



**ICARUS**



**IN  
LOVE**

WRITTEN BY GABRIEL WRYE

INT. KIPLING/HALLWAY - DAY

Unbroken floor to ceiling WINDOWS line the RIGHT WALL, rare IMPRESSIONIST MASTERPIECES hang on the LEFT WALL. SQUISH, SQUISH. A woman, KIKI GKDINGQUMAN, in her early thirties, attractive in an self-effacing unmarried bridesmaid, walks down the hall in a slightly damp business suit and soggy pumps. She looks thoughtfully at the paintings as she passes them. Several paces in front of her a MAN, also in a suit, stops in front of a RUBBER HAND sticking out of the RIGHT WINDOW WALL. He grabs hold of it and pushes open a DOOR, holding it open for KIKI to walk through, seemingly right off the edge of the building.

INT. KIPLING/PERSONNEL DEPARTMENT RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

On the other side of the door, KIKI enters a stark featureless white office. Everything from the walls to the furniture is made out of OPAQUE WHITE ACRYLIC GLASS.

RECEPTIONIST

Sorry for the office, our IMR deco firmware is being updated. Take a seat Mr. Wable will be with you shortly.

The RECEPTIONIST doesn't move from her desk, directing KIKI to a simple white box bench against the wall. The MAN leaves shutting the door behind himself and KIKI sits down. Behind the RECEPTIONIST a bank of windows look out into a beautiful old growth forest. SQUEAK. KIKI hears the faint sound of a WINDOW WASHER'S SQUEEGEE and searches the window intently.

AL WABLE, a slight bespectacled man enters, surveys KIKI for a moment and then thrusts his hand across her sight line.

AL

Hi Miss-

AL glances down at an electronic clipboard with KIKI's picture and her last name spelled out: G-K-D-I-N-G-Q-U-M-A-N. RAYMOND's lips silently pass over the letters, trying to make them into a single comprehensible sound.

AL (cont'd)

Gukudin-

KIKI

Dinkman. You can call me Kiki if you like.

AL

Do like. *Kiki*, then. Like it much better. Interesting name though.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKI  
My father's family was-

AL  
Some other time. Come with me.

AL turns, then leads KIKI into his office.

AL (cont'd)  
Kiki you know only you can do what you do, no machine can fill your shoe. And Kipling needs people like you to like what you do. In fact, you've told us you do and we assume that it's true. You checked the box yes on the corporate relationship test.

INT. KIPLING/PERSONNEL DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

AL enters his office and takes a seat behind a large block of opaque white acrylic glass. KIKI follows him inside and sits in a awkwardly small chair in front of it.

AL  
So imagine my stupor, when I get a call from your super, Mr. Sabo, about a big to do where you work down on two. Al, says Mr. Sabo, I got an issue. Then he gives me the one-two on guess who?

KIKI does not respond.

AL (cont'd)  
You. That's who. Want to know what I'm going to do?

KIKI  
Fire me?

AL  
Some people say *I do*.

KIKI  
Sorry.

AL  
Don't apologize. It's a test.

KIKI  
Of what?

AL grins and says nothing. He picks up his CLIPBOARD and begins scribbling with his finger. SQUEAK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKI hears the WINDOW WASHER SQUEEGEE again, she looks out the window into the forest, nothing.

AL  
Look. That's me. I'm in charge of  
personnel.

RAYMOND turns the CLIPBOARD to show KIKI the word *PERSONNEL* written in glowing letters.

AL (cont'd)  
Okay, change the 'E' to an 'A' and  
break it in two and what do you  
have?

KIKI  
Person Nal.

AL spins the word around and re-examines it.

AL  
Sorry, take out one of the 'n's  
also.

KIKI  
Personal?

AL  
You forgot to break it in two, but  
that's close enough. Person Al.  
Me. Al. So really I *am* Person Al.  
Tracking?  
(Kiki nods, Al scribbles)  
Good. Now change the 'A' back to  
an 'E' and then take away the 'E'  
and also take away the 'L', what's  
left?

AL presents KIKI a scribbled mess of letters and cross-outs.

KIKI  
Wait, which E?

AL  
Person. I'm a person. You're a  
person. Personnel is made up of  
persons, like me, Al and you.

SQUEAK. KIKI hears the squeegee again. She sees only the forest reflected in Raymond's glasses. SQUEAK.

AL (cont'd)  
Mother, father, sister, brother,  
friend and confidant. Just because  
I've got a big office and a nice  
view doesn't mean I'm not a person.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AL (cont'd)

In fact all this is *personal*. So what's going on?

KIKI

Going on?

AL

The situations? The act outs? Barefoot coffee breaks? Headstands in your cubicle? Trying to stack the lunch trays into a house of cards? Now tackling a watercooler?

KIKI looks down at her damp business suit. She wants to answer, but can't.

KIKI

I don't know.

AL

Look everybody like's circles, round and right, right?

(Kiki nods yes)

Imagine that we all have a circle around us, lots of them in fact. You've got your home circle, your best friend circle, your marriage circle. Married?

(Kiki shakes her head no)

That's not important. You've got other circles I'm sure. More to the point, here at Kipling you've got your work circle and inside that circle is what constitutes appropriate workplace behavior, understand?

KIKI

I think so.

AL

Can we agree to agree that what you've been getting up to lately falls outside of that circle?

He draws an imaginary circle in the air and peers around it to see KIKI, as if it was opaque. KIKI looks confused.

AL (cont'd)

Can you see the circle?

KIKI

No. I mean, Yes. Yes.

AL

There's no right answer you know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKI

I agree.

AL

Look Kiki freedom is not just another word here at Kipling. It's what we give you, *in here*.

AL points to the middle of the circle. KIKI nods.

AL (cont'd)

Good. Now you stay *in here* for me. And I'll be *here* for you. You, people. Me?

KIKI

Okay.

AL

What am I?

He silently mouths the words *PERSON*. AL.

KIKI

Person. Al.

AL

That's right. Person Al. Remember, Mr. Wable on the roster, but *in here*, face to face, Al. Al's your pal.

KIKI

Okay.

AL

I'd like to offer you some kind of non-sexual valedictory contact.

KIKI looks confused.

AL (cont'd)

Hug or handshake, your choice. I leave it up to the individual. Offer intimacy, but respect boundaries. Company policy.

KIKI starts to take his hand and then reconsiders, lunging across the desk for the hug. He breaks free with effort.

AL (cont'd)

You're going to need a behavior workbook. Stay stiff, back in a jiff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AL steps out, leaving KIKI alone. SLAP. KIKI jumps at the sound of cable slapping against glass coming from outside the window. She stares into the thicket of trees and bushes, then nervously begins to hum the tune to the song "So long, Farewell" from The Sound of Music. SLAP, THUMP. KIKI sits up quickly and cautiously approaches the window. CREAK.

KIKI  
Hello? Hello?

Nothing. Searching the forest, she quietly begins to whisper the words to the song.

KIKI (cont'd)  
*There's a sad sort of clanging from  
the clock in the hall. And the  
bells in the steeple too.*

We follow her voice moving gently through the trees.

KIKI (cont'd)  
*And up in the nursery an absurd  
little bird is popping out to say  
cuckoo.*

SMASH. Suddenly the forest explodes in a shower of broken glass. A WHITE BLOCK crashes through, puncturing a jagged hole in the forest landscape outside, sending in a burst of clean white light.

INT. KIPLING/PERSONNEL DEPARTMENT RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

AL, his RECEPTIONIST and a WINDOW WASHER look up quickly.

EXT. KIPLING BUILDING/WIDOW-WASHING CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

An empty WINDOW-WASHER'S CARRIAGE does not seem to be against a building, but totally free floating in a beautiful blue sky. KIKI's chair, the WHITE BLOCK from AL's office sits on the CARRIAGE. Several feet above the carriage THE SKY HAS A JAGGED HOLE IN IT, RIMMED WITH BROKEN GLASS. KIKI pokes her head out of the hole in the sky and looks up. The anchor cables for the carriage extend up 30-40 feet into the sky and then just stop, seemingly attached to nothing.

KIKI  
(singing)  
*Cuckoo, cuckoo.*

KIKI's hair blows in the wind as she CLIMBS OUT of the HOLE, closes her eyes and JUMPS. SHE LANDS ON THE CARRIAGE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKI (cont'd)  
*Regretfully they tell us Cuckoo,  
 cuckoo.*

KIKI gets to her feet and looks up to see AL, his RECEPTIONIST and the WINDOW WASHER poke their heads out of the broken window shaped hole in the sky. KIKI hits a button and the CARRIAGE lowers with a jerky shudder. She WAVES at the faces peering down at her.

KIKI (cont'd)  
*But firmly they compel us Cuckoo,  
 cuckoo. To say goodbye. Cuckoo!  
 To you!*

As she descends, KIKI sees a staggering landscape of mountains, forests, even a crystal blue coastline in the distance. THERE IS SOMETHING FAKE OR WRONG WITH IT. The landscape elements don't quite fit together, like a giant David Hockney montaged photograph, except that instead of 2D pictures the strange landscape is composed from 3D buildings. Almost as if each buildings was a huge screen and each one had a small piece making up the larger picture of the landscape of mountains, sky, forest and ocean. On the CARRIAGE KIKI lets her fingers actually TOUCH THE SKY. IT HAS A SURFACE which her hand bumps along as she goes lower. Looking closer you can see a strange unnatural glow and pixilation. THE WHOLE BUILDING IS A KIND OF COMPUTER SCREEN.

\*\*\*This technology is called **IMR** or *Ineluctable Modality Realizer*. IMR technology emits or projects a passable image of an alternate space or object onto or from buildings, walls, shapes, furniture and other inanimate objects coated with a special white surface that when not active looks like the opaque white acrylic glass found in RAYMOND's office.\*\*\*

EXT. IMR CITY PARK (KIPLING OFFICE PARK) - CONTINUOUS

The carriage hits the ground with a clunk. KIKI gets out into an IMR projection of a city park so perfect, that it looks like a commercial set. All around her perfect couples sit on perfect lawns, across the street a group of perfectly rambunctious teenagers swing from a rope swing into a perfect mountain lake. Everything looks as perfect and fake as the landscape KIKI saw coming down.

KIKI leaps onto the sidewalk skipping, singing and pointing. Several REAL PEOPLE give her a wide and suspicious berth.

KIKI  
*Adieu, adieu to you and you and  
 yieu.*

KIKI skips around a corner and everything changes.

EXT. IMR ITALIAN PIAZZA (KIPLING OFFICE PARK) - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly she finds herself in a vast ITALIAN PIAZZA, or an IMR projection of one, complete with quaint cafes filled with people laughing and flirting. Almost all of it is fake except for a few REAL SIDEWALK TABLES with REAL PEOPLE sitting in front of the huge IMR projection of the PIAZZA.

KIKI

*So long, farewell, au revoir, avoir  
auf Wiedersehen, good-bye, I'd like  
to stay and taste my first  
champagne.*

KIKI spots a long row of bicycles. She approaches them and we see two REAL BICYCLES leaning against the IMR projection of FAKE BICYCLES. KIKI grabs one and hops on. A REAL PERSON sitting at a REAL TABLE in front of the IMR projection gets up and runs after her.

BIKE OWNER

Hey! That's my bike! Come back!

KIKI

*So long, farewell, auf Wiedersehen,  
goodbye, I leave and heave a sigh  
and say goodbye -- Goodbye!*

KIKI peddles as hard as she can through the FAKE CROWDED PIAZZA. A hand full of REAL people scatter, the FAKE PEOPLE are indifferent. KIKI screams as the bike rockets towards a BEAUTIFUL FOUNTAIN.

KIKI (cont'd)

*I'm glad to go, I cannot tell a  
lie. I flit, I float, I fleetly  
flee, I fly.*

SMASH. KIKI strikes the edge of the fountain. The bike upends in a violent crash. SPARKS FLY. The IMR FOUNTAIN turns off and breaks. It is just a CONE made out of the same OPAQUE WHITE ACRYLIC GLASS from RAYMOND'S office. KIKI and the BIKE lay in a crumpled heap beside the broken pieces.

KIKI (cont'd)

*The sun has gone to bed and so must  
I. So long, farewell.*

BEHIND KIKI a small crowd of REAL PEOPLE has gathered, TWO REAL POLICEMEN move towards her and the DIGITALLY sputtering fountain. She closes her eyes.

KIKI (cont'd)

*Goodbye.*

FADE OUT.

EXT. ICARUS 1/GREAT LAWN - DAY

## ICaRUS 1

Impulse Correction and Response Urge Suppression  
Inpatient Center - Dr. Xavier Bashir, Founder & Director

The simple white sign stands on the edge of great grassy expanse of lawn in front of a whitewashed group of buildings that could be anything from a minimum security prison to an office park to a small college campus. On the lawn PATIENTS and STAFF engage in conversation, picnic games, study or yoga groups, even solitary meditation.

On the broad porch wrapping the main building, ANTON MARDEBK, a well kept man in his mid-forties with graying temples and a sailor's distant eyes, plays checkers with BABAR LOUSE, a bit younger with a soft, buoyant, boyish smile. BABAR happily considers his next move, while ANTON contemplates the inscription on a plaque swinging in the light breeze.

*"Remember there is always a limit to self-indulgence, but none to self-restraint." - Mahatma Gandhi.*

BABAR

I'm sorry Anton. I just don't want to make a mistake.

ANTON smiles and looks back at the board, the pieces are all still in their starting position.

DR. BASHIR, an aging Deepak Chopra type in a linen suit, open-toed river shoes, with socks and a scraggly gray pony tail, approaches.

DR. BASHIR

*"Nothing is more vulgar than haste."* Consider Emerson Babar, and be moderate in all things. Sign informs me that you've been holding at 1 DDD 9, congratulations, keep it up. And how's my favorite Scrutinizer?

BABAR nervously receives the compliment as DR. BASHIR's attention shifts to ANTON.

ANTON

Fine, Dr. Bashir. Not too good, not too bad, just fine.

DR. BASHIR

Glad to hear it Anton. Well, I'm off to greet the new arrival. Enjoy your game in good measure.

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CONTINUED:

BABAR watches DR. BASHIR leave, then surreptitiously slips a checker chip into his mouth. ANTON doesn't notice, distracted by a frisbee game across the lawn.

THOMAS, a shifty twenty-something, tries to catch the frisbee in his teeth, dropping his hands and opening his mouth. SLAM! THOMAS howls in pain as the frisbee ricochets off his face. A geyser of blood springs from his nose and he crumbles on the grass. SIGN, one of female attendants, sees this and reacts quickly.

SIGN

RUS! Thomas stasis!

SIGN races past two large ESCORTS leading KIKI GKDINGQUMAN in handcuffs across the great lawn towards the main building.

SIGN (cont'd)

Cason R-U-S stat! This is going to hurt your IRR Thomas. What did we say about proper play?

KIKI watches as SIGN and CASON, another attendant loom over THOMAS, who is too busy inflating an expanding bubble of blood with his nostril to answer the question.

SIGN (cont'd)

I don't want to treat you like a child, but if you insist on behaving like one. Sloth pose!

SIGN barks the command and THOMAS obediently rolls over on his back, extending his legs and arms into the air as if grasping an imaginary branch.

DR. BASHIR

Attendant! RUS, STAT, RUS! Main roof!

DR. BASHIR points up at BABAR standing on the roof, his mouth packed with checker chips like a chipmunk. He flaps his arms as if trying to fly, chokes and slips. He goes down hard, checker chips bounce off the roof and rain gutter, cascading downwards. Everyone looks up and collectively gasps.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)

Everyone remain calm. Master your impulses! Maintain control. Attendants, action code red.

One of the PATIENTS lets out a bloodcurdling scream. Attendants spring into action, as general mayhem takes over.

ANTON looks up at BABAR as slips closer to the edge. We move in on ANTON's face and SEE THE THOUGHT THAT CROSSES HIS MIND.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

\*\*\*This will be called an **IMPULSE FLASH** and will reoccur only with ANTON. It is a kind of mental flash forward, a snap shot into his mind that shows us the impulse that he is contemplating acting on at that particular moment.\*\*\*

BEGIN IMPULSE FLASH: *We follow a chain of sheets tied from the bottom rung of an extension ladder leading up to the roof, to the final sheet tied to ANTON's ankle. He inches down the roof, his hand extending out for BABAR's. BABAR gives him a reluctant, pleading look.*

BABAR  
No. Your ratio.

ANTON  
It's okay. Take my hand.

*The gutter breaks free just as they lock hands. Inside, the latch lock on the extension ladder comes free. ANTON and BABAR slide off the roof in free fall as the latch strikes across rung after rung. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. At the last moment, they jerk to a stop when the ladder locks back in place. The force sends them both swinging in a pendulum through a window. SMASH. They tumble in a shower of broken glass to the floor, safe.*

END IMPULSE FLASH.

CUT TO:

ANTON stares up, not having moved from where he was standing, while MARIUS scales a ladder up to the roof. He guides BABAR onto it, helping him climb down. Beneath them the open lawn in front of the center is dotted with patients in sloth pose, on their back, arms and legs extending skyward. The IMPULSE FLASH WAS ALL IN ANTON'S HEAD.

DR. BASHIR pats ANTON on the shoulder.

DR. BASHIR  
Congratulations, Anton, you've made some real progress.

ANTON winces, celebrating a hollow victory.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)  
Okay that's it. Show's over folks.  
Attendants and Scrutinizers see to the Lemmys.

KIKI'S ESCORTS lead her into the MAIN BUILDING. Across the lawn, ANTON helps patients up out of sloth pose, pausing a moment to watch the ATTENDANTS take BABAR away in shame.

CUT TO:

INT. ICARUS 1/DR. BASHIR'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

KIKI stands alone in DR. BASHIR's office, rubbing her wrists, no longer in handcuffs. KIKI looks around at the studious, comfortable room, decorated with awards, degrees and various photographs, until something catches her eye.

A PAINTING, isolated in the otherwise cluttered wall space, draws her like a magnet.

KIKI  
Fucking Picasso.

She leans in close, then tentatively extends her tongue and LICKS THE CANVASS. BEEP, BEEP!!! Alarms explode. She leaps back knocking a degree off the wall it shatters on the floor.

The DOOR OPENS and DR. BASHIR enters, holding an enormous mug of tea and a remote control, aiming it at the painting, he silences the alarm.

DR. BASHIR  
Good morning, Miss Dinkman, I can see you've made yourself to home.

KIKI  
I'm sorry. I just...

DR. BASHIR  
Couldn't help yourself. I know.  
Tamar!

TAMAR, DR. BASHIR's loyal receptionist, rushes in with a tiny electric vacuum.

KIKI  
I didn't realize. I thought it was an IMR.

DR. BASHIR  
No. It's the real McCoy, as they used to say. Call me old-fashioned, but except for the Cubiculums where you sleep and the Frontisteron where you practice, the facility is an IMR free zone. Don't get me wrong, I love IMR technology. Tired of your living room? Click a remote and travel through space, time, imagination without leaving it. Yet some of us are still not content to order off the menu, eh? Please sit. Do you know why you're here, Miss Dinkman? It is pronounced Dinkman, is it not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKI nods as DR. BASHIR sits down behind his desk.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)  
Do you know *where* here is, Miss  
Dinkman?

KIKI shakes her head as TAMAR violently sucks up bits glass.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)  
You're at Icarus 1. The  
authorities have put you in our  
care, because you have an Impulse  
Reaction Ratio or IRR of 1 dido  
didi didtum, DDD for short, 17.  
Almost 250 times the legal limit.

KIKI  
IRR 1 DDD 17?

DR. BASHIR  
Exactly. For every 17 impulses you  
have, you act on one of them.  
That's based on our cursory  
diagnosis and will be refined by  
prolonged clinical observation.

KIKI rubs her hands together and then STANDS UP abruptly.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)  
Have a seat.

KIKI sits back down.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)  
Miss Dinkman you have Impulse  
Control Disorder or ICD. The first  
thing you should know is you're not  
alone. Many high functioning  
personalities are ICD sufferers.  
Osgood the Merciless was admitted  
here 2 years ago with IRR of 1 dido  
didi didtum or DDD 1.

DR. BASHIR indicates a photograph on the wall featuring  
himself arm in arm with the famous Magician.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)  
Acting on every impulse, yes. Our  
friend on the roof, Babar, moves  
between a 1 DDD 13 on good days to  
yesterday, where he was probably  
operating at around 1 DDD 2. In  
fact 55% of our admittees or Lemmys  
come in with an IRR of 1 DDD 4 or  
worse.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)  
Of course, ratio determination is a bit of an art form. 65% science/35% guesswork. Sign believes that you are a 1 DDD 10. I am more optimistic. Thank you Tamar.

TAMAR finishes and leaves the room.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)  
The second and most important thing for you to know is that you're not broken. You're not crazy.

DR. BASHIR gets up from behind his desk and OPENS A CLOSET DOOR, revealing a WOMAN hiding amidst a cluttered collection of raincoats and umbrellas. KIKI looks horror struck.

KIKI  
Mom?

GREER  
Hi, sweetie. Don't be scared, everything is going to be fine.

The look that passes between them opens a window into an the entire history of their loving, but strained relationship.

DR. BASHIR continues without missing a beat, yanking down a retractable DIAGRAM OF A TREE to illustrate his point.

DR. BASHIR  
I like to look at ICD as the trunk of a great big tree of addictive behaviors whose branches include alcoholism, drugs or what we traditionally consider substance or physical addictions off to one side and then ingrained behavior patterns or habitual addictions such as gambling, shopping, sex, running, video gaming, eating disorders, what have you, on the other.

KIKI takes off her shoe and smells the insole.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)  
Miss. Dinkman, please.

She sheepishly returns the shoe to her foot.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)  
Really, the impulsive does not choose anything but choice itself. Impulse *is* the addiction.

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CONTINUED:

DR. BASHIR yanks the RETRACTABLE DIAGRAM, it recoils violently. KIKI jumps and DR. BASHIR lunges towards her.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)  
 You are out on a limb Miss Dinkman!  
 Action no longer follows reason.  
 You sit on the brink of nihilism  
 itself. Do you know what that word  
 means?

GREER  
 Of course you do, don't you  
 sweetie?

KIKI looks away from her MOTHER and nods.

DR. BASHIR  
 It is perhaps the greatest ill we  
 face. A Nobel Laureate living at  
 the end of the American Era wrote,  
*"Technology is not an image of the  
 world, but a way of operating on  
 reality."*

DR. BASHIR points to a framed picture of the poet Octavio Paz.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)  
*The nihilism of technology lies not  
 only in the fact that it is the  
 most perfect expression of the will  
 to power, but in the fact that it  
 lacks meaning." Your impulses lack  
 meaning.*

TAMAR returns with a replacement degree, hanging it in the place left vacant by the one KIKI broke.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)  
 Our goal at Icarus is to return  
 purpose to your actions, furnishing  
 you with the tool set to give  
 action *only* to your purpose.

KIKI has a caged animal look on her face.

GREER  
 Honey, listen to the Doctor. This  
 isn't the *end* it's the *beginning*.

Just before KIKI does something impulsive-

CUT TO:

EXT. ICARUS 1/HALLWAY - LATER

KIKI sits, FORCIBLY RESTRAINED in a wheelchair with a rubber bit in her mouth. DR. BASHIR pushes her down a long polished hallway. As they pass, other patients smile wanly. DR. BASHIR talks to both GREER and KIKI, but occasionally whispers conspiratorially to GREER alone.

DR. BASHIR

It's not uncommon for a patient's IRR to drop several points upon admission. The diagnosis opens a flood gate of sorts. We call it the plunge. There is no silver bullet for Impulse Control Disorder. Just as talk therapy was helped by psycho-pharmacology in arresting the more *florid* symptoms of schizophrenia, no single treatment regimen can integrate a person with ICD into society. We do what we can.

They stop at an imposing METAL DOOR. SIGN and another ATTENDANT take hold of KIKI's wheelchair. Dr. Bashir abruptly turns to Greer.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)

Mrs. Dinkman we'll look forward to seeing you on visiting day. Won't we Kiki?

As KIKI turns to GREER, the SIGN and the ATTENDANT slam her wheelchair through the swinging doors.

CUT TO:

INT. ICARUS 1/ORIENTATION ROOM - LATER

DR. BASHIR's face fills the SCREEN of an orientation movie.

DR. BASHIR

We on the Icarus team really *are* standing on the shoulders of giants.

The shot slowly widens to reveal a ORANGUTAN and a GORILLA, flanking DR. BASHIR, he smiles and gives one a cautious pat.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)

Giant apes.

Light from the screen illuminates KIKI's face, sitting alone in a grim little room, still bound and gagged in the WHEEL CHAIR.

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DR. BASHIR (cont'd)

Hi. I brought my friends to work today. This is William the Greek and Sue. Together we bring over 35 million years of behavioral experience to the table. These guys started with me at WICCA, the Westlake Institute for Cognitive Consumer Adaptability in Nike, California where we pioneered some of the most advanced marketing and consumer control tactics in the corporate arsenal. Now we want to give something back to you. Don't we?

The GORILLA and ORANGUTAN do not respond.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)

Icarus is our gift to you.

DR. BASHIR points at the camera and a FEMALE NARRATOR takes over. MOTION GRAPHICS crowd the screen to illustrate her points.

NARRATOR VO

Our founder, world renowned behavioral augmentationist, Dr. Xavier Bashir believes in ICarUS. ICarUS is Impulse Correction and Response Urge Suppression. I-C, Impulse Correction targets socially and commercially unacceptable impulses before they form. R-U-S, Response Urge Suppression arms ICD suffers with the weapons they need to conquer action before it conquers them.

In the MOVIE a PATIENT sits on one side of the desk and slams his fist down, angrily. An ATTENDANT appears to stop them and calmly point out their actions. The camera slowly zooms out as the PATIENT nods.

NARRATOR VO (cont'd)

Our three Tier Subcorso regimen is engineered for maximum real world reintegration success. We confine incoming patients or Lemmys to Icarus 1 our center's inpatient facility for as long as it takes to complete the Tier 1 Subcorso. Only then do they become Scrutinizers, graduating to Icarus 2, our completely self-contained dynamic transitional community.

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On screen various tableaux of life at ICarUS 2 unfold. A woman arranging flowers, an on-site barber, a janitor interacting with patients outside, several staffers playing ping-pong with residents.

NARRATOR VO (cont'd)  
 There you'll find a friendly,  
 knowledgeable, board certified staff  
 providing the 360 degree 24/7  
 support you need to put your life  
 back where it belongs, *in your own  
 hands.*

KIKI watches as the VO calmly drones on, sentences lose their structure, only words punch through: Freedom, Social Interaction, Serious Consequences, Opportunity.

NARRATOR VO (cont'd)  
 ICD *is* incurable, but it is *not*  
 undefeatable. ICarUS gives you  
 freedom to control your future,  
 before it's too late.

On the screen, a MAN and WOMAN look into the lens and smile knowingly, then turn and begin walking away. A teeming sea of humanity engulfs them and they disappear into anonymity.

CUT TO:

INT. ICARUS 1/CUBICULUM - NIGHT

KIKI jerks awake, out of a dream, gasping for air. Maybe the whole thing is just a nightmare? She sits upright and looks around.

The room looks like a child's bedroom, specifically *her* childhood bedroom. Plaques, ribbons, Tiger Beat type teen idol posters of famous Magicians and contortionists, photographs of KIKI as a girl and GREER as a young mother decorate the walls.

As we move over the artifacts of her childhood we see evidence of a history of ICD tendencies: a shirt worn inside out, wearing only one shoe to a formal dance, hand scrawled additions to several of the posters.

In her BED, shadows move across KIKI's face. She looks up to see a MOBILE of fish, mermaids and mermen circling a small castle. The objects float, swimming above her head, beautiful. When KIKI reaches up to touch it, her hand passes straight through. The MOBILE IS ONLY AN IMR PROJECTION, the same kind of technology which created the various fake landscapes in and out of KIKI's office at Kipling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKI reaches out, her hand is stopped. Her WHOLE ROOM IS AN IMR THE SIZE OF A SOLITARY CONFINEMENT PRISON CELL.

INT. ICARUS 1/OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME

KIKI stares straight into the lens of a video monitor. DR. BASHIR stands in a control room walled with video surveillance screens. He sips on an BIG-GULP MUG of TEA and watches the various patients rooms.

Out in the hall someone watches him. The observer's POV moves from KIKI's room across the bank of monitors to BABAR's room. Unlike KIKI he sits in the dark in a tiny white featureless room, no IMR, alone and scared.

DR. BASHIR senses something and turns abruptly. The hall behind him is empty.

INT. ICARUS 1/HALLWAY - SAME

Anonymous FEET move briskly, down a hallway, HANDS OPEN A DOOR leading OUTSIDE.

EXT. ICARUS 1/SECURITY CHECK POINT - CONTINUOUS

A lone FIGURE walks out of the building, towards the SECURITY KIOSK and then stops and presents a PHOTO ID CARD to a female security guard, WILLIE. BEEP. WILLIE ZAPS it with a barcode scanner. It is ANTON.

WILLIE

What's your secret Anton?

ANTON freezes, struck dumb.

WILLIE (cont'd)

You look younger and younger than your ID picture every day?

ANTON

Really?

WILLIE

Life over at Icarus 2 sure agrees with you. Maybe it's those muffin tops?

ANTON

Maybe?

WILLIE

Nothing tops a muffin top.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIE hands the ID back, ANTON gives her a smile, stuffing the card back into an otherwise totally empty wallet.

INT. ICARUS 1/DR. BASHIR'S OFFICE - SAME

Looking down from above SOMEONE WATCHES ANTON leave the SECURITY KIOSK and make his way towards the ICARUS MINIVAN. As ANTON climbs on board, a BIG-GULP MUG of TEA ominously enters the POV of the person watching him.

FADE OUT.

INT. ICARUS 1/CAFETERIA - MORNING

KIKI sits at one of several long simple tables in a large clean white dinning hall along with several other LEMMYS.

PAULA, in her late twenties, has a mop of unconditioned hair and a reservoir of feral energy struggling to get free. CORINNE, a late middle-age house Frau, seems sweet in a well contained, but crazy beneath the surface kind of way. THOMAS, the victim of the frisbee incident, wears a too small button up, a bandage over his eye and swollen nose.

THOMAS  
You're a Lemmy.

THOMAS address this to KIKI forcefully. She nods.

CORINNE  
Me too.

PAULA  
Yeah. I think?

Out of nowhere THOMAS explodes with over-excitement.

THOMAS  
LEMMYS YES!

PAULA  
Lemmys? Scrutinizers? Subcorsos?  
The Frontisteron? Dido dididi  
whatever it is? Jakes Sakes all  
this terminology makes me dizzy.

CORINNE  
What's the difference between  
Modules and Cubiculum?

Without warning, THOMAS YANKS the tablecloth off the table, attempting to keep the salt, pepper and flower arrangement remaining on the table. Unsuccessful. CRASH!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKI  
Excuse me, I have to use the rest-  
room.

PAULA  
WAIT! I'll join you.

SIGN, one of the attendants, passes them on her way to deal with THOMAS and the upset table.

INT. ICARUS 1/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They walk towards the bathroom until something diverts PAULA's attention, she turns like a bloodhound.

PAULA  
Bacon.

PAULA abandons KIKI, making a B-line to the buffet. KIKI continues down the hall and enters the WOMEN'S BATHROOM at the precise moment that ANTON leaves the MEN'S BATHROOM. They both pass each other and exit the frame, leaving it empty as the bathroom door hisses to a quiet close.

The WOMEN'S BATHROOM DOOR opens a crack and KIKI pokes her head out. Nothing but an empty hall. She ducks back inside.

ANTON looks around the corner, hesitates and then rushes back and presses his ear to the WOMEN'S BATHROOM DOOR. Nothing. Maybe? Nothing. He walks away.

BAM! The WOMEN'S BATHROOM DOOR FLIES OPEN. KIKI rushes out. ANTON tears back around the CORNER. They COLLIDE. Their faces smash together, tongues darting inside each others mouths, pushing down their throats.

Then just as inexplicably, ANTON PULLS AWAY. He wiggles around, shaking his body all over for a moment and then abruptly PUNCHES THE WALL with his fist, HARD. KIKI JUMPS.

ANTON  
Shit! RUS Anton! RUS.

KIKI  
What?

KIKI leaps at ANTON, he starts to duck, then redirects lunging towards her.

ANTON  
No!

KIKI  
Yes!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ANTON  
Left. You?

KIKI  
Me?

ANTON KIKI  
Right. Right.

They gesture to each other, inquisitively.

ANTON KIKI  
Right side? Left side?

ANTON  
Perfect right?

KIKI  
So RIGHT! Oh, my GOD!

KIKI swoons. He spots a mounted SECURITY CAMERA rotating around towards them and ducks.

ANTON  
Shit!

ANTON spins around, rolls against the wall, grabs KIKI, wrestling them both into a kind of Mission Impossible floor roll.

ANTON (cont'd)  
Follow me.

ANTON slithers or crab-walks down the hall. KIKI watches him, then looks up to see the SECURITY CAMERA turned the other way. She stands up and walks over to ANTON. He looks up at her and suddenly realizes what he is doing.

ANTON (cont'd)  
Sorry.

KIKI  
It's okay. I've got more questions. How about your mother? Do you love her? Too much? Not enough? Between 1 and 10? If you were an animal would it be a bird or a lion?

ANTON stands up and raises his hand to her mouth, she muffles.

KIKI (cont'd)  
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTON  
What's happening here?

KIKI  
Nothing?

ANTON  
Nothing. Nothing can happen. I'm  
going to go back to the cafeteria.

ANTON removes his hand from her face, turns and walks away  
muttering to himself.

ANTON (cont'd)  
*Remember there is always a limit to  
self-indulgence, but none to self-  
restraint.*

Conscious about the camera, KIKI sprints in the opposite  
direction and is gone. SQUEAK. KIKI comes to a sneaker  
squeaking stop at the end of the hall.

KIKI  
I wonder what his penis looks like?

She spins on a dime and bolts full speed down the hall, then  
slows down quickly, pushes her hair behind her ears, gives a  
stupid graceless smile to no one and moves on.

INT. ICARUS 1/CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

KIKI comes popping out of a door and sees ANTON disappear  
down the hall and duck into the Cafeteria.

KIKI  
Wait! Come back!

Several people turn. ANTON ignores her. KIKI grabs a lunch  
tray and frisbees it at him and SCREAMS.

KIKI (cont'd)  
Hey! I'm talking to you!

The room falls dead SILENT. The tray sails past ANTON's head  
and skips across the floor. He keeps walking. Several  
ATTENDANTS start to move on her, she stops abruptly.

KIKI (cont'd)  
I'm okay. Sorry. Just a thingy.  
I'm better now.

KIKI looks around, ANTON is gone. She turns and walks  
cautiously back through the cafeteria towards the bathrooms.

INT. ICARUS 1/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

KIKI stops fast below the SECURITY CAMERA. Watching it, she waits for it to turn away and then lunges forward, opening the door to the MEN'S BATHROOM.

INT. ICARUS 1/MEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

INSIDE, the bathroom seems empty. She scans the floor under the stalls, she is about to leave when a reflection in the mirror catches her eye. A tuft of hair poking up above one of the stalls.

KIKI walks down the length of stalls. She stands in front of the door and kicks it. It slaps open to reveal ANTON holding his shoes and STANDING IN THE TOILET BOWL.

KIKI  
I'm sorry-

ANTON  
No. I...

KIKI  
Just. I thought or didn't think.  
So I screwed up your status, or  
ratio, or whatever you call it.  
What the fuck! You didn't have to  
walk off.

ANTON  
Fuck you. I mean. Sorry. Look,  
we don't mean anything!

KIKI  
Nothing?

ANTON  
No. Not nothing. We lapsed.

KIKI  
Yeah?

ANTON  
No-

KIKI  
No?

ANTON  
It's just that I think I-

ANTON glances at his socked feet in the toilet bowl, then back at KIKI.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKI  
I feel something.

ANTON  
I feel something.

KIKI  
You do?

ANTON  
No!

KIKI  
You don't?

ANTON  
How could I? I don't even know  
your name. And look at me?

ANTON STEPS OUT OF THE TOILET BOWL. His wet socks slish as  
he crosses the bathroom towards the SINK.

KIKI  
Kiki.

ANTON  
I love that name. No. Stop. It's  
not possible.

ANTON removes his socks and wrings them out in the sink.

KIKI  
Really?

ANTON  
Section 227: *"Impulse does not  
choose anything but choice itself.  
The ICD sufferer becomes addicted  
to impulse without reason or  
method."* So-

ANTON starts a HAND DRYER, using it to dry his bare feet.

KIKI  
So?

ANTON  
It's totally irrational and-

KIKI  
Crazy?

ANTON  
Yes.

ANTON puts his shoes on his bare feet, muttering to himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTON (cont'd)  
It's intangible, a counterfeit  
expression and a violation of-

Without warning KIKI grabs the back of his hair and YANKS it back, BITING THE SIDE OF HIS NECK. ANTON winces with pleasure and then stuffs his whole fist into his mouth, breathing deeply.

CUT TO:

EXT. ICARUS 1/BACK GROUNDS - MORNING

A BACK DOOR flaps open and ANTON yanks KIKI out by the arm. She trips, but he doesn't stop. He drags her as she stumbles to get her feet beneath her, across a small car port, down a grassy hill and into a shady grove of trees. He finally stops in a small clearing under a canopy of trees, hidden completely from the main buildings.

KIKI gets to her feet, appraises her grass stained knees, then SLAPS ANTON HARD. He cowers, clutching his cheek, tears welling up in his eyes. KIKI lunges at him, knocking him into the undergrowth. She leaps on his chest and then STRIKES HIS EYE SOCKET WITH HER MOUTH like a snake and STARTS TO SUCK HIS TEARS DRY.

KIKI  
Tears!

As she tries to repeat this with this other eye socket, ANTON wrestles her over and SMELLS her grass stained pants.

ANTON  
Grass!

ANTON collapses on his back in ecstasy. KIKI grabs a nearby stick and stabs it violently into the ground between his splayed legs and then pulls it out again and clasps it tight between her thighs.

KIKI  
Man I want to be inside you.

KIKI falls on him, the STICK connects with the ground and shoots back through her legs as she smothers ANTON with a PASSIONATE KISS. Their fingers fumble, shaking to tear off each other's clothing. Then without warning and equally as violently, they break apart.

ANTON  
I'm sorry.

KIKI  
I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They scramble backwards across the forest floor, panting.

ANTON  
It's just that-

KIKI  
I love you.

ANTON  
I love you.

They freeze, staring across the clearing at each other and the STICK jammed into the tousled ground between them.

ANTON (cont'd)  
I know I know, *but*-

KIKI  
I know.

KIKI tries to compose herself, pushing her hair back, dusting leaves from clothes.

ANTON  
Look. You're only a Lemmy. This is all on me. You've been here less than 24 hours. You need to see your Scrutinizer and staff attendant as soon as possible.

KIKI  
Right.

ANTON  
As *soon* as possible.

ANTON lifts himself to his feet, rumpled shirt hanging open, pants slipping off his waist.

ANTON (cont'd)  
Alright.

KIKI  
Right.

KIKI offers her hand in a formal handshake.

ANTON  
Yeah.

KIKI  
So.

They SHAKE holding hands a little too long.

ANTON  
Okay then.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKI

You have a nice penis, umm...

KIKI stalls realizing she still doesn't know his name. ANTON checks to see if his pants are undone, they aren't

ANTON

Anton. How did you?

KIKI

Anton. That's a nice name, also.

ANTON

Okay.

ANTON drops her hand. KIKI takes her cue and they both head up the hill together, back the way they came. Then ANTON thinks better of it and silently splits off from her and heads off in a different direction. KIKI stops, watches him go and then continues back up the hill.

CUT TO:

EXT. ICARUS 1/PERIMETER FENCE - LATER

A solitary ANTON walks along the outskirts of the grounds, beside him a fence lines a narrow two lane road. He mouths the words to some silent mantra to himself. VROOM. A MAN ON A MOTORCYCLE wearing a ski-mask races down the two lane road past him. The MAN SCREAMS something in what sounds like a polyglot amalgam of Spanish, Chinese and Arabic. A moment later a POLICE VAN races past in pursuit.

MARIUS

Jakes sakes Anton, get back! It's not safe!

ANTON looks around to see MARIUS, one of the attendants, bursting out of the TREES. ANTON nods, backing away from the fence. BOOM. Down the road an explosion shakes the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. ICARUS 1/HALLWAY - SAME

KIKI runs down an empty hall. The sound of a DISTANT EXPLOSION startles her. The power surges, the lights dim. She looks around nervously, but they quickly return to normal. She shrugs it off and rushes down the hall.

INT. ICARUS 1/FRONTISTERON - SAME

A sliver of light cuts into the room as KIKI enters and then darkness. She gropes her way to a seat next to CORINNE and the other LEMMYS. BOOM. SMOKE and LIGHT EXPLODE illuminating a stage surrounded by seats. A smattering of SCREAMS, and nervous LAUGHTER circle the theater as a single spot light shines on a HUGE EGG on the WHITE TABLE at center stage. The EGG BEGINS TO ROCK back and forth, something inside fighting to emerge.

CRACK. The EGG SPLITS and amniotic fluid bubbles and drips, until whole chips fall off, revealing a back, an arm, a human hand. Finally, the head emerges covered in a slimy placenta-like film. The famous magician, OSGOOD THE MERCILESS stands in front of a rapt audience.

OSGOOD THE MERCILESS

Welcome! Many of you may know me from my internationally acclaimed performances or one of my numerous endorsement deals. But I was once sitting right where you are now and I have come to wish you a happy birthday. Today is your birthday! Today is the first day of the rest of your life!

A WOMAN in the front, overcome by emotion lurches forward, reaching up under her dress and trying to pull herself out her panties as she clumsily stumbles toward OSGOOD, SCREAMING. An unseen ATTENDANT races in from the darkness and tackles her, bringing her down hard, quickly hog-tying her with a sash cord, before leading her off the stage.

In the pandemonium, DR. BASHIR takes the stage beside OSGOOD, embracing him in firm handshake, wiping amniotic goo off his palm with a handkerchief. A bikini clad ASSISTANT appears with a cape and a velvet hand towel for the great magician.

DR. BASHIR

Welcome home Osgood! Did you hear that Lemmys? Today you enter our world. Welcome to Tier 1 Subcorso, social interaction Module A. How about a round of polite applause for one of our most accomplished graduates?

He steps away from OSGOOD and initiates the polite applause, as the magician cleans the last bits of placenta from his face, bows and exits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)  
 That was quite a treat, wasn't it?  
 (he pauses, waiting for a  
 response that does not  
 come)  
 Remember this is social interaction  
 module A. What does a socialized  
 person do when asked a question?  
 That's right, they respond  
 politely. Now I'll try again. I  
 say that was quite a treat, wasn't  
 it?

The LEMMYS murmur civilized yeses, nods and uh-huhs.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)  
 As Osgood so artistically  
 demonstrated, today is your re-  
 birthday. And like a new-born you  
 enter the world, ill-equipped to  
 navigate complicated social  
 patterns, webs of etiquette. Don't  
 worry. Do you see these fine  
 people?

Another spotlight illuminates a group of SCRUTINIZERS on the  
 edge of the stage. KIKI's gaze zeros in on ANTON.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)  
 These Scrutinizers will be your  
 safety net, your counsellors and  
 your guides, taking you through  
 your entire Tier 1 Subcorso. They  
 have all been where you are,  
 desperate balls of unfocused  
 impulse. And now they've graduated  
 to Tier 2 Subcorso, they live at  
 Icarus 2, work here, some even have  
 part time jobs in the real world,  
 buy stamps at the post office, use  
 public rest-rooms, even date.

Gasps pass through the audience. DR. BASHIR notices  
 something.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)  
 Kiki Dinkman.

She jerks out of a trance, breaking her stare at ANTON. Her  
 first instinct is not to respond.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)  
 Miss Dinkman? Could you come down  
 to the stage please?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKI looks around, 'Me? Down there?' DR. BASHIR nods. As she makes her way down, DR. BASHIR turns to the line of SCRUTINIZERS.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)

Anton.

KIKI stumbles at the sound of his name. They join DR. BASHIR standing on the stage with a simple white table and two chairs all made of now familiar OPAQUE WHITE ACRYLIC GLASS. *\*\*The Frontisteron is the only place on the ICARUS campus except the Cubiculum(dorm) equipped with IMR technology.\*\** DR. BASHIR directs them to the CHAIRS and CLAPS his HANDS.

INT. IMR RESTAURANT (ICARUS 1/FRONTISTERON) - CONTINUOUS

KIKI and ANTON look around to find the clean white stage transformed into an IMR of a ROMANTIC RESTAURANT.

KIKI

Wow! Look at this place.

ANTON

It's one of my regular haunts. I tell you I'm so hungry I could eat a horse.

KIKI looks across the table. He seems almost dead inside, but then something in his eyes sparks the feeling she had earlier.

KIKI

I could eat you.

She smiles, ANTON is caught off guard and before he can respond. KIKI looks up and yells at an IMR WAITER.

KIKI (cont'd)

Hey waiter! Do you guys have horse?

She turns to ANTON and laughs, enjoying her own joke. CLAP.

INT. ICARUS 1/FRONTISTERON - CONTINUOUS

ANTON and KIKI are back on the EMPTY WHITE STAGE again.

DR. BASHIR

Okay Kiki, two notes. Watch your superlatives. They are the gateway to larger impulsive actions.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)  
 For now lets stick to moderate  
 adjectives such as pleasant,  
 favorable, good, comely or nice and  
 you won't be steered off your path.  
 And whatever you do avoid sarcasm  
 or irony. They are symptoms of  
 ennui and social despair.  
 Depression could be next and where  
 are you without your positive  
 attitude? Unguarded. Vulnerable  
 to fits of abandoned impulse.

She nods and looks back at ANTON. CLAP.

INT. IMR RESTAURANT (ICARUS 1/FRONTISTERON) - CONTINUOUS

They are back in the ROMANTIC RESTAURANT again. ANTON and  
 KIKI both sit, hands folded awkwardly on the table.

ANTON

So.

KIKI leans forward and whispers, ANTON replies the same.

KIKI

What am I supposed to do?

ANTON

Talk about whatever feels natural.

DR. BASHIR (O.S.)

Except politics or sex.

DR. BASHIR's voice echoes from outside the projection like  
 the voice of God. KIKI looks up startled, then whispers.

KIKI

But I don't know where to start.

ANTON

Ask me something. Anything.

KIKI thinks about it and then asks in normal voice.

KIKI

How did you get here?

ANTON

I jumped in front of a subway.

ANTON stutters, then looks nervous. KIKI responds  
 mechanically at first as if she did not hear his response.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKI

And do you like it? Wait, what did you just say?

ANTON

For years I would stand on the platform waiting for the train doing what everyone else did. But as I heard it approach I would find my entire body consumed by a desire to jump on the tracks. Not to die necessarily, although I think I knew that that would be a consequence, but just to step out. So one day I did.

KIKI leans closer, her hands moving towards his across the table.

KIKI

And lived?

ANTON

I bounced off the front and back on to the platform.

KIKI is riveted. ANTON looks down to see their hands almost touching in the center of the table. His eyes nervously checks the restaurant, slowly inching his hand back.

ANTON (cont'd)

I broke almost every bone on the right side of my body. I spent 38 hours in surgery-

DR. BASHIR (O.S.)

Anton I want you to steer away from confessionals. That Module isn't for several weeks.

DR. BASHIR'S VOICE BOOMS in. ANTON jerks his hand back too quick, his body pulling away from the table.

ANTON

I'm sorry. I was confused by the question.

OUTSIDE THE IMR: DR. BASHIR WATCHES ANTON and KIKI inside the RESTAURANT IMR. From his AUDIENCE POV is like like looking through a theater scrim or a two-way mirror.

DR. BASHIR

No need to apologize. I believe Miss Dinkman was referring to the restaurant, yes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKI nods nervously.

ANTON  
Of course, here, here.

BACK INSIDE the IMR RESTAURANT: ANTON gestures around the room, presenting it like a prize on a game show.

ANTON (cont'd)  
How did I get here? I've been coming *here* for some time.

KIKI  
And you like it?

ANTON  
I do. Yes.

KIKI  
What do you like about it?

ANTON  
The good food.

She nods.

ANTON (cont'd)  
I'd been eating a lot of bad food. I'd taken people I care about to places where the food was not good before. Then I found this restaurant.

KIKI  
I see.

KIKI glances down, noticing a DEEP SCAR running down the length of ANTON's arm.

ANTON  
So in a sense, this restaurant saved me from unsatisfactory food.

KIKI  
I'm so sorry.

KIKI says this as if responding to his story about being hit by a subway train.

KIKI (cont'd)  
I want to touch...that.

KIKI's hand reaches for his SCAR. CLAP.

INT. ICARUS 1/FRONTISTERON - CONTINUOUS

The IMR turns off and KIKI and ANTON are back in the stark white FRONTISTERON.

DR. BASHIR

Good! Does anyone know what Kiki did?

SCRUTINIZER

She vocalized her Catalytic Spur?

DR. BASHIR

And attempted to *self-Impulse* Correct. And she almost did it. Very good. You could see the fight. The first step to Impulse Correction is identification. Remember you can't hunt bear if you're aiming for moose. Did something click in you?

KIKI

What? Ah, maybe?

DR. BASHIR

And how did it feel?

KIKI lunges across the table, GRABS ANTON's HAND and sloppily TRIES TO FIT IT INTO HER MOUTH.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)

Kiki IC! Scrutinizers RUS stat!

Two SCRUTINIZERS leap on the stage, dragging KIKI off ANTON.

KIKI

Sorry. I almost.

ANTON goes to WIPE her saliva off his HAND, but stops, allowing it to touch his face. He looks up to see DR. BASHIR watching him. Does he know?

Cornered by the SCRUTINIZERS across the stage, KIKI holds her knees and rocks back and forth. Impulsively she KARATE KICKS one of the LARGE WHITE BLOCKS, sending it slamming to the ground with a muffled thud.

DR. BASHIR

Kiki RUS! Sloth pose. What was that?

KIKI rolls compliantly on her back, feet in the air. One of the SCRUTINIZERS retrieves the block.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKI

I don't know? Like a mad rush.

DR. BASHIR

The same feeling before you attacked Anton?

(KIKI nods)

And kicked the box?

KIKI

I wanted to hear how loud the echo would be.

DR. BASHIR

That's the Catalytic Spur.

KIKI

It didn't echo.

DR. BASHIR

What?

KIKI

Nothing.

DR. BASHIR

You want to note that moment. It's the wolf at your door. Know it. Will power, self control. Show no mercy. Make no mistake, that "mad rush" will kill you. It wants only to devour the angels of our better judgement. See it, trap it and show no mercy as you watch it die.

DR. BASHIR nods to KIKI.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)

Excellent. Thank you Kiki, Anton. We are in a battle people, make no mistake. Next, Mrs. Floutus.

ANTON and KIKI stand up together and step off the stage, as DR. BASHIR calls the next participant up to the stage.

CUT TO:

INT. ICARUS 1/HALLWAY - LATER

The FRONTISTERON empties out. KIKI lingers, checking the exiting stream of people until she spots ANTON, his gaze purposefully blank and straight ahead. Just as he passes by her, KIKI impulsively sticks her foot out in his path.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTON deftly steps over it and keeps on walking. She watches him disappear down the hall with the crowd.

FADE OUT.

INT. ICARUS 1/VARIOUS - IMPULSE CONTROL MODULE MONTAGE

*A RIGHT STUFF STYLE MONTAGE OF IMPULSE CORRECTION EXERCISES.*

GYMNASIUM: KIKI stands in a line of LEMMYS in an OLD GYMNASIUM. DR. BASHIR supervises an ATTENDANT passing out bowling ball sized RUBBER LIQUID FILLED BALLS.

PAULA

I have one of these at home. For when my husband's out of town.

DR. BASHIR

Paula please don't put it there.

PAULA guiltily removes the ball from her stretch pants.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)

I don't want anyone to do anything with your Nervispheres but hold them in your hands. You are going to want to laugh or scream or drop the ball. Do not act on those impulses. Think of these exercises as impulse correction calisthenics.

The BALLS begin to GLOW various COLORS. The LEMMYS wrestle with their responses, some on the verge of tears, others laughter, anger or bliss.

KIKI

Ahhhh, it burns!

CORINNE

I can't feel my hands!

DR. BASHIR

Good Lemmys. IC, IC.

He coaxes them, but they quickly begin to drop like flies. Throwing, dropping, kicking or embracing the balls.

CUT TO:

CAFETERIA: KIKI's class of LEMMYS balance CHOCOLATE on the tip of their noses, like trained seals, as SIGN and another attendant keep an eye on a STOPWATCH.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLASSROOM: DR. BASHIR leads a discussion group of LEMMYS.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)  
When I say *sale*, you say?

KIKI  
Boat.

DR. BASHIR shakes his head no.

DR. BASHIR  
*Where?* You say. *Where?* A vital bond has been broken in every one of you, the bond between desire and advertising. You can't be responsible for knowing what you want. Leave that to the professionals. Civilization depends on understanding. You wouldn't go around making up your own words? Action is language. Act as you would speak, with the words *available*.

CUT TO:

IMR COCKTAIL PARTY(FRONTISTERON): KIKI, THOMAS, CORINNE, PAULA and several other TIER 1 SUBS have been paired up. DR. BASHIR circles the group barking orders.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)  
And switch! *Customer Service*.

The pairs plunge as quickly as they can into inanely dull conversations about customer service.

CORINNE  
My uncle was a customer servant.  
He had a very comfortable chair.

LEVI  
Comfortable chairs are *genius*.

CORINNE nods, DR BASHIR smiles and moves onto the next couple.

PAULA  
I enjoy wait time. It makes me feel like I'm dealing with someone important.

THOMAS  
Well you're a fucking idiot then.

DR. BASHIR puts his hand on THOMAS's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. BASHIR  
Please try harder Thomas. And  
switch! *WRAPS.*

PAULA  
Why would anyone eat anything any  
other way?

THOMAS  
Wraps are *genius.*

DR. BASHIR pats him on the head and moves on to KIKI and her  
partner

KIKI  
I wish you could put liquids in  
them as well. Do you think some  
day they might do that?

ANTON  
I hope so. They have come so far  
already. Do remember when they  
used to only make them with bread?

KIKI  
We are so lucky? What is your  
favorite wrap, wrapping?

DR. BASHIR  
And switch! *Prepayment penalty.*

KIKI  
You know I had a dream that I paid  
my home loan off early and I had to  
pay a prepayment penalty. It felt  
like an award and I paid an  
honorarium to maintain it.

ANTON  
That must have been very  
gratifying. I like getting  
penalized for doing the right  
thing.

The exercise continues.

CUT TO:

GYMNASIUM: KIKI and her class hold their glowing RUBBER  
LIQUID FILLED BALLS. Tears stream down KIKI's face as the  
rest of her class succumb to various emotional and physical  
abandon and jettison their balls. KIKI holds on tight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. BASHIR  
 Good work Miss Dinkman. The rest  
 of you should follow Kiki's good  
 example.

FADE OUT.

EXT. ICARUS 1/GREAT LAWN - DAY

A "WELCOME FRIENDS & FAMILY" banner flaps gently in the breeze. Several awkward reunions are in progress. CORINNE opens a present from her HUSBAND and ADULT DAUGHTER. She digs into the box and lifts up a pair of plain beige Khakis, examines them and half smiles.

Another FEMALE PATIENT sits with her PARENTS. Her FATHER has an large cast on his arm and her MOTHER has an eye patch. They seem happy to see their daughter.

PAULA gropes her HUSBAND and inappropriately pries at his fly. He pushes her away gently at first, but it only increases the intensity of her efforts. He signals for help and SIGN intervenes.

THOMAS stares expressionless at his MOTHER. Then gently reaching up and touching her head, he grabs a fistful of hair and yanks. Her HAIR comes off. He holds the lifeless WIG for a moment and then and hurls it into the air. MARIUS rushes over quickly.

ANTON sits on the lawn by himself, KIKI approaches him.

KIKI  
 Can I tell you a secret?

ANTON  
 As long as you've given it serious thought. Secrets can have unintended consequences for 3rd parties.

KIKI counts to 2 on her hand.

KIKI  
 No. It's just about you and me.

ANTON  
 Then I think it should be alright. Should I stand here or do want to establish a larger you perimeter?

KIKI  
 You don't need to. That's what the secret's about. Do I look different to you? Hey Corrine!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORRINE walks by with her HUSBAND and DAUGHTER, both of them are on CRUTCHES.

ANTON  
How so?

KIKI  
I feel different. I don't even want to touch you. Is that strange?

ANTON takes this silently on the chin, then spins it as best he can.

ANTON  
No. It's great. You've made real progress. You're a 1 DDD 35, right? You'll be a Scrutinizer before you know it.

KIKI  
It's fantastic! Isn't it! Yaa-Yah-yee!!!  
(catching herself)  
Sorry. I mean, it's encouraging.

ANTON  
(considering her earlier comment)  
I don't repulse you do I?

KIKI pokes her tongue out of her mouth, pinches it and tries to pull it into her field of vision. She sees ANTON watching her and self-corrects.

KIKI  
Sorry. I just am trying not to do something else.  
(returning to his question)  
No. You-

GREER  
Honey!! Kiki honey! It's Mommy!

KIKI's mother GREER strides across the lawn waving. KIKI turns, leaving ANTON hanging and heads towards GREER. Across the lawn, SIGN and MARIUS escort PAULA away. She briefly wriggles free, wheels around and yells to her HUSBAND.

PAULA  
I LOVE YOU, YOU FAT BASTARD!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

While SIGN and MARIUS subdue her, ANTON shifts his attention to KIKI, hugging GREER with tepid affection.

CUT TO:

INT. ICARUS 1/CAFETERIA - LATER

KIKI has introduced GREER to ANTON. He stands beside their table as they nibble various snack sized WRAPS.

ANTON

Kiki has made incredible strides.  
She is way ahead of the other  
Lemmys in her Tier 1 Subcorso.

GEORGE

All this ICD skibble-skabble makes  
me dizzy. I'll never understand  
it.

ANTON's younger brother GEORGE walks up, slapping ANTON on the back and handing him a glass of PUNCH.

GEORGE (cont'd)

All I know is my big brother  
busting out of this cuckoo  
compound. Real World here he  
comes!

KIKI

You're going to be a Social?

ANTON

I'm sorry Kiki, Mrs. Dinkman this  
is my younger brother George.

KIKI

Is it true?

ANTON nods and starts to speak, but GEORGE jumps in.

GEORGE

Hey there. It sure is true.  
Tomorrow it's back to work for you  
Bro. We're gonna staple that melon  
to the grindstone this time, huh?

ANTON

Sure George.

ZZSST. The ELECTRICITY CUTS OFF. One of the LEMMYS SCREAMS, another upends a large table. ATTENDANTS intervene.

GREER

What's happening?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTON

The SCAM probably tried to hit the power station again.

GENERATORS kick on, the LIGHTS come up and the room returns to general conversation.

GEORGE

They all can't wait to blow themselves up. Bunch of spastic ICD losers. No offense.

(Kiki and Anton smile uncomfortably)

*Sabotage Corporate Authority Movement*, ha! They should call themselves the everyone-live-in-caves-and-eat-the-berries-out-of-bear-shit movement.

GREER

Kiki's father knew an Scammer.

GEORGE

No shit?

GREER

He knew him, not *knew him* knew him, just of him, from his friend. His brother's friend. That's pretty far removed. There's times when I don't think they even exist.

GEORGE

Oh they exist, trust me. Dang vermin, roaches.

KIKI leans over to ANTON. They whisper between themselves as GREER & GEORGE's continue their much more animated high volume conversation behind them.

KIKI

I wish I could go with you. Not *with* you of course, but graduate. I mean be graduating now. But wow, so much work.

ANTON

You don't-

KIKI

No. I mean *you* have done.

ANTON

I was just going to say you don't want to go until they say you're ready.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKI

I know. You must have an big IRR.

ANTON

Dr. Bashir says if I hold my  
current IRR for 5 years I'll reach  
1 DDD lemniscate.

ANTON draws an infinity sign in the air.

KIKI

HOLY SHIT! Oops, excuse me. I  
mean oh, gosh, a Sempiternalarian?

KIKI's outburst disrupts GREER and GEORGE's conversation.

GREER

Which mean means what?

ANTON

Technically you have no impulses.

GREER

Well isn't that nice? That could  
be you someday. Right, honey?

ANTON

One day at a time.

GEORGE

I say it's about time. To freedom!  
Prosperity and measured joy!

George raises his small white cup of punch. They all TOAST, then GEORGE shakes ANTON vigorously, but something feels wrong. ANTON looks outside to see BABAR, alone beneath the "WELCOME FRIENDS and FAMILY!" banner, staring back at him. A pair of ATTENDANTS monitor BABAR from a distance.

GEORGE (O.C.) (cont'd)

Give me the high hand Bro!

Inside, GEORGE holds his hand up waiting to be slapped, but ANTON, gaze fixed out the window, doesn't notice.

Outside BABAR jumps up like a dolphin, arms pinned to his side, legs together and plows his face into the banner. It bows down and he lunges forward, uprooting the stakes holding it in the ground. BABAR starts running blindly across the lawn with the banner flapping wildly and the ATTENDANTS in pursuit. ANTON watches with sadness as they tackle BABAR.

CUT TO:

INT. ICARUS 1/HALLWAY - DUSK

A lone JANITOR buffs the gleaming white floor. ANTON stands in the long hall between the CAFETERIA and the BATHROOM watching him and then gives the place one last look, lingering on the MEN and WOMEN'S BATHROOM DOORS. He looks up at the SECURITY CAMERA and walks out.

EXT. ICARUS 1/SECURITY KIOSK - SAME

GEORGE sits behind the wheel of a tiny compact car in the parking lot as DR. BASHIR bids good-bye to the last of the visiting families. ANTON exits the building and heads for the SECURITY KIOSK. DR. BASHIR intercepts him.

DR. BASHIR

*"Pure reason avoids extremes and requires one to be wise in moderation."* This is the beginning Anton. Be constant.

ANTON nods, shakes DR. BASHIR's hand and then passes through the SECURITY KIOSK. He gets into the car beside his brother and watches the facility shrink as the CAR DRIVES OFF.

FADE OUT.

INT. IMR AA MEETING (ICARUS 1/FRONTISTERON) - DAY

KIKI and CORINNE stand in front of a folding table with tiny wrap shaped cookies and a coffee urn. A MODULE is in progress, the IMR looks like an AA or NA meeting hall with an empty PODIUM, surrounded by a semi-circle of folding chairs BABAR and several other LEMMYS either sit or mill about.

KIKI

Are the sugar bundles and coffee real?

CORINNE

I think so.

CORINNE reaches out to grab a SUGAR BUNDLE and her hands pass through the plate. DR. BASHIR's voice booms from outside.

DR. BASHIR (O.S.)

Real refreshments are out here. If you know what you want I'll have an attendant bring it to you.

CORINNE

I wanted a sugar bundle, but I better not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. BASHIR (O.S.)  
Good Corrine.

OUTSIDE THE IMR: DR. BASHIR sits in the AUDIENCE watching the AA MEETING IMR, as if through a theater scrim.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)  
Today you are going into the lion's den. Levi, I'd like you to go first. The rest of you be seated.

DR. BASHIR watches LEVI, one of the LEMMYS, APPROACH the PODIUM as the rest find seats in the semi-circle.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)  
This is stage 3 of your Tier 1 Subcorso. Confession. Levi, whenever you're ready.

BACK INSIDE THE IMR MEETING HALL: LEVI's eyes dart nervously around the room, then he begins his confession.

LEVI  
I was a car dancer. The accident left my wife and child in the hospital for a week. After the divorce, I started car dancing in the parking lot at work. I missed meetings and important deadlines. I was fired, pretty soon I couldn't make payments. That's when I started on the bus-

LEVI starts fidgeting. He can't stop himself. He breaks into song.

DR. BASHIR (O.S.)  
Levi! RUS! Marius!

MARIUS leaps onto the stage literally WALKING THROUGH AN IMR WALL and pulls LEVI out, still dancing.

CUT TO:

CORRINE stands at the podium, in mid-confession.

CORINNE  
I would get down on all fours and eat out of the cat bowl. Sometimes I'd see her using her litter box and I can't explain it, it just seemed like the right thing to do at the time. You know what I'm talking about?

Several sympathetic nods pass around the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORINNE (cont'd)

Well that was my cat stuff. I had a week where I couldn't stop making duck calls. I just really thought that people would understand me better as a duck.

CUT TO:

BABAR mumbles his confession, talking into his lap.

BABAR

I ate a tarantula. I tried to stow away on a commuter moon shuttle. I touched the head of a baby cow in its mother's womb. I wrote a story, with just words, like they used to write before imagers went hand held. I thought I could do it and I did. When I was 13 I killed my little brother in a pillow fight. It was ruled an accidental death. That was when I ran away from home. I walked across Kansas, Colorado, Utah and then crawled across Nevada and then started walking again when I got to California. Some of the way across Utah I flapped my hands and kind of skipped, but I was still upright so.

BABAR's mind drifts for a moment, staring out an IMR WINDOW in the dingy meeting hall.

DR. BASHIR (O.S.)

Keep going Babar.

BABAR

Anyway, in Santa Cruz I stole a surfboard. I figured I'd go to Japan. That was the image I had in my head. Me on the beach in Japan. People gathered around me, in those funny bathrobes they used to wear. I caught the currents. The same ones they said that whales used to use. Somewhere along the way I died, technically. That's what the doctor in Mexico told me. You might have seen it on the news. I want to fly. Someday I think I will. I wonder if that's the last thing I'll do.

DR. BASHIR

How does that make you feel, Babar?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BABAR

Okay.

DR. BASHIR

So you want to die?

BABAR

No. I want to live. I want to fall in love, but you can't just do that. About four years ago I dug up my brother and took his femur to a blackmarket genetic rebirth facility. He's going to be 3 next winter shopping season. I love him, but he doesn't like me very much, I don't know why. Maybe he's still mad at me. I wanted to make it up to him, but six months ago the authorities discovered what I had done and arrested me for violation of the Lucy protocol. I don't understand that. Everything conspires to make us the same, why can't we clone people?

KIKI

What happened to your brother?

BABAR

They say I'll never see him again. It's probably for the best.

BABAR starts to rock back and forth and tears come to his eyes. KIKI looks around. Is anyone going to comfort BABAR? No. Before she can flinch, DR. BASHIR calmly interjects.

DR. BASHIR (O.S.)

IC, Miss Dinkman. IC.

KIKI

I'm sorry.

Suddenly BABAR stops crying, looks up, then runs at full speed towards the WINDOW. He dives, arms outstretched flying through the IMR.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE THE IMR: BABAR crashes violently into the chairs circling the stage. DR. BASHIR looks disapprovingly at SIGN.

CUT TO:

EXT. IMR GOLF COURSE - MORNING

CLICK. A DOOR OPENS and ANTON walks through it onto a GOLF COURSE. CHADWICK, a man about ANTON's age stands ten feet in front of him. CHADWICK swings a driver and tees off right at ANTON. The ball flies straight for his face and then across the side of it. It is an IMR projection.

CHADWICK

Yeah! Someone's back in the game!

ANTON turns around and closes a DOOR. The inside of the door frame looks out into an office reception area and the outside seems to be free standing in the middle of a fairway. CHADWICK snaps his fingers. SNAP.

INT. BEACON ADVERTISING/CHADWICK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The GOLF COURSE disappears and they both stand in the middle of an OPAQUE WHITE ACRYLIC GLASS room, that looks exactly like RAYMOND'S OFFICE. CHADWICK still holds his golf DRIVER. He points it appreciatively at ANTON.

CHADWICK

Great work on Morpheone! Chim chiminey chim chim cheroo dude.

ANTON

Thanks.

CHADWICK

I want to get you on the Intax account.

ANTON

Intax? Aren't they competitors?

CHADWICK

We have both accounts. Same parent company. They all are, but that's not important. What *is*, is ALOM, Intax's new product. That's confidential. So zip it, lock it, toss the key. I just want to hit the bullet points. CHOICE. The campaign is all about choice. Demarketatic freedom. Opportunity. Versitility. CHANGE! Not just here, here, here and here.

CHADWICK gestures to his heart, his head, his hair and his clothes.

CHADWICK (cont'd)

But HHHEEERRRRREEEEEE!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He swings his GOLF CLUB, wildly indicating to his whole body.

ANTON

What is it?

CHADWICK

*Exactly.* That's *exactly* what I want. Bait'em. Get them wanting it before they have any idea what *it* even is. Look Morpheone is a crap product, but name recon holds strong in the 65 to 85 range. The agency's OTG power alone is going to guarantee initial brand global top 50. I want 75. I want you blue-skying the shit out of this campaign.

ANTON

And you want ALOM to-

CHADWICK

Blow Morpheone out of *that* sky.

Chadwick puts his hand on ANTON's shoulder.

CHADWICK (cont'd)

Nuclear demographic. Go directly into the *schools* if you have to!

ANTON

High Schools?

CHADWICK

Nursery, elementary, secondary, baccalaureate, graduate. Start at wailers and climb the consumer developmental ladder. Walkers and grabbers, Beggars and pleaders, and up and up. This is a game changer. I want to hit the soft minds, hard. I want naming rights, scoreboards, celebrity endorsement deals, I want Osgood, the Delusionator, Gypsy Dan and the White Rabbits, I want communication kiosks, individual projection programing infiltration. I want dependents making their parents lives hell. I want XX chromosomes going cold turkey on handbags, shoes and cosmetic surgery! XYs, no beer, no porn, no sports. I want people yelling *ALOM!* when they swap sex sauce!

CHADWICK slams the driver down on his DESK, panting out of breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A warm RED GLOW radiates from inside a hidden compartment. ANTON rises slowly and leans forward, the light illuminating his face, amazement registers in his gaze.

CHADWICK (cont'd)

You like? A new start Anton. I know where you're coming from and where you've been. This is a new beginning for you.

CHADWICK leaves the desk open. He slides into his modern office chair and smirks.

CHADWICK (cont'd)

These four are prototypes. Next year 4 million. In 2 years I want 1 for every hand shake charge credited flatfoot in every zone in the entire federation of post-national corporate influence. Go out and get'em animal. Get'em all.

CUT TO:

EXT. IMR OUTSKIRTS OF A CITY/FOREST (EXERCISE IMR) - DUSK

ANTON walks through an abandoned NEIGHBORHOOD, he ducks through a hole in a fence and jogs up a grassy hill. He looks back at the EMPTY streets beneath him, then turns into a dark wood. He starts to run, faster and faster. BOOM! ANTON cowers as the FOREST DISAPPEARS in FLASH of WHITE.

INT. ULTIMATE PAVILION/ANTON'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

ANTON crouches down inside a closet sized OPAQUE WHITE ACRYLIC GLASS IMR ROOM, his feet submerged in a TROUGH of WHITE JELLY. He stands up, pushes open a panel in the wall and steps out into his darkened LIVING ROOM.

An outside DOOR SLAMS and footsteps scramble up stairs. ANTON crosses the room, cracks the front door. From somewhere down the hall, he hears hushed voices in the same polyglot language the motorcyclist shouted outside ICARUS 1. SUDDENLY the POWER COMES BACK ON. A cacophony of beeps and alerts from every device in the apartment drowns the silence.

GEORGE (O.C.)

Did you hear that?

ANTON spins away from the door to see GEORGE on the stairs.

ANTON

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

The explosion. Sounded like it was  
on our block.

ANTON

Yeah.

GEORGE

What are you doing?

ANTON

I thought I might go for a walk.

GEORGE

I thought you just went for a run.

ANTON

A real one.

GEORGE looks at him like he's crazy, then goes back upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. ICARUS 1/CUBICULUM - NIGHT

KIKI folds her bedding down. Gone is the child's sanctuary;  
it has been replaced by simple modern projection of an  
ordered adult bedroom. She repeats a mantra quietly to  
herself.

KIKI

Action is our gift to the world,  
offer it sparingly, wisely and with  
consideration for the recipient.

KNOCK. A hand knocks on the glass window of her dorm.

INT. ICARUS 1/HALLWAY - SAME

KIKI pokes her head out of her room, suspiciously. The  
HALLWAY is eerily quiet.

ANTON (O.C.)

Do you believe in love at first  
sight?

KIKI spins to see ANTON nearly hidden in shadow.

KIKI

Well Article-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTON

No! I want to know what you feel.  
Do you believe that we are animals  
of instinct? Governed by drives,  
hungers, passions?

KIKI

Or what?

ANTON

Or not?

KIKI considers this.

KIKI

I believe in the ontological value  
of control. I believe our  
corporate civilization-

ANTON

Yes, yes. Corporate civilization  
represents the distillation of  
mankind's potential worth. I want  
to know what you want.

KIKI

I want to be a part of that thing,  
civilization, society, normal life.

ANTON

Kiss me?

ANTON crosses the space between them, then stops inches from  
her face, awaiting the slightest signal from her. KIKI  
stares at him, quivering, an internal struggle raging. She  
draws towards him, LIPS ALMOST TOUCHING.

KIKI

I feel like an icicle cracking from  
the inside out.

ANTON

I love you.

KIKI

Please stand over there.

ANTON

No.

Kiki steps back.

KIKI

What is love to you anyway? Some  
flush of pheromones, like animals  
in heat? What's that really?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKI (cont'd)

Look at Beast Network. Rape, pretty much. How many thousands of years of recorded human history have we suffered under love. It's outdated, the old model.

ANTON

You want to evolve beyond love?

KIKI

Maybe? What if love is just the expectation of escape from ourselves? Like a suicide. The part of ourselves that tries to be okay with who we are alone screaming to be put out of its misery? How long is it meant to last? Hours? Weeks? What would good love be? When we lose all memory of who we once were? What's that?

KIKI slips away from ANTON.

KIKI (cont'd)

We both know our conditions, our case histories. We're sick. We can't love anymore than a child molester can teach kindergarten? We need to be vigilant. You of all people should-

SWITCH. THE HALL LIGHTS FLICKER ON. PATIENTS, CLINIC STAFF and DR. BASHIR surround KIKI and ANTON. They have been caught violating of every rule of the clinic.

EVERYONE

CONGRATULATIONS KIKI!

DR. BASHIR

This is a great day for you and the clinic, Miss Dinkman! Or should I say Miss Scrutinizer!

Everyone begins applauding politely as DR. BASHIR extends a congratulatory handshake. KIKI holds on to his hand to keep from falling down or spinning around the room.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)

Thank you Anton, I really appreciate your part in this.

ANTON nods uncomfortably as KIKI fights unsuccessfully to achieve eye contact with him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKI

You were in on this? I can't believe you tricked me. If I didn't possess such a tremendous reserve of self control I'd kick your butt up and down this hallway!

Everyone LAUGHS TOO LOUD and then catches themselves. Drawing themselves back to a polite titter.

SIGN

A late night refreshment capsule has been prepared in the food court.

Well wishers cautiously approach KIKI, congratulating her before she all move down the hall towards the CAFETERIA. ANTON watches them go. HE DOES NOT FOLLOW. He stands alone in the hall for a moment and then hears something.

ATTENDANT #1

Come on man they've got sugar bundles and pizza twists.

TWO ATTENDANTS wheel a gurney with someone strapped to it across the far perpendicular hallway. ANTON hesitates and then follows them.

ATTENDANT #2

I don't like to eat before a treatment.

ATTENDANT #1

I don't like to eat during one and this could take a few hours.

ANTON rounds the corner they disappear through an EXIT DOOR.

EXT. ICARUS 1/BACK GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

ANTON emerges from the building to see the ATTENDANTS pushing the gurney down a path towards a BUNKER, set off by itself. They stop at the door. One of them SHAKES the HAND sticking out of the DOOR several times. Nothing happens. They argue, then leave the gurney in front of the BUNKER and head back towards the building. ANTON hides in a hedge as they pass.

ATTENDANT #2

Sign is going to be pissed.

ATTENDANT #1

At you.

ATTENDANT #2

That's bullshit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ATTENDANT #1

Why? You forgot the secret hand shake? You don't even want any of those delicious sugar bundles and pizza twists anyway.

As the attendants disappear inside, ANTON sneaks towards the BUNKER. In front of it, BABAR lays strapped by his ankles and wrists to the GURNEY. He looks up at ANTON and smiles weakly. His grin has a tooth missing and a small bandage taped across his lip.

BABAR

Hi Anny. Don't you ever wish you could fly?

ANTON

All the time.

BABAR

I thought so. Sucks that you only get to do it in your dreams.

ANTON nods. BABAR stares straight ahead, his eyes are heavy, his head cloudy.

BABAR (cont'd)

How is the outside? How does it feel to be a social?

ANTON

Not good.

BABAR

Really? You? Mr. Almost Sempiternalian. I would have thought?

ANTON shakes his head, then hears the OUTSIDE DOOR OPEN.

BABAR (cont'd)

I'm scared.

ANTON can see the TWO ATTENDANTS approaching, they do not seem him. He looks from BABAR to the surrounding woods.

BEGIN IMPULSE FLASH: ANTON grabs the gurney, spins it around and wheels it into the forest, it bumps along the ground. ANTON leaps on top of it and surfs it thought the trees.

BABAR (cont'd)

Wooooooooo!!!!

ATTENDANT #1 (O.S.)

Sure you don't want a bite?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

END IMPULSE FLASH.

ANTON hides behind a tree, watching as the ATTENDANTS approach the BUNKER. One stuffs his face as the other SHAKES the DOOR HAND. It opens and they wheel BABAR inside.

DR. BASHIR (O.C.)

Anton.

Startled, ANTON turns around.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)

Good of you to come to support Miss Dinkman. You've been through a lot with her. It's good to have closure.

ANTON nods. DR. BASHIR looks around and takes a deep breath.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)

You're a Social now.

DR. BASHIR eyes ANTON and then turns to go inside.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)

Good night.

FADE OUT.

EXT. ICARUS 2/MAIN GATE - DAY

The ICARUS MINIVAN pulls up to the ICARUS 2 MAIN GATE. KIKI and a few other TIER 1 SUBCORSO graduates spill out of the minivan. CLARA, a woman in her mid-30s with a cruise line activity director personality, welcomes them.

CLARA

Welcome to the Tier 2 Subcorso! I know a lot of you have been through the ringer to get here, but the important thing to remember is, you're here. Who likes muffin tops?

A few hands hesitantly come up CLARA pivots and glides off, leading the way inside a CAFETERIA.

INT. ICARUS 2/WELCOME CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The room has a forced complimentary-breakfast kind of warmth. A grown MAN in a muffin shaped baseball hat and a shirt that says MUFFIN MIKE holds a large basket of muffins tops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARA

Nothing tops a muffin top. Hey Mike! I bet you might have some takers this morning. Help yourself. Here at Icarus 2 we encourage you to begin to explore your options and make thoughtful decisions.

People tentatively surround MUFFIN MIKE, select a muffin and then slip back into the group.

CLARA (cont'd)

You can have any selection of these muffins delivered right to your door every week with a personal touch by one of our Muffin Mikes.

KIKI takes a muffin, offering MUFFIN MIKE an appreciative smile as CLARA pivots and moves on.

EXT. ICARUS 2/TOWN SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

The group, still munching muffin tops steps out on what looks like a studio back-lot main street, perfect Mayberry. Other ICARUS 2 RESIDENTS offer casual passing greetings.

CLARA

Icarus 2 is about choice. Here, the Tier 2 Subcorso is designed to test and reinforce the I-C and R-U-S skills that Icarus 1 hammered into you. We believe that everyone can choose correctly. It takes practice and confidence to go with the flow.

As the group crosses the square, they pass a FOUNTAIN KIKI gazes warily into the water. Is it real? CLARA guides them towards a neat housing row.

CLARA (cont'd)

Welcome home! Cubiculum begone! Here at Icarus 2 each of you will be given your very own key to your very own dwelling space. Each comes equipped with baseline wall/window IMR modification capacity.

INT. ICARUS 2/MODEL TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The group crowds inside a small apartment with nondescript furniture and OPAQUE WHITE ACRYLIC GLASS WALLS and WINDOWS. CLARA holds a remote control in her hands.

CLARA

Your space, your choice. You'll find presets for every occasion and mood from Mediterranean Villa to Hampton Cottage.

As she speaks she scrolls through decorating options.

CLARA (cont'd)

One tip. If you've had vibrant, bold colors in your home in the past. We suggest a more neutral palette. Unimposing colors offer a timeless backdrop for what, over the time you are here at Icarus 2, will be your sanctuary, your me space.

CUT TO:

INT. ICARUS 2/KIKI'S TOWNHOUSE - LATER

Alone in her new TOWNHOUSE with soothing peach walls, KIKI scrolls through WINDOW "VIEW" options with a REMOTE: desert palm oasis, neighborhood park, dank fern forest, ocean coastline. CHIRP. CHIRP. A SHADOW flutters behind the IMR WINDOW. KIKI presses a BUTTON and the WINDOW goes back to OPAQUE WHITE ACRYLIC GLASS. Through it she can make out the shape of a real live LARK SPARROW. KIKI hops off the couch.

EXT. ICARUS 2/KIKI'S TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

KIKI steps out of the front door and walks around the side. Only 3-4 inches separate her townhouse from her neighbor's. KIKI peeks in the crack and finds the LARK SPARROW cleaning its beak on her window sill.

KIKI

Hey birdie, birdie. Where'd you come from? Ohhh!

The LARK freaks. It nervously flies up, trapped, back, trapped, and finally straight at KIKI, SHITTING on her ARM as it escapes and disappears. KIKI recovers and starts to wipe the TURD off her arm, but finds something hard inside. She rubs it clean and scrutinizes the tiny SEED in her fingers, then flicks it indiscriminately away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKI (cont'd)  
Dirty bird.

CUT TO:

INT. ICARUS 2/FOOD-MART - DAY

KIKI pushes a shopping cart through the isles, WIRES and ELECTRODES connect her to the CART. We hear stacks of cans crashing to the ground from another isle.

PA  
RUS! Isle 4. R-U-S.

KIKI picks up a container of OATMEAL.

MAN (O.C.)  
I say a good oatmeal is underrated  
these days.

KIKI turns around to see MUFFIN MIKE grabbing a similar container off the shelf next to her.

KIKI  
It is. Hey, you're the, ah?

MAN  
Muffin Guy.

KIKI  
Mike.

PHIL  
Phil. We're actually all called  
Mike, on the job, you know, with  
the, ah muffin tops.

An almost handshake falls victim to bad timing and the fear that the gesture might be too impulsive. KIKI breaks the awkward moment.

KIKI  
I'm Kiki. So you're in Tier?

PHIL  
2. I used to be a male model.

KIKI  
Oh.

KIKI nods as they place their containers in their carts, then wheel them into a BREAD AISLE where they stop to pick out a loaf or two.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHIL

(quietly to her)

In the old days you couldn't hold me back. It'd be a squeeze-a-thon, a miasma of squished loaves left in my wake.

KIKI

I used to do that too.

PHIL

Or even better. I'd tear into a bag, wild man, pull out four, maybe five slices and mold them into a tight warm ball of gummy glutenous heaven. And then whoomp!

PHIL vaults an imaginary bread ball straight upward. He and KIKI follow his trajectory to the ceiling, only to find the paneling riddled with multiple dried lumps of squashed dough. PHIL cracks an uncomfortable smile.

KIKI

I liked to take my shoes off and pretended to ice skate down the aisles.

They share a moment. Then THOMAS streaks by at end of the aisle, naked except for a pair of strategic frozen chickens.

CUT TO:

INT. ULTIMATE PAVILION/ELEVATOR & HALLWAY - MORNING

ANTON rides in the ELEVATOR alone, holding a caulking paste size tube. CRACK. He breaks something inside it, like a glow stick. The TUBE TURNS ORANGE, he puts it to his LIPS and DRINKS. THE ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN, he walks out without looking and runs right into an old man, GASPAR, holding a coffee cup. HOT BROWN LIQUID splashes all over ANTON.

ANTON

Oh, excuse me. I-

GASPAR

No I'm sorry. That coffee's going to stain.

He points to the BROWN SPOT on ANTON's shirt.

ANTON

Why is it brown?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GASPAR

I make it myself. Can't drink instant.

GASPAR points down at ANTON's TUBE, oozing clear hot liquid onto the floor. ANTON stoops down and picks it up.

ANTON

How do make it yourself?

GASPAR

It's complicated. I'm happy to pay to have your shirt laundered.

ANTON

No. I'm late for work.

ANTON pushes his past him and heads for the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACON ADVERTISING/ATRIUM - DAY

We are on the floor of Beacon, a slick, well-oiled advertising machine. CHADWICK gives a presentation to a team of CREATIVE EXECUTIVES, ANTON sits beside him.

CHADWICK

You are the next generation.  
Handpicked. B-O-T-B.

The group assembled take a moment to smugly acknowledge this, ANTON makes no eye contact, he sits meditatively listening.

CHADWICK (cont'd)

How many ad men have sat in this very place? I don't know for sure, but a lot. Think of Saatchi, Chiat/Day, DDBO. Paradigmaticits. Those are the guys that sold our great-grandparents the computer age and our parents the final privatization breach and the end of government. That stuff was the like introduction of self-cleaning teeth or sub-fat compared to what we've got! Fuck disposable organs and brain RAM implants, fuck the Mars shuttle. Realize fully modifiable individuation.

CHADWICK takes a glassy-eyed look around the room, letting the idea settle in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHADWICK (cont'd)

Be whoever you want to be, whenever you want to be. The fluid subject-self. Goddamn! It makes me giddy just to think about it. We're the first landing party bringing back a dingy loaded full of guava and native pussy to the sea sick, blue-balled crew of the Santa Maria. Or that penicillin guy, peeking into his microscope, screaming hey everybody, we're crawling with friggin bugs! Today the revolution starts fo'reals. Heho ALOM! Ugliness. Bu-bye. Jealousy? Later. Depression? Adios. Anger, war? What for? *Imagine all the people living for today!* Props JL. Imagine ALOM! This makes me so ding-dong excited. I love you guys! No contact hug!

CHADWICK offers the room a open air hug. The room reciprocates.

CHADWICK (cont'd)

Anton. You take it from here.

The group applauds as CHADWICK sits. ANTON gets up and begins to write in light, words hanging in the air behind him as he speaks.

ANTON

Speaking for Chadwick, this campaign needs to work outside the normal channels of product introduction. Think A-Bomb. Total market saturation. No cool-hunters, pattern analysts or market calculators. We need to create on-the-ground individual signature pattern recognition. We are selling people their whole life. It's based on a subscription pricing system of course, but that's what ALOM is about. This is you but better, much better. ALOM is life, but perfect.

He steps away from the illuminated letters, floating in the air behind him: *CHOOSE YOURSELF.*

INT. BEACON/ANTON'S OFFICE - DAY

An IMR WINDOW looks out into the OCEAN, kelp beds sway back and forth, teeming with underwater animal life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTON stares into the depth, while several CREATIVE EXECUTIVES conduct a pitch meeting.

CREATIVE #1  
*Ever feel like the problem is you?  
The solution is ALOM.*

CREATIVE #2  
*ALOM. Change that matters.*

CREATIVE #3  
*Anytime. Anywhere. Anybody.  
ALOM.*

CREATIVE #1  
Are we allowed to change the name?

CREATIVE #3  
To what?

CREATIVE #1  
*The Identity Transformer.*

CREATIVE #3  
TIT? Really?

CREATIVE #2  
Anton? Some help here.

They all turn to ANTON staring out the IMR WINDOW. SMASH! The OCEAN VIEW collapses in a shower of glass. The IMR flickers OFF as something rolls across the floor. BOOM.

INT. BEACON ADVERTISING/ATRIUM - SAME

The building shakes from a large EXPLOSION outside. The IMRs in the agency BROWN OUT. People stop working and look around. Then the generators kick in. From outside we hear SIRENS and the sputter of MACHINE GUN FIRE.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACON ADVERTISING/ANTON'S OFFICE - LATER

ANTON watches a CLEANING CREW vacuuming up the shards of broken glass. He kneels down, picks up a PLASTIC FRAGMENT and inspects it, words have been BRANDED into the broken, half melted surface.

CHADWICK (O.C.)  
Quite a scare there, eh?

ANTON bolts upright to see CHADWICK standing at the door. He stuffs the PLASTIC FRAGMENT into his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHADWICK (cont'd)

If the SCAM wasn't so stupid it would be scary. Idiots hit power stations. If they blasted the underground drive arrays with a big ass magnetic charge it would zero out digital content for the entire city.

ANTON

Really?

CHADWICK

Probably. I don't get it, sabotaging the corporations is like jumping on stage and wrecking a magic show or strip tease. Who do they think makes our life so great anyway?

ANTON

I don't know.

CUT TO:

EXT. ICARUS 2/KIKI'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

A basket of MUFFIN TOPS sits on her front stoop. Tucked inside, KIKI finds TWO TICKETS to see the Delusionator with special guests the Invisible Kitties and a CARD.

*Looking forward to Dinner and a Show. Arranged for a distraction visa 3rd class. Hope you like magic. Considerately, Phil (aka Muffin Mike)*

She reacts with indifference, goes to pick up the basket and stops. She notices a TINY GREEN SPROUT poking out of the SEED she found in the bird shit. She holds it up to the light, marveling at it.

KIKI

I should put this thing in dirt.

PAULA (O.C.)

What's that?

KIKI jumps, folding her palm around the plant and slipping it into her pocket.

KIKI

Nothing.

PAULA

Did you say dirt?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKI

Did I?

PAULA

You did. Dirt, dirty, dirt, dirt,  
dirty dirt, dirt-

KIKI

Stop.

PAULA

Don't worry I won't say anything.  
I just got caught having phone sex  
with my home answering machine.  
(off KIKI's puzzled look)  
Len's voice is on the outgoing  
message. God I miss having anal  
sex in public. They may demote me  
back to Tier 1 Subcorso. How are  
you?

KIKI

Good. Pretty fair.

PAULA

Heard you're making muffins with  
one of the Mikes.

KIKI

Who told you that?

PAULA

Word gets around. You know what  
they say about muffin tops.

KIKI

Stop it with the dirty muffin  
metaphors. We're friends. I don't  
even really like him very much.  
It's weird. It's like I have to  
really think about why I spend time  
with him.

PAULA

That's great.

KIKI

Yeah, it's pretty nice. I guess  
I'm pretty lucky to have found  
someone that I don't really have  
strong feelings about.

PAULA

Amen to that. I wish I never met  
my Len. He drives me crazy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAULA (cont'd)  
 You know if it wasn't for him I'd  
 be 1 DDD 550. What do you want  
 with dirt anyway?

KIKI  
 Ah? I don't know. I haven't seen  
 it since I was a kid. Not *real*  
 dirt. Like the kind that got stuck  
 under your finger nails and weeds  
 grew in.

KIKI points to the ground at her feet, PAULA nods wistfully.

PAULA  
 Weeds. No way. I remember those.

CUT TO:

EXT. IMR UNDERWATER - NIGHT

POV of a CORAL REEF, tides rush in and out, schools of fish  
 move above, on the OCEAN floor FEET step CAVE, a long dark  
 TUNNEL of IMPENETRABLE DARKNESS. Suddenly the UNDERWATER  
 WORLD SEEMS TO BE YANKED OFF.

EXT. UNDERGROUND METRO PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

ANTON holds a pair of GOGGLES, the view of the UNDERWATER  
 WORLD plays on the inside lens. Around him almost everyone  
 on the platform wears similar GOGGLES. He looks in the  
 direction of the CAVE and sees the darkened SUBWAY TUNNEL.  
 He considers the bright yellow safety line at his feet, then  
 pulls the PLASTIC FRAGMENT out and reads the scratched words  
 on the surface: *Man is born free; and-*

VOICE (O.C.)  
*Everywhere he is in chains.*

ANTON spins towards the voice, only to be greeted by a sea of  
 GOGGLE COVERED empty stares. Behind him the TRAIN ARRIVES  
 and the mass of commuters move at once.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

ANTON seems frustrated, he shakes a RUBBER HAND extending  
 from an ATM like food dispensing machine.

VENDOR  
 I'm sorry the Vendor did not  
 recognize you. Please wash your  
 hands and put'er there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTON  
Oh, come on already.

ANTON mutters frustrated to himself, then backs up, wipes his palm off on his pants and SHAKES THE dangling rubber HAND.

VENDOR  
I'm sorry the Vendor did not recognize you-

BEGIN IMPULSE FLASH:

ANTON  
AAAAAHHHHHH!!!!!!

*ANTON screams at the machine and then grabs hold of the RUBBER HAND and yanks IT OFF. He unzips his fly and URINATES into the mechanics. SPARKS begin to FLY and smoke.*

GASPAR (O.S.)  
What's wrong?

END IMPULSE FLASH.

ANTON spins around to see GASPAR, standing behind him.

ANTON  
I didn't see you.

GASPAR  
Let me give it shake.

ANTON steps aside and GASPAR gives the HAND A SHAKE.

VENDOR  
Good to see you Gaspar. What can I get you?

GASPAR gestures at the wall of various wrapped and bundled food.

ANTON  
Really?

GASPAR  
On me. What's your pleasure?

ANTON touches the screen and then GASPAR follows suit. Two packages fall out of the machine. GASPAR takes one and hands the other to ANTON.

ANTON  
Thank you. You didn't have to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GASPAR

I wrecked your shirt, plus I'd have felt bad if you'd kicked the vending unit or pissed on it.

ANTON

Sorry?

GASPAR

Tier 3 Subcorso. 2 cycles as a full time social. Close right?

ANTON is shocked, how does he know that?

GASPAR (cont'd)

I threw a bucket of feces on one of these damn things over on Delaware and 4th. Not mine of course. Cops nailed me, hidden cameras. Gasper Lowell.

ANTON

Anton Mardebk.

CUT TO:

INT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

The DELUSIONATOR, a dwarf in a track suit, floats several feet above the stage. The INVISIBLE KITTIES, six free floating, disembodied bikinis, dance a provocatively behind him. The audience goes nuts.

MAGIC FAN

WHHHOOOOO!!!!!! YES!!!!!! YOU'RE TOTALLY MAGIC!!!!!!

KIKI and PHIL smile politely as people around them sway and hold up small lighting devices as if it was a rock concert.

CUT TO:

INT. ULTIMATE PAVILION/GASPAR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

COFFEE percolates in a press, as GASPAR prepares the WRAPS using the first non-disposable eating utensils we have seen.

ANTON sits in the LIVING ROOM surveying the cluttered apartment, overrun by machinery and entirely IMR free, it looks like a bygone appliance repair shop. ANTON examines a cellphone circa 2009, turning it over curiously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Across the room, he can see through a cracked OPEN DOOR into a BEDROOM converted into a MAKE-SHIFT WORKSHOP with an OLD MRI MACHINE half in pieces on the floor. GASPAR walking in with COFFEE and WRAPS. Startled, ANTON drops the CELLPHONE on the table.

GASPAR  
Remember those?

ANTON  
Only from watching 2D entertainment archives in school. Does it work?

GASPAR  
Sure. The towers aren't maintained of course, but enthusiasts like myself keep up a small network. We share parts. Like the old string and can thing.

ANTON  
What?

GASPAR  
Before your time I suspect.

ANTON  
Why keep all this?

GASPAR  
I like to understand how things work.

ANTON  
Why not just download a diagnostic?

GASPAR  
Are none. Not for this stuff. Today complete technological revolutions are semi-annual. When I was young, we were lucky if we had a radical advance once every ten years. My grandparents saw two, maybe three in their life times. A generation before them one and before that it could take a couple hundred years for the mechanics of life to change in any substantive way.

ANTON  
You say it like it's a bad thing.

GASPAR takes in ANTON's suspicion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GASPAR  
Just different.

CUT TO:

INT. IMR GRAND CANYON RESTAURANT - NIGHT

KIKI and PHIL eat in an IMR RESTAURANT. They sit in the basin of the GRAND CANYON at a large flat sandstone table on stump stools, surrounded by several other REAL PATRONS.

PHIL  
Kiki, I want to say something, but I don't want to be impulsive. You see it's of a personal nature and emotional, sort of, so I'd like to prepare you.

KIKI  
Is it impulsive?

PHIL  
Maybe I should make you a media presentation?

KIKI  
No. That's okay.

PHIL  
Okay?

KIKI  
Okay.

PHIL  
Okay. I...I like you.

KIKI  
I like you too.

PHIL  
That's good to know.

KIKI  
I feel safe with you.

PHIL  
That's nice.

KIKI  
And comfortable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHIL

Right. See the thing is, you know that adage about a relationship needing work?

KIKI

I know.

PHIL

It just doesn't feel like it applies-

KIKI

To us.

PHIL

Yeah.

A WAITRESS brings over a Fried Blooming Onion with several ramekins of dipping sauce and then leaves them alone again.

PHIL (cont'd)

Kiki I feel like kissing you. Do you think that's a good idea?

KIKI

I do. I'll put it in my workbook.

PHIL

As will I. But maybe we should really do it?

KIKI

Really?

PHIL

I think so. Not here of course, but perhaps after dinner, if the circumstances seem appropriate. Do you think?

KIKI

You're the 1 DDD 3000, not me.

She looks down at the FRIED ONION on her plate and then awkwardly around the restaurant. The WAITRESS returns.

WAITRESS

Dessert?

PHIL

Better not.

KIKI

No. Right. Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAITRESS

One hand or two?

PHIL

Two.

KIKI

Two.

The WAITRESS places TWO RUBBER HANDS on the table. The bill appears, halved, on the back of each HAND. They both add in a tip, then shake the hands.

CUT TO:

INT. ULTIMATE PAVILION/GASPAR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

GASPAR has left ANTON alone in the living room.

GASPAR appears holding a clear unmarked bottle of white liquid. He pours a slug into ANTON's coffee cup and waits as he takes a swig, coughing.

ANTON

Wow.

GASPAR

Apple Jack. Old family recipe.  
Slightly illegal, very lethal. I  
keep a crock pot still in the leu.

ANTON hesitates, glancing at a faded PHOTOGRAPH OF A WOMAN on the table, then pushes his cup forward for a refill.

ANTON

You're wife?

GASPAR

Diedre. Dead. Killed her. Ever  
heard of William Tell?

(ANTON shakes his head)

Catastrophically impulsive, but  
what a woman.

GASPAR slips, as if unconscious and almost to himself, into the same polyglot language we heard outside ICarus and ANTON's apartment.

GASPAR (cont'd)

(spoken in polyglot and subtitled)

*She'd wake up, seize the day, pin  
it to the ground and tickle it  
until it soaked itself with piss  
and then beat it to death with a  
cudgel. All before the sun hit the  
yard arm.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTON  
I'm sorry what'd you say?

GASPAR catches himself and smiles.

GASPAR  
She had a pretty bad IRR.

ANTON nods and takes another bolt of Apple Jack.

GASPAR (cont'd)  
We met at the aquarium, in front of the hammerhead shark tank. She came up behind me and asked if I'd like to go for a swim, before I knew it she came flying out of nowhere and cannon balled straight into the tank. I think those sharks were so surprised they didn't even think to eat her alive. William Tell was her idea, I told her I was a crap shot. Court gave me a reduced sentence under the assisted suicide provision. I served 3 years, then 4 years probation at Icarus.

ANTON  
I'm so sorry.

GASPAR  
So am I. I was 1 DDD lemniscate for 9 years. A fucking Sempiternalarian.

ANTON  
That's amazing.

GASPAR  
An amazing waste of life. I'm just surprised Diedre didn't rise up from the grave and give me a proper thrashing for being such a soggy cunt for so many years.

ANTON  
What?

GASPAR picks up the CELLPHONE, removes the protective case, revealing the PLASTIC BACK of the PHONE. He pushes it across the table. ANTON reads: *Man is born free; and everywhere he is in chains*, BRANDED into the PLASTIC BACK.

CUT TO:

EXT. IMR GRAND CANYON RESTAURANT - NIGHT

KIKI and PHIL hold hands and wait for the ICARUS MINIVAN, the mouth of the GRAND CANYON opens up behind them.

PHIL  
Okay?

KIKI  
Okay.

They simultaneously lean in and give each other a two second kiss, then draw apart.

KIKI (cont'd)  
That was okay.

PHIL  
It was.

Several other SCRUTINIZERS exit the restaurant and KIKI and PHIL nervously separate.

CUT TO:

EXT. ICARUS 2/TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

ANTON sits by the FOUNTAIN, comparing the PLASTIC FRAGMENT from his office to the back of GASPAR'S CELLPHONE. He flips GASPAR'S CELLPHONE over and tries to TURN IT ON.

CUT TO:

EXT. ICARUS 2/MAIN GATE - LATER

KIKI and PHIL follow the other SCRUTINIZERS off the ICARUS MINIVAN. Walking through the gates towards the main square.

EXT. ICARUS 2/TOWN SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

ANTON sits hunched over the CELLPHONE composing an elaborate TEXT MESSAGE as the SCRUTINIZERS return home from dinner, heading towards the townhouses. PHIL and KIKI trail behind the group. When they pass ANTON, he looks up from TEXTING to see them HANDS CLASPED, CLOYING SMILES. HORROR! We MOVE IN ON HIS FACE, the same way we entered IMPULSE FLASHES before.

KIKI and PHIL continue unsuspecting. ANTON leaps up and runs, a mad blur closing in. WHAM! He tackles PHIL. The two of them hit the ground and ANTON begins pummeling PHIL. We wait for a moment to reveal that this has been an IMPULSE FLASH. ANTON'S fist draws back from PHIL'S bruised face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKI screams. Close on ANTON's face. THIS IS NOT AN IMPULSE FLASH, IT IS REALLY HAPPENING.

CUT TO:

INT. ICARUS 2/KIKI'S TOWNHOUSE - LATER

PHIL has a bag of ice on his face. KIKI comes in from the kitchen with three warm cups of tea.

ANTON

I am sorry. I really did think you were a mugger.

KIKI

I guess that makes sense. Doesn't it?

PHIL looks suspicious.

PHIL

I think it's ill-advised to tackle a stranger under any circumstances.

KIKI

Yes, but it shouldn't count against Anton's IRR. He did believe there was a crime in progress. And he's practically a Sempiternalarian, so.

PHIL

So what?

ANTON gets up abruptly, shakes PHIL's hand.

ANTON

Phil. Hi and bye.

KIKI

You're leaving?

ANTON

Yeah. Early day.

KIKI

It was very nice to see you. I feel like we didn't get a chance to catch up.

ANTON

Next time.

PHIL

What are you doing here anyway?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTON  
Just saying hi.

KIKI  
Do you want a muffin top for the road?

PHIL  
It's late. Did you get a pass?

ANTON  
No thank you and no, actually.

ANTON giggles mischievously, KIKI finds it more amusing than PHIL.

ANTON (cont'd)  
You cut your hair.

KIKI self-consciously touches her hair.

KIKI  
I'll walk you out.

ANTON  
Next time.

ANTON waves to PHIL who does not return the gesture.

EXT. ICARUS 2/KIKI'S TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

ANTON and KIKI step out on the porch.

ANTON  
Seems like a nice guy, that, ah?

KIKI  
Phil. Oh sure, just, he's-

ANTON  
A good guy. He likes you?

KIKI  
We're engaged.

ANTON  
That's good.

ANTON's world swims for a moment. He pulls the PLASTIC FRAGMENT from his pocket, jams it in his mouth and chews.

KIKI  
Have you been drinking?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTON  
 Congratulations. Really. Engaged?

He mumbles with a mouthful of PLASTIC. KIKI's stare reasserts the question. He fishes the PLASTIC out.

ANTON (cont'd)  
 Yeah, a bit.

KIKI  
 Why?

ANTON looks around nervously, tears in his eyes. Without warning, he runs at full speed off the porch, his arms windmill frantically, then stops, marches back to the porch and re-enters the conversation as if nothing happened.

ANTON  
 Do you ever wonder if every thing  
 got turned upside down somewhere?  
 And all the nuts fell out of the  
 bowl and that's not the nuts fault,  
 but the bowl for not holding onto  
 the nuts?

KIKI  
 Maybe we can talk about nuts and  
 bowls some time, when I'm a Social,  
 then it might be-

ANTON  
 Appropriate.

KIKI  
 Or suitable. Exactly. It must be  
 hard for you. After so long here.

ANTON switches attention back to her.

ANTON  
 So, you're happy?

KIKI  
 Oh yeah. I am happy. Things are  
 good. I'm a 1 DDD 650.

ANTON  
 Are you?

KIKI  
 I really feel a clean empty pool, a  
 void of impulse.

ANTON  
 Yeah. That's what it feels like.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKI

I should go. I start working half days back at Kipling tomorrow.

ANTON

Bright and early.

KIKI

It was good seeing you, but don't come around again.

ANTON nods and starts to leave.

KIKI (cont'd)

Anton? Um, here.

She disappears and reappears with two MUFFIN TOPS.

KIKI (cont'd)

Merry Berry or Crasin Peanutbutter.

ANTON takes one, then holds it up like he's toasting with a champagne flute. She smiles.

ANTON

To you and Phil.

KIKI

Take care Anton. Remember, don't come back or I'll have to report you. It's for both of us.

KIKI watches him walk away and then notices something beside her door, a SMALL BAG OF DIRT WITH A HANDWRITTEN NOTE: "Get REAL DIRTY girl!" KIKI looks around cautiously, tucks the dirt into her coat pocket and slips inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. IMR CITY PARK (KIPLING OFFICE PARK) - DAY

KIKI glances back as the ICarUS MINIVAN disappears. The IMR of perfect city park outside her office has been transformed into a WINTER WONDERLAND, perfect KIDS and COUPLES ice skate, sled and throw snowballs. KIKI steels her resolve and walks into the KIPLING LOBBY.

INT. KIPLING/KIKI'S CUBICLE - DAY

KIKI slides anonymously into her CUBICLE and TURNS IT ON. The IMR WALL comes on covered with a cluttered graffiti of WELCOME BACK wishes inscriptions from fellow employees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AL (O.C.)  
You do look great, Ms. Gu-

KIKI turns to see AL(the Kipling Personnel Director) standing with her supervisor MR. SABO and a female CO-WORKER.

KIKI  
Dinkman.

AL  
Of course.

AL nudges MR. SABO and the CO-WORKER. They offer overly rehearsed and artificial greetings.

MR. SABO  
It's so good to have you back. You look great.

CO-WORKER  
You look great. It's good to have you back.

AL  
Yes yes. How do you feel?

AL shuttles MR. SABO and the CO-WORKER, then grabs KIKI by the shoulders and lifts her out of her chair into a hug, then breaks it quickly and releases her.

KIKI  
Okay.

AL  
Clean slate. *Tabula Rasa.*

AL winks conspiratorially.

KIKI  
Thank you-

AL  
Don't. I'm here for you. Person?

KIKI  
*AL.*

AL nods and then pretends someone is trying to get his attention. He holds up a finger and mouths 'one sec'. KIKI glances over to see no one in his purview, but a wall.

AL  
Okay Kiki. Buzzy buzzy worker bee.

KIKI  
Right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AL  
Buzz. Buzz.

KIKI sits and tries to find something to do as he looms over her and then walks off buzzing.

AL (cont'd)  
Bzzzzzzzzzz, bzzzzzzzzz...

KIKI looks at her desk. Empty. She taps a small IMR WINDOW on the wall, scrolling listlessly through several "VIEWS".

CUT TO:

INT. BEACON ADVERTISING/ANTON'S OFFICE - DAY

ANTON sits in a WHITE OFFICE, staring at the hole where his window used to be, now mostly covered with protective tape. He takes out GASPAR'S CELLPHONE and looks at the text, it begins: "ANTON MARDEBK + KIKI GKDINGQUMAN 2GR82B4GO10." He gets up from his desk, approaching the hole in the window, peels a bit of TAPE BACK and looks through to an endless maze of buildings, built together like the splayed teeth of an long interlocking zipper, clogged with climate control units, video feed wires, dishes and all the other machinery that makes the comfortable facade of their world possible.

ANTON closes the CELLPHONE and stuffs it out the hole and lets it go, watching it ricochet off girders and cables until it disappears. He stares down after it with regret.

CUT TO:

EXT. ICARUS 2/KIKI'S TOWNHOUSE - DUSK

A tiny BASIL PLANT grows out of a plastic bowl hidden next to the TOWNHOUSE. Kiki kneels down, plucks a leaf and then tucks the plant back into its hiding place.

INT. ICARUS 2/KIKI'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

PHIL and KIKI sit at the dinner table unrolling plastic sheeting off trays containing WRAPS of meat and VEGETABLES, beside plates of salad garnished with BASIL. PHIL examines his salad, pulling out a shriveled finger length brown thing.

PHIL  
Mmmm. Peppaisins.

KIKI  
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHIL pops it into his mouth, then forks a heaping bite of salad, chews for a moment, tries to discern a foreign taste in his mouth, then reluctantly swallows and drops his fork.

PHIL  
What is that?

KIKI  
What do you mean?

PHIL  
That thing. That taste, what is that?

His tongue brings a small green leafy piece up to the front of his mouth and then he plucks out with his fingers.

KIKI  
Um, basil? I think.

PHIL  
From where?

KIKI looks at him in stunned in silence.

CUT TO:

INT. ICARUS 2/KIKI'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

PHIL jams a clear plastic tube into his mouth, he flicks a wall switch into the OUT position. A violent sucking sound, he convulses and vomit begins flowing through the tube. KIKI rushes up to the bathroom door. She rubs his back and he jerks away. At her feet is the smashed coffee cup and the remains of her basil plant, thoroughly stamped flat and dead. PHIL kills the switch, removes the hose from his mouth and gasps.

PHIL  
How could you do that?!

KIKI  
What?

PHIL  
That plant is completely unregulated?! No Corporate Confederation of Seed Scientists certification, No Committee of Concerned Agribusiness Association Rating?

KIKI  
I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHIL removes his pants, applies a prophylactic to the top of the plastic tubing, inserts it into his ass. Flips the wall switch to the IN position. A rush of water surges through the tube.

PHIL  
Kiki, this isn't like you. For Jake's sake it's probably not even genetically engineered!? Do you have any idea where that seed's been? Did you know birds used to pick seeds out of other animals feces?

He squats over the toilet and yanks the tube out initiating a minor deluge, blinks with relief, wipes himself and flushes.

KIKI  
I know. I mean no.

PHIL  
Under a microscope you'd find that weed teeming with bacteria.

He moves to the sink, vigorously gargling mouthwash as he continues to berate her.

PHIL (cont'd)  
You know I have to submit a report.

KIKI  
You do?

PHIL  
You'd do it for me.

He wipes his mouth with a towel. Before killing the light switch, he looks down at the basil plant and his body shudders. He walks out leaving KIKI alone.

FADE OUT.

INT. MORPHEONE/RECEPTION - AFTERNOON

ANTON waits in a line of dirty and desperate people. A CLERK at a high counter with oily skin and a sweaty comb-over plops a digital folio of head shots in front of him.

CLERK  
Pecks? Abs, sixpack or short case?  
How about dick? You want a big  
dick? Cut, uncut? Wataya think?

ANTON  
I just want untraceable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTON leafs through the folio.

CLERK  
All our Morpheone link centers are  
untraceable. The mastodon, that's  
popular.

The CLERK makes a gesture to his forearm suggestively.

ANTON  
What? No.

CLERK  
Chicks dig it. Virtually, at  
least.

ANTON settles on a handsome BLACK MAN about his age in a suit  
beneath the picture it says: LIONEL.

CLERK (cont'd)  
You're the boss.

The CLERK punches LIONEL's ID number into a small black box,  
passes a MAGNETIC CARD to ANTON, then indicates a RUBBER HAND  
sticking out of the counter.

CLERK (cont'd)  
Shake the hand. You'll be in  
Launch Room 7.

INT. MORPHEONE LAUNCH 7 - SAME

ANTON slips inside and slides his card. Monitor 1 turns on.  
LIONEL, the well dressed black man in the suit he selected,  
pops up in a nondescript professional office suite. LIONEL'S  
actions mimic ANTON's. His hand on a touch screen, ANTON  
navigates an through a computer search: *KIPLING VACATION  
OPPORTUNITIES. CLICK. RESERVATIONS AND INFORMATION. CLICK.  
SALES ASSOCIATES. SCROLL. GAVIN, GERRINS, GINCER,  
GKDINGQUMAN. CLICK.*

INT. KIPLING/KIKI'S CUBICLE - SAME

BING. KIKI looks away from the IMR window to see DO YOU  
ACCEPT LINK? blinking across LIONEL's FACE on the surface of  
her DESK. She sits up straight, adjusts the camera and  
touches the screen. Several faces appear, she selects one:  
JANET, a pretty blonde woman in her 30's with a sensible  
blazer, silk scarf and heavy make-up, then clicks YES.

INT. MORPHEONE/LAUNCH ROOM 7 - SAME

ANTON looks at the monitor sees JANET, not KIKI. The scene INTERCUTS between KIKI in her CUBICLE and ANTON in LAUNCH ROOM 7. On each of their screens they see their avatars LIONEL and JANET having the conversation.

KIKI/JANET

Hello sir. How may I help you?

ANTON/LIONEL

I need to escape.

KIKI/JANET

Congratulations. Kipling offers more travel opportunities than any other travel reservation resource. Do you mind if I ask you a few *you* questions?

ANTON/LIONEL

Me? You?

KIKI/JANET

For instance, are you a sporty, a foodie, a shopoholic, a thrill junkie, a museum creeper, a history buff, a sex tourist, a ruin raider? We have a very exciting New World Discoverer package where you re-enact the discovery of America, either as Lief Erickson, Christopher Columbus or Amerigo Vespuici. Of course we can always *fly you to the moon and let you pla-*

ANTON/LIONEL

I like water.

KIKI/JANET

Me too. Have you ever been to Atlantis?

ANTON/LIONEL

I thought that was a myth.

KIKI/JANET

You'll believe it when you float along the main avia, sunlight filtering in from the ocean surface 600 feet above you, laying your head down for an afternoon nap in the cradle of a giant abalone shell, your every need attended to by our full service merman and maid staff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTON/LIONEL  
Mermaids? Wouldn't the water  
pressure crush your body cavity  
like a grape.

KIKI/JANET  
Of course not. Atlantis  
Industries' patented pressurized  
body suits protect-

ANTON/LIONEL  
Okay. Sold. I want to go next  
weekend.

KIKI/JANET  
Excuse me?

ANTON/LIONEL  
Is it hard to get there?

KIKI/JANET  
No, I mean maybe? Did I say  
something wrong? Aren't you  
enjoying our planning session?

ANTON/LIONEL  
No and yes. It all sounds too good  
to be true-

KIKI/JANET  
It is.

ANTON/LIONEL  
I can't wait to go.

KIKI/JANET  
Maybe you should.

ANTON/LIONEL  
Why?

KIKI/JANET  
Nine tenths if not ten tenths of  
the vacation enjoyment comes in the  
anticipation, the preliminaries.  
At Kipling our philosophy is that  
planning a vacation *is* the  
vacation. Reality can't compete  
with preconception.

ANTON/LIONEL  
Even if Atlantis is no tenths the  
place you say it is, I'd be a fool  
not to go right away. Can you book  
me a room for next weekend?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKI/JANET

No. I mean I've never tried.

ANTON/LIONEL

Never. Was it recently discovered?

KIKI/JANET

No. Not exactly. I mean we've been offering the vacation for a few years now, it's just that most of our clients just plan the trips.

ANTON/LIONEL

Surely some people follow through.

KIKI/JANET

Most people prefer virtual vacationing, it's safer, cleaner, more convenient and less expensive.

ANTON/LIONEL

So no one actually goes anywhere?

The ANTON/LIONEL stares at her intently. Beat, KIKI/JANET looks around, then leans in and whispers.

KIKI/JANET

I did have one customer who actually went on a vacation. He did. Cabo San Lucas. Apparently it's primarily mineral mining down there these days. The hotel was mostly for roughnecks that worked the mines. They used the swimming pool for dog fights. They beat him up and stole his camera. Unfortunately the actual hotels are our only real source of information and it's corporate policy not to challenge them. In fact they're encouraged to exaggerate the amenities.

ANTON/LIONEL

What about guide books?

KIKI/JANET

What?

ANTON/LIONEL

Guidebooks, travel guides where people who have been there write about their experiences.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKI/JANET

You mean virtual tours, yeah like I said-

ANTON/LIONEL

No. Books. With words and paper pages. They're the real thing. I would think it would be a must for some one in your field.

KIKI

That's interesting, but I'm sure they're all gone now.

ANTON/LIONEL

Not all.

KIKI leans in and whispers.

KIKI/JANET

What do you mean?

ANTON/LIONEL

There is a boarded-up building behind the New Terrain Information Center.

CO-WORKER #1 crosses behind her cubicle. KIKI snaps to attention.

KIKI/JANET

That's right Sir. Just give me five and your debit account will be automatically charged for the duration of this call.

ANTON/LIONEL

Huh?

A HAND appears on the screen in front of him.

KIKI/JANET

Give me five and let me know when an agent can call back and confirm your order.

ANTON tentatively places his PALM on the SCREEN.

ANTON/LIONEL

Wednesday 8pm.

KIKI/JANET

Thank you for choosing Kipling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The CONNECTION CUTS OFF and KIKI watches her CO-WORKER'S reflection in the dead screen walking away.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONDEMNED LIBRARY - NIGHT

Bolt cutters strain before clipping off a rusty old lock. ANTON checks the street, then frees the chain and draws the heavy door open. He pulls 2 flashlights out of a backpack, sets one of them beside the door and slips inside.

INT. CONDEMNED LIBRARY/ATRIUM - SAME

A flashlight beam searches the darkened room, the stale dusty floor traversed by rodent tracks, monolithic shelves, boarded up windows, a vandalized and half burned information kiosk covered with old PSA posters. ANTON grabs an ATLAS and a PENCIL off a shelf. He tears out a page, scribbles an arrow and sets it on the ground, then another and another.

CUT TO:

INT. CONDEMNED LIBRARY/TRAVEL SECTION - LATER

FOOT STEPS and a cone of flash LIGHT move across the trail of ATLAS pages, leading deeper into the library. The LIGHT strikes a body on the ground surrounded by books. The body rolls quickly and a dueling FLASHLIGHT shines back. Both KIKI and ANTON, caught in each other's FLASHLIGHTS, SCREAM, then recover.

ANTON  
Sorry. It's just me.

KIKI  
I know.

ANTON  
I mean it's *me*, Lionel.

KIKI  
I said I know.

ANTON  
How?

KIKI  
Nobody goes on real vacations.

ANTON  
Oh, are you mad?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She takes a long hard look at him, turns away, shining her flashlight across the books gathered on the blanket.

KIKI  
If Phil knew I was here-

ANTON  
But he doesn't-

KIKI  
If he did-

ANTON  
I want to kiss you.

KIKI  
I don't.

KIKI wanders around, looking the tall shelves of books over as if she was in a wax museum. She pulls a picture book of whales off the shelf, the pages fall open, full color photos of breaching humpbacks, amazement grows on her face.

KIKI (cont'd)  
How'd you find this place?

ANTON  
A friend.

KIKI  
I shouldn't have come.

ANTON  
BUT YOU DID!

His voice echoes throughout the building.

CUT TO:

INT. CONDEMNED LIBRARY/STACKS - LATER

From high overhead two dots of light move amongst the stacks. One of them stops, a book comes off the shelf. ANTON shouts.

ANTON  
*"Every body perseveres in its state  
of rest or of uniform motion in a  
right line, unless it is compelled  
to change that state by forces  
impressed thereon."*

KIKI  
(shouting back)  
354 to 370?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTON

Miss. Issac Newton. 531.

One of the flashlights moves along the row and stops.

KIKI

*"Change is my theme. You Gods,  
whose power has wrought. All  
transformations, aid the poet's  
thought. And Make my song's  
unbroken sequence flow. From  
earth's beginnings to the days we  
know."*

ANTON

470 to 489.

KIKI

Oooo, miss. Ovid. 873.

ANTON slumps down with a book in his hand and begins reading.

ANTON

*"That hole at the core or Laney's  
being, that underlying absence, he  
begins to suspect, is not so much  
an absence in the self as of the  
self. Something has happened to  
him since his descent into the  
cardboard city. He has started to  
see that previously he had, in some  
unthinkably literal way, no self.  
But what was there, he wonders,  
before?"*

KIKI listens, then aims her flashlight down at a laminated map of the library organized by the Dewey decimal system. She considers and starts walking as ANTON reads.

ANTON (cont'd)

*Sub-routines: maladaptive behaviors  
desperately conspiring to  
approximate a presence that would  
be, and never quite be, Laney. And  
he has never known this before,  
although he knows that he has  
always, somehow been aware of  
something having been desperately  
and utterly wrong.*

The words move through both of them; their faces, trance-cast, in the recognition of something at once sad and true.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTON (cont'd)  
*Something at once noun and verb.  
 While Laney, plunging, eyes wide  
 against the pressure of  
 information, knows himself to be  
 merely adjectival: a Laney-colored  
 smear, meaningless without context.*

KIKI stands at one of the stacks and removes several books, gingerly setting them on the ground. She reaches through to the opposite side and carefully removes two of the books from that side. Through the portal of books she watches him.

ANTON (cont'd)  
*We are all volunteers, he thinks.  
 And somewhere within Laney,  
 something else is shifting. There  
 is movement and potential for  
 greater movement still and he  
 wonders why he is no longer  
 afraid."*

ANTON finishes reading, then shouts.

ANTON (cont'd)  
 Okay, guess already!

KIKI  
 (whispering)  
 056.SF.4 GIB.

ANTON turns quickly to see the hole in the stacks, a flashlight clicks on, aimed at him. He sees only the light.

ANTON  
 Ahhh! Direct hit!

He waits a moment.

ANTON (cont'd)  
 Kiki?

KIKI  
 Yes.

KIKI whispers, ANTON spins around to find her standing behind him, inches from his face.

CUT TO:

INT. KIPLING/ELEVATOR - MORNING

Close on PHIL's eyes, sweat beading on his forehead. Two ICARUS attendants, MARUIS and SIGN, accompany him. He breathes heavy. The elevator can't move fast enough for him.

IN. KIPLING/BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

PHIL bursts out of the elevator, followed by MARIUS and SIGN. He moves quickly down the aisle, nothing, cubicles, nothing. MR. SABO passes and PHIL corners him.

PHIL  
My fiancée. Kiki, she's missing.  
I called, I've been calling, tried  
calling.

He looks past MR. SABO into the hive of cubicles.

MR. SABO  
She hasn't come in today. Who are-

MARIUS  
We're with Icarus-

PHIL  
I'm her fiancée! She's ICD! She  
could relapse! Do you have any  
idea what that means!

MR. SABO looks blankly from PHIL to MARIUS to SIGN, a single brain cell ricochets inside his skull. PHIL lunges at MR. SABO and shakes him violently.

PHIL (cont'd)  
What's wrong with you? Are you  
some kind of fucking moron?

MARIUS  
Phil! RUS!

MARIUS grabs PHIL and tries to restrain him.

CUT TO:

INT. CONDEMNED LIBRARY - MORNING

ANTON is asleep, alone. Morning light streams inside, riding on particles of illuminated dust. He stirs, looks around, slips out of the blanket and walks naked out into the stacks.

KIKI sits, naked except for the book, she cradles in her lap. As ANTON approaches, she turns to him, tears in her eyes.

ANTON  
Read it to me.

KIKI  
*"Man is born free; and everywhere  
he is in chains.*  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKI (cont'd)  
*One thinks himself the master of others, and still remains a greater slave than they. How did this change come about? I do not know."*

CUT TO:

INT. KIPLING/RAYMOND'S OFFICE - MORNING

PHIL sits slack jawed in the corner, a puddle of drool gathering in a crease below his shirt collar. A pair of plain-clothed officers interview AL and MARIUS.

OFFICER #1  
 What makes you think she relapsed?

MARIUS  
 We had an on site incident a few days ago. She probably should have been placed under full clock cycle impulse watch, but-

OFFICER #1  
 But?

MARIUS  
 Staffing shortages. Budgetary cutbacks. Poke your corporate customer service representative.

An 3rd OFFICER steps in with the CO-WORKER who interrupted KIKI during her call with ANTON/LIONEL.

CUT TO:

INT. ULTIMATE PAVILION/GASPAR'S APARTMENT - DAWN

Through a crack in the WORKSHOP DOOR we can see GASPAR(helped by someone that we cannot see) lift a large ENGINE DEVICE into an OLD SHOPPING CART. THUMP, THUMP. Someone BEATS on the FRONT DOOR to the APARTMENT. GASPAR looks up nervously. He walks tentatively across the room, shutting the WORKSHOP DOOR behind him. He CRACKS the front DOOR and GEORGE bulldozers his way inside.

GEORGE  
 Is my brother here?

GASPAR  
 He's-

ANTON emerges from the MAKE-SHIFT WORKSHOP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE  
For Jakes Sakes Anton!

ANTON  
Sorry George. I just-

GEORGE  
Your office called, you never went  
to work yesterday!

ANTON  
It's fine. I-

GEORGE  
No it's not fine, Anton! ALOM hits  
the market *any day!* And I WANT IT!  
Who's gonna buy me it when you get  
*FUCKING FIRED?!?*

GASPAR  
No need to yell. You're brother-

GEORGE  
Shut up old man! This is family  
business!

GASPAR  
I'm just say-

GEORGE  
I'll report you. Look at all this  
contraband shit.

ANTON  
Sorry George, I fell asleep on the  
couch-

GEORGE  
Shut up and get back to work!

GEORGE storms out and SLAMS the DOOR.

ANTON  
Sorry. He depends on me. I've let  
him down before.

GASPAR  
It's not to late to I-C.

ANTON  
It is.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACON ADVERTISING/ATRIUM - DAY

ANTON walks through the front door forcing a smile, he waves at the security guard, KEN.

ANTON  
Morning Ken.

KEN  
Missed you yesterday.

ANTON  
24 hour bug. Tip-top today.

As he passes, KEN depresses an intercom and whispers into it.

CUT TO:

INT. KIPLING/BULLPEN - DAY

KIKI runs at full speed down the line of cubicles, pursued by a mob of police, Kipling security, AL, SIGN and MALCOLM.

AL  
There's nowhere to run to Miss,  
Gkdu-

KIKI  
Kiki.

KIKI laughs, hops onto a desk and balances on the cubicle tops. She runs down the length of them, deftly escaping the outstretched arms of the security guard. SHE LOOKS DOWN. PHIL HOLDS the top of the cubicle, he gives the wall a sharp shake, throwing her off balance. SHE FALLS, BETRAYED.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACON ADVERTISING/CHADWICK'S OFFICE - DAY

ANTON braces himself behind the desk, gagging. He looks up, to see CHADWICK standing in the doorway accompanied by TWO POLICE OFFICERS. When he smiles, his TEETH GLOW RED.

CHADWICK  
You don't look so tip-top today  
after all bud.

CHADWICK tosses something on the desk. ANTON looks down to see the half busted CELLPHONE, covered in soot and rat piss, SCREEN flickering the message: **ANTON MARDEBK + KIKI GKDINGQUMAN 2GR82B4GO10.**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHADWICK (cont'd)  
 Guess the cure didn't take this  
 time either. I'm sorry to lose you  
 dude.

ANTON picks up the CELLPHONE and reads: *Man is born free; and  
 everywhere he is in chains*, branded on the back.

CUT TO:

INT. ICARUS 1/DR. BASHIR'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

KIKI sits, flanked by GREER and PHIL. Several of the ICARUS  
 staff and plain-clothes officers mill about. The door opens  
 and one of the OFFICERS emerges with SIGN.

SIGN  
 You two can relax. Your IRR will  
 not be adversely affected by the  
 events of the last 36 hours. Given  
 the magnitude of the incident we  
 cannot effectively expunge, only  
 suppress it. It will be recorded  
 in your file, but not published.

OFFICER  
 Mr. Mardebk's confession and  
 admission of guilt will be  
 published, but your identity will  
 be redacted from his account.

PHIL  
 What happens to Mr. Mardebk?

OFFICER  
 He is being dealt with accordingly.

PHIL  
 Good.

PHIL nods, vindicated. KIKI is quiet.

CUT TO:

INT. ICARUS 1/HALLWAY - NIGHT

MARIUS and another ATTENDANT push ANTON, bound to a wheel  
 chair with hand and ankle restraints, down the hall. DR.  
 BASHIR walks alongside.

DR. BASHIR  
 I won't say I'm not surprised.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTON

You mean you weren't surprised?

DR. BASHIR

No, I won't say I'm not surprised.  
You set such a striking example.  
You were like a son to me...

ANTON

What's going to happen now?

DR. BASHIR sets his hand on ANTON's shoulder and gives a nod.  
MARIUS jams something into ANTON's neck. Instantly ANTON's  
eyes lull up into his head and his body goes limp.

EXT. ICARUS 1/BACK GROUNDS - NIGHT

They wheel an unconscious ANTON across the back grounds and  
into the same BUNKER they took BABAR.

CUT TO:

INT. MIRACLE MATRIMONIALS - MORNING

BRIDE #1

I'm busy and who can actually  
afford a tropical island getaway  
wedding in Hawaii without a  
Miracle? I'll tell you. No one.  
Thanks Miracle!

A LINE of IMR BRIDES stand in front of PHIL and KIKI,  
offering testimonials.

BRIDE #2

Due to an odd set of circumstances,  
no one could come, but you made it  
really feel like all of our friends  
and family were actually right  
there with us! Thank you!!!

CLAP. The IMR BRIDES disappear. SHEILA, the wedding  
planner, appears behind KIKI and PHIL.

PHIL

Boy Sheila, this sounds really  
good.

SHEILA

It is Phil. There are so many  
details that go along with a  
wedding. Take flowers.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHEILA (cont'd)  
 You have the bridal bouquet, floral  
 headpiece, honor attendant bouquet,  
 boutonnieres, corsages, flower girl  
 bouquet, altar pieces, aisle and  
 pew decorations, foliage, cake top,  
 reception centerpieces, rehearsal  
 dinner centerpieces...

KIKI's eyes glaze over as SHEILA prattles on.

CUT TO:

INT. ICARUS 1/HOLDING CELL - DAY

ANTON's eyes, blood shot and wearied, stare into the darkened cell with the imposing stone walls of a dungeon, a spare cot, table and a seatless toilet. He lays in the middle of the room, painfully dragging himself to the toilet on his belly. His tranquilized muscles respond as if stuck in tar.

CUT TO:

INT. MIRACLE MATRIMONIALS - DAY

IMR LUSH GARDEN: A hyper perfect, Disney-esque garden. Birds chirp, deer nibble moss, bunnies sit in a meadow.

SHEILA  
 Welcome to Princess Fantasia.

PHIL nods, impressed. KIKI stares vacantly.

SHEILA (cont'd)  
 It's not for everyone.

CLAP. SHEILA claps her hand. The GARDEN IMR disappears like a slide removed from a cartridge. For a second they sit in an OPAQUE WHITE ACRYLIC GLASS ROOM until the next IMR loads.

IMR CLOUD: KIKI, PHIL and SHEILA literally stand in the clouds. SHEILA walks over to a dispersing edge and points down through the mist at a ATHENS circa 150 B.C.

SHEILA (cont'd)  
 We call this one Mount Olympus.

PHIL  
 Look at the little people. They  
 look like ants.

CUT TO:

INT. ICARUS 1/HOLDING CELL - DAY

ANTON has managed to drag himself to the toilet. He steadies himself, holding the bowl, staring inside. His arms begin to quake and give out. WHAM! His head slams into the toilet seat and falls on the cement floor. As blood spills from his mouth, ANTON laughs to himself. He looks up at the toilet as if it were the summit of Everest.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIRACLE MATRIMONIALS - DAY

IMR TROPICAL BEACH: Waves gently lap the shore. SHEILA beams, PHIL looks giddy.

PHIL  
Kiki likes the sea. Don't you,  
hun?

KIKI nods meekly.

CUT TO:

INT. ICARUS 1/HOLDING AREA HALLWAY - DAY

We hear the sounds of vomiting echo through the halls. MARIUS pushes BABAR down the hall. He looks at the door to ANTON's cell as he passes.

INT. ICARUS 1/HOLDING CELL - DAY

ANTON's face is lost in the toilet, his back, heaving breaths from the effort, a RED GLOW emanates from the bowl. He collapses. Tears stream down his face.

CUT TO:

INT. ICARUS 2/KIKI'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

A fountain of light spills out of a black box on the living room floor, projecting a 3D HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE into the room. KIKI and PHIL sit on the couch half watching a battle of scantily clad men and women, fighting in a free for all of sex and violence.

PHIL  
I'm not 110% sure we shouldn't have  
chosen the white chocolate cake?

KIKI does not respond.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHIL (cont'd)

This going to be nice. A good day for both of us, you'll see. We're just so suitable, don't you think?

KIKI

I don't love you Phil.

PHIL

Yeah? I know. That's okay. Me neither. I don't bet I even know what love is, or want to for that matter. I bet it never really existed, *really, really*. Okay, maybe in rare, rare cases, like those retards that are super smart in some useless way like being able to count how many hairs you've got on your head or what day of the week Valentine's Day is in 40 years. Honestly, when you think about it, the whole love thing is creepy, like the idea of a tree a thousand feet tall. What if one of them fell on you?

PHIL smiles and then laughs. KIKI watches as two 18 inch holographic gladiators chop each other to pieces above the coffee table.

PHIL (cont'd)

You hear that same kind of bunk about how there used to be fish in the ocean longer than 3 city blocks, millions of them. It's almost as dumb as Atlantis.

CUT TO:

EXT. ICARUS 1/BACK GROUNDS - DAWN

DR. BASHIR walks across the back grounds towards the BUNKER.

INT. ICARUS 1/BUNKER HALLWAY - SAME

Inside, DR. BASHIR approaches BABAR sitting in the hall in his chair, alone.

DR. BASHIR

Marius. Marius! Babar, where is your attendant?

BABAR has a zombified look on his face. DR. BASHIR shakes his head and moves towards the door to ANTON'S CELL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)  
Useless vegetable.

INT. ICARUS 1/HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

ANTON lays on CELL FLOOR, he holds something in his FIST, a RED GLOW emanates from between his clenched fingers

DR. BASHIR (O.C.)  
Good morning Anton. If you're awake I'd like to talk to you a bit about what happens next.

DR. BASHIR enters, ANTON rolls over and stares at his SOCK and SANDALED COVERED FEET, a quiet fury grows in his eyes.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)  
Good.

We move in on ANTON's face. He lunges for DR. BASHIR, BITING his FOOT HARD. DR. BASHIR thrashes around the cell, trying to shake ANTON, but he holds on, teeth digging into flesh.

DR. BASHIR (cont'd)  
Anton! IC! RUS! Owww! Stasis!

ANTON eyes sparkle with excitement, his mouth almost smiling.

CUT TO:

EXT. IMR BEACH FRONT HOTEL (MIRACLE MATRIMONIALS) - MORNING

SHEILA directs members of her staff in front of a quaint beach front hotel when GREER and KIKI arrive.

SHEILA  
Did we remember our checklist?  
Old, new, borrowed, blue and the  
lucky sixpence in her shoe?

KIKI is unresponsive. GREER steps in, on the verge of tears.

GREER  
I don't think we know what a  
sixpence is?

SHEILA  
I always come prepared. Make sure  
it sits in the arch otherwise it'll  
give you a blister.

SHEILA produces a shinny metal chip. On the street, PAULA, CORINNE and several members of the bridal party arrive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHEILA (cont'd)  
 Ooops, here comes the groom. Get  
 inside, ladies, before a pack of  
 nuns cross your path.

SHEILA ushers KIKI up the stairs as PHIL, his GROOMSMEN and  
 FAMILY arrive.

CUT TO:

INT. ICARUS 1/BUNKER HALLWAY - MORNING

DR. BASHIR slips out of ANTON'S CELL and composes himself.  
 Before closing the door, he looks inside at ANTON on the  
 floor, unconscious. BABAR still sits in the hall.

DR. BASHIR  
 Thank you Babar. We'll have to  
 arrange for your brother to visit  
 sometime soon.

BABAR smiles as DR. BASHIR disappears down the hall.

EXT. ICARUS 1/GROUNDS - SAME

DR. BASHIR crosses the grounds, slowly making his way towards  
 the parking lot. Several staff and patients wave. He nods  
 and then turns to look back at the building, smiles and  
 stumbles slightly on a crack in the pavement. He catches  
 himself and continues on.

CUT TO:

INT. IMR BRIDE'S CABANA (MIRACLE MATRIMONIALS) - DAY

Alone in a DRESSING ROOM, KIKI puts on a her wedding dress,  
 she stares out WINDOW at the SEA. She reaches out and puts  
 her palm on the window. Her hand flattens out on the surface  
 of the IMR screen. It's all FAKE, she begins to CRY.

INT. IMR GROOM'S CABANA (MIRACLE MATRIMONIALS) - DAY

PHIL flosses his teeth and adjusts his TUXEDO in a mirror.  
 He catches sight of JIMBO, a diminutive man in his thirties  
 standing in the doorway. PHIL turns anxiously to face him.

JIMBO  
 Phil, right? I'm Jimbo. Old  
 friend of Kiki's. Congratulations  
 Man! She's pretty fucking  
 fantastic, huh buddy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHIL

Hi.

JIMBO shakes his hand vigorously, as PHIL sizes him up.

JIMBO

Don't worry, I'm not going to be that guy.

PHIL

What guy?

JIMBO

You know, the one who stands up at the reception and makes an ass of himself toasting the newlyweds, going on and on about how hot the bride is, like it's painfully obvious to everyone that he's drunk and would rather be the groom not the groomsman.

PHIL

I was that guy once.

JIMBO

Really?

PHIL

Years ago, before my treatment. I caused quite a scene. Beatrice.

PHIL suddenly goes introspective. He turns away.

JIMBO

Are you crying?

PHIL

No.

JIMBO

It's just sounds like-

PHIL

Well I'm not!

JIMBO

Sorry Phil.

KNOCK. PHIL looks away from JIMBO to the DOOR. KNOCK.

EXT. IMR GROOM'S CABANA (MIRACLE MATRIMONIALS) - CONTINUOUS

PHIL'S GROOMSMEN, all MUFFIN MIKES, KNOCK on the DOOR. PHIL opens it and the BEST-MAN offers him a basket of MUFFIN TOPS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUFFIN MIKE/BEST-MAN  
Ready steady big buddy?

PHIL  
Everybody set?

MUFFIN MIKE/BEST-MAN  
Super set. We each made you a  
special muffin top. Good luck in  
your new life.

PHIL  
Thanks Mikes.

PHIL nods and accepts the basket. He waits for the GROOMSMEN to disappear down the BEACH, then turns back inside and hurls the basket at an IMR WINDOW. The basket bounces off and MUFFIN TOPS scatter across the CABANA FLOOR.

PHIL (cont'd)  
Fucking muffin tops.

CUT TO:

INT. ICARUS 1/HOLDING CELL - DAY

ANTON struggles to lift himself out of bed. He falls on the floor. He looks up, fire in his eyes, his mouth tries to call out, but can't.

CUT TO:

INT. IMR TROPICAL BEACH (MIRACLE MATRIMONIALS) - DAY

KIKI and GREER stand on the beach, looking out at the sea.

GREER  
Take my hand. If only your father  
could be here. There's our cue.

The processional music starts and GREER yanks KIKI forward, dragging her reluctantly TOWARDS the OCEAN. When they reach the water's edge, THEY KEEP WALKING INTO THE SEA.

INT. IMR OCEAN FLOOR (MIRACLE MATRIMONIALS) - CONTINUOUS

FEET walk along the OCEAN FLOOR, deeper and deeper, until we see KIKI and GREER walking hand and hand past rows of wedding guests in pews, all underwater. All around them a bubble-less blue void filled with marine life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKI walks slowly as if her reluctance is amplified by the effort of pushing through the imaginary water. PHIL waits at the ALTAR.

CUT TO:

INT. ICARUS 1/HOLDING CELL - DAY

ANTON struggles, he looks up to see MARIUS glance in from the hall. He tries to mouth the word *HELP*, but no sound comes out. MARIUS disappears. ANTON collapses, defeated.

CUT TO:

INT. IMR OCEAN FLOOR (MIRACLE MATRIMONIALS) - DAY

KIKI watches the JUDGE's lips read the vows without hearing what he says. They stop moving, he turns to PHIL and waits.

PHIL

I do.

Both PHIL and the JUDGE turn to KIKI expectantly.

JUDGE

Well Kiki. What say you?

PHIL

I love you.

PHIL clasps KIKI's hand firmly, confused she whispers.

KIKI

You do?

JUDGE

You do. Okay good. Whoa, tiger.

PHIL lunges at KIKI, pulling her into a KISS. The JUDGE wraps up quickly.

JUDGE (cont'd)

Then by the power vested in me, by the corporate sponsors Bridal Publications Unlimited and the Miracle Matrimonials Production staff, I pronounce you man and wife. You may kiss the bride.

KIKI finally breaks away from the long sloppy kiss and looks at PHIL, searching. He smiles and grabs KIKI, throwing her OVER HIS SHOULDER. He runs down the aisle towards the shore, passing astonished wedding guests as their bodies disappear above the water line and onto the beach.

EXT. IMR BEACH FRONT HOTEL (MIRACLE MATRIMONIALS) - SAME

The DOORS BURST OPEN and PHIL carries KIKI down the steps.

KIKI  
Oh, shit. What have I done?

KIKI bounces on his shoulder, as PHIL runs towards a CLASSIC MG CONVERTIBLE parked on the road, decorated cans and soap that says: JUST MARRIED. He tosses KIKI into the front seat.

CUT TO:

EXT. IMR STREET - SAME

GASPAR pushes an OLD SHOPPING CART purposefully down the sidewalk. He bobs to sound of music on his headphones.

GASPAR  
*Look what's happening out in the streets. Got a revolution, got to revolution.*

A CLASSIC MG CONVERTIBLE squeals around the corner.

CUT TO:

INT. MG CONVERTIBLE - DAY

PHIL swerves wildly all over the road, clearly not a driver. KIKI stares numbly as they pass a blur of shifting IMR fake landscapes and city-scapes. Tears fill her eyes.

KIKI  
I can't do this. I-

PHIL  
Hold on! I think I'm getting the hang of it.

KIKI  
Good-bye Phil.

KIKI pushes open the door of the moving car and throws herself out.

EXT. IMR MAIN STREET USA - SAME

KIKI tumbles across the pavement like a rag doll. The MG skids to a stop. KIKI lands at the feet of a strange old man with a shopping cart, smiling down at her, singing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GASPAR

*Hey I'm dancing down in the streets. Got a revolution, got to revolution.*

GASPAR does a little sideways kind of jig, then gives the shopping cart a SHOVE down a stairwell into the UNDERGROUND. As PHIL runs towards them, GASPAR holds up a trigger device.

GASPAR (cont'd)

*Ain't it amazing all the people I meet. Got a revolution, got to revolution.*

GASPAR plunges the trigger and NOTHING HAPPENS. KIKI looks over at PHIL who jogs to a stop. GASPAR starts laughing.

GASPAR (cont'd)

*One generation got old. One generation got soul. This generation got no destination to hold!*

CUT TO:

INT. ICARUS 1/HOLDING CELL - SAME

ANTON sits up and looks around as an ALARM rings outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH ABOVE THE CITY - SAME

A high angle of the city the whole patchwork of IMRs. The plain tops of the buildings then each side creating a MAZE like network of different IMRs. Suddenly the IMRs start to flicker OFF. They are replaced by giant blinking hard drive question marks. Each block, flashes out, moving like a wave leaving blinking question marks in its wake.

EXT. IMR MAINSTREET USA - SAME

GASPAR dances a wild jig in the street, screaming lyrics as all of the IMR projections SHUT DOWN.

GASPAR

*Pick up the cry! Hey now it's time for you and me. Got a revolution, got to revolution!*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKI spins in a circle as question marks begin to pop up all around her, she stops at PHIL. He smiles, then TURNS INTO A MAN SIZED QUESTION MARK. What the?

CUT TO:

INT. ICARUS 1/HOLDING CELL - DAY

MARIUS bursts into ANTON's CELL. On the ground where he used to be is a man sized flashing QUESTION MARK.

MARIUS

Anton?

The life sized punctuation squirms and kicks, making a muffled sound it spins across the cell. SNAP. The QUESTION MARK disappears, revealing DR. BASHIR bound and gagged on the floor. Behind him a large pill shaped glowing ball strung from a broken necklace cord rolls across the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. MIRACLE MATRIMONIALS - SAME

The perfect beach scene and the idyllic vistas have been replaced by a labyrinth like WAREHOUSE SPACE of BLINKING QUESTION MARKS. WHAM! A door slaps open with a KICK and PHIL rolls out, bound, gagged, still wearing his TUXEDO.

EXT. STREET - SAME

KIKI looks up as the MAN SIZED QUESTION MARK reaches up and yanks something off its NECK. SNAP. The QUESTION MARK CHANGES INTO ANTON. He stands looking down at KIKI holding a GLOWING RED ORB on a broken chain, then drops it.

ANTON

I love you.

KIKI

You do?

ANTON

I do. Do you?

KIKI

I do.

ANTON dives, tackling KIKI. They roll together across the road in a WILD IMPULSIVE MESSY DANCE OF PASSIONATE BEHAVIOR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GASPAR

*Come on now we're marching to the  
sea. Got a revolution! Got to  
revolution!*

ANTON pulls back and looks at KIKI. They are both HAPPY for the first time, ANTON's eyes twinkle with joy.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ICARUS 1/LABORATORY - DAY

Close on ANTON eyes as he sings quietly to himself. Moving back, we see him suspended off the ground by a vast web of wires and electrodes attached to his body. His open eyes stare out into nothing. EVERYTHING FROM THE MOMENT DR. BASHIR ENTERED HIS CELL HAS BEEN AN IMPULSE FLASH.

ANTON

*Who will take it from you? We  
will! And who are we? We are  
volunteers of America. Volunteers  
of America.*

Several yards away, BABAR dangles from a similar contraption.

INT. ICARUS 1/OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME

DR. BASHIR holds his OVERSIZED MUG of TEA watching ANTON and BABAR from the observation booth, his eyes wet with tears.

GASPAR (O.C.)

Are you crying?

DR. BASHIR turns to see GASPAR standing behind him.

DR. BASHIR

Sorry. I guess I am. I hate to watch a bird fall from the nest.

GASPAR

You don't have to push them.

DR. BASHIR

I appreciate your help. I know it's not easy, but how else can we know if they can fly? You did. Again. Congratulations, Mr. Sempiternalarian.

DR. BASHIR extends his hand. GASPAR shakes it, too long. A wild look glazing across his face. DR. BASHIR struggles, yanking his hand free. GASPAR locks the DOOR behind him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GASPAR  
I bet Diedre would find this funny.

DR. BASHIR  
What?

GASPAR  
This. Here.

GASPAR produces an APPLE from his coat tries to put it on DR. BASHIR's HEAD. DR. BASHIR takes the APPLE from him and looks at him CURIOUSLY. GASPAR pulls out an OLD REVOLVER.

DR. BASHIR  
Gaspar. IC-

BANG. GASPAR shoots the APPLE out of DR. BASHIR's hand.

GASPAR  
That's going to make it harder to hit.

GASPAR impatiently waves the REVOLVER from the APPLE bits on the floor to the top of DR. BASHIR's HEAD.

DR. BASHIR  
This is not-

GASPAR cocks the GUN takes AIM. DR. BASHIR falls to his knees, gathering APPLE bits in his hand, trying to make them stick to his head. GASPAR smiles, mumbling quietly.

GASPAR  
*Who will take it from you? We will. And who are we? We are volunteers of America.*

DR. BASHIR stands up, trembling as sloppy APPLE chunks fall off his head. GASPAR takes AIM, steady.

*GASPAR (cont'd)*  
*Volunteers of America.*

BANG.

CUT TO:

EXT. MASSIVE GARBAGE DUMP/BEACH - DAY

CRACK. KIKI CLIMBS, sweat dripping from her face, feet crunching over broken plastic containers, discarded bits of metal and glass, the detritus of a disposable civilization. She reaches the top of a HUGE GARBAGE MOUND and looks back at the endless expanse of trash extending behind her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In front of her, the huge mound spills down onto the UGLIEST BEACH ever, spilling into the OCEAN. KIKI catches her breath, her sadness broken by a faint smile. Slowly she begins spinning, hands out stretched like Julie Andrews on the mountain top from *The Sound of Music*, faster and faster. The steady building guitars of *Volunteers* by JEFFERSON AIRPLANE start to play as KIKI jumps, stumbling, rolling, flipping, laughing, crazy romp down the hill of JUNK heading towards the SEA.

THE END.