

HORRORVISION

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THIRD DRAFT
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TEMPE ENTERTAINMENT
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1 INT. TONI'S LOFT - DAY

1

TOTAL BLACKNESS WITH RANDOM PICTURE SURGES.

TONI (V.O.)
(banging computer)
Fucking PCs!
(a beat)
-- Hang on Dez, my cam is freakin'
out...

In this entire opening scene, we only see DEZ, TONI, and DAZZY through a medium POV of the web cam that is mounted on the top of his computer.

POV SHOT (low-rez distressed image) FROM A MINI DV CAMERA MOUNTED ON TOP OF THE COMPUTER. SHE REACHES FOR IT AND ADJUSTS. A SERIES OF STATIC, OUT OF FOCUS SURGES OCCUR, THEN WE GET A CLEAR PICTURE.

TONI (CONT'D)
I'm still burnin' this CD.
(she adjusts it into
place)
There we go...

We finally see TONI HARLAND (30s), seated at her computer workstation (two PCs). Sassy, cute, conservative, but still a little on the dark side. She's trying to keep an eye on the progress of the CD-ROM she's burning, but the VIDEO CONFERENCE she's immersed in is providing plenty of distraction.

TONI (CONT'D)
-- Don't bullshit me, Dez...

INTERCUT TONI AND DEZ

2 INT. DEZ'S APARTMENT - SAME

2

The unshaven face of DEZ DRAVEN (20s). A few twigs of black hair dangle like greasy spider legs in front of his sharp, dark eyes.

And those eyes are intent on something we don't see yet.

Dez is a beat cat, pretty relaxed. Hasn't necessarily seen it all, but he's over it anyway.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

DEZ

It was on the Disney Channel...

TONI

I don't believe it.

DEZ

-- clear as day in the cafeteria -
She must have been 19.

Dez rolls his eyes back, moves a bit, and bites his lip.

TONI

-- On a kid's show?

DEZ

I have a Quicktime of it
somewhere... Filth, plain and
simple. I wouldn't make this up.

Toni remembers what she was doing and spins in her chair
to check on that CD-ROM. No problem.

TONI

That's twisted.

She turns back to the other monitor

TONI (CONT'D)

It's almost ready for you to
deliver to you *DISgustomers*.

DEZ

Hey, don't badmouth the source of
our income. Those pervs keep us in
Spaghetti-Os while the world at
large learns to appreciate our *true*
talent.

(rolling his eyes back)

...let's face it, you take really
great nude pictures. I just wish
you'd pose for 'em yourself...

She blushes.

At that, a FEMALE HAND ENTERS FRAME RIGHT from below and
gives Dez a hard SLAP across the face. He barely reacts.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

TONI

Who's that?

He looks down slowly. Looks up again.

DEZ

No one.

The hand returns, this time from FRAME LEFT, and slaps him a bit harder.

TONI

That's gotta sting. Hi Dazzy.

A hand returns in the frame and waves quickly.

DEZ

We were talkin' about you getting naked...

TONI

Yeah, well, like my sweet Granny used to say -- wish in one hand, shit in the other, see which one fills up first.

(a beat)

CyberSlick says you hacked AO-Hell again.

DEZ

(evil grin)

...it was a righteous hack.

TONI

What'd you do?

DEZ

Changed my landlord's screen name to HORSECOCK, got his account info... and posted his credit card info on newsgroups and IRC, then emailed him a virus.

TONI

Damn, what does it do?

(CONTINUED)

DEZ

Attacks his email client. It pretty much sends complimentary porn to everyone in his address book. Pretty nasty.

TONI

You bad boy. And I take it you're getting a lot of writing done this way?

At this point, we finally SEE what has been hiding under Dez's desk throughout this conversation: an incredibly sexy and nearly-naked GOTH-CHICK crawls from between his legs and sprawls luxuriantly across his lap.

Meet DAZZY RAMM (20s). Too-small black baby-tee with the obligatory Japanese Anime character on the front. Black hair, fingernails, and totally Goth princess. A shapely bundle of the good kind of trouble.

Dez gives her a wry smile.

DEZ

(kissing on Dazzy lower neck)

It's *ALL* good Tone...just a little research.

TONI

Always thinking with the little head.

DEZ

-- So when can I pick up the disk? The pervs need their regular dose of corruption.

TONI

It's not our fault the world's a sick place - all we do is entertain the madmen.

(a beat)

Pick it up tomorrow, but promise me you'll at least *try* to get some writing done?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (4)

2

Dazzy starts licking Dez's neck passionately and pinching his nipple.

We see him reach for the camera, turning it off.

DEZ

Ain't you sweet...loggin' off
babe...

He winks, then slips on his ULTRABLACK CYBER-SHADES and smiles.

DEZ (cont'd)

Lates...

FADE TO BLACK.

3 INT. TONI'S LOFT - DAY

3

We MOVE through a large photo studio with high ceilings. The walls are covered with bizarre, artsy B&W & COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS. The TV is on, volume low.

The computer desk that occupies one corner, however, is littered with raunchy GIRLIE PHOTOS.

Toni turns off her MONITOR, shaking her head.

Looking up, her gaze falls upon the framed photos that adorn the wall above her desk. Good stuff, very gothic and dark in style. She shakes her head as if angry with herself.

She turns toward her second monitor.

TONI

(taking a deep breath)

Cm'on...

She grabs her mouse, clicking here and there. Her WEB-BROWSER opens and she begins digging for gold.

A solemn-faced REPORTER appears on-screen, the words BREAKING NEWS emblazoned beneath his face. The TV image flickers and distorts more & more for the rest of scene.

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER

(TV V.O.)

This is Don Adams with a News 10
Special Report.

Toni looks over at the TV.

THE REPORTER'S FACE is replaced by GRAINY FOOTAGE of a
DEAD MAN sprawled on a lawn, surrounded by several COPS.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

(TV V.O.)

This footage is coming to you live
from Rocky Beach, where police have
just shot - and apparently killed -
a man who earlier went on a
shooting spree in this suburban
neighborhood.

Toni's brow furrows.

She turns her attention to her computer once again.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

(TV V.O.)

The man, reported to be a self-
employed web designer, allegedly
murdered his wife and two children,
then began going door-to-door,
methodically gunning down his
neighbors...

TONI

Shit...

She grabs up her TV REMOTE and snaps the set OFF.
Tossing the remote aside, she quickly scans the page on
her monitor. Moves on.

Another page loads. As Toni scrolls downward, she comes
across an unusual, cheezy-looking animated banner link.

HORRORVISION.COM...

The face of a CARTOON MONSTER snarls out at her from the
banner.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

TONI (CONT'D)

Hughmm...

She CLICKS THE BANNER. The lights in the room quickly FLICKER. She looks around in a startled curiosity.

A BLANK PAGE loads.

As she moves the mouse up to the BACK button --

that cute little CARTOON MONSTER comes dancing out. He bops and cavorts his way to the center of the screen.

The Monster stops dancing.

He thrusts his little butt out. Grins back at Toni.

TONI (CONT'D)

This is so cheesy!

A WORD BALLOON appears above the Monster's head: "CLICK ME TONI" he insists.

She slides her mouse onto the Monster's butt.

LEFT CLICKS.

A BRIEF DRAMATIC PAUSE, NOTHING HAPPENS.....THEN --

ELECTRICAL STATIC SOUNDS are heard. Toni's head moves back suddenly.

And Toni's screen is instantly FLOODED WITH BIZARRE IMAGERY of women in various nude poses, light bondage, bloody, and evil.

Toni's eyes widen.

TONI (CONT'D)

What the hell --

GOTH MUSIC blasts from the computer speakers.

Toni tries to turn the volume down, but no luck.

She doesn't notice as the PHONE LINE leading into her computer begins to TWITCH...

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (3)

3

PHOTOS FLASH by on the monitor.

Toni leans forward in her seat, intent upon the imagery FLASHING FASTER AND FASTER across her screen.

The phone line begins to FRAY and SPLIT INTO TENTACLE-LIKE APPENDAGES...

Toni continues to stare into the screen for a long moment. Then she seems to snap out of it, shaking her head violently.

She grabs the mouse. CLICKS on the STOP button.

A NEW WINDOW OPENS, still flashing the images.

More than a little worried, Toni CLICKS "STOP" once again.

And again, a NEW WINDOW OPENS.

CLICK. A new window.

TONI (CONT'D)
Hey, hey, hey --

She goes for the POWER BUTTON.

Her hand never reaches it.

Those PHONE-LINE TENTACLES WHIP OUT FROM BEHIND THE COMPUTER.

LASH themselves around Toni.

She SCREAMS.

As the tentacles yank her from her chair and SLAM HER AGAINST THE SURFACE OF THE DESK -

Toni's SKIN RIPPLES OUTWARD from where the tentacles grip her flesh.

Her body begins to BREAK DOWN into BINARY DATA.

The DIGITAL INFORMATION SWIRLS from her disintegrating body like tiny tornadoes.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (4)

3

Toni's SCREAMS GROW LOUDER --

and are abruptly CUT OFF as what's left of her body is PULLED INTO THE COMPUTER SCREEN.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

4 INT. DEZ'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

4

MOVING through the place, we get a good look at it for the first time. It's an odd mix of the cheapest dorm-room style furnishings, Goth decorations (velvet curtains, skull and bone candle holders, etc.) and techno, cyberpunk heaven.

Glass desk, shelving stacked with the latest equipment -- Apple's newest and fastest G4, a PowerBook or two, 16x9 TV, DVD player, recordable CD, PalmPilot (with modem) -- you name it, Dez owns it.

CAMERA COMES TO REST on Dez himself.

Apparently last night's "research" went well. Dez is out cold, sprawled face-down across his bed, clad only in black boxer shorts. Elaborate TATTOOS adorn his back and upper arms.

Dazzy enters from the bathroom, toweling her hair. She pauses by the bed and stares at Dez. We note that she has several interesting tattoos of her own, in even more interesting locales.

DAZZY

Dez.

He SNORKS softly, but doesn't move.

DAZZY (CONT'D)

(seductively)

Evvvaannnnnn...

She leans forward, and gently traces a fingertip along a tattoo that runs the length of Dez's spine. He twitches. GRUNTS.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

Dazzy straightens, a little miffed. Considers for a second.

She takes a step back, spinning her towel in her hands to twist it up good and tight. She puts it in her mouth and sucks on it to wet the tip.

Then she snaps the towel, POPPING the hell out of Dez's ass.

YELPING, he jumps about a foot off the bed.

Rubbing the sore spot on his butt, he rolls over and fixes Dazzy with a pained expression.

DEZ

(groggy)

Why you gotta pop a guy's ass?

DAZZY

Whatta you want, an explanation of the whole man/woman thing?

DEZ

I'm not awake enough for *that*.

(sitting up)

...it's just not a very pleasant way to wake up, is all.

Dazzy plops down on the bed next to him. Rubbing her finger over her stomach / breast region.

DAZZY

(grinning)

You've done your share of stinging...

Dez stretches long and hard, GROANING as he speaks --

DEZ

(bedroom talk)

I'm your big daddy bumblebee.

He SIGHS, takes a deep breath. Glances around, then looks expectantly at Dazzy.

DEZ (CONT'D)

Where's breakfast?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

Sneering, she begins twisting the towel once again. Dez relents.

DEZ (CONT'D)

Okay, okay...

(resigned)

...looks like cigs again.

He fumbles for the pack, lips one and lights it as Dazzy watches.

DAZZY

That's what I like about you, Dez --
you're dedicated to good nutrition.

He takes a long drag, slowly blows the smoke out in ring shapes and contemplates them.

DEZ

C'mon... tobacco falls into your
vegetable group...

GIGGLING, Dazzy gets up and begins to dress. Dez enjoys the show and his smoke for a moment, then glances at his fancy WATCH.

DEZ (CONT'D)

Man, it's almost noon. I gotta pick
up that CD from Toni.

DAZZY

(sarcastic)

Mr. Responsible -- and here it is
only twelve o'clock in the day...

Dez, his cigarette hanging from his lip, leans back on the bed.

DEZ

I'm all about taking life by the
throat, baby.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. INDUSTRIAL TRASHY STREET -- DAY

5

Dez's faded SHITMOBILE rolls along the industrial, trash-ridden streets.

6 INT. DEZ'S SHITMOBILE -- SAME 6

Dez seems lost in thought as he drives. In the passenger seat, Dazzy is busy with nail polish, painting her fingernails black.

The radio is on and a MONOTONE ANNOUNCER is droning away...

RADIO VOICE

(radio V.O.)

...Police apprehended the woman after she stabbed two co-workers to death and severely wounded four others. This bloody attack comes on the heels of last night's killing spree in Rocky Beach...

Despite the unpleasantness of the radio report, Dazzy is bopping and HUMMING along to her own internal music supply.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. TONI'S LOFT -- DAY 7

An industrial looking building nestled in the Los Angeles loft district. Dez's car pulls up outside. Dazzy jumps out and slithers across the hood to meet Dez as he unfurls himself from the car.

DEZ

Damn, Dazzy -- settle down...

DAZZY

(playful)

Lunch next, right? Where we gonna eat? Where we gonna eat?

DEZ

Tacos, baby, tacos...

Capering like a maniac, Dazzy scampers away towards the building, calling back over her shoulder --

DAZZY

We should make Toni go with us -- I think you need another pep talk!

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

Yeah, that's *exactly* what he needs. Dez SIGHS.

8 INT. TONI'S LOFT / CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER

8

Dez and Dazzy get off the ELEVATOR, and enter a small trashy hallway. A large man, dressed in black, stands against the wall with a broken electronic device, trying desperately to fix it. Standing next to him is a short kid doing the same.

Dez and Dazzy pass them, looking curiously. They reach loft #696, and Dazzy props up against the wall in a most appealing manner as she and Dez reach Toni's door. Dez KNOCKS.

A few seconds pass. Lifting his arm, Dez looks at that snazzy watch. He stabs a button and it displays a readout of the latest STOCK REPORTS.

And it's apparently not good news.

DEZ

(frowning)

Aw, fuck! A guy buys stock in Krunchy Freez and suddenly no one wants deep-fried ice cream.

DAZZY

I wish you'd forget playing the market -- you always buy the stupidest stuff.

Frustrated, he POUNDS on Toni's door once again.

DEZ

Come on...

A moment passes. Again, there is no response.

DAZZY

She was here when you called, right?

A sheepish expression crosses Dez's face. He says nothing.

(CONTINUED)

DAZZY (CONT'D)

(realizing)

...and the man who owns every different high-tech communications device known, didn't bother to make a simple call.

DEZ

(embarrassed)

Toni has even less of a life than I do -- She's always home!

Dazzy gives him a sour look. He BEATS on the door one last time.

DEZ (CONT'D)

Help me out here, Tone...

No dice.

Shaking his head, Dez pulls a SMALL LEATHER POUCH from his back pocket.

Flipping the pouch open, Dez reveals a set of LOCKPICKS.

DAZZY

I thought you got rid of those.

DEZ

Don't worry your sweet self -- I ain't goin' back to my teenage anarchy ways.

(chooses a pick)

...Strictly for emergencies.

Inserting the pick into the lock, Dez begins wriggling it around like he's done this a million times.

CLICK.

DAZZY

You're like fuckin' MacGyver with those.

Dez grins. Dazzy shakes her head with a evil smile.

9 INT. TONI'S LOFT - SAME

9

Dez brazenly strides into the apartment. Dazzy hangs back in the doorway.

DEZ

Toni! Tell limp dick to put his pants on -- we got business to discuss!

No response.

DAZZY

I guess we're officially breaking and entering now.

DEZ

We didn't break anything...

He moves further into the apartment and begins nosing around. Dazzy hesitantly follows.

Dez approaches Toni's desk. Other than a few papers and photos strewn on the floor, there is no sign of the terrifying struggle that occurred here.

The computer is still on, a cheesy SCREEN-SAVER bouncing happily across the monitor.

DEZ (cont'd)

(looking at the screen saver)

We need to get her a Mac.

Dazzy steps up behind Dez. She checks out the framed photos on the wall above the desk.

DAZZY

This is new stuff...

DEZ

(looking at the photos)

Damn. She just gets better all the time.

Dazzy continues to admire the photos as DEZ returns to business. He pokes around on the desk, looks under stuff -- nothing.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

Finally, he tweaks the computer's mouse, revealing the screen.

Centered within it is an ERROR MESSAGE: "CANNOT CONNECT TO NETWORK" Behind that is a frozen IMAGE from *horrorvision.com...*

But Dez pays no attention to it.

He ejects the CD-ROM, revealing a disk labelled "Dez's Filth."

DEZ (CONT'D)

There's the rent.

Grinning, Dez pockets the CD.

That's when Dazzy notices the image on the monitor.

DAZZY

Ughh -- what *is* this?

Dez clicks on the error message to get rid of it.

The image is a DISTORTED PHOTOGRAPH of a YOUNG WOMAN lashed tightly to a metal bed frame. Her features are obscured by a BLACK HOOD.

DEZ

...Some artsy-fartsy bondage bullshit.

(a beat)

Pretty goth, though...

DAZZY

I like it.

DEZ

Probably just checkin' out the competition.

(turning to leave)

C'mon, let's get tacos.

Dazzy stares curiously at the screen for another second, almost aroused, then tears herself away and follows Dez.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. TACO MONKEY -- DAY

10

An incredibly tiny taco stand sprouting from the parking lot. A real dumpy place.

Dez and Dazzy are seated at a small table, their breakfast of tasty tacos spread before them. Despite his pale appearance, DEZ is enjoying being outside, gawking at PASSERSBY and the traffic. Dazzy considers her fella for a long moment.

DAZZY

I know you've gotta get the stuff out to your buyers...

DEZ

Uh-oh.

DAZZY

-- Lemme finish before you say uh-oh!

Dazzy is only mildly flustered by all this. She's been through it a million times, no doubt.

DAZZY (CONT'D)

I really...

(choosing her words carefully)

...hope... you'll sit down and do some writing today.

Dez hooks a finger into her already low-cut baby-tee and tugs it down, revealing some rather delightful flesh.

DEZ

I got sooo many distractions...

DAZZY

...And with the "uh-oh" out of the way, the excuses are off and running.

(a beat)

I'll leave the house -- I'll dress like a Russian grandmother, whatever it takes to keep your libido from going into overdrive --

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

DEZ
(sexy bedroom talk)
-- Kinky... but I'd know what's
underneath those frumpy grandma
clothes --

That's it.

DAZZY
Just stop, Dez. Listen to me.

Realizing he's taken it too far, Dez's playful mood
fades. Dazzy fixes him with a serious gaze.

She reaches out to tug on one of those dangling twigs of
hair that obscure Dez's eyes.

DAZZY (CONT'D)
I hate seeing you screw around with
these assholes and their porno
websites, making a few hundred
bucks here and there while your
sceenplay sits around feeling
lonesome and neglected.

DEZ
A guy's gotta pay the bills --

DAZZY
That guy from Miramax was
practically *salivating* on you at
Christa's party -- if you'd show
him a treatment he'd probably fork
over an advance!
(a beat)
Instead, you just keep coming up
with crazy reasons to avoid working
on the damn thing...

DEZ
(shrugging)
Life fucks with ya, whatta you
gonna do?

DAZZY
Did you nail down a title yet?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

DEZ
I'm calling it "CyberVamps."

DAZZY
That's perfect!

Dez smiles at her.

After a second, she returns the smile.

DAZZY (CONT'D)
Well, here's some shit that's about to happen -- forget these porn sites. *I'll* pay the bills until you finish it.

Dez is a little taken aback. He starts to speak, but Dazzy cuts him off.

DAZZY (CONT'D)
That's just part of the deal -- when you finish it, then you support *me* while I mix some tracks and get an album put together. That way we both accomplish something. Deal?

Dez considers for a long moment.

DEZ
I... Dazzy, that's... that sounds fucking *great*. The problem is, Toni counts on this shit for money, too -
-

DAZZY
-- I already talked to her about it.

Dez's eyebrows go up.

DAZZY (CONT'D)
She says the website content thing is totally extra money for her, she can get by without it. She wants you to finish it, too.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

DEZ
 ...You sneaky-ass girls...

Dazzy grins.

DAZZY
 So it's a deal, right?

Dez slides on his cyber-shades, ever so cool, smiles at her, reaches over the table and kisses her.

CUT TO:

11 INT. DEZ'S APARTMENT -- DAY (LATER)

11

Dez plops into the chair at his desk. His computer is always on, so he wastes no time in popping the CD-ROM into the drive.

DEZ
 Let's see...

He opens the new folder. A list of hundreds of photos fills the screen. Dez scrolls through the items...

DEZ (CONT'D)
 (reading list)
 ...Nipple Nikki, Tight Tina...
Booqueesha? What the *hell?*

Dez takes a moment to open one or two items. Some pretty wicked NUDE PHOTOS of nubile YOUNG WOMEN.

DEZ (CONT'D)
 (impressed)
 Mm -- mm -- mmm...

Continuing to scroll down, he reveals something odd:

A folder labelled *horrorvision.com*.

He DOUBLE-CLICKS on the folder. Nothing happens. He tries again, but the same. He attempts to move the folder to the TRASH (on a Mac), as soon as it hits the Trash icon...

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

Ever seen the computer world's version of All Hell Breaking Loose?

Here it is.

Various PROGRAMS LAUNCH THEMSELVES seemingly at once, each one FLASHING on screen only to be replaced by the next one and the one after that.

Dez's first reaction --

DEZ (CONT'D)

Fuck!!

-- is understandable. At this point, it only seems that his computer's gone wonky.

Then his WEB BROWSER LAUNCHES.

DEZ (CONT'D)

What the hell, you piece of shit?!

He stabs wildly at the keyboard, trying to stave off this virtual onslaught.

DEZ (CONT'D)

-- shit shit shit --

Then --

HORRORVISION.COM fills his monitor.

But it's different than the last time we saw it. This time, a FLASH MOVIE opens. CRUMBLING LETTERS begin slamming one by one across the screen, spelling something out.

At first, Dez is oblivious, his only concern the apparent collapse of his beloved super Mac.

DEZ (CONT'D)

...Come *onnnnn*...

Then the movie catches his eye.

CU: MONITOR

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

TEXT continues to slam across the screen as an UNCANNY ELECTRONIC VOICE begins READING ALONG:

ELECTRONIC VOICE
(gravelly, distorted,
creepy as hell)
...the human race is a ludicrous
mistake... a cancer that devours
itself along with everything in its
path... the destroyer must itself
be destroyed in a torrent of agony
and bloodshed... they will turn
against their own kind, kill their
children, feed on the flesh of the
weak...

Dez is stunned. The intense hatred of humanity that gushes forth from the screen is like nothing he's ever seen.

Suddenly --

The TEXT DISAPPEARS. Then the FLOOD OF IMAGES begins.

We SEE many of the same things Toni saw --

...but Dez is also bombarded with more EXTREME IMAGES.

And INTERCUT with it all --

Glimpses of the terrifying *MANIFESTO*.

No longer the cute cartoon monster Toni saw, this nightmare is clad in a tattered HOODED CLOAK, which swirls around the figure like a TODD McFARLANE drawing brought to life. The creature's hideous eyes GLOW from beneath the hood.

At this point, Dez seems to be mesmerized, thrown into a trance-like state by the flow of visual information.

Then it gets *really* bad.

Intermittently flashing throughout the other images, we now SEE that DISTORTED PHOTO of the hooded young woman lashed to the metal bedframe.

But it's only the first of a SERIES.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

In the next photo, the HOOD IS OFF.

It's TONI.

And we now realize that she is bound to the bedframe with several PHONE CORDS.

Dez is frozen in shock.

More images of Toni FLASH BY.

Each photo different from the last... Toni's expression of horror growing more and more profound...

...until the final shot appears.

Toni's LIFELESS EYES stare pleadingly at Dez. The photo flashes FASTER and FASTER until it becomes the only image visible.

DAZZY

(O.S.)

Dez --

But he can't tear himself from the nightmare before him...

Dazzy runs to him coming to a stop next to his chair. He doesn't even notice her.

DAZZY (CONT'D)

DEZ! What the fuck is that?

No response.

Dazzy, horrified by Dez's blank eyes, tries to shake him out of his trance.

DAZZY (CONT'D)

What's going on?! Baby -- come on --

He's like a lifeless toy, oblivious to Dazzy's presence.

DAZZY (CONT'D)

(screaming)

Dez, you're scaring me!

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (4)

11

Releasing Dez, she looks around for something, some way to help him, to shut down this horror...

Her gaze falls on the PHONE CORD where it's plugged into the wall.

Dropping to her knees, she scrambles to the line. Grabs it. UNPLUGS it from the wall --

-- Dez snaps out of his trance --

-- and an EXPLOSION of DIGITAL INFORMATION gushes from the jack and the cord itself. SWIRLING WILDLY, it engulfs Dazzy.

TRANSFORMS HER.

Dez watches, terrified, as the digital maelstrom works its way up Dazzy's body.

In its wake, she becomes a PIXEL CREATURE out of Bill Gates' worst nightmare.

The lurid images from the website now FLASH ACROSS AND THROUGH DAZZY'S SKIN. And the agony that accompanies this effect DRIVES HER MAD.

HOWLING in pain and fury, she lunges to her feet.

DEZ

Dazzy --

Whirling, she attacks. SLAMS into Dez. The two go ass-over-teakettle across the room. Stuff strewn everywhere.

And let's face it -- Dez's a lover, not a fighter.

The Pixel-Creature CLAWS wildly at his face and throat, tiny bursts of blue STATIC shooting from its fingertips to scorch Dez's skin. He YELPS at the pain.

IMAGES OF TONI FLARE across the creature's face as the two struggle.

The creature's hands close on Dez's throat. He hammers his fists against its arms, boxes its ears, to no avail. His face begins to redden, eyes bulging...

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (5)

11

He desperately flails around for some sort of weapon. His hand falls upon a small table LAMP, the shade knocked off in the struggle.

Gripping it tightly, Dez THRUSTS it into the creature's FACE. The BULB SHATTERS and a CRACKLING burst of ELECTRICITY FLARES UP, shocking the hell out of the creature --

-- and Dez himself. He HOWLS in pain.

Almost instantly, the creature is sent HURTLING AWAY, breaking the connection, but Dez continues to thrash across the floor for a moment.

Recovering somewhat, he scrambles to where the creature is sprawled.

DEZ (CONT'D)

Dazzy --

Tiny bursts of DIGITIZED FLESH are coming off of the creature, revealing the Dazzy we know and love. But she ain't looking so good.

DAZZY

(croaking)

Dez...

He cradles her in his arms, rocking her gently as he speaks.

DEZ

Dazzy, you're gonna be okay, I'm gonna call an ambulance and you're gonna be okay --

Nope.

Her eyes close and Dazzy is GONE.

DEZ (CONT'D)

That's not gonna happen, you're not gonna die --

As her last breath escapes, Dazzy's body SHATTERS into a whirlwind of BINARY DATA. The tornado of information is sucked into the phone jack, disappearing.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (6)

11

Dez remains on his knees, shocked and confused. He stares at the computer for a long moment. The screen has gone BLACK.

A CONSTRICTED LAUGH escapes his throat.

Startled by the sound, he cuts the laugh short. Looks around the room as if expecting someone to leap out and tell him he's been had.

But there's nobody there.

Dez looks to the computer again. Hesitantly, he crawls toward it, careful not to touch the thing.

He looks over the keyboard, the screen, the mouse... then stares blankly at his reflection in the monitor.

DEZ (CONT'D)
...D -- Dazzy...?

His eyes wet, he gets to his feet. Spins around a couple of times, looking for something, some answer.

His CELL PHONE rests on the couch.

He grabs the phone, hastily punches buttons. The other end RINGS twice and is picked up --

DEZ (CONT'D)
Toni, it's Dez --

RECORDING
(filtered)
We're sorry --

Dez reacts to the RECORDED MESSAGE.

RECORDING (CONT'D)
-- the mobile unit you have dialed
is not active at this time. Please
try again later.

DEZ
Fuck!

He throws the phone down.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (7)

11

Spurred into action, he begins storming around the apartment. He snatches up a GYM BAG and begins shoving items into it -- PowerBook, PalmPilot, cell phone, etc.

He starts for the door, pausing to stare at a FRAMED PHOTO hanging on the wall.

INSERT: PHOTO

Dez and Dazzy hugging with a industrial landscape in the back. With his tousled hair and cigarette dangling from his lip, Dez looks like Jack Kerouac waiting for Neal Cassady to bring the car around. Dazzy is all smiles, arms wrapped around the boy.

BACK TO SCENE

Dez removes the photo from the wall and shoves it into his gym bag.

Then he walks out the door, SLAMMING it behind him.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. TONI'S LOFT -- DAY

12

Dez's car RATTLES to a halt outside Toni's building for the second time today.

He leaps out, dashing across the street and into the building.

13 INT. TONI'S LOFT / CORRIDOR - SAME

13

Dez comes off the elevator

A MAN and a WOMAN are embroiled in a furious argument.

MAN

You *sold* that shit?

WOMAN

I tol' you, you don't hear so well -
-

MAN

I can't believe you sold my *fucking* *methadone*!

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

He CUFFS the Woman. She bends, clutching her face.

WOMAN

Agghhhhh!

MAN

Stupid bitch! Now I gotta rip
someone off so I can buy some
fuckin' heroin!

The Man's gaze falls on Dez. The Woman continues to
HOLLER.

Dez swallows hard, but keeps moving. Just as he nears
the couple --

the Woman DRIVES HER FIST into the Man's groin. He
SHRIEKS, dropping to the floor.

The Woman grins widely at Dez as he passes, quickening
his step.

Dez finally comes to #696. He KNOCKS, peering back down
the corridor to where the Man and Woman continue to
ARGUE. The door is cracked open. He enters cautiously.

14 INT. TONI'S LOFT -- MOMENTS LATER

14

Papers, photos and other stuff are all over the floor.
It's been ransacked.

DEZ

Toni!

(a beat)

C'mon, God damn it, I need you...

Moving desperately, Dez begins searching the apartment --

Then --

He sees a figure laying on the bed. As he gets closer,
he sees NOLA, 30s, in hooker-stripper clothes, passed
out with a turniket on her arm and a needle stuck in it.
She has a bottle of Jack Daniels on one side, and a
handful of 8x10 photos of herself in the other.

Dez picks up the photos and looks through them. He taps
her and she wakes up, bitchy.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

NOLA
(groggy)
Whozit?

Startled, Dez stammers and stutters for a moment.

DEZ
Uh -- I, uh... my name's Dez.

NOLA
Don't know 'em.

DEZ
(searching)
I, I... uh, I'm a friend of Toni
Harland's...

A beat.

NOLA
You got my money?

She sits up suddenly in anger, jacked up on some serious
dope. She holds a photo out showing Dez.

NOLA (cont'd)
Fucking cunt owes me money!

Dez sees her condition and considers for a few seconds.

DEZ
...Yeah...it's cool...I got it.

NOLA
Let's have it.

Dez tries to play her.

DEZ
I need to ask you something first --

NOLA
Fuckin' cop.

DEZ
I'm not a cop -- I'm a friend of
Toni's.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

NOLA
Cops could have friends.

DEZ
(frustrated)
Look, forget that shit, all right?
I need to ask you something.

NOLA
(gesturing)
My money.

DEZ
Huh?

NOLA
Gimme.

DEZ pulls his wallet, peeks inside. Looks like there's about sixty bucks in there.

DEZ
Twenty bucks for every answer I get.

Nola acts like a little girl who's just been told she can't go to the mall.

NOLA
Aw, man -- I already earned that money, I don't wanna do it again...

DEZ
I need your help.

He pulls a twenty, holding it between two fingers. Nola eyes the bill hungrily.

NOLA
(resigned)
All right already.

DEZ
When was the last time you saw Toni?

NOLA
Coupla days ago, we did a shoot.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

Lightning-quick, she snatches the twenty from Dez's fingers.

DEZ

Hey!

NOLA

You said twenty bucks for every answer!

DEZ

(under his breath)
Shit.

NOLA

(like Nelson on "The Simpsons")
Ha-HAAAAH. C'mon -- ask me another one.

SIGHING, Dez extracts another twenty from his wallet. Eyeing Nola, he grips this one a little more tightly. He mulls it over for a few moments before asking another question.

DEZ

Okay... when was she supposed to pay you?

NOLA

Today.

Again, her hand darts out to yank the money from Dez's grasp.

DEZ

Damn it!

Nola LAUGHS uproariously. Dez slumps.

NOLA

Aw, honey, don't let it get you down. Why you askin' all these stupid questions anyway?

DEZ

(dejected)
What the fuck are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (4)

14

NOLA

It's payday asshole!

She throws her photos at him. Dez ducks, but tries to be cool.

DEZ

I think something might have happened to Toni... but what the fuck do you care?

NOLA

Hey now...I'm a compassionate... loving person.

Nola moves close, slipping a comforting arm around DEZ. He's not sure he really wants it, but...

NOLA (CONT'D)

Look, I don't know you, you say you're a friend of Toni's, you ask a coupla stupid questions like some kinda cop -- I gotta fuck with you a little, right?

He pulls his cigarette pack and lips a butt, lighting it. Nola watches him intently as he does so. She seems to come to a decision.

NOLA (CONT'D)

If it helps any...

Dez looks at her expectantly.

NOLA (CONT'D)

...And I ain't sayin' it will -- Toni told me she was in some kinda trouble.

DEZ

(stunned)

What?

NOLA

Yeah.

(obviously making it up as she goes along)

Some guys.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (5)

14

NOLA (cont'd)

She owed 'em some money, said she might hafta leave town for awhile.

DEZ

Aw, that's a bunch'a horseshit...

NOLA

(insulted)

It's what she said...you ungrateful mutha-fucka!

DEZ

Don't gimme that -- Man, what the fuck was I thinking trackin' you down...

Fed up, he turns to leave. She grabs his arm.

NOLA

What about the rest'a my money?

SNORTING, he shrugs her off and goes to the door. She dogs his heels all the way.

NOLA (CONT'D)

Waitaminnit, waitaminnit --
(soft, and seductive)
... you wanna fuck me?

He stops, turning toward her. She get real close to him and grabs his crotch.

NOLA (CONT'D)

Hunnerd bucks. Hunnerd bucks and you can fuck me any way you want.

He throws her hand off. A look of utter disgust clouds Dez's face. He turns back to the door, swinging it open.

NOLA (CONT'D)

(desperate)

Fifty! Come on!

15 INT. TONI'S LOFT / CORRIDOR -- SAME

15

Dez is already moving down the corridor.

Nola pursues, HURLING OBSCENITIES.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

NOLA

Fuck you, you limp-dick *faggot*!

DEZ

(to himself)

I don't believe this...

NOLA

You can suck the snotty end of my fuckstick!

DEZ

(over his shoulder)

Damn crack whore!

As he nears the doorway where the couple was arguing --

the Man suddenly lurches into the hallway, collapsing in DEZ's path. BLOOD is gushing from a gaping wound in the Man's scalp.

The Woman appears in the doorway, clutching a CLAW HAMMER and LAUGHING heartily.

At the other end of the corridor, Nola yells to the Woman.

NOLA

(indicating DEZ)

Hit him next!

Dez hits the elevator button rapidly. The woman attacks him and he has a struggle with her, throws her against the wall, then runs for the stairs, leaping over the Man's bleeding form.

16 INT. STAIRS - DAY

16

Dez burst through the door and bolts down them like a bat out of hell. A few BUMS litter the stairwell.

17 EXT. TONI'S LOFT -- DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

17

Dez runs out onto the sidewalk, headed for his car.

What he sees makes him skid to a halt.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

Perched atop Dez's car in a pose reminiscent of Spider-Man is a bald and buff Black man. BRADBURY.

Out of breath, Dez just stares at this odd sight for a few moments, unsure how to proceed.

Bradbury gives him a faint smile.

Dez looks away from Bradbury, back towards the apartment complex. Once he's certain that he's not being pursued by any wild, hammer-wielding women, he looks at Bradbury again.

DEZ

You're on my car.

Bradbury remains silent. Dez heaves a SIGH. This day is not going quite the way he had hoped, to say the least.

DEZ (CONT'D)

Yo, Snoop Dogg... get the fuck off of my car!

BRADBURY

(calmly)

I never looked at Los Angeles from the top of a car before...

Grinning, Bradbury turns his face to the smoggy sky.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

Sometimes it's good to see things from a new angle.

(looking back at Dez)

Important to get a different perspective on your environment.

DEZ

What'd you read that in a fortune cookie? Clamber your ass down from there and try doing Yoga on someone else's ride!

Bradbury only smiles.

Which sends Dez into a total wig-out moment. He lunges forward, finger jabbing at Bradbury as he speaks --

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

DEZ (CONT'D)

You fuck with me and you're gonna
get --

His threat is cut off as Bradbury smoothly somersaults down the hood of the car, landing on his feet directly in front of Dez.

Dez draws back a fist, but Bradbury instantaneously has our hero in a firm choke-hold. SLAMS Dez's head down on the hood.

Dez rolls his eyes in pain and embarrassment as Bradbury presses his skull to the metal.

BRADBURY

(looking around calmly)
Mr. Dez Draven... I know your
story. Different kinda day, right?
Everything a little... off.

Bradbury leans in close to whisper in Dez's ear --

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

Listen up, my friend... you've got
a new set of rules to learn.
(a beat)
But I can teach you.

He releases Dez, who jerks himself upright in an attempt to make it seem as if he had something to do with his escape.

DEZ

What're you, a cop?

BRADBURY

What're you, a jackass? Cops...
(shaking his head, a beat)
It's *Manifesto* you need to worry
about.
(extends a hand)
Name's Bradbury.

Dez ignores the hand. He puts his middle finger right in his face.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (3)

17

DEZ
I'm motherfuckin' pissed, pleased
to meetcha.

He sidesteps away from Bradbury and goes to the driver's side of his car, opening the door and sliding in.

BRADBURY
It knows who you are, Dez...

DEZ
I don't even know who I am.

Dez starts the car and drops it into gear. As he's pulling away, he leans toward the open passenger window -

-

DEZ (CONT'D)
-- And stay offa my car!

Bradbury watches solemnly as Dez's car disappears around the corner.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. STREET - DUSK

18

MONTAGE as Dez drives aimlessly.

19 INT. DEZ'S CAR - DUSK

19

Afraid to return to his apartment, he simply... drives.

As the MONTAGE COMES TO AN END, the SUN is beginning to sink in the sky...

DISSOLVE TO:

20 INT. DEZ'S CAR -- DUSK

20

Dez looks like hell -- scared, unwashed, unshaven and about to drop. He holds up a hand. It shakes.

He passes a group of THREE OR FOUR PEOPLE on the sidewalk, embroiled in an awkward FISTFIGHT.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 20

Dez takes it in with stone-faced sadness. Has it always been like this and he just didn't notice before?

CUT TO:

21 EXT. SEEDY MOTEL -- NIGHT 21

A shot of a shady, run-down, cockroach infested place.

22 INT. SEEDY MOTEL -- SAME 22

Dez enters the motel with his gym bag. The bored and jaded desk clerk, named SCHIZO, doesn't even look up from the porno website on his LAPTOP PC as Dez approaches the counter. Schizo, yellow teeth, magnifying eye glasses, sweaty and unshaven, whispers nasty sex talk under his breath to the monitor.

DEZ

How 'bout a room?

Schizo looks up from his fantasy and looks Dez over like he's a freak.

SCHIZO

Thirty bucks. No visitors.

Dez pulls his wallet, opens it. Only \$27 left after his encounter with Nola Beyondi. He silently curses.

DEZ

I got twenty-seven dollars.

Now the Clerk looks up -- but he remains bored and jaded.

SCHIZO

I look like a rug merchant? Thirty bucks.

DEZ

(sighs)
You take plastic?

SCHIZO

Only plastic here goes on your dick. What do you think this is, the fucking Ritz-Ritzington Hotel?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

SCHIZO (cont'd)
 Plastic is not an option.
 (a beat)
 There's an ATM down the street.

Dez shakes his head, exasperated. After a second, he digs into his gym bag, slams his CELL PHONE down on the counter, along with his last twenty.

DEZ
 (matter-of-factly)
 Make all the damn calls you want,
 on my dime. I'd give you twenty-
 seven dollars, but I'm going to buy
 myself a cheeseburger and fries.
 (very serious)
 Now give me a fucking room, *please*.

Schitzo sees that he means business. He turns and grabs a key.

CUT TO:

23 INT. MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

23

Dez sits on his bed, wolfing down the last of his burger. Wadding up the wrapper, he gets to his feet, moves to the TV. He turns it on and picks up his gym bag, heading for the bathroom.

A SPECIAL REPORT is underway.

BROADCASTER
 (filtered)
 -- the man returned to the shop
 with an automatic rifle, where he
 proceeded to gun down two clerks
 and four customers before taking
 his own life. This is the fifth
 incident of mass-murder in the last
 two days --

Dez quickly runs back to the TV and snaps it OFF.

24 INT. MOTEL ROOM/BATHROOM -- SAME

24

Dez enters the bathroom, switching on the LIGHT. He contemplates his gym bag full of techno devices for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

- 24 CONTINUED: 24
- He places the bag on the floor and turns to the sink, where he washes up. A looks at himself in the CRACKED MIRROR.
- 25 INT. MOTEL ROOM -- SAME 25
- Dez shuffles out of the bathroom, pulling the door closed behind him. Moving to a window, he gazes out at the lights of the city.
- 26 INT. MOTEL ROOM/BATHROOM -- SAME 26
- Nestled inside Dez's gym bag, his PALMPILOT suddenly FLASHES TO LIFE.
- A SWIRL OF PIXELS spews from the device...
- 27 INT. MOTEL ROOM -- SAME 27
- Dez turns away from the window and flops into the bed.
- A SOFT SOUND from the bathroom gets his attention.
- He looks toward the closed bathroom door, listening intently.
- But all is quiet.
- Putting the LIGHT OUT, Dez rolls over, his back to the bathroom door.
- Which is now OPEN SLIGHTLY.
- In the darkness, we can barely make out the TWO SMALL CREATURES which are MOVING ACROSS THE FLOOR TOWARDS THE BED...
- WHISTLERS.
- Oblivious to the danger making its way toward him, Dez nestles his head deeper into the pillow.
- The first Whistler reaches the bed. Sinking its needle-like claws into the blanket, it begins climbing upward.
- Dez unconsciously shifts a little in response to the almost imperceptible tug on the blankets as the Whistler crawls into the bed...

(CONTINUED)

The Whistler's head rises over the edge of the bed. The second Whistler follows soon afterward.

Whistler #1 creeps toward Dez's head... opens its toothy little mouth...

and emits a HIGH-PITCHED SHRIEK, exactly like the sound a MODEM makes, only --

Dez SCREAMS IN PAIN. Flings himself from the bed, tumbling to the floor. He rises, a hand going to his left ear. Wet. Dez looks at his fingers. They're dripping with BLOOD.

That's when he spots the Whistlers.

DEZ

What the fuck?!

The second Whistler lets out a SHRIEK of its own and the two beasts scurry across the bed, leaping for Dez.

He dodges, but Whistler #1 gets its claws into his thigh. Dez HOWLS.

The Whistler SHRIEKS.

Dez's hands go to his ears, trying to shut out the sound. Standing at Dez's feet, Whistler #2 looks up and SHRIEKS.

Dez goes wild, desperately trying to escape the creatures and their cacophony of WAILING. He slaps at the Whistler embedded in his leg, knocking it away.

SHRIEKING in unison, the Whistlers skitter across the floor after their prey.

Clutching his bleeding ears, Dez stumbles backwards, trashing the room in the process.

Reaching the door, he fumbles for the knob. Nearly blinded by pain.

Whistler #1 hurls itself upwards, claws sinking into the wooden door. It quickly scrambles upwards, SHRIEKING all the way --

(CONTINUED)

and Dez flings the door open, smashing the Whistler between door and wall. The creature drops to the floor, silenced for a moment.

Whistler #2 is taking up the slack, however, its SCREAMS becoming even more piercing.

Dez staggers into the hallway. Remembers something. Foolishly, he stumbles back into the room...

He kicks at the nearest Whistler and runs into the bathroom, grabbing up his gym bag. Can't leave those toys behind, after all.

The Whistlers move towards the bathroom.

Glancing at the towel on the rack, Dez gets an idea. Shouldering his bag, he snatches the towel and quickly twirls it between his hands.

The Whistlers begin HOWLING the instant Dez appears in the bathroom door. They run towards him --

DEZ (CONT'D)

I'll give you something to scream about.

He lets fly with one end of the towel, POPPING the nearest Whistler and sending it flying several feet away.

Letting out a SNORT of LAUGHTER, Dez whirls toward the other Whistler, twisting the towel as he moves. He pops the second Whistler, stunning it just long enough for him to throw the towel over it, wrapping it up like a rock in a sling.

The first Whistler has recovered and is rushing towards DEZ. He sidesteps, whipping the struggling bundle in his towel around madly. It's like a wolverine in a sack, SCREECHING and TWISTING.

Dez begins SMASHING the bundled Whistler into anything he can find -- the wall, the cheapjack furniture. He destroys a lamp with one wild swing, sending a shower of debris into the air. The towel is becoming bloodier and bloodier (green).

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (3)

27

And the whole time, the other Whistler is dogging Dez's heels, HOWLING and SNAPPING.

Dez makes one last furious swing of the towel, SLAMMING the bundle into the wall with a wet THUD.

He whips the towel, slinging the splattered and quite-dead Whistler to the floor, then ducks past the remaining Whistler and runs out of the room.

CUT TO:

28 INT. SEEDY MOTEL/LOBBY -- SAME

28

Schizo looks up from his PC as Dez comes hurtling down the stairs, a blood-soaked motel towel clenched in his hands.

SCHIZO

Hey --

He is cut off as the towel hits him in the face. The startled Clerk looks from the bloody towel to where Dez is just disappearing out the door.

SCHIZO (CONT'D)

(seen it all)

Damn serial killers...

As he turns back to his smut website --

The remaining Whistler scrambles onto the counter, SHRIEKING horribly. The Clerk winces in pain just as the creature hurls itself onto him, claws sinking into the man's face.

The Whistler HOWLS directly into the Clerk's ear --

and a massive CHUNK of the Clerk's SKULL is BLOWN FROM HIS HEAD.

Clerk hits floor.

29 EXT. SEEDY MOTEL/STREET -- SAME

29

Running like a striped-assed ape, Dez reaches his car --

(CONTINUED)

only to find BRADBURY perched atop the vehicle once again.

DEZ

Aw, Fuck me -- !

This time, Bradbury doesn't smile. He looks back towards the motel, where the Whistler has just reached the sidewalk.

Bradbury leaps from the car, landing between Dez and the Whistler, which is still twenty yards away.

BRADBURY

We have to go.

DEZ

Ya think?

Suddenly --

the air behind Dez seems to SHIMMER. Bradbury's eyes go wide. Off Bradbury's expression, Dez turns to see --

a LOW-RES, TWO-DIMENSIONAL IMAGE of *MANIFESTO* forming. The hooded figure stands only a few feet away from Dez, tattered cloak WHIRLING. Eyes SHIMMERING with a vile glow.

DEZ (cont'd)

(in awe)

Oh man...

He scrambles towards Bradbury.

The image of *Manifesto* flutters and pops, apparently not coming together properly.

Bradbury looks over his shoulder. The Whistler is closing in. The nasty little creature lets out a SHRIEK...

BRADBURY

Your bag --

DEZ

Huh?

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

Bradbury yanks Dez's gym bag from his shoulder, ripping it open. Zeroing in on the Palm Pilot, Bradbury grabs it. Dashes the device against the sidewalk, stomping on the pieces.

SCREAMING, *Manifesto* and the Whistler POP and BLINK OUT like an old TV being turned off.

Dez and Bradbury exchange a look. Dez is breathing hard. Bradbury holds up the gym bag.

BRADBURY

Carrying this kind of equipment...
you might as well load your enemy's
gun and hand it to him.

He tosses the bag away.

DEZ

Wait a minute --

BRADBURY

You won't need that shit anymore.
Time to look at the world from a
different angle.

Bradbury walks to the passenger door of Dez's car.

DEZ

You expect me to give you a *ride*?

BRADBURY

You wanna find Toni?

That gets Dez's attention. He starts to get into the car, then has a thought. He runs to the discarded gym bag and begins rooting through it.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

I told you --

DEZ

-- I know, I know...

He comes up with the photo of himself and Dazzy. Shoots a glance at Bradbury, who understands.

They get in the car and Dez guides it into traffic.

30 INT. DEZ'S CAR -- SAME

30

At the wheel, Dez gazes around at the traffic and the city. Then he just sort of... loses it.

Jerking and thrashing in his seat, Dez pounds the steering wheel.

DEZ

What the is happening?! It's like
the whole world is coming down
around me!

(to Bradbury)

And who are you, ya damn car-
climbin' sonofabitch?

Bradbury grabs the wheel, steering for a moment, as Dez seems to have forgotten he's in a car.

BRADBURY

You gotta take a deep breath or
something, man.

DEZ

A deep breath? A *deep breath*?!

A FRUSTRATED NOISE clucks somewhere inside Dez and he seems on the verge of violence --

Then he takes a deep breath. Holds it. Releases it and brushes Bradbury's hand off the wheel.

DEZ (CONT'D)

All right, all right, I can
drive...

Bradbury looks at him, unconvinced. Dez nods emphatically and Bradbury settles back in his seat.

DEZ (CONT'D)

You threw away all my stuff. My
PowerBook.

BRADBURY

Society functioned before the
advent of computers. Live with it.

(CONTINUED)

DEZ

You some kind of anarchist or
somethin'?

Bradbury grins.

BRADBURY

You want to survive in the domain
of virtual surreality, you have to
rid yourself of technology. Rebuild
yourself - become organic.

(a beat)

Take a left up here.

Dez stares at him a moment.

And he takes the left.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

Like I told you earlier, it's a
different kinda day. You saw the
website. You saw Manifesto...

DEZ

How do you know all this?

BRADBURY

I hacked into it. Hardest thing
I've ever done, keeping it out of
my head long enough to bust in. But
I caught it early, before it became
so powerful.

(a beat)

Go right at the light.

Dez makes the turn almost without thinking about it.
Intent on Bradbury's story.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

Buried waaay down in its guts... I
found a list. People it considered
dangerous, who could potentially
destroy it.

(a beat)

There were seven names on that
list. Yours was one of them.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

The thought of that seems to make Dez a little uncomfortable. He fixes Bradbury with a hard stare.

DEZ

You on that list?

Bradbury only smiles...

CUT TO:

31 EXT. STREET/OFFICE BUILDING -- NIGHT

31

Dez's car pulls up in front of the nine-story building on the corner of Hollywood and Vine.

32 INT. DEZ'S CAR -- SAME

32

Dez and Bradbury look up at the building.

BRADBURY

We're here. Pull into the alley.

DEZ

Where's "here?"

BRADBURY

World Headquarters of the Downfall of Mankind.

Dez gives him a look.

CUT TO:

33 INT. OFFICE BUILDING/EIGHTH FLOOR -- NIGHT

33

The doors of a large FREIGHT ELEVATOR slide open, revealing Dez and Bradbury. Bradbury cautiously steps off, followed by a nervous Dez.

Suddenly --

A FIGURE LURCHES from the shadows --

Bradbury reacts instantly. An open palm hammers the Figure's face, dropping him to the pavement. Following up, Bradbury slams a thick forearm to the Figure's throat.

(CONTINUED)

It's a hollow-eyed YOUNG WOMAN. SYNTH speaks in a dazed, thick-tongued manner, almost as if drugged.

SYNTH

...I ain't a Ninja, man...

She cautiously holds up a placating hand.

SYNTH (CONT'D)

I'm Synth... you know, Synth.

Bradbury releases Synth and the young woman sits up, looking at Dez and Bradbury.

SYNTH (CONT'D)

You guys found it, too, huh?
Fuck... it's changin' the world,
man... better place for you an'
me...

BRADBURY

How'd you get here?

SYNTH

My daddy's car. Its gotta satellite
tracking system in it, somehow that
fucker knew just where to take
me... can't get past the damn door,
though.

Bradbury gives Dez a concerned look.

DEZ

(whispering)

This kid's dead-wrong, jacked up on
some shit...

BRADBURY

(whispering)

And a million more just like him
are gonna find their way here
soon...

(looks around)

This place is gonna be their
church.

Synth smiles wide.

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

SYNTH

Church of the Divine Sickness...

Bradbury ignores the comment and moves down the dark corridor, followed by Dez and Synth.

DEZ

(to Bradbury; whispering)

Don't know why I'm following you around like a damn puppy -- for all I know you had something to do with Toni disappearing.

BRADBURY

You've seen enough to know that's not true.

Dez just stares at him. Bradbury comes to a door, tries the knob. Locked. A sign on the door reads: "WORLD CYBERPORT." Bradbury draws back, ready to kick the door in --

DEZ

Hold on hold on --

He moves in front of Bradbury.

DEZ (CONT'D)

I think we should act at least a *little* sneaky.

Dez pulls his lock picks, selects one. Bradbury and Synth exchange a look as Dez goes to work on the lock.

34 INT. WORLD CYBERPORT/CORRIDOR -- SAME

34

The lock is no match for Dez's nimble fingers. The door slowly opens and Dez pokes his head in.

The corridor extends clear to the other end of the building and is almost entirely in shadow. Not a soul is visible.

Dez enters, followed by Bradbury. Synth brings up the rear, an expression of reverence on her face.

(CONTINUED)

DEZ

So what is this place? I thought
you were gonna help me find Toni.

BRADBURY

Exactly what I'm doing.

Bradbury continues on, leaving Dez shaking his head.

DEZ

Y'know, you talk like that guy on
Kung Fu. Why don't you let me in on
the ancient Chinese secret?

Bradbury stealthily moves toward a row of cubicles,
peering into each one as they pass. Most are empty or
nearly so, containing only tables or boxes of documents.

BRADBURY

World Cyberport is an Internet
Service Provider. This is where the
website first went online... but
nobody's been able to trace the
source.

SYNTH

Ain't no source, man, 'cause the
source is like God... unknowable...

DEZ

(to Synth)

And you talk like Zippy the fuckin'
Pinhead or somethin'.

Synth pauses, fixing Dez with a stern look.

SYNTH

I don't need that negativity, man.

Dez just rolls his eyes.

As they near an intersection at the end of the corridor,
they notice an EERIE GLOW emanating from somewhere out
of sight. A FAINT ELECTRICAL HUM can be heard.

Bradbury gestures for the others to stop. He cautiously
peers around the corner. The LIGHT and SOUND are
spilling from the partially-open door of a large office.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

BRADBURY

We've gotta watch our step... it
may already know we're here.

The thought of that chills Dez, but only serves to
delight Synth.

Bradbury creeps into the intersection, Dez and Synth
right behind him. The three move swiftly but silently
towards the mysterious office.

The HUMMING grows louder as they near the door.

Bradbury nudges the door with a heavy boot. The door
slowly SWINGS OPEN...

35 INT. COMPUTER ROOM/LIBRARY -- SAME

35

...revealing a room jammed floor-to-ceiling with HUMMING
and BUZZING BANKS OF COMPUTERS. One wall is lined with
SHELVES holding dozens and dozens of CD-ROMS. Mounted on
the wall near the door is a DATAPORT, containing all
manner of connectors.

That GLOW seems to emanate from the very walls,
engulfing Bradbury and the others in a freakish BLUE
AURA as they step into the room.

As the three take a moment to gaze around their bizarre
surroundings --

WETWIRE (O.S.)

(distorted, thick)

You're not supposed to be in here.

The three jump, whirling towards the voice.
Instinctively, Synth pulls a HANDGUN from the waistband
of her pants, levelling it --

And, nearly hidden in shadow in the corner of the room,
we SEE the source of the voice.

WETWIRE.

A CYBERNETICALLY-ALTERED HUMAN HEAD AND TORSO, suspended
from the ceiling in a harness of CABLES and TUBES. Like
a BORG, only more appalling and grotesque.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

Liquid flows through the tubes into the shaved side of the creature's head. One arm is mostly human, while the other is made up almost entirely of biomechanical implants. What's left of the face looks like this creature may have once been a kindly middle-aged man. Not anymore.

DEZ
(softly)
What the hell is that.

That's when Bradbury and Dez notice the weapon in Synth's trembling hand.

BRADBURY
(to Synth; calmly)
Why don't you let me have the gun?

SYNTH
It's okay, man -- I got bullets.
(a beat)
I only used one apiece on my family.

Dez's face goes slack. He knew this kid was all wrong...

SYNTH (CONT'D)
Head shots. They were all head shots...

Shaking off this information, Bradbury takes a hesitant step towards the creature dangling in the corner.

BRADBURY
Who are you?

Wetwire hesitates for a moment, quivering slightly.

WETWIRE
(swallowing hard)
Wetwire.
(a beat)
It... has to have someone to tend to its needs, after all.

SYNTH
What happened to you man...you look seriously *fucked up*?

(CONTINUED)

Wetwire contemplates his hideous appearance.

WETWIRE

This is... my leash. I do whatever
Manifesto wants now...

At this point, Bradbury places a hand on Synth's gun arm and gives her a slight nod -- "it's okay." Synth hesitantly lowers her weapon.

DEZ

If this is where it went online,
why can't we kill it? Just pull the
plug?

Wetwire shakes his head sadly.

WETWIRE

Too late. It's in the Net now.
Shutting this down would be like...
trimming its fingernails.

Suddenly, a GUSH of LIQUID is pumped into Wetwire's skull. He reacts like a junkie who's just shot up -- body quivering, eyes rolling up in their sockets.

Bradbury, Dez and Synth all exchange a look. Dez glances around the room, his eyes falling on the shelves of CD-ROMs.

Wetwire's eyes open. He smiles.

WETWIRE (CONT'D)

Quite an impressive library, hmm?

This seems to trigger something for Bradbury, but Dez is just plain confused.

DEZ

Library?

Bradbury moves to the shelves, apparently searching for something...

Wetwire CHUCKLES.

Bradbury finds what he's looking for. Pulls a CD from the shelf.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (3)

35

BRADBURY

Here she is.

He turns, offering the CD to Dez. His expression is solemn. Baffled, Dez accepts the CD. Looks it over...

...and his face goes WHITE.

INSERT: THE CD-ROM

Written on its spine is the name "harland.toni."

BACK TO SCENE

Dez is horror struck. His hand begins to shake violently.

DEZ

This... are you tellin' me... this is... *Toni*?

WETWIRE

Neat and tidy -- reduced to digital information. Quite efficient.

The CD slips from Dez's fingers, falling to the floor.

WETWIRE (CONT'D)

No need to worry -- they're very difficult to damage. It's the best way to store them, you know -- makes a person almost... immortal, in a manner of speaking.

Dez snaps himself out of it and rushes to the shelves, quickly scanning names. After a second --

He finds it.

Hesitates before pulling the CD from the shelf. Finally slides it from its spot.

INSERT: THE SECOND CD

has the name "ramm.dazzy" on the spine.

BACK TO SCENE

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (4)

35

Dez is holding back the tears only because he's so *incredibly furious*. He whirls toward Wetwire --

DEZ

How do we -- how do we bring them back?

WETWIRE

Bring them *back* -- ?

Dez lunges at the freakish half-man.

DEZ

You fuckin' freak! *Tell me how to bring them back!!*

Bradbury grabs Dez, pulling him away from Wetwire.

DEZ (CONT'D)

There has to be a way!

Dez struggles wildly, but Bradbury keeps him in check.

WETWIRE

They are just binary data now. But their likeness and souls are preserved.

He motions for Dez to put the CD-ROM into a computer. Dez opens the CD and inserts it. The screen fills with a WORLD CYBERPORT LOGO, then DAZZY appears as a faint, zombie-like image on the screen.

DEZ

Dazzy...

He touches the screen.

DEZ (cont'd)

Can you hear me baby...

Dazzy's eyes move toward the back of her head, a tear rolls down her cheek. She struggles to speak.

DAZZY

(V.O.)

Help me Dez...please help me.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (5)

35

Dez starts to almost cry, touching the screen more.

DEZ

I love you so much...

He turns to Wetwire.

DEZ (cont'd)

Get her the fuck out of there man!

WETWIRE

There is no reality on that screen,
only pixels. Her soul has been
stored...there's no un-doing it.

DEZ

Dazzy what's happened to you, where
are you?

Dazzy remains in her zombie state of mind. She once
again struggles too speak.

DAZZY

(V.O.)

Set..me....Free.

A tear rolls down Dez's cheek.

DEZ

I love you Daz.

He stands up and wipes the tear away. He take the CD out
of the drive, and puts in back in it's case.

WETWIRE

Has your curiosity been put to
rest.

Dez takes Toni & Dazzy's CD, and BREAKS them both. A
quick cloud swirls from them in the shape of a soul and
disappears.

WETWIRE (cont'd)

NO!! You fool. The master is not
going to like that.

DEZ

Tell your master to get bent.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (6)

35

With that said, he trashed the row of CDs on the wall.

Wetwire extends his biomechanical arm towards the DATAPORT...

BRADBURY

(to Dez)

Let's split!

WETWIRE

...you'll all die.

With that, cables SPROUT from his bizarre appendage, whipping across the room. PLUG THEMSELVES INTO THE DATAPORT.

A WHIRLWIND of PIXELS erupts from a LENS embedded in the machinery of Wetwire's palm.

The pixels LASH OUT at Synth, who is closest to Wetwire. Instantly, a portion of Synth's RIGHT SIDE is broken down into BINARY DATA.

SCREAMING, Synth raises her gun. FIRES a single round.

Head shot.

The bullet blows through Wetwire's cybernetic eye, carrying most of his brain along with it as it exits the back of his skull.

Wetwire sags, his arm still jacked-in to the dataport.

Dez and Bradbury turn towards Synth, who is on her knees clutching at the gaping HOLE in her torso.

It's not bloody. It's simply *gone*.

Bradbury kneels beside Synth, examining the wound.

SYNTH

(weakly)

I think... it got... somethin' important...

BRADBURY

(to DEZ)

We've gotta get out of here.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (7)

35

But Dez is staring at the pieces of the CD-ROM containing his beloved girlfriend...and Toni.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

DEZ...

Dez looks up, dazed.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

She's free now.

A beat.

Then Dez just nods slightly.

DEZ

(indicating Synth)

We should get her to the hospital.

A pained LAUGH wracks Synth's body. She shows the wound to Dez.

SYNTH

A hospital?! Look at this shit!
What are they gonna do, gimme a
transplant?

At that point, Synth's eyes focus on something behind Dez and Bradbury.

SYNTH (CONT'D)

...Uh-oh.

Dez and Bradbury turn to see what she's talking about --

PIXELS are beginning to TORNADO from the DATAPORT where Wetwire is jacked-in.

The pixels SOLIDIFY into two more WHISTLERS. They instantly begin SHRIEKING horribly.

Bradbury yanks Synth to her feet and the three bolt for the door.

And Dez STUMBLES. Bradbury slams into him, losing his grip on Synth, who drops to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (8)

35

The closest Whistler is instantly upon him. SHRIEKING into Synth's ear.

Synth SCREAMS.

A SHOWER of GORE explodes from his skull. Her body goes limp.

Bradbury and Dez RUN LIKE CRAZY.

HOWLING, the Whistlers skitter out of the library in pursuit of Dez and Bradbury.

36 INT. WORLD CYBERPORT/CORRIDOR -- SAME

36

Scrambling madly down the dark corridor, Dez and Bradbury risk a glance over their shoulders --

and instantly regret it.

DEZ

Aw, SHIT!!

The nasty creatures are rapidly gaining on our heroes.

Fortunately, Dez and Bradbury are nearing an EXIT door at the end of the corridor.

BRADBURY

Come on come on come on --

They hit the door running.

And SLAM TO A HALT. The door is LOCKED. And the Whistlers are bearing down fast.

Dez pulls the leather case holding his lock picks out of his pocket, staring all the while at the monstrosities headed his way --

and he FUMBLES the case. The picks scatter across the floor. In the dark.

Dez drops to the floor, feeling for the picks. He comes up with one --

DEZ

Ah!

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

Bradbury is staring wide-eyed in the Whistlers' direction.

BRADBURY

Too late.

Grabbing Dez's collar, Bradbury yanks him to his feet, leaping skyward at the same time --

-- and the Whistlers skid and slide as their prey eludes them. One Whistler pile-drives head-first into the door. Rebounding off the wall, Bradbury comes down atop one creature, SNAPPING something important in its back and SPLATTERING gore everywhere -- but not killing it.

Bradbury grabs Dez's shirt again --

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

MOVE!

He drags Dez with him and the two take off down the corridor in the other direction.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

You were supposed to land on it!

DEZ

Nobody told me there was a *plan!*

The injured Whistler flops and writhes disgustingly, SHRIEKING and YELPING. The other one takes off after Bradbury and Dez, HOWLING.

BRADBURY

They came out of the building's network -- if we can make it back to the server, we might be able to shut it down!

Bradbury and Dez round the corner, headed for the computer room.

37 INT. COMPUTER ROOM/LIBRARY -- SAME

37

Bradbury enters first, racing for the nearest bank of computers. As Dez enters --

(CONTINUED)

BRADBURY

Shut the door!

Dez tries, but the door bangs against Synth's body. Dez looks out into the hallway. The Whistler is moving in fast.

Dez tugs the corpse out of the way. Just as he swings the door shut --

The Whistler lunges. Sinks its claws into Dez's upper thigh. Its lamprey-like mouth bites into his soft flesh. Blood spouts from the wounds. Dez HOWLS in pain. Collapses.

Bradbury sticks to the mission. Scans the computers, looking for the right one --

Finds it.

As the Whistler scrambles up Dez's torso, leaving a trail of bloody claw marks --

Bradbury RIPS THE COMPUTER from the bank, shredding cables. A SHOWER of SPARKS ERUPTS from all directions.

The Whistler SHRIEKS. Explodes into a WHIRLWIND of DATA, which quickly fades away.

Down the corridor, the injured Whistler also DISAPPEARS in an explosion of DATA.

Bradbury goes to where Dez is tangled in the cables, blood pumping from his various wounds.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

Dez --

Wincing at the pain --

DEZ

-- You mad genius --

And as he PASSES OUT we

FADE TO BLACK.

A MOMENT PASSES.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

Then --

SMASH CUT TO:

38 INT. DEZ'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

38

Dez AWAKENS with a start, shooting bolt upright in his bed.

His eyes dart around the dark room. He breathes deeply as he regains his composure.

Curled up next to him, Dazzy fumbles a hand toward Dez, giving him a reassuring little scritch on the chest.

DAZZY

(groggy)

...S'okay, go back to sleep...

DEZ

(still a bit shaken)

I had that dream again...

He swings his legs over the side of the bed. Stares at the floor in the darkness for a moment, then fumbles for a smoke. As he lights up --

DEZ (CONT'D)

...the one about Rebecca Romijn-Stamos.

(a beat)

She wants me.

DAZZY

(muffled)

I'll kill that bitch...

Dez reaches back to pat Dazzy's curvaceous hip.

DEZ

She's just confused...

He gets up and shuffles off towards the bathroom.

DEZ (CONT'D)

...She means nothing to me, I swear...

39 INT. BATHROOM -- SAME 39

Dez flicks the LIGHT ON and goes to the toilet. He tugs down his jammie bottoms --

and his eyes WIDEN IN HORROR as he sees the TWISTED MESS of BIOMECHANICAL CABLES AND HOSES that protrude from where his Johnson once resided --

SMASH CUT TO:

40 INT. DEZ'S CAR -- DAY 40

Dez JOLTS from his slumber, GASPING.

Realizes that he's sprawled out across the backseat of his car. His leg has been bandaged, using his own shirt.

Bradbury is at the wheel, guiding the car along a deserted road in the middle of the DESERT.

BRADBURY

...Twenty-six people shot in an apartment complex this morning... last night, an old man in a nursing home crept through the halls, quietly slitting the throats of a dozen senior citizens... trails of blood throughout every city in the country...

Bradbury looks at Dez in the rear-view mirror.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

The world's gone mad, Dez...

Bradbury returns his attention to the road.

After a long moment --

DEZ

It's inevitable I guess. To smart for our own good.

(a beat)

What now?

Bradbury doesn't take his eyes off the highway.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: 40

BRADBURY

Drive.

Dez gazes out his window at the barren landscape going by and we

DISSOLVE TO:

41 EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY 41

MONTAGE. Dez's car continues to race along the lonely stretch of road --

42 INT. DEZ'S CAR -- DAY 42

DEZ struggles to crawl into the front seat, wincing at the pain in his leg --

43 EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY 43

THE CAR roars past a VEHICLE parked on the side of the road. A CORPSE is sprawled nearby, head resting in a POOL OF BLOOD.

A short distance further, another BODY lies on the roadside, obviously the victim of a self-inflicted GUNSHOT WOUND --

44 INT. DEZ'S CAR -- DAY 44

Bradbury's head resting against the half-open driver's window, starts to nod off. Dez shakes him slightly and Bradbury straightens in his seat, blinking away the sleepiness --

45 EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY 45

The car moves deeper into the desert. They've travelled far enough now that, other than the highway itself, there are no signs of civilization --

46 INT. DEZ'S CAR -- DAY 46

Mesmerized by the road, Dez is slouched in his seat, eyes glazed over.

DEZ

Where are we going?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

Bradbury smiles.

BRADBURY
We're finally reaching the
beginning of our journey.

THE GAS GAUGE

and the needle is nuzzling up to EMPTY --

AND FINALLY --

The car turns off and drives far off the main road into a secluded desert area. The car chokes and comes to a halt.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)
Well, that's it.

Dez stares at the photo of himself and Dazzy, lost in thought.

Bradbury glances over at him.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)
You really loved her, hugh?

DEZ
Still do.

He holds the photo out so that Bradbury can take a look.

DEZ (CONT'D)
That's my Dazzy.
(wistfully)
First one I had who wasn't crazy.
Well, that's not true, but she was
crazy in all the right ways.

BRADBURY
All women are crazy.

DEZ
You know it.
(a beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

DEZ (cont'd)

If I had one gripe about her, it'd be her weird obsession with that movie "Krush Groove." Did you ever see that?

BRADBURY

Never even *heard* of it.

DEZ

It was, like, Sheila E and all these rappers and stuff...

(thinking)

Was it Shield E? Maybe I'm thinking of something else.

(a beat)

Shit. Why can't I remember that? She watched that fuckin' movie all the time...

He gazes at the photo of Dazzy while he ponders that one.

DEZ (CONT'D)

She was... she told me she'd support me while I finished my novel, can you believe that?

(pause)

...if I hadn't loaded that CD-ROM...

Bradbury fixes him with a sympathetic but firm expression.

BRADBURY

Don't start down that road, man. You can't be blaming yourself for what's happened.

Dez considers for a moment.

DEZ

So what's your story?

A furtive look clouds Bradbury's face. He looks out his window, avoiding Dez's gaze.

DEZ (CONT'D)

You some kinda anti-technology crusader or something?

(CONTINUED)

BRADBURY

(relaxing a little)

You kiddin'?

(a beat)

I was probably worse than you when it came to having all the little techno-toys.

DEZ

I find that hard to believe.

BRADBURY

Aw, no -- I had the desktop, the laptop, the cell phones, the mini-disc --

DEZ

I had *two* of all'a those --

BRADBURY

-- electric razor, sonic toothbrush --

DEZ

-- Man, I even had the little nose-hair trimmers --

BRADBURY

Did you have the little thing that scrambles the eggs in the shell?

That brings Dez up short.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

Uh-huh. That's right.

A beat.

DEZ

Did that thing really work?

BRADBURY

Yeah, but who gives a damn? Just bust the eggshell and grab a damn fork, y'know? But I had to have it.

Dez mulls it over for a second.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (4)

46

DEZ

Does the egg scrambler really count
as technology?

BRADBURY

(offended)

Of course.

DEZ

It's just a wire on a little
electric motor.

BRADBURY

Hence "technology."

47 EXT. DIRT ROAD -- SAME

47

Bradbury gets out, followed a second later by Dez, who
limps slightly on his injured leg.

DEZ

Man, I gotta say -- I've about had
it with this coy act of yours.

Bradbury ignores him and starts walking away from the
car, headed into the deep desert.

DEZ (CONT'D)

You talk in riddles, you lead me
around like Obi-Wan Kenobi or some
shit, take me into the fucking
Death Star -- the least you could
do is tell me Vader's my father!

BRADBURY

Obi-Wan didn't tell Luke that, it
was Vader.

Dez takes off after Bradbury, quickly catching up to him
despite his limp.

DEZ

See, that's what I'm talkin' about!

BRADBURY

All right, then -- what would you
like to know?

(CONTINUED)

DEZ

I don't know -- pick a place and start talking. I don't know shit about you.

BRADBURY

Do you trust me?

Dez thinks about it for second.

DEZ

Yeah, I guess.

BRADBURY

Isn't that enough?

Dez stops, throwing his arms in the air and spinning around.

DEZ

(yelling)

We're in the middle of fucking nowhere! I'd just like to know *why!*

Bradbury stares at Dez as the sound of his voice echoes in the distance.

BRADBURY

I used to work for World Cyberport.

He turns and continues across the plain. Dez remains rooted to the spot.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

Keep walking.

Dez does as told, limping along behind Bradbury.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

It's changed a little since I quit. I was there when the website went online.

DEZ

Then you must know who launched it, where it came from? --

Bradbury whirls on him --

(CONTINUED)

BRADBURY
Nobody launched it!

A long pause.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)
 Don't you understand? The government and the religious right have been so busy worrying about violence on TV, pornography, drugs... that they let all those dangerous *ideas* slip by.

Bradbury resumes walking. Dez struggles to keep up.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)
 Technology has reached a point where a lonely man in a remote cabin can share his bitter contempt on a global scale... bullied teenagers can spew their angst-ridden guts out for millions to see...
 (a beat)
 All that hatred is finally cleaning house.

DEZ
 That doesn't explain where the website came from --

BRADBURY
 Manifesto created *itself*, Dez. Born out of humanity's own crowded isolation and despair.

All of this is a bit too much for the already-exhausted Dez.

DEZ
 Wait, wait, wait...

He flops down on his ass on the sandy ground. Bradbury stops, looking back at him.

Dez gazes around the vast, empty landscape, squinting against the bright sunlight. He picks up a handful of dirt, letting it slip through his fingers.

(CONTINUED)

DEZ (CONT'D)

Why all the killing? This...
epidemic of mass murder...

BRADBURY

Most people who see the website are
driven mad. Those who are a little
stronger, it converts and stores --
for what purpose, I don't know.

DEZ

We've both seen it -- why are we
still around?

Bradbury shakes his head.

BRADBURY

All I can figure is...

(pause)

...we're the warriors. The ones who
can fight it.

Dez allows that to sink in for a long moment.

DEZ

Terrific. If you and me are
mankind's only hope, we'd better
start writing the eulogy.

BRADBURY

There are others.

(a beat)

All we have to do is live long
enough to find them.

Bradbury turns in a circle, taking in the entire
horizon.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

And this is the where it starts --
here, where technology has no hold.
Where we become organic once again.

When Bradbury's circle ends, he is facing Dez, smiling
that mysterious smile.

Dez takes a long look at him, then shakes his head and
LAUGHS a little.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (4)

47

DEZ

All right, Obi-Wan -- I wanna
become a Jedi like my father.

Bradbury LAUGHS. Just a little at first, then LOUD and
HEARTILY.

Dez joins in and the two men LAUGH like maniacs, alone
in the middle of nowhere.

Then --

THE ALARM ON DEZ'S WATCH GOES OFF.

The LAUGHTER abruptly STOPS.

Bradbury and Dez stare at each other as the ALARM BEEPS
SOFTLY...

BRADBURY

What is that...?

Dez holds up his wrist, showing Bradbury the watch.

DEZ

It's set to coincide with the
closing bell of the stock exchange.
So I can see how much money I've
lost.

BRADBURY

You get the stock reports on that
watch?

DEZ

Yeah, it comes in via satellite...

Then it sinks in.

He begins scrambling to unbuckle the watchband, get the
damn thing off --

DEZ (CONT'D)

Ow ow ow OWW!!

BRADBURY

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (5)

47

DEZ

Damn thing's heating up --

Bradbury runs toward him --

BRADBURY

Get it off, get it off --

Dez gets it unbuckled, tears it from his wrist. As he's tossing it away --

THE WATCH releases a CLOUD of WHIRLING PIXELS.

As Dez and Bradbury stare on helplessly --

The pixels assume the LIVING FORM OF *MANIFESTO*, in all its three-dimensional glory. A DUST-DEVIL whips up, swirling around the cloaked and hooded figure.

Then it DROPS THE CLOAK.

The six-foot tall binary nightmare is a bizarre mixture of biomechanical implants and something resembling a humanoid WORM. Slimy, disgusting, dripping with fiber-optics, circuit boards, connectors...

And it is *pissed*.

Fixing Bradbury and Dez with a GLITTERING EYE, the creature opens its gaping mouth and ROARS LIKE A FREIGHT TRAIN.

The AMPLIFIED SOUND actually RUFFLES Dez's hair and clothing.

Bradbury races in, yanking Dez to his feet just as Manifesto swipes with a vicious BARBED HAND --

-- raking a chunk out of the earth where Dez sat.

The creature turns, glowering at the running humans. ROARS again.

Bradbury is practically carrying Dez at this point. They race back in the direction of the car.

Manifesto begins half-slithering, half-striding after them.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (6)

47

Dez slips from Bradbury's grasp, THUDDING to the ground. Comes up with a mouthful of sand, SPITTING and SPUTTERING.

Bradbury helps him up, gawking at the advancing Manifesto all the while.

As Dez regains his feet, he looks back at the creature just as it emits another ROAR. He pours on the coals, trying to ignore the pain in his wounded leg.

The two men reach the car, putting it between themselves and Manifesto.

DEZ

How do we stop it?

BRADBURY

We have to break the connection --
smash the watch!

Dez stares at the beast as it draws nearer.

DEZ

We're fucked.

Manifesto is only five or ten yards from the car now. Moving like a monster that has all the time in the world.

BRADBURY

We split up. Try to flank it. One of us has to make it to the watch.

DEZ

(matter-of-factly)
Probably the one whose leg wasn't shredded by that fuckin' maggot thing.

He and Bradbury exchange a glance.

DEZ (CONT'D)

Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (7)

47

They move to opposite ends of the car. Pause for a moment, allowing Manifesto to get closer to the vehicle -
-

Then they BREAK FOR IT.

Bradbury goes right, DEZ to the left -- hobbling, but making good time.

Manifesto's head darts both directions -- trying to suss out the most dangerous of the two men.

It chooses Bradbury.

HOWLING angrily, Manifesto STOMPS toward the running man. Moving surprisingly fast.

BRADBURY

looks back.

Manifesto is gaining on him.

BRADBURY
(calmly)
Shit.

Dez sees the creature moving in on Bradbury. He slows, clutching at the wound in his leg. BLOOD is pumping from beneath his bandage.

GROANING slightly, Dez picks up the pace again.

BRADBURY can feel Manifesto breathing down his neck.

But up ahead -- just a short distance now --

THE WATCH.

HUFFING and PUFFING, Bradbury increases his speed. DIVES for it --

and Manifesto's CLAW wraps around his ankle. Stops Bradbury cold in mid-leap.

SLAMS him to the ground, knocking the wind out of him.

DEZ sees it happen.

(CONTINUED)

DEZ
BRADBURY!

Forgetting all about his injury, Dez SPRINTS across the sand.

MANIFESTO drags the struggling Bradbury closer, a GURGLING GROWL escaping its throat.

In an EXPLOSION of BINARY DATA --

the lower half of Bradbury's LEG DISAPPEARS.

Bradbury SCREAMS in agony.

Manifesto's hand comes down on Bradbury's chest, claws puncturing the flesh.

DEZ reaches the watch. STOMPS ON IT.

And succeeds only in smashing it into the sand.

GROWLING in frustration, Dez stomps the watch a second time.

Again, it's just driven further into the sand.

DEZ (CONT'D)
FUCK!

HIS CLAWS buried deep in Bradbury's chest, Manifesto draws the man closer.

DEZ scrambles around madly, looking for something.

Comes up with a large ROCK.

MANIFESTO GRINS into Bradbury's face.

And RIPS a CHUNK OF MEAT FROM BRADBURY'S CHEST.

Bradbury drops to the sand, HOWLING.

Manifesto holds up the bloody, pulsating flesh. Then it EXPLODES into DIGITAL INFORMATION.

DEZ

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (9)

47

runs back to the watch. Drops the rock to the ground.
Fumbles with the watch, placing it atop the rock --

MANIFESTO seems to realize what Dez is up to. Begins
SHAMBLING rapidly towards him, ROARING --

Dez raises his booted foot above the watch --

and the watch slides from atop the rock.

DEZ (CONT'D)

Shit --

He glances back at Manifesto, who is closing in --

crouches, gets the watch back into position on the rock --

Manifesto is only feet away now, clawed hands about to
close on Dez's head --

And Dez STOMPS VICIOUSLY on the watch.

SMASHES IT TO BITS.

MANIFESTO BREAKS DOWN into a harmless CLOUD of PIXELS,
quickly BLINKING OUT.

Dez takes a second to breath, then races to Bradbury's
side. He kneels next to his friend.

The extent of Bradbury's injuries is appalling.

CHOKING BLOOD, Bradbury does his best to smile up at
Dez.

BRADBURY

You *had* to play the stock market...

Dez tries to smile at the joke.

Bradbury fumbles for his pocket, pulls a folded PIECE OF
PAPER. He hands it to Dez.

DEZ

What's this?

(CONTINUED)

BRADBURY

The list... the other warriors.

(a beat)

You've gotta spread the word,
brother... the future is now...

(pause)

...time to get jacked-in to your
own soul...

And with that, Bradbury DIES.

Dez remains kneeling at his side for several moments.

Then he rises.

Unfolding the piece of bloody paper Bradbury gave him,
Dez glances at the other names on the list.

Refolding it, he pockets the paper.

Looks around, rubbing at the wound on his leg.

DEZ

I'll find 'em... somehow.

And then he limps off toward the horizon, headed into
the deep desert.

A WIND kicks up, obscuring our hero in a CLOUD OF DUST
and we

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END