

EXT. COLLEGE GRADUATION - DAY

Hopeful young faces.

Caps and gowns. College stadium. Proud parents. Perfect blue sky. Graduation Day.

COMMENCEMENT SPEAKER (V.O.)

... We can only marvel at the
potential of these fine young men
and women as they venture out into
the world...

We move across a long row of seated graduates.

All their faces are filled with promise and idealism.

And then we come to JACK.

On his face we see only doubt. Discontent.

He is unsure and tense.

COMMENCEMENT SPEAKER (V.O.)

... The decisions you make from
this day forward will give you the
opportunity to fulfill your
individual potential and bring
honor to this institution, to your
families, and to your country...

Jack glances out to the audience.

He sees his DAD and MOM. He sees his AUNT DOREEN. They are proud. Dad films with an old movie camera. Mom dabs her eyes.

We see the graduation caps fly into the air.

It is 1960.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE-BACKYARD - DAY

Party for Jack's graduation. Guests mill about.

The perfect mid-century modern house.

Jack stands by the pool. The same tension and doubt in his eyes. Even more so.

He is increasingly uncomfortable.

His Aunt Doreen is yammering blandly at him, an ambient drone we don't entirely hear:

AUNT DOREEN

... I told her I would host the girls because I just got that new settee, the one with the cup holders, but she wouldn't hear of it...!

Jack sees his Dad at the barbecue entertaining his pals from the office. Someone demonstrates a golf swing.

Jack sees his Mom talking to her Tupperware party pals.

Jack's looks down. His only ally -- his dachshund RUSTY -- sniffs at his feet.

Then Jack notices something ... SOMETHING SHIMMERING in the pool ... He peers ... There's something catching the light at the bottom of the pool.

Jack can't make it out.

Rusty notices it as well and starts barking.

AUNT DOREEN

... She said she's been hosting the girls the first Monday of every month for eight years and didn't see why we should change the way we always do things! -- Rusty! Hush! -- Well, I ask you, what was I to say to that? I said that's all very well, Margie, but my new settee...

Jack forces himself to concentrate on his Aunt.

INT. THE FIRM - DAY

Jack's Dad is leading him through The Firm.

A series of oppressive, airless offices.

From Jack's perspective it is Kafkaesque: everyone looks leaden-eyed, regimented and trapped.

Jack's face betrays even more tension. His dissonance is increasing. He's about to panic.

DAD

... And we're going to have lunch with Mr. Ryan from the New York office on Wednesday, he can open a lot of doors for you at corporate, he's pretty much the big cheese around here...

As they walk Jack glances into office after office. Sees bland businessman after bland businessman. His Dad's golfing buddies. All are cheerless and industrious.

In one office he seems something disturbing: an overweight man, just staring forward, inert, crying. Scrabble tiles spread out over his desk.

DAD

... Hey, and after ten years you'll get one of these...

(shows his firm ring)

Remember how you used to play with it when you were a kid? Spin it around your finger?

Dad stops.

DAD

(proudly)

And come Monday: here's your office ... Right next to mine.

Jack looks into "his" office.

Small. Characterless.

Like a prison cell.

Welcome to the rest of your life.

Jack's eyes start to flash with panic--

His tension rising to a pitch--

And--

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

--Jack's running.

Flat out. Huffing and puffing.

Running away from his life.

He zips through an airport terminal. Weaving through people.
Just manages to nip into a Pan Am jetway as the doors close.

INT. PAN AM JET - DAY

The blissful hush of a pressurized cabin.

Jack's smiling. Eyes shut. Finally at peace. The tension gone.

He's made his choice.

A voice shakes him from his reverie:

 STEWARDESS
Coffee or tea?

 JACK
Tea.

The PRETTY STEWARDESS prepares his drink as Jack glances around.

The other passengers. Dressed up for 1960 airline travel. Like Jack, all the men wear suits and ties. Nice dresses on the women. Executives. Families.

Someone lights a cigarette.

The Stewardess smiles to Jack as she gives him his coffee.

She disappears with her service cart.

Jack glances to a wrapped birthday present in the empty seat next to him. Card from his Mom on top: "For Jack."

He is about to open the card.

Stops. Smells his tea. Not tea at all.

INT. JET -- SERVICE GALLEY - DAY

Jack pushes aside the curtain to the galley.

 JACK
Excuse me ... This is coffee.

 STEWARDESS
Yes?

JACK
I asked for tea.

She gives him a look. A little flirtatious.

STEWARDESS
You always get what you want?

Jack smiles.

LATER...

Jack is flirting with the Stewardess as she prepares his tea.

STEWARDESS
Barcelona?

JACK
That's right.

STEWARDESS
What's in Barcelona?

JACK
I don't know.

She smiles.

JACK
Not my life, that's what's in
Barcelona ... You ever get tired of
people telling you what to do?

STEWARDESS
(dry)
Believe me.

Jack smiles. Graciously takes over making the tea:

JACK
Trick is not to steep it too long.
Two minutes. Any more and you cook
the tea leaves ... My folks were
always telling me what to do, had
my whole life planned out for me. I
was just supposed to obey.

STEWARDESS
My Dad's the same way. Freaked out
when I wanted to get this job ...
Parents hate you leave.

JACK

It's weird, I never really felt like I belonged at home. You know that feeling?

STEWARDESS

Like what?

JACK

Sometimes I would look around and it was like ... it was all made up, nothing was real ... I guess I need to find something that's real.

STEWARDESS

(smiles)

Now you sound like a beatnik.

JACK

(smiles ruefully)

Just a grown up.

STEWARDESS

So just like that, Barcelona. Why not Morocco or Paris?

JACK

I saw a postcard of Barcelona once, stuck in my head. Couldn't tell you why ... Do you overnight in London?

STEWARDESS

Yeah.

JACK

How about a drink?

STEWARDESS

Sorry, against the rules.

JACK

(a look)

Hell with 'em. Gotta make your own choices in this life ... Barcelona, right?

He holds her gaze.

STEWARDESS

(smiles)

Barcelona ... You do always get what you want, don't you?

He smiles.

INT. JET - NIGHT

Jack is at his seat, slowly stirring his tea. Click-click-click as his spoon taps the edge of the cup.

He sets the wrapped birthday present on his lap. Opens the card from his Mom. Reads.

MOM (V.O.)

"Dearest Jack, I know every young man reaches a point in his life when he has to make decisions, but you've upset your father very much. He expects great things from you ... We hope you "find yourself" and come home to us soon. Until then would you kindly open your present and..."

The click-click-click of Jack's spoon takes his thoughts to...

INT. FLASHBACK -- DINING ROOM - EVENING

...click-click-click of his Dad tapping a knife on a glass for silence.

The family and extended relations are gathered around the dining room table, set for a feast. Mom and Dad are proud. Aunt Doreen is smiling.

Jack watches, uncomfortable.

Rusty -- Jack's dachshund -- is asleep under the table, nestled against Jack's foot.

When the table is quiet, Dad stands and toasts his son with awkward sincerity:

DAD

Jack, I just want to say, um, congratulations on joining the firm ... I couldn't be more proud. No father ever had such a good son to follow in his footsteps ... Would you like to say a few words?

Jack stands -- disturbing Rusty under the table. Rusty moves and curls up under Jack's chair.

Jack looks at his Dad ... at his family...

They gaze back at him expectantly...

JACK

Well, actually I would like to say something ... I've been thinking a lot about my life and I've come to, um, a decision ... I've decided to take some time to...

He stops...

As the wine begins to drizzle from his glass ... drizzle horizontally ... as if blown by a wind...

He looks at it...

As the table begins to VIBRATE ... the cutlery shaking and jumping ... a seismic ROAR building and building...

And then a powerful WIND starts sending things flying off the table--

None of the other people seem to notice.

The chandelier overhead sways like a pendulum and then JERKS violently, SMASHING into the ceiling -- glass shards SPIN around the room--

The building roar is DEAFENING now -- like the roar of a jet engine CLOSER AND CLOSER--

Discordant images -- Jack's claustrophobic office at the firm -- Graduation Day caps and gowns -- the mysterious thing shining at the bottom of the pool -- other water images--

Suddenly the Stewardess from the plane is standing in the dining room--

STEWARDESS

Coffee or tea?

The wind increases -- a TORNADO -- everything is FLYING through the air -- the whole dining room SHAKES and THUNDERS--

Then--

The ROAR reaches a crescendo--

All the windows SHATTER VIOLENTLY--

And the room FILLS WITH A TORRENT OF WATER--

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

--Jack is underwater.

Disoriented. Shock. Panic.

Burning wreckage is sinking around him. Illuminating the undersea world in sputtering flashes.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Jack breaks the surface. Gasps for air.

The ocean is alive with fire.

The plane has crashed. Burning wreckage everywhere around him. The plane's tail is still floating, jutting up from the ocean.

Jack looks around desperately. Sees no one else. Just flames and oil and floating debris.

Then, in the distance, he sees a blinking light.

Rhythmic. Blinking. On and off. On and Off.

He swims for it.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT

The blinking light is a lighthouse.

Jack pulls himself to the base of the lighthouse. Coughing and panting for air. He collapses.

The burning wreckage of the plane glows in the distance, illuminating the waves and the night.

LATER...

Jack gathers his strength and pulls himself up. He is unsteady. He checks himself out. Appears unhurt.

He looks up at the lighthouse.

It is like no lighthouse Jack has ever seen. It is bizarrely architectural. More like a monument or stately tower than a lighthouse.

There are stairs leading up to an ornate door.

He climbs the stairs.

INT. BATHYSPHERE STATION - NIGHT

Jack enters the lighthouse.

Stops.

What is this place?

Jack is surprised to discover the interior of the lighthouse is a beautiful Art Deco dreamland.

Sweeping walls. Lush carpet. Geometric lighting sconces. Golden statuary of sleek, fascistically idealized figures.

Jack stares, amazed.

JACK
Hello...?

Nothing.

He takes a step into the lighthouse. Looks around.

There is only one way to go: down. Jack carefully descends an elegant, curving stairway.

He stops.

He sees something ahead of him.

We reveal a dramatic crimson banner hanging on the wall:

"NO GODS OR KINGS. ONLY MAN."

Jack stares at it.

Then he continues to descend.

At the bottom of the stairway there is nothing but a single high-tech doorway.

Something like an elevator car awaits beyond.

Jack looks around.

JACK
Hello...?

No response.

He glances up the stairway again. Sees the crimson banner.

Seeing no option, Jack carefully pokes his head into the elevator car. Looks around. Appears safe.

He finally steps into the elevator car--

INT. BATHYSPHERE - NIGHT

He jumps when the door automatically hisses shut behind him.

Then a jerk--

Jack jumps--

As the car starts to descend.

And the black ocean appears through the windows.

Jack is in a bathysphere, zooming down toward the seabed. It is elegantly appointed with a futuristic Jules Verne panache.

Jack stares out the window.

Dumbfounded.

A sudden loud CRACKLE and flashing LIGHT--

Jack spins--

To face a glowing video screen: like a 1950's TV.

ANDREW RYAN appears on the screen.

Ryan is an imposing figure: an industrialist of unrivaled wealth and power. Intense and focused, almost messianic is his confidence.

A prerecorded message on the flickering screen:

RYAN

(on video screen)

My name is Andrew Ryan and I'm here to ask you a question: Is a man not entitled to the sweat of his own brow? No, says the man in Washington. It belongs to the poor. No, says the man in the Vatican. It belongs to God. No, says the man in Moscow. It belongs to everyone. I rejected those answers. Instead, I chose something different. I chose something impossible. I chose ... Rapture.

Jack turns...

And through the windows of the bathysphere he sees...

Rapture.

A titanic undersea city.

Spectacular and spectacularly beautiful. Enormous buildings glowing with light. Tunnels and glass walkways connecting great towers and spires.

Skyscrapers of iridescent glass. Pulsating and glowing neon signs of every color. Arcades and parks and boulevards under soaring domes.

Whales swim between the august towers and fish skim along the buildings like flowing traffic.

Jack stares. Overwhelmed.

RYAN

(on video screen)

And so I built this place. A city where the artist would not fear the censor. Where the scientist would not be bound by petty morality. Where the great would not be constrained by the small ... And with the sweat of your brow, Rapture can become your city as well. Join me as--

Suddenly--

An ugly burst of static--

A new voice -- with a heavy IRISH ACCENT -- hacks in. Speaks urgently:

ATLAS (V.O.)

--a word he says. And don't listen to his social engineering bullshit either, he'll make you--

(burst of static)

--to be fast. He's tracking me now, he'll cut the signal. I'm sending someone for you. Just stay there. Wait for him. And whatever happens don't--

A burst of static and the voice is gone.

Jack waits, apprehensive.

Silence.

With a cushioned jerk the bathysphere comes to a stop.

Through the forward porthole Jack can see a long, dark corridor with elegant appointments.

Jack waits. Unsure.

He is relieved to see a man dressed as an ENGINEER approaching urgently.

The Engineer comes to the porthole. He mouths to Jack and calls. Jack can barely hear him through the heavy glass:

ENGINEER
Atlas sent me ... Hit the
decompression button ...
(he points)
Hit the decompression button.

Jack looks down. There is only one button in the bathysphere:
"DECOMPRESSION."

He presses it.

A whoosh of air and an anodyne female voice is heard:

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Automatic decompression sequence
has begun ... Ten ... nine ...
eight ...

Then Jack sees something...

In the hallway beyond the nervous Engineer. In the distance.

An UNCLEAR FIGURE drops from the ceiling. An impossibly long drop. The figure lands like a spider.

And then the figure begins to move toward the Engineer. Moving quickly. A strange, jerky gate.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Six ... five ... four...

The Engineer sees Jack's eyes--

Sees Jack staring at the thing approaching behind him--

The Engineer spins in panic--

Too late--

A FRENZY OF VIOLENCE -- the unclear figure SLASHES BRUTALLY -- the Engineer RECOILS -- SLAMS into the bathysphere -- BLOOD SPRAYS across the porthole--

Jack lurches back--

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Three ... two ... one.

The door begins to SLIDE OPEN!

Jack slams the Decompression button again and again in panic!

No good.

The door inexorably opens.

The pressurized hum of the bathysphere gives way to the haunting, strange soundscape of Rapture: the steady drone of urban life.

And the corridor awaits.

The Engineer's body is gone. The unclear thing is gone.

Blood everywhere.

Jack waits.

And waits.

His heart pounds.

Nothing.

Finally.

He steps out into Rapture.

INT. BATHYSphere DOCKING CHAMBER - NIGHT

Jack steps around the blood as best he can.

He is nervous. What was that thing? What is going on here?

He peers down the long corridor. Nothing.

Tries to speak. His mouth is too dry.

Swallows.

JACK
Hello? Hello?

Nothing.

But then he becomes aware of a sound. A long way off. An old song.

"I don't want to set the world on fire..."

He begins to carefully move down the corridor, tense.

INT. GLASS TUNNEL - NIGHT

Jack follows the music.

"I just want to start a flame in your heart..."

He enters a long glass tunnel.

The glowing cityscape of Rapture looms beyond; the great, monolithic towers soaring up.

Jack is wary.

Suddenly--

A huge shark swims past--

On the other side of the glass--

He jumps.

Marine life of every description flits and floats around the glass tunnel.

Jack is starting to become aware of something. Rapture isn't paradise. The glass is filthy. He has to walk through little pools of water. There is trash and debris.

He cautiously continues on.

INT. ATRIUM - STAIRS TO NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The song is louder now. It is a scratchy record.

"In my heart I have but one desire..."

Jack moves through a deserted Atrium.

Glowing neon signs advertise everything from Haberdashery to Dentistry to Cosmetics. Vending machines advertising something called "PLASMIDS" flash with light.

Here too Jack sees signs that Rapture is decaying.

Some of the neon signs sizzle and flicker. Debris is scattered about. Water trickles from overhead pipes.

Rapture, it seems, is a disquieting combination of grandeur and ruin. Like something once beautiful now rotting.

Jack follows the music.

He sees what looks like a syringe abandoned on the floor. It is a unique SYRINGE-GUN that clearly can inject its contents quickly. Dangerous looking needle.

He climbs a dramatic Deco stairway toward the source of the song: the "Fort Frolic Nightclub."

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The scratchy record is coming from this room.

"And that one is you, no other will do..."

Jack looks around. A once swank nightclub. Empty stage. Deserted tables. Upset glasses. Abandoned party hats and noisemakers. Dark and shadowy corners.

A banner hangs down: "Happy New Year, 1958."

It is like Miss Haversham's wedding feast. Everything stuck in time. Decaying food. Filthy ashtrays. Insects and rodents scurry over the tables.

Jack sees a couple more of the strange syringe-guns scattered around.

Jack finally walks to a phonograph.

The record spins.

"I don't want to set the world on fire..."

He lifts the needle.

Silence.

Jack slowly becomes aware of something. Someone.

A MAN wearing a tuxedo sitting at a table in a dark corner.

Jack looks at him.

Slowly approaches.

CRUNCH!

Jack stops. Realizes he has stepped on a broken record.

The whole floor here is covered with broken records. As if the Tuxedo Man has been smashing records and tossing them to the floor.

Jack carefully approaches across the carpet of shattered records. Crunch. Crack. Crunch.

Then he stops.

Jack can see the Tuxedo Man clearly now.

He's dead. Has been for a few years. He is wearing a party hat. He is smiling. All his pockets have been turned out. He has been searched.

Jack has never seen a dead body before.

He starts to shake.

He glances to the table in front of the man. Incongruously, he was playing Scrabble. (Jack doesn't notice it now but some of the tiles spell out "W-o-u-l-d y-o-u k-i-n-d-l-y.")

Then Jack becomes aware of another sound.

Squeak ... Squeak ... Squeak.

A rusty, metallic squeak.

INT. LONG, DARK CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Squeak ... Squeak ... Squeak.

Jack follows the sound.

He stops.

Down a long, dark corridor he sees a WOMAN with a BABY CARRIAGE.

Her back is to him.

The squeak is her gently rocking the carriage back and forth on rusty springs.

Jack looks at her. Unsure.

JACK
Hello...?

She stops rocking the carriage.

Silence.

She does not turn.

JACK
Can you help me?

Nothing.

He slowly approaches.

Closer and closer.

She does not turn.

Jack can see that the tight muscles in her forearms are vibrating with tension.

Closer and closer.

Still she does not turn.

Jack is frightened.

Closer and closer.

He finally stops.

Right at the woman.

A long beat.

Silence.

Then...

She slowly turns.

Her face is dreadfully pale. Makeup smeared. Her expression one of anguish. Something harrowing has happened here.

She whispers.

WOMAN WITH CARRIAGE
They took my baby.

Silence.

Jack glances into the carriage.

There is no baby. Only a smear of dried blood.

Silence.

Her eyes peer into him. Imploring.

And then something else...

A strange flicker of ... recognition?

Tears come to her eyes.

Still a whisper.

WOMAN WITH CARRIAGE
You're wet ... You're going to
catch your death.

A long beat.

Silence.

Then.

BAM!

NO WARNING -- FROM ABOVE -- A FEROCIOUS ATTACK!

A MONSTROUS FIGURE lunges down and grabs the WOMAN -- JERKING her up and then FLINGING her down again--

The FIGURE leaps down from above--

Descending on the woman like an animal--

SHREDDING her with great HOOKS attached to its hands--

FRENZY of BLOOD -- SPRAYING on Jack--

The HOOKS SLASHING -- the baby carriage knocked aside in the carnage--

The monstrous figure -- a barely-human mutated creature called a SPLICER -- hunches over the decimated form of the woman--

And then JERKS UP and SPINS TO JACK!

Jack sees the horrific face--

The insane blood lust in the eyes -- her eyes--

Bizarrely, the Spider Splicer is dressed in the tattered remains of sexy Torch Singer's outfit: torn fishnets, clinging dress.

The Spider Splicer coils to attack, her head tilting back and forth strangely--

Jack is shaking in fear--

Frozen--

The Splicer snaps her teeth compulsively--

The Splicer hunches--

Leaps for Jack--

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

GUNSHOTS! Deafening in the enclosed space.

The Splicer recoils in midair. Slams into a wall. Dead.

Jack spins.

ATLAS is moving toward him, gun smoking. He is a capable and active man: physical, direct and trustworthy. Blue collar Irish.

ATLAS

I thought I told you to wait--!

JACK

What? -- I--

Atlas grabs him, starts pulling him away:

ATLAS

I'm Atlas. Come on, lad.

JACK

(panic)

What the fuck -- what the fuck was that thing?!

ATLAS

Splicer. They'll be plenty more of them. Let's go--

JACK

(shakes him off)

I'm not going anywhere! I'm getting out of here.

He starts retreating quickly, Atlas follows.

ATLAS

You'll not make it, friend. Listen to me--!

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Jack strides back through the nightclub. He is almost hysterical:

JACK
I don't know what's going on here --
I don't want to know -- it has
nothing to do with me--

INT. ATRIUM - NIGHT

Jack quick moves down the stairs outside the nightclub and back across the atrium. Atlas follows urgently:

ATLAS
Whatever you think -- He won't let
you leave.

INT. GLASS TUNNEL - NIGHT

Jack is striding back down the long glass tunnel that leads to the bathysphere station.

A large squid flits past, circling the tunnel.

JACK
This whole goddamn thing's an
accident, I'm not supposed to be
here!

ATLAS
(grabs him)
Listen -- you can't just leave.

JACK
You don't think so?! Watch me!

Jack stops--

He sees Atlas seeing something behind him--

Jack spins--

Amazed--

As something massive appears outside the tunnel--

Speeding down from above--

Cutting through the ocean--

Closer and closer--

The enormous tail from Jack plane, sinking--

About the crash into the tunnel--

Jack runs for it!

Trying to make it back to the bathysphere--

The tail gets closer and closer--

Jack's not going to make it--

The tail SMASHES through the glass tunnel ahead of Jack--

Water sprays, electricity sparks--

The tail CRASHES down -- wedging itself in the tunnel -- the Pan Am logo clearly visible--

Blocking Jack's access to the bathysphere.

He's trapped.

Then the whole glass tunnel begins to SPLINTER and CRACK around them--

Jets of water shoot it. Cracks spread like spider webs--

Atlas grabs the stunned Jack and pulls him roughly out of the tunnel as it begins to completely IMplode--

Water and fish SPRAY in--

The huge SQUID splashes in, thrashes wildly--

Atlas flings Jack though the doorway at the end of the tunnel and hits an "AIR LOCK" button--

Massive steel doors slide into place. Sealing the glass tunnel.

They are safe.

Jack is on the floor, drenched, panting.

Atlas looks down at him.

ATLAS

If you ever want to see daylight
again, come with me.

INT. PARK BUBBLE - NIGHT

Jack and Atlas are moving through an eerie simulation of a public park.

Stained Astroturf. Artificial trees, some melted and misshapen. A dilapidated Ice Cream truck. Abandoned swing set. Broken fountain.

A huge dome above them shows other areas of Rapture.

Here and there Jack sees bodies scattered about. Spent ammunition. Weapons. A few of those strange syringe-guns.

Atlas is always wary. Always ready for an attack.

ATLAS

My family's at Neptune's Bounty,
there's a sub almost ready to go
... It's the only way out now.

They pass by a cheery 1950's billboard: "Would You Kindly Enjoy Ryan Plasmids: Winter Blast -- Fire At Your Fingertips!"

Atlas hands him a .45 automatic

ATLAS

Take it.

JACK

I don't know how to use this.

ATLAS

You better learn.

JACK

I couldn't shoot anyone.

ATLAS

You better learn.

JACK

This is insane.

ATLAS

You're learning.

The gun feels uncomfortable in Jack's hands. He doesn't know what to do with it.

They keep moving.

Then they see a one of the monstrous Splicers ahead. He is dressed like a COLLEGE FOOTBALL PLAYER.

He is assembling bombs as he whispers to himself neurotically:

FOOTBALL PLAYER SPLICER
Put me in, Coach ... Put me in ...
I'm ready to go in, I swear...

Atlas carefully leads Jack away from him.

They continue on.

Atlas indicates:

ATLAS
There he is.

JACK
Who?

Atlas points to a high rise tower visible in the distance through the dome. Lights burn in the penthouse. Like the witch's castle.

ATLAS
There's only one "he" in Rapture.
Andrew Ryan ... You're in his
madhouse now. It was supposed to be
heaven. It look like heaven to you?

Atlas stops, alert. Indicates for Jack to be silent.

He pulls him behind a bit of wreckage.

Through the wreckage they can see two Splicers arguing with each other. They are dressed like a BRIDE and GROOM.

BRIDE SPLICER
... the minister said park the car
right outside the church. Where's
the damn car--?

GROOM SPLICER
Minister's a goddamn idiot -- and
are you gonna henpeck me for the
rest of my goddamn life--?

BRIDE SPLICER
I'll show you henpeck--

She pulls a gun -- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Shoots him dead--

Jack gasps--

The Splicer Bride spins toward them!

Atlas clamps a hand over Jack's mouth, holds him still...

The Splicer Bride sniffs the air...

She slowly begins to move in their direction, head oscillating, shoulders tensing...

Atlas carefully readies his gun...

But...

Another Splicer -- dressed like a MILK MAN -- appears and descends on the Groom Splicer's body, rifling through it--

The Bride Splicer spins back and returns to protect her kill--

BRIDE SPLICER

Get off of him! -- He's mine!

She attacks the Milk Man Splicer and they fight--

Atlas uses this distraction to hurry Jack away.

INT. CORRIDOR TO AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Splendid corridor leading to a large auditorium. Water drips down across classical friezes.

ATLAS

They're all mad now -- half who they used to be, half crazy for ADAM. They'll claw you to pieces if they think you have any, so don't take any chances. Trust me.

Jack is distracted, looking at another part of the city through windows. He is awed by the grandeur and scale of Rapture.

JACK

It goes on forever...

ATLAS

It's like nothing you ever seen ... A whole empire, under the sea. Like Jules Verne it was. Beautiful beyond measure.

JACK
So what happened?

ATLAS
(alert, silencing him)
Shhh.

They move into the auditorium...

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Atlas is cautious as they move into a cavernous room.

It used to be a large auditorium or theatre but all the chairs have been torn up and piled against a wall.

Scaffolding covers one end of the huge chamber.

The corners and far reaches of the room are shrouded in ominous darkness.

SANDER COHEN, a flamboyant artist, is just climbing down from the scaffolding. He wears a stained smock over his soigne outfit. He is clever and insinuating.

He sees Atlas.

SANDER
Where's my umber?!

ATLAS
Sander, listen, I've no time for--

Sander approaches. Jack sees that Atlas is very tense.

SANDER
I need the umber for the cherubs, you understand. For the cherubs!

ATLAS
I'm still working on it.

SANDER
It's all cigarettes and bibles with you. Cigarettes and bibles and guns and whores. Isn't that right? What do your pedestrian little sins mean to a man like me? Genius scoffs at petty morality... You promised me pigment!

ATLAS
You'll have it next shipment--

SANDER
Have you ever tried to paint a
cherub without umber?!

ATLAS
Look, I'll get it. I give you my
word.

SANDER
(sneers)
Your word, you dissembling peasant.
You know nothing about art ...
Shall I ring the bell?

ATLAS
(alarmed)
You don't need to do that.

SANDER
Perhaps I should ring the bell,
maybe then you'd--

He stops abruptly. Gasps.

He has finally noticed Jack.

He stares at Jack, inspired.

SANDER
Who ... is ... this?!

ATLAS
Sander, no...

SANDER
Look at that face! DIVINITY! -- You
will complete my masterpiece!

ATLAS
This one's not for you.

SANDER
The final piece of my creation...

ATLAS
Leave him, Sander...

Atlas starts to pull Jack away. Sander follows, protesting:

SANDER
No, he belongs here! I need him!
(urgently to Jack)
Don't go with him! You're here for
a reason, don't you understand?!

ATLAS

Stop it--

SANDER

You're the missing piece of the puzzle! It's not complete without you!

ATLAS

Sander--

SANDER

Don't listen to him. He's mad.
Atlas and Ryan. Ryan and Atlas.
They're both obsessed. It's so tedious. Neither one of them understands the first thing about ART! -- You understand art! It is everything. It's meat and drink and sun and stars ... You can't leave me. You're meant to be here! You're the raison d'etra! ... STOP!

Sander raises a little bell.

ATLAS

Sander, no--!

Sander rings the bell...

The tinkle echoes...

Like lighting...

Atlas pulls a gun and fires--

BLAM! BLAM!

Killing Sander.

Jack recoils. Shocked.

JACK

What are you doing?! -- WHY DID YOU DO THAT?!

Then...

Drop.

A red splatter falls on Jack's face.

From above.

Drop.

Another splatter.

It's blood.

Jack looks up.

To see Sander's masterpiece.

The entire ceiling is covered in dead bodies. They have been nailed into place, forming gruesome patterns. Many have been painted and decorated.

It is like a grisly Sistine Chapel.

And there's one empty place, right in the center.

ATLAS

That's what he wanted you for, lad
... Finish his masterpiece.

Jack is overwhelmed by the horror.

ATLAS

(grim)

You asked what happened? He did ...
this did ... We all went mad.

Then...

Sounds are heard.

Voices.

Approaching.

Strange whispers ... fractured bits of dialogue ... arguments
... weeping ... singing...

Sander's acolytes begin to appear from dark passages and
around corners ... ominous and encroaching...

They are Splicers ... the COLLEGE FOOTBALL PLAYER ... the
MILK MAN ... the BRIDE ... a MOTHER ... a POLICEMAN ... a
MINISTER ... a STAGE MAGICIAN ...

JACK

What's the plan now?

ATLAS

Run -- RUN!

Atlas and Jack BOLT--

The Splicers ATTACK -- RACING after them--

INT. CORRIDORS-VARIOUS - NIGHT

Jack and Atlas run for their lives--

The Splicers speed after them: inarticulate howls of fury mixing with insane chatter--

A frenzied, chaotic chase--

Jack and Atlas zoom in and out of corridors -- up and down stairways--

The Splicers are relentless and hyped-up--

Atlas spins -- fires -- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Kills Splicers.

They keep coming.

In and out of chambers -- past blurs of neon vending machines -- through doorways -- leaping over bodies -- around corners--

Periodically one of the insane Splicers will suddenly turn on another Splicer -- attacking and ripping--

Atlas keeps up the defense as they run--

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Splicers fall.

His gun empty, Atlas pulls out another and continues the relentless barrage--

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Jack races to keep up with him--

They are barely ahead of the Splicers--

INT. PARK BUBBLE - NIGHT

They zoom back through the park -- vaulting over benches and around trees--

Atlas keeps up the defense as best he can. Firing steadily.
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

But still the Splicers come. Like a pack of feral dogs.

Jack remembers the gun Atlas gave him--

In desperation he pulls it out and fires at a Splicer--

BLAM!

But Jack's never used a gun before--

The recoil shocks him--

The .45 goes flying--

The Football Player Splicer zeroes in on Jack--

He powers forward and leaps dramatically, like diving for the endzone--

He SLAMS into Jack--

His fingernails tearing--

His teeth snapping--

He bites into Jack's ear--

RIPS it off--

Blood sprays -- Jack screams in agony--

Atlas shoves a gun under the Football Player Splicer's chin--

BLAM!

The Splicer's head explodes--

Atlas grabs Jack and pulls him up--

Drags him away--

Still running as the Splicers continue to pursue--

INT. CORRIDOR TO STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Jack is stumbling badly, holding his savaged ear.

Atlas is wrenching him along.

Jack is slowing him, he's not up to this.

Atlas spins, sees the Splicers are too close now.

And there's too many. They can't outrun them.

Atlas diverts into a small room...

INT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

A tiny storage room. Old advertising posters and broken signs.

Atlas kicks the door shut and locks it.

There is a ferocious pounding on the other side of the door. The Splicers trying to get it.

Door won't last long.

Howl and screams of frustration as the Splicers scratch at the door. They can be seen at the air vents, slamming to get in, teeth snapping.

Jack collapses to the floor. Exhausted. Traumatized.

Atlas holds the door shut against the pounding.

ATLAS

If I don't make it, get to
Neptune's Bounty. Help my family
get out of here--

He pulls out one of the syringe-guns -- filled with an almost bioluminescent BLUE LIQUID. Offers it to Jack:

ATLAS

This is your only chance. Take the
ADAM. Go on--

JACK

Get the fuck away from me!

ATLAS

You won't survive down here without
it--

JACK

No!

ATLAS

Trust me, it'll be like an old
friend--

The Splicers are slamming at the door violently--

ATLAS

Listen, it's my family, I need your
help! Take the damn ADAM!

JACK

No!

Atlas doesn't have time to argue. He injects himself. Half the glowing blue liquid shoots into his arm.

Atlas sighs -- head tossed back.

Jack sees the drug instantly transforming Atlas.

Atlas' eyes flash. His muscles vibrate. His spine arches and hunches. His breath rasps.

He is more focused. More intense. More aggressive.

His voice is harsher:

ATLAS

This your last chance. Now would you kindly do the drug and get to Neptune's Bounty. Be quick about it.

He sets down the syringe-gun, tosses a revolver to Jack and then arms himself--

Pumped up--

Ready to attack--

The drug coursing through his system--

Atlas lets out a ferocious roar--

Flings the door open and starts blasting--

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

He fights his way out, cutting through the Splicers, disappearing down the hallway.

Jack looks at the syringe-gun.

Splicers are advancing.

Jack raises his gun--

His hand is shaking--

A Splicer races into the room--

Jack screams--

Fires!

BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!

He empties the gun wildly -- bullets fly and ricochet everywhere--

He's killed the Splicer but he's out of bullets--

He's helpless.

Desperate.

More Splicers advancing.

He looks around. Panic.

He sees the syringe-gun.

No other options.

He snatches up the syringe-gun and injects himself.

WHOOSH!

The luminescent blue drug shoots into his system--

We feel the power of the drug tearing through Jack's system -- flashes -- his musculature -- his blood -- his brain--

He gasps at the power. His spine writhes. His muscles twitch. His eyes flash with aggression and focus--

TIME FLASHES PAST--

Accelerated glimpses -- Jack's mind racing to keep up with his body -- images of violence, fighting, gunfire--

Jack briefly loses track of time as the ADAM slams through his system--

When we return--

INT. CORRIDOR FROM STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Jack is now standing in the corridor. Holding a gun.

Several Splicers are dead around him.

Jack stares at them, amazed.

He did this!

Meanwhile, the Stage Magician Slicer is approaching from behind Jack -- about to attack--!

Almost by instinct. Without thinking...

Jack spins around and fires deftly--

BLAM! BLAM!

The Magician Splicer recoils -- dead.

Jack is amazed. How did he do that?

The drug is pumping him up.

He feels unstoppable now.

More Splicers are approaching--

Jack turns to them.

No fear in his eyes.

He smiles.

He moves down the corridor, firing efficiently--

BLAM! BLAM!

He is shocked to find he can use the pistol--

He's suddenly a good shot -- he suddenly knows how to fight--

He keeps on--

INT. PARK BUBBLE - NIGHT

Jack makes his way across the park. Firing effectively.

BLAM! BLAM!

The Splicers keep attacking, but Jack is now more athletic and limber. He moves with grace and purpose.

All of this is a shock to him.

But he's enjoying it.

He sees the Bride Splicer with a Thompson submachine gun. She spins on him. Fires.

BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!

He artfully dodges the bullets -- springs up -- shoots her -- a single, perfect head shot--

BLAM!

He grabs the Tommy gun from her. Efficiently changes the magazine and cocks the gun. How did he know how to do that? He doesn't care.

The Splicers keep coming.

He spins on them--

Opening up with the Tommy gun--

BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!

Quick, three-second bursts--

Splicers are shredded--

Jack continues to move through the park, firing the Tommy gun like a professional killer--

The Splicers keep attacking--

But Jack is winning now.

He truly is unstoppable.

He marvels at his own new-found prowess and strength.

A MAD BOMBER SPLICER races toward Jack with a bomb, laughing maniacally--

BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!

The Mad Bomber flies -- his bomb goes sailing away--

BOOM! Blows up some other Splicers--

Jack keeps moving. But the Tommy gun is finally empty. Jack uses it like a club, swinging it wildly. Knocking Splicers aside.

Finally the stock breaks and Jack flings the Tommy gun aside.

Picks up a wrench to battle the single remaining Splicer.

The Minister Splicer vaults onto Jack--

They stumble into a wide corridor--

INT. WIDE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Jack battles with the Minister Splicer hand-to-hand--

Here too Jack is shocked at his own power.

But it is a graceless, brutal struggle. The Splicer grabs up a weapon of his own. They batter at each other. They slam against the walls.

Finally Jack beats the Splicer to death with the wrench.

Jack stands over him.

Panting for air.

Blood dripping from the wrench.

A long pause.

He drops the wrench. Stumbles away. Around a corner.

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - DAY

Jack leans against a wall.

He's exhausted. Overcome.

The drug is wearing off.

He slowly sinks down the wall.

A long pause.

He sees an empty syringe-gun abandoned nearby.

He looks at it.

It takes him to...

VISIONS.

His past and his present all jumbled.

QUICK FLASHES at first.

The mysterious thing shining at the bottom of his pool ...
Rusty his dachshund barking at it ... we realize it is one of
the syringe-guns from Rapture...

COMMENCEMENT SPEAKER (V.O.)

"... the decisions you make from
this day forward will give you the
opportunity to fulfill your
individual potential..."

Rapture ... Sander Cohen ... the birthday gift on the plane...

WOMAN WITH CARRIAGE (V.O.)
 "They took my baby..."

The tiny office at the firm ... Atlas ... flirting with the Stewardess...

JACK (V.O.)
 "Sometimes I would look around and
 it was like nothing was real..."

The dead man in the nightclub ... the Splicers...

SANDER (V.O.)
 "You're here for a reason ...
 You're the missing piece of the
 puzzle..."

The woman with the baby carriage, that weird flash of recognition in her eyes...

WOMAN WITH CARRIAGE (V.O.)
 "They took my baby..."

Ryan on the video in the bathysphere ... his Dad ... the dining room at home ... the corridors of Rapture...

RYAN (V.O.)
 "And with the sweat of your brow,
 Rapture can become your city as
 well..."

Then super quick flashes of discordant images, foreshadowing things we have not yet seen: an ugly tile room and chair -- restraints -- a wall of photographs -- surgery -- 16 mm film - - electroshock--

Back to Jack.

Sitting there. Bleeding.

He slowly falls over.

Blacks out.

Flickering light.

From Jack's POV:

We hear a strange, off-key humming.

A haunting little lullaby.

Then the voice of a girl, perhaps 7 years old.

LITTLE SISTER (V.O.)
Oh look Mister Bubbles, it's an
angel ... Waiting for our kisses...

Then a little girl's face appears.

Peers at us (Jack) closely.

She is a LITTLE SISTER. Haunting. Innocent. Perhaps
malevolent.

LITTLE SISTER
No ... He's not an angel yet.

She smiles to us.

LITTLE SISTER
Not yet.

Then an approaching sound.

CRASH ... CRASH ... CRASH.

Enormous footsteps. Like a giant.

Seismic.

The footsteps stop.

The Little Sister reaches up.

Puts her tiny hand into another hand.

An enormous mechanical hand.

The lights flicker to black.

LATER...

In the darkness...

We hear a familiar voice. Andrew Ryan. Speaking on the
crackling public address system.

RYAN (V.O.)
What is man without choice? He is
not a man at all. He is a slave...

INT. CORRIDOR - LATER

Jack wakes up.

Blinks. He's in agony. Feels his ear. Gone. Covered with dried blood.

He pulls himself up. Every muscle aches.

The drug has worn off.

Sees a sign that reads: "MEDICAL PAVILION."

Ryan continue speaking over the public address system. Jack glances up. Sees the audio speakers in the wall.

RYAN (V.O.)

There are no slaves here, friend,
only free men. Men who stand
proudly on both feet and proclaim
"I am" ...

INT. MEDICAL PAVILLION-VARIOUS - NIGHT

A series of swank waiting rooms, doctors' offices and surgeries.

Jack stumbles through them. He sees an abandoned body. Rifles through it. Looking for more ADAM. Finds a few bullets. Pockets them.

RYAN (V.O.)

I am an individual. I am unique. I
am unshackled. I am free to attain
my ambitions with no regard to any
so-called higher authority. I will
not allow any man to impose
doctrines of control upon me. I
will be the fullest and best
version of myself alone ... My only
responsibility is to myself
alone...

Jack goes into a doctor's office. Finds a syringe-gun. Eagerly picks it up. Empty. Tosses it aside.

Finds some supplies and roughly bandages his ear.

RYAN (V.O.)

I will never betray myself to
please another. I will never
sacrifice myself to please another.
I will follow my individual dreams
wherever they may lead me. No man
can curtail my dreams. No man can
limit my imagination. I will
achieve. I will surmount.

RYAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I will triumph ... This is what it
is to be free...

In a hallway, Jack sees a glowing vending machine. Filled with syringe-guns. He goes to it. Tries to break in. Tries to reach up into the guts of the machine. No good.

He's desperate for the drug.

RYAN (V.O.)
No kings. No gods. Only man.
Unadorned and authentic. A
predator. A primal creation without
sentiment, without limitation. This
is how we were meant to me. This is
Rapture.

Finally, in frustration, Jack snatches up a chair and SMASHES at the vending machine violently. It breaks apart.

He desperately claws into it. Pulls out the syringe-guns. They are all empty. He flings them aside angrily.

RYAN (V.O.)
Frustrating, isn't it?

Jack abruptly stops.

He had assumed this was a pre-recorded message, like in the bathysphere.

RYAN (V.O.)
Sad to see you so desperate ... I
expected more from you, Jack.

Yes. Ryan is talking to him.

Jack's eyes dart around. He sees the usual audio speakers. But he also now sees a tiny video camera.

He goes quickly...

INT. MEDICAL PAVILLION-CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Jack strides down a corridor, past a series of grisly posters advertising genetic manipulation, but he can't escape Ryan's insistent voice:

RYAN (V.O.)
Where do you think you're going to
go? You're in my city.

RYAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Every inch lovingly construction to
my particular specifications ...
It's my dream come true.

JACK
More like a nightmare.

Jack finds a body of a Nurse. He rifles through the body --
noting a strange puncture wound on her neck. As:

RYAN (V.O.)
Ah, you should have seen it before.
The grandeur of it was inspiring.
No, the idea of it was inspiring
... Have you ever wanted to be
free? I mean completely free. In
your heart. Free to be yourself ...
Do you ever feel that, Jack?

A beat.

JACK
I used to.

RYAN (V.O.)
When you were growing up?

JACK
All the time -- How do you know my
name?

Jack finds a revolver on the body. Opens it, three bullets.
He tries to put the bullets he found earlier into it. They
don't fit. Different caliber. As:

RYAN (V.O.)
Let me look at you ... Come over
here ... I want to see your face.

Jack glances to the speaker/camera.

RYAN (V.O.)
Come a little closer.

Jack finally rises and goes to the camera.
Stares into it.

JACK
How do you know my name?

FROM RYAN'S PERSPECTIVE:

A flickering black-and-white screen -- fish-eye lens -- Jack staring back.

BACK WITH JACK:

He waits. Ryan is silent. We just hear Ryan's steady breathing.

JACK

Suddenly you have nothing to say?

A pause. Ryan's breathing.

Then:

RYAN (V.O.)

I look forward to meeting you.

JACK

Yeah, that'll be fun.

Jack raises the gun and fires -- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Blasts the camera to bits.

FROM RYAN'S PERSPECTIVE: The screen snaps out.

We see the shape of Ryan. Hunched in a chair in front of the screen.

We can't make out any features.

But something about the posture of the body suggests weariness. There's something autumnal about the figure.

INT. CORRIDOR TO OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack is carefully moving along a corridor. Neon signs advertise "Dr. Steinman's Aesthetic Ideals" ahead.

Then he stops.

Jack becomes aware of low voices ahead of him. The hushed tones of an operation in progress.

INT. STEINMAN'S OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

A not very antiseptic operating room. Ugly white and green tile. Stained with blood and rot.

DR. STEINMAN and his NURSE are performing plastic surgery. They both wear surgical masks. Old autoclaves and creepy respirator machines hum and chunk quietly.

We do not see the subject of the operation -- but we see lots of blood and discarded cotton and wax and slices of flesh.

Jack carefully enters the operating room.

Everything is very hushed and quiet.

JACK
Excuse me...

DR. STEINMAN
Yes?

JACK
I'm looking for Neptune's Bounty.

DR. STEINMAN
Oh, you're lost, child.

A long beat. The operation continues.

JACK
Could you help me?

Dr. Steinman finally turns. He looks at Jack.

DR. STEINMAN
What happened to your ear?

A beat.

Dr. Steinman takes a step toward Jack.

DR. STEINMAN
I can help you with that.

A beat.

No one moves.

JACK
I'm okay.

Dr. Steinman slowly advances. Very low key. Scalpel still in his hand.

DR. STEINMAN
No. You're deformed. You can't live like that. Why not be perfect, child? We're all perfect here ...

DR. STEINMAN (CONT'D)

That's the whole point. Why not be
the best version of yourself?
That's what he told us.

He stops at a medical table. Starts holding up different
severed ears:

DR. STEINMAN

How about this one? Or this? But
why stop there? What about two? Or
three? Your choice. Maybe--

JACK

Look -- I'm okay, really -- I just
need to find Neptune's Bounty,
Atlas is waiting for me--

Steinman abruptly stops.

DR. STEINMAN

Atlas?

JACK

That's right.

Steinman peers at Jack.

Something new in his eyes. Something profound.

A flash of recognition?

Steinman is suddenly very nervous:

DR. STEINMAN

You should go now. I don't do that
kind of work anymore.

NURSE

(blandly)

Doctor, the patient is
hemorrhaging.

DR. STEINMAN

I won't talk to you. I don't do
that anymore. I have work to do. So
many patients waiting, so many...

Dr. Steinman quickly returns to his writhing patient.

Jack turns to see the waiting area:

A line of hideous butchered people. Faces stitched together
monstrously. Skin pulled into bizarre shapes.

Waiting patiently for more plastic surgery.

Jack goes.

INT. NURSERY-ABOVE - NIGHT

Jack emerges in the upper area of a large nursery.

Below is an observation area with heavy glass windows. We see rows of decaying cribs and old baby monitoring equipment. Hanging mobiles over dusty cradles. It is eerie to image babies in this haunted place.

He starts to descend a stairway to the ground level, passing by happy drawings on the nursery walls: animals, clowns, etc.

He stops.

A sound. Echoing bizarrely.

Humming. That same off-key lullaby he heard before. Haunting and lonely.

A Little Sister skips into view below. She stops. Looks around.

She sees a dead body. She goes to it.

Jack steps back, hiding, watching.

She removes a large syringe from her clothing. She jams the syringe into the neck of the body! She starts extracting something.

Humming to herself.

Then...

A FIGURE moves past in the darkness beyond her.

Jack peers.

Then the figure slowly shuffles into the light. It is a thick, hunched Splicer. Like a drooling troglodyte.

The TROGLODYTE SLICER tilts his head back and forth, listening. He holds an axe and wears a ratty business suit.

The Little Sister turns.

She screams. The high-pitched scream echoes.

The Troglodyte Splicer swings a lumbering arm at her, the axe flashes--

She avoids the blow--

Then--

CRASH! CRASH! CRASH!

AMAZINGLY QUICKLY--

A huge robot-like figure appears and grabs the Splicer.
Flings him aside--

This is a BIG DADDY.

A mechanical, metal-clad monster with a huge drill for one hand. Wears an enormous diving-bell helmet and is heavily armored.

The Troglodyte Splicer SLAMS into a wall and turns to attack again--

The Big Daddy moves into position, protecting the Little Sister--

The Troglodyte Splicer attacks, powering forward--

The Big Daddy grabs the Splicer in his mammoth fist and SHAKES him brutally--

Finally pushing him against the heavy glass wall and POWERING UP HIS DRILL ARM--

An all-mighty ROAR as the drill arm spins--

The Big Daddy SHOVES the drill all the way through the Splicer--

Blood sprays across the glass -- the glass finally cracks--

The Troglodyte Splicer is shredded.

The Big Daddy powers down his drill arm. Drops the Splicer.

Returns to the Little Sister.

A moment between them.

The Big Daddy leans down.

The Little Sister gently kisses him. Thanks.

Then she giggles and skips away.

The Big Daddy clumps off after her.

CRASH! ... CRASH! ... CRASH!

Jack stands above for a moment.

When the sound of the Big Daddy's footsteps fade he scrambles down the stairs quickly...

INT. NURSERY-BELOW - NIGHT

Jack cautiously approaches the Troglodyte Splicer's body. Looks around.

Safe.

He rifles through Splicer's clothes. No drugs. He finds a sawed-off shotgun and some shells. Pockets them. He finds a bag of potato chips.

He rips the bag open and starts eating the chips.

Then--

A sound.

Close.

Jack spins. Pointing the shotgun.

There is a YOUNG MAN peering through an air grate in the wall a few feet away. The figure chatters with fractured enthusiasm:

RUDY

Hey! Hey! Take it easy, pal. Just me. Just Rudy P. from Kankakee. You're old pal Rudy. "No need for the fireworks, stow the gat peaceable-like and let's jaw," like they say the pictures.

RUDY PENDERGAST is an eager young man, instantly likable. He wears the purple double-breasted uniform of a movie usher. Pill box hat. All a little threadbare and worse for wear. As is he.

Rudy peers out from behind the grate like an exuberant and feral little animal.

Jack lowers his gun.

JACK

Who are you?

RUDY

Rudy Pendergast at your service.
"Two on the aisle, right this way,
sir" ... From the movie house.
Wouldn't want a share a salty-and-
greasy with me, would ya, buddy?

Rudy reaches out through the grate desperately, hand clutching. Jack carefully hands him a potato chip. Rudy gobbles it down. Starved.

Jack continues to feed him as:

JACK

What was that thing?

RUDY

You mean the Big Daddy? Quite a monster, huh? Boris Karloff should play him in the movie. Maybe Lon Chaney Junior, he's a big fella. She built them to protect the Little Sisters.

JACK

(offers another chip)

Who did?

RUDY

That Nazi bitch Tenenbaum. Forgive my French but there ya have it. She must have felt guilty. Watch out for her. Watch out for the Big Daddies too. THUMP-THUMP-THUMP! Not like they can sneak up on you. Ha ha ha. Except when they do ... Heck, watch out for everything down here, one way or another, it'll get ya.

JACK

(offer another chip)

You know how to get to Neptune's Bounty?

RUDY

Sure, who doesn't know how to get to Neptune's Bounty? "You're not from around these parts, is ya" like they say in the Westerns. You like Westerns? I like Westerns.

JACK
(re: bag of chips)
Take me there and I'll give you the rest.

RUDY
That's swell! You bet I will. But not because of that, because we're pals, right? Everyone has to have a pal to make it here, trust me. We're pals, aren't we?

Jack hands him the bag.

JACK
Sure, we're pals.

INT. CURVING CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Rudy is leading Jack down a long, curving corridor.

Rudy is devouring the last few potato chip crumbs. He rips the bag open and licks the inside as he chatters:

RUDY
... We all came down here to do anything we wanted. And you know what? We did! For a while it was swell, a real MGM technicolor extravaganza. A real frolic, you know?

He abruptly stops Jack at a turn in the corridor.

RUDY
(shakes his head)
He doesn't want you to go that way.

Rudy carefully points out two MACHINE GUN DRONES around the corner. These are automated devices with powerful Gatling guns attached to rolling office chairs.

The drones revolve slightly in their direction.

RUDY
"It's curtains if ya go thataway, buster," like they always say in reel seven. I see a lot of movies in my profession. You like movies? Heck, who doesn't like movies?!

Rudy laughs happily and pulls aside an old vending machine. Revealing a secret tunnel in the wall behind.

Rudy climbs into the wall. Jack follows.

Rudy's eager desire to have a friend is touching.

INT. NETHERWORLD - NIGHT

Rudy leads Jack through his cramped, serpentine netherworld. This is the Rapture behind Rapture. A maze of sewers, tunnels, and catacombs.

It's like Hell's subbasement.

JACK

So what happened with Ryan?

RUDY

Right, back to the plot ... It was the smuggling drove him round the bend. Atlas and his pals start bringing in contraband from topside. Things like bibles and cheap booze. Like Cagney in one of them prohibition gangster pictures. Poked a hole in Ryan's little bubble, if ya will.

Rudy snatches something up as they walk, nibbles at it, no good, spits it out. Seems the little scavenger will eat almost anything.

RUDY

Atlas, Ryan, I don't trust either one of them. I'm more of a free agent, come and go as I like.

(sings from Pinocchio:)

*"I got no strings to hold me down,
To make me fret or make me frown,
I had string, but now I'm free,
There are no strings on me."*

(stops singing)

I'd cast Mickey Rooney to play me in the movie.

Rudy artfully slides through some sweating, industrial machinery. Water drips.

Jack follows and tries to keep the effervescent kid on point:

JACK

Atlas started smuggling?

RUDY

That's right, got him a hidden submarine ... Things got out of hand. A lot ADAM. People do anything to get it. Whole city goes hop head. Dog eat dog ... Cut back to Ryan: this is driving him crazy. Rapture is falling apart, so he starts clamping down on the drug. Before you know it he's acting like the Gestapo ... Atlas was one of the few who actually stood up to him: he fights back just like Errol Flynn in ROBIN HOOD -- You know, Basil Rathbone would make a great Ryan! We oughta call somebody at the studio about that!

Rudy leads them down a final ladder.

JACK

So Atlas stood up to Ryan?

RUDY

Right. He started a resistance, which only made Ryan crack down even more, which pretty much led to a civil war, which led to them trying to kill each other in lots of clever ways. Now we're at reel twelve and everything's fallen into the shitter, excuse my French.

He crouches, carefully peers through an air vent.

RUDY

In a way, Ryan became the very thing he hated ... There's irony for you. Completely Preston Sturgis.

Seems safe outside the air vent.

He pushes it aside and climbs out. Jack follows.

INT. VENDING MACHINE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Rudy and Jack emerge back into Rapture.

A glowing vending machine ahead of them. It has a happy CLOWN FACE on it and plays carnival music.

Jack can see it is stocked with syringe-guns. They are filled with the glowing blue ADAM.

He starts for it eagerly--

RUDY
(stops him)
Not so peppy there, buster.

They look at the drug, so close. The glow from the vending machine bathes their faces.

RUDY
I know ... We all want it.

Rudy picks up a high heel shoe discarded in the corridor and tosses it toward the Clown Vending Machine--

BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!

A DEAFENING ROAR OF MACHINE GUN FIRE--

Hidden on either side of the Clown Vending Machine are two of the automatic Machine Gun Drones--

They fire when the shoe hits an electric eye.

It's a trap.

Rudy gives Jack a look:

RUDY
I don't know how you made it this far ... Someone up there must be looking out for you.

He leads Jack in a different direction.

INT. DANCE MARATHON - NIGHT

Nostalgic music plays.

Rudy leads Jack through a big auditorium. Like an old domed band shell from Coney Island or Brighton Beach. Marine life can be seen beyond the great iron girders and glass dome.

A slow-motion dance marathon is going on.

Couples sway like zombies. Some partners are dead, some decaying. Numbers on their backs. Elegant clothes.

It's like they've been here for years.

A strangely haunting and elegiac image.

Rudy and Jack slowly weave through the dancing couples.

RUDY

You shoulda been here before it all
went bad ... Imagine a world where
there's no cop giving you a
speeding ticket. No Mom telling you
what to do. That's what it was ...
We're under the sea, but we're
really over the rainbow.

Jack's own words come back to him:

JACK

(quietly)

Sometimes you get tired of people
telling you what to do...

RUDY

Amen ... I ran away to come here.
Never fit in at home, but I fit in
here ... For a while, we all fit
in. It was like heaven.

Rudy and Jack continue on.

INT. SUBURBIA - NIGHT

Jack stands, stunned.

Ahead of him...

Suburbia.

A row of little houses with white picket fences. Astroturf
yards. Mailboxes. Fake flowers and trees. A huge painted blue
sky backdrop.

It is like Rapture is trying to recreate an average American
neighborhood, circa 1950's. But it all has the artificial
feel of a movie set.

RUDY

Short cut this way.

Rudy happily leads him into one of the houses...

INT. MRS. BEASLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Inside is a detailed recreation of a normal suburban house. Foyer. Hat stand. Norman Rockwell prints. Living room with floral wallpaper. All decaying a bit.

RUDY

(calls)

Mrs. Beasley! It's Rudy P.! I brought a friend over!

MRS. BEASLEY (V.O.)

(calls)

In the kitchen, dear.

RUDY

(smiles to Jack)

Mrs. Beasley.

They move into the kitchen...

INT. MRS. BEASLEY'S HOUSE-KITCHEN - NIGHT

MRS. BEASLEY is a typical 1950's suburban mom. Sweet house dress, nice apron, conservative hair.

She is removing a baking sheet from the oven. Turns to them.

Her lipstick is a little smeared. And a little too red.

Her eyes a little crazy.

MRS. BEASLEY

(brightly)

Hello, Rudy!

RUDY

Hey, Mrs. Beasley. This is my pal Jack. We're going to Neptune's Bounty. Kind of a secret mission. Hush-hush, like they say.

MRS. BEASLEY

Isn't that nice? Would you like a tater tot, Jack? Fresh from the oven!

She offers Jack some tater tots from the baking sheet.

Rudy -- who we have seen will eat anything -- shakes his head to Jack: don't try the tater tots.

JACK

Um -- no thanks.

MRS. BEASLEY

Suit yourself. Fresh from the oven!
Did I mention that? How about a
cookie? Never knew a growing boy
who could resist a fresh-baked
cookie!

Jack notices there are plates and plates of cookies and brownies and cakes and baked goods stacked everywhere.

Also a Tommy gun propped in a corner. And a plate of hand grenades surrounded by little gingerbread men, like a lovely Martha Stewart table decoration.

As Mrs. Beasley sorts feverishly through the cookies, Rudy mouths to Jack: "Don't eat the cookies."

Jack is realizing that Mrs. Beasley is a demented supermom. Hyped up. June Cleaver on crack.

MRS. BEASLEY

Let me see, let me see, I have
chocolate chip cookies and oatmeal
cookies and peanut cookies and
sugar cookies with those darling
little sprinkles...

JACK

No, thanks, really.

RUDY

We gotta go, Mrs. B. Just wanna cut
through your backyard.

MRS. BEASLEY

Oh, you can't go! Not without a
nibble! Let me get some Tupperware!
I'll pack you a snack! Isn't
Tupperware a life-saver!

Suddenly a timer rings loudly -- BUZZZZ! -- Jack jumps.

MRS. BEASLEY

(overjoyed)

My cup cakes! My blue-ribbon-award-
winning cup cakes! Best in town!

(wink to Jack)

All the gents agree!

She spins to the oven and starts to remove tray after tray of cupcakes:

MRS. BEASLEY

You must have one of these! Mr. Beasley says they're "sinful." He's just joshing. He's at the office right now. He goes to the office every single day you know, chases that whore of a secretary around his desk...

(wink to Jack)

Just joshing.

Rudy is pulling Jack toward the back door:

RUDY

Gotta skedaddle now, Mrs. Beasley. We'll catch up later...

But then Jack stops.

He sees something.

One the fridge there are lots of family snap shots.

He peers at one.

It is a photograph of his dachshund, Rusty.

What the hell?

He takes the picture.

JACK

This is Rusty.

MRS. BEASLEY

(brightly)

I know! He's a dachshund.

JACK

Why do you have a picture of my dog?

MRS. BEASLEY

He's my dog, dear. I don't know where he's gotten to. Always underfoot.

JACK

(to Rudy)

What's going on here?

RUDY

I don't follow.

JACK
(intense)
Why is there a picture of my dog
here?

MRS. BEASLEY
He needs a cupcake.

JACK
I don't need a cupcake. Where did
you get this?!

Then...

A sound. Outside.

The off-key humming. The haunting lullaby.

The song of a Little Sister.

Rudy and Mrs. Beasley are instantly alert.

They look through the kitchen window.

They can see a swing set in the backyard.

One of the swings.

Empty.

But gently swaying back and forth.

INT. MRS. BEASLEY'S HOUSE-BACKYARD - NIGHT

Jack and Rudy go outside.

The "backyard" is a manicured Astroturf lawn with nice plastic flowers, a swing set, abandoned croquet set, and a concrete deck and barbecue.

The blue sky backdrop is right past the "lawn."

A Little Sister on the deck. She is much like the first Little Sister, but subtly different.

She is drawing a picture of a flower in yellow chalk on the deck. Very normal. Just like any little girl.

She starts when she sees them -- begins to retreat--

JACK
(calming)
That's okay ... That's okay, honey.
No one's going to hurt you.

She is skittish. Ready to bolt.

But something about Jack calms her.

RUDY
(whispers to Jack)
She likes you. Talk to her.

Jack carefully removes his gun, so she can see, sets it down.

He takes a step toward the Little Sister. Her eyes dart to the side -- but she doesn't run.

JACK
Hey, that's a pretty picture. Did you draw that?

She looks at the chalk flower.

LITTLE SISTER
It's a flower.

JACK
It's pretty. What kind of flower it is?

LITTLE SISTER
It's a yellow one. It's not real though ... I've never seen a real flower.

The sadness of this strikes Jack.

JACK
Well, I have and it looks just like a real flower.

LITTLE SISTER
How could you see a real flower?

JACK
Where I come from there are lots of them.

LITTLE SISTER
No. There are not ... What's your name?

JACK

Jack ... What's your name?

She just looks at him. No answer.

But she is relaxing a little.

JACK

(smiles)

Is your name Prunella?

She smiles. Makes a face.

JACK

How about Vomitina?

She laughs.

JACK

How about I call you "Flower."
Would that be okay?

She smiles. Likes that name.

LITTLE SISTER

Did you get a cookie?

JACK

Not yet.

LITTLE SISTER

You have to be fast.

A beat.

LITTLE SISTER

(re: swing set)

Will you push me?

JACK

Hop on.

She cautiously goes to the swing, still a little skittish.

She gets on the swing.

Jack gently pushes her:

JACK

Do you come here a lot?

LITTLE SISTER

For the cookies sometimes and I
like the grass even though it's not
really grass and the swing even
though usually no one pushes me,
but Mister Bubbles says I have to
look both ways before I cross the
street and not to come without him
or he'll be ever so cross.

Jack glances to Rudy, who is carefully moving to the other
side of the Little Sister.

Jack continues to gently push her on the swing:

JACK

That's a good idea to look both
ways. It's good to be careful ...
Flower, where do you live?

LITTLE SISTER

With the Doctor. She takes care of
us. She could take care of you too.

JACK

That's nice.

LITTLE SISTER

I don't have a big brother. You
could be my big brother!

She looks up at Jack and smiles--

Then--

The second he is close enough--

Rudy grabs up one of the croquet mallets and--

BAM!

With shocking violence--

He SLAMS the Little Sister across the head with the mallet--

Blood sprays on Jack--

The Little Sister falls, dead--

Jack recoils, screams--

Rudy instantly descends on the Little Sister--

A flurry of unclear movement -- Rudy pulls out a syringe-gun and jams it into the base of her neck -- withdrawing fluid -- "harvesting" the Little Sister--

Jack is panting -- eyes wide--

It is harrowing.

JACK
WHAT -- WHAT ARE YOU DOING!

Rudy ignores him, furiously harvesting her, filling syringe after syringe--

JACK
WHY DID YOU DO THAT?!

Jack is still gasping for air -- tears stinging his eyes -- traumatized--

Rudy continues to extract the liquid -- quickly holds up the syringe-gun -- Jack can see the glowing blue liquid--

RUDY
Where do you think it comes from?

JACK
She's a child!

RUDY
No, she's not. She's a Little Sister.

JACK
Jesus Christ...

RUDY
They secrete the stuff ... That's what Tenenbaum did to them. Crazy Nazi bitch, excuse my French.

The revelation is overwhelming Jack.

RUDY
She ain't a kid anymore, so stop acting like such a sap and let's get to work here, huh, buddy?

JACK
Stay away from her!

Then--

CRASH! CRASH! CRASH!

Very quickly--

A Big Daddy stomps into view. Much faster than we thought the lumbering behemoths could move--

Rudy freezes -- terrified--

The Big Daddy instantly sizes up the situation--

He ROARS in mechanical fury--

Rudy vaults to escape--

He awkwardly dives to the kitchen window and smashes it, starts climbing into the house--

The Big Daddy is on him in a second--

He grabs Rudy's leg--

YANKS him brutally from the window--

Rudy is screaming in absolute terror--

In fury the Big Daddy SWINGS Rudy against the wall of the house like a rag doll--

SMASH! SMASH! SMASH! SMASH!

Rudy's body is shattered.

Finally the Big Daddy drops Rudy's dead body.

His fury seems abated.

He slowly stomps to the dead Little Sister.

Stands over her.

Looks down at her.

And begins to keen.

A melancholy howl. Like the haunting song of a whale.

As he mourns for his Little Sister.

Jack is moved by the sight.

With some courage, Jack moves and stands next to the Big Daddy. His head down.

Joining the Big Daddy in the funeral service.

Jack is crying. His emotions shot.

The Big Daddy's unearthly wail echoes.

Then silence.

A long beat.

Then...

The Big Daddy slowly turns to Jack.

The implacable diving-bell head glaring at him.

Jack looks back.

A beat.

Jack realizes--

He tries to run--

The Big Daddy stabs out his hand and grabs Jack--

FLINGS him--

Jack flies through the air--

SMASHES through the big blue sky backdrop--

INT. "BACKSTAGE" - NIGHT

Jack CRASHES through the backdrop--

SLAMS into some scaffolding and falls hard.

He drags himself up just as the Big Daddy TEARS through the backdrop with his enormous spinning drill-hand--

The ROAR of the drill is deafening--

He SWINGS the drill at Jack--

Jack dives out of the way, just avoiding the drill--

Jack scrambles to escape through the "backstage" area --
tearing around flats -- scaffolding -- wooden frames --
storage--

The Big Daddy pursues relentlessly, tearing everything apart
in a RAMPAGE--

Jack just manages to stay one step ahead--

Jack sees a doorway, dives through it--

INT. DANCE MARATHON - NIGHT

Jack lurches through the dance marathon--

The catatonic dancers don't even look up--

The Big Daddy CRASHES after Jack, knocking dancers aside like bowling pins--

Jack finally manages to pull out his sawed-off shotgun--

Spins--

The Big Daddy LUNGES--

Jack FIRES!

BOOM! BOOM!

The Big Daddy shakes it off in an explosion of sparks--

Isn't slowed at all--

Grabs Jack again and TOSSES him--

Jack flies--

SLAMS down, in agony--

The Big Daddy keeps coming--

Jack sprints out--

INT. SUBURBIA - NIGHT

Jack stumbles back to the suburban street--

Sees Mrs. Beasley's house--

Races toward it--

The Big Daddy thunders after him as--

INT. MRS. BEASLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack races through the house--

The Big Daddy SMASHES through the front door--

TEARING through the house, RIPPING it to bits--

Jack sprints into the kitchen--

Grabs the Tommy gun--

Races outside again--

INT. SUBURBIA - NIGHT

Jack readies the Tommy gun as he races down the suburban street--

The Big Daddy THUNDERS after him--

Then Jack slips -- falls-

The Big Daddy STOMPS to him--

The Big Daddy raises a gigantic foot to CRUSH Jack as--

Jack points the Tommy gun and FIRES--!

Point blank--

BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!

The bullets spark and ricochet wildly off the Big Daddy's armor--

Tracing patterns across the houses -- shattering windows--

Jack keep it up--

Scrambling up -- moving back--

Trying to get away--

BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!

Shells spraying everywhere--

The Big Daddy keeps coming--

Inexhaustible--

Stomping relentlessly toward Jack--

When the Tommy gun is empty, Jack tosses it aside and bolts--

Around one of the houses--

INT. SUBURBIA-BACKYARDS - NIGHT

Jack runs through the yards. Leaping over the fences and hedges from backyard to backyard--

The Big Daddy rumbles after him -- picking up speed -- picking up momentum -- like a charging rhino--

Jack passes through Mrs. Beasley's backyard--

A quick, grisly image: Mrs. Beasley hunched over the dead Little Sister, syringe-gun withdrawing fluid from the base of the girl's neck.

Jack powers past her--

Keep leaping from backyard to backyard--

The Big Daddy keeps charging after him--

Then Jack sees a hidden doorway built into the blue sky backdrop--

He slams through it--

INT. VENDING MACHINE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Jack moves down a long corridor with the usual collection of neon advertisements and detritus.

He hears the Big Daddy approaching quickly.

CRASH!CRASH!CRASH!CRASH!

Jack is panicked. Burned out. Beaten.

Then he sees the distinctive Clown Vending Machine he saw earlier. The sprightly carnival music plays.

The Big Daddy appears in the corridor behind Jack. RUMBLING forward. Unstoppable. SMASHING his drill-arm into the walls angrily.

Closer and closer. The whole corridor shakes.

CRASH!CRASH!CRASH!CRASH!

Jack is so tired he can barely move. He gasps for air desperately.

The Big Daddy is almost on him--

Reaches out his huge hand to grab Jack--

Jack sprints--

Runs toward the Clown Vending Machine--

The Big Daddy powers after him, accelerating--

At the last second, Jack dives--

He slides--

Under the electric eye of the Machine Gun Drones--

The Big Daddy realizes too late, can't stop himself--

His momentum is too much--

The Big Daddy breaks the electric eye and the Machine Gun Drones we saw before instantly swing in and open fire--

Gatling guns deafening--

BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!

The Big Daddy contorts under the barrage--

Not even he can withstand this--

The armor is pierced and shredded--

The massive Big Daddy convulses and twists like a puppet -- sparks shooting -- oil spraying--

BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!

The diving-bell helmet breaks open--

Finally the Big Daddy falls. Dead.

The Machine Gun Drones efficiently swing back to their neutral position. Smoke wafting delicately up from their sizzling barrels.

Unnerving silence after the thundering Gatling gun fire.

Jack looks at the Big Daddy.

He can see into the diving-bell helmet.

Some quasi-human thing. A man who has melded with the machinery of the Big Daddy armor.

A hideous mutation.

Jack leans back.

His head drops.

Exhausted.

INT. SUBURBIA-BACKYARDS - NIGHT

Jack stumbles from the "backstage" area.

He's spent. Played out. Lost.

He goes into one of the houses, a different one. Trying to find his way...

INT. DIFFERENT HOUSE-DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack goes through the house, heading toward the front door.

He passes through the dining room.

Almost to the front door.

HE STOPS.

A long beat.

He turns back.

He slowly returns to the dining room.

He looks around.

At the dining room table. At the room.

This is his dining room.

From home.

He goes to his place at the table.

He touches his glass.

Memory flash:

...click-click-click of his Dad tapping a knife on a glass for silence.

As before the family and extended relations are gathered around the dining room table. As before Rusty is asleep under the table.

Dad stands and toasts his son with awkward sincerity:

DAD

Jack, I just want to say, um,
congratulations on joining the firm
... I couldn't be more proud. No
father ever had such a good son to
follow in his footsteps...

Memory flash ends:

Jack stands there.

He looks around. Trying to comprehend.

Then he moves...

Almost by sense memory...

Half in fear...

To the doorway to the adjoining room...

He stops.

His breath is shallow. He's sweating. Something about this
new room is frightening him. He doesn't understand.

Jack finally steps through the doorway...

INT. MEDICAL EXPERIMENT ROOM - NIGHT

... This room doesn't belong in any suburban house that has
ever existed.

It is the setting for scientific horror show.

A filthy abandoned room. Stained tile walls. A chair with
leather restraints. Rusty surgical equipment. Spools of 16 mm
film. Electroshock machine. Rubber mouth guards.

Jack looks around.

Stops.

He see a wall completely covered in a mad mosaic of
photographs. Hundreds of them. People. Places. Things. Cars.
Family vacations. The Grand Canyon. Prom. Strangers. Faces.

Jack moves to the pictures.

Runs his fingertips along them.

Past the people ... places ... advertisements ... maps ...
menus ... faces ... more faces...

Stops.

He stares.

A postcard. "Welcome to Sunny Barcelona."

He looks at it.

Then he notices there is a photograph tucked beneath the Barcelona postcard, the edge just peeking out.

He removes the postcard to see the picture beneath.

It is a photograph of his Mom and Dad.

He looks at it.

He pulls it from the wall.

He studies it. Leans against the wall. Sinks down.

Sits leaning against the wall.

Taking it all in.

Then he hears a voice echoing.

First he thinks it's just inside his head.

ATLAS (V.O.)
Where are you, Jack? ... Where are
you?

Then Jack realizes it is really Atlas, outside, calling for him.

ATLAS (V.O.)
Jack? Can you hear me?!

EXT. SUBURBIA - NIGHT

Jack emerges from the house, holding the photograph of his parents.

Atlas hurries into join him:

ATLAS
(urgent)
I never thought I'd find you! Come
on, we've no time--

JACK
I'm from here.

ATLAS

What?

JACK

(brandishing picture)

What is this?

ATLAS

We've got to get to the sub. It's time to--

JACK

WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?!

ATLAS

I don't know what--

JACK

WHY AM I HERE!

ATLAS

Jack -- I don't know what the fuck you're talking about! I'm only trying to help you! -- Look, my family's waiting I have to go--

Jack grabs him:

JACK

This is a picture of my parents -- that's my fucking dining room in there-- and I swear that doctor recognized me -- For Christ sake, why am I here?!

ATLAS

(alert)

What doctor?

JACK

I don't know, from before, the plastic surgeon--

ATLAS

Dr. Steinman?

JACK

He didn't say his name. But I think he knows you. He--

ATLAS

(shakes him off)

Did you tell him about Neptune's Bounty?

JACK

What? -- Yes. I think so. Yes.

Atlas is alarmed -- spins, starts to race off--

ATLAS

My family's there! -- Now Ryan
knows. For God sake you've killed
them!

Jack follows urgently--

INT. CORRIDORS - NIGHT

Atlas and Jack run through the labyrinth of halls and stairs
and chambers. Past the jumble of advertising and bodies and
blood and trash--

INT. SPIRAL STAIRWAY - NIGHT

A long stairway down. They race down the stairs--

JACK

I'm sorry, I didn't know--

ATLAS

I trusted you, Jack.

JACK

I didn't know!

INT. NEPTUNE'S BOUNTY - NIGHT

They hurry through Rapture's fish market. Grotesque hanging
squid carcasses and mountains of rotting fish.

Then--

They hear EXPLOSIONS and GUNFIRE -- a ferocious assault--

ATLAS

Oh my god...

They run to a hidden doorway, slam it aside and enter--

INT. SUBMARINE BAY - NIGHT

Jack and Atlas emerge to carnage.

They are on a catwalk above a secret sub bay. There is a submarine big enough for maybe a dozen people in a sea berth below.

Two FLYING DRONES are hovering above the sub -- BLASTING it--

(They are like the Machine Gun Drones we saw earlier. But these ones have rotors and can fly.)

A FURIOUS BARRAGE OF BAZOOKA AND MACHINE GUN FIRE FROM THE DRONES--

SLAMMING into the sub -- HAMMERING it--

The sub begins to lurch and sink--

The Flying Drones whiz off--

Atlas and Jack race down to the sub--

Atlas vaults over some dead sailors--

He grabs a wrench and scrambles on top of the tilting sub. Pounding at the hatch. Desperately trying to get in.

Jack is impotent to help.

There's a large porthole in the side of the sub. Jack can glimpse people inside.

He sees a woman and boy he assumes are Atlas' wife and son at the porthole.

They are panicking. Water is streaming in. The sub is listing dangerously, about to slip into the ocean.

They pound and claw at the glass. The water rising.

Atlas screams and batters the hatch. No good.

The sub begins to sink away.

Atlas' wife holds her son close and looks up at Jack. Terror giving way to mute despair.

The water rises. She stares into Jack's eyes.

An intense moment between them.

The water covers her.

The sub slips into the ocean. Sparks flying. A cascade of bubbles. It sinks like a rock.

Atlas jumps away as the sub sinks.

The sub bay -- shattered in the assault -- is flooding.

Icy water is rushing in.

Atlas sinks to his knees.

And then just sits.

Done.

The water rising around him.

JACK

Come on ... We have to go.

ATLAS

Where? ... Where we gonna go, Jack?
... We can't win ... How can you
beat the Devil when you're living
in Hell?

Jack stares at him.

The frigid water rising around them.

Atlas finally looks up to Jack.

Tragedy marking his face.

ATLAS

Find him. He'll answer your
questions ... And when he does ...
Would you kindly kill the son of a
bitch.

Then Atlas' head drops.

Tears streaming down his face.

Jack splashes to the catwalk.

Starts to climb.

Glances back.

Atlas just sits there.

Waiting for the water to cover him.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Jack picks up a sawed-off shotgun from a dead body. Three shells.

He loads the shotgun. Prepares.

Looks up.

The Flying Drones are waiting.

He stares at them evenly.

They back up.

He walks between them.

A door automatically opens before him.

He continues...

INT. CORRIDORS-VARIOUS - NIGHT

Jack marches to meet Ryan.

He is resolute.

Doors automatically open before him.

Ryan is allowing him to come.

INT. PARK BUBBLE - NIGHT

Jack marches through the park bubble.

Jack glances up. Sees the tower where Ryan lives. The witch's castle.

A light glowing in the penthouse.

Two Splicers are arguing nearby, fighting over a corpse:

BAKER SPLICER

Get away from her -- she's mine --
and stop following me--

SCHOOL TEACHER SPLICER

I saw her first -- you know I
did...

They stop as Jack approaches.

He ignores them.

He is beyond them now.

They look at him. They leave him alone.

They are frightened of him.

INT. OLYMPUS HEIGHTS TOWER - NIGHT

Jack marches up to the imposing facade of the great Art Deco skyscraper: Olympus Heights.

A lot of security cameras and Machine Gun Drones here.

An impressive fountain. Bodies floating.

Jack stops.

He waits.

The great bronze doors of the building slowly swing open.

Jack enters.

INT. OLYMPUS HEIGHTS-ELEVATOR - NIGHT

A splendid gold and wood elevator rises.

Nostalgic 1940's music plays.

Jack touches his mangled ear. Stings. The bandage is soaked through with dried blood.

He checks his shotgun one more time.

He prepares himself.

Calms his breathing.

Focuses.

The elevator slows.

Stops.

Jack is ready for anything.

The doors open.

INT. RYAN'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Jack wasn't ready for this.

ANDREW RYAN -- industrialist, visionary, titan of Rapture --
is putting golf balls across the carpet.

They tinkle into a glass.

Ryan's penthouse is magnificent. Luxe Deco furniture and
fittings. The picture windows show panoramic views of Ryan's
city. The world at his feet.

Ryan doesn't raise his head.

Goes on putting quietly.

RYAN

Do you possess the gift of
imagination, Jack?

Jack stares at him.

RYAN

Can you tell a story? Can you tell
a joke? ... Can you envision things
that do not exist?

JACK

Sometimes.

Ryan finds this amusing.

Goes on putting.

Jack glances around nervously. What kind of trap is this?
From where will the attack come?

RYAN

In my life I imagined many things
which came to pass. Better turbine
engines. More efficient dynamos ...
And a city where men could be free
... I imagined, and it became.

He stops putting.

Finally looks at Jack.

There is infinite sadness in his eyes.

RYAN

You've seen my creation. What do
you think? ... Did I do well?

Jack doesn't answer.

A beat.

Ryan studies him closely.

Then Ryan steps to a bar.

Jack, still wary, flinches back when Ryan moves.

RYAN
I'm not going to hurt you.

JACK
Fucking right.

RYAN
Watch your language.

He pours himself a drink.

RYAN
Can I get you something?

JACK
No. And you can stop playing the
polite host and tell me what's
going on.

RYAN
Careful what you wish for, Jack ...
Doesn't this place prove that?

A rueful smile.

He walks to the picture windows overlooking Rapture.

RYAN
Use that occasional imagination of
yours and think what this place
was. Think how I saw it... I
created something exquisite and
they corrupted it ... In the end
they took everything away from me,
all my hopes, my dreams, and then
in a final act of cruelty ... they
took away my ultimate creation...

He turns back to Jack:

RYAN
And brought back a slave.

Jack stares at him.

RYAN

I wanted a son to carry on my work.
And look what I have ... Are you a
man or a slave?

The revelation is stunning.

Jack can't speak.

RYAN

Are you a man or a slave? A man has
free will. A man has choice. Do you
have choice, Jack?

JACK

(tight)
Of course.

RYAN

Would you kindly drop your gun.

Jack is suddenly aware of an overpowering force within
himself. His arm quivers. His hand clenches. His fingers
open.

He drops the gun.

Jack is shaking.

RYAN

Familiar phrase, isn't it?

Ryan smiles. The autumnal sadness is giving way to nasty
anger.

RYAN

Do you have choice, Jack?

JACK

What is this?

RYAN

Do you have choice, Jack?

JACK

Yes!

RYAN

Would you kindly run to the window.

Jack gasps -- his body lurches -- he cannot control it -- he
runs to the window--

RYAN

Would you kindly run to the bar.

Jack tries to resist -- can't -- he's panting -- sweating from the exertion--

He runs to the bar.

RYAN

Would you kindly pick up a glass.

Jack snatches up a glass--

RYAN

Would you kindly smash the glass.

Jack instantly smashes the glass on the bar--

JACK

Stop it!

RYAN

Would you kindly freeze.

Jack freezes-- chest pounding -- muscles straining -- eyes darting desperately to follow Ryan.

Ryan strides to him.

Slaps him across the face:

RYAN

Are you a man or a slave?!

(slaps him again)

Are you a man or a slave?!

JACK

Stop--

RYAN

You're not a man! Don't you see that yet? ... You're nothing but Atlas' puppet.

JACK

No--

RYAN

(relentless)

Your life is a fiction. None of it ever happened! It's all a lie!

MEMORY FLASHES:

Jack's life -- the fiction -- the reality -- the images shoot past and collide and morph--

His Dad -- his home -- his dining room -- the dining room in Rapture -- his pool -- the syringe-gun in the pool -- his dog -- the picture of his dog on Mrs. Beasley's fridge--

Then--

On the Pan Am plane -- the passengers -- Jack flirting with the Stewardess -- Jack stirring his tea--

Reading the birthday card from his Mom--

MOM (V.O.)
 "... hope you "find yourself" and
 come home to us soon ... Until then
would you kindly open your present
 and..."

Jack sees himself opening the wrapped birthday gift -- a .45 automatic--

Like a man in a trance, Jack pulls out the gun. Stands. Walks down the aisle. Efficiently shoots all the other passengers--

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

The Stewardess rushes from the galley. Jack shoots her--

BLAM!

Jack goes into the cockpit. Shoots the pilots--

BLAM! BLAM!

Then Jack is in Rapture--

The bathysphere -- the nightclub -- the Scrabble board: the tiles spelling out "WOULD YOU KINDLY"-- a Little Sister -- the dance marathon -- the billboard from the Park Dome: "WOULD YOU KINDLY ENJOY RYAN PLASMIDS..."

Flashbacks of Atlas using Jack's trigger phrase:

Huddled in the storage room:

ATLAS
 "... *Would you kindly* do the drug
 and get to Neptune's Bounty..."

In the submarine bay:

ATLAS

"... And when he does ... *Would you kindly* kill the son of a bitch."

Then quick, disturbing flashes of Jack's programming:

The Medical Room. A child in the restraint chair, eyes clamped open, forced to watch flickering 16 mm home movies of a false life: family vacations, friends, school--

Injectons of ADAM -- brain surgery -- electroshock--

Subliminal message flashing relentlessly into the clamped-open eyes: "*would you kindly*" -- "*would you kindly*" -- "*would you kindly*"--

The mad mosaic of photos -- slashed across it in red paint: *WOULD YOU KINDLY...*

END MEMORY FLASHES:

Jack snaps out of his memories. Breathless. He is in turmoil.

RYAN

Atlas did it all ... Like a master dramatist, he invented your life ... But it's all a fantasy. Just like this place. Just like Rapture.
(smiles grimly)
Our fantasyland, Jack.

JACK

No.

RYAN

You know I'm right.

JACK

Why am I here?

RYAN

To fulfill your programming of course ... You were created for only one reason.

Jack stares at him.

RYAN

You're here to kill me, son.

JACK

I'm not going to kill you.

RYAN

We both know better.

Ryan slowly set down his drink.

He turns and looks at his creation one more time: Rapture glowing beyond the windows.

Then he glances up. Through the dark waves. Toward the top of the ocean.

A beat.

RYAN

It's funny ... I miss the sun.

He turns back.

Looks at Jack.

Ryan prepares himself.

He's ready.

RYAN

Would you kindly pick up the golf club.

Jack gasps -- fights the overwhelming impulse--

He lurches to the golf club, picks it up--

RYAN

Would you kindly come back here.

Jack lurches back to Ryan.

A long beat.

Their eyes locked.

Father and son.

RYAN

Would you kindly kill me.

Jack clenches all his muscles -- fighting mightily -- he gasps for air -- sweating -- his arm muscles quiver -- his hand shakes violently--

He raises the golf club.

He SLAMS it down.

Blood sprays. Ryan still stands there.

RYAN

You see ... You're nothing but a
slave...

Jack is gasping. Helpless.

He raises the club again. SLAMS it down.

Ryan still stands there. Swaying. Bleeding. He smiles at Jack
horribly.

RYAN

A slave...

Jack raises the club again. SLAMS it down.

RYAN

A slave...

Again and again.

Ryan falls.

Jack stands over him.

Drops the club.

Jack is weeping.

A long beat.

A sudden burst of static over the public address system.

Atlas is heard. The new voice of Rapture.

ATLAS (V.O.)

Well done, Jack. You get a gold
star for the day.

Jack is stunned.

JACK

Atlas...?

ATLAS (V.O.)

Hale and hearty. That was just a
little melodrama before, some play-
acting to give you the proper
motivation going into your big
scene.

Jack is feeling faint. He grabs a chair. Sits.

JACK
Was he my father?

ATLAS (V.O.)
He was, lad.

JACK
(anguish)
Why did you do this to me?

ATLAS (V.O.)
There is no "you," Jack. Are you
not listening? You're nothing but a
science project ... What you don't
understand is I loved your father.
We all did...

Jack looks at his father's dead body. It is almost too
horrible to look at. The splattered blood. The stained golf
club...

ATLAS (V.O.)
We believed in that sad, great man.
But he betrayed us. He betrayed
himself ... Now he's dead, we can
be free again. That's all he ever
wanted.

A beat.

JACK
Did ... Did I have a mother?

ATLAS (V.O.)
Of course you did ... You've met
her in fact.

Memory Flash--

The Woman with the Baby Carriage:

WOMAN WITH CARRIAGE
They took my baby.

Jack sits hunched. Shattered.

ATLAS (V.O.)
Rapture is mine now, Jack. Thanks
for your help ... I do have one
more job for you if it's not too
much trouble ... Would you kindly
kill yourself.

Jack's eyes shoot up to the audio speaker. Shock.

ATLAS (V.O.)
You've not had much of a life.
Ought to be a blessing to leave it.
So long, lad.

The speaker crackles out.

Jack's spine arches. He gasps.

He fights the overwhelming urge.

He can't.

He bolts up.

He struggles.

He lurches across the room...

Picks up the gun...

He's panting, his muscles vibrating with tension...

Resisting...

Fighting...

He slowly raises the gun...

His arm shaking...

Clenches his eyes shut, concentrating, fighting...

Puts the gun to his temple...

Can't stop himself...

Gasping...

Finger tensing...

Then...

A little hand appears...

Touches his...

His eyes open...

A Little Sister is staring up at him.

She gently pulls the gun away from his head.

He stares at her.

She gently brushes the hair from his forehead.

Soothing.

She takes the gun from his hand.

She backs away.

She beckons. Come with me.

She turns and walks down a long corridor. Taking the gun with her.

The lights in the corridor are flickering.

Jack follows like a zombie.

The lights flicker on and off in the corridor.

On and off.

On and off.

Into black...

INT. TENENBAUM'S OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Out of black...

A tall woman has her back to us. She is wearing a white lab coat.

She drops something into a metallic medical holder. CLINK.

She turns back to us.

TENENBAUM

You're free.

DR. TENENBAUM speaks with a German accent. She is rigid, intense and haunted. Very low-key and controlled. Still, her eyes betray her torment.

We are in a makeshift surgery. This whole area of Rapture is unlike any we have seen. It's basic, almost unfinished. None of the usual refinement and panache.

Jack is on a gurney. He has nasty stitches on his forehead.

TENENBAUM

I've removed the control mechanism
... You have choice now.

JACK

Do I?

TENENBAUM

Would you kindly raise your arm.

Jack doesn't move.

JACK

You're the one ... made those girls
what they are.

TENENBAUM

That's correct.

JACK

Why?

TENENBAUM

Ah.

JACK

How could you do that?

She doesn't answer.

Occupies herself cleaning her surgical equipment.

JACK

Look at me ... Look at me.

She does.

Jack's still traumatized. Fighting through his emotions. His
anger building.

JACK

Jesus Christ ... You fucking people
... You -- Ryan -- Atlas -- all of
you -- You took away my life. Which
wasn't even my life -- What the
fuck did you make me into? What am
I?!

TENENBAUM

A free man.

JACK

Free to do what?!

TENENBAUM

That's your choice.

JACK

I never had a goddamn choice in my life! NOT ONE! -- Coffee or tea? Left or right? Up or down? -- Every minute of my life was a goddamn lie.

TENENBAUM

(sharp)

Now it is real.

A beat.

TENENBAUM

Now you live in my world ... Where choice has consequence.

She moves to put away some surgical equipment. She is near a series of tanks with large, hideous sea slugs in them.

TENENBAUM

I made my choices and now I live with them.

One of the horrible sea slugs undulates around in its tank. Sickly grey and green putrescence.

TENENBAUM

I discovered they secreted a unique enzyme from their adrenal glands. It had promising restorative properties ... But it needed a host to incubate ... So I gave it a host.

She looks at him hard.

TENENBAUM

Those were my choices.

INT. ADAM STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Jack is stunned to see row after row of syringe-guns. All filled with the luminescent blue liquid. A vast storehouse of the precious drug.

Tenenbaum and Jack walk through the room.

TENENBAUM

At first it was a miracle. Like penicillin, you know. It made people better. It focused them ... It perfected them.

JACK
What happened?

TENENBAUM
Why stop at perfection? What is beyond that? Do we dare imagine the next step of evolution? ... Is it godhood? ... Isn't that the logical culmination of Rapture?

A beat as they walk past the shelves of ADAM.

TENENBAUM
Before long people were using it all the time. The more they took, the worse it got ... Those few that survived -- became something else.

JACK
I've seen them.

TENENBAUM
They're like my shadow. Always behind me ... For them I am responsible too.

They go through a doorway to the next chamber...

INT. BIG DADDY WORKSOP - NIGHT

Jack stops--

A Big Daddy.

Right in front of him.

Currently deactivated.

It is like a garage for Big Daddies. Some are mangled and broken, like puppets. Others stand at attention.

Elsewhere we see spare parts and various Big Daddy components waiting to be assembled: hanging from hooks; on mechanical arms and winches and levers; plugged into bio-mechanical monitors.

TENENBAUM
Your father and I shared a singular vision, ennobled we imagined in our arrogance ... Rapture was our controlled experiment into the potential of mankind.

She goes to one of the mangled Big Daddies. Gently touches it.

TENENBAUM

But the experiment failed ... We failed ... I tried to save as many of the girls as I could. I tried to protect them. I gave them these guardians.

A beat.

TENENBAUM

Would you like to meet the children?

She leads him into the next room...

INT. SCHOOL ROOM - NIGHT

Tenenbaum has created a makeshift school room. Neat rows of many little desks. Chalk boards. Story books. Art projects.

And the Little Sisters are here.

Only about six of them.

They are gathered together, just like normal sisters. They start when they see Jack. Frightened.

TENENBAUM

Shhh. Be calm. He's our friend. His name is Jack.

The Little Sisters calm down, but are obviously upset about something. Many crying. Clinging together.

JACK

Is this all of them?

Tenenbaum indicates for Jack to come with her. She cleans the chalkboard as she speaks privately to Jack:

TENENBAUM

Atlas has taken the others. He's rounded them up and ... harvesting them.

JACK

God...

TENENBAUM

He's become a monster ... Rapture belongs to him now.

One of the Little Sisters comes up to them. She hands Tenenbaum a little paper butterfly, a craft project.

TENENBAUM

Oh, that's very good. I like the wings ... Thank you.

Tenenbaum returns to the Little Sisters. She interacts casually with them as she talks to Jack.

Fixing their hair. Tying their shoes.

Quiet and mundane maternal tasks.

They are completely comfortable with her.

TENENBAUM

So this is our life here. I try to do my best for them ... We haven't long, you know. He'll come for us.

(a melancholy smile)

I wonder if I should teach them religion.

JACK

You believe in God?

TENENBAUM

I've learned too much to believe in anything else...

She quietly cleans the face of a Little Sister. Jack finds this tiny gesture quite moving. As:

TENENBAUM

Ever since man first crawled from the primordial sea, there has been something to keep us in check. First it was the predation of nature itself. Then we invented religion and law and society. All shackles to our free will, enslaving our nature, limiting our potential. But in Rapture we removed these restraints ... And learned that the true potential of man is evil ... Just look at me.

A beat.

One of the Little Sisters is bold, goes to Jack, takes his hand.

LITTLE SISTER
Will you play with me?

TENENBAUM
No, no, our friend Jack has to leave now.

She goes to him.

TENENBAUM
You should go.

JACK
Where am I supposed to go?

TENENBAUM
Where we are now, this is where the workers lived when Rapture was first being build. It was very dangerous to construct so they had emergency evacuation pods to the surface.

She opens a door. Down a long hallway we can see a series of high tech escape pod doors.

TENENBAUM
They are still operational.

JACK
(urgently)
But -- you should come -- bring them.

TENENBAUM
They cannot be cured, it's part of them now ... And what they are cannot be unleashed on the world ... We belong here.

JACK
(quietly)
He'll kill you.

TENENBAUM
But until then ... I am all they have.

A beat.

TENENBAUM

You're free. You have your life
back.

JACK

I never had a life.

TENENBAUM

Have one now.

She touches his face. Awkwardly gentle. Goodbye.

He goes.

Turns back.

Tenenbaum slowly closes the door. One of the Little Sisters
peeks out at him at the last moment. Smiles.

The door shuts.

INT. CORRIDOR TO ESCAPE PODS - NIGHT

Jack moves down the long corridor.

Deep in thought.

The fate of Tenenbaum and the Little Sisters is weighing
heavily on him.

Down the hallway a series of sealed escape pod doors await.

He arrives at them.

Is about to press the "OPEN" button on one of them.

Stops.

He sees something on a wall nearby.

A drawing of a flower.

In yellow chalk.

Just like the drawing the Little Sister was doing on the deck
outside Mrs. Beasley's house.

Jack stares at it. It causes him pain to remember.

He presses the "OPEN" button.

The door slides open.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Please proceed into the evacuation
module.

Jack steps into the escape pod.

INT. ESCAPE POD - NIGHT

The escape pod is like the bathysphere Jack was in before,
only bigger.

One button inside: "ACTIVATION."

A beat.

Jack can see the chalk flower on the wall across from the
pod.

He hits the "ACTIVATION" button.

We watch Jack's face.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Please stand away from the doors.
Automatic evacuation sequence has
begun ... ten ... nine ... eight...

Jack stares at the chalk flower.

Thinking of the Little Sister he couldn't save.

Thinking of all the Little Sisters.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
... seven ... six ... five ... four
... three...

Jack decides.

He quickly steps out of the escape pod.

INT. CORRIDOR TO ESCAPE PODS - NIGHT

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
... two ... one.

The doors to the escape pod slide shut.

A pressurized whir.

The escape pod disappears in a cascade of bubbles as it
ascends.

Jack stands there.

He starts to walk.

Back to Tenenbaum.

Resolute.

INT. ADAM STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Building tension--

Momentum--

Jack is injecting himself with syringe after syringe of ADAM.
He grits his teeth - injects -- tosses the syringe-gun away--

Tenenbaum hurries to him--

TENENBAUM
What are you doing?!

JACK
Making a choice.

Inject -- discard--

JACK
First and last one I ever made.

Inject -- discard--

TENENBAUM
This much will kill you.

Jack looks at her. He knows that.

Inject -- discard--

JACK
Takes a monster to kill a monster.

Inject -- discard--

Cut to--

INT. BIG DADDY WORKSOP - NIGHT

Quick cuts -- montage--

Jack becomes a Big Daddy--

A painful, bloody process--

Huge armor pieces go on -- bio-melding with his body -- he screams -- wires and gears slice into him -- tubes puncture -- metal sizzles -- muscles and tendons graft with sparking electrical cables--

Finally the diving-bell helmet is lowered onto him -- tubes and wires wrap around him -- cut into his face -- grafting into him -- slicing, reforming -- a series of needles shoot into his skull -- he screams--

BLACKS OUT.

Then...

Silence...

Then the low ... echoing ... automated ... breathing of a machine.

Then light.

From Jack's POV:

Through the porthole of the helmet.

Tenenbaum surrounded by the Little Sisters.

Looking up at him.

One of the Little Sisters walks to him.

Reaches up.

Takes his hand.

We see the giant Big Daddy hand taking the tiny hand of the Little Sister.

Then we see the scene in full.

Jack is a Big Daddy. Part man, part machine.

The enormous hulk next to the little girl.

She looks up at him. Acknowledging his sacrifice.

LITTLE SISTER

Thank you.

Then she lets his hand go.

She returns to her sisters.

Jack repositions himself awkwardly. CRASH! CRASH!

Looks at Tenenbaum one last time.

Then Jack turns and goes.

CRASH! CRASH! CRASH!

INT. DESCENDING CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Jack lumbers. Learning how to use his Big Daddy body.

CRASH! CRASH! CRASH!

He is descending into the lower depths of Rapture. Water drips. Metal groans. Everything's rusty.

He splashes through some water.

INT. CAGE TUNNEL - NIGHT

This passageway is tight because a series of cages line both sides of the corridor.

In each cramped cage: a few Little Sister crammed together. It is like a nightmare version of Hansel and Gretel.

There is an IV tube stretching up from each girl's back. The tubes connect and run along the top of the corridor.

Jack moves between the rows of cages.

CRASH! CRASH! CRASH!

The Little Sisters gaze at their guardian with wide eyes. They know Big Daddies protect them.

Their arms stretch from the cages in mute appeal. Their tiny hands touch Jack's Big Daddy helmet.

From Jack's POV: We see the little fingers tracing along the porthole.

CRASH! CRASH! CRASH!

Jack's expression is intense as he walks. He is moved by their mute appeal.

He is focused.

His anger is building.

When Jack reaches the last cage he stops.

Turns.

Reaches out with his enormous Big Daddy hand and SNAPS the lock off a cage.

The Little Sister climbs out of the cage. Starts releasing the others.

As Jack lumbers on.

CRASH! CRASH! CRASH!

INT. POWER PLANT - NIGHT

The mechanical heart of Rapture.

Mammoth dynamos and giant turbines thrum and spin, supplying electricity and power to the undersea kingdom. The whole vast chamber vibrates with kinetic power.

An enormous Jules Verne-like glass and metal Art Deco dome soars overhead: the dramatic cityscape of Rapture visible beyond.

And at the center of it all...

Incongruously hunched on an old crate...

Is Atlas.

Just sitting there.

Whatever mutant, hyped-up monster Jack expected, it wasn't this.

Jack stands. Waiting. The steady breathing in his Big Daddy helmet echoing.

Atlas looks at him.

Smiles.

Then Jack notices something.

There is a single IV tube trailing up from the back of Atlas's neck.

Jack follows it up with his eyes.

The single IV tube connects with a dozen more at the top of the chamber. A spider's web of tubes spread out and disappear.

Pumping ADAM into Atlas.

A steady, continuous flow.

Jack is stunned. And horrified at the implications.

What is this amount of ADAM doing to Atlas?

ATLAS

I see you met the good doctor ...
That outfit's a little formal for
day, don't you think?

He chuckles and turns a regulator switch on his IV tube, shutting off the flow of ADAM. He carefully pulls the IV needle from his neck, as:

ATLAS

You're just like your father, Jack.
You think too small ... You really
think putting on that armor gives
you power?

Delicately wipes away the excess ADAM on his neck with a napkin:

ATLAS

You think the ultimate realization
of the human animal can be
challenged by a scared little boy
in a metal suit?

He stands.

Jack crouches, ready for battle.

But Atlas just stands there. No super powers. No amazing mutations.

Just Atlas.

No match for a Big Daddy.

And yet there is singular, building intensity to Atlas' words as he slowly advances on Jack:

ATLAS

Imagine the power I have now, Jack
... It's the power of choice.

JACK
Don't know much about that.

ATLAS
That's right. Never had much of
that, did you? ... But you do now.

Jack looks at him.

ATLAS
You think you've make a choice to
sacrifice yourself for the
children. You think you're doing it
for them? ... You're doing it for
you. You're as selfish as I am ...
I can feel it...

Atlas gets closer and closer, sharper and sharper,
relentless:

ATLAS
Because it's in your blood now.
There's no turning back ... You can
feel it taking over, can't you? ...
How much did you take? How much?
Enough to be a hero? Enough to save
the children? They're nothing.
They're prey. How much did you
take? Enough to be a god?

He stands right at Jack, staring up at him. Toe to toe with
the monstrous Big Daddy.

ATLAS
Your search is over, Jack. You
finally found the place where you
belong ... Down here with us ...
Welcome home.

Suddenly--

Jack powers up his huge DRILL ARM--

He glares at Atlas:

JACK
Would you kindly -- shut the fuck
up.

BAM!

HE DRIVES THE DRILL COMPLETELY THROUGH ATLAS--

He lifts Atlas high into the air--

The drill shredding Atlas' insides--

Atlas jerking like a broken puppet on the drill--

Atlas gazes down at Jack--

And then--

He smiles.

Not remotely in pain.

A horrible beat.

Blood drips down onto Jack's face plate.

ATLAS

Do you not comprehend, lad? I've
gone beyond ... Beyond law. Beyond
morality ... Beyond my own body.

Jack flings Atlas off his drill arm.

Atlas slams to the floor.

Picks himself up.

Jack watches in horror as the hideous wound from the drill
begins to heal itself -- the bones and skin and muscles
knitting together, reforming, as:

ATLAS

Imagine a life with no limits. Not
even limited by your own muscles
and bones ... Can you feel it from
there? ... It's freedom.

Atlas holds out his arm...

The skin begins to vibrate and quiver--

Atlas concentrates--

The skin begins to stretch--

Atlas concentrates more--

The bones begins to torque--

CRACK!

The bones in the arm break--

Atlas grimaces in agony--

The skin tears--

The muscles and tendons elongate--

Atlas shakes in pain--

SUDDENLY--

The arm SLASHES out--

Across the room--

SLAMS Jack--

With incredible strength--

Jack goes flying back--

CRASHES into a dynamo--

Atlas snaps the arm back--

Jack slowly pulls himself up.

Atlas advances on him. Stretching and cracking his neck and shoulders oddly. His head oscillating like a snake.

His spine ARCHES bizarrely--

His bones CRACK and SHATTER--

His skin SHREDS and STRETCHES--

His muscles PULSE and COIL--

He gets closer and closer to Jack--

ATLAS

Think how proud your father would
be. You're not a slave anymore are
you? You're a man at long last ...
Will you die like a man, Jack?

Atlas POWERS forward--

SMASHES into Jack--

Jack CRASHES back--

Atlas reshapes and reforms--

Attacking brutally--

Jack fights back--

But the Big Daddy armor is new to him--

Jack learns as he goes -- swinging the drill when he can -- punching and grabbing with the huge hand -- using the massive bulk of the suit to attack--

As Atlas--

Transforms--

Throughout the battle--

His spine and musculature shift and coil wildly -- his bones crack and break at will -- his cellular structure reconstitutes as he likes--

Atlas moves with lightning speed -- learning the extent of his own power--

He enjoys it. He is free.

Unleashed. Unlimited.

Jack is brutally battered. Crashing around the inside of the Big Daddy suit. His head slamming back and forth in the diving bell helmet.

The bio-mechanical wires, links and tubes inside Jack's armor begin to fail. He's losing control of the suit.

Atlas' power appears to be growing.

His madness building.

His mutations and transformations become more extreme and inhuman.

The battle continues.

Finally...

Atlas concentrates the electromagnetic impulses within his body--

Ferocious will on his part--

Electrical energy builds up under his skin--

Like glowing ectoplasm--

We see it course through his viscera -- blood -- bones -- muscles--

Atlas extends a hand--

The electrical energy of his body concentrates toward his hand--

Building, building...

ATLAS

I'm free now. I'm the first man who
has ever been free ... I AM ADAM.

A SHOCKING BOLT OF ENERGY--

DISCHARGES--

SPARKING from Atlas' hand--

A BLINDING FLASH of electricity--

SHOOTING into Jack--

Jack FLIES--

Like he's been electrocuted -- hit by a lightning bolt--

Jack CRASHES to the floor, the Big Daddy suit scorched--

Inside the suit, Jack gasps in agony. Burned. Shattered.

He slowly hauls himself up.

Atlas rears back. Letting his new-found power rampage through him.

He's lost in his own insane world.

He concentrates again--

Raises his arm--

Another BOLT OF ENERGY discharges--

FLAMING across the chamber--

SLICING into Jack--

Jack FLIES back again--

SLAMS into the glass dome over the chamber.

Falls hard. Contorted and crushed.

The Big Daddy suit is flaming. Cracking apart.

The helmet breaks open.

Jack pulls it off. He gasps for air. He is battered.
Bleeding.

He's dying.

Atlas savors his victory.

He looks into Jack's eyes.

Jack starts up his drill arm again.

The drill roars.

But Jack can't even rise.

He's done.

Atlas chuckles.

He walks closer to Jack.

Jack stares up at him, his drill arm rotating impotently.

Atlas looks down at him.

ATLAS

This is what comes of compassion,
Jack ... It lies there all broken
and bloody, never to rise ...
There's no place for it here ... So
long, kid. Say hello to your
father.

Atlas extends his arm again--

Points his hand at Jack--

Concentrates--

The electromagnetic energy building within him--

Coursing through his body--

About to be discharged--

For the coup de grace--

But--

At the last second--

Jack spins away from Atlas--

SLAMS the drill into the glass dome--!

A JET OF OCEAN WATER--

SPRAYS ACROSS THE ROOM--

HITS ATLAS--

DRENCHING HIM--

AN EXPLOSION OF SPARKS AND FIRE!

Atlas screams in agony--

Electrocuted--

He writhes -- the electricity and fire eating at him inside and out--

His skin flames -- his bones scorch -- his blood burns--

He falls.

Still barely alive.

He looks at Jack.

A strange look in his eyes.

A long beat.

Then figures appear.

The Little Sisters Jack freed earlier.

They gather around the defeated Atlas.

They stare at him.

Their expressions unreadable.

Then they descend on him. Like a pack of dogs.

Injecting him again and again with syringe-guns.

He screams in agony.

Their little figures obscure the horror from Jack.

Finally Atlas' screams fade. He is dead.

The Little Sisters turn to Jack.

A few of them move toward him.

With compassion and care.

Jack is dying.

His vision blurry now.

One of the Little Sisters takes his hand. Another gently strokes his head as...

Jack begins to die...

We fade to white...

EXT. HILL - DAY

Jack's vision of heaven.

After the claustrophobia of Rapture, the liberation of the limitless outdoors.

Sunshine. Blue sky. Gentle breeze. Fresh air.

Jack is walking up a grassy hill toward a tree with a swing in the distance.

His dachshund Rusty is barking and running happily.

Two of the Little Sisters are holding his hands.

They walk up the hill together.

Calm. Serene.

The image grows whiter and whiter.

Almost to the top of the hill now.

Whiter and whiter.

Jack smiles.

Heaven.

But--

INT. TENENBAUM'S OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack bolts awake--

Eyes wide--

Gasping--

Dr. Tenenbaum is with him. A number of the Little Sisters gathered.

JACK
(confused)
What -- what did--

TENENBAUM
(calming)
It's all right ... Shhh ... You're fine. That's just the withdrawal you're feeling ... Don't upset yourself...

JACK
What ... did you do?

TENENBAUM
We saved you -- brought you back.

Jack is dazed, disoriented.

JACK
... I took ... too much of the drug
... I was supposed to die...

TENENBAUM
Shhh, please. It's over. Atlas is dead.

JACK
... wasn't a monster...

TENENBAUM
What?

JACK
He was just a man ... And there was a moment I ... I knew how he felt. What it felt like to...

TENENBAUM
Please, just relax ... Don't worry. You're safe ... The children are safe.

Jack looks at her.

A strange power coursing through his body--
Darkness and blood lust overwhelming him--

JACK
No ... they're not.

His eyes flash -- his bones BREAK and STRETCH just like Atlas' did--

He STRIKES out at Tenenbaum--

Blood sprays on the Little Sisters--

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Gentle bubbles floating up.

Lovely undersea vista.

Escape pods ascending.

We hear Jack -- the new voice of Rapture -- on the crackling public address system:

JACK (V.O.)

What is a man? A man is a figure who stands alone and unafraid. He looks to the future and says: I will make it mine ... So it is for me...

EXT. SUBMARINE - DAY

A US Navy submarine. Sailors on the deck.

We see the escape pods bob to the surface.

The sailors begin hauling them in. Curious.

JACK (V.O.)

Maybe I'm sentimental, but in the end I like to think my father would be proud of me... I made the choice to carry on his legacy, to fulfill his vision ...

EXT. SUBMARINE DECK - DAY

We see Splicers moving across the deck. Killing sailors. Bodies falling. Blood splashing.

JACK (V.O.)

It's funny, though. In a way Atlas was right. My father did think too small. But so did Atlas ... The glory of Rapture cannot be limited to an undersea city...

INT. SUBMARINE - DAY

We see the Splicers moving through the submarine. Slashing.
Killing everyone they encounter. Carnage.

JACK (V.O.)
The potential of man cannot be
contained...

INT. SUBMARINE -- MISSILE ROOM - DAY

We see some Splicers going into the sub's missile room,
reverently approaching something...

JACK (V.O.)
It must be unleashed.

We see the Splicers are moving toward...

A nuclear missile.

JACK (V.O.)
Welcome to Rapture.

Snap to black.

The End.