

# **AUTONOMOUS**

ANIMATED PROOF OF CONCEPT

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A DARKENED HOTEL ROOM

Key card opens the door, allowing light in from the hall.

Rack focus to a closed steel case sitting on a table just in front of camera.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE

Steel case is strapped to the back of a next-gen motorcycle, but one that still runs on gasoline, off-grid.

The rider is a woman, YURI, in motorcycle helmet. She mounts, starts the bike and peels out through the desolate structure.

EXT. CITYSCAPE - DAY

Yuri pulls out of the monolithic structure, revealing a criss-crossing network of roads and highways, intersecting, running through and over and under each other.

On each of them, a steady flow of AUTONOMOUS VEHICLES. Their pace seems controlled down to the inch, the moving columns even and ordered.

And into this order screams the exhaust of chaos as--

Yuri blows into the flow of autonomous traffic seamlessly, accelerating ahead of vehicles, weaving between controlled AV's at her own unpredictable pace.

She cuts across lanes, triggering automatic braking from nearby vehicles, causing disorder amongst the steady flow.

She checks her sideview-- pulls onto a ramp that leads to another highway full of traffic, her speed unmatched, passing vehicles left and right--

WOOSH-- WOOSH WOOSH--!

Her speedometer climbing... **80mph... 90mph...**

TRAFFIC CONTROL AGENT (V.O.)  
*We have an unauthorized element in  
sector 322 heading eastbound,  
tracking at 95 miles per hour.*

A MID-SIZED DRONE emblazoned with the words SPRAWL CORP soars a thousand feet up in the air over the traffic far below.

TRAFFIC CONTROL AGENT (V.O.)  
*UAV has visual, locked on target.*

Yuri passes under an intersecting highway and comes out on the other side, accelerating.

TRAFFIC CONTROL AGENT (V.O.)  
 (realizing)  
*Sir, it's a motorcycle.*

CYBERPUNK CITYSCAPE SHOTS... towering buildings, citadels of light and glowing neon surrounding the highway--

TRAFFIC CONTROL CAPTAIN (V.O.)  
*Deploy nearest MTF officer and  
 divert all oncoming traffic.*

TRAFFIC CONTROL AGENT (V.O.)  
*Copy that, control.*

DRONE POV: among hundreds of black and white specks moving below in even lines, a RED speck weaves in and out, disrupting them with collateral effect that cascades back for miles.

YURI'S POV: AV's are overridden and steered out of her way--

She lets off the throttle, watches the cars all pull away from her, creating a wide radius around her.

YURI (UNDER HELMET)  
 Shit--  
 (radio)  
 Nyx, do you read? Sprawl's got a lock on my bike. Approaching exit 35 with package-- what's your twenty?

CUT TO:

ANOTHER HELMTEED MOTORCYCLE RIDER--

Accelerating at breakneck speed in a downtown part of the city, he unsheathes a pipe-weapon from over his shoulder--

NYX (UNDER HELMET)  
 Take back your control--!

SMASHING the window of a passing vehicle. He lets out the laugh of an anarchist--

NYX  
 (radio)  
 On my way!

He kicks into high gear as his motorcycle zips through downtown.

BACK ON YURI

Scans the horizon ahead...

YURI  
Where the hell are you?

*VROOOOOM!* Nyx's motorcycle flies through the air and lands right in front of her, keeping pace--

NYX (RADIO)  
(looks over, casual)  
Small world.

YURI (RADIO)  
You're late.

NYX  
Out spreading the gospel.

YURI  
Getting this package to the dock is more important. Vapor Ghosts can't afford to lose a client right now.

NYX  
Head straight there, don't slow down. I'll handle the MTF.

She nods and pulls ahead of him, heading toward a tunnel.

We find a METRO TASK FORCE CRUISER pulling toward camera, a mile back from our bikers.

MTF DRIVER 1 (LOUD SPEAKER)  
*Your vehicle is being re-routed...  
do not be alarmed... your vehicle--*

AV's slide out of the way for the cruiser, giving it a wide berth to accelerate toward the bikers. *Seems he can divert traffic at will.*

He clears himself a path like Moses, swerving where necessary, unbound by control like the other vehicles... *a manually controlled hyper-car.*

Nyx spots him in his mirror, playful--

NYX  
Keep up, turbo.

*This is all a game to him.* He heads down an off-ramp onto a street running parallel to the freeway full of street lights. Cruiser follows, hot on his tail.

AV TRAFFIC crosses the intersection, blocking his route.

NYX

Shit.

He spies an industrial ramp at 2 o'clock, shoots up it and FLIES OVER THE LINE OF CARS--

No need for the Cruiser to take such measures-- he overrides the oncoming traffic and STOPS THE FLOW in perfect time for him to rocket through the intersection (which starts up again as soon as he's through to the other side).

Nyx looks back and sees he's still on his tail--

NYX

BACK OFF, TECKER!

He unsheathes his pipe-weapon and launches it back--

It flies through the air straight for the Cruiser's windshield--

Cruiser STRAFES HARD, screeching out of control--

Cruiser rights itself and continues to give chase.

MEANWHILE, IN THE TUNNEL

Yuri's clocking over 100mph, body leaned forward for maximum aerodynamics as she curves along the lit tunnel, passing AV's in her lane and avoiding AV's in the oncoming lane.

She looks back-- her six is clear. Package still in-tact.

ANOTHER CRUISER emerges, gunning down the tunnel, creeping up on her-- she clocks it far back--

MTF DRIVER 2 (LOUD SPEAKER, ECHO)

*This is the MTF, decrease speed and pull over or you will be forcibly removed from the Grid!*

YURI

Try it.

That's when three AV's in front of her are moved into a formation to box her in.

She's forced to brake hard-- swings wide around them, barely avoiding the box--

TRAFFIC CONTROL CAPTAIN (V.O.)  
*Remote override him!*

MTF DRIVER 2  
*He's running analog-- I can't get a lock!*

TRAFFIC CONTROL CAPTAIN  
*Then ram him!*

MTF DRIVER 2  
*Yes sir.*

Cruiser 2 accelerates after Yuri, barreling out of the tunnel into sunlight--

Yuri bee-lines toward a BRIDGE--

YURI (RADIO)  
I'm heading onto the bridge, Nyx.  
MTF's on my ass!

BACK ON NYX

Spots the bridge in the distance from his vantage--

NYX (RADIO)  
Hold tight!

He veers OFF THE GRID and onto a dirt path--

The Cruiser behind him is forced to screech to a hard stop, unable to travel off-road.

MTF DRIVER 1 (RADIO)  
He's off-grid, I can't follow!

ON THE BRIDGE

Yuri zooms across the long bridge, Cruiser 2 catching up to her from behind, clearing his path of AV's to get through.

He pulls behind her bike, ready to take a run at her--

She looks in her side mirror-- he's right on her ass!

LOUD EXHAUST BELLOWS JUST OFF-SCREEN!

NYX EMERGES from behind, red-lining. Pulls alongside the cruiser, distracting it.

Cruiser momentarily diverted, Yuri pulls an EMP PISTOL from inside her vest--

Takes aim at Cruiser 2 distracted by Nyx--

YURI  
*Gridlocked.*

LASER BEAM HOVERS ON CRUISER--

TRIGGER PULLS-- ZAP! -- BLINDING LIGHT --

THE CRUISER GETS HIT by the pulse and immediately powers down, its tail lights flickering off, acceleration cut--

VROOM! Nyx blows past the dying cruiser--

NYX  
(doppler effect)  
Fuck the MTF!

He joins Yuri as they come off the bridge to an industrial dock area, Yuri sliding the pistol back in her vest.

YURI  
(turns her head to him)  
Drop point's just up ahead.

She checks her watch, looks back ahead and--

AN INNOCENT PEDESTRIAN CROSSES THE STREET--

Yuri brakes hard, swerves-- AVOIDS THE PERSON but LOSES CONTROL as her bike flips, sending her flying off it.

Nyx watches in horror as she launches (SLOW MO) twenty feet through the air-- hits the pavement rough and rolls.

NYX  
Yuri!

He pulls up to a stop beside her bloodied body--

YURI  
(moaning in pain)  
Take-- the package--

NYX  
Are you--?

YURI  
Take it!

He wants to help her but she's in charge. He recovers the steel case and attaches it to the back of his bike.

YURI

You have the coordinates. There's  
no time-- go!

He nods and speeds off into the industrial area.

Yuri lifts her head in pain... sees--

A different cruiser (DETECTIVE MODEL) pulls up. Door opens and a boot steps out onto the pavement.

She glimpses the owner of the boot coming toward her (who we may not see).

UNSEEN DETECTIVE (O.S.)

Oh, Yuri... I hate to see you like  
this.

As the Sprawl Corp drone from before glides far above them...

The unseen DETECTIVE lights a cigarette off-screen, takes a slow drag, and blows the smoke at Yuri.

YURI (UNDER HELMET)

You think you're in control? Sprawl  
*owns you.*

UNSEEN DETECTIVE (O.S.)

I know. And now... we own *you.*

Delivering the last line as if he were speaking right to us.

SMASH TO BLACK.