



Scripts.com

The 6th Day

By Cormac Wibberley

Ammar Schwarzenegger
ammarschwarz@yahoo.com
Hey, this is Johnny Phoenix
for the X.F.L.,
reminding the fans here
at prudential stadium to be safe
on the way home.
Hut!
Big third down for
the expansion roadrunners.
Their play-off hopes
could hinge on this play.
A lot of pressure
on young Johnny Phoenix.
As if being the first
quarterback to earn 300 million
isn't pressure enough.
Red! Thirty-two!
Red! Thirty-two!
Strong left!
- Hold! Hold!
- Walk it! Walk it!
[Phoenix]
Blue! Two thirty-nine!
Blue!
Down!
Set! Hut! Hut!
- [Male fan]
Get up, Johnny!
- You all right?
The owner wants Johnny to have
the absolute best of care.
He's gonna need it.
His sixth cervical vertebra
is crushed.
It may not be as bad
as you think it is.
[Siren wailing]
The status?
We have a lifetime contract
with a vegetable.
Maybe we can trade him
to L.A.
[Man on mike] okay, terminate

his contract and bring him back
to the lab. You understand?

Sure.

I'll get right on it.

Sorry, Johnny.

You're gonna have to take one
for the team.

[Siren wailing]

Do I look any different
to you?

Oh, gee.

You shaved your moustache.

- Never had a moustache.

- Oh. Then no.

[Man on TV]

Johnny Phoenix
will play next week.

Early diagnosis
had him sidelined.

After further investigation,
his injuries proved
to be minor.

[Electronic voice]

Good morning, Adam.

At 11:

V.I.P. client, Michael Drucker.

And by the way, happy birthday.

I don't feel
any different.

Hmm.

- Is Clara up yet?

- Yeah, she's watching TV
with Oliver.

You gonna spend all day
looking for new wrinkles?

Or are you gonna get in here
and give me a kiss? Hmm?

- Well, I suppose if I have to.

- Oh, bully!

You're not gettin'
any kisses now!

[Shrieks]

You know, you...

don't look any different.

No. You look much better
than when we met.

I love you.

Lock the door.

Oh, god!

[Moans]

Daddy, daddy,
happy birthday!

- What?

- You always make daddy
feel so good.

Careful, you're getting
a little old for that.

- I am not!

- No, I meant your father.

- Very funny.

- Come on.

I made you breakfast.

- Oh, great!

- Yum!

- Come on, dad!

I can't find you.

Where are you?

Right behind you, dad.

- I'm here, right here!

- You're hiding
under the table!

[TV] because of their shorter
life span, these family members
can't help but break our hearts.
Should accident, illness or age
end your pet's natural life...

Oliver,

have you seen Clara somewhere?

[TV] our technology

can have him back the same
day in perfect health...

with zero defects guaranteed,
thanks to RePet.

[Whimpers]

Nacho flavored

or regular?

I'll take banana flavored.

Thank you.

I love this card.

Beautiful.

- Dad, can I have a sim-pal
for your birthday?

- A gift on my birthday?

That way you won't feel guilty
that you're the only one
getting something.

- What's a sim-pal?

- A life-size doll.

A make-believe friend
that grows real hair
and can do a lot of stuff.

Can't your real friends
grow real hair

and do lots of stuff?

Yeah, but they all have
sim-pals.

Ask your mommy.

You're the greatest, dad!

[Chuckles]

Mommy! Mommy!

I'm gonna get a sim-pal!

[Electronic voice]

You're getting low on milk.

Thank you

for ordering milk.

[Laughing]

You're getting so fast.

Into the car. Very nice.

Bye-bye. See you.

Hey.

What's goin' on?

Oh, I had a breakfast
of champions today.

Oh, yeah?

[Electronic voice]

Destination double x
charter airport selected.

The girl wouldn't stop talking.

My virtual girlfriend,
she talks, but at least
I can turn her off.

You and your virtual girls.
Here you are, a grown man,
and your primary relationship
is with a piece of software.
If your senses tell you you have
a hot chick on your lap, you
have a hot chick on your lap.
I don't have to look
any further, okay?
They invented the laser razor.
No nicks, cuts or scratches.
You should think about using it.
I like the old-fashioned
kind. They remind me
Im still alive.
You want to hang out
at Kellys after work?
I know that Natalie
is throwing me
a surprise party.
Why do you say that?
Because I told her
you told me.
No, you didn't.
Oh, yes.
Why did you do that?
I didn't.
I just wanted to know,
and now I know.
Can't believe I was that easy.
[Computer voice]
Your destination, double x
charter airport, is ahead.
- On star will now disengage
automatic drive. Ready?
- Yes.
Manual drive engaged.
[Adam]
I want you to do me a favor
at the party tonight.
[Man] what? Don't get drunk
and set the drapes on fire?
You already told me that.
That too. But what I was going

to say was around 11:00, 11:30,
I want you to start singing
really loud, "happy birthday."
For what?
And the way you sing,
it's gonna clear out the place
like a bomb scare.
I get it.
You and Natalie have a little
private party planned.
Good morning, Rosie.
Good morning, everybody.
Hello, Adam. Hi, Hank.
Henry checked out
the upgrade on the remote.
He says you'll love it.
Oh, they came in!
This is great.
Look at this.
Oh, and Drucker's office
just called. Guess what?
They cancelled.
No. We're all gonna be tested
for drugs and alcohol.
So?
Oh, this is cool!
- We're gonna be tested?
- Not you guys.
Just us pilots.
Hank, look at this.
The new remote came in.
Out goes the old one.
Get rid of it.
Adam, this is Tripp.
Tripp, this is Adam.
It's his first time with us.
Welcome.
How ya doing?
Adam,
Natalie's on line one.
What's up, honey?
You look upset.
Oh, Adam!
I just talked to the vet,

and they had...
they had to put Oliver to sleep.
What?
He wasn't that sick.
I know, but apparently
he had some kind of highly
infectious virus or something.
And they had to put him down.
It's the law.
- Oliver was licking
Clara's face this morning.
- Don't worry. I asked.
And the virus is harmless
to humans, so she's fine.
This is going to break
her heart
and you know that.
No, it won't.
I want you to go down to RePet
and get Oliver replaced.
I'm not going to have some
freak of science sleeping
in my daughter's bed.
- No! Oliver can live on
in our memories.
- It's not dangerous.
She's only eight.
She won't understand that,
honey.
Look, it's the natural process
of life. You're born,
you live and you die.
She has to learn about it
someday.
- But she doesn't have to learn
about it on your birthday.
- I really appreciate that.
- Will you do it?
- No.
- Thank you.
Clara thanks you too.
- No. I won't do it.
Listen. Natalie,
I just won't...

[TV] double x charter,
your passport
to outdoor adventure.
No use fighting.
We always win.

[TV] flying you
to breathtaking vistas
at world premiere locations.
For incredible skiing and
snowboarding, double x charter.
Tripp, you can go
in this one.
Yeah, you got it.
You guys come with me.
Come on. Let's go.
Whoo, man!
This is gonna be so great.

[Man over headset]
Nine-seven-four-seven,
you're cleared for takeoff.
Everyone has their maps?
G.P. S? Emergency beacons?
Yeah.
All right,
any questions?
Yeah, I got a question.
Excuse me.
How many of you have RePets?
Yeah, I got a dog.
I got a snake.
- I got your point.
- Dogs, snakes or at least
knows somebody who has one?
- I know somebody, yeah.
- [Beeping]
[Blades whirring]
- You scared the crap out of me.
Proud of yourself?
- Very.
See you guys.
I know you're old school,
but all the kids today,
they grew up with RePets.
- These days

it's totally normal.

- Not to me.

Not to you. You want your kid crying because her dog died?

Don't do anything about it.

Don't you think

it's even a little bit creepy?

No.

I don't.

Let's test the remote.

See if you can keep up with me.

All righty, here we go.

These RePets,

they come back to you,

you cannot tell the difference.

- Trust me, I had it done.

- Bullshit.

[Hank]

I'm serious!

Sadie, my cat.

- She's a RePet.

- You had your cat cloned?

- Yeah, she fell out

of my condo window.

- Ouch.

Shit!

Whoo!

Whoa!

You did well.

Thank you.

How long are you supposed to keep me at Kellys?

Till 7:

Maybe we should check out RePet.

Good morning.

You gentlemen the owners?

Yep, that's us.

Excellent.

Larry stern.

I'm with Mr. Drucker's advance team.

I've got a contract here.

I think you'll find it
pretty standard except for...
who was flying that one?
Me...
with the remote control.
- We can fly four of these
between the two of us now.
- Amazing.
- Here for the blood test?
- No. My technician
is set up in your office.
You said these forms
are standard except what?
It's our normal
charter contract.
It has a nondisclosure clause.
During the flight,
you may overhear
Mr. Drucker's phone calls.
It could be anything
from big mergers to inside
information on his sports teams.
Regardless, we have
a legal obligation
to protect that stuff.
What does this guy think?
He's the president?
No, he considers her
to be the world's second
most important person.
Ooh, that's big stuff.
All for a day
of snowboarding?
The blood test was agony.
Seriously, I was screaming.
She's just kidding.
Don't worry about it.
It really doesn't hurt.
Just press your thumb here.
- Right here?
- Yes, just like that.
- All done.
- Didn't feel a thing.
Need to check your vision.

Place your chin here.

Look straight ahead.

- Right here?

- Mm-hmm.

Do you blood test

all your pilots?

Pilots, drivers, assistants.

Anyone who comes in contact
with Mr. Drucker.

Hmm.

- All right, I press here?

- Yep.

And here.

Perfect, both of you.

After this, Im going to town
to test a chef and two waiters.

The pink copy
of the contract is yours.

I'll take the rest.

Here we go.

Have a nice flight,
gentlemen.

Ta-ta.

You know, I could
take care of Drucker.

That way, you could have
time to get Oliver cloned.

I'm not getting the dog cloned.

I'm just gonna check it out.

I know, but once you see it,
you're gonna say yes.

I know deep down inside,
you're a softy.

Um, they specifically
asked for Adam by name.

I know what specifically means.

I also know that the bodyguards
can't tell the difference.

They never got our names.

Oh!

That's true.

I know that

I screw around a lot.

But when it comes to flying,

you know Im serious.
I could do it.
Go enjoy your birthday.
If you want to be me,
try to act
a little bit more manly.
Yeah.
Chest.
Okay? Chest out.
Stomach in.
There you are.
Stomach. All right.
[Drucker into mike]
Get me the speaker of the house.
I want the speaker there.
No, you don't mention
my name at all. Huh?
Hang on a second, Dave.
Hi, Im Michael Drucker.
You must be Adam Gibson.
That's right.
Adam's the name
and flying's the game.
Pete Hume speaks highly of you.
He says you know
the mountains like nobody else.
Thank you. That's probably
true for everyone except
my partner, but thank you.
I'm looking forward to it.
So, we all set?
Yes, sir.
We've stationed our people
monitoring the rescue beacons...
don't need the details.
All right!
Your favorite snowboard's
behind your seat, sir.
Dave, look, we gave a lot
of money to his campaign,
not to mention what
I pay your law firm,
so Im counting on you.
Are you gonna get me

the speaker? Good.

So, sally, who's next?

Okay, put him on.

You own the roadrunners,
right?

[Gunshot]

Hey, buddy, wake up.

Wake up! We're here.

Woodland mall.

Oh.

I was asleep.

[Female over p.a. System]

Welcome to woodland mall.

Over 1200 retail outlets
to serve you.

Food court, ground level.

[Man]

Stop the cloning.

Say no to RePet.

Stop the cloning.

Say no to RePet.

Stop the cloning.

Save your soul, man.

God doesn't want you
to go in there.

Then god shouldn't have killed
my dog.

Atheist.

Stop the cloning.

Say no to RePet.

We can clone your
four-legged loved one
in just a few short hours.

How can we do it?

It all begins with
the growing of blanks,
animal drones
stripped of all
characteristic D.N.A.,
in embryonic tanks
at the RePet factory.

In stage two, your pet's D.N.A.
is extracted from a lock of fur
or drop of blood...

and then infused
on a cellular level
into the blank.
In the final stage,
using RePet's patented
cerebral syncording process,
all of your pet's thoughts,
memories and instincts...
are painlessly transplanted
via the optic nerve.
Still can't make up
your mind, huh?
You lost a dog, right?
Yes. My daughter's.
Oh, what a heartbreak.
What'd you say
his name was again?
Oliver.
Well, Olivers in luck.
We're having a special
this week, 20% off.
When did Oliver die?
Sometime this morning.
That's perfect.
We can still do
a postmortem syncording.
But you've got to act fast.
'Cause there's only a 12-hour
window on deceased brains.
I have a problem
with that whole idea.
I mean, suppose
that clones have no soul,
or they're dangerous.
Clone pets are every bit
as safe as real pets.
Plus... they're insured.
If it is so safe,
then why is it against the law
to clone human beings?
Because the human brain
is much too complicated
to syncord.
Now, you remember that

experiment they did, right?
Yes.
That's why that didn't work.
Now it's illegal to even try.
But with pets,
it's a totally proven
technology.
Your RePet, Oliver, will be
exactly the same dog.
He'll know all the
same tricks you taught him,
where the bones are buried.
He won't even know he's a clone.
And, did I mention?
They're insured.
I don't care about
the insurance.
I care about if I can trust
my daughter with a large animal
with sharp teeth.
We can make him smaller
if you want, with softer teeth.
You can?
We can even color coordinate him
to match your decorating scheme.
- [P.a. System] sim-pal,
the best friend money can buy.
- Let me think about that.
- Treat your kids
to a sim-pal today.
- I might be back.
You'll be back.
Your daughter will think
you're the best dad.
My kid sister has two of
these, and she loves them.
Oh, good.
Let's fix the collar.
There you are.
It's amazing
how real this is.
I know.
My daughter will be so excited.
Come, let's go home.

- [Female phone operator]
You have called Hank Morgan.
- I'm not here. Leave a message.
Hank, it's me again.
What the hell happened
to you?
I waited at Kellys
for over half an hour.
It's now five past seven.
I'm Sim-Pal Cindy.
What's your name?
Look, Im heading home.
If you get this message...
let's be friends.
What's your name?
Just... can't you see
Im talking? Quiet.
Head over to my house
with a bunch of flowers
and a good excuse.
Otherwise Natalie's
gonna kill you.
I can sing songs.
Would you like to sing with me?
Excuse me.
Do you know how
to turn this thing off?
- I can play games.
- My niece has one.
Say, "go to sleep, Cindy."
Go to sleep, Cindy.
I can sing songs.
Would you like to sing with me?
Go to sleep.
Thank you.
Thanks for the ride.
Good night.
Clara, sweetie, honey.
Oliver was very sick,
and he had to be put down.
Clara, sweetie, honey.
Oliver had to go to heaven.
"Why, daddy?"
You see, it's because...

it's because...
oh, shit, Oliver!
Why did you have to die?
[Barking]
Oliver?
[Barking]
Natalie.
Happy birthday to you #
Happy birthday dear Adam #
Happy birthday to you ##
[Laughing, cheering]
I know. Can you help me?
One, two, three!
[Cheering]
Look at this cake here!
I know!
Oh, my god!
- Adam Gibson?
- Who are you?
We have a little situation.
Will you come with us?
What the hell
is going on here?
Just cooperate
and everything will be fine.
Fine? There's someone
in my house,
eating my birthday cake...
with my family,
and it's not me!
We know.
There's been
a sixth day violation.
A human was cloned.
That human was you.
We can help you.
- Then get him out of there!
- But you'll have to come
with us.
Look, I don't know
who the hell you people are.
But Im going inside
my house.
Yeah, right.

- Oops. Cindy fell down.
- Get the doll.
Not here!
I'm Sim-Pal Cindy.
What's your name?
[Cindy]
I can play games.
- [Grunts]
- [Zapper zapping]
- Shit!
- [Gunshot]
Wiley, no, hold your fire!
That way! Go!
Vincent, go!
I have a boo-boo.
Stop the car!
Stop the car!
Thanks for the suggestion!
Don't even blink.
Oh, my god.
Someone stole the minivan.
They stole my Cadillac!
Oh, no!
Car chase. Cool!
[Yelling]
- Who are you?
- I was hired to kill you.
That's all I know!
I'm Sim-Pal Cindy.
What's your name?
[Electronic voice]
Please secure
child seat restraint.
Let's be friends.
- Where is this guy?
- I'm Sim-Pal Cindy.
- Shh.
- Let's be friends.
- Shh.
What's your name?
- Will you be my mommy?
- I don't wanna be your mommy!
- Shut up!
- What?

[Crying]
[Brakes squeal]
Somebody do something
about that damn doll!
I have a boo-boo.
[Screaming]
This is crazy.
Why does anyone want
to kill me?
He got home first.
You saw him. He didn't see you.
You're screwed.
He's gonna live out the rest
of your boring little life
and never be the wiser.
Your wife and kid see you
and him together,
they'll be killed.
[Screams]
- Whoa!
- [Horn honking]
- Oh, shit!
- [Horn honking]
No!
[Groans]
Goddamn it, Wiley!
Son of a bitch!
Stupid!
Blow out his tires this time!
Oh... shit!
Yes!
[Laughing]
[Vincent]
That was spectacular.
Oh, son of a bitch.
Hold my belt.
- Okay.
- [Grunting]
You got me?
Yeah.
Little more.
Oh!
[Chuckles]
Let's get some people downriver

and look for this guy.

Go pick up Wiley
and Talia's bodies,
get 'em back to the lab.

[Protestors]

Weir clinic, stay away!
Hello, Im dr. Griffin Weir.

Welcome to the new home
of the Weir organ
transplant facility...
thanks for visiting
replacement technologies.
We're in the business of life.

[Female reporter]

Dr. Weir, protestors claim
cloning human organs...
will inevitably lead
to cloning whole humans.
That's not only illegal,
but we're years away from
the technical ability to do it.
But a human was cloned
over ten years ago, doctor.
And we all know the outcome
of that bizarre experiment.
If you recall, the supreme court
ordered that the clone
be destroyed, and I think...
that under the conditions,
it was the humane thing to do.
It led to the laws
against human cloning...
and set back the course
of legitimate research
by many years.

Mr. Drucker? Mr. Drucker?

You gave \$100 million...
this is dr. Weir's night.

Dr. Weir, is it true
that you're trying to get
the sixth day laws repealed?

Dr. Weir is interested
in medicine, not politics.

Mr. Drucker,

the protesters outside claim
that you run RePet at a loss...
in order to soften people up
to the idea of human cloning.
You know, we shouldn't forget
that not so long ago...
there were literally
almost no more fish
left in the ocean.
And half the world's population
faced a very real threat
of hunger.
Our cloning technology
helped turn that around.
The extremists
don't like to admit...
that they'd rather
the world went hungry
than eat cloned fish.
So instead they keep yelling
about human cloning.
Do you think
the human cloning laws
should be changed?
Suppose a ten-year-old boy lies
in a hospital bed
dying of liver cancer.
Thanks to dr. Weir's work,
we can save that boy.
Now, in the next bed lies
another ten-year-old boy...
whose parents
love him just as much.
Only this child has
an inoperable brain tumor.
Now, you cannot clone
a brain.
The only way to save him
would be to clone
the whole person.
How do you tell
that boy's parents
that we can save the first boy,
but the research

that would have saved their son,
it wasn't done because of a law
that was passed by frightened
politicians a decade ago?

So what does that mean?

Enjoy the party.

Looked like you needed rescuing.

Yes, Michael, I did.

Thank you.

[Chanting]

Weir clinic, stay away!

No research on D.N. A!

[Chanting]

Weir clinic, stay away!

No research on D.N. A!

- [Johnny Phoenix]

Hey, boss!

- Johnny!

How's my star quarterback?

I'd say I was feeling like

a million bucks, except

Id hate to take a cut in pay.

Don't remind me,

all right?

That was one nasty hit

you took last week.

Be careful, son.

We don't want you

getting killed out there.

Katherine?

You all right?

I'm just feeling...

like I don't quite belong.

No, no.

But Im fine.

Really I am.

No, you're not.

Should I call dr. Stevens?

No, no, no. No, no.

I just overdid it, that's all.

I'll get a car

to take you home, okay?

Thank you.

[Drucker]

Mr. Speaker, thank you so much
for coming. Champagne?
That was quite a speech.
You heard that? I didn't mean
to get carried away.
Your words meant
a great deal to me.
You see, as it happens,
I have a son with an
inoperable tumor of the brain.
Oh, my god!
I'm so sorry, sir.
Must've been in my subconscious,
knowing you were here, but I
never meant for you to overhear.
No, no,
it's quite all right.
Gave me a lot
to think about.
In fact, it gave me
a different view
of the whole subject.
Mr. Speaker, could I offer you
a glass of brandy
in my office upstairs?
I was 50
when Billy was born.
Didn't know if I wanted
another kid so late.
But now I love him
so damn much.
If there was something
that we could do for Billy,
only it was highly illegal,
would you consider it?
Of course I would.
That's the same kind
of hypothetical situation...
no, no,
don't answer so fast.
You'd be facing a mandatory
minimum sentence of 40 years
if it ever came out.
But would he be cured?

He'd be exactly the same
as he was before.

Perfect health.

He'd never even have
to know what happened.

But if the secret ever did
come out with the law
the way it is now,
he'd be put to sleep
like a rabid dog.

He'd be destroyed
just like a racehorse
with a broken leg.

[The speaker]

And if it never came out?
Or if the laws were changed
one day?

Then Billy wouldn't have
anything to worry about.

[Siren wailing]

[Wailing continues]

Please, I beg you,
go to my house and pick up
my wife and daughter.

Because if I go back there,
they will kill them both.

- You made a completely different
police report an hour ago.

- No, I didn't.

According to this, you did.

And they checked
your thumbprint.

That must've been
the clone.

I know it sounds crazy.

I can hardly
believe it myself.

- Was your car stolen or not?

- Yes.

- So you did report it?

- No. It was me who took it.

You stole your own car?

Hello. I'm your court-appointed
virtual attorney.

You don't have to answer.
Is my client being officially
charged with auto theft?
- I didn't steal it. It's mine.
- He claims the report
was filed by his clone.
I see. Loading
the virtual psychiatrist.
Oh, Mr. Gibson.
What seems to be the trouble?
Do you want me to go through
the whole thing now
with him?
You seem to be avoiding
talking about your parents.
Imagine, two turtles
are walking through the desert...
oh, shut up!
- Hmm.
- "Hmm" what?
Are you going
to help me?
Of course.
[Female cloning announcer]
Medical alert transmitted.
Awaiting data.
Just wait in here.
I'll come get you
as soon as we have some news.
Clones!
[Webcaster over TV,
indistinct]
He had a good laugh
when he read that story.
You know, he saw himself
at his house tonight.
Which was
our mistake, not his.
[Pager beeping]
Excuse me.
He's in precinct seven.
Could you hurry Talia
and Wiley along, please?
I'll need them both.

Goddamn it! Son of a bitch!
Piece of shit Wiley.
I'm gonna kill him.
Where is he?
He's still cooking.
Son of a bitch.
I look like crap.
Do you have any idea how much
my hair treatments cost?
How much
does Gibson know?
He knows he's been cloned.
He knows we'll kill anyone
who sees them together.
What's that? What?
Does Drucker know you're talking
about killing innocent people?
Relax, it was just a threat.
Of course we'd never
actually do it.
Try to have a good night.
You do your hair.
I'll take Wiley and Vincent.
I've gotta pierce
my damn ears again.
Officials
blame the latest strike
by U.S. Major league players...
now entering its fourth year...
on the lack of fan
identification with the two
teams playing in the series.
[Continues, indistinct]
Shit.
Oh, no.
[Gasps]
Now what?
It feels tight
all across here where
the tires ran over me.
- You were run over by two cars
and your chest was crushed.
- Exactly.
No wonder, right?

It's in your mind.
Completely crushed,
as in dead...
as in you have
a totally new chest now.
Then how come it's
hard to breathe?
Tell you what. Why don't
you just stay out here, relax?
Fresh air will do you good.
Government officials are openly
dismissive of the proposal.
[Man on TV] this amounts
to an attempt by Microsoft
to buy a state of the union.
[Man continues, indistinct]
But if he goes off
his medication, paranoid
delusions come back.
...very sad,
because at other times
he seems almost rational.
[Knocking on door]
[Marshall]
Gibson? Gibson!
- You're dead.
- No, you're dead.
[Cracking]
Try to stay dead this time.
Hank, it's me again.
What the hell happened to you?
I waited for over
a half an hour at Kellys.
It's now five past seven.
I'm heading home, okay?
Whoa, whoa. He's fine.
He's okay. He's our associate.
Gibson must've knocked him out.
Knocked him out?
He looks dead to me, doc.
No, his pulse is strong.
He'll be up and around
in no time.
We'll just get him

to the hospital.

Easy, that's it.

Whoa, whoa.

[Cracking]

Uh, let us know

if you find Gibson.

Honey, Im home.

- Darling, where are you?

- Hi, sugar.

- Hello, my love.

- Have you been working out?

- You look so good.

- Thank you.

I recorded all your

sports programs for you.

- I thought maybe we could

watch them together.

- I would like that.

Or should I just take

this off right now?

No, no, no.

Hold your horses.

Oh, Hank. I think it's so sexy

when you go right to the chair.

I know you do.

[Knocking on door]

Oh, you're gonna have

to zip me up, sweetheart.

Ah, ah, ah. Careful

with the merchandise.

[Moans]

Hold on, please.

Have they been here?

Who?

Hello, Adam.

Would you like a beer?

I'm sorry

I missed the party, but...

all of a sudden it's 11:00

and I wound up at Kellys.

You missed my party?

Yeah, but I didn't

do it on purpose.

It was sort of Weird.

I really feel terrible about it.
I don't know what happened.
You feel terrible?
I lost my wife, my daughter,
my whole goddamn life tonight.
- I'm gonna do
my special dance.
- Hank, listen.
I need your help.
Hey, not now, cupcake, I can't...
what's going on?
I don't understand.
[Clattering]
Shh!
That's a real gun.
Shh!
What's going...
shh!
[Screeching]
Jesus Christ! What are you
gonna do, kill my cat?
What the hell is going on?
If you weren't at my party,
then you didn't see him.
Who's "him"?
[Hammering]
Jesus h. Christ, I said
get your dog cloned,
not yourself.
What are you gonna do?
I'm gonna take my life back.
What, you're
gonna kill him?
Why not? He's not real.
Plus, there's no law against it.
You're not serious,
are you?
I'm dead serious.
But look at him.
He looks just like you.
Technically, this could be
committing suicide.
But he is not me.
He is not even human.

Wait a sec.
How do I know he's not you
and you're not him?
I mean, look at him,
he's even a shitty carpenter.
Well, let me see your chin.
My chin?
Yeah, you cut yourself
shaving, right?
All right, here.
Okay, it's there.
You're you.
Shh!
Adam.
I couldn't do it.
- Adam?
- Over here.
I have a little
something for you.
Is Clara asleep?
Oh, yes she is.
- He's grabbing her ass.
- Oh, I like how
cigars make you feel.
Ooh.
Daddy?
Clara.
- What are you doing out here?
- I had a bad dream.
Oh, Ill take you back
to bed, okay? Come on.
Fireman.
Fireman, right.
- Wait here.
- Okay.
Cigar, sir?
I can't wait.
How do you like it?
Mmm, this is so good.
You want to try some?
No. You know, smoking's
illegal and Im a mother.
Sweetheart,
Im so sorry about the RePet.

It's all right.
It's okay.
Dad, did Oliver die?
Is he a RePet?
Why do you say that?
You locked him outside.
I did? I'm so sorry, but
I haven't been myself lately.
[Car approaching]
All right.
You go to sleep now, okay?
Close your eyes.
When was the last time we did it
in the backseat of the car?
Well, we should
smoke cigars more often.
Mr. Gibson.
Who are you?
Millennium security.
Sorry to bother you, but...
- got any I.D.?
- Of course.
I'm sorry I was a little jumpy,
but we had a break-in tonight.
We know. We heard on the wire
your car was found in the river.
I don't suppose they found
that bastard that stole it?
[Twig snaps]
- Hey, hey, whoa, whoa.
- Relax. He's a friend of mine.
- [Adam]
Sorry about this.
- Nice 'do.
He's just here to help me
fix the garage. Oliver, heel!
Now what?
Go see.
Sorry, but he's a RePet.
He used to be a good watchdog.
Now, he lets my car get stolen
and he barks at security guards.
I hate clones.
Well, sir, we'll keep

an eye on your property.
- I'm gonna sleep much better
knowing you guys are around.
- You try to have a good night.
Good night.
Take it easy.
Come on, let's hide.
Stop it, Oliver.
Stop it.
Gee, you're glitchy
today. Come on.
[Door closes]
Good Oliver.
That was a bad idea.
Let's get out of here.
Wait, we can't just leave them
here with that-that thing.
Those were the guys
that were trying
to kill me.
It's dangerous
for Natalie and Clara
if I hang around here.
Darling,
you're still awake?
I wanted to wait up for you.
Thank you.
And I wanted to spend
some time with these flowers.
I see.
It took me 17 generations
to get this right.
Well, if you told me
what you wanted...
oh, I know.
You could have engineered it
in half an hour.
Yes.
I'm not in that much
of a hurry, griffin.
Want to get a cup of tea
and then go upstairs?
Okay?
Yeah. Yeah, that's a good idea.

Let's do that.
Yeah. Dear.
Okay. It's okay.
Shh. Just stay calm.
Stay very, very calm.
What a night.
That was the longest
night in my life.
Hello, Adam.
I'm a one-man virtual girl.
But if you insert
the installation disk...
okay. Nothing.
What the hell was that?
I felt fingers
going for my zipper.
Now, that's disgusting.
Oh, that's disgusting?
I had to totally look away
when you and Natalie...
the, uh...
you want a beer?
You saw the clone do something
with Natalie while I took
Clara into the house?
They did nothing.
Come on. That's not
what I would have done.
Well, what would you have done?
I would have...
- nothing.
- Well that's what they did.
You know, nothing.
Shit.
In the goddamn minivan.
In the minivan.
I mean, you know
what tobacco does to people.
- He smoked my stogie too?
- The bastard.
- Oh, that son of a bitch.
- Son of a bitch.
Smoked your stogie.
And she couldn't

tell it wasn't me?
It didn't look like it.
She seemed, uh, happy.
Oh, you have no idea
what it felt like
seeing her with him.
I should've killed that son of
a bitch when I had the chance.
It could have been worse.
It could have been someone else.
At least she's not cheating...

- Hank!

- Don't move!

- Tripp.

- I'm not after you.

Back away.

- Back away!

- Why did you do that?

Don't do anything stupid now.

That's as far as you go.

Is that you, Hank?

[Screams]

Hank.

Hey, Adam. Is Hank sleeping
on the floor again?

That's so cute.

[Tires screeching]

[Gasping, mumbling]

On the six... on the sixth day,
god created man.

On the sixth day...

on the sixth day,

god created man. God created
man on the sixth day.

Why the hell did you
kill my friend?

Hank Morgan was
an abomination to god.

He was a clone.

Hank was no clone.

The real Hank Morgan
died this afternoon.

I know because I killed him...
so I could kill Drucker.

Drucker's not dead.
It would be all over the news.
Open your eyes.
Drucker's a clone.
Dr. Weir cloned Drucker.
Dr. Weir cloned your friend.
Dr. Weir cloned you.
[Tires screeching]
They found us.
They found us.
- Shoot me in the head.
- What the hell are you
talking about?
We have people at Weir's lab.
I know who they are.
If they scan my brain,
they'll be killed.
Shoot me!
God forgive me.
[Screams]
Doesn't anyone
stay dead anymore?
Who are you people?
[Electronic voice]
I.D. required.
Please use biometric reader
to verify identification...
or the alarm will
sound in 10 seconds.
Ten, nine, eight,
he shot my foot.
- Seven, six, five,
- son of a bitch!
Four, three,
two, one, stand by.
Come on.
Systems accessed.
- Gibson, Gibson!
- Please select destination.
Shit!
You're gonna pay!
Those were brand-new boots!
- Dad, you're coming
to my recital, right?

- I never miss your recitals.
I love you.
You're the greatest, dad.
Unless her pseudomonas infection
clears up, I'm afraid
there's nothing we can do.
What about her D.N.A. scan?
It came up
with cystic fibrosis.
Cystic fibrosis?
Which is impossible
considering that
it's a childhood disease...
and she would have
been dead 30 years ago.
We're running
the scan again.
No, I'll do it at the clinic.
If you could give us a moment,
please. Thank you very much.
Darling, sweetheart.
We're having you transferred
to my clinic, okay?
No. I'd like to stay here.
No. But I can help you
at the clinic.
If you stay here,
there's nothing I can do.
I know, dear.
I'll die here.
Yes.
Katherine, please.
Please listen to me.
No.
Katherine died five years ago.
The feelings that I have
aren't mine, they're hers.
Katherine, listen.
Now don't do this.
I need you so much.
I need you.
I'm not afraid, Griffin.
I want to die.
My time has already passed.

My love.

What am I to do
without you? What...

[chuckles]

You just water
my flowers, okay?

[Protestors shouting]

Thanks for visiting
replacement technologies.

We're in the business of life.

Welcome to the new home of the
Weir organ transplant facility
at replacement technologies.

Excuse me, sir.

I've gotta check that.

Oh, sure.

Help yourself.

- But you might want
to use these.

- Why? What's in here?

Lower intestines.

It's for dr. Weir, he's doing
a study on a flesh-eating virus.
That's okay, you can open it up.
Just try not to breathe.

That's okay.

Go ahead. You're cleared.

Thanks.

[Weir's voice]

What about her D.N.A. scan?

[Woman]

It came up with cystic fibrosis.
Which of course is impossible...
considering it's
a childhood disease.

She should have
been dead 30 years ago.

So we're running a new scan.

No, I'll do it
at my clinic.

You've had five extra years
since you cloned me.

I treasure that.

Katherine, please.

No, I'm not afraid.
I want to die.
My time has already passed.
Can I help you?
Uh, no, I just dropped my pen.
I'm all thumbs today.
Thank you.
Will you cut that out?
It's driving me crazy.
Excuse me, but I nearly
had my head ripped off
and it hurts like hell.
It's only psychological.
Your neck doesn't really hurt.
- Oh, yeah? You'd know
better about that?
- Yes he would, Wiley.
It was your
old neck that got broken.
This is your new neck. Get it?
- Give me a break, I got
killed twice in two hours.
- We've all been killed before.
You know what bothers me?
I've never even seen
a white light.
Never seen
any angels, nothing.
Give me a break.
- Ma'am, I already
have you logged in.
- What? When?
Twenty minutes ago.
According to this, you just
entered a restricted area.
The son of a bitch
has got my thumb.
Deactivate Talia, put out
a security alert and seal off
Drucker's office. Let's go.
Shit.
- Can I help you?
- Yeah.
You can stick

your thumb in there.
Thank god.
What, more fundamentalists?
No, Adam Gibson. We think
he's in the building.
Why wasn't he taken care of?
You've had all night.
There are four of you
and one of him.
Well, two of him,
if you see what I mean.
He has a wife and kid, right?
Yes, sir.
- Get them.
We may need the leverage.
- Yes, sir.
It costs me 1.2 million
each time I clone you people.
Try to be worth the money.
They'll kill you
for seeing this.
They're doing
their best already.
Where's dr. Weir?
His lab's over there.
Dr. Weir.
Oh, I know about the intruder.
The office called.
Everything's under control.
It's not under control.
You had me cloned.
Yes.
Well, you cloned the wrong man.
How did you do it?
- You had to have my, uh...
what do you call it?
- Your syncording. We had it.
Give it to me.
I want my life back.
Here, it's your syncording.
How did you get this?
I haven't been...
here.
The vision test.

Only it didn't test your vision.
It took your syncording...
an exact picture of your mind.
And it took a sample
of your D.N.A.
With those two things,
we can clone a person
in two hours.
We had you on file so that
we could act quickly when
we were told you were killed.
Told I was killed?
[Electronic voice]
Please don't drink and drive.
Gibson family schedule...
Clara's recital at school.
This is Michael Drucker's.
A syncording contains
everything in a person's memory,
and this is what Drucker saw
and heard just before he died.
You don't become one
of the richest men in the world
without making enemies, so...
we back up
his mind religiously.
Hey, you own
the roadrunners, right?
Amongst other things. Yeah.
You a fan?
No, I'm a big fan
of both those teams.
Well, I'll have
to get you some tickets.
You promise, right?
Sure, I'll do it right now.
Sally, it's me. Remind me
to get some roadrunner tickets
for Adam Gibson.
He's my pilot today. Okay.
[Tripp's voice]
On the sixth day,
god created man.
No, I'm about to get

on my snowboard.

- Hey, he's got a gun!

- Hey!

It's a fundamentalist.

He just shot them both.

You call Marshall right now.

You hear me, sally? Marshall?

No, you don't have to... sally!

[Screaming]

An anti-cloning fundamentalist

killed everyone on board.

It should have been me.

Well, we thought it was you.

Drucker mentioned your name.

So we used your D.N.A. and

your syncording to clone you.

To resurrect Drucker

we had to cover up the accident.

Keep talking.

We cloned everyone. By the time

we figured out you switched

places, it was too late.

[Electronic voice]

Access denied.

They're trying to kill me.

Because there are

two Adam Gibsons.

And that's proof that

humans are being cloned.

Which makes you very

dangerous to Michael Drucker.

Tell me why I'm a threat

to Michael Drucker.

Drucker was killed three

years ago. We cloned him then

and we cloned him yesterday.

- So?

- If that came out, Drucker would
be destroyed in every way.

A clone has no rights.

A clone can't own anything.

Drucker would lose all of this.

Because Drucker

would be legally dead.

- Complete search from level seven to level five.

- Look at all the cameras. You can't even find one guy?

- [Man] there, there, there.

- I don't need to see where he's been.

We need to find out where he is now.

Let's go. Hit the alarm.

What's up?

What area is so sensitive we don't allow cameras? Drucker will do anything to destroy the evidence. And you're the evidence. This is evidence too.

[Alarm blaring]

Move, move!

Clear the way!

Let's go.

[Chattering]

Oh, no, no. She's been rehearsing all week.

I have to go to the bathroom.

Okay, Clara.

Anyone else need to go to the bathroom?

[Sighs]

Goddamn it!

[Groaning]

Why do you think I'm telling you this? I can do nothing to stop what they're trying to do.

- There he is!

- Zone six, engineering corridor.

Move, move! Clear the way!

And what they might be trying to do to your family.

What about my family?

Drucker has to kill one of you.

If he can't kill you,

he'll go for the other one.

And your family could
get killed in the process.

- Get out!

- Destination "get out"
not understood.

Morgan Randall
elementary school.

Very sorry, sir.

[ballet on piano]

[Growling]

Daddy!

- She's supposed to be
up there now, right?

-## [children singing]

This is the, uh...

that's odd.

I'm just gonna go
make sure everything's okay.

All right.

Excuse me.

Of course.

[Dogs barking]

Clara.

- Oh, my god.

- Mommy?

- Mommy, I'm scared.

- I'm here. I've got you.

[Beeps]

Could you help us, please?

- What are you doing?

- See this?

It's the only thing keeping
the dogs from tearing her apart.

So be quiet and come with us.

Hide and seek

as long as they please #

'cause that's the way

the teddy bears have

their picnic ##

- [Clara] no!

- [Vincent] let's go!

- Daddy!

- Move it.

- Adam!
[Tires screeching]
Natalie!
No.
You have reached
Your call is important to us.
Yeah, I know.
Your "yes" or "no" answers
will help us in directing
police to assist you.
Come on! Yes.
Are you reporting a felony?
Thank you
for reporting a felony.
Come on.
Is the felony
in progress now?
Yes.
Thank you.
Is there a current danger of
bodily harm to you or others?
Yes!
[Voice continues, indistinct]
Forget about
talking to the police.
I tried that already.
[Echoing]
Who are you?
I know this sounds insane,
but I'm Adam Gibson.
What?
We don't have time for you
to be shocked right now because
they've got Natalie and Clara.
And I need your help
to get my family back.
They are my family.
That's for sleeping
with my wife...
in the damn minivan.
Your "yes" or "no" an...
your report has been timed out
or canceled at your request.
It's him.

Mr. Gibson, I believe
you have something of mine.
Oh, no. I have
everything of yours.
I have the syncording that
proves you are a clone.
And I have everything
of yours... your family
in the palm of my hand.
- Shall we trade?
- You read my mind.
Just the highlights.
All right.
I'll bring the disk
to the double x charter

office at 10:

Be there with my family.
Did you have
to hit me that hard?
Well, I had to stop you
from talking to the police.
Yeah, that's a good one.
That should do it.
What are you doing?
Testing it.
Because I don't think you have
enough aluminum in there.
Are you kidding me?
That's exactly the same amount
they used in the rainforest war.
You shouldn't be talking.
The mess you left trying
to fix your garage.
You saw me working
on the garage?
Saw you? I nearly shot you.
Let's try it.
Wow!
Cool.
Cool.
You'd better be miles away
when this thing goes off.
I'm more worried about

getting us into the building
to find Natalie and Clara.
I'll take my chances
getting out.
Griffin.
Here.
What are you doing?
Yours, yours.
Griffin, what's the matter?
My wife, Katherine, is dead.
Oh, Jesus Christ.
Griffin, I don't know...
I'm so sorry.
Don't start with "sorry."
Don't start! Don't start!
I am so sorry.
Don't start with "sorry"!
I know about the congenital
defects you've been embedding
into the clone D.N.A.
There's my wife,
Johnny Phoenix and the others.
But, Michael,
why my wife? Why?
You're right, Griffin.
It's a security protocol I
implemented. I didn't tell you
because you wouldn't understand.
What should I understand?
The only thing I understand
is that you gave my wife
cystic fibrosis.
Griffin, calm down. Someone
made a mistake. This was never
meant to hurt Katherine.
Oh, it didn't hurt her,
it just killed her.
Suppose we clone a senator
who's agreed to support us
but he goes back on his word.
What's the point?
Or Johnny Phoenix
wants to double his salary.
By giving them shorter life

spans we guarantee our leverage.

What's the point?

The point is...

if they betray us, they're dead.

If they stay on the team,

we clone them again

and no harm done.

And that's exactly what

we're gonna do with Katherine.

She's being cloned as we speak.

- No, she's not. No.

- No, she's...

Griffin, it was a mistake.

If you're concerned about her

D.N.A., go through it yourself,

make sure it's clean.

And obviously, there won't be

any charge for the cloning.

Oh, no charge.

Thank you very much.

What you don't understand is

she does not want to be cloned.

So you do it anyway.

Do it anyway?

I see.

Let me explain

something to you.

It's very simple.

I loved my wife very much.

So much so that I promised

I would never bring her

back again, and I won't.

If I can't bring her back again,

I'll never bring back

anyone ever again.

That's how much

I loved her.

So it's over,

it's finished and I quit.

Well, I can't let you quit.

Yeah, well.

I've looked the other way

too often and I've justified

too much, so...

Im finished.
It's over.
You know what Im gonna do
for you, Griffin?
What are you gonna do for me?
I'm gonna give you
the greatest gift that
you could possibly imagine.
A gift?
I'm gonna save your life.
I'm gonna save Katherine.
I'm gonna save our friendship.
And Im gonna save
your marriage.
Michael, what are you
talking about?
I'm going to kill you now.
And then Im going to clone you
using your latest syncording.
Then Im gonna clone Katherine
using her last syncording.
You understand?
No.
Do you see
what Im doing for you?
You and Katherine
will be back together...
and neither one of you
will remember that you ever
promised not to clone her.
Or that she even died.
And obviously, you won't
remember this conversation.
You're welcome.
[Adam]
All right.
Now show me my family.
Bastards. I knew it.
Your syncording isn't here
and neither is he. It was being
flown by remote or something.
Both of you get back here now.
Come on.
This is a private pad.

You can't land that here.
Replacement technologies only.
I'm here to pick up
Mr. Drucker.
Here.
- It's my charter contract.
- Okay.
Everything's normal,
Mr. Drucker,
but we'll stay alert.
- What time are you
planning to take off?
- Take off? No, I didn't...
your pilot's on his way
down to reception.
Now you listen to me.
Seal the building,
full security alert.
You find this pilot.
He is armed and very dangerous.
Get Wiley and some men
up to my office, now.
- Freeze the elevators
and shut down parking garages.
- Over there on monitor 12.
- Zone six,
engineering corridor.
- There, sector three.
He's headed right towards you.
Turn around, turn around.
Don't even try it.
Get some people
up that west stairwell.
Team three and four,
close up on him. Let's go.
He must have shot a power box.
He's trashing the whole system.
We've got him trapped.
West stairwell,
between 13 and 14.
Let's go!
[Marshall]
Cover the stairwell doors!
Fire in front of him.

Okay, you did pretty good.
You fooled us at the airport.
You managed to turn
this place into a shambles.
- Want to make us come up there
and kill you? Fine.
- You're the greatest, dad.
But Mr. Drucker would like
to talk to you.
And of course
we do have your family.
All right.
Go get him, go get him.
[Door opens]
Well, well.
- Adam Gibson.
- I wish I could say,
"the one and only."
Looks like we both
went back on our word,
didn't we?
- You might find we have more
in common than you thought.
- Where's my family?
Right to business.
An admirable trait.
There they are.
- All safe and sound.
- For the moment.
And your syncording,
it's not on him.
It's not in his whispercraft.
I knew you'd
double-cross me,
so I gave it to my clone.
If anything happens
to me or my family,
the next time
you'll see your syncording
will be at your murder trial.
- Dr. Weir didn't
tell you, did he?
- Tell me what?
Adam, Adam, Adam.

He's not the clone.

You are.

I want you to ask
yourself something.

Do you remember anything after
being scanned by my bodyguard?

[Man #1]

I need to check your vision.

Look straight ahead.

Do you actually remember
changing places
with your friend?

[Man #2]

Hey, buddy, wake up.

We're here, woodland mall.

The salesman at the RePet shop
thought it was odd
that you came in twice...

asked the same
questions twice.

Still can't

make up your mind, huh?

You lost a dog, right?

[Hank's voice]

Let me see your chin.

You cut yourself shaving?

Your shaving cut?

Easily reproduced.

So was the scar
from your old war wound.

I know who I am.

I know you do.

Talia, how many times
have you been cloned?

I've lost count.

There's one way to tell.

Show him.

It's the only way
to keep track of what
generation a clone is.

See? Four dots means
she's been cloned
four times.

Come on. Let's

take a look at yours.
Come take a look in the mirror.
Let's find out if you are
who you think you are.
Just under
your left eye.
Kind of takes the fun
out of being alive,
doesn't it?
So you see, your family
is not really your family,
they're his.
And you, my friend,
are in exactly the same boat
as all of us.
If Adam Gibson gets that
syncording to the authorities,
we will all be destroyed.
If you really love
your wife and kid, you'll
tell me where Adam Gibson is.
We'll get my syncording back,
we'll get rid of him.
Tell me where Adam Gibson is.
We'll get my syncording back,
we'll get rid of him.
We'll get my syncording back,
we'll get rid of him.
And they'll never have to know
that you're the clone.
It's that or lose them forever.
You know, Adam. I'm not making
this offer because I have to.
I can get everything I need
from your memories.
The fact is, I'd like you
to understand you'd also
be serving a higher purpose.
In two years, three tops,
I will control enough votes
to get the laws changed.
And then we won't have to lose
our best people. We won't
have to lose our Mozarts.

We won't have to lose
our Martin Luther Kings.
We'll be able to conquer death.
We will finally
be able to conquer death.
And who gets to decide
who lives and who dies, you?
You have a better idea?
Yeah, what about god?
Oh, you're one of those.
I suppose you think science
is inherently evil.
No, I don't think
science is inherently evil.
But I think you are.
If you believe that god
created man in his own image,
then you also believe
that god gave man the power
to understand evolution.
To exploit science,
to manipulate the genetic code,
to do exactly what I am doing.
I'm just taking over
where god left off.
If you really believe that,
then you should clone yourself
while you're still alive.
And why is that?
So I can understand
your unique perspective?
No. So you can
go fuck yourself.
Now you're gonna
tell us where you put
Mr. Drucker's syncording!
You won't find it in my head.
I told him to hide it so
I wouldn't know where it is.
We'll see about that,
won't we?
Yeah, we will.
[Grunting]
Let's go. Get in here.

Come on! Come on!

Come on!

Fine, have it your way.

Take a piece of me

A piece that you can't see

Take a piece of me

The one that I won't give up

Go easy on me

That didn't

hurt so bad, did it?

Asshole.

Let's go back a few minutes.

- [Adam] here it is,

Drucker's syncording.

- There's the other one.

Keep this and wait here.

If I'm not back in an hour,

you know what to do.

Don't worry. Anything

happens to you or my family,

I'm gonna destroy

that son of a bitch.

You got the location?

The airport. I was just there.

He'll be dead in 20 minutes.

Let's go.

Betrayed by your own mind.

- Wait, wait!

- What?

They staged that scene

for our benefit.

The other one

was sitting behind him

so we couldn't see him. Look.

The bastard faked

his own syncording.

The other one was hiding

in the whispercraft...

and this one

avoided looking at him

so he wouldn't be in his memory.

- You mean the other one's

in this building too?

- Yes, that's correct.

Now, warn Vincent.
Put out another alert.
This one is the diversion.
He smashes all the cameras.
He gets himself captured.
Meanwhile, the other one's
free to just stroll in here
and take his wife and kid.
[Alarm blaring]
[Grunts]
- [Talial]
Idiot!
- Oh.
- [Groans]
- Natalie! Clara!
Daddy!
Oh, my god!
What's going on?
It's me.
Daddy?
[Drucker screams]
Oh, god!
- Don't worry, sir.
Get him up.
- Oh, shit.
- Everything's okay now.
- I'm scared, dad.
I'm scared.
This isn't because
of the cigar?
No, I'll explain later.
Dad, I'm scared.
Don't worry.
He's not going anywhere, sir.
We'll get him. Let's go.
Wait! Talial, you go.
You two stay here.
Have 'em block
all the exits.
Yeah, Henderson, come in.
Seal off the entire tank areas,
levels six and seven.
I'm trying, sir.
Give me a minute.

And get us some power
up here.
Don't move!
My daughter is right inside
that door.
Now, I don't want
to expose her
to any graphic violence.
She already gets enough
of that from the media.
Put your weapons down.
Nice and easy.
Good. Now, when
you go inside, you say...
have a nice flight.
Have a nice flight,
little girl.
Friends of daddy's.
All right, let's go.
Have a little midnight flight
with daddy and mommy.
There we are. All right?
Sorry.
There you go, sir.
Wiley. Go.
All right.
Wiley, just wait one second.
- Not again!
- [Wiley screams]
And don't
bring him back.
Stupid bastard blew a hole
through my stomach.
Oh, god!
I'll be dead
in 20 minutes tops.
But what better place,
right?
Henderson?
Where's my power?
Relays are coming
on-line now, sir.
[Henderson]
Get all exits blocked.

All exits!
Shit!
Go start warming up
a blank.
I want a fresh syncording.
I want my mind
to be up to the minute.
Okay, here it is.
This is a fresh one.
[Marshall]
This will be
a complete syncording.
- [Talia groaning]
- [Drucker]
Is that Talia?
[Talia]
Shit!
Go help her.
We'll find him.
What have you got?
Tanks three and four, nothing.
Okay, go.
Take the back walk.
- [Yelling]
- [Screaming]
- [Gunshot]
No!
No.
[Yells] oh, god!
[Gasps]
[Gaspings]
Oh, no.
- Take her to your mother's.
Stay there until I pick you up.
- I got her.
Come with us, daddy.
I have to help a friend, okay?
Bye.
Love you.
- [Gaspings]
- Wiley, you shot me!
Oh, right.
That was you.
I gotta get dressed.

[Groans]

You're not even gonna wait
until... I die?

Would you?

Come on, get it off.

Blood on the jacket.

Jesus Christ.

[Gasps, mutters]

What?

[Mumbles]

What?

- [Gasps]

- What?

Look. Adam,

we can make a deal.

You have absolutely no reason
to kill me. I didn't do anything
to you. It was all him.

Listen to me.

I can rebuild all of this
in a very short time.

I can still save you, Adam.

Save me?

We put congenital defects
into the clone D.N.A. to give
the clones short life spans.

You want to know what
you're gonna die of?

How long you've got to live?

We can go right upstairs,
right now,
and look it up.

We all have to die someday.

We don't have to die.

I'm offering you the chance
to live forever.

Never aging.

Perfect in every way.

Perfect?

Like you?

Look!

Here is your perfection!

No.

No. No. No.

Oh, god.
Oh, god.
There's no need
to panic.
I can fix this.
No, you won't fix anything.
It's over. It's finished.
It's finished!
[Groans]
[Groans]
When I said you should
screw yourself, I didn't mean
for you to take it literally.
Go after him.
Just get him.
[Security guard]
Check the roof.
You, you, up top!
[Guard]
He's goin' up!
He's goin' up the stairs!
Come on!
- Can you fly this?
- Better than you can.
Good. Because
your shooting sucks.
Let's get out of here.
[Glass cracking]
[Yelling]
[Yelling]
Oh, shit!
Come on! Come on!
Try to climb over me!
Come on! Hurry up!
Shit!
Come on!
Oh, shit!
You know, I keep wondering.
Am I really human?
Do I have a soul?
Well, your D.N.A. scan
came back normal.
Didn't it?
Yeah.

Zero defects.
Just like a RePet commercial.
Well, if you're not human,
don't you think
they would've mentioned it?
All right, enough philosophy.
I better get going.
I got three weeks at sea
to figure that out.
You have to hurry
if you want to see Clara.
Oh, thanks for letting me
say good-bye to your family.
Now, wait.
This is your family too.
You were willing to die
to save them.
Think about that while
you're out at sea wondering
if you're really human or not.
Because if that's
not being human,
I don't know what is.
Thanks.
Hello, everybody.
Look what I brought.
A kitty!
Oh, Sadie. Oh.
I thought that, um,
Hank's cat was...
she is.
But you hate RePets.
Well, I changed my mind.
You old softie.
Can we keep her?
Please? Please?
Of course.
That's why I brought her home.
Put her down. Good.
Thank you so much!
With My Pleasure
Ammar Schwarzenegger