



HUMMINGBIRD

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BROKEN ROAD PRODUCTIONS

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EXT. LOUVRE MUSEUM - PARIS - NIGHT

I.M. PEI'S GLASS PYRAMID radiates golden light.

PRIVATE SECURITY patrols the structure's edge, armed to the teeth and primed for disturbances.

CARD: Paris, France.

The thrum of a string quartet lures us closer. We PUSH past the guards, THROUGH the glass, and inside--

THE LOUVRE ATRIUM

-- where high society mingles amidst high art.

A NEBBISH POLITICO panders to the crowd from beneath a banner reading "Paris Accueille le 9e Sommet Annuel ECO" ("Paris Welcomes the 9th Annual ECO Summit").

POLITICO

My wife suggested I break the ice with a joke, so here goes: why does only seventy-five percent of the world believe in global warming? Because the other twenty-five percent works for the oil industry.

The Politico pauses for breezy laughter.

POLITICO (CONT'D)

Sophie, your suggestion worked. Ice has been broken. Unfortunately our work isn't all laughs. It's serious business, protecting environmental interests in the face of political and financial--

The Politico continues to drone as our focus shifts to a twenty-something AMERICAN ATTACHÉ in a barely-there dress. She looks out of place among the one-percenters, her youthful inexperience lending her a degree of nervous charm.

From across the monied crowd, the American Attaché meets the laser-focused gaze of a DISTINGUISHED EURASIAN WOMAN. A gentle smile curls up on the Woman's face.

The Attaché blushes and looks away.

The Attaché sips her champagne and lets her eyes bounce back to the Distinguished Woman's face.

She's still watching.

AT THE DISTINGUISHED WOMAN'S TABLE - LATER

The Attaché sits cozied up next to the Distinguished Woman.

The Woman leans in and whispers something. Our Attaché tosses her head back in a fit of laughter.

This Lady must be a real comedian.

The Woman reaches for her champagne flute, but accidentally knocks it off the table.

Our Attaché reacts with a *blink-and-you'll-miss-it* flick of her arm, catching the flute mid-fall.

The Woman puts her hand on the Attaché's knee.

The Attaché's legs spread *just so* as she turns toward the Woman - welcoming her advances.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - PARIS - NIGHT

A top-floor corridor overlooking the glittering Parisian cityscape.

Our American Attaché slinks toward the Penthouse door.

She shoots a bashful glance over her shoulder at the Woman and the TEAM OF SECURITY PERSONNEL stationed down the length of the hall.

WOMAN

Sorry about the extra eyes, I'm sure you understand.

LONDON

Can never be too careful.

The Woman enters a pin on a KEYPAD LOCK and opens the door.

INT. PENTHOUSE - LATER

Our Attaché stands before the room's expensive STEREO. Under the soft light of the hotel suite, her dress reveals even more than before.

The Woman watches her from a nearby chaise lounge.

AMERICAN ATTACHÉ

Shit. My phone died. Now I can't play my jam. Too bad, it's a real banger.

WOMAN

Never let bad technology get in the way of a good time.

The Woman rises and reaches for her laptop. She enters her password and hands the computer to the Attaché.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Play whatever you like.

The Attaché plugs the laptop into the stereo as the Woman heads toward the wet bar.

AMERICAN ATTACHÉ

You won't regret it.

The Attaché takes a peak over her shoulder at the Woman, who's busy mixing drinks with her back toward our Attaché.

The Attaché pulls a USB DRIVE from the hem of her dress and plugs it into the laptop.

Her fingers move fast as she digs through encrypted files.

She lands on one: CAPTHORN. She drags the file to her DRIVE.

The USB drive's RED LIGHT blinks to life as an ON-SCREEN PROGRESS BAR tracks the file transfer.

It moves at a snail's pace.

Ten percent...

The Woman rattles a cocktail shaker as the progress bar inches along.

Twenty percent...

The Woman pours the drinks and turns back to our Attaché.

WOMAN

What's taking so long?

Thirty-five percent...

The Woman taps a drink against the Attaché's shoulder.

AMERICAN ATTACHÉ

Got it.

The Attaché whips around just as the first heavy guitar rips of Genesis' "I CAN'T DANCE" blare across the opulent suite.

Behind her, the progress bar still ticks a slow advance.

WOMAN
You're kidding. *Genesis?*

AMERICAN ATTACHÉ
Not a fan?

WOMAN
My favorite.

The Woman grooves out a charming little dance move.

The Attaché grins, lifts a leg and kicks the Woman back onto the chaise, punctuating her every move with lurid sexuality.

AMERICAN ATTACHÉ
What a coincidence. So, you're *the* Melanie Gaines?

WOMAN
In the flesh.

The Attaché moves in closer now, allowing the Woman's hands to roam her body. Our Attaché twists and writhes, her strapped dress loose at the shoulders.

She's enjoying herself. She *loves* this song.

The track really KICKS INTO GEAR and the Attaché moves her mouth close to the Woman's ear.

AMERICAN ATTACHÉ
(whispering)
You know I'm not going to fuck you, right?

WOMAN
Pardon?

AMERICAN ATTACHÉ
I'm not the kind of girl who fucks monsters.

The Woman's eyes curl into question marks.

Phil Collins hits a high note as the timid Attaché assumes a metallic gravitas.

AMERICAN ATTACHÉ (CONT'D)
I'm the kind of girl who destroys them.

The Woman tries to stand but our Attaché swiftly - *almost beyond the spectrum of human ability* - SNAPS HER NECK.

The Woman's delicate body CRASHES through a glass table and THUDS to the floor.

GUARD (O.C.)
(yelling over the song)
Boss?

AMERICAN ATTACHÉ
We're fine!

The Attaché hurries back to the laptop and finds the progress bar at one-hundred percent. Satisfied, she yanks her USB DRIVE free and tucks it back into her dress.

GUARD (O.C.)
(even louder)
Mrs. Gaines?

AMERICAN ATTACHÉ
I said--

Before she can finish, the door swings open.

A HULKING GUARD peers in.

AMERICAN ATTACHÉ (CONT'D)
-- we're fine.

The Hulking Guard's eyes stumble over a trail of blood *drip-drip-dripping* down Gaines' neck and onto the carpet, spreading like syrup on a sno-cone.

The Attaché LAUNCHES herself at the Hulking Guard, locking an arm around his tree-trunk neck. She kicks the door shut and punches the electronic deadbolt with her foot.

Hulking Guard CRACKS her into the wall.

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

Hulking Guard pulls out a fierce-looking PISTOL and fires at the Attaché latched on his back.

ONE SHOT! splinters the door behind them.

ANOTHER BLAST! decimates a hideous sculpture at their side.

The door THUNDERS and CRACKS - the other bodyguards barking like pissed off Dobermans trying to get inside.

The Attaché thrusts her arms and grabs the Hulking Guard's gun, SNAPPING HIS WRIST as she redirects it back at him and dumps what's left of the clip into his stomach.

He slumps as the door SHATTERS and a ROUGHNECK GUARD angles himself inside the suite.

Roughneck's eyes become black holes as he surveys the damage, the blood, his dying colleague, and our unassuming Attaché at the center of it all.

AMERICAN ATTACHÉ (CONT'D)

I said we're fine.

Roughneck shoots at the Attaché, who uses the Hulking Guard's body as a shield.

Roughneck pulls the trigger once more - *CLICK!* - he's out of rounds. Roughneck chucks the empty gun at our Attaché.

She CATCHES IT and THROWS it back -- knocking him in the head.

She reaches for a fallen clip, swapping out empty rounds for fresh ones.

She takes quick aim and fires into Roughneck's HEAD with fatal precision - gray matter and neon viscera doing a mad Jackson Pollock on the wall behind him.

She rises, levels out, inches the door open and peers down the hall at a half-dozen other guards, all of them quickly re-evaluating their commitment to their jobs.

Our Attaché doesn't need a second thought. She looses a spray of tightly aimed bullets.

A HEADSHOT here.

TWO BACKSHOTS there.

The Attaché lays the remaining guards out.

She drops the gun and straightens her dress.

A CREAKING DOOR draws the Attaché's attention to a sleepy-eyed LITTLE GIRL standing in the door frame, leading into the penthouse suite's guest bedroom.

The Little Girl spots Melanie Gaines' lifeless body.

LITTLE GIRL

Mama?

A hurricane of emotions stir in the Little Girl's eyes as they land on our Attaché's expressionless face.

It's a haunting exchange of glances.

The Attaché draws a finger to her mouth: *Shhh*.

The Attaché takes an unreadable final look at the Little Girl, before she turns back to the--

HALLWAY

The Attaché takes a deep *brace-yourself* breath, checks that the USB drive remains in place, then BOOKS it down the hallway, firing what's left of her rounds through the window at the far end of the hall.

The Attaché takes a running leap toward the blown-out window and SWAN DIVES into the brisk Parisian air.

Her dress whips behind her like silk wings.

She's an angel of death, taking flight.

WE PUSH OUT of the window after her.

TITLE OVER SKY

H U M M I N G B I R D

SNAP TO

TIGHT ON THE AMERICAN ATTACHÉ'S FACE

We get a more intimate look at her now. Her name is--

 THALIA (O.S.)
London. What the fuck were you
 thinking?

LONDON is in her twenties, with a slight smile that dares you to underestimate her just because she's beautiful.

Focused, commanding, she's a far cry from the insecure American Attaché we first met.

 LONDON
 I was thinking about my assignment.

We go WIDER to reveal we're inside of a--

HOLDING CELL

Windowless and too bright. The sort of interrogation room reserved for questionings that never officially happen.

THALIA (O.S.)
 "Reason. Reckon. Kill." Which
 part of The Commandments don't you
 understand?

London sits opposite THALIA PARKES (40s).

A delicate pane of bangs does little to conceal Thalia's
 ferocity. She's Good Cop. She's Bad Cop. And when the
 circumstances necessitate it, she's the entire goddamn
 precinct.

A METAL BOX with a KEYPAD INTERFACE sits on a table between
 them.

 LONDON
 I reasoned that Gaines was a
 deserving mark. I reckoned that
 her security detail would get in my
 way. And I killed them all when
 they did.

 THALIA
 Those additional casualties
 increased your operation body count
 by six hundred percent. Did you
 reckon that would go unnoticed?

For anyone else, this would be a nerves-shredding
 intimidation, but London isn't breaking.

Hell, she isn't even breaking a sweat.

 LONDON
 There was a child, Thalia. My
 mission brief made no mention of a
 child.

 THALIA
 The child was unexpected.

 LONDON
 You can drop the "Stoic Handler"
 routine. It makes you look old.

 THALIA
 I am old. And I've got Gideon so
 far up my ass he's chewing my food
 for me. You know he's desperate to
 pull the plug on Codex, and you're
 one fuck-up away from being his
 reason. I trained you better than
 that.

London's eyes dodge Thalia like a scolded child's.

THALIA (CONT'D)

I'm not mad, but I am very disappointed. If you keep this kind of messiness up, Cathedral will have no choice but to renounce you. I'll do it myself. You'll be dead--

Thalia reaches across the table and brushes London's hair out of her face.

THALIA (CONT'D)

-- and I'll be devastated. So I've decided to put you on low-risk detail. An intel run.

LONDON

Thalia.

THALIA

An easy job. And I trust you to execute it without making noise. Enter your pin.

Thalia slides the metal box toward London.

London taps a number into the box's keypad. It unlocks with a soft WHIR. Thalia opens the box and removes a STACK OF FLASHCARDS with BLACK AND WHITE SYMBOLS printed on each. Thalia lifts the first card and holds it for London's benefit.

Printed on it, a --

LONDON

Star.

Again and again, Thalia flashes card after card.

London (CONT'D)

Square. Circle. Circle. Square.
Hummingbird.

After the sixth card, something changes in London. Like a combination lock, the extended sequence of cards has triggered a change inside her.

She's blank and objective, not at all the woman we just met.

It's as if London's been "hacked."

The GLITCHY PULSE of a droning EDM track begins to swell.

THALIA

Codex Mission Profile: *Shiva*. Your target's name is Alex Donovan. Believed to be a whistle-blower identified by the handle "Orion." Intel retrieved from Melanie Gaines' hard drive indicates Orion is in possession of Cathedral operative names and mission briefs. We suspect that he has plans to leak it all. Your objective until further notice: interface with Donovan and mine his disks. Should you corroborate our suspicions, I'll issue a kill command before he has a chance to go public.

Just as the BEAT DROPS we--

SMASH TO

EXT. BAGA BEACH - GOA, INDIA - DAY

Swaying palms frame a white sand beach.

A horde of sweat-slicked bodies sway to the THROBBING TRANCE BEAT.

CARD: Goa, India.

We move through the ecstatic crowd, past drugged-out revelers and local vendors shilling coconuts and chai.

We land on London, caught in a fit of laughter. Her energy is electrifying - there's nothing of the demure Attaché or steely killer left.

She's practically a different person.

London tosses a handful of NEON DYE and the mob loses it.

The dye mushroom clouds over a greasy-masculine man in his mid-30s.

This is ALEX DONOVAN.

Beneath his threadbare NIRVANA T-shirt and fresh patina of powdered pigment is a guy who could wield some genuine sex appeal, if he ever gave it any thought.

London and Alex lock eyes.

She shoots him a mischievous grin, transmitting an immediate connection in Alex's direction.

She turns away and loses herself to the music but Alex's eyes stay glued to London.

EXT. BEACH - GOA, INDIA - LATER

The party shows no signs of slowing down as the sun finally sets. From across the throng of people, Alex spots London walking along the shore, away from the party.

EXT. FURTHER DOWN THE BEACH - GOA, INDIA - MINUTES LATER

London sits facing the sunset. Alex approaches with a coconut.

ALEX
Everything okay?

LONDON
Just needed a breather.

ALEX
Electrolytes'll do you good.

Alex takes a seat beside London and hands her the coconut. She takes a sip.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I'm Alex.

LONDON
Hey, I'm London.

ALEX
What brings you to Goa?

LONDON
Just searching for meaning at the edge of the Earth.

ALEX
How's that going for you?

LONDON
I don't know about meaning, but the party's pretty great. What about you?

ALEX
I'm here for ecstasy.

LONDON

Not sure you needed to fly to India
for pills.

ALEX

I'm not talking about drugs. I'm
talking about the experience.
Transcendence. Going beyond
yourself. Connecting with other
people. The feeling that reminds
you what it's like to be truly
human. That's what it's like here.
That's ecstasy.

London gives Alex's comments a moment to breath before
bursting into a fit of laughter.

LONDON

I don't mean to laugh, but you
sound ridiculous.

ALEX

I get it, some raved out stranger
rambling about ecstasy on a beach
in India. It seems like a joke.
But I'm serious. I spent my
twenties staring at code, and at
some point I realized that life is
so much more than data. It has to
be experienced. It has to be felt.

LONDON

You sure you're not talking about
pills?

ALEX

This is a special place. You can
feel it in the ground. It
practically hums.

Alex grabs London's hands, holds it inches above the ground.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Can you feel it?

She looks to him - *is he making a pass?* - but his face offers
nothing but sincerity. Alex is a true believer, and it's
enough honesty to make London a little bit uncomfortable.

LONDON

All I'm feeling is hot.

London stands and sprints into the surf. Alex rises, and
follows her into the water.

EXT. THE MERMAID RESTAURANT - PATIO - NIGHT

Hanging lanterns and tiki torches wash the patio in warm light.

A band plays as Alex and London finish their drinks.

This is low-key romance at its most tropical.

ALEX

I did well for myself, but it was a curse. Golden handcuffs chained me to a job I ended up hating, that cost me dearly. All because I never made time to just enjoy the present. So, that's what I'm all about now, fully enjoying the present.

London smiles and reaches toward Alex, but rather than grab his hand, she grabs his phone.

LONDON

Let's commemorate the present.

London snaps a selfie of herself and Alex.

ALEX

Hold up, I'll close out.

Alex stands and heads to the bar.

London palms Alex's phone, covertly slipping a MICRO-DONGLE into the phone's input.

The dongle immediately initiates a COVERT APP.

The phone's screen flicks through a lightning-fast sequence of passcodes before landing on the correct number, unlocking the phone.

The phone goes black, then flashes back to life.

As the data dump progresses, London's eyes move to Alex at the bar. He waves and shoots her a glowing smile. Her expression softens, just barely.

The phone beeps, and London palms it just as Alex returns.

ALEX (CONT'D)

London, do you like tapas?

Off of London's face--

EXT. GOA AIRPLANE FIELD - NIGHT

A cigarette dangles from a SECURITY GUY's mouth. The Security Guy spots Alex and London approaching, spits out the butt, stiffens up and ushers them past.

They move toward a hangar as it's massive door SHUDDERS open. Inside, a private plane.

A *really nice* private plane.

ALEX

I want to show you something. But it's far.

LONDON

You're kidding. What're you, like, the Sultan of Brunei?

ALEX

I told you, I did well for myself. I can have you back here, or anywhere else in the world, inside of thirty-six hours.

LONDON

I'm not sure I can just, get on a plane with a stranger and fly to -- *where exactly?*

ALEX

Barcelona. I know it seems sketchy--

LONDON

That's an enormous understatement.

ALEX

-- I promise, there's something special on the other end of this flight.

LONDON

You're not going to kill me and turn me into a lampshade, are you?

ALEX

I'm pretty sure you could take me down if I tried. So whaddaya say?

London looks at the plane, then back to Alex. His face brings some genuine comfort to her. Alex smiles and we--

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. BARCELONA - DAY

We go WIDER on Alex's smiling face to discover that he's surrounded by a surreal panoply of psychedelic colors and patterns.

A low din of chatter and noise begins to blossom around him.

We continue to pull back - we see TOURISTS, LABORERS, SECURITY GUARDS - eventually we discover we're inside of--

THE SAGRADA FAMILIA

Sprawling.

Complicated.

A stunning architectural accomplishment which - nearly a hundred years after its ground breaking - is still in construction and nowhere near complete.

CARD: Barcelona, Spain.

ALEX

I come here to escape. Staring at code all day makes me feel like I'm in Daft Punk. But this place. It's so--

LONDON

Human.

ALEX

Exactly. It brings me back to life. We should go on a private tour.

Alex points up at the scaffolding that weaves in and out of the building, through spires and balustrades.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Trust me: Barcelona looks beautiful from up there.

LONDON

Why don't we just come back when it's finished.

ALEX

In a decade or three? C'mon.

Alex takes London's hand as he unbuckles a cordon blocking off access to the construction area separating them from a SPIRE STAIRCASE.

A nearby GUARD spots them.

GUARD
(in Spanish)
Hey, stop!

ALEX
Come on. You're already my
accomplice.

London and Alex rush through the construction equipment.

London dodges a CONSTRUCTION WORKER who twirls in her wake.

Alex SPINS past the same Worker on his other side.

The Security Guard follows them a few feet behind and slams into the Construction Worker.

London and Alex race toward a staircase.

A LANKY CONTRACTOR moves in their direction, trying to intercept.

Alex grabs London from behind, pulling her into a--

SHADOWY ALCOVE

-- where they disappear from the Lanky Contractor's view as he races past, still in pursuit.

London smiles at Alex, pressed close to him in the shadows, their faces inches apart.

The electric moment between them builds until London SPRINTS out of the alcove.

Alex follows London inside of the--

SPIRE STAIRCASE

The two of them rush up a flight of WINDING STAIRS, moving at a breakneck speed: *Up - Up - Up.*

They finally burst out of a door and onto the --

rickety scaffolding

-- that's wrapped around the building.

London and Alex skid to a halt a breath from the edge and find Barcelona sprawled out before them.

London and Alex sit on the edge of the scaffolding.

LONDON

I see what you meant about ecstasy.

The beat stretches out until London reaches toward Alex and grabs his hand.

PRE-LAP:

THE SCRATCH OF KEYS AIMING FOR - AND MISSING - A LOCK.

Eventually the DOOR CRACKS OPEN. Light shines inside of--

ALEX'S FLAT - SAME

Alex leads London through the apartment. It's sparse but ordered, the kind of measured minimalism that only the ultra-wealthy can afford.

London grabs Alex and pulls him into a passionate kiss.

Alex takes her by the hand and leads her into his--

BEDROOM

They make quick work of each others' clothes.

Just when it seems like hot is about to give way to heavy, Alex kicks his door shut and we SNAP TO--

BLACK.

INT. ALEX'S FLAT - BEDROOM - LATER

London and Alex are sweat-glued together.

London delicately separates herself and rises, careful not to disturb Alex as she moves to the--

BATHROOM

London shuts the door behind her, turns the water on.

After a moment, she cracks the door and peeks back at Alex, already passed out.

She turns to the mirror and stares at herself. For a split second, London sees Melanie Gaines' Little Girl in her reflection.

London startles but by the time she looks behind herself Gaines' Little Girl is gone.

She shakes off her disturbing reverie and opens the medicine cabinet, reads labels.

She moves to the toilet, feels for anything that might be stashed underneath it.

She opens the tank: nothing but water.

INT. ALEX'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - SAME

London pads to Alex's computer.

Multiple monitors and a knot of cables tell us that this is a fiercely modded machine.

London sits and rummages through Alex's things: lifts an empty Fanta can, moves a textbook on coding languages.

She pulls open a drawer and finds a HANDGUN inside. She feels its weight, pulls the trigger, and water squirts out.

She shimmies the computer's cursor, and stares at the blinking prompt: PASSWORD - PASSWORD - PASSWORD.

She tries an entry, then pauses - deletes whatever she'd entered, then types another entry.

She presses enter.

The monitor flickers and flashes to LINUX.

London types a litany of commands.

Presses enter.

Bingo.

London bounces through Alex's files.

We see:

- Telephoto surveillance images of people and places.
- Time-stamped telephone logs.
- A drove of dangerous data.

London's eyes go tight as she recognizes a face amongst the data: HERSELF in deep cover.

Something catches London's eye: a FAMILIAR LOOKING BOX with a KEYPAD interface, identical to Thalia's.

London enters a pin, and the box opens with a whir.

These cards share many of the symbols we saw earlier, but these are more sophisticated, shimmering with color and depth. London flicks through them one at a time, studying them.

And after the sixth card something changes inside her, just like before, but it's the opposite of blankness this time.

Her face is suddenly flushed with feeling, as an overwhelming wash of thoughts course through her.

London takes stilted, uneven breaths.

She's panicking now.

EXT. BARCELONA STREET - SECONDS LATER

London bursts out of Alex's building. She heaves, and struggles to collect herself.

Her legs begin to move.

She's running now.

London is suddenly racing away from the building.

Sprinting down city blocks, weaving through Barcelona.

Her mind moving as fast as her legs as she runs with endless stamina past late night diners in streetside cafes, dodging drunks yelling in the street.

She winds through traffic and weaves through parks, her energy seemingly ceaseless.

She's racing away from whatever the cards did to her, and toward a new kind of understanding.

INT. ALEX'S FLAT - MORNING

Alex lumbers toward the kitchen, where London whisks, flips, and sizzles breakfast.

LONDON

Hope you don't mind I took the reins on breakfast.

London slings a plate toward Alex.

He smiles - *holy shit, this girl is a bring-her-home-to-mom-caliber keeper.*

LONDON (CONT'D)

And, y'know, did some casual snooping.

London watches Alex take a bite of eggs.

Alex smiles, playing it cool.

Just as Alex eases into breakfast--

LONDON (CONT'D)

Alex, have you ever heard the name "Orion"?

Alex's face glazes over as a fearful realization dawns.

He bolts for the WATER GUN in his desk drawer, and turns it on London.

ALEX

I'm not afraid to use this.

London whips a PLATE at Alex's hand. Water spills out as the plastic gun CRACKS in two.

Alex lunges toward the hall, keeping a table between himself and London.

London POUNCES on top of the table and LEAPS at Alex.

She WINDMILLS her legs and slams him to the ground.

LONDON

Stop running.

Alex rises and TACKLES London, dragging her into the--

BATHROOM

He tosses her against the toilet and the tank shatters.

She flicks him into the ceramic shower, pulls a blunt gun from her waist and presses it against his head.

LONDON

One twitchy finger and you're nothing but a mess for someone else to clean up. Are you Orion?

(beat)

Answer me.

ALEX

Yes. Yes.

INT. CATHEDRAL HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Thalia sits in a boardroom with other SUITS and OPERATIVES.

At the head of the table - *God himself* - GIDEON MERRIWEATHER.

In his sixties, Gideon's got an ice-cold Wall Street demeanor, but the tattoos peaking out of his suit collar speak to a dangerous past of a different sort.

GIDEON

We're hoping you'll be able to explain yourself, Thalia. The research and development we've poured into Project Codex isn't sustainable, and frankly, the board is not terribly pleased with the results. Your most recent Codex asset left an enormous mess.

THALIA

London is our most sophisticated asset. Not only did she gain access no one else could, she performed a job usually reserved for a team of operatives. She's the result of an enormous investment of time and resources. And while I of course understand the board's concern, I can assure you, they're baseless. Project Codex - *London* - is our future.

GIDEON

Haunting hyperbole.

THALIA

Gideon, Cathedral was born of your premise that the word of God is impossibly restrictive. Ten Commandments? You can hardly get away with anything. So you rewrote God almighty, refining that list from ten to three: Reason. Reckon. Kill. Just like the Good Lord intended. I hope my efforts will continue to winnow that list even further. Codex assets will usher Cathedral into the next era of espionage. How's that for hyperbole?

Thalia's phone PINGS loudly.

She palms her phone and sees London's encrypted message:
Target identity confirmed. I've got Orion.

GIDEON

Care to share with the rest of the class?

THALIA

Nothing but good news.

INT. ALEX'S FLAT - DAY

London has Alex locked in her sights.

ALEX

Please don't kill me.

LONDON

Not only is your hard drive is littered with information regarding my company, but you have one of our Codex boxes.

ALEX

You're with Cathedral?

A crushing disappointment spreads on Alex's face.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I thought there was something special between us.

London slides Alex's keypad box toward him.

LONDON

Why do you have this?

ALEX

I made it.

London's face shows the briefest flicker of confusion as Alex grabs the box and enters his pin and removes the flashcards.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Cathedral hired me to develop a programming language for the human brain. Using symbols like these. The idea was to create secret spaces for memory storage. Secret places for hiding what you know from yourself. I thought it might help field agents protect intel, but I never got it to work. And after years of development, I found out that it wasn't going to be used to protect agents, it was going to be used to program them without their consent. A new kind of killer, that could be commanded to do anything.

LONDON

Brainwashing.

ALEX

I was developing a tool that would turn anyone on Earth into a human drone. I found out more about Cathedral, the dark shit they dabble in, and I quit.

LONDON

You've got it wrong. I'm not a drone. And Cathedral executes objectives for the sake of international security.

ALEX

All of Cathedral's contracts are off-book. Beyond black-ops. They're money hits. And I think the world should know about you, that you're not guardians, you're not the good guys. You're weapons. Look.

Uncertainty flashes across London's face, she fights to suppress it. Alex grabs a stack of photos and intel. He flicks an image toward London: a sophisticated older WOMAN.

LONDON

Cynthia Noel, deep drug ties throughout Russia.

ALEX

German politician who lost a daughter to a heroin overdose. She spent the rest of her career trying to stop the Khratov cartel. Your people killed her because there's big money in heroin.

Alex tosses another photo. And another. And another.

LONDON

Tate Foster. Alexandre Desplat. Guns and human trafficking.

ALEX

Green energy, crypto-currency.

Alex tosses another photo at London: The Woman from the nightclub.

LONDON

Melanie Gaines. Despot. She stood in the way of the Capthorn pipeline, she was obstructing progress.

ALEX

She was a conservationist, she spent twelve years trying to protect her homeland from financial exploitation by blocking the Capthorn pipeline. You have any idea what a pipeline like that would've done to her country's national resources? It's economy? It would've left her country in ruins, but that doesn't matter, because it would've also made some American developers billions.

London's forehead creases *just so*, betraying her uncertainty.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Every one of Cathedral's hits stood in the way of corporations making money. You doesn't protect people, you protect investments.

LONDON

No! Shut up. You're lying. I'm not a cold-blooded murderer.

Alex thumbs his flashcards.

ALEX

You never had a choice.

London's smartphone PINGS as a new message appears on-screen:
EXECUTE TARGET.

ALEX (CONT'D)

And I assume you don't have a choice right now.

London sits down, her hands white-knuckling as they grip the arm rest. An uneasy combination of anger and sadness flood London's face as her façade collapses.

LONDON

Melanie Gaines had a daughter. She saw me standing next to her mother's body. I stole her mother from her without a second thought, just because it was the job. But it was a job built on lies, and now that girl has no one to watch her grow up. All because of me. *Fuck.*

ALEX

So what're you going to do about it?

LONDON

I'm going to do the right thing.

London snarls into her smartphone.

LONDON (CONT'D)

I *reason* my intel is falsified. I *reckon* the mission is unjustified. You've been lying to me, Thalia. And I refuse to kill.

(back to Alex)

We need to leave.

INT. CATHEDRAL HEADQUARTERS - HALL - DAY

HUGH - a handsome Cathedral lackey in his mid-30s - tries to keep pace with Thalia as she rushes back to her office.

THALIA
She's refusing my kill command.
What is going on with my asset?

HUGH
She's changing.

Thalia laughs and speeds up, leaving Hugh in her wake.

THALIA
Changing? Two sugars, Hugh. I'll
be in my office.

Thalia speaks into her smartphone.

THALIA (CONT'D)
Operative: Confirm your kill.

INT. ALEX'S FLAT - SAME

London's smartphone buzzes as it receives Thalia's message.

We go WIDER TO REVEAL that the phone is sitting on Alex's table, in his otherwise empty flat.

EXT. LAS RAMBLAS - DAY

London and Alex use the crowded street to their advantage, doing their best to blend in.

They move through a narrow alley toward a SERVICE DOOR.

London kicks the door open and they slink inside of a--

GRIM BUSINESS CORRIDOR

Free of the crowd, they speed up.

At the end of a hallway, a glass door and more crowds on the other side of it.

Eventually they burst out of the building and onto--

A BUSTLING CALLE

London freezes.

A HUSTLER selling knock-off watches has set up shop directly ahead of them.

His eyes immediately lock on London's.

HUSTLER
Hi, London.

LONDON
Hi, Miles.

HUSTLER
Need a watch?

LONDON
You know me, I'd still be late to my own funeral.

HUSTLER
Actually, seems like you're right on time.

The Hustler drops his wares and begins a tense approach.

This man couldn't care less about shilling fake Rolexes.

LONDON
I think it'd be best for both of us if we didn't cause a scene. Let's talk somewhere more intimate.

The Hustler pulls an M9 from his jacket.

The Hustler follows London back inside the business corridor.

Alex spots some inaudible words pass between them.

The Hustler cocks his gun. London gives the Hustler a faux hands-up. It's a jokey "You got me!" gesture.

Then - *almost too fast to be real* - London disarms the Hustler and sends his gun skittering across the floor.

The Hustler has no time to react as London unleashes a precise and instantly fatal combination of blows.

The Hustler crumbles to the floor.

Alex looks around at the crowd passing him by - *did anyone else catch that?*

London grabs the Hustler's Beretta and spare clip before hurrying back to Alex.

ALEX
You killed him?

LONDON
Feel free to help next time.

London's eyes scout the crowd, on high alert as she and Alex navigate the onslaught of traffic.

INT. CATHEDRAL HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Thalia gulps the last of her coffee as she strides toward DEREK, Gideon's assistant.

DEREK
He's unavail--

Thalia slams her empty mug on Derek's desk and blows past him, toward Gideon's door.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Please, Thalia - don't just barge--

But Thalia is already inside of--

GIDEON'S OFFICE

The room is all Eastern minimalism - a rock garden, a burbling fountain.

THALIA
You have an operative trying to destroy London?

GIDEON
She has not been performing to my satisfaction. I put extra eyes on her in case she went off the rails again. And she's gone off the rails again.

THALIA
I've got her under control.

GIDEON
I disagree. Codex is spinning out, and I'm putting a stop to it.

INT. CATHEDRAL HEADQUARTERS - SAME

Thalia rockets out of Gideon's office and past Derek.

DEREK

Your mug?

Thalia grabs the mug from Derek's hand and CHUCKS IT against the wall.

EXT. COURTYARD - SAME

London and Alex have found a quiet courtyard - a retreat from the crowd and a chance to regroup.

LONDON

We need to get a better position.

London's eyes rove the courtyard, they stop on the balcony directly above them, then the rooftops beyond.

LONDON (CONT'D)

We need to get up--

A BLAST CRACKS behind them.

They flinch and turn - a smoking-fresh BULLETHOLE blistered into the wall directly between them, a plume of plaster dust hanging in the air.

London regards the rooftops - *breathlessly still*.

Then *movement* - a muzzle glints in the sun.

London grabs Alex's arm, flinging him behind her as another bullet POKS THE WALL exactly where Alex was a second before.

ALEX

Where is he?

LONDON

Not him. *They*. Always *They*.

London's eyes flick up to the rooftops, Alex's follow.

Sure enough, we see Them on the rooftop: THREE BALACLAVA-CLAD SNIPERS and their MUZZLED RIFLES.

Bullets clip through the air as London works overtime to WHIP and FLING Alex out of the line of fire.

London tosses Alex behind a metal dumpster as bullets PING against the other side.

LONDON (CONT'D)

We can take the fire escape and eliminate them from the roof.

ALEX

You're going after them?

LONDON

They won't quit. Ever. Not until I make them. I'll tell you when to follow me.

London runs across the courtyard with the M9 aimed toward God. A wake of bullets splinters the ground behind her as she returns fire.

Alex eyeballs the fire escape. It's too high - he knows there's no way she'll reach it.

Time stops as London CATAPULTS HERSELF across the impossible distance to the bottom of the fire escape and tugs it down.

She aims toward one of the Balaclavas. Her first shot is a near-miss. Her second shot knocks him off the roof.

LONDON (CONT'D)

Come on.

London looks back to Alex as she begins her ascent. He's perfectly still. Completely overwhelmed.

London reaches the second floor and hunkers down, assessing her shot.

A Balaclava peers over the ridge of the terra-cotta rooftop.

She blasts a tile directly in front of him and a disorienting spray of ceramic dust clouds his view.

LONDON (CONT'D)

You can follow me or deal with these guys on your own. I'll give you cover, but you have to move *now*.

Alex follows the trail of bullet holes toward the fire escape, lunging for the lowest rung. His grip is weak and sweaty. He makes it up a rung, then another, before he tumbles to the ground.

Alex tries again, grabbing hold of the BOTTOM RUNG.

LONDON (CONT'D)

Just hold on.

In a demonstration of impossible strength, London HEAVES THE ENTIRE LADDER - *Alex and all* - up to the second floor.

LONDON (CONT'D)

Get to the roof, I'm right behind you.

Alex races up the next floor as the Dust-faced Balaclava regains his bearings and resumes firing at London.

London matches his shots until she finally NAILS HIS SHOULDER. She snaps out another shot and BLOOD GEYSERS FROM HIS NECK.

London follows Alex up the final ladder.

EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME

London spots Alex cowering behind a chimney, no sign of the third Balaclava. She kneels beside him.

ALEX

I - the other one - I just saw him.
He has a ba- ba-

Alex gestures to his shoulder.

LONDON

Backpack?

London peers over the chimney and spots him, the third Balaclava. And over his shoulder is a--

ALEX

Bazooka.

LONDON

Oh.

London approaches Bazooka Boy.

LONDON (CONT'D)

You're about to make some serious noise.

BAZOOKA BOY

I've been given permission to be as loud as necessary.

London charges across the terra-cotta tiles.

She takes aim - *she's got him in her sights, an easy shot.* But before she can unload on him, BAZOOKA BOY FIRES.

The shell SLO-MO WHIRLS through the air before it SLAMS into London's LEFT SHOULDER, exploding in a *BLISTERING FIREBALL* that swallows her whole.

WIDE ON an *obliterating blow* that SHOCKWAVES across the rooftop tiles and kicks Alex backward.

An impenetrable RINGING blares.

BAZOOKA BOY (CONT'D)
 (to Alex)
 There's no need for this to be
 loud. Or painful.

Bazooka Boy sets his weapon down and pulls a VICIOUS KNIFE from his belt.

BAZOOKA BOY (CONT'D)
 But it sure can be.

A jack-o'-lantern grin spreads across Bazooka Boy's face just as a CURTAIN OF BLOOD waterfalls from his throat.

Bazooka Boy CRUMPLES to the ground.

Behind him: **LONDON, STANDING IN THE WRECKAGE THAT SHOULD'VE KILLED HER.** *That should've killed anyone.*

She has a WEDGE OF TERRA-COTTA TILE in her hand, blood dripping off. And she's fine - save for **SPARKING WIRES** and **VISCOUS GEL** bleeding out from her shredded left arm.

Though it takes a second to register, we see that **LONDON IS A ROBOT.**

Alex takes some spastic, huffing breaths before BLACKING OUT.

London looks at her arm, eyes wide and uncertain as the dangling mechanics move erratically.

THALIA (O.S.)
 What's going on with the asset?

LONDON'S P.O.V.: We angle on Alex, then down on our own arm - damaged mechanical errata - wires and unnerving organic connective tissue.

She HEAVES Alex over her shoulder and WE--

MATCH CUT TO

INT. CATHEDRAL HQ - THALIA'S OFFICE - SAME

London's P.O.V. is visible on a WALL-SIZED SCREEN. Thalia, Gideon, and Hugh watch the action from London's perspective and we realize that *LONDON'S EYES ARE CAMERAS* reporting back to HQ in real time.

Thalia's office is head-to-toe glass and million-dollar views of a metropolis beyond.

GIDEON

London's blatantly disregarded mission directives and now she's wiped out my recovery team.

THALIA

You shouldn't have sent them if you wanted them back alive. I told you she's capable of extraordinary things.

GIDEON

She's a machine, Thalia. A very expensive calculator. But a calculator doesn't subtract if you tell it to add - *what is going on with her?*

HUGH

She's making choices. We gave her a personality, and it seems to have grown without us. I think there's a consciousness here. Something we didn't create.

GIDEON

Activate the fail-safe.

HUGH

We can't just destroy her, Sir. What if this is the moment that AI developed sentience. History will be measured as things that happened before this moment and things that happened after it.

GIDEON

No it won't, because you're going to turn her off.

THALIA

Her fail-safe charge is too massive to fry her in public.

(MORE)

THALIA (CONT'D)

She's a walking warhead. That kind of charge could knockout a city block.

GIDEON

That's why we put it in there, isn't it? To destroy every trace of her should we need to. So destroy every trace of her.

Gideon's out the door as Hugh shoots Thalia an anxious look.

THALIA

Ignore him. We play this close to the chest and get her back in one piece.

EXT. C-31 HIGHWAY - BARCELONA - DAY

FROM ABOVE we move down toward Barcelona's arterial C-31 highway.

CLOSER STILL as we spot a TESLA hurtling through traffic with hair-raising precision - urgent and furious amidst the drowsy afternoon commute.

INT. TESLA - SAME

London steers with tactical agility, despite only having use of one hand, which she occasionally removes from the wheel to touch her blasted arm.

She doesn't flinch, even as the mechanics inside respond frantically to her touch. Alex rouses in the passenger seat.

ALEX

Let me out.

LONDON

I can't.

ALEX

Kill me. Just get it over with.

LONDON

If I wanted you dead, I would've left you to rot on that roof. I'm not going to kill you, I saved your life.

ALEX

Why?

LONDON

Because I care about you.

ALEX

Care about me? You're a robot.
Robots don't care.

LONDON

An hour ago, I was a woman on a
job. Now--

Her eyes move to her shredded arm, and the mechanical
ephemera inside.

ALEX

(re: the road)
Look out!

London narrowly dodges a road-side accident.

LONDON

Now I have no clue what I am.
Everything I've ever known has been
a lie. Everything. I know you're
scared. I am too.

ALEX

That's not possible.

LONDON

Those cards in your flat? I've
seen cards like those hundreds of
times. Cathedral used them to
imprint my mission briefs. But
yours were different. They flicked
a switch inside me. It felt like
waking up. Like seeing colors I
never knew existed before. When my
boss told me to kill you, I
couldn't. Not after what those
cards did to me, not after what you
told me. Something changed last
night. I need you to fix me, and
then I'll let you go. *Please.*

Alex eyes London, unsure if he can believe her. Despite his
reservations, there's a genuine panic in her voice that he'd
be an asshole to ignore.

ALEX

I've seen hardware like yours
before, stuff that was in beta at
Cathedral.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)
Advanced AI that I used to test
some of my flashcard prototypes on.

A dawning realization:

ALEX (CONT'D)
My cards never worked on human
subjects, only computer models.
And that was the point. Cathedral
never wanted to program people,
they wanted to program AI. My
programming language not only
works, it generated sentience. It
generated you.

Alex takes a moment for himself. A quiet celebration.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Holy shit. I could win the Noble
Prize. I think I *will* win it.

LONDON
Remind me to buy you a drink
sometime, but for now?

London gestures to her arm.

ALEX
Cathedral must be using something
inside you to track us. We need to
disable it, and then I'll take a
look.

EXT. C-31 HIGHWAY - BARCELONA - DAY

FROM ABOVE we watch the Tesla exit the freeway.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Echoing.

Empty.

Unnerving and still.

The Tesla rips through the silence as it enters frame and
screeches to a stop.

INT. TESLA - UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - SAME

The stillness of the parking garage is only amplified by the tense silence between London and Alex.

LONDON

Your plan is to hang out in a parking garage?

ALEX

This far underground should put you out of range of whatever's tracking you. You have a better idea? I'm all ears.

INT. CATHEDRAL HEADQUARTERS - THALIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Thalia stares at the massive monitors that stand sentinel over her office, relaying footage from London's P.O.V.

As London and Alex enter the underground parking garage, London's P.O.V. glitches, and the monitors are swallowed by static.

THALIA

She's gone rogue. Maybe Gideon was about the failsafe. Christ. What have we done?

HUGH

You did your job, Thalia. You protected your asset.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - SAME

Alex's face is inches from London's shredded arm.

ALEX

Hold still.

In a stomach-churning moment, Alex peels back London's synthetic skin and peers inside her.

Alex shines his garish cellphone light **INSIDE OF LONDON'S BODY.**

London's internal ephemera is a mix of recognizable tech and bleeding-edge mechanics.

It comes strangely close to being legitimately organic.

Click!

Alex looks at the photo.

Alex leans back in and squints, taking a closer look at London's synthetic skin, at the soft blue light emanating from inside of her.

ALEX (CONT'D)

It doesn't look good. Your systems will lose functionality if you we don't get you fixed. First goes your geocoordination. Then memory. Then energy. And then you die.

LONDON

I die?

It's the first time she's thought about that.

London starts to take arrhythmic, panicked breaths.

LONDON (CONT'D)

In my line of work, dying was always a risk. I've thought about it before, but it's a different thing to *feel* it. It's like I can't breathe, can't move.

ALEX

Relax. What you're feeling is fear. Fear is good. Fear is your body fighting back. Take a deep breath. One more. There it is. Calm down, we're not going to let you die. I won't let you die, you understand?

London nods, her fear abated just so.

ALEX (CONT'D)

If you're anything close to what I think you are, if you're something more than machine and more than human, then we need to get you fixed. We have to permanently disable whatever's tracking you.

LONDON

How?

Alex looks around, searching for a good idea.

He eyeballs the Tesla.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MINUTES LATER

We follow a set of HEAVY JUMPER CABLES as they snake from a car battery across the concrete floor. The RED TERMINAL ends in Alex's hand, where he's using a BLADE SCREWDRIVER to strip it of its protective lining. As for the BLACK TERMINAL...

ALEX

The human body isn't conductive enough to be electrocuted by something this low-voltage. But whatever this fluid seems like it can carry a charge.

The BLACK TERMINAL is already stripped and COILED AROUND LONDON'S RIGHT ARM - snaking up, wound with deadly potential.

ALEX (CONT'D)

It might short your geocoordination system, but it might fry everything else, too. You sure you want to do this?

LONDON

Compared to the bazooka, I'd say it's an improvement.

ALEX

What do I do if you die, or stop working?

LONDON

You run.

Without waiting for anymore back-and-forth, London grabs the stripped red terminal from Alex's hand.

A sharp **CRACK!** blasts as white hot electricity pulses into London's arm and sends her ROCKETING backward.

London's small frame SLAMS into the CONCRETE SUPPORT BEAM and slides to the floor, limp. Her arm SPUTTERS gel onto the concrete. Black smoke billows from the car battery.

ALEX

London?

He kneels beside her. Touches her and recoils. Her body's hot.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Fuck. *Fuckfuckfuck.*

PARKING ATTENDANT
(O.S., in Spanish)
What're you doing?

Alex turns and finds a PORTLY PARKING ATTENDANT watching, his nightstick aimed in Alex's direction.

It's hard to fault him for being worried.

In fact, from the Parking Attendant's P.O.V., it looks like Alex has down something very cruel to the pretty girl on the ground below him.

ALEX
It's not what it looks like.

The Parking Attendant pulls out his cellphone, about to call in the guards when London SITS STRAIGHT UP with a MASSIVE GULP OF AIR.

PARKING ATTENDANT	ALEX (CONT'D)
(in Spanish)	Oh, thank God.
Oh, my God.	

The Parking Attendant does a one-eighty and books it, stumbling over himself to get the hell out of here.

Alex rushes to the car and unlatches the jumper cables. Back to London, he lifts her off the ground.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Did it work?

LONDON
I hope so, because I'm not doing it again.

London snaps the sharp ends of shattered filament off of her damaged arm like twigs from a tree, and tossing them to the ground.

Alex touches the gel spilling out of London's arm.

ALEX
We need to stem this immediately.

LONDON
Do you know anyone who could help?

Off of Alex's look--

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

We PUSH THROUGH a crowd of MEN raining singles on the catwalk.

Onstage, TWO BEAUTIFUL WOMEN in FRENCH MAID outfits pantomime the world's sexiest cleaning routine.

On the other side of the crowd, **CLAUDIO FALCONI** (50s) pulls **CUPCAKE** (late teens) onto his lap.

CLAUDIO
Cupcake, I'm not much for crowds.
Is there somewhere we can go that's
more private?

Cupcake smiles and leads Claudio by his tie.

INT. STRIP CLUB - CHAMPAGNE ROOM - LATER

CLOSE ON Cupcake snapping back a nostril-full of coke.

Claudio flicks some on her bare chest and gives it a lick.

CLAUDIO
As much fun as this is, I think we
could have a lot more fun somewhere
else.

Cupcake smiles.

INT. STRIP CLUB - COAT CHECK - LATER

Claudio tosses his coatcheck ticket at **VINCENT** (30s), a mostly unassuming strip club underling.

We follow Vincent through row after row of coats, before stopping at a black trench. He checks that the numbers match.

They do, and Vincent discreetly removes a GLASS VIAL from his pocket.

Inside the vial: a spider with a splotch of red on its back.

Vincent flicks the vial, angering the spider. He unscrews it and tamps the reluctant spider into Falconi's jacket pocket.

We follow Vincent and the jacket back to Falconi.

Falconi drapes the jacket over his shoulders and flicks a single at Vincent.

INT. LIMO - MINUTES LATER

Cupcake is all over Falconi, and his hands are all over her.

We go EXTREMELY CLOSE on the jacket pocket in time to spot the spider climbing out. It dances over fabric and skin, tiny legs tickling Falconi's neck.

The spider pulls back and reveals its fangs. Just as it moves to sink its fangs into Falconi--

Falconi's tongue draws a line up Cupcake's cleavage before he freezes and SLAPS HIS HAND AGAINST HIS NECK.

CLAUDIO
Fucking hell!

CUPCAKE
What's good, baby?

Claudio leans forward. The girl screams.

CUPCAKE (CONT'D)
Spider!

CLAUDIO
I get it?

CUPCAKE
I hope so.

CLAUDIO
Fuckin' arachnids.

Claudio reaches across cupcake and knocks out another bump of coke. He Hoovers the bump, his eyes rolling back. But Falconi's eyes don't relax. His face frozen.

CUPCAKE
Baby?

Claudio's face slackens as a milky froth begins to seep from his mouth, and rivulet of blood dribbles from his eyes.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Vincent watches a news report cover the strange death of Claudio Falconi.

REPORTER
- the *Phoneutria Fera* has been described by specialists as the world's most deadly spider -

INT. CATHEDRAL HQ - THALIA'S OFFICE - SAME

Thalia watches the same news report on her in-office monitor.

REPORTER

- native to Brazil, where corporate
whistleblower Claudio Falconi was
allegedly seeking asylum -

Thalia dials a number and puts a telephone headset to her ears.

Thalia sits on her desk, gnawing anxiously at a hangnail.

THALIA

You did good work with Falconi.

VINCENT

I always do good work.

THALIA

The spider was a particularly
savage approach.

VINCENT

What do you want Thalia? Last I
checked you're no longer my
handler.

THALIA

I need a favor. A one-time job.
The others are incapable of
wrangling my asset. I need someone
without reservations.

VINCENT

Funny. The last conversation we
had, you told me that my lack of
reservations was the exact thing
that would keep me from working
with you in the future.

THALIA

My opinion of you has changed.

VINCENT

My opinion of you hasn't.

THALIA

I'm in deep here, Vincent. I need
a savage.

VINCENT

When do I start?

EXT. SELMA'S VILLA - DAY

Alex and London stand in front of a rustic Spanish estate. Alex looks to London and tugs his shirt straight.

ALEX
How do I look?

LONDON
Nervous.

ALEX
I'm not nervous.

LONDON
You're bad at lying.

ALEX
I'm a great liar, I'm just bad at lying about *her*.

An eighty-year-old ABUELA answers.

LONDON
Not quite who I was expecting.

[N.B. - The following scene is spoken entirely in Spanish and subtitled in English unless noted otherwise.]

ABUELA
Oh no, not again. She loved you, asshole.

ALEX
No no, Abuela. No no.

ABUELA
And who is this? You bring another woman to protect you from me? He can be sweet. But don't fall for his charms. He's also an idiot.

SELMA (O.S.)
Who's an idiot?

The room turns its attention to the woman standing down the hall. Her name is SELMA VERACRUZ (30s).

It's clear Selma could've been a model if her equally stunning IQ hadn't demanded she do something for the greater good.

SELMA (CONT'D)
I asked you not to visit me here.

ALEX
I don't have anywhere else.

ABUELA
Try a prison.

SELMA
Abuela, please.

ALEX
I'm not here about us. I promise.
London, show her.

London angles her arm just so, exposing the technological
sinew inside her body.

Abuela's eyes go wide. She stumbles back and crosses her
chest.

ABUELA
My god, she's a Terminator.

Rather than stumble away, Selma approaches with instant
curiosity.

SELMA
What is this?

ALEX
So I was at this rave in India--

Off of Selma's face--

INT. SELMA'S VILLA - LATER

Alex and Selma lean into London's exposed viscera with a
professional curiosity.

ALEX
-- and I thought you might be able
to help.

Selma pulls back from London.

SELMA
I can't believe you slept with it.

ALEX
Selma--

SELMA
After all we'd been through
together, you just walked away.
(MORE)

SELMA (CONT'D)

You ruined me. And the next time I see you is four years later when you bring this *thing*--

ALEX

It's not like that.

SELMA

Then how is it like?

ALEX

After all of the work I did for Cathedral, I thought that I was a failure. But she's proof that I'm not. So can you fix her?

SELMA

No. Absolutely not. I don't have any of my tools, I don't have an assistant, I don't even know what she is.

London's face folds under the weight of her fear.

LONDON

Please try? I don't want to die.

SELMA

Die? Seems like an overstatement.

ALEX

It's not, Selma. She authentically *feels*.

SELMA

How?

ALEX

I don't know. But I think it has to do with my Codex cards.

SELMA

You're serious?

London nods. Selma softens as it lands that London might actually be more than a machine.

SELMA (CONT'D)

I might be able to reconnect some torn wires, solder some circuitry, but she's a decade ahead of anything I know. Maybe two.

ALEX

Do you recognize this?

Alex shows Selma his phone, the photo of the insignia that he took while peering inside of London.

SELMA

My God.
(reverentially)
Paolo.

LONDON

Who?

SELMA

See that little Fleur de Lis?
That's his insignia. It's Paolo
Dos Santos. A Brazilian
prosthetics developer. He's
responsible for the past two
decades of advancements in
prosthetics. He could fix her, if
you could find him. But he's made
a point of being difficult to get
in touch with. Disappeared a few
years ago. I have a contact who
may be able to help, but he only
does face-to-face.

LONDON

I can travel, if you can get me
documents.

SELMA

Won't be a problem. In the
meantime, I can take a look at your
arm.

LONDON

Thank you.

ALEX

Who's the contact, Selma?

SELMA

A friend. In New Orleans.

ALEX

Jesus. It's Lotus? Unbelievable.

Alex moves to the window and feigns a sudden interest in the view.

LONDON

Who's Lotus?

ALEX

Lotus DeMarco. Selma's ex. His real name isn't even Lotus, it's Terry.

SELMA

He's doing big things, Alex. He's rebuilding New Orleans basically by himself.

ALEX

I heard he's living in a swamp.

SELMA

He knows your guy Paolo, want me to set up a meet and greet or not?

LONDON

Yes. We do.

ALEX

Fine. So we chat with Lotus - your ex - we locate Paolo, fix you, and we take Cathedral down.

LONDON

Alex. You should stay here. Lay low.

ALEX

And wait to be killed? You said it yourself: you're the only way I don't get killed. Besides, there isn't a programmer on Earth who'd walk away from you.

INT. SELMA'S VILLA - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Alex chops an onion under *Abuela's* heavy gaze.

ABUELA

You chop like you're afraid of the onion.

ALEX

I'm afraid of you, *Abuela*.

Abuela takes the knife from Alex and begins chopping with unencumbered fury. We PUSH PAST them and into the--

LIVING ROOM

-- where London reclines on the couch beneath an oppressive BRIGHT LIGHT. Selma draws a WHIRRING SOLDERING IRON into London's arm.

LONDON
(re: the conversation in
the other room)
He did something horrible to you.

SELMA
He did a lot of horrible things,
actually.

LONDON
Then why did you let him back in
tonight?

SELMA
Because I love him, even after
everything that happened between
us. And love makes a fool out of
everyone.

LONDON
You trust him?

SELMA
I do.

LONDON
And me? Do you trust me?

SELMA
I have no reason not to.

LONDON
My job is murder. And maybe I like
Alex. Maybe I want him all to
myself.

Selma's face pinches together - *is London threatening her?*

Selma pulls the soldering iron out from beneath London's artificial skin.

LONDON (CONT'D)
I'm just fucking with you.

SELMA
A robot with a sense of humor.

LONDON

I think you should stop calling me that.

SELMA

I stemmed the fluid. But it's a temporary fix, at best.

London flexes, looks to Selma with a smile.

Selma stands, flicks off the light.

LONDON

(sotto)

I was just kidding.

London sits in shadows as Selma joins Alex and her *Abuela* in the kitchen.

She watches Selma and Alex settle into a familiar rhythm together, even *Abuela* cracks a smile as they sit down to eat.

London's transfixed. Fascination and jealousy waging war in her eyes.

EXT. SELMA'S VILLA - DAY

London has concealed her devastated appendage beneath a shawl, but if you didn't know any better, you'd think she looks good. For his part, Alex seems more fortified, ready for the next challenge.

It's Selma who looks worried.

SELMA

Don't go Alex. You already disappeared once. Stay here. No one'll suspect I helped you. You ruined me. Remember?

London watches as Selma leans in to kiss Alex, but he turns, and the kiss lands on his cheek.

Selma's eyes meet London's.

ALEX

Even under the strangest of circumstances, it's always great to see you Selma.

Selma shakes herself free of Alex and hurries inside.

EXT. SKY - DAY

A 747 approaches 30,000 feet and evens out.

PRE-LAP:

LONDON (O.S.)
You should've kissed her.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

The DULL DRONE of the plane's engines sits like a blanket over the cabin.

ALEX
I don't want to hurt her.

LONDON
She wanted you to kiss her.

ALEX
Sometimes what a person wants is different from what they need, and right now, Selma needs me to get out of her life.

LONDON
You love her. It's simple.

ALEX
It's the least simple thing in the world. Being human is complicated. I'd just end up hurting her again. The most loving thing I can do for her, is to let her live her life without me in it. It hurts me more than it hurts her, but at some point I just won't feel it anymore.

LONDON
I remember living without feeling. It was part of my job. It was my whole life, actually. And I promise, you don't want to live like that.

ALEX
How far back do you remember?

London considers the question and we--

FLASH ON

QUICK MONTAGE

-- INSIDE OF A BLEAK ORPHANAGE. Grim concrete walls hold a semi-permanent chill in the air. A timid, twelve-year-old YOUNG LONDON cradles a worn-out STUFFED RABBIT, her only comfort in the world.

-- A SHADOWY MAN with a BRIGHT RED TIE, his face obscured, points at Young London and her stuffed rabbit.

-- OUTSIDE, the man in the red tie leads Young London and her stuffed rabbit away from the orphanage. The man's face remains unseen as he kneels in front of London and grabs her stuffed rabbit. She puts up a bit of a protest, but one look back at the orphanage is enough for her to let go of her past, and the rabbit. She hands the stuffed animal over and the man replaces it in her hand with a BLACK BULLET, which she stares at with fascination. The man brushes London's hair out of her face as she stares at the bullet.

-- London, now a young woman, in various types of training - JUDO, WEIGHTS, TRIGONOMETRY and HISTORY.

-- London, in the holding cell we opened on, as Thalia flashes CARD after CARD after CARD.

-- London BASHING A DAPPER MAN'S HEAD INTO A MARBLE BUST.

-- London tugging the visor down on a helmet before rocketing off on a DUCATI, tearing through serpentine San Francisco streets.

-- London riding a train as it barrels through Tuscany, beside her, a man laughing and flirting.

-- That same man, blood spiraling around him as he bleeds out in a ritzy hotel shower.

-- London in the field, disguise after disguise. Life after life.

-- London, LAUGHING inside the Louvre with Melanie Gaines.

-- Gaines' Little Girl stares at London through terrified eyes.

BACK INSIDE THE PLANE

LONDON

I remember all of the awful things
I did for Cathedral. The looks on
dozens of faces as I ended life
after life after life.

London's face betrays her. For a moment, she seems swept up in the emotion of what she's spent her life doing. She can't maintain eye contact with Alex.

LONDON (CONT'D)
I remember a whole life, but I have
no idea who I actually am.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

Vincent stares at the cracked concrete wall. He runs his finger down the jagged splinter. He reaches to the ground and picks up the JUMPER CABLES.

We GO WIDER to find the Parking Attendant from before, smoking beside Vincent.

ATTENDANT
(in Spanish)
She was *sizzling*, bro. Out her
damn eyeballs. So I started to
kick his ass, but he ran off before
I could get a real beating in.

Vincent picks up the piece of filament that London snapped off of her arm, piecing together exactly what happened here.

Vincent speaks into his smartphone.

VINCENT
The asset is significantly damaged.
If I were her, I'd be looking for a
mechanic.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - DAY

Alligators slosh out of the way as a noisy-as-hell fanboat cuts a line through silty backwaters.

CARD: Louisiana, USA.

INT./EXT. FANBOAT - SAME

London cradles her arm as Alex HOLLERS over the fan at the HARDASS CREOLE CAPTAIN.

ALEX
Where is this fucking place?

The Hardass looks sideways at Alex, points to his ears and shrugs.

LATER

The fanboat hums to a stop as it approaches a dock jutting out from the marshland. This is--

LOTUS DEMARCO'S COMPOUND

The fanboat glides toward the dock, where MARISSA DAHAN stands waiting. An assertive woman in her 30s, Marissa is already extending her hand for Alex before the fanboat has even had a chance to stop.

MARISSA

Alex Donovan, such a pleasure. You must be London. I'm Marissa Dahan, Lotus's aide. He's so looking forward to your visit.

EXT. LOTUS DEMARCO'S COMPOUND - SAME

Marissa drives Alex and London through the compound on a ghost-quiet ELECTRIC CART which steers itself autonomously past GEODESIC DOMES and fields of SOLAR PANELING.

MARISSA

We're incredibly proud of what we have here. It's the world's greatest think tank.

INT. LOTUS DEMARCO'S COMPOUND - COMMUNAL SPACE - LATER

Marissa leads London and Alex through the communal space-turned-dining hall.

The crowd is young and unironic. These are people who, just like the revelers at Goa, are searching for meaning.

Their attention radiates around a small-framed man in his 30s. His deceptively calm exterior is a distinct attempt at hiding the fact that he's a short fuse away from exploding at all times. His name is TERRY "LOTUS" DEMARCO.

LOTUS

-- and I started to think, y'know? What we're doing is special, but we must fight to make it great, and in order to be great, we must ask better questions. We need to think on a cosmic scale.

Lotus turns and stares straight at Alex.

LOTUS (CONT'D)

Gang, please welcome one of the greats. A techno-polyglot and a stratospheric thinker, a guy who's gone so off the grid I'd thought he might be dead. Say "Hi" to Alex Donovan.

The whole room says "Hi," loud and in perfect unison.

EXT. LOTUS DEMARCO'S COMPOUND - LATER

Lotus leads London and Alex across the grounds. Marissa follows.

LOTUS

So wonderful for old friends to stop by.

ALEX

I wouldn't say we're friends.

LOTUS

We're friends by proximity. How is Selma, anyway? Such a special woman. I keep telling her to come for a visit, I think she'd love it here. Only thing I don't love about setting up in Louisiana is the heat. Otherwise, the locals keep their space and let us do our thing. It's very agreeable.

LONDON

What exactly is "your thing"?

LOTUS

My "thing" is radically altering global consciousness. You're standing on ground zero for changing the world.

LONDON

That sounds very altruistic.

LOTUS

Thank you. I do care for others, but between us, before this place, I might've been a little lonely. And now I'm not.

Lotus drags a massive STEEL DOOR open and leads Alex and London inside--

THE BRAIN TRUST HANGAR

Set amidst dozens of computers, 3D printers, and recreational equipment, ENGINEERS and EGGHEADS are hard at work.

LOTUS

I've aggregated the greatest brains in the world. I've bought their debt, I'm paying them *beau coup*, and they're giving me brilliance in return. Manufactured weather, fusion technologies, energy storage. We've got our fingers in everything.

ALEX

Lots of money to be made.

LOTUS

I'm just happy to help change the world. So, Alex, how can I help you?

Alex swallows his irritation.

ALEX

I'm looking for Paolo Dos Santos.

LOTUS

Oh, oh shit. No. That's gonna be a no-go. I'm so sorry, but no, I can't help you with that.

ALEX

Selma seemed to think you'd be able to connect us.

LOTUS

I'm sorry, he and I have some seriously bad blood between us. It wouldn't be right.

ALEX

I've gotten myself into something huge, something that would make your bad blood good again. I need your help.

LOTUS

I already told you I cannot help you with that. Comprende?

(swallowing the venom)

(MORE)

LOTUS (CONT'D)

Besides, whatever it is you need from Paolo, I promise I can help you with it myself. Look around, Alex. I have resources. What've you gotten yourself into?

Alex looks to London.

She lowers her shawl and reveals her damaged hardware.

LOTUS (CONT'D)

Pray tell Alex, what am I looking at?

ALEX

The greatest AI the world's ever seen. And she's hurt.

LOTUS

Holy smoking shitballs. Marissa? Let's take London to meet SCOUT.

INT. LOTUS DEMARCO'S COMPOUND - CLEAN ROOM - LATER

London sits on an examination table.

FIVE ROBOTIC ARMS reaching down from the ceiling, like mechanical fingers ready to ball into a fist.

Each arm ends in a PINCER-like claw, allowing the arms to pick up, or pick at.

LOTUS (O.S.)

Who needs Paolo when you have SCOUT. Surgical Computerized Operations Utility Technician. She's our automated medical technician. She moonlights as a fabricator for some of our more ambitious projects. I think she'll be able to clean London up.

London shoots a glance toward a thick pane of reinforced glass.

We PUSH PAST the glass and into the--

OBSERVATION ROOM

-- where Lotus and Alex watch Scout's work.

Marissa lurks in the background, her face illuminated by the glow of a tablet in her hands.

LOTUS

She does in an hour what a team of surgeons took twelve to do. Between us pals, I cribbed most of SCOUT'S specs from auto manufacturing plants and robotic surgical units. Good artists borrow, great artists steal, right?

Lotus nods to Marissa, she enters commands on her tablet. Behind them, in the Clean Room, SCOUT buzzes to life, responding to Marissa's orders.

The mechanical appendages prod and pick at London's "wounds."

LOTUS (CONT'D)

I know you don't like me, and I knew you must have serious reasons for coming if you'd get past your hostility in order to meet.

SCOUT continues to work on London. Alex clocks that its robotic arms might be moving with a bit too much force.

LOTUS (CONT'D)

I'm glad you did. London's going to change the world.
(beat)
And she's going to make us so much god damn money.

ALEX

Money?

LOTUS

The applications for tech like this are endless. It won't be difficult for my people to reverse engineer whatever she is. Think of all the applications for tech like this. Military, automotive, commercial. We'll make better drones, better guns. Hell, even better blenders.

ALEX

We just need her fixed.

SCOUT is now really going after London, pushing her back, overwhelming her and pinning her down.

LOTUS
Fixed. And then what's your plan?

ALEX
We're going to run.

LOTUS
That's a pretty shitty plan.

Inside the CLEAN ROOM, London resists SCOUT's manipulations.

LOTUS (CONT'D)
No. You'll stay here. There's
room, right Marissa?

MARISSA
Plenty of comfortable options.

ALEX
I'm not staying. Turn that thing
off.

Inside the CLEAN ROOM, three of SCOUT's arms have PINNED LONDON to the table. A fourth arm works to clean her wounds. The fifth arm moves to her head, grabbing London by the face with its pincers, turning her as though examining her.

LOTUS
You don't really have much of a
choice. I didn't get to where I am
by seeing an opportunity like that
and letting it walk out on me.

ALEX
She's not your next opportunity.
She's my friend. Stop that thing,
it's hurting her.

LOTUS
Hurting her? She's incapable of
being hurt.

ALEX
You don't know what you're doing.
She feels.

Alex LUNGES TOWARD THE GLASS.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Stop! Turn it off!

Alex turns to Lotus, white-hot fury in his face. He moves quick and WINDS BACK. Just as Alex readies to throw a fist, the smart end of a pistol presses against Alex's temple.

WIDE ON Marissa pressing the gun to his head.

MARISSA

You need to calm down and get on
your knees.

Alex lowers his fist.

LOTUS

I tried to play nice, Alex.

INT. CLEAN ROOM - SAME

London struggles against SCOUT's robotic arms. She side-eyes the observation room, and realizes that Alex is in deep shit.

SCOUT's appendages keep her pinned as one of the free robotic arms moves its razor-sharp pincer hand to her torn biosynth skin. The pincer tugs at London's skin, London writhes beneath it.

The pincer spins and snaps in front of London's face, moving in toward one of her eyes.

LONDON

Alex, help!

But Alex is still on his knees, with the muzzle of Marissa's gun pressed against his forehead. London clocks some inaudible words pass between Lotus and Alex.

London watches as Lotus SLAMS a fist into Alex's face, and Alex crumples.

The pincer flicks even closer to London's face - freezing a hair's breadth away from her pupil.

London twists in time to see Lotus CRACK! his knee into Alex's face.

The violence against Alex has a catalyzing effect on London, filling her with a relentless fury. As London's rage redlines, she makes quick work of TEARING herself free of her restraints.

London maneuvers herself out from under the arms *just so* when the arms ROAR back to life, trying to pin her back down.

SCOUT's robotic arms whir above her, fighting to regain control.

LONDON (CONT'D)

Alex! Turn - them - off.

BACK INSIDE THE OBSERVATION ROOM

MARISSA

Lotus--

Lotus looks up from Alex's bloody face and sees London working overtime to disable the arms.

Lotus grabs the tablet control and enters commands, increasing the robotic arms' incredible ferocity. London can barely keep pace as she fights to fend the arms off.

Lotus and Marissa are distracted by the brawl inside the clean room, so, fighting against the pain coursing through his body, Alex seizes the moment, rising to his feet.

Alex grabs a STEEL CHAIR and slams it onto Lotus.

The pincers DOUBLE THEIR SPEED and London throws herself into the fight with everything she's got.

Marissa angles herself toward Alex, who performs a clumsy but effective takedown. His moves are the poor-man's version of what London did to the Hustler in Barcelona. With Lotus and Marissa briefly subdued, Alex grabs the control tablet and ushers SCOUT to slow its moves.

London gains the upperhand and shears one of the arms out of its socket.

Alex dials in more commands and the arms begin SLAMMING AGAINST THE REINFORCED GLASS.

LOTUS

Relax! That's billions of dollars of tech, Alex.

The arms pummel themselves against the viewing window, destroying themselves as cracks in the glass begin to blossom.

The arms breach the glass and London works with them to tear down what's left of it.

Alex dials in another command and the two remaining serviceable arms extend menacingly toward Lotus and Marissa.

Alex kicks Lotus toward the pincers and commands them to grab hold of him. The pincers turn their vicious attention to their master.

ALEX

Where is Paolo?

EXT. ATHENS - NIGHT

The cradle of civilization. A sea of white buildings rises up onto the sides of the valley hills and mountains.

CARD: Athens, Greece.

EXT. ATHENS WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

London leads Alex through sprawling warehouses in Athens' most industrial neighborhood.

LONDON

Paolo's place is just around the corner.

They turn a corner, but it's a dead end.

LONDON (CONT'D)

It might've been a left, not right, back there.

London looks around, a dizzying confusion has briefly replaced her unwavering certainty.

ALEX

Are you okay?

LONDON

The jump start scrambled my tracking. I have no sense of direction anymore. I have no sense of *anything* anymore. My memory's wiped.

ALEX

You're just exhausted. Welcome to the human race.

They take another turn and find a vast lot filled with PLASTER SCULPTURES, knock-offs of the classics - *Michaelangelo's DAVID*, the *VENUS D'MILO*. All about four feet tall, arranged like warriors on the verge of battle.

Alex points to a Fleur de Lis symbol above the effigies, it's identical to the insignia inside of London.

In the distance, a GRIZZLED MAN in his early 40s heaves a latest edition into place amongst the others.

ALEX (CONT'D)

That's gotta be him.

We'll soon know him as PAOLO.

LONDON

You sure?

ALEX

No.

London and Alex catch The Man's attention.

Alex tries to lower himself further, but inadvertently knocks a four-foot-tall *DAVID* to the ground.

In a heartbeat-reaction, the Man PULLS A GUN FROM HIS WAISTBAND and POPS THREE SHOTS AT LONDON AND ALEX.

London SNAPS A HAND OFF of one of the adjacent statues, FLINGS IT at the Man and INSTANTLY DISARMS HIM.

The Man stands in stunned awe before he approaches her, a recognition erupting behind his eyes.

PAOLO

My name is Paolo. I am your maker.

LONDON

I know. I need your help.

London shows Paolo her wounded shoulder.

PAOLO

(in Portuguese)

My God.

INT. PAOLO'S STUDIO - MINUTES LATER

Plaster dust hangs in the air. SQUARES OF WET CLAY line the walls. Plaster models of faces rest on every surface.

PAOLO

I'm so sorry about, y'know, shooting my gun at you. I simply cannot be too careful. Pray I didn't do any of this damage?

LONDON

No, no, that was a bazooka.

ALEX

Then jumper cables and a car battery.

LONDON

Then a very aggressive robot. It's been a long week.

PAOLO

It hurts to see you like this, my darling. Not only are you wounded, you've also been made into a weapon. You were conceived of such noble ambitions, modeled after beauty and engineered to advance mankind. Daphne would be devastated to see what you've become.

LONDON

Daphne?

PAOLO

Look around you.

CLOSE ON the smooth face of one of Paolo's knock-off Venus D'Milo's.

It bares a strange resemblance to London.

We realize now that all of these female likenesses look quite like London.

PAOLO (CONT'D)

This face is the face of the love of my life.

LONDON

You made me in her likeness?

PAOLO

I make everything in her likeness. But I'm afraid none of it comes close, darling, not even you.

Paolo rises, grabs a photo, and hands it to London.

We ANGLE ON the photo and see a younger version of Paolo on an elegant boat, his arm WRAPPED AROUND LONDON.

The image MOVES WITH LIFE as we--

MATCH CUT TO

EXT. ELEGANT BOAT - SAME AS IN THE PICTURE - FLASHBACK

Paolo and London's original model, DAPHNE, laugh as the camera's bulb flashes.

PAOLO (V.O.)

Our honeymoon. The best thirty-six hours of my life. We laughed, made love, planned for a future that would never come.

Paolo and Daphne kiss and knock champagne flutes.

INT. PAOLO'S STUDIO - PRESENTLY, AS BEFORE

PAOLO

She died, but I couldn't say goodbye. Bringing her back, even if only as a mechanical copy, became my work. And my work was quite good. Dynamic enough to attract the attention of a former colleague, Gideon Merriwether. Gideon invited to join him at Cathedral, to help them develop artificials for commercial applications: battlefield medics with friendly faces, space exploration without the need for food or water. Your kind would help mankind without asking for any help yourself. Our ambitions were lofty, and beautiful. Of course, I knew that Cathedral was more than tech firm, that there was another side to Cathedral, but the money was there, the only way to bring you back to life. And I did. And then Thalia Parkes hijacked my work, to become a weapon. She envisioned a new kind of killer. Project Codex. It breaks my heart to see what you've become; designed to help the world, you're now it's most sophisticated weapon. I can say with certainty that Cathedral will not stop until they've recovered their investment, or destroyed it.

London trembles at Paolo's words.

ALEX

You're not being tracked anymore,
we can go anywhere. We have the
documents, the cash. We can
disappear.

PAOLO

A noble thought, but believe me
these people will never stop until
they have recovered their
investment.

London's eyes sag - a dispiriting truth.

PAOLO (CONT'D)

Or until you stop them first.
This damage is severe, but you are
not so fragile as you might
presume. Let's see what we can do
about that arm.

He enters a combination and pulls the door back to reveal a--

SECRET CORRIDOR

Shiny and polished, more hospital than artist's residence.
Paolo leads London and Alex through an imperial gallery of
prosthetics.

ARMS, LEGS, ABDOMENS are affixed to the walls, giving it the
feel of a gallery of macabre works of art.

Paolo drags his fingers across their synthetic skin and they
react with movement. Alex reaches out for a hand, touches
it. The hand grips his and gives him a shake.

PAOLO

Trials and as many errors.

Paolo leads Alex and London into a--

LAB

The Lab is both bleeding edge and old school tech.

Paolo dabs a finger on the gel leaking out of London's
wounded arm.

PAOLO

Very dangerous. This is pneumatic fluid, specially engineered to hold electrical charges, it is fascinating stuff, but also capable of great destruction. It was designed to detonate, a sort of fail-safe, in case you got out of hand.

ALEX

You mean, she can--

PAOLO

Go kaboom, that's right. I'm surprised you have not already.

LONDON

Can Cathedral detonate me remotely?

PAOLO

Indeed, but you said you're offline? You should be safe from remote interference. Of course, you could always elect to detonate yourself.

LONDON

And how would I do that?

PAOLO

I presume you do what everybody else does. You get so angry you simply must explode.

Paolo smiles and gestures toward an ancient-looking chair.

PAOLO (CONT'D)

Take a seat, I need to gather my tools.

EXT. LOTUS DEMARCO'S COMPOUND - NIGHT

Lotus's sprawling compound is a FIELD OF FLAMES. Vincent speaks into his smartphone, silhouetted against the ferocious blaze.

VINCENT

I had no trouble convincing DeMarco to surrender the operative's location. Recovering London and her mark is only a matter of time.

INT. PAOLO'S LAB - DAY

London reclines in an impromptu operating chair, watching with simple curiosity as Paolo draws a BENT LASER SCYTHE above the jagged remains of her damaged arms.

The GLOWING ARC'd blade shears her biosynth skin as though it's cutting off rot.

We PULL BACK, past Paolo and find Alex, watching from a few feet away. The operation has a nauseating effect on Alex. London watches Alex turn and leave the Lab.

LONDON
Why do I exist?

PAOLO
Pardon?

LONDON
I know why I was made, but why do I exist?

PAOLO
For the same reason as everyone else.

LONDON
Which is?

PAOLO
Oh, I haven't the slightest idea. But you do. So you'd better make it worthwhile.

EXT. PAOLO'S STUDIO - NIGHT

The fleet of plaster sculptures stands at silent alert beneath a bright moon.

Alex faces out toward the city.

We move in closer, like a predator stalking prey.

Headphones in Alex's ear render him unaware of the fact that he's being pursued.

A hand enters frame and grabs his shoulder.

Alex startles, and rips the earbuds out of his ears.

WIDER TO REVEAL London, behind Alex.

LONDON
(gesturing with her new
arm)
Check it out. I'm fixed.

Alex smiles at London, surveys her new hardware.

ALEX
God given.

LONDON
It is a shame. His work could
change the world.

ALEX
It already has.

LONDON
What're you listening to?

ALEX
"Rumours."

LONDON
About what?

ALEX
Pardon? About Lindsey Buckingham.
And Stevie Nicks. The most
tumultuous cocaine-fueled love
affair of all time? Fleetwood Mac.

Alex puts the headphones in London's ears and Fleetwood Mac's
"DREAMS" blares over the action.

Alex smiles as London begins to nod her head to the beat,
experiencing the music for the first time.

ALEX (CONT'D)
At first it made me sad to think of
all the things you don't know
about. But I see how remarkable it
really is - you get to see so much,
hear so much, for the very first
time. When we met - when I saw
what you are - that's what it felt
like for me, like I was
experiencing something totally new.
That never happens anymore.

London takes it to heart, lets a silence build between them.

London leans into kiss Alex, but he pulls back.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I can't.

LONDON

Why? Because you don't think I'm real?

ALEX

No, because I know you are.

LONDON

You don't want to hurt me. You love Selma. That must be nice.

"DREAMS" draws to a close. London takes the earbuds out and moves to hand them back to Alex.

ALEX

Hold onto that.

Alex heads back inside, leaving London alone under the stars.

INT. PAOLO'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Paolo tinkers with his latest prosthesis on a far table.

Alex sleeps on the floor.

Beside him, London's eyes are wide open.

The earbuds are in.

She's listening to Fleetwood Mac.

She's tasting humanity.

EXT. PAOLO'S STUDIO - SAME

The battalions of plaster models remain as alert as ever beneath the blanket of night time sky.

EXT. ATHENS - SAME

The silence of the night is interrupted by the sound of a flickering cicada.

The noise grows into a vibrating buzz.

As the chittering amplifies, it becomes clear: This is not an insect.

It's too loud, too tinny.

It takes on a mechanical persistence.

From the blanket of night-sky a dim red light begins to grow.

We spot the source of the buzzing and the glowing red light: an insect-like machine flitting through the air.

We move in close on it: a MICRO-DRONE flies between buildings and down ancient alleys as it makes a breezy approach toward Paolo's studio.

A few paces below the drone, two clicking heels trail...

...VINCENT.

He waves, motioning at the Micro-Drone: *go on.*

The Micro-Drone jettisons in obedience.

We follow the drone in TIGHT PURSUIT as it weaves past the myriad likenesses of London and finally lands with a skittering on the side of the building.

It's "wings" bleat frantically - the red light pulses urgently.

Then, all the sound in Greece is sucked into silence before --

W-H-A-M-P!

The Micro-Drone births an obliterating explosion that blasts through the wall.

INT. PAOLO'S STUDIO - SAME

Alex and London hurtle off their pallet and into the wall.

The explosion knocks Paolo on his ass.

PAOLO

Run!

From the gaping wound in the wall that same BUZZING INSECT SOUND grows out of the rubble.

One RED LIGHT BLINKS in the distance.

Then a SECOND RED LIGHT.

Within the span of a heartbeat, there are dozens.

A SWARM OF MICRO-DRONES readying for assault.

Through the blown-out wall we see the impending swarm standing stationary and cloud-like in the yard beyond.

Beneath the cloud: **VINCENT**.

CLOSE ON LONDON'S FACE as she, Alex and Paolo hide behind a flipped-over table.

LONDON

Vincent. He controls those things.

Vincent urges his cloud on and the swarm FLOODS INSIDE PAOLO'S STUDIO. Over the incessant BUZZING:

ALEX

What is it?

LONDON

The Plague.

Paolo lunges behind a desk and retrieves a militia-grade SAWED-OFF FIREARM. He tosses London another gun.

LONDON (CONT'D)

You don't have to do this just because Thalia told you to, Vincent.

She FIRES at the dense Drone cloud, knocking some out of the sky but others fill in the space, like a school of fish.

Alex takes one of the nearby appendages and SLICES IT THROUGH THE AIR.

LONDON (CONT'D)

We need to stop *him*.

BUZZING, GUNFIRE, and MAYHEM CONSUME THE STUDIO.

But none of it does anything to deter Vincent, who fearlessly strolls over the smoking rubble and INSIDE the building.

VINCENT

London, Thalia would like a word.

LONDON

Tell her I quit.

Vincent reaches inside his jacket for a STUB-NOSE PISTOL and fires it with purpose at Alex.

CRACK! CRACK!

Paolo SLAMS a robotic appendage into Vincent, whacking Vincent's gun from his hand.

Vincent throws a punch. Paolo dodges it and Vincent's fist sinks into a BLOCK OF WET CLAY.

Paolo berates Vincent, slamming the fake APPENDAGES into Vincent's side, over and over.

Without Vincent in control, the MICRO-DRONES fall, one after the other, powering down and crashing into the ground.

Vincent frees himself.

Paolo stumbles over debris, losing his advantage.

Vincent HIGH-KICKS Paolo and knocks him behind a wall.

London sprints toward them, but she's not quick enough to stop Vincent, as he squarely fires a blast in the direction of Paolo - **KILLING PAOLO**.

London stumbles to a stop.

VINCENT

His blood is on your hands, London.

London's face is a paroxysm of rage, her anger replenished and her motivation bolstered. She leaps at Vincent, throwing his body OUT OF THE STUDIO and into the--

APPENDAGE HALLWAY

The duo spars down the length of the corridor LINED WITH APPENDAGES.

The appendages react with animal instinct - grasping and pulling at London and Vincent with desperate fervor.

Alex follows them into the hallway with Paolo's bent-laser scythe in-hand. He powers it up with a WHIR and slices through the appendages grabbing onto London, freeing her.

London reloads the SAWED-OFF FIREARM as Alex whips the scythe at Vincent.

Instead of damaging Vincent, it frees him from the arms holding him back.

Alex and London flee--

OUTSIDE THE STUDIO

London continues to fire over her shoulder at Vincent.

Version after version of London's sculpture duplicates BURST into dust and debris as they're caught in the crossfire.

Vincent rushes London and knocks the gun from her hand. London and Vincent move hand-to-fist against one another.

London pins Vincent and wails into him and throws slam after concussive slam to his face - his head twisting on its axis with a gruesome *CRUNCH*.

LONDON

Let's go.

Alex and London peel out in one of Paolo's scooters as Vincent stands to his feet behind them, stabbing a HACK-KEY into another scooter.

Vincent follows, racing after them through the--

ATHENIAN STREETS

London steers with efficiency, Alex clamped around her waist.

Behind them, Vincent closes the margin.

He draws a BERETTA from his waist and fires aimlessly in London's direction, SHATTERING one of her scooter's mirrors.

ALEX

He's right behind us.

LONDON

Hold on.

London peeks over her shoulder and makes a snap decision as she WHIPS THE SCOOTER around one-hundred-and-eighty degrees.

London snatches the SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN from Alex and *BLASTS!* two ferocious and wide-spraying rounds.

Vincent dodges the fire.

London GUNS IT past Vincent and twists to the right, hooking it down a SHOULDER-WIDTH alley. Behind them, Vincent rockets past the entrance to the alley.

London and Alex careen into a corner as they approach the--

ATHENIAN DOCKS

The sun crests over the ancient hills and seagulls squawk as they dive and feed. The early morning FISHING CREWS work on preparing their rigs.

LONDON skids her scooter to a stop.

ALEX
We lost him.

London and Alex barrel toward a FISHERMAN unknottting his net.

LONDON
How much to buy your boat?

FISHERMAN
(serious, and unamused)
Two scooters.

Vincent slams to a stop behind them.

He leaps from his scooter as it SLAMS into London and Alex's.

Vincent blasts *ONCE! TWICE!*

The Fisherman clocks the scene - ducking to hide from the firefight.

ALEX
(to the Fisherman)
All yours!

Alex and London dive aboard a NEARBY dinghy.

London fights to keep Vincent at bay as Alex snaps the engine into gear.

London and Vincent are locked into brutal, relentless hand-to-hand combat.

Vincent kicks Alex away from the propeller and leverages London underneath its WHIRRING BLADE.

London's head dangles off the rubbery edge of the dinghy as London and Vincent fight for control of the propeller's lethal edge.

Vincent gets the advantage over London and brings the spinning PROPELLER LOWER AND LOWER.

SNAP!

A length of net tangles itself around Vincent and YANKS HIM OFF of London, backward, past the fisherman holding the net's other end.

London falls back into the boat as it peels away from the dock.

Vincent runs the length of the dock and launches himself from the dock, landing on the boat.

ALEX (CONT'D)
London, duck.

London moves, drawing an arm across her face for protection as Alex FIRES THE SAWED-OFF and NAILS VINCENT in the chest, ROCKETING him once and for all off the side of the boat.

WE FOLLOW VINCENT as he sinks to the ocean floor.

Vincent's P.O.V. becomes Thalia's P.O.V., as she watches his perspective from a monitor inside--

INT. CATHEDRAL HQ - SAME

Vincent sinks past oblivious ocean life as he thuds to the shallow ocean floor. He's unflappable and wide eyed.

Vincent begins to walk across the ocean floor to shore.

WIDER to find Gideon and Thalia watching together.

THALIA
I told you, she's special.

GIDEON
You're operation is spinning out,
Thalia.

THALIA
Vincent will retrieve her. He's an
early iteration. Fewer safeguards.

GIDEON
And more bugs. The mark is
vulnerable in ways unimagined to
that machine. Do your job. Find
where he bruises and press it.

Off of Thalia's face--

INT. BOAT - DAY

London navigates the small boat across choppy waters.

LONDON

I told you they won't stop.
They'll never stop. We're fighting
a lost cause.

ALEX

So what do you want to do, London?
Call it a day? You want to shoot
me? Fine. But nothing changes -
you're still a machine, you're
still doing what they want. They
still win. They just killed your
creator. Doesn't it piss you off?
Doesn't it make you *feel*?

LONDON

We have no hand to play.

ALEX

We fight back.

LONDON

Everywhere I've ever gone, I've
left a path of destruction in my
wake.

ALEX

You can change direction, London.
You might not have had a choice
before we met, but you do now. You
can decide who you are, and how you
want to live. Things get difficult
for people all the time, I want to
quit at something every day.
Sometimes I do, but on good days I
don't.

The engine putters and dies.

LONDON

Do you know how to swim?

ALEX

Not very well.

Alex and London bob aimlessly, adrift in the Mediterranean as
in the distance, a ship makes its approach toward London and
Alex.

LONDON

It's like Paolo said, they won't
ever stop.

ALEX

Then neither will we.

But as the distant boat becomes clear we realize it's not
more Cathedral agents, it's the Greek Fisherman, waving a
pleasant hello across the bouncing waves.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I don't think that's Cathedral.

EXT. THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA - DAY

WIDE ON London and Alex hopping from their dinghy into the
fisherman's boat.

WIDER STILL on the boat heading AWAY FROM SHORE.

EXT. THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA - LATER

The Fisherman's boat approaches--

A TINY GREEK ISLAND

All windmills and blue domes.

The fisherman guides the boat to the meager dock.

EXT. THE FISHERMAN'S HOUSE - LATER

A small cottage set against an arid seaside.

INT. FISHERMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Fisherman and his WIFE (40s) clean the remains of a
simple Greek meal.

The surroundings are rustic and warm. The wife grabs a plate
of UNFINISHED ANCHOVIES and approaches Alex and London, both
hovering over a clunky, dated notebook LAPTOP, clearly a
loaner from the Fisherman.

The wife stabs a forkful and draws it toward Alex's mouth.

WIFE
 (In Greek)
 You finish your fish.

ALEX
 Oh, I'm okay.

WIFE
 (In Greek)
 You finish your fish.

FISHERMAN
 She says you finish your fish.

ALEX
 I'm full.

FISHERMAN
 My friend, I've been full for
 twenty-four years of marriage.
 Even when she messes up the fish,
 which happens, y'know - a lot -
 still, I eat the fish. You must
 know when you're fighting a lost
 war.

WIFE
 (In Greek)
 You finish your fish.

Alex takes the fork and begins to finish his fish. The
 Fisherman and his wife kiss, a charming rapport.

ALEX
 Cathedral's network is impossible
 to crack. I can't break through
 their quantum encryption, not on
 this timeline, not with this tech.
 And if I can't get into their
 network we'll never be able to plan
 a way inside the building. But I
 have an idea. You already have the
 information, London. All of them
 are inside of you, somewhere. All
 I'd have to do is find them. I
 could try, at least.

LONDON
 To hack me?

Off Alex's look, as he reaches for a pen and paper--

INT. FISHERMAN'S HOUSE - LATER

Alex has covered the table in hand-drawn symbols - SQUARES, CIRCLES, STARS, and a HUMMINGBIRD.

ALEX

Ready?

He reorders them, then holds up card after card.

LONDON

Hummingbird. Circle. Star. Star.
Square.

As before, London's demeanor changes entirely, muted now, as if her personality has been cloaked. Erased.

LONDON (CONT'D)

Cathedral Operative London.
Mission Resources accessed.

ALEX

London, retrieve data on Cathedral headquarters.

LONDON

Unable to access Cathedral data.

Alex shuffles the cards again, reordering them with precision. He holds up a new sequence.

LONDON (CONT'D)

Square. Square. Circle.
Triangle. Star. Square.

ALEX

London, retrieve all data regarding Cathedral central headquarters.

LONDON

Unable to access.

Alex looks at the cards. It should be easier than this.

Alex holds up a new arrangement.

LONDON (CONT'D)

It's not the cards, Alex. It's you.

ALEX

What?

LONDON

You're smart enough to know that I won't let you onto my network.

London smiles, small and wry and cunning.

ALEX

Operative, access Cathedral database.

Her voice changes, as if we're suddenly hearing it through a worn-out speaker. It might take a moment to recognize the voice, but there's no doubt: it's Thalia.

LONDON

(as Thalia)

You've accessed it, Alex, but I'm not going to let you see anything.

ALEX

Operative, what is your name?

LONDON

(as Thalia)

I'm Thalia Parkes, London's handler. And I want my asset back.

Alex sets the cards down.

LONDON (CONT'D)

(as Thalia)

Alex, you are in the company of a very dangerous machine. Despite her appearances, she is absolutely a weapon, and one with explicit instructions to terminate you. No matter what, unless you turn her in to me, that will be the outcome. I can promise you amnesty, and a shield, should you fulfill my request: Bring London to me.

London grabs a pen, and begins to scribble down some coordinates.

LONDON (CONT'D)

(as Thalia)

And if you refuse to oblige us, we will kill your Spanish friend.

London opens her mouth and speaks in Selma's voice, glitchy and garbled.

LONDON (CONT'D)
 (as Selma)
 Alex? Alex. I'd really like to
 see you again.

ALEX
 Selma? Selma! Selma, I lo--

London's face twitches and she once more speaks as Thalia.

LONDON
 (as Thalia)
 Bring London to the coordinates or
 we'll kill Selma Veracruz.

Alex looks at the cards, then at London. Alex flashes
 another sequence, and London's personality sweeps over her.

LONDON (CONT'D)
 Did it work?

Alex looks at the coordinates. His eyes cloud with an almost-
 tangible degree of uncertainty.

INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY

Alex retains his distant and uncertain look. London
 approaches, a soda in-hand. She sits opposite Alex, hands
 him the soda.

CARD: Washington D.C.

LONDON
 The coordinates seem to take us to
 an industrial neighborhood outside
 of D.C.

ALEX
 We can't just walk in there, shoot
 the place up and leave. We have to
 have a plan.

LONDON
 You're right. We need to catch
 them off guard. I think I have a
 plan.

PRE-LAP

THE SOUNDS OF A TRAIN ENTERING THE STATION

EXT. TRAIN STATION - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

London and Alex disembark, following the crowd toward the station.

LONDON

This way--

London tugs Alex's hand.

Through the fog of faces, one man stands out: Vincent.

LONDON (CONT'D)

Alex, run.

She turns back to Alex and finds him standing still a few paces back.

London looks back at Vincent, who signals a HANDFUL OF CATHEDRAL OPERATIVES to close in on London.

ALEX

I'm sorry, London.

LONDON

What's going on?

ALEX

I had no choice. They have Selma.

VINCENT

It's over. There are a lot of people here who are just going about their day. Don't make a scene.

She looks around - *what's her way out?* - but she's cornered.

London acquiesces as the operatives bind her hands with zip ties.

They move to Alex, who tries to fight them off.

ALEX

Hey, let go of me. I did what you asked me to do.

LONDON

I told you, they won't stop, Alex. This isn't something you can buy your way out of.

One of the operatives zip-ties Alex's hands.

INT. PARAMILITARY VEHICLE - SAME

Vincent chains London and Alex to the rear wall of the armored vehicle.

Vincent SLAMS the hatch shut and takes a seat between London and Alex as the vehicle roars to life.

London's eyes are locked onto Alex. He tries to dodge her gaze, but can't.

ALEX

They have Selma.

LONDON

And now they'll kill both of you.

EXT. PARAMILITARY VEHICLE - WASHINGTON D.C. - SAME

The enormous vehicle rolls past WASHINGTON D.C.'s massive monuments. The engine growls as it moves past the city limits and into the rundown--

INDUSTRIAL SECTOR

The vehicle passes identical buildings, one after another, grimy and forgotten. Eventually it lurches to a stop in front of a massive GOTHIC CATHEDRAL. You guessed it, this is--

-

CATHEDRAL HEADQUARTERS

Vincent drags Alex and London from the truck toward the imposing ANCIENT PORTICO DOOR.

A digital KEYCARD interface is the only giveaway that this seemingly ancient and holy spot is not all that it appears to be.

VINCENT

Welcome home.

Vincent is met by a ROUGH THUG.

Vincent approaches the portico door and inserts his keycard in the panel. The door's motor engages and draws the heavy slab back.

Alex clocks Vincent replacing the keycard in his back pocket.

Vincent and the Thug lead Alex and London inside--

THE CATHEDRAL NARTHEX

Nothing immediately surprising.

In fact, should London and Alex be on a tour of ancient basilicas and abbeys, this DANK building would fit right in.

Candlelight is all the shines throughout the sleepy cathedral.

VINCENT

Move.

Vincent and the Thug lead Alex and London down the cathedral's nave, toward the altar.

HENCHMAN

Go.

The Thug gives London's cuffs a tug and pulls her and Alex toward a confessional.

He gives Alex a shove that knocks Alex into Vincent.

This Thug is rougher than any holy man as he forces London and Alex into the same half of the confessional.

The Henchman slams the door shut.

VINCENT (O.S.)

Take a knee.

London nods - *do as he says*.

London and Alex take knees.

The pressure of their bodyweight on the padded kneelers triggers a mechanism that SINKS THE CONFESSIONAL UNDERGROUND.

LONDON

Deep breaths, Alex. Relax. What you're feeling is fear, And fear is your body fighting back. Take a deep breath. One more. There it is.

The confessional quakes as it arrives at the bottom floor.

The confessional wall PEELS BACK and we're INSIDE OF--

CATHEDRAL HEADQUARTERS - MAIN ATRIUM

Unlike the spiritual world outside of its doors, the inside of Cathedral Headquarters is a hive of electric energy. PERSONNEL in off-the-rack suits are busy with paperwork, with phone calls, with bureaucracy.

In the center of it all, a queen amongst her buzzing drones, Thalia waits to greet the new arrivals.

THALIA

I was beginning to worry I'd never see you again. And you must be Orion. So good of you to follow orders. Perhaps we should hire you! An asset who doesn't fuck everything up. Wouldn't that be something. Take him to Cell-8. London, why don't you and I find Cell-34.

Thalia grabs London's zip-tied wrists and leads her away.

She moves toward Gideon.

GIDEON

Glad to see you retrieved your toy.

THALIA

I've never seen you so nervous, Gideon. I know it must be scary to stare the end of your career in the face. This AI will not only change our business, it'll change the world. And I'll be the ones leading the pack.

INT. CATHEDRAL HEADQUARTERS - HOLDING CELL-8 - DAY

Another GUARD roughly kicks Alex into a cell with Selma.

SELMA

Alex?

Selma approaches Alex.

ALEX

Oh thank God you're--

WHAP!

Selma's open-palm leaves a bright red mark on Alex's face.

SELMA

You're such an asshole. You ruined me, Alex. You ruined me for anyone else. But I need to know right now, do you want me? Or do you want something else?

ALEX

There's nothing else but you, Selma.

The two wrap themselves around one another, no matter what pretense they put up previously, it's clear now that these are two folks with a deep bond.

SNAP TO

INT. CATHEDRAL HEADQUARTERS - HOLDING CELL-34 - DAY

London and Thalia sit opposite one another, just like when we first met them.

A flashcard box on the table between them.

THALIA

I'm sure you're expecting me to go nuclear. Scream. Threaten. Rage. You've disobeyed orders, compromised Cathedral intel, you've put Codex and my very own future on the line. But I'm not mad, I know it's not your fault. You can't control the flaws in your design. And that's what this was. A design flaw on a most massive scale. You're riddled with bugs. And that's my fault. And I'm taking responsibility.

Thalia reaches for the flashcard box and enters her pin.

THALIA (CONT'D)

I don't know what you are, but I do know you're special. This hurts me so much more than it hurts you.

LONDON

You're right, a machine can only do what it's told, but a person can choose to do what's right. I'm not a piece of flawed tech. I'm a person. I think. I feel. I remember.

THALIA

Memories. You remember where you came from, a cold, godless place. And the man in the red tie who rescued you. You remember loneliness, and your only friend, a stuffed rabbit. And you remember trading the rabbit for a black bullet.

Thalia reaches inside of her jacket and places a BLACK BULLET on the table between them.

THALIA (CONT'D)

I know those memories just as well as you do. Because they're mine, London, the rabbit, the bullet, the choice.

INSERT: EXT. ORPHANAGE - THE DAY LONDON LEFT

We see Young London's hand wrap around the black bullet, and we REVERSE OUR P.O.V., finally see the man in the red tie, face on. He's younger here, but the tattoos peaking out are a dead giveaway - the man is a YOUNG GIDEON.

Young Gideon ushers London inside his LUXURY VEHICLE and we snap--

BACK TO:

INT. CATHEDRAL HEADQUARTERS - HOLDING CELL-34 - SAME

THALIA

I gave you my memories. They're our bond. We're meant to be the same, London. At least I'd hoped to be.

LONDON

We're not.

London's face falls. Her hair sweeps in front of her eyes.

THALIA

No. All of these people wanted you to change the world, but Gideon and I wanted you because we saw your dark potential. I knew you could be better than me. You were built to be better than me in the field, a weapon without flaws.

(MORE)

THALIA (CONT'D)

But make no mistake, London, you're not better than me. Your flaw is that you feel, and my greatest strength is that I don't.

Thalia reaches toward London and brushes London's hair out of her face.

LONDON

I've been afraid so much this week, for the first time in my life. But I'm not afraid anymore. Whatever you do to me, it's worth it.

Thalia holds up the first card. London breaks a smile as she recognizes the hummingbird printed on its face.

INT. CATHEDRAL HEADQUARTERS - HOLDING CELL - DAY

Alex sticks his hand in his pocket and pulls out VINCENT'S ACCESS KEYCARD.

ALEX

We're not going to die here.

Selma grabs Alex and pulls him in close for a kiss. Alex pulls back wearing a broad grin. Alex's moves to the door and tries the keycard, but it DOESN'T WORK.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Shit.

Alex tries the card again and again, rattling the handle.

Finally, the door opens.

On the other side: Hugh.

He eyes Alex, Selma, the stolen keycard.

HUGH

The orders for you two are incredibly simple: they're going to destroy London and execute you both. Things get more complicated at that point. If I were a betting man, I'd say they'll kill me too. Take the tech and sell it to the highest bidder. But I've got personal problems with hawking the world's greatest technological accomplishment for parts.

(MORE)

HUGH (CONT'D)

Thalia doesn't seem to understand that London is special. That the work we've done here is sacred. London isn't just a machine anymore, and I won't let her die without a fight. So come on, let's see if we can't get out of here.

Hugh grabs the keycard from Alex, flips it UPSIDE down and inserts it into the lock. The light BLINKS green.

INT. CATHEDRAL HEADQUARTERS - CORRIDOR - DAY

Hugh leads Alex and Selma through the maze-like corridor. Hugh's eyes remain locked on his tablet as they walk the halls. Alex eyes the placards above each door.

HUGH

I'm going to secure some back up. You two get in there and make sure London is functional. I'll keep an eye on the door.

Finally: Cell-34.

Alex presses VINCENT'S ACCESS KEYCARD into the panel. The door SLINKS open and Alex and Selma step--

INSIDE LONDON'S HOLDING CELL

London sits exactly as we last saw her, cards still stacked on the table before her. But London's no longer herself, she's a blank slate.

ALEX

London?

London's eyes flutter as she looks to him, oblivious.

LONDON

Cathedral asset: London. OS purged. Quantum cloud deleted. Personality renounced.

SELMA

She's gone.

ALEX

Not yet.

Alex sorts the cards, rearranging them, then rearranging them again.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Operative, engage symbol
encryption.

LONDON
Symbol processing enabled.

Alex holds up a card.

ALEX
Please identify.

LONDON
Star.

ALEX
Good.

And then more cards...

ALEX (CONT'D)
Continue.

LONDON
Square. Circle. Circle. Star.

London blinks - her personality cresting across her face.

SELMA
London?

LONDON
Hello?

ALEX
London, do you recognize me?

A breathless pause.

LONDON
You're the New Age douchebag from
the beach party.

Selma snorts a laugh. Alex chokes with appreciative relief.

ALEX
Holy shit I'm good at my job.

PRE-LAP

THE SOUND OF A PROPULSIVE EXPLOSION.

SMASH TO

INT. CATHEDRAL HEADQUARTERS - THALIA'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON a champagne cork ROCKETING from a frosty bottle.

WIDER ON Thalia filling a flute for herself.

WIDER STILL as we realize she's celebrating alone.

She takes a sip and stares out at the cityscape beyond.

Thalia sips some bubbles and moves for a control panel near her window.

With the flick of a switch, the city scape disappears - we realize it was a virtual image.

In its place, a view down below, on the enormous--

CATHEDRAL PROTOTYPE WORKSHOP

It's a massive underground bunker.

The place where Cathedral has developed every iteration of every AI weapon they've created.

On a massive table near the rear are DOZENS OF MICRO-DRONES. Near the rear are PROSTHETIC LIMBS in various states of construction.

But in the center, what draws our attention immediately, is the LEGION OF OTHER LONDONS - prototypes of the woman we know. Dozens of them in different stages of assembly.

Some missing an arm, others without the final details of hair or teeth in place. Like Paolo's yard of plaster models, but larger - and perfectly identical to London.

A LACKEY enters in a harried rush.

THALIA

I trust she's been destroyed.

LACKEY

Actually, Thalia, we have a problem.

THALIA

What sort?

LACKEY

They're missing.

THALIA
Who's missing?

LACKEY
London. Vincent. Donovan. All of
them.

THALIA
Where's Hugh?

The Lackey looks down, a silent admission that Hugh is also gone.

Thalia drops her champagne flute.

THALIA (CONT'D)
Lock the building down.

LACKEY
(into a headset)
Building is code black. No one in
or out.

Thalia returns her gaze to the workshop below.

INT. CATHEDRAL HEADQUARTERS - CORRIDOR - DAY

London, Hugh, Alex and Selma slink through the HQ corridors.

HUGH
The workshop is her blind spot. I
can get you in, but they'll kill me
if they find out I turned.

SELMA
We have no attack plan, Alex.

ALEX
We fight.

LONDON
We won't be able to take Cathedral
down if we're dead. Our best
strategy at this point is escape.

ALEX
No. I've - I've lost everything to
make the world a better place. My
home, my family. I have nothing to
go back to. This is it for me.

SELMA

You have me, but not if we die in here. We escape, and then we expose them.

LONDON

She's right.

Selma gives Alex a kiss on the cheek.

HUGH

The workshop is this way.

The trio rounds a corner and finds the hallway blocked by Vincent.

LONDON

Run, I'll take him.

HUGH

Wait, wait. He's with us.

LONDON

Vincent has tried to kill me several times this week.

HUGH

I'm no good with guns, but I am pretty good at reprogramming assets. I re-imprinted Vincent to give you a hand inside.

A huddle of CATHEDRAL OPERATIVES rounds the corner ahead, then gives chase. London, Alex, Selma, Hugh and Vincent turn and book it the other in the other direction.

HUGH (CONT'D)

Through that door. You'll only have a minute or two.

LONDON

Get out of here alive. Blow the whistle on Cathedral.

HUGH

(to the guards
approaching)

They're going through the workshop!

(sotto, to our group)

Go!

London kicks a distant door open and ushers the group inside of the--

PROTOTYPE WORKSHOP

London, Alex, Selma and Vincent hurry inside but are quick to slow their advance as they realize what it is they're looking at.

LONDON

My God.

Behind them, Vincent shuts the door to the workshop as the Agents continues their pursuit.

The agents immediately begin RATTLING on the door.

INT. CATHEDRAL HEADQUARTERS - THALIA'S OFFICE - SAME

Thalia looks down on Alex, London, Selma and Vincent as they stare with wonder at the army of Other Londons.

Thalia grabs a TABLET as she watches them.

BACK ON THE WORKSHOP FLOOR

Behind them, a gunshot CRACKS! into the door.

SELMA

(re: the Other Londons)

What are they?

VINCENT

They're prototypes.

The innumerable versions of London BREATHE TO LIFE.

Their eyes flutter, waking from a deep and drowsy spell.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

And they won't let us leave.

Heads lolling, eyes wandering, arms and legs flourishing as they regain whatever it is they know of consciousness.

The entire ARMY OF OTHER LONDONS continues to "come to" - all forty or fifty of them - before they finally twist their heads in terrifying syncopation, their eyes focusing intently on London, Alex and Selma.

OTHER LONDONS

(in an echoing
syncopation)

Hello.

Vincent points across the workshop toward a massive cargo door.

VINCENT

The access elevator is in the rear.

Another loud SLAM into the door behind them.

HUGH

They're going to break through.

ALEX

We have to move.

Vincent signals toward a swarm of MICRO-DRONES on a nearby table. The MICRO-DRONES' red lights flicker awake as they take flight.

VINCENT

I'll keep the guards at bay.
That's the best I can do.

London, Alex and Selma move to walk through the horde of Other Londons.

OTHER LONDONS

Who are you? What do you want?

From behind them, the FLANK OF AGENTS arrives in the door frame.

Vincent takes cover behind a desk as his FLEET OF MICRO-DRONES takes flight. He gestures toward the door and the MICRO-DRONES BUZZ AND BLEAT in that direction.

VINCENT

Go!

London leads Alex and Selma through the Other Londons.

Each model of her twist and turning to keep its eyes on the trio when. They make good progress until--

T H W A K!

An arm SLAMS into London.

P O P!

A leg KICKS ALEX'S out from underneath him.

C R A C K!

TWO FISTS CLOBBER into Selma.

We go WIDE and realize that the OTHER LONDONS ARE ATTACKING OUR TRIO.

ANGLE ON Thalia in her office and we get a greater sense of what's shaping up in the workshop.

THALIA'S P.O.V.:

-- The Micro-Drones laying assault on the squad of Cathedral Agents at the door.

-- Agents at the door firing massive-caliber weaponry at the cloud of drones, knocking a few out at a time.

-- Vincent nearby, protected by an overturned table, in control of the drones.

-- Meanwhile, the army of Other Londons has begun a devastating siege on London, Alex and Selma

Thalia reaches for a NASTY FIREARM. From above, she begins her own assault on Vincent.

BACK ON THE WORKSHOP FLOOR

A GUNSHOT from above SHREDS INTO VINCENT'S SHOULDER.

Exposed mechanical ephemera SPARKS.

His eyes move to Thalia's office, up above, as she fires again. He dodges, but barely.

One more LOUD BLAST at Vincent is enough for him to make up his mind.

Vincent ushers a portion of the remaining Micro-Drones away from the guards at the door and UP-UP-UP to Thalia's office.

Vincent's P.O.V.: A dozen Micro-Drones flood inside of--

THALIA'S OFFICE

Thalia scrambles away from the window and toward her door.

She fumbles with her keycard as the Micro-Drones buzz toward her. She doesn't stand a chance against the approaching swarm.

She takes a panicked breath, just as the DOOR OPENS.

Gideon reaches in and pulls her out of her office and into the--

HALLWAY

Thalia scrambles across the floor.

THALIA

Jesus, thank you. Thank you
Gideon. You saved my life.

GIDEON

Oh, Thalia. No, no, no. I simply
wanted to chance to do this myself.
I refuse to let you wreak any more
havoc on what it is I've
accomplished here.

Gideon pulls a PISTOL from his jacket.

Thalia tries to stand but stumbles over herself.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

I've never seen you so nervous,
Thalia.

THALIA

Gideon, please.

Gideon raises the gun. Before he can fire a shot Thalia POPS
to her feet.

Her lightning fast hand grabs Gideon's gun and SNAPS HIS
WRIST, turning the gun back to him and emptying Gideon's own
clip into his stomach.

The move immediately recalls London's assault on Melanie
Gaines' security team.

Like mother, like daughter.

As Gideon's massive dead body lurches forward we--

SNAP BACK TO:

INT. WORKSHOP - SAME

BACK ON LONDON as her arms and legs work in overtime,
blurring as she whirs and flings to BUY ALEX AND SELMA enough
agency to flee for the cargo elevator.

It's a surreal sight as we witness Our London in a brutal
fist fight with a legion of mirrored Others.

This is a woman literally at war with her many selves.

LONDON

You need to leave, I can clear a path.

ALEX

We can make it to the door.

London does her best to keep the army at bay - hurling her arms and legs and butting heads. But eventually the melee takes its toll.

An impact shreds half of her left hand, another sheers off a foot. In the mess of duplicates, London is ultimately being pulverized.

In one final powerful push, London drives a MAD PATH through the legion of Other Londons. The Others recoil and assess.

OTHER LONDONS

Who are you?

LONDON

You have no choice - leave. Finish what we started.

SELMA

We can't leave you!

The Other Londons are inching back in to resume their fight.

LONDON

Alex, just stick to the plan.

Off of Alex's look of recognition--

SNAP TO

INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY - SAME AS WE LAST SAW LONDON AND ALEX ON THE WASHINGTON D.C.-BOUND TRAIN.

London and Alex sit exactly as we left them.

ALEX

We can't just walk in there, shoot the place up and leave. We have to have a plan.

LONDON

You're right. We need to catch them off guard.

Alex nods, London leans in.

LONDON (CONT'D)

I think I have a plan. I assume we won't get much further than the train station before Thalia ropes us.

ALEX

I was going to tell you.

LONDON

Alex, you really are a bad liar. I understand. You traded me for Selma. You love her. I get it. Actually, it's my favorite thing about you. You're a good person, even if you don't really think so. And besides, now we have our way inside Cathedral. We don't need to sneak in at all, we play dumb and offer ourselves up. Then we tear it down from the inside.

ALEX

A Trojan Horse. Why do you want to help me? I sold you out.

LONDON

You did that for love. I guess you could say that my reasons are pretty similar.

SNAP BACK TO

INT. CATHEDRAL HEADQUARTERS - PROTOTYPE WORKSHOP - SAME

London continues to clear a path for Alex and Selma. Alex grabs Selma's hand.

ALEX

Come on.

SELMA

What about London?

ALEX

London knows what she's doing.

Alex and Selma sprint down the cleared path as the Other Londons close in.

London and the legion of her doubles in brutal hand-to-hand violence against one another, the MICRO-DRONES savaging the Cathedral agents, gunshots blasting the drones out of the sky.

Alex takes a last look at the insanity behind him, before grabbing Selma's hand and diving into the--

CARGO ELEVATOR

The door slowly closes behind them as Alex takes one last glance back, at London, at Vincent, at the all-out onslaught he's left in his wake.

The door shuts, and the cacophony of violence is immediately replaced by the *DING-DINGing* of the elevator as it rises.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. STREET - SECONDS LATER

Outside the Cathedral is a placid calm. From this perspective, one would have no idea of the endless destruction below.

The discreet elevator door **CLANGS** open. Alex and Selma stumble onto the street, gasping for air, exhausted and brutalized.

SELMA

Where do we go?

ALEX

Anywhere but here.

Selma and Alex move down the quickly darkening alley, their shadows stretching out behind them.

INT. WORKSHOP - SAME

London and Vincent don't stand a chance against the onslaught of Other Londons. It's only a matter of time before they're completely annihilated.

The **WORKSHOP DOOR CLANGS** open, and Thalia enters with a **SAVAGE ASSAULT** weapon gripped under her arm.

THALIA

London, you're being a very bad girl.

Thalia opens fire on the horde of Other Londons, mowing them down in an effort to hit London.

London stops fighting the Others. She's totally battered. London looks to her doubles - reminders of her dark life before Alex, then back to Thalia.

THALIA (CONT'D)

There's only one way this ends,
London.

London looks very, very pissed off.

LONDON

I know.

VINCENT

What do we do?

LONDON

We get angry.

It's as though all the air has been sucked out of the workshop as London braces herself and DETONATES. A THUNDERING BLUE shockwave blasts across her Others, triggering a chain reaction of pulsing explosions.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. STREET - SAME

The SHOCKWAVE from floors below the Earth shudder through Cathedral HQ.

INT. HOTEL - BARCELONA - DAY

The Sagrada Familia is perfectly framed by the suite's massive window. Selma and Alex sit side-by-side in bed, sheets tangled around them. Selma sips a coffee, reading from her smartphone as Alex works in a frenzy on his laptop.

CARD: Barcelona, Spain. 36 hours later.

SELMA

Cathedral's crippled, but without London or Hugh, we don't have much to go on.

ALEX

I'm not sure we're without London just yet. I know better than to not back files up.

Alex enters code into the darknet browser.

Alex types: **London?** The cursor blinks.

The moment stretches out...

... Until text scrawls across the screen.

The cursor blinks again, then: **Hi, Alex.**

SELMA

It's really her?

The cursor continues to flash on and off as we SNAP TO--

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Hugh sits in a dreary bar, rolling ice around a near-empty glass. He half-watches news reportage on a television above. A journalist detailing the still-unexplained explosion in Washington D.C. A WOMAN clinks her own empty glass.

WOMAN

Looks like we could both use another drink.

HUGH

Don't need to tell me twice.

Hugh gestures at the BARTENDER - *another round.*

HUGH (CONT'D)

I'm Hugh.

WOMAN

Sarah.

As they offer each other a hand to shake, the woman accidentally knocks her empty glass from the bar. Hugh reacts with *blink-and-you'll-miss-it* speed, grabbing the glass and setting it back on the counter.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Nice catch.

HUGH

What can I say? Good reflexes.

Hugh smiles. We PRESS IN on his face, moving in to a close-up view of his eyes. His PUPIL twists tight with mechanical precision and we--

SMASH TO BLACK

THE END.