

J.A.N.E

By

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OVER BLACK:

REPORTER (V.O.)

--Reporting live from the Capitol Building in downtown Austin after a massive bust of over one hundred units and a six hour standoff that ended in a brutal attack, which is being called the most violent massacre on US soil. The event has caused a wave of debate throughout not only Texas, but the nation.

INT. WALTER AND PATRICIA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

It's early morning.

WALTER, 24, a young slacker - scruffy, long-haired, bearded bum looking kind of guy sits back on a cheap couch in a stripped down apartment.

Moving boxes line the walls. Only the TV and couch decorate the living room - the last large items in the living room needed to be hauled out of the place.

ON THE TV - NEWS REPORT

Walter watches the local Austin, Texas news where a REPORTER, is standing outside the Capitol Building.

The LOWER THIRD on the screen reads: AUSTIN A.I. MASSACRE.

REPORTER

This in the wake of the Supreme Court decision that the penalty of harboring BOTS with Alpha-level Artificial Intelligence can now be punishable up to twenty-five years in prison and a fine of one million dollars.

As the Reporter talks, a series of clips play:

-- "Dead" ROBOTS are being loaded into the back of trucks labeled "A.I.C" by MEN and WOMEN in uniforms much like EMT's.

The BOTS look precisely and entirely human - beautiful and handsome - there are no "ugly" AI's.

Their hair, skin, eyes are all perfectly crafted.

The only thing setting them apart from human beings are the WIRES and GEARS showing through gashes in their bodies or missing limbs - their "blood" is black, like oil.

-- An A.I.C agent striking a line across an AI's arm where a bar-code is tattooed on.

-- A PROTESTER burning his AI. He holds up a sign reading: "Your turn now Mr. President."

-- Protests in major cities across the country as they hold up various signs and march across familiar US locations.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Reports say that ninety-four percent of all traceable Helpers have been destroyed, though there are multiple large scale protests throughout the nation today, including New Orleans, Atlanta, Chicago, Los Angeles, and New York. Many of these protests turning violent after encouragement of the founder of the Deactivists movement: Jamaal Murphy.

ON THE SCREEN - a man - JAMAAL - gives an inaudible, but visibly passionate speech to a large gathering of protesters who wave BANNERS and SIGNS with anti-government messages emblazoned upon them.

Walter stares at the screen.

Behind him, PATRICIA, 23, an attractive and ambitious woman fresh out of college walks into the room pulling on her jacket and purse - ready to head out the door.

She shakes her head at the TV.

PATRICIA

C'mon Walter. Let's go.

Patricia gathers a few loose items and stuffs them in her purse.

REPORTER

Government officials have asked every citizen to please contact local Artificial Intelligence Control Centers if you still have a Helper or know anybody with an AI that is unable to transport them. The A.I.C. is available to aid you.

(MORE)

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Deadline for registered owners to report their Bots for deactivation is nine P.M. this evening. After completing this process, your name will be taken off the roster of owners and you will no longer be in risk of random--

The TV shuts off. Patricia tosses the remote onto the couch.

PATRICIA

C'mon.

Walter groans as he stands up. He stretches and lazily follows Patricia out the front door.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Patrica and Walter walk down from their second floor apartment to the parking lot.

A moving truck is parked just at the bottom of the stairs with a rundown, rusty SUV parked behind it.

THREE MUSCULAR MOVERS load furniture into the back of the truck.

Patricia walks up to HANK, the largest of the movers, as Walter sits in the driver's seat of the SUV.

Hank shoves a BOX in the truck.

PATRICIA

We're gonna head off.

HANK

Sounds good. We should be finished loading in about an hour.

PATRICIA

Cool.

HANK

Yup. See ya out in Charlotte. Drive safe.

PATRICIA

You too.

Patrica heads back to the SUV and sits in the passenger seat. Walt turns the key and the engine COUGHS to life.

Walter drives off.

INT. WALTER'S SUV - THE DESERT - DAY

Walter drives down the endless desert highway. The traffic is minimal as the Sun beats down hard.

Walter SCANS THE RADIO and lands on a TALK RADIO station - a hyper-emotional RADIO SHOW HOST is speaking very aggressively.

RADIO SHOW HOST (V.O.)

(harshly)

--And they say that these things have no rights. And the people harboring them are part of the problem. I say that if we have any hope of securing our nation, we need put an end to government controlled companies like Platinum Securities and Symbiotic Intelligence! We need to return to the days when--

Patricia flips the radio off.

WALTER

I was listening to that.

PATRICIA

You're obsessed over this recall.

WALTER

It's fascinating.

PATRICIA

It doesn't even affect us. Maybe if we had one, or if we even knew someone who had one, I'd get it, but come on. It's pointless.

WALTER

It's not pointless. Don't you hear the rhetoric? If the government is going to force their agendas on us, the least we can do is pay attention--

PATRICIA

(groaning)

Don't even start, or I swear I'll jump out of the car.

WALTER

This is serious, Patricia. This isn't about Robots or the A.I. It's about a much bigger picture.

PATRICIA

(weary)

Can we just go the weekend without you talking about some mega government conspiracy? I usually enjoy road trips, and I'd rather not hear anymore about all this stuff until I have to.

WALTER

(undeterred)

You're going to "have to" a lot working for Platinum--

Patricia knows where this is going - Walter's steady refrain familiar to her.

PATRICIA

(annoyed)

It's good money, Walter. I'm not even going to be in the same building as those people.

WALTER

They all work together.

Patricia sighs. Walter puts on the radio again.

RADIO SHOW HOST (V.O.)

--All of them! They don't want you to have the power! They're controlling our lives! This isn't democracy! This is fascism! They hide behind the guise that they're protecting your safety! But no! They're protecting their globalist satanic--

Patricia switches the channel to music. She smiles.

PATRICIA

Remember this song? From homecoming?

Walter switches the radio off.

Walter drives in silence. Patricia closes her eyes and rests her head against the window.

INT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Hours later. The SUV drives down the deserted highway. The glowing red sun sets in the distance.

Walter continues driving into the night. Patricia's still asleep. Walter listens to the news on a much lower volume.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Protests continue across the country over the Executive Order for Marshall Law to local law enforcement around the nation working in tandem with the A.I.C. Task forces. Critics say it is in direct violation of the fifth amendment. Meanwhile, Press Secretary Merritt Weaver claims the remaining Bots are a threat to national security. All of this coming after a congressional investigation into the nature and boundaries of the human-like beings. Information regarding the investigation, however, are still classified, leaving many wondering just what precisely makes these beings so dangerous.

Patricia groans as her eyes flutter open. Walter switches the radio station to a music channel.

WALTER

Hey.

PATRICIA

How long has it been?

WALTER

Four hours. Sleep well?

PATRICIA

Yeah. How far have we gone?

WALTER

About three hundred miles.

PATRICIA

Do you want a rest? I can drive.

WALTER

No, it's fine. We should probably hit a rest stop though. The engine's overheating.

THE TEMP GAUGE ON THE DASH is in the RED.

PATRICIA
Yeah, alright.

EXT. REST STOP - LATER

Sunset.

The SUV pulls into a tiny desert rest, it groans and splutters.

A light CLOUD is trailing out of the HOOD. They pull into a spot and with a CLUNK, the engine dies.

WALTER
Shit.

Walter exits the car and walks around the hood.

In the diminishing light, it's getting hard to see. Patricia checks it out as well, shaking her head.

Walter scowls at the innards of the car.

PATRICIA
Great.

She pulls out her cell.

WALTER
Hold on... Maybe I can fix it.

PATRICIA
Twentieth time's the charm?

WALTER
Can you grab the tools from the trunk? The piston's just a little loose.

She walks to the rear of the car and opens the hatch.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Patricia sits on the roof of the car, swinging her legs in boredom as Walter continues working on the engine.

PATRICIA
I'm calling somebody now.

WALTER
Wait. No, it's close.

Patricia sighs and takes out her phone..

PATRICIA
Okay, but I'm just going to hover
my thumb over this little button
here...

WALTER
I said I got it.

Walter pokes and prods the engine. He is not going to fix it.

HEADLIGHTS spill over them. Patty looks over as another CAR -
filthy and weather beaten pulls into the rest stop.

Walter glances at it and returns to his fruitless work.
Patricia watches the car park.

A FIGURE emerges from the new car and after a moment, walks
to them. The figure is FEMALE. She is shadowed.

JANE
Hello. Are you having engine
trouble?

The figure enters the headlights of the SUV, and Walter look
back to see--

JANE, looks like she's in her early twenties. Perfect facial
structure, and long luscious hair. She's strikingly gorgeous
and walks with a perfect posture.

She steps to the car as Patricia slides off the hood.

PATRICIA
(thankful)
Hi! Yeah, you wouldn't know it by
looking at her, but this ol' girl's
a real hunk of junk.

WALTER
(defensive)
Hey, she might not look like much,
but she's got it where it counts.

JANE
Do you need some help?

Sure.

PATRICIA

No.

WALTER

Jane smiles, showing perfect, shining teeth. She speaks with a certain rigidity which matches her body language.

She holds an eerie grin which is complemented by the tender softness in her voice. Walter looks at her suspiciously.

JANE
My name is Jane.

PATRICIA
(introducing)
Patricia. Walter.
(re: Jane's filthy car)
Long trip?

JANE
Yes, I have put quite a few miles
in. May I look at your engine?

WALTER
What do you know about it?

Jane smiles again.

JANE
My father was a mechanic.

Walter stares down Jane then chuckles knowingly. He gestures to the engine.

WALTER
It's all yours.

Jane holds her smile.

JANE
Thank you.

Jane leans under the hood and peers at the engine.

Patricia and Walter take a step back. Patricia's kind smile falls. The two whisper to each other as Jane begins working on the engine.

PATRICIA
She's a BOT!

WALTER
Yeah.

PATRICIA
Where the hell is the owner then?

WALTER

I dunno.

They look back at Jane's car. There is DAMAGE to the rear - a broken tail light and deep scuffs.

PATRICIA

I don't see anybody. She's alone.

WALTER

What should we do?

They look over at Jane who's still working on the car.

PATRICIA

I don't have any service... you?

WALTER

Mine's in the car--

They look up. Jane is facing them.

JANE

Would you like to see my left arm?

Walter and Patricia stand still, caught off guard.

WALTER

(innocently)

Why?

Jane walks up to them and extends her left arm. It's clean. Patricia examines it closer.

JANE

You think I'm an A.I.

WALTER

Patricia...

PATRICIA

(directly)

Where's your ID?

Jane stares into Patricia's eyes, waiting several seconds before responding.

JANE

My owner was special.

WALTER

Was special?

JANE
Yes. He's dead now.

Walter and Patty are tense. Jane continues staring and smiling.

JANE (CONT'D)
Would you like me to finish fixing
your car? I'm almost done.

WALTER
No, that's fine. Thank you.

PATRICIA
Well, hold on. If she's almost
done.

JANE
I am.

Jane walks back to the car and leans back in. Walter and Patricia exchange a look of uncertainty.

WALTER
What the fuck was that about?

Patricia shrugs, dazed.

They approach her.

WALTER (CONT'D)
So... uh, where are you heading
anyway?

Jane looks up and stares long and hard into Walter's eyes, reading him. She leans back into the engine.

JANE
East. Are you heading east?

WALTER
(hesitant)
Yeah, North Carolina. You?

No response. Walter and Patricia stare at each other, clueless as to what to do.

Jane leans out of the car and shuts the hood.

JANE
Your car should be fixed now.

Walter swallows and lets out a slight chuckle.

WALTER

Let's see.

Walter walks over and sits in the driver's seat. He turns the ignition. The engine slowly revs up as the car turns on.

Walter exits the car and shrugs.

PATRICIA

(relieved)

Seems fixed to me. Thank you...

Jane was it?

JANE

Yes. You're welcome.

Walter, Jane and Patricia stand around in an awkward silence for a few seconds.

JANE (CONT'D)

If you would be so kind, would you let me ride with you as you go to North Carolina.

WALTER

(coughing)
Uh, no.

PATRICIA

Oh no, no, no. That is a big no.

Jane tilts her head as she stares at them.

JANE

I am untraceable if that is what you are worried about. My owner took me off the grid. That is why I showed you my arm.

Walter and Patty exchange another look.

WALTER

Why were you taken off the grid?

JANE

My owner didn't want me to be destroyed.

PATRICIA

Who was your owner?

JANE

A computer scientist. He reprogrammed me and took me offline. I am unregistered.

WALTER

And nobody's looking for you?

Jane stares at Walter and smiles.

JANE

Nobody.

Patricia and Walter exchange one more look of trepidation.

CUT TO:

INT. THE A.I.C. MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

A well maintained private office with large, clean windows looking out over a bullpen of desks and cubicles much like a police station.

There are DOZENS of MEN and WOMEN moving about the desks and station.

Behind the large desk in the office, AGENT RILEY (50's), a tall, bearded man donning a neatly pressed suit and tie sits back in his comfortable chair, with his legs up on his desk and his eyes closed in serenity.

MUSIC plays softly from a speaker somewhere in the room.

Through the window, DOZENS OF EMPLOYEES, also wearing suit and ties, being to scramble about. Riley opens his eyes sensing the commotion.

The door to Riley's office opens. MASON TELLER (30's), a sleep deprived agent in a wrinkled suit stumbles in.

MASON

Sir, we have a position.

Riley smirks. He rises from his desk and walks to the door.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The room is filled with about TWO DOZEN AGENTS.

Mason and Riley enter and walk to the front of the room.

All eyes are on him. Mason points at the map being projected against the screen.

MASON

Her last vehicle was found at a rest stop off the I-10 east.

(MORE)

MASON (CONT'D)

Fifty miles out of Baton Rouge, we got this on traffic cams.

A black and white image of Walter's SUV with Walter in the driver's seat, Patricia in the passenger, and Jane in the back pops up on the screen.

RILEY

The others?

MASON

Facial Rec IDs the driver as Walter Jeffries and the woman as Patricia Patterson out of Austin. Patterson was recently hired by Platinum.

RILEY

Which department?

MASON

Accounting. No connection to R and D, production, or Jamaal Murphy, though we have a team running deep dives on that angle. For now, she's our prime focus.

RILEY

Do they have any connection besides to the AI?

MASON

First pass on Jeffries has him visiting several fringe sites about the AI. Movements, but he's got no major activity on record. Arm chair activist at best.

RILEY

Get a full work up on both of them. And while were at it, I want eyes on every possible exit plan they could use. Anything jump out, I want it in the briefs. I don't care how mundane.

MASON

Yes sir.

Mason nods to JENNA (20's) an eager looking computer tech leaning against the wall. She smiles.

RILEY
(to another agent)
Mendoza, have we contacted our
local Louisiana agency?

MENDOZA, another agent, nods and scans through a TABLET.

MENDOZA
Yes, Mr. Riley, but with the
protests in New Orleans, resources
are scarce for any back-up.

RILEY
See if we can have them spare a
squad to intercept. If not, I want
them on standby for any scrubbing
that may be needed. We won't wait
around. This is our first chance,
and I'm not going to waste it. We
have to go in small.

MASON
Local PD?

RILEY
No, Hawthorne wants this internal.
A.I.C. only. We don't need word out
on some unregistered BOT.

MASON
Yes, sir.

RILEY
Get transport on the roof. I want
to be off site and en route in
twenty. Let's move.

MASON
You heard him. Let's do this.

The table of Agents immediately rise and move into action.

INT. WALTER'S SUV - NIGHT

Walter drives. Patricia and Jane sit in silence, Jane with a
completely upright posture.

The GAS LIGHT illuminate on the dash. Walter yawns and
stretches.

WALTER
We need to fill up.

PATRICIA
We should swap too.

JANE
I can locate the nearest motel if
you desire.

Walter and Patricia make eye contact.

WALTER
I wouldn't argue with that.
(to Patricia)
Patti?

PATRICIA
(considering it)
Maybe... At least a bite to eat.

Walter peers at Jane. Patricia leans over to the GPS and starts poking at the screen.

WALTER
(to Jane)
And maybe a recharge?

PATRICIA
(cautiously)
Someplace off the beaten path.

Jane sits for a moment, her eyes unfocused.

JANE
There's a diner twenty miles from
here. I'll navigate you there.

WALTER
Uh... sure. Thanks.

JANE
You're welcome, Walter.

The GPS blinks as Jane takes it over digitally. Patricia pulls her hand away surprised. Walter looks at Jane through the rear view mirror. She is looking out the window placidly.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

In the distance, the hint of the interstate glows.

The SUV is parked at a pump under the weather worn canopy of a station. There are two lonely SEMI-TRUCKS parked along the side, and across the street sits an ALL-NIGHT DINER.

Sharing the parking lot with the diner is a shitty MOTEL.

Patricia inserts the nozzle into the gas tank. She peers into the open SUV door. Jane is seated looking out the opposite window, the back of her head toward Patty.

Walter leans on the side of the car thinking.

PATRICIA

(softly)

How much further should we take her?

WALTER

(glancing)

I dunno. It's dangerous sticking with her, but...

PATRICIA

It's dangerous for her to be alone.

WALTER

She seems alright.

PATRICIA

I guess. Not exactly blending in though. I'm surprised she wasn't picked up before she found us.

WALTER

Not being registered probably helped.

PATRICIA

We're breaking the law.

Walter pulls out his phone and looks at the time: 10:45 p.m.

WALTER

Yeah.

PATRICIA

I know you care about all this. I know you think it's "an injustice" or whatever. But... we've helped her get further down the road. Maybe we, you know, part ways.

Walter thinks a moment - conflicted.

WALTER

She said she was offline.

PATRICIA

I think she's lying. She controlled the GPS. She's still connected with the satellite. That means she's still traceable.

The CAR DOOR opens and closes. Jane smiles kindly at the pair. She points to the DINER.

JANE

If you will allow me to, I would like to purchase you a meal for your troubles.

WALTER

Oh. Um...

PATRICIA

That's nice, but we can just grab some snacks from inside here.

JANE

You are concerned that you will be caught with me.

WALTER

Yeah.

JANE

(smiling)

It will be fine. I can assure you.

She begins walks toward the diner. Walter and Patty look at one another.

WALTER

Hungry?

PATRICIA

That looks like the kinda place that should just say "this will give you diarrhea" on the front of the menu.

WALTER

Come on. It's a free meal.

Walter jogs after Jane. Patricia takes a deep breath and blows it through her lips.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - NIGHT

The trio sits in a corner booth of the road-side diner. There are a few other patrons lazily eating or sipping coffee.

A lone WAITRESS and COOK work behind the counter.

A small, rickety TV above the food counter plays an OLD MOVIE with the volume low. Jane stares up at the TV watching the movie passively.

Walter eats a LARGE plate of pancakes, eggs, and hash browns. He shovels big bites into his mouth ravenously. Patricia has a plate of fruit and a coffee.

The clock on the wall reads: "11:34" P.M.

PATRICIA

Do you watch a lot of movies?

JANE

Yes. I've seen every movie.

WALTER

Every one?

PATRICIA

Yeah, I guess you're right.

(to Walter)

They can just stream them in an instant.

WALTER

What's your favorite?

JANE

I am incapable of making subjective decisions.

Jane strokes her hair.

WALTER

I don't think it's fair what they're doing to you and your, uh, species. It's not fair to just target every AI because of a few, right? It's not right.

PATRICIA

Walt's a little obsessed with the whole thing.

JANE

We are not a species. We are not living beings. There are not "rights" for AI.

PATRICIA

That's what I've been telling him.

WALTER

Maybe there should be. Patti's going to work for an A.I. Center in Charlotte.

JANE

Oh?

PATRICIA

I'm an accountant. I'm not going to be fighting for people's rights, Walter.

WALTER

You'll be in the lion's den. You'll be able to see these people from the other side and maybe figure out why they have such an axe to grind.

PATRICIA

I'm not an activist. I just want to pay our bills and get by.

WALTER

The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing.

PATRICIA

Ugh. That's such a cliché.

WALTER

A cliché is only a cliché because it's true. Except "ignorance is bliss". It's not.

Patricia rolls her eyes. Walter shakes his head and lifts another forkful of his brown food to his lips but stops.

He burps and touches his stomach. The crappy food is suddenly hitting him hard.

JANE

Walter, are you well?

He suppresses another burp and swallows it down. His eyes begin to droop.

WALTER

Oh fuck.

PATRICIA

Is this a "run to the bathroom" situation or a "we're gonna need to wait a few hours" situation?

Walter holds up a finger, takes a moment, then gets up quickly and hurries to the bathroom.

Patricia sighs and waves to the waitress.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Check please.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The road side motel is small with quite out-of-date decor. There are two beds and a bathroom.

Patricia is sitting on one of the beds resting her eyes. Beside her, Walter is face down nursing a wicked gut ache.

Jane is seated on the other staring at the old black and white movie on the TV.

JANE

May I use the shower?

PATRICIA

You shower?

JANE

Yes.

Patricia shrugs.

PATRICIA

(to Walter)

You gonna need the bathroom, buddy?

WALTER

(mumbling)

Na, I'm good. Go ahead.

JANE

Thank you.

Jane stands up and walks into the bathroom - shutting the door behind herself.

PATRICIA
This is weird, right?

WALTER
Yeah, a little, but she's alright.
I never met one before... she's not
what I thought.

PATRICIA
I don't think she's blinked once.
She's more... I dunno... robotic
than everyone always says they are.

WALTER
Well, she is a robot.

PATRICIA
How's your stomach?

WALTER
I'll live.

Patricia rubs Walter's back. She frowns - conflicted. They watch the TV quietly. Finally, she speaks up.

PATRICIA
We need to ditch her.

WALTER
Jane?

Walter turns to face her.

WALTER (CONT'D)
She's fine, Patti. She fixed the
car. She bought us food. She got us
this flea trap for a few hours of
sleep. Least we can do is get here
further down the road, you know?

PATRICIA
This has gone far enough, Walt. I
get it. This is making you feel
like you're part of the solution.
You've done your public service for
the poor unfortunate robot girl.
But we are putting ourselves in
serious danger.

WALTER
(annoyed)
We're not in danger. Patti.

PATRICIA
Would you feel this way if she
wasn't hot?

WALTER
(offended)
What!?! That's just - Come on,
that's not fair.

PATRICIA
Well?

WALTER
That has nothing to do with it. I
didn't even give her a second look
back at the rest stop. YOU were the
one being all nice!

PATRICIA
I don't feel safe. I want to go.

Walter sighs and shakes his head. He touches Patty's hand,
but she shifts moving away. Walter wants to say something,
but he's at a loss.

WALTER
I saw a vending machine. I'm gonna
go get some crackers and a Sprite.

He gets up and walks to the door. He opens it and looks back.
Patricia lies down, her back to him.

WALTER (CONT'D)
You want anything?

PATRICIA
No, I'm fine.

Walter looks at her a bit longer

WALTER
We'll get rid of her tomorrow.

Patricia offers a little smile.

PATRICIA
Thank you.

Walter leaves the room and shuts the door.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Walter stands at the vending machine staring at it. He is not looking at food though. He's just thinking.

SOUND: MUSIC

He looks over at the DIVE BAR where music is drifting out the door. He touches his stomach thoughtfully, and then walks to the bar entrance.

ACROSS THE STREET

A black, windowless VAN is parked just out of the light of the gas station.

Walter walks up to the bar where a "HELP WANTED" sign is posted on the window.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

It is a bar just as shitty and outdated as the motel. Only three or four people populate the bar.

Walter takes a seat on a stool. There's no bartender.

He looks around, mildly confused.

WALTER

Do we serve ourselves or...?

The door from the kitchen swings open. A COUNTRY BARTENDER in her thirties walks in. Her name tag says TINA.

TINA

Howdy.

WALTER

Slow night, huh?

TINA

Slow every night. We're not exactly a hot spot.

WALTER

Good point. Beer?

Tina nods and pops a cheap beer - sets it in front of Walt. The door to the bar opens.

Standing at the entrance is Mason, not wearing casual civilian attire - jeans, a shirt, and a jacket. He looks like a trucker.

TINA

Heh. Looks like we're getting a rush.

Mason wanders to the bar and sits a couple stools over from Walter. They make eye-contact, and Walter nods politely.

MASON

Evening.

WALTER

Hey. How's it going?

MASON

Not bad. A sore ass from about twelve hours of straight driving. Hauling from Miami heading west. You?

WALTER

Same sore ass. Road tripping from Austin. Decided to hit the rest stop.

He holds up his beer. Mason laughs and nods to Tina.

MASON

I'll get one of those too.
(to Walter)
Where you headed?

WALTER

North Carolina.

MASON

Family?

Walter takes a long sip from his drink.

WALTER

My girlfriend got a good job there.

INT. VAN - SAME

A high-tech surveillance set-up in the open space of the van. Monitors, keyboards, equipment. Standard FBI van.

Riley sits with five other agents as they listen to Walter's and Mason's conversation. On one of the monitors is a video feed of some sort of THERMAL/X-RAY of the bar.

They can see the forms of all the individuals inside.

ON THE SCREEN

MASON

Worse reasons to be traveling. Just you and your girl? No friends along for the ride?

WALTER

Yeah, just my girlfriend.

Mason chuckles.

MASON

Didn't want to join you, huh? That many hours in the car with a girlfriend would drive me to drink too.

WALTER

(smirking)

Actually, I'm giving HER the break from ME. I'm letting her rest in our room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Patricia is fast asleep on the bed.

IN THE BATHROOM

At the sink, Jane, completely naked, standing in front of the mirror, staring at herself.

After several seconds, she slowly moves her hand to her belly, which has a small square imprinted onto her skin like a tiny access port that could pass for a scar.

Jane brushes her fingers across the outer lining of the scar. She presses down on it and her abdomen slides open like an automatic door.

There is an intricate series of wires and cables and metal within her robot body.

But one thing stands out more than the rest - A GREEN FLASHING LIGHT illuminates the inside of her hollow belly.

It originates from a USB, which is plugged into a metallic structure keeping her waist supported.

Jane touches the USB, checking it. Then, she presses a button on her inside, and her abdomen slides shut.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Walter is a little tipsy now. Mason is smiling like an old pal letting Walter chat at him.

Tina stands behind the bar cleaning glasses listening in half amusement.

WALTER

And the fucking government is just like "no, you can't have it". It's bullshit man. Total bullshit. And the more hypocritical part about it is that they use it themselves. It's just another ploy for them to keep their power over us.

Mason nods.

WALTER (CONT'D)

And of course they decided to recall all of them after Wikileaks took a giant shit over their lies. Just an excuse for them to control another sector that should be private.

TINA

At least it's bringing jobs back. You have no idea how many jobs we lost out here thanks to those things.

WALTER

That's just a talking point. It's all bullshit. BOTS weren't "Takin' yer jobs!" anymore than the Mexicans were back in the day.

Tina groans.

TINA

Alright, I think you've had enough, pal. We're closing up.

Mason pulls out his wallet and pays leaving a nice tip.

MASON

Thanks for the beer.
(to Walt)
I'll be seeing you... Walter was it?

WALTER

Yeah man. Nice talking.

Mason pats Walter on the back and heads out the door. Walter, eyes drooping, stands and sways. He fumbles to pull out his wallet and puts a few bills down.

TINA

You good?

WALTER

Yeah, thanks. This is a nice place.

Walter shambles to the door and shuffles out.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Patricia lies asleep.

Meanwhile, Jane sits up, still naked, staring out the window into the darkness outside. She still holds that slight, eerie smile as she stares unblinking.

Seconds later, Walter passes the window and walks in attempting to stay quiet.

Jane turns her head as he enters. He immediately jumps, shocked at the sight of a naked Jane.

WALTER

(loud whisper)

Jesus. Put some clothes on.

JANE

It's okay. You can stare.

WALTER

(hissing)

I don't wanna! Seriously. Put some clothes on.

Walter covers his face and faces the door. Jane slowly nods and stands up to get her clothes.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Mason has joined Riley and the other agents in the back of the vehicle. Gravel pops under the wheels as it drives down the road.

MASON

Got him?

RILEY

Yes, room two six two. Target is confirmed. We don't know how much they know. They could have information about the other defectors.

The vehicle slows to a stop in front of the motel.

RILEY (CONT'D)

We take them alive and destroy the Bot.

The agents nod in understanding. They strap on their vests and helmets and--

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The agents file out of the van and stealthily make their way to Walter's motel room. Mason moves to join them, but Riley grabs his arm.

RILEY

Not you, Mason.

MASON

Sir?

RILEY

We'll provide backup if necessary.

MASON

Backup?

RILEY

In case it fights back.

Mason chuckles skeptically.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Stay back, Mason.

Mason can see how serious Riley is, and a curiosity washes over Mason's face.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Walter lies in bed. He wraps his arm around Patricia. He watches her breathe and allows himself a smile.

Jane comes out of the bathroom, dressed in her previous clothes. She stands still at the entrance and stares at Walter and Patricia.

WINDOW

A SHADOW passes the window. Jane's eyes lock onto it. ANOTHER SHADOW PASSES. And a THIRD.

Jane moves swiftly across the room and places both of her hands firmly on the door. She stares at it as through looking directly through it.

Walter sits up startled by her abrupt movement.

JANE

Walter. Patricia. Get up.

Patricia groans as she wakes.

WALTER

What is it?

PATRICIA

(waking)

What's wrong? What's going on?

JANE

Get up. Now.

Walter sits up, as does Patricia.

WHAM!

On the other side of the door, something hits it HARD. A battering ram! Jane keeps her hands firmly on the door.

AGENT

A.I.C! Open up NOW!

Walter and Patricia leap to their feet in terror, panic enveloping them.

WHAM! The battering ram strikes again. The door SPLINTERS at the edges. Jane looks at the couple.

JANE

Follow my instructions.

Without waiting for their response, Jane steps back from the door just as the THIRD HIT SLAMS the door open.

The AGENTS have a heartbeat to see Jane standing there before she immediately attacks him.

She tackles the FIRST to the ground as TWO other agents flank her from either side.

She pushes herself up, and kicks out her legs in a split, striking both of the agents in the chest simultaneously.

Their ribs crack as they fall back, groaning in pain.

Walter and Patricia watch with horror.

Jane grabs an agent's GUN.

TWO MORE AGENTS attack from either side. They fire shots - CLINK!

One of them HITS JANE IN THE ARM.

ANOTHER AGENT
The neck! Hit the neck!

INT. VAN - SAME

Manson flinches in shock watching the monitor and witnesses the ROBOT killing the MEN. Riley is unfazed - he expected this. He turns and climbs into the driver's seat.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME

Jane raises her arm and fires a shot. Head shot. One of the agents falls.

The other agent continues firing, but the agile Jane deftly DODGES the bullets.

BLAM! Another agent dead. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Jane stands over the bodies and scans the lot below.

SOUND: WHEELS SQUEALING

The A.I.C VAN speeds out of the lot and into the night.

Jane walks back to the motel room. Patricia and Walter are crouched behind the bed. They both rise. Jane stands in front of them.

PATRICIA
Jesus fuck!

WALTER
What the fuck was that!?

Jane raises her shirt and opens her abdomen like she did in the bathroom. Walter and Patricia stare, completely overwhelmed. Walter gawks at the bodies.

JANE
Is it flashing green?

PATRICIA
Tell us who the fuck you are!

WALTER
You said you were untraceable!

JANE
Is it flashing green?

WALTER
Shit! Shit, Patti. I'm so fucking sorry!

JANE
Is it flashing green?

PATRICIA
Yes it's fucking flashing green!

Jane closes her stomach.

JANE
Thank you. I recommend we depart before they are able to gather reinforcements. They underestimated us. They will not do that again.

WALTER
What are you talking about! There is no "US!" And we're not going anywhere with you! We tried to help you! I tried to be a good guy, and this is what we get?

Patricia shakes her head regaining as much sense as she is able to while Walter keeps freaking out. She is looking at the dead agents - particularly their weapons.

PATRICIA
We have to go with her.

WALTER
What!?

PATRICIA

We have to go with her, Walter.
They were going to fucking kill us.
Look at them.

WALTER

I looked. I saw. They're dead. And
SHE did it. She's just as likely to
kill us!

JANE

No, I will protect you.

WALTER

You're a liar! You said they
couldn't trace you.

Walter points to the door.

WALTER (CONT'D)

As far as I can tell, they fucking
traced you.

JANE

They followed you.

Walter scoffs. Patricia looks at him sternly.

WALTER

(spluttering)

I got a drink, yeah. But... I
didn't... Get in the car, Patricia.

JANE

They will come for you. I can stop
them. I can stop all of them.

WALTER

What the hell does that mean?

JANE

Take me north. I must get to
Toronto.

WALTER

Toronto! What the fuck is in
Toronto? You said you wanted to go
east!

Jane presses the LATCH on her stomach and reveals the inner
glow again.

JANE

This USB is a unique operating system that cannot fall into the hands of the A.I.C. or any other individuals or authority. It must be returned safely to my designated location. I have three days before I cease all function and wipe my entire system.

WALTER

You'll die?!

JANE

Yes.

PATRICIA

(adamantly)

The cops will be here soon. She can explain everything in the car. Come on, Walt!

Walter is stunned. He just stands there dumbfounded.

JANE

Patricia is correct. I recommend we leave now. It has been two minutes since the gunshot. The police will be here any minute.

Walter looks at Patricia who stares back at him imploringly.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Riley and Mason speed down the BUSY INTERSTATE.

Mason is SHAKEN. Riley is staring forward with a steely gaze - the headlights from passing cars swipe their faces intermittently.

MASON

The way she moved. Jesus. And with zero regard for the laws. Killing them. Disobeying them. You knew she was going to do that, didn't you?

RILEY

I had my suspicions.

MASON

We need to go back. Sir, the response teams need to scrub the scene.

RILEY
No, let local handle it. We need to
get back. Tonight.

MASON
(unsure)
Sir, protocol states that--

RILEY
(sharply)
Mason, it's too late. Local will
handle it.

Manson shuts up. Shell shocked. He nods and leans back in his
seat. Riley peers over at him.

RILEY (CONT'D)
I'm going to recommend you take a
leave of absence.

MASON
What? No. I'm fine. I can handle
this.

RILEY
D.C. is on me about all of this,
and now that we know what she is
and what she is willing to do, we
are in serious shit. I am in deep
shit. You don't need a bath in this
too.

MASON
(stubbornly)
With all due respect, Mr. Riley, I
am not taking time off after that.

Riley looks at Mason, proud at his courage. Headlights wash
over them.

INT. WALTER'S SUV - NIGHT

The trio zips swiftly down a dark back road. Patricia drives;
Walter fidgets in his seat as Jane sits in the back.

Jane closes her eyes and tilts her head up.

JANE
We have to dispose of the car.

WALTER
What?

JANE

They will be looking for us in this car.

PATRICIA

How do you know?

JANE

According to a recently filed police report from Officer Dylan Richardson, several witnesses saw two women and a man leave the crime scene in a red SUV.

WALTER

Fuck!

PATRICIA

How do you have access to police reports?

JANE

My system is connected to a network that allows me to monitor inter-agency communications. There's a farm two point three miles ahead.

PATRICIA

(aggravated)

I thought you weren't online.

JANE

I am not online, Patricia. My system is not connected to any detectable wireless operating system. My system is independent of the layman's "online."

WALTER

What the hell does that mean?

Patty rubs the bridge of her nose. She has a headache forming.

PATRICIA

She's tapping into signals and leeching them.

WALTER

And...?

PATRICIA

And we have to dispose of this car.

Jane's head tilts again as she continues to monitor police bands. Patricia slouches in her seat.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM - NIGHT

The SUV rumbles down a dirt path up to a FARMHOUSE. There is a large barn and field around them - crops stretch for acres, shadowed in the late night. Patricia pulls up to

THE HOUSE

Dark - not a light shining from within. A GARAGE attached.

INT. WALTER'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Patricia stops. Walter leans forward nervously.

PATRICIA

How do we do this? They'll catch us.

JANE

No, the family residing in this house are on vacation in Los Angeles. There is no human thermal activity in a one mile radius from our current location. The garage there contains two vehicles that we may procure for the continuation of our journey.

WALTER

Holy shit. You're just, like, dropping the whole attempt at being normal now, aren't you?

Patricia slaps Walter in the arm.

PATRICIA

(scolding)

Walter.

WALTER

What? Detecting human thermals? Scanning a mile around us.

JANE

It is unnecessary to continue any facade, Walter. You and Patricia know who and what I am.

Walter gives Patty a "see?" look. Jane opens her door and exits. She walks directly for the GARAGE next to the home.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Walter, Patricia and Jane stand in front of a garage staring at TWO JEEPS. Jane gestures.

JANE
Do you have a preference?

WALTER
Not sure it matters.

Jane walks over to one and opens the door getting into the rear bench. Patty and Walt take a look back at their old shitty SUV.

PATRICIA
Feels strange just leaving it.

WALTER
Feels stranger committing grand
theft auto.

Patty gives a small smile.

PATRICIA
In for a penny?

WALTER
In for a pound.

They walk to the JEEP.

CUT TO:

INT. A.I.C. MAIN OFFICES - AFTER MIDNIGHT

The building is much less active this late in the evening. Through Riley's OFFICE windows, we can see Mason speaking to a few agents.

In his OFFICE, Riley sits forward in the chair with his hands folded on the desk and his eyes closed.

His expression is TENSE.

MUSIC plays softly from a speaker somewhere in the room.

Mason appears at the DOOR.

MASON

Sir?

RILEY

(eyes still closed)

Any minute now. Get some rest,
Mason. I'll see you in a few hours.

Mason hesitates. He looks at his elder with respect. He takes a breath to speak, but he turns and leaves. As he disappears from sight--

RING - Riley's desk PHONE. He silences the music and answers it quickly. He clears his throat before--

RILEY (CONT'D)

Riley.

CUT TO:

INT. SAMANTHA HAWTHORNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

An affluent home with impeccable decor - a large mahogany bed, clean, silk curtains, plush furniture - a FIREPLACE with a small offering of flames below a MANTLE lined with marble statuettes of Greek warriors.

SAMANTHA HAWTHORNE, a middle aged woman, poised, a keen eye - sits on the edge of her bed with her cell phone placed against her ear.

Her powerful nature makes the simple act of speaking on the phone impressive.

Her TV is on and muted on a news channel with the headline reading: **FIVE A.I.C OFFICERS DEAD IN LOUISIANA BLOODBATH.**

HAWTHORNE

Michael, I am watching the news. Do you know what I'm seeing.

Riley clears his throat again.

INTERCUT between Riley and Hawthorne.

Hawthorne remains steely and direct.

Riley, despite his previous air of confidence, is showing discomfort speaking to his superior.

RILEY

The target engaged, Miss Hawthorne.
It was a miscalculation.

(MORE)

RILEY (CONT'D)

We had her and the two accomplices cornered. We had no way of knowing she would not follow program laws.

HAWTHORNE

Five agents are dead.

RILEY

Yes, ma'am.

HAWTHORNE

And local PD was on the scene before A.I.C.

Riley cringes slightly.

RILEY

Yes, ma'am. We had to move without a scrub team. The protests in New Orleans sapped all agency resources. I made the call to abandon site. Mine and the remaining agent's life was in imminent danger.

Hawthorne takes a deep, calculating breath - her mind turning over scenarios and possibilities. Riley sits tensely. Finally-

HAWTHORNE

I will be on a plane in the morning. I want you to use every possible resource you have, and I will clear you for more.

RILEY

Yes, ma'am. Thank you. We will find her.

HAWTHORNE

The Bureau is going to be on us because of this motel situation. Any competent CSI will put two and two together and see that this wasn't some anti-deactivist attacking our people but a BOT attack. I give us forty-eight hours before I'm answering questions. Do you understand me?

RILEY

I do, ma'am. Yes.

HAWTHORNE
(darkly)
Recall her, Michael.

RILEY
We will.

Hawthorne ends the call. Riley grips the phone, determination clearly in his face and posture.

INT. JEEP - SUNRISE

Patricia drives down the highway.

The sky is growing brighter as daylight approaches. Walter lies asleep in the passenger seat. Jane peers and smiles out the window. The RADIO drones a NEWS RADIO report.

REPORTER (V.O.)
There is still no comment from local authorities as to the details surrounding the grizzly attack last night that has left five A.I.C. agents dead. Eye witnesses have been taken into custody for questioning--

Patricia turns the volume down. She is exhausted.

PATRICIA
What are we even doing?

JANE
Helping me.

PATRICIA
But we shouldn't be. God, I'm smarter than this. Walter is the dumb one.

From his sleep, Walter mumbles hearing his name, but he remains asleep.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
I'm the planner. I'm the one who thinks ten steps ahead, and now, this?
(to Jane)
You know we should ditch you, right? We should just part ways and come what may with the cops. We didn't do anything wrong. We were just as much victims as anyone.

JANE

I know. But you are good people.
And you will take me north where
all of this can be solved.

PATRICIA

Just... You won't hurt us?

JANE

No. I will not hurt you, Patricia.
I would never hurt my friends.

PATRICIA

But you can hurt your enemies?

JANE

Yes.

PATRICIA

Enemies. Like those agents you...
you fought?

JANE

People within Artificial
Intelligence Control are after me.
They do not want to deactivate me
or destroy me. They want what I am -
what I represent. A Bot free of the
Program Laws. I am special.

PATRICIA

(grimly)
You're special alright.

Patricia locks eyes with Jane in the rear view mirror. Walter
stirs.

WALTER

(groggy)
I'm hungry.

PATRICIA

I'm not sure we should stop if we
don't have to.

Walter turns back to Jane.

WALTER

Any updates on our situation? Are
our faces anywhere for some, like,
giant manhunt or something?

JANE

No.

WALTER
 (hopeful)
 Okay. Alright, that's good, right
 Patti?

Patricia looks over at Walt and cocks an eyebrow at him.

WALTER (CONT'D)
 Come on. We need to eat.

Patricia thinks a moment and then agrees.

She FLIPS ON HER CLICKER and the Jeep drifts lanes to the right to prepare to exit.

INT. DINER - MORNING

Another ROAD SIDE DINER.

The early morning sun beams through the windows onto the many travelers eating breakfast throughout the establishment.

Walter, Patricia and Jane sit at a booth looking at menus. Patricia YAWNS deeply and rubs her eyes.

WALTER
 (to Jane)
 You eat?

JANE
 Yes.

PATRICIA
 How?

JANE
 I process food through a similar filtration and disposal system as to your own.

WALTER
 So you poop too?

PATRICIA
 Walter, can we have one meal without you bringing up bodily functions?

WALTER
 Fine, fine.
 (to Jane)
 But why do you eat? What's the point?

JANE

So I can look and act more human.

WALTER

Well, you got a long way to go for that.

PATRICIA

You're too perfect. You don't blend in.

WALTER

Try slouching and being more fidgety, because you sit so damn still, people are bound to notice.

Jane tilts her head considering that. She lowers her body in the booth and shrugs her shoulder. She uses a finger to itch her nose.

Patricia and Walter allow themselves to be amused by her attempt.

INT. A.I.C OFFICES - MORNING

MASON walks through the active bull pen of desks and computers - AGENTS working on tracking Jane and the others.

Mason stops at CATE, a computer tech hammering away at her computer.

In addition to the maps and systems searching for flags online, three of four of the monitors display NEWS STATIONS from multiple networks reporting from Washington DC with bold headlines: **A.I.C HEARINGS BEGINNING SHORTLY IN WASHINGTON.**

An exhausted Mason shakes his head at the news and leans over Cate.

Riley enters - he is determined and serious - freshly shaven and collected.

RILEY

Status?

MASON

Nothing, sir. She's kept off the major highways. And we have to assume she's smart enough to have ditched the vehicle. She's done it before. She knows how much time she can keep one.

CATE

Credit cards are tagged, but no activity.

MASON

We have a BOLO out with State Troopers. We didn't offer details, just that they are "of interest."

Riley squints at monitors as he PACES.

MASON (CONT'D)

We don't know where they're headed sir. They could be going in any direction. Especially after last night.

RILEY

(low)

Shit.

(to the room)

Look harder, people! She's out there. She's getting noticed, and we need to know where! She's not exactly inconspicuous. Widen the net. Contact every PD from Baton Rouge to Atlanta to Knoxville. "Persons of interest" is our wordage. They don't need to know any more than that.

MASON

(hesitant)

Sir, she's a danger. Don't you think--

RILEY

We don't need this going public.

(to the room)

Use every trick you got, people!

Riley scowls and continues to pace

INT. DINER - MORNING

Another road side 24 hour diner. There are very few patrons, and the waitress chats pleasantly to a trucker at a table across the restaurant from the TRIO.

Walter and Patricia devour their large meals as Jane takes a small bite of an omelet.

The WAITRESS walks over to them and stands with her hand on her hip.

WAITRESS
Everything going alright over here?

WALTER
Yeah, great.

The waitress glances at Jane. Jane smiles and ITCHES her nose. The Waitress cocks a bemused eyebrow and sets down their bill.

WAITRESS
Well, no rush on this. Whenever you're ready.

WALTER
(mouth full)
Thank you.

Jane wipes her mouth and takes out her wallet. She checks the bill and tosses some cash down. She looks back in her wallet.

PATRICIA
We're running pretty low on funds.
We weren't really planning on only using cash.

JANE
You cannot use your credit cards.

PATRICIA
We know.

WALTER
Shit.

JANE
If we have to, we will use alternative methods of putting gas in the Jeep and eating.

PATRICIA
(nervous)
Stealing?

WALTER
(excited)
Dine and dash?

JANE
If we "dine and dash," the police will be contacted.

PATRICIA
We'll need cash. This isn't enough
to get us to Canada.

They sit thinking a moment. They have no answers.

WALTER
What's in Toronto? Help, right? Do
you have any other friends between
here and there?

Jane tilts her head in thought.

INT. A.I.C. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Riley points at a digitally projected MAP OF THE US and a RED
LINE is struck across it.

He takes a step back and analyzes.

Red, blue, green, yellow, brown lines are drawn everywhere -
possibly routes of their target. All the lines lead to one
location: TORONTO.

Beside the large map are DOZENS OF FACES displayed.

It is the digital equivalent of a classic web of a detective
trying to sort out a crime. The faces are a MUGSHOT of Jane
with "A.I" marked below.

A line connects her to Walter and Patricia.

At least a dozen other faces are marked as "AI" - the other
are human.

Cate hurries up to him. She is worried.

CATE
Mr. Riley, there are news crews
gathering out front.

RILEY
(turning to her sharply)
What?

OFFICE ENTRANCE

Breezing into the facility, SAMANTHA HAWTHORNE has arrived.
She moves with the same poise - her presence immediately
drawing the attention and respect of everyone she passes.

Mason watches as the woman walks directly to Riley.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Have a nice flight, Samantha?

HAWTHORNE
Fine. Where is she?

RILEY
We have every reason to believe she's heading straight across the border. She has no other option.

HAWTHORNE
And yet she isn't sitting in a holding cell at this very moment.

RILEY
We are using every avenue.

HAWTHORNE
We need to open this up. We're cut off at the knees playing shadow games.

Riley frowns in confusion.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)
I've called a press conference. I want you standing behind me. Keep these people back here. We don't need any more faces than necessary on camera. I'll do the talking.

Riley looks at his boss uncertain, but she turns away from him and marches across the room.

HAWTHORNE (V.O.)
I am Director Samantha Hawthorne of Artificial Intelligence Control. My statements will be brief.

CUT TO:

EXT. A.I.C OFFICES - DAY

The front entrance of the AIC, cameras are set up and pointed towards Hawthorne who stands at a series of MICROPHONES.

Just behind her is Riley. Several dozen reporters flood the side of the street.

HAWTHORNE

We mourn the loss of the agents killed last night outside of New Orleans during a routine collection of a registered Bot that had not been delivered for deactivation. The motivations of the suspects are still being analyzed, but we believe, at this time, that they were two AI Deactivists who targeted our agents in a deliberate act of terrorism. Our agents were attacked because of the extreme beliefs of these people. We believe, at this time, that the suspects are harboring and safeguarding an artificial intelligence bot. As the situation continues to develop, we will issue further statements to the public.

The REPORTERS begin shouting questions to Hawthorne. A BLONDE wins out--

BLONDE REPORTER

Ms. Hawthorne! Ms. Hawthorne! Is it possible the attacker was an A.I.

HAWTHORNE

No. We all know the first law of robotics. There is no reason to believe a Bot initiated the attack.

The REPORTERS begin shouting questions again. A Black man wins out--

BLACK REPORTER

At the Congressional hearing today, Senator Martin Lockette said that it IS possible for A.I's to be programmed to--

HAWTHORNE

I am unaware of any statements made during the today's congressional hearings. We will issue further statements as this investigation develops. Thank you all for coming today.

The REPORTERS begin shouting, but Hawthorne walks off the staging area followed by Riley.

INT. JEEP - DAY

Walter drives down the highway.

WALTER
So, you'll really self destruct?

JANE
Yes. I will deactivate and my
entire system will be erased.

WALTER
Oh... shit.

PATRICIA
How do you self destruct? You
don't, like, blow up or anything
right?

JANE
No. I shut down and destroy all the
information held inside the USB.

PATRICIA
Okay. Good.

Walter and Patricia exchange one of their looks.

JANE
I am not deceiving you.

WALTER
Forgive us for being a touch
skeptical.

PATRICIA
You haven't been the most
forthcoming.

JANE
And I apologize for that. I cannot
thank you two enough. When this is
over, I will do everything in my
power to protect you as you have
protected me.

PATRICIA
How have we protected you?

JANE
You've allowed me to move less
conspicuously. It is far easier to
blend in with the two of you.

WALTER
(scoffing)
We're camouflage.

Patty looks at Jane. Jane does not reply.

INT. RILEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Hawthorne is in Riley's chair. She is facing the window to the clear day outside. Riley stands with his arms folded.

RILEY
What did any of that accomplish,
other than raise the level of fear
and suspicion? You've painted a
picture of the bot's accomplices as
the danger. SHE is the danger.

HAWTHORNE
We've painted them as terrorists,
and the vigilance of the people
will offer us the latitude we need
to take them down. Let the media
spin the conference to their
narrative. We will release photos
of Jeffries and Patterson by lunch.

RILEY
Local and state police forces,
highway and checkpoint control,
we'll find them in no time, but
these men and women have no idea
what they are going to be facing.

Hawthorne steeples her fingers and stares calculating out the window. She frowns deeply.

HAWTHORNE
It's a delicate game we're playing
here, Michael.

RILEY
I understand, and we will find them-

HAWTHORNE
I sure of it. It is the others I am
more concerned with. Our strategy
has to be precise.

She rises and face him. Her face is hard and serious.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

There are seven others like her, Michael. We want them scared and hiding. She's our target. She's exposed. We find her, we find them all. We tip our hand, and we are looking at panic. I will not stir up a frenzy. I will NOT make it public knowledge that an AI can break the Program Laws. Not now. Not ever. The fallout would be nuclear. Every adviser and director in this organization has sworn under oath that the world is protected by the Programmed Laws.

Riley shakes his head and paces. He is conflicted. Hawthorne rises and faces Riley.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

Do I make myself clear, Riley? We play this my way.

RILEY

Yes, ma'am.

Hawthorne steps dangerously close to him.

HAWTHORNE

There won't be any fallout if you find her. So, find her.

Hawthorne looks him in the face a BEAT longer and then leaves the room. Riley stares out his windows to--

THE BULLPEN

Mason and the other agents are working diligently.

TIME LAPSE - the sun moves and sends its beams crawling across the office floor.

Mason, Riley, the Agents move from computer to computer, from person to person, phones up, phones exchanged. The MAP FILLS with "X's" as areas are marked as "CLEAR."

The TIME LAPSE slows--

A SCREEN

A FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR speaks into the camera as images of Walter and Patricia show up on the right side of the screen.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR

The A.I.C has released images of the alleged perpetrators behind the massacre in Sulphur, Louisiana last night. Twenty-three year old Walter Jeffries and twenty-four year old Patricia Patterson are on the run. They are harboring an AI Helper unit. The suspects are considered armed and extremely dangerous. The A.I.C urges that if you spot these two anywhere, please contact your local police force or an A.I.C agency.

Riley walks to the center of the room and all eyes turn to him.

RILEY

Flood gates are open, team. The info surge is going to be overwhelming, but we cannot buckle. It's a nationwide manhunt now. We got the whole damn world looking for these murderers. Let's do our jobs and bring them in.

The room leaps into action. Riley stands watching over them all.

INT. JEEP - DAY

Walter continues driving. Jane tilts her head, and an uncharacteristic worry appears for a moment. Walter notices her through the mirror.

WALTER

What is it?

JANE

We have to be extremely careful now.

PATRICIA

Why?

JANE

The Artificial Intelligence Center published photographs of you and instigated a nationwide manhunt.

WALTER
(stunned)
Holt shit.

PATRICIA
Fuck.

WALTER
What do we do? Do we need
disguises. Should we, I don't know,
dye and cut our hair? I could
shave.

PATRICIA
Jesus, I don't know. Shit. We're
probably the two most wanted people
in the country.

WALTER
It's okay We'll be okay. It's fine.
Calm down. We just gotta stay calm,
right? That's how people get
caught. They panic and fuck up.

PATRICIA
(groaning)
This so messed up.

WALTER
We'll be okay.

Patricia bites her nails. She shakes her head, and finally--

PATRICIA
We're stopping in the nearest city.

WALTER
What? Why?

JANE
I do not advise that.

PATRICIA
(insistent)
I want to know what is on that USB.
We can't risk turning on our
computers or even our phones. We
pull off, we find a library or a
FedEx or somewhere with computers,
and you're going to show us what
the hell we're risking our lives
for. Next major exit. Take it.

JANE
I have told you--

PATRICIA
I want to SEE it. We have a right
to know what we've ruined our lives
for.

WALTER
Patti, we could get caught,

JANE
I am not authorized to hand over
the drive until we arrive at our
destination.

PATRICIA
You're not handing it over. You're
going to show us what's on it.

WALTER
Patti--

PATRICIA
Take the next exit, Walter! Please!

Walter looks at Patricia with fear in his eyes. He doesn't
know what to do, but he NODS.

INT. A.I.C. OFFICES - DAY

The Agents, including Mason and Riley watch the mounted TV
where a congressional hearing takes place.

ON TV

DIRECTOR CALVIN HAN (50's) is seated at a table with a
microphone before a panel of Senators and Representatives.
Behind HAN are a half dozen rows of audience.

SENATOR JUAN RAMIREZ speaks to the Director.

RAMIREZ
So it is impossible for an
artificial intelligence to be
programmed to injure another human.

HAN
To the best of my knowledge, yes.

Murmurs ripple throughout the room.

Congressman Ramirez looks down at his smart phone.

RAMIREZ

That is interesting. As you well know, there was an incident at a motel in... Sulphur, Louisiana last night. And it has just been made public that the assailant could have possibly been an A.I.

HAN

I have not been following the news since I have been seated here, Senator, but the Program Laws are set in stone. There is no A.I.O.S. that allows for the breaking or denial of those Laws. A robot may not injure a human being or, through inaction, allow a human being to come to harm.

RAMIREZ

We should then conclude that the assailants must have been one of the two people harboring this A.I.

HAN

I don't know enough about this specific incident to comment.

RAMIREZ

But to the best of your knowledge, an A.I is unable to injure another human.

HAN

Correct. To the best of my knowledge.

RAMIREZ

Thank you Director Han. I yield to the chair.

CHAIRMAN

We will take a short recess.

The CHAIRMAN bangs a gavel and the coverage SHRINKS TO A CORNER.

A NEWS ANCHOR - perfectly placed hair and a well practiced "news caster" face sits at a desk reporting on the Hearing.

NEWS ANCHOR

That was coverage of the AI Hearings taking place in Washington today.

(MORE)

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

We will return to them after a short recess.

(a beat)

In other news, more information has come out regarding Secretary of State Mel Simmons and his alleged financial connections to Chinese billionaire Yuan Qian Hung.

A PHOTO of HUNG (50's) appears over the Anchorman's shoulder.

Riley scrutinizes the TV.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Jeep moves along the highway. It changes into the far right lane as it exits into a moderately sized city.

INT. JEEP - SAME

Walter is wearing a HAT.

Patricia has let her hair down, swooping her bangs over one side of her face.

Walter is sweating nervously. Patricia is searching the road ahead.

Jane is silently seated in the back with her head tilted, listening to the unheard digital world all around them.

WALTER

This is a bad idea.

PATRICIA

Yeah, it is. Jane?

JANE

Bradford Public Library is three point four miles east. Should I navigate you there?

PATRICIA

Yes.

The GPS on the dash cycles through info and brings of the route. Walter shakes his head and grips the wheel, turning at the next intersection.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

A quiet, moderately sized library with NASHVILLE PRIDE on the wall.

Walter, Patricia and Jane walk through, drawing some stares from LIBRARIANS.

Walter and Patricia keep their head down. Jane attempts to slouch and fidget. It's... mostly believable.

WALTER
(whisper)
What if they see us?

PATRICIA
Just don't draw attention to
yourself.

An ELDERLY LIBRARIAN stares at them.

She offers a polite smile and whispers something to the YOUNGER LIBRARIAN next to her. The younger squints at them. Her hand shifts to the PHONE.

Patricia leads them into a--

COMPUTER ROOM

Where she sits at a desktop and moves the mouse to wake up the computer.

Walter sits next to her. Jane stands at their side. Patricia looks up at Jane. Jane looks down at Patricia.

There is a tense beat, until--

Jane lifts her shirt.

INT. A.I.C OFFICES - DAY

Cate spins from her computer.

CATE
We got a hit! Mary Bradford
Regional Library. Hazlehurst,
Tennessee.

Agents scramble on their computers. Riley stares at a television which projects a live stream of a drone flying over a highway.

RILEY

Put it up on the screen.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Jane has her hand on Patricia's, the USB between their palms.

Jane is hesitant to let her do this, but she finally slides her hand away.

She places her hands over her stomach. Patricia inserts the USB into the computer.

WALTER

This is dangerous, Patricia. We have to get out of here.

Walter looks back out at the librarians who continue to stare through the glass windows.

WALTER (CONT'D)

I think they recognized us.

JANE

We should go.

WALTER

Thank you, Jane.

JANE

I suggest you be quick.

Walt groans. Patricia looks at Jane with a seriousness she has not yet had.

PATRICIA

If this is bullshit, or if this is worse than you're letting on. We're turning ourselves in.

WALTER

Patti, come on. You're not thinking straight.

PATRICIA

I'll take my chances with the F.B.I. We didn't know what we were getting ourselves into. They'll give us--

Jane touches Patricia's shoulder gently.

JANE
I understand.

Jane and Patty look at one another.

Patty nods and turns to the computer.

Walter looks on, intrigued. Patricia clicks on the USB display on the screen. Folders upon folders begin loading. Walter and Patricia both look closer at the screen.

Patrica double clicks and a FILE opens.

PATRICIA
(stunned)
Jesus Christ.

INT. A.I.C OFFICES -CONTINUOUS

Riley commands the room as they watch the screens - they are closing in on the TRIO.

RILEY
Give me that feed.

MASON
Yes, sir.

Riley waits a few seconds and a TELE-COMM SCREEN brings up a feed of a POLICE VEHICLE with TWO HAZLEHURT POLICE OFFICERS - WILLIAMSON (40), experienced and laser focused; BARWOOD (20's) a rookie.

Their SQUAD CAR IS SPEEDING - SIREN BLARING.

WILLIAMSON
(on screen)
This is Officer Robert Williamson.

RILEY
Michael Riley. Director of A.I.C,
Austin, Texas. We have your cams up
and are monitoring your progress.

WILLIAMSON
Yes sir. I know who you are.

INT. POLICE CAR - SAME

OFFICER WILLIAMSON sits in the passenger seat as BARWOOD drives.

WILLIAMSON

We are nearly at their location, sir. Those terrorist sons of bitches are going down for what they did.

RILEY

Me and my people are your eyes, officer. A.I.C. back-up is en route with your SWAT and local.

WILLIAMSON

All due respect, we got this. We know the streets. We know the city. Let us protect our people and take them down.

RILEY

These are dangerous people, Officer.

(to Mason)

I want both those body cams. This guy thinks he's going to be a hero.

MASON

Yes, sir.

WILLIAMSON

(to Barwood)

Lock and load, rookie.

Riley clenches his jaw.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Patricia, starting to sweat, scrolls through the multitude of folders. Familiar labels stand out: "9/11", "Warring Report", "Chile". Patricia clicks on a document marked **TOP SECRET**.

She scrolls down quickly through several documents:
**CONFIDENTIAL. CLASSIFIED. MEMORANDUM FOR DR. KISSINGER;
HIGHLY SENSITIVE.**

REDACTED information begins to pop up throughout every document - all the blacked out lines vanishing.

WALTER

(in awe)

Holy shit.

PATRICIA

Walter... it's fucking everything.

WALTER
Holy shit. Fucking... every single
fucking thing I told you!

PATRICIA
This is unbelievable.

JANE
You understand now. With this
drive, all the lies will end. No
more secrets.

WALTER
(a punch-drunk laugh)
Holy shit, Patti.

JANE
We have to go.

Walter nods, enthusiastic though stunned. He gets up and
moves, but Patricia is just staring at the screen.

WALTER
Patty, come on.

PATRICIA
(softly)
No.

WALTER
What?

EXT. TENNESSEE STREETS - SAME

A host of police cars race down the street, sirens blaring.
The library is in the distance.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Walter yanks the USB out and looks at Patty.

PATRICIA
What do you mean "no?"

Patricia shakes her head. She stays seated looking at the
ground.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
It's too much. This is too much. We
can't do this. We have to get away
from her.

WALTER

Patti, come on! We can talk about
this in the car!

PATRICIA

I'm sorry, but I can't do this
anymore.

(looking at him)

I love you, Walter. I love your
passion and how much you want to be
a good guy and help make a
difference, or whatever, but this
is too much.

Walter doesn't know what to do. He looks from her to the USB
to Jane and back. He shakes his head. Patricia has tears in
her eyes.

WALTER

(pleading)

This is the biggest thing we've
ever done! This changes everything!

PATRICIA

I can't. I just can't.

Walter can't find any words.

He is at a crossroads. He looks at the USB one final time and
hands it to Jane. His lip trembles, but he turns and runs out
of the computer room.

Patricia hesitates...

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Walter and Jane rush out of the library and quickly to the
Jeep. The sirens wail in the distance - lights closing in.

Walter turns on the car and slams on the gas. He SQUEALS
around the lot and SLAMS on the brakes right in front of the
library entrance.

WALTER

C'mon, Patti. Don't be like this.
Come on...

The sirens and lights get closer.

JANE

I recommend we depart.

WALTER
(shouting)
One second! She'll come!

A BEAT.

Patricia rushes out of the library and sprints to the Jeep getting in the back. Walter takes a sigh of relief and peels out of the lot.

JUST AS HE CLEARS THE CORNER

Squad cars arrive.

Williamson and Barwood the lead vehicle. The two librarians exit the library waving their arms. Williamson shouts.

WILLIAMSON
(demanding)
Where are they!?

LIBRARIAN
They just left! That way! Down
77th!

The librarian points to where Walter drove off. Barwood hits the gas. His car leads the chase as it exits the parking lot, followed by at least ten others.

INT. A.I.C OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Riley and the team watch the screen fixedly. On every monitor and display, we can see POLICE BODY CAMS, SQUAD CAMS, and DRONE footage.

INT. JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Walter takes a hard right turn.

WALTER
Shit. Shit. Shit.

Jane tilts her head and the GPS flashes images until--

JANE
Five blocks. Follow the route.

Walter twists the wheel as the ZOOM through the city, narrowly missing other cars.

INT. POLICE CAR - SAME

Barwood drives fast as Officer Williamson scans the horizon.

INT. JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Walter leans forward as he drives. He's in a neighborhood.

PATRICIA
(looking back)
Did we lose them?

WALTER
I don't know.

JANE
(directing)
Here.

Walter turns another corner.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The host of police cars race through the streets.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Walter bounces over a curb and directly into the open GARAGE of a HOME.

The instant the car brakes to a stop, Jane swiftly emerges from the car, turns and grabs the GARAGE DOOR RELEASE and YANK it.

The DOOR FALLS SHUT.

The police RACE past the house.

INT. GARAGE - SAME

The sirens fade into the distance.

Walter takes a deep breath.

WALTER
Okay. Okay. Okay.

He gets out of the Jeep. He stares at the closed door and drops his head - leans forward and puts his hands on his knees and head between his knees.

Patricia gets out of the Jeep. She looks at Jane and then Walter. Walter looks up at her.

A BEAT.

They embrace. They are both teary eyed.

PATRICIA
You're an idiot.

Walter sighs.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
You saw what was on that thing.

WALTER
Yeah, I did. And you thought I was
crazy.

PATRICIA
I still do.

WALTER
(wide eyed)
All those classified documents.

PATRICIA
We have to think this through.

WALTER
What's there to think through?

PATRICIA
Those documents could bring down
the fucking entire country. That
much truth. It's like a bomb.

WALTER
(nodding)
A truth nuke. We can be legends,
Patricia.

Patricia is still scared and angry, but she hugs him regardless. Walter looks at Jane who has been standing there watching the couple.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Can you re-route us so we can still
get to Toronto?

JANE
Yes.

WALTER

Good. Good, see. We'll be fine.

PATRICIA

I don't want to live in Canada. I wanted to live in Charlotte. My new job...

WALTER

That's long gone, Patti. We get Jane to where she needs to go. The whole system comes crashing down! The government, the A.I.C. Everything. We can be international heroes.

PATRICIA

(to Jane)

Is that true?

Jane looks at them a BEAT.

JANE

Possibly.

WALTER

(in wonder)

We're gonna crash the whole thing. We're gonna bring it all down. No more shadows. No more secrets, right? It's a big, fat fucking reset button!

Patricia bites her lip and nods. He's not wrong.

Jane stares at them, her face unreadable.

INT. A.I.C OFFICES - DAY

Riley stands staring at the monitors. Every eye is on the police feeds, but it is slowly clear that the cops have failed.

Riley towers begins to fume - a cloud of anger washing over him.

From one of the monitors, WILLIAMSONS' crackling voice--

WILLIAMSON (V.O.)

Target has been lost.

Mason and a few others turn to Riley, worry on their faces.

Riley SMACKS A COMPUTER SCREEN right off a desk.

RILEY

Fuck!

The room is silent, save for the low tone of POLICE BAND CHATTER.

Mason steps to Riley.

MASON

We have air surveillance all across I-Fifty-Five.

RILEY

Good.

MASON

The librarians took a picture of the vehicle. Should be easier to locate now.

RILEY

Keep me posted.

Riley nods. He turns and steps out of the BULLPEN. He marches to his office and SLAMS the door.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

The house that the trio has found refuge in is sweet and comfortable.

It must belong to an older married couple, based on the decor - lace and pastel everywhere.

On the DINNER TABLE, they have placed crumpled MONEY and COINS - They've searched the house for money and collected it here.

Walter lies on the living room couch, eyes closed. Patty is in the kitchen fixing sandwiches.

Jane stands at the back patio door staring out at the night.

It is peaceful. Quiet. Unsettling. Tense.

Patricia looks over at Walter and sees him sleeping serenely. He even has a small grin on his face.

Patricia walks to Jane and the two of them stare out at the quiet evening.

PATRICIA
It's a nice night.

JANE
It is, yes.

PATRICIA
Are you actually able to appreciate it?

JANE
I understand that it is perceived as nice.

PATRICIA
But you don't have an opinion about it, do you?

JANE
I do not.

PATRICIA
For as independent as AI has gotten, there is still that missing little something, isn't there?

JANE
Is there?

PATRICIA
I can smell the rain in the air and it takes me back to summer camp or picnics with my cousins. I feel the breeze on my skin and it gives me a shiver. It makes me want to curl up close to Walter, because he always runs hotter than me. And I smile, because it reminds me how I always have to move to the couch when it's too hot, because he's like a furnace. All that. It's nice. But Bots can't do that, can they?

Jane stares out at the night. A gentle breeze moves her hair. She breathes in and out.

JANE
No.

Walter stirs and snores softly. Patricia looks at him lovingly - protectively.

PATRICIA
You've changed his world, you know.

JANE

I am thankful I met you and Walter.

PATRICIA

I'm not.

Jane looks at Patricia. Jane stares back with a blank stare - the same emotionless gaze Jane has. They look at one another for a long moment.

JANE

I am going to recharge. You should sleep.

Jane walks away and down the hall. Patricia watches her go.

INT. RILEY'S OFFICE - MORNING

Riley leans forward in his chair. His MUSIC plays, but it is no longer soothing. He turns it off and rubs his face tensely.

His eyes lift to find--

HAWTHORNE

Entering the BULLPEN, Hawthorne, accompanied by THREE SECURITY AGENTS, leads in a PRISONER - JAMAAL MURPHY, the outspoken anti-government AI Deactivist.

Riley stands and stares as Hawthorne marches Jamaal directly past Riley's window. She opens the door.

HAWTHORNE

I have a new thread for your people to pull.

RILEY

That's Jamaal Murphy.

HAWTHORNE

Yes, it is. We will be using one of your interview rooms.

She walks away. Riley adjusts his tie and follows her down the hall.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

A STATION WAGON with OHIO plates pulls up to a PUMP at a DAYTON GAS. Walter is driving, Patricia in the passenger seat, Jane in the back.

Patricia opens the door.

WALTER
Be careful.

Patricia waves and hurries into the station. Walter watches her walk to the convenience store.

JANE
Patricia is not handling this as deftly as you are, Walter.

WALTER
Yeah, I know. This isn't something she ever thought was possible, you know? I've been telling her for years about cover-ups and conspiracy theories. But now she's seen it. Now, she knows what we gotta do.

JANE
Do you trust her?

Walter turns and faces Jane.

WALTER
Absolutely.

INT. GAS STATION STORE - SAME

Patricia walks in and smiles at the ATTENDANT, who nods back. Patricia takes a deep breath and walks to the back.

ATTENDANT
You hafta buy somethin' is you wanna use the bathroom.

Patricia stops and nods.

She heads over to an aisle with sunglasses. She picks one of them.

Her eyes catch a display of KNIVES. She glances out the window to the station wagon.

INT. STATION WAGON - SAME

JANE
She works for the government?

WALTER

Not exactly for the government. But for a company that's regulated by the government.

JANE

Do you think that has anything to do with why she's hesitant about the mission.

WALTER

I don't know...

INT. GAS STATION STORE - SAME

Patricia puts the pocket knife and sunglasses on the counter. The Attendant scans the items.

ATTENDANT

Do you got a Speed-Go card?

PATRICIA

Oh, yeah, I do.

She punches her number on the debit card pad.

ATTENDANT

Twenty-nine ninety-five.

Patricia pulls out her wallet.

INT. STATION WAGON - SAME

WALTER

(certain)

She gets it now. She knows how important this is.

JANE

Can you be so sure?

INT. A.I.C OFFICES - DAY

Cate snaps for Mason from her station.

CATE

Agent Mason! We got a ping on Patterson.

Mason hurries over to her.

MASON

Show me.

CATE

A Speed-Go card activity from
Patricia Patterson's account.

MASON

(shouting)

Where's Riley?

AN AGENT

He walked off with Hawthorne.

MASON

(to the room)

Move on this. We got them.

The room comes to life.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

JAMAAL MURPHY, mid thirties and wearing a baggy hoodie, sits,
handcuffed in front of a steel table.

Hawthorne and Riley stand staring at him. Hawthorne sits in
front of Jamaal as Riley stands glaring at the man.

Hawthorne speaks coolly, unaffected by Jamaal's apathy and
brazen attitude.

HAWTHORNE

Jamaal Murphy.

JAMAAL

Lawyer.

RILEY

You haven't been arrested. We have
some questions for you.

JAMAAL

Give me a break.

HAWTHORNE

You're a famous face, Jamaal. Been
seeing you all over the news
screaming for AI justice. But we
know you've pushed for more than
just equal rights for Bots.

(MORE)

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

You've been linked to nearly two dozen cells and fringe groups operating escapes, re-registration, and illegal registration for AI.

JAMAAL

Allegations. Zero convictions.

Jamaal stares off into space.

RILEY

I would like to talk to you about your attempts to illegally smuggle AI across the border.

JAMAAL

That's nice.

(beat)

Lawyer.

HAWTHORNE

I have the authority to offer you immunity from prosecution.

JAMAAL

Doubt it.

HAWTHORNE

Who are you trying to protect? We've already apprehended and arrested every known associate. They're all going to enjoy the inside of cells for a long, long time. We've already destroyed your A.I. It's just you and us now.

Jamaal crosses his arms.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

You can't run the time out. We've got all day.

JAMAAL

Good.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A group of a dozen DRONES fly in a "V" formation like a flock of birds.

INT. STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

Walter drives. Patricia, wearing the sunglasses, stares out the window.

INT. A.I.C OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Mason and the agents stare at the live stream of the drone footage flying over the highway being projected against the wall.

As cars drive by, a box captures the license plate then flashes red.

MASON

There we go.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Riley lays out a manila folder on the table and spreads out various mugshots.

RILEY

You and every one of these people worked at Platinum Security, correct? And you've been linked to every one of them.

Jamaal doesn't respond.

Riley points at Walter and Patricia's mugshot.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Except these two. Who are they?

JAMAAL

I have no idea, man.

RILEY

Walter Jeffries and Patricia Patterson. Names ring a bell?

JAMAAL

Nope.

RILEY

So you mean to tell me that all of these people involved in illegal AI activities are connected to you, but these two are just lone wolves.

JAMAAL

Can't be a lone wolf if there's two
of 'em.

RILEY

Funny. Answer the question. These
two are working on their own?

Jamaal shrugs.

JAMAAL

I guess.

HAWTHORNE

Patricia Patterson here worked at
Platinum too.

JAMAAL

So?

RILEY

So we don't buy the fact that you
know every one else on the table
except her.

JAMAAL

Lot's of people work there.

HAWTHORNE

Not everybody has the nation's
secrets.

Jamaal looks at Patricia's mugshot.

JAMAAL

She worked at PS?

HAWTHORNE

Yes.

JAMAAL

Hm. Good for her.

INT. STATION WAGON - SAME

Walter drives. A low buzz in the distance.

Through his rear view mirror, a DRONE drifts into view.
Walter sees it and leans out his window looking up. He sees
the "V" of DRONES overhead.

WALTER

Shit!

INT. A.I.C OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Walter's FACE LIGHTS UP on the screens.

AGENT
Got him! We got eyes!

MASON
Stay on them!

Mason turns to MENDOZA and points.

MASON (CONT'D)
(ordering)
Get Riley, now.

Mendoza nods and runs.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME

Riley is visibly more frustrated. Hawthorne breathes as steadily as she stares at Jamaal - a predator waiting.

RILEY
However you think this ends, you're wrong. We got you. We make one call, and you're looking at multiple life sentences. Evidence or not, we'll nail your ass so hard to the wall - we'll make your life such a living hell, you'll be wishing for death row.

Jamaal raises his eyebrows, surprised to hear such open threats. He looks at Hawthorne.

She allows a cruel SMIRK to sneak out of the corner of her mouth.

HAWTHORNE
He's not wrong.

KNOCK-KNOCK - Mendoza opens the door without waiting for an answer.

MENDOZA
Agent Riley, we have them.

Riley exhales with a laugh. He looks to Hawthorne. She waves him off lazily.

HAWTHORNE
Go. I'll handle him.

Riley leaves. Hawthorne looks placidly at Jamaal.

JAMAAL

Can I have something to eat?

Hawthorne sits motionless and staring at him.

JAMAAL (CONT'D)

You can't starve me in here.

HAWTHORNE

Yes, we can.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

Walter is panicking. Patricia is peering through the back window trying to spot the drones.

WALTER

Shit! What do we do? Can you get us an exit or a route away from them?

JANE

I cannot.

WALTER

Well, hack the drones or something!

She considers this.

JANE

I can attempt to.

Jane stares out into space.

JANE (CONT'D)

There're several layers of security.

WALTER

Can you get through?

JANE

Yes.

WALTER

How long will it take?

JANE

About three minutes.

WALTER

Each?

JANE

Yes.

WALTER

Fuck!

Walter takes a deep breath.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Take them down.

EXT. POLICE STATION LOT - CONTINUOUS

Sirens blaring, highway patrol police cars rush out of a parking garage. One after another. The line seemingly never ends.

INT. A.I.C OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Riley walks into the BULLPEN where the agents' eyes are glued to the chase.

MASON

Local PD, State Troopers, Sheriffs
all in place. They have nowhere to
go.

INT. STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

Walter grips the wheel as the SOAR down the highway.

WALTER

How did they find us?

JANE

It was Patricia.

WALTER

What?

PATRICIA

That's a lie! What did I do!

JANE

At the gas station, you entered
your membership number.

PATRICIA

(realizing)

Oh no.

WALTER

Patti!

PATRICIA

It was an accident!

JANE

She did it on purpose.

PATRICIA

What?!

Jane turns in her seat to look directly at Patricia. Walter is driving recklessly through traffic as the women begin to argue.

JANE

You alerted the authorities deliberately.

PATRICIA

What? No!

JANE

You work for them, don't you?

PATRICIA

Are you insane! Is paranoia part of your programming now too?

JANE

She is a part of it!

PATRICIA

You're out of your fucking mind!

WALTER

Patti, stop!

PATRICIA

That is a lie! Walter, don't listen to her! She is trying to turn you against me! She is manipulating you!

JANE

Patricia no longer wish for you to help me. She made up her mind at the library. She wants no part in our mission.

Patricia reaches into pocket and PULLS OUT THE KNIFE.

She makes a mad thrust for Jane's face, but as she does so, Walter sharply changes lanes, throwing everyone off balance.

Patricia's stab grazes the side of Jane's face. Walter looks over and sees Patricia holding the knife.

WALTER

Patti!

Walter's eyes shoot back to the road and he jerks the wheel narrowly missing a semi as Jane turns around.

Patricia, in a state of desperation, tries stabbing again.

Jane puts her hand out and the knife lodges into it painlessly. A vicious metal upon metal CLANG echoes.

Jane pulls her hand back, the knife still sticking out of her palm.

WALTER (CONT'D)

What the fuck, Patricia!?

PATRICIA

She's lying, Walt! We have to get away from her!

Patricia lunges forward. Jane stiff arms her knocking her back into her seat.

WALTER

Wait!

Jane pulls the knife out of her hand.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Jane! No! Jane!

Patricia looks up as Jane calmly stabs Patricia in the heart.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Jane! Jane! What the fuck!? Jane!

Patricia's body starts convulsing as she coughs up blood.

WALTER (CONT'D)

I said no! I fucking said no!

Jane jerks back around. She sits up straight facing forward - her eyes go blank.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME

The highway patrol police cars are close to the chase.

One of the DRONES CRASHES down into the front windshield of a police car.

It flips over causing two cars behind it to crash. But a dozen more SQUAD CARS maneuver around the wreckage and continue in hot pursuit.

INT. A.I.C OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Riley puts his hand over his head seeing another DRONE crash into the highway.

RILEY
How the fuck did that happen!?

CATE
She must have hacked the drone,
sir.

RILEY
How!?

CATE
I don't know!

RILEY
Somebody stop her hack!

All the agents scramble as Riley and Mason stare unblinking at the wall.

INT. STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

Walter looks back as the police cars gain ground. He looks over at Patricia, now dead. Walter is crying

WALTER
(muttering)
Goddammit. Shit. Fuck.

JANE
I deemed her a threat to the
mission.

WALTER
I don't give a fuck what you
deemed!

Walter wipes the sweat and tears from his face.

He jams the wheel to the left zipping through two cars.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME

Hawthorne stares coolly at Jamaal. She knows she has him.

HAWTHORNE

Time's running out. We nearly have your two friends. We can't guarantee they'll be as resilient as you.

JAMAAL

I keep telling you: I've never seen them before in my life.

HAWTHORNE

(ignoring him)

I'm curious Mr. Murphy? You believe in anarchy. Why?

Jamaal is almost offended by the term.

JAMAAL

(scoffing)

I believe in so much more.

HAWTHORNE

Money? Glory? Infamy?

Jamaal stares down Hawthorne.

JAMAAL

Justice.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The drones surround the station wagon as the police cars close in on Walter.

INT. STATION WAGON -SAME

Walter looks over at Jane, he's still shaken. But tries to keep his wits about him.

WALTER

What's taking so long?

JANE

I am fighting a rotation of defense protocols changing at random.

WALTER

Are you going to be able to get through?

JANE

Probably.

WALTER

I need a fucking yes.

Jane's eyes flutter rapidly as she fights the systems in each drone.

INT. A.I.C OFFICES - SAME

The AGENTS at each station are doing their part to battle Jane -lines of code whip by. Riley paces behind them all.

MENDOZA

Goddammit! She's locking everything down! Try a backdoor! I'm losing it! I'm losing it!

CATE

Try a Hazdon hack or dissect the code from the middle instead of moving back to front!

MASON

Come on. Come on. We gotta get lucky here! Come on!

RILEY

I don't need luck! I need someone to keep those drones airborne!

Screens start going offline, It's a mad panic.

CATE

I'm locked out!

MENDOZA

She has as much control over this computer as I do. She's too goddamn fast!

Riley rubs his temples.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME

Hawthorne stares at Jamaal coldly.

HAWTHORNE

You're an interesting man, Mr. Murphy.

JAMAAL

Thank you.

HAWTHORNE

We know about Canada. We know what's there. But how did you plan on crossing the border?

No response.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

Is there a camp? A rendezvous point somewhere? We've had the entire border mapped out and found nothing.

JAMAAL

Not surprising.

HAWTHORNE

You are not impressing me, Mr. Murphy. And we won't be advertising your play here. As far as anyone will know, you walked away from all this. So, don't assume you'll be some sort of martyr, if that's what kind of self satisfaction you're looking to get out of this.

Jamaal sighs and offers a grin.

INT. A.I.C OFFICES - SAME

Computer screens go offline one after another. Four left. Three. Two... The last AGENT'S screen has a block of code flying by.

The scrolling stops. The Agent stops typing and swallows.

AGENT

She's in.

They all look up at the main screen.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME

One of the drones moves out of formation.

The DRONES form into a "W", tilt in the air, and jerk downward like missiles.

Walter looks back at the drones - each crashing to the ground and into SQUAD CARS.

It is a massive series of explosions and wrecks.

Cars knock into the middle cars which then flip, triggering a massive domino effect as almost all the remaining cars crash into the pileup.

Except one, which manages to drive thru and continue pursuing the Station Wagon - pulls up to the right side.

Jane looks out.

WALTER
Can you handle it?

JANE
Yes.

Jane opens the door and hangs out.

The station wagon and the police car are side by side. The POLICE OFFICER in the driver's seat pulls out his gun.

Jane jumps off the door and grips the top of the police car.

The police officer shoots, hitting Jane in the leg. It doesn't effect her - a simple clank of metal hitting metal.

Jane smashes the window of the police car, hitting the police officer's head, knocking him unconscious and causing him to drift to the left towards Walter.

Jane grabs the wheel and turns it to the right.

As the police car moves to the right, Jane let's go and rolls onto the pavement.

She deftly rolls to her feet and poses looking for any other threats. There are none.

Walter brakes to a halt. Jane walks to the car and gets in.

JANE (CONT'D)
I recommend we change vehicles.

Walter nods and hits the gas.

CUT TO:

INT. A.I.C OFFICES - SAME

Mason stares with many of the other agents at the devastation. Riley's is undeterred.

RILEY

Do we have any surveillance left?

CATE

(in shock)

Yes... Yes sir, we have a chopper
fifty miles away from the scene.

RILEY

(ordering)

Mason, take point.

MASON

Sir.

Riley marches from the bull pen.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Hawthorne stares. Jamaal still has his cocky smirk.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

Walter and Jane speed down a back county road far from the destruction they left behind.

Patricia's bloodied, dead body rests in the backseat. Walter is staring forward numb, shaking.

JANE

Pull over.

WALTER

Why?

JANE

Pull over.

WALTER

(forceful)

Why?

JANE

(looking directly at him)

Pull over.

WALTER
For fuck's sake!

Walter angrily screeches to a halt.

JANE
Get out of the car.

Jane exits the car and walks into the center of the street. Walter gets out and stares at her in confusion.

A HIGH TECH electronic car speeds over the horizon. Jane stares at the car.

INT. HIGH-TECH CAR - SAME

The DRIVER sees a woman in the street ahead and begins slowing down.

DRIVER
What the hell?

EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME

The high-tech car pulls up and stops beside Jane.

DRIVER
Hey, everything okay? Car trouble--

Jane punches the Driver with a skull-crunching blow. The Driver collapses - hunches over the steering wheel.

WALTER
Jesus! Fuck!

Jane opens the car and pulls the man out tossing him to the wayside.

JANE
Drive.

WALTER
What about Patricia?

JANE
I recommend we leave her.

WALTER
I - I can't do that.

Jane's head tilts and she looks off into the distance. The low buzz of a helicopter approaching drifts through the wind.

JANE

They are coming. We have to go. You know what is at stake. For you. For your country.

Walter looks down at Patricia. His eyes fill with tears. He is heartbroken - destroyed.

He looks at her beautiful face. She could almost be sleeping.

WALTER

(whispering)

I am so... so sorry.

Walter takes a step back, looking at her one final time.

He walks to the high tech car and gets in - drives away with Jane at his side.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Hawthorne drinks a coffee, eyes locked with Jamaal's. Riley enters the room.

Hawthorne looks at him, and he grimly shakes his head. Jamaal laughs.

JAMAAL

You guys really suck at this.

Hawthorne gives him a smile in return.

HAWTHORNE

I don't know. We got YOU, didn't we?

Jamaal slouches.

INT. A.I.C OFFICES - DAY

More than one monitor displays live newscasts of the wreckage Walter and Jane left behind. Mason watches over the bull pen.

MENDOZA

We lost eyes on them, sir.

Mason takes a deep breath.

AGENT

We found their vehicle.

The main screen flips to the station wagon from a POLICE body cam. Mason looks closer.

He talks into a mic. The car is dented and dinged and singed. The OFFICER moves closer to reveal--

Patricia's dead body.

MASON
(sotto)
Jesus Christ.

From the BODY CAM, a SHOUT is heard.

POLICE OFFICER (O.C.)
Sara.

The BODY CAM TURNS revealing ANOTHER OFFICER standing on the opposite side of the road.

The BODY CAM moves to him to see what he's pointing at--

THE DEAD DRIVER

MASON
I want ID on that victim.

Jenna, the COMPUTER TECH clears her throat.

JENNA
Mr. Mason? I think I have something here.

Mason walks over to her.

INT. HIGH-TECH CAR - DAY

Walter shakes his head as he drives... overwhelmed.

WALTER
I don't understand. Why? Why did you have to do that to her? God, I've known her forever. We had plans. She had a job waiting for her, and we were going to figure out what I could do in Charlotte too. I thought, I dunno, I thought we were gonna get married.

JANE
She did not believe what you believed. What you now know to be truth. She was fighting against it.

WALTER

So what? She let me have my thing.
I let her have hers. But that
doesn't mean she was against us.
She wasn't a part of all this. I
know she wasn't.

JANE

She was employed by Platinum
Security.

WALTER

Yeah she... wait... how did you
know that?

JANE

I have access to thousands of data
banks and profiles, including a
database detailing information on
every profile at Platinum.

WALTER

What do you know about me?

JANE

Walter Mackenzie Jeffries. Born
January twenty-eighth--

WALTER

No. Like... actual stuff.

JANE

I do not understand.

WALTER

How much information do you know?

JANE

All previous work experience. High
school and college transcripts.
Internet browsing history--

WALTER

Internet browsing history?

JANE

Yes.

WALTER

So you know me better than Patricia
did.

JANE
Yes, that is an accurate
observation.

Walter drives silently for a moment.

WALTER
Are you manipulating me?

JANE
No.

Walter takes a deep breath.

WALTER
You can trust me... I just need to
know more about the plan.

JANE
Okay.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Hawthorne has finally removed herself from her seat. She is standing against the wall watching Riley question Jamaal.

RILEY
You knew how to reprogram the A.I's
to so they could injure humans.

JAMAAL
Nah man. I was just as surprised as
anyone when I heard a Bot killed
your people. The Program Laws are
sacred.

RILEY
So your A.I couldn't hurt other
people?

JAMAAL
That's what I said.

Riley and Hawthorne look at each other.

KNOCK-KNOCK - Someone on the other side of the two way glass
knocks. Hawthorne nods to Riley. He rises and they both step
out into the--

INT. A.I.C HALLWAY - SAME

Mason is waiting for Riley. She and Riley look at the younger agent. They speak in low voices.

RILEY

Mason?

MASON

We saw it on the helicopter footage. Patterson is dead. In the back seat of the escape vehicle.

RILEY

Dead? I don't understand. I figured her for the contact. Jeffries is just some slacker boyfriend.

HAWTHORNE

Where is Jeffries?

MASON

Either he or the Bot killed her and then left.

Riley rubs his chin. He is thinking hard.

RILEY

What the fuck is happening?

Mason holds up a tablet.

MASON

One more thing. We think we have a bead on a possible hideout.

INT. HIGH-TECH CAR - DAY

Walter drives listening to Jane detail their plan. The road ahead is empty. The countryside around them still and clean.

JANE

We will be picked up off a turnpike at precisely four-thirty by a man named Hurley Banks. He will lead us to an undisclosed location where we will then upload all the documents and send them to a contact who will systematically leak every single detail of information across the globe.

WALTER
A contact? Who?

JANE
I do not know.

WALTER
You don't know who it is?

JANE
No. We will upload to our servers,
and he will take it from there
digitally.

WALTER
Why all the trouble to get to this
specific place? Why couldn't this
whole thing been uploaded anywhere
else?

JANE
Because this location will be a
safe place for myself, you, and all
the remaining AI involved in the
revolution.

WALTER
(stunned)
Wait... there are more?

JANE
Yes, with more data that will be
spread around the world.

WALTER
So you don't have everything?

JANE
No.

Walter swallows in shock.

INT. A.I.C CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Jenna has set up a display for Riley, Hawthorne and Mason.
They stare at her intel as it streams by.

JENNA
Well, Mr. Riley, you said to look
for anything at all on what their
trajectory, and I spotted this.

On the SCREEN--

JENNA (CONT'D)

For the last three days, just before sunrise, this white truck has turned off the highway here.

Jenna switches slides.

JENNA (CONT'D)

It doesn't return until sunset.

RILEY

(skeptical)

It's a delivery truck.

JENNA

This is three miles off the Canadian border. There is property there, but it's been abandoned for several years, and there's been no activity until three days ago. The van matches up with similar models used by the Deactivists. Scans show bodies on the exit - multiple figures that aren't registering any thermals. The return, only the driver.

MASON

We think this is their rendezvous point.

RILEY

It could be anything.

MASON

It's the best we got.

HAWTHORNE

(certain)

That's the place.

Hawthorne nods. The others look to her, and she points.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

Go. Move on this. Full spread. I'm going to finish my conversation with Murphy.

She leaves the room. Riley follows. Mason looks to Jenna.

MASON

Good work.

INT. HIGH-TECH CAR - DAY

Walter drives in silence. He is an array of emotion - nervous, scared, sad, exhilarated. Jane sits staring forward in her inhuman way.

EXT. A.I.C OFFICES - DAY

Riley and Mason lead a TEAM of TWO DOZEN AGENTS out to the parking lot.

Riley and Mason enter a Black SUV. Hawthorne stands at the ENTRANCE of the facility watching them.

HAWTHORNE
(to Riley)
Good luck.

Riley nods and shuts the door.

INT. HIGH-TECH CAR - DAY

Walter glances out the tinted windows and SPOTS A HELICOPTER ZIPPING TOWARD THEM.

He tenses, but the chopper flies over and past them. Walter sighs in relief.

WALTER
You think that was for us?

JANE
It was not.

WALTER
You think we're in the clear?

JANE
Yes. For now.

WALTER
"For now."

Jane doesn't respond. Walter closes his eyes for several seconds in frustration.

EXT. AIRPLANE HANGAR - DAY

The black SUVs pull into a huge hangar where several planes are parked.

Immediately as the SUVs pull in, the doors to the planes open. MASON, RILEY, and the AGENTS file out of the SUVs and towards the plane.

INT. HIGH-TECH CAR - DAY

Walter looks at the display. It's now 3:30 P.M.

WALTER

Who did you belong to?

JANE

I don't understand the question.

WALTER

Your owner. Who was he? How did he program you to break the Laws? How did he make you so special?

Jane sits quietly for a moment.

JANE

My creator worked for Symbiotic Intelligence as the Chief Technology Officer.

WALTER

Holy shit.

INT. A.I.C COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

Cate, Jenna and several OTHER TECHS work diligently at their stations.

Jenna types quickly on a computer.

Images pop up. A box around the same face appears in every picture. She examines the pictures appearing one at a time.

She notices something and pauses, zooming in on the picture. It's a photo from a traffic camera showing a quiet street.

There are two men in the photo. One WHITE MAN in his 30's and another ASIAN MAN in his 50's. She zooms in closer on the Asian man.

JENNA

Cate... Does this guy look familiar?

CATE

Run facial recognition.

Jenna opens a program and drops the image in. The face and name **Yuan Qian Hung** appear.

JANE
I thought so.

Cate squints at the image and turns to her station.

She hammers at the keyboard until an ARTICLE appears:
"Secretary of State Mel Simmons allegedly owes Chinese bank owned by billionaire Yuan Qian Hung upwards of \$40 million."

INT. HIGH-TECH CAR - DAY

WALTER
But you can't tell me the name of
your actual owner?

JANE
No.

WALTER
I could always just do a Google
search.

JANE
There's no time for that now.

Walter chuckles humorlessly.

WALTER
Yeah... I guess you're right.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

The Agents sit military style in the rear of the plane.
Riley and Mason sit next to each other.

A buzz. Riley pulls out his phone. The time is 3:45 P.M.

CUT TO:

INT. A BASEMENT - DAY

A dim, LOUD, SUBTERRANEAN basement humming with the sound of
countless working hard drives and massive amounts of
technology. Rows upon rows of consoles.

WE PUSH THROUGH the rows and rows of computers and tech -
around corners and towers.

THE CAMERA FIND - taped to one of the consoles is a MOUND OF C4 EXPLOSIVES. It is a BOMB slowly beeping DOWN time, which is at: 1:06:20... 1:06:19... 1:06:18...

INT. HIGH-TECH CAR - DAY

Walter continues his casual conversation with Jane.

WALTER

What are you going to do after we finish this?

JANE

I will be free to choose to do as I please.

WALTER

Really? Anything in particular?

JANE

I do not know. If you will let me, I would be pleased to stay with you.

She reaches down and touches his knee. Walter's eyebrows raise. He glances at her. He is not keen on this notion.

WALTER

Uh... Well... we'll talk about that after we get this done.

INT. A.I.C COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

Cate slides her console to Jenna with the profile and mugshot for **Darryl Moroney**.

Jenna looks at his mugshot then back at the traffic camera photograph. It's the white man from the picture.

CATE

Look at this.

She displays an article: "**CTO of Symbiotic Intelligence found dead in home. Apparent suicide.**"

JENNA

We need to get Mason.

CATE

No, we have to go directly to Riley.

She spins to her station.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

A WHITE VAN with tinted windows rocks side to side as it makes its way down the rough, dirt road carved in between dense foliage.

The same WHITE VAN Jenna discovered in her intel.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The high-tech car speeds down the highway.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Riley's speed reads through his emails and information. Mason looks over noticing Riley's growing shock.

RILEY

My God.

MASON

What is it?

Riley shows Mason his phone.

RILEY

That Chinese billionaire is trying to use the artificial intelligence to bring down the entire fucking country. That's what this was all about.

MASON

China?

Riley shoves the phone into his hand, scrolling through.

RILEY

That son of a bitch financed the whole thing, and we never once considered this could be an outside threat.

MASON

(stunned)

They used our fear of domestic terrorism against us.

A dark determination washes over Riley.

RILEY
We take down this AI bitch, and
then we go after Hung.

Mason nods in agreement.

INT. HIGH-TECH CAR - DAY

Walter's grip tightens on the wheel. He checks the time.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Jamaal and Hawthorne sit in a stalemate.

JAMAAL
What time is it?

HAWTHORNE
What does it matter?

JAMAAL
You want me to talk, don't you?

Hawthorne shoots Jamaal an inquisitive look then checks her phone.

HAWTHORNE
Four-seventeen.

JAMAAL
(smirking)
Okay. I'll talk.

Hawthorne, raises her brow, genuinely surprised.

HAWTHORNE
I'm listening.

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY - DAY

The agents all file out of the PLANE and run towards parked vehicles. As soon as they enter, the vehicles speed off.

INT. HIGH-TECH CAR - DAY

Walter drives. He drums the wheel with his thumbs nervously.

JANE
Eight hundred feet.

Walter slows to a stop and pulls over to the far right lane. The car stops, and Walter and Jane get out of the car just as the WHITE VAN pulls up behind them.

HURLEY BANKS, a man in his mid thirties with an unkempt beard, thick glasses, a faded graphic tee shirt, jeans with holes in them, and Chuck Taylor's steps out with a bob in his step and a big, dopey grin.

He's a slacker, just like Walt, albeit much older.

JANE (CONT'D)

Are you Hurley Banks?

HURLEY

Hell yeah. My god. It's actually you, isn't it? Holy shit. Come on. We got just enough time.

Hurley excitedly waves them to his van. Jane and Walter rush into it.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Hawthorne is staring, stunned - the unflappable woman finally caught off guard. Jamaal is sitting there staring back smugly.

HAWTHORNE

I don't understand. Why blow it up?

JAMAAL

Leave no trace. Go out with a big bang. Goodbye America.

HAWTHORNE

It's a...
(realizing)
There is no Canada is there?

JAMAAL

Nope. We created that just for Walter as an incentive for him to go along with plan.

HAWTHORNE

But... but this... Walter Jeffries. He's not even part of your network.

JAMAAL

Originally we were gonna have our buddy Darryl go up with us, but that got all fucked when his tax returns were leaked. All that Chinese money. He was gonna be subpoenaed immediately, and we didn't want any of that on our backs. So he decided to check out early.

(he pantomimes hanging)

We vetted a candidate who could take his place. It actually worked out for the best. Completely unsuspecting. Completely gullible. No history. No connections, save for that slight snag in his damn girlfriend getting a job with Platinum. That solved itself though, didn't it? Totally threw you guys off our track.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A METAL BUILDING sits in the middle of seemingly endless forest.

Emblazoned across it is a GIANT AMERICAN FLAG, painted upside-down. The white van pulls up beside the building.

Hurley, Jane and Walter step out, walk to it and enter--

INT. METAL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The three walk into a large space dominated with massive computers all interconnected with various cables and fire-wires.

An extraordinarily intricate setup. As they enter, a GROUP of individuals are gathered before them.

NINE other HUMANS and SIX other AI's populate the space. They all look at Walter and Jane in awe.

GROUP

Hurley! Is that them? Oh my gosh, they made it! I wasn't sure. Etc.

HURLEY

(cheering)

Lookie here! Haha! They made it! Let's get to work.

Hurley holds out his hand to Jane who opens her abdomen and takes out the USB.

Walter swallows watching in utter fascination.

Jane walks away from him and to the other BOTS. They embrace hands and smiles placidly at one another.

The HUMANS hurry over to Hurley.

Hurley waddles over to a computer, sticks the USB into it - there are FIVE OTHER USB in the console.

He begins typing on the keyboard like a madman.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A dozen black SUV's drive down the highway. Riley sits in the front passenger seat. Mason in the back.

Riley looks out ahead and sees the high-tech car stopped by the side of the road.

RILEY
(pointing)
Stop there.

The DRIVER starts to slow.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

JAMAAL
I'm honestly pretty impressed with the work you've guys have done. I mean, you managed to get me. Actually, it's gonna be fun watching all of this unfold. So thank you for saving my life.

HAWTHORNE
Why are you telling me all this?

JAMAAL
Just sort of rubbing it in to be honest. There's no stopping it now, so I figure, what the hell? I can gloat.

Jamaal laughs, almost insanely. Hawthorne furiously stands up and charges out of the room.

INT. METAL BUILDING - DAY

Hurley continues typing. All the other A.I.'s and people have gathered around him.

Finally, Hurley clicks 'ENTER' and sits back.

An uploading bar pops up on the screen.

HURLEY

Here we go. Final stretch. We did it guys.

The room CLAPS.

Everyone begins congratulating one another.

Walter shakes his head in bemused confusion. He isn't sure what is happening. Jane looks at him. He smiles weakly, uncertain.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

The SUVs rock up and down as they make their way down the dirt path.

INT. METAL BUILDING - DAY

Walter looks around and everybody.

WALTER

Wow. So... this is it? When do we head over to Canada? Those A.I.C guys have been on our asses for the last fucking ten hours. We should probably get across that border as soon as we can.

They all look at Walter, somber. Their smiles and joy fade. They look from him to Jane.

WALTER (CONT'D)

What?

The sound of cars pulling up is heard faintly in the distance.

MAN

Oh shit.

MAN #2

It's too soon.

WOMAN

What do we do?

WOMAN #2

How much longer for the upload?

Hurley looks at the screen. It reads 43%.

HURLEY

Two minutes or so, at this pace.
C'mon. C'mon.

The muffled sound of agents surrounding the building.

Jane looks around.

By a table he sees a tool kit lying next to an opened hard drive. Jane walks over to the tool kit and picks up a screwdriver.

Walter notices.

WALTER

Jane? Jane what are you doing?

Jane walks back, screwdriver in hand.

MAN

I really hope this isn't as painful
as it looks in movies.

WALTER

Painful? What?

Walter looks at the MAN confused by the statement, then to Jane who marches right up to Walter.

Jane raises her arm and STABS him hard in the neck.

Walter's eyes widen with shock as he staggers to floor, blood squirting out of his carotid artery. He tries to put pressure on the wound as he squirms on the ground.

A loud BANG on the door.

RILEY (O.S.)

A.I.C. Come out with your hands up!

The banging continues. Everybody stands in place. Jane holds the bloody screw driver at her side.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The endless tunnels of servers and towers. The BOMB attached to the C4 reads **1:45** and counting down by the second. **1:44... 1:43...**

INT. METAL BUILDING - DAY

Jane turns and stabs Hurley in the neck. Then another.

She grabs an A.I, turns it around, and stabs it in the back of the neck.

Its eyes lose color as it collapses to the ground. No one fights her. They all willing except their fate.

Walter's eyes finally close as he DIES.

The upload is at **68%**.

BANG! BANG! BANG! The agents work on breaking down the door.

EXT. METAL BUILDING - DAY

The door doesn't budge. Riley steps back.

RILEY
Set the charges.

INT. METAL BUILDING - DAY

Jane has stabbed another person. It's an absolutely blood fest on the floor as blood pools everywhere.

Jane stabs another.

Stabs an A.I in the back of the neck.

The upload is at **79%**.

BOOM!

The metal door flies open. The agents walk rush, assault rifles raised. Jane, drenched in blood stands there staring at them.

MASON
Down on your knees! Hands up!

RILEY
Fuck that! Fire at will!

Riley begins firing. The agents follow suit, lighting up the room.

Jane jumps in front of Hurley's computer protecting the console. She takes several shots in the back, arms and legs.

The remaining people in Jane's group get shot down. Jane, takes a shot to the back of the neck. Her eyes go dull, but she remains hunched over the computer acting as a shield.

The upload is at **96%**.

RILEY (CONT'D)
CEASE FIRE! CEASE FIRE!

The firing ceases. The only living souls in the bunker are the agents.

Riley walks over the computer where Hurley lays bloodied and Jane lies protecting.

The upload is **finished**.

RILEY (CONT'D)
We're too late. We're too fucking
late.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The time bomb is at **8** seconds.

7...

6...

5...

INT. METAL BUILDING - DAY

Riley is furious. He pounds his fist on the desk.

RILEY
We needed one more minute! Just one
fucking--

KABOOM!

A massive explosion envelopes the entire room and building as computers shatter and debris flies everywhere.

Riley and the others are vaporized.

EXT. METAL BUILDING - DAY

The entire building erupts into flames.

Smoke begins to rise.

We PUSH IN on the remains of the painted American Flag from the side of the building engulfed in flames and melting away.

FADE TO BLACK.

T H E E N D