

# **KILL ALL OTHERS.**

Written by:

Dee Rees

2nd Draft 1.18.17

Based on the short story, "The Hanging Stranger" by:  
**Phillip K. Dick**

**TEASER:**

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

PHILLIP NOYCE, 35, traces the lumpy perimeter of his lopsided face with a too-dull disposable razor and a mountainous overcompensation of shave cream. Average guy, average face, average body. His mediocrity stares back at him from the mirror. He nicks a doughy cheek.

PHILLIP

Ow!

COWBOY SHAVE AD (O.S.)

Easy there, pard'ner.

Phillip scowls at the flickering, smiling COWBOY HOLOGRAM suddenly swaggering in the mirror behind him. His wide stance, square jaw, and superior chest seeming to mock everything about Phillip, slumped in his peasy towel.

PHILLIP

Goddammit! Could you not be here!?  
Gimmie some privacy for goddamn's  
sakes!

COWBOY SHAVE AD

Your ride would go a whole lot  
smoother with DESERT SHAVE!

The holographic cowboy holds up a technicolor can. Smiles, flickers. A "SWIPE TO BUY NOW" prompt materializes.

COWBOY SHAVE AD (CONT'D)

I reckon that's 'cause only DESERT  
SHAVE combines real aloe and cactus  
nectar to *automatically dissolve*  
unwanted stubble right down to the--

Phillip hurls his shave cup through the Cowboy's perfect chest, soapy water and ceramic shards crashing, sliding against the wall behind him.

PHILLIP

Get out I told you!! You people  
have no decency!!

COWBOY SHAVE AD

--where *manual* razors can't reach.  
Happy trails to you, pard--

PHILLIP

Maggie!

MAGGIE (O.S.)

What?

PHILLIP

Maggie!!

MAGGIE (O.S.)

What is it?! I'm busy!?

Phillip storms through the hallway, hammers another blinking WALL ROUTER off.

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

For God's sake, stop banging the routers, use *voice control*! You're so tactile!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PHILLIP

We said no Ads in the bathroom remember--

Phillip stops short at the sight of MAGGIE 37, still sweaty in yoga pants, curled in the arms of a BRAZILLIAN COFFEE AD.

BRAZILLIAN COFFEE AD

Bom dia! Como vai?

PHILLIP

Jesus, Maggie.

MAGGIE

What? It's just an Ad.

The Brazillian Coffee Ad strokes Maggie's hair, settles its chin into her forehead as she sinks deeper into its alpaca sweater.

BRAZILLIAN COFFEE AD

Encantado. Chamo-me Flavio. I don't know much, Phillip...but I know good coffee--

Brazillian Coffee ad raises its ubiquitous flickering mug. "SWIPE NOW TO BUY". Phillip waddles away in his towel.

MAGGIE

Mmmmm. Tell me more about your dark roast.

Zip! Phillip pounds the living room WALL ROUTER off. Maggie goes crashing into the arm of the couch.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Use! Voice control! You caveman!  
And I waited all *morning* for that  
one to come on!!!

PHILLIP (O.S.)

They don't even wear Alpaca in  
Brazil. You're late for work.

**ACT ONE.**

EXT. PASSWAY AB50 - DAY

Phillip stuck in traffic with a glut of other HUMAN DRIVERS.  
A stream of self-driving TESLAS zip through the COV lane in  
precise mechanical formation. "COV'S (Computer-Operated  
Vehicles) ONLY 8am-8pm" the much-modified sign reads.

Phillip cranks on the Vizradio, settles into his fate. An  
oscillating landscape of perpetually changing BILLBOARDS  
stretches on either side of him.

RADIO HOST (O.S.)

...a burning rain advisory remains  
in effect for central MEXUSCAN,  
with continued flooding expected  
through the lower canyon regions.  
The local time is 7:54AM, Monday  
October 19, 2054... Only two weeks  
until election day! And back with  
us on POLITICS NOW is, The  
Candidate. Candidate how are you?

THE CANDIDATE (O.S.)

Always great to be with you Rashad,  
thanks for having me back.

RADIO HOST (O.S.)

Around this time every year, we get  
tons of calls, complaints you could  
say--about our nation's Uniparty  
election system. Folks who feel  
like the election's already been  
decided and that their vote doesn't  
matter. What would you say to those  
folks?

PHILLIP

(mocking)

"Great question Rashad..."

INT. STUDIO - SAME TIME INTERCUT

THE CANDIDATE

Great question, Rashad. And one, frankly, that I think we *should* be asking every year. Look I'd just say this--it's not about the result, it's about the process. And having every North American citizen--from Yucatan to Yukon--acknowledge and affirm the will of the majority by casting their "YAY" ballot is critical. It's not just ceremony, it's *solidarity*.

The queerly attractive, androgenous CANDIDATE crosses his legs, leans in. All angles and intense eyes, a cross between David Bowie and Grace Jones.

RADIO HOST

Well said, well said. We've got Rachel from Ontario on the line. Caller, you're on.

CALLER (O.S.)

This is sick! We don't have a choice! Wake up! Why are we all pretending that we have a choice? One candidate is not--

CLICK.

RADIO HOST

Sorry about that--

INT. CAR - SAME TIME INTERCUT

Phillip flagging another driver, nudging his car into a lane change. The driver ignores him, edges him out. Phillip sees the blinking light of an oncoming AUTO-PILOT car, yanks his front end into the lane. The auto-piloted car screeches to a halt to avoid collision, allows a gap for Phillip to sneak in. Phillip waves to the flurry of INSURANCE-CAM flashbulbs cascading in his rearview. Phillip side-eyes the viz-radio.

PHILLIP

She's got a point.

RADIO HOST

Brian from Oaxaca, you're on.

CALLER 2 (O.S.)

Frankly, the whole idea of *choice* is dangerous and antiquated, not to mention overrated. We need decisiveness. Organized thinking...

PHILLIP

You mean non-thinking.

CANDIDATE

You know it's been a long cull this season. A very long cull. And for us as a Meganation to finally get down from fifty-two candidates to one candidate, well it speaks to the great democratizing powers of collective deliberation. MEX-US-CAN! YES US CAN!

The studio audience goes wild. Red, White, Blue, and Green banners and homemade maple leafs fill the air.

STUDIO AUDIENCE

MEX-US-CAN CAN! YES US CAN!

Phillip jabs at the vizradio dials, it doesn't change. A green safety symbol flashes: "Hands-free".

PHILLIP

Ah Jesus..."Radio: Off!!"

Phillip yelling louder than he needs to, the sudden silence ringing. More Teslas zip by in the COV lane. Phillip deflates. A billboard winks at Phillip.

COWBOY SHAVE AD

Howdy there, pard!

INT. PART B AUTO FACTORY - DAY

Phillip's ID badge buzzes red at the door panel. No entry. He tries again. Red. Phillip presses the SUPERVISOR call button.

SUPERVISOR (O.S.)

Late again, Phil.

PHILLIP

I know, I know, I'm sorry. Traffic.

TING. The door panel flashes green, locks click open. Phillip soldiers inside.

INT. PART B AUTO FACTORY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

SUPERVISOR (O.S.)

It'd be so much easier if you just  
hopped a COV. Pick you up every  
morning, seven on the dot, have you  
here by 7:30 like clockwork. No  
traffic, no excuses, no charging  
up. Plus you get those "commuter  
bonus checks", don't even have to  
clock in anymore. It's free money!  
More than an extra hour's pay every  
week. It adds up...

PHILLIP

I know, I know.

Phillip swipes his card through the timecard reader.

SUPERVISOR

You're such a fuckin' *manualist*.

PHILLIP

I know. Old habits.

SUPERVISOR

Old habits die hard.

PHILLIP

Which line am I on?

SUPERVISOR

B-Three.

PHILLIP

Aw man...

SUPERVISOR

S'whatcha get for being late.  
Should be glad, you like using your  
hands so much. Show up early,  
Mister "manualist" you want B-One.

PHILLIP

B-Two's not even through a run yet--

SUPERVISOR

Lenny's set up on B-Two. You'll  
take B-Three.

## INT. PART B AUTO FACTORY FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Three hulking parallel rows of humming mechanic synchrony. Fifty yards of ROBOTIC ARMS, SCANNERS, DIE-CUTTERS, WELDERS, and TRANSPORTERS seamlessly move the arcane product, PART B, from beginning to end.

Donut-shaped metal discs drop into a feeder at the beginning of B-One and are drilled, molded, pounded, linked together to form a conical structure by the end of B-Three, where Phillip settles himself, puts on a headset. The ROBOTIC CRANE next to him blinks to life.

ROBOTIC CO-WORKER VOICE

*Hiya there Phil, we're two buckets behind buddy--*

Phillip changes the setting on the headset from "Oscar" to "Mary". A coaxing, southern-sounding voice replaces the first.

ROBOTIC CO-WORKER VOICE (CONT'D)

*Morning, sweetie! We'll catch up, don't you worry.*

PHILLIP

Absolutely, Mary. Send the first bucket.

ROBOTIC CO-WORKER VOICE

*Sure thing, hon. First batch'll be coming at you in ninety seconds.*

LENNY, 20's, waves at Phil from B-Two. Phil smiles, changes the channel on his headset.

PHILLIP

You lucky fuck!

LENNY

Early bird catches the worm, Phil! How you doing, man?

PHILLIP

One of those mornings.

LENNY

Don't I know it? Eating in the Caf today?

PHILLIP

Why not? See if Ed wants to come.



Lenny clicks his headset again, cranes to see ED, 50's, a small speck amidst oily mechanical whirrings.

LENNY

Hey Eddie-boy, sandwiches in the Caf today?

ED

Who the hell else am I gonna eat with? Oscar?

The trio of men crack up. Lone men at the end of automated lines. Ed salutes.

ED (CONT'D)

You boys just keep up this monster pace I'm putting down.

LENNY

Keep sending us the good ones, Ed! Only the good ones!

PHILLIP

Or I'll toss 'em in the garbage!

The three men crack up again.

ROBOTIC CO-WORKER VOICE

*Bucket zero-zero-one, hon.*

A bucket of parts appears in front of Phillip. He dons a complicated-looking JEWELER'S LOUPE, picks up a LASER-ASSISTED CALIPER and measures the first part.

PHILLIP

Facet A, .015 millimeters. Facet B, 4.67 millimeters. Aperture 1, clear, Aperture 2, clear. Aperture 3, partially occluded...

Phillip picks up a small wire brush, scrapes it around the offending hole.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

Aperture 3, clear.

Phillip lays the part onto the belt. A series of numbers scroll across his jewelers loupe.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

Scale reads 3.72 grams.

Phillip palms the part.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)  
 Feels to me like 3.71 grams. All  
 within spec.

Phillip fits the part into a green QC TRAY. Fishes out  
 another part.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)  
 Facet A, .0143 millimeters. Facet  
 B, 4.66 millimeters. Aperture 1,  
 clear...

EXT. THE CAF - LATER

One hundred square yards of hyper-green lawn atop the factory  
 roof, just above the billboard sight line. Hundreds of empty  
 STONE PICNIC TABLES reveal the sad reality of the factory's  
 original occupancy. Lenny, Ed, and Phillip picnic on the  
 grass together at one corner of the field, as if the tables  
 themselves are haunted. Ed and Lenny share a cigarette,  
 Phillip pouts over the dregs of his ham sandwich.

PHILLIP  
 I think my wife is fucking a coffee  
 ad.

ED Lenny  
 Ha! Nah, no way.

LENNY  
 Them things don't even have  
 peckers.

ED  
 Yeah the only thing they peck is  
 your bank account.

PHILLIP  
 But still.

Ed claps Phillip on the shoulder.

ED  
 You think too hard about these  
 things. You know what you need,  
 Philly? You need ta buy something.  
 That's why you're depressed.

PHILLIP  
 I'm not depressed.

LENNY

Yeah you are. When's the last time you bought somethin'?

PHILLIP

Charged up the car yesterday.

ED

No, stupid we're not talking about charging up the car, we're talking about buying a real thing. A thing-thing.

LENNY

You know--like something what stays around the house awhile. Like an...an *object*.

PHILLIP

I don't need any objects.

ED

See, there's your problem. Everybody needs a little something from time to time. Don't be a paranoid.

PHILLIP

I'm not paranoid. You know what? Nevermind.

LENNY

Ah don't get sore Phil, we're only tryna help.

ED

You know what you need? You need to buy some *cheese*. Am I right, Len?

Ed drapes a lascivious arm around Phillip, winks at Lenny.

LENNY

Oh God yes! That that Yellow Bonnet girl. She's somethin' special. Pick you right up, if ya knowwhutI mean!

Lenny and Ed erupt in dirty laughter.

PHILLIP

What has eating cheese got to do with anything?

ED

It's not the eatin', it's the  
buyin'. And the being *marketed* to.

LENNY

I can't believe you never bought  
her before!

PHILLIP

Maggie buys that cow brand, Blue  
Bell cheese.

LENNY

Blue Bell?!

(mooring)

Noooooooooooooooooo.

Fuck that. You buy your own brand  
from now on. And it's gotta be kind  
of alot.

ED

Say maybe 3, 4 packs the first  
trip. Then turn on your kitchen  
router and wait for the magic.

LENNY

I get a boner every time I make a  
casserole now. Then my wife's all  
impressed with me like "honey I  
never knew how much you love to  
cook". So boom. I get it with my  
little Yellow Bonnet sweetheart,  
and then I get it with Brenda too.  
It's like two for one. Heaven.

PHILLIP

Jeez. What's she look like?

Lenny fixes him with a strange gaze.

LENNY

That, my friend, depends on you.  
You sorta *create* her, like.

ED

One of those new *interactive* ads  
they got, they mine your personal  
preferences or whatnot and then  
they cook up the perfect  
spokesperson. S'different for  
everybody. Mine's a redhead.

LENNY

Mine's a flat-chested blond.

PHILLIP

That's why I don't like keeping the routers on all the time, makes me nervous. I'd rather just read the labels at the store.

LENNY

Hard-harded Manualist.

ED

Suit yourself.

The lunch whistle blows. The men heave themselves to their feet. The last cavemen in a moved-on society.

PHILLIP

You guys watching The Candidate's speech tonight? Wanna get together at my place or something?

LENNY

Nah, nah, I stay away from all that political stuff.

ED

'S all rigged anyway.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Phillip guilty, frozen in front of the fridge with an overladen grocery bag. The house is quiet. He turns on the kitchen router, takes a deep breath. Silence. He jams cartons of MILK, OJ, BACON onto the shelf. Still silence. He checks the doorway, Maggie is nowhere in sight. He lobs a gold-foil block of YELLOW BONNET CHEESE into the deli drawer, slams the fridge shut.

PHILLIP

Maggie?

(beat)

Hey Maggie you in back?

The coast is clear. Phillip's hand hesitates over the handle. He eases the fridge open a crack --

FARMER JACK AD

WELL NUTHIN' SEZ SUNDAY LIKE MY  
HICKORY-SMOKED COUNTRY CUT BACON!

PHILLIP

Fuck!

Phillip flinches, slams the door. A BAREFOOT FARMER leans against the counter, whistles.

FARMER JACK AD  
 FROM MY FAM'LY TO YOURN, PHILLIP!  
 NEVER NO ANTY-BEE-OTICS OR HAR-  
 MONES 'CUZ--

Zap. Phillip bangs off the router.

MAGGIE (O.S.)  
 Phil?

PHILLIP  
 Uh! Hey babe! Hey! Just uh putting  
 up some groceries...

Phillip shoves the rest of the still-laden grocery bag inside  
 a dish cabinet. An avalanche of BRAZILLIAN COFFEE bricks.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)  
 Aghh!

MAGGIE  
 What?

Maggie appears in the doorway.

PHILLIP  
 Oh! No--

MAGGIE  
 No! Oh--sorry.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)	PHILLIP
I was gonna move those...	It's totally fine.
there wasn't any space in the	
freezer so--	

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
 It's just that they were on sale --

PHILLIP  
 Sure.

The couple writhes in the awkward booming silence, unable to  
 meet each other's eyes.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)  
 Can I uh...fix you a snack or  
 something?

MAGGIE  
 Oh no, that's sweet. I was just  
 coming to tell you the speech is  
 coming on...

PHILLIP

I'll be right there. Was just gonna  
make a sandwich. You sure you  
don't...

Maggie is already bopping down the hallway. Phillip lets out a sigh. He snatches his secreted grocery bag back from the dish cabinet. Crams four more bricks of YELLOW BONNET cheese into the vegetable crisper. He closes the door. His hand hovers over the router.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

Hurry up it's starting!

Phillip bangs the router on, holds his breath. Nothing. He laughs at himself, palms a bag of chips, hits the lights.

YELLOW BONNET GIRL AD

Nice choice.

PHILLIP

Oh...hey.

Phillip spins toward the BRUNETTE, CURVACEOUS WOMAN suddenly sitting at his kitchen table. She resembles Maggie. The Yellow Bonnet girl uncrosses her legs, smiles. Flickers.

YELLOW BONNET GIRL AD

You have really good taste. Here's  
a little something for next time...

A "SWIPE TO SAVE" icon appears in the air in front of him. Phillip swipes. Yellow Bonnet Girl smiles. The top button on her blouse comes undone. Phillip's digital wallet chimes somewhere deep in the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

THE CANDIDATE

--this is not about what I want,  
it's about what the good citizens  
of MEXUSCAN want!

STUDIO AUDIENCE

MEX-US-CAN! YES US CAN!

Phillip and Maggie polarized at opposite ends of the couch. The TV PROJECTION flickering on the wall. Phillip absently munching cheese and crackers. Maggie yawns.

MAGGIE

Can we change it now?

PHILLIP  
It's almost over.

Maggie ejects herself from the couch.

MAGGIE  
So selfish.

PHILLIP  
There's another projector in  
the bedroom.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)  
And what are you going to do once  
affirmed?

THE CANDIDATE  
As I've said before, it's not what  
I'm going to, it's about what we as  
a great multination are going to  
do! And I think we all know what we  
have to do-- first of all we have  
to renew our commitment to  
education;

INTERVIEWER  
Yes, yes...

THE CANDIDATE  
--really invest in our public  
schools; and as I've always said,  
we have to take a hard look at  
infrastructure--

INTERVIEWER  
Right, sure...

THE CANDIDATE  
--we have to renew our commitment  
to hydropower, and of course you  
know we have to *kill all others*,  
and at the same time we must  
continue our extra-Earth research  
and colonization efforts.

PHILLIP  
WHAT?!

Philip on his feet.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)  
Babe! Babe did you hear that!?? The  
Candidate just went crazy on TV?!  
Babe!!! Holy Shit!



INTERVIEWER

Wait, wait wait, lemme stop you  
right there--

PHILLIP

Maggie!! You gotta see this!

INTERVIEWER

--Let's dig into that. That's a  
really controversial stance as most  
MEXUSCANS will tell you...a  
continued investment in extra-Earth  
research at this point is wasteful.

PHILLIP

WAIT, WHAT?!

Maggie shuffles in, pulling on pajamas.

MAGGIE

What happened?

PHILLIP

The Candidate just said--on  
international TV--that we have to  
"kill all others"!

MAGGIE

They said that?

PHILLIP

Yes!! This is crazy! It's over! The  
interviewer's gonna nail 'em--!!

INTERVIEWER

--and in your own words--I can't  
believe you just said this but--

PHILLIP

Here it comes!!

INTERVIEWER

Public schools are a failing  
proposition, most of them hovering  
below 20% enrollment. So why would--

PHILLIP

Unbelievable! She missed it!!

Swoop. Phillip swipes to another channel.

NEWSCASTER  
...the candidate's divisive and  
inflammatory statement about public  
school funding...

Swoop.

ANALYST  
--no it's not too early to talk  
impeachment!

PHILLIP  
Thank God, here we go!

ANALYST  
I mean, here we have a candidate  
openly proposing--

ANALYST 2  
That's not what I heard--

ANALYST 3  
Let him finish, Mark.

ANALYST (CONT'D)  
--openly proposing to pour more  
money into fruitless research!!

MAGGIE  
I'm going to bed.

PHILLIP  
Wait no, you gotta hear this!

Phillip frantically swiping channels. Maggie shuffles off.  
The flicker of hollow talking heads, empty graphics flitting  
across Phillip's stricken face.

**ACT TWO.**

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Phillip propped in bed, swiping through channels.

MAGGIE  
Could you please? I'm trying to  
sleep.

PHILLIP  
I can't believe no one's talking  
about it.

MAGGIE  
Maybe you mis-heard.

PHILLIP  
 I didn't *mis*-hear. Commenators  
 aren't talking about it, but people  
 will be...

Phillip switches the projection to social media. Scrolls and scrolls of livid posts about public schools, research, infrastructure. Nothing about "kill all others". Phillip fingers fly as he sends up a flaming salvo:

P. NOYCE67: THE CANDIDATE JUST TALKED ABOUT KILLING PEOPLE? DID NO ONE HEAR?! THAT'S THE BEGINNING AND END OF THE CONVERSATION!!

SEND. Phillip's rant leaps onto the wall. No responses. Phillip hits refresh. No responses. A new string starts about the perils of colonization, quickly grows.

P. NOYCE67: HELLO?!!

Phillip's blinking cursor hanging alone in an empty string. Phillip hits refresh. Nothing. Refresh.

BOONEY-0919: MEX-US-CAN! YES US CAN!

INT. PART B AUTO FACTORY HALLWAY - MORNING

Phillip barreling into the break room. Ed and Lenny dawdling over breakfast sandwiches, coffee.

PHILLIP  
 Did you hear that last night?  
 Unbelievable!

ED  
 I didn't watch it.

LENNY  
 I caught part of it.

PHILLIP  
 I mean, this changes everything!  
 They're gonna have to impeach the  
 Candidate. No way they're letting  
 them get through after they said.

ED  
 What'd they say?

PHILLIP  
 Kill All Others.

LENNY  
You're shittin' me!

PHILLIP  
I shit you not! It was bananas. I  
couldn't believe it I was up all  
night Googling it. Can't believe  
it's not on the news already--

A Digital WORK WHISTLE chimes, Supervisor on the intercom.

SUPERVISOR (O.S.)  
Alright you guys, on the floor!  
Philip B-One; Ed B-Two; Lenny B-  
Three. Line starts in seventy  
seconds!

LENNY  
B-Three?! Why me, man! Kill me now.

The men filing out of the breakroom.

ED  
I wanna see that for myself.

PHILLIP  
Yeah you gotta see the video--

INT. PART B AUTO FACTORY FLOOR - LATER

Phillip languishing on Line 1, he presses the DISPENSE button  
which resets a 10 minute timer. He scrolls his phone in his  
abundant spare time, opines into his headset.

PHILLIP  
I can't find the video anywhere  
though. It's weird, like they're  
not showing it.

ED  
Prob'ly they don't wanna repeat it.  
I'm sure it'll be on the news  
tonight.

PHILLIP  
Nah usually it's up right away on  
CNN...i'll check YouTube. Hey Len  
what's your password?

LENNY  
Leave me out of it? I'm going cross-  
eyed over here. My brain hurts.

PHILLIP

I know who has it--the BBC'll have it. They don't hold back. Hey Ed, want me to send you a link?

ED

Yeah, yeah later, Phil.  
I don't wanna "talk political" on the headsets.

PHILLIP

You guys are no fun today.

LENNY

Easy for you to say over there on easy street. Switch with me I'll talk your head off. Shut up and push your button, Monkey.

PHILLIP

Screw you.

Phillip glances up, Supervisor is staring at him from his "bird's nest". Phillip stashes his phone, hovers his hand over the DISPENSE button. He looks up again. Supervisor is still watching.

EXT. THE CAF - DAY

Rain pelts the lawn in cold, definite drops. Phillip, Ed, and Lenny huddled under the awning, the labyrinth of ghost tables spread before them.

PHILLIP

Why do they even keep us on, you know?

ED

What? Mister Political, you don't want your job all of a sudden?

PHILLIP

Nah it's not that. It's just. Three guys? How do you automate a whole entire factory but you still need three guys to run it?

LENNY

Quality control. Machine can't do all that.

PHILLIP

Yeah they can. They could.

ED

First of all it's against the law,  
and second of all thank God the  
Union fought for it. You of all  
people should know that. You  
remember the old days.

Ed punctuates his argument with a jab at Phil's chest.

PHILLIP

Yeah yeah, my Dad was a union man  
through and through. "Read the fine  
print three times, think twice, and  
decide once" he always said. Taught  
me to really see.

ED

Well then there you go. Part of the  
whole Global Trade agreement? You  
can't export *all* the workers.  
Automate *all* the positions. Gotta  
keep at least some guys on over  
here. What, you'd rather be in the  
Djibuti plant? Guangzhou? Or worse,  
fuckin' Krakow?

LENNY

Weather's probably better.

PHILLIP

But what does it *mean* that they  
kept us here?

ED

It means we're lucky.

LENNY

It means we're the best. The best  
of the best. Only the knuckleheads  
got sacked or shipped.

PHILLIP

Outta three thousand guys? C'mon  
Len. We're just tokens, man.

LENNY

You know what? You're in a real  
fuckin' gloomy mood today Phil, I  
gotta tell you.

Lenny tosses his sandwich in the trash, slouches back inside.  
Ed studies Phillip.

ED

That uh, that video you were  
talking about? I *saw* it too.

PHILLIP

The Kill Everybody Else thing?  
Yeah, you heard that? Isn't it  
insane? S'fucking scary is what is,  
man--

Ed eyes the security camera, turns his back on it.

ED

Shh, shh. Easy yeah. Relax.  
(whispers)  
This political stuff. Don't take it  
too serious. Your old man was great  
and everything, but you listen too  
hard. It doesn't mean anything. Lay  
off, go have some fun or somethin'.

PHILLIP

Yeah but--

ED

Those idiots say anything. We know  
it isn't *real*. S'just entertainment  
is what it is.

The men stare out at the horizon, Ed finishes his cigarette  
in silence.

ED (CONT'D)

Speaking of entertainment, you  
uh...check out that cheese girl  
like we were telling ya?

PHILLIP

Yeah. No. I mean I did but it's  
stupid...it's not like you can  
*touch* her.

Ed, tone deaf, charges on. Elbows Phillip, chuckles.

ED

Oh yeah? The optics can take you a  
long way. Don't be so *tactile*, my  
friend.

EXT. PASSWAY AB50 - LATER

Phillip inching and spurting home in rush hour traffic. The auto-pilot cars zip by in their usual righteous-COV glee.

RADIO CALLER

...I mean "Kill All Others?!". I was shocked...

PHILLIP

Yes, yes. Finally somebody!

RADIO CALLER

...I'm not gonna defend it. You know I don't have to agree, or whatever? But they have a right to say it, if they wanna say it. It's just words, y'know?

RADIO HOST

Fair point.

RADIO CALLER

You know what I mean? Like sticks and stones...?

Phillip switches to another channel.

PUBLIC RADIO PUNDIT

Well obviously, the Candidate isn't speaking literally here. This is just about ideas...

An AUTO-PILOTED FREIGHT TRUCK boxes him in. Phillip slows to get behind it. The FREIGHTER slows with him. Philip speeds up to pass, the FREIGHTER speeds up too. Pinned against the COV lane on side and the Freighter on the other, Phillip panics.

PHILLIP

Seriously? Hey! Lemme out!

Phillip waves his hands at the truck's SENSORS mounted where the rear-view mirrors used to be.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

Lemme over! Lemme out! Hey.

Phillip pounding on the horn. The truck's sensors register him, brake to let him in. Phillip whips his car into the gap.

PUBLIC RADIO PUNDIT 2

I think it's more about anti-establishment sentiment than any real agenda against a so called--



**KILL ALL OTHERS.** Six foot white letters. Blood red billboard. Blinding digital invective burning against the night sky.

PHILLIP

Oh my God...

Phillip cranes his neck, fumbles his iPhone from his bag. The BLARE of a horn behind him. Phillip snaps a picture. It's blurry. Phillip edges his car forward with one hand, rolls down the window and snaps another over his shoulder. The phrase truncated. Kill All... Phillip angles his car into the COV lane, strains to contain the monstrous dictum within the frame. Kill All Oth--

WHAM! The sudden crush of metal on metal.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A tangle of MEDICAL LEADS. A SENSOR pulses calmly against Phillip's temple. More boutique hotel than police-station, Phillip squirms on a sleek suede ottoman. A POLICE SERGEANT, dressed in soft, muted BUSINESS CASUAL SEPARATES studies the constant feed of a MEDICAL PRINT-OUT looping onto the desk.

POLICE SERGEANT

You must be a pretty unpredictable guy.

PHILLIP

I'm sorry?

POLICE SERGEANT

Erratic.

PHILLIP

No I...just an accident is all.

POLICE SERGEANT

There are no *accidents* anymore. Not with COV's. The algorithm has completely solved for accidents. Mastered the human...variable.

Phillip squirms. Police sergeant hitches up his corduroys and perches on a lucite modular table across from him.

POLICE SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Except of course, for the occasional *outliers*. Drugs, chemicals, those can create outliers.

PHILLIP  
I wasn't drinking or...or on  
anything. I was just distracted  
that's all.

Police Sergeant tears off the medical feed. Studies it.  
Studies Phillip a long time.

POLICE SERGEANT  
So you weren't.

Sergeant clips the long ticker of medical feed into a folder.  
Hands the whole thing to an INSURANCE ADJUSTER.

POLICE SERGEANT (CONT'D)  
All clean.

INSURANCE ADJUSTER  
Thank You. I just have a few more  
questions Mister Noyce before we  
can settle your claim.

Police Sergeant pushes up, yanks the medical leads from  
Phillips arms and face. Insurance adjuster takes Sergeant's  
place behind the desk. Sergeant offers Phillip his driver's  
license between two pinched fingers, Phillip hesitates before  
taking it.

POLICE SERGEANT  
Good thing the safety systems  
didn't fail too.

Phillip nods tightly, snatches his license.

POLICE SERGEANT (CONT'D)  
You must be one unpredictable guy.

Insurance Adjuster taps the side of her GOOGLE GLASS.

INSURANCE ADJUSTER  
On behalf of Liberty Mutual we're  
sorry about your loss. This  
conversation will be recorded for  
documentation purposes. Consent?

PHILLIP  
(beat)  
Yes.

INSURANCE ADJUSTER  
Now that we've established the  
situational facts, we're now going  
to assess the pre-dispositional  
factors.

PHILLIP

What?

INSURANCE ADJUSTER

A simple yes or no is fine. This conversation is being recorded. Is everything okay at home?

PHILLIP

Yes.

INSURANCE ADJUSTER

Any recent feelings of anxiety, depression, or paranoia?

PHILLIP

No I told you--

INSURANCE ADJUSTER

Any unexplained weight loss, weight gain, apathy, sleeplessness, obsessive fixations?

Phillip shifts forward.

PHILLIP

God, no I--

INSURANCE ADJUSTER

I remind you that your veracity in the pre-dispositional assessment is equally important in the evaluation of your claim to the situational assessment. Has anything changed in your psychic environment--real or imagined; your interpersonal relationships, or professional life that would impair your ability to absorb, process, or respond to the world around you?

A light on the Google Glass winks. Phillip sweating. Phillip swallows.

PHILLIP

(beat)

Yes.

INSURANCE ADJUSTER

On a scale of 1 to 10 with one being "not at all likely" and ten being "very likely" how would you--

INT. MAGGIE'S CAR - LATER

MAGGIE

What does "COV provisional" mean?

PHILLIP

It means exactly what it sounds like it means.

MAGGIE

No, Unh-unh Phillip, don't do this. You don't get to do this--

PHILLIP

Fuck, please Maggie, I just had an accident! Okay I'm sorry look, okay? A fender-bender. I've been interrogated for three and half hours for it, for an accident that wasn't even my fault--

MAGGIE

Liberty Mutual said that?

PHILLIP

Yes! They said that. No knocks whatsoever on my license.

MAGGIE

But it's provisional?

PHILLIP

They're covering a new car. We'll have it in a week. We won't pay a cent. It's just that it's gotta be a *computer-operated* car. That's all. It's a free upgrade, really. At no cost to us. Zip, nada. Case closed. Everything's fine, I'll pay better attention next time, and we can all just calm down.

The silence of the road zipping beneath them, Phillip folds a hand over his face. Maggie steals side-eye glances at him.

MAGGIE

I'm so sorry honey.  
(beat)  
Are you alright?

PHILLIP

Yeah, the Saf-T-foam, impact deflectors, whatever went off. I'm fine.

MAGGIE  
No...I mean... Did they say you  
were *alright*?

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Phillip nurses a headache with one hand, and a beer with the other. Maggie nestles next to him on the couch, strokes his hairline as she flips channels.

TV PANELIST 1  
...of course we have to parse it  
out. "Kill All Others"--

PHILLIP  
Turn back! 211!

MAGGIE  
But NatureMan is on...

PHILLIP  
Shhh!! This is it! They're talking  
about it!!

Phillip snatches the remote, cranks the volume.

TV PANELIST 2  
I mean, there's so many layers  
here, right?

PHILLIP  
Yes! Oh my God.

Phillip scoots to the edge of the couch, Maggie's hand falls away.

TV PANELIST 1  
What sort of Candidate says this  
sort of thing--

PHILLIP  
You hear this? You hear this? This  
is what I been saying all along.

MAGGIE  
I don't think--

PHILLIP  
They're finally gonna get him. This  
is it. The Candidate's run is over.

TV PANELIST 1  
And "kill" in what way? It's  
*obviously* rhetorical but--

TV PANELIST 2  
--the bigger threat here to me  
Todd, is the free speech issue--

PHILLIP  
What?

TV PANELIST 3  
Well, Tonya I don't think we can  
dig into any of this until we ask--  
who are the Others?

The PANELISTS nod in agreement, sip water, shuffle their  
notes and shift to camera B.

INT. NEWS STUDIO - SAME TIME INTERCUT

TV PANELIST 2  
This is exactly the kind of  
systemic change we need. It's un-  
planned. It's un-intellectual. And  
whether you agree or disagree,  
it's... un-political.

TV PANELIST 3  
Which is a good thing. And it's  
very refreshing to articulate  
aloud, the *feeling*.

TV PANELIST 2  
...haven't I have always predicted  
the triumph of feeling over fact?

TV PANELIST 3  
And by the way--hellooo! Can we  
tackle the 300-pound gorilla in the  
room? Who are the Others?

TV PANELIST 1  
We're going to get into all of  
this, folks! After our break--

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME INTERCUT

Phillip swaying on his feet.

PHILLIP  
What are they talking about?!

MAGGIE

Phil honey--

TV PANELIST 1

We'll have Lana Meserschmidt, a  
Constitutional lawyer...

PHILLIP

They're saying nothing!!

Phillip whirring through the channels. Bright graphics,  
bouncy jingles, bone white smiles saying empty versions of  
the same no-thing.

CLICK. Phillip suddenly alone on the suddely empty wall, a  
ranting shadow. Maggie's hand hangs mid air, post swipe.

MAGGIE

Honey...?

Phillip, trembling, drifts toward her.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

It's all this stuff. It's too much.

Maggie wrapping her arms around Phillip. Phillip not holding  
her back.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

We don't have to listen.

Phillip allowing himself to sink into her shoulder.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(beat)

I threw out all the coffee.

Phillip manic, laughing, sniffing, choking.

PHILLIP

The coffee?

MAGGIE

And the cheese. It's all my fault.  
OFF. It's a distraction. I'm sorry.  
No more noise. OFF.

Maggie backing down the hallway, leading Phillip by his limp  
hand. She commands the wall routers off along the way.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Just us. OFF.

Maggie pulls Phillip closer, pushes him to the floor. She peppers soft kisses around his earlobes. Phillip starts to speak, Maggie muffles it with a kiss.

**ACT THREE.**

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - MORNING

Another nothing morning in suburbia. Maggie sips coffee from her travel mug. Phillip scans the waking neighborhood. A ROBED WOMAN gets the newspaper; two manic FIFTH GRADERS race to the bus stop, their be-glittered posterboard art projects flapping behind them; a POODLE hunches over for a morning dump. Phillip smiles, relaxes into his seat. Maggie reaches over, squeezes his hand. Phillip squeezes hers back, exhales.

They turn the corner onto the main road. A wild PACK OF NEIGHBORS chase a YOUNG WOMAN down the street.

NEIGHBOR 1  
Don't let her get away!

NEIGHBOR 2  
Cut 'er off!

The young woman sheds her backpack and sprints across a yard. The pack gives chase, one neighbor stumbling in her high heeled shoes. One of the rabid neighbors, tie flying backward, barks on his phone.

NEIGHBOR 3  
She's headed toward Clifton Place!

NEIGHBOR 4  
NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH, BITCH!!!  
FREEZE!!

YOUNG WOMAN  
Leave me alone!!!! Help! SOMEBODY  
HEEEELPP!!

Phillip twisting and craning in his seat.

PHILLIP  
You see that?!

MAGGIE  
Yeah, scary.

PHILLIP  
Stop the car!



MAGGIE

What, we don't know what's--?!

PHILLIP

Stop the fuckin car!!

Maggie slams the brakes, Phillip tucks and rolls. A burly neighbor DIVE TACKLES the young woman near a bus stop, The stunned children back away. Phillip sprints toward the fray.

YOUNG WOMAN

Get off me! Get Off me!!

WHAM! Burly neighbor socks her in the jaw. High-heeled neighbor starts pummeling the woman, sits on her.

PHILLIP

Hey! Hey! What's going here?! Hey!  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, No!!!

MAGGIE

Phillip?!

NEIGHBOR 2

Back off, we got her!

PHILLIP

What's going on here?!

NEIGHBOR 3

She's an Other! We caught her!

The woman crying, thrashing, struggling for her life.

YOUNG WOMAN

Heeeeeelp!!!

PHILLIP

Caught her doing what? Get off her!

Phillip shoves the burly neighbor. The telephoned neighbor pushes him away.

NEIGHBOR 3

What's the matter with you?!  
(into phone)  
We're at the corner of Moss  
and Cherry. Please hurry.

PHILLIP

What's wrong with YOU?! You  
can't just attack people like  
that.

NEIGHBOR 1

You know her?

PHILLIP

No I--

NEIGHBOR 4  
He must be one too!

Maggie catches up with Phillip, tugs at his sleeve.

MAGGIE  
Are you out of your mind?

PHILLIP  
I'm not going anywhere until the  
police arrive!

NEIGHBOR 2  
Yeah well we called the police  
buddy, so back off.

MAGGIE  
She must've done something.

PHILLIP  
I didn't see her do anything--

NEIGHBOR 1  
You have no idea what this is  
about.

MAGGIE  
Phillip let's go. Now.

PHILLIP  
No! This is wrong and I'm gonna see  
this through.

NEIGHBOR 3  
See it through, asshole. We'll  
report you too.

MAGGIE  
PHILLIP! Philip please!!

The soothing BELLTONE of approaching PEACE SEDANS. Maggie  
drags Phillip's hand to her chest, tries to pull him away.

NEIGHBOR 2  
Watch him, he's one of them.

The young woman whimpering and writhing on the ground. The  
scowls of the neighbors. The green PEACE SEDANS now hushing  
around the corner. Phillip snatches his hand away, squares  
his chest.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

POLICE SERGEANT

How do you know the suspect?

PHILLIP

I-I don't *know* her. I didn't see her as a suspect. I just saw a woman being chased--

POLICE SERGEANT

Do you have any friends or family that are *Others*?

PHILLIP

Wait I--who are *Others*? I don't know what you mean by that, is she--

POLICE SERGEANT

You think you'd wanna steer clear of any incidents, given you were just in here.

PHILLIP

I mean I was literally on my way to work and I saw this happening and it seemed wrong and I just...reacted. Are those people being charged by the way? They assaulted that woman. I know some of their names. The big guy, Rick I think his name is, *tackled* her, it was totally unnecessary--

Police Sergeant puts his tablet away.

POLICE SERGEANT

Look Mister Noyce, I'm not a political guy and I don't buy into all the mumbo jumbo. What I do know is outliers. Most people have maybe one or two interactions with us over a five year span. You've been here twice in two days. It starts to look bad. To form a pattern. To invite observation. And under close enough observation, maybe anybody starts to look a little quirky, screwy. A little *Other*.

Phillip absorbs the weight of the sergeant's gaze.

PHILLIP

(beat)

So. Is--is that woman being  
charged?

POLICE SERGEANT

Go to work Mister Noyce. Thank you  
for your helpful report.

INT. PART B AUTO FACTORY - LATER

Supervisor swipes through a digitized report. Phillip  
squirms.

PHILLIP

So luckily, I wasn't hurt. Just a  
fender bender.

SUPERVISOR

(whistles)

But from an HR standpoint, we still  
gotta do health monitoring. 30  
days. Just make sure nothing's  
wrong. No underlying health  
problems. You know.

Supervisor holds out a CLEAR CASE with an APPLE WATCH inside.

PHILLIP

Wait is this for the car accident  
or for the other thing?

SUPERVISOR

What other thing?

PHILLIP

Nothing.

Phillip stares at the box.

SUPERVISOR

Need your consent to unlock. This  
also gives us consent to report  
your health data to Human  
Resources.

PHILLIP

Oh yeah...

Phillip holds his index finger against the biometric lock.  
The box chimes open. Phillip stares at the watch.

SUPERVISOR

Go on, you can put it on yourself  
nothing fancy.

PHILLIP

You mean for mental health?

SUPERVISOR

No, no don't be paranoid it's for  
overall health. Stress, blood  
pressure, blood sugar, cholesterol.  
To minimize sick time, see if you  
need any "preventative time off".  
Anything like that.

Phillip straps the watch on, flinches as the digital display  
flickers to life.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

Yeah it pinches a little bit the  
first time. But then you won't even  
notice it.

Supervisor inspects the watch, punches in the five digit code  
onscreen. Phillip's blood/hormone readings pop onto the  
supervisor's laptop monitor.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

Your data's confidential. Only  
transmitted to HR.

Phillip rubs his wrist, rises to leave.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

Oh and one more thing from HR...lay  
off the political talk.

(beat)

Corporate policy.

EXT. THE CAF - LATER

ED

You get written up?

PHILLIP

Nah, just got into a little scrape  
last night. Now I'm on substance  
watch.

Phillip holds up his newly i-Watched arm.

ED

Better than pissing in a cup every 48 hours. You weren't drunk though right?

PHILLIP

No just distracted, like I told you.

Ed paces to the edge of the building, squints at the new billboard. KILL ALL OTHERS. The mysterious BODY swaying, metal rope singing against the awning. Lenny joins him.

LENNY

Yeah, it is pretty freaky though, those signs.

ED

Who are The Others, that's what I wanna know.

LENNY

If you're an Other, you already know you're an Other. Trust me they know who they are.

PHILLIP

Does it matter? I mean we're really talking about killing people here? The Candidate who's gonna run the whole Western nation. On National TV talking about killing people? Is nobody hearing this? And--now my next door neighbor just face-planted some girl walking down our street--

ED

You know her?

PHILLIP

No I didn't have to know her. It was horrible--

LENNY

Hey what if one of us was an "Other"? What would we do?

A tense three way silence. Ed's smiles fades, his eyes darting back and forth between Lenny and Phillip.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Would we turn each other in? Turn a blind eye?

Lenny studies Phillip, holds his eyes too long. Phillip's heartrate monitor chimes.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Nervous?

Ed slugs Lenny in the shoulder. Lenny bristles, breaks up laughing.

ED

Hell's wrong with you?!

LENNY

Ah come on. Where's your sense of humor? Jeez.

Lenny tosses his cigarette over the edge, swaggers back inside. Phillip sidles toward the edge, dares a look at the grisly beaming billboard.

ED

They go too far, these politicians.  
Blah, blah, blah. It'll be over soon.

Ed claps Phillip on the shoulder, herds him inside. The hum of the factory swallowing them. Phillip looks back over his shoulder, horrified at the swaying BODY.

INT. ELECTRONIC STORE - EVENING

The Candidate fractured and reassembled in a gigantic mosaic across every TV projector. The headline: **"ARE WE SAFE?"** blazing across the screens.

THE CANDIDATE

...I think we know who The Other  
are and the threat they pose to  
society...

Phillip conspicuous in a CAL STATE hoodie and dark lenses hurries past. His progress across the home video section is mirrored and magnified by a half-dozen "CAMERA HALOS" on display. *"See Your world in 360!"* SWIPE TO BUY!

THE CANDIDATE (CONT'D)

...it's brave men and women,  
ordinary people not unlike those  
interpid souls on Paul Revere's  
ride that make the difference...

Phillip skulks down the portable communications section, grabs a handful of DISPOSABLE PHONES. *"Pre-loaded with 10 minutes of talk time!"*

THE CANDIDATE (CONT'D)

...our Peace Officers can't be everywhere. But trust me, the Others are everywhere. And you have the power. You have to be at least partly responsible for your own safety...

INT. PHILLIP'S HOUSE - EVENING

Phillip still in his hoodie and glasses darting around the house, shutting off all the wall routers. He rips open a disposable phone, paces as he practices different voices.

PHILLIP

(different voice)

*Hi this is Bob from Sacramento?*

(new voice)

*Yeah, Bob from Sacramento here and I just wanna uh ask... Fuck, no.*

(clears throat)

*Bob. Bob Lucas from Sacramento and I have a question for the Candidate.*

Phillip closes the bedroom door. Turns on the TV projector to the "Town Hall" discussion already in progress. He takes a breath, dials the number on the screen. The phone rings. Phillip braces himself, looks into the disposable phone screen. He spots a family picture in the reflection behind him, quickly rips it down. A warm SCREENER greets him.

SCREENER

*Hi caller, what's your name, city, and question?*

PHILLIP

*Uh. Ahem. Yeah I'm Bob. Bob Lucas from Sacramento and my question to the candidate is about all the new signs coming up? I uh...I think they're disturbing and...and gruesome. And that we don't even know what "others" means and certainly all this talk of killing needs to stop.*

SCREENER

*Hold one sec.*



Phillip paces, mutes the volume on the TV projector.

TV HOST

Okay we've got another call.

Phillip clears his throat, squares his image in the screen, roots himself.

TV HOST (CONT'D)

*Phillip Noyce from Detroit, you're on!*

Phillip is stunned. He freezes. Sees the projection of himself on TV, huge in front of the studio audience. His real name plastered in a chiron below him. Phillip looks back at the disposable phone in horror.

PHILLIP

No I'm not..I'm uh...

TV HOST

We see you bright and clear,  
Phillip from Detroit. Go ahead!

The Candidate seems to look right at him.

TV HOST (CONT'D)

Says here you're pretty agitated  
about the advertisements?

Phillip lets the phone drop.

TV HOST (CONT'D)

We're losing you, can you hold up  
your phone?

THE CANDIDATE

Well let's start here--are you an  
Other?

Phillip hangs up, rips the back off the disposable phone.

PHILLIP

Fuck!

Sweat beads on his lip as he dares unmute the projector. The Candidate is still looking directly into the camera.

THE CANDIDATE

...many of Them are afraid and They  
should be, but if you're not an  
Other you have nothing to worry  
about.

TV HOST

Well let's talk about how we can  
spot an Other. A lot of people want  
to know...

THE CANDIDATE

First of all, follow your gut okay?  
You know 'em when you see 'em.

TV HOST

Right, right...

THE CANDIDATE

They tend to be paranoid, high  
strung, nervous acting, resistant  
to new technologies--Luddites you  
might say...in fact I wouldn't be  
surprised if our caller just now--

Phillip swipes off the projector, rips off his hoodie and  
sunglasses, fear backing him into the wall.

#### **ACT FOUR.**

INT. PART B AUTO FACTORY HALLWAY - MORNING

Phillip scampers to the factory floor, his shoulders bunched  
around his ears. Supervisor eyes him as he passes, says  
nothing. The loudspeaker crackles.

SUPERVISOR (O.S.)

You're on Three.

INT. PART B AUTO FACTORY FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Phillip settles into place, dons his headset.

He nods over at Ed on line 2. Ed pretends not to see him.

PHILLIP

How's it going up there Len?

LENNY

It's alright.

PHILLIP

You lucked out today, huh?

Phillip smiles at Lenny, Lenny doesn't smile back. Phillip's  
smile dries, he turns back to his station.

ROBOTIC CO-WORKER VOICE  
*Morning, sweetie! We've got 47  
buckets today.*

PHILLIP  
Ready.

The first bucket of parts appears. Phillip dons the inspector's loupe, bends all his concentration to it. Phillip sneaks one last look back, Lenny and Ed are staring at him. Phillip nods, they look away.

EXT. THE CAF - DAY

Ed and Lenny whispering together at one of the tables. Phillip on the edge of the roof staring at the billboard. Ed saunters over.

ED  
How you uh, how you feeling today  
Phil?

PHILLIP  
I know it's real. All you'd need is  
for somebody to go up there and  
prove it. I bet you could jump on  
that thing from here.

ED  
(beat)  
Look, it's not funny anymore buddy,  
you're gonna get yourself in  
trouble.

Ed pats Phillip on the shoulder.

ED (CONT'D)  
Why'ont you come over, eat with us?

PHILLIP  
Sure you want me to? The way you  
were acting?

ED  
Nah nah, it's just. With the Others  
stuff I think everybody's a little  
on edge that's all.

PHILLIP  
No I'm uh...I think I'm good here.  
See you guys inside.

The faintest flash of fire in Ed's eyes as he breaks away.

ED  
Suit yourself.

EXT. PASSWAY AB50 - LATER

Phillip cruising in the COV lane for once. The steering wheel, throttle, gauges all seamlessly ticking along without him. He studies the frustrated tangle of human drivers as he zips past. Kill All Others. Phillip turns and glowers at the sign. The body swinging. A gust of wind starts to turn it. The face rotates slooowly toward him. Phillip cranes his neck to see it. The car is moving too fast. Phil hits the manual drive switch, slams on the brakes. The car behind him narrowly avoids hitting him. A flurry of flashbulbs.

DRIVER  
Watch your ass buddy!

Phillip shaken. The billboard too small to see now. Phillip shifts the car back into Auto-Drive.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - EVENING

Phillip dozing as the car auto-pilots itself down his block. A pulse of Green lights wakes him. Phillip startles at the silhouette of PEACE CARS in front of his house. He yanks the car out of Auto-Pilot, douses the headlights, and swerves to the curb.

Maggie shrugging, gesturing with the Police. Fragments of their conversation waft back to him.

MAGGIE  
...two or three weeks  
ago...worried...stressed out about  
the...normally he...his boss's  
number...

The police scan the block. Phillip slips lower in his seat.

EXT. PHILLIP'S HOUSE - LATER

Phillip hunched, wrinkled, edging around the backside of his house. He sees a light on in the bedroom, Maggie moving around. Phillip waits until she settles, he jumps a low garden gate, and ducks beneath the bathroom window.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Phillip clambering into the darkened bathroom, lowering himself onto the sink. His foot sends an ELECTRIC TOOTHBRUSH clattering to the floor. Philip freezes. Maggie's footsteps in the hall.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

Phil?

Phillip holds his breath.

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

Phil?

COWBOY SHAVE AD

WELL HOWDY THERE PARD' YOU LOOK  
LIKE YOU COULD USE A SHAVE!

The Cowboy Shave Ad luminous, shimmering, somehow bigger in the dark. It's metallic voice booming off the porcelain tiles. Phil stumbles backward. Maggie vanishes it with the light.

MAGGIE

Where did you--what are you doing?  
You scared me--

Phillip clamps her mouth, flicks the light switch back off. Pounds the wall router off. A sweating, trembling, mess of manic run-on confusion.

PHILLIP

Get your money, get your keys. Uh, checkbook, passport. Mortgage? No we won't need that. One, two changes of clothes--

MAGGIE

Phil what are you--

PHILLIP

Shhh! They're coming. They're coming, I'm suprised they're not here now! The COV, the damn COV I parked it too close, they know--

MAGGIE

Who? Wha--?

PHILLIP

Hurry we have to go. We have to go right now. Did you turn off the routers? See that's how they know.

(MORE)

PHILLIP (CONT'D)  
I'll wait here. Get my passport,  
get your passport skip the clothes  
we'll take your car it's manual--

MAGGIE  
Go where? Why? No! Who's coming?

PHILLIP  
It's a damn withchunt is what it is.  
*The Others*. They they say that it's  
us, but it's not us. It could be  
anybody. They can make anybody  
Other. They think, cause I said...  
but we're not. It's a trap, see.  
And anybody who can see them, then  
they can see you and and and then  
you're a threat and they come to  
get you. The vigilantes, the sign  
it's all part of it--

Maggie cradling Phil's face, trying to shush him.

MAGGIE  
Honey it's okay its okay it's okay.  
This is, this is just what the  
doctors were worried about. The  
accident, you must've hit your  
head.

Phillip's darting, rolling eyes hold hers for a moment, the  
mad sheen dissipates.

PHILLIP  
Could it? No...no...because...  
(beat)  
...the signs came first. Yeah  
because the signs they came first.  
The candidate said it, then the  
signs came, and *then* I hit my head--  
unless...

Phillip's eyes widen, freeze. He peels Maggie's hands from  
his face, pushes her away.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)  
You're one of them.

MAGGIE  
Honey?

Philip darts out of the bathroom...

INT. PHILLIP'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...and tears down the hallway. He empties Maggie's purse on the floor. Snatches up her car keys.

MAGGIE

Phil!

Maggie grabs at Phil, WHOP! He sends her flying with a hard right hook. Maggie stunned and bleeding on the floor. Phillip stunned himself.

PHILLIP

I didn't hit you. You you you're not you. Not the real you. I'm sorry...I...I...the signs. I can prove what's real--

The rise of distant BELLTONES. Phillip is a flash out the door.

INT. PART B AUTO FACTORY - NIGHT

Phillip scans his employee ID at the door pad. It flashes red.

MECHANICAL VOICE

*No shifts scheduled for this timeblock.*

PHILLIP

I uh, I need to get inside.

MECHANICAL VOICE

*No shifts scheduled for this timeblock.*

PHILLIP

I left my wallet in the breakroom.

The quiet whirl of mechanical logic.

MECHANICAL VOICE

*You need "Lost and Found" is that correct?*

PHILLIP

Yes.

The pad flashes green, locks click open.

MECHANICAL VOICE  
*Temporary Emergency Access. You  
 have... three minutes to retrieve  
 your item.*

Phillip hurls himself inside...

INT. PART B AUTO FACTORY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...sprints past the security cameras...

INT. PART B AUTO FACTORY FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

...leaps up the stairs to the CAF. Phillip breathless, sweating, trembling. His hand hovers over the exit pushbar. "Alarm Will Sound". Phillip hesitates, starts to back off as the FACTORY LIGHTS come on in a percussive wave behind him.

MECHANICAL VOICE  
*Temporary Emergency Access revoked.  
 Maneagement is en route. Please  
 return to the--*

Phillip BANGS open the exit bar, barrels onto the roof.

EXT. THE CAF - MOMENTS LATER

A CHORUS of BELLS bubbling and circling below. Phillip sprints to the roof's edge. Eyes the gap between the building and the billboard. A growing hive of EMERGENCY VEHICLES and PEACE CARS buzz beneath him, send antennas of searchlight probing up the building. Phillip leans away from their reach.

TACTICAL OFFICER (O.S.)  
 Let's get you outta here Mister  
 Noyce.

Phillip spins to see a uniformed officer, TASER GUN leveled, inching toward him.

TACTICAL OFFICER (CONT'D)  
 Nice and calm, now. You're not in  
 any trouble...

Phillip swings toward the roof edge, an antenna of light finds him. A SQUAWK from below. A sudden flood of blinding light, Phillip can't see the billboard anymore.

Phillip looks toward the officer. A green TARGETING GRID appears in the air in front of him but doesn't touch him.



He's out of range. Phillip looks toward the blinding wash where the billboard used to be.

He Leaps.

EXT. BILLBOARD - NIGHT

Phillip, wild-eyed, sweaty, swaying from the billboard lighting fixture. The wind WHIPS and tears at his jacket, pulls at his body like a sail. He wraps his legs around the metal support, shimmies down to the catwalk. He hunkers down on his knees, levers his jacket off. The wind snatches it, sends it spiraling down to the whirl of POLICE LIGHTS below.

POLICE OFFICER 1  
MISTER NOYCE! REMAIN STILL! A  
RESUCE TEAM IS EN ROUTE. REMAIN  
STILL FOR EXTRACTION.

PHILLIP  
You're not helping me! You're not  
here to help! You're a part of it!  
You're all a part of it.

From below, Phillip's shouts are dampened by the distance and wind. His rants dissolving on the wind, scrambling on all fours his mouth mutely opening and closing like a madman.

POLICE OFFICER 1  
Send up the drones.

POLICE OFFICER 2  
A/V?

POLICE OFFICER 1  
Tranker too. Full dose.

THUMP. The wind kisses the Body and sends it gently spinning facedown into the billboard. The screen pixels momentarily blur around the shape of the body's impact. KILL ALL OTHERS. The words remain resolute. Phillip arms spread wide, sweaty palms clinging to the words sputtering, side-stepping toward it. THUMP. The body twirls away from him.

PHILLIP  
You say it's coming from me! Well  
it's not coming from me! It's Real.  
I KNOW IT'S REAL!!

INT. LENNY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME INTERCUT

Quick Zooms on Phillip's face. Phillip rendered in high-definition detail. His voice ringing out on a tinny microphone.

PHILLIP  
YOU HEAR ME!? I KNOW IT'S REAL.

LENNY  
Did you know? Did you know he was  
an Other?!

ED  
He's not an Other, he's just a  
sensitive type, that's all.

LENNY  
I don't fucking believe it. You  
never know, you know? could be your  
neighbor, your best  
friend...they're all around us.

ED  
He's not an Other, dammit!

A delicate green AV DRONE whips across the shot, no bigger than a HUMMINGBIRD. Phillip suddenly rendered in an arcing wide angle. A an even smaller red and white MEDICAL DRONE hovers in the background.

LENNY  
There goes. They're gonna take 'im  
out.

EXT. BILLBOARD - SAME TIME INTERCUT

POLICE OFFICER 2  
Pulse little over a hundred. Blood  
pressure 140 over 90. Cortisol 30  
micrograms. Adrenaline 450  
picograms. He's gonna stroke out on  
us.

Phillip sights the medical drone, ducks. He rips off his work boot, hurls it at it. The medical drone maneuvers calmly out of range.

DRONE OPERATOR  
We're in position, Sir. Have a 80%  
target lock injection site on his  
left deep femoral.

POLICE OFFICER 1  
Can't afford to miss. We need at  
least 90%.

DRONE OPERATOR  
Re-positioning.

POLICE OFFICER 2  
Cortisol spiking to 32  
micrograms...

Phillip eyes the drone as it ducks behind the sign. He remembers his APPLE WATCH, tears it from his arm and wags it in front of the camera drone.

PHILLIP  
They're not taking our  
information!! We're GIVING it to  
them. We're GIVING THEM  
EVERYTHING!!!!

Phillip hurls the watch away, a fine tattoo of MICRO-NEEDLEMARKS visible in the pale, circular patch of skin.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)  
AND THEY'RE USING IT AGAINST US!!

POLICE OFFICER 2  
Lost biometrics, sir.

POLICE OFFICER 1  
Extrapolate.

A data grid springs to life on the policeman's APPLE IPAD. Pulse, Blood Pressure and Hormone levels all ticking upward in estimated curves. A map of Phillip's arterial systems illuminating, shifting in the drone's scope.

DRONE OPERATOR  
88% percent target lock, right  
posterior tibial...

POLICE OFFICER 1  
Hold...

DRONE OPERATOR  
Right brachial--86% target lock,  
85%...

Phillip straining, reaching for the body swaying and knocking just above his head. He squats down, and LUNGES for it. He misses, groping wildly as he falls, the body's WORK BOOT coming loose in his hands. The shoe is identical to Phillip's own WORK BOOTS. They are now missing the exact same shoe.

PHILLIP  
 SEE!? IT'S ME!! IT'S NOT JUST ME!  
 IT'LL BE YOU TOO!! IT'LL BECOME ALL  
 OF US!!!

POLICE OFFICER 1  
 MISTER NOYCE REMAIN STILL. REMAIN  
 STILL FOR EXTRACTION.

DRONE OPERATOR  
 89% target lock left subclavian!!!

Phillip lunges at the body again, this time catches it around the waist. He twists and spins with the body, the metal noose groaning against the rim. Phillip locks his legs around the body, digs his fists deep into the coveralls.

PHILLIP  
 THE CANDIDATE IS SERIOUS! HE'S NOT  
 JOKING! THIS IS REAL! THIS IS REAL!

The sound of tearing fabric as Phillip climbs up the body.

POLICE OFFICER 1  
 Fire at 90.

DRONE OPERATOR  
 89% lock occipital, moving closer.  
 89.5% lock. 89.6%  
 lock...stabilizing.

The medical drone sprouts a RUDDER and AILERON FLAPS. It steadies itself in the whipping wind. A green targeting grid appears on the back of Phillip's head.

PHILLIP  
 WE ARE ALL OTHERS!!!

Phillip clambers upward. RIIIIIP. The coveralls tearing, slipping in his fists. Phillip LEAPS! Clamps his fists on the body's shoulders, his momentum swinging them both around. The light of the billboard blinding, the body's face inscrutable in light flare. KILL ALL OTHERS.

PFFT! A Micro-needle, no bigger than a wasp's stinger quivers in Phillip's neck. The A/V drone swoops around for a better angle.

Phillip's muscle release is instant, eyes widening as he falls away. A merciful gust of wind angles the body's face slowly toward him. Phillip gasps.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)  
 It's--it's...

A poppy-colored crash pad BLOOMING on the ground beneath him.  
The A/V drone floating down with him now, almost tenderly.  
The iris zooming on his slackening mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. THE PEOPLE'S OFFICE - EVENING

Phillip falling in silent miniature through a flickering frame. The Candidate swipes the picture off, swivels to face the camera. Grave, contrite, presidential. A real FIREPLACE pops behind him, logs shifting. The polyglot flag of the people stands sentry in a plush carpeted corner.

THE CANDIDATE

Before every great truth is spoken,  
there is an uncomfortable silence.  
And in that silence we hear all the  
things we don't want to hear, see  
the things we don't want to see,  
reckon with that irreconcilable  
conscience that must be faced. We  
want to believe the best of  
ourselves but before we access our  
best we must first acknowledge and  
root out the worst in ourselves.  
And so my friends, dear citizens,  
displays such as tonight are things  
that we don't want to see, but hat  
we must see. Must reckon with but  
we take comfort in the fact that to  
see such things means that we're on  
the verge of a great Truth. That  
when we witness disturbing  
spectacles like this, we are a  
little bit wiser. We are little  
bit safer. Ours is a self-  
identifying, self-correcting  
democracy. When you see the kooks  
and the crazies like our poor  
Mister--

Candidate falters , the teleprompter skips. A headphoned  
PRODUCER mouths the words to him.

THE CANDIDATE (CONT'D)

--Mister Noyce here purge  
themselves? Well. You can't help  
but be a little bit sad for them  
and their families, but you also  
just have to breathe a big sigh of  
relief. He could have been among  
you.

(MORE)

## THE CANDIDATE (CONT'D)

It could have been you he flung from some billboard--your loved ones or your children--not his own disturbed self. When I stared the KAO campaign months ago some of you were uncertain, some of you were afraid, I know, and some of you were critical. But now you know what I knew all along, that if you were not an "other" you'd have nothing to worry about. That if you were a sane, productive citizen of this great meganation, mere words would not unhinge you. No, this was a grand barometer, a social litmus test, a great scale of justice. Upon which only the most crooked of our population would come to weigh themselves. And come they did. And we have rooted them out. So I want to congratulate you, good citizens for your vigilance and for your belief. You will be glad to know that based on this great success we are expanding the KAO program to every state and city in the western hemisphere to finish the good work we have begun. Be well, dear citizen. Be proud, and be safe. God Bless you.

CUT TO BLACK.