

"TABULA RASA"

written by
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Over a black screen, we hear the sound of overlapping, angry voices. Growing.

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A large crowd of angry citizens fill the streets, shouting and protesting.

Armed policemen form a defense line with riot shields, desperately trying to control the mob. One angry rioter tosses a firebomb. It smashes beneath a police car as it bursts into flames.

The mob hurls various objects and they crash into the shields. They slowly inch forward, now in contact with the policemen as they try to squeeze through.

The car explodes violently, sending shards of metal and glass in every direction.

The mob successfully penetrates the defense line. They break through, trampling people to the ground. The chaos, the shouting, growing louder, as we suddenly CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

A television. News coverage of the riot is displayed on the screen.

We're now in a very lofty apartment. Nicely furnished and well-decorated. It has very futuristic look to it.

JONATHAN LOCKE is seated at the table eating breakfast, his eyes affixed on the TV screen. He is a very well-put together man in his early forties. He's one of those guys you don't want to mess with, but at the same time, one you can easily confide in.

JONATHAN
(to himself)
Man, it's a war zone out there.

Jonathan continues munching on his food when his wife, DEBRA LOCKE, walks into the room. She's equally attractive and well-put together.

DEBRA
Jonathan, shouldn't you be going soon?

JONATHAN

I know, I'm almost done.

DEBRA

Please don't be late again. If your boss calls here again bitching about you, you might as well join those rioters in the streets.

JONATHAN

Maybe I should, just so I don't have to worry about you coming after me for being late all the time.

DEBRA

Be careful what you wish for.

JONATHAN

You know I wasn't serious.

DEBRA

Of course. Still, it doesn't change the fact that you should get going.

JONATHAN

Don't be so hasty to get rid of me.

Jonathan smiles. He quickly grabs a final bite of toast as he scrambles out of his chair, grabbing his coat.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Alright, I'm done.

He rushes over to Debra and gives her a quick peck on the cheek.

JONATHAN

I love you.

DEBRA

You be careful out there, okay?

JONATHAN

Thanks, Deb, I will.

Jonathan heads towards the door, but makes a quick stop at a bedroom. He softly taps on the door and opens it.

JAKE LOCKE, Jonathan's nine-year old son, sits at his desk in deep thought.

JONATHAN

Hey, Jake, what are you up to?

JAKE

Nothing, really. I was just going through some of Einstein's equations, you know the one that says: Mass equals rest mass divided by square root of one minus e -squared by c -squared.

JONATHAN

Yeah?

JAKE

Well, the thing that concerned me was, how come light travels at a constant speed, as in it doesn't accelerate forward or backward, but it does accelerate exactly sideways in certain cases. So I'm thinking there would be another universal speed limit that isn't the speed of light, but probably slightly larger to the point where it relates to the density of the universe. What do you think?

JONATHAN

Gee, I don't know, sport. Good luck with that. I'm heading off to work now, I'll see you later.

JAKE

Cool, bye Dad.

With a smile, Jonathan leaves the room.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Jonathan exits the front door to his apartment complex and enters the flow of passersby.

We finally see the cityscape. High-rise skyscrapers fill the horizon. Magnetic levitation trains zoom by on tracks above. Futuristic cars and trucks fill the streets with early morning traffic.

Jonathan continues walking down the street. Flashy billboards and ads are displayed at nearly every point within eye's reach.

He turns and enters the train station.

INT. MAGLEV TRAIN - DAY

Jonathan sits quietly by himself. The rest of the train is sparsely filled with passengers, quietly minding their own business. Outside the window, buildings zoom by as the train zips forward along the elevated track.

A small television screen in the corner catches Jonathan's eye. The news is on, showing more live coverage of the riots.

Jonathan looks away again for a brief moment. An advertisement on the TV catches his attention once more and he looks up.

TV ANNOUNCER

Nativus Technologies. It's the education of today. Don't waste years of your life painstakingly learning the knowledge you need to succeed when you can obtain it in an instant. Make an appointment with us today!

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Jonathan exits the train station. As he continues his walk to work, we see more of the garishness of this futuristic metropolis.

Jonathan approaches the foot of a tall skyscraper. A wide staircase is situated before him. He begins his ascent up the stairs.

Panning up, we see the staircase leads to the entrance of a lavish, high-rise building. The words "Nativus Technologies" plastered above the entrance. Continuing up, we see the imposing magnitude of the tower's height. The morning sun's rays reflect off the windows producing a warm, orange glow.

INT. NATIVUS TECHNOLOGIES BUILDING, LOBBY - DAY

Jonathan walks briskly through the lobby. He approaches the reception desk. The RECEPTIONIST smiles at him as he walks by.

RECEPTIONIST

Good morning, Dr. Locke. Cutting it kind of close.

JONATHAN

Don't feel bad for me, I still
have...

(looks at watch)

...three minutes and forty-two
seconds.

Jonathan places his hand flat on a hand scanner. It beeps,
and he goes through. He smiles and gives a two-finger salute
as he walks past.

Jonathan dashes for an open elevator, just in the nick of
time. The elevator dings, and the doors slide to a close.

INT. NATIVUS TECHNOLOGIES BUILDING, WARD - DAY

The room is filled with various, complex machinery. The
loud, whirring mechanical sounds, the flashy lights, fill the
room. People in white lab coats, some as young as 18, are
spread out across the area, tending to the machines.

Jonathan, now donning a white coat as well, approaches the
front desk. A NURSE hands him a clipboard.

NURSE

Your patients are waiting for you.

JONATHAN

Thank you.

He takes the clipboard from her and begins perusing the pages
as he continues walking. He pushes open a door that leads
into a large waiting room area.

JONATHAN

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan?

A young couple stands. Mrs. Duncan pushes a stroller, a
young BABY, about two years old, laying peacefully inside.
They walk over to Jonathan.

JONATHAN

Good morning, I'm Jonathan Locke.

MR. DUNCAN

It's a pleasure to meet you.

MRS. DUNCAN

Hello.

JONATHAN

If you would follow me.

Jonathan holds the door open for them, and they walk inside. Jonathan talks and walks at the same time as he leads the couple in the right direction.

JONATHAN

So, you've completed all the necessary paperwork. Are we all ready to do this?

MRS. DUNCAN

Yes. We just want the best for little Ethan here.

JONATHAN

Has he undergone a physical check-up?

MRS. DUNCAN

Yes, we completed it last week. Everything checked out. I think you should have that on file.

JONATHAN

(flips through pages on clipboard)

Ah, yes, here it is. Right this way.

He leads Mr. and Mrs. Duncan into an isolated room. Inside is a small chair. Behind it is a giant machine, with many lights flashing and multiple wires coming out of it. A few nurses are inside getting everything prepared.

Jonathan stops and crouches down, eye-level to the baby.

JONATHAN

Alright, Ethan. You ready for this?

The baby remains unresponsive, just slowly flapping its arms and legs, like babies do. Mrs. Duncan chuckles.

MRS. DUNCAN

He's usually very shy. He just started talking a few weeks ago.

JONATHAN

(smiles)

That's alright. Let's get started, shall we?

Jonathan stands. A nurse scoops Ethan out of the stroller and gently places him down on the chair.

JONATHAN

Okay, right now, we're going to implant the microchip into Ethan's brain. There's going to be a very short sting, but nothing too painful. You have nothing to worry about.

MR. DUNCAN

Alright.

Jonathan turns and nods at the nurse, giving her the okay.

She grabs a large object that resembles a staple-gun. Positioning it carefully on Ethan's tiny head, the nurse counts quietly.

NURSE

One. Two. Three.

A hiss of air escapes suddenly as she pulls the trigger. Ethan begins whining and crying. Mrs. Duncan rushes over to him, caressing him gently.

MRS. DUNCAN

Sh. Sh. It's okay.

The nurse quickly rubs the area with gauze and sticks a tiny Band-Aid on it. Another nurse grabs a helmet-like object with numerous wires protruding out of it. The other ends of the wires lead to the giant machine in the room. She places it on Ethan's head. It latches on with a small hiss of air.

JONATHAN

So now, we're going to begin the process of syncing the microchip with the Central Knowledge Unit. This part is completely painless. Ethan will just feel a little disoriented when it's finished. That's normal. I'm going to ask everyone to leave the room. We do have a viewing room available.

MR. DUNCAN

Of course. Come on, let's go.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, Jonathan, and the nurses step into the viewing room. A large window allows them to see into the room. Jonathan is flipping through the pages on the clipboard.

JONATHAN

And you two purchased the
Intermediate package, correct?

MR. DUNCAN

Yes, doctor.

JONATHAN

Alright.

He puts down the clipboard. On the wall, there is a large control panel. Jonathan presses a couple buttons on it, then puts his hand on a lever.

JONATHAN

Here we go.

He pushes down on the lever. Immediately, the machines make a loud whirring noise as it starts up. The whirring gets louder and louder.

Inside the room, Ethan squirms around in the chair, though he doesn't show any signs of pain. The helmet and surrounding wires light up with a faint, electric glow.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan wait anxiously, watching. The mechanical whirring grows louder. Ethan continues squirming.

This continues for a few seconds. Then, in an instant, the whirring stops. The machine powers down. Ethan's squirming stops. His eyes are wide open. He blinks slowly, fully conscious now.

Jonathan slowly enters the room. The nurses follow, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan right behind them.

JONATHAN

Ethan? Can you hear me?

He grabs a small flashlight from his pocket protector and flashes it into Ethan's eyes as he examines them.

JONATHAN

Ethan, can you hear me?

After a short moment, Ethan slowly nods and he speaks in a cute baby voice.

ETHAN

Yes.

JONATHAN

Good. I'm just going to run a few tests, okay?

ETHAN

Okay.

JONATHAN

I'm going to ask you a few questions, and I want you to answer them. Can you do that?

ETHAN

Mhm.

Jonathan puts his watch in front of Ethan's face.

JONATHAN

Can you tell me what time it is?

ETHAN

Eight fifteen.

JONATHAN

Good. Can you tell me what nine times six is?

ETHAN

Fifty-four.

JONATHAN

Good job.

Ethan's parents watch from a distance, beaming with joy and pride.

JONATHAN

What is the definite integral of three x-squared from zero to five?

ETHAN

(beat)

A hundred twenty-five.

JONATHAN

Correct. One last question. What two functional groups on an amino acid bind when forming a polypeptide chain?

ETHAN

The carboxyl and amino group.

JONATHAN

Excellent. You're all set.

He stands up and turns towards Mr. and Mrs. Duncan.

JONATHAN

The procedure went perfectly.
You're son's in good shape. You
guys are free to go.

MR. DUNCAN

Great, thank you so much.

JONATHAN

No problem. I'll just need you to
sign this.

Jonathan flips to a page on his clipboard and hands it to Mr. Duncan, along with a pen. Meanwhile, one of the nurses picks up Ethan and places him back on his stroller. Mrs. Duncan pushes the stroller out of the room, and Jonathan and Mr. Duncan follows.

As they walk, Mr. Duncan peruses through the pages. He lets out a whistle in surprise.

MR. DUNCAN

Wow, I don't think I've seen so
many digits on a medical bill
before.

JONATHAN

(laughs)
Yeah, well, I guess you could say
knowledge comes with a price.

MR. DUNCAN

You're damn right it does.

He signs the papers, then returns the clipboard to Jonathan.

JONATHAN

Okay, you're good to go.

MRS. DUNCAN

Thank you so much for everything.

JONATHAN

You're welcome. And if you have
any problems, don't hesitate to
call me.

Jonathan holds the exit door open for them as they leave, then closes it.

INT. NATIVUS TECHNOLOGIES BUILDING - LATER

Jonathan paces briskly down a long corridor. He reaches a high-security door. He places his hand on a hand scanner, and lines his eyes up with an optic scanner.

It beeps, signifying his verification. The large, metal doors slide open loudly and Jonathan enters.

We see the words "Central Knowledge Unit" above the doors. The doors slide close.

INT. CENTRAL KNOWLEDGE UNIT CHAMBER - DAY

Inside, it appears to be a very large chamber-like room. There is a colossal machine, larger than any machine we've seen so far. It stands multiple stories tall and fills up the nearly the entire chamber.

Jonathan makes his way to a large monitor over to the side, a small keyboard jutting out from beneath. He begins punching in some numbers, when:

JEFF (O.S.)
Hey, Jonathan!

His head turns towards the voice, then he smiles.

JONATHAN
Jeff! How are you?

We see JEFF WALKER, a man about Jonathan's age, also donning a white lab coat. The two men shake hands.

JEFF
I'm doing good. What are you up to?

JONATHAN
Oh, I'm just inputting some new microchip ID's to the registry.

JEFF
Oh yeah? Same here. Busy morning, isn't it?

JONATHAN
Tell me about it. I must have seen at least thirty kids today, all before lunch.

JEFF
All for the procedure?

JONATHAN

That's right. So how's the family?

JEFF

We're all doing great, for the most part. Kathy's been a little angsty though. I guess that's what eight months of pregnancy can do to you.

They both laugh.

JONATHAN

Oh yeah, I've been there with Deb, trust me. So, is your new baby going to go through the procedure?

JEFF

Yes. Kathy and I have been saving enough money just for one more. I told her, after this, I'm done. You know? Even if I have to get a vasectomy. Two kids are more than enough that I have to pay for.

JONATHAN

(laughs)

I hear you. This stuff's expensive. Deb and I both agreed to having one child, one procedure.

Jonathan finishes typing in the last of the numbers into the computer.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Anyway, I should get back to work. We should definitely catch up later sometime.

JEFF

Yeah. I'll talk to you later.

They shake hands, then Jonathan leaves the room.

INT. JONATHAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Debra is in the kitchen, preparing dinner.

The front door opens. Jonathan enters.

JONATHAN

Hello.

DEBRA
Hi, honey, welcome home.

Jonathan makes his way over to his wife and kisses her on the cheek.

JONATHAN
What are we having?

DEBRA
It's pasta night. I'm making fettuccine alfredo with grilled chicken.

JONATHAN
Sounds delicious.

DEBRA
I'm almost finished. Would you call Jake over for me?

JONATHAN
Of course.

After sampling a taste of the rich alfredo sauce, he turns and leaves.

CUT TO:

The whole family sits together at the dinner table, eating and having a friendly discussion.

JONATHAN
And he turned around, and you want to know what he said to me?

DEBRA
What?

JONATHAN
He said, "You don't have a business degree; don't tell me how to do my job."

DEBRA
(surprised)
Are you serious?

JONATHAN
Yes! Man, the ego of these people. So basically, there I was thinking free will still actually exists in the world. Apparently not.

DEBRA
What did you do?

JONATHAN
That man's no longer going to get
my two cents, that's for sure.

They laugh.

JAKE
You know about the idea of
Newtonian Determinism, don't you
dad?

JONATHAN
Yeah.

JAKE
It says the universe is one big
clock that's been ticking since the
beginning of time. So basically,
everything you do was predetermined
to happen.

JONATHAN
You don't actually believe that, do
you?

JAKE
(coolly)
No. Just bringing it up. Trying
to find an explanation for your
apparent lack of free will.

JONATHAN
It doesn't explain anything.
You're saying a criminal would be
innocent of his crimes because they
were predetermined? Come on. You
know the Heisenberg Uncertainty
Principle?

JAKE
Mmhm.

JONATHAN
There's always uncertainty. You
can never know the exact location
of an electron.

JAKE
We're not electrons.

DEBRA
Really? So, why the negativity?

JAKE
(sarcastic)
Oh, ha ha, you're funny.

JONATHAN
It means the future isn't
predetermined. We can always make
our own choices.

JAKE
I agree with that, I just don't see
how the Uncertainty Principle
disproves determinism, nor does it
prove free will. Okay, the
universe is based on chance, but
what does that have to do with
choice?

JONATHAN
You know what, we kind of went off
on a tangent. Why don't we just
end the free will debate here.

Jake laughs a little.

JAKE
Alright, dad.

JONATHAN
Besides, don't you have anything
better to do? What about homework?

Jake groans.

JAKE
Ugh, why do I have to do that? I
already know everything, there's no
point.

JONATHAN
The procedure doesn't make you an
expert at everything. You still
have to be trained for the real-
world. That's what that's for.

JAKE
I know. But it's stupid.

JONATHAN
You say that now...

JAKE
Yeah, I know.

Jake stands, grabbing his now empty plate and bringing it to the sink.

JAKE
I should probably get started, now
that you bring it up.

He exits the room, leaving Debra and Jonathan alone at the table.

DEBRA
He's something, isn't he? He's
going to make us proud someday.

JONATHAN
Yeah. Why don't you tell me
something I don't know?

Debra shoots him a look, but laughs it off.

INT. NATIVUS TECHNOLOGIES BUILDING - DAY

Back at work. The room is bustling with doctors and other people, walking about. Jonathan walks towards the front desk, scribbling stuff down on paper on his clipboard as he walks.

He reaches the desk and continues writing something.

RECEPTIONIST
Good afternoon, Dr. Locke.

JONATHAN
Good afternoon.

He finishes with whatever he was writing, then rips it off the clipboard and hands it to the receptionist.

JONATHAN
Could you file this, please?

RECEPTIONIST
I'd be happy to. By the way, Dr.
Collins wanted to see you in his
office.

JONATHAN
Oh. Okay, thanks.

Jonathan smiles at her before walking away.

INT. NATIVUS TECHNOLOGIES BUILDING, OFFICE - DAY

A soft rap on the door, then it opens slowly.

JONATHAN

You wanted to see me, sir?

DR. ERIC COLLINS, a man in his 50's with graying hair, sits behind his desk, completing some tasks on a futuristic looking computer monitor. He looks up at Jonathan.

DR. COLLINS

Oh, hello Jonathan. Yes, please, sit.

Jonathan sits down in the chair.

DR. COLLINS (CONT'D)

So, how are you?

JONATHAN

I'm great. You?

DR. COLLINS

Could be better. Human Resources has really been on my ass these past few weeks.

JONATHAN

What's the problem?

DR. COLLINS

Well, to be blunt, we're losing money.

JONATHAN

How is that? Our productivity levels have never been higher.

DR. COLLINS

Productivity is not the problem. You are all doing great, I have no complaints.

JONATHAN

So what's this about?

DR. COLLINS

As you know, there is a certain amount of money allocated to different departments. Essentially, our return on investment is negative. We're exceeding our budget.

JONATHAN

Through what expenses? Our investments have been relatively stable for the past few years.

DR. COLLINS

Wages. And benefits. They've really been cutting into our funding. There's no way to reduce our deficit without substantially reducing people's salaries, which is unacceptable.

JONATHAN

How much of a pay cut are we talking about?

DR. COLLINS

Unfortunately, that won't be enough. Your salary could be reduced by a third, and we'd still only break even.

JONATHAN

So...what are you going to do?

DR. COLLINS

Well, my options are very limited. Basically, I was told just to fix it, otherwise the company would run a deficit. It's that bad. And I've been dealing with this ever since.

(sighs)

I've just been really stressed out these last few weeks. Forgive me.

Dr. Collins cradles his head on his hands, wearily.

Jonathan doesn't say anything. He just looks at him for a long beat.

JONATHAN

Dr. Collins? Why did you call me into your office today?

Dr. Collins sighs heavily.

DR. COLLINS

There's no easy way to say this, Jonathan...

JONATHAN

Are you letting me go?

DR. COLLINS
We don't have a choice, Jonathan.
We have more employees than we can
afford. It has to be done.

JONATHAN
Why me?

DR. COLLINS
Jonathan, it's not about you, don't
make it--

JONATHAN
So what is this about? Huh?

The anger slowly rises in his voice.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Because as far as I can tell, I'm
just as qualified, if not more, as
any other person out there!

DR. COLLINS
I'm not doubting you or anyone's
abilities. I know it doesn't seem
fair, but--

Jonathan stands abruptly and slams his fist on the desk, his
anger coming out at last.

JONATHAN
Don't talk to me about fair!

Dr. Collins stares in bewilderment, but then stands up, eye-
to-eye.

DR. COLLINS
That's enough, Jonathan. You know
the situation. It has to be done.
Now, I really don't want to call
security up here, so don't make me.

JONATHAN
Don't bother.

A final glare, then he turns around, storming out of the
office.

INT. NATIVUS TECHNOLOGIES BUILDING, WARD - DAY

Jonathan storms through the corridor, ignoring the stares of
others. He walks towards the exit.

RECEPTIONIST

Dr. Locke, is everything okay? Dr.
Locke?

He ignores her. He pushes furiously on the door. It swings open and he exits without a word.

INT. MAGLEV TRAIN - DAY

Jonathan sits in solitude inside a moving train. Through the window, the city whizzes by, but Jonathan remains still, not moving.

The small TV, once again, plays an advertisement. Jonathan looks up.

TV ANNOUNCER

Nativus Technologies. It's the
education of today. Don't waste
years of your life painstakingly
learning the knowledge you need to
succeed when you can obtain it in
an instant. Make an appointment
with us today!

Jonathan turns away, a frown on his face.

INT. JONATHAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jonathan sits alone in the empty apartment, in deep concentration. Suddenly, the door opens. Debra enters.

DEBRA

Hi, honey. Why are you home so
early?

JONATHAN

Sit down.

Debra complies, a little confused.

DEBRA

What's the matter?

JONATHAN

I was fired.

At first, Debra doesn't react, but her face slowly shows an expression of shock as the realization hits her. Her hand slowly covers her mouth.

DEBRA

Why?

JONATHAN

It was nothing I did. They had too many employees. They had to let me go.

Debra sits quietly in disbelief. She's at a loss of what to say.

DEBRA

This is bad...

JONATHAN

Yes, I know that.

DEBRA

No, this is horrible.

JONATHAN

I know, I know. I get that, alright?

He sighs, a little frustrated.

DEBRA

What are you going to do?

JONATHAN

Well, you still have your job, don't you? I guess we'll live on one income for now.

DEBRA

How on earth do you expect us to be able to pay our taxes, the mortgage on our apartment, food, with only one income?

JONATHAN

People do it all the time, Deb.

DEBRA

You don't understand. We can't afford our apartment on my income alone. We'll have to sell our home unless you find a new job.

JONATHAN

Okay, okay... Look. I think I have enough money that will last us several months.

(MORE)

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

It should be enough time to let me
find a new job.

Debra is quiet again, in deep thought. She's shaken, clearly distressed.

JONATHAN

Debra. Look at me. Look at me.

She looks at him. Her eyes glistening with a small trace of tears. Jonathan looks at her straight in the eye.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

I promise you, I will not let this
uproot our lives here. Okay? I
will set things straight, I will
support my family if it's the last
thing I do. You understand?

He means it. Debra just stares solemnly into his eyes. She can only take his word for it.

JONATHAN

Come here.

He pulls her into a tight embrace. They just sit there, sharing a moment of silence together as we pull back.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: "One Year Later".

INT. DINER - DAY

A typical, run-of-the-mill diner. It looks a bit run-down, as if it's been functioning for years but they forgot to hire the maintenance staff. The space is sparsely filled with people eating. They look just as run-down as the diner.

A MAN and a WOMAN sit in a booth in the back corner of the restaurant. They have their menus out, perusing their options in deep concentration.

We can infer from the way they dress and speak that they're not exactly well-off.

WOMAN

Alright, I know! Geez, hold you
horses.

MAN

I've been holding my horses for the last half hour. Hurry up and make your mind.

WOMAN

I just want to make the right choice, is all.

MAN

Oh sure, take your time. It's not like you're deciding on who to marry. Or whether or not to have children, or what house to buy. This is lunch, one of life's biggest decisions. Should I order the sandwich? Or a cheeseburger?

WOMAN

Oh, be quiet. Besides, I'm on a diet, you know that.

MAN

Then order the fucking salad.

WOMAN

What is the matter with you? This is our anniversary, it's an important day for us. Just for today, can you be patient and supportive? That's all I ask of you.

She looks back into her menu. He sits back, a little annoyed.

MAN

I still can't believe you wanted to have our anniversary dinner in this shitty diner. Seriously, look at this place.

WOMAN

Unless you want to spend the day at home, this was the best place we could afford.

MAN

Honestly, I rather would have stayed home today.

WOMAN

Remind me again while I married you.

MAN

I just don't think it's necessary for us to spend money on a crappy lunch when I'm working six days a week and barely earning minimum wage!

WOMAN

One day. Just one day this entire year. Am I really so terrible for wanting to eat lunch with my husband?

MAN

You wanna eat? Then order your food, so we can eat it!

The woman shoots him a glare, then looks back into her menu.

WOMAN

Alright, I think I have it narrowed down to two.

MAN

What are they?

WOMAN

Either the turkey burger...

MAN

Nice.

WOMAN

...or the spinach lasagna. What do you think?

MAN

The burger, definitely.

WOMAN

Why?

MAN

I was never really a fan of Italian.

WOMAN

Are burgers worse for your health?

MAN

(laughs)

We're on a tight budget and dieting is still a priority for you?

WOMAN

It's spinach lasagna. Anything with spinach in it has to be good for you.

MAN

It's turkey. Turkey is lean, isn't it?

WOMAN

How would I know.

MAN

Just ask them.

WOMAN

Nah, it's okay.

MAN

Come on, I'm the man and I'm doing the asking? What's going on here?
(calls out)
Hey, waiter!

At the counter, a WAITER turns. We only see his torso as he slowly makes his way towards the table.

When he reaches the table, the camera pans up, and we see the waiter is JONATHAN.

JONATHAN

Are you ready to order?

He doesn't sound very enthusiastic.

WOMAN

Not just yet. I wanted to ask which you recommended: the turkey burger or spinach lasagna?

JONATHAN

Well, it depends what mood you're in. They are both delicious.

WOMAN

Okay, well, which one is healthier?

JONATHAN

I would say the turkey burger. Our turkey patties are lean and typically have around 100 calories.

MAN

Told ya.

WOMAN

Good, that makes it a lot easier.
Thanks. I think we're ready to
order.

MAN

I'll take the chicken fried steak
meal.

Jonathan quickly scribbles it down on his note pad.

JONATHAN

(to the Woman)

And the turkey burger for you,
ma'am?

WOMAN

Yes, please.

JONATHAN

How do you want it?

WOMAN

I'll take it medium rare, with all
the vegetables.

JONATHAN

Do you want cheese?

WOMAN

Sure.

JONATHAN

It's a dollar extra, is that okay?

MAN

A dollar extra for a slice of
cheese?! That must be some damn
good cheese.

JONATHAN

I don't make the prices.

WOMAN

Sure.

MAN

Are you kidding? I'm not paying
that much for a slice of cheese.

WOMAN

It's a cheese burger. I won't be a
cheese burger if it doesn't have
cheese in it.

Jonathan just watches them, irritated.

MAN

What happened to trying to be healthy? I'm sure it adds a shit load of calories, and I right waiter?

JONATHAN

(sighs)
That is true.

WOMAN

Alright, you got me there.

She closes up her menu and hands it to Jonathan. He takes it from her.

JONATHAN

What can I get for you to drink?

MAN

Two colas, please.

WOMAN

Excuse me, could you tally up the bill for us?

JONATHAN

Okay, that's \$6.99 for the steak meal. The turkey burger is \$5.99, the drinks \$1.89 each. And of course, you get the Sunday lunch discount, so I'll mark 10% off your total. Calculating in a tax of 1.0825% and a 15% tip gives you a total of \$18.59.

The man and woman stare in awe. Silent pause.

MAN

Damn.

JONATHAN

Will that be all?

WOMAN

Yes, thank you.

Jonathan walks away. He tears the page off his note pad clips it onto the order wheel.

CUT TO:

Later. Jonathan clears off a messy table.

He grabs the tip off of the table. He looks at it solemnly, then stuffs it into his apron.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

CLOSE ON the front door. The door unlocks, then opens. Jonathan walks in. He tosses his keys on to a side table, then closes the door behind him.

We pull back, revealing the setting. This is no longer Jonathan's lofty apartment. The room is significantly smaller, the shabby furniture tightly packed into the limited space. The carpet and the wallpaper has slightly eroded through years of wear and tear. Marks and stains blacken the walls and ceiling to the point where no one bothers to even attempt to clean it.

JONATHAN

Hi, honey.

Debra sits at the table, going through some bills.

DEBRA

How was work?

JONATHAN

Awful. As usual. How'd your interview go?

DEBRA

I think it went rather well.

JONATHAN

Good to hear.

DEBRA

So I was thinking, if I get the job, which is very likely if I'm being totally honest, that would give our monthly household income a nice boost in the right direction. If we save smart, I would say within two months or so, you could finally quit your job at that godforsaken place without causing a financial collapse. I'd estimate you'd have a good three weeks to secure a more stable job.

JONATHAN

Yeah, good luck with that.

DEBRA

What's that supposed to mean?

JONATHAN

It means, good plan Deb, but ultimately, it's just wishful thinking.

DEBRA

I'm trying to figure out what's best for us.

JONATHAN

Alright, well whenever you find a job opening, be sure to let me know about it.

DEBRA

They're out there. You just need to look in the right place.

JONATHAN

I've been stuck taking orders and cleaning tables for the last several months. I can assure you, I would quit in a heartbeat if I could.

DEBRA

Just do your best, okay?

Jonathan reaches into his pocket, removes a wad of cash, and throws it onto the table in front of Debra.

DEBRA

What's this?

JONATHAN

My tip for the day.

She slowly unfolds the bills, looking at each of them.

DEBRA

This is all you got? After an eight hour shift?

JONATHAN

This is how things are now. You need a reality check.

DEBRA

You're not trying hard enough.

JONATHAN

I'm trying as hard as this job requires me to!

DEBRA

It's not just waiting tables.

JONATHAN

You don't think I'm trying to support my family?

DEBRA

I'm being truthful.

JONATHAN

I worked my ass off for eight hours straight. Don't even go there.

DEBRA

Let's face it, Jonathan. This reality check of yours is just destructive interference. I get it, okay? Things are bad. But that doesn't mean you can't change things. You can't just give up.

JONATHAN

Since when have I given up?

DEBRA

It's like you keep fixating on the idea that things are stuck the way they are!

JONATHAN

Like I said, when you find a good job for me, you let me know. Let's see if you can do any better.

DEBRA

See? This! This is exactly what I'm talking about! Your attitude, your mentality! It's like you want our lives to go down the toilet!

JONATHAN

I really don't need this right now.

DEBRA

Yes, you do, apparently.

JONATHAN

I came home, exhausted, after a long day at work for my beautiful, loving wife. Where is she, by the way?

DEBRA

After you lost your job, who's been taking care of this family? Who's been paying our bills?

JONATHAN

Hey, I've supported this family for years! How dare you!

DEBRA

Well, that's all gone. This is where we are now! And what are you gonna do about that, Jonathan? Just sit around complaining about how things aren't going better for yourself?

JONATHAN

That's enough!

DEBRA

Admit it. You've always been afraid of failure, especially after you lost your job. Well, here I am telling you, you ARE a failure! You let down your own family. You've sunk to a new low, so low that no light can escape--

JONATHAN

GODDAMMIT, DEBRA!

Debra sits back, startled, but remains composed.

Jonathan's face is red with anger. He glares at her, then spins around and storms toward the door.

He opens the door aggressively, exits, and slams the door loudly.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jonathan sits alone at the counter, staring ahead. Frustration glistening in his eyes.

A BARTENDER comes forward.

BARTENDER
Can I get anything for you, sir?

JONATHAN
What's the cheapest thing you got?

BARTENDER
Whatever floats your boat, man.

And he goes off to make the drink.

Moments later, he slides a drink over to Jonathan. Jonathan grasps it, takes a big gulp, and slams the glass back down on the counter.

Jonathan just sits there, in deep thought.

JEFF (O.S.)
Jonathan? Is that you?

Jonathan turns suddenly towards the sound. It's JEFF.

JONATHAN
Jeff? Damn, it's been a long time!

JEFF
Yeah, I know. What a small world.

They shake hands. Jeff sits down on the stool next to Jonathan.

JONATHAN
It's great to see you. So, what are you doing here?

JEFF
I have a feeling you already know.

Beat. Jonathan takes another sip of his drink.

JONATHAN
When did it happen?

JEFF
About four months ago.

JONATHAN
I'm sorry.

JEFF
Please, don't be.

JONATHAN
What did they tell you?

JEFF

(sighs)

They just went on and on about how they had too many employees and about how it wasn't efficient and all that crap.

JONATHAN

I got the exact same speech.

(beat)

So, what were things like after I left?

JEFF

Just the usual, pretty much. Only my salary was much less.

JONATHAN

Yep, that's what comes with hiring too many employees.

JEFF

You know, those newbies can kiss my ass. I mean, we all are equally qualified, intellectually. That's obvious. But experience on the job, that's something we have that they don't. Why the hell do we deserve to be fired?

JONATHAN

Trust me, I feel exactly the same way. They just want fresh minds, I guess.

JEFF

Yeah, well they can kiss my ass too.

JONATHAN

Right? I just want to get into their heads, just to see how delusional they could possibly get. I mean, how do you distinguish who is the better candidate for a job when everyone is equally capable?

JEFF

One of the biggest problems of today.

Jonathan sighs. Both men take a few sips from their drinks.

JEFF

So, do have a new job?

JONATHAN

I'm waiting tables at a diner.

JEFF

Ouch.

JONATHAN

It's terrible, I know. But you take what you can get. What about you?

JEFF

Not yet. But you be sure to let me know about an opening.

JONATHAN

That's exactly what I said! Debra and I, we kind of got into this big fight about the whole thing. This past year has been really hard on us.

JEFF

I understand. It's just crazy how messed up life is right now.

JONATHAN

It's really taken a huge toll on our marriage. I used to look forward to coming home to see my wife and son. Now, not so much. And this is when I'm working at a shitty diner too. Is that not totally screwed up?

JEFF

That is very screwed up.

Jonathan laughs. He takes a drink. He's quiet, thinking.

JONATHAN

I think I should go. Try to work things out with Debra.

JEFF

Alright, man.

JONATHAN

I'm sorry.

JEFF

Don't worry about it.

JONATHAN

Thanks.

Jonathan finishes off his drink and slams it down onto the counter. He stands up and leaves.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jonathan walks alone along the city street. Sounds of night-life pound away in the distance. The noise of city traffic fills the night air.

He walks past an alley. A noise from inside it grabs Jonathan's attention.

A HOMELESS MAN rummages through a dumpster. He finds something he's looking for. He then runs off into the darkness.

Jonathan's curiosity aroused, he slowly follows.

The alley is dark and severely bedraggled, something Jonathan has never before seen.

As the light gradually disperses into the obscurity, more and more HOMELESS PEOPLE become visible. They sit along the brick wall, dressed in rags, their faces hardened through years and years of turmoil.

Jonathan stares in amazement at the spectacle before him. Just beyond, swarms of homeless people gather tightly in the limited space, like a group of penguins during the blistering winter months.

JONATHAN

What happened here?

A HOMELESS WOMAN responds. She's about 50, though her face looks severely aged due to years of enduring a harsh reality.

HOMELESS WOMAN

What does it look like?

Jonathan turns to look at her.

JONATHAN

Why are you all here?

HOMELESS WOMAN

There's no where else to go.

JONATHAN
This is horrible...

HOMELESS WOMAN
Things never used to be this way,
you know. I had a life. I had a
job, and a family. I was happy.

Jonathan sits down, eye-to-eye with her.

JONATHAN
What happened?

HOMELESS WOMAN
I think they called it the
procedure.

Jonathan just stares at her. Beat.

HOMELESS WOMAN (CONT'D)
You know, where they put the chip
in the brain...

JONATHAN
Yeah, I know.

HOMELESS WOMAN
I was just fine and dandy working
in retail. It didn't pay that
well, but at least it did. I
remember the day I was let go as if
it were yesterday. I've never been
able to find work since. Those
people, the ones with the chip in
their brain, they've been taking
over the work force.

Beat. Another HOMELESS MAN sitting near them listens in.

HOMELESS MAN
That thing's a curse, I tell you.

Jonathan looks over at him.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)
It's made the education system
useless. My school was shut down
because so many people decided to
take the easy way out. Fucking
cowards, if you ask me. It
basically left us to fend for
ourselves. No education, no money,
no life.

JONATHAN

I'm sorry.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Well, what can you do? All of us tried to get ourselves heard. We've resorted to rioting in the streets. That's how bad this has become. But they don't listen. They're blinded by their own wealth and intelligence.

Jonathan slowly rises to his feet. He looks around, beyond his own pain. He watches everyone around him in silence.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jeff still sits alone at the counter. He finishes the drink in his hand and puts it down on the counter.

JEFF

Another one please.

At that moment, Jonathan enters the bar. He looks around for a moment, finds Jeff, then walks over to him.

JONATHAN

Hey, Jeff.

JEFF

Jonathan? What are doing? Why'd you come back?

JONATHAN

We need to talk.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Debra sits alone in silence. The faint sound of night, crickets chirping quietly in the distance. The bright lights of the city can be seen from far away.

Jonathan enters the apartment behind her.

JONATHAN

Debra?

DEBRA

I'm out here.

Jonathan opens the door and joins Debra outside.

JONATHAN

Hey.

DEBRA

Where were you? I was worried.

Jonathan sits down next to her. She shifts uncomfortably, like she doesn't really want to be near him.

JONATHAN

I was out...thinking about stuff.

DEBRA

Let me guess, you came back to apologize and to tell me how sorry you are for being such an impudent asshole, and that we should just forget everything and move on. Am I right?

JONATHAN

More or less, yeah.

DEBRA

Well, don't bother. It won't change anything.

JONATHAN

Look, I know things have been rough for us lately, and I truly am sorry. And yes, I know you said that doesn't change things. But I think I know what will.

Debra looks at him, a curious look on her face.

DEBRA

What are you talking about?

JONATHAN

I've been doing some thinking, and...tonight really opened my eyes to a lot of things going on. There's like this whole other world I never knew. And they are worse off than we are.

DEBRA

Honestly, Jonathan, what are you talking about?

JONATHAN

The procedure. It's one of the worst things that could have ever befallen society. We're all led to believe it's this wonderful innovation, but ultimately it's more of a curse than a blessing.

Beat.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Open your eyes. Look at what it's done to us. Not only that, look beyond our own suffering. The unemployment rate is going through the roof. More people have been living on the streets than ever before. Thanks to this technology, people can pay money for a better future. But what about the people without money?

DEBRA

I understand.

JONATHAN

It's just one big catch-22. The rich just get richer, and the poor just get poorer. The gap is widening, Debra. And we have to do something before it's too late.

DEBRA

What can you do?

JONATHAN

We have to destroy it.

Debra just stares at him in bewilderment as the outrageousness of his words begin to sink in.

DEBRA

We have to destroy it?

JONATHAN

Yes.

DEBRA

You can't be serious.

JONATHAN

I am serious.

DEBRA

And you're gonna do this on your own?

JONATHAN

I believe you've met Jeff Walker a few years back.

At that moment, Jeff emerges from the apartment. He waves awkwardly.

JEFF

Hey there.

Debra shoots him a bizarre look, then back at Jonathan.

JONATHAN

We both discussed it. And we both agree. This has to be done.

DEBRA

How exactly are you going to do this?

JONATHAN

As you know, there is way too much information out there, more than can be stored inside a microchip. That microchip only syncs that information to the brain. The information is actually stored in an enormous super-computer. We call it the Central Knowledge Unit.

JEFF

We destroy that, all this disappears.

DEBRA

Easier said than done. What are you gonna do, you're just gonna waltz inside the building, strapped with bombs and blow the thing up? You can't do this, you have nothing!

JONATHAN

We have this.

He places his finger on his temple.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

We can use it against them.

Debra thinks for a moment. She sighs. Beat.

JONATHAN

Debra, this has to be done, and you know it. Are you with us or not, because we could really use your support.

DEBRA

Of course. I'll always support you, no matter what.

JONATHAN

Thank you.

DEBRA

So, you really think doing this will make everything will go back to normal?

JONATHAN

Not at first.

DEBRA

What do you mean?

JONATHAN

Doing this will come with a price.

DEBRA

Don't they always.

JONATHAN

If we destroy the Central Knowledge Unit, all the information that was implanted into our brain will be gone. There's nothing the microchip can link to our minds anymore.

Debra looks at him for a beat.

DEBRA

So, you're saying if you do this, all knowledge we have will be gone?

JONATHAN

Yes.

DEBRA

And you still want to do this?

JONATHAN

It's a sacrifice I'm willing to make. We can start over. Wipe the slate clean. It's what our world needs right now.

Debra takes a deep breath.

DEBRA

I understand.

JONATHAN

Good.

DEBRA

So now that we're on the same page, explain to me how exactly you are going to do this.

Jonathan smiles. He peers up at Jeff, than back to Debra.

INT. MAGLEV TRAIN - DAY

A crowded mag-lev train thunders by. People commuting to work fill up the space inside, minding their own business, reading digital newspapers...

Jonathan sits in a seat near the back, peering out the window with a look of acute determination. A backpack is slung over his shoulder.

The Nativus Technologies building stands imposingly in the distance through the window.

INT. NATIVUS TECHNOLOGIES BUILDING, LOBBY - DAY

Jonathan joins the flood of people entering the building. Everyone walks briskly, as if in a rush. Jonathan walks along smoothly as everyone else seems to pass him by.

The others quickly scan their hands on the hand scanner. The beeps echo throughout the room as the machine verifies them and they enter. Jonathan watches them.

RECEPTIONIST

May I help you?

Jonathan turns to face her suddenly.

JONATHAN

Yes. I have an appointment with Dr. Ross.

The receptionist types something into the computer.

RECEPTIONIST
What's your name?

JONATHAN
Mark Jennings.

RECEPTIONIST
Here you are, Mr. Jennings. 3 PM
with Dr. Ross.

She enters a code in a keypad beside her. The entry way beeps.

RECEPTIONIST
You can go on ahead.

JONATHAN
Thank you.

He smiles at her, then enters.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. ROSS, a young man in his twenties, extends his hand.
Jonathan shakes it.

DR. ROSS
Good afternoon, Mr. Jennings.

JONATHAN
Thank you, Doctor.

DR. ROSS
Please, sit.

Jonathan sits and places his backpack at his feet.

DR. ROSS
Would you like anything to drink?

JONATHAN
Just water would be nice, thank
you.

Dr. Ross goes over to a small fridge and retrieves a jug of water and two glasses. He hands one to Jonathan, then takes a seat behind his desk.

Dr. Ross pours water into both glasses. He puts down the jug and takes a swig of water.

Jonathan peers over on the wall, where Dr. Ross's medical degree certificate is displayed within an ornate frame.

JONATHAN

May I ask, Dr. Ross, when you received your M.D.?

DR. ROSS

Just last year, actually.

JONATHAN

Impressive. And you got this job...

DR. ROSS

Just about three months ago.

JONATHAN

Wow. And you're only, what, twenty-four, twenty-five...?

DR. ROSS

I'm twenty-six.

JONATHAN

That's very impressive.

DR. ROSS

Well, it's one of the payoffs of having the procedure done. Which, I'm assuming, is why you're here?

JONATHAN

Why else would I be here?

DR. ROSS

Well then, Mr. Jennings, what would you like to know?

JONATHAN

Uh... just the basics, I guess. I'm thinking about it for my kids. Anything important I should know?

DR. ROSS

I'll start off by saying, don't let the price-tag deter you. It allows anyone to acquire every piece of knowledge necessary to succeed in life, without spending years learning it in school. It's like you're essentially paying for college, but without the effort.

(MORE)

DR. ROSS (CONT'D)
And it's becoming more and more
prevalent these days.

JONATHAN
(muttering)
You can say that again.

Dr. Ross takes a quick sip of water.

DR. ROSS
May I ask how old your children
are?

JONATHAN
My oldest just turned two.

DR. ROSS
That's good. We actually recommend
doing it between the ages of one
and five, which allows the ideal
balance of naturally obtained
knowledge, such as speech and basic
motor skills.

JONATHAN
Any safety concerns I should know
about?

DR. ROSS
None at all, actually. In the
years that this procedure was done,
there have been no major injuries.
It's a rather simple procedure. No
complex surgeries are required, so
your children are in good hands.

Jonathan nods along. Beat. He looks over to some pamphlets
being displayed on the shelf.

JONATHAN
What are those?

DR. ROSS
Those are some informational
pamphlets and brochures. Would you
like one?

JONATHAN
Sure.

Dr. Ross stands up and walks over to them, looking away from
Jonathan for a short moment. He grabs some brochures, then
goes back to his desk and sits down.

DR. ROSS
Here you are.

JONATHAN
Thank you.

He begins looking through it.

JONATHAN
So, what's the whole process like?

DR. ROSS
It's quite simple, actually. Your child will first have to fill out some paperwork and complete a physical checkup, just as a precautionary measure. You'll get that taken care of a few days prior to the procedure.

JONATHAN
Alright.

Dr. Ross grabs his glass and takes a drink.

DR. ROSS
After that, you'll make a very short appointment with us, where the procedure will take place. It shouldn't take any longer than thirty minutes, very quick. What we do is--

JONATHAN
Okay, I think that's good enough.

Dr. Ross stares at him in bewilderment.

DR. ROSS
I'm sorry?

JONATHAN
That's good, you can stop now.

DR. ROSS
I'm sorry, I don't understand.

JONATHAN
Look, doctor. I already know everything about this, probably more than you on the subject.

DR. ROSS
Then why are you here?

JONATHAN

Let's just say my agenda isn't quite what you think it is.

They look at each other for a moment. Suddenly, a strange look appears on Dr. Ross's face. He adjusts his tie, breathing hard. He tries to stand, but to no avail; he collapses to the floor.

Jonathan stands nonchalantly and walks behind the desk. Dr. Ross is short of breath. Then he becomes still.

JONATHAN

Sorry about that.

He subtly tucks away a small bottle of liquid away into his pocket.

Then, Jonathan squats down before an unconscious Dr. Ross. He begins vigorously searching through his coat, then retrieves his key card. Finding what he's looking for, Jonathan stands and slowly exits the office.

INT. NATIVUS TECHNOLOGIES BUILDING, HALLWAY - DAY

Jonathan softly closes the door behind him, very nonchalant, no indication of anything out of ordinary.

He smiles at a few people nearby, then walks away.

Jonathan walks through a long corridor, determination on his face.

He enters the stairwell, and begins climbing. The stairwell is empty.

Jonathan reaches the next floor. He enters the main hallway. He carefully examines the place before continuing.

He just continues walking. Another doctor walks the other direction, towards Jonathan. He nods, acknowledging him. Jonathan smiles.

JONATHAN

Hi.

He walks past. He's gone. Jonathan's smile disappears, the look of determination returns.

Jonathan approaches a locked door. He looks around. No one's here.

He takes out Dr. Ross's key card. Holds it over the scanner. It beeps, and a light flashes green. The door unlocks.

Jonathan quickly opens it and enters. The door closes softly without a sound, and we see "Chemical Store Room" written on the door.

INT. NATIVUS TECHNOLOGIES BUILDING, HALLWAY - DAY

A NURSE approaches Dr. Ross's office. She lightly knocks on the door.

NURSE

Dr. Ross?

She waits patiently for a moment. Then knocks again.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Dr. Ross? Are you there?

Again, no answer. She turns the doorknob. It's locked. She knocks again.

INT. CHEMICAL STORE ROOM - DAY

Jonathan calmly surveys the room.

Aisles and aisles of shelves extend towards the back corners of the room. Containers and jugs of chemicals occupy the shelf space.

Jonathan's eyes move across the room, carefully scrutinizing the labels on the containers.

INT. NATIVUS TECHNOLOGIES BUILDING, HALLWAY - DAY

The nurse once again approaches the door to Dr. Ross's office, this time accompanied with a SECURITY GUARD.

NURSE

I've knocked several times, and there was no answer.

SECURITY GUARD

Are you sure he's inside?

NURSE

The door is locked, and I'm almost sure he went inside earlier.

SECURITY GUARD

Alright.

They reach the office door. The security guard lightly taps on the door to make sure. No answer.

The security guard fumbles through the keys on his key chain.

He finds the right one. He inserts the key and unlocks the door. It opens slowly with a creak.

SECURITY GUARD

Dr. Ross?

He cautiously enters the room, alert, the nurse right behind him.

The nurse walks behind the desk. Her hands suddenly fly to her mouth as she gasps.

NURSE

Oh my goodness.

She immediately gets on her knees, rushing to his aid.

The security guard sees him. He's suddenly flushed with a look of horror.

SECURITY GUARD

Jesus...

NURSE

Dr. Ross! Can you hear me?

She's holding his unconscious face in her hands, looking straight at him.

The nurse then places her fingers on his wrist, then his neck. She lays her ear close to his mouth and nose.

NURSE

He's still breathing.

SECURITY GUARD

We need to get a doctor.

The nurse nods. She's about to stand, then something catches her eye. She stops.

SECURITY GUARD

What is it?

The nurse frantically checks through Dr. Ross's coat and pockets.

She turns and looks at the security guard.

NURSE
His key card is gone.

INT. CHEMICAL STORE ROOM - DAY

Jonathan grabs a large container of something off the shelf. He shoves it into his backpack.

He continues down the aisles. He finds another container, and puts in into his backpack.

Jonathan stuffs a few more containers into his backpack. Then he zips it closed, slings it onto his back and heads towards the exit.

He slowly opens the door. Surveys the hallway for a moment. It's clear.

Jonathan exits, and softly closes the door behind him.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

Now we're inside a large security monitoring room. Brightly lit monitors fill up the walls.

Rows of people sit behind computer screens, typing away. Indistinct chatter goes on in the background.

A SURVEILLANCE TECH turns his head away from his computer, towards the security guard from earlier.

SURVEILLANCE TECH
Sir. The key card was used to
access the chemical store room just
a few minutes ago.

SECURITY GUARD
Pull up the surveillance video.

The surveillance tech presses a few buttons on the keyboard.

An image pops up on the screen: we see Jonathan stealthily closing the door of the store room as he exits, roaming the corridors.

The security guard peer closer... he recognizes him.

SECURITY GUARD
Jonathan?

The head security guard turns towards a GROUP OF SECURITY GUARDS.

SECURITY GUARD

Find him.

They nod, then exit the room.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Jonathan once again strolls down the hallway.

He quickly turns a corner. Then another.

His smooth pace gradually becomes more and more brisk as he proceeds.

Right in front of him, at the far end of the corridor, is the Central Knowledge Unit room.

Determination intensifying, Jonathan heads towards it. His walk nearly breaks into a run. He's almost there...

But suddenly, a few security guards walk into view from the other end of the hallway.

Jonathan stops immediately. He spins around and begins walking the other way. An uneasy look flashes across his face. Jonathan tries to blend in with the other people in the hallway.

Jonathan subtly turns his head around. The security guards are walking about fifty feet behind him.

Jonathan turns his head back, looking straight in front of him.

JONATHAN

(muttering)

Shit.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: a computer screen. Video footage of Jonathan evading the security guards. He cautiously roams the halls.

The security guard and a few other people crowd around the monitor, closely watching.

The security guard speaks into a walkie-talkie.

SECURITY GUARD
He's on the west end of the
building. Go around the main
corridor.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Jonathan continues to evade the guards behind him.

As he marches forward, suddenly more guards appear in front of him.

Jonathan stops in his tracks. The guards see him. They begin walking towards him.

Jonathan swiftly turns around and his walk slowly breaks into a run.

SECURITY GUARD #1
There he is, get him!

The security guards charge.

Jonathan's run develops into a full sprint now.

The guards that were behind him begin catching up. Jonathan quickly turns a corner.

He pushes through a group of people, knocking them to the side. They look at him in disbelief. Jonathan just continues running away.

The security guards follow, just closely behind.

A look of stricken panic flashes across Jonathan's face. He's breathing hard as he runs.

Jonathan quickly turns a corner. As he runs, he fumbles through his pocket, retrieving the key card.

He then turns another corner, the security guards just a few yards behind.

Jonathan dashes towards the closest door. He quickly swipes the key card. It beeps, and the door unlocks.

Jonathan opens the door, enters, and swings it closed, just in the nick of time.

The guards run up to the door, but it's too late. One of them tries to turn the doorknob, but it won't budge.

INT. SUPPLY ROOM - DAY

Right after slamming the door shut, Jonathan spots a broom leaning against the wall. Jonathan quickly grabs the broom and slides it through the handles of the door, just as the security guards start pounding on it from outside.

Jonathan slides a table from the other side of the room in position just in front of the door, barricading it.

From outside, we can hear banging on the door from the guards.

SECURITY GUARD #2
Open this door, now!

Jonathan steps back from the door, just breathing hard for a moment. He's thinking.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

The head security guard stares at the surveillance feed.

The image on the screen shows the security guards in the hallway desperately pounding their fists on the door.

Frustrated, the head security guard removes his head set and tosses it angrily on the table.

SECURITY GUARD
Damn it!

CUT TO:

INT. SUPPLY ROOM - DAY

Jonathan's eyes zip back and forth as he scans the room. He looks through the shelves and cabinets, tossing items to the floor as he does so.

Meanwhile, he takes his cellphone out of his pocket and dials a number. He places the phone next to his ear.

A moment later, Jonathan speaks.

JONATHAN
Jeff.

JEFF (V.O.)
Yeah.

JONATHAN
Change of plans.

JEFF (V.O.)
What happened?

JONATHAN
They found me.

JEFF (V.O.)
What?!

JONATHAN
Don't worry, I've barricaded myself
in a room for now.

As he talks, Jonathan finds a bottle of acetone in one of the cabinets. He stares at it, sparking something in his mind.

JEFF (V.O.)
What are you gonna do?

JONATHAN
I'm working on it. Meet me at the
south exit by the back stairwell.

JEFF (V.O.)
Wait, what--

JONATHAN
Just do it, Jeff.

Jonathan hangs up the phone and shoves it back into his pocket.

The bottle of acetone in hand, he walks back to another cabinet a few feet next to him.

He opens it and pulls out a first-aid kit. Jonathan opens it and removes a bottle of hydrogen peroxide.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

One of the security guards fumbles with his key chain. Finding the right key, he inserts it into the lock on the door.

The door unlocks. He opens the door, but it immediately gets stuck with the broom between the handles.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPPLY ROOM - DAY

Jonathan looks up suddenly in response. He sighs in relief.

He goes back to what he's doing. Jonathan unscrews the cap of both bottles and pours the contents into a large glass.

The solution fizzes lightly as the chemicals mix. Jonathan picks up the glass and swishes it around.

Jonathan goes over to another cabinet and removes another bottle of acid.

He then makes his way to a small walk-in freezer. Inside is a giant canister of liquid nitrogen. Jonathan grabs it and drags it across the floor to where he was working.

Aiming the nozzle, Jonathan loosens the knob, spraying liquid nitrogen on both the acid and the solution.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

The head security guard watches the monitors in frustration.

SECURITY GUARD

Jesus, what the hell is he doing?

On the screen, we see the security guards attacking the door, trying to get in.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPPLY ROOM - DAY

Jonathan carefully pours the acid into the glass container of solution.

Immediately, Jonathan grabs the nozzle from the liquid nitrogen and sprays it once again.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

SECURITY GUARD

Can you get a visual inside the room?

SURVEILLANCE TECH

No, sir. There are no cameras in there.

SECURITY GUARD

Damn. Get inside there, damn it! Break down the door. I want to know what he's up to, now!

CUT TO:

INT. SUPPLY ROOM - DAY

Jonathan dumps the contents of the jar onto a sheet of white filter paper.

He spreads out the white substance with a stirring rod, as he gently blows on it.

Jonathan fans it with his hands, then continues blowing on it.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

CLOSE ON: a fire-axe in a case on the wall. The glass SHATTERS. The security guards remove the axe.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

SECURITY GUARD

(into headset)

He's in the supply room down the hall. Get inside. And don't let him get away.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A security guard swings. The axe breaks into the wood of the door. Wood splinters fly.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPPLY ROOM - DAY

Jonathan looks up in surprise. We hear the pounding of the axe against the door. The hole in the door gets bigger and bigger as they continue.

Jonathan quickly looks back down.

The substance has now dried, leaving a white powder on the sheet of paper.

Jonathan carefully picks up the paper with the powder on it and walks over to the door.

He puts it down on the table. Jonathan grabs a blowtorch off the shelf and ignites it. A single blue flame shoots out of the nozzle.

Slowly, Jonathan brings the flame to the edge of the paper and the paper catches on fire.

Jonathan quickly puts the blowtorch down on the table next to the paper.

He swiftly runs to the opposite side of the room. Jonathan grabs another table before looking back at the door.

The flame slowly eats away at the paper, gradually approaching the white powder.

Jonathan looks over to the blowtorch sitting next to it, and he suddenly has a look of dread on his face.

JONATHAN

Oh shit.

Jonathan flips the table over onto its side as he takes cover behind it.

He lets out a guttural yell as...

The flame burns through the paper, coming into contact with the powder, and...BOOM! It immediately ignites and EXPLODES VIOLENTLY. The blowtorch, caught in the explosion, also explodes.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A massive, fiery explosion blows through the wall.

Security guards are blown off their feet as they scream in pain. They fly backwards into the wall behind them.

The giant fireball engulfs the entire hallway and it's inhabitants before turning into a pillar of billowing, black smoke.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

The head security guard stares in awe at the video feed.

SECURITY GUARD

Holy shit...

The other surveillance technicians in the room also stare in shock. Everyone's bustling about in panic.

The security guard grabs his gun from his holster and darts out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The injured men lay motionless on the ground. Small traces of fire crackle as smoke rises into the air.

Suddenly, Jonathan hurdles through the wall of smoke and immediately breaks into a sprint.

Jonathan dashes down the hallway at a surprising speed.

CUT TO:

We see the head security guard, gun in hand, running through the corridors.

He turns a corner, arriving at the aftermath of the explosion. His run slows to a walk as he looks around at the damage.

He waves the smoke away with his arm as he walks through. Just then, we get a glimpse of Jonathan at the end of the hall, running.

SECURITY GUARD

Jonathan! Stop!

The security guard points his gun as he breaks into a run after Jonathan.

Jonathan doesn't stop. He continues running and turns the corner, just as...

The security fires his gun. The bullet strikes the wall at the end of the corridor where Jonathan was just a second before.

SECURITY GUARD

Damn it.

He continues in pursuit of Jonathan.

The security guard reaches the end of the hall and turns the corner. Jonathan is running about 100 feet ahead.

The security guard follows. He raises his gun again and fires as he runs, but it misses. He fires again.

Jonathan ducks out of the way, his arms up behind his head as he grunts.

Jonathan reaches the end of the hall and he bursts through a set of double doors that lead to...

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Jonathan literally jumps down each set of stairs, multiple steps at a time.

A moment later, the security guard bangs open the doors and begins his descent down the stairs. He peers over the railing. Jonathan is about five sets of stairs below.

The security guard aims his gun and fires. The bullet ricochets off the steel railing. Jonathan grunts.

Jonathan is breathing hard. He looks up, then back down, focusing on the steps.

Screaming in rage, the security guard lets out another barrage of bullets. They all miss, instead bouncing off the rails and hitting the concrete floor.

Jonathan stays close to the wall as he approaches the ground floor.

The security guard peers over the rail. Jonathan's out of sight. He yells in exasperation.

Jonathan finally reaches the ground floor. He heads for the exit doors, pushing them open with a loud bang.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Jonathan comes bursting outside to an alley next to the building. Jeff is already waiting there, like Jonathan told him to.

JEFF

What the hell is going on?

JONATHAN

Just run!

Jonathan doesn't even stop to look at him while he continues running out onto the sidewalk. The bustling city traffic fills the air.

JEFF

What the hell did you do, Jonathan?

Jonathan just ignores him, and they both take off running together.

A few seconds later, the security guard comes bursting outside, gun in hand. He runs out to the street. We catch a glimpse of Jonathan and Jeff running in the distance. The security guard follows after them.

SECURITY GUARD

Stop him!

He pushes through passersby in his pursuit, knocking them to the ground.

In the distance, the sirens of firetrucks and police cars grow louder as they approach the Nativus Technologies Building.

The security flags the police cars down, waving his arms frantically.

SECURITY GUARD

It's him! Over there, stop him!

He points towards Jonathan and Jeff, who just turn a corner and disappear out of sight.

CUT TO:

As Jonathan and Jeff round the corner, they slow down to a walk. Breathing hard, Jonathan looks behind him. They try to blend in with the people who populate the crowded streets.

JONATHAN

Here take this.

He hands Jeff the backpack.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Split up.

The police sirens grow louder. They're approaching.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Go. Hurry.

Jeff just nods, and he turns and runs away.

Jonathan takes a deep breath before taking off.

CUT TO:

A squadron of police cruisers zoom by, one by one, sirens blaring as they speed around the corner in pursuit.

CUT TO:

Breathing hard, Jonathan walks nonchalantly along the sidewalk, through crowds of people.

The sirens of the police cars grow louder as they approach. Jonathan looks behind him.

The flashing red and blue lights of the cars can be seen at the end of the street. They're coming in fast towards Jonathan.

Jonathan walks into a dark alley and presses up against the wall.

The sirens get louder and louder, until they are nearly right outside of the alleyway. Jonathan watches closely.

No police cars drive by. Instead, we can see red and blue lights reflecting off the windows by the street.

JONATHAN

Damn it.

He slowly creeps deeper and deeper into the alley. Then he starts running the other way, just as a group of POLICEMEN enter.

POLICEMAN

Stop!

Of course, Jonathan doesn't. He runs out into an open street, hurdling over traffic. Angry drivers honk their horns and scream.

The cops run after him, crossing the street. Jonathan running along the sidewalk, crashing through innocent bystanders.

Two patrol cars appear around the corner in front of Jonathan, sirens blaring.

Without slowing, Jonathan turns into another alley.

He instantly jumps up, grabbing onto the bottom rung of a fire escape ladder. With a loud grunt, he pulls himself up. The policemen, not far behind.

Jonathan climbs up to the first platform of the fire escape. Turning around, he pushes the ladder down with his foot. It falls to the ground with a loud clang.

Then he begins climbing up to the next platform.

A policeman jumps up onto a nearby dumpster, and again, just enough to grab onto the first platform of the fire escape. He climbs up.

Jonathan reaches the next platform. The cop not far below.

Jonathan shatters the closest window, and enters.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

A WOMAN sitting on the couch screams.

JONATHAN

Excuse me.

Then he runs towards the front door and exits.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Jonathan dashes towards the stairs. Climbs them two steps at a time.

Just as he disappears to the next floor, a few cops burst out of the apartment door.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING ROOF - DAY

Jonathan bursts through the exit doors out onto the roof of the building.

Sirens blare faintly in the distance. Jonathan looks around for a moment, then runs towards the edge of the roof.

He takes a giant leap, landing on the roof of an adjacent building.

Without slowing down, Jonathan continues running along the side of the building.

The cops finally emerge onto the roof, continuing in their pursuit. Police cruisers down on the street follow Jonathan as he dashes across the roof.

Jonathan makes a hard left. He runs up to the edge of the roof and leaps across the narrow gap onto the next building.

He quickly removes his coat as he runs and swings it over a power line.

Jonathan jumps off the edge of the roof and rides the power cable like a zip line over the street. Rushing traffic zooms by below his feet.

Jonathan lands on the roof of the building across the street. He looks back, where the cops are barely catching up to him.

Jonathan finds a ladder on the side of the building and climbs down to street level.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Jonathan slowly creeps backwards through the alleyway to the street on the other side.

He scans the area. No cops here. Sirens blaring faintly in the distance.

Jonathan enters the flow of passersby, his head tilted towards the ground nonchalantly.

Two patrol cars appear at the end of the road, flashing lights and sirens. Heading towards Jonathan.

Jonathan striding away, running now, slowly at first.

The siren flares. Jonathan looks back to see the cops looking straight at him.

JONATHAN
You gotta be kidding me...

And he takes off running.

Jonathan runs, going as fast as he can. The police sirens swirling behind him, then--

He catches a glimpse of a car charging station in the distance, about two blocks ahead of him. Makes a run for it.

EXT. CAR CHARGING STATION - DAY

A large car-carrier truck is parked at the station, about six different cars latched within the steel structure. The doors are open, while the TRUCK DRIVER monitors as the engine charges up. Just as --

Jonathan launches himself towards the truck, just on the spur of the moment. The police cars inching towards him.

He jumps into the car-carrier truck through the passenger door and climbs into the driver's seat. Presses a button, and the engine starts up.

Jonathan immediately steps on the acceleration, and the wheels screech as the truck begins moving.

The truck driver, realizing the truck is being hijacked, chases after it.

TRUCK DRIVER
Hey! Get back here!

He slams his hand on the side of the truck, but it's too late.

Jonathan veers the truck a little to the right, directly in the path of the oncoming police cars, and--

COLLIDES head-on with a police cruiser. Glass explodes, showering the street with shards of glass and metal. What's left of the police car flips and cartwheels into a mass of twisted metal.

The truck smashes into the second police car, sending it towards the sidewalk in a disfigured heap of steel.

Jonathan slams harder on the accelerator. The engine roars, and the truck drives off into the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Now we're on Jeff. The backpack carefully slung over both shoulders, he nervously navigates the streets. Looking over his shoulder every two seconds.

Just then, the blasting of POLICE SIRENS grow as an artillery of five police cars veer around the corner.

Jeff, petrified, suddenly takes off running. Breathing hard, panicking.

He dashes towards an alleyway, but runs into a brick wall instead. Dead end.

Jeff about-faces, horror-stricken, just as the police cars come to a halt in a circle around Jeff. Cornered.

A few POLICE OFFICERS step out of their cars, guns pointed.

POLICE OFFICER
Put your hands on your head!

Jeff complies.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
Get down on your knees!

Again, Jeff does as he's told.

The police officer holsters his gun. Starts walking towards Jeff.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
You're under arrest--

Suddenly, he's interrupted by the ROARING of an engine.

Jonathan, driving the car-carrier truck, turns the corner, coming at high speed towards the police cars.

Jonathan braces himself as--

He SMASHES into the police car. Police officers scream and dive out of the way.

The police car slides into and smashes against the police car next to it, and that one into the one next to that, like a big domino effect. Shards of glass and metal shower over the streets.

Jonathan slams on the brakes -- they squeal to a halt, just in front of Jeff, whose jaw is on the ground in complete shock.

Jonathan reaches over and opens the passenger door.

JONATHAN

Get in!

Jeff remains motionless, staring in awe.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Jeff, goddammit, come on!!

Jeff, coming to his senses, launches himself towards the door, climbs in, and closes the door.

JONATHAN

Buckle up.

Jeff grabs his seat belt and jams it in, still in shock.

Jonathan steps on it. The truck moves forward, leaving the vehicular carnage behind it.

Police officers jump out and begin firing.

Bullets ricochet off the steel structure and the cars inside it, but ultimately miss.

JEFF

Jonathan, what the hell have you done?

JONATHAN

I improvised.

More police cars are mobilizing -- sirens blaring, swarming to the area, in pursuit.

Jeff tries to look behind them.

JEFF

Jesus, Jonathan. What, you didn't think we had enough cops chasing us already?

JONATHAN

I'm thinking, could you please shut up for a minute?!

The truck approaches a red light, a trail of cars sitting idle behind it waiting for it to turn green.

JONATHAN

Damn it.

He honks the horn, and it sounds loudly.

Jonathan turns the truck towards the shoulder of the road. It barely squeezes through. CLINK, CLINK -- taking off several side car mirrors in the process.

His foot still on the pedal as they approach the red light... Jeff completely terrified.

JEFF

What are you doing!

The truck speeds through the intersection. It just barely hits the bumper of a car driving by -- it spins out of control. Other than that, the truck gets through scot-free.

JEFF

Don't ever do that again.

JONATHAN

We need to get on the freeway.

Jonathan makes a hard right. The tires screech against the pavement as it turns the corner. The police cars just seconds behind.

Up ahead, the ENTRANCE RAMP for the freeway. The truck speeds through the traffic. Jonathan steers it onto the ramp. Gets on the highway.

The freeway is relatively traffic-free, thank goodness. The car-carrier truck zooms past other cars at high speed.

JEFF

Now what?

Jonathan peers through the side mirror. About six cop cars are on their tail, coming in fast.

JONATHAN

We have to lose them.

JEFF

You think?

JONATHAN

This truck isn't fast enough.

JEFF

Seriously, dude, of all cars to steal...

JONATHAN

Jeff, you are not helping.

One of the police cars is just at the rear of the truck now. It steers itself around the right side of the truck.

On impulse, Jonathan veers the truck to the right. The side of the truck smashes into the side of the police car.

The police car slides up against the guardrail, now fully sandwiched between the truck and the rail. Both vehicles still traveling at high speed -- sparks flying as the car scrapes against the rail.

Jonathan lets out a yell as he turns the steering wheel to the right with all his strength.

Again, it smashes hard against the side of the police car.

Both vehicles speed along the highway -- metal creaking, sparks flying in all directions. Suddenly --

The guardrail breaks -- the police car falls through, off the freeway overpass. It takes a nosedive about ten feet down to the pavement below and CRASHES hard on the ground.

Jonathan straightens himself on the road -- more police cars fast approaching.

One police car speeds up around the left side of the truck. They begin FIRING. Bullets hit the metal doors, shatters a window.

JONATHAN

Get down!

They both duck.

The police continue firing --

Jonathan slams on the brakes, while simultaneously turning the wheel slightly to the right.

The brakes screech loudly, and --

The back extension of the car carrier truck swings around the left side. The gap beneath it is only about half the height of the car -- it SMASHES completely through the police car, wiping the roof clear off.

The police car, now a tangled mess of steel and glass, drifts over to the side and crashes into the rail.

Jonathan desperately tries to straighten himself up -- turning the wheel back and forth. He hits a few cars in the process.

Once he's back on the road, Jonathan looks through the side mirror.

Still several police cars in pursuit.

JEFF

There's too many of them. You'll never get away.

Jonathan remains silent.

Looks through the side mirror, then on the road, then back again. Thinking. Then --

JONATHAN

Take the wheel.

JEFF

What?

JONATHAN

Take the wheel!

At that instant, Jonathan lets go of the wheel. He unbuckles his seat belt and opens the door. Jeff scrambles for the wheel.

JEFF

Jesus!!

Jonathan climbs out of the truck and slams the door shut, hanging on from the outside.

JEFF

What the hell are you doing? Are you insane?

JONATHAN

Hardly.

He smiles. Then, as the truck moves at high speed, Jonathan carefully climbs around the side of the car transporter.

Jeff climbs safely into the driver's seat. Buckles the seat belt. He takes a deep breath, a worried look on his face.

Jonathan continues climbing around the side until he gets safely within the steel structure of the truck extension that holds all the cars.

He then makes his way onto the top level of the rear of the truck, towards the car at the very end of it. Crawling underneath it, Jonathan unlatches the chains on the front wheel, skillfully and quickly.

Then, as if he had life-long training in car hauling, Jonathan effortlessly moves onto the next tire, unchaining it.

Then to the back wheels. Unchains them one by one.

He loosens the tie-downs, and pulls them off from the car suspension, then --

The car, now unsecured, rolls freely down the ramp, off the top level. It rolls completely off the truck!

It hits the pavement hard, moving at high speed, and bounces backwards along the road towards the police cars.

Police cars swerve side to side, trying to avoid it.

One unfortunate car doesn't get out of the way in time -- it COLLIDES head-on!

Back on Jonathan. He just finishes unlatching another car. Jonathan shatters the driver's seat window. Puts the car in neutral.

Then, with a loud grunt, he pushes it with all his might. Like the car before it, it rolls down the ramp, off the truck into moving traffic.

It tumbles down the highway at high speed, and --

The car rolls completely on top of an oncoming police car, crushing it flat! A shower of glass and metal parts rain down on the road. What's left of the car drifts over to the shoulder, running into the railing.

On Jonathan -- he pushes another car off the car-carrier.

It tumbles around to the side, scraping against the railing, then strikes the hood of a police car. It spins out of control, crashing into a nearby car.

Both of the cars spin uncontrollably until they smash into the guardrail, bringing them to a stop.

Jonathan pauses, just staring at the damage he's caused. He takes a deep breath.

Then we see more police cars, mobilizing. Moving in. Sirens wailing. Windows open, they begin firing their guns.

Jonathan ducks, as bullets whiz past him.

The police car speeds up. The policeman, aiming his gun...

He shoots out the front tires. They explode -- rubber bits fly out. The truck is now driving on the tire rim, bright sparks flying as they scrape along the pavement.

Inside the truck, Jeff, startled, attempts to straighten himself.

JEFF
(surprised)
Holy shit.

The truck swerves left and right as Jeff loses control of the it.

Jonathan holds on as the truck swings side to side.

Thinking fast, he climbs down to the lower level of the car-carrier. Moving to the rear end of the truck, he crawls under a secured pickup truck and removes the tie-downs and chains.

Back to Jeff:

JEFF
Oh no... oh crap...

He desperately tries to control the truck -- it slides over to the side, rear-ending a few cars in the process.

Jonathan, finished unlatching the pickup, stands carefully and shatters the window with his elbow. Unlocks the door.

He gets inside and crawls under the wheel, rips open the panel covering the ignition and hot-wires the car within seconds -- the dashboard lights up, and the engine starts.

Jonathan gets in the seat and buckles up. Puts the car in reverse.

The pickup truck slowly rolls down the ramp, onto the highway. The bumper scrapes against the road for a split second before becoming level with the ground.

Quickly, Jonathan shifts the gear and presses hard on the pedal. The vehicle moves forward.

He brings it around the side of the car-carrier, next to Jeff. Rolls down the window.

JONATHAN
Jeff!

Jeff looks out the window, back to the road, then back at Jonathan, a shocked expression on his face.

JEFF
Jonathan? What are you doing?!

JONATHAN
Come on!

JEFF
You're crazy!

JONATHAN
Now!

Hesitating, Jeff carefully opens the door. He unbuckles his seat belt and steps outside, still tightly gripping the wheel.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Jump! Hurry!

Jonathan tries to bring the pickup closer, but the car-carrier keeps swerving away... when it swerves back, it scrapes against the side of the pickup truck.

Jeff nearly loses his grip. He holds tightly, one arm on the wheel, the other on the door.

Jonathan brings the pickup right next to the truck, a good jumping distance away.

JONATHAN
For god's sake, come on!!

Jeff holds his breath and...

LEAPS off the car-carrier -- as he lets go of the steering wheel, he inadvertently pulls it with him: the wheel steers left.

Jeff lands right in the back of the pickup truck. Jonathan steps on the pedal, and they move forward, while...

The car-carrier, turning left, heads straight towards the guardrail. The pickup truck zooms right through the narrowing gap between the truck and the rail as --

The car-carrier crashes into the guardrail, in the spot where Jonathan's pickup was just a split second ago, and effectively blocking off the road completely.

A police car travelling at high speed brakes suddenly, tires screeching against the road... but it's too late, and it crashes into the car-carrier.

The rest of the police cars screech to a halt around the car carrier. No way around.

Back on Jonathan: Looking back, he sighs in relief.

JONATHAN
Nice thinking, Jeff!

JEFF
No problem.

He breathes hard, and collapses in the back of the pickup, exhausted.

Jonathan laughs. He focuses back on the road, and drives away.

INT. JONATHAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Debra sits alone, staring at an old, beat-up television in front of her.

A live news report is playing.

NEWS REPORTER
(on T.V.)
We're live downtown at the Nativus Technologies Building, where firetrucks and police cars have gathered after there was a reported explosion inside the building. No word yet on what caused it...

Jonathan and Jeff enter the apartment. Debra gets on her feet immediately.

DEBRA
Jonathan, what the hell?

He looks at her. His eyes catch a glimpse of the TV, then back at Debra.

JONATHAN
You saw what happened?

DEBRA
Are you okay?

JONATHAN
Barely. I would feel a lot better if we had actually succeeded.

DEBRA

What?

JONATHAN

Well, we're still standing here talking. That would have been your first indication.

DEBRA

So what was all that? The explosion?

JONATHAN

They caught me, I was trying to get away.

Debra sits down, deep in thought.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

We're not safe here anymore. They've seen me, they know who I am. They're going to come looking for us.

DEBRA

So let me get this straight. Not only did you fail to destroy the machine, but you set off an explosion and now the cops are after you?

JEFF

Don't forget about getting caught in the middle of a high-speed chase all over Highway 59.

Debra looks at him, then Jonathan, in shock.

DEBRA

That was you?

JONATHAN

Yeah, I told you we screwed up pretty bad.

He sighs. Beat.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Like I said, we're not safe here. Jeff, do you think we could stay at your place for the time being?

Jeff nods.

JEFF

Sure.

JONATHAN

Thanks.

They sit in silence for a beat. Debra sighs heavily in disappointment. Then:

JAKE (O.S.)

Dad?

The three adults all turn to look at Jake, standing at the entrance of the room.

JONATHAN

Hey, what's up?

JAKE

What's going on?

Jonathan gets up, walks over to Jake. He kneels down so that they're face to face.

JONATHAN

Nothing's wrong. But I'm gonna need you to go pack up as much stuff as you can because we're going to leave here for a while.

JAKE

Nothing's wrong, but you want me to pack my things. I'm not stupid, dad.

Jonathan laughs quietly.

JONATHAN

No, of course not. Just listen to me, okay?

JAKE

Okay.

Jake leaves. Jonathan looks at Debra and sighs.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

We're in an office -- people talking throughout, keyboards clacking, phones ringing...

MARVIN GIFFORD, an investigator enters. Tall, imposing, in his 40's. He walks over to a younger INVESTIGATOR who is sitting at a computer.

MARVIN

So what have we got?

INVESTIGATOR

Jonathan Locke, forty-two. He was a former employee of Nativus Technologies and has since been fired.

A picture of Jonathan is projected on the monitor, along with other notes and information.

MARVIN

An act of revenge, possibly?

INVESTIGATOR

Could be, Mr. Gifford. This is security footage we received from the guards on duty at the time.

He presses on the keyboard. Security video pops up on the screen: Jonathan roaming stealthily through the corridors of the building.

INVESTIGATOR (CONT'D)

He gained access to the chemical store room, and as he left he was spotted by guards.

MARVIN

What did he take from the store room?

INVESTIGATOR

According to the inventory that was taken after the incident, a substantial amount of magnesium powder and silver nitrate was missing.

MARVIN

Magnesium and silver nitrate?

INVESTIGATOR

You know what he's up to.

MARVIN

Yes.

He looks up, now speaking with dominance in his voice.

MARVIN

Alright, everyone! I want all resources set on finding this man: Jonathan Locke. All surveillance cameras, facial recognition. Wherever he goes, we'll find him. He's dangerous, and we have to get to him before he strikes.

Sparking movement among everyone, the room begins bustling about. Marvin stays where he is. He peers closely to the picture of Jonathan on the screen.

MARVIN

(quietly)

What are you planning, Locke?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY

The door opens, revealing a small, shabby apartment. Jeff enters, followed by Jonathan, Debra, and Jake. He tosses his keys down.

JEFF

Well, this is it. Welcome to my humble abode.

(shouts)

Kathy! Come out here, we got guests.

Just then, a nearby train outside zooms by, rumbling loudly. The room shakes lightly.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, you're gonna have to make peace with that. The train comes by every now and then.

Jonathan looks at Debra and sighs.

KATHY WALKER, Jeff's wife, enters. Middle-aged, she looks distraught. She's carrying a baby over her shoulder with one arm.

KATHY

Hello, Jonathan. Debra. How are you?

She pulls them into a one-arm hug, one by one.

JONATHAN

Jake, you want to go hang out with Russell for a minute so we can talk?

KATHY

Come on, Jake.

She motions Jake to follow, leading him down the hall into one of the rooms.

CUT TO:

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jonathan, Jeff, and Debra sit in a circle around the dining table. It's dark, the only light from a single bulb hanging over the table.

Kathy walks in, sighs.

KATHY

Finally put the baby to sleep.

She takes a seat.

Beat.

DEBRA

What are you thinking?

JONATHAN

I don't know.

DEBRA

This isn't over, you know that. And if we do nothing, this will only get worse. These are your words, not mine.

JEFF

Yeah, let's not give up, man.

JONATHAN

I'm not giving up. I'm just trying to think.

DEBRA

It's okay, we'll think of something.

Beat.

JONATHAN

They've seen my face. They recognized me, they know who I am. If I get anywhere near that building, they'll find me. It's hopeless.

JEFF

Hey, now what was all that about you not giving up?

Jonathan shoots him a look.

DEBRA

There has to be another way to get to it.

KATHY

How? I don't know if you can tell, but we're barely surviving on minimum wage. You have nothing at your disposal.

JEFF

Thanks for the reality check.

JONATHAN

How much money do you have? Altogether?

JEFF

I don't know, we probably have a few hundred in our safe.

JONATHAN

That might be enough...

JEFF

What, you're gonna spend it?

JONATHAN

When we're through, money's going to mean nothing to you! You won't even know how to count your own money.

JEFF

(beat)

I might be starting to rethink this whole thing.

KATHY

So now what? You have a little bit of money to spend, on what? You're gonna buy a bomb?

DEBRA

We still have those chemicals you took from the store room.

JONATHAN

Now it's just a matter of getting them to the correct target.

JEFF

Uh, hello? You're going to be toast if you go anywhere near there. It'll be swarming with guards. You'll be taken away in cuffs as soon as you set foot within a hundred yard radius.

JONATHAN

There has to be another way to get to it.

The four adults sit in silence. Beat.

The maglev train just outside zooms by -- the room shakes lightly, a rumbling sound as it approaches.

Jonathan looks up, his eyes lighten up as if he had an epiphany.

JONATHAN

That's it.

DEBRA

What?

JONATHAN

The trains.

Debra's eyes lighten up as well, catching his drift.

Jonathan gets up. Goes over to his backpack, starts rummaging through it. He speaks at the same time.

JONATHAN

Jeff, you have the money?

JEFF

What for?

JONATHAN
We're going to need firepower.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - TRAIN STATION - DAY

A sea of early morning workers, flooding the streets. Up above, a maze of maglev train tracks among the assortment of high-rise buildings. A few trains thunder past.

Jonathan and Jeff walk towards us among the throngs of people.

Jonathan speaks into an earpiece.

JONATHAN
You set?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Debra, sitting at a desk, responds. She has a small computer in front of her, a bunch of complicated numbers and codes on the monitor.

DEBRA
Almost. I've hacked into the mainframe of the city's rail system. I should have control of the trains soon.

INTERCUT with Jonathan.

JONATHAN
Good. Pull up the schematics of the station. Find me a safe entrance.

INTERCUT Debra. She types something on the keyboard.

DEBRA
There's a mechanical room beneath the station. I think you can get to it through the underground railing system.

JONATHAN (V.O.)
(in earpiece)
Where?

DEBRA

There's a subway grate in an alley near 42nd and Speedway. It's pretty isolated, I think it should work. Be careful, and *don't get caught!*

INTERCUT Jonathan.

JONATHAN

Got it, thanks.
(to Jeff)
Let's go.

They walk away.

LATER

Jonathan and Jeff walk along a sparse city street, determination on their faces. They turn a corner. There's a manhole on the sidewalk hidden between the buildings.

JONATHAN

Help me.

Both men lift up the cover, pushing it to the side, revealing a dark hole in the ground.

Jonathan swiftly begins climbing down it.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY TUNNELS - DAY

Jonathan carefully maneuvers through the dimly lit tunnels, Jeff closely behind. The rattling of subway trains echo throughout the tunnels.

DEBRA (V.O.)

(in earpiece)
There should be a door on your right, about a hundred-fifty yards south from where you came in.

Jonathan spots the door, just up ahead.

JONATHAN

Yeah, I see it.

They run up to it.

Jonathan turns the doorknob. It's locked -- there's a number keypad below the doorknob.

JONATHAN
It's passcode-locked.

INTERCUT with Debra sitting in front of the computer.

DEBRA
Just a second.

She starts typing on the computer vigorously.

INTERCUT with Jonathan. The door beeps, and unlocks.

DEBRA (V.O.)
(in earpiece)
Got it.

JONATHAN
Thanks, Deb.

He opens it, and they enter.

INT. MECHANICAL ROOM - DAY

A small, tight boiler room -- mechanical sounds echo throughout the room. Jonathan and Jeff carefully navigate through all the pipes and complex machinery.

They come up to another door at the opposite end of the room. Jonathan reaches for the door handle, turns it slowly.

JEFF
Careful...

JONATHAN
Thanks, I got it.

He slowly opens it, peeks through into a

HALLWAY

It's empty. Jonathan looks up at the ceiling for security cameras.

JONATHAN
We're clear.

Jonathan walks out. Jeff follows cautiously. They walk down to the end of the corridor, up a small set of stairs, to another door.

Jonathan opens it slowly...

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Large crowds of people zip back and forth as Jonathan opens the door. He recoils back a bit, cautiously.

JONATHAN
Careful. There are cameras all over the place. Keep your head low.

Jeff just nods. Jonathan nonchalantly exits the door, Jeff right behind him.

JONATHAN
(into earpiece)
It was platform 5, right?

DEBRA (V.O.)
(in earpiece)
Yes. The trains will arrive at 9:30.

JONATHAN
We are right on schedule.

They continue along, blending into the crowds of people.

POV OF SURVEILLANCE CAMERA: We see Jonathan and Jeff from behind as they dart past a group of passersby.

They go up a flight of stairs, their heads tilted downwards, until they arrive at the elevated train platform. It's partially crowded with people, no trains have arrived yet.

JONATHAN
(into earpiece)
Alright, we're here. The trains haven't arrived yet.

INTERCUT Debra.

DEBRA
The first train should be arriving in three minutes, the second just right after. Just wait.

JONATHAN (V.O.)
(in earpiece)
Great, thanks.

DEBRA
I'll try to hold them there as long as possible, but you have to move fast.

INTERCUT Jonathan.

JONATHAN

Got it.

Jonathan stands back a bit, close to a pillar as they wait, watching alertly.

POV OF SURVEILLANCE CAMERA: We see both of them standing up against the pillar. Jonathan turns his head carefully, scanning the area. He turns his head to his left, away from the camera...then he turns his head to the right -- his face just barely visible. The facial recognition in the cameras scans Jonathan's face, then: "MATCH: Jonathan Locke" flashes on the screen.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

An alert appears on a computer screen. The INVESTIGATOR nearby goes up to it. Types a little something.

INVESTIGATOR

Marvin!

Marvin Gifford, interrupted mid-conversation with someone else, looks over.

MARVIN

Yeah?

INVESTIGATOR

A security camera spotted Jonathan Locke at the Speedway Train Station.

Marvin rushes over to the computer.

MARVIN

Pull up the video.

The investigator taps a few keys on the keyboard. Surveillance video pops up on the screen of Jonathan and Jeff standing patiently on the train platform.

MARVIN

There you are...

(to investigator)

Send the closest unit down there immediately. Maintain a visual, and let us know if he goes anywhere.

INVESTIGATOR

Yes, sir.

Marvin walks away.

INT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - DAY

In the distance, the sleek bullet train approaches. The sound growing louder.

JEFF

Here it comes.

The train slows and comes to a stop next to the platform. The doors slide open. A flood of people exit and enter the train.

JONATHAN

We have to get everyone out of here.

JEFF

Fire alarm. Never fails.

JONATHAN

(into earpiece)

Debra, can you set off the fire alarms from there?

INTERCUT Debra. She types something on the keyboard.

DEBRA

The alarms aren't controlled through this network. I can't access them from here.

INTERCUT Jonathan.

JONATHAN

Damn.

He looks around cautiously. No fire alarms nearby.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

You didn't think to tell me about this?

Jeff looks around anxiously. He looks behind him, where a group of COPS approach, coming straight towards them.

JEFF

Uh, Jonathan...? We got company.

Jonathan whirls around. Sure enough, he sees the cops moving in their direction.

JONATHAN
We've been spotted.

DEBRA (V.O.)
(in earpiece)
What?!

JONATHAN
Can you set off the alarm, yes or no?

INTERCUT Debra.

DEBRA
No, I can't access them through here. You're going to have to do it yourself.

INTERCUT Jonathan. He hesitates. Looks behind him nervously -- the cops see them, and they're inching closer and closer. No turning back.

JONATHAN
Forget it, there's no time for that anymore.

Meanwhile, the second train arrives at the station on the other side of the platform, just on schedule.

Jonathan reaches into his backpack and pulls out an ASSAULT RIFLE and shoves in a magazine, loading it.

JEFF
Wait, what the hell are you doing?

JONATHAN
Told you these would come in handy. You take that train, I'll take this one.

Jonathan moves towards the train and immediately begins FIRING INTO THE AIR. Gunshots echo. Civilians scream and run for cover.

JONATHAN
Move! Get out, now!

INTERCUT Debra.

DEBRA
 (surprised)
 What's going on?!

INTERCUT Jonathan. He ignores her. He aims the gun at people as they scramble, terrified, for the exits.

JONATHAN
 Get out of the train!

COP #1 (O.S.)
 Freeze!

Jonathan stops. Slowly whirls around. The cops have their guns drawn and aimed right at Jonathan.

COP #1 (CONT'D)
 Put your weapon down!

Instead, Jonathan dives for cover at the nearest pillar, just as the cops begin unleashing bullets, striking the concrete pillar and just missing Jonathan.

Jonathan, now safely shielded, crawls up against the pillar, preparing his rifle. Jeff also takes cover by the pillar next to Jonathan's, his gun out and ready.

Jonathan glances over to Jeff, a serious look on his face. Then, at the same time, both turn around and begin firing!

Cops diving out of the way! Signs and other nearby objects are riddled with bullets, as splinters and debris fly everywhere.

The cops fire back. Jonathan quickly recoils behind the pillar as bullets whiz past him. A window on the train behind him shatters.

By now, nearly all civilians have run for the exit, leaving only Jonathan, Jeff, and the cops on the platform amidst a chaotic shoot-out.

On the shiny finish of the train, we can see a faint reflection of the cops... Jonathan swiftly turns and fires then retracts -- a cop takes it in the knee. He goes down. Jonathan pulls out a new magazine and reloads his rifle. Fires again.

Suddenly, a shower of bullets strike the pillar as Jonathan ducks in the nick of time. He flinches.

JONATHAN
 Jeff!

Jeff fires a few bullets, then retracts behind the pillar.

JEFF
Yeah, what's up!

JONATHAN
You have to go!

JEFF
I'm a little busy here!

He fires -- a cop goes down.

JONATHAN
Take my bag.
(tosses his backpack to
Jeff)
You know what to do!

Jeff nods. He quickly dashes for the train door and boards the now empty train.

JEFF
(into earpiece)
Debra, I'm good to go.

INTERCUT Debra.

DEBRA
Okay.

She types furiously at the computer, and...

INTERCUT Jeff inside the train as it shakes lightly and starts moving. Cops shoot at the train -- a window shatters. Jeff ducks, but he's soon out of range.

Jonathan stays covered behind the pillar. He watches as the train zooms away into the distance towards the city.

JONATHAN
(into earpiece)
Alright Debra, mobilize the second
train.

A second later, the second train on the other side of the platform takes off and moves in the same direction towards the city.

Jonathan watches for a second before a bullet, whizzing just past his ear, brings him back to full focus. He quickly retaliates, unleashing a barrage of bullets in their direction.

He carefully scans the area, then -- aims and fires at one of the two chains of a hanging sign. It swings down and smashes into a group of cops.

Jonathan quickly rolls out from behind the pillar, rifle aimed and ready. He dashes for cover behind the nearby staircase.

He loads a new magazine. He raises his gun, finger on the trigger... then:

COP #2 (O.S.)
I wouldn't do that if I were you.

The cop, standing behind Jonathan, cocks his pistol, the barrel of it pointed just an inch from Jonathan's head.

COP #2 (CONT'D)
Put down the gun.

Jonathan hesitates. Doesn't move.

COP #2 (CONT'D)
Now!

He slowly puts his gun on the ground and puts his hands up.

COP #2 (CONT'D)
Good. Now--

Suddenly, Jonathan whirls around and throws a punch at the cop. The cop dodges swiftly then, with his free hand, latches a handcuff onto Jonathan's arm and pulls -- Jonathan does a mid-air flip, up and over, and lands squarely on his back.

Jonathan cries in pain as he lays there.

COP #2
Trying to outsmart me? You fool.

Jonathan just shoots him a glare of sheer loathing.

COP #2
Jonathan Locke? You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say or do can be used against you in a court of law...

The cop pulls Jonathan to his feet as he talks and ushers him away, and we see Jonathan's face: he's super pissed.

INT. MAGLEV TRAIN - DAY

On Jeff, inside the moving train. He looks outside the window, behind the train towards the station.

JEFF
(into earpiece)
I think we're safe for now.

DEBRA (V.O.)
(in earpiece)
Good.

JEFF
How are things over there?

INTERCUT Debra.

DEBRA
Everything seems to be right on track. This may actually work.

INTERCUT Jonathan. He opens the backpack that Jonathan gave to him earlier and removes two large containers of chemicals from the store room.

JEFF
Things got kind of hectic back there, and I had to stay on the train. You'll have to stop it for a second so that I can get off, is that alright?

INTERCUT Debra.

DEBRA
Of course. Like I'm gonna let you die in there. I'll just have to make some minor adjustments to my calculations, no big deal.

INTERCUT Jeff.

JEFF
Great.

He opens one of the containers filled with gray magnesium powder. He dumps it all over the floor, scattering it throughout the train.

DEBRA (V.O.)
(in earpiece)
What about Jonathan?

JEFF
He didn't make it. He stayed
behind.

INTERCUT Debra. She's shocked.

DEBRA
What?

INTERCUT Jeff.

JEFF
Yeah. He stayed behind, otherwise
I might not have made it onto the
train.

Jeff finishes dumping the magnesium -- he tosses the
container onto the ground. Grabs the second one, opens it
and begins dumping the white silver nitrate powder as well.
Scatters it across the whole train.

INTERCUT Debra.

DEBRA
There's no way he could have made
it out of there. Do you think they
took him?

INTERCUT Jeff. He dumps the entire container out -- tosses
it down as well.

JEFF
I don't know. Let's hope not.

INTERCUT Debra.

DEBRA
That could ruin everything.

INTERCUT Jeff.

JEFF
Look, we made it this far. As long
as things continue according to
plan, I think we're golden.

INTERCUT Debra. She sighs.

DEBRA
Alright. Well anyway, we're
approaching the merge. Can you see
it from where you are?

JEFF (V.O.)
 (in earpiece)
 Yeah.

Debra types on the computer, clicks around a bit...

CUT TO:

The second train, as if taken over by another force, suddenly shifts over, merging onto the same track as the first train.

Jeff watches from the back window. Both trains are now running on the same track.

JEFF
 You're good. Also, I'm finished here, so I'm going to need you to stop the trains for a sec.

DEBRA (V.O.)
 (in earpiece)
 Okay, stopping the trains... now.

Sure enough, both of the trains slow to a stop. The doors slide open. Jeff exits.

JEFF
 Okay, I'm out.

A second later, the doors close and the train takes off again. The second train behind it whooshes past Jeff, and he watches them as they zoom away into the city.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Jonathan sits alone at the table. A few guards stand watch. The doors burst open and Marvin enters. He strides over to the table.

MARVIN
 Jonathan Locke. Good day, huh?

JONATHAN
 Fantastic.

He's not amused.

MARVIN
 My name is Marvin Gifford. And you...
 (sits down)
 ...have a lot of explaining to do.

Jonathan remains mum.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

You've pissed a lot of people off, Locke. Starting with those guys at Nativus. Let's begin there, shall we? So you went through the trouble of knocking out one of their doctors just to break into the chemical store room to steal...what was it? Magnesium and silver nitrate.

Jonathan just sits there, while Marvin seems to peer into his soul with a piercing stare.

MARVIN

I'm no fool, I know what you're up to.

JONATHAN

Of course you're not.

MARVIN

Enough. What do you plan on blowing up? Tell me!

JONATHAN

Why would I tell you anything?

MARVIN

Because, you're a good person, Locke. I know you. You had the perfect life: you were wealthy, you had a great family, a great job. And after you lost it, you lost everything else. You don't have to do this. Revenge is not the best solution.

Jonathan starts laughing.

JONATHAN

You think I'm doing this to seek revenge for losing my job? I'm sorry, but you may not be as smart as I thought.

MARVIN

Then what is it? You're trying to blow up a train? Is that why you were at the station this morning?

Jonathan stays quiet.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

Enlighten me. Please. Because I'm just having a hard time pinpointing exactly what you hope to achieve.

JONATHAN

I'm doing what's right. You'll thank me later.

MARVIN

What's right? Since when is triggering explosions and shooting at cops the right thing to do?

JONATHAN

You won't understand.

MARVIN

I'm a smart man, try to make me understand.

JONATHAN

That's why.

MARVIN

What, that I'm a smart man?

JONATHAN

No, that everyone is. Doesn't that bother you? That the individuality and uniqueness of the human mind is all gone now? And now society is reliant upon it to the point that life isn't worth living without it.

Marvin just stares at him, taking it all in.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

It doesn't matter. You're wasting your time. When this is all over, everything you've done, everything you're trying to do, will all be for nothing.

Beat.

MARVIN

So, you are targeting the Nativus Building...

He turns towards the one-way mirror.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

Evacuate the Nativus Technologies Building as fast as possible. Also, get into the mainframe of the city's railway system. He's using the trains.

Marvin gets up to leave, heads for the door. Jonathan stays still at first, but his anger bottles up and it's too much... He shoots up from his chair.

JONATHAN

NO! You have no idea what you're doing!

Marvin turns around, slightly surprised.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

You don't understand, this has to be done! Look around. How can you be so oblivious to what's going on?

MARVIN

I'm doing my job -- to bring criminals like you to justice.

JONATHAN

Justice? Don't talk to me about justice. That's what I'm trying to achieve! You're lucky to even have a job, what about the people who don't?

Marvin turns for the door, ignoring Jonathan, and exits.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Goddammit, how can you be so stupid?!

He tries to charge, but the guard holds him back restraining him.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We're now on the other side of the mirror, just as Marvin enters. Jonathan continues shouting from the other side of the glass, but they ignore him. A TECHIE works on one of the computers.

MARVIN

So?

TECHIE

You're right about him using the train system. It's been hacked earlier today, the trains have been controlled manually.

MARVIN

Regain control of the system. And find out who hacked it and from where. Report to me immediately.

He rushes out of the room.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY

Debra's working on something at her desk when an alert pops up on the computer. She looks at it suspiciously... then springs into action.

DEBRA

(urgently)

Jeff? Jeff, are you there?

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Jeff strides down the street alone.

JEFF

Yeah?

INTERCUT Debra.

DEBRA

Someone else is trying to hack into the mainframe.

JEFF (V.O.)

(in earpiece)

What?

DEBRA

They must have figured out our plan. They're trying to regain control of the system.

INTERCUT Jeff.

JEFF

Dammit!

He stops to think for a moment.

INTERCUT Debra. She's typing vigorously on the keyboard.

DEBRA
I'll try to hold them off, but I
don't know how long I'll be able to
do it.

INTERCUT Jeff.

JEFF
How much longer?

INTERCUT Debra.

DEBRA
About ten minutes.

INTERCUT Jeff.

JEFF
Alright. Use maximum encryption.
Anything. Just make sure they
don't get in. I'll take care of
the rest.

He starts running.

INTERCUT Debra.

DEBRA
Okay. Hurry!

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Several techies working hard on their computers. The place
is busy and bustling.

MARVIN
How are we in getting back control
of the mainframe?

TECHIE #1
Not yet, sir. It's heavily
encrypted, but we're working on it.

MARVIN
Well, get it done.

Another technician turns around.

TECHIE #2
Sir, the signals are coming from an
apartment at Chatham and 85th.

MARVIN

Send a unit down there now and stop it. Until then, do you're best. We have to stop them.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Jeff sprints as fast as he can down the street. The police station is about a block away.

He runs around the side and locates the building's electrical panel. It's padlocked.

With his gun, Jeff strikes the lock repeatedly until it breaks off. The cabinet opens up. Inside, there are a bunch of complicated circuits and switches.

Jeff rips off an incoming line, feeds it directly into the lighting circuit. Electricity surges, sparks fly everywhere...

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Everyone continues going about their business, when suddenly the room is plunged into darkness. All computer equipment shuts off.

A single bulb, the emergency light, turns on. Everyone looks around, shocked and confused.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Jonathan sits alone at the table, now calm. A GUARD stands watch at the door. Suddenly, the lights go out.

They both look up, alert.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

MARVIN

What the hell is going on? Get the power back on, now!

People scramble about, panicking.

MARVIN

Damn it! Where is that unit?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY

Debra furiously typing away at the computer, when a strong pounding comes from the door. Debra looks at it, then back at the computer, barely breaking from her concentration.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

This is the police, open up!

Debra ignores her. Kathy walks in from the other room. She seems terrified.

KATHY

Debra? What happened?

DEBRA

Don't answer the door! They found us, and they're trying to stop us. Don't let them in, understand?

The police continue pounding away at the door. Kathy nods.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

The guard looks around, confused.

GUARD

I wonder what happened?

He walks over to the door. But Jonathan acts fast. He whirls around and punches the guard in the gut. Jonathan shoves him against the wall. Grabs him by his collar, and tosses him down -- the guard's head strikes the edge of the table, and he goes down hard, unconscious.

Jonathan looks at him for a beat, then heads for the door and runs out.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Marvin's voice booms throughout all the commotion.

MARVIN

Can you get the power back on?

TECHIE

They're working on it. It'll be a while.

MARVIN

Forget it.

He grabs his walkie, turns it on.

MARVIN
Chief! Can you hear me?

POLICE OFFICER (V.O.)
(in walkie)
I'm here.

MARVIN
Get in there at all costs!
Everything depends on it now. Stop
whatever she's doing.

POLICE OFFICER (V.O.)
(in walkie)
Yes, sir.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY

The pounding on the door gets more and more violent.

KATHY
Debra, they're trying to break in!

DEBRA
Barricade the door.

Both women help shove the couch over in front of the door.
Debra looks over at a timer next to the computer. 3 minutes,
14 seconds, and counting down.

DEBRA
Just a little longer.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

The train, now in the vicinity of the metropolis, moves along
the rail at breakneck speed, whooshing past other
skyscrapers.

The elevated track stretches into the distance, towards the
Nativus Technologies Building, the train heading straight
towards it...

INT. POLICE STATION, CORRIDOR - DAY

Jonathan roams stealthily through the dimly lit hallway.

Suddenly, electricity buzzes from above, and the corridor is
flooded with light.

JONATHAN

Shit...

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The lights come back on. Marvin lets out sigh of relief while the computers start to boot back up.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Like everywhere else in the building, the power comes back on as well. Through the one-way glass, the interrogation room also lights up. It's empty, save for the unconscious guard.

TECHIE

Holy shit...

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

MARVIN

What's the location of the train?

TECHIE #1

Satellite shows it's about thirteen-hundred meters from the Nativus building.

MARVIN

Can we get the air force to shoot it from the air instead?

TECHIE #1

Not enough time, sir.

MARVIN

Shit!

TECHIE (V.O.)

(on speaker)
Gifford.

Marvin walks over to the speakerphone.

MARVIN

What?

TECHIE

We got a problem. Jonathan Locke escaped from the room.

MARVIN
(exasperated)
Oh, for Christ's sake. Secure him!

He storms towards the door, completely pissed off.

MARVIN
Goddammit...

INT. POLICE STATION, CORRIDOR - DAY

Jonathan runs through the hall at breakneck speed.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

The maglev train, still speeding down the track, is moving closer and closer to the Nativus Technologies Building. Up ahead is an S-curve in the train track, right at the corner of the building.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY

CLOSE ON: the timer, counting down 28 seconds, 27, 26...

Debra sits at the computer, doing her best to stay calm as the cops outside continue banging away at the door.

DEBRA
Come on, come on...

INTERCUT the train. Moving fast, approaching the S-curve, closer and closer...

INT. POLICE STATION, CORRIDOR - DAY

Jonathan runs for his life, this time being chased by guards.

Without looking back, he proceeds down the hall as fast as his feet can carry him. Jonathan bursts through a set of doors at the end of the hall, that lead to an outdoor balcony. Dead end. He turns around -- surrounded by guards.

Marvin walks through the wall of guards nonchalantly.

MARVIN
There's no where for you to go.
Give up, already. Nothing matters
anymore.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

The train... moving faster...

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY

CLOSE ON: the timer. 6, 5, 4... Debra at the ready, she presses a few buttons on the computer.

Just as the timer hits zero, Debra hits the return key. "Sprinklers Activated" flashes on the monitor...

INT. TRAIN - DAY

We're inside the empty train, the gray and white powder scattered all over the floor. Silence. Then:

The SPRINKLERS come on. Water shoots out from the ceiling -- as soon as it comes into contact with the powder, it ignites, cracks, flames whirling, and --

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

The train EXPLODES violently, producing a massive fireball that billows outward in all directions.

Civilians on the street below scream in panic. They run hysterically as pieces of flaming metal and debris rain down onto the street.

EXT. POLICE STATION, BALCONY - DAY

The explosion echoes from a distance. Jonathan whirls around in surprise. Everyone looks towards the city, where a giant pillar of smoke rises from the explosion.

A tiny smirk forms on Jonathan's face.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Every single person within the crowded police station stops everything and looks out the window. People bustle about, murmuring in shock and worry.

EXT. POLICE STATION, BALCONY - DAY

Marvin stares in shock, as do all the guards.

Jonathan slowly turns back around to face them, the smirk still on his face. The guards draw their weapons.

JONATHAN
You're right. Nothing matters
anymore.

Marvin just stares at him.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
I've won.

EXT. TRAIN TRACK - DAY

The aftermath of the train explosion -- the smoke rising, tiny burning embers on the steel rail.

As the smoke clears, we see that the explosion left a GIANT GAP on the elevated track, right in the middle of the S-curve in a way that the end of the track is now pointing right in the direction of the Nativus Technologies Building!

In the distance, the sound of the SECOND TRAIN approaching grows louder. It still moves at high speed, despite the gap in the track, heading straight for the Nativus Building.

Without slowing, the train zooms right off the edge of the track, CRASHING RIGHT INTO THE BUILDING. It smashes through the outer wall, pieces of debris and window glass flying everywhere.

INT. NATIVUS TECHNOLOGIES BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The train breaks through the wall, into the building. It slides across the floor, smashing through walls, pillars, and other objects. The floor collapses -- the train goes plummeting down, carrying debris and destruction with it.

INT. CENTRAL KNOWLEDGE UNIT CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The giant supercomputer, making whirring mechanical sounds. They're soon overpowered by the explosion of the train coming through the walls.

The train falls right through the giant computer, smashing it to bits! Sparks flying, electricity crackling...

The train tumbles onto the ground, sliding across the floor, before smashing into a wall, coming to a stop.

The train EXPLODES.

EXT. NATIVUS TECHNOLOGIES BUILDING - DAY

We hear a faint rumble from inside the building. Civilians walking on the streets stop in their tracks and look up in shock.

EXT. POLICE STATION, BALCONY - DAY

Jonathan watches. Marvin and the other guards stare in awe.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY

Debra and Kathy stand in front of the window, looking outward. Debra pulls Jake, who is standing beside her, into an embrace.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Jeff, along with everyone else walking about, stands motionless, and watches.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

A group of homeless people watch. The homeless woman from before looks up -- her eyes close as she inhales deeply.

EXT. POLICE STATION, BALCONY - DAY

Jonathan takes a deep breath. Then lets it out. His eyes close peacefully. Then they open.

He collapses to his knees... then falls onto his back.

Jonathan gazes up into the sky -- he's breathing hard, taking in this moment. Everything slowly dissolves into a blur until nothing is no longer discernible...

And we FADE TO BLACK.

THE END