CLOUD ATLAS



CLOUD ATLAS

A Film By

A. Wachowski
L. Wachowski
T. Tykwer

Based on the Novel By

David Mitchell

IMPORTANT NOTICE

CINEMA SCRIPT RESEARCH COPIES ARE MADE AVAILABLE FOR
PERSONAL USE ONLY.
THEY ARE **NOT** TO BE USED FOR ANY PURPOSE OTHER THAN PRIVATE STUDY, SCHOLARSHIP, OR RESEARCH WITHOUT THE WRITTEN CONSENT OF THE COPYRIGHT HOLDER.

CLOUD ATLAS

A Film By

A. Wachowski
L. Wachowski
T. Tykwer

Based on the Novel By

David Mitchell

FADE IN:

On motes like meteors; dancing, streaking particles of light that rise up against the endless night as we tilt down revealing--

The flickering flame of a campfire, wavering in the wind.

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT - YEAR 2346

Broken-knuckled, scab covered hands reach for the warmth of the fire.

ZACHRY
Lornsome night. Babbits bawlin',
wind bitin' t'bone.

Zachry (50's) looks old, more weathered than aged, wearing a mix of furs and strange futuristic armor.

ZACHRY (CONT'D)
Wind like this carries voices,
ancestry howlin' at'cha, screaming
their stories, all their voices
tied up in't'one.

On his face is a terrible scar, a brand burned into his cheek.

ZACHRY (CONT'D)
And out there's you know who, spyin
from the dark... Old Georgie and me
crossed paths more times'n I'm
comfy mem'ryn. After I'm died no
tellin' what that fangy devil won't
try to do to me...

The fire glints in his eye.

ZACHRY (CONT'D)
Listen close and lemme yarn you
'bout the first time we met eye to
eye...

EXT. CHATHAM ISLANDS BEACH - DAY - YEAR 1846

MOVING POV ON a trail of footsteps in the sand... being followed by ADAM EWING (35), a lawyer from the city of San Francisco who appears out of place on the shore of this Pacific island.

EWING (V.O.)
Thus it was that I made the acquaintance of Doctor Henry Goose, surgeon of London nobility.

The path leads to DR. HENRY GOOSE (mid-40's), his trousers rolled up, sporting an unkempt beard as he shovels and sifts through the sand.

EWING (CONT'D)
Doctor Goose?

Goose looks at Ewing, eye to eye.

GOOSE
And who might you be?

EWING
Ewing, Adam Ewing, Sir. Traveling with the "Prophetess". They told me I could find you out here. Have you lost something?

GOOSE
(a beat, then smiles)
Teeth, sir are the enameled grails of the quest at hand. This beach was once a cannibal's banqueting hall, where the strong gorged on the weak, but the teeth, the teeth sir, they spat out as you or I would expel a cherry stone. An artisan of Piccadilly who fashions denture sets for the nobility pays handsomely for human gnashers. Do you know the price a quarter pound will earn, sir?

EWING
I confess, I do not.

GOOSE
Nor shall I enlighten you, sir for 'tis a professional secret. Ahhhhahahaha!

The doctor has dentures himself; the teeth, overly large for his mouth, give him a comedic and paradoxically carnivorous appearance.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE - DAY - YEAR 1974

LUISA REY (mid 30's), a feminist from the days when it was an ideal, not a fashion statement, talks into her tape recorder.

LUISA REY
Question one: what secret might be in Sixsmith's report that would be worth killing him for? Question two: if in fact someone did kill him, is it reasonable to assume they would kill again to protect that secret and if so, question three: what the fuck am I doing here?

EXT. SWANNEKKE ISLAND BRIDGE - DAY - YEAR 1974

The Beetle rattles toward a small island dominated by a nuclear power plant cooling tower; a man-made volcano blowing white smoke indifferently across a blue sky.

The security booth is besieged by demonstrators wielding signs that scream, "Welcome to Cancer Island!" And "Hell No! We Won't Glow!"

She stops in front of the gate and the mirrored shade wearing GUARD steps over.

GUARD
Press pass.

LUISA REY
Expecting trouble?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - YEAR 2144

An ENFORCER hands a small wand-like device to the ARCHIVIST, a man in his early thirties.

ENFORCER
Any problems sir, you just hit this button.

ARCHIVIST
Thank you.

The Enforcer leaves them alone. The glow panel hums above them.

The Archivist sits across from SONMI-451, a young female replicant, who watches him, her magnetic shackles, securely locked to the armrests.

He removes the "orison", an egg-shaped recording device, from its case. He sets it upright and it begins to spin.

ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)
On behalf of my Ministry and the future of Unanimity, I want to thank you for this final interview.

Her genetically designed features remain a mask of servile patience.

ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)
Remember this isn't an interrogation or a trial. Your version of the truth is all that matters.

SONMI-451
Truth is singular. Its "versions" are mistruths.

The noise of an old typewriter in use cuts into the silence.

INT. CAVENDISH'S STUDY - EVENING - YEAR 2009

A beautiful English study; bookshelves line the walls. Timothy Cavendish, an older man is typing his memoir into a typewriter.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
While my extensive experience as an editor has led me to a disdain for flashbacks and flash forwards and all such tricksy gimmicks I believe that if you, dear Reader, can extend your patience for just a moment, you will find there is a Method to this tale of Madness.

He pauses, considering, then sips the last of his wine before continuing.

CAVENDISH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Look. I was Dermot Hoggins's publisher, not his shrink or his astrologer, the ruddy, bloody truth is I had no idea what the man was going to do that night.

INT. LAUGHING CAVALIER HOTEL - DAWN - YEAR 1931

ROBERT FROBISHER (early 20's) looks as though he has been up for days. He places an envelope carefully on the desk, just above a manuscript entitled "The Cloud Atlas Sextet."

FROBISHER
My Dearest Sixsmith. I shot myself through the roof of my mouth at four AM this morning with Vyvyan Ayrs' Luger.

He goes to the bathroom and wraps his head in a towel. He gets into the tub and picks up the Luger pistol.

FROBISHER (CONT'D)
A true suicide is a paced, disciplined certainty. People pontificate, "suicide is selfishness," while career churchmen like Pater call it a coward's act typically because they lack the necessary suffering to sympathize. Couldn't be further from the truth; suicide takes tremendous courage.

He puts the gun in his mouth.

FROBISHER (CONT'D)
Don't let them say I killed myself for love. Had my infatuations but we both know in our hearts who is the sole love of my short, bright life.

As he cocks back the hammer and prepares to pull the trigger we cut to black.

TITLE: **CLOUD ATLAS**

On a background of swirling nimbi.

FADE OUT

EXT. CART TRAIL - DUSK - YEAR 2314

A man and his two sons push an overloaded archaic looking hand cart along a muddy wooded trail. They stop at a ford along a river bed, the sun low in the sky.

Helping them, without exerting much effort is Zachry who we recognize, though he is a decade younger and does not have the terrible scar.

ZACHRY (V.O.)
For me, all started way back when I still had mos' my teeth. Me an' Adam, my bro'by law, an his two sons was trekkin' back from Honokaa Market. Evenin' catched us up early, so we tented on the southly bank o' Sloosha's Crossin'.

Zachry's brother-in-law, Adam and his two sons begin to set up a makeshift camp.

ZACHRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Now, I'd got diresome hole-spew that day 'cos I'd ate a gammy dog leg in Honokaa, an' I was squattin' in a thicket when sudd'nwise I felt the devil's eyes on me.

Zachry defecates in a leafy brush when he feels as though he is not alone.

ZACHRY (CONT'D)
Who's there?

The hairs on his neck stand up.

CREEPY VOICE
Oh, a darky spot you're in, friend.

ZACHRY
Name y'self!

Zachry yanks out his weapon.

ZACHRY (CONT'D)
I got a blade, I have!

The voice hisses at him.

CREEPY VOICE
Ain't no blade can protect you from the True-true...

Perched above him, wrapped in dusky shadow is OLD GEORGIE; a devil dressed in black tatters and a battered stovepipe hat, his spindly arms and legs unfold from beneath him spider-like as he stands.

ZACHRY
(scared, whispers)
Old Georgie...

The devil cackles.

ZACHRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I knowed the moment he looked me dead t'eye, my soul was stoned.

Suddenly, Old Georgie LEAPS DOWN at Zachry who screams --- staggers, hiking up his pants and runs away, crashing through the brush straight into a clearing--

Filled with savage-looking tattooed men astride armored horses: KONA RAIDERS.

The blood drains from his face as Zachry freezes for a moment, then turns and bolts.

They howl as they rear their horses in chase.

The underbrush tears at Zachry as he sprints back to his camp. The taunting shrieks of the Kona and the thundering hooves of horses swirl around him, closing fast.

Zachry can feel them almost on top of him when his foot gets caught by a root and he suddenly drops, disappearing into a thick bed of leaves.

The horses scream past him.

He lets out a breath, still shaking from the chase but as the sounds of the raiders recede, he hears their SHOUTS rise renewed.

He realizes he has led the Kona to Adam and his two sons.

ZACHRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Now panickin' wings your foot but it muddies your thinkin' too, so I rabbited back to camp. I jus' followed my instinct without thinkin' thru what'd happen.

Zachry scrambles from his hiding place and carefully worms his way to the edge of the camp.

The Kona have surrounded Zachry's brother-in-law and nephews, hooting at them as they toy with their prey.

He watches as Adam swings his axe defensively when the crack of a bullwhip sends him to his knees.

Another crack and the axe is torn from his hands.

Zachry lies paralyzed by fear as Old Georgie seems to materialize from the shadows beside him; at first, the malevolent smile is the only thing visible.

OLD GEORGIE
Yay, stay here. Saaaaaaafe here. Ain't no sense in trying to help'em. You've said it y'self many times, ain't ya? "The Weak are Meat, the Strong do Eat." The True-true, what that is. No un'scapes the True-true.

Horror, like a hand of ice, squeezes Zachry's heart as the--

KONA CHIEF grabs a handful of Adam's hair and wrenches back his head. His blade flashes as he slits his throat from ear to ear.

OLD GEORGIE (CONT'D)
Shame but Adam's too old for slavin'. Ain't fit for nuthin' but feedin' worms.

His youngest nephew screams and attacks but he his quickly and violently subdued. The older boy tries to protect his brother but is also bludgeoned into submission.

The two boys are thrown over a horse as the Kona prepare to depart.

OLD GEORGIE (CONT'D)
Dem boys a' headed t'slave markets. Ain't nuthin' y'can do t'stop it. 'Sides who's gonna look after your sister and little Catkin?

This thought takes away some of the pain and horror of what Zachry has just experienced.

OLD GEORGIE (CONT'D)
Yay, think 'bout Catkin and Rose. Makes thinkin' about y'self so much easier... don't it?

The face fades back into the darkness while the smile lingers, dissolving into a patch of leafy crepuscular light.

Alone, Zachry looks at Adam's body and begins to weep.

INT. MISSIONARY SOCIETY - CHATHAM ISLANDS - DAY - YEAR 1846

A contract is being signed.

EWING (V.O.)
Wednesday, 9th of September. The contracts are signed. My father-in-law should be happy.

Reverend Horrox sits across from Ewing and finishes the last signature.

EWING (V.O.) (CONT'D)
All my worrying due to the delay caused by my failing health seems fatuous. A bit of good fortune--Doctor Henry Goose had offered to accompany me back to San Francisco and treat me. How I long for this journey to end, to be home again, to be in Tilda's arms.

Close on a pool of smoking red wax as a seal is pressed into it. Above the seal is the signature of Reverend Giles Horrox of the London Missionary Society.

HORROX
There you are, Mr.Ewing. As binding a covenant there can ever be between men outside the province of Scripture.

EWING
Thank you, Reverend Horrox. I know my father-in-law is profoundly excited about this deal.

HORROX
Your father-in-law is a great man. Future generations depend upon men like him; men capable of speaking the truth.

Ewing nods like someone used to living in someone else's shadow.

INT. HORROX DINNING ROOM - NIGHT - 1846

Adam Ewing and Goose sup on turtle soup with the Horrox family and a few members of his clergy.

HORROX
When I first encountered Haskell Moore's writing, its perspicuity struck me as if delivered through Divine revelation.

Goose slurps his soup.

HORROX (CONT'D)
Doctor Goose, a learned man such as yourself must be familiar with his tractus, "The Ladder of Civilization?"

GOOSE
I confess, Reverend, my education remains a work in progress.

HORROX
How providential your choice of words Doctor, for Progress is precisely the subject. Specifically the kind of Progress that we see here in Bethlehem Bay everyday. But I'm sure Mr. Ewing would be better at explaining the work of his father-in-law than I.

Attention shifts to Ewing, who sets his spoon down with a muted clatter against the taurine.

EWING
Well, let's see. It is, in essence, a syllogistic exploration of God's Will.

MADAME PARISHIONER
(to Goose)
I couldn't understand a word of it Doctor, but when the Reverend explained it in one of his homilies, well, the whole parish felt the presence of our Lord.

HORROX
Continue, Mr. Ewing.

EWING
Of course, he acknowledges that God's Will remains ultimately unknowable, but he suggests that if the miracles of the Biblical Age, can be interpreted as a manifestation of His Will then perhaps that same Hand is responsible for the miracles of Progress. In this Age he argues, it is Progress that elevates man towards his Creator, not Jacob's Ladder, but rather "Civilization's Ladder," that bears us towards the Godhead.

Madame Parishioner hums in corseted pleasure.

HORROX
This explains the advancement of each race, why you have the Anglo-Saxon at the high-point on the ladder, nearest God and the "irreclaimable races" such as the Aboriginal and the African or even our own Moriori, who remain one rung up from the great ape, so obdurate to Progress and to the Word of God, that no one should be surprised when one of them slips off the ladder altogether.

GOOSE
You mean extinction?

HORROX
Surely a Doctor knows that God's Will is often an act of mercy.

MADAME PARISHIONER
Amen.

Heads are bowed and "amens" mumbled amidst the flickering candle flames.

Goose looks at Ewing who has trouble meeting his gaze.

INT. IMPERIAL WESTERN HOTEL - DAY - YEAR 1931

The young byronic Frobisher lies entwined with his lover RUFUS SIXSMITH; deep shadows cleaved into the tangle of sheets frame their coital, luminous flesh.

On Frobisher's back, just below his shoulder there is a strange comet-shaped birth mark.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
Sixsmith - I do hope you will be able to find it in your heart... to forgive me.

A terrible pounding on the door, jolts the lovers awake.

HOTEL HEAVY
Mr. Frobisher! Mr. Robert Frobisher!

Sixsmith starts to the door but Frobisher stops him though the pounding grows more urgent.

HOTEL HEAVY (CONT'D)
The management would like a word, sir! Mr. Frobisher, open this door!

Sixsmith looks at Frobisher, knowing exactly what is about to happen; his lover's eyes shine in a way that often requires an apology.

HOTEL HEAVY (CONT'D)
We know you're in there, Mr. Frobisher. Please, comply! A letter is being drafted to your father! Mr. Frobisher!

As the pounding continues, Frobisher slips on most of his clothes including a beautiful waistcoat.

As he puts it on he smiles at Sixsmith who smiles back knowing he is about to lose his favorite vest.

They stare at one another as if they were the only two people in the world until Frobisher kisses him one last time.

The kiss ends like a spell breaking, the pounding even louder as Frobisher dashes across the room, grabs his small bag and--

Leaps out the window.

There is a metal shriek of a bending drainpipe which causes Sixsmith to rush to the window wrapped only in a sheet.

Outside, Frobisher thuds to a lower roof below, then with a certain awkward aplomb, slips down over the eave and drops to the alley below.

He sees Sixsmith watching and he bows as though taking a final curtain, gestures as if he was throwing his heart at Sixsmith, flashes a rakish smile and darts away just as--

The door bursts open.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
Hated leaving you like that. Wasn't the goodbye I had in mind at all. But you more than anyone understand the precariousness of my present predicament.

Sixsmith smiles with resignation and reaches for his wallet.

INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY - YEAR 1931

Frobisher writes his letter as the city is smeared with an impressionist's brush behind him.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
I'm sure you'd remind me I brought it all upon myself, Sixsmith, but shrug off that middle-class chip on your shoulder and try to stick with me a little longer.

EXT. HYDE PARK, LONDON - DAY - YEAR 1931

Sixsmith sits on a park bench, reading Frobisher's letter.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
This time it's going to be different, I swear to you. This time I have a plan. In the Belgian backwaters, south of Bruges, there lives a reclusive English composer, named Vyvyan Ayrs. You won't have heard of him because you're a musical oaf, but he's one of the greats.

INT. DOVER TRAIN STATION - DAY - YEAR 1931

Frobisher gets off the train and heads for the exit.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
He hasn't produced any new work since the early twenties due to illness - but the Times review of last week's performance of his Secular Magnificat referred to a drawer full of unfinished works.

EXT. HYDE PARK, LONDON - DAY - YEAR 1931

Sixsmith, reading, sadly senses his love traveling further and further away.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
You see where this is heading?

EXT. FERRY DOCK - DAY - YEAR 1931

A crowd boards the ferry. Frobisher is among them.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
My scheme had me traveling to Belgium, persuading Vyvyan Ayrs he needed to employ me as an amanuensis, accepting his offer to tutor me, shooting through the musical firmament, winning fame and fortune commensurate to my gifts, obliging Pater to admit that, yes, the son he disinherited is the Robert Frobisher, greatest British composer of his time.

EXT. FERRY - DUSK - YEAR 1931

Frobisher sits on the deck, finishing his letter, the chilly channel wind fondling his hair.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
I know, Sixsmith, you groan and shake your head, but you smile too, which is why I love you.

A pretty SAILOR smiles at Frobisher as he puts his letter away. He smiles back. The sailor heads below deck as Frobisher, feeling his luck begin to change, follows.

FROBISHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
P.S. Thanks for the waistcoat. I needed something of yours to keep me company.

EXT. HYDE PARK, LONDON - DAY - YEAR 1931

Sixsmith sighs, a hint of a smile like the taste of bittersweet, fading as he folds the letter and tucks it into a new leather bag as we hear--

MUSICIAN (V.O.)
Come on, baaaaby, we are meant to be together!

INT. HIGHRISE APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT - YEAR 1973

Close on a bag that could be Sixsmith's, but worn and aged to a point beyond resemblance.

An old man stands waiting for an elevator. Out of the corner of his eye he looks towards the voices and the sounds of a party spilling out of an apartment.

MUSICIAN
Luisaaaaa, I'm tellin you baby, you can't leave me. It's a past life thing or maybe a future life, but I feel it, you and me.

A man too old for his leather trousers, bare torso and zebra waistcoat, one arm wrapped around Luisa's waist, the other holding a joint.

LUISA REY
Not tonight, sorry. Thanks again for the interview, but really, I need to get home.

MUSICIAN
Uh-uh, what you need is to lighten up, baby.

He takes a long hit.

MUSICIAN (CONT'D)
En-lighten up. Come on, one little magic carpet ride.

The elevator dings and she looks at the old man who turns away as the doors slide open.

LUISA REY
Look, just so there's no uncertainty, I'd jump to my death before I'd ride a magic carpet with you.

She pries herself free as the old man gets on the elevator

MUSICIAN
Pick-ky! Who do you think you are? Joni-fuckin-Mitchell?

She runs for the doors that begin to close.

LUISA REY
Elevator!

MUSICIAN
You write a bullshit gossip column for a fuckin rag! You're a NOBODY!

The elevator doors are closing just as Luisa reaches them but a cane suddenly jams between them, forcing them open.

LUISA REY
Thank you.

The OLD MAN nods.

LUISA REY (CONT'D)
Nice to know the Age of Chivalry isn't dead.

He manages a smile but it is obvious that he is not a healthy man. In his hand is the small suitcase.

They watch the needle leisurely arc its way towards the "L" until a gatta-gatta-gatta detonates--

The elevator abruptly lurches to a stop and dies with a mechanical scream.

Both Luisa and the old man crash to the ground by the sudden impact.

Luisa picks herself up as the light stutters on and off before settling on a buzzing sepia. The sprawled man recovers himself a little.

LUISA REY (CONT'D)
You okay?

OLD MAN
No bones broken, I think.

LUISA REY
Let me help you.

OLD MAN
Thanks but I'll just stay seated for the moment in case it restarts suddenly.

LUISA REY
Feels like another power outage. Perfect end to the perfect day.

She hits the ancient intercom button.

LUISA REY (CONT'D)
Hey anyone there? We're trapped! Can anyone hear me?

Static hiss.

LUISA REY (CONT'D)
Christ.

She looks up for a ceiling hatch.

LUISA REY (CONT'D)
There's gotta be an access hatch...

There isn't. She looks at the old man.

LUISA REY (CONT'D)
Only in the movies, I guess.

She resigns, sitting down across from him.

OLD MAN
Still glad the Age of Chivalry isn't dead?

She manages a smile.

LUISA REY
I'd still rather be here than back up there.

OLD MAN
Not your cup of tea, was he?

She snorts.

LUISA REY
More like an occupational hazard.

OLD MAN
What occupation might that be, if it's not inappropriate to ask?

LUISA REY
Journalist to some, bullshit gossip columnist to others.

She reaches her hand out.

LUISA REY (CONT'D)
Luisa Rey.

He shakes it.

OLD MAN
Rey? Any relation to Lester Rey?

She pulls her hand back and shrinks a little.

LUISA REY
Yeah... he was my father.

OLD MAN
Really? Do you know, I subscribed to Illustrated Planet in '67 just to read your father's dispatches from Vietnam. One of the few journalists who grasped the war from the Asian perspective.

LUISA REY
Yeah...

OLD MAN
I think I read that he had been a policeman, is that right?

LUISA REY
Yeah...

OLD MAN
But I recall there was some kind of trial, some malfeasance?

LUISA REY
My dad could never play the game, so they kicked him out.

OLD MAN
And then he became a journalist?

LUISA REY
More like a Crusader.

OLD MAN
Remarkable.

LUISA REY
Yeah.

He realizes just how painful the nerve is that he hit.

OLD MAN
He must have been very proud of you, following in his footsteps.

LUISA REY
Oh, Luisa Rey is no Lester Rey. No award winning copy from war zones. No exclusive interviews with the leaders of the Black Panther party. She's done nothing with her life but crank out a bit of simpering gossip for a celebrity rag no one ever admits to reading.

OLD MAN
Yes, but is it well written, simpering gossip?

LUISA REY
Oh, it is excellently written simpering gossip.

OLD MAN
Then don't bemoan any misspent life quite yet. Forgive me for flaunting my experience but you have no conception what a misspent life constitutes.

EXT. STARLIGHT BAR - NIGHT - YEAR 2009

An awards night for book publishers held at a posh bar with a rooftop garden overlooking the city. In the background, a jazz sextet plays quietly.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
'Twas the Night of the Lemon Prizes, no bigger waste of time in the entire publishing industry.

Cavendish stands alone looking out over the rooftops. Behind him, the party crowd: a cloud of critics, compliers, commentators - and writers.

CAVENDISH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I recall a moment of introspection, at the balcony's edge, contemplating a change of vocation, why, why would anyone in their right mind choose to be a publisher? Which was when he found me. Bad news inexorably does.

DERMOT
Oy, Timothy.

DERMOT HOGGINS sidles up beside Cavendish.

DERMOT (CONT'D)
It's all fockin' bullshit, mate. A fockin' waste.

CAVENDISH
Probably true, but we never really know what actual effect we have in the Great Scheme of Things. Remember poor Melville; writes a ripping yarn about a big white whale which is summarily dismissed, laughed at by critics, rejected by readers yet, today, lugged around in the backpacks of every serious student of literature in the Western world.

DERMOT
I don't give a fock wot 'appens when I'm dead. I want people to buy my book now.

CAVENDISH
As your publisher, obviously nothing would make me happier but for whatever reason, "Knuckle Sandwich" failed to connect to an audience.

DERMOT
You want a reason? I'll show you a fockin' reason. Right there!

He points as though aiming a gun at a smiling MAN, thoroughly enjoying himself. Cavendish immediately recognizes him.

CAVENDISH
Ahh, you mean, Mr. Finch?

DERMOT
Felix Fockin' Finch! The cunt that shat on my book in his poncy fockin' magazine!

CAVENDISH
It wasn't your best review.

DERMOT
It was my only fockin' review!

CAVENDISH
It wasn't that bad.

He pulls a wadded piece of paper from his pocket.

DERMOT
No? (reading) "Mr. Hoggins should apologize to the trees felled for his bloated autobio-novel. Four hundred vainglorious pages expire in an ending that is flat and inane beyond belief."

Dermot flings his glass over the railing.

CAVENDISH
Steady now, Dermot. What's a critic but one who reads quickly, arrogantly but never wisely.

DERMOT
Fockit.

He heads for Finch.

CAVENDISH
Dermot...

Swiping two cocktail trays from passing servers he starts banging them together.

DERMOT
Ladies and Gentleman of the jury! Your attention, please!

Finch and his gaggle of admirers turn as Dermot bears down on them.

DERMOT (CONT'D)
We have an additional award tonight, fellow book faeries!

Ooooh's and chuckles all around Dermot.

DERMOT (CONT'D)
An award for "Most Eminent Critic!" Competition was fierce but - (he produces a crumbled piece of paper) the panel was unanimous in choosing, Mr.- oh, beg pardon, SIR Felix Finch O, B and E!

Stirrers crow "Bravo, Felix, bravo."

FINCH
What might my prize be, I wonder? A signed copy of an unpulped "Knuckle Sandwich?" Can't be many of those left.

The coterie hoots. Dermot seethes.

FINCH (CONT'D)
Well come on, I'm breathless with anticipation. Just what does that lead-less pencil you call an imagination have in mind to end this scene?

The tension goes out of Dermot's face and he winks.

DERMOT
Oh, I think you're gonna love this one.

He grabs hold of Finch's lapels, spins him around and with surprising nonchalance-

Judo throws the critic over the balcony railing.

Finch's shriek ends with a terrible wet THUD on the pavement below. The force of the splatter sets off a car alarm.

Dermot dusts his lapels and calls over the edge.

DERMOT (CONT'D)
Now, THAT'S "an ending flat and inane beyond belief."

The crowd stands dumbstruck, quiet enough to hear champagne bubbling as Dermot saunters back to the bar and orders a beer.

MOVING IN on Cavendish who watches him, his horror slowly fading as he begins to sense something gathering momentum like music in his head.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
My thoughts? If I am honest, I admit that the obvious emotions like shock and horror, flew as Finch had, here and gone, while deep down I experienced a nascent sense of a silver lining to this most tragic turn.

MONTAGE: STREET VENDORS / NEWSPAPERS / MAGAZINES / TV

Newspapers and magazines are covered with pictures of Dermot and Finch, (headlines like “WRITER:1 CRITIC:0” or “Finch’s Final Fling”).

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
Overnight, Dermont “Dusty” Hoggins became a cult hero to the Common Man.

Television News and Talk Shows all circle around the scandal of the month. In a quick montage, we can see more and more monitors, “Knuckle Sandwich” being discussed on every channel.

CAVENDISH (V.O.) (CONT’D)
I have been asked on numerous occasions, what is feels like to be at the center of a media storm.

EXT. CAVENDISH OFFICE - DAY

Cavendish is besieged by a blockade of reporters as he tries to get to his office door.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
Save perhaps the blood and the dying, I imagine it feels not unlike being at the center of a shark attack.

INT. CAVENDISH OFFICE - DAY

He squeezes himself in and manages to hold back the wave of microphone-wielding zombies.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
However, since there is very little that can be done to stop it...

He locks the door and turns looking a bit discombobulated. Across the room, MRS. LATHAM stands wringing her hands.

Cavendish reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a bottle of Dom Perignon.

CAVENDISH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
One may as well try to enjoy it.

He smiles which causes her to smile and giggle.

CAVENDISH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The highest selling Cavendish title prior to the Dermont sweepstakes was a cookbook penned by Princess Diana's former horse-groomer. It sold 5,214 copies.

A moment later the champagne pops and bubbly froth gushes while on the television in the background--

A smiling Dermont is led towards the courthouse, through the human sea of reporters, cameras bobbing like the remains of a shipwreck.

INT. PRINTING SHOP - DAY - YEAR 2009

An old fashioned printing press chugs along, spitting out title pages that read: "Knuckle Sandwich, A Novel of My Life by Dermot "Dusty" Hoggins."

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
"Knuckle Sandwich" shifted 300 hundred thousand, yes, THREE HUNDRED thousand copies in less than two months, and yes, I am still talking hardcover.

EXT. BOOKSTORE - DAY - YEAR 2009

A window is being filled with a major display for glossy new hardcovers of "Knuckle Sandwich."

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
The American publishers, glory glory Hallelujah, they loved the Limey-Aristo-Gets-Comeuppance-from-Downtrodden-Gaelic-Son hook, and a transatlantic auction skyrocketed the advance to giddy heights.

INT. CAVENDISH OFFICE - DAY - YEAR 2009

Close as Cavendish opens an envelope. Mrs. Latham stands behind him. When they see the six figure number, she shrieks.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
I, yes, I, Timothy Cavendish, had exclusive rights to this platinum goose with a bad case of the trots!

EXT. BOOKSTORE - DAY - YEAR 2009

A hand plucks the final "Knuckle Sandwich" from the window.

EXT. CAVENDISH OFFICE - DAY

The window is opened and Cavendish leans out, looking down to the garbage in the alley below.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
Yet, being a good North Londoner, which is to say, a devout pessimist, it wasn't until the check arrived from Hollywood for the rights to the feature film that is in production as I write this, that I distinctly recall the exultation of emancipation.

From the window he pitches his old, battered chair which shatters on the cobblestones.

EXT. CAVENDISH OFFICE - DAY - YEAR 2009

Cavendish leans back bouncing gently in his new high-tech Aeron chair.

Mrs. Latham spins like a child in her new chair.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
They say success can change a person.

INT. TAILOR SHOP - DAY - YEAR 2009

Cavendish stands in his underwear, surrounded by the best tailors money can by, flipping through several fabric swatches as he is measured.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
I say, the only thing success changes, is your options.

INT. CAVENDISH OFFICE - DAY - YEAR 2009

Cavendish wearing his new suit leans back luxuriantly as he talks on the phone.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
And of course, your phone sheet. People who wouldn't have taken the time to scrape me off their shoe were calling on the hour.

Mrs. Latham signals to him, holding a sign with the name "McCarthy" to which Cavendish shakes his head with thoroughly enjoyed superciliousness, before returning to his call.

EXT. CAVENDISH OFFICE - NIGHT - YEAR 2009

Cavendish exits after a magnificent day, looking as dapper as he feels. He locks the office door and strides down the small street, his shiny new walking stick clicking smartly against the cobblestones.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
I was for the briefest of moments, Cinderella, living inside my dream come true, but alas and alack, all dreams perish whence the ticking clock of reality sounds its alarm.

Behind him, a car with dark tinted windows starts up and glides in pursuit with the grace of a predatory cat.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - YEAR 2144

The orison spins as the Archivist speaks as though reading from a legal brief.

ARCHIVIST
Ordinarily, I begin by asking prisoners to recall their earliest memories to provide a context for the corpocratic historians of the future.

SONMI-451
Fabricants have no earliest memories, Archivist.
(MORE)

SONMI-451 (CONT'D)
One twenty-four-hour cycle in Papa Song's is indistinguishable from any other.

ARCHIVIST
Then why not describe this "cycle."

SONMI-451
If you wish.

INT. PAPA SONG'S GALLEY - YELLOW UP - YEAR 2144

The cloned servers lay sleeping in pods. Above them a dim ochre glow seeps out from several orbs. Inside one pod, a slightly colored gas swirls waking Sonmi.

The pod opens and she climbs out simultaneously with the other clones. No one speaks.

SONMI-451 (V.O.)
A server is woken at hour four-thirty by stimulin in the airflow.

They file one by one into the hygiener, then proceed with assembly line precision to a small locker room where chemically cleaned uniforms arrive just as they do.

SONMI-451 (V.O.) (CONT'D)
After a minute in the hygiener and steamer, we put on fresh uniforms before filing into the dinery.

INT. PAPA SONG'S - YELLOW UP - MONTAGE - YEAR 2144

As the lights come up throughout the restaurant, the clones gather for their morning ritual prayer at the plinth of the logoman.

SONMI-451 (V.O.)
At Yellow-Up, we gather around Papa Song's Plinth for Matins. We recite the Six Catechisms, then our beloved Logoman appears and delivers his Sermon.

The Logoman appears as a gigantic 3D hologram and delivers his morning sermon that feels like a recording of someone reading from, "Inspirational Quote of the Day."

SONMI-451 (V.O.) (CONT'D)
At hour five we man our tellers around the Hub, ready for the elevator to bring the new day's first consumers.

Consumers begin to arrive and the clones go to work, delivering food and drinks, smiling, moving with efficiency honed through repetition.

SONMI-451 (V.O.) (CONT'D)
For the following nineteen hours we greet diners, input orders, tray food, vend drinks, upstock condiments, wipe tables, and bin garbage all performed in strict adherence to First Catechism.

ARCHIVIST (V.O.)
What is the First Catechism?

Sonmi cleans the floor as a gang of TEENAGERS hurries past her--

SONMI-451 (V.O.)
"Honor Thy Consumer."

One of them throwing a smack across her ass.

She looks at him, her eyes pinned, her feelings hidden beneath her servant's smile. They all laugh and tumble into the elevator outside of the dinery.

INT. PAPA SONG'S GALLEY - NIGHT

Sonmi sits in her sleep-wear, sipping from her packet of Soap.

SONMI-451 (V.O.)
Vespers follows final cleaning, then we imbibe one Soapsac in the dormroom. That is the blueprint of every unvarying day.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - YEAR 2144

When we see her again we realize how different she is from the servant she used to be.

ARCHIVIST
What did you do during your free-time?

SONMI-451
Only purebloods are entitled to "free-time," Archivist.

He shifts uncomfortably.

ARCHIVIST
Yes, of course.

He consults his notes.

ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)
Did you ever think about the future?

SONMI-451
Papa Song server's only have one possible long-term future.

ARCHIVIST
You mean, "Xultation?"

She nods, her eyes like the empty stare of a gun.

ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)
Could you describe this annual Rite of Passage?

INT. PAPA SONG'S - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

An ADV instreams images of paradise.

The clones gather around the 3D Holo-projection, impressed by the stores and elegantly decorated malls filled with every conceivable consumable.

SONMI-451 (V.O.)
After Matins on First Day, Seer Rhee would pin a star on every server's collar.

SEER RHEE, Papa Song's clone supervisor, pins the final 12th star on one of Sonmi's sisters. Her sisters are excited as they seem capable of being, each hugging her.

SONMI-451 (V.O.) (CONT'D)
For the "Twelvestarred" it is a momentous occasion. Twelve stars, we believed meant an end to our contract, an end to our life as servers.

The clone is led by several Papa Song Aides to the bank of elevators.

ARCHIVIST (V.O.)
How did you feel when you watched on of your sisters Ascend?

She rises up, a wide smile on her face as they catch a final glimpse of her.

SONMI-451 (V.O.)
Excitement. I was happy for them. But envious as well

Sonmi realizes that one of her sisters is not looking up at the elevator bank. Instead she is playing with something that glints in the light. Something that looks like a key.

This is Yoona-939.

ARCHIVIST (V.O.)
Did your sister servers feel as you did?

Yoona looks up and catches Sonmi staring at her.

SONMI-451 (V.O.)
...most of them. Yes.

ARCHIVIST (V.O.)
I'd like to ask you about the infamous Yoona-939.

Yoona hides the key and smiles the kind of smile that can be shared only by two people in the same prison.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - YEAR 2144

The memory wells inside Sonmi's mind like a tear.

SONMI-451
Our relationship began... with a secret.

EXT. MAUI - DAY - YEAR 2321

A beautiful view from a cliff, overlooking the ocean.

CATKIN
Uncle Zach, look!

An enormous hovercraft cruises towards the island, across the glittering bay.

ZACHRY
Yay, I see'em.

ZACHRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The Prescients came to Big Isle for barterin' twice a year.

Zachry sits on a rock, his goats scattered around him. His ten year old niece CATKIN sits beside him, staring at the miraculous ship.

ZACHRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Their ship weren't no mythy yarnin' either, creep-crawlin over the waves, no sails, no oars, just floatin' on the Smart o' the Old Uns.

A bell clangs in the distance followed by the screams of excited children.

CATKIN
The Great Barter'll be startin' soon.

ZACHRY
Aye. Best go find ya'ma.

She nods excited, jumps off the rock but then stops.

CATKIN
Wha'bout you? Ya'comin'?

ZACHRY (V.O.)
Time was, I'd go skeeddlin, down the hill to meet those ships, elboin' my way to the front jus' like ev'run else.

Zachry looks at the ships docking and shakes his head.

ZACHRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But after Sloosha's Crossin', I ain't had the taste for howzittin' or smilesome yaysayin'.

ZACHRY (CONT'D)
Som'uns' gotta mind these knob head'd buggahs. Y'go on.

Catkin can't bring herself to leave her uncle. She climbs back on the rock.

ZACHRY (CONT'D)
Wha'cha doin'?

CATKIN
I best stay with you.

ZACHRY
Why?

CATKIN
Mamma say ya ain't been right since Sloosha's. She said I gotta keep my eye on ya.

Zachry smiles.

ZACHRY
So, y'mindin' me, while I mind the goats.

She nods authoritatively.

ZACHRY (CONT'D)
I see, I see.

But she can't hide the disappointment at missing the Barter.

ZACHRY (CONT'D)
But the problem is, whose gonna mind your ma at the Great Barter? Y'know she got no tongue for hagglin'. Not like you'n'me. What if she gives away the 'hole house? Where we gonna sleep?

She brightens.

ZACHRY (CONT'D)
Nope. No, bolt hole out of it. You best get down there, rabbit quick'n'mind your ma for it's too late. Hurry!

She jumps down again.

CATKIN
Y'sure you'll be al'right?

ZACHRY
I promise. I'll be home for suppin, as long as we got som'where t'sup. Now, go on!

Smiling, she races down the hill.

EXT. BAILEY DWELLING - DUSK - YEAR 2321

Zachry herds the goats towards the slumping building that is his family's home.

There is quite a crowd gathered outside. People are looking at him and whispering.

ZACHRY (V.O.)
Sincewise, thoughts worm 'round my head and I wonder if I'd gone to the Great Barter, could I'ave cold watered the 'hole plan, could I've stopped all the diresome things that were about to happen?

INT. BAILEY DWELLING - NIGHT - YEAR 2321

Zachry walks in and is immediately shocked by what he sees: a Prescient woman, MERONYM, sitting at the table with his sister ROSE and niece CATKIN.

CATKIN
Uncle Zach! Uncle Zach! Lookey what Meronym give me!

She rushes over to display her glittering new necklace.

CATKIN (CONT'D)
And ma gots some spesh new ironware pot and I knows Meronym's got a pressie for you too!

Zachry looks suspiciously at the stranger.

ZACHRY
What's goin' on here, sis?

ROSE
We hostin' a spesh guest, first ever Prescient t'live wit'a Valleysman. Meronym I'd like to intro our man a'the house, my older bro, Zachry.

Meronym glides gracefully from her seat to Zachry. Her skin, much smoother than any Valleysman, is the color of rich, dark chocolate.

Her blue eyes catch his stare like steel against flint.

She reaches her hand out but he ignores it.

MERONYM
I'm thankin' ya kindly for hostin' my stay in the Valley.

ZACHRY
I ain't saysooed this, Rose.

ROSE
Abbess says it's a great honor.

ZACHRY
Why don't she host her then?

ROSE
'Hole Valley knows we got room since Sloosha's.

The use of Sloosha's is like a quick snap of his achilles tendon.

MERONYM
I brought you a gift, Zachry--

ZACHRY
Don't need no gift from a stranger.

He pushes past her and goes to his room.

MERONYM
I don't wan'ta 'cause no strife.

ROSE
He'll be right. He's like a goat, stubborn, hatin' anything diff'rent. I'll bake him a spice cake and he'll be right.

INT. BAILEY DWELLIN' - NIGHT - YEAR 2321

It seems like the entire tribe of valleymen has crammed themselves into the Bailey's home, all come to see the Prescient woman now living there.

They ogle her strange clothes, beautiful skin and "smart gear."

Zachry sits alone in a corner eating a big slice of spice cake.

ZACHRY (V.O.)
Now kin'n'bros'n'lastlife fam'ly'n'half-strangers, yay, ev'ryun from Mauka to Mormon came knockin' to see if Old Ma Yibber spoke it true, that a real'n'livin' Prescient was stayin' at Bailey's. An' they gaped in wonderment like Sonmi herself was sittin' in our kitchen.

A little boy touches her skin as if trying to rub off the darkness. Meronym smiles.

ZACHRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Questions 'bout Prescience an' their whoahsome Ship came pourin' thick'n'fast. Why Prescients'd all got dark skins like cokeynuts. Why weren't Prescience Isle on any map? How old do Prescients live?

A TRIBESMAN with particularly gravity defying hair raises his hand.

TRIBESMAN
How old are you?

MERONYM
Forty.

Everyone reacts with whispers, impressed, but also in disbelief.

ZACHRY (V.O.)
Livin' to forty ain't wondersome, nay, livin' to forty an'lookin like she looked is eery an' ain't nat'ral. But the true wyrd thing was, Meronym seemed to answer the questions, but her answers didn't quench your curio none.

ANOTHER TRIBESMAN
What makes your Ship move?

MERONYM
Fusion engines.

The room murmurs, nodding. "Oh-fusion engines it is. Aye, aye."

ZACHRY (V.O.)
No un asked what "fusion engines" was 'cos they din't want to look barb'ric or stoopit in front o' the gath'rin'. All-o-that answerin' done was teached ev'ryun to step slywise an' not trust her, nay, not a flea.

Chewing his cake like a goat, Zachry watches her out of the corner of his eye.

OLD GEORGIE
She a sly'un.

The camera dollies revealing Old Georgie, his thin lips whispering into Zachry's ear.

OLD GEORGIE (CONT'D)
Schemin' and wormin' herself in. Watch her, watch her close. She's got seeeecrets.

INT. BAILEY DWELLIN' ZACHRY'S ROOM - NIGHT - YEAR 2321

It is late. Zachry is still awake in his bed, insects droning like an alarm.

He concentrates as he hears something from the next room. After a beat he gets up.

INT. BAILEY DWELLIN' MERONYM'S ROOM - NIGHT - YEAR 2321

Through the cracked curtain doorway of Meronym's room seeps a faint watery glow.

Zachry creeps up to it his eyes narrowing as he hears voices.

Inside he sees Meronym sitting on the floor, her back to him quietly talking into an eerie blue glow. Zachry hears a man's voice responding to her but can't quite hear what they are saying.

She finishes. Something clicks and the light goes out as Meronym rises. When she turns we see that Zachry is gone.

EXT. TOBACCO FIELDS - DAY - YEAR 1846

Ewing and Goose are given a tour of the plantation by D'Arnoq.

D'ARNOQ
Reverend Horrox real specific on how he wants the plantation run. The Georgian Way, best way, he say.

The sun bathes the scene with migraine-inducing white light.

D'ARNOQ (CONT'D)
The crop is mix of Nicotania Tabacum and Perique. Some Criolla we grow on the side of hill over there which can be treated for pipe or cigars.

They walk through the fields where the workers are cutting the leaves.

Ewing is soaked with sweat, his sallow skin hanging like a dirty washcloth around his eyes.

EWING
The heat... it's unbearable.

He mops his forehead, looking at the toiling laborers. D'Arnoq watches him, unable to say what he would like to say.

EWING (CONT'D)
How do they take it?

D'ARNOQ
Reverend Horrox says they like the camel, bred for the desert. He says they don't feel heat like civilized folk.

Goose smiles, while examining Ewing.

GOOSE
It appears the good Reverend understands physiology as well as he does theosophy. (to Ewing) We should get you out of the sun.

Ewing slowly realizes that the "humming" in his ears is steadily growing louder.

EWING
Do you hear that noise?

D'ARNOQ
It's coming from the camp.

EXT. PLANTATION CAMP - DAY - YEAR 1846

The camp is surrounded by a stake fence. A hairless older NATIVE raises her head as D'Arnoq leads Ewing and Goose past.

The entire camp is gathered around a whipping post. Most are sitting on the dirt, rocking slightly as their voices vibrate at the bottom of their throats.

There are two distinct classes of race, one lighter than the other.

A chieftain occupies a throne wearing a feathered cloak. Tattooed gentry, womenfolk and children remain transfixed by the violence.

The WHIP MASTER is a Goliath, covered in lizard tattoos.

With each excoriating lash, the VICTIM shudders; his back a vellum of bloody runes.

Ewing almost swoons as the next blow falls and in that moment, the victim raises his head--

And looks straight at Ewing and, as if in recognition--

The man reaches one of his bloody hands out, almost pointing towards Ewing.

Ewing is unable to turn away and as the lash falls lacerating flesh, blood and bits of flesh misting the air around the head and shoulders--

Ewing feels a nausea sweep through his body as--

He faints.

INT. THE MUSKET - EWING'S ROOM - DAY - YEAR 1846

Ewing wakes as Goose applies a cold rag to his forehead.

GOOSE
Ahhhh, there you are. Welcome back.

Consciousness bobs in the pools of his watery eyes.

EWING
... what happened?

He looks at Ewing's dilated pupils.

GOOSE
It is as I suspected: Gusano Coco Cervello better known as the Polynesian Worm. I once saw a man's brain after the Worm had finished with him-- like maggoty cauliflower, but fear not, this particular devil and I are well acquainted.

The doctor listens to his heart with an odd stethoscope, noticing as he does a comet-shaped birthmark just above Ewing's heart.

EWING
It was the strangest experience of my life, Henry. I tell you, I could feel the lash, feel it as real as your hand. I felt it land and...

Goose begins to mix a compound from his apothecary.

GOOSE
A sensorial hallucination probably brought on by heatstroke and the worm's reaction to the vermicide. As the parasite dies, its poison sacs will often split and secrete. These kinds of experiences are not uncommon.

EWING
You're the doctor, you're probably right...

GOOSE
I know I am. Now then, urussium alkali and orinoco manganese to pacify our friend and finally, a little laphrydictic myrrh to disintegrate it.

He fills an ivory spoon and hands it to Ewing.

GOOSE (CONT'D)
Here we go--

Ewing inhales the medicine up into his nostrils.

EWING
I don't know what I would have done had our paths not crossed.

GOOSE
Well for starters, you would have died.

His laugh is like the first shovel of dirt on a metal coffin.

GOOSE (CONT'D)
I suggest we leave the good Reverend to marvel at the miracles of Providence and the inexplicable ways that two people can be brought together at just the right moment. As a man of Science I prefer to suckle at the largess of Serendipity with a tip of the hat and a "don't mind if I do."

Ewing tears with gratitude.

EWING
You are as precious to me, my friend, as any diamond.

GOOSE
You should feel better, very quickly, Adam. A good night's sleep and you should be ready for the boat.

EXT. BRUGES - DAY - YEAR 1931

The boat arrives at the port of Bruges.

Frobisher disembarks, the young seaman pointing, giving him directions.

EXT. CHATEAU ZEDELGHEM - DAY - YEAR 1931

Frobisher strobes past the rows of Italian poplars, coat flapping, gravel flying as he coasts up to the stately mansion on a bicycle.

A muscle-bound VALET working on a Cowley Flat Nose, wipes his hands as he moves to stop Frobisher.

Frobisher hops off his bike, leans it against the wall and strides forward without any intention of being stopped.

FROBISHER
I have business with your master.

On the porch, sitting in a wheelchair beneath foamy wisteria listening to the radio, is VYVYAN AYRS, mid-70s, though his illness has ravaged him, there remains a vitality behind the sharpness of his eyes.

Frobisher stops on the cinder path and kneels like Percival to King Arthur.

AYRS
Who in the hell are you?

FROBISHER
It's a great honor ---

AYRS
I said who in the hell are you?

FROBISHER
Robert Frobisher, sir, from Saffron Walden. I am - I was - a student of Sir Trevor Mackerras at Caius College, and I've come all the way from London to -

AYRS
All the way from London on a bicycle?

FROBISHER
I borrowed the bicycle in Bruges.

AYRS
Did you? Must have taken hours.

FROBISHER
A labor of love sir. Like pilgrims climbing hills on their knees.

AYRS
What balderdash is this?

FROBISHER
I wished to prove I am a serious applicant.

AYRS
Applicant for what?

FROBISHER
For the post of your amanuesis.

AYRS
Are you mad?

FROBISHER
That's always a trickier question than it seems - but I doubt it.

AYRS
Look here, I've not advertised for an amanuesis!

FROBISHER
I know, sir, but you need one, even if you don't know it yet. The Times piece said that you're unable to compose new works because of your illness. I can't allow your music to be lost. It's far, far too precious. So I'm here to offer you my services.

Ayrs wheels for a closer look at him.

AYRS
One of Mackerras' shooting stars are you?

FROBISHER
Frankly sir, he loathed me.

AYRS
He did, did he? Why might that be?

FROBISHER
I called his Sixth Concerto for Flute (pauses, then:) a slave to prepubescent Saint-Saens at his most florid in the college magazine.

Ayrs wheezes as if his ribs were being sawed.

FROBISHER (CONT'D)
He took it personally.

AYRS
Oh, I'll bet he took it personally.

In the gleam that sparkles in the corner of Ayrs' weathered eyes, there is a moment of recognition.

FROBISHER
Give me a chance sir. I promise you won't be disappointed.

INT. AYAR'S CHATEAU - MUSIC SALON - DAY - YEAR 1931

Frobisher sits down at the piano; sitting on the top of the piano is a ceramic statue of St. George and the Dragon.

He has to move it to open the keyboard.

AYRS
St. George and the Dragon. Reminds me that composing is a Crusade. Sometimes you slay the dragon. Sometimes the dragon slays you.

AYRS slowly moves towards his divan, easing himself into repose.

AYRS (CONT'D)
All right then... Frobisher? Frobisher, is it?

FROBISHER
Yes sir.

AYRS
I've had this little melody for viola rattling about my head for months. Let's see if you can get it down.

AYRS sits down, closes his eyes; his hand gently begins to waver.

Frobisher readies his pen and blank music sheets.

AYRS (CONT'D)
Tar, tar... tattytattytatty-tar. Soft, simple at first: tatty tatty tar. Got it?

Frobisher has no idea what he's talking about.

AYRS (CONT'D)
Now it gets interesting. Tar! Tatty-tar! Quiet, hold, then--tar-tartar-tar-tar-ttttt-TAR! TARTARTAR!

Frobisher's pen remains frozen.

AYRS (CONT'D)
Good. Play that back.

FROBISHER
Uh, would love to, sir. What key are we in?

AYRS
What key? B-flat of course!

FROBISHER
And the time signature?

AYRS
For Christ's sake, did you hear it or not?

FROBISHER
I just need a little more--

AYRS
You need? My dear boy, who is working for whom here?

FROBISHER
I apologize sir--

AYRS
Are you an amanuensis or an apologist? Now pay attention. Four-eight, changing to eight-eight after the twelfth bar. If you can count that high.

Frobisher stuffs his response back down his throat and makes the notations.

AYRS (CONT'D)
Semiquaver, B-G; semibrave A-flat- hold for four beats, no six crotchets... tar, tar, tattytattytatty, tar... F sharp, hold, then B! Okay, let me hear it.

Frobisher wipes his sweating hands on his thighs. Tentatively, he begins to play.

The music sounds sweet at first, Ayr's closing his eyes but certain notes seem awkward, like teeth-breaking, un-popped kernels in a mouthful of popcorn.

AYR'S
Stop. Please. You're hurting me. You must have misheard me, I said I had a melody not a malady.

Across the room, Ayr's wife, JOCASTA VAN OUTRYVE DE CROMMELYNCK (40s) enters.

JOCASTA
Vyvyan...

AYRS
Jocasta! Deliver me.

Ayrs reaches for his wife and begins to climb up from his divan.

JOCASTA
What's going on here? Who is this?

AYRS
This is an exercise in futility.

JOCASTA
I see. Should I be introduced?

AYRS
There's really no point. The boy is as useful as the clap. Fortunately he'll be much easier to get rid of.

Leaning on his wife's arm, he heads for the door.

AYRS (CONT'D)
I'm feeling rather tired. I think I shall retire early. Would you be a dear and have Hendricks see the boy out?

JOCASTA
Of course.

Frobisher feels his opportunity slipping away. He stares at the scribbled notations; his fingers barely touch the keys, hovering.

He closes his eyes and leaps.

The music whispers across the room as gentle and intimate as a lover letter.

Jocasta stops to listen. Both are spell bound as he plays.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)
What is that?

It isn't exactly what AYRS heard in his head--

JOCASTA (CONT'D)
It's beautiful.

But it's close enough.

AYRS
That's it... yes, that's it! My melody!

A smile lights the corners of Frobisher's nod.

JOCASTA
Who are you?

AYRS
His name is Robert Frobisher. He is my new amanuensis.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT - YEAR 1973

It has been a while. The air is stale and thin, their skin waxy with sweat. Yet, they are sitting closer and smiling.

OLD MAN
You actually interviewed Hitchcock?

LUISA REY
I guess you could say that. I had a tape recorder and asked him questions but he didn't really answer them. He spoke in bon mots, not to you, but to the ear of posterity. He told me his best works were roller coasters. I pursued that idea. I told him I thought what was essential to his and most of Hollywood's success was the partition or containment of the terror; so long as the Bates Motel is sealed off from our world, we want to peer in, but a film that shows us that our world IS the Bates Motel, well, that's the stuff of Buchenwald, too dark, too depressing. We'll dip our toes into a predatory, amoral, godless universe, but only our toes.

OLD MAN
What bon mot did he offer to that?

LUISA REY
(imitating Hitchcock) My dear young lady, I am a director in Hollywood. If it's painful truth you require, go see a dentist.

The old man's laugh brightens their cell.

OLD MAN
I saw Psycho recently again, with my niece. We loved it.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out his wallet. He shows her a picture of a young woman in a lab coat.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
That's her. Megan.

LUISA REY
She's lovely.

OLD MAN
Born physicist with a better mind for mathematics than I ever had. Did her Ph.D at Cambridge. A woman at Caius! Gives you hope for the world.

LUISA REY
Any children of your own?

OLD MAN
No, no... been married to science all my life I suppose. What about you?

LUISA REY
Me neither. Never met the right person, I suppose.

He puts his wallet away and mops the sweat from his forehead with a handkerchief.

LUISA REY (CONT'D)
God, it's hot...

She pulls her shirt up, exposing her stomach. On the side of her ribs is a comet-shaped birthmark.

The old man notices it and a tingle shoots up his spine.

OLD MAN
That's a very... peculiar birthmark.

LUISA REY
Yeah, my mom was sure it was going to be cancerous and kept trying to get me to remove it, but... I kinda like it.

OLD MAN
I knew someone who had a birthmark that was... similar to that.

LUISA REY
Really? That's pretty Twilight Zone-y?

The old man nods.

OLD MAN
Indeed.

LUISA REY
Who was it?

OLD MAN
Someone I cared about... very much.

He looks at her intensely for a moment as if trying to see something microscopic or beneath the surface.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
A hypothetical question, Ms. Rey: as a journalist, what would you pay to protect a source?

LUISA REY
If I believed in the issue? Any.

OLD MAN
Prison?

LUISA REY
If it came to it, yes.

OLD MAN
Would you be prepared to... compromise your safety?

LUISA REY
My father braved booby-trapped marshes and the wrath of generals for the sake of his journalistic integrity. What kind of a mockery of his life would it be if his daughter bailed when things got a little tough?

The old man nods, staring at her and prepares to unburden himself of a terrible secret when--

The elevator lurches, rumbles and resumes its descent.

INT. HIGH RISE LOBBY - NIGHT - YEAR 1973

The elevator opens. He gestures, allowing her to step outside first. Some sense of them being strangers has returned.

LUISA REY
It was...

OLD MAN
A pleasure being trapped with you.

LUISA REY
Let's do it again some time.

She digs in her purse for a card.

LUISA REY (CONT'D)
If there's ever something I can do for you, please give me a call.

OLD MAN
Thank you. I will.

She turns to leave but something suddenly stops her.

LUISA REY
I just realized, I don't even know your name.

He reaches out his hand to her.

OLD MAN
Sixsmith. Dr. Rufus Sixsmith.

INT. CAVENDISH'S BATHROOM - NIGHT - YEAR 2009

Timothy is on his porcelain throne, reading an article on the rising star of the publishing business, Timothy Cavendish.

There is suddenly a violent crash from outside.

CAVENDISH
What ---

He barely has time to consider the sound, when the door to the bathroom explodes open. Filling the frame are three large men; Dermot's brothers, EDDIE, MOZZA and JARVIS.

EDDIE
Tim-o-tee Cavendish, I presume.

MOZZA
Caught with your cacks down!

Cavendish, still on the toliet, tries to remain calm.

CAVENDISH
My business hours are eleven to two. My secretary would be happy to schedule you an appointment.

EDDIE
Friends like us don't need appointments.

JARVIS
We like it all cozy like this.

He flicks his cigarette ash on Cavendish's thigh.

MOZZA
Visited Dermot today. He had a question for you.

EDDIE
Where's our fockin' money?

Cavendish clears his throat.

CAVENDISH
Boys, boys, look here. Dermot signed a copyright-transfer contract, legally the--

Jarvis grabs the toilet plunger and jams it against Cavendish's throat.

JARVIS
Dermot never signed no fockin' contract for the event of the fockin' season!

Cavendish gurgles.

CAVENDISH
Perhaps... er, ack, we might moot a provisional sum... as a basis for... on-going negotiation.

Eddie taps Jarvis who releases Cavendish.

EDDIE
Okeydokey. What sum we gonna moot?

JARVIS
Fifty K will do for good faith.

CAVENDISH
Fifty thousand pounds?!

EDDIE
Tomorrow afternoon.

CAVENDISH
This is a publishing house. Do you think we just keep money lying around in shoe boxes?

EDDIE
We don't give a flying fock where you get it, grandpops, just make sure you do.

JARVIS
Cash.

MOZZA
No bollocks. No checks.

EDDIE
Old fashioned money. A shoe box will do fine.

CAVENDISH
Gentlemen, the law says---

JARVIS
The law?

They burst into laughter. Eddie leans in, his smile like a broken bottle.

EDDIE
Whad the law do for Felix Fockin Finch?

Cavendish's adam's apple bobs.

INT. CAVENDISH PUBLISHING - DAY - 2009

Cavendish paces trying to control his panic.

MRS. LATHAM
I can go through it again, Mr. Cavendish but I think the total's right: 2,343 pounds and 16 pence. That's all that's left.

CAVENDISH
How is that possible?! Money was pouring in.

MRS. LATHAM
Debts mostly, Mr. Cavendish. Solvency has its drawbacks.

CAVENDISH
This can't be happening.

MRS. LATHAM
Sir? You won't let them take our chairs, will you?

Exasperated he heads for his office.

INT. CAVENDISH OFFICE - DAY - YEAR 2009

The inner sanctum. Cavendish stares into his wall safe, empty except a small black leather book.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
The situation looked dire, but I knew that Timothy Cavendish's capital in this town could not be defined by an accountant's balance sheet. It was high time to take stock.

He lifts the little black book.

Cavendish is on the phone, working his contacts.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)
McCluskie! How are those delightful kiddies of yours?

MCCLUSKIE (V.O.)
Fine, thank you.

CAVENDISH
McCluskie? I need eighty thousand pounds.

MCCLUSKIE (V.O.)
Right... Mr. Cavendish, I'm afraid your performance- linked credit stream still has a twelve-month flow horizon before resizing could be feasibly optioned.

CAVENDISH
Ok, How about sixty thousand?

LATER: Cavendish's fingers delicately fondle the veneer of his desk.

KIRPAL SINGH (V.O.)
Charles Dickens's desk you say?

CAVENDISH
Yes, you heard right. Charles Dickens's own, original, authentic writing desk for auction at Sotheby's with a reserve price of sixty thousand. I think that's quite fair.

KIRPAL SINGH (V.O.)
I'm sorry sir, but our records indicate that the desk is already accounted for by the Dickens House museum.

CAVENDISH
Ok, how about Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's desk?

LATER: Another call, his phone book open to the last page in front of him.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)
Ah mon cher, tis "Cavendish the Ravenous," your favourite Timothy--

The line clicks dead.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)
Mon cher?

He tosses the book in the waste paper basket.

His fingers claw through his thinning hair. The office seems unbearably hot and he struggles to crack open the heavily painted sash.

As he gulps at the air, he notices an old framed picture; two young boys, dimpled smiles from another age, his older brother's arm around his neck.

CAVENDISH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
In the darkness, I suddenly saw the light. Blood has always trumped water. If the Hogginses brutes wanted to turn this into a family affair, they'd find the Cavendish Clan more than ready for the task at hand.

EXT. DENHOLME CAVENDISH'S PATIO - DAY

DENHOLME CAVENDISH glares across his swimming pool as his brother steps down his patio.

DENHOLME
Oh, Satan's gonads, not again. Look, just bugger off and leave us in peace. I'll only ask you nicely once.

Denholme is trawling for leaves with a big net on a pole.

CAVENDISH
It's good to see you Denny.

Denholme scoops a fistful of soggy leaves from the net.

DENHOLME
I'm not lending you a ruddy farthing until you pay back the last lot. Why must I forever be giving you handouts? No. Don't answer.

CAVENDISH
Denny, I've had a minor run-in with the wrong sort. If I can't get my hands on sixty thousand pounds, I'm going to take an awful beating.

DENHOLME
Get them to video it for us. Now fuck off.

CAVENDISH
I'm not joking, Denholme.

DENHOLME
Nor am I! So, you're shoddy at being duplicitous. What of it? Why is this my problem?

CAVENDISH
We're brothers! Don't you have a conscience?

DENHOLME
Couple of Xanax and a Pimm's cup should set me right.

Cavendish crosses to his brother, hands searching for some kind of lifeline.

CAVENDISH
Help, Denny. Please.

Denholme readies another volley of expletives when his wife Georgette calls from the sliding door.

GEORGETTE
Den? Who on earth are you talking to? Oh--

The three of them look at each other. An awkward silence falls like a squall.

CAVENDISH
Hello Georgette.

GEORGETTE
Uh, hello Tim.

Denholme stews when suddenly a light goes on in his head. He smiles and whispers to his brother.

DENHOLME
Alright, Tim. Sixty thousand... that's going to take me some time. But in the interim, I know the perfect place for you to hide.

INT. PAPA SONG'S GALLEY- NIGHT - YEAR 2144

Sonmi's pod cracks open. She blinks, disoriented. The lights are still off. Yoona-939 leans in and "shhhhhs" her with a finger to her lips.

She gestures for her to follow. Confused, Sonmi climbs out of her pod and passes by all her sleeping sisters.

INT. PAPA SONG'S - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

The dinery is shut down, still and cold. The only small light is coming from the office. Yoona leads her towards it.

Seer Rhee is slumped over his desk, drool glueing his chin to his sony.

YOONA-939
He drinks Soap. Purebloods shouldn't do that.

SONMI-451
What happens to him when he does?

YOONA-939
He giggles madly for an hour, then passes out.

SONMI-451
What if he wakes? This is wrong, Yoona. We shouldn't be here.

Yoona lifts him by the hair.

YOONA-939
He never wakes up. Not without Stimulin. Like us in our pods. He's lived with Fabricants so long, he's nearly one of us.

She drops him with a thunk.

YOONA-939 (CONT'D)
Come.

SONMI-451
What are you doing?

YOONA-939
You wanted to know what a secret was. I am going to show you.

She leads her to the back of the dinery, to a small blank wall.

YOONA-939 (CONT'D)
What do you see?

SONMI-451
Nothing.

Yoona pulls out the key she was playing with previously and inserts it into a small hole. A door slides open silently.

Yoona smiles and gestures into the darkness. Nervously, Sonmi steps inside.

INT. PAPA SONG'S - STORE ROOM - YEAR 2144

Yoona follows her in and the door slides shut.

YOONA-939
Now, sister Sonmi, you are inside a secret.

A white blade slices open the dark, revealing the contents of the store room: shelves with silicon plants, shrink wrapped dispenser packets, forgotten coats and umbrellas.

She aims the light at a section of the closet labeled "Lost and Found."

Inside a plastic box, Yoona removes an older model *sony*, a handy device to play recordings of all kind.

SONMI-451
A sony? We're not allowed--

YOONA-939
Hush, sister. No one will ever know.

She sits and beckons Sonmi as Eve tempted with fruit. Sonmi sits bedside her.

Yoona hits a button and a semi-3d image appears. It is a scene from a film. An older ACTOR who bears a small resemblance to Timothy Cavendish rises proudly and announces--

CAVENDISH LOOK-A-LIKE
This is a violation of the ruddy Incarceration Act! I will not be subjugated to criminal abuse!

He storms out of the white, hospital-like room, throwing open the doors and as he exits--

The image blooms as if suddenly over-exposed, then freezes for a moment before repeating.

The two Fabricants stare at the secret image and as it plays again, Yoona mouths the words with the actor.

ARCHIVIST (V.O.)
Why didn't you report Yoona-939 to Seer Rhee the next day?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - YEAR 2144

The orison spinning is the only sound as Sonmi considers her answer.

SONMI-451
I couldn't.

ARCHIVIST
Why?

SONMI-451
Because she trusted me.

ARCHIVIST
But your actions violated the Fifth Catechism.

SONMI-451
Yes. That's true.

ARCHIVIST
How did you justify this transgression?

SONMI-451
She was my friend.

Her answer surprises him.

ARCHIVIST
I didn't realize Fabricants had friends.

SONMI-451
There is much that Purebloods do not realize about Fabricants. Isn't that the reason I am here?

He squirms a bit and then continues.

ARCHIVIST
Please describe the events of March 23rd from your perspective.

SONMI-451
I was wiping tables along the vidy-bay. I had a clear view of the elevator bank.

INT. PAPA SONG'S - DAY - YEAR 2144

Sonmi is cleaning her tables. Across the dinery, Yoona is serving a screaming party of children.

Sonmi watches as Yoona stops smiling. Her mouth begins mouthing the words from the video; "I will not be subjugated to criminal abuse."

Suddenly she lifts one of the children and runs out of the dinery.

Pandemonium, screaming, crowds fleeing from her path, enforcers radioing for help; all seen through the surreal silence behind the window, the sound blocked by the plexi.

Yoona uses the child's hand to call the elevator. They get in and the door closes.

Emotion floods into her, as Sonmi tries to hold onto her fading smile.

From a distance, we can hear the muffled sound of gunfire.

The parent of the child continues screaming until the elevator returns.

An Enforcer hands the child to the parent.

Yoona's bloody body lays on the floor.

Sonmi continues wiping even though she cannot look away, an unbearable sadness, like a secret behind her eyes.

SONMI-451 (V.O.)
It was my first experience of death.

INT. AYRS' ROOM - NIGHT - YEAR 1931

We drift towards Ayrs' body; we cannot tell whether he is alive or dead.

Frobisher stands beside the bed, staring with a confused expression at the object in his hand--

A Luger pistol.

EXT. PLANTATION CAMP - DAY - YEAR 1846

Close on the bound hands of the young man being whipped.

He looks up and reaches towards us as--

EXT. SWANEKKE ISLAND BRIDGE - NIGHT - YEAR 1973

Luisa Rey drives her Volkswagen as fast as it can go away from Swannekke Island.

A blue sedan that looks like an unmarked police car, pulls up along side her.

She sees the man driving the car only for an instant before he swerves into her--

Slamming her car through the guardrail and flying out over the edge.

INT. BAILEY DWELLING - ZACHRY'S ROOM - NIGHT - YEAR 2321

Zachry bolts awake, scared out of his mind.

EXT. ABBESS DWELLING - DAWN - YEAR 2321

Zachry pounds on the door until the Abbess opens it.

ABBESS
Zachry Bailey?

ZACHRY
A dream, Abbess. Sorrysome for wakin'you but I know somethin' diresome's gon'a'ppen.

ABBESS
Come in, come in.

INT. ABBESS DWELLING - DAWN - YEAR 2321

The Abbess sways, her eyes closed, holding onto Zachry's hands.

ABBESS
Tis true, Old Georgie's a'hungerin' for your soul.

Zachry whimpers.

ABBESS (CONT'D)
He spit a cuss on your dreams.

ZACHRY
I know'd it, ohhh, I know'd it.

ABBESS
But Sonmi can protect you.

ZACHRY
Sonmi?!

ABBESS
She cares for all her flock. But you got to mind her warnin'.

ZACHRY
What warnin'?

The Abbess channels the voice of their protector.

ABBESS
"Enemy's sleepin', don't slit that throat. Hands'a'bleedin', mus'nt let go. Bridge a'burnin', your path lies below."

Her body sags, weak from the effort.

ZACHRY
An augurin'...

ABBESS
Trust Sonmi, Zachry. Keep her warnin' with you, nail it to your mem'ry and She will protect you.

Zachry mouths the words, trying to memorize them.

INT. PAPA SONG'S GALLEY - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

Colored gas swirls wake Sonmi-451 in her pod. All the other clones stay asleep.

The door is cracked open, glowing amber light spilling into the galley. Sonmi climbs out of her bed, drawn to the noises from the main room.

INT. PAPA SONG'S - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

Her bare feet step timidly towards the office. Peering through the open door, she sees Seer Rhee sprawled on the floor, blood and mucus draining from his nose. Next to him is an overturned box of Soap.

A man in his thirties, dressed in black, is going through the digital files. His name is CHANG.

CHANG
Hello Sonmi-451. There is no reason to hide.

Sonmi nervously steps out of the shadows.

CHANG (CONT'D)
My name is Chang.

SONMI-451
What has happened to Seer Rhee?

CHANG
Officially-- Soap overdose. Nothing more pathetic than a Pureblood hooked on Soap.

He picks up the box of Soap.

CHANG (CONT'D)
It's unfortunate that it had to happen now with everything going so well because it's probable that the Enforcers and the DNA sniffers will find out about you, about your midnight strolls, your connection to Yoona-939 and possibly even the un-sanctioned thoughts that have been going on in your head. If they do, you will be decommissioned.

Sonmi experiences her first real taste of fear.

CHANG (CONT'D)
Your choice: you can remain here, suffer the consequences of your probable discovery or you can come with me.

ARCHIVIST (V.O.)
Why did you go with him?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - YEAR 2144

The Archivist checks his sony-file.

SONMI-451
Fear.

ARCHIVIST
Fear of what?

SONMI-451
I knew that if I didn't do something soon, what had happened to Yoona was going to happen to me.

EXT. THE PROPHETESS - DAY - YEAR 1846

The ship has set its sails and is leaving the island behind.

EWING (V.O.)
Friday the 15th. We made sail with the morning tide.

INT. THE PROPHETESS - ADAM EWING'S CABIN - DAY - YEAR 1846

Pale-faced and sweating, Ewing is writing, his journal poised awkwardly on his knees in bed while a few men deposit barrels of sundry provisions and a bolt of sailcloth in his room.

EWING (V.O.)
Mr. Boerhaave had my cabin changed. I have been quarantined to a storeroom away from the other passengers and crew. Henry argued in vain that the Polynesian Worm is not contagious. Hardly matters. All I want to do right now, is sleep.

A young sailor, RAPHAEL, throws another barrel in front of Ewing to the ground.

RAPHAEL
Apologies, Mr. Ewing, it's by order of Mr. Boerhaave. No other space left for late deliveries, he said.

EWING
I know... it's not your fault, Raphael.

RAPHAEL
You don't look well, sir.

EWING
Your concern is much appreciated.

INT. FROBISHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - YEAR 1931

Frobisher soaks in his bed, swathed in silk sheets and down-stuffed duvets reading a book and enjoying a cigarette.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
Sixsmith. Received your post yesterday. Really, old boy, your concern couldn't be more misplaced. Did I not tell you I had a Plan?

The book is "The Pacific Journal of Adam Ewing."

INT. AYR'S CHATEAU - MUSIC ROOM - DAY - YEAR 1931

Ayr's reclines on his divan conducting with a cigarette as Frobisher tries to play the piano while scribbling notes.

The voices and music are heard beneath the voice-over.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
Is it not miraculous how one's fortune can turn so quickly, so completely? One moment, leaping from a hotel window, the next, gainfully employed by one of the world's greatest living composers.

AYRS
Semiquaver, B-G, semibreve, A-flat, hold it for four beats-- no six crochets!

FROBISHER
Then, F sharp and B, yes?

AYRS
Yes! Yes! Tar-tatty-tatty-tarrrrr. Now, now Frobisher, the clarinet is the concubine, the violas are yew trees in the cemetery and the clavichord is the moon... A minor, sixteenth bar floating onwards...

FROBISHER (V.O.)
Ayrs is one of the few composers I want my own creativity informed by. Musicologically he is Janus-headed. Watching him use counterpoint and mix colors is exhilarating but not nearly as much as when he stops to ask my opinion.
(MORE)

FROBISHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
More than a few of my suggestions have been incorporated. Quite sobering. Mark my words, Sixsmith, people in the future will be studying this music.

Frobisher's quill flies as the music is created between them.

INT. FROBISHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - YEAR 1931

Frobisher is out of bed, frustrated, digging through the bookshelves.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
Must try to get some sleep. You know how music stimulates me. Trying to be a good boy. Rutting my way through the bedroom bookshelves. Your fevered cockswain.

On the bed is the open book which we see has been torn in half.

FROBISHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
P.S. Got hooked into a journal written by a dying lawyer on a voyage from a Pacific Isle to San Francisco around the time of the gold rush. The author, Adam Ewing puts me in mind of Melville's bumbler Captain Delano, blind to all conspirators- he has a friend, a trusty Dr. Goose who he hasn't spotted is obviously a vampire, fueling his hypochondria in order to poison him for his money.

The second half of the book is nowhere to be found.

FROBISHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
To my great annoyance, the pages cease, mid-sentence. Half the book is missing. Searched high and low. No luck. It's completely killing me. Could you be a mensch and when you're next foraging at the Ottos's Book's, make an inquiry?

INT. TALBOT MOTEL - NIGHT - YEAR 1973

Dr. Rufus Sixsmith sits on the bedside of his hotel room next to a stack of old envelopes. He has randomly chosen one of the letters his love wrote him over 40 years ago.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
A half-finished book is, after all, a half-finished love affair.

Close on the television where a news conference is being broadcast of Swannekke Island. ALBERTO GRIMALDI, CEO of the nuclear power based company Seaboard, addresses an audience.

GRIMALDI (ON TV)
Our great nation suffers from a debilitating addiction and its name is Oil.

Sixsmith looks up to the TV.

GRIMALDI (ON TV) (CONT'D)
In confronting this problem, some bury their heads in the sand, some fantasize about wind turbines and (smiles wryly) pig gas. (audience chuckles) But I am here today to tell you that the cure for oil is right here, right now, on Swannekke Island.

On the bed, next to the letters, is a thick bound report entitled: "The HYDRA-Zero Reactor -- An Operational Assessment Model -- Project Head Dr. Rufus Sixsmith -- Unauthorized Possession is a Federal Crime Under the Military and Industrial Espionage Act."

Sixsmith shakes his head.

SIXSMITH
And when the hydrogen buildup blows the roof off the containment center? When prevailing winds shower radiation all across California?

As if in response, the telephone rings.

SIXSMITH (CONT'D)
Megan?

A brusque male voice answers.

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)
They're coming.

SIXSMITH
Who is this?

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)
They traced your last call to this hotel. Get out of there now. They are going to kill you.

The words suck the air form his lungs.

DEEP VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You've got twenty minutes, max.

Dial tone, a droning eternity.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT - YEAR 1973

Sixsmith is at the counter.

SIXSMITH
It's terribly important that I leave tonight.

AIRLINE REP
I'm sure it is, sir but we got an air-traffic-control strike and acres of stranded passengers. Tomorrow is the best I can do.

SIXSMITH
All right... I understand. Thank you.

He turns away, visibly shaken. He pulls his handkerchief from his pocket and when he does he finds ---

Luisa Rey's card.

INT. LUISA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - YEAR 1973

In the dark, a phone begins to ring. Luisa reaches for the alarm but when it doesn't stop, the fog of sleep lifts and she grabs the phone.

LUISA REY
Hello?

SIXSMITH (V.O.)
Hello Ms. Rey. I am frightfully sorry for calling at this hour. I started writing a letter but the only address I have is your magazine and I was worried it might not reach you.

LUISA REY
Dr. Sixsmith?

SIXSMITH (V.O.)
I know it seems absurd that we just met- in an elevator, for God's sake, but I have this feeling that I have known you much longer.

LUISA REY
Where are you?

SIXSMITH (V.O.)
The Airport Sheraton.

She hauls herself out of bed.

LUISA REY
I'm on my way.

INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY - YEAR 2009 / YEAR 1957

Midland landscape rushes past the window. Cavendish finally relaxes aboard a train.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
I knew I could count on Dennie. A safe place to lay low was exactly what I needed. Soon after the initial exhilaration of a journey begun, I felt my guard begin to drop.

He is reading a manuscript for a novel, entitled: "Half-Lives, A Luisa Rey Mystery" by JAVIER GOMEZ.

CAVENDISH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It was while reading a new submission, a surprisingly clever little young-hack-takes-on-corporate-corruption ditty, when a powerful deja vu ran through my bones.

He stares out the window. The landscape evokes forgotten feelings inside Cavendish.

CAVENDISH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I had been here before; a train just like this one gliding past the same smear of landscape. Suddenly I was no longer Cavendish the elder, Squanderer of Life but...

Cavendish sees another reflection in the window: the camera moves revealing a 19-YEAR-OLD CAVENDISH, insecure, red cheeked, nervously waiting for the train to reach the upcoming station.

CAVENDISH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... a young virile, bohemian, on a train to Little Chesterford, a single thought, like a scratched record, turning over and over in his mind; "Ursula."

The sign for "Little Chesterford Station" crawls past his window; the sound of the braking train, like a siren call.

Young Cavendish gets up, jumps out of the train.

From inside the train, Old Cavendish sees his former self hurry through the station towards the exit.

CAVENDISH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You would think a place the size of England could easily hold all the happenings in one humble lifetime without much overlap, I mean, it's not ruddy Luxembourg we live in, but no, we cross, criss-cross and recross our old tracks like figure skaters.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY - YEAR 2009

The train pulls away revealing Cavendish looking like someone caught between lost and found.

EXT. IN FRONT OF TRAIN STATION - DAY - YEAR 2009 / 1957

Cavendish steps outside the train station, sees Young Cavendish shyly enter an old Citroen. Inside, YOUNG URSULA greets him with a smile.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
The love of my life? I could think of no other serious applicants. What had happened to her? And more importantly, what had happened to the young man who had ridden this same train composing sonnets to his "Goddess Divine."

INT. PAPA SONG'S ELEVATOR - DAY - YEAR 2144

Sonmi and Chang are ascending, the elevator bearing them towards the city's surface. Sonmi is very quiet.

In her hand is the broken sony. She carries it like a child clutching a precious, stuffed animal.

ARCHIVIST (V.O.)
What were you feeling at that particular moment? Just as the elevator door opened?

SONMI-451
It was... exhilarating.

EXT. SEOUL - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

The doors open and Sonmi follows Chang out into the conurb.

It is a sprawling urban canopy; ADV screens hover and cover almost every inch of open space.

Transit tubes network gnarled strato-scrapers. Sunpoles beam light, umbrellas radiating logos through the mist, Purebloods hunched over their portables.

It is an impossible amount of information and Sonmi looks about to get sick. Chang takes her by the arm and steadies her into the Elite-tube.

INT. ELITE TUBE - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

A private transport tube. Chang presses his "soul" thumb to the controls and keys in the destination code.

Sonmi sits as the car hums, quickly picking up speed, banking through the rivers of electric light.

They dive down and travel for a moment underwater before shooting up and weaving through older buildings, a part of the lower root structure to the towering spires rising above them.

After a moment, they seem to clear an edge of the city and in the distance Sonmi sees an actual mountain; the sun rinsing just behind it.

CHANG
Are you all right?

She nods.

SONMI-451
My first sunrise.

It is the first time we see her smile in a way that does not seem like a mask.

She looks at the sony in her hands.

CHANG
Can I ask where you got that?

SONMI-451
Yoona shared it with me. I couldn't leave it behind.

CHANG
You're not supposed to have a sony.

SONMI-451
I'm not supposed to leave Papa-Song and yet here I am.

He smiles, already liking her.

CHANG
Can I have a look?

She hesitates and then hands it to him. He starts it and watches the loop of the Cavendish story.

CHANG (CONT'D)
It's an old disney. But where's the rest of it?

SONMI-451
The rest of it?

He examines the device.

CHANG
This thing used to play vidies. They're stories. But its chip is corrupt. If you wanted I could digi it and get you a complete copy? That way at least we'd know if it was a happy or a sad ending. If you wanted.

Tentatively, she nods her head.

EXT. PICTURESQUE SUBURB - DAY - YEAR 2009 / 1957

Cavendish wanders the tree lined village.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
Drunk on nostalgia I found myself ignoring the warnings of Madame Bovary and plunging into some kind of romantic trance.

He passes a building and peeks through the large glass windows. Inside: a 50's cafeteria where Young Cavendish and Ursula are having breakfast.

CAVENDISH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There was the cafe where we drank milky tea in dirty mugs, eating toast, watery eggs and canned tomatoes but be honest, Cavendish, was any other breakfast in your life so delectable?

Back to present: the cafe is now a fitness club.

CAVENDISH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The world curdles from its room temperature taste.

Cavendish continues his walk through the past.

EXT. DOCKERY HOUSE - EVENING - YEAR 2009

A beautiful mansion nestled in a grove of ancient oak trees.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
Before I realized it, my feet had born me back, back to Dockery House, to the Temple of Sacrifice, where I offered up my virginity.
(MORE)

CAVENDISH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Back to those four days of paradise when Ursula's mater and pater slipped off to Greece for a long weekend.

INT. DOCKERY HOUSE - FLASHBACK - EVENING - YEAR 1957

Teenaged Cavendish, his chin dappled more with fuzz than whiskers, wearing only his socks and a duvet, returns to the bedroom having raided daddy's liquor cabinet.

On his calf, just below the back of his knee, we notice a comet-shaped birthmark.

His nubile love lays on the bed re-reading the sonnet he wrote.

He climbs back into bed, their bodies drawn to each other's warmth as she suckles the whiskey from his lips.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
Or so we thought.

Mater stands frozen in horror as Cavendish mounts her daughter. Pater arrives as the two young bodies begin to undulate.

URSULA'S PATER
URSULA!

Calamity. Cavendish leaps away from her as if she was poison oak. Bare-assed, he slips in his socks, stumbles over a table, falls--

Sees a cat, grabs it to hide his family jewels as he implores the parents.

YOUNG CAVENDISH
Sir! Madame! I assure you this is completely innocent--

The cat scratches at his tender, dangly bits and Timothy screams, throws the cat in the air as he slips backward and--

Crashes out the large picture window.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
Two sprained ankles. One cracked rib. Official cause of accident listed on the hospital form:

Young Timothy lies sprawled in the garden bushes.

CAVENDISH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Pussy.

EXT./INT. DOCKERY HOUSE - EVENING - YEAR 2009

The older Cavendish creeps up to the house, towards *that* window, and peers inside the room lit electric marigold.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
Why had I never returned her calls or letters? Shame. Ignominious retreat. Spinelessness. Hallmarks of the Cavendish Clan.

He watches as a mother repairs a broken broomstick for her child dressed as a witch.

CAVENDISH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I knew I had no business going back there. I knew the chances that she still lived in that house were practically zilch and yet--

Suddenly an older woman dressed as a devil, enters the domestic frieze and Cavendish's eyes lite up.

CAVENDISH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There she was. Ursula. My first real regret, like a first cigarette, that began a lifelong addiction.

Ursula says something to her daughter and grandchild, and they giggle. Cavendish cannot help but giggle too, even though he didn't hear a thing. His eyes go teary.

CAVENDISH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Why was I standing out here in the cold, cowering in the shadows? Why was I not in that room lit electric marigold? I realized I had the choice: I could slink off and return to the station and continue as planned or I could go boldly to the door, knock without fear of potential consequence and discover what hope, if any, lay within.

INT. ELITE TUBE - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

She regards her broken sony.

SONMI-451
Are endings always “happy or sad?”

He shrugs.

CHANG
Usually. Most people like ‘em simple.

SONMI-451
But not you?

CHANG
I like all of it: happy, sad and everything in between with a creamy scoop of sex served a la mode.

He smiles. She clutches her sony and edges away from him.

The tube banks, shifting into a different line which is now headed straight at a mountain.

CHANG (CONT’D)
There it is.

SONMI-451
What?

CHANG
University. Your new home.

EXT. BLUFF - DAY - YEAR 2321

Meronym and Truman Napes stare out at Mauna Kea, a jagged tooth of a mountain sunk into the underbelly of low lying clouds.

Truman rubs his beard then gestures with his pipe.

TRUMAN
Won’t get me up that diresome spire. My gran'pa's pa named Truman Third went scavvin’ for Old-Un gear up there.

He looks at Meronym.

TRUMAN (CONT’D)
Whoa they found a wondersome ironstone temple, yay, but they also found Old Georgie a’waitin’.

MERONYM
What happened?

INT. CORE BUILDING - NIGHT

In an ancient ruin, Old Georgie glowers over a man who screams in terror.

OLD GEORGIE
The Weak are Meat and the Strong do Eat.

Old Georgie brandishes a spoon and scoops out the man's eye and pops it in his mouth. The devil cackles.

EXT. BLUFF - DAY

Zachry is hiding in some brush, spying on Meronym and Truman Napes while Old Georgie whispers in his ear.

OLD GEORGIE
That Prescient's got a curio to kill a cart-full o'cats 'n then some.

Zachry watches Meronym and Truman Napes, gesturing with his pipe, talking about what happened atop Mauna Kea.

Zachry's eyes narrow as he crawls away.

INT. ABBESS DWELLING - DAY - 2321

Abbess is tending the icons. Zachry tries to remain in a proper reverential position but he is too wound up.

ZACHRY
She's plannin' on trekin' up Mauna Kea even though it's forbidden.

ABBESS
Now I'm warnin' you Zachry Bailey, makin' 'cusations 'gainst a spesh guest jus' ain't politsome.

ZACHRY
She up'ta somthin' Abbess. She been schemin' an' secretin' at night. I seen it!

ABBESS
'Nough's enough. You bring me ev'dence Meronym's plannin' to kill us in our sleep, I'll call a gatherin'. If you ain't got no ev'dence, you best hold that tongue.

Suddenly, there is a urgent knock on the door.

ABBESS (CONT'D)
Sakes'live, what now?

She opens the door to a young girl.

YOUNG GIRL
Abbess, you gotta come quick! It's the Bailey girl!

Zachry hears his niece's name and rushes to the door.

ZACHRY
Catkin?

YOUNG GIRL
Aye. She's dyin.

INT. ADAM EWING'S CABIN - PROPHETESS - NIGHT

Lying on his tiny bed, his body shakes from the pain, and Ewing awakes from a bad dream.

EWING (V.O.)
My Parasite writhes at night, like a new babe's finger igniting spasms of pain while visions and voices, obscene and monstrous, haunt me.

On his knees, Adam Ewing prays into his clasped hands by candlelight, his shoulders hunched as if pressed down by some unseen force. The flame strobes against a ubiquitous draft causing shadows to leap around the cramped cabin.

He is pale, a sheen of sweat covers his waxy face. Finished, he crosses himself and blows out the candle.

He's asleep again. In blackness, we hear a voice.

VOICE
Mr. Ewing? Mr. Ewing?

Startled, Ewing awakes, hitting his head on the bulkhead.

He peers into the dark, a shaft of moonlight washing through the porthole. Slowly a serpentine length of hawser uncoils, and he sees a black form rise like a djin.

EWING
In the name of God---

MAN
Mr. Ewing, do not fear- Mr. Ewing- no harm, no shout, please, sir.

He leaps to Ewing's bedside, a powerful hand sealing his mouth.

EWING
Help! Help mmph--

MAN
Mr. Ewing, no harm, you safe, I friend of Mr. D'Arnoq- you know he Christian- please, quiet!

Ewing nods, though he is obviously still afraid. Slowly the man releases Ewing's mouth.

AUTUA
My name is Autua. You know I, you seen I, aye- you pity I.

EWING
What do you want with me?

AUTUA
Maori whip I- you seen.

The image of the Moriori being flogged by the "Lizard King" suddenly flashes in Ewing's head and he nods.

AUTUA (CONT'D)
You good man- Mr. D'Arnoq tell you good man- he hid I in your cabin yesterday night- I escape- you help, Mr. Ewing.

Ewing bristles at the thought of D'Arnoq.

AUTUA (CONT'D)
If you no help- I in trouble dead.

EWING
You're already very much "in trouble dead." The Prophetess is a mercantile vessel, not an "underground railroad" for escaping slaves.

Autua straightens in pride.

AUTUA
I able seaman! I earn passage!

EWING
Then I suggest you surrender to the captain's mercies forthwith.

AUTUA
No! They no listen I! Swim away home, Nigger, they say and throw I in drink! You lawman aye? You go, you talk, I stay, I hide! Please. Cap'n hear you, Mr. Ewing. Please.

Ewing shakes his head.

EWING
No. I can't help you. Whatever D'Arnoq told you about me, I assure you, he is quite mistaken. I'm afraid your fate is your own. I desire no part in it.

Autua's voice softens to a whisper.

AUTUA
Then kill I.

His hand finds Ewing's and he closes their fingers around the hilt of a dagger.

AUTUA (CONT'D)
Say to others I attack you, so you kill I.

EWING
What?

AUTUA
You no help I, you kill I, just same. It's true, you know it. I ain't be fish food, Mr. Ewing.

With a terrible calmness and certitude Autua presses its tip against his own throat.

EWING
You're mad.

AUTUA
I not mad. Die here is better. Do it. Do it quick.

Ewing swallows hard as a ringing begins to rise in his ears--

INT. AIRPORT HOTEL - NIGHT - YEAR 1973

Sixsmith wakes to the ringing telephone.

SIXSMITH
Luisa? God, I must have dozed off. Terrible dream. Thank you for coming. I'm in 1404.

He hangs up when, behind him, outside on the balcony--

A shadow drops from the floor above.

He reaches for the report as A MAN slides open the door. Sixsmith turns just as the man steps close and places a gun to the scientist's temple and--

Pulls the trigger.

Blood splatters the wall, the lamp shade and a half-finished letter to Luisa lying on the desk.

Sixsmith' body drops backwards onto the bed, burying Frobisher's letters under his back.

The assassin looks around. He is a man whose most distinguishing attribute is that there's nothing distinguishing about him. His name is BILL SMOKE.

Smoke notices the report and the letter to Luisa when there is a knock at the door.

Silently, he creeps to the door as the knocking continues. He looks through the peep-hole and sees Luisa.

LUISA REY
(through the door)Dr. Sixsmith? It's Luisa. Dr. Sixsmith?

Smoke puts the barrel with its long silencer against the door, aiming straight at her until--

She leaves.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT - YEAR 1973

Luisa leads the MANAGER to the elevators.

LUISA REY
He wasn't looking that well the last time I saw him and I'm just worried that something happened--

The elevator opens, revealing Bill Smoke.

As Smoke passes them, he looks at Luisa and in the look there is something that reminds us of the look Old Georgie gave to Zachry.

INT. AIRPORT HOTEL ROOM 1404 - NIGHT - YEAR 1973

The manager opens the door and Luisa follows him in.

MANAGER
Oh my god--

Luisa covers her mouth. Sixsmith lays awkwardly on the bed, blood Pollock-ing the wall, the gun Smoke used, now in Sixsmith's hand.

LUISA REY
Go! Call the police! Hurry!

The manager rushes out while Luisa quickly scans the room.

The report and the letter are gone.

The room seems completely clean, until, coming up from looking under the bed, she notices a tiny bit of aged paper underneath Sixsmith's back.

She softly pushes him to the side and reveals the thick pack of letters.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
My Dear Sixsmith, How I wish you were here with me now.

INT. AYRS' CHATEAU, SCARLET ROOM - DAY - YEAR 1931

TADEUSZ AUGUSTOWSKI, the Polish conductor and colleague of Ayrs is reading "Der Todtenvogel," Ayrs and Frobisher's latest collaboration.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
Today Ayrs and I presented our first collaboration, a short tone poem called "Der Todtenvogel", to Tadeusz Augustowski, Ayrs' favourite conductor. It's an intriguing animal. It borrows resonances from Wagner's Ring, then disintegrates the theme into a Stravinskyesque nightmare policed by Sibelian wraiths. Horrible, delectable, wish you could hear it.

Augustowski sways gently to the music in his head, hand lightly bobbing in the air as if floating on an invisible current.

FROBISHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It's the most accomplished tone poem I know of written since the war and I tell you, Sixsmith, that more than a few of its best ideas are mine. Suppose an amanuensis must reconcile himself to renouncing his share in authorship, though Vyvyan recently referred to our work as a "partnership."

Frobisher and Ayrs subtly watch in expectation. Augustowski's monocle falls from his eye socket. He turns to Ayrs.

AUGUSTOWSKI
A man at our time of life, Ayrs-- has no right to such daring ideas. Where are you getting 'em from?

Ayrs puffs himself up.

AYRS
I suppose I've won a rearguard action or two in my war against decrepitude. My boy Robert here is proving a valuable aide-de-camp.

Frobisher smiles, lifting a tea pot.

FROBISHER
More tea?

INT. LUISA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - YEAR 1973

Luisa is smoking a joint, reading Frobisher's letters. Her apartment is cramped, cluttered but comfortable.

On one of the brick and board bookshelves we see a picture of her father, Lester Rey.

Behind her, a shadow drops from the balcony above.

As she reads, the shadow creeps up behind her until moving around the couch--

Luisa's scream catches in her throat--

As she sees JAVIER GOMEZ, her teenage friend.

LUISA REY
Jesus... Javier Gomez what did I tell you about jumping across balconies? What if someone reports you as a burglar? What if you fell?

JAVIER
Why do you leave your door open if you don't want me to come in?

LUISA REY
Because, Smarty-pants the only thing worse than having you jump onto my balcony, is the idea of you jumping onto my balcony and then being stuck out there.

She notices the welt across his face.

LUISA REY (CONT'D)
Wolfman?

JAVIER
It's fine. Doesn't hurt.

Luisa reaches for the phone.

LUISA REY
I'm calling your mother. She has to know what kind of ass-hole she's dating.

Javier watches her dialing.

JAVIER
She knows.

They look at each other. Reluctantly, she replaces the receiver.

LUISA REY
You know we can't let this go on.

JAVIER
(pointing at the letters)
What are you reading?

LUISA REY
Don't try to ignore me.

JAVIER
I know you wanna help but if you call her, she'll leave work and there'll be a big fight and he'll smash more stuff and hit me harder next time.

The truth, spoken without emotion or eye-contact, sits like a stone wall separating them.

JARVIER
What are you reading?

LUISA REY
Just... old letters.

EXT. AURORA HOUSE - NIGHT - YEAR 2009

In the wee hours of the morning, the warmth of the house radiates against the Magritte night-scape. A cab arrives.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
The Past calls to us with the enchantment of a Siren, luring us into dangerous waters. Better, I believed, to fill one's ears with beeswax and stay the course.

Cavendish empties his wallet to the cab driver. Hunched over from the long ride he climbs the stairs and rings the bell.

The door opens. A smiling angel of a woman welcomes him in.

INT. AURORA HOUSE - NIGHT - YEAR 2009

She helps him inside.

AURORA ANGEL
Was your trip difficult?

CAVENDISH
Ohh, you've no idea. Hellish. Made a terrible mistake and got off the train. Didn't know it was the last one. Missed the only bus. Finally took a cab. Driver talked the entire way. Too ruddy awful for words.

AURORA ANGEL
The only thing that matters is that you've arrived safely.

CAVENDISH
I had to use the last of my money--

AURORA ANGEL
All you need to worry about, Mr. Cavendish, is getting a good night's sleep.

He makes a noise like a baby, overcome with a wave of pleasure.

AURORA ANGEL (CONT'D)
Just sign right here. We've got a beautiful room with a garden view. You'll love it.

He signs in.

AURORA ANGEL (CONT'D)
Come with me.

INT. AURORA HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT - YEAR 2009

The room is modern, clean with soft lighting in sleepy corners. The bed is trimmed with crisp sheets. Cavendish looks like he might cry.

CAVENDISH
Bliss, my dear.

AURORA ANGEL
Sweet dreams, then.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
The Hoggins Horrors were long gone and I was scot free while Denny, dearest Denholme was footing the bill. Couldn't be more perfect. And tomorrow, life could begin afresh, afresh, afresh!

EXT. SEOUL UNIVERSITY - DAY - YEAR 2144

The University is cut into the side of the mountain.

Chang leads Sonmi through the concourse with students. Many of them look at her uniform or her awkwardness and giggle.

INT. UNIVERSITY DORM - HALL - DAY - YEAR 2144

Chang leads down the throat of a utilitarian hall. At the end, there Sonmi is a door, the digital name plate slightly crooked, "BOOM-SOOK, KIM."

Chang knocks, then lets himself in.

INT. BOOM-SOOK'S DORMROOM - DAY - YEAR 2144

A cramped, dirty sty, rancid with pureblood male odor. Bins are overflowing, a crossbow target hangs by the door. A single filthy window opens into a featureless courtyard.

CHANG
Wait here, for Mr. Kim. Obey him as you would a Seer.

He places the box of Soap in the fridge.

CHANG (CONT'D)
Keep your food refrigerated
(indicating the sony)
Make sure you keep that hidden.
I'll be back in a few days to check on you.

SONMI-451
Why... are you doing this?

He considers his answer carefully.

CHANG
Because I care about what happens to you.

The words sound like a foreign language to her.

He smiles again and slips out the door leaving her to a completely new life.

ARCHIVIST (V.O.)
Did you know he was Union?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - YEAR 2144

The memory remains sweet to her.

SONMI-451
No. But it wouldn't have mattered.

ARCHIVIST
Why?

SONMI-451
Because it was the first time a Pureblood had showed me a kindness.

INT. THE PROPHETESS - EWING'S ROOM - NIGHT - YEAR 1846

Ewing returns to his room. It appears empty. He slips one of the barrels in front of the door, blocking it.

EWING
Come on, then.

The wiry man slides out from the darkness of his hiding place, a wide smile across his face when he sees Ewing pull food from his pockets.

AUTUA
Ohhh, thank ya' missa Ewing. Missa D'Anrnoq right about you.

EWING
Don't mention that mongrel's name again. To tell the truth, I was worried you might try to eat me if you didn't get something in that stomach.

AUTUA
You safe, missa Ewing. I no like white meat.

Autua smiles, gobbling the stale bread and cheese.

EWING
Before I decide what I am going to do with you, tell me why you were being whipped so savagely.

A long silence filled only with the sound of Autua's smacking lips.

AUTUA
My uncle was a sailor. Took me on a French whaler when I was ten year old. I seen too much'a the world. I no good slave.

EWING
Why did you look at me?

AUTUA
Pain strong, aye, but friend's eyes more strong.

EWING
You're a runaway slave. I'm a lawyer. How do you imagine we could possibly be friends.

He keeps chewing and smiling as jabs his finger from his eyes to Ewing's.

AUTUA
Here all you need.

INT. AYR'S CHATEAU - MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT - YEAR 1931

A study of anticipation as they wait for Jocasta to open a telegram.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
Telegram arrived with reviews of "Todtenvogel."

JOCASTA
Before I open this, Vyvyan, I need you to promise me--

AYRS
Please, Jocasta, I am too old to worry about what a bunch of parasitic half-wits think of my music. Just read the damn thing and then consign it to the fire.

Unconvinced, she peels open the envelope.

JOCASTA
First Performance Mystified Stop.

Ayrs rubs the whiskers around his tightening lips.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)
Second Performance Fisticuffs Stop.

Frobisher's eyebrow arches in anticipation.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)
Third Performance Adored Stop
Fourth Rose Petals Thrown Beneath
Your Feet Stop You Are Toast Of
Town Congratulations Stop.

She is almost unable to finish it for the joy bubbling out of her.

Frobisher can't feel his feet on the ground.

AYRS
Well... even a broken clock is
right twice a day.

A smile spreads.

AYRS (CONT'D)
Jocasta, open a bottle of the '08
Pinot Rouge. I make it a point to
never be toasted without a drink in
my hand.

She leaves, her own smile flashing at Frobisher like a peeking garter-belt.

The two artists are left alone, their expression a reflection of each other.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
At that moment Sixsmith, when he
looked at me, I saw something in
his ice-blue eyes, something
beneath all the years and the
illness. Something familiar.

EXT. CHATEAU ZEDELGHEM - GROUNDS - DAY - YEAR 1931

Frobisher is pushing Ayrs wheelchair. The wind urges the dried leaves to dance.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
The following morning I pushed his
chair down the Monk's walk. Autumn
leaves gusted around in urgent
spirals as if V.A. was the sorcerer
and I his apprentice. He unveiled
his concept for a new piece based
on his beloved Nietzsche's "Eternal
Recurrence." Wants my services for
another year.
(MORE)

FROBISHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Told him I would think about it. Obviously upset him that I didn't give a breathy "yes!" On the spot. I want the old bugger to admit he needs me. P.S. Best news of all. I've started my own work.

INT. LAST CHORD MUSIC STORE - DAY - YEAR 1973

Luisa Rey enters the store and is immediately halted. The music playing takes her breath away; it's spectral, hypnotic and... intimately familiar.

LUISA REY
I know this music. What the hell is it?

STORE CLERK
I'm sorry, it's a customer order. Not for sale. I shouldn't really be playing it.

She puts her purse on the counter and digs out her wallet.

LUISA REY
All right. My name's Luisa Rey, I phoned about an obscure recording by Robert Frobisher. Someone said they found it.

The clerk smiles guiltily.

STORE CLERK
Ooops. Busted. I thought I should check it to make sure it wasn't scratched but to be totally honest, I can't stop listening to it.

LUISA REY
This is "The Cloud Atlas Sextet"?

He nods.

STORE CLERK
Why companies won't finance recordings of lost gems like this, it's criminal.

LUISA REY
Where have I heard it before?

STORE CLERK
(shrugs)
Can't be more than a handful in North America.

LUISA REY
But I know it. I *know* I know it.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - YEAR 2144

They stare at one another, across the table.

SONMI-451
He told me, "Knowledge is to consciousness what sunlight is to plants."

ARCHIVIST
So it was Chang that supplied you with the codes to the Boom-Sook Kim's Unity terminal?

SONMI-451
During the day, I did whatever chores he told me to do, but at night...

INT. BOOM-SOOK'S DORMROOM - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

Boom-Sook is passed out, bathed in the flickering flesh-toned light of his slasher porno.

SONMI-451 (V.O.)
At night I was free.

Sonmi finishes folding his laundry. She checks to make sure he is sleeping, then quietly moves to the Unity terminal.

SONMI-451 (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I traveled the length, breadth and width of your culture; from the philosophy of the Greeks to poetry of the Chinese, from the unending histories of your constant wars to the Seven Dialects of Jong Il.

The sony display shows all sorts of written material as well as hyper-linked graphics, antique sketches, paintings etc.

SONMI-451 (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The library often refused my requested downloads, but this made me understand that the path I was on was the correct one.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - YEAR 2144

The Archivist is disturbed.

ARCHIVIST (V.O.)
And Mr. Kim had no awareness of what was truly happening?

Sonmi shakes her head.

SONMI-451
Of course not. He believed he was developing a formula for a more attentive domestic.

ARCHIVIST
While in reality, Union pursued their agenda.

SONMI-451
Their goal was always the Ascendency of a Fabricant. Yoona had failed. I was their last remaining hope.

INT. BAILEY DWELLING - DAY - YEAR 2321

Catkin lays on her small bed, surrounded by family and neighbors. Her face is swollen and sweaty. The HERBALIST dips a rag into cool water and dabs it to her forehead.

Zachry and the Abbess push through the crowd into the room.

ABBESS
Oh Sonmi.

She knows the child is near death. Zachry embraces his sister Rose.

ROSE
Leary the healer says she'll be gone by sundown so better'n say our goodbyes.

ZACHRY
...no.

ROSE
It ain't right, ain't fair but nuthin to be done...

Zachry looks at Catkin, knowing what Rose believes is not the True-true.

EXT. THE VALLEY - DAY - YEAR 2321

Zachry rushes through the woods. Rain slashes across his face making his tears invisible.

He bursts into a clearing where he finds what he has been looking for: Meronym.

She is taking water samples, collecting them in small glass jars.

ZACHRY
Catkin's dyin'!

She stands.

MERONYM
What? How?

ZACHRY
Trod on a scorpion fish.

The energy seeps out of her as she realizes what will happen to the young girl. It seems terribly unfair.

ZACHRY (CONT'D)
You can save her!

She shakes her head.

ZACHRY (CONT'D)
You got spesh smart in that gearbag what'll save her! That's the True-true!

Her expression hardens. She throws her bag on the ground between them.

MERONYM
How you know what's in my gearbag? More sneakin'n'spyin? Why not jus' thief the spesh smart yourself?

Zachry is stunned and ashamed.

ZACHRY
...It were a mistake, what I done while you guestin' at our home. I didn't trust.

MERONYM
Why trust now?

ZACHRY
I got no choice. Catkin's still'n'stiff as stone. You're my only hope.

It hurts but Meronym remains resolved.

MERONYM
The life o' your tribe's got a nat'ral order. Catkin'd trod on that scorpion fish if I'd been here or not.

ZACHRY
I'm jus a stoopit goat herder but I reck'n jus' by bein' here you're bustin' this nat'ral order! I reck'n you're killin' Catkin by not actin'!

MERONYM
I ain't here to play Lady Sonmi ev'ry time sumthn' bad happ'ns an click my fingers'n' make it right!

ZACHRY
If it were a Prescient that were layin with poison meltin' her heart'n'lungs? If it were your kin?

They both know the answer to that question.

ZACHRY (CONT'D)
Why's a Precient's life worth more'n a Valleysman?!

Zachry's eyes harden.

ZACHRY (CONT'D)
I'll take you to Mauna Kea!

The rain beats against Meronym's poncho.

ZACHRY (CONT'D)
Ev'one knows my soul is stoned. Don't matta' what devils waitin' for me up there. They goin' have me one day an'ways. You save Catkin'n I'll take you an'where you wanna go.

A dozen arguments blow through her mind but she sets her jaw against everyone of them.

She bends down and tears through her gearbag, mumbling to herself, swearing in a language Zachry can't understand.

Grabbing something she stands.

MERONYM
All right. Here's the deal. You sneak this in Catkin's mouth so slywise no un'see, nay, nor even thinkied they seen and for Sonmi's sake if Catkin lives, you make sure the herb'list gets the hooray-hooray, not that voodoo snake oilster from Hilo. Yay?

Gratitude bubbles out of every pore.

ZACHRY
Yay... Yay!

He takes the small turquoise stone from her.

ZACHRY (CONT'D)
Thank'ya, thank'ya, Sonmi bless'ya--

MERONYM
Stop your yibberin'n go. Go!

He bolts.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - YEAR 2144

The orison hums.

ARCHIVIST
How long did you serve Mr. Boom-Sook Kim as a domestic?

SONMI-451
Until twelfth-month. I remember watching the snow fall, through the small dorm window.

INT. BOOM-SOOK'S DORMROOM - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

The room is clean and tidy now. Sonmi is cleaning the one window, while Boom-Sook plays an action porn game with his 3D Game toy.

Outside fat snow flakes fall lazily.

SONMI-451 (V.O.)
It was like nothing I had ever seen: bruised lilac in half-lite. Such pure solace.

ARCHIVIST (V.O.)
You speak like an aesthete sometimes.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - YEAR 2144

Sonmi thinks about this.

SONMI-451
Perhaps those deprived of beauty perceive it most instinctively.

INT. CAVENDISH'S ROOM, AURORA HOUSE - DAY - YEAR 2009

Cavendish awakes to the sound of rustling fabric.

A middle aged WOMAN with a dour pageboy haircut is rifling through his belongings.

CAVENDISH
What the--

Cavendish snaps to focus.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)
What the ruddy hell are you doing in my room, you pilfering warty sow?

She roots through the pockets of his coat.

WOMAN
Because you are new, I will not have you eat soap powder. This time. Be warned, I do not stand for offensive language in Aurora House. Not from anyone. And I never make idle threats, Mr. Cavendish. Never.

CAVENDISH
I'll ruddy well talk to you how I ruddy well like, you stinking ruddy thief! Make me eat soap powder? I'd like to see you try! Let's call Hotel Security! Let's call the police! You ask about offensive language, and I'll ask about breaking, entry and theft!

She quickly crosses to his bed and slaps him hard across the chops. Cavendish, falls back onto his pillow, shocked.

WOMAN
Tsk. A disappointing start. I am Mrs. Noakes. You do not wish to cross me.

CAVENDISH
Is this some sort of a kinky S & M hotel?

MRS. NOAKES returns to his things.

MRS. NOAKES
Smoking is discouraged here. I will have to confiscate these cigars. The lighter is far too dangerous for you to play with. And what, pray, are these?

She dangles his keys.

MRS. NOAKES (CONT'D)
Keys go walkies! Let's give them to Mrs. Judd for safekeeping, shall we?

CAVENDISH
Let's not give them to anyone, you crazy dragon! You strike me! You rob me! What kind of ruddy hotel hires thieves for chambermaids?

She stuffs her booty into a little burglar's bag.

MRS. NOAKES
Breakfast is eight sharp. Boiled eggs with toast soldiers today. None for the tardy.

The door slams leaving Cavendish blinking for a moment--

Then at once he is up and hurrying into his clothes.

SONMI-451 (V.O.)
"You can maintain power over people as long as you give them something. Rob a man of everything and that man will no longer be in your power."

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - YEAR 2144

She identifies the quote.

SONMI-451
Alexander Solzhenitsyn.

He consults the orison.

ARCHIVIST
20th century philosopher. Complete works banned by Unanimity Executive Order 2131. How do you know about him?

SONMI-451
A book.

ARCHIVIST
An actual book?

She nods.

SONMI-451
It was a gift.

INT. BOOM-SOOK'S DORMROOM - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

Sonmi is alone, soaking in the dull glow of her monitor, her eyes gulping down information.

At the sound of the key in the door, she quickly shuts off the machine and crosses the room, grabbing a beer from the fridge just as the door opens revealing--

Chang.

CHANG
Hello Sonmi.

He smiles slightly, taking the beer from her. She closes the door, hiding the flush of heat she feels in her cheeks whenever he says her name.

SONMI-451
Seer Chang.

CHANG
I told you I am not a Seer. Call me Hae-Joo.

SONMI-451
Hae-Joo.

CHANG
You have the place to yourself.

She nods.

SONMI-451
Mr. Kim departed for Sextet Eve holiday early this morning.

CHANG
Three days all to yourself. Any big plans?

The question confuses her.

SONMI-451
I still have four hundred and thirty years of Western literature...

CHANG
Not exactly what I had in mind. It's Sextet Eve. Don't you deserve a holiday too?

The words don't compute.

CHANG (CONT'D)
Come on. I've got a surprise for you.

INT. HALLWAY, AURORA HOUSE - DAY - YEAR 2009

Cavendish storms from his room into the hallway, pausing to get his bearings.

He shoots down the hall toward reception, slippers clapping determinedly against the polished industrial linoleum.

An uneasiness begins to fill Cavendish as baroque music lilts in the identical chair-lined corridors.

Suddenly a leprous GNOME still in his pajamas grips him by the wrist and lifts a jar of hazelnut butter.

GNOME
If you want to get a signal, you'll need one of these.

Cavendish grimaces.

CAVENDISH
You've mistaken me for someone else.

He pries the man's hand from his wrist and continues down the hall. He has become unnerved, however. Something about Aurora House isn't right.

He slows as he passes a window and sees the dining room. Dawning seeps into Cavendish as he sees the diners at Aurora House are all in their seventies and up.

He doubles his pace, features reddening as he passes a hulking ORDERLY.

MRS. JUDD greets him with an Oil of Olay smile at Reception.

MRS. JUDD
Hello, Mr. Cavendish. Feeling super this morning?

CAVENDISH
Yes. No. An absurd misunderstanding has occurred.

MRS. JUDD
Oh?

CAVENDISH
I ah-- I checked in last night believing Aurora House was a hotel. My brother made the booking, you see. His idea of a practical joke. But listen. You have a bigger problem closer to home - some demented bitch called Noakes is running about the place impersonating a chambermaid. Probably riddled with Alzheimer's. She stole my keys! Now, in a go-go bar in Phuket, that'd be par for the course, but in an old wrecks' home in Hull? You'd get closed down if I was an inspector, you know.

Mrs. Judd's smile is battery acid.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)
Right. I'll need my keys back, straight away.

He raps his knuckles on the desktop.

MRS. JUDD
Aurora House is your home now, Mr. Cavendish. Your signature authorizes us to apply compliancy. And I'd get out of the habit of referring to my sister in those tones.

CAVENDISH
Compliancy? Signature? Sister?

MRS. JUDD
The custody document you signed last night. Your residency papers.

CAVENDISH
(chuckles)
No, no, no-- That was the hotel registry! Never mind, it's all academic. My, this will make a heck of a dinner-party story. Once I've strangled my brother. Bill him, by the way. Only I must insist on having my keys returned, And you'd better call me a cab.

MRS. JUDD
Most of our guests get cold feet on their first mornings.

CAVENDISH
My feet are quite warm, but I haven't made myself clear. If you don't-

MRS. JUDD
Mr. Cavendish, why don't you eat your breakfast first and-

CAVENDISH
Keys!

A group of residents have stopped to watch the escalating exchange.

MRS. JUDD
We have your written permission to hold your valuables in the office safe.

CAVENDISH
Then I must speak with the management.

MRS. JUDD
That would be my sister, Nurse Noakes.

CAVENDISH
Noakes? Management?

MRS. JUDD
Nurse Noakes.

CAVENDISH
Then I must speak with the board of governors, or the owner.

MRS. JUDD
They would be me.

CAVENDISH
Your telephone, please. I wish to inform the police--

MRS. JUDD
Residents aren't permitted to--

He slams his hand on the counter.

CAVENDISH
I am not a ruddy resident!

MRS. JUDD
You'll find that temper tantrums won't help you at Aurora House.

CAVENDISH
Look, you're breaking the ruddy-- Anti-Incarceration Act or something and I bloody hell won't stand for this!

Before she can stop him, Cavendish wheels with a grandiose gesture and slams out the double-door exit.

The cold snaps at his skin as he marches down the curving driveway, breath puffing from his nostrils like a locomotive.

He rounds a bend and sees a shaggy GIANT in overalls rising from an overturned lawn-mower. He claps the dust from his gloves.

GROUNDSMAN
Off somewhere?

CAVENDISH
You bet I am! To the land of the living.

He strides decisively past hiding his growing confusion in the layout of the grounds.

He follows the drive and realizes he has found himself back at the dining room annex.

Cavnedish huffs as the Undead of Aurora House watch him through the wall of glass.

He raises his hands in mocking horror.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)
Soylent Green is people! Soylent Green is made of people!

They stare at him puzzled, when one of them taps on the window and pointing behind him.

Cavendish turns and sees the groundsman coming at him fast.

GROUNDSMAN
Oy! Get back here you!

CAVENDISH
You keep away from me or I'll be forced to name you an accomplice in the police report.

The groundsman grabs for his shoulder but Cavendish swats him away and angles himself behind a cart of clay pots.

GROUNDSMAN
I've better things to do than this...

CAVENDISH
Then go and do them, you bloody sodding soap-dodger!

Cavendish heaves at the cart toppling it the ceramic pots crashing down shattering at the giant's feet.

GROUNDSMAN
Right!

Cavendish's eyes go wide as the Groundsman springs at him, this time knocking away his flailing defenses, arms wrapping him up in a crushing bear-hug.

The stink of fertilizer fills Cavendish's nostrils.

CAVENDISH
Get your hands off of me, you cruddy ruddy rugger bugger yob!

The bear-hug tightens and Cavendish, with a breathless, silent scream, is abandoned by all force to fight back.

Like a moldy sack of flour, the groundsman carries Cavendish by the picture window of Aurora House gapers.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - YEAR 2144

ARCHIVIST
Where did Chang take you?

SONMI-451
A private Disneyarium.

ARCHIVIST
I didn't know they still existed.

SONMI-451
It was in the old Neon District.

ARCHIVIST
What did you see?

She smiles.

SONMI-451
The rest of it.

INT. DISNEYARIUM - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

Chang and Sonmi huddle in the cramped "theatre." The room is the equivalent of a present day porn booth, where movies are ordered via a comlink.

On the crystal screen a calm Cavendish look-a-like sips wine while typing his memoirs.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
Outside, fat snowflakes are falling on slate roofs and granite walls. Like Solzhenitsyn laboring in Vermont, I shall beaver away in exile, far from the city that knit-ted my bones.

The music swells as Chang looks over at Sonmi whose eyes quiver with tears. We aren't sure if she is happy or sad.

CAVENDISH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Unlike Solzhenitsyn, I shan't be alone.

We do not see whom he is referring to, staying focused on Sonmi and Chang.

INT. FROBISHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - YEAR 1931

Frobisher eases back onto his bed.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
I've taken Jocasta as a lover.

Jocasta casually opens her robe, revealing her mature but well cared for body.

FROBISHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Don't alarm yourself, Sixsmith! Only in the carnal sense. Don't wish to brag, but her first visit at night didn't take me by surprise.

They begin making love; Frobisher attending with a connoisseur's care.

FROBISHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Really, you should try women. They enchant in different ways: a section of strings rather than horns, delicate, subtle, their desire like a secret and yet invariably, when one unlocks a woman's body, her box of confidences also spills. What secrets, I wonder, will tumble from Madame Crommelynck's lips?

He kisses parts of her body that no one has kissed for a long time and she moans with pleasure.

INT. HALL, AURORA HOUSE - NIGHT

Industrial skylights cast perfect slabs of blue moonlight along the floor of the otherwise dark corridor. They shimmer like sacrificial altars in the quiet of Aurora House.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
The stage is set.

Cavendish creeps down the hall in a series of stealthy serpentine stop-starts.

CAVENDISH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Aurora House, the chess board.

He edges into a shadow opposite of a security camera.

CAVENDISH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They will learn this certainty of certainties, a battle of wits with a Cavendish is surely a losing proposition.

One final quick dash and he enters Nurse Judd's office.

INT. NURSE JUDD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Cavendish lifts the phone, fingers dancing over the keypad.

The receiver chirps in his ear as it rings.

CAVENDISH
Come on, Denny old boy...

After an almost interminable wait, the line is answered.

DENHOLME (O.S.)
Who in the bloody hell is this? Do you have any idea what time it is?

Cavendish's face lights up.

CAVENDISH
Denny? It's me, Denny! Tim!

DENHOLME (O.S.)
Timothy? What? Where are you?

CAVENDISH
I think you bloody well know where I am!

DENHOLME (O.S.)
Oh, I was assured there wasn't a public phone at Aurora House...

CAVENDISH
Of course there isn't, I've pinched this one.

DENHOLME (O.S.)
I will have to have a word with the Governess about this. A man in your condition shouldn't be allowed to wander at all hours.

CAVENDISH
Alright, Den. You've had your fun. I think it's high time to put an end to this little game of yours.

DENHOLME (O.S.)
Look Tim, it's been nice catching up with you, but it's late--

CAVENDISH
What are you talking about? This is your brother! Why are you doing this to me?

DENHOLME (O.S.)
I think a better question in this instance would be, what have you done to deserve this?

CAVENDISH
I-- I don't know what you mean.

DENHOLME (O.S.)
Come now, Timothy. Don't insult me. You can't think that I didn't know about you and Georgette.

CAVENDISH
Georgette?

Cavendish swallows.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)
That was a long time ago, Denholme.

DENHOLME (O.S.)
I'm afraid your penance and reconciliation have come. Time to account for your crimes.

CAVENDISH
Look Den, I never meant to hurt you-

Cavendish flusters.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)
I'm-- I'm so sorry.

Denholme chuckles.

DENHOLME (O.S.)
No apologies necessary Timbo. Your exile to Aurora House is more than enough reparation. Nice and tidy. Not to mention humane. You see, as it stands now, I won't have to kill you.

The line clicks dead as the lights pop on. An extremely agitated Nurse Judd stands in the doorway, flanked by Mr. Withers.

INT. FROBISHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - YEAR 1931

Frobisher is smoking a cigarette. Jocasta beside him, staring at him.

JOCASTA
You are so much like Vyvyan...

The comparison flatters him.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)
The way the light catches your eye, the silhouette of your shoulder and neck; all these little things that remind me of him when we first met.

He turns towards her.

FROBISHER
Tell me about it. Where were you when you met?

She is shy about it even though it is a fond memory.

JOCASTA
I was a student, like you--

Suddenly, someone pounds hurriedly on the door.

AYRS (O.S.)
Frobisher! Open up!

The doorknob is rattled.

AYRS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hurry, man! Open the door!

Panicking, Jocasta buries herself beneath the covers as Frobisher wraps a robe around himself and opens the door.

FROBISHER
Ayrs, what time is it?

AYRS
Who cares? I don't know! I've heard a melody, boy. For violin. Quick. Paper. Find a pen!

Frobisher looks helplessly around as Ayrs rushes past him.

AYRS (CONT'D)
Why the deuce do you lock your door if you sleep with the windows open?

He falls into the chair near the fireplace.

AYRS (CONT'D)
I heard it in a dream... I was in a nightmarish cafe, blaring, bright light but underground, with no way out and the waitresses... they all ... had the same face.

Frobisher finds pen and paper, then adjusts the second chair so Ayrs won't look towards the bed.

AYRS (CONT'D)
There was music playing, compressed, hollow sounding but unlike any music I have ever heard in my life.

He closes his eyes and tries to conjure it.

AYRS (CONT'D)
It began as Wagner's Tristan Chord, hovering on the edge of dissonance... augmented fourth, augmented sixth...

Frobisher scribbles the notes.

FROBISHER
Augmented second above what root? C?

AYRS
No...

FROBISHER
G? B?

AYRS
...yes.

FROBISHER
Flat?

AYRS
No!

FROBISHER
Major.

AYRS
Wait, no, I don't know, help me, Robert! Help me, it's sipping away!

AYRS grabs hold of Frobisher's arm but the younger man doesn't know how to help him.

AYRS (CONT'D)
It was so clear a minute ago...

He closes his eyes and listens for it again. He sags, defeated.

AYRS (CONT'D)
I've lost it... it's gone.

FROBISHER
It'll come to you sir. The minute you stop trying to find it, it'll find you.

AYRS
You are naive, Robert.

FROBISHER
I am anything but.

AYRS
There is a gulf between these chairs.

FROBISHER
You are older, true--

AYRS
Fifty years is more than time--

FROBISHER
But what you want is no different from what I want.

A beat.

FROBISHER (CONT'D)
The gulf is an illusion.

Ayrs throws a quizzical smile at Frobisher.

AYRS
What are you doing here, Robert? You're young, talented, intelligent and by all accounts not wholly repugnant. Why do you stay?

Frobisher sits in his chair knowing that he cannot answer the question honestly.

FROBISHER
I have learned more from you in six months then two years with the parrots of Caius.

Ayrs smiles but knows it is not the whole truth. He hauls himself to his feet and they say good night to each other.

FROBISHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
How I longed to speak the truth, to look him straight in the eye and say, "because of you, sir. Because of the way you look at me when my fingers coax your "tar-tatty-tatty-tar" into a gentle melody. Because of the way you conduct with your cigarette. Because of the way your soul swims in your eyes. Because you are my Verlaine and I, your reckless, desperate Rimbaud. Because this is the relationship I have been waiting for all my life."

The door closes with a heaviness and Frobisher sags against it until--

Jocasta climbs out from the bed, her expression a bemused smile gleaned by insight.

JOCASTA
I think my husband has fallen in love with you.

Her words send an electric thrill through his body but he hides it behind his own shy smile.

FROBISHER
Come now, don't make me feel the cad.

Her stare bores to his soul.

JOCASTA
We both know what you are.

INT. CAMBRIDGE COLLEGE - SIXSMITH'S ROOM - NIGHT - YEAR 1931

Sixsmith sits in the dark room, reading by candlelight.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
"I think my husband has fallen in love with you." How many times did I replay her words in my mind. Don't be angry with me for telling you the truth, Sixsmith. I had to tell someone. Try to understand. Music has come into my life.

We hear the Cloud Atlas Sextet begin to swell.

FROBISHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Music as beautiful as any I have ever heard.

Alone, Sixsmith begins to cry.

EXT. SWANEKKE ISLAND BRIDGE - DAY - YEAR 1973

Frobisher's "Cloud Atlas Sextet" is heard over Luisa's rust-orange Beetle roaring over the bridge heading for the concrete cooling towers that rise like man-made mountains.

The demonstrators surround the security gate. We have seen this moment from the beginning of the film.

INT. SWANNEKKE POWER PLANT - DAY - YEAR 1973

Luisa is met by an attractive, flawlessly constructed woman named FAY LI, who is finishing a conversation with JOE NAPIER, early sixties, routine security presence.

FAY LI
Hi, Fay Li, Seaboard PR.

LUISA REY
Luisa Rey. Spyglass Magazine.

FAY LI
This is Joe Napier, our security chief here.

JOE NAPIER
Anything you girls need, just let me know.

He leaves. Fay Li guides Luisa to the lab entrance.

FAY LI
I was surprised to get your query. Don't get me wrong. It's a feisty magazine.

LUISA REY
My editor wants to try shake things up. He says the public wants more substance. Probably just a fad.

Li smiles.

FAY LI
Well follow me and we can start with the Chicken Ranch.

Luisa doesn't understand.

FAY LI (CONT'D)
That's where we keep the Eggheads--

INT. SWANNEKKE POWER PLANT - RESEARCH LAB - DAY - YEAR 1973

Fay Li uses her ID card to get into the restricted lab.

FAY LI
(winks) and speaking of which, if you wait right here, I'll go find someone who can actually explain what is going on here.

Luisa smiles as Fay heads towards a cluster of offices. Left alone, Luisa begins to peek around when she notices a prominent office and the name on the frosted glass badly scraped away--

Dr. Rufus Sixsmith.

Her skin tingles. She takes a deep breath.

LUISA REY
Okay... what would dad do?

She slips quickly through the door.

INT. THE PROPHETESS - OFFICER'S MESS - YEAR 1846

Ewing pushes open the door to the officer's mess, confronting a grumpy Captain Molyneux and Mr. Boerhaave.

EWING
Good morning Captain.

CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX
You can help it remain so, Quillcock, by buggering off.

EWING
I'm afraid sir, I am unable to do that, for if I did, I would be unable to inform you of the stowaway I discovered in my room.

BOERHAAVE
Stowaway?!

EWING
Before any thought is given to my complicity, recall that I asked for the coil of hawser be removed thereby begging for my putative conspiracy to be uncovered? I am neither that foolish or that brazen.

BOERHAAVE
Give me five minutes, Captain, and I'll flay the truth from him.

EWING
I assure you this Moriori had no choice. His liver was to be carved from his side and served to his master. He has thrown himself upon your mercy as Christians and has sworn to me that he is a first class, able-bodied seaman capable of earning passage, if only given a chance.

BOERHAAVE
A stowaway is a stowaway even if he shits silver nuggets!

The Captain swims up from the bottom of his tankard of ale.

CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX
Let's have a bit of fun, shall we? Mr. Boerhaave, my fowling piece, if you please. Mr. Roderick, fetch Mr. Ewing's pet savage afoot to the mizen.

INT. SWANNEKKE POWER PLANT - SIXSMITH'S OFFICE - DAY - YEAR 1973

Luisa is digging through the drawers and several boxes when she hears someone at the door.

A shadow is seen under the door. The handle begins to turn. She knows she is about to be caught--

ARCHIVIST (V.O.)
I'd like to talk to you about the night of your arrest.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - YEAR 2144

The memory is not pleasant.

SONMI-451
I'm sure you have read through the files.

ARCHIVIST
We would prefer it in your own words.

Her eyes turn hard.

SONMI-451
Boom-Sook Kim and his friends had been drinking.

EXT. THE PROPHETESS - DAY - YEAR 1846

Mr. Roderick and another shipmate haul Autua roughly up from below deck. A crowd has gathered. The Captain chortles, swilling liquor from a bottle.

Autua is very frightened.

AUTUA
Mr. Ewing! Mr. Ewing!

EWING
It's all right Autua. I've talked to the Captain. He'll hear your case. I trust he is a fair man.

Autua looks at a snarling Boerhaave and remains unconvinced.

CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX
What's your name boy?

AUTUA
Autua, sir, Captain.

CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX
This Christian gentleman, who knows nothing about ships, tells me that you're a first-class sailor? Where'd you cut your salt, then?

He finds his courage, proud of his past.

AUTUA
'Aye, Cap'n, sir, two years on the whaler Mississippi under Captain Maspero and four years on the Cornucopia under Captain Caton.

All hands watch like a tennis match, turning to the Captain.

CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX
Very well. Let's see you lower this midmast royal.

Autua looks at the mast the Captain indicated and hesitates, confused. Ewing is suddenly afraid that Autua might have been lying.

AUTUA
...but sir, this mast ain't the midmast, this the mizzen, aye?

A murmur of appreciation rustles through the crowd. The Captain smiles.

CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX
Then kindly lower the mizzen royal.

Autua smiles and leaps to the pole, scampering up it as easily if it were a flight of stairs.

CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX (CONT'D)
Mr. Boerhaave, ready my piece.

Boerhaave grins like a skull.

EWING
What?

CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX
On my mark-

Boerhaave takes aim at Autua with the rifle.

EWING
No! You can't do this!

CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX
No one tells me what I can or cannot do on my ship especially when it concerns nigger stowaways. Mr Boerhaave do not make a mess of my deck.

BOERHAAVE
Aye, aye, Captain.

Autua moves towards the far side of the mast, the rifle barrel settles and then--

INT. BOOM-SOOK'S DORMROOM - DAY - YEAR 2144

THUNK!

A crossbow bolt shoots into the wall beside Sonmi who just entered the room, frightening her and causing her to drop the trays of covered food.

Boom-sook and his FRIENDS all laugh. They have all been drinking heavily.

BOOM-SOOK
Told you. Reflexes need fine-tuning. A fabricant should never flinch, especially when used for target practice.

MIN-SIC
Maybe we should start a behavior modification right now.

BOOM-SOOK
Excellent idea. Sonmi-451. This is your master speaking. Stand against the wall.

SONMI-451
(frightened) Seer Kim?

BOOM-SOOK
Do it!

She complies.

Boom takes a plum and puts it on her head.

BOOM-SOOK (CONT'D)
Now, hold very, very still.

FANG
You'll never do it, Boom. You know how much shit you'll be in if you kill an experimental clone?

Boom takes aim.

FANG (CONT'D)
500 credits says he doesn't come within ten centimeters.

His hand trembles. Sonmi waits to die.

EXT. THE PROPHETESS - DAY - YEAR 1846

Autua scrambles unaware of the fact that he is about to be killed.

Ewing can barely contain his turmoil; helplessness and fear and rage churn inside of him.

EWING
Captain! Please!

CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX
Mr. Boerhaave, my bottle is empty.

BOERHAAVE
Aye, aye, sir.

Boerhaave smiles as his finger tightens--

INT. BOOM-SOOK'S DORMROOM - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

Boom-sook fires.

The arrow hits Sonmi and she screams.

EXT. THE PROPHETESS - DAY - YEAR 1846

Ewing can't just stand and watch.

EWING
Captain, hear me out--

He moves and “stumbles” into Boerhaave who fires, missing wildly.

Autua pays no attention to what is happening, scampering from one end to the other--

Boerhaave spits venom, grabbing hold of Ewing.

BOERHAAVE
Damn you, Quillcock! Abettors share the same fate as stowaways on this ship!

OLD SALTY DOG
Cap’n look! He’s got fish-hooks for toes.

The entire crew is transfixed as Autua swings out using his entire body as a counter-weight--

The great sail billowing out like a parachute behind him--

Landing gently on the deck as the salty sea dog cackles with laughter.

OLD SALTY DOG (CONT’D)
Haa! The darkies salt as I am!

The captain rubs his chin.

CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX
Mr. Boerhaave, it appears we have an addition to our crew. Be sure he earns his keep.

He takes the rifle and leaves Boerhaave glaring at Ewing.

INT. BOOM-SOOK’S DORMROOM - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

Sonmi is on the floor, her ear badly bleeding ---

--- when the door explodes off its hinges.

Enforcers pour into the room. Boom-Sook shrieks and falls to the floor, cowering as he and his friends are bagged and cuffed.

Sonmi has only a moment before she too is bagged and arrested.

INT. SWANNEKKE POWER PLANT - SIXSMITH'S OFFICE - DAY - YEAR 1974

The door opens as a scientist catches Luisa in the act of looking through Sixsmith's files. His name is ISAAC SACHS.

Their eyes lock and Isaac feels something he would never have expected: familiarity.

ISAAC
What are you doing in here?

There's no good answer to that question.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
You better come with me.

INT. SWANNEKKE POWER PLANT - RESEARCH LAB - DAY - YEAR 1973

Fay Li is looking everywhere for Luisa.

ISAAC
Here she is, Ms. Li. Found her by the chem labs... looking for a bathroom.

Luisa realizes that Isaac has just covered for her.

LUISA REY
Sorry... it's that time again.

FAY LI
Say no more. Issac, do you mind if I conscript you a little longer to walk Ms. Rey through the facility?

ISAAC
Lucky me.

FAY LI
Think of her as an anthropologist, here to study our tribe. Don't bore her with math. (to Luisa) Watch out for him. He's got a reputation. One of Swannekke's "most eligible."

She flutters away, a cloud of "Charlie" in her wake. The silence between them is immediately uncomfortable.

LUISA REY
...why did you do that?

Isaac searches for an answer.

INT. PRISON CUBE - YEAR 2144

Sonmi sits frightened in the corner of the cell. After a long beat, the cell door grinds open.

Several faceless Enforcers enter and flank the room.

BOARDMAN MEPHI enters with the air of unassailable authority.

Sonmi stands.

BOARDMAN MEPHI
You have caused quite a sensation.

He steps close, examining her.

BOARDMAN MEPHI (CONT'D)
Everyone wants to know, can you tell? Is it somehow visible? I tell these buffoons, consciousness is not a rash. That's what makes it so dangerous. That even beneath this generic, manufactured features there can be thoughts that terrify the whole of Unnaminity. Hmmmm, yes?

Sonmi doesn't know how to answer.

BOARDMAN MEPHI (CONT'D)
Shall I explain? The research facility at our University generates roughly two million library download requests per semester. The vast majority are course texts and related articles; the remainder relate to anything from real estate to stock prices. The point is, Sonmi, it takes a reader of truly eclectic habits for my friends the librarians to bother alerting me.

He reads from his handsony.

BOARDMAN MEPHI (CONT'D)
Argueto's One Day of Life, Funes's Rememberences, Orwell's 1984, Solzhenitsyn's Gulag Archipelago, Murakami's Underground, Gibbon's Decline and Fall and if that were not enough for rendition, a brazen-as-you-please request for all references to that cancer in our corpocratic body- Union!

He shakes his head.

BOARDMAN MEPHI (CONT'D)
Two days of detective work by my able-bodied assistant and it became obvious that your master Boom-sook reading Wittgenstein defied all credulity. Conclusively, our dissident-manque was apparently the first Ascended fabricant, sister-server to the notorious Yoona-939.

He smiles like someone who doesn't smile very often.

BOARDMAN MEPHI (CONT'D)
Now what? The Corprocrats want you euthanized as a deviant. The Manufacturer is demanding a period of study to determine if they are responsible for a recall or if you are an anomaly. The pyschogenomicists are screaming for an immediate cerebral vivisection.

Sonmi can feel the walls closing in around her.

BOARDMAN MEPHI (CONT'D)
In the end, a compromise has been reached. You shall be put through a battery of cross-disciplinary tests for a period that shall not exceed a full month, after which your brain will be delivered for complete diagnostic while the rest of your body is incinerated.

Mephi turns heading for the door, before pausing.

BOARDMAN MEPHI (CONT'D)
Seems almost a shame... but the Will of the People must be protected.

The Enforcers file out behind him, the door sealing itself tight, leaving Sonmi completely alone.

INT. AURORA HOUSE - DAY - YEAR 2009

Cavendish lays in his bed.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
Trapped in a world where a clock has no hands. Primo Levi's "The Drowned and the Saved" scrolled in epitaphs across my thoughts.

INT. CAFETERIA, AURORA HOUSE - DAY

A pale nurse serves Cavendish his lunch; a tepid lamb chop, starch grenade potatoes and canned carrots.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
"Freedom" the fatuous jingle of our civilization but only those deprived of it have the barest inkling of what it really is.

Cavendish sits in front of his tray staring at the horror it holds.

A nearby couple watches him intently as he surreptitiously pockets his meds. This is ERNIE and VERONICA.

INT. CAVENDISH'S ROOM, AURORA HOUSE - DAY

Cavendish stands at the window, the afternoon sun throwing a crosshatch of shadow on his face from the security cage.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
Behold your future, Cavendish the Younger. You will not apply for membership, but the tribe of the elderly will claim you.

Behind him a once stately woman and her colleague a rickety greyhound of a man in a blazer stare in consternation.

GORDON
Look here, boyo, we know you've had a rough time of it, but we're here to help.

GWENDOLIN
A position to record Residents Committee meeting minutes has opened. A fine opportunity for you to jolly well get involved! I understand you were in publishing.

Cavendish turns, his chin jutting coldly.

CAVENDISH
I still am in publishing. Do I look like I should be here?

Dust motes hang in the silence.

GORDON
Psst. Your fly's undone, boyo.

He turns back to the window.

CAVENDISH
Get out.

The two exit leaving him once again alone.

CAVENDISH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This inescapable reality will become evident only when the last vestiges of your dignity are stripped away.

Cavendish zips his pants.

INT. EXAMINATION LAB - YEAR 2144

Sonmi is strapped into a testing device. Various screens pulse with MRI-like images, others reading chemistry fluctuations and organ functions.

ARCHIVIST (V.O.)
You accepted that your life had come to an end?

A measure of electricity is sent through a synapse in her brain. Her body convulses against her restraints.

SONMI-451 (V.O.)
I wished to be as strong as the German thinker Nietzsche. I wished to not merely bear what was necessary, but to love it.

The course ends and her body sags.

The scientists nod and make notes.

SONMI-451 (V.O.) (CONT'D)
In truth, every day all I really wished for was an end to my suffering, for someone to release me.

INT. THE PROPHETESS - EWING'S ROOM - NIGHT

A pale and sickly Ewing collapses upon his bed.

EWING
Henry, I feel terrible... so weak. Everything hurts.

GOOSE
The days events, the excitements, it was all too much. Tomorrow you must rest.

Goose smiles, his over large teeth yellow in the swaying lantern light, as he prepares another spoonful of medicine.

GOOSE (CONT'D)
Soon, Adam. It'll all be over soon.

Adam inhales the medicine through his nose, Goose still holding the spoon.

INT. BAILEY DWELLING - DAY - YEAR 2321

Catkin slurps from the spoon as Zachry feeds her.

CATKIN
Scorp'n fish soup! Mmmhmm! My fav'rite.

They both smile.

CATKIN (CONT'D)
Ma says you guidin' Meronym up Mauna Kea. (slurp) Call'd you a bravey-balled bullock.

ZACHRY
Me'n'Meronym got a pact. You know, a pact's'a'pact.

CATKIN
Then pact with me. Promise, you'll come back, safewise, both'a you.

He smiles and weaves his fingers into hers.

ZACHRY
Yay... I promise.

EXT. BALCONY - SWANEEKKE - NIGHT - YEAR 1973

Isaac is supposed to be giving Luisa a tour of the containment chamber.

Instead they stand at a railing overlooking the massive structure.

ISAAC
The funny thing is I'm not even supposed to be here. I was meant to be in Washington but this stupid air-traffic controller strike screwed everything up so I have to take the red-eye tonight. Do you ever feel like the universe is against you?

She takes a joint out of her cigarette pack.

LUISA REY
All the time. You mind?

Trying to be cool.

ISSAC
No, no. Go ahead.

She lights it, taking a strong hit, while he looks around making sure the coast is clear.

LUISA REY
You seem nervous, Issac. Do I make you nervous?

She offers him the joint. He hedges, than takes it.

ISSAC
No, uh-uh, actually the opposite.

She cocks an eyebrow while he takes a hit and coughs a little. He passes the joint back to her.

ISSAC (CONT'D)
I had a girlfriend once, I mean, I've had lots of girlfriends, well not *lots,* I've had my fair share, but there was one who you kind of remind me of. She hated math and kept trying to get me to read Carlos Castenada. You ever read any of that stuff?

She smiles, nodding, blowing smoke out into the great concrete void.

LUISA REY
Oh yeah.

ISSAC
I don't really believe any of that past life nonsense but every once in a while... I don't know, I can't explain it but I knew when I opened that door, somehow I *knew* you were going to be there.

Isaac takes another hit, enjoying the taste of her lipstick.

LUISA REY
But that doesn't explain why you covered for me.

ISSAC
Rufus Sixsmith was a mentor to me. Taught me how to play chess, how to make a good pot of tea, the best way to enjoy cricket (asleep on the couch) and when the aforementioned girlfriend dumped me for a guy who she believed had been her concubine in a past life, he gave me a shoulder to cry on. He was a good friend.

LUISA REY
I'm sorry.

Two operators partially dressed in radiation suits, enter the bridge and pass by. He hides the joint and does his best "tour guide."

ISAAC
--It is the safest and most sophisticated containment system in the world.

The operators exit the other side.

He watches the smoke rise in wisps and disappear into the concrete void.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
They destroyed most of the copies of the report.

LUISA REY
Most?

He looks at her like someone about to jump off a bridge.

ISAAC
There is no good choice here, is there? If I help you, I could lose my job or... worse. But if I don't, a lot of people... it'll be worse than worse.

After a moment of silence, she looks him in the eye.

LUISA REY
You have to do, whatever you can't not do.

INT. PRISON CUBE - YEAR 2144

Sonmi looks up as the enforcers open the cell. The experiments have taken their toll. Her perfect features are worn and haggard. She seems near to death.

SONMI-451
Please. I can't...

One of the Enforcers steps forward. Her own face is reflected in the mirrored visor of his helmet.

He pulls a flask from his pocket.

ENFORCER
Drink this.

There is something familiar in his voice.

INT. THE PROPHETESS - EWING'S ROOM - NIGHT - YEAR 1846

Autua holds Ewing, tipping a cup of water to his lips.

AUTUA
You gotta drink, Missa Ewing. And eat. You need food.

He reaches into his pocket pulling out the same kind of roll Ewing brought him.

AUTUA (CONT'D)
Look. Like you brought me.

He smiles. Ewing tries to return the smile. Tries to eat but it's not working.

AUTUA (CONT'D)
Come on, Missa Ewing. I ain't gonn'a let you die here.

INT. AURORA HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT - YEAR 2009

Cavendish lies listlessly in his bed, trying to finish reading the Luis Rey manuscript.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
My only salvation came in the form of the manuscript I had brought with me. I read it like a bible. The struggles of Luisa Rey became my own.

A letter suddenly slides under the door.

INT. SWANNEKKE ISLAND - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT - YEAR 1973

Luisa opens the hood of Garcia. She stares at something that someone put in her car; it glows pale white against the darkness--

The Sixsmith Report.

INT. AIRPLANE - YEAR 1973

Isaac Sachs sits on the plane, writing in his journal.

ISAAC (V.O.)
Exposition: The problem of the "actual past" and the "virtual past" can be illustrated by a historical event like the sinking of the Titanic.

The camera booms down to find a black attache case beneath an empty chair.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DESTROYED CITY - DUSK - YEAR 2321

Meronym and Zachry reach a plateau where there was once a large city.

The shells that were once buildings, slump and lay like suits of armor of a medieval battle, long after the carrion had hollowed them out.

Trees grow out through windows, vines drip from moss covered satellite dishes, vehicles, partially buried seem more like grown-over crypts than cars.

ISAAC (V.O.)
The disaster as it actually occurred fades into obscurity as witnesses die off, documents are destroyed and the wreck itself dissolves in its Atlantic grave.

INT. CHATEAU ZEDELGHEM - MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT - YEAR 1931

Frobisher plays the Atlas, half dressed, lost in a fugue, scribbling notes quickly as the music pours out of him.

ISAAC (V.O.)
Yet a virtual sinking, created out of reworked memory, hearsay, fiction, in short- belief grows ever more “true”.

INT. SWANNEKKE ISLAND - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT - YEAR 1973

Luisa slams her hood. Jumps in the car and peels out.

As the car passes we see the lens of a security camera watching her.

ISAAC (V.O.)
The virtual past is malleable, easily pressed into the service of the present as Powers vie for legitimacy and the right to control the actual and the virtual future.

INT. AURORA HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT - YEAR 2009

Cavendish opens the letter. Inside is a note that reads: "You want out? Find the Boiler room. After lunch."

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY - YEAR 2144

Sonmi acquiesces, nodding, ready to continue. The Enforcer that gave her the drink, lifts her and they escort her out of her cell.

ISAAC (V.O.)
The uncreated and the dead exist in both the actual and virtual past.

INT. CHATEAU ZEDELGHEM - MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT - YEAR 1931

Suddenly, the music stops.

Frobisher's fingers are as still as a nervous deer.

Ayrs, in his bed clothes, looking as if just woken from a dream sits in his wheelchair.

AYRS
That's it. The music from my dream.

EXT. SWANEKKE ISLAND BRIDGE - NIGHT - YEAR 2009

Luisa races towards the crest of the bridge. Behind her, a blue sedan with its lights turned off glides in pursuit with the same menace as a shark.

We have seen this scene before.

ISAAC (V.O.)
Symmetry demands that future creations and future selves wait to be influenced by our present self.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY - YEAR 1973

The plane speeds for its take off. Isaac continues to write.

ISAAC (V.O.)
Proposition: I have fallen in love with Luisa Rey. Is this possible? I just met her and yet I feel like--

Beneath him the attache explodes.

Having just lifted off, the plane is ripped open by a fireball.

EXT. SWANEKKE ISLAND BRIDGE - NIGHT - YEAR 1973

The blue car accelerates and pulls up beside her. Luisa looks over and sees a face that frightens her--

Bill Smoke.

He slams his car into Luisa's. She screams, fighting to keep control as--

His larger car smashes her into the guard-rail which holds once but then shatters--

Sending the Volkswagen lurching off the bridge out into the open air.

Luisa screams as the black water, shimmering like snakeskin in the moonlight rushes up at her--

EXT. OCEAN BAY - NIGHT - YEAR 1973

The volkswagon impacts; an explosion of furious underwater bubbles scattering out.

Inside, Luisa smashes her head against the steering wheel, blood gushing from the gash as--

She is knocked unconscious.

From above, the car sinks in lazy liquid speed; the hood coughs open and the Sixsmith report dreamily floats out and into the abyss.

INT. CHATEAU ZEDELGHEM - MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT - YEAR 1931

Ayrs looks like he has seen a ghost.

AYRS
How do you know that music? Where did it come from?

FROBISHER
It is the piece I have been working on. I call it The Cloud Atlas Sextet.

Ayrs wheels himself closer.

AYRS
No. No, Robert. This is from my dream. That night I came to your room, this is the music I heard in my head. Somehow I gave it to you.

Frobisher smiles and begins to play gently.

FROBISHER
While the idea of a sub-conscious connection to you excites my imagination, I'm afraid there is a more rational explanation.

The music casts a romantic spell over the conversation.

FROBISHER (CONT'D)
I have been working on the Atlas for weeks now and I suspect you heard it and incorporated it into your dream.

The old man wheels towards the piano, staring at it as a prospector might stare at a pan full of gold.

AYRS
This, Robert... is meant for Eternal Recurrence. Let me have it, and I will explore its hidden secrets. Bring them to the surface.

FROBISHER
The Atlas, I believe, is the only thing I have ever done in my life that has value. Yet, I would give it to you, give it gladly, if only this... situation was different.

AYRS
What do you mean? Different how?

He is unable to look at Ayrs, playing softly.

FROBISHER
There are whole movements in the Atlas that I wrote imagining us meeting again and again in different lives, in different ages...

AYRS
Yes, yes. It is the essence of Eternal Recurrence. We are bathing in the same creative water, Robert.
(MORE)

AYRS (CONT'D)
Something as important as this cannot be described as yours or mine. It is ours.

He stops playing. His heart stands on the threshold of its closet. He shifts on the bench turning towards the older man.

FROBISHER
That is exactly how I feel, Vyvyan. That and more.

He puts his hand on Ayr's leg.

Ayrs stares down at the hand on his knee. It is impossible to read the old man's reaction.

FROBISHER (CONT'D)
You can have the Atlas, Vyvyan. You can have every musical thought I ever have. All I need is one thing in return.

AYRS
What?

FROBISHER
You.

It is impossible to read the old man's reaction.

FROBISHER (CONT'D)
You don't belong here. We both know it's true. Come away with me. Leave Zeldelghem. Leave this rotting prison that reeks of mushrooms and mold. Leave your wife. Let us flee and be free to live however many days we have left, together. Run away with me, Vyvyan. Run away with me...

Trembling, Frobisher dares to lift his other hand and touch Ayrs' cheek with his fingertips...

INT. PRISON HALL - DAY - YEAR 2144

Sonmi is led through the halls by the Enforcers that surround and dwarf her.

They march for a moment when one of the Enforcers moves with casual ease, as if he were pulling a pack of cigarettes from his pocket--

Takes out a gun and spins towards her, aiming at what looks like her head--

But turns out to be the Enforcer behind her.

His head explodes inside his helmet.

Before anyone can react, he spins back and puts two more dum-dum bullets in the remaining Enforcer.

Sonmi is paralyzed.

He pulls off his helmet revealing himself. It is Chang.

Without thinking about it, she throws her arms around him, clinging as a child might cling to a returned parent.

CHANG
I'm sorry.

Tears squeeze from her closed eyes.

SONMI-451
...they hurt me.

CHANG
I know. I know. I'm going to get you out of here. Come.

INT. PRISON HALL - DAY - YEAR 2144

Sonmi follows Chang as they rush through a labyrinth of halls. He leads her towards a door.

CHANG
In here.

Alarms begin to sound.

CHANG (CONT'D)
Hurry.

INT. PRISON LOADING DOCK - DAY - YEAR 2144

They enter a large loading dock where supplies for the prison arrive.

Three ENFORCERS react, training their guns on him.

CHANG
It's all right, it's all right.

He waves his fake ID at them. They are confused while the alarm continues to blare.

CHANG (CONT'D)
I'm working for Boardman Mephi--

He lifts his gun and kills them all before they have a chance to blink.

CHANG (CONT'D)
In here.

He puts Sonmi inside a transport filled with bags of laundry. He strips off his Enforcer uniform. Underneath he is wearing a bright colored Laundry Engineer uniform.

CHANG (CONT'D)
Stay hidden.

He climbs into the driver seat. More Enforcers are arriving at the dock as he eases the transport out the bay door.

INT. TRANSPORT - DAY - YEAR 2144

Sonmi is jostled as the car begins to pick up speed.

SONMI-451
Chang!

CHANG
I told you: Hae-Joo.

Chang watches the screens for pursuing vehicles.

CHANG (CONT'D)
Uh oh.

In the distance, several individual pod-cars shoot into the their tube, while above the prison a large hovercraft rises up.

Like a cross between a harrier jet and a blackhawk helicopter, it looks fast and mean.

CHANG (CONT'D)
Shit.

SONMI-451
What is it?

CHANG
Trouble.

INT. CHATEAU ZEDELGHEM - MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT - YEAR 1931

Ayrs stares at Frobisher whose trembling hand is about to slowly caress his face.

The silence stretches until--

Ayrs begins to laugh.

It is a sound that has broken more hearts than any other.

Frobisher's hands jolt backwards as if hit by high voltage.

AYRS
Vyvyan Ayrs abroad with his shameless sodomite!

He roars, the cacophony of laughter exploding like violent cymbals.

FROBISHER
I'm sorry-- I thought--

AYRS
You thought? You thought what?! That I might fancy a little buggering from a fine young dandy like yourself?

The laughter dies, smothered by disgust.

AYRS (CONT'D)
I'm not sure whether the idea strikes me as more ridiculous or repugnant.

Frobisher hardens.

FROBISHER
I'll pack my bags and be gone by morning.

He stands and heads for the door but the force of Ayrs voice stops him.

AYRS
You will do no such thing! You will leave only when I say you can leave.

Frobisher turns.

AYRS (CONT'D)
Until then you will continue working on Eternal Recurrence. When it is finished then I will decide what to do with you.

Frobisher sets his jaw.

FROBISHER
You can't keep me here. I'm leaving. Good luck with Eternal Recurrence. I'm sure a sterile old fuck like yourself is still capable of something completely immemorable.

Again he heads for the door and again Ayrs stops him.

AYRS
I suggest you think about this, Robert. Really think. Leave and you will only compound your mistake. Think about reputation. Reputation is everything in our society. Mine is beyond reproach. Yours, my disinherited, gambling, bankrupt reprobate, is expired.

Frobisher realizes Ayrs knows more than he thought he did.

AYRS (CONT'D)
Did you not think we would check up on someone living under our roof? Mackerras' himself wrote and I quote, "He is a prostitute whose liaisons with perverts and sodomites were commonplace in his brief and forgettable career at Caius. Lock up the silverware." Unquote.

Frobisher feels the world crumbling in on him.

AYRS (CONT'D)
Be warned, leave Zedelghem without my consent and all musical society will know of the scoundrel, Robert Frobisher and the unspeakable crimes he forced upon a helpless old man.

A smile twists across Ayrs mouth that reminds us of Old Georgie.

AYRS (CONT'D)
After that, even if you compose one of the greatest symphonies ever written, no one will ever hear it because no one will want anything to do with you.

INT. CAFETERIA - AURORA HOUSE - DAY - YEAR 2009

Cavendish sits alone at a table, unable to bring himself to eat the gray food.

He pulls the note from his pocket, its words taunting him, "You want out? Find the boiler room. After lunch."

He stands.

INT. AURORA HOUSE - DAY - YEAR 2009

He stalks around the kitchen, searching until he sees a stairway leading down. Nurse Noakes passes by and he quickly ducks out of sight.

When the coast is clear, he slips down the stairs.

INT. AURORA HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY - YEAR 2009

He descends into the dark basement. Pipes and wires canopy the ceiling like jungle vines.

A lone light bulb guides him deeper into the netherworld.

At the end of the hall he sees a heavy metal door. Beyond it there is a glow of warm light and the sound of voices.

He hesitates, uncertain if this is a good idea.

MERONYM (V.O.)
You all right, Zachry?

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DESTROYED CITY - DUSK - YEAR 2321

Meronym and Zachry near the edges of the large city, rising up the side of the mountain.

Improvised mass graves surround them. The wind mourns. It is a haunted place.

ZACHRY
Valleysman stay clear'o here. Place o'tears and sick'birth an' mukelung. Angry ances'try buri'd here. Can't you hear'm wailin'?

MERONYM
It's jus'a wind.

In the darkness of a bombed building, in a hole like a ruined screaming mouth, Zachry sees Old Georgie.

ZACHRY
(whispers) Say's you.

The devil smiles and is gone.

INT. AURORA HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY - YEAR 2009

Cavendish steals himself and pushes open the door.

Three faces gathered around a makeshift table, look up. It is ERNIE, VERONICA and MR. MEEKS.

Veronica smiles.

VERONICA
I told you he'd come.

Cavendish isn't sure what to say.

ZACHRY (V.O.)
Can I ask a ques'un?

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - NIGHT - YEAR 2321

The flames of the campfire lick at Zachry who sits with one eye on the darkness beyond.

MERONYM
Yay.

ZACHRY
You really ain't feary o 'meetin' Old Georgie when we get to the summit, like Truman Napes?

MERONYM
I more scaresome 'bout the weather then Old Georgie.

ZACHRY
You don't b'lief he's real?

MERONYM
He ain't real for me, but that don't mean he can't be real for you.

ZACHRY
But who tripped the Fall, if it weren't Old Georgie?

She looks at him, knowing this is moving towards dangerous ground.

MERONYM
The True-true?

He nods.

MERONYM (CONT'D)
The Old Uns.

It doesn't make any sense.

ZACHRY
What? That's jus'a'rope o'smoke. The Old Uns got the Smart. They mastered sick and seeds, they make mir'cles and fly 'cross the sky.

MERONYM
True. All true. But they got somethin' else. A hunger'n their hearts'n that hunger was stronger'n all their Smart.

ZACHRY
Hunger for what?

MERONYM
A hunger for more.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE COLLEGE - DAY - YEAR 1931

A young Sixsmith crosses the campus tearing open the latest letter from Frobisher.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
Divorces. Very messy affairs. I told Ayrs I would sleep on his proposal. Of course, I lied.

INT. CAMBRIDGE COLLEGE - SIXSMITH'S ROOM - DAY - YEAR 1931

Sixsmith starts to pack, throwing only bare essentials into a bag.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
Two things became clear. Hanging myself from Zedelghem's flagpole was preferable to letting that parasite plunder my talents a day longer and I must complete my Sextet. I can't do it here, so tonight I plan to make my escape.

Sixsmith slams open the door, racing from the room.

INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY - YEAR 1931

The letter is still in Sixsmith's hand as he stares out the window thinking about how he should have done this a long time ago.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
"It will end in tears." You warned me. I suppose I'm as hopeless as Adam Ewing, oblivious to all the unspeakable forms lying in wait for us round history's corner.

INT. THE PROPHETESS - EWING'S ROOM - NIGHT - YEAR 1846

Close on Ewing's swollen hand; his ring finger is a disturbing shade of blue as Goose clamps his metal pliers into place.

EWING (V.O.)
My condition worsens with the change of weather. My fingers are so swollen that Henry is forced to cut my wedding ring lest it prevent circulation and the onset of dropsy. The idea of losing this symbol distresses me beyond measure.

GOOSE
Don't be a silly puffin, Adam. I'm sure your wife would set your health and the survival of your finger above a metal loop.

Clack. The heavy pliers bite through the wedding band.

Goose slides off the ring and inspects it.

GOOSE (CONT'D)
Besides, I know an excellent Spanish goldsmith who works with such alacrity that your Tilda may not have to know it was ever removed.

He smiles in the swaying lamp-light while slipping the ring into his vest pocket.

INT. AURORA HOUSE - BOILER ROOM - DAY - YEAR 2009

Ernie fills four glasses with Irish malt. Ernie, VERONICA and MR. MEEKS sit with Cavendish in the secret clubhouse.

ERNIE
First problem we got is the problem of trust.

MR MEEKS
I know, I know.

ERNIE
We could use code names but truth is, I'd probably be the first to forget mine. So, Mr. Cavendish, this is Veronica Costello and Mr. Meeks.

VERONICA
Pleasure.

MR MEEKS
I know, I know.

They raise their glasses in toast.

ERNIE
To trust.

They drink. Cavendish is nearly overcome with pleasure.

CAVENDISH
Ahhh... like rain on the Serengeti. How'd you get it?

ERNIE
I've got a few tricks left up the sleeve as Noakes-sey and her knuckle-draggers will soon discover.
(MORE)

ERNIE (CONT'D)
But be warned, most jail-breaks are stillborn, snuffed before they even get started-- Loose lips sink ships.

MR MEEKS
I know, I know.

CAVENDISH
What about the parrot, then? If ever there was a likely songbird.

VERONICA
Mr. Meeks is a fine and honorable gentleman. He would never betray us.

She kisses his forehead.

MR MEEKS
I know, I know.

ERNIE
Besides no one's ever heard him say anything else.

CAVENDISH
Then why do you need me? Why isn't he your third man?

VERONICA
We're not sure he wants to go.

ERNIE
More to the point, any jailbreak's a risky proposition. One little cock up and we're dangling at her Majesty's pleasure. S'truth, we're not sure ol' Meeksey's up to snuff. Question is, old man, are you?

Cavendish knows the answer to that question.

EXT. TRANSPORT TUBE - DAY - YEAR 2144

The Enforcer helicopter roars after the delivery transport. It glides up to the side of the tube, maneuvering with hawk-like grace so that the Enforcers are looking at Chang.

ENFORCER PILOT #1
Unanimity requires your compliance. Stop your vehicle and prepare to be boarded.

The voice is heard both outside and inside Chang's transport.

Chang begins gesturing wildly.

CHANG
Mok-tang non sungh! Bim-bop!

ENFORCER PILOT #2
What did he say?

CHANG
Sungh nar-bar, bar-sungh! Bim-bop, nack-bop!

ENFORCER PILOT #1
Fuckin' migrant monkey-talk.

ENFORCER PILOT #2
Why do they hire these greasy fuck-wits?

ENFORCER PILOT #1
This is your first and only warning. Stop now or we will open fire.

ENFORCER PILOT #2
Like anyone would give a shit if we smoked an illegal.

CHANG
Ja-yah! Ja-yah!

Chang hits the decel and the transport slows while the bullet-like Enforcer cars race towards them.

Chang moves into the cargo section. In a plastic crate he finds several weapons and supplies. He grabs a roll of medical tape.

SONMI-451
Hae-Joo...

She has risen partially from her hiding spot and watches him as he tears a piece of tape.

SONMI-451 (CONT'D)
I can't go back to that place.

He nods gravely.

CHANG
It won't happen. You have my word.

He reloads the charge in his gun.

INT. AYR'S CHATEAU - NIGHT - YEAR 1931

The door of Ayrs' bedroom creeps open; a knife blade of light cutting into the darkness.

A shadow steals across the room.

Ayrs sleeps peacefully while Frobisher stealthily slides open the drawer of his nightstand.

Inside the gun gleams, nestled in a chamois cloth, beside a saucer of bullets.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
The room stank of bitter medicine. Had to fight off an unaccountably strong urge to open Ayrs' throat with my pen knife. Not quite deja vu, more jamais vu.

He takes the saucer of bullets which rattle as he slips them into his pocket. AYRS stirs but does not wake.

Then, he takes the gun.

FROBISHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Curiously heavy things, guns. Why did I take it exactly? Can't say. An intuition. A sense of significance. That from this point on, there was no going back.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DUSK - 2321

Zachry and Meronym have stopped along an old ruined road cut into the mountainside. Their path ends where a bridge has crumbled away into a rocky chasm.

Meronym takes out a strange gun from her bag and looks up as a light snow has begun to fall, zig-zagging in the gusting wind.

MERONYM
From the look of those clouds, we don't have a lot of time.

She aims the gun and fires a grappling hook up and across the chasm. It catches on a knot of rusting re-bar.

ZACHARY
Whaaaah!

She hands him the rope.

MERONYM
You first.

He looks up and knows what's waiting for him.

Zachry scales the rope a fierce wind biting into him with the sting of shards of glass. He slips and zippers open the skin in his palms.

When he reaches the crest, his stomach drops at the site of their destination; an array of monolithic towers looming ominously against a roiling black sky.

The threatening blizzard swirls like a snow globe.

Below he sees Meronym's climb is going harder. Zachry begins hand over hand pulling her up to help.

His hands burn with the effort.

When she is almost to the top, the strain forcing beads of sweat on his brow, Zachry looks up, time slowing to a halt.

Sparkling snowflakes freeze in the air if they were a snap shot.

OLD GEORGIE
Zachry the cowardy, you trodd'n on the Devil's ground now, Vall'ysman.

Zachry turns and along the ridge he sees Old Georgie swishing snowflakes out of his way as he closes in on him.

His eyes gleam unnaturally as he cranes his spindly body forward and hisses.

OLD GEORGIE (CONT'D)
I'm sayin' this jus' once. The offlander ain't gettin' to the top. You let-go that rope.

Zachry looks down at the frozen Meronym dangling twenty feet above the rocky ground.

OLD GEORGIE (CONT'D)
Her fall may not kill her when I let time flow again, but them rocks b'low'll bust her spine'n'legs an' she'll not s'rive the night. I'll let her consider her'follyin's.

ZACHRY
Why not jus' kill her yerself, then?

Old Georgie bellows.

OLD GEORGIE
Why-why-why? I want you to do it, an' here's why-why-why. See, if you don't let-`go that rope, she'll be leadin' you straight into a place there ain't no return, I promise. Ain't nothing in there for a soul to do but rot, forev'r'n then some. Jus' ask ol' Truman Napes when ya' see'm.

A chill hits Zachry.

OLD GEORGIE (CONT'D)
So you ever wanna see Catkin again, you best let-go that rope.

ZACHRY
No bolt-hole out o' this.

OLD GEORGIE
I'm countin' to'three...One...

Zachry about to let go, looks down at Meronym, blood oozing from between his clenched fists.

OLD GEORGIE (CONT'D)
Two...

A sudden flash of Autua's bloody hands bursts before him. Zachry whispers to himself.

ZACHRY
"Hands'a'bleedin', mus'nt let go."

OLD GEORGIE
Three!

Old Georgie's eyes bore into him.

ZACHRY
No!

He heaves on the rope.

Old Georgie's angry scream becomes the furious wind as time resumes and Zachry hauls Meronym to safety.

MERONYM
Thank you, Zachry. That's a bleary fearsome wind.

They stand close enough to feel the warmth of each other's body.

ZACHRY
We best keep moving.

INT. AYRS' CHATEAU - FROBISHER'S ROOM - NIGHT - YEAR 1931

Frobisher is packing furiously. The gun is on the bed.

He is so intent on what he is doing, he doesn't notice the door swing open revealing Ayrs, still in his bed-shirt.

AYRS
What are you doing, boy?

Frobisher is startled.

AYRS (CONT'D)
I thought I made myself clear.

FROBISHER
Do what you want, but I'm leaving.

He packs the last of his things.

AYRS sees the manuscript for the Sextet.

AYRS
Fine, Frobisher. Go. But I'll take this.

He snatches the sheaf of papers. Frobisher feels as if he just tore the heart from his chest.

FROBISHER
Give me that!

AYRS
Consider it redress for what you've put me and my family through.

FROBISHER
I'm warning you, old man--

AYRS
Under the conditions of this relationship, I am certainly within my legal rights. If I were you, I'd pack my bag and go.

FROBISHER
Goddamn you!

He grabs the gun from the bed and thrusts it at AYRS.

FROBISHER (CONT'D)
Give it to me or I swear to god, I will kill you as you stand.

Ayrs steps towards the barrel of the gun.

AYRS
Give me the gun, Frobisher--

FROBISHER
I'll kill you--

AYRS
Please. You're a degenerate and a coward. You won't pull that trigger. Your kind never does.

He continues to move closer until he grabs hold of the gun.

FROBISHER
No!

The men begin to fight for control of the weapon until--

It goes off, the sharp metal clap startling both of them--

The shell of the bullet bouncing on the wood floor with the sound of a delicate chime.

It rolls under the bed, where we can see the feet of the two men. Ayrs staggers back from Frobisher.

Blood drips on to the floor.

Ayrs crumples to his knees as Frobisher shuffles, grabbing his things and the manuscript and then runs.

As we pan with him we see a tattered book wedged under the short bed-post--

It is the lost half of the “Pacific Journal Of Adam Ewing.”

INT. THE PROPHETESS - EWING’S CABIN - DAY - YEAR 1846

Goose enters Adam’s quarter’s. Adam looks like a breathing corpse. Goose searches for a moment.

He tries to open a metal lock box but he needs a key.

Adam stirs.

GOOSE
How fares our worm today Adam?

EWING
...I’m afraid it has taken the best of me.

GOOSE
Nonsense.

He examines him, looking into his eyes.

GOOSE (CONT’D)
Although I must admit, this treatment is going on much longer than I anticipated. Perhaps it is time for one big dose, full strength and finish this once and for all.

INT. TRANSPORT - DAY - YEAR 2144

The Enforcer bullet cars surround the transport.

In tactical formation, they attack, ripping open the doors and penetrating the truck bay while--

Chang lifts his arms in confused hysteria.

CHANG
Nong-ire! Nong-ire!

LEAD ENFORCER
Scan him.

Another Enforcer aims a scanner and a red beam sweeps across Chang.

SCAN ENFORCER
Negative sir. Definite illegal.

He speaks loudly and slowly.

LEAD ENFORCER
Do-You-Have-Work-Visa! Work-Visa!

The scanner continues to sweep the room, the beam closes in on Sonmi's hiding place.

CHANG
Magha-lung, hun sugh ja-Visa!

LEAD ENFORCER
What the fuck is he saying? Does someone have a transcom?

SCAN ENFORCER
Sir! Second life form!

LEAD ENFORCER
What? Where?

Before he can answer Chang attacks, every move like the crisp metallic, precision of a chambering bullet--

The gun taped to the back of his neck, ripped free--

Exploding dum-dum bullets transforming faces into meaty carmine anemones.

The back-up Enforcers counter but Chang is impossibly fast, leaping for cover, closing with predatory focus as they panic, praying and spraying wildly.

INT. ENFORCER HOVERCRAFT - DAY - YEAR 2144

They are listening to the firefight on their com-link.

ENFORCER PILOT #1
Status! Squad Leader report! Do you require assistance? What's happening down there?

More gunshots and screams.

ENFORCER PILOT #1 (CONT'D)
Fuck this. Light 'em up.

EXT. TRANSPORT TUBE - DAY - YEAR 2144

The hovercraft opens fire, their weapon like an anti-aircraft cannon combined with a chain gun.

The destructive force shatters the high density tube and reduces the transport to alpine swiss.

Chang covers Sonmi protecting her with his own flesh as they can do nothing but hope for it to end.

Finally it does.

INT. ENFORCER HOVERCRAFT - DAY - YEAR 2144

The co-pilot checks his scanners.

ENFORCER PILOT #2
I got nothing sir. No movement. Six dead Enforcers and-- wait! I got movement!

INT. TRANSPORT - DAY - YEAR 2144

Chang hoists a home-made rocket launcher from the crate to his shoulder.

Before the hovercraft reacts, he stands and fires out the hole blown in the side of the truck and the tube.

The pilot tries to dodge the missile but the tail is hit, exploding, sending the hovercraft into a wild spinning descent.

ENFORCER PILOT #1
Mayday! Mayday! We are hit! Going down! The terrorist is still at large!

Chang tosses the rocket launcher and reaches for Sonmi who is too stunned to even move.

SONMI-451
Who are you?

CHANG
Commander Hae-Joo Chang. First Science Officer of the Union Rebellion.

SONMI-451
Why are you doing this?

CHANG
Because I believe that you have the power to change this world.
(MORE)

CHANG (CONT'D)
But to do that, I have to keep you alive. We must go. Now.

INT. SATELLITE COMMUNICATION CENTER - DUSK - YEAR 2321

A door that has not been opened for a century cracks slowly. Dust immediately rises up in agitation.

Meronym uses a glo-light as she leads Zachry into the facility.

An ancient security guard sits like a mummy, perfectly preserved, his eyeless eyes staring at them as they pass.

ZACHRY
What is this place?

MERONYM
Before the Fall, the Old Uns built dwellins beyon'a sky, 'mong the stars. They used this place to send messages there.

ZACHRY
Like a prayer t'Sonmi?

MERONYM
Yay.

ZACHRY
Is that why we come? To send a prayer?

MERONYM
Yay.

ZACHRY
What do a Prescient need t'pray for?

MERONYM
Same thing a Valleysman prays for.

She looks at him.

MERONYM (CONT'D)
Help.

INT. BREAK-ROOM, AURORA HOUSE - DAY - YEAR 2009

Deirdre, a sexless automaton, is watching the home shopping channel on a flickering television.

She reaches for her cell phone to buy a commemorative Princess Di plate, when a frantic Veronica rounds the corner.

VERONICA
Hurry! They're going to kill each other!

Deirdre lunges from her chair.

INT. DINING ROOM, AURORA HOUSE - DAY - YEAR 2009

Cavendish and Ernie stand, snarling at one another, between them each with unbudging grip on a single chocolate pudding cup.

A crowd has gathered.

ERNIE
I'm warning you, Cavendish! Get yer fuggin' hands offa my pudding cup!

CAVENDISH
"Your" pudding cup!? You've already eaten yours, you Alzheimer's riddled lout!

ERNIE
You ate my Jell-o yesterday! A deal's a deal!

CAVENDISH
I never agreed to those terms!

ERNIE
Leggo, ya' dos cunt!

CAVENDISH
Never!

Deirdre and Veronica cut through the crowd.

DEIRDRE
Alright you two--

As she moves to separate them, all Hell breaks loose.

Ernie grabs a condiment cup of mustard from his tray and shoves it hard into Cavendish's face.

Cavendish screams.

CAVENDISH
AAAAAAAGGGGHHH-- Hot Dijon!!!! My eyes!!! Help--Somebody help me!!!

Cavendish sinks his teeth into Ernie's hand still clutching the cup of pudding.

Ernie screams.

They grapple as Deirdre tries to wedge herself between the two. Tables and chairs topple in the fracas when finally with the help of a couple of orderlies they are separated, huffing and puffing.

As they are dragged away they both surreptitiously look back to Veronica, who signals to them with a gentle swipe of a finger across the bridge of her nose.

They look at each other and smile. Veronica turns to leave her hand slipping Deirdre's cell phone into her pocket.

INT. TRANSPORT TUBE - DAY - YEAR 2144

Chang, his body laid out as though riding a high-powered motorcycle, weaves the Enforcer bullet car through the thickening traffic.

Sonmi lays on top of him, her eyes bulging as they barely miss several vehicles.

Behind them several hovercrafts closing fast.

Chang taps his com-link implant.

CHANG
This is Prophet One. Abort. Repeat-Abort.

He clicks the link off.

SONMI-451
What did that mean?

CHANG
There was a plan. But that plan is fucked.

SONMI-451
What are you going to do?

CHANG
Everything I can.

The car swerves through a tube flowing in the opposite direction--

Banking away into a tangle of buildings as the hovercraft lose sight of them for a moment.

INT. TRANSPORT TUBES - DAY - YEAR 2144

He dives the bullet car down through a “cargo tube” where large, slow vehicles transport goods.

He slips and slides through them, moving like a mouse trying to stay out of sight but no matter where he goes--

He is still stuck in a hamster tube.

A hovercraft sights him and again the Enforcers converge. Accelerating, he hits an intersection and banks like a luge sled--

Heading into a building’s docking bay--

Disappearing from sight.

INT. DOCKING BAY - DAY - YEAR 2144

Several gates are blocking the way but Chang opens fire, the car’s guns shredding most of the obstacles--

Aiming the car straight into the blasted roller doors.

CHANG
Hang on.

She squeezes tightly to him as they impact--

Crashing through the doors into the building.

EXT. OLD BUILDING - DAY - YEAR 2144

Several of the larger hovercrafts set down, Enforcers beetling out, swarming around the building.

INT. DOCKING BAY - DAY - YEAR 2144

Pushing open the bullet car sleeve, Chang helps Sonmi crawl out of the wreckage.

INT. OLD BUILDING - HALL - DAY - YEAR 2144

Using their scanners, the Enforcers search the building.

SCAN ENFORCER
We're close. I got them. In there!

They burst into a room, vision-goggles illuminating the dark room where they find Sonmi. She raises her hands as they scream at her, aiming their weapons--

Not paying attention to the shadow moving behind them.

Chang attacks, killing several with his hands, the last two with a gun.

CHANG
In here.

Enforcers react to the violence swarming towards them.

INT. OLD BUILDING - BATHROOM - DAY - YEAR 2144

Chang leads her into a bathroom. He checks the walls with an orison orb, then pulls out his gun.

He opens fire on the wall.

INT. OLD BUILDING - HALL - DAY - YEAR 2144

The enforcers hear the gunfire and race towards it.

INT. OLD BUILDING - BATHROOM - DAY - YEAR 2144

A large PVC pipe has a hole blown in it. Vapors that burn Sonmi's eyes pour out of it.

SONMI-451
What is that?

Chang looks into it. Far below black water ripples.

CHANG
Our way out.

He yanks off the hidden flak jacket.

CHANG (CONT'D)
It's a sewer overflow. Whatever you do, don't open your eyes or your mouth.
(MORE)

CHANG (CONT'D)
Hold your breath as long as you can. I'll find you and get you out.

They can hear the boots of the Enforcers.

CHANG (CONT'D)
Do you trust me?

She nods.

He jumps into the tube and disappears. A moment later there is a thick splash.

The sides of the pipe drip with feces. The smell is overwhelming.

The Enforcers find the room as she is still clambering into the pipe.

ENFORCER
Don't move!

She lets go--

Falling down into a shit-lined abyss until--

Splash.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE - NIGHT - YEAR 1973

Luisa jolts awake.

Her car still sinking; the water seeping in through the windows, is filled to her waist.

She tries not to panic. She grabs the handle of the window and starts unrolling it. As she does the water begins pouring in.

Very quickly the water rises to her chest. The window is only open six inches when--

The handle snaps off.

She screams. The water keeps pouring in.

She climbs over to the other door and starts trying to unroll that window. The water rises past her neck.

The handle gets tangled in the seat belt, which floats like an eel.

Again frustration and fear shake through her body. The water rises to her nose as she takes her last breath.

Underwater, she grabs the window and yanks and shoves with all her strength until--

The window breaks.

She kicks herself free of the sinking car, her lungs aching, kicking up through the cold, silent liquid obsidian until--

She bursts out the surface.

ZACHRY (V.O.)
Nay, the dead never stay dead.
Open your ears and they never stop
a'yibberin'.

INT. SATELLITE COMMUNICATION CENTER - NIGHT - YEAR 2321

More skeletons, sitting or laying on the floor, as though death caught them by surprise. Their skin, an ancient vellum, hangs tattered from bony grins.

Zachry hears them all whispering his name.

Meronym accesses the solar-cells and engages the emergency power system.

Lights flicker on, humming like angry hornets.

The room is revealed, including the domed ceiling.

Zachry looks up in awe at a mosaic of "Sonmi Among the Stars."

ZACHRY
Sonmi.

MERONYM
Yay. Tis she.

Meronym continues working to try to uplink her orison to the main network.

ZACHRY
The Old Uns worshipp'd Sonmi same
as Valleysmen?

She considers her answer.

MERONYM
Nay, not 'zactly same as.

ZACHRY
Differin' how?

She stops what she is doing.

MERONYM
Do you want the True-true?

INT. LUISA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT - YEAR 1973

Javier peeks around the corner, rises up the stairs and strolls "casually" down to the far end where he checks around the far corner.

Seeing no one he hurries back to the stairs.

JAVIER
(whispering)
All clear.

Luisa, still soggy and shivering, slips out of the shadows and up the stairs.

LUISA REY
Thanks, Javier.

JAVIER
No sweat. We're partners. But you gotta tell me what's happening.

She heads down the hall to her apartment door.

LUISA REY
No way. Can't.

JAVIER
I know it's something big. Does it have to do with those letters?

LUISA REY
Javier--

JAVIER
Come on! You're in trouble. I can help. I can watch your back, unless you want to keep going for midnight swims.

She sighs. He might be able to help or she just doesn't have the strength to resist him right now.

LUISA REY
All right. Let me take a shower, get some sleep and I'll tell you what I got in the morning.

He shakes his head disappointed.

JAVIER
Okay but I hope you realize you just said exactly what every character in any decent mystery says right before they get killed.

She opens her door.

LUISA REY
Good night Javier.

INT. LUISA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - YEAR 1973

She closes the door behind her and puts all three locks on.

Dropping her bag, she heads straight for the shower, as a shadow crosses behind her--

A man wearing black leather gloves.

INT. FLOPHOUSE - SHOWER - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

Brown, clumpy filth swirls into the shower drain as rivulets of waste run down Sonmi's body.

Numb, she leans in the corner, letting the water pour over her.

Her expression suggests a vague understanding that there are things that have happened to her that she will never be able to wash away.

MERONYM (V.O.)
Sonmi's not a god.

INT. SATELLITE COMMUNICATION CENTER - NIGHT - YEAR 2321

Meronym chooses her words carefully.

MERONYM
She borned'n'died hundreds o' years ago on a far'way pen'sula deadlanded now.

ZACHRY
What?

MERONYM
I know Valleysman b'liefs'. I know the Abbess teach'd you Sonmi was a mir'cle, birthed o' the god o' Smart named Darwin but it ain't the True-true.

Zachry is pacing, a jittery anxiousness bubbling his blood.

MERONYM (CONT'D)
Her life was sad'n'judased and she died tryin' to change the Old-Uns thinkin'.

Old Georgie emerges behind Zachry from the shadows.

OLD GEORGIE
Liiiiiiies... nothin' but lies.

ZACHRY
Nay... nay, you lyin'.

Meronym touches the orison and suddenly Sonmi appears from the recorder interrogation.

Zachry's eyes go wide.

ZACHRY (CONT'D)
Sonmi...

MERONYM
B'fore she died she spoke to an orison 'bout her acts'n'deedins'. Her words 'minder'me what's the True-true. I keep them with me all times.

OLD GEORGIE
I tell you o' True-true-- Tha's jus'a trick! How long you goin' lissin t'this?! How long you goin' jus' stand there an'let a stranger keep fuggin' your b'liefs up'n'down'n in'n'out!

His hand tightens around the hilt of his spiker.

INT. LUISA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - YEAR 1973

As Luisa reaches for the light switch, the gloved man emerges from the shadows and grabs her from behind, covering her mouth.

She tries to scream but it's too late.

Napier holds Luisa tight.

NAPIER
If I was trying to kill you, you'd already be dead. I swear I'm not going to hurt you. I just want to talk.

He slowly starts to relax when she attacks--

Stomping on his foot, smashing the back of her head into his face--

He staggers back, his reflexes faster than most, but not fast enough as--

A switchblade snaps open and is jammed under his neck, tight to his jugular.

LUISA REY
Now if *I* was trying to kill *you*, you'd already be dead! How's that feel? Great conversation starter, isn't it?

He starts to laugh.

LUISA REY (CONT'D)
You think it's funny?

NAPIER
You are Lester Rey's daughter, that's for goddamn sure.

The mention of her father, catches her off-guard.

LUISA REY
You knew my father?

NAPIER
He got me my first job on the force.

LUISA REY
You're a cop?

NAPIER
Was.

LUISA REY
What are you doing working for Seaboard?

NAPIER
Same as you, slinging hash for Spyglass.

LUISA REY
Yeah well, I don't have to assault people for my job.

NAPIER
I'm not here for Seaboard. I'm here because of your father. I don't know if you'll even believe me, but I came here to tell you the truth.

INT. SATELLITE COMMUNICATION CENTER - NIGHT - YEAR 2321

Meronym shuts off the orison, watching Zachry.

MERONYM
You a'right, Zachry?

He nods at her, something primitive and dark hidden behind his eyes.

MERONYM (CONT'D)
I got to do some sivvin'n'fixin' on this here smart, okay?

He nods again as we reveal Old Georgie whispering in his ear.

OLD GEORGIE
Ohhhhh, yeah... I see now.

She goes to the large control panel and uses her orison to begin diagnosing whether it is still operable.

Zachry continues to stare at her.

OLD GEORGIE (CONT'D)
I see the what's'what. You ain't drop that rope cause you'a'lustin' for that darkly, sweet'meat.

ZACHRY
Shut y'hole!

Meronym turns. She can tell something is wrong.

MERONYM
Do you want'a wait ou'side, Zachry?

ZACHRY
Nay. I'm fine. Finish your sussin!

She returns to her work while trying to keep an eye on him.

Old Georgie smiles.

OLD GEORGIE
Don't worry, bro. You ain't the first to judas your people for the flesh of Jezabel.

Zachry shoots him a look.

OLD GEORGIE (CONT'D)
I cog it all, now. This whore, with her cokeynut skin, and her slywise mask, smilin'n'wormin' her way into your trust so you bring her here, scavin'n'sivvin for what? For what boy?

He leans in close to whisper in Zachry's ear.

OLD GEORGIE (CONT'D)
They want the island. The Prescients want it all. You judasing your kin helpin' her out. She ain't your tribe! She ain't even your color! She ignores your yarns'n'ways, spinnin'n'spoutin her whoahsomse lies and you lap it up.

The suspicion that Georgie is right begins to affect Zachry.

OLD GEORGIE (CONT'D)
Yay, you doin' it again, jus'like you led the Kona to Adam. You weak'n'stoopit, standin' there like her dog while she springs her trap. You a coward, thru and thru, a soul-stoned coward.

The words hiss between his clenched teeth.

ZACHRY
I ain't a coward.

OLD GEORGIE
Ain't you? Then do sumthin'! Stop her! Take your spiker an'slit her throat. That's what y'pa'd do. That's what Adam'd do. Protect your tribe! Kill her! Now, b'fore it's too late!

Sweat dapples his lip. Panic swims in his eyes. He knows he has to do something.

He rips the spiker from its sheath and stalks up behind Meronym who never sees him coming.

INT. LUISA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - YEAR 1974

Luisa removes the switchblade from his throat.

LUISA REY
Grimaldi is dead? What about Isaac?

NAPIER
Sachs? Gone. No survivors.

Luisa has to sit down. Napier gives her just a brief moment to digest this.

NAPIER (CONT'D)
The plane crash was not an accident. Grimaldi was another threat, like Sixsmith, like you, so they took him out.

LUISA REY
(shaken)
Why?

NAPIER
Because he believed in nuclear power.

LUISA REY
I'm not following you.

NAPIER
Ultimately Grimaldi was planning to fix the HYDRA reactor. That's why he was going to Washington. Lloyd Hooks didn't want that to happen.

LUISA REY
Lloyd Hooks?

NAPIER
Nixon's former "Energy Guru", now CEO of Seaboard, Incorporated. But apparently running Swannekke isn't that big a job because he's still pulling a seven-figure paycheck from his former gig at KMA Consulting.

LUISA REY
I've heard of them.

NAPIER
Recently implicated in financing of the military coup of Chile and assassination of Salvatore Allende. Insubstantial evidence. Cleared of charges. Their client list is a who's who of Big Oil.

A shiver runs down her spine as she sees it coming into focus.

NAPIER (CONT'D)
Yeah, you got that look like your father used to get. You see it, don't you? They don't want the reactor to be fixed They want it to fail. They want the explosion, the chaos and carnage and the more deaths the better. They want endless news reports, months of radiation levels, and evacuations because they know, these bastards know, if it is bad enough, it will be the end of nuclear power. And that's what Big Oil wants. See? This isn't about one power station; this is about the future of this country.

INT. SATELLITE COMMUNICATION CENTER - NIGHT - YEAR 2321

Zachry rushes at Meronym, his spiker slashing as she turns--

He slams her against the wall, the knife tight to her throat.

ZACHRY
Stop!

He blinks suddenly uncertain now that he is close to her, actually touching her.

ZACHRY (CONT'D)
Can't cogg o' thing,
words'n'worrins like a wasp's nest
poke'd'n'prod'd by you!

MERONYM
What're you o' fearyin' Zachry?

ZACHRY
You come elbowin''n to our life,
yibberin'n'yabberin' 'bout True-
true but never tellin' the hole
true. I wan'to cogg what you doin'!

She speaks calmly.

MERONYM
I told you. I come t'send a plea
o' help.

ZACHRY
Help o' what? To steal our land?!
To kill'n'slave us all?! What do
you want?!

MERONYM
Same as ev'ry'un wants... a home.

One look into her eyes and he knows she is telling the truth.

INT. FLOPHOUSE - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

Sonmi stares out the window at the electric urban sprawl.

SONMI-451
What is this place?

CHANG
A temporary safe-house. We'll
spend the night. Tomorrow I will
take you to the General.

SONMI-451
The General?

CHANG
The leader of the Union Rebellion.

SONMI-451
What does he want with me?

Chang stands beside her.

CHANG
He believes the key to over-throwing this government is the ascendency of a Fabricant. Such an event would destroy one of Unanimity's core belief; that a clone's life is worth less than a Pureblood.

She looks away from him.

SONMI-451
Is that what you believe?

He steps close to her, shaking his head.

CHANG
No... that's not something I believe. It's something I know.

INT. LUISA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - YEAR 1973

Luisa sits on that stool in her hallway and stares Napier down.

LUISA REY
How do I know you're not lying to me?

He shrugs.

NAPIER
You're Lester Rey's daughter. He could smell bullshit a mile away.

She takes a moment before asking the next question.

LUISA REY
Do you think they will... try again?

NAPIER
I know they will.

LUISA REY
I've got friends on the force.

NAPIER
Won't matter. In this business we got a saying, "Everybody crosses the street."

She imagines what that means.

LUISA REY
What do you think I should do?

NAPIER
If you're smart, you'll take my advice: pack your bags, go to the airport, pick somewhere very far away and start over.

He reaches under his coat to the small of his back and pulls out a gun.

NAPIER (CONT'D)
Problem is you're not smart. You're Lester Rey's daughter which means you're gonna do something stupid. I assume you know how to use one of these?

She watches herself take the gun as if it were someone else.

NAPIER (CONT'D)
I doubt it will help but it might give you a fighting chance.

INT. SATELLITE COMMUNICATION CENTER - NIGHT - YEAR 2321

Meronym has part of the control board working.

MERONYM
Cross'ur fingers'n'toes.

She waves her fingers above the shimmering light projected by the orison air-port connected to the main board.

Lights flash and blink. An alarm sounds and Zachry gets nervous like a horse in a thunder storm.

Deep inside the bowels of the building, machinery rumbles; a waking geared golem shrugging off an eon of sleep.

EXT. SATELLITE COMMUNICATION CENTER - NIGHT - YEAR 2321

The top of the station opens a series of spheres inside of spheres, layers of an onion, that rachet back, reversing onto itself as each becomes the underside of an enormous satellite dish.

INT. SATELLITE COMMUNICATION CENTER - NIGHT - YEAR 2321

The machine whines down as it finishes beaming its gamma ray message.

ZACHRY
Is it done?

She nods.

MERONYM
Now we jus'a hope we ain't alone.

INT. FLOPHOUSE - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

They stand as silhouettes against the cacophony of kaleidoscopic light.

CHANG
Are you all right?

She shakes her head.

SONMI-451
I am... afraid.

CHANG
Of what?

She looks at him.

SONMI-451
To ask you for something?

He waits standing close enough to feel her breath on his lips.

SONMI-451 (CONT'D)
I know it is forbidden... I have never been kissed.

He takes her face in his hands and kisses her, tenderly.

Her head swims.

CHANG
Do you know how long I have wanted to do that?

She shakes her head.

CHANG (CONT'D)
Too long.

She kisses him back like someone taking their first drink of water after being lost in a desert.

They help with each other's clothes until they are both naked.

She realizes something and it stops her.

SONMI-451
I have never seen a pureblood naked. You're beautiful.

CHANG
So are you.

A lightness fills her heart and she kisses him again. They begin to make love in the glow of the twinkling lights.

EXT. BRUGES TOWER - DAWN - YEAR 1931

The sun rise is so beautiful from the top of the tower, Frobisher feels his eyes softening to tears.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
Sixsmith, Don't worry, all is well. All is so perfectly, damnably well! Wish I could make you see this brightness. I climb the steps of the Bruges tower every morning and all becomes clear.

As the sun reaches her pink fingers into the sky, the distant sounds of the waking city become the music Frobisher hears in his head; his Sextet.

INT. LUISA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - YEAR 1973

Luisa lays on her couch, re-reading Frobisher's letter.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
Boundaries between noise and sound are conventions.

INT. THE PROPHETESS - EWING'S ROOM - DAY - YEAR 1846

Ewing shivers and writhes, his sweating flesh twisted into agonizing knots.

Goose watches from the shadowed doorway as if enjoying a work of art, a Romantic era depiction of suffering.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
All boundaries are conventions, waiting to be transcended.

INT. SATELLITE COMMUNICATION CENTER - NIGHT - YEAR 2321

Zachry and Meronym begin their descent.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
One may transcend any convention if only one can first conceive of doing so.

EXT. AURORA HOUSE - NIGHT - YEAR 2009

It is the middle of the night. Cavendish is dressed and packing his bag--

Placing inside with care, "Half-Lives; A Luisa Rey Mystery."

FROBISHER (V.O.)
At moments like this, I can feel your heart beating as clearly as I feel mine own...

INT. FLOPHOUSE - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

Sonmi and Chang make love.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
...and I know that separation is an illusion.

INT. CHINA SHOP - DAY - YEAR 1931

Close on the ceramic St. George and the Dragon. It is the same as the one in Ayrs' music room.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
My life extends far beyond the limitations of me.

Frobisher looks at the knight. The silence aches in his ears.

When he looks up, he sees Young Sixsmith step into the shop.

He is so startled that he drops the knight.

When it hits, instead of the noise of shattering glass, there is beautiful music, an august melody.

Frobisher cocks an eyebrow. A statue of a boy playing attracts him. He nudges it off the shelf. Again there is music.

Sixsmith smiles and he pushes a vase.

The music swells into a sweeping symphony as they destroy the entire shop.

EXT. FERRY - DAY - YEAR 1931

Sixsmith wakes from his dream. The crew is ringing the ready bell as they prepare to dock in Bruges.

EXT. BRUGES - DAY - YEAR 1931

Close on a newspaper. The article headline reads, “Maestro Recovering. Assailant Still At Large.”

Frobisher sneers.

FROBISHER
Maestro, my ass.

As he takes a sip of coffee he looks out across the crowded square and sees-

Two police officers heading towards the cafe.

Hiding behind his paper he waits for them to pass. When they do, he quickly slips away.

EXT. HUAMDONGGIL CHECKPOINT - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

Sonmi follows Chang through the crowded checkpoint. Like Tijuana, people are allowed easy access for leaving the Conurb; Sonmi sees the heavily armed Enforcers on the other side of the fence.

A noxious maze of low, crooked ramshacks, flophouses, pawnshops, drug bars, and comfort hives, covering perhaps five square miles southeast of Old Seoul Transit Station.

Its streets are narrow, choked with pedestrians and bicycles; its alleys reek of waste and sewage. Purebloods slump in doorways, their skin ravaged by the acid rain. A BEING that looks like a child laps water from a dirty puddle.

CHANG
Stay close to me. Fabricants often get snatched here.

SONMI-451
Why?

CHANG
Slave labor. Sex trade. Anything and everything.

SONMI-451
This is where your General lives?

Chang smiles.

CHANG
This is where Union was born.

INT. MADAME OVID'S - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

Close as a scalpel slices along the tip of Sonmi's index finger. She inhales sharply.

The implanter digs into her finger and removes a strip of nanotech.

SONMI-451
What is that?

IMPLANTER
Your identity.

He takes another strip from his tray and sticks it into the bloody slice.

Sonmi reacts, but it's over quickly as he sprays her finger with coag stopping the bleeding immediately.

SONMI-451
Who am I now?

CHANG
Who would you like to be?

EXT. AURORA HOUSE - NIGHT - YEAR 2009

D-Day. Everything is quiet as the staff finish "lights out." A dark figure moves lithely across the grounds.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
When The Ghastly Ordeal of Timothy Cavendish is turned into a film, I advise thee, Director dearest, whom I picture as an intense, turtlenecked Swede named Lars, when casting the part of the hero of this tale, one Timothy Cavendish, please make sure the thespian in question is classically trained. I'm thinking Sir Laurence Olivier with a dash of Michael Caine.

INT. BOILER ROOM, AURORA HOUSE - NIGHT - YEAR 2009

Cavendish coolly enters the boiler room carefully looking back one final time to make sure he wasn't followed.

Ernie checks his watch.

ERNIE
Last chance to back out if you don't think you can hack it.

CAVENDISH
I've never backed out of anything in my life.

Ernie smiles then turns and unscrews the ventilation unit pulling Deirdre's mobile telephone from its hiding place.

ERNIE
Well let's hear the master bullshitter work his magic.

The number in the display stares up at him and he hits send.

A sleepy voice answers.

HOTCHKISS (O.S.)
Whatizzit?

CAVENDISH
Ah, yes, Mr. Hotchkiss?

HOTCHKISS (O.S.)
Speaking. You are?

Cavendish smiles.

CAVENDISH
Dr. Conway, Aurora House. I'm covering for Dr. Upward.

HOTCHKISS (O.S.)
Jesus, has something happened to Mother?

CAVENDISH
I'm afraid so, Mr. Hotchkiss. You must steel yourself, I don't think she'll make it to the morning. If you'd like to say goodbye, I suggest you come quickly.

INT. MADAME OVID'S - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

A pair of laser pliers are used to cut through the collar encircling Sonmi's neck.

It comes off and Sonmi feels a vertigo spin through her body.

She touches her own neck for the first time in her life. As she does, we notice a comet-shaped birthmark that was hidden beneath the collar.

Chang smiles.

CHANG
How's that feel?

SONMI-451
Strange... frightening but... good.

CHANG
That's it. You're ready.

SONMI-451
For what?

CHANG
To meet the General.

There is a knock at the door.

INT. LUISA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - YEAR 1973

Luisa opens the door revealing Javier who smiles as bright as the sun.

JAVIER
So you survived the night. Cool.

LUISA REY
Don't you ever go to school?

JAVIER
Walt Whitman dropped out of Elementary school. Ditto Mark Twain.

There's no winning against Javier.

LUISA REY
What do you want for breakfast?

JAVIER
Grape nuts. Banana if you got it.

He comes in, closing the door behind him.

EXT. MAH-JONGG HOUSE - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

Chang knocks on a door hidden at the end of a nameless alley.

The electric eye in the door opens, staring at them.

CHANG
It's Chang.

After a moment of deliberation, the door unbolts and opens.

A large man who could be a Fabricant, escorts them inside. Sonmi sees the gun bulging under his coat.

INT. MAH-JONGG HOUSE - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

Chang and Sonmi enter and are escorted through a maze of smoky rooms filled with ugly faces floating above their clattering tiles.

Their escorts are wearing blood stained body armor yet no one blinks an eye.

In a back room the door is bolted.

An ancient brazier hums with modern circuity. A sphere of dark sheen and refracted silence aquifies all the surrounding noise.

In the center of the room a young boy appears, like a ghost. His voice is that of an old man.

AN-KOR APIS
Sonmi-451. I am sorely thankful to see you still alive and truly honored to meet you. I am General An-Kor Apis, leader of Union.

Unsure how to react, Sonmi bows.

AN-KOR APIS (CONT'D)
I apologize for the Sim-com but my advisors assure me it is a necessary precaution. I am also forced to be brief. I know you have many questions but let me begin with the how.

Sonmi stares through the light gauze of smoke.

AN-KOR APIS (CONT'D)
Years ago a psychogenomicist named Yusouf Suleiman proved that Fabricants were capable of the same consciousness as any Pureblood. He was rewarded for the discovery of this scientific truth with imprisonment, execution and the eradication of any evidence suggesting the success of his experiment.

INT. LUISA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY - YEAR 1973

Javier sits on the couch, crunching Grape nuts.

JAVIER
So, do you know who did it?

Luisa is making a fruit salad in the kitchen.

LUISA REY
Did what?

JAVIER
Who tried to off ya?

LUISA REY
Jesus, Javier--

JAVIER
What? It's the truth, ain't it?

LUISA REY
It's not what I want to talk about right now.

He looks at the letters spread out on the coffee table.

JAVIER
Are they after these letters?

LUISA REY
No.

JAVIER
What do they want?

LUISA REY
It's... complicated.

INT. MAH-JONGG HOUSE - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

The General lights a cigarette, the real and virtual smoke layering on each other.

AN-KOR APIS
A high ranking genomicist inside the Ministry of Science and Commerce is sympathetic to our cause. It was he that supplied us with Suleiman's formula. The rest of the details are superficial; the use of shells and intrigues to secure a legitimate research license, as well as the necessary front to instream the catalyst at Papa Song, all made legal by the unwitting help of a University doctoral candidate.

SONMI-451
Boom-Sook.

AN-KOR APIS
An unfortunate bit of collateral damage. I'm afraid the success of your sentience caught us all off guard.

SONMI-451
...and Yoona?

AN-KOR APIS
A tragedy to be sure, that will be remembered only with the success of our Revolution.

SONMI-451
General Apis... I am just a dinery server. I was not genomed to alter history.

AN-KOR APIS
No revolutionary ever was.

INT. CORRIDOR, AURORA HOUSE - NIGHT - YEAR 2009

Cavendish is standing sentinel in Mr. Meeks's room watching his own room just across the hall through the crack in the door.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
Ernie's plan was a series of toppling dominoes. The first of which had fallen predictably and flawlessly. But the third was a crapshoot and could fall in unwelcome directions. At a quarter past ten Ernie went to Reception to announce my death to Nurse Noakes. The big unknown lay in Nurse Noakes's personal loathing for me. Would she rush to see her enemy fallen, to stick a hatpin in my neck to check I was truly dead? Or celebrate in style first?

Mr. Meeks watches over Cavendish's shoulder as hurried soft-soled footsteps echo in the hall. Nurse Noakes stops in front of Cavendish's room, collects herself then knocks.

MR. MEEKS
I know, I know...

She tries the handle, as Cavendish silently hushes him.

NOAKES
Mr. Cavendish? Is everything alright?

Inside she sees an unmoving figure under the blankets.

Mr. Meeks rocks excitedly as she steps into the room. He tugs on Cavendish's sleeve.

Cavendish turns and Mr. Meeks leans into his ear whispering.

MR. MEEKS
Don't leave me.

Cavendish stunned, stares at the pleading, Mr. Magoo-like eyes.

INT. MAH-JONGG HOUSE - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

All of the men stare at Sonmi, waiting for an answer. Almost imperceptibly, she shakes her head.

SONMI-451
I'm sorry. I can not do what you are asking.

There is a disappointed silence.

AN-KOR APIS
I understand. It would be a difficult choice for anyone. (beat) But before you call your decision final, there is one last thing I'd like you to see.

He crushes out his cigarette.

AN-KOR APIS (CONT'D)
So you understand fully what we are fighting for.

INT. CORRIDOR, AURORA HOUSE - NIGHT - YEAR 2009

Cavendish turns away from the pleading eyes of Meeks with an expression that says, "I'm sorry."

NOAKES
Mr. Cavendish?

Across the hall, Noakes switches on the lights. Something about the way the figure looks arouses her suspicion and as she crosses to the bed--

Cavendish leaps from Meeks' room lunging for the door handle.

He yanks the door shut but not before Nurse Noakes grabs it stopping it from closing.

Noakes snarls at him.

NOAKES (CONT'D)
I knew it was too good to be true.

CAVENDISH
You'll find my comment card on my nightstand, but don't expect very favorable marks, you cantankerous witch.

They both strain against the handle, Cavendish's grip slipping slightly.

Realizing he is about to lose the tug of war, Cavendish gambles and lets go of the door.

Nurse Noakes not expecting the sudden lack of resistance flies head over heels onto the floor.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)
And so adieu. The literal translated from the French meaning to commend before--

She bull-rushes the door--

But Cavendish quickly scurries slamming it shut rushing through his speech.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)
God.

Her fists and catalog of threats beat at the door much to Mr. Meeks' delight. Cavendish flicks the lock.

INT. HOTEL MEMLING - NIGHT - YEAR 1931

There is a furious pounding on the door.

HOTEL MANAGER
Mr. Ewing! Mr. Ewing! I must speak with you! Open this door--

The door cracks open revealing Frobisher.

FROBISHER
I asked you not to disturb me!

HOTEL MANAGER
I do apologize, Mr. Ewing but this is a matter of serious consequence.

FROBISHER
Yes. Go on then.

HOTEL MANAGER
It seems the local constable is rather vexed, searching as he is, high and low for this dangerous ruffian who attacked the great composer Vyvyan Ayrs. Have you seen the papers, Mr. Ewing? It's quite a scandal.

Sensing where this is going, Frobisher shakes his head.

HOTEL MANAGER (CONT'D)
You're a composer, yourself aren't you?
(MORE)

HOTEL MANAGER (CONT'D)
They say this, Robert Frobisher, that's his name, is also a composer--

FROBISHER
What do you want?

HOTEL MANAGER
The constable asked to search my rooms. I know how hard you are working so I told him there was no one on the third floor. It costs quite a bit of money to keep an entire floor empty.

Frobisher pulls out his purse and empties it.

FROBISHER
That's everything I have.

He takes the money, admiring Frobisher's waistcoat.

HOTEL MANAGER
That is the most beautiful waistcoat...

Frobisher begins removing it while the manager smiles.

JAVIER (V.O.)
So, you think these letters are the key?

INT. LUISA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY - YEAR 1973

Luisa pours herself a cup of coffee.

LUISA REY
No. Not really.

Javier is still on the couch, looking intently at the letters.

JAVIER
But the old guy had these letters the night they offed him, so they gotta be important.

LUISA REY
They were to him.

Luisa grabs a spoon for her fruit salad.

JAVIER
But if they're not important why do you keep reading them?

He notices something and picks up a pencil.

LUISA REY
I don't know... maybe I'm just trying to understand something.

He begins scribbling with the pencil.

JAVIER
What?

LUISA REY
Why we keep making the same mistakes over and over.

She crosses to the couch with her salad and her coffee.

JAVIER
Maybe you should ask Megan.

She freezes.

LUISA REY
What?

JAVIER
Do you know a Megan?

LUISA REY
Yeah, that's his niece. But how did you know that? I didn't tell you that?

He holds up the back of the envelope that he was rubbing his pencil against, highlighting, "Megan Sixsmith" and her Hawaii address.

JAVIER
Looks like he mailed her something the night he died. Probably used the envelope he was keeping these letters in.

Her jaw is on the floor.

JAVIER (CONT'D)
Come on, Luisa. First rule of mystery writing: a good clue always leads to another clue.

She rushes at him, kissing him, grabbing the envelope.

LUISA REY
Javier, you're a fucking genius!

EXT. AURORA HOUSE - NIGHT - YEAR 2009

The Hotchkiss' Range Rover roars through the automatic gate, Johns Hotchkiss's wife in the driving seat.

As they pass by, Ernie grabs a chain and loops it around the gate, stopping it from being able to close.

INT. RECEPTION, AURORA HOUSE - NIGHT - YEAR 2009

Cavendish watches on the surveillance camera.

As the car pulls up, Veronica rushes to meet them.

VERONICA
Mr. Hotchkiss? Your mother is my dearest friend here. Do hurry to her, please. The doctor thought it too dangerous to move her.

Johns Hotchkiss' wife grabs him and hauls him into the building.

CAVENDISH
It's working. I can't believe it's working.

He ducks just as they rush by heading up the stairs. As soon as they are out of sight, Cavendish bolts outside.

EXT. AURORA HOUSE - NIGHT - YEAR 2009

Cavendish climbs behind the wheel of the luxury SUV. It has been a while.

He tries to re-acclimate himself with the basics while Ernie heaves their suitcases haphazardly into the back.

CAVENDISH
Right. Yes, I see-- No, wait-- Ah!-- No...

Veronica's door slams as Ernie jumps into the passenger seat. He looks at Cavendish.

Cavendish nods and reaches for the key in the ignition.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)
I-- I don't--

ERNIE
What are you waiting for?

CAVENDISH
No key.

Cavendish starts to panic.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)
No ruddy key--

ERNIE
He always leaves it in the ignition!

CAVENDISH
His wife was driving! She took the keys! The ruddy female took the keys in with her! Sweet Saint Ruddy Jude, what do we do now?

Ernie looks on the dashboard, in the glove compartment, on the floor.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)
Can you hot-wire it?

ERNIE
Don't be soft!

CAVENDISH
Think of something! You're the genius! You're the ruddy ruddy genius!

They see Withers running down the nightlit corridor from the dining room annex, with two Hotchkisses close behind.

ERNIE
Shite!

Ernie punches the automatic locks.

CAVENDISH
We're done for!

EXT. LUISA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY - YEAR 1973

Luisa exits the building. She checks her watch, then hurries down the sidewalk.

We watch her from inside a car. A pair of gloved hands take hold of the steering wheel. The driver pulls the car out and begins to follow her.

EXT. AURORA HOUSE - NIGHT - YEAR 2009

Withers flings open the front door leaping down the steps.

VERONICA
Look under the sun flap!

Cavendish pulls down on the visor, the Range Rover key dropping into his lap.

ERNIE/CAVENDISH
Yeeeeee-sss!

Cavendish sees them coming fast his fingers fumbling dropping the key.

Withers flies head-over-ass on a frozen puddle--

Just as Cavendish bangs his head on the steering wheel, the horn sounding.

VERONICA
Hurry, Tim, hurry!

Withers yanks at the locked door.

WITHERS
I'm gonna flay your arse straight into a coma if you don't open this door, Cavendish!

The Hotchkisses surround their car, as Cavendish drives the key home into the ignition.

HOTCHKISS
Get your bony carcasses out of my car or I'll sue — Dammit, I'll sue anyway!

The SUV roars to life, dashboard blazing with fairy lights; Chet Baker singing "Let's Get Lost."

Cavendish cranks the gearshift and the SUV leaps forward.

He chuckles as he sees them recede in the rearview mirror, but his smile quickly fades when he catches the figure of Mr. Meeks shuffling out of the vestibule.

VERONICA
Oh look, it's Mr. Meeks.

Cavendish looks back and then ahead at the wide open gate.

He groans.

CAVENDISH
Oh ruddy, bloody hell.

He cranks the wheel.

ERNIE
What the hell are you doing? Are you daft man?

CAVENDISH
I can't do it.

The SUV arcs onto the lawn, four wheel drive ripping into the turf, Cavendish leaving his mark; a giant "C"--

And they lurch back toward Aurora House the Hotchkisses and Withers scattering out of the way.

ERNIE
All for one and one for all, is it?

CAVENDISH
Veronica would you unlock the door for Mr. Meeks?

The SUV bounds up the walk fishtailing and skidding to a stop parallel to the door. Mr. Meeks shuffles in place in excitement, as Veronica opens the side door.

VERONICA
Hello, Mr. Meeks! We're out for a night time drive.

MR. MEEKS
I know! I know!

The car lunges forward again barreling at Hotchkiss who tries to stand his ground but at the last moment, he leaps away.

They chortle until they realize what Withers is doing; the chain is in his hands, the heavy gate swinging closed.

VERONICA
Oh no.

CAVENDISH
What now?

ERNIE
Ram the gates.

CAVENDISH
What?

ERNIE
Nice big Range Rover at fifty miles per hour should do the trick. So long as the center pole isn't sunk deep, the gates'll just fly apart on impact.

CAVENDISH
And if it is sunk deep?

ERNIE
Then we'll fly apart on impact. So, foot to the floor, Cavendish!

Cavendish goes white, his life suddenly up for review.

VERONICA
How terribly thrilling!

The gates rush at them, ten, eight, six car lengths away. Cavendish whispers to himself.

CAVENDISH
Sod it, Timbo, what have you got to lose?

He jams his foot down on the accelerator and--

Wham! The vertical bars become diagonal ones as--

The gates fly off their hinges.

Cavendish's heart bungee-jumps from throat to bowel and back again as he grips his intestines shut with all his might.

The Range Rover bucks and skids all over the road rubber tries burning but --

Somehow manages to stay out the ditch and upright.

Fog undulates in the headlight beams.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)
We made it?

ERNIE
Aye.

VERONICA
Absolutely thrilling!

MR. MEEKS
I know, I know!

Cavendish stomps on the gas.

CAVENDISH
All for one and one for all!

Mr. Meeks giggles humming "The British Grenadiers" as the Range Rover wolfs down the northward miles.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - YEAR 1973

Luisa hurries down the street, heading for a small intersection of a large street and a much smaller warehouse street.

As she steps off the curb, a black car waiting down the throat of the small street peels out.

Luisa is on the middle of the street when she realizes what is about to happen--

She looks like she is ready to die until--

She whips out a gun and fires into the windshield.

The car swerves, bounces off another parked car and almost hits her when--

Napier tackles her, knocking her to the ground as--

The black car bashes its way into crossing traffic.

LUISA REY
It worked.

NAPIER
Like hell it did. He's supposed to be dead.

LUISA REY
I told you I'm a terrible shot.

Tires scream as the black car swerves through traffic.

NAPIER
Shit. Come on.

LUISA REY
What?

NAPIER
He's coming back.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY - YEAR 2321

Zachry and Meronym react to a loud sound.

MERONYM
What was that?

ZACHRY
Kona war cry. Comin' from the Valley.

They hear the shrieking cry again.

ZACHRY (CONT'D)
Oh no-no-no-- mercysome Sonmi, please, no.

He bolts.

EXT. DOCK-SPRAWL - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

Sonmi stares ahead looking at something that frightens her.

SONMI-451
This is what the General wanted me to see?

Chang nods.

From a hidden vantage point, they are looking at an enormous freighter, the size of a battleship.

The ship's call letters are stenciled along the prow:

GEO-R93.

Emblazoned upon its severely distressed hull we also see the bright, cheerful logo of Papa Song Inc.

A transport arrives and Sonmi watches as several of her Fabricant sisters, including a few Sonmis, cluster excitedly.

SONMI-451 (CONT'D)
They believe they are going to Xultation.

She looks at Chang.

SONMI-451 (CONT'D)
But they're not, are they?

EXT. THE VALLEY - DAY - YEAR 2321

Zachry races desperately, tearing through the trees.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - YEAR 1973

Luisa and Napier run as the black car closes after them.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
The end rushes towards me.

INT. HOTEL MEMLING - NIGHT - YEAR 1931

Frobisher's pen quivers furiously, moving to the rush of music pouring out of him like blood from an open vein.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
Ayrs has the dogs after me. The bullet passed through killing little more than his appetite yet he's out for blood. Will have to pay the piper eventually but not now. Now all I want is a quiet room where I can finish the Sextet.

A plate of food remains untouched.

FROBISHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Unable to eat, or sleep. Like Ewing, the "mortal coil" has become a noose.

INT. PAPA SONG'S FRIEGHTER - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

Wearing the white robes of the Aides, Sonmi and Chang make their way down into the ship--

While all around them is a haunting beautiful chorus of singing voices.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
Would rather become music.

Smiling Fabricants wait in lines, winding like a coiled bowel, singing their Hymns of Freedom and Xultation.

EXT. THE VALLEY - DAY - YEAR 2321

Branches slash at his skin and clothes as Zachry reaches the perimeter of the village. Smoke turns everything into a kind of hazy dream.

He runs past a burning house--

On the fence post a severed head cries soundlessly.

INT. PAPA SONG'S FRIGHTER - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

Chang leads her to the Observation deck; a series of catwalks above rows of small, almost empty rooms.

In each, there is a chair in the center. Two Aides work each room.

Sonmi watches as the next Fabricant in line is escorted into the room. It is a Sonmi model.

The second Aide prepares a device that swings around like a dentist armed-tool but is shaped like a partial helmet.

The Fabricant is seated in the chair.

AIDE
Just relax. This is to remove your collar.

The Sonmi beams.

SONMI-351
Just as Papa Song promised.

The Aide smiles and nods as the device is fitted to her head.

The operating Aide hits a button and with a sharp "clack", a metal bolt is driven through the center of the Fabricant's forehead, killing her instantly.

With a factory worker's sense of routine, they finish their work; cleaning the chair, pulling the next helmet into place while the other one lifts the Sonmi off her feet.

She dances in the air, swinging like a side of beef as the conveyered helmet bears her body through a flapped doorway.

SONMI-451
(whispers)
Where are they taking her?

EXT. BAILEY DWELLING - DAY - 2321

A Kona horse remains outside the house. The horse bristles as he nears it.

He stalks towards the front yard when he sees--

Rose dead, laying in a pool of blood.

Like a reoccurring nightmare he cannot escape, he stumbles towards her body.

Anguish wracks his heart.

His only remaining thought is of his niece.

ZACHRY
Catkin?

INT. PAPA SONG'S SLAUGHTERHOUSE - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

The space is vast, perhaps a third of the belly of the enormous ship; the slaughterhouse sprawls out below them as if it had no end.

A few workers, and an army of conveyor belt robots wield scissors, sword-saws, and varying tools for stripping, rending and grinding.

With assembly-line efficiency, they snip collars, strip clothes, peel skin, offcut hands and feet, and vacuum out the offal.

It is perhaps the sound that disturbs Sonmi the most.

SONMI-451
I don't understand.

CHANG
Recycled Fabricants are a cheap source of protein. The genomics industry demands huge quantities of liquefied biomatter for wombtanks and more importantly to sustain their engineered labor force.

SONMI-451
Soap.

Chang nods.

SONMI-451 (CONT'D)
They feed us to ourselves.

INT. THE PROPHETESS - EWING'S ROOM - DAY - YEAR 1846

Goose leans in, barely an inch from Ewing's face. He speaks in a loving whisper.

GOOSE
Dearest Ewing, your worm is in its death throes, expelling every drop of poison. Drink this final purgative to expel its calcified remains. Come on, handsomely does it, one last drink, the end of your suffering is at hand.

Ewing strains to lift himself, his lips reaching for the alembic.

Lightning strikes outside as the ship is rocked by the approaching storm.

INT. BAILEY DWELLING - DAY - YEAR 2321

Zachry quietly moves through his abandoned house. Nobody.

ZACHRY
(whispers)
Catkin?

He hears a male voice grumbling. Then, silence again.

Someone is still in the house. He holds his spiker ready to attack.

Stalking through the house, he sees the intruder passed out in the storeroom, having drank all of their dandelion wine--

A KONA WARRIOR.

As far as Zachry knows, this is the man who killed his sister.

He knows what he is going to do.

The spiker flashes as Zachry fits it beneath the warrior's throat.

The blue vein pulses, waiting but something is wrong.

The world seems to freeze as Zachry hears the Abbesses words.

ABBESS (O.S.)
"Enemy's sleepin', don't slit that throat."

His mind goes to war with every instinct in his body.

INT. THE PROPHETESS - EWING'S ROOM - DAY - YEAR 1846

The dark liquid touches Ewing's lips just as there is a knock on the door.

His focus broken, Ewing lays back. Goose is frustrated. The knock continues.

AUTUA
(through the door)
Missa Ewing! Missa Ewing!

EWING
...Autua?

GOOSE
Adam, you really must drink this.

His voice is barely audible.

EWING
...please... see what he wants.

Grumbling, Goose carefully sets the alembic down. He unlocks the door.

Autua smiles when he sees Ewing and tries the enter.

AUTUA
Mr. Ewing, how are you--

Goose stops him.

GOOSE
Mr. Ewing is at a critical juncture in his treatment. The next few hours will determine if he will live or die.

Autua realizes the seriousness of the situation.

AUTUA
Then I stay here.

GOOSE
What, no, you can't.

AUTUA
I must. Missa Ewing save my life. He my duty.

GOOSE
Listen to me, you ignorant ape, "Missa Ewing" does not want you around him. You probably infected him to begin with. He begged me to please, and I quote, "keep that dirty nigger away from me." So please, kindly respect his wishes.

Autua is too stunned to do anything as Goose slams the door.

Goose turns already knowing the look of horror upon Ewing's face.

Ewing's mouth works uselessly.

GOOSE (CONT'D)
What's that, Ewing? How shall I comprehend if you drool and dribble so?

He laughs, his mask completely dropped.

GOOSE (CONT'D)
Let me hazard a guess, then. Something in the key of, "Oh Henry, how could you do this to me? I thought we were friends?"

He stoops and picks up the alembic.

GOOSE (CONT'D)
Unfortunately, you are wrong, Adam. Wrong like Horrox and your silly father-in-law. There is only one rule that binds all people, one governing principle that defines every relationship on God's green earth.

He sits beside Ewing again, his teeth looming over the helpless Ewing.

GOOSE (CONT'D)
"The Weak are Meat and the Strong Do Eat."

INT. BAILEY DWELLING - DAY - YEAR 2321

Zachry stares at the Kona, rage and hate boiling his blood.

He screams, sinking the knife deep into the warriors throat, whose eyes snap open--

The blade saws through the gristle of the larynx, blood bubbling as he tries to shout.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - YEAR 1973

The car roars after Napier and Luisa like a predatory animal, smashing into dumpsters, sparks flying, metal shrieking--

The front grill of the old sedan gleaming like teeth.

INT. THE PROPHETESS - DAY - YEAR 1846

Goose presses his knee against his chest, pinning him.

GOOSE
Why, you ask.

He pulls out a pen knife.

GOOSE (CONT'D)
'Tis absurdly simple.

Using the knife he slices off a button from Ewing's lovely waistcoat. He inspects the button, finds it to his liking and smiles, a toothy, yellow smile.

GOOSE (CONT'D)
There is money in your trunk and I want it, so I have killed you for it.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - YEAR 1973

Bill Smoke leans out of his window, firing his gun as Napier drags Luisa around a corner--

Into a dead end.

NAPIER
Shit.

The car comes screeching around the corner as they race up a flight of stairs to a warehouse door.

The door opens and they rush inside.

Bill Smoke, stops the car and walks briskly after them.

INT. BAILEY DWELLING - DAY - YEAR 2321

The Kona lies soaked in his own blood.

Zachry suddenly sees movement in the corner of the room. The floor is moving ever so softly. Slowly, he sneaks closer. There's a secret door in the ground, hard to identify as it blends in with the earth and dust around it.

His spear ready to be thrown, he yanks it open--

Revealing Catkin, trembling with fear, hiding in a little hole underneath the door.

They fall into each other's arms, tears flooding down their faces, when they hear more horses.

Zachry ducks and crawls to the window.

Four more KONA are gathered around the empty horse. They begin calling a name. Whistling.

Zachry looks at the dead man. Catkin sees him, too. Zachry hushes her back into her den.

When he looks back out the window he sees the Kona coming towards the house.

He looks for a place to hide; slithering into a cupboard just as two of the Kona enter.

Immediately they find the body. Zachry listens to their angry shouts; boots begin pounding through the house.

The darkness of his cramped box is filled with the sound of violence as the warriors tear through, smashing and destroying what little the Bailey's owned.

From the crack of light and the proximity of sound, he knows one of them is just outside the door.

He holds his breath. He prays. It is not enough--

The cupboard opens; the moment their eyes meet, Zachry knows he is dead.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - DAY - YEAR 1973

A sparse reception area is lit by a single tube, a tomb of flies. A black-eyed young Mexican woman swoops from nowhere and flutters into Napier's face brandishing her nail-file.

MEXICAN WOMAN
No ‘llegals here! No 'llegals here! Bossaway! Bossaway! Come back 'notherday!

The noise from the back is monolithic.

NAPIER
I’m not an inspector. We need help.

A poodle wanders out of its cardboard bed and begins sniffing at Napier.

The woman responds with machine-gun Spanish, talking to Napier and the dog simultaneously.

NAPIER (CONT’D)
I don’t understand--

Luisa jumps in.

LUISA REY
(in perfect Spanish)
We don’t want the police to get involved. We understand your situation but there is a man you is trying to kill me and we really need your help.

The woman looks at her, unsure of what she should do.

INT. THE PROPHETESS - EWING’S ROOM - DAY - YEAR 1846

Goose smiles, pinching Ewing’s nose, forcing his mouth open.

GOOSE
I commend you for a noble constitution, Adam. Most of my patrons succumb to my ministrations long before it comes to a drama such as this, but enough’s enough, it is time for you to die.

He holds the alembic to his lips and begins to pour.

The lantern sways nervously as the wind howls and rain lashes the ship.

The poison fills Ewing’s mouth when the door explodes open. Autua steps into the room; a club in his clenched fist.

AUTUA
Get away from Mr. Ewing or I kill you.

Goose rises affably.

GOOSE
This is a simple misunderstanding--

He attacks, throwing the alembic but Autua is too fast--

Closing the distance, bashing Goose in the face, shattering his nose.

Goose goes down in the cramped space as Ewing spits the poison from his mouth.

AUTUA
Mr. Ewing.

Autua rushes to Ewing.

AUTUA (CONT'D)
Gotta flush you out.

He starts to lift him, when Ewing sees--

Goose rise up, blood streaming from his ruined nose, his eyes like a rabid dog about to attack--

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - DAY - YEAR 1973

Bill Smoke shoves through the door, into the small reception area. Napier and Luisa are gone. There are three doors in the room.

The Mexican flaps her hands with her long elaborately painted nails at him as if shooing flies, mixing Spanish and heavily-accented English.

SMOKE
Two people came in here, which way did they go?

Her poodle becomes immediately agitated and begins barking.

MEXICAN WOMAN
We treat workers good! (more Spanish) No need Union! (more Spanish)

Smoke pulls out his gun.

SMOKE
Which way did they go?

The gun sends her into hysterics. The dog gets even more upset. Combined with the roar of the hidden machines, Smoke can't hear himself think.

SMOKE (CONT'D)
Shut up! Shut the fuck up!

The yapping of the dog is like aluminium on teeth. She is telling him who her boss knows when--

He shoots the dog.

She freezes, too shocked to even understand.

SMOKE (CONT'D)
Stupid fucking wetback.

She sinks to her knees, crying out in terrible pain while he pushes past her and enters the third door.

EXT. BAILEY DWELLING - DAY - 2321

Zachry is thrown onto the ground. His hands are bound behind him, Rose laying a few feet away.

An angry tattooed warrior puts a boot to his neck.

KONA WARRIOR
For what you done, we ought blade off your hands'n'feet, blade off your cock an leave you for the flies'n'rats' feastin'. But Captain say that too good for you.

Another Kona finishes heating a branding iron.

Zachry sees the orange-red glowing piece of metal and begins to struggle.

Zachry screams as the brand is pressed deep into his cheek.

INT. THE PROPHETESS - EWING'S ROOM - DAY - YEAR 1846

Goose attacks, shrieking like an animal bashing Autua who collapses onto Ewing.

Before Goose can finish the job, the ship heaves violently, throwing everyone against the far wall.

Autua recovers as he and Goose have at one another in the chaos of the rolling, pitching waves and disorienting lamp light.

Goose flails after several spilled vials from his bag as Autua finds his club and is about to finish the fight but--

Goose hurls a liquid that burns him.

The killer leaps on top, using the club to crush Autua's wind pipe.

Autua looks past Goose.

AUTUA
No, Missa Ewing! Don't! Get out of here!

Goose smiles, blood smeared across his teeth.

GOOSE
You got a lot to learn about lying, nigger. Ewing can't even stand, let alone help you--

But Ewing is standing and more than that, he raises the metal lock box that Goose wanted and--

Swings with every fibre of his being, falling as he strikes--

The sound of metal breaking against bone like a crack of thunder as--

Goose collapses.

EXT. BAILEY DWELLING - DAY - 2321

A noose hangs around Zachry's neck, tying him to the back of the Kona's horse. The body of the man he killed is tied over the horse beside him.

He seems almost resigned to his fate when he sees the Kona throw a torch onto the thatched roof.

It immediately bursts into flames. Terror clutches his heart.

ZACHRY
Catkin.

Fire and smoke consume the small house as Zachry writhes.

ZACHRY (CONT'D)
Oh no. S'my fault. S'all my fault.

INT. SWEATSHOP - DAY - YEAR 1973

An underworld sweatshop clattering with five hundred sewing machines. Flakes of textile are suspended in the viscous heat, haloing the naked bulbs hanging over each machinist.

Luisa and Napier skirt the outer walkway in a rapid semi-crouch. Limp Donald Ducks and crucified Scooby-Doos have their innards stitched, one by one, row by row, pallet by pallet. Each woman keeps her eyes fixed on the needle plates, so Luisa and Napier cause little commotion.

They enter a large storeroom. Rows, aisles and ten-foot tall boxes conceal the true dimensions of the room.

Napier is considering if they should go back when gunshots make up his mind.

They weave through the maze of cardboard as Smoke chases, firing his gun.

A door opens to a stairwell down. They leap down the single flight to a mechanical service tunnel. The door of the stairwell bangs above them as Smoke gains.

They race down the hall which has several heavy metal doors, trying each one. They are all locked.

Smoke enters the hall at the other end. There is one last door remaining. Napier grabs the handle--

It's locked.

There's no way out.

EXT. BAILEY DWELLING - DAY - 2321

Zachry thrashes against his ropes, screaming as the house is swallowed by flames.

The Kona sneer as they mount their horses and dig their spurs when--

Zachry hears a "ksss-ksss" sound and the warrior falls off his horse--

Two red holes in his forehead.

The others react but the sound continues, like bees zipping by--

Two more drop with holes punched through different parts of there bodies.

The last one slings a rock and Meronym is knocked from her perch in a tree.

She falls with a terrible thud, her thin silver weapon bouncing away.

Zachry tries to get free but can't.

The Kona grabs the weapon before Meronym can recover.

He lifts it, aiming it at her and pulls the trigger--

Exploding his own head because he had the futuristic gun backwards.

Meronym stands, brushing herself off.

MERONYM
I'm getting too old for this shit.

ZACHRY
Catkin! She's'n th'house!

MERONYM
Oh no.

There's not much left of it but she runs straight into the burning house.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - BASEMENT - YEAR 1973

Aiming his gun, Smoke walks towards them.

SMOKE
I told Grimaldi, you couldn't be trusted, Joe.

NAPIER
Look who's talking.

SMOKE
I'm completely loyal to whoever writes the biggest check. That's the business we're in.

NAPIER
Maybe I'm tired of the business.

He smiles and lifts the gun.

SMOKE
Well... enjoy your retirement.

He is about to shoot when the Mexican woman steps out of an alcove leading to one of the other doors.

In her hand is a monkey wrench which she brings down on the back of Smoke's head, crumpling him like a pushed pile of bricks.

Ten more blows of extreme ferocity follow, each one making Luisa flinch.

MEXICAN WOMAN
Yo! Amaba! A! Ese! Jodido! Perro!

She leans over Smoke's pulped face.

MEXICAN WOMAN (CONT'D)
And don't call me a fucking wetback!

EXT. BAILEY DWELLING - DAY - 2321

Zachry thrashes off the horse. Using the spurs of the dead Kona, he cuts himself free.

Just as he stands, Meronym stumbles out of the collapsing house--

Catkin in her arms.

A cry bursts from him like a bird taking flight. He rushes to his sister, engulfing her with his arms.

With gratitude wetting his eyes, he looks up at Meronym.

ZACHRY
Thank you.

She nods.

EXT. THE PROPHETESS - DAY - YEAR 1846

Ewing vomits salty water on the planks of the "Prophetess".

AUTUA
One more. Salt clean your stomach.

Holding Ewing who can barely kneel by himself, Autua forces another liter of salt water into Ewing's throat, who convulses before spitting it all out again.

AUTUA (CONT'D)
Good. See where we are, Missa Ewing.

He helps Ewing up to stand. With Ewing, we can see the harbour: the boat is docked in San Francisco bay.

EWING
...home.

The sight of his home bears Ewing up.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT - YEAR 2009

The Range Rover hums along the night road. A service station sign glows up ahead.

ERNIE
Alright almost home.

The Range Rover's lights fall on an all-night petrol station with a pub next door called the Hanged Edward. Midnight is long gone, but the lights are still on.

ERNIE (CONT'D)
Park in the pub. I'll go and get us a can of petrol so nobody'll spot us. Silly Johns left his jacket in the car, and in the jacket—tra-la.

Ernie pulls out a wallet thick with pounds.

VERONICA
A Drambuie and soda would hit the spot.

ERNIE
I'm sure he can stand us a round.

CAVENDISH
I must admit in all the excitement I did forget to wee before our escape.

MR. MEEKS
I know! I know!

INT. THE HANGED EDWARD - NIGHT - YEAR 2009

In the warm cave of a bar, a crowd watches TV soccer in a distant fluorescent time zone. In the eighty-first minute England is a goal down to Scotland.

Without taking his eyes off the TV the barman delivers Ernie their drinks by sense of touch alone.

The foursome edge their way through the crowd and take their seats in an alcove. A cyclone of despair suddenly sweeps through the bar as England is awarded a penalty.

Tribalism electrifies the air.

CAVENDISH
I'd like to check my route. Ernie, the map if you will.

ERNIE
You had it last.

CAVENDISH
Oh. Must be in ...

Cavendish's face freezes in sudden rigor mortis.

CAVENDISH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
My room. Extreme close-up, Director Lars, of Cavendish realizing his fateful mistake. I had left the map on my bed. For Nurse Noakes. With our route marked out in felt pen.

His face breaks its glacial hold.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)
...oh God. I think we had better drink up and move on.

VERONICA
But we've only just started this round.

Cavendish swallows hard.

CAVENDISH
About the, er, map...

He checks his watch calculating distances and speeds in his head.

Ernie begins to catch on.

ERNIE
What about the map?

His mouth opens to speak but the room is drowned in a howl of tribal grief. England has tied the match.

In the din the entrance door opens and the hulking figure of Mr. Withers fills the frame. His Gestapo eyes settle on the group as Johns Hotchkiss and an orderly appear beside him.

Cavendish lets out a breath of resignation.

EXT. CARTPATH - DAY - YEAR 2321

Zachry rides with Catkin as their horses charge down the road in full gallop.

As they charge towards the edge of the Valley they pass right by a large party of looting Kona.

The Kona are stunned for a moment until the leader bellows--

KONA WARRIOR
After them!

INT. THE HANGED EDWARD - NIGHT - YEAR 2009

Veronica sighs a frail sigh as Withers and Hotchkiss surround them.

HOTCHKISS
Your little joy ride is over.

Withers clamps a huge hand on Cavendish's shoulder.

WITHERS
You're going to be sorry in ways
you can't even imagine.

VERONICA
Oh bother. I had so hoped to see
the wild mountain thyme, all across
the blooming heather...

ERNIE
Sorry, love.

Grimly, Mr. Meeks stands-- and lets out a biblical bellow.

The TV viewers drop their conversations and look. Even Withers stops in his tracks.

Mr. Meeks climbs onto the bar, and roars an SOS to his universal fraternity.

MR. MEEKS
Are there nor trrruuue Scortsmen in tha hooossse?

Ernie, Veronica, and Cavendish's jaw goes slack.

Mr. Meeks points at Withers with a skeletal forefinger.

MR. MEEKS (CONT'D)
Those there English gerrrrunts are trampling o'er ma God-gi'en rrraights! Theeve used me an' ma pals morst direly an' we're inneed of a wee assistance!

WITHERS
Come quiet and face your punishments.

On hearing Wither's English accent the room curdles.

A ROCKER rises like Poseidon and flexes his knuckles. A CRANE OPERATOR stands beside him. A SHARKY-CHINNED MAN in a thousand-quid suit. An AXWOMAN with the scars to prove it.

The TV is switched off.

A Highlander growls softly.

HIGHLANDER
Aye, laddie. We'll nort let ye doone.

Withers bristles.

WITHERS
These men are car thieves.

AXWOMAN
You a copper?

She moves in.

CRANE OPERATOR
Show us your badge then.

He takes a step.

POSEIDON
Aw, you're full o' shite, man.

He leans forward.

Hotchkiss has had enough and begins crossing the room when his path is blocked by a pool cue.

HOTCHKISS
Now you just look here, you grebo, you can go shag your bloody sporran if you think—

Violence erupts, the pub filling with the sound of knuckle and bone on flesh.

One of Hotchkiss' teeth splashes into Cavendish's Kilmagoon, fifteen feet away. Cavendish fishes it out for a keepsake.

As the pandemonium escalates, the foursome gulp their drinks down then scurry out the back exit.

EXT. CARTPATH - DAY - YEAR 2321

A bolt sizzles past Zachry's head.

The chasing Kona fire crossbows from their galloping horses--

Meronym hefts her rifle. The air crackles as she fires twice, leaving smoking fist-sized holes in the two slavers.

With Catkin holding tight to him, Zachry kicks his horse's sides as the Kona thunder behind them, in hot pursuit.

As their horses clear a ridge we see up ahead the brilliant blue Pololu River, where the road pitches down and meets a decaying bridge of worn planks and rusting steel.

They race for it and as they do the sun clears a cloud bank and the colors of the bridge light up as if aflame in orange and bronze.

The Abbess's final prophecy pulses in Zachry's brain.

ABBESS VOICE (V.O.)
Bridge a'burnin', your path lies below.

He shouts to Meronym.

ZACHRY
We can't be crossin' that bridge!

MERONYM
What?

She twists in the saddle.

ZACHRY
We ain’t s’posed to use that bridge.

MERONYM
Over there’s our meetin with the Prescient ship! That bridge ain't safe?

ZACHRY
No.
(he can’t explain)
Sonmi tell’d me not t’cross it.

Meronym’s face crinkles as she stops her horse.

MERONYM
An'did Sonmi know we got a furyin' swarm o'Kona on our tail?

ZACHRY
We can ford the river down there.

He points down a fork in the road where the path meets the water.

The hoofs drum louder as the Kona close.

ZACHRY (CONT’D)
I trus’ you. Now you trus’ me.

Meronym makes her decision and follows Zachry down the path away from the bridge.

The footing is slick and rocky though and it slows their flight.

As they begin to ford the river, they look back to see the first of the Kona converging on the bridge. The warriors wail as they see them and raise their crossbows.

The water of the Pololu, already up to their horses neck, is numbingly cold. Crossbow bolts sizzle angrily around them as more Kona horsemen arrive.

Zachry curses himself as the Kona charge onto the bridge.

Meronym also curses in her own language as she watches them cross with nothing but a slight moan of timber until--

Just before they reach the other side, an explosion of tearing, shrieking fibers fills the air, the bridge giving way--

Collapsing under the weight of the war party.

The Kona horsemen fall in an avalanche of rent metal and debris plunging to their deaths twenty meters below.

Zachry howls, beating the water, standing up on his horse as he laughs and bays like a bear that has defended its home.

INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - DAY - YEAR 1973

Megan Sixsmith sits on a low bench in the Buenas Yerbas Museum of Modern Art and stares back at a giant portrait of an old lady's ursine face, rendered in interlacing gray and black lines on a canvas otherwise blank.

Luisa Rey sits down next to her. She is covered in dirt, grime and blood from the chase.

LUISA REY
Megan Sixsmith?

MEGAN
Luisa Rey?

They both nod.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Is Joe with you?

LUISA REY
That's him over there, pretending to be the art lover. He's watching out for us. I'm afraid his paranoia is justified.

MEGAN
Yes... so you'll understand why I have to ask you a question. I need to be sure you are who you say you are.

LUISA REY
Good. Ask away.

MEGAN
What was my uncle's favorite Hitchcock film?

Luisa smiles.

LUISA REY
I'll assume he told you that we talked about this in the elevator. Shadow of a Doubt. Though he said he recently watched Psycho with you.

Megan smiles at the memory.

MEGAN
He called Janet Leigh a "bubblehead."

Luisa reaches into her bag and pulls out the stack of letters from Frobisher to Sixsmith.

LUISA REY
I know he would want you to have these.

MEGAN
God... his letters.

They pass the letters as if they were a child.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Did you...?

LUISA REY
I did. I'm sorry if that was invasive, I was trying to figure out what happened and I thought they might be important.

She holds them like the are a sacred object.

MEGAN
Important? Sometimes it seemed like they were the only thing in his life that really mattered to him.

EXT. BRUGES - DAY - YEAR 1931

It is dawn and Sixsmith stands before the only monument Frobisher ever mentioned:

The tower.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
Don't come looking for me, Sixsmith.

He pulls the collar of his natty gabardine coat up and heads up the stairs.

FROBISHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You can't save me. I know now that my entire life has been leading to this point.

INT. PAPA SONG'S SLAUGHTERHOUSE - DAWN - YEAR 2144

Sonmi watches as the cleaning crew hoses down the viscera covered machines, washing the blood into the grated floor drains.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
And I am grateful.

Another shift crew begins to arrive. Her eyes look as hard as stainless steel.

SONMI-451
I've seen enough.

EXT. PAPA SONG'S SLAUGHTERHOUSE - DAWN - YEAR 2144

They head down the gang way still wearing their masked coveralls.

As they descend another group of Fabricants is being escorted up by the armed security personnel. The Fabricants are smiling and excited.

There is one that seems to be trailing slightly behind the others. She is a Yoona model.

As they pass one another, Sonmi reaches out and grabs her.

The Yoona is startled.

Sonmi stares at her from behind her mask.

SONMI-451
Don't go in there.

YOONA 939
What?

SONMI-451
Come with me.

Chang puts his hand on Sonmi.

YOONA 939
Let me go!

She tears free and rushes to catch up with the others.

Sonmi watches her go.

EXT. PIER - DAWN - YEAR 2144

Hidden behind shipping crates, Sonmi pulls her mask off and begins to sob.

Chang puts his arms around her and holds her.

INT. HOTEL MEMLING - NIGHT - YEAR 1931

Frobisher puts the last spot of ink on the orchestration sheet.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
It's done. Finished in a frenzy that reminded me of our last night in Cambridge. Please take care of it. Keep it away from my family. Pater'll sigh, "It's no Eroica" and stuff it in a drawer. The truth is it is an incomparable creation.

The music swirls and builds to climax in his head.

EXT. BRUGES TOWER - DAWN - YEAR 1931

Frobisher watches the sun come up, smoking his final cigarette. He looks like he has been up for days but he is smiling.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
Could never write anything near as good. Now, I'm a spent firework, but at least I've been a firework.

The music is cut off as Frobisher hears someone climbing the stairs. It seems too early or too cold to be a tourist.

He hides around the corner, watching as a young man in a natty gabardine jacket emerges--

Sixsmith.

Frobisher feels his heart choke his throat.

Sixsmith looks around the tower, just missing a crouched Frobisher in a dark alcove.

FROBISHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Watched my final sunrise, enjoyed a last cigarette. Didn't think the view could be any more perfect until I saw that beat up trilby. Honestly, Sixsmith, as ridiculous as that thing makes you look, I don't believe I've ever seen anything more beautiful. Thank you, my friend for being the one person on this earth who will actually miss ol' Robert Frobisher. I can't tell you what that means to me.

Quietly, Frobisher slips back down the winding stairs, leaving Sixmith alone in the tower.

INT. HOTEL MEMLING - DAY - YEAR 1931

Frobisher finishes his last letter. Beside him is the Sextet manuscript.

The music returns.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
Watched you for as long as I dared. I don't believe it was a fluke that I saw you first.

He signs the letter and puts it in the envelope.

FROBISHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The world's a shadow theatre, an opera and such things are writ large in its libretto. Don't be too cross at my role. You're a brilliant physicist but you couldn't understand, no matter how much I explained.

He picks up the Luger and goes to the bathroom.

INT. HOTEL MEMLING - BATHROOM - DAY - YEAR 1931

He climbs into the tub.

FROBISHER (V.O.)
I believe we do not stay dead long. As soon as my Luger lets me go, my birth, next time around will be on me in a heartbeat.

He puts the gun in his mouth.

FROBISHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There is another world waiting for us, Sixsmith. A better world and I'll be waiting for you there. Find me beneath the Corsican stars where we first kissed. Yours Eternally, R.F.

The gun goes off.

EXT. PRESCIENT SHIP - DUSK - YEAR 2321

The sun has set. The stars beginning to blink.

Zachry and Catkin sit on the ledge of the Prescient's hovercraft, legs dangling out over the water.

Meronym is talking to DUOPHYSITE, the captain of the ship.

In the distance, plumes of smoke rise from the island, black scars of violence.

We hear a howling, angry wind that we have heard before.

Catkin sees him first; Old Georgie hangs in the silhouette of the trees. She clutches tight to her brother.

CATKIN
It's him, ain't it?

Zachry looks out towards the trees, but Georgie is no longer there.

ZACHRY
Nay... jus'a wind.

Meronym comes and sits with them.

MERONYM
On'a'count'a what happen'd, my Captain say-soed to take you with us.

ZACHRY
Well, now, we ain't be needin' no charity.

MERONYM
This ain't no charity. Your prov'd yourself more'n'once. We could use your help.

He mulls it over, not wanting to look too anxious.

CATKIN
I wanna go wit'Meronym!

ZACHRY
An'jus'where y'think y'goin? You Prescients same boat as us. You got no dwellin'place neither.

MERONYM
Nay, not yet.

ZACHRY
You think someun goin't'hear your message an'come down ou'the sky?

MERONYM
Maybe. Maybe one day.

ZACHRY
Pffff. One day ain't but a flea o'hope.

MERONYM
Yay, but fleas ain't so easy to rid.

She smiles and it lightens his heart.

She covers his hand with her own and he knows that whereever this woman goes, he will follow her.

INT. FLOPHOUSE - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

Chang is curled around Sonmi's body like protective armor.

Unable to sleep, she knows what she is going to do.

SONMI-451
That ship...

She turns towards him.

SONMI-451 (CONT'D)
That ship must be destroyed. Every slaughtership in the world must be sunk.

CHANG
Yes.

SONMI-451
The shipyards that built them must be demolished. The systems that facilitated them must be dismantled. The laws that permitted the systems must be torn down and reconstructed.

CHANG
Yes.

SONMI-451
Every consumer, every politician, every Boardman must understand that Fabricants are Pureblood, be they grown in a wombtank or a womb.

CHANG
Yes.

SONMI-451
If persuasion does not work, we must fight to achieve this end whatever force is necessary.

CHANG
This is what we have been waiting for.

INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - DAY - YEAR 1973

Close on the Sixsmith report as Megan hands it to Luisa Rey.

MEGAN
My Uncle always used me to vet his math. I had to know if you were someone who was prepared to take this as far as it can go.

Luisa can't believe she has it in her hands.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
These people need to be held accountable.

Luisa nods.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Make them pay.

Luisa locks her jaw like a fighter going into the last round.

LUISA REY
Count on it.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - YEAR 2144

The Archivist checks the time.

ARCHIVIST
Our time is almost finished.
Please tell me about your arrest.

SONMI-451
I was taken to a Union controlled satellite link. I broadcast my Catechisms to the Twelve States and the Four Off-World Colonies.

INT. SATELLITE COMMUNICATION CENTER - NIGHT - YEAR 2144

It is the same station that Zachry and Meronym used.

SONMI-451 (V.O.)
Eighteen minutes later, the Enforcers attacked.

A ferocious gunfight is watched in silence from Sonmi's perspective behind the glass of the broadcast booth.

ARCHIVIST (V.O.)
The report said that Commander Chang was killed in the assault.

Sonmi watches helplessly as Chang is gunned down.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - YEAR 2144

The pain of the memory is hidden deep.

SONMI-451
That is correct.

ARCHIVIST
Would you say that you loved him?

She smiles and for a moment she is radiant.

SONMI-451
Yes, I do.

ARCHIVIST
Why are you smiling?

SONMI-451
Because very soon all of this is going to end. A door will close but another will open and I believe that when it does, I will find him there, waiting for me.

EXT./INT. EWING'S HOME - DAY

The door opens and Ewing is half-carried by Autua into the vestibule.

Ewing's wife TILDA sees him and rushes to him.

He collapses into her arms.

He cries, holding her, never more grateful for any moment in his life.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - YEAR 2144

The door opens and two Enforcers enter.

ARCHIVIST
On behalf of my Ministry and... myself, I thank you for this interview.

She nods as the Enforcers unlock her cuffs.

ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)
If I may ask one last question: You had to know, the whole scheme engineered by Union, would fail.

SONMI-451
Of course. This is exactly what General Apis laid out in that room to me. This was my destiny.

ARCHIVIST
What? To be... executed?

SONMI-451
Yes.

ARCHIVIST
Why?

SONMI-451
If I had remained invisible, the truth would stay hidden. I couldn't allow that.

The Enforcers unlock her cuffs and lift her out of the chair.

ARCHIVIST
And what if no one believes this "truth"?

SONMI-451
That can't happen.

ARCHIVIST
Why not?

SONMI-451
Because someone already does.

Sonmi smiles as the Enforcers take her away.

INT. THOMAS MOORE'S OFFICE - EVENING - YEAR 1846

Ewing enters using a cane. He looks better but not completely recovered.

Haskell Moore, his father-in-law stands.

MOORE
Good God, Adam, what are you doing here? The doctor said at least three weeks in bed.

EWING
I'm sorry, but this couldn't wait.

Ewing sets his briefcase down.

EWING (CONT'D)
I've done a lot of thinking about my life, sir and I've come to certain conclusions.

He removes the sealed contract from Horrox.

MOORE
Is that the contract for Reverend Horrox?

EWING
It is indeed.

MOORE
I could have sent a boy--

Ewing holds the contract to the candle flame.

MOORE (CONT'D)
What the devil are you doing?

EWING
I owe my life to a self-freed slave. I cannot in good conscience participate in this kind of business any longer.

MOORE
What?! Are you insane?! You've just cost me a fortune! Goddamn you! If you weren't my daughter's husband I would fire you on the spot!

EWING
Not necessary, sir. Here is my resignation.

He hands him a letter.

MOORE
When Tilda learns what you have done ---

EWING
She's outside in the carriage. She came to demonstrate her support.

Moore throws back the curtain to see his daughter Tilda smile and wave from their carriage. Autua is beside her.

MOORE
The poison must have rotted your brain!

EWING
Perhaps. If it has, I recommend it. I've not felt this good in years.

MOORE
And just what in blazes do you think are you going to do?

EWING
Spend my life shaping a world that I want my son to inherit, not one that I fear he shall inhabit.

MOORE
Listen to me, Adam. Listen for the sake of my daughter and grandson, if not your own. There is a natural order to this world and those who try to upend it do not fare well. If you go to Georgia and try to tell upstanding people that they are merely white-washed niggers and that niggers are black-washed whites, you and your entire family will be spat on. You will be beaten. Shot at. Lynched or crucified. And for what, Adam? For what? No matter what you do, it will never amount to anything more than a single drop in a limitless ocean!

Ewing stands at the door.

EWING
Yet what is any ocean but a multitude of drops?

He shuts the door behind him.

INT. LUISA'S APARTMENT - DAY - 1974

Luisa reads the paper with the huge headline: "LLOYD HOOKS ARRESTED, PRESIDENT FORD VOWS TO 'ROOT OUT CROOKS WHO BRING IGNOMINY TO CORPORATE AMERICA.'"

Across from her on the couch, reading the same story in another paper is Javier.

JAVIER
One for the good guys.

Luisa smiles and offers her cup to cheers.

LUISA REY
I'll drink to that.

They cheers and then she lifts her cup towards her father's picture standing proudly.

INT. CAVENDISH'S STUDY - NIGHT - YEAR 2009

Close as his empty glass of wine is filled. Cavendish finishes his memoirs.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
In vino veritas. Middle age is flown, but it is attitude, not years, that condemns one to the ranks of the Undead, or else proffers salvation.

A woman comes around to the back of his chair and massages his shoulders.

CAVENDISH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Outside, fat snowflakes are falling on slate roofs and granite walls. Like Solzhenitsyn laboring in Vermont, I shall beaver away in exile, far from the city that knitted my bones.

Cavendish finishes and takes her hand leading her around to sit with him. It is Ursula.

CAVENDISH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Unlike Solzhenitsyn, I shan't be alone.

He pours her a glass and they smile and drink.

EXT. THE VILLAGE - DAWN - 2346

The fire has burned out.

ZACHRY
Firey's dyin'. Jus'as well. My yarnin's done.

ADAM, a young boy who could be a young Zachry with dark skin, sighs.

ADAM
'Bout time! Can we go home now?

Around the fire are a dozen young faces, children and grandchildren of obviously mixed races.

ZACHRY
Oh yay! Go! Ge'on then y'damn sluggabuggahs! Try to tell you what's what-- Ge'on!

The kids tumble and dash away, heading towards a distant house glowing warmly.

Beyond the home, there are the twinkling spires of a future-city.

Zachry remains behind. He looks up. Two moons, one nearly full, the other almost new gleam with pale purple light.

MIRO, a young girl who looks like what Meronym must have looked like as a child, lingers with him.

MIRO
You like it out here, don't you Grampy?

He shrugs.

ZACHRY
Supposin' it 'minders me'a my Valley.

She stares with him at the star field beyond.

MIRO
Which is the earth?

He points to a bright star.

ZACHRY
That un there. The blue shimmerer.

As they gaze upwards, we see the back of Zachry's head which was covered by his hair when he was younger; there near the top of his spine is a comet-shaped birthmark.

ZACHRY (CONT'D)
Come on. Gettin' cold.

She helps him up.

MIRO
Are you gonna tell us 'bout the woahsome ship and the big sleep and all the nex'nexs.

ZACHRY
Nay... your Grammy tells the nex'nexs better'n'me.

He takes her hand and they head away from us, towards their home.

MIRO
Do you still love Grammy?

ZACHRY
Your Grammy was the bes'thing that ever happ'n'd to me.

FADE OUT