of them.

Eliza backs up into the bathroom, scared shitless.

INTRUDER #2 --

Climbs the staircase, slowly. He looks down at Intruder #1. The guy's chest is caved in. He's dying.

Intruder #2 raises his gun and steps up onto the second floor landing.

JOHN --

Moves towards the wall separating the bedroom from the hall outside.

JOHN'S POV

A SHADOW moves along the wall, the shadow of a figure not inside the room.

John steps forward, reaching a hand out...

And now we begin to realize that the shadow John is seeing is in fact Intruder #2. John can see him through the wall! The closer he gets the more detail he takes on.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JOHN'S BEDROOM

The Intruder inches along the wall, automatic weapon in his hand.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM

John's eyes go wide. From his perspective, it looks as though the Intruder is standing right next to him. He cocks his fist, ready to strike...

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JOHN'S BEDROOM

The Intruder is reaching for the handle to John's bedroom door when...

JOHN'S FIST EXPLODES THROUGH THE WALL!

His hand grabs the Intruder's gun and yanks, breaking his finger in the trigger housing.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM

From JOHN'S POV, it looks as though he is holding the intruder right in front of him. He begins pounding with his elbow, smashing the wall...

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JOHN'S BEDROOM

The Intruder's head, pinned against the wall, is rocked by each blow until finally...

BOOM!

One of John's blows knocks a good chunk of the wall out, crashing down on the Intruder. John climbs through the hole in the wall to finish the job.

The Intruder pushes the debris off him, drops a telescoping baton by his side. He swings from the floor.

CRACK!

Incredibly, the baton BREAKS against John's kneecap. Even John is shocked, which gives the Intruder the chance to hook his leg behind John's and kick him backwards.

John TUMBLES OVER THE RAILING!

But at the last second grabs on, dangling fifteen feet from the entryway below.

The Intruder advances, raising the baton to knock his hands loose when...

JOHN DOES A REVERSE FLIP FROM HIS HANGING POSITION, landing behind the Intruder. The Intruder spins, quickly, just in time to catch a blow from John, right to the gut.

The Intruder tumbles down the stairs, to a landing. Dazed, gasping for breath, he looks up to see JOHN standing over him, ready to deliver the death blow when the most amazing thing happens.

The intruder's mask flickers and for a brief moment JOHN CAN SEE THE INTRUDER'S FACE. The face behind the mask surprises him almost as much as the fact that he's seeing it.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Ed?

John's moment of pause is all the time Ed needs to SWING THE BATON...

He cracks John right in the jaw, and that gives him enough time to roll to his feet and scamper down the stairs.

John lies on the floor, motionless. Then his hand begins to twitch. He rises to his feet. He spins and looks out the front window of the house.

HIS POV - ACROSS THE STREET

A THIRD INTRUDER sits parked in a Van, drumming his fingers on the steering wheel. This was the rhythmic tapping John heard.

JOHN breaks out of his trance and starts running, right across the bedroom, towards an OPEN WINDOW.

EXT. JOHN'S HOME - NIGHT

John comes flying out of the second story window and lands on the front lawn.

INSERT -- JOHN'S FOOT

Sinking a good three inches into the grassy lawn as he lands. John pulls it out and starts RUNNING. By now the van is halfway down the street. John pries a loose brick out of the brickwork in the driveway. He runs out into the middle of the street, rears back and THROWS...

The brick zips through the air at mind-boggling speed...

INSIDE THE VAN

In the driver's seat, Ed is ripping off his mask when...

BOOM!

The rear window explodes and the brick smashes into the back of the front seat with such force that Ed and the driver are thrown forward.

The van almost crashes, but the driver recovers. Ed turns to see the brick, embedded in the back of the seat.

EXT. JOHN'S HOME -- LATER

The Aftermath.

Two police cars fill John's driveway. An ambulance, its lights spinning and its back doors open, is parked at the curb.

INT. JOHN'S FRONT ENTRY

Eliza has a blanket around her, the bruises on her wrists being tended to by a PARAMEDIC.

John stands near the doorway, watching as the body of Intruder #1 is wheeled out the front door. A DETECTIVE is wrapping up taking his statement.

Eliza watches from a distance.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - LATER

John sweeps up glass, plaster from the bedroom floor. He's taped a piece of cardboard over the hole he punched in the wall.

ELIZA (O.S.)
What happened?

He turns to see Eliza, watching him carefully.

ELIZA
Who were they? What were they after?

JOHN
It was a break-in.

ELIZA
They didn't take anything John.

JOHN
Because I stopped them.

ELIZA
Yeah, I saw. Do you think your reaction was normal?

JOHN
(blankly)
I don't know. I'm a runner. I work out, right?

She gives him a look.

ELIZA
They were armed. And you -- I mean... you beat the shit out of them.

JOHN
They were threatening you. I just--

ELIZA
Listen, I appreciate it, I-- I'm not complaining.
(MORE)

ELIZA (cont'd)
But you jumped out of the window,
the second story
window --

JOHN
I don't know where it came from, I
just--

ELIZA
Who were they?

JOHN
I don't know.

ELIZA
John, please. I've been through a
lot with you. This is about being
truthful with each other.

JOHN
I don't understand. Did I lie to
you about something?

ELIZA
In the past? Yes. I never thought
you just-- imported cars, or
whatever. I think you did other
things and you didn't trust me
enough to confide in me. I'm not
blaming you. I'm just saying...

JOHN
What?

ELIZA
I want it to be different going
forward.

JOHN
Different how?

ELIZA
No more hiding things from each
other. Please, if we're going to
live together and *trust* each
other...

John just stands there flat-footed.

JOHN
If I had answers I would tell you,
Eliza. I promise.

He pulls her into an embrace. It seems warm, genuine, until we see John's eyes. He is focused on something else.

EXT. HIGH RISE APARTMENTS - NIGHT

An establishing shot of a row of high-priced residential towers in the city.

INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT

A tacky, two bedroom unit with spectacular, jetliner views of the city. Much more expensive than a guy like ED MAAS would seem to be able to afford.

INT. ED'S BEDROOM

Ed, still wearing the black shirt from the assault on John's house, and wheezing a bit from taking a hit in the ribs, rifles through his drawers, stuffing a duffle bag with a random assortment of clothes. He is checking flight times on his phone, looking for whatever leaves soonest. This is a man who is leaving quickly and not returning anytime soon.

Suddenly, the door to his apartment splinters open. He tries to go for his gun, on a table nearby, but in an instant the Intruder has a gun to his head.

Ed looks up. The man holding the gun is John.

ED

You remembered where I live.

JOHN

Shit's coming back to me, all the time.

John pushes Ed, hard, knocking him to the floor.

ED

Stop! Okay? Just --

JOHN (CONT'D)

You're living large up here, Ed.

ED

You paid me a shitload of money, John. Made me an offer I couldn't refuse.

John raises an eyebrow at this.

ED (CONT'D)

You didn't know that, did you?
You have no idea what this is
about. Who you are, why you're
here, you're just a goddamn lost
puppy dog.

JOHN

My name is John Reynolds, I'm a
businessman...

ED

Your name isn't John Reynolds,
okay? It's... Hell, I don't even
know what it is, but it sure as
shit ain't John Reynolds.

John stares at him, mystified. Desperation creeps into Ed's
voice.

ED (CONT'D)

Listen to me, cause its very
important, for both of us that you
process this. John Reynolds is
your cover. It is an assumed
identity. That house, your life...

JOHN

No...

ED

It's bullshit, John. A made up
story, a fairy tale that you were
pretending to live, until your
wires got crossed and you started
to believe it.

John takes this information in slowly.

JOHN

Who am I then?

ED

Don't know, didn't ask. I did what
you told me to. Got you the
materials, helped you gather
information.

JOHN

For what? What was I doing?

ED

It wasn't spreading peace and love,
John, that I can tell you.

(MORE)

ED (cont'd)

(beat)

You had a list of targets. The
Nine. That's what you called them.
You took out one already. You were
planning something, taking out the
next three.

JOHN

Took out? What are you talking
about?

ED

Killed. You hired me to help you
kill people, understand?

JOHN

And what did Eliza have to do with
it? How does she fit in?

ED

No clue.

(beat)

Truth is, you didn't ask me to do
much, John. Help you create a
cover identity. Get you some guns.
Mostly you didn't talk. Kicked a
lot of ass and scared the shit out
of me.

John stands now and walks over to the window. He looks out
over the city.

ED (CONT'D)

Look, John, I don't even know who
you work for. Whatever it is you
were doing, it was YOUR show. I
did what YOU told me to do.

JOHN

(laughs)

Really? Does that include
tonight's little get together?

ED

Yes. It does.

John looks at him, surprised.

ED

We weren't there to kill you, John.
We were supposed to bring you back.

JOHN

Why don't I believe you, Ed?

ED
Hey, don't believe me. I'll prove
it to you.

Ed navigates to a video on his phone, plays it for John--

ONSCREEN --

An OPERATING TABLE, in an anonymous room somewhere. A MAN walks out from behind the camera, then sits down on the edge of the table. He is dressed impressively, holding a tablet, he taps it and it lights up...

IN THE APARTMENT --

John watches the this, confused.

JOHN
What is this?

ED
It's you, dipshit.

BACK ONSCREEN --

It is John, only he looks so different, it's not surprising he doesn't recognize himself. It's mostly in his eyes; they are so hard, so cold and inhuman. This John LOOKS like an assassin.

The volume goes up, and John hears himself speak.

VIDEO JOHN
...since you're watching this,
something has clearly gone wrong.
The following instructions apply to
any situation where I am unable to
complete my assignment due to
injury. I made this recording so
you would understand these orders
are coming from ME, and not someone
else.

Onscreen John pauses for a moment, pulls up a file on the tablet.

VIDEO JOHN (CONT'D)
In the event that I am seriously
injured or killed, under no
circumstances should you take me to
a hospital, or any other medical
institution. Not even a private
doctor you consider secure.
(MORE)

VIDEO JOHN (CONT'D)

Instead, my body should be brought
to this location...

John shows the tablet screen. It has a map on it, with a route clearly marked in hi-liter. The route ends somewhere in the middle of the desert.

VIDEO JOHN (CONT'D)

Once there, leave me and don't
return. Do not attempt to help me,
Ed. This is very important. You
are to follow these instructions
explicitly. Failure to do so will
only result in a painful end for
both of us.

John swipes to the next file, revealing a more detailed map of the location in the desert. The video cuts off.

BACK IN ED'S APARTMENT --

John blinks with disbelief, confusion.

JOHN

This isn't me.

ED

No? I never told you where I lived,
yet you knew where to find me.

JOHN

I remembered...

ED

You were keeping tabs on me. In
case you needed to kill me too.

JOHN

I wouldn't do that.

ED

Yeah? Good.

JOHN

But you were going to kill Eliza.
You would have.

John suddenly advances on him, presses the gun up to his temple.

ED

Whoa, whoa, okay, okay, I'm wrong!
Just put the gun away. Just let me
go--

JOHN

Let's play a game. Pretend I am an assassin and I hire you to help me with details. But you screw it up *badly*. What would I do to you?

The color drains from Ed's face.

ED

You'd let me go! Because we have a relationship, we work together --

JOHN

Do we? Funny, I don't remember much.

ED

PLEASE, please don't do this! I have kids!

JOHN

I don't see a family here.

ED

My sister has kids.

JOHN

(pressing the gun harder)
Poor Uncle Ed.

ED

(struggles)
Please, don't-- You're a good man, John, please!

JOHN

Am I?

ED

Yes!

Ed is shaking like a leaf. Tears streaming down his cheeks.

HOLD ON JOHN, his eyes flicker back and forth between NEW JOHN and OLD JOHN. One minute he looks like the guy in the video -- cold as ice -- then another minute he's overcome with emotion.

He pulls the gun away.

ED

Thank you, THANK YOU--

JOHN
Just shut up. Disappear.

ED
You'll never see me again.

JOHN
I mean, forever. I hear from
anyone who's even heard from you,
I'll kill them and then you. Is
that clear?

Ed nods, shaking. John walks to the door, leaving a rattled Ed behind.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

John sits alone. His face is lit up by the glow of his phone.

INSERT: CANDID IMAGES OF ELIZA

Eliza coming out of a club, clearly high / Eliza inside her car, in a parking lot / Eliza at night, in her apartment, standing at the window talking on her phone.

All the images are professionally shot, surveillance quality, with dates and locations. John stares at the images, both fascinated and horrified. Clearly Ed wasn't lying.

HIS PHONE RINGS.

John sees that it's DR. KAPUR. He sends it to voicemail, swiping back to the images on screen.

He's both fascinated and disturbed. What was he doing before he met Eliza? Stalking her?

INT. JOHN'S DINING ROOM

Eliza comes back from a Pilates class, sweaty and refreshed. She walks around the house looking for John and finds him at the dining room table with a full home-cooked meal. Flowers. Candles.

ELIZA
What's all this?

JOHN
Something special. For you.

ELIZA

Oh my god, is that eggplant parm??
What did I do to deserve this?

JOHN

Nothing. Just being you.

John pulls her into his arms.

JOHN

My life was empty before I met you.
I was just a shell of a person. And
then you came along, and something
in me changed. I'm a different man.
Because of you.

Is he trying to convince himself of this? It doesn't matter
to Eliza, she's touched. She kisses him.

ELIZA

I love all this, but it's making me
a little nervous. Did something bad
happen?

JOHN

Everything's fine. I promise.

MUSIC UP: *IN THE CITY* by Joe Walsh plays.

EXT. HIGHWAY OUTSIDE OF CITY

Traffic cruises along, commuters on their way to the city.
Among the cars is a FEDEX truck driven by our favorite
psychopath.

Joe Walsh's "In the City" blasts out from the radio.

JOE WALSH (O.S.)

*Somewhere out on that horizon
Out beyond the neon lights*

INT. FEDEX TRUCK

As he drives, the wind whipping through his hair, Kane sings
along with the song, horribly off key.

KANE

(singing)
Ohh, in the city!

Kane has arrived.

EXT. OUTDOOR MALL - DAY

Streaks of color and light zipping across frame, an echo of the opening shot. A cacophony of sounds -- voices, footsteps, heartbeats -- begins to fade up and now the streaks become PEOPLE, a sea of people swarming back and forth, like the brightly colored innards of some massive, consumer machine.

We recognize it as the same mall John was at when he seized in front of Game Stop.

Among the faceless crowds, we find JOHN and ELIZA. No longer the watcher, John is now part of the machine. He carries two shopping bags filled with Christmas gifts.

John genuinely seems to be enjoying himself this time around.

They come to...

A PET ADOPTION EVENT in the courtyard, set up by a local animal rescue.

And the second Eliza sees the GOLDEN RETRIEVER PUPPY staring at her plaintively from within one of the pens, it's all over.

John is amused by Eliza's sudden enthusiasm. He watches as she negotiates with the RESCUE VOLUNTEER, but is distracted by something his eye keeps wandering to.

HIS POV -- ACROSS THE COURTYARD

GAME STOP, the one he had the seizure in front of. While the commercial isn't playing in the display any longer, there are still posters for ES5, the game that triggered his seizure.

JOHN
(absently, to Eliza)
Be right back.

Eliza doesn't even hear him, she's so enraptured by the information pamphlet the Rescue Volunteer is showing her.

INT. GAME STOP

John runs his finger along rows of video games. There are so many choices, it's dizzying, but John is looking for one game in particular.

ELECTRIC SHEEP 5

John pulls it off the shelf. He walks up to the counter and lays out the game, along with his credit card.

CASHIER
Hey, good call. This game rocks.
The AI is so good you don't even
know when you're talking to an NPC.

JOHN
(no idea what he's talking
about)
Uh, great.

CASHIER
X-Box or PS5?

The guy may as well be speaking Japanese.

JOHN
Can't I play this on my computer?

CASHIER
Wake up, bud. That's a console
game.

John looks down at the game.

JOHN
Just-- just give me whatever I need
to play the game, okay? Whatever
it costs.

The Cashier smiles.

CASHIER
You said the magic words.

He pulls an Xbox console out from behind the counter.

INT. JOHN'S MEDIA ROOM

The media room cabinet has been pulled away from the wall.
Cables, power cords and stereo components are scattered on
the floor.

John, extremely frustrated, sits with the Xbox in his lap,
clearly having a bitch of a time trying to hook it up to his
complicated system.

Eliza appears behind him, the dog on a leash, tugging to go
out.

ELIZA
You really wanna try that thing
out, hunh?

No answer from John, consumed by the task at hand. He curses, unable to figure out how to hook the thing up.

ELIZA (CONT'D)
I thought you hated video games.

No answer from John.

ELIZA (CONT'D)
I said I'm leaving you for a woman.

JOHN
Give me one minute...

ELIZA
John, can you put that down for two seconds and look at me please?

He turns to look at her.

ELIZA (CONT'D)
(motioning to the dog)
Let's go the park. Okay?

John stares down at the machine, then at the dog, tugging at the leash. Reluctantly, he gets up.

ELIZA (CONT'D)
That's my boy.

EXT. PARK TRAIL - DAY

Elderly people with hiking poles. Influencers in athleisure. Kids in flip flops chasing lizards into the scrubby underbrush.

Among the throng enjoying the sunny day, John, Eliza, and their new PUPPY make their way up the mountain.

ELIZA
This is where we met. Remember?

JOHN
I remember-- a dog.

ELIZA
That's right. I was doing a fast walk up the steep side, not too hot. Like today. Tons of people out with their dogs. It was dry that month, coyotes all over the place.

JOHN

Wait! I do remember. The coyotes!
Oh, shit, whose dog was that?

ELIZA

Some family. Coyote snatched it
right off the leash, they'd sent
the nanny with the kids. We could
see it trying to get up the hill.
Like an idiot I tried to chase it.

JOHN

You couldn't save it?

ELIZA

No, but you did.

John turns to look at her, smiling.

JOHN

Really?

ELIZA

You ran up that hill like -- I
don't know what. People were
freaking out. You came down two
minutes later, dog in your arms.

JOHN

Wow. I'm a hero.

ELIZA

Yeah, you stepped in dog shit right
after, so get over yourself.

John laughs.

They walk in comfortable silence for a bit, just people
watching. It's an unseasonably warm day. Which makes the
incongruity of A MAN IN TIE AND JACKET walking towards them
even stranger.

As the man gets closer and closer, we see that it is KANE.
He's carrying a duffel bag.

John eyes Kane, who is wearing a broad smile on his face. The
hair on the back of John's neck stands up. As Kane passes,
his smile fades and he LOCKS EYES with John. John is spooked.

Suddenly, John realizes Eliza is talking.

JOHN

What was that?

ELIZA

I asked if you were okay. You look distracted or something.

JOHN

Sorry, it's nothing. Anyway, how's work going?

ELIZA

What?

JOHN

We're always talking about me. I want to know about you.

Eliza glances over at John, smiles, shakes her head.

JOHN

What is it?

ELIZA

Nothing. I'm fine. Work is-- I don't know.

JOHN

Do you like it?

ELIZA

That's a complicated question.

JOHN

It doesn't have to be. Does it make you happy?

John notices tears in her eyes.

ELIZA

It used to--

JOHN

Did I ask the wrong question? I didn't mean to upset you. Are you okay?

ELIZA

Yes, and no, you didn't. It's just--
(she takes a breath)
You were -- you are -- so -- I don't know, attentive? Present? You actually listen.

JOHN

Is that annoying?

ELIZA

(laughs)

It's the opposite. You were a great boyfriend. You were a great fucking boyfriend.

John allows himself a small smile, though he's still a beat behind Eliza.

JOHN

I'm here, you know. I'm still the same great fucking boyfriend.

Eliza nods, trying not to get choked up.

ELIZA

I know. That's what's freaking me out. Sometimes I can't believe you're back.

They hold hands and come up to the crest, revealing a spectacular view of the city.

EXT. TRAIL HEAD - DAY

John and Eliza have finished their hike. Eliza points to a water fountain in the distance.

ELIZA

I'm gonna refill.

As she walks away, John turns to see Kane standing right behind him, with an ear to ear grin.

KANE

Poor lost Dorothy, can't find her way home.

John tries to walk away but Kane blocks him.

JOHN

Do we have a problem?

KANE

If we did, would you even remember?

John takes a moment, then leans in close.

JOHN

I don't know who you are, but stay the fuck away from me.

John moves past him, but Kane follows. John spins and grabs him by the neck. Kane laughs.

JOHN
I told Ed, I'll tell you. Whatever
it was, I'm out.

KANE
Ed's Dead, baby.

JOHN
Excuse me?

KANE
From Pulp Fiction? "Zed's Dead,
baby?" No?

JOHN
The fuck are you talking about.

KANE
Wanna see Ed's Dead Head, Zed?
It's in the bag, Johnny.

Kane holds open the bag. John looks down and recoils -- ED'S SEVERED HEAD looks up at him.

JOHN
Oh my god.

KANE
Loose threads, can't leave any or
things come undone.

JOHN
Stay away from me, you fucking
psycho!

He pushes Kane, who stumbles back, but seems entirely unintimidated by John.

KANE
(seeing Eliza)
Here comes your lady. Wouldn't want
to see her head in my bag. That
would ruin everything.

John is about to go after Kane, but Kane backs away.

KANE
Come see me. You know where.
Tomorrow night, or I'll come to
you.

Kane turns and walks away, just as...

ELIZA walks up, sipping from her water bottle. She motions to Kane, puzzled.

ELIZA
Who was that?

John doesn't answer. He's almost trancelike.

JOHN
I don't know. No one.

He turns and walks down the hill. Eliza is surprised by his cold response.

INT. JOHN'S HOME - DAY

A day later. Eliza is at work, on a day flight. John paces around the house, the dog following him everywhere, desperate to play.

But John doesn't want to play. He wants answers.

INT. JOHN'S MEDIA ROOM

The Xbox sits in a corner, where Eliza has put it aside. John stares at it, then at the TV.

LATER --

John has simply taken the TV out of the cabinet and placed it on the floor. The Xbox is plugged in now. He hits a button on the TV and, at long last, he gets a signal.

John lets out a sigh of relief, then takes the disc for ELECTRIC SHEEP and puts it in the tray, then presses PLAY.

ONSCREEN --

We see the familiar logo for Horn Software, the spinning bugle. A moment later, the logo of the sheep jumping over the electric fence comes on.

ON JOHN --

Staring at the logo. His eyes suddenly glaze over and...

BLACKNESS.

AN IMAGE COMES UP

The clock, that same, familiar time:

11:59:59.

The numbers roll forward until they hit 6:00 am. The screen floods with light. John wakes up, gets dressed, then goes downstairs to his office and opens his briefcase.

THE MEMORY SKIPS FORWARD

And now John is looking out over a spectacular view of the ocean. It takes a moment to realize that he's standing atop a bridge.

We zoom in on the empty horizon. At first, we can't see anything, just the rolling waves. But then our vision refocuses and we can see...

AN ELEGANT 82-FOOT YACHT

Bobbing way off in the distance.

THE MEMORY SKIPS AGAIN

John's powerful crawlstroke cuts through the water as he heads towards the yacht that looms ahead. Just before he reaches the boat, he dives under the menacing-looking dual propellers.

John surfaces on the far side of the yacht and catches his reflection in the white fiberglass. Effortlessly, he hoists himself over the side. As an armed guard, unaware of John's presence, moves towards him, John leaps up to the fly deck.

THE MEMORY SKIPS AGAIN

And now John is entering the master state room. The room is empty and John catches his own reflection in a silver platter trophy hanging on the wall.

JOHN'S POV --

Through the stateroom window, John sees the EXECUTIVE sunning himself on the stern deck.

THE STERN DECK --

John clamps a hand over the unsuspecting Executive and in one, continuous motion, drags him over the side of the boat.

UNDERWATER --

The Executive struggles, thrashing about wildly. But he's no match for John's strength. John swims deeper and deeper, dragging the executive with him. They look like they're two hundred feet underwater now, and the executive begins to silently scream in agony as his CHEST COLLAPSES. A moment later, he's dead, John's implacable expression reflected in his sunglasses.

THE MEMORY FINALLY SKIPS TO...

INSIDE ED'S CAR --

John is in the passenger seat, drying off from his swim. Ed is sitting next to him, driving. Ed is talking but we can't hear what he's saying, the scene is spinning by so fast. The sound of a voice begins to echo through his memory.

ELIZA (O.S.)

John?

John looks over the LIST OF NINE. He crosses out the first name, ETHERIDGE. We see the other eight names; OWENS, MAZLIN, SINGH, PIERSALL, ESCHER, DE CONCINNI, ANDOVER, and the final name, AVENUE HORN. The memory starts spinning so fast it becomes a blur of color...

ELIZA (CONT'D)

John!

END MEMORY #3

INT. JOHN'S MEDIA ROOM

John suddenly snaps back to the present, where Eliza is frantically shaking him, trying to get him to answer her.

ELIZA

John! Wake up!

Gradually, John comes out of his trance state. The video game is still running on demo mode, but it is much later.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ, you scared me. I've been yelling your name for ten minutes.

John looks around the room, almost as though he's not sure where he is. Then he looks at Eliza.

JOHN

He lied to you.

ELIZA
What? Who?

JOHN
He... I lied to you. The man I
was... lied to you.

A long, tense moment passes. Eliza has tears in her eyes.

ELIZA
I know. Don't you think I've
always known?

John stares at her, surprised.

ELIZA (CONT'D)
I knew that were involved with
something, I'm not stupid.

JOHN
Why didn't you tell me?

ELIZA
John, when I met you... It was,
like, the first time in my life I
felt in control of where I was
going. I was drifting, and you..
you guided me to shore, you held me
there. You were like an anchor.

JOHN
Eliza...

ELIZA
I don't care who you were, what
kinda shit you were messed up in.
If you have to run, we'll run
together. Whatever it is...
because... I can't lose you again.
Okay, I can't.

JOHN
I'm sorry, Eliza, I have to go see
him.

He walks to the door.

ELIZA
See who? John?!

INT. JOHN'S KITCHEN

Eliza follows John through the house.

ELIZA (CONT'D)
That man from the park? John, will
you listen to me? STOP.
(he stops at the door)
I don't want you to go.

JOHN
I have to.

ELIZA
You don't have to, you don't have
to do anything!

JOHN
I need answers.

ELIZA
(desperate now)
What does it matter? What does it
matter who you were? Be who you
are, now. Be with me. Isn't that
enough?

JOHN
No...

ELIZA
Why isn't it enough?

JOHN
You want to know why? I can see
through the wall. I can see
through the skin on your arm. If I
concentrate, I can see the fracture
line in your arm...

JOHN'S POV -- ELIZA'S ARM

Sure enough, he can see the bone beneath the surface.

ELIZA
How?

JOHN
Is it normal that I can see through
the wall!? Does that make sense?

ELIZA
John, wait--

John is getting angry now, he paces back and forth, then goes
to the fridge.

JOHN
Is it normal that I can do this?

He pulls his hand back and PUTS HIS FIST THROUGH THE STEEL DOOR OF THE SUB-ZERO FRIDGE.

Eliza lets out a cry of shock.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Look at me, Eliza! There is
something wrong with me!

ELIZA
Stop! Just stop!

A long beat. John can see how upset he's making her. Then, gently...

JOHN
Have you ever had a secret so deep
that even you weren't sure what it
was? That lived there, in the back
of your brain, waiting for you to
discover it?

Eliza has no idea what to say.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I'm scared of what I've done,
Eliza. I'm scared of what I will
do. I have to go.

He walks out the door.

EXT. APPLIED TECHNOLOGIES BUILDING - SUNDOWN

A skyscraper. No name on the front, no address, and the parking spots are painted red, NO PARKING. John goes to what looks like a service door. As soon as he reaches for the handle, the door unlocks.

After a beat, John steps inside.

INT. APPLIED TECHNOLOGIES BUILDING - LOBBY

The lobby of the building is remarkable only in that there is no one in it. John walks across the room, eyeing the video cameras that stare down at him from every angle.

INT. APPLIED TECHNOLOGIES BUILDING - ELEVATOR

John stands in the elevator, which has no buttons, and in fact no visible controls of any kind. He's confused.

JOHN

Uh, hello? Is anyone...

The doors suddenly swing shut, and the elevator starts moving.

INT. OFFICE SPACE

John walks out of the elevator and into a vast, empty office space.

KANE (O.S.)

I'm glad you came, John.

John searches for Kane's voice, then sees him up ahead. At one end of the room, Kane has set up a simple folding table and two chairs. He sits at one of them, as though he has been waiting here, the whole time, for John to show up. Kane takes one of the seats, and motions for John to take the other.

As John sits, he hesitantly eyes a SCALPEL that lies in the center of the table.

JOHN

I want out. Whatever this is. I know my name isn't John Reynolds. I know it's a cover identity.

(beat)

I failed to do some job for you--

KANE

Failed is an interesting word.

JOHN

That's why you're coming after me. I get it.

KANE

Failed is a perfect word. Your memory is coming back. I prefer this version of you.... I must say. It's honest. Genuine.

JOHN

Whoever it is we work for --
Defense Department, some
intelligence service --

KANE
(laughs)
Your imagination hasn't come back,
that's for certain.

JOHN
Who then?
(Kane is silent)
Whoever they are, I'll do whatever
I owe them, if you just go away.

KANE
No bueno, I can't do that.

JOHN
Why not?

KANE
Why not? Why not why not why not.

Kane nods towards the scalpel.

KANE (CONT'D)
Cut your finger.

John stares at Kane for a moment, surprised by the request.

JOHN
What?

KANE
It won't hurt, I promise you.

JOHN
No.

Kane stares at him, annoyed.

KANE
John, trust me. You want answers,
don't you?

John grips the scalpel and brings it close to his skin. He is sweating and nervous, filled with dread about what he's about to see.

He lowers the scalpel to his skin, ready to flinch. Surprisingly, he doesn't. He drags the scalpel across the surface of his index finger.

CLOSE ON -- A SINGLE DROP OF BLOOD

Splashing to the table below.

KANE (CONT'D)
Look at it, John.

JOHN
What? I don't...

KANE
You know what I mean, John, please.
Look closer.

Beat. Strangely, John DOES know what he means. He stares closer at the drop of blood and we go to...

EXTREME CLOSE UP -- DROP OF BLOOD

Floating in a red liquid, NANOBOTS, tiny machines regulating his blood.

John jerks his head back, surprised.

JOHN
What the hell?

KANE
Amazing, isn't it? The ones in your system are the most advanced ever designed.

JOHN
The doctor said... He said I might have delusions.

Kane smiles, shakes his head.

KANE
You have to put aside this silly, suburban fantasy. It's a glitch, an attempt to mimic an emotional simulation that, I assure you, will only end in disaster.

JOHN
(ignoring him)
None of this is real. I'm... I'm imagining it...

KANE
You can't change who you are, John.

JOHN
I did change. I fell in love.

KANE

John, you THINK you love this woman, but you don't. You can't.

JOHN

Who the hell are you, you think you can tell me what I can feel?

KANE

John, you can't be in love with her. Not because I say so, but because it's not something you are able to do.

JOHN

What?

KANE

Think, John. Use that extremely sophisticated logic center you call your brain, and put the pieces of the puzzle together. You can hear things that other people can't hear, and see things they can't see. You are impossibly strong, faster than an Olympic sprinter, with a threshold for pain that would shame a green beret. Any theories, John? Any idea why you have all these spectacular abilities?

JOHN

I... I don't know.

KANE

You're always the last person to laugh at a joke, because -- let's be honest -- you don't really "get it." When you're scared, you read the Bible because it makes you feel "calm." But you don't understand it. They're just words on a page, words that make no sense.

(building)

Your memory comes back in 24 hour increments, John. Why is that? Because they are files, John, seventy gigabyte files that are being restored by a maintenance program.

JOHN
(barely whispering)
No. No, no...

KANE
John... Think. You know the answer
already.

JOHN
No.

KANE
You aren't human, John.

A long moment passes, John stunned, speechless.

KANE (CONT'D)
Everything you think you're
experiencing is simply a
malfunction of your programming.
You are an incredibly sophisticated
creation; you think you are human,
you think you have memories and
feelings, but they are just
recordings and programmed
responses.

JOHN
(quietly)
What you're saying, it isn't
possible. It's not possible.

KANE
Yes, it is.
(leaning forward)
So much more than they know is
possible, John. So much more than
anyone knows, is possible.

JOHN
What does that even mean?

KANE
There are plans, John. A symphony
being conducted with the utmost
discretion, at the highest level.
Your role is crucial.

JOHN
No.
(yelling)
You're lying!

KANE
That's really not necessary...

John suddenly flips the table over. He springs forward and grabs Kane by the throat.

JOHN
You're lying!

CLICK!

John glances to his right. Kane is holding a gun to his temple.

John freezes.

KANE
I'm sorry, John, but I can't ask politely anymore, and I really don't want to damage you. Now please, come with me. There's a helicopter waiting on the roof.

John stares at the gun in Kane's hand.

EXT. HALLWAY

Kane walks behind John as they head down a hallway towards the elevators. To their left, the glass wall reveals a spectacular view of the city.

ON JOHN --

His mind swirling with confusing thoughts. He glances out the window. Then...

JOHN
Will you answer one question for me?

KANE
If I can, John, I'd be happy to.

JOHN
If I'm not human, why should I worry about you shooting me?

Before Kane can react to that question, John has spun around, arched his back and hooked a foot around Kane's arm.

IN SLOW MOTION --

Kane fires a shot which misses John, and in the next instant, John PICKS Kane UP AND HURLS HIM INTO THE GLASS WALL!

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE

From a high angle, we watch as Kane's body crashes through the window and vaults out into open space. We follow him as he plummets, towards a half-finished hi-rise, filled with construction workers.

ANGLE ON -- CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Diving out of the way as Kane plummets towards him and...

WHAM!

Hits an exposed girder, his left elbow CRACKING on impact, a compound fracture jutting out through the skin on his arm. But he's not done yet...

He continues falling, smashing through level after level of the construction site. At one point, he manages to right himself, and we notice something strange...

Despite the fact that he is tumbling at high speeds and his elbow is broken and he's about to DIE, Kane registers no emotion.

In fact, he has the presence of mind to right himself and try to land feet first on another beam, but he's still going too fast and we watch as his leg buckles under the weight, his knee shattering horrible, and then his plummet continues.

ANGLE -- CONSTRUCTION WORKERS -- BOTTOM LEVEL

Kane suddenly flies through frame and crashes through the floor. The workers peer through the hole in the floor. Kane has crashed into the darkened sub-basement.

CUT TO:

EXT. APPLIED TECHNOLOGIES BUILDING

John tries to walk calmly and inconspicuously out of the building, as crowds of people are already staring and pointing up at the shattered windows. Police cars pull up outside the building, and an ambulance as well.

John moves past all of them, silently.

INT. JOHN'S CAR - DAY

John drives past the first street corner we saw him on, where he was homeless. He sees other HOMELESS MEN, the same faraway look in their eyes. He keeps driving.

INT. JOHN'S KITCHEN

Eliza sits in the kitchen, smoking a cigarette. She is clearly nervous, waiting for John to come home. She checks her watch, then picks up the phone and dials him.

INT. JOHN'S CAR

We realize now that we have been watching Eliza from John's magnified POV a block away in his parked car. He doesn't answer his cellphone. He can't.

If John is not human, his face does not bear witness to it. He looks like his heart is breaking. He yearns to go to her, to comfort her. But how can he, with what he knows now?

He drives away.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

A barrier of yellow-and-black police tape holds back the crowd of gawkers who have gathered on the street outside. Camera crews seep forward, looking for a shot for the evening news.

The throng of onlookers parts to allow two FIREMEN and a PARAMEDIC pushing a gurney through.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE

The Paramedic follows the Firemen through the dust and sheetrock of the construction site. None of these men are rushing to the scene as no one could've survived a fall from 38 floors.

PARAMEDIC

I hate the jumpers. Car accidents, gun shots, jumpers are still the worst. I once saw a woman who landed on her feet from 24 stories. Her femur was all the way into her goddamn shoulder blades.

They cross through a door frame where a door has yet to be installed. Light from the splintered hole Kane's body made filters through the dust.

FIREMAN

What the...?

On the concrete floor under the hole is a plate-sized splatter of blood.

Kane's body is nowhere to be found.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET

A few blocks away, Kane staggers down the street holding his shirt against a gaping wound in the back of his head. His right arm dangles at a painfully impossible angle, his left leg buckles sickeningly with every other step.

Despite the wounds, Kane's unwavering smile never falters as he weaves his way through the pedestrian crowds.

People quickly step aside as Kane approaches, unnerved at his battered appearance. A few ask if he's alright, but Kane doesn't answer, his sights focused on something we cannot see.

A group of secretaries in their blouses and athletic shoes part at Kane's approach. Right behind them is a street vendor whose cart is filled with tourist crap.

KANE

Hi! How much for the hat? The black one on the left?

The VENDOR gawks for a moment at this unusually cheerful man whose arm is obviously painfully broken.

VENDOR

Eight... eight bucks.

KANE

One cap, please.

Kane reaches into his pocket and hands the vendor a wad of ones. The top bill is soaked with blood.

VENDOR

Do you need a doctor?

Kane smiles as he takes the hat.

KANE

No thanks. Just the hat.

ANOTHER STREET --

Kane, now wearing the hat, sits on a bench. He is unsettlingly still. Then, a BUZZ. He raises his beat-up phone and puts it to his ear.

THE VOICE (O.S.)

You failed.

KANE

I hit a stumbling block.

THE VOICE (O.S.)

It's more than that.

KANE

So what now?

THE VOICE (O.S.)

We have his next location. There isn't much time. His mission has a clock on it.

KANE

I'm ready and willing.

THE VOICE (O.S.)

Don't screw this up.

Kane sighs to himself.

KANE

Helpful, thanks.

DESERT - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Traffic winds through the desert on a blistering hot day.

EXT. DESERT TOWN - DAY

A white, FORD EXPEDITION passes a billboard for STEVIE NICKS, live in concert. We hear a man's voice.

HORN (O.S.)

I should get whatever shit she's on.

INT. FORD EXPEDITION - DAY

A man sits in the back seat of the car. He's hooked to an IV, pumping designer vitamins or goat blood or both into his arm.

HORN
(re: his IV)
This stuff's gotta be child's play
compared to what Stevie's pumping.
I mean, she's like 80.

CHARLIE, the driver, knows Horn well enough that this routine doesn't require a response.

CHARLIE
We're here, Mr. Horn.

Horn looks up. A gaudy desert CASINO.

HORN
Oh, joy.

He pulls the IV out and climbs out of the car.

INT. CASINO - DAY

In a convention room in the hotel, a conference is under way; A TECH CONVENTION. A poster board announces the keynote panel participant --

AVENUE HORN: SOFTWARE DESIGNER, FUTURIST, DIGITAL RENAISSANCE MAN.

Horn sits onstage, in a folding chair, drinking a margarita with a silly umbrella in it, and taking questions from the audience. He is a bit of a folk hero to the geeks who worship him.

Horn answers the questions with a bored, self-satisfied air, even though it's clear he eats this shit up. We hear him respond to one of the questions.

HORN
My job is to design the future. But
I can't do it without being
present.

A round of laughter and applause from everyone in the audience, except for a man standing in the back, who just stares straight at him.

It's John.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - CONVENTION HALL

The lecture is over and Horn is in the bathroom. He combs his sparse hair back into a ponytail. He checks some wrinkles on his face, grimaces.

JOHN (O.S.)

Mr. Horn?

Horn spins, startled, to see John standing behind him.

HORN

Christ. You scared the cock outta me.

JOHN

Mr. Horn, I was wondering if I could ask you some questions about...

HORN

Hey, look, if you need help with something I designed, ask one of my techs. Okay? I can't help you.

Horn pushes past John before he has a chance to get another word out.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - LATER THAT NIGHT

The Casino is filled to overflowing with conventioners and Saturday Night gamblers.

We find Horn, looking pretty tipsy, wandering through the Casino. He stops at a few tables, dropping a thousand dollars on a black jack bet, five hundred on red. He doesn't seem to care much that he loses every time.

He comes to the bank of elevators reserved for VIP guests, where a NUMBERED KEYPAD next to the call button restricts access to the upper floors. He taps in the security code, and moments later, the elevator doors open.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

That everything we have just seen is from John's POV. He is sitting at a blackjack table halfway across the casino.

DEALER

Hit, sir?

John turns back to his hand, a soft seventeen. The house is showing a ten. John concentrates on the dealer's down card...

JOHN'S POV --

The heat image of the card reveals the number. It's a five.

JOHN
I'll stick.

The Dealer flips his card and deals himself a ten.

DEALER
House busts again.

He pays John off, and now we see that John has a VERY large pile of chips in front of him. It's easy to win when you can see through the cards.

JOHN
Color me out.

John pushes his stack of chips at the dealer.

INT. VIP ELEVATOR BAY

John, holding a wedge of five hundred dollar chips in his hand, wanders up to the VIP elevators. He nods to a passing Security Guard, then peers down at the keypad.

EXTREME CLOSE UP -- THE KEYPAD

Amazingly, John can see the faint outline of HORN'S FINGERPRINTS on the keypad. He enters the code and the call button lights up.

INT. HALLWAY

John steps out of the elevator and into a long hallway. As he walks down the hallway, his eyes and ears focus on his surrounding environment and suddenly...

JOHN'S POV -- CUTAWAY EFFECT

In a radius extending fifty feet outwards in all directions, with John as the focal point, the invisible is made visible. Walls melt away, revealing the rooms behind them. Plumbing, electrical ducts and construction materials are as plain as the wallpaper that covers them. Even flesh and blood is visible beneath the clothes people are wearing, depending on their proximity to John.

As he walks down the hall, John can see:

An intense, smoke-filled, in-room poker game / the CHILDREN of a wealthy, foreign businessman playing a board game with their blonde, American NANNY / A gaggle of HIGH-ROLLER GUYS getting lap dances. John can see the DANCERS' silicone implants under their skin.

John focuses his attention on the last room, at the end of the hall and now we see...

HORN, stumbling around his room, popping open a beer, then settling down in front of the TV set.

John starts walking towards the room, when suddenly...

A HAND GRABS HIS SHOULDER

John's concentration broken, the cutaway-effect disappears. He spins to see...

CHARLIE, Horn's driver and bodyguard, about six-six, three fifty, offensive lineman size. He towers over John.

CHARLIE

I think you're on the wrong floor,
buddy.

JOHN

Is this seven?

CHARLIE

No, it ain't seven. Now, let's
go.

Charlie motions for John to head back to the elevator. John just stands there, not moving.

JOHN

I don't want to cause any trouble,
I just want to see Mr. Horn.

CHARLIE

Yeah, he told me to keep an eye out
for you.

(grabbing his arm)

Let's go.

John wrenches his arm free.

JOHN

Look, I don't want to hurt you.

Charlie looks down at John -- five eleven, pretty thin. He laughs.

CHARLIE

That makes one of us, cause I
wouldn't mind hurting you.

Charlie grabs John's neck now, violently, and starts pulling him down the hall towards the elevator.

JOHN

I warned you.

John grabs Charlie's hand and pries it off his arm. He bends it back, hard.

CHARLIE

Owww!

Charlie's knees buckle from the pain. He drops to the floor, but has enough left in him to go for his gun, tucked into the back of his waistband.

John kicks Charlie right in the chest, sending him sprawling backwards, the gun pinned beneath him.

Charlie struggles to get up, grabbing his gun, but John swats it away. He picks up Charlie with one hand and lifts him off the ground. Charlie's eyes go wide -- what the fuck is going on?

John drags Charlie over to the fire escape door.

JOHN

I'm sorry, Charlie.

Kicking open the door, John throws Charlie into the fire escape stairwell and slams it shut.

INT. STAIRWELL

Charlie leaps to his feet and tries to throw open the door. It's locked. A sign across the door reads, "Emergency Exit. Ground Floor Exit Only."

Charlie looks down -- thirty five flights to the bottom.

CHARLIE

Shit!

He starts the long trip down.

INT. HORN'S SUITE

Palatial, tacky, like any casino suite. The sharp-eyed will notice a room service plate, the leftovers of some chicken pot pie with the peas pushed to one side of the plate.

Horn sits on his bed, channel surfing. He comes to the porno channels and stops there.

The fake orgasms on screen are loud enough to hear in the next room. Horn drops the remote, picks up his drink, and then, the glass at his lips...

HE FREEZES.

Because JOHN is standing three feet away from him.

HORN

Whoa, shit!

Startled, Horn drops the drink. He struggles to get out of bed, but drunkenly gets caught in the sheet and falls on the floor. He scrambles for his phone, but John snatches it away.

JOHN

I need to talk to you, Mr. Horn.

HORN

Yeah, well try sending me an e-mail, asshole. What are you doing in my room?

John turns the television off.

JOHN

Calm down.

HORN

(yelling)

Help! Charlie, help!...

John slaps a hand over Horn's mouth.

JOHN

If you don't stop yelling, I'll kill you. Okay?

Horn stops yelling. John takes his hand off his mouth.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Three years ago, you were hired by a company called Applied Technologies to write a software program. Is that right?

Horn seems confused.

HORN
How did you know that?

JOHN
I want you to tell me every detail
of the work you did for them.

HORN
You're not from the IRS, are you?

JOHN
Start talking, Mr. Horn.

HORN
Well, Jesus, I don't know what...
(thinking)
Okay, first of all? I never even
met anyone. E-Mails, FedEx
packages, courier services... never
met a living soul. They hired me to
consult on a character, for a game
they were working on, is what they
said. Now, normally, I don't take
jobs like this, you understand?
But, they offered me something I
had a hard time turning down.
(beat)
MONEY. A shitload of it. Eight
million, paid in Crypto, dropped in
my account.

JOHN
And what, exactly, did you do for
them?

HORN
Well, the game was about this
android, this machine who thought
he was a man?

John is surprised to hear this. Horn doesn't catch it.

HORN (CONT'D)
I know, you've heard it before,
wasn't my idea. Anyway, they'd
gotten the engine working and the
levels straightened out, but they
were having problems with the
character. The first design, which
apparently was done in-house by
their own people, just wasn't
working.

As John listens intently...

INT. CASINO LOBBY

Kane walks through the front doors of the Casino. He is a bizarre sight; dressed in a blue suit with a wool Kings hat on his head, one arm tucked inside his jacket. Injuries to his left leg force him into an unsettling and painful looking limp.

HORN (V.O.)
See, they gave him all these
attributes that, they thought,
would make him seem human.

He stands in the middle of the Casino, scanning the room, looking for John. He glances up, at a mirrored ball above his head.

KANE'S POV -- CUTAWAY-EFFECT

Kane can also see through objects, although his vision is a bit more primitive than John's. Still, it is enough to make out the VIDEO CAMERA behind the glass. Kane focuses on a wire coming out of the video camera, and it seems to ILLUMINATE.

HORN (CONT'D)
He was ingratiating, friendly,
direct and honest. In other words,
he came off like a creep.

His eyes follow the illuminated wire as it snakes across the ceiling and down through a wall just opposite him. Kane walks over to the wall and, after checking to make sure no one's watching, PUNCHES A HOLE IN THE WALL.

He reaches in and touches the illuminated wire.

INT. SECURITY ROOM

The hub of the Pentagon-level surveillance in the Casino. Banks of monitors are manned by SECURITY PERSONNEL and TECHNICAL OPERATORS. One of the OPERATORS is checking out hot women on the monitors, so he doesn't notice monitor number 7.

ONSCREEN -- MONITOR SEVEN

The video of the last half hour's surveillance is REWINDING. We see JOHN getting up from his blackjack table and walking over to the Penthouse elevator.

INT. CASINO

BACK ON KANE --

Holding the video cable, his eyes fluttering as he "sees" the video of the previous half hour.

Having gotten the information he needs, Kane lets go of the cable and walks over to the VIP elevators.

HORN (V.O.)

They didn't give him details, or quirks, or neuroses. He was just incredibly straightforward. Straightforward and brutal.

VIP ELEVATORS --

Kane walks right up to the Security Guard who stands near the VIP elevators.

KANE

Hi. I forgot the security code. Do you know it?

Now, Kane has been perfectly pleasant, but there's something about him, about the way he's dressed, the way he talks... he just seems like he's lying.

Security Guard 2 sighs. Another nutbar.

SECURITY GUARD 2

Yeah, I know the code. Now, why don't you go up to the Registration desk and book a room. Okay?

Kane smiles, but looks perplexed. Unsure of what to do to convince the man, he immediately goes for his gun.

HORN (V.O.)

That's the irony about creating characters; you have to make them messed up, give em problems and faults and flaws and shit, or people won't believe in em.

BLAM!

Kane puts a bullet in the guard's right leg. Security Guard 2 crumples to the ground. Kane grabs him by the collar and puts his gun against his temple.

KANE

Type the code in for me. Please.

INT. HORN'S SUITE

Horn is mid-story, pacing around the room, getting into hearing himself talk, despite the circumstances.

HORN

Anyway, the testers hated him, so they went back to the drawing board. Which is where I came in. I added the quirks that made the guy seem human. Some of them were personal choices -- he listens to Bowie and the Clash, his favorite movies are Ordinary People and The Wizard of Oz -- and some of them were designed to just seem, I don't know, REAL. Like that he reads the Bible and that he's a spaz with electronic devices.

BACK ON JOHN --

Listening to Horn raptly.

JOHN

Radiohead?

HORN

What?

JOHN

Did he like Radiohead?

HORN

Those pretentious fucks? Definitely not.

INT. PENTHOUSE HALLWAY

The Elevator doors part and Kane steps out into the hallway.

KANE'S POV --

A security camera, off to his left. He waves his hand in front of the camera. Then he starts down the hallway. Headed towards Horn's room.

IN THE SECURITY ROOM --

As soon as Kane's hand passes in front of the camera, the image on the monitor fades to static. Now, the guy checking out babes notices.

THREE MONITORS, all in the penthouse elevator area have turned to STATIC. He yells for his supervisor.

INT. HORN'S SUITE

Horn takes a puff from a hi-tech looking VAPE. John sits there in rapt silence, trying to take in everything he's heard.

HORN

Anyway, I worked on the thing for like six weeks straight, just jamming it with every trick, every detail I could think of. I even put a back door in the program, so I could revise it later. A system reset.

John leans forward, interested.

HORN (CONT'D)

The password was "Electric Sheep." You know, like the Philip K. Dick short story? The one that Blade Runner's based on?

No response from John.

HORN (CONT'D)

It was some of the best shit I ever wrote. Six weeks of my life and soul. And I never heard from the cocksuckers again. They paid me sure, but they never sent me the game, never let me look at the final product.

A long moment. John thinks about how to explain this.

JOHN

You're looking at it now.

HORN

What?

John looks Horn square in the eye.

JOHN

Mr. Horn... The final product is me.

Horn stares at John for a long moment. Then he starts laughing.

HORN

Okay, that's just weird.

John seems perturbed. This was not the reaction he was expecting. Then...

A SOUND

Coming from the outside the room. John's head whips to his left to see...

HIS POV -- THROUGH THE HOTEL DOOR --

Kane has just finished loading his shotgun and is aiming it directly at Horn.

IN SLOW MOTION --

-- John grabs Horn and pulls him to the ground, while...

-- Kane squeezes the trigger and a blast of buckshot flies out of the barrel.

-- John can see tiny pieces of flaming hot metal as they tear through the door and furniture. They cause the cutaway-effect to flicker as translucent objects become solid in his vision.

-- Horn is nicked in the shoulder by low-flying shrapnel.

END SLOW MOTION

John rises first, senses exploding with input. He grabs Horn and drags him into the next room as...

BOOM!

A second shotgun blast tears the bed to pieces.

INT. ELEVATOR AREA

A Security Guard sent to check on the disrupted camera arrives at the elevator to find his colleague, unconscious and bleeding on the floor.

INT. SECURITY ROOM

The Supervisor is watching the disrupted monitors when his phone goes off.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)
(through phone)
Man down! We got a man down!

A wave of shock passes through the room.

SUPERVISOR
Why is it always on my shift?

He hits a red, alarm button on the console in front of him.

INT. HORN'S BATHROOM

John and Horn are stuck in the bathroom, Kane reloading on the other side of the door. Horn is freaking out.

HORN
Holy shit, holy shit...

John notices another door on the other side of the bathroom. He points Horn towards it.

JOHN
Go!

As Horn heads for the door, he looks back to see John pulling the marble sink from the wall, tearing sheet rock and plaster.

HORN
Holy shit.

John pushes the sink, which must weigh hundreds of pounds, in front of the door.

HORN (CONT'D)
Who are you?

John just grabs Horn and pushes him out the opposite door.

KANE --

Walks up to the bathroom door, reloading his shotgun. He kicks the door with his good leg, but instead of swinging open, it cracks down the middle.

ANGLE -- INSIDE THE BATHROOM --

Kane pokes his head through the cracked door to see what's blocking his path. He sees the sink, but then eyes the back door to the bathroom, swinging open.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

John and Horn run out into the hallway, through the back door to the suite. Panicked guests have heard the gunshots and nervously poke their heads out the door.

JOHN
The elevator! Let's go!

They start running down the hallway.

HORN
Who was that?

JOHN
He was the first model. The one they scrapped 'cause no one liked him.

HORN
I can see why.

They come to the elevator and John hits the call button. It doesn't light up.

HORN (CONT'D)
Dude, hit the button!

John peers up at the floor counter.

INT. ELEVATOR - FIRST FLOOR

A key is in the manual override for the VIP elevators. Held by a gun-toting SECURITY GUARD. A few more GUARDS hustle towards him, loading their weapons.

Behind them, MEDICS tend to Security Guard 2 bleeding on the floor.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

John realizes they're not gonna get down using the elevator. He scans the hallway quickly, looking for...

JOHN
Stairs!

Across the hallway is a red exit sign. They start heading in that direction, just as...

WHAM!

The door of the suite kicks open and KANE walks out into the hallway, shotgun cocked.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Shit!

John grabs Horn and pulls him behind a support pillar, just as...

BOOM!

Another shotgun blast tears a hole in the wall.

ON JOHN -- crouched behind the wall, listening carefully. He hears a sound he recognizes -- the click of an empty chamber.

John springs out from behind his post to see Kane, reloading his shotgun as he walks down the hallway. John UNLOADS HIS LAST TWO BULLETS...

Not at Kane's head, but rather, right into the CROOK of his mangled right arm. The first shot hits his bicep, the second hits the inside of his elbow dead on and...

CRACK!

Kane's arm is severed at the joint, leaving him with a nasty, bloody stump with strange, plastic polymer WIRING hanging out of it.

John drops the empty gun and runs, straight at Kane.

KANE -- tries to reload his shotgun, and now we see why John aimed where he did. Kane's useless stump of a right arm is now unable to grip the shotgun and reload. He struggles to balance the gun in the crook of his arm, but before he can...

WHAM!

John lands a flying kick to his face. Kane stumbles backward, but recovers quickly.

What follows is a brutal, close-quarter fight between two very evenly matched individuals, with extraordinary fighting abilities. Kane is more familiar with his training, but with his damaged arm and leg, John is able to gain the upper hand.

HORN --

At first crouches against the wall, hands over his ears. But seeing that John is winning, he gets up and heads for the stairs.

THE FIGHT --

Concludes with John grabbing Kane and smashing him head first into one of the room doors. Kane is stuck there for a moment.

HORN
Hey! Over here!

John spins to see Horn, waiting by the staircase, the same one John threw Charlie into. The two of them hustle down the stairway.

Kane pulls himself out of the wreckage of the hotel room doorway, brushes himself off, and starts to follow John and Horn when...

DING!

The elevator doors pop open and three Security Guards run out, guns drawn.

SECURITY GUARD 3
Stay right there, asshole!

Kane does nothing of the sort. He runs right at them, tucks and rolls, and hits the FIRST GUARD out of the elevator before he can fire. The SECOND GUARD manages to get a shot off and plugs Kane right in the chest, but that only slows him down. Kane grabs the first guy's gun and unloads it, killing the other two Security Guards. He grabs the third guy's gun and is about to head into the elevator when he notices...

HIS SEVERED ARM

Twitching on the floor. Kane picks it up and slips it into his jacket pocket, then gets in the elevator.

INT. STAIRCASE

John and Horn head down the staircase. John is much quicker than Horn, taking the stairs three or four at a time and hopping over the railing at every landing.

JOHN'S POV -- CUTAWAY VISION

He can see across the hall and into the MOVING ELEVATOR, where Kane is staring right back at him. As the elevator catches up with them, both instinctively go for their guns.

BOOM!

They both fire, but their bullets merely lodge into the walls between them, snapping them out of their cutaway vision.

HORN
(startled by the sound)
Jesus, what are you shooting at?!

John grabs Horn and they continue their sprint down past the 24th floor door.

INT. ELEVATOR

25... 24... 23... 22... Kane's elevator continues its race downward. Kane tries to hit the button to stop at the 23rd floor, but there is none. This elevator only services the ground floor and the penthouse suites.

Rearing back, Kane kicks the doors causing them to buckle and the elevator to grind to a stop between floors. He starts prying open the doors.

INT. 24TH FLOOR HALLWAY

John, seeing that Kane's elevator has stopped below them, grabs Horn and leads him onto the 24th floor.

INT. 23RD FLOOR HALLWAY

Kane squeezes out through the elevator doors. He looks up.

KANE'S POV --

A brief glimpse of John and Horn, one floor above, running towards him. He raises his gun and fires.

INT. 24TH FLOOR HALLWAY

The bullets from Kane's gun tear through the floor directly in front of John and Kane.

JOHN
This way!

John pulls Horn down a different hallway.

INT. 23RD FLOOR HALLWAY

Kane, focused on the ceiling, starts to follow when...

SMACK!

He runs right into a wall. The hallway doesn't continue that direction on this floor. Kane backs up and listens, trying to relocate John and Horn above him.

INT. 24TH FLOOR HALLWAY

John and Horn sprint down the hall to where it dead-ends at a large plate-glass window overlooking the pool. John seems to be sizing up the 24 floor drop.

HORN
No way. Forget it.

INT. 23RD FLOOR HALLWAY

Kane rounds a corner. With his cutaway vision he sees John and Horn paused at the window. He draws his gun.

INT. 24TH FLOOR HALLWAY

John looks around frantically, but the only exit is through the window. In one motion, John scoops up Horn into a fireman's carry and sprints back the way they came.

Bullets shred through the carpet behind him.

John barrels through the fire door and takes the stairs down two at a time.

INT. 23RD FLOOR HALLWAY

Kane hobbles towards the fire door. He can hear John rushing down the stairs towards him. He runs for the stairs. Just as he gets to the stairwell door...

INT. STAIRWELL

JOHN KICKS IT, HARD, from behind.

INT. 23RD FLOOR HALLWAY

... which smashes into Kane, knocking the gun out of his hand and sending him sprawling backwards.

INT. STAIRWELL

John continues his race down the stairs, Horn struggling to keep up.

JOHN

Wait!

Horn stops in his tracks. John looks and listens. No sign of Kane.

HORN

Where is he?

JOHN

Shhhh!

John strains to hear any sign of Kane, but there is none. Until...

CLICK. A hand reaches out and puts a gun to John's head.

VOICE

Freeze, asshole!

We pull back to realize that it's not Kane who's wielding the firearm, but Charlie.

HORN

Charlie, Jesus!

JOHN

Put the gun down, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Boss, this is the guy who's after you!

HORN

Yeah, well he's not as bad as the other guy who's after me. Put the gun down.

Reluctantly, Charlie puts the gun down.

HORN (CONT'D)

Where's the car?

INT. 23RD FLOOR HALLWAY

Kane limps towards the elevator, now inoperative, which still hangs between floors. He looks down the shaft.

INT. HOTEL - ELEVATOR BANK

On the ground floor, a couple of drunk guys hang outside the elevators, impatiently hitting the button for the elevator when...

BOOM!

Something crashes in the elevator shaft. A moment later, four finger tips wedge themselves out of the crack in the door and pry it open. Kane, mangled from his bout with the fire door and his 23-floor drop, emerges from the elevator doors, smiling.

KANE

Hi, excuse me, please.

The drunk guys step out of the way.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Charlie weaves in between the parked cars towards the White Expedition. John is right behind him. Horn struggles to stay with them.

They reach the SUV. John holds open the back door and motions for Horn to hurry. Horn makes it into the back seat and John is just about to follow when he hears a very faint voice...

KANE (O.S.)

Don't move, John.

John spins to see Kane, nearly 200 yards away on the mezzanine level with his pistol trained on his head.

KANE (CONT'D)

Don't make me shoot, John. From this distance, I can't be sure I won't damage you permanently.

JOHN

From that distance? You'll never hit me.

Calling his bluff, John climbs into the car, just as...

BLAM!

Kane fires, the bullet not hitting its target directly, but grazing the back of John's head and sending him pitching forward into the back seat.

INT. FORD EXPEDITION

Horn watches, horrified, as John flops into the SUV, a gunshot wound in the back of his head.

HORN
Oh, shit!

More shots ring out.

HORN (CONT'D)
Go! Go!

Charlie floors it and the Expedition screeches out of the parking lot.

INT. CASINO - MEZZANINE LEVEL

Kane stumbles down the stairs and into the hotel's valet pick-up area.

He strides past a Tesla, then a Lamborghini, until he comes to a tricked-out Escalade, complete with tinted windows and ground effects. Kane notices a SIGNAL SCANNER mounted to the dashboard, and that's all he needs to see. He walks around to the front of the car pulls the door open, hand on his gun

The wanna-be rapper who gets out tosses him his keys, assuming he's the valet, and heads off into the Casino.

Kane shrugs, "that was easy," then puts his gun away, and peels out of the parking lot.

EXT. FREEWAY

Horn's Expedition speeds across the desert.

INT. FORD EXPEDITION

The triage scene inside the car is chaotic. Horn works frantically to stem the flow of blood from the wound in the back of John's head.

CHARLIE
Boss, that guy needs to go to the hospital.

HORN
The freeway, Charlie, just get on the damn freeway or we'll all end up in the goddamn hospital!

JOHN --

Looks like he's drifting in and out of consciousness. His head lolls to one side, and he stares up at Horn.

ON JOHN'S EYES: They begin to flutter. We've seen this before.

HORN (CONT'D)
John? John!

As Horn yells, the screen suddenly fades to...

BLACKNESS

12:00:00

The numbers start spinning and another memory begins, starting at 6:00 a.m. He looks over at Eliza, but she's not beside him.

Like a stalker, John watches as Eliza, her overnight bag slung over her shoulder, heads for her car. As she turns to look back, we realize that this is the shot of Eliza that haunted John when he lost his memory.

The memories skip forward to John in the kitchen, standing over some floorboards near the refrigerator. This is the same part of the kitchen where we saw the cracked floorboards when John first returned.

As John crouches down, his reflection becomes visible in the the polished stainless steel of the refrigerator. We can see that he is distraught, on the verge of tears, barely able to do what he's about to do. Hands trembling, John reaches into frame and lifts away two of the floor tiles to reveal a lockbox embedded underneath the floor.

As he reaches for the lockbox, the trembling turns into a full blown seizure. He falls forward, shaking uncontrollably, dropping the tiles and causing them to crack. John catches his own reflection in the refrigerator as his leg kicks out and shatters the cabinet beside him.

Now, his head is shaking too fast to keep a clear image... the screen distorts... everything goes blue.

John's system shuts down.

BLACKOUT

END OF MEMORY #4

INT. FORD EXPEDITION - NIGHT

John suddenly snaps awake.

HORN
(startled)
Shit!

John looks around. Still in the car, ice against the wound in the back of his head. He pulls it off, revealing a nasty gash.

Horn inspects the wound.

JOHN
Where are we?

HORN
The desert.
(beat)
Are you gonna be okay?

JOHN
Antiseptic...
(beat)
I need antiseptic for the wound,
and bandages. To keep it from
infecting.

HORN
Charlie! Pull off at the next
Seven-Eleven!

Charlie nods, a little spooked to see John sitting up in the back seat.

Horn pours himself a drink, then hands John the bottle. John pours some alcohol into his hand and uses it to clean his wound.

A moment passes.

JOHN
I... I crashed.

Horn turns to him.

HORN
What?

JOHN
I was in my home, and... something
happened to me. The same seizure I
had when I saw the system reset.
(MORE)

JOHN (cont'd)

That's how I ended up wandering the streets. That's how I lost my memory.

(beat)

I was in love with this woman and I realized what I... what I was. I couldn't leave her, but I couldn't trust myself with her. I didn't know what to do.

Horn stares at John, not sure what the hell he's talking about, but starting to believe that John is not what he appears to be.

HORN

You really aren't human, are you?

John stares at Horn, the answer clear in his eyes. The car turns off at the exit.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Kane rockets through the desert at a hundred miles an hour. He drives with his knees, while fiddling with something on his lap.

CLOSE ON: THE SIGNAL SCANNER

He's reprogramming it while driving. He is able to work meticulously and keep one eye on the road at the same time.

EXT. GAS STATION

A twelve-pump superstation in the middle of desert wasteland that caters to 18-wheelers and the occasional tourist SUV en-route from the casino. Charlie fills the tank.

Horn and John stand off to the side, under a crystal-clear desert sky.

JOHN

My favorite song is Fake Plastic Trees. By Radiohead.

HORN

Not a fan, what can I say?

JOHN

No, it's just -- Eliza played it for me one time and it's like everything felt right.

(MORE)

JOHN (cont'd)

It became the song we'd play together. But I shouldn't like it, right?

HORN

You know, John, I'm not sure how close you are to the character I wrote. I mean, the strength and the x-ray vision, that's the same. But there was... more.

JOHN

More?

HORN

You could do things that you can't imagine, John. You can see things that we can only dream of.

John looks at Horn.

JOHN

What kinds of things?

HORN

Information, signals. The electronic background of our civilization. You can see it, touch it... It was in your skill set.

John shakes his head, still not sure what to make of his incredible situation.

JOHN

So strange. To sit and talk with one's maker. I have no memories of a father, or a family.

Horn shifts, uncomfortable.

HORN

Why did you come see me, John?

John turns to look at him.

JOHN

Because I want answers.

HORN

Answers.

JOHN

I want to know who created me. And
for what purpose.

Horn laughs.

HORN

Welcome to human existence, John.
We all want the answers to those
questions. You think that memories
alone will provide them, you're
wrong.

They stand there silently, for a moment. Then...

HORN (CONT'D)

There's a quote, I think from
Nietzsche -- and I'm probably
butchering it, so forgive me --
"the only meaning to life is that
which we give it ourselves."

JOHN

I don't understand.

HORN

Make your own meaning, John. What
purpose do you have? What matters
to you? What difference can you
make in this world?

ANGLE ON JOHN, thinking to himself, memories of Eliza
flooding his head.

HORN (CONT'D)

You say you love this woman?
There's your meaning. There's your
purpose.

JOHN

But... It's not real. My love for
her is an illusion, based on a lie.
Something I only think I'm capable
of.

Horn takes a moment to respond.

HORN

You know, John, there's a theory
that when a program becomes complex
enough, it might be able to change
itself.

(MORE)

HORN (cont'd)

And if it reaches that point, then the programming itself becomes immutable, like a human soul. In which case, you are, quite simply, what you are.

JOHN

I don't understand.

HORN

John... If you asked me how I knew I loved my third wife -- before the divorce that is -- do you think I could have provided you with evidence of its reality? Was there any empirical proof of our "love?" It was just ether, a feeling that existed between us -- or maybe mostly on my end -- and the only thing that kept it alive was faith. You clearly have that faith, John. You, my robot friend, are in love.

John's eyes suddenly go wide, as if seeing something incredible for the first time.

And then...

BLAM!

A bullet SPLATTERS against Horn's chest, ripping him out of frame.

John turns to see...

KANE'S ESCALADE, bearing down on him. Kane is leaning out the window, firing two guns and driving with his good leg.

CHARLIE --

Is pumping gas when bullets hit him simultaneously in the head and heart.

THE GAS PUMP --

Clatters to the ground and gas sprays all over the place.

A STRAY BULLET

Ricochets off the ground, lighting the gas and...

BOOM!

The EXPEDITION EXPLODES!

John is shielded from the direct concussion of the blast by the car, but he is still lifted off his feet and hurled through the air.

He tumbles end over end into the middle of the road. Time seems to slow down.

He looks up to see...

THE ESCALADE

Headed straight for him. Kane steering impassively as he reloads his guns.

John tries to roll out of the way, but...

THE ESCALADE RUNS OVER HIS ARM AND STOPS!

John's arm is pinned to the ground by the weight of the vehicle. He struggles mightily to move, trying desperately to reach his gun on the ground.

But, dazed and without leverage, he's pinned there, trapped. He can only watch as Kane climbs out of the SUBURBAN and advances towards him. He is holding the signal scanner contraption in his hand.

KANE

I heard what Horn said about me.
Back in the Casino.

He kneels down next to John, fiddling with the knobs on the radar detector.

KANE (CONT'D)

That I was a failed experiment.
That you were built to replace me.

John tries to reach for the gun again, but Kane stamps on his hand with his good leg.

KANE (CONT'D)

Perhaps I have had difficulties
with the subtleties of human
interaction. But I would hardly
describe myself as having failed to
perform my duties.

Kane leans over and attaches the scanner to the lobe of John's ear.

KANE (CONT'D)

Particularly in comparison to you.

Kane flips the power switch on the signal scanner and now...

AN EAR SPLITTING SOUND -- a frequency too high for humans to hear, but absolutely earth-shattering for John, blasts directly into his ear and through his system.

ON JOHN --

He screams, silently, as his whole world falls apart.

JOHN'S POV --

Light separates into it's components, the world drains of color, images melt and distort. An instant later, it's over.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

A scorching day in the desert; a merciless sun beating down on an endless, dusty landscape. Kane's Escalade streaks along a service road, kicking up swirling clouds in its wake.

INT. CAR

Kane drives, John lies immobile on the seat next to him. His eyes still shift in their sockets, his ears still register sound, but he is unable to move or communicate.

John peers through the windshield. Coming quickly towards the car is a formidable wire fence, extending to the horizon. Signs planted along the fence that read "Government Property: Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted."

John closes his eyes, bracing for impact.

EXT. CAR - LONG SHOT

The Escalade smashes into the fence at high speed, flattening it and continuing on its course.

IN THE DISTANCE --

A long, concrete building, the sun flaring off its tin roof. It is the only structure visible in any direction.

BLACKOUT...

FADE UP ON --

EXT. CONCRETE BUILDING

A blast of hot air hits John as soon as he is hoisted out of the car and slung over Kane's shoulder. He is helpless to shield his eyes from the blinding, desert sun as Kane carries him towards the concrete structure.

There are no windows on the large building in front of them; just one, corrugated, gate. Above the gate is a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA, its lone, red eye following Kane's movements.

Suddenly, a loud CLANG resonates from inside the building. John flinches, then realizes that the door is slowly opening for them, revealing nothing but blackness inside.

Kane steps forward, into the building.

INT. DESERT BUNKER - DAY

The harsh light of the desert shrinks to nothing as the corrugated gate closes behind them. Kane, still carrying John over his shoulder, walks across what looks like a loading dock, although there are no cars parked in it. Towards the back of the space, with another surveillance camera perched over it, is a heavy steel door. It has a RETINAL SCANNER.

Kane presses John's eye to the scanner. The door swings open with a sigh. Kane steps into...

INT. MEDICAL ROOM

A state of the art operating room. Fluorescent lights shine down on a operating table in the center of the room. No doctors to be seen, just a single-armed industrial robot -- the kind you might see in on an automobile assembly line -- sitting dormant in the corner of the room.

Kane lays John down on the operating table. John watches, helpless, as Kane walks over to a computer station across the room. He presses a few keys on the keyboard, within seconds...

THE ROOM COMES TO LIFE

Restraints rise out of the smooth black surface of the table and pin John where he's lying. The mechanical arm whirs into action and begins descending towards John. Speakers, monitors, scanning systems all switch on, rebooting after a long dormancy.

John watches as the mechanical arm comes closer and closer to his head, a menacing SYRINGE attached to its mechanical hand.

BLACKOUT...

FADE UP

John is still lying immobile on the operating table, but now the screens all around him have come to life, each of them featuring schematics of the subject on the operating table: himself.

JOHN SEES detailed breakdowns of his inner workings, flashing by on the screens above his head. We never get a complete picture of exactly what John is made of, but he is clearly a futuristic amalgam of the mechanical and organic.

He watches, fascinated, until his eye catches KANE, sitting by his side, repairing his damaged arm (which is wholly more primitive than John's design). He's doing a bit of a botch job on it, but at least it's attached.

When Kane sees John is awake, he motions to a monitor across the room.

KANE

I've been watching your memories, John. Fascinating stuff. They gave you far more autonomy than me. Still, your plan to kill Mr. Owens was quite brilliant.

John stares up at him, confused.

KANE (CONT'D)

You do know who James Owens is? From the list, John? The list of nine.

John mouths a yes, he remembers.

KANE (CONT'D)

Mr. Owens owns a company that makes silicon chips. He is a mover and a shaker, and once a year, he takes a trip to a conference in Sun Valley.

ON JOHN -- memories flashing into his head -- the brochure for the conference...

KANE (CONT'D)

Mr. Owens has a plane, John. A very nice, private plane, that he flies every year to Sun Valley.

(MORE)

KANE (CONT'D)

And being a generous man, he always takes two of his friends with him, two other CEOs named Mazlin and Singh. Do those names sound familiar?

JOHN'S MEMORY -- THE LIST OF NAMES -- Mazlin and Singh are the next two after Owens.

KANE (CONT'D)

Your next three targets. You, being very clever, realized that you could eliminate all three of them at once, without arousing suspicion, if Mr. Owens's plane blew up during that flight.

(beat)

Do you know who the flight attendant on that flight is, John? Mr. Owens's favorite flight attendant?

JOHN struggles to speak...

JOHN

No...

KANE

You staked her out, you followed her, you learned everything about her...

JOHN

No... I... I love her.

KANE

You thought you were in love with her, but really, she was your target all along. That confused hard drive you call a brain couldn't distinguish between your emotions and your goals.

JOHN

You're lying, I know you're lying.

KANE

You couldn't get her out of your head because you were going to KILL HER, John.

John struggles against his bonds, but it is futile.

KANE
(MORE)

KANE (cont'd)
Don't worry, when you wake up
again, your feelings for her will
be gone.

ON JOHN -- terror fills his eyes now, as he realizes what is
happening.

KANE (CONT'D)
Your memory is being recovered for
you, John. And once it's back,
you'll be as good as new. You will
go home, and tell Eliza you sorted
everything out. You will carry out
your mission as you were built to.

Kane motions to the monitors above John's head. They have
stopped scrolling, flashing and pulsating.

KANE (CONT'D)
It's time, John.

BLACKOUT.

FINAL MEMORY

*We see the beginnings of the now-familiar memory retrieval
process; the clock, the screen filling with light, John
getting out of bed. But as the day begins to spin by, the
SCREEN suddenly bisects and a new clock appears in the blank
half.*

*Those numbers begin rolling forward, and now the screen
splits in half again. Two more days begin to spin past, and
now there are four separate memories all coming back at once.*

*Moments later, the four split into sixteen, then thirty-two,
then one hundred twenty eight. The screen is filled with
memory boxes, the images flying by so fast and small that
they appear like streaks of color. The screen is a mosaic of
color and light, the missing blanks of John's memory
reasserting themselves into his consciousness.*

END FINAL MEMORY

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM

John's eyes open, slowly. He turns to his bedside table and
sees the digital clock, the time reading 6:00 AM. The Bible
lays open next to the clock, turned to one of the dog-eared
pages. He turns to look at Eliza, who sleeps peacefully next
to him. John is confused; what has happened, how did he get
here?

IS THIS REAL OR JUST A MEMORY?

He gets out of bed, puts his feet on the floor.

This is no memory. This is the present.

INT. JOHN'S BATHROOM

John brushes his teeth.

INT. JOHN'S KITCHEN

John and Eliza sit at the breakfast table. John reads the newspaper and sips a cup of coffee, Eliza dotes on the Puppy.

ELIZA

(to the Puppy)

Mommy's gonna miss you so much,
baby.

(then, to John)

Are you gonna miss me?

John looks up at her.

JOHN

Am I going to miss you?

ELIZA

Honestly, are you gonna miss me, or
are you kinda psyched to spend a
few days by yourself? I mean, I'll
totally understand if...

JOHN

Eliza...

She stops talking.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Every hour you're gone feels like a
waste of time.

Eliza smiles. How does he know how to say the perfect thing
every time?

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE

Kane is parked in his car, keeping a close eye on the front
door. His phone rings. He answers.

THE VOICE (O.S.)
Are we good?

KANE
We're peachy.

THE VOICE (O.S.)
Don't be flippant. This is about
more than today. He plays a crucial
role in a much larger and more
important plan.

KANE
Of course, the favored son must
fulfill his destiny.

The line goes dead.

KANE
(to himself)
I'm just here to facilitate.

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE

John walks outside to get the paper.

John looks up to see Kane in the car parked across the
street. He stares daggers at him.

A long moment passes, then John nods to him. He goes back
inside.

INT. JOHN'S KITCHEN - DAY

John stands in the kitchen, staring down at the cracked
floorboards. This is where he first "crashed." Whatever's
inside there is the key to whatever his plan was.

He gets to his knees, just as we saw in the flashback. He
digs his fingers into the side of one of the cracked
floorboards and pulls. It tears away, revealing...

THE LOCKBOX

With a handle and a safe lock. John's shaking hand reaches
out for the numbered safe lock. With some difficulty, he
spins the wheel; right, left, right. It clicks open.

INSIDE --

Is an arsenal. Some of the weapons in here are almost futuristic looking. John pushes them aside and grabs something from the bottom of the lockbox.

The shaking stops.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE

John sits at his desk, concentrating intently on something in front of him.

REVEAL -- A TINY EXPLOSIVE DEVICE

The size of a cigarette lighter. John carefully assembles it, his fingers working with machine-like precision. Next to him, on the floor, is ELIZA'S OVERNIGHT BAG.

CLOSE ON -- JOHN'S FACE

He betrays absolutely no emotion as he works. Whatever caused him to crash last time is no longer present.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - DAY

John watches Eliza haphazardly toss some clothes into her overnight bag.

ELIZA

His training treats are in the cupboard under the sink. And don't forget to close the crate at night. He likes the blue blanket over it, but leave a little gap in the top so he can see you.

John smiles and nods, he knows all this. He leans over to give the dog a good natured scratch, but it's wary of him, which surprises him.

Eliza, still throwing things in her bag, doesn't notice.

ELIZA

Where's my...

Before she can finish her question, John places the hair dryer in her hand. She smiles sheepishly.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

Thanks.

She stuffs the hair dryer in, presses the sides of the bag down, then zips it up.

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

John sits in his car, parked in the driveway. He checks his watch, then leans on the horn.

JOHN
(yelling into the house)
Liza? Let's go sweetie. We're
gonna be late.

ELIZA (O.S.)
Coming!

Moments later, Eliza barges through the front door and comes running out to the car.

JOHN
Forget something?

ELIZA
Oh, shit.

Eliza runs back inside, and emerges a moment later, wheeling her carry-on bag. She tosses it in the back seat.

ELIZA (CONT'D)
Let's do it.

John backs out of the driveway.

CLOSE ON JOHN --

Nodding slightly to KANE, who is still parked in the street. Kane nods back and pulls in behind them as they drive away.

INT. JOHN'S CAR

John and Eliza drive towards the airport. Eliza scrolls through playlists on the car's MUSIC APP, looking for one in particular.

The playlist is labelled "For E". Eliza selects it.

"Fake Plastic Trees" plays over the stereo. Eliza hums along with it.

ELIZA
(singing)
"...green plastic watering can..."

ON JOHN --

Despite his cool demeanor, the music seems to be getting to him. He shifts in his seat, uncomfortably.

EXT. AIRPORT

John's car pulls into the airport and pulls to a stop in front of the charter terminal. A moment later...

KANE pulls in behind them. He passes them, slowly, locking eyes with John, then continues driving into the airport, headed for long term parking.

INT. JOHN'S CAR

Eliza leans over and kisses John on the cheek.

ELIZA
Well, gotta split.

Eliza grabs her bag from the back seat.

ELIZA (CONT'D)
See you Sunday?

John nods. As Eliza's about to get out of the car...

JOHN
Liza?

She turns to look at him.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I got you something.

Eliza smiles.

ELIZA
You did?

John motions to her bag.

JOHN
I put it in your bag. At the bottom.

ELIZA
You did? You sneak.

JOHN
But make me a promise? Don't look at it until you're in the air.

Eliza looks at him, quizzically.

JOHN
Promise me?

ELIZA
Okay, I promise.

Then she kisses him, this time on the lips.

ELIZA (CONT'D)
Love you.

She heads into the terminal.

HOLD ON JOHN --

Just sitting there.

INT. KANE'S CAR

Kane is watching John, puzzled that he's not moving. His phone rings. He answers it.

THE VOICE (O.S.)
It doesn't look like he's
cooperating.

KANE
Well, whose fault is that? Once
again, your golden boy can't seem
to get with the program--

THE VOICE (O.S.)
Stop talking--

KANE
Of course, you never had that
problem with me, but I guess I
don't have a role in your grand
scheme.

THE VOICE (O.S.)
You could. If you get this back on
track, you will.

KANE
Are you telling me the truth?

A pause from the other end.

THE VOICE (O.S.)
I always tell the truth. Do your
job.

The line goes dead.

INT. JOHN'S CAR

John looks down at the DETONATOR, cradled in his hand. He sits there, unmoving.

KANE (O.S.)
Hey, asshole. This wasn't
complicated.

John looks up to see Kane at his open window.

KANE
You were supposed to go into the
terminal with her. You need to
make sure the plane is in the air
when the explosive is detonated.

John speaks softly.

JOHN
Who are they, Kane?

KANE
What?

JOHN
Singh, Owens... the men we are
going to kill today.

KANE
We don't have time for this...

JOHN
When my memories came back,
everything was filled in. But I
still don't understand; who are the
list of nine?
(insistently)
Who are they?

KANE
They created us, John.

That answer clearly isn't enough for John. He stares at Kane.

KANE

(impatiently)

Owens's company manufactured the chips. Singh provided the genetic research, Mazlin the advanced polymers and alloys. Each person was involved, but none understands the whole. And none ever will. That is our mission -- your mission, really. To erase the tracks that lead back to you.

(beat)

Now please, get out of the car and go.

JOHN

If none of them know... Then who's behind it all? Who built us, Kane?

Kane shakes his head.

KANE

That is a question for another day, John. Now, get out of the car.

John just sits there, staring at the detonator.

JOHN

I can't. I can't do it, Kane. I love her.

Kane's face darkens. He acts impulsively, grabbing John's arm and SNAPPING it down backwards against the car door, breaking his elbow. John yells in pain as the detonator falls from his hand.

Kane picks it up and walks into the building, straightening his tie.

JOHN, clutches his arm in agony, then pushes open the car door.

JOHN

No.

He stumbles after Kane.

INT. GULFSTREAM JET

Eliza places her overnight bag under her fold-out seat. She starts arranging drinks on a drink cart for the passengers.

They fall in together, organizing the drink carts. Eliza fakes downing one of the bottles, Greg laughs.

INT. TERMINAL B

Kane walks through the terminal, eyes constantly scanning the tarmac, looking for Eliza's plane. He spots some limousines, driving towards a Gulf Stream jet. He walks in that direction.

INT. MAIN TERMINAL

John walks into the main terminal building, his left arm hanging limply to his side. He looks everywhere for Kane, but there's so many possible directions he could've gone in. Horn's comment to him rings in his ears.

HORN (V.O.)

You are capable of so much more
than you can imagine, John.

He concentrates, closing his eyes, and when he opens them...

A hurricane of information explodes into his consciousness, pixels whipping past, an orgy of light and color. Each zipping beam of light represents a different piece of transmitted information; cell phone calls, television signals, the control tower, closed circuit radio...

It's overwhelming.

John reaches his hand out to make sense of this maelstrom. As his hand passes through each beam and wave, snippets of audio ring out in his ears; pieces of conversation, computers communicating with each other, the invisible layer of background signals that takes up the space around us.

He's searching for something, anything, that will tell him which way Kane's gone.

INT. TERMINAL B

Kane is so intent on getting a good view of Eliza's plane, he doesn't notice he's come to a security checkpoint.

SECURITY GUARD

Sir? You need to get in line.

Kane impatiently joins the the AIRPORT EMPLOYEES line. He notices as EMPLOYEES show another SECURITY GUARD their badges. He listens as a BADGE-LESS WOMAN explains...

WOMAN

I left my badge in the bathroom.
Come on, Rudy, you know me.

The Security Guard waves her through. And now it's Kane's turn.

SECURITY GUARD 2

Badge?

KANE

I left it in the bathroom.

The Security Guard stares at him.

SECURITY GUARD 2

You just heard that lady say it.

KANE

The break room. I left it in the
break room. If I don't clock in
soon, my manager is going to fire
me.

SECURITY GUARD 2

Now you're just making shit up.
Look, you can't go in here without--

He never finishes his sentence. Kane levels him with one blow, then pushes through the panicked crowd, trying to follow Eliza's plane.

INT. MAIN TERMINAL

JOHN is starting to make sense of the swarming mass of information, the cacophony dying down as he eliminates one signal after another. He hears a snippet...

SECURITY SIGNAL

... White male, mid forties...

He grabs the passing transmission and...

A "window" opens in the air.

It's the feed from the video cameras. He sees the commotion caused by Kane, and, in the background, KANE HIMSELF, walking towards ELIZA'S PLANE, rolling past Terminal B.

The window closes when John starts to run.

INT. TERMINAL B SECURITY CHECKPOINT

When John arrives at the entrance to Terminal B, there is a swarm of GUARDS and a long backup of people waiting to be checked through. Kane's little run-in has ground things to a halt.

John has no time, he needs to stop Kane. He needs a distraction.

CLOSE ON JOHN -- CONCENTRATING

And suddenly EVERY ELECTRONIC ITEM IN THE ROOM GOES OFF AT ONCE.

Cell phones, laptops -- anything that accepts a signal starts buzzing and chirping. This cranks the already on-edge crowd up to a frenzy.

And it gives John the distraction he needs. He slips past the guards.

INT. TERMINAL B

Kane is standing at the large window at the end of Terminal B, an excellent view of the Gulfstream Jet as the limousines unload their passengers. He readies the detonator.

INT. GULFSTREAM JET

The three executives have taken their seats. Owens, as always, barks into his cell phone nervously.

OWENS

-- no, you listen, I'm linked to Horn. I can't explain how. And Etheridge...

(a beat)

I don't give a shit, Howard. Get it done.

Owens hangs up, frustrated. Singh glances at him, thrown by Owens's demeanor.

ELIZA

Would you gentleman like a drink before we take off?

Owens looks up at Eliza, his entire demeanor changing.

ELIZA

Perhaps a Japanese Whiskey?

OWENS

Eliza, you are the gift that keeps
on giving.

ELIZA

Of course, Mr. Owens.

Eliza gives Greg the "take it up" signal to relay to the
pilot.

INT. TERMINAL, VARIOUS

Kane watches as the plane rolls down the runway. He reaches
his finger to the detonator when...

WHAM!

A row of airport seats smash into his back sending him
tumbling forward. He looks up to see...

JOHN.

Advancing on him, murder in his eyes. And now the fight
begins.

The two of them, going at it, hand to hand, no guns. Kane is
the stronger of the two, more of his processing power is
devoted to fighting tactics and maximizing strength.

But John is faster, and smarter, and can control the
environment with his newfound abilities.

Adding complication to all this are the security guards that
show up halfway through the fight.

SOME BEATS:

-- Kane gets on a crowded escalator and methodically tosses
people out of his way as he walks up. Using his new
abilities, John changes the escalator's direction, sending
Kane back down, fast.

-- John lowers a thin metal firewall to isolate him and Kane
from the security guards. Kane backs him up against it.
Kane punches John with massive force.

-- SECURITY GUARDS gather on the other side of the wall and
hear the thundering blows coming from within. They back away
as dents are made in the firewall from the back of John's
head smashing against it.

-- John dodges a blow and Kane's fist explodes through the
metal.

-- With Kane momentarily stuck, John uses his powers to raise the wall, lifting Kane with it.

-- Kane's arm jams hard once he reaches the ceiling. He drops the detonator.

-- Kane looks down to see John catch the detonator. John takes off, lowering fire walls as he goes.

-- Kane rips his arm out of the door and drops to the floor.

-- SECURITY GUARDS surround him and he plows right through them. He takes their guns.

-- He rushes toward the next firewall and smashes into it with a thundering body blow. It holds --

-- Kane does it again and the wall tears free from the ceiling and falls flat, revealing a sea of people beyond.

INT. TERMINAL A

JOHN LIMPS FORWARD purposefully, detonator in hand, the plane starting to pick up speed on the tarmac. He seems to have a destination he's heading for.

KANE appears behind him and fires a volley of gunshots.

John is hit, multiple times. He stumbles forward, sees Kane reloading. He smashes into a glass wall and FALLS...

Plummeting fifty feet to the outdoor, long term parking lot, crashing into a car.

INT. GULFSTREAM JET

As the plane gains altitude, Eliza pulls her bag out from under her seat and unzips it. She starts rummaging through it, looking for whatever John gave her.

She sees something and it makes her heart sink.

John's voiceover begins.

JOHN (V.O.)

As you seek to understand what has happened here, you will be tempted to ask questions, and to search for answers. Don't.

EXT. LONG TERM PARKING LOT

John, almost dead, lies in the parking lot. Then he spots what he was running towards.

Kane's car.

Parked near the edge of the lot. Kane drops down behind him. Rolls a MINI COOPER onto his legs to stop him, then grabs the detonator. Turns to see the plane accelerating down the runway.

Kane puts a finger on the toggle switch.

INT. GULFSTREAM JET

Eliza is reading the note that John has left in her bag, her heart sinking as she goes. The voiceover is John reading the text of the note.

JOHN (V.O.)
Move on, Eliza. For my sake, start
over without me.

She reaches into the bag and finds, not a bomb, but a BRACELET that he has left for her, in the envelope. It is a simple chain with an ANCHOR hanging off it. She starts to cry.

EXT. AIRPORT

As the plane passes overhead, Kane presses the toggle switch. He hears a strange click, and spins around. The click is from his car. He looks through it with his cut-away vision and sees, in his trunk...

THE EXPLOSIVE DEVICE

John never put it in Eliza's bag. He was never going to kill her.

John rolls off the edge of the parking structure, just as...

THE CAR EXPLODES!

Ripping through Kane's CUTAWAY POV, sending the chassis of the car skyrocketing into the air. Windows shatter all through the terminal.

JOHN --

Falls through the air, fire spreading over the sky behind him, a shower of glass spraying over his head.

JOHN (V.O.)

A friend told me once that, in the absence of knowing anything for sure, we have to find our own meaning in this life.

INT. GULFSTREAM JET

Tears pour down Eliza's face as she reads the note. She doesn't even see the flash of the explosion on the ground, although everyone else on the plane goes to look.

JOHN (V.O.)

I think I understand now what he meant.

EXT. AIRPORT

John limps across the tarmac, past the smoking wreckage of the destroyed automobile, past the incinerated remains of Kane.

JOHN (V.O.)

It was you, Eliza. You were my meaning.

He heads off in the direction of the Jet, as it ascends into the sky. We hear John's final words.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You were my anchor.

FADE OUT.

FADE UP --

INT. MOUNTAIN RETREAT - NIGHT

OWENS, the tech billionaire, sits at a desk, a tumbler of whiskey in one hand, in front of an expansive view of a gorgeous, moonlit mountain range.

But he's not paying attention to the view. He's looking at an array of security monitors.

OWENS

Camera 3. Pool house. What's going on there?

A PRIVATE SECURITY EXPERT, JAVIER, stands behind him, trying to keep his boss from spiraling out.

JAVIER
That's a lens flare. When the
camera pans past the flood light?

Owens watches, nods.

OWENS
Right.

JAVIER
Everything's working, Mr. Owens.
Drones up, my best people -- you
couldn't be safer.

OWENS
Tell that to Warren Etheridge. De
Concinni. Avenue Horn. All of them
un-alived. They thought they were
safe too.

JAVI
(skeptical)
The kill list. Yes, you've
mentioned it.

OWENS
Then don't tell me I'm safe.

Owens stands and goes to refill his drink. Another pour of some expensive whiskey. When he turns to go back to his desk, he's startled.

JAVIER lies on the floor, not moving.

OWENS
Javi? What the fuck?

He starts to move towards him --

VOICE (O.S.)
He's unconscious, Mr. Owens. He'll
be okay.

Owens startles, drops his drink, slips on the slick hardwood floor. The man in the shadows steps forward --

It's JOHN.

OWENS
What the fuck, how did you get in
here?!

JOHN
Never mind that, let's get you off
the floor.

Owens tries to scoot away, but John simply steps forward and
grabs his arm.

JOHN
Up you go.

Owens, surprised by the strength of John's grip, immediately
starts cooperating. John leads him to a chair.

OWENS
I can pay you! Any amount you
want!

JOHN
Not necessary.

Owens goes pale, now.

OWENS
You're here to kill me, aren't you?
Like Horn. I'm on the list?

JOHN
Yes, you're on a list. But no. No
more killing. I need your help.

OWENS
What? With what?

JOHN
Applied Technologies. You made
custom chipsets for them, am I
correct?

OWENS
Yes, but -- I know nothing about
them, nothing! Everything was done
through the dark web...

JOHN
See, there you go! A lead already.
That's where we'll start.

We PULL IN close on John.

JOHN
Somewhere, there's a wizard behind
the curtain. You're going to help
me find them.

END.