ANONYMITY

by

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM (CROSS'S MEMORY) - DAY

Glimpses of a WOMAN. Tears streak her eyes.

A man, CROSS, stands before her. She runs her hands over his tailored suit, slowly stripping it from him.

WOMAN
Don't you ever think what this is going to cost you?

CROSS
I told you never to ask me that.

WOMAN
I missed you so much. Where have you been?

She kisses him. His lips are stone.

CROSS
I can't remember.

Cross pushes her away. She's like a distant memory to him.

WOMAN
Answer me! Talk to me!

CROSS
I can't do this anymore.

WOMAN
How can you be so selfish? I want our life back.

She undoes the buttons on his shirt. Her hands find his flesh.

She gasps.

WOMAN
My God!

Embedded in his flesh are a series of small computer-like input ports. The surgery scars around them are still fresh.

WOMAN
Who are you? Who have you become?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - EVENING

An eye. It blinks.

CROSS (V.O.)
Everything becomes a memory.

Reflected in the iris is the eyes' owner, Cross, watching himself in a mirror.

A small external hard drive the size of a cell phone. Cross toggles a touch screen on the device. His finger hovers over the 'Delete' option.

CROSS (V.O.)
Have you ever wanted to be somebody else? What if you already were?

A digital I.D card with Cross's head shot.

Cross, mid 30's, sits in front of a mirror. He hasn't quite hit bottom yet, but he's not far off.

He drops the hard drive on the desk, puts his head in his hands.

CROSS (V.O.)
Would you remember who you were supposed to be?

He picks up the I.D. and studies it.

Apart from the photo, there are no details, nothing pertaining to his identity.

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

Cross walks along a populated downtown street.

CROSS (V.O.)
In the future, we will want anonymity.

People file past him, the bridge and tunnel crowd.

In his hand Cross holds a small electronic device. An RFID (radio frequency identification) scanner.

CROSS (V.O.)
With Real ID, biometrics, digital databases... anyone can know who we are.

A man stands an an A.T.M, withdrawing money. Cross watches him from the street corner.

Cross waves the RFID scanner. The mans' credit card number and name appear on the scanners' screen.

CROSS (V.O.)
When I say anyone, I mean me.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - EVENING

A laptop computer. On the screen is a registrar of missing persons. It cycles through pictures of random people.

CROSS (V.O.)
A decade from now, corporations will be the new governments. Most of them already own more than governments anyway.

Cross dresses himself in a generic jacket and pants.

CROSS (V.O.)
It's just a matter of time before they own us too.

There's a knock at the door. He cautiously opens it. There's no one there.

He looks out into the hallway -- a brief glimpse of a BRUNETTE before she disappears round a corner.

A briefcase has been left outside the door. He takes it.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Cross opens the briefcase and takes out a small external memory drive.

He arranges a series of thin computer cables, laying them out with measured precision.

Cross rolls up his shirt sleeves, unbuttons his collar.

Embedded in his forearms and neck, grafted into the flesh, are a series of small cybernetic ports.

CROSS (V.O.)
Time to get to work.

INT/EXT. CAR/CORPORATE FACILITY PARKING LOT - DAY

Cross watches the front entrance of the facility.

He connects the RFID reader to a laptop.

The Technician exits the building and makes for a car. A digital I.D badge is pinned to his jacket.

CROSS (V.O.)
Becoming someone else is easy.

Cross waves the RFID scanner at the Tech as he passes the car.

The guys' headshot and details appears on the laptop screen.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Cross connects the scanner reader to a laptop.

CROSS (V.O.)
Knowing yourself, that's the hard part.

He inserts his I.D card into the reader -- info begins to upload onto the card.

CROSS (V.O.)
And who am I?

He pulls the I.D card out of the reader.

CROSS (V.O.)
Today... my name is...

Below his image, the name "Thomas Cross" appears.

CROSS (V.O.)
Thomas Cross.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE LAB COMPLEX - NIGHT

A large industrial complex. The labs of Zenjiro Corporation.

Cross pulls his car up on the street bordering the complex.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Cross studies the building. Security cameras protect the exterior like gargoyles on a cathedral.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A van parked curbside.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

A man, early 40's, squats in the back of the van.

His arms and neck are pock-marked with the same cybernetic ports as Cross's. Unlike Cross, this guy has been forged from tempered steel.

He takes a memory drive and plugs it into his neck port. His eyes roll back, showing the whites.

An I.D with the name "DEREK JOSHUA".

Joshua grits his teeth and pulls the cables from himself.

He lays out his tools -- lock picks, wires, caltrops, neuro-cables.

EXT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - NIGHT

A young patrol guard nervously patrols a back entrance to the complex.

A noise from the darkness.

The guard loosens his pistol in its' holster as he scans the area.

There's nobody there. The guard turns back. Joshua stands behind him, disguised as a security guard.

The guard swallows a cry.

PATROL GUARD
Jesus! I thought you were a--

JOSHUA
Ghost?

PATROL GUARD
You scared the hell outta me!

JOSHUA
Fear? Don't be afraid...

Something in Joshua's demeanor tells the guard what's coming.

Joshua steps towards him --

The guard goes for his gun --

In an instant Joshua disarms him and knocks him out cold. He drags the limp guard into the shadows.

INT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

The Brunettes' heels echo through the austere hall. Up close she's 30-ish. Elegant. Alluring. What you'd call a 'dangerous woman'.

She comes to a door, pulls out her I.D, which reads 'SIMONE', and slides it into the reader.

The door clicks opens --

INT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - MAINFRAME -- CONTINUOUS

A mainframe computer terminal.

Simone looks at her watch. It reads 20:59. She take a small external hard drive and plugs it into the terminal.

On the screen, data begins uploading.

EXT. REAR OF LAB COMPLEX/SECURITY GATE - NIGHT

A car pulls up to a boom gate.

The driver, PHILLIPS, swipes his I.D through a scanner.

GATE GUARD
Haven't seen you here before.

Phillips' head-shot appears on a security screen in front of the guard.

PHILLIPS
First shift!

The guard pulls out a hand held iris scanner.

GATE GUARD
Give me your eye.

INT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - MAINFRAME -- SAME

Simone checks her watch. It reads 21:01

She looks anxiously to the upload. After a few moments the screen reads -- *BIOMETRIC UPLOAD COMPLETE.*

EXT. REAR OF LAB COMPLEX/SECURITY GATE - SAME

The gate guard finishes scanning Phillips' eye.

The screen reads -- *PHILLIPS, ADAM. IDENTIFIED*.

GATE GUARD
Looks like you'll be baby-sitting the white coats on night shift. Have a good one!

The boom gate goes up and Phillips drives through.

INT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - LOBBY -- NIGHT

Cross enters through the glass double doors.

A guard mans the front desk. Cross strolls up, nonchalant.

Airport style security. Cross passes through a metal detector. An iris scanner scans his eye. He's about to go through --

DESK GUARD
You got your I.D there?

Cross pulls it out of his jacket and swipes it. Cross's face appears up on the guards screen.

DESK GUARD
Leave something behind?
(off Cross's look)
You clocked off a couple of hours ago.

CROSS
You know how it is. Just can't get enough of the place.

DESK GUARD
(laughing)
I know what you mean buddy. It's a second home to me too!

Cross goes through.

INT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Cross casually walks through the maze-like corridors. He comes to a T-junction, hesitates.

CROSS (V.O.)
Now, the number one thing with downloading memories is: you gotta remember to back up your own!

He closes his eyes --

INT. MOTEL ROOM (CROSS'S MEMORY) - EVENING

Cross sits at the desk in front of the mirror. He inserts a cable from a memory drive into his neck port.

CROSS (V.O.)
Cos you download too many memories and... it erases what's already there.

His eyes immediately roll back, the whites fluttering like he's in R.E.M.

He closes his eyes --

INT. LAB CORRIDOR (MEMORY DOWNLOAD - POV)

A POV glides down the same corridor towards the T-junction.

The POV hesitates before it takes a left turn.

INT. LAB CORRIDOR (THE PRESENT)

Cross, at the same T-junction, takes the left turn.

CROSS (V.O.)
An infiltrator could spend months on a job like this, memorizing every little detail...

At the end of the long corridor, Cross sees Simone.

CROSS (V.O.)
...Just so we get to remember what they do.

She pauses briefly, making eye contact before disappearing down a side corridor.

INT. LAB CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Cross continues along the corridor. A security guard passes him -- it's Joshua.

The two men exchange a fast glance, weighing each other up.

INT. LAB CORRIDOR - SAME

Phillips comes to a security door.

He takes out his I.D card, swipes it. The door clicks open revealing a chamber full of routers and monitors.

INT. ROUTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Phillips approaches a router box.

On one of the monitors -- a high angle security camera shot of a hi-tech security door.

CROSS (V.O.)
We are each part of the plan.

INT. GUARD ROOM - SAME

A guard sits in front of an array of monitors, complacently scanning them.

INT. ROUTER ROOM - SAME

Phillips pries open one of the circuits, he strips down one of the many wires and twists them together.

INT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Joshua works a door. He looks knowingly to the security camera covering him. On the door it reads 'LAB. Authorized access only'.

CROSS (V.O.)
We are invisible.

The camera's POV: the image of Joshua flickers. Suddenly it is replaced by another image -- the same angle, but now there is no Joshua.

INT. GUARD ROOM - SAME

The screen showing the security door flickers momentarily -- it now displays a 'ghost image' in a loop.

INT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - SAME

The door unlocks. Joshua enters.

CROSS (V.O.)
We are anonymous...

INT. LAB CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Phillips approaches the lab entrance, sees the security camera. He punches in the code, slips in.

INT. LAB CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Cross approaches the door, recognizes it from the memory download.

He studies the panel, closes his eyes --

INT. LAB CORRIDOR (MEMORY DOWNLOAD - POV)

A gloved hand reaches up and types in the code: 3756

INT. LAB CORRIDOR (THE PRESENT)

Cross opens his eyes, types in the code.

CROSS (V.O.)
...And you never see us coming.

The door opens and he slips in.

INT. LAB - CONTINUOUS

A hi-tech computer lab.

Cross enters, scans around. Broken glass crunches under his feet.

On a table top a glass housing lies smashed, it's contents removed. Cross furrows his brow, confused.

INSERT CUT -- The glass housing intact. It holds a small electronic vial.

Two bodies lay on the floor. One is a technician, the other is Phillips.

CROSS (V.O.)
No!

Behind Cross, a shadow moves.

He whips around. Joshua stands in the doorway.

Joshua flashes him a vicious smile.

JOSHUA
Nothing personal.

Cross dashes for the door. Too late --

Joshua slams the door shut.

CROSS
GODDAMMIT!

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LAB - CONTINUOUS

Joshua walks away from the door.

GUARD 1 (O.S.)
Hey. What are you doing in this area?

Joshua ignores him and keeps walking.

GUARD 1
I'm talking to you.

A dull thud emanates from the lab -- Cross bangs on the thick door from within.

JOSHUA
This place is so big, must've wandered into the wrong sector.

The guard draws level with the door. Another thud sounds from within. The guard pulls his gun.

GUARD 1
Hold it. Let's see your I.D.

Joshua stops.

JOSHUA
You should have let me go.

Another thud on the door.

GUARD 1
What the--

Joshua jabs the guard in the throat. The guard crashes against the wall, losing his hold on his weapon.

Joshua gets the gun. The guard gets up, goes for a fire alarm on the wall, breaks it open.

The alarm wails, reverberating through the complex.

Joshua pistol whips the guard, who falls down, hands raised in defense.

JOSHUA
Sweet dreams!

He knocks the guard unconscious.

INT. LAB - CONTINUOUS

Cross tries in vain to get the door open. He hears the alarm.

CROSS (V.O.)
Now, I'm a dead man.

Cross runs to Phillips and searches him. He pulls out an RFID reader. Then he goes to the dead technician and pulls off his I.D.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LAB - CONTINUOUS

Two armed guards bolt down the corridor, reach the door.

No sign of Joshua or Guard 1.

GUARD 2
(into radio)
We got a problem at the lab.

Guard 3 tries his code.

GUARD 3
Damn code's not working.

GUARD 2
It's a lock out. Everything's been shut down.
(into radio)
Command, open the lab. We got a situation down here.

After a moment the door opens.

INT. LAB - CONTINUOUS

The guards, weapons drawn, enter the lab.

They spot the broken housing.

GUARD 2
(into radio)
Command, there's been a break in.

The bodies -- now there's three.

GUARD 3
Oh no--

They check the I.D's. One of the 'bodies' comes to.

GUARD 2
This one's alive.

He rolls the guy over -- It's Cross.

Cross flashes his I.D. It now reads 'CHRISTOPHER SILVA'.

CROSS
Silva, science division. These two shot each other up. The other one got away.

GUARD 2
(to Guard 3)
Get him to the muster point.

Guard 3 helps Cross to his feet, escorts him out of the room.

Guard 2 checks Phillips' neck pulse -- his hand finds an implant. He opens the dead mans collar.

GUARD 2
The hell is this?

INT. LAB CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Security personnel run down the corridor past an office door.

SECURITY
(into radio)
Ground floor is locked down. We think they're on level one. Block all exits.

Joshua emerges from behind the door. He checks the corridor and moves off.

INT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - SAME

Guard 3 escorts Cross towards the lobby. Simone stands at the far end of the corridor.

She catches Cross's eye before she disappears around the corner.

INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Cross and Guard 3 enter the lobby. The Desk Guard is on his feet on the phone.

DESK GUARD
(to Guard 3)
Nobody's coming in or out of here.

GUARD 3
We need an ambulance down here, now!

DESK GUARD
(into phone)
They've spotted one of them on the ground floor.
(to guard 3)
Gimme his I.D.

Guard 3 hands it over. The desk guard swipes it through. It beeps and turns red.

On the screen -- *NO IDENTITY MATCH*

For the first time the desk guard looks at Cross, recognizes him.

DESK GUARD
You!

Desk Guard reaches for his weapon.

Cross shoves Guard 3 towards the Desk Guard, they collide. Cross throws himself back behind the door.

The Desk Guard shoots. Bullets ricochet off the panelling.

GUARD 3
What are you doing?

DESK GUARD
That's one of 'em. They're disguised as us!

INT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Cross weaves his way through the maze of corridors and doors --

He closes his eyes --

INT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX (MEMORY - POV)

A memory POV travels through the complex, moving through corridors and rooms.

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE - PRESENT

Cross enters a large office space divided by a floor to ceiling glass panel.

Cross tries a glass door. It's locked.

Joshua enters on the other side of the glass. His eyes go wide when he sees Cross.

CROSS (V.O.)
Surprise, dickhead!

Joshua shoots. The glass shatters.

Cross throws himself behind cover. Joshua fires off more rounds. CLICK -- he's out of ammo.

Cross gets to his feet as Joshua takes off out of the room. Cross pursues him into a --

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

-- there's no sign of Joshua.

Two guards appears at the end of the hall.

GUARD 3
(into radio)
We got a visual.
(to Cross)
Hold it right there.

Cross takes off down the corridor.

GUARD 3
All exits have been sealed. This guy's going nowhere!

INT. CORRIDOR - SAME

Joshua comes to a security door, swipes his I.D through a scanner. It's non responsive. He tries it again. Nothing.

A security guard approaches Joshua from behind.

GUARD 4
Hey buddy, we gotta secure this floor. Check all employees!

Joshua ignores him, tries again. Still nothing.

GUARD 4
Hey! Didn't you hear what I said --

Joshua whips around, connecting with a round house kick. The guard drops.

Another guard turns the corner, sees Joshua standing over the unconscious guard.

GUARD 5
Son-of-a-!

The guard pulls his weapon, shoots.

Joshua ducks for cover around the corner.

GUARD 5
(into radio)
I got a visual on one. Male, 40's. Wearing a guards' uniform--

Joshua takes off down the corridor.

COMMAND
(over radio)
You're talking half the guys in here!

Guard 5 pursues him, weapon drawn. He spots Joshua.

GUARD 5
Freeze!

Joshua disappears around a corner. He drops a handful of caltrops behind him.

Guard 5 runs full peg after him. The guard's feet come down on the caltrop spikes. He drops to the ground, howling in agony like a lame dog.

INT. LAB COMPLEX - CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Joshua turns the corner, comes to a fire escape. It's locked. He pulls out a small data pad and connects it to a security panel on the door.

INT. LAB COMPLEX - CORRIDOR -- SAME

Two guards come into the corridor, see their comrade lying on the floor in agony, trying to remove caltrops from his feet.

GUARD 5
Down there. Bastard crippled me!

GUARD 6
(into radio)
We got one of them cornered down here.

COMMAND
(over radio)
Proceed with caution, but take him down!

The guards run down the corridor.

INT. LAB COMPLEX - CORRIDOR -- SAME

Joshua's fingers dance across the data pad's touch screen. The door clicks open.

INT. LAB COMPLEX - CORRIDOR -- SAME

The guards turn the corner, guns aimed --

There's no one there. The door is locked.

COMMAND
(over radio)
What's the situation? Did you get him?

GUARD 2
Negative. Negative. He's gone!

COMMAND
(over radio)
Exits are fried shut. He couldn't just vanish!

GUARD 2
Well he ain't here! Straight through the damn wall, like some kind of ghost.

EXT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Joshua saunters across the parking lot, a smirk on his face.

INT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - FIRE ESCAPE DOOR -- SAME

Cross bolts around the corner, comes to a door.

It's locked. He shoulders it with all his force, but it won't give an inch.

CROSS (V.O.)
Okay, not my best day.

INT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - CORRIDOR -- SAME

The two guards advance down the corridor closing on Cross's position.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- SAME

Simone stands at a computer terminal working the keyboard.

On a security monitor she sees Cross trapped, shouldering the door in desperation. On another monitor the guards are closing in on him like the jaws of a steel trap.

On the terminal screen -- algorithms flash on the screen like quicksilver. Then the screen reads -- *DISENGAGE?*

She hits a key--

INT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - FIRE ESCAPE DOOR -- SAME

The fire door opens and Cross --

EXT. ZENJIRO LAB COMPLEX - NIGHT

-- Bursts out the door.

He runs full throttle across the car park. The sound of sirens grow louder by the second.

Two cop cars scream into the car park. Cross ducks down behind a vehicle.

The cop cars screech to a stop and the cops bail into the front entrance of the complex.

Cross slinks off into the night.

EXT. CITY STREET/ALLEY - NIGHT

Two more cop cars speed down the street.

Cross sits in his car parked in an alley.

CROSS (V.O.)
Look like there's a heat-wave coming.

Cross pulls out of the alley and drives in the opposite direction.

INT. CROSS'S CAR - NIGHT

Cross speeds down a city street. His adrenaline is pumping.

His briefcase sits in the passenger seat, Cross opens it as he drives.

He pulls a gun from the case and closes it. He checks the chamber. It's loaded.

INT. CROSS'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Cross pulls up across from a cheap motel.

He scans the motel. There's no sign of anyone.

He takes the briefcase and gun and gets out of the car.

Tucking the gun into his belt, he makes for the motel.

INT. MOTEL - CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Cross reels down the corridor, head on a swivel, gun in one hand, briefcase in the other.

At the door to his room, he fumbles in his pocket for the key card.

He listens at the door, then slowly opens it.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cross steps into the darkness.

BANG! Something smashes him from behind. He goes down hard, drops his weapon.

The light comes on. Two Corporate Security Experts (CORPSE) reign down punches and kicks on him.

Cross cries out, claws for the gun. A Corpse kicks it away.

SUIT (O.S.)
Scan him.

The SUIT, an ambitious corporate slimeball, looks on with sadistic intent.

The Corpse haul Cross up.

One of them holds Cross's head steady while the other one scans his eye with a retina scanner.

CROSS
You got the wrong guy.

CORPSE 1
It's him.

SUIT
(to the Corpse)
Let's see it.

Corpse 1 shakes Cross down. He produces his I.D. and hands it to the Suit.

SUIT
You just can't get the people these days.
(to Cross)
You know why I hate coming down to cess pits like this? Do you have any idea?

The Corpse rifle through the room, ripping open everything that's not nailed down.

The Suit lights up a cigarette.

SUIT
Because every time I do, it's to troubleshoot assholes like you who just can't do their job properly.

Corpse 1 opens Cross's briefcase and spills the contents out onto the bed.

SUIT
You know, my boss, he's a real jerk.
(MORE)

SUIT (CONT'D)
He's always on my back, telling me why we shouldn't use contractors like you. He seems to be under the impression that your some kind of risk. That you're 'bad for business'. But I told him, I like using you guys. You know why? Because that way I don't have to get my hands dirty.
(beat, then)
Now the thing is, when I have to report back and tell that smug prick that my contractors messed up, Ultra are going to have my balls in a vice!

CROSS
You're not Zenjiro?

SUIT
I'm the guy you're working for!

CORPSE 2
It's not here.

SUIT
(to Corpse)
Let's see what he remembers.

The Suit opens a laptop.

The two Corpse sit Cross on a chair, they rip open his sleeves and collar, exposing his implant ports.

The Suit patches two cables into the terminal. The Corpse hold Cross down and plug the cables into him.

Cross cries out. His eyes roll back as his memory is copied onto the terminal.

The Suit reviews the memory 'footage'.

SUIT
You're running at a loss in here. Ever hear of backing up?

On the screen -- a fast montage of Cross's memories of the Zenjiro lab complex. The Suit pauses the footage on an image of Joshua.

SUIT
(re: Joshua)
Gotchya!

The Suit nods to the Corpse. They rip the cables out of his implants. Cross grunts in pain.

SUIT
Get him up.

The Corpse haul Cross to his feet.

SUIT
You guys seem to forget that we're in the business of acquisition. We pay, you deliver. And we always get what we pay for.
(to Corpse)
Let's go.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Corpse frog march Cross to a waiting black SUV. They throw him in the back seat.

BLONDE (O.S.)
(shouting)
DAVID!

A BLONDE woman stands across the street, looking on frenetically .

SUIT
Zenjiro!
(to the Corpse)
Take care of that.

Corpse 2 bundles Cross into the back seat, Corpse 1 pulls a gun, shoots at the Blonde.

She throws herself behind a car. The vehicle's windows of are blown out by the shot.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

The Suit and Corpse 1 jump in the back seat. The driver floors it and the car speeds off.

SUIT
They're on to you already, pal.

CROSS (V.O.)
David? Must be an alter identity.

Cross glances back --

EXT. CITY STREET - SAME

The Blonde watches the car go. Her face distraught.

INT. CORPORATE CAR - NIGHT

The Suit produces another memory drive.

SUIT
Know what this is? It's you. You want to be him again? Simple. You find the mercenary before Zenjiro and you get me what I paid for! Just one more thing. I'm going to need some collateral.

The Corpse grab Cross and pin him down.

The Suit produces a small cylindrical hard drive.

SUIT
This is a Trojan. Now, it's going to make it kinda difficult to upload for the next 48 hours. But after that, trust me, you won't have to worry about it.

He plugs the virus into Cross's neck port.

SUIT
For both our sakes, you better find this guy. Because my boss doesn't like bad news.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A gang of cheap hookers stake out their territory along a seedy back street.

The corporate SUV screeches around a corner. The vehicle pulls up fast.

The back door swings open and Cross flies out, crashing to the sidewalk. They throw his briefcase out after him.

The Suit throws Cross a cheap digital watch.

SUIT
48 hours isn’t a long time, pal. Better get moving.

The car door slams shut and the vehicle zips off into the night.

Cross looks at the watch. The countdown has already started ticking away.

CROSS (V.O.)
Thank you, assholes.
(looking around)
Now, where am I?

The hookers eye him up. Cross pulls himself to his feet.

HOOKER
Hi honey!

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Joshua, shirtless, places a briefcase on the bed. He opens it and removes the virus he stole from Zenjiro. He holds it up, examining it, then puts it back in the case.

He goes to the window.

In the distance is a large corporate facility.

Joshua stands in front of the mirror. He studies himself, his implants glint in the light.

There's a noise outside his door.

Joshua grabs a gun from the dresser

The door handle turns ever so slightly -- somebody on the outside trying to pick the lock.

Joshua steals up to the door, then stands with his back to the wall behind it.

Slowly, the handle begins to turn and the door opens.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A rundown part of town.

Cross walks along the sidewalk. Blue and red flash in the night. At the end of the street the cops have set up a checkpoint.

CROSS (V.O.)
Hmmm... think it's time for a new face.

Cross ducks into an alley.

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER

A hooker stands on the street corner, eager for business.

An executive car pulls up and the hooker jumps in.

EXT. ALLEY - LATER

The executive car is parked in the alley. Familiar sounds emanate from the vehicle.

CROSS (V.O.)
Today, the truth is, we live in a technocracy.

Cross watches from the shadows. He has his laptop open.

He runs the cars' license plate through a database.

CROSS (V.O.)
Everything you are, everything you own and everything you do... is in the system.

On Cross's laptop -- the guys' photo and information pop up.

CROSS (V.O.)
Michael Henneman. Caucasian. 35. Married! Apparently not very happily. No criminal history. Looks like we have a winner.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The executives' car pulls over.

The EXEC gets out of his car, pulls out his cell phone and uses it to remotely lock his car.

Cross waves his RFID scanner at the car. A frequency displays on the scanners' screen.

The Exec walks off and disappears from view.

Cross approaches his car and hits a button on the scanner.

The car unlocks.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A line of traffic.

A small force of cops have a check point set up, checking drivers' licenses.

The Exec's car pulls up and the window slides down. Cross sits behind the wheel.

COP
I'm gonna need your drivers license.

Cross hands it over.

The cop runs it through a scanner. After a beat --

COP
Mr Henneman. Looks like you got an unpaid parking violation.

CROSS
What can I say? You got me!

The cop looks at the long line of cars behind Cross, considers...

COP
Alright, get outta here.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

The executive car cruises down a ramp and pulls into a recess.

Cross gets out and makes his way through rows of parked cars towards a door at the far end of the garage.

INT. SAFE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A wall of safe deposit boxes. Cross places his thumb on a small biometric reader. A safe deposit box pops open.

Cross pulls out a small case and opens it. It contains neuro-cables, a hard drive, an RFID scanner and a blank I.D card.

CROSS (V.O.)
Always keep backups!

INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Cross makes his way back to the stolen vehicle.

In the B.G a motorcycle parks. The rider dismounts and makes his way towards Cross.

Cross takes in the guys details. Nothing out of the ordinary. Just anpther guy checking his safe deposit box.

They pass each other. Cross glances back.

The guy, a Corporate Mercenary (RECKER), pulls a gun from his jacket.

CROSS (V.O.)
Mercenary!

Cross throws himself behind a parked car.

BANG. The car window is blown out. Windshield glass falls like confetti.

Cross glances under the car. Recker's shoes are heading his way.

Cross gets to his feet and scuttles between parked cars as more shots ring out. Cross throws himself behind another car.

Recker moves silently through the vehicles. He's almost on top of Cross, but neither of them realize it.

Cross sticks his head out from behind cover, scanning for the mercenary. No sign of his attacker.

Cross makes his move. A gunshot rings out. A tail-light is blown out right next to his head.

He makes another dash for it. Recker spins, fires off more shots. More windows shatter, car alarms scream.

In the reflection of a wing mirror, Cross sees Recker heading his way, stealing up.

Recker swoops on Cross's position. There's no one there.

A blur of movement. Cross leaps on the would-be assassin.

Cross punches Recker, who loses his grip on the pistol. Cross goes for the weapon but it skitters under a car, out of reach.

Recker grabs Cross by the leg, drags him back. Cross kicks him away, scrambles for the gun.

Cross grabs the weapon. He aims it right at the mercenary, but Recker keeps walking right towards him.

Cross squeezes the trigger --

ZZZAP! An electrical charge arcs from the pistol. Cross cries out, dropping the weapon.

Recker dives for the pistol. Cross intercepts, grabbing the gun and pistol whipping his foe.

Recker kicks Cross, knocking him away. Cross gets to his feet. There's no sign of the mercenary.

The roar of a motorbike fills the garage.

Cross turns -- the bike is coming straight for him. Cross side-steps and clothes-lines Recker off his bike, which skids to a halt.

The whine of police sirens split the night.

CROSS (V.O.)
Time to go.

Cross slips Recker's pistol into his jacket and jumps on the motorcycle. He zips up the ramp out of the garage.

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

The motorcycle shoots out of the parking garage and tears through the sparse traffic.

The sounds of police sirens grow louder.

Cross steers into an --

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

A cop car whizzes past the alley at full speed. Cross rides out the other side of the alley.

EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

Cross pulls the motorcycle into another abandoned alleyway.

He dismounts and kills the engine. He's shaking bad, his adrenaline subsiding.

Cross spots a pair of saddlebags on the back of the motorcycle. He opens them up.

He pulls out a small black case. Inside is an array of uplink paraphernalia and a memory drive.

CROSS (V.O.)
Bingo!

EXT. SAME - MOMENTS LATER

Cross squats down against the alley wall.

A JUNKIE watches him wearily from a doorway.

Cross unbuttons his collar. He jacks Recker's hard drive into his neck port --

MONTAGE - RECKER'S MEMORIES -- VARIOUS TIMES AND PLACES

A montage of images seen from POV --

Glimpses of Joshua.

A rundown apartment complex. A long corridor with doors running off. A room.

The images speed up to a lightning fast montage --

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Cross rips the jack from his neck.

JUNKIE
Hey man. You got anymore of that shit?

EXT. CITY STREETS - MORNING

Cross glides the motorcycle through traffic. He takes a turn-off.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Cross rides into a side alley across from an apartment building. The same one from Recker's memory.

He secures his ride and makes for the building entrance.

INT. BUILDING

Cross stalks down an empty corridor, same one from the memory. He takes a staircase leading up.

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Cross comes to a door. The lock is broken, it's slightly ajar.

Cross pulls out the pistol, then he enters.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's the room from the memory download, but not as he 'remembers'. Fragments of shattered glass crunch under Cross's feet, broken pieces of mirror.

In the middle of the floor lays a dead body in a pool of dried blood. An anonymous mercenary with gunshot wounds to his torso.

Cross searches his body. He plus out a memory drive, soaked in blood.

Cross jacks in.

INSERT CUT -- A POV enters the room. Flashes of gunfire, Joshua. Fragments of falling glass. A broken mirror, the reflection in it is indiscernible.

Cross unplugs. Sucks in air. He doubles over in pain. Rubs his forehead.

CROSS (V.O.)
Must be the trojan.

He moves to the window. Outside is a large corporate facility in the distance.

A broken ID card lies among the mirror shards. Cross picks it up. The name 'Derek Joshua' is discernable below his image.

CROSS (V.O.)
Joshua.

Cross pockets it. He takes one last look around, then exits.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cross makes for the staircase. He pulls up suddenly.

At the end of the hallway stands a figure, watching him intently.

He quickly ducks down the stairs.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Cross exits, makes his way along the sidewalk.

He ducks down into an --

ALLEY

Cross hides in a doorway.

The figure cautiously moves into the alley mouth.

CROSS (V.O.)
I just can't shake these guys.

Cross pulls out Reckers' pistol.

The figure advances, moves past Cross's position. He jumps out, throwing his stalker against the alley wall and shoving the gun in their face.

It's Simone.

CROSS
From the lab! Who are you with, huh? Zenjiro?

No response.

CROSS
Ultra sent you.

He lowers the weapon.

CROSS
Don't ever follow me again.

Cross begins to walk away. She follows.

SIMONE
You think I had a choice?

No response.

SIMONE
They want to make sure you're not going to run, like Joshua.

CROSS
I'm nothing like Joshua.

SIMONE
Is that why you were pointing a gun at an unarmed woman?

Cross whips around, grabs her by the arms, pushes her against the wall.

He notices her wrists. Pulls back her sleeves, roughly.

She is implanted, just like him. He checks her neck -- another port.

CROSS
The upload. You were the plant.
They were your memories.

SIMONE
There's a place we can discuss this.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

The door opens and Simone enters. Cross follows.

She goes to the window, looks out.

SIMONE
Nobody knows where I am.

CROSS
They always know where you are.

He winces in pain, sucking air through his teeth --

SIMONE
Take your shirt off.

He puts the SMART pistol down, removes his shirt.

His ribs are dappled with yellow and purple bruises, she runs her hand across his torso.

CROSS
You don't waste any time.

She prods his ribs forcefully. Cross sucks in air.

Their eyes meet, he holds her stare, then --

SIMONE
Nothing's broken. Get dressed.

She pulls away.

CROSS
(putting on his shirt)
What was it we were sent to steal?

SIMONE
Does it matter?

CROSS
It matters to him.

He hands her Joshua's broken I.D. She looks at it.

SIMONE
It's a meta-virus. Zenjiro were developing it as a fail safe.

CROSS
Against what?

SIMONE
Against anything the other companies throw at them. Once it get into a system that's it. It'll destroy everything in it's path; data, fire-walls, even other viruses.

She hands back the I.D, goes to the gun. He grabs it.

SIMONE
Afraid I might get the better of you?

He hands it over.

SIMONE
SMART pistol.

CROSS
Tell that to the guy I ran into today.

SIMONE
Latest thing in corporate hardware. Each one's biometrically encoded, uplinked for increased accuracy. They've got a built tazer for safety.

CROSS
(re: his singed hand)
Thanks for the tip.

She connects a neuro-cable to the pistol, then inserts it into Cross's wrist port.

SIMONE
Now it's encoded to you.

He raises the gun.

SIMONE
You should be thanking me.

CROSS
Why would I do that?

Cross checks the SMART pistol chamber, cocks the weapon.

SIMONE
For getting you out of Zenjiro.

Cross shrugs.

SIMONE
This virus, they'll do whatever it takes to get their hands on it.

CROSS
Joshua will go on the black market, sell it to the highest bidder.

SIMONE
That's not exactly his style.

CROSS
Then he'd better find himself a bunker and load up on some serious firepower.

He pans the pistol around the room, pulls the trigger. It clicks empty. He disconnects the gun and tucks it away.

SIMONE
You think he's afraid of them?

CROSS
You sound like you admire him.

SIMONE
He stood up to the corporations.

CROSS
Then he must be insane.

SIMONE
It's only a matter of time before they get to him.

CROSS
(looking at his watch)
Yeah, about 42 hours.
(re: his implants)
It's not exactly like he can really disappear, is it? They never fully let us off our leashes.

SIMONE
They keep you on a pretty tight leash.

CROSS
Make no mistake, I'm in this for myself.
(beat, then)
I need to know who the other solo was.

SIMONE
His last I.D was Phillips. He was holed up in some dive on Lincoln.

CROSS
Name.

SIMONE
Long Island. Room 47.

CROSS
Don't wait up.

He exits, leaving her alone in the darkness.

INT/EXT. JOSHUAS' CAR/STREET - DAY

A corporate building -- a glass and steel construct behind an impenetrable electric fence. The same structure Cross seen from Joshua's room.

Joshua, dressed in corporate attire, watches the gatehouse from his car.

He connects a small hard drive to a data pad.

On the screen it reads -- *BIOMETRICS UPLOADING*

A car emerges from the gatehouse, the driver is an EXECUTIVE.

Joshua starts up the engine and follows the car.

INT/EXT. JOSHUAS' CAR/CITY STREET - DAY

Joshua tails the car towards a corporate tower.

The vehicle disappears into the entrance of a --

INT. PARKING GARAGE BELOW CORPORATE TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Joshua follows. He pulls up to an automatic boom gate and swipes his I.D through a reader.

The boom gate lifts up and he drives through.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The Exec gets out of his vehicle, briefcase in hand.

He locks his car and turns --

CRASH! He collides with a passerby. His briefcase opens and the contents spill out everywhere.

EXEC
Watch it!

The passerby bends down to help him gather up the briefcase contents -- it's Joshua.

JOSHUA
Sorry buddy. Guess I need to look where I'm going. It's my first day.

Among the briefcase contents is a hard drive identical to the one Joshua uploaded his data onto.

EXEC
Yeah well way to make an impression!

Joshua palms the drive with a lightning fast sleight of hand, replacing it with his own.

Joshua picks up a child's drawing of a family -- mom, pop and kid.

JOSHUA
Your kid?

EXEC
My daughter. She's always slipping things into my case. You got a family?

JOSHUA
You know what, I don't recall.

The Exec finishes packing up his briefcase.

JOSHUA
Hey, you forgot this.

Joshua hands the Exec the replica hard drive.

JOSHUA
Well, you have a good day now.

Joshua watches him go.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Cross cruises his motorcycle through traffic.

Ahead is the run down Lincoln Motel complex.

He pulls into an alley, hidden from view of the main strip.

He secures his bike and makes for the motel.

EXT. MOTEL COMPLEX - MOMENTS LATER

Cross approaches the office. There's no sign of anyone inside. He proceeds to the --

EXT. INTERNAL COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Cross ascends to the --

UPPER LEVEL

He approaches room 47, tries the handle. It's locked.

Cross takes out his I.D card, connects it to his wrist port. He swipes the card through a reader and the door clicks open.

Cross jacks in the SMART pistol and enters.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's empty. The bed is unmade. Neuro-cables and a hard lay drive on the desk. Cross searches through them.

Someone moves behind Cross -- he spins -- WHACK.

He goes to the floor, losing his pistol. A gun is shoved in his face.

A man looms over him -- this is ROMERO.

Romero waves Phillips' memory drive.

ROMERO
Looking for this?
(off Cross's look)
Hey! It's just business. You're worth a lot to Zenjiro.

Romero puts the drive into a case.

ROMERO
Every fixer in this city's got you on their radar. Looks like I beat out the competition.

He picks up Cross's SMART pistol and slips it into his jacket.

CROSS
Guess it's your lucky day.

ROMERO
I'm just ahead of the pack. Up. Your jacket. On the chair. Let's go.

Cross gets to his feet, lays his jacket across the back of the chair.

Gun still on Cross, Romero searches the jackets' pockets.

ROMERO
Where's your data?

CROSS
Ask the guys you're working for.

ROMERO
I work for myself. Best way to do business. After you.

EXT. MOTEL COMPLEX - DAY

Cross descends the stairs. Romero follows behind, keeping him covered.

ROMERO
Whatever you lifted from Zenjiro, it must be worth its' weight.

CROSS
If you say so.

They make for the parking lot.

ROMERO
Street vibe is the Corps are gearing up for a war. It's going to be big. Bear left a little.

They reach a sedan. Romero pops the trunk and puts the case with Phillips memory drive inside.

He throws a set of keys at Cross.

ROMERO
You're driving.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Romero bails in the back, opposite side to the drivers.

Cross starts up the engine.

CROSS
What's the destination?

ROMERO
Scene of the crime. Zenjiro Corporation.

Cross reverse out of the space --

SMASH! A car careens into the passengers side.

It's Recker.

Recker leans out the window. BANG! he fires at Romero, blowing out the rear window.

ROMERO
DRIVE!

CROSS
I'm going nowhere!

The mercenary fires again. Romero returns fire.

ROMERO
Go!

CROSS
You gonna shoot me?

ROMERO
It's either me, or him. Now drive!

Cross concedes, shifts in reverse and puts his foot to the floor.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Metal grinds metal as the sedan drags Recker's fender with it.

Cross reverses out into morning traffic, tires screeching.

INT. SEDAN/EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Cross locks the wheel, does a one-eighty and powers away.

Recker speeds after him.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Both cars weave through the traffic like football players running for the end-zone.

They hurtle towards an intersection -- the lights turn red.

Cross speeds straight through the red light. A car cuts across him, missing the sedan by inches.

A black and white cruiser sits curbside. The B&W lights up its' roof and speeds into the pursuit.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Cross checks his rear view -- Recker is still on his tail.

CROSS
I thought you said you were ahead of the pack?

A gun shot takes out the back window.

ROMERO
Looks like they picked up the scent.

Romero returns fire, blasting away.

INT. RECKER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The front window is blown out by Romero's bullet, glass goes everywhere.

Recker wrestles the wheel, trying to stay in the race.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Cross accelerates, puts distance between him and the mercenary.

ROMERO
What was it you lifted from Zenjiro?

CROSS
If you're coming to the table. You're going to need some chips.

ROMERO
You're in no position to deal.

CROSS
Want me to pull over?

Romero gets the point.

CROSS
There's a solo I need to zero in on.

ROMERO
Solos aren't supposed to be found, that's the point.

Cross pulls out Joshua's I.D. Romero takes it, recognizes Joshua.

ROMERO
What do you want <u>him</u> for?

A car cuts right in front of them -- Cross twists the wheel, narrowly misses the vehicle.

CROSS
If I don't find him soon, I'm a dead man.

ROMERO
You'll be a dead man if you do find him.

<u>INT/EXT. RECKER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS</u>

The B&W is bumper to bumper with Recker's car.

The mercenary presses his foot to the floor but the cop cruiser gains on him, pounding his rear fender.

Recker twists the wheel, almost losing it. The cruiser slaloms alongside him, crunching against the mercenary's car.

<u>INT/EXT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS</u>

Cross takes a turn-off for the free way. Recker and the cops follow.

The cars zip up the on ramp, tires screeching as they push the engines to the limits.

In the rear seat, Romero's hunkered down, taking pot shots.

ROMERO
Your turn. Zenjiro's missing item?

CROSS
Some sort of virus.

ROMERO
What kind?

CLICK! Romero's out. He starts to reload.

Recker pulls up alongside them.

CROSS
Gimme my weapon.

ROMERO
(still reloading)
No chance.

Recker fires again but CLICK, he's out.

He stays neck and neck with them as he reloads his weapon.

CROSS
I've got the shot!

Romero considers it, reluctantly hands it over.

Cross takes aim --

ROMERO
LOOK OUT!

A second cruiser zooms out of nowhere, cutting right in front of them.

The first cruiser gets along side them, trying to muscle the sedan off the road --

Cross accelerates, dodging the cruiser. The inertia sends the cops off the freeway and over the bank -- goodbye!

CROSS
You find this guy, you find the virus.

ROMERO
What makes you think it's worth more than you?

CROSS
High tech, low life. I'm replaceable, it isn't.

ROMERO
This is business!

CROSS
You said it yourself, the corporations are willing to go to war. Get it?

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ahead, another police cruiser waits road side. Two cops stand poised next to it.

One of the cops throws a rolled up spike strip across the asphalt --

Cross just keeps going, right across the spikes. The sedan's tires rip to shreds.

Right behind him, Recker slams on his brakes. The pursuing cruiser zooms past him.

Cross's sedan skids out of control, spinning like a top before it smashes into the wall of the freeway and comes to a grinding halt.

Recker does a hard 90 degree turn and vanishes down an exit ramp.

INT/EXT. SEDAN - MOMENTS LATER

The sedan is a smoking wreck.

Romero, gash across his forehead, rips off his seat belt.

Cross, winded and in pain, scrambles out the passenger side.

ROMERO
There's an abandoned apartment complex. West 22nd street. Room 515. This time tomorrow.

EXT. SEDAN - MOMENTS LATER

The cops run up to the smoking sedan, weapons drawn --

COP
Get out of the vehicle. Keep your hands in the air.

The cops look in the car. Cross and Romero have already disappeared.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Cops mill around the crash scene. Traffic slowly cruises past in one lane.

A car pulls up beside one of the cops. It's Joshua.

COP
You'll have to go around. Keep moving.

JOSHUA
Car accident?

COP
What's it look like?

Joshua watches intently as a female Detective bags evidence from the open trunk -- Phillips memory drive.

COP
You going to sit there all day, buddy? You're backing up traffic.

Joshua drives off.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT FOYER - NIGHT

A DESK SERGEANT reaches for his coffee. Someone approaches the desk.

DESK SERGEANT.
Identification.

The I.D is run through a scanner.

A head-shot of Cross appears on the Desk Sergeants' screen --

PEARSE, JOHN, DETECTIVE

The Desk Sergeant looks up. Cross stands there in a cheap polyester suit and mismatched tie.

DESK SERGEANT.
Go on through, detective.

He does--

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Cross skirts among the cops, no one gives him a second glance.

Two cops frog-march a suspect past Cross and through the bull pen.

Cross passes the female DETECTIVE holding a file.

CROSS
Where's your evidence room?

DETECTIVE
Through there.

The Detective enters an --

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - SAME

The Detective slaps the file down on a table. She pulls out a grainy security shot of Cross in the Zenjiro lab.

DETECTIVE
This is him.

The Blonde sits across from her.

DETECTIVE
He's a suspect in a recent B&E at a corporate facility. We pulled prints off a stolen vehicle found outside a motel. We ran them through every known database and got... nothing. No criminal history, no name, completely anonymous. Like he doesn't even exist!

INT. BACK OFFICES - SAME

Cross reaches the evidence room, enters.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stacks of boxes and lockers.

Another detective stands with his back to Cross, The 'detective' turns to face him -- it's Joshua.

Cross reaches for his gun --

Property Officer ORTEGA emerges from among the lockers with an evidence box.

ORTEGA
Here it is. All the evidence from the scene.
(to Cross)
And you are?

Cross pulls out his I.D, covering his weapon.

CROSS
Here for the transfer of evidence.

JOSHUA
You're too late, detective.

Ortega opens up the box.

CROSS
(to Joshua)
I think you've forgotten. This is my evidence.

ORTEGA
Okay, this is what we got.

He lays out the contents of the case.

ORTEGA
A digital I.D, blank. Pretty standard. An RFID scanner for skimming chipped cards and A.T.M's. Basically, everything you'd need for an identity theft.
(beat, then)
Then there's this.

The 'This' is Phillips' memory drive.

ORTEGA
Our guys have no idea what's on it, or how to access it.
(beat, then)
So, which one of you guys wants to sign?

Both men stare off. They're about to react -- the door opens and officer O'ROURKE enters.

O'ROURKE
Ortega, need you in the armory.

ORTEGA
Be right back, detectives.

Ortega exits. Cross immediately pulls his weapon.

CROSS
Give me the virus.

JOSHUA
(re: Cross's weapon)
You're going to have to do the inevitable.

CROSS
Just like you did to Phillips.

JOSHUA
I'm resigned to my creed. What sins have you committed in their name?

CROSS
You think I'm doing this for the corporations?

Joshua laughs.

JOSHUA
What did they tell you? That you find me and they'll just let you walk away? That they'll give you your life back?

CROSS
I can walk away anytime--

JOSHUA
They've taken everything from us! We burn through memories, trying to grasp who we are!

Cross, enraged, points the gun right at Joshua's head.

CROSS
I know who I am.

JOSHUA
You're their slave, nothing more!

Cross, breaking now, squeezes the trigger --

Joshua grimaces.

The door opens and Ortega enters. He takes in the scene.

ORTEGA
Holy shit!

Ortega draws his standard issue.

ORTEGA
Drop your weapon!
(calling)
O'Rourke! Get in here!
(to Cross)
Detective, put the gun down or I will shoot you!
(calling)
O'ROURKE!

Reluctantly Cross acquiesces. He places his weapon on the floor.

O'Rourke appears beside Ortega.

ORTEGA
Cuff him.

O'ROURKE
He's a detective!

ORTEGA
(re: Joshua)
So is he!

CROSS
You got the wrong guy.

O'ROURKE
(to Cross)
Detective, give me your hands.
(to Ortega)
When I get busted down, this was your idea!

JOSHUA
Good work, Officer.

O'Rourke grabs Cross's arm, begins to cuff him -- he sees the input ports in Cross' wrists.

O'ROURKE
What the...

Cross seizes the opportunity -- he smashes O'Rourke in the face with an elbow, sending him reeling back into Ortega.

Ortega's gun goes off.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - SAME

The gunshot echoes through the station.

DETECTIVE
The police are too busy--

Cops in the bull pen move towards the source of the gunshot.

The Detective jumps to her feet. She sticks her head out the door.

DETECTIVE
What's going on?

COP
Gunfire.

DETECTIVE
(to Blonde)
Get down. Stay here.

She pulls her weapon and exits.

The Blonde seizes the moment. She gathers up the police file on Cross.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - SAME

Joshua punches Cross in the chest, sending him reeling into a shelf of evidence boxes.

Ortega aims at Joshua, who grabs Ortega's arms and turns his own weapon on him. Joshua pulls the trigger. Ortega is blown out into the hallway.

O'Rourke grabs the SMART pistol, aims for Cross --

O'ROURKE
Aaaaaagghhhh!

-- Zzaap -- he drops the gun like a hot cake.

Cross recovers the SMART pistol.

Joshua throws O'Rourke into Cross. The SMART pistol goes off. O'Rourke falls on to Cross.

Joshua snatches the evidence -- Phillips' memory drive and the blank I.D card. He disappears out the door.

Cross rolls O'Rourke off him. His lifeless eyes bury into Cross.

Cross jumps to his feet and runs out into the --

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Ortega lies on the floor in a pool of his own blood. He's still alive, crying in agony from the bullet wound in his stomach.

Joshua grabs Ortega's gun and bolts down the corridor.

Cross emerges from the evidence room. He spots Joshua down the corridor. He shoots.

The Mercenary throws himself to the ground and returns fire.

Cross ducks back into the evidence room, using the door jamb as cover.

Joshua drags himself around the corner.

A cop turns the corner, sees Joshua.

COP 1
Freeze!

JOSHUA
(flashing his I.D)
I'm a cop!

A second cop comes running up.

COP 2
Is it terrorists?

JOSHUA
Some crack head after narcs. He's armed. O'Rouke's down, Ortega too.

Cop 1 glances up the corridor.

Cross fires, splintering the plaster next to Cop 1's head.

COP 1
(to Cop2)
You wanna wait for back-up?

COP 2
(to Joshua)
What do you think--

Joshua has vanished.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM/HALLWAY - SAME

Cross gets up from cover and strides down the hall towards Joshua's position.

The cops appear around the corner, fire off hell.

CROSS (V.O.)
Shit!

He throws himself into --

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Falling glass rains down on him. Cross returns fire then ducks back.

He looks around in desperation. He spots a computer terminal and scrambles over to it.

INT. ARMORY - SAME

Cops strap on body armor and load up on pump-actions and M-16's.

INT. DETENTION CELLS - SAME

Inmates shout and bang on the bars at the sound of the echoing gunfire.

INT. OFFICE - SAME

Cross takes out a neuro-cable, he plugs himself into the desktop computer.

Algorithms dance across the computer screen as Cross remotely accesses it through his neuro uplink.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A group of heavily armed cops approach the office in a tactical formation.

Hands signals flash back and fourth as the cops prepare for their assault on Cross's position.

LIEUTENANT
(into radio)
We got him pinned down.

COP2
It's turkey time!

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Cross holds his breath.

On the screen it reads -- *DISENGAGE?* Then -- *YES*

INT. DETENTION CELLS - CONTINUOUS

The doors on the cell simultaneously disengage and click open.

The Inmates can't believe their luck. They bolt.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

A siren wails throughout the station.

LIEUTENANT
It's a breakout!

The cops hesitate, uncertain what to do.

INT. OFFICE - SAME

Cross is still at the computer terminal.

CROSS (V.O.)
Time to pull the plug on this party.

On the screen -- *DISCONNECT?* It selects -- *YES*

Abruptly, the power goes out, plunging the station into darkness.

Cross unplugs from the computer and makes for the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Cross fires off a barrage of shots. The muzzle flash lights up the darkness. Cops throw themselves to the floor.

Cross bolts back up the corridor, turns the corner. He passes Ortega.

CROSS (V.O.)
Sorry pal.

Cross rounds the corner and comes face to face with the Detective. She jams a gun in his face.

CROSS
Ortega's back there. He's been hit.

DETECTIVE
Where you going?

CROSS
For a medic!

The Detective turns the corner, she sees Ortega. She runs to him.

DETECTIVE
Ortega. Jesus, don't move!

ORTEGA
(pointing back up the corridor)
That was him!

DETECTIVE
(realizing)
What?!

INT. BULLPEN/FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The Blonde slips out of the interview room.

Inmates roll through the bullpen like a tide. The cops try desperately to subdue them. It's chaos.

One cop is oblivious to the anarchy. It's Joshua. He calmly strolls through the havoc and out the front door.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

A Black and White pulls up and two cops jump out. Joshua flashes his I.D.

JOSHUA
There's a breakout. Get in there, they need back-up!

The cops pull weapons and run into the station.

Joshua gets into the B&W, starts the engine and drives off into the night.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Cross runs through the darkness. In the background gunfire rings out.

He stops in his tracks -- in an office, searching through a drawer of files is the Blonde.

CROSS (V.O.)
Zenjiro!

She sees him.

Cross's eyes go wide. He bolts down the corridor towards an exit.

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Cross bursts out a side door and runs up the street. He jumps on his motorcycle and takes off.

The Blonde comes running out the door.

She spots Cross on his motorcycle. She pulls out a camera and photographs the motorcycle as it speeds up the road.

A squad of cop cars comes screeching round the bend just as the motorcycle disappears from their view.

EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

Cross's motorcycle pulls into an alley.

Cross kills the engine and dismounts. His lungs heave as he gasps for air. He collapses against the alley wall exhausted and shaking.

CROSS (V.O.)
I'm not sure how much longer I can keep this up.

He looks at the countdown on his watch. It reads: 15:04.

INT. CAR - MORNING

Joshua holds Romero's blank REAL I.D card. He inserts the I.D into a reader which is connected to a data pad.

After a moment an image appears on the screen -- Romero's head shot.

Joshua frowns.

He bows his head, remembering --

INT. CORPORATE BOARD ROOM (JOSHUA'S MEMORY) - NIGHT

Joshua enters a ritzy board room, escorted by Corpse 1. He carries a small case.

The Suit sits behind a long table, Corpse 2 stands behind him.

Joshua places the case on the table.

SUIT
You're as good as they say.

JOSHUA
My memory?

SUIT
How could I forget?

The Suit nods to a Corpse, who hands Joshua a memory drive.

SUIT
Go ahead, upload.

Joshua plugs it into his neck port. His eye roll back. After a moment --

JOSHUA
What's this?

SUIT
Zenjiro laboratories. Your next job.

JOSHUA
I told you, I'm done. We had a deal.

SUIT
Didn't you read the fine print? There's no jumping this ship. You knew the rules when you signed up.

JOSHUA
I thought you'd say that.

Corpse 2 opens the case. Electricity arcs from the opening mechanism, shocking him. Corpse 2 holds his singed hand.

Joshua smirks.

SUIT
Cute, but what's the point?

A gun is put to the back of Joshua's head.

JOSHUA
I'm not afraid to die.

The Corpse cocks the gun, presses it harder to Joshua's head. Joshua doesn't even blink.

SUIT
I'm counting on it.
(beat, then)
You want your life back? Don't you get it? This is your life. Who you were, means nothing. Who you are now, we made him.

He stands, goes to the window overlooking the city.

SUIT
Do you see that? That's <u>our</u> system. And everyone's in it, whether they know it or not. Anonymity is a thing of the past my friend. You want to know who you are? You're ours. For as long as we say so.

The Suit spins the laptop to show Joshua. On the screen -- Joshua's headshot and a file with his details.

SUIT
Now, you'll play our game, by our rules. Sucks, I know. But hey, at least you won't go hungry.

Corpse 1 opens another briefcase. This one is full of cash.

Joshua reaches into his jacket, pulls out a memory stick and slides it across the table.

JOSHUA
The access key.

SUIT
Show of good faith.

Joshua grits his teeth.

JOSHUA
What's the job?

SUIT
This one's a doozy. Zenjiro have developed a new virus. Of course, we can't let them release it...

EXT/INT. SIMONE'S MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Simone enters her room. She closes the door -- someone jams their foot in and bursts in. It's Cross.

CROSS
Close the door.

SIMONE
You got Phillips' memory?

CROSS
Close the damn door!

She does.

Cross is shaking. He goes to the window and peers out through the curtain.

CROSS
Joshua! I got this close!

She lights up a cigarette.

Cross pulls out the memory drive he found on the dead mercenary in Joshua's room.

CROSS
I pulled this off one of Joshua's marks. I need you to upload it, see what you can find.

SIMONE
You can't do it? What's the matter, worried you might forget something?

Cross grabs her by the shoulders, his eyes burning into her with rage. She smirks.

He let's go, momentarily ashamed of himself.

CROSS
Ultra hit me with a virus. It's causing static with my uploads.

She takes the hard drive, sits on the bed and prepares to plug in.

Cross grabs her arm, softly his time.

CROSS
Aren't you going to back up?

She pulls her arm away.

Like a heroin addict she injects the cable into her arm.

Cross sits at the mirror. He studies her in the reflection as her eyes flicker in the depths of the memory download.

He lays his equipment out on the table with measured precision.

Simone's eyes snap open.

CROSS
What did you get?

She rises, approaches him.

SIMONE
How long have you been a contractor?

CROSS
For as long as I can remember.

SIMONE
You ever thought about getting out?

CROSS
Why would I want out?

SIMONE
You want to spend the rest of your life anonymous? In and out of motels like this one?

CROSS
In a job like this, you do what you need to survive.

She put her hands on his shoulders and begins to massage him.

He rises and starts to pack up his gear.

SIMONE
And what then, when you find Joshua? You'll go back to working for the corporations.

She glides her hand sensually along his back.

CROSS
So?

SIMONE
They're only interested in what they can control.

CROSS
I don't see you walking away.

He turns to her now. She buries into him, kissing his neck.

SIMONE
We can leave here, go to another city, one where they can't find us.

He tries to free himself, she clings tighter.

CROSS
No. You don't understand. I need this!

SIMONE
Do you ever think about who you are, what it cost you to get all this done?

CROSS
Don't ever ask me that.

She kisses him full on the lips.

SIMONE
How much of your life have you given up to them?

CROSS
I have to go.

He acquiesces, giving into her. They kiss passionately.

He lifts her to the bed, lays her down. They begin stripping each other off, their cloths falling off like autumn leaves.

EXT/INT. CITY STREET/JOSHUA'S CAR - DAY

Joshua behind the wheel of his vehicle.

The radio buzzes--

RADIO
Police continue to search for the gang of cyber-terrorists they claim are responsible for--

Joshua turns the radio off.

He sits staring at a motel across the street. The motel is next to a park.

In the park a couple embrace, kiss lovingly, laugh. Kids play ball. Joshua watches. People living their normal lives, something he can never do.

Joshua looks at his forearms, pock marked with input ports. He clenches his fists.

EXT. MOTEL COMPLEX - DAY

A vehicle pulls into the parking lot of the motel.

Romero gets out, takes the stairs to --

EXT. MOTEL COMPLEX - FIRST FLOOR WALKWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Romero reaches the door to his room.

He opens the door -- Joshua sits in a chair, waiting expectantly.

ROMERO
How'd you find me?

JOSHUA
I remembered.

Romero brushes back his jacket to reveal his weapon.

ROMERO
You caught me at a bad time.

JOSHUA
You have something I want.

ROMERO
Maybe we can trade.

JOSHUA
I'm not in the trading business.

ROMERO
What are you waiting for?

Romero exits, Joshua follows him.

They walk along the walkway in silence.

EXT. MOTEL COMPLEX - ROOF TOP -- MOMENTS LATER

Romero crests a ladder onto the flat roof. Joshua follows him up. The two men face off a few meters apart, like two samurai.

Romero goes for his gun. Lightning fast Joshua is on him, sticking to Romero's movements like it's a dance, toying with him.

Joshua grabs Romero's wrist in a lock, snapping it. Romero cries out and drops the gun. Joshua kicks him and Romero flies backwards across the asphalt.

ROMERO
I was just in this for the pay check.

JOSHUA
And look at what it's cost you!

Romero launches himself at Joshua, who parries and delivers punishing blows.

Romero back peddles, Joshua closes on him.

ROMERO
He's going to find you, friend.
Then maybe you'll wish you'd taken
me up on that trade.

Joshua kicks him square in the chest.

Romero screams as he falls back over the edge of the building.

EXT. ALLEY BETWEEN BUILDINGS - MOMENTS LATER

Joshua drops down into the ally.

Romero lies on his back. Neck broken.

Joshua reaches into his jacket and pulls out his hard drive.

INT. CAR - DAY

The security photo of Cross.

The Blonde holds it in her hand, she flips through the police file -- list of aliases, photographs, possible finger-prints.

A police scanner mounted on the dash buzzes in the background.

She flicks through photos on a digital camera.

The photo of Cross on his motorcycle. She zooms in on the motorcycles' license plate and jots the plate number down.

The Blonde starts up her car and drives off.

INT. SIMONE'S MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Cross and Simone lie on the bed, naked. He traces his finger along the edge of her input port.

SIMONE
If I knew then what I know now.

CROSS
Would you do it again?

SIMONE
Part of knowing yourself is that you have to make mistakes. Just as long as you remember not to make the same ones.

CROSS
Sometimes it's easier to forget the past than to face the reality.

SIMONE
When this is done, if you find him--

CROSS
If?

SIMONE
Will you get out, leave this behind?

CROSS
I try not to think about it.

SIMONE
Aren't you tired of being somebody else, not knowing who you are.

CROSS
I know who I am.

SIMONE
Was there anyone, a wife?

Cross doesn't respond. He sits up and begins to get dressed.

SIMONE
Come here.

She takes a neuro-cable, plugs it into herself. She goes to plug it into his neck. He catches her hand, gently.

SIMONE
Let me in.

CROSS
It's not that simple.

SIMONE
You've shared my memories. It's time I share yours.

Her hand in his, he inserts the cable into his neck port.

INSERT CUT -- A flash of memories, the woman from the opening scene, images of Joshua, of Phillips, the fight with the Corporate Mercenary, the Suit and his goons, Cross trailing victims for identity theft --

INT. CAR - DAY

Joshua takes Romero's memory drive, plugs it into his neck port --

INT. SEDAN (ROMERO'S MEMORY - POV)

Cross driving Romero's sedan.

CROSS
There's a solo I need to zero in on.

ROMERO
Solos aren't supposed to be found, that's the point.

Cross pulls out Joshua's I.D. Romero takes it, recognizes Joshua.

ROMERO
What do you want him for?

The memories flash forward --

CROSS
If I don't find him soon, I'm a dead man.

ROMERO
You'll be a dead man if you do find him.

THE POV SWITCHES TO CROSS --

CROSS
You find this guy, you find the virus.

ROMERO
What makes you think it's worth more than you?

The memories flash again --

ROMERO
There's an abandoned apartment complex. West 22nd street. Room 515. This time tomorrow.

INT. SIMONE'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Simone opens her eyes from the same memory. She smiles, satisfied with herself.

Behind her Cross is asleep in bed.

She gets up and exits, softly closing the door behind her.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Recker walks towards his car, chowing down on a hotdog. He reaches the vehicle and gets in.

INT. RECKER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

A memory drive has been placed on the dashboard. Confused, Recker picks it up.

A gun is pressed to the back of his head. It's Joshua.

RECKER
What are you waiting for?

JOSHUA
You're looking for someone.
(re: the memory drive)
That will tell you where to find him.

RECKER
Why would you do that?

JOSHUA
It's to our mutual benefit. Drive.

INT. SIMONE'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Cross wakes. Simone is gone.

He looks at his watch. The countdown reads 07:18.

Cross gets up.

INT. SAME - MOMENTS LATER

Cross sits at the mirror, a laptop open in front of him. Pictures of missing persons on a police web-site.

CROSS (V.O.)
The easiest person to become is someone who doesn't exist.

He connects a scanner to his laptop then inserts his I.D card into a reader.

CROSS (V.O.)
A missing person. They're in the system, but...

He pulls out his I.D card.

Cross gets dressed.

CROSS (V.O.)
They're phantoms, ghosts.. memories.

He puts his gear into his briefcase and places it on the desk. He loads the SMART pistol and tucks it into his pants.

Cross studies himself in the mirror.

CROSS (V.O.)
Just like me.

INT/EXT. CAR/STREET - DAY

The Blonde cruises along a street, a motel is up ahead.

She slows down as she passes. Cross's motorcycle sits in the parking lot.

She pulls into the motel.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

The Blonde approaches Cross's bike.

She looks around, checking the coast is clear.

She takes out a cell phone and drops it discreetly into the saddle bag.

INT. MOTEL FRONT OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The Blonde stands at the front desk. She slides Cross's photo across the counter.

CLERK
I told you, never seen him before.
(off her look)
Hey I ain't lying.

The Blonde flicks through her file, pulls out a security photo of Simone.

BLONDE
How about her?

He looks at the photo.

CLERK
I shouldn't be telling you this.

She produces a fifty dollar note.

CLERK
Room 109.

She crumples up the fifty and heads for the door.

CLERK
Hey, what about that fifty?

EXT. MOTEL - FIRST FLOOR WALKWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Cross exits the room.

A cleaning lady wheels a trolley past him.

He reaches the stairs. Below him, the Blonde ascends. Cross sees her, freezes in his tracks.

He ducks behind the corner, runs back along the walkway. The cleaning lady has a room open, the master key still in the door.

Cross grabs the master key. He slips the key into a door and bails into --

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A couple lay in bed in a lovers embrace. They jumps up as Cross bursts into the room, gun in hand.

The girl screams.

GUY
What the--

GIRL
Do you work for my husband?

CROSS
Shut up.

Cross points his gun at the guy.

GUY
Don't shoot man! It's only been a couple of times, I swear.

CROSS
Go back to sleep, you're having a bad dream.

Cross peers out the door -- the Blonde knocks on the door of Simone's room.

She pulls out a credit card and uses to jimmy the lock open, then she disappears inside.

GIRL
Please don't tell my husband.
(re: her lover)
He's a lousy lay anyway.

GUY
Hey you bitch--

Cross slips out the door and runs towards the stairway.

INT. SIMONE'S MOTEL ROOM - SAME

The Blonde scans around the room. Cross's briefcase is on the dresser.

She opens it, sees Cross's memory drive.

Shouts echo from outside the room. She goes to the door --

The guy and girl stand on the balcony wrapped in sheets, screaming at each other.

The Blonde looks --

Cross jumps on his motorcycle and guns the ignition. He speeds away into traffic.

The Blonde pulls out a GPS. On the screen an icon moves along the map.

EXT. MOTORCYCLE - DAY

Cross speeds along a street in a rundown part of town.

EXT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BLOCK - LATER

Cross pulls up on the motorcycle.

He studies the dilapidated apartment building in front of him -- a fire escape climbs the outside like a metallic vine.

He looks at his watch. The countdown reads 06:22. Cross strides towards the building.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Cross enters the lobby.

He goes to the elevator and hits the button. Somewhere above, the elevator creaks and groans as it begins its' descent.

The doors open and Cross gets in.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator doors chime open and Cross gets out.

He stalks quietly along the hallway. At the end of the hall is room 515.

He approaches the door, a shadow moves across the crack of the door.

Cross stops in his tracks--

CROSS (V.O.)
Not this time.

He turns back, retraces his steps down the hall and tries another door. It opens and he enters --

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

He goes to a window and climbs out onto the fire escape.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The pavement smiles up at him from seventy feet below.

Cross pulls himself across onto the balcony of apartment 515. He peers into the window.

Inside, the apartment looks empty. There's no sign of Romero.

He tries the sliding door, it opens. He enters--

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Cross looks around warily. The door to the next room is half open. On the back of a chair is an unfamiliar suit jacket.

A sound from the next room draws his attention. Cross draws his gun and plugs it in.

He sneaks towards the door. The wooden floorboards creak under his weight.

Cross stops. He holds his breath. Nothing.

Cross peers around the door jamb. Recker stands right behind the corner.

Recker raises his own SMART pistol. Cross blocks him but the mercenary counters and smashes Cross in the face with an elbow.

Cross reels backwards. He drops the SMART pistol. It disconnects from his wrist port. Cross grabs Recker's weapon hand, pins it against the wall.

He slams the mercenary's arm against the wall repeatedly. Recker drops his SMART pistol, it dangles from his wrist port by the uplink cable.

Cross grabs Recker's SMART pistol. The mercenary grabs Cross's hand. Both men lock their hands around the weapon.

They wrestle for domination. Eyes boring into each other in rage. Cross squeezes the trigger --

ZZAAPP! Both men get shocked and the SMART pistol falls to the ground.

Recker kicks Cross, knocking him onto the kitchen table.

Cross flips the table, using it as a shield he charges Recker and pins him to the wall.

RECKER
You have something of mine.

CROSS
Remind me.

RECKER
Let me jog your memory.

Recker shoves Cross back. Both men cling to the table.

Cross spins, using the torque to shove the mercenary towards the open balcony door.

Recker falls backwards towards the open door. The table jams in the door, stopping Cross from falling through it.

Recker crashes on to the balcony and spills over the edge with a death cry.

Cross, bloody, bruised, lungs heaving, looks over the balcony. The mercenary's body lies splattered across the concrete, seventy feet below.

Cross grabs Recker's jacket from the chair. He pulls out a cell phone -- the last dialed number displays on the screen.

Then he pulls out a memory drive.

Cross sits down.

CROSS (V.O.)
Let's see if this works...

Taking a deep breath, Cross plugs in --

MONTAGE. RECKER'S MEMORY - VARIOUS TIMES AND PLACES

A flash of memories, then --

The POV in the drivers' seat. In the rear view, Joshua sits in the back.

JOSHUA
You're looking for someone. What if I could tell you where to find him.

The memories flash again--

The POV stares out a window that overlooks the street below.

In the reflection of the window is Recker, speaking into a cell phone.

RECKER
He's on his way.

VOICE ON PHONE
Where?

RECKER
Once I have him I'll give you the address.

The images flash again, cycling at a blinding pace, melding into one an another --

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - PRESENT

Cross plugs out, he doubles over in pain.

He collapses to the ground.

Everything--

FADES TO BLACK.

FADE IN.

INT. SIMONE'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Cross wakes up. He lies on a bed. He looks at his watch.

The countdown reads 3:57. Abruptly he jumps to his feet.

Simone sits watching him.

CROSS
I thought I told you never to follow me?

SIMONE
Lucky I'm not very good at following the rules.

He sits, head in his hands.

CROSS
Why would Joshua risk going after Phillips' memory? He must've had something the rest of us didn't.

SIMONE
Everyone gets the same memory.

CROSS
There must be something, some job he did...

SIMONE
You work with the same people, it becomes routine.

CROSS
Where did you work with him before Zenjiro?

SIMONE
Couple of months ago. We pulled off a heist.

CROSS
Where?

SIMONE
A data fortress. We gleaned some data for a rival company.

Cross closes his eyes --

INSERT CUT -- The POV as it stands at the window in Joshua's room, the corporate facility beyond.

CROSS
What's it look like?

SIMONE
Large corporate facility, outskirts of town.

CROSS
Big white building?

SIMONE
Yeah... how'd you know?

CROSS
What's in it?

SIMONE
It's just a storage facility. It holds data... identities.

CROSS
Whose identities?

SIMONE
Everybody's!

CROSS
That's it. He's going to break into the data fortress, upload the virus.

SIMONE
What? He does that and it'll wipe out the Corporations' data, we'll be back to zero.

CROSS
The Corporations will have no more power. That's what Joshua's going to do, create anonymity!

SIMONE
If you stop him, they win.

CROSS
If I don't stop him, I'm going to be just another memory.

SIMONE
What are you going to do?

CROSS
I need to remember everything you know about that place.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Joshua sits at a desk in front of a mirror.

He takes Phillips' memory drive and plugs it into himself --

EXT/INT. DATA FORTRESS - VARIOUS TIMES AND PLACES

A POV of the exterior of the data fortress.

The frame glides through the corridors.

In the lobby --

SIMONE (V.O.)
We hit this place pretty hard last time, so expect security to be high.

We glide through the data fortress in POV.

SIMONE (V.O.)
Access is based on a fully biometric scan with a standard identity match on entry.

The mainframe computer. Banks and banks of computers. A digital storehouse of information.

SIMONE (V.O.)
His goal will be the mainframe. He uploads the virus into that, and it's over.

INT. JOSHUA'S MOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Joshua opens his eyes.

Joshua does push ups, his muscles rippling beneath the light. He stretches out, like a cat, preparing for the hunt.

He lays out his equipment -- a combination of ninja tools and electronic gear.

INT. SIMONE'S MOTEL ROOM - SAME

Simone hands Cross a memory drive.

SIMONE
All my recall on the place.

He jacks in. The input port on his wrist sparks electricity.

CROSS
The built in safe guards, it's resisting. I need to backup.

SIMONE
You want to stop Joshua, you need these memories!

Cross grits his teeth and forces the jack into his port. His eyes roll back --

INSERT CUT -- a lightning fast montage of the data fortress layout.

Cross rips the jack from his neck in pain.

CROSS
The virus! It's kicking in. I can't--

SIMONE
Did you get anything?

CROSS
Just fragments.

Simone sits at a desk in front of a laptop hooked up to a router system.

Cross sits on the bed behind her.

She plugs a neuro-cable into the laptop, connects them to her arm and neck ports.

SIMONE
I'll upload your biometrics directly to their server. Take out the middle man.

She plugs in. The whites of her eyes show as her neural pathways interface with the data fortress mainframe.

On the laptop screen -- A flow of digital data, 1's and 0's.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME

Joshua pulls his ID from an RFID scanner. It reads -- 'Alex Johnson'.

INT. DATA FORTRESS - COMPUTER TERMINAL -- DAY

The Executive scans his ID. On a screen it reads -- 'Alex Johnson'.

He plugs the hard drive containing Joshuas' biometrics into a computer terminal.

On the screen -- the data begins uploading.

INT. JOSHUA'S MOTEL ROOM - SAME

Joshua sits at his lap top.

On the screen it reads -- *'BIOMETRICS UPLOADING'*.

Joshua smiles to himself. He takes the hard drive with the meta-virus and puts it into a briefcase.

INT. SIMONE'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Cross watches Simone. Her eyes flicker beneath the lids, like she's in R.E.M.

Suddenly a small electrical discharge shoots from the laptop. Simone cries out on pain. She rips the the cables from herself.

He goes to her.

SIMONE
Countermeasures. I got iced. Without a biometric upload, there's no way you'll be able to get through security!

CROSS
I'll have to thread the needle, go in blind.

SIMONE
You won't even get past the front desk.

CROSS
Who said anything about going in the front?

INT. JOSHUA'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Joshua stands in front of the mirror. He is dressed in corporate attire.

He grabs the briefcase and exits the room.

INT/EXT. DATA FORTRESS/SIMONE'S CAR - NIGHT

Cross and Simone look out towards the massive building which sits beyond a high electric fence.

Simone hands Cross his I.D card. The name now reads 'Peter Cody'.

SIMONE
Phillips I.D from the last heist. There's a good chance they have it blacklisted.

CROSS
Guess I'll find out quick enough.

Cross looks out at the foreboding building. He glances at his watch.

CROSS
When this is over, maybe I'll take you up on that offer. We can go somewhere they can't find us. Stop being somebody else.

He goes to get out. She pulls him back. Kisses him.

SIMONE
Just don't get caught!

INT. DATA FORTRESS - LOBBY -- NIGHT

A NIGHTWATCHMAN relaxes behind the desk. A security guard patrols the lobby.

In the B.G. the glass doors slide open and a man enters.

NIGHTWATCHMAN
Scan your I.D, please.

The I.D. is scanned. 'Alex Johnson' appears on the screen. It's Joshua.

NIGHTWATCHMAN
Mr. Johnson. How are you tonight, sir?

JOSHUA
You seen much traffic through here?

NIGHTWATCHMAN
Just the other zombies on night shift.

He meant it as a joke. Joshua doesn't so much as smile.

Joshua is scanned -- *'IDENTITY MATCH'*.

NIGHTWATCHMAN
Go on through.

EXT. DATA FORTRESS - NIGHT

Cross jogs across the lawn towards the complex.

He approaches a fire escape door.

INT. SIMONE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Simone has her laptop open. She plays the keyboard like a piano.

INT. DATA FORTRESS - LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

The Nightwatchman reclines in his chair, sips his coffee. Suddenly the fire alarm goes off.

The Nightwatchman checks his computer.

NIGHTWATCHMAN
Hell! Looks like the new alarm system's acting up again. Better evacuate. I'm not taking any chances.

GUARD 1
I'll check it out.

INT. DATA FORTRESS - CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

Joshua walks along a corridor. He hears the alarm.

He stops, hesitates for a moment, considering. Then he continues.

EXT. DATA FORTRESS - CONTINUOUS

Cross stands behind the fire escape door.

The door opens and two employees file out. Cross slips inside before the door closes.

INT. DATA FORTRESS - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Cross travels the hallway. Doors and corridors run off.

He closes his eyes and recalls a scrap of downloaded memory--

INT. DATA FORTRESS - CORRIDOR (MEMORY POV)

The frame glides down the corridor, takes a left turn.

INT. DATA FORTRESS - CONTINUOUS

Cross opens his eyes, follows the memory's path.

The alarm stops ringing.

He comes to a junction, hesitates.

He closes his eyes, trying to remember -- but nothing.

CROSS (V.O.)
Out of memory.

INT. DATA FORTRESS - SAME

Joshua approaches a circle-lock security door. He swipes his I.D through the scanner and the door opens up.

Joshua steps into the glass circle-lock cylinder. The door slides closed behind him, a scanner runs over his body, measuring his biometrics.

The glass partition slides open in front of him and he steps through.

INT. DATA FORTRESS - SAME

Cross takes the left hand corridor. The security guard patrols the corridor behind him.

GUARD 1
We evacuated the building. Didn't you hear the alarm?

CROSS
Didn't hear a thing.

GUARD 1
What are you doing in this sector?

CROSS
Looking for the mainframe, what else would I be doing?

GUARD 1
Back down that way.

CROSS
Night shift. Does funny thing to the memory!

Cross continues up the hall. The guard follows him.

INT. DATA FORTRESS - MOMENTS LATER

Cross turns a corner, approaches the circle-lock door.

He recalls --

INT. DATA FORTRESS (DOWNLOADED MEMORY POV)

The same location. But there's no circle-lock door.

INT. DATA FORTRESS - PRESENT

Cross hesitates. The Guard comes up behind him.

GUARD 1
I.D?

Cross hands it over. The guard swipes it, hands it back.

GUARD 1
Step inside the circle-lock. Keep your hands by your side.

Cross steps in. The door closes behind him, encasing him in a cylinder of interlocking glass. The scanner runs over his entire body.

Cross holds his breath.

The security guard monitors a screen -- *'NEGATIVE MATCH'*.

The door re-opens behind Cross.

GUARD 1
Step out please. You got that I.D again?

Cross hands it over.

The guard studies 'Peter Cody'. He picks up a wall phone, eyes still on Cross.

GUARD 1
(into phone)
Peter Cody.
(beat, then)
Negative.

Cross watches. Slowly, the guards' hand goes to the gun on his belt, unbuttons it.

Instantly Cross is on him.

The guard draws his weapon. Cross grabs both his arms, they wrestle for dominance.

A shot goes off. They continue to wrestle.

Another guard suddenly appears from around the corner, weapon drawn.

GUARD 2
Holy shit! Perkins you Okay?

GUARD 1
What's it look like!?

Cross head butts Guard 1. He points the guards' arms towards Guard 2, fires off a shot.

Guard 2 ducks for cover. Cross takes Guard 1's I.D, inserts it into the security scanner.

Cross uses Guard 1 as cover. Guard 2 can't get off a clean shot.

Cross drags Guard 1 into the circle lock cylinder.

Guard 2 pulls his radio.

GUARD
(into radio)
We got an intruder at the mainframe checkpoint. Cut all access!

INT. CIRCLE-LOCK DOOR - CONTINUOUS

The biometric scanner kicks in, flaring over the unconscious guard.

The door begins to close behind Cross. It's almost completely shut --

It stops. The scanner cuts off.

CROSS
No! Come on!!

GUARD 2
(into radio)
Got him trapped like a rat! Get some reinforcements down here.

Cross takes the guards' gun and shoves him out of the circle-lock.

He shoots at Guard 2, who returns fire.

INT. DATA FORTRESS - SECURITY DOOR

Joshua comes to a security door. He pulls out his I.D card, slides it through the locking mechanism. Nothing.

He tries again. Still no response. He growls in frustration.

INT. DATA FORTRESS - LOBBY -- SAME

The Nightwatchman is on the phone to 911 dispatch.

NIGHTWATCHMAN
(into phone)
We need cops down here now! Send everyone you got!

INT. DATA FORTRESS - SECURITY DOOR

Joshua pulls out a small data tablet and connects it to the door. The software begins to bypass the security -- nothing.

He tries again, but no effect. The door won't open.

Joshua, enraged, smashes the data pad. He shoulders the door in frustration.

INT. CIRCLE-LOCK DOOR - SAME

Cross squeezes into the circle lock space, hunkering down for cover.

Guard 2 fires off more shots. Bullets ricochet off the bullet proof circle-lock glass.

Cross pulls with all his strength on the circle lock door that leads to the mainframe. But it won't budge and inch.

Two more security guards arrive. They advance, closing on his position.

Cross returns fire -- CLICK CLICK! He's out of ammo.

CROSS (V.O.)
Don't get caught, huh?

INT. DATA FORTRESS - POWER ROOM

Joshua enters.

He goes to the mains power board and rips off the cover.

He shoots up the power board, which explodes in a fountain of electricity.

INT. CIRCLE-LOCK DOOR - CONTINUOUS

The guards approach Cross, weapons raised.

Suddenly the overhead fluorescent lights explode in showers of sparks and glass.

The building is plunged into darkness -- stroboscopic back-up lights kick in.

Cross pulls on the circle lock door. This time it opens just enough for Cross to squeeze through.

GUARD 2
(to other guards)
Get this door open.

Cross smashes the locking mechanism on the other side.

Guard 3 swipes his card. No response.

GUARD 3
It's fried!

EXT. DATA FORTRESS - SAME

A small army of cop cruisers and SWAT vans descend on the fortress, roofs lit up like the 4th of July.

The cop cars pulls up in the car park and a phalanx of cops charge for the entrance.

INT. DATA FORTRESS - CORRIDOR -- SAME

Cross moves down the corridor. Two security guards lay unconscious in the hallway.

Beyond them is the entrance to the mainframe.

Cross takes a gun from a fallen guard. He stops at the next body and retrieves another weapon.

CROSS (V.O.)
Not taking any chances.

He enters the --

INT. DATA FORTRESS - MAINFRAME - CONTINUOUS

Floor to ceiling computer banks form long intersecting corridors.

Joshua sits at a computer terminal. He connects the hard drive containing the virus to mainframe computer.

On the screen -- *UPLOADING.*

CROSS (O.S.)
Move away.

He turns around. Cross has him covered.

JOSHUA
You're too late.

Cross cocks the weapon.

JOSHUA
Are you finally prepared to do what's inevitable?

He squeezes the trigger.

Joshua closes his eyes.

Cross shoots. The bullet hits the computer terminal. It explodes in a shower of sparks.

Joshua hits the deck.

Gun still trained on Joshua, Cross rips the hard drive containing the meta-virus from the terminal.

On the screen -- *UPLOAD UNSUCCESSFUL.*

CROSS
Nothing personal!

Joshua laughs mirthlessly.

JOSHUA
Now, you'll never be free of them.

Joshua rises, he discreetly draws a small metal dart from his belt.

Cross backs up, gun still trained on Joshua.

CROSS
I wouldn't be so sure.

Lightning fast, Joshua throws the dart. It hits Cross in the shoulder. He falls back, dropping his gun.

Joshua dives for the weapon. Cross ducks behind a bank of computers just as Joshua shoots, missing him.

Cross draws his second gun. He ducks out, shoots at Joshua, who has taken cover behind the computer banks.

Cross sucks in air as he eases the dart from his shoulder, dropping it on the floor.

Joshua squats down against a computer bank. His head droops between his shoulders, he looks defeated.

Cross gets to his feet. He stalks through the shadows.

Cross passes between a cross sections of computer banks. Joshua spots him, fires. Bullets bury themselves into a computer bank right next to Cross's head.

Sparks fly. Cross falls to the floor right in Joshua's line of sight.

Joshua takes aim. Cross stares down the barrel of the gun. Joshua pulls the trigger -- he's out.

Cross returns fire. Joshua throws himself behind cover.

INT. DATA FORTRESS - VARIOUS PLACES -- SAME

Cops, security guards and SWAT move through the corridors, weapons drawn.

They all converge on the interior sector.

INT. DATA FORTRESS - DATA BANK

Joshua listens intently. Cross's footsteps echo across the floor.

Cross steals through the mainframe, eyes peeled.

A shadow looms behind him. Joshua appears out of the blackness and locks his arms around Cross's throat.

Cross drops his gun. He struggles with all his strength but Joshua's grip is like steel, there's no breaking it.

Cross chokes for air. Life slips from his eyes.

JOSHUA
Give it to me!

Cross reaches into his jacket.

CLICK. He jacks a neuro-cable into Joshua's wrist port. The other end is already patched into Cross.

INSERT CUT -- A flash of images. Memories of both men combine. The Suit and his Corpse injecting Cross with the virus. Joshua being manipulated by the Suit. Images of Simone, of Phillips, of the Recker and the Blonde. Images of the input ports being implanted in both men.

Joshua loosens his grip. Cross tears the neuro-cable from his arm.

Cross collapses on the floor. Joshua stands over him.

SWAT 1 (O.S.)
Freeze!

A SWAT team stand in the doorway, weapons trained on both men.

Joshua looks down at Cross, knowingly.

JOSHUA
I've failed.

He smiles.

SWAT 1
Don't be stupid, pal!

Cross shakes his head. NO!

JOSHUA
(to Cross)
Everything becomes a memory.

Joshua reaches for a hidden weapon, spins towards the cops.

The SWAT shoot, cutting him down.

Cross throws himself behind a computer bank. Gunfire echoes around him.

He crawls along the floor. The metal dart lies in front of him.

SWAT 1
You're surrounded. Give it up.

Cross looks around anxiously. He spots a fire detector in the ceiling.

He grabs the dart, gets up and jumps on the desk, right under the fire detector.

The cops spot Cross.

SWAT
(all together)
Freeze. Don't you move! Give it up!

Cross slowly turns to face them.

COP
(into radio)
We got 'em.
(to Cross)
Hands where we can see 'em. Put your goddamn hands in the air!

CROSS
Anything you say.

He raises his hands right below the fire detector and inserts the dart into his wrist port -- it sparks.

The fire system kicks in. Jets of CO2 gas shoot from the ceiling, engulfing the SWAT team.

Cross jumps from the desk and bolts for the door under the cover of the gas.

The glass doors begin to shut as part of the fire containment measure --

Cross squeezes through them, slipping through just before they slam shut, leaving the SWAT trapped inside.

INT. DATA FORTRESS - CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

Cross exits out the mainframe door, brushing the CO2 from his jacket.

He looks at his watch. The countdown reads: 01:02.

Ahead two cops sweep the corridor with flashlights. Cross ducks back. They spot him.

COP
Hey!

The cops spot him and give chase. Cross runs through the corridor and enters an --

INT. DATA FORTRESS - DATA STORAGE BANK -- CONTINUOUS

Banks of data drives line the room. Frantically Cross pulls an external drive from one of the banks.

He takes out the meta-virus and connects it to the external drive. On the drive it reads -- *'COPYING'*.

The cops' flashlights cut through the darkness. Cross sees them, ducks down for cover.

CROSS (V.O.)
(re: the hard drive)
Come on come on! Why does this always takes so damn long!?

After a beat the hard drive reads -- *'COPY COMPLETE'*.

Cross disconnects the meta-virus from the external hard drive then gets to his feet.

The cops see him, shoot. Cross bolts for it. He drops the external drive on the floor as he exits into--

INT. DATA FORTRESS - CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Cross sprints along the corridor. The two cops' pursue.

He recalls--

INT. DATA FORTRESS (MEMORY DOWNLOAD - POV)

The escape route. The POV glides around a corner revealing a fire escape door.

INT. DATA FORTRESS - CONTINUOUS

Cross runs full peg down the hall. He turns the corner--

It's a dead end.

CROSS
What, no! Where's the exit!?

INT. DATA FORTRESS (MEMORY DOWNLOAD - POV)

The POV opens the fire escape and goes through.

INT. DATA FORTRESS - REALITY

Cross bangs on the wall.

Behind him --

COP
Freeze.

A gun is put to the back of his head.

CROSS
You have the wrong guy.

COP
I don't think so.

The Cop smashes him in the head with his gun. Cross falls into unconsciousness.

INT. COP CAR - NIGHT

Cross comes to. He lies in the rear seat of the cop cruiser.

His hands have been cuffed behind his back.

Cross looks out the window. They're somewhere on the outskirts of town.

The cruiser pulls into the parking lot. Another car awaits them.

CROSS
You guys aren't cops.

The 'Cops' laugh.

COP
Really? How'd you figure?

EXT. COP CRUISER/PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The cruiser stops, the cops get out. Cop 1 hauls Cross out of the back.

The doors of the waiting vehicle open. The two Corpse get out followed by the Suit.

One of the Corpse reaches into the back seat and drags Simone out of the vehicle.

SUIT
(re: Simone)
It never hurts to have a little extra insurance.
(to Cop 1)
Get them off him.

The cuffs are removed.

SUIT
(to Cross)
Don't look so sore, pal. We're both going to come out of this nicely.

Cop 2 starts to search Cross.

CROSS
Back off.

Cop 2 looks to the Suit, who nods.

Cross takes the meta-virus from his jacket.

The Suit holds up the anti-virus for the Trojan.

SUIT
With time to spare.

Cross looks at his watch. The countdown reads 29 minutes.

Cross drops the meta-virus on the ground. Cop 1 goes to pick it up --

Cross crushes it beneath his foot.

SUIT
You just signed your own death warrant.

Weapons are cocked and aimed at Cross.

CROSS
There's a copy.
(re: his mind)
Once I'm clean, it's yours.

SUIT
Where?

CROSS
Not far.

The Suit laughs.

SUIT
This guy knows how to cut a deal.

Cross is herded towards the car. His eyes meet Simone's.

He reaches into his pockets, subtly takes out Recker's phone and slides it up his jacket sleeve.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

They drive.

DRIVER
Where we going?

Cross hits the dial button on Recker's phone.

SUIT
(to Cross)
What's the matter, memory's gone a little swiss cheese?

On the phone --

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)
Yes?

CROSS
West 22nd street. It's an abandoned apartment building. Outskirts of town. You can't miss it.

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)
Have you got--

Cross disconnects the call and disappears the phone.

SUIT
Anonymity? Do you know what people would do if there were no system? It'd be anarchy!
(beat, then)
You know, I'm up for promotion. Maybe you could consider coming on board, working for me. No more of those shitty motel rooms. There's some nice benefits, and I'm not just talking dental.

The Corpse snicker. Cross ignores him.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The Blonde drives. On the passenger seat is an open laptop with GPS tracking software running.

On the screen -- a map showing the position of her mobile phone: West 22nd Street.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The corporate car pulls up outside the building. The 'cops' pull in behind them.

They get out. The Corpse escort Cross and Simone.

Cross glances down the side alley, his motorcycle is still there.

They enter the building.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The murky lobby. The Corpse draw guns. Small flashlights attached to each weapon light their way.

CROSS
Fifth floor.

They get into the elevator.

It ascends.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator doors chime open. They step out and make for room 515.

SUIT
Do you know what I like about you guys? No matter what we sell you, you always come back for more. I mean, we could say anything. I could de-bug you, or leave you to burn. And you know what the best part is?

Cross looks at his watch -- 2 minutes left.

They reach the door.

SUIT
Either way, you won't remember a fuckin' thing.

The Suit opens the door --

His smirk is replaced by a look of shock --

Four Zenjiro mercenaries have their weapons trained on them.

BANG! The Suit is shot point blank.

Cross dives for cover. The Corpse return fire. All hell breaks lose.

Cross reaches into the Suits' jacket, pulls out the anti-virus.

Simone grabs a gun from a fallen mercenary.

CROSS
(to Simone)
Let's go!

They retreat back down the hall. Bullets rip into the woodwork around them.

A fire storm has erupted between the Zenjiro and Ultra mercenaries.

Simone and Cross duck for cover around the corner of the intersection.

EXT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME

The Blonde approaches the building, GPS tracker in hand. She sees Cross's motorcycle parked in the alley.

Gunshots echo inside the building, muzzle flashes light up the interior. She pulls out a gun.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Corpse 1 shoots the final Zenjiro merc. He's the last one standing.

He turns, spots Simone at the corner. Shoots.

Simone returns fire.

Cross checks his watch. He has fifty seconds left.

CROSS
The elevator.

Simone looses another volley, covering them as they run for the open elevator.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY -- SAME

The Blonde presses the elevator button.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY -- SAME

The elevator closes just as Cross and Simone reach the doors.

SIMONE
No!

Corpse 1 appears back up the corridor, gun blazing.

They duck for cover at the T-intersection, each at either side of the corridor. Simone covers them, keeping the Corpse at bay.

Cross plugs the hard drive into his neck port. The anti-virus begins to upload.

His watch reads 15 seconds. The upload seems to be taking forever.

CROSS
Come ON!!

On his watch the final seconds tick away. Cross shuts his eyes.

7 - 6 - 5... The upload completes --

MONTAGE - CROSS'S MEMORIES

Memories flash with lightning speed. Then they slow and coalesce --

INT. ROOM (MEMORY - POV)

Joshua's motel room. The shoot out with the mercenary.

A POV of Joshua's I.D laying on the floor among the shattered fragments of mirror. The POV reflects in the shard, showing a shadowy outline of whose memory it is.

The memory replays, a tighter image.

The POV's reflection now has more detail -- the outline of a face in the shattered glass.

The memory replays and tightens again, this time showing the face. It's Simone.

The POV places Joshua's I.D on the floor.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cross opens his eyes.

CROSS (V.O.)
It worked.

Simone is too busy with the Corpse. She shoots, killing him.

INT. LOBBY - SAME

The elevator opens and the Blonde gets in.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cross gets to his feet.

SIMONE
We need to get to that copy.

CROSS
They're your memories. You implanted your memories inside theirs.

Simone smirks.

SIMONE
What makes you think I'd give you all the same upload?

CROSS
This whole time, you were playing me.

SIMONE
I needed you to find Joshua.

CROSS
He was trying to bring the Corporations down. As long as they're around, we'll never be free!

SIMONE
That virus is a bargaining chip. They'll trade off, give us what we want. Well congratulations asshole. You've just started a corporate war!

She points her gun at him.

SIMONE
Where's the copy?

CROSS
There is no copy! That's it, it's gone!

SIMONE
You dumb bastard.

Simone cocks the trigger.

The elevator chimes open behind Simone, she turns and shoots. The bullet ricochets off the elevator.

The Blonde throws herself back inside with a cry of shock.

Cross dashes up the corridor and grabs the dead Corpses' gun.

Simone fires at him as he ducks into apartment 515. The bullet buries itself in the wall.

Simone stalks up the corridor.

SIMONE
It was the only way of getting my life back.

CROSS
You can just quit!

SIMONE
Quit! And go where, do what? We're identity thieves, who don't have identities!

CROSS
What the hell are you talking about?

SIMONE
You downloaded too many memories! It doesn't matter how many times you back up! Too much memory and you lose who you are.

CROSS
I know who I am--

SIMONE
No... You have no idea...
(beat, then)
What's your name? Who are you?

CROSS
My name...

SIMONE
You don't even know your own name.

Cross checks his I.D.

CROSS
I know, I'm--

SIMONE
No, that's what it says on your I.D.
That's who you pretend to be!

CROSS
Then who am I, huh?

SIMONE
You're lost, anonymous, forgotten.
Just like me.

INT. MOTEL ROOM (CROSS'S MEMORY)

Cross sits at a desk, studying a laptop. He gets up.

On the screen -- a police web-page of missing persons. It's a picture of him. Name: David Rogan. Status: Missing.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - PRESENT

Simone stalks along the corridor.

CROSS
(to himself)
No! No! I'm...

SIMONE
We could have left together, made new memories.

CROSS
I needed to know who I was!

SIMONE
What does it matter who you were? You needed to forget all this. Now, we'll get what they've taken from us.

CROSS
I couldn't let them win.

SIMONE
They win no matter what, don't you get it? We give them everything and they still want more.

Cross closes his eyes --

INT. MOTEL ROOM (JOSHUA'S MEMORY)

Joshua stands regarding himself in the mirror.

SIMONE (O.S.)
His I.D's 'Phillips'.

She comes up behind him.

SIMONE
He's a plant for Ultra Industries.
(off his look)
What, don't trust me?

She hands him a memory drive. Joshua plugs the memories in.

INT. ROOM (SIMONE'S MEMORY - POV)

A memory within a memory -- The Suit hands Phillips a briefcase.

He takes it and they both get into the back of a waiting car.

INT. MOTEL ROOM (JOSHUA'S MEMORY - POV)

Joshua opens his eyes--

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - THE PRESENT

Cross opens his eyes --

CROSS
You set Phillips up!

SIMONE
Someone had to take the fall.

CROSS
How many of my memories did you forge?

SIMONE
Are you sure those even are your memories?

CROSS
You know nothing about me.

SIMONE
I've shared your memory, remember? I know you better than you know yourself!

Simone closes her eyes, recalling Cross's memories --

INT. CORRIDOR - ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING (CROSS'S MEMORY - POV)

A POV travels along the corridor of the apartment complex. It enters an apartment. It opens a window and climbs out onto the fire escape. The same route that Cross used to break into apartment 515.

EXT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - PRESENT

Simone climbs out onto the fire escape.

She shuffles across and enters apartment 515 from the sliding balcony door.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Cross moves through the abandoned apartment, weapon raised.

Simone appears behind him. She raises her gun.

Cross hears her, spins.

Simone's eye line suddenly goes past Cross. She shoots.

BANG. BANG. Two separate gunshots go off. Simone is blown away. She lays there, dead.

Cross looks up -- the Blonde lays on the floor. Blood welling from where Simone's bullet pierced her chest.

BLONDE
David!

CROSS
Do I know you?

BLONDE
I didn't forget you.

Tears run down her face. She produces Cross's memory drive.

Cross takes the drive, plugs in.

A flash of memories and then --

INT. BEDROOM (CROSS'S MEMORY) - DAY

The woman runs her hands over Cross's tailored suit. It's the Blonde.

BLONDE
Don't you ever think what this is going to cost you?

CROSS
I told you never to ask me that.

She wears a wedding ring. There's a matching one on his finger.

BLONDE
I missed you so much. Where have you been?

She kisses him. His lips are stone.

CROSS
I can't remember.

Cross pushes her away.

BLONDE
Answer me! Talk to me!

CROSS
I can't do this anymore.

BLONDE
How can you be so selfish? I want our life back.

She undoes the buttons on his shirt. Her hands find his flesh.

She gasps.

BLONDE
My God!

Embedded in his flesh are a series of small computer-like input ports. The surgery scars around them are still fresh.

BLONDE
Who are you? Who have you become?

Cross takes her hand, then lets go. In her palm is his wedding ring.

BLONDE
Please don't do this.

CROSS
Forget about me.

BLONDE
I can't. Please.

He turns away.

BLONDE
David, please. Don't go. DAVID!

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - PRESENT

Cross stands there, shocked. Tears spill down his face.

CROSS
You're my--

Cross takes her hand. In it is his wedding ring.

BLONDE
It's over. You can come home.

CROSS
(sobbing)
I'm sorry, I'm so sorry.

She strokes his face, wiping away the tears.

The Blondes' eyes grow foggy, their light slowly goes out. Then, she dies.

Cross, rises, stumbling like he's drunk. He looks down at his dead wife in horror.

He drops the wedding ring. It dances across the floor.

Stunned, he looks down at the memory drive in his hand.

CROSS (V.O.)
Sometimes it's easier to forget the past than to face the reality.

INT. DATA FORTRESS - DATA STORAGE BANK -- INTERCUT

The external hard drive with the copy of the meta-virus that Cross made.

A TECHNICIAN picks it up and inserts it into a computer terminal.

CROSS (V.O.)
In the future, we will want anonymity.

On the screen it reads -- *UPLOADING*

After a beat -- *UPLOAD COMPLETE*

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY -- INTERCUT

Cross staggers along the hall, despondent. He toggles the settings on his memory drive -- *Erase Memory?*

Cross selects -- *YES*

CROSS (V.O.)
Becoming someone else is easy.

The status bar empties.

CROSS (V.O.)
Knowing yourself, that's the hard part.

On the drive -- *MEMORY ERASED*

CROSS (V.O.)
And who am I?

He pulls his I.D. from his jacket. Studies it --

CROSS (V.O.)
Today, my name is--

FADE OUT:

THE END