

ESCAPE FROM THE METAVERSE

**Draft ONE: Written by
Matthew Cooper
with the help of
SAGA AI Scriptwriting
software**

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for hire)**

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I did this as an experiment to see if I could produce a quick first draft - where this is currently - is about two / three days work so far - mostly me rewriting the dialogue (90 percent of the dialogue is mine - not AI generated). The rest of the script / plot was SAGA generated based on my ideas and input. This needs more work (a lot more) and many more drafts - any input is welcomed, but I think the experiment was successful as an AI generated first draft (really generated in a few hours) .

Visual Note: The HTML code described in the script is NOT like the zeros and ones in the film 'The Matrix' - instead this is complicated code/ mixed with dream like colours -The script we do see HTML style will actually contains the script of each scene inserted in the code in the scene for geeks who want to break the code by pausing the BLU-RAY - the cypher code word to disguise the script in the code is META- whose letters will never appear in the code and instead be removed from the code with a rolling - scene specific symbol - basically the Metaverse in the script should NOT LOOK LIKE THE MATRIX.

EXT. OZONE MAX PRISON - NIGHT

Ozone Prison is a futuristic maximum-security facility - it looks both modern and run down / half wrecked at the same time - we're in a post-apocalyptic world.

The prison sits in the ruins of what looks like Seattle after a nuclear war - the air is visible, it's dusty cancerous fallout fills the atmosphere.

INT. OZONE MAX PRISON - UNDERGROUND BOXING ARENA - NIGHT

TITLE: OZONE PRISON - REAL WORLD - 2053

A flickering fluorescent light illuminates a grimy underground boxing ring. The air is thick with sweat and smoke and toxic residue.

HURRICANE JONES, 50, rugged with a salt-and-pepper buzz cut and a deep scar across his left cheek, sits on a bench in a makeshift locker room. He lights a crumpled cigarette, staring at the floor, his hands taped, fists battle-worn. He exhales smoke into the rotten air with practiced indifference.

Through a barred window, Hurricane watches **GOVERNOR KARR**, a snakelike man in a tailored military uniform, surrounded by his entourage. They laugh and sip from silver flasks. Karr's voice carries over the din.

GOVERNOR KARR

This fucking guy. You know who that is?

GUEST OF GOVERNOR

Is that Hurricane whatshisname?

|SECOND GUEST OF GOVERNOR

Didn't he - fuck up the president?

GOVERNOR KARR

That's only half of it.

Hurricane glances away as if he doesn't care. But his fingers tighten subtly on the cigarette, betraying a flicker of something-anger, resolve, maybe even doubt.

A STRIKING PRISON GUARD steps into the locker room, slamming the door open. The guard sneers, gesturing for Hurricane to follow.

PRISON GUARD

It's time, old man. Try not to embarrass yourself out there.

HURRICANE

(under his breath)

Fuck you.

PRISON GUARD

You say something?

Hurricane doesn't respond. He crushes the cigarette under his boot, stands, and pulls his taped fists tight. As he steps out, the view of the arena grows closer—the crowd's roar louder.

We follow as he moves toward the ring— a lone figure in this decaying world. Behind him, Governor Karr's laughter echoes faintly, needling him like a ghost he can't escape.

The music builds as we follow Hurricane through the baying prisoners in the crowd and into the ring.

INT. OZONE MAX PRISON - UNDERGROUND BOXING RING - NIGHT

The roar of the crowd crescendos as Hurricane emerges from the tunnel into the pit. The makeshift ring lies under the lurid glow of fluorescents. Inmates press closer, forming a writhing wall of desperation, shouting taunts and cheers.

Across the ring stands **MAMMOTH MIKE**, a hulking brute with muscles like iron cables, sneering as he pounds his fists together. The arena's brutal atmosphere vibrates with tension.

Hurricane gets into the ring and eyes Mammoth Mike - he turns to the guy carrying his towel (his trainer).

HURRICANE JONES
 Couldn't they find anyone bigger?

The Trainer shrugs.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
 Ladies and lady boys, welcome to survival of the fittest! Let's see if old man Hurricane Jones can weather the storm that is MAMMOTH MIKE!!!

Governor Karr sits down with his guests and watches from his cushioned perch above, sipping from a silver flask as he grins. His entourage claps and jeers like royalty overseeing a gladiatorial spectacle. Karr's voice cuts over the noise.

GOVERNOR KARR
 I'd like to see Old Man Jones lose some fucking teeth.

The bell rings - the first round commences. Mammoth lumbers forward, Hurricane bobs and weaves his face stony and unreadable despite the sweat beading on his temples. Mammoth lunges at Hurricane with little skill but a lot of brute force. Hurricane ducks just in time, then inside he pummels Mammoth - his taped fists landing quick, calculated blows to Mammoth's ribs. Mammoth barely registers the strikes, grinning as he throws an overhand punch which lands crunchingly on Hurricane's jaw.

The crowd erupts in bloodthirsty chaos. Hurricane drops to his knees, coughing, but his eyes lock onto the inmates—faces filled with hollow hope. Strangely, the weight of their gaze seems heavier than Mammoth's fists. Even a few of the Prison Guards are urging Hurricane up.

Mammoth towers over Hurricane, ready for the fight to restart - the referee struggling to hold him back.

Hurricane hesitates, breathing hard. He glances up at Governor Karr, whose smirk is a mirror of Mammoth's arrogance. Then his gaze shifts back to the inmates—their desperation piercing through his veneer of indifference.

HURRICANE

Fuck my life.

With newfound grit, Hurricane surges upward - he - checks his legs. He's good to go and nods at the ref.

The ref nods - signals to the bell (which rings) Ref signals the two fighters back together.

REF

Let's go.

MAMMOTH

Should have stayed down old m--

Hurricane drives his fists into Mammoth's ribcage, a relentless flurry of defiance - The inmates roar, a sudden burst of unity, their beaten spirits ignited by Hurricane's rebellion.

Governor Karr stands up.

GOVERNOR KARR

What the actual fuck.

The Governor calls a guard over.

Hurricane brutally lays into Mammoth - punching him back into his own corner and sending the bigger man reeling...

GOVERNOR KARR

I thought you paid this fucker to throw the -

GUARD 2

-We did sir-

GOVERNOR KARR

Then what the fuck is he-

Hurricane lands a blow to the head and nearly knocks Mammoth out - suddenly, he grabs him and holds Mammoth up.

HURRICANE

Wake up you fucking mutt.

Mammoth shakes off his wobbly head - his eyes focus on Hurricane - and Mammoth headbutts Hurricane.

HURRICANE

...Oh fuck...

Mammoth fights back against Hurricane - Hurricane starts to fight back, then pulls his punches. He stops dead and allows Mammoth to come onto him.

Mammoth throws a punishing uppercut which lands square on Hurricane's jaw, dropping him to the floor like a collapsing tree. The roar of hope falters into scattered murmurs of disbelief. Hurricane lies motionless on the canvas, his face bloodied.

GOVERNOR KARR

- That's better.... That's better
...okay...

Governor Karr laughs, raising his flask in mocking praise. The Prison Guard sneers with satisfaction, but the inmates don't back down. Their cheers begin again, now louder—a defiant chant against the system.

Hurricane laying eyes closed on the canvass slowly opens one eye, staring at the ceiling—the flickering light casting shadows that almost look like faces.

Hurricane rolls over - he can see and hear the ref giving him the count. He can see the prisoners and some guards urging him up. He shakes his head very slightly 'no'.

He looks up at the ref and waits.

REF

5....6.....7....

Hurricane turns to the prisoners around the ring who are urging him on. He shrugs - the prisoners look unhappy and disappointed and angry.

REF

8...9.... and OUT.

Hurricane doesn't win, but he doesn't completely lose the fight that matters most - Somewhere in this diseased pit of a prison, a seed of resistance has been sown.

We follow Hurricane, as he gets up - shrugs of medical help and walks from the ring - he glances back at Mammoth and mouths the words - 'Fuck You' - as he gets out of the ring.

INT. OZONE MAX PRISON - WORKSHOP - DAY

The prison workshop is dimly lit, the sound of clanking metal and grinding machinery filling the air. Hurricane Jones, bruised from the fight - he works on a rusted hydraulic press. His calloused hands move with practiced efficiency, tightening bolts and adjusting components.

Hurricane looks out of a barred window - outside the prison we can see a desolate landscape - wrecked by nuclear fallout.

Inmates shuffle around, struggling with their own repairs. The guard's pace with disinterested eyes, their presence a silent threat. A young inmate approaches Hurricane.

INMATE KEEGAN

Hey, Hurricane, you think you could-

Keegan is holding a damaged motor in his hands.

HURRICANE

(interrupting) -

-Not my problem.

Hurricane doesn't even glance at Keegan, focusing on his own work. The inmate hesitates, looking around nervously.

INMATE KEEGAN

Listen, man, if this thing gets fixed, it could clear up the air ducts in here. Less shit for us all to breathe. It'd help everyone.

Hurricane tightens a bolt on his own work, his jaw clenching as he ignores the plea. The inmate lingers a moment longer before sighing and retreating. Around the room, other inmates exchange glances, their expressions a mix of disappointment and resentment.

A guard stops by Hurricane's station, tapping the workbench with a nightstick. His voice is sharp, condescending.

GUARD

You making friends again?

HURRICANE

Yeah, I'm real popular.

GUARD

You would've been if you'd have followed through on that fight, you could have took that sucker the other night.

HURRICANE

That right?

GUARD

You fuckin know it - didn't take you as a guy on the Governor's payroll.

HURRICANE

(dryly) ...Good talk, thanks.

Hurricane smirks and moves on with his task. The Guard shakes his head and walks away.

Hurricane leans back, lighting a cigarette. He exhales into the oily air, watching the smoke curl upward. His gaze shifts to the struggling inmates around the room—one of them drops a wrench, frustration and exhaustion etched across his face.

Hurricane turns away, his face hardening as he puffs his cigarette.

Hurricane turns to look for INMATE KEEGAN who needed his help.

HURRICANE

Hey Keegan - bring it over here.

INMATE KEEGAN looks across to Hurricane.

HURRICANE

Bring that back over here.

INMATE KEEGAN picks up the motor and walks back over to Hurricane.

HURRICANE

Fresh air you want huh?

INMATE KEEGAN hands Hurricane the motor.

Hurricane, takes out a screw driver and fixes the motor - it whirs back to life. He walks over to a machine (a hydraulic air press) on the wall (like an air con) with the motor.

Hurricane places the machine into the hydraulic air press.

He flips a switch, testing it, the machinery humming in grim contrast to the suffocating environment.

INMATE KEEGAN

Hey man, you fixed it.

HURRICANE

I doubt it.

Suddenly, the hydraulic press groans and jerks violently, sending a sharp hiss of steam into the air. The inmates instinctively step back, murmuring in alarm. Hurricane reacts swiftly, his eyes narrowing as he grabs a wrench and slams it against the press to stabilize it.

INMATE KEEGAN

What was that?

HURRICANE

Cheap parts, Gremlins, too much fallout - bad pressure.

Hurricane adjusts the valves with hard precision, ignoring the anxious crowd gathering around him. The sound of machinery sputtering echoes in the cavernous workshop, tension mounting.

Without warning, the press jerks again, this time shattering the bolt Hurricane just secured. It spits out a shard of metal that narrowly misses his shoulder, embedding in the wall behind him. The room falls silent, save for the groaning press.

GUARD 2

What're you trying to do, Jones?
Blow the place up?

HURRICANE

(through gritted teeth)
-if only...

The guard steps closer, gripping his nightstick. The inmates tense, holding their breath as they watch the confrontation unfold.

GUARD 2

Watch that attitude. You still got plenty of time to rot here.

HURRICANE

Nothing to lose either. You feel me bud?

Hurricane stares him down, the scarred ridge of his cheek catching the faint light. A moment passes where neither backs down, the weight of their exchanged glare pressing on everyone in the room.

INMATE KEEGAN

Ignore him man.

As if punctuating KEEGAN's words, the hydraulic press lets out one final groan before abruptly powering down.

Hurricane keeps his gaze locked on the guard before turning back to the press, unbothered.

INMATE KEEGAN

We're all gonna fuckin die in here, every single breath is a suicide.

Suddenly, the sound of heavy boots echoes from the hallway outside. The workshop doors swing open with a metallic groan, revealing an imposing figure: GOVERNOR KARR, flanked by two armed guards. The room falls eerily silent, the mechanical noise fading into an uneasy stillness.

GOVERNOR KARR

Jones, let's go.

Hurricane doesn't look up, tightening a valve as if Karr were just another ghost in the room.

HURRICANE

(without looking)

Busy Governor - Talk to my supervisor.

Karr smirks, stepping closer. The guards at his side tighten their grips on their rifles, reminding everyone who holds the power here. Hurricane finally glances up, his jaw rigid, his eyes sharp like broken glass.

GOVERNOR KARR

There's nobody supervising anything in this shithole, Jones.

HURRICANE

Yeah the Governor must be a real-

GOVERNOR KARR

- I got you something you can maybe fix - unlike that shit box.

HURRICANE

What?

GOVERNOR KARR

Metaverse problem.

HURRICANE

That ain't my department either.

GOVERNOR KARR

It is now.

HURRICANE

Metaverse? - What? Someone kicked out the plug?

GOVERNOR KARR

Not far off - come on. With me.

Hurricane looks at the guards, then at the Governor.

GOVERNOR KARR

Now.

INT. GOVERNOR KARR'S OFFICE. DAY

Governor Karr tosses a file onto the desk in front of Hurricane. The contents of the file spilling out—schematics of the metaverse systems, blurry images of hijackers.

GOVERNOR KARR

You can read - I know that.

HURRICANE

What is this?

GOVERNOR KARR

The Metaverse has been hijacked - the whole fucking thing.

HURRICANE

...And I should care because...?

Karr steps closer, his smile evaporating.

GOVERNOR KARR

Because billions of people are trapped. And thanks to our brilliant meta engineers, you're the only fucking person in the real world - the only person with the skills and stubborn enough to survive what's going on in there.

The room feels heavier with those words, the reality sinking into the dim fluorescent light. Hurricane crosses

his arms, leaning back slightly, as though weighing his options.

HURRICANE
Paradise lost huh?

GOVERNOR KARR
- Ironic No?

HURRICANE
...No.

GOVERNOR KARR
You're a big tough old dog huh?

HURRICANE
- wait, you want me to go into a
fucked up Metaverse to save - What?

Hurricane flicks through the file.

HURRICANE
...to save the very society that
fucked me over and took away my
liberty? That don't sound too
clever?

GOVERNOR KARR
-you took your own liberty away-

HURRICANE
Maybe but - I ain't gonna work on no
metafarm no more-

GOVERNOR KARR
-You don't have a choice-

HURRICANE
-this is one thing I can choose-

GOVERNOR KARR
-You can take the deal and go in -
or they'll just put your old
wrinkled ass in the 'Verse whether
you like it or not - sink or
fucking swim -

HURRICANE
-Deal or no Deal - type deal, is
it? - I gotta go take my medication
- don't have time for this shit?

GOVERNOR KARR
Bad news hotshot - You might be too
old for this shitty mission - but
you have to take it - ain't no other
deciding.

HURRICANE

- I gotta go - I think I hear my
momma calling me-

GOVERNOR KARR

-How can your momma be calling you
with my dick in her mouth?

HURRICANE

-She can chat shit with your
toothpick between her teeth.

One of the Guards begins to smile. Karr and Hurricane
pause.

GOVERNOR KARR

I've not the time or inclination to
be swapping barbs with you.

HURRICANE

Leave Barbs out of this - she never
done nothing to you.

Hurricane lights a cigarette.

GOVERNOR KARR

Why don't you have a smoke?

HURRICANE

You're offering me a vacation in an
off world virtual paradise turned
nightmare?

GOVERNOR KARR

Ain't no vacation - more like a
busman's holiday.

HURRICANE

What do I have to do?

GOVERNOR KARR

You go in, you clean this mess up,
and maybe-just maybe-we don't pump
you full of lead the second you
rotate back to real life. Oh, and
you walk free when you're done. How
does that sound?

HURRICANE

Peachy.

GOVERNOR KARR

So, we got a deal?

Silence. Hurricane exhales sharply. He takes a long,
deliberate drag before responding.

HURRICANE

...Fuck you.

Karr chuckles darkly.

GOVERNOR KARR

It's dogshit, alright. But it's the only option you've got, Jones. The clock's ticking. And this shit sandwich isn't gonna eat itself motherfucker -

Hurricane stares down at the file. Through the rising smoke of his cigarette, his eyes harden—but his silence says more than any word could.

HURRICANE

Kidnappers hug? (reading the file)
how long have I got to unfuck this mess?

GOVERNOR KARR

Just like Eddie Murphy you get 48 hours to go in - crack the kidnappers heads open- and restore the 'Verse to the paradise it needs to be -

After a long pause, Hurricane picks up the file and flips through more of the pages, his expression unreadable.

HURRICANE

(without looking up)
I want my fucking freedom guaranteed—not another carrot on a dickstick. I walk out of here for good as soon as it's done. Otherwise, you can figure it out and fuck it up yourself.

Karr narrows his eyes, the tension between them crackling like electricity. A beat passes before he speaks.

GOVERNOR KARR

(low, mocking)
This mission ISN'T my rodeo cowboy - I'm handing you over because I been told to do it. I told them you was a washed up old bitch with no juice left.

Hurricane tosses the file back onto the bench, the papers scattering slightly. He takes another drag of his cigarette, the embers glowing brightly in the dim room.

HURRICANE

Who the fuck is running this cluster
fuck and why did my fucking name
come up?

Karr smirks, but the tightness in his jaw betrays his irritation. He motions to his guards, who step forward ominously.

One guard pulls out a small black case from his belt. He places it on the bench and opens it to reveal a sleek neural-link device, its surfaces gleaming coldly under the flickering workshop light.

GOVERNOR KARR

Take a good look, Jones. Once this
thing plugs into your skull, there's
no turning back - you got to the
transmission room unshackled - from
there - All will be revealed to you
- in heaven and hell and God we
Trust - the mission, who the boss
man is - and the info they have to
help you help them.

HURRICANE

Help me? Help them? - I smell bullshit - whose
mission is this - and why do they want me?

GOVERNOR KARR

They asked for you - because I can't
break ya. They asked for you,
because you're a fucking hot dog - a
pilot - a killer - a soldier - a
strategist - a -

Hurricane lifts his leg and makes a fart noise.

HURRICANE

Plug it in - I'm sick to death of
your simpering bullshit you pussy
motherfucker.

GOVERNOR KARR nods to the guard.

GOVERNOR KARR

Online him - now.

The guard picks up the device, turns it on.

Hurricane crushes his cigarette in the ashtray.

The Guard moves to the back of Hurricane and attaches the device to the top of his skull.

HURRICANE

I guess this is goodbye.

GOVERNOR KARR

For now. Do your duty Jones and you're a free man.

HURRICANE

Eat my -

Hurricane is plugged in - his body sags.

Karr smirks triumphantly, snapping his fingers at the guards.

The guards grab Hurricane by the arms, they lead his limp body toward the exit.

EXT. PRISON CORRIDOR. DAY

Hurricane is carried down a stark, fluorescent-lit corridor, the neural-link device fitted to his head - he begins to slowly come around. He glances at his reflection in the grime-covered window panels lining the walls. His face-scarred, weary, defiant-stares back at him, a fleeting ghost of who he once was.

Governor Karr walks slightly behind him, his polished boots echoing against the cold concrete floor. His smug presence looms over Hurricane like a vulture circling a wounded animal.

GOVERNOR KARR

You know, Jonesy, I wouldn't call you lucky. But if you pull this off, you might just become the most important man in history.

Hurricane smirks faintly but doesn't respond, he's carried into a room marked "TRANSMISSION ROOM."

INT. TRANSMISSION ROOM. DAY

Karr nods to one of the guards, who swipes an ID badge across a scanner. The door unlocks with a hiss, sliding open to reveal a chillingly sterile room filled with glowing monitors, cables snaking across the floor, and a single ominous chair bolted to the center of the room.

The guards shove Hurricane forward, and he stumbles slightly before regaining his balance, he's not shackled anymore. He surveys the room, his eyes narrowing as he takes in the cold mechanics of the operation—a blend of science and coercion.

HURRICANE

Real fuckin cozy. You guys do spa treatments too?

Hurricane moves toward the chair, deliberately slow. He sits, the metal creaking under his weight.

A TECHNICIAN, thin and pale with tired eyes, steps forward holding a data tablet. He checks the neural-link device on Hurricane's head, giving it one last inspection.

TECHNICIAN

He's ready for insertion, sir.

GOVERNOR KARR

Hope you've got a strong stomach,
Jones. No refunds if you glitch out.

HURRICANE

Bitch out glitch out you fucking wet wipe.

From the roof of the room comes a huge spike - it lowers over Hurricane's head.

Hurricane grits his teeth as the huge spike goes into the neural device on the top of his head and then pushes all the way into his skull (which looks impossible physically - but is part of the neural switch into the metaverse- as the spike goes in further -

Hurricane's breath quickens, his knuckles tightening. The monitors around the room flicker erratically, displaying streams of data and cryptic symbols as the device activates.

HURRICANE

Just a little prick right?

Karr steps back, signaling to the technician.

GOVERNOR KARR

Best of luck finding your way back -
remember you ain't in Kansas no more
Dorothy - but make sure you follow
the...

Hurricane begins to shake...

The technician presses a sequence of buttons on his tablet, and the room's monitors flash brightly. The neural-link sends a sharp jolt into Hurricane's system, and his body stiffens as his mind is pulled into the glowing unknown.

Suddenly, a burst of light engulfs Hurricane, and the sterile room vanishes into a kaleidoscope of shifting colours and shapes. His body jerks violently as his mind plunges deeper, pulled through a tunnel of glowing streams that ripple like liquid electricity.

Hurricane's gasp echoes in the void as his consciousness emerges on the other side—

INT. METAVERSE. HOLDING ROOM. DAY

The other side - a breathtakingly vivid landscape sprawls before him. It is the metaverse in its full, surreal glory: crystalline skyscrapers stretch into an endless horizon, their surfaces shimmering with neon reflections. Synthetic birds with glowing feathers flutter in a sky pulsing with hues of violet and orange.

For a moment, Hurricane stands motionless, dazed by the overwhelming beauty—but the perfection is unsettling. The streets below, where humanity should bustle, are disturbingly empty.

HURRICANE

What the fuck?

A sharp whisper breezes past his ear, tinged with digital distortion and incomprehensible words. Hurricane stiffens, his instincts kicking in. He scans his surroundings but sees nothing out of place.

Suddenly, the ground beneath him shudders. The glittering cityscape flickers as if caught in a glitch, and the buildings warp unnaturally, their elegant curves twisting into jagged edges. Crimson HTML code snakes along the streets, crawling like veins across glass walls.

HURRICANE

(grimly) fucking hate snakes.

The whisper returns, louder and more chilling, forming words that cut through the silence. A voice—low, fragmented, and menacing—resonates in his mind.

UNKNOWN VOICE

You shouldn't have come, Jones.

A sudden screech pierces the air as shadowy figures materialize in the distance. Their forms are humanoid yet unnervingly distorted—jagged edges, glowing crimson eyes, and movements that glitch and stutter unnaturally. They are hunting him.

Hurricane clenches his fists, a flicker of determination sparking in his eyes. He takes a slow step back, gauging his surroundings, searching for cover—but the perfect streets offer none but empty grandeur.

HURRICANE

(muttered to himself) Alright, let's see how bad this bitch gets.

The figures lunge forward simultaneously, their movements as rapid as they are erratic. Hurricane breaks into a sprint, his boots echoing hollowly against the pristine

terrain.

The city starts to fragment around him, paradise unravelling into chaos - its surreal visually.

EXT. METAVERSE CITY. DAY

Hurricane dives behind a flickering holographic billboard advertising "The Perfect Escape." The vibrant, glitching display casts eerie shadows across his face as the shadowy figures close in.

He grabs a fragmented shard of glowing debris—a piece of the crumbling metaverse, physical but code based—and hurls it at the nearest figure. The shard shatters upon impact, sending arcs of crimson code spiraling outward, destabilizing the attacker momentarily.

HURRICANE

(gritting his teeth) I can hurt
shit here.

Another figure glitches forward, its jagged limbs slicing through the air with unnatural precision. Hurricane ducks, narrowly avoiding the blow, and rolls toward a narrow alley shimmering with distorted light.

The alley collapses into a cascade of falling pixels behind him as he sprints deeper into the labyrinth of the disintegrating metaverse. His breaths are sharp and ragged, his focus locked on the shifting horizon ahead.

Suddenly, the voice returns, booming and omnipresent, echoing through the collapsing city.

UNKNOWN VOICE

You're too late, Jones. Humanity is
already ours.

HURRICANE

Call me Hurricane....

Hurricane stops for a split second, his face darkening as the streets around him twist into chaotic spirals. Crimson veins of code stretch out like grasping hands, tearing apart the utopian façade.

In-between the expressionistic melt of colors and code - there are definite solid beams and structures inside the metaverse (these are the wire frames)

He lunges forward just as the figures vanish and reappear beside him, their glitching forms now inches away. With defiance burning in his eyes, Hurricane grabs a physical loose data conduit from the ground and swings it like a weapon, knocking one of the attackers off balance.

The distorted humanoids shimmer and crackle - turning for a second into The Wicked Witch of the North from The Wizard of OZ, their glowing eyes locking onto Hurricane again. He stands his ground, panting, a fierce resolve rising in him despite the overwhelming odds.

HURRICANE

Alright, let's do this dance just a little longer.

The shadowy figures charge again as Hurricane braces himself, ready to fight through the chaos of the collapsing metaverse.

Suddenly, a high-pitched whine pierces the air, and Hurricane's surroundings distort further, the alley twisting and folding in on itself like a collapsing accordion of pixels. Out of the spiraling chaos emerges a new form—a colossal figure made entirely of shifting, molten code, its presence suffocatingly massive.

UNKNOWN VOICE

You are nothing here - Resistance is futile. We own the Metaverse now - that includes you.

Hurricane laughs.

HURRICANE

I'm just visiting from out of town.

Hurricane dodges backward, shielding his eyes from the blinding light radiating off the code-monster's grotesque limbs. His jaw tightens as he sizes up the new enemy, his exhaustion battling against his instinct to survive.

UNKNOWN VOICE

If you're here - you're ours.

Hurricane laughs again.

HURRICANE

You guys really don't know me do you?

UNKNOWN VOICE

We know all about you Jones - and how unfairly you were treated...

HURRICANE

Really Unfair huh? Yadda yadda fucking yadda...

The monster raises an enormous arm, dripping with red-hot fragments of glass like HTML code, and swings it down toward Hurricane. He dives, narrowly avoiding the crushing blow, but the ground splits, sending shards of broken data flying in every direction.

HURRICANE

Man, this place is really falling apart - shame...

Hurricane scrambles to his feet, grabbing a twisted pipe-like object embedded in the fragmented ground. He swings it at the monster's leg, aiming for the glowing veins of fragmented code coursing through its form. The impact sends a burst of sparks flying, temporarily disrupting the creature's movements.

HURRICANE

Let's see if we can make a black eye
in the metaverse.

The creature roars, its deafening cry distorting the very air around them. Hurricane's footing falters as the ground ripples beneath him, but he grabs a part of the wire frame under neath him and he steadies himself, adrenaline surging through his veins. The shadowy humanoids reappear, encircling Hurricane as the code-monster begins forming smaller, jagged constructs-proxy attackers to overwhelm him. Hurricane's eyes dart wildly, piecing together his next move.

HURRICANE

None of this is real right? If it's
no-real - why should I worry about
you guys?

UNKNOWN VOICE

You can feel pain here Jones, long,
excruciating pain, with no release,
no escape. We've crashed the
metaverse - trapped the people - but
this is real - this is the wire frame
of 'Verse - you're standing on
fragments of the world - the code
you can see is the building blocks
- we took the innards out, but this
is still a real if imperfect
environment - you're in the belly of
the whale - and we can make you stay
here for eternity.

HURRICANE

Yeah? But that shit works both ways
doesn't it? I can fuck you up too -
right?

Hurricane suddenly spots a glowing conduit running up the side of the alley-its energies pulsing erratically but unmistakably powerful. He breaks into a sprint toward it, dodging incoming attacks from the humanoids and the looming monster.

UNKNOWN VOICE

We control the metaverse - you can
piss around on the edges - nothing
more.

Hurricane leaps, grabbing onto the conduit. He grits his teeth as energy jolts through his body, sending shocks up his arms. Using all his strength, he pulls a section of it loose, exposing a raw stream of chaotic data. The conduit pulses in his hands like a live wire.

The code-monster screeches, its molten limbs expanding, reaching for Hurricane with terrifying speed. Hurricane doesn't hesitate—he hurls the unstable conduit directly at the glowing veins of the beast.

The conduit collides with the monster, and the resulting explosion sends shockwaves rippling through the metaverse. Glowing data fragments rain down like fiery droplets, destabilizing the area even further.

Hurricane staggers, shielding himself as pieces of the metaverse crumble into the abyss. The monstrous figure roars one last time before glitching out of existence, leaving behind only scattered trails of crimson code.

HURRICANE

(under his breath) These mother fuckers can't code.

UNKNOWN VOICE

I assure you - can CAN code. How about this.

The cityscape continues to unravel, its beauty crumbling into chaos. Hurricane narrows his eyes, focusing on the horizon where faint pulses of light beckon—the kind of beacon that could lead to answers or danger, the beacon can be reached by a faint yellow road. Hurricane clenches his fists and starts moving toward the road.

HURRICANE

Let's go see the wizard.

As Hurricane moves toward the pulses of light, his steps falter when the digital ground beneath him begins to shimmer. Suddenly, a small spherical drone, sleek and emitting a faint blue hue, emerges from the wreckage, floating silently in his path.

The drone - speaks with a plummy British Accent.

DRONE

Mr Hurricane - I've been sent to assist you in your quest.

HURRICANE

Who are you? R2 Gaylord? The tin puff man? Prince Andrew?

The drone whirrs, and a digital voice—calm yet mechanical—emanates from it.

DRONE

I've been designated as your loyal helper.

Hurricane raises an eyebrow, keeping his distance.

HURRICANE

Then help odd ball.

The drone projects a small holographic map into the air. Pulsating lines of data converge on a central point that flickers ominously.

DRONE

The core system is failing, the code, once removed has exposed floors in the very fabric of the metaverse. If you proceed, you can probably succeed in rescuing the lost inhabitants. But you will face opposition more severe than what you encountered thus far - if you are to capture and expose the kidnappers.

HURRICANE

(smirking) What are my chances?

The hologram zooms in, highlighting a route glowing faintly beneath the crumbling terrain. The drone's whir deepens, signaling urgency.

DRONE

Chances are low - but this route, via the yellow code road is a viable path to the source of the hack. Deviate, and you will be lost. Proceed with caution and I can assist.

HURRICANE

I love Google Maps.

Hurricane exhales sharply, his gaze lingering on the hologram. He nods, gripping his makeshift weapon tighter.

DRONE

This is no joke Hurricane. The road is long and hard that leads to the light...

HURRICANE

Biblical huh? An intellectual huh? You know any fucking BALLSACK?

DRONE

I'm here to help. The future of humanity appears to be in your hands.

HURRICANE

(gruffly) Yadda yadda yadda.

The drone dips slightly in acknowledgment before zipping ahead, the faint blue light illuminating the chaotic path forward. Hurricane follows, his silhouette cutting through the decaying landscape as the beacon pulses stronger in the distance. As Hurricane follows the drone deeper into the disintegrating city, the air grows thick with a digital

haze, flickering with static. The ground beneath him trembles as cracks of crimson light streak outward, destabilizing the path. The drone suddenly halts midair, emitting erratic chirps.

HURRICANE

What's the holdup, my left nut?

The drone swivels erratically, its blue light dimming and flickering as if caught in a surge of interference. The terrain ahead morphs violently, folding in on itself with jagged edges and sparking pillars of data.

DRONE

Proximity alert: Hostile anomaly detected. Brace for engagement.

HURRICANE

Brace for engagement? Sheeeettttt.

Hurricane's jaw tightens as a deafening screech rip through the air. From the roiling haze ahead, a new entity bursts forth—a towering humanoid figure with fragmented wings made of shattered code, its form continually shifting as if struggling to stabilize.

HURRICANE

We got a glitch in the Matrix huh?

DRONE

This creature has been designed by the kidnappers using what they can of an old code - Alpha - from the first design of the 'Verse - odds and ends of this code exist in the wire frame.

The entity's wings unfurl, sending razor-sharp waves of glitching energy slicing toward Hurricane. He dives to the side, narrowly avoiding the onslaught, and rolls into a crouch, gripping his makeshift weapon tightly.

DRONE

Engage or evade—choose now.

HURRICANE

Yeah, you're not really helping buddy - tell me more about the old code -

DRONE

If the kidnappers are using Alpha code - it means the tools they're using to defeat, you are limited. It means, someone, you potentially can stop them.

Hurricane sprints toward the entity, dodging another volley of cutting energy. With a fierce shout, he leaps, swinging his weapon into one of the entity's unstable limbs. The impact disrupts its form, sending spikes of corrupted data cascading into the ground like molten embers. The entity disperses, its gone.

DRONE

They're testing you. We need to make it to the beacon - which means we will travel the central comms route - this is represented here as a maze. The maze is a defensive construction, which the system has generated itself. There is danger ahead-

HURRICANE

- Why me? The Governor didn't really explain?

DRIOD

Physical strength - and personal bravery are rare in the metaverse. People don't fight for real anymore - everything has been gamified. The best boxers in the world now - fight in augmented reality games - not with real fists - the greatest soldiers now - never leave their sofas, war is now multiplayer VR experience - You, are the one of the last real life soldiers who have real world physical experience of killing, of war, of blood.

HURRICANE

And I still jerk off with my right hand.

DRONE

- your experience in hand-to-hand combat, real world fighting, and weapons expertise - you're probably one of the last people on earth to kill another human in real life combat - you fought in the last great war of humanity.

HURRICANE

Yeah - a war we all lost.

The drone zips around him, hovering just ahead, guiding him toward the next path. The pulsing barriers move faster now, adapting to his presence—as if they, too, are testing him.

HURRICANE

Okay, makes sense I guess. They figured they needed a real soldier - but who are THEY?

DRONE

I can only answer questions on a need-to-know basis. And at the moment - you don't need these answers - you just need to keep moving forward.

Hurricane looks up at the Drone.

DRONE
Shall we proceed?

HURRICANE
Yeah - off to see the wizard, I guess.

DRONE
Indeed. A real hero on a real hero's
journey - very Josphe Campbell.

HURRICANE
Yeah, I love that guy's soup.

They proceed on the yellow code road.

EXT. Beach Club - Day

The **PRESIDENT** sits on a luxury chair - overlooking
an impossibly beautiful beach resort filled with
attractive women - the sea, sky, sand and surf are
all perfect.

A man in a suit - **LEWIS** approaches the President.

LEWIS
Sorry to disturb you Mr. President.

PRESIDENT
What is it CS?

LEWIS
We have human contact in the 'Verse Sir.

PRESIDENT
I thought nobody could get in?

LEWIS
Looks like someone got jacked into the
wireframes - between codes.

PRESIDENT
Who is it?

LEWIS
Looks like an ex-soldier Sir.

PRESIDENT
-Well, what's one soldier going to do?
Just get rid of him.

LEWIS
We're working on it Sir, we through some
rudimentary physical contact at him - and
he batted it off - with aplomb actually?

PRESIDENT
Wait - is he - a real-world soldier?

LEWIS
We're trying to verify ID - but yes it

looks that way - he's old - he's wearing
prison issue clothing currently.

The President is silent for a second, he slowly
turns to face Lewis.

PRESIDENT
Hurricane Jones?

LEWIS
Affirmative Sir.

The President stands.

PRESIDENT
I thought he'd be dead by now.

Lewis watches as the President walks across and
presses a button on his wristwatch - INSTANTLY the
beach resort - disappears and they're in an office.
The President sits at a desk a split second after
the desk appears.

PRESIDENT
We need to kill this guy asap.

LEWIS
We're bringing the coders down now. AI is
currently writing code for his demise, but
we brought the wizard down too.

PRESIDENT
This man, Jones, is extremely dangerous.

LEWIS
We understand Sir.

PRESIDENT
Make it your top priority action point and
report back to me in an hour.

LEWIS
Yes Mr President.

Lewis heads the newly appeared office door.

MR PRESIDENT
And Lewis,

Lewis pauses at the door.

PRESIDENT
I want a real life kill - not a dead
Verse murder - I want to see his bleeding
lifeless body in front of me, not a
virtual death - a fucking real one.

LEWIS
Goes without saying Sir.

The President nods. On him - he's worried.

EXT. METAVERSE. DAY

Hurricane walks on the yellow brick the road. The Drone hovers above.

DRONE

The basics are - the hackers took everyone - and imprisoned them - reducing personal data and data center capacity to the size of a JPEG. Everyone is trapped in a tiny data prison of their own making.

HURRICANE

For what purpose.

DRONE

It appears to be an old fashioned bank job - only they're not just stealing money - they're stealing data capacity, and resources.

HURRICANE

The metaverse is only paradise if you have basic storage to make it that way.

DRONE

And they've stolen the data - on mass from the whole metaverse.

HURRICANE

I guess they're mining for everyone's coins too?

DRONE

As well as taking control of all water cooled chip centers -

HURRICANE

Passwords?

DRONE

Taken too - even memories -

HURRICANE

Memories?

DRONES

Yes - personal memories in the metaverse are stored like any other data - the hackers haven't just virtually kidnapped people - they've stolen their lives too.

HURRICANE

This is even worse than when my Denny's loyalty card was hacked.

The Drone stops dead.

DRONE

Pattern adaptability detected.
Recommendation: Accelerate movement.

The drone hesitates as if processing his words. It emits a single, steady blue pulse and then moves forward, leading Hurricane toward the towering beacon as the fractured remains of the metaverse crumble steadily behind them.

As Hurricane and the drone approach the spiraling beacon, the air grows heavy, vibrating with an ominous frequency.

The ground beneath their feet suddenly fractures into floating platforms, each one unstable and sparking with energy surges.

DRONE

Structural integrity is highly compromised.

HURRICANE

What's happening?

DRONE

The wireframes - they're manipulating them - Proceed with caution.

HURRICANE

(grinning faintly) When has caution ever worked out for me? Listen guy - I'm here to rescue the inhabitants of this former paradise - let's try and move it along a bit - back in prison its meat loaf night - it's the only thing edible beside the pepper steak - which I don't think is steak but...

Hurricane leaps onto the first platform, which wobbles precariously under his weight. The drone follows, keeping pace. Ahead of them, the beacon's light intensifies, but so does the erratic pulsing of the surrounding environment. The platforms' shifting shapes threaten to dump them into a swirling void below.

DRONE

I'm confused.

HURRICANE

What?

DRONE

I'm not sure this is the work of the kidnapers. This feels different.

HURRICANE

Who is then?

Suddenly, a deep, guttural roar emerges from within the beacon, and a massive hand-like construct made of pure code slams down onto a nearby platform. It splinters, sending pixelated debris floating into the void.

HURRICANE

(yelling) Of course there's a giant fucking hand! Why wouldn't there be?

The hand constructs itself further, glowing with red fissures. It begins pulling itself out of the beacon, revealing a towering humanoid titan composed of the same molten code as the previous monstrosities but far more massive and coherent in form.

DRONE

Entity identified: Core Guardian.
Obstacles will escalate from this point onward.

HURRICANE

Yeah - let's up the ante - why not....

The Core Guardian roars again, swiping at Hurricane and the drone with its massive arm. The platform they're standing on begins disintegrating into raw code. Hurricane dashes forward, leaping to the next platform just as theirs crumbles into the void. The drone zips ahead, scanning for a safe route.

HURRICANE

(gritting his teeth) Alright, big guy, let's see how good you are at king of the hill.

Hurricane ducks as the Core Guardian swings its massive arm again, narrowly missing him and shattering a nearby platform. He grabs a glowing shard of debris midair, its energy humming in his grip, and hurls it at the Guardian's chest. The shard explodes on impact, causing the titan to stagger back, its form flickering momentarily.

HURRICANE

(smirking) Didn't like that, huh?

The Guardian counters, slamming its fist into a distant platform. The impact sends a shockwave across the floating terrain, destabilizing multiple platforms, some of which collapse completely. Hurricane crouches low to maintain his balance, sweat dripping down his face.

DRONE

Vital signs elevated. Recommendation
(MORE)

DRONE (CONT'D)
minimizing unnecessary
confrontation.

HURRICANE
(snapping back) Yeah? I'll tell it
to take a number, thanks.

The Core Guardian grows more aggressive, throwing glowing projectiles of fragmented data at Hurricane. He dodges with barely a moment to spare, each impact creating bursts of destabilizing energy that ripple through the platforms. Desperate, Hurricane scans the shifting battlefield and spots a large, unstable energy node pulsating on the Guardian's exposed side.

HURRICANE
(to himself) That's gotta be the off
switch.

Clenching his makeshift weapon, Hurricane takes a running leap across collapsing platforms, dodging the Guardian's relentless attacks. The drone zips alongside him, offering a visible path toward the node by piercing the digital haze with its blue light.

Hurricane leaps to the final platform, his eyes fixed on the pulsating energy node. The Core Guardian roars and swipes again, its massive arm smashing the platform behind him into fragments, leaving Hurricane no room to retreat.

In one fluid motion, Hurricane hurls his body forward, dodging the Guardian's next attack by mere inches. He lands hard on the unstable platform beside the node, which wobbles and glows threateningly under his weight.

HURRICANE
Let's see how you like this, you
oversized circuit breaker!

With both hands, Hurricane swings his makeshift weapon into the node, the strike igniting a blinding surge of energy. Sparks and jagged code fragments explode outward, the Core Guardian convulsing violently as its chest flickers erratically.

The Guardian's form begins to destabilize, its massive limbs twitching and flickering. Digital shards rain down, a deafening screech echoing across the crumbling void.

DRONE
Critical damage inflicted. Entity
destabilization is imminent.

Hurricane glances at the collapsing platforms beneath him. He steadies himself, gripping the edges of the glowing

node as the Guardian attempts one final act of defiance—a powerful swipe aimed directly at him.

Hurricane lets out a primal yell, yanking the exposed node completely out of the Guardian's side. The Guardian's massive arm halts mid-swing, its roar diminishing into a distorted whimper as its entire form glitches violently before disintegrating into a data storm.

HURRICANE

And they said I was too old for this
shit.

The glowing node now pulses erratically in his hands, emanating bursts of unstable energy. Hurricane tosses it upward and strikes it with his weapon, sending the node sailing into the void where it detonates in a fiery burst, stabilizing the remaining platforms.

Breathing heavily, Hurricane falls to one knee, watching as the beacon ahead glows even brighter, its spiraling streams of light intensifying as if responding to the Guardian's destruction. The drone hovers close, its blue glow now steady and calm.

DRONE

Path clear - but I think we had help. Proceed to
the core.

HURRICANE

Help? What Help?

The Drone zips off.

Shakily rising to his feet, Hurricane eyes the spiralling beacon with renewed determination. He adjusts his grip on his weapon and begins moving forward, each step bringing him closer to the beating heart of the crumbling metaverse.

The fractured platforms ahead shimmer like liquid glass reforming into jagged steps, leading up toward the pulsating beacon. Hurricane takes a moment to wipe the sweat from his face, fatigue showing through his rugged exterior—but his eyes remain fierce, unwavering.

HURRICANE

(muttering) Help - what fucking
help? Hey!

Hurricane catches up with DRONE.

HURRICANE

Explain the help comment.

DRONE

I felt we experienced - some
assistance.

HURRICANE

From who?

A door appears in front of Hurricane and the Drone. And a male voice.

BOB (VO)
The drone is correct.

Hurricane looks at the door.

BOB (VO)
Come in - but be quick.

Hurricane looks up at the DRONE.

DRONE
An anomaly - likely not hostile.

Hurricane looks at the door.

BOB (VO)
Quickly.

Hurricane shrugs and goes inside.

INT. BUNGALOW HOUSE - UK. DAY

Hurricane and Drone enter an English house - a small one single story bungalow. Everything in here looks like it's the mid 1990s.

Outside the windows we can see the seaside - its rainy and dull outside. A radio plays BBC Radio 4 in the background. The toaster pops from freshly toasted bread - a cat asks to be let out of the door.

HURRICANE
Hello?

Bob speaks from the bedroom.

BOB
Can you let the cat out? I won't be a second.

Hurricane moves to the back door, and opens it for the cat to leave - with the door open as the cat walks into the small garden for a second Hurricane breathes the fresh air outside - which surprises him, he takes another breath.

HURRICANE
Wow? Fresh air?

Hurricane starts out of the door.

DRONE
Where are you going?

HURRICANE
I'm gonna breath some air - I haven't tasted air like this since before the war.

DRONE

I don't know where we are - this
could still be a trap.

Hurricane shrugs and steps out of the door.

EXT. GARDEN. DAY

Hurricane walks out into the garden. The skies above are grey - there is a light rain. In the distance Hurricane can see the UK shoreline - desolate - cold - but cosy as hell.

Hurricane takes deep breaths of fresh air. He listens to the sea - waves breaking on the shore in the distance.

The cat rubs up against his leg, Hurricane bends down and pets the cat.

The cat heads off.

Hurricane looks the plants and flowers and a veg patch. He sees carrots growing and broccoli - he turns to watch the cat reach end of the garden - as it steps outside - it glitches and disappears. Reminding Hurricane that this isn't real.

Hurricane takes one more breath of air and then heads back into the small bungalow.

INT. BUNGALOW. DAY.

Bob - in a wheelchair, sits at the breakfast table eating toast and jam.

Bob is a disabled man. Hurricane enters and looks at BOB - the DRONE hovers near the breakfast table.

BOB

Would you like some tea? Toast?
Jam? There's strawberry and some -

Hurricane is already on the toast - covering it with strawberry jam. He stuffs the toast into his mouth.

HURRICANE

Who are you - and where are we?

Hurricane makes more toast and jam and pours some tea.

BOB

The British put the milk in before
the tea....

Hurricane slurps the tea. Eats the toast.

BOB

I'm Bob, I build and design data
bases. If I'm talking to you now -
here. Then I'm probably dead -
this is an AI version of me - here
to assist.

Hurricane looks at Bob.

HURRICANE
Who killed you?

BOB
My AI avatar knows the culprit - and
has called you in here - so I can
help you.

HURRICANE
My names Hurricane - this is Balzak
-
Hurricane points to DRONE.

HURRICANE
This Jam is something else by the
way.

BOB
Thank you - I grew the strawberry's
myself in the garden.

HURRICANE
This is all metaverse yeah?

BOB
Yes, It's a copy of my home in the
UK, from many years ago - maybe
1996.

HURRICANE
But the metaverse has been hijacked.

BOB
Like I said, I'm the data base
builder. This is off the main frame
- and cannot be accessed, hacked or
destroyed - I pride myself on my
data base architecture. If they
hadn't wanted to cut costs - the
metaverse would still be standing -
just like this place.

HURRICANE
Cheap bastards.

Bob laughs -

BOB
- more tea?

HURRICANE
- How can you help us?

BOB
Looks like the entire thing is a
simple patch fix - a plug in issue -
I can reprogramed the whole data
base to get everything working
again. In fact I've already done it.

HURRICANE

Great. So I can go home?

BOB

No, not just yet. I can do all this, but someone physically needs to deliver the patch - someone needs to plug in the work around.

HURRICANE

How and where?

Bob reaches around his neck and hands Hurricane a USB stick on a dongle.

BOB

That's the patch, just needs to go into the central main frame - and then press run. You need the main meta verse designer - the wizard, or indeed God of the metaverse to show you where to stick it in, so to speak.

Hurricane looks at the small dongle.

HURRICANE

This is it - the whole fix is on here?

BOB

I called it the golden fleece program. It will reboot the metaverse, return everyone safely and permanently lock out the kidnappers. Returning anything stolen in due course too. You just need to go find the main designer, that's the only catch, the designer is up ahead somewhere, probably quite physically dangerous to get to where the kidnappers have hidden them.

HURRICANE

...In my experience there's always a catch.

BOB

Quite right, quite right, always a catch somewhere.

HURRICANE

How far from here is the 'God of the Metaverse?

BOB

Not sure, the Drone will know more than me.

HURRICANE
Anything else we should know?

BOB
The Golden Fleece Patch - is
potentially dangerous - I
prioritized human lives over data.

HURRICANE
And what does that mean?

BOB
It means people will live, but may
lose all their memories.

Hurricane pauses for a second.

HURRICANE
Would you wanna live if you
couldn't remember who you were?
What you'd done?

BOB
Or who you loved... That's the worst
part.

Hurricane looks at the memory stick.

HURRICANE
Is there another way to get
everything back online?

BOB
Short answer no - but look, the
memory wipe thing - it can be
avoided. I mean it isn't baked in.

HURRICANE
How can it be avoided?

BOB
You need to make sure the whole
anti-virus or anti firewall the
kidnappers or anyone else is using
is disabled.

HURRICANE
I'm not a computer guy. I'm a
soldier.

BOB
The drone can help - The main meta
verse designer will probably be
watching over you too.

DRONE
We need to leave Hurricane

Hurricane sticks another piece of toast in his mouth and gets up.

BOB

Good luck - if you need me for anything - Drone can contact me.

Hurricane - stands.

HURRICANE

The main meta verse designer - the wizard - is this person dead or alive?

BOB

The designer who built the metaverse started building the first artificial world many many years ago - so I would imagine dead by now - but I'm here in the mid 1990s and outside of these walls I don't know what year it is.

HURRICANE

On the outside it's 2053 - there was a real world nuclear tit for tat in 2050 - the metaverse is where most humans live now.

BOB

Oh - so it has proved very useful you would say?

HURRICANE

It's the whole world now to most people. The Metaverse has saved humanity.

BOB

Oh! Nice to know your work has made an impact.

Bob smiles to himself.

BOB

I'm sure the designer would be very happy. Of course, sorry to hear about the nuclear business - sounds like a bad show all that.

Hurricane nods, the Drone zips towards the door, Hurricane follows.

HURRICANE

Your cat glitched out on the end of your garden.

BOB

The cat's dead like me. But don't worry she'll be back.

Bob smiles - Hurricane and Drone head to the

door. Bob wheels over to the bottom of the stairs and shouts upwards

BOB
Alison come down now, time for
your lessons.

Hurricane pauses and turns to BOB.

HURRICANE
Whose Alison?

BOB
When you get close - you'll see
her yourself - and she'll leave
you a little gift.

Hurricane nods and exits with DRONE following.

EXT. YELLOW ROAD / METAVERSE. DAY

Hurricane and Drone step out of the door - which disappears behind them as they step back into the metaverse. Hurricane puts the memory stick around his neck.

The digital air is humming around Hurricane as lines of code spiral upward from the ground. The DRONE emits a faint pulsing noise and accelerates slightly, scanning its environment like a ghostly guide.

DRONE
Core accessibility at 94%.
Hostile forces have detected us.

HURRICANE
Is it the kidnappers?

DRONE
They've released agents - to scour
the mainframe to find us.

HURRICANE
We need to get to central main frame
as quickly as we can and plug
this thing in. Do you know the way?

DRONE
Affirmative. But there's problems.

HURRICANE
There's always problems - but let's get moving.
No point standing here....

DRONE
The firewall. It's turned inwards. We're
About to have company. 99 percent chance of -

HURRICANE
Chance of what?

DRONE (CONT'D)

-Violent physical engagement.

HURRICANE

(deadpan) Aw, you spoil me. Now
let's see if we can round that
number to a nice, clean hundred.

Hurricane reaches down and fashions a weapon
again by snapping away some physical code. It
fizzes in his hand.

Just as he grips his weapon tighter, the yellow road
beacon's light pulses violently, sending a shockwave
across the area. Hurricane braces himself as a new
construct materializes before him—a grim, towering gate
made of swirling crimson and cobalt energy, its edges
crackling angrily.

DRONE

External firewall detected: Final
obstacle before core entry.
Application of force required Hurricane.

HURRICANE

Let me guess... knocking politely
isn't an option?

Before Drone can respond, the firewall gate activates, its
crackling energy coalescing into rows of shifting spikes
and rotating glyphs—a living, morphing algorithm intent on
keeping him out.

HURRICANE

(gritting his teeth) Alright,
firewall. Let's see who crashes who.

Hurricane produces and lights a cigarette.

DRONE

Smoking in the meta-verse is prohibited.

Hurricane charges forward, ducking and weaving as the
rotating glyphs emit bursts of energy aimed directly at
him. Each step closer feels like running against a storm
of shrapnel, but Hurricane's resolve doesn't falter. Mid-
sprint, he notices a faint pattern in the energy bursts—
the glyphs pausing briefly before realigning. Calculating
the sequence in his head, he leaps forward with perfect
timing, narrowly evading an explosion of searing energy.

HURRICANE

(shouting) Hope your programmers
kept the warranty on this piece of
shit.

Reaching the base of the firewall gate, he slams his makeshift weapon into its swirling core, sending a ripple through its structure. The energy shifts violently, its hum turning into a dissonant screech.

Drone zips around the edges of the gate, scanning for its weak point. It emits a sudden high-pitched signal, catching Hurricane's attention just as the gate begins to regenerate its defenses.

DRONE

Structural flaw detected. Upper quadrant, left side. Timing precision required.

HURRICANE

(grinning) You mean it's breakable. Now you're speaking my language.

With a burst of momentum, Hurricane scales the twisting energy patterns of the gate, its unstable surface sparking beneath his hands and boots. Reaching the indicated weak point, he raises his weapon high and brings it down with explosive force.

The firewall gate shatters, its energy dispersing into the air like dying embers. The path to the core stands open, the beacon's vortex now clearly visible beyond the remnants of the gate.

HURRICANE

(breathing heavily and pitching his half-smoked cigarette) John McAffe has a lot to answer for.

The drone hovers closer, its light now sharper against the swirling intensity of the core. Hurricane steps through the threshold, his shadow elongating as he edges closer to the swirling heart of the broken html metaverse.

Hurricane steps into the swirling heart of the metaverse, the brightness so intense it momentarily blinds him. The environment shifts as he moves forward: data streams curve and spiral, forming an intricate, fluid architecture that seems alive, pulsating with rhythm and energy.

The floor beneath him solidifies only when he steps, forming glowing hexagonal tiles that ripple outwards. In the centre of it all stands a hovering, translucent orb pulsating with shifting light and images—faces, numbers, memories. It is simultaneously mesmerizing and foreboding: the core of the metaverse.

Drone hovers by Hurricane.

DRONE

Be careful Hurricane.

HURRICANE

(smirking) Well, there it is. The big bad brain.

As he steps closer, a deep, resonant voice emanates from the orb—not mechanical, but disturbingly human, and layered with multiple tones, as if a thousand people were speaking in unison.

CORE

Hurricane Jones. You should have stayed in your cage. I know you secretly liked it in there.

HURRICANE

(gritting his teeth) You talk like I had a choice. Let's skip the therapy session and get to the part where I kick your mother fucking ass.

CORE

Therapy wouldn't have helped you anyway - they tried, didn't they?

Hurricane frowns.

HURRICANE

What would you know about my therapy - that was real world - not metaverse.

Drone tries to warn Hurricane.

DRONE

Don't engage with it-

CORE

- How about this Hurricane?

A screen appears in front of Hurricane - looks like a CCTV camera from his prison therapy sessions.

On the screen - we see Hurricane crying - trying not to cry - but unable to stop the tears.

Hurricane watches himself.

CORE

Not so tough eh? Crying like a baby
-

Hurricane smiles.

HURRICANE

Where did you get this?

CORE

We're legion - here in the metaverse, or in the old, ruined earth - anywhere there's data we can be.

HURRICANE

Why don't you play the full clip -
so we can all listen - why not
broadcast it?

CORE

There is no need - all people of the
metaverse need to see is you -
sobbing...

HURRICANE

I know who you are -

Drone hovers.

DRONE

Don't engage - it's trying to
manipulate you.

CORE

We are the kidnappers -

DRONE

I know you're in there John.

INT. PRESIDENTS OFFICE. DAY.

The President snaps angrily at LEWIS as they sit in front
of a screen watching Hurricane and the Drone.

PRESIDENT

Jesus Christ on a cross CS. He
knows...

LEWIS

He's guessing.

PRESIDENT

He knows.

Hurricane looks into the screen - staring directly at the
President.

HURRICANE

Can you hear me John? I'm fucking
coming for you.

PRESIDENT

We need to get help -

LEWIS

Like who?

PRESIDENT

We need real soldiers in there -

LEWIS

We just need a few hours more to
finish - then we're out of here.

Hurricane stares into the screen - the President stares back at him.

INT. METAVERSE. DAY

Hurricane stares into the screen - then it closes and disappears. Hurricane takes a second and then turns his attention back to the orb in front of him. The orb pulses violently, and the streams of data around them shoot upward, forming towering constructs that loom over Hurricane. Within the shifting shapes, abstract humanoid figures begin to emerge, their faces flickering with alternating expressions of fear, anger, and pain.

HURRICANE
(gritting his teeth) These cgi
motherfuckers ain't gonna stop me.

The humanoid constructs lunge forward, their movements rapid and erratic, like corrupted data trying to execute a broken program. Hurricane raises his weapon and braces for impact. He swings hard, shattering one of the constructs with a burst of sparks, but two more converge on him. He ducks and weaves, landing precise, brutal blows that send fragments of data scattering into the glowing void.

CORE
Every step you take defies
inevitability. You cannot win,
Jones.

Hurricane laughs bitterly, spinning to take out another construct. Sweat streaks down his face, but his smirk never fades.

HURRICANE
(panting) Can't win, huh? Funny—you
sound a lot like the bastard who put
me in Jail for doing my job.

Hurricane smashes another creature - he's showing real physical strength and confidence know.

HURRICANE
Keep sending this shit my way - it
isn't going to stop me or put me
down -

CORE
We aren't trying to put you down.
We didn't invite you here and we
mean you no malice.

HURRICANE
Really?

Drone hovers.

CORE

We hate the system the same way you do.

HURRICANE

Sure you do.

Drone hovers.

DRONE

They're trying to manipulate you.

CORE

You've got us wrong - we're freedom fighters like you.

HURRICANE

You're sticking it to the motherfucking man right?

CORE

We can set you free Jones, you and everyone forced to live here, in the metaverse - an artificial paradise that exists to trap and punish - to enslave -

HURRICANE

So - you're ideologically driven rebels all of a sudden?

INT. PRESIDENTS OFFICE. DAY.
Lewis is speaking to Hurricane.

PRESIDENT

We need two more hours to mine all the coin.

HURRICANE (V/O)

As far as I remember - the people who came in here - came in voluntarily - because we nuked the real world to death.

CORE / LEWIS

What other choice did they have - as you say the world is wrecked and poisoned. They had no other choice. This place was always designed as a trap.

PRESIDENT

(To Lewis)

He's talking clever to fall for this.

HURRICANE

I stayed real world - I had no choice. I was in a real-life prison.

CORE

Why did you do it Jones?

HURRICANE

Do what?

CORE

Try and kill the President?

The President walks over to LEWIS to watch - Hurricane is on the screen.

PRESIDENT

(To Lewis)

- What are you doing?

HURRICANE

President of what?

CORE / LEWIS

Don't be Coy - why did you try and murder him.

HURRICANE

I didn't try and kill the President.

CORE

Are you saying you're innocent?

HURRICANE

Prison is full of innocent men - just ask any of the criminals in there.

EXT. METAVERSE. DAY

Hurricane talks to the disembodied voice (The Core). Drone hovers nearby.

DRONE

They're trying to buy time.

CORE

You believed in life, and love and truth and freedom didn't you?

HURRICANE

What are we er, casting our deepest feelings into words?

CORE

Would you like to do that?

HURRICANE

Would I fuck.

CORE

We understand if you're broken, cynical, we understand that your actions cover your own deep sensitivity.

Hurricane takes a second and then starts to laugh.

CORE

The President - when you attacked him - was in the act of mass murder - ordering genocide on his own people.

Hurricane turns to the DRONE.

DRONE

Is this true?

HURRICANE

Yeah. First time anyone else other than me has said this...

DRONE

They've hacked your mind.

HURRICANE

They can't hack my mind - my mind is flesh and blood - even in here - it's meat - they can't hack it.

DRONE

How else would they know what only you know.

CORE

We can hack you Hurricane.

INT. PRESIDENTS OFFICE. DAY

The President and LEWIS watch Hurricane.

LEWIS

It's working - he's worried -

PRESIDENT

That would be a first for this guy...

LEWIS

He's sweating - his pulse rate is up. Look at the diagnostics - he's feeling anxious. - watch...

Lewis presses a button and speaks as "The Core" to Hurricane.

LEWIS / CORE

We're in your head right now Hurricane, looking around - we feel your pain - and your terror.

EXT. METAVERSE. DAY

Hurricane is worried - he turns to Drone.

HURRICANE

Can they really do this?

DRONE

It's possible. You may be flesh and blood, but its likely, they can hack even hack that while you're in the metaverse. They could be in your mind, now, going through all your memories.

HURRICANE

Do you think you could have mentioned to me this was possible?

DRONE

It wasn't a consideration until now.

HURRICANE

Can these guys really use the content of my mind, memories, feelings - against me?

DRONE

Potentially -

HURRICANE

- you could have mentioned this, like - earlier?

DRONE

Sorry.

HURRICANE

Fuck me.

CORE

We understand you Hurricane, we know you were innocent, we know you tried to stop the war - we know the president framed you for murder of your own family we know you're -

HURRICANE

STOP-

DRONE

Don't let them get to you.

HURRICANE

Listen Kidnappers- You can dig around in my noggin all you want - I'm here to do three fucking things. Number One - I'm here to save myself and get my freedom back. Number two I'm here to rescue the hostages - and number three - I'm HERE TO FUCK YOU UP.

There is silence.

HURRICANE

So - if you guys are in my mind now
- tell me - AM I FUCKING LYING? Or
you guys fucking dying?

INT. PRESIDENTS OFFICE. DAY

The Presidents and LEWIS exchange glances.

LEWIS

We may be in trouble here.

PRESIDENT

I told you - you're wasting your time talking to
this guy - he cannot be reasoned with or
corrupted. You can't mind fuck him -
The President looks down at Hurricane.

PRESIDENT

In a way he's to be admired. He's the last
Stand up guy. The last honest man.

LEWIS

And you had him imprisoned and tortured?

PRESIDENT

What did you say?

LEWIS remembers his place.

LEWIS

Sorry Sir, I didn't mean it to come out
Like that.

PRESIDENT

Speed up the mining, we need to get outa here and
off world asap. Let him fight the Sentinel.

INT. METAVERSE. DAY

Hurricane shouts up at the sky - for the Core - as if
talking to the Gods.

HURRICANE

Are you there? (BEAT) Hello?

DRONE

They're gone - you need to forget them and focus
on that orb.

Hurricane sees the orb in front of them. Hurricane lunges
for the orb itself, but before he can reach it, a massive
figure materializes in front of him—a humanoid armored in
cascading streams of fluctuating code, its piercing red
eyes locked on him with predatory intensity. The massive
figure is The Sentinel.

The SENTINEL

Your arrogance blinds you. You will
now face me - I am the Sentinel.

The Sentinel thrusts an arm forward, releasing a torrent of crimson energy that explodes around Hurricane. He leaps backward, narrowly avoiding the blast, his shoulders heaving as he sizes up this new enemy.

HURRICANE

Suck my fucking dick.

The Sentinel charges with a burst of speed, the ground beneath it fracturing in its wake. It swings a massive arm of pulsating code at Hurricane, who ducks and rolls out of the way just in time, the impact shattering a nearby data stream into a cascade of flickering particles.

Hurricane darts to the side, narrowly dodging another devastating blow. He grabs a metallic shard of fractured code embedded in the platform and hurls it at the Sentinel. The shard strikes the creature's armored chest, causing a ripple but no significant damage.

HURRICANE

(gritting his teeth) Gonna take more than that, huh?

The Sentinel's red eyes flare brighter as it releases a sudden shockwave of crimson energy. Hurricane is thrown back, skidding across the unstable platform. He struggles to his feet, his weapon crackling with faint energy.

Hurricane's eyes scan the battlefield, catching a brief flicker on the Sentinel's left side—a glowing cluster of unstable code near its shoulder, pulsing faintly. He narrows his eyes, formulating a plan.

HURRICANE

(under his breath) Looks like somebody's got a weak spot.

The Sentinel charges again, this time unleashing rapid-fire bolts of energy from its forearms. Hurricane zigzags across the platform, narrowly avoiding the explosive impacts. His breaths grow heavier, but his determination doesn't waver.

Spotting an opening, Hurricane sprints forward, his makeshift weapon raised. He feints to the right, baiting the Sentinel into a wide swing. At the last moment, he ducks and slides beneath its arm, popping up just beside its left shoulder.

With a fierce shout, Hurricane drives his weapon into the glowing cluster of unstable code. Sparks and fragments of corrupted data explode outward, causing the Sentinel to stagger back, its form glitching violently.

HURRICANE

(smirking) Try turning yourself on
and off pal.

The Sentinel emits a distorted roar, the sound resonating with pure chaos. It lashes out blindly, its massive arm swinging wildly, forcing Hurricane to leap back to avoid being crushed. The glowing cluster on its shoulder begins to stabilize, but its movements are slower, more erratic.

CORE

(booming) You persist against the
inevitable, Jones. But your defiance
is meaningless.

Hurricane wipes sweat from his brow, his breathing labored. He glances at the Sentinel, noticing the damage he's inflicted. He grips his weapon tighter, a flicker of grim determination crossing his face.

HURRICANE

(grimly) Meaningless? Nah. I call it
a fucking hobby - I practice
meaningless defiance for pleasure.
It's all I've fucking had for ten
years...

Hurricane dashes toward a precariously glowing platform near the Sentinel, narrowly evading shards of code that splinter and rain down like molten glass. He grips the edges of the unstable surface, glancing at the exposed weak spot still flickering on the Sentinel's shoulder.

HURRICANE

(to himself) what's meaningless is
zeroes and ones - what's meaningless
is the belief in a perfect world.
What's meaningless is faith in
justice - what's meaningless is
Paradise - It doesn't and hasn't
ever existed.

Using the remnants of a glowing conduit from earlier, Hurricane creates a makeshift coil, connecting it to his weapon's tip. He charges it by smashing it against the volatile streams beneath him, sparks flying like fireworks.

HURRICANE

(shouting) Hey, Sentinel! Surf's up
pal!

The Sentinel roars, turning toward him just as Hurricane launches himself off the platform and slams his charged weapon directly into the glowing cluster of unstable code. The impact is immediate, a seismic burst of corrupted energy engulfing them both.

The Sentinel convulses violently, its massive frame shaking as the unstable code spreads like wildfire through its structure. Hurricane is thrown backward, crashing onto a fractured platform, gasping for air. The Sentinel attempts to stabilize but glitches uncontrollably—chunks of its armored form splinter and dissolve into cascading data streams.

INT. PRESIDENTS OFFICE. DAY

The President watches a countdown clock. He checks his watch.

LEWIS ENTERS.

PRESIDENT

The data and coin mining is nearly complete - ready our escape from the metaverse CS.

LEWIS

Sir, Jones has killed The Sentinel.

PRESIDENT

That's not possible.

LEWIS

He's in danger of Goliathing the whole system. Bringing the wire frame and the database down.

PRESIDENT

Show me...

LEWIS brings up a VR image of the live feed from the metaverse.

Hurricane blood dripping from his lip, has his eyes fixed on the collapsing Sentinel. He spits onto the ground, defiance gleaming in his gaze.

HURRICANE

Who takes innocent people hostage?
Who threatens to wipe out a virtual world? - the only fucking working world these people have left - what sort of cowards hide behind code and AI and whatever the fuck you're hiding behind. Come out - face me - like a men - can you hear me John?

LEWIS

Who is John?

PRESIDENT

My real name isn't Jack - It's John Walsh.

LEWIS

What? Does he think he's talking to you?

With one final distorted roar, the Sentinel bursts into fragments of warped code, its disintegration sending shockwaves through the core chamber. Streams of light falter and twist, the environment destabilizing as Hurricane steadies himself against the ruptured platform.

The room the President and Lewis are in starts to rock. The President and Lewis grab the walls.

EXT. METAVERSE. DAY

The whole system is shaking. Drone hovers near Hurricane helping to stay on his feet. The orb at the center pulsates violently, projecting images of fractured faces and numbers that scatter as the chaos envelops it.

Hurricane steps closer to the orb, weapon at his side, his scarred face illuminated by the flickering chaos around him.

HURRICANE

(low, resolute) Come on - come here,
face me - Eye to Eye.

DRONE

We're close.

HURRICANE

Close to what?

DRONE

They're losing control.

HURRICANE

How does that help us?

DRONE

The Verse may reboot itself.
Something they didn't expect, the
mainframe is trying to protect
itself, and the program the hackers
used to get in and kidnap the system
- but it can't do both - and reboot
may mean the kidnappers get kicked
out.

HURRICANE

So we push - yeah?

DRONE

Yes - we push. We need to find a
conduit to plug that program in.

Hurricane looks at the memory stick around his neck.

HURRICANE

Okay - let's do this....

Hurricane raises his weapon high above his head. The pulsating energy from the orb projects distorted holograms around him—visions of a utopian world glitching into versions of despair and chaos. Hurricane winces but doesn't falter.

CORE

(distorted, ominous) Strike me, Jones, and you risk unraveling more than yourself. Humanity's ruin isn't a choice—it's a price.

HURRICANE

Cowards - I'll fucking find you if I have to fight every string of code in here.

Hurricane snarls, ignoring the Core's warning. Gritting his teeth, he brings the weapon down with all his strength, slamming it into the glowing orb. A cataclysmic shockwave erupts from the impact, sending arcs of energy tearing through the chamber.

The orb fractures, light spilling out like molten liquid. A cascade of cascading data flows outward in chaotic streams, engulfing both Hurricane and the crumbling platforms beneath him.

HURRICANE

(bellowing) End of the line, you son of a bitch!

The fractured orb emits one final, blinding flash, and the entirety of the metaverse freezes for a moment, suspended mid-collapse. The holographic buildings, fragmented platforms, and spiraling code around Hurricane seem to hold their breath as if the entire system is recalibrating.

Then, with a deafening crack, the orb implodes into itself, sucking the fragmented data streams inward like a black hole. Hurricane falls to one knee as the chaotic light dissolves into an empty void, leaving behind only silence and darkness.

CORE
(fading, fractured whisper) You've
only delayed the inevitable...
Jones...

HURRICANE
Show me who you are...

CORE
We are one...

HURRICANE
Show yourself...

For a split second we see LEWIS and THE PRESIDENT - they
stand stunned in front of Hurricane - then - another image
-

Briefly for a split second - we see a female child - about
fifteen - sitting at a PC staring at lines of code.

HURRICANE
Who are you?

The child turns to Hurricane and smiles.

CORE
Girls can code....

Then we hear BOB - shouting from the bottom of the stairs.

BOB
Alison come down now, time for your lessons

The child turns back to the PC screen and code. Then
flickers away leaving the PC standing and Hurricane
alone. Hurricane opens his eyes slowly, realizing he's
kneeling on a flickering, unstable platform hovering
within a vast, empty expanse of digital darkness. Sparks
rain down like static embers from the void above him.
BUT IN FRONT OF HIM THE OLD PC remains.

HURRICANE
(panting, shaking his head) ...a kid
with a computer... What was that?

Drone hovers into view, its steady blue light faint against
the emptiness. It tilts slightly, scanning Hurricane
before speaking.

DRONE
...that was the Alison - she built
the Verse. The first woman to ever
code - she designed the first
metaverse back in the 00s.

Hurricane looks at the PC in front of him.

DRONE

Seeing Alison is equivalent to
seeing God in here.

Hurricane looks at the PC and touches it.

HURRICANE

She was Bob's daughter?

DRONE

Bob and his wife and Alison his
daughter were in car crash. Bob
and Alison survived but Bob's wife
and Alison's mother died. Alison
was left with with brain injuries
and Bob home schooled her. She was
the first great female coder.

HURRICANE

Bob said, if we were close we'd see
her.

DRONE

And she'd leave us a gift...

Hurricane looks at the old PC.

HURRICANE

Looks like God left us an antiqu

DRONE

It's running Windows 1997.

HURRICANE

That was a long time ago - I was a
Windows XP baby myself.

DRONE

That PC has a Firewire port.

Hurricane looks at the memory stick around his neck.

HURRICANE

Is this a Firewire stick?

Hurricane takes the memory stick, and looks for a firewire
port on the old PC - he puts the stick in. The PC makes a
noise and an old Windows Prompt comes up asking: RUN?
Hurricane presses YES - and the program runs...

DRONE

Hold on, core routine terminated.
System instability reached critical
minimum. Remaining structures
normalizing..

HURRICANE

(grumbling) Normalizing? Yeah, I'll
add that to my list of miracles.

DRONE

The metaverse is rebooting - we're back online shortly. There is still danger - the memory banks need to reboot stable.

The ground beneath him flickers faintly, stabilizing into a thin, glowing pathway leading into the distance. The drone spins lightly, waiting for Hurricane to follow.

DRONE

A path remains open. Your exit awaits.

HURRICANE

(dryly) Tell me it comes with a six-pack and a cigar and a big tit hooker from Tijuana.

Ignoring the drone's silent response, Hurricane starts down the path, his steps heavy but deliberate. Behind him, the void begins to fill with faint ribbons of light, as if the metaverse is trying to piece itself back together, one small fragment at a time.

As Hurricane trudges forward, the pathway beneath his boots shifts from a faint glow to a steady pulse, resembling a heartbeat. The digital silence is torn apart by a sudden, low vibration that grows louder with each step. Hurricane slows, his eyes narrowing.

The glowing pathway ahead begins to ripple and distort, as if something immense is pushing up from below. The air snaps with static electricity, and a deep, guttural hum reverberates all around.

HURRICANE

Oh, not again. What now? You guys can't let me leave without one last goodbye?

Suddenly, the pathway ahead fractures violently, sending shards of glowing code flying in every direction. Hurricane raises an arm to shield his face as a massive figure rises from the ruptured ground—a humanoid shape, taller and broader than any Sentinel he's faced before. Its torso is composed of writhing streams of crimson and gold data, and its eyes burn with an intense white light.

UNKNOWN ENTITY

You think you've won, Jones. But the heart of the metaverse doesn't die so easily.

The entity's voice is layered like a choir, its words rippling through the void with an almost hypnotic rhythm. Hurricane exhales sharply, lowering his arm, his jaw tightening as he grips his weapon.

HURRICANE
(dryly) Is this the BOSS level?

DRONE zigs to the side of Hurricane.

DRONE
This isn't what you think it is...

HURRICANE
Oh yeah - then what the fuck is it?

The entity steps forward, its massive form causing the pathway to ripple with each movement. Data fragments spiral around it like a storm, and its burning eyes lock onto Hurricane with an intensity that could melt steel.

UNKNOWN ENTITY
You've disrupted the balance. The chaos you've sown will spread beyond these digital walls. This isn't victory—it's devastation.

Hurricane scoffs, rolling his shoulders as he loosens his stance. His smirk is sharp, but there's a flicker of exhaustion in his eyes.

HURRICANE
Spare me the lecture.

UNKNOWN ENTITY
I'm talking about memories. YOUR MEMORIES...

HURRICANE
Wha?

DRONE
Your memories have been broadcast to the ruling council. The President has been arrested.

HURRICANE
You're shitting me right?

DRONE
Hate to say it - but told you so...

UNKNOWN ENTITY
He will be tried for war crimes, your memories - will be the evidence.

The entity raises an arm, and a wave of energy tears through the void, warping the thin pathway around Hurricane. He stumbles but regains his balance, his weapon crackling faintly with remnants of charged energy.

UNKNOWN ENTITY

Leave now, and the metaverse will
consume itself - the ruling council
only has so much power- if the
system is corrupt we need you to
stay.

HURRICANE

This is a put on right?

UNKNOWN ENTITY

You cannot leave.

DRONE

- They're not what they say they
are...

UNKNOWN ENTITY

Stay, and become part of the
metaverse - help us. If you try and
leave - there will be consequences...

For a moment, Hurricane stares at the massive figure, his
weapon twitching slightly in his hand. Then, without
hesitating, he takes a step forward.

HURRICANE

(smirking) Maybe I've got a thing
for consequences.

The entity lunges, a massive arm of spiraling code
swinging at Hurricane with incredible speed. But Hurricane
dives to the side just in time, rolling to his feet and
swinging his weapon upward. It clashes against the
entity's arm, sending a cascade of sparks and fragmented
data spiraling into the void.

The battle erupts, the void around them lighting up with
bursts of energy and violent noise. Hurricane moves with
raw, desperate precision, his strikes fueled by pure grit
as he fights the creature towering over him.

Hurricane plants his feet, his body tense as the massive
entity's second arm hurtles toward him. He sidesteps at
the last possible second, the energy-infused limb smashing
into the pathway, sending glowing shards spiraling into
the abyss.

Without hesitation, Hurricane sprints along the rippling
surface, using the vibrating pathway to build momentum. He
leaps onto a nearby floating chunk of fractured data,
steadying himself as the entity turns, its glowing eyes
narrowing.

HURRICANE

You got all this power, but you
can't aim for shit!

The entity lets out an inhuman roar, raising both arms
high. A vortex of energy forms between its hands, swirling
with crimson data streams and golden flashes, before
blasting outward in a devastating wave.

Hurricane dives off the floating chunk, grabbing hold of another fragment as the wave annihilates the platform he just stood on. Sparks and debris rain down like meteors, illuminating his determined grimace.

Using the momentum from his jump, Hurricane swings himself up and steadies on the unstable fragment. He spies the swirling maelstrom of energy within the entity's torso—a core pulsating with raw, chaotic power.

HURRICANE

(to himself) That's got to be where it hurts.

The entity doesn't wait for his next move; its data-laden arms lash out again, but this time, Hurricane doesn't dodge. Instead, he leaps forward, using the propulsion of collapsing fragments to vault higher into the air.

Mid-air, Hurricane clamps both hands onto his weapon. With grit-teeth determination, he swings downward, connecting with the entity's core in a wild arc. The impact reverberates through the void, sending distorted shockwaves outward and destabilizing the pathway further.

The entity recoils, its arms flailing as its core flickers violently. It lets out a bone-rattling cry, broken data streams cascading from its chest. Hurricane lands on a wobbling platform, his knees buckling slightly from the impact.

HURRICANE

(panting, grinning) Yeah, that felt real. How about you, big guy?

The entity shakes with rage, its torso splitting open to reveal a swirling vortex of light and chaotic data streams. Hurricane steadies his footing, preparing for the next, inevitable attack.

The entity hurls a torrent of crimson and gold energy toward Hurricane, the void around them trembling with its force. Hurricane's eyes dart around for an opening, sweat dripping into his eyes as he grips his weapon tighter.

HURRICANE

Come on, big guy! You throwing temper tantrums or trying to kill me?

As the energy wave approaches, Hurricane dives headfirst off his wobbling platform onto a rapidly disintegrating chunk of code just below. He lands hard, rolling with the impact as a jagged fragment of data grazes his arm.

HURRICANE

(gritting his teeth) Okay, that one stung.

Drawing a sharp breath, Hurricane eyes the vortex in the entity's chest. It pulsates in chaotic patterns, unstable yet enticing—a target. The ground beneath him shifts again

as the entity steps closer, its immense form nearly blotting out the faint light of the reassembling metaverse around them.

UNKNOWN ENTITY

Your resistance is meaningless. You
will become part of this world,
whether you will it or not.

The entity raises both of its massive arms high, the swirling vortex in its chest growing brighter with energy. Hurricane looks up, his lips curling into a smirk despite the burning exhaustion in his body.

HURRICANE

Yeah, well, here's the thing... I'm
kind of attached to being me.

Hurricane grabs a loose shard of glowing data—a jagged piece of fractured metaverse ground—and, with an unrelenting roar, hurls it directly at the entity's vortex. The shard streaks like a comet, its light piercing through the fractured battlefield. The impact strikes true, causing the vortex to convulse violently as streams of chaotic energy spray outward like an exposed artery.

UNKNOWN ENTITY

NOOOOOO!

The entity stumbles, its massive frame flickering, destabilizing. Hurricane wastes no time, leaping from his platform onto the collapsing remains of another, steadily closing the distance to his foe as the pathway continues to disintegrate behind him.

HURRICANE

(shouting) You fix your world - and
I'll live in mine...

With every ounce of strength left in him, Hurricane sprints to the edge of his current platform and leaps toward the entity's chest. Time seems to slow as he sails through the air, raising his weapon high. The glowing energy ripples off the vortex, lighting his path.

Hurricane brings his weapon down into the vortex with a bone-shattering swing, releasing a surge of energy so intense it blinds the void for an instant. The vortex spasms, unable to contain the force, and begins to implode inward, pulling fragments of the entity and the surrounding remnants of the crumbling metaverse with it.

The vortex consumes everything around it, generating a black hole of cascading fractals and digital chaos. Hurricane clutches onto a jagged piece of crumbling platform, his teeth gritted as the pull intensifies, dragging even the light from the void.

The entity shrieks, its form twisting uncontrollably as its entire being collapses inward. Streams of gold, crimson, and fractured code spiral into the imploding core. Hurricane's grip falters—he's seconds away from

being sucked in.

HURRICANE

(roaring against the pull) Not like
this, you digital bastard!

Spotting a loose tether of glowing blue code flickering above, Hurricane releases his precarious hold on the crumbling platform and leaps with everything he has. His fingers barely latch onto the tether, its energy sparking and hot to the touch.

The vortex lets out a deafening, final howl before collapsing completely. A wave of silence washes over the void, followed by an explosion of bright white light that rapidly engulfs everything—the fragmented platforms, the swirling remains of the entity, and Hurricane himself. For a moment, there's nothing but pure, blinding white. Then, slowly, the light recedes, leaving Hurricane suspended in an infinite expanse of stars and glowing threads of code.

HURRICANE

(softly, almost to himself) Am I
dead? Or is this just a shitty
screensaver?

A small, calm voice breaks the silence. The drone, now glowing brighter than ever, hovers into view beside him, its blue light casting a soft glow across Hurricane's scarred face.

DRONE

System recalibration complete. Core
anomaly neutralized. User Hurricane
Jones remains operational.

Hurricane exhales sharply, his body sagging with exhaustion. He runs a hand over his face, his smirk returning faintly despite the fatigue etched into his features.

HURRICANE

Operational, huh? Feels like someone
ran me through a digital meat
grinder.

As the expanse around them begins to shimmer, threads of golden code weave themselves into bridges and pathways, forming a new, serene structure in the previously chaotic void. The metaverse is healing, piece by piece.

DRONE

The metaverse stabilizes. Your task
here is complete.

Hurricane looks at the drone, then at the glowing pathways stretching endlessly into the horizon. For the first time in what feels like eternity, the silence around him feels peaceful.

HURRICANE
(grinning weakly) Yeah, well...
don't expect me to leave a five-star
Trip advisor review.

Hurricane pushes forward, his boots clanging against a newly formed pathway of golden hexagonal tiles. The swirling void around him begins to stabilize, threads of radiant code weaving into the structure like veins carrying life back into a dying body.

HURRICANE
(to himself) Just another stroll
through hell. It's the cardio
that'll get ya.

The drone hums gently, its light shifting from steady blue to a soft white, signaling calm. It zips ahead and halts before a glowing portal that materializes out of the air, its edges crackling faintly as if waiting for an invitation.

DRONE
Exit point stabilized. This will
lead you back to the real world.

Hurricane slows to a stop, standing a few feet from the portal. He looks into it, the swirling light inside reflecting his worn face. The faint sound of voices—indistinct and distant—echoes from beyond the portal.

HURRICANE
(gruffly) Real world, huh?

He takes a cigarette from his pocket—somehow intact despite everything—and places it between his lips. It flickers to life as he inhales, faint embers glowing against the surreal expanse around him. He exhales slowly, his eyes narrowing.

HURRICANE
(quietly) So that's it. Back to the
wasteland.

The drone hovers closer, its voice soft but insistent.

DRONE
Your role here is complete.
Remaining would risk reintegration
into the system.

Hurricane turns to the drone, studying its faint glow. For a moment, his hard glare softens, a barely perceptible flicker of gratitude crossing his face.

HURRICANE
(smirking faintly) Yeah - fuck
that...

He steps toward the portal, pausing just before its edge. With his free hand, he adjusts his worn jacket, brushing off nonexistent dust as if preparing for one last fight. He takes another drag from his cigarette, letting the smoke linger.

HURRICANE
(to the portal) Enjoy paradise -
I'll take the parking lot...

Without further hesitation, Hurricane steps through the portal. The light engulfs him, dissolving his form into fragments of golden code, leaving the expanse behind to heal, shrouded in peace and silence.

INT. REAL WORLD - PRISON YARD - DAWN

A cracked sky of sickly orange and gray looms over the desolate wasteland outside the prison. Hurricane Jones stumbles into the open yard, the portal's light still fading from behind him. He looks around, his boots crunching against the dry, unforgiving soil.

The air is heavy with radiation haze, muffling distant winds. The bleakness of the real world hits him like a punch—nothing but broken fences, crumbled walls, and the faint hum of an emergency generator somewhere in the background.

Hurricane checks his body instinctively, rolling his stiff shoulders and flexing his scarred hands. Despite the exhaustion on his face, his eyes flicker with a stubborn sense of triumph.

HURRICANE
...Same shit, different day.

From the far side of the yard, a group of armed guards emerges, flanking a new figure—GOVERNOR KARR. His polished boots crunch along the same broken ground as Hurricane's, his smirk as condescending as ever.

GOVERNOR KARR
Back in one piece, I see. Color me
impressed.

HURRICANE
Who the fuck says Color me anything
- you talk like a bad AI generated
film script?

Hurricane and Governor Karr turn to the camera and smile (breaking the fourth wall) then turn back to each other (and continue).

Hurricane glares, lighting another cigarette with shaky fingers. He exhales slowly, the smoke curling upwards into the lifeless sky.

HURRICANE
Your shining utopia's still
standing—I see? The Toxic air's
still here - tastes like victory.

Governor Karr claps slowly, mockingly.

GOVERNOR KARR
Oh, you're a hero now? Suppose you
expect your freedom and a pardon
from the president?

HURRICANE
Wouldn't that be peachy?

Hurricane steps closer to Karr, his cigarette dangling loosely from his lips. The guards tense, gripping their firearms, but Karr waves them down, amused.

HURRICANE
You think I didn't notice? The
metaverse - a paradise - they're
just different sorts of prisoners,
meta-slaves—El Presidente is still
running his own kind of Hell.

GOVERNOR KARR
That your opinion Jones?

HURRICANE
Yeah.

GOVERNOR KARR
Yeah well - you know what they say
about opinions?

HURRICANE
(Beat)
What happens in the 'Verse when
the lights flicker next time, huh?
They gonna call me again?

Karr's smirk tightens. He leans in slightly, lowering his voice so only Hurricane can hear.

GOVERNOR KARR
What happens? What happens is that I
make sure tough guys like you stay
buried where they belong. So we can
wheel you out to save the day again,
on false promises and a subway
sandwich.

HURRICANE

Yeah? ... Where's my fucking subway sandwich?

Hurricane chuckles darkly, pulling the cigarette from his mouth. He exhales the smoke right in Karr's face.

Karr locks eyes with Hurricane, the tension thick as the distant hum of machinery. Then, without another word, he signals the guards to escort Hurricane back inside.

Hurricane turns and stops before stepping forward. He looks back at Karr, his eyes burning with a quiet defiance.

GOVERNOR KARR

Try and keep some air in your lungs , you're back in the ring again tonight.

HURRICANE

I don't think so - I'm tired.

GOVERNOR KARR

I got a feeling this is a fight you won't want to turn down.

HURRICANE

Blow your feelings out of your ass.

GOVERNOR KARR

Is that right?

HURRICANE

That's my advice -

GOVERNOR KARR

Well that's a shame - cos I heard you might wanna fight this new prisoner.

HURRICANE

What new prisoner?

Governor Karr smiles... Hurricane looks at him Karr and narrows his eyes.

INT. OZONE MAX PRISON - UNDERGROUND BOXING ARENA - NIGHT

A flickering fluorescent light illuminates a grimy underground boxing ring. The air is thick with sweat and smoke and toxic residue.

HURRICANE lights a crumpled cigarette, staring at the floor, his hands taped, fists battle-worn. He exhales smoke into the rotten air with practiced indifference.

Through a barred window, Hurricane watches **GOVERNOR KARR**, surrounded by his entourage. They laugh and sip from silver flasks.

Karr's voice carries over the din.

GOVERNOR KARR

This fucking guy. You know who that is?

GUEST OF GOVERNOR

Is that Hurricane Jones - savoir of the Metaverse?

SECOND GUEST OF GOVERNOR

I hear he's a good man to know if you get a virus?

GOVERNOR KARR

Yeah - I let him out from time to time as long as he plays nice.

Hurricane glances away as if he doesn't care. But his fingers tighten subtly on the cigarette, betraying a flicker of something-anger, resolve, maybe even doubt.

A STRIKING PRISON GUARD steps into the locker room, slamming the door open. The guard sneers, gesturing for Hurricane to follow.

PRISON GUARD

It's time, old man. Don't fucking pull your punches this time.

HURRICANE

(under his breath)

Fuck you.

PRISON GUARD

You say something?

Hurricane doesn't respond. He crushes the cigarette under his boot, stands, and pulls his taped fists tight. As he steps out, the view of the arena grows closer-the crowd's roar louder.

We follow as he moves toward the ring- a lone figure in this decaying world. Behind him, Governor Karr's laughter echoes faintly, needling him like a ghost he can't escape.

The music builds as we follow Hurricane through the baying prisoners in the crowd and into the ring.

INT. OZONE MAX PRISON - UNDERGROUND BOXING RING - NIGHT

The roar of the crowd crescendos as Hurricane emerges from the tunnel into the pit. The makeshift ring lies under the lurid glow of fluorescents. Inmates press closer, forming a writhing wall of desperation, shouting taunts and cheers.

Across the ring stands **THE PRESIDENT**, he's a skinny figure and looks terrified. The arena's brutal atmosphere vibrates with tension.

THE CROWD SCREAM: 'FOUR MORE YEARS - FOUR MORE YEARS - FOUR MORE YEARS...

Hurricane gets into the ring and eyes THE PRESIDENT WITH A SMILE AND A WINK. - he turns to the guy carrying his towel (his trainer).

HURRICANE JONES
 Couldn't they find anyone bigger?

The Trainer shrugs.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
 Ladies and lady boys, welcome to survival of the fittest! Let's see if old man Hurricane Jones can drain the prison swamp and give the President what he gave us when he was in office - a real fucking up...

Governor Karr sits down with his guests and watches from his cushioned perch above, sipping from a silver flask as he grins. His entourage claps and jeers like royalty overseeing a gladiatorial spectacle. Karr's voice cuts over the noise.

GOVERNOR KARR
 My money is on Jones tonight...

The ref nods - signals to the bell (which rings) Ref signals the two fighters back together.

REF
 Let's go.

The President tries to hide in the ring, or even climb out of the ring, we can see LEWIS at the side of the ring (now also a prisoner) - other prisoners make sure the President stays in the ring.

Hurricane bobs and weaves his face stony and unreadable as he approaches the President.

PRESIDENT
 Now listen here Jones. My case is still on appeal.

Hurricane nods.

PRESIDENT
 I could be out of here in a week and I could pardon you too...

HURRICANE
 How are you gonna pardon me?

PRESIDENT

If I win my case, and you know I had nothing to do with the metaverse high jack, I could still be president. You know? Looking at a four term?

Hurricane gets in close to the President.

HURRICANE

President of what?

PRESIDENT

Excuse me?

HURRICANE

I said - President of what?

PRESIDENT

I don't understand - I'm offering you a pardon -

HURRICANE

Doesn't matter -

HURRICANE sets his body and begins to lay a flurry of punches onto the President.

The CROWD chant 'Four more Years'

All the punch combinations land - the President is flung into the corner - his nose broken - blood spewing from his nose. Hurricane moves in for the kill... He pulls back his right arm...

As the haymaker punch heads towards the Presidents head we hear Hurricane...

HURRICANE

I never voted for you - you son of a bitch...

The punch lands square on the Presidents Jaw - then - there's a glitch - some code - another glitch - the lights go out.

END

