

"CONTRABAND"

by

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Based upon the graphic novel by Thomas Behe

*Technology will worsen the already difficult burden of keeping
a relationship connected in a high-pressure world that
practically dares love to last ...*

Unabomber's Manifesto

"CONTRABAND"

SCREEN BLACK:

JUDAH (V.O.)
Echo Boomers. The most watched over
generation in history.

FADE IN:

EXT. 7-ELEVEN -- DAY

A KID, somewhere between and old 10 and a young 15, pulls up to popular convenience store on his bicycle. He removes his helmet, lays it on the bike. We hear the voice of JUDAH who will be revealed later.

JUDAH (V.O.)
Never ridden a bike without a helmet.
Never sat in a car without a seat
belt...

INT. 7-ELEVEN FOUNTAIN DRINK DISPENSER -- MOMENTS LATER

The kid holds an empty Big Gulp underneath the dripping dispenser, begins to fill up with Slurpee.

JUDAH (V.O.)
Every day 12 million kids drink this
shit.

He SLURPS, the colloquial big gulp -- immediate brain freeze.

JUDAH (V.O.)
Maybe it's for the sphenopalatine
ganglioneuralgia...
(beat)
Brain freeze. But press your tongue
against the roof of your mouth and
the pain disappears. Still, not
every problem's that easy to fix.

He pays with coins and exits the store.

EXT. 7-ELEVEN -- MOMENTS LATER

The kid replaces his helmet with robotic precision, remounts the bike and pedals away; steers with one hand, slurps with the other.

JUDAH (V.O.)
This is Sam, one of the 80 million
plus that come of age in 2025. Sam's
part of the clan, part of the cohort.
(beat)
The best that's ever been.

INT. SAM'S CYBERGEEK BEDROOM -- EVENING

Sam sits on his bed in a dim suburban bedroom lit by a lone computer screen nestled in the corner. Empty Big Gulps, remote controls, a gaming machine, rock posters and dirty clothes identify his chamber.

JUDAH (V.O.)

But some won't make it. One in four
like Sam will take their own lives.

Sam pulls out his cell phone, walks to the open window and stands by billowing curtains -- so close we can almost touch him. He peers down the twelve stories to the streets below.

JUDAH (V.O.)

Experts pontificate over why this is
happening.

CLOSE ON -- SAM'S COMPUTER SCREEN

Instant messages POP UP:

Do it!

Do the world a favor!

Do it and stop wasting our time with your MINDLESS self pity!

Just FUCK OFF!

DO IT!!!

JUDAH (V.O.)

But if you ask me, our war is one
against modern society and the
malcontent that it brings.

Sam holds out his cell phone and climbs out to the ledge. He holds up the phone. As he does we -- SEE THROUGH THE CAMERA OF THE CELL PHONE --

JUDAH (V.O.)

Take technology for example.
Distancing us all.

(beat)

It's to be expected I guess.
Technology affecting human behavior
in complex, unpredictable ways.

Sam looks directly into the cell phone, directly at us, his long hair blows in the wind, his eyes sad.

JUDAH (V.O.)

Don't feel bad. Sam's just a
statistic. You don't even know him.

(CONTINUED)

He looks skyward one last time, then LAUNCHES INTO SPACE, PLUMMETS DOWN toward the streets. We follow, head over heels FALLING IN SLOW MOTION...

JUDAH (V.O.)

But you probably know someone just like him.

As we are about to become roadkill--

SCREEN BLACK:

Over the darkness the EAR PIERCING SOUND OF AN AIRLINER LANDING AT AN AIRPORT.

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY -- DAY

TUCKER, a stubbled man in his 30s, paces toward security in a busy airport terminal. He wears a crumpled designer suit.

SECURITY CHECK

He steps through a metal detector. It BEEPS. SECURITY PERSONNEL stare, move in. He pulls out a cell phone, retreats, and places it down on the x-ray conveyor belt.

We TRAVEL WITH THE CELL PHONE. As it PASSES THROUGH THE X-RAY MACHINE we witness A BLUEPRINT OF ITS DESIGN.

We read:

EL HOHL COMBAT PHONE -- as a THREE-DIMENSIONAL DESIGN MAP reveals key features of the device.

20 MEGAPIXEL CAMERA -- as a lens protrudes and SNAPS a picture.

MUSIC PLAYER -- as a pair of speakers plug in to the phone. MUSIC THUNDERS OUT; the WHOLE SCREEN BEGINS TO VIBRATE

BLADE RELEASE -- as a switchblade FLIPS OUT from the bottom of the device.

PEPPER SPRAY -- as the phone TURNS UPSIDE DOWN, sprays a fine liquid. The screen becomes BLURRED.

1000 VOLT ELECTRIC TASER NODE -- as A BOLT OF ELECTRICITY clears our view. The screen lights up like a power grid.

SILENCER -- as a thin barrel falls away, attaches itself to the phone.

.22 CALIBER BULLETS -- as a sight pops up and a magazine cartridge holding six bullets is revealed.

(CONTINUED)

ZOOM IN on TOUCH SCREEN -- the word SEND morphs into the word TRIGGER

We read:

"CECI N'EST PAS UNE PISTOLET"

A FINGER presses the TRIGGER BUTTON

KABOOM!

A bullet hits us. The screen bleeds red, taking us --

BACK TO SCENE:

Tucker retrieves his phone from the conveyor belt, smirks as he leaves.

JUDAH (V.O.)

You can smuggle dangerous goods anywhere. And dangerous ideas? Form a loose organization, a basic plan of action, and indulge in violent expression. No better way to get the attention of the disaffected. No better way at all...

Tucker merges into a sea of people.

CREDIT SEQUENCE:

"CONTRABAND" SPRAYED GRAFFITI-STYLE IN VIBRANT COLORS. EACH LETTER SPINS LIKE A TOP, TRANSLATING "CONTRABAND" INTO EVERY LANGUAGE ON THE PLANET.

FOOTAGE OF VIOLENCE AND SEX from the *CELL PHONE CHANNEL* *CONTRABAND* as a backdrop -- each clip we see contains an upbeat message like a '60s TV commercial.

INT. DETENTION CENTER, BAGHDAD

Macabre cell phone footage of Saddam Hussein's execution at the gallows. Five men in black masks guide Hussein up steps to a trap door.

CONTRABAND MESSAGE

Welcome to Contraband! A festival of unpoliced content for your viewing pleasure!

A noose is placed around Hussein's neck.

CONTRABAND MESSAGE

Travel around the globe and see world leaders hung!

(CONTINUED)

Jerky footage of Hussein's body falling through the trapdoor --

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI, FLORIDA

Teenage girls in a park punching, kicking and stomping on a helpless girl.

CONTRABAND MESSAGE

Or come back home and witness raw
footage straight from your homeland!
People revolting against society's
indignities, unleashing their wild
side!

As the pummeling continues we --

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET, BEIJING

A Chinese man replaces his cell phone's battery on a busy street -- the phone explodes, bursting an artery in his neck.

CONTRABAND MESSAGE

Anything and everything can happen,
any place, anytime, anywhere.
And we'll be there, delivering you
the unedited truth!

He falls to the floor, blood pouring from his neck. Concerned citizens rush over as we --

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK -- DAY

A naked Australian farmer wearing nothing but an *ERECTION* sprints across sand in pursuit of a FLOCK OF SHEEP.

CONTRABAND MESSAGE

Plenty of weird footage, no
superficial violence, no short lived
trends! Just cool shit uploaded
daily for your viewing pleasure.

(beat)

Wanna upload a clip yourself? We'll
welcome you to the club with a share
of the profits if you video becomes
top rated. That's right! So go
ahead, let your instincts come
through.

(beat)

Join Contraband today and see the
world as it really is.

(CONTINUED)

The farmer wrestles an unfortunate sheep to the ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. TAFTAN, AFGHANISTAN, DAY -- ESTABLISHING

Afghanistan, the graveyard of empires. A world far removed from the west. Dusty, old, war torn.

SUPER: TAFTAN, AFGHANISTAN, 4 MONTHS AGO

AERIAL SHOT:

A black Land Rover races across dusty roads, kicks up soil. Suspicious looking people stare at the SUV as it flies past.

INT. LAND ROVER

CLOSE ON -- A CAR FRESHENER decorated with the FACE OF SATAN that dangles from the rear view mirror. Reflected in the mirror are the focused blue eyes of the driver.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

The angular features of Tucker whom we met at the airport -- but no designer outfit in sight; his clothes are soiled, his face, hands and hair dark from sweat, his eyes practically vanished under heavy lids.

He is accompanied by CHARLOTTE (20s), a muscular but attractive girl who rides shotgun, jostled over rough terrain while clinging to video equipment.

JUDAH (V.O.)

Four months ago Contraband didn't exist. It took the nerve of a mercenary working for the government to come up with the idea.

We push into --

THE WINDSCREEN as both actively scan the horizon. Dusty streets and mud huts fly past.

JUDAH (V.O.)

Charlotte and Tucker were private contractors. Key ingredients utilized in the War Against Terror. Hired specifically to cause unrest in the region; get different political and religious factions busy fighting each other --

Charlotte's eyes focus on something.

(CONTINUED)

JUDAH (V.O.)
 -- and snide politicians get to pull
 troops from the region. Ship 'em
 back home to pacify a pacifist
 population. A devious but effective
 plan you have to admit.

EXT. TAFTAN, AFGHANISTAN -- CONTINUOUS

The SUV flies past A HERD OF GOATS who chew on a mound of
 dry grass.

JUDAH (V.O.)
 But this land also uncovered a brutal
 side of humanity. Men who took it
 too far, who started their own chaos --
 and brought it back home.

VW DROPGATE TRUCK, CIRCA LATE 1960's

drives into frame, chugs along at a slow pace.

CHARLOTTE (V.O.)
 Bingo! There's our man.

INT - VW DROPGATE TRUCK

An AFGHAN MAN (40s) grips the steering wheel, SWEARS
 PROFUSELY, sweating adrenaline; clearly lost, with an AFGHAN
 FAMILY, possibly his own, crammed in the back.

We hear the VOICE OF DONALD RUMSFELD or some such shamen --

RUMSFELD / SHAMEN
 It is clearly cost effective to have
 contractors for a variety of things
 that military people cannot be
 deployed to do...

A young woman glancing nervously out the rear holding a CRYING
 BABY.

INT - RANGE ROVER

Charlotte spots mother holding baby; it fires matriarchal
 impulses.

CHARLOTTE
 Pull back. His whole family's in
 there.

Tucker's face, a mixture of insomnia and cynicism...

TUCKER
 Pull back? What the *fuck* are you
 talking about?
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TUCKER (CONT'D)

(agitated)

That's an insurgent. He blew up seven Americans with a fucken bomb hidden inside a video camera. Your sources ID'd him.

CHARLOTTE

(unceremoniously)

Maybe this isn't the guy.

TUCKER

Maybe your losin' your edge. Get the camera ready. We gotta deliver footage. Our ratio is low.

Tucker HITS the accelerator and shoots forward. Up ahead, a small village comes into view.

EXT. TAFTAN VILLAGE STREETS -- DAY

The WV speeds through narrow streets.

The Range River rapidly approaches -- swerves in front of the truck, SKIDS sideways, blocks the road. WV van SCREECHES to a stop.

RANGE ROVER

Tucker pulls out a RIFLE from the back seat, checks the magazine, SLAPS it into his weapon and opens the door.

VW VAN

HYPERVENTILATING DRIVER CURSES amid AFGHAN BANTER.

VILLAGE STREET

Tucker exits the SUV with RIFLE over his shoulder, pulls an additional BARETTA PISTOL from his slacks. Charlotte, a step behind, records the action.

DRIVER'S POV

Tucker, menacing, approaching with raised pistol...

TUCKER'S POV

Driver staring out at him -- KICKS OPEN the door, knocks Tucker to the ground; chaos as the occupants run from the van.

Tucker rises, wipes blood and dust from his face as they SCAMPERS away. Charlotte cuts off the camcorder, carries it back toward the SUV.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLOTTE

Let 'em go.

TUCKER

(rising, purple with
fury)

He's got something to hide.

He raises his rifle, fixes the driver with the scope.

SCOPE POV

TUCKER (O.S.)

Run rabbit, run.

As the driver runs -- KABOOM -- he is hit in the shoulder,
blood exploding. He pauses, then somehow continues running.

Charlotte, returning from the SUV...

CHARLOTTE

What the *fuck* are you doing man?

He's just...

TUCKER

Just follow me and record everything.

CHARLOTTE

The camera's back in the --

TUCKER

(in mid flight)

Use your goddamn camera phone. C'mon!

Charlotte pulls out a cell phone, a pistol from a thigh
holster, and follows Tucker into a very NARROW ALLEYWAY.

CHARLOTTE

(wearily)

What exactly am I recording?

Tucker moves out of the shadows.

TUCKER

Footage.

CHARLOTTE

This is absurd...

TUCKER

Come on!

CHARLOTTE

Fucken footage fetish freak...

(CONTINUED)

TUCKER

It's what we're paid for. This is research --

CHARLOTTE

(interrupting)
-- combat casualties, retaliatory attacks, civilian blown apart by roadside bombs.

(beat)
Innocent van drivers shittin' in their Afghan pants? This isn't research. It's a fucken joke.

TUCKER

We do what we're contracted to do.

Charlotte pauses, searches for a logical response. She doesn't have one.

TUCKER

(matter-of-fact)
You shoot what I order you to shoot and you get the footage your contracted to get. So keep your head down and watch me nail this motherfucker.

Tucker spots a blood trail leading into a narrower alleyway. He moves ahead, disappears into the darkness. BEEPS in the dark as Charlotte records.

CHARLOTTE

Slow down! Wait for...

Then she SEES a MASSIVE DOG that bolts toward her. Viscerously BARKING, startling Charlotte, knocking her to the ground. She gets back to her feet...

CHARLOTTE

Jesus. Where did --
(beat)
Tucker... !?

JUDAH (V.O.)

Just like any addict, Tucker needed to get his footage fix. Needed to be the footage. A hobby that became a habit that became a dangerous obsession for anyone around him.

-- GUNSHOTS --

Charlotte instinctively ducks.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLOTTE

Shit. Where the fuck am I?

She inches forward with weapon raised. Up ahead light emanates from an old wooden door. Shadows in the doorway.

CHARLOTTE

Tucker? Tucker!

(mutters)

Don't fuck around man. There's a time and a place.

She approaches. An attractive but somewhat terrified AFGHAN WOMAN (50s) stumbles out, smiles at Charlotte. Charlotte smiles back, lowers her gun.

-- THUMP -- as the end of a rifle slams her over the head. She falls to the ground, as does her cell phone, its RED LIGHT BEEPING, flashing "RECORD."

The cell phone is picked up.

JUDAH (V.O.)

This would be footage to make Charlotte a Contraband icon. A true celebrity in a new dawn of technological advancement.

(beat)

But wait. I'm getting way ahead of myself.

Charlotte is unceremoniously dragged out of frame.

JUDAH (V.O.)

I met Charlotte and Tucker soon after this.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHURCH / INTERNET CAFE, LONDON -- DAY

The magnificent edifice of an old dilapidated church stands tall above foggy London streets. The sun rises, casting a warm glow over rush hour traffic inching past below.

JUDAH (V.O.)

They came by an old church converted into an internet cafe.

INT. INTERNET CAFE, LONDON -- DAY

Inside the crumbling church an improvised "Internet Cafe" greets our gaze.

(CONTINUED)

Cigarette smoke lofts up past relics of an era gone by; stained glass windows, weathered crosses and other religious symbols distilled with the hue of tobacco.

Dozens of computers litter the inner sanctum, some running down the center aisle toward the altar, others dotted in various corners of the structure.

Converted church pews, now rebuilt as bookcases, offer customers various CDs, DVDs and books. Closer examination reveals an "ADULTS ONLY" movie section.

Communal seating is replaced with beanbags and sofas. A magazine stand stacked with celebrity trade rags obscure hymnals and player books piled in a dark corner.

It all feels rather sacrilegious, but that's the point...

JUDAH (V.O.)

The cafe represented a new dawn in a modern depraved technological age.
But I didn't care.

We now discover Judah (20s), an unassuming guy with shoulder-length hair, broad brow and a goatee growing from a pointed chin. He twiddles with his phone in a --

CONFESSIOAL CHAMBER

-- converted into the housing for an enormous plasma TV that spills news of war, famine and plague, casting a "fast cut MTV" lighting effect across the proceedings.

TRACEY BRAGG, a lymphatic 40-year old in need of a shower stands at the

ALTAR

-- converted into a luxurious coffee stand comprised of minimalist steel design. A sculpture of JESUS DRAGGING THE CROSS lies unceremoniously close by.

Tracey puffs on a cigarette as she steams milk.

JUDAH (V.O.)

Tracey owned the joint, a raggedly girl with a fondness for Egyptian cigarettes she'd smuggle in from monthly dive trips to Dahab.

COFFEE STAND COUNTER

A cuddly caterpillar sways above, pushing the virtues of psychedelic fungus, casting a shadow over several drug-themed magazines below.

(CONTINUED)

A breeze flips opens a cannabis magazine.

CLOSE ON -- CENTER PAGE

A NUDE GIRL WEARS MARIJUANA BUD FOR A BIKINI WITH --

"BUD OF THE MONTH"

-- WRITTEN IN RED FLAME BELOW

A NONDESCRIPT CUSTOMER picks up the magazine as Tracey hands over a cappuccino.

JUDAH (V.O.)

This place was perfect for agnostic Baby Boomers eager to peer at anti-establishment paraphernalia. But it had nothing for the Echo Boomers and Millennials.

(beat)

It wasn't exactly the center of action in town.

EXT. INTERNET CAFE -- DAY

A younger demographic hurries past, thousands of residents glued to their PDA's via foot, lit up like alien pods in foggy morning air.

TILT UP at church holding the sky, anchoring the pedestrians below.

JUDAH (V.O.)

Personal cell phone channels are the rage. Why come in here when you have the world at your fingertips? Now Contraband has arrived, the sky's the limit...

A PEDESTRIAN stops to examine a message on his PDA...

INSERT -- PDA SCREEN:

The HYPNOTIC VOICE OF A FEMALE NARRATOR introduces JARVIS STEVENS, a disheveled 40s hipster with long hair and receding hairline.

HYP NARRATOR

This is Jarvis Stevens. Witness his word.

ECU of Stevens who speaks directly to us. We PULL BACK as he speaks --

(CONTINUED)

JARVIS

Contraband the cell phone channel.
I know the breed. Contraband and
its agents are cancerous, trying to
seduce us into their corruption.
This is danger. If it is not cut
out, stamped out, burnt out human
society will be brought into sin and
corruption, waste and ruin.

PULLING BACK FURTHER to REVEAL Jarvis on a stage --

JARVIS

A world of blood, fury and devastation
awaits, where each man strives for
his own survival.

A crowd surrounds him, silently taking in his word. Banners
held high proclaim "SAVE OUR CHILDREN" "UNITE" "PEACE"
"FREEDOM" etc --

JARVIS

We have fought this enemy all of our
lives in its many incarnations. Its
name is legion, for it is many. But
we will fight it to the bitter end!

CHEERS erupt from the crowd.

HYP NARRATOR

A message from the Anti Violence
United Front.

BACK TO SCENE:

TWO MEN walk into the pedestrian, knocking his PDA to the
ground.

The man retrieves his PDA, re-joins the crowd of people.

INT. INTERNET CAFE -- MOMENTS LATER

The two men enter the cafe. Tucker and PLUGGER JONES (20s)
a mass of brawn and rippling muscle. Both scrutinize the
interior. Tucker heads to the --

MAGAZINE STAND

-- begins to flip through a celebrity weekly; Plugger flops
down on a beanbag as A TEENAGE GIRL enters in a skimpy outfit.

CLOSE ON -- CELEBRITY MAG -- FLIP PAGES TO REVEAL

-- beautiful tanned superbeings, modern myths smiling and
living out epic adventures at parties, red carpets and chique
restaurants.

(CONTINUED)

Tucker flips the mag across to Plugger.

TUCKER

Glimpse the sweet life. Where the champagne's colder, the sun hotter, the laughs louder. Demigods who don't know if they'll be around for a week, a month, a year...

(beat)

And like all sweet things it's bad for you. Celeb diabetes. Most'll be in rehab before their day in the sun sets.

The teenage girl waltzes up to Tucker.

TEENAGE GIRL

(unabashed)

I was in one of those magazines last month.

TUCKER

Did you have your clothes on?

TEENAGE GIRL

(giggling)

I think so.

Tucker shrugs his shoulders and looks hard at her; motions for Plugger to come.

TUCKER

Oh really? You're such an entrepreneur.

She runs her finger down Tucker's chest.

TEENAGE GIRL

(unabashed)

I need money. Like last time. Wanna get racy?

TUCKER

See the man with the sleazy grin?

The man Tucker motions toward types away at a computer, looks as lecherous as can be.

TUCKER

I'm positive he'd appreciate a slutty schoolgirl like you. Could pay you a pretty penny.

TEENAGE GIRL

Fuck you!

(CONTINUED)

TUCKER

(implacably)
Can if you want, but you won't get
paid. Besides, I need compelling
content like last time. Gotta earn
your keep sweetheart.

The girl swings at Tucker. He catches her hand and begins
squeezing it. She SCREAMS.

CONFESSIONAL CHAMBER

Judah peers out -- before he realizes it he has raised his
phone to record the event.

COFFEE STAND

Tracey smiles absently, unfazed by the riotous activity as
she cleans the espresso machine.

MAGAZINE STAND

The girl WHIMPERS as Tucker forces her against the magazines.

TUCKER

How 'bout cigarette burns on the
thigh. That racy enough?

Tucker rubs his hands, as though about to perform a magic
trick; looks around, pulls out his cell phone and lights a
cigarette.

GIRL

(grimly)
Oh god!

TUCKER

In case you hadn't noticed, God's
not home anymore.
(glee in his eyes)
Let's get it over with.

CLOSE ON -- THE GIRL'S SOFT, PALE THIGHS

A CELL PHONE with "RECORD" BEEPING follows A BURNING CIGARETTE
EXTINGUISHED on skin that SMOKES AND BURNS

The girl vomits.

TUCKER

Beautiful. This'll rate high for
sure.

GIRL

I'm going to pass out.

(CONTINUED)

Tucker holds her face in his hand; looks directly into her eyes.

TUCKER

You did good sweetheart.

He nods, scandalized, her eyes dart from side to side. Her dilated pupils reveal an addict; her drugged eyes survey Tucker as he wedges bills in her hand.

TUCKER

Hurry along. Back home now. Back to the pimps, whores, pushers and panhandlers.

She shuffles away. Tucker watches her leave, steps toward a cigarette machine close by Judah. He stares at Judah as he places coins in the machine. Judah tries to ignore as Tucker burns a hole in him.

Tucker retreats, plods back to Plugger and reclines on a sofa.

CONFESSIONAL CHAMBER

Judah's phone BEEPS.

CLOSE ON -- JUDAH'S PHONE

TUCKER'S FACE with the message "WE WANT SOME SERVICE!"

JUDAH

(softly)

How'd this *fucker* get my number?

Tucker walks over, keep his cool.

JUDAH

Can I help you?

Tucker addresses Judah as if he were a small child...

TUCKER

How much they pay you here billboy?

(looks around)

Computers on the Internet? So '90s. The owner HERE using this joint for black market schemes? What do you think Plugger?

Plugger GRUNTS, nods his head.

JUDAH

I can't answer that man.

(CONTINUED)

TUCKER
What do we owe you?

JUDAH
(confused)
I don't think you actually had anything yet.

TUCKER
You just had us.

JUDAH
Had you? I don't understand...

TUCKER
(silencing with a gesture)
Here's a hundred, keep the change. But a bit of advice. Don't make paparazzi cell phone movies. Got no clue where you're posting the clip.

JUDAH
Clip?

TUCKER
Don't play innocent little man. Hopefully it's beneath you.
(beat)
I don't appreciate being caught unawares when I do my work.

Tucker yanks away Judah's phone. Plugger stands up, ominously close.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERNET CAFE, LONDON -- MOMENTS LATER

Plugger drags Judah outside. A black Range Rover sits curbside on double yellow lines. Judah is thrown in. Tucker and Plugger follow. They BURN RUBBER and leave the cafe.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREETS -- NIGHT

The black Range Rover swerves around traffic, flies through red lights.

INT. BLACK RANGE ROVER -- CONTINUOUS

RASTA MUSIC BLARES OUT from a plush entertainment system. Judah attempts to get his head around the situation.

(CONTINUED)

JUDAH

What the *fuck* is going on here?

TUCKER

You're an honored guest. About to teach you the proper methodology for making cell phone movies. Seems you need to learn a thing or two.

PLUGGER

(interrupting)

Shit. The gym. Left my ID card behind.

TUCKER

Plugger here's a huge fitness addict. Why don't you tell our new friend why you pump up.

PLUGGER

(glee in his eyes)

For the burn, the lactic acid soaking through my body. Helps remind me I'm still alive.

JUDAH

That's... wonderful.

PLUGGER

Three times a week so the sting don't settle in.

TUCKER

A modern method of self flagellation.

(beat)

Plugger gets pumped up on horse pills. Put on fifty pounds of solid muscle. Nothing more attractive to women than big meaty boys, right Plug?

Judah stares out the window, realizes the severity of the situation. Dejected, defeated...

TUCKER

Why so quiet? Not interested in our insightful conversation? How are we supposed to get to know you if you keep your mouth shut?

Tucker's phone VIBRATES on the dash board. He picks it up...

TUCKER

The big search on Judah brings up how much scintillating information? One lousy hit. Pretty pathetic.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TUCKER (CONT'D)

(beat)
 Citizen journalist uncovers paedophile ring. A clip of some guy navigating through boy's pants a few months back. This is you right?

CLOSE ON -- CELL SCREEN

Judah stands with a smiling police officer who hands him a medal.

JUDAH
 (sits forward, pissed)
 Yeah. So what...

TUCKER
 Come on, tell us more Mr. America. Maybe you're capable of coming up with one twisted tale.

JUDAH
 Don't remember much about it.

INSERT -- TEENAGE BOY IN LONDON UNDERGROUND STATION

The TEENAGE BOY slowly walks down the platform as a train approaches

TUCKER (O.S.)
 Well, let me tell you. That paedophile was once a kid, a failed suicide victim sitting alone on trains a-l-l day long.

The boy jumps on the train as the doors close, turns and gives us eye contact.

TUCKER (O.S.)
 Chanting about his abusive parents, his shit life, his misforgivings to every unlucky Mc. Fuck that sits too close.

The boy TALKS INCOHERENTLY to us. We move along as the train increases speed. He SHOUTS at us, punching at the glass -- but the OVERBEARING NOISE OF THE TRAIN drowns his words.

He finally slips from view...

TUCKER
 It does no good putting one away Judah. They must all be destroyed. Kill those who kill the innocents and all that shit...

(CONTINUED)

JUDAH

That's some philosophy.

TUCKER

I tell you man, our guilt-ridden, oppressed society cries out for real answers. It tires of artificial solutions. Less cotton candy. More meat n' bones. Way healthier.

(beat)

A dog shits on the street and you clean it up. Same with these motherfuckers.

EXT. LONDON STREETS -- EVENING

The Range Rover purrs through quieter streets next to a big park.

TUCKER (V.O.)

Why did you film us Judah?

JUDAH (V.O.)

I was filming the girl.

TUCKER (V.O.)

Like her skanky little ass?

JUDAH (V.O.)

I don't even know her!

TUCKER (V.O.)

Well, she's the toast of the town in the cell phone porn industry. Better that you don't.

INT. BLACK RANGE ROVER -- EVENING

Pluggger fiddles with Judah's phone.

PLUGGER

I found some anti violence blogs on here. And some clips of third world mothers crying.

(beat)

Must be some sorta artsy shit.

TUCKER

I really expected more from you Judah.

EXT. PARK -- NIGHT

The Range Rover pulls over on a dirt road. The lights are turned off.

INT. BLACK RANGE ROVER -- SAME

Tucker and Plugger survey the park from their respective vantage points. It doesn't look good; we can see it in Judah's eyes.

TUCKER

This is the spot.
 (checks his watch)
 Plugger, send out the message.

Tucker turns, yanks Judah forward and emphasizes words by tapping on Judah's forehead.

TUCKER

Think. Think. Think. What's compelling content? Well, you gotta understand the audience.
 (beat)
 People want fresh snacks. Tasty morsels. Nosh to devour in short periods of time. People are just too busy in life to kick back, eat popcorn and slurp high fructose corn syrup.

EXT. PARK -- SAME

The figure of a man that sits on a park bench.

TUCKER (O.S.)

Plenty of videos make you laugh, cry. Even vomit. But the best stuff draws out every type of emotion. The best clips are sensational my friend.

The silhouette of a man who walks toward the bench dragging a baseball bat.

TUCKER (O.S.)

Clips needs to show people exercising their instinctive urges, escaping our numbed out existence.
 (beat)
 Clips need to show us who we really are.

INT. BLACK RANGE ROVER -- SAME

Plugger opens Judah's door, kicks him out. Tucker's window opens. He tosses out Judah's cell.

TUCKER

Don't come back 'til you get 30 seconds of footage.

(CONTINUED)

JUDAH

Where the fuck -- what are you
assholes doing!?

Plugger leans out, yanks up Judah by his arm. He hangs like
a rag doll from the side of the vehicle.

TUCKER

Break one of his fingers.
(beat)
Just the small one.

JUDAH

Okay, okay! I'll do it...

TUCKER

30 seconds. Change your setting to
landscape and night light mode.
(beat)
And don't try to split. Compelling
alternative content could be you
mangled underneath this truck.

Judah throws out a golf club.

TUCKER

And take this. You may need it.

Judah ambles down a short grass lane, through a broken fence
into the

PARK

More figures quietly making their way toward the seated man.
Out of the darkness HEADLIGHTS HIT FULL BEAM.

INSERT -- JUDAH'S CELL PHONE

We watch Judah's footage -- Man on the bench, blinded by
lights. Three youths circle, vampires on meth, beating him
mercilessly with baseball bats, a fire extinguisher, hammers
etc...

LOW ANGLE OF nasty, wild, unabandoned raw instincts --
repeatedly pounding the victim.

The man falls with legs twitching mechanically. The youths
CHANT and HOLLER, run away in different directions.

Judah, hyperventilating, stares uncomprehendingly at the
victim, HEART RACING as BLOOD PULSES OUT FROM THE MAN'S HEAD.
Judah backs away, freaked. Lips quivering...

The Range Rover pulls up. Tucker jumps out.

(CONTINUED)

TUCKER

Look at his skull. Practically caved in!

(contained excitement)

You get the footage? You get it?

The victim GURGLES as Plugger drags Judah back to the truck. The car drifts away; body left twitching on the ground.

INT. RANGE ROVER -- MOMENTS LATER

Tucker drives, flicking a quick glance to Judah. He sits in the back, staring at the floor, shivers in disgust.

TUCKER

Know who that was? A convicted child molester who kidnapped boys and left them for dead. Released from prison a week ago. Some bullshit leave of absence law. An what does he do? Goes online to meet boys right here. In this park.

(beat)

Why be inconvenienced by this fucker's constitutional rights! Gotta circumvent the law to clean up the shit from the streets.

Tucker takes Judah's phone, replays the clip.

TUCKER

Perfect. Welcome to the age of cell phone terrorism.

RANGE ROVER -- LATER

Judah, now head in hands, remains in the back seat.

TUCKER

Don't worry. It gets easier.

(beat)

You'll see technology modifying human behavior. People can be pushed farther. It's all about mass communication and defining what's acceptable behavior. Put out a bulletin to kick the shit out of a child molestor and out they come. Don't you see? Why use drugs to numb your boring existence when you can exercise your primal urges?

(beat)

Fucking beautiful isn't it. Hey Plug, check if the footage is up.

Plugger BASHES his phone against the window.

(CONTINUED)

PLUGGER
Can't. Contraband's signal's being
jammed!

Tucker becomes immediately agitated.

TUCKER
What!?! Fix it!

PLUGGER
Not sure how long it'll take.=

TUCKER
Do it!

PLUGGER
I need to locate the correct cell
site so I can reset the --

TUCKER
Did I ask for an explanation? How
long?

Plugger looks up.

PLUGGER
It's sophisticated. We won't be up
until tomorrow.

EXT. LONDON STREETS -- NIGHT

The Land Rover tears around a corner, narrowly missing a old
woman and her small dog.

RANGE ROVER

Tucker lowers his head, stares ahead, pedal to the metal.

TUCKER
Shit! Jarvis Stevens. That
sonofabitch...

Judah's raises his head from his hands.

JUDAH (V.O.)
Jarvis! The same guy licking his
war wounds from the Anti Violence
United Front. I was obsessed with
his blogs months ago...

FLASHBACK TO:

JARVIS STEVENS AT HOME, IN SHUTDOWN MODE

*Jarvis lies motionless on a bed wearing nothing but an army
helmet over his privates.*

(CONTINUED)

A HUGE FLORESCENT PLANT LAMP dangles above, covers him with light from head to toe.

JUDAH (V.O.)

Afghanistan really took a toll on the guy.

He reaches out, taps on a COMPUTER KEYBOARD within arm's reach. The computer screen reads: **DAY 27. AIN'T LIFE A BITCH.**

JUDAH (V.O.)

Jarvis needed a plant lamp to light up his world 24/7 or clinical depression set in. Shell shock, dreary winters plus copious amounts of THC helped him through...

He lights a CIGAR-SIZED JOINT, exhales thick smoke.

JUDAH (V.O.)

Same old story. Psychologically wounded hero comes home from war. Seen too much, hides from society. Step one in the re-engagement with society.

Jarvis pulls a VELCRO-ATTACHED-REMOTE from the side of the lamp. An OLD TV SET fires its cathode rays across the room. A news channel. War, famine, fire and earthquakes.

JUDAH (V.O.)

Insecurity leads to paranoia. So you stay inside. You slouch, you master the latest version of Grant Theft Auto.

(beat)

Cannabis quantities increase, cynicism grows. Of society, of government --

CLOSE ON -- TV IMAGE

A SHARPLY DRESSED MAN (60s) grins in an expensive suit, scanty of flesh, scanty of hair, perfect teeth; headline reads "CEO Found Innocent."

JUDAH (V.O.)

-- Of corporate malfeasance.

Jarvis lays his joint in an ashtray, pulls out a DESERT EAGLE PISTOL, aims at the screen -- remote in one hand, pistol in the other.

-- BOOM --

as a .50 caliber explodes the TV. The plant lamp sways in the recoil from the weapon.

(CONTINUED)

JUDAH (V.O.)

Then you try to re-engage with
friends, just to feel anything.

(beat)

But it never works.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME -- DAY

Jarvis stands on moist grass in a back yard next to a
sprinkler. Legs dripping wet. He peers into the home, then
backs away, turns and advances slowly toward a GARDEN SHED.

JUDAH (V.O.)

Unless you start over. Delete those
successful friends with smug lives,
give yourself a chance to reform.

(beat)

Make a stand. Find a cause.

He knocks on the door. A YOUNG MAN (30s) answers.

JARVIS

Grant?

GRANT

(suspiciously)

Yeah?

Jarvis steps forward; at lightning speed brings his arm up
high and ELBOW PUNCHES Grant with the FULL FORCE of his body --
instantly breaking Grant's nose. He falls to the floor
MOANING in agony.

LOW ON GRANT

Jarvis SLAMS his boot down on Grant's head, squashes his
skull into the moist soil. He GURGLES as Jarvis dials on
his phone.

JARVIS

(on phone)

I have a man converting replica
submachine guns into lethal weapons.
His firearms have killed six people.

JUDAH (V.O.)

You find a cause, you find yourself.
Salvation is never far away...

A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE spins toward us:

GUILTY: MAN WITH GARDEN SHED GUN FACTORY LINKED TO MURDERS

CUT TO:

EXT. DIMLY LIT SUBURBAN STREET -- NIGHT

Pluggger and Tucker lean against the Range Rover, parked by a street lamp.

TUCKER

So now you're an accomplice Judah.
How do you feel about that?

JUDAH

I'm not gonna say anything if that's
what you're implying.

Tucker seems unimpressed by the response. He pulls out his cell phone, the same model we saw traverse uninhibited through customs.

TUCKER

Technology's a wonderful thing Judah.
Take this seemingly banal cell phone.
It's actually modelled after an
inspirational design.

INSERT -- LUXURIOUS CROATIAN VILLA

ARMED POLICE OFFICERS in bullet proof jackets rush into a villa moments after a standoff.

TUCKER (V.O.)

A Croatian drug baron was busted
last year with 300 kilos of cocaine --

Nude women scream, some covered in blood. Cops steps over dead thugs and handcuff the remaining mobsters.

BEDROOM

Bags full of brownish colored powder sit on a glass table.

TUCKER (V.O.)

Plus 4 kilos of heroin --

A drawer opens revealing dozens of passports. A mattress is lifted with cash underneath.

TUCKER (V.O.)

Half a million US dollars, and a
pile of fake passports.

PATIO

SLOBODAN ELBET, a rotund man in his 50s wearing beach clothes and sunglasses lies slouched on a chair overlooking the Adriatic.

Dead from a single bullet wound to the head.

(CONTINUED)

TUCKER (V.O.)

But the biggest find was the gun.
Seems the baron couldn't handle
spending the rest of his days in
lockdown. Used a cell phone device
that doubled as a gun.

In his hand is a CIRCA-1999 CELL PHONE with a small silencer
attached.

TUCKER (V.O.)

A primitive design, but it moved
across the world, passed through
countless security devices for years.

BACK TO SCENE:

TUCKER

Figured it was time for an upgrade.
Meet the El Hohl Ambush model.

CLOSE ON -- Tucker unlatching bullet magazine and silencer.
CLICK as he loads the magazine.

TUCKER

Maybe I should demonstrate its
functionality.

JUDAH

(fighting hysteria)
Nah. It's cool man. It looks great.

Tucker pins Judah against the Range Rover; presses the gun
against Judah's forehead.

JUDAH

Wait!

TUCKER

Depending on where the bullet enters
you'll have one of several reactions.
(to Plugger)
Ballistic trauma test, better known
as the Lincoln debate.

Tucker backs away, gun still raised, examines Judah.

TUCKER

An excellent candidate Plugger. Our
boy's young.

PLUGGER

Nearest hospital's only seven minutes
away.

(CONTINUED)

TUCKER

Then he has a fighting chance!

Judah's looks at him in astonishment; nervousness mounts. He takes a deep breath...

TUCKER

Abraham Lincoln, first president to be assassinated. Shot in the back of the head at point blank range.

PLUGGER

Pundits say he would have survived with access to modern emergency care.

TUCKER

So why not recreate the event, see if it's true.

JUDAH

You're a *fucking monster!*

TUCKER

And you, my friend, are a liability.

Tucker pins Judah's face against a brick wall.

TUCKER

It's just an experiment. Nothing more.

He puts the barrel against the back of Judah's head. Plugger moves in with his phone; records the action.

PLUGGER

What about Hitler? Think he would have survived that suicide shot?

Tucker FLIPS Judah around, places the barrel in Judah's mouth.

TUCKER

(smiling)

Don't worry, we'll save you on the cyanide capsule.

Tucker grabs Judah's hand, forces it toward the gun's touch screen.

TUCKER

Just press the trigger. We got the wheels to get you to the emergency room.

CLOSE ON -- EL HOHL TOUCH SCREEN

(CONTINUED)

Judah's finger trembling over the TRIGGER button -- then RAPID BEEPS emanate from the device -- then a flashing screen...

TUCKER

Wait -- We've tracked Jarvis?

Tucker and Plugger revert their attention to the news. Judah backs away.

TUCKER

He's at a rally? Right now?

INSERT -- TUCKER'S CELL PHONE SCREEN:

The image of Jarvis Stevens, who stands before a MEDIUM SIZED CROWD hypnotized by his soliloquy.

JARVIS

Listen to the truth! Immoral individuals using technology's evil curse to fuel our fallen brothers and sisters. Feeding children with an insatiable appetite to create and consume sensational content.

Off to the side stands Charlotte with a GROUP OF BODYGUARDS dressed in black.

JARVIS

Heresy affects morality, if it's heretical enough.

CHEERS from the crowd.

JARVIS

Million can tune into violence, sex and other unsavory acts.

(hands up to heavens)

Jesus was always cautious of crowds. If they grew too large, he sifted the disciples from the spectators by announcing an unpopular truth as I do today. His word is mine.

More CHEERS and AMEN from the crowd.

JARVIS

Those who have seen Satan know he can disguise himself as an angel of light. Technological heresy inspires. It makes people feel good about themselves.

(beat)

So I say this.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JARVIS (CONT'D)

(beat)
Our battle is to be clear headed and
courageous! To take down Contraband,
threatening the very root of our
spiritual existence!

PEOPLE IN THE CROWD fall to their knees in tears. Some take
out cell phones and SMASH them on the ground.

BACK TO TUCKER, PLUGGER AND JUDAH

Tucker LAUGHS at the proceedings.

TUCKER

All leftist pilgrims. All insecure,
over socialized losers who believe
in an idealized state of existence,
in a man with a white beard looking
down from the heavens.

(beat)
But this is dangerous. It threatens
Contraband's existence.

PLUGGER

Did you see Charlotte?

TUCKER

What the fuck is she doing? She can
only help him sabotage Contraband.

PLUGGER

His applications are becoming more
sophisticated.

(beat)
We need to get that girl. She knows
Contraband, knows how to fuck it up.

TUCKER

We get to her, we get to Jarvis.

Judah decides to open up.

JUDAH

Charlotte? Who is she?

PLUGGER

Mercenary. Special forces.
Surveillance support. Worked with
Tucker in Afghanistan. Now she's
supporting activists.

(to Tucker)
Guess she's the one recruiting
supporters in bars and cafes around
Judah's neck of the woods.

(CONTINUED)

TUCKER

That bitch is the reason Jarvis pulls
Contraband off the grid. She's the
reason he senses we're around.

Tucker paces back and forth before Judah, then THROWS Judah
against the wall, holds him by the throat.

TUCKER

Maybe you can actually help us little
man. Presidential head blast or
bring Charlotte to me.

(beat)

Deliver her and I'll deliver ten
thousand. Cash.

Off Judah's knowing look...

JUDAH (V.O.)

Of course I knew who Charlotte was.
Jarvis spoke of her on his blog.
But I wasn't gonna make it any easier
for Tucker. After all, the fucker
almost shot me in the head.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERNET CAFE, LONDON -- DAY

The old church bathed in sunlight.

INT. INTERNET CAFE, LONDON -- SAME

We read: TWO WEEKS AGO

Sunlight streams through stained glass windows, casting a
kaleidoscopic shine on Judah as he straightens out magazines.

Two men enter. ROB SEXTON, a muscular, crew cut Aryan-type
and ANDY SUND, a slight-of-figure Indian guy. Both slouch
on couches, check their PDA's.

SEXTON

Check it. A hair stylist selling
celebrity locks.

SUND

I got a war widow auctioning army
gear. Helmet, boots, night vision
goggles.

SEXTON

I gotta get into this.

Sund lifts his feet, reveals beaten up feet sneaks.

(CONTINUED)

SEXTON

Kids'll pay a fortune for these old joggers.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)

Sneakerheads can sniff a stinking clog from a vintage retro a generation away.

Charlotte waltzes in, sizes up the pair.

SEXTON

Just sayin'...

SUND

Why the big hurry?

CHARLOTTE

Are you guys sympathizers to our cause?

They share a furtive glance, nod to her in agreement.

MAGAZINE STAND

Judah spies hidden between the magazines; wedges his phone among the journals and records the meeting...

SUND

Our culture, starving to death spiritually? We know about Jarvis and the word he speaks.

SEXTON

The latest mass communication technology is now a servant of hostility and...

CHARLOTTE

Okay. I get it. No need to quote the preacher.

She takes a seat between the two men.

CHARLOTTE

Jarvis is continuing to position violent cell phone abuse as a mainstream concern. But there have been delays --

INSERT -- A "BREAKING NEWS" logo.

The stunning figure of TRACY STAINS, 30s, comes into view. She stands on the steps of the SUPREME COURT.

(CONTINUED)

STAINS

Today the supreme court rejects the cell phone violence and sex law, allowing a lower court ruling to stand.

JUSTICE KENNEDY ANTHONY (50s) speaks to Stains.

ANTHONY

It is not the role of the government to decide what people can see and do on their cell phones and personal devices. Those are decisions that should be made by individuals and their families.

We ABRUPTLY CUT BACK to Stains who paints a shit eating grin across her face.

STAINS

This leaves little hope to pass the law pushed by the Anti Violence United Front.

(beat)

Many insist that children are unprotected on their cell phones. Various sources have also documented a dramatic rise in youth savagery due to enormous amounts of violence available on Contraband. More on this story as it develops.

BACK TO SCENE:

CHARLOTTE

After months of lobbying we're bringing a new proposal to parliament.

SUND

What do you need from us?

CHARLOTTE

We're setting up a rally. Two weeks away. Jarvis will address the crowd, raise the proposal and personally deliver it to the politicians.

(beat)

I need you to watch Jarvis' back. Expect guys there ready to take him out.

Judah approaches, menus in hand.

TYLER

Triple shot decaf latte and --

(CONTINUED)

CHARLOTTE
 (interrupting)
 Nothing for anyone. We're all
 leaving.

Judah watches them go.

INT. INTERNET CAFE, LONDON -- LATER

MEN'S ROOM

Judah is standing in a stall with his back to the door. The sound of his urinating is heard as someone approaches. We do not see who it is.

Judah puts his dodger back in his pants -- WHAM -- his feet are YANKED away from him -- BOOM -- as he hits the tile floor. He is dragged along, lifted up, then -- SLAMMED -- against the wall.

A hand yanks Judah's phone from his pocket.

REVEAL Charlotte with a knife to his neck.

CHARLOTTE
 Know what I am? An MSISDN match.

Charlotte's grip tightens, Judah COUGHS and SPLUTTERS. He gesticulates wildly trying to catch his breath.

CHARLOTTE
 You were filming us. Filming me?
 Tell me why! Planning to post it on
 some fetish cell phone site.

She look impressively disgusted by the prospect.

CHARLOTTE
 Tell me what you saw. What you heard!

JUDAH
 (fumbling)
 I, uh... I'd never -- you know, try
 to expose you...

She tightens her grip around his neck. A heated pause before --

CHARLOTTE
 You're saying *all* the wrong things
 man.

JUDAH
 I'm not gonna talk about what I heard,
 if I heard anything - which I didn't.

(CONTINUED)

Charlotte releases her grip, allows some steam to subside.
A ruffled Judah opens up.

JUDAH
I didn't hear anything.

CHARLOTTE
You know, one guy you saw almost
died in Afghanistan. Grenade shrapnel
pierced his body.

CLOSE ON -- Flick knife opening, inches from Judah's nuts.

CHARLOTTE
Lost his right testicle. But he's
got more balls than some sick
perverted fuck who films people for
fun.

Charlotte pulls her knife away, examines Judah's phone before
WEDGING IT in his mouth.

CHARLOTTE
Take this as your last warning.
Next time I'll fuck you up.

JUDAH
But I can explain.

CHARLOTTE
Don't explain anything.

As Charlotte backs away she realizes Judah's pants are
unzipped.

CHARLOTTE
Wanna put it away?

Judah zips up; a smirk from Charlotte as she takes in this
pathetic looking man with a cell phone stuck in his mouth.
She slips out of the men's room.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERNET CAFE, LONDON -- DAY

Judah sits in the empty cafe at the --

ALTAR / COFFEE STAND

-- sipping coffee on the minimalist steel countertop. Tucker
enters, saunters over, looks up at the old church building.
Leans on the sculpture of Jesus dragging the cross.

(CONTINUED)

TUCKER

Where art thou holy cross? Gone.
Erased. Technology marches over
you, replaced by the warm embrace of
our times.

JUDAH

This was a place of worship. You
should respect that.

TUCKER

Destroying old forms of society is
evolutionary. Nothing more. This
place is a relic. The masses today
push buttons, not religious ideals.

JUDAH

Look. I know why you came here man.
I haven't found Charlotte.

TUCKER

Relax. I'm here for incentive.
Check your MPAY account.

Judah check his phone.

JUDAH

Three thousand?

TUCKER

You work for me, you get paid. Find
Charlotte and I'll give you more. A
lot more.

Tucker gets up to leave, puts his hand on Judah's shoulder.

JUDAH

But be careful. She's dangerous.
(taps his nose)
Be very careful.

CUT TO:

INT. JUDAH'S APARTMENT, LONDON -- MORNING

Judah enters WHISTLING with arms full of groceries as his
legs are taken from under him. He hits the floor hard.
Groceries fly everywhere. Eggs, bread, ketchup etc...
Charlotte lands on top of him, pins him down.

CHARLOTTE

Motherfucker!

Charlotte pulls Judah's phone out of his pocket, examines
the menu while her knee wedges Judah's neck.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLOTTE

What a coincidence. Three thousand
in your cell phone account.

(beat)

And look at all these messages from
Tucker.

She raises a fist high above her head.

JUDAH

(spitting out words
rapidly)

I never told him. Tucker could
have dragged you away if I wanted
him to.

(beat)

C'mon!

Charlotte stands, sees Judah for who he is. Pitches Judah's
phone back at him.

CHARLOTTE

Fuck! I don't know who to trust.

JUDAH

You have to trust someone.

(beat)

Look, let me make some breakfast.

CHARLOTTE

You sure you can even cook?

JUDAH

Certain is my middle name.

A beat before a weak smile from Charlotte. She eyes him,
leans in close, then says softly --

CHARLOTTE

(alluring)

I do like a confident man...

She presses her slim body next to him. They lock eyes. A
beat before --

JUDAH

Are we becoming friends here?

CHARLOTTE

Oh, I think we can do better than
that.

(CONTINUED)

JUDAH
 (accepting this new
 status)
 Well, I... Maybe we should get to
 know each other. You know... better.

Charlotte eyes him, drops her eyes to the floor, seductively
 returns her gaze, then says bashfully.

CHARLOTTE
 Okay...

She kisses him, pulls Judah's hand into her top. She starts
 GROANING, pulls away from his grasp and removes her clothes.
 Her toned, bruised body awaits Judah's touch.

Judah undresses fast. They roll over in passionate embrace,
 squash food scattered across the ground -- abstract art on
 tile flooring.

CUT TO:

INT. JUDAH'S APARTMENT, LONDON -- LATER

Charlotte and Judah lie in bed. Judah's phone BEEPS, wakes
 him. Charlotte stirs, turns and hugs him.

CHARLOTTE
 When we first met, I didn't really
 like you that much --

JUDAH
 Yeah. The knife in my balls kinda
 gave that away.

Charlotte shrugs.

CHARLOTTE
 You'd be amazed at how many people
 work for Tucker. You were just smart
 enough to tell me the truth.

TUCKER
 (seizes the moment)
 So. You. Us...

CHARLOTTE
 This whole life-of-a-single-girl
 thing is pretty much over...
 (beat)
 If you want?

That was from left field -- after a pause he responds.

(CONTINUED)

JUDAH

You'd be amazed what falling for me
can do for you...

He looks at her, a man surveying treasure. He runs a finger across her cheek, kisses her lightly on the lips. He moves his hand voraciously over her body, then moves on top of her.

CHARLOTTE

(softly)
Violate me.

INT. JUDAH'S APARTMENT, LONDON -- MORNING

Sunlight streams into the room. The bed looks as if it was hit by a storm. Judah's eyes squint open. His hands search over the bed, but he find the sheets bare. He looks across to the other side of the bed.

Charlotte is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHTCLUB CURB -- NIGHT

Range Rover pulls up to a nightclub, parks illegally. The club DOORMAN, seeing it is Tucker, unhooks the velvet rope and welcomes him inside along with Plugger and Judah.

INT. NIGHTCLUB -- LATER

Crowded and chaotic. Packet to the gills. Women and men gyrate on the dance floor to UPBEAT TECHNO MUSIC. Tucker, Plugger and Judah enter.

They pass a woman who sings pinned against a wall. Another performer throws sharp blades at her; deadly darts miss by inches, land in the soft wall behind.

TUCKER

Beats karaoke.

Tucker pulls Plugger to his side, surveys the partying crowd. SEVERAL SEXY, YOUNG WOMEN saunter past, wearing tiny shorts, tight dresses and killer smiles; several GUYS close by survey the girls Pavlovian-style...

TUCKER

Horny prowlers dancing the night
away, ready to fuck anything animal,
mineral or vegetable.

(to Plugger)
Send out the message.

(CONTINUED)

Tucker leads Judah toward the dance floor. He points out a GUY MAKING OUT WITH A WOMAN.

CLOSE ON -- MAKE OUT COUPLE

The guy lifts her skirt. She MOANS in pleasure. He pulls out a cell phone. Its light comes on as he record the session.

BACK TO SCENE

TUCKER

Contraband needs a lot of footage but we also need to keep the quality high.

Satisfied with his digital catch the guy shoves the girl against the wall and walks away. She mouths "fucking asshole" and walks away.

JUDAH

Why don't you keep your crazy war footage on Contraband 24/7?

TUCKER

Fresh content's more marketable to a mass audience. Sex and violence being the main draw.

(beat)

But we needed to offer incentives. Once a technological innovation like Contraband is made, people become dependent on it. They need variety and change to stay interested.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB -- MOMENTS LATER

Crowded street. Judah follows Tucker, who has his arm around Plugger.

TUCKER

(to Judah)

Remember those T-Shirts? Frankie Says Relax. M-M-Max Headroom. Don't Worry, Be Happy. Bring Me To Your Dealer. Porn Star. You're Ugly?

JUDAH

So?

TUCKER

Only durable slang exists. When the newness wears off, we move on.

(beat)

Same with Contraband.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TUCKER (CONT'D)

It needs to be hip, needs to be relevant to stay in vogue. And it'll only stay that way if people keep putting up new content.

(beat)

Check for the footage Plug.

CLOSE ON -- PLUGGER'S SCREEN

CONTRABAND LOGO COMES UP. "UPSKIRTED AND UNAWARE!"

PLUGGER (O.S.)

Strong clip. High quality. This could hit the top five.

BACK TO SCENE

TUCKER

See? History in the making. You know where to go, you find what you want.

(beat)

Why don't we thank the patriotic filmmaker.

Tucker dials on his phone.

TUCKER

Congratulations. You're on Contraband.

(beat)

How did I get your number? Just come outside and collect your earnings.

Plugger heads for the entrance to the club, leads Make Out Dude over to Tucker; he holds out a wad of cash.

TUCKER

Here's your cash.

MAKE OUT DUDE

Amazing!

TUCKER

Wanna triple it?

MAKE OUT DUDE

Damn straight. I can go upskirt more chicks man.

(CONTINUED)

TUCKER

(to Judah)

Offer enough cash and strong content arrives. Plus users shoot better shit if you offer a reward. Human nature. Let me demonstrate.

(to Make Out Dude)

I had something a little more radical in mind.

(puffs up chest)

Drop me and I'll drop five grand in you MPAY account.

Make Out Dude edges in toward Tucker.

MAKE OUT DUDE

If that's the way you want it. I should apologize now 'cause I'll feel moderately bad when I kick the shit outa you. Offer accepted.

JUDAH

What are you doing man?

TUCKER

Merely demonstrating man's impulses. A society functioning with no aggression? Strapped down to rules and regulations? Not on my watch.

(to Make Out Dude)

By the way, there's one rule. One weapon, and I get it.

Tucker picks up STEEL PIPING from the curbside.

TUCKER

(with glee)

Look what I found.

MAKE OUT DUDE

Take your money back man.

TUCKER

You accepted the offer. Verbal contracts are binding. You must execute in the agreed terms.

Make Out Dude, visibly shaken, reaches in his pocket and pulls out Tucker's cash.

MAKE OUT DUDE

Take it!!

Plugger pins the guy against the wall, puts him in a choke hold. Tucker instructs an inch from his face.

(CONTINUED)

TUCKER

Here's what's gonna happen. I'm gonna bounce that steel pipe over your head a few times and, sure, it's gonna hurt. You may even feel stupid for a few weeks. Then new brain cells will re-generate.

(leans in close, cash in hand)

Plus you get to keep the cash.

MAKE OUT DUDE

(pleading)

NO! NO!

TUCKER

Come on. You can take it.

Make Out Dude falls to his knees, wincing in a defensive position. Plugger records the event on his phone.

Tucker's face grimaces; he winds up and swings the steel piping down on the guy. It lands on his shoulder, instantly SHATTERING his collar bone.

A panicked Judah stands frozen by Plugger's side. Judah, mortified...

JUDAH

This isn't really happening.

A FEW PEOPLE have gathered to watch. A CITY BUS comes to a stop in front of the melee.

CLOSE ON -- BUS PASSENGERS

Some PASSENGERS watch entranced. SEVERAL unconsciously raise CELL PHONES; sit content in bus crammed with FIDGETY, UNEASY, IRRITABLE TRAVELERS.

BACK TO SCENE

TUCKER

An audience.

Judah watches. Bus Travelers watch.

Tucker's head snaps across toward Judah; brooding eyes bear down on him as he quivers with fear.

TUCKER

Do you *feel* it? The watchmen approve. We're inducing them, showing them how to think and behave.

(CONTINUED)

Another WHACK with the bat. Judah flies Plugger an unmistakable look of alarmed concern. Plugger records with no apparent emotion. Judah tries to stay calm.

TUCKER

They are not flattered, just confronted with our state. A little bit of sugar helps the medicine go down.

(furious)

This is salvation. The real solution. It's time for the raw nerve of man!

Make Out Dude lays whimpering on the ground. Tucker breathes heavier, drools saliva as he hits his victim again. And again. And again --

MAKE OUT DUDE

(pleading again, barely audible)

Please... You can have anything --

Plugger pulls Tucker back; sweating, perplexed but still swings wildly.

PLUGGER

Enough!

TUCKER

(to Make Out Dude)

Sure. Beg. But now you're part of the fun. You make the action, you become the action.

The bus pulls away as an AMBULANCE SIREN WAILS in the distance. Tucker composes himself, makes his way back to the SUV.

TUCKER

(to the victim)

Beautiful. Nice job. Been a pleasure.

Plugger pulls Judah along. They jump in after Tucker, speed away.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWER -- NIGHT

Judah is traumatized, his eyes hollow. He scrubs at his skin, his scalp, his face: tries to wash away the brutal experience.

(CONTINUED)

JARVIS (V.O.)

As the crowds increase, Jesus said,
"This is a wicked generation. It
asks for a miraculous sign." Luke
11:29...

He stand in the steam of the shower regaining composure.

BEDROOM -- LATER

Judah sits on his bed. Catches his breath with mind racing.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERNET CAFE, LONDON -- DAY

Empty. Judah at the espresso machine. Steams milk, makes himself a cappuccino. He sits down at the coffee bar, ruminating sadly as he drinks. Checks his phone.

CLOSE ON -- JUDAH'S SCREEN

A SKULL AND CROSSBONES flashes -- fades, reveals a naked man who hangs dead from a door handle, pants around his knees, choked by his own belt.

VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE DEAD ROCKER RE-ENACTMENT

TEXT 8011 - HUTCHENS CHOKES NECK INXS WHILE CHOKIN' CHICKEN

TEXT 8012 - NOTORIOUS GANGLAND BLASTING

TEXT 8013 - STEVIE RAY'S CRAZY COPTER CRASH

TEXT 8014 - HAM N' CHEESE CHOKES BIG MAMA

TEXT 8015 - YOUNG AC/DC LEAD'S CHILLY WINTER SLUMBER

PLUGGER (O.S.)

Probably better those martyrs kicked
off so young...

BACK TO SCENE:

Plugger stands behind Judah, studies Judah's phone screen.

PLUGGER

Freak out at today's Disney chicks,
growing up attention-starved once
their cute TV show dies. making home
made porn for fifteen more seconds
of fame in night cam mode.

(beat)

You see Charlotte?

(CONTINUED)

JUDAH

Yeah.

PLUGGER

Tucker says you've been blowin' him off.

JUDAH

Needed time to myself.

(beat)

He just placed three grand in my MPAY account.

PLUGGER

He always throws money at people he needs. Keeps 'em interested, keeps 'em close. Know what I mean?

Plugger takes Judah's coffee, chugs its contents. Lets out a BELCH.

PLUGGER

(confidentially)

Did the same for me when I started his self generated adult content.

JUDAH

(blandly)

How refreshing.

PLUGGER

People wanna be famous, wanna fuck like porn stars. Operate with sex superpowers...

(puffs up his chest)

Irresistible seducers, power brokers, objects of desire.

JUDAH

Makes sense.

PLUGGER

Not really 'cause sex don't make money like violence does.

JUDAH

(pondering)

Must be tons of amateur footage though...

PLUGGER

Out of focus, bad camera moves, crap sound. Amateur content stinks. I'm the sucker cleaning it up.

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON -- PLUGGER'S PHONE SCREEN

A fuzzy image of a naked woman dancing like a slinky snake, out of focus with poor lighting. LIVE flashes across the screen.

JUDAH

Streaming live... no censorship policy?

PLUGGER

Feigning ignorance means avoiding legislation. Tucker knows exactly what he's doing.

Plugger leans in with a smile, appears less intimidating.

PLUGGER

We're also mining cell phone info. You know, getting user behavior and identifying sex shops close to their location. Create a real time bidding war between 'em to nab the customer. Highest bidder gets to text the customer directly.

JUDAH

(stridently)
May as well shove a tracking chip up your ass.

PLUGGER

(with the hint of a smile)
Everyone's on the grid. Except Tucker. Takes pride in keeping aloof. You saw how he freaks when he's filmed. Paranoid videos of him will surface.

JUDAH

Why?

PLUGGER

He's a sonic phenomenon. He's kinda famous 'cause of Contaband, but no one knows who he is.

JUDAH

But the first thing a camera points at is fame.

PLUGGER

Maybe. But he doesn't want anyone on his precious acre of celebrity.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PLUGGER (CONT'D)
Especially citizen journalists like
you.

JUDAH
Citizen what?

PLUGGER
Spy types who try and nab real time
events before news agencies, then
sell or show them around.

JUDAH
(thinking)
I guess that is my trade since
university...

FLASHBACK TO:

PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE, COLLEGE CAMPUS

A younger Judah showing the PRINCIPAL his footage.

PRINCIPAL
You say you caught this sick perverted
boy doing this last night?

CLOSE ON -- JUDAH'S CELL PHONE

Aforementioned SICK PERVERT holds up his TINY CAMCORDER and
films two women kissing in a DARK DORM ROOM. But as hard as
we scrutinize this guy, we can't help but watch two female
tongues that dart in the moonlight.

PRINCIPAL (O.S.)
Very impressive Judah.

BACK TO SCENE:

Judah in reminisce mode:

JUDAH
University's damn corrupt. You cough
up five figures to write boring essays
about cynical philosophers no one's
ever heard of.

PLUGGER
(murmurs)
Least you learned that.

JUDAH
You learn it orientation week when
they brainwash you into worshipping
their brand.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUDAH (CONT'D)

Then booze parties, deprivation of sleep, a diet of pizza and beer. Then you're shipped off by the career center with a smile and a mountain of debt...

Interrupted by RAPID BEEPS from Plugger's phone.

PLUGGER

Contraband's down.

JUDAH

Charlotte?

PLUGGER

(indicates with a nod)

Yeah.

JUDAH

You knew her back in Afghanistan, right?

PLUGGER

Not as well as Tucker. But I worked assignments with her.

INSERT -- TAFTAN TOWN STREET, AFGHANISTAN

Charlotte films Plugger escorting TWO CAPTURED AFGHANIS into a building.

PLUGGER (V.O.)

She was special forces, the eyes of the operation, supporting soldiers in the field. She painted a prettier picture of war.

Charlotte takes a zoom lens off the front of the camera, replaces it with a wide angle. Tucker ambles over to Charlotte.

TUCKER

You get the new gear? Tank surveillance systems, hi def rifle cam scopes, helmet cameras?

CHARLOTTE

Yeah. Thanks, it'll help us increase surveillance footage.

Tucker pats Charlotte on the back, walks away. Charlotte watches him go. He looks back over his shoulder. They smile at each other, a connection made.

(CONTINUED)

PLUGGER (V.O.)

After footage of naked, hooded captives sitting in their own shit surfaced, the government needed to up its stock.

TAFTAN TOWN STREET -- LATER

Charlotte films Tucker with a HOODED MAN, his hands tied behind his back. Tucker points a gun at his head and pulls the trigger -- CLICK -- the barrel is empty.

PLUGGER (V.O.)

Charlotte collected fairy footage to detach the military from a bad profile.

Charlotte looks at the camera monitor, replays the clip. Presses an ERASE button to destroy footage of Tucker pointing a gun at the captive's head.

TAFTAN TOWN STREET -- LATER

Tucker and Charlotte pin down TWO MORE CAPTIVES against a tank that reads: "17TH BRIGADE COMBAT TEAM, 5TH MOUNTAIN DIV."

They smile at each other, hold a long look underneath an AMERICAN FLAG that flaps in the wind.

PLUGGER (V.O.)

Right before Charlotte's tour ended she joined Tucker's combat team. They were just friends at first, cynical jokes and shit; but then it became something more.

KABUL PROVENCE -- TWILIGHT

Charlotte straddles Tucker on the trunk of a jeep. GRUNTS of PLEASURE on a 4x4 drenched in sweat. Glimpses of BREAST, ASS, THRUSTING...

PLUGGER (V.O.)

Then it all came to blows on Charlotte's final night.

Charlotte and Tucker chase the VW DRIVER we saw at the beginning of the film.

PLUGGER (V.O.)

They were in a hot neighborhood.

(CONTINUED)

VW DRIVER

-- takes a tight turn, ducks into a building through a wooden doorway.

PLUGGER (V.O.)
Really fucking hot.

He peers out from the door, pulls out a gun. Fires shots into the air.

BACK TO CHARLOTTE

Charlotte instinctively ducks at the gunshots.

CHARLOTTE
Tucker! Shit. Where the fuck am I?

Charlotte heads toward the gunshots, freaked with weapon raised. Up ahead light emanates from an open door.

The attractive but somewhat terrified AFGHAN WOMAN, 50s, walks out and smiles.

Charlotte smiles, then THUMP as the end of a rifle slams her over the head. Out from the shadows steps the VW driver.

She is VIOLENTLY YANKED inside. The wooden door SLAMS SHUT and MUFFLED SOUNDS emanate from the doorway.

PLUGGER (V.O.)
I'm not sure what they did to her.
(beat)
but I know they made her film the festivities.

We see THROUGH A CRACK IN THE DOORWAY. SEVERAL MEN rip off Charlotte's clothes. One searches her pockets, SPEAKS LOUDLY IN PASHTO (with no translation). LAUGHTER erupts, waking Charlotte.

The men hold down Charlotte, cover her mouth -- MUFFLED SCREAMS and kicking legs from Charlotte. One forces the phone into Charlotte's hand -- forces her to film the proceedings.

A light on the phone comes on -- TWO MEN begins unfastening their pants --

BACK TO PLUGGER AND JUDAH

A long beat.

JUDAH
Where's the footage?

(CONTINUED)

PLUGGER

Tucker got his hands on it.

INSERT -- TAFTAN HOUSE, AFGHANISTAN

We are LOOKING UP at Tucker who PUNCHES us in the face.
FIST connects with JAW...

TUCKER

Give me the --

Tucker stands KICKING HARD; blood SPLATTERS over the screen.

TUCKER

-- fucken...

More KICKS.

TUCKER

-- PHONE!

A shaking, bloody hand holds up Charlotte's CELL phone.

Tucker YANKS it away. Pulls out a BARETTA. Points it at us.

TUCKER

(snarls)
Why thank you.

BLACK SCREEN

The sound of THREE BULLETS.

BACK TO SCENE

Plugger leans in...

PLUGGER

This video is as racy, as demented,
as sick as it gets. Once Tucker
plays it word will get around. More
people will download it. More than
anything else we've seen. It's what
Tucker wants. He owns it. And when
it makes the top spot he'll make a
lot of money.

Judah registers the information...

JUDAH

Jesus. No wonder she's on a mission.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET -- DAY

A PEDESTRIAN stops to examine a message on his PDA. An upbeat message advertising Contraband plays.

CLOSE ON -- PDA SCREEN

FLASHES OF VIOLENCE and SEX censored with MOSAIC BLOCKS.

VOICE

Attention all law abiding citizens!
Not a member of Contraband yet?
Look at it this way; do you want
your civil rights stamped on by
government? Then vote for free
speech! Come join the growing
statistic and show America the way!
Don't be an oppressor, be a successor!

CUT TO:

INT. *ZEITGEIST* VIDEO ART GALLERY, LONDON -- DAY

A shockingly white art space plastered with video screens of various sizes. Monitors display footage of mother earth, pristine and beautiful. Tree-hugger-types take in the exhibition. Judah enters. Charlotte greets him.

JUDAH

Jarvis?

CHARLOTTE

Patience. Come with me. He's
preparing for a huge rally tomorrow.

They head to the back of the room. Charlotte enters a number on a security device attached to the wall. A door opens.

CHARLOTTE

This way.

They descend down stairs to the basement. A BURLY MAN dressed in black nods toward Charlotte, opens a door to --

INT. ANTI VIOLENCE UNITED FRONT HEADQUARTERS -- CONTINUOUS

The inner sanctum of the Anti Violence United Front. It's spacious, devoid of clutter. Not grand at all. Sparse furniture houses a DOZEN PEOPLE who mill about; typing at computers, speaking on phones, printing documents.

Jarvis sits before a plasma screen, typing at a workstation, shuffling computer windows. Charlotte approaches with Judah. Jarvis looks up, stands to greet her.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLOTTE

This is Judah. He's been following you for some time.

Jarvis returns to his computer.

JUDAH

(interrupting)
-- since you left Afghanistan. It's really a pleasure to meet you.

Jarvis motions for Judah to come over.

CHARLOTTE

Jarvis and the Anti Violence United Front have tried different methods to bring Contraband down, but none have succeeded.

(beat)
Yet...

JARVIS

We just found a way to pump gigabytes of anti violence content on Contraband to warn users of its deadly effects.

(beat)
But it's not working.
(impatient but friendly)
This is a nation unaware of their reliance on technology. Contraband's content alters the way people think, the way they react, polluting them with sick, demented images and ideas. But our government won't listen. So we have to take matters into our own hands...

CHARLOTTE

I gotta get some air. This talk makes the room stink.

And Charlotte abruptly exits.

JARVIS

She's carrying a heavy burden. The abduction in Afghanistan tore her apart. And Tucker can upload it at any moment. It's sure to be the top rated video on Contraband.

Jarvis returns to his computer, presses some keys.

CLOSE ON -- CONTRABAND'S INTERFACE ON PLASMA SCREEN

1) YOUNG GIRLS FIND DEAD BABIES IN BASEMENT FREEZER 1439K

(CONTINUED)

2) CHARLOTTE'S AFGHAN CAPTURE 566K**3) SHARK BITES HAND THAT FEEDS HIM 489K**

BACK TO SCENE:

Jarvis shakes his head...

JARVIS

Her video's up.

(slow, cold contempt)

This is getting out of hand...

Jarvis stares at the screen, filled with his own impotent rage. He pulls out papers from a drawer, waves them toward Judah.

JARVIS

This petition will be personally delivering to government representatives tomorrow. We're calling to close down Contraband forever.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTH LONDON RALLY -- DAY

Big Rally. Huge crowd. Peace flags. Protestors. Hippies. Conservative moms. Wannabe reformists. Jarvis, in the middle of an impassioned speech...

JARVIS

Special force mercenaries selling videos of inhuman crimes! Content of tribal warfare and innocent civilians murdered in cold blood!

(passionately)

Servants of hostility capturing abusive and violent footage that now populates the biggest cell phone video channel we've ever seen.

Charlotte stands stage left. Black sunglasses, black clothing. Eyes the crowd for trouble.

JARVIS

Viewers are submitting their own user-generated videos, chasing after promises of profit shares. But our government has done nothing to prevent, or even discourage, this perverted theology. People consuming, emulating and recording violent content. I say the cost is too great!

(CONTINUED)

WILD APPLAUSE.

JARVIS

Are we slipping as a culture into decline? Is there an answer to this irresistible power? These aren't kids blackmailing teachers for better grades, it's scalping, stabbings, murder and suicide. All for bragging rights on a cell phone channel.

(beat)

I come to you today to tell you that there is an answer to this anarchy!

Jarvis stands at the edge of the stage and holds up PAGES OF PAPER.

JARVIS

This new petition demands local representatives to ban Contraband from poisoning our homes, our lives, our children. We will carry this bill to the house of representatives now. There is no time to lose.

He backs away from the crowd -- then runs, swan dives into the people.

JARVIS

(in mid flight)

Let the march begin!

The crowd carry him above their heads.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTH LONDON TOWN HALL -- LATER

The demonstration has lost control. Steel barriers, fire engines and ambulances frame police attempting to quell the storm. Jarvis attempts to reason with the crowd through a megaphone.

JARVIS

Everyone back away! Please, I beg of you, push back!

Charlotte yanks Jarvis away from the maelstrom.

CHARLOTTE

Let it go.

JARVIS

(dumbfounded)

The politicians are in the limo... !
The petition! I... I don't ...

(CONTINUED)

The black limo idles on its side like a beached whale, engulfed by tear gas. Charlotte pulls Jarvis down, disappears into the crowd.

CHARLOTTE

It's over. There's nothing we can do.

Tucker's Range Rover slides past, pulls over. Tucker exits with a baseball bat, swings it with abandon, celebratory in his surroundings. Pluggger studies his phone.

PLUGGER

He's close. I have a reading.

TUCKER

(with cold contempt)
Come out, come out wherever you are.

Tucker spots two guys take out a HIPPIE IN TIE DYED CLOTHING. They leave the man coughing up blood. Tucker walks over, squats down.

TUCKER

Give you fulfillment demonstrating for a lost cause?

Tucker maintains a cool, removed dignity; he stands for a moment deep in thought.

TUCKER

Only a few people make important decision in our world fella. Way I see it, Contraband's those carcinogens in the food, pollution in the air.

Tucker looks down, lost in his own musings...

TUCKER

(feverishly)
What, not gonna eat, not gonna breathe? No genetically engineered, pesticide saturated snacks? No tasty morsels of raw violence for dessert?

PLUGGER (O.S.)

He's a few minutes away.

Tucker's air of amusement turns to focused rage. He lowers his voice.

TUCKER

Then what are we waiting for?

EXT. NORTH LONDON, ALLEYWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Charlotte and Jarvis dodge into an alleyway. No sooner have they arrived when Judah runs in.

JUDAH
Tucker's here! He's closing in on
you guys.

Charlotte runs up the alley, looking for an exit.

CHARLOTTE
Dead end.

Over Judah's shoulder yet more fighting breaks out. Flags and banners are on fire. Judah, mesmerized...

JUDAH
(matter-of-fact)
Maybe Tucker really is handing people
what they want.

CHARLOTTE
The public? What do they know.
They eat what they're fed.

The trio attempt to exit from the vehicle. Charlotte and Jarvis look at each other in surprise, try to keep calm...

TUCKER
Fantastic job Judah. Lead us right
to 'em!

Tucker pitches a bunch of bills at Judah.

TUCKER
Here's your pay billboy.

Charlotte, startled...

CHARLOTTE
You piece of shit! You're the one
helping Tucker?

JUDAH
(awkwardly)
No... wait. I didn't --

CHARLOTTE
You're helping this sick, demented
shit?

JUDAH
What are you saying? Listen to
yourself!

(CONTINUED)

Charlotte's voice drops to a whisper, tears growing in her eyes.

CHARLOTTE
Just wanted to hit it and dump it?
That's all I am to you?

JUDAH
Stop it!! There's no need to talk
to me that way... !

TUCKER
Some therapy would make a cute couple
outa you two.

CHARLOTTE
Go fuck yourself.

Tucker motions to the crazed crowd.

TUCKER
I think you're already fucked.

Tucker approaches, throws a furious look toward Charlotte.

TUCKER
How could you stop Contraband
delivering society its true intention?
(stares at Jarvis)
Why lick the ass of this new age
hippie? Not gonna happen. Not on
my watch.

Tucker pulls out his phone, presses it against Charlotte's neck and TASERS her. She falls to the ground, body jerking. Jarvis takes a step back; looks about the alley, unsure what to do.

TUCKER
Plug, take her away.

Plugger pulls her into the truck.

TUCKER
(to Jarvis)
Time to punish her live, keep viewers
glued her Afghan clip. Time to make
a shit load of money. Time, my
friend, to say goodbye, to erase you
from the equation.

JUDAH
(desperately)
C'mon man. Let him go.

Jarvis stands defiant, chin raised with determined voice.

(CONTINUED)

JARVIS
I can take care of myself.

TUCKER
Such a caring, thoughtful man...

JARVIS
Something your ilk will never understand.

TUCKER
Insinuating something pilgrim?

JARVIS
You're the rot of society. You won't survive. Love will save us.

INSTANT UPROAR from Tucker.

TUCKER
(laughing)
Can you believe this shit? I mean, c'mon!

Jarvis steps in, imperturbable.

JARVIS
Love is not proud, rude or self seeking! It is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs.
(beat)
So love will forgive mankind for the plague you have unleashed.

TUCKER
Go ahead. Flippantly quote scriptures to support your cause priest. That's for your flock. Swearing to god is kid's stuff.
(beat)
I have my own cause.

JARVIS
But you need technology to deliver your message. You're a pawn in the game, a dry cynic.

Tucker steps forward.

TUCKER
I will deliver mankind back to its raw state, whatever the cost...

Rage grows in Tucker's eyes. He pulls out his phone and approaches Judah as -- HEAVY FOOTSTEPS echo around -- PROTESTORS PILE INTO THE ALLEYWAY...

(CONTINUED)

Judah spots VERY CAPABLE POLICE ON HORSEBACK swarming toward them... Everyone scrambles for cover. Charlotte ducks and rolls, runs, arms pumped, makes it out of the alley...

Tucker spots POLICE DOGS running toward him, GROWLING and BARKING -- he sprints toward the Range Rover...

Judah also runs, looks back... horses closing... A GERMAN SHEPHERD bites and RIPS Judah's pants. He KICKS the dog away as he scampers up a fence...

JUDAH

... fuck...

CHAOS. Horses run over us -- then SILENCE.

FADE TO BLACK

HEAVY BREATHING... KICKING... POUNDING...

INT. ALLEYWAY DUMPSTER -- NIGHT

Judah POUNDS HIS WAY OUT OF A DUMPSTER; stands, covered in lettuce and wet garbage. He looks around wildly. The alley is empty.

JUDAH

(dazed)

What the fu... shit, where's my phone?

A lone man watches. The beaten up TIE DYED DUDE who ambles over. Judah looks through dirty garbage, retrieves his cell; climbs free, falls to the floor with weak legs.

TIE DYED DUDE

Dude. You okay?

JUDAH

Where did -- Jarvis?

TIE DYED DUDE

He went back to his hideout man.

Judah exits. Tie Dyed Dude, not quite recovered from his beating, waves enthusiastically as Judah leaves.

TIE DYED DUDE

Nice to meet you man.

INT. ZEITGEIST VIDEO ART GALLERY -- NIGHT

Dark. Judah enters the gallery. Empty. The art installation is gone. The door to the basement is wide open. He peers down.

(CONTINUED)

BASEMENT

Judah comes into the doorway; wary, spots Jarvis typing at a computer. Judah, relieved...

JUDAH

(pleading)

They -- what are we gonna do? We have to find Charlotte...

Jarvis continues to fiddle with the computer, no eye contact. Judah grips Jarvis' arm, spins him around.

JUDAH

What are you doing man?

JARVIS

We've tried every sabotage scheme, but the answer's been staring us directly in the face... keep Contraband running forever.

JUDAH

Are you crazy?

JARVIS

It's the only way to shut this operation down.

(intensely)

Top ranked users usually change about four or five times a day.

Jarvis opens a program on his computer. Contraband's content control platform POPS UP up on the plasma screen. Judah moves in closer, interest piqued...

JARVIS

We've have a new application that remotely control selected devices, switches Contraband control away from Tucker. All access, content management, marketing and billing rights go directly to the top ranked user.

JUDAH

(sternly)

You're handing over control of Contraband to renegade users?

JARVIS

Yes -- and no. It takes a top code analyst to figure out the interface. The billing system's far too complex.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JARVIS (CONT'D)

It'll takes weeks to reconfigure --
and no one's on top long enough to
do it.

JUDAH

(to himself)

This could work.

JARVIS

A constantly rotating top ranked
user that owns Contraband should
kill off its popularity. People
will stop submitting content. When
there's nothing new to watch
Contraband's popularity will wane.

JUDAH

But what's to stop Tucker from re-
coding the service?

JARVIS

He can't program anything. Plugger
develops Contraband's applications
and systems.

JUDAH

(slowly)

Plugger sent you the alpha level
code.

JARVIS

He's the only one with the knowledge
to design this.

JUDAH

How does Tucker feel about that?

JARVIS

(grins triumphantly)

By the time he finds out it'll be
too late. And nothing's gonna be
more satisfying than watching the
same market forces exploited by Tucker
work directly against him to shut
Contraband down forever.

(to himself)

But we need the beta code to set
this into motion? Plugger should
have delivered it hours ago.

JUDAH

What about Charlotte? She's in
Tucker's hands. God knows what he'll
do.

(CONTINUED)

Jarvis turns, focuses his energy on Judah.

JARVIS
 (sharply)
 Destroying Contraband overrides
 rescuing her.

INSERT -- BIG SCREEN

A face in silhouette appears on the big screen.

TUCKER
 Hey. Jarvis and -- is that Judah...?
 Tsk, tsk. Time to pick sides there
 manservant.

View opens, shows Tucker in the Range Rover, shaky image transmitted via cell phone. Charlotte is slumped over, unconscious.

TUCKER
 Thought I'd wire in a personal
 message.

JUDAH (O.S.)
 Can he see us here?

JARVIS (O.S.)
 Must have a tracking device on us.

Tucker pokes at Charlotte.

TUCKER
 Charlotte's a bit under the weather.
 She held out for a long time, kept
 talking about some upscale art
 gallery.
 (beat)
 Could this be your hideaway?

A message flashes on the screen.

WE READ:

50K FOR JARVIS STEVEN'S BODY IN ZEITGEIST ART GALLERY

TUCKER
 Nice payday for the one pulling your
 corpse in the wreckage.
 (beat)
 After the explosion.

BACK TO JARVIS AND JUDAH

They exchange concerned looks, peer around, confused...
 scramble for cover as --

EXT. ZEITGEIST VIDEO ART GALLERY -- CONTINUOUS

-- a HUGE EXPLOSION blows up the gallery. Wood, metal and plastic rain down from the heavens. A CHARRED WOMAN and SMOKING MAN run out from the building.

Tucker's Range Rover screeches to a halt; MORE PEOPLE exit with cuts, bruises and blood.

INT. RANGE ROVER -- CONTINUOUS

An unconscious Charlotte lays in the back.

PLUGGER

What about her?

Tucker handcuffs Charlotte to the door of the vehicle, grabs MILITARY GAS MASKS from under his seat.

Plugger pauses, pulls out a memory chip and inserts it into his phone. It lights up.

PLUGGER

(to himself)

A little something to deliver to Jarvis. He'd better be alive.

CLOSE ON -- PLUGGER'S PHONE

FILE CONTRABAND - TOP USER TRANSFER PROGRAM - BETA 3.1A

Jarvis and Plugger exit the vehicle. They walk past smoking, charred debris. Feet crunch GLASS.

TUCKER

Send footage if you find him. Go!

Tucker disappear through thick smoke. We follow Plugger as he descends rickety stairs to the basement. He disappears from view...

PLUGGER (O.S.)

Jarvis? You here? Hey! What the -- no, stop... NO!!

Jarvis appears, a huge gash on his forehead. Jarvis edges through the smoke -- trips over Plugger who lies on the floor. BLOOD PUMPS OUT FROM A DEEP STAB WOUND in his chest.

JARVIS

Jesus! I have to call an ambulance --

Plugger makes a superhuman effort to talk, summons his last ounces of energy. Whispers with desperate intensity.

(CONTINUED)

PLUGGER
 (coughing)
 Take the beta... in my phone...

JARVIS
 Where is it?

Jarvis looks around. No sign of the phone. Plugger continues with greater determination.

PLUGGER
 Find the phone... don't trust him...

JARVIS
 Who? Trust who... ?

Plugger's breathing changes. Rapid, short.

PLUGGER
 The phone...

Judah is left to ponder his dying words...

EXT. ZEITGEIST GALLERY -- CONTINUOUS

Cars pull up, SKINHEAD GANG exit vehicles with a sundry of weapons; baseball bats, knives, guns. They HOWL at the front of the smoking building.

SKINHEAD #1 starts SCREAMING at the moon.

SKINHEAD #1
 LET'S GOOOOOOOO!

INT. ZEITGEIST GALLERY -- CONTINUOUS

Jarvis looks down at Plugger's dead body, no sign of the phone. Looks around frantically, notices shadows cast across him. He turns to witness TWO KIDS recording on cell phones.

CELL PHONE KID #1
 It's Jarvis!

CELL PHONE KID #2
 -- and a corpse!

Both focus their attention on Plugger as

SKINHEADS

bound into the room and spot Jarvis ...

(CONTINUED)

JARVIS

bolts off through another exit, zips out the building. Judah crawls out from under the debris... He sees Plugger... Spots Plugger's cell phone BEEPING in rubble...

Fire engulfs the building, FALLING DEBRIS as he retrieves the phone...

EXT. ZEITGEIST VIDEO ART GALLERY -- DAY

Jarvis sprints to his van, remotely unlocking the door, jumps in, fires the engine... Skinheads pound on the vehicle with baseball bats and weapons SMASHING the driver side window as he ROARS away.

Judah spots Jarvis speeding away... He runs alongside...

JUDAH
Plugger's phone!

Judah pitches the phone through the broken window. A salute from Jarvis as he speeds away.

EXT. ZEITGEIST VIDEO ART GALLERY -- DAY

Several fire trucks surround the gallery. The fire is now extinguished. A LOCAL NEWS CHANNEL set up in front of the building.

CLOSE ON -- A "BREAKING NEWS" logo.

STAINS (O.S.)
Are we on or what? Shit Jack, this is the best news in a fucking week! Just get the camera rolling.
(beat)
We're on?

Tracy Stains stands before the gallery, walks with camera crew into the building.

STAINS
Tracy Stains here at the Zeitgeist Video Art Gallery, the scene of an enormous explosion.

INT. ZEITGEIST VIDEO ART GALLERY -- SAME

We traverse across the wreckage, head down dilapidated stairs. Smoke emanates from the basement. Stains turns back toward the camera.

(CONTINUED)

STAINS

Recovery teams have discovered a body in this underground cavern, the same basement used by the anti-violence group headed by Jarvis Stevens.

BASEMENT

Stains and crew join FORENSICS and POLICE OFFICERS littering the basement.

STAINS

Forensics have uncovered the remains of a cell phone, similar to the bomb device used in the Madrid train disaster last month.

Stains approaches Plugger's body. It has a tarp thrown over it. A burned limb, charcoal black, protrudes from one side.

STAINS

We got a body!

An assistant hops over, pulls back the tarp. Stains on the verge of vomiting as police rush in.

CLOSE ON -- PLUGGER'S CHARRED BODY

POLICEMAN

This is a crime scene. You're not authorized to broadcast footage!

Police aggressively push Stains and her crew away.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMSTERDAM RED LIGHT DISTRICT -- NIGHT

Judah walks down a seedy street in the red light district. He stops outside a strip club, an old rustic building with neon lights. "XXX cell phone Emporium."

A previous PHONE CONVERSATION is heard in V/O...

CHARLOTTE WANNABE (V.O.)

This is Charlotte. Leave a message.

JUDAH (V.O.)

Charlotte, it's Judah. Look, I'm really concerned. No word from Tucker and nothing from you. Please, if you get this message, let me know you're okay. Okay?

The line is heard DISCONNECTING.

(CONTINUED)

Judah takes in the less-than-elegant facade of the cell phone Emporium, heads to the entrance.

JUDAH (V.O.)
 Nothing but one clue. A shit photo
 in the red light district here in
 Amsterdam.

CLOSE ON -- JUDAH SCREEN

The fuzzy image of a girl who could be Charlotte with the XXX neon moniker of the emporium flashing over her shoulder.

JUDAH (V.O.)
 Sure looks like her.

BACK TO SCENE

Judah looks up at the flashing sign.

JUDAH (V.O.)
 But why would Tucker dump her here?
 I have to check it. It's all I have.

INT. XXX CELL PHONE EMPORIUM -- MOMENTS LATER

Judah walks down a hall with numerous rooms. Inside each room are women performing live sexual acts, filming themselves with cell phones. The proprietor steps forward out of the darkness.

PROPRIETOR
 Not often we get personal requests.
 Real flesh and blood types like you.

JUDAH
 (nods to woman using
 phone)
 Gives new meaning to "personal
 device."

The proprietor GUFFAWS as they continue walking together past more rooms with more nude women frolicking in front of cell phones.

PROPRIETOR
 Rich college grads with cutting edge
 gadgets make this business tick.

Judah hands over his phone.

JUDAH
 I'd like to see this woman.

The proprietor squints, raises his eyebrows.

(CONTINUED)

PROPRIETOR

She's been a popular choice. The latest news. Latest intrigue.

(leans in)

Celebrity. It's a terminal condition isn't it.

(grins triumphantly)

After all, ninety percent of celebrity is all about fucking.

JUDAH

(dead pan)

Never really thought about it that way.

They approaches a door with a HUGE GUARD stationed outside. He wears an immaculately tailored pinstripe suit.

PROPRIETOR

Pay this man. He'll take care of you.

The Huge Guard guides Judah into --

EMPORIUM PORN ROOM

Quiet music in a sparse room with RED VELVET WALLS, a BLACK LEATHER COUCH and an ARMCHAIR.

HUGE GUARD

Hand me your wallet. No money, no girl.

Judah, in no mood to argue, obliges.

HUGE GUARD

You want the premium option.

JUDAH

(tentatively)

That a suggestion or a recommendation?

No reaction from the guard. After an awkward pause

HUGE GUARD

You want the premium option.

JUDAH

Okay. I'll take the premium option.

HUGE GUARD

(humorless)

Good choice.

The guard takes a bundle of notes from his wallet.

(CONTINUED)

GUARD

Don't forget the pain killers. She's been busy.

(beat)

Top shelf.

The guard points to a large closet in the corner of the room. He hands over a GOLD CARD and leaves.

CABINET

Judah slides the card through a sensor; -- PING -- as it opens to reveal knives, needles and medical devices. On the top shelf sit boxes of painkillers.

Judah grabs a box of pills and a menacing-looking medical device, shiny and metallic. He frowns, twists the gynaecological-looking gadget in his hands.

ANOTHER DOOR

previously hidden, opens in the rear of the room. The lights dim.

Judah reluctantly approaches. Through the door is another room. Inside a woman sits in a chair, her face cast in shadow. The XXX neon sign flashes through a dirty window.

Judah raises the shiny medical device as he enters.

JUDAH

(whispers)

This is insane.

CHARLOTTE DOUBLE (O.S.)

Don't you recognize me loverboy?
C'mon. You loved watching me being
tortured in Afghanistan.

JUDAH

Charlotte?

Judah edges in closer, tentative. In the flashing red neon we see it is not Charlotte... Judah relaxes, pissed.

JUDAH

You've got to be kidding.

She opens her legs.

CHARLOTTE DOUBLE

Not at all. I'm whoever you want me
to be. Just a scantily clad woman
hawking her product.

Judah sizes her up. A hint of recognition.

(CONTINUED)

JUDAH

Hold on. I've seen you before. You were engaged to that footballer famous for fake-snorting cocaine after scoring a goal.

INSERT -- FOOTBALLER

Who shoot a penalty, scores a goal. He sprints along the white-painted sideline, snorting the Devil's Dandruff to raucous applause.

BACK TO SCENE

The woman lights a cigarette, crosses her legs and gathers an air of pensive repose.

CHARLOTTE DOUBLE

Dated him while I hosted orgies in London.

JUDAH

(looks around room)
Seems you've reinvented yourself.

CHARLOTTE DOUBLE

Gotta utilize situations for your own good.

(beat)

I'm still helping families.

Judah considers this...

JUDAH

Families?

She point to a camera across the room.

CHARLOTTE DOUBLE

I'm the one keeping the divorce rate down. Men living vicariously through fantasy are less inclined to cheat.

INSERT -- A FAMILY HOUSEHOLD:

MOTHER, FATHER and TWO CHILDREN eat dinner. The father, unbeknownst to the rest of his family, watches silent porn on his PDA. Closer scrutiny reveals CHARLOTTE DOUBLE seductively licking a wet cucumber.

MOTHER

Enjoying the meatloaf dear?

FATHER

Hm?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FATHER (CONT'D)

(looks)
Oh, wonderful. Just wonderful.

The man chews on a large mouthful of meatloaf as he twiddles with his phone. His wife smiles.

BACK TO SCENE

JUDAH

Technology weakening family ties?
Doesn't exactly sound noble to me.

Charlotte Double, unfazed, begins removing her clothes.

CHARLOTTE DOUBLE

Maybe you should punish me for being
such a bad girl.

She approaches Judah half clothed. Beautiful, but covered in nasty bruises and cuts.

JUDAH

(awkwardly)
Put your clothes back on.

She backs away toward a bed in the corner of the room.

CHARLOTTE DOUBLE

I can slow down.

Judah backs away, heads for the window, checks his phone. Looks up as Charlotte Double ambles over, rubs against him. He checks the fleshy merchandise rubbing against him.

CHARLOTTE DOUBLE

(looking at Judah's
phone)
I know him...

Judah looks back at his screen. An image of Jarvis Stevens.

JUDAH

Wait. You know him?

WOMAN

He came yesterday. Thought I was
Charlotte, just like you. Here, I
have a photograph on my phone.

She pulls out a small silver cell phone from her bra.

CLOSE ON -- JARVIS IMAGE ON CELL -- Jarvis wears a T-Shirt with "Bar Waterhaus" written across it.

(CONTINUED)

JUDAH (O.S.)
Do you know where this bar is?

CUT TO:

INT. BAR WATERHAUS, AMSTERDAM -- DAY

A soccer game BLARES OUT out from a TV SCREEN. Judah enters, meanders over to the BARTENDER.

JUDAH
Looking for Jarvis. I'm an old friend. Happen to know where he is?

The bartender backs away, disappears. Judah sits on an empty stool, surrounded by soccer fans who HOOT and SCREAM. He checks his cell phone.

CLOSE ON -- CELL PHONE SCREEN:

Contraband Logo lights up. A list follows:

- 1) **CHARLOTTE'S AFGHAN CAPTURE 1029K**
- 2) **DOZEN DEAD ALBANIANS DUMPED FROM DOVER TRAILER 566K**
- 3) **VULTURES PLUCK, PICK N' DROP FROM INDIAN FUNERAL PYRE**
- 4) **INCARCERATED ASSHOLE SPREADS HIV VIA cell phone**

Charlotte's face greets the screen, at gunpoint. Charlotte, shaking with fear, stares blankly at us.

CHARLOTTE
Look's like we have a strong contender at number five. Look out, renegade melons injected with the AIDS Virus are spreading through China.

INSERT -- An image of a Chinese woman in a restaurant with a mouthful of melon, mortified as she reads the text. SPITS out her mouthful to the horror of patrons close at hand...

BACK TO -- CELL PHONE SCREEN

Charlotte is VIOLENTLY KICKED to the floor. She looks up at us, shaky hand held cell phone footage...

TUCKER (O.S.)
Nice intro sweetheart. Keep it up and there's no need to shoot you live to boost the ratings!

CHARLOTTE
Judah! I'm here in Holland, I'm being held at...

(CONTINUED)

The image fades, goes black.

BACK TO -- BAR WATERHAUS

Judah SLAMS his phone down on the bar.

JUDAH

Shit!

Judah looks up, notices a SMALL MAN (20s) approach with a flashing cell phone in his hand. Small Man is neither vulgar nor stupid, with a cheeky humor to assist in his conversation.

SMALL MAN

Like football?

JUDAH

(after a pause)

Not really.

The Small Man ingratiates himself into a conversation with Judah, sits on a barstool. He holds up his flashing phone, giddy as a schoolboy as he speaks.

SMALL MAN

Good. See this? Blocks out the final minute of football matches.

(check his watch)

Look at this. Salivating over 22 grown men running after a small white ball. It's just not natural!

He wanders away, winks on his exit and walks out the door as the PLASMA SCREEN loses its image. SCREAMS OF OUTRAGE from fans. ONE FAN throws his shoes at the TV.

The bartender reappears unfazed, motions for Judah to follow.

BARTENDER

This way.

EXT. BAR WATERHAUS, AMSTERDAM -- MOMENTS LATER

Judah exits, only to be THROWN VIOLENTLY AGAINST THE WALL by Jarvis.

JARVIS

What the fuck do you want!

Jarvis, disheveled and unkempt holds a bayonet to Judah's throat. He's never been scruffier, a hobo in Holland.

JUDAH

Hey man! Easy! It's me ...

Jarvis pushes Judah away.

(CONTINUED)

JUDAH
I'm looking for Charlotte. Just
like you.

Jarvis pushes Judah hard against the wall again, suspicious.

JARVIS
Who said I'm looking for her!

JUDAH
(fighting for breath)
I know you... were... at the XXX
Emporium...

Jarvis relaxes his grip, backs away.

JARVIS
I'm finished with her. Finished
with it all. I failed.

JUDAH
(checks his throat)
So you slice me up with an old knife?

Jarvis admires the bayonet in his hand, blade glistening in
the moonlight.

JARVIS
War gear like this all over the
farmyards. Guns, knives, bombs.
People still get maimed by hidden
ammo shells.
(beat)
That's why farmers use stray cows to
set off stray artillery.

*INSERT -- Shot of a cow casually baling past us, then an --
EXPLOSION -- as a spray of blood and guts covers us.*

CUT TO:

INT. BAR WATERHAUS, AMSTERDAM -- LATER

The bar, now empty, accommodates Jarvis and Judah nursing
drinks. The bartender cleans glasses at the end of the bar.

JARVIS
My duty was to spread the word of
God. I decided it was time to serve
the troops.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. BOEING 707 JET AIRLINER -- DAY

Jarvis is seated inside the plane. As the jet banks, we see Kabul outside the window, surrounded by jagged snowpeaked mountains.

The old plane SCREAMS as it spirals down on its descent.

EXT. KABUL AIRPORT -- DAY

Jarvis walks out of the terminal aside missionaries and aid workers. A massive NATO tank sits close by; barbed wire everywhere, dozens of people wander about with AK-47s slung nonchalantly over their shoulders.

A MIDDLE AGED MAN (40s) with pot belly sits in a lawn chair in the back of a pick up truck. He smokes a cigar next to a .50 caliber rifle welded to the bed of the truck.

The man wears full sleeve tattoos, a giant beard and a bandana around his head. He stands, motions at Judah.

We see he wears a LARGE KEVLAR VEST with a GUN VELCROED TO HIS CHEST. He jumps down, hugs Jarvis as he arrives.

Several airport personnel begin loading boxes on the back of the truck. The Tattooed Dude pulls out a knife, cuts open one of the boxes.

CLOSE ON -- BOX CONTENTS

Stacks of bibles...

BACK TO SCENE:

JARVIS leans in at the bar, grabs his drink and finishes the contents.

JARVIS

With the Taliban pushed into the hills there was great hope. But Islamist militants soon established themselves. People accustomed to the vicious nature of warfare. Americans soldiers were fighting evil. They needed the word of god.

JUDAH

How long were you there?

JARVIS

Long enough to realize casualties were higher than that being reported on American news outlets.

(CONTINUED)

JUDAH

Gotta love the free press.

JARVIS

A manure sprouting propaganda machine,
built by self righteous warmongers
to satiate the media fried masses.

JUDAH

I guess you could say that ...

JARVIS

I lived with the soldiers and kept
morale up, but shit went down that
no one saw; doctors cutting off arms
and legs to get big money from
prosthetic limb manufacturers happened
all the time.

Judah stares at him in amazement, then --

JUDAH

What about Tucker?

JARVIS

No one was policing these guys; ex-
cons, rapists, killers. All loved
raising hell. And Tucker loved
recording it. Then started selling
it. Now the war is within us. A
world where ring tones denote your
personality.

Judah's phone VIBRATES on the bar.

CLOSE ON -- JUDAH'S PHONE

Charlotte's beaten, bloated face is full screen. Then,
SUPERIMPOSED we READ --

1. CHARLOTTE'S AFGHAM CAPTURE 1041K

TUCKER (O.S.)

Why don't we check out that top ranked
video yet again. You just can't get
enough! Although admittedly, it's a
beauty...

*INSERT -- Shaky footage of a HAIRY MAN forcing his way on
top of Charlotte who is held down by several men.*

TUCKER (O.S.)

*Amazing how well it's shot,
considering she's the center of
attention.*

(CONTINUED)

Charlotte SCREAMS. A hand covers her mouth...

TUCKER (O.S.)
*Nice to see me raking in the cash.
 Thank the Lord for psychopathic*

A FINGER hovers over the POWER button, cuts the phone off.

BACK TO SCENE:

Jarvis looks at Judah, rises...

JARVIS
 Let's not watch it. Give me a few hours to configure an online location-based mobile application. If we can triangulate Tucker's ISM we'll have the element of surprise. You're right, we gotta find Charlotte.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD WAREHOUSE, DANISH COUNTRYSIDE -- DAY

Judah pulls into the courtyard of an abandoned warehouse. Jarvis sits on the back of the bike. Both unsaddle in full safety attire; shock resistant helmets, fiberglass gloves, thick buck-skin leathers, steel toe boots.

Judah checks his phone, slides it into his front pant pocket. Jarvis leans in...

JARVIS
 Cell phones degrade into a poisonous cocktail. Shit that tears holes into the earth's crust, shit that increases the temperature of your internal organs.

Judah instinctively feels his package, takes out his cell.

JUDAH
 Thanks for the good news.

They walk together along the squalid courtyard.

JARVIS
 Gets worse. Network radio waves zap sperm snoozing in your package. One of the reasons fertility rates are down.

JUDAH
 Survival of the fittest.

(CONTINUED)

JARVIS

Smartest.

Jarvis focuses his attention on a shitty looking building fifty feet away. A RUSTY CHAIN LINK FENCE blocks the alley leading to it....

JARVIS

The tracking application's accurate. That building's definitely housing Tucker.

(points)

She's gotta be inside there.

Judah checks his phone.

CLOSE ON -- JUDAH'S PHONE

Contraband Logo followed by --

1. CHARLOTTE'S AFGHAM CAPTURE 1041K

2. INCARCERATED ASSHOLE'S 3RD WORLD HOAX FEST 1031K

BACK TO SCENE

JUDAH

Jailboy's at number two. A popular choice. Soon gonna take the top spot...

JARVIS

He may shoot her to nab the top spot again. We have to get to her.

JUDAH

What are we gonna do?

Jarvis sizes up the building, calculates options; pulls out a gas canister.

JARVIS

Smoke him out. He's been up every hour. He'll be live any minute.

(beat)

Keep an eye on your cell -- we need to know what's going on.

Jarvis sprints down the alley, pitches the canister. It SMASHES through a window into the unit. Smoke emanates from the room as he sprints back.

CLOSE ON -- JUDAH'S SCREEN

Tucker with a rag over his face inside the smoke-filled building. Charlotte is tied to the chair.

(CONTINUED)

Tucker kicks it to the floor. Thicker smoke. Then TWO LOUD POPS and FLASHES as bullets are fired.

JUDAH (O.S.)

Charlotte!

BACK TO SCENE:

Judah sprints toward the rickety warehouse. As he approaches Tucker's Range Rover SMASHES through a wall, missing him by inches. Speeds away... Jarvis sprints over, breathing unevenly.

JARVIS

You okay?

Judah falls to the floor.

JUDAH

(looks off)

She's dead...

JARVIS

(calculating)

Maybe it was a decoy. Maybe she's in the truck...

(checking cell)

Damn! Can't locate the SIM. You gotta make the call.

JUDAH

The truck.

(motioning to building)

If she's in there she's dead...

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE -- LATER

Judah navigates windy country roads. Jarvis is bumped around as he clings to Judah.

JARVIS

Slow down!

JUDAH

We've lost him. I don't see him!

THRU WING MIRROR: Tucker's Range Rover, zooming up.

The Range Rover swerves dangerously, SMASHING into the rear of the bike, throwing Jarvis and Judah off into the dirt road. Truck SCREECHES TO A HALT...

Tucker exits with his ever-faithful baseball bat. Judah lies unconscious, Jarvis writhes in pain; Tucker steps over Judah, stands above Jarvis.

(CONTINUED)

TUCKER
Ouch! Nasty fall. Tough driving
these foreign roads.

Tucker raises the baseball bat high above his head.

TUCKER
Been waiting a long time to do this
my faithful friend.

Jarvis' eyes snap shut. A hopeless hand is raised in self
defense. Tucker smiles, says softly --

TUCKER
I always knew it would end this way.

Tucker's grip tightens on the bat as --

A hand reaches for a rusty bayonet in the mud.

JUDAH (O.S.)
NO!

The bayonet appears at Tucker's throat. Judah GRABS the
back of Tucker's head, SPINS him around and pulls him back;
dangerously close to ripping his throat apart with the
blade....

JUDAH
Drop it!

TUCKER
Blow me.

JUDAH
(furious)
I SAID DROP IT!

The knife begins to cut into Tucker's neck. He drops the
bat.

TUCKER
Calm down. We're just having a little
fun here...

JUDAH
Where the *FUCK* is Charlotte. I heard
gunshots. You leave her there dead?

TUCKER
(shrugs)
She's gone.

JUDAH
Where the *hell* did she go?

(CONTINUED)

TUCKER
Nowhere. She's still running
Contraband.

Jarvis makes it to his feet, barely standing -- just blinks
at Tucker.

JARVIS
(scofs)
Running it! What are you talking
about?

TUCKER
Should have fucken killed her live.
Ratings would have soared.

Judah forces Tucker down on his knees.

TUCKER
(defiantly to Jarvis)
Fair retribution for you taking
Pluggger's life.

JARVIS
I didn't kill anyone.

TUCKER
Friend, you don't seem to understand --
right now Charlotte is in charge of
Contraband.

Then ALL THE CELLS BEGIN TO BEEP. Judah, Tucker and Jarvis
look at each other. A beat before Jarvis pulls out his cell.

JARVIS
(incredulous)
It's... Charlotte...

Judah releases Tucker, pulls out his own cell... he looks,
steps back, opens his mouth -- but no words come out.

CLOSE ON -- JUDAH'S CELL PHONE

Charlotte, looking showered and fresh, leans against a tree
with a BREWERY in the background.

CHARLOTTE (V.O.)
I'm still number one. Top dog.
Leader of the pack. But it looks
like another entry is here with big
viewing numbers. Not as decadent as
my torture and rape, but not half
bad.

INSERT -- KIDNAPPER'S LAIR

(CONTINUED)

A girl sits at a table, terrified and sobbing. Her face wrapped in a dirty bandage.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)
*Seems a girl's kidnappers flushed
 her post-facial transplant drugs
 down the toilet.*

On a table sits her pristine nose and mouth, the lower part of her face -- in a bowl.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)
Priceless...

BACK TO CHARLOTTE

CHARLOTTE
 But I've just uploaded new footage
 you'll love! Footage of a murder.
 A brutal massacre. Surely a contender
 for the top spot.

BACK TO TUCKER, JUDAH AND JARVIS

Judah turns to Jarvis, disbelieving.

JUDAH
 What the fuck is she doing?

JARVIS
 Introducing clips. She must be at
 gunpoint out of frame.
 (after a pause)
 I know that location -- that brewery's
 on the border.

Judah sprints away, jumps on his motorbike, fires the
 ENGINE... BURNS RUBBER...

JARVIS
 Don't -- where are you going?

But Judah is gone...

Jarvis, still disoriented, turns to find himself staring
 down the barrel of Tucker's cell phone gun.

TUCKER
 Question is, where do you think you're
 going?

CUT TO:

EXT. DUTCH BREWERY TOWN, MAIN STREET -- DAY

Judah purrs along the street, spot a kid with a cell phone. He pulls over, motions for the kid to come over.

JUDAH
Hey, kid! Mon amie... !
(holds up phone)
Seen this girl?

Boy holds up his own phone.

CLOSE ON -- BOY'S CELL PHONE

Charlotte sits by the tree with the brewery in the background.

CHARLOTTE
*Resist the spell of sleep induced by
your vacant lives. Stay tuned for
more sick, perverted footage. Don't
go away!*

BACK TO SCENE

JUDAH
Where is that brewery?
(motions drinking)
Ou est la... brasseria!

The boy points down the road. Judah speeds away.

CLOSE ON -- BOY'S CELL PHONE

CHARLOTTE
Time for some raw manhood in action!

The SOUND of a man's voice WHIMPERING and CRYING as he is hit repeatedly by objects. It is the man in the park. But Judah is not filming him on his cell --

JUDAH IS REPEATEDLY SLAMMING THE GOLF CLUB DOWN ON THE VICTIM

CHARLOTTE (V.O.)
What is that, a nine iron? Nice
swing!
(beat)
Great footage. Should be a contender
for the top spot.
(beat)
But this man survived. Let's see
what else I can dig up.

EXT. AMSTERDAM COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY

Judah flies past on his motorbike...

(CONTINUED)

Superimposed is a cell phone screen announcing:

CLIP SHOWING PLUGGER'S KILLER IN FOUR MINUTES. RIP.

Tucker's Range Rover ROARS past in the same direction, almost takes out Judah...

EXT. BELGIAN BREWERY -- MOMENTS LATER

Tucker's Range Rover pulls up next to Charlotte, seated in front of professionally set up video equipment. Tucker pulls out Jarvis at gunpoint. A beat behind, Judah skids to a halt...

JUDAH

Charlotte... ! you okay?

JARVIS

Get this asshole off of me!

Charlotte steps toward them...

JARVIS

Charlotte, please get this --

She pulls out a billy-club and begins WHACKING and BASHING Jarvis over his head. She finally puts him into a choke hold and knocks him unconscious.

Tucker puts his arm around Charlotte -- they lock lips. A long, passionate kiss... Judah look at them both, a look of shock and disbelief across his face.

CHARLOTTE

We've been running Contraband together you clown.

INSERT -- JARVIS INTERVIEWED BY MEDIA JOURNALISTS

TUCKER (V.O.)

No such thing as bad press. Your anti violence movement was perfect; generated way more interest in Contraband. Worked like a charm. Always value in propaganda and the control of information.

BACK TO SCENE

JUDAH

(exasperated)
But the footage? The Afghan video?

INSERT -- CLIP OF AFGHAN VIDEO

(CONTINUED)

*Charlotte being raped -- but closer inspection reveals
Charlotte --*

SMILING, LAUGHING, ASKING MEN TO HIT HER AND GIVE IT TO HER

BACK TO SCENE

Jarvis wakes up COUGHING...

TUCKER

I'm guessing you don't know of
Charlotte's heavy kinks?

Charlotte nestles next to Tucker.

CHARLOTTE

Only something a real man can provide.

TUCKER

(matter-of-fact)
Let's cut to the chase.

Tucker leans down next to Jarvis, SLAPS him across his face,
yanks him to his feet.

TUCKER

Give me the ownership reversing chip
Pluggger handed you and we might spare
your lives.

JARVIS

(spitting out blood)
You killed him before he delivered
it. There was nothing in his phone.
It was empty.

Tucker takes away Jarvis' legs, trips him to the ground,
stands over him.

TUCKER

Kiss me.

JARVIS

What?

TUCKER

When I'm bein' fucked I like to be
kissed a lot.

(hard, with growing
anger)

Give me the chip or I will give you
anarchy.

Charlotte pulls out a baseball bat from her video equipment,
tosses it over.

(CONTINUED)

JARVIS

in the eye of the storm...

JARVIS

Fuck you! Tyrannize the masses and form vicious herds. Fuck you to hell!

TUCKER

Ever since Adam we've been slaves to sin priest. There is no choice. Neither you nor I can change that...

JARVIS

I am justified by faith. Go ahead! My body is the temple of the Lord. He will save me!

Charlotte comes to Jarvis, grabs his hair, yanks back his head and whispers in his ear -- as if announcing for a TV commercial.

CHARLOTTE

Contraband, the most efficient way to plug into our ancient psyche. Welcome all the rags, the destitutes, the monsters within us. Come back every day and take a break from your numbed out, drained existence. Say hello to primal instincts and have a lifetime of raw pleasure.

(to Tucker)

Take him out. A few home runs should do it.

Tucker raises the bat high over his head, revealing his cell phone gun on his side.

TUCKER

Time to meet your maker, parson.

Judah LUNGES for Tucker, grabs the cell gun and rolls away, points it at Tucker.

JUDAH

(roars)

Don't FUCKEN move!

Tucker drops the bat...

TUCKER

Wait a minute! Easy boy... easy. How long does Judah have left?

(CONTINUED)

CHARLOTTE

edges in toward Judah.

CHARLOTTE

Why shoot him when your clip's gonna
make you... number one?

She softly kisses Judah on the lips. He backs away, weighs
his options.

CHARLOTTE

Go ahead. Check your phone. Should
be up now loverboy.

(beat)

There's no need to hide from the
truth anymore Judah.

CLOSE ON -- TUCKER'S CELL PHONE GUN

-- that VUBRATES in Judah's hand. Then footage of Judah in
the smoke-filled Zeitgeist gallery --

REPEATEDLY STABBING PLUGGER IN THE STOMACH

JARVIS (O.S.)

Plugger?

Judah hears Jarvis, hides under the rubble. Jarvis finds
Plugger, then skinheads chase him away. Judah gets out from
the rubble, retrieves Plugger's cell phone.

EXT. JARVIS GALLERY -- MOMENTS LATER

Judah takes out the memory chip from Plugger's phone, then
throws it through the broken van window as it speeds away.
Jarvis salutes as we go --

BACK TO SCENE

Judah backs away, still pointing the gun at Tucker.

TUCKER

C'mon man. You're one of us,
remember?

(holds up baseball
bat)

Here. Why don't you take out prayer
boy?

Judah pulls out THE MEMORY CHIP FROM HIS POCKET, pulls out
his own phone. INSERTS THE MEMORY CHIP...

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON -- JUDAH'S CELL PHONE

WE SEE --

CONTRABAND LOGO LIGHT UP

WELCOME JUDAH

1. PLUGGER KILLER CONFIRMED 1103K
2. CHARLOTTE'S AFGHAN CAPTURE 987K
3. SLIPPERY NIGERIAN OIL HOSTAGE 643K

SCREEN GOES BLANK BEFORE:

M-PAY ACCOUNT NUMBER: 1298972

USER: JUDAH

TOTAL: 98735 UNITS

OLD FILE: CONTRABAND OWNERSHIP TRANSFER (BETA 3.1)

NEW FILE: REVERSION TO STATIC CHANNEL OWNER

STATUS: APPLICATION OVERRIDE

CHANNEL OWNER IDENTITY: JUDAH

SUMMARY: CONTENT MANAGEMENT, BILLING, SECURITY AND CRM RIGHTS

DURATION: PERMANENT

BACK TO SCENE:

JUDAH
(grins menacingly)
Finally. Mine! I have control.

Judah types into his phone and backs away toward his bike.

JUDAH
Thanks for everything. I really
mean it. Couldn't have done it
without any of you.
(beat)
Checkmate...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. INTERNET CAFE, LONDON -- DAY

Judah sits at a computer terminal, types an instant message. We see over his shoulder as he types.

CLOSE ON -- INSTANT MESSAGE

We SEE the message he is sending to SAM, the suicide victim that opened the story:

Do it!

Do the world a favor!

Do it and stop wasting our time with your MINDLESS self pity!

Just FUCK OFF!

DO IT!!!

JUDAH (V.O.)

What? You expected me to be the good guy? C'mon, I want my 15 minutes too, and cash to go with it... I knew everyone's motives, coaxed them into believing my innocence, addressed their needs to get closer to my goal. Won friends, influenced people, just like that book says. After all, it's the American way.

BACK TO SCENE:

Judah fires his bike, speeds away. Charlotte and Tucker sprint over to the Range River -- but its tires are slashed.

EXT. DUTCH COUNTRY ROAD -- MOMENTS LATER

Judah purrs along past the countryside.

JUDAH (V.O.)

These were sociopathic individuals making an organization, creating a basic plan of action and indulging in violent expression to gain a following.

(beat)

All I needed to do was pull the carpet from under them.

CLOSE ON -- A CELL PHONE SCREEN

50K MINIMUM GUARANTEE PLUS 50 PERCENT REVENUE SHARE FOR THE FIRST CLIP OF JARVIS, TUCKER AND CHARLOTTE'S DEATH.

PULL BACK, REVEAL

Cell phone in the hand of a SKINHEAD THUG...

EXT. BELGIAN BREWERY -- CONTINUOUS

Charlotte, Tucker and Jarvis surrounded by SKINHEADS with an arsenal of weapons.

CHARLOTTE

We're surrounded. What do we do?

TUCKER

I'll handle this.

(rhetorical/to crowd)

Look, I own Contraband. I can double your money. All of you.

ONE SKINHEAD steps forward, stands in front of Tucker. Sweat drips from his brow. Saliva drools from his mouth. OTHER MEMBER OF THE GANG raise their cell phones to record the event.

TUCKER

You? I can triple your earnings by --

He swings an enormous piece of metal toward Tucker's head as we go to a

BLACK SCREEN

We HEAR Judah speaking over the hard, wretched sound of man killing man.

WE PUSH IN ON --

JUDAH'S EYES as he races away on his motorbike. Pupils dilate as each blow hits Tucker.

JUDAH

This is the war that society brings us. That technology has given us. Civil war in it's most primitive state.

(beat)

Our state. On the edge of global warming. On the cusp of nuclear destruction. In the hypnotic gaze of technology and the horror it unleashes...

(beat)

I am part of the largest generation our world has ever known, but I refuse to be the leader of the cohort.

FADE OUT: