

SAVANT

by
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FADE IN:

INT. PADDED CELL - DAY

Sun shines through the window of a white, sterile padded cell. Empty except for a TV monitor embedded safely into the wall and a padded bed, jutting out from the wall.

NEAL (V.O.)
We are in the beginning of the
Information Age.

All alone in the far corner of the room -

CORNELIUS "NEAL" GEORGE (disheveled, late 20's but his spent eyes make him look older) lays on the floor against the wall. Drool worms its way down the corner of his mouth, an unfocused glaze in his eyes.

NEAL (V.O.)
At no other time in mankind's
history have we had as much
information at our fingertips.

A fly buzzes around Neal's head, but goes unnoticed.

NEAL (V.O.)
And what do we do with that
information, all of that knowledge?

Neal stares up, blankly, at the TV monitor.

The fly lands on the TV: "Wheel of Fortune" plays on mute.

The room begins a slow rumble.

The TV vibrates. The fly flees from the screen.

Neal's vacant stare comes to life, confused by the rumble.

NEAL (V.O.)
What if we were given unlimited
information? ALL of the
information.

Slowly, Neal struggles to worm his way towards the small window. The rumble of the room increases.

NEAL (V.O.)
Would we want it all?

He reaches the wall, inches his way up towards the window.

The rumbling gets LOUDER, Neal struggles to maintain his balance.

At the base of the window, Neal peaks through the protective bars, out through the glass. As he does -

Three military fighter jets ROAR overhead. The trembling building reaches a crescendo as they fly by.

Startled, Neal falls to the floor. He watches as the jets disappear into the distance.

The rumbling fades away. All is silent.

NEAL (V.O.)
Could we handle it all?

Neal stares out the window, his eyes searching for the jets.

INSERT: 6 MONTHS AGO

INT. NEAL'S BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

The rented basement room is sparsely furnished; whatever Neal owns is scattered and in disarray, like a rebellious teenager's room.

An old computer sits on an even older school desk in the corner. The only reading material are comic books, stacked in plastic, crate shelves against the concrete wall.

From his ratty couch, awash in the only light in the room, Neal (dressed younger than he should) stares directly at the brightness - the TV.

Neal stretches in the otherwise darkened room and grabs for the remote. He turns UP THE VOLUME.

INSERT: On the TV, the game-show "Jeopardy" plays. It's College Week.

YOUNG FEMALE CONTESTANT
I'll take Three-Letter Words for
two hundred, Alex.

ALEX TREBEK
(reads answer)
Take a small drink.

INT. NEAL'S BASEMENT ROOM

NEAL
(at the TV)
What's chug?

ON TV/NEAL'S ROOM

A MALE CONTESTANT buzzes in.

YOUNG MALE CONTESTANT
What is sip?

ALEX TREBEK
That is correct

YOUNG MALE CONTESTANT
Three-Letter Words for six hundred.

ALEX TREBEK
Nada, nothing, or to keep your
pants up.

NEAL
What's button?

YOUNG MALE CONTESTANT
(buzzes in)
What is zip?

ALEX TREBEK
Right again. Pick -

NEAL
Zip? What's that gotta do with
nothin'?

Frustrated, Neal changes the channel to "Wheel of Fortune".

INSERT: On TV, the wheel stops spinning. The ROTUND
CONTESTANT claps as the audience applauds. The puzzle shows:

THE THE__Y _F E__L_TI_N

ROTUND CONTESTANT
An 'R'?

PAT SAJAK
There is an 'R'.

Vanna White turns the lone lit rectangle. The puzzle now
reads:

THE THE_RY _F E__L_TI_N

ON TV/NEAL'S ROOM

NEAL

The thhhh...thuuu...theeee...

ROTUND CONTESTANT

I'd like to buy a vowel. An 'O'?

PAT SAJAK

There are four 'O's.

The audience applauds. Vanna turns the four lit rectangles.

THE THEORY OF E_OL_TION

Neal fidgets in frustration then changes the channel. A commercial is on.

He goes to his old computer. He taps the mouse. A DIAL-UP MODEM drowns out the commercial

As Neal waits for what seems like an eternity, the commercial ends then cuts back to "Jersey Shore". He comfortably grins, laughs hysterically at the TV.

The dial-up modem finishes then Neal types a few keys.

INSERT SCREEN: The login screen to Facebook.

Neal types a few keys then waits.

INSERT SCREEN: On Facebook, his FRIENDS list shows zero.

His expression turns dour.

"Jersey Shore" catches his attention, he laughs again.

EXT. BREKEN LABS - DAY

A huge, sterile-looking building takes up a whole city block on an overcast day.

INT. MAILROOM

Alone in a green-hued mailroom, Neal gazes over an envelope. Slowly.

He slides it into a slot in the wall. He picks up another envelope from the table then stops.

He goes back to the previous slot and pulls out the envelope. Neal looks it over again. He shakes his head then puts it in the correct slot.

INT. BREKEN LUNCHROOM

Groups of employees in lab coats eat lunch in clusters on the scattered tables. The lunchroom hums with their conversations.

At a table in the back corner, Neal eats alone. He peers over his bologna sandwich, watches everybody else.

PAUL (mid-30's, Ivy-Leaguer) saunters in, heads to the vending machine.

From a table nearby, STANLEY (40's, bespectacled) looks up.

STANLEY

Somebody parked a Jag in your stall.

PAUL

Yeah. I did. My stall. My Jag.

STANLEY

Get the hell out!

PAUL

Only four of those on the eastern seaboard.

STANLEY

How the hell -

Paul takes a seat at Stanley's table.

PAUL

Got the advance from Cain. I'm -
 (holds thumb and pointer
 an inch apart)
 - that close to clone mapping. Cain
 thought the Jag would give my brain
 a little nudge.

STANLEY

You've been that close for, oh, six
 years now.

PAUL

Not according to my math.

STANLEY
Your math's always blown.

Paul sits back with a smirk.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
Oh, you son-of-a-bitch.

PAUL
Look, he wants to throw money at
the problem, I'll catch it.

Paul squints at the book of Sudoku on the table. Numbers are scratched or blotted out in a big mess. He holds it up.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(to the room)
Who fucked up the Sudoku?

Neal hides behind his bologna sandwich.

Through the doorway, DR. MELISA DOLAN (late 20's, nerd-
gorgeous) makes a beeline to the vending machine.

Paul leers at her the whole way.

Neal slowly lowers the bologna sandwich, stares at Melisa.

Melisa feeds it a dollar. The bill gets returned. She tries a
few more times in vain.

PAUL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I've been told -

Melisa turns to see Paul, inappropriately close to her,
leaning against the side of the vending machine.

PAUL (CONT'D)
- shoving it in won't get you any
candy.

Melisa purses her lips, notices the suddenly quiet lunchroom
is focused on her.

MELISA
Oh, really?

PAUL
Maybe you just need a man's touch.

Paul grabs for the dollar but she pulls it away.

MELISA

No, thanks. I'm not that hungry.
 (heads for the exit)
 But feel free to touch yourself.

Neal BURSTS OUT LAUGHING from his table, breaks the silence.

Paul glares at Neal who ducks back behind his sandwich.

When Paul turns back, Melisa is gone.

INT. NEAL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Neal takes out a frozen dinner from the microwave.

At the table, he sticks the fork in; the fork stands straight up.

His landlord, MRS. SEWELL (70's, matronly), walks in, sees the fork.

Neal gets up and sticks the dinner back in the microwave. Mrs. Sewell walks up behind him as he taps out the time on the microwave.

Without a word to Neal, she opens the door and takes the fork out of the dinner. She reads the box then adjusts the time on the microwave.

Neal smiles gratefully at her. She sighs, pats him on the head like a child then leaves.

INT. NEAL'S BASEMENT ROOM

The TV lights up Neal's otherwise dark room. On the couch he holds his TV dinner in one hand and with the other he flips through the channels. Still chewing, he lands on -

INSERT: On TV, JON STEWART of The Daily Show.

JON STEWART

Please welcome tonight's guest, the head of the extremely controversial Savant Project, from Breken Labs, Dr. Seymour Cullum.

The audience APPLAUDS. DR. SEYMOUR CULLUM (50's, salt-pepper hair tied in a ponytail) shyly walks out from the wings. Awkward in a suit and tie, Dr. Cullum settles into his seat.

BACK TO NEAL'S ROOM

Neal recognizes Dr. Cullum. In awe, he sets down the remote control and the TV dinner, sits up attentively.

INT. THE DAILY SHOW SET

JON STEWART
Thank you for joining us.

DR. CULLUM
Thank you for having me.

JON STEWART
Anyone who Rush Limbaugh calls, let
me get this right -
(looks at notes)
- a Hippy Heretic, is welcome any
day of the week and twice on
Hanukkah.

Audience LAUGHS

INT. NEAL'S BASEMENT ROOM/DAILY SHOW

Though not quite sure why, Neal laughs, too.

JON STEWART
Let's get to the science first -
you're on the verge of a tremendous
breakthrough. Your research will
essentially turn us all into X-Men.

Neal perks up.

Dr. Cullum LAUGHS.

JON STEWART (CONT'D)
Just one question: When can I get
wings?

The audience laughs.

Neal runs to a bunch of crates stacked in the corner. He messily leafs through a bunch of comic books. He pulls out -
THE UNCANNY X-MEN.

DR. CULLUM
Well, yes and no.

JON STEWART
Is that yes on the wings?

DR. CULLUM

The project involves unlocking the full potential of the brain. The average person uses ten percent of their brain.

JON STEWART

So not just the cast of Duck Dynasty.

Audience and Dr. Cullum LAUGH.

DR. CULLUM

I haven't done any DNA sampling on them. You see, the right side of the brain, the creative, intuitive side; the left, the logical, rational part. In autistic savants, the right side is free to run the show while the left side is, well, underdeveloped.

JON STEWART

So basically, they can do the math, but can't love it like we do.

On the edge of the couch, Neal holds the comic, hanging on Dr. Cullum's every word.

DR. CULLUM

Basically. My research -

JON STEWART

The Savant Project.

DR. CULLUM

- is attempting to methodically induce the same process in a normal brain; freeing the limitless power of the mind but keeping the social interaction intact. My theory is access to the subconscious mind is somewhere in the other 90%. Cures for cancer, solutions to global problems, are all locked away up there, waiting to be released.

At this, Neal's eyes go wide.

NEAL

(soft)

Wow.

JON STEWART

So exactly how would you go about under-developing the left side without using a baseball bat?

DR. CULLUM

It's - complicated.

JON STEWART

Is that a euphemism for controversial?

DR. CULLUM

In autistic savants, because the left side is extremely impaired, the right side overcompensates, allowing them genius-level in memory, mathematics, art. The key is to find a regular human brain closer to an autistic savants that is - well, naturally impaired.

JON STEWART

And how's that working out?

DR. CULLUM

A dead rat or two.

JON STEWART

When you run out of those, we have a few members of the Senate you may want to run around your wheel.

The audience LAUGHS.

DR. CULLUM

Human trials haven't been approved yet. Even for senators.

Neal stares at the screen in what passes for deep thought. He looks down at the comic; Angel, the winged-X-man flies above a crowd, a mixture of horror and puzzlement on their faces.

As the TV plays on in the background, Neal sits cross-legged on the ground, engrossing himself in the comic.

INT. BREKEN LABS - BASEMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Neal pushes the mail cart down a dimly lit hallway. He stops in front of a set of heavily-secured double-doors.

He peeks through the tiny window, its one-way mirror reflects his own image. Neal looks up and down the empty hallway.

Then he bends down and peeks through the glass mail slot. Unable to see anything, he stands then goes to the infrared security pad next to the sliding door. He stares at it blankly.

He pushes against the door. Then he rattles it forcibly.

At once, the security pad lights up in red, a luminescent UNAUTHORIZED warning flashes on the screen as a BUZZER fills the previously quiet hallway.

Shocked, Neal stumbles into his cart, almost tips it over.

NEAL
(holds up hands)
I'm okay! I'm okay!

Neal quickly shuffles through his mail cart, retrieves a couple of legal sized envelopes and one manila envelope.

He stares at the MANILA ENVELOPE briefly before he opens the mail slot then tosses the envelopes inside.

Quickly, he pushes his mail cart down the hallway. As he turns the corner out of sight -

The doors slides open and the emergency buzzer stops.

Melisa pokes her head out and looks down the empty hallway, confused.

INT. ELEVATOR

At the elevator, Neal breathes a sigh of relief.

As the elevator doors silently open CAMERON CAIN (50's, reptilian-faced), CEO of Breken Labs looms in front of Neal. Cain's \$2000 suit clings impeccably to his lanky figure.

Without looking at Neal, Cain pushes past him, knocking the mail cart to the side.

INT. CULLUM'S LAB - ANTE-ROOM

Melisa pulls the envelopes out from her end of the mail slot. She leafs through the envelopes. She pauses as she gets to the MANILA ENVELOPE.

In child-like scrawl at the top is her name. As she starts to open it -

The double-doors HISS and open behind her. Cain strides through the doors.

Startled, Melisa turns to Cain, drops the manila envelope as well as the others.

MELISA

Mr. Cain.

CAIN

Top of her class at Harvard and I still have to remind you to call me Cameron.

Cain stands ramrod straight, stares down his nose at the envelopes on the floor.

Melisa nervously bends down to pick them up. As she rises, she catches Cain staring down her top.

MELISA

(clutches the mail against her chest)

What can I do for you, Mr. Cain?

CAIN

(cold)

Obviously nothing.

(peers through the window leading to the lab)

Where is he?

MELISA

He got in late last night from the taping. He's probably still -

Cain turns on his heel then exits the ante-room. Doors HISS behind him.

Melisa relaxes. She looks down at the MANILA ENVELOPE on her desk. She opens it and takes out -

A packet of M&M's.

She smiles.

INT. CULLUM'S OFFICE

On the couch, Dr. Cullum snores, his lab coat, a makeshift blanket, covers him. His luggage leans against the couch.

CAIN (O.S.)
I don't pay you to sleep. I pay you
to be brilliant.

Dr. Cullum jolts awake. Cain looms over him.

DR. CULLUM
(groggy)
Einstein stared out the window for
hours at a time before he came up
with theories that changed -

CAIN
Einstein was never second in his
class.

Cullum, flustered by this remark, rummages through his
luggage, pulls out and lights a cigarette. Cain stalks over
to Cullum and yanks the cigarette out of his mouth.

CAIN (CONT'D)
And what the fuck was that tree-
hugging performance last night? You
got the green light from day one
for human trials.

DR. CULLUM
(defiant)
Did I? All humans?

Cain glares daggers at Dr. Cullum.

CAIN
I told you to find another one.

DR. CULLUM
I'm not - the project's not ready.
I refuse to -

CAIN
You're in no position to refuse
shit! It's time to break a few
eggs.

DR. CULLUM
Eggs I'll break. If I can't even
keep rats from going berserk,
there's no way a regular -

CAIN

I want omelettes, not excuses. The ignorant masses, glued to their iPhones and iPads and iFucks, their brains wasting away killing angry birds and twittering. You were supposed to show those narcissistic fools what real power was.

DR. CULLUM

That wasn't the reason -

CAIN

I know the reason!

DR. CULLUM

Cameron, you were a doctor once. Well, for two and a half semesters. Regardless, even you can't feel -

CAIN

Feel? I switched my major in time to avoid that mistake.

DR. CULLUM

And the School for Neuroscience is forever grateful that you did. (BEAT) Did the School of Finance teach you how to sell this if people's heads start exploding?

CAIN

That's what that fine print is for. (BEAT) My degree has paid for these toys in your lab. Lots of very expensive toys. Omelettes, Seymour. Start cracking.

Cain looks at the cigarette.

CAIN (CONT'D)

You're still not even smart enough not to inhale dangerous carcinogens.

DR. CULLUM

And you're not my dorm mate anymore.

Cain throws his cigarette on the ground, crushes it beneath his expensive shoes.

CAIN

That's right. Now I own the dorm.

(snorts)

Controversial. Meh. The most controversial thing about you is your extraordinary depletion of the rat population.

Cain storms out.

Cullum gets up off the couch. Picks the cigarette off the ground, stares at it. He dejectedly tosses it into the trash.

INT. BREKEN LUNCHROOM - DAY

Neal at his usual table in the corner stares down at a book of crosswords, the puzzle filled with his incorrect scratched out answers. A straw from his juicebox dangles from his lips.

MELISA (O.S.)

It was you, wasn't it?

Startled, Neal spits out the straw.

Melisa slips into the seat across from a nervous Neal.

NEAL

Wasn't what?

Melisa is surprised: Neal looks thoroughly confused.

MELISA

The candy. I wanted to...

Melisa takes out dollar a bill from her lab coat.

Neal holds up his hands, drops the juicebox, tries to catch it and the straw that falls from his mouth. He nervously puts the straw back in his mouth.

NEAL

Please. No. S'no...problem.

MELISA

That's sweet. I'm Melisa. One 'S'.

SLURRRRRRRRRRP! Nothing is left in the juicebox.

MELISA (CONT'D)

And you're...?

NEAL

Yeah, I know. One 'S'. Dr. Melisa Dolan. (BEAT) Cornelius. My friends call -

(looks down sheepishly)

I'm Neal. Neal George.

MELISA

Well, thank you, Neal George. I really appreciate it. If there's anything I can do -

NEAL

Couldja tell him...I mean, couldja let him know - Dr. Cullum - that, that...I got a solution to his dead...dead rat problem.

MELISA

(sits back down)

A solution? So you're like Matt Damon in Good Will Hunting?

Neal scrunches his face in confusion.

MELISA (CONT'D)

A secret genius. Janitor by day, solving intricate equations by night.

NEAL

Naw, I ain't a janitor, I work in the mailroom.

MELISA

I know. I was just -

NEAL

I wanna be his rat. For his experiment. He needs -

MELISA

(abruptly stands)

No. No, he doesn't. But thank you.

(turns as she walks away)

And thanks for the...

(hold up candy)

Thanks.

INT. MAILROOM

Distracted in thought at the mail counter, Neal puts a box into his cart.

He looks in the cart in frustration and takes it back out.

DR. CULLUM (O.S.)
It's dangerous.

Neal turns to see Dr. Cullum in the doorway. He excitedly stands, nervously tries not to make eye contact.

NEAL
(gestures to the mail)
D-Dr. Cullum. Sir. I ain't got to
your -

Neal turns to another bundle of mail and leafs through it.

DR. CULLUM
It's extremely dangerous. Even for
autistics like yourself -

NEAL
I ain't autistic. (BEAT) I ain't
nothing.

DR. CULLUM
You're not? I - Sometimes,
ignorance isn't just bliss; it's a
blessing.

NEAL
But you're smart.

DR. CULLUM
Like I said: a blessing.

NEAL
(turns back to his mail)
Guess you ain't that smart.

DR. CULLUM
I'm smart enough to know that you
could lose everything.

Neal looks at his mail; looks all around the mail room.

NEAL
Everything? All of this? (BEAT) You
can't change me back if it don't
work?

Dr. Cullum exhales wearily, noncommittally.

EXT. BREKEN LABS - ENTRY WAY/EXIT - LATER

Leaving for the day, Neal tries to open the door but it won't budge. The security panel by the handle shows a red light.

DR. CULLUM (V.O.)
All that we do know is you'll have
everything - or nothing.

Neal struggles with the door. From inside he sees -

EXT. BREKEN LABS - PARKING LOT

Melisa waiting by the curb.

EXT. BREKEN LABS - ENTRY WAY/EXIT

Neal smiles. But his expression changes to concern when he sees - a car pull up to Melisa.

Neal frantically struggles to open the door. The security panel stays red. He looks up and sees -

A handsome, well-dressed man (BRUCE) behind the wheel.

The RATTLE of the door gets louder as Neal yanks the handle.

Then he finally remembers something, reaches into his jacket and pulls out his security badge.

He swipes it at the security panel. The light turns green.

Neal bursts through the door just in time to see -

Melisa get into the car.

INT. CAR

MELISA
It's about time, I was ready to
catch the bus.

BRUCE
Don't yell at me. Clifford just
wouldn't let me leave.

MELISA
You need to stop screwing around
and just ask him out.

BRUCE

He's my boss. That's in violation
of at least a dozen H.R. rules.
(BEAT) And it'd be so worth it.

They drive off.

EXT. BREKEN LABS - PARKING LOT

Dejected, Neal watches them go.

He turns to go back in and turns the handle. It doesn't
budge. The security panel is red. He stares at the panel.

Neal turns back but Melisa and the car are gone.

He stares at his security badge, hangs his head defeated.

INT. CULLUM'S OFFICE

Dr. Cullum taps at his laptop behind his desk, stares at a
file next to it.

NEAL (O.S.)

Your parents must be proud.

Dr. Cullum looks up to see Neal staring at his college
diplomas and accreditations.

NEAL (CONT'D)

So proud.

DR. CULLUM

I was only second in my class.
Three and a half years I was the
top in my class. My friends decided
I needed to be more well rounded,
more cool. Took me out, loosened me
up with a few beers. The next day I
got an "F" on my physics exam.
Second didn't feel cool.

NEAL

Wow. Second.

Dr. Cullum looks down, slightly ashamed.

NEAL (CONT'D)

I don't like...I don't want...
(sighs)
I'd rather have nothin'.

Dr. Cullum reluctantly nods his head.

INT. CULLUM'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Melisa goes through Neal's personal information.

MELISA

Parents. Jennifer and (squints)
Steve? Where are they cur -

NEAL

Died. Mama died when I was five.
Some kinda cancer.

MELISA

And your father.

They are, he is - he died, too.

Neal sits quietly. Melisa is unsure if he understands her question.

MELISA (CONT'D)

We need to get an accurate medical
history to make sure -

NEAL

(curt)
He didn't die of anything medical.

MELISA

Okay.

INT. CULLUM'S LAB

At a desk, the pencil uncomfortable in his hands, Neal struggles to get through an I.Q. test. On the bubble test, bubbles are erased, some holes scrubbed through the page.

Melisa sits across the room, patiently takes notes while observing Neal.

Dr. Cullum, impatient, looks at the clock on the wall, sighs then slumps into a chair.

INT. CULLUM'S LAB - LATER

Neal lays in an M.R.I. machine.

Dr. Cullum watches a 3-D image of Neal's brain, random flickers of light but mostly his brain is dark.

Then his brain goes completely dark. Confused, Dr. Cullum looks up.

Scared, Neal attempts to wiggle out of the machine but Melisa rushes to encourage him back in.

INT. ELEVATOR - LATER

Melisa and Neal get into the elevator. Neal his backpack slung over a shoulder and duffle bag in hand.

NEAL
I didn't realize there were
apartments.

MELISA
It's not an apartment. Not exactly.

Neal watches as Melisa punches a code into the security panel above the buttons. An unnumbered floor button lights up.

NEAL
I always wondered where that went.

INT. NEAL'S NEW ROOM

In the bowels of Breken Labs, he sits on the bed taking a look around his sparse, sterile room. Many shelves line the wall - all empty.

He unpacks his backpack at the dresser. His clothes only take up a quarter of the available drawers.

NEAL
I go from an old basement to a new
basement. I'm really steppin' up in
the world, ain't I?

MELISA
We have a few dorm rooms down here
for test subjects.

Lastly he unpacks his comic books from his duffle bag, shields them from Melisa's view.

MELISA (CONT'D)
Do you have enough space?

Neal nervously drops his comics.

Melisa helps pick them up, looks at the cover of one. Neal looks embarrassed.

MELISA (CONT'D)

I'm really behind on this series.
(hands it back to Neal)
Don't tell me how it ends.

Neal hurriedly sticks the comics in the bottom drawer.

NEAL

I'm fine.

MELISA

Get some rest. Tomorrow's the big day.

Melisa heads to the door.

NEAL

Do you think it'll work? You think I'll do a good job for him. With Dr. Cullum's invention, I mean.

MELISA

We all have something inside of us. But not all of us knows how to get it out. (BEAT) Get some rest, Neal.

INT. HALLWAY - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Neal roams the semi-dark halls, exploring the unknown floor. As he's about to open the door to a room, down the hall he hears - music.

A piano plays softly in the distance.

He looks up at the ceiling at a speaker. He strains his neck to get closer to the speaker.

The speaker is part of the fire alarm.

Realizing the music isn't coming from the fire alarm, he cautiously makes his way down the hall.

He comes upon another room. He puts his ear up against the door. As he does the door slowly opens. He peers inside -

INT. MILES' ROOM

In the middle of the room an upright piano faces the doorway.

A beautiful Mozart piano sonata fills the room.

Drawn to the beauty of the piece and curiosity of the pianist, Neal inches his way into the room. He cranes his neck but can't see anything but the back of the piano.

As he gets closer, he looks around the coldly empty room. Aside from the piano and twin bed against the wall, the desk is bare and shelves are empty.

He peeks around the piano to see -

MILES BOUDREAUX (10 year old, dark hair, soulless eyes). His feet barely touching the pedals, Miles stares ahead, seemingly in a trance as Mozart channels through his tiny nimble fingers.

NEAL

Hey.

Miles ignores him, lost in the music.

NEAL (CONT'D)

(moves in closer)

Um...hey.

Miles tightens up, his playing gets a little faster, the volume increasing.

NEAL (CONT'D)

I'm...I'm Neal.

Miles plays with a ferocity, his fingers pounding away at the keys.

Neal backs away. Miles relaxes, the tempo slows and volume decreases.

NEAL (CONT'D)

You're really good. I don't see...

(looks around the room)

What do you call it? Music papers.

Neal goes over to the desk, looks up at the empty shelves.

NEAL (CONT'D)

How's about CD's? You learn by ear?

Neal goes to the desk.

NEAL (CONT'D)

Your parents must be very proud of you.

(sadly)

Very proud.

The room goes silent.

Neal looks over his shoulder to see Miles frozen, fingers suspended in midair. Miles continues to stare into nothingness but his body is obviously tense.

Neal slowly inches his way out of the room.

Miles picks up exactly where he left off.

INT. BREKEN LABS - OPERATING ROOM - NEXT DAY

In a sterile operating room, Neal sits upright on a slanted operating table. Electrodes attach to the front and sides of his head, Different wires and tubes attach to his chest and arms, run to different machines and hanging fluid bags.

The top of his shaved skull is exposed as Dr. Cullum operates on him from above.

Melisa sits next to Neal, monitoring his vitals and brain functions. The readings are normal, barely moving. The heart monitor BEEPS the only sound in the sterile room.

Dr. Cullum pauses, leans to the side to look at Melisa.

Melisa reads the monitor. She nods back to Dr. Cullum.

Dr. Cullum exhales, begins the procedure.

INT. NEAL'S ROOM - LATER

In the semi-darkness, Neal lays sedated in his hospital bed. A few tubes and wires run from his body to monitors and hanging fluid bags.

Neal BOLTS up in bed, wide-eyed and sweating. He grips his head in agony. His mouth opens to scream but the pain renders him speechless.

He falls from his bed, writhes in agony, his hands squeeze his head.

Neal painstakingly crawls from the bed to the desk, every few feet curls up from the pain. Sweat pours from him.

He finally reaches the almost empty desk. He pulls himself up, clawing and reaching for anything on the desk. After one last grasp, his hand grabs a cup full of pens, then -

Neal collapses to the floor.

INT. HALLWAY

Yawning, Melisa walks out of the elevator into the semi-dark hallway, a cup of coffee in hand. As she gets closer to the monitoring room she hears loud BEEPING and ALERTS.

Her walk turns into a run to the monitoring room.

INT. MONITORING ROOM

Computer monitors with readings of Neal's vitals, brain activity and other readings are stacked on the desk.

She hurriedly scans the different monitors.

Then all at once, the different beeps and alerts stop and the room is filled with silence with the exception of the heart monitor which fills with room with a long FLAT-LINE TONE.

On another monitor Melisa looks at the live feed from Neal's room and her eyes go wide. She bolts from the room.

INSERT: On the monitor feed is Neal's bed - empty.

INT. NEAL'S ROOM

Panicked, Melisa slams his door open and flies into the room.

She finds Neal in the dark, scribbling on the wall. Near the bed she sees most of the wires and tubes laying on the bed, disconnected from Neal.

She turns on the light. Then gasps as she looks at the walls and ceilings.

They are covered with hundreds of numbers, words and names.

MELISA (O.S.)
I was looking for a pattern, some
kind of logical sequence.

INT. NEAL'S ROOM - MORNING

Dr. Cullum stands in the middle of Neal's room, stares up at the vast array of numbers, words and names.

Melisa stands next to a sedated Neal as he lays in bed.

MELISA

And the names. I thought maybe these were his friends, family. The places could be geographic -

DR. CULLUM

They're addresses.

(turns to Melisa)

From the mailroom.

(points up at the ceiling)

That's the company I order our stock cultures from.

(points to another)

That's where the company gets its toilet paper from. (BEAT) Probably every address he's ever seen since he started. How long -

MELISA

Seven years. He's worked here for seven years. Only in the mailroom.

DR. CULLUM

Seven years. (BEAT) And when you found him...

FLASHBACK

INT. MONITORING ROOM - AN HOUR AGO

Melisa bends down to pick up the readings the printer spat out onto the floor. She goes wide-eye. Looks up at the monitors. Her jaw drops as colors dance across her face from the monitor. She drops the readings on the ground.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BACK TO NEAL'S ROOM

Melisa gazes apprehensively at Neal.

MELISA

They were too high.

Dr. Cullum slowly turns back to Melisa.

DR. CULLUM

A hundred percent?

MELISA

I had to sedate him. He was - overheating.

DR. CULLUM
A hundred percent?

Melisa falls silent.

DR. CULLUM (CONT'D)
Bring the sedation down, slowly. We
need to talk to him.

MELISA
Seymour -

DR. CULLUM
The eggs are already broken,
Melisa.

INT. NEAL'S ROOM - LATER

Neal stirs from his sleep. At the foot of his bed he sees -
Miles, staring right through him.

NEAL
(rubs his eyes)
So is this what you see?

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

Above Neal's room in a darkened observation room, Cain stares
down through a two-way mirror window. As he focuses on Miles,
a rare hint of joy overcomes him.

He quickly recovers then storms out of the room.

INT. NEAL'S ROOM - DAY

Neal, markedly livelier, sits up in bed, reads Stephen
Hawking's "A Brief History of Time". A flat-screen TV on the
wall is tuned to a 24-hour news channel.

Finishing the last page, he puts it to one side of his bed -
atop a stack of a dozen other books. Two other stacks dwarf
that stack.

He reaches into a box on the other side of his bed and pulls
out another book.

Melisa walks in with her e-tablet. She sees Neal reading,
grabs the remote then turns down the TV.

NEAL
 Oh, no. You can keep it on.
 (looks past her towards
 the door)
 Just you?

MELISA
 Dr. Cullum's in the lab.

Neal looks a bit sad that he's not with her.

NEAL
 Make sure he knows I've finished -

Neal gestures to the stack of books. She is preoccupied with Neal's medication readings.

MELISA
 I can't stand to be in a totally
 quiet room, either. Even when I'm
 reading.

NEAL
 I'm actually catching up on the
 news.

She turns. Now Neal has her full attention.

MELISA
 While you're reading?

NEAL
 Never really watched it before.
 Didn't need to. In all honesty,
 I...I couldn't follow it.

She checks the monitor next to his bed.

MELISA
 The 24-hour news cycle can get
 pretty depressing.

NEAL
 Did you know they've been fighting
 in the Middle East for centuries?
 Over religion?

MELISA
 Yup. Mind-boggling, I know.

NEAL
 You can take the dosage down. It
 don't - doesn't. It doesn't hurt as
 much.

Melisa looks at him with concern.

NEAL (CONT'D)
I promise. If anything, it's making
it harder -
(holds up the book)
- fuzzier.

Melisa checks the dosage. Glances at the stack of finished books, a look of concern on her face.

MELISA
Let's take it slow. For now.

NEAL
Of course. Yes, you're right. Are
you going to show Dr. Cullum how
many books -

MELISA
So what do you feel like today?

NEAL
History. Maybe THE RISE AND FALL OF
THE ROMAN -

MELISA
I meant for lunch.

NEAL
Oh. Peanut butter and jelly. Grape
please.

MELISA
We do have a full cafeteria.

NEAL
It's my favorite. And maybe a
couple of other TV's. If you don't
mind.

Melisa stops to stare at him.

MELISA
(giggles)
Anything else?

Neal squints his eyes. Pulls the book away. Squints, then pulls it closer to his face.

NEAL
I may need glasses.

As Melisa is about to leave the room, she runs her hand across Neal's address scribbles on the wall.

MELISA

And I'll get someone to clean this -

NEAL

No. Please. It's...it's a reminder.

Neal goes back to his book.

DR. CULLUM (O.S.)

Remarkable. His eyes can't keep up with the reading.

INT. CULLUM'S LAB - OBSERVATION ROOM - LATER

Dr. Cullum and Cain observe as Neal gets his eyes examined by Melisa in the adjacent room.

CAIN

Clearly he wasn't Barnes & Noble's Customer of the Month before this.

DR. CULLUM

I'm worried he may be pushing -

CAIN

Jeff Gordon changes tires every so many laps. We'll get him new eyes. A pair every fifty laps.

DR. CULLUM

It's not the tires. I'm worried about blowing the engine.

CAIN

His heart?

DR. CULLUM

His brain.

CAIN

Ah. I can always hire more idiots to sort the mail.

DR. CULLUM

It's not necessarily the amount of information.

Dr. Cullum points at a monitor. It shows the 3-D image of Neal's brain but with 25% more of it lit up than usual.

DR. CULLUM (CONT'D)
We're down to 75% sedation.

CAIN
Take it down further.

DR. CULLUM
Tests suggest healthy brain activity. But being able to process that much information at that rate? THAT much information? Maybe there's a reason we only use ten percent -

CAIN
Enough with that old cliché! The most powerful men in the world are only at ten percent. We're going beyond that.

DR. CULLUM
We?

Cain smirks then walks closer to the window, looks at Neal.

CAIN
Fit him with glasses. Fashionable ones. Once he hits the road, if all of this crap doesn't work, at least he'll look smart.

DR. CULLUM
He's not going to hit the road!
He's -

Cain heads towards the door.

CAIN
MY dorm! Take it down!

INSERT: THREE MONTHS LATER

INT. PASTOR TED'S CHURCH

From the pulpit, PASTOR TED (50's, crew-cut evangelical) spews his message in a Southern twang to an unseen congregation.

PASTOR TED
They say he is the New Man. All-
Knowing. All-Seeing.
(MORE)

PASTOR TED (CONT'D)

I say horse-pucky! There is only one All-Knowing! There is only one All-Seeing!

INT. NEAL'S NEW ROOM

Neal sits alone in his darkened room on a high swivel chair. The only light in the room comes from a dozen TV monitors circled around him. He slowly swivels his chair from monitor to monitor, his eyes fixed on the screens.

His lips silently repeat the information he absorbs from the various channels (news, finance, National Geographic, etc.).

PASTOR TED (V.O.)

He is not the New Man. He is an abomination. An abomination against the All-Knowing. An abomination against the All-Seeing.

He swivels, without looking, adjusts the I.V. tube leading from his arm to the all-important sedation medication (at 65%), locked in a huge cannister on wheels.

INT. BREKEN LABS - CULLUM LABORATORY

Dr. Cullum and Neal stand on a raised platform in the lab in front of a map of the world on a wall-sized monitor. Dr. Cullum points out different locations while Neal listens intently.

PASTOR TED (V.O.)

They say he is what we could be! I say we're fine how we are!

As Dr. Cullum gestures to his left at a continent, Melisa starts to put a fresh note pad in front of Neal then stops.

She picks up his other note pad: empty. She looks at Neal.

He points to his head (as if to say "It's all here"), smiles.

PASTOR TED (V.O.)

We are who God made us.

Melisa smiles and takes both note pads away.

PASTOR TED (V.O.)

He didn't make us in a lab.

INT. BREKEN LABS - CLASSROOM

In a college-style auditorium-type classroom, a math professor diagrams an equation on the huge dry erase board. Dozens of equations are scattered all over the board.

In the front row, Neal stares intently at the lesson, his eyes darting back and forth across the equations.

He then abruptly runs up to the board, his sedation meds in tow, erases a part of an equation then adds the correction.

PASTOR TED (V.O.)

And that's why Jesus loves us.

The math professor stares imploringly at Dr. Cullum and Melisa out in the empty auditorium. Dr. Cullum shrugs.

The professor takes a calculator from his briefcase, walks off to the side and punches in a few numbers. Then he nods to Neal, a mixture of "thank you" and embarrassment.

PASTOR TED (V.O.)

Because we don't screw with His
Daddy's product!

Neal looks back at Dr. Cullum, proudly.

Dr. Cullum nods his approval. He looks down and gestures at Melisa's e-tablet. As he does, he glances back and sees -

Cain, at the top of the rows near the door, taps his watch.

Dr. Cullum imperceptibly shakes his head then turns his focus back to Neal.

Neal takes his seat, Melisa checks the sedation level: 60%.

INT. PASTOR TED'S CHURCH

PASTOR TED

After all, if God wanted us to be
that smart he would have given us
bigger heads.

INT. BREKEN LABS - CULLUM LABORATORY

In the examination room by himself, Neal sits atop a padded table. He looks over at Melisa's e-tablet, lying on the edge.

He glances up at the observation window, sees Dr. Cullum and Melisa talking.

He slides the e-tablet over and taps on the screen. Then he smiles.

INSERT: Neal's Facebook page. He has one friend: Melisa.

INT. BREKEN LABS - OBSERVATION ROOM #1

Melisa and Dr. Cullum look over Neal's readings.

DR. CULLUM

We won't know until we do it.

MELISA

We know exactly what will happen if we do it. That...explosion...on his walls was only the beginning.

DR. CULLUM

If all those addresses were the cumulative sum total of information locked in his head up until that moment -

Dr. Cullum looks at Neal through the glass. Neal smiles at him, proud to be contributing. Dr. Cullum weakly smiles back, more concerned than happy.

DR. CULLUM (CONT'D)

Ultimately it's his decision. He knows his own threshold. We're at his mercy for whatever comes next.

CAIN (O.S.)

When the hell did we turn this experiment over to him?

Dr. Cullum and Melisa turn to see Cain, leaning in the doorway.

MELISA

We know the implications -

DR. CULLUM

Do we? And what the hell is this?

Dr. Cullum grabs a trashy tabloid off the table and shoves it in Cain's face.

INSERT: Cover: "GENIUSES ARE MADE, NOT BORN, AT BREKEN LABS!"

CAIN

(smiles coyly)

My. Howsoever did that get out?

Dr. C throws the paper at the table.

DR. CULLUM

What in God's name did you do? This is like putting up a billboard of a car before the wheel was invented.

Melisa picks up the paper and reads aloud -

MELISA

"...world's leading neuroscientist, Dr. Seymour Cullum has unlocked the mysteries of the mind and created mankind's first human computer."

CAIN

They'll be lining up by the dozens! Guess you'll have to put the pedal -

DR. CULLUM

Enough with your bullshit metaphors! Neal is not a car we can just tinker with! If you bothered to finish med school -

CAIN

But I didn't. What I do know is that in no time flat the science community, the ENTIRE science community, is going to know the "world's leading neuroscientist" did nothing but give a mailroom clerk a really bad headache. Epic fail again.

INT. BREKEN LABS - CULLUM LABORATORY

Neal watches the argument. He focuses in on their lips. His own lips move in synch with theirs as he deciphers their conversation.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM #1

DR. CULLUM

No amount of peer pressure is going to make me melt that young man's brain. We're going to continue to lower the sedation levels at a safe and steady -

CAIN

I can always get someone else to push the buttons - Dr. Dolan perhaps?

MELISA

We passed the threshold of normal brain consumption levels. In fact the efficiency of his cerebral cortex has immensely compensated for the increased activity of each of the lobes. Physically his brain -

DR. CULLUM

There's only so much data we can diagnose. His brain wave patterns are diametrically in concert with his heart rate and stress levels. There's been a steady parallel decrease as we've been weaning him from the sedation -

CAIN

English, people!

DR. CULLUM

His mind may only be keeping up because of the slower decrease of the sedation meds.

CAIN

He needs more. He wants more.

DR. CULLUM

Don't tell me what he wants! This is about what you -

NEAL (O.S.)

I'm hungry.

Startled, Cain, Dr. Cullum and Melisa turn to see Neal in the doorway.

NEAL (CONT'D)

There's no other way to gauge the levels we're going for. Dr. Cullum, I know I can handle more.

MELISA

Neal, we were just -

DR. CULLUM

You've gone further than the rats -

NEAL
I should hope so. And in case of
emergency, there's always Tylenol.

DR. CULLUM
I'm just afraid -

NEAL
"Nothing in life is to be feared,
it is only to be understood."

MELISA
Madam Curie.

NEAL
Marie Sklodowska-Curie. Born in
Warsaw. Winner of two Nobel Prizes.
Not long ago I thought she was the
one who made those wonderful pies.

Cain looks confused.

MELISA
Marie Callender's. (BEAT) Seymour?

After a long contemplation, Dr. Cullum reluctantly nods at
Melisa.

INT. CULLUM LABORATORY - MINUTES LATER

Neal sits on the edge of the examination table. Dr. Cullum
attaches electrodes to his head.

They all hold their breaths as Melisa shuts off the sedation.

Melisa carefully takes out the I.V. from Neal's forearm. She
places a gauze pad on his arm where the puncture is.

Neal squeezes his eyes open and shut. Melisa checks his heart
rate then his eyes.

Dr. Cullum looks over the readings from the electrodes.

DR. CULLUM
Stable. Brain activity up to 70%
but all other readings are stable.

Neal flexes his hand, stretches his fingers out.

NEAL
I'm really curious - what the
outside world really looks like.

As Neal flexes his hand, Dr. Cullum puts a bottle in it.

DR. CULLUM

I broke down the sedation meds into
a less intense dosage, hopefully
minus the haziness. No argument.

Neal nods his head.

Melisa hands him a hooded jacket emblazoned with 's logo.

MELISA

Best to keep a low profile for now.

CAIN

While Seymour and I hash out our -
philosophical differences, Dr.
Dolan, why don't you take him for a
bite to eat.

Cain holds out his black credit card to Neal.

CAIN (CONT'D)

On me, of course - Cornelius.

Neal looks up, surprised at the use of his full birth-name.

CAIN (CONT'D)

It has a smarter ring to it, don't
you agree?

Dr. Cullum watches helplessly as Neal struggles to hold back
a smile at Cain's suggestion.

MELISA

Well, since you're buying -

Melisa snatches the credit card and they head out.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT

Neal sits uncomfortably straight-up at a fine table. He
stares in fear at the menu, barely moving.

MELISA

Are you okay? If you don't see
anything you like -

NEAL

I don't see anything I know.

MELISA

That's why there's a little description.

NEAL

I know what the ingredients are. But my - palate, I'm not used to -

MELISA

We helped you expand your mind. Now we'll expand your palate.

Melisa puts down her menu and moves her chair around to his side of the table. Neal stiffens, uncomfortable with her so close to him.

MELISA (CONT'D)

Now, what do you like?

NEAL

I'm sorry?

MELISA

What do you normally eat?

NEAL

Oh. Well, um, uh, you know about the PB and J and - um, Hot Pockets.

MELISA

(scans the menu)

Here we go. This has steak. Feta cheese. Sounds promising.

NEAL

(lost in her eyes)

Yes, very - sure, I'll try that.

Melisa moves back to her side of the table.

Neal exhales. Then quickly downs the glass of water.

MELISA

Are you okay?

(reaches into her purse)

I brought some of the sedation -

NEAL

I'm fine. It's not -

(points to his head)

I just - I've never done - this.

MELISA

This?

NEAL

Eaten with - anyone.

MELISA

Don't worry, we'll take it slow.
The rate that you've been absorbing
information and knowledge - I'm
glad to see you take it down a
notch.

NEAL

That's the fear isn't it? That's
why Dr. Cullum's so worried. He's
afraid I'll be overwhelmed.

MELISA

Overwhelmed? At the very least. And
it's a valid fear.

NEAL

Except for needing these -
(taps his glasses)
I've never felt better.

MELISA

We'll see about getting you
contacts.

NEAL

I don't know. It makes me look
smart.

MELISA

You don't need glasses for that.

Neal smiles.

LATER

Neal voraciously gobbles his steak.

MELISA (CONT'D)

So much for taking it slow.

NEAL

I had no idea. The flavors. The
tang of the seasoning from the rib-
eye offset by the saltier yet
creamy feta cheese - this is
amazing!

Neal glances at Melisa's plate.

She grins, takes her extra fork and twirls some pasta on it. She hands it to Neal.

Neal takes the fork, gently sniffs the pasta.

MELISA
Fettuccine carbonara. My favorite.

Neal slurps it down.

NEAL
Amazing! Was that bacon?

MELISA
Pancetta. Italian bacon.

Neal grabs the menu, scanning it furiously.

NEAL
Is there anything else with
pancetta? Do you think I could -

MELISA
Absolutely.

Melisa holds up Cain's credit card.

Neal looks up slowly from the menu and grins.

NEAL
They don't really like each other,
Dr. Cullum and Mr. Cain.

MELISA
They have a - history. You're not
the first subject they've argued
over.

NEAL
You mean Little Mozart?

MELISA
Little...? Oh, Miles. Miles
Boudreaux. He was here before I
joined the project. Dr. Cullum
doesn't speak about him and Cain is
even cagier. I just assumed Seymour
had reached the limit with Miles'
case study.

NEAL
Having limits does make things less
complicated.

MELISA

With limits, science would be pretty boring. And in turn, so would we. (BEAT) Ah, waitress!

A waitress stops and looks in their direction.

Neal holds up the menu, points at the whole thing.

LATER

Waiters bring multiple plates to the table, pull up another table to put the additional dishes.

Neal gleefully samples from all the plates as Melisa relaxes with a glass of wine, observing him with a smile.

From the bar area nearby, CNN plays on a flat-screen TV.

INSERT: CNN Newscast

FEMALE NEWSCASTER

...the international summit hosted by China was held today in Paris. Conspicuous by their absence were the American delegation.

Back at the table, barely within earshot, Neal continues to go from plate to plate, fork at the ready.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

China's Prime Minister offered no comment when asked about America's lack of commitment to the world-wide sit-down.

INT. NEAL'S ROOM - LATER

In his pajamas, Neal casually lounges in his swivel chair slowly rotating monitor to monitor.

CAIN (O.S.)

Yeah, I stare at the TV when I can't sleep.

Neal spins to see Cain in his doorway. He sits up quickly.

CAIN (CONT'D)

Of course when I do it, it's just one TV. Bill O'Reilly. Ever heard of him?

NEAL
Extreme right-winger on Fox. Not as
extreme as Rush Limbaugh but -

CAIN
Ah, you still have much to learn.
How much do you know about me?

NEAL
Cameron Cain. Owner and CEO of
Breken Labs. Graduated the same
year as Dr. Cullum from Stanford
University.

CAIN
Very good. Google?

NEAL
I have worked here for seven years,
Mr. Cain.

CAIN
Oh, that's right. With the new you,
the old one was - forgettable.

Cain turns one of the monitors into his view: A chef
demonstrates a dish on Food Network. Cain turns back to Neal
who shrugs his shoulders.

NEAL
I'm expanding my palate.

Cain flips it back, unimpressed.

CAIN
It's time to get you out there. We
need to show the world the
limitless possibilities of the
mind. Your mind.

NEAL
Dr. Cullum -

CAIN
Is not your father.

Neal is momentarily taken aback. Then a little more
aggressively -

NEAL
Dr. Cullum doesn't think -

CAIN

No, he does not. If he did, he'd own his own history-blazing, billion-dollar company.

NEAL

Billion? According to the last quarterly reports -

CAIN

It will be billions once you get out there. CNN, Jim Cramer, Oprah. You have to do Oprah. Shed a couple of tears about how much of an idiot you used to be, that kind of thing.

Neal stares uncomfortably at the floor.

CAIN (CONT'D)

You didn't think we flipped the switch on you so you could figure out the secret formula to Coke-a-Cola, did you? (BEAT) You haven't figured it out by any chance -

NEAL

I just thought I would be doing something a bit more useful.

CAIN

You can cure cancer later. Those rat bastards have been sitting on cures all these years, now my genius will save those lives! And then AIDS, polio -

NEAL

I think polio's already been -

CAIN

You can cure whatever the fuck you want, my boy! And they will love you for it.

For the first time, Cain captures his full attention.

CAIN (CONT'D)

People all over the world. From the dirty people all the way to the One-Percenters. To quote The Beatles, you'll be bigger than Jesus.

Neal is lost in the thought of world-wide adulation.

NEAL
 (softly)
 It was just John Lennon who -

CAIN
 Whatever. But first: Oprah. And
 then the biggest IPO in history!

NEAL
 Whatever you say, Mr. Cain. Can Dr.
 Cullum come with -

CAIN
 Bring whoever your Mensa-ass-
 kicking ass wants! Every rock star
 needs a posse. Speaking of which,
 fuck Mensa, too. Reject my
 application, will you. They'll be
 begging the genius who created the
 genius to join before I'm done...

Enraptured in his own rant, Cain's voice trails as he leaves
 Neal's room.

Neal turns back to his array of monitors, the weight of what
 Cain said, fresh in his mind.

Then he spots his regulation pills on the table. He opens the
 bottle - then closes it.

NEAL
 (softly)
 Oprah.

He looks towards the monitors. One by one, he increases the
 volume of each monitor.

He slowly swivels his chair from one to another. His lips
 silently parrot what's on each monitor. In his mind he
 hears...

CAIN (O.S.)
 ...cure cancer...A.I.D.s...

He swivels faster. Lips move faster. His eyes dart quicker
 from screen to screen.

CAIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 ...billions...

He swivels faster still. Lips, faster. Eyes dart faster.

CAIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 ...history-blazing...

Swivels even faster. The monitors are but a blur.

CAIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 ...bigger than Jesus...

Neal falls to the floor, his chair still spinning.

His eyes dart from side-to-side, searching, scanning everything in the room. His lips rapidly move in a whisper. His eyes go from -

A book on the table -

NEAL
 (whispers)
 Richard Dawkins. The Selfish Gene.

To a book case against the wall -

NEAL (CONT'D)
 Tan. Oak. Six and a half feet by a foot and half by three feet. Eighteen Phillip's-head screws.

To the air conditioning vent in the ceiling -

NEAL (CONT'D)
 Six vents. Thirty six vent flaps. Four flat-head screws.

To his chair, its spin slowing down.

NEAL (CONT'D)
 Leather cushion. Metal base. Oscillating. Fifty revolutions per minute. Forty nine. Forty eight. Forty seven. Forty six -

Neal grabs his head, cupping his ears shut, slams his eyes shut. He struggles to the desk and curls up in a ball.

He reaches up weakly, grabs for his pills on the desk.

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

Neal, impeccably dressed, sits across from a TALK SHOW HOST. Dr. Cullum sits next to Neal on the dais.

Neal rapidly turns the pages in a book, his eyes darting up and down the pages.

The audience, silent, sits rapt with attention.

Melisa watches from the audience.

Neal gets to the last page, then closes it with a flourish.
Hands it to the talk show host.

TALK SHOW HOST
Page sixty one. Paragraph two.

NEAL
(from the book)
An amusing, if rather pathetic,
case study in miracles is the Great
Prayer Experiment. Does praying for
patients help them recover?

The talk show host nods. The audience "ahhhhhhs".

TALK SHOW HOST
Page two sixteen. Last paragraph.

NEAL
The other main type of altruism for
which we have a well worked out
Darwinian rationale is reciprocal
altruism -

TALK SHOW HOST
Page three hundred twenty two.
Second paragraph.
(holds up a finger as Neal
is about to answer)
Seventeenth word in the first
sentence.

Melisa observes the audience gasp as they hold their breaths.

Neal pauses, seemingly stumped. Then grins mischievously.

NEAL
Childhood.

TALK SHOW HOST
Remarkable.

Melisa observes the audience erupt in wild applause.

TALK SHOW HOST (CONT'D)
And you've never read it before?

NEAL
I have been a bit busy. There is a
LOT of useless information on the
internet to sift through.

The audience chuckles.

Dramatically the talk show host rips out a random page of the book. He hands the book back to Neal, then holds up the paper above his head in triumph.

TALK SHOW HOST
Which page am I holding?

Neal flips through the book at lightening speed.

NEAL
Page one nineteen.

TALK SHOW HOST
How did you -

NEAL
The missing page left quite a tear,
see?

Neal flips the book open.

The audience erupts in laughter.

TALK SHOW HOST
I'm given to understand you've
learned half a dozen languages.

NEAL
Yes. Last week.
(in Italian)
I am actually fluent in thirteen
languages.

The talk show host stares at him in confusion.

NEAL (CONT'D)
Thirteen. I just learned Italian
backstage in the Green Room.
(to Dr. Cullum)
We have Japanese waiting for the
car ride to the airport, don't we?
We're getting ready for an
international tour.

Dr. Cullum seems surprised at this.

DR. CULLUM
The Savant Project is at a very
sensitive junction. What Neal -

Neal shoots Dr. Cullum a look.

DR. CULLUM (CONT'D)
 Sorry. Cornelius.

NEAL
 (to the talk show host)
 My birth name. I never could spell
 it correctly. Up until recently,
 that is.

The audience laughs, but a bit uncomfortably.

Melisa shifts in her chair, also uncomfortable.

DR. CULLUM
 (changing the subject)
 There seems to be no limit to the
 amount of pure knowledge Cornelius
 is able to digest. His efficiency
 is such, he never has to read
 anything twice.

TALK SHOW HOST
 But there's been super memory in
 savants before. Take Rain Man -

DR. CULLUM
 Yes, Kim Peek was a savant with a
 nearly unlimited memory capacity.
 But he was autistic, with all the
 limitations that brings. So far,
 Cornelius seems limitless.

NEAL
 And I'm not autistic.
 (to the audience)
 Not that it's a bad thing.

DR. CULLUM
 Cornelius was something of a blank
 slate.

NEAL
 (slightly offended)
 You are too kind. Doctor.

The audience laughs.

TALK SHOW HOST
 Just how much information does one
 need to memorize.

DR. CULLUM

Memorizing is just a part of it. He's able to process huge quantities of information, more computer than tape recorder. The human brain is already faster than the most super computers on a subconscious level. The last readings show that Cornelius' mind is the equivalent of two hundred super computers at the conscious level.

NEAL

Two hundred? Is that all? Do you mind if I do the math when we get back?

The audience laughs.

DR. CULLUM

Think about the automatic, subconscious processes that goes on when we eat. The brain instructs the mouth to masticate the food, each muscle working..

Dr. Cullum's voice trails off as Neal looks over the crowd. Then his eyes dart to a -

NEAL (V.O.)

(in his mind)

Asian. Female. Approximately twenty five years old. Five feet, one inch. One hundred five pounds.

Then to an -

NEAL (V.O.)

African-American. Male. Approximately thirty seven years old. Six feet, two inches. Two hundred twenty pounds.

Then -

NEAL (V.O.)

Caucasian. Male. Italian descent. Approximately twenty nine years old. Five feet, nine inches. Two hundred thirty seven pounds. Overweight by sixty seven to eighty two pounds per the National -

Neal squeezes his eyes. Shakes his head.

TALK SHOW HOST
So basically there's no limit to
what he can know about anything.

DR. CULLUM
About EVERY thing.

When Neal opens his eyes, out in the audience -

NEAL (V.O.)
Fifteen rows. Twelve people to a
row in four sections. Seven hundred
people not counting the studio
crew, security guards -

Melisa sits up, concern growing as she observes Neal.

TALK SHOW HOST
He'll give Wikipedia a run for its
money.

DR. CULLUM
He absorbed Wikipedia last week.
It's what he can do with...

Neal blinks furiously, squeezes his eyes. Then opens his eyes
directly at the camera.

NEAL (V.O.)
Last Nielsen ratings a two share.
Approximately seventy three
thousand people in the Tri-State
area in the nine o'clock hour -

Neal squeezes his eyes shut again.

TALK SHOW HOST
Is everything alright?

Neal opens his eyes.

Every eye in the studio is focused on him.

TALK SHOW HOST (CONT'D)
You don't have to solve world
hunger before we go to a
commercial. Though that might help
our sponsors a bit.

The audience chuckles but -

Melisa waits on the edge of her seat.

NEAL

I am fine. I just - started wearing contacts. I must have overworked them during our book report.

The audience laughs, relieved.

Melisa catches Dr. Cullum's eyes, shakes her head.

DR. CULLUM (V.O.)

He insists he's still taking the pills?

MELISA (V.O.)

Insists? That's putting it mildly.

INT. TV STUDIO - HALLWAY - LATER

In the middle of a throng of fans, Neal signs autographs. The majority are fawning women and girls.

Dr. Cullum and Melisa huddle together, away from the crowd.

MELISA

If I didn't know any better, I'd say he may be exhibiting a form of - psychic 'roid rage.

DR. CULLUM

Do we know any better?

MELISA

Everything since his - awakening - has been speculation.

DR. CULLUM

Maybe he needs to change his prescription. I still get headaches when my contacts -

MELISA

You don't wear contacts. (BEAT) Even from the audience, I could tell his pupils were dilated in rapid focus. His breathing increased. His palms were sweating. He didn't think anyone noticed him subtly wiping it on his -

DR. CULLUM

But did you see him up there? A natural.

MELISA

The people couldn't get enough.

Dr. Cullum looks over at Neal signing and bantering with his adoring throng of fans.

DR. CULLUM

It's not just his fans that
couldn't get enough.

INT. BREKEN LABS - BASEMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

In his pajamas and glasses, Neal slowly walks the halls.

Gently, the hallway fills with a Mozart sonata.

Neal stops at -

INT. MILES' ROOM

At the piano, Miles' fingers methodically dance across the keys.

Neal wearily leans against the door.

The music stops. Neal freezes.

Miles turns his head, ever so slightly towards the door. He looks thru Neal. Then, as if to accept his presence - Miles continues the sonata where he left off.

Neal smiles, then slowly, respectably, inches out of the doorway.

INT. NEAL'S NEW ROOM

The shelves are now filled with books. Posters of the world, the Periodic Table and Einstein line the wall.

Neal sits at his desk, takes off his glasses, rubs his eyes, then temples. He taps a few keys on the keyboard. All but one monitor turns-off, leaving the room in darkness except for the last monitor.

He rests his head on his arms on the desk, Miles' piano gently filing the halls. Then he closes his eyes.

INSERT: On the final monitor, Neal's Facebook page is up. His friend count reads 16,248,889.

He opens his eyes, unable to sleep. He gets up, grabs a book from the shelf then plunks down onto his bed.

PASTOR TED (V.O.)
The Middle East conflict. Civil wars in Africa.

INT. PASTOR TED'S CHURCH

From the pulpit -

PASTOR TED
Poverty in our barrios. The rise of homosexuality. The banishment of our guns and, in turn, our freedom.

EXT. BREKEN LABS - PARKING LOT

A throng of reporters, news stations vans, fans and other assorted sycophants flood the entrance to Breken Labs.

PASTOR TED (V.O.)
They said He would come again to deliver us from evil.

Dr. Cullum fights his way through the crowd as reporters shout his name.

PASTOR TED (V.O.)
There is no question the great Cornelius cannot answer.

INT. BREKEN LABS - LOBBY

Dr. Cullum flashes his badge as security lets him pass. Once he gets through the security check-point -

The lobby is full of people: doctors, scientists, politicians, teachers with their school children, etc., waiting to see Neal.

PASTOR TED (V.O.)
There is no problem that we have created that the great Cornelius cannot fix.

INT. BREKEN LABS - HALLWAY

Dr. Cullum walks down the hallways, also lined with people waiting to see Neal.

PASTOR TED (V.O.)
 Why else has God sent him to us but
 to save us from ourselves?

Melisa spots Dr. Cullum waiting by the elevator and rushes to him.

MELISA
 He's not down in the lab. Or in
 Cain's office

Realizing his location, Dr. Cullum heads down the hallway.

INT. CAFETERIA - KITCHEN

A dish towel over his shoulder, Neal furiously chops vegetables on an island prep area in the middle of the kitchen.

Cain sits on a high stool behind him, arms folded.

A PONY-TAILED ENVIRONMENTALIST stands nervously in front of the prep area, a bunch of files and documents cradled in his arms.

PONY-TAILED ENVIRONMENTALIST
 We've come close over the past five
 years but haven't been able to
 sustain the viability of the crop
 for more than a few days.

NEAL
 And this is just for vegetables?

Neal swiftly adds the vegetables to a pot on the stove. He picks up a bowl and whisks whatever was in there.

PONY-TAILED ENVIRONMENTALIST
 Yes, at this stage, but with a few
 modifications fruit could also be
 added to the list.

NEAL
 Ah, fruit.

Realizing what was missing he grabs an orange from the fridge to add to his concoction.

CAIN
 No fertilization. No water. A
 tomato that can grow anywhere?

The Environmentalists leafs through one of his folders.

PONY-TAILED ENVIRONMENTALIST
 Anywhere. At less cost. Think of
 the countries that don't have
 access to irrigation systems, funds
 for -

Dr. Cullum and Melisa burst through the kitchen doors. Cain
 glares at them.

Picks up the bowl and whisks, Neal walks around, leans over
 and glances at a folder in the Environmentalist's hand.

NEAL
 This wouldn't solve world hunger
 but it is a start. Do you mind if I
 analyze the -

CAIN
 (gets up off the stool)
 Of course, after we work out the
 figures for the consulting
 contract.

MELISA
 The consulting con -?!?!

PONY-TAILED ENVIRONMENTALIST
 With Cornelius onboard, the
 investors will clamor just to be
 affiliated with -

DR. CULLUM
 Cornelius, we have an exam -

CAIN
 Which can wait. Don't you want to
 feed Ethiopia, Seymour?

Melisa subtly ushers the Environmentalist out of the kitchen.
 She glances at his folder that is still open.

MELISA
 Tomatoes? Wow, I love tomatoes.
 We'll make sure he reviews what
 sounds like a truly noble idea.

PONY-TAILED ENVIRONMENTALIST
 I've left my cell, my e-mail, my
 Twitter, it's all on the -

Melisa shuts the door on him.

DR. CULLUM
 (to Cain)
 What the hell is this?!

Cain shrugs innocently.

DR. CULLUM (CONT'D)
 (to Neal)
 How long have you been at this?

Neal goes over and spoons the mixture from the bowl into the pot on the stove.

NEAL
 They were waiting outside all night. I wasn't sleeping so I wandered outside to talk to them.

DR. CULLUM
 Neal, you can't do that. Even besides the legal ramifications should you say the wrong thing -

Neal turns slowly from the stove.

NEAL
 I'd say the wrong thing? And it's "Cornelius".

Dr. Cullum is taken aback at Neal's aggression.

CAIN
 Never. But we must coordinate our efforts.

DR. CULLUM
 And exactly what are our efforts?

CAIN
 Somebody needs to make sure our boy isn't being taken advantage of.

MELISA
 (sarcastically)
 I couldn't agree more.

NEAL
 I am not a child. I can think for myself. I want to help people. They need -

DR. CULLUM
 No one is saying -

CAIN

Of course. But even George Clooney has people who keep all the groupies and sycophants away.

NEAL

So you are my - agent?

CAIN

Well - you're an - you work for - you represent Breken Labs. When you speak, the world listens. You speak for us.

MELISA

Why is he speaking at all?
(Neal glares at her)
I mean, why has all of this responsibility suddenly been thrust upon him? There's still so much research and data we need to collect to make sure his mind -

CAIN

His mind is a product of Breken Labs.

As everybody talks, Neal studies their faces, their body language, analyzes the intonation of their voices.

He squeezes his eyes in pain. Tries to shake off the information overload. He turns their back on them and puts the lid on the pot.

DR. CULLUM

And we don't know the limits of that product or if reaching those limits are even safe.

CAIN

You crunch your numbers but I decide what we do with those numbers.

Suddenly, the room falls silent. They all notice Neal's not there. The towel lays on the counter next to the stove.

Melisa heads out the door looking for him. Dr. Cullum follows her then stops at the door.

DR. CULLUM

What I'm trying to figure out is how you're planning on making money on this.

(MORE)

DR. CULLUM (CONT'D)

If we're unable to gauge the extent of the damage to his psyche or if we can even replicate this with another -

CAIN

I guess that's why you're not the big brain around here anymore. (BEAT) Service contracts. Nations will PAY for his council. I don't have time to take him to Vegas and hit the blackjack tables.

Cain saunters over to the stove.

CAIN (CONT'D)

For every one of these ideas that these bottom-feeders come in here with, that Neal is able to solve and bring to fruition, we will be their partners. The Breken stamp will be on every innovation for the next few decades. The world will get their solutions and I will get my islands. I've always wanted to buy an island.

DR. CULLUM

You can't patent a mind.

CAIN

No. But I can patent what you've done to it.

Furious, Dr. Cullum storms out.

Cain picks up the lid from the pot and inhales the aroma. He makes a face as if to say "Not bad, not bad at all".

INT. NEAL'S NEW ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Dr. Cullum searches Neal's room for a clue where Neal could be.

In the corner of the room, Dr. Cullum finds a cardboard box, he opens it and sees -

All of Neal's comics, packed away.

INT. MALL - COMIC BOOK SHOP - SECOND FLOOR

Neal, his hoodie pulled over his head, leafs through a comic book.

DR. CULLUM (O.S.)
You know we're all looking out for
you, right?

Neal turns to see Dr. Cullum.

DR. CULLUM (CONT'D)
We don't think of you as "product".

NEAL
Or experiment?

DR. CULLUM
As scientists, we have to be as
objective as possible.

INT. MALL - 2ND FLOOR WALKWAY

NEAL
At least I'm able to get out of my
own mind. For now.(BEAT) Miles does
not share that luck.

Dr. Cullum looks inquisitively at Neal.

NEAL (CONT'D)
Was he born a savant. Or was he -

DR. CULLUM
No, no. Nothing like that. You're
the first. Miles is not part of the
project. Not exactly.

NEAL
His parents must proud of him.

DR. CULLUM
We have no idea where his mother
is.

NEAL
So his father agreed for him to be
experimented on.

DR. CULLUM
His father...means well.

NEAL

Don't they all. He should be proud of his son's gift.

DR. CULLUM

A gift and a curse. Some of us would be so lucky to have either.

For all his intelligence, Neal is too caught up in his own melancholy to notice Dr. Cullum's at that last remark.

NEAL

Right now I could tell you the names of the stores I have passed, the rate I have walked, exactly how many steps I have already taken since I entered the mall. And I can extrapolate the same data for you based on where you parked your shoe size. What are you, a ten? Ten and a half?

DR. CULLUM

Yes, but can you tell me how many we will take before we leave?

NEAL

A curse. Miles certainly does not see it that way. Should we help him by elevating him to 'normal' status, will that benefit him or just our curiosity? Will he still be able to hear his music when he has to endure all of this?

Neal makes a sweeping gesture around the mall. But then his gaze is caught by a father and his little son on a bench outside of a store. The father feeds his son from his ice cream cone, then kisses him atop his head.

Neal is lost in the touching father/son moment.

DR. CULLUM

Neal?

He continues watching the father and son, sadness overcomes him.

NEAL

All of this.

DR. CULLUM

Neal?

Neal finally turns his attention back to Dr. Cullum.

NEAL
15,356.

DR. CULLUM
Wha -

NEAL
The amount of steps you will take
back to your car.

DR. CULLUM
You were computing this whole time?
Subconsciously?

NEAL
At least Miles can just...stop
playing.

DR. CULLUM
We don't know exactly what's
happening in his mind when he's -
(stops walking)
Wait. Are you saying you're, that
this...you can't turn it off?

NEAL
I did mention that I was not
sleeping.

DR. CULLUM
Last night?

Neal falls silent and looks away. He walks to the railing
overlooking the first floor.

DR. CULLUM (CONT'D)
We need to get you back into the
lab. The mind requires appropriate
R.E.M. sleep -

NEAL
Dr. Cullum, I have been asleep.

DR. CULLUM
Neal -

NEAL
Really, I am fine.
(removes the hoodie)
See, my cranium is the same
circumference as yesterday, not
ready to explode.

Dr. Cullum examines the side of his head. Then he smiles.

DR. CULLUM
You were messing with me again,
weren't you.

MALL FAN GIRL (O.S.)
Cornelius!

Neal and Dr. Cullum look down at the first floor. A MALL FAN GIRL wearing a "Cornelius is God" T-shirt stares up at them.

MALL FAN GIRL (CONT'D)
I can't believe it! It's really
him!

Other mall patrons stop and look up at Neal and Dr. Cullum.

Mall Fan Girl bolts for the nearby escalators as a dozen other people follow her, filling the mall with echoes of their shrieks.

Dr. Cullum starts to run towards the exit. He stops when he notices Neal's not with him.

Neal looks towards the rushing crowd, a blissful almost ecstatic smile on his face.

DR. CULLUM
Neal! Neal, we have to go!

NEAL
No, they're my people. They won't -

Dr. Cullum watches as the crowd grows, fills up the stairs and escalators rushing towards them.

Dr. Cullum pulls his hoodie back over Neal's head, grabs his arm.

DR. CULLUM
I said we have to go.

At first Neal resists, a defiant look on his face.

Dr. Cullum watches another crowd rush from elevators.

DR. CULLUM (CONT'D)
Please, son!

Neal snaps out of it when he hears Dr. Cullum call him "son". They take off towards the fire exit.

MELISA (V.O.)
That's impossible.

They disappear through the fire exit doors.

INT. BREKEN LABS - CULLUM LABORATORY - OBSERVATION ROOM

Melisa stares at the computer monitor: 75% of his brain is lit up, the image is livelier.

MELISA
Biologically speaking.

A worried look on her face, Melisa stares at Neal through the observation window.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM #1

Neal lies on a table, his legs stick out through a hole in the metal scanning machine. Dozens of electrode wires snake from the hole.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM #1

MELISA
He's probably breaking a few laws of physics, too. The human brain, just from a tissue and matter standpoint, cannot withstand this much -

DR. CULLUM
Apparently it can.

Dr. Cullum taps a few buttons on the keyboard, watches the slab Neal is on reverse out.

DR. CULLUM (CONT'D)
We haven't decreased his dosage?

Melisa swivels and turns her full attention to Dr. Cullum.

MELISA
He says all he has are headaches.

DR. CULLUM
At least. Well, I don't care what he says. There's no way he can't be sleeping -

MELISA

In REM sleep, the subconscious strengthens relevant memories and discards the less important ones. Without the proper sleep, he's keeping them all.

DR. CULLUM

Along with irritability, anxiety hallucinations. We need to limit outside stimuli.

MELISA

You mean literally limit him from going outside?

DR. CULLUM

It may be the only way to control the amount of -

Dr. Cullum looks up. The slab Neal was on is empty, the electrodes lay atop it.

DR. CULLUM (CONT'D)

Again? Seriously?

Melisa looks up, searches the examination room through the glass. Then she looks down: the microphone to the examination room was on.

INT. CULLUM'S OFFICE

Dr. Cullum and Melisa enter his office. The chair behind his desk is empty.

NEAL (O.S.)

Have all of the rats died? Or am I the last?

Dr. Cullum and Melisa turn to see Neal, sitting on the couch reading Dr. Cullum's files.

DR. CULLUM

What are you -

NEAL

But what's interesting is there is no mention of how they died.

Neal closes the file.

NEAL (CONT'D)

Or Miles.

DR. CULLUM
How dare you. You don't know -

NEAL
You needed an idiot to create a
savant. And you didn't want to harm
the cute, little musical genius.
(to Melisa)
Were you the cheese to lure this
rat?

MELISA
What are you -

NEAL
The two of you had me pegged,
didn't you?

DR. CULLUM
We did no such thing. I barely -

Dr. Cullum catches himself.

NEAL
You barely what? Knew I was alive?

DR. CULLUM
You came to us. I tried to talk you
out of it. Warn you of the dangers.
I wasn't ready to abandon the
animal trial.

NEAL
And yet you did.
(holds up the folder)
You found a bigger, dumber rat.

DR. CULLUM
That's not fair.

MELISA
You're being paranoid.

NEAL
It does not mean it is not true.
Miles' mind was not expendable. But
mine...

DR. CULLUM
That's - it's not that simple.

NEAL
I'm not dumb anymore. I just may be
able to grasp the concept.
(MORE)

NEAL (CONT'D)

But, that's it isn't it? You're worried that I will unlock the answers you never could?

DR. CULLUM

You surpassed me the moment you scribbled on the walls. But that doesn't mean we can let you just run unchecked.

NEAL

You can't 'let me'?
(holds up a bottle of the sedation meds)
My mind feels like it is wading through molasses. It is impossible for us to get accurate readings. And I'm not able to -

DR. CULLUM

Save the world for your adoring fans? I was there, remember? It's not about getting the answers. It's about your number of followers.

NEAL

Why did you turn me on? To be a circus attraction?!

DR. CULLUM

To realize your full potential. Our full potential.

NEAL

Our FULL potential. I was retarded, in the truest sense of the word. And now - I am not going back to that.

Neal storms out.

MELISA

Neal!

DR. CULLUM

Let him go. He's right.

MELISA

He's right?

DR. CULLUM

Cornelius isn't a genius for nothing.

MELISA

NEAL is as new to this as we are!

DR. CULLUM

How else are we going to know the limits?

MELISA

Medication! Moderation!

DR. CULLUM

Do you hear yourself?

MELISA

What the hell is that supposed to mean? Neal is not just another rat.

DR. CULLUM

You heard him: the medication stifles him. Scientifically he's right. We can't think like awestruck fanboys.

INT. NEAL'S NEW ROOM

Neal takes out a couple of Breken Labs duffle bags from his closet.

MELISA (O.S.)

There is no "we". It's just him trapped in his own head. What do you think? He'll give you the answers you can't get yourself?

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM #1

DR. CULLUM

We can analyze the synapses bursts. We can We can watch parts of his brain light up like the Fourth of July. But we can't accurately gauge his actual limits without him reaching it.

INT. NEAL'S NEW ROOM

Neal stuffs clothes into the duffle bags.

MELISA (O.S.)

And if he has no limits?

DR. CULLUM (O.S.)
He's still human. He has to have
limits.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM #1

MELISA
Does he? Does Pandora's Box ring a
bell?

DR. CULLUM
The box was actually a jar. That
the gods gave to Pandora that
contained - all the evils in the
world.

MELISA
Yeah. That she let out into the
world - because she was curious
what was in the box.

DR. CULLUM
It's a good thing Pandora wasn't a
scientist.

INT. NEAL'S NEW ROOM

Neal picks up a comic book from his desk, stares at it. He
turns to see -

Miles, standing silently at his door.

Neal looks back at the comic book. Then he looks back at
Miles.

NEAL
What are you looking at? I know
what I'm doing.

Neal throws the comic onto the desk. Zips up the bags then
heads out the door.

Miles goes to Neal's desk, stares vaguely in the direction of
the comic. He turns it a little. The X-Men are on the cover.

He looks back over his shoulder in the direction of the door,
though not directly at it. He turns back, stares vaguely at
the comic. The he stares vaguely in the direction of
something else -

The bottle of the sedation medication on the desk.

EXT. TARMAC

A private jet sits on the private tarmac behind Breken Labs. The company logo adorns the tail (vertical stabilizer).

Neal ascends the stairs.

INT. BREKEN LABS - RAT ROOM

Dr. Cullum dejectedly sits on a stool in the middle of dozens of aquariums filled with rats all lined up against the wall.

He stands, runs his hand lovingly on the glass of one of the aquariums.

DR. CULLUM
(softly)
Oh, Neal...

INT. JET PLANE

Neal enters and is immediately surprised: a wide array of video monitors and computer consoles line the redesigned jet.

CAIN (O.S.)
Ah, I knew you'd come around, my boy.

Neal turns to see Cain standing at the front of the plane, a shit-eating grin from ear-to-ear.

CAIN (CONT'D)
I had to take out the full bar and stripper pole. But whatever. I'll install it on the next one. The bigger one.

Neal runs his hand over the monitors.

CAIN (CONT'D)
We just equipped the jet with a high-powered Wi-Fi. Any and all bits of knowledge at your fingertips. Or however the hell you take it in. Even the N.S.A. doesn't have this kind of access.

Neal picks up a brand new set of headphones.

CAIN (CONT'D)
Comes from Dr. Dre's own private collection. Blue-tooth.
(MORE)

CAIN (CONT'D)

You can do one channel at a time,
all at once, whatever. Knock
yourself out.

Neal settles into the custom, "intake" chair. The chair
adjusts from a sitting to lounging position, plush and
comfortable.

Cain pushes a button on the side as the headrest inflates
into a pillow.

CAIN (CONT'D)

A heater, cooler, massager and even
a cup holder - on both arm-rests!

Neal looks the chair over.

CAIN (CONT'D)

Got one installed myself. But mine
doesn't have this -

Cain lifts a smaller monitor from the arm-rest.

CAIN (CONT'D)

This one is dedicated solely to
your social media accounts. All on
one feed. Facebook, Twitter,
Instagram, uh, some other ones.

On the screen, Neal runs his fingers over the huge total
number of followers.

CAIN (CONT'D)

Jesus, Mohammed and Justin Bieber
combined never had your numbers.

As Neal gets comfortable, he glances out the window and sees -

Melisa leaning against the door of the back entrance of the
building. Even from the jet, Neal detects an unmistakable
sadness from her.

Cain SLAMS the window shut.

CAIN (CONT'D)

You have a few hours until we touch
down in Geneva.

Cain hands Neal an energy drink and headphones.

NEAL

The Large Hadron Collider?

Cain plays with the main control tablet. The cabin lights dim. The speakers come alive as noise from the dozen monitors bounce off the inside of the tiny cabin.

CAIN
 (above the speakers)
 You can tell those CERN boys how
 the Big Bang banged!

Neal opens the window again.

Melisa is gone.

Cain hits a button on the control tablet: The cabin goes dead silent. Abruptly Neal turns to Cain, holding out his headphones.

CAIN (CONT'D)
 I mean if you can't, who can?

Neal wearily sighs with a hint of regret - then puts on the headphones.

INT. NEAL'S NEW ROOM

Melisa stands in the doorway. She looks up at the ceiling and then runs her hand on Neal's wall. The scribbling are gone.

She shuts the light.

INT. THE LARRY KING SHOW

Legendary Larry King interviews Neal in a special report. Cain watches from the wings.

LARRY KING
 He's been called everything from
 'The Second Coming' to the Anti-
 Christ but no one can dispute
 Cornelius George is the greatest
 mind on the planet.

NEAL
 Thank you, Larry.

LARRY KING
 We appreciate you taking the time
 from your busy schedule. I
 understand you've been traversing
 the globe.

NEAL

One can only learn so much from a book or on the internet. I wanted to understand the condition of the world with my own two eyes.

INT. COMPUTER EXPO SHOWROOM

Neal walks down aisles of the latest technology gadgets.

A computer wonk skitters nervously alongside Neal, arms gesturing wildly about his latest creation. A throng of tech wizards follow in their wake.

Neal stops, glances at the Wonk's device on a pedestal.

The Wonk and throng freeze, hold their breaths.

Neal picks up the device. Looks it over.

Wonk hits a power button. The device lights up.

INT. URBAN GHETTO

A black SUV cruises through a poor, broken down, ghetto neighborhood. It stops near a basketball court. Two cars pull up behind it.

Neal and the Mayor get out of the SUV; the Mayor's assistant and other officials get out of the other cars.

The Mayor gestures at the dilapidated buildings and abandoned cars in the middle of the basketball court.

INT. CANCER CENTER LABORATORY

In a lab coat, Neal walks with half a dozen scientists around a lab. The lead scientist explains their work. He gestures to a microscope on the table.

Neal leans to look into the microscope. They hold their collective breaths.

INT. WALL STREET BOARDROOM

Neal sits at the end of a long conference table.

Captains of the industry in their \$2000 suits line the seats around the table. Stacks of documents, files and laptops in front of them.

A STUFFY VICE PRESIDENT works a laser pointer on a Power Point presentation at the front of the room on the other side of the table. He ends the presentation.

All heads at the table swivel to Neal.

Neal stands. The suits freeze. He walks to the first suit, glances down at the documents, files and open laptop. Then he moves on to the next. And then the next.

INT. THE LARRY KING SHOW

LARRY KING

I've been told Silicon Valley may be branching out to more than just the valley.

NEAL

I made a few suggestions to some young tech geeks. And I use that term with affection as I am the alpha prime geek in the world.

LARRY KING

A few suggestions?

INT. COMPUTER COMPANY SHOWROOM

Neal takes the device, walks over to another one, picks it up.

The throng of techies gasp.

Neal picks up a third device and places all three on a table. He turns to the wonk and tech wizards and explains something, pointing to all three devices.

Wonk and techies stand astonished, their jaws on the ground.

NEAL (V.O.)

Nothing they would not have ascertained eventually.

INT. THE LARRY KING SHOW

LARRY KING

If by "eventually" you mean approximately 32 years...

NEAL

Nothing wrong with a little nudge.

LARRY KING

And you're comfortable with nudging us 32 years into the future?

NEAL

Collectively we have nudged ourselves further in the last 15 years than we have in the previous 150.

LARRY KING

Very efficient. And as the New Man, I understand you're a bit of an Every Man in the linguistic sense.

NEAL

I count 189 languages amongst my lexicon. Most I can lip-read.

LARRY KING

That's amazing.

NEAL

You couple that with body language, especially the new findings by Lightman, I can determine if somebody is lying to me in any marketplace in the world. I will not be overcharged for curry again.

LARRY KING

But after you've had lunch amidst the squalor and poverty in the world's dusty marketplaces, don't you feel compelled to meet with the local leaders? Help them pull their people up?

EXT. DESERT LANDSCAPE

The local officials wait with bated breath. Neal takes out a geological map and rolls it out.

NEAL (V.O.)

I do. I have. It's amazing what math, a few high-pressured drilling rigs and an intricate knowledge of geological water tables can do.

Neal points out previously uncharted water wells.

The local officials smile. The farmer hugs Neal.

INT. THE LARRY KING SHOW

LARRY KING
Problem solved.

NEAL
Not always. Sometimes, sometimes
the answer is there -

EXT. URBAN GHETTO

Neal looks over the dilapidated buildings and abandoned cars. He taps a few things on an e-tablet then hands it back to the mayor.

NEAL (V.O.)
- but the allocation of resources -

One of the aides whispers into the Mayor's ear. The Mayor looks at Neal, a barely sinister look in his eye.

But on a dime, the Mayor's demeanor changes to politician mode, grins then shakes Neal's hand.

Neal reluctantly shakes it.

NEAL (V.O.)
Mathematics and macro-economics are
rendered useless in the face of the
human equation.

The Mayor and his cronies pile into the SUV and cars. They drive off as Neal is left alone with the last car.

INT. THE LARRY KING SHOW

LARRY KING
But what about hope?

NEAL
Hope can lie to you. Numbers never
do.

INT. CANCER CENTER LABORATORY

Neal takes his eyes away from the microscope. He runs to a computer monitor and hysterically types. He runs back to the microscope, adjust the sights. He goes back to the computer and types furiously.

Then he stops.

Neal closes his eyes in anguish, drops his head into his hands, bangs his head on the table.

NEAL
(softly)
No.

The crowd of scientists look at each other, confused.

NEAL (CONT'D)
Noooooooooooo!!!!!!!

NEAL (V.O.)
There's a reason they call facts
"cold" and "hard". Reality shows no
mercy.

INT. WALL STREET BOARDROOM

Neal frantically goes from one suit to the next, his eyes rapidly scans the data in front of him.

He grabs a remote on the table, wildly flipping through the channels until he lands on a financial program.

Holding one of the files, he slowly walks up to the screen, split into different news feeds, his eyes never blinking.

He drops the file. Fear takes over his face.

As he moves away from the screen, separate stores of China and North Korea play on different screens.

INT. THE LARRY KING SHOW

Larry sits frozen in silence, waits for Neal to say something.

Neal stares off into the distance.

All of the TV crew stand riveted, afraid to move.

Finally, without averting his thousand-yard stare -

NEAL
Sometimes the answer is not what
anyone wants to hear.

LARRY KING
But there's a certain comfort in
finally knowing the truth.

Neal slowly looks up at Larry, his stare haunting.

NEAL

Is there? People do not want the truth. They want their own version of religion to help them sleep at night.

Larry is stunned into silence.

NEAL (CONT'D)

But what would they do if they found out -

From the wings, Cain stares aghast, mutters quietly -

CAIN

Don't you dare, you stupid shit.

NEAL

- their God does not exist?

Neal catches Cain (his jaw on the ground) out of the corner of his eye. Behind Cain stands -

A Mysterious Asian Man. He holds a clipboard and headphones, his slight smirk and knowing eyes directed right at Neal sets him apart from the other studio workers.

Neal stares transfixed on the Mysterious Asian Man.

INT. BREKEN LABS - CULLUM LABORATORY

Melisa pours over data across multiple monitors.

Dr. Cullum looks through a microscope. A dead rat, his head open, lies next to him on the tray. He shakes his head, frustrated. Gets up and looks over her shoulder.

DR. CULLUM

Is that data current? How did you -

MELISA

I took the liberty of installing server links from Cain's jet. We'll be able to monitor Neal's intake from the jet and any other toys Cain gave him.

Dr. Cullum shoots Melisa a confused look.

MELISA (CONT'D)

I dated enough dot-com nerds to know how to hook up a few modems.

DR. CULLUM

This data still won't take into account the constant stimuli from just walking around.

MELISA

At least it's something. Judging by the numbers, I'd say his intake has increased about 75%. You didn't see the tech. Cain is like the local crack dealer with a new batch of shit.

Dr. Cullum looks askew at Melisa's uncharacteristic vulgarity.

MELISA (CONT'D)

We all evolve, Seymour. It's just not as sexy as mastering quantum physics in fifteen minutes.

Dr. Cullum looks over the data. A look of concern and puzzlement comes over his face. He glances across the lab at the dead rat next to the microscope, sighs.

He picks up the rat on the tray next to the microscope, takes it into another room in the laboratory.

Melisa stops, fixated on one piece of information. She taps a few keys and multiple windows organize themselves across the screens. She runs her finger across the screens:

SNOWDEN RETIREMENT HOME shows on all the windows. She hits another screen and the printer comes to life.

INT. BREKEN LABS - RAT ROOM

Dr. Cullum puts the tray down next to an empty tank. Hangs his head. Melisa walks in, nose buried in a print out.

MELISA

Didn't you say Neal never has to go over a piece of information more than once? (BEAT) Seymour?

Melisa stops in her tracks. Looks up at all of the tanks. All the rats are dead.

MELISA (CONT'D)

Are they all - you never disposed -

DR. CULLUM

I stopped after the first dozen. I couldn't figure out cause of death. With the elevated heart rates I figured maybe some form of heart attack. But then -

Dr. Cullum turns to a tank with a rat who bit thru his water bottle and drowned itself.

A tank with a bloody splotch on the wall of the tank. A rat with a bloody head lies next to it.

DR. CULLUM (CONT'D)

I've been trying to figure out why the rats have been committing suicide.

Melisa stares aghast at another rat in a tank. The rat lies with his own chewed-off arm in his bloody mouth.

MELISA

Does - does Neal know?

Dr. Cullum stares at her helplessly.

INT. JET PLANE

Neal swivels slowly on his chair, taking in the vast array of monitors. Wielding the control tablet, he cycles through science channels from different countries.

Cain paces in the limited cabin area, glowers at Neal.

CAIN

No God?! No God?! Un-fucking-believable!

NEAL

I never said that. I said what if -

CAIN

They didn't hear "if". They heard "no God"! The sheep need their shepherd. 75% of America identify themselves as religious.

NEAL

It's 76%. (BEAT) If anything, the conversation has been stoked, questions are being roared instead of whispered. As knowledge spreads enlightenment throughout the lands, they will come to the same conclusion.

CAIN

They won't want the truth if it means losing their religion!

Neal pauses to consider that.

NEAL

Then that is their loss.

CAIN

No, you fucking moron, that's MY loss! They need hope. They need to know someone is going to find the answer. Whether he finds it or not!

Cain grabs the control tablet and switches station. He turns the monitor to face Neal:

MONITOR: Hundreds of people are gathered in front of various government buildings, shaking their fists in the air, yelling at no one in particular. They brandish picket signs reading "Cornelius is NOT God!" and "Science Sucks!".

NEAL

Judging by the trends in voting -

CAIN

Fuck the trends! There's still more believers than anyone else.

NEAL

I will give them something else to believe in.

Cain turns the social media monitor towards Neal.

CAIN

They HAD something to believe in.

Neal watches his social media "friend" numbers drop rapidly. He dejectedly swivels away from Cain, puts the headphones on to drown him out.

Cain storms out towards the back room of the jet.

On the monitor, Neal flips through various stations.

He lands on a financial program on a Korean channel. As he focuses curiously, his attention is caught by a Chinese program a few monitors down.

Neal turns the station on another monitor to another Korean channel. He scrunches his eyes in deep thought. He nods off.

As he dreams, the multitude of media outlets flood his brain. His eyeballs shift beneath his eyelids.

In his mind's eye, he sees:

An American cooking show, the obese chef gestures gleefully over his pans on the stove. His audience cheers wildly.

The leader of North Korea in the balcony of his palace, armies march before him as legions of his people shout his praises in unison.

Neal's eyeballs shift quicker.

Long rows of Americans stand in unemployment lines in an urban ghetto.

Rows and rows of sweatshop workers in China.

A Chinese economy program, a graph showing rapid growth in the recent and future years.

Beneath his eyelids, Neal's eyeballs move even more rapidly.

North Korea's leader surveys the jets on a military airfield.

A Chinese scientist inspects the electronic guts of a missile.

An American stoner laughs in front of the TV while "Jersey Shore" plays.

Neal jolts awake, sweat soaks his shirt, beads his forehead.

DRIVER (O.S.)

Sir?

Neal frantically pulls the headphones off.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Sir?

Unfocused, Neal glances in the voice's direction.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Mr. Cain thought it would be best
if he met you at the assembly.

NEAL
(rubs his eyes)
The assembly?

DRIVER
Yes, sir. For your -

NEAL
- speech. Oh, God...

EXT. UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

The flags of the member countries of the United Nation hang
outside its headquarters.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL

The full assemblage of the United Nations members focus their
attention on the speaker of the day.

In the wings, Cain, rocks back and forth on his heels,
nervously watches Neal with his arms crossed.

Behind the podium in the center of the hall, Neal, more
disheveled than normal, speaks.

NEAL
Since my - awakening, the blocks
and obstacles to the most mundane
answers were cast into the wind,
like a feather with out a worry in
the world. Now imagine if you will,
the questions being answered were
the ones we seek the most. The ones
that could feed your people. Not
just today but for generations to
come. The answers that could build
the roads, homes, every -

RWANDAN DELEGATE
We are hearing this because America
has solved its problems?

NEAL
Not yet. But the potential -

UGANDAN DELEGATE
 "Potential" is a word used by
 sellers of false promises.

NEAL
 Once we are able to eliminate any
 negative variables, we can begin -

PAKASTANI DELEGATE
 And the Americans are going to fix
 the problems of the world? Have
 they not exerted their influence
 enough?

NEAL
 I beg your pardon. The situation in
 the Middle-East alone -

SWEDISH DELEGATE
 What assurances do we have from the
 United States that we are not
 witnessing a threat greater than we
 witnessed during the Cold War?

NEAL
 Ladies and gentlemen, please.
 Admittedly, the power of the mind
 is the equivalent of nuclear
 energy. In the wrong hands it will
 destroy everything. But used for
 good, it can power our future. All
 of our futures.

SWEDISH DELEGATE
 So who will decide who is worthy?

CAIN
 (under his breath)
 I will, you fence-sitting -

NEAL
 I look to you, the United Nations,
 to assemble such a council.

A murmur spreads across the general assembly.

CAIN
 Over my dead fucking -

A United Nations official near Cain turns to his sudden
 outburst.

Cain seethes but bites his lip. Cain smiles sarcastically at
 the UN official.

NEAL

World peace is not a dream. Nor is it an abstract ideal. It is scientifically, mathematically possible. But it can't be accomplished by a few geniuses scattered about.

CAIN

Yes, yes. Sell it, my boy.

CHILEAN DELEGATE

You speak of math, of science. Yet across the world they call you Messiah, the Savior.

Neal catches Cain's eyes. Cain shakes his head sternly.

NEAL

These people are - they do not want politics. They want answers.

A louder murmur erupts from the assemblage.

NEAL (CONT'D)

The answers are a reality. We represent the means to access it.

Cain appears relieved.

NEAL (CONT'D)

The only question you have to answer is: Do you want it? Do you want your people fed? Do you want clean streets? Running water? A stable economy? Do you want peace?

SAUDI DELEGATE

We want what you have!

The delegates SHOUT agreements, grow rowdy and unruly.

NEAL

Or do you want to keep fighting over dirt?

Cain drops his head into his hand in frustration.

NEAL (CONT'D)

I assure you...please...please, I -

Overwhelmed by the tumultuous discord of voices, Neal grabs his head, pained by the audio overload.

Cain fights his way through the rowdy crowd.

Neal reads the lips of the delegation, processes their body language, every nuance of every delegate in the hall.

Neal's eyes then dart to the representatives of the People's Republic of China. He notices amidst the furor, they are - calm. The representative glances across the way at -

Another group of delegates, also calm. Neal squints to see the placard in front of the representatives: NORTH KOREA.

Cain continues to fight his way towards Neal as delegates crowd around the podium, shouting at Neal.

Neal spots the Mysterious Asian Man from the television studio standing next to the head North Korean delegate. He motions at Neal, whispers something into the ear of the head delegate. The head delegate nods in the direction of the Chinese representative.

NEAL (CONT'D)
(soft)
Korea? (BEAT) No.

Neal looks cross the way. The Mysterious Asian Man is now whispering in the ear of the Chinese delegate. The Chinese delegate nods in the direction of the North Koreans.

Both the Chinese and North Koreans suddenly turn towards Neal - and smile. The Mysterious Asian Man grins like the Cheshire Cat.

NEAL (CONT'D)
NO!!!

The assemblage freezes, the delegates stop talking, the hall goes quiet.

Cain too freezes in his tracks before reaching Neal.

NEAL (CONT'D)
(seethes softly)
You need me. You need me now more
than you could possibly know.

SAUDI DELEGATE
Why would we need you?

NEAL
To prevent World War Three.

The entire hall of delegates stare at Neal in stunned silence. Then -

The delegates ERUPT in anger.

Neal focuses on each delegate - one-by-one he reads their lips, translates their words, processes each nuance of their body language.

His eyes widen, goes faster from each delegate, each member of their party, each and every person in the hall.

Neal processes every last ounce of information. Then he grabs his head in pain.

NEAL (CONT'D)

Ahhhh!!!!

Cain finally reaches Neal and wraps his arms around him, tries to pull him away from the microphone. Neal breaks free, grabs the microphone.

NEAL (CONT'D)

You will need me! To clean up the mess. YOUR mess. You lesser minds with your petty, ignorant in-fighting. Your greed. Your mythical beliefs that have killed billions. You're like spoiled children, desperate for a father's stern hand!

Cain struggles to pull Neal away from the microphone.

NEAL (CONT'D)

You will ALL need me!

As Cain wrestles with him, Neal looks through the sea of rowdy delegates in the direction of the Chinese representatives.

They are gone.

NEAL (CONT'D)

Where - where are they? Where are the Chinese? Stop them!!!

Neal wildly searches across the way. Finally he finds the seats of the Koreans. They are gone too.

NEAL (CONT'D)

And the Koreans? Where are the Koreans?!?

The crowd of reporters, their cameras pointed at Neal turn to each other, confused -

REPORTER #1

Did he just say -

REPORTER #2

Yup. Yes he did.

A mass of reporters, microphones pointed like swords, flashbulbs like strobe lights, surround Neal and Cain as they fight to escape out the side entrance.

INT. JET PLANE - NIGHT

A cell phone RINGS.

The cabin is dark, thin strips of moonlight poke through the windows. The only other light in the cabin comes from a single TV monitor on mute.

The cell phone RINGS again.

A light THUD hits the floor then CLINKS against glass. A dark figure groans, then rolls off a reclined chair.

Cain (the dark figure) picks up a whiskey bottle at his feet and struggles to stand.

He takes a swig from the whiskey bottle, bumps into the row of darkened monitors.

He SLAMS the whiskey bottle on the table next to the cell phone.

CAIN

(into the cell)

He ain't here.

MELISA (O.S.)

(on the cell)

Neal?

CAIN

I said he ain't here.

INT. BREKEN LABS - CULLUM LABORATORY - NIGHT

In the dead of the night, Melisa is alone in the empty laboratory, cell to her ear.

MELISA

What do you mean he's not there?

How did you -

INT. JET PLANE

Cain stares up at the silent TV monitor.

CAIN

I didn't do anything. We got separated outside the U.N. I lost him in the crowd. I couldn't tell if it was his followers or haters.

On the TV monitor a newscast replays the incident at the United Nations: shots of the delegates shouting at Neal behind the podium. Neal gets dragged away in the ruckus.

CAIN (CONT'D)

And if you see that fucking miserable prick, you tell him - hello?

Cain looks at his cell screen: CALL ENDED.

Cain throws his cell on the chair and grabs for the whiskey bottle again. The bottle hits the control tablet and the volume on the monitor is turned on.

NEWSCASTER #2

...and as the world teeters on the brink of war, the one they call Cornelius is nowhere to be found.

The bottle is empty as he tries to take a swig again.

CAIN

Fuuuuck!

He throws it against the monitor in a loud CRASH of glass.

INT. BREKEN LABS - CULLUM LABORATORY

Melisa goes to her computer terminal. She picks up the print out and looks at it:

Snowden Retirement Home.

INT. NEAL'S HOUSE - NEXT NIGHT

Mrs. Sewell leads Melisa into the kitchen. Melisa's jacket is wet from the rain.

MRS. SEWELL
I never rented it out. He
would...get lost. I figured he was
lost again.

Mrs. Sewell takes her jacket, shakes it out.

MELISA
He is.

Mrs. Sewell points to the stairs leading down to Neal's room.

INT. NEAL'S BASEMENT ROOM

Melisa looks around the room. His bed is unmade. The outdated computer gathers dust. Comics are scattered about.

The small window near the ceiling is open. The rain leaks through, wetting some comics near the wall.

Melisa stands on a chair. She fiddles with the old window's locking system then shuts it.

NEAL (O.S.)
Thank you.

Melisa turns to see Neal, hiding, curled up on the other side of the bed. A comic is opened in his hand, with another stack near his pillow on the floor.

NEAL (CONT'D)
I could never figure that damned
thing out.

Melisa gets down from the chair.

NEAL (CONT'D)
I've always loved these, especially
the pictures. I guess, just the
pictures. Sometimes I could figure
out the stories, the plots, just
from the pictures. Sometimes.

MELISA
I was worried.

NEAL
And this was the only place you'd
think I'd go?

MELISA
This is the only place where it's
simple.

Neal walks over to the outdated computer, runs his hand over the dusty monitor.

NEAL

You might say I came here to dry out. Cold turkey.

MELISA

Stopping the intake of stimuli and information might -

NEAL

I was making a joke. One of the drawbacks of being a messiah: every word out of your mouth is taken too seriously. That lack of a sense of humor is why religion will never last.

MELISA

It doesn't sound like we have that long anyway.

NEAL

I guess I lack the same sense of humor since I don't know if you are mocking me or not.

MELISA

I don't know what to believe.

NEAL

That's too bad. One of us needs to.

Neal goes over to his unmade bed. He picks up the pillow from the ground. The pillowcase, not matching his blanket and sheets, is a STAR WARS design, very old and worn.

He brings it to his nose, closes his eyes.

NEAL (CONT'D)

To be seven again.

MELISA

Is that when your dad died?

Neal opens his eyes.

MELISA (CONT'D)

Or were you sixteen? Twenty? I'm a bit confused about that.

Neal sits on his bed, still clutching the pillow.

MELISA (CONT'D)

Why did you lie about him?

NEAL

I'm dead to him. I have always been dead to him.

MELISA

Dr. Stephen Morrison, leader in neuroscience in the seventies.

NEAL

The ancient Egyptians, also leaders in neuroscience at one point, used to drill a hole in a skull to cure mental -

Neal squeezes his head, in obvious pain.

NEAL (CONT'D)

I added "George" as my last name after the curious monkey.

Melisa guides him to the bed.

NEAL (CONT'D)

He would be - so proud of what I have become. Instead of ashamed of what I was.

MELISA

Neal -

NEAL

But he'd probably still just cast my theories aside.

MELISA

That's not important right now. You have the world in a bit of a frenzy.

NEAL

Not important to you. Your parents were probably in the front row of your graduation. Beaming with pride.

MELISA

Neal, your father doesn't know -

NEAL

Oh, he knows. Another failure for Neal. And another failure for the great leader in neuroscience.

MELISA

Neal, he doesn't know. He won't ever know.

EXT. SNOWDEN RETIREMENT HOME - EARLIER THAT DAY

Melisa walks up the steps to the retirement home.

INT. SNOWDEN RETIREMENT HOME - LIVING ROOM

A nurse leads Melisa to a large living room. Assorted elderly people play chess, stare out the window and gossip on the couch.

The nurse points to an ELDERLY MAN in a wheelchair, staring up at the TV.

She gently pulls up a chair next to the elderly man.

MELISA

Dr. Morrison, my name is Melisa -

DR. STEPHEN MORRISON (80's, withered) stares blankly at the screen.

She moves a little closer.

MELISA (CONT'D)

Sir?

ELDERLY LADY (O.S.)

Are you his daughter?

Melisa turns to see an ELDERLY LADY on the couch.

MELISA

No, ma'am. I'm actually a colleague of his son.

ELDERLY LADY

Colleague? It didn't sound like his son had colleagues.

Melisa squirms uncomfortably on the chair.

ELDERLY LADY (CONT'D)

Not that he says much anymore.

Melisa gets up to leave, nods respectfully at the elderly lady. As she turns, she sees the TV tuned to CNN. She stares in shock as she sees the trouble at the United Nations: Neal getting pulled away from the angry crowd.

Before she leaves, she sees that Dr. George hasn't moved. He blankly continues to stare at the newscast.

INT. NEAL'S BASEMENT ROOM

MELISA

He hasn't responded coherently in a few years. The Alzheimer's -

Confused, Neal slowly lowers himself into Melisa's lap, buries his head in the pillow. And weeps.

PASTOR TED (V.O.)

History is littered with the false sermons of raving lunatics. Only a chosen few are able to hear the voice of the Almighty.

Then Neal stops.

His body goes limp, his arm falls to his side.

PASTOR TED (V.O.)

The rest, well, the rest can't handle the truth.

Melisa moves her hand to reveal a syringe. She gently strokes his hair.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Tensions remain high as the leaders of the Asian regions await an official reaction from the United States.

INT. BREKEN LABS - CULLUM LABORATORY

A TV monitor plays news coverage on the far side of the wall.

NEWSCASTER

Not since the Cuban missile crisis has the world been on the edge of total disaster.

Neal lies sedated on a bed in the laboratory. Melisa checks his vitals and reads the various banks of monitors around him.

INT. PASTOR TED'S CHURCH

PASTOR TED

They said he would walk amongst us,
at first, as a savior who would
unite the world.

INT. BACK TO CULLUM'S LABORATORY

Dr. Cullum pours over data from the banks of monitors hooked
into Neal.

NEWSCASTER

Most countries brace themselves for
an impending global catastrophe.

EXT. BREKEN LABS - PARKING LOT

Mobs of sign-wielding protesters crowd the entrance to Breken
Labs.

PASTOR TED (V.O.)

But the Anti-Christ would show his
true colors when we are at our most
vulnerable.

Four blackened SUV's SCREECH into the parking lot.

PASTOR TED (V.O.)

When we need him the most.

The angry mob parts as the SUV's pull up to the front
entrance. Government officials in suits and military uniforms
exit the vehicles and make a B-line to the entrance.

PASTOR TED (V.O.)

And we will beg for his help.

INT. BREKEN LABS - ENTRY/EXIT WAY

The government officials in suits and military uniforms
stampede through the entrance.

INT. CAMERON CAIN'S OFFICE

The lead official, THOMAS WESTIN (40's, WASPY, suited
bureaucrat) barges into Cain's office.

WESTIN

Where is the genius?

Cain, disheveled, slouches in his big chair. He takes a swig of something from the glass next to him.

CAIN

Sorry, we're all out of those at the moment.

GENERAL GOLDMAN (60's, burly and sturdy) motions to a soldier.

The soldier goes behind the desk and picks Cain up by the scruff of his shirt.

CAIN (CONT'D)

Oh, that genius.

INT. BREKEN LABS - CULLUM LABORATORY

The doors HISS as Cain leads the government and military officials into Cullum's lab.

Dr. Cullum and Melisa turn, surprised. They instinctively stand between the angry group and Neal.

CAIN

I believe that's the genius you're looking for.

WESTIN

Dr. Seymour Cullum? Dr. Melisa Dolan? My name is -

DR. CULLUM

Thomas Westin, National Security Advisor.

Westin looks at Dr. Cullum with surprise.

DR. CULLUM (CONT'D)

It doesn't take a genius to figure out you'd be here. Though I didn't expect you to bring the whole army.

GENERAL GOLDMAN

I'm a Marine, Dr. Frankenstein.

WESTIN

Pleasantries aside, you know why we're here.

MELISA

He's sedated. He's no threat -

GENERAL GOLDMAN

(points to the newscast)

Ma'am, because of this idiot, most of the nations of the world are currently at DEFCON one. I'd say that's pretty fucking threatening.

WESTIN

What my colleague lacks in tact he makes up for in understatement. We need to know if he's out of his mind or if he's seeing something every single intelligence agency around the globe has missed.

MELISA

Seymour, we can't wake him up, his cerebellum is on the verge -

DR. CULLUM

Mr. Westin, even if we were to lower the sedation levels, Cornelius - Neal has suffered an almost complete mental breakdown.

CAIN

Fuck his breakdown! You take bong hits with him if it makes him lucid enough to validate this shit storm he created.

MELISA

Validate? All you want to validate is your product. If Neal's right, your money won't mean shit.

WESTIN

This has nothing to do with money or scientific breakthroughs. At this point it has to do with survival.

An aide leans over and whispers into General Goldman's ear. He points to one of Neal's monitors.

GENERAL GOLDMAN

Is his heart rate supposed to be that low?

MELISA

If we decrease his sedation level, every inch of his body will begin to send information to his brain. The temperature of the room.

(MORE)

MELISA (CONT'D)

Every sound. Every color. Smell.
That's not including every last
detail that his eyes can see. Every
single piece of stimuli will flood
his neuroreceptors.

She stares daggers directly at Cain -

MELISA (CONT'D)

Like if you stood right at the base
of the Hoover Dam - then suddenly
took away the wall.

A hush falls over the room. Only the slow BLEEP of Neal's
heart rate monitor fills the room.

CAIN

So close, Seymour. All you have to
do is wake him up to see if this
was all bullshit. Or if you're the
genius behind the genius.

MELISA

Seymour, you can't -

Dr. Cullum casts a dire look at the TV newscast.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Standing room only, Cain, Westin, General Goldman and the
rest of their entourage, fill the observation room, eyes
transfixed on the other side of the glass.

INT. BREKEN LABS - CULLUM LABORATORY

Dr. Cullum slides a specially designed helmet over Neal's
head, covering his eyes and ears.

Melisa makes a few adjustments on the keyboard in front of
the main monitor.

Dr. Cullum takes two extra bags of the same medication and
hangs it next to the one already attached to Neal's arm. He
double checks the tubes to make sure it's readily accessible.

Then he sighs heavily. He looks at Melisa then slowly nods.

Melisa pauses, then hits one of the keys.

On the monitor the readout of his medication slowly descends
from 100%. 99%. 98%

Melisa's finger hovers over the keyboard, holds her breath.
97%.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM/CULLUM LABORATORY

Everyone inches closer to the glass, unable to take their eyes off Neal.

96%.

Dr. Cullum leans a little closer to Neal.

95%.

93%.

91%.

Then -

Neal GASPS awake, his entire body tenses.

Everybody in the lab and observation room flinches.

MELISA

Shit!

Melisa's fingers hover over the keyboard.

Neal relaxes.

Dr. Cullum looks over Melisa's shoulder at the monitor: 90%.

Neal's lips move.

NEAL

See...

Melisa taps a few keys.

NEAL (CONT'D)

See...

Neal's voice ECHOES over the loud speakers in the lab and observation room.

WESTIN

What's he seeing?

NEAL

(soft)

See sharp.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Dr. Cullum address Cain, Westin, General Goldman and their entourage.

DR. CULLUM

To put it simply, the sedation meds have brought his brain function to the level of an average human. We're going to decrease the sedatives but it may take a while.

GENERAL GOLDMAN

A while? We don't have a while.

WESTIN

And then?

DR. CULLUM

And then we hope his brain doesn't explode from adding one plus one.

CAIN

The hell makes you think he'll tell you anything?

DR. CULLUM

At this point all we can do is ask.

Westin drops his head and shakes it in disbelief.

GENERAL GOLDMAN

While you're at it, ask him how he'd like a Chinese nuclear missile up his ass?

Dr. Cullum starts to leave.

WESTIN

What was see sharp?

Dr. Cullum stops.

WESTIN (CONT'D)

When he woke, he said 'see sharp'.

DR. CULLUM

We didn't know what he could feel when we brought him out. So we gave him a single tone, a soft hum, to focus on so he wouldn't go insane. I guess it was C-sharp.

INT. BREKEN LABS - CULLUM LABORATORY

Westin, General Goldman and company crowd the laboratory.

Dr. Cullum nervously adjusts the helmet on Neal.

On the monitor: 90%.

DR. CULLUM

Ready?

Neal pats Dr. Cullum on the arm. Neal gives a thumb's up.

Dr. Cullum gently slides off the helmet.

As he does, Melisa carefully puts earplugs in, then slips on oversized, dark glasses.

MELISA

Can you hear me?

Neal nods.

MELISA (CONT'D)

Even with the shades, I want you to keep your eyes closed.

DR. CULLUM

How do you feel?

NEAL

Sensitive.

Melisa gives him some water in a cup.

MELISA

Slowly.

DR. CULLUM

There's some men here. They have a few questions.

NEAL

Government? I guess I should thank them. Who knows when you would have woken me.

MELISA

Neal, we -

Neal smiles in Melisa's direction.

NEAL
They want to know if World War
Three is upon us.

Neal looks towards the observation room, all stare with bated breath. Then he looks in Dr. Cullum's direction.

NEAL (CONT'D)
And you need to know if it's all
just the ravings of a mad man.

He takes another sip of water.

NEAL (CONT'D)
I have no idea. Not anymore. There
is only one way to find out.

MELISA
We can take the sedatives down
another twenty percent. Maybe
twenty five.

NEAL
At that rate - Melisa - we don't
have that much time.

Melisa and Dr. Cullum fall silent.

LATER

Melisa checks the sedation level: 75%. She runs her hand along a lone tube from the sedation tanks to Neal.

General Goldman and his people set up dozens of monitors and speakers in an arc around Neal.

Cain works on an audio display.

MELISA
Nice of you to lend a hand.

CAIN
My investment isn't dead yet.

MELISA
Neither is Neal.

WESTIN
(into his cell)
Yes, one master login and password.
(BEAT) What do you mean, 'Which
data base'? All of them!

Dr. Cullum adjusts something in back of Neal then cinches the back of Neal's patient gown.

DR. CULLUM

You're going to be taking in more information than ever before. We'll drop the meds slowly, introducing a new media source one-by-one. But if it gets too -

NEAL

Dr. Cullum - Seymour, we're beyond "buts" at this point.

DR. CULLUM

You don't have to sacrifice yourself. We'll figure out another way.

NEAL

There is no other way. It's time for answers. All of the answers.

Neal goes to a modified chair in the middle of the lab. It sits in the middle of an array of monitors and speakers. He runs his hand along three additional monitors attached to the chair, positioned right in front of him.

He gingerly slides into the seat, stretches his hands over an advanced keyboard display directly in front of him.

GENERAL GOLDMAN

We had this brought in from - well, let's just say a place that has no e-mail.

A MILITARY SCIENTIST adjusts something on one of the monitors directly in front of Neal. He points at the keyboard.

MILITARY SCIENTIST

This is your main hub. Everything is controlled from here. You can access TV channels, websites, radio stations, you name it, almost faster than the speed of light. Every social network, Facebook, Twitter -

Westin steps up.

WESTIN

Our guys at the Pentagon have given you access to every last piece of intel from every agency known to man. And some known only to me. This access will be made available for one hour. After which time every single one of those agencies and its employees will have to change their passwords. And the ones on their personal cells, laptops and tablets, too.

Neal looks away, ashamed.

WESTIN (CONT'D)

Just - just help us.

Westin types his code into the main screen in front of Neal.

Neal leans back to an almost lying position, looks up at the vast array of monitors above him, all blackened screens.

Neal removes the earplugs, then the black glasses from his eyes.

He rubs his eyes then looks back at Melisa, valiantly trying to hide the look of worry on her face. He exhales then nods at her. She turns back to the monitor and types a few keys.

The sedation level drops to 70%.

Neal squeezes his eyes - Melisa's fingers freeze on the keyboard.

He opens his eyes, nods his head.

Neal presses a button on the keyboard as the government login screen disappears. He looks up at the first monitor in front of him -

WHEEL OF FORTUNE plays on the screen. Neal smiles. Then types. The screen changes to Google. His expression gets serious, his eyes focus.

One by one, another screen lights up, one after another.

The room fills with sounds of newscasts and other channels, speaker by speaker, one by one.

Neal types furiously. He scans the monitors. Various TV channels, websites, blogs and social networks are scattered across the screens.

Neal types again. The monitors change to different TV channels, websites and social networks.

Then changes again. And then again.

Neal's eyes scan from one side of the monitors to another. He shakes his head in frustration.

Neal looks over at Melisa and nods.

Melisa drops the sedation level to 65%.

NEAL

Take it down to 60%.

Melisa pauses, looks over at Dr. Cullum who nods in agreement. She types, the sedation level drops to 60%.

NEAL (CONT'D)

Arrghh!

Neal fights the pain as his fingers fly across the keyboard.

The monitors change to different TV channels, websites and social networks. Then again. And again In quicker succession.

Neal furiously types, focuses in on the monitors directly in front of him.

NEAL (CONT'D)

Another 10%, Melisa! I don't have it yet!

She types. The sedation drops to 50%.

The monitors change images at quicker rates. The speakers emit a garbled cacophony of sound.

Neal no longer lounges on the chair. He's upright and squirming in his chair.

NEAL (CONT'D)

Yes, yes! Take it down 20% more!
It's getting clearer!

MELISA

That would bring you to the same levels you were at before -

NEAL

Now!

Dr. Cullum pours over the readings from Neal's psychic activity. He turns to Melisa -

DR. CULLUM
Just do it! These readings are
impossible but we passed impossible
five minutes ago!

Melisa types. The sedation drops to 30%.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

General Goldman, Westin and Cain stare in disbelief.

INT. BREKEN LABS - CULLUM LABORATORY

Neal's eyes open wide as saucers. Sweat beads all over his head. He stands from the chair, the keyboard raising with him. His eyes dart from one monitor to the next.

He pauses from the keyboard, points from one monitor to another, mumbles under his breath. Studying. Analyzing. Then -

NEAL
Yes! Yes! More! More!

Melisa at her monitor. 30% blinks red. She looks to Dr. Cullum.

Unable to move, Dr. Cullum stares in disbelief at the monitor in front of him.

Melisa rushes over to Dr. Cullum and looks at the monitor. Colors dance across her face.

On the screen a 3-D image of Neal's brain, multiple colors light up different parts of his brain in rapid patterns. 70% of his brain is lit up.

MELISA
That's impossible. It can't be
going that fast.

DR. CULLUM
And yet it is.

MELISA
He can't possibly take much more.

Dr. Cullum scans another monitor, awestruck glee growing on his face.

DR. CULLUM
His vitals say otherwise.

Melisa looks at the monitor.

MELISA

Heart rate is high but not critical.

DR. CULLUM

His body is adapting itself. The neurons are creating additional paths.

Melisa taps on the keyboard.

MELISA

But the glial cells.

WESTIN (O.S.)

Are they out of control, too?

Melisa and Dr. Cullum turn to see Westin peering over their shoulder.

MELISA

No. That's the problem.

She looks over at Neal, completely out of his seat, maniacally working every monitor at his disposal.

DR. CULLUM

The glial cells help control the structure of the brain itself. It's the infrastructure for the neurons, responsible for holding it in place.

WESTIN

So the muscle is growing out of it's own skin?

DR. CULLUM

To put it mildly.

MELISA

And the rest of his body doesn't recognize this; it's too busy compensating, trying to keep his heart, lungs, everything, operational.

DR. CULLUM

His body won't shut itself down.

MELISA

And his mind?

DR. CULLUM

The subconscious mind that controls all of the bodily functions we take for granted - oh, my God. It's no longer - his subconscious mind is no longer subconscious.

(softly)

I did it. It's one.

NEAL (O.S.)

More, Melisa! More!

Dr. Cullum continues to stare at the 3-D image.

MELISA

Seymour!

Dr. Cullum snaps out of it, realizing the joy he is taking witnessing his work coming to fruition at the expense of Neal's mind. He rushes to Neal.

DR. CULLUM

No, son. We - we can't do this.

NEAL

I - am - too - close! The pattern, I can almost -

DR. CULLUM

It's over, Neal.

NEAL

Don't - call - me - Neal! I. Am!
CORNELIUS!

Neal pulls at the lone sedation tube that is connected to his body. He yanks but nothing happens. He pulls off his gown.

The tube is fixed into a harness latched onto his torso. He looks up imploringly at Dr. Cullum.

DR. CULLUM

We couldn't run the risk of it being pulled out accidentally or...

Neal looks over at the sedation monitor. Then focuses on his own keyboard.

MELISA

No!

Neal types in rapid succession.

Melisa runs to the sedation monitor.

30%.

20%.

10%

Melisa types furiously on the keyboard, but to no avail: Neal locked her out.

MELISA (CONT'D)
Stop it, Neal! Stop it, please!

5%

Neal finishes and with a flourish hits one last key.

Westin and Dr. Cullum stare at Neal.

DR. CULLUM
(soft)
Oh, God, no.

0%.

Neal braces himself against the chair. He types faster than ever.

Thousands of images on every monitor above him and in front of him change at alarming speeds, emitting a strobe effect in the room.

GENERAL GOLDMAN
Jesus Christ.

The speakers blare inaudibly. Then -

Neal's whole body jerks upwards, a lightening rod for information. He slumps to his knees, as if in prayer before the God of Knowledge.

Neal faces all the monitors without moving, soaking in every ounce of information. Like a heroin addict, a weak smile struggles to stay formed on his face.

Dr. Cullum looks at his monitor: 100% of Neal's brain is lit up in rapidly changing multi-light patterns.

DR. CULLUM
My God.

The strobe from the monitor and BLARING from the speakers reach a blinding and deafening crescendo.

Then - Neal's eyes shut.

All at once, his world goes dark, silent.

He opens his eyes -

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

Adult Neal in a private school uniform is squeezed into a tiny desk. He looks around and notices his fifth-grade classroom. He tries to get out of the desk but is stuck.

VOICES from the hallways catch his attention.

He looks out towards the hallway and sees -

His father and TEACHER in deep conversation. His father obviously irritated, hands on his hips glares down at his teacher.

TEACHER

Even with extra help, maybe if we
keep him back a year. Or two -

His father storms away from his teacher, heads towards Neal.

Towering over him, Neal's father glares down at him.

Neal struggles but can't pry himself from the desk.

Neal's father shakes his head in disgust then leaves the classroom.

NEAL

Dad? Dad?

His father's shoes ECHO down the hallway. Neal struggles to escape the tiny desk.

NEAL (CONT'D)

Dad! Wait!

The echoing footsteps grow softer.

NEAL (CONT'D)

Dad! Dad! I can do it, just -

Neal frantically struggles to free himself from the desk.

NEAL (CONT'D)

Daddy!

Finally Neal frees himself from the desk. He stands proudly.

NEAL (CONT'D)
See, I did it dad, I did -

The hallway is silent.

Neal goes to the doorway, looks up and down the hallway. Each end of the hallway is pitch black.

NEAL (CONT'D)
(soft)
Dad? Daddy?

Neal slumps to his knees, his face falls into his hands.

INT. BREKEN LABS - CULLUM LABORATORY

On his knees, Neal suddenly opens his eyes, gasps as if coming up for air.

Dr. Cullum rushes to Neal's side.

Melisa types a few commands. The sedation level goes from 0% to 75%.

NEAL
(soft)
I did it.

Neal slumps against Dr. Cullum who cradles him in his arms.

DR. CULLUM
You're okay, son.

Neal relaxes as the sedation kicks in, mutters under his breath.

Westin and General Goldman rush closer.

GENERAL GOLDMAN
What's he saying?

MELISA
Neal?

Neal's lips move but only whispers comes out. Then -

NEAL
Ch...China...

WESTIN
China? I knew it.

Westin kneels down to Neal.

WESTIN (CONT'D)

What else, Neal, please tell us.

Neal looks up. His lips move silently, as if speaking to someone far away. And then -

NEAL

Korea...North Korea...

WESTIN

North Korea.

GENERAL GOLDMAN

Oh, shit.

Westin rises and grabs the cell from inside his jacket. General Goldman motions for one of his aides to come over.

NEAL

Signals...at...at the United Nations...

Westin freezes. So does General Goldman.

WESTIN

What do you mean? Who signaled at the United Nations.

Neal weakly lifts his head.

NEAL

At the United Nations. The delegates for North Korea. They signaled to the Chinese -

WESTIN

The North Korean delegates signaled to the Chinese. At the United Nations.

NEAL

Yes.

Westin leans down to Neal.

WESTIN

North Korea lost its seat in the United Nations General Assembly.
(to Melisa and Dr. Cullum)
Seven years ago.

Neal stares up at Westin in confusion.

FLASHBACK

At the United Nations, Neal and Cain are surrounded by the mob of reporters and delegates. Neal looks one last time towards the Korean delegates, sees an aide before the mob carries him away.

The aide moves past the Korean's placard. It says SOUTH KOREA.

END FLASHBACK

Westin slowly stands, dials his cell.

WESTIN (CONT'D)
 My teenaged daughter even did a
 paper on it. Got an 'A'.
 (into the cell)
 Inform the President to go ahead
 with the apology.

Neal shakes his head, stunned in disbelief.

NEAL
 (soft)
 No. It can't be true.

Dr. Cullum and Melisa help Neal to his feet.

NEAL (CONT'D)
 But I saw - they were -

Neal looks up.

On one of the monitors he sees the Mysterious Asian Man that has been popping in and out -

NEAL (CONT'D)
 There! There, I told you -

Neal points to the monitor. All eyes turn to look.

On the monitor the Mysterious Asian Man is surrounded by a bevy of hot Korean girls, dancing in a music video.

NEAL (CONT'D)
 This can't be. He -

Neal looks up imploringly at Melisa.

NEAL (CONT'D)
 I saw - it all...

Dr. Cullum dejectedly stares at the monitor: One by one, the colors from Neal's brain slowly turn dark.

Cain slithers up behind Dr. Cullum.

CAIN
I gave you the means. I gave you
everything. And you still couldn't
figure it out. (BEAT) You're done.

Cain turns to leave the lab.

CAIN (CONT'D)
(over his shoulder)
Not sure if you figured that out.

NEAL
Mr. Cain!

Cain stops, slowly turns to Neal.

NEAL (CONT'D)
I wish I could have helped him.

A surprised yet frustrated look engulfs Cain's face as he
storms off.

Defeated, Dr. Cullum slumps into a stool.

Melisa helps Neal back into the main control chair. His hand
weakly reaches out to Melisa.

NEAL (CONT'D)
Melisa, please. No.

She types on the keyboard, the sedation levels keep
increasing: 78%, 81%, 85%.

On the chair, Neal relaxes, his eyelids fight to stay open.

MELISA
(pained)
Shh. It's okay.

NEAL
I can't go back to that. Please, I -
I don't want to be stupid again.

MELISA
Neal, you're not -

NEAL
You're not. Dr. Cullum isn't. You
don't need to be hooked up to a -

MELISA
We can't reverse it.

DR. CULLUM
And the sedation meds. Cain won't
let us -

NEAL
I don't want to be stupid again.

Dr. Cullum looks away in shame.

A PIANO PLAYS, Mozart fills the air.

INT. MILES' ROOM

Miles plays a sonata. The blank stare of the blissfully ignorant on his face.

From the door, Cain watches him.

CAIN
(softly)
I'm sorry. (BEAT) Son.

Cain leaves.

Almost imperceptibly, Miles turns towards the door.

INT. CULLUM'S LAB

Soaking in Mozart, a peaceful smile washes over Neal.

NEAL
(to Melisa)
There is one thing you can do.

Melisa shakes her head.

DR. CULLUM
No, Neal, please don't. We can find
another investor. I'm sure there
are hundreds of other research labs
who would be -

NEAL
No. There are thousands.
(to Melisa)
I wish I could have just married
the flag girl in my high school
marching band, stuck in a cubicle
and have my biggest worry be if I
could get my ten year-old tickets
to see Hannah Montana. I wasn't
even smart enough...

The sedation meds take control, Neal drifts off.

One of the government technicians shuts off each of the monitors. Before he turns off the last one, on the screen:

INSERT: Monitor displays Neal's social media sites. The "friend" numbers drop to almost nothing.

INT. BASEMENT - HALLWAY - LATER

An orderly pushes Neal on a gurney. A sedation bag hangs above the gurney, runs down to his arm.

Melisa walks besides him.

MELISA

How did you know Miles was -

NEAL

A bronze fleck in his and Cain's eye. It's a recessive gene mutation shared by immediate family members.

MELISA

Mr. Know-it-all.

NEAL

Did you know it was originally called a leukotomy by the Portuguese neurologist, Antonio Egas Moniz? The first lobotomy was an accident. An iron spike right through skull.

MELISA

Phineas Gage. A railroad worker survived a dynamite blast that sent an iron rod straight into his brain. See, I know things, too. First year neurology.

NEAL

Wikipedia.

Melisa smiles.

INT. CULLUM'S OFFICE

Dr. Cullum morosely packs files into cardboard boxes.

He takes his accreditations off the wall.

He stops when he gets to his college degree; the same one Neal pointed out.

INT. PROCEDURE ROOM

In the bowels of the facility, Melisa and Neal reach the procedure room: a far cry from the cutting edge technology on the upper levels. The tools and machines are outdated.

MELISA
(to the orderly)
Do you mind?

ORDERLY
I'll let Dr. Freeman know when
you're ready.

Neal looks inquisitively at Melisa.

MELISA
I'm sorry. I can't be the one who
takes this away from you.

Neal smiles. Then pulls her closer.

NEAL
(softly)
I figured it out, you know.

MELISA
Figured what out?

Neal nods towards the sedation bag.

INT. CULLUM'S OFFICE

Dr. Cullum, an unlit cigarette dangling from his lips, sits behind his computer, deleting e-mails. He stops when he comes to a message from Neal.

He clicks on it and a video message pops up of Neal.

NEAL (ON SCREEN)
You did it, Dr. Cullum. You really
did it. But we're not there yet.
We're not ready.

He looks at the time it was sent: 8:25 p.m.

He looks at the clock on his computer: 8:55 p.m.

INT. HALLWAY

Dr. Cullum storms out of his office into the hallway.

NEAL (V.O.)
I know the rats killed themselves.
They weren't ready for the
unlimited power of the mind.

Dr. Cullum frantically runs down the hallway.

NEAL (V.O.)
And neither are we.

He impatiently bangs on the elevator buttons.

Dr. Cullum gives up then runs into the stairwell.

INT. PROCEDURE ROOM

MELISA
I thought you might want to see -
Melisa brings up Neal's Facebook page on her e-tablet.

NEAL
No, no I -

He sees his only friend left on the screen: Melisa. He smiles.

Melisa leans down and kisses Neal on his forehead, strokes his hair. She walks out of the procedure room.

NEAL (V.O.)
We want to know everything.

Dr. Freeman enters the room. A nurse readies the equipment.

NEAL
Did you know it was originally
called a leukotomy by the
Portuguese neurologist, Antonio
Egas Moniz? The first lobotomy was
an accident. An iron spike right
through skull.

Dr. Freeman nods to the nurse. She puts the rubber mouth-guard in Neal's mouth.

NEAL (V.O.)
Or at least we think we do.

INT. BASEMENT - HALLWAY

Dr. Cullum bursts through the stairwell doors. He sees Melisa leaning against the wall.

Tears stream down her face.

Anguish and regret takes over his.

INT. PADDED ROOM - LATER

The sun shines through the window of a white, sterile padded room. A TV monitor embedded safely into the wall.

The orderly wheels Neal in on a wheelchair.

The orderly walks over to the monitor and turns it on. A reality TV show plays softly on the button-less monitor.

LATER

Neal lays on the floor against the wall. Drool worms its way down the corner of his mouth, an unfocused glaze in his eyes.

A fly buzzes around Neal's head. He doesn't notice.

Neal stares up, blankly, at the TV monitor.

The fly lands on the monitor; "Wheel of Fortune" plays on mute.

The room begins a slow rumble.

The TV monitor vibrates. The fly flees from the screen.

Neal's vacant stare comes to life. He looks around the room, confused by the rumble.

Slowly, Neal struggles to worm his way towards the small window. The rumble of the room increases.

He finally reaches the wall, inches his way up towards the window.

As the rumbling gets LOUDER, Neal struggles to keep his balance.

At the base of the window, Neal peaks through the protective bars and out through the glass. Just as he does -

Three military fighter jets ROAR overhead, the trembling building reaches a crescendo as they fly by.

Neal watches as the jets disappear into the distance.

All is silent.

From far away, MOZART fills the air.

The smile of the blissfully ignorant slowly spreads across his face.

Staring out the window, a blinding light washes over his face, then the room.

FADE OUT.