

HOVERCAR 3D

Screenplay by
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Based on the novel HOVER CAR RACER by
Matthew Reilly

OVER BLACK:

JAY (V.O.)
I remember my 8th-grade history
teacher told me, "Every revolution
was first a thought inside one
man's head."

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

A sleep-deprived RICHARD BECKER welds an electromagnetic coil
inside a METALLIC DISC the size of a bicycle tire.

JAY (V.O.)
If that's so, then our generation's
revolution started in this
particular man's head--

Becker finishes and--*as soon as he does*--the disc emits a
MASSIVE PULSE WAVE with enough force to send him flying back
from his chair and SLAMMING VIOLENTLY into the wall.

JAY (V.O.)
--*right* before it was nearly ripped
from his body.

Becker blinks back into consciousness, looking forward to see
the DISC is FLOATING IN MIDAIR, *unassisted*. Light
surrounding the disc is REFRACTED BY AN OTHERWISE INVISIBLE
WAVE emitted from it.

Becker walks toward the disc, the look on his face can only
be described as religious transcendence.

JAY (V.O.)
Dr. Richard Becker built the first
self-generating renewable
superconducting magnetic repulsion
system. Fancy way of saying:
*powerful magnet, no batteries
required*. He called it a
"LevDisc".

INT. TESTING FACILITY

Becker and dozens of SCIENTISTS watch a *small* remote-operated
FLOATING VEHICLE outfitted with FOUR LEVDISCS.

JAY (V.O.)
The *LevDisc* floated by repelling
the Earth's naturally occurring
magnetic fields. More you cranked
up the power--

A FLICK OF A SWITCH and it LIFTS 20 FEET INTO THE AIR.

JAY (V.O.)
 --higher you went. Put them at an
 angle--

Becker TURNS A KNOB on his control--

EXT. UNDERSIDE OF FLOATING VEHICLE

We SEE the underside of the floating vehicle, where all four discs are perfectly parallel with the ground. Then--

--TWO DISCS ADJUST 10 DEGREES and the floating vehicle moves horizontally across the testing facility ground.

JAY (V.O.)
 --you've got thrust--*and plenty of
 it.*

INT. DRY LAKE TRACK, EDWARDS AIR FORCE BASE

The floating vehicle has now evolved into something that resembles a SMALL JET with a TEST PILOT inside.

The Test Pilot gives a THUMB'S UP and--*BOOM!!*--takes off like a BULLET over the arid soil.

JAY (V.O.)
 It was the greatest technological
 breakthrough of the 21st Century.
 Monetizing his invention would have
 made Becker the richest man on
 Earth. But he had other plans.

EXT. SLUMS OF MUMBAI - DAY

U.N. SECRETARY GENERAL at his side, Becker stands a podium, addressing a HUGE POVERTY-STRICKEN CROWD.

BECKER
 --from emission-free transportation
 to power turbines that generate
 electricity using magnetic fields
 like windmills use air currents,
 the LevDisc can and *will* change our
 world for the better. It is for
that reason, I have decided to give
 this technology to the world for
free.

We GO TIGHT ON: an impoverished 6-YEAR-OLD GIRL, clutching a rag doll as the crowd around her ERUPTS IN CHEERS. It's an image of HOPE.

JAY (V.O.)
Things changed quickly after that.

INT. NYSE

TRADERS lose their minds on the exchange floor.

JAY (V.O.)
Our petroleum-based economy took a
dump.

EXT. HAMPTONS

Seaside mansions sit idly with "FOR SALE" and "PRICE REDUCED"
signs in their driveways.

JAY (V.O.)
People who'd made a fortune off the
labors of others suddenly found
themselves up a creek, *sans paddle*.

INT. WAREHOUSE

YOUNG ENTREPRENEURS retrofit LevDiscs on a traditional
automobile.

JAY (V.O.)
Soon, thousands of new companies
emerged to compete on the LevDisc
market. They drove the cost down,
making the LevDisc affordable to
all, rich or poor.

EXT. LOS ANGELES

DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES is consumed by a thick brown-hued SMOG.
Skyscrapers are BARELY VISIBLE through it.

JAY (V.O.)
As inexpensive vehicles outfitted
with LevDiscs replaced the gas
guzzlers--

CROSSFADE TO:

DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NOW

Smog has COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED as our view stretches all the
way TO the PACIFIC OCEAN. Hundreds of zero-emission
HOVERCARS zoom past in MULTITIERED LANES over the previously
congested streets.

JAY (V.O.)
 --skies got cleaner. People's
 health improved dramatically and--

EXT. PARIS - DAY

We TRACK ALONGSIDE a LEVDISC TOUR BUS, side adorned in HINDI CHARACTERS, as it approaches the EIFFEL TOWER.

JAY (V.O.)
 --our world got smaller. The
 internet allowed people to be
 anywhere, connect with anyone,
virtually. But the LevDisc allowed
 you to do it literally.

We PUSH IN ON a window of the bus and see our LITTLE GIRL from the Mumbai Slums. She smiles brightly as the reflection of the Eiffel Tower moves over her. She lifts her rag doll to see it.

EXT. NAIROBI, KENYA - DUSK

CHILDREN CELEBRATE as a LEVDISC TURBINE provides power for the shantytowns of Nairobi. LIGHTS SHINE inside the HUMBLE, IMPROVISED TIN SHACKS. Real change is happening.

JAY (V.O.)
 Some credit the LevDisc with
 bringing about world peace,
 balancing the scales of power, and
 liberating people who spent the
 last 2,000 years in servitude.
 But, *personally*--

CUT TO:

BLACK

JAY (V.O.)
 --I just like that they go fast.

We HEAR the THUMPING BASS DRUM and DIRTY GUITAR LICKS of "Black Betty" by Ram Jam.

EXT. FILBERT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO - DAWN

We're STARING DOWN one of the steepest streets in the western hemisphere. The fog-shrouded GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE and SAN FRANCISCO BAY BELOW US. But we barely have time to take in the lovely view before--

ZOOM-ZOOM-ZOOM-ZOOM-ZOOM-ZOOM-ZOOM-ZOOM---

Approaching speeds of 400 MPH, **STREET-RACING HOVERCARS** (*aka "HCars"*) nearly suck us up in their wake as they ROAR overhead, pulling our TITLE UP:

HOVERCAR

EXT. STREET

The HCars tilt at 45-degree angles to carve 'round a corner and head DOWNTOWN.

SKYSCRAPER CANYONS begin to rise around our pack of street racers as they deftly weave in and out, over and under the MULTITIERED TRAFFIC LANES of the city.

Our speeding HCars resemble *not-so-distant* cousins of STREET RACERS. Bright vibrant colors and heavy consumer modifications. We FLOAT BELOW them and GET A LOOK at what's underneath:

SIX LEVDISCS ON MOTORIZED HINGES. Two angled discs at the rear provide THRUST. Two discs in the center, parallel with the ground, provide LIFT, and two discs at the front of the car pivot left and right to NAVIGATE.

We THRUST AHEAD TO CATCH OUR LEADER: A CLASSIC MUSCLE CAR RETROFITTED WITH LEVDISCS. "*BLACK BETTY*" is written in cursive gold lettering on her door. *She's a fast machine worthy of McQueen.*

We PUSH THROUGH Betty's WINDSHIELD and INTO--

INT. BETTY

--what more closely echoes the cockpit of a fighter jet than the interior of a car. "*Black Betty*" blasts on the stereo.

Behind the wheel is:

JASON "JAY" COSTIGAN (28) Scruffy faced, buzz-clipped hair, boyishly handsome. Through his amber aviator glasses, we can SEE his eyes are laser focused.

We FLIP TO Jay's POV:

RED LIGHTS at the precipice of a BUSY EIGHT-WAY INTERSECTION. FOUR TIERS of HCAR TRAFFIC loom ahead.

JAY

Crap.

INT. ROURKE'S HCAR

Inside the second place HCar, a heavily tattooed and scarred racer, ROURKE, looks at Jay hurtling toward the intersection.

ROURKE
You can't be *that* stupid.

INT. BETTY

Jay stares at the CONGESTED INTERSECTION approaching, his right hand SHAKING on his SHIFT STICK. HE TAKES A DEEP BREATH, then *FROM JAY'S POV*:

TIME SLOWS TO 1/16 SPEED: We quickly CIRCLE the PERIMETER ("MATRIX VISION") of the INTERSECTION:

STOP LIGHTS, MOVING HCARS, PEDESTRIANS on the SIDEWALK, a LEVITATING SEMI trying to make the LIGHT. Distances are gauged, speeds estimated and calculations made in 1/100th of a second. JAY FINDS ORDER IN THIS MADNESS.

Jay EXHALES and we're back to REAL TIME. A beat, then--

Jay UPSHIFTS and SLAMS the ACCELERATOR to the FLOOR.

EXT. BETTY

WHOOOOOOOMMMMM!!! Betty ROARS as it double-times toward the intersection.

INT. ROURKE'S HCAR

Rourke watches Betty blast full speed into this TOTAL CLUSTERF%CK.

ROURKE
Crazy mother--

INT. BETTY

HCARS BRAKE and HORNS SOUND as Jay navigates the intersection, corkscrewing, flipping and MISSING COLLISION *after* COLLISION BY MERE INCHES.

EXT. REMAINING PACK OF RACERS

Rourke and the other STREET RACERS opt to PULL UP AND OVER the intersection, which costs them any chance of catching Jay.

INT. BETTY

Jay spots a LEVITATING SEMI TRUCK headed STRAIGHT FOR HIM.
Jay *ACCELERATES* and--

WHOOSH! Misses being hit by inches. He clears the intersection. Jay turns around: *no other racer in sight.*

Jay looks forward at a clear path to the THICK RED BEAM OF LIGHT ahead. He's all smiles as he THROTTLES the car forward and blasts through. VICTORY!

Jay SIGHS relief. That was close... *even for him.*

EXT. STREET ALLEY

The dreadlocked DAMIEN approaches on foot, carrying a LARGE DUFFLE BAG. Next to him is LOPEZ, a young streetracer who just got smoked by Jay.

DAMIEN

You out your damn mind, Jay?

WHIP PAN TO:

JAY, exiting a parked Betty.

JAY

The word you're looking for is
"gifted".

DAMIEN

You sure there's enough room for
you *and* your ego in that car?

JAY

It *is* getting a bit snug now that
you mention it.

Lopez looks at Jay curiously. Then--

LOPEZ

Hey, *I know you.* Aren't you that--?

JAY

Nope.

Damien GRINS as he tosses Jay the duffle bag. Jay UNZIPS it and eyes the THICK ROLLS OF CASH inside.

DAMIEN

Your winnings.

JAY
Good morning, Mr. Presidents.

Jay grabs a roll and tosses it to a *surprised* Damien.

DAMIEN
*What's this--*I already took my cut.

JAY
I'm feeling generous today.

ROURKE (O.S.)
You give that money away like it
was yours.

Jay turns to see ROURKE APPROACHING. Rourke SNATCHES the
roll out of Damien's hand.

JAY
I guess I'm just old-fashioned.
Isn't it tradition to give the
money to the guy who just *kicked*
your ass?

Rourke grabs hold of one of the duffle straps.

ROURKE
I'm collecting this month's payment
to Telgano.

Jay's face sinks. Rourke pulls the duffle close, dragging
Jay with it.

JAY
Thanks, but I prefer to deliver it
personally.

CLICK-CLICK. Jay looks down to see that Rourke has a PISTOL
buried into his ribs. A tense beat, then--

JAY (CONT'D)
How do I know you won't just keep
it?

ROURKE
You don't. But you also don't have
a choice.

Jay reluctantly RELEASES the duffle.

Rourke smiles, showcasing his GOLD CHECKERBOARDED TEETH.

DAMIEN (O.S.)
DEE-OH-TEE!!

SIX DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION (**DOT**) HCARS surround them from above. GATLING GUNS are mounted on TURRETS to their undersides and are pointed directly at Jay and company.

DOT AGENT (V.O.)
(over loudspeaker)
Get down on the ground.

JAY
Crap.

EXT. RAPID TRANSIT MAGLEV RAIL STATION - MORNING

THOUSANDS OF COMMUTERS pour into the glimmering steel-and-glass structure that houses the city's high-speed "MagLev" commuter trains. Among them:

INT. RAPID TRANSIT MAGLEV RAIL STATION - CONTINUOUS

DR. ANNA WHITE, who waits on a concrete platform as the approaching train slows to a stop.

INT. MAGLEV TRAIN

ANNA TURNS SOME HEADS as she boards. Dressed in a form-fitting Prada blouse and heels that could kill, Anna offsets her otherwise stunning features with tightly ponytailed hair and chunky glasses.

As she takes hold of an overhead bar, we notice A THIN BAND OF PALE WHITE SKIN on her finger where--until recently--A RING USED TO BE.

HYPER-THIN LCD SCREENS cover every inch of the MagLev's futuristic interior. Currently they show the NEWS.

STAFFORD (V.O.)
With the passing of the "Safer Skies" bill and putting "NexGen SmartDiscs" under every HCar in America, the chances of collision or a LevDisc failure will be reduced to nearly zero percent.

The mention of "NexGen SmartDiscs" pricks up Anna's ears and she turns her attention to the LCD screens.

TIGHT ON SCREEN

REPRESENTATIVE PATRICK STAFFORD, late 50s, speaks passionately at a CONGRESSIONAL HEARING.

STAFFORD (V.O.)
 Built-in restrictors will put an
 end to the plague of street racers
 driving at deadly high speeds
 through our cities.

Stafford is APPLAUDED by his fellow CONGRESSIONAL
 REPRESENTATIVES.

MCCALE (V.O.)
Mr. Chairman--

Stafford's face sours as the television camera cuts to:

A young Congresswoman, REPRESENTATIVE KATHERINE McCALÉ.

MCCALE (V.O.)
 What about the free open-patent
 LevDiscs?

STAFFORD (V.O.)
 They'll be phased out in favor of
 this safer, better product.

MCCALE (V.O.)
 A product for which Lyndon
Technologies holds the patent and
 is the sole manufacturer. *Which*
means--
 (beat)
 --They can charge as much as they
 want for the modified design.

STAFFORD (V.O.)
 So you're saying we should put a
 price on our citizens' safety?

Anna watches their exchange with great interest.

MCCALE (V.O.)
 Our society was built on this
 technology being free. Change *that*
 one thing and we could throw
 everything out of balance.

STAFFORD (V.O.)
Congresswoman McCale, we had over
10,000 fatal midair collisions this
past year. All of which could have
been prevented with the NexGen
SmartDisc technology.

(MORE)

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

Now I appreciate what you're saying, but--I believe our society was built on the idea that we should care for and protect our neighbors. And I can see no better way of doing it than with this legislation.

The room erupts with APPLAUSE and we hold on a defeated McCale before--THE SCREEN CUTS TO: A REPORTER standing outside the Capitol.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Heated remarks during a meeting of the Transportation Oversight Committee. With 58% of Congress polling in favor of the Safer Skies Bill, it appears a virtual lock to pass into law when put to a vote four days from now.

INT. LYNDON TECHNOLOGIES LOBBY, SILICON VALLEY - DAY

Anna's heels CLICK loudly against the polished marble inside the five-story lobby of this HI-TECH R&D FACILITY.

Anna passes TWO LUXURY-CONCEPT HOVERCARS on display, floating over offset pedestals. We NOTICE signs that tout both HCars are outfitted with--

LYNDON NEXGEN SMARTDISCS, the subject of the Congressional debate.

Anna continues toward the SECURITY GATE. After sliding her LYNDON TECH SECURITY CARD, Anna pulls EARRINGS from her ears and places them on a TRAY as it goes through the X-RAY.

An ARMED SECURITY GUARD watches her enter a BODY SCANNER.

The scanner rotates around her. PING! ALL CLEAR.

SECURITY GUARD

You're good to go, Dr. White.

Anna retrieves her things.

ANNA

Thank you.

INT. ANNA'S LABORATORY, LYNDON TECHNOLOGIES

Anna enters her lab, teeming with LEVDISCS and PROCESSOR TOWERS the size of skyscrapers.

An eager young LAB ASSISTANT, waits for her.

ANNA

I want to meet with doctors Roth,
Davis and Chen immediately.

LAB ASSISTANT

None of them are in yet.

ANNA

Then get them in.

The Assistant leaves and Anna takes a DEEP BREATH to collect herself. SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT.

INT. DOT HCAR, HOVERING OVER JAY AND STREET RACERS

In the passenger seat, a uniformed DOT AGENT mans a TERMINAL that shows the THERMAL READINGS of the surrendering RACERS below. His fingers move quickly over keyboard and then--

JAY'S MUG SHOT flashes across the screen.

DOT AGENT

One of them's implanted with a
probation chip. Busted for street
racing in L.A. back in '37.
(turning to the driver)
It says he's a runner.

BRANT (O.S.)

He *is*.

We PAN LEFT TO SEE the driver, BRANT, a plainclothes DOT SPECIAL AGENT. The man in charge. 30s, square-jawed, fit and showing a particular interest in JAY, who--

EXT. ALLEY

--likewise has LOCKED EYES with Brant. Jay offers a WRY GRIN before--

--HE MAKES A BREAK FOR BETTY.

DOT AGENT (V.O.)

Stop or we *will* open fire!

INT. BETTY

Jay DIVES in and starts the engine.

JAY

No you won't.

EXT. BETTY

Betty FISHTAILS as it speeds out of the alley.

INT. DOT HCAR

BRANT

Son of a--

Brant shifts and THROTTLES his HCar after Jay.

EXT. STREET

Betty explodes out of the alley and tears ass down the street, but--

--Brant's DOT HCar isn't far behind.

INT. BETTY

Jay checks his rearview mirror--SEES Brant is GAINING. Jay rips on the wheel and turns 180 degrees, now facing Brant's DOT HCar. Jay shifts and throttles straight at--

INT. DOT HCAR

--Brant and the DOT Agent, who duck as Betty--

DOT AGENT

Holy--

EXT. BETTY

--SAILS OVER THE DOT and speeds toward THE PRESIDIO.

INT. DOT HCAR

The DOT Agent cranes his neck to see Betty disappearing over the horizon.

DOT AGENT

This guy's nuts.

The DOT Agent has to bite his tongue to keep from saying the same thing about his boss as--

--Brant shifts the HCar into REVERSE, SPINS, and THROTTLES AFTER JAY.

EXT. ROUTE 101

Jay cruises west over the MULTITIERED LANES of HCars merging to cross the GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE towering in the distance.

INT. DOT HCAR

Brant isn't far behind and is every bit as focused.

DOT AGENT (INTO RADIO)
Suspect is heading north on 101.

DISPATCH (OVER RADIO)
We have cars moving south to
intercept.

INT. BETTY

Jay's clear path over the Golden Gate Bridge is suddenly
BLOCKED when a DOZEN DOT HCARS appear on the opposite side.
Jay downshifts and slows to a STOP.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - AERIAL VIEW

Betty idles in the middle of the bridge with 12 DOT HCARS in
front of him and Brant to the rear. He's TRAPPED.

INT. DOT HCAR

DOT AGENT
We got him.

BRANT
Not yet.

DOT AGENT
Where's he gonna go? His discs are
too small to stabilize over water.
(into his loudspeaker)
Put the car down and--

INT. BETTY

DOT AGENT (V.O.)
--come out with your hands up.

Jay doubletaps his dash and a TOUCH-SCREEN FLIPS UP, showing
diagnostics of the six LevDiscs under the car. Jay
highlights three discs on the *left* side and CRANKS THEM TO
100% STRENGTH. He SHUTS DOWN all the discs on the *right*.

DOT AGENT (V.O.)
(pissed)
Get out of the damn car!!

Jay puts his hand on the stick, SHIFTS INTO GEAR and gives
Betty EVERYTHING SHE'S GOT. BRRRRRR--

EXT. BETTY

A SONIC BOOM on Betty's underside. The unbalanced power overload on the left side causes it to *FLIP*, SPINNING TWO FULL ROTATIONS--

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

--OVER the side of the Bridge.

INT. BETTY

Still SPINNING inside the car, Jay reaches for the diagnostic and redistributes the lift on all six discs.

EXT. BETTY

Betty slows its spin and "lands," floating about six feet over the surface of the water.

INT. DOT HCAR

The DOT Agent's JAW DROPS, in total awe of what just happened.

INT. BETTY

Jay SIGHS momentary relief before--

*THWAP--THWAP--THWAP--*BLASTS FROM THE GATLINGS RAIN DOWN FROM ABOVE, SPLOSHING into the water around him.

JAY

Damnit!!

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

The DOT HCars are poised on the edge of the bridge and their SPINNING GATLING GUNS unload on Jay's car below.

INT. DOT HCAR

Brant SCREAMS into his radio.

BRANT

Hold your fire! Hold your fire!!

EXT. BETTY

Jay careful throttles forward as Betty BUCKS over the WAVES of the open water.

JAY

Come on, come on, come on.

EXT. BETTY

Betty handles POORLY without a constantly level surface beneath it. It JERKS up and down and SKIDS side to side like bare tires on ice. All the while, the DOT's GUNS continue to pelt him.

INT. BETTY

Jay gets tossed around, holding on for dear life--

JAY
Never doing this again.

--until he finally HITS--

EXT. SHORES OF FORT POINT

--LAND and is able to RESTABILIZE. Betty regains control and quickly disappears into the city.

INT. DOT HCAR

Brant POUNDS his steering wheel, helpless to follow.

EXT. ALLEY - MINUTES LATER

Damien, Rourke and the other street racers are loaded into a PADDY WAGON as Brant looks on.

A DOT Agent walks up and hands Brant the DUFFLE BAG filled with Jay's would-be winnings.

DOT AGENT
Feast your eyes. Over a quarter million.

Rourke--*the last to be loaded into the paddy wagon*--sees Brant eyeing the money. He shouts:

ROURKE
Got away, *didn't he?*

Brant looks up at Rourke with disdain.

ROURKE (CONT'D)
I can give him to you. I know where he lives.

Rourke has Brant's attention.

ROURKE (CONT'D)
Feel like making a deal?

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK, HUNTER'S POINT - DAY

An ABANDONED FACTORY sits unoccupied by the shore of the Bay.
Not a soul in sight.

We HEAR the characteristic BASSY HUM of an HCar as--

--BETTY COMES INTO VIEW. Jay exits and PULLS BACK a sheet
metal PANEL on the factory wall to expose--

--A HIDDEN ENTRANCE. Jay gets back into Betty and enters
through the opening.

INT. JAY'S LOFT, FACTORY

Humble living space/garage. Scattered tools, LevDiscs,
mattress and a microwave. Betty pulls in and parks.

Jay inspects Betty, spotting BULLET HOLES in her body.

JAY

Ain't that a peach.

A WHIMPER. Jay looks down to see a Great Dane, EASTWOOD,
nudging his nose under Jay's hand. Jay can't help but smile.
He kneels to rub under Eastwood's chin.

JAY (CONT'D)

Buddy, we need a race...and fast.

Eastwood cocks his head inquisitively.

INT. ANNA'S LABORATORY - DAY

Anna sits at her computer, lost in a thought.

LAB ASSISTANT (O.S.)

Dr. White?

Anna breaks from her trance.

ANNA

Are they here yet?

The Lab Assistant stands in her doorway. His face is PALE
AND SULLEN. Anna RISES, knowing SOMETHING IS WRONG.

ANNA (CONT'D)

What is it?

LAB ASSISTANT

There's been an accident.

INT. JAY'S LOFT - DAY

Covered head to toe in grease, Jay repairs Betty as The Clash's "Police On My Back" BLASTS in the background. Eastwood is half asleep on his bean bag.

BRANT (O.S.)

Nice digs.

Jay's so startled, he SLAMS HIS HEAD on Betty's hood.

A HAND turns down the volume on Jay's stereo--BRANT'S.

JAY

(to Eastwood)

Outstanding guard dogging.

Brant inspects Betty.

BRANT

Driving my old car?

JAY

It hasn't been yours in a long time.

(then)

There an army of DOT Agents outside waiting for me?

BRANT

I came alone.

JAY

You know what you cost me today? Do you have any idea how much I needed that money? I have debts to pay.

BRANT

You said it.

That dig sets Jay off.

JAY

Ten years and I was finally going to be free and clear of Telgano. But now, *thanks to you--*

BRANT

This is *my* fault?

JAY

Hell yeah it's your fault.

BRANT

Oh, that's--*that's*--you continue to screw up your life and it's *my* fault--

JAY

You just signed my death warrant!
If I don't pay Telgano by day's
end, he's gonna kill me.

Jay KICKS a LevDisc across the room. It CLANGS against the concrete wall.

JAY (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing on street watch *anyway*? I thought you were some big-shot Special Agent. Why are you bothering with me?

BRANT

Because you're my little brother!
And despite your best attempts to make me not, I continue give a damn about you.

JAY

Ahhh--that's so sweet.

It's all Brant can do to keep from clocking Jay.

BRANT

You could have done anything, Jay--

JAY

I'm happy with my choices.

BRANT

(surveying the room)
Yeah. *You're happy*. Jay, you need out one way or another. I'll take you kicking and screaming if I have to.

JAY

Good luck.

BRANT

I *let* you go today--

Jay starts LAUGHING as Brant continues.

BRANT (CONT'D)

--but next time I won't.

JAY
You can't catch me.

BRANT
We'll find out.

Brant's mobile RINGS. He doesn't move. IT RINGS AGAIN.

JAY
Go ahead and answer, *we're done*.

Brant shakes his head, disappointed as places an EARPIECE MOBILE DEVICE over his lobe and heads to the door.

Jay watches Brant exit, then moves to the stereo and CRANKS THE VOLUME even LOUDER than before.

EXT. FACTORY

We hear a FRANTIC WOMAN'S VOICE.

WOMAN (V.O.)
All the others--everyone else
involved with the study. *They're
all dead.*

Brant is very concerned, but remains calm.

BRANT
Find a way. Leave. Right now.

WOMAN'S VOICE
And what?

BRANT
Come in. I can protect you.

INT. ANNA'S LABORATORY - SIMULTANEOUS

Anna is huddled in the corner, also wearing an earpiece.

BRANT (V.O.)
I promise. You'll be safe.

We HOLD ON Anna's contemplative face as we:

CUT TO:

INT. LYNDON TECHNOLOGIES LOBBY - LATER

Anna nervously approaches the lobby. It seems EVERY EYEBALL in the building is on HER.

Anna locks eyes with the Guard as she tries to pass.

SECURITY GUARD

Dr. White--

He reaches to stop her, but she shakes him as--

*BEE-EEE-EEE-EEEP--*THE ALARM SOUNDS.

SECURITY GUARD #2 steps in front of Anna, BLOCKING HER PATH. Anna is terrified, shaking her head in fear. She feels a HAND ON HER SHOULDER and SPINS.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Dr. White.

Anna's heart almost is leaping out of her chest as Guard #1's hand raises and points at Anna's ear.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Earrings.

Anna is too startled to understand.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

You forgot your earrings.

Anna GULPS. She pulls off her earrings and hands them to the Guard, who NODS and WAVES HER THROUGH THE BODY SCANNER. Anna wipes sweat from her brow as she steps into the scanner. After what feels like an eternity--

PING! The scanner reads ALL CLEAR. A beat.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

You're good to go, Dr. White.

Anna collects her things and briskly walks away. The Guard watches her suspiciously as she EXITS.

INT. DEPT. OF TRANSPORTATION, BAY AREA OFFICE - NIGHT

Anna sits at a table across from Brant, who hands her a glass of water. She nods a "thank you".

BRANT

I want you to know that you have options here. You can dictate what you know onto a signed affidavit and we can hide you.

Anna listens and shakes her head.

ANNA

We both know--I have to be there in person.

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)
I'm the only one left who knows how
they work, the decryption codes,
and--
(looks at Brant)
--what they did to my friends.
(with resolve)
I need to be there. I need to stop
him.

Brant can see that Anna is serious.

INT. WOLFE'S OFFICE, DOT HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

DEPUTY SECRETARY VINCENT WOLFE, late 50s, distinguished, a man who has spent his life in law enforcement, stares out the window of his high-rise office.

WOLFE
She's actually *willing* to appear?

BRANT
She's *determined* to, sir.

Wolfe faces Brant.

WOLFE
If I thought she had any idea of
what she was getting herself into,
I'd say she's a brave girl.

BRANT
She's very aware.

WOLFE
I'll notify Congresswoman McCale's
office that we're en route.

BRANT
I'd like to go with her.

WOLFE
I'll put a team together and we'll
convoy to the airport. Be prepared
to move in two hours.

BRANT
Thank you, Deputy Secretary.

INT. SHOCKLEY'S - NIGHT

ADRENALINE JUNKIES clink frothy glasses while swapping stories at this STREET RACER HANGOUT. We find JAY in the midst of a HEATED CONVERSATION with TWEAKER, a rail-thin dude with full-sleeve tattoos.

JAY

Next week?! I need this tonight.

TWEAKER

Can't do it. DOT's cracking down on everyone, *man*. Bunch a races got busted. We this got Safer Skies bull going on and--*mad respect*--but after your bridge stunt, things ain't gonna get easier.

JAY

I don't get a race tonight, I'm finished.

TWEAKER

I don't know what you want from me, Jay. No way I can get a race together.

Jay POUNDS the bar, spins on his heels and heads out.

INT. DOT PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

THREE DOT HCARS with AGENTS behind their wheels wait inside an otherwise EMPTY ENCLOSED PARKING STRUCTURE.

INT. DOT HCAR

A DOT Agent spots:

Wolfe, Brant, Anna and AGENT MOREAU (30s, street tough) exit an elevator and march toward the awaiting HCars.

DOT AGENT

They're here. Look alive.

INT. DOT PARKING STRUCTURE

WOLFE

Right this way, Dr. White, you'll be riding with me.

Anna immediately looks *uneasy*, Brant notices.

BRANT

I assured Dr. White that I would be driving her *personally*.

Moreau checks Wolfe for his reaction. A beat.

WOLFE

Not a problem.

Brant opens the door to his DOT HCar for Anna while WOLFE and MOREAU MOVE TO ANOTHER DOT HCAR.

INT. BRANT'S DOT HCAR

Anna huddles in the back seat.

BRANT (O.S.)
You okay?

Anna sees Brant's eyes in the rearview mirror.

ANNA
Would you be?

Brant shakes his head. *He understands.* But then--HE SEES
SOMETHING IN THE MIRROR--

Anna SPINS to see what has caught Brant's attention:

TWO DOT Agents in the car behind them are exiting with
MACHINE GUNS in hand.

BRANT
Get down.

Brant THROWS his car in reverse, SLAMMING into the agents' car. The DOT Agents dive out of the way and OPEN FIRE, peppering Brant's HCar with bullets.

ANNA
What's happening?

BRANT
Stay down!

Brant puts his car into drive, but Wolfe's car is blocking him.

EXT. DOT PARKING STRUCTURE

Wolfe and Moreau exit their car and OPEN FIRE.

Brant spins 90 degrees and HOPS the railing onto the ascending SPIRAL RAMP of the garage--

INT. BRANT'S DOT HCAR

--CRASH--THUD--the car drops and hits the surface of the ramp before bouncing back to normal hovering height.

CRACK--CRACK--A BULLET SHATTERS Brant's window, followed by a SECOND that lodges--

BRANT

Ahhhh!

--in his shoulder. HE'S SHOT.

EXT. DOT PARKING STRUCTURE

Wolfe and the DOT Agents get into their cars to pursue.

EXT. SPIRAL RAMP

Brant hits the accelerator and--*USING HIS ONE GOOD ARM*--cranks the wheel "*DRIFTING*" around the DOUBLE HELIX-STYLE ramp, MISSING colliding with the walls by inches.

Brant sees CITY LIGHTS at the EXIT and--

EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO

--Brant's DOT HCar explodes out the Department of Transportation building and tears down the street.

INT. BRANT'S DOT HCAR

BRANT

Damnit! Damnit! Damnit!

ANNA

What's happening?

BRANT

Lyndon must have got to my boss.

ANNA

Your "boss" is the Deputy Secretary of the DOT.

BRANT

That's exactly why I need to get you to Congresswoman McCale. She's the only one we know for sure isn't compromised.

ANNA

Can you get us to the airport?

BRANT

DOT runs the airports. Forget it. They're not safe anymore.

ANNA

Then what are we going to do?

Brant eyes a DUFFLEBAG with an EVIDENCE TAG on it sitting on the floor.

INT. JAY'S LOFT - NIGHT

Jay tosses his belongings into Betty's trunk. He's getting the hell out of dodge. Jay turns to Eastwood.

JAY
How you feel about Nova Scotia?

O.S.: We HEAR the HUM of a Hovercar. Jay immediately tenses. He grabs a BASEBALL BAT lying on the floor and holds it like it was a samurai sword.

SILENCE.

JAY (CONT'D)
Let's talk about this. I'll get
Telgano his money. I just need
another week.
(no response)
Hello?

SMASH--CREEK--Jay's garage door SWINGS UP TO REVEAL:

Anna and Brant, his shirt sleeve BLOOD-SOAKED.

JAY (CONT'D)
What the--what happened to you?

BRANT
This is Anna. I need you to drive
her to DC.

JAY
What!?

Anna's shaking her head "no". She's NOT cool with this.

ANNA
No way. I don't know *him*. I can't--

JAY
Damn right you can't. I'm not
driving you anywhere, lady.

BRANT
Jay--

JAY
Take her yourself. I have to get
my ass into hiding, *thanks to you.*

BRANT

*I can't. I'm shot, my car's made
and--*

(bitter pill)

*--you're faster than me. You're
her best chance.*

Jay is unfazed.

JAY

*All done trying to butter me up?
Because I'm still not doing it.*

Jay looks defiantly at Brant. He ain't budging.

JAY (CONT'D)

You know the way out.

THUD! Brant THROWS the DUFFLE BAG into Jay's gut. Jay looks inside, it's HIS WINNINGS FROM THE STREET RACE.

BRANT

All you have to do is drive her.

Jay can't take his eyes off the MONEY--it's the solution to all his problems.

BRANT (CONT'D)

The authorities are already on
their way.

JAY

On their way--here?!

BRANT

Don't stop for anything, don't get
pulled over and don't get caught.

Jay can hear FAINT SIRENS in the distance.

BRANT (CONT'D)

Do *that* and the money's yours, Jay.

Off Jay's bewildered face, we:

CUT TO:

INT. WOLFE'S DOT HCAR - NIGHT

THROUGH Wolfe's WINDSHIELD, we can SEE the HUNTER'S POINT INDUSTRIAL PARK.

MOREAU
Tracking beacon on the cruiser says
it's here.

Wolfe searches until HE SPOTS BRANT'S BULLET-RIDDLED HCAR
parked outside Jay's building.

WOLFE
Run thermal.

Using a similar device to the one that identified Jay, Moreau
scans Brant's car.

MOREAU
Two heat signatures. They're
inside the car.

WOLFE
I want him surrounded--

Wolfe can no sooner say it than--

WHOOOOOM!!! The lights switch ON and Brant's HCar takes off.

WOLFE (CONT'D)
Move! Move!

EXT. HUNTER'S POINT

Brant's car SPEEDS through the ABANDONED FACTORIES with WOLFE
IN HOT PURSUIT.

INT. WOLFE'S DOT HCAR

WOLFE
Shoot out his discs.

Moreau nods and grips a targeting joystick as--

EXT. UNDERSIDE OF WOLFE'S DOT HCAR

The Gatling SPINS to life--*THWUMP--TWUMP--THWUMP--TWUMP--*
shooting STREAKS OF WHITE LIGHT.

EXT. UNDERSIDE OF BRANT'S HCAR

Several BULLETS connect with Brant's LevDiscs.

EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO

Brant's HCar loses control and rocks back and forth,
descending quickly until--

CRASH! SPARKS fly as Brant's car hits the ground, sliding dangerously along the asphalt. It finally slows to a STOP and the DOT HCars descend around it.

EXT. WOLFE'S DOT HCAR

Wolfe cocks his FIREARM and EXITS, never taking his eyes off Brant, slumped over the steering wheel.

INT. BRANT'S DOT HCAR

We SEE WOLFE--gun trained on an unconscious Brant--approach and STOP in front of the passenger window. He goes from MAD to *FURIOUS* as he RIPS open the door.

WOLFE
Where is she?

Wolfe grabs Brant and PULLS HIM ONTO THE ASPHALT.

EXT. STREET

WOLFE
Where the hell is she!?

Brant's eyes open and he SMILES. WE PAN UP TO REVEAL:

EASTWOOD sitting in the back seat.

CUT TO:

EXT. FACTORY - SIMULTANEOUS

WHOOOM-ZOOOOOOM!! Betty bursts out the side of Jay's building and THROTTLES in the *opposite* direction of Wolfe's pursuit.

EXT. BAY SHORE, AERIAL VIEW

Betty moves along the shore and turns west onto the BAY BRIDGE toward OAKLAND.

INT. BETTY

Anna sits silently in the passenger seat.

JAY
What the hell is all this about?

Anna remains silent.

JAY (CONT'D)
Hello?
(more frustrated)
Hello?

ANNA
He trusted you. I don't.

JAY
Well, aren't you a warm, fuzzy thing?
(then)
I'm mixed up in this too, Sweetart, so I've got a right to know.

ANNA
No you don't. People like you only care about one thing.
(picks up the duffle)
Now do what you were paid for.

Jay is flabbergasted. He takes one last look at Anna before turning to the road.

JAY
He didn't pay me enough for this.

EXT. OAKLAND - AERIAL VIEW

Betty safely crosses into Oakland.

EXT. LYNDON TOWER, MANHATTAN - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

The largest skyscraper in Manhattan, the 140-story LYNDON TOWER, serves as Lyndon Tech's corporate headquarters.

What initially appears to be a RED CRISSCROSS ORNAMENTAL DESIGN across the entire building, actually is--

--A LASER SECURITY GRID. Nothing gets in or out of this place. *But more on that later.*

INT. LYNDON'S OFFICE, LYNDON TOWER

HALF-A-DOZEN SUITS stand with their backs TO US, talking over each other and BLOCKING OUR VIEW of the MAN TO WHOM THEY ARE SPEAKING.

SUIT
Representative Stafford's Press Secretary wants you in DC for the signing. Also, I have a statement for you to review regarding the engineers killed in the California accident.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Mr. Lyndon?

The GROUP PARTS to REVEAL:

GARETH LYNDON standing behind his desk, the lights of New York City his backdrop. 40s, movie-star good looks, disarming smile and Kennedy charisma.

LYNDON

Yes?

WHIP PAN TO:

JILL, Lyndon's assistant, standing in the office.

JILL

You have a call.

A beat. Then--

LYNDON

Thank you, everyone. It's been a long day. We can continue in the morning.

The SUITS quickly shuffle out of the office and Jill closes the door behind them.

Lyndon becomes serious as he picks up the phone.

LYNDON (CONT'D)

Tell me you're not behind this accident.

WOLFE (V.O.)

The situation has complicated.

INT. JAY'S LOFT, FACTORY

Wolfe speaks on the phone while DOZENS of DOT AGENTS search Jay's loft in the b.g.

LYNDON (V.O.)

You're damn right it's complicated--

WOLFE

Anna White's been talking to a DOT agent.

INT. LYNDON'S OFFICE, LYNDON TOWER

Lyndon goes pale, completely speechless.

WOLFE

The agent's been handled, but *she's* disappeared.

LYNDON
Disappeared where?

WOLFE
Headed to DC. She plans to testify--

LYNDON
No. No. Anna would never--

WOLFE
--You're wrong.

Lyndon takes a beat before:

LYNDON
Then you know what to do.

WOLFE
It's going to significantly
increase my share.

LYNDON
Just take care of it.

INT. JAY'S LOFT

WOLFE CLICKS OFF the call as Moreau approaches from behind,
consulting a TOUCH-SCREEN READER.

MOREAU
His name's Jason Costigan. We've
put a department priority APB out
for him.

WOLFE
Costigan?

MOREAU
They're brothers.

Wolfe is handed the reader. Jay's criminal record is on
display. After a quick scan:

WOLFE
It says he's on probation. Get on
the phone with his P.O. and find
out if he's been chip'd.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEATH VALLEY - NIGHT

A TORTOISE drags itself across the desert floor. It hears an
approaching HUM and looks up in time to see--

--ZOOM. BETTY FLIES OVER HIM and towards--

--a LEVDISC TURBINE FARM. Hundreds of 10-story TURBINES tower over the desert with GIANT LEVDISCS in place of windmill spokes. Betty WEAVES in between them.

INT. BETTY

Jay and Anna riding in silence. As they clear the LevDisc Turbine farm, Anna spots--

TWINKLING CITY LIGHTS breaking through the otherwise pitch-black landscape. She points to them.

ANNA

That's not Salt Lake City.

JAY

Oh, so you're talking to me now?

Anna squints to focus as the lights GROW BRIGHTER.

ANNA

That's not Salt Lake City!

JAY

No, it's *Sin* City. They do have a lake though.

ANNA

What the hell are we doing in Las Vegas!?

JAY

Relax. I have to make a pit stop.

ANNA

Brant specifically told you not to stop for anything.

JAY

Well, *Brant* isn't here now, is he?

ANNA

I knew it--I knew I couldn't trust you. This was a mistake. Let me out.

Anna POUNDS the door of the car.

JAY

Let you--are you crazy?

ANNA

Let me out!

JAY

Listen! I owe a very bad man this bag of money. If he doesn't get it, he *will* kill me and I think we can both agree that I drive a whole lot better when I'm breathing.

(trying to calm her)

We'll be there five minutes and get right back on the road. *Okay?*

Anna shoots Jay an icy stare.

EXT. VEGAS STRIP

TRICKED-OUT HCARS float down the Strip on six levels of floating "lanes", the neon lights of 80-STORY HIGH-RISE CASINO RESORTS reflected in their windows. At the end of the Strip, sits the LARGEST of the resorts:

THE ICARUS. Imagine the Bellagio on steroids with a WATERFALL running over the entire face of the high-rise, BACKLIT by huge multicolored LCD COLUMNS.

WE FOLLOW the cascading waterfall INTO what we *thought* was an enormous pool but is a--

BOTTOMLESS PIT. We FALL THROUGH the pit and REALIZE:

WE'RE FLOATING 4000 FEET ABOVE THE GROUND. The "GROUNDED" Vegas Strip is below.

The Icarus and its surrounding resorts sit on a GIANT HOVERING ISLAND. Keeping it airborne are HUNDREDS OF SUPERSIZED LEVDISCS about 25 feet in diameter.

Below us we can SEE a 15-MILLION-GALLON MAN-MADE LAKE where the water from Icarus is collected and used in a SPECTACULAR WATER SHOW on the *grounded* Vegas Strip.

BETTY CUTS THROUGH THE FRAME and pulls up toward the floating city above Vegas.

JAY (V.O.)

Ever seen this before?

INT. BETTY

Anna regards the FLOATING VEGAS STRIP with disgust.

ANNA
I'm sure it's precisely what Dr.
Becker had in mind when he invented
the LevDisc.

JAY
Mmmm-mmm. I just want to bottle up
your sweetness and put it on my ice
cream.

EXT. ICARUS RESORT - MOMENTS LATER

Betty's parked in front of Icarus. Jay exits with his duffle
bag and hurries toward the entrance of the resort. ANNA
STARTS AFTER HIM.

JAY
Where are you going?

ANNA
What's stopping you from running
off and leaving me? No. I'm not
letting you out of my sight.

Anna's resolved. Jay checks the time. *Shit.*

JAY
Okay. *Fine.* Let's go. *Now.*

Anna follows Jay into the LOBBY of the massive resort. Jay's
so focused on the task at hand that he fails to notice the--

--SCANNER hidden inside the doorstep.

IN SLOW MOTION: Microscopically thin BEAMS of GREEN LIGHT
bombard Jay and Anna as they pass through Icarus' doors. One
LOCKS on a TINY CHIP EMBEDDED IN JAY'S NECK.

INT. CASINO SECURITY BOOTH

PING! JAY'S MUG SHOT flashes on one of the dozens of
security screens.

A SECURITY GUARD flags his MANAGER.

CASINO SECURITY GUARD
Got a hot one. Just came through
the front. He's *chip'd* and wanted.
(then)
Should we move?

The Manager moves over and looks at the screen.

MANAGER

No. Keep eyes on him and *notify*
the DOT.

INT. CASINO FLOOR

Jay and Anna pass a HIGH ROLLER on the roulette table. The High Roller sees Jay and seems to recognize him.

HIGH ROLLER

I know you--you're that dude--

JAY

Go shake your dice, pal.

Jay and Anna hurry through the casino floor and toward the elevators.

HIGH ROLLER

You know who that was?

INT. HALLWAY, ICARUS RESORT

Jay raps on a dark maple door marked PENTHOUSE. Anna's arms are folded.

JAY

Would it kill you to smile?

The door opens to reveal:

ROURKE who immediately SNATCHES the duffle bag out of Jay's hand.

ROURKE

Against the wall.

Rourke manhandles Jay, searching him for a weapon.

JAY

I thought you got pinched by the
DOT.

ROURKE

I made a deal.

JAY

What'd you give them?

ROURKE

Your address.

Rourke finishes with a PISSED-OFF JAY and moves to search Anna with A LITTLE TOO MUCH ENTHUSIASM.

ROURKE (CONT'D)
Your turn, cutie-pie.

Rourke is about to reach for Anna's hips when--

ROURKE (CONT'D)
Ahhhhhh.

JAY GRABS ROURKE by the PINKIE and TWISTS it behind his back.
With his other hand, Jay SNATCHES THE DUFFLE BAG from Rourke.

JAY
If it's all the same to you, I'd
like to deliver this myself.

TELGANO (O.S.)
*Is that Mr. Costigan outside my
door?*

JAY
Hey, Lenny. Your new guard dog was
nipping at my ladyfriend's
backside.

TELGANO (O.S.)
Let them in, Rourke.

Jay releases Rourke and moves Anna into the penthouse.

JAY
(to Rourke)
Could you wait here? The big kids
are going to talk for a little bit.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE, ICARUS RESORT

Sitting on a large sectional couch we FIND:

LENNY TELGANO. Late 60s, Telgano is a thicker Telly Savalas.
He's flanked by a DOZEN ARMED CRONIES. Behind him, a
SPECTACULAR VIEW of the HOVERING VEGAS STRIP.

Jay ZIPS OPEN THE DUFFLE BAG and DUMPS its contents on the
glass coffee table in front of Telgano.

JAY
It's all there. \$250K.

Telgano nods, then GLANCES AT HIS WATCH: **12:30 AM.**

TELGANO
*Payment's late. "Today" ended 30
minutes ago.*

JAY
Lenny...come on.

TELGANO
Rules are rules, kid. I change
them for you--I'll have to change
them for everyone. It's double
now.

ANNA
He'll have to pay you the rest
later.

AGHAST, Jay shoots Anna a "SHUT-THE-F%CK-UP" look.

ANNA (CONT'D)
We have somewhere to be.

TELGANO
Is that right?

Jay steps in to disarm the situation.

JAY
Give me a quick second here, Lenny.

Jay smiles sheepishly at Telgano, then takes Anna aside.
Once out of earshot, Jay ANGRILY WHISPERS:

JAY (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing?

Anna JABS Jay in the chest with a POINTED FINGER.

ANNA
Five minutes. You said *five*
minutes!

JAY
See all these gorilla-sized men
with bazooka-shaped bulges in their
jackets? They're not here to take
our drink orders. We're not going
anywhere.

ANNA
We shouldn't even be here!

TELGANO (O.S.)
You two fight like you're married.

To Jay's chagrin, Anna turns to address Telgano.

ANNA

You're a businessman, right? *Let's do business.* What would it take to get us out of here *right now*?

Telgano chews on that thought. To Jay--

TELGANO

You still driving Betty?

Jay shifts nervously.

JAY

I'm not selling my car.

TELGANO

No, no, no...I wouldn't expect you would.

(then)

Tell you what. How about a little competition between you and your friend Rourke? *You win*, I waive your late fee. *You lose*, I keep your car. Either way, you're settled out.

JAY

Deal.

Jay is ALL SMILES. Anna is PISSED.

ANNA

You can't gamble the one thing we need.

JAY

I'm sorry--wasn't this *your* idea, Miss "*Let's Do Business?*" Besides--Rourke could never take me in a race.

TELGANO

Who said anything about a race?

JAY'S SMILE EVAPORATES. OFF his face of DREAD, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF OF ICARUS RESORT - NIGHT

Jay stands at the PRECIPICE of the high rise, staring down the face of ICARUS' 5,000 FOOT WATERFALL.

A TELGANO CRONY hands Jay what resembles an OLYMPIC SKELETON SLED, except *instead of steel runners*, the sled has a LEVDISC welded to it.

There are two handles on the sled: one with a LARGE RED BUTTON jury-rigged on, the other with an ALTIMETER duct taped to it. The altimeter reads: **5,150 FEET.**

Jay inspects his sled with trepidation as Rourke is handed an IDENTICAL SLED.

The Telgano Crony raises a RADIO to his lips.

CRONY

Hey, boss--

EXT. MAN-MADE LAKE

TELGANO, ANNA and BETTY wait on the ground A MILE BELOW, next to the MAN-MADE LAKE that serves as the repository for Icarus' waterfall. Telgano holds a RADIO.

CRONY (V.O., OVER RADIO)

--ready when you are.

EXT. ROOF OF ICARUS RESORT

The Crony lifts his radio so Jay and Rourke can hear.

TELGANO (V.O.)

Game is "Chicken". You both jump.
First guy to hit the button, turn
on their disc and stop their
descent...is the loser.

Shit! This is really happening.

TELGANO (V.O.)

On three. One--

Jay TIGHTENS his grips.

TELGANO (V.O.)

Two--

Jay GULPS.

TELGANO (V.O.)

Three!

SLOW MOTION: Jay and Rourke LEAP VERTICALLY OUTWARD, holding their sleds tight to their chests. Then--GRAVITY STARTS TO TAKE HOLD.

JAY'S POV: All Jay can see is RUSHING WATER and then--he crests over the lip of the falls--a vertigo-inducing drop, FOUR TIMES THE HEIGHT OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING.

Jay begins to descend and--we're back to REAL TIME:

WHOOOSH--Jay and Rourke FREE FALL at 200 feet per second.

Jay sees the EDGE of the Hovering Island's "BOTTOMLESS PIT" approaching FAST--and he's drifting RIGHT TOWARD IT. HE'S GOT NO CHOICE--

--Jay HITS the RED BUTTON as the ground rushes at him like a freight train, but--

NOTHING. *It didn't work.*

Jay frantically clicks the red button, still nothing. JAY'S SLED IS RIGGED TO FAIL.

Jay pushes his body from the sled--*still holding on*--using the sled to CARVE THROUGH THE AIR just enough to--

--ZOOM--clear the edge of the opening by inches.

JAY PASSES THROUGH THE OPENING and is spit out the other side. Jay looks at his ALTIMETER:

3,700 FEET

Jay turns to ROURKE--it's his ONLY CHANCE.

Jay steers his descent, moving toward ROURKE. 30 feet, 20 feet, 10 FEET AWAY--Jay reaches for Rourke's sled.

Rourke turns to see Jay approaching. Just as Jay is ABOUT TO GRAB HOLD of Rourke's sled--

ROURKE
See ya in hell.

--CLICK. Rourke hits his red button.

SWOOOOSH! WE SAIL PAST HIM at 200 miles per hour as he shoots upwards and we CONTINUE OUR DEATH SPIRAL.

EXT. MAN-MADE LAKE

Looking up, Anna can see Jay continue to drop as ROURKE PULLS UP. She leaps off her feet, THRILLED.

ANNA
 The other guy pulled up!
 (to Telgano)
 That means we win.

Telgano can only LAUGH as Anna realizes: JAY'S SCREWED.

BACK WITH JAY--SPEEDING TO HIS DEATH--

*Think fast, think fast, think--*Jay DIGS his fingers into the shell of his sled's handle and *PRIES*, but no give.

JAY
 Come on.

2,000 FEET

--CRACK--CRACK--the handle splits open and Jay sees the WIRE inside has been CUT.

1,500 FEET

The ground is RAPIDLY APPROACHING as Jay SCRAMBLES to reattach the wires.

1,000 FEET

JAY HOLDS THE TWO ENDS OF THE WIRE TOGETHER with one hand and reaches to PRESS THE RED BUTTON with the other, now COMPLETELY UN-TETHERED FROM THE SLED.

500 FEET

Jay FRANTICALLY HITS THE RED BUTTON--still *NOTHING*--he readjusts his finger on the severed wires with only--

200 FEET

--to go--LAST CHANCE--Jay grips the wires firmly between his fingers and hits the red button again. A SPARK as Jay hears a HUM and--

THE LEVDISC SWITCHES ON. Jay SLOWS substantially, *almost* coming to a completely stop. ALMOST.

SPLASH!!! JAY HITS THE SURFACE OF THE MAN-MADE LAKE, generating an enormous COLUMN OF WATER.

A long, nervous HUSH silences everyone, until--

JAY SURFACES to the sound of APPLAUSE coming from VEGAS TOURISTS WHO assume it's all part of the show.

Jay offers them a WAVE, then starts toward:

A VERY PISSED-OFF TELGANO. Jay and Telgano's eyes are LOCKED as Jay reaches the shore.

CLANG! Jay throws the SOAKING-WET LEVDISC SLED on the ground at Telgano's feet.

JAY
You may want to have someone take a
look at that.

A long tense beat. Telgano's Cronies reach into their jackets, but Telgano stops them, gesturing towards the--

--TOURISTS watching closely.

TELGANO
(to Jay)
You keep it.

Jay picks up the sled and tosses it into the back of Betty. He motions for Anna to get in.

Jay never takes his eyes off Telgano as Anna moves into the passenger seat.

JAY
See you 'round, Lenny.

INT. BETTY

Jay slides into the driver's seat.

BIG SIGH. It takes everything he's got to say--

JAY
I'm sorry. You were right.

Anna nods almost imperceptibly, acknowledging the apology. Jay STARTS UP Betty and TAKES OFF.

EXT. "GROUNDED" VEGAS STRIP

Betty merges into the Strip's traffic.

A BLACK OBJECT DROPS INTO FRAME, OBSCURING OUR VIEW. The Object ACCELERATES and we are able to SEE what it is:

A STINGRAY "HOVERCOPTER". Four times the size of an HCar, the Stingray looks like a V-22 OSPREY with massive reverberating 15-foot-wide LevDiscs on pivots flanking its sides. It's FASTER and MORE POWERFUL than any HCar.

"DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION TACTICAL STRIKE TEAM" is adhered to its side.

INT. STINGRAY

Wolfe rides shotgun, wearing a mic'd headset.

WOLFE

I have eyes on the package.
Tactical ground team, you are a
"go" to move in.

INT. BETTY

Jay drives casually down the Strip when:

ANNA

Look out!!

A DOT HCAR speeds toward Betty to RAM him. Jay SWERVES to avoid COLLIDING, only to now face:

DOZENS of HCars approaching from every angle.

JAY

We're made.

Jay shifts and THRUSTS FULL REVERSE--

ANNA

I told you!! I told you!

JAY

Let's say we raincheck you telling
me again.

EXT. BETTY

SPEEDING IN REVERSE--Betty narrowly SLIPS INBETWEEN two DOT HCars, heading straight for a collision with a THIRD.

INT. BETTY

On his touch-screen diagnostic, Jay shuts all LevDisc power OFF and--

EXT. "GROUNDED" VEGAS STRIP

--DROPS through three lanes of aerial traffic. Rushing to their death, inches from hitting the ground.

INT. BETTY

Anna SCREAMS before--Jay switches all six discs BACK ON--

EXT. "GROUNDED" VEGAS STRIP

WHUMMMMMMM! The LEVDISCS GLOW BACK TO LIFE and Betty levels, just grazing the black asphalt under it.

INT. BETTY

Jay shifts into high speed and ROARS underneath the lanes of traffic as--

EXT. "GROUNDED" VEGAS STRIP

--the DOT regroup to pursue.

Jay snakes in and out of traffic, making impossible hairpin turns. He leads the ARMY OF DOT HCARS on a wild goose chase around the Strip, swerving into the valet of--

EXT. MGM GRAND

--the MGM Grand. Tourists hit the deck as Jay and the chasing DOT HCARS SCREECH through. But when Jay emerges on the other side--

WOLFE'S STINGRAY is there blocking his path. The stingray's SIDE DOOR SLIDES OPEN to reveal:

BRANT. *Bloodied and bound.* Wolfe holds him at gunpoint.

Jay swerves to a STOP, his eyes fixed on his suffering brother. Wolfe has to SHOUT over the VIBRATION of the stingray's discs.

WOLFE
Get out of the car!

INT. BETTY

Jay's hand clenches his door handle.

WOLFE
Out of the car or your brother
dies!

Anna's eyes go wide, "*brother*"? She can no sooner process this bombshell before--

Jay pulls the handle and--

EXT. BETTY

--EXITS, shielding his body behind his door.

WOLFE

I'm going to make this as simple as possible. Him for her.

BRANT

He'll kill me either way.

Brant WINCES as Wolfe drives the nose of his pistol into his bullet wound.

WOLFE

What say you, Jay?

Jay looks at a terrified Anna inside his car, to Brant, who shakes his head "*Don't do it*".

Wolfe CLICKS back the hammer.

WOLFE (CONT'D)

Last chance.

BRANT

Jay. Finish this for me.

Jay can't take his eyes off his brother, who musters a SMALL SMILE and an encouraging NOD before--

Brant DIVES for the--

INT. STINGRAY

--STINGRAY'S CYCLIC and YANKS IT HARD LEFT. WOLFE IS FLUNG FROM THE VEHICLE as--

EXT. STINGRAY

--the Stingray FLIPS ON ITS SIDE and COLLIDES with the side of the MGM Grand--

BA-BOOOOM, it EXPLODES! Debris of the Stingray RICOCHETS in every direction.

JAY

No.

BULLETS FLY AT JAY, compliments of the DOT Agents scrambling to stabilize the situation.

Jay is PULLED BACK into his car as--

--a BULLET *nearly* takes his head off.

INT. BETTY

Anna PULLS Jay into his seat, having just saved his life.

ANNA
Drive! *DRIVE!!*

Still in shock, Jay struggles to shift into drive and ACCELERATE OUT OF THE FIREFIGHT.

ANNA (CONT'D)
We need to get out of the city.

Anna points at a MAP on Jay's diagnostic screen.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Here. *Go here.*

Jay looks at her with disbelief.

JAY
We can't navigate that.

Anna reaches for the CAR DASH and looks for a SEAM. She FINDS IT and--

--*RIIIIIIP*--PULLS BACK THE DASH, exposing the HIGH-TECH INNARDS of Betty. Anna plugs a HANDHELD COMPUTER into Betty's CPU and goes to work.

JAY (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

ANNA
I'm handling it!! Just drive!!

EXT. STREETS OF LAS VEGAS

Wolfe pushes a DOT Agent out of the way, grabs the wheel of his HCar and--*BOWMMMMM*--takes off after Jay.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF VEGAS

Betty cruises through the desert outside Vegas. It ZOOMS past us and--*seconds later*--

--DOT HCars appear in pursuit.

EXT. GRAND CANYON - AERIAL VIEW - PRE DAWN

The MORNING LIGHT creeps over the horizon as Betty approaches the MOUTH of--

THE GRAND CANYON.

INT. BETTY

Anna hurriedly works, entering what appears to be ENCRYPTED CODE into the ONBOARD COMPUTER.

JAY
What now?

ANNA
Drop in.

JAY
We'll die.

ANNA
We'll die if we don't.

EXT. MOUTH OF GRAND CANYON

Betty PLUNGES into the Canyon and--

SWERVES WILDLY OUT OF CONTROL once it hovers over the rushing COLORADO RIVER, the same way it did when Jay dropped into the San Francisco Bay.

INT. WOLFE'S DOT HCAR

DOT AGENT (V.O.)
He just went into the Canyon sir.

WOLFE
Go after him.

DOT AGENT (V.O.)
But--we can't--*the river*--

WOLFE
GO!

EXT. MOUTH OF GRAND CANYON

Several DOT HCars follow Jay into the canyon and IMMEDIATELY LOSE CONTROL over the water.

INT. DOT HCAR

A DOT Agent scrambles to steer his car and FAILS--

EXT. GRAND CANYON

--his out of control HCar slides into another HCar and both plow into--

--THE CANYON WALL. The cars EXPLODE on impact. ZOOOOOM!
Wolfe manages to avoid the explosion, zipping straight
through it UNSCATHED.

INT. BETTY

Through his rear view mirror, Jay can see Wolfe and three
surviving HCars approaching.

Anna's screen reads *LOADING...LOADING...LOADING...*

ANNA
Almost there.

EXT. WOLFE'S DOT HCAR

Wolfe's GATLING GUN SPINS TO LIFE, firing on Jay, who--

EXT. BETTY

--is unable to maneuver around its deadly projectiles.

INT. BETTY

Anna's screen reads, "UPLOAD COMPLETE" as--

--JAY LOSES CONTROL and SKIDS too far to the right.

EXT. BETTY

SCRAAAPE! Betty gets completely RIPPED UP. Two of Betty's
LevDiscs are SHATTERED in the collision.

INT. BETTY

Jay manages to pull away from the wall before the car is
totalled.

ANNA
Listen. I uploaded a program
that'll allow your discs to
maneuver over water. We need to
reboot the onboard computer.

JAY
Reboot?! We'll crash!

ANNA
We should come back online before
hitting the canyon floor--
hopefully.

WHOOSH--WHOOSH--WHOOSH--BULLETS fly by Jay's window.

JAY
Do it already!!!

Anna PRESSES the RESET OVERRIDE button. Every light in the car goes DARK.

EXT. GRAND CANYON

SILENCE as the LevDiscs shut down. Betty continues forward, but it is rapidly falling down, DOWN, DOWN--

INT. BETTY

The ground is rapidly approaching as Anna stares at the blank diagnostic screen.

ANNA
Oh God please...please...

At the last possible second--the lights and screens all FLASH TO LIFE and--

--WHURRRRRRRRRRR--so do the LevDiscs. Jay LEVELS OUT the car. He steers right and--*surprisingly*--so does Betty. Despite flying over water, Jay has FULL CONTROL.

JAY
I don't believe it.

Jay shifts the car into HIGH GEAR and--

EXT. GRAND CANYON

--ACCELERATES at full speed through the canyon. Wolfe and the DOT try to follow, but--

CAN'T. The increased speed causes them to lose control and SLAM INTO THE CANYON WALLS.

INT. WOLFE'S DOT HCAR

Wolfe struggles in his damaged HCar. He's barely able to GET PARALLEL with the ground and CRASH LAND.

EXT. WOLFE'S DOT HCAR

Wolfe drags himself out of his car just in time to see Betty rounding a bend in the serpentine canyon.

Wolfe draws his FIREARM and shoots, DRAINING EVERY BULLET IN THE CHAMBER, but--

--IT'S TOO LATE. They've DISAPPEARED from sight.

FURIOUS, Wolfe hurls his gun at the Canyon wall.

INT. BETTY

Jay pulls up out of the canyon and ZIPS into the desert.

EXT. GILA CLIFF DWELLINGS, NEW MEXICO - DAWN

The RED MORNING SUN casts its light on:

THE GILA CLIFF DWELLINGS. A large cliff face with the RUINS of interlinked MOGOLLON CAVE HOMES built inside GIANT ALCOVES. An ancient 14th-century city.

When the DAMAGED BETTY floats into one of the larger alcoves, it creates a surreal juxtaposition of past and future.

INT. CLIFF ALCOVE

Jay exits and COLLAPSES against a wall, physically and emotionally drained. Anna slowly follows him out. *BEAT.*

Jay stares daggers at Anna.

JAY

Tell me why my brother is dead.

ANNA

I'm sorry.

JAY

I don't want you to be sorry, I want you to explain to me why *your* life is more important than his.

The weight of *that* statement hits Anna hard.

ANNA

I'm the chief designer of the NexGen SmartDisc. *Six months ago*, your brother contacted me. The DOT had approved the NexGen for public use, but *he* noticed an unforeseen problem. You see, in order to install restrictors that would prevent speeding and aerial collisions, I had to alter the original LevDisc design.

(beat)

Your brother knew that street racers would inevitably try to hack the discs to *remove the restrictors*.

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

So three colleagues and I created a decryption algorithm to see if it was even possible.

JAY

Was it?

ANNA

Yes. And when the hacked NexGen was pushed to full speed, it did something that none of us anticipated.

JAY

What?

ANNA

The disc emitted an electromagnetic pulse--an EMP. It fries anything electrical in its vicinity. An HCar will fall--

(she snaps)

--*like that*. The EMP that the NexGen emitted was huge. Big enough to drop every LevDisc for a one-mile radius.

(beat)

I took this to Gareth Lyndon, *our CEO*. I gave him our decryption algorithm and showed him how deadly it could be. He promised to take care of it, *personally*.

JAY

But he didn't.

Anna shakes her head. This next part's the hardest.

ANNA

Yesterday, the three colleagues who helped me develop the decryption algorithm were *murdered* in what was made to look like a car accident. Lyndon paid the DOT to sweep his problems away.

(then)

If I don't get to DC and testify, *Safer Skies* will pass and every car in America will ride on NexGens. The first kid who hacks one will turn his car into a bomb. On a busy street, the EMP blast radius of one hacked disc will kill thousands.

Jay processes this.

JAY

I don't understand, if Lyndon knows this is going to happen--*even if he doesn't care about the body count*--he's gotta know this'll destroy him. Lawsuits, jail--

ANNA

The hack is an aftermarket modification. *Legally speaking*, he won't be at fault.

JAY

What?

ANNA

Lyndon's leveraged his entire empire on the NexGen LevDiscs. He pulls the plug--he's done anyway. He's desperate and that's what makes him so dangerous.

(then)

As soon as the bill passes, Lyndon stock triples. He could cash out for billions and run before the first disc sells.

JAY

He gets rich while people die.

Anna moves to Jay, KNEELING in front of him. Jay is deep in thought.

JAY (CONT'D)

Brant knew I would have been the first guy to try and hack one. That's why--

Jay stops. His eyes rise to meet Anna's.

JAY (CONT'D)

He had my number and was looking out for me--*same as he always did*.

ANNA

He also believed you were the only person who could get me to DC. The only person he could trust.

(then)

Was he right?

We HOLD ON a contemplative Jay, before we:

CUT TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE, ICARUS RESORT

A PISSED OFF Telgano looks right at us. Beat.

WOLFE (O.C.)

What you do is none of my business--

WHIP PAN TO:

WOLFE, seated and leaning forward.

WOLFE

I don't know about it, I don't want to know about it.

TELGANO

(beat)

So what do you want to know about?

Wolfe smiles.

WOLFE

I want to know every associate, every hideout, every asset Costigan has between here and DC.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAYBURN HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING - ESTABLISHING

Morning light casts over this Capitol Hill office building.

TRAINER (V.O.)

Move it, move it, move it!

INT. GYM, RAYBURN HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING

REPRESENTATIVE MCCAILE slumps over the handles of her BIKE in a SPINNING CLASS. LCD WALLS show a REDWOOD LANDSCAPE speeding by, simulating their crusing through it.

MCCAILE

I have a heart attack, *it's your fault.*

STAFFER

Congresswoman--

McCale looks up from her bike to see: a serious-faced CONGRESSIONAL STAFFER at the front of the room.

INT. HALLWAY, RAYBURN HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING

McCale (still in sweats) and her Staffer stand out as they walk quickly, passing CONGRESSMEN and LOBBYISTS.

STAFFER

We thought it was a joke, but after about two minutes we knew the call was legit.

McCale and her Staffer move into--

INT. MCCALES CONGRESSIONAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

McCale goes straight to her desk and picks up the phone.

MCCALES (INTO PHONE)

Dr. White?

INT. CLIFF ALCOVE - DAY

Anna stands at the edge of the alcove, wearing an inner ear mobile device. INTERCUT.

ANNA

Yes.

MCCALES

My staff debriefed me on your conversation with them. Your testimony will swing the pendulum in our favor.

ANNA

It better.

MCCALES

The bill goes to vote in two days. I'd like to send someone out to get you--

ANNA

Absolutely not.

MCCALES

I'm sorry--?

ANNA

There's no one you can send that I'll go with. FBI, US Marshals-- *doesn't matter*. Lyndon's already got control of the largest agency in the federal government--

MCCALE

But--

ANNA

I made it this far *without* your
help, I'm not about to be stopped
because of it.

MCCALE

Fair enough. Are you alone?

ANNA

I have a driver.

MCCALE

And you think you can trust *him*?

Anna pauses a long beat.

INT. CLIFF ALCOVE - LATER

Anna approaches Betty and sees JAY'S FEET sticking out from underneath.

INT. UNDERSIDE OF BETTY

Jay shines a flashlight on the MANGLED LEVDISCS. One falls apart in Jay's hand as he tries to piece it together.

ANNA (O.S.)

How bad?

EXT. BETTY

Jay slides out from under Betty holding the PIECES OF A SHATTERED LEVDISC.

ANNA

That bad.

JAY

Can't make it rest of the way like
this.

ANNA

(probing)

The rest of the way?

JAY

(beat)

I'm taking you to DC.

Anna sighs relief.

ANNA

Thank you.

Jay nods, deflecting, as he turns to Betty.

JAY

We can't go to a shop. They'll be looking for this car. Which means--

ANNA

What?

JAY

There's only one place we can go.

ANNA

It's safe?

Jay rises, dusting himself off.

JAY

Depends on your perspective.

EXT. DOLORES, COLORADO - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

Betty labors over DRY GRASSLANDS covered in a light dusting of SNOW.

In the distance, we can SEE a SLEEPY LITTLE TOWN that time forgot in the shadow of the towering SNOW CAPPED ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

EXT. TRAILER HOME - DAY

Smoke pours from the chimney of a humble DOUBLE-WIDE TRAILER, sitting nestled in the bosom of rolling hills. In the distance--

MOUNT WILSON, a 14,000-foot behemoth and the largest of the surrounding peaks.

Next to the trailer is a corrugated metal INDUSTRIAL GARAGE. Large enough to fit over a dozen HCars.

INT. TRAILER HOME

A GRIZZLED MAN in his 60s sips from a cup of black coffee as thick as mud. His mostly grey beard is long enough to cover the first two buttons of his insulated flannel.

He hears the HUM of a LevDisc and parts a yellowing curtain to see:

BETTY COMING IN FOR A LANDING.

GRIZZLED MAN
Son' bitch.

INT. BETTY

Jay shuts Betty down. Anna takes a long look at her *Deliverance*-esque surroundings as THE GRIZZLED MAN OPENS HIS DOOR, exiting the trailer home.

JAY
Well, he doesn't appear to have a gun. That's a good sign.

Almost on cue, the Grizzled Man slings a HUGE AX over his shoulder.

ANNA
Isn't there someplace else we can go?

JAY
If there was--*we'd be there.*

EXT. BETTY - CONTINUOUS

Jay and Anna exit Betty.

JAY
Harlan.

HARLAN (GRIZZLED MAN)
'The hell you want?

JAY
Sorry to do this to you, *but* I need some new discs and a spot to work.

HARLAN
How much money you got?

JAY
I can pay you back.

HARLAN
(dripping with sarcasm)
You've always been a man of your word.
(to Anna)
Miss, I recommend you run before you're another casualty in *his* tornado of destruction.

Anna mouths a silent "*ouch*".

JAY

A simple *"Sorry can't help you"*
would also have sufficed. We'll be
on our way.

Jay about to pull up stakes, when--

HARLAN

You break my tools, I'll kill you.

Jay looks surprised at Harlan.

HARLAN

*And after you're done--*I don't ever
want to see you again.

Harland returns to the trailer and SLAMS the door.

INT. HARLAN'S GARAGE - LATER

Jay has Betty on lifts and has removed the damaged discs.

The trunk is open and the LEVDISC SLED from Vegas lies on the floor.

Jay puts a BRAND-NEW LEVDISC into place, then uses a
FUTURISTIC PNEUMATIC RIVETER to--*WRRRZIIP--THUD--SHOOT* a
FASTENER into it.

ELSEWHERE IN THE GARAGE

Anna explores her surroundings. Several HCars are covered in dusty tarps. A vintage HCar sits half assembled on the floor. Anna sees:

The REAR WALL of the garage is covered in RACING NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS, NASCAR-style HCAR RACING POSTERS, cross-promotional soft drink and racing ADVERTISEMENTS.

All share ONE THING in common:

JAY'S IMAGE IS ALL OVER THEM. He's ten years younger, but--
it's definitely him.

Anna scans the headlines: *"Rookie Jason Costigan Wins Nationals", "Costigan Youngest IHCAR World Champ Ever", "Drink Coke For a Chance To Win a Jason Costigan Poster".*

BACK WITH JAY

--who fits a replacement LevDisc in place.

ANNA (O.S.)

You used to be a big deal.

Jay turns to see--

--ANNA, HOLDING A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING.

JAY
Used to be.

Jay fires a FASTENER BOLT into the new LevDisc.

ANNA
And?

JAY
And what?

ANNA
How do you go from world champion
to fugitive in 10 years?

JAY
May I remind you, *you're a fugitive*
too.

ANNA
So, are you going to tell me?

JAY
Why are you so curious?

ANNA
I'm a scientist--I'm interested in
how things work. How *people* work--
(little self-conscious)
--they've always been a mystery to
me.

Jay stands for a beat, thinks.

JAY
I was making money. A lot. But I
was a stupid teenager and spending
it faster than I could earn it.
Telgano came to me and offered me a
bag of cash to throw a race. So I
took it.

(beat)
I got caught and was kicked out of
racing.
(nodding to the trailer)
Harlan was my crew chief. Didn't
know anything about the bribe. But
he was finished too.

(then)
(MORE)

JAY (CONT'D)

When it was all said and done, I had no career, no source of income, no friends and--since the race never happened--I owed Telgano the money from throwing the race plus the millions he lost taking bets against me.

ANNA

And you're still paying him back.

JAY

Ten years of illegal street races, living in squalor and giving every penny to him.

ANNA

Where was Brant in this?

JAY

We were foster kids--no money for the racing start-up costs--so Brant dropped out of school and started working to support me. We built--

(re: Betty)

--her with a frame we found in a junkyard and some secondhand LevDiscs. When I finally made it big, it was like *he* had made it too. *But then--after--*

(this turns his stomach)

He didn't have to say a word, I could see how disappointed he was. Every time he looked at me, he saw my failure. So I stayed as far away as possible.

Anna looks at Jay with a new light. He's a man who's been paying for one mistake for his entire life.

ANNA

It could be worse.

JAY

I doubt that.

ANNA

You could be me.

Jay's puzzled.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I took the greatest gift ever given
to this world and turned it into an
instrument of death. *Try living
with that.*

For the first time, we can really see how heavily this weighs
on her.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I thought I could help protect
people.

She half laughs at the irony, then turns somber again.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Richard Becker was my professor at
MIT. He taught us that it was our
responsibility to create technology
that would improve society, never
exploit it.

(then)

If he could see me now. I'm
responsible for destroying
everything he built.

JAY

No. You tried to do something
good. Turns out it wasn't what you
thought. *I cheated.* Betrayed
trust. All you ever did was try to
help.

Anna appreciates hearing this more than Jay could know. Her
eyes well with tears.

ANNA

Thank you.

Jay instinctively pulls Anna into an embrace.

We PULL AWAY from this intimate moment of trust and
vulnerability.

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS - DAY

The SUN IS BLOTTED out by dark STORM CLOUDS rolling in.

EXT. HARLAN'S GARAGE

Jay exits the garage as SNOW BEGINS TO FALL, quickly
accumulating on his head and shoulders.

EXT. HARLAN'S TRAILER

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK. The curtain pulls back. We SEE Harlan's eye poke out.

JAY
Can we talk?

HARLAN
I ain't got words for you.

Harlan pushes the curtain over the window.

JAY
I got words for you.

Jay waits and then--KNOCKS AGAIN in ONE LONG CONTINUOUS KNOCK. Finally THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN.

HARLAN
You fixin' to get a black eye?

JAY
I want to talk to you for a minute--

HARLAN
Where's the girl?

JAY
Sleeping. Please. Can I come in?

Harlan walks away from the door and takes a seat in a weathered recliner, LEAVING THE DOOR OPEN. *Not a welcome, but not a kick to the curb either.*

HARLAN
Well?

JAY
I came to say sorry.

Jay searches for the words. The silence becomes awkward.

HARLAN
You clearly don't apologize much because you really suck at it.

JAY
I know I let you down, I know I let my brother down. And--I hate myself for it. I carry my mistake with me every day.

HARLAN
You're not the only one carrying
it.

JAY
I know. I'm sorry, Harlan.

Harlan is trying like hell not to betray any emotion while Jay--*not a well-practiced acknowledger of blame*--isn't sure what else to say.

HARLAN
You done?

JAY
I guess so.

Jay heads toward the door.

HARLAN
You have to go.

JAY
Can we wait for this storm to blow
over?

HARLAN
You *don't* understand. You have to
go now. Right now.

Jay faces Harlan.

HARLAN (CONT'D)
Guy named Wolfe called before you
got here. Told me to let 'em know
if you showed up.
(defensively)
What was I supposed to do?

HOLY SHIT! Jay SPRINTS FOR THE DOOR.

INT. HARLAN'S GARAGE

Jay runs into the garage and LOWERS BETTY. Asleep in the
passenger seat, Anna starts to WAKE.

ANNA
What's wrong?

JAY
DOT's on their way.

Anna quickly TENSES as Jay moves to the driver's door--and is
about to power up Betty when--

--he hears a LOUD HUM, growing increasingly LOUDER.

ANNA
What is that?

Jay exits Betty and looks out the window:

THREE STINGRAY HOVERCOPTERS surround the property. THERE'S NO ESCAPE.

JAY
Find a place to hide.

ANNA
What about you?

JAY
First chance you get, I want you to
take off. Get to DC.

ANNA
Jay--

But he's already heading out the door.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Jay!!

EXT. HARLAN'S PROPERTY

It's now a FULL-BLOWN BLIZZARD as--

TWO STINGRAY HOVERCOPTERS ARMED TO THE TEETH land outside the garage with the THIRD CHOPPER remaining in air to prevent a potential escape.

SNOW BLOWS in every direction from the force of the Stingray's discs.

The doors to the garage OPEN and JAY EMERGES, hands raised in surrender.

INT. STINGRAY (ON GROUND)

Wolfe watches Jay exit.

WOLFE
Hold your fire. Keep your weapons
hot.

Wolfe takes off his headset and exits the Stingray.

EXT. HARLAN'S PROPERTY

Jay and Wolfe march toward each other like cowboys in a western. Stingrays continue to HUM LOUDLY in the b.g.

WOLFE
Where is she?

JAY
Probably in DC by now.

WOLFE
(to his men)
Search the buildings!

Moreau leads EIGHT DOT SWAT AGENTS out of the Stingrays.

JAY
Wasting your time. My car wrecked
in the canyon. We lifted another
one in Phoenix and she took off.

INT. GARAGE

Anna spies through the garage window. The Agents comb the property with Moreau HEADING DIRECTLY TOWARD HER.

JAY (O.S.)
Haven't seen her in hours.

There's no escape and Anna knows it.

WOLFE (O.S.)
If she's really gone, then I guess
I can go ahead and *kill* you.

Anna spots the PNEUMATIC RIVETER Jay was using to attach the LevDisc.

EXT. HARLAN'S PROPERTY

Jay continues to stand his ground.

JAY
That's what cowards do, *right*?
Shoot unarmed men.

Wolfe moves up and gets in Jay's face.

WOLFE
Your brother's blood is on *your*
hands amigo. You had your chance
to save him.

WOLFE IS ABOUT TO END JAY, when he suddenly stops--

WHIP PAN TO:

ANNA. She holds the pneumatic riveter tightly, POINTED
DIRECTLY AT THE CENTER OF--

HER OWN CHEST.

JAY

What are you doing?

ANNA

(to Wolfe)

Tell your men to get back.

WOLFE

Why would I do that?

She TIGHTENS HER GRIP around the riveter. She's serious.

ANNA

I'm pretty certain Lyndon would
have given you orders not to hurt
me.

Wolfe looks at Anna's hand, specifically the PALE WHITE BAND
around her RING FINGER.

WOLFE

I believe you lose protection
rights when you call off the
wedding.

JAY

What's he talking about?

WOLFE

You didn't know you were driving
around Gareth Lyndon's former bride-
to-be?

Anna CLICKS the pneumatic riveter ON and we hear it GROAN as
it collects compressed air, READY TO FIRE.

Wolfe squirms a little. Anna's clearly got his number.

WOLFE (CONT'D)

What do you want?

ANNA

You and your men get back into the
Stingrays and we'll all leave
together.

WOLFE
Your chauffeur too?

ANNA
He stays.

WOLFE
What have you told him?

ANNA
Nothing. He has a record and he's been paid for his trouble. He's got no reason to go to the authorities.

Wolfe and Moreau exchange a look.

WOLFE
We're moving out.

The confused SWAT crew hesitates.

MOREAU
You heard him. Move!

Everyone moves into the Stingrays until all that remain on the ground are JAY, ANNA and WOLFE.

Jay watches Anna as she passes him. Anna won't make eye contact. She WHISPERS to Jay:

ANNA
I can't watch you die for *my* mistakes.

Anna continues toward the Stingray.

WOLFE
(to Jay)
I hope *for your sake* I never see or hear anything about you ever again.

JAY
(f%ck you)
Don't bet on it.

Pneumatic riveter still to her chest, Anna boards the Stingray, Wolfe following her.

Jay watches as all THREE STINGRAYS lift and head toward the ROCKY MOUNTAINS. As soon as they do--

JAY RUNS FOR THE GARAGE.

Harlan exits the trailer and takes off after him.

INT. GARAGE

Jay gets into Betty as Harlan enters the garage. Harlan starts into the car.

JAY
Don't even--

HARLAN
Just shut up.

Harlan gets into the passenger seat.

HARLAN
You can't do this without me and
you know it.

Off Jay's look of acceptance, we:

CUT TO:

INT. WOLFE'S STINGRAY

Anna holds the riveter to her chest as Wolfe sits down across from her, and--

--RIPS the riveter FROM HER HANDS.

The Agents immediately move and restrain her. Helplessly pinned by FOUR AGENTS, she--

SPITS in Wolfe's face. Wolfe SNEERS, looking into the chamber of the riveter--it's EMPTY.

WOLFE
Send chopper one back. Kill
Costigan. Level the grounds.

ANNA
NO!

INT. COCKPIT, STINGRAY - CHOPPER ONE

The STINGRAY PILOT hears his orders radioed in.

STINGRAY PILOT
Roger that.

EXT. STINGRAYS IN FLIGHT

As the SNOW FALLS thick as a DENSE FOG--

CHOPPER ONE BANKS RIGHT and TURNS BACK to Jay while--the remaining TWO STINGRAYS sail through the ever elevating snow-covered NAVAJO BASIN, with--

--THE NORTH FACE OF MT. WILSON LOOMING AHEAD.

EXT. STINGRAY - CHOPPER ONE

Chopper One cruises over 300-FOOT PINE TREES. And from the cover of these trees--

Rises Betty, JAY RIDING ON ITS HOOD.

EXT. BETTY

Jay fights the winds, bitter cold and snow pelting his face, as Betty closes in behind Chopper One.

INT. BETTY

Harlan speeds up and gets Jay closer to the--

--REAR HATCH of Chopper One.

INT. STINGRAY - CHOPPER ONE

The Stingray Pilot zeroes in on Harlan'S HOME, which begins to materialize through the snowfall. All the while he is completely unaware that--

EXT. STINGRAY - CHOPPER ONE

--Jay is poised at the edge of Betty, six feet away. Jay musters his courage and--

--LEAPS from Betty, GRABBING the handle of the rear hatch. Jay's legs FLAP in the 400 MPH WINDS.

Jay GROANS as he pulls himself up and PRESSES the handle door button. *WHOOOM!* The DOOR SWINGS OPEN nearly throwing Jay off.

INT. COCKPIT, STINGRAY - CHOPPER ONE

The Pilot cranes his neck to see HIS REAR HATCH IS WIDE OPEN and through it he can see--

HARLAN PILOTING BETTY.

STINGRAY PILOT

What the--

HARLAN DROPS FROM VIEW, prompting the Pilot to turn the hovercopter around which--

EXT. STINGRAY - CHOPPER ONE

--gives the rear hatch the momentum to CLOSE, but--
--not before JAY GETS HIMSELF ON THE OTHER SIDE of it.

INT. STINGRAY - CHOPPER ONE

The rear hatch door SHUTS, throwing Jay to the floor.

INT. COCKPIT, STINGRAY - CHOPPER ONE

The Pilot searches for Betty, finally finding it.

STINGRAY PILOT

There you are.

As the Pilot is about to fire on Betty--

JAY (O.S.)

Guess again.

REVEAL: JAY, who DECKS the Pilot before he can react. Jay pulls the Pilot from the seat and--

TAKES THE CONTROLS. Jay surveys the substantially more complicated diagnostics with some trepidation.

JAY (CONT'D)

Oh boy.

Jay PUSHES FORWARD on the cyclic and--

EXT. STINGRAY - CHOPPER ONE

--TAKES OFF like a bullet after Wolfe.

EXT. MT. WILSON

The Two Stingrays move up and over 6,000 feet of FROZEN CLIFF FACE. GUSTS OF WIND have their way with both hovercopters.

INT. WOLFE'S STINGRAY

ANNA IS HANDCUFFED to an overhead bar. She's jostled inside the rocking vehicle.

Wolfe looks at her satisfied as he moves into the--

INT. COCKPIT, WOLFE'S STINGRAY

--CO-PILOT'S SEAT. From here we can SEE the SECOND STINGRAY riding in formation NEXT TO HIM.

Wolfe puts on his mic'd headset.

WOLFE (INTO RADIO)
Chopper One. Come in.

STATIC.

WOLFE (CONT'D)
Chopper one. Do you read?

JAY (OVER RADIO)
Hey, long time listener, first time
caller. Got a quick question for
you.

Wolfe is stunned.

JAY (V.O.)
How much'd that thing on your left
cost?

REVEAL: the other Stingray riding in formation as--

--BOOOM!! A MISSILE hits one of its two MEGA LEVDISCS.

EXT. STINGRAYS, WILSON'S NORTH FACE

The flaming stingray SPINS OUT OF CONTROL as the DOT Agents
EJECT OUT to safety.

The wounded Stingray SLAMS into the side of the North Face,
EXPLODING and--

WHOOSH--Chopper One flies through the explosion and towards
Wolfe's Stingray. We SEE--

--JAY AT THE CONTROLS.

INT. COCKPIT, JAY'S STINGRAY

JAY
I have to tell you, these are *fun*.
Took a bit to get the hang of
things, but--

INT. COCKPIT, WOLFE'S STINGRAY

Wolfe is steaming as he hears Jay's voice over the radio.

JAY (V.O.)
--*think I may just keep it.*

Wolfe MUTES the RADIO. To the Pilot:

WOLFE

My wheel.

Wolfe takes control of the Stingray.

WOLFE (CONT'D)

Get the pulse cannon.

Moreau NODS, moving to the back of the Stingray.

WOLFE (CONT'D)

Mr. Costigan. May I remind you
that destroying federal property is
a very serious felony?

INT. COCKPIT, JAY'S STINGRAY

JAY CLOSSES IN on Wolfe's Stingray as both choppers continue to climb.

JAY (INTO RADIO)

Whoopsidaiesies.

INT. WOLFE'S STINGRAY

Moreau opens up a large chest and reveals--

--A PULSE CANNON. Whatever it is--this thing'll f%ck you up.

EXT. AIR ABOVE MT. WILSON

Wolfe's Stingray crests over the 14,000-foot peak of Wilson and Jay follows. As they do--

--both get nailed by a MASSIVE HEADWIND that almost causes them to flip head over tail.

INT. WOLFE'S STINGRAY

Wolfe pushes forward on the cyclic and DROPS into--

EXT. STINGRAYS IN FLIGHT

--a BASIN between two massive permafrost GLACIERS.

The otherwise sizeable stingrays are COMPLETELY DWARFED as they emerge from the basin and into--

--AN ICY VALLEY FORMED BY A DOZEN CONVERGING PEAKS.

INT. WOLFE'S STINGRAY

CLICK-LOCK. Moreau snaps the pulse cannon into a tripod at the rear of the stingray.

INT. COCKPIT, WOLFE'S STINGRAY

Wolfe turns to see Moreau giving him the THUMB'S UP.

WOLFE (INTO RADIO)
You know what the difference is
between you and me, Mr. Costigan?

JAY (V.O.)
What's that?

WOLFE
I can shoot you down.

INT. JAY'S STINGRAY

JAY (INTO RADIO)
Well, I'm no expert, but I'd say
I've got the drop on you.

WOLFE (V.O.)
You're not going to fire on me.

JAY (INTO RADIO)
No?

WOLFE (V.O.)
You won't risk hurting her. *Alas--*
I have no such reservations.

*Just then--*the REAR DOORS of Wolfe's Stingray SWING OPEN to reveal:

Moreau manning the PULSE CANNON POINTED RIGHT AT JAY.

JAY'S EYES GO WIDE as he JERKS his cyclic right and ROLLS just in time to avoid--

EXT. WOLFE'S STINGRAY

--BAAAAAAOOWWW--RIPPLES OF PLASMA tear through the air, just missing Jay's Stingray.

The Plasma collides with an icy mountain wall and completely SHATTERS IT.

EXT. STINGRAYS IN FLIGHT

JAY significantly LOWERS HIS ALTITUDE and hovers 1,000 feet below Wolfe's Stingray in an attempt to get out of the range of the pulse cannon, *but--*

Jay is now less than 500 feet from the icy floor.

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAIN VALLEY

ZOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM--BOOOOOM!! Both Stingrays zip through the ever-narrowing mountain valley.

The HUM of the speeding Stingrays and ECHO against ROCK and ICE as--

BAAAAAAOOWWWW--Moreau fires and MISSES again. This time his blast hits another icy wall and--

CRACK--A 100,000-TON SLAB of frozen snow is JARRED LOOSE from the mountain face. RUMBLE RUMBLE--the snow moves and causes a CHAIN REACTION of simultaneous--

AVALANCHES on several peaks.

Snow descends like a tidal wave from all sides of the valley. Rapidly approaching--

INT. JAY'S STINGRAY

--JAY, who struggles with the controls of the stingray. At this speed and in these conditions, it's like steering a rocket with butterfly wings.

He then notices that the snowy valley is literally COMING DOWN and SWALLOWING HIM WHOLE.

JAY

Holy--

INT. COCKPIT, WOLFE'S STINGRAY

Wolfe sees it too. He PULLS BACK with all his might on the cyclic, but he doesn't have the strength to climb as quickly as he needs to avoid the avalanche.

The Pilot grabs *his* cyclic and - in stereo - both men use every bit of strength they have to GAIN ALTITUDE.

EXT. STINGRAYS IN FLIGHT

Stingrays rise higher and higher. WOLFE WILL MAKE IT--

BUT JAY WON'T. It's impossible to make up the altitude.

INT. JAY'S STINGRAY

Snow closes in from both sides of Jay's windshield as--

EXT. JAY'S STINGRAY

--he is COMPLETELY CONSUMED by the converging avalanches.

INT. WOLFE'S STINGRAY

Anna stares through the open rear hatch at Jay as--

ANNA

No!!

EXT. MOUNTAIN VALLEY - AERIAL VIEW

--his stingray VANISHES beneath 100,000 tons of snow.

Wolfe's Stingray barely emerges UNSCATHED, escaping the valley.

INT. WOLFE'S STINGRAY

Heartbroken, Anna can only stare at the spot where Jay disappeared, looking for any glimmer of hope, when MOREAU SLAMS THE REAR HATCH SHUT.

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAIN VALLEY

It's EERILY QUIET where *moments ago* the deafening sound of an avalanche echoed through the valley.

We PASS OVER the newly settled snow until--

MOVEMENT. CRACKS appear in the snow, growing in size as they rise up and down--

AN ARM erupts from the snow and grips the ground.

JAY

ARRRRRRRG!

JAY'S HEAD APPEARS and with great effort, he is able to pull his other arm from beneath the snow.

JAY COLLAPSES, his chest HEAVING the first real breath of air in minutes.

The HUM of an HCar prompts Jay to look and see--Betty LANDING.

Harlan exits and rushes to Jay. He takes Jay's hands and PULLS the lower half of his body OUT OF THE PACKED SNOW.

HARLAN

(beat)

Ain't you gonna hit me?

Jay shakes his head.

JAY

If the shoe was on the other foot--
I would've done the same thing.

This is little conciliation for Harlan, who wears his remorse on his sleeve.

HARLAN

What are they going to do with her?

JAY

Anna was right. Lyndon wanted her
taken alive. He's in New York.
I'd wager that's where she'd
headed.

HARLAN

And where *you're* headed.

JAY

(hopeless)

The Lyndon Tower is the most secure
building in the world. How the
hell's a washed-up bum going to get
in there?

HARLAN

You mean *two* washed-up bums.

Jay looks at Harlan.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

I think maybe you've been paying
for one mistake for long enough.

INT. HARLAN'S GARAGE

HARLAN

Here we go.

Harlan opens a THREE DIMENSIONAL BUILDING SCHEMATIC on a large LCD touch screen.

HARLAN

Lyndon Tower.

JAY

How in the hell did you get access
to this?

Not looking away from the screen, Harlan holds up ANNA'S
LYNDON TECH ID.

HARLAN
Found it in the seat cushion.

JAY
Give me that.

Jay snatches it out of Harlan's hand, considers ANNA'S IMAGE for a beat before turning his attention back to the screen.

Harlan traces his finger along the outside of the building as he speaks.

HARLAN
See this?
(Jay nods)
The whole building's covered in a protective grid. It'll short out any LevDiscs coming too close. *But--*
(beat)
If you could drop in on the roof, passing through the grid with your disc powered off and then--flip it on at the last second--
(calculating)
--you *might* be able to get Betty through and land.

JAY
Might.

HARLAN
Might.
(then)
Next problem is getting through here--

Harlan points to a ROOFTOP DOOR.

HARLAN (CONT'D)
Reinforced steel and we ain't got no key.

As Harlan continues, SOMETHING catches Jay's eye in another part of the room. He moves toward it.

HARLAN (CONT'D)
Which won't hardly matter, cuz there's probably a whole buncha DOT Agents with itchy trigger fingers waiting on the other side.

Jay STOPS in front of whatever it is he's looking at while Harlan grows more and more discouraged.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

Now, assuming you even find her and get back to the roof, I don't see no way you could lift off with the grid still on.

(with resign)

Hell, this is just a total cluster.

Jay's attention is still focused on the MYSTERY ITEM.

JAY

You think you could install a polarity alternator on this?

Intrigued, Harlan turns to see what Jay is looking at.

HARLAN

Hmmp. Well--I could surely try.

Jay smiles and we PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

The LEVDISC SLED from the Vegas Hawk Dive at Jay's feet.

EXT. ROOF, LYNDON TOWER, MANHATTAN - DUSK

Wolfe's Stingray lowers for a landing, stopping short of the CRISSCROSSED LASER GRID that hovers about 15-feet above the roof.

INT. SECURITY STATION, LYNDON TOWER

WOLFE (OVER RADIO)

Clear the grid for landing.

A LYNDON TOWER SECURITY GUARD powers down the grid.

EXT. ROOF, LYNDON TOWER

The LASER GRID DISSIPATES and Wolfe's Stingray LOWERS, landing on the rooftop helipad. The moment it touches down--the GRID REAPPEARS.

EXT. WOLFE'S STINGRAY

Wolfe slides the door open and escorts a handcuffed Anna out and toward the ROOFTOP DOOR.

INT. LYNDON'S OFFICE, LYNDON TOWER

Anna's led into the office and locks eyes with Lyndon.

LYNDON

Take off the handcuffs.

Wolfe does, before leaving the room with trepidation.

LYNDON (CONT'D)

Anna--

SMACK! Anna SLAPS Lyndon HARD. He stumbles back a step. Anna is seething.

ANNA

Don't--don't say a word to me.

LYNDON

I didn't want this--any of this.

ANNA

You're a murderer!

Lyndon can't respond. Distressed, he's crumbling under the ever increasing weight of his transgressions.

LYNDON

Why did you go to that agent?

ANNA

I showed you what the discs could do--you did nothing!!

(beat)

And now people will die because of it.

LYNDON

People who are stupid enough to hack our product. *I'm* giving them something good, *they're* turning it into a weapon.

(then)

If someone hits you with a car, you don't sue the car manufacturer, *do you?*

ANNA

If one person hacks a disc, it'll kill everyone around them. Families, children, innocent people. *What about them?*

LYNDON

It's unfortunate. But *think about it*, the first time that happens, yes--it will be terrible, but no one will ever hack a NexGen disc again.

ANNA
You're sick.

Anna shakes her head in disbelief. She's desperate. So desperate, she shifts her tact.

ANNA (CONT'D)
We were Becker's favorites, we were supposed to carry on his work. He trusted us. We had a responsibility--

LYNDON
You're not looking at the big picture--

ANNA
If you ever loved me, if you ever cared for me. I'm begging you. Stop this. Please.

Lyndon shows some weakness, Anna's made some headway.

LYNDON
Anna--

Lyndon closes his eyes, his head is spinning. It seems he is going to cave. He looks at Anna.

LYNDON (CONT'D)
It's too late.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE LYNDON'S OFFICE

Leaning against Lyndon's door--WOLFE LISTENS CLOSELY to their conversation while RELOADING his clip.

LYNDON (O.S.)
It's too late.

CLICK. Wolfe SNAPS the clip into his gun.

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - NIGHT

EIGHT LEVELS OF HCAR TRAFFIC sail over where streets once were, but now--

GRASS, TREES and FLORA have broken through the asphalt, creating impromptu parks inbetween the city canyons. This is the new New York.

Blending into the tiers of moving traffic, we FIND-- BETTY merging UP to the HIGHEST TIER of traffic as--

THE LYNDON TOWER appears ahead.

INT. BETTY

Harlan drives with a nervous Jay in the passenger seat.

JAY
Thanks for doing this.

Harlan nods, then SHIFTS.

HARLAN
Don't thank me yet. Hold on tight.

EXT. BETTY

BURRRRRRRRR--HIGH GEAR. Betty accelerates and GAINS ALTITUDE, rising ABOVE the city traffic and going--

VERTICAL, now completely parallel with the Lyndon Tower, but at a safe distance from the grid.

INT. BETTY

Harlan and Jay are PRESSED AGAINST THEIR SEATS, pulling about 4 Gs and looking like astronauts at liftoff.

EXT. LYNDON TOWER

Betty summits the tower and levels out. Hovering about 200 feet over its roof.

EXT. BETTY

Passenger door open, Jay reaches into the rear of the car and pulls out--

--THE LEVDISC SLED. We TAKE NOTE OF a NEW YELLOW BUTTON next to the infamous RED BUTTON. Also--there's a KEVLAR BELT connecting the handles.

Jay taps an INNER-EAR COMMUNICATION DEVICE--

JAY (INTO DEVICE)
Call you when I'm set.

HARLAN (INTO DEVICE)
Good luck.

Jay pulls the sled tight to his chest and JUMPS.

EXT. SKY OVER LYNDON TOWER

JAY BARRELS toward the grid covered roof. His finger rests on the RED BUTTON as he approaches the grid and--

---WHOOOM--passes through it, with ONLY 15 FEET left to drop. HE'S CLEAR. Jay quickly HITS the button---HMMMMMM--the disc comes alive--

--Bracing for the hit, Jay CLOSES HIS EYES--

BLACK

Jay pensively OPENS HIS EYES to see he--

--is HOVERING inches from the Lyndon Tower roof. Jay rolls safely onto the roof and SLINGS the sled over his back, moving to--

--the REINFORCED STEEL DOOR.

INT. LYNDON'S OFFICE

Anna sits helplessly, awaiting her fate while Lyndon paces nervously.

The door opens and WOLFE ENTERS.

WOLFE

A word.

Lyndon moves in closely to Wolfe, who WHISPERS.

WOLFE (CONT'D)

You tried to reason, but now we
need to take care of her.

LYNDON

I can't--I won't--

WOLFE

You will. Or I will.

EXT. ROOFTOP, LYNDON TOWER

Using the Kevlar belt to fasten his sled to the side of WOLFE'S PARKED STINGRAY, Jay HITS--

--THE YELLOW BUTTON. We HEAR a HUM as the disc comes to life. But--the disc is behaving STRANGELY--

Rather than repelling, the disc is PULLING objects toward it, namely--

--the REINFORCED STEEL DOOR, which BUCKLES in the middle.
The DOOR IS PULLING FROM ITS CONCRETE FRAME. *POP-PING!!*

The door FLIES from the wall and SLAMS into both the sled and the Stingray to which it is attached.

Jay looks at the GAPPING HOLE that is his way *inside*.

JAY
Nice work, Harlan.

INT. STAIRWELL, LYNDON TOWER

LevDisc sled strapped to his back, Jay speeds down the emergency stairwell and into the--

INT. 110TH-FLOOR LOBBY

A puzzled RECEPTIONIST stares at an out-of-breath Jay.
"Muzac" plays softly in the background. A BEAT. Then--

JAY
Could you do me a favor and notify
the main desk there's a security
breach on your floor?

The stunned Receptionist is slow to respond.

JAY (CONT'D)
You can tell them it's Jay
Costigan.

The Receptionist picks up the phone and dials.

RECEPTIONIST
Yes. I have a security breach in
the lobby of the 110th floor. It's--

Jay WINKS encouragingly.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
--Jay Costigan.
(hangs up)
They're coming.

JAY
You're a doll.

An AWKWARD SILENCE. Jay's waiting for something as the Musac drones on.

JAY (CONT'D)
This music's gotta kinda get to you
after a while, *huh?*

The Receptionist concedes with a SHRUG as--

BRIIIIIIIING!! SIRENS RING and LIGHTS FLASH RED.

LOUDSPEAKER (V.O.)
This is a Class-A emergency. The
building has been breached. All
elevators are--

The elevators simultaneously stop with a THUD.

LOUDSPEAKER (V.O.)
--locked down until further notice.

JAY
There it is. Thanks again.

Jay runs for the stairwell.

INT. LYNDON'S OFFICE

EMERGENCY LIGHTS FLASH as Moreau enters the office.

LYNDON
What the hell is going on?

MOREAU
There's a breach on 110. It's
Costigan.

Hopeful, Anna faces WOLFE as he runs for the door.

INT. STAIRWELL, LYNDON TOWER

Jay speeds down the stairs, finally stopping at:

THE 101ST FLOOR. Jay pulls the sled from his back and poises his thumb over the RED BUTTON. He stands at the ready, waiting for--

CREEEAK-BANG!

One story below, a STAIRWELL DOOR OPENS. WOLFE, MOREAU and DOT AGENTS storm in, GUNS DRAWN.

Jay holds steady, waiting while--

BOOT ON METAL ECHOES through the stairwell.

We WATCH as THE STAIRWELL FILLS UP. There are over 30 DOT AGENTS, all armed to the teeth: JAY. IS. F%CKED.

Somehow, Jay manages to stay calm. Slowing his breath. Jay is patient--waiting--waiting--waiting--until--

WOLFE'S BARREL comes round the corner and OPENS FIRE--

SIMULTANEOUSLY--JAY HITS THE RED BUTTON and--the disc comes to life. In SLO MO we SEE:

The DOT Agents' BULLETS FLY AT JAY, then--STOP short of Jay's LevDisc before--

--BACK TO REAL TIME, they fly back at their shooters, REPELLED by the LevDisc.

BULLETS RICOCHET and SPARKS FLY. Several DOT Agents take hits in their arms and legs. Among them--

WOLFE

Agh!

--who catches a bullet in his leg.

INT. LYNDON'S OFFICE

ANNA

It won't stop. It will only get worse.

A very conflicted Lyndon listens.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I can see what this is doing to you. You said it's too late, *but it's not*. Don't let him turn you into a monster.

INT. STAIRWELL, LYNDON TOWER

Wolfe clutches his wounded thigh and SCREAMS!

WOLFE

Cease fire, *CEASE FIRE!!*

Shots TAPER OFF. *Taking full advantage of the confusion--*

--Jay FLIPS over the rail, SWINGING himself--

To the OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE STAIRWELL and *BENEATH* the Agents. Before they can react--Jay OPENS THE DOOR and--

INT. 100TH FLOOR LOBBY, LYNDON TOWER

--ESCAPES. He quickly SLAMS the door shut, BRACES THE LEVDISC SLED AGAINST A WALL, and trains it on the stairwell door, LOCKING WOLFE and COMPANY INSIDE.

INT. STAIRWELL, LYNDON TOWER

Wolfe, Moreau and company slam themselves against the door, but are HELPLESS TO MOVE IT. The door won't budge against the LevDisc's MAGNETIC REPULSION FORCE.

WOLFE

(to Moreau)

Take a team. Go up a floor and catch an elevator down.

MOREAU

But the elevators are locked.

WOLFE

Well, go get them unlocked!!

Moreau moves up the stairwell.

INT. 100TH-FLOOR LOBBY, LYNDON TOWER

Jay leaves the LevDisc in place to keep Wolfe and his men in as he runs into:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE LYNDON'S OFFICE

Jay moves toward Lyndon's office, as--

Anna and Lyndon exit. It looks as if LYNDON IS HOLDING ANNA HOSTAGE.

To Jay's surprise - LYNDON RELEASES ANNA, who runs into Jay's arms. Jay EMBRACES HER.

LYNDON

Get her out of here.

Jay and Anna back away. Lyndon's remorseful eyes don't leave Anna. Anna says only--

ANNA

Thank you.

--as she and Jay disappear around a corner.

INT. STAIRWELL

Moreau runs up the stairs, screaming into his radio:

MOREAU

Cancel security protocol! Get the elevators unlocked *immediately*!

INT. 100TH-FLOOR LOBBY

Jay and Anna run straight for the ELEVATOR DOORS.

JAY
Help me.

Jay JAMS HIS FINGERS into the cleft between doors.

Anna and Jay struggle to PUSH OPEN THE ELEVATOR DOORS,
EXPOSING:

An ELEVATOR SHAFT with a view of:

DOZENS of LEVDISC PROPELLED ELEVATOR CARS frozen in space.
No cables. Each car sports a LevDisc on its top and bottom.
Anna GULPS at the DROP.

JAY (CONT'D)
Stay here.

Jay sprints to the LevDisc Sled still holding Wolfe's team
inside.

ANNA
What's your plan?

JAY
We're gonna jump.

ANNA
What?!

JAY
It'll be just like Vegas.

ANNA
You almost died in Vegas.

JAY
Okay, then, it'll be *nothing* like
Vegas.

ANNA
What about the elevator cars?

JAY
They're frozen. I can get around
them as long as they're standing
still. Do you trust me?

Anna pauses for a long beat before answering:

ANNA

Yes.

JAY

Here we go. One, Two--

Jay grabs the LevDisc sled--

JAY (CONT'D)

Three!

--Jay runs with the sled toward Anna, but in doing that:

He releases WOLFE'S TEAM INTO THE LOBBY. They train their guns on Jay--as he RUNS and GRABS Anna--

--LEAPING into the elevator shaft.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT

Jay and Anna tumble through the air, FREEFALLING. Jay spots a frozen elevator car approaching. He quickly--

--positions Anna's back against the sled, putting his body on top of hers. Jay TAPS the red button and they--

--SLOW TO A STOP, just short of the frozen car--SQUISHING VERY PROVOCATIVELY INTO ONE ANOTHER.

JAY

Sorry.

GUNFIRE from above.

Jay quickly points the sled at an angle and releases the button. ZOOM--

--THEY DROP AGAIN.

INT. 100TH-FLOOR LOBBY

Wolfe is apoplectic.

WOLFE

(into device)

Get these elevators turned back on!

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT

Jay and Anna drop, floor after floor speeding by, when--

--BRRR--the elevator cars HUM to life and begin to move.

But they not only move up and down--LevDisc tech allows them to move SIDE TO SIDE and DIAGONALLY, completely un-tethered from cables, which makes the elevator cars NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE TO DODGE.

ANNA

I thought they were frozen!

JAY

They were. This might be better with your eyes closed.

DOZENS OF RAPIDLY MOVING ELEVATOR CARS crisscross, missing collisions by mouse hairs as--

--WHOOOSH!! Jay CORKSCREWS just in time to squeeze inbetween them.

INT. 100TH-FLOOR LOBBY

Wolfe, Moreau and the DOT Agents pile into the elevator.

WOLFE (INTO DEVICE)

All available agents. All available agents move to Lyndon Tower immediately. Seal all entrances. No one gets out.

INT. CENTRAL LOBBY, LYNDON TOWER

We're LOOKING at the central elevator block as the doors are PRIED OPEN, revealing--

--JAY AND ANNA. Jay taps his inner ear communication device.

JAY (INTO DEVICE)

We're here, Harlan.

Jay and Anna move onto the lobby floor where--similar to the Silicon Valley Lyndon offices--several NEXGEN CONCEPT HCARS sit sparkling in the lobby.

HARLAN (V.O.)

We have a problem--

A FLEET OF DOT HCARS pull up in front of the main doors of the building.

HARLAN (V.O.)

--nobody's getting out the front door.

Shit! Jay looks the other direction to see--Wolfe's ELEVATOR IS QUICKLY APPROACHING THE LOBBY.

Jay scans the room, looking for a way out and--HIS EYES LOCK ON SOMETHING:

The NexGen Concept HCars displays, specifically the BUGATTI VEYRON-INSPIRED ROADSTER. He starts toward it.

ANNA
What are you doing?

JAY
I'm gonna hotwire it.

Anna runs past Jay, pushing him out of the way.

ANNA
We're in a hurry. I better do it.

Off Jay's miffed/turned-on face, we:

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR

Wolfe watches the floor numbers COUNT DOWN.

The digital read-out shows: 5, 4, 3, 2, 1--PING! The DOORS OPEN and WOLFE EXITS as--

INT. CENTRAL LOBBY, LYNDON TOWER

BBBBBBBBRRRR. Jay and Anna throttle out of the lobby in the NexGen Roadster.

--CRASH!! Breaking through 30-foot windows and--

EXT. LYNDON TOWER/STREETS OF NEW YORK

--over the FIRING DOT Agents.

INT. NEXGEN ROADSTER

Jay reaches for a stick shift that--

JAY
What the--?

--*ISN'T THERE*.

ANNA
It's automatic.

Jay makes a SOURPUSS as he disappears into TRAFFIC.

INT. CENTRAL LOBBY, LYNDON TOWER

Wolfe is EERILY QUIET as he watches Jay and Anna make their escape. Despite the FLURRY of DOT AGENTS scrambling after them, WOLFE REMAINS VERY CALM AND STILL. Wolfe looks over to the--

--EMPTY PEDESTAL where the Roadster once was. And then, to our surprise--

WOLFE TURNS BACK TOWARDS THE ELEVATORS.

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - AERIAL VIEW

The NexGen Roadster speeds south through HCar traffic stacked 10 tiers high.

EXT. NEXGEN ROADSTER

JAY

With a little luck, we'll be in DC in two hours. Tunnels are out of the question, so I guess--

Anna holds her gaze on Jay. He feels it.

JAY

What?

ANNA

I--

(beat)

I thought you were dead.

JAY

(beat)

Well, I'm sorry to disappoint you.

Anna smiles for a second, then--

ANNA

Why did you come back for me?

Jay squirms a little. He steals a look at Anna before turning back to the road.

JAY

I promised to get you there--you believed that *I would*.

(then)

And I'm in real short supply of people who believe in me.

We hold on this moment for a beat before we:

CUT TO:

INT. LYNDON'S OFFICE

A very anxious Lyndon stares out his office window, when--
WOLFE storms in, PULLS OUT A GUN and points it at him.

LYNDON
Please. *Please don't--*

WOLFE
You let her go?

LYNDON
I--loved her. I couldn't let you
do it.

WOLFE
She'll bring us both down.

Lyndon GULPS, knowing he's right.

WOLFE (CONT'D)
I want the NexGen decryption
algorithm.

LYNDON
What?

WOLFE
The one she wrote to hack the
NexGen discs. She gave it to you.
I want it.

LYNDON
Why? I don't--

CLICK-CLICK. Wolfe presses the gun to Lyndon's forehead.

WOLFE
Give it to me.

LYNDON
You know what it'll do--

WOLFE
I know *precisely* what it will do.
Now--GIVE IT TO ME!!

Lyndon CRUMBLES under the pressure, NODDING.

EXT. ON RAMP FOR MANHATTAN BRIDGE - AERIAL VIEW

The Roadster approaches the Manhattan Bridges only to find:

INT. ROADSTER

A DOZEN DOT HCARS waiting.

JAY

Crap.

Jay spins the car around and THROTTLES it. He takes a quick look at the speedometer: 190 MPH.

JAY

This really as fast as it can go?

ANNA

Without hacking the discs, *yeah*.

(off his look)

The irony is not lost on me.

INT. STINGRAY, ROOF OF LYNDON TOWER

Wolfe slides into the pilot's chair with Moreau waiting in the passenger seat.

MOREAU

They were just spotted trying to cross the Manhattan Bridge. We have cars in pursuit.

WOLFE

Good.

Wolfe takes the cyclic and prepares to lift off.

MOREAU

Did you get it?

Wolfe hands Moreau a LYNDON TECH FLASH DRIVE, which he--

PLUGS into his diagnostic screen. The screen fills up with COMPUTER CODE, rapidly scrolling by. Moreau SMILES when he sees it.

EXT. ROOF, LYNDON TOWER

The GRID CLEARS and Wolfe's Stingray lifts off. Its LevDiscs tilt to 45-degree angles and--

--BOOOM!! It takes off like a jet towards:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE

TOURISTS stare at the giant ABC News screen--

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
 --live from Capitol Hill where we
 await a vote on the "Safer Skies
 Bill"--

ZOOOOOOOOOOOM--Jay's NexGen Roadster SCREAMS PAST the giant screen, so close that it actually--

--CRACKS the screen in half.

INT. NEXGEN ROADSTER

Jay turns back to see GLASS from the screen rain down on the now 25 DOT CARS in pursuit.

INT. STINGRAY

Wolfe and Moreau look down at Times Square and the chase that Jay is leading through it.

Moreau locks a TARGETING SYSTEM on Jay and Anna's NexGen roadster. His screen flashes:

SIGNAL ESTABLISHED.

MOREAU
 Ready to transmit.

WOLFE
 Do it.

Moreau hits UPLOAD on his diagnostic touch screen.

EXT. UNDERSIDE OF JAY'S NEXGEN ROADSTER

We HEAR the HUM of the six NexGen LevDiscs as they work in harmony to navigate.

All NexGen LevDiscs feature a GREEN LED in the center. *ONE BY ONE*, each LED goes from solid green to FLASHING YELLOW.

INT. NEXGEN ROADSTER

Jay glances into his rear view mirror and sees--

ANNA
 They're gaining.

JAY
 I know.

His foot pushes the pedal to the floor and--*unbeknowst to him*, the digital speedometer INCREASES--200, 210, 225--

--as he begins to PULL AHEAD of the DOT HCars.

INT. STINGRAY

MOREAU
Upload's complete.

WOLFE
Good.
(into radio)
Attention all agents. This is
Deputy Secretary Wolfe. You have
authorization to use deadly force
on the target. Take them out!

INT. NEXGEN ROADSTER

Anna notices the speedometer:

JAY'S GOING 250 MILES PER HOUR. This *should be* IMPOSSIBLE on
a NexGen LevDisc. Anna is puzzled, but she has little time
to digest that as--

CRASH--CRASH--CRASH!! BULLETS SHATTER the rear window. Anna
and Jay both duck as--

--the Roadster ACCELERATES to 280 miles per hour.

INT. STINGRAY

Wolfe watches Jay speed through the city.

WOLFE
What are you clocking him at?

MOREAU
300 miles per hour.

Wolfe pulls back on the cyclic, SLOWING.

MOREAU (CONT'D)
What are you doing? We'll lose
visual.

WOLFE
Trust me. When he hits 350--

EXT. UNDERSIDE OF NEXGEN ROADSTER

All six LevDiscs start to uncharacteristically VIBRATE.

WOLFE (V.O.)
--we don't want to be around.

INT. NEXGEN ROADSTER

Jay struggles with the steering wheel.

JAY
Car's handling weird.

He looks at the speedometer which now reads 330 MPH.

JAY (CONT'D)
Didn't you say we couldn't go over
190?

PA-TING!! BULLETS SAIL over Jay's head. He instinctively
accelerates--to 345 MPH.

EXT. UNDERSIDE OF NEXGEN ROADSTER

The NexGen LevDiscs VIBRATE VIOLENTLY now--it almost looks
like they could shake right off their fittings.

INT. NEXGEN ROADSTER

ANNA
(realizing)
STOP!

JAY
WHAT?!

ANNA
They hacked our discs.

JAY
How?!

ANNA
I don't know--just STOP!!

Jay's eyes go WIDE as he--steps off the accelerator and
slows. The speedometer drops--345, 335, 320--as--

EXT. UNDERSIDE OF NEXGEN ROADSTER

The vibrations slow and the DISCS STABILIZE.

INT. STINGRAY

MOREAU
They're slowing.

Wolfe looks like he's going blow a fuse.

WOLFE

Put me down and get me a car. NOW!

INT. NEXGEN ROADSTER

Jay looks in his rearview mirror to see--

DOT HCars gaining on him, their Gatling guns spinning to life. JAY SPEEDS UP AGAIN.

ANNA

What are you doing?

JAY

They're shooting at us.

ANNA

You go any faster, these discs'll go EMP. We and everyone in lower Manhattan will crash. We're riding on a bomb.

Anna and Jay realize their situation is LOSE/LOSE as the entirety of the NYC DOT closes in behind them.

JAY

Then what am I supposed to do?!?

Anna spots a SUBWAY STATION and points to it.

ANNA

Take speed out of the equation.

Jay nearly spit-takes when he figures out what Anna's suggesting.

JAY

You should be institutionalized.

Jay swerves out of traffic straight at:

THE ENTRANCE TO A SUBWAY STATION. Jay lays into the HORN as--
PEDESTRIANS CLEAR THE WAY--

EXT. NEXGEN ROADSTER

--CREEEEEAKK--the Roadster is sandwiched by the impossibly tight fit into the station--SPARKS FLY as metal hits metal.

INT. SUBWAY STATION

BOOM!! Jay plows through the GATES and right onto--

THE MAGLEV SUBWAY TRACKS.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION ENTRANCE

ONLY TWO DOT HCARS are crazy enough to pursue. *As hard as it is to believe*, their entrances are more unsightly.

EXT. STREET

Wolfe runs from the grounded Stingray and jumps into a waiting DOT HCar.

BRRRMMM--Wolfe tears down the street.

INT. WOLFE'S DOT HCAR

WOLFE (INTO RADIO)
Where are they now?

MOREAU (V.O.)
You're not going to believe it.

INT. NEXGEN ROADSTER, SUBWAY TUNNEL

ANNA
We're gonna die.

JAY
Your idea.

Anna sees Jay is moving straight at--

ANNA
Jay!!

EXT. SUBWAY TUNNEL

--A SPEEDING MAGLEV SUBWAY TRAIN!!!

Jay THROTTLES at the car and--PEELS AWAY at the last possible second into--

--an emerging parallel track.

ANNA
Slow down.

Jay sees he's speeding dangerously close to 350 MPH. He slows again, allowing--

--the pursing DOT HCars to catch up.

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK

Wolfe's DOT HCar fishtails and throttles into an open subway tunnel.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL

The two DOT HCars follow Jay and Anna through the LABYRINTHINE SUBWAY TUNNEL SYSTEM.

Neither DOT HCar is able to get a shot as they pursue Jay through

HOOOOOOOONK!!! TWO MORE TRAINS APPROACH and, Jay dodges one--the other--

One of the two DOT HCars is struggling, it HITS THE WALL and RICOCHETS--

--BOOM!!--into a SUPPORT BEAM and EXPLODES. *One car left.*

Jay regards his speedometer--325 MPH.

JAY

Crap.

Jay immediately slows, distracted enough to miss--

ANNA

Jay!!

--a MAGLEV SUBWAY TRAIN headed straight at them. He has no place to turn and is about to collide with it when--

--a quick thinking ANNA REACHES FOR THE TOUCHSCREEN DIAGNOSTIC and--

EXT. UNDERSIDE OF NEXGEN ROADSTER

--SHUTS DOWN THE DISCS on the left side of the Roadster--

INT. NEXGEN ROADSTER

The Roadster FLIPS COUNTERCLOCKWISE until it's flying on its side, PERPENDICULAR to the track.

EXT. SUBWAY TUNNEL

The Roadster sandwiches inbetween the MagLev train and the tunnel wall.

The top of the Roadster gets SCRAPPED as it slides along the MagLev train, but--

INT. DOT HCAR

--*their PURSUER isn't so lucky.* The DOT Agent raises his arms to cover himself as--

The approaching MagLev train HITS.

EXT. NEXGEN ROADSTER

Jay and Anna SQUEEZE THROUGH the other side.

INT. NEXGEN ROADSTER

Anna reaches for the diagnostic and LEVELS THE ROADSTER.

Jay stares at Anna in DISBELIEF. She made his move before he could. Anna SHRUGS casually.

JAY
Let's say we get the hell out of
here.

EXT. TUNNEL

Jay and Anna cruise past--

--AN ADJOINING TUNNEL. We HOLD ON the MOUTH of tunnel as we HEAR the HUM of LevDiscs.

ROOOOOOOOAR!! WOLFE'S DOT HCAR emerges from the tunnel and starts after Jay.

INT. NEXGEN ROADSTER

JAY
What was that?

BOOM!!! Wolfe RAMS the Roadster from behind.

Jay responds by--ACCELERATING. The needle reads: 340 MPH.

INT. CANAL STREET SUBWAY STATION

WOULD-BE SUBWAY RIDERS wait as--

HMMMM--BOOM--Jay's Roadster and Wolfe's HCar ROOOOOAR by--nearly taking the waiting passengers' clothes with them.

INT. NEXGEN ROADSTER

Anna SCREAMS, pointing at the speedometer.

ANNA
JAY!

Jay lets off on the accelerator, but as soon as he does--
Wolfe gets closer.

RAT-A-TAT-A-TAT--the GATLING unloads--JAY AND ANNA ARE SCREWED. If they drive quickly to evade the bullets, they'll risk setting off the EMP. Jay's foot hovers over the accelerator.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Don't--

Jay and Anna exchange a look of hopelessness--IT'S OVER.

INT. WOLFE'S DOT HCAR

Wolfe's got his sights set on the Roadster--

--HE'S LOCKED ON TARGET.

INT. NEXGEN ROADSTER

Anna spots a CLOSED-OFF SUBWAY TUNNEL on the left--it appears to DESCEND, DEEP into the Earth.

ANNA

Take that tunnel!!

Without missing a beat, Jay SWERVES left and--

CRASH!! He breaks through the wooden barriers and--

EXT. TUNNEL

--ZOOMS into the BLACKED SPACE.

INT. WOLFE'S DOT HCAR

Wolfe pursues Jay into the tunnel, but--

His target is no longer locked. As Wolfe tries to reacquire--

INT. NEXGEN ROADSTER

Jay twists left and right to avoid RAIL FRAGMENTS and THICK COLLAPSED CONCRETE WALLS. There's a reason the tunnel is blocked off--

--IT'S FALLING APART and is TOO TIGHT TO NAVIGATE. The tunnel grows INCREASINGLY SMALLER as they move deeper into it.

JAY

Any other ideas?

ANNA
Drive as fast as you can.

JAY
WHAT?!

ANNA
Drive as fast as you can.

JAY
You said if I do that, then: EMP,
crash, death and destruction.

ANNA
We're descending into the old
tunnel system. We're deep and
under layers and layers of thick
concrete. The EMP shouldn't affect
anything.

JAY
Except our car.

ANNA
And any car chasing us.

THUD-BOOM!! Jay can't avoid getting NICKED by a collapsing
GIRDER.

JAY
We might just run out of tunnel
before I get up the speed.

ANNA
Then do it now.

Jay nods, understanding what he needs to do. HE PRESSES THE
ACCELERATOR ALL THE WAY DOWN. We SEE the SPEEDOMETER RISE:
250, 260, 270--

Jay and Anna BUCKLE UP and BRACE THEMSELVES.

EXT. UNDERSIDE OF NEXGEN ROADSTER

The LevDiscs VIBRATE VIOLENTLY, casting off the RIVETS that
hold them into place.

INT. NEXGEN ROADSTER

Jay steals a look at his speedometer: **295.** There's still a
long way to go.

ANNA
You have to hurry.

Jay looks ahead at the EVER-NARROWING TUNNEL and the CRISSCROSSING GIRDERS, SLABS OF CONCRETE and ROCKS that intersect his path.

In a callback to Jay's street race in San Francisco, we SEE him TAKE A DEEP BREATH, as--

TIME SLOWS TO 1/16 SPEED: We MOVE FREELY AROUND the tunnel with our "MATRIX VISION":

Jay sees it all--his SPEEDING ROADSTER, a broken PIPE cutting across his path, bullets flying out of Wolfe's Gatling to PULVERIZE obstacles his way, BUT, as before--JAY FINDS ORDER IN THIS MADNESS.

Jay EXHALES and we're back to REAL TIME.

JAY
Brace yourself.

WHOOOOOOOMMMMM!!! 300, 315, 330--The Speedometer continues to rise as Jay--

--flies through the tunnel, somehow navigating a countless number of obstacles. Each move is so quick, so precise and with such an immeasurably miniscule margin of error.

Anna glances over at the speedometer as it crests:

350 MILES PER HOUR!

EXT. TUNNEL

The discs now vibrate at such a high frequency, they sound a deafening high-pitch EEEEEEEEEEEEEEE. Then--

BAH-BOOOOOOOOO! SIX MASSIVE RINGS OF ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSE WAVES ERUPT from beneath the NexGen Roadster.

Every light on the Roadster is extinguished and it DROPS--into a DEADLY SLIDE along the subway tunnel floor.

INT. WOLFE'S DOT HCAR

Wolfe's car goes dark.

WOLFE
No.

It too DROPS and--

EXT. TUNNEL

--BARREL ROLLS when it collides with the old subway track. Unlike Jay's car, Wolfe's car gets completely chewed up as it spins along the ground at 200 MPH.

Just imagine the worst NASCAR crash you've ever seen AND
MULTIPLY IT BY 100--

--BA-BOOOOOM!!!! Wolfe's HCar EXPLODES!

INT. NEXGEN ROADSTER

FLAMES from Wolfe's explosion lick the tail of the Roadster as it continues to slide.

Jay sees a HUGE PROTRUDING STEEL GIRDER coming straight for their heads.

JAY

Down!

Jay pushes Anna down as both slide under the dash and--

SMASH!! The windshield is pulverized and the top of the car is nearly ripped off as the girder misses the tops of their heads by inches.

The Roadster JERKS TO A HALT.

EXT. B/D/N/Q SUBWAY TUNNEL AT MANHATTAN BRIDGE - MORNING

WE'RE STARING AT the mouth of the tunnel where the subway lines converge onto the MANHATTAN BRIDGE.

TWO FIGURES holding hands appear in silhouette and emerge from the tunnel.

IT'S JAY AND ANNA.

Jay taps a button on his inner ear device.

JAY (INTO DEVICE)

Harlan? We're gonna need a pick up.

HARLAN (V.O.)

I've never been so happy to hear that obnoxious voice.

We HEAR the HUM of LevDiscs as--

BRRRRRRMMMMMMMM--an HCar ZOOMS overhead and into the TIERS OF AERIAL TRAFFIC hovering over the Manhattan Bridge.

MCCALE (V.O.)
Please state your name for the
record.

ANNA (V.O.)
Dr. Anna White.

CUT TO:

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING CHAMBERS - DAY

We SEE ANNA'S REFLECTION in the DOZEN TELEVISION CAMERAS
pointed directly at her.

ANNA
Because of its devastating
potential, the NexGen SmartDisc
must be permanently banned from
public use.

EXT. SALVAGE YARD

A HAULING TRUCK dumps hundreds of NexGen LevDiscs into an
INDUSTRIAL TRASH COMPACTOR.

ANNA (V.O.)
I would also strongly encourage
writing legislation to ensure the
LevDisc design is never compromised
again. The risk to our security
and way of life is too great.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: the Hauling Truck is one of OVER 40
SIMILAR TRUCKS, all overflowing with NexGen discs.

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION OFFICE

U.S. MARSHALS escort Moreau and dozens of other DOT Agents
out of the building in handcuffs.

ANNA (V.O.)
DOT Deputy Secretary Vincent Wolfe,
Special Agent Moreau and--

INT. LOBBY, LYNDON TOWER

Marshals armed with subpoenas flood into the lobby.

ANNA (V.O.)
--Gareth Lyndon knowingly
participated in the cover-up of
these facts and--

INT. LYNDON'S OFFICE

Lyndon raises his arms in surrender as the Marshals storm his office.

ANNA (V.O.)
 --conspired to murder three Lyndon
 employees and DOT Special Agent
 Brant Costigan.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING CHAMBERS

Jay watches Anna's testimony from rear chambers.

ANNA
 The only reason I am alive to
 testify today is because of the
 efforts of *Jason Costigan*, who put
 himself at great risk to deliver me
 here. He is a man who is deserving
 of my infinite gratitude and
 unwavering trust.

Jay GRINS *ever so slightly*, EXITS the chambers as--

--Anna turns to see him go.

EXT. CAPITOL HILL, WASHINGTON DC - DUSK

Betty is bathed in the orange glow of the setting sun.
 Harlan leans against it, twirling a set of keys.

HARLAN
 How'd it go?

WHIP PAN TO:

JAY APPROACHING. *He's alone.*

HARLAN (CONT'D)
 Watched it on TV. She said some
 pretty nice things about you.
 (off Jay's nod)
 Here.

Harlan throws Jay the keys.

JAY
 You coming?

HARLAN
 Nah. Don't want to be a fifth
 wheel.

JAY
What do you mean?

Harlan starts AWAY, POINTING to something behind Jay.

ANNA
You gonna leave without me?

Jay is surprised, but he tries to play it cool. HE LOOKS AROUND ANNA'S PERSON FOR SOMETHING.

ANNA (CONT'D)
What?

JAY
The last time you came with a bag of money, so I figured--

Anna laughs and she moves in close to him.

ANNA
Do you think I could pay you back?

JAY
We could probably figure something out.

Jay leans in for a kiss and, as he's about to make contact, ANNA PULLS AWAY.

ANNA
Collection on delivery.

Anna moves to the passenger seat. Jay shakes his head and follows her into Betty.

INT. BETTY

Jay slides into the driver's seat.

JAY
I was thinking more of a "pay-as-you-go" type a thing.

ANNA
I'll consider it.

Jay FIRES UP Betty, SHIFTS into drive and takes off into the SUNSET.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END