

JEROME (VO): For the genetically superior, success is easier to attain but is by no means guaranteed. After all, there is no gene for fate. And when, for one reason or another, a member of the elite falls on hard times, their genetic identity becomes a valued commodity for the unscrupulous. One man's loss is another man's gain.

*He gives a conspiratorial nod to another passing DNA BROKER.*

GERMAN (*enthusiastically reading from data on his portable screen as he walks*): He has the heart of an ox. He could run through a Goddamn wall--if he could still run. Actually, he was a big college swimming star.

VINCENT: How do I square the accident?

GERMAN (*still reading data from his palm-top computer*): It happened in Australasia. He checked in yesterday. No family complications, no record he ever broke his neck. As far as anybody's concerned, he's still a walking, talking, fully-productive member of society. You just have to get him off the pipe and fill in the last two years of his life.

*German has stopped walking as if they have arrived.*

VINCENT (*looking around for a likely candidate but finding none*): Where is he?

*German reaches towards a PARAPLEGIC sitting in his wheelchair in the stairwell directly in front of them. EUGENE. Despite the patchy, unkempt beard and thick glaze over his eyes he bears a striking similarity to Vincent.*

VINCENT (*a thought occurs, addressing the paraplegic for the first time*): How tall are you?

EUGENE (*deadpan*): Four foot six.

*Vincent grins, realizing that Eugene is referring to his seated height. There is an instant connection between the two men.*

VINCENT: Okay, how tall did you use to be?

EUGENE (*apathetic*): Six one.

VINCENT (*to German, disappointed*): He's too tall.

GERMAN (*shrugs*): You can wear lifts.

VINCENT: Even with lifts I'm never that tall.

GERMAN: There's a way.

INT. BACKSTREET SURGERY. NIGHT.

*In a primitive operating theatre, VINCENT lies on a table, his lower legs masked off for surgery. The SURGEON switches on a surgical saw and lines it up with handdrawn incision marks. Metal struts are ready to elongate his legs.*

INT. IN-VALID HOUSING PROJECT - APARTMENT. DAY.

*GERMAN wheels the dazed EUGENE into the apartment, cluttered with space paraphernalia. One wheel of his rusting wheelchair is flimsily held on with wire. VINCENT follows behind on crutches, both lower legs in casts and cross-braces. Vincent signs the contract German puts in front of him.*