

# Tagga

Outlaw Graffiti Artists in a future dominated by Rock'n Roll  
Original Screenplay For Sci-Fi Conspiracy Thriller In Live-Action & CGI  
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## Precredit Sequence - Massed Urbation

FADE IN:

EXT. A VAST METROPOLIS - DEAD OF NIGHT                               SOUNDS OF THE WIND

The urban sprawl is endless; feint city lights go on forever, up over the horizon and seemingly into the sky. The neighborhoods might be industrial, commerical or residential; they are strangely anonymous, the only color traces of graffiti...

JOSS VOICE OVER

There are cities and there are cities.  
Well, used to be. But that was then and  
this is now. The whole country is a  
city, massed urbation stretching from  
coast to coast. And masurbation is  
exactly what it is, fantasy. A cheap  
thrill while we wish for something we  
dream of. but can't have. Fantasy is  
reality in this era of Human History,  
and that's the law. Official Reality.

The highways are deserted. A SWEEPER TRUCK skims along spraying pavement, sidewalk and walls; beautiful iridescent graffiti fades and dissolves leaving the street darker, gloomier; ugly.

JOSS VOICE OVER CONT'D

Kids can see the truth for a while,  
they can read the writing on the wall  
before the system blinds their minds. -  
They know nothing is real. They know  
the only way to make your mark on the  
world is with a tag. - Know it only  
Make your mark on nothing a short time  
before the system blinds their young  
minds. -

As the Sweeper passes shadows The graffiti moves

You are in the wrong hood buddy.  
Get out if you value your bones  
unbroken.

As Kid lurks in in the shadows repair their work a

It is the shape of an arits pallete with a T

MICHAEL NIFE GUITAR SOLO

The tagger

The vans open

Armed police pile out surround the kids

One of the palettes moves towards them

TAGGA

Why take them when you can take me?

The taggers stagger off, free

The man with the cloak

Palette

Bullets ricocette off Sheild

Tagger saves Knowler

VV

I was stupid.

TAGGA

Yes, unusually so.

VV

You know of my work?

TAGGA

Yes, you could be a great artist one day - I have been watching you.

VV

But you haven't painted a tag in - in what - a year?

TAGGA

Yes, that is true, a year, but that doesn't mean I have not been watching. You are extremeley careful, usually.

VV

But they are winning. Reacto are taking us down.

TAGGA

Yes, that is true. They are getting to be very efficient. I saw the new Reacto XoBoTs take down cccc - and they could have easily taken you tonight.

VV

But you saved me.

TAGGA

Yes, I saved you VV. Think about it. But I didn't save xxxx, he was a great artist too - so why would I save you?

Before VV can answer Tagga takes a can and dust flips his cloak and diss

VV looks around for a few seconds - distantly a car ngine starts...

There are beautiful girls and there are beautiful girls. The first time I saw Sandrine I just knew she was a Tag. It was impossible for a girl to be as beautiful as Sandrine! She just had to be the slobbering invention of some lonely holotagger who had the most staggering amount of talent for pixels...

The next time I saw her I was certain. Sandrine was artificial, a holographic adornment on some other body. That night my obsession began - maybe I was just getting old because I was certain the first Sandrine had been real. Her movement, texture - more, the way she had smiled at me that night...

Why was she following me? I just got on with my job. My name is Charlie HJoss, and I could find out easily enough. I work the Homelessness detail of LAPD. Sandrine didn't look lost, or homeless - but what the hell - I had the run of the place, all I had to do was view Worldfaces in TechnoVice.

I was bored, in a way. I had had a good career. I had played my cards to my chest and made it through to retirement. I was a Pensionman 1st class with a life of texture to look forward to. I had one case left on my docket that night of Michael Nife's last show when he was to die in name of Rock'n Roll.

I liked Nife's music and all that he stood for. He was great, undoubtedly a true genius though rumored to be a tag. I had been listening to one of his songs that night I had first seen Sandrine. That connection was tenuous at best. Sandrine had never smiled at me since. I suspected she wanted to kill me.

Nife had disappeared without trace. It was great publicity. A scam scandal to titillate the planet. Reacto couldn't have been happier if they had planned it but they hadn't. Self-ending had been decriminalized into a moral lifechoice so his death on stage wasn't illegal. Homelessness was. Reacto wanted him home.

I was ordered to find Nife and bring him back. I sensed his trail would lead me Behind the Sky, if I could shake TechnoVice. Then I would be safe. Their new punishment would kill me. TechnoVice thought I was a globally infamous criminal. The greatest uncaught graffitiist of them all - Tagga.

#### Opening Sequence - Rainbow's End

FADE IN: DRIFTING THROUGH SKY

MICHAEL NIFE GUITAR SOLO

A perfect summers day, fluffy white clouds float on the blue; the GOLDEN CITY glitters in the sunshine in a patchwork of rolling green fields, verdant forest and lavender foothills; the snowcapped St. Gabriel and St. Bernardino Mountains preside protectively; serenity rules; this is utopia - this is L.A.

Airlight shimmers and refracts flowing currents of bright notes, RAINDROPS prism as clouds sprinkle; the spectrum of a RAINBOW springs up from CUTE SUBURBIA in a sparkling bow...

SKYSIGNS hang from the clouds flashing crescendos of rhythms; smiling product pack-faces pump groceries, detergents, cars, beer, tooth-paste, the penultimate development of advertising; horizon bubbling with garish infractions SPURTING COMMERCIALS in an hypnotic fusion of color and form.

COMING IN LOWER ABOVE STREETS - imagery everywhere, promoting everything - giving the appearance of PRODUCTS POURING FROM THE HEAVENS IN A CHAOS OF BEANS, BUBBLES, SOUP, SODA, SEXY GIRLS, WINNING SMILES, BONNY BABIES, DASHING DADS! Amongst them FLASH SHOTS of a young boy playing a Fender Strat: MICHAEL NIFE

Beneath this lucent blur we pass smudges of FLAT GRAY, hints of DARK DWELLINGS, shabby HOUSING PROJECTS. Moving on to a better neighborhood ANIMATED DANCING SIGNAGE reaches from storefronts to grab at PASSERSBY on the sidewalk - this is REACTO NEONIX - PASSERSBY scurry past aware that to look up at the vibrating bright sky full of advertising could mean VERTIGO AND NAUSEA.

MUSICALLY the mood changes. The street floods with rose-tinted light as the sky clears for SUNSET in ORANGE AND SCARLET. We follow CHARLIE JOSS, an unusually good-looking man, sleek, tough, cool clothes and wraparound shades. Wait, he isn't so unusual, everyone is cute and EVERYONE WEARS COOL DARK GLASSES.

Odd considering it suddenly becomes NIGHT; twinkling stars fill the sky above, yet it is still bright, even IMPENETRABLE SHADOWS SHIMMER WITH INCANDESCENCE. Joss is tailing A YOUTH (KNOWLES) in the crowd, perfectly aware that he too is being followed - by SONDRINE - a girl SO BEAUTIFUL AS TO BE UNREAL.

They pass through a BUSTLING STREET MARKET of the CHEERFUL WORKING POOR, Sondrine tall, presence statuesque, stately; she turns heads with her beauty yet she is strangely immobile - almost A SERIES OF STILL POSES deftly caught through the crowd:

JOSS VOICE OVER

There are beautiful girls and there are beautiful girls. The first time I saw Sondrine I just knew she was a tag. It was impossible for a real girl to be as beautiful as Sondrine! She just had to be the invention of some lonely holotag hacker with staggering talent for mixing pixels...

The next time I saw her I was certain. Sondrine was artificial, a tag, a holographic adornment on some other body. That night my obsession began - maybe I was just getting old because I was certain the

first Sondrine had been real. Her  
 movement, texture, the way she felt - more,  
 the way she had smiled at me that night...

SOFT STREETLIGHTS PLAY THROUGH OLD TREES along a wide boulevard  
 lined with 18<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY ARCHITECTURE; there are elegant SIDEWALK  
 CAFES, beautiful people and cars, and there is WEATHER. Rain  
 slicked sidewalks glisten and shine. This is RUE FOUBERG  
 ST.HONORÉ and then RODEO DRIVE.

FINE RAIN dusts the scene; soft halos float around the lamps,  
 yet NO ONE IS WET; Knowles, Joss and Sandrine are dry. The  
 scene is painterly, impressionist, but there are DULL SMUDGES  
 here and there; a smile on a billboard slips, blurs: these  
 'FRACTURES IN REALITY' are GRAFFITI TAGS.

JOSS VOICE OVER

Why was Sandrine following me? I just got  
 on with my job. My name is Charles Joss and  
 I could find out easily enough. I work the  
 LAPD Homelessness Detail - but Sondrine  
 didn't look lost, or homeless - but what  
 the hell - all I had to do was view  
 Worldfaces in Homeland Security's  
 TechnoVice. But Sondrine didn't exist - at  
 least, in Official Reality.

I was bored, in a way. I had had a good  
 career. I had played my cards to my chest  
 and made it through to retirement. I was a  
 Pensionman 1st class with a life of texture  
 to look forward to in retirement. I had  
 one case left on my docket

I had one case left on my docket that  
 night of Michael Nife's last show when  
 he was to die in name of Rock'n Roll.

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 stood for. He was undoubtedly a true  
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 had been listening to one of his songs  
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Joss pauses as the youth takes in a LIVE FASHION SHOW in a clothing store window.

INSERT:COMMOTION on sidewalk as a MOBILE stops at the curb.

SUPERHERO POET KID jumps off leaving motor running, produces SPRAY CAN, ATTACKS STOREFRONT WINDOW writing his tag, paint producing REVERSE EFFECT - his flowing strokes erase FASHION MODELS exposing girders and FEATURELESS CONCRETE WALL.

PASSERSBY fearfully ignore the tag as if it were a bad smell. He rolls holo-granade under their feet - it erupts harmlessly into an ILLUMINATED SCROLL that he loudly recites:

POET

I am 'The Word' - the Word of the Free,  
here to let your eyes breathe the  
truth, to paint out the lying Reacto  
light and set your mind soaring -

A tall humanoid XOBOT steps out of wall. The POET KID RUNS - too late! DART LINES from the XoBot's apprender pierce him.

XoBoT

You have just been found guilty of  
vandalizing Official Reality Mr. Word -

The kid FREEZES sedated, mouth open in a silent scream, manages a croak as the XoBoT takes the kids head between the palms of his hands. Sound-fx EGG CRACKING as LONG NEEDLE spikes kid's forehead, injects 'tag seed' with a SLURP.

XoBoT

You will report to Homeland Security  
for remedial treatment no sooner than  
the next forty-eight hours.

(A SPOT OF BLOOD appears on the  
kids forehead as THE NEEDLE  
RETRACTS back into the slot  
between the XoBot's eyes.)

Don't show up early, won't help. You  
live with your tag for next two days..

The kid collapses to the ground. PASSERSBY do nothing to help.

KID'S POV: XOBOT AND STREET - DAY

The kid's own TAG APPEARS as a TRANSPARENT SMEAR as the Xobot  
cleans the graffiti tag with an ION TOOL, ragged gray strokes  
HEALING INTO GLITTERING COLOR of fashion models on runway again.

ANGLE PAST JOSS watching the kid rub his eyes and struggle to  
his feet as the Xobot indifferently finishes his cleaning chore.  
Sadly, Joss turns to Sandrine.

ON SANDRINE

- a fashion plate herself watching the staggering kid poet EXIT.

INSERT KID'S POV - his gray TAG SIGNATURE hindering his vision  
of the city at night; Koreatown gangsters, a mellee of extreme  
glamor, NEON drips out of the sky.

ANGLE PAST JOSS watching kid - turns to Sondrine.

HIS POV - Sondrine is there for a moment, then gone.

BACK ON JOSS - he takes off his sunglasses - for the first time  
we see his eyes. He shakes his head sadly.

START RIPPLE DISSOLVE

JOSS VOICE OVER

(Distantly echoing)

The first time I saw Sondrine I just  
knew she had to be a Tag, it was  
impossible for a girl to be that  
beautiful! She just had to be the  
invention of some lonely holotaghakka  
with the most staggering amount of  
talent for painting with pixels.  
Sondrine was artificial, a holographic  
adornment on some other body. Yet I



was certain that the first first night  
I saw her, Sondrine had been real.

INT. HOLLYWOOD RETRO SUPPER CLUB - NIGHT

A wealthy CLIENTELLE of sleek young poseurs; 100 hungry eyes  
behind smokey dark lenses alight on SONDRINE as she ENTERS.

She moves with the feline deportment of a karatikai supermodel.  
She is shown to a HIGH TABLE. Her next move could be your last  
should you block her way or infringe on her privacy. She sits  
alone. Joss is at a table below, minding his own business  
behind his dark glasses.

Sondrine takes off her glasses, looks down at Charlie.

This arouses a stir, HEADS TURN, as if suddenly she has taken  
off her blouse - but all she reveals are her eyes.

INSERT: Charlie realizes he is being looked at, glances up.

Sondrine is the source of everyone's attention, the only person  
in the club without dark glasses; she cradles an antique cream-  
colored dial TELEPHONE under her chin. A WAITER appears at  
Charlie's table with a MATCHING TELEPHONE on a silver tray.

CROSS-CUTTING CLOSE SHOTS

Sondrine smiles with mischievous curiosity, eyes warm, bright:

REPRISE JOSS'S VOICE OVER

- the way she had looked at me that  
night - her smile - her eyes, alive -

SONDRINE

Hello Charlie.

JOSS

Who is this?

SANDRINE

My name is Sondrine. And yours Charlie.  
What is your name, your real name? You  
can tell me - you can surrender to me  
Charlie. I've come to save you.

JOSS

(Frowns miscomprehension)

Do I know you?

SANDRINE

Take your glasses off Charlie.

JOSS

People only take their glasses off -

SANDRINE

- when they want to know each other?

The room goes quiet. Joss finally takes his glasses off. She smiles again. Their connection across the room is ELECTRIFYING.

JOSS

What do you want Sondrine?

SANDRINE

To dance with you Charly. That is my dream - to dance with you - one night.

INSERT: OPTICAL ILLUSION - soft fissures of light crackle as they reach into a kiss -

SNAP CUT

- as a FLUSTERED WAITER offers Charlie a menu - he looks up.

ON JOSS - DIAL TONE - - he looks back to Sondrine.

She is gone! Joss puts his glasses back on - the stir Sondrine caused has calmed, their cool returned, the POSEURS RETURN TO THEIR POSES. Joss quickly finishes his drink, EXITS

CUT TO

EXT. HOLLYWOOD RETRO SUPPER CLUB - NIGHT

A20<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY LIMOUSINE pulls away from sidewalk red carpet whisking Sondrine off into the night. Joss watches her leave, face smears with disappointment.

RIPPLE

BACK TO PRESENT: JOSS still trailing the youth REVEAL an altogether different kind of establishment, a small crowded BAR FULL OF ROUGH TRADE of both genders featuring all variants of sexual preference - a veritable feast of carnal choice.

The YOUTH Joss is tailing PUTS MONEY IN THE PLAYSTAGE:

A BAND APPEARS - the source of the SOUNDTRACK IS REVEALED:

MICHAEL NIFE plays guitar, jamming good with WEIRD and GILLY and the GHOSTS OF ANOTHER BAND THAT DIED A HUNDRED YEARS EARLIER. Nife has the appeal of an amalgam of megastars that have gone before him; the blatant sexual swivel hips and sensual pout of young Elvis, voice of Jim Morrison, genius fingers of Clapton, HYSTERIA girls try to touch him, ARMED GUARDS club them away SHACKLES Nife is shackled to the stage GUILLOTINE

- in background the upcoming world concert suicide on stage death of Michael Nife is also unhappily controlled by Reacto.

Worth more dead than alive - the huge guillotine that will

behead him - sings 'Behind the Sky'

The huge GUILLOTINE is tested - it cuts through a watermelon like a hot knife through butter - NIFE'S FINGERS a blur over the frets:

MICHAEL NIFE

That's new, huh? It's the opening to my latest song entitled 'Life of crime' that I would like to dedicate to my hero Tagga. I haven't had time to practice it with the band yet,

(Turns to musicians behind him)  
so I'm gonna do it solo guys, okay.

(Turns back to face audience,  
cranks chords, sings)

Dowanna get nowanna in trouble,  
dowanna let y'all take the blame.

Done with my smilin' connivin',  
done with my life of crime.

Gonna die with a smile of contentment

Hesitantly, the band picks up the tune behind him. He hits the full range of his voice. On hearing this, Joss sobers up in an instant. The stage is crowded. Commotion. Suits with is

The band tries to defend Nife as he manages to get the final lyrics out. The guards knock his guitar out of his hands, beat him with their rubber nightsticks. The imagery fades; the playstage is bare the little club.

Joss still watches the youth, transfixed. Official Reality flickers, shimmers - and - Nife is gone. Joss watches the youth, he gets up from his table.

EXT. MISSPENT YOUTH CLUB - NIGHT

Joss surreptitiously follows the youth leads into the darkness.

EXT. DARK STREET - NIGHT

The youth takes small mechanism from his pocket, puts it down on the sidewalk - activates it, moves to nearby doorways, waits.

Shadows, waifs, 12-year-old boys - armed with pipe clubs. Settle down

The mechanism starts an ION STREAM, an unage fountains. A XoBoT approaches. It is a Set Up for an ambush.

KID

Hey tinhead!

As the Xobot turns to face the kid, ANOTHER WAIF appears behind it wielding a long steel pipe - a mighty CLANG as METAL CONNECTS WITH METAL!

The waif downs the XoBoT with a mighty blow to the head - CRACKS BRAIN PLATE sending shower of cranial bits and pieces flying into the night.

WHOOOPS OF TRIUMPH as he clubs it to oblivion - the kids hardly wait to pick up the pieces, bring out a GURNEY and roll the Xobot away - SIRENS the Youth ducks Charley Joss watches him Joss comes out of hiding in the shadows and retrieves shining innards from the Xobot's cranial frontispiece: THE TREATMENT NEEDLE UNIT. He slides out the sharp mechanism.

Sees girl in bar takes her home

FADE OUT

#### TAGGA SUPERHERO TITLE SEQUENCE

Graphics glistening with slick

Gets into invisible cloak comes out as TAGGA, a young man with an artist's palette

Other superheros

#### MICHAEL NIFE SINGS

Boys and girls come out to play,  
the moon is shining as bright as day

Dream Sequence - Joss sleeps

A dancing child, a beautiful little girl with golden curls. She is maybe three years old - she spins outstretched arm

#### CHILD

Dance with me Mister Man.

The man takes her from the boy, the little girl, into her eye It is Sandrine.

#### ACT 1 - A HUMANE SOLUTION FOR GRAFITTI

INT. JOSS'S NO-TECH CRIB - DAY

A large stark room, low tech and no tech - this is a stark contrast industrial windows - This LA is different from lucent scenes; dull concrete and wind blown trash Long dry concrete river bed - behind it, lights cut abrupt blue sky - Joss sleeps, pillow over face - he wakes up in a cold sweat.

Startled, it takes him an instant to realize he is looking into the crossed-eyed stare of a SLINKY SIAMESE CAT.

She is staring out of the window in awe.

GIRL

It is so close Charley.

JOSS

What. Huh. Hn. Close?

GIRL

City limits, to Behind the sky. Why do you choose to live here.

JOSS

Rent. Rents good.

GIRL

Isn't kinda creepy living so close t'behind the sky, dangerous like?

JOSS

Dangerous? Who would hurt me? I work for the city.

GIRL

You're a cop. I don't sleep with cops.

JOSS

You always say that.

GIRL

I kinda keeps a memory of all the boys I beds and you be a newbie Charlie.

JOSS

You are good Arlene. This is the second tag in three weeks. It must be costing you a fortune.

GIRL

I can afford it - and you're worth it Charlie. When did you make me? Don't tell me it was before we came to bed. Maybe when we were having seconds.

JOSS

In the bar Arlene.

(Her face changes, she is now a DIFFEREMNT GIRL)

I really wanna keep it fresh between us.

JOSS

I've only known you three weeks Arlene,  
you gotta kinda slow down for me here.

ARLENE

You don't mind do you Charlie - I know  
you are a pensionman but I can't help  
being rich

You would have never asked me back to  
your place out here.

(She looks at it awe

That's where it starts - fifty miles  
out to San Bernadildo

JOSS

JOSS

that's behind the sky.

Get to work Use my car

JOSS

Why you looking at me like that? You  
don't dance do you Betty, no thought  
not. No, I don't have a hangover. Its  
that dream again Betty. At least it is  
a life of texture, at least I can feel  
you, you little furry freak.

CUT TO

EXT. URBAN LOS ANGELES - DAY

Charley keeps his car on the street - there is evidence of trash  
on the sidewalk and old solid 20th century buildings with  
decayed paint line the street.

The sidewalk suddenly becomes shiny, walls gleam;

INT. CAR - DAY

- rubs his eyes, yawns, Charley puts on his sunglasses

INT. LAPD HQ - DAY

Charles passes a LINE OF KIDS with bloody or bandaged foreheads  
- parents, bruised red incision - Joss takes the stairs, down  
into the bowels of the earth.

INT. LADP HOMELESSNESS DETAIL - DAY

Basement, low ceilings heavy with enormous hanging ropes of multicolored wires and pipes - despite this claustrophobic vibe, the WORKERS seem happy - Joss sits writing in his cubicle.

OFFICER

(Passing)

Boss said he can see you now Charly.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Joss enters. A-BOB is an untidy guy with a benevolent demeanor.

JOSS

A-Bob Ribob, sir.

The both remove their darkglasses in a ritual of trust.

A-BOB

How'd it go Charlie - what's the good word on Value Voice?

JOSS

Oh, he's still out there. I was tracking a suspect I thought might be a lead to him - but a XoBoT got to the kid before me - zapped him good.

A-BOB

Pity. Don't beat yourself up for that Charlie. There are now three hundred of the new Reacto XoBoTs out prowling L.A. twentyfour-seven.

JOSS

Minus one.

(Produces needle mechanism from Xobot's forehead.)

Xobots are a cruel way to teach our kids tidiness A-Bob.

A-BOB

Where did you get that?

AGGAR

(Hands the intimidating instrument to A-Bob)

Off of a 'dead' Xobot, or should I say decomissioned Xobot - saw a bunch of kids do it - it's in my report.

A-BOB

You haven't filed? TechnoVice don't know you have this little keepsake?

JOSS

Of course not - hey, I hope not.

A-BOB

(With irony, examining needle)

A 'Humane Solution to Graffiti' - the Reacto Xobot - a man-machine capable of identifying culprits, tracking them down and injecting a chemical to implanted their tag into their field of vision. Uuuk. This injector is like a goddam skull stapler!

JOSS

You don't want to hear it crack a skull A-Bob.

A-BOB

Imagine walking around and everything you see is tagged. Even when your eyes are closed you see your tag.

JOSS

- - When they sleep they can't escape.

A-BOB

Homeland Security and TechnoVice have got Taggers begging to be restored to normal vision - you saw them upstairs?

JOSS

I saw the line - this ain't aversion therapy A-Bob, its torture.

A-BOB

You've seen todays Crimestat - tagging rate down.

JOSS

- and teen suicide up. 67%. We have to get to the kids before the XoBoTs and Technovice. A losing the battle A-Bob. If we weren't retiring soon some of us could be out of a job.

A-BOB

We need Value Voice Charlie.



JOSS

(Gets up)

- gonna do the burbies, the juniunies.

EXT. LA - DAY

Joss rides across town in his battered LAPD Cruiser. It looks strangely real compared to the ...

JOSS

Reality is kinda patchy around here.

A-BOB

It's a neighborhood that went

EXT. JUNI-UNI - DAY

Sunshine; another perfect day; a perfect campus abundant with shade trees and perfectly mown luxuriant green lawns.

PIM crosses the grass alone. She is a radiant 16-year old girl.

Next, KNOWLER appears. Whereas she is definitely cool he definitely isn't; he should be good looking, but is, well, off, weird; HE IS THE YOUTH FROM THE OPENING SCENES. His jaunty stride carries him almost within range of the girl when another BOY emerges in his path, absently reading a book as he walks.

KNOWLER

Nothing is real man, nothing.

GOODYGOOD

Ah, KNOWLER speaks. Since nothing is essentially a void, a vacuum, it cannot exist, or do we have to go through naïve realism theory of perception again.

KNOWLER

Goodygood, hey I was just being conversational man, like saying hi. Why do you always have to act like such a blatant non-verb.

GOODYGOOD

Nonverb? Ah, a riddle, goodygood! Let me see now. I'm a non-verb, meaning no-action, like I'm all talk, all hot-air,um? - hey, very good Knowler.

KNOWLER

Hey man, you hear they caught the Good Word?

GOODYGOOD

Being a nonverb there is nothing I can do about it, alas.

KNOWLER

I was there Goodygood, I saw it go down - I saw a XoBoT drill skull!

GOODYGOOD

The Word's skull! Disgusting, and pathetic - this being a perfect world of consumerism - where the system today is taking us - - the taggers are becoming too clever - we have the technology to solve it - put out bids into the techno sector -

it is an ordinary town not far from the big city; there seems little unusual about except that like LA, everyone wears sunglasses. Even at night. Even the old fogies man. Everyone wears

We are left with the nagging suspicion

That couldn't be me - I can't

EXT. JUNI-UNI - DAY

STUDENTS loose their cool appearances as they enter. A bold sign explains: 'NO TAGS TO BE WORN IN CLASS - ONLY EXCEPTION: FACIAL SKIN CARE SUPERFICIALS.'

INT. JUNI-UNI CLASSROOM - DAY

The period bell rings. The students change glasses for darker ones as they EXIT becoming A BLUR OF FASHION STATEMENTS in tinted glasses - we follow PIM, the pretty 17 year-old girl.

EXT. JUNI-UNI - DAY

Pim crosses the lawns alone. KNOWLER appears, and is soon trotting beside her.

KNOWLER

Hi Pim.

(Nods politely, almost smiles.)

Good weekend? 'Still like it here livin' this side of town?

PIM

Sure. It's neat.

KNOWLER

Neat?

PIM

Yes.

KNOWLER

I suppose it is neat. Yes.

(She thinks about it, is about to  
reply, Mutter)

Southland CA is a neat and tidy place,  
'needs a neat tidy tight mind to live  
in it.

Graffiti tagging is loose, messy but  
gets people thinking, not like here.

This school students don't think, don't  
want to think, aren't taught to think  
but taught not to think - not to  
question.

PIM

Kids go school to learn what they want  
- if they want - not to question the  
system.

KNOWLER

(His goofy look

Not to question official reality.

(His face sets up differently

'You like taggers?

PIM

Of course, taggers remind us that  
everything isn't as it appears, that is  
why graffiti is such a heinous crime.

KNOWLER

Really? That's funny.

PIM

You think I'm joking. As they say  
'Earth is Rainbow Planet, and LA is the  
End of the Rainbow'...

KNOWLER

A crock - of gold so bright everyone  
forced to wear sunglasses

(He lifts his - squints from the  
bright light)

Our lives are a mind game about  
illusion. Get behind the sky

a huge company that owns every  
startling conclusions some stop and  
listen most don't

Above them, the sky churns with a ripple

weather courtesy Reacto Corp. This is  
overpopulation with a smile, or is it

In the homes they are busy-busy. There  
reflection is a dirty word.

Let me ask you a question that doesn't  
Have you ever tasted a blade of grass?

PIM

Grass has no taste, its just holo-ware.

KNOWLER

Imagine picking a blade of grass,  
putting it in your mouth, biting it,  
and actually tasting it.

(He smiles, knowledably)

It's good.

PIM

Impossible - grass is just holography,  
stupid. Can you imagine how much  
money it would cost to oral-factor this  
field? You're silly.

KNOWLER

You think so? I've done it.

I can take you to a place where you can  
taste the grass, feel the dew, feel the  
soft touch of the wind, smell the soil.

PIM

Yeah, sure Knowler. In one of those  
expensive tactile-taster history books.

KNOWLER

There has to be something behind these  
walls of light - haven't you ever  
wanted to get there and find out?

Are you asking me out on a date?

Meet me at the ararara at babab

Pim hands him back the stem of grass, picks up her books, gets up, EXITS - Knowler watches her go chewing on the grass, running his fingers through the holographic grass.

REVEAL Joss standing watching the two kids, toying with the needle mechanism in his pocket.

KNOWLER

- So cool wearing shades - he has left home therefore he is homeless - homelessness is almost as serious as tagging - keeping tabs on the citizenry Homelessness isn't on Rainbow Planet.

PIM

Yeah, right.

KNOWLER

- So cool wearing shades - he has left home therefore he is homeless - homelessness is almost as serious as tagging - keeping tabs on the citizenry Homelessness isn't on Rainbow Planet.

Yeah, right.

This is overpopulation with a big, happy smile - we can't escape, so why not enjoy it.

Wanna hear the Good Word?

This is overpopulation with a big, happy smile - we can't escape, so why not enjoy it.

Wanna hear the Good Word?

KNOWLER

The Light is caught and soon crowing  
that Without Reacto Corp the world  
would be a real dark place.

PIM

The Good Word wrote - the best taggers  
are captured and integrated into the  
system.

KNOWLER

Yeah, I saw that tag.

GOODYGOOD

Slaves in the code factories.

KNOWLER

Writing code day after day.

GOODYGOOD

Writing new flavors for glup, new  
textures for glurp; New Wild Sea  
Strawberry and Pelican Steak Metasoy  
Hotcakes, cool.

They look at him, wondering if he is being serious.

PIM

Who knows if there is, or ever was,  
such a delectable menu item?

KNOWLER

There is official reality and official  
history and somewher out there behind  
the sky - the truth!

PIM

I believe all of this...

(Sweeps arms in broad gesture)

All of this - is the best they could do  
cleaning up a real mess after nuclear  
holocaust...

KNOWLER

What nuclear holocaust? There is  
Official Reality and Official History -  
then there is real history and real  
reality...

PIM

Talk like that can get you into deep  
trouble.

Goodygood scrawls on napkin, pushes it to Pim.

INSERT NOTE: It reads: 'I believe it too. You can trust us.'

GOODYGOOD

(Taking back napkin/note from  
Pim, wiping mouth with it.)

Waitress, got any more of that extra-  
chewy coffee?

The Light and Truth Machine were  
caught, and tortured with the new  
punishment before their identities were  
revealed

PIM

What does Tagga do that is so  
different, so out of the ordinary that  
puts him above all the other taghakkas.

KNOWLER

He has never been caught is what.

PIM

That's because he doesn't tag anymore.

KNOWLER

He does.

PIM

I have never personally seen one of his  
tags, have you?

KNOWLER

Well, not lately.

He wayches her walk away, a dreamy smile playing

EXT. LA STREET - NIGHT

The sidewalk glows with dancing Reacto Neonix - unlike the rest  
of the PASSERSBY, Goodygood uncharacteristically slaps out at it

GOODYGOOD

Shit, go away. Go AWAY!

PIM

You still let it get to you?

GOODYGOOD

Reacto Neonix, smart signage that  
reaches out and calls to you by name,

tries to snag you, drag you in off the  
sidewalk and sell you shit.

KNOWLER

touches

And it is shit. Digital diarrhea

GOODYGOOD

Everything is shit, drekled excreta.  
Moviatrix sold by the Machine.

Who the fuck am I. You'll never know,  
I'm gonna change this world the name is  
tagga man; groove on that one, fuggit.

Pim and the Knowler back off as Goodygood is arrested by the  
XoBoT, spiked

A drop of blood from the tiny hole between his eyes  
Knowler and Pim help their stagger along between them

She looks at Knowler - though she has misgivings, is she  
attracted to him.

KNOWLER

Ever thought about who owns the sky?

Just go away I said, graffiti slime

THE WORD

This is 'The Word' coming to you from  
LA.

Yeah, I be 'The Word' the biggest and  
bestest taghacker ever.

Bar none.

Los Angeles before, recognize it now  
man?

"Wanna hear the word?

"Wanna know who Tagga is?



"The last person you'd suspect.

"I know

JOSS

Tagging is a major crime.

KNOWLER

And Tagga is a major criminal. The biggest and the best, the greatest tagger of all time, and not only because he is uncaught, but the social context of his art.

KNOWLER

Tagging rate goes down - suicide rte goes up

KNOWLER

Fuck you just go away

Who owns the sky?

KNOWLER

Just go away I said, graffiti slime  
This is 'The Word' coming to you from LA.

Yeah, I be 'The Word' the biggest and bestest taghacker ever.

Bar none.

Los Angeles before, recognize it now man?

Who the fuck am I. You'll never know, I'm gonna change this world the name is tagga man

Pim tags along beside the two boys

GOODYGOOD

Now here's a cute little scene for you Pim. City Hall, recognize it? All those assholes in black, with the batons and helmets, recognize them?

LAPD right? Wrong! They are private cops. Reacto rentascum rentagoons.

KNOWLER

Reacto is putting on another campaign.  
look at the signs.

(turns to Pim)

Graffiti kills! It is choking our  
freedom.

(Laughs)

Our peace of mind. free

Something has to be done to stamp it  
out.

Goodygood is busy spraying a graffiti-tag and does not notice  
the XoBoT slip through

### *END SCENE START NEW SCENE*

EXT. JUNIUNI YARD - DAY

Pim is either depressed, or deeply immersed in her schoolbook  
sitting on the astrolawn:

KNOWLER

I can make the grass grow.

The grass grows before their eyes; a pampas undulating rythms of  
golden green, whispering, hypnotic

PIM

That is so beautiful

KNOWLER

Yeah - but legally, it's graffiti. And  
I only had enough credits to run it for  
ten seconds.

PIM

Who are you?

KNOWLER

My name's David Knowles. But you can  
call me KNOWLER

PIM

That's just your school nickname - what  
is your tag name.

KNOWLER

Me, a tagger - I wish.

(Waves pod)

All I have is a pod with only enough  
power for

The idyllic pampas fades

PIM

But the grass - it was so beautiful -  
like it was waving just at me.

KNOWLER

It was - haven't you seen it before?

PIM

No, should I?

KNOWLER

It's an old Tagga tag. My favorite.  
That was just a copy I got off of the  
web...

PIM

Tagga?

KNOWLER

Tagga - the Greatest Graffiti Artist,  
ever! He had that grass waving through  
a political convention - it ran for  
twenty minutes and there was no way  
anyone could clear it. It stopped a  
riot.

PIM

Have you got any more?

KNOWLER

Who can actually puncture reality like  
it really isn't 2093 and he can prove it

Technology is no substitute for human  
endeavor - the satisfaction sweat human  
spirit beats

hopelessness of kids - tagging is now  
more than a gang is and marking out  
turf it has come symbolize

I am The Word.

I am The Word.

Southland CA is a neat tidy place

that needs a tidy tight mind to live in  
 Graffiti is loose, messy  
 Tagging major crime  
 gets people thinking"

JOSS

Homelessness isn't on Rainbow Planet -

KNOWLER

he has left home therefore he is  
 homeless - homelessness is almost as  
 serious as tagging - keeping tabs on  
 the citizenry

This is overpopulation with a happy  
 smile

He can't escape

I am Tagga

See him die on stage tonight

Nife's last encore

See him die on stage tonight

Nife's last encore

CUT TO

Where do I live?

Is that important?

I don't live anywhere.

That man, I think he is following you.

I know I'm being followed.

Why would a homeless guy be after you?

KNOWLER

The homelessness detail are cops with a  
 difference, cops with a conscience.

PIM

Homeless, I don't get it.

KNOWLER

If you are not in 'Official Reality'  
then where are you? If you are not on  
Homeland Security's radar of,  
Technically you are homeless.

That cool old dude back there is LAPD  
Homelessness Detail Pensionman Charlie  
Joss tracking the homeless tagger known  
as 'Value Voice'-

PIM

How do you know that **here**

I wouldn't be much of a taghukka fan if  
I didn't know that - He thinks I don't  
know he is following me.

PIM

You're Value Voice.

KNOWLER

He might think so, but trust me, I'm  
not - and unknown to him, he too is  
under surveillance, by a girl.

PIM

That girl.

INSERT: Sandrine

PIM

She is very pretty.

KNOWLER

No, she is beautiful - pity she is only  
a tag.

PIM

How could you know that?

If you aren't Value Voice, why is after  
you?

Sandrine takes the elevators, up and -

INT. TECHNO-VICE - DAY

SUPERMODELS and Sandrine wafts through,

BOULT

So obvious as not to be noticed.  
Interesting. But you can take that tag  
off now officer.

ROMA

Yes sir.

BOULT

Where did you get that tag anyhow.

ROMA

Oh, I found it.

BOULT

I don't want to hear more - So, what  
gives with the suspect pensionman?

ROMA

Pensionman Joss just seems to be doing  
his job, he almost had a tagger before  
our XoBoT pipped him to the post.

A long moment passes between them

BOULT

You don't seem convinced he might be  
our man.

ROMA

I'm not, but I want to stay on him. I  
don't trust our data. Why would anyone  
want to give up a taghacker, they are  
heros? It has never happened before.  
What do we have on our informant?

BOULT

We don't. It was an anonymous tip.  
Tagga does not exist except in binary  
code and minds of twenty million kids.  
He is just a dead legend.

EXT. LA BURB#532 - NIGHT

Perfect little home on a perfect night, rooftops  
The CLOAKED FIGURE moves with agilily

Tagga appears to Knowler,

tells him he is getting sloppy, that he  
could have nearly got caught on  
Saturday night.

How could you know, you weren't there.

I'm everywhere Dave.

I'm here right now. You have firewalls  
around firewalls and moats and  
stockades but I'm still here Dave.

INT. KNOWLER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Low ambient light flickers up the walls soothing firmament of  
stars above. A gentle breeze blows,

KNOWLER is in bed, eyes staring into the heavens above:

TAGGA

Can't sleep Dave. 'Things on your mind?

Invisible cloak.

The lithe lean young body of a superhero.

TAGGA

I really like your room Dave. Sleeping  
out under the stars. I wish I could  
afford to do that.

KNOWLER

How did you get in here?

TAGGA

Know who I am Dave?

KNOWLER

Sure, a tag of Tagga.

KNOWLER

Why do you keep bugging me, what do you  
want?

TAGGA

I think you are really interesting  
Dave.

KNOWLER

Really?

TAGGA

Yes, and I respect you.

KNOWLER

Is that right?

TAGGA

Oh yes. Since the Reacto Corporation's humane solution has tidied up the highways and byways and walls of Los Angeles - well, I wouldn't like a XoBoT drilling me in the head - would you?

KNOWLER

I don't

TAGGA

There are two of us left now Dave.  
Just me and you.

KNOWLER

I don't know what you are talking about.

TAGGA

You really are a great holotaghakker Dave -- it would be a great pity if you are silly enough to let yourself get caught -- it gets lonely when you are out there on your own -- other than me you are the only one left.

TAGGA

I told you Dave, Tagga. This isn't a trap to make you admit who you are.

Your 'Fake Freedom' speech. I really liked that. You have technical genius, I give you that. But it is your spirit that really got you noticed.

You have been a taghakker since you were ekeven years old..



Brought by a president who brought out  
the hatred of the world on us, who  
started wars

TAGGA

Wanna know who Tagga is? The last  
person you'd suspect.

KNOWLER

All I know is that tagging is a major  
crime.

Tagga is a major criminal. The biggest  
and the best, he greatest tagger of all  
time, and not only because he is  
uncaught, but the social context of his  
art.

Tagging rate goes down - suicide rate  
goes up

TAGGA

Someone is tracking me down to kill me.

INT. PIM'S ROOM - NIGHT

PIM

Just go away.

EXT. JUNIUNI SCHOOLROOM - DAY

Mellow golden sunshine beats down on yet another perfect day  
outside. Pim quietly works

KNOWLER

Have you ever tasted a blade of grass?

PIM

Grass has no taste - it is just holo.

KNOWLER

Image picking a blade of grass, putting  
it in your mouth, biting it, tasting  
it. It's good.

PIM

Impossible - grass is just holography,  
stupid. Can you imagine how much it  
would cost to oralfactor this field?

You are stupid.

KNOWLER

You think so. I can take you to where  
you can taste the grass, feel the dew,  
feel the soft touch of the wind, smell  
the soil -

I am Tagga, ha ha - only joking.

PIM

You are stupid Knowler - in a nice way.

KNOWLER

Thanks. But I can make the grass grow.

Grass.

Cool.

Not only grass, but flowers.

A flower materia;lizes in huis hand

They kiss -

KNOWLER

Now do you believe me?

GOODYGOOD

David Knowles has street wisdom far  
exceeding his years

KNOWLER

Reacto Corporation controls world media  
music marketing; thousands of TV, Radio  
and Hololinx; opinion makers of world  
youth -

PIM

- and also owners and controllers of  
Michael Nife. Do you think Nife is  
dead?

his 1

Act 2 - NIFE'S LAST ENCORE

Nife's bloodbath death has caused major controversy.

He dissapears, literally in front of bilions of fans - kidnapped, or did he run. Whatever, he is legally without a home. Joss gets a new case. Find him!

Act I - Rainbow's End

Act 2 - Tagga and the Graffitiists

INT. JUNI-UNI - DAY

A book, wow. I haven't seen one of those in years.

KNOWLER

Homelessness isn't on Rainbow Planet. At least, in Los Angeles. This is the Society of Plenty where Everyone has Everything. Like this crock - of gold - is all we have striven for this past two hundred years?

We should do what Tagga and the Graffitiists tell us and attempt to find out what is behind the sky - and change it.

GOODYGOOD

Graffiti is breaking down the system showing all the unseemly cracks.

KNOWLER

C'mon Goodygood, you are as much an anarchist as

PIM

Goodgoody is exactly as he appears, a goodly citizen with no eyes or ears for anything except mazethink.

GOODYGOOD

I'm not as blind as you think Pim - I  
can get out of the maze anytime I like.

KNOWLER

Is that right.

GOODYGOOD

Yes.

PIM

Are you telling me you've been behind  
the sky?

GOODYGOOD

Yes.

PIM

So, what is out there?

GOODYGOOD

More sky - dark sky - dirty sky.  
Beautiful, really' real, dirty sky.

PIM

Polution? That is a just rumour.

GOODYGOOD

You believe that then you are trapped  
in mazethink. I've seen it, been in it.

PIM

Really.

GOODYGOOD

I was sick - real bad, remember? -  
respiratory influenza, whatever -  
'couldn't go to the doctor in case I  
was reported.

KNOWLER

You didn't wear a breather

GOODYGOOD

A mask? - No, guess that's why I got  
sick.

PIM

So you have been there.

KNOWLER

Hey, I've heard the stories too, the  
poison air - but this isn't a good  
place to talk.

Do you know what this means?

The Reacto Robot corporation solves it  
with a humane solution.

KNOWLER, Pim and Goodygood spot Joss  
tailing them - or.

KNOWLER

Are you a runaway.

PIM

No. Are you?

KNOWLER

No, but one of us is.

GOODYGOOD

Why is that?

(Gestures to Joss)

Who is he?

KNOWLER

LAPD Homeless detail.

GOODYGOOD

Why hasn't he swooped

PIM

What is he waiting for

JOSS

Got to arrest you Mr. Word, which is  
kinda sad cause I got a lot of sympathy  
for where you are coming from man.

watch march Goodygood away

But before Joss can move, a XoBoT materializes out of the wall

Joss backs off from the Gobot - runs. Turns corner. The word

struggles - fights the XoBoT

NEW ANGLE

Goes into the telephone booth

JOSS

I have been waiting my whole life to do  
this

Comes out of telephe box as Tagga - cloak flowing dissapears  
back

The Word has been overpowered and head between the XoBot's huge  
hands is about to succumb to the skull piercing needle when  
Tagga leaps in swinging his brush like a double-handed sword.  
The mighty blow decapitates the XoBoT.

WORD

The Word saved by Tagga - wow, this'll  
go down in history!

TAGGA

You have always got something to say  
Word - just shut it and git okay,

Dart lines snake in from the other XoBoTs and bounce off of  
Taggas sheild

A CROWD GATHERS as Tagga takes out the XoBoTs - spilling their  
metal limbs and innards

TAGGA

Go - run - before

XoBoT REINFORCEMENTS SHOW UP a display of his visual virtuosity  
splatters his adversaries and then with a flourish, shrouds  
himself in his invisibility cloak - and is gone

FADE OUT

Act II - BEHIND THE SKY

The haves-and-the-have-nots meet.

KNOWLER

There is a world out there, and it is  
not how it has been presented by Voice  
of the System. The people out there are  
genuinely happy; the antagonism towards

them is not reciprocated, it is generally felt that for all of their material wealth the lightsiders are unhappy, always striving - for the

be honest, describe present day America in relation to the rest of the world.

-Tag Joss finds

The girl find Tagga The cop came up but stayed a tagger - the most daring in the world

ROMANTIC INTEREST is killed.

KNOWLER

wants to learn more than he should

Self starters

There has to be something behind the walls of light

And he is going to get there to find out

PIM

But Tagga is a criminal.

KNOWLER

No. Tagga is a major criminal. The greatest tagger of all time. Not only because he has never been caught, but because of his message.

PIM

Message?

Learn

Holotagging crime with mental punishment worst than death and Tagga, the ultimate criminal graffiti artist.

Is constantly asking people why

finds out why...

Graffiti

PIM

A new mental punishment.

Worse than death

surgical in the brains that makes them  
walk around with their tag implanted  
into their field of vision!

Everything they see is tagged!

When their eyes are closed

they see their tag!

PIM

Yes, I've heard - even when they sleep!

KNOWLER

A punishment even untidy messy little  
kids get it too.

GOODYGOOD

Where do all the taggers go?

PIM

The penitentiary of course.

GOODYGOOD

And penitentiary is where the skysigns  
get made

KNOWLER

And all the home environment software -  
doesn't that tell you something?

INT. DOWNTOWN FABFIFTIES DINER -

They continue eating the deliocious looking food, Describe the  
food Knowler Takes Pim to dinner. Knowler shows that it is all  
glup.

PIM

I'm glad you brough me here, how can  
you afford it

KNOWLER

Glup. You know it is all glup.

That is why this is an expensive  
restaurant, the equipment to tag the  
glup and sensory-texture it in our



mouths, you can't imagine how much all that costs.

PIM

I don't believe it

- 'because you don't want to believe it.

Costs

The food arrives - they settle down to eat

PIM

You know all this stuff and do criminal things - why do you trust me

KNOWLER

You trust me don't you

PIM

Yes

I have tickets for a concert

Michael nifes last concert - wow. Yes please.

As the two kids show up for the concert, his time Knowler is unaware that he has been followed by Joss and is being watched

It is Saturday afternoon in the mall.

The XOBOTS surround Joss Shoot him up

I am not Tagga

SANDRINE

There is no way you can prove that Pensionsman Joss.

ACT 2 - NIFE'S LAST ENCORE

INT. CONCERT - NIGHT

Michael Nife comes out on stage

His guitar solo builds and builds  
 Knif comes out, slices off a piece of woodwork, vibrarting plec  
 making

Tagga appears! He peeks out of his cloak.

His brush handle

JOSS

This is a live broadcast.

And that is Tagga with Michael Nife.  
 So if I were Tagga, as you claim, how  
 could I be here enjoying your company  
 this evening?

EXT. HOMELAND SECURITY (GLOBAL) INC. - NIGHT

Joss is released and comes down the front steps. Picks a bug  
 off of himself.

Scene with Tagga in cab?

His music will be worth more as a  
 legend.

Aging rock stars are an embarrassment.

MICHAEL NIFES FINAL CONCERT

After the concert

EXT. BEACH IN MOONLIGHT - NIGHT

The surf crashes in

KNOWLER

Well, this is it - behind the sky.

PIM

Do you come here a lot Dave?

KNOWLER

Only when or special occassions

PIM

I won't be coming back to school Dave.  
My family we have to move again.

Dad's job, his work,

Oh - I'm sorry about that. You you  
don't seem too happy about it.

PIM

I'm too old for you Dave.  
One day you will see. We will meet  
again and you will see.

KNOWLER

Tagga is the ultimate subversive, the  
undisputed King of counter culture.

This is 'The Word' coming to you from  
LA. Yeah, I be 'The Word' the biggest  
and bestest taghacker ever bar none -  
your Tagmaster extraordinaire.

Three kids try to find out what is behind the sky - and  
disappear

INT. LAPD HOMELESSNESS DETAIL - DAY

Monday morning

REVEREND BOULT

I have noted your contentious remarks  
about the Xobot - what do you know  
about Michael Nife, Pensionaman Joss?

BOULT is a scrawny, florid-faced little man of overly neat  
appearance in black clerical weeds and white dog collar.

A-BOB

Charlie, this is Reverend Boulton, Head  
of Security for Reacto Corporation.

Boulton makes no move to offer greeting nor handshake.

JOSS

What do I know about Michael Nife?

(Thinks for a moment...)

Only what I have been fed by mediatrix  
for the past six or seven years.

A child prodigy, a fabulously talented  
musician and outrageous showman who hit  
world fame at fourteen bragging he  
would die on stage on his 21<sup>st</sup> birthday.  
He disappeared Saturday night - which  
was his 21st birthday.

REVEREND BOULT

As an Homelessness Detail Pensionman,  
doesn't Michael Nife's disappearance  
interest or concern you?

JOSS

I don't believe mediatrix Reverend.

REVEREND BOULT

Reacto World News isn't mediatrix.

JOSS

Is that right? I am afraid I don't  
watch the Reacto Channels Reverend.

REVEREND BOULT

But I believe you did see the Reacto  
Channels broadcast of his final show -  
when he disappeared - again, his  
homelessness doesn't concern you?

JOSS

All genuine homelessness concerns me  
Reverend. It is my job, more, my duty.

REVEREND BOULT

Your duty, yes - you only have weeks to  
serve pensionman, thorough but dull  
career. This is a chance to shine.

We are very concerned about Michael's  
welfare Pensionman Joss, very. Michael  
has a sensitive disposition. He needs  
to be at home surrounded by the people  
who care for him.

JOSS

I understand perfectly.

REVEREND BOULT

We understand you have a knack of finding young people Pensionman.

JOSS

Michael needs his folks. That's a good place to start. With his family. Have you talked to them.

REVEREND BOULT

We at Reacto Corp are his family. Tragically he has no one else - no next of kin - all he has are the musicians and associates he has surrounded himself with over the years.

(Hands Joss a slim file)

It is all there. They are family. We are family. We want him home.

JOSS

(Reads briefly)

This only covers his time with Reacto Records.

REVEREND BOULT

That's all that is known, before that time Michael was a bum, a street singer, busker, travelling troubadour.

JOSS

A traveller? Are you telling me he was homeless?

REVEREND BOULT

There is no homelessness on Rainbow Planet Pensionman Joss.

JOSS

His origins could be Behind the Sky.

REVEREND BOULT

For you to choose to believe that such a place could exist is your prerogative - officially, to hold such a view is heresy - but your record of retrieving homeless victims from purgatory is exemplary.

JOSS

Purgatory?

A-BOB

I believe the Reverend is referring to  
Behind the Sky.

REVEREND BOULT

Reacto wants Nife back - home - soon.

There is a chill aftertaste to Boults' words

A-BOB

Pensionman Joss is highly competent,  
Reverend Boults. And I can assure you  
he has a sense of urgency that is often  
belied by his sense of bewilderment.

(Gets up from behind his desk)

You can rely on a fast result.

(Boults curtly nods, EXITS without  
a word)

Well Charlie, that was the Reverend  
Trevor Boults, Head of Security for  
Reacto Corporation Worldwide.

Ever caught his sermon on the Sunday  
Morning Reacto Worship Show?

Joss tosses Boults' file onto A-Bob's desk:

JOSS

You want a real update on Michael Nife  
boss? - Reacto wants Micheal Nife back  
so they can kill him.

His music will be worth more as a  
legend.

Aging rock stars are an embarrassment.

TAGGA

You want a real update on Michael Nife  
David?

Reacto wants Micheal Nife back so they  
can kill him.

His music will be worth more as a  
legend.

Aging rock stars are an embarrassment.

BOULTS

Secretly, taggers expect to be caught,  
want to be caught - their trials are

part of their notoriety - plus, the quickly evolving technology eventually weakens their grasp on the cutting edge allowing - they are too old by the time they are twenty and it is all down hill from there.

Except Tagga. Tagga has stayed ahead of the curve.

Paste: Reverend boult kills Roma.

Where did you get the tag Roma.

I found it.

Maybe he was trying to kill the tag. Maybe the tag is a copy of a real person. I often thought that. While I was wearing her. She is so beautiful. Why couldn't I look like that. But

After Roma is dead Sandrine appears yet again, and helps

LATER:

Charlie Joss turns the tables on his tail

ROMA

Somebody has put a tag on you she says

JOSS

Who are you to be asking

ROMA

You must be important to have been tagged with a life-size graffita sleaze like me.

JOSS

Romantic interest. Is this for real?

SANDRINE'S beautiful face fizzles into a blur, focuses into a nice looking

ROMA

That's right. Father Roy Percival  
Interest. And mother was a romantic who  
thought.

(

All of this history has put me in a  
mood for some retro, so lets backtrack  
a little here Charlie. Just a few years  
say. Time of the Great Graffiti Plague.  
The spray paint on the walls is  
suddenly the problem of LAPD. But  
TechnoVice doesn't have the resouces,  
either human or echnical.

The problem is insolvable, and put out  
to bids.

The year is 2083.

A robot corporation solves it with a  
'humane solution'.

#### JOSS

A man-machine capable of identifying  
the culprit tracks them down and then a  
chemical is injected into the brains  
that makes them walk around with their  
tag name logo implanted into their  
field of vision. Everything they see is  
tagged. Cruel.

#### ROMA

But there is one tagger they cannot  
get.

(or, they do, but he manages to destroy  
the searchbot and shoot himself up with  
the antidote)

This is the hero

A cop

Tagga is Charlie Joss

Conspiracy theory

End of movie

#### ROMA

Back to graffiti. It is a source of  
youth telling us they are there.

And, unprivileged.



choking our freedom; everything is  
covered with a patina of complaint.

BOULT

Where is their gratitude?

And graffiti just doesn't stop at spray  
paints tags - there are the other more  
sophisticated versions.

though he voices the authorities it is  
a little too parrot-fashion, arousing  
suspicion

Graffiti to change the neon, the huge  
signs that spread into the sky

JOSS

International Cartel owns everything.  
Story opens in a dim metropolis; this  
is overpopulation with a smile

Grim with

The only source of cheer is The Light.  
(who what is elaborate

ROMA

We both want the same thing. You are a  
cop Charlie. I am too.

Joss is a cop. And Joss is Tagga. But  
who am I?

I am the machine. Yeah, they call me  
The Machine. They got me

But I escaped

Tagga - Act I - Rainbow's End  
Act 1 picks up the world of Mike Nife  
See him die on stage tonight  
Nife's last encore  
He plays the first couple of numbers  
disappears

outrage

VOICE OF THE SYSTEM

Without Reacto Corp the world would be  
 a real dark place. The best taggers  
 are captured integrated into the system  
 t is after a real mess up nuclear  
 holocaust maybe

### Silencing Value Voice

His music would be worth more dead a  
 than alive  
 Jim Morrison

The sky darkens with cheap messages  
 This is low rent

The grass grows before their eyes

That is so beautiful  
 Maybe, but legally, its graffitti  
 Who are you  
 I am KNOWLER  
 David Knowles  
 But you can call me KNOWLER

Like what would you do if I told you I  
 know somebody who can actually puncture  
 reality like it reality y isn't 2093 and he  
 can prove it

Technology is no substitute for human  
 endeavor

The satisfaction sweat human spirit  
 beats

hopelessness of kids - tagging is now  
 more than a gang is and marking out  
 turf it has come symbolize

t is a tidy world  
 you need a tidy mind and Graffiti is  
 messy  
 "Nothing is real  
 behind the sky  
 blue skys by day  
 rarely a cloud in sight  
 starry skies by night

please give me some moonlight  
 the moon shines bright  
 but never casts shadows  
 starlight by night  
 storm clouds but it never rains  
 ever thought like why?  
 You're dumb baby - numb  
 come on now - don't live the lie  
 find out why - what is behind the sky!

The three ex-taggers help TechnoVice trap Tagga

Tagger weilds his brush is like a two-handed broadsword bringing  
 down more XoBoTs with powerfukl blows as they send more and more  
 One XoBot takes one of Tagga arms, a second takes the other as  
 the third XoBot leans over Tagga and hishead in its huge hands.

The mechinism need drills into Tagga's skull! A moment of  
 With a final thrust of stregnth Tagga

Tagga urgently destroys the final XoBoT - tears open satchel and  
 pulls out the needle mechinism - he loads it up and holding it  
 ahainsy his forehead he violently crashes his head against the  
 wall - drives in the needle, shoots himself up with the antidote  
 - falls to the ground, the s[like protruding from his forehead.

TAGGA

I know you can see me.

Graffiti is the voice of youth telling us they are there, dickhead - and, unprivileged.

Unlike you, I know you can see me. Not me Reverend, but you -

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Tagga can be seen via a SECURITY CAM.

ANDREW LOBB

Reacto is neither malevolent or benevolent, but just is.

(points xxx at CHARLIE)

It is the only way to survive.

I'll find you. Your days are numbered.

Invisibility cloak and is gone.

Well, Tagga, you found me. Well done.

Tagga

I am Tagga - philosophical

By the time the reinforcements arrive all that is left are empty shells that were once XoBoTs.

INT. JOSS'S PAD - DAWN

He awakens - goes to bathroom - staring at scabbed-over hole in his forehead as he shaves

LA 2079

LAPD crimestat:

Tagging Rate Down 26%

Juvecrime report

teen suicide rate up 35%

TechnoVice Cop

How did he get those figures?

TechnoVice Boss  
Do they represent the truth?

TechnoVice Cop  
Perfectly. Look for yourself.

INT. CONCERT - NIGHT

NIFE

(Sings)

Look around you. At life in LA, the  
whole USA. You are trapped in  
perfection, but it is all a sham, a  
mocking perfection, a mocking  
projection -

Tagga/or VALUE VOICE

(Sings along)

- Even I am a holoprojection  
by your side.

Nife isn't dead - he didn't die on  
stage.

I am Tagga. Taggers remind that  
everything isn't what it appears.

That is why graffiti is such a heinous  
crime.

Earth is Rainbow Planet

LA is the End of the Rainbow

A crock

Of gold so bright everyone forced to  
wear sunglasses

Your life is a mind game about illusion  
- get behind the sky

track Reacto a huge company that owns  
every

startling conclusions

some stop and listen most don't

The sky churns with a ripple, weather courtesy Reacto corp.

Jesus begins to speak

VALUE VOICE

This is overpopulation with a smile,  
 Reacto owns the weather, Reacto Climate  
 control, Reacto owns your mind mind  
 control, Reacto owns your soulSoul  
 control

In the homes they are busy-busy  
 Reflection is a dirty word  
 Don't think – drink

Tagga is about technology run amock  
 Reacto Corporation controls world media  
 marketing  
 Tagging is a major crime.

JOSS

In a tidy world a tidy mind and  
 Graffiti is messy. It is a tidy world  
 you need a tidy mind to stay sane  
 productive and Graffiti is messy

IN ACT 11

She walks to the center of room. Concentrates. Pim is a  
 dancer. A great dancer. Sammy Davis Jr at Ciro's, Dame Margo  
 Fontaine at Covent Garden and Juliet Prouse in

JOSS

Hello. What's your name.

PIM

Pim. What's yours?

JOSS

Charley? Do I know you?

PIM

I don't think so.

Why did you come here?

To dance. The space. The space is safe.  
There are no hidden

The magnetism between them is overpowering. Her eyes pull gim  
towards her She does a backflip distances herself

PIM

You followed me here. Yet - - - I am  
not frightened of you.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Boult

Xobot one-eight-three-eight reporting.  
Go ahead one-eight-three-eight.

Have audiotagger Value Voice in sights  
but cannot penetrate his identity  
sheilds to read him rights prior to  
arrest.

REVND. BOULT

Seed him, he will soon give himself up  
to Homeland Security, we'll know who he  
is soon enough - but do not lose track  
of Joss.

VALUE VOICE

"Nothing is real  
behind the sky  
blue skys by day  
starlight by night  
storm clouds but it never rains  
and when it does you never get wet  
ever thought like why?  
You're dumb baby  
numb  
come on now  
don't live the lie

find out  
what is behind the sky!

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Xobot unit surrounds Knowles. He is restrained, head in hands of Xobot.

XOBOT  
We have Value Voice.

BOULT  
Hold seeding him until I give the order. I want his mind completely clear when I interrogate him. He is my lead into Tagga.

XOBOT  
Yes Reverend.

BOULT  
(To Lobb)  
I want witnesses. Send News Media. Immediately.

EXT. REPORTER SPEEDING ABOVE CITY STREETS - DAY

REPORTER  
This is Erica Sukal Reacto Nine Flying News - on the scene the moment news happens.

In the last one-minute operatives of Homeland Security caught the second final graffiti-ist ending the obscene and untidy epidemic of graffiti that has plagued the city for the past two years.

The graffitist, calling himself Value Voice, is waiting to undergo healing - can you get a tight shot on that Joe.

XOBOT AND VALUE VOICE, head held motionless, body falling limp.

PIM watches helplessly as the sky above the street begins to fill with a SWARM OF NEWSBOTS - one swoops down:

REPORTER



Any final sick values for the citizens  
of LA before you are treated and cured  
Mr. Voice?

VALUE VOICE

For treatment read punishment - without  
trial

REPORTER

Who are you, why did you become a  
graffitist?

VALUE VOICE

Conscience - Punishment

XOBOT TECHNICIAN

Who is he, what is his name.

2nd XOBOT TECHNICIAN

We have no read for his DNA. He is not  
on file. Must be a system malfunction.

His identity will not be revealed until  
he turns himself in to Homeland  
Security ot

EXT. TAGGA RESCUES VALUE VOICE FROM THE XOBOTS - DAY  
The Xobot gets irritarted by the

Knowler goes crazy

VALUE VOICE

(Banging head)

No. Stop the voices in my head.  
Please.

Jumps into the torrents of water.

Where am I?

Safe, in yur room, at home.

But how, the Xobots were real

I know, I am real too. I rescued you  
good buddy. Now you owe me.

What do you want.

KNOWLER

Tagga? - No?

TAGGA

Yes, it is I - - Tagga.

KNOWLER

What do you want, look I didn't mean -

TAGGA

How would you like to be Tagga - to take over from me.

(He hands over a capsule)

This is all it would take...

He looks at the capsule - comprehends its meaning.

KNOWLER

This is code - you are offering me your tag codes. No. Even if you were serious, I'm too young - to be Tagga.

TAGGA

No, you are not - really - I'm too old.

KNOWLER

I just don't have the experience, the talent, the math, the predisposition.

TAGGA

(Laughs)

The criminal predisposition? You do! But you have no choice Mr. Knowles.

(He folds Knowle's fingers around the flash capsule in his palm.)

Either you become Tagga or you go serve your cool years in the pen pixilating pretty skysigns.

KNOWLER

You'd turn me in?

TAGGA

They know all about you. They have you on file.

KNOWLER

They? - Who? - TechnoVice?

(Becomes fearful)

I couldn't do pixel time. TechnoVice know about me. How.

TAGGA

Relax. I have them blocked. They have no idea.

KNOWLER

How can I trust you - ?

TAGGA

(Smiles)

Yeah, they - LAPD - the LAPD Homelessness Detail Mr. Knowles - more like social workers than cops, they know all about you.

KNOWLER

I'm not homeless.

TAGGA

Is that right? You wouldn't be if you became self-supporting. On your birthday - you are now legally eligible for work.

KNOWLER

Work, job - eh?

TAGGA

Sure. You do great under cover. They never caught you as 'The Word'.

You'd make a good cop Mr. Knowles - in Homelessness detail.

No one would ever know you were once 'The Word' - or, Tagga -

KNOWLER

No one would know - - except you.

TAGGA

(Smiles.)

Sure, except lil' ol' me, I would know. But I would never tell and you would have access to your LAPD record file.

KNOWLER

Which could be removed - wiped clean maybe? Seems like I'm trapped - unless - I do what you want, so what's the deal?

TAGGA

Do one big Tag show Saturday night, some-thing totally global -

KNOWLER

I'm dead.

TAGGA

Yes, officially Value Voice self-ended, but David Knowles lives on.

KNOWLER

Value Voice self-ended?

TAGGA

Yes, so David Knowles could live on - you can see it on the news - it was an expensive tag - but worth it to me David, your true identity is safe.

KNOWLER

How. The Xobot took my DNA. TechnoVice would automatically know who I am.

TAGGA

If I hadn't deleted it from the system.

KNOWLER

There is only one holotaghakka who has the know to crack into the Reacto System. The legendary Tagga. But why would he do that? Just to save Value Voice. I don't think so,

TAGGA

Right, not to save Value Voice. But to save you. I just tolf you. So David Knowles could live on. To keep your true identity safe - so Tagga can live on.

KNOWLER

You are Tagga?

TAGGA

Yes.

KNOWLER

But Tagga has to be an old man.

TAGGA

I guess he is, the original Tagga; I have only been Tagga for eleven years, before then I was Heathen God Nine.

KNOWLER

Wow, I remember Nine from when I was a little kid. He disappeared after exposing that school district corruption and no one ever found out his true identity.

TAGGA

So it is no coincidence that Value Voice dies, and his true identity dies along with him. You are now Tagga.

KNOWLER

Okay, assuming I go along with all this - what do I do.

TAGGA

The same as with Value Voice, just keep on taggin'. Then when the day comes for you, just like it has for me today - and you will know, just as I know - then you hand over the cloak.

(Takes off cloak, hands it over.)

To keep Tagga alive for ever.

KNOWLER

(Takes cloak with reverence.)

- to keep Tagga alive for ever.

TAGGA

Yes. There will always be graffitti. There will always be the writing on the wall. That is our mission. To write it.

They boys holds up the cloak, its splashes of paint and aerosol airbrush whirls shimmer melding into the scenery of the room.

KNOWLER

Can you imagine the old days? Taggers actually used spray-paint in aerosol cans, and before that brushes. Now we use math and binary code.

One final question, who is Sandrine?

TAGGA

(Surprised)

You've met Sandrine?

KNOWLER

I kissed her.

TAGGA

C'mon. You are only a kid.

KNOWLER

Hey, I only kissed her goodbye.

Before she took off her tag she was just sixteen, her name was Pim, this really cool girl I liked. Man, she really had me fooled. Then she kissed me goodbye and I haven't seen her since. I asked her name and she said Sandrine. She was unbelievable.

Who is she - who is Sandrine?

TAGGA

I honestly wish I knew.

David, look, all I'm asking you to do is one big Tagga show this Saturday night, something totally global, totally absurd. That's it, then you will be out on your own as Tagga, okay?

Knowler nods, puts on the cloak, and spins. The colors meld into the background, he becomes invisible.

KNOWLER

Wow, I'm Tagga, wow. Hey, what-

But Tagga is not there. The boy opens his hand, looks at the flash-capsule. He plugs it into his computer. The screen immediately multiplies. He stands reading endless code that completely covers one wall.

KNOWLER Cont'd

I am Tagga - holy shit!

FADE OUT

EXT: DEATH OF A XOBOT - DAY

Charly Joss

SANDRINE

Is this the way you usually spend  
Saturday Night?

Tagga kills the Gobot/Rev Boulton  
and shoots himself up with the antidote.

SANDRINE

Graffiti is a source of youth telling  
us they are there.

And, unprivileged.

The cop came up but stayed a  
holotagkahha - the most daring in the  
world - tagga himself.

JOSS

Here's a little scene for you.

City Hall, recognize it?

All those assholes in black, with the  
batons and helmets, recognize them?

LAPD right?

Wrong. They are private cops. Rentascum  
corporate rentagoons.

They are putting on another campaign

Graffiti kills!

It is choking our freedom.

Something has to be done to stamp it  
out.

SANDRINE

Got to arrest you Mr. Word, which is  
kinda sad cause I got a lot of sympathy  
for where you are coming from man.

TV Dude

See him die on stage tonight Nife's  
last encore

INT. TECHNOVICE - DAY

Sandrine is a policewoman. Charlie Joss is brought in -

SANDRINE

we have a problem with Graffiti - the  
taggers are becoming too clever - we  
have the technology to solve it - put  
out bids into the techno sector

JOSS

-techno-vice is not a pleasant  
department to work, guess that's why  
you wear that tag. Puts such a  
beautiful face on the ugly work you do.

SANDRINE

it is an ordinary town not far from the  
big city; there seems little unusual  
about except that like LA, everyone  
wears sunglasses. Even at night. Even  
the old fogies. Why were you hanging  
out there Charlie.

We are left with the nagging suspicion  
Nothing is real (technology is real)  
Joss has to find Nife

SANDRINE

Nife's last encore just a publicity  
stunt

xxxxxx

Not so

It was a real self-ending

SANDRINE

It could be a real self-killing. A  
genuine rock'n roll suicide. His music  
would be worth more dead than alive

Jim Morrisson, john Lennon to name but  
two. Kurt Kobaine

SANDRINE

So it is your assingment. Track him  
down. Behind the sky

Haggar

You've been behind the sky?

SANDRINE

There is no neon there.

Haggar

You have been behind the sky?



EXT. CITY LIMITS - NIGHT

KNOWLER and Pim make their way along a dim passageway; grim tenements tower above them.

KNOWLER

Note. See the sky darken with cheap messages. This is real low rent.

PIM

These are housing projects, right.

KNOWLER

Right.

PIM

Graffiti to change the neon, where are the huge signs that spread into the sky.

KNOWLER

Note. They have no money to spend on them so why advertise.

PIM

Who does all of this belong to?

KNOWLER

That International Cartel that owns everything Story opens in a dim metropolis

Elevator doors

EXT. MEADOW - NIGHT

I can make the grass grow remember, here.

Yeah, right - you were the strange new kid in school - and now I know why. You had been here.

They kiss.

Pim is revealed to be a Tag.

PIM

You know I like you, don't you Dave.

I like you a lot.

KNOWLER

(Crestfallen)

I know whats coming Pim. This is a gentle-let down right? Like we can still be friends? C'mon.

PIM

I do like you Dave. Truly. But I have a problem. I like older boys. I always have.

I thought...

PIM

I'm not who I appear to be David.

That acne tag Pim, I don't mind - I know you wear

(He tenderly takes her hands)

I don't mind - I like you who you really are.

PIM

But I wear more than an acne tag Dave.

Take it off, show me, I'll still like you,

Really. You promise?

The acne scars

I promise.

Pim's hair stays the same but her face

Who is, who was, Pim. I really liked her.

SANDRINE

Pim is me when I was young. Really Young.

KNOWLER

You are - beautiful. What is your  
real name.

SANDRINE

Sandrine.

(She kisses him, albeit only  
affectionateky, it is a real  
kiss. He reels.)

Goodbye Dave.

Act 3 - BEHIND THE SKY

Tagger now on the run - from the cops, from himself -

JOSS

Michael Nife plays guitar, jamming good  
with Herb and Billy, and the sliders  
from afar. Where have I heard that  
before?

The fingers

I'm a hundred and forty, they wouldn't  
let me die.

Hey, they weren't forcing me - I didn't  
want to die.

- and surprise surprised - they know each other -

NEAR END

The End of the Xobot Scurge.

KNOWLER springs a trap for the Xobots. Working as Tagga, he  
enlists the next crop of hackers and teen subversives and  
together they take out the complete corps of Reacto Xobots,

destroying them a coordinated series of pitched battles across Los Angeles.

As the Xobots materialize from hiding behind the walls and the imagery of the city, the kids are ready.

The apprehenders don't work against the

Joss is watching all of this!

REVEREND BOULT

There is suddenly a new generation of Outlaw Graffiti Artists on the run in LA.

Are you proud of your work Mr Joss?

I doubt if you could have come up with anything better yourself when you were Tagga.

JOSS

We are a society trapped by technology.

Sandrine

Where have I heard that before.

A metaphor for the material world

Twist

KNOWLER

Tagga has been off-world and seen the real skies - different values - survival and life

SANDRINE

We are a society trapped by technology. There is a world out there, and it is not how it has been presented by Voice of the System.

KNOWLER

Say if the people out there are genuinely happy? the antagonism towards them is not reciprocated, in fact, it

is generally felt that for all of their material wealth the lightsiders are unhappy, always striving - for the

Jim, be honest, describe present day America in relation to the rest of the world.

Act III -

CLIMAX: The Man who built the Sky

Tagga is finally caught, trapped by Boulton. They fight. JOSS appears to kill BOULT. What he is actually doing is using the XOBOT syringe on Boulton.

The needle piercing Boulton's forehead

JOSS

Behind the sky is everywhere, around every corner.

Joss finds Michael Nife, who, strangely, is expecting him.

SANDRINE

Explanation?

JOSS

How did all of this come to be?

SANDRINE

There was a war.

JOSS

Between whom?

SANDRINE

Does it matter?

JOSS

No, the victor writes history. Who was right is the winner.

BOULT

You are Tagga?

ENDING - to send chill

INT. CELL - NIGHT

It is a small windowless room with a

JOSS

Ah, Reverend Boulton - .

BOULT

You have been alone for three weeks Mr.  
Joss -

INT. PARIS SIDEWALK CAFÉ - NIGHT

Joss sits alone at a table watching the world go by. it is the  
same a fine rain dusting the trees umreals, a SCENE OF GAITY  
and

Beautiful people; mellow

Sandrine is genial

SANDRINE

Do you mind if I join you Mr. Joss?

JOSS

I'd be delighted. Be my guest.

(Gets up - offers chair.)

Please, sit down. Would you like a  
drink? Waiter!

SANDRINE

Thank you.

(The WAITER arrives - she orders  
politely.)

Cotes du Rhone.

JOSS

May I be permitted to say I think you  
look beautiful tonight Sandrine.

SANDRINE

Thank you Mr. Joss. So you thought you  
got away with it. The Knowles kid is

now Tagga and his latest piece of global mischief - well, that gave you the perfect alibi - for clearance from TechnoVice and Reverend Boulton. That was really clever Mr. Joss.

JOSS

I wish I knew what you were talking about.

SANDRINE

So now you can retire in peace.

JOSS

That was the plan - but, perhaps, no longer - don't hold me in suspense - Sandrine.

SANDRINE

We all have our secrets Mr. Joss. I can assure you yours is safe with me.

JOSS

If -

The Waiter returns with her glass of wine.

SANDRINE

Well, you could do me a favor.

I understand you are working on the Michael Nife case - - it would be rather nice if you were to take me with you - - when you go 'Behind the Sky'.

I would do anything to get it - I would be delighted to sleep with you for example - if , even.

*Act III - The Man who Built the Sky*

Tagga is given a choice

CLIMAX - need action need emotional clout

Los Angeles spreads out beneath them - and goes on and on - even beneath them - the crystal floor.

ANDREW LOBB

You like my view Pensionman?

JOSS

Very impressive?

(Turns

Is it artificial?

ANDREW LOBB

Does it matter?

JOSS

If you are a tagger, sure it matters - you can change it.

ANDREW LOBB

The more outrageously beautiful the image, the more profound the achievement in besmirching it.

JOSS

If it is artificial. If you are a tagger.

ANDREW LOBB

Correct. Are you a tagger Charlie?

(He offers a chair)

I hope you don't mind me addressing you informally Pensionman Joss - but I seem to have this affinity with you.

Like maybe we have met somewhere in the past.

JOSS

Michael Nife. If you want him I know where he is. All you have to do is go get him.

ANDREW LOBB

Ah, good, you want to get down to talking business.

But all in good time Pensionman.



First, I have this story for you -  
 about a boy, an underprivileged little  
 boy who had great aptitude for becoming  
 a tagger.

Joss is pensive, looks at Lobb strangely.

A little boy who was always getting  
 into trouble with technovice.

But he was a good boy.

Once he saved a small child's life.

JOSS

How could you know this?

ANDREW LOBB

I know all. I am the man who owned the  
 sky.

JOSS

Your voice, I know you.

ANDREW LOBB

Of course you do. I am Andrew Lobb,  
 you have seen my addresses to the world  
 many times in many broadcasts for many  
 years.

But please permit me to continue.

The cop came up but stayed a tagger -  
 the most daring in the world.

Dancing child **here**

That child was my daughter

She is grown now.

Sandrine.

The Security chief caught him.

He thought he had got away with it -  
 now there was a new Tagga, a seventeen  
 year old just as he had been when the  
 old Tagga had caught him.

Now he could retire into a life of  
 texture.

Just touch the world around him,

But there was someone who shared his secret.

JOSS

You are Tagga.

ANDREW LOBB

I know your secret

JOSS

You do

ANDREW LOBB

Yes - you are Tagga

JOSS

I don't think so

ANDREW LOBB

You mean all of those new tagga tags that have been appearing this past week

JOSS

That's right - I have been here - so how couyld I have been doing them

ANDREW LOBB

the rather frightening conclusion that the grown-ups are right after all, that behind the conspiracy theory about Reacto there is in fact a benevolent fact

it is all so precarious - ends up as a pro technology story

the Reverend Boulton was

END - NOTHING IS REAL

Comic book heros are all there are. There are no real heros any more. That Is why I keep Tagga alive. That's why you will keep Tagga alive.

Haunting chords and John Lennons words

Imagine there is

The haves and the have-nots meet.

There is a world out there, and it is not how it has been presented by Voice of the System.

The people out there are genuinely happy; the antagonism towards them is not reciprocated, in fact, it is generally felt that for all of their material wealth the lightsiders are unhappy, always striving - for the

JOSS

Tagga is a major criminal. Tagga is the greatest tagger of all time, and not only because he is (words from the mouth of TV journalist) cure for taking

Tagging rate goes down - suicide rate goes up violence escalates

SANDRINE

This isn't about rebellion - against technology - or starting a teenage rebellion against society

JOSS

Holotagging crime with mental punishment worst than death; Tagga, ultimate graffiti artist, finds out why -

CEO

Technology is no substitute for human endeavor - the satisfaction of sweat - human spirit beats His - hopelessness of kids - tagging is now more than a gang and marking out turf it has come symbolize

HJoss

Conclusion

EXT: INTO THE FOLD - NIGHT

Joss is brought into the fold

ANDREW LOBB

Reacto is neither malevolent or  
benevolent, but just is.

JOSS

It is the only way to survive - out  
there,

David Knowles was Joss's friend who  
slipped

To slip - slip out of life reality -  
die - suicide

SANDRINE

Would you like to dance?

LOBB

I would like you to meet my daughter,  
Sandrine

You do not recognise her Charly?

Then there is no real reason why you  
should.

It was a long time ago.

She was a child.

A little girl.

Three years old.

You met her before you became Tagga.

End - Nothing is Real

SANDRINE

We all know why Earth is called Rainbow Planet. The clouds of radioactive dust and gas discolor

The Beatles play

Tagger hands over to KNOWLER. Joss is no longere  
Tagga - but the boss of Reacto, like all  
of the taggers before him.

Pim reuturns to Juni-Uni, the real Pim;

It seems familiar

It is almost as if you know so much about me

She smiles at him; he knows he's in a with a chance.

JOSS

There was no nuclear war.

SANDRINE

But you always knew that.

JOSS

I guessed - that - all of this is  
materialism was just a natural  
progression of where we were going.

SANDRINE

We lost our way - but at least we  
didn't Kill ourselves

Fear, that's what runs society.

There has to be war  
War of Graffiti.

SANDRINE

So now you know Charley. It is all a  
dream.

He blinks, smiles at her, blinks again.

HIS P.O.V.

- she is gone.

REVERSE ANGLE:

Long seconds pass. A sniff of resolve. His eye tears.

SANDRINE VO

(Distantly)

All we have are our dreams. Without  
them we are nothing.

More long seconds pass. The teardrop courses down his cheek.  
Gently, with lightness, her finger appears and wipes it away.

You always knew I couldn't be real  
Charley.

He turns.

SANDRINE

(Licking her finger)

Salty.

She is naked.

CUT TO

A LITTLE GIRL, naked, dancing. She is maybe two years old. The

LITTLE BOY saves her. He is maybe seven. He holds her. She pushes him away.

CHILD

Dance with me.

LENS FLARES as a GROWN-UP reaches in and picks up the little girl profusely thanking the little boy.

CHILD

No, no, daddy! I want him to dance with me.

(reaches down to boy)

Dance with me.

JOSS

Now I remember, vaguely. No, it's impossible, you couldn't have remembered. You were tiny, too small, too young...

SANDRINE

But it's the first thing I do remember, Charley. You. It's my dream. Dance with me.

(She comes into his arms, kisses him)

Dance with me.

MICHAEL NIFE VO

(Sings)

Dance with me - You are all I've got left - Dance with me - I am so bereft - so alone I dance with my dreams - dance with my dreams -

As they start to make love dancing -

FADE OUT

THE END

