

"DEBT TO SOCIETY"

by  
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(Sample Excerpt)

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**FADE IN:**

**EXT. CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY 101 - NIGHT**

The aftermath of a flaming wreck. A twisted muscle car.  
Raindrops fizz against smoking, carbon-fiber body panels.

Red emergency vehicle lights pulse on wet pavement over pink  
clouds of extinguisher foam.

A gurney slams into the back of an ambulance. A kick under a  
blood-drenched blanket. We got a live one.

Sirens build to a piercing, birdlike screech.

**INSIDE AMBULANCE**

Rain-soaked in leather, TOLI SEPULVEDA (30's) crouches in  
back. He locks eyes on the victim, WILLIAM REARDON (30's).

TUG WHEELER (40's), chunky paramedic, squeezes behind the  
wheel, punches the ignition and grabs his radio.

WHEELER

Presidio, this is North Unit. We  
have a Red Rider at the Point.

PRESIDIO (V.O.)

I'll clear a stall, North.

TOLI

Why are we standing still?!

Toli jabs a needle into the Reardon's neck, draws blood.  
Reardon's eyes flutter. He flirts with a blackout.

TOLI

Don't you fuckin' die on me.

Wheeler slams the rig into gear and guns it. Toli's wet boots  
slide through a smear of blood and foam.

**OUTSIDE AMBULANCE**

Tires spin out to reveal a billboard --

"FUTURE SITE OF SAN QUENTIN LUXURY ISOMINIUMS:  
CUTTER INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION"

In the distance, spotlights blast gargantuan robotic cranes poised like vultures over crumbling San Quentin prison.

**EXT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT (MOVING)**

High speed traffic threads toward the Golden Gate bridge.

**INSIDE AMBULANCE**

Toli checks his watch. A digital countdown, twelve minutes.

TOLI  
I need a viability scanner.

WHEELER  
In the jump kit.

Toli snatches up a blue medical case, pops it open. Dumps the top tray, spilling contents everywhere.

WHEELER  
Aww, Toli... Come on, man.

Toli rips open a long foil packet. A forked metal scanner glints. Eight-inch needles jut from an electronic handle.

TOLI  
Just get me there.

Needles plunge into Reardon's ribcage. A coughing groan.

Wheeler swerves hard, blips the siren.

WHEELER  
Outta my way, dipshit!

The five red scanner lights turn green in series. Toli grins.

TOLI  
Hang in there, buddy.

WHEELER  
(to dipshit)  
Thank you!

He puts the pedal to the metal.

**INT. PRESIDIO TRANSPLANT CLINIC - TRIAGE - NIGHT**

Emergency room doors crash open. Wheeler fishtails through with Reardon on a barreling gurney.

Toli strides in behind, fixes a hands-free to his ear.

TOLI

Confirm account status. Two-zero,  
three-seven, eight-one-five.

He flashes I.D. at the flustered NURSE on desk duty. A clock behind her reads three minutes to midnight.

A raccoon-eyed INTERN throws open a curtain at the end of the hall, waves Wheeler down to an open --

**EXAM STALL**

Intern goes for a pulse check on Reardon's wrist. Toli steps through the curtain and the doc's face drops.

INTERN

Wait, nobody told me this was a  
Title Three.

Toli pulls off his earpiece and yanks Reardon's blanket away like some kind of E.R. magician.

A hard plastic shrapnel shard lodged in Reardon's abdomen...

And he's in handcuffs.

INTERN

Nobody told me this was a Title  
Three!

TOLI

William Reardon, you're in default  
for an accumulated deficit.

INTERN

Oh Christ, get me a juice cart! Now!

Reardon squirms, pays the price with a searing pain.

TOLI

You have the right to settle with  
the state for over-limit charges  
incurred in securing your freedoms.

Two ORDERLIES rush in. They ratchet thick straps down across Reardon's chest, arms and legs.

He struggles against the restraints. Toli snaps off his oxygen mask, Reardon gasps for air.

TOLI

Yes or no, Reardon... Can you get yourself out of the red?

REARDON

No, wait! It's a mistake!

The nurse shoves a steel cart through the curtains. Medical instruments and a gleaming PNEUMATIC INJECTION GUN.

TOLI

It always is.

A sharp compressed air hiss, intern triggers an injection into the hollow just below Reardon's temple.

REARDON

No! Uggh!

His body tenses violently, back arched off the gurney, hands like frozen claws.

TOLI

As a licensed agent of the Division of Account Enforcement, I verify this man's surrender of his right to citizenship...

Every muscle contracts in grotesque contortion. Convulsive coughs hack through a gaping mouth.

TOLI

...and authorize the collection of all viable organs to settle his debt to society.

Complete paralysis in seconds. Foam creeps from his lips. Eyes bulge in a vacant stare.

A laser scalpel splits his abdomen. A magnified ring lamp swings over Reardon's pasty face.

Toli's watch alarm beeps. Midnight.

INTERN

Okay, you made your quota 'lancer.

Reardon's pupils shrink.

INTERN

Now would you mind getting the fuck  
off my ward?

### **TRIAGE**

Toli breaks through curtains into stunned PATIENTS and STAFF.

INTERN (O.S.)

I need cold pack, stat.

Toli accelerates. Face flushing, he dodges every glare.

### **OUTSIDE CLINIC**

A gruff CAMERAMAN (40's) shoves a domed IMMERSION NEWS camera  
in Toli's face as a ROOKIE CORRESPONDENT (20's) races up.

CORRESPONDENT

Can you do a ten second pod? One  
question, that's all I want!

Wheeler's ambulance screeches up, passenger door already  
open. Toli dives in and they're gone.

CAMERAMAN

Forget it, he don't do pods. That's  
Sepulveda's kid.

### **INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT (MOVING)**

Wheeler and Toli ride in silence. A futuristic, gentrified  
cityscape streaks past Toli's face through the window.

He thumbs a worn Purple Heart medal chained around his neck.

WHEELER

Hey, Toli... How do you know when a  
Red Rider's lying to you?

Toli cracks a faint, tired smile.

TOLI

His lips are moving.

Wheeler laughs like it's a new joke. The laugh is contagious.

**EXT. SKYLINE - NIGHT**

Skyscrapers cut through swirling perma-mist.

**SUPER:** "SAN FRANCISCO, 2037"

**EXT. TOLI'S ISOMINIUM - NIGHT**

A hundred story hillcrest tower. Three sides windowless.

**INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

A whisper-quiet glide up to Toli's floor. Doors chime open to an operatic Russian baritone.

GRIGORI (60's), the isominium's seldom-shaved superintendant, stops singing and grabs his chest theatrically.

GRIGORI

(Russian accent)

I thought it was your papa.

Toli grins, but can't get past him fast enough. Grigori sings again, backs into the elevator. Doors close, song fades.

**INT. TOLI'S ISOMINIUM - NIGHT**

Toli drops his pack. Lights ease on to illuminate a wall of awards, model rockets, a framed and yellowed front page --

"HERO SLAIN BY EX-CON"

An astronaut with a family resemblance smiles in the photo.

Next to it, a Wheaties box. Same hero, same smile. A blonde boy's face gleams up in wholesome admiration.

The IMMERSION media projection system flickers to life. The ghostly 3-D form of a MALE NEWSCASTER materializes.

MALE NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

-- crime rates hit an all time low  
this month --

Toli strips past a narrow window with an Alcatraz view.

TOLI

Change up.

The 3-D ghost morphs into a FEMALE NEWSCASTER.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER (V.O.)  
 -- the Chinese medical crisis  
 continues --

Toli adjusts a model rocket a fraction of an inch.

TOLI  
 Random.

HIRAM CUTTER (70's) materializes at a public event. He stands like a battle-hardened war horse, addresses the crowd.

CUTTER (V.O.)  
 -- as society's dregs are cleared  
 and filtered, the cream will rise --

TOLI  
 Mute.

Silent, Cutter rants.

**INT. TOLI'S ISOMINIUM - STEAM SHOWER - NIGHT**

Mist soaks Toli. Blood from stained fingers streaks a patchwork of jailhouse tattoos. Some Russian, some Latino.

Toli's PDA vibrates on the sink. Caller ID blinks "RULE"

**INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

Wet hair, dry leather, and a hands-free on his ear, Toli turns away from the stare of an ELDERLY NEIGHBOR.

DIRECTOR RULE (V.O.)  
 (from headset)  
 Got a priority skip for you, Toli.

ELDERLY NEIGHBOR  
 I voted for your father. He was a  
 beacon.

Toli points a finger at his earpiece. She doesn't catch on.

ELDERLY NEIGHBOR  
 (louder)  
 A beacon.



**INT. SUBTERRANEAN GARAGE - NIGHT**

The elevator chimes open. Toli bounds out right into Grigori, who points at a tarped mass in a parking space, chained down like it might escape.

GRIGORI  
When you get this antique out my  
space? I need space.

DIRECTOR RULE (V.O.)  
Sepulveda? You there?

Toli and Grigori squeeze to let Elderly Neighbor pass.

TOLI  
I got it, a skip.

GRIGORI  
Not skip, space.

Toli nods impatiently, waves him off and heads for his car next to the tarped mass.

A palm scan wakes the agency-issued "black & white" with a hydrogen-fueled vapor and electric hum. The door hisses open.

TOLI  
Show me what you got.

Toli slides in. His peel-out echoes through the garage.

ELDERLY NEIGHBOR  
A beacon!

**INT. TOLI'S BLACK & WHITE - NIGHT (MOVING)**

An affluent city neighborhood blurs past. Toli engages a translucent display on the windshield --

"DIVISION AUDIT CASE 2037-816"

A digital scroll responds to Toli's touch --

"OPEN BOND... TITLE THREE... ADRIANNA DUME"

A live image flickers. DIRECTOR WASHINGTON RULE (50's), eyes of a drinker, voice of a father.

RULE (V.O.)  
 Adrianna Dumé. Fashion designer.  
 You heard of Dévergondée?

TOLI  
 It's a lingerie line. Dangerous  
 Clothes, I think it means.

Toli taps the screen, a dossier appears.

TOLI  
 Expired prostitute license.

RULE (V.O.)  
 Clean.

TOLI  
 So... lollipop wants to hawk her  
 panties instead of what's in 'em --

RULE (V.O.)  
 -- strings on a sugar daddy for the  
 startup cash then cuts him loose?

TOLI  
 Nice girl.

A hotel security video rolls. Freezes on a raven-haired vixen  
 in a black mini-dress, ADRIANNA DUME (20's). Her eyes burn  
 back at Toli like a plea for help.

RULE (V.O.)  
 Stiff bond, but a righteous bonus.

Toli sees the numbers. He whistles. Taps the screen again, it  
 zooms in at a red smear on her arm --

"BLOOD IDENT... RUSSELL PINWOOD"

Toli expands Pinwood's name --

"CODE 187... HOMICIDE"

TOLI  
 Victim must be somebody.

RULE (V.O.)  
 Heavy hitter at Uberpharm.

TOLI  
 Explains the payout, but this bond  
 would put me in debt. Deep.

RULE (V.O.)  
I got no one else that can even  
secure a bond this size right now.

TOLI  
Natz could.

RULE (V.O.)  
(shakes his head)  
Depleted. Paying off a default.

TOLI  
False conviction?

RULE (V.O.)  
What's a decimal between friends?

Rule chuckles. Toli locks eyes with the snowy digital Dumé.

RULE (V.O.)  
I'll float your open bonds 'til  
she's on ice. Thirty-six hours.

Toli considers.

TOLI  
Hook me, I'll spec it.

The case bond status blips from "OPEN" to "SECURED" onscreen.

RULE  
No street justice, Toli. Bring her  
in warm.

TOLI  
Publicity, I don't need.

Outside, a homeless man builds a duct-taped trash bag igloo.  
Above him, an LCD billboard hovers for Dévergondée Lingerie --

"DANGEROUS CLOTHES... FOR DANGEROUS WOMEN."

#### **EXT. NORTH BEACH NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT**

Rain splashes neon lights over crowded streets.

Toli pulls up in front of a club, DECCA DAN'S. He gets out,  
surveys the entrances. And the haggard faces in the crowd.

At an Insti-Credit kiosk, a GLASSY-EYED WOMAN slides her hand  
into a needle-prick blood sampler. Grits her teeth.

Another agency black & white screeches up in Toli's path.

IGNACIO "NATZ" BLACK (20's) rolls out cool, looks slick but fierce. He beats Toli to the door, holds it open and bows.

NATZ  
Backin' you up, eighty-twenty. Take  
it or leave it.

TOLI  
I'll leave it.

NATZ  
I'll just take it anyway.

### **INSIDE DECCA DAN'S**

Sub-bass pulses. Painted women crawl on nets over the crowd.

Toli and Natz pass rows of card-swipe slots and lab-grade hookahs with government regulation labels. Brand names everywhere, but Uberpharm dominates.

TOLI  
I don't need an escort, Natz --

NATZ  
Rule thinks different. It's his  
invitation.

That's news to Toli.

Lights strobe over scores of numb faces. Natz takes it all in, busts a move. Toli glares.

DECCA DANNY (40's), Asian, once hotter, strolls up to them arm-in-arm with a PROSTITUTE (20's).

Danny hugs Toli, but one look at Natz and her smile fades.

TOLI  
You know Agent Black, right Danny?

DECCA DANNY  
All my girls are licensed.

Toli's eyes never rest, they shift to the bar. RAYMOND "BIG" JOHNSON (30's), throws back a shot with a massive arm.

TOLI  
That's not why I'm here.

Danny goes to speak, but Toli nods toward Natz, whose eyes still slither all over Danny's prostitute.

DECCA DANNY  
How 'bout a test drive, Agent Black?

Natz offers his arm. The prostitute ushers him off to VIP.

Toli hooks Danny's arm. They stroll. Toli flashes his PDA to her. An image of Dumé turns, freezes. Danny looks away.

DECCA DANNY  
She never worked for me.

TOLI  
But you know her.

DECCA DANNY  
Everybody knows her.

Toli eyes Big Ray, who's getting obnoxious at the bar.

TOLI  
You got parasites. I can help.

DECCA DANNY  
She got a second chance, Toli.  
Don't take it back.

They stop, face each other.

TOLI  
I'm not a cop, Danny. I just pick  
up the pieces.

DECCA DANNY  
It's never too late to start down  
that noble path.

TOLI  
I'll remind her.

Danny slips something into his hand, whispers in his ear --

DECCA DANNY  
I meant you.

Toli smiles. Danny glides back into the crowd.

DECCA DANNY

Take your playmates outside,  
please. I don't need another  
jack-in-the-box like last time.

Toli opens his hand. A condom with an ad on the wrapper. A  
cartoon whip cracks a cartoon ass --

"CHERRY POP'S, FRESNO STREET"

VIP AREA

Kneeling between Natz's knees, the prostitute eyes Toli's  
approach. He taps Natz on the shoulder.

NATZ

Not now, Chico --

TOLI

That Big Ray Johnson at the bar?

Natz turns all business in a blink. Dollar signs in his eyes.

NATZ

Fifty-fifty.

TOLI

Pick and roll. Streetside.

Natz zips his pants and disappears into the crowd. Toli  
punches a code into his PDA. Heads to the --

**BAR**

Big Ray swipes some bills from the bartender's tip pile.

TOLI

I'd like to take this opportunity  
to offer you some --

Big Ray cold cocks Toli with a fist like a canned ham. He  
bolts for the door. Cuts a path an elephant could follow.

Sprawled on the floor, Toli rubs his jaw.

TOLI

-- peace.

**OUTSIDE DECCA DAN'S**

Big Ray slams through the door and right into --

NATZ

S'up, Ray?

Natz head butts. Big Ray drops like bricks. A crowd swarms.

Big Ray shakes it off. Cornered, he pulls a LADY FINGER.

Looks like a disposable lighter, but the crowd recognizes the personal explosive device. They back up.

Natz mocks a defensive pose, whistles "Pop Goes the Weasel."

Big Ray arms the Lady Finger. Click, beep. Natz relaxes his stance, but the beeps quicken.

NATZ

Be cool, Ray. Some folks might call that hostile.

Natz steps closer. Big Ray backs away, jiggles the Lady Finger. It whines.

BIG RAY

You ain't takin' my nads, 'lancer.

Natz whips out a telescoping steel baton, nails Big Ray's wrist. Bone cracks, Lady Finger drops, Natz catches. Unclick.

NATZ

What else ain't I gonna do?

Big Ray cradles his arm and groans. The crowd sighs relief.

Natz draws a pneumatic juice gun and fires into Big Ray's temple with a frosty hiss. The crowd reacts to the its trademark foul odor.

NATZ

You're in default for an accumulated deficit... sir.

Big Ray's muscles contract in grotesque contortions.

NATZ

You have the right to settle with the state for over-limit charges.

Convulsions. Hacks. Gapes. Natz plays to the crowd.

NATZ  
 Don't look like that's gonna  
 happen.

Natz stabs a viability scanner into Big Ray's ribcage.

NATZ  
 So by division authority, I'll go  
 ahead and authorize the collection  
 of all viable organs to --

Scanner beeps. Green, Red, Red, Red, Red. Natz frowns.

NATZ  
 -- nevermind.

Complete paralysis. Foamy mouth. Vacant stare.

Sirens pierce the lull. The crowd parts. Ambulance. Gurney  
 team. Immersion News. Spotlights. Camera dome in Natz's face.

Natz spins. Sees his black & white... but Toli's is gone.

**EXT. FRESNO STREET, CHERRY POP'S - NIGHT**

An animated neon whip cracks a neon ass. A one-horse  
 whorehouse down a dark, steep little Frisco alley.

Toli drives by, pulls around the corner. Rain tapers off.

**INT. CHERRY POP'S - FRONT PARLOR - NIGHT**

Flea market Rococo. Cloudy gilded mirrors, worn mahogany  
 chaises, cracked porcelain dolls, moth-eaten silk.

Under a too-big chandelier, a BALDING JOHN (40's), browses  
 erotic costumes at a kiosk. A musical doorbell chimes.

CHERRY POP (30's), a curvy Rubenesque redhead, checks a  
 peephole, buzzes the door. Toli enters.

CHERRY  
 You don't have to bring your own  
 costume, you know --

Toli escorts Cherry by the arm. Flashes identification.

TOLI  
 Dumé.



CHERRY

What are you talking about?

Toli pulls his PDA, offers the pad to Cherry.

TOLI

You wanna play games? Fine, touch  
the pad. Let's check your balance.  
Won't cost much.

Cherry's eyes go wide. The pad flickers impatiently.

TOLI

She got herself into this. It's not  
your fault.

Balding John slips from his chair with the speed of a Tai Chi  
master. Makes for the door like a glacier.

TOLI

I'm gonna ask her some questions,  
Cherry. What harm can that do?

Cherry glances down a dark corridor.

**INT. BOUDOIR - NIGHT**

A dim, mirrored, velvet dreamscape. Racks of gaudy clothes  
encircle a candy red, satin and lace trimmed Tuscan bed.

Adrianna Dumé, short black dress, long black boots and the  
legs to make it all work, curses French into a cell phone.

She holds a translucent, lipstick-shaped ELECTRONIC DEVICE.

**EXT. CHERRY POP'S - NIGHT**

An Immersion News van trolls alongside Balding John. A camera  
dome rotates on the roof.

**INT. CHERRY POP'S - DARK CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Walls smeared with gloss black paint. Toli hugs them, passing  
doors with brass nameplates. The first reads --

"PARIS"

Toli considers it. Too easy, he moves on. More nameplates --

"MARSEILLE... CANNES... "

Toli lifts his boot. Thinks better of it, goes for the knob.

#### **BOUDOIR**

A muffled scream from down the hall startles Dumé. A wall intercom blips and crackles.

CHERRY (V.O.)  
Je suis désolée.

Dumé freezes, then slaps her cell shut. Another scream.

#### **DARK CORRIDOR**

Toli cringes, closes the door. He moves on --

"BORDEAUX... NICE..."

He stops. Puts his ear against the bright red door. Silence.

He pulls his STUN BATON. Swings the hinged handle like a butterfly knife. It self-charges with a high-pitched whine.

#### **BOUDOIR**

The door eases open. Toli steps in, doesn't see anybody. His eyes fix on a rolling clothes rack. He reaches for it.

A peripheral shadow. He spins, ducks a lunging left hook from Dumé. He snatches a red scarf off the rack, binds her wrists with it before she can even speak.

A rough search. He finds the electronic device. Dumé spews a torrent of French curses.

Toli drags her to the window, peeks through the curtains. The Immersion News van creeps by. Toli pockets the device.

#### **FRONT PARLOR**

A mass exodus in progress. Toli shoves Dumé through a swarm of costumed WHORES and JOHNS. Cherry pushes her way through.

CHERRY

You sonovabitch! You said you were  
just gonna ask her some questions!

Toli holds up a single finger of disagreement.

TOLI

I never said "just."

DUME

(French accent)  
I want an accountant.

TOLI

You're gonna need one.

**EXT. D.A.E. HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT**

The old County Jail with a new sign over the doors --

"DIVISION OF ACCOUNT ENFORCEMENT.  
COMMUNITY. IDENTITY. ACCOUNTABILITY."

Wheeler's bus pulls through the gate.

**INT. D.A.E. HEADQUARTERS - BOOKING - NIGHT**

Toli marches Dumé. He pulls a black plastic card from his  
jacket, swipes a device. Wheeler punches a code. Routine.

Wheeler mock salutes and turns. Toli pulls Dumé through --

**AUDITING**

More bank than police station. DEBTORS make payments at  
kiosks like ATM transactions, but these are all blood-tested.

ACCOUNTANTS in three-pieces scurry, barking out settlement  
offers like the stock exchange floor.

Wise-ass FREELANCERS applaud Toli's black-dressed score.

DUME

I want my balance checked! Somebody  
get me a goddam accountant --

She grimaces at a BEARDED ACCOUNTANT in an baggy suit.

DUME

-- with a decent tailor.

An overworked AUDITING CLERK looks over, reaches for a phone. Toli doesn't wait.

The clerk hangs up and goes back to REARDON'S WIFE (30's). She doesn't fit in. Affluent. Respectable.

REARDON'S WIFE

I just want to know where he is.  
Why won't anybody tell me anything?

At her side, a stoic REARDON JUNIOR (14) eyeballs Toli. Toli steers away from the stare into an --

### **ELEVATOR**

Lights track their descent. Long way down.

DUME

If this is about Pinewood, he owed me. I took my own payment.

Toli pushes buttons like it'll make the elevator go faster.

TOLI

You'll have your chance to settle.

DUME

Settle what? I've done nothing!

Toli shakes his head. Doors chime open to the--

### **INT. LIQUIDATION PREP ROOM - NIGHT**

Monochromatic. Clinical. Half doctor's office, half prison cafeteria.

A printed sign reads: "LIQUIDATION PREP." Hand scrawled beneath it: "PEACE-BY-PIECE."

Toli leads Dumé past an obsolete, steel-barred jail cell. Now a bio-materials storage room.

Two RED RIDERS sit cuffed to a rail. Two MOMMIES (50's), like grinning lunch ladies, take Dumé from Toli.

MOMMIE ONE

You look so tired.

MOMMIE TWO  
Have some happy tea.

They hand Dumé a paper cup and sit her down. Third in line.

Dumé watches a gurney on a conveyor roll in empty. She turns back to see Toli step into the elevator.

DUME  
You don't even have the balls to do  
it yourself!

Another gurney disappears through a curtain loaded with Big Ray Johnson. A toe tag reads--

"ACCOUNT DEFICIT. BILL TO AGENT BLACK"

**INT. AUDITING - NIGHT**

Reardon's Wife still pleads with the desk clerk.

Toli slams his kit down at a nearby kiosk.

He dumps Dumé's things, all barcoded now. Scans codes with a wireless wand. Her translucent electronic device won't scan.

He calls up her file. "ACCOUNT FROZEN" flashes red. He punches keys and a prompt flashes: "BEGIN DUE PROCESS?"

He drops the wand. Takes off his gloves, picks up the device.

Suddenly, it glows with a readout: "REARDON WILLIAM, ORHDN."

REARDON'S WIFE (O.S.)  
-- I don't care! Check again. His  
name is Reardon. Bill Reardon.

Toli hears the name. Turns. Looks at the device, the glow dims. Reardon Junior stares.

**INT. LIQUIDATION PREP ROOM - NIGHT**

Red Rider Two rolls stone-faced on a gurney.

Dumé sips "happy tea" with cuffed hands. Mommie One wrestles a boot off. Dumé wiggles her toes, volunteers the next boot.

**INT. IMPOUND GARAGE - NIGHT**

Reardon's charred wreck of a hydro-electric muscle car.

**INSIDE CAR**

Toli digs around, finds a cell phone. Checks recent calls, mostly from "Insti-Credit."

He pockets the phone. Scans a blood stain on the seat. A readout on his PDA: "BLOOD TYPE: ORHDN"

He rubs a drop between gloved fingers.

TOLI

Rare shit.

JOSE (O.S.)

Look lady, I ain't got no fuckin' Porsche. Okay?

Toli turns. CURTAINS (20's), tight blonde in a tight suit, looks mad enough to yank JOSE through the slot in his booth.

CURTAINS

A green nine-eleven with vanity plates. "HEMOGOBLIN."

Toli approaches.

TOLI

What's up, Jose?

JOSE

She wants a Porsche.

TOLI

Yeah, me too.

JOSE

I ain't got no Porsche, Toli. No Porsche.

Curtains turns like she's about to punch somebody, but at the sight of Toli, her rage vanishes and she turns on the charm.

Toli pulls off his bloody glove, extends his hand to shake.

TOLI

Anatoli Sepulveda.

They shake hands.

CURTAINS

I'm with Larkspur Financial. We hold the title on Russell Pinewood's vehicle.

TOLI

I don't think José is gonna miss a green Porsche.

JOSE

And she wants his effects. I told her, I got no effects. Just cars. And no Porsche.

Toli checks his PDA.

TOLI

Body should be here by now. If he willed blood or tissue, you're entitled, but anything else --

CURTAINS

The vehicle.

Toli stops punching keys. Doesn't like being interrupted.

TOLI

You're worried about a car when you might have a body full of viables?

**INT. LIQUIDATION PREP ROOM - NIGHT**

Mommie Two scalpels a triangular chunk from Dumé's arm. She smiles. No pain. The sample goes into a cyclotron. Whirs.

**INT. AUDITING - NIGHT**

Rule watches a flashing progress bar on Toli's screen.

Natz blasts in like a cannon shot.

NATZ

He ditched me. I was promised a juice commission on this and I got nothing but my own dick in my hand.

Rule calmly nods to the onscreen process percentage readout.

NATZ

He didn't juice that bitch, yet?

**INT. MORGUE - NIGHT**

Toli scans bar codes on cold-storage drawers until his PDA reads out: "PINWOOD, RUSSELL."

He opens the drawer --

No body.

**INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

Doors chime open. Natz flies out, hell-bent with blinders on.

**INT. MORGUE - NIGHT**

Toli rifles through the drawer. Nothing but bags stuffed with sheets and clothes drenched in blood.

Toli scans the blood: "BLOOD IDENT... RUSSELL PINWOOD"

The readout scrolls: "AGGREGATE... MULTIPLE STALE DATES..."

TOLI

Holy shit.

"BLOOD AGE... SIX WEEKS... FOUR MONTHS... EIGHTEEN WEEKS"

**INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Toli races past empty graffiti-coated jail cells. He rounds a corner. A maze of stairs. He fumbles with his hands-free.

TOLI

Don't liquidate Dumé, goddammit!

**INT. LIQUIDATION PREP ROOM - NIGHT**

Toli's muffled voice crackles from a wall speaker, but the cyclotron whir drowns it out.

MOMMIE TWO

Cardiopulmonary, good. Repro, good.  
Optics, good...

Red Rider Two rolls out. A fresh empty gurney appears.



## MOMMIE ONE

We make another green-eyed Chinaman  
tonight, right honey?

This cracks Dumé up. Mommie One scrawls "SQ" on the back of her hand with a squeaky permanent marker. Dumé admires it.

## MOMMIE TWO

You're next, honey. Let's get those  
stockings off.

**OUTSIDE PREP ROOM**

Natz jimmys the lock on an old gun cabinet. Inside,  
a row of pristine, stainless steel injection guns --

"DANGER: LIQUID HYDROGEN SULFIDE: EXPLOSIVE"

He grabs one, loads it. So cold it frosts. His radio squawks.

## TOLI (V.O.)

Prep, wait for me. She's a possible  
default --

Natz clicks that shit off.

**CELL CORRIDOR**

Toli stumbles off a flight of stairs, almost goes down. He  
breaks into a dead run.

**INSIDE PREP ROOM**

Natz blasts in but stops dead, mesmerized by the sight of  
Dumé with her dress over her head.

Mommie One turns, drops the dress. Natz cocks his juice gun.  
A hiss of high pressure stink. Everyone reacts to the smell.

## NATZ

Adrianna Doomed, you're under audit  
for the murder of Rusty Pinewood --

Natz grabs for Dumé, but the heel of her palm connects with  
his nose. Natz pulls away, a fist full of blood.

## DUME

What are you talking, murder?

Toli bursts in. Dumé swings at him too, nails the same spot Johnson did.

NATZ  
I'm takin' this commission, Chico!

TOLI  
It's a default!

NATZ  
Bullshit! Rule signed off!

Natz lunges at Dumé with the juice gun, but Toli hooks his arm and flings him against the cell bars.

The juice gun jolts from Natz's hands, flips through the air and lands in Dumé's boot. Two points. Dumé claps.

TOLI  
There's a loophole in her ledger,  
Natz. My bond's on the line!

Natz moves for Dumé. Toli tackles him, but Natz rolls, flings Toli into the cell and slams the door against Toli's knee.

Dumé watches. The Mommies grab at her. Dumé elbows them.

Toli and Natz exchange blows. Dumé cheers them on. Toli swings his stun baton. Recharge whine.

Natz pulls his baton too, but Toli thumps him in the chest with a pulsing electric sting.

The jolt throws Natz into the cell. He slides down the wall in a shuddering, seizing heap.

TOLI  
Aww, fuck.

Dumé slams the bars shut.

DUME  
Voila.

She sweeps her boots up as Toli throws her on a gurney. They disappear through a curtain.

DUME (O.S.)  
Wheeee...

**INT. LIQUIDATION LINE - DAY**

Toli shoves the lipstick-shaped electronic device at Dumé. Cuffed and barefoot, she clutches her boots.

TOLI  
What is this thing? Why'd you take  
it?

She can't turn away from a liquidation in process. Red Rider Two's eyes frozen as recovery teams parse out his organs.

TOLI  
Why is Reardon's name on it?

Robotic arms remove, bag and tag usable parts.

TOLI  
How long has Pinewood been dead,  
for chrissake?!

Organs. Tissue. Dumé looks ill. Toli shakes her.

**INT. LIQUIDATION PREP ROOM - DAY**

Natz shakes it off. Tries the cell door. Locked.

NATZ  
Where's the fucking key?!

He rattles the bars. Slams them with his fists.

MOMMIE ONE  
We never needed one!

Mommie Two pops in with an old-school jailer's key ring.

MOMMIE TWO  
Let me see here...

She browses for the right key. Natz wipes his bloodied face, rattles the bars again. Right key, door swings open.

Natz shoves the two cronies out of his way and pounds his fist into a glass emergency alarm. Klaxons. Strobes.

NATZ  
(into radio)  
Breach. We have a breach.

He snaps his steel baton to full extension and disappears through the curtain.

**INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT**

Toli and Dumé descend through a swirl of strobes and alarms, her tea-induced stupor wearing off.

DUME

He was about to kill me.

TOLI

Sauce doesn't kill you. It just ices your vitals. Like hibernation, but you're paralyzed.

She grabs him. Looks him in the eyes.

DUME

I didn't kill anybody.

Ahead of them, a steel security gate cranks down on rollers. A block-stenciled emergency exit beyond it --

"C.A.R.T. Market-Mission Artery:  
Hearing Protection Required Beyond This Point"

TOLI

That's what I'm afraid of.

Toli shoves her under the gate and through the door.

**INT. AUDITING - DAY**

Chaos. Lancers scramble. Auditors lock their terminals down.

The C.A.R.T. exit blinks on a security grid. Alarms blare.

**INT. UNDERGROUND TRAIN TUNNEL - DAY**

Toli and Dumé descend a steep, open staircase into a dripping concrete cavern, silent as a tomb.

Thick partitions cut by gothic arched pass-throughs separate six parallel monorails.

Toli sweeps a flashlight across the rails, revealing mangled corpses in various stages of decay. Suicides by train.

TOLI

What a fucking waste.

Dumé steps toward Track One, but Toli yanks her back and hooks his arm through a railing. Light blasts their faces.

The silent blur of a supersonic train slams them with a displaced air concussion, echoed by a grating Doppler shriek.

TOLI

Hold on!

The draft snatches their legs out. Dumé screams, clutches Toli's arm for dear life. Their bodies flutter like flags.

Her grip slips. Toli strains to hang on. A thunderous sonic wave ripples past, a split second behind the train.

The vacuum subsides and they slam back to the ground, just as two FREELANCERS burst through the emergency exit above.

LANCER ONE

(into hands-free)

In the bottleneck. They're done.

Toli and Dumé leap across Track One and duck through an arch, the Lancers bound down after them.

Another train screams past. Dumé clutches her ears. The draft sucks debris thru arches, swirls her hair like a bee swarm.

DUME

How do I know if a train's coming?!

Toli reaches into Dumé's boot. Pulls out the stainless injection gun. Uncocks it. Hands her the boot.

TOLI

Don't worry, you won't hear the one that kills you.

She struggles to get the boot on, but Toli drags her into the shadows through another arch.

The Lancers split up on a hand signal. Out of nowhere, a train blurs through Track Three.

The draft sucks Lancer One into its wake, slams his face into a concrete transom with a wet crack.

From the top landing, Natz sneers at the limp body. It tumbles down the tracks like a pie-faced rag doll.

Toli peers around his corner. Sees Natz descend. Lancer Two creeps through an arch down-track.

DUME

This is your idea of saving me?

TOLI  
I'm not saving you!

Toli spots a door on the far side of Track Six. He glances back at Natz. Eye contact. Natz sneers.

Natz breaks into a dead sprint across the tracks, not even a glance for trains. Lancer Two's jaw drops.

Natz points a pissed-off finger at him.

NATZ  
Move!

Trains screech through the tunnels at Natz's heels. Lancer Two cringes across the tracks, through an arch and into --

A swinging black boot. It smashes his lips open with the heel. He squeals through bloody teeth, drops to his knees.

DUME  
Dangerous clothes.

She hops on one foot, almost gets the boot back on, but a Track Five train hurtles past and she barely hangs on.

More LANCERS descend and fan out through the tunnel.

Natz slams on the brakes as another train bullets past.

Toli snatches Dumé from the shadows and drags her across Track Six into a flooded culvert. They wade to the door.

Toli fingers caked-on rust, it hasn't been opened in years.

TOLI  
How long can you stay underwater?

He wedges the injection gun against the crusty door handle.

Dumé grimaces at the oily pool. Bloated rats crawl out and disappear through a hole in the wall.

DUME  
Water? That's rat-shit soup!

Toli swings his stun baton. Recharge whine. He glances down the dark tunnel, sees Natz closing in.

TOLI  
On the count of three. One...

Natz growls, forced to wait for another train.

TOLI

Two...

Dumé reads the "HYDROGEN SULFIDE" label on the injection gun, clamps her eyes shut tight.

NATZ

Put her under the train, Chico!

TOLI

Three!

The light of an oncoming train streaks over. Toli jams his baton into the gun, shattering the glass juice cylinder.

A frost web spreads over the stainless steel. In a heartbeat, the hyper-cooled liquid turns to gas.

He triggers the baton and they plunge into the fetid water.

ZAP! KABOOM!

Natz squints at the explosion through a Track Six train blur, braces himself inside an arch.

The train disappears, 'lancers diving for cover from the massive steel door that cartwheels down the track behind it.

A mangled juice gun rattles across the tracks to Natz's feet.

The twisted, smoking door slams down with a resounding echo.

Director Rule glares from the landing as another train shrieks away into the darkness. Toli and Dumé are gone.

**To request the full screenplay of "Debt to Society" please contact Doug Johnson at [dojo@dojowrite.com](mailto:dojo@dojowrite.com) with your name and a brief introduction.**

**Thank you for your interest.**