

Frame (137)

by
Judd Tilyard

Based on the Graphic Novel by James O'Barr

Current Revision 3.05 by
Judd Tilyard 22.07.09

Judd Tilyard
40 Eighth Ave,
Wilston, Queensland
Australia 4051
AU: +61 413 249 994
US: +1 310 849 9991

OPENING CREDITS APPEAR OVER THE ACTION

1

EXT. CG SKYLINE - DAY

1

Looking up at the image of a brilliant perfectly white sky. Slowly widening to blue as the towering shine of the future stretches into the sky defining it.

Descending into a world of glass and chrome, clouds speeding by, as we sink into a soft fluffy bank of artificial clouds.

Amid the clouds, soft glowing white balloons take shape, of flat and round the cables trailing down past a second layer like a wedding cake, as shiny white chrome skiffs drift between the layers.

Pausing briefly over a hole in the second layer to empty there metallic bowels through the ring and into the gaping maw of the giant grey floating Garbage Processing Platforms (GPP's), suspended by the balloons.

Trash pours into the Grinding turbines of the GPP, loose debris catching the wind and drifting into the range of the automated sentries, only to be fried black before plunging back into the abyss of metallic teeth below.

Descending past the grinding belly of these mechanized beasts, the furnaces roar, consuming, melting and processing the refuse from the heavens.

The camera passes through a cloud of the ionized filth hanging to the slow turbines that disperse the ashen remains like a thick black snow.

Thick tar and soot collects amid the black ion clouds, as the finer ash dances its way to earth.

The camera still slipping now travelling past the grey lifeless foundations of the world above.

Slowly blackening with streaks of age rust and filth wearing into the expanding cement walls.

Aged by acid rain and tortured by years of neglect, descending into the cesspit of civilization that is the underground.

The rumbling whine of machinery and life builds.

Slowing, tilting and coming to rest on a murky horizon, as ash hangs in the damp air.

CONTINUOUS:

2 EXT. DESOLATE STREET - TWILIGHT 2

Worn army boots step square into frame as a broken angry rhythm joins the grinding hum. The camera follows.

Wearing a familiar path, beneath the dirty shadows of the endless towers; once sky scrapers reaching for the heavens, now merely foundations.

Stepping to the muted cacophony and broken rhythms of angry musicians born centuries ago, a diminutive figure, JONNY Z, cloaked in flickering shadows and leather, stalks the twilight streets.

Following the cracked trail of dirty dimly lit cement into a quiet alley.

3 EXT. DESOLATE ALLEY - TWILIGHT 3

Passing through thick twists of tainted steam, steadily rising from the long abandoned sewers beneath.

The slow hiss of the street fades into a hum of broken neon whispers with the constant grinding breaths of the city beneath the clouds, only punctuated by the staccato step of steel cap boots.

Jonny slips the headphones from his ears, bows his head and descends below the street, submerging into what was once a bar.

The camera remains.

Holding on the sign above the entrance way. An old neon sign that once read "The Mainframe", now simply "Mainframe" the Main flickers a few times then goes out, as Jonny Descends.

The shot holds on the glowing title

"FRAME" (OPTIONAL - 137 FADES UP AFTER FRAME)

4 INT. MAINFRAME UNDERGROUND BAR & CYBER PARLOUR - NIGHT 4

Smoky and slightly lit, with the ever present sound of 1980s arcade machines playing, underneath what borders on being music in these times.

The slim build of a very young and very dangerous man, barely raises a second glance from the assorted stragglers minding a place in the bar.

Jonny holds his burning cigarette.

His teeth grind involuntarily.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
Always keep em waiting, that's the
rule. (beat) I hate rules.

MAC the Bartender and proprietor of the establishment.

(TITLES APPEAR UNDERNEATH LABELLING MAC AS WE FREEZE FRAME ON HIS STEELY GLARE)

Mac wields a steely glare behind his well worn gem cutter glasses.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
Not like Mac, he lives by his
rules.

Mac serves a young punk while taking in the assorted vagabonds infesting and threatening his bar.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
No Greys. No Guns. No drugs.

Jonny Rolls half a dozen caps and pills around his palm. Aware of every displaced breath in the room.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
Mac and I don't always see eye to
eye I guess.

A world of anger and anxious activity in Jonny's eyes, his body an icy silhouette.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
But he's a good man. (beat) Better
then most.

The delicate spine of ash hits the dirty bar as Jonny takes everything in, via a myriad of glimpses, reflected in the dirty metal and glass behind the bar, a bleak jigsaw of possibilities.

5 INT. MAINFRAME: ARCADE AREA - NIGHT 5

A large group of RAGGEDY BOYS or "Rags" drinking as they scope the place, they're gathered in the darkest corner around their Leader JAX.

(TITLES APPEAR UNDERNEATH LABELLING THE GANG AND JAX AS WE FREEZE FRAME ON THEIR COLLECTIVE ANTICS)

JONNY Z (V.O.)
Raggedy Boys. Young, dumb and full
of tech. They're in control of the
place tonight.

The unmistakable whirl of too many "plants" is rife through the mottled shadows of the bar as Jonny's attention drifts

6 INT. MAINFRAME: POOL AREA - NIGHT 6

A group of BOLT THROWERS or "Bolts" and they're leader NIXIN are standing in the shadows away from their noisier brethren.

(TITLES APPEAR UNDERNEATH LABELLING THE GANG AND NIXIN AS WE FREEZE FRAME ON THEIR COLLECTIVE ANTICS)

JONNY Z (V.O.)
Older, slower and decidedly more
dangerous, The Bolt Throwers, are
laying low. Eyeing off the Rags and
some of their "shinier" tech.

7 INT. MAINFRAME: BAR AREA - NIGHT 7

Jonny's gaze returns to the bar and back to Mac as he serves a round to a couple of young Rags.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
Mac though, he don't judge. (beat)
despite what he been through.

Smoke curls from the glowing embers of Jonny's cigarette to the low ceiling.

JONNY Z (V.O.)

When trouble comes he don't let the Bolt's or the Rags drop more then a dozen bodies before stepping in with his Bird Brain, shorting their cyber and shutting the whole thing down.

Jonny reaches for some pills, drawing comfort from the touch.

JONNY Z

He's Fair that way.

Waiting.

JONNY Z (V.O.)

Yeah aside from the habit, Mac and I, we see agree on most things.

Mac slides over from his place at the end of the Bar, deliberately taking a pair of shot glasses and the bottle of "good" gin.

MAC

Some shit never changes, Hey Jonny.

Jonny smiles at the irony of Mac's remark, the greeting of an old friend, laced with a deeper meaning.

He puts the glasses down in front of Jonny.

JONNY Z

(not wanting the drink)
I'm working tonight Mac.

Mac leans in and smiles a tight lipped smile.

MAC

Figured you may need a drink though.

Mac pours a couple shots, something is wrong.

MAC

What with our guests.

Mac tilts his head deliberately as he speaks.

MAC

Besides, *it's on the house.*

Something is very wrong, Nothing is EVER on the house.

Jonny scans the situation without lifting his head, catching a flash in Mac's gem cutter glasses.

The corner of the room, almost out of sight.

8 INT. MAINFRAME: WET-WARE AREA - NIGHT 8

There's a GREY, slender and regal, dressed in Red damaged Velvet and tucked away in the shadows behind the Rags.

(TITLES APPEAR UNDERNEATH LABELLING THE GREY)

JONNY Z (O.S.)

Grey.

9 INT. MAINFRAME: BAR AREA - NIGHT 9

Mac's ever present grin becomes a smile as he notes Jonny's almost non-existent reaction.

MAC

He came with Jax and the boys.
(beat) He'll leave with em.

Mac Downs his shot and sidles back the bar, to lock one hand on the over size barrel of his Bird Brain Rifle.

10 INT. MAINFRAME: ARCADE AREA - NIGHT 10

Jonny watches the Rags, Jax tensing as he does the math; friends and enemies, profits and losses, he's calculating if trouble makes for as much sense, as it does fun.

11 INT. MAINFRAME: BAR AREA - NIGHT 11

Jonny counts the pills in his palm doing his own math as he separates off a couple.

JONNY Z (V.O.)

Time for a little edge.

He swallows the pills, inhaling deeply as the immediate rush takes him, sliding from his chair, drink still in hand.

12 INT. MAINFRAME: MAIN AREA - NIGHT

12

Jonny moves along side a stray Bolt, easily stripping him of his "colors", slipping them on, and shifting back into the shadows.

"Bumping" into an obviously NOVICE RAG, Jonny "clumsily" gets caught attempting to lift the pouch of the inexperienced punk.

The Rag turns.

NOVICE RAG

Hey!

The Rags raise to attention.

The Novice Rag grabs out at Johnny. Jonny dodges, quickly covering his "colors".

NOVICE RAG

Ya thieving Bolt.

The "ambience" in the room boils, like a storm about to strike, as half the room glares down the other half.

NOVICE RAG

You're gonna pay.

NOVICE RAG (BAR HIT)

The Novice Rag having grabbed a CRUDE BLADE from his side, lunges savagely at Jonny.

With one hand, Jonny snatching and twisting the Novice Rags arm, steps aside and drives it behind his back forcing the Novice Rag to the floor, before plunging the crude blade into him as he sits atop the body.

Half the Rags reach for their guns.

13 INT. MAINFRAME: BAR AREA - NIGHT

13

Mac hefts his huge Bird Brain onto the bar, leveling it their way, as they note the sign behind him.

NO GUNS.

14 INT. MAINFRAME: ARCADE AREA - NIGHT 14

Guns are put away and the temperature in the place drops by degrees, the Rags are pissed and they have the numbers for some fun.

The bar divides and the Rags look to Jax.

Angry and with a slightly agitated movement, Jax's attention is turned from his game.

JAX
(Slightly synthesized,
holding back laughter)
Rack all of them! And skin the
tadpole / crack kid.

Like a pack of Hyenas a few of the Rags let distorted laughs loose as they draw weapons and attack.

15 INT. MAINFRAME: MAIN AREA - NIGHT 15

Jonny Smiles, then pops a hand full of pharmaceuticals.

His eyes rolling back along with his head, revealing over his shoulder the violence erupting.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
Barbiturates and amphetamines ride
my system, fighting it out in my
blood.

The buzz flows through his spine, becoming one fluid movement, as he sheds his jacket and stands. Crude blade in one hand, drink in the other.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
Leaving me pumped and calm at the
same time.

Jonny's body floods with an all too familiar chemical cocktail.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
Blue for the Senses,

Distractions dissolve, as his senses start to shift into a heightened focus.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
Red for Reflexes...

CHARGING RAG PT 1 (KNIFE THROW TO SHOULDER)

Flinging the blade in his hand into a CHARGING RAG, who is slammed backwards as he takes it in the shoulder.

ONCOMING RAG (FIRE BREATHING FACE & BODY BURN)

Jonny turns to face an ONCOMING RAG, who punches and kicks at Jonny with a mechanical strength and speed.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
Percs for the pain.

Jonny without thinking blocks the heavy blows, moving in turn faster and smoother than seems possible. He leans away from one blow after another and in the final motion swallows his shot.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
...and crosses for adrenaline.

Glass in hand he pushes it one inch punch style into the Oncoming Rags shoulder the motion uncurling like a snake strike in a shattering explosion.

The rags shoulder is sent flying back as Jonny with inhuman agility grabs his belt with the same hand pulling his waist forward collapsing him to his knees in front of him.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
But really everything is in the timing.

Face to Face with the Oncoming Rag Jonny smiles, his cheeks notably filled. His Zippo lighter already raised and flicking open, as the rags eyes widen.

Jonny spits the near pure alcohol igniting as it splashes the Rags face, in a wave of flame curling over him and beyond.

Jonny turns spewing an arc of flame forth and torching the back of another FIGHTING RAG, before kicking him soundly into another TWO COMBATANTS.

16

INT. MAINFRAME: ARCADE AREA - NIGHT

16

Jonny's stunt catches Jax attention and he glances back to see the Grey, calmly sitting, a smile on her face.

Jax turns back and gives a nod to a PACK OF RAGS, who ready themselves to take down Jonny.

17 INT. MAINFRAME: MAIN AREA - NIGHT

17

TRIO PT1 (KATANA SLASHES AND STAB)

The Pack of Rags converge on Jonny, Led by a trio of lightening fast long haired Raggedy Boys, two WOMEN drawing knives from their hair release with a flourish long razor embedded single braids, beginning a deadly dance while their katana wielding MASTER circles around.

Striking out in a unison of steel slashes, Jonny moves to their rhythm, barely avoiding the onslaught, only to be caught with a shallow cut to his side by the Masters katana.

Jonny falls to one knee, caught by surprise bleeding waiting for an attack that doesn't come.

The Trio back in formation moves a second time, but this time Jonny has their measure and as the razor whirl of the Two Women's hair whips around to strike, Jonny arches backwards onto his hands under their attack kicking out to knock the Two Women back, before confronting their Master.

On top of him and with unnatural speed Jonny catches the Masters arm mid swing redirecting the Katana up to slash back and forth across his chest in two bloody strokes, before twisting the blade and plunging it deep into his chest. Jonny withdraws the blade and turns to the Two Women as the Masters body crumples behind him.

TRIO PT2 (HAIR BIND AND BAR STAB)

The Two Women launch themselves at Jonny who matches the movements catching ones hair and wrapping it tightly around both their necks, binding them together and forcing them head first into a nearby table.

A moments pause and the Short Katana raised in Jonny's hand descends, spearing their throats. The blade emerging on the other side a drop of blood running its length.

18 INT. MAINFRAME: BAR AREA - NIGHT

18

Mac scowls.

MAC
(distant)
What the Fuck Z.

19 INT. MAINFRAME: MAIN AREA - NIGHT 19

Jonny shrugs.

CHARGING RAG PT2 (CHARGING ARM STAB)

With the Trio defeated the remaining Pack has room to move in, but not before the original Charging Rag having removed the blade from his shoulder is charging again.

Jonny sidesteps and snaps the Crude blade from his hand only to stab the Charging Rags other shoulder and force him to the ground, as another THREE RAGS step in ready to fight.

THREE RAGS (FLYING KNEE, SCISSOR KICK & THROW)

Steel capped boots pound and crunch into the back of the Charging Rag on the ground and Jonny leaps taking the FURTHEST RAG out with a knee to the throat followed by a rapid snap kick to his face.

Jonny is thrown back at the other TWO TALL RAGS. Midair he catches the first in a scissor leg hold, twisting him head over shoulders as he simultaneously coat hangers the other Tall Rag, twisting his neck and using the momentum and gravity to flip him at the same time, effectively taking down all three in a matter of seconds.

20 INT. MAINFRAME: ARCADE AREA - NIGHT 20

Standing concerned, Jax signals for the next round.

JAX
(Slightly synthesized +)
Trunk.

TRUNK, a 7ft heavily scarred tech junkie, rises from his seat. Stomping towards Jonny, unravelling a long rope of chain from around his body and slowly swinging the sharpened steel links.

21 INT. MAINFRAME: MAIN AREA - NIGHT 21

TRUNK PT1 (CHAIN)

Jonny, slick with sweat and blood crouches ready, as the juggernaut of flesh and steel approaches. The bar parting to let Trunk through in preparation for the coming slaughter.

Jonny, eyes the giant and palms one last tab from his pocket.

JONNY Z

Damn, was hoping to save this one

Swallowing, closing his eyes, the world stops.

Jonny opens his eyes, his senses narrowing even further, time appears almost at a standstill.

Jonny shivers with a new energy. Emerging from his own body, aware of the room and himself in it. Floating.

Mac is at the ready, the Rags are tearing into the Bolts who are making a pretty decent showing in spite of being outnumbered, and the Grey, watches unconcerned.

JONNY Z (V.O.)

Phase one is buzzing.

In a blink Jonny is back in his body, stepping back as Trunk whips his huge chain around unfurls it out to smash through a wooden chair and shattering bottles and glasses, the chain leaving a series of scars in its wake.

Jonny makes a move towards Trunk, testing him and again the chain whips out toward a nearby support pole, as he runs things seem to melt into slow-motion.

JONNY Z (V.O.)

Phase two on cue.

Jonny's eyes catch site of a glass bottle as he runs, the chain inches behind him Jonny races up the support pole as the chain smashes into the base flipping off the pole, jonny rotates mid air, flying towards trunk and smashing the bottle over the Behemoths head (and robotic eye), landing at Trunks feet.

Trunk annoyed his eye playing up, has his chain back and has it doubled over into a close pattern, as he stomps with huge spiked tread, and Jonny has to roll back and way.

Only to once more find the heavy chain is loosed like a deadly spear at his head.

Barely missing him but without pause Trunk flings the chain again, tearing through the air and everything in its way, the deadly strike aimed at the crouching Jonny.

With a smile we see Jonny pounce, springing into the air flipping head over heels easily clearing the low swinging chain as it extends its path of destruction through the space where Jonny had been.

Catapulting over the abomination of metal and muscle Jonny catches Trunk by the neck, swinging his legs to lock around Trunks chest as the deadly chain snakes back, only to have Jonny meld into its motion grabbing it and wrapping it around the giants throat.

Pulling tight, Slivers of blood emerging from between the coil of chain around his neck.

Jonny holds the lock, his eyes cold.

The monstrosity finally falls.

Jonny slowly gets to his feet, blood trickles from the cuts on his hands where he was holding the jagged steel links.

The crowd parts and takes a step back, afraid. But not of Jonny.

TRUNK PT2 (PUNCHES POLE AND PRESSURE POINTS)

Trunk is standing the chain already falling away as he tears the fritzing electronics of his broken 'plant from his eye socket, and charges.

TRUNK

Ahhhh!

Jonny barely dodges the powerful hydraulic barbarian, blocking and redirecting blows that would cripple most people.

JONNY Z (V.O.)

I really do hate waiting.

Forcing Jonny back against the solid support pole, Trunks hooks begin cracking the cement, and dodging a powerful uppercut that embeds his right fist into the pole, Jonny suddenly shivers with new energy.

JONNY Z (V.O.)

Finally.

Jonny launches into a staccato rhythm of lightning fast punches rapidly wearing into Trunks ribs and the metal plating holding together this cybernetic Frankenstein.

Trunk finally frees his hand and grabs Jonny. He squeezes. Jonnys arm is crushed and the sound of splintering causes Trunk to grin.

Jonny delivers a series of pressure point blows to his arm forcing Trunk to involuntarily relax his grip and Jonny slides like liquid to the ground, and away.

Flipping back to his feet behind the lumbering Behemoth, before he can react Jonny delivers a complex sequence of pressure point blows with a force that literally breaks skin and brands him.

JONNY Z (V.O.)

Nerves or circuitry, everything has an offswitch, you just need to know how to reach it.

Striking first at the hulking giants shoulders, causing his arms to hang limp.

Then striking his legs, Trunk to fall to his knees, as more blows follow into his back, the final blows closing his lungs.

Leaving Trunk to collapse choking and paralyzed. Jonny kicks him in the back and the Goliath crashes forwards, face first to the ground.

Jonny turns, ready.

22 INT. MAINFRAME: ARCADE AREA - NIGHT

22

A hyperactive Rag whispers in Jax ear as he oversees the chaos.

Jax turns to look at the panting form of Jonny as he readies himself for the next round.

JAX

(Slightly synthesized +)

The Crack kid is trouble. (turning to the Grey) Archon?

The Grey stares into nothing, but appears to develop a mean smile. Sparks run along the Wet-ware connection.

23 INT. MAINFRAME: MAIN AREA - NIGHT

23

CHARGING RAG PT 3 (CROSS STAB)

A similar spark travels from the remains of Trunks eye socket, as he lies on the ground, his muscles twitch, as his body is reactivated.

Meanwhile the wounded Rag from earlier has the drop on the recovering Jonny as he eyes off Jax in the corner. He pounces on Jonny swinging with both blades.

With hardly any effort Johnny twists the Rags arms around to pin the blades once more into his previously stabbed shoulders.

JONNY Z
(cheekily)
I like your persistence.

Jonny shoves him against a nearby support, nailing the wounded Rag in place, to struggle in his makeshift straightjacket of limbs.

TRUNK PT3 (EXPLOSIVES IN THROAT)

The sound of Trunk rising alerts Jonny,

JONNY Z
(disbelief)
Again.

Who turns to find the towering mountain of flesh and broken tech.

JONNY Z
Seriously, doesn't anybody stay
down?

Without hesitation Jonny moves delivering a high kick with enough force to dent the plates in the titans chest.

Simply taking the full force of the blow, he grabs Jonny by his leg, lifts him up, and slams him down.

Jonny rolls with the impact before leaping and flipping some distance away, grabbing a nearby Rag, and hurling him back towards the giant

Jonny reaches into a pocket removing a handful of "Jacks".

He readies himself and runs

Sprinting several feet ducking and dodging as he runs, Jonny stamps onto the crumpled mess of Rag thrown to the ground earlier. Launching himself into a high flip that throws him 7ft high and onto the Behemoths head pulling his hair back and nearly scalping him in the motion.

Trunk yells as he reaches back for Jonny, and with a well timed fist Jonny jams a handful of the "Jacks" half way down his screaming throat.

Jonny drops down from his shoulders and slams the choking Trunk to the ground with another power house kick. Sending him face first into the floor.

In the same fluid motion Jonny whips out reaching for the nearby Wounded Rag.

The Wounded Rag has one arm unpinned and is getting ready to free himself, as Jonny grabs his other arm and twirls him around before stepping in and flipping the Rag head over shoulders swinging him like a hammer onto Trunk.

Jonny waits, looks up at Jax and presses a detonator as behind him the piled bodies explode.

The wounded rag is thrown up then crashes down. Beneath him Trunk now lies.

Smoke wafting from his mouth.

24 INT. MAINFRAME: ARCADE AREA - NIGHT 24

Jax laughs a little through his clenched teeth, he draws his gun and without pause, he fires.

Jonny's Leg gives way, but its not fatal.

JAX
(Slightly synthesized +)
End that freakin' trap already.

Every remaining heavyweight turns their attention to Jonny, as Weapons far too large to be used properly are raised, rotary blades, baseball bats, chainsaws all looking for action.

25 INT. MAINFRAME: MAIN AREA - NIGHT 25

Jonny lowers his head as things get set to get a whole lot worse.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
Shoot first make threats later

Jonny looks to Mac questioning, as he reaches for his own pistol.

JONNY Z

Mac?!

26 INT. MAINFRAME: BAR AREA - NIGHT 26

Mac powers his huge Bird Brain, its buzzing and ready to fry half the cyber in the room. But he's hesitating.

27 INT. MAINFRAME: ARCADE AREA - NIGHT 27

Jax Laughs and fires again this time taking out Jonnys arm.

JAX

(Slightly synthesized +)

C'mon Mac we both know you wont use the Bird Brain. (Beat) Not with a Grey wet-waring.

28 INT. MAINFRAME: MAIN AREA - NIGHT 28

Jonny too pumped to feel anything remains still, watching for the next shot.

JONNY Z (V.O.)

If Mac fires the pulse would crash the Greys link mid ghost. Feedback'd offline the whole block and not even Mac would survive that many angry neighbours.

The pack of Rags descend.

JONNY Z (V.O.)

Guess I'm on my own.

The fastest of the Rags, a chain and SICKLE WIELDING WOMAN her sickle in one hand, chain whirling in the other is nearly on top of Jonny.

29 INT. MAINFRAME: ARCADE AREA - NIGHT 29

Jax reaches out to fire a third and potentially final time.

30 INT. MAINFRAME: MAIN AREA - NIGHT 30

Jonny is motionless as the rags charge.

Jax fires. Jonny moves, evading the bullet.

Jonny disarms the sickle wielding woman, twisting the chain from her hand and throwing it high above Jax, as he embeds the sickle into her jaw, lifting her onto her toes, the chain swings back at Jonny.

Grabbing the chain jonny kicks the womans legs out from under her and she collapses to the ground, hurling Jonny into the remaining Rags as he pulls his own pistol free.

31 INT. MAINFRAME: ARCADE AREA - NIGHT 31

Swinging through the charging Rags Jonny comes down knees first on top of Jax chest.

Jax, arms pinned, stares defiant.

Jonny his Vach planted against Jax' head, cocks the gun.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
Shoot first make threats later.

32 INT. MAINFRAME: WET-WARE AREA - NIGHT 32

Suddenly the wall of broken screens in the corner light up, a fiery fist bursting into life over them, the Avatar of the figure in Red, the Grey.

JAX - CONTROLLED BY THE GREY (O.S.)
(Slightly synthesized +)
I am Archon!

33 INT. MAINFRAME: ARCADE AREA - NIGHT 33

JAX - CONTROLLED BY THE GREY
(Slightly synthesized +)
You cannot kill this one. (beat)
He is Mine.

Looking from Jax up to the Grey still sitting in a Trance.

JONNY Z
I need you to leave.

JAX - CONTROLLED BY THE GREY
(Slightly synthesized +)
That is unacceptable. (Beat)

Jonny cocks the gun.

JONNY Z
You cant control me.

There is a pause.

JAX - CONTROLLED BY THE GREY
(Slightly synthesized +)
You are correct.

Jonny smiles, dangerous.

JONNY Z
I got no 'plants.

JAX - CONTROLLED BY THE GREY
(Slightly synthesized +)
No matter.

34 INT. MAINFRAME: MAIN AREA - NIGHT 34

Every bit of cyber in the room, including the tech in the dead punks, whirs to life, pulling an armory of guns out to draw a bead on Jonny.

35 INT. MAINFRAME: BAR AREA - NIGHT 35

Even Mac is now drawing a bead on him, his eyes apologetic.

JAX - CONTROLLED BY THE GREY (O.S.)
(Slightly synthesized +)
I don't need to control "you".

36 INT. MAINFRAME: ARCADE AREA - NIGHT 36

Jonny weighs the situation. His eyes are steely, resolved.

Jonny leaps.

Guns fire.

Jax screams as he gets riddled by a trail of bullets.

37 INT. MAINFRAME: WET-WARE AREA - NIGHT 37

Jonny is perched over the Grey, gun to the Grey's head now.

38 INT. MAINFRAME: MAIN AREA - NIGHT 38

All the guns in the room swing to point at Jonny, and the figure in Red.

39 INT. MAINFRAME: WET-WARE AREA - NIGHT 39

Jonny Smiles, pushing the gun hard to the Grey's temple.

JONNY Z

Really?

40 INT. MAINFRAME: MAIN AREA - NIGHT 40

The screens go dead and the gun wielding tech collapses, like marionettes released, as the room returns to its senses.

41 INT. MAINFRAME: WET-WARE AREA - NIGHT 41

The Greys breathes, eyes opening with a burning intensity.

GREY

(Softly with pure malice)

I will rewrite you.

JONNY Z

Not tonight.

Jonny stares down the Grey with a deadliness that betrays the youth in his face.

JONNY Z

Now Leave.

The Grey stands, never breaking eye contact.

Jonny watches.

42 INT. MAINFRAME: MAIN AREA - NIGHT 42

The Grey steps slowly towards the door mouthing, "Follow" as he passes Jax.

The bleeding bullet riddled body of Jax forces itself to life, raising to his feet.

JAX (CONTROLLED BY THE GREY)
 (Slightly synthesized +)
 I said Follow.

Nervous and confused a handful of remaining Raggedy Boys follow Jax as he drags himself after the Grey.

43 INT. MAINFRAME: BAR AREA - NIGHT 43

Jonny exchanges a contemplative look with Mac.

44 INT. MAINFRAME: BAR AREA - LATER THAT NIGHT 44

Jonny draws a deep breath and notes the stragglers still in the bar, some bruised and broken Bolts even a couple of Rags, the Mess is gone.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
 I hate waiting. You think too much.
 (beat) 'Bout things you shouldn't.

Jonny takes a long drag on what's left of his cigarette.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
 Little more action always helps.

He swallows hard, biting his cigarette, clenching his eyes, the pain is visible again, but no-ones watching.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
 Best I'll get is another drink,
 till T shows.

Jonny swallows the last of his foul gin, catching Mac's eye for a top up.

Mac comes over, pours a drink. Jonny reaches for some coin

Feeling the come down, hard.

MAC
 You're square all night. Phreaker's
 ain't good for nobodies business.

Mac offers what passes for a smile.

Jonny takes the drink, it goes down like petrol and urine mixed in equal amounts.

JONNY Z
 It needed to be done.

From the entrance a shadow moves over to the bar, Mac leaves taking the empty away, as the shadow looms behind Jonny.

BIG T, a large Cowboy like character in a full length black trench coat with a face full of scar tissue, smiles like a nightmare come to life.

BIG T
Miss me, Darlin?

Jonny nearly smiles. Relief has arrived.

BIG T
Woe, you look like you're running
low on the glow?

Big T, makes a scene of looking jonny up and down weighing up his condition, before giving him his personal prescription.

BIG T
Not to worry Big T got the cure for
what ails ya?

Jonny's hand drops away from the bar, their palms touch like dancers.

BIG T
Trust me you got nothin but the
best.

Jonny receives a veritable rainbow of Caps and Tabs. While Big T enjoys the one sided banter.

BIG T
We dont want you working sober now
do we.

Jonny sits silent, rolling the pills around his palm, studying them.

Mac not happy watches Jonny's end of the bar as he cleans.

MAC
T.

BIG T
Mac.

There's a history between the two, neither cares to relive.

Jonny draws a handful of scarred metallic coins and makes the exchange.

Mac, polishes a glass that isn't going to get any cleaner.

BIG T

Always a pleasure doing business in
real currency.

(To Jonny)

And a little bonus. (beat) For the
embarrassment you caused the Grey.
Nothin I enjoy more then knowing
some phreaker got what they
deserve.

Big T palms a little something into one of Jonnys many
pockets.

JONNY Z (V.O.)

Damn, that did hit the vine quick.

Jonny looks up to see Mac frown, passing judgement. Jonny
inspects his bonus, smiling then tucking it back away.

He sorts a mix of Percs and White Crosses from the assorted
goodies in his hand, before tucking the others inside a few
barely accessible pockets.

45 INT. MAINFRAME: ENTRANCE AREA - NIGHT 45

THREE MEN enter and move towards the bar a small ANIMAL on a
leash behind them.

46 INT. MAINFRAME: BAR AREA - NIGHT 46

Without looking up Jonny's attention shifts.

To the three men talking to Mac at the far end of the Bar.

JONNY Z

T.

Big T reads Jonny well enough to know something serious is
going down.

BIG T.

Be seeing you Jonny.

With that, the shadow passes onto his next client

Sucking down half a dozen or so pills Jonny closes his eyes.
Rolling his spine as muscles flex and joints crack, his body
straightening in slow motion.

His eyes open, the blood shot nerves fire and dissolve into happy healthy little fibres as a previously grating ambience, fades, muted.

Jonny's body tenses and relaxes and he lights a fresh cigarette.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
Medicated Amnesia, the gift of
peace.

The three men finish exchanging words with Mac, and he points them to the private booths, at the back.

They disappear into the darkness and Mac makes eye contact with Jonny.

Jonny takes out a switchblade and intimately and silently flicks the blade to a quick ballet of deathly strokes before tucking it back up his sleeve.

Jonny smiles, closes his eyes, and slips from his seat as he drifts in slow motion towards the far end of the bar, trying not to remember.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
But some things still burn.

Memories are crashing through his head as he walks.

FLASHBACK:

47 INT. HALF LIVED IN DERELICT APARTMENT - NIGHT 47

With a surreal German noire impressionistic visual style, and a similarly surreal dreamlike echo.

A small baby boy (YOUNG JONNY) lying asleep in a dogs bed wrapped in rags, he starts to cry. KAY a 4 year old girl approaches and bends down to soothe the child.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
My sister, Kay, She was 4.

A big man silhouetted in a doorway waves her over, she comes to him and they leave the door closing.

The baby cries.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
Then she was gone.

RETURN FROM
FLASHBACK:

48 INT. MAINFRAME: BAR AREA - NIGHT 48

Jonny continues to float towards the rear of the bar.
Glancing at Mac, who's determined not to see anything.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
After that I remember the bruises.

Jonny's focus returns to his job as he remembers.

FLASHBACK:

49 INT. HALF LIVED IN DERELICT APARTMENT - NIGHT 49

With a surreal German noire impressionistic visual style, and
a similarly surreal dreamlike echo.

Jonny a bruised and badly beaten young boy of 5-6 is
cowering.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
Eventually the pain dissolves,
becomes a reflex, like breathing.

His eyes soulless as he waits in the same basket from before.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
Then one morning, nothing. I don't
know what happened. (beat) But I
can guess.

RETURN FROM
FLASHBACK:

50 INT. MAINFRAME: BAR AREA - NIGHT 50

Jonny feels in back for his gun, a comfort under his jacket,
smiling at the touch.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
I took what I could find, a switch
and a handful of Racers.

Jonny pops a couple more pills

JONNY Z (V.O.)
It was my first taste, and still
the best.

Jonny steps up to the back booth Entrance, with the hint of a limp as he moves.

51 INT. MAINFRAME: BACK BOOTH ENTRANCE AREA 51

Jonny hesitates before pushing the curtain apart to enter.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
Since then I like it raw, No
plants, no metal. Just me and some
candy swirling through my system...

Jonny's hand continues to run down his neck casual, as he reaches to his spine and his large pistol - Eleanor.

JONNY Z
...And of course "Eleanor", my
ceramic beauty.

Jonny brings his hand back without Eleanor, and pushes the curtains apart to enter.

52 INT. MAINFRAME: BACK BOOTH AREA 52

LEO (aka The Leopard), a mean looking son of bitch without a shred of compassion in his expression. A Pimp complete with, Mirrored glasses, tattoos, and Hat, all to a leopard skin theme.

The pedestrian Muscle by his side are clearly hired help, the A-STEROID BOYS.

They make themselves comfortable, not even slightly concerned by the "Kid" in front of them.

JONNY Z
Hey.

Jonny lets the word hang like an unfinished question.

Leo looks up with all the confidence of a cock ready to crow.

A-STEROID BOY 1
What you looking for kid

A-STEROID BOY 2

Trouble?

In Slow Motion, Leo raises an eyebrow behind his glasses, while his thugs flex and smirk cruelly, feeling for their toys, ready to play.

We see Jonny. Time stops as his hand lifts to run his fingers through his hair.

JONNY Z

Eleanor is heavy, waiting.

Jonny tries to smile as he speaks

JONNY Z

I been looking for you Leopard

LEO

Call me Leo.

The conversation feels wrong, at every level, simply wrong.

JONNY Z (V.O.)

You think about a lot in the moment
before the job.

The steroid boys are completely relaxed slouching back into their seats, confident the child isn't a threat.

JONNY Z

Hear your into young skin. (beat)
Leo.

JONNY Z (V.O.)

You don't think about the job when
that moment comes though. Not about
the fifteen hundred staked to dust
this evil grin.

There's a long pause where Jonny acknowledges the brainless brawn. Even slower in slow motion.

LEOPARD

Where you hear that Little J.

JONNY Z (V.O.)

Or the extra Skinny D's paying for
the pair of 'Roids wasting 02
molecules.

Jonny doesn't move, doesn't smile, doesn't even breathe.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
 Not 'bout Skinny's ten year old
 sister, or how she went missing
 shortly after this baby-flesh
 dealer moved in.

The moment hangs like molasses between them.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
 You absolutely don't think about
 what the pain junkies who bought
 her did before they sold what was
 left to the chop shop.

Leo is waiting, his eyes hard and remorseless.

LEOPARD
 Get outta here kid.

It's a threat. And a question at the same time.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
 Above all, you NEVER make it
 personal...

The A-Boys are getting agitated by the oddness.

Jonny's face tenses. He bites his tongue inside his mouth, a
 trickle of blood escapes as he draws breath.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
 ...personal makes you sloppy.

Leo nods.

The Brawn moves, ready to escort Jonny out, decidedly more
 broken than he came in.

Like the quicksilver fighting a holy war in his neural
 system, Jonny moves, his actions melting into each other.

Jonny draws with one hand a pair of switchblades.

His arm outstretched. A blur of steel.

Schick! The first A-Boy falls.

Schick! The second A-Boy catches the blade in his head, A
 memory of movement dancing in the air.

Jonny is swinging Eleanor up in his other hand, pressing her
 hard against Leo's sweat slick ear.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
Personal makes you slow.

But Leo is already on his gun.

Jonny looks down at Leo, seated on his plasti-leather throne, his glasses are low and he's looking back defiant.

They have each other marked. Guns pressed against each others flesh.

Leo grins, the faint hint of fear on his breath.

Jonny leans in over him, Leo's pistol pressing into his ribs, whispering.

JONNY Z
The last time I saw my sister was
on a screen... in a holo porn shop.
She was nine years old...

Jonny breaths in and the world drops away.

Leo's mouth moves, "I'll pay double. You cant. You wouldn't..." the words fall silent from his lips, as Jonny stares, Leo's eyes searching Jonny's face for any reaction.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
Threats, pleas, excuses.

Leo is the definition of cool, trying to escape the inevitable, as sweat beads on his forehead.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
Some shit never change.

Leo reminds Jonny's ribs of the gun pressed against them.

While the cold steel muzzle of Jonny's Vach is imprinted into Leo's head.

JONNY Z
I'd kill your kind for free. (Beat)
But its not good business.

Leo noting the hesitation senses an opportunity.

LEO
Lets do some business then.

Loosening the grip on his gun Leo prepares to make a deal.

Jonny smiles.

Without hesitation or debate, he squeezes the trigger.

BOOM!

There's a twitch and BLAM! Jonny gasps, holding the pain in.

Leo's head collapses into a vacuum. His skull painted across the back wall of the booth.

Jonny removes himself from over Leo, revealing his fresh but not fatal stomach wound as he does.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
Its a pleasure to take Skinny's
flint though.

Sliding Eleanor away with a wince.

He wipes the blood splatter from his face leaving trails on his skin, like war paint.

Jonny sets to inspecting and stealing the deadman's valuables.

A small intake of breath catches his attention.

A little head pokes from between Leo's legs. A YOUNG GIRL in a collar, her chain winding up to Leo's wrist.

Jonny leans back, pocketing some tech and a few pouches, he studies the child of no more then 4 or 5.

She looks up at the small blood covered boy before her, with imploring eyes.

Jonny takes a knife from Leo and with a flourish stabs it through the chain, splitting the links so that it winds to the ground.

JONNY Z
Good Luck.

Confused the young girl feels the end of her chain.

Holding himself together, Jonny emerges from the booth,

- 54 INT. MAINFRAME: BAR AREA - NIGHT 54
Mac has his bird brain trained on the shadowed figure.
- 55 INT. MAINFRAME: MAIN AREA - NIGHT 55
He carries himself through the Bar, offering Mac a fist, thumb tucked under the fingers.
Hand jive for I'll square up with you later.
- 56 INT. MAINFRAME: BAR AREA 56
Mac nods his consent.
- 57 INT. MAINFRAME: BOOTH ENTRANCE AREA 57
The small girl unnoticed, peaks from the shadows of the booth entrance, watching Jonny walk. She follows.
- 58 INT. MAINFRAME: MAIN AREA 58
Not a single patron makes a sound as the slightly built figure reaches the door.
- 59 INT. MAINFRAME: ENTRANCE AREA 59
Jonny pauses momentarily at the old Jukebox, resting, or maybe just selecting a song. Selecting a track, he takes a few caps, to ease the edge, and turns to leave.
The young girl is on her haunches in front of him, staring.
Jonny opens the door and steps past her into the darkness as the jukebox jumps to life, and the girl nervous watches as Jonny disappears through the closing door.
- 60 EXT. DESOLATE ALLEY - NIGHT 60
Jonny walks up the alley to the sounds of Iggy's "Dog Food" creeping into the night from behind him
"I'm hanging round that same old scene. My Girlfriend Betsy she's just 14..."
Jonny Lights up, shaking his head.

JONNY Z (V.O.)
Some shit never changes.

BRING UP END CREDITS OVER "DOG FOOD"

MAIN CREDITS ROLL TO THE SIDE OFFSET, FEATURING VARIOUS
STILLS AND IMAGES FROM THE FILM.