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Brave New World

“PILOT”

Current Draft:

David Wiener

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Grant Morrison & Brian Taylor

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Universal Cable Productions
10 Universal City Plaza
Bldg. 1440, 34th Floor
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BRAVE NEW WORLD
Production Draft

"Pilot"

Episode #101
11/21/2018

REVISION HISTORY

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10/05/18	Production Draft	Full Draft
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BRAVE NEW WORLD
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"Pilot"

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CAST LIST

BERNARD
LENINA
JOHN
FRANNIE
LINDA
THE DIRECTOR
HELM
CJACK60

HENRY
MADYSUN
SHEELA
KVLE

GAMMA SUPERVISOR
GAMMA ASSISTANT
CARLA
DELTA SERVER
STATUESQUE ALPHA
PROPRIETOR

Lance
Alpha Minus Woman
Damon
Alpha Woman
Beta Man
Tall Man
Two Hard Dudes

SET LIST

INTERIORS

BERNARD'S APARTMENT
- BATHROOM
- LIVING ROOM

BERNARD'S OFFICE

BUREAU OF STABILITY
- CENTRAL OFFICE
- CONCOURSE

CENTRAL HATCHERY
- PRODUCTION FLOOR

CORNER SHOP

ELEVATOR

EPSILON POD
- CJACK57'S QUARTERS

HALLWAY

HELM'S OFFICE

HELM'S STUDIO

JOHN'S HOUSE
- LINDA'S ROOM
- MAIN ROOM

LAB

PARTY DISTRICT

RESIDENTIAL COMPLEX
- GREENHOUSE

THE EPSILONICUM
- CORRIDORS

THE HELIX UNDERGROUND

WHITE LIMO

EXTERIORS

JOHN'S HOUSE
- BACKYARD
- ROOFTOP

NEW LONDON

NEW LONDON PROMENADE

PLEASURE GARDEN

RESIDENTIAL COMPLEX
- ROOFTOP ECO-SPACE

THE EPSILONICUM

THE SAVAGE LANDS
- BACK LOT
- BLUFF
- PROP SHED
- RESIDENTIAL STREET
- STREET

TEASER

OPEN ON:

A BLUE SPHERE, suspended in the dark unknown.

SUPER TEXT designates this celestial body: "BETA PLUS"

From this distance, the sphere appears not unlike our own lonely planet. We watch the swirl of its cumulus clouds, the steady churn of its oceans, until--

THE SPHERE SLIDES FROM FRAME...

AND IS REPLACED by a TRANSLUCENT GLOBE designated "BETA MINUS" -- a colorless ghost of its predecessor. It hovers in the darkness until--

A MICRO-SYRINGE lances its atmosphere, injecting a plume of BLUE-GREEN GENE EDITING CHEMICAL.

The syringe withdraws from the membrane of this EMBRYO, as we PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

THE SCIENTIST. Her eye hovers over the lens of the microscope, intently focused, perfectly still.

VOICE (O.S.)

Lenina Crowne.

1

INT. LAB - DAY

1

The Scientist looks up from her work. She scans the rows of workstations where scores of her FELLOW SCIENTISTS remain bowed over their microscopes.

VOICE (O.S.)

Lenina Crowne.

No reaction from the others. The voice speaks to her alone.

She is LENINA CROWNE (mid-20s) with almond-shaped eyes and a facial symmetry index that deviates less than .0003 from Phi.

That you find Lenina beautiful is an incontrovertible result of your conditioning.

A faint CHIME draws Lenina's attention back to her microscope. A CONVEYOR loads another embryo.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Lenina Crowne--

Lenina suppresses a smile. Bernard hesitates, a flicker of insecurity in his eyes. He clears his throat. He stands.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
Thank you for coming.

LENINA
I guess it couldn't wait.

BERNARD
I'm afraid not.
(then, gestures to sofa)
Please.

Lenina sits. Bernard selects a DISPENSER from several on his desk. He ejects a GREEN PILL into his palm, offers it.

LENINA
Green? Sounds serious.

BERNARD
(re: the pill)
It doesn't need to be.

LENINA
My levels are fine, thank you.

BERNARD
Perhaps you should let me do my
job.

LENINA
(sharp)
Perhaps you should get to the
point.

Lenina winces at the edge in her voice, the breach of decorum. She sees Bernard bristle beneath his placid grin.

LENINA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I don't know where that--

BERNARD
It's come to my attention that you
are engaged in an exclusive sexual
relationship with your co-worker--

LENINA
I beg your-- hold on--

BERNARD
With one Henry Foster, an Alpha
Plus, for over two months now--

LENINA

No. No, that's not accurate... I
don't think that's--

With a flourish, Bernard sweeps his hand upward, summoning AR
GRAPHICS into the space between them.

THE THREE DIMENSIONAL AR SCENE shows Lenina in passionate
embrace with HENRY FOSTER (30), a remarkably handsome man.

BERNARD

Last week.
(off Lenina)
You do remember?

No response. The air of well-being drains from Lenina's face.
Bernard swipes the scene away. ANOTHER IMAGE APPEARS -- This
one features Lenina and Henry happily fucking against a wall.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

This was a Monday. The executive
bathroom above the gestational
wing.

LENINA

Wait. That's not what--

Bernard swipes to ANOTHER INTIMATE IMAGE of Lenina and Henry.

BERNARD

Two Thursdays ago. The breezeway.
(swipes to another)
The previous Tuesday.
(swipes to another)
Twice.

LENINA

Stop.

BERNARD

The prior Monday.
(swipes to another)
Monday before that.
(swipes several more)
Lots of Mondays...

Swipe. Swipe -- more images of the couple -- Most of these
are sexual in nature, while others are simply affectionate,
familiar, private.

LENINA

Stop. Please...

BERNARD HOLDS ON AN IMAGE OF -- Lenina laughing, her hands covering Henry's eyes, playful, tender, close.

Lenina's eyes go to the floor.

BERNARD

No need for shame. I assure you,
I'm quite used to this sort of
thing.

Bernard reaches into the AR image, rotates it, changing perspective.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Comes with the job. So believe me
when I tell you that I understand,
Lenina. Because I do...

Bernard ZOOMS IN on Henry.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

The impulse... Handsome, strapping,
tall. I'm told he's quite witty
when he wants to be. Our man
Henry's every bit an Alpha Plus,
isn't he? And what girl wouldn't...

Bernard trails off. Lenina looks up to see a glimmer of discomfort in his eyes. Bernard pops a PILL from his personal dispenser, swallows. A beat.

LENINA

Mr. Marx?

BERNARD

(reorienting)

But what I can never seem to wrap
my head around is the selfishness.
Two people engaged in possessive,
monogamous-- forgive me, I don't
know what else to call it--
Relations, in private, separate,
with no regard for the social body.
No consideration for the pain they
cause, the damage they--

LENINA

No--

BERNARD

Inflict-- Did you say, no?

LENINA

No. You make it sound as if we intended-- It was a few times.

BERNARD

Twenty-two--

LENINA

It just happened. You can understand that, can't you? It was purely sexual, I swear, at first--

BERNARD

Let me stop you right there--

LENINA

We began to talk, to prefer each other's company and I just thought--

BERNARD

No. You did not. You did not think. You gave no thought whatsoever to anyone but yourself. Not your colleagues, not your friends. All of whom have as much a right to Henry Foster as you do, Lenina. Or do you not agree? Lenina?
(then, loaded)
Lenina.

LENINA

(resigned)
Everyone belongs to everyone else.

BERNARD

Yes. That's right. Good... That's good. And it's over now.
(then, smiles)
After this sort of thing, I've found it's best to get right back in the mix. If you'd like, I can recommend a few excellent...

Bernard sees she's not listening. Lenina stares at the Green Pill on the table.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Go on. A Soma a day keeps the jim-jams away.

LENINA

You wouldn't happen to have something more...

Bernard smiles. *CLICK* -- he ejects a YELLOW SOMA into his hand. Lenina takes it, places it in her pocket.

LENINA (CONT'D)

(off Bernard)

For later. I still have a few hours left on my shift.

Bernard nods, regards her, sees her pain.

BERNARD

You know I wouldn't be doing my job if I wasn't hard on you.

(softening)

This isn't really your fault, Lenina. You're a Beta. Henry Foster's the Alpha here. I'd expect him to show more awareness, more control--

LENINA

Beta Plus.

(off Bernard)

I'm a Beta Plus.

BERNARD

No, of course. I only meant that you can't be expected to think so far ahead. It's Henry who needed to consider the big picture. But Henry didn't. And he didn't think of all those who desire you. At least not until today.

LENINA

Henry... told you...?

BERNARD

It doesn't matter. What's important is that we caught it in time. These things have a way of festering. Jealousy, possessiveness, secrecy. The diseases of the social body.

(then)

Lenina. You don't need to feel this way. You will take the recommended actions. And you're going to feel better. I promise.

Lenina meets his eyes. Her vulnerability stokes Bernard's empathy -- This is uncomfortable for him. He stands, crosses away, fidgets with the TINY TOPIARY GARDEN on his desk.

Lenina moves to the door, turns back to say something, thinks better of it. Walks out.

Bernard turns back to the AR image still floating in the center of his office. He's about to swipe it away -- but then reaches into the image of Lenina and Henry again. He rotates it. He regards Lenina's face, contorted in laughter or... Bernard's brow furrows. He ZOOMS IN ON a subtle imperfection on Lenina's cheek. A TEAR. Not laughing, but crying.

Bernard's face shifts to mirror Lenina's, as if trying on the emotion itself when --

VOICE (O.S.)
Bernard Marx.

He winces. Bernard presses his fingers to his eyes. He sighs.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Bernard Marx.

Bernard swipes Lenina's image away.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Are you ignoring me, Marx?

Bernard whirls to find an AR PROJECTION of THE DIRECTOR (30s) standing directly behind him. Bernard jumps--

BERNARD
No sir. I wouldn't--

THE DIRECTOR
Listen. There's been an incident.

6 **INT. BUREAU OF STABILITY - CENTRAL OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER** 6

Lenina pops a VIOLET SOMA as she passes a row of glass-walled offices. She maintains a tight, controlled expression.

INSIDE THE OFFICES -- PEOPLE engage in "counseling sessions", similar to the one Lenina just left.

HENRY FOSTER emerges from a nearby door. He sees Lenina, freezes. She stops and meets his eyes. The current of OFFICE WORKERS flows around Lenina and Henry as they stand several feet apart -- a silent acknowledgement of their relationship's end. Then Henry nods and walks past Lenina. She joins the flow of workers headed to the--

7 **INT. BUREAU OF STABILITY - CONCOURSE - CONTINUOUS** 7

Lenina turns onto the concourse. We see the true majesty of its architecture now -- A bridge of soaring organic curves high above the ground.

Fighting to suppress the emotion of her encounter with Henry, Lenina fishes in her pocket. She regards the Yellow Pill in her palm. Lenina swallows it. She takes a few more steps and stops, stunned by the sheer force of the Soma. Her pupils go wide -- *WHOOSH!*

Lenina tracks the sound. She looks down through the transparent polymer floor to see a PLEASURE FLIVVER pass beneath her feet. Music pulses as BODIES undulate aboard the open-roofed vessel. Blissed, Lenina tracks the craft as it accelerates over --

8 **EXT. NEW LONDON - CONTINUOUS** 8

Lenina looks out on a city with no past. A marvel of adaptation and integration. Natural forms and flora merge with elegant, flowing architecture. Luminous edifices. The city of our dreams.

9 **INT. LAB - MOMENTS LATER** 9

Lenina steps to her workstation, aglow with positivity, her eyes blazing from the Soma. Frannie gives her a knowing grin.

FRANNIE

Where'd you get off to? Or, should
I say, who'd you get--

LENINA

Frannie.
(then, playing along)
Behave yourself.

Lenina gives Frannie a mischievous grin then returns to her microscope.

LENINA'S POV -- The green-blue embryo has turned a malignant gray. AR GRAPHICS confirm -- "BETA-MINUS, NOT VIABLE"

FRANNIE (O.S.)

If you say Henry Foster again, I
swear, I'll report you.

Lenina looks up.

LENINA

Don't be silly.

FRANNIE

Done with that, are we?

Lenina forces a wry smile. Even with the Soma, we sense the strain.

LENINA

(a slogan)

Ending is better than mending.

Lenina presses a button -- *WHOOSH* -- *QUICK VACUUM SUCTION* clears her workstation. The conveyor loads another embryo dish.

REVERSE ON -- Lenina. She bends to her microscope, revealing the wide glass windows behind her. We push through...

10 **INT. CENTRAL HATCHERY - PRODUCTION FLOOR - CONTINUOUS** 10

A serpentine conveyor ferries an endless supply of embryos toward their destinies.

WE FOLLOW the conveyor as it branches, sorting the line of embryo containers into one of five marked tributaries -- ALPHA, BETA, GAMMA, DELTA, EPSILON.

High above us, LARGER CONVEYORS spiral ever upward, disappearing into a cavernous space where glowing amber lights illuminate ARTIFICIAL WOMBS containing DEVELOPING FETUSES.

Far from dystopian, the scene is celestial, full of wonder and peace. The spinning lights, the angelic sleeping faces... If not Heaven, what world is this?

MAIN TITLES:

Seamlessly blending with the desirable products and services offered by our wise corporate partners...

11 **COMMERCIAL #1 - THE SAVAGE LANDS - (15 SECONDS)** 11

Another commercial begins...

A MOVIE TRAILER VOICE piques our "FOMO" over a SERIES of familiar commercial tropes including: (1) A folksy ELDERLY COUPLE smiling by a roadside, (2) A MOTHER hustling her KIDS out the door to play, (3) Rioting INMATES, (4) A FAMILY playing Frisbee with their DOG, (5) A frantic HOSPITAL ER tending to multiple GSWs, (6) A WEDDING.

INTERCUT SUPER TEXT: "Come see how they live"

MOVIE TRAILER VOICE (V.O.)
 Experience that magic all over
 again. You bring the friends. We've
 got the fun. Now with new thrills,
 fresh pleasures and all the--

SUPER TEXT: "THE SAVAGE LANDS"

A HAND REACHES INTO FRAME, muting the voice--

12

INT. THE HELIX UNDERGROUND - DAY

12

-- Bernard wipes this AR ADVERT from his field of vision.

He sways in unison with his FELLOW PASSENGERS as they shoot through the main artery of New London's underground. Bernard surveys the people around him, noting the subtle TRANSLUCENT LETTERS that identify each citizen by their social caste. Detached, Bernard watches them swipe and manipulate AR applications only they can see.

A DELTA SERVER makes his way down the center aisle, distributing HOT TOWELS and VIALS OF SOMA FIZZ to a cluster of ALPHA PASSENGERS. The server passes Bernard without offering. A STATUESQUE ALPHA notices the slight. She looks to Bernard.

BERNARD
 It's all right.

STATUESQUE ALPHA
 All right? Act your level, man.

BERNARD
 No, really, It's fine. I'm not--

STATUESQUE ALPHA
 (to Server)
 You. Delta. You missed one.

The Delta turns. It takes him a moment to reconcile the "A+" hovering near Bernard's head with the pale, wan Bernard. Panicked, the Delta hustles over.

DELTA SERVER
 Sorry, so sorry. Would you care for
 Soma fizz?

BERNARD
 No. It's okay.

DELTA SERVER
 Hot towel? Fizz?

BERNARD

No.

This minor ripple in the social order draws the attention of the other Alphas. They snicker at the Delta's confusion.

DELTA SERVER

Your happiness is important to me.

BERNARD

Thank you. I don't want anything.

DELTA SERVER

Thank you sir. Would you care for hot towel?

(then)

Or fizz?

Bernard reads the desperation in the Delta's eyes, his palpable need for completion.

BERNARD

A towel would be nice.

Relieved, the Delta presents Bernard with a towel, moves off.

Bernard watches the other Alphas trade whispers. He's accustomed to these humiliations but they never fail to make him keenly aware of his less-than-Alpha appearance.

Bernard takes an INDIGO SOMA and turns up his AR input level. His field of vision floods with VIVID 3D ADVERTISEMENTS offering various forms of recreation, sex and thrills.

PA VOICE (O.S.)

Now arriving, District of the Sublime. Change here for the...

13 **EXT. NEW LONDON PROMENADE - DAY**

13

Bernard emerges from the station onto a bustling public walk. HAPPY CITIZENS go about their business. GAMMA WAITERS and DELTA BUSBOYS attend to ALPHAS and BETAS congregated at the outdoor eateries.

Bernard wends his way through the crowd unnoticed. He stops before a large residential complex. He looks up.

14 **EXT. RESIDENTIAL COMPLEX - DAY**

14

Bernard steps off the elevator into a sunlit rooftop lobby. A cheerful GAMMA SUPERVISOR rushes to greet him. Bernard notices the Gamma's eyes aren't tracking. The man is disoriented, unsettled.

GAMMA SUPERVISOR

(speedy)

Counselor, thank you for coming.
This whole event has been very
disruptive. Very negative. In terms
of the amenities we offer on our
rooftop space. Some of our
residents--

BERNARD

Stop talking. Look here.

The Gamma falls silent. Bernard scans his eyes.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

You took a violet.

GAMMA SUPERVISOR

I don't remember.

BERNARD

Not a question.

CLICK -- Bernard hands him a GREEN SOMA. The Gamma swallows.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

All right. Show me.

Bernard watches a tide of well-being spread across the
Gamma's face as he leads Bernard to a pair of doors.

GAMMA SUPERVISOR

I'm happy you're here.

BERNARD

Yes. What happened?

GAMMA SUPERVISOR

Our residents were enjoying an
aquatic recreation session.
Delightful. Satisfaction levels
were quite high until one of the
Epsilons, he... disrupted the...

(off Bernard)

Well, see if you can make sense of
it...

The doors open. Bernard trails the Gamma onto--

15

EXT. RESIDENTIAL COMPLEX - ROOFTOP ECO-SPACE - CONTINUOUS 15

A rooftop pool accented by curated tropical vegetation.

Bernard pushes his way through a crowd of GAWKERS to find several EPSILONS surrounding something on the deck.

BERNARD

Hey, you Jacks get away from there.

The Epsilons turn in unison to regard Bernard. We notice the striking lack of genetic variation among them.

The Epsilons move, heeding Bernard's command. Except for one.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

You Jack, did you hear what I--

Bernard places a hand on the shoulder of the Epsilon still kneeling by THE BODY. CJACK60 spins to face Bernard. A beat. Bernard studies him, surprised by the flicker of aggression in CJack60's eyes.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

(calmly)

A Soma for you, Jack.

CJack60 accepts the Soma. He steps back as Bernard moves to investigate the victim lying face down on the roof deck.

The corpse makes a sickening wet sound as Bernard rolls it over. Even in its pulverized condition, Bernard can see that this Epsilon, CJACK57, is genetically identical to CJack60.

The grisly sight sends a ripple through the crowd.

Bernard scans the faces around him -- all of them blank, distant, unequipped to process the violence. Nervous laughter here and there.

Bernard puffs himself up to take control of the situation. He produces his COUNSELOR KIT -- a transparent container of professional grade Soma (Yellows, Oranges, Reds).

CJACK60's POV -- The Epsilon AR interface is basic, austere, projecting simple "emoji-like" symbols in lieu of text or data. From a distance, CJack60 watches as Bernard goes from person to person, making eye contact, handing out pills and sending them away.

CJack60 looks to the remains of his dead twin. A "clean up" symbol flashes over the body.

WITH BERNARD

Distributing Soma to the remaining bystanders.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

It's a fine day, why waste it here?
Off you go.

Bernard looks up at the complex's main tower that looms over the eco-space. His brow furrows. The Gamma shuffles up.

GAMMA SUPERVISOR

Will this impact this evening's
resident rooftop soiree?

BERNARD

(ignoring that)
Clear your residents from this
area.
(re: the Epsilons)
And tell them not to touch anything
until I get back.

GAMMA SUPERVISOR

(a bit panicked)
You're leaving?

16 **INT. RESIDENTIAL COMPLEX - GREENHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER** 16

The elevator opens to the splendid greenhouse atop the main tower. CITRUS TREES thrive. Wild vines crisscross the space.

Bernard pushes through the greenery. A *WHISTLING SOUND* grows louder as Bernard approaches.

Bernard stops, looks up toward the ceiling where a LARGE PANEL has been removed. A ladder has been positioned under the opening.

Bernard climbs the ladder and leans out the gap. The wind whips his clothes as he looks down at the body far below. Bernard pulls himself back inside, heart pounding.

Bernard plucks a GRAPEFRUIT from the tree beside him. He leans out again. He drops it, watches it fall.

17 **EXT. RESIDENTIAL COMPLEX - ROOFTOP ECO-SPACE - MOMENTS LATER**

Bernard stands over the splattered grapefruit. He looks to the body some thirty feet away... Odd. Bernard walks towards the corpse.

He finds CJack60 standing over the body. The other Epsilons linger nearby.

BERNARD

What is your name?

CJACK60

CJack60.

BERNARD

You know this worker.

CJACK60

We know this worker.

BERNARD

Did you see what happened to him?

(no response)

I asked you a question.

CJACK60

This worker fell.

Bernard shades his eyes and looks up to the greenhouse, then to the grapefruit, then back to CJack.

BERNARD

He fell?

CJack60 meets Bernard's eyes. A beat.

CJACK60

We clean up now.

The other Epsilons turn in unison. Bernard watches CJack60 follow his cohorts to clean up the splattered grapefruit.

Bernard kneels to regard the body...

A wave of emotion blooms in Bernard's eyes as he studies the shattered face before him. Slowly, he reaches out and touches the Epsilon's skin--

QUICK FLASH - DEAD EPSILON POV

The roof deck flies up at incredible speed before-- IMPACT.

BACK TO BERNARD

His hand recoils. Bernard reels. For a moment, he struggles to process the flash of Epsilon memory. Then Bernard's expression shifts. A realization -- a mixture of revulsion, awe and... something else... something new.

It's too much. Bernard produces his Soma dispenser. *CLICK* -- empty. Bernard's eyes brim with panic, his breath becomes ragged, shallow. A wave of vertigo washes over him. Bernard sits down, struggling to stabilize...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

18 INT. HELM'S STUDIO - DAY

18

CLOSE ON -- THE FACE OF A MALE BETA. His skin ripples in silly putty waves against the intense G-force of a free fall. Pure adrenalized euphoria trickles from his eyes as he reaches the nadir of his dive and pulls to a horizontal trajectory. His lips flutter. His eyes go wide with awe. This man is flying--

And then he's not -- IMPACT. The Beta's neck compresses. His body shudders as the air is forced from his lungs. The Beta lies still. Dead? He convulses, not dead. He emits an agonized groan.

The Beta stares up at the SPEAKER above his head.

VOICE ON SPEAKER (O.S.)
Sorry Lance. That one's on us.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL -- The Beta (LANCE) strapped to an ergonomic chaise in an air-locked clinical room. AR TELEMETRY fills the space around him.

BEYOND THE ROOM'S OBSERVATION WINDOW WE FIND -- WILHELMINA "HELM" WATSON (35ish), the sleek, magnetic Mega-Alpha. As one of the foremost directors of "Feelies", Helm is something of a celebrity.

Perturbed, Helm turns to her TEAM who sit cowed at their AR interfaces.

HELM
Thoughts?
(no response)
No? We all seemed to have a lot of opinions earlier... Okay, I'll go first. This is an unmitigated shit show! But that's just me.

Silence. Helm turns her gaze on CARLA (20, Beta Plus)

HELM (CONT'D)
Carla dear, we're in theaters next week. And if you bring our audience in at the same angle you just did with our boy Lance in there, you're going to skip forty-six million people into a cliff face and turn everyone's organs to soup.
(off Carla)
What?

Helm follows Carla's line of sight to the MICROPHONE'S GREEN LIGHT. Helm looks to Lance's panicked expression. He's hearing all of this.

Helm swats the mic off. Puts her face in her hands.

HELM (CONT'D)
Someone get him a Soma.
(then, sharp)
And run it again.

The team begins resetting the simulation. Helm pulls out HER DISPENSER. *CLICK* -- she throws back a GREEN SOMA.

GAMMA ASSISTANT (O.S.)
Helm.

HELM
What?

GAMMA ASSISTANT (O.S.)
You have a visitor.

Helm looks up to see Bernard standing with the handsome GAMMA ASSISTANT in the doorway. Helm instantly lights up.

HELM
Bernard!

She crosses to Bernard and pulls him into an embrace.

Shaken, out of sorts, Bernard grabs the dispenser from Helm's hand. *CLICK, CLICK* -- Bernard tosses back a pair of greens.

HELM (CONT'D)
Easy there, Bernie. Those are--

BERNARD
I need to speak with you.

CARLA
Relaunch in four, three, two...

BERNARD
Helm, please--

HELM
Yes, yes. But watch this. It's going to be my next sensation.

ON HELM'S MONITOR we see Lance's experience -- Hurtling through the sky, plunging towards a wild river. He banks in the air, skimming the surface, then plunges over a waterfall.

Bernard swallows, not relishing the similarity to his rooftop experience.

BERNARD

Helm--

HELM

(pumped)

Okay, wait for it. Wait for it.

ON SCREEN -- Lance plunges into a glimmering emerald pool.
SPLASH -- On the chaise, Lance's body reacts to the water's buoyancy -- limbs weightless, floating.

HELM (CONT'D)

Yes!

Helm bounds to Carla and kisses her head. The team shares looks of relief.

HELM (CONT'D)

(manic, to Bernard)

The big breakthrough is how my haptics simulate water. The sensation of weightlessness. No one else is doing it. Marco Hoover can take his Grand Prix Festival Prize and shove--

BERNARD

Helm. Please.

Helm, annoyed by Bernard's killjoy expression, looks Bernard over. A beat.

HELM

My dear Bernard, you look like hammered shit.

ON SCREEN -- Lance emerges from the pool to find a crowd of scantily clad, ultra-sexed, BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE. He wades into their groping, lascivious midst.

HELM (CONT'D)

(dry, cynical)

Aaaaand then, the obligatory orgy.

(to Bernard)

Shall we talk in my office?

Helm ushers Bernard out, turns back to her team.

HELM (CONT'D)

Print that, you geniuses.

Off Carla--

19

INT. HELM'S OFFICE - LATER

19

A grand space with a view of the New London sunset. The walls feature awards and marketing materials commemorating Helm's film career, particularly her PLEASURE BOMB franchise.

Helm perches on her desk, sips hydration. Bernard hovers near the window, agitated in spite of his augmented Soma levels.

BERNARD

... Just looking at what was left of him. And... I tried to imagine what it must have been like. To climb outside. To look over the edge. To plan it. To choose it.

HELM

You lost me. Choose what?

BERNARD

To end himself. To die.

HELM

I don't understand.

BERNARD

He jumped.

HELM

Jumped? The Epsilon?

BERNARD

Yes.

HELM

You make no sense.

BERNARD

I'm telling you what happened.

HELM

And I'm telling you... I mean, that's-- Why would anyone do that?

Helm's laugh is forced, oversold. Bernard sees Helm, unsettled by the extraordinary notion of suicide.

BERNARD

If he was in pain?

HELM

Pain?

BERNARD

If he felt lost, hopeless, and the only way he could--

HELM

He could take a Soma.

Bernard summons his patience.

BERNARD

And if Soma didn't work?

HELM

But it does.

BERNARD

What if I said maybe there's a kind of pain that Soma doesn't touch.

HELM

(smiles)

I'd tell you to take a Soma.

BERNARD

It's not funny.

HELM

What is with you today?

BERNARD

I felt it. What he felt... I touched him and...

HELM

The Epsilon?

BERNARD

There must have been some part of him that was still connected--

HELM

Bernard--

BERNARD

To the network. To Indra. To everyone. To me.

HELM

The Epsilon?

BERNARD

Yes. Are you listening?

HELM

I'm not even sure they have feelings, the Epsilons.

Bernard looks at her, slightly appalled.

HELM (CONT'D)

Oh, don't do that. You know what I mean. I mean, feel like we do--

BERNARD

They feel the same.

Helm crosses to Bernard and gives him a look of patronizing concern.

HELM

You're not well.

BERNARD

I'm fine.

HELM

Come here. Come and sit down.

Helm guides Bernard to her "casting chair". Bernard sits.

BERNARD

I'm trying to explain something to you. Something important.

HELM

And I am listening. I always listen, don't I? Because I am your friend, Bernard. And as your friend, I am going to tell you this one time only.

Helm crosses to her desk, assumes an authoritarian bearing.

HELM (CONT'D)

These feelings you describe. These are not Epsilon feelings. These are Bernard feelings--

BERNARD

No, no this is--

HELM

Oh please. How many times have you sat there in that very chair and complained to me about--

BERNARD

This is different--

HELM

("doing" Bernard)

No one respects me at the Hatchery.
I don't feel like an Alpha Plus. No
one wants to have sex with me.

BERNARD

Stop--

HELM

I never know what to say to people.
I am Bernard. Does this sound
familiar?

BERNARD

I'm telling you, I connected
with... I had a vision--

HELM

No, you had a bad afternoon. You
said you had no Soma, right?

BERNARD

I ran out. I gave it all to the--

HELM

Right, so there you have it. You
were overtaxed. Your levels were
dangerously low. Simple as that.
This Epsilon fell. Upsetting--

BERNARD

Jumped.

HELM

Stop it. I don't want to hear that.
You're a counselor, Bernard. You're
an Alpha Plus. It's our duty to
maintain stability. To care for the
social body. You do it in your
particular way and I do it in mine.
Everybody in their place. Everybody
happy now.

BERNARD

Could you at least spare me the
slogans?

HELM

It's not a slogan if it's true.

Helm looks at Bernard, shakes her head and summons her AR.
She circles Bernard's face, ticks a box.

BERNARD

What are you doing?

HELM

I'm arranging for you to have my
table at the Pleasure Garden
tonight.

BERNARD

No. Really, I don't--

HELM

You will go. You'll find some eager
young thing. And you will do what
is expected of a man in your
position. You want to make a
connection, Bernie? Make it there.
Because, frankly my friend, I'm
worried about you.

PAN DOWN TO FIND: HELM'S MONITOR -- An emotional "heat map"
rendering of Bernard in the chair. We note the peaking values
on the data display.

20

INT. THE HELIX UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

20

Lenina sits. Frannie stands in front of her, clinging to the
straps, swaying with the motion of the hyper speed Mag Lev
train. Like most of the other PASSENGERS, both women are
dressed with intent to sin. A palpable vibe of lust and
anticipation courses among the ALPHAS and BETAS on board.

Everyone here has their AR turned up, clocking their
respective caste designations... everybody connected to the
neural-net, everybody happy.

Lenina watches Frannie make eyes at a luminous ALPHA MINUS
WOMAN at the far end of the car.

CLICK, CLICK -- Lenina pops two GREEN SOMA. Frannie notices.

FRANNIE

That's the spirit.

LENINA

(re: Alpha Minus Woman)
It's not nice to tease.

FRANNIE

Says who?
(looks to the A- Woman)
And who says I'm teasing?

LENINA

What happened to "never go minus
before midnight"?

FRANNIE

Maybe I'm just testing the range of
my "come hither".

LENINA

Lucky you, you won't need it
tonight.

FRANNIE

Lucky me!

Frannie grins. She drops into the seat next to Lenina, her leg bouncing with excitement.

FRANNIE (CONT'D)

So, here's what I'm thinking, okay?
You ready? Be honest.

Lenina smiles, her Soma dose already making Frannie's enthusiasm infectious.

LENINA

Sure.

Frannie gestures, SUMMONING AN AR "SPRITE" -- an AR AVATAR which overlays a person's natural appearance.

In Frannie's case, it's a BUXOM STARLET.

LENINA (CONT'D)

(being polite)
Mm.

FRANNIE

No? Okay, fine. Too many memories
anyway.

Frannie gestures again, becoming a GOTH ENCHANTRESS.

LENINA

Wow. That is...

FRANNIE

What? Not his thing?

LENINA
Not anybody's thing.

FRANNIE
You never know.

Annoyed, Frannie gestures again, becoming -- A LASCIVIOUS FELINE.

Lenina nods appreciatively, trying to keep a straight face. But it's no use, Lenina falls out laughing.

FRANNIE (CONT'D)
Oh, fuck you. Everybody likes Sexy Cat.

LENINA
(still laughing)
If you say so.

The Alpha Minus Woman likes Sexy Cat. She purses her lips in a kiss, leaving an AR imprint suspended in the air. She pushes the AR "KISS" across the car. It stops, hovering in front of Frannie's face.

But Frannie's in no mood now. She gestures, dissolving her Sexy Cat Sprite. Frannie flicks the AR lips back in the Alpha Minus Woman's direction. They float back across the car.

LENINA (CONT'D)
That was unkind.

Frannie shrugs. *CLICK* -- pops a GREEN SOMA. A beat. *CLICK* -- she pops another.

Lenina looks to her friend. A moment of empathy...

LENINA (CONT'D)
Maybe just be yourself.

Frannie gives Lenina an, "Aw, aren't you sweet" look. And draws an AR HEART. Frannie looks away. Lenina watches the heart pulse before MORPHING INTO A MIDDLE FINGER. A beat.

Lenina stifles a chuckle. Frannie giggles. They begin to laugh as the train decelerates.

PA VOICE (V.O.)
*Now arriving District of the Body.
Change here for...*

Off the brokenhearted Alpha Minus, watching the laughing friends. She pops a Soma--

He sits at Helm's table with an assortment of BEAUTIFUL ALPHA AND BETA PEOPLE. They engage with each other in fluid polyamorous configurations. Bernard is alone in this crowd. A man apart.

From the table's elevated dais, Bernard surveys the dance floor. Dancers shed clothes as the sweat and heat of their bodies creates a visible layer of humidity. Bernard notes a strange synchronicity in the movement of the crowd. (An unconscious rhythmic convergence made possible by each person's connection to the neural network called "INDRA".)

Subconsciously alerted to Bernard's isolation, an ALPHA WOMAN AND BETA MAN disengage from a nearby foursome. They slide across the banquet onto opposite sides of Bernard.

Without a word, without hesitation, their mouths find his. The Alpha woman opens Bernard's shirt, entwines his leg with hers, her tongue in Bernard's ear as the Beta man opens Bernard's pants and descends beneath the table.

WITH LENINA

On the dance floor, Lenina grinds with Damon. Over his shoulder, Lenina catches sight of Bernard, extricating himself from the Alpha/Beta couple's embrace.

As he retreats, Bernard catches Lenina's eyes. Unsettled by the surprise, exposed, Bernard turns and heads for the exit.

Lenina watches him flee.

Damon's hands move beneath her hips, lifting her. Lenina's legs wrap around him. She grips his hair as he enters her, pulling his head back, studying the ecstasy in his eyes.

WIDER ON -- The mass of bodies on the dance floor, now fucking in countless sexually fluid configurations. Their synchronicity increasing, formations coalescing, rhythmic movement rising until... The crowd seems to become a single organism.

WIDER STILL -- The driving music edging the orgy closer and closer to the crescendo of -- Social Body Orgasm.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

OVER MUSIC CUE -- "Lido Shuffle" by Boz Skaggs feat. DeadMau5 feat. Falco feat. Jefferson Airplane feat. Prodigy feat--

27

INT. WHITE LIMO - DAY

27

This oversampled, remixed, cannibalized post-post EDM genre fusion of absolute trash warbles from the STEREO.

SOAP SUDS cover the windshield obscuring our view until-- A JET OF WATER wipes them away, revealing JOHN (20s). He sets his hose aside and leans in to pick at a chip in the glass. We get our first look at the man who could change the world.

Impressed, we are not. He's not a bad-looking guy, but his be-fucked pair of paparazzi shades and DIY haircut aren't doing him any favors. Shirt off, sweating and sunburned, John appears undernourished, all muscle and sinew, the full tapestry of his homemade tattoos on display from jaw to junk.

John grimaces at the chip then disappears from frame.

John opens the car door and leans in to retrieve what appears to be some sort of JURY-RIGGED MP3 PLAYER. As he ejects the CASSETTE ADAPTER, his elbow brushes the upholstery. It comes away sticky and red. Is that... blood?

GUN SHOTS ring out in the distance.

28

EXT. THE SAVAGE LANDS - BACK LOT - DAY

28

That is blood.

John trains his hose on the Limo, blasting a copious amount of gore from the driver's side.

MORE GUN SHOTS in the distance. John doesn't react except to pause his work, jack his headphones into his mp3 and hit play.

John grooves with his music, working his way around the Limo, the lone human in this frying pan of a parking lot until--

IN THE SIDE MIRROR, John spots a white GHOST-LIKE APPARITION moving through the asphalt's shimmering heat.

He shuts off the hose, checks his teeth in the mirror, adjusts his sunglasses, then hustles in pursuit of...

A BRIDE... (20s, 8 months pregnant) trudges across the lot in her BLOOD-SPATTERED WEDDING DRESS. This is MADYSUN. She makes no attempt to hide her exhaustion as John comes bounding up.

JOHN

Wait! Hey! Wait up!

Madysun stops, waits, impatient as John tries to catch his breath. John looks at her. He's nervous, clearly smitten.

MADYSUN

What?

JOHN

Hi. I just... Are you okay?

MADYSUN

Do I look okay? Hell no, I'm hot as balls in this thing.

She begins pulling the dress off over her head, gets stuck.

MADYSUN (CONT'D)

Jesus, John, you gonna give me a fucking hand here or what?

John springs into action and helps pull the dress off, revealing a FALSE PREGNANT BELLY strapped to Madysun's torso.

Madysun unstraps the false belly, hands it to John. She stands there, arms folded, in her swimsuit and cowboy boots.

MADYSUN (CONT'D)

So?

(off John)

Christ man, spit it out. They'll be coming soon.

John looks towards the LARGE WOODEN STRUCTURE looming at the far end of the lot. We see SCAFFOLDS and LIGHTING RIGS. It's the back side of some sort of facade.

JOHN

I just... you didn't show last night and I thought maybe something happened or... It's no big deal.

MADYSUN

Right. Sorry, there was a meeting last night.

JOHN

With your... group.

MADYSUN

You oughta come sometime.

John shrugs, kicks at the gravel.

JOHN

Well that's too bad because I thought you were coming over. I wanted to show you the view.

MADYSUN

(smirks)

You already showed me the view.

JOHN

(suggestive)

I wanted to show you again.

John gives her a wry smile. She can't help but smile back.

MADYSUN

You're bad.

JOHN

Am I?

MADYSUN

I told you, that's not a good idea.

JOHN

Why not?

MADYSUN

Because I'm with somebody, dummy.

JOHN

But I'd be good to you.

MADYSUN

What's that got to do with anything?

KVLE (O.S.)

Hey! Dickhead!

John looks to see KVLE (30, built) coming from the direction of the wood structure. He wears a CHEAP SUIT and is trailed by several GROOMSMEN.

MADYSUN

See? Dammit. I don't need to be dealing with this shit.

(then)

You better go. I'll cool him out.

(MORE)

MADYSUN (CONT'D)

(he doesn't move)

Get the hell out of here, John.

Too late. Kvle storms up. Before John can react, Kvle pulls A REVOLVER from his tux, points it at John's chest and -- BANG.

John blinks back, miraculously unharmed.

KVLE

You made us look like a bunch of
God damn idiots out there.

Kvle pulls the trigger again. CLICK. Again. CLICK. Again--
BANG.

KVLE (CONT'D)

How am I supposed to work with this
shit?

JOHN

Sorry, Kvle.

KVLE

Fuck your sorry. You don't care.
That's your problem. I don't know
why you can't be professional for
one damn--

JOHN

As we discussed, you gotta check
the firing pin before you--

Kvle shoves John to the ground.

KVLE

You check it, prop boy. Do your
job. And get it through your head.
We don't do it right, maybe they
stop coming. They don't come, we
don't eat.

Kvle flings the gun. It hits John squarely in the forehead.
John falls back on his butt.

Kvle drops his suit jacket on John and walks off. The
Groomsmen follow, dropping their GUNS and gear on John as
well. Kvle stops, looks back.

KVLE (CONT'D)

(to Madysun)

I know you're not gonna make me
wait.

Madysun looks down at John, disappointed.

One of the Dudes notices John, nods to the proprietor who produces a BOTTLE IN A BROWN BAG and sets it on the counter. John avoids eye contact as he counts out a wad of depreciated CASH.

The proprietor slides the bottle to John along with a COMIC BOOK from the rack near the register.

JOHN
What's that?

PROPRIETOR
Little present.
(then)
Seeing as I missed all those
birthdays.

The Dudes chuckle.

PROPRIETOR (CONT'D)
Go on. Don't be shy, son. Take it.

John's jaw flexes. He ignores the comic, reaches for the bottle. The Proprietor pulls it back.

PROPRIETOR (CONT'D)
Oh, I see. You're too big for that
now. You're a man now.
(to the Dudes)
They grow up so fast, don't they?

More chuckles from the Dudes.

JOHN
I'm not doing this shit today. Just
give me the bottle.

PROPRIETOR
(to the Dudes)
You believe this?
(to John)
You need to learn some manners,
son.

John glares at the man, reaches out his hand for the bottle.

PROPRIETOR (CONT'D)
Ask me nice.

JOHN
(gritted teeth)
Please.

LINDA

John... John.

(squeezing)

I got that feeling again. The bad one.

John extricates himself. Looks around at the array of candy wrappers, kleenex and lipstick marked glasses on the sofa.

JOHN

Did you go outside today?

LINDA

Yes.

(then, off John, busted)

No.

John sighs, begins cleaning up.

LINDA (CONT'D)

I tried. I really did but that horrible woman across the street was out there with all her vile children and... She gives me terrible looks, John. Like she wants to club me with that cane of hers.

JOHN

(under his breath)

Wonder why...

LINDA

I think she's a violent person.

JOHN

Maybe you should have stayed away from her husband.

LINDA

You're blaming me? I did stay away. I was right here minding my own business. I can't help what comes to my door...

John looks at her. Linda goes silent. John chooses not to engage. He ferries the trash to the kitchen.

LINDA (CONT'D)

If she doesn't want her husband person running across the street, she should chain him up like that filthy dog she has.

(no response, then)

(MORE)

LINDA (CONT'D)

It's your fault. You leave me alone here all day. I'm lonely... John?

John reenters, crosses to the window and closes the blinds.

LINDA (CONT'D)

If you're going to be mad, be mad but don't be quiet. You know I can't stand it when you won't... John? John, what's wrong?

JOHN

What's wrong is that you're standing here in front of the window for the whole neighborhood to see like some sort of...

LINDA

Go on. Say it.

Beat.

JOHN

Put some clothes on.

LINDA

My God, you can't even say it. I swear, I wonder sometimes how you can be my son.

John meets her eyes. Linda notices the gash hidden beneath John's hair. She brushes it aside.

LINDA (CONT'D)

What happened?

JOHN

Nothing.

Linda reaches for him again. John makes a half-hearted attempt to pull away. She takes his head in her hands, inspects the gash.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Stop. I'm fine.

LINDA

Who did this to you?

JOHN

No one. It was my fault.

LINDA

Animals...

John meets her eyes. Linda gently pulls his head to her chest. Strokes his hair.

LINDA (CONT'D)

They hate us. They hate us for being better.

36 **EXT. THE SAVAGE LANDS - NIGHT**

36

Night falls on the Savage Lands.

Throughout the neighborhood, doors slam shut, dead bolts pop into place. A HUSBAND parks his truck on the lawn and rushes past his WIFE at the door. She closes it behind them. A few houses down, a MOTHER hustles her CHILDREN inside. The light fades, replaced by a palpable feeling of unease.

37 **INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - LATER**

37

Two candles provide the only light. John sits at the small table. He sips his SOUP.

Linda enters from the kitchen. She stops, watches him.

JOHN

(off Linda)

Not bad. Thanks.

Linda smiles. She pulls out the bottle John purchased at the store. She pours whiskey. Single for him, double for her.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Go easy. That's got to last.

Linda drinks.

LINDA

You know, in certain lights you look just like him. If I close my eyes a little it's almost as if...

(then)

You know, he was left-handed too.

JOHN

Mom...

LINDA

Someday you'll need to know these things.

JOHN

No. I won't.

JOHN

Turn it off. Madysun, I can't see.

Madysun lowers the flashlight. For a moment, John smiles, happy she came. Then he sees the Tall Man, the Grim Woman and three silent cohorts beside her, approaching fast...

Off the dark shapes enveloping him, a BLACKOUT HOOD pulled over his face as we--

SMASH TO BLACK.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

IN DARKNESS:

THE SOUND OF RAGGED BREATH, SHOVELS TURNING ROCKY EARTH...

41

EXT. THE SAVAGE LANDS - BLUFF - NIGHT

41

The hood is yanked from John's head. Eyes adjusting, he struggles to make out the face in front of him.

CLOSE ON -- SHEELA (60s). The most empathetic eyes John's ever seen. A furious charisma shines from within her.

SHEELA

Are you in pain?

JOHN

Pain? No, I'm... I mean, maybe you could untie my wrists?

It's the wrong answer. Sheela's brow furrows. She stands, disappearing from his field of vision.

John takes in his surroundings. He's in a clearing. Somewhere. Kneeling in the dirt, flanked by the Tall Man and Grim Woman, John glimpses OTHER FIGURES obscured by the surrounding darkness.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Who are you? Madysun? Where's Mad--

SHEELA

(matter of fact)

This place had a name once. It was the name our people gave it. No one remembers the sound of it now.

(then)

I gotta tell ya, it's a lot to carry, John. It's really very heavy...

Sheela begins to choke up, composes herself. Wipes her eyes. Turns to John.

SHEELA (CONT'D)

Sorry. It's been a day.

(then)

I want to show you something.

Sheela nods to her ACOLYTES. A few step forth, pick John up and drag him behind Sheela to the bluff's vista.

They drop John on his knees in front of AN OPEN GRAVE. John watches SHOVELS pitch dirt from its depths.

SHEELA (CONT'D)
(snaps her fingers)
John. Up here. Stay with me.

He looks up. Sheela gestures towards the view.

In the distance, BRIGHT INDUSTRIAL LIGHTS illuminate the parking lot where John spends his days, his prop trailer, the strange wood facade.

SHEELA (CONT'D)
Do you know what that is?

JOHN
I work there.

Sheela gives John a sympathetic frown.

SHEELA
What you see there is an obscenity.
These outsiders come here. Take our
land. They built that insult for
their own amusement. I really don't
like being laughed at, do you?

JOHN
No.

She gives him a sad smile... her expression darkens.

SHEELA
(cold)
So why do you let them?

A beat. Madysun emerges from the grave, shovel in hand.

JOHN
Madysun? Madysun...

No acknowledgement from Madysun. Sheela places a hand on John's shoulder.

SHEELA
She can't help you now.

JOHN
I think there's been a
misunderstanding.
(off Sheela)
I think you have the wrong person.

Sheela chuckles, shakes her head at this absurdity.

SHEELA

I know you, John. I watch you.
Washing those cars. Every day,
waxing your own humiliation. I see
how they treat you.

(tearing up)

People can be so cruel, you know?
And look at you, John. A clown for
those clowns.

John looks to Madysun. Her eyes flash with concern.

SHEELA (CONT'D)

Those traitors. Trying on different
faces. Playing parts. For these
outsiders...

(full of spite)

Foreigners. They love nothing. They
believe in nothing.

(then)

Look at that blue horror out there.

John follows her finger to a flickering BLUE LINE OF ENERGY
that cuts through the darkness of the distant hills -- a
force field known as THE BARRIER.

JOHN

The Barrier...

SHEELA

The Barrier. Burns you and me to
ash if we so much as touch it. And
yet they walk right through. How do
they do that?

(off John)

Makes you wonder if they're even
human.

John's eyes go to the grave.

SHEELA (CONT'D)

I hate that I hate them. I do.
Because it hurts, John.

(re: the hole)

You want to know what's in there?

JOHN

No.

Sheela nods to the Tall Man. He tilts John over the edge of
the grave.

JOHN (CONT'D)

No. Wait, wait--

SHEELA

Your destiny. For better or for worse. A chance to live and die by your own wits, your own will. Open your eyes.

Madysun shines her flashlight on the CRATES at the bottom of the grave. An Acolyte pushes aside one of the lids. John beholds the gleaming brass casings of HUNDREDS OF ROUNDS OF AMMO.

JOHN

What do you want me to do?

SHEELA

You're asking the wrong question, sweetheart. The question you gotta ask yourself is, what am I? A free human being? Or a washer of cars...

Off John--

42 **INT. BERNARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

42

A small but elegant domicile with many well-loved plants.

Bernard enters and drops his coat. He appears ill, shaken. The bathroom door opens automatically in anticipation of his body's digestive cycle. The lights come on. Bernard regards them with a trace of resentment and enters.

43 **INT. BERNARD'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

43

Bernard looks at himself in the mirror. The translucent "A+" beside his head more mocking than ever.

Bernard taps a YELLOW SOMA into his hand, fumbles it. He watches the pill circle the sink, disappear down the drain.

Bernard looks back to the mirror. He reaches up to his eye and, with some discomfort, extracts the OPTIC INTERFACE from his iris.

MICRO CLOSE -- We watch the lens' nano-thin circuitry disengage as its clear micro-filament retracts from Bernard's optic nerve and exits his pupil.

Bernard sets the lens on the sink and regards himself in the mirror again. The translucent indicator of his status gone, this is only Bernard -- disconnected.

The toilet lid rises. Bernard drops his pants and sits down. He's concentrating on the task at hand when --

THE DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Marx? Marx! Where are you?

Bernard jumps, shocked to see The Director -- his pixelated AR Sprite, projected by Bernard's optic interface, six feet up, parallel to the bathroom floor.

BERNARD
No, no--

Bernard gropes for the lens.

THE DIRECTOR
Bernard! Are you-- put me in, damn you.

Bernard inserts his optic interface, wincing as it dials into his cortex. The Director's image comes into focus.

BERNARD
Here sir. Sorry.

THE DIRECTOR
Explain yourself. Why are you offline?

BERNARD
I wasn't. I mean, yes-- For a moment, I...

Tense, exposed on the can, Bernard watches The Director's Sprite survey the bathroom.

THE DIRECTOR
(pointed)
What is it you do?

BERNARD
Do, sir?

THE DIRECTOR
When you're alone. I've reviewed your activity. You've been private lately.

BERNARD
No. Have I?

THE DIRECTOR

Yes. Optic out, off-network,
disconnected. No recent sexual
connections. No communal--

BERNARD

It's a matter of free time--

THE DIRECTOR

Unacceptable. It's solipsism. It's
disgusting.

(then)

Privacy is a vice the social body
can't afford. I shouldn't have to
explain that to an Alpha. But then
you're not quite an Alpha are you?

Bernard does his best to seem indignant from the toilet.

BERNARD

I'm an Alpha Plus, sir.

The Director's Sprite scoffs, dismissive. He studies Bernard.

THE DIRECTOR

Clean yourself.

Bernard watches the Director's Sprite pass through the door
into the other room.

44

INT. BERNARD'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

44

THE SOUND OF RUNNING WATER STOPS -- Bernard emerges from the
bathroom. He looks for The Director.

BERNARD

Sir?

Bernard flinches, finds The Director behind him again.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Is there something I can do for
you, sir?

The Director produces THE SMASHED GRAPEFRUIT Bernard dropped
onto the roof deck.

THE DIRECTOR

Explain this.

BERNARD

That's a grapefruit, sir.

The Director's eyes narrow.

THE DIRECTOR

It is the grapefruit you dropped at the site of the accident today.

BERNARD

If you say so.

THE DIRECTOR

I do say so.

(then)

Why would you do such a thing?

No response.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

You are to assess emotional trauma and administer Soma accordingly.

BERNARD

The Epsilon. I wanted... to understand--

THE DIRECTOR

You understand he fell.

Bernard's eyes snap to The Director, defiant.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

He fell. Isn't that right?

(then)

To believe otherwise would be irrational. Isn't that right?

Bernard's jaw clenches, fighting the urge to speak the prohibited truth. A beat. The Director smiles.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

If I wasn't hard on you, I wouldn't be doing my job.

(then)

To be honest, Bernard, you don't look well.

BERNARD

I'm fine.

THE DIRECTOR

Not well at all. Depleted. Exhausted. Have you considered a vacation?

(preempting)

It's not up for debate. I know just the thing to sort you out.

The Director circles Bernard's face, ticks a box. A glowing AR ENVELOPE appears in the air between them.

Bernard taps the envelope. It opens slowly with a *FESTIVE SOUND EFFECT*, as The Director heads for the door.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Enjoy your trip!

Bernard inspects the contents -- A PASS TO THE SAVAGE LANDS. His brow furrows--

BERNARD

Sir, wait--

Bernard pursues The Director's Sprite as it vanishes through the door. He opens the door to find Lenina, rushing at him.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Lenina, what are you--

LENINA

(heated)

I did everything you said. I reconnected. I took, I tasted, I gave, I--

BERNARD

This is inappropriate. You need to act your level and--

LENINA

Act my level? What about you?

BERNARD

Me? I'll have you know--

LENINA

I saw you tonight. Standing there, alone. Running away like a coward. You're a hypocrite.

Bernard's eyes go to the floor.

LENINA (CONT'D)

Did you hear me? Bernard.

BERNARD

Yes.

LENINA

I don't feel better.

BERNARD
(softly)
Neither do I.

Lenina looks at him.

LENINA
What did you say?

BERNARD
I... I'm tired. And I seem to be in
some trouble. I'm told my behavior
is... Private. I've been off
network.

Bernard produces his Soma dispenser, offers. Lenina shakes
her head. Bernard puts the dispenser away. A beat.

LENINA
What were you even doing there?

BERNARD
I didn't want to be there, I-- And
I know what's expected. So I try
and I... I don't have a problem
with sex. I like sex. Believe me,
sex is something I--

LENINA
Okay.

BERNARD
(a beat, then, off Lenina)
It's not real.

LENINA
What's not--

BERNARD
Any of it. I don't know. It. Me...
I'm not who I'm supposed to be.
(then)
And everyone sees.

Lenina meets Bernard's eyes, seeing him for the first time.

LENINA
Maybe I can help with that...

Off Bernard--

BERNARD

Do you see inside me?

Lenina looks to him, half-smiles. She looks back to the window. A beat.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

What do you see?

PRE-LAP MUSIC RISES...

Off Bernard, looking at Lenina. Lenina looking out on New London. Night becoming dawn. Distant flivvers streak the sky--

48

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

48

Headphones on, John sits in a lawn chair beneath the solar panels on his roof. This is his refuge. Weather-worn, aspirational pictures of open roads, motorcycles, and movie stars are plastered to the underside of the solar panel canopy.

The Barrier intermittently flickers in the distance.

John pulls a BEER from the cooler beside him. He looks out on the bright lights illuminating the wooden facade in the distance, the desolate parking lot where he works.

The lights go out on the parking lot. Now it's only John, his music, the stars...

John watches a NEW WORLD FLIVVER streak into the night sky and disappear.

A beat. John's eyes go down to his clenched hand. He opens it. John considers the BULLET in his palm.

END OF EPISODE