

Qubit Beauty
by
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FADE IN:

On a BLACK SCREEN:

QUBIT BEAUTY: ONE PARTICLE SPLITTING INTO TWO --
CONNECTED ACROSS TIME, ACROSS SPACE, EXISTING IN ALL
POSSIBLE STATES, SIMULTANEOUSLY.

AND THEN CHOOSING ONE STATE, ONE COURSE OF ACTION.

INT. SUBATOMIC TEST CHAMBER

A single PHOTON streaks through the near vacuum. Up
ahead, two tiny slits in a wall. As the photon
approaches the slits, it spreads.

Now a miasma of wave energy, it surges in two parts,
through the two slits.

On the other side, it emerges in a cacophony of energy
waves, smacking into each other, creating a patchwork of
troughs and peaks. Darkness.

EXT. POLO FIELD -- DAY

A polo BALL bounces across the grass beneath galloping
HOOVES. A MALLET swings down, whacks at the ball,
misses.

Forrest NYE, late 20's, tall, lanky, swings his mallet
back to his shoulder, as he looks behind him.

Forrest

Yours, Cooper!

COOPER FIELD, late 20's, short and stocky, rides behind
Forrest.

COOPER

Go, go!

Forrest relaxes the reins, his pony charges down the
field. He looks back at Cooper, yells.

FORREST

On your left!

As Cooper aims for the ball, OPPOSING PLAYER 1 slams into
Cooper's pony, from the left -- bumping.

Cooper's swing goes wide, and only knicks the ball. The ball bounces sideways.

Forrest turns his pony and rides back towards Cooper.

FORREST

Coop, I'm coming.

COOPER

No, I've got it. Go. Go!

Forrest turns his pony again and heads back towards the goal.

As Opposing Player 1 scrabbles at the ball with her mallet, Cooper steals it away, dribbling down the field.

He looks up, spots Forrest 50 yards down the field, just in front of the goal.

Cooper swings his mallet -- Opposing Player 1 hooks it.

Cooper wiggles his mallet free, gallops, swings, hits. The ball flies down the field.

Forrest rides to meet the ball, swings. OPPOSING PLAYER 2 blocks the shot. Both ponies ride over the ball. Forrest's pony's hooves kick the ball in. It bounces over the goal line.

COOPER

Pony goal!

Forrest looks at Cooper, total despair.

COOPER

Pony goal, it still counts!

EXT. NEW YORK CITY, VERGE COMPUTING HQ -- DAY

An iron fence surrounds the grassy lawns of a 19th estate. Near the East River sits a large hunk of marble and concrete -- Greek Temple style.

The words, created in light, "Verge Computer" scroll across the side of the building, fade out, repeat, change colors, fonts. Hip signage.

SECURITY GUARDS stand by a GATE HOUSE, where the drive way meets the street.

INT. VERGE CEO'S OUTER OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

ALICE MARRIS, RECEPTIONIST -- 30. Streaked blonde hair is the only hip accoutrement. Otherwise, she's pure classic, down to the pearls.

Her eyes are closed, as she types on her computer keyboard. She hums under her breath. She hits the RETURN KEY and the file saves and closes. She opens her eyes.

A LETTER prints out. She picks up a CHECK, and the letter. She puts them in an ENVELOPE marked "New York City Transit Authority."

ALICE

Naughty boss.

She inserts a PARKING TICKET, then seals it.

Across the room, on a chair are a coat, and red and blue SCARF. She stares at it till her eyes cross.

She takes off her necklace, looks at it. Alice twirls her pearl necklace on her finger. It slips off, whaps into the wall.

She reaches for it, but won't get out of her chair. It is just beyond her grasp. She takes off her shoe, tries to get it with her toe. She slides off her chair.

She lies on the floor, not getting up. The room looks very different from the floor.

INT. CEO SKINNER'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

ROBERT SKINNER, small guy, 40's tanned and toned. Dyed reddish hair spiked straight up. Gold pinky ring, a 4000 dollar suit, and a very expensive smile.

SKINNER

Decoherence, solved?

PROFESSOR SAMUEL Thoreau, late 50s, graying. The lines and pouches on his face crinkle as he speaks. His eyes shine.

THOREAU

They've been working night and day. Just watch.

Thoreau spins a lap-top on the desk, so it faces Skinner. On the body of the lap-top is the logo for Verge -- a large "V" followed by "erge" in small letters.

It's a Verge lap-top.

Skinner stops the motion. He plugs in a CABLE, and presses a BUTTON beneath his desk.

A WINDOW blacks out -- it displays the image of the lap-top screen.

THOREAU

Impressive.

An AIRPLANE SHADOW streaks across the room; out the window, a LEER JET streaks down in the direction of KENNEDY AIRPORT. On the side of the plane is the logo "V."

EXT. SKY -- AFTERNOON

The leer jet streaks past New York City, on the East Side. It heads to Kennedy International Airport. Its vapor trail wafts past midtown.

EXT. STRATEGIC ANALYSIS BUILDING -- AFTERNOON

MID TOWN. A six-story shortie. Atop the building are a series of ANTENNAE.

INT. ELLIS' OFFICE

MARLON ELLIS, 30s, mulatto, buff; muscles of jock, deep-set eyes of a worrier. Sits in front of a computer monitor. Wears an ear jack and a microphone. Jacket off, tie around his forehead.

An airplane shaped MARKER moves across the screen.

ELLIS

You are so toast, buddy.

Ellis types on the computer. A screen pops up, showing the image of a MAN in his 50's:

JONATHON VOORHEES

CEO VERGE COMPUTING

INT. CEO SKINNER'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

They look at the blank window

SKINNER

And secure. From outside, it
looks like curtains.

The lap-images appear on the window screen.

ON THE WINDOW SCREEN

INT. LAB

A Computer/Physics LAB. Chalk boards, discarded electronic parts, papers. In the center, an enormous BOX, with hundreds of CABLES leading out of it.

Near by, handmade computers, and several screens display a flickering pattern.

Two men in the room. They are the polo players, now dressed in usual student gear: jeans, button-ups, sweaters.

Forrest bends over the computer.

FORREST

Setting the parameters for the
referent ions...

THOREAU (V.O.)

Forrest Nye. Brilliant
theoretician.

SKINNER (V.O.)

Don't tell me.

Cooper lies underneath the box, checking cables.

COOPER

Super cooling good to go.

THOREAU (V.O.)
Cooper Field. Technical whiz.

SKINNER (V.O.)
No names.

Wires attach the box to the computers. Cooper stands up, in front of an enormous CONSOLE.

THOREAU (V.O.)
They're going to be working for you soon.

SKINNER (V.O.)
They work for me already.

Cooper drops a cable.

COOPER
Hot, hot, hot!

Forrest throws grungy, ARCTIC-WEAR gloves at Cooper, who catches them.

Forrest
Cold.

COOPER
Extremes are indistinguishable upon first encounter.

Forrest
Who said that?

COOPER
Me.

Forrest
Before you.

COOPER
Probably a lot of people without gloves on. Ready?

FORREST
After you.

Cooper pulls three large levers.

Forrest looks over at the box. Cooper follows his gaze.

Cooper concentrates as he slowly spins a dial on his control board. Forrest stands in front of several computer screens, all showing different aspects of what is in the box.

COOPER

Lattices?

Forrest

Holding...holding.

COOPER

Stream on. Charging the gates.

Cooper presses a series of buttons.

Forrest

One point five, One point seven,
One point nine -- easy, easy!

COOPER

Temp read out.

Forrest

Point Oh Oh Five about absolute.
Within range. Within range. Keep
it there...

Cooper lets his hands hover over the controls.

Forrest

Loading ions in the trap. In
progress. In progress...two,
three, four... qubit heaven.

The two young men stand in complete silence.

COOPER

This is it, this is it.

Forrest

Now, now!

Cooper hits a button, then steps back, craning his neck to watch the screen, but stretching, to keep his hands near the controls.

FORREST

Oscillations maintaining steady.

Cooper's hand trembles over a computer button. He looks at Forrest. Forrest, sweaty, looks back, nods. Cooper hits the button. Once, twice.

He stares at the monitor.

COOPER

It's still there! It's still holding, all ions loaded!

They look at each other. Forrest types a command into his keyboard, while Cooper stares at a computer monitor, that sits all by itself.

INT. BOX

1000 atoms lined up in rows, cradled mid-air, like eggs in an invisible carton. They jiggle in their little quantum wells.

Beneath them, another 1000 atoms, lined up in rows, cradled in mid-air.

Photons cascades over the top-layer atoms, making some glow.

COOPER (O.S.)

Looking good so far.

A WAVE begins in one corner of the matrix, the atoms jiggle slightly into each other.

FORREST (O.S.)

Reaction initiating...

INT. LAB

FORREST

Give me your credit card.

COOPER

Mine? Why mine? Oh, that's right. You don't have one.

FORREST

It's a choice.

COOPER

Just like no cell phone?

Cooper holds up his cell phone.

FORREST
Hey, I'm getting one, just not
yet.

COOPER
It could save your life, someday.
You never know.

FORREST
Or ruin my credit.

COOPER
Here.

Cooper pulls out his credit card, tosses it to Forrest.

COOPER
Here's to the Nobel Prize.

Forrest drops the credit card on to a table top. The card falls through violet streaks of light, which curve around the card, striping it briefly.

A nearby computer screen flashes series of number --

FORREST
Digits captured. Start RSA
encryption.

ON THE SCREEN

Of the regular computer: DIGITS fly across the screen showing a huge PRIME NUMBER.

INT. LAB

Forrest and Cooper look at the BOX.

COOPER
Now it's up to the Quantum
Computer... Begin decoding.

ON THE SCREEN

The prime number breaks down into its factors.

INT. LAB

The bank of computer screens are filled with numbers scrolling, digits, zillions of digits.

Suddenly they stop. On the screen flashes

COOPER FIELD

627 MORROW ROAD

BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

DATE OF BIRTH: 12/05/79

5/3/05 57.43 Footlocker 10/bla FlashShots, New Jersey

4/6/05 32.91 Amazon.com Toni Childs CDs Union and Hope

2/1/05 104.93 Harry's Bar, New York

COOPER

My card records where I've been?
That's scary.

FORREST

Talk about identity theft.

END OF LAP-TOP/WINDOW SCREEN COMPUTER IMAGES

INT. CEO SKINNER'S OFFICE -- DAY

Thoreau closes the lap-top. The window screen becomes transparent.

THOREAU

They did it. Those kids did it.

SKINNER

Faked.

THOREAU

Those kids have built a quantum decoder that can crack primary encryption in half an hour. They beat Los Alamos, Livermore, all the military labs...They beat you.

SKINNER

Let me know when you get something solid.

THOREAU

They're gonna' out-Verge Verge.

SKINNER

They've merged with Verge, herr Professor.

Thoreau's face falls.

Skinner pushes a fat ENVELOPE across his desk to Thoreau. Skinner pulls the lap-top to his side of the desk. Thoreau takes the envelope, then collapses into himself.

SKINNER

You're doing the right thing. In the wrong hands a quantum computer -- well. Power is a dangerous thing.

INT. VERGE CEO'S OUTER OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

Alice climbs back onto her chair as she hears the door open.

Skinner holds the door open, as Thoreau walks out.

SKINNER

Alice?

Skinner waves at Alice who is already in motion.

Alice moves quickly to the chair, and holds out Thoreau's coat. She helps him into it.

ALICE

Doctor?

THOREAU

Professor. Of little professing.

Alice holds Thoreau's scarf so "Rutledge" shows.

ALICE

Your scarf.

Thoreau looks at his scarf, sees the school name. He balls the scarf and shoves it in his pocket.

He tosses the envelope of bills on the arm chair.

THOREAU
I'm no professional.

SKINNER
It's too late, professor.

Thoreau hurries out the door. Skinner chases after him, stops to tell Alice something -- changes his mind, heads out.

INT. HALL

Skinner strides after Thoreau.

SKINNER
Think about your wife.

Thoreau hesitates, then disappears around a corner. A door SLAMS open. Skinner chases.

SKINNER
Money can buy her time, Thoreau.

EXT. VERGE'S PARKING LOT -- AFTERNOON

Thoreau emerges from the VERGE building via an EMERGENCY EXIT DOOR. No alarms sound. He UNLOCKS his old VOLVO with a key. He gets in.

Skinner runs into the parking lot as Thoreau drives away.

Skinner beeps his FERRARI, hops in.

INT. FERRARI -- AFTERNOON

SKINNER
Academic asshole.

Skinner floors it.

EXT. KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- AFTERNOON

The JET lands -- the one with the two foot high "V" on its fuselage.

EXT. JET/TARMAC -- AFTERNOON

JONATHON VOORHEES, bulky, 50s, fleshy, in the way of a drinker. Roving light blue eyes, an erect, barrel chest. Wears a scarf tucked beneath his collar -- that voluptuous European careless style. He walks down the jet's stairs.

INT. ALICES' OFFICE

ELLIS

Come on, come on...

On the COMPUTER SCREEN: the LAYOUT of KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT.

All interior and exterior areas are outlined and labelled, including FOREIGN ENTRY.

Blue dots hurry along the corridors, mill about. One RED dot plods.

ELLIS

What is this guy doing?

The red dot traverses the length of the screen. The screen clicks over to the next section of the first floor blue prints. The red dot meanders through several halls.

ELLISs

Check-in, dude. Passport?

The red dot reaches a dead-end hall, then winks out.

ELLISs

What the hell?

EXT. KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- AFTERNOON

Voorhees exits the PRIVATE PLANES BUILDING. He walks across the PRIVATE TARMAC.

He climbs into a waiting HELICOPTER. It too has the Verge logo, a large "V" followed by small "erge."

It takes off.

INT. ELLIS' OFFICE

Ellis types madly, a satellite image appears on his screen -- it is of the helicopter.

As the helicopter flies, new screen images flash -- same helicopter, different angles, different images.

ELLIS

Sneaky bastard.

Ellis types on the computer, the red dot lights up -- it's in the helicopter.

ELLIS

Gotcha.

Ellis sits back down, picks up a pencil, flings it across the room. It spins end-over-end and sticks in the cork wall covering. Ellis flashes himself a fabulous smile.

Ellis' computer suddenly winks out.

ELLIS

What the hell?

Ellis types quickly. As he types, a screen pops-up:

CONNECTION TO SATLINK INTERRUPTED.

ELLIS

Oh no.

Ellis types, the satellite link-up reappears, but it is focussed on the water that surrounds Long Island.

Ellis types. The satellite link-up flashes shots of the ground below. Traffic. Shore. Ellis watches the screen.

SATELLITE IMAGES flash past so fast -- more traffic, a car, a parking lot, houses, a pool, a kid in the pool, a golf course, water, a man hitting a woman, a baby crying -- Ellis SLAPS the computer monitor. It freezes. He shakes his head, eyes unfocused.

Ellis types.

ELLIS

Calm down, boy.

The image of the helicopter reappears. SFX as the room sounds distort, from Ellis' pov: the CLOCK TICKING, the CHAIR WHEEL SQUEAKING, the AIR CONDITIONER. The distortions clear.

ELLIS

Bingo, buddy.

Ellis picks up the phone, dials "1" and talks while he types.

ELLIS

You're so toast --

The phone call is picked up, a voice answers.

VOICE

FBI.

ELLIS

Got a rich sneaker for you. Pass me on to air grab.

The computer screen winks out again. The message appears:

CONNECTION TO SATLINK INTERRUPTED.

ELLIS

No!

Ellis slams his fist into his desk. The office distorts, the computer screen telescopes. Ellis clutches the desk, bracing himself. He sees the helicopter on the screen. In his mind, he hears the helicopter's sounds.

SFX of helicopter blades distorting.

INT. ELLIS' MIND

All in voice over, while Ellis is in his office.

SFX: WAR -- shooting, yelling, screams, motors.

VOICE (V.O.)

Now?

ELLIS (V.O.)

Run, it's safe. Come on!

VOICE (V.O.)

I'm scared!

ELLIS (V.O.)

I'll protect you.

SFX of running feet, gun-fire. Screams.

VOICE (O.S.)

Ellis!

The voice gasps, stops.

END OF ELLIS' MIND SOUNDS

ELLIS

Oh crap. Not now. No, no, no,
no.

Ellis paces, as he mumbles to himself.

ELLIS

We the people of the United States
of America, for whom the bell
tolls, ask not if it tolls for -
No! Four score and seven years
ago, in order to form a more
perfect union, union, union... A,
B, C, D, E, F, G --

SFX KNOCK on the door. The sound erupts like gunfire.
Ellis leaps across the room, crouching. The knock
repeats.

Ellis stares at the door. One hand finds the pencil he
flung at the wall, he pulls it down, readies it.

ELLIS' MIND-SOUNDS: SFX SOUNDS OF WAR: GUNFIRE, YELLING,
EXPLOSIONS.

FRANK

Ellis? Ellis?

The door opens slowly. Ellis screams, flings the pencil. In the crack of the opening door, he sees the STARTLED FACE of FRANK.

ELLIS

Duck!

Ellis flings himself across the room, after the pencil. His leap falls short. He crashes into his computer as the pencil crashes into the closing door.

The SFX fade to nothing.

From the other side of the door a voice yells.

FRANK

DAMN!

Ellis pants, as he shakes his head, to clear. He staggers up. He opens the door.

ELLIS

Frank? God, I'm sorry...

FRANK CASTELLA, 40s, thinning hair, pale skin and thin lips, stands, with two empty COFFEE CUPS in his hand. Their contents poured down his front.

FRANK

Making some real progress in therapy?

Ellis looks at his pal, confused. Sees the coffee cups.

ELLIS

Coffee?

FRANK

I think decaf from now on, whad'ya say?

IN ELLIS' MIND, SFX of WAR RETURN.

Ellis sways.

Frank

Oh, it's gonna' be a bad one, hunh? Well, you're due. Eight months of genius... one day of the crazies.

EXT. HALL

Frank steps aside. Ellis looks at his pal, mutely, as he stumbles past.

ELLIS

Frank. I just gotta' clear. I just gotta' clear...

FRANK

Hey, Hero. Just come back, all right? Call me! Anytime!

Ellis looks back, then dashes away.

EXT. STRATEGIC ANALYSIS BUILDING -- LATE AFTERNOON

Ellis sprints out the front door, down the sidewalk.

EXT. NEW YORK -- LATE AFTERNOON

He runs like a maniac. He dashes around a WOMAN and her CHILDREN. He cuts across TRAFFIC.

INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE -- LATE AFTERNOON

Alice slides the check-book back into desk, locks the drawer. The office door opens, light from the hall shines across her desk. She looks up, she smiles.

Silhouetted in the door, stands the bulking Jonathon Voorhees.

ALICE

Mr. Voorhees! You just missed Mr. Skinner.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY -- LATE AFTERNOON

A TAXI swerves to miss him. Ellis swerves to miss the taxi. They swerve right at each other.

The taxi's brakes squeal as the DRIVER slams them down hard. Ellis' momentum drives him forward, too late to change course. He leaps up, and sprints right over the cab, down the other side, keeps on going.

EXT. VERGE BUILDING -- LATE AFTERNOON

Alice walks out the front entrance. Alice crosses the grass, and heads out the GATES, waving at the GUARD.

She throws in a little dance jig every several steps, and she tilts her head in rhythm to her song.

She wears her pearl necklace like a tiara -- bobby-pinned to her scalp, above wild hair. This is the real Alice.

EXT. 87TH STREET -- LATE AFTERNOON

Between Third and Lexington. Empty, save for a furniture ware house.

NO PARKING SIGNS on the left side of this one-way street/

A black SEDAN is parked on the side of the road. A PARKING TICKET flutters on its windshield.

Thoreau's Volvo, and Skinner's Ferrari are also parked on this street.

A PARKING PATROLLER writes up a PARKING TICKET for the Ferrari. She pulls the windshield wiper really far away from the glass. She puts the parking ticket on the glass, then lets the windshield wiper snap back. The force chips the glass.

The Parking Patroller smiles, then wedges a PARKING TICKET under the windshield wiper of the Volvo, like the Volvo has cooties -- gingerly and with a grimace.

EXT. STREET -- LATE AFTERNOON

The Parking Patroller putts away on a SCOOTER as Alice enters the street. Still singing to herself, eyes half closed, Alice passes the sedan, then the Volvo, then the Ferrari. She stops, turns around, sees the Ferrari. She checks the license plates. It says "VERGE."

She sees the parking tickets fluttering in the light breeze.

ALICE

Naughty boys.

Alice walks back to the sedan, takes that ticket off, and stuffs it in her PURSE.

Alice rips off the one on the Ferrari. She notices the ding in the windshield, and fake pouts. She turns to the Volvo.

ALICE

You too professor?

EXT. NEW YORK CITY -- LATE AFTERNOON

Ellis sprints through streets on the Upper East Side, past a pack of DOGS with a DOG WALKER.

The DOGS bark and growl at Ellis. He growls back.

EXT. 87TH STREET -- LATE AFTERNOON

Alice delicately lifts the windshield wiper on the Volvo, to remove the ticket. It blows away in a small gust. The parking ticket flutters against the roof rack, on the far side of the car.

Alice reaches across the car for it, can't. Her pearls slide around on her head. She holds them in place with one hand.

She walks around to the street side of the car. The ticket scuds forward, over the hood of the car, and onto the pavement.

ALICE

Pah.

Alice bends down to get the ticket. It blows a foot under the car. She strains to reach it.

Ellis sprints up the street. He sees a MAN getting into the sedan. Ellis eyes him.

Alice reaches the parking ticket, grasps it, and pops up. In that moment, she tucks both tickets into her jacket pocket.

Ellis sees her a split second too late. His momentum forces him forward. To avoid plowing into her, Ellis leaps sideways.

They stare at each other in a slow motion moment. As Ellis leaps sideways, they lock eyes.

He writhes his body around Alice, grazing her only with an elbow, and rolls into, across, the pavement.

Alice gasps, lets go of her pearls, and rushes over to Ellis.

She puts a hand on his shoulder. A LEAF by his head scuds against the pavement in a small arc, blown by the breeze.

In Ellis' mind, the sounds of war fade to nothing. Only the sounds of New York.

Alice looks hard at Ellis.

ALICE

Deja vu --

Ellis opens his eyes, sees Alice.

ALICE

Don't move. I'll get help.

Ellis rolls over and stands up. He checks out her LEFT HAND, searching the fourth finger. No ring. He shakes out his body, winces.

ELLIS

Thanks, Princess.

ALICE

What? Oh. It's just --

Alice pulls at her necklace.

ELLIS

Leave it.

Ellis reaches up, and stops her from pulling it off. Their hands touch. Alice steps back.

ALICE

I think you're injured.

ELLIS

I think not.

Ellis groans, then smiles. Alice laughs -- a little forced.

ELLIS
Nonchalance working, or not?

ALICE
You're nuts.

Ellis limps a few steps, then straightens up.

ELLIS
Moi?

Alice smiles at Ellis. Their eyes connect. Ellis releases his breath, gasps, laughs, smiles back at her.

ELLIS
Do we know each other?

A MOTORCYCLE enters the street. BAD GUY 1 guns the engine. Ellis hears it, leaps back, pulling Alice out of the way.

ELLIS
Watch out!

Bad Guy 1 grabs Alice's purse. Alice holds on, and gets pulled. Ellis grasps her other hand tightly.

As Alice releases her purse, Ellis pulls back.

Alice's body careens through the air, but she's anchored by Ellis' grasp. This stops her forward motion but propels her downward.

Ellis watches in horror. He tries to jerk her up, away from the impact. Instead of a frontal face plant, she skids into the cement.

The Motorcycle zooms down the street.

Ellis looks down at the girl. He still has her hand. His fingers have found her pulse points on their own. They feel nothing.

Nothing --

Ellis starts to his feet, then stops. He can't release her hand. He watches as the motorcycle screeches around the corner.

Ellis pulls up her eyelids -- her eyes are rolled back in her head. He feels her neck for a pulse.

ELLIS

Oh God --

He changes his hand position, pushing into her neck. He presses his fingertips against her artery. He pulls her head back, and blows air into her mouth, four times. He sits on her, pumps her chest.

ELLIS

Stay, stay with me.

He yells up at the nearby apartments.

ELLIS

Fire! Fire!

EXT. STREET -- LATE AFTERNOON

The Parking Patroller drives her little vehicle down the street. She stops by a car, gets out.

Bad Guy 1 speeds his motorcycle down the street. He spots the Parking Patroller up ahead. He runs over the sidewalk, grabs her ticketing book. She holds on, and is dragged over the sidewalk.

She lets go as she is dragged into the street -- but she can't stand up in time. Brakes squeal, she gapes in horror, as an SUV thumps over her.

Bad Guy 1 zooms away on his motorcycle.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK -- DUSK

Thoreau slumps on a park bench. Skinner stands over him, pulls the envelope of money out of his pocket. Slides it into Thoreau's coat pocket.

SKINNER

Take it.

Thoreau stands up, flings the money down.

THOREAU

No! No! I'm through!

Thoreau stomps away. Skinner collapses on the bench.

SKINNER

Hell.

Behind him, on the road through the park, the SEDAN from before, stops. Voorhees gets out, walks over to Skinner.

Skinner looks up.

SKINNER

Jonathon!

VOORHEES

Your professor looks unhappy.

SKINNER

Cold feet. That's all. He'll come around.

VOORHEES

Fool.

SKINNER

Yes. But he'll see --

VOORHEES

You.

INT. HOSPITAL, CRITICAL CARE, ALICE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Alice lies in a hospital bed. Machines beep, pump, and gurgle, all around the motionless girl.

INT. WAITING ROOM -- NIGHT

Ellis sits, clutching Alice's jacket.

Two NURSES stand behind the COUNTER. One nods towards Alice's room.

NURSE 1

Coma?

NURSE 2

Half her head was scraped off.

NURSE 1

Boyfriend?

NURSE 2

Says he doesn't know her.

Ellis hurries away, their voices trail after him. He passes through swinging DOORS. He turns, and there she is, Alice, on the other side of a glass window.

The green peaks of her heart monitor guide his own. His breathing slows to match hers.

A flash of Blue and Red blurs across his vision. He jerks back. Nothing is there.

A DOCTOR walks towards to Ellis.

DOCTOR

Do you know her?

Ellis hurries out the exit. The Doctor chases.

DOCTOR

Do you know who she is?

INT. ELLIS' OFFICE -- NIGHT

Ellis curls up in a ball. He presses his eyes with the palms of his hands.

ELLIS

Think!

Ellis picks up Alice's jacket. He holds it to his face.

He feels the PARKING TICKETS. He fishes them out. He smooths them out on his desk.

ELLIS

Back door time.

Ellis types on his keyboard.

On the computer screen, the words:

UNITED STATES MOTOR VEHICLE LICENSE AUTHORITIES

ELLIS types in the first license number.

The screen flashes then shows:

SAMUEL Thoreau

DOB 04.23.48

129 W OAK DRIVE

BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

Ellis scrolls down, finds

PHYSICS PROFESSOR, RUTLIDGE COLLEGE

Ellis types in the next license number.

The screen flashes then shows:

ROBERT SKINNER

DOB 11.17.60

1 SUTTON PLACE SOUTH

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Ellis scrolls down, finds

VERGE CORPORATION CEO

ELLIS

Hunh...

Ellis leans forward, hand writes a NOTE on a post-it, sticks it to his computer.

The note reads:

Walking the dog.

Ellis

He picks up Alice's jacket and heads out.

INT. ELLIS' APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Ellis rumbles through a CLOSET. He tosses small metal things into a black pouch.

A TEACUP POODLE prances around him.

ELLIS

All right, all right, we're going out.

The dog barks.

EXT. VERGE -- NIGHT

Ellis walks Fluffy past the entrance. He spots SECURITY GUARD 1 at the gate. He notes SECURITY GUARD 2 walking the grounds. He spots SECURITY GUARD 3 at the front entrance of the building.

ELLIS
How about a little run?

Ellis undoes the leash. He points the poodle at the wrought iron fence.

ELLIS
This way, Fluff. You know what to do.

The poodle wriggles, takes off, runs right at the fence, then right through the narrow bars of the fence.

ELLIS
Fluffy! Come back here! Now!

The dog sprints across the grass. It flips over, rolls, wriggles, yips.

Ellis heads towards the driveway entrance. Security Guard 1 blocks Ellis' path.

SECURITY GUARD 1
No public entry.

ELLIS
Then you keep her. She likes poached eggs, and neck rubs.

Ellis walks away.

Security Guard 2 runs after the dog, who runs into the brush, yipping.

SECURITY GUARD 2
Crap!

ELLIS
That's the point.

SECURITY GUARD 1
Get your dog and get out of here.
This is private property.

Ellis enters VERGE grounds.

ELLIS
Here Fluffy, here girl.

A few yips from the bushes around the building's side.

Ellis whistles as he goes. Security Guard 2 accompanies him.

SECURITY GUARD 2
My aunt's got a dog like that.
Brown, though. No hair. But
still, small, you know?

As they walk around the side of the building, Ellis notes the parking lot. Almost empty, except there's Skinner's Ferrari, and Fluffy, dancing around it.

Ellis bends down to pick-up Fluffy. He whispers to her.

ELLIS
Good girl.

As he stands up he sees SKINNER'S FERRARI.

ELLIS
Nice.

SECURITY GUARD 2
Bosses. Must be working late
again. He's got the bucks, you
know, but he works for it.

Fluffy leaps out of Ellis' arms and sprints into the bushes.

ELLIS
Hey, Fluff --

SECURITY GUARD 2
You can't go in there!

As Ellis sprints, he reaches into his shirt and wraps his hand around a DETONATION TRIGGER, disguised as a PEACE SIGN. Ellis presses on it.

Out in the street, a small EXPLOSION rocks a few cars, shatters a few windows, and sets-off lots of ALARMS.

SECURITY GUARD 2

What the hell?

Security Guard 2 sprints towards the explosion, as do SECURITY GUARDS 1 and 3.

Ellis dashes over to the car. While he runs, he slips PLASTIC GLOVES over his hands.

He stuffs a metal CARD down the side, opens the door. The alarm blares a half second, before he rips out its wires.

Ellis rifles through the glove box, the front seat, the visor -- nothing. He pops the trunk to find the dead body of Skinner.

Ellis pulls back, then leans forward, patting down pockets. Ellis finds the BILLFOLD. He opens it, checks out the DRIVER'S LICENSE.

It says ROBERT SKINNER.

ELLIS

Oh no.

POLICE SIRENS wail, just outside the gates. Ellis slams the trunk shut.

Ellis whistles. The poodle zooms out of the bushes, right towards him. She leaps into the air, into Ellis' arms, but she overshoots.

Ellis reaches out to catch her, one hand touches the car, for balance. He catches Fluffy.

ELLIS

Damn.

Ellis wipes at his hand print, with his shirt tail. He squints at the spot, doesn't see any prints. He carries Fluffy back around the side of the building.

Security Guard 2 hurries towards Ellis.

SECURITY GUARD 2

You'd better get out of here.

Ellis holds Fluffy up.

ELLIS

Got her. What's going on.

SECURITY GUARD 2

Some car just exploded. Weird.
You better get out of here. You
got a crazy dog, mister. That dog
don't listen. You try dog school?

Fluffy growls. Security Guard 2 looks at Ellis,
suspicion in his sideways glance.

ELLIS

Years of it.

INT. SUBATOMIC TEST CHAMBER

A stream of ELECTRONS zooms down the long test chamber.
The electrons are tiny specks, each a blur. They streak
into a giant cloud -- a NUCLEUS.

The electrons soar through in the vast spaces between the
protons and neutrons.

One electron whacks into a proton, explosion.

Particles spiral out in all directions.

EXT. POLO FIELD -- MORNING

SFX of a POLO CHUKKER: Horses snorting, galloping.
PLAYERS yelling.

A MALLET whacks the BALL, it flies 30 yards in an arc,
lands. Another mallet whacks it back. Hooves pound by.

OPPOSING PLAYER 1 and 2, shielded by full helmets, knee
pads, chest pads, elbow pads and gloves thunder down a
muddy field, on even muddier horses.

Cooper charges at them from behind, passes OPPOSING
PLAYER 1. He looks up to see Forrest.

COOPER

Go, Go! I got it!

Cooper reaches his mallet across his body, to his left side. He whacks the ball backwards to Forrest. It sails through the air, Forrest spins his pony around to chase it.

COOPER

Watch the line! The line!

OPPOSING PLAYER 1 rides up to Forrest, on his right side. As he dribbles the ball, she slams her mallet down and whacks his mallet. They get tangled.

OPPOSING PLAYER 1

It's yours!

Opposing Player 2 rides down, whacks the ball.

OPPOSING PLAYER 1 meets it, whacks it up the field. Cooper and Forrest gallop after them, to watch OPPOSING PLAYER 2 whack the ball over the goal line.

COOPER

Chukker.

Forrest leans forward on his horse, and pats her neck.

Forrest

Good try, girl.

Cooper rides up to Forrest.

COOPER

We tried.

Forrest

We totally suck and you know it.

COOPER

Hey. Speak for yourself.

The Opposing Players pull off their helmets. They're 13 year old GIRLS.

COOPER

Good game!

Still on horseback, Opposing Player 1 holds out her hand, shakes Cooper's.

OPPOSING PLAYER 1

Not bad, for science geeks.

EXT. ELLIS' OFFICE -- MORNING

Frank balances two coffee CUPS in one hand, while he reaches to knock, with the other.

FRANK

Decaf. buddy.

Frank pushes the door open.

INT. ELLIS' OFFICE -- MORNING

No Ellis, just a post-it note.

FRANK

"Walking the dog." We do not walk the dog around here! This is not a dog walking kind of place, Ellis!

Frank snarls and crumples the note. Fluffy BARKS. She's sitting on Ellis' chair, looks up at Frank.

FRANK

No.

EXT. RUTLIDGE COLLEGE -- LATE MORNING

Ellis, dressed in jeans, a button-up shirt, glasses, carrying a back-pack, wanders along the grassy center.

He spots Professor Thoreau up ahead, striding across campus. Ellis flips over the book in his hand, on the back cover is a photo of Samuel Thoreau.

ELLIS

Good.

Ellis sees Professor Thoreau enter the SCIENCE BUILDING, and parks himself on a bench.

Ellis opens up another book, *Quantum Computing for Beginners*, by Samuel Thoreau, Ph. D.

INT. SCIENCE BUILDING -- DAY

Thoreau stands in front of his office door, fumbling for keys. Forrest and Cooper walk down the hall, towards him.

FORREST

Professor --

THOREAU

Forrest, Cooper. How's the semester treating you?

COOPER

Fine --

THOREAU

Good.

FORREST

You all right?

THOREAU

Busy -- freshman exams to give out, setting up the sophomore for optics --

COOPER

The good old days.

Thoreau finally opens his office door.

THOREAU

If you'll excuse me.

He closes the door behind him.

FORREST

What did we do wrong?

INT. THOREAU'S OFFICE -- DAY

Thoreau stands in the center of a chaotic office, his hands pressed to his face. He wipes back his feelings, and sits down, putting his bifocals on. He pulls out a paper to grade.

EXT. FIELD -- DAY

Forrest and Cooper turn out their polo PONIES. They release the harness buckles, and the ponies trot off towards the open space, where other PONIES gather.

Cooper looks around. No one in sight, just lots of grass, fencing, and WOODS all along one side of the huge field.

Forrest and Cooper take a few steps and they're in the edge of the TREES. They amble another 20 yards, into the Forrest. Then they speed up. They walk a few yards apart, over pine needles, that don't leave footprints.

Overhead, boughs sway in the breeze. Blue sky flickers in between the dark green needles. A few white clouds.

In the trees, squirrels scuttle across branches.

EXT. WOODS -- LATE MORNING

In the Forrest sits an abandoned WATER PURIFICATION PLANT, circa 1970. It's a cement bunker, weathered, worn by time and neglect. Only one door, no windows. Purely functional.

A maze of dry, shallow cement ditches leads around the water purification plant. The land has grown into them, they are barely visible, as dents in the pine needle floor.

Forrest and Cooper each pick up a handful of needles, dirt, debris.

A visible line in the earth, leads away from the building, into the trees.

Forrest opens the SPIN-LOCK on the metal front DOOR and they both hurry in.

INT. WATER PLANT

The ground is covered in Forrest debris -- the two students drop their fresh handfuls on the floor as well.

No footprints show on top of all that dirt, all those pine needles.

They walk across the room, lift a section of the debris. It is a camouflaged MAN-HOLE COVER. They climb down into the tunnel.

At the bottom of the steel ladder, they are in a hallway. They walk down the hallway, to a STEEL DOOR.

They enter through this doorway.

INT. LAB

Cooper flicks on the wall lights.

COOPER

Ready for a repeat?

Forrest drops his bag on a beat-up table.

Forrest

We do this twice, and we're real.

He steps over to the computer and turns it on. Five computers hum to life, sucking electricity from cables snaking around the room. The cables merge into one giant cable, which leads into a hole in the wall.

Cooper positions himself in front of a large CONSOLE of dials, switches, knobs.

COOPER

I'm feeling lucky.

EXT. RUTLIDGE COLLEGE CAMPUS -- LATE AFTERNOON

Professor Thoreau exits the building. He wears the blue and red scarf of Rutledge's. Ellis sees the scarf. Its colors leap out at him.

Ellis stands up, stretches, and meanders away, still reading. Far ahead, Thoreau enters his home.

Ellis watches as the upstairs house lights flick on.

Below, in the driveway, Ellis jolts as he recognizes Thoreau's Volvo.

INT. HOSPITAL, CRITICAL CARE, ELLI'S ROOM -- LATE
AFTERNOON

Alice lies in her bed. She jolts.

Her monitors beep quickly. NURSE 1 looks in, watches the heart monitor. The beeps even out, Nurse 1 exits.

INT. THOREAU'S BEDROOM CLOSET

A large, walk-in closet. Thoreau stands among the clothes, a lap-top sits on a small dresser. Thoreau watches the lap-top as he folds clothes, putting them away in drawers and on hangers.

They are a man's clothes and a woman's clothes.

Thoreau watches as Forrest and Cooper appear on a lap-top screen: live-feed.

ON SCREEN

INT. LAB

Forrest
Good. Temp check?

COOPER
Point oh oh seven. Within range.

END OF SCREEN IMAGES. Thoreau hits the "sleep" command.

INT. BEDROOM --

MRS. Thoreau, 30s, a warm smile, a beautiful body. She wears an OXYGEN MASK, which she lifts as she calls from her bed.

MRS. THOREAU
You and those boys. I swear you
must be in love.

THOREAU
Just a minute....

INT. BEDROOM -- DUSK

Thoreau enters their bedroom. He sits by his wife, and grabs her in a big hug.

THOREAU
In love? I am indeed.

Thoreau kisses her.

Mrs. Thoreau's side is medicinal. A metal tray on wheels, bottles of pills, an OXYGEN TANK sits by her side.

Mrs. Thoreau coughs convulsively.

THOREAU
You're going to get well.

Thoreau places the mask back on his wife, and tucks her into bed.

THOREAU
Don't be jealous. They couldn't do what they're doing, if it hadn't been for your work.

MRS. THOREAU
That was fifteen years ago!

Mrs. Thoreau has a coughing fit. Thoreau soothes her forehead.

THOREAU
Take it easy, sweetheart.

He picks up a BOOK, opens to the book mark.

THOREAU
Ahh... sonnet sixteen. Let not to the marriage of true minds admit impediment --

He smiles at his wife.

EXT. THOREAU'S HOUSE -- DUSK

Ellis rings the doorbell, waits.

INT. BEDROOM -- DUSK

Thoreau looks out the window, over the drive. He sees Ellis.

THOREAU

A student, it looks like. I'll get rid of him --

MRS. THOREAU

Honey, he's here to see you. Be nice.

EXT. THOREAU'S HOUSE -- DUSK

Upstairs, he sees a shadow hurry past curtains, then the light flick out.

Ellis notices the MOON -- just rising and almost full.

INT./EXT. THOREAU'S HOUSE -- DUSK

Professor Thoreau answers.

THOREAU

Hello?

ELLIS

Professor Thoreau. I was in the neighborhood and just wanted to say hi. Quantum Computing class, Spring of Ninety-four?

THOREAU

Oh, yes.

ELLIS

You don't remember.

THOREAU

Well, I'm sorry but --

ELLIS

Blew me away, when you got to the Einstein-Podolsky-Rosen Paradox -- How subatomic particles seem to know what their other halves are doing?

THOREAU
You were paying attention!

Professor Thoreau steps back, waving Ellis to enter into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DUSK

Thoreau pulls a second chair to join his, but a well-used fireplace. On a table sits a half-full bottle of wine.

THOREAU
I don't get so many visitors these days.

Ellis inspects the bottle of wine.

ELLIS
Pinot Noir. Excellent.

Ellis pulls another BOTTLE of WINE from his backpack, hands it to Thoreau.

ELLIS
A nice little cab, thought you might like.

Thoreau smiles.

INT. LAB

COOPER
It's sparking!

The lab goes black.

Forrest
You said you fixed that.

COOPER
I did!

FORREST
This isn't working.

COOPER
Give me a minute.

FORREST

I'm hungry.

INT. THOREAU'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Both bottles are empty, glasses half-full. Thoreau toasts.

ELLIS

To Feynman, father of quantum mechanics.

THOREAU

To Feynman! And success.

ELLIS

Success. In all walks.

THOREAU

That sounds like love.

ELLIS

I don't even know her name -- I just saw her. Once.

THOREAU

The heart has its reasons that reason knows not of.

ELLIS

I need reasons.

THOREAU

You're a curious man.

ELLIS

And sleep. I'm no Skinner.

THOREAU

What?

ELLIS

Robert Skinner, CEO of Verge. More like Splurge. That guy's into everything.

THOREAU

Really.

ELLIS
The Man Who Never Sleeps --
except, well.

Thoreau stands up.

THOREAU
I'm afraid I'm just a lowly
professor. Papers to grade.

ELLIS
Of course, mind if I --

THOREAU
Oh sure. Past the stairs. On the
left.

Ellis heads around the corner. He spots the stairs, and leaps up them, silently.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL -- NIGHT

Ellis lands on the top, stops. He looks around the corner, sees two half-open doors. The blue light of a television flashes in the dark of one room, showing Mrs. Thoreau asleep. Her oxygen mask gleams in the light.

Through the other doorway, Ellis sees into the home office. He sees the edge of a desk. He slides into this room, closes the door. Pulls out a flashlight.

INT. HOME OFFICE -- NIGHT

Ellis rifles through the papers, looks behind pictures. No hidden safes -- nothing but homework.

A D- catches his eye.

ELLIS
Poor kid.

SFX A LOUD CLICK FOLLOWED BY A HIGH PITCHED WHINE: A TV turning off via timer. Ellis stops and turns to face the sound. He peaks out the home office door.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Downstairs, Thoreau sits in his armchair. He hears Ellis' footsteps through the ceiling. His gaze follows Ellis' path.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL -- NIGHT

SFX: FAINT GRIND OF A DVD RUNNING IN A COMPUTER. It comes from the bedroom.

Ellis leaves the office door as he found it, ajar. He stands still, listening. The heavy, steady breathing of Mrs. Thoreau mixes with the sound of a gust outside.

SFX COMPUTER BEEPS come from the closet. Ellis walks towards the sound.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Ellis slides in the room, into the closet.

INT. BEDROOM CLOSET -- NIGHT

Ellis sees the lap-top. The screen shows a BOX that says "RECORDING COMPLETED." Ellis bends over the computer and types on the keyboard.

The just recorded images of Forrest and Cooper replay,

ON SCREEN

Forrest

Good. Temp check?

COOPER

Point oh oh seven. Within range.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Thoreau stares at the ceiling then starts to his feet.

INT. BEDROOM CLOSET -- NIGHT

Ellis EJECTS the DVD, tucks it under his shirt, inside his belt.

A SPINDLE of DVDs sits on the closet floor. Ellis takes a fresh DVD and pops it in the computer. He hits "RECORD."

INT. STAIRS

Thoreau stands on the stairs, listening.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL

Ellis emerges into the hall. Stops at the bathroom, flushes the toilet. Turns the faucet on, splashes water on his hands. Rumples a guest towel.

INT. STAIRS

Thoreau turns and hurries back down the stairs. A moment later, Ellis trots back down the stairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Thoreau sits exactly where he was. His wine glass is empty. Ellis enters, tucking in his shirt.

THOREAU

I was growing worried you'd exited
out a window. Old men can be
boring.

ELLIS

Not you, prof. But, I'll let you
get back to work.

EXT. Thoreau'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Ellis walks down the sidewalk, quickly.

INT. Thoreau'S BEDROOM CLOSET

Thoreau checks his lap-top. It displays the "RECORDING COMPLETED" box. Thoreau looks down at his spindle of fresh DVDs. He stares at it hard, counting silently, with head nods.

He loses count. Grabs the spindle and thumbs through it. The spindle slips out of his hands, DVDs spill, to the floor.

THOREAU
Damn it! God damn it!

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Mrs. Thoreau lies on her side, her eyes open, she holds her breath, to listen.

MRS. THOREAU
Darling, are you all right?

INT. CLOSET -- NIGHT

Thoreau runs out of the bedroom.

EXT. THOREAU'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Thoreau stands on his front steps, looking out into the dark.

INT. ELLIS' MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Ellis sits on the bed, watching TV. On top of the TV is a DVD PLAYER. On the floor is the box for the DVD PLAYER.

ON SCREEN

Forrest and Cooper work in their lab.

FORREST
Gates calibrated... functioning.
Ready.

COOPER
Now.

Forrest hits a button. Silence in the lab. Forrest turns to look at his computer screen, while Cooper stares at his.

Cooper concentrates as he slowly spins a dial on his control board.

Forrest stands in front of several computer screens, all showing different aspects of what is in the box.

COOPER

Lattices?

Forrest

Holding...holding.

COOPER

Stream on. Charging the gates.

Cooper presses a series of buttons.

Forrest

One point five, One point seven,
One point nine -- easy, easy!

COOPER

Temp read out.

Forrest

Point Oh Oh Five about absolute.
Within range. Within range. Keep
it there...

Cooper lets his hands hover over the controls.

Forrest

Loading ions in the trap. In
progress. In progress...two,
three, four... qubit heaven.

The two young men stand in complete silence.

COOPER

This is it, this is it.

Forrest

Now, now!

Cooper hits a button, then steps back, craning his neck to watch the screen, but stretching, to keep his hands near the controls.

The power goes down. The entire room, and the screen goes black.

COOPER

No!

END OF SCREEN IMAGES

Ellis picks up Professor Thoreau's book, riffles through the pages until he gets to CHAPTER 9: THEORY OF QUANTUM COMPUTING.

ELLIS
Holy crap. They're working on a quantum computer.

Ellis freezes the TV image of Forrest and Cooper.

ELLIS
Where is this?

In the background, Ellis sees a polo HELMET.

ELLIS
Motorcycle? What?

Ellis leaps back as the TV clicks off. He sees himself in its glass -- rumpled, grubby.

Ellis rifles through the RUTLIDGE SCHOOL MAGAZINES on the bureau. Page after page of school news and pictures.

There they are, Forrest and Cooper. Smiling out from their team POLO PHOTO.

ELLIS
Polo? Forrest Nye and...Cooper Field. Graduate students.

Ellis sees the caption "0 and 10 Better luck next year!"

ELLIS
They suck.

EXT. VERGE CORPORATION ESTATE -- EARLY MORNING

A TOW TRUCK sits in front of Skinner's Ferrari. The Tow Truck DRIVER lies under the front of the car, connecting the chain.

VERGE SECURITY GUARD 2 looks on.

SECURITY GUARD 2
How do I know? He called, said it wouldn't start. I don't know why the guys last night -- hey, what're you doing?

TOW TRUCK DRIVER
Connecting the chain. How'm I
gonna' --

SECURITY GUARD 2
No chain, this is a flat bed,
right?

TOW TRUCK DRIVER
This your car?

SECURITY GUARD 2
He doesn't like dings.

The Tow Truck Driver flashes a look.

Security Guard 2 looks at the rear bumper.

SECURITY GUARD 2
What's blood look like?

TOW TRUCK DRIVER
Red.

SECURITY GUARD 2
No, for real.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER
You think you found blood? Call
the police. You want me to get
this Italian job --

SECURITY GUARD 2
Just get moving.

The Driver pulls a lever on his truck, and the winch
pulls the front of the car up into the air.

INT. TRUNK

The BODY of Skinner rolls, inside the trunk. It presses
on an EMERGENCY RELEASE SWITCH. The trunk pops open.

EXT. VERGE PARKING LOT

SECURITY GUARD 2
Hold it --

Security Guard 2 sees the body inside the trunk, he stares.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER

What? Close it.

The Tow Truck Driver puts his hand on the side of the trunk, to push it down. He sees the body in the trunk.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER

Holy shit -- your boss sure won't like this.

SECURITY GUARD 2

That's the boss.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE -- EARLY MORNING

Frank sits at a computer. On it is a live feed from KENNEDY AIRPORT'S ENTRY SECURITY.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN: a SECURITY OFFICER looks at the PASSPORT of a MAN.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE

A KNOCK on the door. CIA AGENT 1, 20S, clean cut.

AGENT 1

Sir, you'd better have a look at this. Just came in.

CIA Agent 1 holds out FAXED PHOTOGRAPHS of the SKINNER MURDER.

FRANK

Geez, who is this guy?

CIA AGENT 1

CEO of Verge Corporation. Skinner. Found in the trunk of his own car, in his company's parking lot. FBI faxed it over. They want to know if these prints match any we've got on file.

FRANK

Run the prints. Let me know as soon as you get results.

CIA Agent 1 leaves.

Frank returns to his computer screen, types on his keyboard. The image of the face remains on one side of his monitor screen. On the other side, a series of FACES flashes. The series stops and one face remains.

FRANK

Okay buddy...

"99.5% MATCH."

FRANK

Trip's over.

Frank picks up a phone, dials. It's picked-up instantly.

FRANK

Good call. Hold that guy. The usual forty-eight. And then send him packing.

Frank hangs up, the phone rings just as he puts it down. He picks it back up.

FRANK

Yeah.

INTERCUT FRANK'S OFFICE AND ELLIS' MOTEL ROOM -- ELLIS talks on his CELL PHONE

ELLIS

Hey.

CIA Agent 1 enters Frank's office. His face is pale. Frank takes one look.

FRANK

(in phone)
Hang on a moment.

Frank clicks Ellis onto hold as he turns to CIA Agent 1.

FRANK

What's up?

CIA AGENT 1

The prints sir, we got a match.

FRANK

Good. Right? That's good. We got a suspect. Tell Fat Bats Incorporated --

CIA AGENT 1

Sir?

FRANK

FBI. And let's get back to --

CIA AGENT 1

Look, sir.

CIA Agent 1 holds up the prints, and the match. It's MARLON ELLIS.

FRANK

Run it again! Damn computer, it's --

CIA AGENT 1

I ran it three times, sir.

FRANK

Then run it again.

Frank exhales hard.

FRANK

Sit down. Locate this call.

CIA Agent 1 sits at a computer. He logs on to VERIZON, GPS.

Frank clicks Ellis off hold, and talks to him.

FRANK

It's like a bad guy convention here! Two arrived at Kennedy, three at Newark. Montreal reports four. Those are just the ones we caught. I don't know how many we missed. Where the hell are you?

ELLIS

Look, I think something important's going down.

FRANK

No shit. And it's damned sudden.

ELLIS
Is there anything on Verge?

Silence.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
Hey.

FRANK
Verge Corporation? Like what?
Stocks went up another hundred
points? How're you feeling?

ELLIS
Like crap. But fine, otherwise.

Frank
Fine crap, good. Fine fine, or
like, fine?

ELLIS
I'm fine! Okay, fine.

FRANK
I'd like you to come in.

ELLIS
What?

FRANK
I'd like you to come in.

CIA Agent 1 nods to Frank. Frank nods back.

ELLIS
You're locking me, you're locking
me, Frank!

Ellis flings his phone across the room.

END OF INTERCUT

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE -- EARLY MORNING

FRANK
Get another agent and bring him
in, that's an order.

CIA AGENT 1
He's trained to kill with a soda
straw --

FRANK
That's not --

CIA AGENT 1
He's counter-intel -- field
trained. We're analysts. We
don't stand a chance. You gotta'
make the call, sir.

FRANK
I should never have let him
stay... not after that first break-
down.

CIA AGENT 1
Sir? No one wants to see him
hurt. But he did kill Skinner.

FRANK
We don't know that. It's just
likely -- not absolute.

CIA Agent 1 holds out the phone. Frank takes it. He
hangs up. He picks it back up and speed dials.

VOICE
FBI.

INT. ELLIS' MOTEL ROOM -- EARLY MORNING

A knock on the door.

Ellis runs into the bathroom, and wiggles out the tiny
window as a MAID enters the room, her cart visible
through the door way.

MAID
Hello? Hello? Room cleaning.
Room cleaning.

The maid walks through the room to the bathroom. She
returns to the room.

In the parking lot, Jonathon Voorhees sits in his car,
watching.

The maid stands in the doorway, looking towards the car.
She shrugs her shoulders, shakes her head.
Voorhees drives off.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE -- EARLY MORNING

Frank looks at Ellis' location on the computer screen --
"Binghamton Inn."

FRANK

Binghamton.

Frank looks at his WALL MAP. He puts one finger on
Montreal, another on NYC. He pulls them towards each
other.

Binghamton.

FRANK

Crap.

EXT. RUTLIDGE COLLEGE CAMPUS -- MORNING

Ellis walks past the STUDENT UNION BUILDING.

STUDENTS mill about, walking into and out of the SUB.

Ellis saunters along, but behind his dark sunglasses, his
eyes check out everything.

Ellis walks past BAD GUY 1 -- posing as a student --
something about this student, something too calm and self
assured...Ellis looks at the student in a window
reflection, STUDENT 1 catches the look and smiles.

Behind his sunglasses, Ellis' eyes swivel, searching. He
sees BAD GUY 2 -- another student -- lighting a
cigarette, sitting on a bench.

He sees BAD GAL -- a dynamo of muscles -- slowly cruising
on a BICYCLE.

Ellis exhales hard. He stumbles.

SFX of WAR -- the sounds are so faint, they merge with
the sounds of campus. People chatting, laughing,
walking, bicycles, et al.

Ellis walks on, straight, steady, like a tractor going over a field.

Up ahead, Ellis sees two faces in the crowd that look like Forrest and Cooper. They're gone.

Ellis looks back at BAD GUY 2 on the bench. He's gone. Ellis looks around, it's just like an ordinary campus.

EXT. POLO FIELD -- LATE MORNING

Ellis walks along the sidelines of the polo field. The place is empty. He wanders along to the STABLES.

INT. STABLES -- LATE MORNING

Ellis walks down the aisle of stalls. HORSES poke their heads out, whinny and knicker at him. He pats one.

ELLIS

Nice horsie.

The horse grabs Ellis' hand with its lips and bites with its teeth.

Ellis pulls his hand back, scowls at the horse.

A GROOM hurries by, pushing a WHEELBARROW.

GROOM

He thinks you have a treat.

VOICES up ahead. Ellis preps himself and strides forward.

POLO PLAYERS stand in a circle, laughing. Cooper and Forrest are not among them.

ELLIS

Hey, some chukker.

PLAYER 1

Thanks. We haven't played yet.

ELLIS

Right. Have any of you seen Forrest or Cooper?

PLAYER 2
You mean Forrest AND Cooper.

PLAYER 1
Probably out in the paddock.

ELLIS
Thanks.

Ellis heads out.

PLAYER 2
Geez, they're getting popular.
That's the second guy who's been
asking about them.

EXT. PADDOCK -- DAY

ELLIS
Paddock?

A vast fenced-in area of small rolling hills, clumps of trees, and a herd of HORSES. Ellis winces.

In the BG stands a huge ELECTRICAL TRANSFORMER. Thick Wires sling away, from pole to pole.

ELLIS
No wonder this place is still a
field.

He climbs through the fence, and walks across the fields. A TRIO of horses, led by a STUD, trots up to him. Ellis tries to ignore them. They bonk him on the shoulder and head with their noses.

ELLIS
Go away!

They stand over him, breathing on him. Their hooves smash into the ground where his feet are. He hops around to avoid getting stepped on.

ELLIS
I don't have anything to eat!

EXT. CLUMP OF TREES -- DAY

Forrest and Cooper crouch beside a trench in the earth. Cooper works a BATTERY-POWERED SOLDERING TOOL.

COOPER

It's got to be here. This splice was always weak.

Forrest

Well, let's fix it for good this time.

EXT. Paddock -- DAY

The trio of horses pesters Ellis. They surround him, pushing him forward with their large heads. He breaks into a run to escape them. They chase him.

EXT. CLUMP OF TREES -- DAY

Forrest

Someone's coming, put that away.

COOPER

Done.

Cooper stands up, starts kicking dirt back over the trench. They walk out of the clump of trees. The TRENCH continues as a subtle mound of dirt. It goes along a fence, and beyond.

EXT. Paddock -- DAY

Ellis sprints, the horses lope after him.

Cooper and Forrest watch.

Forrest WHISTLES. The horses stop, and trot over to him. Ellis waves at Forrest. Forrest waves back.

Ellis bends forward, hands on knees, panting.

ELLIS

Thanks!

Cooper tugs on Forrest's sleeve. They head out. Ellis looks up, and they're gone.

ELLIS

Crap!

Ellis runs to where he saw them, he sees the fresh digging. The horses run back towards Ellis, surrounding him again.

Ellis waves his arms, yells.

ELLIS

Get out of here... shoo. Begone.

The horses stamp and snort. They push him again, this time while trotting. They whiz past so close, they hit him with their heads, their shoulders. Ellis pushes them back.

ELLIS

Get out of here you pea brains!

Ellis peers through the bumping bodies of the horses. He sees Forrest and Cooper enter the woods. Then the horses close in again, only to suddenly stop, and wander away.

Ellis heads towards the woods.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM -- DAY

FBI AGENTS swarm around the room Ellis was in. FBI AGENT 1 pounds on the door.

FBI AGENT 1

FBI, open the door.

He turns to FBI AGENT 2, who nods. They kick in the door. It's empty. Ellis' CELL PHONE lies against the wall.

FBI Agent 2 picks up the cell phone.

FBI AGENT 2

He was here.

On the floor are the SCHOOL MAGAZINES, and QUANTUM COMPUTING BOOK.

FBI Agent 1 sees a school magazine, open, to a page showing Thoreau, the photo is circled in ink.

EXT. WOODS -- DAY

Ellis stands in the edge of the woods. He looks around, just more woods.

INT. HOSPITAL, CRITICAL CARE, ELLI'S ROOM -- DAY

Alice lies on her bed. Sunlight comes through a widow. In her sleep, she turns her face away, to the right.

EXT. WOODS -- DAY

Ellis turns his face to the right, so the sun shines over his left shoulder. The sun shines on two sets of human footsteps. Ellis follows.

EXT. WATER PLANT -- DAY

50 yards from the Water Plant, Forrest holds up his hand.

Forrest
Did you hear something?

COOPER
Let's get going.

EXT. RUTLIDGE COLLEGE CAMPUS -- DAY

An FBI SWAT TEAM swarms out of their VANS. STUDENTS run out of the area, some screaming, others silent.

FBI AGENT 1 holds a PHOTO of Ellis. He scans the crowd for a matching face.

Bad Guy 1, Bad Guy 2 and Bad Gal blend into the crowd.

Bad Guy 1 sees the FBI Agent, catches the eye of Bad Gal.

She gathers up her books and heads out.

INT. WATER PLANT

Forrest opens the rusted, corroded lock on the front door. As they enter the room, each picks up a handful of dirt, and scatters it over his footsteps.

Cooper pulls the door shut, behind them. A thin WIRE runs out the door to the padlock. As the door closes, the lock clicks shut as well.

INT. WATER PLANT

They drop their debris.

COOPER

Don't be paranoid. Come on.

Cooper hefts the camouflaged man-hole cover; twigs and debris disguise its shape.

Forrest climbs down the vertical ladder, Cooper follows, pulls the cover over him.

EXT. WATER PLANT

Ellis stands at the door, both hands on the lock. He closes his eyes and slowly spins the dial.

INT. LOCK

As the dial spins, a tumbler clunks into place. The dial stops, then reverses direction.

EXT. PROFESSOR THOREAU'S HOUSE -- DAY

An FBI SWAT TEAM surrounds the house.

FBI AGENT 1 stands on the door step, pounding on the thin door.

FBI

FBI. Open the door.

INT. THOREAU BEDROOM

Thoreau sits by his wife. He holds her hand. She looks at him, terror in her face.

MRS. THOREAU
Sam, what have you done?

SFX FBI AGENTS break down the door.

Thoreau squeezes his wife's hand.

THOREAU
Forgive me.

FBI AGENT 1 and 3 other FBI AGENTS burst into the bedroom.

They train their GUNS on Thoreau and his wife. They lower the weapons.

FBI AGENT 1
Professor and Mrs. Thoreau?

THOREAU
Yes.

FBI Agent 1 talks into his HEADSET.

FBI AGENT 1
We have Thoreau and his wife,
safe. In their house. No sign of
forced entry.

FBI Agent 1 turns back to Thoreau. He holds out a photo of ELLIS.

FBI AGENT 1
Has either of you seen this man?

THOREAU
No, no, can't say I have. Looks
too old to be a student.

MRS. THOREAU
He came into my bedroom last
night.

THOREAU
You were dreaming.

MRS. THOREAU

Sam?

Thoreau looks at his wife. FBI Agent 1 looks at Thoreau.
Thoreau looks at the FBI Agent.

THOREAU

She's mistaken. You're mistaken,
honey.

MRS. THOREAU

He came in here and stood in the
closet!

Thoreau laughs. FBI Agent 1 smiles.

FBI AGENT 1

This closet?

Mrs. Thoreau looks at her husband. His face collapses.

INT. CLOSET

FBI Agent 1 pokes around. Under a pile of dirty clothes,
he finds the lap-top.

FBI AGENT 1

Love machine?

He turns it on.

ON THE LAP-TOP SCREEN:

Forrest bends over the computer.

FORREST

Setting the parameters for the
referent ions...

END OF SCREEN IMAGES.

INT. LAB

Cooper wears arctic-wear gloves as he adjusts cables.

COOPER

Super cooling good to go.

Wires attach the box to the computers. Cooper stands up, in front of an enormous CONSOLE.

Cooper pulls three large levers.

Forrest looks over at the box. Cooper follows his gaze.

Cooper concentrates as he slowly spins a dial on his control board. Forrest stands in front of several computer screens, all showing different aspects of what is in the box.

COOPER

Lattices?

Forrest

Holding...holding.

COOPER

Stream on. Charging the gates.

Cooper presses a series of buttons.

Forrest

One point eight, One point three,
One point nine -- easy, easy!

COOPER

Temp read out.

Forrest

Point Oh Oh Five about absolute.
Within range. Within range. Keep
it there...

Cooper lets his hands hover over the controls.

Forrest

Loading ions in the trap. In
progress. In progress...two,
three, four... qubit heaven.

The two young men stand in complete silence.

COOPER

This is it, this is it.

Forrest

Now, now!

Cooper hits a button, then steps back, craning his neck to watch the screen, but stretching, to keep his hands near the controls.

FORREST

Oscillations maintaining steady.

Cooper's hand trembles over a computer button. He looks at Forrest. Forrest, sweaty, looks back, nods. Cooper hits the button. Once, twice.

He stares at the monitor.

COOPER

It's still there! It's still holding, all ions loaded!

They look at each other. Forrest types a command into his keyboard, while Cooper stares at a computer monitor, that sits all by itself.

Cooper pulls a worn piece of paper out of his pocket. On the paper are a series of capital letters in groups of five.

COOPER

Here, try this.

FORREST

Looks real.

COOPER

It is.

Forrest looks at him.

COOPER

Prime encrypted. Unbreakable. Supposedly.

Forrest scans in the piece of paper. It appears on the computer screen. He hits a button.

INT. BOX

1000 atoms lined up in rows, cradled mid-air, like eggs in an invisible carton. They jiggle in their little quantum wells.

Beneath them, another 1000 atoms, lined up in rows,
cradled in mid-air.

Photons cascades over the top-layer atoms, making some
glow.

A WAVE begins in one corner of the matrix, the atoms
jiggle slightly into each other.

FORREST (O.S.)
Reaction initiating...

EXT. WOODS -- DAY

BAD GUY 1, BAD GUY 2 and Bad Gal run through the woods.
They carry AUTOMATIC WEAPONS.

INT. LAB

FORREST
How real is real?

COOPER
Real, okay?

FORREST
Military real?

COOPER
No.

FORREST
Intelligence real?

COOPER
No. A guy at a bar gave it to me.

FORREST
A guy at a bar?

COOPER
He said it was unimportant,
routine transmission. But we'd
know if we deciphered it.

FORREST
A guy at a bar?

COOPER

I've tried every program I can find -- it's definitely prime encrypted.

FORREST

A guy at a bar.

Ellis steps out from his hiding place. He holds his arms up, defenseless. Safe.

ELLIS

Was he fat?

COOPER

Forrest!

Cooper grabs the nearest thing -- a chair -- and hurls it at Ellis. Ellis ducks.

ELLIS

Wait, wait! I'm on your side!

INT. CLOSET

FBI Agent 1 stands in the closet, watching the lap-top screen.

ON THE LAP-TOP SCREEN: Ellis.

FBI AGENT 1

What the --

INT. LAB

Forrest

It's that guy!

Cooper leaps at Ellis, who steps out of the way. Cooper crashes to the floor. Forrest runs at Ellis. Ellis leaps sideways, Forrest runs into a table.

INT. CLOSET

FBI Agent 1 watches.

ON THE LAP-TOP SCREEN:

ELLIS
CIA Counter-Intelligence!

END OF LAP-TOP SCREEN.

INT. CLOSET

FBI AGENT 1
This is a live feed! He's here!
Ellis's here.

INT. LAB

COOPER
What the hell do you want?

ELLIS
Don't play dumb.

COOPER
You're trespassing!

ELLIS
Moi? Try and take a guess who
owns these digs your in.

Cooper rushes at Ellis again, this time, he tackles Ellis. The force of his fury is strong. He slams his fist into Ellis' face. Ellis flips Cooper off him, and pins him down.

Forrest
Let go of him!

COOPER
Hit him! I've got him!

Cooper thrashes on the ground. He gets out from under Ellis, spins around, kicks at Ellis. Ellis steps out of the way, but still gets the blow on the outside of his ribs. Ellis goes into high gear, leaps over Cooper, grabs his hands, and yanks his arms straight up his back - a double nelson.

COOPER
Ahhhh!

ELLIS
Voorhees, owner of Verge. A
little multi-billion dollar
computing company.

INT. THOREAU'S BEDROOM -- DAY

MRS. THOREAU
Voorhees.

She looks at her husband.

THOREAU
Honey --

Her eyes grow wide.

THOREAU
Honey --

MRS. THOREAU
Get out! Get out! Get him out of
here!

Thoreau stumbles out.

INT. LAB

FORREST
What?

ELLIS
Smile. You're on camera.

Cooper looks around the room for a camera.

COOPER
You're lying.

ELLIS
Right.

INT. THOREAU'S BEDROOM -- DAY

FBI AGENT 1
Where's this lab? What's the
location.

Thoreau looks at FBI Agent 1, then at his wife. Mrs. Thoreau's eyes boggle. Tears glisten in the old professor's eyes.

THOREAU

The gym, in the basement.

INT. LAB

COOPER

This guy's crazy!

Cooper runs and leaps at Ellis. Ellis steps aside, grabs Cooper's shoulder, to keep him from crashing into the cement floor.

Ellis holds Cooper in an arm lock.

COOPER

Let go!

ELLIS

You're professor has sold you out.
To Skinner.

COOPER

You're lying.

ELLIS

Am I?

Ellis releases Cooper, who glares at him.

FORREST

What do you want us to do?

ELLIS

Live.

EXT. GYM LOBBY

The FBI SWAT team swarms through the lobby.
Students scream, and run past the FBI AGENTS.

EXT. WATER PLANT

Bad Guy 1 shoots out the lock on the front door.

INT. LAB

COOPER

That's a gun!

INT. WATER PLANT

Bad Guy 1, Bad Guy 2 and Bad Gal look around, see nothing.

Bad Guy 1 takes out a special infra-red light and scans the floor. Footsteps appear in the debris. They lead away from the door, then all over.

BAD GAL

They're here.

The place is covered in foot prints. All the same shoe, all over.

They even run up a wall.

BAD GUY 2

So's he.

Bad Guy 1 jerks his head at the room. They fan out, kicking at the debris.

INT. LAB

ELLIS

Is there a back door? A way out -- anything --

FORREST

Our work --

ELLIS

Fifty five seconds.

COOPER

They're here for you, not us.

Ellis looks around. All the cables winding around the room. Some lead out, via a hole in the wall.

ELLIS

There's a vent.

GUNFIRE overhead.

INT. WATER PLANT TOP ROOM

Bad Gal shoots her MACHINE GUN into the floor.

Bullets squash into the floor. They make a series of pinging sounds, until they hit the man-hole cover.

BAD GAL

Bingo.

INT. LAB

Forrest listens, hears the man-hole cover being pulled aside.

FORREST

Coop -- let's just get out of here. Do it for me.

COOPER

For you.

Forrest and Cooper dash around the lab. Cooper stands in front of the BOX, tears in his eyes. He rips the cables out.

Forrest packs their lap-tops into their backpacks.

INT. GYM, STAIRS

FBI AGENTS run down stairs.

INT. GYM BASEMENT

FBI Agent 1 flicks on the light. Nothing. He talks into his secure walkie-talkie.

FBI AGENT 1

Nothing here.

INT. THOREAU'S BEDROOM

FBI Agent 2 pounds on the BATHROOM DOOR.

FBI AGENT 2
Thoreau, let us in!

His walkie-talkie buzzes, he picks up.

INTERCUT BASEMENT AND BEDROOM/BATHROOM

FBI AGENT 2
Thoreau's locked himself in the
bathroom.

FBI AGENT 1
Get him out, he gave us the wrong
location. He's lying.

FBI AGENTS burst the bathroom door in. Thoreau lies on
the floor, blood pouring from his wrists.

FBI AGENT 2
Bleeder! Get the medic!

FBI Agent 3 emerges from the closet.

FBI AGENT 3
We can backrun the transmission.
Get com. to designate a satellite.

INT. LAB

Forrest, Cooper and Ellis climb over the mass of cables
that leads down a small ALCOVE.

INT. CLOSET

FBI AGENT 5 watches: on the computer screen, Ellis,
Cooper and Forrest disappear behind a cement brick wall.

FBI Agent 5 runs out of the closet, to FBI Agent 2.

FBI AGENT 5
They're out of range! I can't see
them.

They both look down at Thoreau.

FBI AGENT 2
Right.

EXT. THOREAU'S HOUSE

A LARGE WHITE TRUCK sits outside, in the driveway.

INT. FBI COMMUNICATIONS TRUCK

TWO COMMUNICATIONS OFFICERS sit in front of a bank of computer equipment.

They type in a series of commands.

EXT. SKY

A SATELLITE picks up the transmission beams. It back traces them to the source, the water plant.

EXT. LAB

Bad Guy 1 shoots at the lock.

INT. LAB

Ellis drags a table loaded with junk. He crawls into the vent, pulling the table behind him.

INT. VENT

Ellis curls himself into a ball, turns around.

ELLIS

Go!

INT. COMMUNICATIONS TRUCK -- DAY

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER 1

Source located and confirmed.
Coordinates --

INT. LAB

Bad Guy 1 enters shooting. Bad Gal follows, covers him. She scans the room, spots a glint up in a corner. She shoots it out.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS TRUCK -- DAY

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER 2
Audio and video transmission
interrupted.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER 1
Noted.

INT. THOREAU'S LIVINGROOM -- DAY

The AGENTS spread a MAP out on Mrs. Thoreau's bed. FBI Agent 2 points to the coordinates. He talks into his walkie-talkie.

FBI AGENT 2
Transmission ceased. Sourced from
a location just north of the polo
field.

EXT. CAMPUS QUAD -- DAY

FBI AGENT 1
Polo field?

AN FBI HELICOPTER lands. FBI Agent 1 hops in.

FBI AGENT 1
Go! Go!

The helicopter takes off, soars across the sky.

INT. VENT

Cables fill the narrowing hole. Cooper struggles to push them aside.

COOPER
There's not enough room.

FORREST
There has to be.

COOPER
There isn't!

Forrest scoops earth away from the wall. He flings it behind him, into Ellis' face.

FORREST

Dig!

Cooper joins in. They dig at the earth, scooping out room.

INT. LAB

Bad Gal runs down the alcove, gun out. Noting but a dead end.

She turns to Bad Guy 2.

BAD GUY 2

They're here.

BAD GUY 1

Or no far.

EXT. SKY -- LATE AFTERNOON

The helicopter hovers over trees, above the water plant.

INT. HELICOPTER

FBI AGENT 1

There! Land as close as you can.

EXT. SKY -- LATE AFTERNOON

The helicopter lands in the field. Ponies scatter.

FBI Agent 1 leaps out and runs towards woods, towards the water plant. Behind him, three VANS bump over the fields, towards the helicopter.

The vans stop, FBI AGENTS leap out, and run towards the water plant.

INT. LAB

Bad Guy 1 drags the table away from the vent hole.

BAD GUY 1

You.

Bad Guy 2 enters the vent.

INT. VENT

Cooper and Forrest dig out the dirt. On the other side of a two foot pass, the hole widens again.

COOPER

Almost -- just a little more --

Behind them, they hear voices shouting, echoing and distorting as the sounds travel through the vent.

FBI AGENT 1 (O.S.)

Ellis, you're surrounded. Give yourself up.

Bad Guy 2 lies in the dirt, pressed against the wall. He is only a few feet behind Ellis.

ELLIS

Hold it. Hold everything. Hold your breath.

INT. LAB

Bad Guy 1 and Bad Gal fan out, aiming their guns at the door.

INT. VENT

COOPER

They're after him, not us!

ELLIS

Shit. Just dig.

FORREST

We got it.

Cooper slides through the narrow pass. Forrest follows.

INT. WATER PLANT

FBI Agent 1 holds a megaphone, watches as FBI AGENTS climb down the man hole.

FBI AGENT 1
Ellis, we're coming in.

INT. LAB

FBI AGENTS jump down the ladder, roll, guns poised.

Bad Guy 1 shoots the first two FBI AGENTS. FBI Agent 3 falls to the ground, slithers behind equipment. Bad Gal shoots at him, he shoots back. He gets her in the shoulder. She gets him in the leg.

INT. WATER PLANT

FBI AGENT 1
Shit! He's shooting! I thought
he didn't have a gun! Stop! No
one go!

INT. VENT

ELLIS
Go, go!

INT. LAB

Bad Gal bleeds from a bullet in her shoulder. She looks around the equipment, to Bad Guy 1.

BAD GUY 1
Let's go.

They run to the vent, and climb in.

EXT. WOODS -- DUSK

Cooper, followed by Forrest, then Ellis pulls himself out of the hole.

About 200 yards away, they see lights, and hear the FBI Agents running around the water plant.

Ellis spins around, watching the hole.

ELLIS
Get out of here.

COOPER
Where?

FORREST
There's someone in the building.

ELLIS
That's the FBI. Go! They'll take
care of you!

Bad Guy 2 grabs at Ellis from behind. Ellis spins
around, attacks. They struggle.

COOPER
Run!

EXT. WATER PLANT -- DUSK

FBI Agent 1 looks up, peers into the dark. He looks in
the direction of Forrest, Ellis, Cooper and the bad guys.

FBI Agent 3 holds out a cell phone.

FBI AGENT 3
It's his boss. He wants to know
what's going on.

FBI Agent 1 grabs the phone.

FBI AGENT 1
Frank? Ellis's kidnapped the boys
and he's got help.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Frank covers his eyes.

EXT. WOODS -- NIGHT

Forrest turns to run, then turns back. Bad Guy 1 and Bad
Gal emerge from the vent hole.

FORREST

Oh no.

Forrest and Cooper sprint into the woods. Bad Gal, and Bad Guy 2 follow.

BAD GAL

No guns! They'll hear!

Forrest whistles.

EXT. FIELD -- NIGHT

Ponies perk up their ears. They face the woods, then walk, breaking into a trot, then a gallop, towards the woods.

EXT. WOODS -- NIGHT

Ellis takes on Bad Guy 1 -- heavy duty hand to hand.

EXT. WOODS -- NIGHT

Bad Gal tackles Forrest. He goes down. Cooper jumps on Bad Gal. They struggle.

Bad Guy 2 picks Cooper off Bad Gal, they struggle.

Several ponies trot through the woods, towards Forrest. They see the wrestling and stamp in place.

Bad Gal pins Forrest down; Cooper grabs her from behind, lamely, but it's enough -- Cooper gets free.

FORREST

Hit her!

COOPER

She's a girl!

Bad Gal whacks Forrest, he doubles over.

Cooper whacks Bad Gal, hard; the blow stuns her.

Forrest stumbles forwards, towards the ponies.

FORREST

Thanks.

Forrest and Cooper hop on two ponies, bareback. Cooper looks back to where Ellis struggles with Bad Guy 1. He gallops his pony towards the trio.

Bad Guy 1 slashes at the pony with a knife. Cooper threads the needle, reaches Ellis.

ELLIS

Get out of here!

COOPER

Get on!

He pulls Ellis up, onto the pony, they ride away.

Ellis clings to the back of Cooper.

Cooper with Ellis, and Forrest gallop away.

ELLIS

The highway, get to the highway.

Far behind, the bad guys watch them ride away.

BAD GUY 1

After them!

Bad Guy 1, Bad Gal and Bad Guy 2 run to the stables.

EXT. STABLES -- NIGHT

BAD GUY 2

There, the truck!

Bad Guy 2 jump starts the truck.

BAD GAL

Seven kilometers through the woods, is the highway.

BAD GUY 2

It's their only route.

BAD GUY 1

We'll pick them up.

INT. SUBATOMIC TEST CHAMBER

A SINGLE PHOTON shoots down a long dark tunnel. It runs into a CRYSTAL, which splits it into two.

The two pieces of light shoot out of the crystal, one to the left, one to the right. As the one to the left arcs up, the one to the right arcs down.

INT. LAB

FBI Agent 2 looks over the quantum computer remnants. He pieces some back together.

FBI Agent 1 pulls back the board masking the tunnel's entrance.

FBI AGENT 1

They left a long time ago.

The computer screen flashes the deciphered message:

BOMBING SECTORS 14, 17, 23 RESUMES 0800 HOURS. STRATEGIC STRIKES IN SECTORS 4, 11, 16 RESUME 0900 HOURS.

FBI Agent 1 looks at the screen.

FBI AGENT 1

What?

He reads the screen slowly.

FBI AGENT 1

This is real.

FBI AGENT 2

Should we notify the CIA?

FBI AGENT 1

This isn't their jurisdiction.

EXT. FORREST -- NIGHT

THREE FBI HELICOPTERS thwump overhead. They sweep lights through the trees.

The two horses gallop through the woods, Forrest in the front, Cooper -- with Ellis -- behind.

ELLIS

It's the FBI.

COOPER

It is? Then let's stop.

ELLIS

You don't know who else is out there. And will get to you, first.

Cooper -- with Ellis -- gallops on his pony, ducking tree branches. One light sweeps over them. It stops, then returns, locking on him.

Forrest sees, slows his horse down.

COOPER

Go, Forrest!! Go!

FORREST

Coop!

ELLIS

Go! We'll meet at the highway.

Forrest's pony prances in the dark as Cooper is pursued by the light.

Cooper guides his pony through the trees, ducking the lights. A second light sweeps past, around the first light. Both lock on him.

Cooper's pony leaps down a small hill. Cooper slides, Ellis nearly falls off.

ELLIS

Someone has to make it! Go, Forrest!

Forrest dashes his horse through one of the beams, then runs on, as it chases him.

The lights swirl away from Cooper and Ellis.

EXT. FORREST -- NIGHT

Forrest steers his pony along a trail. They run in the dark. The pony stops suddenly, Forrest falls off. Ten yards ahead, a helicopter light sweeps across the path.

Forrest pulls the pony out of the path, under a tree. They stand still, as the light swirls down the path.

He mounts his pony, and they head on.

EXT. WOODS -- NIGHT

FBI Agent 1 examines the ground by the vent exit. Scuff marks, hoof prints. He looks up at the helicopters.

FBI AGENT 1

Get the dogs. Cordon this place off, call in support, SWAT, Sharp Shooters. And get me the department of Defense. This is National Security.

INT. THOREAU BEDROOM -- NIGHT

FBI Agent 3 stands over Mrs. Thoreau, who looks as pale as death.

FBI AGENT 2

Mrs. Thoreau, I know, this is a difficult time, but we need your help.

MRS. THOREAU

Of course.

FBI AGENT 2

Your husband's students, we found their lab. They've been kidnapped.

Mrs. Thoreau's brim with tears.

FBI AGENT 2

We need to know anything you can tell us.

Mrs. Thoreau gasps, choking for air.

FBI AGENT 2

What do you need? What can we get you?

Mrs. Thoreau stands up.

MRS. THOREAU
Bathroom. Medicine's in the
bathroom.

FBI AGENT 2
Let me get it for you.

Mrs. Thoreau tractors her way past, into the bathroom. She closes the door behind her, silently locking it. Her husband's body is gone, but the blood is still there.

She braces herself, and climbs down the trellis. Her breathing is so loud, she holds her breath.

EXT. LAKE -- NIGHT

Cooper -- with Ellis -- gallop past. A BRANCH catches Ellis in the stomach and drags him off the horse. He falls to the ground.

ELLIS
Go, go!

Cooper circles the pony back to Ellis and dismounts. He checks Ellis for injuries.

COOPER
Are you okay?

Ellis shakes his head, trying to clear. He looks up at Cooper, then out at the lake.

Small waves roll onto the pebbly shore. Moon light glimmers on the water's surface, creating patterns that roll into and out of being.

EXT. ROCKY HILL -- NIGHT

Rings around the moon glow in a myriad of colors. It's huge, the moon, the rings, the sky.

Forrest's pony gallops along. It's hoof twists in a divet, and it goes down.

Forrest flies off the pony, lands on the grass. The pony lies in the grass. Forrest gets up, he limps, but can walk. He sits by the pony.

FORREST
Shh... Shh...It's okay.

He takes the pony's bridle, urges her up.

FORREST
Come on, up you go.

The pony flails in the grass, struggles, stops. She lies on her side, breathing hard.

Forrest sighs, breathing deeply. He closes his eyes.

Near by, a CRICKET walks across the rock. Tiny pebbles slip underfoot as it crawls along. A slight breeze swooshes through the WILD FLOWERS. Their heads nod. The pony shifts its weight, the sandy ground crunching.

Overhead, the tree boughs sway in the breeze.

An OWL takes flight, its feathered wings beat the air. The owl SCREECHES, scares the pony.

The pony snorts and whinnies. It writhes to its feet.

Forrest's eyes slam open. He gasps.

The sound of the wings sweeps past. Forrest releases his breath.

Forrest looks up, at the owl. His eyes see each strand of feather on the quills, as they flap. He sees the legs, the body, the beak, the eyes of the owl. He sees all that is the owl, that surrounds the owl.

He sees the air, the gusts, the heat waves, the light, that touches them both, connecting them.

Forrest rises to his feet, watching the owl. The owl circles over him, once, then heads on. Forrest watches, takes a step in the same direction.

EXT. LAKE -- NIGHT

Moon light shines down from the moon above, in waves of photons.

Cooper sits next to Ellis.

A CRICKET hops past. It CHIRPS, and the vibrations of sound knock the air molecules between it and Cooper's ears. The waves of air jiggle, transmitting the disturbance.

Cooper sees the air molecules jiggling. He sees the heat coming off the cricket. He sees the waves of light coming down the earth, and he sees the waves of heat leaving the earth.

COOPER

It's all quantum.

SFX Dogs' barking.

Ellis gets to his feet.

ELLIS

Those aren't quantum dogs. Let's go.

EXT. THOREAU HOUSE -- NIGHT

YELLOW TAPE strung around trees marks off the house. Inside this perimeter, FBI AGENTS finish their work: tagging prints, isolating fiber and skin clues, et al.

Mrs. Thoreau looks at the AGENTS, who ignore her. She slowly walks through them, and out of the perimeter. She walks around the house to the GARAGE out back.

EXT. WOODS -- NIGHT

Cooper slaps his pony.

COOPER

Go! Shoo!

The pony snorts, then takes off. It runs through the woods, back the way it came.

Overhead, a spot light picks up the pony and the sounds of a helicopter echo through the woods. The lights chase away from Ellis and Cooper.

INT. THOREAU BATHROOM -- NIGHT

FBI Agent 2 pounds on the outside of the door.

FBI AGENT 2

Mrs. Thoreau! I'm coming in --
please stand back!

FBI Agent 1 kicks in the door. He sees the open window.
He looks out it, sees the torn trellis.

FBI AGENT 2

Oh jeez.

He runs out.

EXT. GARAGE -- NIGHT

Mrs. Thoreau struggles to open the garage door. Panting,
grunting, she finally heaves it upwards.

INT. GARAGE -- NIGHT

A dusty SPORTS CAR. Mrs. Thoreau gets in. She starts
the car.

Voorhees steps out of the shadows, silhouetted in the
open doorway, against the night sky. He sits next to
her.

VOORHEES

Hello, Ann.

MRS. THOREAU

You bastard!

VOORHEES

It wasn't meant to be like this.

MRS. THOREAU

Yes it was. With you, this is how
it is.

Mrs. Thoreau pulls a GUN out of her shirt. But by the
time she points it, Voorhees has his fist on the muzzle.

VOORHEES

No, Anne.

Mrs. Thoreau looks at him, squeezes the trigger. It goes
off -- a small pop sound -- into his palm. Blood spurts
everywhere.

VOORHEES

You fool.

Voorhees lumbers out the car, into the woods.

FBI Agent 1 runs into the garage. He sees Mrs. Thoreau in the car, and the dark patches of liquid. He runs out.

FBI AGENT 2

Medic! Medic! She shot herself!

Mrs. Thoreau guns the engine and tears out of the garage, down the road.

EXT. DRIVEWAY -- NIGHT

FBI Agent 1 watches her dust.

FBI AGENT 2

Someone go after her.

FBI AGENTS look at him. FBI Agent 2 points to two AGENTS.

FBI AGENT 2

You, and you. Go.

(into cell phone)

Where's a helicopter? We got another runner.

INT. SPORTSCAR -- NIGHT

Mrs. Thoreau drives 120 mph, as she careens down the small town roads, towards the highway. She opens her mouth, letting the air rush in. She laughs.

EXT. WOODS -- NIGHT

Cooper and Ellis walk through the woods. Up ahead, lights of traffic, the highway.

A few hundred yards away, Forrest, limping, also walks through the woods, towards the highway.

EXT. GRASSY AREA -- NIGHT

They all stand on the edge of the woods, looking out onto traffic. Ellis sees Forrest. He pulls Cooper back into the shadows.

ELLIS

Is that Forrest?

COOPER

Yes!

Cooper waves. Forrest waves back. They all walk towards each other.

Ellis points to a white TRUCK parked on their side of the road, a few hundred yards down.

ELLIS

Those are the bad guys.

He points to another truck, in the other direction. Also on their side of the highway.

ELLIS

And so are they. There are probably others.

COOPER

How do two physicists cross the street?

EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

COOPER

Average speed, sixty miles per hour, covering eighty-eight feet per second. Say each car is about twenty feet long. And each lane takes three strides to cross -- from a complete stop--

FORREST

Allowing two seconds for each set of three strides. This means each car must be a minimum of one hundred and seventy-six feet away, in order to cross, safely. One lane at a time.

ELLIS

Hey, are you two sure? It would
be really sad if after all that --

Forrest lets two CARS pass, then sees a long free space. He dashes three strides to the white broken line. CARS whiz by, drivers not noticing him, until they have passed him. Forrest lets another CAR pass, then dashes three strides across the next lane. He's doing well, and dashes across a free space of the third lane. A CAR whizzes right behind him, an inch to spare.

Ellis watches, stunned.

Cooper steps to the edge of the highway. He waits for CARS to pass, until he sees a free space. He dashes three strides across the first lane, and waits, on the broken white line. AN ENORMOUS TRUCK speeds down the middle lane. It overlaps on both sides, forcing drivers to pull out of their lanes, to get around the truck.

A wall of traffic comes straight down the highway. Cooper dashes across the middle lane and the last lane. The CAR in the last lane brakes, to avoid hitting Cooper. HORNS blow, CARS skid, but never stop as they hurtle down the highway.

COOPER

Wide loads. Forgot to account for
anomalies.

INT. MRS. THOREAU'S CAR -- NIGHT

One of those cars is Mrs. Thoreau's. She careens off the side of the road, and pulls to a stop. She clicks her emergency lights on. She leans back against her seat, eyes closed. She gasps for each breath.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

Ellis dashes through the traffic, with his own style. Never stopping. He reaches Cooper and Forrest.

They see Mrs. Thoreau's car, lights flashing. They head towards it.

When they get within ten yards, they hear Mrs. Thoreau's labored breathing. They run towards her.

FORREST
You gave him a heart attack!

COOPER
I didn't mean to!

They reach the car.

FORREST
It's a woman.

Mrs. Thoreau's eyes bug, and she stops breathing, holding her breath.

MRS. THOREAU
You.

COOPER
Mrs. Thoreau! I'm sorry! I didn't mean to scare you like this! Are you okay?

ELLIS
You know her?

FORREST
Yes, and no, she's not okay!

MRS. THOREAU
No, I am. I have -- breathing trouble. I'll be fine.

Overhead, HELICOPTERS thwump through the air. A SEARCH LIGHT scrolls over SOUTHBOUND TRAFFIC.

COOPER
Oh, jeez. We're screwed.

MRS. THOREAU
Get in! Get in! You can't win your noble prize if you're dead.

COOPER
You know?

MRS. THOREAU
I was -- young, once.

Forrest and Cooper hop in. Mrs. Thoreau takes off. The search light sweeps where the car was just parked. Nothing.

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

MRS. THOREAU

I can't drive! You have to take
my place.

Forrest takes the wheel, while Cooper helps drag Mrs. Thoreau into the back. He helps her lie down. Ellis sits shotgun.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Frank slumps at his desk. Fluffy sits on his desk, watching him. Fluffy barks.

FRANK

What?

Fluffy looks at Frank.

FRANK

What?

Fluffy keeps looking at Frank.

FRANK

You want to go out?

Fluffy lies down. Frank looks over at the paper cup of water and half eaten sandwich.

FRANK

What?

Fluffy spins in circles.

FRANK

You nutty dog. You're just like --

Fluffy stops, smiles at Frank. Frank picks up Fluffy.

FRANK

Come on. Let's look again.

Frank walks to Ellis' office.

INT. ELLIS OFFICE -- NIGHT

The place has been ransacked, emptied. The only thing left are the coffee stains on the rug by the door.

Frank sits at Ellis' desk. Frank notices there is the "Verge" logo on the computer mouse pad -- all that is left of the computer.

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

Mrs. Thoreau sits in the back. She's revived, and looking well -- red cheeks, a sparkle in her eye. Her breathing is still raspy, but no gasping. Cooper sits next to her.

The FBI HELICOPTER thwumps past, overhead, going the other direction.

The FBI helicopter flies low, over a CAR, flashes a strong beam on it.

FBI AGENTS in WHITE VANS surround the car. They shepherd it over to the side of the road.

INT. VAN

FBI AGENT 2
Armed and dangerous. Play this safe.

EXT. VAN -- NIGHT

FBI AGENTS get out of their vans and walk towards the car, guns drawn.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

MAN 1 sits in the driver's seat. As the FBI Agents approach, he guns the engine, runs over 2 AGENTS.

MAN 2 in the car empties his machine gun. FBI AGENTS return fire.

The car slams into a van.

FBI AGENT 2 leaps out of the van.

FBI AGENT 2

Medics!

He looks at the quashed AGENTS; they're dead. He looks at the bloody men in the car; they're dead.

FBI AGENT 2

Contact CIA.

INT. CIA OFFICE -- NIGHT

In a large office, filled with computers and AGENTS at them, CIA AGENT 1 and CIA AGENT 2 run an operation.

CIA Agent 1 paces as he talks, he wears a headset.

CIA AGENT 1

Affirmative. Belgian bad boy, and his sidekick. Mercenary duo --

Frank enters.

CIA AGENT 2

We're supporting identification.

FRANK

How many so far?

CIA AGENT 2

This is our third for tonight.

FRANK

Good work.

Frank exits.

INT. ELLIS' OFFICE -- NIGHT

Frank sits at Ellis' desk. Beside the mouse pad is the phone. Frank picks it up. Dials "1."

VOICE

FBI.

FRANK

This is 2337. Last inquiry.

SFX as the phone line clicks over. A recording plays:

ELLIS
 (recorded)
 Got a rich sneaker for you. Pass
 me on to air grab... No!

The sounds of banging.

ELLIS
 (recorded)
 Oh crap. Not now. No, no, no,
 no. We the people of the United
 States of America --

Frank hangs up. He dials "1" again.

VOICE
 FBI.

FRANK
 Air Space Security.

SFX as the call transfers.

VOICE 2
 Air Space Security.

FRANK
 Give me the specs on the helo air
 grab from two nights ago.

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

FORREST
 So, we get to New York, then what?

ELLIS
 I'm bringing you in.

COOPER
 Do we ever get out?

Mrs. Thoreau locks eyes with Ellis in the mirror.

ELLIS
 Yes.

MRS. THOREAU
 But it might not be, how you like.

COOPER

What?

Mrs. Thoreau talks to Ellis.

MRS. THOREAU

Don't take away their futures.

Ellis turns and looks at her.

MRS. THOREAU

I was working on ion entrapment in the early nineties.

COOPER

You designed the Wurlitzer gates?

MRS. THOREAU

The prototype.

FORREST

Then what--?

MRS. THOREAU

Sam, he brought Voorhees to meet me. I was Sam's student...Voorhees wanted me to work for him. I didn't want to. I didn't realize he doesn't take no for an answer. He's crazy. Sam didn't know, he was just greedy. He's taken good care of me... I didn't think he was still working with Voorhees.

FORREST

What happened?

MRS. THOREAU

I wouldn't play ball. I guess I was lucky Voorhees didn't kill me. He did try.

Mrs. Thoreau taps her chest.

MRS. THOREAU

I used to be fine.

Forrest and Cooper catch each other's gaze in the mirror.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

White VAN surround Mrs. Thoreau's car.

FORREST
FBI?

ELLIS
I can't tell.

COOPER
Can they bring us in?

ELLIS
Yes. If.

The vans steer the car over to the side.

ELLIS
But I have a bad feeling.

FORREST
And?

ELLIS
Drive.

Forrest ploughs the car into the side of a van. He tries to steer for a gap between the vans. The vans close in, slow down.

The car stops on the side of the road, surrounded by white vans.

Bad Guy 1 gets out of the lead van.

BAD GUY 1
Get out.

ELLIS
Step on it, Forrest!

Forrest steps on the accelerator, Ellis grabs the wheel, yanking the car into the tiny gap between vans. It bashes into the vans, pushing them aside.

Bad Guy 1 shoots -- the bullet lands half an inch from Forrest's shoulder. Another hits Ellis in his shoulder.

FORREST

No!

Forrest holds his hands up, Cooper follows.

Bad Guy 2 opens the driver's door, Forrest gets out.

MERCENARIES grab Forrest, Ellis, Cooper and Mrs. Thoreau and put them in the back of two separate vans. Ellis and Cooper in one, Forrest and Mrs. Thoreau in another.

Bad Guy 1 holds up Forrest's back pack. Bad Gal grabs Cooper's back pack. She unzips it, looks inside.

BAD GAL

Got it.

Bad Guy 1 looks inside Forrest's back pack. He sees the lap-top's edge gleaming in the light.

BAD GUY 1

We're good to go.

The vans drive off.

EXT. SKY -- NIGHT

In the helicopter, FBI Agent 2 sees the kidnapping. But on the tops of the vans are painted the letters "FBI." They look exactly like the FBI vans.

FBI AGENT 2

It's a busy night.

INT. VAN 1 -- NIGHT

Bad Guy 2 drives. Bad Gal sits beside him. In the back, handcuffed with military plastic ties, sit Mrs. Thoreau and Forrest.

Forrest leans back, his eyes closed.

FORREST

We can't let them have this. Us.

INT. VAN 2 -- NIGHT

Bad Guy 1 drives. Another MERCENARY sits beside him. In the back of the van, also handcuffed with military plastic ties, sit Cooper and Ellis.

Cooper's head hangs forwards.

COOPER

We can't let them have this.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Forrest and Mrs. Thoreau are pulled out, transferred to a truck. The truck drives off.

INT. VAN 2 -- NIGHT

Cooper's head jerks up, he looks at Ellis. Cooper's eyes slide down to his jacket pocket.

Ellis looks at him. Cooper slides forward, Ellis reaches in, grabs a cell phone. He turns it on.

It starts to beep. Ellis curves his body around the cell phone. Blood from his wound spills on it. Ellis mutes the cell phone. He dials FRANK'S number.

INT. HELICOPTER -- NIGHT

FBI Agent 1 talks on his cell phone.

FBI AGENT 1

What? The boy's cell phone? It's transmitting? Good! Lock and send in four teams. Shoot to kill.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Frank picks up.

FRANK

Hello?

He listens, he hears the ambient sounds of the van, the highway. He looks at the caller id.

He types the number into his computer, and up comes a screen:

COOPER FIELD

627 MORROW ROAD

BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

DATE OF BIRTH: 12/05/79

Frank talks softly into the phone.

FRANK

Ellis, are you there? Can you hear me?

INT. VAN 2 -- NIGHT

Ellis strains to hear.

ELLIS

White FBI look-alike --

Bad Guy 1 turns around, points his gun at Ellis.

BAD GUY 1

No talking! Sit up, and keep your hands where I can see them!

Ellis and Cooper exchange looks, follow orders. The cell phone sits on the seat, behind them.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE

FRANK

I'm with you.

Frank picks up another phone.

FRANK

Patch me through to your Binghamton team.

INT. VAN 2 -- NIGHT

The van slows down, bumps over a rough road.

Ellis fumbles for the phone, it slides onto the floor.
Cooper kicks it under the seat.

The van stops. Cooper tries to reach the cell phone.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Bad Guy 1 and Bad Guy 3 pull Cooper and Ellis out of the van and into a truck. Cooper and Ellis exchange looks. Ellis talks very loudly.

ELLIS

Are we going to the airport? I
love to fly.

Bad Guy 1 whacks Ellis.

BAD GUY 1

Shut up.

Cooper talks very loudly.

COOPER

The airport?

Bad Guy 1 shoves Cooper.

The cell phone stays in the truck.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

FRANK

The airport?

Frank picks up the other phone.

FRANK

Give me the Binghamton team.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

The trucks bump over the George Washington Bridge, into New York.

INT. HELICOPTER -- NIGHT

FBI AGENT 1
Frank? We've got them, cell phone
transmission. A parking lot. I
have four teams going in.

INTERCUT OFFICE/HELICOPTER

FRANK
I know. They called me, I have
them on, now.

The helicopter hovers, landing.

FBI AGENT 1
We're going in.

FRANK
Ellis, I heard him say "airport."

FBI AGENT 1
He's turned, Frank.

FBI Agent 1 clicks off.

END OF INTERCUT

EXT. PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

FBI AGENTS surround the parked van. They approach
cautiously, in SWAT style.

FBI AGENT 7 gets to the van, pulls open the door. It's
empty.

He pulls out the cell phone, holds it up. FBI Agent 1
takes the phone, holds it to his ear, listening.

FBI AGENT 1
Hello?

FRANK (V.O.)
Frank here.

FBI AGENT 1
Shit.

FBI Agent 1 clicks the phone off.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Frank redials.

FRANK

Give me the Binghamton team.

VOICE

They're off ring, now. Would you like voice mail?

FRANK

Voice mail?

Fluffy barks. Frank grabs Fluffy and heads out. He sticks his head in another office.

INT. OFFICE -- NIGHT

CIA AGENTS look up at Frank.

FRANK

Does any one... want coffee?

They shake their heads.

FRANK

Right. I'm just stepping out.

CIA AGENT 1

Take it easy, Frank.

Frank closes the door.

INT. HELICOPTER -- NIGHT

Voorhees sits in the back of his helicopter.

EXT. KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

Voorhees' helicopter lands in the PRIVATE PLANES AREA.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

Frank drives along. Fluffy sits on the seat next to him. In the distance, AIRPLANE LIGHTS.

He presses "1" on his cell phone.

FBI AGENT 1 (O.S.)

Yes.

INTERCUT FRANK AND FBI AGENT 1

FRANK

About time!

FBI AGENT 1

Frank?

FRANK

Get to Kennedy, now!

FBI AGENT 1

You have something?

FRANK

Yes.

FBI AGENT 1

Okay Frank, we're on our way.

FRANK

And bring SWAT.

END OF INTERCUT

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

Frank pulls up to the PRIVATE PLANES AREA of KENNEDY AIRPORT.

EXT. KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- NIGHT

Frank stops at a GUARD SHACK, shows his id, then continues driving.

Behind him the two TRUCKS also drive up to the Guard Shack; they show ids, and pass through. The GUARD waves them on.

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

Frank watches in his rear view mirror as he drives.

INT. TRUCK 1 -- NIGHT

Ellis sees Frank's car ahead.

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

Frank drives, watching behind him. Every turn he takes, the two trucks take.

EXT. HANGAR -- NIGHT

SWAT TEAMS dress, put on vests, get equipment ready.

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

Frank lets the two trucks pass him, then follows them.

EXT. PRIVATE TARMAC -- NIGHT

The two trucks speed down the tarmac towards a LEER JET that approaches the runway.

Frank drives after the trucks.

The trucks stop by the plane. Bad Guy 1 shoves Cooper and Ellis out. He holds one back pack.

Bad Guy 2 shoves Mrs. Thoreau and Forrest out. Bad Gal carries the second back pack.

Ellis looks around, carefully.

ELLIS

Run.

Forrest and Cooper look at each other.

FORREST

They wouldn't leave with out us.

COOPER

A reasonable theory.

FORREST

Shall we test it?

BAD GAL

Move!

COOPER

You heard the lady.

FORREST

I wouldn't want to disappoint a woman with a gun.

Cooper grabs the back pack from Bad Guy 1. Ellis jumps in, taking on Bad Guy 1.

Forrest grabs the back pack from Bad Gal.

Cooper and Forrest sprint down the tarmac.

MRS. THOREAU

Run, run!

Bad Guy 2 and Bad Guy 3 chase after them.

Bad Gal aims her pistol at their legs, shoots. The bullets miss.

Frank drives right at the plane. Bad Gal shoots at the car. Frank dives down on the seat.

Ellis and Bad Guy 1 struggle. Bad Gal stands over them.

BAD GAL

Stop!

Frank steps on the accelerator. But the plane moves forward and the car misses it, keeps on going.

Mrs. Thoreau bursts into a coughing fit. Bad Guy 2 shoves her forward, up the plane steps.

Frank's car chases down Forrest and Cooper. Frank sits up, looks around, sees them.

Cooper and Forrest sprint away from him, off the tarmac into the grass.

Voorhees appears in the doorway of the plane.

VOORHEES

What's this shooting?

Mrs. Thoreau runs up the steps and kicks him.

VOORHEES

Damn you!

Voorhees doubles over, sees the chaos that's going on.

Forrest looks at Cooper.

SWAT TEAMS race down the tarmac in TRUCKS.

BAD GUY 1

Get in the plane!

Ellis hits him hard, the gun goes flying. They scramble for the gun.

On the tarmac, SHARP SHOOTERS fling themselves down. They aim at the ones with guns.

The Sharp Shooters take out the ones with guns. Bad Guy 1 is already down, knocked out in hand to hand with Ellis.

Bad Guy 2, Bad Guy 3 and Bad Gal are targeted -- bullets fly through their heads with precision.

Ellis tosses the gun away. But a Sharp Shooter already has him in scope, pulls the trigger.

Ellis leaps out of the way, the bullet hits him in the ear. Blood everywhere.

Forrest and Cooper turn, in the grass. They see Ellis falling, they watch the blood spurt out in silhouette.

FORREST

Ellis!

Ellis falls down, looking at the sky. All the airport lights dim the stars, but some are still visible through the haze. He sees them as he fades.

SWAT GUYS surround Voorhees. He scowls at them.

Frank drives up. He holds up his CIA id.

FRANK

CIA. Let's get you out of here.

INT. HOSPITAL HALL -- DAY

Frank walks down the hall, holding a SUNFLOWER, and Fluffy. He enters a room, stands and watches the two sleeping people.

Fluffy barks.

INT. HOSPITAL, CRITICAL CARE -- TWIN ROOM -- DAY

SFX of two heart monitors beating in unison.

Alice and Ellis each lie in their own single bed.

The sun streams through the window. Alice faces the sun, so it shines across her abrasions.

Ellis turns his face towards the light, and towards Alice. His right hand lies on the bedsheets, palm upwards.

Ellis smiles.

Alice turns her face towards his. She smiles, as her left hand slides across the sheets. It stops by her side, atop the sheets, palm down. She curls her fingers, as though she were holding someone's hand.

Ellis' hand squeezes back.

EXT. FIELD -- DAY

TITLE CARD: SOUTH AMERICAN SOMEWHERE

In the distance, slate blue mountains rise into the azure sky.

A POLO MALLET swings across the sky, and then down.

Sounds of polo game: shouts, horses hooves clomping, clashing mallets, the ball being hit.

COOPER

Go, go!

Cooper has the ball, dribbles it down the field, around an OPPOSING PLAYER.

The OPPOSING PLAYER charges after Cooper. Cooper looks up, sees Forrest. Cooper whacks the ball hard. It sails towards the goal.

Forrest rides to meet the ball. OPPOSING PLAYER 2 gets there first, but Forrest steals the ball, and keeps on going.

As Forrest gallops down the field, the wind through his hair. Sunlight bounces off -- and sink into -- his skin. His pony's hooves churn up the dirt, particles float in clouds of miniscule earth dust.

His pony snorts warm air, its chest steams. Its liquid and veined eye flickers beneath velvet skin.

Forrest gallops over earth, through air, his body is one with his pony's.

FADE OUT.