

EXT. LUXURY BACKYARD - DAY

A man sits in the middle of a luxuriously appointed backyard, CHAD - 40, handsome and well manicured man melts into a lawn chair. He picks up an elaborate glass filled with chardonnay. He brings it up to his lips with the respect it deserves.

RING. RING. RING.

His phone comes to life with a call in the distance. He doesn't bat an eye. He sinks deeper into the chair.

SILENCE.

Chad's eyes close as he drifts into zen.

EXT. FENCE OF BACKYARD - DAY

BUZZZZZ!

A DRONE rips the silence to shreds. It comes zooming violently over the wall penetrating the backyard. The drone cuts right for Chad.

FWEP!

A DART explodes out of drone and hits CHAD in his neck

Chad sees THREE BLACK CLAD FIGURES climbing over the wall into his home just as his eyes go blurry.

BLACKOUT.

The three people are dressed in black cyberpunk street with their faces covered with masks and goggles. They approach Chad. One of the intruders catches the waiting drone and folds it into his backpack.

The second intruder strolls directly up to CHAD and SMACKS him in the face several times. He looks up at the other intruders nodding in approval.

The third intruder whips out homemade dirty VR HELMET covered in stickers out of her backpack. In one smooth motion the intruder places it gently on CHAD'S HEAD and flicks the POWER SWITCH.

The HELMET lights up. CHAD starts convulsing. A readout on the HELMET starts counting upward from 0% toward 100%.

Just as the readout on the HELMET hits 100%, the third intruder jerks it off CHAD'S HEAD.

CHAD collapses in the chair.

EXT. COBBLESTONE STREET - BROOKLYN - DAY

A filthy rickety VAN zooms down a cobblestone street. The VAN is drenched in anti-establishment cyberpunk street graffiti.

INT. DILAPIDATED GRAFFITI VAN - DAY

Two of the intruders are thrown around in the cargo area from the bouncing. They give each other a celebratory touching of fists.

The third intruder removes her mask and goggles to reveal DALE , 19 - an Afro-American girl. Dale has an intense stare from under the multi-colored hair that drapes her face. She has a black band aid across her nose.

DALE

Nailed it.

FELIPE

Fuck yeah.

The second intruder reveals his face as FELIPE , 22, a tough handsome chubby Hispanic kid. His hair is cut low with a crazy geometric lines in it.

Dale takes the HELMET out of her back and plugs it into a small monitor on her wrist.

DALE

Fucking hell! we got valid memories. A plus shit too.

FRONT OF VAN:

MARCUS

Awww yeah! Where should we go?

REAR OF VAN:

DALE

Let's go to Pink Houses. East New York.

MARCUS

(o.s)

Okay, It's real fucked up over there. Your fam still live there right Dale?

DALE

Yup! We got should have that on
smash.

EXT. BROOKLYN HOUSING PROJECTS - DAY

The VAN turns around a corner and rolls up a alleyway right between the ominous buildings of a housing project.

People on the street see the VAN. They stop and stare at intensely. Some people eye it suspiciously, others look excited at it's arrival and point at it, alerting others.

ABOVE:

The VAN makes it's way down a alleyway into the main thoroughfare of the housing projects.

CLOSER:

People stare down at it from the windows above. Some of the people have signs in their window offering themselves for prostitution and other illegal economy services.

The VAN comes to a stop.

INT. DILAPIDATED GRAFFITI VAN - DAY

Felipe stands by the doors. He peers out the van's rear window. He reassuringly pats his side as though he has a weapon there.

FELIPE

Okay you guys ready?

DALE

Showtime fuckers.

BOOM!

Felipe kicks the van doors open. Bright sunlight comes streaming into the van.

EXT. BROOKLYN HOUSING PROJECTS STREET - DAY

A line has formed behind the VAN, but more are coming. Walking, wheelchairs, even bikes.

The first person on line is a middle-aged Hispanic woman.

Marcus and Felipe help her up into the van.

INT. DILAPIDATED GRAFFITI VAN - DAY

Dale gently sits MARIA down.

DALE

Hi there Mami, you ready? What kinda memory you wanna try?

MARIA

I wanna see how the other half eats. It's only rations around here since the elections.

FELIPE

Oh man, you about to get the best you never had and just for twenty bucks.

Maria pulls a twenty dollar bill out of her bra and hands it to Felipe.

MARIA

What's inside the helmet?

DALE

The stuff that dreams are made of.

Maria smiles as Dale slowly lowers the HELMET to cover her face.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - DAY

FIRST PERSON VIEW:

A beautifully clean minimal apartment with spotless floors that gleam in the sun. A table sits in the middle with a plate with a thick steaming hot steak and a lobster tail stuffed in a biscuit.

CHAD'S HANDS come into view and grab the knife and fork. The knife pierces the steak and juices and blood ooze out of it. The hands bring a piece of steak up to the mouth on a fork.

INT. DILAPIDATED GRAFFITI VAN - DAY

MARIA

(moaning)

Oh my god! I haven't had steak in years. It's so fucking good.

Dale looks up and smiles at Felipe and Marcus.

MARIA

Om My god. The sides! Who eats
lobster as a side!

Dale taps her on the shoulder.

DALE

Sorry sweetie your time is up.

Dale pulls the HELMET off her.

FELIPE

(in Spanish)

How was it, was it worth it?

MARIA

Si! Si! Gracias!

Marcus helps her up and out of the van.

FELIPE

Next!

EXT. BROOKLYN HOUSING PROJECTS - DAY

A YOUNG MAN - 22, dressed like a thug, tries to cut the
line.

The crowd goes berserk. Mad at him for trying to cheat.

MARCUS

Hey!

FELIPE

Yo! Get the fuck out of here. You
are on our shit list.

YOUNG MAN

Aww come on! I'll pay double! Look

The young man pulls out a huge wad of cash.

DALE

No. Look around you, don't you
think there is enough of people
getting their way because they have
more than others?

The crowd yells insults and voices their concern that he is
wasting time. He yells insults back at them.

YOUNG MAN
Fuck ya'll then.

The young man walks off giving them the finger.

INT. DILAPIDATED GRAFFITI VAN - DAY

FELIPE and MARCUS try to help the next person, OVERWEIGHT CUSTOMER 50 - middle aged man who is so obese he looks like he gave up on life a long time ago. His shirt barely covers his immense gut.

OVERWEIGHT CUSTOMER
I can do it.

FELIPE
Hey Dale, give us a hand.

Dale jumps up to help. They all groan and just manage to get him in.

INT. DILAPIDATED GRAFFITI VAN - DAY

They manage to sit the OVERWEIGHT CUSTOMER down with a sigh of relief. Dale preps the HELMET.

OVERWEIGHT CUSTOMER
This ain't like that Virtual Reality shit is it? Is this like real rich people memories?

MARCUS
100% uncut raw - you are going to feel every little thing. You'll feel the burn of the Sriracha they eat, the hardening of every nipple they touch, the tickle of every gust of wind they feel...

FELIPE
Even the pride that swells when they look at the shit they own.

Dale shakes her head.

MARCUS
If you don't like it - we got a money back ...

Felipe hits him on the shoulder.

MARCUS
Half money back guarantee.

Felipe smiles and takes the Overweight Customer's money. Dale lowers the HELMET over his head, he stares at them threateningly.

OVERWEIGHT CUSTOMER
Okay - this better be fucking good.

DALE
What do you want to see?

OVERWEIGHT CUSTOMER
I wanna feel a woman. Any woman.
I'm lonely.

Dale shoots a harsh look at Marcus and Felipe. Felipe shrugs.

DALE
Fifty bucks.

OVERWEIGHT CUSTOMER
I thought it was twenty! Everyone else is paying twenty.

DALE
It's extra for creepy sexy time.
It's that or nothing.

CUSTOMER
Okay. Here!

The customer hands Felipe a wrinkled stack of mismatched bills. Dale sucks her teeth. Felipe counts it quick.

FELIPE
He's good.

Dale lowers the helmet on his face reluctantly.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - DAY

FIRST PERSON VIEW:

A voluptuous woman is in the bedroom. She is in the middle of disrobing. Her dress leaves nothing to the imagination. It drops to floor at her feet.

She lays down on the bed as CHAD'S hands come reaching out toward her. They start caressing her on her gently on her hips.

INT. DILAPIDATED GRAFFITI VAN - DAY

FELIPE

Dale what's your problem?

DALE

The internet is wall to wall
fucking porn. Anything you want.
Porn tax or no, everyone can get
that exploitative shit. I didn't
get into this to sell sexual
tourism or worse...

Dale wraps her arms around herself and is visibly shaking.

A beat.

FELIPE

Okay Okay I get it Dale, This shit
is important to you.

MARCUS

Let's not run anymore sex memories.

FELIPE

(under his breath)

Today anyway.

Dale shoots him a look and shakes her head but it's
interrupted by:

OVERWEIGHT CUSTOMER

HmmmmMMmmmmM.

Dale , Felipe and Marcus jerk around to look.
The OVERWEIGHT CUSTOMER starts touching himself. He's
fumbling awkwardly for his zipper as he moans loudly.

ZIP!

EXT. BROOKLYN HOUSING PROJECTS STREET - DAY

A CUSTOMER IN LINE points at the OVERWEIGHT CUSTOMER in the
throws of passion.

CUSTOMER IN LINE

(shouting)

Damn! I wanna have what he's
having!

INT. DILAPIDATED GRAFFITI VAN - DAY

DALE
Whoa Whoa Whoa!

Dale lifts the HELMET off the OVERWEIGHT CUSTOMER'S HEAD.

OVERWEIGHT CUSTOMER
What gives!

DALE
We aren't setup for that! See guys
- look at this shit.

OVERWEIGHT CUSTOMER
You should get a privacy curtain or
something. I paid for it!

DALE
Your time is up buddy.

INT. DILAPIDATED GRAFFITI VAN - DAY

Marcus and Felipe close the doors to the van. They take a collective sigh for a beat.

FELIPE
Aww yeah!

They all start laughing.

DALE
Whew! Let's go get something to
eat.

Felipe holds up the wad of cash.

FELIPE
Look at this! Now we can get
something fancy to eat.

Marcus jumps in the front in the drivers seat.

DALE
Did you see the look on that dudes
face?

FELIPE
You uncle is so fucking weird Dale!
He just wanted to replay going to
the bathroom again and again.

The van jerks forward as it drives off.

DALE

I know, they don't have a working toilet right now, that's like a luxury for him.

FELIPE

Okay I can see that.

EXT. BODEGA STOREFRONT - NIGHT

The VAN pulls up to the window of a CORNER BODEGA. It's locked up tighter than a drum. A giant bright monitor dominates the bulletproof Plexiglas window where there used to be a employee selling.

ON THE MONITOR: Arabic phrases dominates the top of the screen. Rotating 3D images of Cigarettes, Potatoes Chips, Soda, and Sandwiches flash across the screen.

Marcus and Dale jump out of the VAN and walk up the screen.

COMPUTER FEMALE VOICE

Good evening! May I take your order?

MARCUS

Man I miss the days of being able to talk to someone to get food.

COMPUTER FEMALE VOICE

I understand your nostalgia! Does this help?

A stilted human-like face appears on the screen staring at them.

COMPUTER FEMALE VOICE

We value your patronage I assure you I can help you just as well.

MARCUS

Let me get a Ginger Ale , A Warm Salami Hero , A Turkey and Cheese Hero, a Bag of Cheese Doodles...

DALE

And a loosie.

COMPUTER FEMALE VOICE

Does that complete your order?

MARCUS

Yup!

COMPUTER FEMALE VOICE

Deposit \$360 please. We take cash,
credit cards, Bitcoin, all major tap
payment services, and EBT!

Marcus puts some bills into the slot.

COMPUTER FEMALE VOICE

Here's your order.

The order comes out on a slide. Marcus grabs it.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

VAN is parked on a empty street. Trash from their food is
being thrown out the window.

INT. DILAPIDATED GRAFFITI VAN - NIGHT

DALE

It was nice helping people escape
their shit but let's not forget
what we really came here for.

FELIPE

Mugging motherfucker's memories.

DALE

That's what we do. Juice me up.

FELIPE

I got you kiddo.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Felipe jumps out of the van. He pulls a thick 220 Volt style
POWER CABLE with raw wires sticking out from the head of it
from under the van. He walks over to a LAMP POST.

CLOSER:

Felipe jams open the cover to the LAMP POST base with a
SCREWDRIVER revealing a shitload of dangerous, loose wires,
He ties the VAN CABLE to the POWER LAMP CABLES.

Felipe jumps up back into:

INT. DILAPIDATED GRAFFITI VAN - NIGHT

FELIPE

Good to go D.

Dale plugs the other side of the cable into the HELMET. She lights up her CIGARETTE. It hangs off her lip drifting smoke into the air.

DALE

Okay kids. This is for all the aces!

MARCUS

See you on the other side.

Marcus and Felipe look at each other as Felipe lowers the HELMET over Dale's head. She gives them both a wink just as the head disappears:

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - DAY

FIRST PERSON VIEW:

A long beautiful clean table is in view. Just at the end of it is a wallet with several high tech credit cards shining in the light.

We get up from the table. CHAD'S HANDS reach out toward them. Just as the cards numbers come into view.

DALE

Hnnn, just a little bit more.

We are sitting again.

A long beautiful clean table is in view. Just at the end of it is a wallet with several credit cards shining in the light.

We get up from the table. CHAD'S HANDS reach out toward them. Just as the cards numbers come into view.

We are sitting again.

DALE

WHAT THE FUCK!

INT. DILAPIDATED GRAFFITI VAN - NIGHT

The HELMET on DALE'S HEAD starts smoking.

FELIPE

Oh shit!

MARCUS

Should we take it off? We should take it off!

FELIPE

It's smoked a little before. It's dangerous to take it off.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - DAY

FIRST PERSON VIEW:

CHAD'S HANDS are approaching the credit cards. The numbers are tantalizingly almost in focus.

The door opens and we swing to see CHAD'S beautiful girlfriend walk in.

CHAD

Where the fuck have you been?

GIRLFRIEND

Fuck you.

CHAD

Oh yeah fuck me? Fuck you!

CHAD'S HANDS smack the shit out of the GIRLFRIEND. She falls the floor sobbing but CHAD'S HANDS follow her to the floor and smack her again and again unmercifully.

In between CHAD'S HAND'S smacking the GIRLFRIEND we see glitched flashes of:

A young boy who looks like CHAD getting smacked by an older set of hands belonging to his dad.

DALE'S face is being smacked by a different pair of hands belonging to her past abuser.

INT. DILAPIDATED GRAFFITI VAN - NIGHT

POOF!

SMOKE comes streaming out of the HELMET filling the cargo area of the van. The CIGARETTE in Dale's mouth drops to the floor.

DALE
(screams)
Ahhhhh!

MARCUS
Fuck that we gotta get it off her -
help me!

WOOOOOOOOP!

The hint of red and blue police sirens lights dance on the van windows.

FELIPE
Oh shit, It's the cops!

MARCUS
Fuck the cops! DALE could die!

Marcus tries to get his hands on the helmet and get it off. Felipe jumps into the driver's seat and takes off.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

The VAN takes off violently , burning rubber. It yanks the power cord out of the lamp post.

INT. DILAPIDATED GRAFFITI VAN - NIGHT

SKEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

DALE and MARCUS fall over to the side. DALE hits the floor hard.

BLACKOUT

INT. LIMBO

PITCH BLACK. The silence is deafening.

FIRST PERSON VIEW:

Dale's hands come up into view.

DALE
Where am I?

Dale's hands start swinging wildly in the dark.

INT. DILAPIDATED GRAFFITI VAN - NIGHT

Marcus pulls the power cord from the helmet and tries to get a grip on the helmet to take it off.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

The van swerves around a corner staying a step ahead of the police car.

INT. DILAPIDATED GRAFFITI VAN - NIGHT

The turn throws MARCUS back to the floor.

INT. LIMBO

FIRST PERSON VIEW:

DALE waves her hands frantically smacking something hard.

The darkness starts to fade.

Dale finds it's HER HANDS smacking CHAD'S GIRLFRIEND over over. She can't stop it.

Dale's point of view shifts upward. There is CHAD standing there watching her with an evil grin. He leans down into close.

CHAD
(Whispering)
You like it don't you.

EXT. BROOKLYN HIGHWAY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

DALE
(screams)
No! No!

The van swerves around a few corners. It jumps onto the highway.

WEEEEEEEE!

The sirens trails off from the Doppler effect as the cops go off in a wrong direction.

INT. DILAPIDATED GRAFFITI VAN - NIGHT

Marcus manages to pull the helmet off. Dale is sweaty and exhausted. She falls into Marcus arms. Barely conscious she manages a melancholy smile. Marcus strokes her hair.

DALE

Thanks.

Marcus and Dale hold hands tenderly.

EXT. DOWNTOWN BROOKLYN - DAY

A sea of luxury skyscrapers of endless condos swarm the Brooklyn landscape.

EXT. LUXURY CONDO ENTRANCE - DAY

A man dressed to the nines strolls into the entrance of the condo building with confidence.

Just behind him rolls into view the graffiti covered VAN with Felipe at the wheel.

INT. DILAPIDATED GRAFFITI VAN - DAY

Marcus takes out a GLOWING PILL and slips it into the dart gun on the DRONE and powers it up.

Dale is soldering a wire onto the HELMET. It sizzles and pops. She flicks the power on and it comes to life.

DALE

(smiling)

Let's do it.

BLACKOUT