

THROUGH THE RABBIT HOLE

by

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FADE IN:

A series of historical photos fade in and out in a slide show. Famous physicists and their equipment start in sepia tones and end with high def images of CERN.

DAVID(V.O.)

I'm gonna do it this time.

JOHN(V.O.)

So you keep saying. When you're drunk.

DAVID(V.O.)

You've seen the math. You know it'll work. I can reproduce the Big Bang.

JOHN(V.O.)

And create a parallel universe. I know. I also know that experiment is forbidden. You do too. Come on, we've got Antiatoms to study. Not sexy, but it actually adds to our knowledge.

INT. CERN - ANTIPROTON DECELERATOR - DAY

DAVID (30s, tall and Nordic) and JOHN (30s, short and dark) sit at computers in a small room full of very complex banks of meters and readouts.

Each scans the readouts, types data into their terminal, and jots down notes on nearby pads.

John flips a switch. SFX: HUMMING SOUND builds up.

JOHN

Magnetic field initialized.

David checks readouts and types into his terminal.

SFX: HUMMING SOUND calms down to a steady, low level purr.

DAVID

Magnetic field stabilized.

John checks over different readouts and jots a note on his pad.

JOHN

Energy levels on all receptors within acceptable range.

David checks the readouts on his side and makes a note.

DAVID

Confirmed.

John pushes a button next to his screen and speaks into a small embedded microphone.

JOHN

All good to go in the AD. Are you ready on the PS?

PROTON SYNCHROTRON TECHNICIAN(V.O.)

Almost there. We should be ready to start the countdown in sixty seconds.

JOHN

(into mic)

Sounds good.

John flips off the switch and stares at his computer.

David clears his throat and produces a flash drive from his smock pocket. He holds it up like a Holy Relic as John turns to look.

DAVID

(raises his eyebrows)

Ta da!

JOHN

(sighs)

What is that, as though I didn't know.

David taps the drive.

DAVID

It's all in there, ready to go. The second they they start the stream, I pop this baby in the slot, and our coils turn from decelerators into accelerators.

JOHN

And you really want to smash two antiatoms together at near-light speed?

DAVID

We have to use antiatoms to create
a black hole with the necessary
energy to spark the creation on the
other side.

(taps the drive again)

It's all in there!

PROTON SYNCHROTRON TECHNICIAN(V.O.)

(from the mic)

Ready to commence the countdown.

JOHN

(shaking his head)

You wouldn't dare go down that
rabbit hole.

DAVID

Damn straight, I would. Right
through to the other side.

PROTON SYNCHROTRON TECHNICIAN(V.O.)

(from the mic)

John, are you ready?

John flips the switch without his eyes leaving David.

JOHN

Let 'er rip.

PROTON SYNCHROTRON TECHNICIAN(V.O.)

(from mic)

Will do. Countdown commencing.
Ten, nine...

JOHN

(still looking at david)

I triple-dog-dare you!

PROTON SYNCHROTRON TECHNICIAN(V.O.)

(from mic)

...eight, seven, six...

DAVID

(exhilarated but nervous)

We'll be heroes or zeros!

David stares at the USB slots next to his computer terminal.
His hands shake like crazy.

PROTON SYNCHROTRON TECHNICIAN(V.O.)
(from mic)
...five, four, three...

David sweats profusely, shakes violently, and stares at the USB slot.

DAVID
Heroes, or...

PROTON SYNCHROTRON TECHNICIAN(V.O.)
...two, one, zero!

As the word zero comes out, the readouts on David's terminal all change at once. The flash drive is still in his hand.

Startled, he snaps over to look at John.

John's hand pulls away from the flash drive he just inserted into the USB port by his computer terminal.

JOHN
(smug)
I knew you wouldn't have the balls,
so I made a copy. It's hero or zero
time.

SFX: HUMMING SOUND changes from the low purr and builds in intensity as the two technicians stare intently at their computer screens as...

SFX: LOUD WOOSHING sound builds along with the HUMMING sound.

Both men sweat and stare as the two sounds build to a crescendo and the screen...

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

David and John, dressed the same, sit on a bench in the beautiful early morning sunshine.

Joggers and dog walkers navigate the dirt path that runs in front of them.

John holds a paper bag. A small flock of pigeons are gathered at his feet.

The scene is idyllic.

DAVID
(bemused)
I had the strangest dream.

John looks at the birds on the ground and the bag in his hand.

JOHN
Did you?

DAVID
Yes, we were both in this small room. All the walls were covered with dials and electronic readouts.

John looks around, then dips his hand into the little bag. He stares at the bird seed in his hand.

JOHN
I have the strangest feeling we should be at work.

David turns on John and grabs his shoulder.

DAVID
(excited)
Work! That's it! We were at work.

JOHN
Doing what?

David looks around.

DAVID
(confused)
Not sure. Something...important.

John looks at the seed in his hand, and tosses it to the birds.

JOHN
What kind of important.

David clutches his head and stares at the sky.

DAVID
(sighs)
Figuring it all out.

John looks at the birds, the bag, then his friend. Then stares at the sky as well.

JOHN
Figuring all what out?

DAVID
(spreads his arms out)
This. All this. Why is it all
here? What makes it all work?

John looks at his friend, then back at the bag. He dumps the
seed on the ground and crumples the bag.

He looks back to the sky.

JOHN
Maybe it's not important why it's
all here, or even how it all works.
Maybe it's just important that it
is.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. CERN - ANTIPROTON DECELERATOR - DAY

The meters and readouts flicker crazily. Data flies across
the computer screens.

David and John's chairs sit empty in front of their
workstations.

PROTON SYNCHROTRON TECHNICIAN(V.O.)
(from mic)
John?
(pause)
Dave?
(pause)
Did you get any readings? Have you
learned anything new?

FADE OUT

THE END