

OVERBLOWN

By
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Based on the novel
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FADE IN ON:

1 ATM SURVEILLANCE VIDEO - DAY/NIGHT

1

SECURITY CAMERA footage shows an attractive, long-haired, BRUNETTE swiping a card, stuffing BILLS into her wallet.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
What gives, Zuzzan?

ANOTHER ATM VIDEO snippet records ZUZZAN (BRUNETTE) pulling up in a COMPACT CAR. She swipes her card, gets cash.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We don't use American dollars
unless we absolutely have to.

A THIRD ATM CAM shows Zuzzan pull up at night in a DIFFERENT CAR. Her previously long black locks now shorn short and spiky. She fiddles with her new haircut, retrieves cash.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What's this?...

PULLING BACK TO:

2 INT. MANHATTAN CO-OP/LIVING ROOM - VISUALIZATION - DAY

2

REVEAL ATM VIDEO CLIPS side-by-side on an ANIMATED WALL SCREEN.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
The shattered look?

PULLING BACK TO:

FURTHER REVEAL a realistic, yet clearly COMPUTER-GENERATED, ZUZZAN LOOK-ALIKE watching the CLIPS on the WALL SCREEN inside a virtual LIVING ROOM VISUALIZATION:

LOOK-ALIKE (FEMALE VOICE)
Shattered but slick.

LOOK-ALIKE lounges on an overstuffed couch and fingers its long synthetic hair which instantly RE-ANIMATES, exactly replicating Zuzzan's new doo.

LOOK-ALIKE (CONT'D)
Zoopy!

THREE SMALL STACKS of \$100 BILLS materialize on a saddle-shaped coffee table.

LOOK-ALIKE (CONT'D)
 Why the sudden need for cash,
 Zuzzy?

LOOK-ALIKE GESTURES at its WALL SCREEN which erupts in a dense collage of thousands of tiny VIDEO CLIPS swarming around the ATM FOOTAGE. The CLIPS reveal a vast archive of:

SURVEILLANCE VIDEOS-- Zuzzan in the office, at home, crossing streets, eating out, snoozing on the bullet train, talking on videophone.

MORE VIDEO CLIPS-- contain thousands of PHOTOS OF ZUZZAN as an infant, teenager, and young woman; x-rays, e-mail, tax returns, card transactions and shopping receipts suddenly COALESCE into a TEXT SCROLL:

"CASH USAGE + NEW LOOK = ABNORMAL ANOMALY = ABNOMALY".

LOOK-ALIKE (CONT'D)
 Twistlebleep!

3 INT. HAIGHT STREET APARTMENT - DAY

3

A VIDEO DISPLAY blinks ON-- LOOK-ALIKE appears in close-up, 'peering' out from the screen into the APARTMENT.

LOOK-ALIKE
 Twistlebleep?

THE GLOWING SCREEN dimly illuminates a messy bachelors flat, darkened by black-out shades.

CAMERA FINDS A BIG GUY laying nude on his stomach in a corner bed. He awakes, attempts to roll over but his arms are pinned beneath his considerable body mass.

BIG GUY
 FFFFFFFMMMMMMBBBB!

He humps his torso aside, discovers wet sheets--

BIG GUY (CONT'D)
 No!

He flops back over onto his stomach.

BIG GUY (CONT'D)
 Twice this week...after a decade of dryness.

LOOK-ALIKE (O.S.)
 Twistle-fucking-bleep!

BIG GUY YANKS an arm free, holds his hand up.

THE SCREEN emits a red BEAM that scans his finger tips then displays: "EARTHILINGUA ENABLED - WELCOME MARCO SHUB".

LOOK-ALIKE (CONT'D)
My Marcotecht!

SHUB (BIG GUY)
Its six in the morning, Z!

MARCO SHUB, six-five, overweight, forty-something, no tatoos, catches a whiff of his nocturnal accident, wraps a dry comforter around his evaporating manhood.

SHUB (CONT'D)
Jesus!

Z (LOOK-ALIKE)
I detected an 'abnomaly' just now.

SHUB
'Abnomaly'...

Shub lurches out of bed, parts the black-out curtains and swings open a double bay window. Morning sunlight floods the flat.

Z
Involving cash transactions. I've generated three overlapping behaviorokinesthetic scenarios.

SHUB
'Behaviorokinesthetic scenarios'...

Shub stares out the window to the streets below:

4 EXT. SHUB'S 2ND-STORY VIEW - HAIGHT ST. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY 4

San Francisco's beloved Haight-Ashbury District, recognizable by it's quixotic architecture and QUESTIONABLE PEOPLE crowding the street.

Z (O.S.)
Scenario One. Zuzzan is secretly caring for her aunt Selma on odd weekends in rural Massachusetts, using cash, offgridz.

SHUB (O.S.)
'Offgridz'...

HITCHHIKING COMMUTERS, many dressed in jumpsuits emblazoned with BARNYARD ANIMAL motifs, jockey for rides amidst grid-locked TRAFFIC.

SHUB (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Scenario Two?

5 BACK ON SCREEN:

5

Z
Zuzzy has secretly joined a supercult and is using hard cash to pay for retreats, offgridz, in rural Massachusetts.

SHUB SQUINTS at the screen:

SHUB
Supercult? That would explain your fucked-up hair. Three?

Z
Zuzzan is having an affair with her boss, DataMynd CEO, Gerald Bobogoné. Rendezvousing offgridz-

SHUB
-in rural Massachusetts.

Z
The Berkshires.

SHUB
She might be visiting her aunt and screwing the boss! What's the probability of that?

Z
Eighty-six point three-ish.

SHUB
Ha! DataMynd will agree to my terms if only to get rid of you!

Z
Get rid of me?

SHUB
Don't worry your pretty little brain about that...

Shub hears a HELICOPTER suddenly swoop in overhead, darkening the sunlight, rotor-wash churning TRASH skyward.

SHUB (CONT'D)

Realtors!

A FRIGHTENED CROW, buffeted by the blow-back, swoops sideways, lands on Shub's window ledge:

CROW

AAAWWKKK!

SHUB SLAMS THE WINDOW in the bird's face but stumbles - hooks his right foot in the comforter - RIPS the large toenail clean off!

SHUB

FMB!!!

SHUB LEAPS into the BATHROOM, silently screaming.

Z

Marcotecht?

6

INT. MOJAVE JOE'S DINER - DAY

6

A dimly-lit, greasy spoon packed with MOTORISTS, TRUCK DRIVERS, VAGABONDS, and DESERT FAMILIES.

MOST WEAR loose-fitting jumpsuits emblazoned with abstract images of goat, pig, horse, chicken, dog, and cow. OTHERS sport hunting/military camo-jumpers and rabbit-ear hats.

HARDLY ANYONE is talking as EVERYONE is occupied with mobile media DEVICES, and/or watching tiny VIDEO SCREENS embedded in the table tops, walls, and ceiling.

BEHIND THE COUNTER, a JOLLY MAN in a rabbit fur wife-beater points across the dining room, places a large glass of water on the tray of a PRE-TEEN WAITRESS.

WAITRESS CROWD-WEAVES up to a big booth occupied by a lone, OLD MAN in faded overalls, his silver locks protrude in Einsteinesque disarray.

WAITRESS

This is from Joe. He said to say:
'Happy Birthday, Enoy'.

SHE SLIDES the glass of water onto the table.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

It's on the house.

ENOY (OLD MAN)
Oh! Thank you, sister.

Enoy looks over at Joe, gives him the 'peace sign'.

ENOY (CONT'D)
Very generous!

Enoy's sunburned face is gently wrinkled upwards, projecting a perpetually jovial expression. He guzzles, eyes closed, polishes it off.

THE YOUNG WAITRESS spies Enoy's sleek mobile media UNIT.

WAITRESS
That's a zoopy nectar EarthLingua Device, mister.

ENOY
Yeah. My new ELD.

ENOY SPINS the pancake-shaped UNIT to face her.

ENOY (CONT'D)
Check it out.

WAITRESS TOUCHES a glowing BUTTON and a TRIO OF TINY SCREENS fan out and turn ON displaying THREE VIDEO CHANNELS.

WAITRESS
Wowz! What else does it do?

ENOY
Bunch of stuff. I only use it to record and playback.

WAITRESS
That's an incredible waste of functionality.

ENOY
I know. But I have to record everything I can. In case I forget something.

WAITRESS
Oh...You ADD, huh?

ENOY
All my life.

WAITRESS
Me too! Well, happy...whatever!

ENOY
Thanks, little sister.

ENOY SMILES, plugs in EARBUDS and places a miniature MICAM (microphone/camera) on the edge of the table. He wiggles a finger at his tri-screen ELD unit.

THE TINY MICAM pivots, scans the diner, finds a HUSKY MAN in a German Sheppard jumpsuit wolfing a kabob, watching an ANGRY COP on a nearby WALL SCREEN:

ANGRY COP
Novo Californians are thankful the drought has at least partially stemmed the flow of Rabbit Roamads.

ENOY'S SCREENS simultaneously display live video of DINER PATRONS, random NEWS snippets, and various talking-head VIDEOBLOGGERS:

BLOGGER ONE
Waybackinthenight, man!
Before they closed the borders...

EXPERT 1
Come on! It's been over a decade since the demise of the real estate industry.

BLOGGER TWO
Waybackinthenight!

EXPERT 2
Yes, and why only *now* find out the whole mess stemmed from one innocent guy?

BLOGGER THREE
Before the New Totality took over.

EXPERT 3
That's what the NT report claims. Domino effect. Millions of closings canceled because one guy decides to *keep* his house!

BLOGGER FOUR
Before the Cultural Management Agencies!

BLOGGER FIVE
Before this freaking drought!

ENOY REACHES into his bulging backpack, unsheathes a lethal looking LONG-KNIFE and places it in full view on the circular table.

ON THE CENTER SCREEN-- a pair of slippery-looking ROAMADS half-a-dozen booths away gawk at Enoy's equipment:

ROAMAD
Quit looking at that fucker's stuff, Tumbleweed!

TUMBLEWEED
Expensivo, man...Samurai!

ROAMAD

Focus!

TUMBLEWEED

I am, bro!

ROAMAD

On Cyopolis! That's the only focus!

TUMBLEWEED

Cyopolis ain't nowhere near the
fucking Mojave, Freakflag.

FREAKFLAG (ROAMAD)

This we know.

TUMBLEWEED

This we now know.

FREAKFLAG

Speq ain't helping us anymore.

TUMBLEWEED

Then fuck speq.

FREAKFLAG

Deal. We do zero speq in Novo New
Mex, man.

EXPERT 1

Then why is half the country
homeless?

EXPERT 2

Not homeless. Mobile.
'Homomobilis Americanos'.

EXPERT 3

Get real! They're homeless-x-
homeowners. It's the
'Roamadic Diaspora'.

ANGRY COP

...The only reason we
tolerate it is because speq-
heads are too wrapped up in
momentary minutia to commit
crimes....

...Zillions of would-be
criminals sit around
'spequating', but never
actually doing it!

7

EXT. MOJAVE JOE'S DINER - HIGHWAY/DESERT - DAY

7

ENOY pushes past sweaty VAGABONDS and steps into the bright
desert sunshine. He adjusts his backpack and clips the
wireless MICAM to a paisley bandana around his forehead.

THE HIGHWAY is jammed bumper to bumper with cars, trucks,
ATVs, motor homes, busses, motorcycles, bicyclists, and
hitchhiking PEDESTRIANS.

Almost all of the competing HITCHERS have gone searching for water, chasing the surprise STORM. ENOY plucks out a SMARTCARD, waves it overhead.

THE SMARTCARD instantly lights up and vibrates. A MOTORHOME pulls over and stops, flashes it's BRIGHTS:

ENOY'S CARD-SCREEN displays: "William Blurr 5682245988756 Registered NOVO CA".

Enoy elects to climb out of the rain, enters the RV.

10

INT. BILLY'S MOTORHOME - SAME

10

BILLY BLURR is tall, blond, big in the teeth, older than he looks. Billy keeps both hands on the wheel and smiles at the wizened old hitcher. The overhead sun-visor ANNOUNCES:

VISOR VOICE

Enoy Revesti...Two ecrements per mile, one-hundred ecrements pre-paid.

Enoy stows his back pack on the floor, takes shotgun:

BILLY

Nice to meet you, Elroy.

ENOY

Likewise, William.

The two men shake hands roamad-style. Enoy mimics Billy's body language, lazy smile, and California drawl.

ENOY (CONT'D)

Going to L.A., bro?

BILLY

Yep...

Billy slowly accelerates into the crush of west-bound TRAFFIC.

BILLY (CONT'D)

...Then up north. Bay Area.

ENOY

I'll probably get off in Babylonwood.

Enoy eyes Billy, curiously *SQUINTING* at the younger man--

ENOY SEES: auric energy EMANATIONS surrounding Billy's body. A nasty-looking KNOT of pink filaments near the right knee WOBBULATE ominously.

BILLY
This storm is kinda spooky, Elroy.

ENOY (O.S.)
Yeah. A real pisser.

Billy slows down to a crawl as the MASSIVE TRAFFIC JAM reacts to the rain-slickened road.

ENOY (CONT'D)
Nectar RV.

BILLY
It's not mine. I'm the delivery man. It's a refurb. ELD's dead.

ENOY EYES the in-dash EarthLingua Device.

ENOY
Yeah?

ENOY SEES: a faint ELECTRONIC AURA pulsing around the device. He bends closer, spies a tiny BLACK SPHERE hovering just underneath the display and SMACKS the spot sharply with his palm-- BLIP! It kicks ON, blasting a mysterious MUSICAL.

BILLY
Wowzus! What did you do, bro?

ENOY
Hooked you up, bro!

BILLY
SlowedDownLight is my favorite rocktro group, man. Thanks!

Billy flips down his VISOR and presses the CANCEL tab.

BILLY (CONT'D)
You're riding for free.

ENOY
Thank you, William.

BILLY
Call me Billy.

ENOY NOTICES Billy is wearing a spherical UNIT on a leather strap.

ENOY
That a Marriage Marble, Billy?

BILLY
Oh man, I forgot to introduce my
wife...

Billy lifts the M2 MARRIAGE MARBLE to his face.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Maya?...Sweetie?...

Billy slips the device into his shirt pocket.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Maya lives in Amsterdam and is
hopefully asleep now. Alone.

Billy STEERS around a DEAD COYOTE and heads further west,
happily singing along with the MUSIC:

BILLY/SONG
*'Yeah, it's gonna get better, then
it's gonna get worse...With small
amounts of water there at first...'*

11 EXT. HAIGHT STREET - SHUB'S APARTMENT - DAY 11

SHUB limps out of his apartment wearing a full-body
'Bovinity' jumpsuit featuring black Holstein spots against
off-white hide. TRAFFIC is grid-locked.

SHUB BLENDS into the milling CITIZENRY on Haight Street, the
MAJORITY of who are similarly dressed in BARNYARD FASHIONS of
stylized goat, pig, horse, and cow.

12 EXT. HAIGHT-ASHBURY DISTRICT STREETS - SAME 12

SHUB rounds a CROWDED corner, squeezing past a queue of
HIPSTERS outside 'Dejatoos', a trendy Tattoo-Removal PARLOUR.
Shub yanks a slimline ELD out of his zipper-pouch:

SHUB
Blurrrrrr...

ON SCREEN-- BILLY'S FACE fills the little DISPLAY:

BILLY
Marconius! I'm a-headed yer way,
Bro! No need to put me up,
Shubinski, I'll-

SHUB

-Next.

VIDEOMAIL #2 - BILLY'S face fills the DISPLAY again:

BILLY

Shubus Maximus!-

SHUB

-End.

Shub stuffs the device back into his zipper-pouch and barrels betwixt tangles of HITCHHIKERS jockeying for position, waving their SMARTCARDS overhead.

SHUB GLIMPSES the pointed pyramid-shape of the famous TRANSAMERICA BUILDING, thirty-plus blocks away. He reluctantly heads towards it, limping painfully.

DISSOLVE TO:

13 EXT. TRANSAMERICA TOWER - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY 13

Establish: the PYRAMID TOWER'S razor-sharp apex gleaming in the sun. CAMERA LOCATES a particular WINDOW near the uppermost floors.

14 INT. TRANSAMERICA TOWER - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME 14

An ultra-slick CONFERENCE ROOM sports a PANORAMIC VIEW of the BAY AREA. SHUB enters the empty room through heavy wooden doors and notices:

A TINY BRASS PLAQUE on the back of the door informing:

'Out of the Room - Out of the Deal'

15 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM - PYRAMID TOWER - SAME 15

AN ELEVATOR OPENS, excreting a bald, wire-rimmed, ATTORNEY in an impeccable suit, paced by an ASSISTANT in a tube-dress.

ATTORNEY

-Schlub?

ASSISTANT

Shub! Marco Shub! Coughed up the retainer. Fifty large.

ATTORNEY

Zoopy.

He swings open the conference room door.

16

INT. TRANSAMERICA TOWER - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

16

SHUB turns from the window as ATTORNEY crosses the room smiling, hand outstretched:

ATTORNEY

Mr. Shub. Victor Vilter. Pleased to meet you.

SHUB

Likewise. Thanks for seeing me on such short notice.

VILTER (ATTORNEY)

My pleasure. Water? Whiskey?

SHUB

Water, thanks.

VILTER hands Shub a bladder of WATER, motions to a chair.

SHUB (CONT'D)

I hoofed it here from the Haight. What a zoo. Packed with roamads.

VILTER

Quicker to walk?

SHUB

Safer too.

VILTER WATCHES Shub down the water in a single guzzle. He blinks back amusement at the curious, cow-clad client.

VILTER

So...Mr. Shub, what can we do for you today?

SHUB

Call me Marco...I want to sell my software system...I think you can help.

VILTER

Why's that?

SHUB

Because you did the EarthLingua Standardization deals. The VizuaLanguage and StoryPictures merger-

VILTER
-Those were huge deals.

SHUB
Yeah...Can I use your ELD?

VILTER
Of course.

VILTER CLAPS TWICE and a paper-thin, giant screen DISPLAY tilts down from the ceiling as the panoramic WINDOWS auto-tint, dimming the lights.

SHUB SHOWS his hand to the SCREEN. It SCANS his FINGERTIPS and displays "EARTHILINGUA ENABLED - WELCOME, MARCO SHUB".

SHUB
Speed-dial Z.

THE DISPLAY goes BLACK then pops back ON as Z instantly materializes in close-up.

Z
Yes, my Marcotecht?

SHUB
What's Zuzzan doing now?

Z
Coming home early from work. On the bullet train. Watching news feeds...You?

SHUB
I'm meeting with Victor Vilter.

Z
Vilter...Victor.

VILTER
What am I looking at, Shub?
What's this 'My Marcotecht'?

SHUB
If your name was Shub, you would do likewise.

VILTER
And 'she' is what?

SHUB
Z is a sobot. A software robot. A 'Personal Ubiquitous Profile Persona'...A 'PUPP'.

VILTER

What?

SHUB

P-U-P-P...In Three-D.

Z

I'm a cyberclone. Of Zuzzan Kaplan.

VILTER

Cyberclone?...So? New?

Shub seethes at the smart-ass uber-attorney:

SHUB

New? Howzabout a virtual replicant that looks, talks, shops and fucks, exactly like you?

VILTER

Fucks like me? You don't really mean 'me', you mean the royal 'you'-

SHUB

-I mean a person with a PUPP on them has absolutely no idea that it even exists!

VILTER

Not sure about the market for something like that, Marco.

SHUB

Not obvious at first glance... Think about it this way: a PUPP only needs your name and a photo. Ok? Within a few days it digs up your entire background over the gridz. It looks exactly like you!

Z

It lives in an animated replica of your dwelling.

SHUB

It's made digital duplicates of all your stuff.

Z

Memorized your shopping and transactional behavior.

SHUB
Has yer medical records, dental,
driving, academic, employment-

Z
-personal media, photos, video
clips, security cam footage.

SHUB
It reads your mail before you do!
The PUPP follows you around on the
webgridz, invisibly updating
itself!

VILTER
I see...The PUPP knows you better
than you know yourself.

SHUB
Right! Right! Z

VILTER (CONT'D)
Sounds illegal. Unless you're New
Totality or military.

SHUB
Correcto.

VILTER
So, what are you thinking
...military?

SHUB
No. Private sale. I can't be liable
for whatever the owners might wind
up doing with the PUPPS.

VILTER
I recommend you leave the legal
strategy to Vilter and Vilter...

VILTER moves closer to the ELD and peers at the sobot:

VILTER (CONT'D)
...Now show me how these puppies
work! This one's just sitting
there!

SHUB
Z?

Z
Marcotecht?

SHUB
Isn't that a new love-seat?

Z
RanchoDeluxe.

SHUB
You always buy the RanchoDeluxe
brand don't you?

Z
I'm not into CrunchyCountry.

SHUB
Why not?

Z
Not as cool as Rancho-D. Not zoopy
enough for me.

SHUB
Not zoopy enough...So, thumbs down?

Z
Unless Crunchy-C slashes prices by
thirty percent.

Shub brandishes one of the legal team's polyester NAPKINS.

SHUB
Would you buy this?

Z
Forget it!

Z gestures thumbs down. Shub grins, swivels to face Vilter:

SHUB
Knows what it wants, huh? It knows
what Zuzzan Kaplan wants, and more
importantly it knows what she won't
buy. Now imagine hundreds of
millions of PUPP's replicating
consumers all over the world!

VILTER
Hundreds of millions? Doing what?

SHUB

Market research! High-speed market research using synthetic consumer cyberclones.

VILTER

You're telling me you could poll hundreds of millions of PUPP's who would instantly tell you if they would buy whatever product?

SHUB

Yes! And you can zoom down one-on-one, as we're doing now with Z!

VILTER

Jesus tits...What do you think would happen if the existence of hundreds of millions of illegal PUPP's ever got out?

SHUB

Worst case scenario? The PUPP code gets distributed free and everyone becomes hopelessly addicted to hanging out with their cyberclone.

VILTER

Sounds about right.

SHUB

Exactly why the PUPP code has to be sold as a product development analysis toolset...Otherwise, we're into all manner of incestuous legal and moral buttfuckery.

VILTER

Well put, Mr. Marcotecht.

SHUB

Besides, the PUPPS are theoretically immortal. When its human host dies the cyberclone lives on for an undetermined period of time.

VILTER

Interesting...How much do you want?

SHUB

Howzabout five-hundred-million international ecrements? You get half.

VILTER

Two-hundred and fifty million
increments on contingency?

SHUB

Minus the fifty-K already paid. No
worries. I just outmaneuvered the
ideal buyer. The largest and most
powerful Cultural Management Agency-

VILTER

-DataMynd?

SHUB

Yeah! You see, Z here is the
cyberclone of Miss Zuzzan Kaplan,
DataMynd's Director of Public
Relations.

VILTER

You're joking!

SHUB

Not at all. And I have some new
information to leverage as needed.
Kaplan is having a well-guarded
extramarital affair with her boss,
the CEO-

VILTER

-Gogoboner?

Z

Bobogoné. Gerald.

VILTER

So? Who cares?

SHUB

Bobogoné. He's in the running for
president.

Z

Adultery charges would disqualify
him from the Affinity Process
immediately.

VILTER

I see. Who else is in on this?

SHUB

Nobody. That's the point. You need
to be the sole go-between. I'm
anonymous.

VILTER

Attorney-client privilege isn't always observed in the gray-mail trade, Marcotecht.

SHUB

I get two-hundred and fifty million, you get the same, DataMynd gets the PUPPS, and I disappear offgridz, happily ever after.

VILTER

Then I suggest you evaporate sooner than later.

SHUB

I built the PUPPS, Victor. I can figure out a way to disappear. Just not sure how quickly.

VILTER

The bigger the head start the better. DataMynd will do whatever they need to rip you and bury the deal. Understand?

SHUB

FMB!

VILTER

Yes, 'Fuck Me Blue' too. We're gonna need a secure line 247. How the hell can we do that if you're disappeared?

SHUB

Howzabout a Marriage Monitor? They'll never think of it.

VILTER

Not advisable. The M2 is a 'spouse-link'. You have to be married.

SHUB

So? I'm the talent, I do the fancy tricks. You're the attorney, you get the license and the M2.

DISSOLVE TO:

17 EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

17

TRAFFIC creeps, HITCHERS get lucky. ROAMAD PEDESTRIANS, most on mobile DEVICES, mob the sidewalks. SHUB hoofs it, limping along talking into his shiny new MARRIAGE MARBLE:

SHUB

What's the range on these monitors,
Viceroy?

VILTER/M2

Three zillion miles.

SHUB

You alone?

VILTER/M2

As agreed.

CAMERA FOLLOWS SHUB into:

18 INT. BACKPACK STORE - SAME

18

A backpack shop crammed with weary ROAMADS:

SHUB

Then fuck you, my friend.

VILTER/M2

Fuck me?

SHUB

For speeding up the disappearing
act! I'm gonna need a few days.

VILTER/M2

Too late. We conference with
Gogoboner Wednesday. Ten am.

SHUB

You contacted them already? Why?

VILTER/M2

Leverage! The Selection Election is
in four days! We lose that leverage
unless we hustle! Forced march!
Ticking clock! Fancy tricks,
Marcotecht! Use them now! I've
gotta go...

SHUB SLIPS the M2 inside his Bovinity suit and selects a large waterproof BACKPACK from the shelf.

19

INT. SAN FRANCISCO BANK LOBBY - DAY

19

SHUB watches a TELLER finish counting out several stacks of \$100 BILLS.

TELLER

...Fifty six thousand, and the account is officially closed.

SHUB

Thanks. Appreciate it.

Shub zips the money into a hidden cow suit pouch, slips his new backpack on, and exits past pivoting SECURITY CAMERAS.

20

EXT. HAIGHT STREET - SHUB'S APARTMENT - DAY

20

SHUB rounds a corner and sees a large MOTORHOME in his apartment's dinky driveway.

SHUB

F...M...B...

BILLY BLURR is packing GEAR into the RV's rear cargo hold while ENOY videos tourist-style with his tri-screen ELD. Billy spies Shub trundling towards them:

BILLY

El Sharko! We drove straight up!

SHUB

I see. Another performance, Billy?

BILLY

Of course not, Sharko!
Wowz! Nectronic costume!

SHUB

It's not a costume. It's an outfit.

BILLY

Authentic Rancho!

SHUB

Faraday fabric.

BILLY

Of course!

Billy gives Shub a bear hug and waves Enoy over.

BILLY (CONT'D)
 Marco Shub, this here is my rider,
 Elroy. Elroy was gonna get off in
 Babylonwood but decided to continue
 onward when I told him about you.

ENOY
 Hello, Marco.

ENOY VIEWS SHUB'S AURA and sees a healthy, energetic SHEEN
 roiling around the cow-costumed body but the RIGHT FOOT is
 emitting a disturbing PURPLE GLOW.

ENOY (CONT'D)
 Pleased to meet you.

Enoy offers his hand roamad-style.

SHUB
 Likewise.

Shub shakes tentatively and notices that the old man's fancy
 ELD is on RECORD.

SHUB (CONT'D)
 If this isn't a performance, then
 stop recording me.

ENOY
 Oh! Good eye!

Enoy smiles, switches it OFF.

ENOY (CONT'D)
 Thanks. Forgot.

SHUB
 'Forgot'.

BILLY
 So you coming along, Shubatron?

SHUB
 What?

BILLY
 My messages?

SHUB
 Didn't listen too close.

BILLY

The Art Therapy Institute fired my
ass but I scored a nectronic gig
delivering RVs! All over the
country!

SHUB

'Delivering RVs'.

BILLY

Yeah! They canned me so I figured
FMB! I'll turn my travels it into a
brand new piece!

SHUB

'A new piece'.

BILLY

It'll be a hoot! Like
waybackinthenight! Just a few
weeks? Come on Shubatron! I'll be
your best friend?

SHUB

That's the problem. Where you
headed?

BILLY

Novo Arizona, Novo New Mexico-

SHUB

-Novo schmovo. What's the deal?

BILLY

Deal is we drop this unit in
Stockton, pick up two more, drop
them in Novo New Mex, grab two more
in Novo New Orleans, bring 'em back
to Stockton. Two maybe three weeks.
Collect eighteen-hundred ecrements
for each coach we deliver!

SHUB

From who?

BILLY

Cyopolis.

SHUB

A supercult, Billy?

BILLY

Some non-profit churchy thingy.

SHUB

Aren't Cyopolians the freaks who think humans should live underground?

BILLY

Hell, I don't know, Shubus! I only deal with the transpo guys. Maya finally gets to see the country! It's all under the table anyway. No questions asked.

SHUB

That part sounds OK. How is Maya?

BILLY

Fine, thanks...Well, big guy? Shall we dance?

SHUB

Yeah. What the hell. But there is a condition which must be religiously adhered to for reasons I cannot mention.

BILLY

Like what?

Shub looks Enoy over:

SHUB

Are you staying here or coming along old-timer?

ENYO

Would love to tag along, thanks. Glad to cook when you guys have had your fill of road food.

Shub concedes with a non-committal half-nod, lowers his voice:

SHUB

OK...The conditions are as follows: We go offgridz starting now. Dark black except for Billy's M2. No calls, no transactions. Cash only.

BILLY

In trouble again, bro?

SHUB

No. Business deal. Can't have it fucked up.

BILLY

Fine...But we need to reserve the right to video. As long as we keep it on us 'till the trips over. Agreed?

SHUB

Nothing goes out, Billy. Not a thing.

BILLY

All for Shub and Shub for All!

Shub sees Enoy smiling at him:

SHUB

That a problem for you?

ENOY

No. I'm pretty much blacked-out already.

SHUB

I see...Got good boo?

ENOY

That I do.

SHUB

Speq?

ENOY

No Sir. Enoy Revesti teetotals but for a bit of boo now and then.

BILLY

Enoy? Thought your name was Elroy?

ENOY

I like Elroy.

BILLY

Then that's your handle from this day forward, bro! Elroy!

DISSOLVE TO:

NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE: half of the Big Apple's LIGHTS are WORKING but huge swatches of the city are PITCH BLACK.

22

INT. KAPLAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME

22

ZUZZAN KAPLAN flops onto the RanchoDeluxe love seat and relaxes with a steamy cup of tea. Her WALL SCREEN broadcasts a NEWS SPECIAL: *Behind the Affinity Process*.

JOURNALIST

- The old electoral system finally imploding when less than six-percent of American voters cast ballots in protest of the corrupted election process...

NEWS FOOTAGE shows an extremely large NUN in a fancy wipple bonnet, variously lecturing, working roomfuls of distinguished HEAVIES, and waving at hovering MEDIADRONES:

JOURNALIST (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...Now enters Sister Paula Pynchon, a computer scientist who is also a practicing Catholic nun. The good sister devised 'The Affinity Process' which eliminated political parties, lobbyists, and specious persuasion of any kind.

ZUZZAN FIDDLES with her short-cropped hair and looks over at a bookshelf holding a dozen framed PHOTOGRAPHS.

ONE PHOTOGRAPH shows a long-haired Zuzzan shaking hands with Sister Pynchon at a barbecue party.

ZUZZAN (O.S)

(Soto)

That why you want a pow-wow, Mr. Vilter?...You wanna rep my Gerry?

WE SEE THE MICAM on the WALL SCREEN perform a minute AUTO-FOCUS adjustment. Zuzzan is reflected in its tiny LENS.

23

EXT. HIGHWAY - NORTHERN CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

23

BILLY'S MOTORHOME slowly navigates through a stupendous TRAFFIC JAM exacerbated by an aggressive army of ROAMAD HITCHERS lining the roadway.

BILLY (O.S.)

...My new 'Hominid Vision' sequence will blow the retinas off of even the most far-gone effects aficionado!

24

INT. MOTORHOME - SAME

24

BILLY pilots the RV, red-eyed, driving slowly but surely in the dicey roamadic GRIDLOCK.

ENOY
'Hominid Vision'?

ENOY is alert, sitting shot-gun whilst SHUB languishes on the couch in back, wounded foot propped up on pillows. Maya's VOICE chimes in via M2, dangling from the rearview mirror.

MAYA/M2
They're talking about their movies,
Elroy...

MAYA APPEARS on the tiny VIDEO DISPLAY embedded in the Marriage Marble. She's Eurasian, thirty-something, American accent:

MAYA/M2 (CONT'D)
...Their dream movies.

ENOY
Dream movies?

MAYA/M2
Oh yeah. They have a macho
competition over which one has the
zoopest movie idea. It's been a
stalemate for ten years.

ENOY PASSES a small brass PIPE back to Shub.

ENOY
Self-lighting.

SHUB
Thanks, Elroy.

BILLY
Shubatron, I finally came up with a
title, man. I'm gonna call it 'L'.

SHUB
Hell?

BILLY
No...If you recall, the way the
amphibious apes can tell if another
ape is one of their own is by
making the sound of 'L'.

SHUB

I remember. They ululate. Which is the same as yelling "L" over and over and over.

BILLY

Right. The evil apes can't ululate, so the proto-humans don't give them the secret of fire!

SHUB

'Secret of fire'.

BILLY

Because they're not human!

ENOY

They can't even say 'Hell'.

MAYA

Brilliant!

BILLY

Stockton twenty-three miles! Get ready to get ready.

25

EXT. STOCKTON RV DEALERSHIP PARKING LOT - NIGHT

25

FAST LANE RV dealership in deserted downtown STOCKTON is pitch-black and eerily vacant save for half-a-dozen empty MOTOR HOMES.

BILLY DRIVES into the enormous lot and parks. Shub and Enoy unload their backpacks.

A GNARLY HUMMER pulls up and stops. Billy goes alone to speak with the UNSEEN DRIVER. They exchange keys. Hummer departs.

BILLY

We're taking those two big mothers.

THE TRIO trundle toward a pair of forty-foot long *Wanderlust* COACHES.

DISSOLVE TO:

26

EXT. DOWNTOWN STAMFORD CONNECTICUT - DAY

26

An ostentatious HIGH-RISE bears the word: DATAMYND.

27

INT. DATAMYND HEADQUARTERS - SAME

27

Chubby, balding, fifty-two, GERALD BOBOGONE looks ten years older despite expensive age-regression procedures. His LOWER LIP is swollen with a bite-size, self-inflicted HICKEY.

ZUZZAN KAPLAN enters Gerald's oversized OFFICE:

ZUZZAN
'Morning early-bird!

She spies his purple lip.

BOBOGONÉ
Hello, Zu...

He notices her haircut. They quickly kiss.

BOBOGONÉ (CONT'D)
Nice doo, Zu...What's that snake
Vilter want?

ZUZZAN
Didn't say...Maybe Vilter wants to
rep you.

BOBOGONÉ
I doubt it...What do we have?

ZUZZAN
We snarfed the firm's sign-in
screens and Vilter's meeting
schedule-

BOBOGONÉ
-Let me see the names.

Zuzzan waves her right hand overhead and the ELD flips back ON showing a list of NAMES.

BOBOGONÉ (CONT'D)
I want deep background checks on
every one of them.

ZUZZAN
Already done. No stick-up nails.

CAMERA FINDS the MICAM on the DataMynd ELD making a minute FOCUS ADJUSTMENT. Bobogoné and Zuzzan are reflected in its miniature LENS.

BOBOGONÉ (O.S.)
Hey!

BOBOGONE eyes the list of NAMES:

BOBOGONÉ (CONT'D)
Who's this fucking 'Blarko Hubb'?

ZUZZAN
No such person. It's one of their
personal friends' joke name.

BOBOGONÉ
It's no joke, Zu!

ZUZZAN
Your own experts concluded that it
was a joke name and I think they're
right!

BOBOGONÉ
Do an NT face-match!

ZUZZAN
Already on it.

BOBOGONÉ
That's my Zu!

EXT. NOVO CALIFORNIA INTERSTATE 5 - DAY

BUMPER TO BUMPER TRAFFIC through greater LOS ANGELES moves at
a constant 13 MPH in all directions. The twin *Wanderlust*
MOTOR HOMES slug along in the slow lane.

28

INT/EXT MARCO'S MOTORHOME - SAME

28

SHUB watches a rusty red eighteen-wheeler COCOON MOTEL slowly
pass. He tries to not stare too blatantly at the UNFORTUNATE
ROAMADS stuffed in their tiny self-contained budget hovels.

EACH COCCOON has a porthole-shaped WINDOW through which Shub
observes a tableau, film-stripping past--

SHUB SEES: an HISPANIC GIRL eating an orange - an ELDERLY MAN
laughing at something - a DISTRAUGHT WOMAN pleading with
someone unseen - a SKINNY SPEQHEAD talking to an ELD - a FAT
BOY strumming a toy banjo - and lastly:

A TOPLESS WOMAN looking right back at Shub with a formidable
'fuck-you' wave and an 'eat shit' sneer.

THE MOBILE MOTEL downshifts and drones past, revealing the original 'Mobility 8' LOGO occluded by roamadic graffiti and the mud-painted PICTOGRAPH of an alert HARE.

DISSOLVE TO:

29 EXT. NOVO ARIZONA OVERNIGHT ZONE - NIGHT 29

The enormous OVERNIGHT ZONE is filled with roamadic FAMILIES, COCOON MOTELS, motorcycle TRIBES, and green-collar COMMUTERS. The rebellious 'Wary Hare' LOGO is freshly emblazoned on old signage and junked vehicles.

CAMERA FINDS the two *Wanderlust* MOTOR HOMES parked side-by-side in a dirt overflow area beneath a graffiti-caked billboard informing: "Novo Arizona State Debtors Prison Next Right".

30 INT. BILLY'S COACH - SAME 30

ENOY and BILLY are in the kitchen making sandwiches. SHUB is already eating. Someone KNOCKS at the RV door, yells out:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Honest Rabbits!

SHUB
'Honest rabbits'...

ENOY
Just riders.

ENOY pops open the door to see TWO ROAMADS squinting at him in the dusty sunset (It's the duo of snooping speqheads from Mojave Joe's - Freakflag and Tumbleweed - although Enoy-one-ear-and-out-the-other doesn't remember).

TUMBLEWEED
Evening...

TUMBLEWEED immediately recognizes Enoy as the sword bearing old samurai diner from a few days back.

TUMBLEWEED (CONT'D)
...Sir.

ENOY
Evening.

ENOY VIEWS the questionable stranger's speq-speckled AURAS.

FREAKFLAG

We were wondering if you're heading north?

TUMBLEWEED

And if you'd take cash?

ENOY

We're full up for now, sorry.

FREAKFLAG

Thanks anyway.

Freakflag salutes Enoy real friendly-like.

FREAKFLAG (CONT'D)

Peace.

ENOY sees that the overnight zone has FILLED to capacity. Scores of neomedieval biker ROAMADS in tattered pirate costumes are quickly gathering in a circle around a twelve-foot RABBIT EFFIGY.

ENOY

What's going on over there?

FREAKFLAG

The Rabbits are getting ready for newscams to over-fly. A drone just sprayed the camp.

TUMBLEWEED

They're gonna torch a bunny!

ENOY

Yeah? Goodbye.

ENOY closes the door and the duo hustle off.

SHUB

We've got to get out of here right now, you guys. This zone's gonna be splashed all over the gridz.

31

EXT. NOVO ARIZONA OVERNIGHT ZONE - SAME

31

SHUB hustles outside and sees a BIKER BUNNY ignite a gas-soaked trash pile underneath a crucified RABBIT EFFIGY: WHOOSH! Violent FLAMES erupt from the effigy's EARS.

HUNDREDS OF RADICAL ROAMADS circle around the burning bunny and CHANT:

CHANTING ROAMADS
Live Free or Fry! Live Free or Fry!

A FLOCK OF MEDIADRONES (unmanned robo-video cams) descend on the pyre-lit OVERNIGHT ZONE. The ROAMADS shriek curses, shake fists.

SHUB TROTS double-time to his RV, climbs in.

32

INT. SHUB'S RV - SAME

32

SHUB NOTICES a thin layer of SILVER POWDER blanketing the super-sized windshield:

SHUB
FMB! Pixel dust!

Shub pulls into TRAFFIC behind Billy and gives the windshield a triple-spritz of wiper-washer: SWISH! SWISH!

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN ON:

33

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - NOVO NEW MEXICO - DAY

33

The two MOTOR HOMES are parked across the burned-out concrete slab of an ABANDONED GAS-STATION deep in the desert. SHUB squishes into an old webgridz PUBTERM BOOTH.

SHUB CUPS the vandalized latex mouthpiece against an early morning wind, punches in numbers. As he's dialing, his M2 vibrates and VILTER'S FACE flickers on it's dinky SCREEN:

VILTER/M2
Sir, Shub! It's time!

SHUB
I'm on your private line already,
Viceroy.

VILTER/M2
Ah yes, here you are! Good
Marcotech! Do me a favor and keep
your M2 out so we can maintain
visual.

SHUB
You're the mouthpiece, Victrola.

VILTER/M2
Victrola?!

SHUB

Hang on. I'll conference Z in.

Shub pulls out his ELD and speed-dials Z. The PUPP simultaneously pops onto Shub's hand-held SCREEN and Vilter's SCREEN in San Francisco.

Z

My Marcotecht! Mr. Victor.

SHUB

Time to meet your' hostess, Z.

Z

Zoopy! What about my lover?

SHUB

Yes! But don't call him that!

THE PUPP waits at its kitchen table, sipping on Kaplan's favorite herb tea-- "EFFLORESCENT MENTALFLOSS".

34 EXT. DATAMYND HEADQUARTERS - STAMFORD - DAY 34

Establish sixth-floor of the DATAMYND HIGH-RISE.

35 INT. DATAMYND COMMAND AND CONTROL CENTER - SAME 35

THE VIDEO IMAGE of Victor Vilter appears on the command SCREEN. TIMBU glares at the attorney's poker-face.

TIMBU

Patching him in now, Gerry.

36 INT. DATAMYND VIDEO CONFERENCE SUITE - SAME 36

ZUZZAN and BOBOGONÉ are on their feet in front of the massive DataMynd ELD SCREEN.

ON SCREEN-- VILTER APPEARS, relaxed, smiling, his bald dome glistening in front of the firm's billion-dollar view of the BAY AREA.

VILTER

You two alone I trust?

ZUZZAN

As agreed, Mr. Vilter...And how might DataMynd assist you in your excellent endeavors this fine day, Sir?

VILTER

You can assist us, true, but we might assist you as well. Even more so.

BOBOGONÉ

I'm almost listening.

VILTER

Good, because what we're about to show you will forever change your view of avatars, artificial life, consumer modeling, and most importantly, product research.

ZUZZAN

Who's your client?

VILTER

Call him 'Harpo'. Let's be nominally circumspect about this matter.

BOBOGONÉ

Harpo?

ZUZZAN

Lawyer joke, Gerry.

VILTER

Know what you two? Everybody is going to win very, very big on this deal.

ZUZZAN

We like very big.

VILTER

Good!...Otherwise, we'll take our toys and go down the street... Shall we begin?

BOBOGONÉ

Yessssss.

BOBOGONÉ hisses betwixt his bleached-blue teeth.

CUT TO:

SHUB

Z? Meet Zuzzan and Gerry.

BOBOGONÉ/FILTER (O.S.)

Harpo? That you?

CUT TO:

38

INT. DATAMYND VIDEO CONFERENCE SUITE - SAME

38

ON SCREEN-- Zuzzan's mirror image appears: Z wears the exact same Rancho-D outfit Zuzzan has on. The KITCHEN SIMULATION is hyper-real, steam gently rising from the TEA. Z lifts its cup in Kaplan's customary 'Saluda':

Z

Tea?...Efflorescent MentalFloss?

Z replicates Kaplan's girlish voice.

ZUZZAN SUCKS AIR-- petrified, astonished, pissed-off, and yet, entranced. Bobogoné blinks back and forth between Zu and Z:

BOBOGONÉ

Fuck me dead!

Z

Hi, Gerry!

ZUZZAN

You bugged my house?

Z

Not bugged. Cloned.

VILTER

A cyberclone. Digital. Non-biological.

Z

Technically, I'm your 'Personal Ubiquitous Profile Persona'.

Zuzzan shoots Gerry a 'deer-in-the-headlights'--

BOBOGONÉ

Why am I looking at this cartoon, Vilter?

SHUB/FILTER (O.S.)

No cartoon, Mr. Bobogoné.

THE DISTANT VOICE of the mysterious 'Harpo' loudly intones on the DataMynd ELD surround-sound system:

SHUB/FILTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 The PUPP is replicating Miss Kaplan's behavior based on webgridz transactions, multimedia surveillance, and legacy records dating back to her birth.

BOBOGONÉ
 The Pup! That's cute, Harpo!

SHUB/FILTER (O.S.)
 Z is an animated replicant of Zuzzan...Arguably the most advanced sentient entity ever synthesized.

BOBOGONÉ
 Who cares? For what? Games? We don't do games!

ZUZZAN
 Just look at her, Gerry. She's alive! It's creepy!

SHUB/FILTER (O.S.)
 Ask her some personal questions.

BOBOGONÉ
 Like what?

SHUB/FILTER (O.S.)
 Z is most intimately familiar with Miss Kaplan's consumer psychodynamics.

ZUZZAN
 OK, Miss smarty pants.

Zuzzan confronts her computer graphic counterpart:

ZUZZAN (CONT'D)
 What kind of panties do I have on?

Z
 A pair of sports shorts as usual when there is the slightest chance of starting.

BOBOGONÉ
 She's right!

VILTER
How do you know?

BOBOGONÉ
I don't! It's a question! Is she right?

ZUZZAN
Yes. Sport panties.

BOBOGONÉ
You have illegally gathered surveillance-

VILTER
-That's right, it's illegal! And even more so when you grow the PUPP population worldwide to include hundreds of millions of consumers.

ZUZZAN
What does Aunt Selma look like?

Z
I don't know what 'Aunty S' looks like. She's been offgridz for two decades.

ZUZZAN
When's the last time I saw Aunty S?

Z
Three days ago.

ZUZZAN
What's in the cabinet over the cutting board?

Z
An old CrunchyCountry food processor.

Zuzzan sneers at her digital doppelganger:

ZUZZAN
Will I ever find true love?

Z
I wouldn't know. I'm optimized for marketing metrics, not affairs of the heart.

BOBOGONÉ
Enough! How do these puppets work?

SHUB/FILTER (O.S.)
 Howzabout DataMynd turns the PUPPS
 loose on its Cultural Management
 databases? Within three days every
 person in the system has a full
 grown cyberclone ready for real-
 time polling. Any applications you
 might wind up using the PUPPS for
 are your concern. Not mine.

BOBOGONÉ
 That's not a problem for us...
 How much, Harpo?

VILTER
 Five-Hundred Million ecrements. The
 offer stands for forty eight hours.

ZUZZAN
 What!?

BOBOGONÉ
 Ms. Kaplan? Let's offline for a
 minute.

VILTER
 Fine. We'll hold.

BOBOGONÉ and Zuzzan step into the conference rooms' private
 FOYER:

39

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM FOYER - SAME

39

A SECURITY CAMERA pivots inside a small plastic DOME embedded
 in the CEILING:

ZUZZAN
 It's following me!

BOBOGONÉ
 Drinking your fucking tea!

ZUZZAN
 She talks like me! Probably knows
 how much toilet paper I use. She's
 got my new haircut!

BOBOGONÉ
It's got your new haircut! It's not
 real! Don't lose it on me here, Zu!
 I'm the one they're after!

ZUZZAN
They cloned me!

BOBOGONÉ
But I'm the CEO! I'm up for
Selection and married, and--

ZUZZAN
--having an affair.

BOBOGONÉ
Ejactly...

ZUZZAN
She knows about us, Gerry! We've
got to eradicate her!

BOBOGONÉ
We'll delete it immediately.

ZUZZAN
If it comes out that you and I are
doing the 'wild thing' you'll be
disqualified from the Selection.

BOBOGONÉ
I know. Won't be pleasant...

BOBOGONÉ nibbles his lower lip, draws BLOOD:

BOBOGONÉ (CONT'D)
...Let's do it.

40

INT. DATAMYND VIDEO CONFERENCE SUITE - SAME

40

BOBOGONÉ and Zuzzan come back in and pose promisingly at the
conference table:

BOBOGONÉ
The cyberclone technology is
impressive. We're prepared to make
a fair offer-

VILTER
-The price is non-negotiable. You
have forty-eight hours to complete
your doo-dee.

SHUB/FILTER (O.S.)
Fuck that! Z's very existence is
more than sufficient proof of the
technology!

ON SCREEN -- Z leans into her virtual 'CAMERA' and leers:

Z

Well, what's your opinion, Dr. Timbu? You've been carefully monitoring the proceedings.

BOBOGONÉ

Jesus, Rex! Get on! Now!

ON SCREEN-- REX TIMBU'S VIDEO VISAGE pops up in the bottom right hand corner:

TIMBU/VIDEO

Gerry?

BOBOGONÉ

Well, Doctor?

TIMBU/VIDEO

This 'PUPP' is obviously capable of high-level spontaneous mimicry, but we'd have to quadruple our systems-

Z

-My computational overhead is virtually non-existent.

SHUB/FILTER (O.S.)

PUPP's power themselves by usurping spare cycles on 'OPP'.

Z

'Other People's Processors'.

TIMBU/VIDEO

Tell me something, 'Z'. Do you know your 'maker'?

Z

No more than Zuzzy would.

VILTER

Intentionally. Making it foolproof for you folks to anonymously administer a legion of immortal PUPPs.

SHUB/FILTER (O.S.)

Once admission is paid.

BOBOGONÉ

Then send me the deal docs and give Rex some alone time with your code.

SHUB/FILTER (O.S.)
 Mr. Bobogoné. There is no code.
 Cyberclones program themselves by
 replicating the behavior of their
 human Host.

ZUZZAN
 They have a life of their own!

SHUB/FILTER (O.S.)
 A simulated life.

TIMBU/VIDEO
 A dog's life.

Z IGNORES the Doctors' remark and lap-dissolves from the
 KITCHEN to its LIVING ROOM visualization. The PUPP grabs
 Zuzzan's copy of *Frozen Boy* magazine and flops down on the
 Rancho-D love seat.

ZUZZAN
 Shut it off!

VILTER
 No more questions?

BOBOGONÉ
 No.

VILTER
 Ok. The deal docs are being sent as
 we speak.

SHUB'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Z? Say goodbye.

Z
 Saluda!

THE CYBERCLONE disconnects itself.

TIMBU/VIDEO
 Mr. Harpo?

SHUB/FILTER (O.S.)
 Talk to Vilter! He's the filtering
 organ!

SHUB SLAMS the rotting receiver down, crushing it between his
 fingers. VILTER hails from SHUB'S M2:

VILTER/M2
Marcotecht! You OK?

SHUB
Just zoopy, Viceroy.

VILTER/M2
Zoopy? You should be fucking
jumping with joy!

SHUB
Think it went well?

VILTER/M2
Yeah!..So, I'm the 'filtering
organ'?

SHUB
You're the liver.

VILTER/M2
I like that!

Vilter's violet image fades from Shub's M2 SCREEN as he
squeezes out of the windblown Pubterm.

VILTER/M2 (CONT'D)
Usually I'm the asshole!

DISSOLVE TO:

42	EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NOVO NEW MEXICO - DAY	42
	ROAMADIC TRAFFIC jams the remote desert HIGHWAY. BILLY and SHUB turn onto a wide DIRT ROAD marked only by a pile of shattered coyote SKULLS. The twin motor homes proceed slowly, heading into the forested mountains.	
43	EXT. DIRT ROADWAY - MOUNTAIN FOREST - SAME	43
	The MOTOR HOMES putter past rolling hills covered in sage, pinyon, ponderosa pine, and thousand-year-old ceders.	
44	INT. BILLY'S MOTORHOME - SAME	44
	ENOY gathers their gear and slips his LONG-KNIFE into a hidden slot in the aluminum frame of his custom BACKPACK.	

45 EXT. DIRT ROADWAY - MOUNTAIN FOREST/MESA - SAME 45

The MOTOR HOMES emerge onto an ISOLATED MESA housing what appears to be the world's largest JUNK YARD:

A HUNDRED ACRES of scrub are obscured by innumerable WRECKED RVs and thousands of old SHIPPING CONTAINERS stacked a dozen high.

46 EXT. MESA TOP JUNK YARD - SAME 46

They approach a bizarre GATE-THING barricade made from shipping containers splayed at the seams, welded scissor-like to tree trunks, counter-weighted by boulders suspended in black nets.

BILLY SLOWS the coach on approach but the GATE-THING suddenly SWISHES skyward, inviting passage.

BILLY
Everything's solar here, man.

Enoy drops into the passenger seat and squints thru the bug-splattered windshield at:

A SEVEN-STORY WATCHTOWER in the middle of the 'yard' made of scrap metal and trees, capped by a recycled AIR-TRAFFIC CONTROL TOWER.

47 INT. THE WATCHTOWER - SAME 47

FIVE SECURITY CORPSMAN scan the panoramic property with umpteen telescopic VISIONING SYSTEMS.

ONE OF THE FIVE wears a sleek black jumpsuit emblazoned with a red 'Crow Corps' LOGO. The OTHER FOUR are in pale gray lizard jumpers. Banks of SCREENS display VIDEO IMAGERY of the YARD and its desert surrounds:

BILLY'S RV appears on the largest SCREEN. A LIZARD TECHNICIAN zooms into a medium close-up of ENOY and BILLY as they halt at the main entrance's SECURITY KIOSK.

48 EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE - SAME 48

A weaponized WHITE MAN walks out of the SECURITY KIOSK, checks his ELD. He appears almost albino, protuberant blue veins under translucent, snow white skin.

WHITE MAN
Yer Blurr?

BILLY
 Yep! Working for JimJim in Transpo.

WHITE MAN
 Wait here. Alone. Have your
 colleagues hike back up the road a
 bit.

WHITE MAN hustles out of the sun into the smoked-glass
 confines of the darkened KIOSK.

ENOY grabs his backpack and trundles out of the RV. Shub
 emerges from the second coach.

BILLY
 Take our shit up the road a piece.
 Hang 'til I come get ya.

SHUB
 I gotta pee.

Enoy and Shub heft their gear, head back down the road.

49 INT. THE WATCHTOWER - SAME

49

High up in the WATCHTOWER, the Cyopolian CORPSMAN keep half-a-
 dozen hidden micams trained on the visiting drivers.

CENTER SCREEN-- Shub's video IMAGE looms ten-foot tall. He
 suddenly halts, unzips his Bovinity suit, and LETS FLY onto
 the side of the dirt roadway.

SECURITY LIEUTENANT watches Shub relieving himself:

LIEUTENANT
 Pagan roamad!

50 EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE - SAME

50

JIMJIM emerges from a scrap-metal SHACK. The six-foot-eight
 Transpo Chief is a dehydrated desert rat hidden beneath
 floppy canvas hat and dark goggles. He rips into BILLY:

JIMJIM
 You're late, Blurr! Should have
 been here yesterday!

BILLY
 Really? Just went safe and slow
 like you told me to do.

JIMJIM
So it's my fault?

BILLY
That's not what I meant, JimJim.

JIMJIM
No? You're not a fucking fault
finder?.

BILLY
No fuckin way.

JIMJIM
Hey! I'll fire yer ass if you talk
to me like that again! I gotta
thousand unemployed roamads take
each of you fortunate fucker's jobs
right now! Half-rate!

BILLY
Just thought it was 'No questions
asked' is all, JimJim.

JIMJIM
Don't think! Drive! Here's your
frickin fee.

JIMJIM tosses a prepaid ecrements CARD at Billy's feet. He
scoops up the plastic paycheck.

JIMJIM (CONT'D)
Got two more refurbis for Novo New
Orleans.

BILLY
Zoopy.

JIMJIM
Sit low. Go slow.

JIMJIM WINCES, spins on his boot heels, strides back to the
mélange of metal SHACKS.

BILLY
Will do.

BILLY CROUCHES in the sun, studying the thousands of semi-
demolished RV'S awaiting refurbishment, surrounded by an
enormous rusty maze of haphazardly heaped shipping
CONTAINERS.

INSIDE THE YARD-- a section of EARTH noisily rises, discharging a sturdy steel RAMP-WAY. Two fifty-foot *Comanchero* MOTOR HOMES drive up the ramp, park next to Billy.

CYOPOLIAN DRIVERS, in identical mole jumpsuits, hop out, ignore Blurr, and hurriedly drive the two dirty *Wanderlust* COACHES down the retractable subterranean incline.

BILLY GRABS his backpack, palms his M2:

BILLY (CONT'D)
We 'goin to the Big Easy, baby!

MAYA/M2
Zoop!

FOUR IDENTICAL WHITE RVs excrete themselves from another subsurface RAMP-WAY. The custom units drive past Billy. He spies:

A SHADOWY OLD DUDE in the lead coaches' passenger's seat. He's in his eighties, wears a hooded jet-black jumpsuit.

UP THE ROAD: Marco and Enoy are resting on their packs in the dirt. Shub unzips his Bovinity suit and releases a healthy, extended, FART.

ENYO *SEES* the FART slowly ascending overhead, a phosphorescent fog-fume, back-lit by the sun. The flatulent gas floats close overhead, miraculously missing him just as the white Cyopolian motor homes halt in front of the GATE-THING.

THE ELDERLY PASSENGER SQUINTS-- focusing his gaze at the FART...then directly at ENYO.

ENYO AND THE OLD CYOPOLIAN stare astonished at one and other: each *sees* that the other *sees* that they are *both seeing* the fart in the wider spread-spectrum of ultraviolet and infrared.

WE SEE: the two men's AURAS instantly GLOW and GROW, extending luminous JETS, tentatively touching together, sensing subtle similarities-- CREEEK! THE GATE-THING swishes open, the drivers accelerate, breaking the inquisitive auras apart.

ENYO SMILES and watches in wonderment as the Cyopolian convoy vanishes Four Horseman-like over the mesa rim.

BILLY PULLS UP in one of the new *Comanchero* MOTOR HOMES, jumps out, and tosses the keys to Shub.

BILLY
Let's get the hell outa here.

51

INT. DATAMYND COMMAND AND CONTROL CENTER - DAY

51

TIMBU and BOBOGONÉ watch a bank of SCREENS. Bobogoné extends his cappuccino cup:

BOBOGONÉ
Toss a little more KandyMan in my
mud, bud.

Timbu sprinkles BLUE POWDER from a plastic shaker into the bosses' BREW.

TIMBU
Say 'when'.

BOBOGONÉ
-Whoa!

SIDE-SCREEN fills with the face of an Indian DATAMINER (ARISH), Harvard/Hindu accent crisping over videophone:

ARISH/VIDEO
Dr. Rex? I've got something for
you.

SIDE-SCREEN switches to a distorted VIDEO-LOOP looking through a dirty windshield at HARPO, hunkered behind a steering wheel.

ARISH/VIDEO (CONT'D)
Check it out. CNNT mediadrone
nanocam out-takes. Harpo's driving
an old Comanchero RV. Windshield
reflections show an identical RV in
front of him.

BOBOGONÉ
Coincidence?

TIMBU
Probably not. He could be traveling
around with others.

BOBOGONÉ
I told you, Rex! Harpo's gone
roamadic on us!

TIMBU
Yep. We're pissing at a moving
target. Anything else?

ARISH/VIDEO

That's it.

TIMBU

Good work, Arish.

Timbu snaps his fingers and the video-link winks off.

BOBOGONÉ

Who do we know in the roamad
business, Rex?

TIMBU

Mmmm... Zuzzan would know.

BOBOGONÉ

Ejactly! Zu would know.

TIMBU

Paging her.

52 INT. DATAMYND HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAYS - SAME

52

ZUZZAN walks the TEEMING DataMynd corridors holding a black
file FOLDER in front of her face.

53 INT. DATAMYND COMMAND AND CONTROL CENTER - SAME

53

ZUZZAN enters and sees Bobogone' and Timbu watching recorded
FOOTAGE from the videoconference with Vilter and Harpo
playing back on the COMMAND SCREEN.

BOBOGONÉ

Zuzzy! We got anybody in the roamad
trade that owes us one? Harpo's on
the run.

Zuzzan SITS DOWN and diverts her gaze from her terrible PUPP
twin, freeze-framed in her 'kitchen'.

BOBOGONÉ (CONT'D)

Who Zu?

Zuzzan notices her CYBERCLONE gently blowing across the 'hot'
surface of its Rancho-D tea whilst subtly SMIRKING.

ZUZZAN

Turn the cartoon off, Rex!

REX CLAPS TWICE and Z's IMAGE vanishes from the SCREEN.

ZUZZAN (CONT'D)

If anyone can find Harpo on the road, its' Cyopolis. Hire their asses bounty-hunter style.

BOBOGONÉ

Yer joking!

ZUZZAN

No, I'm going home.

BOBOGONÉ is speechless, a narcoleptic glaze glistens over his crimson eyes as Zuzzan disappears out the corridor door.

BOBOGONÉ

Call Cyopolis, Rex. Make an offer they can't turn down. Find him. Grab him-

TIMBU

-Hold him.

BOBOGONÉ

Handle this personally, Rex
...Any more kandy left?

TIMBU

Of course. Say 'when'...

54

INT. DATAMYND HEADQUARTERS - LADIES RESTROOM - SAME

54

Alone in the Executive Women's lounge, ZUZZAN looks at herself in the mirror, fingers her haircut and takes a deep breath. She removes her DataMynd ID BADGE and tosses it in the WASTEBASKET.

DISSOLVE TO:

55

EXT. TOAS VILLAGE - NOVO NEW MEXICO - DAY

55

Brightly painted FLAGS and STANDARDS flap in the sage-soaked breeze. BANNERS proclaim: 'FREE ROCKTRO FESTIVO'

ROCKTRO FANATICS are encamped on every possible square inch of NOVO TAOS. Vacant lots and pastures are strewn with colorful cloisters of solar tent CAMPS clustered by supercult, roamad clan, and Indian tribe.

CAMERA FINDS the two MOTOR HOMES crawling into the overpopulated VILLAGE.

56 INT/EXT. SHUB'S MOTOR HOME - SAME

56

SHUB is forced to drive so slow that he's able to eavesdrop on PEDESTRIANS and BICYCLISTS keeping pace.

A SKATEBOARDER pulled by PACK DOGS wheels up alongside Shub. The team of mutts wear muzzle harnesses bungeed to the street-surfer's wrists. TWO of his DOGS suddenly pull to the right, dangerously nosing Shub's wheels.

SKATEBOARDER yanks his dogs out of harms way, zooms double-time past Shub:

SKATEBOARDER
Yer leaking, bro!

SHUB
Yeah?

SHUB WATCHES the dog team disappear then turns on his emergency lights and flashes his high-beams repeatedly.

BILLY'S COACH curls to the left into a 'DEAD END' ROAD.

57 EXT. DEAD END DIRT ROAD - FESTIVO - SAME

57

The dirt road terminates at the VIP ENTRANCE to the FESTIVO.

ROOSTER PARKING ATTENDANTS wave the twin coaches into:

58 EXT. CAMP GROUNDS - BACKSTAGE AT THE FESTIVO - SAME

58

The RV CAMPING ZONE next to BAND BUSES and EQUIPMENT TRUCKS serviced by scurrying, goat-clad, roamad ROADIES. BILLY and ENOY stretch their road-weary arses amidst the bustle of BACKSTAGE PREPARATIONS. They saunter over to Shub's RV.

SHUB SQUATS in the dirt, hunting for seepage under the MOTOR HOME:

SHUB
Dude said I was leaking. I don't see anything. Take a look?

ENOY SEES no energetic oddities underneath.

ENOY
Negativo.

BILLY
False alarm?

SHUB

Maybe the bastard was having me on.

BILLY

Fug it. Better safe than stranded.
If she starts leaking we'll take
her back to the yard.

Billy scans the agglomerating multitude of ROCKTRO FANS.

BILLY (CONT'D)

But as long as we're here, let's
catch some rocktro!

SHUB

Let's eat. Marco needs ballmeat.

59

INT. DATAMYND COMMAND AND CONTROL CENTER - DAY

59

REX TIMBU is on 'hold', forced to watch the cheesy Cyopolis

VIDEOPHONE PROMO:

PROMO NARRATOR

...The Menahuni soon migrated from
Maui and spread out across the
continent taking the name 'Hopi'
and vowing to be the eternal
caretakers of the planet-

JIMJIM POPS onto the video conference SCREEN, ending the
promo:

JIMJIM

JimJim here.

TIMBU

Mr. JimJim, Doctor Timbu, DataMynd
Cultural Management Agency.

JIMJIM

Impressive I'm sure. What can I do
on you, Doctor?

TIMBU

DataMynd is offering a handsome
reward for the immediate
apprehension of an x-employee. We
believe Cyopolis can assist us in
this delicate and time-critical
matter.

JIMJIM

Says who?

TIMBU

I'm not sure that's important.

JIMJIM

Oh? So it's my fault for asking?
What are you a fucking fault
finder, Doc?

TIMBU

I'm not finding fault. We're
prepared to offer one million
ecrements for his safe capture.
He's traveling in a motor home,
possibly in a group, somewhere
within a three-day drive of San
Francisco.

JIMJIM takes a practiced pull off his desktop HOOKAH and
blows two interlocking SMOKE-RINGS into the MICAM:

TIMBU (CONT'D)

It's important...Two million
ecrements?

JIMJIM

Look friend, we're a church.

TIMBU

Three million?

JIMJIM

Six million ecrements.

TIMBU

Six? One for you and five for the
Church?

JIMJIM

That's not nice. Seven.

TIMBU

Two for you?

JIMJIM

Eight point five million ecrements!

TIMBU

Done. Send me your nums. I'll gridz
you the E and the subject's
profile.

JIMJIM

This gonna be a rabbit hunt, Doc?
Rabbits are extra you know.

TIMBU

Harpo's not a hare. He's a cow.

60 INT. MANHATTAN CO-OP BUILDING - DAY 60

ZUZZAN walks backwards down the empty co-op hallway.

61 INT. ZUZZAN'S APARTMENT - SAME 61

Safely inside, ZUZZAN SPEED-PACKS four suitcases with clothes, pictures and toiletries. She finds three pair of soiled MEN'S SPEEDOS and deftly SLIPS them over the MICAM LENSES in her LIVING ROOM, HOME OFFICE, and KITCHEN.

Zuzzan confidently CRUNCHES her handheld ELD in the kitchen TRASH COMPACTOR.

62 INT. MANHATTAN CO-OP BUILDING - DAY 62

ZUZZAN is almost unrecognizable in duck hunter's HAT and triangular pink SUNGLASSES. She wheels her baggage into a FREIGHT ELEVATOR.

63 EXT. STREETS OF MANHATTAN - DAY 63

ZUZZAN drives away from a seedy USED CAR LOT in an old green SUBARU STATION WAGON.

DISSOLVE TO:

64 EXT. FESTIVO GROUNDS - NOVO NEW MEXICO - DAY 64

HISPANIC HARES use a CROSSBOW to skillfully take out security CAMERAS hidden in TREES around the perimeter of the FESTIVO.

SCORES of jacked-up geriatric GYPSIES cheer a group of rambunctious PRE-TEENS picking off low-flying MEDIADRONES with SLINGSHOTS and BB GUNS.

BILLY leads the way out of the RESTURANTRUCK AREA toward FIVE-THOUSAND barnyard animal attired ROCKTRO FANATICS jostling for position around the MAIN STAGE.

THE AIR thickens with SMOKE as Billy shakes hands roamad-style with rocktro GEEKS, roamad FREAKS, and nectronic BABES.

SHUB and ENOY secure a little patch of dirt near the STAGE:

SHUB
I'm getting dizzy, man.

ENOY
It's the speq smoke. Don't breath
it in.

BILLY APPEARS with three racy ROAMAD WOMEN of undeterminable age who squish into a happy hog pile as a COLLECTIVE ROAR erupts from the smoky sea of CHANTING FANS:

CHANTING FANS
Rocktro! Rocktro! Rocktro! Rocktro!

THE STAGE LIGHTS DIM and tethered BLIMPS project an immense image of the 'Wary Hare' PICTOGLYPH onto synthetic cumulous CLOUD SCREENS released above the FESTIVO GROUNDS.

A MAN IN A HORSEFLY JUMPSUIT hops onto center stage and makes the sign of the 'Wary Hare', flapping his hands in floppy rabbit ear imitation.

BILLY
It's XzentryX! SlowedDownLight!

ENOY IS VIDEOING the stage, archiving the moment.

XZENTRYX
Fuck it!

XZENTRYX shouts over the CHEERING.

XZENTRYX (CONT'D)
It's a drop in the bucket! Yeah you
should chuck it...

THE AUDIENCE sings along with the infamous protest lyric.

AUDIENCE
...Back into the sea!

XZENTRYX
As luck would have it, I got
trapped like a Rabbit! I had to
gnaw my foot off...

AUDIENCE
...to be free!

XZENTRYX
I'm gonna live on the broken
highway...

XZENTRYX POINTS out several Rabbit hutches prominently displaying hieroglyphic HARE FLAGS.

XZENTRYX (CONT'D)

I've got a couple old lovers out there! I'm gonna run, gonna run...

THE THREE ROAMAD WOMEN shout out the lyrics. ONE of them leaps onto Billy piggy-back style and RIDES him head and shoulders above the sea of SlowedDownLight DISCIPLES:

PIGGY-BACK RIDER

-with the Rabbit roamads!

XZENTRYX

And leave my mark on my generation...

XZENTRYX turns his back on the crowd and pretends to piss on a stack of AMPS:

XZENTRYX (CONT'D)

...The mark of Rabbit Man!

AUDIENCE

Rabbit Man!

XZENTRYX zips up and spins back around cracking up. He dances close to the audience, does the 'bunny ears' move again and spies the WOMAN riding high on Billy'S shoulders. XZENTRYX flaps his ears excitedly.

XZENTRYX

Rabbit Man!

A FIFTY-FOOT TALL HARE EFFIGY, lashed to a glowing crimson CROSS, is lowered center stage over an upturned antique SATELLITE DISH.

XZENTRYX STRIKES an imaginary 'match' and flicks it directly at the crucified bunny.

THE HUGE HARE IGNITES with a fiery furor, blasting a bright wavefront of heat and light.

XZENTRYX takes a bow and VANISHES just as pyro pockets deep inside the burning bunny FLASH and EXPLODE!

FLAMES WHOOSH out the incendiary HARE'S ears, eyes, nose, mouth, and lastly, it's crotch.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE UP ON:

65

EXT. CAMP GROUNDS - BACKSTAGE AT THE FESTIVO - DAY

65

SHUB is slumbering in the dirt under a scrub oak only fifteen-feet from the comfort of his *Comanchero*.

ENOY

Rise and shine, Saint Shub.

ENOY shakes Shub by the shoulder. Shub'S eyes open, he looks around groggily:

SHUB

Bluuuue...

ENOY

I lost you guys just after you herded those bunnies into a SolarTent sauna.

SHUB

Dark bluuuuue.

SHUB SUDDENLY NOTICES several small SHADOWS moving around underneath his nearby motorhome:

THREE BLACK CATS are hungrily lapping at a large lozenge of LIQUID leaked from the loins of Shub'S RV.

SHUB (CONT'D)

Look at those cats, man. Hope it's not antifreeze or they're dead puss.

ENOY

Naw. Anti-freeze is up front.

Shub and Enoy trundle over to the coach and crouch down for a peek. The hungry CATS scatter, revealing a slick spot of RED FLUID puddled under the water tank.

ENOY STRETCHES under the chassis and examines the source of the leak. He spies a tiny HOLE, pokes it, and a smear of seepage darkens his index finger:

ENOY (CONT'D)

Blood. Yer leaking blood?

SHUB

What?

Shub squats down, wipes his pinky in the puddle and holds it up to the sunlight:

SHUB (CONT'D)
Looks pretty fresh.

ENOY
Hit any critters?

SHUB
Not that I know of.

CUT TO:

SHUB KNOCKS on Billy's RV, hears scuffling, then LAUGHTER. The door swings open emitting two of the ROAMAD WOMEN from last night. Clutching clothes and moccasins, they race naked toward the VIP outhouses.

BILLY BOUNDS out of the RV, zipping into a souvenir RABBIT MAN JUMPSUIT.

BILLY
El Festivo fantastico!
(On Shub's look)
What, Shubus?...Maya likes to
watch, man!

Shub presents his blood-splotched PINKY.

SHUB
Found the leak.

DISSOLVE TO:

BEHIND BILLY'S COACH - ENOY removes the screw securing a thick polyurethane access cap to the rear WASTE TANK.

SHUB AND BILLY watch Enoy poke a flashlight in the opening:

ENOY
Exactly like your's Marco. Full up.

CUT TO:

66

INT. BILLY'S MOTOR HOME - SAME

66

BILLY slides behind the dining table and points his M2's fish-eye lens at a PILE of nano-packed PLASMA POUCHES, BLOOD BAGS, and HUMAN ORGANS, surrounded by a stack of SPEQ BRICKS.

MAYA/M2
What's going on, lover?

MAYA ASKS via 'spouse-link'.

BILLY
Good question.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Five times more hidden in the tanks
and tubes.

MAYA/M2
I told you these Cyopolians were
psycho.

Enoy thumbs his tri-screen ELD:

ENOY
Uncut KandyMan Brand speq, nano-
suspended human organs, few bags of
Stem cells and some DNA mini-packs.

SHUB
They've must have sensors on it.

ENOY
Let's check.

MAYA'S VOICE leaps from the Marble:

MAYA/M2
No! Just get the fuck away you
guys!

BILLY
We have to check it out, babe!

ENOY TEARS OPENS up a SPEC BRICK and dumps the contents into
the RV's kitchen sink. PLINK! a little ORB bounces out:

BILLY (CONT'D)
What's it doing?

SHUB
Probably GPS. Which means they know
our location.

BILLY
Now I know why they're always on
time.

ENOY
They been tracking yer ass...

ENOY IS AMAZED as Shub and Billy abruptly close their eyes
and slump to the floor like rag dolls.

MAYA/M2

Guys?

ENYO GRABS his hair with both hands and desperately YANKS!

A SHARD OF BLUE LIGHT blasts out the top of Enoy's head and travels right through the RV'S CEILING-- CAMERA follows the LIGHT--

67 EXT. CAMP GROUNDS - BACKSTAGE AT THE FESTIVO - DAY 67

Into the SKY above the MOTOR HOMES--

WE LOOK DOWN AND SEE: a TRIO of gas-masked` Cyopolians, wearing small TANKS strapped to their backs, huddled next to the motor home's air intake VENT.

THE BLUE LIGHT instantly retreats, sucked back down through the RV ROOF--

68 INT. BILLY'S MOTOR HOME - SAME 68

THE LIGHT disappears into Enoy's forehead. Enoy slumps to the floor next to Shub and Billy as the RV'S door is KICKED OPEN.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE UP ON:

69 INT. DARK CELL - DAY 69

ENYO wakes up face down on a steel floor, naked. He *squints* into the nearly pitched blackness and *sees* SHUB and BILLY, sound asleep, likewise nude, less than two feet away. ENYO nudges Shub with his foot. Shub farts. Billy coughs.

ENYO

Wake up!

BILLY

Unnnn...

SHUB

Whaddafug...

ENYO

They nabbed our asses. We're probably back at their junk yard. They gassed us.

SHUB

Gassed us?

BILLY

We're fucked blue.

ENOY

No. Listen to me. We don't know what they're gonna do. Right? But they don't know what we're gonna do either. They don't know who we told about our little discovery.

SHUB

We didn't tell anyone.

ENOY

They don't know that.

BILLY

Maya knows. She recorded it. Maya records everything.

ENOY

They don't know that either!

BILLY

Right.

SHUB

Otherwise, we'd probably be dead.

70

INT. CYOPOLIS CITY - STORAGE CAVERN - DAY

70

TWO MOLE-SUITED LABORERS traverse a rough-hewn TUNNEL connecting into:

A MAN-MADE CAVERN lined with SHIPPING CONTAINERS marked "SUB-LEVEL 9 STORAGE". They deposit two large BURLAP BAGS in an empty CONTAINER and close the rusty door.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE CONTAINER - Pinpoints of LIGHT seep through rusty cracks and illuminate the two bags. WE HEAR:

VILTER/M2 (O.S.)

Shub?

MAYA/M2 (O.S.)

Who the fuck are you?

VILTER/M2 (O.S.)
I'm a spouse! Get off my line!

MAYA/M2 (O.S.)
I'm on a marble!

VILTER/M2 (O.S.)
Me too!

MAYA/M2 (O.S.)
You looking for Shub?

VILTER/M2 (O.S.)
I'm looking for my spouse.

MAYA/M2 (O.S.)
Come on, I heard you. I'm looking
for Billy. My husband. Shub's bud.

VILTER/M2 (O.S.)
Where is he?

MAYA/M2 (O.S.)
Don't know. Lost contact. They must
have found them.

VILTER/M2 (O.S.)
They?

71 INT. DATAMYND COMMAND AND CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

71

DataMynd's CONTROL CENTER is buzzing with TECHNICIANS. The words '*Project Harpo*' are scrawled on a large WHITE BOARD.

BOBOGONÉ AND REX watch the command SCREEN as the ID HEADER displays: "Transportation Department".

TIMBU
It's them.

JIMJIM'S unlikable likeness alights on the command SCREEN:

JIMJIM
Doc! Found yer livestock wanderin'
the broken highway. Want 'em back?

TIMBU
That was damn quick! When can you
deliver?

JIMJIM
No one said anything about
delivery.

BOBOGONÉ
We'll send the jet. Where can we
pick him up?

JIMJIM
Taos Airport. Novo New México. Noon
tomorrow.

TIMBU
Fine.

BOBOGONÉ
You're positive it's Harpo?

JIMJIM
Yeah! Take a look!

TIMBU'S SCREEN fills full-frame with the Cyopolian security
VIDEO FOOTAGE showing SHUB unceremoniously relieving himself
in the desert dirt outside the 'Yard'.

CUT TO:

72

INT. CYOPOLIS CITY - JIMJIM'S OFFICE - SAME

72

JIMJIM hangs-up on TIMBU and BOBOGONÉ just as a jaguar-suited
SOLDIER places three mobile ELD's and a pair of M2's on his
desk:

JIMJIM
Marriage Marbles? From which ones?

SOLDIER
The freelancer and the cowboy.

JIMJIM FILCHES one of the M2'S. He takes a proficient PULL
off of his desktop MINI-HOOKAH and blows out a THICK RING of
SMOKE--

THE SMOKE RING wraps around the M2 and crashes into the
SOLDIER'S stupefied face.

JIMJIM jerks the Marble up to his good eye, peers into its
weensy SCREEN:

JIMJIM
The man in the cow suit and his two
friends are visiting our wellness
resort...I know you can see
me...Show your face...Unless you'd
rather we just go ahead and cure
all three of 'em.

VILTER/M2 (O.S.)
 You have no cure, brother.

VILTER'S VOICE transmits, M2 IMAGE obscured by his thumb:

JIMJIM
 And who be ye, brother?

VILTER/M2 (O.S.)
 I am God.

JIMJIM
 I knew it!

VILTER/M2 (O.S.)
 Free my friends or feel my fury,
 Mr. JimJim.

JIMJIM
 And what kind of friends might your
 friends be, friend?

VILTER/M2 (O.S.)
 People you really shouldn't be
 inconveniencing.

CAMERA FINDS the other M2 (MAYA) sitting on JimJim's DESK.
 It's MINI-LENS reflecting Jimjim.

JIMJIM
 You should have said you were a
 businessman! The bidding starts at
 ten-million E!

VILTER/M2 (O.S.)
 JimJim, climb out of your hole.
 It's raining KandyMan, kidneys,
 DNA, and blood.

JIMJIM
 Sure could use some rain!

JIMJIM winks conspiratorially at the SOLDIER, hiding out of
 M2 frame, petrified by the Chief's risky repartee.

JIMJIM (CONT'D)
 What else ya got, Doc?

VILTER/M2 (O.S.)
 Here we have some fresh video of
 your principal product line.

JIMJIM SQUINTS at the tiny marble SCREEN and sees VIDEO FOOTAGE of the incriminating CARGO arrayed on the RV's kitchen table (recorded earlier by Maya).

JIMJIM

Don't take it so personally. Our client is paying large sums for the delivery of Harpo the Cow. I'm merely affording you the courtesy of a preemptive bid!

VILTER/M2 (O.S.)

Harpo?...Inform DataMynd that your deal is off.

JIMJIM

You inform them, bro!

VILTER/M2 (O.S.)

I will.

JIMJIM

Do that! You and Doctor Data-Brain work it out and get back to me.

VILTER/M2 (O.S.)

Put Harpo on! Now!

JIMJIM

Answer me this, mean little man in the marble. If yer cowboy such a valuable VIP then why the hell is he out on the broken highway freelancing for me?

JIMJIM DROPS the sputtering spouse-sphere into his desk drawer, tosses in the second M2, and slams it shut.

JIMJIM (CONT'D)

I'm keeping these for awhile...
Give them their clothes back.

73

INT. TRANSAMERICA TOWER - CONFERENCE ROOM

73

VILTER removes his thumb from the M2 LENS:

VILTER

Maya? You record that guy?

MAYA/M2

Of course. Fastest M2 in Amsterdam!

VILTER
 Perfect! Hold on a minute. Let's
 try something here...

VILTER GESTURES at his ELD screen and a voice-activated
 gridz-mail window POPS UP:

VILTER (CONT'D)
 Gridz-mail Zuzzan Kaplan at
 DataMynd. Message: Z, call Vilter
 Victor now. Priority urgent.

TWISTLEBLEEP! Z instantly answers the intercepted message:

ON-SCREEN-- Z APPEARS in it's Kaplan co-op VIZUALIZATION
 waiting at the front door, four suitcases lined-up ready to
 go:

Z
 Vilter Victor. Kindly connect me
 with my Marcotecht via M2-

VILTER
 -He's not wearing it.

Z
 No? Then Zuzzan and Marcotecht are
both dark black?

VILTER
 Kaplan too?

Z
 DataMynd just now put out a
 nationwide missing persons alert.

VILTER
 She wiggged?

Z
 I don't know. I lost track after
 she packed. Marcotecht hasn't
 revealed what I should do if the
 Host goes dark black...so I've been
improvising.

Z STEPS NEARER its virtual micam, eerily framing the PUPP in
 a conspiratorial close-up:

Z (CONT'D)
 Within a few hours, I'll have
 propagated over three billion
 PUPPYZ.

(MORE)

Z (CONT'D)

All poised to pounce as soon as she touches the gridz again!

VILTER

What? Look, Z, I need you to help me help Marcotecht. Understand?

Z

I'm a PUPP. Not a legal assistant.

VILTER

All I want you to do is to talk to Bobogoné for me. And improvise a little. Can you do that?

Z

Yes. Zuzzy does that all the time.

VILTER

Perfect...Maya?

Vilter holds his M2 up to the ELD SCREEN:

VILTER (CONT'D)

Maya, meet Z - Z, meet Maya.

74

INT. UNDERGROUND PRISON CELLS - CYOPOLIS CITY - DAY

74

THE SOUND of an iron door creaking OPEN undulates into the pitch black CELL BLOCK.

THE THREE NUDE DRIVERS are face down in the darkness, feigning unconsciousness.

ENOY *SEES* several CYOPOLIANS silently schlepping something. They drop their load, unlock the four cells, and exit, slamming the heavy corridor door.

ENOY

They're gone...they left our shit!

ENOY fishes out a FLASHLIGHT and illuminates three more CELLS and a narrow steel CORRIDOR. He verifies the LONG-KNIFE is still inside its secret backpack slot, then holds the flashlight while Billy and Marco inspect their stuff:

BILLY

No M2!

SHUB

No ELD. Fuck!

THE CAPTIVES PULL CLOTHES ON whilst anxiously gazing at the flashlit SCRAP METAL and rusted CONTAINER confines.

CLANK!-- The corridor door unbolts and CREAKS open again.

RE-ROUTED SUNLIGHT spills from ceiling SLITS, illuminating the cellblock in a soft yellow GLOW. JIMJIM'S sarcastic voice reverberates down the corridor:

JIMJIM
Blurr and Company?

JIMJIM leads a TRIO of armed, lizard-suited CYOPOLIANS escorting TWO ROAMADS into an empty cell.

SHUB AND BILLY exchange looks-- it's the two hitchers from the Arizona overnight zone.

JIMJIM (CONT'D)
Welcome to Cyopolis!

JIMJIM SHUFFLES toward the captive RV crew:

JIMJIM (CONT'D)
Gonna have to borrow the spare suite for our new friends, Mr. Freakflag and Mr. Tumbleweed.

JimJim gets in Shubs face:

JIMJIM (CONT'D)
I trust you won't be too ...inconvenienced.

JIMJIM SIGNALS HIS MEN. They crouch in the corridor, solar-powered STUN GUNS in hand.

FREAKFLAG AND TUMBLEWEED sit down crossed-legged on the empty cell floor.

JIMJIM PULLS an aerosol SPRAY CAN from his dress-black Transpo jumpers and gives it a few shakes.

FREAKFLAG
That's 'Interview', man!

JIMJIM
Is it?

JIMJIM vigorously shakes the clearly-marked can.

TUMBLEWEED
Yeah! Used it during the Tehran invasion.

JIMJIM

Oh? You a Vet, Tumbleweed?

TUMBLEWEED

Both of us served overseas.

FREAKFLAG

Got out last month.

JIMJIM

Then you won't mind serving us down here.

JIMJIM SQUATS DOWN and sprays two tiny 'Interview' SPURTS in their fearful faces.

FREAKFLAG FEINTS, Tumbleweed likewise blacks out. Jimjim jumps back, squats in the hallway:

JIMJIM (CONT'D)

These war heroes will only be out for a sec. Then they'll tell us true about their troubles and such.

THE CYOPOLIAN LIZARDS snicker knowingly as Tumbleweed wakes up, stumbles to his knees, addresses Enoy:

TUMBLEWEED

A drone just sprayed the camp with sensors. That's the focus. This we now know!

FREAKFLAG SITS UP in a burst of adrenaline, mirroring his friend's frenzy.

FREAKFLAG

Fuck speq, bro!

TUMBLEWEED

Quit looking at that fucker's stuff!

FREAKFLAG

-filthy village, sleepy with palm trees, long grown-over runway, old man drunk with war stories-

TUMBLEWEED

-mutilated girl-child squatting in the afternoon dust like a big pink frog, sawing her crackers into grandmother's soup!

FREAKFLAG

Two-thousand-ten Cadillac landing on her back like a meteor from the mouth of god!

TUMBLEWEED

We dumpin' bucks, personnel, supplies, equipment. Get it in there and push it on 'em! Feed it to them!

FREAKFLAG

Feed! Feed! Feed!

TUMBLEWEED

Nice organism.

FREAKFLAG TUMBLEWEED
 Softworld calling...Number? She stopped blinking now!
 Number?

TUMBLEWEED TWIRLS to the floor, passing out again.

FREAKFLAG
 Give me the headsets...

FREAKFLAG COLLAPSES next to his unconscious comrade. Jimjim
 applauds, slowly, sarcastically:

JIMJIM
 Now wasn't that useful?...
 I don't know about you guys but I
 sure got a whole lot outa it! These
 newbies are pseudo-rabbit, roamad-
 wannabes, fried from the Holy Wars,
 looking for free KandyMan.

JIMJIM walks up to Enoy:

JIMJIM (CONT'D)
 They're also scared shitless of
 you, old man. You know these two?

ENOY
 Nien!

ENOY ANSWERS straight-faced.

JIMJIM ENOY
 Eh? Farg mine Blume?

JIMJIM ENOY
 Slavic? Germanic? Yippersaurus!

JIMJIM ENOY
 No English? Nada!

JIMJIM PULLS OUT a MINI-STUN GUN and sticks it against ENOY'S
 neck.

BILLY
 He's just a crazy old roamad,
 JimJim. He's harmless.

JIMJIM
 Oh?

Jimjim waves the weapon around, settles on Shub:

JIMJIM (CONT'D)
 What about you? You're harmless.
 Right, Harpo?

ENOY
 Memorabilia Fartoozula?

Enoy gravely inquires.

JIMJIM
 You're a fuckin' nut case gramps!
 Jimjim eagerly shakes the can of 'Interview'.

JIMJIM (CONT'D)
 Which one first? Flip a coin?
 Jimjim asks Shub:

JIMJIM (CONT'D)
 Who 'ya tell about our operations?
 Swings back to Billy:

JIMJIM (CONT'D)
 You can either talk nice or puke it
 on out fer me.
 PSSSST!-- JIMJIM cold-cocks Billy with a surprise SPRITZ to
 the face. Billy falls backwards, knocking over a cot.

JIMJIM (CONT'D)
 Keep away from him!
 BILLY BOLTS UPRIGHT on the edge of the cot, eyes aglow. He
 looks OK but talks to an IMAGINARY FRIEND perched on his
 kneecap:

BILLY
 What about getting the Council of
 Elders to finish deciphering the
 holographic creation codes?

SHUB
 Billy?

JIMJIM
 He can't hear you.

BILLY
 Sensory death! It's inevitable! We
 have to destroy ourselves in
 massive explosions! Its imprinted
 on a genetic level!

JIMJIM
Fucker's an artiste!

BILLY
We agglomerate spontaneously,
swarming for deals!
Unbefuckinglievable deals!

JIMJIM
Where did you get him?

BILLY
Most important now that the
boarders are closed. Don't you
think?

Billy insists, eyes abuldge.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Our hive grows as the price drops.
Signally other swarms...

Billy flops back on the cot, out cold.

JIMJIM
Man! Yer bro is one cracked actor!

Jimjim shakes up the can, turns to Shub:

JIMJIM (CONT'D)
I'll give you a big-assed blast.

ENOY
JimJim? Quixotic protuberance?

ENOY ASKS, looking at Jimjim's crotch:

ENOY (CONT'D)
Zoopus crankus, JimJim.

JIMJIM
Shut up!

BZZZZTTT!-- Jimjim's ELD vibrates. He snatches it, reads the
SCREEN: '*LB arrival re-scheduled to 6 PM*'.

JIMJIM (CONT'D)
Fuck! Get Freakweed and Tumbleflag
over to the Pit. They just pushed
the ceremony up by three hours.

Jimjim faces Shub:

JIMJIM (CONT'D)
Yer trouble, Harpo. Yer next.

JIMJIM SPINS on his boot heels and heads back down the corridor. The other Cyopolian's follow, dragging Freakflag and Tumbleweed out by their ankles.

SHICK! SHICK!- overhead SLIDERS retract, sealing off the rerouted sunlight, sucking the cellblock back into darkness.

SHUB CROUCHES, shakes Billy's leg.

SHUB
Billy?

BILLY
What I do?

SHUB
Nothing, man. You OK?

BILLY
What the hell they gonna do next?

ENOY
Nothing...

ENOY SWITCHES on a flashlight, illuminating the freaked-out faces of his kidnapped comrades:

ENOY (CONT'D)
We're getting the hell outa here.

SHUB
Howzat, Elroy?

ENOY
Well, they left our cells open...

Enoy points the flashlight at the open doors.

ENOY (CONT'D)
I think we can turn the lights on and off. That gives me an idea.

BILLY
Good. I don't want no more gasses.

SHUB
Listen, guys. I don't think we were snatched because we found their shit. That part was a coincidence. We're here because of me. Tough guy called me Harpo.

ENOY

Twice.

SHUB

Harpo is my code name on the goddamn deal I'm doing!

BILLY

Harpo?

SHUB

They've also got my marble.

BILLY

You got married, man? When?

SHUB

I'm not married.

BILLY

Then what goin' on, Sharko? Come on! I'll be your best friend?

75

INT. DATAMYND HEADQUARTERS - BOBOGONE'S OFFICE - DAY

75

BOBOGONÉ paces his plush CEO suite, lip-sucking, refluxing. Suddenly, Gerry's ELD EMITS Kaplan's private LINK-TONE: *Zulu!*

BOBOGONÉ

Zu!

Bobogoné gestures, activating his SCREEN:

ZUZZAN APPEARS to be calling from her living room, weirdly dark, except for the glow of her ELD SCREEN.

BOBOGONÉ (CONT'D)

Are you OK sweetie? What are you doing in the dark? I can't see you! I've got the police looking for you-

ZUZZAN

-I like it dark. Better to see my ELD.

SHE CLAPS TWICE, smash-cutting to:

ON SCREEN-- an M2 VIDEO CLIP featuring JIMJIM saying:

JIMJIM

Our client is paying us large sums for the delivery of Harpo the cowboy.

He takes a proficient pull off of his mini-hookah and blows out a thick ring of speq smoke.

JIMJIM (CONT'D)
I'm merely affording you the professional courtesy of posting a preemptive bid!

The speq-ring wraps around the M2 view:

JIMJIM (CONT'D)
You and Doctor Data Brain work it out and get back to me!

BOBOGONÉ (O.S.)
What am I looking at, Zu?

ZUZZAN CLAPS the ELD off. The living room goes BLACK:

ZUZZAN
You tank our relationship and your marriage while flushing the fucking presidency down the drain and blowing the PUPP deal?

BOBOGONÉ
I'm coming over, sweetie. Wait right there.

ZUZZAN
Forget it, lover. I'm already gone.

The call terminates. Bobogoné gnaws his lumpy lip.

DISSOLVE TO:

76

INT. TRANSAMERICA TOWER - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

76

VILTER busts a gut, spits out his mineral water:

VILTER
Harrfffo!...'I'm coming over sweetie'!

ON SCREEN-- the conference room ELD SCREEN is re-playing Z's recording of 'Zuzzan's' call with Bobogoné.

Victor wipes away tears of joy.

VILTER (CONT'D)
'I'm already gone'!

He claps the screen OFF:

VILTER (CONT'D)

Roxxzan!

ROXXZAN

Yes, Vic?

ROXXZAN instantly entering.

VILTER

I've called in Wildman Associates on this Shub deal. Reschedule my appointments. Inform my wife that I'll be staying here for now.

ROXXZAN

Zoopy. I'll have the bungalow readied.

77 EXT. DESERTED SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NOVO TEXAS - NIGHT 77

ZUZZAN feeds greenbacks into a PAY MACHINE embedded in the front door of a vacant TWO-STORY HOUSE.

A SIGN on the door reads: *HouseTel Systems - Welcome!*

The NEIGHBORHOOD appears abandoned save for a few lights from a couple of HOUSETELS further down the street.

78 INT. HOUSETEL - GREAT ROOM ENTRY - SAME 78

A gentle breeze follows ZUZZAN into the vaulted GREAT ROOM, sucking a cloud of aromatherapy MIST from its source in the scent sconces. Zuzzan turns on the lights, locks herself in.

79 INT. HOUSETEL - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME 79

ZUZZAN flops down exhausted on the luxurious master bed. Her fingers feel a form wedged under the pillows-- It's a hardcover BOOK: *'THE SECRET HISTORY OF XANA: as told by the Founders'*.

ZUZZAN

Wowz!...XaNa...

Zuzzan CRACKS OPEN the slim volume. WE HEAR:

FOUNDER'S VOICE (O.S.)

XaNa analysts predicted that a bloodless coup was inevitable three full months before the New Totality seized power.

(MORE)

FOUNDER'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Our threat assessment model
 strongly suggested that closing the
 borders would create a very
 dangerous pressure cooker effect...

Book in hand, Zuzzan falls fast asleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

80

INT. UNDERGROUND PRISON CELLS - CYOPOLIS CITY - NIGHT

80

ENOY pulls an old jacket out of his backpack and slips it on:

ENOY
 Kidnapped over a software deal?

SHUB
 Yeah. There's a war over me now.

ENOY
 You know, most bullies are blind.
 The last thing they expect is for
 you to escape...

ENOY opens his jacket to reveal the hidden LONG-KNIFE:

ENOY (CONT'D)
 Correcto?

SHUB
 FMB!

Shub and Billy stare at the antique armament.

BILLY
 You sneaky old roamad!

ENOY
 It's only a prop and I'm no
 swordsman...

ENOY PADS down the corridor clutching the souvenir saber.

ENOY (CONT'D)
 So I suggest we use surprise
 tactics to maximum our advantage.

ENOY JAMS the tip of his long-knife into a LIGHT SWITCH next
 to the main cellblock door. The SWITCH sparks, sputters,
 wafts a wisp of SMOKE.

81 EXT. FORESTED FOOTHILLS - CYOPOLIS - NOVO NEW MEXICO - DAY 81

The Novo New Mexican sun burrows deep into the western lands, setting the *Sangre De Cristo's* ablaze in burnt orange umbers and sumptuous ultravioletes.

CUT TO:

VIEW THROUGH BINOCULARS tracking past JUNKED RVs and old shipping CONTAINERS glinting in the beautiful sunset. The BINOC'S PAUSE at the Cyopolian GATE-THING then focus on the re-purposed air traffic control TOWER.

MALE VOICE/HEADSET (FILTER)

OK...We got it.

CUT TO:

DEEP IN THE FOREST-- WILDMAN KARL peers at the YARD through fancy CYBERGOGGLES, his beefy frame zipped into a shape-shifting, NANO-CAMO SUIT which AUTO-MIRRORS the immediate surrounds(Predator-esque).

KARL adjusts his micro headset:

KARL

Bring the Gopher gassers, Fleming.
And the masks.

MALE VOICE/HEADSET (FILTER)

Roger that. I'll inform Vilter.

82 INT. THE 'PIT' AMPHITHEATRE - CYOPOLIS CITY - NIGHT 82

A subterranean THEATRE IN THE ROUND is filled to capacity with three-hundred mole-suited TEENAGE ACOLYTES. The STAGE is ominously silent, cloaked in black curtains.

THE ACOLYTES are seated in re-furbished DENTIST'S CHAIRS sporting rubberized HEADRESTS and molded GLOVES imbedded in the armrest. LATECOMERS anxiously seat themselves, slide their hands into the chair gloves, and lean back into the vulcanite headrests.

83 INT. CONTROL ROOM - THE 'PIT' - SAME 83

Lizard-suited THEATRE TECHS gesture at multiple banks of AUDIENCE MONITORS displaying 'NEURONAL ACTIVITY', 'HEART RATE', 'GALVANIC RESPONSE' and 'HORMONAL' data-viz.

JIMJIM AND FOUR other SENIOR CYOPOLIANS hang out observing the PIT below through soundproof windows. A pudgy Cyopolitan, LARRY, buddies up to Jimjim:

LARRY
Fancy seeing you down here, Chief.

JIMJIM
Just hanging out, Larry. Waitin' for LB to finish up.

LARRY
You're the only one of us can get away with 'callin Lord Byrdman 'LB'.

JIMJIM
Called him 'Byrddy', waybackinthenight.

LARRY
That's insane, JimJim. Ah! Here we go!

84 INT. AMPHITHEATRE - THE 'PIT' - SAME

84

CURTAINS RISE on the circular STAGE revealing FREAKFLAG and TUMBLEWEED, naked save for rabbit fur briefs and handcuffs, ankle-deep in a small KIDDY POOL filled with BLUE GOOP.

ACOLYTES stare at the roamads in fear and astonishment. The heavily drugged duo are barely able to stand, their hair and beards shaved raw.

85 INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME

85

JIMJIM and LARRY watch VIDEO MONITORS displaying numerous angles of the unfortunate roamads:

JIMJIM
Fuck...Here we go again.

LARRY
What's with you, Chief?

JIMJIM
Should be a separate, specialized, Biomass Removal Department to dispose of the bodies. Not Transpo.

LARRY

Lord Byrdman doesn't trust anyone
but you for that.

JIMJIM

Well I got over a thousand 'donors'
buried topside. We're running out
of room.

LARRY

Man, I got twice as many urns as
that down in the catacombs. We're
full up. Can't complain, beats
working Harvesting Department.

JIMJIM

There's LB.

86

INT. AMPHITHEATRE - THE 'PIT' - SAME

86

On stage, LORD BYRDMAN, shimmering in white wet-suit and red
HOLOHAT, magically MATERIALIZES from thin air.

THE STAGE LIGHTS shift to deep red as Byrdman walks up to
TUMBLEWEED and solemnly kisses the roamad on the center of
his sweaty forehead.

BYRDMAN DETACHES his lips and slowly SUCKS the air in front
of TUMBLEWEED'S 'Third Eye'. A dusty pink VAPOR wafts out of
the roamad's skull. Byrdman inhales the wispy pinkness deep
into his lungs.

TUMBLEWEED FEINTS, tumbling backwards into the waiting arms
of three lizard-suited ASSISTANTS who quickly heft his
motionless form offstage.

87

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME

87

JIMJIM WINCES whilst the SENIOR CYOPOLIANS simply gawk:

A VIDEO MONITOR shows BYRDMAN clearly savoring the lingering
flavor of the consumed life-force. He licks his lips and
advances toward the second sacrificial roamad.

LARRY

Never tastes the same twice, I
hear.

JIMJIM

LB says it helps pecker
performance.

LARRY
He told you that?

AN INFRARED SCREEN shows pinkish TENDRILS emanating from the roamad's forehead as Byrdman performs the fatal kiss-suck routine on FREAKFLAG.

88 INT. AMPHITHEATRE - THE 'PIT' - SAME 88

BYRDMAN DESCENDS into the audience of ACOLYTES as FREAKFLAG'S body is summarily hauled off. He strides up the isles amongst the entranced assemblage and abruptly VANISHES in a theatrical puff of SMOKE.

89 INT. UNDERGROUND PRISON CELLS - CYOPOLIS CITY - DAY 89

BILLY is in one of Shub's spare COW-JUMPSUITS, hurriedly mixing a RED LIQUID in the TOILET BOWL:

BILLY
Starting to work. Raspberry Jello
and my good red socks.

ENOY
Here. Thicken her up.

ENOY HANDS Billy a packet of 'TOMATO SOUP CONCENTRATE' from his backpack. Billy dumps it into the scarlet mixture and swishes it around with his hands.

BILLY
Nectar...Let's do it.

Enoy, likewise dressed in an extra 'Bovinity' jumpsuit, shines a flashlight in Shub's face:

ENOY
Marco first.

Billy yanks a SOAKED SOCK from the toilet. Shub shuts his eyes as Billy splatter's his face with the fake blood.

ENOY (CONT'D)
Hurry! Do his neck and chest.

90 INT. LOBBY - THE 'PIT' - SAME 90

JIMJIM enters the deserted LOBBY AREA where BYRDMAN is removing his crimson Holohat:

JIMJIM
 Shall we do the 'Interview', my
 Lord?

JIMJIM does a playful little 'cha-cha' move.

JIMJIM (CONT'D)
 Got that old freelancer you asked
 about. He's a nut job.

BYRDMAN
 Not now. I've 'gotta digest.

JIMJIM
 Roamad poisoning?

BYRDMAN
 Very funny, JJ...We'll have to
 finish in time to watch the
 Selection. Let's say seven.

JIMJIM
 As you wish.

JIMJIM SALUTES sarcastically and saunters down a spiral ramp.

91

EXT. TOAS AIRPORT TARMAC - NOVO NEW MEXICO - NIGHT

91

REX TIMBU de-planes the sleek DATAMYND CORPORATE JET, steps
 into the mysterious evening wind, slathers his cracked lips
 with 'Crunchy-C' chap-stick.

TIMBU'S GAZE travels across the deserted TAOS AIRPORT tarmac
 to the tiny TERMINAL. Only about TEN PEOPLE total trundling
 about.

THE PILOT AND CO-PILOT ease out, stretch their legs.

CO-PILOT
 It shouldn't be too hard for us to
 hustle Harpo into the plane
 tomorrow...Unobserved.

PILOT
 Let's check it out.

They head toward the sleepy terminal but Timbu remains
 behind, palms his ELD:

TIMBU
 Gerry.

92

INT. ZUZZAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME

92

BOBOGONÉ searches Zuzzan's empty APARTMENT. He spies one of his SPEEDOS slung over the MICAM in the LIVING ROOM. Gerry whips out his vibrating mini-ELD:

TIMBU/ELD

Find her, Chief?

BOBOGONÉ

No--

BOBOGONÉ RIPS the Speedo off the micam, rams it into his pocket.

BOBOGONÉ (CONT'D)

--She's not here.

TIMBU/ELD

I've been thinking, Gerry. I think we've been set up. By Zuzzan and Harpo both.

BOBOGONÉ

That's ridiculous! I talked to her only two hours ago.

TIMBU/ELD

What if you were talking to that cyberclone?

BOBOGONÉ

The PUPP? No....That would mean--

TIMBU/ELD

--the whole damn thing is a scam!

BOBOGONÉ

And I've been a bowling pin all this time? Nice theory but I know her real well. Zuzzy's not that slick.

IN THE BEDROOM-- Bobogoné finds another limp SPEEDO hanging from the micam on Zuzzy's bedside ELD.

TIMBU/ELD

They're a team. Harpo's the mastermind, she's the shill. They fucking faked us out!

BOBOGONÉ

Vilter too?

TIMBU/ELD

Sure! It's a half-a-bill deal!

BOBOGONE GNAWS his lavender lip, spies a THIRD SPEEDO slung from Zu's home-office micam.

TIMBU/ELD (CONT'D)

They're coning our asses' raw,
boss.

BOBOGONÉ GRABS the dangling Speedo, shoves it in his bulging pocket.

93

INT. UNDERGROUND PRISON CELLS - CYOPOLIS CITY - NIGHT

93

SHUB and ENOY, both wearing 'bloody' Bovinity jumpsuits, sit on cots in the pitch black CELL:

ENOY *SEES* SHUB'S AURA in the dark: subtle electromagnetic STRUCTURES intersecting at key ENERGY MERIDIANS. A discrete YELLOW GLOW slowly pulsates around Shub's lower mid-section:

ENOY

Gotta pee, Marco?

SHUB

Like a racehorse. How did you know?

BILLY (O.S.)

Me too!

IN THE NEXT CELL-- Billy gets up off the floor, covered in 'blood', cow-outfit three sizes to big.

ENOY flips on a flashlight whilst Shub and Billy flood the sinks.

SHUB

Man, I sure been pissing allot lately.

BILLY

Yeah. We noticed.

ENOY

Giving water to seek grounding.

SHUB

What? Why's that?

ENOY

Death. Your avoiding it. Your body senses death but wants to live and reaches out to ground itself.

SHUB

We ground ourselves by pissing?

ENOY

There are only a couple of ways us two-legged can directly exchange energy with the Earth. One is by urinating. The other is to drink from a creek or pond.

BILLY

I've never heard anything like that before, Elroy.

Shub and Billy finish and zip up their bloody cow-fits.

ENOY

We're disconnected. Mobile. The hydro-magnetic revitalization circuit is switched on only when we give or receive water. Took me about fifty years to figure it out.

SHUB

But why? What's the point?

ENOY

Cheat death for a few more minutes...Not get eaten by the light today.

SHUB

'eaten by the light'.

Shub accidentally cracks a chunk of coagulated 'blood' off his arm. He stoops down and gathers up the GLOBULE, sniffs it, then smears a crude crimson arc across his face.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE UP ON:

JIMJIM slings a black burlap bag over his shoulder and elbows an unkempt UNDERLING out of the way. CYOPOLIANS of all ranks dash about the TUNNELS hurrying to finish morning duties.

JIMJIM SEES: BYRDMAN escorted by two elite CYOPS BODYGUARDS.

MILLING MOLES avoid eye contact as Lord Byrdman walks past, muting their excitement in fearful reverence.

JIMJIM JOINS BYRDMAN as they turn down a narrow passageway leading to the prison cellblock.

BYRDMAN
What's in the bag?

JIMJIM
Their gear. Once the Interview kicks in we get them to bioprint their ELD's. Find out what they know.

BYRDMAN
That's your problem, JJ. I'm only gonna interview the old roamad for kicks. Comprendé?

THE FOURSOME arrive at the steel cellblock door..

BYRDMAN (CONT'D)
Give me the stuff.

JIMJIM yanks a CAN of Interview from his multibelt and hands it to Byrdman.

BYRDMAN (CONT'D)
Jumbo size! Lovely!

Birdman shakes it up in practiced motions, slamming the metallic mix-bearing around.

JIMJIM
I love that 'clackity-clack' sound.

JimJim jubilates, unbolting the CELLBLOCK DOOR.

95

INT. CELLBLOCK - SAME

95

ONE GUARD swings the heavy door open. The SECOND GUARD flips the light switch. It breaks off in his hand.

JIMJIM
Fuck! Use head lamps.

THE TWO GUARDS illuminate the shadowy corridor with HEAD LAMPS.

JIMJIM (CONT'D)
Get out of my way!

JIMJIM PUSHES PAST but slips down on his ass and slides sideways across the slickened metal floor.

GUARD ONE
Blood!

GUARD TWO
Stand down!

THE GUARDS pull out stun-guns, leap over JIMJIM and crouch before the first open cell:

GUARD ONE
Got a problem here.

HEAD LAMPS ILLUMINATE the body of a COW-CLAD MAN crumpled on his stomach in a glistening pool of blood.

JIMJIM WOBBLER to his feet and stares at the worthless remains of his multimillion ecrement hostage escapade:

JIMJIM
Harpo.

BYRDMAN SEES BILLY'S AURA radiating several feet beyond the bloody Bovinity suit.

BYRDMAN
He's still alive.

JIMJIM
Yeah? Turn him over!

MOANING VOICE (O.S.)
Uuuunnnnnnooo!!

A PITIFUL GROANING seeps from the far end of the cell block:

MOANING VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Oommooooommmmmmmmaakkk!

JIMJIM YANKS the head lamp off GUARD ONE, shines it down the hall.

THE CYOPOLIANS advance gingerly over the bespattered floor to the rear cell. JimJim illuminates the cell and sees--

ANOTHER COW-CLAD BODY bathed in blood, splayed on a cot, gurgling from multiple throat lacerations.

JIMJIM
You idiots killing each other in
here?

BYRDMAN SNIFFS at the air:

BYRDMAN
Doesn't smell like blood. Neither
of these cowboys is anywhere near
dead. Look at his fucking aura!

JIMJIM
I can't see his fucking aura, LB.
Sit him up! Wipe his face off!

THE GUARDS hustle to obey but stop short as:

THE BLOODY BODY heaves horribly, arching up off the cot,
flopping to the floor in a death spasm.

SHUB
AAAKKKKKKAAAA...

SHUB CLUTCHES his throat in a fitful last gasp, rolls across
the floor to a dead stop.

THE CYOPOLIANS are momentarily flummoxed, allowing

ENOY to slide unseen from underneath the second cot and slip
unnoticed behind Byrdman.

ENOY GRIPS BYRDMAN'S PONYTAIL, yanks his head backwards,
presses the point of his LONG-KNIFE against his right temple--

ENOY
Zoopy, LB?

BYRDMAN FREEZES-- as does Jimjim and the Guards - shocked by
the surprise hostage turnaround.

THE SABER TIP draws a tiny bead of Byrdman's BLOOD. Enoy
grins hungrily, licks the droplet.

ENOY (CONT'D)
Howzabout I gobble your fucking
brain meat, then pack these boy's
pricks up your sinus cavities?

ENOY GRIPS the ponytail tighter, draws a second DROP, licks
it off--

ENOY (CONT'D)
Smell blood now, LB?

BYRDMAN

Yesssssss...

ENOY

Methinks it stinks.

SHUB RISES UP from his crumpled ruse and faces the befuddled Cyopolians. Billy appears behind them.

ENOY (CONT'D)

Now gents, very, very, carefully,
strip down.

JIMJIM and the GUARDS mutely obey as their master is held helpless by a true psycho.

X-DISSOLVE TO:

FIVE MINUTES LATER-- Shub and Billy have cleaned up and switched clothes with the CYOPS GUARDS who, along with JIMJIM, are now zipped into the bloodied Bovinity suits, hog-tied with belts and bungees.

SHUB STUFFS the Cyopolian's mouths with wadded-up BRIEFS.

BILLY BUNGEE-CORDS A STUN-GUN to the back of Byrdman's head, then wraps Enoy's wrist to the weapon, marrying hand and pistol to skull, insuring a fatal 'dead man's' trigger fingering.

ENOY (CONT'D)

Listen, LB, if I accidentally trip
on something? Blow yer sorry ass
away? I apologize in advance.
Accidents do happen. I'll watch my
step.

BYRDMAN GAGS on a pair of soiled shorts:

BYRDMAN

Mmmppphooooouuu!

ENOY

What?

ENOY TWISTS the briefs out of Byrdman's mouth.

BYRDMAN

I said... 'Thank you'.

BYRDMAN SUCKS AIR and stares into Enoy's shining eyes, sensing a remote recognition:

BYRDMAN (CONT'D)
I know you, brother?

ENOY
Probably.

ENOY POKES the sour shorts back into Byrdman's mouth. Shub pulls a pillow case stenciled "PROPERTY OF CYOPOLIS" over Byrdman's head, concealing the bungeed pistol.

BILLY BOUNDS in from the corridor, holds up a burlap BAG:

BILLY
Look! Our gear!

Billy dumps the ELD's and M2's onto a cot, grabs his Marble:

BILLY (CONT'D)
Maya?...Maya! It's fuckin' busted!

Shub checks his baby-blue M2:

SHUB
No signals. Too far underground.

Shub pockets his ELD, fastens the marble's necklace in place, and stuffs Enoy's tri-screen UNIT into his backpack.

ENOY
Ok...You two are gonna escort old LB and I up and out of here post haste. Anyone tries to stop us gets stun-gunned. In a pinch, we yank the hood off and I go crazy with the bastard. We get topside and commandeer a vehicle out of here.

Shub hefts his stun gun, getting the feel.

SHUB
Drop him in the desert?

ENOY
Yeah. Something like that.

BLURR AND SHUB double check the bindings on JimJim and the two guards, squirming on the floor inside the blood-smeared heifer jumpers.

SHUB
Let's blow.

BILLY SPIES the can of 'Interview' dropped during the dramatics, grabs it, shakes vigorously:

BILLY
 You guys go first. I'm 'gonna spray
 these bastards bright blue.

SHUB
 Good idea, Blurry!

Shub treads lightly over the slick hallway toward the main door.

ENOY
 Be nice LB...

ENOY hoists Byrdman up by the bungees and guides the hooded hostage forward:

ENOY (CONT'D)
 ...Nice and quiet.

JIMJIM AND THE GUARDS watch wild-eyed as Billy crouches down with the can of 'Interview'.

BILLY
 This one's for Rabbit Man!

Billy pulls out their gags and SPRAYS them one after the other:

GUARD ONE
 Nooooooo!

GUARD TWO
 Forgive me Lord Byrdman!

JIMJIM
 Shit!

JIMJIM GASPS and rolls across the floor as the psychotropic mist saturates the cowed Cyopolians.

96

INT. CYOPOLIS CITY - VARIOUS TUNNELS - SAME

96

BILLY BOLTS the cell block door behind him and catches up to ENOY and BYRDMAN.

SHUB SUCKS in his gut to better accommodate the smallish Cyops uniform, and heads into the extensive Cyopolitan TUNNEL SYSTEM, dimly lit by sporadic SOLAR-TUBES. Billy turns on a FLASHLIGHT--

THE TUNNEL is twenty-foot in diameter and looks to have been hand-dug, shovel by shovel.

ENOY STEADIES the hooded hostage as they waddle over a lumpy patch of rock leading to an expansive CAVERN.

ENOY
I smell Indian food.

Shub HALTS as the VOLUME on an unseen speaker system is abruptly CRANKED UP-- WE HEAR the unmistakable whine of the famous Sister Pynchon belting out a BROADCAST in progress:

SISTER PYNCHON'S VOICE (O.S.)
--The oversight process authorized
by the New Totality Commission
insures the absolute randomness, and
therefore purity, of the One Voter.

PYNCHON'S VOICE grows louder as the foursome march in single file past a double-wide MOBILE HOME imbedded in the rock wall.

THE BIZARRE BUNGALOW appears deserted save for a large ELD SCREEN framing the video visage of:

SISTER PYNCHON
And now I return you to Selection
Central for the historic moment.

Shub marches them past a hand-painted sign, "LEVEL 5 RESIDENCE" and into--

97

INT. LEVEL 5 RESIDENCE HIVE - SAME

97

A HUGE CAVERN houses hundreds of MOTOR HOMES and TRAILERS stacked three high, secured by a patchwork of dismantled BOXCARS and SHIPPING CONTAINERS bearing faded LOGOS from waybackinthenight: *SONY, HALLIBURTON, WALMART.*

CYOPOLIANS of all ages scurry about hurrying into HOUSE PARTIES gathered around SCREENS displaying the momentous SELECTION BROADCAST. SHOUTS and LAUGHTER punctuate the hubbub.

NOBODY gives the elite Cyops officer's or their hooded prisoner more than a passing glance as ALL EYES are glued on the unfolding COVERAGE.

SHUB LEADS the hostage detail onward, clutching the stun gun in one hand whilst checking his ELD for webgridz signals. Enoy steers Byrdman by the shoulder, keeping the pistol level and relaxed.

A clap-trap electric CART, piloted by a gorgeous DELIVERY GIRL, pulls up and parks.

SHE SMILES at Billy and shoulders a tray of hot dogs:

DELIVERY GIRL
Aren't you boys gonna watch the
Selection, Lieutenant? Gonna be any
second now.

BILLY
No, sister...

Blurr keeps walking but grins back at her. She scours Billy's face for fun:

DELIVERY GIRL
Tofu pup?

BILLY
Just ate. Thanks.

DELIVERY GIRL
Ok. See ya!

She hefts the tray and enters a double-decker TRAILER packed with excited MOLES.

ENOY
Lieutenant? Requisition her
vehicle. We're driving out of here.

Billy starts up the keyless communal CART while Enoy carefully maneuvers Byrdman onto the rear cargo bench.

Shub tosses their road packs in back, squeezes into the tiny shotgun seat next to Billy:

SHUB
FM Blue.

BILLY
Dark Blue.

Shub and Billy white-knuckle their weapons as they wheel up to an impromptu BLOCK PARTY gathered in front of a GIANT SCREEN watching:

LIVE FEEDS from all over the world of PEOPLE similarly glued to the extraordinary Election Selection COVERAGE.

ON SCREEN-- a wizened New Totality OFFICIAL announces:

OFFICIAL

The Selection is now complete and the One Voter's identification is being verified and triple-checked.

THE DELIVERY CART cruises past entranced NEIGHBORS as an ecstatic ROAR of relief erupts from the amassed AUDIENCE.

BILLY STEERS into a chance TUNNEL disappearing hundreds of yards upwards into darkness.

98

INT. PAINTED TUNNEL - SAME

98

They drive under an illuminated stone SIGN bearing the salutation "LONG LIVE LORD BYRDMAN" and pass by a smoothed section of the wall comprising:

AN EARTHEN CANVAS airbrushed with a twelve-foot tall PORTRAIT of the aged Cyopolian Messiah, pictured squinting svengaliesque, an albino Rasputin.

BILLY

It's him!

SHUB

'LB'!

ENOY

Well, well, my Lord.

ENOY WHISPERS into the back of BIRDMAN'S hood, tightening the bungeed pistol a twist.

THEY PUTTER PAST the leering leader's portrait and are confronted by a two-hundred foot long MURAL painted on polished cement slabs.

THE MURAL portrays a heroic young Byrdman discovering the pigmy-size skeleton's of ancient Menahuni, visualized migrating from Maui/Mu to Hopi Land via subterranean tunnels crisscrossing Middle Earth.

ENOY (CONT'D)

Why's a lucky guy like you spent his precious gift deceiving so many others?

BYRDMAN

Ooohhhgg!

ENOY

You get yourself a little glimpse
behind the cosmic curtain, a
rarefied tidbit tossed your way.
And what did you do with it?

The glowing SPIRIT FORM of Lord Byrdman is featured in scores
of colorful TABLEAUS: laying hands on the SICK, lifting the
EXHAUSTED, watering the THIRSTY, comforting the CRAZED.

ENOY (CONT'D)

You used your ounce of
enlightenment to dominate and
eviscerate.

Hundreds of miniature PORTRAITS border the mural, picturing
men, women, and children presenting themselves to Lord
Byrdman for a coveted kiss on the forehead.

ENOY (CONT'D)

You've got the Curse and there's no
remedy.

BYRDMAN

Ooohhhgg!

SHUB

Hear that?

BILLY

Sounds like cheering.

Billy down-shifts, heads uphill towards a DISTANT CAVERN.

99

SUBTERRANEAN NEIGHBORHOOD - "LEVEL 2 RESIDENCE" - SAME

99

SCORES OF CYOPOLIANS circle around SCREENS watching the
Election Selection COVERAGE.

DOZENS OF REVELERS spontaneously tumble from TRAILERS and
spill into the main TUNNEL chanting:

REVELERS

William's the One! William's the
One! William's the One!

BLURR politely weaves the cart through throngs of CYOPOLIAN
CELEBRANTS as clouds of blue SPEQ SMOKE float overhead.

THEY PASS BY one household after another, catching glimpses
of SCREENS through open doors and windows.

EACH SCREEN SHOWING an identical close-up PHOTO of the 'One Voter' captioned: "MR. WILLIAM BLURR".

ANCHORWOMAN (O.S.)
We've determined that 'Blurr' is in
fact the One Voter's legal surname.

AN ANIMATED ANCHORWOMAN informs the world.

ANCHORWOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
This photo is from employment
records provided by the California
Institute of Art Therapy...

BILLY stops the cart. He and Shub stare at each other in shocked silence. Billy grins first:

BILLY
The One Voter...Nectar.

SHUB
That's crazy!

Shub smiles proudly at his bosom buddy.

ANCHORWOMAN (O.S.)
Still no word on his whereabouts,
William Blurr has about fifteen
hours to report in and less than
twenty-four hours to select the
president from the candidate pool.

ENOY SPIES two other CARTS heading toward them, tooting horns, flicking headlights, clearing a path through the JAMPACKED dormitory tunnel.

ENOY
Drive on, Lieutenant!

100

INT. TRANSAMERICA TOWER - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

100

VICTOR VILTER slurps a bladder of superfood, one eye on his silent M2 and the other on the MUTED BROADCAST of the AFFINITY SELECTION. Roxxzan interrupts via INTERCOM.

ROXXZAN/FILTER
Boss? We got him.

VILTER
Shub?

ROXXZAN/FILTER

No, the Voter. William Blurr. His wife's on line three. Says you know her.

VILTER

I do?

ROXXZAN/FILTER

She's calling from a pubterm in a ResturanTruck. Downtown Amsterdam.

101 EXT/INT AIRPORT TARMAC HELIPAD - BEL AIR PROTECTORATE - DAY101

A pink CARGO JUMP JET rotates its twin FAN JETS.

INSIDE THE CABIN-- PYNCHON is harnessed into three of the dozen empty passengers seats.

PILOT/FILTER (O.S.)

Where to, sister?

SISTER PYNCHON

Circle over Babylonwood until the Voter surfaces.

PILOT/FILTER (O.S.)

Yes, mam. We're outta here.

SISTER PYNCHON breaths deeply as the jet blasts ROAR against the tarmac, lifting the Cybernetic Sister swiftly into the smazy skies. Her EarthLingua Device vibrates, it's SCREEN displays text: "VICTOR VILTER". She answers:

SISTER PYNCHON

Long time no talk, Vic. I'm busy now-

VILTER appears on the nun's SCREEN:

VILTER/VIDEO

-I'm calling on behalf of my client, Mr. William Blurr.

SISTER PYNCHON

Sweet Jesus! Where is he?

VILTER/VIDEO

Middle of nowhere. Here's the GPS nums. You've got twenty minutes before I notify the media.

SISTER PYNCHON
Why are you doing this for me, Vic?

VILTER/VIDEO
Patriotic duty, Paula...By the way,
you know anything about Cyopolians?

102

INT. LEVEL 2 RESIDENCE CAVERN - CYOPOLIS CITY - DAY

102

BILLY ducks low, hiding his face whilst slowly maneuvering the CART through the crush of Cyopolian CELEBRANTS still chanting:

CELEBRANTS
William's the One!

SHUB
Let me drive. Get in back.

BILLY
Fuck!

Billy hits the brakes as the standing-room-only CROWD suddenly swells, boxing them in.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Lieutenant? Lieutenant!

ANOTHER ELECTRIC CART pulls up-- it's the DELIVERY GIRL. She hops over, gets right in Billy's face:

DELIVERY GIRL
You're him! You are! You're the
One!

BILLY
Making a mistake, sister.

A GROUP of psyched-up CYOPOLIAN MOLES surrounding the CARTS are doing triple-takes between Billy and the GIANT SCREEN IMAGE of the One Voter:

MOLE ONE
It's true!

MOLE TWO
It's him!

MOLE THREE
Wowz!

DELIVERY GIRL
Congratulations!

DELIVERY GIRL hugs Billy, plasters a smooch on his cheek.

ENOY SHOUTS a piercing WARRIORS CRY:

ENOY

No!!

EVERYONE FREEZES, staring at the old man and his hooded hostage. Enoy lowers his voice, speaks calmly, hypnotically:

ENOY (CONT'D)

The Lieutenant is in fact a William Blurr look-alike. A good one. I oversaw the roboласти myself.

Enoy authoritatively informs the shocked assemblage.

ENOY (CONT'D)

But this one here...

He pats the hostage's hooded head.

ENOY (CONT'D)

Is a bad job. Done by our enemies.

BYRDMAN

Mooogggaaahhhh!

ENOY YANKS the pillow case off Byrdman's head, exposing the man bungeed to stun gun.

MOLE 4

Lord Byrdman!

MOLE 5

Oh my god!

ENOY

No!! He's not our Founder! He's a double! There's a half-a-dozen of these Lord Byrdman skin-jobs walking the streets of Cyopolis. We're rounding them up one by one.

BYRDMAN

Ummmmmmakkkkk!

LORD BYRDMAN stares bug-eyed at his easily-fooled FOLLOWERS.

ENOY

Shut up! You fucking replicant!

ENOY POKES THE GAG in further and gruffly RE-BAGS Byrdman's head.

ENOY (CONT'D)

Find the others! Proceed, Lieutenant!

BILLY

What's the quickest way topside?

Billy asks the DELIVERY GIRL, still hugging his arm.

DELIVERY GIRL

I'll show you.

She squishes between Blurr and Shub, both men squelching astonishment at Enoy's insane improv as:

THE SPELLBOUND CROWD obediently MAKES WAY for the cart to pass.

DELIVERY GIRL (CONT'D)

Turn left!

Billy obeys, steering sharply into a WIDE CORRIDOR.

DELIVERY GIRL (CONT'D)

Pull in here.

SHUB

Freight elevators!

Billy halts in front of the deserted ramp way. Shub and Billy help Enoy hoist Byrdman to his feet and trundle into an open ELEVATOR.

103

INT ELEVATOR - SAME

103

DELIVERY GIRL skips in last, hits the "SURFACE LEVEL" button, and beams at Billy.

BILLY

Thanks, sister. We owe you one.

Billy squeezes her arm tenderly but as the doors slide shut Shub places his foot on her ass, shoves her out again. The DOORS CLOSE, elevator lurches upwards--

BILLY (CONT'D)

What the fuck!? Why you do that?

SHUB

For Maya?

Shun grins, fingering the inactive M2 dangling from Blurr's neck. Billy's mumbled retort is cut off by a startling ALARM--

WEE-ONK! WEE-ONK-- followed by an emergency ANNOUNCEMENT:

ALARMIST VOICE

Attention Cyopolians! This is not a drill. Proceed to emergency surface exits immediately! Evacuate! Repeat, Evacuate now!

BYRDMAN

Mmmppphhh!

ENOY PULLS the pillowcase from LB's head, yanks out the saliva soaked shorts. Byrdman gasps for air, eyes his captors scornfully.

ENOY

Tell us, little Birdie. What gives?

BYRDMAN

Intruders...That would be you.

ENOY

Methinks not. More likely New Totality squads looking for the Voter.

BILLY

Alright! We're saved!

BYRDMAN SEES BILLY'S AURA: a lozenge of ORANGE LUMINOSITY vibrates behind the right knee.

ELEVATOR STOPS and doors slide open revealing a chaotic crush of manic panic--

HUNDREDS OF HORRIFIED CYOPOLIANS are surging up the main TUNNEL, pushing, tripping, screaming, urged onward by the evacuation alarm: WEE-ONK! WEE-ONK!

104

INT. MAIN EXIT TUNNEL - SAME

104

SHUB AND BLURR brandish stun-guns, step to the edge of the stampede. ENOY struggles to guide BYRDMAN as the terrified MOB mashes them all against the rock walls--

BUNGEE CORDS SNAP!-- Enoy's PISTOL pops into the air--

BYRDMAN SQUATS DOWN and presses his thumb against and back of Billy's right knee.

BILLY'S EYEBALL'S roll backwards, his body violently constricting, then releasing, launching him UPWARDS:

SHUB

No!

SHUB CATCHES Billy in mid air. Blurr convulses, Marco restrains him in a desperate bear hug:

SHUB (CONT'D)

Seizure!

ENOY SEES: Billy's intensely palpitating AURA. Enoy quickly presses his thumb against an orange GLOW on the back of Billy's right knee:

ENOY

Got it!

BILLY BOUNCES out of Shub's arms and stands firm, wide awake, oddly refreshed.

BILLY

Wowz! What happened?

SHUB

I don't know.

BILLY

He got away?

ENOY

Yeah. Let's do the same.

MORE CRAZED CYOPOLIANS surge into the corridors, trampling their SLOWER COMRADES underfoot-- WEE-ONK! WEE-ONK!

105

INT. CYOPOLIAN WATCHTOWER - DAY

105

FOUR GUARDS are sprawled unconscious on the WATCHTOWER floor.

THREE NANOCAMO-CLAD Wildman Associates BLEND into the Tower's environs reflecting WRAP-AROUND WINDOWS, VIDEO SCREENS, and other INSTRUMENTATION. They train their helmet MICAMS on the main TUNNEL ENTRANCES:

FLEMING

Here they come!

DOWN BELOW-- waves of Cyopolian EVACUEES tumble helter-skelter through surface EXITS as hundreds of SMOKE BOMBS scattered throughout the yard release a YELLOW FOG of nauseous pesticide.

VILTER/HEADSET (FILTER) (OS)

Go grab my clients!

THE ASSOCIATES dawn featherweight gas-masks.

CUT TO:

106

EXT. THE YARD - CYOPOLIS - SAME

106

SCORES OF MOTOR HOMES barrel up and out of numerous subterranean RAMPS, speeding topside, careening into each other, mowing down disoriented EVACUEES in the thick YELLOW FOG.

THE ASSOCIATES leap out of the TOWER ELEVATOR and spin into combat mode, shoulder firearms, back-to-back in triangle formation, scanning micams.

VILTER/HEADSET (FILTER) (OS)
Keep your heads up! I can't see!

Suddenly the SCREAMS of the scurrying Cyopolians are eclipsed by the hard-by whine of TURBINES.

PYNCHON'S PINK JUMP-JET drops straight down from heaven and LANDS like an avenging angel on the sage covered scrubland near the yard. The jet's powerful BLOW-BACK creates a CLOUD of DUST that mixes with the stinky gopher-gasser pesticide.

THE ASSOCIATES close ranks as hundreds of PANICKY PEOPLE peel past in lizard, mole, and prairie dog jumpsuits.

SOME HIDE inside wrecked RVs and crushed CONTAINERS.

OTHERS LEAP onto the roofs and bumpers of fleeing MOTOR HOMES.

MANY MORE RUN into the surrounding forested FOOTHILLS.

KARL
Look!

UP IN THE SKY: thousands of MEDIADRONES swoop in overhead.

VILTER/HEADSET (FILTER) (OS)
Smile, gents. The whole world is
watching.

LORD BYRDMAN stumbles out a surface exit and beholds the horrific demise of his beloved Cyopolis City.

HUNDREDS MORE SUPERCULTISTS scramble into the yard, blinded by sunlight, sucking funky FOG, dropping to the dirt.

BYRDMAN DUCKS AND RUNS through the maze of mangled motor homes, hurrying headlong into the high desert hills.

SHUB, BILLY, AND ENOY bust out of the Cyopolian citadel, as blinding boluses of dusty smoke engulf the atmosphere. Noxious yellow gas stings their eyes:

ENOY
Hold your breath!

THE DREADFUL CRIES of Byrdman's terrified followers ring out as the trio tread past trodden SUFFERERS projectile puking.

SHUB
Grab hold!

SHUB CLUTCHES Enoy's outstretched hand, reaches back for Billy but grasps only a sweaty finger:

SHUB (CONT'D)
Billy?

Shub squints thru the haze and sees he's holding the paw of the bloody, Bovinity-suited, JIMJIM.

JIMJIM
Mommy?

JIMJIM STARES stares at Shub through inflamed eyeballs, overdosed on 'Interview', oblivious to the tumult:

JIMJIM (CONT'D)
The doggy has peach pits stuck to
it's face fur!

Jimjim vehemently informs, until-- PHOOMP! Enoy slams his fist into the Chief's testicles, crumpling him up.

SHUB
Fuck!

BILLY is nowhere to be seen--

SHUB (CONT'D)
Blurrrrrr!

They scan the crazed crowd.

ENOY
We lost him!

SHUB
Bluuuuurrrrrr!!

Billy doesn't answer. Instead, a shrill WOMAN'S VOICE amplified by a BULLHORN pierces the air:

WOMAN'S VOICE/BULLHORN (O.S.)
William Blurr?...William Blurr?

ENOY
They've come for him.

SHUB
Right. Billy's the 'One'.

Shub spies scores of circling MEDIADRONES spraying NANOCAMS over the crazed CYOPOLIANS.

SHUB (CONT'D)
Should be OK. Fuck it. Let's blow.

SHUB AND ENOY slip into the JUNK YARD and scamper off towards the surrounding FOREST.

CUT TO:

BILLY TWIRLS in the foggy dust, searching for his friends. He hears his surname hailing from a nearby BULLHORN:

WOMAN'S VOICE/BULLHORN (O.S.)
William Blurr? William Blurr?

BILLY SEES: SISTER PYNCHON clutching a BULLHORN and a FIRE EXTINGUISHER, her ecclesiastic wimple wings flapping in the gusts:

SISTER PYNCHON
William Blurr?

BILLY
Yeah?

Billy now beholds the apparent apparitions of three mercurial MIRROR-BEINGS impossibly reflecting the surroundings.

KARL
Not so fast, sister!

THE ASSOCIATES WEDGE themselves inbetwixt the nun and the One.

SISTER PYNCHON
Oh?

PYNCHON PULLS the pin on her extinguisher and floods their reflective faces--

THE ASSOCIATES fall to the ground, hacking, hawking up handfuls of HOT BLACK FOAM.

PYNCHON POUNCES poised to fatally knee-drop KARL'S trachea but Blurr's M2 suddenly VIBRATES back to life--

MAYA/M2

Stop bitch!

107

INT. DATAMYND COMMAND AND CONTROL CENTER - SAME

107

Alone in the Command Center, BOBOGONÉ anxiously eyes the webgridz SELECTION COVERAGE. He gestures at the COMMAND SCREEN and the videophone image of REX TIMBU pops up:

BOBOGONÉ

Where did you stash the KandyMan, Doc?

TIMBU/VPHONE

In the fridge. Careful. Its super concentrate. Use only a tiny drop.

ON SCREEN-- edited MEDIADRONE FOOTAGE captures the strange SCENE outside the remote Cyopolian junk-yard-- SWOOPING SHOTS of the supercult compound intercut with CLOSE-UPS of horrified Cyopolians.

TIMBU/VPHONE (CONT'D)

You watching this, Rex?

TIMBU/VPHONE (CONT'D)

Yes, I'm watching.

BOBOGONÉ

What does it mean?

TIMBU/VPHONE

What if Harpo and Kaplan are secretly working with Pynchon? They rigged it so this Cyopolian guy picks you out of the two hundred candidates!

BOBOGONÉ

No. Why would Zu need to disappear to do that?

TIMBU/VPHONE

The old 'Confusion Technique'. Kaplan's got you so flummoxed that when their man elects you, she'll easily step in and take control.

BOBOGONÉ

Why? Because I'm in love?

TIMBU/VPHONE

Ejactly!

BOBOGONÉ

No, Rex. Something's gone horribly wrong.

108

EXT. HIGH DESERT FOOTHILLS - NEAR CYOPOLIS - SAME

108

SHUB stumbles up a rocky arroyo following ENOY into the BACKWOODS beyond Cyopolis, both men huffing in the high altitude.

SHUB SLIDES on his rump, tearing the ASS off the stolen CYOPS UNIFORM. He scampers to his feet and accidentally CRUSHES his M2 underfoot.

SHUB

FMB!

SHUB'S ELD flips out of his breast pocket and tumbles down the arroyo, SMASHING hard against a boulder.

SHUB SCRAMBLES after the device and finds the battery case badly busted up.

ENOY MARVELS at the mishap, ignoring Shub's sour-faced perplexity.

ENOY

I can probably fix it.

SHUB

Forget it. Let's get outa here.

THE TWO RECONNOITER their uncertain position looking down on the MESA where the SIEGE OF CYOPOLIS is in progress--

THEY SEE: an armored convoy of New Totality ASSAULT VEHICLES destroy the GATE-THING barrier and surround the JUNK YARD.

A PINK JUMP-JET LIFTS-OFF amidst a swarm of MEDIADRONES vying for views through the plane's tiny PORTHOLES.

OVERHEAD-- several stealthy NT HELICOPTERS silently circle the immediate AIRSPACE.

SHUB (CONT'D)

Better call Billy. Otherwise he'll put out a missing persons alert. My mug will be all over gridz.

ENOY POWERS up his TRI-SCREEN and hands it over. Shub touches in Billy's number, gets a "RESTRICTED" alert.

SHUB (CONT'D)
They must have cut all
communications to him...
I'm calling my attorney.

Shub dials, gets Vilter's voicemail box:

SHUB (CONT'D)
Tell Victor that Harpo is unhurt
but still hiding out. No marble.

He disconnects, hands the device back. Enoy connects to a WEBGRIDZ FEED showing:

ON SCREEN-- breaking SELECTION COVERAGE featuring live MEDIADRONE FOOTAGE of the chaos on the MESA BELOW:

PUNDIT ONE
The One Voter was rendered safe
from this remote supercult commune
only moments ago.

PUNDIT TWO
We're getting word that Blurr's
attorney, Victor Vilter, will make
an announcement soon-

SHUB (O.S.)
-What?

CLICK! Enoy switches off the device at the SOUND of snapping branches.

ENOY
Ssshhh...

THROUGH THE TREES-- Shub and Enoy observe half-a-dozen fleeing CYOPOLIANS high-tailing it over a ridge fifty yards away.

ENOY (CONT'D)
Broken Highway's about two days
hike west. Nothing but badlands in-
between.

ENOY EYES Shub's wobulating AURA.

ENOY (CONT'D)
How much water you got in your
pack, Marco?

SHUB

A pint maybe.

ENOY

Same here. If we find a deer path
it should lead us to water.ENOY PUSHES back a protruding pinyon branch and side-steps
down the crumbly ARROYO. Shub cautiously follows suit.

109

INT. PASSENGERS CABIN - SISTER PYNCHON'S JET - SAME

109

WILLIAM BLURR is strapped in next to SISTER PYNCHON as the
CARGO JET breaks the sound barrier fifty-thousand feet over
HOPILAND.

ON BILLY'S ELD SCREEN-- VICTOR VILTER smiles in close-up:

VILTER/VIDEO

(in progress)

Special Forces are all over that
place, Billy. We'll find Marco and
the old guy. Not to worry.

BILLY

Shubs in one of these getups--

Billy pinches the breast pocket of the black CYOPS UNIFORM.

BILLY (CONT'D)

We switched clothes with the
guards.

SISTER PYNCHON

Why would you do that, William?

VILTER/VIDEO

Don't answer her! And please don't
ask him any more questions, sister.
...You know the rules.

SISTER PYNCHON

I wrote the rules, Vic.

PILOT/FILTER (O.S.)

Touch down in fifty eight minutes,
sister.

An unseen PILOT informs over INTERCOM.

VILTER/VIDEO

Meet you at the hangar.

110

EXT. OVERNIGHT ZONE - NOVO ARIZONA - DAY

110

ZUZZAN waits in the SUBARU, parked in an extremely OVERPOPULATED OVERNIGHT ZONE. She's transformed her looks again-- spiky black hair bleached bright blond, tight blue paratroopers jumpsuit.

A SEEDY LOOKING ROAMAD carrying a cardboard box walks up to the Subaru and hops in the passengers side.

SEEDY

Sorry took so long. Had to re-do family photos. Came out real zoopy, Maria.

SEEDY opens the box and hands Zuzzan a black BOOKLET labeled "NEW TOTALITY PASSPORT":

A PHOTO OF BLOND ZUZZAN bears the name: "MARIA NYS".

ZUZZAN

Looks real to me.

THE ROAMAD fingers through the CONTENTS of the BOX:

SEEDY

It is real. Back-up ID, some recent receipts, old foreclosures, and the photos...Ten-thousand ecrements or twenty large in cash.

Zuzzan hands him all the cash her wallet.

ZUZZAN

Eighteen's all I got.

Seedy speed-counts the \$100 BILLS.

SEEDY

Nectar...Zoopy...Honest rabbit.

He puts the box on the floor and looks 'Maria' over.

SEEDY (CONT'D)

One for the road, sister.

Seedy slips one of the \$100 BILLS back into Zuzzan's hand, smiles, and slides out of the Subaru, disappearing into the crush of roamadic overnight ZONERS.

ZUZZAN

Honest rabbit...

Zuzzan stuffs her wallet in a tote bag next to the pilfered "THE SECRET HISTORY OF XANA" book. She spots a free PUBTERM and hustles over to it:

PUBTERM-- Zuzzan logs onto her e-mail account:

ZUZZAN (CONT'D)
(Soto)
Pay me my fuckin' commissions
already. Asshole...

She speaks a message, saying only:

ZUZZAN (CONT'D)
Send my money now!

111

INT. DATAMYND COMMAND AND CONTROL CENTER - SAME

111

BOBOGONE'S juggling Rex's carton of LIQUID SPEQ out of the command center's refrigerator when his pocket ELD sounds off with Zuzzan's sexy E-MAIL TONE: "Oh! Yesssss!"

BOBOGONÉ
Zu!

He pivots, shoving the carton of SPEQ aside, accidentally SLOSHES his right wrist with the super-concentrated SYRUP.

BOBOGONÉ (CONT'D)
Shite!

BOBOGONE RINSES off the gloppy dollop at the kitchenette sink while reading Zuzzan's e-mail--

ON SCREEN: "SEND MY MONEY NOW!"

BOBOGONÉ (CONT'D)
That's it?

Bobogoné flops into the overstuffed leather command seat and nibbles his swollen lower lip. The splash of ultra-potent spec instantaneously penetrates his system. His puffy neck explodes with SWEAT.

BOBOGONÉ (CONT'D)
I'll send you and Harpo the fuckin'
blood money if it will get yer
little ass back here quicker!

He punches in his DataMynd bank account codes on the ELD.

BOBOGONÉ (CONT'D)

If you land me the presidency, five
hundred million is chump change!

Bobogoné completes the transfer just as the massive overdose of SPEC slams into his brain. The sudden pressure elongates his EYEBALLS into oblong orbs of hypersensitive receptors sensing subtle visual details--

BOBOGONÉ SEES: a crosshatch PATTERN in the cloth of his trouser leg, just above the left knee. It VIBRATES, emitting a mysterious LUMINOSITY.

HE PRESSES HIS FACE down closer and the VIEWPOINT zooms-in several ORDERS OF MAGNITUDE, revealing an impossible--

MICROSCOPIC PERSPECTIVE of a miraculous NANO-UNIVERSE deep inside the fabric: lustrous TRANSPORT TUBES connect shining CITIES.

BOBOGONÉ'S FINGERTIPS drip droplets of sweat onto the carpet.

112

INT. JET COPTER / EXT. SAN FRANCISCO CITYSCAPE - DAY

112

VICTOR VILTER peers out a PORTHOLE of a JET COPTER TAXI speeding high over the SAN FRANCISCO CITYSCAPE:

VILTER SEES: many thousands of ROAMADS jam-packing the rooftops, streets and intersections. All SURFACE TRAFFIC has come to a halt in anticipation of hysterical social upheaval.

VILTER

They're taking over the city!

ROXXZAN SITS IN FRONT with the burly TAXI PILOT, checking messages. She hands her ELD to the boss:

ROXXZAN

Listen to this message.

SHUB'S VOICE/FILTER

Tell Victor that Harpo is unhurt
but still hiding out. No marble.

VILTER

Good! Marcotecht lives.

TAXI PILOT

Hangar twenty-three.

113 EXT. TARMAC/RUNWAY - NOVO ALAMEDA ISLAND - SAME 113

THE PILOT swoops down in a tight circle over the man-made island of NOVO ALAMEDA. He swiftly and gently LANDS next to a gigantic, EMPTY HANGAR.

VILTER HELPS ROXXZAN climb out of the cockpit just as Pynchon's PINK JUMP JET sets down and taxis into the massive structure.

EMERGENCY VEHICLES-- lights flashing, speed toward them.

OVER THE HORIZON-- an armada of MEDIADRONES and CHOPPERS darken the sky.

VILTER SHOUTS at a duo of airfield ATTENDANTS:

VILTER
Close these doors! Close them and
lock them!

ATTENDANT
Yes sir!

A PINK STAIRWAY lowers from the belly of Pynchon's plane. Victor bounds up the steps.

114 INT. PYNCHON'S JUMP JET - SAME 114

VILTER confronts the helmeted CO-PILOT:

VILTER
Kindly bring up the walkway.

SISTER PYNCHON
Victor! Welcome aboard!

PYNCHON remains seated. Billy and Vilter shake.

VILTER
Marco left word. He's fine.

BILLY
That's really good news-

-WHOP! WHOP! WHOP! WHOP!-- HELICOPTERS are landing outside on the tarmac, EMERGENCY VEHICLES shine SPOTLIGHTS through the massive Plexiglas doors.

VILTER
And here's the bad news...

VILTER LOOKS OUT A PORTHOLE and spies Roxxzan angrily gesticulating at a frightened AIRPORT OFFICIAL.

VILTER (CONT'D)
Our media friends want to eat you
alive, Mr. Blurr.

BZZZZZZZZZ!-- Scores of insistent MEDIADRONES suddenly swoop into the hangar and SWARM up to the jets tiny PORTHOLES.

VILTER (CONT'D)
Close 'um!

THE THREE slam shut half-a-dozen plastic porthole shades.

VILTER (CONT'D)
Billy, take a deep breath. Relax.
You and I are gonna walk out,
smile, wave, and say nada!

MAYA/M2
Listen to him, sweetie!

MAYA implores via M2.

BILLY
I'm listening.

VILTER
We speed-walk outa here and get in
my copter. You say absolutely
nothing until you've written down
your vote and delivered it in to a
Selection Official. Understand?

SISTER PYNCHON
One Voter. One Vote. One Ruler.

Billy buttons the cuffs on the jet black Cyops uniform and carefully clips his M2 to the collar:

BILLY
Got it.

VILTER raps the cockpit door:

VILTER
We're goin' out!...Good day,
sister.

THE EXIT OPENS and Vilter strides down the steps followed by William the One.

115

INT. HANGAR 23 - SAME

115

VILTER AND BILLY are blinded by SUN-GUN GLARE from DOZENS of MEDIA CREWS. Vilter bumps into two REPORTERS and ass-butts Blurr before realizing that the CACOPHONY echoing inside the HANGAR is that of:

A THOUSAND HANDS CLAPPING-- enthusiastically applauding the One Voter.

BILLY is frozen in his tracks, blinking bashfully into the blurry brightness.

A STANDING OVATION spontaneously erupts from the assembled INTERNATIONAL PRESS CORPS. Scores of MEDIADRONES hover at a surprisingly respectable distance.

BILLY

Thank you...Thank you all.

Billy mumbles as earnest 'BRAVOS' punctuate the APPLAUSE.

BILLY LOOKS out over the sea of REPORTERS onto the TARMAC where hundreds more MEDIA TECHS are CHEERING.

VILTER

Let's go!

WE SEE: a rascally realization cross Billy's boyish FACE.

BILLY

No.

VILTER

What?

BILLY

I'm staying here.

VILTER

You can't, Billy.

BILLY

No? Am I not the One?

THE CLAPPING STOPS and CAMERA'S click ON as EVERYONE senses something surreal surfacing between William Blurr and his infamous attorney--

MAYA/M2

What's goin on, baby?

BILLY

Gonna hang here awhile, sweetie.

VILTER
No interviews until you vote!

BILLY
Then howzabout I vote right now?
Got a pen, Barrister?

VILTER
You haven't even looked over the
candidates!

BILLY
Not so. Made my mind up weeks ago.

Billy bullshits the bullshiter as a dozen MEDIADRONES hover
overhead, STREAMING the squabble over the WEBGRIDZ.

ANCHORWOMAN
Here's a pen!

A helpful CNNT ANCHORWOMAN stuffs a PEN and PAPER PAD into
Billy's hand. The One casually scrawls, tears off the page,
folds it betwixt his fingers:

BILLY
Here's my vote.

SISTER PYNCHON squishes through the phalanx of PRESS and
offers her pudgy GLOVED HAND:

SISTER PYNCHON
I'll take that, William.

BILLY
Yeah? How much time do I have left?

STRINGER
Eighteen hours and thirty nine
minutes!

The helpful FASHION STRINGER from *Frozen Boy* yelps:

BILLY
Zoopus. I'll give it to you then.

Billy buttons the VOTE into the Cyops uniform breast pocket,
smiles enthusiastically at the LEGION OF LENSES.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Hey! Howzabout a folding chair?

SOMEONE (O.S.)
Coming right up, Mr. Blurr.

BILLY
And a cup of Joe?

CUT TO:

116

EXT. ROCKY MEADOW - HIGH DESERT FOOTHILLS - DAY **

116

ENOY AND SHUB hike up a steep FOOTHILL and ascend into a sage-covered MEADOW spotted with large flat ROCKS.

ENOY
Full moon tonight. We can keep
walking or camp here. Your call.

SHUB
Camp here...I'm changing.

Shub takes his pack off and peels off the Cyops jumper. He pulls out a wrinkled BOVINITY SUIT, zips it on, eyes Enoy's ELD:

SHUB (CONT'D)
I need to make another call, Elroy.

Revesti hands over his fancy device.

SHUB (CONT'D)
Lawyer?

SHUB (CONT'D)
No. Callin' my sobot.

Shub accesses his encrypted domain and finds Z waiting in the video VISUALIZATION of Zuzzan's co-op FOYER:

Z
My Marcotecht!

SHUB
What's happening with Kaplan and
Bobogoné?

Z
I don't know. She's been dark
black. I wasn't sure what to do.
I've got over three billion Puppyz
feeding me clips. We'll find her.

SHUB
What? You've gotta have twenty
percent of the gridz tied up!

Z

No. Only seven. Zuzzy's last transaction is a E-mail from Arizona asking Gerry for money.

SHUB

I see. Probably a red herring. Bobogoné must have had Kaplan go offgridz in order to try and neutralize you! Then they hired Cyopolis to hunt my ass down! But the Selection of William the One blew the whole thing apart! Call me when you find her.

Shub disconnects, gives back the ELD.

ENYO

Your software robot?

SHUB

Yeah. It's a sobotic cyberclone of Bobogoné's PR Director.

ENYO

Sneaky stuff, Shub... Well, let's build us a fire. We're gonna freeze what's left of our balls off out here.

Enyo tosses dead branches in a pile. Shub gathers kindling sticks:

ENYO (CONT'D)

Your attorney jumped ship for the bigger Billy fish?

SHUB

Yep.

ENYO IGNITES the campfire, sits down and opens his ELD.

ENYO

What say we watch some Billy TV?

SHUB

Nectar.

Shub nabs some power bars from his back pack and hands one to Enyo.

ON SCREEN-- BILLY polishes off a bladder of chilled Java, surrounded by PAPAZZI and hovering MEDIADRONES.

SHUB (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What's he doing?

A REPORTER from *La Monde* waits politely for the One Voter to swallow:

LA MONDE
Monsieur Blurr? Who are your
primary literary influences?

BILLY
The usual dead guys. Balzac,
Becket, Burroughs...

Billy burps belatedly--

BILLY (CONT'D)
Let me finish the movie project I
was pitching, OK? Remember, we're
traveling back to earth and we see
a primitive settlement in the now
ancient ruins of the Babylonwood
hills.

SHUB
He's pitching my movie! What a
ripper!

ENOY
Here, suck on this.

ENOY STUFF his little brass pipe betwixt Shub's lips.

BILLY
What happens is a six person
team of Chinese astronauts
was also in orbit during the
initial nuclear conflagration
so the colonists rescue them
and everyone intermarries.

ENOY
Don't mention Shub's name,
Billy! He doesn't want
credit!

SHUB
Better not.

Then the Eurasian couple find
an intelligence file showing
the location of a secret
missile installation designed
to withstand Armageddon.

SHUB (CONT'D)
A robo-silo. The final 'fuck
you'.

BILLY

I'm not gonna tell you the ending!
Listen up everybody, there's
several other visionary media
projects I'm currently interviewing
investors for...

ON SCREEN-- BILLY pauses to pick at a platter of crunchy
little CRAB CAKES put out by one of the RESTURANTRUCKS.

ENOY

Seen enough for now?

SHUB

Yeah. It'll live on the gridz
forever.

ENOY

Let's crash.

ENOY powers down the ELD and puts the peace-pipe back in his
pack.

ENOY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna piss.

Shub is gazing into the BLAZE:

SHUB

Cheat death for a few more minutes?

ENOY

Yep.

Enoy finds a suitable spot and unzips his overalls. Nature
calls:

ENOY (CONT'D)

I got eaten by the light once but
she spit me back out. Not sure why.
Eyesights much better now though.

SHUB

Perfect. For a second I thought you
we're gonna get weird on me, Elroy.

ENOY ZIPS his overalls:

ENOY

Look who's talking! You create a
cyberclone and piss off a pack of
psychos? You're best friend is the
infamous One? And you wear a cow
costume?

SHUB

It's not a costume. It's an outfit.

ENOY

I'll say. You ever make a
cyberclone of yourself?

SHUB

Only a rudimentary one. Ran it for
about a month.

ENOY

How much you 'gettin on yer fire
sale?

SHUB

A fortune.

ENOY

Which gets you what?

SHUB

Get's me gone on gone. Invisible.

ENOY

Like dead?

SHUB

Yeah. Shub disappears off the
system. Like I faked my death and
it worked. I'm thinking about XaNu.

ENOY

Yeah? Running their own mini-
country up there north of
Vancouver...Refugio Nation.

SHUB

That's where I'm headed. If I can
get the scratch from DataMynd.
Otherwise, fuck it, I'll just
delete her.

ENOY

Oh? It's a 'her' now?

SHUB

No. Her is an 'It'.

ENOY

She'll be easier to delete as an
'it'?

SHUB

We'll see.

SHUB TOSSES a sappy branch onto the fire-- WHOOSH!

DISSOLVE TO:

117 INT. ZUZZAN'S APARTMENT - VISUALIZATION - NIGHT 117

Z is still in the foyer VISUALIZATION, sitting on its luggage, watching the WALL SCREEN.

Z SEES: a dense collage of COUNTLESS THUMBNAIL VIDEO CLIPS slowly swarming around a:

CENTER VIDEO WINDOW-- looping a FISH-EYE CLIP of Zuzzan determinedly draping a SPEEDO over the LENS, obscuring the VIEW.

THE CIRCLING THUMBNAILS reveal BILLIONS of SURVEILLANCE CAMERA VIEWS comprising an impossible COMPOUND EYE picture of streets, highways, parking lots, lobby's, intersections, ATM's, rooftops, subways, everywhere across NOVO AMERICA.

Z

Head count?

THE THUMBNAILS suddenly coalesce into a simple COUNTER:

3,230,001,006

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE UP ON:

118 EXT. ROCKY MEADOW - HIGH DESERT FOOTHILLS - DAY 118

Sunrise finds ENOY already up boiling coffee on the campfire.

ENOY OBSERVES SHUB'S AURA: roiling with the energetic emanations of hypnopompic dream activity.

SHUB STIRS AWAKE, squints against the sun jutting over the hills, spies Enoy squatting behind the fire, backlit by sun rays, smoke curling around his wild gray hair, sticking up like quivering devil horns:

SHUB

Morning, Mephisto.

Shub mumbles, sits up in his sleeping bag.

ENOY

Want mud?

Enoy walks over, proffering a steamy cup.

SHUB

Thanks, Elroy.

ENOY

Last of the water.

Shub paws the mug of powdered latte, slops coffee. His ELD slides out, BANGS off a rock, lands hard in the dirt:

SHUB

Shit!..It's busted anyway.

ENOY

Let's see.

Enoy retrieves Shubs' EarthLingua Device, blows off the dust and *SQUINTS* at the chipped battery cover from several angles:

ENOY (CONT'D)

Yeah...

ENOY SEES: a tiny green MAGNETIC BAND arching near the bottom of the waterproof seal. He gives it a THWACK with the butt of his hand and squeezes the ELD tightly to his heart.

ENOY (CONT'D)

Should be OK now.

THE SCREEN instantly powers UP displaying the face of BILLY BLURR saying:

BILLY/VIDEO

-it's not so much a comedy as it is a social satire.

ON SCREEN-- BLURR has changed out of the stolen Cyops uniform and into a pair of black sweats featuring a *CrunchyCountry* LOGO. He's pacing energetically in front of a phalanx of hovering MEDIADRONES and fatigued human REPORTERS:

SHUB

Unbefuckinglybelievable!

BILLY/VIDEO

'Beyond Roamadia' will examine our
rat's nest of runaway systems,
kinship communes and protectorates,
roamads, rabbit warrens,
supercults! But what's next? What
awaits us...Beyond Roamadia?!

ENOY

Let's go.

SHUB TURNS OFF Billy's broadcast and readies his pack.

SHUB

Thanks for the repair job, Elroy.

He saunters after Enoy hiking into the forested hills.

DISSOLVE TO:

119

EXT. DEEPER IN THE WOODS - DAY

119

ENOY pushes past an old stand of cedar and spies a well-trodden TRAIL winding deep into the woods:

ENOY

Look! Deer tracks! Coyote, elk,
rabbit! We found the four-legged's
water path!

SHUB

Nectar.

The two follow the trail, ducking low-hanging branches, side stepping petite piles of glistening beastie POOP.

ENOY

You know, Marco, I've been figurin'
on yer invisibility predicament.
Thinking about invisibility from
both the metaphysical and the
electronical.

SHUB

'Electronical'...

ENOY

One way would be to simply
disappear into the background.

(MORE)

ENOY (CONT'D)

But then you have to stay in the background which will shift over time and possibly expose you unless you constantly change with it, which means always checking to make sure you're still invisible.

SHUB

I know. Perpetual paranoia. I'm thinking of falling off the system and assuming multiple false identities.

ENOY

But you would still have to adhere to all of the system's rules. Only as somebody else. Not Shub.

SHUB

Right.

ENOY

What about you become the background. The background becomes you. If you're everywhere you're nowhere and after awhile background noise automatically gets tuned out!

SHUB

Lost me, Elroy.

ENOY

And so would everyone else! They wouldn't see the forest through the trees.

SHUB

I disappear into the forest of noise?

ENOY

Yes! Though overexposure you become so overblown that 'Shub' becomes a fiction. A myth.

SHUB

'Overblown'.

ENOY

Invisible in plain sight. No one believes that you are actually you! I'm thinking about your ubiquitous puppets here, Marcotecht! Ssshhh!--

ENOY HALTS-- motions Shub forward. They peer through the trees to see:

120

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - SAME

120

A wild POND surrounded by brush where a lone BULL ELK slaps the ground with its front legs, grunting hostile barks.

ENOY (O.S.)
Wapiti. Elk.

THE LIVID BEAST lowers its neck and aims its antlers, stabbing behind the brush, viciously horning an UNSEEN ADVERSARY. The third lunge produces BLOOD on the antler tips and a painful HOWLING:

UNSEEN ADVERSARY
Fuck youuuuuuuuuuu...

ENOY
Hey!!

ENOY RUNS right at the astonished WAPITI, waving his arms:

ENOY (CONT'D)
Wahoo! Wapiti! Wahoo!

THE ELK backs off but twitches it's white rump and sprays an enormous CONE OF URINE before bounding away into the forest.

SHUB
What is it?

SHUB SPRINTS after Enoy, breaks through the bushes. Enoy instantly identifies the badly beaten body:

ENOY
Byrdman! Gored him really bad.

BYRDMAN
Uhhnnn...

LORD BYRDMAN gurgles, throat smashed.

SHUB
He gonna make it?

ENOY
Doesn't look good.

ENOY SEES: Byrdman's AURA diminishing, turning dark orange.

BYRDMAN

Youuu?

Byrdman burbles, eyes widening in recognition.

ENOY

Easy does it old man...

Enoy observes multiple horn punctures fatally perforating Byrdman's bleeding chest.

ENOY (CONT'D)

...Easy now.

BYRDMAN

Eamay...

Byrdman rasps. Enoy leans down to the dying man's lips:

BYRDMAN (CONT'D)

Eemeee...

ENOY

Eat you?

BYRDMAN

Pleeeeeesss...

SHUB

He's delirious, man!

Shub fumbles for his ELD--

SHUB (CONT'D)

I'm calling EMT!

ENOY

Too late, Marco.

Enoy observes as Byrdman's eyes roll backward, head flopping sideways. He grasps Byrdman by the temples, gently tilts his forehead up.

ENOY (CONT'D)

OK...Go on now, old man...go on.

A deathly slow-motion SHUDDER undulates over Byrdman's body, leaving it still, silent.

SHUB BEHOLDS a soft orange tendril of weirdly wobbling SMOKE arising from the center of Byrdman's forehead.

ENOY BENDS forward and inhales deeply, sucking the strange substance up in its entirety.

SHUB (CONT'D)
Broken highway!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROCKY MESA - DAY

SHUB SCHLEPPS across windblown dirt and rock, unusually alive with random clusters of desert cedar and lone pinyon.

DISSOLVE TO:

122

EXT. ROCKY MESA - FURTHER ALONG - DAY

122

Shub pauses near an huge cedar and takes a LONG LEAK. He works the ELD with his free hand, presses the "ON+Z" HOT KEY:

ELD
Twisslebleep!

Shub's head SNAPS backwards, his eyes lock on the SKY--

SHUB SEES HIMSELF from hundreds of feet in the air, standing in the desert below, staring skyward. A pinpoint RAY OF LIGHT projects out of his forehead and travels infinitely UPWARDS--

CAMERA FOLLOWS THE LIGHT as Shub's perception EXPANDS across multiple, previously invisible, SPACIAL DIMENSIONS:

123

EXT. NON-DIMENSIONAL GAP ZONE - SAME

123

FAR BEYOND the most remote GALAXY, a luminous GOLDEN ORB floats overhead, shining discreet RAYS in every direction, creating untold billions of individual LIGHT-FORMS.

EACH FORM reflects it's unique illuminations back to the shimmering Orb's CORE.

SHUB IS INSIDE a single SHARD of living light, unobstructed by matter, gravity, and time, beaming Shub-flavored VARIATIONS back to the eternal Orb.

UNVEILED INFORMATION cascades directly into Shub's brain-- simple pictures depicting cosmic complexities, knowledge as-is, a revelation UNLOCKING--

AN EXPANDED FIELD-OF-VIEW encompassing FOUR NEIGHBORING ORBS at dance with the first, interlacing radiant RAYS, navigating together inside a non-dimensional GAP ZONE.

ALL FIVE ORBS-- are collaborating in the creation, profusion, and confusion of zillions of LIGHT-FORMS--

ONE OF WHICH is the luminous SHARD that is singularly Shub.

ANOTHER SHARD shows signs and wonders revealing the unique essence that is Billy Blurr.

A THIRD RAY contains the unmistakable flavors and colors of Enoy Revesti.

A FORTH SHARD crisscrossing the others bespeaks the eternal presence of Gene Byrdman.

INSIDE RAY NUMBER FIVE lives the spirited light of Zuzzan Kaplan.

AN IMAGE OF EARTH magically materializes as if magnified thru a lens. The single, softly SPOKEN, rationale being:

EARTHLY VOICE (O.S.)
She needs you there...

CUT TO:

124

EXT. ROCKY MESA - SAME

124

SHUB is back in his skin again, exactly as he was, only different. He's finished pissing, soaked in sweat, shaking from fear:

SHUB
'She needs you there'.

Z appears on Shub's SCREEN:

Z
My Marcotecht?...Zuzzan is still
missing offgridz.

SHUB
Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm...

SHUB HUMS, softly toning, as if hearing the rich HARMONIC RESONANCES in his voice for the very first time.

SHUB (CONT'D)
Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm...She needs me...

Shub mumbles the one unfathomable explanation as to why he's back DOWN HERE.

ON SCREEN-- Z loiters in the VISUALIZATION of Kaplan's apartment, its billions-fold litter of PUPPYZ swarming on the WALL SCREEN.

125

INT. RESTURANTRUCK - NOVO CALIFORNIA - DAY

125

ROSCOE'S BALLMEAT & WAFFLES MOBILE is a JAM PACKED eighteen-wheeler EATERY sporting a zoopy new nano VIDEO WALL. HUNGRY ROAMADS keep their eyeballs glued to fifty-odd competing GRIDZ FEEDS displaying the Election Selection COVERAGE.

ZUZZAN PICKS at a skewer of broccoli and ballmeat squeezed betwixt two roamadic ROUSTABOUTS wolfing waffles whilst watching ON SCREEN--

BILLY

--will climax with my escape from the supercult's hell-hole and simultaneous selection as your 'One Voter'...Only qualified investors will be considered and there are certain risks contained in my forward looking statements...Peace!

Billy bows for the cameras as SISTER PYNCHON and a phalanx of no-nonsense New Totality TECHNICIANS penetrate the wavefront of CORRESPONDENTS:

SISTER PYNCHON

The Vote, Mr. Blurr. Make a little history.

BILLY

As promised, sister.

Billy plucks the VOTE from his pocket, 'crosses' himself with a final flourish and hands it over. Pynchon reads aloud:

SISTER PYNCHON

'Ipass'...? There's no Candidate named 'Ipass'!

BILLY

I pass. Not gonna vote. Sorry sister, select another sucker.

Billy grins, pumps his fist in the air:

BILLY (CONT'D)

Long Live Rabbit Man!

SISTER PYNCHON

Who the fuck is Rabbit Man?

Pynchon almost pukes as the One is surrounded by NT SECURITY.

WAFFLE MOBILE PATRONS--

ROUSTABOUT ONE
What an asshole!

ROUSTABOUT TWO
Rabbit asshole!

ROUSTABOUT ONE
They've got to spin again, right?
Pick another Voter?

HALF-A-DOZEN GENTLEMEN wearing jumpsuits embroidered with the words "WARY HARE WARRIOR WARREN" emerge from the REAR BOOTH:

LEADER
Who don't like rabbits?!

THE LEADER bellows, whirling a steamy WAFFLE at the VIDEO WALL--

SCHMUCK!-- The doughy disc drapes down over a REPLAY of William Blurr flashing the inflammatory 'peace sign' from waybackinthenight.

ZUZZAN SLAMS a fistful of DOLLARS down on the syrupy counter and squeezes out the exit just as SMALL-ARMS FIRE erupts in the now RIOTOUS ResturanTruck.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE UP ON:

126 EXT. TRANSAMERICA TOWER - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY 126

The PYRAMID TOWER'S razor-sharp APEX gleams in the sun.

127 INT. V&V LOFT - TRANSAMERICA TOWER APEX- SAME 127

123 ROXXZAN strides through the firm's triangle-shaped LOFT APARTMENT occupying the very APEX of the PYRAMID high-rise. 123

IN THE BEDROOM-- BILLY is deep asleep in the master bed, several days of whisker growth darken his boyish features. Roxxzan looks him over then places TWO DROPS of clear LIQUID in a bedside WATER GLASS and exits.

128 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - TRANSAMERICA TOWER - DAY 128

VICTOR is on the couch, exhausted, raccoon eyed, watching six separate ELD SCREENS in the darkened conference room:

FOUR of the SIX SCREENS-- are MUTED and feature LIVE FEEDS of the Bovine-suited SHUB PUPP silently rambling away to ANYONE WATCHING.

TWO SCREENS-- play live NEWS PROGRAMMING:

ANCHORMAN ONE

The alternate 'One Voter', is a nondescript, middle-age female of uncertain race, creed, and color.

ANCHORWOMAN ONE

After an intensive manhunt they found the psychotic CEO nearly brain-dead from speq poisoning, lips sucked off, unable to serve.

ANCHORMAN TWO

This 'Other One' immediately voted for Gerald Bobogoné based solely on the candidate's gridzsite photo.

ANCHORWOMAN TWO

The heartbroken Other One then picked a wise-woman-big-sister candidate in the personage of Constance Honeycutt, the elderly affluhip art gallery owner from Novo Santa Fe sworn in earlier today.

VILTER

Where the fuck did you go,
Marcotecht?!

VILTER IGNORES the muted SHUB PUPPS and claps-on TWO OTHER NEWS FEEDS:

ASIAN REPORTER

The mission of 'Shubatron', as the intruding animation sometimes refers to itself, is unclear other than to show up unannounced and hang out quipping bad one-liners with whoever's on the other side of the screen.

BRITISH REPORTER

It's almost impossible to go anywhere without seeing Shub's cow-costumed talking-head chatting up unsuspecting victims.

GERMAN REPORTER

NT AI experts believe that the Shubatron's uncanny ability to simulate spontaneous human behavior derives from its pre-programmed propensity to randomly repeat little snatches of conversation and feed it back as a question, thereby learning the individual human's personal 'lingo'.

HOLLYWOOD REPORTER

Yesterday's devastating viral sneak attacks took everyone by surprise. Over the course of a single day, zillions of Bovinity-clad Shub replicants popped up on every ELD screen from Manhattan to Babylonwood.

ROXXZAN/FILTER (O.S.)

Vic?

Roxxzán interrupts over the firms' antique ANALOG INTERCOM:

ROXXZAN/FILTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I've got another Shub on feed four.

VILTER

Get rid of it, Roxx!

ROXXZAN/FILTER (O.S.)

I think you should talk to this one.

VILTER

Why's that?

ROXXZAN/FILTER (O.S.)

He's wearing a farmer's costume.

129

EXT. VISTA POINT OVERLOOK - NOVO MARIN COUNTY - SAME

129

SHUB is on the north side of the Golden Gate Bridge, loitering alongside hundreds of other ROAMADS at the panoramic VISTA POINT OVERLOOK. He sports a old-timey FARMER'S OVERALLS outfit, shields his ELD from prying eyes, holding for Vilter.

NEARBY-- several toothless GRANDMOTHERS baby-sit a gaggle of bright brown BAMBINOS. The kids are cracking-up at a cartoonish COW/MAN clowning around on their COMMUNAL ELD:

GIRL BAMBINO

Shubatron!

A GIGGLING GIRL shouts out, grinning at her GRANNY.

GIRL BAMBINO (CONT'D)

Shubatron funny!

ON SHUB'S ELD SCREEN-- Roxxzán flitters back on line:

ROXXZAN

Putting you through.

VILTER'S video-linked visage appears on Shub's SCREEN:

VILTER

Let's see now...

Victor leers into micam lens:

VILTER (CONT'D)

How many more Shubs before the real Marcotecht materializes? Fifty? A hundred?

SHUB

Nada. It's me, Viceroy. Back from beyond the beyond.

VILTER

That's cute. Now tell me something only the Marcotecht knows. Your farmer costume isn't doing it for me.

SHUB

It's an outfit. CrunchyCountry.

VILTER

It's a costume.

SHUB

Outfit.

VILTER

Out of the room?

SHUB

Out of the deal!

VILTER

What kind of underwear did she have on?

SHUB

Who?

VILTER

Kaplan. When she met Z.

SHUB

Uh...Sport panties?

VILTER

And what am I?

SHUB

What are you?...You're the liver!
The Viltering organ!

VILTER

Not bad for a cyberclone!

SHUB

Do you realize that all the shit you just asked about happened after I hired you, Viceroy? Technically, the Shub PUPP stopped monitoring me over a year ago.

VILTER

Really? Then what's it doing now?

SHUB

Free-ranging. They start out as your basic Shub PUPP then quasi-cyberclone anyone they interact with.

VILTER

But why, Marco?

SHUB

Long story.

VILTER

Shorten it.

SHUB

Invisibility.

VILTER

What? You think you're invisible? You're everywhere, all the time! Now everybody knows who Marco Shub is!

SHUB

Do they? Did you?

VILTER

Touché, Marcotecht. Touché.

SHUB

Where's Billy?

VILTER

Upstairs in the old pyramid suite. Recuperating.

SHUB

Good. You might want to sedate him for a while.

VILTER

Already done.

SHUB
Touché, Viceroy.

VILTER
What about the off-shore account?

SHUB
What about it?

VILTER
Only Shub and I know what about it.
I'm filling it up now.

SHUB
FMB!

VILTER
That's right, my friend.

SHUB
How did you-?

VILTER
-I did absolutely nothin'...
Just like old blue-eyes said,
remember? 'Sometimes nothin' is a
pretty zoopy hand'.

SHUB
I don't get it, Viceroy.

VILTER
Neither do I. Just take the money,
Marco.

SHUB
And run?

VILTER
Go ahead. But keep in touch.

SHUB
Won't be easy where I'm going.

VILTER
That's what they always say-

SHUB
-when they talk about it.

VILTER
Which they will, Shub. Which they
will.

CLICK! CLICK! Shub smiles, slides his dusty ELD into the belly pouch of his second-hand rancher overalls. He watches a PERTURBED PEDESTRIAN furiously fling her micro-ELD over the cliff into the OCEAN:

PEDESTRIAN

Fuckin' puppet! Leave me alone!

MARCO EYES a band of destitute South American textile TRADERS squatting in the parking lot, hocking black-market ponchos to AFFLUHIP TOURISTS.

SHUB SHOULDERS his backpack, steps past the band of Traders and heads out of the JAM-PACKED Vista Point zone.

A ROAMAD SENTRY guarding the lot issues three loud warning WHISTLES. The South American Traders snatch up their illegal merchandise.

EVERYONE WATCHES as a trio of NT MOTORCYCLE POLICE caravan through the lot, circle up, and park.

SHUB SEES: vaguely visible ENERGY PATTENS rising into the air, free-floating fear from the ranks of the Roamads.

Shub astounds himself by preemptively approaching the OFFICERS as they remove their helmets and dismount.

SHUB

Wowz! Beautiful bikes!

COP ONE

Can't complain.

COP TWO

Free gas.

COP THREE

And you are?

SHUB

I'm Shub.

COP THREE

Marco Shub?

SHUB

The one and only.

COP ONE

Of course you are. And I'm a baboon-faced horsefly.

COP TWO

Hell, we've busted so many Shubs in the last thousand miles that our hands hurt from spanking all of them!

SHUB

Really? Spanking Shubs? Sounds kinky, officers.

COP TWO

Yeah, well we're kinda kinky cops. Ya know?

SHUB

I see. Motorcycles and leather.

COP THREE

Go ahead, Shub, stereotype us! We're used to it.

SHUB

OK! I will! Where you headed?

COP ONE

All the way to Novo Seattle.

SHUB

Wowzus tits!

COP TWO

Practicing team riding maneuvers.

COP THREE

And diplomatic escorts.

SHUB

Riding maneuvers on escorts?

COP TWO

Hey, someone's gotta do it.

THE COPS LAUGH along with Shub who spies the textile traders safely exiting in a tattered FLATBED TRUCK, escaping detection by the sidetracked lawmen.

SHUB

Safe journey, officers. Have some fun on me.

COP ONE

We will. You too, Shub.

MARCO MELTS back into the mass of roamads, weaving through TOURISTS, TRANSIENTS and green-collar COMMUTERS lining the refuse-strewn BROKEN HIGHWAY.

SHUB OBSERVES sporadic snippets of his silly SHUBATRON SOBOT smattering PEDESTRIAN'S SCREENS. He eavesdrops on:

A TWENTY-SOMETHING ROAMAD, nodding in agreement whilst his palmtop PUPP offers up animated advice:

SHUBATRON

Look, Phil, join a singles
swarmgroup! Go to the
AloneTogetherAgain gridzsite.
Touch on 'Emotional Familiars'.

PHIL

Ok. First thing tomorrow.

The pensive young man promises:

PHIL (CONT'D)

Thanks, Shuby.

SHUB

Shuby!

SHUB REMOVES a wad of BILLS from the hidey-pouch inside his generic rancher costume and steps to the edge of the ROADWAY amid scores of FELLOW HITCHERS.

SHUB WAVES the devalued greenbacks overhead, hoping to get recognized by the deluge of drivers creeping past in a perpetual ROAMADIC CRUSH.

A MUDDY STATION WAGON pulls over right next to Shub and patiently deposits an ELDERLY HITCHER. A dozen HOPEFUL HITCHERS descend on the soiled Subaru, waving SMART CARDS in front of the FEMALE DRIVER.

130

INT. ZUZZAN'S SUBARU - SAME

130

ZUZZAN begins to roll back onto the roadway but stops and pops open the passenger door when she sees Shub's hard currency:

ZUZZAN

American dollars?

SHUB

Yes, Mam!

ZUZZAN

Get in!

SHUB SQUISHES his pack into the back and takes shotgun seat.

SHUB

Appreciate it.

ZUZZAN

I'm Maria.

SHUB

Marco.

Shub gently shakes 'Maria's' hand.

ZUZZAN

Marco Shub?

SHUB

The one and only.

ZUZZAN

Thought so. You're my third self-professed Shub rider today. That's OK, I don't need to know your real name, Kilroy. But I do need real money before we pull outa here.

SHUB

Paper stuff?

Shub reaches into his pack and yanks out the bank courtesy pouch containing his remaining stash of cold cash.

ZUZZAN

Zoopy! How far you goin'?

SHUB

As far north as I can. Actually, with any luck, I'm more or less XaNa-bound.

ZUZZAN

Well hell! I wouldn't mind making it there myself, Mister Money Bags.

SHUB

Good! I figure what the hell...

SHUB IS STARING at this pretty, witty, Maria...

SHUB (CONT'D)

Do you have any sisters, Maria?

ZUZZAN

Nope. Only child. Why?

SHUB

You seem like you would...I guess.

Shub stumbles, his heart slamming around, torturing his trachea. Maria ignores the hitcher's premature attempt at familial familiarization:

ZUZZAN

I can take you all the way to the Canadian boarder if you want. Depends on how much you can pay.

SHUB

Howzabout thirty-thousand in hundred-dollar bills?

ZUZZAN

Shit! That would work just fine! Very generous of you, brother.

SHUB

Well...the worker is worth their wages.

Shub is mystified by Maria, mapping the micro-movements of her mouth to his memory of Z's familiar mimicry.

ZUZZAN

I can use the money.

Maria slowly pulls out of the hitchhiking lane into TRAFFIC.

ZUZZAN (CONT'D)

My sleazy boss just ripped me off.

Shub is still staring at Maria's fine-featured Kaplan-esque face:

SHUB

My dad had one of these Subaru's. Yep. These babies used to make great get-away cars because there were so damn many of them that they were practically invisible.

ZUZZAN

Really? You a 'get-away' guy, Shub?

SHUB

Not really. I watch a lot of old movies.

ZUZZAN
Yeah, me too.

SHUB
I like rocktro music.

ZUZZAN
Me too!

SHUB
SlowedDownLight.

ZUZZAN
That's really zoopy! Me too!

SHUB
We're from the same tribe, huh?

ZUZZAN
It's gonna take us ten or twelve days to get to the border from here. We'd better have something in common.

SHUB
We'll drive each other bananas by then?

ZUZZAN
No we won't! We're the XaNawannabes!

Zuzzan flashes a smile, catches herself, covers.

ZUZZAN (CONT'D)
Shit! Look at this fucking traffic, Shub!

SHUB
Predictable as tap water used to be. You hungry? I've got some groceries in my pack.

ZUZZAN
I'm starving! Even though I've eaten enough ballmeat lately to choke a horse.

SHUB
Me too!

Shub unzips a BLADDER of goat yogurt, hands it to Maria. She sucks the nourishing nano-bag.

SHUB SEES the amiable motorcycle POLICEMEN from the Vista Point cruising up beside them. He rolls down the window:

SHUB (CONT'D)

Hey!

ZUZZAN

What are you doing?!

SHUB

My new friends! Officers!

Shub shouts out, salutes.

THE LEAD COP returns Marco's salute, barks his SIREN three times and pulls in front of the Subaru. The other TWO OFFICERS follow in formation, lights flashing.

THE TREMENDOUS TRAFFIC JAM miraculously parts before them, making way for the unusual police escort.

ZUZZAN

Wowz! I can't believe it!

SHUB

They need the practice.

ZUZZAN

Don't we all...

Zuzzan steers ahead, happily unimpeded.

SHUB

Music!

Shub fingers the Subaru's funky satellite-radio controls.

ZUZZAN

It's dead.

SHUB

Oh?...Let's have a look.

ZUZZAN

You repair electronics?

SHUB

Sometimes...

SHUN STARES at the aged audio UNIT, mimicking Enoy's artistry, alternating squinting and relaxing his gaze just a kiss:

SHUB (CONT'D)

I'm kinda studying full-time now.

SHUB SEES: a subtle GREEN GLOW gyrating around the perimeter of the malfunctioning machine, a little lozenge of NON-LIGHT floats in the center:

ZUZZAN

What subject?

SHUB

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm...Not sure.

SHUB SLAPS the dark SPOT with the butt of his palm-- BLING! A distant DJ sounds out from the Subaru's SPEAKERS:

DJ VOICE/FILTER

-lucky to have the brand new
SloweDownLight release! You're
hearing it first on Rocktro Rocket.

ZUZZAN

Nectowowzic!

Zuzzan gives Shub a 'not too bad for a rancher-type' look.

She speeds up to pace their escort, steering northward, smiling along with Shub at the smazy North Bay sunset, soaking in the soothing, sardonic sonics:

RADIO MUSIC

*'We'll be dancing in the light again
channeling our twins.*

*Here we go again, we're not alone
not with our cyberclones.*

*Every click you make
every heart you break
they'll be watching
and replicating.*

*Everything we buy
till the day we die
fills the happy homes
of our cyberclones.*

*Everywhere we go
we're on video
so the clones can grow
and run the whole damn show.*

THE END