

INK

Television Series

Pilot episode

INK - EPISODE 1

1 BLACK

1

The BEATING OF A HEART, muffled distant.

A rush of blood...

FADE IN: BLOOD RUSHING THROUGH A VEIN

The blood charges through the vein. The muffled sound of a heart beating faster. Seeping up through the vein, through muscle fibres to the fat below the skin. Blood filling the void, looking for escape.

A needle, in slow motion, pierces the layer. A dot of black INK is left behind. Then another and another.

We follow the black liquid dots, gaining speed. Then up through the fat and skin, chasing the needle.

2 INT. VAN (REAR) - NIGHT

2

The blood breaks the surface of the skin. The needle sharp, precise, stabbing. INK mixing with blood, we roll away down a muscular arm. The needle is attached to a tattoo machine. Lasers track the curvature of the muscles of a large male arm.

The machine is attached to a robot arm.

A rough looking man, TUCK (34), is strapped into a chair. His head rocks from side to side with an unseen force, He grips the arms of the chair, knuckles white trying to stay rock still.

The chair, held off the floor by a gimbal motor, is in the back of large van. The windows reveal streets whizzing by, neon lights, rain lashing the glass. The whole space moves left to right.

The tattoo robot continues to work.

3 INT. VAN (FRONT). - CONTINUOUS

3

The stressed DRIVER (44) looks over his shoulder at his passenger, DYLAN STORM (32), who is standing in the back gripping the passenger headrest, trying to stay upright.

(CONTINUED)

They go over a bump. Dylan drops a small SSD that he was holding onto the passenger seat. The driver goes to grab it.

DRIVER

All this, for that?

Dylan gets there first

DYLAN

What Rosita wants, Rosita gets.

The drive has blood on it. Dylan wipes it and puts it in his inside pocket.

DYLAN

Get off this road!

DRIVER

It's straight, that's what you asked for.

The Driver swerves to avoid a slow car.

DYLAN

There - LEFT!

Dylan falls over in the back as the van turns hard left.

On the floor he looks up at Tuck, the chair and a flat screen with the top of a woman's head visible.

DYLAN

How long?

Beat

He scrambles over to a screen on an articulated arm, he pulls it close.

DYLAN

KAT! How long?

On the screen KATSUMI (KAT) NASCIMENTO (21) lifts up her head. Bright green eyes stare through AR glasses. Her dark hair tied in a tight bun like a ballerina. She moves away from her camera revealing her arms covered with fibre optic augmented reality (AR) gloves holding a small wireless tattoo gun.

4 CONTINUED:

4

Her translucent VR goggles show Tuck's arm and his tattoo being crafted in the van. Her eyes scan quickly across the image.

KAT (O.S).

He's moving too...

Tyres screeching as the van swerves, Dylan stumbles again.

DYLAN

(to the driver)

STRAIGHT!

Shots can be heard ricocheting off the van.

5 EXT. BOSTON STREETS (PHARMA DISTRICT) - NIGHT

5

Three large black SUVs bear down on the silver van containing Dylan.

Leaning out of a window, blasted by the rain, a suited Japanese GUNMAN (35) fires multiple rounds into the back of the van. They ricochet off, causing no damage to the speeding vehicle.

6 INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

6

Inside the pursuing SUV the soaking wet Gunman drops back into his seat.

GUNMAN

(to his driver)

Ram the fuckers!

7 INT. VAN (REAR) - CONTINUOUS

7

Dylan sees the SUV charging towards them.

DYLAN

HOLD ON!

8 EXT. BOSTON STREETS (PHARMA DISTRICT) - NIGHT

8

The SUV slams into the rear of Dylan's van, denting the doors.

9 INT. VAN (REAR) - CONTINUOUS 9

Dylan grabs hold of the chair to steady himself. More bullets spray the van. He grabs the screen with the face of Kat concentrating

DYLAN

FINISH IT!

10 INT. RN PHARMA TOWER (KATS ROOM) - CONTINUOUS 10

The quiet serenity in Kat's room is a stark contrast to the chaos of the van. Soft lighting surrounding a circular dais on which Kat stands in her AR glasses and special gloves. Her impassive face, her precise movements, her total focus on her task.

She holds a small wireless tattoo gun and is making tiny movements on a holographic representation of Tuck's real arm.

From Kat's POV the AR image blurs and shifts as she attempts to finish the intricate design.

DYLAN (O.S)

KAT!

She guides the tattoo needle around a fine point and joins the last two lines together.

KAT

Done.

11 INT. VAN (REAR) - CONTINUOUS 11

Dylan roughly unstraps Tuck. Dylan sprays water over Tuck's bleeding arm and then hands him a small in ear headphone.

DYLAN

HERE!

Tuck takes the headphone but hesitates.

Dylan snatches the headphone and shoves it in Tuck's ear. Before he can react -

DYLAN

ACTIVATE!

12 INT. RN PHARMA TOWER (KAT'S ROOM) - CONTINUOUS 12

On a transparent screen in her AR view Kat selects the music, *Andy C - BACK & FORTH*. She presses play.

13 INT. VAN (REAR) - CONTINUOUS 13

The music activates the tattoo. It shimmers and glows.

Dylan takes a nervous step back.

Tuck, wide eyed, watches the energy pulsing across the patterns on his still bleeding arm.

Suddenly his face contorts in pain as his arm begins to bulge and twist. His hand flexes out, ridged, muscles expand.

The effect goes down his arm and across his chest at the same time. The Tattoo pulses with energy. His T-shirt covered in sweat and blood stretches and rips.

His legs shoot out straight, striking Dylan hard. He falls to the ground.

Tuck collapses off the chair onto all fours, his back arches. Dylan tries to stand. The van swerves again but Tuck is unmoved by the motion.

Dylan crawls to the doors and shoves them open.

The lead SUV is right up against the van. A bullet whistles past Dylan's face, scratching his cheek.

He ducks down, grabbing his face, hand smearing the fresh blood.

DYLAN

Fuck.

(To Tuck)

MOVE!

14 INT/EXT. SUV - CONTINUOUS 14

Tuck stands tentatively, a Bambi gone Hulk. A huge rippling giant of a man now. He clenches his fists and grins like a child who's just become a superhero.

In one bound he leaps out of the van and lands on the bonnet of the SUV, denting it, the front end sinks low and sparks fly as it scrapes the road.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

It swerves left and right but Tuck is unmoved.

The other two SUVs move past us as we slow down

Tuck punches his fist through the window and pulls the driver out through the glass.

15 EXT. BOSTON STREETS (PHARMA DISTRICT) - CONTINUOUS

15

The SUV starts to slow as Tuck throws the driver off the front. The SUV drives over him.

The Gunman is leaning out of the passenger window and fires frantically at Tuck.

A bullet strikes him in the arm and leg but it just makes Tuck smile maniacally at the Gunman.

Tuck jumps off the hood as the SUV turns to the left, out of control. It hits a kerb, flips and crushes the Gunman as it rolls away.

In the air Tuck reaches for the second SUV and grabs the roof rail. He rips off the passenger door, revelling in his new found strength.

The suited FEMALE PASSENGER shoots Tuck in the stomach just before he grabs her head and smashes it into the dashboard. The airbag explodes in what's left of her face, spraying the windscreen with blood.

DRIVER 2 veers the car to the right mounts the pavement and drags Tuck through a row of glass shop windows. Shards of glass and metal explode around him.

Tuck pulls the Female Passenger's limp, headless body out of the car, crashing it into a shop window full of half built, naked mannequins.

She hangs there, a bloody dummy in a window full of plastic clones.

Tuck swings himself into the SUV -

16 INT. SECOND SUV - CONTINUOUS

16

- Knocking DRIVER 3 through his window, he is hanging, semi-conscious, half in half out of the SUV.

Tuck turns the wheel and the SUV cuts in front of the third vehicle, which is forced to slam into the side crushing the Driver.

17 INT/EXT. VAN (REAR). - CONTINUOUS 17

Dylan watches from the rear of the van as the third SUV rams the 2nd SUV into the side of a parked car.

DYLAN

STOP!

Dylan holds on as the van screeches to a stop. The Music stops.

Tuck suddenly bursts through the windscreen of the second SUV and lands on the road. Rain pouring down, bouncing off his bloody, ripped body.

DYLAN

Switch it off Kat.

Kat stares impassively out of the screen at Dylan.

KAT

I have.

Dylan turns to look out of the van.

DYLAN

Shit.

18 EXT. BOSTON STREETS (PHARMA DISTRICT) - CONTINUOUS 18

Tuck stands in the rain. The tattoo is glowing brighter, his muscles are continuing to grow. Muscles on muscles. The augmentation is out of control.

Dylan stares wide eyed from the back of the van.

Tuck raises his enormous arms and glory's at their insane bulk.

TUCK

(to Dylan)

I'M FUCKIN' INVINCIBLE!

He explodes.

19 INT. VAN (REAR) - CONTINUOUS 19

Dylan is covered in blood, not his own.

KAT (O.S).

Dylan? What happened?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 8. 19

Dylan regains his composure, wipes his face with his sleeve and goes over to the screen.

DYLAN
Go to bed -

KAT (O.S)
- Fuck...

He switches off the screen.

CUT TO:

20 INT. RN PHARMA TOWER (KATS LAB) - CONTINUOUS 20

Kat reflected in the blank screen.

KAT (CONT)
... you!

Kat pulls off the VR headset and throws the glasses down.

Beat. She closes her eyes and breaths deep.

In the evening gloom of the lab she releases her long dark hair from the tight bun, it cascades down her back.

Barefoot, she walks across the large empty space to a slit window that stretches from floor to ceiling high above her head.

She stares blankly out at the sprawling city below.

21 EXT. RN PHARMA TOWER - NIGHT 21

Kat stares out as we fly away revealing the huge RN PHARMA tower, a monolith of power. Kat, alone at the top, imprisoned. She places a hand on the glass that separates her from the real world below.

22 TITLES 22

23 EXT. BOSTON STREETS (PHARMA DISTRICT) - LATER 23

A cordon surrounds the dead SUVs and the ground meat that was driving them. Police in luminescent poncho's stand inside the cordon but as far from the mangled mess as they can get. Backs turned or focused intently on anything that isn't the mound of muscle and bone still wearing sneakers in the centre of the road.

(CONTINUED)

Lights have been rigged up. A drone swoops in after finishing its scan of the area, camera turns and regards RAPHA RIBEIRO (39), in a long raincoat with the letters CB-TA (Counter Bio-Terrorism Agency) on the back. He looks at the drone, he speaks into his watch.

RAPHA

What's the process here?

DRONE PILOT

Scan and restruct - it's a step up from homicide.

RAPHA

Apparently so. You got all you need?

DRONE PILOT (O.S)

Enough for the restruct. Make sure Lucas gets a decent image this time-

LUCAS (28), seemingly unperturbed by the mess, walks alongside with a handheld LADAR scanner.

LUCAS

I'm the Picasso of LADAR scans!

DRONE PILOT (O.S)

Wasn't he the one with all the fucked up faces?

LUCAS

Plenty of fucked up faces here!

DRONE PILOT (O.S)

Have fun, boys.

The Drone flies off.

LUCAS

(to Rapha)

Don't touch anything and don't overthink it. Let the AI do the heavy lifting back in the RR.

RAPHA

Say what?

LUCAS

Restruct room, you'll see.

Lucas flourishes the scanner.

(CONTINUED)

LUCAS

Make way for the arteest..

Forensics scatter from the crash site like roaches.

Lucas points the scanner at the carnage and it sends out hundreds of blue dots, mapping the car crash in high detail.

Rapha walks over to the heap of biology in the middle of the road. LAUREN (42) always happiest in a hazmat suit, stands nearby. She is troweling something brown into an evidence bag

LAUREN

(nods towards Lucas)

The good news is they only let him out on special occasions.

She stands and seals the bag casually.

RAPHA

Should I be suited?

LAUREN

Nah, nothing unusual here.

Rapha glances at the mess.

RAPHA

Really?

LAUREN

No chemicals, bio agents, just lots of human.

RAPHA

What do we know?

Beat

LAUREN

Male, mixed race, liked tacos -

She shoves the evidence bag full of brown goop in Rapha's face.

LAUREN

Last thing he ate.

Rapha fights back a wretch. Lauren smiles, job done.

(CONTINUED)

LAUREN

Welcome to Counter Bio-tech, where
the best evidence is a bag of shit
soup!

She drops the bag in a box full of similar bags, all
equally as grim.

RAPHA

Jesus! Anything solid?

LAUREN

When we arrived, the muscles were
still ... expanding.

RAPHA

Expanding?

LAUREN

Accelerated growth.

RAPHA

How?

LAUREN

Indeed.

They both stare at the steaming mess.

LAUREN

My report will be in the restruct
in an hour. Have fun!

Lauren walks off towards her small team, who are packing
up.

RAPHA

Yeah, I got all the fun!

Rapha watches as two gurneys go past with body bags on
them and are loaded into the back of a morgue van.

A black armoured truck is parked in the covered loading
bay at the foot of RN Tower. Large tanks are being
carefully lowered onto the concrete. As they descend from
the side of the truck, wheels lower and they are
collected by a group of white coated lab technicians.

ROSITA NASCIMENTO (49) oversees. She is dressed in a red
evening gown. She is on her phone. She listens.

(CONTINUED)

ROSITA

- and the drive?

Beat

ROSITA

Good. And the ... experiment?

Long beat

ROSITA

- disappointing.

She closes her phone with a snap. It's a folded piece of glass, which she slips into a hidden pocket in her dress.

She sucks thoughtfully on her vape and exhales a large plume of white smoke. Beside her DORIAN WHITE (50), her chief scientist, wafts the smoke away.

Rosita looks at him.

Dorian stops mid waft.

ROSITA

How many?

DORIAN

Twenty and another eighty nearly grown. Its a miracle of -

Rosita smiles and walks down to the nearest tank, Dorian scampers after.

Rosita wipes the condensation off the glass case to reveal a human face, no hair, eyes closed, serene.

She leans over, her reflection mirroring the face in the tank.

ROSITA

It looks -

DORIAN

- We modified the face according to your instructions but they are perfect genetic copies of you.

Rosita places her hand gently on the glass.

ROSITA

- innocent.

DORIAN

The clones have no consciousness,
no gender, nothing that would
class them as human.

ROSITA

Perfect.

The clone tank is moved into the building. Rosita's hand
lingers on the tank as it moves away.

ROSITA

And the lab?

Dorian shifts uneasily.

DORIAN

Not yet.

Rosita turns on Dorian.

ROSITA

Oh?

DORIAN

But - if you need more?

ROSITA

I don't.

Dorian nods and slides away, pulling his phone out as he
stumbles away. Rosita watches.

DORIAN

(on his phone)

Do it...yes everything and
everyone.

Rosita smiles and walks off.

A feminine hand carefully wipes moisture droplets off a
large leaf of a lush green plant.

Kat is sat amongst the plants, surrounded by green, her
happy place, lit by bright UV lamps.

She puts down the water spray.

She takes some small scissors from a tray of shining
tools. Surgically she snips a leaf from the plant.

Using a cotton bud, she treats the end of the leaf with a paste from a small brown bottle. She places the leaf in a ceramic pot filled with black peat and pushes it down.

She waters the pot from a glass, then drinks some of the water.

She places the pot on a shelf alongside many other cuttings.

She considers her soiled hands.

KAT

(to herself)

Land is not merely soil, it is a fountain of energy flowing through a circuit of soils, plants and animals.

ROSITA (O.S)

- Leopald?

Kat slowly looks up. Rosita is in the doorway, she looks out of place, startling in her red against the green.

KAT

Everything is connected. Dust to dust.

Rosita takes a step inside but no more, uncomfortable surrounded by so much life.

ROSITA

So like your father.

Kat stands, brushing off the soil from her loose fitting clothes.

KAT

I don't remember.

ROSITA

Always cutting, planting, nurturing.

Rosita tentatively touches the plants.

ROSITA

I see the attraction, of course. Manipulation, grafting, creating something new. Watching it grow but -

She nonchalantly snaps off a leaf.

(CONTINUED)

Kat physically reacts to the destruction.

ROSITA

- I never had the patience.

She drops the leaf to the floor.

KAT

Was there something -

ROSITA

- Tonight was - Interesting.

KAT

Was it?

ROSITA

There was an issue.

KAT

You could call it that.

ROSITA

What happened?

KAT

I don't know, Dylan switched me off.

ROSITA

Not with them, with you!

Kat stands.

KAT

Is he dead?

ROSITA

Yes.

KAT

(in Japanese)
Betsu no machigai.

ROSITA

Machigai?

KAT

The Mistakes.

ROSITA

I know what it means. When did you learn Japanese?

(CONTINUED)

KAT

After French, before Russian.

ROSITA

Machigai. I like it, it fits.

KAT

He's dead!

ROSITA

He was a mistake. That's how we learn. Hypothesis, experiment, results, repeat. Conclusion, make less - Machigai. Come.

Rosita turns quickly and walks away across the roof.

Kat pauses long enough to pick up the crushed leaf. She drops it at the base of the plant and follows.

Rapha stands in the middle of the chaos. The black SUV charges towards him, deforming as a faceless body flies through the window.

The car passes through Rapha as the second cars door rips itself from the hinges and is catapulted away.

Rapha holds up his hand and the holographic reconstruction freezes. He makes small anti-clockwise circles with his hand and the images rewind. The door re-attaching itself. He moves it forwards a few frames. Just as the door starts to come off.

He walks over and draws a line in the air from the handle of the door following the crack in the glass.

RAPHA

Does that look right?

OPERATOR (O.S)

Yeah, the force came from about 320 degrees to the handle. The trajectory suggests a pivot point somewhere about - here.

A circle pulses in the air indicating the place, just above the luggage rail.

RAPHA

So from that we can assume?

27 INT. CBTA RESTRUCT ROOM (CONTROL ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

27

The Operator stands over the control panel looking into the large Restruct room with Rapha in the centre surrounded by the 3D holographic images of the crash. Hands hovering over a large rollerball which they use to manipulate the images. Next to the operator ALEXANDER SIMMONS (53), over weight and out of shape, sweating, suited but calm.

OPERATOR

We don't assume.

Rapha turns to the window.

RAPHA

Fine. Stick to the facts.

The Operator hesitates and looks at Alexander, who shrugs.

OPERATOR

The fact is the door was pulled off by an external force of about 2 tonnes per square inch, prior to the crash.

28 INT. CB-TA RESTRUCT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

28

RAPHA

Yeah, but that's impossible right?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Not if it happened.

RAPHA

Thanks.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Would you like to review something else?

RAPHA

Yeah, volunteering for this job!

Rapha drops his arms and the images flicker away.

He walks over to the black window.

RAPHA

I can't take this to Simmons!

29 INT. CB-TA RESTRUCT ROOM (CONTROL ROOM) - CONTINUOUS 29

Alexander smiles, he presses the talk button in the middle of the console.

ALEXANDER
Rapha - my office, now.

Alexander leaves

30 INT. CB-TA RESTRUCT ROOM - CONTINUOUS 30

Rapha gives the glass a WTF look.

OPERATOR (O.S)
He likes to watch the newbies.

31 INT. RN PHARMA TOWER (KATS ROOM) - NIGHT 31

Rosita is leaning against the wall, watching Kat.

Kat stands in the centre of the room. A large reclining tattoo chair dominates the now empty space.

KAT
I have a chair.

ROSITA
This is real leather.

Kat touches the leather reverentially.

KAT
How?

ROSITA
Wrong question.

Kat pulls her hand away. More games.

KAT
Why?

Rosita presses a glass panel in the wall. It becomes a screen. A small flat metal plate extends out from the wall. A sharp pin extends up. Rosita pricks her finger on the needle. A drop of blood is swallowed by the needle. It's analysed and recognised. The computer unlocks.

She types in a command on the holographic keyboard projected in front of the screen.

(CONTINUED)

Panels in the wall slide back and a track extends out.

Kat spins around and staggers back as the track finishes above the chair. Suddenly one of the naked clones from the tanks appears and is carried into the room, suspended below the track.

It sways like a beef carcass as it's brought into the room.

Kat steps away, Rosita enjoys her reaction.

The clone is lowered into the chair and the track retreats. Everything returns to normal, except for the naked body in the centre of the room.

KAT

What...?

ROSITA

It's not ... conscious!

KAT

What is it?

Rosita closes the computer terminal with a wave of her hand and walks over, wiping her finger on a small tissue. A smear of blood appears on the tissue.

ROSITA

It's me. A perfect clone grown from the tiniest drop of blood.

She drops the tissue into a small metal waste bin by the chair.

She strokes the skin of the clone.

ROSITA

It's remarkable.

KAT

It's disgusting.

ROSITA

It's the pinnacle of my scientific achievements. We've been farming organs for years, hearts, lungs, kidneys. A smorgasbord of spare parts for anyone who can afford them but this - nobody has ever made a complete clone, until me.

Rosita strokes the face.

(CONTINUED)

ROSITA

What do you think of the face? I'm not sure, but Dorian assured me you would find it less... weird, if it didn't look like me.

KAT

This could never be less weird.

ROSITA

There are a hundred of them, ready for you at the touch of a button.

Rosita comes around to Kat and shows her a control panel on the side of the chair.

ROSITA

It's a blank canvas, Kat, to practice on.

KAT

Practice?

ROSITA

I want you to create the most powerful INK you've ever designed. Intelligence, speed, strength, the works. When it's perfect, I will have their skin transplanted onto me. No room for -

KAT

- Machigai.

ROSITA

Indeed.

Alexander sits at his desk in the large office, it has a late 20th century retro vibe to it. He is speaking to his assistant SARA (49) on his monitor.

ALEXANDER

Tell Vaughan I'm running late then head off.

SARA

I can wait -

ALEXANDER

- Call a car and go home, Sara. Is Rapha there?

SARA

Yes.

ALEXANDER

Send him in.

The monitor returns to its transparent state as Rapha enters. His eyes linger on the dramatic view of the city lights outside. In the distance is RN tower, dominating the Boston skyline.

Alexander watches his reaction whilst he pours a scotch from an old bottle.

RAPHA

That's quite a view.

ALEXANDER

Yeah - the city doesn't show the dirt at night.

RAPHA

You asked to see me?

ALEXANDER

First time in the restruct, you didn't throw up?

RAPHA

Not in the room.

ALEXANDER

No replacement for good old fashioned instincts though, eh?

RAPHA

No -

ALEXANDER

So, what are your instincts telling you?

Beat

RAPHA

That something went full hulk on a couple of SUVs and then exploded.

ALEXANDER

Something?

Rapha squirms.

ALEXANDER

Someone?

RAPHA

Maybe -

ALEXANDER

Come on... instincts, Rapha.
That's why I pulled you out of
homicide. I'm surrounded by geeks
and scientists but I need a
bloodhound with a nose for
clues... if that's not you -

Alexander takes a sip, watching Rapha, waiting.

RAPHA

I... It doesn't make any sense
unless -

ALEXANDER

- yes?

Beat

RAPHA

Ink.

Alexander shakes his head, disappointed.

ALEXANDER

We don't deal in myths here,
Rapha. Just facts.

RAPHA

But -

Beat

ALEXANDER

Good night.

Rapha hesitates then nods and goes. Alexander looks out
into the city night, sipping his whiskey.

Kat paces at the edge of her lab.

The naked clone on the chair. Kat is a caged tiger with
an imposter in her sanctuary.

34 INT. RN PHARMA TOWER (ROSITA'S PRIVATE QUARTERS) - NIGHT 34

Rosita leans against the back of her large sofa, her penthouse has windows all the way around giving her a 360 view. A TUXEDOED MAN (32) hands her a drink. She takes it without acknowledging him.

ROSITA

Show me Kat.

A part of a window becomes frosted and a live feed of Kat in her room appears. Kat is still pacing.

The tuxedoed man walks around.

ROSITA

Ready to play?

He smiles

ROSITA

Sit!

He drops to his knees. She grabs his hair, hard and twists his head to the side drinking him in.

ROSITA

Wait.

She continues to watch Kat, gripping the hair of the tuxedoed man.

35 INT. RN PHARMA TOWER (KATS ROOM) - CONTINUOUS 35

Kat stops pacing and suddenly rushes across the room and hits the button on the control panel on the chair.

The chair flattens out and a hole opens up, the clone slides limply off the chair and into the void, smacking its head on the edge as it goes, leaving a splatter of blood.

The floor closes, leaving the bloodstain on the edge.

Kat breathes out.

Suddenly the wall panels open and the track extends again. A NEW CLONE is paraded out and lowered into the chair.

Kat is once again face to face with her tormentor.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

ROSITA (O.S)

Get to work, darling.

Kat spins around, looking for her mother, but it's just a voice.

KAT

Aaagh!

She slumps to her knees, defeated at the feet of the clone.

36 INT. RN PHARMA TOWER (ROSITA'S PRIVATE QUARTERS) - NIGHT 36

The image of Kat disappears.

Rosita releases the hair of the tuxedoed man and pushes him to the floor with her foot.

She stands over him and lowers herself down behind the sofa, to sit on his face.

37 EXT. RN PHARMA TOWER (LOADING BAY) - NIGHT 37

Dylan climbs out of the van and looks around. A henchman appears beside him and holds out his hand. Dylan hands him the SSD drive.

DYLAN

Not my blood -

The henchman ignores the comment and walks purposefully away.

Alone now, Dylan heads away from the tower towards the Zen Garden.

38 EXT. RN PHARMA TOWER (ZEN GARDEN)- CONTINUOUS 38

In the garden Dylan confidently steps across the stepping stones, avoiding the precisely raked sand, shining silver from the large artificial moon hovering above.

In the shadow of the Pagoda at the end, Dorian steps into view. Dylan stops. He holds up a finger to stop Dorian moving into the light.

DORIAN

She destroyed the lab.

Beat

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

I know.

DORIAN

Everyone is -

DYLAN

-I know! It's unfortunate.

Beat

DORIAN

She'll kill me for helping you.

DYLAN

You want to be free don't you?

Beat

DORIAN

We aren't the only lab.

DYLAN

Where is the other one?

DORIAN

I don't know.

DYLAN

Find out what you can.

A drone flies over. Dorian looks up.

Dorian looks back but Dylan has gone.

DORIAN

Shit!

Alexander is leaning against a large sofa in the middle of his office, empty whiskey glass on the table. He is mid video call with a sweating COUNCILLOR VAUGHAN (65) proud in his ostentatious robes of office.

VAUGHAN

-right now it doesn't make any difference. If we can't stop the attacks its -

ALEXANDER

-Attacks? That's a strong word -

VAUGHAN

- It's not as strong as some the council are using.

ALEXANDER

Because they're the ones being hurt this time?

VAUGHAN

When they hurt, the city suffers, jobs suffer, families on the street, more cannon fodder for the gangs. You want to go back to that? We both lost too much to let Boston go to the wall again.

ALEXANDER

What do you expect me to do?

VAUGHAN

Your job!

ALEXANDER

We need access, answers. We don't know who was chasing who, why or what was stolen!

Vaughan sits back, he's sweating, breathing heavy.

VAUGHAN

You know enough, Simmons. Fifteen Lab break-ins in the last month, Toshuko four times, Clairemont twice, RN three times - Ugh -

Vaughan stops and grabs his water again. His hand is shaking.

ALEXANDER

Vaughan?

He gulps water. It dribbles down his chin, which he wipes clumsily with a shaking hand.

VAUGHAN

Do your job.

ALEXANDER

Our job is to focus on terrorism, misuse of tech, biological agents, not... burglaries.

(CONTINUED)

VAUGHAN

I know what it does, I fucking set
it up -

Vaughan's watch starts to beep. He looks at it and rolls
his eyes.

VAUGHAN

- shit!

He presses a button on his desk.

VAUGHAN

LISA!

(back to Alexander)

I've seen... the damm restruct
Simmons. This is... INK... that's
Bio-tech -

Alexander stands.

ALEXANDER

- are you okay -

Vaughan is really struggling now, he loosens his shirt.

VAUGHAN

- just fucking investigate... if
someone has INK -

TWO PARAMEDICS appear beside Vaughan. One grabs his wrist
and looks at his watch.

PARAMEDIC 1

You're having a heart attack sir.

VAUGHAN

No shit! LISA!

LISA (28), prom queen pretty, and out of her depth,
rushes in.

VAUGHAN

(to Lisa)

Call Rosita...

LISA

Sir - I -

VAUGHAN

- Call her, tell her -

PARAMEDIC 2

- We need to move, sir...
now!

(CONTINUED)

VAUGHAN

- I don't want some junior
butcher... Go!

Lisa scampers away.

Vaughan pushes the paramedic aside so he can see
Alexander

VAUGHAN

I'm sending someone over from The
Hall -

ALEXANDER

- Why? There's no -

VAUGHAN

- Because they get shit done!

Paramedic 1 takes hold of Vaughan's arm.

PARAMEDIC 1

We have to put you under, to
protect your -

VAUGHAN

- Yes, yes, I know the fuckin'
drill... Simmons, I'll call you
tomorrow.

The paramedic places a silver capsule on Vaughan's arm
and, with a hiss, his head drops forward.

The paramedic presses a button on the desk and the screen
goes blank, the city reappears through the glass.
Alexander's stoic reflection stares back at us.

FADE TO BLACK.

The Fantasy.

From the POV of an opening eye. Rosita's face appears.

*She smiles at us, becomes softer, lighter than we have
ever seen her. Semi-transparent. The edges and lines of
her face are highlighted.*

From the POV of an eye closing, darkness wipes in.

41 INT. RN PHARMA TOWER (KAT'S ROOM) - NIGHT

41

Kat is sat on the floor by the window, its dark except for the shaft of soft light coming from the glowing window surround. She has a fake tiger fur blanket draped over her shoulders.

Kat is drawing the image of Rosita in pencil on paper. This is how she would want her mother to be. She is totally focused.

In the centre of the room the clone sits on the chair covered by a silk sheet. The human form casting an ominous shadow on the far wall.

She doesn't notice the faint click of the lock on her door releasing. The door opens a crack.

Dylan's eye appears in the door crack, searching for her.

Kat closes her eyes again to bring back the image.

42 INT. RN PHARMA TOWER (ROSITA'S BEDROOM) - NIGHT

42

Rosita comes out of her bathroom, her silk kimono loosely wrapped.

On a table on a silver tray is the SSD drive. She picks it up, and places it on a circular shape cut in her dressing table. A soft light glows. A screen appears in her mirror.

Files labeled "Cloning test 1097" appear - pictures of deformed clones. A movie file of horrible disfigured babies. Rosita flicks through them. Her smile reflected in the glass.

ROSITA

Not even close. Delete files.

All of the files are erased. She drops the SSD in a hole in the dressing table. A hiss. It's gone.

A soft bell sound signals an incoming call.

She stops, looks at the time. She lets it ring three times.

ROSITA

Answer.

Rosita grabs a small black pen from her dressing table.

(CONTINUED)

Lisa's concerned face appears on her bedroom mirror.

ROSITA

I assume the Council Building is
burning to the ground!

LISA

Sorry?

ROSITA

-What do you want?

LISA

Councillor Vaughan has had a heart
attack.

Rosita rolls her eyes and sits on her bed. She wipes the
pen on her toe nail. It goes red.

ROSITA

I'm sure this could have waited
until the morning, Lisa.

LISA

He told me to call-

ROSITA

-You have.

LISA

He's coming in-

ROSITA

-End call.

Lisa blinks off. Rosita finishes her toe nails, places
the pen down on the table. A red line appears around it;
it glows as it's recharged. Rosita considers her face in
the mirror. Tired.

43

INT. RN PHARMA TOWER (KATS ROOM) - NIGHT

43

The door silently opens. Dylan slides in. He stands in
the shadow watching Kat. He removes the small black
device from his jacket and presses the button. Red, red,
Green.

44

INT. RN PHARMA TOWER (ROSITA'S BEDROOM) - NIGHT

44

Rosita pushes a hidden compartment in her desk and a
drawer opens. She takes out a small metal cylinder.
Places it on her wrist. She pushes once. *HISS*.

(CONTINUED)

She closes her eyes as the narcotic gets to work. She opens them. Awake.

ROSITA

SCRUBS!

Her wardrobe slides open. She walks inside.

INT. RN PHARMA TOWER (KAT'S ROOM) - NIGHT

Dylan watches Kat from the shadows.

Kat, seemingly engrossed in her work, stops.

KAT

Seen enough?

He pushes off from the wall and walks around the edge of the light in a slow curve towards her.

DYLAN

Long night -

KAT

- Go to bed.

Dylan smiles as he moves behind Kat. He looks down at her drawing.

DYLAN

From memory?

Kat looks at him. Is he really interested?

KAT

If I know the face well I can -

Dylan reaches for the pad.

DYLAN

- Got a drawing of me in there?

Kat evades his hand and slowly flips the cover of the pad over, hiding the drawing.

KAT

I don't need to draw you. I know exactly who you are.

DYLAN

Really?

Dylan slides around to stand in front of her. He leans against the window. The light has turned to morning outside.

DYLAN

I like the dawn.

KAT

I prefer the night.

DYLAN

Can't have one without the other.

Beat

DYLAN

(looking down at Kat)

I like the view.

Beat

Kat stands effortlessly, the blanket falls as she stands, she is wearing black shorts and vest top.

KAT

Perhaps we should swap rooms then.

Dylan takes a step back, he knows not to get too close.

Face to face she is almost as tall as Dylan.

KAT

She's watching.

DYLAN

No, she's in surgery performing miracles.

Kat gracefully steps away.

KAT

What do you want, Dylan?

DYLAN

You.

Kat laughs

KAT

What do I get out of this... proposal?

DYLAN

Me.

(CONTINUED)

KAT

Just to be clear, are you looking
to replace my dead father or my
psychopathic mother?

Beat

KAT

Key card.

Dylan pauses then reaches into his jacket pocket and
pulls out a grey metal card.

He throws it. Kat catches it without looking.

KAT

This the only one?

DYLAN

Yes.

She looks deep into his eyes.

Dark brown, unwavering.

She snaps the card in two, turns and walks into her
bedroom.

KAT (O.S)

Sleep.

The bedroom door closes silently behind her. The lights
go down in the main room, and the window turns black,
leaving Dylan in darkness.

DYLAN

Shit.

EXT. RN PHARMA TOWER - MORNING

The sun comes up over the tower, glinting off the needle
point at the top.

We fly down the tower to the Hospital on the tenth floor.

Through the window we can see Rosita standing by
Vaughan's bed.

INT. RN PHARMA TOWER (HOSPITAL WARD) - MORNING

Vaughan is sat up in bed. He is eating a large breakfast
hungrily.

(CONTINUED)

ROSITA

If you need another heart it won't
be ready for six months.

Vaughan stops eating.

VAUGHAN

Is that a warning?

ROSITA

No, it's science, Councillor.

A NURSE comes in with a flat screen. He whispers
something in Rosita's ear and hands the screen to her.

She looks at it, checks something and then hands it back.

ROSITA

(to the nurse)

Two weeks should do it.

The Nurse nods and leaves.

VAUGHAN

What's that?

ROSITA

Artery damage. I rebuilt them but
the grafts will take time to bind.
You need to rest for a couple of
weeks.

Vaughan laughs.

VAUGHAN

I can't -

ROSITA

- Then you will die! That is a
warning.

Vaughan slumps back on the bed.

ROSITA

Is there anything I can do to
help?

Vaughan tries to read her, but she is impassive.

VAUGHAN

Like keep my seat warm?

ROSITA

No, I do my best work standing up.

(CONTINUED)

Beat

VAUGHAN

Are we alone?

Beat

ROSITA

Private.

All the windows go black and the glass walls frost.

VAUGHAN

Cameras?

ROSITA

Yes, but they're off.

Vaughan raises his eyebrows

ROSITA

How can I be of service,
Councillor?

Vaughan shifts uneasily.

VAUGHAN

I made a call yesterday to the
Hall -

ROSITA

- why?

VAUGHAN

Tushuko and Clairemont demanded
it.

ROSITA

I must have missed that vote?

VAUGHAN

It wasn't... official.

ROSITA

Apparently not.

VAUGHAN

You've been targeted too. I
thought you would approve.

Beat

(CONTINUED)

ROSITA

This feels disproportionate for a little industrial espionage.

VAUGHAN

Is that what it is?

ROSITA

Isn't it? They swiped some files from me, some samples from Tushuko. Clairemont haven't said anything I'm aware of -

Vaughan wipes his mouth. He looks for a drink. Rosita stands near the jug and cup. Her hand hovering over them invitingly.

VAUGHAN

I saw the restruct of last night's incident.

(he points to the water)

Would you?

Rosita doesn't move.

ROSITA

Another impossible jump?

VAUGHAN

No, this was... somebody, or something, ripped the door off a bullet proof vehicle whilst it was traveling at sixty kilometres an hour.

ROSITA

Oh, super strength.

VAUGHAN

I know what I saw. Would you please...

ROSITA

Do you?

VAUGHAN

- We've seen it before. I was on the ground -

Rosita crosses her arms. Vaughan eyes the water thirstily.

(CONTINUED)

ROSITA

INK doesn't exist. I'm not sure it ever did, not properly.

VAUGHAN

I disagree - please may I -

ROSITA

Oh - sorry.

Rosita takes the jug and pours water into it, she takes her time. Savouring the power she has over Vaughan.

She hands the jug to him.

ROSITA

Who are they sending?

Vaughan shakily pours water into his plastic beaker.

He drinks, dribbling water down his chin like a baby.

VAUGHAN

Ingasol. Why?

She wipes Vaughan's chin with a towel. He is uncomfortable with her being so close.

ROSITA

So I can make them feel welcomed.

A distinctive electric car pulls up outside CB-TA HQ. The door opens and TOR INGASOL (44), tall, androgynous, steps out. She dresses professional plain, forgettable, apart from her blood red Oxford shoes.

She walks up the steps.

A small powerful gun fires six times in rapid succession.

The gun lowers and BOWMAN (29), innocent, wide eyed, beat cop type, blinks through the safety goggles. Lucas appears over his shoulder.

LUCAS

Did you aim to miss?

BOWMAN

Screw you.

LUCAS

Top or bottom?

Bowman turns to say something to Lucas, but he has stopped and is staring back over Bowman's shoulder.

BOWMAN

What?

Lucas motions with his eyes for Bowman to turn around. Bowman turns and comes face to neck with Tor. She is a head taller than him.

He looks up.

BOWMAN

You shooting?

Bowman offers his gun to her. She looks at it then quick draws one from inside her jacket. The fast movement makes Bowman and Lucas duck and fall into each other as they try to get away.

Tor fires off six rounds into the target without taking her eyes off Bowman and Lucas as they lie on the floor. She slowly lowers her arm, as the gun smokes in her hand.

A gun appears at the side of Tor's head.

RAPHA (O.S)

Drop it.

Tor slowly turns her head so Rapha's gun is pointing directly at her forehead.

TOR

Rapha -

RAPHA

- Detective Ribeiro. What are you doing here Ingasol?

TOR

I'm your new partner.

The needle of the tattoo gun fires quickly.

Kat adjusts a dial control.

(CONTINUED)

On a screen, she checks the nanobyte percentage and flow.

In front of her is the covered body of the clone. She has cut a hole in the silk sheet and through that we can see the intricate stencil for the INK, laid out on the top of the clone's head.

Beat

She cracks her neck and rolls back her shoulders.

She stares at the stencil. Focusing.

KAT
(to the clone)
Try not to move.

She lifts up the tattoo gun and is about to mark when -

ROSITA (O.S.)
Morning, daughter.

Kat freezes. The needle hovering millimetres off the skin.

Rosita is standing behind her.

ROSITA
Don't stop.

Kat holds her position, the needle close to the skin. Eyes focused on the stencil, Rosita watches on.

ROSITA
I said don't stop.

Kat breaths deeply and sits up. She switches off the tattoo gun and takes off her gloves.

ROSITA
You're being... confrontational.

KAT
Am I?

Rosita smiles again

ROSITA
This is important work we do here.

Beat

ROSITA

You are part of something -

KAT

I'm a part of this room, nothing more.

Rosita walks to the window and looks outside.

ROSITA

This world is not for everyone.
You saw that yesterday.

KAT

I don't know what I saw. Who was chasing Dylan? Why?

ROSITA

It was an... experiment.

KAT

And me?

Beat

ROSITA

Don't feel responsible, Kat.

KAT

I don't, that's all on you.

ROSITA

Good.

Rosita goes to leave. Kat watches her.

KAT

I want to go out. See... something - feel something... new. As an experiment.

Rosita stops and smiles.

ROSITA

Something with music perhaps?

Beat

KAT

Not your music, mine.

ROSITA

Ok - I'll have Dylan make the arrangements -

(CONTINUED)

KAT

- On my own!

Rosita turns.

ROSITA

No. Anything else?

Beat

KAT

A phone.

ROSITA

And who would you call?

Beat

Rosita steps closer, she brushes hair off Kat's face. Kat flinches when Rosita's hand touches her face.

ROSITA

I wish your father could see what you've become.

KAT

I wish he could see what you've become.

Beat

ROSITA

What I have done, what we are going to do, is all for you.

Rosita walks out. The door closes and locks.

Alexander is sat at his desk. Rapha hands behind his back is facing him. Tor is looking out of the window.

RAPHA

But sir -

ALEXANDER

- Enough! An extra pair of eyes, especially from someone as experienced as Detective -

TOR

- Commander.

Beat

ALEXANDER

- as Commander Ingasol will be invaluable.

Rapha looks at Tor,

RAPHA

When did this stop being a police matter?

Tor rolls away from the window.

TOR

I'm still police, Detective, but I'm also something else.

RAPHA

Well at least we agree on that.

ALEXANDER

- DETECTIVE! You will extend every courtesy to your partner.

TOR

Oh he doesn't have to do that... again.

Alexander doesn't know how to respond to that.

ALEXANDER

We have our orders so let's get on with it. Rapha take Tor to Restruct and bring her up to speed.

RAPHA

But sir -

ALEXANDER

Leave it - you should be happy, you're not the only crazy in town who thinks all these break-ins have something to do with INK. So now you can both waste your time trying to find something that doesn't exist.

Alexander goes back to his notes - the meeting has ended.

52 EXT. TU NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

52

Holographic fire and lightning effects light up the sky.

The nightclub is busy, crowds wait patiently to get in. Security is tight. People get searched, people are turned away. Few people get in. This is exclusive.

We fly past the hopefuls and around the side of the club.

A grey SUV pulls up.

A hidden door opens in the wall of the club. Behind it two SECURITY GUARDS with weapons, holstered but not concealed. Dylan appears between them, suited, nervous.

He goes to the car and opens the door. Kat, dressed in *skinny jeans, a Sisters of Mercy t-shirt and a black half veil* stares back at him.

DYLAN

I said dress for the occasion.

KAT

I did!

She gets out, ignoring the offered hand.

Dylan closes the car door and turns to show her in but finds her already walking past the two guards.

He is forced to run to catch up.

53 INT. TU NIGHTCLUB (DANCE-FLOOR) - NIGHT

53

The club is an upperclass hedonistic mass of privilege and money. (*EDM Death Machine by Knife Party is playing*).

Above the crowd Kat stands in a private room, separated from them by a glass wall. So near yet so far. Dylan stands next to her.

54 INT. TU NIGHTCLUB (PRIVATE ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

54

Dylan gestures towards the private unmanned bar.

DYLAN

Drink?

Beat

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

Relax?

KAT

I am.

Kat stands stock still, watched by Dylan.

Dylan, frustrated, walks over to the private, unmanned bar and helps himself to a beer.

She watches the dance floor, focuses in.

Kat's POV

Two women dancing together ignoring their partners.

A young girl being chatted up by an older man

Three androgynous characters turn in sync at the bar.

Men, sweating, sipping, licking lips

Women dancing, hair flying, bodies twisting

Hands touching,

Lips tasting

Kissing

Arm

Tattoo

TATTOO?

Beat

A young Japanese man, HARUTO (19), long dark hair, green eyes, stands in the centre of the dance floor. As static as Kat. Looking straight at her.

Kat takes a step forward.

Haruto, without taking his eyes off her, touches his ear, activating an in-ear headphone.

He lifts his arm. On his skin a Tattoo sparkles and glows as the energy flows through it.

KAT

(whispered)

Ink.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2) 45. 54

Dylan drops his drink and rushes over.

He follows her gaze and sees the man staring back, arm raised.

DYLAN

Shit!
(into his watch)

INK!

Four suited HENCHMEN burst into the club and start pushing their way across the crowded dance floor.

By the bar another three HENCHMEN enter. They spread out and close in.

Dylan pushes Kat out of the way and pulls out his phone and zooms in, filming Haruto.

55 INT. TU NIGHTCLUB (DANCE-FLOOR) - CONTINUOUS 55

Haruto sees Kat on the floor and looks around. Trouble is coming.

He starts to move and weave through the crowd, his body bending and flowing impossibly. Avoiding everyone as they dance in his path. Slipping through gaps and rolling in time with the dancers to speed across the floor.

56 INT. TU NIGHTCLUB (PRIVATE ROOM) - CONTINUOUS 56

Dylan speaks into his watch.

DYLAN

Fire escape far side of bar!

The henchmen can't match Haruto for speed and resort to pushing and shoving people out of the way.

Fights start.

57 INT. TU NIGHTCLUB (DANCE-FLOOR) - CONTINUOUS 57

One henchman pulls out his gun and fires into the air to clear a path. This starts a panic. People run in all directions, trampling and crushing.

Haruto moves faster. Dodging, sliding.

As he reaches the fire escape, it bursts open.

(CONTINUED)

A NEW HENCHMAN in a black suit points a gun at Haruto's face. He pulls the trigger.

Haruto's head moves to the right, the bullet grazing his cheek and exploding in the back of a dancer's head.

Haruto pokes the man sharp in the temple, so fast it's almost invisible to the naked eye. The surprised Henchman crumples on the floor.

At the sound of the shot, other heavies start shooting indiscriminately.

INT. TU NIGHTCLUB (PRIVATE ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Dylan is banging on the glass next to a frozen Kat.

DYLAN
(into his watch)
Cease Fire! CEASE FIRE!

The crowd is being carved up.

Kat watches bullets strike home in minute detail.

One of the henchmen is shot by a stray bullet, he crashes across a table, smashing bottles of champagne in an oversized ice bucket to the floor.

DYLAN
(into his watch)
CEASE FUCKING FIRE!

They stop.

Silence, revealing the soft cries of the dying.

Kat looks to the fire escape but there is just a dead henchman.

Dylan grabs her, she stumbles into him and uses the distraction to slip her hand into his jacket and grab his phone without him seeing. She pushes Dylan over whilst slipping the phone down the back of her jeans.

KAT
DON'T TOUCH ME!

Dylan jumps up and raises his hand. But he knows better, and lowers it slowly, regaining control of himself.

DYLAN
Move.

58 CONTINUED:

58

He points to the door. Kat walks.

59 EXT. TU NIGHTCLUB (ROOF) - NIGHT

59

Up on the roof, looking down into the back alley below, Kat is being shown into a waiting car.

Freeze, as a picture is taken.

Dylan pauses and looks around. We duck down as he looks up.

Haruto leans against the wall around the edge of the roof, face cut, breathing heavy.

He looks at the picture on his phone, he zooms in. He presses send.

Beat

A message appears on the phone from HORISHI.

"Katsumi"

Haruto smiles, he's found her.

60 INT. RN CAR - NIGHT

60

Kat and Dylan are sat in the back of the car as it speeds away from the nightclub.

DYLAN

(to Kat)

Who the fuck was that?

KAT

I don't know.

DYLAN

He had Ink!

KAT

Apparently so.

Dylan flops back in the seat.

Kat turns away and stares impassively into the night.

61 INT. TU NIGHTCLUB (DANCE-FLOOR) - LATER

61

Tor crunches across the broken glass and shells on the body-strewn dance floor.

Paramedics take the last survivor, an INJURED GIRL (32) past Rapha.

RAPHA
(to the Paramedic)
When can we talk to this one?

PARAMEDIC 3
She's in shock -

RAPHA
- Can she talk?

Paramedic glances at his patient staring blankly on the gurney.

PARAMEDIC 3
I'll do my best.

Rapha nods and the paramedics wheel the girl out, leaving Rapha and Tor alone in bloody mess.

RAPHA
Fucking needle in a haystack time!

Tor stops in the centre of the room. She looks up at the glass wall overlooking the dance floor. A faint hand print can be seen on the glass.

Rapha follows her gaze.

RAPHA
Seen something?

Tor snaps her attention away.

TOR
You talk to the witnesses, I'll sift through the mess.

Rapha looks at the devastation.

RAPHA
Why? They do it in restruct.

Tor shrugs.

RAPHA
Fine.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

Rapha leaves.

Tor looks around to check the club is empty of living people.

She takes some small headphones out of her pocket.

62 INT. RN PHARMA TOWER (KAT'S ROOM) - NIGHT

62

Kat's door slides open and she walks in. Dylan stands in the hall, agitated.

DYLAN

What's going on -

The door closes and locks Dylan outside in the hall.

63 INT. RN PHARMA TOWER (OUTSIDE KAT'S ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

63

Dylan punches the closed door.

DYLAN

Fuck!

Beat

He turns and walks down the long hall.

64 INT. RN PHARMA TOWER (KAT'S ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

64

Kat reaches for the stolen phone but stops. She looks around at the corner of the room. A small dark circle where the camera is blinks at her with a tiny red light.

She goes over to the wall and activates the computer Rosita used. It switches on and the little silver needle appears.

Kat looks at it.

Then she looks at the bin under the clones chair. Then at the clone.

KAT

From a tiny drop of blood...

She goes over to the clone, grabs her tattoo gun and jabs the needle into its finger. She squeezes a drop of blood onto her finger and carries it carefully over to the computer.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

She drops it on the needle.

Beat

The computer unlocks, she smiles at her small victory.

Kat, unsure what to do, searches for controls, she opens lots of menus. She stops. Focuses in.

Cameras.

She touches the screen and brings up the camera control panel. She scrolls down. Every room is listed, some are greyed out. She finds hers, selects it.

She appears on the monitor. She switches off the camera.

65 INT. RN PHARMA TOWER (OUTSIDE ROSITA'S PRIVATE QUARTERS) - NIGHT 65

Dylan arrives outside Rosita's room. He is about to press the buzzer, but stops.

He's conflicted. What to say?

He checks himself in the reflection on the glass walls.

He's a mess.

He straightens himself up. He wipes the sweat off his brow.

Dylan goes to the door, but this time it opens.

ROSITA (O.S).

Enter.

Dylan takes a breath and walks in.

66 INT. RN PHARMA TOWER (KAT'S ROOM) - NIGHT 66

Kat, sitting in front of the clone, is staring at Dylan's stolen phone. It's asking for a retina scan.

KAT

Fuck.

She stands up, pulling the sheet a little as she does so. It reveals the clone staring out blankly.

Kat looks it in the eye.

(CONTINUED)

51.
66 CONTINUED: 66
She smiles.

67 EXT. TU NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 67
Rapha is talking with the injured girl from the club, by an ambulance.

INJURED GIRL
I don't know how many. Four, six maybe.

RAPHA
Anything distinguishing about them?

INJURED GIRL
They shot me!

The paramedic steps in

PARAMEDIC 3
Finished?

Rapha steps back and signals for them to take her away.
Tor appears next to him.

TOR
Any luck?

Rapha turns, surprised.

RAPHA
No. You?

Tor smiles

She shows him an image on her phone of half a bloody handprint on the fire exit door.

She swipes the image away and brings up a blood analysis report. The word NANO-BYTES is visible.

TOR
I found a needle!

68 INT. RN PHARMA TOWER (KAT'S ROOM) - NIGHT 68
Kat's tattoo gun. A mag of needles protrudes out of the tip.

(CONTINUED)

KAT

Single liner, zero point zero two
mil.

The needles disappear and a smaller fine needle appears.

Kat picks up her tattoo gun. She closes her eyes.

INT. RN PHARMA TOWER (KAT'S ROOM) - FANTASY

An image of Dylan in her room earlier. His face impassive, staring. She focuses on his eye. Closer and closer. His brown pupil fills our vision. The details of his pupil revealed.

INT. RN PHARMA TOWER (KATS ROOM) - NIGHT

Kat snaps her eyes open (*Numbers refer to Pantone colours*)

KAT

Two, three, two.

The gun's colour LEDs change to brown.

KAT

Ten percent, one, two, two.

The colour shifts towards yellow. She considers it.

KAT

Seven percent, three, eight, four.

It shifts again with added green. She smiles.

She leaps onto the clone, straddling it.

The gun fires up.

She leans in.

Focus on the clones eye.

Focus in, more detail.

The needle pierces the eyeball, brown replacing green.

She works quickly, precisely. Recreating Dylan's eye with extraordinary precision.

KAT

Five, three, two.

70

CONTINUED:

70

The LED goes to a near black. Kat closes her eyes, then snaps them open.

She puts in dark details, building up the unique marks.

71

INT. RN PHARMA TOWER (ROSITA'S PRIVATE QUARTERS) - NIGHT

71

Dylan stands, hands behind his back, in the middle of the room. Rosita is prowling.

DYLAN

It was self defence, we were protecting Kat from -

Rosita rounds on Dylan.

ROSITA

- Kat was behind two inches of bulletproof glass! FUCK! How long do you think it will take the police to figure out they work for me.

DYLAN

No police. CB-TA responded.

ROSITA

What? Why?

Beat

DYLAN

He had INK.

ROSITA

Who? Your mystery man? Where is he, who is he? Why isn't he dead?

DYLAN

I have a video. On my phone.

Dylan reaches for his phone. It's not there. Panic!

Rosita watches him dance, looking for his phone.

Beat

DYLAN

It's not...

Beat

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

DYLAN

Fuuuuck!

Dylan leaps over the sofa and stumbles to the door, leaving a fuming Rosita alone.

72 INT. RN PHARMA TOWER (KAT'S ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

72

The black needle comes out of the now perfect pupil. Kat drips water over the eyeball to clean it.

She sits back and pulls the phone out of her back pocket.

She taps the screen.

"Retina scan".

She flips it and holds it up to the eyeball.

Beat

There is a ping. She turns the phone over. Unlocked.

Kat leaps down

KAT

(to the clone)

Thanks, mum!

She hits the red button and the chair flattens, dropping the clone and silk sheet through the newly opened hole in the floor.

As Kat walks away, another clone is delivered to her chair.

Kat finds the video from the nightclub, she watches as it zooms in on the tattoo. The sparkling energy lighting up her stunned face.

73 INT. RN PHARMA TOWER (OUTSIDE KAT'S ROOM) -CONTINUOUS

73

DYLAN hurtles down the hall to Kat's door. He's followed by two henchmen.

He hits the door.

DYLAN

KAT!

74 INT. RN PHARMA TOWER (KATS LAB) - CONTINUOUS 74

KAT stops scrolling and looks up.

She looks around and sees her drawing pad.

75 INT. RN PHARMA TOWER (OUTSIDE KAT'S LAB) -CONTINUOUS 75

Dylan hits the door again. He turns to the Henchmen.

DYLAN

Open it.

They hesitate.

DYLAN

Rosita's orders. DO IT!

They start assaulting the door, bending it.

Five, six, seven kicks. The door is bent revealing a crack.

Dylan pushes them out of the way.

He looks inside.

POV DYLAN - we can see Kat by the window, her back to us as before.

DYLAN

KAT! OPEN THE FUCKING DOOR!

She doesn't move.

Dylan steps back from the door and motions for the henchmen to continue.

They kick again, then grab the edge of the door and force it to slide.

Dylan pushes them out of the way and squeezes through the gap.

76 INT. RN PHARMA TOWER (OUTSIDE KAT'S LAB) - CONTINUOUS 76

Dylan falls into the room. He scrambles across the floor and stops.

In the middle of the floor is his phone.

He picks it up. It's locked.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

He looks at it, then looks at Kat.

She is drawing, headphones in. Oblivious.

Beat.

He hesitates, unsure, then turns and squeezes out of the door.

77 INT. RN PHARMA TOWER (OUTSIDE KAT'S LAB) -CONTINUOUS

77

Dylan appears through the gap into the hall.

DYLAN

Nobody in or out.

He walks off as the two perplexed henchmen take up their posts.

78 INT. RN PHARMA TOWER (KAT'S LAB) - CONTINUOUS

78

Kat by the window. She finishes her drawing. Switches off her headphones and leans the pad against the wall.

She smiles.

KAT

So, who the hell are you?

The drawing is a perfect rendition of Haruto holding his arm up, the tattoo is highly detailed.

THE END