

LOST CAUSES

by

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FADE IN:

INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - DAY

Neuroscientist Professor TOM HAYWORTH, 40s, is confidently giving a lecture to a bunch of BEMUSED NEUROSCIENTISTS and a gaggle of NON-ACADEMICS.

His strong physique and outdoorsy vibe are more Patagonia than corduroy jacket. His rough climber's hands scrape on the traditional blackboard as he distractedly wipes away some dust from his lapels.

TOM

... the belief that memories are found at synapses may not be the full story...

GRUMBLING and raised eyebrows from the audience.

TOM (CONT'D)

My hypothesis -- Body Memory, or "Cellular Memory," predicts that memories may be stored elsewhere, and if so... could be selectively removed. "So what?" you may ask. Well, what if we could trick the body into forgetting it is ill? Erasing the bad stuff, so to speak...

The audience is aghast but sits rapt.

EXT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL PARKING LOT - LATER

Tom and PETER HAYWORTH, 30s, his laconic younger brother, casually hurl some climbing gear into the back of a ratty Land Cruiser.

They are approached by PAT DOREMUS, 50s, and coterie. Doremus is a rich, gruff, bull-necked and bull-headed Texan.

DOREMUS

Very interesting, professor. How close are you to formulating it?

PETER

He's nowhere...

Tom gives him a "look."

TOM
 ... Close to closure. Listen, Mr.
 Doremus.

DOREMUS
 Pat.

TOM
 Pat. I was sorry to hear about your
 Mrs.

DOREMUS
 Why? Yours is still alive.

The odd remark has Tom, usually never at a loss for words, on the back foot.

DOREMUS
 Nevertheless, bravo, Call me for
 sure, Tom. I must have this.

TOM
 Because you funded the new
 neuroscience wing?

Laughs all around. Some cringes.

DOREMUS
 No boy, to help mankind forget its
 worst illnesses.

A beat, then everyone nervously cracks up. Doremus proffers a handshake. A handshake duel.

Tom, with his gnarled strong rock climber's hands, rises to the challenge but Doremus' paws are baseball mitts, huge and almost supernaturally powerful.

Doremus' GOONS watch transfixed, but Tom is holding his own.

DOREMUS
 For the formula?

TOM
 And if I lose?

Doremus waits a beat, confused, then gets the joke.

DOREMUS
 Your memory or your wife.

Tom now gives him a deadly serious look.

TOM

Don't you mean, "your money or your life"?

DOREMUS

That works too.

Tom stops grinning and squeezes Doremus' massive paw. His normal-sized hand seems like a child's wrapped in Doremus' powerful mitts but they're also deceptively strong and Doremus finally relents, visibly sweating.

DOREMUS

Good for you, son. I'll see you in Johnson's office in the morning.

A Rolls-Royce Phantom pulls up and the automatic door opens with a sweet mechanical WHIRR. The license plate reads: "Suborn". A perfect pair of stocking-clad legs emerges, followed by an extended hand.

DOREMUS

Leg man?

TOM

Believe it or not.

Tom stares. Everyone stares -- but then he gets it. These legs belong to his wife, YOLANDA, 30s, Black, and very voluptuous.

Yolanda is a knockout in a tight white dress. Doremus beats Tom to the punch and extends a hand to help her exit.

DOREMUS

Mrs. Hayworth. Enjoy the ride?

YOLANDA

I did, thank you, Mr. Doremus.

Doremus tries in vain not to stare at her cleavage. Then he notices her face, as if for the first time, and stares. It's as if he's seen a ghost. His coterie notices the change.

DOREMUS

(almost choking on the words)

Call me Pat.

Yolanda also notices the uncomfortable stare and looks to Tom to see if he's paying attention.

TOM

Lecture too boring, Yolanda?

YOLANDA

Professor. I ain't never been in no
Rolls-Royce, Tom, and Mr. Doremus
kindly offered.

TOM

So you've been introduced?

YOLANDA

You mean to the debonair white guy?

TOM

Debonair?

Doremus gallantly kisses Yolanda's hand. She flirts right back as if getting revenge. Finally, she realizes she may have gone too far with the jape and nuzzles into Tom's neck.

Tom walks over to check out the Rolls. He zeroes in on the "Spirit of Ecstasy" hood ornament. It has become Yolanda in both their eyes, busty and silver. Before he can touch it, it disappears suddenly into the hood, startling Tom.

DOREMUS

Women are like that. Now you're not
gonna hold out on me are you son?

Tom ignores Doremus, who boils.

YOLANDA

(whispering)

Peter, I think I left a glove in
the Phantom.

PETER

You're on your own, 'Landa'. It's
gone.

As Doremus leaves, he spots Yolanda's other glove, picks it up, smells it like a flower, then secrets it away.

TOM

My hand. I don't think I can climb
this weekend.

PETER

Nothing unusual in that.

TOM

You're such a--

PETER

(in a British accent)
"Knob." As Steven would say.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE PHANTOM (MOVING) - NIGHT

Doremus cracks open a walnut like it's a monkey nut, casually using the same "handshake" hand. He buries his nose into Yolanda's white glove, lost in thought. His phone rings:

CHESS PLAYER (O.S.)
Queens' pawn to D4.

DOREMUS
King's pawn to D5.

CHESS PLAYER
Damn it pat! How do you keep the
games in your head?

DOREMUS
Dunno Jim, overactive hippocampus I
figure. Get back to me. Your move.
(He hangs up)
Egghead's gonna double cross me.
Pick up the wife when you pick up
the gas.

INT. AHWAHNEE HOTEL BAR, YOSEMITE - TWO DAYS LATER

Peter and Tom are downing El Capitini cocktails and arm wrestling in between sips.

PETER
So how's the gas working?

TOM
Memory gas or indigestion gas?

PETER
Well, at your age...

TOM
Well, as I said in the lecture--

PETER
To which I wasn't paying
attention...

TOM
It works but doesn't "take." It's
missing the catalyst to lock it in.
Which is why I came climbing with
you. I figured I'd reset my
scientific brain and I'd crack it.

PETER
You're so full of it.

Tom laughs good-naturedly.

TOM
Perhaps I am.

PETER
So, it's good to go. My advice?

TOM
No.

PETER
Don't mess with Mother Nature.
Memories are there for a reason.

TOM
What's in it anyway?

PETER
Absolut Vodka, Cointreau, and
Pomegranate, "topped off" with
'celebratory' champagne. He who
loses the arm wrestle gets to buy
the next cocktail. You meant the
gas?

TOM
"Wrestle?"

PETER
Wrestle. So we summit tomorrow?

TOM
We stage halfway, then summit the
next day maybe. Muir Wall.

They get down to another arm wrestle and, as brothers who
have been fighting for years, it's like a bloody battle.

TOM
"Their battles were bloody
drills..."

PETER
"And their drills bloody battles."

Peter takes a slurp from his cocktail. Tom is concentrating.

He flashes back to a childhood memory of him riding a bicycle hands-free and behind him on the saddle is a GIRL, AALIYAH, 10. She's pleading for him to put his hands back on the handlebars.

FLASHBACK:

TOM, aged 10, crashes the bicycle and Aaliyah careens head over heels.

An ambulance roars off as Tom sits by the sidewalk, distraught.

Peter zeroes in on Tom, guessing at his daydream.

PETER

What's the real reason for forgetting -- before I forget to ask?

TOM

To make patients forget...

PETER

...They're ill, I know. And bicycles. Patients?

Tom just gives him a blank stare.

Peter flicks water drops at Tom who's lost in thought. But Tom notices SOMEONE wafting from the bar towards them.

PETER

Hail Caesar. She looks like a younger Yolanda.

TOM

In your dreams.

A BLACK WOMAN, CÈILIDH, 23, hovers over the table. She's fairly tipsy herself. Her sassy silver hair is reflective of her character - cheeky, outrageous and game for anything.

PETER

Those are great legs. For hiking.

She grabs them both by the scruffs and gently bangs their heads together. She clearly knows how to handle men and sizes up the two of them in an instant.

CÈILIDH

Uh-huh.

TOM
What do you do?

CÈILIDH
You mean aside from wrangling rowdy
climbers? I'm a whisky brewer.

The boys are speechless but all three burst into laughter.
She joins them for a drink.

CÈILIDH
The name's Cèilidh.
(pron. "Kaylee")

TOM
How do--

PETER
You do?

CÈILIDH
Very well, thank you. What are you
metros drinking? El Capitanis?
Wimps! Bartender! Whisky! Gaelic if
you have it!
(to Tom)
You, you're married. And she's
black.

TOM
How, how did you know? How?

INT. DOREMUS CABIN - SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK - NIGHT

A nude, bearded middle-aged man, 40s, MARCUS, is bound and
hanging from a rod in Doremus' basement. He twitches
nervously as A FLUNKY, 20s waves around a picture of the
satyr Marsyas.

DOREMUS
Marsyas my little satyr.

MARCUS
Stop calling me that Mr. Doremus.
Please. It's Marcus and you know
it. I got caught behind some
security door and alarms started
going off. I had to run.

DOREMUS
So you failed to get the formula.
And those ungrateful wretches are
keeping it from me.

FLUNKY

Wretches.

MARCUS

Just lift it out with the search engine. Time-consuming but effective. Now may I have my clothes back?

The flunky stuffs a shirt into Marcus' mouth. Doremus grabs the picture of the tormented Marsyas.

DOREMUS

The Satyr Marsyas was flayed alive for losing a musical contest with Apollo. He knew the risks.

Doremus glibly lifts Marcus' junk with the sharp side of a long hunting knife.

MARCUS

Quit fooling around Doremus.

DOREMUS

In the contest between Apollo and Marsyas, the terms stated that the winner could treat the defeated party any way he wanted.

Doremus grabs Marcus by the nuts. The flunky cringes.

DOREMUS

But we're not going to flay you, Marsyas.

MARCUS

Oh, thank God.

The flunky stuffs the shirt back in his mouth as Doremus pulls him forward by his gonads. Doremus crushes Marcus' nuts with his powerful hands until he faints. Even muffled, the scream is nauseating and the flunky almost retches.

DOREMUS

Take him out back and dump him off the Tarpeian Rock.

Doremus projects a photo image of Yolanda's face onto a Rolls-Royce Spirit of Ecstasy ornament then covers it with a tiny negligée, fussing with it like a toy doll.

DOREMUS

"Since they have deliberately and sacrilegiously abandoned their obedience, and dared to oppose their lords, they have thereby forfeited body and soul, as perfidious, perjured, lying, disobedient wretches and scoundrels are wont to do."

FLUNKY

George the Third?

DOREMUS

Martin Luther.

Doremus turns suddenly, hearing something in his AirPods then strides over to a nearby chessboard and quickly makes a move then smiles with satisfaction. He then picks up a taken knight and hooks it on the curtain. It hangs precariously.

The knight from a distance looks like a rock climber clinging to a sheer mountain wall.

Then it begins to fall.

EXT. EL CAPITAN - YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK - DAWN

A chrysalis. Attached to a cement wall. Within it moves a butterfly, desperate to free itself and spread its wings.

Closer, the chrysalis is hanging from a sheer rock face. The tiny thread which holds it fast is fraying, breaking under the weight, as the butterfly turns and pumps its wings.

With each life-giving push to free itself from the old caterpillar, the thread becomes more tenuous. Finally, the silken thread breaks completely. The cocoon begins to fall then turns into the plummeting knight chess piece.

INT. CLIMBING SACK - THE PRESENT - EARLY DAWN

Tom wakes with a jolt from the dream.

TOM

Never seen a knight before.

EXT. EL CAPITAN SHEER FACE - EARLY MORNING

Twin climbing sacks now, like chrysalises, attached to a "wall," but these cocoons are dangling from the sheer face of El Capitan in Yosemite, 700 feet up the mountain.

A climbing cam, similar to a thick pair of oven prongs, is wedged deep into a rock crevice. But it begins to slip.

INT. PETER'S SACK - CONTINUOUS

Peter stirs, munches on a protein bar.

PETER
Good morning.

TOM (O.S.)
Go back to sleep, lil' bro. It's five in the morning. Get another hour then we'll summit.

PETER
Whatever.

As Peter slumps back into his climbing sack, the nylon webbing on the carabiner begins to fray along a jagged tear. Another jolt as the webbing frays again. A TEARING sound.

TOM
Hold still bro!

The GRINDING SOUND of cams coming loose. Tom begins to realize they are in serious trouble.

PETER
Tom! Holy shit!

Peter looks out of the tent at the ballistic nylon attached to the carabiner. It is split 3/4 of the way across.

TOM
Peter, grab this!

Tom hurls a rope to his brother, who grabs it, makes a climber's knot, and loops it through his waist harness.

PETER
Close one!

The sack finally breaks free and Peter kicks the nylon away, grabbing his phone and camera. Peter falls 30 feet until the rope holds, stretching taught as he enjoys the sunrise.

EXT. YOSEMITE - EL CAPITAN BASE - CONTINUOUS

The sleeping bag and tent smash into a rock. A protein drink splashes red like gore against the razor-sharp boulders.

EXT. EL CAPITAN - HIGH ABOVE THE VALLEY FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Tom, sweating now, starts to tug his brother up, unnerved.

PETER
Anytime you like, bro.

TOM
Well, if you'd like to help.

PETER
Just pull me up, big man.

Another ping and they both realize the rope is going to snap.

TOM
Peter. Hold onto the side!

PETER
There is no side. It's all smooth.
There's no holds.

TOM
Catch this cam.

Tom drops a wedging cam. Peter expertly catches it. A drop of sweat on Peter's brow reflects the whole mountain, then falls to the rock floor, the reflection rolling over and over.

PETER
I told you there's no holds here
dude, no cracks. Just haul ass.

Tom's own tent begins to slip as the nylon webbing frays apart. The jolt causes Peter's rope to split some more.

TOM
(holding the rope)
Holy shit! Where'd you buy this
rope?

Peter finally begins to worry and flings the camera to Tom.

PETER
Here. For the memories. It's a lost
cause, dude.

With a climber's acceptance of his fate, Peter turns around to enjoy the rising sun one more time.

TOM

Peter, you're not a lost cause!
Please, little brother, help me.

PETER

You're the best big brother...
I love you, Tom.

TOM

I love you, little bro.

The rope PINGS, then SNAPS with a jolt, sending Tom almost out of his tent. Tom watches in horror as Peter descends to his death. Tom's straps break and his tent plummets after Peter. He hangs, holding grimly onto a wedged cam.

EXT. YOSEMITE - EL CAPITAN BASE - CONTINUOUS

Some CLIMBERS jump with horror as they hear a loud BOOM as Peter's body hits the canyon floor.

EXT. EL CAPITAN - CONTINUOUS

Tom, eyes filled with tears, closes them against the rising sun and falls back against the rock.

TOM

No! Peter. Godammit.

EXT. YOSEMITE RANGER'S H.Q. - NIGHT

Tom sips cocoa with some RANGERS. Lights from the local sheriff's car spin outside, making the room eerily blue, then red, like a bizarre club scene where everyone is dressed like a park ranger. Tom sits solemnly, acidly holding the rope.

A PARK RANGER, 50s, nerdy for a park guy, fumbles for a homily as the gruff sheriff, DOUG PEYTON, 60s, watches.

SHERIFF PEYTON

I'll take that rope, son. For evidence.

PARK RANGER

Ropes break, Tom. They get caught on jagged rocks. They ain't indestructible.

TOM
But nylon webbing?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT

In the hospital, Tom sleeps uneasily, clearly dreaming.

EXT. MORO ROCK - SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK - DREAM SEQUENCE - NIGHT

His dream takes him to the granite monolith, Moro Rock, scrambling for footing on the steep face as TOURISTS stare down at him from the summit.

TOM (V.O.)
Moro Rock. A 5.8 to 5.10 climb,
moderately difficult. But I've
never climbed Moro.

Tom looks up and the tourists are gone.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT

But there is a glimpse of someone. A BEAUTIFUL BLACK WOMAN, smiling. Tom wakes with a start and looks into the dark eyes of Yolanda.

INT. TOM AND YOLANDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: Two Months Later

Tom lies in bed unable to sleep. He reaches for some sleeping pills but Yolanda heads him off and leans over him, her breasts swaying above his chest, soothing him.

TOM
I love when you do that.

YOLANDA
I know you do. Wanna make love,
baby?

TOM
Nah, that's okay.

She brushes away his hands and objections.

YOLANDA
I'll do the work.

She slides gently on top of him, her clothes shimmying off as she uses a police baton to push her panties off.

YOLANDA
Let me make it better for you,
baby.

LATER

Yolanda is feeding chips to Tom. He's trying to resist but gives in and eats. She sits up and starts to sing to him:

YOLANDA
(singing)
*On Mother Kelly's doorstep, down
Paradise Row...*

TOM
I love you.

YOLANDA
I love you too, baby. Now try and
sleep.

She massages his jawline and twines her body around his. Tom finally sleeps for a few moments as Yolanda cradles him, HUMMING the lullaby.

But Tom soon stirs and takes in the photos of him and Yolanda at Disneyland, Yosemite, and him and Peter in climbing gear.

He gets up and sleepily shuffles out of the room.

INT. TOM'S HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

There is a cover of him on "Wired" magazine, scientific plaudits, photos of him lecturing.

He experiments with a small canister. He sprays a mist into the air, holds up some cards, and writes down his notes. He's frustrated, clearly getting nowhere.

Distractedly, he sprays a canister into the air and surfs the web until he stumbles across a site selling climbing ropes. The screen reads: "Welcome back, Tom Hayworth." Tom turns pale and quickly flicks the screen off in a panic.

As the screen goes blank, the lights flicker as the power jumps. It acts instantly in some way on Tom who shakes his head and seems lost for an instant.

Tom shakes it off and mists the air like a woman sampling perfume. Nothing.

TOM

You jerk-off. You bought the ropes.

He then breathes slowly while switching the light switch on and off. The computer screen "jumps" as he does so.

Tom types out the word "EUREKA" onto the screen and carefully attaches an oscillator to the small spray canister.

TOM

(dreamily)

"Lest, we forget..." Thanks, little bro.

INT. KITCHEN - TOM'S HOUSE - LATER

Tom stands by the fridge and places the can inside.

The CLOCK reads: 3 A.M.

INT. TOM'S HOME OFFICE - LATER

Yolanda sleepily walks in.

YOLANDA

(affectionately)

White boys. What's up, baby? Still thinking of Peter?

TOM

I guess. Too hot to sleep.

YOLANDA

He loved to climb. Wasn't your fault, baby. The ropes broke, right?

TOM

We met this black chick at the Ahwahnee bar and she knew I was married and knew you were black. How? I wasn't even wearing a ring.

YOLANDA

Black women know.

INT. KITCHEN - LATE NIGHT

Yolanda selects a drink from the fridge, cooling herself by the open door. She finds the can of gas and looks at it curiously, then loosens a few buttons on her shirt.

YOLANDA (CONT'D)

Now that's better. You've been working on this memory gas a couple of years, baby. Isn't it time to take a break for a while?

TOM

God, I love you.

Tom grabs the can. But his mind still wanders.

TOM

Albert was eating the flowers again today. He's such a smart cat...

He starts to BABBLE but she stops his mouth with her fingers.

YOLANDA

Did you want to tell me something?

TOM

I did but I'll be damned if I can remember.

Tom starts to SNIFFLE and Yolanda gently cradles him on her shoulder as he breaks down.

THE NEXT MORNING

A photograph of Tom and Yolanda at the police academy shows Yolanda graduating and sporting a medal. Both are beaming.

Breakfast. Their marmalade cat, ALBERT, jumps on his lap.

YOLANDA

Listen, honey, Peter's death wasn't your fault.

TOM

Wasn't it?

YOLANDA

You don't find black people climbing rocks. White boys go looking for death.

TOM

That's why I've given it up.

He tosses some climbing gear into large trash bags.

YOLANDA

Baby, you love climbing. You can't just give it up.

TOM

No? Just watch.

Tom stomps on a helmet lamp, which shatters on the floor.

TOM

Two ropes. Two goddamn ropes, that's so random.

YOLANDA

What. What's random?

As he ogles her bum crack while she leans over to pick up the helmet lamp, he suddenly remembers.

TOM

Now I remember. I stumbled across a way to make my memory gas work permanently.

YOLANDA

What exactly does this do, baby?

TOM

It erases memory on the fly. No one has ever done that before and certainly not put it in a can.

She fingers a can on her police holster.

YOLANDA

Like...

TOM

Yeah, like Mace! But the drug is selective -- only certain sections are erased -- the memory you happen to be remembering or accessing. This reaction lends credibility to my theory of "cellular memory."

YOLANDA

Cellular memory. When your body's sick...

TOM

...yup. Disease is remembered or imprinted into our bodies, not just our minds. If man can find a way for the body to "forget" it's ill, it may be one of the biggest discoveries of this century...

YOLANDA

So it's not that you crashed the bike with the little girl. It's because she had leukemia.

Tom is surprised that she's figured this out.

TOM

You looked her up in the police database.

YOLANDA

Aaliyah. You talk in your sleep. Figured you were having an affair. Listen, take it easy, you're still grieving, just go slow.

TOM

Enjoy your day off work.

INT. UNIVERSITY - FRANK JOHNSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Tom enters. FRANK JOHNSON, officious, 60s, is the department head and the very model of academia.

JOHNSON

Morning, Professor Hayworth. Peter was a good man.

TOM

Yeah, he was.

JOHNSON

Tom. We all know you're brilliant... one of the leading experts on neuroscience anywhere...

TOM

Look, Frank, I'm not going to start giving the damn Oligov Corporation an open door on my research.

JOHNSON

Just try to be nice to Doremus. I had to fight for your funding for "cellular memory."

TOM

I'll speak to him. I... spoke to Doremus. I think.

JOHNSON

You think? Okay.

TOM

Look, I want to show you something new. Come and see me in my office in a moment, Frank.

Tom is already out the door.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - DAY

STEVEN KNIGHT, 30s, Tom's posh, well-spoken befuddled British best friend, in Birkenstocks, enters with Johnson. Imagine a cooler John Cleese. Steven embraces Tom with a hug.

TOM

Okay. It, Mnemosyne, uses Ritalin to block the neurotransmitter norepinephrine in the brain. The alcohol inhibits the brain's release of vasopressin -- you park, have a few beers, come back -- and can't remember where your car is.

STEVEN

Or even without a beer...

TOM

Combine Mnemosyne with an electrical field -- and it works perfectly to selectively and temporarily erase memories. Midazolam Hydrochloride. Versed. Given to pre-op patients for conscious sedation before surgery to relieve anxiety and... impair memory. Yes. The brain becomes desynchronized when an electrical field is switched on or off. You switch on the vacuum -- the TV jumps. I turned off my computer screen and... it worked.

(MORE)

TOM (cont'd)

If you rang my cousin in Paris and asked him to sing a note, any note, he would, like most Europeans, come up with a G sharp. You, as an American, would probably hit a B natural.

JOHNSON

But I'm tone-deaf.

TOM

Of course, you are. In Europe electric power lines run at 50 hertz, here it's 60. We've become tuned into our local power line frequency. Fifty hertz sounds, to the human ear, like a G Sharp and 60 hertz a B natural. Electromagnetic "pollution" from power lines affects the human brain and our capacity to remember. An electrical field of 45 hertz hits you at exactly the same time as my formula hits your blood-brain barrier.

They all look at the nearby power lines. An "Aha" moment.

STEVEN

So when you press this button you actually...

TOM

... become de-synchronized.

JOHNSON

"Desynchronized."

STEVEN

Thusly an electrical field of 45 hertz hits you at exactly the same time as the Mnemosyne hits your blood-brain barrier.

Johnson's expression implies he's already working the angles.

JOHNSON

And you have applied for protection, submitted papers for peer review?

TOM

That would be negative. We've decided... to... give it a...

STEVEN

... real world test. Professor
Hayworth did. Give it a test.

Tom stares blankly into his screen. Something is very wrong.

TOM

Machine looks like it has a virus.
The formula is gone.

JOHNSON

All college machines now use
Mooncalf's algorithm, to aid
internal searches for documents. We
put it behind the firewall.

TOM

And it found my files, crawled
them, and delivered them to...

STEVEN

Some thief.

TOM

A virus that steals. Embedded in a
search engine spider. Nice.

STEVEN

But it actually got the old
formula. They didn't nick the
updated version. The one you just
made at home. Right?

TOM

Mnemosyne. That's what I was going
to call my memory gas.

STEVEN

Goddess of memory. Brilliant.

Johnson is reeling, swooning. He stands, then sits down.

STEVEN

Mooncalf, not satisfied with
pilfering all the world's
knowledge, has decided to go into
the corporate espionage business.

JOHNSON

I'm calling the FBI.

TOM

I'll call the wife.

Tom takes out his ancient flip phone and calls Yolanda.

YOLANDA (V.O.)

Hi, we're not here right now.
Please leave a message for Yolanda
the cop or Tom the witch doctor.

TOM

That's why I married you, 'cos you
made me laugh. Pick up the phone
honey. Yolanda?

Tom hangs up.

STEVEN

Amazing that it still works, old
chap. You can get a new mobile,
free. Gratis?

TOM

I like this one. It has sentimental
value. Plus it doesn't get viruses.

STEVEN

Knob. Cell phones don't get
viruses, you mutant. Oh, I forgot
to tell you, Kim rang earlier. She
had a lunch date with your Missus,
but Yolanda didn't turn up.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - STEVEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Steven roars up on his Triumph Bonneville, greeted by KIM,
20s, his eccentric girlfriend, hands covered in paint.

KIM

Hey baby, what's up? How's Tom
doing?

STEVEN

Someone came in and pinched Tom's
formula right out of his computer.

KIM

Shut up! The memory gas? But I
thought you guys said it was months
before it was ready?

Kim's already reaching into Steven's pants.

STEVEN

He stumbled across a catalyst and
freed up some space -- in his mind.

KIM

Wild.

INT./EXT. TOM'S CAR - IN FRONT OF TOM'S DRIVEWAY - EVENING

Tom pulls up to his home and gazes in horror -- it's covered in fumigator tarpaulins. A fumigation van sits in the driveway.

Tom sits in the driveway staring in disbelief. He grasps behind his seat for his ancient "Club" steering wheel lock.

As Tom walks towards his house he is hit by a

MEMORY SPIKE:

MORO ROCK - SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK - NIGHT

Tom finds himself on top of the huge granite rock and follows a man who looks like Peter walking off the edge.

Deep rumbling thunder BOOMS on the horizon through the dark night. He calls to "Peter," but cannot make himself heard. The man looks back briefly and then plummets.

BACK TO SCENE

Tom shakes off the memory spike and enters the darkened garage.

INT. TOM'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

He gropes his way to the workbench and finds a painting mask. As he gingerly opens the door to the downstairs laundry, he hears an eerie SCUTTling SOUND.

TOM

Okay, scumbag... come on, you
sonnofabitch...

As he rips open the door, a SWARM OF COCKROACHES scuttles between his feet and flees for the gap under the tarpaulin.

TOM (CONT'D)

Whoa!

INT. TOM'S HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He removes his mask, cautiously enters the office, and finds it in disarray. Albert the cat is dead, stuffed in a filing cabinet. Gently, he tenderly brushes debris from his fur.

TOM

You never liked dirt, did you baby?

High-end workstations lie wrecked, hard drives missing.

TOM

You feel cold.

He recoils slightly as he holds the cat's foot but wraps Albert inside his jacket with just a paw peeking out.

TOM (CONT'D)

That's better, no? Yes.

He gently, but trepidatiously closes Albert's eyes and places him into his cat bed, stroking him a last time.

A hand silently opens the doorknob. Huge MR. BIGGS, black, 30s, enters.

BIGGS

We left something behind: you.

Tom turns and Biggs sprays him with a chemical insecticide.

BIGGS (CONT'D)

I thought we'd got rid of all the vermin in this house.

As Biggs laughs, Tom falls. The room spins out of control. He feels like an insect as he looks up and sees a huge hob-nailed boot. It lands on Tom's stomach. Biggs cackles.

BIGGS (CONT'D)

They said I shouldn't kill you. But I've met your wife, Mr. Hayworth. You don't get to meet many nice ladies in the extermination business. Coffee with just the right amount of cream. Indeed.

Biggs cracks up as an ENORMOUS COCKROACH runs for cover.

BIGGS (CONT'D)

Now, who could that be there?

The insect makes a dash but Biggs is surprisingly quick -- the roach disappears under his boot and gore splashes out.

BIGGS (CONT'D)

Anyway, Mr. Hayworth, we best be going right now. We have a long day ahead of us. Indeed.

As Biggs stands triumphantly astride him, Tom finds the fallen club and jabs the fork into Biggs' groin. Biggs GROANS in agony then stops, speaks softly.

BIGGS (CONT'D)

Aaaaagh! Mr. Hayworth! Now, what sort of host are you?

Biggs stands for a moment, seemingly unfazed. Then starts swaying like a tree until he finally crashes onto the desk keyboard, leaving an impression of the letters on his face.

TOM

Timber. That's for Albert, my cat. Fucker.

Tom turns Biggs over and finds some ID. A VOICE cries out electronically.

SINGH (O.S)

Mr. Biggs! Biggsy! Are you all right, Mr. Biggs?

Tom spots the small walkie-talkie attached to Biggs' belt.

SINGH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Biggsee? Biggsee!

TOM

(coughing in a Biggs' voice)
Such a fine host my friend. One is merely getting some sustenance for the "trip."

SINGH (O.S.)

Biggs? You pukka old man?

Tom smashes the walkie-talkie and replaces his mask. Looking around desperately for weapons, he sees a jar of pennies and a pink oven glove. He slips the oven glove on and feels the weight of the jar. A roll of duct tape lies nearby.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The gas has collected near the floor, like a morning mist. Tom lifts his mask. Suddenly out of the haze appears the spiteful and irritable SINGH, an Indian Sikh, 40s, on a walkie-talkie. Singh is dim like a fading battery light.

TOM

This place is starting to look like an international hostel. I'll give you guys one last chance: where's my wife?

Singh removes his mask.

SINGH

Indeed my friend, may I suggest that you come with us and do not cause any more fussing. We have a very large colleague called Mr. Biggs who will bash your head in.

TOM

Not this time.

SINGH

What have you done with Mr. Biggs? Let me be clear: you're in over your head.

Singh circles Tom purposefully until he spots the glove.

SINGH

Been cooking have we, my friend?

TOM

No. I just don't want to...

Tom punches at Singh who deftly sidesteps and raps Tom on the head with his club. Tom falls to his knees. But Singh shoves a footstool under him and Tom crashes head-first into the TV. Singh pulls out his kirpan, a small Sikh dagger.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'm not going to ask you goons again. Where's my wife?

SINGH

Indeed we came to vend your wife some cleaning brushes, but she wouldn't buy anything so we had to spank her. Here kitty, kitty.

TOM

You cockroaches!

Tom tries to hit Singh again and surprisingly connects. The blow sends him reeling, and Singh comes to rest against the sofa, hand in a bowl of popcorn. Dazed, he looks like a couch potato slumped in front of a football game.

But Singh recovers fast and slashes at him with the kirpan. Tom manages to raise his hand as the blade bites into the glove, spraying coins over the room.

SINGH

A big cleanup job for someone.

Tom reaches into his pocket and brings out the Mnemosyne. Singh starts backing up as he knows the danger.

TOM

Forget it.

Tom hits the button and a small blue cloud wafts over Singh, who reaches sleepily for his gas mask but stares blankly.

TOM (CONT'D)

Now, for the last time. Where is my wife?

Tom grabs Singh's club and waves it above his head.

SINGH

(sleepily)

I... don't... remember...

With one pass he cracks Singh like a hard-boiled egg.

A NOISE upstairs. Tom slashes Singh's mask and moves to the sound. The gas is flowing down the stairs like a thick morning mist over a mountain. Tom again dons his mask.

INT. STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

As Tom ascends the stairs, the gas thickens with each step.

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - CONTINUOUS

On the landing, the smoke is waist-high. In the bedrooms, it is dense, impossible to see more than a few feet. Tom pokes his head gingerly around the doorways, opens a closet, and a BROOM falls on him. He jumps in surprise.

The mask is suffocating and he can hear his BREATHING coming quicker and louder now. As his mask steams up we hear his heart POUNDING. Tom enters the bedroom noticing signs of a scuffle.

Peering into the mist he sees a "man" approaching. The "head" swings toward him and Tom sees a "face" behind a gas mask, insect-like, about to pounce. He bludgeons it and an expensive lamp on a high-tech stand disintegrates.

TOM
Son of a bitch!

Out of the gas jumps KURT, 30s, a blond, Finnish body-builder-cum killer. Careful not to lose his AirPods, he tears Tom's mask off.

KURT
Come, come now. Let's, let's
standing arm wrestle. Or the neck?

Kurt, although not tall, is muscular and aggressive. Tom struggles as Kurt HUMS to a tune on his AirPods.

KURT (CONT'D)
Mmm, mmm, I'm like: such rough
hands, Dr. Hayworth.

Tom chokes from the smoke and grip around his neck. Just as he seems ready to pass out, Tom's hand lands on a heavy stone artifact, and he swings it in a lazy upward arc into Kurt's mask -- it shatters. Kurt SCREAMS as the gas flies in.

TOM
Not bad for a guy who doesn't eat
meat.

Tom opens the bedroom door gently and feels a hand holding a SIG pistol to his ear. It is BETTINA, 30s, behind a very feminine designer gas mask.

She takes off her mask and shakes her hair free. Bettina seems to want to disprove the maxim that little girls are made of sugar and spice.

BETTINA
(German accent)
Oh, *Kleiner Mann*, *du hattest* a busy
day. Let's have a look at you.

Bettina peels off Tom's mask and yanks his hair.

BETTINA (CONT'D)
There you go. Now *ist das besser?*
Or is that better? Speak up.

TOM
Das ist besser. What do you want
with me and my wife? You've got the
formula.

BETTINA

Ja, but maybe there is another version. Did you keep one behind? Maybe this is it?

Bettina then tries Tom's other pocket.

BETTINA (CONT'D)

Nein, perhaps... ah, this feels more like it. *Ay, danke*.

Tom snatches the can of Mnemosyne from Bettina and is about to blast her when Singh grabs his arm.

SINGH

This is the stuff, ma'am. I can vouchsafe it works.

BETTINA

But not for very long. We need to know how to make it last. You know don't you, Tomas?

TOM

(in German, subtitled)
You're a smart girl, you find out.

Bettina slaps him hard. Tom's eyes water.

BETTINA

I am a clever girl. Did Mami make you cry? Or was it the gas? *Lass uns gehen* -- let's get out of here! This stuff is getting above waist level and it's ruining my hair.

Singh starts rolling a Thuggee knot in a scarf.

KURT

(in Finnish, subtitled)
Recycle him!

Singh looks quizzically as Kurt stumbles out of the bedroom.

KURT

We recycle him, we are not savages.

BETTINA

Ja, ja. We'll "repurpose" him -- after he gives us the newest formula.

Singh wraps the knotted Thuggee scarf around Tom's neck.

BETTINA (CONT'D)

Now be good enough to please tell
where the other formula files are
hidden. *Bitte*.

TOM

German is still the language of
science, *es ist nicht?*

Bettina presses her index finger into her forehead German-style.

BETTINA

Ja und gut gesagt. You speak good
German. But I'm not a "good
German."

She laughs at her own joke. Tom's face starts going purple as Singh tightens the knot.

TOM

It wouldn't do you any good...

Kurt pauses, listens intently to a song on his AirPods, then pistol whips Tom, the blood flying onto Bettina, who blanches.

KURT (CONT'D)

"Exterminate the doctor..."

BETTINA

Lieblings. Don't fight over him.
Let's see, mami will flip a coin.

Kurt pushes the pistol into Tom's eye and starts to squeeze the trigger, the hammer sweeps back to fire.

Steven arrives, still wearing his motorcycle helmet, and crashes into the group. Singh strikes him, but the blow glances harmlessly off the helmet.

Steven shoves a heavy Kryptonite-type lock into Singh's gut, winding him. Kurt and Bettina, dazed, are slow to stir from the floor. Steven stomps on their gas masks.

STEVEN

You're a bloody mess, old bean.

TOM

Thanks.

STEVEN

Bloody hell, what happened in here?
Where's Yolanda?

TOM
They've kidnapped her. Come on,
let's get out.

EXT. TOM'S DRIVEWAY - EARLY EVENING

Tom and Steven clamber into the Land Cruiser, coughing heavily. The car speeds off down the street.

EXT. TOM'S BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Bettina, Kurt, Singh, and Biggs stumble into the backyard, coughing and cursing.

INT/EXT. TOM'S LAND CRUISER (MOVING) - EARLY EVENING

Tom slumps into the passenger seat and waves an ID to Steven.

TOM
I found this on one of them. It's a
certain East European software
corporation.

STEVEN
Oligov. Our East European LINUX
powerhouse, Frank Johnson's chums.

Steven pulls out Doremus' business card.

TOM
Of course, Doremus. Aren't these
guys sponsoring the huge LINUX
symposium up in the Redwoods?

STEVEN
Absolutely. All the top software
gurus in the world are attending.

TOM
An awful lot of brain power,
clustered in one place. An optimal
target.

STEVEN
No. No bloody way. How...?

TOM
Just wrap a huge hulking power
cable around the building, pump in
the gas. Next day you control the
world software market.

EXT. TOM'S DRIVEWAY - EARLY EVENING

Bettina taps her foot against Steven's immaculate Triumph motorcycle and pushes it over. It crashes to the ground.

INT/EXT. TOM'S LAND CRUISER (MOVING) - EARLY EVENING

Tom coughs and mops his face.

TOM

This place isn't too far, but I bet
it's sealed up like a fortress.

STEVEN

Not necessarily.

EXT. OLIGOV CORP. - NIGHT

They pull up near Oligov Corp. It looks like Fort Knox.

TOM

I know this building. Miriam
Collins worked on their retinal ID
system. Without the right eyeballs,
we'll never get in. She also owes
me a favor.

STEVEN

Look, the guards are looking for
intruders at ground level --
they're not expecting them from
above.

TOM

Who says? Not in that party balloon
of yours. No way, no how.

STEVEN

I thought you loved heights?

TOM

Used to.

Steven takes the Doctor Troll hanging under Tom's rear-view mirror, ties it to a balloon, and floats it over the complex.

STEVEN

As we say in England -- a piece of
piss.

TOM

Yolanda.

STEVEN

C'mon. Bugger, I left my bike at your place. Tom?

Tom is lost in worry over Yolanda, frozen for a moment in indecision. Then he becomes resolute.

TOM

Let's go see Miriam.

INT. DOREMUS CABIN - SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK - NIGHT

Hunting trophies adorn the walls. SAVILLE, posh British, 30s, Singh, Kurt, and Biggs are slouching around a fire.

Saville, a killer, has the best of British manners, but a foul manner. Kurt starts playing with his AirPods.

KURT

Saville, *tule tånne!* I've seen one. Quick, he's like right over here!

Saville runs to the window where Kurt aims a high-powered Beretta rifle. Saville peers into the telescopic sight and sees A BEAR munching on some berries. Saville grabs an earpiece then squeezes off a SHOT. The bear jumps and flees.

KURT (CONT'D)

You English idiot! I totally got one with one shot yesterday. Plus a raccoon and a possum. And all you have is a couple of bald eagles.

SAVILLE

Scandinavians.

INT. DOREMUS CABIN - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Yolanda, hands bound, sits at one end of a long, elegant table. Doremus lays a linen napkin in her lap, lingering and loitering over her cleavage. He starts cutting up her food, English style with a knife, and feeding her from behind.

YOLANDA

Using the knife. Like Steven. Posh.

DOREMUS

That's right. Your British pal. Ever cheated on your husband?

YOLANDA

No, never.

She notices his huge hands.

DOREMUS
Big hands...big...

YOLANDA
Potatoes, I could use some more
sweet potatoes. Please.

He goes to dab her mouth with the napkin and gets a little bit too familiar. She finds his finger under the linen and bites down so hard the blood soaks right through the cloth.

DOREMUS
Aagh! God damn bitch.

He backhands her and she falls backwards in the chair, as Doremus storms out, clutching a, now red, napkin.

INT. DOREMUS CABIN - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Singh is playing on a PS4, SCREECHING, deep into God of War. Doremus, gripping his kidneys, enters in a foul mood.

DOREMUS
Get your candy ass out to the
perimeter and see if the fellers
need some coffee or something.
Kurt, get your sorry butt over to
control and see if they've picked
up those boys you managed to lose.
Now move!

The lackeys scramble instantly in all directions and Saville drives off.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Saville hops into a Porsche 911 parked in front of a hydrant. A LOCAL COP, 50s, upright, a real rule follower, approaches.

LOCAL COP
Fire hydrant... doing 135 on an
interstate, driving without due
care, illegal hunting of protected
species. What is it with you guys,
Saville?

SAVILLE
I can't speak for my colleagues,
officer, but--

LOCAL COP

Don't give me any of your fancy
English chickenshit answers, boy.
Get the fuck out of the car -- now!

SAVILLE

Oh, come on now, how about wiping
the slate clean? A fresh start...

Saville fires a blast of memory gas at him, then watches as
the cop contorts his face trying to remember a thought.

SAVILLE (CONT'D)

Was there something officer?

LOCAL COP

You drive safe on them mountain
roads, sir... may rain later.

SAVILLE

Thanks, I'll remember that.

Saville cranks up the music and guns the Porsche. A MAN IN A
WHEELCHAIR crashes into the sidewalk, narrowly escaping.

EXT. STEVEN'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Tom and Steven pull up to Steven's house. Kim skips out.

KIM

Hey, boys. Gee, you look really
gross, Tom.

TOM

Thanks, Kim.

KIM

Let's get you fixed up. Stevie, the
gear's packed and ready to go.

Steven and Kim embrace as Tom enters the house.

KIM (CONT'D)

Are you all right, sweetie? What
happened to Tom?

STEVEN

Some ruffians tried to kidnap him.
They have Yolanda.

KIM

Oh my God! We have to call the
cops.

STEVEN

No bloody way! They'll kill her.

KIM

I'm calling the police now.

STEVEN

You can't! They'll kill Yolanda for sure. Our only chance is to find her. We have something they want.

Steven holds up the cans of Mnemosyne.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE HILL - OLIGOV CORP - NIGHT

Tom, Steven, and Kim park on a hill overlooking the Oligov Corp. They prepare the one-man balloons.

KIM

I'll open the sunroof and you'll see the light. It's nearly three A.M.

STEVEN

Brave soldier.
(he kisses her)
See you in a mo'.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. CAR ON STREET - DAY (FIVE YEARS AGO)

Tom sits in a car and hands over his driving license to a cop. It is Yolanda.

YOLANDA

The only way to stop getting these tickets is to marry me...

Tom slides his bulky cell phone down the front of her pants.

INT. TOM'S LIVING ROOM - DAY (FOUR YEARS AGO)

Tom is now in his living room having a blazing fight with Yolanda. She throws the cell phone. It hits his forehead.

TOM

You know something, you're as hard as fucking nails.

YOLANDA

I had to be 'cos I didn't go to no Connecticut private school. Let me see that, baby. It's gonna be a big bump.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. SOUTH SIDE HILL - OLIGOV CORP - CONTINUOUS

Steven inflates the balloons. As Tom's old bump reappears the balloons start to fill with gas and begin to rise.

Kim drives off.

STEVEN

Quite the bump. Did you get that one at the house?

TOM

Maybe even before that...

EXT. SOUTH PERIMETER FENCE - OLIGOV CORP - NIGHT

They float gracefully above the complex. After a few hundred feet, Tom's right foot snags on a branch at the perimeter. The balloon keeps pulling him in the wind. Steven sees Tom struggling and notices the nearby overhead power lines.

TOM

It's my damn boot!

Steven keeps drifting. SECURITY GUARD #1 appears below with a Doberman Pinscher. The dog senses something.

SECURITY GUARD #1

Easy girl. You smell something?
Yeah, I smell something, too.

EXT. TREE NEAR SOUTH PERIMETER FENCE - OLIGOV CORP. - NIGHT

Tom looks down and sees the guard. Sweat beads on his face as he struggles to free his boot. The nearby power lines pulse and CRACKLE with electromagnetic radiation. Tom doesn't make the connection. Memories start flooding in.

BEGIN NIGHTMARE

EXT. SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK - NIGHT

From a huge rock above, dozens of men with arms linked like skydivers, hurl themselves like lemmings in slow motion.

Tom tries to escape from the crashing bodies but finds himself back on El Capitan -- this time with no gear at all.

EXT. EL CAPITAN SHEER FACE - NIGHT

Night climb. No toeholds, no handholds. Tom slides down the sheer face, knuckles scratching, knees bumping.

He stumbles into a giant hanging "pea pod." But it is a canvas sack, like a seaman's shroud. Tom grabs the canvas for purchase, but it rips open and there is a body inside.

The body is Peter's. Tom lets go of the shroud and falls.

END NIGHTMARE

EXT. TREE NEAR SOUTH PERIMETER FENCE - OLIGOV CORP - NIGHT

Tom starts to yell but stops himself.

TOM
Peter! Godammit.
(whispered)
Peter.

SECURITY GUARD #1
Hold it, right there!

A SKUNK ambles out of the undergrowth up to the fence.

SECURITY GUARD #1 (CONT'D)
Okay stinky, just don't come any
closer, okay?

The skunk shuffles off. The guard gives the dog a biscuit.

EXT. SOUTH ROOF - OLIGOV CORP - NIGHT

Steven hovers parallel to the building. A gust of wind sends his lower half crunching into the wall.

STEVEN
Bloody hell!

The wind drags him onto the roof. Steven ties the balloon down and watches Tom, unable to help.

EXT. TREE NEAR SOUTH PERIMETER FENCE - OLIGOV CORP - NIGHT

With a tremendous kick, Tom breaks the branch.

TOM
Come on, come on!

Tom starts drifting again. As he nears, Steven feels the wind and runs to the other side of the building.

EXT. EAST SIDE ROOF - OLIGOV CORP - NIGHT

Tom's balloon drifts along the building, near the edge. Steven manages to pull him in as the balloon now drags both men along, threatening to hurl them over the edge, but it finally crashes into an antenna, bursts, and then deflates.

STEVEN
I bashed my bollocks on the side of
the building.

Tom laughs, then notices the torn balloon.

TOM
Exit strategy?

STEVEN
So, there's a chance, if the wind's
strong enough, we may be carried
over. On the other hand, we may
just end up on the electric fence --
then the dogs will finish us off.

They force open an air duct with a crowbar.

TOM
Any idea where this ends up?

STEVEN
Off you go.

With a gentle shove from Steven, Tom goes hurtling down.

INT. AIR SHAFT - OLIGOV CORP - CONTINUOUS

Steven slams into Tom at the bottom of the shaft. Through an air grate, they hear FOOTSTEPS.

TOM
Shhh. We're right above some sort
of security room.

INT. BASEMENT - DOREMUS' CABIN - NIGHT

Yolanda is tied to the ceiling, leaning with faux wings like the Rolls' Spirit of Ecstasy. Through the ceiling, she hears a conversation upstairs.

KURT (O.S.)
Your wiring is complete.

DOREMUS (O.S.)
"Totally?" Good, Kurt.

INT. STUDY - DOREMUS CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Doremus and Kurt are playing chess. Doremus has his back turned to the board.

DOREMUS
Oligov wants to turn his company into the LINUX powerhouse of the world. We give amnesia to the top LINUX coders, and Oligov gets to come in like a white knight, deliver a perfect, robust operating system, kill off Windows and Apple OS, and put himself inside every phone and computer on the planet.

KURT
Talking of knights. Queen's knight to King's bishop six.

Without even looking Doremus calls out his move.

DOREMUS
Kings bishop to Queen's bishop three. Check.

Kurt toys with moving a piece while Doremus is turned but thinks better of it.

KURT
Hitto! A large plate at the table for us. Ambitious.

Doremus smirks at Kurt's clumsy language.

DOREMUS
Why? Gates did it. And did it by killing off every rival.

KURT
But to re-learn code?

DOREMUS

"The" code. Sure, but that'll take years. By then Oligov makes his LINUX the de facto standard. Even Apple's OS is UNIX 03 compliant.

Kurt is still struggling with the chess game. He's trapped.

DOREMUS

You have no moves. It's mate.

KURT

Kids in basements may stop him.

DOREMUS

The LINUX community? Give me a break -- Oligov'll send around his stooges to kill anyone stupid enough to try and shut him down.

KURT

And you, Mr. Doremus?

DOREMUS

Me? Hostile witnesses suddenly forget everything during a long federal tax evasion trial. Hell, the opportunities are endless.

They crack up.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DOREMUS CABIN - NIGHT

Saville peers out the window with a night vision 'scope and silencer attached to the rifle.

SAVILLE

Kurt, come here. There's a rather ripe opossum hanging off the tree.

Kurt walks over to the window and takes the rifle.

KURT

No, no, I'm like the fire here.

He pauses. An eternity, watching Saville squirm.

SAVILLE

"On" fire. And you're not.

Kurt squeezes off a round and a muffled shot RINGS out.

INT. AIR SHAFT - OLIGOV CORP - NIGHT

Back at Oligov, Tom dislodges an air grate. He deftly catches it. A moment later TWO SECURITY GUARDS appear down the hall on patrol. Steven shifts and dislodges another grate.

It starts to fall just above the guards but he too catches it. Proudly, he goes to high-five Tom. Before their hands can meet the whole section collapses under their weight.

They land in the middle of the guards. Before the guards can draw their weapons, Tom and Steven, who are facing each other, spray the guards with Mnemosyne over each other's shoulders.

Blue clouds wash over the guards as Tom and Steven hold their breath and slide away to the file room. The guards look at each other, totally confused.

EXT. NORTH PERIMETER GATE - OLIGOV CORP - SAME

The interior light beams out from the Land Cruiser sunroof as Kim parks behind some trees near the north gate.

INT. OUTSIDE SERVER ROOM - OLIGOV CORP. - CONTINUOUS

The guards look at the air grate and each other.

ROOKIE SECURITY GUARD

Why are you pointing your gun at me?

OLD SECURITY GUARD

Why are you pointing yours at me?

ROOKIE SECURITY GUARD

I asked first.

OLD SECURITY GUARD

Have you been drinking?

ROOKIE SECURITY GUARD

Call maintenance for that damn air grate.

They move off, giving each other strange glances.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SERVER ROOM - OLIGOV CORP - LATER

Tom peers into the retinal scanner. TOM'S EERILY BLUE CONTACTS SPARKLE IN THE LED LIGHTS. The pupil opens wide. He punches a button on a keypad.

TOM
Here goes nothing... I think it
likes me.

As Tom places his eye near the detector, there is an inordinately long delay. Finally, the door opens. Steven tries to enter with him...

TOM
No!
(he points to his feet)
The pressure pad will trigger the
alarm!

A SOUND from the hallway. The elevator. Steven approaches the retinal detector and looks into the machine. Nothing happens. He tries a second time. Again nothing.

STEVEN
Bloody hell! Miriam must have given
me some duff ones.

Tom looks back. He is barely audible behind the plate glass. The machine flashes up a warning: "Incorrect password -- you have one more try."

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Jesus wept!

TOM
(muffled behind glass)
Change eyes!

STEVEN
Pardon? I can't hear a bloody word!

TOM
Change eyes! You've got the lenses
in the wrong eyes!

The elevator HUMS, gets closer. Tom mimes switching lenses.

STEVEN
Crikey, of course, our eyes are
different.

The contacts are dry, stuck. The reflection of the elevator light glows on his pupils as the doors start to open.

Steven shakily places the lens on his finger. The elevator door opens -- a woman's shoe appears, followed by three pairs of men's boots. They pause by the file room, then move on.

INT. OUTER SECURITY CHAMBER - SERVER ROOM - OLIGOV CORP - CONTINUOUS

Steven scrambles inside the security chamber, standing on the pressure pad. He hits the access button.

INT. LOBBY - OLIGOV CORP - SAME

Bettina, Biggs, and Singh meet the security guards.

BETTINA

I need access to the file room.
Take me there, *bitte*.

SECURITY GUARD #2

Who the fuck are you?

BETTINA

What is your name?

SECURITY GUARD #2

"Arrest," first name "Yorunda."

SECURITY GUARD #3 draws his gun before they can react.

SECURITY GUARD #3

Freeze, you fucks. What's under the turban, big boy?

BETTINA

Take a look at this...
(she shows the ID)
... and now let's start again.

SECURITY GUARD #2

(reading)
"Oligov Corporation -- Senior Security Consultant."
(then)
Gee, it sounds kinda familiar miss, but I just can't remember.

BETTINA

Can't remember. Holy shit, they've gained access to the complex!
Schnell, the file room!

Bettina rushes to the elevator. It is immobilized.

INT. ELEVATOR - EIGHTH FLOOR OLIGOV CORP - NIGHT

The open door button is taped down. It BUZZES incessantly as the doors repeatedly try to close.

INT. SERVER ROOM - OLIGOV CORP - NIGHT

A huge multi-screened wall, like the control center of some vast electricity grid -- except it's worldwide.

STEVEN

Hold on a mo'. Look at this shit. This place is tapped into everything. It's a control center for the Oligov empire. Hot spots for internet activity, node points, routing centers... virus load points...

TOM

Holy shit, it's a war map, a goddamn schematic for dumping a damn virus so lethal, it'll have most of the industrialized world on its knees in a week. All run out of the Prague H.Q. And delivered by a seemingly benign search engine.

Steven starts reading code from a screen.

STEVEN

The perfect worm. That's how it got into your computer.

They watch the graphical progress of the worm.

TOM

Yes. It then bores in through email, IM, wireless, cellular. You don't even need to open it up. A virus so smart you don't need to click on it. Firewalls are useless against it.

STEVEN

But it would take weeks to work itself across the web -- by then they'd have patches out, fixes.

TOM

Not if it's sent in with a search engine, which crawls all 4.8 billion pages on the web -- spiders your site -- drops in the Trojan Horse.

STEVEN

Brilliant. Webmasters open ports to let their servers be spidered by Mooncalf. True believers think Mooncalf may be God. All knowledge ever formed is available via Mooncalf. Unlimited reach. Petabytes of data.

TOM

God? The world's most powerful and arrogant search engine destroys the Internet. Nice.

STEVEN

Not the internet. Destroys Microsoft, Google, and Apple. Mooncalf lets itself be host to the virus -- which then destroys its biggest competition.

TOM

Just give me the Cliff Notes version.

STEVEN

A spider is an Internet bot that crawls websites and stores information for the search engine to index.

TOM

So you click on a bad link to malware. Caveat emptor.

STEVEN

"Let the buyer beware." But you didn't even click on a bad link.

TOM

So...

STEVEN

It takes over the host, remains invisible to anti-virus software until it subtly corrupts the core operating system.

TOM
Windows, UNIX, LINUX, Android, Mac.
Everything goes down.

STEVEN
Oligov comes along with a clean,
perfect version of LINUX, which it
offers free...

TOM
Open source...

STEVEN
Free. Then when the whole world is
running on...
(he looks at the screen)
"Pares."

TOM
From the Greek "pareisduno,"
meaning to settle in alongside
unnoticed, to enter secretly.

STEVEN
He takes over the planet.

TOM
It's like Rockefeller with the
railroads. Windows and the desktop.
Brilliant. Viruses are usually put
together by teenagers, dorky
loners. Shows what happens when you
put 500 top coders onto creating a
virus.

STEVEN
After that kind of chaos, a couple
of days of "The Dark Ages," you go
to anyone that promised some order,
stability.

TOM
A strong man -- with code.

STEVEN
Funny, this will erase computer
memories, yours erases human
memories. When's the next Mooncalf
"dance"?

TOM
Dance?

STEVEN

Update... Tonight. At 3:00 AM. Five minutes. Or sooner methinks?

Lights on the huge screen begin to flicker. Cities in the Far East begin to glow as the virus is unleashed.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Viruses usually start in Asia, they travel across Eastern Europe, then make their way to the U.S. As our fräulein would say: "*Die gelbe Gefahr.*"

TOM

"The Yellow Peril."

The deadly Pares virus begins its path west, striking Vladivostok, down to Singapore, into the remote reaches of Siberia where Soviet missile silos begin to shut down.

INT. SIBERIAN MISSILE SILO - DAY

Russian TECHNICIANS scramble, poring over manuals as the software inside the missile silo goes haywire.

RUSSIAN MAJOR

(in Russian)

Hit the reboot button. It must be a software failure.

RUSSIAN SERGEANT

(in Russian)

Then how come I can't call home?

He holds up a useless cell phone. The taciturn RUSSIAN MAJOR, 40s, taps away at his phone but it too is non-functional.

RUSSIAN MAJOR

(in Russian)

Everything is malfunctioning.
Contact Moscow Central immediately!

The nervous RUSSIAN SERGEANT, 30s, picks up a hotline. Nothing. The dead grey screen on his iPhone fades to black.

INT. SERVER ROOM - OLIGOV CORP - NIGHT

Tom spots a bank of webcams tuned into Oligov's conference.

STEVEN

The greatest congregation of
antivirus experts ever assembled
under one roof.

TOM

All soon to become chemically
"lobotomized." The room's sealed.

STEVEN

Maybe.

Steven peers into a retinal scanner and another door pops open. At a huge supercomputer, Tom notices a flash drive inside the USB port. It's cryptically labeled "Sales Leads."

TOM

It's not even password-protected.

STEVEN

Why would you? Just leave these on
a desk at some trade show and some
tool will pick it up, take it back
inside the network firewall, and
install it on the corporate LAN.

TOM

Reverse social engineering. Using
our own moral ambiguities to allow
in a Trojan Horse to give the
hacker access to your intranet. For
those little spots the search
engine can't quite reach.

Steven accesses the drive and reads the source code.

STEVEN

It's a 1-pixel image in an impacket
and exfiltration tool. It sits
right inside an e-mail, an HTML
page, anywhere. You open up your
favorite website and you've
downloaded the virus. See this tiny
dot? A string of code left behind
by the spider.

The server farm behind them relentlessly spits out code. The gigantic screen depicts the spread through Asia. City after city is hit as people pick up their phones, read email, and open web pages. A virtual plague for our times.

STEVEN

Any cell phone built in the last
decade will stop functioning.

Tom surfs to the CERT anti-virus coordination center.

STEVEN

How long?

TOM

Couple of days maybe. Maybe less. There's no alerts from CERT or even the commercial players. Maybe 'cause it's affecting LINUX and Macs first.

Steven looks at a Venti Starbucks, sniffs it. Cold.

STEVEN

However, if we smash this stuff here, we'll have fifty armed guards on top of us in seconds. We'll never get out alive. But if we do it remotely... do you have that nasty old cell phone of yours?

TOM

The "brick?" Yeah. Why?

STEVEN

Just in case. Any cell phone built in the last ten years will stop functioning...

TOM

That's everyone. Well?

STEVEN

Precisely, who has a mobile more than a couple of years old?

TOM

Exactly. Hey, that's my phone!

STEVEN

I'll buy you a new one. Symbian OS?

TOM

Very droll. And that's an insane idea. No, it'll never work. It has great sentimental value. I can't.

STEVEN

Save the world or keep your stupid flip phone, old man?

TOM

Do I have to decide now?

Steven snatches the phone and places it purposefully on top of a server and rests the huge Starbucks cup precariously on top of the phone. It already looks ready to spill.

Tom moves the coffee and phone behind some monitors. He's touching the phone, but we can't see what he's doing.

TOM/STEVEN

Optimal.

As they exit there is a CRASHING SOUND at the fire escape. The door by the emergency stairs is starting to buckle.

TOM (CONT'D)

We're outta here, matey. Come on, move!

Then, as Steven probes around on a PC, he hits the jackpot.

STEVEN

(looking at an online map)
Wait, look at this. Doremus' lodge, a place up near the giant Redwoods. This must be where they have Yolanda!

TOM

We've gotta fly.

They dash out of the room and dive into the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - EIGHTH FLOOR - OLIGOV CORP - CONTINUOUS

Tom rips the tape off and bangs the roof button. Nothing.

TOM

It's not working! Dammit. Come on. Come on!

INT. FIRE ESCAPE STAIRWAY - OLIGOV CORP - SAME

The fire door crashes in. Singh storms over. Bettina spots the elevator closing. Tom desperately punches the roof button. Finally the door seals. Singh fires.

BETTINA

Nein, the roof!

Bettina tilts the sub-machine gun upward.

IN THE ELEVATOR

Tom and Steven jump upwards as bullets tear through the doors.

STEVEN
Bloody hell!

The bullets rip into the elevator, ricocheting everywhere.

TOM
On the railing!

They leap on the handrail to escape the hail of bullets.

IN THE STAIRWAY

SINGH
Pardon the noise, ma'am.

BETTINA
Is there any way they can get off
via the roof?

SECURITY GUARD #2
Not unless they got wings.

BETTINA
Come on, the stairs. How far is it?

SECURITY GUARD #3
Just a couple of floors.

BETTINA
Lass uns gehen... nein, wait.

Bettina steps into the server room. Suspicious.

INT. SERVER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bettina scans the room and glances behind a server. Nothing. It's not THE server. She checks the door lock again.

Tom's phone BEEPS softly and glows as it goes into sleep mode. Bettina turns suspiciously towards the SOUND, sees nothing, then shrugs it off.

BETTINA
C'mon, let's go.

EXT. ROOF - OLIGOV CORP - NIGHT

The roof door flies open, Tom locks it behind them.

TOM
Jesus, how do we get out of here?

STEVEN
Same way we got up, tally-ho!

TOM
That thing'll never carry both of us.

The sound of FOOTSTEPS and VOICES at the rooftop exit. The inside of the door is being bludgeoned with a heavy object.

STEVEN
No time to think!

Steven and Tom grab the balloon harness and sprint along the roof. It soon ends in a hundred-foot drop straight down. The door bursts open. The goons see the balloon and fire.

SECURITY GUARD #3
Holy shit!

BETTINA
Give me the weapon.

EXT. AIRBORNE OVER NORTHERN PERIMETER - OLIGOV CORP - NIGHT

Tom and Steven descend from the building at a frightening rate. A bullet pierces the balloon, and it falls faster.

TOM
We're not gonna make it.

STEVEN
We're gonna make it. Bloody hell,
we're not gonna make it!

The balloon has just enough momentum to clear the fence.

EXT. OUTSIDE NORTH PERIMETER FENCE - OLIGOV CORP - NIGHT

Kim hears the shots and dives out of the car. GUARD DOGS snap their jaws within inches of the balloonists' feet.

TOM
Whoa! Holy shit, look out for that tree.

Tom and Steven clear the fence by inches but are heading for a tree.

They kick their feet on a thick branch and shove away. Before they can congratulate themselves, the ground is upon them and they land with an audible CRACK.

TOM (CONT'D)
God, did you hear that branch crack?

STEVEN
It wasn't a branch. It was my bloody leg.

His left ankle is broken. Tom puts Steven over his shoulder and they stumble to the car. Steven spots the Doctor Troll hanging from a tree and grabs it.

EXT. NORTH SIDE ROOF - OLIGOV CORP - CONTINUOUS

Singh waits for the inevitable.

BETTINA
Who shall be first?

EXT. SOUTH PERIMETER FENCE - OLIGOV CORP - NIGHT

The guard dog jumps as a loud YELP echoes from the roof.

EXT. NORTH SIDE ROOF - OLIGOV CORP - CONTINUOUS

Singh is groaning on the roof, holding his groin.

BETTINA
Get me the helicopter. Now.

EXT. OUTSIDE NORTH PERIMETER GATE - OLIGOV CORP - NIGHT

Kim cries in horror at the blood on Steven's leg.

KIM
Stevie, what happened? We've got to get you to a doctor, baby.

TOM
First, we hightail it out of here.

They strap Steven in. Kim gasses the car down the side road, tires squealing and throwing up dirt.

EXT. NORTH SIDE ROOF - OLIGOV CORP - NIGHT

Bettina's mobile RINGS.

DOREMUS (O.S.)
Have you got good news for me,
girl?

BETTINA
They are near the north fence.

DOREMUS (O.S.)
They're still on the property,
right?

BETTINA
On the property...

DOREMUS
You come back empty-handed, I will
personally give you bad memories.
And these are the ones you will
remember. Don't bring the Limey --
lose him. Just bring me the
egghead.

BETTINA
Yes sir, this time I won't fail
you... *Nein*, no chance...

The phone goes "click" before she can reply. A HELICOPTER
lands. Bettina and Biggs get in.

The HELICOPTER PILOT, 40s, picking his nose and oblivious to
being caught at it, sports a military baseball cap. He has
that 'special forces' look and guns the chopper forward.

INT. HELICOPTER ABOVE OLIGOV CORP - NIGHT

Bettina nervously struggles to buckle herself in.

HELICOPTER PILOT
Where to, Ma'am?

BETTINA
Down there, that white vehicle.

HELICOPTER PILOT
We're there.

INT./EXT. LAND CRUISER - WOODS NEAR OLIGOV CORP - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter swoops close, blinding the car with dust. The Land Cruiser swerves into an embankment and bumps to a halt.

TOM

It's me they want, guys. You can't run, Steve. Kim, this is no business of yours.

KIM

It is now. I'm not going to leave you here.

STEVEN

He's right. There'll be dogs here in a second. Here...
(he hands him the cans)
Take these, you may need 'em.

Tom stuffs one can down between his butt cheeks.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Listen, be careful, okay?

TOM

I will. Look, I'll take off for those trees. Get your leg fixed and meet me at Sequoia National Park.

STEVEN

Let's dial your phone!

TOM

No, not yet, they'll just re-release it -- we have to wait 'till they start spidering everyone.

Tom dashes off. Kim and Steven accelerate down the road.

INT./EXT. LAND CRUISER (MOVING) - NORTH APPROACH ROAD - CONTINUOUS

A SECURITY SUV comes towards them, but Kim guns the Land Cruiser, and the SUV flies into a ditch.

KIM

So long suckers!

They disappear down the road in a cloud of dust.

EXT. WOODY HILL ABOVE APPROACH ROAD - NIGHT

Tom watches Kim and Steven escape. He puts his hands up, surrendering to the chopper. It lands and Biggs jumps out.

BIGGS

You have been a naughty boy.

BETTINA

I hear you like the mountains.

Biggs picks Tom up by his belt and jacket and tosses him into the back of the helicopter. It takes off.

INT. HELICOPTER (MOVING) - NIGHT

Bettina turns to face Tom.

BETTINA

You weren't such trouble.

TOM

If you've hurt my wife...

She slaps him with the back of her hand. Tom responds blindly by slapping her back and grabbing her ear.

BETTINA

Ai! Loslassen, you childish creep.

The chopper veers wildly. Biggs is thrown back.

HELICOPTER PILOT

Hey! Quit fooling around, pal.
You'll make this thing crash!

TOM

Hey, I'm dead anyway as soon as
you've got the formula, right?
(he tugs again)
Like a strict German professor, no?

Biggs finds his balance and brains Tom with a flashlight.

BIGGS

He's quite a tough cookie isn't he,
Miss Bettina?

BETTINA

Not tough enough, I'm afraid.
(she bites Tom's hand)
Now that is more like it. *Gut.*

The bite stirs Tom into consciousness. His hand has huge, ugly teeth marks on it.

TOM

You're like one of those horrible girls at school.

BETTINA

Ich war ein schreckliches Mädchen in der Schule.

She slugs Tom in the mouth. He slumps back, out cold. Bettina rifles his clothing until she comes across the can of Mnemosyne in his jacket.

BETTINA (CONT'D)

This is it, *lieblings*. Anyone have any unhappy memories?

EXT. HELICOPTER ABOVE DOWNTOWN L.A. (MOVING) - NIGHT

The helicopter passes over downtown L.A. City lights twinkle below. Cars are streaming home.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DOREMUS CABIN - NIGHT

Kurt, Saville, and Doremus are sitting around the fire. Saville comes out of the kitchen, phone in hand.

SAVILLE

Bettina has our man and the gas. The accomplice and a girl got away.

DOREMUS

I can get them taken care of. Kurt, is everything ready for our guests tonight?

KURT

Dinner will be served, Mr. Doremus.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - DOREMUS CABIN - NIGHT

Biggs watches Doremus flicking through pix of YASMIN, 30s, Black. Happier times.

BIGGS

Have you noticed Mrs. Hayworth is a ringer for Yasmin, your ex--

Doremus cuts him off with a look.

DOREMUS
Sickle cell anemia.

BIGGS
Yasmin forgot. Forgot to cope with
the stress.

DOREMUS
But her body remembered.

Biggs gives Doremus a sympathetic look. Doremus vacillates.

DOREMUS
She loved the mountains.

BIGGS
She hated the mountains.

Doremus gives out a rare, genuine laugh.

DOREMUS
Yep.

BIGGS
Don't forget, Mr. Doremus.

DOREMUS
I'm trying.

INT. BASEMENT - DOREMUS CABIN - NIGHT

Doremus places a golden Spirit of Ecstasy statuette in front
of her. It's Yolanda, a perfect match in solid gold.

YOLANDA
Silver's more my style.

DOREMUS
Yes, but gold goes better with your
dark skin. You loved the Phantom.

YOLANDA
I did love the Phantom.
(she tries to stall him)
So you're going to erase the
memories of the world's leading
anti-virus experts?

DOREMUS
You've been listening through
keyholes, young lady.

YOLANDA

You know they'll eventually relearn
the skills.

DOREMUS

Hell, I don't care. By that time
Oligov will be the world's leading
software company. I got my own
plans for your husband's invention.

He locks the door, then readies the Mnemosyne.

YOLANDA

So that was 'good cop'.

DOREMUS (CONT'D)

Now you're going to be a good cop.
Let's see if this works.

(he sprays her)

A little less sass.

YOLANDA

My husband is--

DOREMUS

Already dead, darlin'.

As she starts to get groggy there is a KNOCK at the door.

KURT (O.S.)

Mr. Doremus? Prague on the phone.
I'm thinking it's Mr. Oligov.

DOREMUS

Godammit, boy! Don't be thinking.
I'm busy in here, tell him to call
back later.

KURT

I think he's, like, mad. Pissed
off?

Kurt peeps through the door crack.

DOREMUS

For fuck's sake, Oligov! Godammit!
Tell him I'll be right there! You,
young lady, stay there. I'll be
right back. Hold that thought. Hold
that last thought.

INT. STUDY - DOREMUS CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Doremus grabs the phone on his desk.

DOREMUS

Yes, Mr. Oligov. No sir, you didn't disturb me. Yes, on time. We will deliver the goods tonight. Yes, sir, thank you, good night.

Doremus suddenly grabs his lower back.

DOREMUS

Jeez. My kidney. Aaagh.

He bends over in agony.

KURT

Ah, the kidney rocks?

DOREMUS

Stones. Bring me some...
(gasps)
Water.

INT. HELICOPTER ABOVE A FOREST (MOVING) - NIGHT

The chopper is passing over some thickly wooded mountains. Biggs is pouring coffee from a Hydro Flask.

BIGGS

Some coffee, Miss Bettina?

BETTINA

Danke.

BIGGS

Mr. Pilot?

HELICOPTER PILOT

Name's John. Thanks.

BIGGS

Sugar, anyone?

Biggs puts six bags into his own cup. Tom SNORES, mouth open. Biggs pours a bag into his mouth. The sugar sits on Tom's dry, motionless lips.

HELICOPTER PILOT

Ma'am, we'll be there in 20 minutes. Sun'll be up soon.

BETTINA

Gut.

EXT. CEDARS SINAI HOSPITAL LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Kim helps Steven, on crutches, into the Land Cruiser.

INT. LAND CRUISER OUTSIDE CEDARS SINAI - 4:00 A.M.

Steven and Kim study a printed map of California.

STEVEN

If you can make the first leg, I'll take over.

KIM

What about your ankle?

STEVEN

It's my left. I can still give it some "welly" with me right.

KIM

Move over English, I'm driving.

EXT. LAND CRUISER (MOVING) 405 FREEWAY - NIGHT

The Land Cruiser melts into the traffic and disappears among a thousand tail lights heading north toward the San Fernando Valley.

INT. HELICOPTER OVER FORESTED MOUNTAINS (MOVING) - DAWN

The chopper glides over the mountains, skimming the trees. The sun peeps from behind the peaks. Bettina looks terrified.

BETTINA

Lots of very tall, close trees.

HELICOPTER PILOT

Douglas Firs, ma'am. Among the tallest in the world.

BETTINA

Yes, a nice view.

HELICOPTER PILOT

Mister Doremus' orders, ma'am. He don't want nobody tracking us.

The chopper brushes within touching distance of a tall fir.

BETTINA

Scheisse!

Biggs and the pilot crack up. She hits them hard.

HELICOPTER PILOT

Ow! I didn't mean nothing by it,
ma'am.

Tom plays possum. One eye opens, watching the pranks. He watches as the chopper passes between spectacular trees.

BIGGS

Miss Bettina, he'll be awake soon.

Suddenly Tom kicks Biggs, but Biggs strangles him, the door springs open and Biggs punches Tom OUT OF THE HELICOPTER!

HELICOPTER PILOT

Jesus!

BETTINA

I should make you follow him!

EXT. HIGH IN THE TREES - SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK - DAWN

Tom descends through the thick branches. Trees come at him furiously. He grabs a tall young fir at its narrow top. It bends unbelievably and carries him down, sways, then sends him into the upper canopy of another tree.

TOM

Holy shit!

The bough gives way and he begins a terrifying descent through the canopy, branches cracking under his weight.

Pine needles scrape his face, tree limbs buffet his torso as he hurtles downwards. A branch snaps with a CRACK and a SQUIRREL turns towards the SOUND.

Tom gets a grip on a small limb but the twigs and needles fall away. Finally, his handcuffs catch in a branch and he hangs there until the plastic ties slide off with his weight.

TOM

Here we go again.

An EAGLE flies off, disturbed by the commotion. At last, Tom crashes into a beehive.

It disintegrates and the infuriated BEES scatter everywhere. Honey and pieces of wax cover his jacket, but the hive breaks his fall.

EXT. FOREST FLOOR - SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK - DAY

Tom hits the ground, back first, with a sickening THUD.

He lies on his back, winded, crumpled. Full of pain.

Small branches and pine needles fall gently onto his limp body. He groans, spitting blood, barely able to move. The forest floor seems eerily silent, the chopper inaudible.

TOM

My back. God, I can't believe I'm
still alive. Thank you.

The dull THUD of the helicopter is now audible. The whirling blades are visible through the streaming sunlight.

INT. HELICOPTER (MOVING) - ABOVE SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK - DAY

The chopper circles back to the tree.

HELICOPTER PILOT

He's finished.

BETTINA

He has nine lives. Put it down in
the woods.

HELICOPTER PILOT

No chance. You can't drive a Jeep
through that stuff.

Biggs leans out of the chopper door and sprays the ground with an automatic weapon.

EXT. FOREST FLOOR - SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK - DAY

Bullets cut through the leaves. Shell cases fall nearby. The bullets get closer.

Tom sits up in agony and rolls under a huge dead tree trunk. Bullets tear all around him, some THUDDING into the trunk.

INT./EXT. HELICOPTER ABOVE THE FOREST (MOVING) - DAY

Biggs is scattering bullets all over the forest floor and is about to lob down a HAND GRENADE.

BETTINA

He's kaput. We've got the prize.
Leave him for the wolves. Let's go.

EXT. INSIDE DEAD TREE TRUNK - SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK - DAY

Tom reaches for the dented can of Mnemosyne. Almost too stiff to move, Tom crawls into the light. Warming sunlight falls on his back. He looks down at his abdomen: his old, white appendix scar has re-opened.

TOM

It's the old wounds...

The leaves rustling overhead sound like wind CHIMES. The air and sun's warmth ease him into a deep sleep.

EXT. HELIPORT - DOREMUS CABIN - DAY

The helicopter lands at Doremus' lodge. A BODYGUARD greets them.

BODYGUARD

We've been expecting you, ma'am.
Mr. Doremus is at breakfast.

INT./EXT. LAND CRUISER (MOVING) - I-5 FREEWAY - SAME

Steven's asleep. Kim pulls off the freeway. They pass a sign: "Kings Canyon & Sequoia National Parks - 70 miles."

INT. KITCHEN - DOREMUS CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Doremus slurps some black coffee. He doesn't look up.

BETTINA

I've got good news, boss.

DOREMUS

Where's the egghead?

BETTINA

He made a "*Glaubens Sprung*."

Saville and Kurt appear, coffee in hand.

SAVILLE

A "leap of faith," but his faith
wasn't strong enough.

Bettina hands Doremus the Mnemosyne. He examines it.

DOREMUS

Good. Good.

Saville greets Bettina with an "air kiss" to each cheek.

SAVILLE

Welcome home, wandering soldier. We
hear you had some bother.

Doremus leans over Bettina, who is now eating.

DOREMUS

You do realize, don't you, that if
you'd fucked up again, I'd have
thrown you to the wolves?

BETTINA

Real or metaphorical?

Doremus departs and hands her a queen chess piece. Bettina
stabs the sausage on her plate.

SAVILLE

I think you did very well, dearie.
Never mind him, he's pissed off
'cos he didn't get to pork the
egghead's girlie.

Bettina leaves for her room. Saville grabs the sausage.

INT. STAIRS - DOREMUS CABIN - DAY

Kurt follows Bettina upstairs, closing the door behind him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DOREMUS CABIN - DAY

Saville walks up to the window overlooking the ravine.

SAVILLE

Kurty. Oi, Kurty, that bear is down
the bottom of the ravine again.
I'll let you have him. Kurt! Bugger
him, I'll take the filthy beast
myself.

Saville squeezes off a round, but the bear moves suddenly and the shot hits a pine cone, covering the bear with debris.

SAVILLE

Kurt! Kurt, you missed it. Come and see! You pillock!

Saville casually props the gun by the window.

EXT. FOREST FLOOR - SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK - DAY

Tom is asleep near the log. Perspiration covers his face.

FANTASY SEQUENCE:

Tom is again on El Capitan, slipping, holding the sleeping bag of his dead brother. But the world starts spinning and Tom falls, in slow motion, to the soft, bed-like ground.

The sleeping bag falls, with Peter inside, onto the leafy forest floor.

Aaliyah tumbles in slow motion causing Tom to flinch and jump. He freezes.

TOM (V.O.)

Let's lose these memories, shall we?

Tom points the can at the bicycle, then the imagined sleeping sack, and like a graffiti tagger it obliterates the image, but the blue spray is coming out the back of the nozzle, into his face.

His mind now is a blank, almost as if a slide show is being erased on the fly. Tom panics.

TOM

Oh, my God. Everything has gone.

For a moment the whole world is blank. Then -

Images race through his mind. He tries focus on the sleeping bag. Images fast forward, too rapidly to register:

INT. TOM & YOLANDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tom crouches low, in front of Yolanda, wearing just a tee shirt, her bare bum showing. The two are giggling like crazy.

YOLANDA

Now get down there, mister! I said
down!

Tom cracks up as she forces him to his knees.

BACK IN THE FOREST

As some leaves RUSTLE in the breeze a drop of sweet sap falls
onto his tongue.

TOM

It was sweet.

FLASHBACK:

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Tom is still lying in bed.

TOM

It's true what they say about women
in uniform...

YOLANDA

Baby, you'd chase the FedEx driver.

TOM

Is she cute?

YOLANDA

She's black.

TOM

Mmm. Sweet.

YOLANDA

Now you're definitely under arrest.

Yolanda starts to undress. Tom grabs her breasts playfully
and pulls her towards him.

YOLANDA

Hey professor! Manhandle me, would
you?

She moves to smother him with her chest.

TOM

Police brutality! Where's the
camera?

Tom goes to kiss her chest but he is now back in the

FOREST

TOM (V.O.)

No, don't lose this... don't think
about it...

He turns his mind's eye away and sees a gas mask partially hidden by thick mist. As he reaches to remove the mask, he peels it away and finds Yolanda. Her brown eyes lure him in.

The brown eyes fade to white light. Tom holds a climbing rope, which dematerializes as fast as he can reel it in. A scroll of paper is attached to the rope. He uncurls it but the writing disappears like invisible ink.

Tom is again on the rock, halfway up, clinging for dear life. It is pitch black. Booming THUNDER shakes the granite surface. Doremus reaches down.

DOREMUS

Come on now son, let me give you a
hand.

When Tom reaches up he grasps a blade. He SCREAMS in silence, but when he looks up again he's kneeling on the rock. He's playing a game of chess against Doremus only his pieces are transparent and refuse to move, no matter how he tries.

Yolanda walks towards Doremus, wearing nothing but the dress gloves.

A grinning Doremus holds out a fur coat -- the Oligov logo is stitched on the back.

YOLANDA

That's right, honey. Now, this a
man knows how to treat a lady.

She nears the edge and Doremus.

TOM

No!

Finally, the white, dazzling light returns him to the forest.

EXT. FOREST FLOOR - SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK - BACK TO THE
PRESENT

He collapses. Inside his body, his heart is ready to give out, but someone is gently waking him, shaking him. It's Aaliyah.

AALIYAH

Tommy, Tommy wake up! Wake up my bestie. Thomas Hayworth, you wake up now!

She gives him a gentle kiss on the cheek.

AALIYAH

It's ok Tommy, I'm in a good place.

TOM

A good place.

Tom finally stirs.

Tom hurls the gas away, looking at the trees in disbelief. Looking for Aaliyah.

TOM

What have I done?

EXT. SHALLOW CREEK - DAY

Stretching and contorting, Tom hobbles to a small creek and splashes his face. He starts up the ravine.

Almost immediately he stumbles into TWO MOUNTAIN GUARDS, 30s, from the Doremus lodge. They spot him, spit out their chewing tobacco nearly in unison, and give chase.

MOUNTAIN GUARD #1

(into walkie-talkie)

This is Perimeter One, we have an unidentified male near the shallow creek, do you copy?

The guard's walkie-talkie CRACKLES with static.

MOUNTAIN GUARD #2

They didn't copy that. Come on, let's go and get him.

EXT. FOREST FLOOR - SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK - DAY

Tom flirts with climbing a tree, grabs a stick but tosses it.

EXT. INSIDE LARGE BUSH - SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK - DAY

Tom jumps into the bush where he tossed the can. The Mnemosyne is gone. He searches the leaves desperately.

TOM

Holy shit!

Suddenly Tom feels cold metal on his cheek. A guard is poking his weapon through the bush into Tom's face.

MOUNTAIN GUARD #1

Don't budge an inch, you little fuck!

MOUNTAIN GUARD #2

Reckon this could be the shrink that fell out the chopper?

MOUNTAIN GUARD #1

Hell no, he don't look like he fell out of an airplane. But he will in a minute.

The two laugh it up and prime their weapons.

MOUNTAIN GUARD #2

Come on out, boy. Upright or in a bag, you're coming back.

Tom prepares to surrender, but his right hand feels something under the leaves. The Mnemosyne. He clicks on the oscillator and sprays a cloud at their feet until the can is empty. The guards look straight ahead, motionless, dazed.

TOM

Cat got your tongues, boys? Maybe you won't need these.

Tom throws their weapons into the trees and smashes their radios. He tip-toes off and watches from behind a tree.

MOUNTAIN GUARD #1

Any guesses?

MOUNTAIN GUARD #2

Nah. Beats me.

INT. EAGLE'S NEST CENTER - MORNING

A room full of COMPUTER GEEKS and SECURITY EXPERTS. Saville is at the podium readying a presentation.

SAVILLE

Gentlemen, on behalf of Oligov Security, thank you for bringing your intelligence, expertise, and, in spite of many PowerPoints...

The crowd laughs.

SAVILLE (CONT'D)
 ... your patience, to our humble
 gathering here. Please help
 yourself to coffee and pastries,
 we'll get going again pretty soon.

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

A huge, thick coil of black cable circles the entire room. It pulses and CRACKLES with electricity, waiting to be turned on to deliver its terrible charge.

INT. EAGLE'S NEST CENTER SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Kurt and Biggs prime the switches for the electrical current.

KURT
 Ready, Mr. Biggs?

BIGGS
 Ready, Mr. Kurt. Always ready for
 mayhem.

EXT. TOP OF A BOULDER - SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK FOREST - DUSK

Tom looks up into the twilight. Cabin lights are visible, glowing about a mile away in the thick forest.

EXT. DOREMUS CABIN PORCH - EARLY EVENING

Tom approaches the cabin in the fading light then notices a cigar store Indian. But alongside is Singh, silently watching like a twin, standing uncannily still. He's twirling his thuggee knot, fingering his kirpan. The humor has gone.

SINGH
 I can tell you why Doremus' wants
 the gas.

TOM
 I know why.

SINGH
 Really?

TOM
 He's going to create a new
 software...

SINGH

...to suborn your wife, use the gas on himself, then forget his first wife, Yasmin, and bulldoze her expensive mausoleum in Dallas.

TOM

You're lying. Why would you care? Why tell me this now?

SINGH

Because one of us will be dead in five minutes. And because Yasmin was my sister.

TOM

You're lying. So much for love and oneness and "saint-soldiers."

SINGH

Whoever said I was a practicing Sikh?

TOM

I was misinformed.

Singh goes to slice Tom with the kirpan while simultaneously lassoing him with the thuggee knot.

Tom spots the rifle. Singh squeezes tighter. Tom's powerful climbing hands slowly turn the kirpan unexpectedly towards his own neck and he cuts through the thuggee rope.

Tom squeezes Singh's fingers back and around the blade, forcing them along the cutting edge. Tom, fearing an alarm, realizes that Singh wants him for himself and won't cry out.

Tom squeezes again and Singh's fingers drop off like chopped carrots as the blade only grazes Tom's leathery climber's hands. Singh, quiet all along, GASPS quietly. A strange moment of admiration as the two adversaries face off.

Tom finally taps the crooked kirpan into Singh's forehead where the tip lodges in the bone. He then shoves Singh face-first into the thick, wooden cigar store Indian's head and the blade sinks home, this time deep into his skull.

SINGH

Yasmin, Yasmin.

TOM

You were a warrior.

Tom gently pats Singh's hand and folds it on his chest. Tom grabs the rifle and tosses a rock onto the cabin roof.

DOREMUS (O.S.)

What was that?

Tom listens to the conversation. The nearby power lines throb with electricity. He grabs his temples as he feels the pulsing radiation. Tom stares at the cables, mind spinning.

TOM

Not now...

He lines up the wires and squeezes off a shot. A MUFFLED SOUND rings out, it misses. Another miss.

TOM

For God's sake, Tom...

He fires another, this time it hits. The cable explodes in a shower of SPARKS. The cabin lights dim.

DOREMUS (O.S.)

Get my shotgun. You, get me a hand-held. Biggs, check the fusebox, see if it's internal or some squirrel gnawing on a cable -- then ring the power company. Move!

EXT. HELIPAD - DOREMUS CABIN - NIGHT

Bettina walks to the chopper with two cans of Mnemosyne.

HELICOPTER PILOT

Where to, ma'am? Airport?

BETTINA

Away from the forest.

A silenced SHOT rings out. The tail rotor stops.

HELICOPTER PILOT

Some sort of gremlin, ma'am. Give me a mo'. I'll check it.

The pilot sees the shattered rotor and draws a 357 Magnum.

HELICOPTER PILOT

I think we got company.

EXT. NORTH SIDE OF DOREMUS CABIN - NIGHT

Tom scrambles in the shadows, looking for a way in.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DOREMUS CABIN - NIGHT

Kurt bundles Yolanda into Doremus' Range Rover and follows in an SUV. The cars SCREECH down the forest road.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DOREMUS CABIN - NIGHT

Tom clambers through a window into the master bedroom. The house is eerily silent as he spots the fleeing vehicles.

TOM

Oh, no.

SAVILLE

Don't worry, I'm still here.

Saville appears, holding a length of piano wire.

TOM

Got any nice viruses for sale?

SAVILLE

No, today I'm pushing a fine line in caskets. And I have one just your size.

Tom lunges for the rifle, fails to reach it and Saville encircles his neck with the wire. Bettina enters.

BETTINA

Holy *scheisse*! I thought we'd killed you, you little fuck.

TOM

(gasping)
Um, not quite.

Bettina prepares to pistol whip him. As she strikes, Tom spins Saville into the gun butt.

BETTINA

Oh, *scheisse*.

Saville slumps to the floor. Tom, coughing, shakes off the piano wire. Bettina cocks the pistol, but Tom jams the webbed part of his hand in the hammer. It strikes, but doesn't fire.

He rips his leathery hand free. The gun flies out of Bettina's grasp. He snatches away the pistol.

TOM
Okay, now back off.

Bettina instantly kicks Tom's gun away and runs out. A few beats later, we hear her Lotus ROAR off.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - DOREMUS CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Tom picks up the gun and staggers into the bathroom, opens the medicine cabinet and rams a dressing to his neck. In the mirror, he sees himself: bloody, worn, and ragged.

As he closes the cabinet door, Tom sees a reflection of the helicopter pilot aiming the 357 straight at him. The pilot fires and a bullet hole appears in the middle of Tom's forehead -- but in the mirror.

HELICOPTER PILOT
You lucky son of a bitch.

Tom drops to the ground backward and pumps a round into the "upside down" figure. The pilot remains motionless.

Tom leaps to his feet and points the pistol at the man again. There is no movement, only an agape grin. Then a gasping, GASSY SOUND as the last breath leaks out of his body. A drop of blood appears on his bottom lip as the pilot crashes down.

Tom turns the body over and sees a small hole at the back of his head. The bullet entered through his mouth.

TOM
Hell, you guys started all this.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DOREMUS CABIN - NIGHT

Tom dashes outside and finds the keys still in the ignition.

TOM
They said something about a "rock"?
The conference center is above Moro
Rock.

INT. SUV - DRIVEWAY - DOREMUS CABIN - NIGHT

Inside the SUV Tom finds a map. He studies it under the dim interior light and sees "Moro Rock" in Sequoia National Park.

TOM
It's the only "rock" around.

Before he can dwell on it further, Saville stumbles out of the cabin, aims the rifle at Tom. Before he can line up the scope, Tom reverses the car towards him and bumps Saville into the chasm.

EXT. RAVINE - FRONT OF DOREMUS CABIN - NIGHT

Saville careens downward on his buttocks, scraping and bumping on rocks and thorns. Tom peers over the edge as Saville crashes to an abrupt stop in the creek.

EXT. CREEK - BOTTOM OF RAVINE - NIGHT

As Saville lifts his head, he stares into the hairy face of the bear. He tries to scramble up the hill and claws pathetically at the dirt. But the bear is too quick, stretches out, and drags him back lazily with one huge paw.

EXT. TOP OF RAVINE - FRONT OF DOREMUS CABIN - NIGHT

Tom watches the scene and winces at the blood-curdling CRY.

TOM
Wow.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DOREMUS CABIN - NIGHT

Tom gets in the SUV and peels off down the road.

INT./EXT. TOM'S SUV (MOVING) - MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

Tom pulls up and spots the Eagle's Nest Conference Center above. Barbed wire and armed guards protect it against visitors. There is one elevator leading to the building perched on top.

EXT. EAGLE'S NEST CONFERENCE CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Tom exits the car and approaches a gate. The armed guards see him and coldly approach him as Tom backs away.

Tom skirts security by grabbing an apron to look like a waiter and finds a payphone. He feels the eyeballs of various SECURITY GUARDS watching him as he dials. He tries his own number. Blocked. Then, 911 as the phone RINGS interminably.

TOM
911 only, of course. Yes, 911,
police, please.

LOCAL SHERIFF (O.S.)
This is the Three Rivers Sheriff's
Department. Hello.

TOM
Yes, hello, you know I probably
need the FBI. Can you transfer me?

LOCAL SHERIFF (O.S.)
What seems to be the trouble, sir?

TOM
Okay, these guys have kidnapped my
wife up by the Oligov, I mean
Eagle's Nest Conference Center on
the mountaintop.

LOCAL SHERIFF (O.S.)
Yes...

TOM
They're also planning to crash the
world's computer systems and are
going to erase the memories of
hundreds of scientists up there in
the conference center.

LOCAL SHERIFF(O.S.)
Okay?

TOM
Are you getting this? They've
kidnapped my wife, she's being held
in the compound. She's a cop, too.

LOCAL SHERIFF (O.S.)
Okay, sir, stand by there. Don't
move a muscle. We have someone
nearby. I'm gonna get him to come
to you.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THREE RIVERS SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The LOCAL SHERIFF, 50s, rests a cigar on a coffee cup and
covers the mouthpiece, talking to someone behind him.

LOCAL SHERIFF

Don't Doug Peyton from Fresno have jurisdiction over King's Canyon and Yosemite? I know he's nearby.

(into phone)

We're sending a sheriff, Mr...

TOM

Hayworth, and thanks, thank you.

Tom slumps down with relief, missing the reference to Peyton.

TOM

Should have done this a long time ago.

Tom notices his appearance in the mirror: he's bloodied, dirty, and looks like a vagrant. Vainly he attempts to clean up, he's unrecognizable.

A sheriff pulls up, lights flashing blue. It's Doug Peyton, the sheriff from when Tom broke the ropes.

SHERIFF PEYTON

That the guy over there?

EAGLES GUARD

Yeah, that's the guy, been bothering us all evening.

TOM

I'm really glad to see you, officer. Here's the scoop...

MOMENTS LATER

Tom is finishing his story. The GUARDS are smirking and Peyton is incredulous. He's also slow on the uptake, but not blind and finally notices Tom's hands.

SHERIFF PEYTON

So, let me see if I got this right. These guys are going to take over the world by letting loose a computer virus so powerful that it will bring down airplanes, gas stations, all commercial transactions...

TOM

Yeah, exactly.

SHERIFF PEYTON

Wait a minute, don't I know you?

The penny drops as Peyton recognizes Tom and Tom realizes he's in trouble. Peyton starts to get the cuffs on him.

TOM

Wait! Wait, godammit! Didn't you hear me? You think I made this up?

EAGLES GUARD

Guy's been bugging people all evening. He's known around here as a nut, lives in the woods, never washes...

TOM

Fuck you asshole! You don't know what kind of day I've had.

SHERIFF PEYTON

Y'all trying to make a fool out of me? You're the feller who done used those cut ropes. And killed your brother and all. You're under arrest. You have the right to remain silent...

He cuffs Tom, slamming him into the back of the patrol car.

INT./EXT. SHERIFF'S CAR (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

Tom seethes in the back of the sheriff's car.

TOM

Godammit! How can you take their side? I'm telling the truth. Just check it yourself. Please, make some calls, call the FBI, FCC, they'll confirm my story.

SHERIFF PEYTON

Sir, if you don't keep quiet...

TOM

I think they tried to kill me and my brother to steal my formula. Please, just call someone to check my story.

SHERIFF PEYTON

More likely you went out drinking
the night before and forgot to
check your equipment.

TOM

How would you know we went
drinking?

SHERIFF PEYTON

DUI'd some girl leaving the park.
Had a weird Scottish name.

TOM

Cèilidh.

SHERIFF PEYTON

Said she'd been getting hammered
with two brothers at the Ahwahnee
bar who were climbing El Cap the
next day.

Tom freezes for a moment in reflection. Peyton pulls into a scenic outcrop to get a connection, exits the car, and holds the phone up high for a weak signal. Peyton sees the guilt on Tom's face reflected on the screen as he dials. No signal.

Tom clambers over the front seat and manages to bump the sheriff's car out of "park."

TOM

I bet he doesn't use the emergency
brake. Bingo.

The car starts rolling forward. Rolling forward right over the nearest scenic lookout and Tom can't open the doors.

EXT. SEQUOIA NAT PARK HIGHWAY SCENIC OUTCROP - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Peyton is oblivious as Tom rolls slowly to his doom. Tom manages to open the door a crack and sticks his foot out to slow the car in the gravel like a demented kid in a soapbox derby car. But it keeps rolling.

The car creeps towards the edge and finally slows down as Tom digs his feet in and stops, balanced, on the edge of a 400-foot drop-off. Peyton waddles over with his gammy leg.

SHERIFF PEYTON

What the hell have you done, boy?
I ought to let you fall.

TOM

Get some weight on the back!

Peyton draws his service pistol, but realizes the pointlessness, and holsters it away.

TOM

You can pistol whip me later.

SHERIFF PEYTON

I'm gonna shoot you later.

Peyton sticks his fat ass on the trunk and levels the car. But it tips again and Tom is at a 45-degree angle looking into the valley. He feels a memory pulse coming on like an attack of Malaria but fights it back.

Peyton looks like he's going to have a heart attack as the car now swings in reverse with Peyton dangling off the hood.

SHERIFF PEYTON

Godammit professor, do something!

Tom leans back, pushes, and the car spins around again.

TOM

Throw me the keys!

SHERIFF PEYTON

No!

The car judders, looks ready to fall. Tom manages to leap on the roof, and rolls to the rear of the car to stabilize it.

He pulls a grateful Peyton to safety. Peyton softens.

SHERIFF PEYTON

Okay, okay, I'll make one call. No signal here.

(into police radio)

Listen, you heard anything about some killer virus going around the world, hitting China, Russia, and that? No. No weird shit going on? No news from Russia. Look just call the FBI, will you. I just picked up this nut near the Eagle's Nest center.

TOM

Most of Europe's still asleep and hasn't started up their computers yet. You won't get any--

SHERIFF PEYTON

Quiet, you.

While the sheriff is checking out the story, Tom slips the handcuffs over his legs and dashes back to the road where he nearly gets pizza'ed by a slow-moving log truck.

Tom quickly hitches a ride by grabbing a side branch.

EXT. LOG TRUCK (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Tom enjoys the breeze as the truck heads back to the conference center. But the truck starts pulling left to a road away from and high above the conference center. Tom panics.

The driver notices him and slams the brakes on at a pullout above the conference building. The LUMBERJACK driver, African American, 50s, is seething and wielding an ice axe.

TOM

Oh, you climb too?

The Lumberjack lunges with the ice axe, slicing Tom's shirt. It sends Tom crashing into the huge chained logs.

TOM

Not a climber.

LUMBERJACK

No.

TOM

You work for Doremus.

LUMBERJACK

Yes.

TOM

Not a big talker?

LUMBERJACK

No. Everyone up here works for Doremus.

He swipes again and it lodges in Tom's belt. Tom grabs it but the Lumberjack has another behind his back.

The Lumberjack swings and Tom parries him expertly like a fencer, infuriating him. He lashes out like a demented windmill and accidentally hits the chain buckle holding the logs, sending them cascading all over the road.

Tom and the Lumberjack dodge, dive, and balance on the rolling logs. He slashes at Tom, who falls back on a trunk that is tipping, ready to slide down the mountain when the Lumberjack shoves it and the log starts shooting downward.

Tom runs the length of the log back upwards, strikes at the Lumberjack, and catches his shirt in the axe, dragging him together down the steep hill.

TOM

Come along for the ride!

But the Lumberjack feels at home on the log and casually walks down the tree as it hurtles towards Doremus' conference building. Tom looks for the hanging branches, but the Lumberjack skillfully dodges them with a wry smile.

Ahead is a steep drop which Tom can see but each time he tries to jump clear, the Lumberjack has him covered. Finally, they hit a massive hill, and the huge log flies through the air, twisting upside down as they grimly hang on.

As they spin, both men lash out. The Lumberjack manages to beam Tom's head and blood shoots out, but Tom aims lower and skewers the Lumberjack's hand, pinning it to the wood.

LUMBERJACK

Ah, you sonnofa...

The cliff approaches. Tom deftly leaps off into some trees as the huge log continues its relentless journey, sliding off the mountain with the Lumberjack pinned to its side like Major Kong in Dr. Strangelove. He hurtles to his death.

LUMBERJACK

Aaaaagh!

Tom tumbles down the steep hill until he's once more at the Eagle's Nest Center.

TOM

And I'm right back where I started.

EXT. UNDER EAGLE'S NEST CONFERENCE CENTER - LATER

Tom scopes out a sheer wall several hundred feet high. At the top glows the Eagles' Nest conference center. He spots a PARKING ATTENDANT, 30s, who has the look of climber Alex Honnold.

TOM

Dude. There another way up to the top?

PARKING ATTENDANT

Sure, if you drive sixty miles around the mountain. But you're still gonna need to get past the guards. Sorry, bro. You climb too?

TOM

Yeah, how'd you tell?

PARKING ATTENDANT

Dunno, something. The knuckles, frostbitten fingers.

TOM

Yeah, good eyes. I'm gonna get up this bad boy right now.

PARKING ATTENDANT

Dude! Awesome. But not with those on.

TOM

No. Bro, you got any wire cutters?

PARKING ATTENDANT

Sure bro, here.

He walks over to a beat-up van.

EXT. EAGLE'S NEST PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Tom winces as the attendant strikes his cuffs with a massive ice axe. It splits them in two but leaves the cuffs intact.

PARKING ATTENDANT

Sorry, I can't get the wrists, bro.

TOM

Optimal. Thanks, man.

PARKING ATTENDANT

Good luck. Watch for that overhang.

INT./EXT. KIM AND STEVEN'S CAR (MOVING) - WINDING MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

Steven and Kim lurch and roll inside the car as it winds its way up a never-ending mountain road.

EXT. CONFERENCE CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Tom slides over to the rock and leaps onto the outside elevator. Guests pile in and it rises with amazing speed, almost throwing him off, whizzing forty stories in seconds. Tom breathes hard and closes his eyes.

TOM

What a rush!

At last, it slows, the ceiling just inches above as Tom ducks his head to avoid being brained. He leaps onto a ledge like a gecko, making the glass SQUEAK.

EXT. LEDGE - CONFERENCE CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Above him, he can hear the attendees talking, the murmuring of voices, and the welcoming SOUND OF HUMANITY.

Tom peeks into the room. He can see people milling around behind the thick glass and slides up onto the platform and casually walks around the ledge, looking for an open window. A MALE ATTENDEE, 60s, spots him, GASPS, tugs at the window.

MALE ATTENDEE

Holy shit. There's a guy out there on the ledge!

He opens the window but it only opens several inches. Tom rams his leg in and forces the window open with a CRACK.

TOM

Thank you, sir. Just wanted to grab some fresh air. May I borrow your phone?

MALE ATTENDEE

Sure.

Tom dials his own number but there is no signal.

MALE ATTENDEE

It's weird, the phones up here don't work. Guess they want to stop us getting distracted. Geofenced.

TOM

There is madness in their methods.

INT. CONFERENCE CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Tom tries to blend into the crowd, but people gawk at his disheveled appearance. Some notice the remnants of the handcuffs and he hides them in his pockets. Suddenly, Tom feels something in his back and turns. It's Kim and Steven.

STEVEN

Lost something, old man?

TOM

Just my marbles. How'd you get here?

STEVEN

The hard way, driving up fifty miles of mountain roads. I only threw up once.

Doremus and his cronies steam through the crowd with MUSCULAR BODYGUARDS clearing the way.

PA SYSTEM (O.S.)

Please make your way to your seats, ladies and gentlemen, the evening session is about to begin.

TOM

Steven and Kim, see if you can find the electromagnetic source. It's gotta be something large, with a big power supply. I'll check out the gas. They're probably going to pump it directly into the room.

STEVEN

Tom, this won't work up here. Apparently, if you get up that rock over there --

(he points to the peak)

You can get a signal out.

TOM

I heard.

Steven hands Tom the cell phone.

TOM

Thanks.

STEVEN

Landline?

TOM

There are none. It's fenced off.

The three split up. As Tom enters the conference room he sneaks around and spots a massive, circular strip of lights.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tom discovers the power line encircling the whole room.

TOM

Bingo! This is it.

The cracking electromagnetic field from the huge coil makes his head spin. Images start rolling around his brain. He shakes his head to clear it. Kurt sneaks up behind him.

KURT

Herra doctor? A rematch?

Kurt has a pistol and grabs Tom to arm wrestle again.

KURT

Like do you wish to watch the show?

TOM

Like do I have a choice?

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He leads Tom to a control room overlooking the whole amphitheater. Biggs sits up in surprise when he sees Tom.

BIGGS

Mr. Hayworth, how pleasant to meet you again.

TOM

You'll forgive me...

BIGGS

Our little brainwashing center. Welcome, doctor, and thanks for making this all possible.

TOM

How are you going to deliver the gas? Through the air conditioning?

KURT

No, by greed.

INT. AUDITORIUM PODIUM - CONTINUOUS

Doremus fidgets at the podium, staring at a clearly drugged Yolanda in the front row.

DOREMUS

As a small way of saying thanks,
please reach under your seats where
you'll find a can of party
streamers. Feel free to spray your
neighbors -- one can contains a red
spray and is worth one million
dollars to the lucky finder. There
are also twenty blue cans worth ten
thousand dollars apiece. Ladies and
gentlemen, start your aerosols!

The assembled computer GEEKS reach under their chairs where they find the spray cans. They begin sheepishly spraying.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Biggs and Kurt ready the controls to deliver the pulse of electricity that will activate the Mnemosyne.

TOM

Smart, a way to localize the
effects, make sure that it doesn't
eviscerate everyone in the complex.
Quite clever.

BIGGS

Thank you. We appreciate your
interest in our work. Look.

Biggs brings up several screens, which show the progress of the virus. It has already hit Western Europe.

INT./EXT. AIRBUS A320 OVER EUROPE - NIGHT

The big jet approaches Orly Airport but, as the plane comes out of the clouds, it finds itself above the Champs-Élysées. The PILOT, 40s, pulls up in the nick of time, swings around and almost clips the Eiffel Tower with one of his wings.

FRENCH PILOT

(in French, subtitled)
Shit! What's wrong with those damn
satellites today!

EXT. CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES - PARIS - NIGHT

Cars are backed up for miles as traffic lights glow on and off like maniacal Christmas lights, snarling traffic.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

A trader in London stares into a screen, into a single pixel embedded in the HTML. The pixel contains the code, unleashed merely by going online, just by connecting to the Internet.

From the pixel, we travel at the speed of light back to Oligov Corporation in Los Angeles, where the servers relentlessly churn out instructions. As it throbs, the Starbucks coffee on top BUZZES.

In London, the trader hits the return key and the entire system crashes.

END MONTAGE

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DOREMUS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Tom pales as his imagination works. Down below, the geeks are peppering each other with streamers. Biggs is working a big dial that makes the current crackle around the edge of the roof, ready to erase their memories.

A MAINTENANCE SUPERVISOR, 60s, barges in looking worried.

MAINTENANCE SUPERVISOR

Mister Biggs, sir. We've had a major power surge...

He spots Kurt's pistol pointed at Tom. Kurt lowers it briefly, which gives Tom a chance. Tom rushes from the room, hitting the power supply off, and rushes for the PA system.

But Kurt heads him off and Tom escapes into the crowd, Kurt following. Tom spots Yolanda sheepishly walking in a daze behind Doremus, Bettina, and cronies.

EXT. EAGLE'S NEST PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Tom pushes through, using the crowd as cover, grabs Yolanda and a baton, and hustles her out into some trees. Yolanda looks like a vegetable. But the night air and Tom's voice seem to bring her back. They hug like crazed bears.

Tom and Yolanda take off across the top of the mountain to the edge. They come to the end: the edge of the monolith.

YOLANDA

It's a dead end. We're on top of a goddamn rock. C'mon.

The two slide and clamber down the side of the sheer rock.

TOM

We have to get to that nose up there.

YOLANDA

Why? You want to climb again?

TOM

The only place to get a signal.

Biggs, Doremus, Kurt, Bettina, and a MALE BODYGUARD are racing through the woods.

Tom and Yolanda hit the rock, the moonlight makes the granite face glow. A SHOT rings out and showers them with rock fragments. They slide precipitously down the side.

EXT. MORO ROCK FACE - SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

They finally land on an outcrop with a bump. It seems safe.

TOM

Stay here, I've got to make a call.

YOLANDA

Who you gonna call? Police?

TOM

Trust me. I have a plan.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. TOP OF MORO ROCK - CONTINUOUS

Doremus and his cronies peer down on the outcrop from above.

DOREMUS

Get down there and kill them. You!
You! Now! Try not to kill the girl.

Kurt timidly slides down the steep rock face.

BACK TO TOM AND YOLANDA

YOLANDA
Is there any other way down?

TOM
No.

The two start climbing to the top. Tom inches his hand up. Biggs, who had been hidden behind a ledge, smashes an axe down between Tom's gloved fingers, sending splinters of rock everywhere.

TOM
Jesus!

Tom recoils and nearly falls. Yolanda grabs him.

TOM (CONT'D)
Thanks, honey. It's gonna be a long night.

YOLANDA
I know it.

Tom stuffs one of his gloves over the end of the baton to make a fake hand. He passes it up to where Biggs is lurking. Another blow rains down. The impact of metal on metal stuns Biggs. The axe tumbles away and falls near Tom.

BIGGS
Aaagh, you evil little man!

Tom stretches for the axe. Biggs leans over. Tom, facing away from the rock and unable to see, whips the axe upward and straight into Biggs's skull, where the blade lodges. There is a sound like a coconut being SPLIT.

BACK TO THE SUMMIT

Doremus, Kurt, and another BODYGUARD are getting suspicious.

KURT
King's knight to King's rook?

DOREMUS
No, you stay here with me.

Doremus fingers the can of Mnemosyne in his pocket, then turns to see Tom and Yolanda behind him.

DOREMUS
Well, if it ain't Mr. and Mrs. Hayseed.

YOLANDA
You're under arrest, Doremus, for
kidnapping, murder, and theft.

DOREMUS
I am gonna miss you, Yasmin.

YOLANDA
Yolanda.

DOREMUS
Of course.

Doremus chortles. The bodyguard cocks his shotgun. Kurt pulls out an automatic weapon.

KURT
Hyvästi. Adios.

Tom and Yolanda scatter. The bodyguard goes after Tom.

DOREMUS
Give me that damn gun, boy.

Doremus fires a long BURST at Tom. Tom grabs the bodyguard's Kevlar vest and uses him as a shield, the bullets THUDDING into it as he dashes sideways. But the bodyguard isn't dying so Tom forces his head down into the field of fire.

The bullets rip into the bodyguard's head as gore flies off.

BODYGUARD
Aaagh! You sonnofabitch!

Doremus fires until the clip is empty. Tom tosses the lifeless bodyguard off the edge.

EXT. SOUTH EAST EDGE - MORO ROCK - NIGHT

Doremus morbidly watches the body fall and bump on the sides.

DOREMUS
Give me another clip.

KURT
They are no more.

DOREMUS
You idiot. Get over the railing and
knife 'em.

Kurt adjusts his AirPods and leaps the railing.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE OF MORO ROCK - NIGHT

Kurt comes across Yolanda instantly, standing upright and still, with the baton hidden. He saunters up to her and folds the switchblade back into his pocket.

KURT

Damsel in distress, I believe?

YOLANDA

Don't believe.

Kurt throws a variety of Karate kicks, roundhouses, and punches but Yolanda deflects him expertly with the baton. In frustration, he spins around for an axe kick but Yolanda smashes his groin. He crumples in agony.

YOLANDA

Guess you didn't count on L.A.'s finest, did you?

Kurt, on the ground, spins and trips her onto the rock. He casually sits on her stomach, exhausted, and places the knife over her heart. He adjusts his AirPods and dials up the volume to enjoy the kill.

He starts to lean on the blade but Yolanda, playing dead, slaps his ears hard, ramming the AirPods into his eardrums.

Kurt clasps his head in agony as blood trickles down his ears. Yolanda grabs his jacket and pulls him onto his feet.

With one hand on his belt and the other on his collar, she frog-marches him to the edge. Kurt cannot stop, sees the precipice, tries to put the brakes on -- but flies over.

KURT

Nooo!

YOLANDA

Thank you.

EXT. SUMMIT - MORO ROCK - NIGHT

Doremus hears the scream and turns to see Tom leaning on the railing, blocking the only way down.

TOM

Didn't sound like a woman.

Yolanda clambers over the railing.

TOM
Are you okay? Where's blondie?

YOLANDA
He's gone.

TOM
"Fear lent him wings," as the saying goes.

Tom hears a PING from his phone. A signal. He looks down and sees a couple of bars -- a weak signal.

TOM
Say goodbye, Mr. Virus.

DOREMUS
What the fu--

TOM
I hid a phone inside your server room. When I hit this button it will stop everything.

DOREMUS
You sure of that, Tom?

TOM
Wanna see?

Tom shambles over.

YOLANDA
How?

TOM
Remember my old phone?

YOLANDA
The one that shakes and rattles but don't ring?

TOM
The same.

Tom starts to squeeze the speed dial. It beeps but the phone's signal is too weak.

DOREMUS
Nice try. Forget it, another five minutes and the virus will hit the U.S. Then even your phone won't work and it'll be all over.

Tom looks in horror at Yolanda. Again he hits the speed dial but no signal. The screen starts to blur as if being attacked by the virus. The low battery warning lights up.

TOM

Damn! Damnation. C'mon, baby.

YOLANDA

Ring, you bitch!

He squeezes it once more. The phone can't get reception. Doremus turns to the peak and smiles, knowing Tom won't climb it in order to get a signal.

DOREMUS

Why don't you try the gas on yourself, Tom? Maybe it'll help you forget? A good chess player is always ten moves ahead of his opponent. Check.

He tosses the white king piece to Tom, who catches it.

EXT. SHEER CLIFF BEHIND MORO ROCK - NIGHT

Tom checks out the sheer, vertical granite walls. It's like someone put a lodge on top of El Capitan. Doremus follows.

He puts his hands on the rock but they're shaking so much he can't hold on. Tom wipes the sweat away and tries to focus. But all he can think about is Peter and falling.

He gets around ten feet, loses it, and slides unceremoniously to the ground with a jolt.

TOM

Dammit! Focus, Tom.

He tightens his shoes and starts the ascent. Grasping a jutting dark rock, his mind pulls back to Yolanda.

EXT. UNDER EAGLE'S NEST CONFERENCE CENTER - CONTINUOUS

As he pulls himself up by the busty protuberance, Yolanda seems to sense his touch in a way only a wife can.

TOM

Thanks, honey.

EXT. CANYON FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Yolanda GASPS as if she senses Tom grabbing her chest, then smiles and folds her arms together, embracing herself.

EXT. UNDER EAGLE'S NEST CONFERENCE CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Tom makes good progress. Above is the jutting cantilevered edge of the building, the lights glowing across the valley.

Finally, Tom reaches the lip. It juts out impossibly for six feet above his head. Smooth support walls on either side make it impossible to climb around. Climb back down or fall.

TOM

This is impossible.

Tom looks for a way, but it seems unclimbable. He hits speed dial to activate the vibe phone but the battery is running out and the signal marginal. The connection is lost after he hits "send." The battery pings as if it's dying too.

Tom takes a deep breath, looks up to the overhanging ledge, then down to the canyon floor several hundred feet below.

With an astonishing backward and upward leap of faith, Tom hurls himself towards the lip of the concrete ledge. He seems to hang in mid-air for a second as he spins and feels the sickening pull of gravity drawing him to his death.

His fingers reach the damp concrete above as his momentum threatens to hurl him backward to his doom. He scrambles, knuckles scraping the hard surface for purchase as he hangs in triumph from the ledge.

Suddenly bars appear on the phone screen as a faint signal is received.

Holding on with one hand, Tom squeezes the keypad and the phone howls a high-pitched SQUEAK. It carries for several seconds then stops. Nothing. Then -- finally a signal has been achieved.

EXT. HIGH ORBIT COMMUNICATIONS SATELLITE - NIGHT

A satellite, 22,000 miles above the Equator, HUMS into action, boosting the weak signal back down to earth where it bounces into a cell antenna then flashes over to the Oligov Corporation where it hits Tom's old phone.

INT. SERVER ROOM - OLIGOV CORP - NIGHT

The big phone rattles on the server. The vibrations are intense but not enough to knock over the Starbucks. Nothing.

The server hums, delivering its deadly virus across the world. The room glows as screens display the path of the remorseless Pares virus. The phone BUZZES again. Shakes itself awake. The coffee cup rocks, sways, comes to a halt.

Again the phone vibrates. The coffee cup is immovable.

It buzzes again and the paper cup tilts and rocks forward then backward finally spilling over into the server box. The computer crackles, explodes and sets alight the rack of servers, which glow with soft flames.

Soon other machines catch fire, filling the room with smoke. The sprinkler system comes on, dousing the room with water, wrecking all the machines. The virus begins to recede.

BEGIN MONTAGE

All around the world, screens begin to refresh, reboot and bring back the lost information. Smiles and relief reflect as black monitors glow again as the world returns to normal.

Screens in London suddenly reveal a slowing then a halt as the virus begins to stop, then rolls back.

In Cairo, pyramids in the background, SOFTWARE ENGINEERS leap for joy as lights shine again on the Great Pyramid of Giza.

In China, WORKERS stop spinning a hand crank on a giant dam -- computer monitors light up and pumps begin to work once more.

In Russia, TECHNICIANS fall into each other's arms as a silo goes dark once more as the missile opening closes.

END MONTAGE

EXT. UNDER EAGLE'S NEST SUMMIT - MOMENTS LATER

Tom grabs a rope, and abseils face down, running vertically down the sheer face like a Cirque du Soleil acrobat and straight into the smiling face of Yolanda, looking up at him.

Tom kisses her, playfully pretends to lose grip. She jumps in fear, then tries to thwack him.

He slides down beside her, kissing her all the way down like a trapeze artist whose lips are stuck to a wall.

But Bettina is still on the case and slides out of the shadows.

BETTINA

A woman's work is never done.

She aims the pistol, ready to fire. Yolanda stands in front of Tom but he moves her forcefully and stands in front of his wife. Bettina hesitates as she watches this selfless love. But, resolute, she aims the pistol at Tom again.

Yolanda slips the baton hidden behind her back into Tom's butt crack where it wobbles, waiting for a head to bust. Like greased lightning, Tom cracks Bettina on the head before she can change her mind and catches the pistol before it drops.

YOLANDA

That was harsh. No mercy for the ladies, I see.

TOM

That was no lady.

YOLANDA

Indeed.

EXT. SUMMIT - MORO ROCK - CONTINUOUS

Doremus walks out of the shadows and checks his own phone, sees the sprinklers working and watches the virus recede.

DOREMUS

Should've installed Xenon gas instead of sprinklers. Think you're pretty clever, huh?

TOM

Check.

Doremus drops his head but opens a hidden can of Mnemosyne and flips the oscillator switch. He showers Tom and Yolanda with a huge dose. A dense blue cloud envelops them.

The amount of the drug is overpowering. The HIGH-FREQUENCY NOISE seems deafening as Doremus holds a handkerchief over his mouth. Yolanda and Tom stop in their tracks, their memories washing over them like clouds on a windy day.

TOM

Yolanda, don't think about...

BEGIN MONTAGE

Tom and Yolanda on a sunny day, their clothes sparkle, bruises and cuts gone. The trees and mountains glisten. The two laugh and play like newlyweds on honeymoon.

It is surreal and silent, broken only by ominous bursts of sound like a door opening and closing on a PARTY. The noise is like a dull, low SONIC BOOM... rumbling and menacing.

A "man" walks by from the previously empty front of the rock. He brushes past like a friendly tourist. The gun on the ground looks like a small branch, and the baton leaning against the barrier seems part of the railing.

As the "man" turns away he smiles benignly. His smile turns to a more resolute fixed grin as Tom catches his eye. Tom notices him put something in his pocket: the Mnemosyne.

Yolanda tries to pull Tom back to the railing to enjoy the view, but Tom is fixed on the canister like a baby mesmerized by a spinning mobile.

INT. TOM AND YOLANDA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Tom sees Yolanda in their home spraying fragrance around their bedroom. She is repeating:

YOLANDA

It's okay, no CFCs... it won't
cause more global warming.

He looks again and she is spraying a can of party streamer at him, laughing. Tom looks down at his hand and he is in front of a huge shaving mirror, but the bottom half of his face is featureless and smooth, like a mannequin.

He sprays shaving foam into his hand but only gas escapes. He looks into the mirror again and sees an entire mannequin now. The mannequin looks at the aerosol ingredients.

It reads: water, stearic acid, triethanolamine, isobutane, sodium lauryl sulfate, nonoxynol-9, Mnemosyne.

Tom pauses on the word Mnemosyne and looks at the counter. In place of shaving gear are an axe and police riot baton. A warning flashes into the mirror. It reads: "This will erase all files. Are you sure you wish to continue?"

END MONTAGE

INT. UNIVERSITY - TOM'S OFFICE (FLASHBACK)

In an instant Tom is back in his office, pointing the can toward his face. He turns in the darkness and thinks he sees a fleeting glimpse of Doremus passing by. He looks down the dark and silent hallway but no one is there.

Yolanda spins aimlessly on the rock until her mind stops.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - CUL-DE-SAC - DAY

Yolanda is in full LAPD uniform, peering into Tom's car. He's talking into his ancient cell phone.

TOM

Would you stop giving me these tickets if I married you?

YOLANDA

Maybe.

TOM

That would be optimal.

EXT. TOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

They are outside a slightly shabby apartment door... it looks like an early date... Yolanda's hand reaches down into Tom's pants.

YOLANDA

Hmm. Concealed weapon, huh?

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Now in the living room. Tom is spread-eagled against the wall. His clothes lay scattered at his feet. She has her baton against his lower back pushing it down his underpants.

YOLANDA

Did I say you could move, mister?

They both crack up. But Yolanda turns around to see Doremus, Saville, Singh, and crew in their bedroom... watching. She spins like a lioness to protect her naked husband. She turns Tom around but his face is blank and featureless.

Yolanda looks at Tom now and he is on the floor, shabby and disheveled, spraying the "gas" into needle tracks on his arm.

YOLANDA

Tom, get up! Goddammit baby, get up.
Tom, please.

She looks up and sees Doremus' leering face above her. He brings down his hand to strike her. She points her police issue FN 509, but as she squeezes the trigger the gun becomes a toy, made of foam.

As Yolanda stares at the gun, Doremus starts removing his clothing, taking his time. Doremus reaches out to her. Tom returns to the can and stares, searching for a word...

TOM (O.S.)

Mnemosyne - MNEMOSYNE!

Again he stares into the mirror, but this time sees Doremus, in black and white, leading Yolanda towards the edge of Moro Rock. She kneels in supplication in the "Spirit of Ecstasy" pose.

Tom reaches forward into the mirror and screams in horror.

TOM

No!

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He lunges into the glass but finds himself back in his office.

PETER

Lost your way, "Old Man?"

Tom's head spins as he looks around the office. He stares into the computer screen and watches an image of Doremus and Yolanda moving in slow-motion video. He smashes a book into the monitor.

He is back in front of the mirror now and it reads: "There is an unrecoverable disk error. Abort, Retry, Fail?"

Tom leaps into the glass but is once again at...

EXT. MORO ROCK - CONTINUOUS

Doremus becomes Peter, pale and ghostly.

PETER

You let me down, you really let me down, big brother.

Then as he MORPHS into Doremus and the voice changes...

DOREMUS

You let your baby brother die, for
that you deserve to die, Hayworth!

TOM

Doremus!

DOREMUS

They say men don't have intuition
but we do have instinct and we know
when other men are on to their
women. Isn't that true, Tom?

Doremus straightens Yolanda from the "Spirit" pose and
readies his tongue. She seems powerless to resist him.

DOREMUS

They also say there's nothing quite
as intimate as a kiss. Come here.
Yasmin.

He gives Yolanda a full-on kiss then shunts her toward the
edge. Tom blanches with disgust and anger. Doremus watches
Yolanda approach the edge.

TOM

Yolanda! Stop. I love you.

Yolanda stops within inches of the precipice.

Yolanda, dazed, looks down. Hundreds of feet below lies the
valley floor. She hears Tom's voice and turns.

DOREMUS

Go on darlin', keep going. Just a
few feet more. That's right.

TOM

Don't move Yolanda, I'm coming!

Tom sprints to the edge, skidding onto his side, nearly
sliding off himself. He grabs Yolanda's belt.

TOM

Baby, it's me, come back. Please.
Sweetheart. I know how she knew we
were married.

These last words trigger something and she starts to
remember. Yolanda peers into the abyss, SCREAMS, and sways.

YOLANDA

The black chick from the bar?

TOM

Yes. Because of the strength you
give to me.

Tom tugs on her belt and she falls into his lap. Doremus springs on him and wraps his hands around Tom's neck. Inches from the edge, there's nowhere to move as the big man leans into his powerful fingers and squeezes.

Tom can't get a grip on Doremus' immensely powerful hands.

DOREMUS

Die, you little fuck. Just like
your little brother. I can't
believe I missed the opportunity to
kill you both.

Tom, fading, tries to break Doremus' grip but the big man's hands are like steel traps.

Yolanda, still groggy, flings the baton to Tom who cracks it across Doremus' fingers forcing him to his knees. Doremus staggers to his feet and recalculates.

DOREMUS

Aagh! You can't stop the virus now,
son. It's already halfway across
Europe. Don't waste your time
trying to cure fucking lost cause
mental patients, Tom.

TOM

Federal witnesses who lose their
minds...

DOREMUS

Guys like me, Tom, spend their
lives in and out of court. But a
great invention has many uses.
You've discovered something very
important, let's not waste it.

YOLANDA

It's over, fat boy. What do we do
with this "thing"?

TOM

The authorities?

YOLANDA

Expensive lawyers. Long trial. He gets off.

Doremus reaches into his boot for the hidden can of Mnemosyne, but loses his footing and starts to fall. As Tom reaches to save him, Doremus tries to spray him. Tom quickly throws his hand over the nozzle and turns the can.

Doremus desperately tries to blast him but slowly Tom forces the can into Doremus' mouth and sprays. He keeps the button down until it seems Doremus' eyes will roll back into his head. Blue froth gushes from his lips.

TOM

Be careful of the things you wish for.

Doremus flails about but Tom, holding onto Yolanda, grasps Doremus by the jacket. Doremus stares at Yolanda.

DOREMUS

Yasmin.

Tom starts to haul him in, but as the jacket tears, the parting threads remind Tom of the tearing of Peter's tent.

DOREMUS

Tom, don't throw away this opportunity...

Tom thinks about it for a moment then catches Doremus staring at Yolanda.

TOM (CONT'D)

You are a lost cause. I know why you want the gas. Checkmate. Mate.

Doremus looks to Yolanda then looks at Tom.

He releases his grip and Doremus falls. Tom snatches the can as he plunges. A tremendous moment of relief as Tom and Yolanda embrace and kiss. As Doremus shrieks, Yolanda places her hands over Tom's ears so he can't hear the awful scream.

Tom moves to lead them away but then tenderly lets her keep them there. Then she gives Tom a big, wet, loving kiss.

YOLANDA

He wasn't worth saving. Way I see it -- he forfeited his right to trial. Case closed, Dr. Hayworth.

Tom tosses the chess piece which bounces down the rock after Doremus. Then they turn around to see Steven and Kim.

KIM

You look after this beautiful wife
of yours Professor Hayworth.
Comprende? Don't forget.

TOM

Yes ma'am.

INT. LAND CRUISER - DAWN

Tom, Yolanda, Kim and Steven slump wearily into the SUV.

STEVEN

Well, lovelies, what do we do with
it?

KIM

You should get a deal with some big
drug company and make a million
bucks.

TOM

That would be--

YOLANDA

"Optimal."

They laugh. Tom spots the Doctor Troll hanging from the rearview mirror and smiles. It now has a tiny bandage over its head. They all look towards Tom for the nod.

TOM

Optimal.

As the car moves down the mountain, police lights appear in the distance. Dawn is coming and the sun starts to rise behind the hills as the day approaches.

FADE OUT