

TUNE

By

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Based on Notebook Doodles

Garden 27

FADE IN:

A black screen. With a beep, the screen flashes on like an old TV. It shows...

INT. STUDIO KITCHEN - TIME UNKNOWN

A MALE CHEF stands beside an oven that cooks a full turkey. A timer reads five seconds.

The clock hits double zeros and the Male Chef takes out a thoroughly browned turkey.

MALE CHEF

Wham! A full turkey dinner in under
twenty minutes. Imagine what
Thanksgiving was like before the
Tri-Heater.

Candid laughter comes from the unseen crowd.

UNKNOWN VOICE(V.O)

Change.

INT. ARENA - TIME UNKNOWN

Two booths of five PLAYERS, all wearing VR headsets, face each other. Between them is a projection of a virtual arena.

Within the arena, virtual CHARACTERS engage in combat.

As one player arcs their hand forward, their character launches a fireball at an enemy player's character.

All other players gesticulate, to which their characters respond.

The character who was hit by the fireball explodes into a mass of pixels.

ANNOUNCER

And ThisIsCaptain takes the kill!

The crowd erupts.

UNKNOWN VOICE(V.O)

Change.

INT. NEWS DESK - TIME UNKNOWN

A NEWS REPORTER sits behind a desk. Footage of an stagnant army camp plays on a screen in the background. In the distance, another immobile camp can just barely be seen.

NEWS REPORTER

Still no progress has been made in Karelia as neither the American nor Russian forces have been able to push through the Karelian defenses.

UNKNOWN VOICE(V.O)

Change.

INT. NEWS STUDIO - MAY 20TH, 2036

News reporter, SARAH HANSEN(early 40s), appears before the screen. Her suit is crisp, she stands tall as if she's never been wrong a day in her life.

Archival videos of researchers and various technological tinkers working in a lab flash on screen.

The screen cuts back to Sarah, eager to speak.

SARAH

In 2026, the world was changed forever. With one invention, Dr. Elijah Kenning single-handedly brought new hope to thousands of people who thought they would never be able to leave the hospital again.

The footage changes to an HANDICAPPED MAN wearing a TUNE headset in a hospital bed. It looks like an old leather football helmet, except the leather is dyed a dark black. It's patch-worked with little tube jacks, some of which have wires plugging into them. It is quite a sizable device.

The footage appears dated.

FLASHBACK:

The footage transitions to a considerably YOUNGER SARAH. She interviews a rather animated fellow. He sports a lab coat and can't seem to calm his hands, this is YOUNGER KENNING(early 40s).

The footage is dated May 17, 2026.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNGER SARAH
So, Dr. Kenning...

YOUNGER KENNING
Haha. Please, call me Eli.

YOUNGER SARAH
My pleasure. Now Eli, with the reveal of TUNE right around the corner, everyone is eager for its release. However, I know there are people who don't really understand what is coming. The question must be asked, what is TUNE?

YOUNGER KENNING
I'd be happy to oblige. TUNE stands for the Transient Upload of Neural Experiences, which in simple terms means a gateway for individuals to transfer their memories into a computer.

YOUNGER SARAH
And these memories, if I'm understanding it correctly, can be accessed at a later date?

YOUNGER KENNING
Someone's been doing their research.

Younger Kenning releases a good-natured chuckle. This causes Younger Sarah to join in.

YOUNGER KENNING
It's the beauty of the era, Sarah. With all the advancements that have been made in the last few years regarding neuroscience, especially in robotics and cognitive therapy, TUNE serves as the conduit between the human brain and a computer.

Younger Kenning shakes with excitement.

YOUNGER SARAH
The connection that TUNE facilitates... is that a one-way thing?

(CONTINUED)

YOUNGER KENNING
No, not at all! TUNE allows for
both uploading as well as
downloading memories.

Younger Sarah nods intently, but is hungry for more.

YOUNGER SARAH
It seems to me, that the
capabilities of TUNE remain
untapped. With the ability to
transfer memories into another
body, could we not download our
conscience to, say, a permanent
source? Theoretically live forever?

YOUNGER KENNING
Well, technically, I suppose that's
possible...

For the first time in the interview, Younger Kenning
slouches in his chair and absent-mindedly clicks his fingers
together. He then gives a half-hearted laugh.

YOUNGER KENNING(CONT)
But I developed TUNE as a way of
helping people who have nowhere
else to turn, primarily individuals
who have lost their physical
capabilities, but retain their
mental functions.

Younger Kenning takes a sip of water.

YOUNGER KENNING(CONT)
The very idea of living forever
devalues the actual time we have
here. If time isn't an obstacle,
and we have means to fix all our
past blunders, what's to say we'll
do anything more than sit around
waiting for our bodies to atrophy?

YOUNGER SARAH
You don't have faith in peoples'
ability to independently control
their own memories?

Younger Kenning furrows his eyebrows, sipping in the
thought.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNGER KENNING
Well... I guess I don't.

END FLASHBACK.

The screen changes back to its current newscast. This one is of present day, back to Sarah's unfinished introduction.

SARAH
Despite Dr. Kenning's initial
misgivings on society's mental
integrity, the world braces itself
for the mass-market release of
IntUNE.

The footage changes to Sarah standing alone in a room, wearing an IntUNE headset. It resembles a VR machine. Goggles cover the upper half of her face. It exhibits a sleek black finish, depressed indents spaciouly enveloping the dome like that of a golf ball. It's much more compact than its predecessor.

Sarah's arms are outstretched, trying to keep her balance.

SARAH(CONT)
I was lucky enough to get the
chance to speak with Dr. Kenning
once again.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The image changes to Sarah sitting across from KENNING(early 50s). They two appear suffocated in a small room with two chairs. A wooden table is the only divide between the two. Kenning's ankles are crossed and his arms rest lazily upon the armrests. His eyes are sunken, and he looks as if he has a permanent bad taste in his mouth. This is not the Kenning of ten years prior.

SARAH
Dr. Kenning, wonderful to see you
again.

KENNING
Likewise.

SARAH
TUNE has really caught on in the
last ten years, more so than I
think anyone expected. How does
that feel, to know that something
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SARAH (cont'd)
you made has had such an impact on
so many people?

KENNING
Well, I developed it as a way of
helping those who had no other
options left. If they've happened
to find enjoyment in it, I guess I
did something right.

SARAH
Now, with the release of IntTUNE
just days away, your invention will
reach more than just those people
who originally needed it for
medical reasons.

Kenning nods slowly for a moment before responding.

KENNING
Yes, I suppose that is true.

SARAH
Have you used IntTUNE yet?

KENNING
No.

SARAH
Well, what I used, despite how
brief it was, felt incredible. It
really felt like I was hang-gliding
off the southern California coast
for the first time again.

Kenning offers a dismissive smile.

KENNING
Glad you liked it.

SARAH
So, what's it been like, seeing
your invention 'grow up' if you
will?

KENNING
(shifting uncomfortably)
Time has really pushed it towards
areas I never thought it would go.
And to tell you the truth, never
really wanted it to go.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH
Despite all of its popularity?

KENNING
Popularity was never the intention.

SARAH
Is that why you turned over control
of the company? To wash your hands
of what is was becoming?

Kenning swallows his response.

SARAH
You said, in our first interview,
you expressed the belief that
humanity needed a guiding hand in
controlling their own memory.

KENNING
Well, yes, but-

SARAH
Considering the sheer importance
and popularity of InTUNE, do you
believe it wise to abandon your
position as the guiding hand of
what will forever be your legacy?

Kenning emphatically slaps the armrests of his chair. He
points a firm finger at her.

KENNING
My legacy is TUNE, and helping
people who had nowhere else to
turn! Whatever it has become
belongs to someone else.

SARAH
Are you afraid of InTUNE stealing
the spotlight and washing out
everyth-

UNKNOWN VOICE(V.O)
Off.

The screen quickly cuts to black like an old TV turning off.

INT. KENNING'S LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

The large flat-screen TV mounted on the wall sits blank. Dr. Elijah Kenning rests in a red armchair holding the remote, wearing a light grey robe and teal slippers. He is older than his years, apathetic to his surroundings. After a moment he tosses the remote onto the couch next to him, gets up, and exits the room.

We linger on the empty room.

SUPER: TUNE

INT. KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Kenning checks his emails, dozens are unread. He swipes his finger against the screen and scrolls through them. With a push of the mark box he checks each one off without opening it.

B) Two pieces of over-cooked toast emerge from a spherical toaster. Kenning grabs the two pieces and tosses them into a plate, then dresses them with an unidentifiable condiment. There is not enough, so he spreads it thinly.

C) Crumbs rain on his desk, as he continues to mark his emails

D) Kenning stares blankly out the window of his high-rise apartment, taking in the Seattle skyline.

E) CLOSE UP on his computer monitor. Blank boxes marked off with bright red checks.

F) The apartment shakes as Kenning uses a futuristic exercise machine.

G) Kenning continues to scroll and is just about to check off an email, but his finger hesitates.

H) An email addressed to Dr. Elijah Kenning. The subject reads, "URGENT COMPANY MATTER, PRESENCE NEEDED ASAP".

I) Kenning throws on a business casual suit, emphasis on the casual.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. KENNING'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kenning enters the room and straight-lines to the mirror. He stares at his reflection and adjusts his suit, also accompanying the reflection is his son EVERETT (17). Everett appears to meld into the couch. His gaze is fixed forward.

The InTUNE apparatus helmets Everett's head,

Everett's body vaguely rocks back and forth, other than that he remains motionless.

Kenning gives off a deep sigh.

KENNING

Everett.

No response.

KENNING

Everett?

Nada. Everett sways even less.

KENNING

Son!

Still nothing.

KENNING

Will you be doing anything today?

Everett slowly falls into the pillow beside him.

Kenning shakes his head and exits the room.

EXT. KENTECH HEADQUARTERS - ENTRANCE - DAY

Flags of various countries ripple in the wind. A high-rise building, covered with thousands of windows kisses the clouds.

Kenning walks along the sidewalk and into the buildings entrance through sliding glass doors.

INT. KENTECH BOARDROOM - DAY

A sleek white boardroom, filled with chairs that have no occupant. The walls are floor-to-ceiling windows that overlook the Seattle skyline. One long white table rests in the dead-center of the room.

(CONTINUED)

Across the table from Kenning sit three individuals.

Current President and CEO of KENTECH, AVIDAN BRAFF(50s) sits in the center of the table. Braff's a man who's cut and finely pressed, in his eyes burns a never-ending desire for more.

To his left sits Lead Developer, ORLI SEISON(30s). Seison looks more at home in a laboratory than a board room. Her eyes pierce from behind thick-rimmed glasses.

To Braff's right sits the LAWYER(40s). He dons a very sharp suit, his hair shines just as much as his black leather shoes. Before him sits a folder overflowing with papers.

BRAFF

Good to see you again, Eli.

KENNING

(unamused)

What's this about?

BRAFF

Straight to the point, as always.
I'll cut to the chase.
INTUNE's release is imminent-

KENNING

What does that have to do with m-

BRAFF

(not missing a beat)

And I am fully aware you want
nothing to do with it.

SEISON

(under her breath)

The whole world's aware of that.

Braff glances at her.

BRAFF

But, everyone and my grandmother
thinks of you when they think of
what we do here. Because of that, I
implore you to be our keynote
speaker at the press release
tomorrow.

Seison appears appalled. Kenning doesn't know how to react.

(CONTINUED)

KENNING

You brought me down here just to
ask me that?

BRAFF

I simply wanted to ask you in
person. Friend to friend.

Kenning smacks his hands against the table and starts to
rise.

KENNING

Well, it's been a lovely reunion,
but I think I'll be going now, back
somewhere where people don't waste
my time.

Seison stands in disgust.

SEISON

(didactically)

You can't just--

Braff raises a spread hand.

BRAFF

(sternly)

Both of you, sit down.

Seison immediately sits down. Kenning stands his ground, and
buries his hands deep into his pockets.

KENNING

Look... I a-

BRAFF

No. You look. The friendly, good
cop spiel is over.

Braff knocks his hand onto the table.

Upon the knocks, the Lawyer opens the folder, takes the
first document and slides it over to Braff.

BRAFF

Maybe you'll remember this?

Braff pushes the paper towards Kenning. It slides across the
table, and stops just before it's about to fall over the
edge.

(CONTINUED)

BRAFF

Section three, Subsection five.
Fourth paragraph down.

Kenning searches over the paper.

BRAFF (CONT)

Can you read to me what that says?

Kenning's eyes skim across the paper, a legal document requiring his presence at any future product releases for KenTech. It lists various other legal stipulations.

With each line, his face grows more disgruntled. His eyes flick up over the paper, and burn into Braff.

BRAFF

Can I count on you being there
tomorrow?

Kenning folds up the paper and slides it into his pocket. He then exits the room without a word.

The doors slam behind him as we...

INT. KENNING'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kenning sits at the head of a dinner table, a plain meal of meat and potatoes arrayed before him. At the other end of the table sits his wife, MAEVE(late 40s). She is meticulously groomed, and cares too much.

Everett sits along the table between them, slouching back, his fork slowly drilling a hole into his mashed potatoes.

Kenning mechanically goes about his dinner, nothing more than food to mouth.

No one acknowledges each other.

Maeve clears her throat in an effort to break the silence.

MAEVE

The zucchini's a little dry.

Clang! A fork falls to the ground, and dances until it comes to a rest. All attention in the room turns to the fork as Everett reaches down to pick it up.

Kenning and Maeve's eyes linger on their son for a moment after he picks up the fork. Their eyes meet.

(CONTINUED)

MAEVE
(to kenning)
So, what have you been up to today?

Kenning pushes a spoonful of potatoes into his mouth.

KENNING
(muffled)
Went to go see an old friend.

Maeve sits up inquisitively.

MAEVE
Oh, Kendrick? What's it been, about
nine years, now?

KENNING
What? God no--

Kenning's response is cut short as Everett's fork drops to the ground yet again.

MAEVE
Keep the utensils on the table,
dear.

KENNING
Act your age, Everett.

Maeve flashes Kenning a disapproving look while Everett retrieves his fork.

Everett mutters an unintelligible response.

MAEVE
What was that, honey?

Everett returns to painting the plate with his food.

EVERETT
(muttered but louder)
Sorry.

Kenning carries on with the previous conversation.

KENNING
Not Kendrick. I haven't the
faintest clue where he is, and
thank god for that.

Kenning indulges in another bite of food.

(CONTINUED)

KENNING(CONT)

I saw Braff.

MAEVE

Braff? What did he want? Must have been important for you to go back there.

KENNING

Not really, he just asked me to be the public face for the release tomorrow.

MAEVE

Why? You haven't had anything to do with that place for years now.

As if on cue, Everett's fork hits the ground. Kenning releases an exasperated sigh.

KENNING

(to everett)

Please!

MAEVE

(to kenning)

Elijah.

Kenning and Maeve's eyes combat once more before she turns to her son.

MAEVE

(to everett)

Is there something you want to tell us?

Everett leans down to grab the fork. Maeve forcefully intervenes and slides her own fork towards Everett's plate.

MAEVE

Here, just take mine.

Everett goes to pick up Maeve's fork, but his aim is off. His fingers collide with the tabletop. Everett stares blankly at the result.

He shakes his head, brushing it off, as he grasps the fork.

EVERETT

I'm fine, I'm fine.

He goes back to his food. A faint metallic rattling now accompanies the dinner.

(CONTINUED)

Everett's jittery fork bounces off the plate.

The parents watch intently at the strange occurrence unfolding. Kenning slams a fork-filled fist to the table.

KENNING

What is wrong with you?

MAEVE

Eli!

KENNING

Are you blind? There is clearly something wrong with him.

MAEVE

And what you're doing is helping how?

He sighs.

KENNING

I am simply trying to figure out what's going on.

MAEVE

Calm down. Leave your day out of this.

KENNING

This has nothing to do with that!

MAEVE

Don't raise your voice with me. This has everything to do with you coming face-to-face with all that you could have had.

KENNING

Could've had? Take a second to look around.

Kenning gestures to the surrounding apartment, claiming all that is there.

KENNING(CONT)

All of this is because of me. You've had everything you could've ever wanted because of me.

MAEVE

And what's left to show for it? Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

KENNING

Nothing? What about never having to
worry about money ever again?

Maeve appears unimpressed.

KENNING(CONT)

The countless people I've given a
second life to? A goddamn Nobel
Peace Prize? Do they mean nothing
to you?

Smash! The glass frame of a picture hanging nearby pops and
shatters to the floor. Beside the shards rests a lone fork.

Everett stands up, eyes cast in shadow. He storms out of the
room.

Maeve watches as her son exits the room, and then turns to
Kenning. Disappointment engulfs her face.

MAEVE

How's that peace prize?

She gets up and follows after Everett.

Kenning rests his head on his fist and twirls his food with
his fork, nothing but the walls to keep him company.

INT. PRISON - CELL BLOCK - DAY

Fingers type a combination into a spherical keypad that
rests on the bars of a cell.

Bzzzzt. The keypad glows green, and the cell door slides
open.

Two PRISON GUARDS stand outside the open cell. They both
hold batons, bolts of electricity buzzing at the end.

PRISON GUARD ONE

Follow us.

A white prison uniform adorns the body of KENDRICK(50s) as
he steps out of the cell. His bald head reflects the sheer
white of the prison bars. A sizable beard masks his face.

Paying no heed to his surroundings, Kendrick begins to walk
down the prison hall. The guards follow closely behind him.

(CONTINUED)

PRISON GUARD TWO

Lot's changed since you've been in here.

KENDRICK

Seeing as change is unavoidable, I have no reason to believe otherwise.

PRISON GUARD ONE

Watch your tone. You haven't left these walls yet.

KENDRICK

No, you're right. This is very much still a prison.

Prison Guard Two gives Kendrick a firm whack to the back of the leg, which sends him to his knees.

PRISON GUARD TWO

Get up, and stay silent, if you want to make it to the end of this hall.

Kendrick struggles to his feet and pushes on.

EXT. PRISON ENTRANCE - DAY

A short siren blast signals the opening of the main gate. The doors swing open and reveal Kendrick, standing in an old suit and holding a cheap sack.

He shields his eyes from the glare of the sun. With a face of relief he scans his surroundings before taking his first steps back into the world.

EXT. DESERT LANDSCAPE - AREA UNKNOWN - NIGHT

A quiet night in the desert. Wind whips the sand into a twirl across the horizon. The tranquility is broken by the industrial lights of a distant building.

INT. RESEARCH LAB OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

The observatory is a small room, plain room. A series of screens line the walls where various SCIENTISTS process information.

One wall is taken up by a large Plexiglas window. Just before this wall stand two figures.

(CONTINUED)

The first is LLOYD, the head scientist. He wears a lab coat on his wiry frame, hair disheveled. He looks as if he hasn't slept in days, and does not care.

The second is a government AGENT, clean-cut. He wears a federal suit that contains his stocky build.

They observe a large room filled with waves of people wearing an assortment of mechanical accessories.

People walk between the rows of test subjects, each taking notes on clipboards.

INT. RESEARCH LAB TESTING ROOM - NIGHT

A STAFF MEMBER walks up to a BOUND SUBJECT whose torso is strapped into a chair. He wears an InTUNE headset.

The staff member drops a hard bouncy-ball onto the bound subject's leg. With inhuman reflex, the bound subject snatches the ball out of thin air.

The staff member jots down information on his clipboard.

INT. RESEARCH LAB OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

The Agent turns to Lloyd, his voice cold and calculated.

AGENT

Is everything proceeding as planned?

LLOYD

There were some minor complications, but nothing we didn't anticipate.

AGENT

And when can we start the final phase?

LLOYD

You can't rush perfection!

AGENT

Fine.

The Agent begins to walk towards the exit. Just before he passes over the threshold, he turns back to Lloyd.

(CONTINUED)

AGENT

A lot of people are sitting on the edge of their seats. Make sure everything stays on schedule.

LLOYD

I wouldn't dream of it being any other way.

With a curt nod, the Agent makes his exit. The Scientist returns his gaze to the activity below. A loud scream is heard.

Off the echo of the yell, a warm voice of welcome.

BRAFF(V.O.)

Kentech has always been at the forefront of humanitarian technology.

INT. KENTECH ATRIUM - NEXT DAY

A large crowd of REPORTERS blankets the floor of that atrium. At the back of the room Braff stands at a podium on a raised platform. Business people and scientists sit behind him, Kenning and Seison among them.

BRAFF(CONT)

Over the last ten years we've helped millions of people who thought they had no future reclaim their lives through our products.

Braff pauses, shuffling around his papers on the podium. He beams a smile at the crowd.

BRAFF(CONT)

And now, with the official release of IntUNE, KenTech is providing memory control for everyone. None of this could have been realized without the vision of one man. It is this vision, this drive to heal the world, that still motivates KenTech today. Ladies and gentlemen, our founder, and my dear friend, Elijah Kenning.

Braff steps away from the podium.

The audience explodes into applause as Kenning ambles up to the podium. Kenning puts down a sheet of notes.

(CONTINUED)

All eyes are on him.

KENNING
Thank you, Avidan.

The reporters sit, waiting with bated breath for his speech.

KENNING(CONT)
Kentech really has come a long way
since its beginning ten years ago.
TUNE has been able to help more
people than I ever could have
imagined.

Kenning looks back at Braff who makes a gesture with his
hand, urging Kenning to keep going.

KENNING (CONT)
And now, InTUNE's release becomes
another step forward. Forward for
universal healing and relief.

Kenning folds up his note sheet. He slides into his pocket.

KENNING (CONT)
Uh, are there any questions?

Braff rests his head on his hand, chuckling slightly. A
multitude of hands shoot to the sky amongst the reporters.
No one waits to be called on.

REPORTER ONE
What can you tell us about the
differences between TUNE and
InTUNE?

REPORTER TWO
You cut ties with Kentech almost
seven years ago. What has brought
you back today?

KENNING
I was asked to speak.

MISCELLANEOUS REPORTER
How vast are the changes in company
policy from how it was when you
were in charge?

KENNING
No comment.

Braff makes his way to the microphone.

(CONTINUED)

BRAFF

Please, everyone, let's be civil.
One question at a time.

The reporters quiet down, but a sea of hands still remain raised. Kenning gestures to a REPORTER IN BLACK.

REPORTER IN BLACK

Dr. Kenning, do you believe IntUNE
will be as popular as its
predecessor, if not more so?

KENNING

Well, generational interest is
constantly changing, so I suppose
it is possible.

Kenning points to a REPORTER IN RED TIE.

REPORTER IN RED TIE

What is your personal opinion on
the current direction of the
company?

Kenning readjusts his collar. He struggles for a response.

KENNING

Well, there are definitely things I
would have done differently, and--

Braff once again makes his way up to the podium. He pulls the microphone away from Kenning.

BRAFF

Dr. Kenning's personal take on the
state of Kentech is not what we are
here to discuss. Next question.

Braff now opens the floor. He calls on REPORTER TO THE FAR LEFT.

REPORTER TO THE FAR LEFT

Has there been a falling out, a
tear in the relationship between
Kentech and Dr. Kenning?

Braff raises a finger to his ear. He nods in acknowledgment.

BRAFF

Alright, folks. I've just been
informed that we are unfortunately
out of time. There will be no
further questions, thank you.

(CONTINUED)

The crowd erupts with opposition and pressing questions. Braff starts to lead Kenning away from the podium. The business people and scientists begin to shuffle off the platform.

A single voice bellows over all the rest.

UNIDENTIFIED VOICE (O.S.)
Are you aware of the string of
deaths associated with your
product?

Kenning pulls away from Braff. He rushes to the podium.

KENNING
Who said that?

He locates the REPORTER WEARING BOW TIE at the back of the room. The commotion of the crowd drowns out the the response.

KENNING
Will everyone quiet down?

The crowd fizzles down to murmurs..

KENNING
(pointing to the bow-tied
reporter)
You. What did you just say?

The Reporter Wearing Bow Tie moves to the front of the room.

REPORTER WEARING BOW TIE
Dr. Kenning, what do you have to
say regarding the recent string of
deaths associated with IntUNE?

KENNING
I... I am thoroughly unaware of
anything of that sort.

REPORTER WEARING BOW TIE
Over the past month, five people
have died from using the latest
development kit of IntUNE, the most
recent victim a fifteen year old
girl just this past week.

Kenning glances over at Braff, who is having a hushed conversation with the people around him.

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER WEARING BOW TIE
Do you take any responsibility for
these passings, and what recompense
will you offer to their families?

KENNING
At this time I am unable to speak
on the matter, but I assure you I
will personally take action to see
that any wron--

Braff yanks Kenning away from the microphone.

BRAFF
(to security)
Get everyone out of here!

Braff leads Kenning to the side. Security guards herd the
incensed reporters to the main entrance.

Kenning forcefully pulls away from Braff.

KENNING
What the hell was that?

BRAFF
Eli.

KENNING
What the fuck was he talking about?

BRAFF
Stop! This is not the place.

KENNING
What?

Braff scouts the area, and then places a reassuring hand on
Kenning's shoulder

BRAFF
Come to my office.

Kenning reluctantly follows him.

INT. BRAFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Braff's office is a much more luxurious version of the
conference room: floor-to-ceiling windows surround the room,
and the only pieces of furniture are a minimalistic desk and
a futuristic egg-shaped chair. A large TV screen sits in the
wall facing the chair.

(CONTINUED)

Braff sits in his desk chair. Kenning stands across from him, arms folded across his chest.

A bowl of colored candies rest on Braff's desk. He takes a handful and tosses them into his mouth. He slides the bowl towards Kenning.

BRAFF

(after indulging)

Everyone always says they have a favorite color. I've never really understood that. To me, they all taste the same.

Kenning smacks the bowl, knocking it to the floor, decorating it with an array of colors.

KENNING

Don't waste my time anymore than you already have. Just tell me what's going on.

Braff shoots him a look.

BRAFF

If you insist.

Braff holds a finger on his desk. A little circular light flashes green and an interface fades into existence on the desk. Braff presses some buttons and the TV turns on.

Kenning turns to look at the screen.

News footage, dated a few days before, plays on the screen: a compilation of different reporters detailing deaths related to IntUNE.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1) A NEW YORK REPORTER stands in front of a store selling the development kit of IntUNE.

NEW YORK REPORTER

I'm standing here outside TechLand, one of the more popular distributors of cutting-edge consumer technology. And behind these glass doors, a killer lies dormant.

2) A SMALL TOWN REPORTER walks through a teenager's bedroom. He walks towards an unmade bed, the camera following behind him.

(CONTINUED)

SMALL TOWN REPORTER

It was right here that the body of nineteen year old Jimmy Doyle was found, an IntTUNE headset masking his lifeless expression.

3) A JAPANESE ANCHOR sits behind her desk. To her left, an image of the IntTUNE device overlaid on a gravestone.

JAPANESE ANCHOR

(subtitled)

The IntTUNE device has seen an unprecedented surge in popularity in the weeks leading up to its official release, but not even the most optimistic analysts foresaw the recent killer sales.

4) A microphone sits inches away from the face of a JAPANESE WOMAN.

JAPANESE WOMAN

(subtitled)

For days there would be reoccurring spasms, nothing major. We didn't really think anything of them at the time. And now... And now he's gone... My baby boy is gone.

5) A SEATTLE ANCHOR sits behind a desk.

SEATTLE ANCHOR

Around the globe, twelve IntTUNE related deaths have been reported, and who knows how many more are still on the way?

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. BRAFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Kenning slams a hand down onto the desk. The TV changes to a baseball game. The Mariners are losing.

Braff turns off the TV.

BRAFF

Another sad day for Mariner fans.

KENNING

You knew about this?

(CONTINUED)

BRAFF

Let the record state that I was never fully aware of the exact number, nor the severity of the problem.

KENNING

But you did know that people were dying?

BRAFF

Complications are inevitable, you know that. How many patients died with TUNE before we perfected it?

KENNING

These are kids, Avidan, with years of life ahead of them.

Braff releases a mirthless chuckle. He nonchalantly presses a button on the bottom of his desk, out of view of Kenning. A small red light begins to blink.

BRAFF

Complications all the same. We just have to learn from them and improve on the next version.

KENNING

Is that all they are to you? Just figures to help you sell more units?

BRAFF

We live in a time of production and obsolescence.

Braff gets up from the chair and begins pacing around the room, his hands clasped behind his back.

BRAFF (CONT)

Our goal with InTUNE is to combat the obsolescence of memory for as many people as possible.

As Braff moves around the room, the spilled candies crunch under his heels.

BRAFF (CONT)

And if some people are lost along the way to achieving that, you won't see any tears from me.

Braff plants himself in front of Kenning.

(CONTINUED)

KENNING

What happened to you?

BRAFF

The world has changed since you
were in charge of KenTech. I'm
sorry you couldn't change with it.

Kenning stands face-to-face with Braff.

KENNING

TUNE was developed to help people.
It was supposed to save lives, and
now people are dying because of it!

BRAFF

What you developed was admirable,
but TUNE had its time in the
spotlight.

KENNING

I don't understand why you're doing
this.

BRAFF

And you never will.

Kenning, in a burst of rage, punches Braff square across the
chin. The force sends Braff to the ground.

Braff wipes at his mouth with the back of his hand. He looks
down at the streak of blood and begins to laugh.

Kenning walks over to him, grabs him by the collar and winds
up to deliver another blow.

The door to Braff's office slides open and two SECURITY
GUARDS rush in. They rip Kenning off of Braff before he can
land another punch.

BRAFF

Get him out of here.

The Security Guards pull Kenning out of the room. Braff
stands up.

KENNING

How many more lives have to be cut
short before you'll be happy?

BRAFF

Life's not about how long you live,
it's about what you do in the time

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRAFF (cont'd)
you have. That's something you
never understood.

Braff wipes at his mouth again.

EXT. KENTECH HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - DAY

The Security Guards lead Kenning down the hall.

Braff steps out into the hallway.

BRAFF
If you step within a block of this
building you'll find yourself
behind bars.

With a turn, he walks back into his office, the door sliding shut behind him.

EXT. KENTECH HEADQUARTERS - ENTRANCE - DAY

The Security Guards dump a struggling Kenning out onto the sidewalk, then reenter the building.

Kenning gets up and brushes himself off. He stares up at the building that towers above him.

INT. BRAFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Braff resets himself behind his desk. He leans back in his chair, dabbing at his swelling lip with his hand.

Braff punches in some numbers on his desk control panel. A phone begins to ring. On the opposite end is a familiar yet distorted voice.

LLOYD(V.O.)
This is Lloyd, your favorite
scientist!

BRAFF
I want production at 200% until I
say otherwise. We have to get as
many out now as possible.

Before Lloyd can answer, Braff ends the call.

Braff swivels his chair and stands. He slowly walks towards the window and stares out at the Seattle skyline.

INT. KENNING'S HOME - ENTRANCE-WAY - EVENING

The door closes behind Kenning as he enters his house. Upon entering, a voice welcomes him home. This is AVION. Its voice is soft and silvery.

AVION(V.O)
Welcome home, Elijah. The current temperature in the house is a pleasant seventy degrees. Mrs. Kenning left a vocal message for you at ten thirty this morning. Would you like to save the message for later?

Without a response, Kenning tosses his coat onto the back of a nearby chair and walks with purpose into the living room.

INT. KENNING'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kenning briskly walks towards the computer.

AVION(V.O.)
Playing message.

Avion's voice dies down, replaced by Maeve's.

MAEVE(V.O.)
So I'll be staying late on campus tonight. We're concluding the Mnemonics Conference with a special dinner and a keynote speech from Dr. Romberch himself.

He pulls out the desk chair.

MAEVE(V.O.)(CONT)
I do hope there's time after for questions! I've been meaning to ask him about the Transmedial Dynamics of Memory for a while. Keeping my fingers crossed he doesn't ignore me this time.

KENNING
(to computer as he sits)
Power on.

MAEVE(V.O.)(CONT)
Dinner's on you tonight, you might be able to find something in the fridge. See you tonight.

(CONTINUED)

With a bright chime the monitor comes to life. After a brief boot-up period Kenning types in his password on a touch screen keyboard that illuminates his desk-top.

AVION(V.O.)
End of message.

With each word Avion speaks the bevel around the monitor glows a soft blue.

Kenning appears lost in thought.

AVION(V.O.)
What is it you seek?

KENNING
Pull up all articles relating to
IntUNE.

AVION(V.O.)
Gladly.

A white box pops into existence, filling the entirety of the screen. After a brief loading period, a grid of various thumbnails appear.

AVION(V.O.)
I've located approximately
twenty-one million results
regarding IntUNE. The duration of
this query took exactly .23
seconds.

KENNING
Keyword search: death.

AVION(V.O.)
Of course.

Mere seconds later.

AVION(CONT)(V.O.)
I've located approximately five
hundred sixty-two thousand results
regarding IntUNE containing the
word death. The duration of the
this query took exac--

KENNING
Halt vocalization of query
duration.

AVION(V.O.)
As you wish.

KENNING
Time search: the past three weeks.

AVION(V.O.)
Right away.
(searching)
I've located approximately
twenty-six thousand results
regarding IntUNE containing the
word death from the past three
weeks.

Kenning eyes frantically scan the article thumbnails.

KENNING
Open article one, top-left.

The screen changes to the news article. The headline of the article reads "New York Teenager Found Dead. Parents Blame New Technology."

KENNING
Maximize.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Kenning's eyes dart down the length of another article, headline "A Virtual Killer?".

B) While one article closes another opens in its place, almost no down time in between.

C) Close up on text "Studies show a drastic spike in the amount of time people are spending with electronic media."

D) Close up on text "According to his parents, she spent an average of ten hours a day hooked up to her device."

E) Another headline "Five More Fallen."

F) Close up on text "There has been a theme across those lost; all of the them exhibited loss of motor function, speech impediment, and spasms in the days leading up to their deaths."

F) Kenning leans back in his chair.

(CONTINUED)

KENNING

Keyword search: Symptoms.

G) Close up on text: "We started to notice some strange things, like shaking. It seemed minor at first, dropping things here and there, not being able to hold objects for long. But as the weeks went by, it started to only get worse."

A low mumble echoes in the room.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

Kenning's gaze appears glued to the screen. Slowly, he pries his eyes up over the top of the monitor.

Everett rests on the couch, appearing to be in a comatose state. He wears his IntUNE. His head hangs over the back rest. Saliva descends down his cheek.

KENNING(OS)

Everett.

Nothing.

Kenning stands.

KENNING(OS)

Everett!

Kenning grabs Everett by the shoulders.

KENNING

Everett, answer me.

When he does not, Kenning strengthens his grip, shaking Everett forcefully.

Everett's body dances like a limp rag doll.

KENNING

Everett, god damnit!

Kenning rips the IntUNE headset off of Everett's head.

Lazily, Everett comes to, sloth-like.

KENNING

How long have you been on this?

(CONTINUED)

EVERETT
(mumbling)
What?

Everett's voice is low, hoarse, and almost inaudible. His words are thick.

He pats his forehead. A beat. His hands frantically run over the top of his head and his eyes.

EVERETT
(slurring)
Where...where is it?

KENNING
Everett, how long have you been using this?

Through bloodshot eyes Everett locks gaze with his father. Slowly he hones in on the INTUNE device.

EVERETT
(slurred and mumbled)
Give that to me.

KENNING
What?

EVERETT
That's mine. Give it to me.

Everett attempts to the grab the device. Kenning pulls it just out of his reach.

Everett tries a desperate lunge towards his father but misses altogether and smacks down onto the floor.

Wads of saliva fall to the floor around his words.

EVERETT
(slurred)
Give it back it me!

Kenning vehemently looks down at the device through eyes burning with anger.

KENNING
What has this done to you?

With a neanderthal-ish exclamation, Everett swipes yet again, his hand catching nothing but air as it falls to the carpet.

(CONTINUED)

EVERETT

It's mine!

Kenning slams the IntUNE device to the ground. The momentum tosses it across the room, but it remains intact.

EVERETT

No!

Everett army crawls towards his device. He uses every ounce of his strength to push forward.

Kenning stands aghast. What is going on?

KENNING

That's it.

He walks over to the IntUNE and picks it up.

KENNING

I'm gonna make sure you never see
this damn thing again.

Without another word or look at his son Kenning exits the room.

EVERETT

(growing in intensity)

No. No! Nooo!

Tears stream from his eyes, wails escape from his mouth whenever he has breath for more than gasps.

In the middle of the now empty room, he wallows.

After a few moments, Kenning returns. The IntUNE device is nowhere in sight.

He stands over the sulking body of his son. A beat. He reaches down and hoists Everett to his feet.

KENNING

Come on, get up.

Everett attempts to shake away from Kenning's grasp.

KENNING

Everett, stop acting like a child!

Everett pulls away from his father's hands, more violently this time.

(CONTINUED)

EVERETT

Fuck you!

As he frees from Kenning's grasp, Everett tumbles backwards only to be caught by the couch.

KENNING

Look at yourself. Can't you see
what that thing is doing to you?

Without a response, Everett rises from the couch. Like a newborn child he hobbles out of the room.

Kenning reaches out a hand, placing it on Everett's shoulder. Everett raises his arm, battering Kenning's to the side. He pushes on to his bedroom.

KENNING

Wake up and live!

The door to Everett's room opens as he approaches.

KENNING

You'll never see that fucking thing
again.

Everett's door slides closed behind him.

Kenning stands alone in the room. He walks to his desk. A beat. He swiped the contents of his desk to the floor.

INT. KENNING'S HOME - HOURS LATER

The door slides open and Maeve walks in. She has a wobble in her step. Maybe a bit too much to drink at the party?

AVION(V.O.)

Welcome home, Maeve. The current
temperature in the house is a
pleasant seventy-two degrees. Dr.
Kenning received your message at
six fifteen this evening.

Maeve hangs her coat up on a peg next to the door. Her cellphone slips out of her pocket and lands with an exaggerated smack on the ground.

She looks into the house with an embarrassed look.

AVION(V.O.)

With all due respect, Mr. Everett
retired to his bedroom six hours
ago.

(CONTINUED)

MAEVE

(to herself)

Peculiar. It's not like Everett to go to bed at six in the evening.

(chuckle)

Before you know it they're older than I am. Where's Eli?

AVION(V.O.)

Dr. Kenning is in the kitchen.

Ah-ha!

MAEVE

The kitchen? Ooo, I'm starving!

She heads down the hallway.

INT. KENNING'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen is sleek, dark, and cubic. Maeve makes her way straight to the refrigerator.

Kenning sits at the table on the other side, not yet seen by Maeve.

With a tap of a button on the refrigerator's touchscreen control panel, the facade of the door becomes transparent.

Her look grows to frustration. Quite the evolution of facial expressions.

MAEVE

(to herself)

Why does he never eat the things I leave for him...

(ah-ha)

more for me!

She snatches the food and begins to prep herself a meal.

MAEVE

(to kenning)

Dr. Romberch sure can talk. I finally got to ask him that question I've always wanted and I'm not even sure I got an answer in everything that he said.

After finalizing her meal, Maeve turns and finds Kenning. He sits at the table, his face resting deeply into his hands.

(CONTINUED)

Maeve walks over to Kenning. Placing a hand on his shoulder, she leans down to kiss him on the cheek.

MAEVE

Hiiii!

Kenning doesn't move a muscle.

MAEVE

What's wrong?

Still no response. Maeve takes a seat across from him. She starts to pick at her food.

MAEVE

(between bites)

Well, the conference was a big success. The catering at the dinner was even better. There was this cocktail sauce...divine. Also a little bit smokey, and I know that I had more than I should have. No shame here.

There seems to be a pattern to Kenning's responses: none. Maeve continues to dig.

MAEVE

So, how did the press release go?
Did they try to get you to rejoin
the company?

Finally, Kenning reveals his eyes, which appear tired. He clasps his hands together and gently knocks once on the table. He knocks again.

And again.

MAEVE

Eli...

Again.

MAEVE

Honey?

Each knock grows in intensity, until knocks become bangs and one unified hand becomes two clenched fists that beat down like thunder.

MAEVE

Elijah, stop!

(CONTINUED)

Her words fall on dead ears. As Kenning's hands strike down once more, Maeve latches on to his wrists firmly.

MAEVE
(concerned)
What's the matter with you?

Kenning speaks through eyes clenched shut.

KENNING
What's the matter with me? What's
the matter with them? What's the
matter with it? What's the matter
with him?!

MAEVE
Please, tell me what you're talking
about.

Kenning rises from the table, prying himself from Maeve's grasp. He begins to pace around the room.

KENNING
Rejoin the company? I've been
permanently banned from showing my
face within a block of the
headquarters, and that
headquarters, churning out faulty
devices with no regard for the
safety of their customers. People
are dying!

MAEVE
What?

With a tug, Kenning leads Maeve over to the computer.

INT. KENNING'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kenning stands over the computer, Maeve at his side.

MAEVE
Eli, just talk to me.

The blue hue around the bevel returns once more.

AVION(V.O.)
What is it you're looking for?

KENNING
Bring up all the articles I looked
at earlier.

(CONTINUED)

AVION(V.O.)

Gladly.

The screen presents all the articles that Kenning looked at earlier.

KENNING

Project.

AVION(V.O.)

As you wish.

The monitor grows dark as all of the articles decorate the walls like a planetarium.

In a wide sweep, Maeve sees all of the information. Headlines, articles, symptoms, news reports, death. Death, death, death.

Kenning looks to his wife with a face of stone, watching her absorb everything around her.

Maeve's wide eyes scan the information, the articles reflecting off her irises.

KENNING(OS)

End projection.

AVION(V.O.)

Of course.

In an instant the wide sea of information retracts back to the monitor. Maeve cautiously lowers herself into a nearby seat.

KENNING

Now do you see?

Maeve gets up from the chair and charges over to Everett's door. She knocks on his door with authority.

MAEVE

Everett? Everett, honey. Please, let me in.

INT. KENNING'S HOME - EVERETT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Everett sits on his bed, ignoring his mother's muffled knocks and pleas. On his face is a zombified look, one of anger and detachment.

INT. KENNING'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maeve's knocks grow slower, until she slams one last fist onto the door. She rests her forehead on the door and begins to sob.

MAEVE
(sad whispering)
Please come out.

EVERETT(OS)
Make him give it back.

Maeve looks over at Kenning. He's never going to see it again.

A vicious scream. The door to Everett's slides open. An enraged Everett burst out. Maeve just backs out of a collision with her son. She tumbles to the floor in shock.

MAEVE
Oh my goodness!

EVERETT
(unintelligible growl)
Grar!

As soon as he emerges from the door frame he falls to the ground.

Everett lies face first on the floor, sputtering. Maeve crawls over to him. She cradles his head in her arms. His breath is steady, his eyes are open, but he's not there.

MAEVE
Everett, honey...

She softly strokes a hand across his face.

As if triggered by her touch, Everett slips into an intense seizure. His body shakes uncontrollably.

MAEVE
We need to take him to a hospital.

KENNING
There's nothing they can do for him. He just needs to be isolated from that machi--

MAEVE
(screaming)
Eli, we're talking him. Now!

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT

A pristine white hallway checkered with blue doors every few feet. The white-on-white combination creates an unbelievably blinding glow.

Maeve stands outside the closed door to Everett's hospital room. Kenning leans against the opposite wall, one foot propped up.

They're in the midst of a conversation.

MAEVE

So, you're sure it was the IntUNE
that caused this?

KENNING

I don't know what else it could be,
but I've never seen him without it.
He hasn't been himself since he got
it.

MAEVE

He's still our son, Eli.

KENNING

Whatever came hobbling out of that
door is certainly not our son.

MAEVE

How can you even say that? That's
the child we've helped through
first steps, through first words.

KENNING

There wasn't any we. I wasn't there
for any of that. As I worked to
perfect my creation, you worked to
give him a good life.

A HOSPITAL WORKER wheels a cart of assorted medical
equipment down the hallway.

MAEVE

You sold that life away seven years
ago. You've had all that time to
connect with him, and you chose
otherwise.

KENNING

What are you getting at?

(CONTINUED)

MAEVE

That there is still time, Eli! Time
for you to care about something
other than yourself and your work.

The door to Everett's hospital room opens. A NURSE walks out
holding a tablet.

NURSE

Mr. and Mrs. Kenning?

Maeve and Kenning turn in acknowledgment.

MAEVE

How is he?

NURSE

As of right now he's resting.

The nurse looks down at the tablet.

NURSE(CONT)

All of his vital tests came back
normal, but we want to keep him
here a little bit longer to run a
few more tests.

KENNING

Out of the question.

Maeve turns to him, a look of shock and confusion on her
face.

KENNING(CONT)

(sternly)

He's already been here longer than
he should have.

MAEVE

(angrily)

Eli. Let them do their job.

KENNING

Their job is child's play. Any
idiot with a tablet and a
diagnostic device can do what they
do.

MAEVE

(to the nurse)

He doesn't mean that.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE

I understand. It must be very stressful to be going through all of this.

KENNING

No, you don't understand. I understand. I gave life to this place, to every single thing that you interact with in this pitiful establishment. I understand what's best for my son.

MAEVE

(to the nurse)

I'm sorry, can you excuse us?

The nurse nods and walks back into the room. Maeve waits until they are alone, and then angrily looks over at her husband.

MAEVE

I can't believe the way that you're acting.

KENNING

Maeve, we need to--

MAEVE

Maeve, nothing. If you understand all of this so well, then do something about it and fix it.

Maeve heads into Everett's room.

Through the door Maeve stares lovingly at her son, who lies still sleeping in bed.

Kenning watches as the door slides shut, leaving him alone in the hallway.

INT. KENDRICK'S HOUSE -ENTRANCE - EVENING

A door opens to reveal a disheveled and dusty cabin. Every surface is covered with unfinished pieces of technology: spare parts, loose wires, etc.

Kendrick walks through the cabin. He slides a finger over a tabletop and studies the layer of dust on his fingertip.

Kendrick drops his bag onto the floor and closes the door behind him.

INT. KENDRICK'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - EVENING

Kendrick washes his face in the sink and surveys his beard.

INT. KENDRICK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EVENING

With an uneasy expression, Kendrick lays on his bed, his hands netted together across his chest.

He stares absentmindedly at the ceiling.

INT. RESEARCH LAB TESTING ROOM - TIME UNKNOWN

A giant white room, over a football field wide.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Close on a wall. The screen at this time will be all white. Rapidly, a wall panel slides open and fires out an object too fast to see. The rapidly moving object cuts through the air in a line drive.

B) The wall is lined with target mannequins.

C) The object comes to a sharp halt between two fingertips, and is revealed to be a knife. It rests momentarily before it is thrown back towards the wall like a fastball.

D) Thunk. The knife lodges deeply into the dead center of a mannequin's forehead.

E) The KNIFE THROWER is one of many. All are dressed in skin-tight black bodysuits. Upon every head is an IntUNE device.

F) For every Knife Thrower there is a mannequin, each donning a knife buried to the handle in their forehead.

STERN VOICE(OS)

At ease.

G) The Knife Throwers revert to their active positions, resting their arms at their sides.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. RESEARCH LAB HALLWAY - TIME UNKNOWN

Three figures watch the Knife Throwers from behind a Plexiglas window.

Lloyd holds his clipboard in hand. He leafs through pages of notes.

Braff stands next to him watching over the testing.

The third, a GENERAL, a hulk of a man, intently studies the results of the knife throwing. The stern voice is his.

GENERAL

How is everything proceeding?

LLOYD

On schedule, sir, and with marvelous results. As you can see, their physical aptitude is well above where we had expected it to be at this stage.

GENERAL

Excellent. And Braff, will the production quota be effectively met?

BRAFF

We hit a small snag, nothing we weren't prepared for. The delivery will be on time.

LLOYD

Now we'll finally be able to see what they can do with the final version of the device.

GENERAL

And what of the precision and accuracy exams?

LLOYD

(giddy)

Let me show you!

Lloyd moves to the next room, a bounce in his step. Braff follows close behind. The General continues to stare through the Plexiglas, utterly stoic.

LLOYD(CONT)

Come, come, follow me!

The General walks to Lloyd, but doesn't avert his eyes from the knife throwers.

INT. RESEARCH LAB OBSERVATION ROOM - TIME UNKNOWN

This room is much like the other one, except in addition to the Plexiglas window there is giant monitor. A solid door bars the entrance to the simulation room.

Behind the Plexiglas is dark room where a SUBJECT, dressed similarly to the knife throwers, waves around a pistol. Small red and green lights pop up around the room, and with almost instant reactions he shoots at them.

GENERAL

What am I supposed to be looking at? I can't see anything.

LLOYD

(gesturing to the monitor)
That's why we have a screen.

The General turns his attention to the monitor. The movements of the Subject are the same, but now we see the world that he sees.

A nighttime street corner, the red and green lights are holograms of enemies and civilians. The enemies and civilians dart throughout the scene.

GENERAL

Ah, I see.

A red hologram shatters into cubes when it is shot.

GENERAL(CONT)

Very impressive.

BRAFF

We've designed the machine to have a 1:1 scale with the user's surroundings, ensuring they have no problems with depth perception or misinterpretation of their actual environment.

LLOYD

They've also all been conditioned for split-second friend-foe recognition. That way their decision-making can keep up with their reaction time.

(CONTINUED)

On the screen, the subject mows down four more red holograms. A green civilian walks by the screen and bursts into cubes.

LLOYD

Oh.

Lloyd rushes over to the simulation's control panel.

LLOYD(CONT)

That's not supposed to happen.

He frantically begins typing away at the keys.

GENERAL(OS)

Hold it.

Lloyd stops typing and turns to the General, puzzled.

LLOYD

Sir, there is clearly something wrong with this machine's ability to determine friend from foe. I have to reboot it in rest mode to figure out what the problem is.

GENERAL

What you see as problematic I see as the ability to adapt. We're not making impartial judges here, we're making soldiers who are willing to pull the trigger at any moment if necessary.

LLOYD

But there was no necessity to his action.

GENERAL

That is why you live your life in a lab.

Lloyd opens his mouth to respond.

BRAFF

Let it rest.

LLOYD

But--

BRAFF

(ignoring Lloyd)

Once they're equipped with the final version, there will only be

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRAFF (cont'd)
minor tests to run before we can
deploy them around the world.

GENERAL
I look forward to that day.

The General begins to walk out of the room.

GENERAL
(over the shoulder)
But we wouldn't want those final
tests to run into any unseen
complications, now would we?

Braff nods, a sly smile on his face.

BRAFF
Of course not.

LLOYD
We'll do our best!

The General officially exits the room. The room grows silent except for the tapping of Lloyd's keys as he walks to the control panel.

Once there he finishes what he started. The simulation shuts down. The darkness in the room recedes as the lights come on. The subject reverts to a resting position.

BRAFF
I'll bring him back to the
evaluation room.

Lloyd presses a button and the door to the simulation room remotely slides open.

Braff heads into the room. Lloyd begins reviewing the data from the simulation, his back to the door. Through the Plexiglas we can see Braff discreetly mouth something into the ear of the subject.

Braff leads the subject within inches of Lloyd, who doesn't seem to notice.

BRAFF
Oh, and Lloyd...

LLOYD
(looking over his shoulder)
What is it?

(CONTINUED)

BRAFF

Do try and keep your moral qualms
to yourself.

Lloyd turns back to the screen.

Bang! The screen in front of Lloyd shatters, the broken
shards splattered with blood.

Lloyd slumps to the floor, a hole straight through the back
of his skull.

Behind Braff the subject stands, arm outstretched, gun in
hand.

Braff wipes the physical shrapnel off the shoulders of his
jacket. Both him and the subject exit the room.

INT. KENNING'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Kenning sits in his desk chair, a futuristic message board,
akin to Reddit 20 years from now, on the monitor before him.
We see that he has posed a question. HAS ANYONE HERE BEEN
AFFECTED BY THE RECENT INTUNE DEATHS? There have been no
responses.

KENNING

Refresh.

The bevel around the monitor glows blue with every
utterance. The page refreshes. Still no responses.

KENNING

Refresh.

The same.

Kenning's eyes begin to droop. The bags under his eyes are
impossible to miss.

KENNING

Refresh every five minutes.

AVION

Gladly.

His body slumps back into the desk chair as his eyes
languidly close.

INT. KENNING'S LIVING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

A notification ding abruptly wakes Kenning from his nap. He leans forward towards the monitor to discover that five people have responded in the last thirty seconds, but over one hundred and fifty people have responded since he fell asleep.

Kenning begins to scroll through the responses: a mixed bag , heated accusations against Kenning himself and the 'dangerous marriage between humans and computers'...

J. TITOR236

This is the dystopian bleak future we have to look forward to unless the criminals involved are rounded up and dealt with. If we don't unite to stop what is to come there is no future for mankind that will resemble normalcy and life will have no value left to it in any way.

DA_HASHI!

These Darwin's monkeys won't be able to do a thing, all their wasted efforts for the sake of fire, if they don't stop themselves being led by the king of lies. Pray for them, such big dreams and we know where they are headed, accept for them. Poor things, imagine all their dreams coming to naught.

MINDCRIME2015

The voices of the dead must be listened to.....these our governments evil plans for mankind!

DAVIDAKZ

What a bleak future! The human race has become synonymous with their device.

nonsensical filler...

KURISU

People who believe this crap should rethink their lives.

HOUOUINKYOMA

>>Only an hour to setup and I made \$6000 from home this month! You can too! No experience needed!<<

(CONTINUED)

genuine and personal stories.

BBFISHMAN

I just recently turned 22 and I never truly understood why when people died others would say 'the world is a sadder place without them'... but then my brother died, and it's as if a piece of me has been missing ever since.

LENA-C

I lost my daughter, Olivia, to complications from her IntUNE. The pain has been immeasurable, the pain of never hearing her laugh again, never standing at the sidelines of one of her soccer games, never again getting the chance to answer one of her constant questions. Luckily, I had people close by who had gone through this. We were able to work through our grief together, or at least start to.

Kenning processes LENA-C's comment. He notices that the location tag of her comment reads Seattle.

Kenning creates a individual chatroom with LENA-C.

Note: EliKenning is the name that Kenning posts under on the website.

ELIKENNING

I saw that you are in Seattle. I was wondering if you would be willing to meet up and discuss this with me?

The notification that LENA-C is responding appears almost instantly.

LENA-C

Have you suffered a loss too?

ELIKENNING

Not yet, but my son has been an avid user for a while, and only recently has he started exhibiting the very symptoms that have been occurring in those that have died.

(CONTINUED)

LENA-C

I'm so sorry.

Kenning seems confused. He begins to type 'Why are you sorry for me?' into the message box, but is interrupted by a new message from LENA-C.

LENA-C

I'm actually meeting with the other families in two days. You're more than welcome to sit in on the meeting. We can all help each other through this.

ELIKENNING

Where is this taking place?

LENA-C

At my house in Tacoma. I'll give you the address, but it's kind of out of the way.

ELIKENNING

Nothing to worry about. Thank you.

LENA-C

Stay strong.

The message room closes.

Kenning leans back in his chair. He processes all the information.

KENNING

Locate all the victims of InTUNE within the Seattle area. Project results.

AVION(V.O.)

Gladly.

A map of the world dresses the wall. The map zooms in to a much more detailed view of northwestern Washington.

AVION(V.O.)

Located the residencies of all victims within the last month.

Three little red pins pop up on the map. One lands in Tacoma.

(CONTINUED)

KENNING

Make a note of the addresses and
send the Tacoma address to my
watch.

AVION(V.O.)

Of course.

The bezel of Kenning's watch spirals with blue light. It finishes with a single flash, accompanied by a soft ding. A notification appears on the screen from Avion.

EXT. LENA-C'S FRONT DOOR - AFTERNOON

Kenning steps onto the porch. He halts inches away from the front door, standing on a welcome mat.

Upon stepping on the mat, a panel next to the door slides down, revealing a small video screen.

A very clear image of LENA-C looks back at him.

LENA-C

Mr. Kenning?

KENNING

(nodding)

Yes.

LENA-C

Hold on, I'll be right there.

The panel snaps closed. Kenning walks at the door. It doesn't open.

Kenning steps a few feet back to study the door. His gaze falls upon a gleaming gold doorknob.

He approaches, and starts to fiddle with the doorknob.

KENNING

(under his breath)

Huh... How ancient.

The doorknob twists in his hand, but not of his doing. The door opens to reveal LENA CARTER(early 40s). She is the quintessential mom.

LENA

Please, come in. You're the last
one to arrive.

INT. LENA'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Kenning walks over the threshold. Before he can go further into the house, Lena reaches out a hand.

LENA
Can I take your coat?

KENNING
Oh... Sure.

LENA
It's just down the hall. Last door
on your left.

Kenning nods and follows directions.

Picture frames decorate the walls. Most of them hold pictures of a very happy family: Lena, in the embrace of a big, burly MAN with a buzzcut. They stare lovingly into each other's eyes. Just below them is a YOUNG GIRL, with big blue eyes and a beaming smile.

As Kenning nears the door, the pictures progressively show the young girl getting older. The later pictures show the man in a military uniform. He salutes the camera.

Kenning taps a button on his watch, and it begins to record audio.

INT. LENA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Kenning enters the living room.

The room is well lit with natural lighting, and there are even more family photos around the room. A baby-grand piano rests in one corner.

Three individuals sit on couches that face each other. Between them sits a glass, oval coffee table.

Awkward smiles are exchanged between them all.

Lena enters the room, carrying a tray with a pitcher of iced tea and five glasses.

LENA
I brought some homemade iced tea in
case anyone gets thirsty.

Lena sets the tray down on the table and sits down next to GLENN, a turtle of a man, almost lost in the threads of his sweater.

(CONTINUED)

Glenn grabs a glass and delicately fills it.

GLENN

Thank you, kindly.

Kenning remains awkwardly standing, examining his surroundings.

LENA

Mr. Kenning, if you like, you can sit next to Nina and her husband Andreas.

Across from Lena and Glenn sit NINA and ANDREAS. Both their noses are raised a little too high to the ceiling, and they both wear silver necklaces with crosses on them. Nina gives Kenning a quizzical look: "You seem familiar..."

Kenning sits down on the couch; a significant amount of space separates him and the others.

LENA

Would you like a drink?

KENNING

No, I'm fine. Do you think we can begin?

LENA

(with a smile)

Getting right into it, aren't we? In that case, let me introduce you to everyone. I'm Lena, but you already knew that. To my left is Glenn.

Glenn, with cup to mouth, nods in confirmation.

GLENN

Hello.

By speaking, Glenn spills iced tea on his pants, which no one seems to acknowledge.

LENA(CONT)

And as I said before, beside you are Nina and Andreas.

Both look at him with a frigid look, and give a curt nod.

LENA(CONT)

And although we all come from different places, we all share the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LENA(CONT) (cont'd)
grief of having a piece of
ourselves taken away.

With that, everyone closes their eyes and grows very solemn.
Except for Kenning, who watches the actions unfold.

LENA
But together, through our stories
of loss, we'll come out better on
the other side.

GLENN/NINA/ANDREAS
Amen.

Kenning stays quiet.

LENA
Mr. Kenning, do you want to start?

KENNING
If you wouldn't mind, I'd like
someone else to go first.

LEAN
Oh, ok, then. Well then, Glenn, why
don't you go ahead.

GLENN
Oh, me?

Glenn drains the rest of his iced tea.

GLENN
Absolutely.

Glenn takes out his phone and opens up an album of photos.
He stares longingly at the screen.

Glenn passes the phone to Andreas.

GLENN
Our anniversary just passed last
week. I finally mustered up the
courage to bike down to Centennial
Park.

Nina continues to stare at Kenning, puzzled, until her
attention is averted when Glenn's phone gets to her.

GLENN(CONT)
Every year Sylvia and I would
wander the trails that laced around
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GLENN(CONT) (cont'd)
the park and end our stroll at
Paddy Coyne's. We'd always get the
Shepard's Pie to split, and she
would always eat way more than I
did.

Nina passes the phone to Kenning, who doesn't notice because
he is busy looking at his watch.

Nina's look of confusion returns.

GLENN(CONT)
It doesn't taste as good when
you're eating it by yourself.

NINA
(to kenning)
What exactly are you doing.

All attention in the room returns to Kenning.

KENNING
What?

NINA
Are you recording all of this?

KENNING
Yes, I am.

NINA
That is just what I thought.

LENA
Mr. Kenning, if you wanted to
record this you could have just
asked.

GLENN
I feel violated.

ANDREAS
Just what are you here for, anyway?

NINA
Have you even lost anyone, or are
you just some sicko who finds
pleasure in the sadness of others?

(CONTINUED)

KENNING

No, I haven't lost anyone. Not yet.

ANDREAS

(to lena)

What did you say his last name was again?

Lena seems very concerned with the conflict in the group.
She itches at her palms.

LENA

There's no need to get worked up about this. Mr. Kenning just said he wanted to listen in on our stories.

A moment of realization.

GLENN

Kenning...?

NINA

As in Elijah Kenning? As in the founder of KenTech? I thought you looked familiar.

ANDREAS

As in the one responsible for our losses?

LENA

Let's not jump to conclusions here.

ANDREAS

There's no conclusion to jump to.

(to lena)

You've allowed the devil to enter our meeting.

KENNING

Get a hold of yourself.

NINA

How do you live with yourself? The dozens of lives lost, treating our tears as nothing more than statistics.

LENA

Everyone, please--

(CONTINUED)

KENNING
You people know nothing.

NINA
(tearfully, to herself)
My baby boy...

ANDREAS
Answer for your sins.

GLENN
How could you?

Lena closes up on her side of the couch as the barrage of verbal insults all begin to blend together.

Kenning's body quakes as if ready to erupt.

KENNING
(screaming)
That's enough!

His bellow silences the room. He stands up.

KENNING
I don't have time for this idiotic
charade. Whatever I created has
grown out of my hands, but I'm the
only one who's trying to do
something about it.

Kenning storms out of the room. Silence continues for a while.

LENA
(sadly)
I'll see you all next week.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - EVENING

Kenning sits in a chair in the waiting room, holding a bag in his hand. Hospital workers scurry back and forth. Worried relatives of the hospitalized pace and pray throughout the room.

In the seat next to Kenning sits a CONCERNED RELATIVE. She rubs the beads of a rosary against her fingers and mumbles softly to her self.

CONCERNED RELATIVE
Our father, who art in heaven...

Kenning rolls his eyes and looks away.

(CONTINUED)

Ding! The doors to the elevator open up.

Kenning stands as he sees Maeve exiting the elevator. She spots him, and makes her way over.

KENNING
(handing her the bag)
I brought you a change of clothes.

MAEVE
Thanks.

Maeve opens up the bag and looks inside.

KENNING
Any change?

Maeve, without looking up from the bag, shakes her head despondently.

MAEVE
No, nothing. They've been running tests day in and day out--

KENNING
Anything at all?

MAEVE
Eli, it's only been three days...

KENNING
(to himself)
Of course they haven't found anything.

Kenning plops into his chair with exasperation.

KENNING(CONT)
I told you nothing good would come of this.

MAEVE
Just give them more time.

KENNING
Everett doesn't have 'more time!'

Everyone in the waiting room stares over at Kenning and Maeve.

Because of the protrusive eyes, Kenning and Maeve bring their conversation to a harsh whisper.

(CONTINUED)

MAEVE

And what of time? Where have you
been the last few days?

KENNING

My location is of little
consequence--

MAEVE

Your not going to tell me? Is this
all some sort of game to you?

KENNING

Where I was does not matter. Just
know that no time has been wasted
on my end, which is more than I can
say for this place.

MAEVE

Oh, will you grow up? I'm exhausted
listening to you ride your
shattered ego. There have been
millions before you who have aided
and saved countless lives; you're
not the sole savior of the world.

An awkward silence.

Maeve sighs deeply.

MAEVE(CONT)

Have you made any progress in this
mysterious endeavor of yours?

KENNING

I'm close. I just need a way to put
my idea into practice.

Maeve looks eager to dig further, but is interrupted by the
arrival of the Nurse.

NURSE

I don't mean to interrupt, but if
you'd like to come up and see him
now, you may.

Kenning and Maeve follow after the nurse.

INT. HOSPITAL - EVERETT'S ROOM - EVENING

The Nurse walks over to Everett's bed, where he sleeps soundly. Maeve walks over to his bedside, while Kenning hangs back and watches.

NURSE

He's resting normally now, but he's been in and out all day.

MAEVE

Have you discovered anything new?

NURSE

We're still processing the data from today's tests, but as of right now things are still the same as they were.

KENNING

How soon can we have him out of here?

NURSE

As it stands, we just don't know. As I said before, most of the tests haven't brought us any closer to a solution, but to discharge him now would be detrimental to his well being.

KENNING

You don't have a clue, do you?

NURSE

(politely)

I'll leave you two alone with him.

The Nurse exits the room.

Maeve turns to face Kenning. On the bed, Everett begins to stir.

MAEVE

It could be a good thing that they haven't found anything yet. His best medicine could be some time away from the machine.

Everett groans as he fidgets under the sheets. Maeve turns around and stands at the bedside. Kenning plants himself at the end of Everett's bed.

(CONTINUED)

MAEVE
Everett, honey.

EVERETT
Huh? Where, I...?

Everett attempts to wiggle out of the bed. Maeve puts a gentle yet restraining hand on his arm.

MAEVE
Don't move too fast. Just rest, if you need anything I can get it for you.

EVERETT
What? Mom?

MAEVE
Yes. We're both here.

KENNING
As soon as you're ready, I'm personally going to check you out and bring you home.

MAEVE
(sternly)
And what exactly are you planning to do once he's there?

KENNING
Well, I'm going to break down his INTUNE and rework it until I capture the essence of its predecessor.

EVERETT
You can't do that!

Everett begins to tear at his restraints. The monitor shows his heart rate become more erratic, his blood pressure rises.

EVERETT
You have...you have...no right.

He starts to froth at the mouth and his attempt to free himself slips into erratic convulsions.

A red light on his monitor starts to flash. Kenning begins to slowly back away from the bed, a unfamiliar look of fear on his face.

(CONTINUED)

Maeve searches for some way to help Everett, but to no avail.

MAEVE
Eli, help me!

Kenning backs into the wall. He looks trapped.

MAEVE(CONT)
Eli!

KENNING
I...I...

The door to the room swings open and a group of NURSES and other MEDICAL STAFF rush into the room.

MALE NURSE
Apply the mouth guard before he
bites his tongue.

MEDICAL STAFF MEMBER
His heart rate is pushing 112.

NURSE
(to maeve)
Ms. Kenning, I'm going to have to
ask you to step away from the bed.

MAEVE
Is he going to be ok?

NURSE
We're going to do everything we
can.

The nurse ushers Maeve out the door. Kenning follows behind.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - EVENING

The door shuts behind the nurse, leaving Kenning and Maeve alone in the hallway.

MAEVE
(to kenning)
What was that?

KENNING
(to himself)
"You have no right."

Tears begin to well in Maeve's eyes when her question isn't answered. Kenning's looks over to his wife with conviction.

(CONTINUED)

KENNING (CONT)

I have to go.

MAEVE

Where? Where are you off too, what could you possibly be doing?

KENNING

The device, it's the only way.

Maeve shakes her head in disbelief.

MAEVE

Are you sure that even possible? Think, it's been ten years since TUNE.

KENNING

I can't say for certain that it will be, but as long as they haven't changed too much of the underlying architecture, it should parallel the concept that I originally conceived. I'll just have to install some of the old programs.

MAEVE

Why don't you just use an actual TUNE?

KENNING

Because I don't have one! They're not household items.

MAEVE

Then go to KenTech. Dust one off, They're bound to still have a few aging away in the storage ro--.

KENNING

I can't go there. I already told you that.

MAEVE

Then go to any number of clinics in town.

KENNING

It's not that simple. This needs to be a complete overhaul, one of theirs is out of the question.

Maeve ponders for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

MAEVE

What about Kendrick?

KENNING

No.

MAEVE

Get over your petty quarrels, Eli.
You know he has one.

KENNING

I can't go back the--

MAEVE

(at the top of her lungs)
This isn't about you!

She chokes on her words.

MAEVE (CONT)

If you don't go, I will.

Beat.

KENNING

Fine.

MAEVE

Thank you.

A group of nurses headed by a DOCTOR quickly push a gurney down the hallway, administering emergency care to a patient hooked up to IVs.

MAEVE

How do you expect to find him?

KENNING

I know exactly where he is.

The hospital staff pushing the gurney round the corner at the end of the hall.

INT. GENERAL'S OFFICE - DAY

The decor of the General's Office is a sharp contrast to the stark walls of the hospital. Dark wooden bookshelves cover the walls, filled with books and trinkets of various sizes.

At the center of the room is a large, dark wooden desk. The General sits behind the desk in a luxurious desk chair, studying a large screen built into the opposite wall.

(CONTINUED)

Braff rests in an ornate armchair, watching the screen as well.

The screen shows a live feed of a fleet of futuristic looking planes and helicopters flying through the clouds.

A small image appears in the bottom corner of the screen: a COLONEL wearing a military uniform.

COLONEL

Sir, we will be in position to start the attack shortly.

GENERAL

The plan has not changed, Colonel. Land outside the city and wait for my command.

COLONEL

Yes, sir.

The image of the Colonel disappears. The General leans back in his chair.

GENERAL

The world will remember today, Avidan.

BRAFF

I'm just glad I could be a part of it.

GENERAL

Your work has been instrumental. The results we got after equipping them with the final version was even better than I could have imagined.

Braff offers only a smile as an answer.

On the screen the planes and helicopters begin to descend.

EXT. WINTER LANDSCAPE - DUSK

The planes and helicopters land in a large field. The lights of a distant city illuminate the night sky.

Soldiers begin to exit the vehicles. They wear heavy black body armor. IntUNE devices are on every one of their heads, covered by an additional helmet. The IntUNE devices are connected to power cells on each soldier's back by glowing blue power tubes.

(CONTINUED)

At the center of the collection of vehicles sits a large command vehicle. An array of windows blanket the front.

CLOSE UP on a camera drone as it's circular eyeball camera pivots to get a view of the whole army.

NOTE: The Drone's Point of View

It flies over the ranks of soldiers as they line up in waves, heads hung to the ground.

INT. COMMAND BRIDGE - DUSK

The camera feed from the drone plays on the main view screen within the command bridge.

The Colonel stands at the center of the command bridge. He watches the marshaling of the army in two places: the screen of the drone's footage and through the large windows of the command bridge itself.

Numerous other MILITARY STAFF MEMBERS work at computers throughout the bridge.

Once the soldiers are organized, the Colonel presses a button. An image of the General appears on a monitor to his right.

COLONEL

We're ready to begin the advance on your command, sir.

GENERAL

Godspeed, Colonel. You know the plan, I leave the execution to you.

COLONEL

Thank you, sir.

GENERAL

And, Colonel...

COLONEL

Yes, sir?

GENERAL

Today we rid the world of a great evil. Don't stop until it's been cleaned out. Completely.

(CONTINUED)

COLONEL
As you wish, sir.

The picture of the General blips away.

The Colonel sits down in his command chair. He places a headset on and types a command into a keyboard embedded in the arm of his chair.

COLONEL
(into the microphone of the
headset)
Begin.

EXT. WINTER LANDSCAPE - DUSK

CLOSE UP on the face of a SOLDIER. At the Colonel's "Begin" his head shoots up, almost in activation. The rest of the soldiers do the same.

The army starts a slow methodical march towards the city.

INT. KENDRICK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Kendrick sits at his kitchen table, tinkering.

A little robot resembling a trash compacter rolls over towards him. It carries a plate with a sandwich on it.

Kendrick takes the plate from the robot.

KENDRICK
Thank you, M.

Kendrick takes a bite of the sandwich. His chewing is interrupted by a knock at the door.

Kendrick gets up and steps over various metal scraps on his journey to the door.

He opens the door. Kenning stands on the other side.

They stare at each other for a moment.

KENNING
Ian.

POW! The force of Kendrick's punch sends Kenning to the ground.

Kendrick shakes off his hand.

(CONTINUED)

KENDRICK

Eli.

INT. KENDRICK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Two arm chairs face each other, Kenning in one, Kendrick in the other. The robot, M, wheels up to Kenning holding an ice-pack. Kenning takes it and applies it to his face.

KENDRICK

That's bruising up nicely.

KENNING

That was quite the shot, Ian.

KENDRICK

You're lucky I was holding back.

KENNING

You throw a lot of punches in prison?

KENDRICK

(ignoring kenning)

What do you want?

Kenning examines the ice-pack. He sets it on the arm of the couch.

KENNING

You've heard about IntUNE, correct?

KENDRICK

Who hasn't? Though I probably know less than most.

KENNING

Have you heard about the deaths that it's caused?

Kendrick's only response is to watch Kenning.

KENNING(CONT)

Fifteen people, dead, mostly kids, Ian. And who knows how many more are waiting out there on the brink.

KENDRICK

Well, doesn't this sound familiar. What I can't tell is why you care so much this time?

(CONTINUED)

KENNING

This is completely different.

KENDRICK

I fail to see how.

KENNING

(standing)

It was a mistake, Ian, a last-ditch effort to try and save him, and it failed. I watched him die before me.

KENDRICK

We watched him die, Eli.

KENNING

That wasn't supposed to happen! TUNE was created from a heartfelt desire to save lives, and in that moment it failed. What's happening with IntUNE is heartless and invasive...

KENDRICK

Relocating someone's memories into a new body? Everything we ever did was invasive! Disregarding the protocol of the hospital for your own selfish ambition; no one gave you their consent to do that.

KENNING

(rambling)

What we did, we did to save lives. These IntUNE deaths are nothing more than statistics to Braff, improvements to be made to help him sell more units.

KENDRICK

Something really must be wrong for you to care this much.

KENNING

What?

That sentence strikes a chord in Kenning.

KENDRICK

Everything you never did is finally coming back to haunt you.

(CONTINUED)

KENNING

What does that even mean?

KENDRICK

You had every opportunity to stop these deaths from happening, Eli. I gave up the last ten years of my life so you could control the future of this technology that we created, on your own, and you gave it up. You handed it off to someone else.

KENNING

And what would you have done differently? If I had taken the fall for what happened instead of you, what would have changed?

KENDRICK

That's something we'll never have the pleasure of knowing, but if you hadn't locked me outside of that fucking room...

Kendrick stands. M, who's stood there obediently for the entirety of the conversation, rolls away from the commotion. It hides behind Kendrick's chair.

KENDRICK(CONT)

I would have been there to tell you what you were doing wrong...

Kendrick begins to pace back and forth. He fumes.

KENDRICK(CONT)

But it's you that has wronged, Eli. You're the one with his blood on your hands. Ten whole years... for a crime you committed.

Kendrick flips over the armchair he sat in. This causes M to shudder and scurry out of the room.

KENDRICK(CONT)

No, wait... M.

M doesn't turn back and rolls out of sight. Kendrick stands, dejectedly.

KENDRICK(CONT)

(to kenning)

Get out.

(CONTINUED)

KENNING

Wait, just hear me ou--

KENDRICK

I've heard more than enough. You can't say anything more that I care to hear.

KENNING

Ian, I made a mistake.

KENDRICK

You've made many mistakes Eli, but that's no longer my problem.

Kendrick turns his back to Kenning. He glances in the direction that M rolled away, then goes to rearrange the chair.

KENNING

Do you know why I left the company?

KENDRICK

The fact that you're still he--

KENNING

I witnessed the harm that it could do. Have you ever watched someone die right before your eyes? You listen to them pray for answers, are asked to promise them that everything will be O.K.

Kendrick turns back to face Kenning.

KENNING

That man, the patient, looked to me as if I was a God, his savior that would take all the pain away. He made me promise that all would be well, and then...

Kenning stares off into a world we cannot see.

KENNING

I couldn't go through that anymore.

Kendrick appears unmoved by his speech.

KENDRICK

You're a coward.

Kenning turns to Kendrick. Their eyes lock for the first time.

(CONTINUED)

KENDRICK(CONT)

You're heart was in the right place
back then, but we never could've
saved everyone. And by leaving
behind everything we worked
towards, the people that we
could've saved no longer had a
chance.

Kendrick begins to walk away.

KENDRICK(CONT)

Don't involve me in your delusions
of grandeur again.

He's just about to enter another room.

KENNING

My son is dying.

Kendrick halts in his tracks.

KENNING(CONT)

He's experiencing the same symptoms
as all the rest. I need you, Ian. I
know you have the original.

KENDRICK

And what if I do? Why would I ever
let you use it?

KENNING

I have nowhere else to turn.

KENDRICK

What about Braff?

KENNING

I've been banned from KenTech, and
that bastard wouldn't help me even
if I hadn't been. And I can't ask
Maeve for anything more then she's
already doing.

Kendricks face softens at the mention of her name.

KENDRICK

How's she?

KENNING

She spends every waking hour by
Everett's bedside. I don't think
she even rests.

(CONTINUED)

Kendrick takes this in. Kenning hangs his head as he talks to the floor.

KENNING(CONT)
It's the most worried I've ever
seen her.

Kendrick begins to walk away. Kenning watches as he goes.

Kendrick stops again, just before he exits the room.

KENDRICK
Follow me.

Kenning follows, taken aback.

INT. KENDRICK'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - SAME

Kendricks leads Kenning to a door that divides the hallways. He opens the door, revealing a long descending staircase shrouded in shadow.

KENDRICK
It will take a while to get
everything organized again.

The two walk down the stairs.

INT. KENDRICK'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - SAME

The descent continues.

KENDRICK
Not to mention we have years worth
of accumulated dust to clean off.

At the bottom of the stairs lays a metal vault door. An iris scanner sits in the middle of the door.

Kendrick approaches the peep hole, which proceeds to scan his eye.

The door clicks opens.

INT. KENDRICK'S HOUSE - LAB - SAME

As the two walk through the door, lights from above flicker on.

(CONTINUED)

The entirety of the room is metal. Tables are spread throughout the room, topped with various pieces of finished and unfinished technology. Dust covers every inch of the lab.

A large file cabinet with numerous drawers covers the back wall of the room. Cabinets are labeled with letters from A-Z, as well as numbers that reach into the hundreds.

Kenning drinks in his surroundings.

KENNING

It's sure been a while.

Kendrick approaches a file cabinet labeled with a capitalized "T".

KENDRICK

For both of us.

As he opens it we CLOSE-UP on what's inside.

Resting inside is a TUNE device.

Kendrick picks the TUNE up. With a visible strain, he carries it to the closest table, which Kenning clears of the miscellaneous technology.

Both men survey the room and all the dust.

KENDRICK

Grab a broom.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Kenning and Kendrick clean the basement: they brush away the dust and clear a spot to work.

INT. HOSPITAL - EVERETT'S ROOM - EVENING

B) Maeve stands by Everett's bedside. Everett's skin has grown much paler. His eyes flutter as he rests.

The Nurse ushers Maeve out of the room so another round of tests can be performed.

INT. KENDRICK'S HOUSE - LAB - TIME UNKNOWN

C) A significant amount of the room has been cleaned. Kenning and Kendrick organize a collection of small parts beside the TUNE device.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

D) Defenders in the city fire guns and rockets at the advancing army, but the InTUNE-clad soldiers keep on marching forward.

A SWORD-SOLDIER, wearing an InTUNE headset, but dressed in much slimmer outfit, appears behind a DEFENDER. He holds a short blade. With a quick motion he stabs the Defender. All down the defender's line other Sword-Soldiers take out the defenders.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - EVENING

E) Maeve paces outside Everett's hospital room.

INT. KENDRICK'S HOUSE - LAB - TIME UNKNOWN

F) Kenning sleeps with his head resting on one of the metal tables.

At another table Kendrick works on the TUNE device.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

G) The InTUNE-clad army marches passed the defender's outer fortifications.

The defenders retreat deeper into the city under heavy suppressing fire.

Heavy fire spills out of the second floor window of a building.

An InTUNE-CLAD SOLDIER watches as a rocket is shot into the window.

A squad of soldiers enter the building.

INT. CITY - BUILDING - SAME

The squad moves through the building, a family home, stepping over the bodies of dead and dying defenders.

At the back of the building they find a locked door. With little effort they knock it down.

A FAMILY cowers at the back of the room. Without entering the room, the Soldiers open fire on them.

EXT. CITY - SAME

All throughout the city, InTUNE-clad Soldiers begin attacking unarmed civilians: blowing up residences, dragging helpless citizens into the streets and executing them...

An OFFICER approaches a squad of Soldiers after they execute a YOUNG COUPLE. The Officer reprimands the soldiers. They shoot him without letting him finish.

One of the Soldiers falls to the ground as he is shot in the head. His comrades follow the trajectory of the bullet to find a SNIPER, wearing an InTUNE headset, on top of a far off building. He guns down two more before the rest retreat into the city.

INT. KENDRICK'S HOUSE - LAB - A FEW DAYS LATER

H) A muted news cast plays on a TV screen: drone footage of the battle.

The city is now a destroyed warzone.

The military maintains a perimeter around the city, not letting anyone in or out.

Kenning and Kendrick work on the TUNE without paying attention. M sits on top of a table, intently studying the news footage.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. KENDRICK'S HOUSE - LAB - TIME UNKNOWN

Kenning and Kendrick stand on either side of a table, the TUNE in between them. It looks significantly more workable than before.

(CONTINUED)

KENDRICK

I've got a few more diagnostic tests I need to run tonight, but the hardware component is done.

KENNING

It's ready.

KENDRICK

Eli, listen to me. I need to run these tests.

KENNING

Can you have them done by the time we get back?

Kendrick looks at Kenning, exasperated.

KENDRICK

I can try.

KENNING

Thank you. I'll be back with him soon.

Kenning collects his stuff and starts to leave the room.

KENDRICK

Oh, Eli, I'm running the procedure this time.

Kendrick's statement is answered only by the slam of a door.

Kendrick plugs the TUNE into his computer. A Command Line interface pops up and he begins to code.

INT. HOSPITAL - EVERETT'S ROOM - DAY

Maeve sits in a chair in the corner, watching news stories about the battle on a tablet. Everett rests in his bed.

Maeve looks up when the door opens. Kenning rushes into the room, the Nurse following quickly behind.

NURSE

Sir, I can't let you do this.

KENNING

You said it yourself that your tests haven't found anything. I see no reason why he should still be here.

(CONTINUED)

Maeve sets the tablet down on a table and stands.

MAEVE
What's going on?

KENNING
Everything is set. I just need him.

NURSE
Sir, we highly recommend--

KENNING
No! I'm taking him.

MAEVE
Eli...

KENNING
(to nurse)
Bring me the discharge papers.

NURSE
You can fill those out at the front desk.

The Nurse exits the room.

MAEVE
You're sure everything is ready?

KENNING
Help me get him up. We need to get him to Kendrick's lab.

Maeve gives Kenning a wary look, while Kenning starts helping Everett out of the bed.

MAEVE
I'll drive.

INT. KENDRICK'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Kendrick stands by the open door leading into the basement. Kenning and Maeve help Everett down the hallway.

Everett shrugs off their help.

EVERETT
I said I'm fine. I can walk on my own.

Everett heads down the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

Maeve trails right behind Everett. Kenning grabs her arm.

KENNING
(to maeve)
You should probably stay up here.

MAEVE
Absolutely not.

KENNING
Maeve...

MAEVE
With everything that's been going
on, there's no way in hell I'm not
going to be with him for this.

Kenning acquiesces, and lets go. She follows Everett.

KENNING
Did you finish the tests?

KENDRICK
I did most of them, and everything
was fine, but I really think we
should take more time--

KENNING
Time's not something we have right
now.

Kenning goes down stairs, Kendrick after him.

INT. KENDRICK'S HOUSE - LAB - SAME

Kendrick makes his way to his computer, and begins to
prepare the system for the procedure.

Everett leans against a table, struggling to keep his
balance. His legs visibly shake.

A large chair sits next to the computer, the TUNE bolted to
a track on the top. Kenning leads Everett into the chair.

Kenning starts to strap restraints on to Everett's limbs.

EVERETT
Hey, stop that. What are you doing?

KENNING
We've got to reduce any possible
movements for the procedure to run
correctly.

(CONTINUED)

EVERETT

Procedure? What is all this?

KENNING

It's a new version of TUNE that Ian and I have been modifying. We want you to be the first test subject.

MAEVE

The first? You haven't tested it yet?!

KENNING

It passed all the theoretical models. All that's left is to test it on a real subject.

MAEVE

So find someone else! Someone other than our son.

KENNING

Do you have someone else lined up? We need a living, breathing person, Maeve, and unless you can get them here right now, we need to do this.

Kenning gives Maeve a moment to respond, but she is at a loss for words.

Kenning nods a head of approval at Kendrick.

Kendrick types a command into his computer. The TUNE begins to lower onto Everett's head.

Kenning straps Everett into the device. He places the main neuro-connectors on Everett's temples.

EVERETT

(distressed)

I don't want to do this.

MAEVE

Listen to him, Eli.

Kendrick waits the call. He looks as though he does not fully support what he is about to do.

KENDRICK

(to kenning)

Are you sure about this?

Kenning offers a single nod.

(CONTINUED)

KENNING

Begin.

Kendrick enters the command.

Thousands of tiny lights zip through transparent, hollow tubes that connect the TUNE to Kendrick's computer.

On the monitor is a diagram of the brain. Light channels stream out of the sections of the brain into a mass of colored waves within a grid. There they circle as if refreshing or recalibrating, and then cycle back into the brain.

Everett shakes in the chair, tugging against his restraints.

MAEVE

Take him out of there!

KENNING

This is normal. We expected this to happen.

As quickly as it began the procedure comes to an end. More gradually Everett stops shaking. He breathes normally.

Kenning goes over to the chair and unhooks Everett. He backs away.

KENNING

(to kendrick)

How are we looking?

KENDRICK

On the surface everything looks good.

Maeve walks over to Everett and rests a hand on his knee.

MAEVE

How do you feel, honey?

EVERETT

I'm not sure.

Maeve backs away from Everett as he stands on his own.

Everett stares down at his feet as if the concept of walking is entirely new to him. His arms stretch out like a tight-rope walker.

(CONTINUED)

EVERETT

I feel...

He takes a step.

He falls.

As he goes down his head slams into the side of one of the tables. He then slumps to the floor.

MAEVE

Everett!!

Maeve and Kendrick rush over to Everett. Kenning is frozen in his spot.

Maeve rolls Everett onto his back and cradles him in her arms. She attempts to cater to the gash.

Everett starts to violently shake. His eyes roll back into his head, he foams at the mouth; he's lost all control.

As if experiencing a lifetime of pain in an instant, Everett's body becomes still.

MAEVE

Everett...?

No response.

MAEVE (CONT)

Everett!

Nothing.

MAEVE

(shaking him)

No!

She tries to shake life into her son, but to no avail.

Maeve wails, cradling Everett in her arms. Tears well in Kendrick's eyes. Kenning remains frozen, trapped in his own body.

CLOSE UP on Everett's body, which fades into...

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

A black coffin adorned with white flowers being lowered into the ground.

Kenning, Maeve, and Kendrick stand amidst a sea of tombstones.

MAEVE
(whisper)
I can't...

Kenning looks over at Maeve. Kendrick steps away to give them space.

MAEVE(CONT)
I can't do this anymore.

KENNING
What does this mean?

MAEVE
I just...I just need some time alone.

Maeve silently stares at the casket.

INT. KENNING'S LIVING ROOM - HOURS LATER

Kenning sits on the couch in darkness, save for the light streaming in from the window. He silently watches TV.

Sarah Hansen reports on the large-scale bombing of a city.

SARAH
Thousands dead as bombs continue to fall on the city of Petrozavodsk.

Burnt out buildings smolder against the sky on the screen.

SARAH(CONT)
Extreme measures are being taken to nullify the quarantine of super-soldiers gone wro--

The screen blips to black. Kenning tosses the remote to the side and continues to sit in darkness.

He stands and exits the room. A few moments later he returns, cradling Everett's IntUNE headset in his arms.

He sits back down and stares at the IntUNE.

(CONTINUED)

He turns it on. Bars on the side start to glow as he places it on his head.

Stillness.

A small smile creeps onto his face.

With a beep, the screen cuts out like an old TV.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END