

TEASER

EXT. NE-2 DISTRICT, COMMERCIAL PROMENADE. NIGHT

Early evening over a raised commercial promenade. Bright as day with all the neon that floods from the hundred billboards.

Small circular LOOM DRONES float majestically over the crowds, their cameras twist and turn to study everyone who passes beneath them.

Outside of a busy cafe, a group of TANNER waitresses gather.

They all wear the exact same uniform - a tight bodysuit - and thick leather collars with LEDs that snake from chest to chin.

They are all obscenely attractive, but with their overly white Colgate smiles and vacant eyes, it's like nobody's home.

The TANNERS freeze, their collars flash, then they disperse.

At a nearby table, HARRY Miller (39), reads the news on a transparent MULTI-SHEET tablet.

The headline - "**NO LEADS ON MISSING BILLIONAIRE.**"

Harry - make no mistakes, he's already got your number. An old soul trapped in the body of a younger man. Capable, astute and brave - he'd be a man's man if he had the patience.

Harry's looks up from his page as he subtly surveys the area.

HARRY

Hey, Sahlé - any eyes yet?

SAHLÉ (V.O.)

Not yet, but we're still a few minutes out.

A Tanner, (20s), takes Harry's empty glass and smiles at him.

Then, as seen through the Tanner's eyes, Harry grimaces.

SAHLÉ (V.O.) (cont'd)

I saw that.

Harry glares at the Tanner, he waits for it to move on before he speaks again.

HARRY

Are we sure Driscom's gonna show?

SAHLÉ (V.O.)

He doesn't have a choice. He's not getting out of Northeast without a
(MORE)

DRIFT (PILOT): "HANDS TIED"

2.

SAHLÉ (V.O.) (cont'd)
new SID chip. Not now they gilded
his Ticket.

HARRY
All the more reason not to, he
must have every shark in the city
on him.

SAHLÉ
Hey - just got a ping. Look left.

Harry turns his head just as a man, Pope DRISCOM, (32, rough, forgettable), slips into view.

Driscom keeps his chin down, avoids the drones, as he blends into the crowd near a food kiosk.

Harry keeps an eye on Driscom as he collapses his Multi-Sheet into a cylinder and stands up.

He taps a cuff on his wrist (SECTOR ID) against a sensor on the table - it flashes - "ENJOY YOUR DAY!"

Driscom feels himself being watched and glances up at Harry.

Harry subtly nods, Driscom nods back and diverts his gaze.

HARRY
(sotto)
Here goes nothing.

Harry makes his way towards Driscom, who avoids his eye.

SAHLÉ (V.O.)
He's a quick shot, remember, so
keep him talking until you're
ready to make the arrest.

HARRY
Yeah, I think I got it, Sal.

Suddenly, a commotion in the crowd spooks Driscom. He shakes his head at Harry - *ABORT ABORT!* - and flees.

SAHLÉ (V.O.)
Shit! What happened?

Shocked, Harry glances about just as a cocky Bounty HUNTER, (20s), sprints after Driscom.

SAHLÉ (V.O.) (cont'd)
Is that another...?

Harry watches slack-jawed as the Hunter passes him.

HARRY

I guess it's back to my plan.

Harry pulls a JOLT PISTOL from his jacket and joins the chase, nimble as he weaves through the dense crowd.

The Hunter takes a sharp corner and whips through a restaurant forecourt.

Surprised, Harry clumsily hurdles a table and falls down. He jumps up only to find his path is blocked by pedestrians.

HARRY (cont'd)

Sahlé - eyes!

SAHLÉ (V.O.)

He just pinged on Lipton.

(pause)

Uh, there - take Florey.

Harry sees a street labelled FLOREY AVE. and sprints down it.

SAHLÉ (V.O.) (cont'd)

They just passed the Print Cafe.

Harry sees the Hunter up ahead, hot on Driscom's trail.

Driscom shoots across a 4-WAY TRAFFIC INTERSECTION, followed by the Hunter, just seconds before--

--A SHEET OF HARDLIGHT BLOCKS THE STREET.

Harry skids to a stop careful not to hit the swirling barrier.

He goes to adapt only to find himself trapped, while Driscom and the Hunter disappear down an alley up ahead.

Harry fidgets as he waits for the lights to count down - 3... 2... 1... the barrier omits and Harry sprints into...

EXT. NE-2 DISTRICT, BACK ALLEY. NIGHT

Harry rounds the corner but instantly slows to a stop.

His shoulders drop as he watches Driscom hop onto the back of a motorbike and screech off into the night.

SAHLÉ (V.O.)

Harry! I can't see you.

HARRY

...I lost Driscom.

SAHLÉ (V.O.)

Shit. Did the shark get him?

DRIFT (PILOT): "HANDS TIED"

4.

Harry sheaths his Jolt Pistol and slowly walks up to the Hunter, who is on the ground.

HARRY
Thankfully not.

Harry uses his foot to roll the Hunter onto his back to reveal three shiny JOLT PELLETS embedded in his chest.

The Hunter writhes as the pellets deliver electric shocks.

SAHLÉ (V.O.)
Well, that's something.

HARRY
Yeah - except Driscom will go even darker now.

HUNTER
Help... me... please...

The Hunter spasmodically gestures for Harry to remove the pellets.

Harry doesn't, instead he rolls his eyes ruefully.

HARRY
Fucking amateurs.

END OF TEASER