PARANOID REALITY
by
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The sun shines brightly on a crisp day in the big city. Countless men and women walk along the busy sidewalks, preparing for the long day ahead.

Wall-to-wall traffic in the streets. Cabbies honk their horns, angry drivers yell obscenities.

Amidst the chaos, standing proudly on the corner, bright, cheerful, loud, is LAWRENCE RAINER, a man looking as though he has walked on the wild side a time or two and perhaps lost something along the way. He sports a tin foil hat.

A change jar sits by his feet.

LAWRENCE
Loose Change, anyone? I'm not talking about that stuff jingling in your pockets. Open your eyes and see things the way they really are. You think September 11th was an act of terrorism? A tragedy to be sure, but something that could have easily been prevented. Your government, the very people whose pockets you fatten every day, is lying to you. Check it out. Truly mind bending stuff.

A different hour, a new topic.

LAWRENCE
How about that electric car? Oh, you haven't seen it yet? Funny, they've been in production since 1899. That's right, you heard me. Cleaner environment, safer transportation, who doesn't benefit? Oh, that's right. The oil companies. And we all know what a bang up job they do. Anyone seen the Gulf lately?

A PEDESTRIAN walks by.

PEDESTRIAN
Down with BP!
Lawrence proudly raises his fist into the air, smiling.

LAWRENCE
Amen, brother!

Another PEDESTRIAN walks by and hands him a dollar bill.

LAWRENCE
Thank you! Just so you all know, my knowledge is free, but donations are graciously accepted.

The day wears on, but Lawrence shows no sign of stopping.

LAWRENCE
Everyone familiar with AIDS? Cancer? You've all heard of these things, yes? What's the one thing they have in common? Incurable, right? Here's a thought: Why would they even bother? Cancer is a multi-trillion dollar industry. Who cares how many lives are claimed in the process, at least there's money to be made, right?!

PEDESTRIAN
You really think cancer can be cured?

LAWRENCE
Let me put it to you this way, friend. A Canadian scientist supposedly found a cure for cancer. Positive test results and the whole works. The FDA investigated it and shut the whole thing down. Why would they do something like that?

As the day wears on, there's less and less traffic on the streets and Lawrence loses people to preach to.

He scoops up his change jar.

LAWRENCE
People of the city, my friends, you're much too kind to me. May Allah shine his light down upon and as always, fight the power! We make our own destiny!
Suddenly, SOMEONE runs into Lawrence, knocking him off balance, nearly causing him to drop his change jar.

LAWRENCE
Shit! Excuse me. Are you okay?

The person just keeps on running and doesn't look back.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Lawrence steps inside the local coffee shop and is greeted warmly by SARAH STEIN, who smiles brightly when she sees him.

SARAH
Hey stranger!

LAWRENCE
Sarah! Hello, love!

Lawrence approaches the counter and she leans over and gives him a hug.

SARAH
I started to worry about you. Haven't seen you around in a couple days. Thought maybe someone finally locked you up and tossed the key.

LAWRENCE
Nah, they know better than that. Besides, somebody has to speak for the people, am I right?

SARAH
Whatever you say, Lawrence. The usual?

LAWRENCE
Come on, you know better than to even ask. So I was looking into chemtrails. You know, that residue that trails behind air crafts? Well apparently, there's talk that they could be dusting us with chemicals. I don't know, maybe that's something worth looking into.

Sarah smiles and begins making his drink for him.
SARAH
You know, you've got a way with words. Ever thought about doing motivational speaking? I know some people that would love to hear you talk about some of your theories.

LAWRENCE
I do that every day of my life, love. You know that. Just like Martin Luther King. Powerful man, spoke for the people from the heart, and they put him on ice for their personal gain.

Sarah coyly eludes his theories.

SARAH
I mean a real job.

LAWRENCE
This is a real job. I work hard. You have no idea how many random objects I have to dodge in a single day.

SARAH
You're crazy.

LAWRENCE
For the longest time they thought Einstein was crazy. Did you know that? Even locked him up for a time. And then when the time for weapons development came, he wasn't so crazy anymore. One Atom bomb later, he went from being a loon to being the smartest man in the world. Me? I'm absolutely out of my mind, but don't tell anybody.

Lawrence winks at Sarah and she hands him his drink.

SARAH
I don't know, I'd just hate to see you living under a bridge or something.
LAWRENCE
I appreciate your concern, love.
Quit frankly though, that would be
a hell of a lot nicer than the
last place I lived.

Sarah's expression suddenly turns serious.

SARAH
Just be careful out there. It's a
big city and there's plenty of
people out there that would take
advantage of someone like you.

LAWRENCE
Don't worry about me, I've got Big
Brother watching over me,
remember?

SARAH
Oh, Jesus. Don't start that
nonsense again.

LAWRENCE
You say it's nonsense now, but
just wait til one day you turn on
the TV and see nothing but John
Hurt on the screen, telling you
how you're going to live your
life.

SARAH
You going to say "I told you so"
when that day comes?

LAWRENCE
I won't have to. But I told you
so.

Lawrence smiles and goes to leave.

SARAH
Wait, I wanted to ask you
something.

LAWRENCE
I already told you, love. I don't
believe in marriage. I'm a
polygamous kind of guy.

SARAH
Ha. Ha. Very funny, Lawrence. No,
I wanted to know if you'd come
give a lecture at my school. I
(MORE)
SARAH (cont'd)
think some of your theories are interesting, and with your background, getting you in would be no prob -

LAWRENCE
That's not a part of my life anymore. That part of me never existed. Understand?

Sarah is taken aback but his sudden change in demeanor.

LAWRENCE
I'm just a nut that likes to talk a lot. That's how everyone sees me. That's how I want it to stay.

SARAH
But you're not crazy. Your books were written beautifully.

LAWRENCE
Aren't I? Ask around. See what answers you discover.

SARAH
Well, if you change your mind, the offer will remain open.

LAWRENCE
Don't hold your breath, love. You'll suffocate.

Lawrence leaves the coffee shop with Sarah shaking her head.

MARK VANN, one of the other workers, comes out from the back room, carrying a box of fresh stock.

MARK
Crazy man come in for his coffee again?

SARAH
He's not crazy. He's just a little...different.

MARK
Different? The guy's damaged. Have you heard some of he stuff he spouts off about?
SARAH
You don't know him, Mark.

MARK
Yeah and how well do you know the psycho?

SARAH
Oh my God, stop with the name calling! What are you, five?

MARK
I just call it like I see it. If he's not psychotic, what's his deal, then?

Sarah shrugs her shoulders.

SARAH
From what I know he used to be big in the technology field. Government work and the like. Real scientific stuff. He left that and began writing books on all kinds of theories. Then one day, he just dropped off the grid.

MARK
Off the grid. Just like his mind, huh?

Sarah smacks Mark's arm and he chuckles.

MARK
Come on, that was good. Off the grid. Ah, the guy's bonkers.

INT. LAWRENCE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lawrence steps inside his apartment, closing the door behind him.

He proceeds to systematically bolt and chain the several different locks on the door, and then places a thick blanket along the bottom of the door.

He flicks on a light that barely illuminates the place, even during the day light. He sets the change jar down. His windows are covered by thick blinds and curtains.

No TV. No radio. No computer. No phone. No way to contact the outside world what so ever.
He's got a bed, a bathroom, a kitchen, a desk, and books. Lots and lots of books.

Lawrence sits down in a large chair, sipping his drink, staring off into the abyss.

    LAWRENCE
    (sing-song)
    Okay, okay. What do we say? What do we say? Hey, hey. What do you say? What do you say?

He begins looking around the apartment as if checking to make sure nobody is watching or listening.

    LAWRENCE
    Don't let your guard down, Lawrence. Not for one instant.

He finishes his drink, stands up, and tosses it into a recycling bin.

He walks over to his desk, sits down, and begins writing.

    LAWRENCE
    So little time left. Where did it all go?

Lawrence crumbles up the paper and tosses it.

    LAWRENCE

Lawrence continues writing, more furiously this time.

    LAWRENCE
    That's it, love. You've still got it. Come on, now.

Lawrence writes on, becoming more calm with each pass of his pencil.

Lawrence stops writing and stands up, looking over his work.

On the page are a few random doodles and words, ultimately looking like a mess of madness.

Lawrence sees this and begins to weep, crumpling up the paper again.
LAWRENCE
I'm losing it. You're losing it.
Losing it.

Lawrence balls himself up on the floor and cries, gripping the crumpled piece of paper in his hand, squeezing it relentlessly.

Someone knocks on the door, startling Lawrence. He sits up, frantically wiping the tears from his eyes.

LAWRENCE
Who's there?

JENNIFER (O.S.)
Open the door, love. It's me.

LAWRENCE
Jennifer?

Lawrence scrambles to the door, fumbling with the locks for a few moments until he finally gets them all and pulls open the door.

The hallways is empty.

Lawrence looks around, up and down the corridor for any sign of her. Nothing.

Utter defeat on Lawrence's face.

LAWRENCE
She's not coming back.

Lawrence closes the door and begins re-bolting it.

He finishes and looks around at his apartment, shaking his head. For the moment, he seems to be back in reality.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Lawrence enters a convenience store, a hoodie on, hood up, hands in his pockets.

He looks around feverishly as he walks to the back of the store.

Two TEENS are in the shop as well as the CLERK.

Teen #1 looks over at Lawrence and taps his friend on the arm.
TEEN #1
Check it out, it's that freak that preaches on the corner.

TEEN #2
No shit.

Lawrence opens one of the coolers and grabs a sandwich. He opens a second cooler and grabs a juice.

The two Teens walk down towards him, mischievous smiles on their faces.

TEEN #1
Hey, Preacher Man! Got anymore crazy theories for us?

TEEN #2
You know, my sister was abducted by aliens when she was little.

LAWRENCE
Actually, fellas, abductions aren't done by aliens at all. See, the government has this group set up to take specimens and -

The Teens laugh loudly in his face, cutting him off.

TEEN #2
Listen to this whack-job! He'll go on about anything.

LAWRENCE
If you don't want to hear the truth, don't ask the question. Excuse me.

Lawrence politely tries to get past the teens, but they stay in his way.

TEEN #1
It's rude to walk away when someone is trying to have a conversation with you. Retard.

Lawrence sighs and looks into Teen #1's eyes.

LAWRENCE
Okay, punk. Listen -

CLERK
Hey!
The three look to the Clerk who has a phone in his hand.

CLERK
You're one second away from me calling the police. I'll not have this in my store. Take it outside.

The two teens sneer at the Clerk and then leave the store.

Lawrence walks up to the counter to pay for his things.

CLERK
No soda? Two for three.

LAWRENCE
No. They put small amounts of cocaine in the pop to slowly get consumers addicted so they keep coming back for more. Don't you ever watch the news?

The Clerk looks at Lawrence in disbelief.

CLERK
Right. Whatever you say, pal.

LAWRENCE
I'm telling you, stop drinking pop for a month. You'll thank me once the withdrawals stop. I just saved you boatloads of money.

Lawrence takes his things and leaves the convenience store.

CLERK
Nut case.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Lawrence makes his way through the darkened and surprisingly empty city streets, small bag in hand.

Something stirs in the alley beside him and he stops, peering deep down into the alley.

LAWRENCE
Someone there?

A sense of being watched.

Lawrence slowly looks away from the alley and continues walking.
Across the street, a HOBO slowly pushes a cart of random junk, peering over at Lawrence.

Feeling uneasy, he picks up his pace.

A black SUV slowly rides by him and he quickly looks down at the ground, taking great care not to look into the windows.

LAWRENCE
Everywhere. Everywhere.

Lawrence darts up the steps to his apartment building and steps inside.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Lawrence walks down the corridor towards his apartment.

One of the other TENANTS cracks open their door and peers out at him, quickly closing the door when Lawrence turns to look at them.

LAWRENCE
Time to move again.

Lawrence stops in front of his door and fumbles for his keys a moment.

At the other end of the corridor, the elevator dings and the doors open.

A MAN in a sharp black suits steps out of the elevator and begins walking towards Lawrence.

Lawrence looks down towards him, swallows hard, and fumbles with his keys a bit more, struggling to fit them inside the lock.

The man in the suit draws ever closer.

Lawrence hears the pop of the lock and quickly pushes the door open, slamming it behind him.

INT. LAWRENCE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lawrence quickly latches as many locks as possible and steps away from the door, looking down at the crack at the bottom of the door.

A shadow is cast under the door and stops there.
Lawrence watches the shadow, holding his breath, sweating.

A moment later, the shadow passes, and the sound of an opening and closing door is heard.

Lawrence exhales loudly, continues locking the door, and drops the thick blanket in front of the crack.

INT. LAUNDRY MAT - NIGHT

Lawrence opens a washing machine and stuffs his clothes inside, looking around at the empty laundry mat as he does it.

He closes the door and starts the cycle, sitting down on one of the uncomfortable plastic chairs. He pulls his hood more snugly over his head.

The laundry mat door opens and a WOMAN IN RED enters, a small basket of clothes in her hands.

She stands in the doorway a minute, staring at Lawrence.

Lawrence glances up at her and then looks back at the ground again, avoiding eye contact.

   WOMAN IN RED
   I thought I was the only one that did wash this late.

Lawrence doesn't say a word.

The Woman in Red picks a machine and begins putting her clothes in, all the while glancing back at Lawrence.

She sets her cycle and sits across from him, staring.

Lawrence shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

   LAWRENCE
   Can I help you with something, lady?

The Woman in Red just sits there, staring at him.

   WOMAN IN RED
   I got my eye on you.

Lawrence fidgets nervously and then gets up, heading for the door.
WOMAN IN RED
Where you running to? Your wash ain't done!

Lawrence exits the laundry mat.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Lawrence steps inside the coffee shop and walks over to the counter.

Sarah is busy making drinks.

Lawrence waits there for her to turn around and see him. He looks around. The coffee shop is full of people going about their business, but Lawrence can't help being on edge.

A MAN looks up at him from his newspaper. Lawrence makes eye contact. It's as if the Man is looking into Lawrence's very soul.

Sarah turns around and sees Lawrence.

SARAH
Hey!

Lawrence quickly breaks eye contact with the Man with the Newspaper and looks at Sarah, forcing a smile.

LAWRENCE
Hello, love.

SARAH
Everything okay? You look a little tense.

Lawrence leans in close to her, dropping his voice.

LAWRENCE
That man over there is watching me. With the newspaper.

Sarah looks over to the Man with the Newspaper, who is calmly reading his paper and sipping coffee.

SARAH
No, I don't think so.

LAWRENCE
I'm tellin' you, he's following me. I'm being watched. It started last night. Something is going on.
SARAH
What?

Lawrence suddenly straightens up, looking around again.

LAWRENCE
I shouldn't have come here.

SARAH
Hold on, just relax. I'll get your drink.

Sarah begins preparing his drink and Lawrence looks around, fidgeting nervously.

The Man with the Newspaper looks over at him again, maintaining eye contact.

Lawrence looks away and begins fidgeting even more.

LAWRENCE
You know, I just realized, I'm not thirsty.

SARAH
Lawrence, relax. Come sit with me.

Sarah looks over to Mark, who is doing his own thing.

SARAH
Cover me for a few.

MARK
Sure.

Sarah walks out from behind the counter and hands Lawrence his drink. They walk over to a table and sit.

SARAH
Okay, talk to me. What's going on with you?

LAWRENCE
I'm being followed. They're watching me. I can feel it.

SARAH
Who? Who's watching you?

Lawrence looks around nervously and then back to Sarah.
LAWRENCE
You know. They're watching you, too. They're watching all of us.

Sarah sighs, leaning back in her chair.

SARAH
You're making yourself a wreck. All this paranoia and the conspiracy theories are making you a wreck. You know that, right?

Lawrence shakes his head.

SARAH
You're coming with me next week. You're going to speak.

LAWRENCE
I won't. You're asking me to put a target right on my forehead. Hold on a few, I'll go get a gun, and then you can just shoot me yourself.

SARAH
Stop it.

LAWRENCE
What will that accomplish, Sarah? Tell me.

SARAH
It'll show people that you're not just some raving lunatic.

LAWRENCE
Do you really think I care how people perceive me? I mean, look at me.

Sarah leans forward and takes hold of Lawrence's hand. He flinches.

SARAH
You have a brilliant mind. While I do say some of your theories are out there, I think some of them should be addressed.

LAWRENCE
Who's going to even want to listen to me?
SARAH
You know how big you used to be. Your books sold countless copies. This would be your first major public appearance in how long?

Lawrence looks down at the table and pulls his hand away from Sarah's.

LAWRENCE
I told you, that's not a part of my life anymore.

SARAH
I think it needs to be. You need something more, or pretty soon you really will be crazy.

Sarah gets up and heads back behind the counter to work.

Lawrence sighs, looking around.

The Man with the Newspaper looks at him again.

Lawrence suddenly stands up, angry, and walks over to him.

LAWRENCE
Why are you watching me? You following me? Huh?

The Man with the Newspaper looks around, nervously. Everyone else watches, stunned.

LAWRENCE
Who sent you? Huh? Who do you work for, goddamn it?

MAN WITH NEWSPAPER
I don't know what you're -

Lawrence snatches the newspaper out of his hands, throwing it to the ground.

LAWRENCE
Are you bugged? Who's listening in?

Lawrence grabs the Man with the Newspaper and begins speaking into his jacket.
LAWRENCE
Are you listening? Can you hear me? I'm on to you, you sons of bitches!

MAN WITH NEWSPAPER
Let me go!

Sarah rushes over and pulls Lawrence away from the Man with the Newspaper.

SARAH
What are you doing?! You need to go. Now!

Lawrence looks at the Man with the Newspaper one final time.

LAWRENCE
I've got you. You hear me? You tell your people they're never gonna find me.

Lawrence storms out of the coffee shop.

Sarah turns to the Man with the Newspaper.

SARAH
I am so sorry, sir. Let me get you anything you like. On the house.

MAN WITH NEWSPAPER
That guy's a menace. You shouldn't let people of his stature into this shop. I won't be back.

The Man with the Newspaper storms out of the coffee shop.

Sarah looks around at everyone staring.

SARAH
All right, come on. Show's over.

Sarah walks back behind the counter.

Mark walks over to her, smirking.

MARK
Yeah, he's totally not crazy.

SARAH
Shut it, all right?
EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Lawrence slowly makes his way through the sidewalks, looking down at the ground, cursing himself for his outburst.

Behind him, the Man with the Newspaper walks to the curb and waves his hand.

A black SUV pulls up and he gets inside.

The SUV slowly pulls up beside Lawrence.

Lawrence looks over to the SUV and it quickly speeds away.

Lawrence stops walking and watches it. No plates.

Lawrence walks over to a payphone and dials a number.

    SARAH (O.S.)
    Coffee Spot, Sarah speaking.

    LAWRENCE
    Sarah, it's me.

    SARAH (O.S.)
    Lawrence?

    LAWRENCE
    I'll do it. I'll speak. Just tell me when. Make it soon. I don't know how much more time I have.

INT. UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - DAY

The auditorium is filled to the brim with students and guests alike.

A camera crew is set up.

On the stage is a podium and a table with a couple of Lawrence's books on it, as well as some old photographs.

Lawrence stands with Sarah along the side of the stage, looking around nervously. It's a nice change to see him in a suit.

    LAWRENCE
    There's a lot of people here. You didn't say anything about cameras. I can't be filmed. I can't do it. There's no way.
SARAH
Just relax. Pretend that it's not even there.

LAWRENCE
I'm not going to relax. You don't understand, they'll find me.

SARAH
Nobody is going to find you. Everything is fine. You're safe here.

PROF. HARRISON steps onto the stage and approaches the podium. He is met with applause.

PROF. HARRISON
Thank you all for coming to such a momentous occasion. Stepping into the public eye for the first time in over a decade is the man who literally wrote the book on Big Brother and other dangers of our ever advancing technology.

More applause.

PROF. HARRISON
Please, hold all questions until the end, if and when he decides to take them. I needn't say that I expect the most professional of behavior from you all, but I just did. Now, without further delay, here he is, Mr. Lawrence Rainer.

More applause, and Prof. Harrison walks off the stage.

Lawrence hesitates, and Sarah pushes him up onto the stage. He nervously steps up to the podium.

LAWRENCE
Thank you all so much for your warm welcome.

The auditorium grows silent. Lawrence looks around nervously. All eyes are on him. Watching. Waiting.

LAWRENCE
I know you're all here expecting to hear great things from me, but I don't know what to say. I didn't prepare anything. I'm not working on a new book. In all honesty, I (MORE)
LAWRENCE (cont’d)
don't even want to be here.

Murmurs in the crowd.

Lawrence looks off the stage to Sarah, who silently cheers him on.

Lawrence turns back to the crowd.

LAWRENCE
And really, why are you all here? To heckle a crazy man? That's what everyone sees me as, right? Just that bum on the corner who preaches nonsense. A has-been. A hermit. A blemish on this perfect society. And why is that? Because I know the truth. I know the world's dirty little secrets and I'm not afraid to tell you about them.

Becoming more excited, Lawrence grabs the mic from the podium and begins walking around the stage.

LAWRENCE
You think you're not being watched just as closely as I am? Judged? You're mistaken. I've been there. I've watched. I helped develop. There's a big change coming. When the New World Order hits, you'll all be standing wondering how you never saw it coming. Not me. I saw. I see it now, and let me tell you, it ain't pretty.

Lawrence points to the camera in the back of the auditorium.

LAWRENCE
Right now, that camera is pointed on me, and behind that camera are hundreds of eyes watching behind the scenes. Plotting what to do, manipulating the government to silence people like me.

Everyone turns to look at the camera, and then divert their attention back to Lawrence.
LAWRENCE
I know things that would make your head spin. I know things that make me the most dangerous man in the world. But I'm just a loon. And what are we really talking about? Why are we here? Conspiracy theories! How many of you know at least three really good theories. Come on, raise your hands.

Almost everyone in the auditorium raises their hands.

LAWRENCE
Now, how many of you actually believe that nonsense?

The majority of the crowd lowers their hands.

LAWRENCE
This doesn't surprise me. The government spends billions of dollars suppressing the truth, disproving these things as hoaxes, ramblings of mad men - like myself.

The auditorium doors open, and a MAN IN A BLACK SUIT steps inside, standing by the door.

Lawrence stops talking and watches him closely. The man stares at him, watching intently.

LAWRENCE
Uh, I'm sorry. I've lost my train of thought.

Lawrence chuckles nervously and begins pacing the stage, fidgeting.

Off stage, Sarah looks to the Man in the Black Suit, then back at Lawrence.

LAWRENCE
I'm sorry, guys. I just - I can't do this right now. Why don't I just take some questions?

Several people in the auditorium raise their hands.

Lawrence points to a MALE STUDENT, who stands up.
MALE STUDENT
You've been out of the spotlight for so long. What made you disappear, and why did you decide to step back into the public eye?

Lawrence looks over to the Man in the Black Suit, who watches him intently, as if on the edge of his seat to see how Lawrence answers this question.

Lawrence nervously clears his throat.

LAWRENCE
Well, I left for personal reasons. I learned some things that I was not too proud of, and I didn't like who I had become. And I've never fully disappeared. I'm sure most of you have caught me on the corners. But no, your fellow student Sarah here dragged me out. This is all thanks to her.

The auditorium cheers for Sarah, who nervously steps onto the stage, waving.

More hands in the air, and Lawrence points to a FEMALE STUDENT, who stands.

FEMALE STUDENT
Will you ever write another book? Maybe detailing the things you've learned? I'd love to hear what drove you away.

Again, Lawrence looks to the Man in the Black Suit, who takes out a phone and begins talking on it, all the while watching intently.

LAWRENCE
Um, well, you know - I hadn't really thought about it. Er, actually, I've got to go. I just remembered something I have to do. I'm sorry.

Lawrence drops the mic and heads off the stage.

The Man in the Black Suit walks back outside.

Sarah runs after Lawrence.
Prof. Harrison quickly steps onto the stage and picks up the mic.

PROF. HARRISON
I apologize for that, ladies and gentlemen. I don't know what happened. He's a busy man, as I'm sure you can imagine.

INT. GREEN ROOM - DAY
Lawrence steps inside the Green Room and begins pacing, fidgeting nervously.

Sarah steps inside.

SARAH
What was that? What happened back there?

LAWRENCE
This was a terrible mistake. I should never have come, should never have agreed.

SARAH
What's the problem?

Lawrence turns and faces her, suddenly angry.

LAWRENCE
You! You didn't tell me there were going to be cameras! Why did you bring me here? To make a name for yourself? To be the person who finally exploited a fading man? Are you proud?

SARAH
I just wanted to help you!

LAWRENCE
You have no idea how dangerous this is.

SARAH
How dangerous what is? You haven't told me a thing! What are you running from?

Lawrence stops, fighting the urge to break down.
LAWRENCE
I can't. Is there a back way out of here?

SARAH
Come on.

With a sigh, Sarah leads Lawrence out of the Green Room.

EXT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

Sarah and Lawrence step outside the back door of the auditorium, into an alley.

Lawrence carefully looks around. Nothing in sight.

SARAH
Just cut down there and hang a left. Nobody will see you.

Lawrence turns and begins walking, when from out of nowhere, two LARGE MEN IN BLACK SUITS grab onto Lawrence and wrestle him to the ground.

SARAH
What are you doing? No! Help!

A third LARGE MAN IN A BLACK SUIT steps out of the door and scoops Sarah up, pulling her inside.

LAWRENCE
Sarah!

Lawrence's hands are tied, tape is put over his mouth, and a black hood is placed over his head.

A black SUV speeds down the alley and the men stuff Lawrence inside and speed away.

INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY

Lawrence sits in a plain white room, tied to a chair, the black hood still over his hand.

Opposite him is a steel table and another chair.

On one of the walls there is a large two-way mirror.

The door opens and an older man with white hair in a nice suit enters - MR. WHITE.
MR. WHITE
Can you hear me, Lawrence? Are you awake?

Lawrence moves his head and twitches in the chair to show that he's alert.

MR. WHITE
Good.

Mr. White walks over to Lawrence and pulls the black hood off of his head.

Lawrence squints his eyes, trying to adjust to the brightness of the room.

MR. WHITE
This is a room that you never want to find yourself in again. I'm the face you better hope to never see again after today.

Lawrence mumbles through the tape.

MR. WHITE
I'm sorry, I can't quite hear you. Let me help.

Mr. White rips the tape off of Lawrence's mouth and he winces.

MR. WHITE
You were saying?

LAWRENCE
I knew this day would come. Everything I've ever said, all true. Who are you people? Illuminati? Big Brother?

Mr. White chuckles, showing some very yellow teeth.

Mr. White sits down across from Lawrence and takes out a pack of cigarette. He lights one and inhales deeply.

MR. WHITE
Of course you don't mind if I smoke.

LAWRENCE
Was that a question? It's kind of hard for me to tell.
Mr. White exhales, blowing smoke into Lawrence's face, who coughs.

   LAWRENCE
   Those things'll kill you.

   MR. WHITE
   Cancer. We've got that covered, don't we?

Lawrence looks around the white room and focuses on the mirror.

   LAWRENCE
   So, who's watching on the other side? The Pope? The President?

   MR. WHITE
   Do your paranoid delusions know no bounds, Lawrence?

   LAWRENCE
   How do you know my name?

   MR. WHITE
   We know everything there is to know about you, and then some. Ever since you showed up on our radar.

   LAWRENCE
   On your radar? What is this? How long have you been watching me?

   MR. WHITE

   LAWRENCE
   I work hard at that. What gave me away?

   MR. WHITE
   We have friends, Lawrence. Many friends.

Lawrence nods to the mirror.

   LAWRENCE
   And who is we? Them behind the glass, there? Or do you have a split personality that I'm not (MORE)
LAWRENCE (cont'd)

aware of?

MR. WHITE
You're very troublesome, Lawrence. Sooner or later somebody will start listening and they'll start asking questions. We can't have that.

LAWRENCE
I'm just a bum with a big mouth. Nothing more. A rambling mad man. Look, you've got me here. What are you waiting for? Kill me.

MR. WHITE
You have something of ours, Lawrence. Something of great importance. Something we want - no, need - back.

Lawrence turns to the mirror again, smiling.

LAWRENCE
This is really stellar stuff, guys. Maybe I will write another book after all.

Lawrence turns back to Mr. White, who is no longer smiling.

LAWRENCE
Where's Sarah? What have you done with her?

MR. WHITE
She's safe for now. Whether or not she stays that way is entirely up to you. We're watching her very closely.

Mr. White smiles his yellow smile.

LAWRENCE
She's just a girl that works at a coffee shop.

MR. WHITE
Just tell us where it is and I promise you, no harm will come to her.
LAWRENCE
And what about me, huh?

MR. WHITE
As long as you return what is rightfully ours, you pose no threat to us. Just the ramblings of a mad man, as you put it.

LAWRENCE
Hm. That sounds like a really good deal. There's just one slight problem.

MR. WHITE
Hmm?

Lawrence tries to lean forward, but doesn't get far.

LAWRENCE
I have absolutely no idea what the hell you're talking about.

Mr. White's face again turns sour.

MR. WHITE
Don't play coy with us, Lawrence. We've a farther reach than you could possibly imagine.

Lawrence starts laughing.

LAWRENCE
I can imagine a great distance, pal. That's the one thing you guys can't control - my mind. Although I'm quite sure you're working very hard at that. Subliminally manipulating brain waves, aren't you? How many countless suckers are already under your influence?

MR. WHITE
Let me put it simply, Lawrence. You have 24 hours to return to us that which is ours. Should you refuse, your life will become forfeit, as will your precious friend Sarah's.

LAWRENCE
I don't know what you want! I don't have anything!
MR. WHITE
24 hours, Lawrence. The clock is ticking.

LAWRENCE
What is it with you? Are you deaf, or are you just not listening to what I'm telling you? I have nothing of yours. Not a thing. I have no clue what it is you're searching for. Whatever it is, you can have it. All of it, I don't care!

Lawrence turns to the mirror.

LAWRENCE
Assholes behind the glass, did you get that? Want me to write it down for you?

Mr. White gets up from his seat and walks over to Lawrence, taking one final puff of his cigarette.

MR. WHITE
We'll be watching you. Hopefully for your sake, you'll not see me again. Here's a friendly little reminder of our chat.

Mr. White puts his cigarette out on Lawrence's neck and he winces, exhaling sharply.

MR. WHITE
Goodbye.

Mr. White steps out of the white room, and the Two Large Men in Black Suits enter, making their way over to Lawrence.

LAWRENCE
Be gentle, fellas.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The black SUV cruises down the alley, barely slowing down as Lawrence is thrown from it, black hood still on his face.

The black SUV then speeds up and disappears.

Lawrence slowly gets to his feet and pulls the hood off his head.
LAWRENCE
Pricks!

Lawrence nervously looks around the dark, lonely alley.
Every shadow seems to move.

LAWRENCE
Just stay alert, buddy. You'll be fine.

Lawrence walks down the alley.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT
Lawrence comes out of the alley and heads around the corner.
Across the street is a parked white van.

INT. WHITE VAN
Inside the van is all kinds of surveillance equipment. Sound systems. Monitors, computers, the like.
Two men sit in the back. A DRIVER sits behind the wheel.
CHIP - as named for being at the computer - DALE - as named for being the sidekick.
Both have headsets on.
Chip looks at the monitor, watching Lawrence.

CHIP
Target is heading east down 5th.

DALE
All units be on the look out on 5th avenue. Target is heading east. Maintain visual contact at all times. If I hear radio silence at any point, I'm going to start kicking ass. Do everything possible to keep him in visual range. Do NOT, I repeat, Do NOT spook him.

EXT. CITY STREETS
Lawrence walks over to a payphone and steps inside, closing himself in.
He cautiously looks around before picking up the phone and dialing a number.

                    JACK (O.S.)
Hello?

                    LAWRENCE
It's me.

                    JACK (O.S.)
Who is this?

                    LAWRENCE
You know who. I don't want to use names. This line isn't secure. Listen, can you meet me tonight?

                    JACK (O.S.)
Where?

Lawrence looks around some more.

INT. WHITE VAN

Chip listens intently to his headset.

                    LAWRENCE (O.S.)
Under the 12th street bridge. One hour.

                    DALE
All units, target is meeting with an unidentified male under the 12th street bridge in one hour. Let's role. I want surveillance set up as fast as possible. Don't blow this one.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. White stands looking over a large operations room.

Countless terminals, computers, monitors, satellite images, the works. The place is huge and FULLY STAFFED.

                    MR. WHITE
You heard the man, 12th street bridge. I want satellite video and I want to see every working traffic and security camera within a two block radius. Find out who he's talking to. I want a complete (MORE)
MR. WHITE (cont'd)

bio, and I want it now.

Everyone below gets busy working.

MR. BROWN, a gruff looking chap with brown hair in an equally nice suit, stands next to Mr. White, his nerves showing on his face.

MR. BROWN
You assured me that your team would be able to resolve this thing without incident.

MR. WHITE
We can and we will, sir.

MR. BROWN
And you're positive this nutcase has it?

MR. WHITE
Absolutely positive, sir.

MR. BROWN
I hope you're right. God knows we've spent enough money and resources on this operation already.

MR. WHITE
The cost is trivial. We'll recover it in a month's time. What he has is far more valuable, as you know, sir.

MR. BROWN
What if he's telling the truth? What if he doesn't have it?

MR. WHITE
We can't afford to take that chance, sir.

MR. BROWN
No, I suppose you're right. Keep me updated.

Mr. Brown walks away.

Mr. White watches him go before returning his gaze to the terminals below.
MR. WHITE
Incompetant prick.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
We couldn't trace the call, sir.
He hung up to fast.

MR. WHITE
Damn!

EXT. 12TH STREET BRIDGE - NIGHT
Lawrence stands under the 12th street bridge, rain pouring down all around him. He looks around frantically for his friend.

On the bridge above, a BUM pushes a shopping cart, stopping directly above Lawrence. He reaches into the cart and flicks something on.

A blue sedan is parked opposite of the underpass, getting drenched in the rain.

Headlights cut through the rain and Lawrence backs up into the shadows, unsure of the approaching vehicle.

A Buick pulls under the bridge and a man, JACK THOMPSON, gets out of the car, opening up an umbrella.

Lawrence steps out from the shadows.

JACK
Jesus, Lawrence, you look awful.

LAWRENCE
Good to see you too.

JACK
I haven't heard from you in ages. What's going on?

LAWRENCE
We can't talk out here.

Lawrence opens the passenger door of the Buick.

Shrugging his shoulders and folding up the umbrella, Jack gets in the Buick.

Up above the bridge, the Bum speaks into the cart.
BUM
I have lost audio over the bridge.
I repeat, I have lost audio over the bridge.

DALE (O.S.)
Switching to audio two.

INT. BLUE SEDAN
A man in LEATHER plugs his camera into a small laptop.
A man with GLASSES sitting next to him watches outside the window intently.

LEATHER
Sending you a picture now. Run it through the database.

CHIP (O.S.)
Copy that.

INT. BUICK
Jack looks Lawrence up and down, who is looking around everywhere.

LAWRENCE
We're being watched.

JACK
By whom? Christ, Lawrence, I've never seen you like this. I mean I heard you kind of stepped over the edge, but this -

LAWRENCE
I'm not crazy, Jack! For the first time since Jennifer, I feel sane. It's all true. Every word of it. I'm on to them, and they're after me. They think I've got something of theirs.

JACK
You're not making any sense. Who is watching you? What do you have?

LAWRENCE
I don't know! I don't know who they are. I don't even know what they want, but I've got 24 hours to get it for them or I'm a dead (MORE)
LAWRENCE (cont'd)

man.

Jack takes this in, unsure as to whether or not he can even believe what Lawrence is saying.

JACK
Have you gone to the police?

LAWRENCE
They can't do anything. This is bigger than them. They're in control and I knew it!

JACK
Just take a deep breath and tell me what's going on.

LAWRENCE
I don't know what to tell you!

Lawrence pulls his hair, trying to compose himself.

LAWRENCE
I don't even know who I can trust.

JACK
Come on, buddy. There was a time we worked side by side every day. You trusted me with everything.

LAWRENCE
They could have gotten to you already. Who knows how far their reach is by now.

JACK
Who is "they"? Give me something to work with, here.

LAWRENCE

Jack looks at Lawrence suspiciously.

JACK
Are you, uh - You're not working on a new book, are you?
LAWRENCE
I shouldn't have called you.

Lawrence opens the car down.

JACK
No, wait. I'm just trying to understand what's going on. You've gotta admit, it sounds a little...

LAWRENCE
Crazy. You know for the past ten years people have been telling me I'm crazy, Jack. This is real, and it's happening to me. I need help.

Jack nods his head.

JACK
Just tell me what I can do. What happened to you?

LAWRENCE
They took me. I found myself in a white room with one of those two-way mirrors on the wall. This man with white hair came in - he had a really nice, expensive suit on.

JACK
Did you get a name?

LAWRENCE
What do you think? But he had really yellow teeth. Heavy smoker for years, I'm sure.

Jack nods his head.

JACK
And this guy told you that you have something of theirs that they want back?

LAWRENCE
Yeah.

JACK
Do you?
LAWRENCE
No. I have nothing! I haven't been in a lab or worked on a project in fifteen years. I don't even know who these people are.

JACK
Did someone maybe give something to you?

Lawrence thinks for a moment and shakes his head.

LAWRENCE
No. I get change from people. That's it. The occasional cup or ball of paper is tossed at me.

JACK
Is there anything else?

Lawrence shows Jack the burn on his neck.

LAWRENCE
He gave me this to remind me.

JACK
Ouch.

LAWRENCE
So, what do you think? I'm screwed, right?

JACK
I think you need to try to contact these people and find out exactly what it is they want. It could just very well be a case of mistaken identity.

LAWRENCE
I don't think so. These kind of people wouldn't risk exposing themselves unless they absolutely had to.

JACK
I'll see if I can dig up anything for you, but you're not giving me a hell of a lot to go on, here.

LAWRENCE
I know. I guess I just don't know what I'm going to do.
JACK
Go home. Search your place. Search everywhere you've been. If you can find whatever it is they're looking for, maybe you'll have some sort of leverage against them.

LAWRENCE
Wishful thinking, mate. Wishful thinking.

JACK
I wouldn't rush to get it back to them, though. There'd be no point in them keeping you alive. You could blab.

LAWRENCE
I hear you.

Lawrence opens the car door.

JACK
Wait. How do I get in touch with you if I find anything?

LAWRENCE
I'll call you.

Lawrence gets out of the car and closes the door.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. White watches over the command center, eagerly awaiting any news.

CHIP (O.S.)
Sending info your way now, sir.

Up on one of the large screens, a picture of Jack appears, along with a complete bio.

CHIP (O.S.)
Guy's name is Jack Thompson. He and Lawrence worked for the same company for a while. He's got reasonable connections, but doesn't have the cleanest record.

Mr. White picks up a headset and puts it on.
MR. WHITE
I think you know what has to be done. See to it that it is. Search the database for any of Mr. Rainer's other previously known associates. Let's get to them all before he can. Move people.

INT. WHITE VAN - NIGHT

Chip clicks off the mic of his headset and begins working on the computer.

Dale also clicks off his mic, sighing.

DALE
You ever get tired of this recon shit?

CHIP
I get paid a lot of money. I don't complain. Neither should you. Plus I kinda dig that I'm sort of in charge of the operation.

Dale takes out a handgun and cocks it.

DALE
I can't wait til we get the go ahead to waste this guy. I can't even remember the last time my piece has seen action.

Chip watches as Dale looks over his gun with loving affection.

CHIP
Gotta say, it kinda creeps me out the way you look at that gun.

LEATHER (O.S.)
Target is heading back to his apartment. Repeat, target is en route to his apartment.

Dale clicks on his mic.

DALE
All right guys, let's book.
EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Lawrence walks up the steps of his apartment building.

Before entering, he looks around cautiously.

A white van drives by. Lawrence ducks down until it passes and turns the corner. He slowly enters.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Lawrence steps out of the elevator and slowly makes his way down the corridor to his apartment.

The door has been kicked in and Lawrence slows up.

LAWRENCE

Shit.

Lawrence slowly creeps to the door, inch by inch, careful not to make a sound.

He stops just in front of the door, listening. Silence.

Grabbing the fire extinguisher off the wall, Lawrence bursts through the door.

INT. LAWRENCE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lawrence quickly flicks on the light and raises the fire extinguisher, ready to use it as a weapon.

There's nobody inside, but the place is a mess. The bed has been overturned. Pillows slashed. Books scattered. The kitchen raided. Someone went over the place with a fine tooth comb, and then once more for good measure.

LAWRENCE

Damn it.

Lawrence closes the door behind him as best as possible, managing to latch the chain.

He walks through the apartment, surveying the mess.

LAWRENCE

If I had it, it's gone now.

Lawrence changes out of his suit from his presentation earlier and into sweat pants and a hoodie.
Lawrence looks around his apartment some more. The only thing untouched is his change jar.

He walks over to it and picks it up, smiling.

LAWRENCE
At least I've still got you.

Something in the jar catches his eye. Something not quite right.

He reaches inside and pulls something out - a USB drive.

He suddenly remembers someone running into him on the street...

RIIIIIING!

Somewhere in his apartment, a phone rings, startling him.

LAWRENCE
The hell?!

The phone keeps ringing and Lawrence struggles to find it.

He locates it on the floor under his desk and answers it, completely unsure.

LAWRENCE
Who is this?

STRANGER (O.S.)
A mutual friend. Don't talk, they'll be able to pick up the call in thirty seconds. Get to the old factory on 19th and Fletcher. Be sure you're not followed.

LAWRENCE
What's going on?

STRANGER (O.S.)
Turn the phone off now.

The line goes dead and Lawrence quickly does as he's told.

LAWRENCE
Oh, boy. Here we go. You're really in trouble now.

Lawrence tosses the phone down and examines the USB drive.

He puts it in his pocket and heads out of the apartment.
INT. WHITE VAN - NIGHT

Chip watches his monitor intently.

CHIP
Target is on the move. Stay with him, B-Team.

LEATHER (O.S.)
Why the hell are we B-Team?

CHIP
Because neither of you are black or have a mohawk.

Chip chuckles at his cleverness and Dale just looks at him, shaking his head.

CHIP
Come on, that was good.

DALE
You're an idiot.

CHIP
Remember guys, keep out of sight.

LEATHER (O.S.)
We're professionals.

CHIP
Whatever keeps you warm at night.

EXT. OLD FACTORY - NIGHT

Lawrence makes his way across the factory grounds, looking around every few steps he takes to ensure he isn't followed.

The majority of the windows of the factory have been busted. The walls themselves seem to be ready to crumble. There's been no life here for years.

As Lawrence steps in front of one of the entrances, he takes one final look around and heads inside.

INT. OLD FACTORY, 1ST FLOOR - NIGHT

Lawrence steps inside and looks around the old, dark, decrepit factory.
The place is mostly cleared out, with a few tables and mannequins and odds and ends here and there.

    LAWRENCE
    Should have brought a flashlight.
    Hello?!

    STRANGER (O.S.)
    Up here!

Lawrence turns his attention to the stairs and makes his way towards them.

Looking up the dark staircase he hesitates, shaking his head. He slowly ascends.

INT. OLD FACTORY, 2ND FLOOR - NIGHT

Lawrence steps off the stairs and looks around. Shadows dance with shadows. There's nobody to be seen.

A STRANGER steps out from behind a wall, his jacket hood pulled up just like Lawrence's.

    STRANGER
    Here.

Lawrence turns around with a start.

    LAWRENCE
    You the one that called me? You did a real number on my apartment.

    STRANGER
    It was like that when I got there. Were you followed?

    LAWRENCE
    I don't know. I didn't see anybody.

    STRANGER
    That doesn't mean you weren't followed. We don't have much time.

    LAWRENCE
    Who the hell are you? And what the hell is going on?

    STRANGER
    I told you, a mutual friend. Something was passed on to you. Something that was supposed to go
    (MORE)
STRANGER (cont'd)
to me.

INT. WHITE VAN - NIGHT
Chip excitedly looks at him monitor.

CHIP
All units converge to target location now! He's meeting with someone. This is it.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT
Mr. White smiles triumphantly.

MR. WHITE
All right boys, time to earn those paychecks and prove that all that training wasn't an entire waste.

INT. OLD FACTORY, 2ND FLOOR - NIGHT
Stranger walks over to the window and glances outside.

STRANGER
I apologize that you've been brought in to all this, by my associate had no choice. They were on to him. They took him shortly after the item was transferred to you. You needn't worry anymore. We can protect you. Keep you safe.

LAWRENCE
It's a little late for apologies, and I don't want your protection. Just tell me what's going on. What do I have?

STRANGER
Details you don't need. Let's just say he worked for something very big and accumulated a great deal of knowledge along the way. Knowledge that is worth a great deal to my organization.
LAWRENCE
And who exactly is your "organization?"

STRANGER
That matters not. Do you have it?

Lawrence takes the USB drive out of his pocket, showing it to Stranger.

LAWRENCE
This thing right here?

STRANGER
I searched your entire apartment! Where was it?

LAWRENCE
The change jar. Right where it was dropped.

STRANGER
Give it to me. Quickly!

LAWRENCE
How do I know I can trust you?

Stranger takes a step towards Lawrence when suddenly a bright lights blazes through the factory window, and the roar of a helicopter shatters the silence.

STRANGER
They're here!

LAWRENCE
Who are they?!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Gunshots ring out, tearing through the window.

Lawrence quickly drops to the ground, but Stranger is not quite fast enough and he collapses in a bloody heap.

Downstairs, the door is blasted open.

Lawrence takes off running, crouching below the windows.

More gunshots erupt from the helicopter, tearing through the factory.

Lawrence runs for the back window and darts out the window onto the fire escape.
INT. WHITE VAN - NIGHT

Chip watches the blip move on the monitor.

CHIP
Target is heading to the south side of the building. Air support, please respond.

EXT. OLD FACTORY - NIGHT

Lawrence rushes down the fire escape and jumps down onto the ground.

Without hesitation, he takes off running.

The black helicopter makes its way around the corner of the old factory, its searchlight scattering all about, trying desperately to get a fix on Lawrence.

CHIP (O.S.)
Talk to me, air support. What do we got?

AIR SUPPORT (O.S.)
Trying to get a visual on target now.

DALE (O.S.)
Are you kidding me? You're in a helicopter! Move your ass!

The helicopter circles the grounds, trying to find Lawrence.

CHIP (O.S.)
Target is heading east of the factory. Come on!

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Lawrence rushes down an alley, gasping for air.

The helicopter turns and makes its way towards the alley.

Lawrence pumps his legs harder, trying desperately to do the impossible: Outrun a helicopter.

The helicopter's spotlight shines down on Lawrence and the SHOOTER opens fire.
Bullets scatter the ground all around Lawrence and he ducks into an overhang as the helicopter rushes past him.

**AIR SUPPORT (O.S.)**
We blew past him. Turning around now.

As the helicopter begins to make its wide turn, Lawrence takes off running again, trying as hard as possible to make it to the main street.

So close, yet so far.

The helicopter finishes its rotation and flies down the alley once more.

Lawrence looks back at the incoming helicopter and then looks ahead.

The street's so close he can taste it.

The helicopter spotlight rapidly moves in closer, mere feet from resting on Lawrence.

**CHIP (O.S.)**
Air support you are approaching civilian visual, cease fire and pull away. I say again, cease fire and pull away.

**EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT**

Lawrence rushes into the middle of traffic, narrowly being hit by a car.

The helicopter soars past him, gaining altitude.

A yellow cab screeches to a halt inches from Lawrence and blasts its horn.

Lawrence looks at **JUAN SOTO**, the cabbie, who leans out his window.

**JUAN**
What the hell is wrong with you? Got a death wish or something? Use the goddamn crosswalk!

Lawrence walks to the side of the cab and opens the door, getting in.
INT. CAB

Juan turns and looks at Lawrence, the anger radiating off of him.

    JUAN
    You better get your ass out of my cab right now, boy.

    LAWRENCE
    Drive.

    JUAN
    Hell no!

Lawrence looks out all the windows.

    LAWRENCE
    Come on. We don't have a lot of time.

    JUAN
    What part of no are you having trouble understanding? Don't make me call the police.

    LAWRENCE
    I'll pay you anything you want, just drive!

    JUAN
    All right asshole, I'll take you for a spin.

Juan slams on the gas and takes off.

    LAWRENCE
    Those lying sons of bitches. They said they'd let me go. I knew it. I knew it!

INT. WHITE VAN - NIGHT

Chip punches something up on his monitor.

    CHIP
    B-Team, target is in cab number 9904, heading south on Norman. Cab is registered to a Juan Soto.
    Surprisingly, he's here legally.
DALE
Well that's a nice change of pace.

DALE
I agree.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT
Mr. White paces around, sweating from stress.

MR. WHITE
Bring up the grid. Change all lights on Norman to green. If we can't shoot him down, we'll smash him to pieces.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT
The cab speeds down the streets, clearly going faster than the speed limit.

The blue sedan whips around the corner and begins following it.

INT. CAB

JUAN
Yeah, you like this, sucka? You enjoying your ride?

Lawrence looks out the back window and sees the blue sedan gaining on them.

LAWRENCE
We've got a tail. Go faster!

JUAN
That's a cop, homie. Any second now you're going to see the flashing lights and it's bye-bye for you!

Lawrence turns to look at Juan.

LAWRENCE
Trust me, those aren't cops.

EXT. CITY STREETS
The cab races towards an intersection and all four sets of lights turn green.
INT. WHITE VAN - NIGHT

Dale watches the monitor intently, a huge smile on his face.

DALE
This is going to be beautiful. Carnage, baby!

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The cab races through the intersection, narrowly missing two other cars that come barreling through.

One car swerves to miss the cab and slams head on with the other, smashing it to bits.

The blue sedan swerves past both of them, narrowly missing a semi that comes blasting through.

A cop car comes flying around the corner, turning on its lights.

INT. CAB

JUAN
What the hell was that?!

Juan looks in his rear view mirror and sees the sedan moving closer.

He also sees the flashing lights behind the sedan.

JUAN
There it is, baby. I told you. You can kiss your ass goodbye.

LAWRENCE
Don't stop!

Juan begins slowing down.

Left with no other option, Lawrence sticks his hand in his hoodie pocket and shapes a gun. He points it at Juan.

LAWRENCE
I said move!

JUAN
Shit! Easy, playa. Don't shoot me. Why'd you have to pick my cab?
LAWRENCE
You're just lucky, I guess.

EXT. CITY STREETS

The cab comes to another intersection, and again, all the lights turn to green.

As the cab enters the intersection, another car comes flying through, and the cab turns hard to the left to avoid being hit, changing direction completely.

The blue sedan is not so fortunate and is t-boned by a pickup truck.

The police car comes to a screeching halt.

INT. CAB

Lawrence looks back, smiling triumphantly.

LAWRENCE
Cell phone?

JUAN
What?

LAWRENCE
Do you have a cell phone?

JUAN
Yeah, why?

LAWRENCE
Give it to me.

Juan fumbles for his phone and hands it to Lawrence.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The COP slowly makes his way towards the blue sedan, his gun drawn.

COP
Keep your hands where I can see them and step out of the car slowly!

Leather opens his car door and slowly gets out of the car.
LEATHER
Listen officer, this is a federal matter way above your pay grade. Level 6 clearance. Just get back in your car and drive away.

COP
I said hands up!

Quick as a flash, Leather raises his hand, but it has a gun in it.

He shoots down the Cop before he even knew what was going on.

INT. WHITE VAN - NIGHT

Chip watches in disbelief.

CHIP
Whoa, whoa. B-Team, what the hell was that? Nobody authorized lethal force on civilians.

DALE
Damn, I wish I had been there!

Chip looks over at the now excited Dale, his mouth open.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. White looks at the large screen.

MR. WHITE
Check your fire, B-Team. I'll not tell you again.

LEATHER (O.S.)
Apologies, sir. I gave him ample warning.

MR. WHITE
Not in public. Christ.

LEATHER (O.S.)
It won't happen again.

Mr. White looks down at one of his dispatchers.
MR. WHITE
Get the city police department on the line and rectify the situation immediately. Alter the surveillance tapes.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROAD - NIGHT
The cab drives past a rocky hillside.

INT. CAB
Lawrence looks at the phone. No service.

LAWRENCE
Your phone doesn't work. No service.

Juan looks outside his window.

JUAN
It's the copper.

LAWRENCE
What?

JUAN
Copper in the hills. Blocks the signal.

Lawrence thinks for a minute.

LAWRENCE
Take me to my place.

JUAN
Huh?

LAWRENCE
Truestone Apartment building. Step on it. We won't have long.

JUAN
Whatever you say, man.

LAWRENCE
Is it just me, or is this the longest night ever? Before all this, I was just a crazy man. Didn't have a clue what I was talking about. Roswell? Loose Change? The AIDS vaccine? Chump stuff compared to this. This is (MORE)
LAWRENCE (cont'd)

Lawrence laughs and Juan nervously grips his steering wheel tighter.

Lawrence leans forward and grips Juan's shoulder. He flinches.

LAWRENCE
Tonight, I wish I hadn't been right. I should have just kept to myself and kept my mouth closed. You know?

JUAN
Yeah. Right.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT
The cab pulls up outside the apartment building.

INT. CAB
Lawrence looks outside the windows and then leans in close to Juan.

LAWRENCE
I just realized I didn't get your name.

JUAN
It's Juan, man.

LAWRENCE
All right Juan, we have to move fast. They must be on their way here as we speak.

JUAN
We?

LAWRENCE
You don't honestly think I'm going to leave you out here and trust you not to speed away, do you?

JUAN
Aw, man. Your crazy ass.
LAWRENCE
Come on, step lively.

The two get out of the cab.

INT. LAWRENCE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lawrence and Juan enter the apartment.

Lawrence goes over to the change jar and picks it up. He hands it to Juan, after taking a handful of change himself.

JUAN
A change jar? Really?

Juan looks around the trashed apartment.

JUAN
And damn, you actually live here?

LAWRENCE
I didn't do this.

JUAN
Right.

Lawrence picks up a shoulder bag and stuffs some clothing into it.

Seeing it as his chance to escape, Juan shoves Lawrence to the ground and runs for it.

LAWRENCE
Wait!

JUAN (O.S.)
See ya!

Lawrence gets back onto his feet and runs after him.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Lawrence rushes out the front door.

Juan is already in the drivers seat of his cab.

LAWRENCE
Please don't go! I need your help!

Juan starts his engine.
KABOOM!
The cab explodes in a huge fireball.
Lawrence takes several steps back, stunned and terrified.

INT. WHITE VAN - NIGHT

CHIP (O.S.)
I still have a visual on the target. Target was not in cab for the explosion. Bad timing with those explosives, fellas.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Lawrence charges down the sidewalk.
A black SUV races around the corner and begins pursuing him.

CHIP (O.S.)
Ground units, we need you to take down the target. We're running low on time, here.

Lawrence cuts down an alley.
The SUV flies by, but quickly whips back around, heading for the alley.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Lawrence runs down the alley.
The SUV comes racing down towards him, ready to run him down if necessary.

Lawrence jumps onto a fire escape ladder and climbs for his life.

The SUV slams into the ladder, knocking Lawrence off balance, but he grips tightly, preventing himself from falling. He continues climbing.

The two Large Men in black suits get out of the SUV.
Large Man #1 takes out his pistol and fires up at Lawrence.
LARGE MAN #2
Target is heading up the fire
escape to the roofs. Get air
support in here now!

AIR SUPPORT (O.S.)
Roger that. ETA two minutes.

CHIP (O.S.)
Better start climbing, boys.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT
Lawrence darts across the rooftops, jumping from one
building to the next.

In the distance comes the roar of the helicopter.

LAWRENCE
Not good. Not good. Must run
faster.

Large Man #1 and Large Man #2 make it onto the roof and
begin running, their weapons drawn.

LARGE MAN #1
Stay sharp. If it moves, shoot it.

The two move swiftly across the rooftops, scanning for
movement.

Up ahead, Lawrence ducks down under a large A/C unit,
crouching under one of the ducts.

The helicopter roars across the rooftops, its light shining
everywhere.

AIR SUPPORT (O.S.)
I do not have a visual. I repeat,
do not have a visual.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT
Mr. White watches the screens furiously.

MR. WHITE
I'm curious to know how one man
can escape a helicopter and two
pursuers while on a roof! Did he
sprout wings and fly away to
safety?
INT. WHITE VAN - NIGHT

CHIP
All right team, you heard him. Look lively.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

Lawrence curls himself up tighter under the duct as Large Man #1 and Large Man #2 make their way past the A/C unit, searching for him.

LARGE MAN #2
You hear this guy? "Look sharp."

LARGE MAN #1
While he sits his ass in a van all night.

The helicopter continues circling the rooftops, unable to get a bead on Lawrence.

AIR SUPPORT (O.S.)
Command center, we've lost him. He's not up here. I need to pull back and refuel.

The helicopter pulls away from the rooftops.

Large Man #1 and Large Man #2 make their way back to the fire escape.

Underneath the A/C duct, Lawrence breathes a sigh of relief.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Brown steps out of his office and motions to Mr. White.

MR. BROWN
I need to see you in my office. Now.

Mr. White takes off his headset and enters Mr. Brown's office, closing the door behind him.

INT. MR. BROWN'S OFFICE

Mr. Brown sits down behind his desk, not even bothering to hide his frustration.
MR. BROWN
So, let me see if I'm gathering all of this information right. He met with an unknown variable, you've tracked him down, and he's escaped. Twice?

Mr. White looks down at the ground, ashamed.

MR. WHITE
Yes, sir. You are correct.

Mr. Brown cracks his knuckles slowly.

MR. BROWN
My confidence in you is severely lacking, you understand.

MR. WHITE
I understand, sir.

MR. BROWN
Do I need to find someone else more competent to take over this operation?

No.

MR. WHITE
No, what?

MR. BROWN
No, sir.

MR. WHITE
Understood.

Mr. Brown stands up and puts on his coat.

MR. BROWN
Now, I'll be going home to my warm bed now. You call me when you have good news.
MR. WHITE
Of course, sir. I will, sir.

Mr. Brown steps out of his office, leaving Mr. White standing there, fuming.

INT. WHITE VAN – NIGHT
Chip and Dale sit in the back of the van, scanning their monitors for anything useful.

MR. WHITE (O.S.)
Listen up, boys. The boss says we don't stop until we bring him down. Load up on coffee and keep your eyes on the prize.

Chip and Dale fling off their headsets.

CHIP
Goddamn it!

DALE
This sucks! I'm totally shooting this guy in the face when we catch him.

Chip nods his head.

CHIP
Gotta say, I'm with you on this one.

DALE
He's so dead.

Dale punches the side of the van.

CHIP
Easy, killer.

EXT. ROOFTOPS – NIGHT
Lawrence slowly crawls out from under the A/C ducts and creeps around the roof, staying as alert as possible.

He makes his way over to the adjacent roof and begins climbing down the fire escape.
EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Lawrence staggers down the alley.

Now that the adrenaline has worn off, he realizes just how tired he is, and it shows. He stutter-steps and stumbles, his eyes barely open.

LAWRENCE
That's it. I can't.

Lawrence desperately looks around.

All that's nearby is a dumpster.

Lawrence eyes it.

LAWRENCE
Could be worse.

Lawrence looks inside the mostly empty dumpster and jumps in, pulling the lid down on top of him.

Inside the dumpster, Lawrence takes out the USB drive and examines it closely.

LAWRENCE
We're going to see what's on you, little guy. Why are you so important?

Lawrence closes his eyes and immediately passes out.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Mr. White downs a cup of coffee.

MR. WHITE
All right, gentleman, it's a brand new day. Let's catch ourselves a bum, shall we? There's a lot less places for him to hide. We now have full cooperation from the city police force. They'll assist in any way possible. We've got a city wide APB on him. But I promise you, if you screw this up, you're all history.
EXT. ALLEY - DAY

The lid to the dumpster opens up and Lawrence crawls out, looking around.

He slowly makes his way down the alley.

INT. LIBRARY, FIRST FLOOR - DAY

Lawrence enters the library and makes his way to the front desk.

A librarian sits there, cataloguing books. Her name plate reads SHELBY.

She looks up at Lawrence and smiles.

    SHELBY
    Can I help you find something today, sir?

Lawrence digs the USB drive out of his pocket and shows it to Shelby.

    LAWRENCE
    A friend of mine gave this to me. The only problem is, I don't have
    a computer to view the contents. You have computers here to use, yes?

    SHELBY
    Of course. You're allowed a half hour session at a time. There's a
    sign up sheet upstairs. Just mark down your name, the time, and the
    computer.

    LAWRENCE
    Great. Thank you so much.

Shelby looks at him, trying to place if she's seen him before.

    SHELBY
    Do I know you? You look awfully familiar.

    LAWRENCE
    I get that a lot. I just have one of those faces, you know? Have a
    great day.
INT. WHITE VAN - DAY

Chip stares at his monitor, eagerly awaiting any sign of Lawrence.

CHIP
Come on, come on. Where are you?

Chip types feverishly on his keyboard, trying everything to catch a glimpse of Lawrence somewhere.

DALE
I'm getting bored.

Dale takes out a knife and begins fiddling with it.

INT. LIBRARY, 2ND FLOOR - DAY

Lawrence sits down at a computer and looks for the right place to plug the USB drive in to.

An old man, BERNARD PAINE, sitting at the computer beside him watches.

BERNARD
You're going to want to put that in the port. Here.

Bernard points to the USB port Lawrence needs to use, and Lawrence plugs it in.

LAWRENCE
I knew that. Thank you.

Bernard extends his hand to Lawrence.

BERNARD
Name's Bernard. Bernard Paine.

Lawrence shakes his hand.

LAWRENCE
Uh, Larry. Peters.

Bernard turns back to his computer and takes out some blank CD's.

Lawrence watches him.
LAWRENCE
Could I maybe borrow two of those?
I need to make a copy of
something.

BERNARD
It'll cost you twenty cents.

Lawrence rolls his eyes and digs out two dimes from his pockets.

He hands them to Bernard, who takes them and hands him two blank CD's.

LAWRENCE
You're too kind.

INT. WHITE VAN - DAY

A blip shows up on Chip's monitor and he looks up at it excitedly.

CHIP
All units, target is accessing the files. Getting a fix on the location now.

Chip types feverishly on the keyboard.

CHIP
All right, all right, I got it.
Target is at the library on 2112 Main Street.

Dale turns to the Driver.

DALE
Come on, man! Let's roll, baby!

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The black SUV and blue sedan speed across an intersection, the library just a few blocks away.

LEATHER (O.S.)
B-Team ETA two minutes.
INT. LIBRARY, 2ND FLOOR - DAY

Lawrence sits at the computer, staring at the monitor in disbelief.

    LAWRENCE
    Holy. Shit.

Lawrence opens up the disk drive and places one of the blank CD's in it.

He turns to the Bernard.

    LAWRENCE
    Sorry to bother you again. How do I do this? It's been a while since I've used a computer.

    BERNARD
    I can tell. Here, get up.

Lawrence gets out of his chair and Bernard gets out of his achingly slow.

Lawrence looks around, fidgeting.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The black SUV and blue sedan race through the city streets, whipping around corners and weaving in and out of traffic in an effort to get to the library as quickly as possible.

    CHIP (O.S.)
    Target is on second floor of building. Be advised, he is accessing the contents of the drive now. On the fly, guys. Come on.

The black SUV and blue sedan pick up speed.

INT. LIBRARY, 2ND FLOOR - DAY

Bernard leans forward, squinting at the screen.

    BERNARD
    It would help if I put on my glasses, huh?

Lawrence fidgets a lot more.
LAWRENCE
I really wish you would, Bernard.

Bernard slowly puts on his glasses.

BERNARD
Much better. Okay, let's see.

Lawrence sighs.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Mr. White paces around furiously.

MR. WHITE
Are our programs not copy protected?

CHIP (O.S.)
The core programs are, but once they're overwritten, the copies can be copied again without any interference. Our only security then is a tracer program that alerts us when they're being accessed outside the facilities.

MR. WHITE
Jesus Christ. I'm glad I tortured that son of a bitch.

CHIP (O.S.)
Absolutely, sir.

MR. WHITE
He must be taken alive now to ensure we recover every copy. ETA?

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

The black SUV and blue sedan skid to a halt in front of the library and both teams jump out of the vehicles, weapons drawn.

LEATHER
ETA is now, sir. Entering the library.
CHIP (O.S.)
You're in a civilian area, shoot to wound only if necessary. We need to recover every copy.

INT. LIBRARY, 2ND FLOOR - DAY
Bernard slowly gets up from Lawrence's computer.

BERNARD
There you go, son. All finished.

LAWRENCE
That's great. Thanks bunches.

INT. LIBRARY, FIRST FLOOR
Leather, Glasses, and Large Man 1 & 2 burst inside the library.

PEOPLE see them with their weapons out and scream, scattering.

Glasses runs over to Shelby, who raises her hands high in the air, absolutely terrified.

GLASSES
Where is he?

SHELBY
Who?

INT. LIBRARY, 2ND FLOOR
LAWRENCE
Damn.

Lawrence hurriedly puts the CD's into his shoulder bag and stuffs the flash drive into his hoodie pocket.

Bernard looks around at everyone fleeing and screaming.

BERNARD
What's all the commotion about?

LAWRENCE
Don't ask, mate.

Large Man 1 & 2 make their way onto the second floor, scanning for Lawrence.

They spot him.
LARGE MAN #1
There!

LARGE MAN #2
(calling downstairs)
Second floor!

Lawrence takes off running, weaving in and out of the bookshelves.

Large Man 1 & 2 race after him, with Leather and Glasses making their way onto the second floor.

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY
The white van pulls up to the back of the library.

INT. WHITE VAN
Dale takes out his handgun, cocking it. He smiles.

DALE
Today's going to be a good day.

Dale opens the door and jumps out, running for the library.
Chip sits there, shaking his head, chuckling.

INT. LIBRARY, 2ND FLOOR - DAY
Lawrence continues racing in and out of the countless bookshelves.

His pursuers try desperately to get a clear shot at him, but with everyone running about, it's difficult.

LEATHER
Down, down! Everybody down!

Leather shoots into the air and everyone drops to the ground.

GLASSES
Where is he?

Lawrence crouches down, staying low behind a book shelf.

Just across the way is the emergency exit, but to get there, he'll expose himself to their gun fire.
LARGE MAN #1
Spread out!

Dale makes his way onto the second floor, eagerly looking around for the chance to take his shot.

DALE
Have you got him?

Behind the bookshelf, Lawrence contemplates his options. Taking a deep breath, he goes for it, running as fast- and staying as low - as he can towards the emergency exit.

Dale sees him and begins shooting.

DALE
He's going for the emergency exit!

Lawrence slams through the door, triggering the alarm. Dale takes off after him.

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

Dale comes running out of the side door, looking around for Lawrence.

Chip comes running around the corner, shrugging his shoulders.

DALE
Where'd he go?!

CHIP
I didn't see him come out.

DALE
You lost him?!

CHIP
I was around back!

DALE
Goddamn it!

Sirens approach in the distance.

CHIP
Perfect timing, right? Never a cop when you need one.
Across the street, Lawrence blends in with the crowd and disappears.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Behind the counter, trying to stay busy, is Sarah. She has a black eye and looks terribly upset.

Mark works by her side. He nudges her.

MARK
You going to tell me about that black eye, or what?

SARAH
It's nothing. Don't worry about it.

MARK
Come on, seriously. Whose ass do I have to kick?

Sarah shakes her head, ignoring him.

MARK
Fine, whatever.

The door to the coffee shop opens and Lawrence enters, jacket hood pulled tightly over his head.

He makes his way to the counter.

Sarah looks at him, her eyes widening.

SARAH
You're alive! I didn't think I'd ever see you again.

Lawrence puts his finger to his lips, silencing Sarah.

He motions to the corner of the coffee shop, where the Man with the Newspaper sits, watching.

Lawrence leans in close.

LAWRENCE
(whispering)
Clean the men's bathroom today. Paper towel dispenser. Get it to someone you can trust. I'll (MORE)
LAWRENCE (cont'd)
contact you.

Lawrence walks away from the counter and heads into the
Men's Room.

INT. MEN'S ROOM

Inside the bathroom, Lawrence opens up the paper towel
dispenser, wraps one of the disks with a sheet of notebook
paper, places it in, and closes it.

He looks at himself in the mirror. He looks like hell.

He pulls down his hood and turns on the water. Running his
hands through the water, he begins splashing some onto his
face.

The bathroom door opens and the Man with the Newspaper steps
inside.

He creeps up behind Lawrence, who is occupied, and takes out
a thin wire.

Quick as a flash, the Man with the Newspaper wraps it around
Lawrence's throat, choking him.

Lawrence gags and, using the sink as a base, he kicks back
with all his might, slamming The Man with the Newspaper into
the wall behind them, causing him to lose his grip.

Lawrence worms his way out of the wire, choking.

He doesn't get much of a reprieve, as the Man with the
Newspaper is quickly onto him again, tackling Lawrence to
the ground.

The Man with the Newspaper begins choking Lawrence, who
struggles to break free of his hold.

MAN WITH NEWSPAPER
We knew you'd be stupid enough to
come back here. Where are all the
copies?

Lawrence reaches out, mere centimeters away from being able
to grab the trash can.

MAN WITH NEWSPAPER
Where are they?!

Lawrence finally latches onto the steel trash can and brings
it up with a lot of force, slamming it into the Man with the
Newspaper's head, knocking him off balance.

Lawrence throws the Man with the Newspaper off of him and gets to his feet.

    MAN WITH NEWSPAPER
    Son of a bitch!

The Man with the Newspaper gets onto his feet and charges at Lawrence, who gets out of the way just in time, grabbing the Man with the Newspaper and sending him slamming head first into the mirror, shattering it.

The Man with the Newspaper drops to his knees, bloody and disoriented.

Seeing the opportunity, Lawrence grabs the porcelain lid off of one of the toilet tanks and cracks the Man with the Newspaper over the head with it, knocking him out cold.

Lawrence looks down at the unconscious body and decides to whack him once more for good measure.

    LAWRENCE
    Bastard.

Lawrence looks around at the mess he's created.

He then takes out the USB drive and hides it behind one of the toilets.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Lawrence steps out of the coffee shop and Jack pulls up in his Buick, pushing open the passenger door for him.

    JACK
    Come on, get in!

Lawrence quickly gets in the car and they take off.

INT. BUICK

Lawrence looks back behind them to see if they're being followed.

    JACK
    Jesus Christ, are you all right?
LAWRENCE
I'm fine. Perfect timing though. I don't know how long it would have been before they got there.

JACK
Consider yourself lucky, then.

LAWRENCE
I found what they were looking for.

JACK
Yeah? What is it?

Lawrence takes the disk out of his hoodie pocket and hands it to Jack.

JACK
What's this?

LAWRENCE
Everything you'll ever need to know, and then some. It's all true, Jack. All of it. Things you couldn't even possibly believe.

Jack looks at the disk.

JACK
This is great, Lawrence. I know just what to do with this.

Jack slows down and pulls onto the side of the road.

Lawrence looks outside his window to see where they are.

LAWRENCE
What are you stopping here for?

Jack just looks at the disk, smiling.

Lawrence turns his attention back to Jack, suddenly very uncomfortable.

LAWRENCE
How did you know I was at the coffee shop?

Jack snaps the disk in half and pulls a gun on Lawrence, who puts his hands up.
LAWRENCE
What the hell are you doing?

JACK
I'm sorry, Lawrence. I wish there was another way.

Jack shakes his head.

JACK
They've got my family. They said they'd kill them if I didn't cooperate. These people are huge, Lawrence.

LAWRENCE
When did they get to you?

JACK
Last night. After our meeting at the bridge. They must have been watching. They followed me home.

LAWRENCE
Great.

JACK
You should have just given them what they wanted.

LAWRENCE
They would have killed me anyway.

Jack pulls back the hammer of his gun.

JACK
I'm sorry, old friend. I hope you'll forgive me someday.

Lawrence shrugs his shoulders, looking into the rear view mirror.

The black SUV and blue sedan are quickly approaching.

LAWRENCE
I understand, mate. You gotta do what you gotta do for your family. I just hope you don't hold any hard feelings against me.

JACK
For what?
LAWRENCE
For this.
Lawrence headbutts Jack, right on the nose, breaking it.
Jack cries out, dropping his gun, and Lawrence groans from the impact.
Lawrence quickly picks up the gun and gets out of the car, running for his life.

EXT. CITY STREETS

JACK
Lawrence! I'm sorry!
Jack gets out of the car as the black SUV and blue sedan pull up.
Large Man #1 & 2 take off after Lawrence, as does Glasses.
Leather calmly walks towards Jack, who holds his broken nose with one hand.

JACK
I did everything I could. He sucker-punched me.

LEATHER
Of course he did.

Jack holds up the broken disk.

JACK
That's everything you want from me, right? You'll leave my family alone?

LEATHER
Sure.

Leather shoots Jack down and then takes off running after Lawrence.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY
Lawrence races through the park, his pursuers not far behind.
Sirens wail in the distance, coming ever closer.
The black helicopter flies overhead and is joined by a police chopper.

AIR SUPPORT (O.S.)
Target is heading west through the park.

CHIP (O.S.)
Roger that, air support. Stay on him.

Squad cars pull up to all park entrances, officers taking positions, weapons drawn.

Lawrence races along the jogging path, looking back now and then to see just how close his pursuers are.

As he comes upon a fountain, Lawrence dives behind it and pops up, weapon raised, holding his ground.

He's surrounded.

COP
Drop the weapon! Hands in the air!

Lawrence looks around frantically, unsure of what to do.

Leather and Glasses slowly make their way towards him.

LEATHER
This is it, pal. End of the line.

GLASSES
Just come quietly. Nobody else has to get hurt.

Lawrence keeps his weapon pointed at them, his hands trembling.

LAWRENCE
That's far enough. Just stay back! I'm warning you!

LARGE MAN #1
We all know you're not going to pull that trigger.

Lawrence points his weapon to Large Man #1.

LAWRENCE
You sure about that, big boy? I've done a lot of things the past 24 hours that I never thought I'd do.
Large man #1 tenses up a little bit.

Dale comes running out of some trees, gasping, his weapon raised.

    DALE
    Can I please shoot this asshole?

    COP
    For the last time, drop your weapon or we'll drop you!

Lawrence looks around, weighing his options.

Accepting his defeat, Lawrence tosses the gun into the fountain.

In a matter of seconds, police officers are on him, cuffing him.

INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY

Lawrence once again finds himself in the white room, tied to the chair. This time he's shirtless, and on the table are various instruments of pain.

The door opens and Mr. White enters, a big smile on his face. He shakes his head.

    MR. WHITE
    Oh, Lawrence. Lawrence, Lawrence, Lawrence. What are we to do with you? Hm?

Mr. White lights up a cigarette.

    MR. WHITE
    I've got to hand it to you, though. You put on quite a show. It seems we may have underestimated you.

Lawrence doesn't say anything. He doesn't even look at Mr. White.

    MR. WHITE
    I told you when we first met that you didn't ever want to see me or this room again. Yet, here we are. Kind of funny, isn't it?

Mr. White pulls his chair close to Lawrence, staring at him.
MR. WHITE
Have you had a chance to look over
our collection here on the table?

Mr. White picks up a particularly nasty little tool and
shows it to Lawrence.

MR. WHITE
I've yet to have the pleasure of
using this one, though. However,
all of this can be avoided if
you'll just tell me where every
piece of our property is.

Mr. White leans right in to Lawrence's ear, an evil smile
spreading across his face.

MR. WHITE
But I'm almost hoping you don't,
because I really want to use this
on you.

Mr. White leans back in his chair and Lawrence finally looks
up at him.

LAWRENCE
I hope you took your heart
medication.

Mr. White chuckles.

MR. WHITE
And why is that?

LAWRENCE
Because it's going to be a long
afternoon for the both of us, old
man. I'd hate to see your heart
give out before we're done.

Mr. White laughs even harder.

MR. WHITE
That would be a shame. Let's waste
no time, then.

Mr. White puts his cigarette out on Lawrence's chest, who
grits his teeth through the pain.

Mr. White stands up and picks up some brass knuckles from
the table. He puts them on.
MR. WHITE
You're familiar with these, no doubt?

LAWRENCE
No, I don't really wear jewelry. If you ask me, those look a little gawdy.

Mr. White slugs Lawrence across the face, busting a molar.

LAWRENCE
Ow.

Mr. White slugs him again, busting his cheek.

Lawrence sees stars and shakes them away.

Mr. White takes the brass knuckles off and picks up a small blade.

MR. WHITE
We don't ever cut deep enough to bleed you out.

Mr. White slashes Lawrence's chest a couple times. He flinches, but ultimately brushes it off.

LAWRENCE
Gotta love papercuts.

Mr. White sets the blade back down on the table and picks up a small packet of something. He waves it in front of Lawrence's face.

MR. WHITE
Simple table salt.

Mr. White opens up the packet and pours it into his hand. He then proceeds to rub the salt furiously into Lawrence's wounds.

It hurts. Lawrence cries out.

MR. WHITE
Together, it's a wonderful combination.

Lawrence thrashes in his chair as the salt burns into his wounds, trying to break free.

MR. WHITE
Now, where is it?
LAWRENCE
No!

Mr. White picks up a slim, sharpened bamboo reed from the table.

MR. WHITE
You sure you don't want to talk?

LAWRENCE
I don't know what you want me to say.

Mr. White slowly places the bamboo reed under one of Lawrence's fingernails.

MR. WHITE
Is that your final answer?

Lawrence spits in Mr. White's face.

Irritated, Mr. White wedges the bamboo reed deep underneath Lawrence's fingernail. He screams, his eyes watering.

MR. WHITE
You can stop the pain. Just tell me what I want to know.

LAWRENCE
Go to hell!

MR. WHITE
I'm counting on it.

Mr. White pulls the reed out from Lawrence's fingernail and he chews on his lip to keep from yelling again.

MR. WHITE
Shall we continue, or do you need a break?

LAWRENCE
Are you kidding? I'm a marathon man. I can go all day.

MR. WHITE
Excellent.

Mr. White lights up another cigarette and looks over the tools on the table.

He picks up a ball-peen hammer and rests it on one of Lawrence's knee caps.
MR. WHITE
This hurts. A lot. Brace yourself.

Mr. White brings the hammer back and then slams it down hard, connecting dead on with Lawrence's kneecap, resulting in a resounding crack.

Lawrence screams, looking towards the ceiling. Tears flow down his cheeks.

Mr. White puts the hammer back down onto the table and takes a puff from his cigarette, looking at Lawrence.

MR. WHITE
How would you rate the pain, on a scale of one to ten?

Lawrence looks at Mr. White, blinking away the tears and gritting his teeth.

LAWRENCE
Fuck you.

Mr. White nods his head and picks up a cattle prod from the table.

MR. WHITE
This little device right here is a cattle prod, known by farmers as a "Hot Shot." Anything that comes between these two metal electrodes receives a high-voltage, low-current shock. While not strong enough to kill, it does cause significant pain. Shall we test it out, or would you like to talk?

LAWRENCE
Why not one more for the road?

Mr. White smiles and then sticks Lawrence with the prod, shocking him.

Lawrence convulses and cries out as Mr. White continually sticks him with the prod.

MR. WHITE
Had enough?

Lawrence sags down in the chair, twitching and mumbling incoherent sentences.
Mr. White sets down the prod and picks up that nasty looking tool, the smile spreading even wider on his face.

MR. WHITE
I think we'll move on to this next.

Mr. White moves in on Lawrence to use it.

LAWRENCE
Wait, wait. Stop. Please. I can't take anymore.

MR. WHITE
I thought you'd see things my way. How unfortunate.

LAWRENCE
I can't tell you where it is.

MR. WHITE
And why is that?

LAWRENCE
That leaves me no leverage. You'll kill me here and now.

Mr. White sets the torture tool down and crosses his arms.

MR. WHITE
Then how do you propose we proceed?

LAWRENCE
I'll take you to it myself. But I want your word you'll let me go, and you'll leave Sarah alone.

Mr. White looks over to the two-way mirror and thinks for a moment before looking back over to Lawrence.

LAWRENCE
Come on, think about it. It's just sitting somewhere waiting to be found. Who knows how much longer you have?

MR. WHITE
I admire you, Lawrence. We could have used someone like you. Pity we found ourselves in this unfortunate situation.
LAWRENCE
Whatever you say, pal. Shall we go?

Mr. White unties Lawrence, who struggles to stand. He can't do it.

LAWRENCE
I can't get up. I can't move.

Mr. White turns his attention to the two-way mirror.

MR. WHITE
Let's get someone in here to help him up.

Lawrence suddenly springs from his chair, grabs the cattle prod, and buries it into Mr. White's back.

LAWRENCE
One to ten, how does that feel?

Lawrence prods Mr. White again in the side, and then once more in the neck.

LAWRENCE
I'm sorry, I can't here you!

Mr. White is out cold.

Lawrence searches his body and pulls out a key card.

An alarm goes off in the complex.

Cattle prod in hand, Lawrence swipes the keypad, unlocking the door, and darts out.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Lawrence limps as quickly as he can through the corridors of the command center.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
We have an escape in progress.
Repeat, escape in progress.
Subject is to be taken alive. Stun weapons only. Repeat, stun weapons only.

Lawrence rounds a corner and

WHAM!
He's met with a bean bag round to the stomach, dropping him to his knees.

A RIOT GUARD slowly approaches him, riot gun still aimed at him.

Mr. White slowly makes his way around the corner, holding his neck.

Lawrence gasps for air on the ground.

MR. WHITE
Clever, Lawrence. Very clever. I left myself wide open. That was my error.

Mr. White crouches down next to Lawrence.

MR. WHITE
But you really didn't think you could escape with a simple cattle prod, did you?

Mr. White picks up the cattle prod and sticks Lawrence with it, knocking him out.

MR. WHITE
Bag him up. We're moving out.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

A black SUV cruises through the streets, blending in with the traffic.

INT. BLACK SUV

Mr. White pulls the black hood off of Lawrence's head and he looks around, trying to figure out where he is.

MR. WHITE
This is your last chance, Lawrence. Try not to screw it up. Take me to it.

LAWRENCE
You'll let me go?

MR. WHITE
While you've caused more trouble than you're worth, I see no reason why we should have to terminate your life prematurely. You'll be (MORE)
MR. WHITE (cont'd)
free to go back to your pathetic
life of street pedaling and
conspiracy preaching.

Lawrence looks out the window.

LAWRENCE
The university auditorium.

MR. WHITE
You heard him, driver.

Mr. White's cell phone rings and he answers it.

MR. WHITE
Good afternoon, sir.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, MR. BROWN'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Brown sits behind his desk on the phone.

MR. BROWN
Is he taking you to it?

MR. WHITE (O.S.)
Yes, sir. We're en route as we speak.

MR. BROWN
Once you have it, get rid of it
and kill him. He knows too much.
The girl too.

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY

Mr. White looks at Lawrence and smiles.

MR. WHITE
Yes, sir. I couldn't agree more.
I'll call you when we're done.

Mr. White hangs up his cell phone.

LAWRENCE
Is the chain of command happy?

MR. WHITE
Most definitely. I must confess, I
read one of your books.
LAWRENCE
Did you, now? How'd you like it?

MR. WHITE
I thought it was very...autobiographical. I'm curious to know, did you have any idea what you were talking about, or was it all just compounded theories and nonsense you'd collected through the grapevines?

LAWRENCE
It was a little of both. I had seen enough and worked on enough things to know where we were headed, and I didn't like it.

MR. WHITE
Did you ever in your wildest dreams think that your theories would be confirmed in your lifetime?

LAWRENCE
No. But that wasn't why I wrote. I wrote to be heard. To open the world's eyes so when it all came to be, at least I'd have the satisfaction of being able to say I tried. The crazy man tried. Porcupine.

MR. WHITE
Excuse me?

Lawrence twitches, shaking his head.

LAWRENCE
Nothing.

EXT. UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - DAY

The black SUV pulls up to the university auditorium.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
No, no. Around back. It's back stage.

The SUV pulls around to the back alley and cruises down to the back door of the auditorium.
Mr, White, Lawrence, and Large Man #1 get out of the SUV. Lawrence looks up at the auditorium, closing his eyes and breathing deep.

     MR. WHITE
Problem, Lawrence?

Lawrence looks at Mr. White, shaking his head.

     MR. WHITE
You're wasting time. Let's go.

The three make their way up the steps and enter through the back door of the auditorium.

INT. UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM, BACKSTAGE - DAY

Lawrence, Mr. White, and Large Man #1 walk around backstage, Lawrence apparently wandering around aimlessly.

     MR. WHITE
Well? Where is it?

     LAWRENCE
I don't remember exactly where I put it.

Large Man #1 takes out a gun and points it at Lawrence, who tenses up.

     MR. WHITE
You have royally pissed me off within the last 24 hours, Lawrence. I assure you, my patience has all but run out. No more games. Give it to me.

Lawrence continues to look for the USB drive.

     LAWRENCE
I told you, I don't remember exactly where I put it. My mind is all over the place. One minute it's sunshine, flowers and bunnies and then - WHAM - It's little green men, aluminum foil hats and chocolate pudding.

     MR. WHITE
Charming, Lawrence. Keep looking.
LAWRENCE
This would go a lot faster if you'd help.

MR. WHITE
I'd rather not turn my back on you, thanks.

LAWRENCE
No hard feelings about that cattle prod, yeah?

Mr. White takes out a cigarette and lights it, clearly not amused.

LAWRENCE
You can't smoke in here. You'll set off the alarm.

MR. WHITE
Sue me.

Lawrence fumbles around some more and then finds the USB drive.

He turns around, holding it in his hand.

LAWRENCE
See? Right here. Told you I'd find it.

MR. WHITE
Hand it over.

Lawrence looks at the USB drive, then at Mr. White, hesitating.

He tosses it to Mr. White, who catches it. Mr. White examines it almost affectionately.

MR. WHITE
All this over so small a thing. It's rather amazing, isn't it?

LAWRENCE
Right. So, that's it, yeah? I'm free to go?

MR. WHITE
The copies you made?
LAWRENCE
The only copy I made, Jack destroyed.

MR. WHITE
You made no other copies?

Lawrence shakes his head.

MR. WHITE
You're sure?

LAWRENCE
I wouldn't know what to do with it. Jack was going to be my saving grace.

MR. WHITE
I see. Well then, I suppose we're done here.

Mr. White nods his head to Large Man #1, who puts a silencer onto his gun and points it at Lawrence, ready to shoot.

Lawrence puts his hands up, backing away.

LAWRENCE
Whoa, whoa. Wait a second. We had a deal, remember? I'd give you what you wanted and you'd let me go.

MR. WHITE
Did you honestly believe with everything you've seen, with everything you know, that we'd just let you walk away?

LAWRENCE
But I'm just a crazy guy, remember? You said it yourself. Who's going to listen to me?

MR. WHITE
We don't take chances, Lawrence.

Lawrence fidgets almost uncontrollably.

LAWRENCE
And what of Sarah? You're just going to kill her as well?
Mr. White and Large Man #1 stand there, mouths agape, mortified.

Sarah scowls at them.
SARAH
What are you going to do? Gun down the entire auditorium? I don't think you have enough bullets in your gun.

Prof. Harrison steps on stage with two FEDERAL AGENTS.

Mr. White stares coldly at Lawrence and Sarah.

MR. WHITE
You've made a huge mistake. Just wait.

Mr. White takes a badge out of his jacket coat and waves them at the Federal Agents.

MR. WHITE
You're interfering with a government investigation. Level 6 clearance. You have no authority to arrest us. I suggest you leave the premises now and forget everything you heard. These two are wanted for high crimes against the country.

One of the Federal Agent's holds up a disk.

FEDERAL AGENT
Skip it.

MR. WHITE
Call the Attorney General. He'll confirm.

FEDERAL AGENT
We'll see.

The Federal Agents place cuffs on both Mr. White and Large Man #1 and haul them away.

MR. WHITE
You're making a huge mistake. You can't do this.

FEDERAL AGENT
Shut it, old man.

LAWRENCE
Oh, I like him. Bye-bye!
Lawrence waves at Mr. White as he's led away.

Sarah looks at Lawrence, smiling. She's pulls a piece of notebook paper out of her pocket, waving it at Lawrence.

SARAH
I can't believe it actually worked. How did you come up with this?

LAWRENCE
I keep telling everyone, I'm not crazy.

Lawrence winks at Sarah.

SARAH
Think we can get this in in time for the 9 o'clock news?

LAWRENCE
I think we'd better hurry and find out.

INT. NEWS ROOM - NIGHT

Sitting behind a desk, surrounded by cameras is reporter RACHAEL YOUNG.

RACHAEL
Good evening and thank you for joining us this evening. I'm Rachael Young and this is WTCB's 9 o'clock news. Our top story this evening focuses on a bizarre series of events that occurred over the past 24 hours. From ominous black helicopters, to car chases and shootouts, the city has been swept away in terror and shrouded in deep mystery, all the result of a conspiracy that has gripped the nation. The truth is far more shocking - and unbelievable - than anything a Hollywood movie could produce.

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah and Lawrence stand in her living room, watching the news intently.
SARAH
You did it. It's over.

Lawrence looks around the house nervously.

LAWRENCE
I'm not so sure about that, love.

SARAH
Come on, do you really think they'd touch us after this? It'd be suicide for them.

LAWRENCE
Maybe. But you've seen how far they'll go. Give it a few days, it'll be written off as a hoax and we'll be wanted by the federal government for terrorism. We won't ever be safe here.

SARAH
What do we do?

LAWRENCE
Pack your bags. I'll meet you here tomorrow afternoon.

Lawrence goes to leave.

SARAH
Wait, you can't just expect me to pack up and leave. My whole life is here. My family. What do I tell them?

LAWRENCE
Nothing. The less anyone knows, the better.

SARAH
I don't know, Lawrence. I don't think I can do that.

LAWRENCE
They won't stop. And they don't have to. Trust me, they're more powerful than anything you can imagine. If you want to stay alive, pack your bags.

Again, Lawrence goes to leave.
SARAH
Just what was on that drive, exactly?

LAWRENCE
You didn't look?

Sarah shakes her head.

SARAH
I just gave it to Professor Harrison.

Lawrence smiles.

LAWRENCE
You don't want to know, love. Tomorrow afternoon.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, MR. BROWN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Mr. Brown sits behind his desk, watching the news and drinking scotch. He is beyond pissed.

His phone rings. The VOICE on the other end is very unpleasant. It chills to the bone.

MR. BROWN
Yeah, what?

THE VOICE (O.S.)
Do you know what I'm watching on the news right now?

Mr. Brown becomes very nervous, dropping his glass and straightening up in his chair.

MR. BROWN
It's you. Forgive me. Yes, I'm watching it now.

THE VOICE (O.S.)
How could you let this happen? How did it get so far out of control?

MR. BROWN
I don't know. I - I - I -

THE VOICE (O.S.)
Stop stuttering, you idiot.

Mr. Brown swallows hard. He's sweating.
THE VOICE (O.S.)
This threatens to bring down everything we've worked so hard to achieve. Centuries of progress potentially ruined by a bum and some whore. And why? Because your office is too incompetent to handle a simple operation. What do we pay you for?

MR. BROWN
I'll handle it, sir. It will not happen again.

THE VOICE (O.S.)
This is the one and only error you get to make, understood?

MR. BROWN
Yes, sir. Thank you so much, sir.

THE VOICE (O.S.)
I want them all silenced. Anyone that had anything to do with this. We're starting fresh.

MR. BROWN
Right away.

The line goes dead and Mr. Brown slowly hangs up the phone.

He opens his desk, takes out the bottle of scotch, and begins to chug it.

EXT. FEDERAL AGENCY - DAY

Mr. White and Large Man #1 step out of the federal building and walk down the steps.

Mr. White is fuming.

MR. WHITE
I'll have those asshole that arrested us hanging by hooks in the morning. What the hell took them so long to get us out of their custody? I've never spent a night in a cell before. Unbelievable.

A black SUV pulls up to the curb and Dale gets out of the driver's seat. Large Man #2 sits in the passenger seat.
DALE
Your chariot has arrived, gentlemen.

MR. WHITE
Cut the antics, wise ass. Just shut your mouth and drive.

DALE
Yes, sir.

Dale gets back behind the wheel and Mr. White and Large Man #1 get in the back seat.

The black SUV speeds away.

INT. BLACK SUV

Mr. White takes out his phone and dials a number.

MR. BROWN (O.S.)
Hello?

MR. WHITE
I just wanted to thank you for letting me sit in a cell over night. I want their heads on a plate and I want it now.

MR. BROWN (O.S.)
I'm afraid things are going to happen a little differently this time. The boss is going to be calling you any minute now.

Mr. White goes pale.

MR. WHITE
He is? Very well, then.

Mr. White hangs up the phone. It rings again. The SUV comes to a stop.

MR. WHITE
It's a honor to speak with you, sir.

THE VOICE (O.S.)
Your services to us are no longer required. Your contract has been terminated.
Dale pulls out a gun and shoots Large Man #2.
He then turns around and shoots both Mr. White and Large Man #1.
He looks at his gun, smiling.

DALE
   Just like old times, baby.

Dale kisses his gun and gets out of the SUV.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY
The SUV is parked on train tracks, and a train is coming fast.
Dale calmly puts his gun away and leaves the SUV, whistling.
The train blasts its horn and slams on the brakes, but there's no way it can stop in time.
SLAM!
It blasts into the SUV in a marvelous collision.

DALE
   That's beautiful.

Dale laughs and continues walking. His cell phone rings.

DALE
   It's done.

MR. BROWN (O.S.)
   Look out.

DALE
   Wha -

A car comes out of nowhere and slams into Dale.

EXT. BISTRO - DAY
Leather and Glasses sit outside a nice little bistro having lunch together.
LEATHER
I don't know. All I'm saying is with the bonus we've got coming our way, I think a boat would be a nice investment.

GLASSES
You know what they say about boats, though. The two happiest days of your life are the day you buy it and the day you sell it.

LEATHER
Yeah, I don't buy into all that crap. I mean if you think about it -

Leather's voice suddenly cuts off. He lurches forward, gagging.

Glasses looks at him, half smiling.

GLASSES
Didn't your mother ever teach you not to speak with your mouth full? You're supposed to chew your food, you idiot.

Leather continues to gag and stands up, knocking over his plate.

Glasses sees it's serious.

GLASSES
Hey man, you -

Glasses begins choking too.

Other PATRONS watch in horror as the two men choke.

A few rush over to try and help, but it's no use. They're dead.

EXT. AIR FIELD - DAY
Air Support walks to his helicopter and gets inside. He starts it up and takes off.

The helicopter cruises through the air beautifully.

INT. HELICOPTER
Air Support glides over the field, looking over it, a smile on his face.

Suddenly, the alarm goes off.

    AIR SUPPORT
    What the hell?

The helicopter's instruments start failing across the board. Air Support struggles to control the helicopter.

EXT. AIRFIELD

The helicopter spins wildly through the air, losing altitude until finally slamming hard into the ground.

KABOOM!

It explodes in a huge fireball.

EXT. CHIP'S HOUSE, POOL - DAY

In the back yard of a rather luxurious home, Chip floats on a large raft in the middle of his pool, sipping on some fruity drink with a pretty umbrella in it.

Without a care in the world, he closes his eyes and just lets the water cruise him around the pool.

A shadow is suddenly cast over him. He keeps his eyes closed.

    CHIP
    Whoever you are, you're blocking my sun and I really don't appreciate it. Move.

The shadow remains cast over his face.

Chip sighs.

    CHIP
    All right, buddy -

Chip opens his eyes and is suddenly gripped by fear.

    CHIP
    No, wait -
BLAM!
A gunshot shatters the serene atmosphere.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Mr. Brown overlooks the operations room, which is now surrounded by RIOT GUARDS with automatic weapons in their hands.

The dispatchers all look around at them nervously, trying to stay focused on their work.

    MR. BROWN
    I know you're all a little on edge due to the increase in security around here, by due to our heightened state of alert, it is a necessary precaution. Please, go about your business as usual. Just pretend they're not even here.

Mr. Brown walks away, closing himself in his office.

The Riot Guards open fire.

INT. PROFESSOR HARRISON'S OFFICE - DAY

There's a knock on the door, and a FEMALE STUDENT steps inside Professor Harrison's office.

    FEMALE STUDENT
    Professor Harrison?

The Female Student looks over to his desk and screams.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Lawrence stands in front of a grave in the cemetery, looking down on it, tears freely flowing down his face.

    LAWRENCE
    You were right, you know. You always said my mouth would get me in a lot of trouble one day. I wish I'd listened before it was too late for us. Too late for you.

Lawrence looks around the cemetery. It's empty. Quiet. Peaceful. A breeze picks up.
He looks back down at the grave in front of him.

LAWRENCE
I know I promised I'd come see you every day, but this is the last time I'll be able to see you. I hope you don't resent me for it. God, I wish I was as strong as you were in the end.

Lawrence takes something out of his coat pocket. A gold band. His wedding ring.

LAWRENCE
This was the only major possession from our old life that I kept. But you already knew that, didn't you? I've been so lost without you, baby. I feel like I'm losing my mind.

Lawrence chuckles to himself.

LAWRENCE
Sometimes I want to give up and just let the darkness claim me. Then I hear your voice and I'm okay again. I miss you so much.

Lawrence wipes the tears from his eyes and clears his throat.

LAWRENCE
I'm going away with a girl. I know what you're thinking, but don't. She's not going to replace you. Nobody ever could. I promise.

Lawrence sets the ring down on the grave stone, which reads:

JENNIFER RAINER - BELOVED WIFE, IRREPLACEABLE PERSON

LAWRENCE
Bye babe.

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Lawrence makes his way up to Sarah's front door and knocks on it.
LAWRENCE
Sarah, it's Lawrence. You home?

No sounds come from the other side of the door.

LAWRENCE
I'm coming in.

Lawrence opens the door and steps inside.

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Lawrence closes the door behind him and looks around.

LAWRENCE
I hope you're not naked.

The house is eerily quiet.

Lawrence begins fidgeting and looks around nervously.

LAWRENCE
Sarah?

Lawrence slowly creeps through the house and enters the bedroom, only to find Sarah face down on her bed.

LAWRENCE
Sarah!

Lawrence rushes over the Sarah and scoops her lifeless body up in his arms.

LAWRENCE
No, no, no, no! Come on, Sarah. Wake up. Wake up, love. Don't you be dead. Don't you leave me! Come on! Sarah!

Lawrence begins to weep and slowly rock back and forth with Sarah in his arms.

LAWRENCE
You're all I've got left in the world.

Lawrence stares off into space, losing himself, until - a hand reaches up and touches his face.

Lawrence looks down in disbelief at Sarah, who slowly opens her eyes.
LAWRENCE
You're alive! You scared the piss out of me!

Sarah stretches, yawning.

SARAH
I'm sorry. I couldn't sleep last night, so I took some sleeping pills. Guess I took too much. What time is it?

LAWRENCE
Time to go.

Sirens roar in the distance, getting louder with every second.

Lawrence rushes over to the window and looks outside.

Two squad cars are coming barreling down the road.

LAWRENCE
No!

Lawrence rushes around the house, searching for something.

LAWRENCE
Come on, come on, where are they?

Outside, the sirens get even louder.

Lawrence scrambles frantically — ah, keys.

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE — DAY

Lawrence rushes outside, pulling Sarah behind him, and gets in Sarah's car, starting it.

Just as the squad cars arrive, Lawrence speeds away. The squad cars pursue.

EXT. CITY STREETS — DAY

And the chase is on.

Lawrence zooms through the streets, dodging traffic as best as he can. It's clearly been a while since he's driven.

The squad cars gain on him.
Lawrence smashes through a fruit stand.

INT. SARAH'S CAR

Lawrence looks back at the demolished fruit stand.

LAWRENCE
Sorry, bit rusty! It's been a while!

SARAH
You should have let me drive.

EXT. CITY STREETS

Lawrence whips the car around a corner, the squad cars doing the same.

Up ahead, a construction site awaits.

INT. SARAH'S CAR

LAWRENCE
I hope you don't mind getting dirty.

Sarah looks ahead at the construction site.

SARAH
Oh, no. You're kidding!

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Lawrence speeds up a ramp and crashes through walls of plywood, blasting through the site.

CONSTRUCTION WORKERS run every which way to escape the carnage as the two squad cars also tear through the site.

INT. SARAH'S CAR

Sarah looks around, absolutely terrified.

SARAH
You're going to get us killed!

LAWRENCE
Better I than them, right love?

Lawrence winks at Sarah.
SARAH
Watch out!
A wrecking ball swings right towards them.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE
Lawrence swerves Sarah's car out of the way, barely.
One of the squad cars is not so lucky.
CRASH!
The wrecking ball slams into the side of the squad car, sending it crashing through a wall of cinder block.

INT. SARAH'S CAR

LAWRENCE
Did you see that? That was almost us!

Lawrence starts laughing.
Sarah holds on for dear life, trembling with fear.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE
Lawrence sends the car flying up some plywood, smashing through some windows, and landing in the middle of the street.
The car quickly whips around and continues driving.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY
Two fresh squad cars join the chase, gaining on Sarah's car.
The road ahead ends on a pier.

INT. SARAH'S CAR

SARAH
You're not going to outrun them. We're running out of road.

LAWRENCE
I know that, love. You can swim, yeah?

SARAH
Of course!
LAWRENCE
Roll down the windows!

Sarah looks ahead, the pier a mere 50 feet away.

Lawrence cranks down his window and Sarah does the same, realising what Lawrence has planned.

SARAH
If I survive this, I'm going to kill you!

EXT. PIER - DAY

Lawrence races Sarah's car down the pier, FISHERMAN and FAMILIES scattering out of the way.

The squad cars stop just short of the pier.

Lawrence does not slow the car down, and drives it right through the guard rails, off the edge.

The car crashes into the water below.

The COPS rush to the edge of the pier, fighting their way through the crowd of onlookers. They watch as the car sinks below the surface, a rash of bubbles disrupting the surface and then - nothing.

COP
Get a diving crew down here, quick!

EXT. BENEATH THE PIER - DAY

Lawrence and Sarah emerge on the surface, gasping for air. They cling onto one of the pier's legs, trying to catch their breath.

LAWRENCE
I told you we'd be fine, love.

SARAH
Shut up. I hate you.

LAWRENCE
Come on, before they start searching the water.

Lawrence starts swimming and Sarah follows.
EXT. FERRY - DAY

Lawrence and Sarah sit on the deck of the ferry, wrapped in blankets, looking behind them as the city slowly dissolves in the distance.

SARAH
What now? Where do we go?

LAWRENCE
We'll figure it out, love. Don't you worry about that.

SARAH
Do you think they'll find us?

LAWRENCE
Not if we're careful. We'll never be able to stay in one place for too long, but if we're lucky, we'll always be at least one step ahead of them.

SARAH
That's it? That's as good as it gets?

LAWRENCE
That's it. They killed my Jennifer, you know.

Sarah looks at Lawrence, confused.

SARAH
What?

LAWRENCE
You know, the higher-ups. The ones I worked for once upon a time. They poisoned her. She didn't want to believe it, but I knew. Cancer. Never smoked a day in her life. Healthiest person I'd ever met. I was just paranoid, she'd say. The day she died was the day I gave it all up. I know how you feel, leaving it all behind. Eventually, you're okay with turning your back on it all.
Lawrence turns his back on the fading city and walks away.
Sarah stands there staring at it, getting one last fond look at her old life.

EXT. CUBA, MARKETPLACE - DAY

On a bright sunny day in Cuba, the marketplace is bustling with activity.

Lawrence and Sarah walk through the marketplace and approach a CUBAN VENDOR, who offers them fresh produce and live chickens.

Lawrence looks around as Sarah haggles with the vendor in Spanish.

Unbeknown to him, somebody snaps his picture. And Sarah's. They're being watched.

Sarah finishes haggling and takes a bag of veggies.

SARAH
Gracias, senor.

CUBAN VENDOR
De nada.

Lawrence and Sarah continue walking through the marketplace.

As they do, more photos of them are taken.

SARAH
I always wanted to vacation here. I think it's quite lovely.

LAWRENCE
Don't get too comfortable, we won't be here long.

SARAH
Come on, lighten up a little. You're so paranoid. We're okay here.

LAWRENCE
Uh huh.

SNAP. SNAP.

More photos taken.
Lawrence and Sarah make their way over to a fruit stand and Lawrence picks up an exotic fruit.

LAWRENCE
Look at this thing! I don't know if I should eat it or use it as a weapon. What is it?

CUBAN VENDOR
Durian.

Lawrence sniffs it and gags.

SNAP. SNAP.

LAWRENCE
Blegh! That's awful! Smell!

Lawrence playfully shoves the fruit into Sarah's face, laughing. She gags as well.

SARAH
Come on, get out of here with that.

LAWRENCE
Imagine how it tastes!

Lawrence sets the fruit down they walk away.

SNAP. SNAP.

Lawrence looks around one last time, but does not see the photographer.

He and Sarah then proceed to blend in with the crowd.

SATELLITE P.O.V.

Satellite imagery hones in on their exact location, showing them as a blinking red blip on the map.

A phone rings.

THE VOICE (O.S.)
Give me good news.

MR. BROWN (O.S.)
We've tracked them down, sir.
THE VOICE (O.S.)
Assemble the team. No mistakes this time.

MR. BROWN (O.S.)
It will be handled with the utmost discretion.

THE VOICE (O.S.)
I expect a full report on my desk by Monday.

MR. BROWN (O.S.)
Yes. Of course. Very good, Mr. President.

FADE OUT.