

THE METAL DETECTIVE

written by

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WGA registered

FADE IN:

ESTABLISHING (AERIAL) - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

We GLIDE across the waters of the Hudson Bay, up and over huge flood barriers, into Manhattan. The Freedom Tower no longer dominates the skyline. It's just another building.

Moving further into the city, it's a New York we mostly recognize. A blend of classic 19th century architecture with modern alloy and graphene glass.

Imagine Fritz Lang and Elon Musk had a baby.

That's New York City in 2038.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A sleek NYPD ASSAULT VEHICLE rolls by...

INT. SWAT TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

A blue light flickers on the ceiling. In the dim glow we can make out a SWAT TEAM wearing assault-gear.

We focus on one hulking cop who stares blankly at the pulse-rifle in his hands. His name-patch reads "BISHOP."

Sitting across from him, a VETERAN COP (40s) watches with concern. He elbows the young SWAT guy on his left...

VETERAN COP

Hey, Dorothy.

Meditating, the young SWAT guy, our hero JACK IRONS (late 20s) opens his eyes. The Veteran Cop leans in close...

VETERAN COP (cont'd)

The Tinman's been staring at his firearm for the last ten blocks.

JACK

So?

VETERAN COP

You're his Handler. He fucks up, it'll be on you.

Jack looks over at Bishop, nudges his leg.

JACK

You good?

Bishop nods. It's a cold, machine-like gesture.

JACK (cont'd)

(to Veteran; annoyed)

You hear that? He's good.

A door slides open from the driver's compartment and the grizzled SWAT CAPTAIN (late 40s) appears.

SWAT CAPT.

Tuck your peckers and warm your weapons, people, we're going hot in four minutes. Remember the briefing. The lab *is* combustible. Check your firing zones, watch each other's six, and try not to blow up the whole block.

Jack flips a switch on the side of his high-tech weapon and it begins to *hum*.

When he looks back up, Bishop is still staring into space.

VETERAN COP

You forget to plug him in last night?

With growing alarm, Jack waves a hand in front of Bishop. The hulking cop doesn't react.

VETERAN COP (cont'd)

What's wrong?

JACK

(quiet but firm)

Go get the captain. Now!

Lightning fast, Bishop grabs Jack's wrist. He pulls him right across the cabin, WHISPERS in his ear.

A split-second later, all hell breaks loose as...

Bishop lifts his weapon, OPENS FIRE

Jack leans away, but his arm is almost torn off by searing-white plasma

Bishop turns his weapon on the rest of the team, sprays rounds everywhere. One of those rounds hits the driver.

The SWAT truck swerves violently...

EXT. SWAT TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

It FLIPS on its side, slams down HARD in a shower of sparks.

INT. SWAT TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The side wall of the truck is now the floor, and it's littered with torn, bleeding bodies.

Bishop stands over the dead officers, reloads his weapon.

JACK (O.S.)

Hey!

Bishop turns to see Jack stumble to his feet. His useless left arm soaked in crimson, almost severed at the shoulder.

In his right arm, he holds a SHOTGUN...

BOOM!

Bishop is blown clean through the back-doors of the vehicle and crumples to the street. Jack activates a radio while he checks the rest of his team. They are all very dead.

JACK (INTO RADIO) (cont'd)

Dispatch, this is Echo Six.
Officers down North C27. Request
immediate back-up and med support.

Jack climbs up through the side window of the driving compartment...

EXT. SWAT TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

It is eerily quiet as Jack creeps along the side wall of the OVERTURNED TRUCK, crouching low, shotgun ready.

Bishop is nowhere in sight. Jack scans the empty sidewalks and buildings. Terrified residents peer from windows.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Searing hot rounds tear through the side of the truck, inches from Jack's feet. He rolls to the edge and falls onto the street. He backpedals to the curb, blasting his shotgun.

BOOM!

He racks the shotgun with one arm.

Pump, click, BOOM! Pump, click, BOOM!

He hits the gas tank and the truck turns into a FIREBALL

Bishop bursts through the side-wall. Everything is burning, including him. Clumps of molten skin peel from his face...

He's a humanoid. A synthetic. A ROBOT.

JACK

They swore this couldn't...

The shotgun clicks empty. Jack tosses it aside, pulls a powerful handgun which starts to HUM.

BLAM, BLAM, BLAM!

Jack empties the gun at Bishop's head. Each round knocks him back as the bullets tear at his skull, but he keeps coming.

A tiny digital readout on the barrel of handgun counts down with each shot: 9,8,7...

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

6,5,4...

But Bishop is still on his feet...

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

3,2,1...

Bishop finally drops.

Jack stares at the flames enveloping Bishop's body, then passes out. The radio on his flak-vest CRACKLES to life.

We PULL AWAY from the carnage as SIRENS approach...

FADE TO BLACK:

SUBWAY CARS FLASH PAST --

EXT. SUBWAY STATION - EARLY MORNING (WINTER)

A CHEF (20s) emerges from a subway station. Wool cap, winter coat, and a knife-roll tucked under his arm. He walks a few blocks... Completely unaware he's being followed.

Four men, FOLLOWERS, shadow the Chef through the crowded streets. They are trained to blend in, but we notice them.

ONSCREEN: *Seven Years Later.*

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

The Chef turns into an alleyway. It's dark here, the sun unable to penetrate this deep into the concrete jungle.

He stops at the BACKDOOR of a restaurant. As he unlocks it, he notices the four men walking towards him...

CHEF

Can I help you, gentlemen?

As they draw near, the Followers pull on SKI MASKS.

CHEF (cont'd)

Whoa, hold up, I don't have any money! I'm just a cook!

Follower #1 tosses something on the ground at the Chef's feet. He looks down to see a WWII-era COLT .45.

FOLLOWER #1

Pick it up.

CHEF

What?!? No way! That's ten years minimum--

Follower #1 steps closer.

FOLLOWER #1

Pick it up, Mr. Nichols.

CHEF

How the fuck you know my name?!

#1 signals the others to grab him. But as they close in...

Two golf ball-sized METALLIC ORBS roll along the asphalt.

Follower #1 reels backwards as each orb emits a high-pitched *whine* then explodes with DAZZLING BLUE LASER LIGHT. The strobe-effect momentarily blinds the Followers...

A good SAMARITAN, a black wool scarf covering his face, appears out of nowhere.

SAMARITAN

Inside! Go!

The Samaritan almost picks up the Chef and drives him through the doorway, into the restaurant.

The Followers draw weapons. But these aren't Colt .45s. And they *HUM* with deadly energy.

As the Samaritan and the Chef disappear inside, white-hot rounds punch enormous holes in the steel door...

BOOM BOOM BOOM!

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

The Samaritan pushes the terrified Chef through the KITCHEN. A searing hot "bullet" zips past, OBLITERATES an oven...

SAMARITAN

Move! There's a cab out front.

CHEF

We can hide in the walk-in, call the cops!

The Samaritan pulls down his scarf, revealing the face of JACK IRONS. He's 7 years older and it looks like he's been through some shit.

SAMARITAN

They are the cops.

Now the Chef is completely freaked-out. He hurries after Jack, through the empty dining room.

EXT. RESTAURANT / SIDEWALK - DAY

A self-driving TAXI CAB is parked at the curb. Jack opens the backdoor, gestures for the Chef to get in.

JACK

It'll take you to a friend in Jersey. He'll get you set-up with a new ID and teach you how to disappear. My advice: don't come back here.

CHEF

I still don't understand. I'm just a cook. I keep my head down. I don't even know anybody.

JACK

It's not who you are, it's what you are.

The Chef's demeanor instantly changes. He has a secret and it's clear Jack knows what it is.

CHEF
(pointed)
And what are you?

JACK
One of the good ones.

Jack pulls back his jacket, reveals an NYPD badge on his hip. The young SWAT cop has evolved into a hard-boiled detective.

CHEF
Thank you.

Jack nods, taps a wristwatch app, and the cab drives away.

The Followers come bursting out of the restaurant. They scan the sidewalk, but Jack has vanished into the crowds.

Follower #1 angrily rips off his mask, glares at his team.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - NEW YORK CITY - DUSK

A classic greasy-spoon diner, but with a holographic hostess by the front door.

Jack sits in a booth. He lifts a coffee mug with his bare right hand, wears a black glove on his left.

Outside the window, snow begins to fall.

WAITRESS (O.S.)
Lord have mercy, here it comes.
Sunshine all day and now they're
saying ten feet by morning.

A WAITRESS (50s) refills his coffee. Over her shoulder, there's a TV mounted on the wall. The words 'BLIZZARD WARNING' are splashed across the screen.

WAITRESS (cont'd)
Back in '41, I spent a night
sleeping right where you're
sitting. Snow was so damn high we
couldn't even see out that window.

JACK
Should close up shop, head home
before it hits.

WAITRESS

(scoffs)

Ha, right! And the boss is gonna bump me to thirty bucks an hour with paid vacation. I like how you think, Sugar, but this place ain't turned off the lights in 100 years.

She saunters away. In her wake, Jack continues to watch the TV: images of people all over NYC prepping for the storm.

A "NEWSPAPER" drops onto the table. It's a razor-thin high-def screen. An iPad on steroids that you can roll or fold-up.

DET. SCHUMANN (O.S.)

Page Seven.

Jack's portly friend and mentor, detective BOB SCHUMANN (50s) squeezes into the booth.

Jack unfolds the paper and "turns" the pages.

CLOSE ON NEWSPAPER --

The headline reads: *Fatal Shooting in Chinatown. Cops Forced To Kill Numan.*

DET. SCHUMANN (cont'd)

Sanitation worker went psycho. They're claiming he came at a uniform with a machete. Responding officers used deadly force.

JACK

I heard.

DET. SCHUMANN

(grabs a menu)

How are the burgers here? They kill the meat or grow it?

JACK

Grow.

Schumann pouts. As the WAITRESS passes by...

DET. SCHUMANN

Can I please get some pie? Any flavor, biggest piece you got?

WAITRESS

Sure thing, Hon.

Schumann turns back to Jack.

DET. SCHUMANN

Know what *I* heard? I heard Grimes and his crew were going to take out a second Numan today, but some dumb son-of-a-bitch got in the way.

Jack's face says it all -- he's the dumb SOB.

DET. SCHUMANN (cont'd)

Shit, Jackie, what were you thinking?

JACK

He has a kill list! Names, addresses. What was I supposed to do?

DET. SCHUMANN

Forget you saw *anything*. Talking to I.A. is one thing. You blow the whistle to the right people, there's a system to protect you, but this... You're a dead man walking.

The Waitress puts a huge slice of warm blueberry pie in front of Schumann. We can almost smell it. He digs right in.

JACK

I'll go to the Captain--

DET. SCHUMANN

You can't go back to the 18th. If you do, you won't make it out alive.

JACK

Then I'll walk into I.A. Cut a deal.

DET. SCHUMANN

You won't make it in the front door. No, you need to do the same thing you've been helping others do: Disappear.

JACK

You can't be serious.

DET. SCHUMANN

They say California's dirt cheap after the last quake.

Rattled, Jack sits back in his seat.

JACK

I can't leave.

DET. SCHUMANN
Then your only hope is to face
Grimes. Beg for his mercy.

Jack's smartphone buzzes on the table: *HOME CALLING*.

JACK
Shit. I gotta go.

DET. SCHUMANN
"Home?" You still calling it that?

JACK
We've been talking. She asked me
to stop by.

DET. SCHUMANN
Take care of Grimes first. Make
this right.

JACK
Tomorrow.

Schumman shakes his head in dismay.

DET. SCHUMANN
There's a storm coming tonight,
Jackie boy, and I ain't talking
about the blizzard.

JACK
You're a good friend, Bob.

Jack squeezes his friend's shoulder and exits into the cold.

Schumann eats his pie, watches Jack go, worried.

CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING: EXT. THE BRADBURY HOTEL - DUSK

Constructed in the early 20th century, "The Bradbury" is a stunning 15-story luxury hotel. The classic stone exterior masks state-of-the-art technology within its walls. As heavy snow accumulates on the ground, a LIMO pulls to the curb...

SENATOR HOWARD WALLACE (50s) emerges, a skeletal figure with eyes as cold as a shark. He's met by his closest advisor, STEPHEN CROW (50s), a stone-hearted political assassin.

CROW
You made it! I was getting worried.

SEN. WALLACE

Lousy goddamn scheduling on your part, Steve. You realize they're saying Manhattan could be shut down for 48 hours. I need to be on the floor Tuesday for the up-and-down on Shelley's energy bill. She's counting on me.

CROW

I guarantee she'll have the votes,. I've seen to that. Your speech to the UN is far more important. You're due to take the stage at eleven tomorrow morning and we'll be back in DC for cocktail hour.

A VALET slaps a wall-button, which opens the main sliding-door. Wallace and Crow brush past as if he's invisible.

INT. THE BRADBURY HOTEL - LOBBY - DUSK

The lobby is buzzing with guests checking-in. The Bradbury's manager is silver-haired MR. ARTHUR (50s). He knows every inch of the building and *nothing* gets past him.

Wallace takes in the lobby. It's opulent but old-fashioned.

SEN. WALLACE

Good God. I approved this place? You know I despise antiques.

CROW

Everywhere was booked. Be happy this isn't a Best Eastern.

Mr. Arthur hurries over, hand extended.

MR. ARTHUR

Senator, welcome. We've been expecting you.

Wallace leans into Crow, whispers...

SEN. WALLACE

Is he real?

MR. ARTHUR

Forgive me, Senator, but we have no "Numans" working here.

SEN. WALLACE

You heard that, huh?

MR. ARTHUR

I did. Let me stress, the comfort of each guest is my priority and I want you to feel at ease with my staff. We have a small roster working tonight, but I can assure you they are organic in nature.

SEN. WALLACE

(to Crow)

That's good to hear.

CROW

I take it this place has been retrofitted for superstorms.

Mr. Arthur looks insulted. He covers with a smile.

MR. ARTHUR

The Bradbury is one of the safest hotels in the city, sir.

Mr. Arthur beckons someone off-screen and a WAITER appears with a tray carrying two glasses of champagne.

MR. ARTHUR (cont'd)

May I invite you to warm yourselves in our lounge. I will have your bags taken to your suite.

Crow looks to Wallace. He nods his approval.

MR. ARTHUR (cont'd)

Wonderful. Please enjoy.

A young woman, RACHEL CURRY (28), enters the lobby. She shakes snow from her hair and stamps her feet. Crow glances her way and smirks before disappearing into the lounge.

As she struggles with her bags, she mutters to herself...

RACHEL

"Travel first class, write some fluff. It'll be a vacation."

Rachel pulls a smartphone from her purse and it slips right out of her hand. Mr. Arthur suddenly appears, catches it.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Wow. Thank you! I did not need another cracked screen.

He hands her the phone.

MR. ARTHUR
Miss Curry. From the Times.

RACHEL
How-- ?

MR. ARTHUR
Most of tonight's guests have arrived already. As I'm sure you're aware, we are expecting some rather unpleasant weather this evening and we are planning to seal the storm doors by 9 o'clock. I had my desk staff inform everyone with a reservation but we had a difficult time reaching you.

RACHEL
Well I appreciate the effort. You probably had my office number. It's a ghost town over there.

MR. ARTHUR
Not to worry. You're safely here now. Why don't you leave your bags with me and join the other guests in the lounge?

Rachel seems to instantly relax. She smiles, slips a bag from her shoulder. Mr. Arthur takes it from her.

MR. ARTHUR (cont'd)
We have an open bar this evening. It's a Bradbury tradition whenever we close the storm doors.

RACHEL
A blizzard party. Cool. I like this place already.

INT. BRADBURY HOTEL - HALLWAY (6TH FLOOR)

A pair of high heels emerge from a hotel room and we follow the shapely woman wearing them to the elevator. At first, we don't see MS. MARY MOULTON (late 40s), we only hear her Southern twang as she talks to someone on her cell phone...

MS. MOULTON
Don't shit a shitter, Karl. I was invited to speak in Colorado Springs for the same money. I chose New York because I was promised five-star accommodation.
(MORE)

MS. MOULTON (cont'd)
 The Ark can't be much older than
 this dump.
 (beat)
 They've told us we'll be trapped
 inside until tomorrow. No, that's
 the point, I can't leave. Have you
 even seen the weather reports?

Moulton thumbs the elevator call button.

MS. MOULTON (cont'd)
 You should have gotten in front of
 this before I left Atlanta.

As she begins to tap her foot with anger and impatience, the camera moves up her body. She's wearing "Conservative chic," a tight dress with a crucifix nestled in her ample cleavage.

MS. MOULTON (cont'd)
 No, Karl, fix this and find me a
 better hotel! Oh yeah, maybe you
 should grow a pair of fucking--

As the doors slide open, she cuts off mid-sentence because there's someone already aboard the elevator...

SCARLET DRUMMOND (20s), perfect business suit, equally perfect bun, gives Moulton a polite smile.

Moulton ends her phone call, offers a tight smile in return.

SCARLET
 Can you believe this weather?

MS. MOULTON
 My fourth "storm of a lifetime"
 this year. I feel lied to.

Moulton extends a dainty hand and adopts a sweet attitude, a world away from the personality we heard a few moments ago.

MS. MOULTON (cont'd)
 Mary. Delighted to make your
 acquaintance-- ?

SCARLET
 Scarlet.

MS. MOULTON
 Heading down for the free booze?

SCARLET
 I always get a little nervous
 during a storm.
 (MORE)

SCARLET (cont'd)
Thought I might prefer some
company. What about you, care to
join me for a drink?

She notices the little gold cross around Moulton's neck.

SCARLET (cont'd)
I'm sorry, I didn't realize...

MS. MOULTON
Jesus didn't turn water into iced
tea, darling.

The elevator arrives at the lobby and the doors open.
Moulton winks, offers her arm to Scarlet.

MS. MOULTON (cont'd)
Come. I've already seen some of
the sinners staying here tonight.
It's best you and I stick together.

INT. BRADBURY HOTEL - LOBBY

The two women strut into the lounge. Mr. Arthur watches them
from the front desk. Scarlet looks over, catches his eye.

CUT TO:

INT. SWAT TRUCK - NIGHT (DREAM)

*We're back inside that SWAT truck. The hulking cop sitting
across from Jack lifts his gun, FIRES...*

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Jack eyes snap open. Another passenger is staring at him.

Jack turns his attention to the video screens lining the
ceiling of the subway-car. More severe weather warnings.

SUBWAY P.A. (V.O.)
*Passengers please be aware, all MTA
services are shutting down tonight at
9pm. Limited services will resume...*

EXT. SUBWAY STATION / MIDTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Jack exits the subway into almost white-out conditions. High
winds, thick, wet snow.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The further Jack walks, the less people seem to be out in the storm. He glances around to see if he's being followed, but nobody is tailing anyone in this weather.

Fighting the powerful wind and horizontal snowfall, Jack climbs the steps and gets inside as quickly as he can.

EXT./INT. IRONS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack takes out his keys, then hesitates. He slides them back in his pocket and knocks on the door.

HELEN (O.S.)
One second!

After a beat, the door opens and HELEN IRONS (30s) appears. She's an attractive woman, but her face falls when she sees Jack. It's not a warm welcome.

HELEN (cont'd)
Come on in.

She turns and walks back into the apartment. Stung by the cold greeting, Jack walks inside, closes the door behind him.

JACK
(sotto)
Nice to see you too.

HELEN (O.S.)
I know the timing isn't great with this storm and all...

Jack enters the living room to find a pile of his possessions stacked up in a pile: a gym bag, suitcase, box of vinyl, etc.

HELEN (cont'd)
...but maybe you can crash with Bob tonight.

JACK
What is this? You told me to come by so we could talk.

HELEN
I put some clothes and your shaving kit in the gym bag. You can come back for the rest tomorrow.

Jack hears something off-screen. Running water.

JACK
Who's in the shower, Helen?

HELEN
A *girlfriend*. I thought you would
insist on staying if I was alone.

JACK
So that's it. After 7 years.
"Here's your stuff. See you later."

HELEN
What else do you want?

JACK
I don't know. An explanation at
least. I thought we were okay.

Helen turns back to face him. Her expression ice-cold.

HELEN
I stopped loving you. Is that
explanation enough?

Gut-punched, Jack is lost for words.

HELEN (cont'd)
Are you going to cry?

Jack glares at her in disbelief. Did she really just say
that? He grabs the gym bag.

JACK
If anyone from the precinct comes
by, tell them you haven't seen me
and you think I left town--

HELEN
You're history. I can sell that.

JACK
This isn't you.

HELEN
I changed.

JACK
Yeah, I guess you did. Have a nice
fuckin' life.

Jack walks out the front door, slams it behind him.

Helen slides the deadbolt in his wake, then calmly walks
towards the bathroom...

INT. IRONS' APARTMENT - BATHROOM

Helen reaches into the shower and turns off the water. As the steam clears, we make a shocking discovery...

An unconscious woman lies on the floor, her face hidden, her arms duct-taped around the sink pedestal.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Jack walks outside, into the heart of the SNOWSTORM. The weather is deteriorating fast but he's too pissed to care.

A driverless TAXI CAB sits at the curb and it's in-service.

Jack doesn't hesitate. He jumps in the back.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

As Jack settles in for the ride, he's greeted by the disembodied voice of a Brooklyn CABBIE...

CABBIE(V.O.)
Where you headed, pal?

JACK
Downtown. 14th and Weston.

CABBIE (V.O.)
Don't get your hopes up. They're starting to close roads.

JACK
Just try, okay. Please.

CABBIE
Sure thing, buddy. Let's see what's what, uh.

The taxi pulls away, buffeted by wind and snow.

JACK
Change voice. Female, soothing.

An instant later, the voice of the 'Cabbie' changes to precisely that.

CABBIE (V.O.)
(female, soothing)
Is this more appealing, sir?

Jack leans his head against the window.

JACK

Perfect.

JACK'S POV --

New York City is closed for business. Stores are shuttered, boarded-up, sandbagged, etc.

CUT TO:

INT. BRADBURY HOTEL - LOUNGE BAR - NIGHT

The bar is lively and we get the sense that the bulk of the hotel guests are here for those complimentary drinks.

Moulton and Scarlet are seated at the bar, cocktails in hand, surveying the room.

We notice Congressman Wallace and Crow huddled in the corner, their backs to everyone.

Moulton recognizes a guest. And not in a good way...

MS. MOULTON

Lord have mercy!

She quickly turns away, praying that RANDALL HOOVER (40s) didn't notice her. He's a handsome Texan who looks a little out of his element in the big city.

MS. MOULTON (cont'd)

Is he looking? The cowboy.

SCARLET

You're good. Who is it?

MS. MOULTON

Someone I did not plan on ever running into again-- Wait, is that Senator Wallace!?

RACHEL (O.S.)

Yup.

Rachel is next to them at the bar, bottle of IPA in hand.

RACHEL (cont'd)

(bitter)

Son of a bitch knows I'm assigned to write a feature on him and he won't even give me five minutes.

She looks over.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Whoa, Mary Moulton in the flesh.

Moulton perks up. She relishes being recognized.

SCARLET
I knew it! I've seen you on CNN.
You're that Christian writer.

MS. MOULTON
I prefer the title social and
political commentator. And, yes,
CNN often invites me on-air to
share my opinion.

RACHEL
(correcting her)
Or what you *think* is God's opinion.

MS. MOULTON
(big smile)
I'm merely a conduit for His truth.

RACHEL
How about I interview you instead
of the Senator? I take it you're
in town for the conference.

MS. MOULTON
I am scheduled to speak, yes.

RACHEL
Even better. Give me an exclusive.
I'll make you look good.

Moulton glances in the direction of Hoover.

MS. MOULTON
Okay. But not here. We'll go to
my room, have drinks brought up.

RACHEL
Excellent idea.

SCARLET
You two go ahead. I'm going to
stay here a while.

MS. MOULTON
You get bored or some asshole hits
on you, come up to Room 64.

SCARLET

Depends if he's a good-looking asshole. Like I said, I could use some company.

MS. MOULTON

Naughty girl. I'll have to say a prayer for you.

Ms. Moulton and Rachel head out. Hoover double-takes, isn't sure if he just saw a familiar face walk past.

EXT. NYC STREETS - NIGHT

The taxi cab is moving slowly through the storm.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Jack checks his smartphone -- no calls. He returns his focus to the scenery outside.

CABBIE (V.O.)

I apologize, sir, but my data indicates weather conditions have crossed several safety thresholds.

JACK

The weather sucks, I can see that-- Wait, why are you apologizing?

CABBIE (V.O.)

Because I need to cease operation and prioritize your protection.

JACK

And that means?

CABBIE

Get you inside a strong building.

JACK

Don't worry about me. Keep driving.

The Taxi Cab slows down, pulls to the sidewalk.

JACK (cont'd)

Hey!

CABBIE

I'm sorry, sir. The current conditions are too dangerous.

JACK

Come on! The storm hasn't even started yet. We've had two inches, tops. Once this tincan starts sliding, then we can talk.

CABBIE

Manhattan has seen 4.75 inches of snow in the last two hours. I am prohibited by law to drive in such conditions.

JACK

So now what? You just drop me off? Look, lady, I'm a cop--

CABBIE

Then you'll understand that legally I can only take you back to your pickup location, or drop you off at our current location.

Jack peers out the window, sees they're parked right outside the Bradbury.

CABBIE (cont'd)

May I make a suggestion, sir?

JACK

(sighs)

Sure. Let's hear it.

CABBIE

Most of the city is suffering power outages, including the area where I picked you up. On your left is the Bradbury Hotel. It still has power. And vacancies.

Jack looks out the other side of the cab. Block after block is dark. The potential of this storm finally sinks in.

JACK

This Bradbury joint got a bar?

CABBIE

Of course. And there's no better place to seek shelter from a storm.

JACK

Least there's one thing we agree on.

Jack runs his right wrist over a PAY SCANNER and gets out.

INT. BRADBURY HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Behind the front desk, Mr. Arthur is using a computer while a DESK CLERK (20s) fields a phone call on his earpiece. Ending the call, the Clerk turns to Mr. Arthur...

CLERK

Mr. Hitchens. Room 11. His flight was diverted to Albany so he won't be staying with us this evening.

Mr. Arthur consults a list on his screen and deletes the name 'Hitchens.' It appears every other guest has checked-in.

MR. ARTHUR

Very good. If we're not expecting any other guests, I'd prefer to close the storm shields early.

Mr. Arthur glances at the vintage watch on his wrist. Then moves around the front desk and walks to the main doors. He opens a hidden keypad, types in a code...

With a METALLIC THUD, two thick steel STORM DOORS begin to slide horizontally across the exterior of the front entrance.

Another THUD. An NYPD badge pressed against the glass.

Irritated, Mr. Arthur re-opens the storm doors...

A mini-blizzard blasts into the lobby as Jack ENTERS.

JACK

Thanks. Nasty out there.

MR. ARTHUR

Indeed. How may I help you, officer?

JACK

(re: storm doors)

You can go ahead and close that. I don't plan on going back out.

MR. ARTHUR

But... you don't have a reservation.

JACK

I don't need a room, just point me to the bar.

MR. ARTHUR

The bar and restaurant are for hotel guests only tonight. I'm sure you understand.

JACK

Then I'll pay for a room.

Mr. Arthur looks amused.

JACK (cont'd)

Come on. How much?

MR. ARTHUR

Six thousand credits per night.

JACK

(holds up his wrist)

Where do I swipe?

MR. ARTHUR

You must really need that drink.

JACK

You have no idea.

Mr. Arthur's face becomes friendlier as he ushers Jack towards the front desk.

MR. ARTHUR

Right this way, Officer...

JACK

Detective. Detective Irons. You the Concierge?

MR. ARTHUR

I am the General Manager.

As they reach the front desk...

DESK CLERK

(to Jack)

Good evening, sir. Welcome to the Bradbury.

The Desk Clerk holds up a handheld PAY SCANNER. Jack holds his wrist over it until there's a *BEEP*.

JACK

I take it for six thousand the room comes with a free car or something?

The Desk Clerk looks confused.

DESK CLERK
I don't understand--

MR. ARTHUR
The detective is being sarcastic,
Julius.

Mr. Arthur directs Jack towards the lounge.

MR. ARTHUR (cont'd)
I hesitate to mention this but
there is an open bar tonight.
Perhaps you can drink a few
thousand credits worth.

JACK
That sounds like a damn good idea.

MR. ARTHUR
Would you like me to have your bag
taken to your room, Detective?

Jack drops his gym bag on the counter.

JACK
You're an outstanding host.

MR. ARTHUR
If there's *anything* you need this
evening. Just ask for me at the
front desk.

Jack nods. Heads for the bar. In his wake, Mr. Arthur moves
back to that wall panel and punches in a code...

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- At the front door, the huge STORM DOORS START TO CLOSE...
- A NAKED GUY (KNOWLES, 40s) exercises in his room; some
narcissistic mash-up of yoga and Tai Chi.
- Rachel interviews Moulton in her suite, puts a voice
recorder on the coffee table. Moulton raises an eyebrow.
- A HACKER and his GIRLFRIEND hook up computer equipment.
Soon, the wall-mounted TV shows running code.
- A MAN (LUCAS, 30s) is yelling at his WIFE.
- Mr. Arthur is peering out the front door until the storm
shield blocks out his view.

-- A COUPLE make love as a shield slides over their window.
-- A LONELY MAN perched on the end of his bed, watching TV.
-- All over the hotel, dull grey metal covers the windows.

END MONTAGE:

INT. BRADBURY HOTEL - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Jack is sitting at the bar. A drink in front of him. He watches the weather shields lock into place. Nobody else in the lounge takes any notice.

SCARLET (O.S.)
Creepy, don't you think?

REVEAL Scarlet at the bar next to him, right where Moulton and Rachel left her.

JACK
The storm shields?

SCARLET
Yeah. It feels like we're being locked in a prison for a night.

JACK
They're forecasting 200mph winds. I like the shields.

She smiles, shifts closer, extends her hand.

SCARLET
Scarlet.

JACK
Jack.

SCARLET
It doesn't bother you, the fact that we're basically trapped here together until morning?

JACK
A lot of people die in these storms. We're lucky to be here.

SCARLET
Cheers to that.

Scarlet holds out her wine and they clink glasses. She spots the gun under his jacket, visibly reacts.

JACK

It's okay. I'm a cop.

SCARLET

And you're staying *here*, in this overpriced museum?

JACK

It wasn't planned. How about you, you like pricey museums?

SCARLET

Heavens no. I work for a non-profit organization and the hotel owner is a benefactor.

JACK

Nice perk. What kind of non-profit?

SCARLET

We try to protect marine life. We lost the fight for polar bears but we're optimistic we can keep seals and penguins around.

JACK

Mankind has really fucked up this planet, hasn't it?

SCARLET

It's been here for over four billion years and it only took us a couple of hundred to trash it.

CUT TO:

INT. MOULTON'S ROOM (6TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Rachel has been lowering Moulton's defenses in her interview by asking softball questions. She's smiling, drinking.

RACHEL

So who was that downstairs, the handsome cowboy you were avoiding?

MS. MOULTON

Sheriff Randall Hoover.

RACHEL

You're kidding me? The Arpaio of the Numan world. What is he doing in New York?

MS. MOULTON
Perhaps he's run out of robots to
kill in Texas.

RACHEL
But wouldn't that give you
something to celebrate together?

Moulton's smile disappears.

MS. MOULTON
I beg your pardon?

RACHEL
Wiping out Numans. Synthetics.
You have the same agenda.

MS. MOULTON
What is this? We were talking
about my family...

RACHEL
I was just getting warmed up. I
want to talk about your public
opposition to humanoid technology,
your speech to the UN tomorrow.

The cool, calculated Moulton takes over.

MS. MOULTON
I remember that name now. Curry.
Rachel Curry. You wrote a hit
piece on me last year: *Raging
Against the Machines*. Six pages of
progressive bullshit--

RACHEL
I'm just trying to figure out where
the hate comes from. It can't be
in your DNA because synthetic tech
didn't exist when you and I were
born. So is it religion? Are you
interpreting scripture in a way
that justifies your war on robots?

MS. MOULTON
I'd like you to leave.

INT. BRADBURY HOTEL - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Scarlet is staring at the black glove on Jack's left hand.
He notices, seems a bit self-conscious.

SCARLET

Dare I ask?

JACK

Hurt it on the job a few years back.
It's not pretty, hence the glove.

SCARLET

I like it. It's mysterious. Makes
it hard to see if you're wearing a
wedding ring though.

Jack is taken aback. For a beat, he's unsure how to answer.

SCARLET (cont'd)

Let me guess. You're married but
it's complicated.

JACK

We're working on some things.
Let's leave it at that.

Scarlet looks deep into his eyes. She leans close, whispers:

SCARLET

To be honest, I don't care. Let's
just be trapped together upstairs.

Jack grimaces, almost hates himself for turning her down.

JACK

I can't. Tempting as it is, I love
my wife. I'm sorry.

In the b.g., Hoover exits the lounge.

Scarlet stands up, grabs her clutch purse.

SCARLET

I'm in Room 74. In case you change
your mind.

JACK

Let me buy you another drink.

SCARLET

Good night, Jack.

With a sultry smile, she walks out. Jack exhales.

INT. BRADBURY HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Scarlet steps into Elevator #1 as Rachel exits Elevator #2.

Rachel enters the lounge as Sen. Wallace and Crow walk out.

RACHEL
Five minutes, Senator? Just a few
questions about your speech tomorrow?

Crow all but shields Wallace with his body.

SEN. WALLACE
If you're here tomorrow night,
after the speech, perhaps.

RACHEL
"After?" Come on. I'll play nice.
No tough questions.

They step into the second elevator. The Senator acts as if Rachel isn't there. The doors close.

INT. BRADBURY HOTEL - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Jack remains at the bar. He surveys the room again, notices Rachel reenter. Then something else catches his eye...

Scarlet left her SMARTPHONE on her chair. It's bait.

JACK
Oh, come on.

Jack turns his back on the phone, pretends it's not there. Then he turns, grabs it, and makes for the exit.

In his haste, Jack collides with Rachel.

JACK (cont'd)
I'm sorry. All my fault.

RACHEL
No harm, no foul.

Rachel watches him go, signals the BARTENDER.

INT. BRADBURY HOTEL (7TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

The elevator doors open and Jack steps into the hallway. A sign points left for Rooms #70-74.

At the far end of the hall, the door to Room #74 is ajar. MUSIC spills from inside.

JACK
 (sotto)
 Oh Jack, what are you doing...

As he nears the door, something feels off. Jack draws his firearm, pushes the door wide open with his foot.

JACK'S POV -- INSIDE THE ROOM

BLOOD. Lots of it. All over the walls.

INT. SCARLET'S ROOM (7TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Jack swiftly enters, then stops in his tracks.

There's A BODY, covered in a blood-soaked sheet. *Two sheets actually.* One for the body. Another for the severed head.

Jack uncovers the head. He grimaces, lets the sheet drop...

It's Scarlet.

Jack looks up at the wall, at the foot of the bed. It's covered in blood, an unnatural quantity, and there is a single word smeared into it...

"REVELATION"

CUT TO:

INT. 18TH POLICE PRECINCT - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

In a blast of wind and snow, Det. Bob Schumann enters the 18th precinct. He steps through a full-body scanner, a cube of light that captures his image and highlights any weapons.

Schumann nods to the DOOR GUARD (50s).

DET. SCHUMANN
 Cold enough for you, Mullen?

DOOR GUARD
 No colder than the icy embrace of
 my old lady.

The scanner reveals a .38 HANDGUN in a shoulder-holster.

DOOR GUARD (cont'd)
 How many times have I warned you
 about that antique? The Chief
 would have my ass if--

Schumann keeps walking.

DET. SCHUMANN
Gotta run. Regards to the missus!

INT. 18TH POLICE PRECINCT - BULLPEN - NIGHT

A blend of old-school NY cop shows and a high-tech crime lsb.

Arriving at his desk, Schumann glances across the room to where a group of cops are gathered around MATT GRIMES (40s).

He's a hard-edged prick and we instantly recognize him as "Follower #1," from the attack on the Chef.

Noticing Schumann, Grimes scowls.

GRIMES
You're bot-loving friend is M.I.A.

Schumann doesn't even look up from his desk.

DET. SCHUMANN
It's like goddamn Narnia out there.
Everyone's M.I.A.

GRIMES
You talk to him today? He tell you what he did?

DET. SCHUMANN
Look, if you want to ask my partner out, just put a note on his locker.

Grimes' crew snickers with laughter.

Schumann hangs up his coat and walks through another door. Grimes quickly follows.

INT. 18TH POLICE PRECINCT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Schumann feeds coins into a vending machine. A candy bar is 3D printed right before our eyes. Grimes pushes the old cop from behind, sends him face first into the vending machine.

Schumann checks his nose, finds a little blood.

SCHUMANN
You're out of your mind.

GRIMES

Yeah? And your partner's a dead man. Give me one good reason not to put you in the next grave.

DET. SCHUMANN

You aren't going to risk an I.A. review by killing me. Leave the kid alone too. He's a good cop.

GRIMES

That's the problem. I told you to stop him. Warned you to keep him out of my business--

DET. SCHUMANN

What can I say? He's a stubborn little bastard and he doesn't like what you've been doing.

Grimes moves in close.

GRIMES

Give him to me.

DET. SCHUMANN

(incredulous)
Give him to you?

GRIMES

Tell me where to find Irons, and you live to enjoy retirement.

DET. SCHUMANN

That's twice you've threatened me. Starting to piss me off.

GRIMES

My team signed up for the Storm Tactical detail tonight, and we plan on doing a little hunting. I had a UAV do a bodyscan on Irons' home address and it seems only his wife is home. Suppose I could just threaten her. See what *she* knows.

Schumann pulls his candy bar from the vending machine.

DET. SCHUMANN

(re: candy bar)
I'm gonna eat this. If you're still standing here when I get done, I'm gonna shoot you in the face.

Schumann takes a bite.

Grimes glares at him, seething... then he walks away.

Still chewing, Schumann dials his cell phone. He gets an automated "outage" message.

AUTO-MSG (V.O.)

All cellular networks in your area
are currently experiencing outages
due to severe weather. All
cellular--

DET. SCHUMANN

Dammit, Jackie.

INT. 18TH POLICE PRECINCT - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The Door Guard is surprised to see Schumann back so soon.

DET. SCHUMANN

I need a favor. You gonna be here
all night?

DOOR GUARD

Do I look like a fucking Polar Bear
to you? Where am I gonna go?

DET. SCHUMANN

I need a pack of smokes. Let me
borrow your cold weather gear.

DOOR GUARD

You just walked in wearing a coat.

DET. SCHUMANN

Spilled coffee all over it. Smokes
were in the pocket.

The guard tosses Schumann his winter jacket and wool cap.

DOOR GUARD

Don't freeze to death. I want 'em
back.

Schumann slips on the gear and exits through the main door.

CLOSE ON -- A CEILING-MOUNTED VIDEO CAMERA

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - GRIMES' OFFICE - NIGHT

Half-office, half-clubhouse for Grimes' cabal of dirty cops.

Grimes is sitting at his desk, watching an array of video feeds on his computer. One of them shows Schumann slipping out of the police precinct.

GRIMES
(smiles)
Where are you going?

CUT TO:

INT. BRADBURY HOTEL - SCARLET'S ROOM (7TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Jack is trying to make a call on his smartphone. He gets the same message as Schumann...

AUTO-MSG (V.O.)
All cellular networks in your area--

Frustrated, Jack hangs up, stuffs his phone in his pocket.

Noticing a CARD-KEY for the door on a side table, he picks it up and backs into the hallway. He takes one last mournful glance at the Scarlet's corpse and closes the door.

INT. HALLWAY (7TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Jack looks up and down the hallway. There's no sign of any other guests and no sign anything is amiss inside Room #74.

INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

RICHARD KNOWLES (40s) is the man we saw earlier, exercising buck-naked in his room. He's a sociopath who relishes making millions on Wall Street and crushing the little guy.

Right now, he's at the front desk, venting...

KNOWLES
You don't understand. I need connectivity! You have any idea the level of opportunity loss if I'm off-line for even an hour?

MR. ARTHUR
I can only offer an apology, Mr. Knowles.

(MORE)

MR. ARTHUR (cont'd)

There's nothing I can do until service is restored by the ISP. All I can promise is that I will monitor our own Wifi signal and notify you immediately if and when it returns.

KNOWLES

This is just fucking fantastic. We can cure cancer and put a woman on Mars, but we still can't avoid network outages...

MR. ARTHUR

As I said, Mr. Knowles, the moment access is restored--

Knowles angrily slams his hand on the desk.

MR. ARTHUR (cont'd)

Might I offer you a drink in--

KNOWLES

I don't drink.

MR. ARTHUR

Then might I suggest you enjoy some of the hotel's amenities while we wait for the internet to be restored? We have a full gym, a steam room, and a swimming pool, all on level B2. Personally, I love to swim a few laps when I'm stressed.

Knowles is calming down.

KNOWLES

I do like to swim--

MR. ARTHUR

I can have a swimsuit and towels delivered to your room in five minutes.

KNOWLES

It's heated?

MR. ARTHUR

Please, Mr. Knowles. This is the Bradbury.

KNOWLES

And you'll inform me the moment your Wifi is restored?

MR. ARTHUR
Within seconds, sir.

With a curt nod, Knowles struts off. He almost bowls over Jack as he steps out of the elevator.

Jack approaches the front desk.

Mr. Arthur is unfazed by his encounter with Knowles.

MR. ARTHUR (cont'd)
Detective Irons. I trust you're
enjoying your stay thus far--

Jack wears a grim expression.

MR. ARTHUR (cont'd)
--Perhaps not.

Glancing at the Desk Clerk, Jack leans close to Mr. Arthur.

JACK
We need to talk. Somewhere private.

Mr. Arthur cocks his head, intrigued.

MR. ARTHUR
May I ask why?

JACK
Sure you can... In private.

Mr. Arthur swaps a look with the Desk Clerk, then beckons Jack around his desk, into the Manager's Office.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A spacious office, half of which looks like a command center with banks of electronic equipment and a dozen video screens.

Jack goes right to the screens as Mr. Arthur closes the door.

JACK
Tell me you have cameras on every
floor.

MR. ARTHUR
Only in public areas, of course.

JACK
Pull up every feed you have of the
7th floor from the last hour.

Mr. Arthur darkens, doesn't like Jack bossing him around.

MR. ARTHUR

If you're going to start throwing your weight around my hotel, Detective, perhaps I should ask to see a warrant--

JACK

There's a dead woman in Room 74.

Mr. Arthur recoils in surprise.

MR. ARTHUR

Are you sure? You checked her pulse?!

JACK

Somebody cut her head off. Now I'm no doctor, but I can guarantee you she has no pulse.

MR. ARTHUR

A woman was *murdered*? In *my* hotel?!

JACK

Sure as shit wasn't a suicide.

MR. ARTHUR

You're making jokes?

JACK

Gallows humor. It'll get you through some dark days.

(beat)

Pull up the video.

Visibly shaken, Mr. Arthur begins to access the digital surveillance archive. As he works...

MR. ARTHUR

Room 74... I'm trying to remember who was checked into that room.

JACK

I met her at the bar. Told me her name was Scarlet.

MR. ARTHUR

Miss Drummond! My God! That poor child!

(beat)

Here we are, this camera covers the West end of the 7th floor...

CLOSE ON -- VIDEO MONITOR

A high-definition image of the 7th floor hallway. The door to Scarlet's room clearly visible. There's a time-stamp in the corner of the screen.

MR. ARTHUR (cont'd)

That's her room.

They both watch the footage at 3x speed. Mr. Arthur slows it down when a figure appears and approaches the door.

JACK

There she is. Keep going forward.

After disappearing inside the room, Scarlet leaves the door ajar. The footage continues at a fast speed. The time code indicates several minutes have gone by.

For a brief moment, the image distorts, flickers.

JACK (cont'd)

Wait! Go back!

Mr. Arthur backs up and runs the video in real-time. Sure enough, the image breaks up for several seconds, as though there's some kind of electrical interference.

MR. ARTHUR

What is that?

JACK

Video cloaking. Highly illegal and very expensive.

(beat)

Go forward a few minutes.

Onscreen, Jack appears and cautiously approaches the door to Scarlet's room, his gun drawn.

JACK (cont'd)

There. Stop. Can you back it up? That glitch wouldn't give anyone enough time to get inside and do what they did. The killer must have been inside already, waiting for her.

Mr. Arthur scrolls back through the footage at 5x normal speed. We see a couple of other guests enter/exit their rooms but there's no activity around Room #74.

Then... another glitch.

JACK (cont'd)
Bingo. That's when they entered.

As Mr. Arthur keeps rewinding, we see a MAID with a housekeeping cart.

JACK (cont'd)
Is that maid still here?

MR. ARTHUR
No. I sent the housekeeping staff home. We only have a skeleton crew this evening.

Jack turns his attention to the other video screens.

JACK
You lowered the storm shields after I arrived. Do they block every exit?

MR. ARTHUR
Every door and window.

JACK
So the entire hotel was sealed-off when Scarlet went up to her room?

MR. ARTHUR
Correct.

He realizes where Jack's train of thought is leading him.

MR. ARTHUR (cont'd)
Oh my--

JACK
Yep. The killer's still here. He's still inside the hotel.

Understandably, Mr. Arthur looks scared.

MR. ARTHUR
What do I do? We have no phones, no internet, no way to alert the police, and it's too dangerous outside. What do I tell my guests?

JACK
You don't tell them anything. We seal off the room and keep a lid on this. We'll work to find the killer. Quickly and quietly.

MR. ARTHUR
I'm sorry... "We?"

JACK
Find a camera and a tablet. You're going to assist me.

MR. ARTHUR
Assist you with what?

JACK
The crime scene. I need to examine the body, look for evidence, clues. Under normal circumstances, I'd bring in a whole team. But you'll do. Experience or not, two sets of eyes are better than one.

MR. ARTHUR
That is hardly the skillset of a hotel manager. Besides, I'm also rather squeamish so I won't be of much use--

JACK
Tough luck, pal. If my partner isn't here and I can't call a forensics wagon, you're it.

MR. ARTHUR
What if I could find you someone more suited for the job?

Jack raises a curious eyebrow: *who?*

INT. LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Our intrepid reporter, Rachel, is sitting at the bar, picking at the label on a beer bottle, watching the news.

JACK (O.S.)
Ms. Curry?

She looks over to see Jack next to her.

RACHEL
Possibly.

Jack sits down, shows her his police badge.

JACK
There's been an incident, involving Scarlet. I could use your help.

RACHEL

Look, to tell the truth, I don't know her. I met her here tonight for about two minutes.

JACK

Do you have a good camera with you?

RACHEL

I do, but that's a weird question. So let's just skip to the part where you tell me what's going on.

JACK

A serious crime has been committed. I can't bring in outside help, so I need a hand to document the scene.

RACHEL

How is Scarlet involved?

Jack glances around to ensure nobody is within earshot.

JACK

She was murdered in her room.

RACHEL

(stunned)

Damn.

(beat)

I want the story.

JACK

Meet me on the 7th floor with a camera and it's yours.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Grimes steps out of an elevator. He's now dressed in cold-weather SWAT gear, an all-white tactical uniform.

A six-wheeled Trekol, an armored car originally designed for the Arctic, idles noisily. The rear hatch is open and Grimes' crew is sitting in the back.

INT. POLICE ASSAULT VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

One of Grimes' team, CASH (30s), has a laptop connected to a video feed from a UAV.

GRIMES
Still got eyes on him?

CASH
I was locked onto his heat sig but
it just disappeared.

GRIMES
(irked)
He's in the subway.

CASH
But the trains shut down already.

GRIMES
It's a veteran move. During
Superstorms they walk the tracks.
(beat)
Where did you lose him?

Cash points to a map.

GRIMES (cont'd)
Saddle up. Maybe Irons is home
after all.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY (7TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Jack stands with Mr. Arthur and they watch as a BELLHOP helps
a GUEST carry his bags from Room #72 to the elevator.

JACK
That's all of the rooms?

MR. ARTHUR
Only two were occupied on this floor.

JACK
Remember who they were. I'll want
to talk with them later. What did
you tell them?

MR. ARTHUR
That the electricity could go out
on this floor at any time, but we
have a back-up generator for the
4th floor down.

The other elevator opens up and Rachel appears. She's tied
her hair back and sports a shoulder bag and her CAMERA.

RACHEL
Let's rock n' roll.

Jack nods, heads for the door of Room #74. She follows. So does Mr. Arthur.

JACK
You covered much crime before?

RACHEL
I'm a political reporter. Was assigned to write a piece on Senator Wallace but his handler cock-blocked me.

They reach the door. Jack takes out the card key.

JACK
You mind the sight of blood?

Mr. Arthur peels off to stand across the hall.

RACHEL
Nah. My dad was a doctor.

JACK
Good. Take a thousand pictures. I don't want to miss a thing.

He opens the door to Room #74. Rachel's jaw hits the floor.

RACHEL
Holy fu--

CUT TO:

INT. BARNES' ROOM (11TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

The hacker, DANIEL "DUFFY" BARNES (30s), and his girlfriend, AMANDA (20s), occupy Room #112.

She is reclined on the bed, smoking a joint, while he is frantically checking the connections on his computer.

AMANDA
You already had it up and running so why would it be the cables?

DUFFY
It's called troubleshooting, babe. When something stops working, you eliminate potential causes until you get to the root of the problem.

She doesn't appreciate his condescending tone.

AMANDA

Oh yeah, I'll have to remember that next time your dick stops working.

Duffy slumps back into his chair, defeated.

DUFFY

This hotel is a dead spot.

Amanda pats the space next to her on the bed.

AMANDA

Wow. This has to be a first. My boyfriend unable to use his toys so I get him all to myself.

Duffy slides onto the bed and takes the joint from her lips. He takes a deep drag. Amanda snuggles against him.

DUFFY

Something ain't right. It's as if someone's blocking access from *inside* the hotel.

AMANDA

(amused)

Are you telling me one of the best hackers in the world has been outsmarted by some hotel IT guy? I told you, they just want you to spend the extra fifty credits to use the hotel's browser.

DUFFY

No. There's more to it.

AMANDA

Something to do with the storm?

Duffy reaches over to the nightstand and grabs a remote.

DUFFY

Maybe. Speaking of which...

He presses a button and the curtains slide open.

AMANDA

The storm shields are closed, silly.

DUFFY

(smirks)

Smart glass, silly.

He hits another button and the windows flicker to life. They double as video-screens but Duffy switches from a movie to a direct live feed from outside.

Amanda smiles in delight as the entire wall becomes a wide-screen vision of the blizzard. It looks beautiful. Snowflakes falling horizontally, as if we're traveling through hyperspace.

DUFFY (cont'd)
 (devilish grin)
 So... what do we do now?

Amanda smiles right back and begins to slide down his body.

CUT TO:

INT. SCARLET'S ROOM (7TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

A CAMERA FLASH illuminates Amanda's dismembered body.

JACK (O.S.)
 Hold up.

Rachel stops taking photos.

Jack steps into frame and lifts up the sheet covering the body. Scarlet is fully-dressed. There are blood stains on the white cotton, but not as much as one might expect.

He directs Rachel on what to shoot with her camera.

JACK (cont'd)
 Wrists are clean.
 (lifts an arm)
 Here. Get this.

Rachel snaps another shot.

In the b.g., we can see Mr. Arthur hovering beyond the open doorway. He's morbidly curious but freaked out.

RACHEL
 You should know, I spoke to her.
 Less than an hour ago.

Jack repositions the sheet to cover the corpse.

JACK
 Me too. She invited me up here.

RACHEL
(surprised)
And you turned her down?

JACK
I won't lie. I was tempted. Just
not tonight.

RACHEL
Might be the smartest decision you
ever made. You could be lying next
to her right now.

Jack looks back down at the body.

JACK
Ain't that the truth.

Rachel takes a few photos of the bloody message on the wall.

RACHEL
So what do you think that means?
Any theories?

JACK
Couple. You religious?

RACHEL
No. But who is these days?
Moulton is a dying breed.

JACK
Who's Moulton? You mentioned him
already.

RACHEL
Her. Mary Moulton. She calls
herself a political commentator, but
she's really just a right-wing bigot
who says whatever she thinks will
sell books and kick up her speaking
fees. We were talking in her room
before I ran into you downstairs.

She takes another photo of the blood-covered wall, blasting
the room in white light.

RACHEL (cont'd)
(re: "Revelation")
So it's from the Bible?

JACK

The New Testament. Some people think it's a view of history, others believe it predicts an event that hasn't happened yet.

RACHEL

What kind of event?

JACK

The end of the world.

RACHEL

What about you? Are you religious?

JACK

When you're a cop it can go either way. Some see God pulling all the strings, taking some lives, saving others.

RACHEL

Revelation comes from the Greek word apocalypse. But the literal translation is the "unveiling of knowledge." Someone left that for us and it wasn't a God.

Jack reaches for the sheet covering Scarlet's head.

JACK

You sure you're okay with this?

She takes a deep breath. Gives an affirmative nod.

Jack lifts up the sheet...

Scarlet's head sits there in all its horrific glory. The neck is a bloody mess, her eyes are wide open, her mouth shaped in a silent scream.

Rachel tears up as she takes photos. Jack uses a pen to lift Scarlet's hair to see if it hides anything on the pillow

RACHEL

Poor girl. She can't be more than twenty-five. I wonder what she did for a living.

JACK

She worked for a non-profit--

Scarlet's eyes blink and everyone (us included) just about pees their pants in terror.

Rachel SCREAMS, backpedals into the wall. Even Jack, our hardened cop scrambles backwards in fright.

The sheet has dropped back over Scarlet's head. Jack grabs the corner, rips it clear. The eyes remain open, blank.

RACHEL
(hyperventilating)
You saw that, right?! You saw her
blink?!

Mr. Arthur is standing in the doorway.

MR. ARTHUR
What happened?

He sees the exposed head. Covers his mouth and hurries away.

Jack has already recovered from the shock. He moves back towards the head for a closer look.

RACHEL
Okay, I've heard chickens can run
around after you cut the head off.
But she's been dead for a while,
that's impossible...

JACK
Maybe not.

Rachel is still backed against the wall, tempted to flee the whole grisly scene.

RACHEL
A dead woman just blinked at us.
You can explain that?

JACK
Sure. Occam's razor.

Jack uses that pen again. He prods at the severed neck, pulls back the bloody flesh.

JACK (cont'd)
The simplest answer is usually the
correct one.

Reveals metal underneath.

JACK (cont'd)
She's a droid.

Of Rachel's stunned expression.

CUT TO:

EXT. IRONS' APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Shielding his face from the blinding snowfall, Schumann narrowly avoids a trash can hurtling through the air. He falls back onto the stone steps, uses a railing to drag himself to the front door.

In the b.g., Grimes' assault vehicle rolls into view, stops a block away.

INT. POLICE ASSAULT VEHICLE - NIGHT

A video feed shows the front of the apartment building.

Grimes watches as Schumann stumbles inside.

GRIMES

(to Cash)

Scan the building again, see if he's inside.

CASH

Sorry, boss. Can't fly a drone in these winds. It's nuts out there.

Grimes turns to the rest of his crew.

GRIMES

Then we do this old-school. If Irons is home, I'll buy a round of drinks for every hole you put in him.

INT. FRONT DOOR / IRONS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Schumann beats on the front door.

On the other side, Helen stands motionless. It's strange, as if she's asleep standing-up.

Suddenly, she jerks into motion.

Back in the hallway, Schumann steps back as the front door swings open. Helen stands before him with a warm smile.

HELEN

Bob!

DET. SCHUMANN
Tell me Jack's here.

She solemnly shakes her head. Schumann grimaces.

DET. SCHUMANN (cont'd)
Where is he? I need to find him.
It's important.

He's visibly shaking from the cold.

HELEN
You're freezing. Come on inside.

Schumann steps into the apartment and Helen closes the door behind him.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY

Clad head to toe in cold-weather tactical assault gear, four of Grimes' DIRTY COPS creep into the building. They move quickly and silently up the stairwell.

INT. IRONS' APARTMENT - LIVING AREA

Schumann peels off his borrowed winter coat, hangs it on the back of a dining chair.

DET. SCHUMANN
Just give me a few minutes to warm
up and I'll get out of your hair.

HELEN
Please, make yourself comfortable.
It's not safe to be outside.

INT. APT. BUILDING - OUTSIDE IRONS' APARTMENT

DIRTY COP #1 fixes a device to the front door of Jack and Helen's apartment. A needle-thin microphone drills right through the door and three antenna expand on the other side to capture audio.

Grimes listens using an earpiece.

DET. SCHUMANN (V.O.)
I saw Jack earlier. He told me he
was coming here.

HELEN (V.O.)

He was here. About an hour ago.
We talked and then he left.

The other Dirty Cops flank the front door, weapons ready,
waiting on Grimes' command.

INT. IRONS' APARTMENT - HALLWAY

Helen turns and stares at the front door, as if she can sense
Grimes' team outside.

DET. SCHUMANN

Do you know where he went?

She's frozen in place, her eyes fixed on the door.

After a beat, she turns back to face Schumann.

HELEN

A hotel.

Helen pulls open the front door. There's nobody outside.

Grimes' crew have vanished.

DET. SCHUMANN

Everything okay?

Helen shuts the door, turns back with a smile.

HELEN

Yes. I'm fine.

Schumann is rubbing his hands, tries to warm them up.

HELEN (cont'd)

Why don't you use the bathroom, run
your hands under some warm water?

DET. SCHUMANN

Good idea. Thanks.

Helen points him down a hallway. He talks as he goes.

DET. SCHUMANN (cont'd)

You know I'm just gonna come right
out and say it: I'm rooting for you
guys...

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Schumann hits the light switch.

DET. SCHUMANN
 ...You're both good people--

On the floor of the bathroom lies THE REAL HELEN, bound and gagged, her arms tied around the sink pedestal.

Schumann's eyes widen in horror. The OTHER HELEN appears right behind him and wraps an arm around his throat.

In seconds, he blacks out, drops like a sack of potatoes.

CUT TO:

INT. BRADBURY HOTEL - HALLWAY (7TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Mr. Arthur stands in the hallway, just outside Scarlet's room. Jack emerges with Rachel in tow. For some reason, he looks angry.

JACK
 Did you know?

MR. ARTHUR
 That Ms. Drummond was a Synthetic?
 Of course not! This isn't a Westin
 or The Regency! *This is the
 Bradbury!*

JACK
 What's that supposed to mean?

Mr. Arthur leans in close to Jack, but Rachel can easily hear every word.

MR. ARTHUR
 We do not employ Numans at the
 Bradbury, and we strongly
 discourage them from staying here.

Rachel is shocked.

RACHEL
 Whoa, bigot much?

MR. ARTHUR
 I apologize if that sounds crass,
 Ms. Curry--

RACHEL
 (irked)
 Rachel.

MR. ARTHUR
 I apologize, Rachel, but the owner of the Bradbury feels very strongly about Numan Laws. He lost people very dear to him on Red Wednesday, and so he built part of the hotel's reputation on the absence of Synthetic employees and guests.

RACHEL
 So you believe in segregation?

MR. ARTHUR
 What I personally believe has no relevance to hotel policy--

They're interrupted by Jack kicking a wall in frustration.

JACK
 Fuck!

Rachel and Mr. Arthur are surprised by his outburst.

RACHEL
 What's gotten into you?

JACK
 Ten minutes ago, I was investigating a real homicide. Something I could use to get on the right radars at City Hall. But this...? Another Numan murder. Nobody will give a shit about this.

Now Rachel is even more pissed off.

RACHEL
 What the hell is wrong with you two?
 (to Jack)
 You're angry because a murdered woman *isn't* human!
 (to Mr. Arthur)
 And you're only concerned about the reputation of this place!
 (like a TV ad)
Stay at the historic Bradbury Hotel in Midtown Manhattan. Come for the luxury, stay for the discrimination.

MR. ARTHUR

Our hiring practices are in accordance with all city laws.

RACHEL

But you won't rent a room to a Numan. Isn't *that* illegal?

MR. ARTHUR

I'm sorry, Ms. Curr-- Rachel. Many of the guests who frequent the Bradbury do so because they know it's robot-free.

(back to Jack)

We need to keep this as quiet as possible.

Ignoring him, Jack pulls Rachel aside.

JACK

You really care about Numan rights? Discrimination laws?

RACHEL

Of course...

JACK

Then help me clean up this case and I'll give you a much bigger story.

RACHEL

Bigger than a decapitated robot in a hotel which prides itself on bigotry?

JACK

Yes, bigger than that.

RACHEL

Deal.

Jack turns back to Mr. Arthur...

JACK

I want a list of every guest staying here tonight. Staff too.

Mr. Arthur isn't listening. He's staring at the far end of the hallway...

A MAN in a long coat, his face hidden in shadow. He just stands there, staring. For now, we'll call him DARK MAN.

Jack slowly approaches, ready to draw his firearm...

JACK (cont'd)
Evening, sir. Is this your floor?

Jack stops. For a beat, it's unclear how this will go down.

Then... Dark Man bolts back into the STAIRWELL.

Jack tears after him...

JACK (cont'd)
(calls back)
Get to the lobby! Make sure the
building is locked down!

He disappears into the stairwell.

Mr. Arthur hits the elevator call button. Rachel makes for the stairwell door.

MR. ARTHUR
Are you mad?!? Come back here.

RACHEL
He might need our help!

MR. ARTHUR
It's too dangerous. He's trained.
He has a gun. Besides, you heard
him. I should go downstairs and
check our security systems.

The elevator doors open. Mr. Arthur steps inside.

MR. ARTHUR (cont'd)
Come! Quickly!

Rachel hesitates, torn...

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Dark Man is headed UP...

Jack is a floor below but moving fast...

Reaching the very top of the stairwell, Jack finds the ROOF ACCESS DOOR is ajar. Its locking mechanism has been hacked with a crude device covered in wires.

Jack kicks open the door.

EXT. HOTEL - ROOF - NIGHT

Out here on the roof, 100ft above the street, in the middle of an epic blizzard, visibility is near-zero.

Worse, the violent wind threatens to blow Jack to New Jersey.

JACK'S POV --

Footprints in the snow.

He follows the tracks, moving slowly, gun aimed in front. The white-out conditions make this simple act TERRIFYING.

Jack traverses a narrow snow-covered walkway. On either side, there's a SLOPING ROOF of galvanized metal.

Jack can barely see, barely stand...

WHAM! Something SLAMS into Jack. He stumbles, drops his gun in the snow.

Before he can recover, two hulking hands grab Jack's clothing and PUSH HIM FORWARD. His feet can't find any grip and Jack is sent tumbling...

We hear Jack's BREATHING as he plummets towards death...

As he slides down that snow-covered steel roof, he desperately tries to grab something... Anything...

Jack is 10ft from the edge and certain death...

He's still SLIDING...

Reaching out, Jack snags something and that BLACK GLOVE on his left hand is ripped away...

5ft to go, WE REVEAL...

Jack has a robotic left arm.

Sleek, carbon, cool. He twists his body and swings down at the metal roof...

2ft to go...

SLASH! Those robotic fingers slice into the galvanized steel, right at the edge, and Jack's slide is halted...

But now he hangs by one-arm, 120ft in the air.

Jack can't help himself... he looks down. Visibility is still limited, but it's clearly a *long* way down.

As Jack struggles to pull himself up...

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- DUFFY removes a floor-level wall-plate to access some wires. Amanda smokes on the bed.
- MOULTON stares at herself in a vanity mirror. Snorts coke off the screen of a Bible tablet.
- LUCAS sits in a chair, in the dark, watches his WIFE sleep.
- Still fighting for his life, Jack can't get a grip with his other hand. He's fading, freezing to death...
- SENATOR WALLACE lies in bed, smoking a cigar. CROW lies next to him, his head on his chest, asleep.
- HOOVER is lifting weights in the gym. He reaches for his water bottle, exposing a GUN tucked under his towel.
- In the lobby, MR. ARTHUR steps from the elevator. Alone.

END MONTAGE:

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Jack still hangs by his robotic arm. He's motionless, his face almost blue. It might be game-over for him.

RACHEL (O.S.)
Hold on! I'm coming!

Jack looks up to see Rachel. She secures her footing and reaches down to him...

RACHEL (cont'd)
Take my hand!

She's not superhuman, but she's able to pull Jack high enough that he can get a good hand-hold.

RACHEL (cont'd)
You got it! Come on!

As Jack pulls his body back onto the roof, Rachel tugs at his coat. She's not going to let him roll back off.

He can barely speak from the cold.

JACK
Thank... you...

Jack wrenches his robotic arm free of the steel and they both scramble back up the roof.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Rachel and Jack burst through the door and he collapses against the other wall. She quickly slams the door closed, sealing out the HOWLING WIND AND SNOW.

Rachel slides to a floor across from Jack and they just stare at each other. They're both exhausted.

JACK
Wanna help me get that guy?

RACHEL
Oh yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY (7TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

The Dark Man's face remains hidden as he walks past the door to Scarlet's room...

At the far end of the hallway, he oddly stands with his back against the wall. Then it splits open, revealing what looks like a high-tech storage closet...

The Dark Man takes one step back, inside the wall.

As the CAMERA PULLS BACK along the hallway, the "closet" slides shut, hiding its secret...

CUT TO:

INT. SWIMMING POOL - SUB-BASEMENT LEVEL - NIGHT

Even by Manhattan standards, this is an impressive pool. More than long enough to swim decent laps.

Knowles sheds a robe revealing his chiseled, athletic frame.

CUT TO:

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A spacious office, half of which looks like a command center with banks of electronic equipment and a dozen video screens.

CLOSE ON -- VIDEO SCREEN

A view of the pool. Knowles dives in.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL... Mr. Arthur staring at the screen, intently watching Knowles. It's a little creepy.

JACK (O.S.)

Anything?

Startled, Mr. Arthur turns to see Jack and Rachel in the doorway. He looks like a kid who was caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

Recovering quickly, he begins to cycle through camera feeds from all over the hotel.

MR. ARTHUR

(shakes his head)

He must have escaped.

JACK

No. He's still here. I can feel it.

(to Rachel)

What do you think?

RACHEL

There was only one way off that roof and you nearly took it.

Jack scans the bank of video screens: the bar is still crowded, a few guests in the hallways, a couple kissing in an elevator, etc.

JACK

We need to assemble the guests, conduct a real head count.

MR. ARTHUR

I won't have you terrify my guests because your gut tells you this man is still in the building.

JACK

Then tell them it's standard protocol in a storm of this magnitude. Tell them it's a party. I don't give a shit, but I do want to figure out if this guy is one of them.

MR. ARTHUR
 (insulted)
 You assume he's a guest here?!

JACK
 You said it yourself, this is a hotel friendly to people who don't like Numans. So yeah, maybe one of your guests found out Scarlet was a machine and they weren't happy about it.

MR. ARTHUR
 The Sky Room.

JACK
 Say what?

MR. ARTHUR
 It's our function room, on the 15th floor. We could gather the guests there, tell them it's an emergency drill. They won't be happy--

JACK
 "Happy?" You have a killer inside your hotel. Help me catch him!

INTERCUT:

INT. SWIMMING POOL - CONTINUOUS

Knowles slices through the water. But after he touches the far wall and begins his next lap...

A translucent pool cover begins to slide shut and trails him across the entire length of the pool.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Rachel is squinting at one of the video screens. It shows Knowles swimming, with the cover closing behind him.

RACHEL
 That can't be good.

As Jack and Mr. Arthur turn to look, the screen toggles to the next camera feed.

RACHEL (cont'd)
 Hey, bring that back! The shot of the swimming pool!

Mr. Arthur fumbles with the touchpad, toggles through video feeds until the image of the pool reappears...

RACHEL (cont'd)

There! Look! The cover's closing!

The pool cover continues to creep behind Knowles.

MR. ARTHUR

That's impossible! The safety--

A split-second later, the video screens go black and the room is plunged into darkness.

Emergency lighting kicks in, but the monitors remain dark.

JACK

(urgent)

Take us down there. Now!

INT. SWIMMING POOL - CONTINUOUS

Knowles executes a swimmer's turn off the wall. When he comes up for a breath, he discovers there's only a few inches of space between the surface of the pool and the solid cover.

There's enough room to grab a lung-full of air, but Knowles is essentially sealed inside the pool.

He bangs his fist on the cover but it's solid.

KNOWLES

Hey!!! What the fuck?! Hello!

Knowles treads water, tries pushing up on the cover. He swims to the edge, tries to get a handhold, panic rising...

He's trapped.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Jack punches the elevator call button.

MR. ARTHUR

The whole system must be rebooting.

JACK

Stairs?

Mr. Arthur points. Jack takes off running.

INT. SWIMMING POOL - CONTINUOUS

Knowles is still searching for a way out when he hears a grinding sound and a rumbling from below. He ducks his head underwater...

KNOWLES' P.O.V. (UNDERWATER)

Huge panels slide open in the far wall of the pool...

Knowles frowns in confusion. Then his eyes go wide in fear when he sees movement inside the wall...

TWO HUGE TURBINES BEGIN TO TURN.

As the water begins to stir around him, Knowles starts beating on the pool cover.

KNOWLES

HELP!!!

The water is churning now and it begins to pull on Knowles.

As the surface becomes rougher, it gets harder for Knowles to catch a breath. He chokes as he screams for help.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Jack leaps down the stairs, half a flight at a time. Rachel and Mr. Arthur lag behind.

INT. SWIMMING POOL - CONTINUOUS

Knowles tries to grab purchase on the underside of the pool cover, but his hands simply slide across it as he's pulled along. The desperation in his eyes is terrifying.

UNDERWATER

The turbines wind up with a deafening noise, sucking an enormous volume of water into their giant blades.

Knowles is forced to swim now, as hard as he can. He's a powerful swimmer and he's fighting for his life...

INT. SWIMMING POOL

Jack charges into the pool area. The pool cover is translucent and we can see the form of Knowles swimming beneath it. The sound of the turbines is deafening.

Rachel and Mr. Arthur appear. Jack kneels at the edge of the cover, tries to pry it open. He yells over the noise.

JACK

How do we open it?!

Mr. Arthur quickly moves to a control panel on the wall. Frantically presses buttons.

MR. ARTHUR

It's not responding!

Through the translucent pool cover, Rachel can see those dreadful blades churning at the far end.

RACHEL

Oh my God! Jack...

JACK

What the fuck is this?!

UNDERWATER

Knowles is tiring and despite his best effort, he's slowly losing ground...

ABOVE THE POOL

Jack tests the pool cover to see if it will hold his weight. It does. Easily.

JACK

(to Mr. Arthur)

Cut the main power!

Mr. Arthur exits, fast.

Jack pulls his gun and empties it into the thick plastic pool cover. He clusters his shots. On his knees now, Jack uses his metal arm to punch a basketball-sized hole...

He drops to his stomach, reaches into the hole, into the churning water...

UNDERWATER

Knowles is spent. He keeps swimming, but he's losing ground to those hungry blades.

Jack's metal hand appears! Knowles grabs it tight, pulls his face to the hole to fill his lungs. He grips the edge of the hole with his other hand.

ABOVE THE POOL

Jack can just about see Knowles looking up at him. Rachel appears beside Jack, she reaches down and grabs

KNOWLES

Get me out of here! My arms... I can't, please--

JACK

Just hold on! I got you if you hold on.

Rachel is a mix of horror and panic.

RACHEL

(to the heavens)

Turn off the fucking power!

KA-CHUNK!!!

The turbines audibly shift gears and begin to spin faster. The current is too much for Knowles. He glances at Jack with utter terror in his eyes. A heartbeat later he's ripped away by the current--

Jack and Rachel reel back, helpless...

The light coming through the pool cover turns from aqua blue to crimson red.

Knowles doesn't exist anymore.

Mr. Arthur returns.

JACK

Why didn't you cut the power?

MR. ARTHUR

(glum)

Come and see for yourself.

INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Arthur enters with Jack and Rachel in tow. He points at a blank metal panel on the wall, the size of a dining table.

JACK
What am I looking at?

MR. ARTHUR
That used to be the circuit
breakers, the main power switch.

RACHEL
This is nuts. Truly fucking nuts.

Jack runs his hand over the panel.

JACK
The Sky Room.

He turns to face Mr. Arthur.

JACK (cont'd)
Get everybody there. Now.

RACHEL
And tell them what? The hotel is
booby-trapped and there's a killer
on the loose?

Beat.

JACK
Yeah. Something like that.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET / POLICE ASSAULT VEHICLE - NIGHT

The six-wheeled Trekol carrying Grimes' team thunders through the snow-covered streets. There's no other traffic *anywhere*.

The entire city is hunkered down.

EXT. BRADBURY HOTEL - NIGHT

The Trekol stops half a block away.

INT. POLICE ASSAULT VEHICLE - NIGHT

Grimes looks out past the DRIVER, at the hotel across the street. Its exterior is lit up, but every window is dark.

DRIVER
Storm shields are up.

GRIMES
So he's basically in a vault. Fuck!

DRIVER
Wait til dawn. The storm is supposed to pass by five.

GRIMES
No. My report is gonna say he froze to death in the storm. We need him outside.

Grimes steps into the crew cabin. Cash is hunched over his laptop, skimming through code and web pages.

GRIMES (cont'd)
You get those plans?

CASH
That's just it. I'm all up in City Hall's ass, but there are no plans. Whoever built or owns this hotel is a ghost. I have blueprints for the buildings on each side, but as far as City Hall's concerned, the Bradbury doesn't exist.

Grimes thinks for a moment. Then he calls to the driver.

GRIMES
Do the neighbors have storm shields?

DRIVER (O.S.)
Building to the west does. One closest doesn't.

Grimes turns back to Cash.

GRIMES
Get us inside.

Cash begins to nod and smile as he realizes what Grimes has in mind.

INT. IRONS' APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Schumann wakes up to find himself bound and gagged in the bathtub. He wriggles until he can peer over the edge.

The Real Helen remains unconscious on the floor.

SCHUMANN
(quietly)
Helen! Psst. Helen!

Nothing.

Schumann looks around for some means of escape. His eyes settle on a woman's razor, visible on a shelf in the shower.

CUT TO:

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- A few hotel staff members move from group to group in the ground floor bar, and discretely ask the guests to convene in the Sky Room on the 15th floor.
- Phones begin to ring in various guest rooms.
- MOULTON emerges from her room looking none too pleased.
- LUCAS answers the phone in his room. After a beat, he hangs up and wakes his wife.
- SENATOR WALLACE slips from his room to join a crowd of guests heading to the elevators. Crow waits inside the room until Wallace is out of sight. Then he follows suit.
- HOOVER gets dressed, straps on his firearm.
- DET. SCHUMANN has braced the razor so he can rub his bonds against it. Agonizingly slow progress.

END MONTAGE.

INT. BRADBURY HOTEL - BARNES' ROOM (11TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

The phone in this room is conspicuously silent.

Consequently, Duffy (the Hacker) and his girlfriend Amanda are oblivious to the guests' migration upstairs.

Near-naked, Amanda approaches the smart-glass windows. They offer a 180 degree view of the storm raging outside.

Duffy is sitting up in bed, working on her laptop.

DUFFY

(cocky)

Boom. I got a WiFi signal.

AMANDA

On *my* computer?! I'm impressed.

DUFFY

It's weak as shit but it's something.

AMANDA

Come on, I liked it better when you thought you couldn't work.

Snowflakes the size of golf balls pelt the giant "window."

AMANDA (cont'd)

Look at this. It's beautiful.

DUFFY

I see it. It's Mother Nature at her deadliest. You know how fast you'd die out there?

AMANDA

Dressed like this, pretty quick.

DUFFY

I'm cold just looking at it.

Amanda strikes a seductive pose, holds up an empty glass.

AMANDA

And here I am wanting you to fetch more ice for my next drink.

Duffy reaches for the phone--

AMANDA (cont'd)

Don't make me wait for Room Service. There's an old-school machine at the end of the hall. Just go fill the bucket.

Duffy groans, reaches for his boxers.

DUFFY

The things I do for you.

AMANDA

I write great code and give amazing head. I'd say you've got it good.

He grabs a key card and the ice bucket.

DUFFY

Wait right there until I get back.
I wanna fuck you against the window.

AMANDA

So romantic.

Duffy blows her a kiss and slips out the door.

INT. HALLWAY (11TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

The hallway is deserted.

Despite the violent storm outside, it's quiet. All we hear is the distant buzz of the ice machine.

Duffy adjusts his boxers as he walks the hall. At the far end, there's a huge window but it's blacked-out due to the shield on the exterior.

In the reflection, Duffy sees something dart across the hallway behind him. Startled, he spins around, but there's nobody there.

DUFFY

Well that was creepy.

Another shape flashes past, only this time it's in front of Duffy and he doesn't see it.

Spooked, Duffy continues to the ice machine. He steps into the alcove and begins to fill his bucket.

Duffy sticks his head out of the alcove to check the hallway and freezes...

There's a BOY, maybe 8, standing in front of that window.

DUFFY (cont'd)

Oh hey, what's up kid. You almost gave me a heart attack.

Behind Duffy, on the ceiling, there's a second boy.

They're TWINS. Twin #2 drops silently to the floor.

DUFFY (cont'd)

(to Twin #1)

You lost or something? Why don't you go to the lobby, they'll help you out--

Duffy SCREAMS bloody murder and collapses to the ground. He looks down to see blood pouring from the back of his leg. His achilles has been slashed.

Twin #2 backs away, out of reach.

DUFFY (cont'd)
You little fuck!

Duffy lunges at the kid, but he clammers right up the wall.

DUFFY (cont'd)
(scared)
Oh shit.

He looks back at Twin #1, who's just standing there.

DUFFY (cont'd)
Who do you belong too? Who
controls you? Let me talk to him.

Twin #1 walks right up to Duffy. Up-close, he's clearly a machine. A primitive and scary-looking humanoid.

Duffy recoils slightly.

TWIN #1
(a whisper)
Revelation.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

One by one, all of the door handles in the hallway click and the tiny light on the card reader flashes red.

INT. BARNES' ROOM (11TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Amanda hears the door lock *CLICK*.

AMANDA
(calls out)
Don't be a dick. I saw you take
the key card.

INT. HALLWAY (11TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

At each end of the hallway, the storm shields begin to slide into the ceiling. Duffy squints, unsure if he's seeing things or not...

DUFFY
No, no, no!

The glass window is sliding open too. In a few seconds, the entire hallway will be turned into an arctic wind tunnel.

Duffy pleads to the nearest Twin.

DUFFY (cont'd)
Don't do this. I'll pay whatever.
Do whatever. Can he hear me? Can
whoever is controlling you hear me?

He glances back at the door to his room. It's a long crawl with a slashed achilles.

THE WIND BEGINS TO HOWL as the windows open wider. Duffy is blasted with icy snow. He turns pale frighteningly fast.

Duffy pulls on the nearest door handle. Futile.

He begins the agonizing crawl back to his room, pressing low into the ground to avoid being ripped away by the wind.

INT. BARNES' ROOM (11TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Amanda walks to the door, convinced (and annoyed) that Duffy locked himself out.

She grabs the handle but it won't budge.

Confused, Amanda hears the building roar of the storm on the other side of the door.

INT. HALLWAY (11TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Leaving a trail of blood, Duffy is 10ft from his room. But he's fading, the bone-chilling winds are killing him.

Snow begins to pile up in the door frames.

INT. BARNES' ROOM (11TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Amanda stares through the peephole in the door.

AMANDA'S P.O.V. --

Duffy is barely visible in the snow.

In a panic, Amanda yanks at the door handle. She kicks it, pounds on the wood in frustration.

AMANDA

Duffy!!!

INT. HALLWAY (11TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

His skin devoid of any color, Duffy stretches his hand for the door... Just a few more inches...

Sapped of strength, Duffy is ripped away by the 150mph winds. His body is sucked out of the window and it disappears into the white void.

The storm windows slam closed at both ends of the hall and all of the door locks click a second time.

Amanda explodes out of her room and takes in the surreal scene. The hallway is filled with snow.

Of course, Duffy is long gone. Amanda looks in every direction, her despair building.

AMANDA

Duffy?

There's only snow. So the tears come.

CUT TO:

INT. "SKY ROOM" (15TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Almost 75 guests are milling around the Sky Room. They're abuzz with confusion and irritation. Mystified as to why they've all been summoned to the top floor.

Moulton studies the crowd of guests like a hawk. She's either high, paranoid, or a mix of both.

Lucas and his wife enter the room. Moulton reacts with shock when she sees him. She moves behind another group of people, out of Lucas' eyeline.

Senator Wallace appears beside Moulton, steers her away.

SEN. WALLACE

I had the same reaction when I first saw him. Now, could it be mere coincidence? Sure. I told myself as much. But now I see you're here, this is no coincidence.

MS. MOULTON
The Lord works in mysterious ways.

Wallace smiles as he talks, an act for everyone around them.

SEN. WALLACE
Horse shit. While most of the planet is shedding religion, we both know you're only keeping it alive to sell books.

MS. MOULTON
Evidently you've forgotten, the people who buy my books made you a senator.

Wallace drops the act. He gets in close, threatening...

SEN. WALLACE
If you're setting me up for something, if you're planning to fuck me over, I will hit back--

Moulton snaps at him.

MS. MOULTON
Oh, do be quiet, Howard.

Wallace wilts as he brushes her hand away.

MS. MOULTON (cont'd)
You're barking at me like a dog for no good reason. I'm not "setting anyone up," least of all you. No, someone is playing games with us. With all of us.

Moulton nods to another man in the crowd: it's Hoover.

SEN. WALLACE
(alarmed)
The redneck?! Jesus Christ, that's four of us. We need to leave!

MS. MOULTON
And where do you propose we go in the middle of a white hurricane?

NEARBY

Rachel joins Jack and they move through the crowd, towards a small stage at the front of the room.

She hands him a small WALKIE-TALKIE.

RACHEL
I took these from Arthur. We're
both on channel 6.

JACK
Where's is he?

RACHEL
Calling every room one last time.

JACK
He give you a guest list?

Rachel is clutching her note-pad and some papers.

RACHEL
Yup. And the guy in the pool
appears to be one Richard Knowles.
He told Arthur he was in finance.

BACK ON

Wallace and Moulton. They both recognize Rachel.

SEN. WALLACE
The girl is a reporter.

MS. MOULTON
We've met.

SEN. WALLACE
Him I don't recognize.

MS. MOULTON
Me neither. But he sure is one
fine looking man.

A *cough*. Crow has materialized behind them.

CROW
He's a cop.

BACKSTAGE

Jack moves to step onstage, hesitates.

JACK
You think this is a bad move.

RACHEL
There is no good move. Just try not
to create any panic.

JACK
Come up here with me.

RACHEL
Ha. No. I'm gonna listen. Then
I'm gonna write about the panic.
(beat)
Go on. You got this.

Jack walks onstage. He's visibly uneasy in the spotlight.

JACK
Hey, uh, good evening, ladies and
gentleman. We appreciate your
cooperation in coming up here. My
name is Detective Jack Irons--

The sound system WAILS with feedback.

The floor to ceiling "smart windows" light up with a 360 view from outside. It's as if the walls have become invisible, and everyone is standing on the roof, the snowstorm swirling around them...

Some of the assembled guests react with delight.

Jack trades a look with Rachel. She shrugs.

Then the video feed changes:

Still images and NEWSREEL FOOTAGE of "Red Wednesday."

In 2038, in one day, there were seven different incidents of humanoids turning on humans.

We're seeing the aftermath. Dead bodies. Lots of them.

People crying, numb with shock. Paramedics fighting to keep victims alive.

Hospitals overwhelmed.

BACK TO SCENE:

The crowd is scared, confused, and angry. Guests begin to swarm the exits, eager to return to their rooms.

Senator Wallace sneers at Moulton.

SEN. WALLACE
Cromwell is alive.

Senator Wallace is swallowed up in the crowd, leaving Moulton deeply shaken.

Across the room, Lucas pulls his wife towards an exit.

LUCAS' WIFE
(frightened)
What's happening?

LUCAS
We need to go. Now!!!

INT. HALLWAY (15TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

The panicked guests crowd around the elevator bank. Others push their way into the stairwell.

INT. SKY ROOM (15TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

The images continue to cycle on the glass walls. It's been less than a minute but the room has emptied.

Jack and Rachel are alone. As a journalist, she's fascinated by the newsreel images.

RACHEL
(grim)
It's Red Wednesday.

JACK
I know.

He points at an image of a bloodied cop...

JACK (cont'd)
That's me.

As soon as he says those words, every screen switches to CCTV images of Jack's shootout with the rogue Numan cop.

Rachel's jaw drops.

RACHEL
Holy shit.

She turns to him.

In the background, the "smart windows" return to the exterior feed. A 360 live-view of the blizzard.

RACHEL (cont'd)
You're the cop who stopped the
rogue in New York.

Jack waves his robotic hand.

JACK
I was saving my own ass. That's
all. We lost some way better
people than me that day.

RACHEL
I lost my parents. They were on
United 77.

JACK
No...

RACHEL
They were flying out for my
graduation. The Numan sitting next
to them was the one who took the
plane down.

JACK
(genuine sympathy)
Jesus. I'm sorry.

RACHEL
I don't hate them, you know.
That's what people always ask. I
have no reason to hate Numans. So
seven early models got bad software
updates, that's not gonna make me
turn on a whole segment of society--

AMANDA (O.S.)
There were no bad updates.

Jack and Rachel turn to see Amanda in the middle of the room.
She's dressed, smoking a cigarette, and pissed off.

AMANDA (cont'd)
They were hacked.

JACK
And you are?

AMANDA
(ignores the question)
Who's the cop? I went down to the
lobby and they told me there was a
cop up here.

JACK
I'm Detective Irons. This is Ms.
Curry, a reporter for the Times.

AMANDA
Great.

Amanda takes a long, pensive drag of her cigarette.

AMANDA (cont'd)
I have something to show you.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY (11TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Snow is still piled up in the hallway, but it's melting fast.

Jack is kneeling by Amanda's hotel room door, examining deep gouges in the wallpaper. Duffy didn't go without a fight.

Amanda lights another cigarette. Rachel scribbles notes.

AMANDA
The door locked on its own. All I
could do was watch him die through
the spyhole. After it was over,
the door unlocked itself.

Jack and Rachel trade a look -- *do we tell her?*

RACHEL
(nods)
She needs to know.

AMANDA
Know what?

JACK
Two other guests were killed
tonight-- one human male, one
Numan female.

RACHEL
And we're all locked inside with
the killer.

AMANDA
(horrified)
Is this some kind of joke?

Jack's look says it all.

INT. LOUNGE BAR - NIGHT

With almost all the hotel guests hunkered down in their rooms, the bar is empty. Except for Sheriff Hoover, the big Texan. He's leaning over the bar, checking out the liquor selection, much to the annoyance of the bartender.

HOOVER
(points at a bottle)
Does that really say Jack Daniels
with lavender?

BARTENDER
It's new.

HOOVER
Lavender. And I thought all that
urban hipster bullshit went away in
the '30s. Pass me that bottle of
fifty year, will ya?

Hoover tosses some cash on the bar and snatches the bottle from the bartender.

INT. HOOVER'S HOTEL ROOM (9TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Hoover steps into his room, already deep into the whiskey. He flips on the TV and heads in the bathroom for a piss.

There's no TV signal. Only white noise.

Hoover's cowboy hat hangs on a chair.

A METALLIC BUG lands on the hat. It's the size of a small butterfly. Four legs, antenna, and razor-sharp wings.

Hoover zips up as he reenters the main room. He notices the bug on his hat and SWATS AT IT.

HOOVER
Oww! Hot damn!

A ribbon of blood flows from his hand. He grabs a towel, wraps it. Pissed now, Hoover searches the room for the RAZOR BUG. Spots it near the window.

HOOVER (cont'd)
Ooh I see you.

Hoover edges closer, draws a hidden handgun.

HOOVER (cont'd)
 You come at a Texan with a blade,
 you best be ready for a bullet.

As Hoover takes aim at the Razor Bug, we notice something over his shoulder...

DOZENS MORE RAZOR BUGS CRAWL OUT OF AN AIR VENT.

Oblivious, Hoover brings up his weapon. Where he comes from, it's normal to blow away a bug with a handgun...

Behind him, a HUNDRED RAZOR BUGS COVER THE WALL. They start to flap their wings, create a deafening buzz...

Hoover spins around, sees what's behind him. His face is awash in utter terror.

The Razor Bugs swarm towards him.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HALLWAY (11TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Amanda is riled up.

AMANDA
 You have any suspects?

JACK
 Not yet. But we've got a few hours before the sun comes up.

AMANDA
 Get me access to the hotel server so I can look around. My door lock was fucked with, and I might be able to find whoever did the fucking--

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Gunshots. Downstairs.

Jack bolts for the stairwell, pulling his weapon as he runs. Rachel and Amanda race after him.

INT. HOOVER'S HOTEL ROOM (9TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Bullets rip through the door handle and Hoover kicks the door open.

Bleeding profusely from all over his body, the hulking sheriff stumbles into the hallway. His gun is empty, it clatters to the floor.

Hoover takes futile swats at the Razor Bugs swirling around him. They *cut, slash, slice...* With each defensive swing of the arms, the sheriff splatters blood on the walls.

Finally, soaked head-to-toe in crimson, Hoover drops to his knees. His face is in shreds, his eyes cut or blind from blood, his cheeks flapping.

Drained of blood, Hoover hits the carpet.

Through the open door of the room, the air vent is visible. The Razor Bugs disappear back into it, gone without a trace.

ON STAIRWELL DOOR

Jack explodes into the hallway, Rachel and Amanda only seconds behind. Hoover is dead; what looks like a bathtub amount of blood pooling around him. His face is a mess.

JACK

Too much blood for a Numan.

AMANDA

I know who it is.

RACHEL

How?! His face is gone!

AMANDA

It's the jacket. I saw him when we checked in. He's that Texas cop who got famous for killing bots.

RACHEL

Randall Hoover?

Jack is staring into the distance, mumbling to himself.

RACHEL (cont'd)

You still with us?

JACK

"Revelation."

RACHEL

What?

Jack turns to Amanda...

JACK

Your boyfriend... Did he have a problems with Numans?

AMANDA

Was he a machinist? Is that what you're asking? No! He loved machines. We're both hackers, we spend our lives surrounded by them.

JACK

I'm trying to find a connection between the victims. That's all.

RACHEL

This isn't about race.

JACK

You don't know that. Hoover hated synthetic people, maybe this Knowles guy did too.

RACHEL

But the first *victim* was a bot!
(re: Amanda)
And you heard what she said, her boyfriend had no issues with Numans.

AMANDA

There was this one client Duffy did some work for...

She instantly has Jack and Rachel's attention...

AMANDA (cont'd)

It was years ago, before we met. He later found out the guy was part of a group that was planning something to hurt the Numans. He only talked about it one time and it tore him up.

Jack gives Rachel a grin that says they're onto something.

JACK

What about the client? You ever hear a name?

Amanda hesitates.

AMANDA

That's the most fucked up part.
There was a middleman, but the main
guy was a United States Senator.

RACHEL

Wallace.

AMANDA

Yes! How did you know--?

Jack and Rachel look stunned.

JACK

You said you're a hacker. White
hat or black?

AMANDA

Grey.

Amanda raises an eyebrow intrigued.

AMANDA (cont'd)

What did you have in mind?

INT. IRONS' APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Schumann saws through the last of the tape binding his
wrists. He savors the feeling.

Despite his age, he slips out of the tub with impressive
agility. Helen remains asleep, so Schumann edges to the
doorway, peers down the hall.

SCHUMANN'S P.O.V. --

The "Other Helen" is standing in the middle of the living
room, her head hung low, her arms hanging by her side. She
resembles a puppet with cut strings.

BACK TO SCENE:

Schumann reacts, as though he's been kicked. He looks down
to see that's precisely what has happened. Helen stares up
at him, still gagged but wide awake and scared.

Schumann quickly moves to her side, peels back the tape
covering her mouth.

SCHUMANN

(whispers)

My dear girl, you and I are in a
bit of a pickle.

HELEN

Jack?

SCHUMANN

He's not here. Far as I know he's safe in a hotel somewhere.

HELEN

I opened the door this afternoon, I thought it was him. It was an older man, said he was a friend of Jack. Soon as I lowered my guard, he stuck a needle in me.

SCHUMANN

He's not here either.

HELEN

Then who *is* out there?

SCHUMANN

You need to see for yourself.

Helen edges to the doorway, peers around the corner, and her jaw drops in shock.

HELEN

Oh my god. Is that *me*?

She gasps in fright as the Numan version of herself slowly turns its head in her direction.

Schumann pulls her back into the bathroom.

SCHUMANN

(frantic)

Get down. Get down exactly where you were.

Terrified, Helen quickly lies on the floor to play possum.

Seconds later, Robot Helen enters the bathroom and stands right over her. It's tense AF.

CUT TO:

INT. BRADBURY HOTEL - SCARLET'S ROOM (7TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Scarlet's severed robotic HEAD is now perched upon the desk in her room. Dozens of wires are clipped to contacts in the neck, connecting it to a laptop.

In the b.g., her covered-body still lies on the bed.

Amanda is hunched over the laptop, her fingers typing remarkably fast. Jack and Rachel observe.

RACHEL

I didn't even know this was possible.

Scarlet's left eye twitches.

JACK

She has power.

AMANDA

Right on. Just a couple more programs to reboot...

She sits back in her chair, folds her arms.

AMANDA (cont'd)

There you go.

Scarlet's eyes remain closed and there's no real sign of life. Even the eye has stopped twitching.

JACK

Can we talk to her?

AMANDA

Go ahead.

Visibly awkward, Jack addresses the severed head.

JACK

Scarlet?

Nothing.

AMANDA

Shit, I forgot one thing...

After Amanda hits another key on the her laptop, Scarlet's eyes pop open and her mouth stretches wide, as if she's gasping for air.

Rachel jumps.

JACK

That's twice now.

RACHEL

Bite me.

JACK

Scarlet, can you hear me?

Scarlet's eyes flick to Jack. She responds as if they met in the bar moments ago.

SCARLET
 Jack! You came! Did you bring my
 phone--

Scarlet notices Rachel and Amanda. Then she spots her own body lying on the bed.

SCARLET (cont'd)
 Oh dear. It has begun.

Jack, Rachel and Amanda react to her words.

JACK
 (frowns)
 What has?

SCARLET
 Revelation.

Amanda notes the bloody scrawl on the wall: *Revelation*.

SCARLET (cont'd)
 It's why you're here. Why you were
 chosen.
 (re: Rachel)
 It's why she is here too.

JACK
 Who chose us?

Amanda notices something on her laptop. She begins typing furiously.

AMANDA
 We've got company.

JACK
 Define "company."

AMANDA
 Someone is trying to piggy back--
 (sotto)
 Ooh, clever. But no.

On her screen, windows open and close at a lightning pace.

RACHEL
 Someone's hacking you?

AMANDA

And they're fucking good at it too.
I can hold them off, but you should
probably cut to the chase.

Jack turns back to Scarlet.

JACK

Someone cut off your head and
killed two other men. I need to
find that someone.

SCARLET

More will die: The Christian. The
Politician. The Traitor.

In the b.g., the sheet-covered body begins to move. Jack,
Rachel and Amanda are oblivious.

JACK

I need names.

Scarlet *smiles*. It's unnerving.

RACHEL

Jack!

The warning comes too late... Jack is hurled across the room.
He slams into the wall, crumples to the floor.

Scarlet's HEADLESS BODY picks him up again. Tosses him
across the bed.

Rachel swings a lamp, smashes the body. It has no effect.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Do something! Shut it down!

Amanda types in a frenzy, desperate to gain control of
Scarlet and her rogue body.

BOOM!

Amanda is spun to the floor.

The Headless Body holds Jack's firearm, trains it on Rachel.

Jack dives across the bed and grabs Scarlet's head. He wraps
his arms around it, covering the eyes.

JACK

(to Rachel)

Move!

Rachel leaps clear as the Headless Body blindly fires, blasting a hole in the wall.

Unable to "see" as long as Scarlet's eyes are covered, the Headless Body turns in confusion, unable to find its prey.

SCARLET

Forgive me.

In a surprising move, the Headless Body holds out the gun for Jack. He snatches it away, Scarlet's head still cradled in one arm.

Rachel hurries to Amanda. She's dead.

The Headless Body smoothly and calmly sits down on the bed, as if nothing happened. Jack keeps his gun trained on it.

SCARLET (cont'd)

That was regrettable. I'm sorry.

Jack tosses Scarlet's head back on the desk, aims his gun.

SCARLET (cont'd)

I meant none of you any real harm,
but she made me say too much. I
had to keep her out of my mind--

BLAM! BLAM!

Jack blows the robotic head to pieces. The body slumps over on the bed.

Rachel stands over Scarlet's corpse.

RACHEL

(stricken)

I signed up for a good story, not
to witness a bloodbath.

KNOCK KNOCK.

Jack and Rachel spin to look at the door. He moves to the peephole, quickly pulls the door open...

Mr. Arthur stands there, cool and calm in spite of Jack's gun in his face.

MR. ARTHUR

May I?

Jack lowers his weapon. Mr. Arthur steps inside, glances at the bodies.

JACK
 You've been a part of this all
 along. Who are you?

The flat-screen TV turns on and a "slideshow" of images
 begins: photos of men, women and children.

MR. ARTHUR
 I'm just one of them.

JACK
Them?

CLOSE ON --

A vacation photo of a man smiling with his family. It's DARK
 MAN (from the roof) the TWINS (who killed Duffy) and SCARLET.

Another photo shows Mr. Arthur.

MR. ARTHUR
 The dead.

JACK
 (realizing)
 You're a Mimic.

MR. ARTHUR
 He honors the victims by molding us
 in their image.

RACHEL
 Who is "He?"

JACK
 Erik Cromwell.

Mr. Arthur doesn't react, except for that sparkle in his eye.

RACHEL
 The trillionaire?

JACK
 Think about it. Red Wednesday
 destroyed his robotics company and
 he vanished. Nobody has a bigger
 motive, and who else has the funds
 to orchestrate all of this?

RACHEL
 Oh my god!

Rachel cups a hand over her mouth and tears fill her eyes.

Jack spins around to see an image of a MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE.

MR. ARTHUR
Those are her parents. Such a
terrible loss.

Rachel goes to slap Arthur. In a blur, he catches her wrist.

Jack's gun is pointed at his head.

MR. ARTHUR (cont'd)
I'm on your side.

He releases Rachel's wrist. Jack lowers his gun.

JACK
The people killed tonight. If that
was revenge for Red Wednesday, how
were they connected to it?

MR. ARTHUR
Knowles was the money, Hoover was a
national symbol of hate, and Duffy
was the trigger man. Everyone
believes the Numans malfunctioned
that day, but they were sabotaged,
programmed to do the unthinkable.

RACHEL
You're saying the whole massacre
was man-made? My parents died in
some Anti-Numan conspiracy?

MR. ARTHUR
Yes.

JACK
"Revelation."

MR. ARTHUR
The codename for the whole
operation. One of Ms. Moulton's
contributions.

Mr. Arthur peers over at Rachel.

MR. ARTHUR (cont'd)
Make sure you put that in your
article. She was a conduit between
the church and the men in D.C. who
shared the same goal.

RACHEL
What goal?

MR. ARTHUR
A world without robots.

JACK
How many more people are you aiming
to kill tonight?

MR. ARTHUR
A few.

JACK
I have to stop you. You know that,
right?

MR. ARTHUR
He prefers that you allow the night
to unfold and not interfere. That
way, no harm will come to Helen.

Those words hang in the air. But only for a second.

Jack snaps. He charges Mr. Arthur, pins him to the wall, his
feet not quite touching the floor.

JACK
Did you just threaten my wife?!

RACHEL (O.S.)
Jack...

A still image remains on the TV. A photograph of Jack and
Helen on their wedding day.

Jack drops Mr. Arthur, stares at his wife.

The image changes to LIVE VIDEO. Helen face-down on the
bathroom floor. Schumann in the tub.

MR. ARTHUR
He needed a way to get you here and
a means of controlling you. A
Mimic turned you away from your
home, nudged you towards that taxi.

JACK
If you touch her--

MR. ARTHUR
Let the night unfold, Mr. Irons,
and don't interfere.

Mr. Arthur walks out.

Enraged, Jack kicks the door closed.

LOUD ROCK MUSIC begins as we...

CUT TO:

INT. MOULTON'S ROOM (6TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

We slowly move towards Moulton, as she kneels next to her bed. She appears to be praying...

In reality, she's getting high again. Moulton rears her head back as she inhales a huge quantity of coke. She gasps, her face a bloated, sweaty mess. An empty liquor bottle rolls off the bed.

On the walls, more video images. Candid photos, surveillance shots of Moulton meeting with men, having sex with them, sharing drugs with them...

Across the room, the TWINS APPEAR. They're standing, side-by-side Kubrick-style, glaring at Moulton.

MOULTON
(slurred)
How did you get in here?

Moulton stumbles to her feet. The Twins remain still, but they're watching her every move.

MOULTON (cont'd)
You wicked, wicked children--

She trips, hits her head hard.

MOMENTS LATER

Moulton stirs from her slumber as two small figures slide her into a filled bathtub. She opens her eyes long enough to see TWIN #1 take a straight-razor to her wrist.

Moulton smiles, mumbles a prayer...

CUT TO:

INT. LUCAS' ROOM (13TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Lucas' wife is sitting in bed, watching 2045's version of the Weather Channel. A monster blue-colored storm dominates the radar images.

Lucas stands at the "window" (live video feed).

LUCAS' WIFE

Something's going on. I'm not talking about this crazy storm, there's something involving you and whatever we just saw up there. What aren't you telling me?

LUCAS

There's nothing going on. I just have a lot on my mind. Work stuff. Being trapped in this godforsaken hotel is not helping either.

LUCAS' WIFE

But that doesn't explain what we saw upstairs. You've been on edge since we got here--

LUCAS

(snaps)

ENOUGH!!! Just go the fuck to sleep and let me think.

She recoils, begins to cry.

LUCAS (cont'd)

(softening)

Please! Just do that for me and we'll talk in the morning, okay?

Upset, Lucas' wife flips off the TV and rolls over in the bed so her back is to him.

INT. IRONS' APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Schumann and Helen are both lying as they were before, only now they're playing possum.

DET. SCHUMANN

You still kickbox?

HELEN

Twice a week.

DET. SCHUMANN

Think you can keep her busy long enough for me to find my gun?

HELEN

You want me to bareknuckle box a Numan while you look for your gun?!

Det. Schumann shifts his body, exposing a cistern lid hidden underneath his torso. The only real weapon at hand.

DET. SCHUMANN

That's Plan B. Crushing her head is Plan A. I just need to know you've got my back if I start a ruckus.

Helen is a mix of fear and bravado.

HELEN

That bitch is pretending to be me. She's gotta go.

INT. HOTEL - SEN. WALLACE'S ROOM (10TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Senator Wallace and Crow are having a heated argument.

CROW

Nobody has seen or heard from Cromwell in years.

SEN. WALLACE

He's here! I am telling you he's here! Something's felt off about this place from the beginning.

CROW

The storm is getting to you.

SEN. WALLACE

We just saw an IMAX screening of Red Wednesday. Don't tell me it's the fucking storm.

CROW

A prank. Some activist getting his jollies by spooking the powerful.

SEN. WALLACE

(realizing)

Just tell me this, was the speech invite even real, or did I walk into a trap?

Crow is blindsided by the question.

CROW

It was confirmed three times.

SEN. WALLACE

How?

Crow grimaces, afraid to answer.

CROW

Email.

SEN. WALLACE

(livid)

Jesus Christ, Norman. Find a way to get me out of this hotel. I don't care if there's a Cat 7 outside. Call for a goddamn tank if you have to, just get me the fuck out of here!

Wallace storms into the bedroom.

In his wake, Crow's attention is drawn to something on the suite's dining table: a SILVER CUBE. It begins to project a white light into the middle of the room.

Crow is uneasy but mesmerized.

A monochrome "R2-D2 projection" appears. A full-size hologram of two people in a bedroom.

It's Wallace. Talking with a TEENAGE BOY, guiding him towards the bed.

We move in on Crow, his face lit by the hologram, as he listens to Senator Wallace seduce an underage victim. His eyes fill with tears. The tears evolve into rage.

The hologram disappears. Right where it was centered, a GUN sits on the coffee table. It wasn't there a moment ago.

Crow looks to see if he's alone then picks up the gun.

SEN. WALLACE (O.S.) (cont'd)

He told me he was older.

Crow turns to see Wallace standing in the doorway.

CROW

(disgust)

You sleep with children?

SEN. WALLACE

What on Earth are you talking about?

CROW

I saw you with a teenage boy. You fucked a kid.

SEN. WALLACE

Don't say it like that--

Crow aims the gun.

SEN. WALLACE (cont'd)
 For God's sake, you're playing
 right into his hands! This is
 Cromwell's doing!

BLAM! Crow blows Wallace's brains out.

Beat.

Crow puts the gun under his own chin...

CUT TO:

INT. SCARLET'S ROOM (7TH FLOOR)

Jack paces in front of the TV (which still shows Schumann and Helen in the bathroom).

He eyes the sheet-covered body of Amanda.

JACK
 If I found a way out, how far you
 think I could run in this storm?

RACHEL
 You'd blow out your lungs if you
 trying running in these
 temperatures. You'd have to walk
 but then you'd most likely freeze
 to death or get blown away.

JACK
 Well I can't stand here and watch.

A second, muffled GUNSHOT.

JACK (cont'd)
 That was upstairs.

Rachel has the GUEST LIST spread out across Scarlet's laptop.

RACHEL
 Moulton's below us. The Senator's
 on the tenth. There's guest with
 the name Lucas Teller on the 13th
 floor. Unless it's a coincidence,
 he was Cromwell's Chief Programmer.
 It was big news when they split.

JACK
 The Traitor.

RACHEL

Maybe.

Jack is like a caged animal.

JACK

And there's nothing I can do about
it. So long as they have Helen, I'm
stuck on the bench.

Rachel's eyes go wide. The WiFi icon on Scarlet's laptop is
active. The signal is weak, but it's there.

RACHEL

(excited)

The internet is working!

Jack isn't listening. He's staring at the TV.

RACHEL (cont'd)

What's wrong?

JACK

Just watch.

RACHEL

I don't see anything.

JACK

They're moving!

CLOSE ON TV -- Sure enough, we can see Schumann and Helen are
alive and up to something.

Robot Helen enters the frame and Schumann is suddenly on his
feet, swinging that cistern lid.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. IRONS' APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Robot Helen stumbles backwards, a large gash cleaved open on
her skull. She lashes out with a leg, knocks Schumann into
the bathub.

Helen pops to her feet, delivers an impressive combo.

Robot Helen counter-strikes, puts a fist through the wall.

INT. HOTEL - SCARLET'S ROOM (7TH FLOOR)

Jack and Rachel are glued to the TV.

RACHEL
How are we seeing this?

JACK
Smart Mirror.

RACHEL
Ever use it for texting?

INT. IRONS' APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The fight is getting brutal.

Helen and her robot doppelganger crash right through the glass shower door. She comes up dazed and bloody.

HELEN
Plan B! Hurry!

Schumann hobbles out the door.

INT. IRONS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Schumann frantically searches the living room until he finds his jacket and shoulder holster. He grabs the .38

INT. IRONS' APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Robot Helen has the upperhand. She straddles her exhausted human opponent, uses her forearm to crush down on her neck.

BOOM!!!

An exit wound destroys Robot Helen's forehead.

BOOM!!!

A second round blows out one eye.

Robot Helen "dies" and the real Helen scrambles clear. Bloodied but in one piece, Helen falls into Schumann's arms.

Over Schumann's shoulder, Helen notices writing appear on the surface of the mirror:

MIRROR TEXT
NICE BOLO PUNCH...

Helen's eyes go wide.

MIRROR TEXT (cont'd)
 ...HELEN THE NELEPHANT.

Helen emits a half-cry, half-laugh.

Schumann turns to see the message on the mirror.

SCHUMANN
 Is that...?

HELEN
 It's him. It's Jack.
 (beat)
 Mirror, mirror. I want to chat.

A cheery, Siri-like voice answers.

MIRROR (V.O.)
 Go right ahead.

HELEN
 Where are you?

Helen's words appear on the mirror, like a text reply.

Beat. Jack's response appears...

MIRROR TEXT (JACK)
 BRADFORD HOTEL. I'M SORRY FOR
 EVERYTHING. ARE YOU SAFE NOW?

SCHUMANN
 There's nobody else in the
 apartment.

Schumann's words appear on the mirror too.

HELEN
 We think so. When can you come
 home?

MIRROR TEXT (JACK)
 SOON. THE MAN WHO SENT THE MIMIC
 IS HERE. I'M GONNA FIND HIM.
 (beat)
 SEND CAVALRY, BOB.
 (beat)
 I LOVE YOU.
 (beat)
 NOT YOU, BOB. I LOVE HELEN.

Helen laughs through her tears.

HELEN

I love you too.

Animated hearts shoot across the mirrored glass.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BRADBURY HOTEL - HALLWAY (7TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Jack blasts out of Scarlet's room like a man on a mission. Rachel follows right behind.

JACK

Stay here. Lock the door.

RACHEL

No way.

JACK

You have the story you wanted. Why take the risk?

RACHEL

I want to see how it ends.

They arrive at the twin elevator bank. Jack presses up on the left elevator, Rachel presses 'down' on the right.

RACHEL (cont'd)

If you're headed upstairs to find the shooter, I'm going downstairs to check on Moulton.

Jack offers his gun.

JACK

Take this. And keep your radio on.

RACHEL

You can't go up there unarmed.

Jack eyes something across the hall. An old-fashioned FIRE HOSE inside a glass cabinet. It's part of the hotel's early 19th-Century motif.

There's also a FIRE AX.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY (6TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Rachel steps out of the elevator on Moulton's floor. She searches for her room number.

Another room door cracks open and a SCARED WOMAN peers out.

SCARED WOMAN

Do you know what's going on?

Before Rachel can answer, the woman spots the gun in her hand and quickly slams the door.

Moving on, Rachel arrives at Moulton's room. Hears loud music inside. She knocks. Tries again. No reply.

Rachel tries the door handle and the door swings open...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SEN. WALLACE'S ROOM (10TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Jack pushes the door open with his fire ax. He cautiously enters and finds the carnage in the living room.

His walkie-talkie crackles to life.

RACHEL (V.O.)

Jack? You there?

JACK

I'm here.

RACHEL (V.O.)

Moulton's dead. Suicide in the bathtub.

INT. MOULTON'S ROOM (6TH FLOOR) - BATHROOM - NIGHT

A lifeless Moulton lies in blood-red water up to her chest.

A straight-razor sits on the floor next to the tub.

RACHEL

Least that's how it appears.

INT. SEN. WALLACE'S ROOM (10TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Jack peers down at Wallace's corpse.

JACK
There's two more bodies up here.

RACHEL (V.O.)
That leaves one more. The Traitor.

JACK
I'll check out this Lucas guy. Go down to the lobby. See if the computer system or the phones are working. Who knows how much we've been lied to.

Jack marches back into the hall, heads for the elevator.

RACHEL
Be careful up there, k? You get us out of here in the morning, I'll buy breakfast.

JACK
I know just the place.

INT. LUCAS' ROOM (13TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Remorseful, Lucas sits on the edge of the bed and reaches for his wife. When she doesn't react to his touch, he senses something is wrong and rushes around to her side of the bed.

Lucas wife is unresponsive. He checks for a pulse.

LUCAS
No, no, no... Wake up, baby! I'm sorry--

Sensing he's being watched, Lucas looks up to see the Dark Man standing in the shadows.

The Twins are in the room too.

LUCAS (cont'd)
What did you do to her?!!

Almost silently, the entire wall of the hotel suite splits open and sections disappear into the floor or ceiling.

REVEAL a cavernous room, half-luxury home, half-tech lab and epic computer workstation.

A state-of-the-art wheelchair rolls into the room.

ERIK CROMWELL (60s), the inventor of the Numans. He was a brilliant surgeon turned robotics genius who became a recluse after mankind lost its trust in his creation.

CROMWELL

Jill's fine. She'll wake up in a few hours feeling well-rested. I'd never harm her. No reason to.

As Cromwell rolls into the light, Lucas is taken aback by his grim appearance. He's a shell of a man, emaciated, reliant on the machines rigged to his wheelchair and an oxygen feed.

LUCAS

Jesus, what happened to you?

CROMWELL

My body doesn't want to live on this planet anymore, but my heart wanted a little more time.

KNOCK KNOCK.

CROMWELL (cont'd)

(to Dark Man)

That'll be Mr. Irons. Please, show him in.

Without a word, Dark Man obeys.

INT. HALLWAY (13TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

When Dark Man opens the door, Jack edges back a few steps, ready to swing the ax.

Like a butler, Dark Man steps aside. Jack warily enters the hotel suite.

INT. LUCAS' ROOM (13TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Jack walks in. The ax hangs at his side.

CROMWELL

Delighted you could join us, Detective. May I introduce--

JACK

Lucas Teller. Is he the next one you're going to murder or drive to suicide?

Lucas' head snaps around to Cromwell.

LUCAS

You lured me here to kill me?

CROMWELL

(irritated; to Jack)

Do remember your wife. Such a lovely young woman.

Jack turns to Lucas.

JACK

He's already killed seven people, maybe more. Seems they all had something to do with Red Wednesday.

(back to Cromwell)

But what I don't understand, is why you dragged me into this sick game of yours.

CROMWELL

This is no game! I created intelligent life! My children were a gift to the human race! Robots with consciousness, machines with souls. Workers who would tirelessly do the jobs humans won't do. I dedicated years to assimilating them into society, helping them to win the respect, acceptance, even friendship of mankind...

Cromwell points a bony finger at Lucas.

CROMWELL (cont'd)

...And then he helped destroy all of my work in a single day. He was the only person with access to the Keys and he stolen them from me.

JACK

"Keys?"

CROMWELL

Digital keys that unlock a Numan's control circuits. He stole hundreds and his co-conspirators hired a black hat to upload a virus to seven Numans.

JACK

The robots that went berserk on Red Wednesday.

CROMWELL

They were programmed to take a maximum amount of human life at a coordinated time. And within minutes, society changed and humans would never trust machines again.

LUCAS

I didn't know they would go that far. I swear!

CROMWELL

(disgust)

You helped murder 419 people. How could you?

Lucas' face is awash in guilt.

JACK

(to Cromwell)

But now you're doing the killing.

CROMWELL

The guest in Room 310 is the leader of a Human Supremacist Group. The guest in 506 exposes Numans on social media, ruins their lives. The guest in 920 rats on Numans so your corrupt colleagues can execute them. Isn't that what you've been fighting against for the last three years?

JACK

I stop dirty cops from murdering bots. I don't kill them for it.

CROMWELL

Every single guest in this hotel hates robots. Every last one of them has worked to destroy the Numans and divide the country.

(shrugs)

So in one hour they'll be gassed in their rooms.

JACK

Samantha. That explains why the first victim was a robot and each death was so violent. You wanted everyone in their rooms.

CROMWELL

They won't feel a thing.

LUCAS
You're demented.

CROMWELL
No. I'm *dying*. And the devils in
this building are coming with me.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Rachel moves stealthily through the lobby. It's quiet, not a soul around. Only the muted howl of the winds outside.

At the front desk, the Clerk sits motionless, as if frozen in time. Rachel waves a hand in front of his face. Nothing.

Gun at the ready, she moves into the Manager's Office. Flicks a few power switches, but everything is still dead. The computers, video screens, etc.

Sensing movement behind her, Rachel spins around. She catches a glimpse of Mr. Arthur but he disappears from sight.

RACHEL
Hey!

Rachel bolts after him, fumbles for her radio.

RACHEL (cont'd)
(into radio)
Jack! You there?

No response. Only static.

Rachel is startled by the reappearance of Mr. Arthur. He has an antique SHOTGUN draped over his arm, as if he's going hunting.

Rachel brings up the handgun, aims it at him.

MR. ARTHUR
I do apologize for the firearm, Ms. Curry. I find them so uncouth. However, I must urge you to step towards me, away from that wall.

RACHEL
Kiss my ass.

MR. ARTHUR
I implore you! Please, for your own safety!

Arthur snaps the shotgun closed.

MR. ARTHUR (cont'd)
You're in the way!

Rachel frowns at that...

KA-BOOM!!!

The wall behind her explodes inwards, blasting Rachel through the air. She hits the floor hard, crumples into a heap.

Amid clouds of dust, red laser beams appear. They're followed by Grimes' SWAT team, in full assault mode.

BOOM! BOOM!

The first two men take shotgun blasts to the chest. Grimes and the rest of his team respond instantly, spraying the lobby in gunfire. It's deafening and destructive as hell.

Grimes holds up a fist and the guns fall silent.

Mr. Arthur is nowhere in sight. Moving deeper into the dust and gunsmoke, Grimes finds Rachel. He signals his team to keep moving forward.

GRIMES
Sweep every fucking floor. Find him.

In their wake, he rolls Rachel over, kicks the handgun away. He slaps her face and she begins to come around.

GRIMES (cont'd)
Why do you have a gun, huh?

Jack's voice crackles through the walkie-talkie.

JACK (V.O.)
Rachel? You copy?

Grimes' head snaps around and his eyes lock on the radio.

JACK (V.O.)
Rachel? Talk to me.

A hand reaches into frame and picks up the walkie-talkie...

It's Mr. Arthur. He depresses the 'talk' button as he addresses Grimes.

For his part, Grimes is itching to put a whole 30-round clip into Arthur's face.

MR. ARTHUR

You step away from the young lady,
I'll hand over the radio, and then
we'll say farewell. Acceptable?

INT. LUCAS' ROOM (13TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Hearing Mr. Arthur's voice come through the walkie-talkie,
Jack looks confused.

MR. ARTHUR (V.O.)

It's him you want, correct? You
want the detective, the smart-mouth
detective.

Jack meets Cromwell's gaze.

CROMWELL

I already sent down help.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Two of Cromwell's men are ascending the stairwell when they
hear strange sounds from above. They stop, aim their guns up
the stairwell.

A child is sliding down the railings. It's Twin #1.

SWAT #1

Hey, kid. Beat it. Get the fuck
out of here.

An instant later, Twin #1 swings off the railings and
launches into the two men. He's a blur with his knife, cuts
right through them like a chainsaw...

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

SWAT #3 and #4 are riding up through the building.

SWAT #3

We work from the top and we make
sure we get to Irons first--

CLUNK!

A noise on the roof. The elevator stops.

SWAT #3 and SWAT #4 blast holes in the roof. When they stop shooting, the roof hatch flips open on its own.

The two cops quickly reload, but it's too late: Twin #2 drops into the elevator and goes to town. These child-sized robots are little metal psycho-killers.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - 2ND FLOOR - NIGHT

Four SWAT officers, moving in pairs. At the far end of the hall, Dark Man appears. He casually walks towards them, utterly unafraid of the firepower.

SWAT #5
Stop right there.

Dark Man doesn't. A firestorm of bullets tears into him.

His clothes are shredded, the walls behind him torn apart. But Dark Man keeps on coming.

Over the sounds of SCREAMING...

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Grimes presses his weapon into Rachel's temple.

GRIMES
Where is he?

MR. ARTHUR
If I tell you, you'll let us go?

GRIMES
You have my word.

INT. LUCAS' ROOM (13TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Jack is still listening to the walkie-talkie.

MR. ARTHUR (V.O.)
The 11th floor--

BOOM!

The distorted sound of a gunshot cracks through the radio.

Jack makes a beeline for the door.

CROMWELL

Mr. Irons!

Jack stops, looks back.

CROMWELL (cont'd)

Do try and hang on.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Mr. Arthur's body lies motionless on the floor. A gaping, smoking hole in the middle of his robotic head.

In the b.g., Grimes pulls Rachel into an elevator. He's calling his men over the radio, but no one is responding.

Grimes doesn't notice the second elevator open, revealing his two SWAT men lying in pools of blood.

INT. HALLWAY (11TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

The elevator opens and Grimes drags Rachel into the hallway, using her as a human shield. (We recognize this as the same floor where the hacker, Duffy, perished.)

At the other end of the hallway, Jack stands there, waiting. Grimes pushes Rachel towards him, stopping 30ft away.

GRIMES

I have to thank you, Irons. You may have forced my crew to come out in this shitstorm tonight, but at least I got to bag another toaster.

(re: Rachel)

What if I cap this one in the head? Circuits or gray matter?

JACK

What do you want?

GRIMES

I want you dead and gone. You've been a pain in my ass for far too long. What do you care if my boys take these machines off the street? Metal lives don't matter.

JACK

Then why do they matter to you so much? Let them live, let them co-exist with us.

GRIMES
They're dangerous. Unpredictable.

JACK
Only if a human programmes them
that way.

GRIMES
I lost my brother on Red Wednesday.

JACK
I know. But you're blaming the
wrong people.

GRIMES
(repulsed)
Numans aren't people.

Behind Jack, the TWINS appear. So does Dark Man.

JACK
Put the gun down, Matt.

GRIMES
They're with you? Tell them to
back off!

Jack's metal arm is out of sight, tucked behind him.

JACK
Last chance, Matt. Let her go.

Grimes removes his gun from Rachel's temple, aims at Jack.

GRIMES
Your metal friends don't scare me,
Jack. Let's do this.

Jack holds Rachel's gaze.

JACK
I got you.

Behind Grimes, the storm shield and the window begins to
open. Wind howls through the ever widening gap.

GRIMES
What the fuck is this?

The window behind Jack and the robots slides open too. The
wind tunnel is forming. As the hurricane-force winds begin
to tug at Grimes, he shifts his stance.

JACK

This is you checking out.

The windows are half-open. Grimes is struggling to stay-upright, hold Rachel, and his weapon. He holsters his gun, tries to find a handhold on the wall.

We notice Jack has that old-fashioned firehose wrapped around his metal forearm. It keeps him anchored in place.

As the wind pulls at her and Grimes, Rachel is terrified.

RACHEL

Jack!!!

JACK

I got you.

A split-second later, with the windows wide open and the howling winds deafening, Grimes and Rachel are ripped off their feet.

Jack releases the firehose spool and sprints towards them...

Grimes and Rachel desperately reach for a handhold, but they're being pulled too fast...

As they're sucked right out of the building, Jack leaps after Rachel and wraps her in his arms, the firehose trailing behind him...

Screaming, Grimes is sucked into the clouds, out of sight.

The firehose snaps tight. Jack and Rachel drop out of the wind tunnel, slam against the side of the hotel. They hang there, rocked by the powerful winds, but they're alive.

JACK (cont'd)

Climb! Get back inside!

Above them, Dark Man picks up the hose at the window's edge and begins swinging it.

RACHEL

What is he doing?!

JACK

The fire escape!

Sure enough, Dark Man is swinging them like a pendulum towards an iron fire-escape.

Rachel reaches out, grabs a railing. They quickly scramble onto the fire-escape and Jack unwraps the fire hose. He looks back up to see the 11th floor's storm shield closing.

RACHEL

We'll freeze out here!

Trembling from the cold, Jack looks for other options. Down below, Grimes' six-wheeled Trekol sticks out like an oasis in the snow.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE ASSAULT VEHICLE - MOMENTS LATER

The backdoor swings open and Jack climbs inside, carrying a frozen Rachel. He quickly closes the door. Wraps himself and Rachel in whatever he can find.

They huddle against each other. With her face buried in his chest, Jack peers out the window, the Bradbury Hotel barely visible in the snowstorm.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BRADBURY HOTEL - DAWN

The storm has passed. The violence of the previous night almost a distant memory as a stunning sunrise illuminates a picture-postcard winter scene.

EXT. POLICE ASSAULT VEHICLE - DAWN

The Trekol has almost been buried in a snow drift. The back door groans open and Jack appears. Rachel is right behind him, a thick police jacket wrapped around her.

They both stare up at the hotel.

JACK

Maybe you should stay here.

RACHEL

No way. Still need my ending.

Jack holds up two police-issue GAS MASKS.

INT. BRADBURY HOTEL - LOBBY

Jack and Rachel enter, wearing the gas masks. Mr. Arthur still lies "dead" in the lobby.

A SCREAM.

Jack spins around to see a MAN and WOMAN holding luggage. He trades a glance with Rachel and they pull off the gas masks.

JACK

It's okay! I'm a cop!

The Man and Woman don't care. They hurry out of the hotel.

INT. STAIRWELL - MORNING

As Jack and Rachel climb the stairs, more traumatized guests head down, carrying their bags.

INT. LUCAS' ROOM / CROMWELL'S SUITE (13TH FLOOR) - MORNING

Jack and Rachel enter to find Lucas and his wife are long gone. Outside, beyond the open storm shields, Cromwell is sitting on a large balcony in his wheelchair.

EXT. BALCONY (13TH FLOOR) - MORNING

Cromwell is wrapped in a bed comforter. He's as white as the snow all around. Death is coming for him.

JACK (O.S.)

You spared them.

Jack and Rachel step into Cromwell's view.

CROMWELL

Their lives, yes. But I've ensured their identities and crimes are known to the relevant authorities. We'll see if your faith in the wheels of justice is founded.

Only now do we see Dark Man and the Twins standing motionless on either side of Cromwell, a layer of snow on their bodies.

JACK

And Lucas?

CROMWELL

He was like a son to me. I
couldn't bring myself to kill him.
But he'll have to live with what he
did and I know it'll destroy him.

(to Rachel)

Tell the world what happened here.
Tell them my creations are safe.

RACHEL

Are they safe?

Cromwell coughs blood into a handkerchief.

CROMWELL

They will be. I've uploaded all of
my work, my files, my coding to a
single drive. You'll find a list
of the Numans compromised by Lucas.
You'll also find updates to their
OS which will erase their wifi
capability.

(to Jack)

Track them down. Fix them. That's
why I "dragged you" into this.
You're part man, part machine. You
can bring the two together, restore
their harmony.

More coughing, more blood.

JACK

Where's the drive?

Cromwell smiles.

CROMWELL

You know where I was on Red
Wednesday? City Hospital. My old
stomping grounds. That's where I
started as a surgeon, where I
learned to save lives, rebuild the
human body. I was visiting some
old friends when the first
casualties came in. One of them
was a hero cop. They said he
stopped one of the Numans from
taking many more lives. With the
whole department overwhelmed, the
Chief Surgeon asked me to scrub in,
help patch up that young hero, give
him one of my new prototype arms.

Jack is floored.

CROMWELL (cont'd)

The drive is in your arm, Jack.
Along with my entire life's work.
All you need is good hacker and the
pass phrase.

More coughing.

JACK

What is it?

CROMWELL

To err is human; to forgive, divine.

With that, Cromwell dies.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BRADBURY HOTEL - MORNING

The city streets have come back to life. Outside the
Bradbury Hotel, there are scores of emergency vehicles.

Schumann and Helen jump out of a Driveless Cab and make their
way towards the hotel entrance.

Jack and Rachel emerge at the same time. Helen runs into
Jack's arms and they kiss.

Rachel meets Jack's gaze. They share a smile.

JACK

How about that breakfast?

FADE OUT.

THE END.