

LIFECredit

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FADE IN

EXT. ALEXANDRIA, VA — OCTOBER 2025 — NIGHT

Sudden flashing lights appear through the trees with sirens blaring as a humvee quickly approaches from Route 236. It advances, pointing searchlights up the woods. We see a "Milicorp" decal on the door.

Two men in camouflage face paint stand on the edge of the tree line. They nod at each other as they bolt into the woods in opposite directions.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

—They rush through dense trees and foliage, branches smacking at their bodies.

—They slip, slide down the hill and struggle back.

—One man eyes the strobe of lights in the distance behind him and he's forced to continue running.

—The other continues down the hill and disappears

MILICORP OFFICER in pursuit

CUT TO:

MAN RUNNING and looking back

CUT TO:

OFFICER GAINS on him, tackles him down

CUT TO:

They exchange blows but the man overcomes the officer with a punch that sends him careening downhill. He runs uphill, around bushes and reaches an SUV. He leans his panting body against the side door to catch his breath.

He gets in, starts the vehicle. He peels down a gravel road, searches for his companion. He swipes his number across his holo-phone, checks floating hologram above.

He waits, eyes on screen. Nothing.

DRIVER

Hey pick up, Stef! Damn it!
They got him!

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN — LATER

He speeds into town and cruises on the main street.
A Milicorp van appears in his rear view mirror. Emergency lights go on as it draws closer.

He steps on accelerator and races through downtown, police SUV in pursuit.

INSIDE CAR

ANGLE — REAR VIEW MIRROR
POLICE GAINING

P.O.V. from police car following.

He turns sharply, bangs against a parked car, swerves, regains control and continues down the street.

Police follow closely. They turn a corner, officer leans out the window and reveals a digi-gun. He aims through a holo sight hovering above it.

CLOSE ON

Holo sight locks on the target and officer fires laser bolts blowing out his front tire.

Driver loses control, can't hold the turn. He slams into a storefront and bounces out.

ANGLE ON

A plastic gallon jug rolling on the floor with string hanging over the side.

CUT TO:

POLICE S.U.V.

swerves to avoid him and collides head-on with another car making a turn. The people inside are knocked unconscious. Steam billows from grill. The police car tips over on its side, skids to a halt.

CUT TO:

THE DRIVER

recovers and reaches for the jug, grimaces in pain holding his shoulder. He lights the filament, drops the lighter and runs through a service drive.

CUT TO:

DAZED OFFICERS

crawl out. They spot him, take chase and fire laser bolts that wiz overhead. Pursuit ends when they're jolted by a loud explosion. The SUV smolders near the storefront.

The man sprints out of view. Nose bleeding, holding his shoulder, perspiring and panting, he runs two blocks, slips into a restaurant.

CASHIER

Hey, what the...? Sonny, you O.K?
You're bleeding man!

SONNY

I'm O.K. just need to go through.

He hurries through the kitchen, grabs a towel and exits the back way.

OUTSIDE

Sonny swipes his phone and waits.

SONNY

Hey, Stef! Hope you're O.K.
Police almost got me—had to torch
the van. You should report it
stolen—so we're both clean.

He chases and flags down a bus. He slips in, sits next to a fat lady and leans forward, holding the towel to his face. He responds to her gaze with a smile. She cringes, shifts away toward the window.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. HOUSE OFFICE — A MONTH EARLIER — DAY

PAN into entry

Framed diplomas, certificates and photos cover the walls with futuristic desk and holo-terminals in the foreground. We notice SONNY DANIEL graduated from Georgetown U with a Bachelor of Science in Computer Technology in 2021.

ANGLE ON SONNY

We watch the end of exercise drill of curls, chest and leg presses. He wipes his face and neck and sits in front of his elaborate tech module.

His almost 6-ft. well-built frame glides past multiple suspended 3-D holo-images. On an end table we see a picture of him with a lady in a humorous, intimate pose.

ZOOM IN

on photo to the signature of Sonya Peters. He picks up the photo and holds it in a nostalgic way.

SMASH CUT TO:

Sonny and Sonya walking in a park holding hands. Sonny shifts his attention to the sky and gazes upwards. Sonya follows his target to white smoke trails behind jets.

SONYA

What is that, honey? What are you so taken by in the sky?

SONNY

I told you about this before— and you don't acknowledge it. See? Chem-trails! Right before us.

SONYA

I wish you'd worry more about getting a job for our future. I'm tired of all this conspiracy stuff... if you could only focus on...

SONNY

Damn it! You know this is important to me. Look, I see things others ignore, or refuse to see. Lots of people have their head in the sand...

SONYA

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

She pulls her hand from his and backs away.

CUT TO:

BACK TO OFFICE

He puts the picture back. A photo key chain hangs on the frame. Still lost in the memory, he grabs the key chain and fastens it to his own car keys. He spins around to his terminal and logs on.

The CreditCorp home page appears. He punches a password that opens other windows: a letter from Human Assets.

CLOSE ON SUSPENDED IMAGE

Sonny grins while reading the text:

Dear Mr. Daniel,
As one of the youngest graduates
of Georgetown, we are impressed
with your technical skills and
are pleased to invite you to join
our CreditCorp family. Please
download the attached contract
and touch where shown. Welcome to
CreditCorp.

Cordially,
Nancy Wells, HA director

The grin fades at the sight of his holo-phone going on. A
person appears above it. He swipes across the image.

SONNY

Hey, Greg, what's goin on?

GREG

We're meeting tonight—you're
coming, right? Stef will be there.

SONNY

Yeah, what's the topic?

GREG

RFID chipping. Howard is coming
too from Digital Systems.

SONNY

Great! You know how I feel about
chipping. Is Howard O.K.—I mean...
can we trust him with stuff?

GREG

Yeah, I know him a long time. He
loves digging into conspiracy shit.
It's just a job for him over there.
But he found out something he
wants to share.

SONNY

O.K. See you guys later.

Sonny swipes his phone. Greg disappears. About to log off,
he notices a pop-up bubble.

LIFECredit! The ultimate in
credit. Available now! Check it

out. *You Can't Live Without it!*

CUT TO:

INT. STARBUCKS – NIGHT

We follow two men through the door.

GREG

Hey Howard! Glad you're here.

HOWARD

What's up guys? This is Johnny Saleno. Johnny, meet Greg, Stef, and Sonny. You solve all the problems yet?

STEFAN

Not yet, Howard! Waiting for you!

LAUGHTER – Johnny doesn't laugh. Stef stands.

STEFAN

Black for everyone, O.K? If you want additives, you add 'em.

Greg hands out an article "Medical Costs Out of Control."

GREG

Hey, hear the latest? More doctors and hospitals are refusing Medicorp insurance.

SONNY

You surprised? Remember college costs went through the roof about ten years ago because of easy government loans? Ever since business and government slipped under the sheets together...

Stef returns with a tray of coffees.

STEFAN

Jesus! 26 digeros for 5 small coffees! Didn't that buy a couple dinners not long ago?

SONNY

...They were always in cahoots. Now

it's official—nothing to hide.

JOHNNY

Thanks, Stef—I'll get the next one!

HOWARD

Listen up guys. I got the mind bender for you!

He looks cautiously over the neighboring tables.

We're getting contracts for chips—millions of them. IVM formed Digital Systems just last year—we've been hiring like crazy! I'm already a supervisor.

GREG

They're finally doing it.

HOWARD

Forget the I-Phone chips. That was just for commerce. You can't control an I-Phone. The new chips are implants—just under the skin of the right hand. Now you can control the person.

SONNY

I don't know, there's something very wrong with that. Nobody wants an implant—except a heart patient. People will try taking them out.

HOWARD

Not that easy. You touch it with an instrument, or give a local anesthetic, it'll blow up and tear your hand apart.

CUT TO:

SONNY'S PLACE

CLOSE ON SONNY'S FACE

His pupils contract from the added light of the LIFEcredit site. Reflections of images and information dance across his face as he taps incessantly across the keyboard. He grimaces and lips purse as though in a piano concerto.

Amid a wild frenzy, he stops. He looks at Sonya's picture.

SONNY (V.O.)

I can't do this anymore—and risk my new job. And Sonya!

He pauses and reflects. He looks at Sonya again...then the screen. He swerves around and stares at the keyboard.

SONNY (V.O.)

Fuck it!

He skates across the keyboard and taps the final stroke.

There! I'm in.

FULL SCREEN OF LINK

WARNING:

FOR LIFECREDIT ADMINISTRATORS ONLY!
ALL OTHERS EXIT THIS HOME PAGE NOW!
YOU ARE NOT AUTHORIZED TO VIEW THIS!
YOU ARE BEING MONITORED!

A NEW PAGE APPEARS

Attn: Managers and Administrators

Following extensive research, we are ready to launch the only credit product that satisfies global demand: LIFECredit. Read carefully and report to your team leader for program details.

This action will also reduce rampant unemployment. Homeless and unemployed will be hired to work first. And the first Beta subjects will be selected from corpoment workers.

His face registers amazement. He taps his way into more material on other links. His mouth drops in shock.

SONNY (V.O.)

Shit! Just what we've been talking about. It's finally happening. It's LIFECredit!

CUT TO:

EXT. IN FRONT OF HOME — NIGHT

The lights of Sonny's car streak across the mail box of "MAJ. JACK DANIEL." He turns uphill toward the house. He hastily gets out and runs up to the front door through the sudden rain. He leans on the doorbell.

A Milicorp van arrives at the house next door and activates its lights.

JACK

Hey, Sonny! Come out of the rain. You O.K?

What's up at Bokowski's house?

INSIDE

SONNY

Dad! I gotta talk to you!

JACK

Sure, son, what's wrong? Listen! Get comfortable in the kitchen. Your sister's here. Give me a couple minutes. I want to check on Pat. She lives alone.

Eh, Don't go by the computers in the den. They monitor everything and everyone now.

Sonny walks past the den and notices a suspended holographic camera above the desk. He carefully closes the door on his way down the hallway toward the kitchen. He pauses to view some old family pictures as well as Dad's photos with dignitaries.

Showcased in the middle of a grouping is a citation of honorable merit for Jack Daniel in his Marine Corps uniform, dated 2018. Next to it is a recent photo of him and Gen. Trent Larson, with MiliCorp patch on his sleeve.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOKOWSKI HOME

Two officers carry Mrs. Bokowski out. Jack rushes over.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S KITCHEN

SONNY

Hi, Maggie

MAGGIE

What's up Sonny?

SONNY

I got the job at CreditCorp.

MAGGIE

Good for you!

SONNY

How are things at the hospital?

MAGGIE

Same-old, same-old. Running ragged.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOKOWSKI HOME

JACK

Hey, what's going on here? Get your hands off Mrs. Bokowski.

1st OFFICER

Step back sir. MILICorp business.

JACK

Unhand her! Do you know who I am?

2nd OFFICER

No sir, we don't care who you are.

Jack pulls out his I.D. and shoves it under officer's nose.

2nd OFFICER

Release her, Joe.

(to Jack)

Look, sir. She's being evicted. We have our orders. Just doing our job.

JACK

Damn it! Grow some balls and do the right thing! I'm sick and fuckin tired of watching this in my country. Shame on you!

Mrs. Bokowski, let's get out of the rain. You come to my house for now.

MRS. BOKOWSKI

Thank you, Jack. I'm sorry, since Don died...just can't do it any more.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S HOUSE

Jack escorts her to the front room, turns on the holo-screen

and drags it closer. Sonny brings her coffee and a shawl.

JACK

Edith made this before I lost her.
Believe me, I know the feeling of
loss. You relax and we'll figure
something out.

IN THE KITCHEN

MAGGIE

Another foreclosure! Will it ever
end? Look, dad I have to go. I start
at 5 a.m. tomorrow—thanks for dinner.
(to Sonny)
See you around, bro.

SONNY

Night, Maggie.

ABOVE KITCHEN TABLE SONNY

reaches for a cold juice from a suspended refrigerated shelf.
Jack glides by the sink on a segue chair, stops across Sonny.

SONNY

What will you do with her?

JACK

I don't know, I'll arrange something.
The elite have everything. CEOs can
enjoy private jets but Mrs. Bokowski
must lose her home!

So! what's your problem—why you all
wound up?

SONNY

Listen, Dad, something scary is
going on at CreditCorp—

JACK

Did you get the job? Russell told me
you were the best candidate, and...

SONNY

...I know—I'm starting next week.
That's not the problem. It's what I
found out checking the administrative
site—you won't believe...

JACK

You what? You're not supposed to be on that site! They know instantly when someone hacks...

SONNY

Dad! I know what to do. Hacking is an art—And I'm good at it. Now would you stop and just listen?

He rolls the cold bottle across his forehead. Jack gives him a worried look. He grabs Sonny's key chain.

JACK

Sonny, watch yourself. You just got this job. What do you care what they're doing?

(pointing to Sonya's picture)

Worry about this! She's pretty. I do want grandkids—in this life!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP — DAY

SONNY

...No way, Sonya! North Africa was destroyed by the West—country after country. The dictatorships had to go. We're giving the Muslim world the green light to extend their kingdom beyond the Middle East. Syria and Iran will become stronger.

SONYA

O.K. Why?

SONNY

Because this is Obrahma's foreign policy. Raise the standards and power of oppressed countries and lower our own! It's payback for the oppression of colonialism and dictatorships of the last century...

SONYA

...But Sonny...

SONNY

...and it creates an equal playing

field for the new world order.

SONYA

Sonny, you know what? You're paranoid. When did you start this conspiracy crap? You keep talking like that, you may get hurt—or arrested! I can't deal with this!

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S HOUSE

SONNY

...O.K. Dad, We'll get to that. But CreditCorp is into some weird shit. They started this LIFEcredit—you know about this?

JACK

That's right. They just changed their name to LIFEcredit this month, just two years after digitizing our monetary system with the DIGERO which replaced the dollar. All so fast.

SMASH CUT TO:

PEDESTRIAN P.O.V. of high-rise scaffold changing the signage to LIFEcredit at the top of the tower.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S HOUSE

JACK (Cont'd)

I remember sitting in a meeting about this idea. I just transferred from the Marines into Security at Credit Corp.—a plum assignment. I didn't make much of it.

SONNY

Well, it's no longer an idea. It's here now. And there's an injection: The LV-140 Vaccine, an advanced version of the RFID.

JACK

What injection? What do you mean?

SONNY

Dad, the homeless and unemployed are already being chipped and working at LIFEcredit to recruit other subjects. I saw a list of trial Beta subjects; they're starting to chip the public! Dad, when you told me not to go into your den, I shut the door for privacy. Now, chipping does away with doors and walls. Privacy is a thing of the past!

They say the chip PROLONGS LIFE—I don't know how that works but MediCorp labs has been working on this for several years. Anyway, you pay it back with years of service from your added life.

JACK

What? How? By doing what?

SONNY

Working for the Corpoment. Meantime LIFEcredit pays off all your debts. Your GMV (Genetic Map Vaccine) tells them how long you're going to live...

JACK

...You're just guessing—how do know...

SONNY

...Your payroll check is deposited in your CHIP. But your spending is now monitored, so you're expected to keep a positive earning/debt ratio.

JACK

So, that's the answer to runaway debt! It's like a reverse mortgage, except instead of giving your house away you give the only collateral you have left: Your life.

They will own us. What's the point of the extra life if they chip you? Game over. I can't believe this!

SONNY

Dad! This country is full of poor people—under water with debt! But now, the banks come to the rescue to make credit work again.

Jack rises, paces around the kitchen favoring his right leg.

SONNY

How's your hip, Dad?

JACK

I keep reliving the terrorist blast at the base. It feels like they didn't get all the shrapnel. I don't think it'll get any better.

SONNY

Dad, I need to tell you, when I accessed the Beta subjects, the name Johnny Saleno came up. I know Johnny—he already works for LIFEcredit. So, now they're recruiting beyond the homeless.

JACK

I can check him out. Who is he?

SONNY

I see him every month when we talk about conspiracies. Why does his name and photo pop up on the home page and links? Let me know what you find out.

CUT TO:

INT. SONNY'S PLACE — NIGHT

HE LOGS ONTO CREDIT AND BANKS — TRIGGERS Q TUBE VIDEOS

MONTAGE — SERIES OF VIDEO CLIPS

NATURAL DISASTERS around the world IN 2017.
Scenes of hurricanes, tornadoes, earthquakes, Tsunamis,
floods and snow/ice storms throughout the planet.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The human response is no match for the
fury of violent weather. Major coastal

towns and harbors are totally destroyed. And the cost of life and property is unimaginable. Add the disasters with tornadoes, earthquakes and other storms, the rebuilding of infrastructure brings with it a daunting price tag.

IMAGES OF SECRET GOVERNMENT INSTALLATION
OF HARP Nestled in a remote wooded area in Alaska

NARRATOR (V.O.)

HARP. High-Frequency Auroral Research Program. Now under EcoCorp, HARP began its work in 1993. Its focus is weather manipulation, communication disruptions and missile defense.

SOMEWHERE IN VIRGINIA, 2017 – DAY

Massive quake occurs near posh town centre. People are frantically running; a lone man starts screaming at them as a deep fissure opens up in the ground between them.

MAN

Come over here by me if you want to live. Stand by the franchises and be protected.

Puzzled by his yelling, one man decides to join him leaping the fissure and rolling on the ground. They both yell at the others. One-man yells back at them.

OTHER MAN

Who are you? You crazy? You don't stand near buildings in a quake.

MAN

It's HARP man! They're using radio waves to create this quake; they won't destroy their own buildings.

The others quickly leap over, leaving the other man behind. At that moment the ground on that side of the fissure violently gives way and collapses. The man screams in terror as he plummets into the chasm.

The others gaze in shock.

MAN

I told you, it's HARP! They can use

the same radio waves on our chips. Remember when they sprayed chemical trails in the skies? Nobody believed it then, but eventually, it was exposed. They sprayed toxic chemicals like aluminum, manganese and antimony into our air to thicken it—and make it a better conductor for HARP to bounce radio waves off our metal sky. They can transmit radio waves to local holo-phone towers—down to our chips!

OTHER MAN

Holo-phones? What chips?

THE 1913 JECKYL ISLAND MEETING
FORMATION OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE BANK

NARRATOR (V.O.)

More than 100 years ago elitists met off the Georgia coast and embarked on a program of world government. Secret societies were formed to advance this plan in installments. They're still with us today to move this agenda.

NAZI STRATEGY ROOM — 1944

High ranking officials debate execution of their plans in front of a huge map of Europe on the wall.

SONNY (V.O.)

What does Nazi Germany have to do with credit?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

By this time the Nazi propaganda machine developed deception and lies into an art form. The natural inclination to trust orders met with the ultimate betrayal.

Aided by the Punch Card System developed by Herman Kollerith, the founder of IVM, workers and prisoners were organized according to skills and needs for building the war machine.

CONCENTRATION CAMP SCENE

Weary prisoners file orderly and obey screaming commands.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They were told to deposit their valuables and jewelry and they would get them later; they were told to hang up their clothing on hooks and remember the number to reclaim later; they separated families and told them they would be reunited later. Later never came.

1943 MASSACRE IN GREECE

Nazis disarm Italian allies during their occupation of a Greek island and lead them near a church. A Nazi officer is seen pleading with the Italian officers.

ITALIAN COMMANDER

Why you take our guns? Are we prisoners now?

OFFICER

Of course not! We are taking over the occupation. Lay down your arms for an orderly transition. You won't need them any more. In a few days you will all go home.

Italian soldiers are disarmed and herded in groups. We witness a systematic slaughter of 5,000 Italian soldiers.

OFFICER

Raise your hand if you are wounded and we will help you.

Those who could raise their hand were shot again.

END MONTAGE

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON SCREEN

In a secure site, a relative topics screen pops up with Saleno's name with caption "*Construction worker*"—Beta subject, *Highly Classified*.

HIS PICTURE assembles above his console drawing Sonny's attention. Sonny continues to stare at it.

CLOSE ON FACE

Saleno's face begins to break apart as metallic colored

pixels disconnect and swirl around. Sonny is riveted by the hypnotic rotation.

A REVOLVING BALL of illuminated colored chips...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JOHNNY SALENO'S HOME, SPRINGFIELD, VA - DAY

...IS REASSEMBLED in the real person of Johnny Saleno sitting with his daughter on his couch in front of the holo-screen.

Johnny looks at TV showing a smiling family, a home and a car in the background. An ad jingle plays.

SONG IN

Life Credit, Oh, Life Credit.

SONG fades to B.G.

TV VOICE (V.O.)

Tired of having nothing, living
day to day in fear? That can all
change by calling LIFEcredit.
Change your life forever—Time's
NOT on your side.

SONG IN AGAIN

Life Credit, Oh Life Credit,
Credit...Liiiiiiife.

A SERIES OF CUTS

--A man throwing a Frisbee to a dog in a field

--Couples happily walking together in the park

--Food vendors selling hot dogs and snow cones

Commercial message fades leaving LIFEcredit logo on screen.

CUT TO:

INT. SONNY'S HOUSE - DAY

SONNY ends pull ups in his makeshift workout corner. He grimaces and strains to do more.

He jumps down, wraps towel around his neck and punches a number on his cell and waits.

SONNY

Hello, Dad? Did you get my message?

JACK

Hi, Sonny, I'm glad you called. I'm worried. This is dangerous. Don't meddle with these people. We both have good jobs...

SONNY

Dad! You didn't see what I saw. Everyone gets chipped—us included.

JACK

Anyway, I found out Saleno is invited to the evening Open House at LIFECredit. He's Bob Walton, the Head of State's nephew.

SONNY

Whoa, this is big! They're not wasting time. Johnny's their Poster Boy. I know he was in a dead-end job—I left messages but haven't heard from him. Does Bob know?

JACK

I'll look into it—don't have a good feeling about this—call you back.

CUT TO:

BEHIND HIGH RISE BUILDING
CREDITCORP INSCRIBED ON CORNERSTONE

A dapper, well-dressed man exits a rear door and walks in the dark alley toward a parked car.

He suddenly collides with an indigent man trying to stay on his feet. He holds a mangled right hand, blood oozing from his wrist. He falls to the ground, screaming in pain.

HOMELESS MAN

I did it! I got it out!
You're not putting it back!
Get the fuck away from me!

We see the gentleman's neatly combed hair, but face is in the shadows. He helps the man sit against the wall, wraps his wrist with his hankie.

HOMELESS MAN

What you doin? Who are you?

GENTLEMAN

Just take it easy, trying to help..

The man crawls away and stares accusingly at the gentleman.

HOMELESS MAN

Leave me alone—not putting
that back in me, I..

He rolls to the ground holding on to his disfigured hand. The gentleman bends down and pries open his other fist. Inside he sees a tiny microchip. He brings the bloody chip closer and stares at it in disbelief.

GENTLEMAN (V.O.)

You poor son-of-a-bitch! Couldn't
wait to get it out.

The man babbles incoherently and passes out. Onlookers are drawn as the gentleman checks his pulse. He stands away from the body and eyes the gathering crowd.

ONLOOKER

Hey, you! What did you do to him?

Others yell at the gentleman. He rushes into the building.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. ROSWELL, NM — JULY 2, 1947 - DUSK

A thunderous set of crashes permeates the open range emitting strobe-like flashes surrounded by black smoke.

The better part of an egg-shaped craft rests in a blackened depression, sections strewn around exposing the interior. Inside, a suspended sphere rotates. Its multi-faceted prisms emit a strobe of blue light throughout the field.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEARBY RANCH PERIMETER

Half mile up the high ground, a rancher stands at the top ridge of a fenced area with arms akimbo. A fading indigo

and orange horizon draws his attention, leaving in its wake a darkening star-filled sky.

The smoke settles in the field below. The rancher notices a bluish-white pulsating light from the distant site.

RANCHER (V.O.)

Shit, I'm not in the mood for
this—must be half hour away.
What the hell is it?

He starts walking on a downhill stretch and strides slowly across the plain. No one else is around.

Tired and sweaty, he removes his hat. He pulls his long stringy hair back and strokes his full beard. He slides down the pit to the wreckage.

He finds nothing inside EXCEPT Strong magnetic currents pull him closer to a rotating hologram. He touches the hologram. Shafts of eerie blue light reach out and wrap around his 175 lb. frame. He stands surrounded by a shroud of colored lights, his face contorts, twitches.

ANGLE ON

A parade of cars lights up the field from the dirt road above. County sheriff's emblems are on the doors. Troopers arrive at the wreckage. Their multi-colored hazard lights blend with the piercing holo-lights from the pit.

They spot a man lying amid crushed foil-like metal, debris and smoldering ashes near a strange contraption. The unconscious man is loaded into an ambulance.

An unmarked sedan pulls up. Two men in suits exit car.

They approach the sheriff and flash NSA badges.

AGENT

I'm special Investigator Faldo.
My partner, Field Agent Subia.
When did you boys get here?

SHERIFF

About 10 minutes. We found this
guy inside the wreck.

FALDO

Did you talk to him?

SHERIFF

No, he was unconscious.

FALDO

We'll take it from here, sheriff.

CUT TO:

INT. CORONA HOSPITAL - NIGHT

AIDS WHEEL RANCHER into examining room and summon a doctor. One agent looks on. The other stands guard outside curtain.

DOCTOR

Subject is Caucasian, appears to be in shock; approximate age 38-40; 1st degree burns on arms and neck; no other visible injuries. There is a 10mm incision on his neck.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - ARMY AIR FIELD BASE - NEXT MORNING

The rancher is escorted by a military guard to a seat near a long metal table.

Sitting across are the two men with closed folders.

RANCHER

What happened? Where am I?

1ST MAN

What's your name sir?

RANCHER

Samuel L. Smithens. Who are you?

1ST MAN

(flashes badge)

Mr. Smithens, we're NSA agents and this is the Army Air Field Base.

2ND AGENT

The county sheriff's deputies found you unconscious at the site.

SAM

Yeah! What WAS that?

2ND AGENT

We're hoping you can tell us.

What do you remember?

SAM

Strong blinking lights—and lot of heat. There was a big hole in the ground and colored lights swirling around! And a lot of smoke—hard to see anything with the bright lights.

The agents smile and nod in apparent agreement to Sam's recollections. Both open folders eager to explain further.

1ST AGENT

Well, Mr. Smithens, you stumbled on the first U.S. experimental weather satellite launched just 3 months ago. Vanguard I was sending useful data on cloud measurements.

2ND AGENT

But the guidance malfunctioned and Cape Canaveral lost control.

1ST AGENT

Everyone thought it would stay out there forever, but it must have tracked a new trajectory and found its way back. Our job is recovery of unit and recording devices. Weather tracking systems are classified. Here, look at these.

Both agents produce photographs and drawings of Vanguard I, a rectangular foil-covered device with extended panels, legs, flood lamps and probes. Sam slips on a pair of glasses, looks at photos and brings them closer.

He displays no visible recognition.

Agents exchange glances.

1ST AGENT

The strong lights you remember are actually flood lamps reflecting from foil panels—which can blind anybody.

Sam nods to the details about the lights and foil.

Mr. Smithens, you suffered shock

and 1st degree burns. You've had quite a day. Go home and get some rest. This will all be behind you.

2ND AGENT

Do you remember anything else?

Sam shakes his head.

2ND AGENT

If you think of anything, call this number. Now please sign this form attesting to what we've been discussing to the best of your recollection.

Without reading anything, he picks up the pen and swishes a mark with a sweep of his hand.

1ST AGENT

A word of caution: We urge you not to discuss this experience with anyone, including friends and media. Weather monitoring technology is still classified by the government.

SAM

Sure.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AN AMERICAN HOME - MORNING - 1949

A man and woman in a kitchen. She sorts the mail. The man is on the phone.

MAN

Yes, I've received many of these in the mail, maybe yours is in here...How does this work again? You will give me A CREDIT CARD to buy things and pay later in small amounts?...

The woman listens intently as she walks over and kisses him on the cheek while placing an envelope in front of him.

I don't understand, I already

work and earn money and pay
for the things we need... I'm not
really interested in this.

The man hangs up, opens envelope in front of him and looks
up inquiringly at his wife.

WOMAN

Honey, take a look inside. I
think it's in there.

MAN

Oh, alright Mary.

He slowly removes a thick card with a series of numbers on
the front over a faint pyramid and a unique emblem on it.

PACE BANK is printed across the top. He has a look of
shock. Woman smiles, reads letter.

MARY

See honey, this card reminds me
of the dollar bill—like money!
The letter says we can buy anything
for the house, the kids and for
ourselves—and only pay \$10 per month!

MAN

Get in the car kids, let's see what
this credit thing is all about.

The children giggle and join the excitement.

INSIDE CAR

MARY

Harry, I'm so excited about this...

HARRY

Don't get crazy on me, we're just
going to check this out, O.K?

Their 1947 Ford pulls out into the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. LARGE STOREFRONT

Car quietly rolls to the curb. BEN'S FURNITURE sign
stretches across the top. They approach the window to look.
SALESMAN opens front door, greets them.

SALESMAN

Welcome to Ben's Furniture!

HARRY

Hi, we just want to look around for a few minutes. We're not buying anything now.

SALESMAN

Why not come inside? That's where the furniture is!

Machine gun laughter peals out, humor escaping the family. The tall, bald salesman gets hold of himself.

CUT TO:

INSIDE

MARY

Oh, honey look at this ensemble! It would really make the TV room!
(to salesman)
Does the \$395 include all pieces?

SALESMAN

Yes, ma'am. You get 2 couches, the coffee table and the end tables.

HARRY

That's still a lot of money! I'm going out to get some air.

OUTSIDE

Harry pulls out the credit card and looks at it again, confused. The salesman follows him out.

SALESMAN

It's Harry, right? Hey, that's a new credit card. You have one!

HARRY

Yes, it is. I still don't understand how I can buy things with this card.

SALESMAN

Listen, it's true. You can! It's brand new. You can use it like money and pay back a little at a time.

HARRY

I don't know. I want to think on

this. We'll be back.

INSIDE

Both look over at his excited wife. She walks over to them.

SALESMAN

Look, I'll include the 2 lamps
for the end tables!

MARY

Oh, honey!

Sales manager saunters over to join them. He pulls out a similar credit card from his pocket with Pace Bank on it.

SALES MANAGER

Harry, see? look at this! I have one too! You save your money, and pay a little each month for the things you need. This is the future, Harry.

Harry signs the paper work.

SALES MANAGER

It will change your life forever.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LIFECREDIT HEADQUARTERS — PRESENT — DAY

ANGLE ON high-rise building with "LIFECredit" at the top.

INSIDE OFFICE

Three well-dressed men are talking in a plush office.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE OFFICE DOWN THE CORRIDOR

Jack Daniel replaces cover on alarm panel. He hears loud conversation down the hall. He looks around, walks softly and leans toward the crack of an open door.

CUT TO:

INSIDE OFFICE

Three men stand in a tight triangle. They talk unusually loud, often over one another.

DOMINIC DE LEON: the apparent leader, a robust man with

cleft chin, chiseled features, cold blue eyes with thick salt and pepper layered hair, tapered military sidewalls, secured in the back with a small pony tail. He appears to be holding his breath, sucking it in to look thinner.

ZACHARY OZARENSTEIN: A charismatic, handsome but cold and calculating type with bright round eyes, dark slicked back hair. He points when he talks, his tone often accusatory.

BOB WALTON: A tall, dapper banker type with neatly combed hair and a perpetual smile.

ZACH

...Dominic, I can't agree with this.
This is not what we talked about...

DOMINIC

...Damn it! We have to deliver the first 2,500 this year. How else can we do this? We call in the marginal people who exceed their limit and whose credit falls below 696. Life extension's out.

BOB

This year? I thought we had five years to comply with their program. When did that change? How can we renege on our promise? Zach, do you know about this?

ZACH

Yes, I saw the H-mail this morning about the time line.

DOMINIC

Why weren't we copied?

ZACH

Because of security—and I'm the contact person, remember? I told Bob right away and he called this meeting. There is something else we need to discuss.

BOB

What?

ZACH

Well, how do we handle breaking up families?

DOMINIC

You're right. We have to get the whole board in on this one. By the way, who sent the H-mail?

ZACH

Someone named LEDO. He's our only contact. I saw him from a distance. Did you guys ever meet him?

DOMINIC

Yes, I did. He's brilliant and decisive. He has the highest authority, even higher than ours.

Look, I know we promised life extensions. But the timeline's changed. We can't control that. Remember, we have to comply with their demands to secure our own longevity. We need to see this program through.

But we can't say that life extension is not included. Our contact will provide a vaccine that enhances vitality only for about 3 months—the time they start to access LIFEcredit.

Let's meet this mysterious LEDO. Maybe we can work closer with him and learn more. Would he accept our invitation?

ZACH

I'll get on it right away. Since they entrusted us with holography and life enhancement, let's figure out their angle on all this. They didn't come here just to GIVE us technology!

Actually, we can't lose. People's appetite for wanting things is never satisfied.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE OFFICE

JACK loses balance and leans on the door causing it to close. A loud clang echoes down the hallway.

INSIDE OFFICE

The conversation stops. They look at one another.

OUTSIDE OFFICE

JACK hurries down the long corridor favoring his right leg.

THE THREE MEN

rush out of the office.

THEY SEE JACK DANIEL

struggling to the end of the hall and turning the corner.

DOMINIC

Wasn't that Jack Daniel?

ZACH

He was at the door listening!

DOMINIC

We can't allow this. This is serious. He shouldn't have heard any of this. Damn!

BOB

Dominic, let me talk with him first. He can be sworn to secrecy.

Bob rushes out to find Jack. Dominic shakes his head.

DOMINIC

Jack's a problem that has to go away—and soon.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT

Bob bursts outside yelling and waving at Jack. Jack speeds out of the parking lot. He sees Bob in the mirror.

CUT TO:

INT. SONNY'S PLACE — DUSK

ANGLE on holo-phone. It rings and rings and finally goes into voice mail. Jack's portrait assembles over it.

JACK

(shaky voice)

Sonny, need to see you right away!
We have to talk. Call me ASAP.
I'll try your mobile—this whole
program is a scam. There's more you
need to know...in case something
happens to me, son.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DENNY'S CAFÉ — NIGHT

We follow a waiter holding an enormous tray of plates.

CLOSE ON

an adjacent table where Sonny and an attractive lady are
enjoying drinks amid lively conversation.

SONNY

Sonya, Glad you could make it
tonight. I do miss you. The last
time we saw each other I—understand
why you left.

SONYA

Well, It's good to see you in better
spirits. Great to hear you finally
got work. How's your new job?

SONNY

Great. I did it! I was coming for
you next. You're looking at The IT
Guru at CreditCorp. Since we broke up
I used to work at MediaCorp, but you
know, my real love was always
technology. How about you? Didn't get
to ask you about your new position.

SONYA

Well, I've been with Pace Bank for
six years, now. Just made V.P. of
Consumer Affairs. I've created my
own position since I implemented
the Credit Program for Kids, I do
speaking engagements on Credit, to
our new generation.

SONNY

Congratulations, you did it! What

does the bank think of LIFEcredit?

SONYA

I've already spoken about the program and Project 696: A New beginning with new credit scores issued to everyone. They love it!

By the way, at MediaCorp did you get to know Stefan, eh I can't remember his last name..

SONNY

Yeah! You mean Spano?

SONYA

Yeah, that's it. I met him in connection with an ad campaign for the bank. Do you know him?

SONNY

Sure, I see him often...

Sonny hears a beep in his pocket. He pulls out his holo-phone and notices it's dark. He touches and swipes areas, but nothing happens.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. JACK DANIEL'S HOUSE — SAME TIME

JACK RUSHES in, locks door. He looks out the window.

We see him pick up his landline and punch a number. A holo-phone nearby lights up and waits for the voice mail.

HE TALKS for several minutes while walking and gesturing with the other hand.

CUT TO:

DENNY'S CAFÉ

SONNY

...sorry, my phone just died!—Yeah, we went to college together. Stef's a good writer! We still meet and talk about things... We're still close—like us! What happened to us anyway?

SONYA

I don't know, it seemed your
conspiracies took center stage...

SONNY

That's funny, I thought the same
about you—always tied to having
a plan. But I learned one thing.

SONYA

What's that?

SONNY

That won't happen again. I promise.

He stares into her eyes and grabs her hands. She tightens
her grip in return and smiles.

An eco-server robot suddenly interrupts with interactive
suspended touch screen menu. "Touch selection to enter
order directly to the kitchen." They punch their order.

CUT TO:

OLD BROWNSTONE BUILDING

Sonya gets out of taxi, walks up small stairway to the
front door of her unit.

INSIDE

Sonya dead-bolts the door behind her. She walks through the
kitchen, into the bedroom peeling off her clothes until
completely naked. She pulls the shade up and basks in the
moonlight, hugging herself and smiling. She glides into the
closet and emerges with sexy silk teddy. She dances toward
the bed and slips under the covers smiling while pressing a
holo-button floating near her nightstand.

When the holo-screen appears, she uses her remote device to
enlarge and float the screen to a comfortable distance at
the end of the bed.

A coarser image of Sonny in a tux at a lively wedding,
comes into focus.

SONYA

Oh, my God! Ha...ha, look at us at
the wedding! O.K. Let's dance!

The screen suddenly displays a wooden dance floor. She sees
herself twirling around with Sonny. Their heads kick back,

they spin faster and faster towards an immense wedding cake behind them in the B.G.

As they are about to crash into the cake, the wedding party releases a loud gasp. But Sonny stops suddenly and spins Sonya in the air just inches from the cake's edge, in a theatrical maneuver. He leans into her, bending her back for a ballroom finish to the delight of the guests. Holding her tightly, he whispers softly.

SONNY

We will do this at our wedding.

Sonya draws a silk pillow to her bosom, smiles with tears in her eyes. She shuts the screen and the room dims.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. DOWNTOWN ALEXANDRIA — MORNING

ANGLE ON Jack Daniel coming out of Panera with coffee in hand. He looks at the time: 8:45 a.m. He swipes Sonny's number as he crosses Freedom Pkwy. Screen shows call can't be completed. He loses the call.

HORNS BLOW and Jack shuffles away from oncoming traffic.

ANGLE ON

front entrance of LIFEcredit. He steps down the curb on a service drive, his focus still on his holo-phone.

SWISH PAN TO:

TRIANGULAR GRILL OF TALL INTERNATIONAL garbage truck coming out of service drive.

Jack reaches middle of drive.

THE TRUCK ACCELERATES out into the open.

WOMAN

Ahhhh! look out!

Jack's head turns quickly, frozen in terror, drops coffee.

CLOSE ON

TRUCK slamming into Jack's legs and running over his body.

CLOSE ON JACK'S HOLO-PHONE

Bounces under the truck across the service drive, slides and settles against the wall of an adjacent building under some debris. Traffic stops and passersby pause in horror.

The driver climbs down and checks under the cab.

DRIVER

I didn't see him!
He walked right in front!
I DIDN'T SEE HIM!

CUT TO:

EXT. ACCIDENT SCENE — NEXT MORNING

Sonny parks in the same service drive. He stares with disbelief at the MediaCorp front page video in his phone.

GARBAGE TRUCK KILLS MILICORP MAJOR

In a freak accident yesterday,
Maj. Jack Daniel was run over
by an EcoCorp garbage truck...

He gets out and walks toward the sidewalk by the end of driveway. Head bowed in deep thought, he wipes his watery eyes and punches his father's number.

HE HEARS his ringtone both in his own phone AND near him. He follows the sound and discovers Jack's red phone at the end of the drive near a building under some debris.

SONNY

Holy shit!

He punches in holo mail and recognizes Jack's message to himself. Sonny listens while cupping his other ear.

C.U. ON SONNY'S FACE

Expressions range from surprise to anger to outrage.

CUT TO:

INT. LIFECREDIT HEADQUARTERS — DAY

INSIDE SONNY'S OFFICE

He checks his holo-pad for the latest news and views an op-ed piece by Stefan Spano:

LIFECREDIT NOT A SLAM-DUNK

Concerns over too much control by

Corpoments are keeping some people away from signing onto LIFEcredit. "It's a great program," says Ted Bruno, chair of Individual Rights Council (IRC), "but the concept of chipping violates whatever rights we have left."

Sonny pulls up Stef's H-mail and shoots out a message.

SONNY

Hey Stef, this is Sonny. Before my dad was killed, I had lunch with Sonya Peters. Remember her? She said she knows you. Let's get together this week. I found my dad's phone—something you need to hear. Later.

He mechanically taps on a Q Tube bookmark to trigger other videos in the library.

INTERNET VIDEO MONTAGE:

RFID Chip Technology Gathers Momentum in the New Century."
A circa 2006 video clip of filmmaker Adrien Kusso.

KUSSO

...Implanted chips are linked to a database which monitors all activities. If there is protest or challenge to a transaction, the chip is turned off, and you will have nothing.

A VIDEO CLIP OF CHURCH PASTOR BEHIND PULPIT

The One World Order is here! We will all be chipped in the right hand—and this, my friends, is the mark of the beast 666 exactly as written in Revelation.

My brothers and sisters, our rights are eroding before our eyes. We now fear our government more than any other peril.

IN 2017 A NEWS ANCHOR RELEASES details of economic chaos. IMAGES of weather-created disasters around the world.

We see market global charts plummeting close to zero. Trading floors turn violent and fortunes evaporate.

NEWS ANCHOR

We bring you an update on unprecedented disasters and internal financial woes everywhere. New earthquakes, aftershocks and tsunamis devastate residential areas across the world. In the last three years the economic turmoil reached panic levels. Governments are near bankruptcy as disaster funds are depleted.

NEWS ANCHOR FADES
CONTINUING DISASTER IMAGES

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Countries begged for unity. By 2021 the Asian-Pacific Union was formed. The North American Union finally became public knowledge after years of secrecy. Other regional unions followed. In 2022 the system is digitized, the Fed issues the Digerio, simplifying creation of money.

THE SMOKE CLEARS TO REVEAL LIFECREDIT TOWER
AT ITS OWN STREET 696 EVOLUCIONE AVENUE

NARRATOR (Cont'd)

The alliance between government and corporations creates LIFEcredit and six components: CreditCorp, MediaCorp, TransCorp, MiliCorp, EcoCorp and MediCorp.

Just as nations at the brink of chaos, willingly gave up sovereignty, people too, will give up their rights willingly and await the chip that promises relief.

END MONTAGE

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE — DAY

Johnny punches in "Origin of Credit-United States" in Q-tube. The front page image of Roswell Daily Record appears with the official story about an alleged UFO crash in 1947.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

What's this got to do with credit?

He reads the story:

An examination by the army revealed that mysterious object found on a lonely New Mexico ranch by foreman Mac Brazel, was a harmless high-altitude weather balloon. Excitement was high until Major J. Marcel and Gen. M. Ramey, commander of the Eighth Air Force, cleared up the mystery.

In another relative topics screen:

In 1948 the first bank credit card debuted in New York's Franklin National Bank for bank customers only. By the following year Diners Club members numbered 20,000...

Amused and confused, Johnny logs off and leaves house.

CUT TO:

ABOVE THE KEYBOARD an instant Holo alert appears.
Johnny, This is Sonny. You heard about my father's death yesterday. I've been tracking your enrollment in LIFEcredit.

I know you're struggling, but don't do it! Don't sign up. It's very dangerous—found out some things you need to know. Gotta talk to you before you go. Call me when you get this. I'm trying to save your life!

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY IN FRONT OF HOUSE

Johnny happily walks toward his car. A horseshoe of hair covers his ears. His shirt sports the logo "LIFEcredit." His stocky 5'9" figure slips into an old Nissan coupe.

JOHNNY(V.O.)

I have to look at the BIG PICTURE: my family and our future. I'm among the first employed do this. Maybe I'll get some media focus!

INT. JOHNNY'S CAR

He swipes his holo-phone to read the letter:

Congratulations! You've made a wise decision. You're scheduled for the evening Open House on Wednesday.

Bring this letter with you.

EXT. ANGLE ON CAR

Johnny backs out into the street. We follow his car merging into the freeway. A sign points toward Alexandria.

INSIDE CAR

Johnny's phone plays "Give me Everything" by Pit Bull.

JOHNNY

Hi, sweetie...

WOMAN'S VOICE

Where did you go? Supper's ready and you're not even here...

JOHNNY

Sorry, Dawn, I'm going to headquarters for an Open House—something is going on. It's great news, I'll explain later...

DAWN

What's goin' on? Tell me now!

JOHNNY

Our debts will go away tomorrow! We'll have a new life—I'll tell you everything when I get back. I even get a big bonus! Love you.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

How did we get to owe so much? 2 mortgages, college loans, car note and 5 credit cards! But all that is forgiven tomorrow! I can fix the house and get a new car—what I earn can be mine again!

Johnny takes Alexandria exit and merges into Freedom Pkwy. We follow him pull into the building's parking lot.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE — SAME TIME

Sonny presses doorbell and Dawn opens the door partially.

SONNY

Hi, Dawn. I need to see Johnny.

It's very important.

DAWN

Sonny! You just missed him. He's
on his way to an open house.

Sonny turns, runs back to his car and drives off.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIFECREDIT HEADQUARTERS — NIGHT

ANGLE ON

JOHNNY behind the imposing glass doors. He notices movement of people coming to the door. They are waiting for him—somber men in dark suits donning sleek aero headsets. They greet Johnny and take him toward another building.

INSIDE

We notice a sign with arrow: To Building X. A few yards later a thick, dark wooden door opens leading into an Old-World office wrapped in mahogany paneled walls and high coffered ceiling. They stand on the herringbone patterned floor, waiting.

Among the group a dark figure approaches Johnny. He has piercing eyes with slick salt and pepper hair. He eyes Saleno with admiration.

DOMINIC

Welcome, Mr. Saleno. You are among the first to pave the way for more to follow. Indeed, an historic event. Your Uncle BOB is very proud of you too. I want you to meet the team who'll walk you through all the great features.

They walk past the "Prediction Central" sign and a maze of cubicles appear before them in an expansive "White Room."

Workers at the terminals poke their heads around the partitions for a quick peak and turn to their consoles.

ANGLE ON

a doorway. Sonny peers into the room, spots Johnny walking away. He loses him.

On his way out he sees digital tethers activate around the workers. They appear robotic-like, with headsets.

SONNY (V.O.)

They look strangely sad.

The receptionist notices Sonny's presence.

RECEPTIONIST

Good morning, can I help you? Do you have your appointment letter?

SONNY

(shows I.D.)

Oh, I work at IT. Thought I'd come and check out the new program.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, Mr. Daniel. Today's session is for those who've already enrolled. Across the hall an orientation session has begun. You can attend that one.

SONNY

O.K. Sounds great...

He spots Johnny entering an office at the end of the hall.

SONNY

Hey, I know that guy...Johnny!
Johnny Saleno!

Johnny looks around, already nervous. He turns to see who shouted his name. He is ushered into Prediction Central.

RECEPTIONIST

Stop that! You can't yell in here like that. Sir, You need to leave!

SONNY

O.K. Sorry!—just got excited—haven't seen Johnny in a long time.

Sonny shuffles off, makes his way to another hall. Dominic De Leon recognizes him and points him out to Bob.

DOMINIC

What's he doing here?

BOB

He works here!

DOMINIC

We can't take chances with him.

BOB

That's our new I.T. director. Look, he's going to orientation. He is our TECH after all!

DOMINIC

I don't know.

INSIDE AUDITORIUM - ORIENTATION

Sonny sits among several hundred enthusiastic subjects. The conversations stop when a well-dressed man lifts his arms for their attention. The LIFEcredit logo hangs behind him.

PRESENTER

...so, recently, we have all been losing our sense of security and confidence. Even those of us who are conservative and responsible with our assets, have suffered great economic hardship. But all that can end soon...

CUT TO:

INT. PREDICTION CENTRAL OFFICE

Johnny is escorted through a long corridor. Several offices line the hall on each side. One of the offices displays a sign above "Predicted." Johnny gives it a quizzical look. He reads "Predictor" on the tag of a man.

PREDICTOR

Well, Mr. Saleno, come on in and have a seat. My name is Martin. So, how do you feel about this?

JOHNNY

I'm pretty excited so far.

Martin presents a variety of holo data in multiple screens hovering in the air. He maneuvers them around in the air like a magician to showcase what he wants to show.

MARTIN

So, Johnny, let's first take a look at your finances. We've come a long way in technology, as you can see.

Martin stands to one side as though presenting an electronic power point with multiple air-based images.

As you know, we have all the details of your credit history and other personal information.

Johnny nods his understanding. Martin drags a triangle of enhanced images before Johnny.

Here we see an average balance of about 153dg, going negative at least twice a month. Look, 99% of Americans are in the same financial dilemma. LIFEcredit is the answer!

HE MOVES to another image and drags it forward.

JOHNNY is embarrassed, but looks up with interest.

Here is your GMV (Genetic Map Vaccine). This charts your life expectancy. More to the point, this is a graph of your current life cycle: 78 years.

Martin pushes chart aside while looking for a reaction from his subject. Johnny leans forward with eyes open wide, riveted into the presentation.

JOHNNY

I don't know how to feel about my year of death. It's good to know, but a terrible burden, don't you think?

MARTIN

Not a burden at all! Wait 'till you see this.

With broad grin, he pulls another screen, expands it, pulling left and right until the image fills half the room.

MARTIN

Say this was your life expectancy after signing up for LIFEcredit?

Both are transfixed at a life-like square chart. They follow a colorful horizontal line angling upwards like an advancing stock issue. On the left side is Johnny's age going up past 78 to 150. The bottom scale begins with 2025 and jumps in 10-year increments ending in 2121.

Johnny's chart line begins at 46, travels slowly upward and angles its way into the 140s. The line stops at 146.75.

MARTIN

How about that for a life cycle?

Martin adds a smaller screen at the bottom of the graph.

What if your financials looked like this: 6,200dg—but we're not through by a long shot! Now the balance changes to 16,200dg. As promised, we are adding 10,000 dg bonus for signing up today.

A fresh, clean start, 720 credit score, 10,000dg bonus. We improve your life to a proud level as a citizen of the Corpoment.

Johnny is paralyzed with indecision and expresses no emotion. He sits dazzled. Martin pulls former images.

O.K. Would you rather have this? Negative balance, 78-year life, with risk of early death from disease. Our GMV predictions are accurate within 72 hours.

He shifts back to the better screens.
So, what do you think?

JOHNNY

You know I want to do this. Are you toying with me?

MARTIN

Pay attention. This is important! You get extended life once you maintain your credit score above 696 for 3 months. That's it!

You pay it back 5 years from now with community service. Now, once you get extended life, you can access that account to pay it and defer the debt further out—remember, 80 is now the new 40 for you. So, at a young 80 you do community

service for a mere 36 months. Then you return to your middle-aged 80s and enjoy a long retirement.

You can also access a great pool of funds to make major purchases—from your zeroed out balance and not worry. You've earned it! Your money is once again yours. Finally, you can access more LIFEcredit...from your extra life.

Johnny leans back in the chair, mesmerized by all the information and unbelievable offers.

So, are you ready for a new and exciting life? Everything I said is spelled out in this contract.

No need for paperwork. All you have to do is come to the dais and touch the special screen.

Spellbound, Johnny stares at the screen. He ignores Martin's anxious look. He sports a look of indecision.

JOHNNY

Sir, If I can just review this with my wife tonight—I'll bring...

Martin collapses the screens and all offers disappear.

MARTIN

Sorry, Johnny, we can't do that. Let's just cancel now. You can go on living the way you are. No harm done. Here at LIFEcredit we expect an immediate decision. If it's a struggle for you, you were mistakenly selected as a Beta subject...

JOHNNY

No, wait! I'm ready to do this. I can't see anything wrong with caring for my family, right?

MARTIN

Absolutely!

Johnny looks over the holo-document but skims past the box of small print at the bottom. He touches the digital "Accept" button and feels an enormous sense of relief. Johnny takes his hand, shakes it and steps up on the dais.

MARTIN

Welcome to LIFEcredit.

ZOOM ON The fine print at bottom of contract.

"...If LIFEcredit is accessed **BEFORE the 3-month period**, interest will result on a rate 10X the rate of purchase. For example, if you buy a 500dg item and use LIFEcredit, 5000dg will be debited. If your account is deficient, your life loan can be called in."

JOHNNY

Thank you. Wow! What a feeling. Tell me, why are you called "Predictor?"

MARTIN

It does have a ring to it. I'm not supposed to tell you, but it's because we predict your current life cycle and your future one. We also predict you will sign up.

JOHNNY

This is great!

MARTIN

That's just the beginning, just you wait and see what I have in store for you. It stings just a little and then it is all over and your new life can begin...

Johnny stands in awe. An aide opens a huge paneled door exposing an elevated dental-type chair on a riser. Intense drop lights from above showcase the chair.

Johnny is led to the chair, a slight grin and faraway look in his eyes.

CUT TO:

BACK TO ORIENTATION

PRESENTER

In addition to the sign-up bonus,

your debts disappear sooner! How many of you are unemployed now? Please stand.

ANGLE ON AUDIENCE

About 90% rise from their seats creating a swishing sound.

PRESENTER (Cont'd)

I urge you to take advantage of this rare opportunity to turn a new page in your life. Raise your hand and a representative will come to your row.

Almost all the hands go up as lively chatter breaks out.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE MEETING HALL

The doors swing open, droves of attendees file out talking and laughing. Bob watches Dominic and two other aides take the escalator down to the main lobby on their way out.

Bob walks by the doorway and spots Sonny coming out.

BOB

Hey Sonny!

SONNY

Yes! Mr. Walton! It's an honor.

BOB

Sorry about your father.

SONNY

Thanks.

Bob appears to want to say something else, but pulls back.

BOB

Hey, I know you've been through a lot. Maybe we should talk sometime...see you around.

SONNY

Sure.

ANGLE ON

Sonny finds the rep he recognized near doorway.

SONNY

I wasn't allowed in—missing a step in the enrollment process. As you can see I'm tech director, Just didn't get a chance to do the paperwork. You think I can get a 5-minute tour?

REP

Yeah, sure, I'll introduce you to a Predictor.

They walk into a room and approach a man putting some folders away in his case.

Mr. Arnold! This is Sonny Daniel. He's our tech director. You think he can get some information on the presentation he missed?

ARNOLD

Of course Mr. Daniel, I'll give you a hands-on presentation on LIFE-Credit. Here, look at this.

He punches Sonny's information and holograms appear in the air. In disbelief Sonny sees his life cycle at 159 years.

Arnold moves around a few other screens and produces a graph of his finances when Sonny stands up suddenly.

He hears the sound of a door closing. He holds his stomach.

SONNY

I'm sorry. I have to go to the bathroom—feeling queasy all day.

ARNOLD

I'll take you down the hall.

Sonny waives the offer. He rushes down the hallway where he sees a door close ahead. He opens the door and yells.

SONNY

Johnny! Is that you?

Sonny rushes out of building holding his stomach.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BETTER BUY STORE – DAY

JOHNNY SALENO is greeted inside the doorway by a digital life touch holographic sign, with floating life-like images viewed from any direction.

Triggered by his chip scan, a frenzy of product images attack his senses as he walks into an aperture filled with offers and sales. The images fade and aisles of real merchandise lie before him.

In the game aisle, he touches a virtual experience product. The image of a male clerk appears next to the product.

CLERK

Hello, Mr. Saleno, care to take a walk on the Great Wall of China? Or ski down the Swiss Alps—or make love to your favorite movie star? This unit offers six experiences, on sale for 650 digeros.

JOHNNY

That's a lot of money.

CLERK

You're a preferred customer, Mr. Saleno. Your credit line is open-ended. Enjoy.

JOHNNY

Can you also show me—I need a master holo screen that can be linked to other screens..

CLERK

Mr. Saleno, down the end of the aisle, turn left to our Holography section. Someone will help you there. Have a wonderful day.

Johnny strolls down the aisle surrounded by toys and gadgets. He brushes by several products and triggers the instant appearance of clerks ready to assist with purchase, information or demonstrations. He moves between displays and causes clerks to talk over each other.

He goes to check-out. A payment hologram pops up.

CLERK

Digeros or Credit?

The hologram shifts to a pleasant screen with two soft buttons: one says DIGEROS, the other, CREDIT.

Johnny touches Credit. Another holo-screen pops up with other soft buttons, representing his credit accounts; Pace Bank VISA, Dodger Bank MASTERCARD and UCS.

Under the list he sees the button for LIFEcredit. Without realizing he presses that button. The next screen pops up. He sees that he has a balance of 36 months of LIFEcredit for purchases.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

Wow! They waived my 3 months.
I know I should keep my balance at zero. But so what if I use a little.
There is plenty of it. Besides,
Uncle Bob is there for me in case.

Next he takes the digital holo-receipt out of thin air and guides it into his holo device, but it won't take.

When he guides it to his chip it absorbs into his hand. The word "Duplicate" appears on the digital receipt. It fades into the chip in his hand!

CLERK

Transaction is completed. Have a nice day.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIFECREDIT RECRUITING DEPT.— DAY

Sonny leaves with his black bag.

MANAGER

Hey, Sonny! Thanks for getting us back up and running.

SONNY

Glad to help.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE HALLWAY

Sonny approaches DeLeon's office. Dominic rushes out.

SONNY

Mr. DeLeon! Just coming to see you.

DOMINIC

Nice job on the hologram problem!
Just what we need around here,
problem solvers! Sorry about your
father. Tragic!—lost a real asset.

SONNY

Thanks, Mr. DeLeon.

Dominic stares at him vacantly, waiting.

...Nothing important, didn't get a
chance to check in with you
yesterday. I want to thank you
for everything...

DOMINIC

Not at all! Listen, I'll alert
HA to get you a few days off for
Dad's arrangements. You take care.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN LOUNGE — NIGHT

Sonny sits on a bar stool nursing a drink, eyes shifting
between the front door and the suspended video coverage of
the Redskins Monday night game.

The "K" in the neon sign PINK PONY begins to flicker.

The moment patrons let out a roar at kick-off, the door
opens and Stefan and Sonya slip through. Sonny waves them
over to his table as the Patriots receiver is taken down at
the 15-yard line.

SONNY

Hey, you came at the same time?

SONYA

Yeah, we met at the door.

STEFAN

Hey, Sonny. Glad you called.
Good meeting the other night.

SONNY

Yeah, need to talk to you about that. Great piece you wrote on the Halonet.

STEFAN

Yeah, thanks. But I got lot of flack for it. Now I need approval for what I write! You believe that?

ANGLE ON SONNY

Nodding his head in agreement with Stefan and holding Jack's phone, he leans closer, talking to both of them over the loud shouting and yelling. The reveling intensifies.

SONNY hands Jack's phone to Stefan as the latter leaves for the bathroom.

Minutes later he returns shaking his head in shock.

SONYA takes her turn with the phone. In minutes she comes back with a look of disbelief.

SONYA

Sonny, I don't know what to think.

Visibly shaken, she plants a kiss on his cheek and leaves.

ANGLE ON THE 3-D SCREEN

The Redskins score on a long pass and the place goes crazy.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY — DAY

Many dignitaries and guests gather around the gravesite. Barely audible, a priest reads from Psalm 23. Solemn heads bow as casket is lowered. Maggie and Sonny toss in a shovel-full of dirt. She brings a tissue to her face.

CLOSE ON

BOB breaks from Dominic and Zach, approaches Maggie.

BOB

My sincere condolences, Ms. Daniel.

Dominic leans toward Zach.

DOMINIC

Bob still hasn't been chipped.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET NEAR LIFE CREDIT BLDG.— DAY

ANGLE ON

A man walking on sidewalk. He paces with uncertainty while trying to see around a RED flashing sign in his field of vision: REPORT TO LIFE CREDIT! He holds his head in pain.

MAN

Stop! No more. I got the message!

A Milicorp car pulls up next to him. An officer catches him from falling onto the street in a screaming rage.

OFFICER

Come, mister, we'll take you to LIFE Credit. Doesn't look like you'll make it on your own. Relax and keep your eyes closed.

CUT TO:

INT. LIFE CREDIT COMPLIANCE DIV. — DAY

PAN OVER a large crowd over 250. Some twist their heads and shut their eyes seeking relief from the streaming alert in their field of vision. A man approaches the podium.

MAN

Good morning ladies and gentlemen. You were summoned here because of irregularities in your accounts. The flashing alarm in your field of vision is to get you here.

Please! Before we do anything else, file by row to the back of the room and scan your right hand to disarm this annoying alert.

Single file, they mechanically proceed to the scanning station. Some hold their head. Others become disoriented.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN COFFEE SHOP — SAME TIME

Sonny and Stefan cradle their coffee in a booth.

STEFAN

I only have a couple minutes,
Sonny—need to set up for the
internet news at noon...

SONNY

I know they killed my father,
Stef—you see what they're doing!
It's a fraud! There's no extra
life. They encourage subjects to
access LIFEcredit so they default
because of some magic credit
number "696."

Let's expose this, blow it wide
open. You know, if people get the
real story this whole enterprise
can collapse like a house of cards.

STEFAN

I don't know what I can do—I'm
already under the microscope for
some editorials I released. I
have to keep my job.

SONNY

Look, we're all going to be in this
program sooner or later. Once you
get chipped, you're dead! I talked
to Sonya. You know, they've groomed
her to indoctrinate kids at school
to promote the program.

CUT TO:

COMPLIANCE SESSION IN PROGRESS

The last of the attendees finish with the scanning and sit.
Zach Ozarenstein approaches the podium.

ZACH

You are here because of negative
earnings/debt ratio in your
account. Don't be alarmed, this
is just a warning.

You have 30 days to balance your
account. You can do this in three
ways: stop spending; add more

service on your contract; pay
down debt with payroll earnings.

Folks, read your contract! If you
don't comply, your chip is turned
off. Next, your paycheck is seized
and extended life is cancelled.
Believe me, you don't want this to
happen! You'll be in default and
sent to a PEMA camp to pay your debt.

CUT TO:

EXT. OBRAHMA MIDDLE SCHOOL – DAY

A black sedan with dark windows pulls into the school
parking lot. It rolls slowly into a slot near the door. The
driver gets out, slips on his jacket and adjusts his tie.
He walks into the building.

INSIDE BUILDING

RECEPTIONIST

Good morning, may I help you?

The driver reaches across the counter with a card. The
receptionist sees the State of Virginia seal. Below is the
name ROBERT (BOB) WALTON, Head of State, the Richmond
address and contact information.

DRIVER

Mr. Walton is in the car outside.
He wishes to speak to Ms. Sonya
Peters—it's very important.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, yes sir! Let me check...

PULLING UP PETERS' SCHEDULE

She's teaching a class for
another half hour...

DRIVER

Young man, the Head of State is
here to see her. This is very
important.

RECEPTIONIST

OK, OK, I'll get her.

He hurries down the corridor.

CUT TO:

INSIDE CLASSROOM

SONYA

Class, I want to show you a film on LIFECredit, a new credit system that will replace how we buy the things we need. Learning about money includes the use of credit and how we manage our debts...

He walks in the class and shuts door behind him.
We see him alerting her while pointing to the lobby.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE SCHOOL

Sonya is escorted to the car as the back door opens and Bob steps out to meet her.

BOB

My apologies for disrupting your class. I had to meet you privately and discuss an important matter.

He gestures for her to get in the car.

If you don't mind, I must be careful. You know who I am!

INSIDE CAR

Vince, can you please leave us?

VINCE

O.K. boss, I'll be by the entrance.

BOB

I met Sonny Daniel a few days ago—a fine young man. The death of his father was a big blow to both of us. Jack and I go way back. Anyway, Sonny speaks highly of you. Look, the reason I'm here. I have serious concerns about LIFECredit—the whole program, and I can't...

SONYA

Why are you telling me this...

BOB

Please! I know you're working on an educational program to promote LIFEcredit to youngsters. You must stop pushing this agenda to the children.

SONYA

(looking to get out)
But I've been directed by officials to do exactly what...

BOB

I know. I'm telling you it's a bad deal—for everyone's future. Look, I'm here unofficially. I'm trusting you with my life. I talked to Sonny too. Think about what I said. Remember, I'm on your side!

Bob motions to his driver as Sonya exits bewildered.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIFECREDIT HEADQUARTERS — DAY

The elevators open and a man clad in a light grey suit, walks briskly into the corridor heading toward the main offices. His lean frame moves with rhythmic harmony to clicking of his shoes. His shiny pate and light clothing reflect available light to appear as an apparition.

A closer look reveals a burn scar stretching beyond his collar and around the neck.

He enters the reception area filled with an acrylic potpourri of office furnishings. On the floor is a subtle rendering of interconnecting triangles. His body is scanned and a holographic display comes up:

Your presence is noted.
One minute, please.

He sits on a transparent cushioned seat and toys with some company media home pages on a triangular holo-screen.

ANGLE ON

an in-house chapel off to the side. Stained glass panels showcase the doorway. Over the door an inscription reads:

Success is a Gift from God.

Suddenly, an eye-level digi-message spells itself out.

Mr. LEDO, Mr. De Leon will now
receive you beyond the aperture.

DOMINIC DE LEON extends his hand to greet the visitor who responds with a firm handshake. Both men make their way to the conference room and close the door.

An ornate nameplate reading "AXIS" with a faint triangle behind it, showcases the doorway.

CLOSE ON FROM OUTSIDE

Dominic introduces seven other gentlemen with name tags: a MiliCorp officer, Zach Ozarenstein, Rom Orinthal, Jonathan Mavros, Russell Pilitzer, Leonard Zoilefta and Bob.

We watch them shake hands, share pleasantries and take their seats. LEDO seeks the table head with the high-back seat and appears to take charge.

INSIDE

DOMINIC

Mr. LEDO, it's good to finally meet you—it must 15 years since Credit-Corp began collaborating with you on RFIDs. You haven't changed a bit from our photographs on file.

LEDO

Thanks Dominic, Just LEDO is fine. I'm happy to be here. We have much to discuss—it's best face-to-face.

(looks at officer)

I haven't met you before.

OFFICER

I'm Col. Valeskos in charge of law enforcement for our region. I report to Mr. De Leon.

DOMINIC

The colonel's purview covers a broad spectrum—O.K! let me to come right to the point. We're concerned about our life extensions. They were promised last year.

LEDO

Gentlemen. Rest assured this is an item on my list I intend to clarify. You'll all be rewarded.

LEDO STANDS, addresses the group with an air of authority
As you know gentlemen, we began our business relationship long ago, and things have been going very well. After all, we need to rely on your leadership.

All members nod in agreement.

All of you have prospered from a program we initiated. So, yes, I will arrange for the procedure.

ZACH

LEDO, Has anything changed with the RFID chips for the general population? Can you clarify the properties of this chip so we're all on the same page?

LEDO

Everything's a "go" as planned. Our RediChip has a limited potency. Subjects will be reviewed often and, if in compliance, they will receive enhancements in their chips. The limited life of the RFID gives us the control we need.

DOMINIC

Well, we planned to work it a little differently. The people can enjoy an initial burst of vitality for a few weeks, but...
...nothing more.

LEDO

Really! Ultimately you don't want them to have anything! That's entirely up to you.

OUTSIDE P.O.V.

We see LEDO turn and address the group touching his pointer on holographic power point of a corn field.

INSIDE

LEDO

Gentlemen, this is the future! I'll say more at the next meeting.

Doors swing open and they file out into the lobby leaving papers on the table. LEDO and Bob walk out together.

BOB

Your life must have really changed since you were empowered.

LEDO

Bob, you have no idea. There's so much I can accomplish, not to speak of my personal growth and awareness. You'll know what I mean as you adapt to your chip.

BOB

LEDO, I know we have to get back inside. But, confidentially, are you at liberty to share anything about your relationship with those you answer to?

LEDO

Need to know, Bob. Need to know!

ANGLE ON LEONARD AND DOMINIC

LEONARD

Food supply! Very clever idea.

DOMINIC

Yes, it is. A ready alternative to chipping—voluntary or otherwise.

ANGLE ON ZACH AND RUSSELL

ZACH

Notice anything strange about LEDO?

RUSSELL

He sure has it all together, is that what you mean?

ZACH

No, I mean his appearance. He has such a youthful appearance and vitality. Doesn't look a day over

50. This is what we can look forward to with the executive chip.

Everyone walks back to the meeting, talking and gesturing. The doors close.

INSIDE

LEDO stands and takes charge with an air of authority.

DOMINIC

Next is an item we need to discuss with the Board. Gentlemen, the timetable for harvesting has moved up to the end of the year. LEDO, when is the exact time?

LEDO

I can tell you now: we need the first wave of subjects with the October 30th launch. Another delivery is set for next Spring.

DOMINIC

Oh, that's coming up fast! Anyway, we have to decide how to handle the breakup of families. By the way, where's Bob?

ZACH

Gentlemen, most of our initial subjects have no family anyway. They won't be missed. But, as we gradually bring everyone else aboard, this will be a problem.

JONATHAN

I think we have to make provisions for those under 14 and those over 60. We can subsidize the education and training of young people; but the elderly are already in default. They have no chip nor extended life. They are of no use in the New Order.

LEDO

Mr. Mavros is right. With regard to the young people, it makes sense to keep them with family for a more harmonious transition.

Unlike the last Reich, the children are precious and necessary for the New Order. We can teach them easier when they're young.

Contact that financial guru—and get her going on the program.

DOMINIC

I met with Sonya several times and she's already on it.

ZACH

Good.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIFECREDIT HEADQUARTERS — SUITE H — DAY

Hundreds of men and women file into a theater setting. Many close their eyes for relief from the visual flashing red strobe "Report To LIFEcredit" in their field of vision.

Dominic DeLeon approaches the podium with a wry smile.

DOMINIC

You all know why you're here. We've been through this before. Your debt is not balanced during your 3-month grace period and your credit rating fell below 696.

ANGLE ON

A BROODING JOHNNY SALENO

He shifts to the edge of his seat with forlorn expression, scanning the hall desperately for a friendly face.

DOMINIC (Cont'd)

Folks, this is a delicate balance—all spelled out in the contract you signed. Your chip has been turned off.

JOHNNY'S FACE drops in his hands. He begins shaking all over. Others cry out for more credit and another chance. Some break down and weep.

DOMINIC (Cont'd)

...you're in default and you must serve your time to pay your debts. Depending on your field and company

need, you may have to serve in other locations. We will transport you.

A MAN STANDS UP AND RAISES HAND

MAN

What about our families?

DOMINIC

Well, you will be separated. But you will see your loved ones in 3 months. We'll arrange for your family to rejoin you. Please, don't worry, all will be well.

A SERIES OF SHOUTS

-Impossible to balance my account.
Everything costs so much!
-We just can't earn enough!
-This is Bullshit!
-What's the point of unlimited credit if it really isn't?

WOMAN

When will all this happen?

Dominic grins, leaves the podium. Many rise to their feet and rush to the exits but Milicorp troopers storm in from all doors to take control of the crowd.

They're herded single file and ushered out of the building. Those resisting and getting out of formation are pushed back with rifle butts.

CUT TO:

EXT. REAR OF BUILDING

The column of people files into waiting busses.

OFFICER

When you reach your destination, leave articles and belongings on the bus. You can claim them later.

CUT TO:

INT. LIFECREDIT TECH CENTER - DAY

Sonny rubs his face at his work station. He stands to leave when Dominic appears and knocks on his open door.

SONNY

Hi, Mr. DeLeon.

DOMINIC

Sonny, we haven't had time to talk, you have a minute?

SONNY

Of course. Come in.

Dominic looks inquiringly around the office, sits casually on Sonny's work table and playfully fondles some circuit boards and transponders.

DOMINIC

So, since your visit to Prediction Central at the Open House, do you have a good understanding of LIFEcredit now?

SONNY

Oh, yeah, pretty good. That was very interesting.

DOMINIC

Look! I like your curiosity. You know, Sonny, as a department head, you're in line for the executive chip. Let's go over there and I'll show you the process...

SONNY

I learned a lot in the orientation...

DOMINIC

Yes, but I can show you more and explain the level of benefits the chip offers, especially for those in our inner circle.

We want you in our family, to carry on your father's work. How about it, let's get you chipped right now!

SONNY

Eh, sure, why not!

DOMINIC

That's the spirit!

CUT TO:

BUILDING X

They walk through the dark wooden door into the Old-World office. Dominic escorts him past Prediction Central lobby and into the "White Room."

DOMINIC

Sonny, this is the White Room, the 1st level training center for the new chipped subjects. This is where you tried to go the other day and were turned away. Here they learn communication skills and speaking manners. They are taught everything about LIFEcredit so they can explain the program details to the public.

Once at this level, they graduate to holo-marketing work--this is what they're doing now.

SONNY

Who are these people?

DOMINIC

They're the homeless welfare people with little or no skills. We cleaned up the streets, trained them and gave them jobs. These 120 here are busy pitching the program.

Sonny leans closer to hear Dominic amid the chatter of sales talk in the room.

The workers slowly turn in unison, view the guests and spin back to their on-going sales pitches. With a wistful look, they call and pitch mechanically from a hologram that slides before them.

DOMINIC

As you can see, we have complete control. Even when they go to the toilet. As an executive, you need to know the management techniques that really work.

SONNY

But they have this distant look about them. Are they O.K?

DOMINIC

Oh, they're fine. Cliff Hansen, our man from HARP has done wonders with radio frequencies that enhances concentration and focus among the workers. Sometimes he overdoes it and we have to force them to stop and take a break.

SONNY

Mr. DeLeon, why are you showing me all this? I'm not cleared to know any of this stuff.

DOMINIC

You are now! Sonny, look! Either you're in or we have to cut you loose...or worse! Do the right thing and carry on your dad's work. Come on let's go—it's just downstairs.

SONNY

But I am in! You said I'm doing a great job. Why do I have to get chipped?

DOMINIC

It's a requirement now—especially for executives. You'll love it!

CUT TO:

PREDICTION CENTRAL

The entrance is jammed with lines of people waiting. Assistants escort a few at a time through a tunnel whose walls are filled with suspended holograms of vacation destinations and products including cars, boats and homes.

Excited candidates eagerly await the procedure.

DOMINIC

Oh, damn! I didn't think they'd be so busy at this time.

Dominic approaches a tech nearby pointing with authority to Sonny. The man shrugs his shoulders, shaking his head. Dominic comes back, spins Sonny around.

DOMINIC (Cont'd)

I'll arrange for someone else to

chip you. Sonny, don't move! I have to go to the office. Be here when I get back!

Dominic walks away periodically glancing back sternly at Sonny. When out of view, Sonny turns and walks away. The nearby tech notices he's leaving.

TECH

Hey, where you going? you're supposed to wait...

SONNY

Sorry, have to hit the head! Be right back.

The tech alerts a Milicorp guard. The guard races after Sonny, but loses him in the crowd.

LATER

Dominic arrives with a predictor brimming with anger at Sonny's departure. He punches his holo-phone.

DOMINIC

Hey Bob! Your boy took off on me.

BOB

You mean Johnny?

DOMINIC

No, Sonny! He was about to be chipped and he went AWOL. He signed his own death warrant.

BOB

Hold on, Dom! Death warrant? C'mon, the kid's nervous—just lost his dad. Now you want to kill him? I'll talk to him and get him back!

CUT TO:

EXT. LIFECREDIT PARKING LOT

SONNY rushes between cars, taps on his phone.

SONNY

Hey Bob, you still there? Do you have time for that talk now? Pink Pony, half hour?

BOB

Yes.

CUT TO:

INT. PINK PONY LOUNGE – NIGHT

Sonny starts his second beer and waves Bob over. Bob sits across him as a waitress appears at the same time. He allows her to scan his holo-pad for 100 digeros. He looks into her eyes with an official corporate look.

BOB

Scotch and water, Johnny Walker Black—and a small dish of lime wedges, a glass of water, no ice. If our drinks go below half point, bring us both another. No questions, no interruptions. Are we clear?

She looks at the money and backs away confused.

(to Sonny)

I know you've tried to connect with my nephew, Johnny Saleno. You were concerned about him getting chipped. Am I reading you right?

SONNY

Well, I only...

BOB

Look, your gut is right on. Johnny's gone!

SONNY

What do you mean, gone?

BOB

He fell into default and was called in yesterday with a big group. I know Dominic saw his name on the list—never said a word to me.

SONNY

Yeah, OK...But Johnny? He's the poster boy of the program—I thought you get a warning the first time.

BOB

You do! This was his second trip. He thought he was protected.

SONNY

So, you finally suspect the program?

BOB

For more reasons than you know.
Sonny, I witnessed a homeless
man die a painful death in the
alley—he removed his chip
and his hand was torn apart.

SONNY

Jesus! Look, Dominic dragged me
downstairs to get chipped. It was
chaotic with over 100 waiting in
line—he went to get me moved up
to the front. I took off! Barely
made it out of there.

BOB

I know. He just called me. Look, he
suspected you all along—saw you
snooping around Prediction Central
and talking with Arnold. Sonny,
cameras are everywhere! Wake up,
man! You're in deep shit now.
You can't go back.

SONNY

O.K. So do YOU have a chip?

BOB

No, if I did I wouldn't be talking
to you. He's all over me about it.

The waitress quietly delivers another round.

SONNY

Will you talk to him—about Johnny?

His words trail off as he looks away with glazed eyes.

Bob, what happened to the world?
I mean, how did it come to this?
Microchips, fear, paranoia, debt?
I don't know about you, But me?
I'm sick of it!

Bob rotates the ice cubes in his Scotch, in a trance. He
snaps out of it and looks at Sonny.

BOB

You're right! Only God knows where we're headed. But they're not invincible! People can stop this—once they see the big picture. But Johnny! I mean, he's my nephew for Christ's sake!

I talked to Sonya yesterday—told her to stop pitching LIFECredit to youngsters. She got upset at first, but when I spelled out the hidden dangers, I think, I won her over.

SONNY

Well, you took a big risk. Look, I met with a friend from Media-Corp. He's a bit gun shy, but well connected to alternative news sources. The four of us should talk.

BOB

Yeah, O.K...I have to go, before somebody sees me. I'll be in touch.

SONNY

Hold on, Bob—about Sonya. She's not sure about you—you know, worried about her career. I don't think you won her over. She thinks she's being set up. Look, I'll talk to her and work on getting Johnny out.

BOB

I think I got you some time. I'll cover for you. Make it happen!

SWISH PAN:

To a tall, well dressed man in the doorway. A triangle lapel pin flashes in the light. He leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. LIFECREDIT HEADQUARTERS — DAY

DOMINIC'S OFFICE

Dominic's phone activates a live holo-screen.

DOMINIC

Hey Cliff! Good to hear from you.
Cold up there around this time?

CLIFF

Yeah, Mr. DeLeon, a bit snappy
for this time of year. The
fishermen have pretty much gone—
just see a few hunters now. I have
some news for you on that behavior
study with radio waves.

DOMINIC

Oh, great! We've had good results.
But we still get hostile, often
violent responses from subjects,
especially when they hear bad news
about their credit.

CLIFF

Well, we get better results with
speakers than with holo-screens.
We can control short range sound
waves in phones and ear pieces.

DOMINIC

What changes can you observe?

CLIFF

The solar power along with high
levels of electro-magnetic
radiation, create elevated radio
waves that are absorbed by the
human brain.

DOMINIC

And what's the effect?

CLIFF

When the normal level of 2 watts
is increased to say, 10 watts, our
subjects exhibit increased
sluggishness and indifference to
their environment after normal
use. It acts as a benign sedative,
promoting a sense of contentment.

DOMINIC

Can we get that in our grids?

CLIFF

We have to run some trials, but
it's possible. We'll send you the
latest reports in a few days. Over.

DOMINIC

Thanks. Over and out.

CUT TO:

EXT. REAR LIFE CREDIT BUILDING — NIGHT

STEFAN AND SONNY WAIT

In SUV outside the fenced-in parking area. They view the
busses—bright lime with dark green LIFE Credit logos, lined
up behind each other like a train.

STEFAN

Can they see us from there?

SONNY

No, I don't think they'd look
here. Besides, it's getting dark.
Why don't you take some pictures?

A series of clicking and whirring sounds follow. Sonny rubs
camouflage stick across his face.

CLOSE ON bus doors opening.

Guards direct men and women coming out of building into the
busses. One woman breaks ranks and runs toward the fence.

A guard brings a firearm to his shoulder and fires.

Stunned, the woman falls to the ground a few meters from
Stefan. Two guards rush to pick her up and carry her back,
her feet stumbling along. Unable to walk, she makes futile
attempts to swat a large dart off her back.

SONNY

Did you see that? They shot her!
You get a photo of that?

STEFAN

Yeah, several.

Sonny counts eight loaded busses.

SONNY

Shit, that's almost 500 people!

The train of busses follow closely together, directed by Milicorp traffic police. Darkness falls.

SONNY (Cont'd)

Don't follow just yet, Stef. Hang back a bit. See what's going on here? The sign says they're going on a field trip. Field trip, my ass!

They laugh. They follow light traffic, keeping a distance from the last bus. Some passengers press their faces on the rear window looking back.

STEFAN

Let's get a map of the area on the screen. We can at least know where they're headed.

Sonny tracks the map to a massive area a couple miles ahead. The 4-dimensional map allows him to spin it around himself and step into it for a realistic feel.

As they approach, the lights shine on a sign: Franklin Air Force Base, 500 yards, right lane. Restricted Area.

STEFAN

We'd better hang back from the entrance. I see there's a check point station just inside.

A large chain link gate topped with barbed wire, slides open and the busses are waved in by a guard.

As the gate squeals shut, a steel obstruction plate rises from the ground and angles up exposing a sign: Milicorp Property. Keep Out.

SONNY

See where the busses went?

STEFAN

No, I lost them in the trees.

They get out and walk along the glowing blue fence line, pointing a flashlight at a sign: Danger 10,000 Volts.

SONNY

There's no way to get in now. Let's get a better look from higher up.

Sonny points to a gravel road on an elevated knoll past the trees. They get in the SUV and loop around the high ground and come back. He stops on a ridge, hidden from view.

They get out, leave the keys in the visor and make their way down through the woods. Floodlights suddenly turn on the gate entrance. After a couple minutes, they turn off.

They wait quietly as Stefan looks through binoculars. He scans, sees only one guard in the security hut. Distant sounds of diesel engines gradually become louder as headlights begin to appear.

SONNY

They're coming out!

STEFAN

Yeah, look! The busses are empty.

HANDS GLASSES

SONNY

Yeah, it's been almost an hour.
That base must be huge.

They watch the busses drive out of the compound slowly, turning the same way they came, all eight, empty. The gate closes with a loud squealing sound.

The floodlights go on for a minute, then shut off.

SONNY

What the hell are they doing
with all of those people?

STEFAN

Oh my God!

SONNY

What is it? What do you see?

STEFAN

The real question is where are
they taking them from here. Sonny,
don't you get it? This is the end
of the line. What do you think?
They're brought here for donuts
and cider? These people are never
coming back.

SONNY

What do you mean? What the hell
is going on here?

STEFAN

Look way in the back past the
buildings. Use these. Where did
you get these great glasses?

SONNY

My Dad's! Holy shit! I see it!

Suddenly, sirens and lights close in. They scramble out of
view. With a look of alarm, they nod to each other and run.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. INSIDE BUS – PRESENT – NIGHT

FAT LADY

What happened to you boy?
Better get that cut cleaned up—
Watch that towel, I don't want
blood all over me.

Sonny stands holding his nose with one end of the towel and
his shoulder with the other. He exits and hails a cab.

CUT TO:

EXT. IN FRONT OF OLD BROWNSTONE BUILDING

The cab stops. Sonny gets out, pays with holo-phone.

FRONT DOOR

Sonny rings the bell, leans against the wall.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Hello!

SONNY

Sonya, it's me, Sonny! I need
to see you, please. Quickly!

SONYA

Sonny? What's goin' on?

He waits for the buzzer, collapses in the doorway.

BUZZER SOUNDS—DOOR STAYS CLOSED

Sonya opens it, helps him up and pulls him inside.

SONYA

Good Lord! What happened?

She takes his shirt off and brings water and towel.

SONNY

I think I split my nose when the air bag went off. The car swerved and bounced around. My shoulder jammed into the belt buckle.

SONYA cleans and applies bandages to cuts. Sonny begins talking. We pull back as dialogue fades.

SONYA'S FACE is sculptured with shock and surprise.

SONNY walks to the window. He checks street below. Sonya paces the floor, stops. She faces Sonny.

C.U. on Sonya

SONYA

You can't stay here, Sonny. I don't want to get mixed up in... I can't afford to ruin my career...Don't tell me any more.

...I'm sorry, you have to go! If anyone followed you, I'm in trouble too. Please, keep me out of this.

He holds her tightly. Unable to resist, she wraps her arms around him. They kiss passionately. They frantically disrobe and rush into the bedroom.

NEXT MORNING

Sonya reaches over for him, but he's gone.

CUT TO:

INT. LIFECREDIT HEADQUARTERS — DOMINIC'S OFFICE — DAY

Bob walks briskly toward Dominic's office. Sonya is rushing out at the same time.

THEY ARE STUNNED to pass each other. Both look away.

INSIDE OFFICE

A well-dressed man sits on a couch by Dominic's desk. He displays a shiny lapel pin. Bob looks at him strangely.

He approaches Dominic, still shaken by Sonya's visit.

BOB

Dominic, my nephew Johnny was called in. He's locked up at the air base. You didn't say a word to me! Are you aware of this?

DOMINIC

Yes, Bob, I know about it...

BOB

Well, when can you get him out?

DOMINIC

...nothing I can do. He cooked his own goose.

BOB

You must be kidding! Surely you can arrange another grace period.

DOMINIC

Sorry, have to treat everyone the same Bob—you know that! What's the latest on the UN parade?

BOB

The parade? Eh...my people are all set... Be ready at 1:00 o'clock.

DOMINIC

O.K. is the Cardinal joining us?

BOB

...At first he was worried about security, then changed his mind— Look, Dominic...

DOMINIC

Fine, Bob. I'll see you at 12:30?

BOB

Damn it Dominic! I just can't forget about my nephew. Get him out!

DOMINIC

Bob...I already told you...I know you're going behind my back to Sonny!

BOB

What? Don't you fuck with me! Save your power plays for the others. I want him out NOW!...Or else!

Bob tries to compose himself, storms out. He glances at the man's blank face. Dominic's icy stare follows him out. He looks at the man and nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. HEADQUARTERS ENTRANCE — DAY

Dignitaries assemble and get into position. The band is in the front tuning up while majorettes from Clinton High School practice with their batons.

DOMINIC

Bob, I'd like you to be up front with the City Manager, Valeskos and Miss Virginia. I'll follow behind with the Cardinal and Board. By the way, I'll get Johnny out.

BOB

O.K. Thanks.

Camera pulls back to see the whole formation with everyone in position. The Grand Marshall takes his place in front. With a thrust of his staff and a loud whistle, the festivities begin.

Bob looks for the colonel and motions to Dominic. Dominic shrugs his shoulders.

BAND IN WITH SUSAN FAVORITES

The colorful parade proceeds South on Washington St. People line both sides of the route, celebrating and pointing up to confetti filling the sky.

CLOSE ON the U.N. float. We see a huge globe of the earth decorated with flowers with lettering around the equator: "The New World Order." The column approaches Wilkes St. where it turns east.

SWISH PAN TO:

POV from a 12-story window on the corner.
ANGLE ON muzzle of a firearm appearing in the frame. We pan across a mounted scope. On the left trigger hand we see a huge ring showcasing an amethyst triangle.

SWISH PAN TO:

C.U. ON

Bob's diagonal ribbon with the words "Head of State" running across his body. He marches with vigor sporting a wide grin. The column turns onto Wilkes St. A smiling Bob is now facing the shooter.

A firecracker sound resonates and crackles through the air. Birds on a wire above take to the sky with a loud flutter.

CLOSE on the letter "S" on his chest.

A puncture appears in the "S" followed by blood spurting out. Bob collapses to the ground with a slight grin.

People scream, begin running for cover. Chaos builds on the streets as everyone scrambles to safety.

MUSIC STOPS

Some point to the office building across the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STEFAN'S APARTMENT — NIGHT

Stefan taps feverishly on his keyboard.

A SERIES OF VIDEOS

--CLIP of Pres. Bush in 2005 signing the North American Treaty agreement.

--CLIP of public demonstrations opposing chipping, showing signs of "We Refuse the Mark of the Beast." "Protecting Our Identity and Security is A Lie."

--CLIP of protesters yelling.

"When Did We Lose Our American Identity?" "What's Happened to Our Constitution?"

--Placards showing portraits of our Founding Fathers with their heads in shame.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Grass roots resistance kept this program at bay. But now, 5 years later, Medicorp

and the propaganda machine in Mediacorp are poised to launch it again. Perhaps now the people don't care as much any more. Maybe they've become indifferent or tired and unwilling to stand in the way of a runaway juggernaut.

--A CLIP of HARP turning up the frequency on head devices and all phones.

NARRATOR (Cont'd.)

All these advanced phones and devices have led to the acceptance of the implantable chip: the obvious tech choice. LIFEcredit is run by secret societies, a cadre of multinational companies.

--A CLIP of the RFID chip and how it's implanted and activated.

NARRATOR (Cont'd.)

...this tangled web of companies control healthcare, identity and financial services. With FDA approval Allied Digital creates the chip and Digital Devil collects our personal data and transfers to the chip. The chip controls everything.

END VIDEO CLIPS

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Wearing a sweat suit, Sonny sits in the middle of his tech equipment and starts tapping calling up various sites.

CLOSE ON FACE

We see images and graphics dance across his face as he strikes the keys faster and harder.

ANGLE ON SCREEN

He captures codes and pastes them onto his holo-screen but the same response comes up: Access Denied.

STEFAN'S IMAGE APPEARS ABOVE PHONE

SONNY

I've have been calling you like crazy. I thought they got you.

STEFAN

I'm sorry—finally made it home on foot! I have been laying low—didn't know if you made it...I want you to know, I'm committed. I could never live under such a system. My head was in the sand...

SONNY

It's O.K. We're gonna do this. I moved to my Dad's house over the weekend.

STEFAN

Really? Why?

SONNY

The steep rent. Besides, I noticed a couple drive-bys at my place. I think I'm tagged—so why haven't they moved in on me?

STEFAN

Maybe they're just watching you for now. I think DeLeon is saving you for later...needs to track who's working with you. Or maybe they want to bust you in the act and call it tech tampering or treason.

SONNY

I don't care. Dominic tried to chip me. Luckily it was crowded and I slipped away. Look, we don't have much time. Our only prayer is to blast this fraud wide open. They can't touch us then.

STEFAN

Listen, I have the first part of the expose ready. How's your research? Find out anything else?

SONNY

Nope. I'm at a standstill. The only answer is to hack into someone's chip. I tried DeLeon's, but it's protected with firewalls. If I push too hard, I'll be traced.

Heavy silence travels through their phones until a mutual revelation inspires them at the same time.

SONNY
Johnny!

STEFAN
Johnny!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRANKLIN AIR FORCE BASE – NIGHT
INSIDE VAN

Sonny and Stefan inspect a schematic hologram of the base spread out in front of them. Sonny wears a black outfit. Stefan is covered in a black robe with extended hood.

STEFAN
O.K. this is the security hut
and here's a big hangar.

SONNY
These buildings are too close.
Look here way in the back.

They get out and walk down a path toward brush cover for a better look. Sonny carries a backpack with electronic gear while Stefan checks the base with the HD glasses.

STEFAN
That has to be about a mile in!
I have a clear shot of the
buildings. Barracks. 4 of them.

SONNY
That's where Johnny's at. Do you
see a launch pad?

STEFAN
Yeah, there it is to the right.
Here, take a look.

Sonny sees a launch site deep in the field, harnessed with a monstrous shuttle pointing to the sky.

SONNY
There she is! Orion, the new
shuttle—the long-awaited tour
ship that can carry 700 people
for space station tours.

STEFAN

Never mind space travel. Right now we need to get into that base across the street.

They check the guardhouse. The guard reclines with feet up on desk watching a movie on a suspended screen.

SONNY

See the computer next to him? If I can get in there for 4-5 minutes, I can hack into the subject list.

STEFAN

I wonder where he goes to take a shit. I bet that building about 50 yards away has toilets and maybe a mess hall. What did the schematic say?

SONNY

It didn't.

They wait and watch. Silence.

CLOSE SHOT OF HOLO-PHONE

Time reads: 11:15

FADE TO:

Time reads: 11:45

CUT TO:

GUARDHOUSE

The guard stands, pulls at his crotch, stretches and yawns.

CUT TO:

THE WOODS

SONNY

O.K. Do your stuff. See you inside.

CUT TO:

GUARDHOUSE

The guard hears a horn, turns to see headlights at the gate. His 6-ft. paunchy frame slips into a jacket, opens the back door and places a brick stopper.

He approaches a dark SUV, points a light on the plate:

DOM NIC 1. The window comes down. The guard leans into it.

GUARD

Wow! Mr. DeLeon! What a surprise!

DRIVER

I need to double check something
at the reviewing stand.

GUARD

Sure, Mr. DeLeon. Go right in!

The guard looks around, checks the gate and begins walking slowly toward the nearby building, his back to the gate.

He opens the door and enters. The guardhouse monitor shows scan of vehicle.

CUT TO:

HILL OVERLOOKING BASE

SONNY runs down the hill, crosses the road. He approaches the gate and connects terminals to the grill. An opening appears in the blue laser-light fence. He pulls a terminal, slips inside. He re-attaches it, punches another code. The opening closes.

He sneaks into the guardhouse amid blaring music. He falls to his knees and starts punching the keyboard. He waits. A hologram of programs appears.

CUT TO:

STEFAN PARKS the car behind bushes and runs quietly to the nearby building to keep an eye on the guard. His body is pressed against the wall.

STEFAN (V.O.)

Damn! I can't believe I pulled
that off. Sonny was right.

SMASH CUT:

INT. JACK'S HOUSE — EARLIER

SONNY

Stef, look at this. I found this
hologram template from 1948—
burned a 3-D scan and shaped it into
a hologram. I've been working on
this for hours.

STEFAN

You can't be serious! This will never work. Looks like paper!

He positions Stef in front of the mirror. He drags the hologram and lays it around his face. It wraps around the contours and seals perfectly. Stef looks in the mirror and a real-life DeLeon looks back.

STEFAN

My God! This is so real! I never...

SONNY

I changed the plates on my car the same way. The holographic image of DeLeon's plates sealed perfectly.

Sonny giggles.

Sorry, I can't help it. I see that face and I wanna run!

They look at each other and break out in laughter.

STEFAN

Haven't laughed like this in years. It almost hurts!

CUT TO:

GUARDHOUSE

SONNY turns on system and waits.

SONNY (V.O.)

Shit! Why this is down. Now I have to boot up.

He waits, checks the time. Finally, he clicks on Subject list and a series of names spell out. He punches Saleno's name and waits for information.

CUT TO:

BUILDING DOOR OPENING

Stefan sees the guard coming out. He punches Sonny's phone.

STEFAN

He's coming back. Get out now!

CLOSE ON BUILDING DOOR

Guard hesitates and steps back into the building. He exits again and begins a sluggish walk back to the guardhouse.

INSIDE GUARDHOUSE

Sonny stares at screen as his answer spells out, sweat now pouring from his brow. He crouches, poised to run.

SONNY

Come on, come on, come on!
Finally! Barracks #3 Section 7.

Sonny closes the program but leaves the holo-screen on and sneaks out.

CUT TO:

WAITING SUV BEHIND BUSHES

Sonny slips in, they drive quietly into the compound.

CUT TO:

GUARDHOUSE

Guard sits in chair, stares at the screen.

GUARD (V.O.)

Shit! Thought I shut down!

CUT TO:

BARRACKS 3

Sonny sits against the building, opens holo-pad, turns on his chip reader, attaches a matrix antenna. He listens, but there's no beep.

SONNY

Damn! Can't get into anybody's chip in there. The blue alloy walls block the signal. We have to get Johnny out.

He checks the door lock. He searches his bag and takes out a collection of fobs with a frequency transponder. He disarms the lock. He enters the barracks.

SONNY

Johnny Saleno, Section 7, come to the front door. This is Security. Johnny Saleno, come to the front.

ANGLE ON INMATES

Startled by Sonny's piercing orders, they remain silent and in their beds. A tired, disoriented Saleno shuffles to the front and is escorted out.

Sonny wraps his chipped hand with steel strapping.

JOHNNY

Hey, Sonny, is that you? Man, am I glad to see you!

They lock the door and ride off into a secluded area.

STEFAN reaches over the front seat to greet Johnny.

JOHNNY

Jesus! DeLeon? Oh, no! Sonny! You with them? What you gonna do now?

SONNY

Take it easy! That's Stef—just wearing DeLeon's face to get in and out of here.

STEF HOLDS LIGHT over Johnny's hand as Sonny unwraps it. He sets up his equipment, hears a beep and Johnny's information comes up in the holo-pad.

SONNY

Johnny, you were chipped the same day I attended the orientation when I tried to connect with you.

(looks at screen)

I guess you did a lot of buying there buddy—but you had the life credit. Why were you called in?

JOHNNY

I don't understand, it happened so fast. Have you told Uncle Bob? Tell him what they did to me.

SONNY

(to Stefan)

They must need a lot of subjects, so they can be called up at any time. Who would object?

STEFAN

What else do you see?

SONNY

He's slated to be deployed in the next shuttle launch. Over 700 of them are going.

STEFAN

They can't go to all this trouble to give him a space ride. I hear those tickets for the space tour cost a million digeros.

SONNY

Johnny, did they tell you where you're going?

JOHNNY

No, just that we'll be here for a few days. Why? Where are they taking us?

STEFAN

Wherever it is, you're not going. You're coming with us. Listen, we still have to get out of this base. Do exactly what we tell you. When is roll call?

JOHNNY

6 a.m. Sometimes, 4 a.m.

SONNY

You will be reported missing tomorrow morning. We need to take that chip out tonight.

JOHNNY

Thanks, guys. I owe you my life.

SONNY

O.K. Here's how we'll do it. Stef has to drive out on his own. You and I will lie in the back covered by a steel-mesh blanket. The scan is activated just before the gate. We have to be very still. O.K. Let's go!

CUT TO:

REAR OF SUV — MINUTES LATER

Sonny lifts the blanket and yells.

SONNY

Oh, shit! I forgot my bag behind a bush by the guardhouse. I know it

will be found in the morning. Let me out before you get to the gate. Pick me up around the bend by the voltage sign when it's safe.

CUT TO:

FRONT GATE

The SUV rolls slowly and stops at the guardhouse. Stefan waves to the guard.

We see the vehicle scan showing one life form: Dominic DeLeon, CEO LIFEcredit Corp.

The guard opens the gate and waves the vehicle through.

CUT TO:

SONNY runs by the guardhouse and grabs his bag. He rushes to the gate from the side, undetected. He lies down, waits.

CUT TO:

DRIVER WAVES

STEFAN

Keep up the good work, officer!

GUARD

Thank you, Mr. DeLeon. Good night.

As guard looks away from the monitor, a Mercedes coupe pops up on the screen. A buzzer sounds and a red light flashes with message: SUV unregistered, unauthorized vehicle.

Guard sees alert and scratches his head. He walks out of the gate and follows the dust trail for a few yards, holon-gun drawn. He yells for him to stop and fires in the air.

CUT TO:

OPEN GATE

Sonny waits for guard to come back. He slips out quietly before the gate closes. Stefan picks him up down the road.

CUT TO:

VOLTAGE SIGN

The SUV slows down, picks up Sonny.

CUT TO:

DOMINIC'S HOME

ANGLE ON flashing alert appearing on Dominic's suspended phone monitor. In his study, above the mahogany desk:

*Level of Importance: High
 You entered base at 2050. Visual
 on face and plates confirmed. But
 vehicle is unregistered. Immediate
 attention requested.*

CUT TO:

INT. LIFECREDIT HEADQUARTERS — DOMINIC'S OFFICE — MORNING
 THE NIGHT SHIFT BASE GUARD
 is escorted in by Milicorp troopers.

DOMINIC

What the hell happened last night?

GUARD

Well...I saw you enter the base, sir.
 Your plates checked out—I mean
 you were there Mr.DeLeon! When I
 saw the alert, I called out to you!

DOMINIC

Enough! It wasn't me, or my car!
 You were duped! The screen flashed
 it wasn't my Mercedes. Where the
 hell were you? You fucked up!

Dominic swipes violently across his desk, papers flying in
 the air. He nods to the troopers. They pull his hands
 behind him and activate digital tethers around his wrists.

GUARD

Oh, no! Please! This will never...

DOMINIC

Shut up! Get him out of here.

Guard is carried away pleading for help.

Dominic grabs his phone from a suspended cradle and swipes
 it. Moments later the lapel pin man bursts into office.

DOMINIC

I have an assignment for you.

The man comes around the desk for the file.

No! Leave the building now. Check

your holo-phone in a few minutes.

The man leaves. An image of Sonny pops up over Dominic's system. It begins rotating. He punches keys in the air. We see digits assemble under Sonny's face. A caption spells itself out:

**A.P.B. Sonny Daniel Wanted for
tech tampering and treason.
Reward: 1,000,000 dg.**

He taps the final stroke. A humming sound is heard. Holograms of Sonny's face appear in all the corridors.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIFECREDIT BUILDING

Sonny's hologram is everywhere on the grounds.

ANGLE ON

The lapel pin man. He reads message under DeLeon's image.

Do it, now!

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM INSIDE A HOUSE — NIGHT

CLOSE ON

A woman wakes up to a phone chime. She looks at the number and picks up.

WOMAN

Sonny, you know what time it is?

SONNY

Sorry, Maggie, I need your help.

CUT TO:

INT. MAGGIE'S ENTRANCE

SONNY

This is Johnny Saleno. We broke him out of a detention base. I can't explain right now. He can't go home. The people who killed Dad are going to ship him off to some space colony. Can he stay here for a couple days?

MAGGIE

What the hell are you up to, Sonny? You don't even call me since the

funeral—and now this? What's he done?
He must have done something!

SONNY

Nothing, Maggie, calm down.

Maggie begins sobbing and Sonny holds her shaking body.

MAGGIE

First Daddy, and now this?

SONNY

Maggie, please. More lives are at stake. Where else can I turn? I'm doing this for Dad, for all of us. Please! I'll explain later. If I don't go now, it'll be too late.

MAGGIE

I'm sorry. I can't get over Daddy. You know I love you. Just us now!

SONNY

Maggie, there's one more thing.

MAGGIE

Oh, oh! What's that?

SONNY

He needs you to remove an RFID chip from his hand—like right now, before he's reported missing.

MAGGIE

Jesus! Sonny. You got me out of bed with all this. I have to work in 4 hours, and you want me to do surgery?

SONNY

If he still carries the chip, they can trace it, kill him and find us.

MAGGIE

O.K. O.K! Get him in the kitchen. You want anybody's appendix out while I'm at it?

Sonny hugs his sister. He turns away to leave.

SONNY

I'll come back tomorrow before 6 a.m. to disarm the chip. Put it INSIDE this metal baggie on top of the garbage bin. O.K?

MAGGIE

This will hurt a little. I can't give you a local anesthetic. The chip is designed to react to it.

She makes a tiny incision near the chip and pries it out with a plastic explorer. She bandages it.

CLOSE ON

the chip being placed on top of the metal baggie.

CUT TO:

INT. LIFECREDIT HEADQUARTERS — BLDG. X — DAY

Zach Ozarenstein, Rom Orinthal, Russell Pilitzer, Johnathan Mavros, LEDO, Leonard Zoilefta and Col. Valeskos assemble at Prediction Central.

DOMINIC

Gentlemen, the special chips have arrived. Finally, we can conclude the executive chipping.

Dominic and LEDO assist two administrators in white coats. We watch them taking their turn. Dominic shakes hands and hugs each of the recipients.

LEDO

Congratulations to all. The best part of your chip is not only the enhanced life force. It's not subject to hacking—see that blue ring at the bottom? If it happens, you'll get a stinging sensation. The Axis is now complete.

He playfully rings a metallic triangle with his finger.

By the way, I'll greet all of you personally during the shuttle launch ceremonies.

The group disperses and Zach approaches LEDO.

ZACH

How many are going out this month?

LEDO

About 700. The barracks are filled to capacity. We must maintain total secrecy on this deployment.

ZACH

I've got that covered. They board the night before and are secured. Before launch, the tour passengers will board in a different section.

DOMINIC

I hope the docking works out.

LEDO

They're not docking. They're going to our space colony. It's big enough for million people. Why not visit it!

DOMINIC

I'll wait until they get all the bugs out first.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF HEADQUARTERS BUILDING

SONNY EXITS the camera system and takes off his earpiece.

SONNY (V.O.)

Oh, my God! Off-world Axis!

CUT TO:

INT. MAGGIE'S KITCHEN — DAY

We zoom in the bedroom to see Maggie asleep, cut across to the family room where Johnny sleeps on the couch. Clock above TV shows 4:30.

A sudden, low grade blast startles everyone awake. They stumble to the kitchen.

CLOSE ON FLOOR, WALLS AND COUNTERTOPS

Shredded garbage and debris is strewn across the room, a plastic garbage lid thrown against the doorway, one wall of cabinets destroyed and a rip in the ceiling.

Johnny stares at the room, stunned. Maggie holds her face.

MAGGIE

Oh, shit! I forgot about the chip!
What was in that thing?

JOHNNY

That was meant for me. They did a
4 o'clock check at the base. They
can't track me now—cause I'm dead.

OUTSIDE FRONT DOOR

Sonny presses button, door chimes sound. He's let in.

LATER

CAMERA FIXED ON FRONT DOOR

DOOR opens. Sonny and Johnny rush out, drive off.

INSIDE CAR

Sonny swipes his phone and Maggie's picture appears.

SONNY

I forgot to tell you, Milicorp
will track Johnny's chip to your
house. You better go to Gail's
for a while. I'm really sorry!

He hangs up, her image disappears.

(to Johnny)

This is your moment. We're going to
Stef's place. Tell him everything.
He'll interview you and release the
video to expose the whole program.
None of us have a choice now. They
think they did you in, and now,
they'll be looking for me and Stef.

JOHNNY

I have plenty to say. Everything
was too good to be true. I can't
thank you enough. Damn! What an
idiot I was to fall for all this.

SONNY

There's one more thing: about Bob.

JOHNNY

Oh, No! Please, don't tell me!

He puts up his hand and looks away to hide his face.

SONNY

Sorry, Johnny.

We watch the car turn down Stefan's street and park. They run up the stairs and into the apartment building.

CUT TO:

INT. STEFAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sonny and Johnny are let into apartment. Stefan sits on a couch with holo pad. The others get comfortable.

STEFAN

This is it, guys. We're gonna do this! I want to show you the first video section. It's great, even if I say so myself.

Stefan turns on the suspended video image in the middle of the room. All follow with great interest until...

THE DOOR BELL RINGS

Stefan opens the door to see Sonya standing there.

SONYA

Well, can I come in?

Sonya's entry brightens up the room especially Sonny. Sonny is astonished to see her. He approaches and looks at her as she begins to cry. They embrace.

SONYA

I'm so, so sorry! It's terrible what's going on—your Dad, poor Bob...and what they did to Johnny...

JOHNNY

...and many others.

SONNY

I can't believe it! You did come back. Sonya, all our lives are on the line—and we're running short on time. Are you with us?

SONYA

Why do you think I'm here? I want to be in the video and tell everything. Sorry, all I could

think of is myself. Trust me now?

Sonny pulls her to him and kisses her.

STEFAN

O.K. Let's get to work. Friday, October 29, 2025: Sonya, what can you tell us in the interview that will resonate with the people?

SONYA

I got a ton of stuff to say. Tell me when you're ready.

SONNY

Look you guys there's another influence here which introduced holography and the creation of credit cards—all in 1947. Now they have introduced extended Life with LIFEcredit, but it isn't real.

STEFAN

You mean, this isn't the elite's agenda? Who's is it then? The Super Elite? I can't buy this!

SONNY

Yes, sort of. But they aren't us! The elitists who are forming a One World Order, work in close synergy with an off-world runner to use advanced technology...

JOHNNY

To steal lives.

SONNY

Damn it, Stef! What can't you buy? Remember the shuttle? Where do you think shuttles go? Want me to draw you a picture? I overheard LEDO say the subjects are to be delivered to a space colony the end of this month. Humans will be harvested—by the thousands.

Oh my God! They mentioned about

an Axis being completed. That's it, you see? Triangles are everywhere, haven't you seen them?

STEFAN

What are you talking about now?

SONNY

Listen! The triangle is the Axis. Three points of triangulation for controlling humans.

He draws a triangle on the table and writes on the points.

Look! This point represents the Elitists—the Zachs and Dominics of the world; the other point depicts the Off-World influence: LEDO.

The final point, the top of the pyramid means... what? I don't know, I just heard "The Axis is complete."

Stef I know I'm not getting to you with any of this—Anyway, Finish this thing tonight! Please!

I told you LEDO's connected to what's going on. This guy's different. He's not like us.

STEFAN

What do you mean?

SONNY

He's not of this world. So, if he's calling the shots here, the elitists are not in control.

STEFAN

Who is?

SONNY

(he points up)

They are.

Johnny leans in about to say something. Stefan looks at him impatiently.

STEFAN

Johnny said when he researched Credit, the alleged UFO crash of 1947 in Roswell NM popped up. The people saw one thing, the government said another.

SONNY

What do you think?

STEFAN

Well, there WAS a crash. The press reported it as a weather satellite. But witnesses supposedly saw something else—and someone was found on the crash site, a farmer ...so, what's the connection?

SONNY

That's the other guy I need to find, the farmer—he's dead by now. Imagine what he could tell us.

STEFAN

Enough on the farmer and all the off-world stuff. I don't want to hear it—it doesn't matter to our expose, O.K? We just want to stop LifeCredit. Let's keep our feet on earth, geez Sonny...

Sonya in the background throws her hands up in the air to Sonny with an inquiring look.

SONNY

OK, How's the video coming?

STEFAN

Everything is done. Now we can do the interviews. We have to line up alternative news outlets. MediaCorp controls 80%. So, we can still access the 20%, like Q Tube, Godview and the Freedom Network.

SONNY

Do it all immediately! As many sources as you can. Remember, Stef once this is out, we're all on the

run—until the truth is heard. The
people need to respond. I have to
go now. One more thing left to do.

Sonny checks holo-screen. Finds an old message from Bob.

BOB

Here are LEDO'S coordinates.
Look for hives in the fields. He
communicates with blue digital ball.
Attached is a photo. He looks like
no one else. Careful with him Sonny.

Sonny scribbles on a small scrap of paper and departs.

LATER

Sonya sees the coordinates left on the holo-screen.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANKLIN AIR FORCE BASE — MORNING
SAT. OCTOBER 30, 2025

North American flags are draped in the front open gate.
Citizens are waved in and shown where to park. They're
escorted into shuttle busses to a special grandstand.
Busses drop off people until all the seats are filled.

A technician does a sound check onstage and inspects the
H.D. gigantic holo-screen.

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF VIDEO CLIPS IN SIMULCAST TRANSMISSION

--Protesters yelling

"When did we lose Our Freedom"

"What happened to the Constitution?"

--Public demonstrations with signs opposing Chipping.

"We Refuse the Mark of the Beast"

"We Don't need Protection from an
Imagined Enemy. We need Protection
from our own Government"

"Abolish the 4th Reich"

--HARP turning up the juice on communication devices

Feel a bit lethargic lately?

"High frequency transmissions
paralyzing humanity"

"Destroy the Alaskan Buzz"

--Stefan interviews chipped Corpoment workers.

REPORTER: Can you tell us your experience with LIFEcredit?

JOHNNY: They paint a perfect picture of living debt-free and push you to use Life credit. Before you enjoy any of these promises, their complicated formula puts you in default—then you lose everything—even your life. They herded us like cattle and even shot some of us.

PHOTOS IN

--Stills of woman shot with tranquilizer dart carried away.

--Photos of disoriented subjects suffering from flashing alert in their field of vision.

BACK TO INTERVIEWS

REPORTER: Sonya, what do you think is the basis of LIFEcredit?

SONYA: It's a system of credit, many years in the making. The Fed is in on it. The money has to come from somewhere to pay all debts. It sounds great, but the purpose is to create servitude where a few control the world's multitudes...

REPORTER: You were an outspoken advocate. What happened?

SONYA: This is a fraud, a high tech ponzi scheme using your life—and the stakes are too high. Once you accept the chip they have you! You sign your life away.

--The reporter turns to a priest standing by.

REPORTER: Father, how do you interpret the massive chipping?

PRIEST: In the guise of medical monitoring and public safety, we are being branded like cattle.

Scriptural prophesy is coming to roost: Axis of Evil. "He causeth all great and small, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand or forehead—And no man may buy or sell save he that have the mark."

REPORTER: What Axis of Evil are you referring to?

PRIEST: Lucifer's insidious triangle of power creates an axis bondage of the human race. Pure evil.

Videos continue on alternative feeds world-wide.

CUT TO:

INT. LIFECREDIT HEADQUARTERS CHAPEL — DAY

Lambent lights surround the perimeter. Sonny sits alone in the Judeo-Christian section, elbows on knees with head down. Flanking him are two other sections: Scientology and Islam. Soft New Age chimes filter in.

SONNY

Oh, Lord, I ask for your blessing—we're up against a great power and need your guiding hand to protect us from evil. Reach out to us. Amen

He continues with more inaudible petitions as music intensifies to accompany his meditation. Suddenly, he stands, heads for the door.

Just outside a guard faces him, hand on sidearm.

GUARD

(uneasy)

Mr. Daniel! What are you...

SONNY

Ralph! Where is everybody?

GUARD

Everyone's at the launch. Why...

He unstraps sidearm, ready to draw.

SONNY

Ralph! Take it easy, buddy...
No need for that. I'm here to see
Dominic. I'm sure he told you...

Ralph draws gun, awkwardly points it at him.

RALPH

Sorry, Mr. Daniel. Mr. DeLeon gave
me explicit orders to...

He adjusts his aero-headset.

SONNY

Ralph, it's me! What are you going
to do, shoot me? look, you just
tell him I'm coming to the launch.
I'm leaving now...It's OK, Ralph.

Sonny pushes his way out the door without looking back.
Ralph taps on his headset. Dominic's holographic image pops
up in the air console near doorway.

RALPH

Mr. DeLeon, Sonny came looking...

DOMINIC

Hold him there! Call for back-up...

RALPH

I tried to hold him—he's on his way
to the launch...

DOMINIC

Damn it, Ralph!

The holo-screen goes black.

SMASH CUT TO:

AIR FORCE BASE — SAME TIME
WE HEAR triumphant band music.

The North American Colors are presented. LIFEcredit
notables including N. America's Zach, Dominic, LEDO,
Jonathan, Rom and Russell and other leaders from Asia and
Africa take their seats on the dais.

BAND MUSIC ENDS

M.C.

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the maiden voyage of Orion, our our newest space shuttle: modeled after the old space shuttle program terminated in 2012. Thanks to technology, we are able to maintain perfect launch weather. I'm excited to turn the program over to the capable hands of Gen. Trent Larson.

Several hundred people applaud.

LARSON

My friends, today we will witness the first launch of a manned space shuttle destined for Pegasus, our first space colony. This is the first flight to our new...

Presentation fades to B.G.

CLOSE ON ZACH'S HOLO-PAD

Zach listens and views images in shock. He notices Dominic holding his chest with alarm while on the phone. He hurries over just as he ends the call in anger.

ZACH

Dominic, quit your fidgeting. Your chip had a hack attempt. Call it a chip attack, not a heart attack. Meanwhile take a look at something that should worry you!

Our program is being wasted. Damaging videos are all over the alternative media, and now some of our own people are picking up the feeds. I told you to take care of him. You just watched and let this happen!

Dominic stares at Zach's pad in horror.

DOMINIC

First Johnny...now Sonny! He's behind all this. I never trusted him. Maybe I waited too long! Zach, I just got word he's on his way here. He's coming to us, now! Damn!

Eliminate him, now! And arrest Spano and Sonya—for treason. She turned on us and told them everything. Do it now! Then get our media people to counter this. They know what to do. Call Roger at CMM first.

Zach turns slowly and burns a long stare at Dominic with his tiny round eyes. He points to him accusingly.

ZACH

Dominic, you had your chance! Now you listen. We were going to use the bankruptcy cover story after everyone went on shopping sprees; looks like LIFECredit is finished. Damn it, DeLeon! We move to phase II. Release the story...YOU call Roger. Do it now!

Dominic nods in submission.

CUT TO:

MEDIACORP NEWS CENTER

NEWS ANCHOR

There are many rumors swirling around the sudden closure of LIFECredit. We are getting a feed now.

CUT TO:

IN FRONT OF BUILDING

REPORTER

We have just received word that an onslaught of bankruptcies caused this. People could not control spending. They went crazy with LIFECredit purchases...

CUT TO:

CONTINUING LARSON PRESENTATION

As you can see in the distance, it's twice as large as the previous shuttle built for docking purposes 10 years ago. The first passengers include 100 world dignitaries who gave handsomely for the privilege.

CLOSE ON SHUTTLE

CROSS SECTION TO SHOW HUNDREDS OF TETHERED SUBJECTS IN THE CARGO SECTION

The 3-month journey will include spacious accommodations that will make the tour a memorable one. They will stay at Pegasus for 6 months and return. So, they'll be away for a year. Here's what it looks like.

A holo image shows a cross-section of the colony, like our own society with rivers and streams, fauna and flora, buildings, streets, holo-cars and surveillance cameras.

The audience oohs and aahs their surprised appreciation.

ANGLE ON

The 100 elite passengers march past the dais and shake hands with the dignitaries. They proceed to executive coaches with "Shuttle Launch" on destination window.

CUT TO:

CATWALK TO SHUTTLE

We watch them walk across the divide and enter the shuttle. They wave across the rails to the people in the distance. The passengers sit in soft recliner seats with automatic snap-on seat straps. The heavy door shuts and seals. Seams disappear. Then the catwalk recedes.

CUT TO:

BANDSTAND STAGE

ANGLE ON LEDO

Looking around as he retreats to backstage stairs. Leaders on the dais and grandstand guests shift their chairs toward the direction of shuttle and wear their shades.

LEDO walks around the fence toward the parking lot. SONNY'S POV: Holo-photo in hand, he watches LEDO proceed into the maze of steel until the Jeep lights go on when he opens the door.

SONNY

What's the matter, LEDO? Don't you like shuttle launches?

An onlooker stares at Sonny. A flash of light emits from a pin on his chest as he turns to leave.

Sonny runs to an adjacent lot for his car. He swipes Sonya's image, but no answer.

CUT TO:

INSIDE LEDO'S JEEP

LEDO

I see Sonny—he's at the
base ready to follow me out.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER VEHICLE

LAPEL PIN MAN

Thanks. I just talked to Zach
and I'm on it. Your tail is
history. Which way are you turning
on 236?

LEDO

West, toward the open fields.

LAPEL PIN MAN

10-4.

He swipes his phone.

LAPEL PIN MAN

Look for Sonny in the field. He's
all yours!

CUT TO:

We see a man's hand wearing a large amethyst ring swipe
away the caller's image.

CUT TO:

SONNY STAYS back and picks up LEDO turning out of the base.
He drives out of the gate in pursuit. He loses LEDO'S Jeep.

He speeds up to 75 – 85 – 90 mph but sees no sign of the
Jeep. Soon a gravel road appears. He swerves toward it and
continues slowly, his face riveted to the windshield.

SONNY

I know you're out here, LEDO.

Suddenly, the ground vibrates, gravel bouncing around and
his car shakes like the beginnings of an earthquake.

Sonny watches a ball of fire rising in the distance. The
shuttle illuminates the area for a few seconds. It cuts
through the late morning mist and reveals the Jeep's
position ahead.

Sonny presses his phone again.

SONNY

Hey, Sonya!

SONYA

Hey, where are you?

SONNY

...the air base.

SONYA

You can't mess with LEDO. You trying to get yourself killed?

SONNY

I'm fine, he doesn't know I'm here. Just want to see where he goes—Listen. Don't go home, they'll be coming for you. We're all marked now.

Try to sneak into my house—you know where the key is. Look in side drawer of my holo desk and take my gun, you need...

SONYA

...I already picked up the gun yesterday...Sonny, I'm scared.

SONNY

It's gonna be O.K. They really want me. Just stay out of view and protect yourself. Don't go to school, Call in sick from the library. The videos are out now...

SONYA

Yeah, I saw a whole string of them. We did it, Sonny! I'm watching them all day. They're demonstrating in front of LIFECredit. Can you imagine?

SONNY

Gotta go now. Wish me luck.

SONYA

Don't tangle with LEDO. You

can't win. I'm worried for you.

SONNY

I'll be fine—take care. Love you.

Gun drawn, Sonny gets out and walks over to the Jeep, but finds no one there. He walks across the gravel clearing in front of a lush wheat field. He hesitates then follows a carved path into the field. He pulls out the coordinates...

CUT TO:

GRAVEL ROAD OFF ROUTE 236

A Milicorp humvee turns on gravel road following the bleep of LEDO's car on his GPS.

REVERSE ANGLE ON

man who sees Sonny's car and skids to a stop. He also sees LEDO's Jeep ahead. He grabs his digi-gun and follows the path into the wheat field.

CUT TO:

SONNY FOLLOWS LEDO'S tracks for a while. He rests on the ground, the wind dragging the tacky beard of the wheat across his face. He marvels at the golden beauty.

SONNY (V.O.)

Good men died over this!

He bites his lip in anger until he draws his own blood.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAN WITH GUN

advancing closer. He stalks quietly and listens.

ANGLE ON SONNY

Standing up and continuing his pursuit. He stumbles into a clearing in the middle of the field. Stunned, he sees LEDO facing away, near cocoon-type hives.

Sonny falls to the ground exhausted, awkwardly draws firearm and points it at him.

LEDO

I admire your determination and courage, but I'm not the enemy.

SONNY

What the hell are you saying?

You're calling all the shots here.

LEDO

Yes, but I'm just a liaison. Your enemy is off-world. You can't fight them. Soon you'll know your new masters.

LEDO turns around, smiles and faces Sonny. With hands in prayer mode he notices someone approaching behind Sonny.

LEDO shuts his eyes and raises his head upwards. Strong magnetic currents begin rotating and a circling hologram appears in the middle. Shafts of blue lights revolve around the prisms wrapping LEDO in a shroud of reflective dust forcing Sonny to look away.

REVERSE ANGLE ON
stalker behind Sonny.

He activates the holo-sight and points to fire.

ZOOM ON the face of COLONEL VALESKOS.

Three consecutive shots ring out.

Valeskos' eyes suddenly dilate, blood pouring out of nose and mouth. He loses control of his weapon. Laser bolts zing wildly blasting off his own leg at the knee. He topples against the wheat stalks, his ring gleaming in the sun.

SONYA APPEARS IN THE FRAME holding smoking gun with both hands shaking. She points gun at LEDO, but Sonny lowers her weapon and takes it. She breaks down crying. He holds her.

SONNY

My God! I never saw him! What are you doing here?

She shows her phone, a hologram pops up with coordinates.

SONYA

I knew you couldn't do it alone.

ANGLE ON

LEDO standing and walking to the edge of the crop line.

LEDO

Congratulations. Very touching! You

bought some time for now—and forced us to move forward. LIFEcredit and the Corpoments will be shut down and replaced by LUMICorp. The world is ready for union.

Young man, it took 100 years, but it's finished. The first contact with earth was in Chicago in 1909. The Jekyll island summit followed which created the Federal Reserve and enabled the elitists to manipulate and control the money supply.

LEDO can't help being amused.

It was amusing to watch men planning total control of their own kind. The carnage and genocide in the last century. Your cruelty and divisiveness surprised even them. So little has changed through the ages.

They allowed you to proceed—even provided the technology for Credit Cards, Holography and HARP. And now, look at your leaders.

So puffed up with power! And they think they have extended life. THEY HAVE NOTHING. They're like the rest of humanity. They received only a taste of temporary power and wealth.

We see a subtle trail of smoke behind Sonny, up in the sky tracks toward the ground, about a mile away.

I'm the only one with added life and vitality. Elitists were used to prepare this world for a takeover. Oh, it will appear they're in charge.

People have been fooled for so long. Who would ever believe the elite are controlled by an off-world influence? I'm just a conduit for them since 1947.

You can't beat those who already own you. How can you fight what nobody

believes exists?

SONNY

So, how much better are they than us? How is slavery from off-world masters any better? You can't get away with this. You're finished. The whole world is rejecting this feudal system. LEDO, people no longer support LIFEcredit. Chipping is finished.

(to Sonya)

It's over, Sonya, we did it! This is a new beginning. Go to Stef's, I'll come for you there.

Sonya slowly recovers from the shocking experience.

SONYA

Wow! You were right! YOU did it!

SONNY

Sonya, we all did it.

Eyes on LEDO, he kisses her. She gets in car, drives away.

CUT TO:

STEFAN'S APARTMENT

ANGLE ON A TV TELECAST of video ending with the announcement of the shut-down of LIFEcredit.

JOHNNY

Hey, we did it, Stef, we did it!

CUT TO:

FIELD

LEDO

How sweet! But not true. Fact is, we don't need your consent now.

Unable to suppress his amusement, LEDO begins to laugh but checks himself.

Please! I'm not mocking you. It's just funny how things happen. Sonny, I'm the one who discovered the Roswell crash 75 years ago. Yes, me! Samuel L. Smithens. I was there first. Mac Brazel was the cover

story used to cover up what really happened.

CUT TO:

SHUTTLE ROCKET IN FLIGHT
CLOSE ON CROSS SECTION
of cargo bay to reveal the digitally tethered subjects
donning frightened looks.

CLOSE ON CROSS SECTION
Elite passengers sitting comfortably in plush environment.

CUT TO:

BACK TO FIELD
LEDO points toward the horizon.

ANGLE ON
Low cloud formations over corn and wheat fields.
Sonny follows the thick white trail of a low-flying
aircraft headed on a steep angle into the open sky.

Other distant chem-trails linger far into the sky over
farmland. They just hang there, like aircraft exhaust
trails. Also, tornado-like tails from the ground connect to
low cloud formations over the corn and wheat fields.

LEDO

Look out toward the horizon. It's
happening everywhere. Technology
has advanced--no more physical
chipping. Man-made rains will
dissolve the chips in the crops.

SONNY

My, God! What have you done!

Sonny fixes on chips swirling in the air. He turns his gun
at LEDO, but he's gone.

SONNY staggers back to the field's edge. He notices a new
section of crushed wheat, and walks in. Defeated, he looks
around and up to the sky.

He smells pungent smoke and starts coughing. He stretches
to see wheat fields burning ahead, black smoke rising.

SONNY (V.O.)

They're torching the evidence.
Now we'll be chipped without our

knowledge.

First he utters a phrase softly, then louder and louder.

SONNY

Why do they always win? Why?

He repeats it again and again, spins around, his shouts careening through the wheat and reaching out into the open air near the giant plume of chips. He loses balance and falls on his knees, kneels back and screams.

My God! That's the 3rd point!
The enemies of God: pure evil!

Sonny calms down and surrenders lying in the wheat on his back. He looks at a sky full of smoke trails.

Suddenly, he sits up with a look of resolve. He checks his holo GPS and tucks his gun in his belt behind him. He makes his way towards the ground-based clouds in the distance billowing up to meet the eerie chem-trails.

CUT TO:

Two men in protective MOPP gear spraying in opposite directions with hoses powered by a nearby compressor.

The plumes from both dusters merge into one sky-bound cloud over the field. The cloud of seeds and steam sparkles in the sunlight like a cloud of shimmering stardust. The men stand awestruck by the eerie spectacle.

One of them reaches up to snag a floating chip. Almost transparent and barely visible, their shape is triangular.

MAN

They're all over ready to cross-pollinate and germinate with crops.

ANGLE ON CHIP IMAGE

Turning slowly as if on its own axis, revolving in a gyroscopic format. Rotating round and round, it enlarges and acquires a multidimensional image.

We see it rotating across the sky nearing a large building. It passes and travels through the platinum doors of LUMICorp and affixes onto the lapel of Zach Ozarenstein.

CUT TO:

EXT. LUMICorp HEADQUARTERS — DAY

ZOOM ON a gold triangular ornament over the doorway. A SLEEK and Dapper Zach Ozarenstein stands at his place at the head of the conference table. Members yield respectfully and make way for their new leader.

ZACH

Good morning everyone. The transition to LUMICorp is complete. As the new head of this region, I welcome you to The New World Order. I look forward to a long period of cooperation toward a lasting world peace.

Dominic DeLeon, Rom Orinthal, LEDO, Russell Pilitzer, Cliff Hansen, Otto Keleher, Leonard Zoilefta and Jonathan Mavros stand with other directors to applaud the new milestone.

The Head of State position is eliminated. The former Corpoments shall be replaced by new directors. All new board members please make arrangements with Dominic to receive your executive chip.

Incidentally, gentlemen, one of the perks we enjoy at LUMICorp is the occasional investment tip: IVM, our new chip maker and partner. Buy all you can—and short LIFEcredit! Remember when inside information was illegal?

They enjoy a hearty laugh, especially Zach and Leonard.

We're making billions of chips... Finally, gentlemen, please welcome Cliff Hansen from Alaska and Otto Keleher from former Ecocorp. Cliff is director of HARP and Otto will coordinate the farm programs.

LEDO leads the new round of applause.

CUT TO:

INT. NYDAQ STOCK EXCHANGE – DAY

The closing bell clangs on the trading floor.

POX BUS. REPORTER

A new IPO leading the board today,
symbol LUMI is up 135% for the day.
Since the merger between LUMICorp
and IVM was approved last week, the
stock has been on a tear and continues
climbing in after-hours trading.

CUT TO:

INT. HEADQUARTERS – SAME TIME

ZACH

...and now we make billions and
billions of digeros.

ZOILEFTA

Life is good.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE WALL STREET EXCHANGE – SAME TIME

We see Milicorp officers everywhere. Protestors are pulled from groups, beaten and digi-tethered to sidewalk rails. Police re-enforcements arrive to control the people as chaotic conditions escalate. More break ranks and begin yelling at the hungry in line for free food.

1st PROTESTOR

People, don't eat this food. Look
at it! Bread, corn and chicken. It
looks good, but my wife is still
sick from last week!

The protestor is suddenly cuffed, pushed into a Milicorp wagon.

MIXED PROTESTS

–I won't eat any of this either. I had a bad reaction.

–Who knows what the hell is in this stuff!

–It's that spraying going on in all the farms.

Hungry people in food line begin arguing with protestors

–Hey what do you care, we're starving. You gonna feed us?

–We're the forgotten ones. Let us eat in peace.

CLOSE ON

Another protestor approaching food line. He touches the shoulder of a vagabond in the line who was staring at him.

2nd PROTESTOR

Don't eat that. It's from them. Who knows what's in it!

Vagabond shakes his head in shame.

VAGABOND

I have to...or I'll starve. I got no choice, I got nothing...I shoulda got the chip...

2nd PROTESTOR

You're getting a chip if you eat that—believe me it won't help you. Come with me, for untainted food at our camp outside of town.

CUT TO:

BLAZING FARM SITE

Sonny helps farmer fight a crop fire. Milicorp vehicles and Novanto agriculture trucks arrive. Police drag Sonny away.

SONNY

Let me go! I have rights!

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. FARMHOUSE — DUSK

A family gathers for dinner in the kitchen. A woman places dishes on the table.

ANGLE ON

News channel playing in background.

NEWS ANCHOR

—Firefighters contain another runaway blaze in local corn and wheat fields, by disgruntled farmers after LUMICorp seized their land. A man arrested for Arson is taken for interrogation.

REVERSE ANGLE

on man being dragged to a trailer.

Investigation is underway to insure crop safety.

-In business news, shares of LIFEcredit continue to plummet 92% to .36 amid massive selling and holo-shorting..

SMASH CUT TO:

LIFEcredit BUILDING

POV looking up from street. Two men on a scaffold taking down LIFEcredit sign and replacing it with LUMICorp.

CUT TO:

FARMHOUSE

Woman turns up volume and touches the corner of holographic screen to enlarge image. Then she pulls it towards the table to enjoy a holo-telecast over dinner.

WOMAN

Come on, dinner's ready.

A man and two children, a boy and girl, come to the table.

CLOSE ON

Platters of broccoli, corn, sliced beef and bread. We watch the family eat with great appetite and lively conversation.

CUT TO:

EXT. REMOTE CORN FIELD - DUSK

A black Milicorp van hurtles between two towering fields.

INSIDE

The men are dressed in black. The prisoner is bound and gagged, unconscious on the floor.

MAN

O.K. It's time. Wake him up.

Another man cracks smelling salts under prisoner's mask. He shakes his head and comes to.

MAN #2

Do what he says. Let him go. Slow down, but don't stop.

The prisoner is untied. They drag him to his feet. The side door slides open.

MAN

He can't hurt anyone now. We got him. Let him go.

OUTSIDE

The masked man is pushed out onto the gravel road, rolls around several times. The van speeds leaving a cloud of dust over him.

He staggers on his feet and tears off his mask.

SONNY

Damn you! This isn't over!

He begins walking toward a farmhouse in the distance.

PAN TO:

THE SKY — OUTER SPACE

ZOOM ON

A space ship appearing out of thin air glistening in the moonlight. It swivels toward earth and fires a beam. It collides with the thick chem-trails and splinters into many beams directed to cell phone towers. From there, networks of smaller streaks form a grid and touch households.

CUT TO:

FARMHOUSE

MAN

Why did that guy set the farm on fire? So glad our system is in place to protect us.

It's wonderful living in these times—in a world family where our food and lives are protected.

WOMAN

Yes, dear. We don't have to worry about anything anymore.

MAN

Yes, it's our New World Order.

The children give them a quizzical look.

BOY

Mommy, more corn, please.

BOY'S POV

He looks out into the moonlit cornfields and makes out a faint silhouette of a man walking slowly toward the farmhouse.

CUT TO:

SONNY'S POV

An alert message pops in his field of vision.

*SAFE HAVEN IN FARMHOUSE
200 YARDS AHEAD*

He shakes his head, blinks and rubs his eyes. The message is still there. He checks his hands, but sees no mark.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON — BOY'S CHEST

ZOOM IN to mouthfuls of food moving down his esophagus. We watch a chip releasing from a kernel of corn.

It travels through his system following its own GPS until it reaches its destination in the right hand.

A closer focus exposes a faint triangle of ⁹ 6 6

The triad rotates and reveals the final 6

to complete the Axis: 6 6
6

FADE OUT